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# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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# THE BIG TIME MAN:

*By* C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

## A THREE-PART STORY

MACPHEE had been out to see the doctor. All his long life he had held doctors and their art in slight esteem. It was with the utmost reluctance he had permitted the specialist to overhaul him this afternoon. He had endured the searching examination with ill-disguised impatience, had resented the doctor's conclusions, and now raged inwardly because of the imperative advice given to him.

Perhaps he would have been less moved had he not known that what the doctor said coincided with what he knew of his own physical condition. Really he was furious, in that grimly silent way of his, with the laws of Nature whose spokesman the doctor had been. For so hard-headed and practical a man in most matters, John MacPhee could be oddly unreasonable.

Leaving his car in the street, he entered the offices of his glass bottle factory. Passing through the main office, he glanced suspiciously at the clerks working there, speaking no word. He thought they were strangely quiet, exceptionally industrious. He wondered if they knew what the doctor had told him, if they thought that he, MacPhee, who had never known a real day's sickness in his life, who had been hard as an oak knot, was failing and must coddle himself if he would last much longer. Passing through the little room where his secretary, who was also his niece, Ida MacPhee, sat, he spoke.

"Don't let anybody disturb me till I ring," he said.

He fancied there was a trace of something like pity in the girl's pretty face, and he slammed the door of his private office with a resounding bang. Putting hat and gloves and stout blackthorn stick on the table, he seated himself in the swivel desk chair, turned to the window and looked abroad. Save for an occasional nervous twitching of eyes and mouth, he sat for some time almost motionlessly.

From the window the bustling town of Bargrave sloped easily to the water front, a forest of houses and shops and factories. MacPhee remembered the place when it was just one long, sleepy, rambling street leading to the tiny harbor of those days. He pictured the harbor, now thronged with shipping, when it was the haven of an insignificant fishing village. He had come to the place fifty years before, a glass-blower by trade, with a hundred or two of hardly saved dollars in his pocket. He had liked it, believed in its future. Small as it was, it had excellent railroad connections, was near big centres of population, and men with vision said that one day its water-front would be its biggest asset.

MacPhee had been a man with vision. He bought an old wooden shack that had been used for fish curing and started in to manufacture glass bottles. The past fifty years rolled themselves off before him as if on the film of a swiftly moving cinematograph on which was recorded his growth with that of the town. Then he swung the chair about so that, through the back window, he might see the great works that had taken the place of the old fish-curing shack. Three thousand persons earned their daily bread in his factories. He had built the business himself, taking no partner, holding practically all the stock in it. He liked the significance of the situation of it, perched near the top of the low hill, the most conspicuous building in the town. Those who came into Bargrave from land or water sides were impressed first by the MacPhee place. The situation signified dominance. He had made himself, and done much to make Bargrave. There was pride in the reflection, but this afternoon it was chastened by what the doctor had said.

SOME half-forgotten tag of Scripture now came into his mind about prideful men who fancied their houses would abide for ever, who called their lands by their own names. At the thought of their vanity his lips twitched again. He had been, all his days, a strong, vigorous, tireless man, physically and mentally, a man of rare courage, resolution, independence, one who despised the softnesses of life. His only hobby had been business, he had never needed recreation beyond that which he found in change of employment about his works, he had never taken a holiday, and had never learned to play.

His ruggedness had been matter of pride to him. When he heard men talk of an eight-hour day he sneered, as at weaklings. What would have happened to the world of business, he often asked, if it had been run by those who thought life was intended to be two-thirds play? That might do for mediocrity, but real men, the backbone of humanity, could not be ruled by the hands of a clock. Though MacPhee was one of the best-known men within a radius of fifty miles of Bargrave, he had no friends. He had never wished for them. They were fetters on a man's freedom and independence, of smallest benefit at the best, since they flocked about one when there was no need of them, and shied off when they might have been of some use. Taking them by and large MacPhee regarded them as liabilities rather than assets on life's balance sheet.

Forty years ago he had built himself a small, comfortable house, a house sufficiently large for a single man, who intended, by the grace of God, to remain single. He took small interest in political or social life, beyond approving of the political party that would put the highest tariff rate on imported bottles. His life had been a pendulum that swung between his works and his home, and the latter was more of an adjunct to his office than a place of rest and recreation. So he reviewed the way by which he had come on this afternoon in June seated by the window. It had always been said of him that he had been a wonderfully successful man. Guide books to the town spoke thus of him. The man in the street would tell you of the poor start he had been given, and the millions he now owned. MacPhee himself had believed that he had been a successful man. Perhaps he believed it more than did his eulogisers, for he knew, as they could not, what the fight had meant.

This afternoon, for the first time, MacPhee had the suspicion of a doubt. He wondered if he had been really successful. The fight, of course, had been good fun. He had enjoyed every minute of it. There had been a thousand times more sport in it than men found in the games they played, the diversions they followed; and more in the rough, tough days when fortune balanced on a knife edge than in the easy sailing of these late years. But what had he got to show for it all? His works and machinery. His stocks and bonds and bank roll. His lands and houses and safe mortgages. There was a sense of pride in owning them, but—three meals a day and a bed were his chief requirements. All he had in his fortune was a life estate.

He had brought nothing into the world and would go out as bare as he had entered it. If the guess of the doctor was right, the life estate would terminate before long. It seemed to MacPhee, thinking [illegible] over, that he had been like a child building a grand sand-castle on the beach. It had taken him, MacPhee, half a century to rear his big structure, and now the tide was creeping in, slowly, but with inexorable certainty. Already the outriders of the waves were at the gates of his prized structure. Presently the incoming waters would leap upon his castle, overwhelm it, and withdraw, leaving it level with the rest of the sand.

MacPhee had never married. He had never seen the woman he wanted to marry. There had been no sentiment in his life. With women he had always been sh[illegible]



The result was a dreadful jumble of discords. . . . "You play well," her uncle complimented Ida.

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and reserved. They were a mysterious, unreliable, subtly dangerous folk.

HIS first sensation this afternoon was of vast loneliness, physical and spiritual. A few months before he would have scoffed at the suggestion that he was a lonely man. How could a man be lonely who had the concerns of three thousand workpeople on his hands? A wife! He had not been unobservant of his friends. Few marriages, so far as he had been able to see, had risen to a higher plane than that of mutual tolerance and accommodation. To have to live with a woman whose ideals, ambitions, tastes differed from his own would be profoundest misery and endless distraction from the serious concerns of life, and on the other hand to have to live with a woman who was his equal and like would be like setting up a second monarch in a kingdom that could only be ruled successfully as an autocracy.

Children! They were a gamble. Oftener than not they were life's keenest disappointments. The children of the wisest might be fools one must be apologetic for. If MacPhee could have been sure that marriage would have given him a son, the replica of himself, he would have martyred himself, and married. There was this supreme egotism in him.

He had few near kin. There had been one brother, twenty years his junior, and consequently little known to him. Ida was his daughter.

He had never amounted to much, being the spoiled child of elderly parents, a book-worm, dabbling in literature insignificantly. Of course, being a failure, he had married, and his wife had been the kind of woman such a man was sure to select, a pretty, accomplished, unpractical poor man's wife.

Both had died early, and MacPhee, having a solid foundation of family pride at the base of his nature, went to the girl in her loneliness and poverty, and, in his way, had been kind enough. He sent her to school and business college, and when she graduated, took her into his office as his secretary. He found her to be more of a MacPhee than her father had been. She was quick, capable, clever, and quiet.

It was characteristic of the old man that he did not invite her to share his home, though he saw to it that she was well looked after in the home selected for her. Parsimony was not the reason for his aloofness; rather was it an odd shyness that blended with fear of the distracting influence of a woman relative in his house. As time went by he grew to like her as much as he liked anybody. The highest praise he could lavish upon her in his thought was that she was a MacPhee. She made no advances to him as a relative, did not presume on the fact that she was his brother's girl, and seemed quite content with her independent position. If she had been a lad instead of a lass—so his thought ran this afternoon—she might have taken the place of the ideal son of his fancy.

So he rambled over the concerns of this threatened life. Then his mind flamed up again at thought of the doctor's unconcerned dictum. The man had spoken of the possible passing of MacPhee as if he had been a common man, one of the mob.

The man was a fool—and yet! MacPhee knew, deep down in his mind, that he was slipping on the far slopes of life. He could not grip things as once he had done. He tired easily. The ordinary routine of business left him exhausted at the close of the day. The load he had before carried so lightly had become a burden, and his memory was not what it had been. The force and drive seemed to have gone out of him, strive as he might and did to revive it. He had seen this happen in the lives of other men, some of whom had worked for him. Never had he realized that the same thing could and would happen to him. The big business was showing signs of weakness at the top. It was still successful, flourishing, and profitable, but something of its live aggressiveness had disappeared. MacPhee knew it—none better than he.

Of course conditions had changed. He had been alone in his trade in Bargrave a dozen years before, but since that time a rival concern had established itself in the town, and Mulhouse, its head, a younger, more modern and aggressive man, had been taking a lot of business that formerly used to flow into MacPhee's works.

Some there were who said that Mulhouse was unscrupulous, but MacPhee paid small attention to that. Time had been when he could meet and more than hold his own with all comers, whether they fought by ring rules or not. He knew it was said that MacPhee's, like many another big concern, had seen its best days, and that with the decline of the old man the business was on the downgrade. The thought roused all the fighting spirit of the tough old warrior, but there was something lacking in him.

AND now, just when he ought to be redoubling his efforts, the doctor intervened and told him that if he did not lay off, take his ease in a rational way, nature would lay him aside permanently. Suppose this was so, who could step into his shoes? Where could he find the man who would come and put his powerful young shoulders under the load, take the standard from the failing hands?

Then his thought turned to Jim Douglas. It did not do so from inclination but from reason. Douglas had entered the MacPhee works as a factory lad and had worked his way up through all the stages of bottle manufacturing, and then had gone out on the road. In a few years he had established his reputation as the smartest and keenest man in the field in his particular line. He was practical to his finger tips, knew the trade inside and out, was a mixer and a wonderful business-getter. Then MacPhee called him in from the field and made him manager of the plant, subordinate only to the grim old dictator himself.

The experiment had not been a success. Outsiders blamed MacPhee for this, and said that if the old man, who had become conservative and fossilised, had given Douglas a free hand, there would have been a different result. MacPhee, on the other hand, said that Jim was like all other ambitious youngsters whose heads have been turned by high position. He was a revolutionist in business, wanting to turn things upside down and inside out. Jim declared that a lot of MacPhee's machinery equipment was antiquated and should be scrapped. MacPhee held that what had been good enough to make the business was good enough to keep it. There were other radical divergencies of opinion and policy. The fact was that Jim Douglas was too much like what MacPhee had been in his younger days.

He had a mind of his own as well as a backbone, and so a break came. Jim quit the old man and went back to the road in the interests of another firm. His going was a surprise to MacPhee, and a great deal more of a blow than he had ever cared to acknowledge directly, even to himself. This June afternoon he felt that if he had Douglas back he would not find it half as difficult as it was to take the advice of the doctor. Of course, he might solve the problem by selling out the business, but that solution was not to be thought of for a moment. He wanted the business to live. It was more than a money-maker to him. All the sentiment in him centred in it. It was his monument, the only thing men would remember him by. He liked to think that when he was sleeping in his grave the MacPhee works would still live on to testify to the new generations what manner of man their founder and builder had been.

Then his mind went out to the young girl who sat in the little office beyond his room. She was all he had of near kin. He had made his will some little time back. There were some benefactions in it for the good of his adopted town. It had done much for him and, when he was laid away, it would be found that he had not been unmindful of his obligations. But the bulk of his fortune would go to the girl. She was a MacPhee. She had brains. If she had been a doll, a fortune-hunter, seeking to coax and wheedle him as some of his more distant relatives had done, it would have been different, but she was an independent sort of a lassie, did her work capably, asking no favors and never suggesting even remotely that she had expectations from her old uncle.

She and Jim Douglas had been friendly, very friendly, he often thought. And why not? Jim was young, good looking, a driver. Any girl would be likely to take a fancy to him. He wondered just how far their friendship had gone. She was a reticent kind of a girl who did not advertise her affairs to the world, and, of course, he had no claim on her confidence. She had not betrayed, in any way, her thoughts when Jim left. So MacPhee surveyed affairs throughout the afternoon, and was roused from his reflections by a tap at the door and the intimation that his car waited for him. He rose wearily from his chair, took up hat and gloves and stick.

"Ida," he said to his niece, who was putting on her hat to leave. "Are you going to be busy this evening?"

"Why, no," she replied.

"I'd like you to come home with me to dinner, that is if you can tolerate the company of a very dull old man for an hour or two," he said.

"I should be glad to come," she responded. "If you can drop me at my rooms I'll dress and follow you to the house."

"Dress! We are very plain folks, Ida. I'm sure you look very smart and nice," he said, glancing at her trim dark blue skirt and white waist. He spoke a little awkwardly, with a shyness that sat oddly on a man of his years He was not accustomed to complimenting women.

"Very well, if I will do as I am," she smiled.

She joined him when she had put her papers away and locked up her desk. It was the first time she had been invited to a meal in her relative's home. The dining-room was old-fashioned, with dark-papered walls and high, dark-painted wainscot. Its furniture was solidly substantial, in keeping with the room's heavy sombreness. The dinner matched place and atmosphere, being heavy, dull and cheerless. There was cold beef, with soggy boiled potatoes and water-logged cabbage. After that came a stodgy rice pudding. The housekeeper, Mrs. Dawson, seemed to eye the girl as an undesirable addition to the occupants of the quiet house. After dinner MacPhee took Ida into the drawing room. She guessed it was a room used only on state occasions. It was spotlessly neat and tidy, but the air was musty and dead. The pictures on the walls were mostly portraits in oils of dead and gone MacPhees, done no doubt by village geniuses, stiff, ill-painted, formally grotesque productions, MacPhees in their best clothes and ornaments. There were gaudy artificial flowers in the room, screened from dust by cage-like glass cases. They reminded Ida of the painted iron floral wreaths laid by the economical on the graves of their dead. The solid chairs were covered with ill-fitting, faded chintz.

Against one of the walls was a piano. To judge from appearances it must have been one of the earliest of its kind. A slippery, black, horsehair-covered sofa took

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There was a quiet little conversation sandwiched between the selection of the courses.

# FOILING the "FREE TRADER"

*By* Kathrene and Robert E. Pinkerton

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY C. EDWARDS

HAD there been a passer-by he would not have seen anything unusual in the little procession of two men and ten dogs. One man broke trail, plodding steadily in the deep, soft snow. His team labored behind him, while at the tail of the toboggan came the second man, walking easily with his snowshoes in the well-beaten trench, his dogs making equally light work of it at the rear.

It was only by following the procession hour after hour and day after day that the extraordinary relations of the first and second divisions of the cavalcade could be ascertained. Three hours before daylight they were under way. Until after complete darkness came there was no thought of camp. Yet in all that time not a word was spoken, not a change was made in the order of march. Always the white man did the heavy work of breaking trail. Always the halfbreed followed leisurely, easily.

At night the peculiarity of the relations between the two men was accentuated. The white man would stop and begin to make camp. For a few moments the halfbreed would stand at the head of his team, filling and lighting his pipe, apparently undecided as to whether he would go on. When the white man had shoveled out a campsite with his snowshoes his companion would suddenly become active in his own preparations for the night. In a short time two fires would be lighting up the dark forest, two frying pans would be sending forth odors that served to keep ten dogs from a well-earned rest.

In common these men possessed the wilderness, the illimited expanse of ghastly white and sombre green, the long nights and the short days, the intense cold and the utter cheerlessness. Beyond that they shared nothing. The labor of trail breaking, the meagre delight of a pipe and a chat at the end of a hard day, the half comfort of the hour beside a common fire, the insistent duties of camp making, in none of these did they participate equally.

AFTER a week of it Wheeler, the white man, began to display evidences of irritation. Adam Thunderbird, the halfbreed, never displayed evidences of anything. Day after day he plodded in Wheeler's trail, keeping always just so far behind, stopping always when Wheeler stopped for the two midday meals, camping always so close he could easily have tossed a piece of bannock into the white man's frying-pan.

Adam never spoke, never seemed to know that Wheeler was near him. He gave no sign that he appreciated the comparative ease of the broken trail, and yet day in and day out he never permitted the white man to get more than one hundred feet from him.

In the beginning Wheeler had been contemptuous of Adam's presence, though he understood perfectly why he was followed. For two years he had been running opposition to the Spirit Lake Post of the Hudson's Bay Company. He was succeeding. He was getting fur, and two post-managers had failed to stop him.

Now, in his third winter, the free-trader had a new opponent at Spirit Lake in Johnnie Upham, a young Englishman. Contemptuous of this outsider, who was still serving his apprenticeship, Wheeler had branched out after more fur and already had made one successful trip to the hunters' wigwams with a dog train.

Adam's presence behind him a few hours after his start on the second trip had occasioned only surprise that the H. B. C. people should have learned his plans. He knew the trick. Adam was to follow him. Hunters, in the presence of this old employee of the company, would become alarmed and refuse to sell him their fur. They would feel that they could not afford to incur the displeasure of the great, permanent trading organization, upon the good favor of which so much of their comfort depended.

Wheeler was scornful of this influence over the Indians. He believed he had undermined it, that the Indians no longer stood in awe of the great company.

THE eighth day out he learned his mistake. In the afternoon he struck a fresh trail and followed it. Adam began to drop behind so that when Wheeler reached a wigwam the halfbreed was not in sight.

An Indian came out. After a quick glance around, Wheeler slipped a flask from beneath his skin-coat. The Indian drank. They talked. At last the hunter entered the wigwam and returned with a fisher skin.

As the free-trader reached for the pelt the Indian heard the sound of dog-bells and looked up to see Adam plodding slowly toward the camp. Instantly the skin was whisked inside the wigwam.



He spent a half-hour shouting imprecations at Adam.

Wheeler turned and cursed the halfbreed, but Adam, apparently still oblivious to everything about him, calmly laid his snowshoes on a drift, sat upon them and began to fill his pipe. He was so close that Wheeler, to keep his words secret, was forced to whisper to the Indian. The white man argued, pleaded, tapped the flask beneath his coat, but to no avail. The Indian shook his head, glanced furtively at Adam and at last retired within the wigwam.

Wheeler kicked at his dogs savagely as he strode ahead to resume the work of breaking trail. A moment later Adam was in motion behind him, and that night they camped as before.

In the next four days Wheeler stopped at four wigwams. Each time the same thing occurred. Adam sat down and smoked. Wheeler argued. The Indian shook his head and retreated within his home. At the fifth wigwam Wheeler made camp. Adam did the same. Wheeler went into the wigwam after supper. Adam stood just outside the door. When the white man appeared, maddened and cursing, he struck the halfbreed and toppled him backward into a big drift. Adam crawled out, shook off the snow and silently followed Wheeler to their twin camping spot.

When they went on the next day Wheeler's irritation was more pronounced. He cursed and struck at his dogs. He pushed on rapidly with savage thrusts of his snowshoes for a time and then relapsed into sullen plodding. After camp was made that night he spent a half-hour shouting imprecations at Adam. He called him every name he could bring to memory or invent, became as vile as his imagination would permit. Through it all Adam sat beside his fire, smoking, looking into the flames, occasionally turning a steaming sock that he had hung to dry.

The halfbreed's silence drove Wheeler to a last outburst of wrath which culminated in his rising and hurling a stick of wood at the stolid figure in the other camp. It grazed the forelock of Adam's hair, wrenched his pipe from between his teeth and drove it into the snowbank beyond. But Adam did not move or turn his head.

The next night Wheeler pleaded, argued, coaxed, lured.

"I'll double what the Hudson's Bay Company pays you," he said. "Yes, I'll give you three times as much, and good grub besides. What do you get from them but a net to catch your fish and some snares to catch your rabbits? And they call it rations! What have you after working for them for forty years but the clothes on your back? Three winters with me and we'll both retire and never have to work again."

Adam did not look up from the fire.

"But look at what you are doing to me," Wheeler begged. "My last cent is sunk in this thing. If you follow me any farther I'm going to run out of grub. I won't be able to get back. You're going to starve me, man, if you don't quit."

When there was no reply Wheeler brought out a wallet and counted off a number of bills.

"Here," he called, waving them at Adam, "take this and turn back in the morning. Here's two hundred dollars. I'll give you that much to quit. Go back to Upham and tell him you lost me in a snowstorm. Tell him anything, that I've quit or you drove me out. Here! I'll make it three hundred. What do you say?"

FOR a half-hour Wheeler kept it up, but not once did Adam raise his head or look toward the other fire. In the morning he dogged at Wheeler's heels and at night he camped beside him. The next day they passed one wigwam with the same results as before. At night Wheeler's face was black but he was silent. He stalked through his camp duties, glowered over his after-supper pipe, but he gave no heed whatever to the halfbreed.

And then for the first time since he had taken up the white man's trail Adam spoke.

"You not so friendly to-night, Mr. Wheeler," he said with an ingratiating smile. "You do not talk. Come! Pass a bottle. Let's forget the day."

"I haven't any bottle and you know it!" retorted the white man angrily.

"Not a bottle, may be, but a little keg, there on the toboggan."

Wheeler, startled, glanced uneasily at Adam.

"It's a great help to the trader, the whisky," continued the halfbreed. "The Indian get soft as the new snow with the whisky in him. Come, give us a little drink."

For a moment Wheeler appraised the Hudson's Bay Company employee. Then he turned to his toboggan and smiled as he bent over it.

"Sure, I'll give you a drink, Adam," he called in extravagant good nature. "I don't hold anything against you. It's that devil of an Upham that sent you out to follow me. You're only obeying orders. I know how it is. Come on. We'll both have a drink."

He had been undoing the lashings of his toboggan and brought out a small keg.

"Come on," he repeated as he glanced at Adam.

The half-breed had not risen but he grinned derisively.

"Thanks, Mr. Wheeler," he laughed. "I thought it was a little keg there on the toboggan but I wanted to be more sure. I always knew you the kind of man that gives whisky to the Indian and then cheats him. They're a like you, the free-traders. Upham sent me after you, yes, but I like to follow a man like you, Mr. Wheeler. I like to see him try to get the Indian's fur with whisky, and I like to be there and shake my head and leave a message in the snow that Mr. Upham tell me to give to the Indians.

"You been here two years. The Hudson's Bay been here two hundred. The Indian know that, and he knows that the Hudson's Bay Company be here two hundred more, while you will go like the snow in spring.

"But it is not long now, Mr. Wheeler. For two nights you give the dogs half a fish. Pretty soon quarter of a fish. It's a long way out, Mr. Wheeler. It gets longer every day."

The taunt, and the trap into which Adam had led him, added to the mounting irritation and despair of the previous two weeks, drove Wheeler into ungovernable rage.

"You black dog!" he shrieked as he shook his fist at Adam. "Take it upon your own head. You've gone too far. This is the last night you'll sit there grinning at me. You'll not be tagging me to-morrow, not if I have to fill you full of lead."

At the threat Adam looked up with a smile.

"May be so," he answered quietly, "but you never get the fur."

THREE hours before his usual time Wheeler was on his way the next morning. He broke camp hurriedly, furtively, without lighting a fire or eating. Stealthily he

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# THE CITY OF PERIL

A NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

## *By* ARTHUR STRINGER

*Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Prairie Mother," "The Man Who Couldn't Sleep," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



It was Lefty Boyle, with his hat tilted over his eyes and a villainous-looking cigar-end in one side of his mouth.

CHAPTER XXXI—*Continued*

I WONDERED if Elvira could have misinterpreted my natural reticence on the matter of meeting Natalie Stillwell. Elvira, on that same day, had motored in from Beaumaris with Davis, to go to the Metropolitan Museum and begin her study of the *figurines* there. I had sent her a bunch of Cattley orchids and a line or two leaving my town apartment at her disposal. Davis, in fact, had made tea for her there, and she had even left one delicate *Cattleya Trianae* in the Myrina vase on my study table. It had filled me with a sense of guilt, that solitary flower, for I had not altogether explained the reason for my absence. It would have been rather hard to explain; though Elvira, I had learned during those last few weeks, neither welcomed excuses nor looked for explanations.

Yet I had my excuses for meeting Natalie. In the first place, I wanted to cast the die for all time. I wanted to turn the page, and turn it honestly, by explaining everything.

Natalie, however, gave me no opening. There was not even a touch of the old imperiousness to fortify me in my resolution. If other things were troubling her, she gave small sign of it. She never was the sort of woman to be exigent, under any circumstances. She darted as lightly over the surface of things as a water-spider over the surface of its familiar pool. If any deeper feeling was stirring within her, she guarded it with her bristling facetiousness, just as her father guarded his reticent Long Island acres with ornamental *chevaux de frise*. She even gently coerced me into staying for luncheon, that she might show me her water-moccasin skins and her baby-alligator pelts. She told me the gossip of the Beach Club and how good the tarpon fishing had been. And I listened with attention and answered with studied interest, and tried to tell myself that after all it was very much like old times.

But I knew it was not. I also knew that I had missed, for that day, the chance of meeting Elvira, and wondered why the memory of it should make me miserable. I thought of the pale-faced, girlish figure, with all its contradictory aura of vigor and vitality, drifting through the rooms of the high-walled museum, so rich with its memories of the dead, of things so timelessly old. I tried to picture her as stooping above musty show-cases, as the figure of warm and pulsing Youth gazing into the dust and relics of the dead Past.

No, I decided, it was no feeling of pique that was keeping Elvira away. I could never imagine anger or chagrin in that statue-like impersonality of hers.

I looked at my watch once more. It was almost eight ra[illegible]'clock. My feeling of anxiety became one of alarm. It rival [illegible] longer a mere matter of a spoiled dinner. It was a situation calling for immediate action on my part. For I could not forget the life out of which Elvira had so recently emerged. I could not shake off the memory of that once malignant figure, Red-flag MacGirr; I could not rid myself of the thought of such deliriants as Cono Di Marco, or obliterate the Inner Circle and its machinations from my mind. I even stopped to wonder what tentacle of that older and darker life could possibly reach out and hold her back.

I got up from the rose-shaded table and made my way through to the office of Adolf's. There I called up Beaumaris on the long-distance telephone. I was answered by Mrs. Berger, the housekeeper.

"I would like to speak to Miss Sabouroff," I said, as calmly and casually as I was able.

"Miss Sabouroff is not here," came the answer, and my heart went down into my boots at the words.

"She must be there," I persisted, a little foolishly. The voice that trickled out of the wire explained that Miss Sabouroff had left early that morning for New York; she had been driven to meet the nine-fifty train.

"What did she take with her?"

Mrs. Berger could not exactly remember, but she thought it was nothing more than a small hand-bag. Yes, she had seemed in normal spirits. She had given them to understand that she would be back that evening.

I somewhat startled the placid-eyed Mrs. Berger by ordering her to go at once to Miss Sabouroff's room and report to me what was there. Then came what seemed an interminable wait. When Mrs. Berger spoke again it was to tell me that everything was there as usual. But no note or letter had been left for me.

Yes, Mrs. Berger was quite sure all Miss Sabouroff's personal belongings had been left in her room. She had not returned, and she had sent no message. That was all.

The situation was becoming inexplicable.

I left word at Adolf's that if anyone called for me or any message came, to send word at once to my city apartments. Then I faced my ruined dinner, made a farce of eating some of it, and had my waiter order a taxicab for me.

All the way up Broadway and the Avenue I was stubbornly hoping against hope that I would still find Elvira there in my rooms, that some unthought-of side issue would explain the whole foolish dilemma. But the moment my door was opened by the imperturbable and melancholy-eyed Davis I knew that he was alone there. This very calmness exasperated me, at first, as he stood with his fingers hooked together, replying to my impetuous volley of questions with that ox-like placidity which can sometimes make precision doubly hateful.

Yes, Miss Sabouroff had been there. She had come at noon, had asked for me, and had seemed in excellent spirits. She had expressed a wish for paper, to copy some notes, and she had apparently written a letter or two. Davis had gone out, to look after my dogs at the Kennels' Infirmary, a task which confronted him twice each week. He had left Elvira still writing at the desk. It was three o'clock when he returned, and she had gone. There was no sign that anyone had visited my apartment in the meantime. There was nothing to show when and where she had gone. No word or message had been left. She had disappeared, completely, as mysteriously as though she had walked to the edge of the earth and stepped over into illimitable space. It was more than a puzzle to me; it was a calamity.

I fretted about the room like a leashed beagle. But there was no clue to follow, no trail to take up. There was nothing for me to do. I could only wait until the morning, blindly hoping it was all due to some simple and foolish little blunder.

### CHAPTER XXXII

### The Arm of the Law

I ENTERTAINED a not unnatural aversion to making the news of Elvira's disappearance public. Hers was not a name I cared to see bandied about either club-rooms or street corners. I still hoped to stumble on some timely clue. I still thought that a few hours of organized inquiry and search would solve the mystery.

The entire morning was lost, accordingly, in a wild goose chase about the city. It was a chase which resulted in nothing but weariness of body and bewilderment of mind. Then, suddenly realizing that I had already lost much precious time, I went straight to police headquarters and sought out my friend Lieutenant Belton.

He was busy at the telephone as I entered, and this gave me a minute or two to pull myself together. I had a chance to shake off that newer depression born of the official austerities of Centre Street, of stolid and intimidating door-men, of a grim machinery of justice which seemed to grind the amenities out of ordinary intercourse even as it ground the evil-doer out of society.

I began to wonder, as I watched the figure at the telephone, just how I could explain things to him without explaining too much. The Central Office atmosphere is not one to encourage intimate confession, except under the thumb-screw of the law.

"What's the trouble?" asked Belton, with mock solemnity, as he hung up the receiver and swung about on his chair. He faced me, looking as pink and fresh and fit as an athlete just off a running-track. He even laughed a little as he reached out jovially and shook hands with me I could only assume that his hilarity arose from a contemplation of my woebegone and worried face.

"A friend of mine has disappeared," I began at once, without any beating about the bush.

"Friends have a habit of doing that now and then, you know," he answered, with the casual smile still on his full blooded and deceptively boyish-looking face.

"But this is an unexpected, and inexplicable, disappearance."

"They often are—until they walk home and explain things."

"This is not that kind of a disappearance. It's more than a puzzle. It's a mystery, and I've got to find her."

"Her!" repeated the lieutenant, with a quick little side glance in my direction.

"She seems literally to have dropped out of sight, without leaving a trace of her whereabouts, without any known reason for disappearing."

"Are you responsible for her?"

"I feel, in a way, that I am responsible. It's at least my duty to find her, at once, and at any cost."

The lieutenant curled the ends of his moustache, with infinite care and deliberation.

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THE STORY SO FAR:—*"Rebbie" Woodruff—cultured, wealthy, thirty-one, industrial and commercial dilettante—says au revoir to Natalie Stillwell, to whom he has been proposing for years. Natalie, daughter of a Wall Street "plute," encourages "Rebbie," suggesting he bend his energies—seriously for once—to fathom the mystery of the "Hammer of God," threatening typewritten notes her father has been receiving. MacGirr, ex-con. Black-hander, a visionary Italian youth, and a beautiful girl enter the story, and in his investigations "Rebbie" commits burglary. "Rebbie" discovers the notes came from the Italian youth, Cono di Marco. He discovers a well-equipped laboratory, with fuses, TNT and bombs galore; pulls the "fangs" of the bomb destined to blow up the Exchange, and next morning visits Wall St. to see Cono about to attempt his dastardly crime. Cono's bomb is a "dud," but "Rebbie" has him jailed. The beautiful Russian girl, Elvira Paladino (Sabouroff), visits "Rebbie," pleads for Cono's release, and confesses she has been embittered owing to life's persecutions, and become an instrument of the Inner Circle, a pseudo-Bolshevistic organization. "Rebbie", enamoured, agrees, on condition Elvira reports daily to him. MacGirr threatens "Rebbie." Elvira tells "Rebbie" both their lives are menaced by the Circle. Sitnikov, shadowing the pair, throws a bomb into "Rebbie's" flat: Elvira pulls out fuse, saving their lives. "Rebbie" surprises MacGirr and Sitnikov in Stillwell's mansion, jimmying the safe. A fight ensues. "Rebbie" is captured, but rescued by Davis, his valet. MacGirr dies, but the other crook escapes. Elvira, who is cataloguing Woodruff's collection, fails to keep an appointment.*

"That shouldn't be so hard," he murmured, in no way disturbed by the information I had given him. "But suppose you tell me a little more about the lady?"

"Her name is Elvira Sabouroff," I began.

FOR the second time, the lieutenant let his quick side-glance play over my face.

"The 'Bolshevik' woman of the Cono Di Marco case?" he inquiried promptly, yet casually.

"Yes, that is the woman," I admitted.

"The 'gay-cat' for that anarchist gang called the Inner Circle—the 'floater' for Red-flag MacGirr and his crowd—the 'stick-up' for men like Mutashenko?"

"She was one of the Inner Circle, I believe, but she has broken away from them," I explained, as calmly as was possible. To speak without impatience meant somewhat of an effort on my part.

"You mean she said she'd broken away?"

"I know she had," I declared.

"How do you know that?"

There was no mistaking the note of flippant skepticism. His query was barbed with a contempt which I hotly resented.

"I know it because I took her out of that life myself. I know it because she has for weeks been acting as a sort of private secretary for me. And I know it most of all because I know she is not a woman who could be happy with a gang of outlaws."

"Miss anything worth while when she went?" he had the effrontery to inquire, without looking up.

"Of course not!" I cried.

My anger seemed to amuse him. He sat pulling at one end of his moustache, with his lips puckered.

"Those 'Bolshie' gangs are usually rather close corporations," he ventured. "They don't stand for deserters, I mean."

"That's precisely why I don't want to lose time in getting on this girl's track. I've got to find out if that Inner Circle has in any way interfered with her. I want to find out if any of those Bolshevistic agents are mixed up in this."

The lieutenant still meditated.

"Of course, you're aware of the fact that this city's full of little revolutionary circles like that," he explained, at last. "We're growing into a sort of second Switzerland, over here, for Terrorists and Bolshevists and expatriates of all kinds. They raise most of their money here, and print their stuff and work out their plans. They don't welcome police visitors. They prefer doing their work quietly and secretly."

"But most of them must be known? They can't get over Ellis Island without being sized up?"

"By no means most of them. They'd never get over Ellis Island at all if they were sized up. You don't find people making bombs in public. They have their burrows, and they dive for them when they spot anything that looks like a spy. So all we can do is to scratch and bark around these burrows, like a dog watching a chipmunk's hole."

"But some tab must be kept on their movements?"

"When it's possible, yes. But you must remember we have a good many of these people among us. We've Russians and Armenians, Hungarians and Syrians, Macedonians and Czecho-Slovaks, Mexicans and South Americans, Hindus and Heaven knows what all! We know that a revolutionary federation has its headquarters at a certain number on Fourth Avenue, and that what they call 'The Hunchakista' hangs out in East Twenty-fifth Street. But until one of those Hunchakista gentlemen commits, say, a murder like that of Tavshanjian, the Union Square merchant, we can't do much. They live like a gang of gophers—they've always a hole to drop into, when the scare comes."

"It's not a certainty," I explained, "that the woman in this case has actually fallen in with any of those people."

"But you say she knew their ways. And you also say that she has disappeared."

"Yes, without excuse or reason."

"And you still think something may have happened to her?"

"I can't tell. That's what we've got to find out. That's what brought me to your office."

"Then tell me more about the case."

IT TOOK me but a minute or two to report everything that remained unexplained. What I had to say did not seem to add to Lieutenant Belton's perplexity. But he looked up at me, a little curiously.

"Do you know the first answer the police would give to a case like this?"

I told him that I did not.

"Drowned," he said, with an almost brutal candor.

"But why talk about her being drowned?" I indignantly asked, yet with an involuntary tightness about my throat. "She's not the sort of woman to take to drowning."

"Well, that would be the usual answer," he nonchalantly continued. "I don't suppose you realize the number of 'reported-missing' cases we get down here. Last year, for example, we'd practically twenty-two hundred of 'em. We have a regular bureau for taking care of 'em. And we find about nine out of every ten of those missing persons. We find 'em, that is, either dead or alive."

"How would you proceed with this case?" I inquired with a sense of growing uneasiness.

"As soon as a reported-missing message is sent from a precinct station-house to the Central Office here, it is turned over to what we call the M.P. department—the 'missing-person' department."

"And then what?"

"Then a blank is filled out at headquarters, and your case is given a number. Everything about that case is filed under that number—letters, pictures, data, and all that sort of thing. Then a summary is made out and printed on a separate card by our police printer."

"Then the thing couldn't be kept confidential? This search can't be kept a secret one?"

"It can, if you don't actually want the help of publicity Of course it can. We send out a general alarm by sending these printed slips to every station-house. Confidential alarms are sent out with instructions not to go beyond the force. Then one of our trained detectives gets to work on the case, and, of course, the first thing is a look through the morgue, and then a round-up of the hospitals and sanatariums and that sort of thing. Then we move on to a wider circle, and then we try a still wider one. In fact, our M.P. department's practically an international one. Nowadays we can start the machinery moving in London or Paris or Rome, once we're sure our man or woman has got away from America."

"But I don't think this woman has left America. I don't think she would leave," I protested.

"You can never tell what a 'Bolshie' will do!" declared



I had to receive and ward off his blows with my fatuous frying-pan. . . . They came at me like a couple of terriers.

Lieutenant Belton, swinging back in his chair and looking me over with easy condescension. "But we can start the wheels moving and find out, any time you say so."

"Then I'd be obliged to you if a general alarm was sent out at once. And I'd be very glad to offer any reasonable reward."

"But why the reward?"

"Because I've got to get trace of this woman," I replied, with some heat. "I've got to get her."

"It's not for — well, for sentimental reasons?" he inquired.

"It's for very material reasons—if you'd call the fact that I know her life is in danger a material reason."

"Ah, now we're getting down to 'hard-pan,'" said the officer, once more swinging around and facing me. "Where is this danger you speak of, as far as you know?"

"I don't know. That's why I've come to you. 'Elvira Sabouroff has worked with this anarchist band called the Inner Circle. She realized that the leaders of that band were really criminals masquerading as Bolshevists. She knew their haunts, their aims, their secrets."

"Which always has its drawbacks!"

"Precisely! Then she broke away from them, and they knew she had broken away. Doesn't it stand to reason, then, that when she suddenly and mysteriously disappears her disappearance may be due to the activity of these old friends who have become her new enemies?"

THE lieutenant thought the matter over for several seconds.

"Yes, it is possible," was his noncommittal answer. He was about to say more, I felt, but for some unknown reason decided to hold his peace.

"And isn't it equally reasonable that the longer any search for her is delayed, the greater the danger will be—the danger to her, I mean?"

"That's equally true, if your original assumption is not at fault."

I assumed that years of such things had left him thus casual and callous before all such dilemmas. In vain I searched his face for any sign of eagerness, for any more intimate trace of interest. All I saw was an official and unfathomable immobility.

"Then why not set the machinery in motion at once?" I asked.

He nodded, after another few seconds of thought.

"The machinery will be set in motion, if you say so," he agreed. I watched him as he reached out and touched a push-button above his desk.

"It will be impossible for me to give you a photograph," I explained. "But I can make the description very definite."

"The photograph will not be necessary," was the lieutenant's reply.

"But it would help, of course?"

"Not so materially, in this case."

"Why so?"

"Because we already have the woman's picture—and, if I am not greatly mistaken, also her finger-prints."

"You have her picture!" I echoed, as a hot flush of anger swept over me, followed by a slowly subsiding glow of resentment.

"As an active and dangerous criminal who has been under the eye of the police for some two years now," was the dispassionate reply, though I felt a touch of theatricality in the lieutenant's enforced calmness.

"You mean because of her—extreme Bolshevistic beliefs?" I asked, with a resurgent touch of indignation. "Because she has been what you call a Nihilist?"

"Bomb-throwing is a little extreme, as you call it. And neither of us has forgotten the Cono Di Marco case."

"She was not a party to that. She fought against that, from the first. That is one of the reasons she broke away from their cursed gang!"

It surprised me to find myself pleading her cause with such vehemence. It angered me to think that she even needed my advocacy. But my hauteur, on Lieutenant Belton, was like water on a duck's back.

"I've been bumping into these Bolsheviks, Woodruff, every day, almost, for two or three years now," he went on, with the same imperturbable calmness. "And I've found the woman 'Bolshie', as a rule, even more tricky and unreliable than the man."

He held up his hand at my quick start of protest.

"Wait," he continued, motioning me back into my chair. "Let me finish. It's not my affair what your friend is, has been, or ought to be. She's lost, and it's our place to find her for you. I'm uncommonly fond of you, Woodruff, and you've done me a good many decent turns, and that's why I wish you were well out of this whole underground mess."

"Find that woman, and I shall be out of it."

"Very well, I'll start the machinery at once. And the moment anything turns up, you'll get a report on it."

HE HELD out his great hand. The grip he gave me seemed to be eloquent with understanding, with a commiserative condonation which I resented.

"You'll do me the turn of my life if you find her," I said, realizing the futility of all explanation.

"People can't step off the earth nowadays without something to show for it."

"I hope not."

"Of course not. We've certain pet corners we look into first, in cases like this. I'll see Dugan himself, and have him put McAllister on the case."

Dispirited as I felt in leaving Lieutenant Belton's office there was a certain indefinable satisfaction in the thought that the complex mechanism of the law was allied with and active in my cause. It seemed to take the hopelessness out of a prospect that had as yet given me little cause to hope. It brought the fortitude which the consciousness of reinforcements must bring to the actor on any impending battle-field.

By the time I had made my way back to my apartment that evening I knew that the machinery of the law in all its countless ramifications had been put into motion. I knew that the immense nervous system of the city had been electrified into action.



I shoved the revolver muzzle up into his lean and colorless face.

But, as I stood at my high studio windows that night, looking out over the light-spangled gloom, I could not keep from wondering, with a touch of wistfulness, if Elvira Sabouroff rested somewhere in the midst of that great wilderness of humanity.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### The Intervention of Lefty

A NEW day brought with it a new energy. My first realization was that I was no longer a dilettante along the dubious ways of the underworld. This could no longer be called merely the game for the game's sake. I was no more "the amateur mouchard" meddling in other people's affairs. I faced a problem of my own, a dark and forbidding problem demanding a quick and complete solution.

I did not intend to rely only on the police. The machinery at their command was extensive, but all official action in such a case, I decided, would have its handicap. My faith in the miraculous powers of the detective had long since been shattered. As Lefty Boyle, the stool-pigeon, had so often said: "It's nine-tenths guesswork and one-tenth gall."

So I went to Lefty himself, and laid the case before him. I told him everything, my only reservation being a natural silence as to the extent of my attachment for Elvira. But Lefty, I am afraid, was able to make a shrewd guess or two at that.

He sat whittling a spindle from a broken office-chair, and eyed the product of his handicraft for several moments of silence. But I knew he was deep in thought.

"Those Bolshevik gangs are like water-mains," he observed. "They've all got to travel underground, I mean."

"But why should this woman be travelling with any of those followers of Trotzky? She left them! They're enemies now!"

"She might be travelling with them unwillingly, mightn't she?"

I had to confess that she might. In fact, that was the thing of which I stood most in fear.

Lefty suddenly stopped whittling.

"Was this woman sore on you for anything? Did she have a grouch?"

The question struck me as an odd one, but it was easy enough to answer.

"She had no grouch, as you call it."

"You're sure of it?"

"I feel quite sure of it. I heard her say, in fact, that her last week at Beaumaris had been one of the happiest weeks in all her life."

Again Lefty stopped whittling.

"Have you made the first rounds—I mean the morgue and hospitals and those joints?"

"They were canvassed this morning. There's nothing to lead us to believe the woman was the victim of any accident or sudden illness."

Lefty sat pondering his finger-nails.

"Except drowning," he added meditatively. The persistence with which they all harped on the possibility of a happy and wholesome-minded girl meeting with death by drowning was beginning to get on my nerves.

"Can you give me a list of her friends, the people she knows?"

It was not a long list that I had to give him.

"I imagine they're a sweet lot, that Inner Circle gang!" was his comment. "Those 'Bolshies' have five centres in this country. You'll find each of 'em denying it, but they're there, just the same. New York comes first, of course; then comes Hoboken. Then there's Paterson, and then Pittsburgh. Chicago makes the fifth, and a mean fifth, too! Just about the same places the Reds and anarchists infested."

"I don't care how many there are, Lefty, and I don't care how mean they are—we've got to get into each one of them!"

"Assumin' the lady's there."

"If she's not there, we've got to find where she is."

"There's one thing. This case is likely to take time, and perhaps a little money. It may end in a day or two, or it may drag on for a month or two. I want you to know what you are up against."

"The money side needn't count, Lefty, if you can give it the time."

HE LOOKED into a well-thumbed note-book, rubbing his stubbly chin as he consulted the pages.

"I'll make time," he said, with a nod of the head. And with that nod I knew that I had the inimitable Lefty Boyle engaged in my service.

"So don't you crowd me," he went on, with his indifferent drawl. "You just let me amble quietly along in my own way. It's the *only* way, in a case like this. When there's anything to report, I'll come to you and report."

I left him, feeling more at ease, more hopeful of the end. But I did not relax my own activities. That same day I cabled to London, and then to Rome, giving data and forwarding instructions for a reliable man in each city to be on the lookout for Elvira Sabouroff, *alias* Paladino. I next cabled to Buenos Ayres, at a flat rate of a dollar a

*Continued on page 45*

# Money and Motion Pictures

## By JOHN W. McKAY, Jr.

*JOHN W. McKAY is general manager of the Mayflower Photoplay Corporation, which produced "The Miracle Man." The author is a young Canadian who has made a rapid and solid reputation in the film world. He is the grandson of the Rev. John McKay, a pioneer Canadian Presbyterian minister who died in Winnipeg in August, 1916, after having held many charges in Quebec, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. His executive position with the company that picturized Frank L. Packard's "The Miracle Man," the most famous picture of the day, enables him to talk convincingly on the subject of motion pictures and money.*

IN THE morning mail, which helps to digest the daily coffee and toast, there was a colorful advertisement which told, in glowing terms, that spare cash in the bank should not be allowed to bring in a safe return of only three per cent.—when, by withdrawing the account and investing it in the motion picture industry, the same money could earn at least eight or ten per cent.—possibly more.

It was a well-prepared salesmanship talk, straight to the point, dealing with millions invested, and millions earned. Written lavishly across the page was the story of what other motion picture companies had earned. Also there was a prophecy of what the new company would earn. Missing, however, was the qualifying statement that said they were going to make a fortune—*provided they could make good pictures.* Actually, the prospectus showed nothing concrete. However, it was so well written that only one experienced in the motion picture industry could see at a glance that it was just one more stock-selling proposition.

That last sentence may sound as a slur. It is not that I am "knocking" the picture business, for profits similar to those promised by the prospectus have been made, but like every other business where there is a chance for spectacular speculation, it is well to investigate any stock that may be offered. The motion picture industry might be parallel with oil! There fortunes have been made out of what seemed the most impossible wild cat schemes. Money can be made from motion pictures, and big money. As an example, consider "The Miracle Man," the very first film made by a certain producing organization. The industry is still young.

The reason that so many of the small companies formed to sell stock and produce motion pictures with the revenue do not actually succeed is because it takes a wealth of money and practical experience to carry a producing company to a point of profit-making.

The amount of capital needed to launch successfully a motion picture company is, of course, indefinite. It cannot be done on a small scale, unless the producer has an unusual theme, which does not necessitate a lavish expenditure of money for high-priced actors or scenery. As a rough estimate, it would seem that at least half a million dollars capital would be needed. Of this money a certain amount has to be expended for promotion, and the usual office overhead charges. The cost of a good picture to-day averages more than one hundred thousand dollars, and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is by no means a "big" sum for a first class picture. In this way it will be easily seen that with sufficient capital it will be possible to make, say, three pictures without hesitating, and without waiting for the money earned by the first to finance the second, or even the third. In other words, half a million dollars gives a company a chance to keep working.

### What Play Made—What Author Got

AS AN example of motion picture figures, I can, because of an executive position with the Mayflower Photoplay Company, give the inside facts on the financial history of "The Miracle Man." This picture was the first film play made by a company formed for motion picture production by a group of Boston business men who had realized that big profits could be made and that the surface of the motion picture industry had not been scratched. They each subscribed a sum of money, and turning over the business details to experienced motion picture executives, awaited results.

"The Miracle Man" had appeared as a serial, a novel, and as a play. It was from the pen of Frank L. Packard, the popular Canadian author. The cost of the motion picture rights on the story was $17,500. Not a huge sum, but considered enough. Other stories of Mr. Packard which were sold after the success of this picture probably brought more. His reputation was boosted to the heights by "The Miracle Man."

The next great cost of the picture was about twenty thousand dollars for the settings. Much of "The Miracle Man" was made out-of-doors, the train scenes were made on a real Pullman hired for the occasion. The Chinatown scene, used as a flash in the beginning, cost about five thousand dollars. As a whole, when completed and ready to be shown, the picture cost one hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars.

The actual cash gross on "The Miracle Man," to date, is in excess of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and this does not include the foreign rights, which have not as yet been entirely negotiated. As a whole, the picture will, during its entire life, probably gross more than two million dollars.

This picture marked a new epoch in the history of filmdom. Its most startling asset is, of course, its huge sales. It did other things. It established the fact that the theme was paramount in picture making, that it was possible to put over to a varied public the tremendous message of faith, and have them like it. Not that there was any thought of propaganda connected with the picture. There was not. It was made as a story, entertainment—and nothing else.

Another thing it did from the angle of business was that instead of being rented to motion picture theatres at a flat rate, it played on a percentage basis—in other words, the theatre owners agreed to use the picture, and pay a percentage of the admissions as rental. In all it played during the first year of its life in about ten thousand and ninety-six theatres, many of them twice, so great was the popular demand to see this work.

The subject of rentals brings up one of the greatest factors in the motion picture industry—the distributor.



John W. McKay, Jr., a Canadian film producer, who made a world's record with "The Miracle Man," a story by the well-known Canadian author, Frank L. Packard, who lives at Lachine, Quebec.

The majority of motion pictures are made by producing companies, companies who take a story, and prepare it for the screen. When this story is ready for showing it is turned over to a company for distribution to the film theatres, the exhibitors.

There are a number of large and important distributing companies. Some of these companies were formed to distribute pictures they have made, also an occasional picture made by an independent producing company which appealed to them as important—and a money-getter. There are other distributing organizations that do no producing at all, but depend entirely on the outside market for the pictures they handle. All distributors have branches, or exchanges, throughout the country which they use to supply the theatres of the territory about them with prints of the pictures they are exploiting. Each exchange carries from five to fifteen prints of the picture, and these prints are being constantly sent from one film theatre to another, as per the booking arrangements. A clever picture which is in fair demand has about one hundred prints made from the original negatives.

The charges made by the distributing companies are flexible—both to the producer and the exhibitor. The producer pays from twenty to fifty per cent., depending entirely on the picture. There is, as a general rule, a cash payment, on the advance royalty basis, made when the film is delivered for distribution. The distributor undertakes all such labor as the advertising and exploitation of the picture, the making of prints and the physical cost of taking the prints from one theatre to another.

The exploitation of a picture is an essential, for occasionally theatre owners get into a rut, and work along the line of least resistance. Exploitation includes the big billboard advertising, the "copy" for local paper advertising, and the ideas for "stunt" advertising which always attracts crowds, and makes people talk about the picture—and so go to see it.

The business transaction on the part of the distributor depends on the appeal of the picture. A picture with heart interest, human appeal, is sure to go, no matter how simple the setting, how unknown the company that has made it.

Any set of men making pictures that will appeal to at least eighty per cent. of the tens of thousands who go to the movie theatres of North America in a single day will be sure of success.

It is the theme, the story-direction and acting that counts. Any good photoplay finds an immediate market. There are scores of instances of enthusiastic and painstaking young directors working for very small salaries who have made pictures that in turn make history. "The Miracle Man" is but one of the group. "Hearts of Humanity," a war picture, made Allan Holubar, the director, famous overnight. "The Turn of the Road" was a simple picture that made a fortune. King Vidor, almost an unknown as far as the public was concerned, leaped into popularity with his picturization of the story, "The Jack-Knife Man" which Ellis Parker Butler had written and sold as a serial eight or nine years before. "Humoresque" and "Blind Husbands" were both the work of comparatively unknown directors—yet they have both become famous photoplays on the merit they contained.

The list could go on. All these pictures made money, though the cost of some of them made them run into what is termed the "special" class. Special pictures, that is, those of a more or less extraordinary nature, cost from one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to five hundred thousand dollars. These include, for instance, the elaborate photoplays produced by DeMille, and D. W. Griffith. "Way Down East," Mr. Griffith's latest "big" picture, is known to cost in excess of half a million dollars. However, it will make money, for a dozen or more road companies are now touring the big cities, and playing indefinite runs. The smaller towns will come next.

THE long runs will be a feature of the future of the motion picture industry. They, together with fewer and better pictures, will mark the next big step forward.

There has, in the past, been a great deal of just criticism of the motion picture industry. In the beginning the type of men who were attracted to what seemed a passing novelty were men of the gambling spirit—men who had made a little money in the lowly trades, and who "took a chance." Those days are past. The motion picture man of to-day is college-bred, and an efficiency expert. The industry is attracting all of the big interests throughout the world. The Standard Oil Company is reported to be looking towards the film industry as a side issue investment for its holdings. Several of the biggest banking houses of New York's money centre, Wall Street

*Continued on page 42*

# OUR PLANS FOR CANADA

*By* The Rt. Hon. ARTHUR MEIGHEN, P.C.
PREMIER OF CANADA

BEFORE discussing the situation to-day it is well that a word be said on the genesis of the Government on whose behalf I write. That Government is the successor of, indeed, in point of policy and principle, it is the continuation of the Administration which the decisive will of our country placed in office three years ago. The mandate given on that historic occasion embodied three cardinal commands: (1) the marshalling of the nation's maximum effort in the winning of the war; (2) the care of problems, and chiefly soldier problems, in the period of restoration, and (3)—and this is frequently forgotten—the translation into action of certain definite, concrete propositions of reform in the manifesto of the then administration.

How were those mandates carried out? Was the full strength of the nation concentrated behind the army in France? Have our soldiers been re-established into civil life? Did we carry out our program of reform?

The answer to the first question is found in the fact, which no man can challenge, that when the war ended on November 11, 1918, Canada had the finest fighting unit on the entire Allied front. After a series of expeditions, after a chain of exploits which added lustre to British arms—after had ended the last glorious one hundred days—the Canadian Corps stood as the spearhead of the Allied force, dauntless, invincible, far into the heart of the Prussian lines. It would be presumptuous, it would be wrong, for any member of the Government to seek to take first credit for that tremendous fact because the credit is to the splendid men of the line. At the same time it is but fairness to concede that the Army could not have been as invincible as it was, its morale sustained as it was, unless the fighting spirit of the nation was reflected in the Government that represented it in power.

In carrying out the problems of restoration, problems inseparable from war, great difficulties were encountered. They were accentuated by the fact that war ardor had cooled, that there was wanting a sense of peril and the union that sense of peril engenders, and that, as a consequence, there were cross-currents of criticism and opinion, criticism that sometimes, perhaps, was just, but that most often was cruel and unjust.

### Sincerity, Vigor, Honesty, Success

IN THE face of it all the Government carried on. It carried on, knowing that the solution of reconstruction problems was its sacred pledge to the people; and it carried on with no small degree of success. Our soldiers were brought back; re-establishment plans were devised and executed; problems of transportation, trade and finance were adjusted, and reform policies enunciated in 1917 were carried to fruition. We make no claim that these vast portentous tasks were consummated without fault or error; without mistake and even injustice. All of us are fallible, and it would have been more than human had such unprecedented achievements been brought about, often in desperate haste and without chart or experience to guide us, without error. But this I do claim, that they were performed with sincerity, with vigor, with honesty and with a high measure of success.

It is not necessary to emphasize this point. It is unnecessary because—and I ask my readers to note the significance of the fact—even by its bitterest opponents the Government's war and after-war records are not assailed. Thus, a Toronto newspaper, which opposes us with conspicuous strength, admitted not long ago that the period of the war and after was without a parallel in constructive reform; and in a speech which he delivered in Winnipeg a few weeks ago, Mr. Crerar, leader of the Agrarian party, paid tribute to what has been achieved in re-establishing returned men.

To-day we are two years from the war. It is a short time in these crowded years, yet we find most of the duties that grew from the conflict either executed or well on their way to execution; and our faces are turned to the future. It will be a future of hard tasks, not unattended by peril; but having a conviction that whatever may be encountered cannot be more formidable than the difficulties triumphantly overcome since 1914, we can face it without fear. On the facts of our recent past we prepare for and build the future.



A typical pose often adopted by the Premier, particularly during an open air speech. This picture was "snapped" at Stirling, Ontario.

### Our Place in the Empire

OUR present position, both at home and abroad, gives no cause for alarm. Our place in the family of nations is what at the present time we would want it to be. It is compatible with the measure of our development as a British Dominion. It meets the aspirations of all who love the Empire and see in it the world's best hope. It accords with the desire of the overwhelming majority of the Canadian people. We have the rights of a full statured Dominion within the British Commonwealth of Nations—and that is the best lot of which I know. We have a distinct voice in the League of Nations, a voice comporting with our individuality as a self-governing people, and at the recent gathering at Geneva our representatives played a part which did credit to the name of Canada.

Finally, and, perhaps, most important of all, Canada's share in making happier the relations of the British Empire to the rest of the world, more especially as they concern our great Anglo-Saxon-Celtic neighbors to the south, are becoming more clearly recognized and defined.

Our chief task now—and it is a task which challenges the best of our Canadian hearts—is to achieve the greatest measure of unity at home. Fifty-three years ago our fathers met and came to agreement as to the rights of the two great races and of their languages, and by that agreement, which is the corner-stone of our constitution, we must stand. By it in a spirit of liberality, tolerance and good will, we must abide. The long ordeal of the war produced unnaturally and unfortunately not good results, but rather the contrary, in the co-operation of the two races.

These must be overcome. They must be overcome, because it is my conviction, as it must be the conviction of all who give study to the problem, that without racial unity here in Canada progress can never be achieved. I have not much faith in words alone, in mere exhortation, to effect improvement, but I have great faith in the value of restraint of language, mutual restraint on both sides, the quiet encouragement of a better spirit, and I have still more faith in the efficacy of deeds of tolerance and fair dealing. These things, however—and this is too often lost sight of—are not the duties of governments or of leaders of parties alone. They ought to be, and must be, the anxiety of all good citizens who wish well for the future of their country.

### Our One Great Domestic Issue—the Tariff

AND now I come to what we are told is the one great issue of our domestic politics—the issue of the tariff. Why is it the issue? It is the issue, I think, because the enemies of the Government cannot oppose us on any other. Many of them support us on every other vital measure and policy almost without reserve. It is indeed worth while to reflect that against a Government which has encountered all the hazards and discharged all the responsibilities of a great war, the issue raised does not concern its record, but centres upon the ancient trade question, resurrected for that special purpose. That, however, is the issue raised, and on that issue we join. We take up the gage of battle thrown down. We declare where we stand. All that we ask is that those opposed to us be equally frank, so that the people can decide without confusion or complication and therefore with finality.

Our position on the tariff is clear—we stand for the protective principle. To those who, like Mr. Crerar, demand the abandonment of the protective principle, we answer, "No." We answer "No," because in our judgment—and it has been the judgment of Canadian statesmen and public since 1878—the protective principle is necessary to this country. There is, indeed, no country in the world where its abandonment would be followed by disaster more swift or sure. The reason for this is clear. We have next door to us a nation which has followed protective principles for 131 years, a nation with the most powerful and highly organized industrial units in the world, and with a market of 105 millions. It is beyond imagination, it is contrary to common sense, that our own manufacturers, less rich, less powerful in organization, and with a market of less than 10 millions, could compete under free trade conditions with those gigantic industries of the United States.

Still more manifest is it that with a protective tariff wall standing against the entrance of our goods to the United States, and every prospect of its continuance, if not of its elevation, the discarding of the protective principle on the part of Canada is a proposal scarcely admitting of debate. No responsible Government in this country would subject the industrial fabric of the Dominion to a menace of that kind; none will ever do it unless we vest power in men whose intellectual fidelity to economic theories outweighs their practical fidelity to their country.

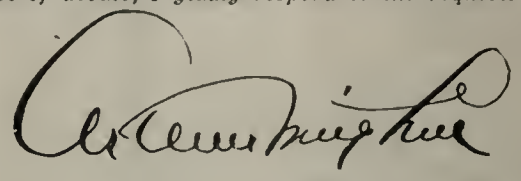
THIS does not mean that we stand for high protection. Just as we answer, "No" to those who urge the abandonment of the protective principle, so likewise do we reply to those who demand a high tariff or the effectual exclusion of outside competition. We cannot have a high tariff in this country. The western prairies which have to export most of their product receive less immediate advantage from the adoption of the protective principle than does the rest of Canada. The western prairies, on account of the geography of the country, have to pay more than the usual rate of freight in getting their goods from other parts of Canada. That condition, emphasized in the early days of the Dominion, will right itself as time goes on and home production increases, but while it exists, it is a strong reason why the tariff of the country must be kept as low as it can be kept with safety while serving the purpose that as a nation we must serve if we are going to prosper industrially or even exist as a substantial industrial factor among the nations of the world.

Consequently, the revision that we have under way, and which we propose bringing to Parliament this session, has for its purpose the fixing of schedules no higher than is necessary to retain well-conducted industries in this country, and make it possible for them to grow in number and in product with the growth of Canada, and not such as to make it pay them to go elsewhere or just a few miles south and establish their works and workmen there.

> We do not propose going any higher on any single line of articles, and as soon as any man in Parliament or out of it can show us that on any schedule there is a higher protective duty than is necessary to serve the purpose I have outlined, that schedule shall be revised.

I ask my readers if such a policy warrants the accusation—so frequently in the mouths of our enemies—that we are a Government of high protectionists?

The truth is that the tariff which presently exists is the lowest this country has had since 1878. Sir Wilfrid Laurier entered office in 1896, and the duties on dutiable goods averaged in the first fiscal year thereafter 29.22 per cent. When he left office, fifteen years later, they averaged 26 per cent. To-day, under this so-called protectionist Government, they are running approximately 22.7 per cent. The Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier required, even toward its close, an annual revenue of only 100 millions or thereabouts. The Government of to-day, because of war obligations and war consequences, requires 350 millions or more. Yet those who, describing themselves as supporters of a tariff for revenue only, supported a 28 per cent. tariff under Sir Wilfrid Laurier to raise a revenue of 100 millions, to-day denounce as high protectionists and as the friends of Big Business a Government which, although requiring a revenue of 350 millions, maintains a tariff of but 22.70 per cent.

> I AM *invited by the editor of* MACLEAN'S *to outline briefly for its readers the policies and platforms of the party and Ministry of which I am privileged to be the head. As one who believes in keeping the air free with fair discussion, who believes that the great fundamental questions with which political platforms concern themselves should be searched through and through by every process of debate, I gladly respond to the request.*
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### Our Trade With the U. S.

NOR is it easy to grasp the mental processes of those who cry that we are shutting out imports; one wonders if they ever read the trade figures of the country. For the truth is that we are importing to-day at a prodigious rate, at three times the highest rate we imported when Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government was in office. This year we shall buy from the United States alone more goods than we bought two years ago from all the rest of the world combined. Indeed, we are buying so much from our American neighbors that after we have sold them all the goods they will buy from us we still have this year a balance of 500 or 600 millions to pay them in United States' dollars. All of which explains why American dollars are so difficult to buy.

Those who talk lightly and glibly about slashing down the tariff—they say they will do so without inquiry—appear to think that the way to buy less goods from the United States and more from ourselves is to make it easier to buy more from the United States and pay them more millions in exchange. Mr. Crerar tells us that we have to buy goods in order to sell; and that is true. But we do not have to buy 1,100 millions to sell 500 millions. The truth is that for us now the more goods we can sell in excess of what we buy, the better for us as a nation. Just to that extent we become a creditor instead of a debtor country.

So much for the Government's fiscal policy; let us see what are the views of its foes. Their attitude, it must be confessed, is not always easy to define. Mr. Crerar, chief of the Agrarian party, stands upon a platform that denounces the protective principle as iniquitous, unjust and unsound. But notwithstanding that he believes it to be all of these things, he has just assured the country that under any Government which he might form protection would be removed only by "easy stages."

### Is Mr. Crerar Hedging?

WHY? If protection is unsound, if it is robbery, why not get rid of it at once? One cannot reconcile two such conflicting ideas without doing violence to logic, and the only conclusion possible in explanation of Mr. Crerar's inconsistency in platform and words is that with other Agrarian leaders he has begun to hedge on his demand for free trade.

The fact, however, is that in dozens of speeches carefully reported, the leader of the Farmers' political party has proclaimed unequivocally his adhesion and the adhesion of his party to free trade. The whole movement carries the free trade banner, the platform expresses it, the cry "On to Ottawa," is inspired by a determined purpose to implant that principle either suddenly or stealthily in Canadian policy. In an atmosphere of devotion to that principle the whole movement took its birth, and the triumph of the movement means the triumph of the principle. It is time that Canadians everywhere should be fully seized of this truth.

As for Mr. King, he has given expression to so many conflicting fiscal views that it is impossible to discern where he stands. He can be quoted on almost every conceivable side of the tariff issue; and my quarrel with him is not that he stands for a wrong principle, but that he stands for no principle at all. Rather than be left in company with that dismal thing, failure, he has been exhausting the capacity of change.

### Mr. King's Hesitancy, Shuffling, Incoherency

WHATEVER may be Mr. King's opinions, or whatever may be his purpose, the cold practical fact is that neither his opinions nor his purpose can be put into effect except by the support of, and under the dictation of, the farmers' political organization, whose tenets I have already defined.

In contrast to this hesitancy, shuffling and incoherency, the Government stands consistently for the protective principle. It believes that any other policy would visit disaster upon our country, and so believing it has set its course, prepared to abide by what it brings.

A word, before concluding, about unrest. Undoubtedly Canada is not free from this world-wide epidemic; how could it be? But when all is said and done, when all the facts are considered, the truth stands out that there is not a country on the face of the earth to-day which is freer from unrest and turmoil than is this Dominion. Examine the statistics, and what do they show? For the year 1919, the time lost during strikes in Great Britain was approximately 30 million days. In Canada during the same year the time lost was approximately 4 million days; and 1919 was in this regard a heavy year for Canada. Proportionate to population the loss in Great Britain was nearly twice what it was in this country.

In the state of New York alone, for the year ending June 30th, 1920, the time lost in strikes was 10,600,000 days. This is at a rate of more than twice that of Canada. A single strike of miners in Australia, which extended over a period of two years, and which has just ended, cost the country approximately sixty million dollars, which is stated to be about the total cost of strikes in Canada for the past nineteen years.

For this favorable condition we in Canada owe much to the fair-mindedness and sanity of Canadian labor. Indeed, it has been the experience of the Government that labor has been just as reasonable, just as sane and just as patriotic as any other section of the country. It has been willing to co-operate, and its co-operation has been of the utmost value in solving problems that have been extremely complex.



Another "snap" of the Premier, as he was telling a humorous incident to a group of friends.

### Our Unemployment Problems

TO-DAY we are faced by the prevalence of unemployment. This is serious enough. It challenges our best thought and demands our best practical assistance; but I ask those who are inclined, as some appear to be, to attribute what is taking place to the Government, to look at conditions in other countries. Look at Great Britain! Look at the United States, where unemployment is upon a magnitude unheard of here, and where returned men are being merely promised measures to-day that have been in operation in Canada for upwards of three years. The fact is that, taken all in all, Canada to-day is a land of happiness compared with most if not all the rest of the world. It has its problems, its difficulties and its obstacles, but when we expose them in comparison with the troubles of other countries gratitude is all we can rightly feel.

As for the future, I look ahead confident and unafraid. There are some who, surveying the havoc wrought by the Great Tempest, viewing the pity and the terror of some or much of the world, are inclined to pessimism and gloom, but I am not one of them. Nothing is going on among the nations abroad that could not be expected after the war of wars. In most of those nations the will to work, the passion for restoration and rehabilitation, are already being fruitfully exerted.

If the long debauch of the Soviets is not yet ended, we know that it must end, because human nature and experience cannot permanently be defied. Disturbances, reactions, revolutions—these, after all, are but the slowly receding waves of the ocean of disaster. There are no more disappointments and disturbances than are the natural sequels of the cataclysm. They are temporary. Labor, order, freedom are permanent instincts and forces of the modern world. With compassion, charity, with hope and not with fear, we can look upon the troubled scenes of Europe and of Asia.

In our own country we know that we have a nation larger and better than before the war. It may not be all that we wished it to be—it is not wholly the fulfilment of our prophecy or our hope—but in all fundamentals, in all the essentials that make a people great, we have a better country. We have broadened our horizon; we are doing more work and bigger things at home and playing a better part among the nations of the world. We have enlarged our population, expanded the capital of our industries, uncovered new resources and strengthened the foundations of our trade. The flag of our country is seen on the seven seas, and the name of Canada is regarded everywhere with good will, respect and pride.

THE Canadian people, inspired by the heroism of their soldiers, are a more courageous people than they were. The breath of the north, which has helped us overcome many obstacles of nature, the demonstrated soundness of our national constitution and of our economic structure, these have been reinforced by the memory of Canada's greatest achievement, and of the assured invincibility of our race. And although the heroic ardor of the war may have cooled, our people, I believe, are still resolute to fulfil the tasks of peace and reconstruction, to maintain and promote justice and freedom and progress, to play in the affairs of mankind the part which befits the youngest and most virile of the democracies of the world.

In fulfilment of those tasks mistakes will be made and misunderstandings occur; passions, prejudices and national heresies will arise to cloud our vision and weaken our resolve, but if we stand true to the doctrines and institutions which experience has shown to be wise, if we march steadily in the paths which have brought us where we stand, march onward, in improvement and real reform, and not backward or merely traversely for the sake of change, I believe that we shall rear upon enduring foundations a nation which no storm can shake and no enemy destroy.

## MEIGHEN—CRERAR—KING

PREMIER MEIGHEN'S *article is the first of a series of three which will be published in* MACLEAN'S. *Articles by Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, leader of the Liberal party, and by Hon. T. A. Crerar, leader of the National Farmers' party, will follow.*

*As our readers know, this magazine is not a political organ. But its columns have been thrown open to the leaders of our three parties, with full permission to each to express the aims and ideals of his party.*

*This article from the pen of Premier Meighen is believed to be the first ever written for publication by a Prime Minister of Canada. The opening of the New Year is a particularly timely period for such an article—and just six weeks before the House of Commons will convene at Ottawa to discuss one of Canada's historic vital questions—the tariff.*

# WHEN TORONTO GREW UP

## By COLONEL GEORGE H. HAM

TORONTO is "the Queen City of Canada," but it was not always thus. Long before my time it was called either "Little York," or "Muddy York," and the latter designation was as well deserved as the former, for the town or city—(it became a city with William Lyon Mackenzie's grandfather as Mayor in '34)—had much the experience of Winnipeg in its pioneer days owing to the generosity with which mud was lavished upon it. There was an oozy, slippery and sticky quality about the mud of the town of York that made it famous all over Upper Canada.

If, by reason of this peculiarity, the town was none too comfortable under foot, neither was it at all times as agreeable overhead. One hundred and seven years ago the Yankees captured the place and the Stars and Stripes decorated what was left of it when the burning of the public buildings and the looting had been stopped.

Nemesis, however, soon overtook the invaders. The British retaliated by taking Washington. Our neighbors have not yet ceased exulting over the defeat of the little garrison at York, and bewailing the barbarity of the attack upon Washington. I wonder if all this would have happened had Tommy Church ruled in those days.

When the Union Jack returned, as it did the following year, rebuilding proceeded briskly. Our forefathers were not restrained by union rules or the eight-hour day. But the Toronto of that time is not the Toronto of 1920. As a matter of fact there have been three Torontos on the present site. The first, known as Little York possibly to distinguish it from its namesake New York, was crowded into half a dozen squares just east of Sherbourne Street. Then came the second, with King street up to York street as its principal thoroughfare, and with nothing much north of Queen street. Following this we have the Toronto of to-day, covering a large area and boasting a population of more than half a million.

It was while the city was passing from its second to its third stage that I first knew it. You landed from the Grand Trunk at a little brick building in the centre of a long platform at the foot of York street. This was the predecessor of the new Union Station that is to be opened in the sweet bye and bye. You at once knew you were in a great metropolis for at the slip running into the Bay, which at that time had not been filled in, and came up nearly to Front street, were the carts loading with barrels of water for distribution among the citizens. It was a sort of primitive water works system, with the wells and distilleries to aupplement it for drinking purposes.

Up York street and along Front were some of the old fashioned villas. York to Spadina on Front and Wellington streets had been the fashionable section of the second city of Toronto, with the Parliament Buildings half way along. Here, Sandfield Macdonald, the first premier, ruled the new Province of Ontario. Sandfield's Government was noted for its unconventionality—from the physical point of view. The Prime Minister was said to have but one lung. The Provincial Treasurer, E. B. Wood, had but one arm, and the Provincial Secretary, M. C. Cameron, had but one foot. No wonder the first Ontario administration did not make a good run.



Toronto, in 1837 or 1838, just after it became a city. According to old Whitby residents, this is about the time George Ham was in his prime. The "white house" in the centre is the old Ontario House.

### The Leader's Drill Shed Story

JUST east of the Parliament Buildings was the huge wooden drill shed built during the Trent excitement when every town in Canada was running to drill sheds instead of to good roads or prohibition. One night this far from elegant structure collapsed under the weight of a fall of snow. The old *Leader*, of which more anon, made a front page sensation of the accident. Multifarious headlines, nearly a column in length, told the harrowing story, and a single sentence stating that the roof of the shed had fallen in formed the body of the report. Jimuel Briggs was then writing the comic Police Court for the *Telegraph*, a rival paper. He arraigned a suppositious tramp before the "Beak" on the charge of drunkenness and vagrancy.

"What was the last piece of work you did?" asked the magistrate.

"The *Leader's* report on the drill shed," the prisoner replied.

"Six months with hard labor," was the penalty promptly imposed. This was the first rebuke I know of to the headline as a newspaper artifice.

King and Yonge were the business and promenade streets. All the big retail stores were on King, and those of prominence were better known by the trade name given to them than by the names of their proprietors. Thus the Golden Lion, the Golden Griffin, the Mammoth, Flag of all Nations, and China Hall were the popular bargain centres. Yonge street was just beginning to pick up the retail trade. This street was named after an early secretary of war who never saw it. Up Yonge and just around the corner on Queen next to Knox Church, on the site now covered by Simpson's, was a fashionable undertaking establishment conducted by Luke Sharp, whose name, displayed in huge letters over an assortment of attractive caskets, seemed to suggest "Safety First" to the passers by. Robert Barr, the famous humorist, who kept Detroit laughing for years, thought so well of the name that he adopted it as his *nom de plume*. Thus Luke literally leaped from grave to gay.

A more notable example of the coming together of the serious and the not-so-serious was furnished at King and Simcoe streets where St. Andrew's Church, Government House, Upper Canada College, and an attractive tavern occupied the four corners. It used to be said that salvation, legislation, education and damnation met at this point. Salvation is all that remains of the big four, and the survival is no doubt attributable to the fact that Toronto is Toronto the Good. Nor is this the only evidence of the Goodness of the City. Joe Clark, of the Toronto *Star*, whose orchard would have seriously affected the fruit market if he had had more than three trees, once told me that his precious heir-apparent some years ago came home from Sunday School triumphantly bearing a Bible—the big prize for the most industrious pupil. The next year he brought home another Bible, but with diminished enthusiasm. The following year he appeared with a third copy of the Holy Scriptures which he meekly laid on the table, and enquiringly remarked:

"Say, Dad, how many Bibles have I got to win before I get anything else?"

Thus was the foundation of Toronto's goodness firmly and permanently laid.

### When "Three Pairs" Won

THE old Government House at the four corners was supplanted by the new one in Rosedale a few years ago. This building figured in rural politics in the early days of Ontario. Archie McKellar, who was the first U.F.O., though he didn't know it, used to go up and down the side lines denouncing the extravagance that built such a mansion and put a billiard room in it. His labor with the farmers helped to put Sir Oliver Mowat in power, and oddly enough Sir Oliver lived for years in this very Government House, though I do not think he used the billiard room. Society made Government House its headquarters.

But the Toronto Club, now occupying its palatial quarters at the corner of York and Wellington streets, was the gathering place for the élite of the male persuasion. A story is told of pre-prohibition days when some of the masculine social stars used to meet at the Club for a little game of draw, or—there being no O.T.A. to interfere with their convictions on the temperance question—for a little of something else. Late in the night, or early in the morning as the case may be, at one of these assemblies the hand of one of the players was "called." The hand was thrown down, and it showed three tens. No good; the next man threw down three Queens. Not worth a tinker's what-do-you-call-it; the next showed three Kings. The same result for three aces followed. The holder of the three aces started to rake in the pot when the last player hiccoughed "Hold on, will you, I've got three pair." And they all admitted that the pot was his.

The Albany Club on King street east was and still is the leading Conservative club, and I guess some of the old members are still voting for Sir John.

The newspapers of that period had a hard time to make ends meet, owing to the cost of production and the rarity of subscribers. The *Globe*, the *Leader* and the *Colonist* were the dailies. George Brown, Gordon Brown, Dan Morrison and Charles Lindsay were the chief writers. George Brown thought more of the *Globe* than of any other of his life associations, excepting perhaps Bow Park. They say that, returning from Edinburgh with his bride, he jumped out of the train when it reached the Toronto station and made for the *Globe* office, forgetting for the moment that his fair companion required some attention in the strange city to which she had come.

His assaults upon the other side of politics were printed double-leaded on the front page of the paper. People used to think this was because of their importance. But John A. Ewan, who was a boy in the *Globe* office at the time, and was assigned the duty of running up to Mr. Brown's house for the editorial copy, used to say that in nine cases out of ten the articles had to go on the front page because, owing to the labor lavished upon them, they were too late for the page devoted to editorial matter. John A. Ewan began newspaper work on the *Globe*, and was one of the editors of that paper when he passed away. A staunch Liberal and beloved by all, we were warm friends, for he was a good deal like my other bosom friend, Sam Kydd, of the Montreal *Gazette*, whose quaint humor gave the editorial columns of that paper a brightness that made them very pleasant reading.

One evening John unceremoniously but unintentionally dropped in on a little dinner party I was giving to several members of the Women's Press Club at the King Edward, and after having enjoyed a pleasant time, insisted when we were alone and the affair was over upon asking the amount of the bill because he wanted to share the expense. I firmly refused to entertain such a proposition, and told him it was not the custom in the neck of the woods I came from to allow anyone else to pay for one's guests.

"Very well, George, my boy," said John. "You've been very kind to me and I am going to be equally generous to you. Hanged if I don't get you the Liberal nomination for East Toronto at the next election."

Funny, wasn't it? John had just been snowed under in that constituency by a 3,000 Conservative majority. Poor John—dead and gone—his memory is still kept green by all the old timers who, knowing his kindness of heart, his geniality and his amiability, loved him all the more.

WHILE the *Globe* was growing in every way some of the other papers were not doing so well. The *Telegraph*, the first venture in the daily field of my old friend, John Ross Robertson, with Jimmy Cook as his partner, felt the pinch, and so did the *Leader* after Charles Belford and George Gregg left to help start the *Mail*.

The *Leader's* last days were marked by some journalistic novelties. If you had subscribed to the paper it kept on coming whether you renewed your subscription or not. If you advertised for a cook the "ad" was placed at the top of the "wanted" column, and appeared daily although your want had been supplied, working its way down to the bottom of the column as fast as new "ads" arrived to take the top place. Ultimately the appeal for a cook reached the bottom of the column and was retired.

The *Colonist*, then a Tory organ, during the panic of 1857, startled the political world with a sensational article, headed "Whither Are We Drifting," and laid the blame of

the distressing condition of the country on the awful extravagance and culpable incapacity of the Government. As I remember, though only a youth of immature years, the paper was financially in a hole, and John Sheridan Hogan, a brilliant young Irishman, who supported the Conservative party, was its editor. The *Colonist's* sensational article brought immediate financial relief, for the Reformers swarmed to its assistance by increasing its advertising patronage and its circulation. Hogan was elected as a Liberal to the Local Legislature for one of the Grey's, and was shortly afterwards murdered one night while crossing the Don bridge by the notorious Brooks Bush gang, which camped near the scene of the tragedy, and made the locality a veritable hell on earth.

Before I was born or even thought of, the equally notorious Markham gang operated for years on a very large scale. The members of this gang were horse-thieves, counterfeiters, desperadoes, and even murder was committed by its members. While apparently well-to-do, respectable people—farmers, millers, tavern-keepers, etc. —they rivalled the scum of the earth in the darkness of their infamous crimes. Their organization was perfect, an iron-bound oath binding them together, and they adroitly scattered their bogus money, broadcast, and drove scores upon scores of horses to Detroit and other places on the American frontier, which was crossed without the formality of a visit to the customs house.

Toronto naturally was the scene of many of their operations, being a fairly good distance from Markham. Some years after I accompanied my old friend, Col. J. E. Farewell, of Whitby, on a visit to Dawn township in Lambton county, to inspect a property he had acquired there. It was located in the middle of a good-sized swamp, and to his great surprise he found the cellars of a big house and large stables and other buildings and large apple trees — the headquarters of that part of the gang which operated throughout Western Canada. Here the stock rested and was fixed up so as to be unrecognizable by the rightful owners should they happen to come across the animals.

To the East the gang operated as far as the Bay of Quinte, and even had big establishments in Stafford and Dunham townships in Lower Canada, where the "phoney" money was made. Murders were committed by these lawless desperadoes. After some years, through the exertions of Mr. George Gurnett, police magistrate of Toronto, and Mr. Higgins, high constable of York, and others, several of the leaders of the gang were arrested and punished either by death or imprisonment. The gang was dispersed, and while it is now but a misty memory — it terrorized the country in those primitive days.

THERE were comic papers as well as serious ones in my early days. The *Grumbler* was one. It was owned by Erastus Wiman, who afterwards led in the unrestricted reciprocity movement, and the chief writer was Bill Rattray, who later on wrote the heavy religious articles, combating German agnosticism, in the *Mail*. Another was the *Poker*, conducted by Robert A. Harrison, who rose to the position of Chief Justice of Ontario. Then came *Grip*; published by my old school-fellow, Johnny Bengough, it succeeded splendidly until Johnny's two fads—single tax and prohibition, then ahead of the age—lost it the needed patronage. Johnny was a bright cartoonist and an able writer and is credited with the authorship of that celebrated poem, "Ontario, Ontario, the tyrant's hand is on thy throat," which raised a great ruction in Quebec, and which had been attributed to the late Hon. James Edgar.

The *Mail* first appeared in 1872 with T. C. Patteson, the father, along with Harry Good, of the sporting page in the Canadian newspaper. The *Globe* would not go in for horse racing, so the *Mail* made a specialty of this sport and ultimately the older paper had to come in. The *Mail* was to have been started on April 1; but the foreman printer drew attention to the danger involved in the selection of that date for the first number. So the paper came out a day earlier than was intended. Yet the *Mail* did not escape the sort of humor appropriate to the first of April. It had the city laughing soon after it was founded by reason of some curious typographical errors incident to the haste of production.

One of these arose out of a St. George's Society service at St. James' Cathedral. It appears that a boy in the composing room had been entertaining himself by setting up sections of a dime novel relating the adventures of "Cut Throat Dick, the Bold Roamer of the Western Plains," or of some other celebrity of that type. When the report of the St. George's sermon was being placed in the form preparatory to printing the paper, the "make-up" man used instead of the second half of the sermon a selection from the story of "Cut Throat Dick" with the result that the preacher, Rev. Alexander Williams, was represented as using language that was quite unsuited to the pulpit.

In the same paper somebody played a practical joke at the expense of Mr. B. Homer Dixon, the Consul-General for the Netherlands. Mr. Dixon always appeared at state functions wearing the diplomatic uniform of blue cloth and gold lace. A letter appeared in the *Mail* offering a vigorous defence of this practice and was signed apparently by Mr. Dixon himself. The missive, which was a forgery, set everybody laughing.

### A Practical Joke by W. R. Callaway

BUT there was a louder laugh at a practical joke played by my old friend, W. R. Callaway, general passenger agent of the Soo Line, and formerly of the C.P.R. at Toronto. Mr. Callaway is nothing if not a wag. The jobs he has put up are innumerable, and this is one of them. He issued "swell" invitations to the leading citizens of Toronto to visit his office on King street and see the first cycle used in the construction of the C.P.R. which had just been completed. The acceptances were many. Amongst those who came to see the wonderful and historic machine were Sir George Kirkpatrick, the mayor and aldermen of Toronto, and many society ladies and gentlemen. They were escorted to a rear room where they beheld a brand new wheel-barrow, especially borrowed for the occasion from Rice Lewis and Son. The crowd took the "sell" good naturedly, but Mr. Callaway was conveniently absent in London that day.

Returning to the newspapers—in a later day came the *Sun*, the *World*, edited by W. F. Maclean, M.P., the *Empire*, afterwards absorbed..... and the *Telegram*, the last and highly successful venture of John Ross Robertson. John Ross in this enterprise made municipal politics his specialty, and woe to the man he opposed. One candidate for the mayoralty to whom he objected was Angus Morrison. Mr. Morrison was not a good or strictly coherent speaker. John Ross went after him by printing verbatim reports of his campaign speeches, and thus did him no end of harm. Toronto's mayors have been of all types and of all brands of politics. Next to Tommy Church, the most tenacious was Francis H. Metcalfe, "Square Toes" as he was called, who had five terms. Mayor Church has had six. He toes the line with even greater energy than did Mr. Metcalfe. "Square Toes" was a notable member of the Orange order, and the joke was on him when he had to give protection to the Catholic processions that celebrated the Papal Jubilee. E. F. Clarke and Horace Hocken were also chiefs of the Orange Order. Ned Clarke was taken away all too early.

Some of the mayors had a good streak of humor. Mayor McMurrich was one of these. It falls to the lot of the mayor to give names to the foundlings coming under the protection of the city. One newspaper man, Ephraim Roden, had criticised Mr. McMurrich in the course of his journalistic duties. Shortly afterwards a colored foundling had to be named, and the mayor conferred upon it the full name of his critic. Mayor Withrow had a sense of the comic. But he was more given to business. And it was largely through him that the great Industrial Exhibition was established.

I remember coming to one of the exhibitions which preceded the establishment of the Industrial. It was held just where the Massey-Harris factories and yards are on King street. King street west then ended at Strachan avenue, and big gates where King street stopped guarded the entrance to the Fair Grounds. The most notable feature of the Fair was the glass structure known as the Crystal Palace. Here all the best exhibits—the quilts, the amateur paintings, the cakes by the farmer's wife, the sewing machines, the pumpkins, the parlor organs and the stoves were displayed. Outside on the grounds were agricultural implements, animals none too well housed, and mud—for the weather as a rule was hostile to the Fair. Mr. Withrow and some other leading spirits worked for the transfer of the Exhibition to the Garrison Common, and now Toronto has the big show of the country—if not of the continent.



This is Toronto's fish-market, about 1838-40. At the extreme right the City Hotel can be seen.

### "Ned"—Hon. Edward Farrer

THERE had been no better known newspaper man in Canada than Ned Farrer, and none more popular with those who knew him. He was a brilliant writer, an interesting conversationalist with an unlimited fund of information and humor, and knew so many stories and interesting incidents, which he told so often that he actually believed them himself.

While Ned had been chief editorial editor of the Toronto *Mail* and the Toronto *Globe*, he was also on the Winnipeg *Times*, succeeding me as editor-in-chief in 1882, and in later years he became a free lance and wrote for many papers, chief amongst which was the London *Economist*, and he was employed by large corporations on account of his grasp of subjects and the readiness of his pen. A better writer I never knew who could put a case more clearly and succinctly than he could, and his great mind could see both sides of a question, so that he could reply to his own arguments without any difficulty, and then controvert them to the Queen's taste. His style was incisive and telling.

Once when Chief Justice Wallbridge, of the Manitoba bench, who had reached a good old age, fiercely denounced the reflections of the Winnipeg *Times* on the court, Ned made very brief reference to it, and concluded: "Senility has its privileges." That repartee has been quoted to me many a time since. He had been in earlier years on the New York press, but wandered to Canada where his services were always in demand.

So greatly were his talents appreciated, and so esteemed was he by Sir John Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier that, it is said, he wrote the platforms for both political parties on an occasion. While we were most intimate for more than forty years he never admitted it to me, but what he didn't tell of himself was monumental. No one except his wife and myself knew that he was the Honorable Edward Farrer, and that he was a nephew of Archbishop O'Donnell, of Cork.

Many is the story he has told me of how he was the intermediary between the Archbishop and the chief of the Irish Constabulary in dealing with the Fenians when they were the disturbing element in Ireland. If the suspect was a pretty decent, harmless fellow the Archbishop would arrange for him to be freed and sent home; if he was a dangerous character and an undesirable, he would be shipped to America, with passage paid and sufficient money to give him a fair start in the new world.

How he himself happened to come to America is a queer story and has never before been told in print, for I promised not to tell it until he had passed away. While at college in Rome where he was studying for the priesthood, he, with a brother student, as remarkably clever as Ned, were taking a stroll the afternoon before the day of their ordination.

One asked the other: "Do you want to be a priest?" and both agreed they didn't. Just then, a little breeze blew a piece of an Italian newspaper against Ned's leg and picking it up he read an advertisement for two interpreters—English and Italian—applications to be made to the captain of a ship, then in port. They hastened to the vessel, but the captain seeing their student's garb at first refused to engage them' on the ground that the college authorities missing them would search for them and find them before they could get away. They, however, persuaded him that they could hide in the forecastle until the ship sailed, which they did. Shortly before the advertised time of departure, the captain saw the searching party heading for the ship, and, although the tide was unfavorable, immediately cast off ropes and started—landing the two young men in New York almost penniless.

They, however, quickly procured employment, and later Ned became one of the most powerful newspaper writers in Canada, sought after by prominent politicians

*Continued on page 40*

# The Drama of Our Great Forests

## WHEN OO-KOO-HOO PLAYED THE GAME

*By* ARTHUR HEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



A cross-fox skin.

"MY SON, a good hunter is never long in doubt; for when he discovers a bear track and follows it for a few hundred paces, he knows whether the track was made by day or by night, whether the bear was large or small, old or young, male or female; whether its coat was in condition or not; whether the beast was merely wandering or travelling with a purpose in view; whether it was frightened or undisturbed; whether going fast or slow; and whether seeking friends or food. Also, the hunter knows which way the wind was blowing when the track was made, he knows whether the bear felt tired or active, and furthermore, whether or not it wanted to go to bed."

I laughed aloud.

Instantly Oo-koo-hoo's kindly smile was clouded with a frown and he exclaimed:

"My son. . . that was the laugh of a monias (a greenhorn)," and glaring at me, he added: "At first, I thought better of you, but now I am sure that all white men are fools."

Realizing my mistake, I sobered, and suggested that if he would explain I would have a chance to learn the ways of a great hunter.

"My son, it is a simple matter to read a track—that is, when one has learned the game. For then one has but to look, remember, and reason, and then the whole story unfolds before your eyes; just as when you open and read what you white men call a book. And some day, my son, if you try hard to learn, you, too, may be able to read the tales of the Strong-Woods-Country. Now listen to your grandfather and he will explain:

"Under ordinary conditions a deep, clear track implies action; a faint, shallow one, inaction; the length of the stride indicates the speed; if, when travelling slow, hair is found upon the underwood, the animal passed at night, for in the daytime a bear is as careful as a lynx to avoid striking things; if the bear is young or middle aged, the claw marks are sharp and clean cut; if it is old, they are blunt and blurred. The tracks of the male, though larger, are not so round as those of the female, and the male's toes are not only longer and spread farther apart, but the underside of his foot is not so hairy as that of his mate. Then, too, as you know, there are other signs by which a tracker tells the sex of his quarry.

### Further Facts About Bear

"NOW if the bear was travelling with a definite purpose in mind, he would travel straight, or as nearly straight as he could through the woods, and in order to save time, he might even occasionally climb a tree to spy out the lie of the land—as he frequently does.

"Then again, if he were feeding, the ground and growth beside his trail would show it; if suddenly startled, he would leave the familiar sign that all large animals usually leave when frightened; and moreover, it would be left within fifty paces of the place where he took fright. Furthermore, if he were tired and wanted to rest, he would begin circling down wind, so that he could come about close to his back trail, and then lie down, facing down wind, in such a position that he could see anything he could not scent, and scent anything he could not see.

"Thus if an enemy approached, his eyes would guard his front while his scent would guard his rear. And now, my son, as a bear usually travels up wind, even a monias of a white man could guess which way the wind was blowing when the track was made. And always remember, my son, that only fools laugh at common sense. But don't get discouraged, keep on trying hard to learn, and then perhaps some day, if you live long enough, you may become almost as wise as an ordinary Indian."

The perfect season for hunting the black bear, and in fact all other fur-bearing animals, is between the coming of the snow in late autumn, and the going of the snow in early spring, for during that intervening season the coat is in its prime; but as the bear spends much of the winter in hibernation, the hunter must make the best of his two short opportunities; that is, unless he already knows where the bear will "den up," and is counting on killing him in his o-wazhe—or as the white hunters and traders call it "wash"—his den. His "wash" may consist of a hollow tree or a hollow log, a cave, or any suitable shelter formed by an uprooted tree.

The black bear's coat is all of a glossy black, save just the muzzle, which is light brown. In weight the black bear runs from two hundred to five hundred pounds. Though he is found throughout the Great Northern Forest, he is a comparative stay-at-home, for he seldom roams, even in summer time, more than ten miles from his den, where, if undisturbed, he goes into the same winter-quarters year after year. Consequently, his paths are often clearly defined and well-beaten, for he has the habit of treading repeatedly in his old tracks, and occasionally he blazes his trail by clawing and biting, as high as he can reach, a neighboring tree. Then, too, he frequently leaves other signs—as a dog does at a post.

Dog-like, also, other bears that happen along manifest pleasure or rage according to whether the sign has been left by friend or foe. The mating season is in June, though the female rarely bears young except every second year. The young are born in January while the mother is hibernating; and the cubs, usually two in number, are at birth very small, weighing only about ten ounces. The she-bear makes a good mother, for though she shows great affection for her babies, she, nevertheless, reprimands them, and cuffs them as well, whenever they misbehave or fail to comply with her wishes.

### Bear Cubs Whimper Just Like Children

THE cubs are easily tamed and, being natural little romps, they soon become proficient wrestlers and boxers, and in later years show so much agility in the manly art, that they strike and parry with amazing power, speed and skill. When hurt, however, the cubs whimper and cry just like children, and if the little tots are badly wounded, the distress of the mother is pitiful to see, for she moans and sheds tears just as any tender-hearted human mother would. Bear-cubs are droll little mischiefs. Not only do they, when tamed, frequently get into trouble through the pranks they play, but they like to imitate at any risk to themselves the doings of others.

### What Stringer Wrote to Heming

*November 23rd, 1920.*

*My Dear Arthur:—*

*This is just a line or two, to attempt to tell you what a rare hour-and-a-half's treat you gave me last night when I read the first instalment of your Northland serial. That's great stuff you've done in the "Drama of Our Great Forests." And it's a relief, after so much of the hectic and overdrawn maunderings paraded across the stage of our North Country, to find truth clothed with simplicity and simplicity walking with charm. I'm impatient to see the next instalment, and if you have sustained your initial note, you've done something of which you can indeed be proud.*

*Most sincerely,*

Arthur Stringer.

Years ago, near Fort Pelly, on the Assiniboine River, an old Indian killed a she-bear that was followed by two cubs. Though he skinned and cut up the carcass of the mother, he did not touch the whimpering babes, and on going to camp, he sent his wife out with a horse to bring in the meat. When the woman arrived at the spot, she found the two cubs cuddled up against the dressed meat of their mother, and crying as if their poor hearts would break. Their affectionate behaviour so touched the motherly heart of the old woman, that, after loading the meat aboard the travois—a framework of poles stretched out behind the horse—she picked up the sobbing children and, wrapping them in a blanket to keep them from falling off the travois, bestrode her horse, and brought them whimpering into camp.

For some time she kept them tethered beside her lodge where she took good care of them, but when they grew larger and seemed well behaved, she released them and allowed them to run and play with the dogs around camp. In the fall, it was her habit to take a hand-net and go down to the river to fish. Standing upon a rock and every once in a while casting in her net, she would land a fish on the bank. For several days the cubs watched her with interest, and then one day, it seems, they decided they ought to try and help their foster-mother; so wading in on their hind legs till the water covered their little round tummies, they would stand perfectly still until a fish would swim near. Then they would make a violent lunge for it, and striking lightning-like blows with their paws, they, too, would land a fish upon the bank. Over and over they repeated the manoeuvre with evident excitement and pleasure. At last, every time the old woman picked up her net to go fishing, these two went along and helped her with her work. So fond of the sport did they become that, presently, they didn't even wait for her to accompany them, but scurried down to the river by themselves and would often have a day's fishing caught and ready for her, before she had put in her appearance.

### Those Shocking Bear Stories

BUT a few months later, when the cubs had grown still larger and stronger, they became so boisterous and mischievous that they not only handled the dogs too roughly, but when the old Indian and his wife left camp at any time, they went on the rampage; chasing the dogs about, ransacking the larder, turning the camp topsy-turvy and scattering everything in confusion. So the old couple decided that it was now high time to put their skins upon the skin-stretcher in readiness to sell to the fur-trader.

The black bear is a good swimmer and an excellent tree climber, and the speed with which he can rush up a hillside is surprising. His diet is a varied one, for he is always ready to eat vegetables, roots, berries, insects, nuts, fish, eggs, meat, fruit, and of course, sugar or honey; furthermore, he is a killer of small game—when he is extra-hungry. The black bear has been given so bad a name by uninformed writers and dishonest story-tellers that most people dread to meet him in the woods; whereas, in truth, he is usually more frightened at meeting human beings than they are of meeting him—for man is always his greatest and most dangerous enemy. Though I have seen many bears in the bush—seventeen on one trip—they never caused me any anxiety and at once took flight. But on one or two rare occasions they did not run, perhaps because they were three in number, and all full-grown. As usual, I was armed—as I always take care to be—with a pen-knife and a pocket handkerchief.

Occasionally, one reads in the daily press shocking stories of the ferocity of bears. What a pity that the truth of these stories cannot always be run to earth. Billy Le Heup, a prospector and guide of Northern Ontario, once having occasion to call for his mail in a little backwoods settlement, opened a newspaper and was shocked to learn that a most harrowing affliction had befallen an old friend of his, by name—but I'm sorry I have forgotten it, so let us call him Jones. The paper reported that while several of Jones' children were out berry-picking, a great, black bear had attacked them, and killing the youngest, a little girl, had devoured her entirely, save only one tiny fragment; for when the rescue party went in search of the poor little child they found nothing but her blood-stained right-hand. And, on inquiry, he learned there was not a word of truth in the story.

But though the black bear is a shy, playful brute, usually ready for flight if danger approaches, the tyro should remember that if wounded or cornered, he will readily fight. Furthermore, if one is unlucky enough to get between a bear cub and its mother, and if the cub should cry out as though you were giving it pain, the mother will attack you as readily as any mother would—be she chicken, moose or woman.

A few days later Oo-koo-hoo and Amik set out to hunt beavers—those wonderful amphibious animals of the Northland that display more intelligence, perseverance, prudence and morality than many a highly civilized human

being. In appearance the beaver somewhat resembles a greatly magnified muskrat, save that the beaver's hairless scaly tail is very broad and flat. The coat of the beaver is brown, and the darker the color the higher the price it brings. An adult beaver may measure from thirty-five to forty-five inches in length, and weigh anywhere from thirty to sixty pounds. The beaver's home is usually in the form of an island house, built in the waters of a small lake or slowly running stream, to afford protection from prowling enemies, much in the same way that the old feudal lords surrounded the ramparts of their castles with broad moats and flooded the intervening space with a deep canal of water, in order to check the advance of enemy raiders. The surrounding shores of the beaver's castle are nearly always wooded with poplars, as it is upon the bark of that tree that the beaver depends most for his food; though, at times, other hardwoods contribute to his feast as well as water-lily roots and other vegetation.

The beaver's island-like lodge is a dome-shaped structure that rises from four to seven feet above the water, and measures from ten to thirty feet in diameter on the water line. It is composed mostly of barkless sticks and poles from one to four inches in diameter, although at times much heavier material is used; and it is tightly chinked with stones and mud and matted vegetation.

Frequently I have watched the building of their lodges. A foundation of waterlogged poles and sticks is laid upon the lake or river bottom, next mud and stones are added, then another lot of branches, thus the structure rises in a fairly solid mound until its dome-like top reaches the desired height above the water-line. Then the beavers tunnel their two runways into the centre of the mass from an underwater level on the outside, to an overwater level on the inside of the mound. Next, by gnawing away the inside sticks and excavating the inner mass, the inside chamber is formed, measuring anywhere from four to fourteen feet in width, and a little over two feet in height, with its walls finished fairly smooth. Furthermore, the chamber is provided with two floors, each of which covers about half the room. While the lower floor rises from three to six inches above the water level, the upper floor rises from four to eight inches above the lower floor. The tunnels open in the lower floor and it is the lower floor or level that is used as a drying place and a dining-room. The upper level, covered with a mattress of shredded wood, grass or moss, forms the living and sleeping half of the chamber. Though, in winter time, most of their meals are eaten in the house, the green bark-covered sticks being brought into the chamber through the straightest tunnel, the house is kept quite clean and free of all rubbish or filth. In fact, beavers are better housekeepers than some human beings I have known.

### Even a Moose Could Stand on Roof

A CERTAIN amount of ventilation is derived from a few little chinks in the apex of the roof. During the first freezing nights of late fall, the beavers plaster the above-water dome of their houses with mud which they carry up between their fore-legs and chin from the lake bottom, and placing it upon the roof of their house, spread it about in a thick coating, not with their tails, but with their fore-feet, where it soon freezes into so solid a mass that it protects the inmates from the attacks of both the severest winter weather and the most savage of fourfooted enemies. So strong, indeed, does the roof then become, that even a moose could stand upon it without it giving way. While some writers doubt that beavers plaster the outside of their house with mud, I wish to add that I have not only examined their houses before and after the plastering was done, but on several moonlight nights I have actually sat within forty feet of them and watched them do it.

The winter supply of food, being mostly poplar bark, is derived from the branches of green trees which the beavers cut down in the autumn for that very purpose. While engaged in gnawing down trees the beavers usually work in pairs—one cutting while the other rests and also acts as a sentinel to give warning in case an enemy approaches. While cutting down trees they stand or sit in an upright position upon their hind legs and are firmly supported by the tripod formed by the spreading out of their hind feet and tail. They generally choose trees nearest the water on an inclined bank, and usually leaning toward the stream; and while they show no particular skill in felling trees in a certain position, they show great perseverance, for when it happens, as it sometimes does, that a tree in its descent is checked and eventually held up by its neighbors, the beavers will cut the trunk for the second time, and in some cases even for the third time, in order to bring it down.

At night I have frequently sat by the hour at a time, with the brush-screened bow of my canoe within ten feet of a party of beavers, while they were busily engaged in cutting the branches off a tree that they had felled into the water the previous evening. They work quickly too, for some mornings I have paddled past a big tree lying in the water—which they had dropped the night before—and returning next day have found all the branches removed, though some of them would have measured five inches in diameter. But watching beavers work at night is not only interesting, it is easy to do, and I have frequently taken both women and children to share in the sport. Sometimes, right in the heart of the wilderness, I have placed children within fifteen feet of beavers while they were engaged in cutting up a tree.

### The Busy Beavers' Ideal Home

WHEN branches measure from one to three inches in diameter, they are usually cut in lengths of from five to ten feet, and the thicker the branch the shorter they cut the lengths. If the cutting is done on land, the butt of the long thinner length is seized by the beaver's teeth and with



But as the hunter raised his axe it suddenly crouched and with its eyes flashing with rage, sprang for Oo-Koo-Hoo's throat.

the weight resting upon the animal's back, is dragged along the ground—over a specially cleared road—and eventually deposited in the water. The shorter lengths, sometimes no longer than a couple of feet, but measuring perhaps six or eight inches in diameter, are rolled along the ground by the beaver, pushing the log with the fore-feet or shoulder. When the wood is placed in the water, the beaver propels it to its underwater storage place near its lodge, where—the wood being green and heavy—it is easily secured from floating up and away, by placing a little mud over one end by interlocking the stick with the rest of the pile. The green wood, however, soon becomes waterlogged and gives no further trouble. Thus, when the lake or river is frozen over, the beaver—for it does not hibernate—may live in comfort all winter long in its weather proof lodge with plenty of food stored beneath the ice and just beyond the watery doorway of its home.

The hunters, arriving at a small lake that lay about three miles to the northwest of Bear Lake, crossed it, and turning up a winding creek, followed the little river until they came to a beaver dam which caused the stream to expand into another little lake that flooded far beyond its old water line. In it were to be seen three beaver lodges.

Oo-koo-hoo said the scene was somewhat altered since he had visited it four years before, as the dam had been increased both in height and length, and the pond, increasing too, had reached out close to many a tree that formerly stood some distance from the water. It was a beautiful little mere containing a few spruce-crowned islands, and surrounded by thickly wooded hills whose bases were well fringed with poplars, birches, willows and alders—an ideal home for beaver. Among the little islands stood three snow-capped beaver lodges. Here and there wide-spreading, wind-packed carpets of snow covered the glare ice, while in between big stretches of clear glassy ice, acting as sky-lights, lit up the beavers' submarine gardens around their ice-locked homes.

The hunters were accompanied by three of their dogs, and before they had time to decide where they should first begin work, the dogs began barking at a point between the west lodge and the bank; so they went over to investigate. Evidently the dogs had spied a beaver, for now, though none was in sight, the canines were rushing back and forth in great excitement over a fairly deep submarine runway or clear passage-way, through the shallow, rush-matted water under the ice.

### Knocking For The Beaver

CHOPPING a hole through the ice with his axe, Oo-koo-hoo drove down a couple of crossed poles to block the passage-way, and Amik finding other runways did likewise at other places. Several of the passage-ways led to the bank, where, Oo-koo-hoo said, they had what is called "bank lodges"—natural cavities in the river bank to which the beavers had counted on resorting in case their house was raided. In other places, where the snow obscured the view, the Indians knocked on the ice with the backs of their axes, to find and follow the hollow sounding ice that told of runways below, that other stakes might be driven down. The rapping sound, however, instead of driving the beavers out of their lodge, had a tendency to make them remain at home, for as Oo-koo-hoo explained, cutting ice and working around their homes does not always frighten the beavers.

Securing two stouter poles, the hunters now chopped the butts into wedge-shaped chisels, with which they proposed to break open the beavers' lodge. Work was begun about a foot above the level of the snow on the south side, as they explained that the lodge would not only be thinner on that side, but that the sun would make it slightly softer too—and before much headway was made the dogs, all alert, discovered that several of the beavers had rushed out of their house, but finding the passage-ways blocked had returned home.

Now, strange to say, as soon as the side of the house was broken open and daylight let in, the beavers, becoming curious over the inflowing light that dazzled their eyes, actually came toward the newly-made hole to investigate. Then Oo-koo-hoo, with the aid of a crooked stick, suddenly jerked one of the unsuspecting animals out of the hole and Amik knocked it on the head. Thus they secured four large ones, but left a number of smaller ones unharmed, as Oo-koo-hoo never made a practice of taking a whole family.

In that house the portion of the chamber used for sleeping quarters was covered with a thick mattress of dry "snake-grass," and the whole interior was remarkably clean. After blocking and patching up the hole and covering the place with snow, the hunters threw water over it until it froze into a solid mass, then they removed the stakes from the runways and left the rest of the beavers in peace. Loading their catch upon their sleds, all set out for home.

Besides erecting their remarkably strong houses, there are two other ways in which the beavers display wonderful skill in the building of their dams and in the excavating of their canals. Their dams are built for the purpose of retarding, raising and storing water, in order—in summer time—to circumvent their enemies by placing a well watered moat between their foe and their castle; also to flood a wider area so that the far reaching waters of their pond may lap close to the roots of many otherwise inaccessible trees and thus enable them to fell and float them to their lodge; and—in winter time—to raise the water high enough to secure their pond from freezing solid and imprisoning them in their lodges where they would starve to death, or if they gnawed their way to freedom, the intense cold of mid-winter would freeze their hairless tails and cause their death; furthermore, should they escape from the weather, they would be at the mercy of all their enemies and would not long survive.



*"Meeting of the Wild Men" is the title of the next Heming instalment, which will appear in our Feb. 15 issue.*

### How A Beaver Dam is Built

A DAM, in the beginning, is usually erected in a small way, just to raise and expand the waters of some small creek or even those of a spring; then as the years go by, it is constantly added to, to increase the depth and expansion of the pond, and thus the dam grows from a small one of a few yards in length, to a big one of several hundred feet—sometimes to even four or five hundred feet in length—that may bank up the water four or five feet above the stream just outside the dam, and turn the pond into a great reservoir covering hundreds of acres of land.

The dam is more often built of branches laid parallel to the current with their butts pointing up stream, and weighted down with mud and stones; thus layer after layer is added until the structure rises to the desired height and strength. Some dams contain hundreds of tons of material. They are usually built upon a solid bottom, not of rock—though big, stationary boulders often are included in the construction for the extra support they furnish. When thus used, boulders often cause the beavers to divert the line of the dam out of its usual graceful and scientific curve that well withstands the pressure from even a large body of water.

The beavers excavate canals—sometimes hundreds of feet in length—to enable them to reach more easily and float home the wood they have cut from freshly felled trees lying far beyond the reaches of their pond. The canals measure from two to three feet in width and a foot to a foot and a half in depth, and are not only surprisingly clean-cut and straight, but occasionally they are even provided with locks, or rather little dams, to raise the water from one level to another—generally about a foot at a time—to offset the disadvantage of the wood lying on higher and more distant ground than is reached by the waters of the residential pond. Sometimes their canals are fed by springs, but more often by the drainage of rain-water. The building of many of their dams and canals displays remarkable skill and a fine sense of engineering, together with a spirit of perseverance that is astounding. Is it any wonder that the Indians say that the beavers were once human beings, whom, for the punishment of some misconduct, the Master of Life condemned to get down and grovel upon the ground as four-footed animals for the rest of their days.

"Yes, my son," replied Oo-koo-hoo, when we were discussing beavers. "They are a very clever and a very wise people, and it would be better for us if we emulated them more than we do, for as you know, they believe in not talking but in working and making good use of the brains the Master of Life has given them, and that is the only way to be really happy in this world. Besides, he is always true to his wife—a fine example to men—furthermore, he is a good provider who looks after his children and is a decent, clean-living fellow who never goes out of his way to quarrel with anyone, but just minds his own business and cuts wood." Could any nation choose a creature more fit for a national emblem? I believe not. For would any wise man compare a useless, screeching eagle, or a useless roaring lion—each a creature of prey—to a silent, hard-working and useful beaver who remains true to his wife all his life, who builds a comfortable home for his children, provides them well with food and teaches them. . . . not how to kill other creatures. . . but how to work, work, work, how to construct strong, comfortable houses, how to build dams to protect, not only their children, but their homes too, how to chop down trees for food, how to dig canals to float the food home, how to store it for the winter, how to keep the home clean and in good order, how to mind their own business and never seek a quarrel, and at the same time, how to defend themselves desperately if an enemy attacks them?

For his size, the beaver is powerful, so powerful indeed, that Oo-koo-hoo said: "Remember, my son, the beaver is a very strong animal, he can drag a man after him and the only way for a hunter to hold him—if he is caught in a trap—is to lift him off his feet."

Notwithstanding his great strength, however, he is a peace-loving chap, but when a just occasion arises, you ought to see him fight!

One spring while hunting along a river, some years ago, Oo-koo-hoo discovered a beaver at work upon the bank, and wishing to observe him for a while, kept perfectly still. The beaver was cutting poplar sticks to take them through a hole in the ice to the underwater entrance of his nearby home for his family to feed upon. But presently Ooo-koo-hoo discovered another moving object: it was a wolverine, and it was stalking the beaver. When it drew near enough to the unsuspecting worker, it made a sudden spring and landed upon his back. A desperate fight ensued. The wolverine was trying to cut the spinal cord at the back of the beaver's neck; but the short, stout neck caused trouble, and before the wolverine had managed it, the beaver, realizing that the only chance for life was to make for the water-hole, lunged toward it, and with the wolverine still on his back, dived in. On being submerged, the wolverine let go and swam around and around in an effort to get out; but the beaver, now in his element, took advantage of the fact, and rising beneath the foe, leaped at it, and with one bite of his powerful, chisel-like teeth, gripped it by the throat, then let go and sank to watch it bleed to death. A little later, the beaver had the satisfaction of seeing old Oo-koo-hoo walk off with the wolverine's skin.

No. . . beavers do not believe in divorce. . . and on their wedding day—usually in February—they promise to be true to each other for the rest of their lives, and moreover, unlike many human beings, they keep their promise. About three months later the husband, seeing his wife is getting ready to welcome new relations, leaves his comfortable home—just to be out of the way—and takes up new quarters in a hole in the river bank. While he is there, the children—any number from one to six—arrive, and then can be heard much gentle whimpering, just as though human babies were now living in the old homestead.

### Beaver Children Romp Like Puppies

WHEN the beaver children grow older they romp in the water much as puppies do on land. If danger approaches, the first beaver to sense it slaps the surface the water with his broad, powerful tail, making a noise that resounds through the forest as though a strong man had struck the water a violent blow with the broad side of a paddle blade. Instantly the first beaver's nearest companion signals the danger to others by doing the same; then a second later they plunge out of sight in the water

and leave behind nothing but a great sound—as though an elephant had fallen in.

When married and settled down, the beaver is very domestic—a great stay-at-home—but when seeking a mate, he travels far and wide, and leaves here and there along the shore scent signals, in the hope of more easily attracting and winning a bride. Beavers are full grown at three years of age, and by that time they have learned how to erect houses, build dams, dig canals, chop down trees, cut up wood, float it home and store it for the winter; and by that time too, they have, no doubt, learned that man is their worst enemy, though the wolverine, wolf, otter, lynx, and fisher are ever ready to pounce upon them whenever a chance offers.

But I had almost forgotten that I owed the reader an explanation when I said that the beaver was a very useful creature. I was not thinking of the value of his fur, because that is as nothing compared to the great service he has been rendering mankind, not only to-day, but for endless generations. How? By the great work he has been doing during the past hundreds and thousands of years. How? By going into rocky, useless valleys and building the dams that checked the rushing rivers that were constantly robbing much rich soil from the surrounding country and carrying it down and out to sea. And his dams, moreover, not only held up those treacherous highwaymen, but took their loot away and let it settle in the valleys, where as years rolled on, it grew and grew into endless great expansions of level meadow lands that now afford much of the most fertile farming soil to be found in North America; and thus, the great industry of those silent workers, who lived ages and ages ago, is even to-day benefiting mankind. And thus, too, that great work is being steadily carried on by the living beavers of to-day. Could any country in the world have chosen a more inspiring creature than Canada has chosen for her national symbol?

When on his fall and spring expedition Oo-koo-hoo was hunting beavers with the waters free of ice, he placed steel traps on their runways, either just below the surface of the water, or on the bank; and the only bait he used in both cases was the rubbing of castorum on nearby bushes. Also, he built deadfalls much like those he built for bear, but of course much smaller; and again the bait was castorum, but this time it was rubbed on a bit of rabbit skin which was then attached to the bait stick of the deadfall. The deadfalls he built for beavers were nearly always made of dead tamarack—never of green poplar—otherwise the beavers would have pulled them to pieces for the sake of the wood.

Further, Oo-koo-hoo told me that in the spring he sometimes broke open beaver dams and set traps near the breaks in order to catch the beavers when they came to repair the damage. Such a mode of trapping was, he said, equally successful whether or not there was ice upon the water. He also told me that he had seen other Indians catch beaver with a net made of No. 10 twine, with a three-and-a-half inch mesh, but that, though the method worked rather well, he had never tried it. The way of all others that he liked best was to hunt them by calling, and the best time for that was during the mornings and evenings of the rutting season.

Later in the year, when the ice is gone, and the beaver is swimming, say a foot under water, the hunter can easily follow his course from the appearance of the surface. The same applies to the muskrat, mink and otter. Muskrats and beavers swim much alike, as they are usually going in search of roots, and, knowing exactly where to find them, they swim straight; but minks and otters swim a zig-zag course for the reason that they are always looking for fish and therefore are constantly turning their heads about; and that rule applies whether their heads are above or below the surface.

When a beaver—providing he has not slapped the water with his tail—or an otter dives, an observant hunter can judge fairly well as to where the animal is heading for by simply noting the twist of the tail, a point that helps the hunter to gauge the place where it may rise. The same applies to whales when they sound, though I found—while whale-hunting—that few whalers realized it, and fewer still took advantage of it, for much time was lost while waiting for the whale to rise before the boat could be headed in the right direction. But then the average Indian is much more observant than the average white man.

If a beaver is caught in a steel trap, he will do his utmost to plunge into water and remain there even though he should drown, yet his house may not be in that river or pond; but if he is wounded, he will either try to reach his house or take to the woods.

When in pursuit of beavers it is advisable to watch for them on moonlight nights about eight or nine o'clock, and it is best to be in a canoe, as then there is less danger of the beaver sinking before he can be removed from the water. The hunter, while waiting for a shot, makes a noise with the handle of his knife against a stick in imitation of a beaver cutting wood—a sound somewhat similar to the boring sound of a large auger. It is astonishing how far, on a still night, beavers will hear such a sound and come to help their friends at work. When Oo-koo-hoo shot beaver he charged his gun with four slugs and fired for the head, as he explained that ordinary shot was too fine and scattered too much, while a single ball was too large.

The following morning Oo-koo-hoo and I set out to go the round of the northern trapping-trail which for some distance followed the valley of Beaver River, upon the bank of which traps, snares and dead falls for bears were set. Along that section of the river there were also traps set for otters, beavers, and muskrats; but the hunting of these amphibious animals was pursued with more diligence in the spring than in the winter. Though we hauled a hunting sled the snow was not yet deep enough for snowshoes, but what a feast of reading the forest afforded us! What tragedies were written in the snow!

Beaver River was now frozen firmly to bear a man, except in a few places where rapid water kept the ice thin or left the stream open; and as we tramped along we examined a number of traps, from two of which we took an otter and a beaver. But the bear and the wolf traps remained undisturbed though we saw a number of wolf tracks near at hand. Turning westward we ascended a slope and came suddenly upon the fresh track of a bear. It was fairly large, and was travelling slowly; merely sauntering along as though looking for a den in which to pass the winter.

At once, Oo-koo-hoo was all alert. Carefully re-charging his gun with ball, and seeing that his knife and axe were at hand, he left the sled behind lest it make a noise among the trees and alarm the quarry. In less than a quarter of

*Continued on page 35*



While through a tiny slit in the wall of his moose-skin home two loving eyes watched the stalwart figure vanishing among the trees.

# MARGOT and PETER FLOWER

*By* MARGOT ASQUITH

WIFE OF THE FORMER BRITISH PRIME MINISTER

THE first time I met Peter Flower was at Ranelagh, where he had taken my sister, Charty, to watch the polo. He dressed better than any man I have ever seen. I do not know who could have worn his clothes when they were new but certainly he did not. I notice men's clothes as much as women's, and I never remember seeing him in a new coat. After his clothes what I was most struck by was his peculiar almost animal grace, powerful sloping shoulders and superhuman vitality.



On looking back along the gallery of my acquaintance I can discover not more than three or four people as tenacious of life as he was; Lady Desborough, Lady Cunard, my only son Anthony and myself. There are various kinds of high spirits; some so crude and rough-tongued that they vitiate what they touch and estrange every one of sensibility, and some so restless and hectic that they devour other people's vitality; Laurence Oliphant once said to me:

"I divide the world into life-givers and life-takers."

But Peter Flower's vitality always revived and restored everybody with whom he came in contact.

In the winter of the same year I went with the Ribblesdales to stay with his brother, Lord Battersea, and have a hunt. I took with me the best of hats and habits, but two leggy and faded hirelings, hoping to pick up a mount: Charty having twisted her knee the day after we arrived enabled me to ride the horse which Peter was to have mounted her on; and full of spirits we all went off to the meet of the Bicester hounds. I had hardly spoken three words to my benefactor, but Ribblesdale had rather unwisely told him that I was the best rider to hounds in England.

At the meet I scanned my mount while the man was lengthening my stirrup. "Havoc," as he was called, was a dark chestnut, 16.1, with a coat like the back of a violin. He had an enormous bit on, and I was glad to see a leather strap under the curb-chain.

When I was mounted Peter kept close to my side and said:

"You're on a topper! Take him where you like, but ride your own line—"

Margot: "Why?—Does he rush? I had thought of following you—"

Peter: "Not at all, but he may pull you a bit, so keep away from people; the fence isn't made that he can't jump—as for water, he's a swallow!—I wish I could say the same of mine! We've got a brook in these parts with rotten banks, it will catch the best! But, if we are near each other, you must come alongside and go first, and mine will very likely follow. I don't want to spend the night in that beastly brook—"

It was a good scenting day and we did not take long to find. I stuck to Peter while the Bicester hounds raced across the heavy grass towards an ugly-looking hairy double. In spite of the ironmonger's shop in Havoc's mouth, I had not the faintest control, so I said to Peter:

"You know, Mr. Flower, I can't stop your horse!"

Peter: "But why should you? Hounds are running!"

Margot: "But I can't turn him!"

Peter: "It doesn't matter! They are running straight—Look out! Look out for Hydy!"

We were going great guns! I saw a man in front of me slowing up to the double, so shouted at him:

"Get out of my way!"

I was certain that he would take a heavy fall and I would be on the top of him. While in the act of turning round to see who it was that was shouting, his willing horse paused—I shot past, taking away his spur in my habit skirt. I heard a volley of oaths as I jumped into the jungle. Havoc, however, did not like the brambles, and steadying as he landed, arched himself with the activity of a cat over a stiff rail on the other side of the double: I turned round and saw Peter's horse close behind me hit the rail and peck upon landing, at which Peter gave him one down the shoulder and looked furious.

### Peter Gets a Bit Wet

I HAD no illusions! I was on a horse that nothing could stop. Seeing a line of willows in front of me, I shouted to Peter to come along, as I thought the brook was ahead of us, and I could not possibly keep close to him going at that pace. To my surprise and delight, as we approached the willows Peter passed me, and the brook widened out in front of us; I saw by his set face that it was neck or nothing with him. Havoc was going well within himself, but his stable-companion was getting precipitate and flurried, and before I knew what had happened Peter was in the middle of the brook and I was jumping over his head. On landing I made a large circle round the field away from the hounds, trying to pull up, and found myself facing the brook again, with Peter dripping on the bank nearest me. Havoc pricked his ears, passed him like a flash, and jumped the brook again; the bank on landing was boggy and, while we were floundering, I got a pull at him by putting the curb-rein under my pommel and jabbing him violently in the mouth. Exhausted and distressed, I jumped off and Peter burst out laughing: "We seem to be separated for life," he said. "Look at my damned horse!"



I looked down the water, and saw the animal standing knee-deep nibbling grass and mud off the bank with perfect composure.

Margot: "I believe Havoc would jump this beastly brook again and then I should be by your side. What luck! You aren't very wet. Hadn't I better look out for the second horses? Hounds by now will be at the sea and I confess I can't ride your horse: does he always pull like this?"

Peter: "Yes, he catches hold a bit, but you rode him beautifully. Hyloo! What is that spur doing in your skirt!"

Margot: "I took it off the man that you call 'Hydy,' who was going so sticky at the double when we started."

Peter: "Poor old Clarendon! I advise you to keep his spur, he'll never guess who took it, and if I know anything about him there will be no love lost between you even if you return it!"

I was longing for another horse, as I could not bear the idea of going home. At that moment a long single file of second horsemen came in sight and Peter's well-trained man on a thoroughbred gray came up to us. Peter lit a cigar and, pointing to the brook, said to his man:

"Go off and get a rope to hang that brute with or to haul him out; and give me my lunch."

I was on my feet with Havoc at my side. We were miles away from a house. I felt depressed, and wondered what I ought to do. I said:

"I had better ride home with your man, hadn't I?"

Peter: "Home! What for?"

Margot: "Havoc is p'raps tired?"

Peter: "I wish to God he was! But I daresay this infernal Bicester grass, which is heavier than anything I saw in Yorkshire, has steadied him a bit; you'll see he'll go far better with you this afternoon. I'm awfully sorry, and would put you on my second horse, but it isn't mine and I'm told it's got a bit of a temper: if you go through that gate I'll join you and we'll have our lunch. Have a cigarette?"

I smiled at him and shook my head—my mouth was as dry as a Japanese toy and I felt shattered with fatigue. The ground where I was standing was deep and I was afraid of walking in case I should leave my boots in it, so I tapped the back of Havoc's fetlocks till I got him stretched, and then with great skill mounted myself off a hummock. This filled Peter with admiration; he lifted his hat and said:

"Well! You are the very first woman I ever saw mount herself without two men and a boy hanging on to her horse's head."



I rode towards the gate and Peter joined me a few minutes later on his second horse. We lunched and smoked our cigarettes together, he praised my riding and promised he would mount me any day if I could only get someone to ask me down to Brackley where he kept his horses; he said the Grafton was the country to hunt in, and that though Tom Firr, the huntsman of the Quorn, was the greatest man in England, Frank Beers was hard to beat. I felt pleased at his admiration for my riding, but I knew Havoc had not turned a hair and that if I went on hunting I should either kill him, myself or someone else.

Margot: "Aren't you nervous when you see a helpless woman riding one of your horses?"

Peter: "I am only afraid she'll hurt my horse! I take her off pretty quick, I can tell you, if I think she's going to spoil my sale, but I never mount a woman. Your sister is a magnificent rider or I would never have put her on that horse. With any luck this afternoon you will be alone with hounds and Havoc will be knocked down at Tattersall's for five hundred guineas."

Margot: "You are sure you want me to go on?"

Peter: "You think I want you to go home? Very well, if you go, *I* go!"

I longed to have the courage to say, "Let us both go home," but I knew he would think I was afraid, and it was early in the day. He looked at me steadily and said:

"I will do exactly what you like."

**Above: A portrait study of Mrs. Asquith. Centre: Her two winsome children, Anthony and Elizabeth. Below: Her famous and gallant step-son, Brig.-Gen. Herbert A. Asquith, D.S.O., etc.**

At that moment the hounds came in sight and my chance was gone. We shogged along to the next cover, Havoc as mild as milk. I was amazed at Peter's nerve. If any horse of mine had taken complete charge of its rider I would have been in a state of anguish till I had separated them, but he was in the highest of spirits, riding along in front of me. This lack of sensitiveness irritated me and my heart sank. Before reaching the cover Peter came up to me and suggested changing Havoc's bit. I then perceived he was not quite so happy as I thought: this determined me to stick it out. I thanked him demurely and added with a slightly smiling shrug:

"I fear no bit can save me to-day."

Peter: "Oh! For God's sake don't let us go on then! If you hate my horse I vote we go no further!"

"What a cross man!" I said to myself, seeing him flushed and snappy. I reassured him, and a ringing halloa brought our deliberations to an abrupt end.

Havoc and I shot down the road, passing the blustering field; and hopping over a gap we found ourselves close to the hounds who were running hell-for-leather towards a handsome country seat perched upon a hill. A park is what I hate most out hunting, hounds invariably lose the line, the field loses its way, and I lose my temper.

I looked round to see if my benefactor was near me but he was nowhere to be seen. Eight or ten hard-riding men and one woman were behind me; they shouted:

"Turn to your left!"

We were approaching an open wood with grass rides in it; I saw a fancy gate of yellow polished oak at the end of one of the rides and what looked like lawns beyond. I was unable to turn to the left with my companions, but plunged into the wood where the hounds paused —not so Havoc, who, in spite of the deep ground, was still going great guns. The lady behind me, guessing what had happened, left her companions and managed somehow to pass me in the trees and as I approached the yellow gate she was holding it open. I shouted my thanks to her and she shouted back:

"Get off when you stop!"

This was my fixed determination as I had observed Havoc's tongue was over his bit and knew he was not aware that I was on his back.

I have no doubt he would have jumped the yellow gate with ease. After leaving my saviour I was joined by my former companions; the hounds had picked up again and we had left the gate, the wood, and the country seat behind us. Still going very strong we all turned into a field with a kind of chalk road sunk between two high banks leading down to a ford. I kept on the top of the bank for fear of knocking people down or splashing them in the water. Two men were standing by a gap in the fence which separated me from what appeared to be a river and I knew there must be a considerable drop in front of me. I gave myself up for lost. The men held their hands up to stop me, and I took my foot out of the stirrup and dropped my reins. To my surprise Havoc slowed up, but we were going too fast to stop or turn—he tried his best when we came to the fence, but I saw the water twinkling below me, the field splashing through the shallow ford and I knew no more.

When I came to, I found Peter Flower and the lady at my feet and I was lying in a box-bed in a hot cottage; I heard the lady say indignantly:

"I think you're mad to put anyone on that horse! You know how often it has changed hands, and you yourself can hardly ride it."

Peter was ice-white and in an agony of fear, but as a matter of fact I was only severely bruised and soaked to the skin.

Havoc, seeing the water below him, had tried to scramble down the bank, which luckily for me had not been immediately under the fence, but it could not be done, so we took a somersault into the brook most alarming for the people in the ford to see, but as the water was deep where I landed I was not hurt but had fainted from fear and exhaustion.

Peter's misery was profound, he was warming my feet with great tenderness in both his hands; I watched him quietly and felt my spirits revive. I was taken home in a brougham by my kind friend, who turned out to be Mrs. Bunbury, the finest rider to hounds in England, a sister of John Watson, the Master of the Meath Hounds, and daughter of Mr. Watson, Master of the Carlow.

This was how Peter and I first came to know each other; and after that it was only a question of time when our friendship would develop into a serious love-affair. I stayed with Mrs. Bunbury in the Grafton country that winter for two months and was mounted by everyone. As Peter was a kind of hero in the hunting field and had never been known to mount a woman I was the object of much jealousy. The first scene in my life occurred at Brackley, where he and an older man friend of his called Hatfield Harter shared a hunting box together.

There was a lady of charm and beauty, who lived near them; she went by the name of Mrs. Bo. They said she had gone well to hounds in her youth but I had never observed her jump a twig. She often joined me when Peter and I were changing horses, and once or twice she had ridden home with us. Peter did not appear to like her much, but I was too busy to notice her one way or the other. I said to him I thought he was rather snubby to her:

"After all she must have been a very pretty woman when she was young, and I don't think it's nice of you to show such irritation when she joins us."

Peter: "Do you call her old?"

Margot: "Well—oldish I should say, she must be over thirty, isn't she?"

Peter: "Do you call that old?"

Margot: "How old are you, Peter?"

Peter: "I shan't tell you."

One day I rode back from hunting wet to the skin. As a matter of fact I was going to have tea with Peter, who was laid up in bed with a chill. I had left the Bunbury brougham in his stables but I did not like to go back in wet clothes, so after seeing my horse comfortably gruelled I walked up to the charming lady's house to borrow dry clothes. She was out, but her maid gave me a coat and skirt which—though much too big—served my purpose.

After having tea with Peter I drove up to thank the lady for my clothes. I found her in a white boudoir which smelt of violets. She was lying on a long, heavily pillowed couch smoking a cigarette and greeted me coldly. I was just going away when she threw her cigarette into the fire and suddenly sitting erect said:

"Wait! I have something to say to you."

I saw by the expression of her face that I had no chance of getting away though I was tired, and felt at a strange disadvantage in my flowing skirts.

Mrs. Bo: "Does it not strike you that going to tea with a man who is in bed is a thing no one can do?"

Margot: "Going to see a man who is ill? No! Certainly not!"

Mrs. Bo: "Well, then, let me tell you for your own information how it will strike everyone else. I am a much older woman than you, and I warn you you can't go on doing this. Why should you come down here among all of us who are friends and make mischief and create talk?"

I felt chilled to the bone and got up, saying:

"I think I had better leave you now as I am tired and you are angry."

Mrs. Bo (getting up also and coming very close to me): "Do you not know I would nurse Peter Flower through yellow fever? But though I have lived next door to him these last three years I would never do what you have done to-day."

The expression on her face was so intense that I felt sorry for her, so I said quite gently:

"I do not see why you shouldn't. Especially if you are all such friends down here as you say you are—everyone has a different idea of what is right and wrong. I must go now!"

I was determined not to stay a moment longer and walked to the door, but she had lost her head and said in a hard, rather bitter voice:

"You say everyone has a different idea of right and wrong, but I should say you have none!"



Frank, Laura and Margot Tennant. Below: Grandma Winslow.

### Peter and His Love Letters

AT THIS I left the room.

When I told Mrs. Bunbury this incident all she said was:

"Cat! She's jealous! Before you came down here Peter Flower was in love with her."

This was a great shock to me and I determined I would leave the Grafton country, as I had already been away too long from my people; so I wrote to Peter saying I was sorry not to say good-bye to him but that I had to go home. The next day was Sunday. I got my usual love-letters from Peter, who wrote every day—whether I saw him or not—telling me his temperature had gone up, and that he would give me his two best horses on Monday as at present he was not allowed to leave his room. After we had finished lunch Peter turned up looking ill and furious. Mrs. Bunbury greeted him sweetly and said:

"You ought to be in bed, you know, but since you are here I'll leave Margot to look after you while Jack and I go round the stables."

Left to ourselves, Peter, looking at me, said:

"Well! I've got your letter—what is all this about? Don't you know there are two horses coming over from Ireland this week which I want you particularly to ride for me?"

I told him I had been away too long and that I was going home; I saw that he was thoroughly upset.

"Have your people written to you?" he said.

Margot: "They always write—"

Peter (seeing the evasion): "What's wrong?"

Margot: "What do you mean?"

Peter: "You know quite well that no one has asked you to go home—something has happened; some one has said something to you. You've been put out. After all it was only yesterday that we were discussing every meet—and you promised to give me a lurcher. What has happened since to change you?"

Margot: "What does it matter? I can always come down here again later on."

Peter: "How wanting in candour you are! You are not a bit like what I thought you were!"

Margot (sweetly): "No? . . "

Peter: "Not a bit! You are a regular woman. I thought differently of you somehow!"

Margot: "You thought I was a dog-fancier or a rough-rider, did you? with a good thick skin, I suppose."

Peter: "I fail to understand you! Are you alluding to the manners of my horses?"

Margot: "No—to your friends."

Peter: "Ah—ah! nous-sommes! How can you be so childish! What did Mrs. Bo say to you?"

Margot: "Oh! Spare me going into your friends' affairs!"

Peter (flushed with temper but trying to control himself): "What does it matter what an old woman says whose nose has been put out of joint in the hunting field?"

Margot: "You told me she was young."

Peter: "What an awful lie! You said she was pretty and I disagreed with you"—silence—"what did she say to you? I tell you she is jealous of you in the hunting field."

Margot: "No she's not, she's jealous of me in your bedroom, and says I don't know right from wrong—"

Peter (startled at first and then bursting out laughing): "There's nothing very original about that!"

Margot (indignantly): "Do you mean to say that it's a platitude and that I don't know what's right from wrong?"

Peter (taking my hands and kissing them with a sigh of relief): "I wonder!"

Margot (getting up): "Well, after that nothing will induce me to stay down here or ride any of your horses ever again! No regiment of soldiers will keep me!"

Peter: "Really, darling, how can you be so f... Who would ever think it wrong to go and see a...

*Continued on page 33*

# THE DIAMOND PICKERS

## By MADGE MacBETH

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

AN UNFAMILIAR name showed black and distinct on the card that Helen Dupont held in her hand.

HUGH BRAILSFORD

"Do I know the gentleman, Morris?" she asked puckering her brows.

"I don't think so, miss," answered the maid, "w'ich is by no means 'is fault, miss—'e 'avin' been 'ere h-every day for a week, w'ile you was away. I should say, miss, that 'e's a much worrited young man."

Helen Dupont sighed. She had hardly been in the house an hour. The long trip from Arizona and the strain caused by her work at the Manzanita mine had exhausted her. At the moment she felt that the least tempting proposition in all the world was another case.

But Morris' assertion that "'e was a much worrited young man" touched her in a weak spot. Removing people's worries had become a habit too firmly fixed to be suddenly broken.

"Show him into the laboratory," said Helen, "and even if it is a case, I don't have to take it."

Brailsford bore out the accuracy of Morris' observation. Seldom had Helen seen a more tormented expression on anyone's face—an expression in which grief had no part, she was quick to recognize, but one from which he could not keep desperation, exasperation, bafflement.

He introduced himself and stated his mission without preamble.

"I am a member," he said, " of the Jewellers' Protective Association which, as you doubtless know, is an organization combining detective service and insurance for all the leading jewellers of the country."

Helen made a little grimace and interrupted him.

"Robberies?" she asked.

"Exactly. Half a dozen of them, and we have been unable to make a single capture, recovery, or obtain a single clue. You can understand how serious a thing this is for us, not only because of the financial loss but the loss of confidence among our clientèle."

Helen nodded. "Are the robberies recent?"

"They extend over a period of three years and over a territory stretching from here to Vancouver. And before you remind me, Miss Dupont, that handling the ordinary case is quite out of your line, let me state that these robberies are by no means ordinary—there is something—er—queer about them." He leaned forward and spoke with peculiar emphasis, "Don't you think it queer that a stone should disappear right under the eye of the salesman—that it should be just spirited away?"

"They always seem to be just spirited away," the girl told him. "That is the business of the first-class 'picker,' who usually palms them."

BRAILSFORD shook his head. "These stones were not palmed," he said with decision. "But don't take my word for it. Will you not come to our office and meet the jewellers who are here to discuss the situation? They have waited day by day for your return to the city. What about three this afternoon?"

Helen was not enthusiastic. She was too tired; and yet her curiosity and interest were aroused. How could a diamond disappear under the very eye of a salesman, unless some clever 'picker' palmed it? Could it sink into the counter as a drop of water sinks into a bit of blotting paper, or could it disappear as a sugar crystal dissolves in a cup of tea? Preposterous! One might expect anything of acids or of gases, but diamonds—

"I must get some sleep, now," she said abruptly, "and mind—I promise nothing, but if you like, I will come to your office about four."

At headquarters of the Jewellers' Protective Association, beside Latimer, the president, and Brailsford, several solemn-faced men were assembled. There was a raucous scraping of chairs as Helen entered and every eye was fixed upon her with an appeal so eager that under less serious conditions it would have been funny. It was as though she was expected to produce the stolen diamonds, or the criminals, magician-wise, out of her sleeve.

Latimer introduced her with a few well-chosen and flattering words, and then plunged right into the business at hand.

"As the oldest and, perhaps, the heaviest loser, I will ask Mr. Markensen, of Winnipeg, to make his report first," he said.

Carl Markensen's face proclaimed him a tradesman. It also proclaimed him the type of man who is as hard in his business dealings as the diamonds he sold. He dealt in gems rather than in hides, timber or drugs, not particularly because he loved them, but because he saw in them a more rapid attainment of wealth—his desired goal. But few men could boast of having got the better of Carl Markensen.

"I was robbed," he began, in a tone Helen described as 'acetic,' "in November, 1917, by a girl who came to the shop looking for a yellow diamond. She had a pendant design with her, and also some small white stones, probably a third of those required for the setting.

"I got out some diamonds and together we made a rough



Helen was a little bored, as she sat facing the half dozen members of the Jewellers' Protective Association. . . She saw nothing, as yet, that warranted her absence from the laboratory.

model, matching the gems as to size and color and that sort of thing. While we were thus engaged a chauffeur came to the door and asked the young woman to hurry right out to the motor. He seemed anxious.

"At first I thought she was going to faint, but she recovered herself and got to the door where she put some rapid questions to the man. From these, I gathered, that her mother, an invalid, had been waiting outside in the car, and that she had been taken suddenly very ill.

"It all happened in much less time than I am taking to tell it—the girl coughing and choking and trying to compose herself, and the man answering her questions and urging her by his manner to lose no time.

"She didn't. Quickly, but without the appearance of haste, she left the office saying that her diamonds would be safe with me and that she would come back in a few days. She even flung a name and address over her shoulder as she went.

"Of course she was gone for good—and so was one of my big yellow stones," he added in a tone which suggested three years of accumulated bitterness.

"We went right to work on the case," Latimer broke in hastily, "but our most conscientious efforts have failed to obtain the slightest clue to the young woman or the gem. This, I might say," he stated with noticeable pride, "may be called our first failure. It is very humiliating."

"And expensive," snarled the jeweller, under his breath.



"Miss Dupont," he gasped. "Four diamonds are gone!"

HELEN was a little bored. She saw nothing, as yet, which would warrant her absence from the laboratory and from the investigation of cases upon which her knowledge of chemistry was required. Still, she asked a perfunctory question.

"The general make-up of the girl suggested prosperity, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes. Nothing distinctive about her or the chauffeur. Well-dressed and prosperous-looking; just the sort of persons one would expect to steal," Markensen observed with fine cynicism.

Helen laughed and asked him to describe his office.

"A tiny place—about the size of a hall bedroom, containing a desk which is opposite the door, two chairs, a safe and a filing cabinet. When sitting at my desk, my back is to the door, but a customer faces it. I took my stones from the safe, at the girl's right, and laid them in their tissue wrappings on the desk between us. Her diamonds were also there."

"And when," asked Helen, slowly, "do you think she picked that yellow diamond?"

Markensen's eyes narrowed until they looked like black slits in his hard little face, as he answered,

"I'll take my oath that *she never touched it!*"

Again Helen smiled. "You pay her a high compliment," she said.

"Not at all. I simply recognize the difference between possibility and its opposite. The girl did not sit close enough to the desk to reach the stones—either hers or mine;" the man asserted positively.

"And when she left the office?" suggested Helen.

Carl Markensen shook his head. "She went from her chair to the door where she talked to the chauffeur. She reached across me to the desk for her muff. The muff lay between her and the diamonds, especially mine which were well toward the back of the lot."

He hurried on as though anticipating an interruption: "Neither could the chauffeur have picked it, nor could anyone have slipped into the office while I followed her to the door. I know, and I don't know how I know, that that yellow diamond disappeared right under my very eyes while the girl was in the room even though she did not touch it!"

Markensen threw out this assertion like a challenge, and Helen realized that it had been unsympathetically received by Latimer and Brailsford. She well knew the limitations of the ordinary detective, and a faint interest replaced her previous boredom. Although she made no comment in reply to Markensen, she sat straighter as she prepared to listen to the report of John I. Henderson, of Calgary.

This was in many points similar to thatof the Winnipeg merchant, the chief difference being in the fact that Mr. Henderson had been robbed by an elderly woman. She had been just on the point of choosing a stone when a commotion in the store distracted her attention and upon going to see what the trouble was, she had discovered that a girl had fainted. All thought of her purchase was forgotten; she would consider nothing but taking the invalid home in her motor. The two of them disappeared and accompanying them, presumably, was one of John Henderson's fine diamonds.

"How does the arrangement of your office compare with that of Mr. Markensen?" asked Helen.

"In essentials it is the same. During the confusion in the store, the lady went out to investigate it before I did. Indeed, she never returned to the office, I think. She sent me back for her fur scarf. The diamond must have been picked before the girl fainted."

"But you were both absent from the office," protested Helen sceptically.

"Yes," agreed Henderson, "but the door was open and the interior was in plain view. I know that it sounds silly," he spoke with hesitation, "but I can't help feeling somehow, that the stone disappeared while the room was empty! I am positive I laid it on the desk before I followed the woman into the store."

Again Helen expected a protest from the group, and again she was disappointed. They seemed entirely in sympathy with Henderson's strange convictions.

Catterby and Oglethorpe, Montreal, had been warned, and were on the lookout for a woman, either young or old, and they had been robbed by a man; a rather young man of the prosperous broker type.

"Why broker?" Helen cut in.

Catterby seemed to remember some stock quotations he had laid on the desk, and in a vague way, he had hinted that his purchase would be determined by the turn of the market.

No invalid mother nor necessity to render first aid had called him suddenly from the office. He just went, "and when I put away the stones," the narrator complained, "four of them were missing—four!"

Helen Dupont's minute questioning brought out the fact that the diamonds might possibly have been palmed, for the broker had handled most of them. But both of the Montreal jewellers were obviously convinced that such was not the case.

"They were on the desk when he stood up to leave," insisted Oglethorpe, "and when I turned around a moment later, they were gone. Three, in my case, and beauties."

The report of Burgess, the most recent victim, furnished a slight variation. He made it plain to the group that not only watchfulness but suspicion attached itself to each and every customer. When prospective buyers were shown into his office, he saw in them a potential thief, and in spite of this he had been cleverly robbed by a young woman with a child.

"A child?" exclaimed Helen. "Did she do the picking?"

"No," replied Burgess, "but I suspected that she would; that she would be a female Oliver Twist, and it is probable that in my effort to keep her under my eye, I missed seeing the actual thief at work."

Helen asked him to relate in detail just what occurred, and after describing an office practically like those of the other jewellers, Burgess said:

"In a casual sort of way, the young woman explained that her little sister had been to dancing school—she had a slipper bag and all the fixings, you know—and later, some weight was given to the story when the child developed a fit of coughing. The exertion or the heated room always had this distressing effect, she said."

"I suppose you left the office to get a glass of water?" suggested Helen. But Burgess made an emphatic denial.

"Harsh as it may sound," he said, "I would have allowed her to choke to death before I would have left the two of them alone with the stones. No, the child recovered and they made a dignified exit, leaving an order with me for a ring. As soon as I could decently do so, I turned back to my desk, only to find three diamonds gone!"

He paused for a moment and then announced:

"I tell you, Miss Dupont, considering the way I watched those two people, magic must have been employed in the picking of those gems. No human agent could have escaped my vigilance!"

There was silence in the room and all eyes turned to the only woman present, with the mute appeal which utter helplessness produces.

"I can say nothing, now, of course, gentlemen," she answered their unspoken question, "and I beg you not to depend upon me. The most I can



Brailsford's faith was put to the test when, upon keeping his appointment, he found Helen idling away her morning in the pursuit of teaching tricks to various animals and reptiles.

say is that I will make a study of this case, which certainly does present some unusual features, and let you know the result. Mr. Brailsford, if you will call at my laboratory day after to-morrow I may have something more encouraging to say to you, then."

IT WAS a curious thing that although Helen Dupont left those men with a most indefinite promise of assistance, she also left a feeling of confidence amongst them. Markensen essayed a feeble joke from which bitterness was almost lacking; Henderson observed that Helen was at least a sympathetic listener; Burgess voiced the opinion that if anyone could bring the case to a successful issue, Miss Dupont could, and Latimer saw, already, the stolen gems restored to their rightful owners.

Brailsford's faith was put to the test however when, upon keeping his appointment, he found Helen idling away her morning in the pursuit of teaching tricks to various animals and reptiles. He was amazed to see the laboratory alive with monkeys, rabbits, lizards, toads, and several other varieties of the lower kingdom. He had expected that she would be surrounded by tomes on gems, or in studying the psychology of crime.

She burst out laughing at his expression and said:

"Come in and join the menagerie. Do you know that Hank, the animal trainer, is as great a hero to me as Buffalo Bill to any boy? It's wonderful recreation, Mr. Brailsford, to forget once in a while that one is a human being, to play at being a monkey, now—but there," she broke off abruptly, "you want to hear about diamonds, don't you?"

"In the very worst way. Do you think—"

"I never think," she answered quickly. "It is not my business to think. I have to prove. In the present instance that is going to be exceedingly difficult."

"Why more so than in other cases?"

"Because even though I might have a theory, there seems so little chance to put it into practice. In other words, Mr. Brailsford, because clairvoyance is not one of my gifts, I cannot possibly foresee the place where your 'pickers' are likely to operate next, and until we can manage to do that, I don't see how much progress is going to be made in the matter."

Brailsford asked just what she would like arranged in the way of a lure or a trap. Sometimes, he suggested, the most impossible things could be brought about.

Helen outlined what she considered the ideal method of focusing the crooks' attention on one glittering spot, and Brailsford promised to carry it out without arousing their suspicions. Thus it happened that about a month after this conversation took place, an announcement had been "quietly noised" abroad that Gilroy and Smart, finding themselves in a state of temporary embarrassment, would have to sacrifice about fifty thousand dollars' worth of gems.

AS HAD been anticipated, buyers came from far and near, and many a bona fide transaction took place under Helen's watchful eye, although Harrison, an old employee of the firm, did the actual selling. He and the girl-detective shared the office of the attractive King street shop, for the partners absented themselves and allowed it to be understood that they were influenza victims. Every precaution was taken that Helen's true position there might not become known, and Harrison was the only person other than the city detectives and the association's members who knew it.

A month had passed since Gilroy and Smart had commenced their confidential "sale" and nothing had been seen of the diamond pickers. In the private office behind the store Helen sighed as she thought of the work which her laboratory offered and she resolved that another week of this imprisonment would see the end of her endurance.

"A lady to see Mr. Gilroy—or Mr. Smart," announced a clerk from the door.

"Show her in," replied Helen, without much interest.

"The lady" was a tall, graceful girl dressed in expensive second mourning and giving the impression of being both embarrassed and ill at ease. As she seated herself at Helen's right, she laid a handsome mauve Chinese bag, a perfect blending with her costume, on the desk. She took off her gloves and twisted them round in her hands while she talked.

"I have come," she began almost breathlessly, "to ask you to buy some diamonds. Of course, you will want to know something about me, and I am quite willing to answer any sort of questions—only please make haste and ask them—for I want the money to pay some urgent debts." She fished in the beautiful bag and spread several diamonds out upon the desk within reach of Helen's hand.

"We are not buying anything at all just now," Harrison said. "In fact we have been getting rid of our own surplus. Perhaps a private sale—"

THE GIRL turned impatiently to Helen.

"I can't do that," she protested and her voice trembled. "Let me tell you about them—I am Althea Ogilvy, you may have heard of me?"

She hurried on as though apologizing for being a social celebrity.

"These diamonds were given me by my fiancé, Captain Nylan Herrick, who—who died a few months ago as the result of injuries received just before the Armistice."

Helen bowed her head in sympathy and the girl continued:

"It just comes to this—I haven't a cent of my own, and my mother won't give me much of an allowance—I'll be a considerable expense to her, you see, left on her hands this way"— the explanation was made with a frankness which suggested cruelty—"so the only means I have of paying my debts is by selling these diamonds."

"Your mother doesn't know you intend to sell them?" asked Helen.

Althea Ogilvy lowered her eyes and shook her head.

"But they are mine," she cried defiantly, "and I am twenty-two."

"And would you take a thousand dollars for them? You know they are worth rather more than that."

"If I can have it right now, in cash!"

Harrison coughed a warning. He had no intention of allowing Helen Dupont to spend a thousand dollars of his firm's money if he could prevent it, but evidently she was deaf to his meaning for she said:

"I am not quite sure about the cash—but you don't need money to pay your debts to-day. You can deposit our cheque in your bank and at once issue cheques against your account."

A tinge of wistfulness crept into the girl's manner as she haltingly explained her desire to get the money in cash—for private, sufficient reasons.

"In my humble opinion—" began Harrison, but Helen interrupted him. She had not made a study of gems, it was true, but the stones Miss Ogilvy offered must have been worth at least five thousand dollars, and in her opinion Gilroy and Smart could not object to so advantageous a transaction.

"Arrange with the cashier, please, Mr. Harrison," she said, "to let us have the money. And will you verify Miss Ogilvy's house and telephone number? And also—" she walked to the door with the reluctant clerk and murmured something to him in a tone that the girl could not catch. For a second her back was turned toward the desk and its glittering contents.

THE sound of cheering was heard from across the street, where some returned soldiers had gathered. Althea Ogilvy got quickly to her feet. "Oh, do you think he will be long?" she asked, indicating Harrison.

"No," answered Helen, facing the desk once more and fumbling with the row of electric buttons until she discovered one which flooded the small office with light. Her glance flashed just as quickly to the diamonds. She made a rapid mental count. They were all there.

Harrison returned and counted the bills into Miss Ogilvy's eager hands. She repeated the count in a sharp tone throbbing with excitement. Then catching up her bag, she stuffed the money into it, and thanking Helen impulsively, went quickly out of the shop.

She crossed the street and pushed her way into the dense crowd which surrounded a near-by cinema, listening and responding to Col. Hampton's appeal for employment for all returned soldiers. On the platform with him and rendering him some assistance undistinguishable to Helen who watched the affair from a window, was an elderly woman, and in the crowd a score of soldiers moved, distributing the cards which when signed constituted a pledge to the relief organization.

Althea Ogilvy caught the speaker's attention, just as he came to the conclusion of his forceful appeal.

Col. Hampton pushed his way, quickly but without due ostentation, to the girl's side, and they stepped into a waiting car. The car started down town at a good speed and the crowd began to disperse, finding the next speaker not so much of an attraction as the famous colonel.

Helen turned around to see Harrison, white and wild-eyed, at her elbow.

"Miss Dupont," he gasped, "four of the diamonds are gone!"

"Indeed," said Helen, coolly, "I thought she would have taken more."

Harrison reeled. "But she has our money, too," he cried, "and you let her escape."

"She won't escape very far," Helen soothed. "But here, if I am not mistaken, is Mr. Brailsford," she broke off to announce, as a man in the uniform of a cyclist policeman came into the store. "Perhaps he can put your mind at rest."

"We've got 'em," whispered the latter excitedly, "caught 'em on Broad street. Never had I a more enjoyable chase. They ought to be here in a moment."

ALMOST as he spoke, several persons made a comparatively inconspicuous entry, Miss Ogilvy, Col. Hampton, his elderly companion, and Inspector Harkness with two members of the city force. They all adjourned to a cloak-room at the back of the store, where Mr. Gilroy, his partner and Mr. Latimer were waiting.

"I congratulate you, Miss Dupont," said Edward Smart, looking with interest at the prisoners. "Are they all—ahem—involved?"

"Equally," the girl-detective told him. "They are not the actual criminals, perhaps, but they are accessories to the crime."

"Just so, just so," agreed Mr. Gilroy, in some embarrassment. "I did not think that Miss—er—"

Helen laughed with a certain grimness.

"Don't hesitate to speak frankly," she said, "for this girl is no more Althea Ogilvy than I am, and the person, there, is only a remarkable likeness of Col. Hampton, V.C."

"Don't tell it to us piece-meal, Miss Dupont," begged Harkness. "We want the whole story from the beginning."

"The beginning, then," Helen said in reply to her old colleague, "dates from the moment I became convinced that some agency other than human was immediately responsible for the 'picking' of the gems. I soon saw a peculiar significance in the fact that each of the persons suspected carried a bag, a fur, a muff, papers—or something in which the actual thief could be secreted.

"As Mr. Brailsford will tell you, I converted my laboratory into a miniature zoo, and for many days conducted a series of interesting experiments, eliminating one by one the animals and reptiles I had collected until but one remained.

"Look—" she cried and with a sudden movement, she snatched the bag from the girl's arms and laid it open upon the desk. From its mouth, there emerged a large green toad!

"There is the actual thief, gentlemen," said Helen. "Has he not fine discrimination and taste?"

An exclamation of amazement followed this revelation, and on the faces of the prisoners appeared the resigned expression peculiar to the trapped criminal.

"Well, how in the name of the Great Horn Spoon, did you—" Harkness found further utterance impossible.

"My biology helped me," said Helen. "The toad is an easily trained little creature, in fact there are scientists who believe that it will be the next animal to be domesticated. It is four hundred years since we took the turkey into our civilized fold and we are just about due another applicant for admission. However that may be, the toad can be taught in a few weeks to answer to its name and such simple things, and it stands to reason that it could be taught to pick up gems at a given signal. I suppose in Mr. Markensen's case, the girl's crying did the trick . . I am convinced that the child's coughing was pre-arranged and this afternoon I suppose Miss Ogilvy's counting put the little fellow wise. Am I right?" she turned sharply to the girl, who muttered a sullen affirmative.

"I'd like to see the thing rehearsed," said Harkness, still skeptical.

PLACING the bag so that the open end could not be seen by a person sitting at the desk, the girl took from it four diamonds and spread them comparatively near. Then she said, "Three hundred. . .Five hundred. . . Eight hundred. . . nine hundred. . . " and each time she spoke a little red dart flashed out and a diamond disappeared. The toad made no effort to move from under cover of the bag.

"By Jove," cried Brailsford, "he's gobbled up all in sight. And at what a distance!"

"Yes," returned Helen, "the number, of course, must be determined by the brain behind the crime. This time four were available. Sometimes, there was only one. As to the distance—perhaps you don't know that a toad's tongue is different from ours. Its root is at the front of the mouth; its tip hangs down the throat. For that reason it can reach objects—flies or diamonds—at quite an amazing distance."

Harrison then voiced a very natural question. "What made you suspect the—er—young woman so soon?" he asked.

"Many things. In the first place I happen to know Althea Ogilvy quite well. Again, I knew also that Col. Hampton—the real Colonel—left for Montreal last night. As soon as I was reasonably sure that we had got one of the gang, I notified Inspector Harkness and Mr. Brailsford by means of an electric signal, pre-arranged, and they left their office around the corner to trail our customer. You know the result, a satisfactory apprehension of the trio, for which they are to be heartily congratulated.

"The Hampton trick was a masterpiece," Helen continued. "It furnished an excellent cover for a get-away, and an easy method for the transference of the money and stolen goods."

There followed several minutes of confused talking, of congratulations and leave-taking. Then presently, Helen found herself alone with Brailsford whose mute admiration brought a vivid blush to her cheek.

"Miss Dupont," he began, "I have something to say—" but she would not listen and addressed her remarks to the toad:

"Come, Oliver Twist—or should I say 'Artful Dodger?' I suppose I shall have to spend the next few years in an effort to make you forget your hideous past, and turn you from the path of sin into the way of righteousness."

She pushed the solemn-eyed little creature into the handsome bag.

"I cannot feed you diamonds," she rattled on to hide her confusion, "you must learn to catch flies!"

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## How France Is Recovering

*France is Grappling Courageously With Her Heavy Task.*

LOVAT FRASER

SOME remarkable facts and figures were given recently by M. Francois Marsal, speaking in the Chambre des Députés, as to what France is doing in the way of reconstruction. Mr. Fraser in the *Daily Mail* comments on M. Marsal's speech as follows:

I remember one evening, towards the close of the war, trying to find a place called Gavrelle, while examining the theatre of a particular operation. The officer with me stopped in the midst of a desolate expanse of shell-torn mud and said doubtfully: "I think it was here, but can see no sign."

Searching about we found a few bricks and the foundation of a house or two. They were all that was left of Gavrelle, and there were many such places.

* * * *

Another time, near the Belgian frontier, where ruined towns and villages were plentiful, I said I should like to look at Bailleul. I remembered its spacious square, its cheery club, and the scorn of its inhabitants when the shells from a bombarding German naval gun always fell short. At the moment I spoke we were driving through heaps of battered rubble, and the officer said, with an odd smile, "This *is* Bailleul."

* * *

Such scenes were familiar enough, for they are merely typical. The high courage, the devotion, and the faith required to take in hand the reclamation and reconstruction of these great areas of chaotic wreckage far exceed any demand made upon the fortitude and the confidence of the British race. Yet France has come to close grips with her task, and is getting on with it.

M. Marsal says that of the factories damaged or completely destroyed in the "liberated area," 77 per cent. are now working, and 42 per cent. of the pre-war staffs are being employed. Of the great areas of agricultural land laid waste by the war, 66 per cent. has already been reclaimed. All the railways in the war area are now in working order, with the exception of a few miles.

Some of the coal-mines which it was thought would take years to reopen are already producing. Factories which had adopted eight-hour shifts possess workmen so ardent that, according to another witness, some of them insist on working both shifts, or 16 hours a day. France is at work again, and is overcoming the worst of her tribulations by sheer energy.

The picture must not be overdrawn. In some of these factories only sections have been started, and the output is still limited. France has thrown out Bolshevism, as she will probably always do, but competent judges fear that further labor troubles lie ahead, and may be heard of very soon. Unemployment is increasing, as in all countries. But France is sound at the core, and may still be a beacon light when much of Europe is plunged in darkness.

We hear a great deal about the desperate financial position of France, but those competent to form a sound opinion believe that it may in the end prove better than it seems. The secret of national finance is confidence, and there is confidence in France to-day. Big cuts have been made in the Budget, and more may follow. The various Ministries are being rationed with money, and are not allowed to squander at will. When shall we adopt like measures here?

The French have been criticised, not without reason, because they did not impose heavier taxation during the war; but I fancy they knew the temperament of their people, and probably did not wish to add to a strain which was almost unendurable while the enemy were within gunshot of Paris. They had never been accustomed, as we had been for many years, to an income tax which in our case was always stern and is now excessive. France is, moreover, a land of small fortunes, and there are very few really big incomes.

She has now substantially increased her direct taxation. Her new tax of 1 per cent. on turnover has produced a revenue greatly in excess of expectation, and, though I do not pin my faith to it without further inquiry, I have long thought that such a tax might be preferable to our present illogical and mischievous excess profits duty, which is thwarting our industrial recovery.

* * *

I should be doing France a disservice if anything written here conveys the impression that she does not require help. No Allied country needs help more, and the admirable movement by which our cities and towns are "adopting" French towns and villages in the war zone is only a slight repayment of the immeasurable debt we owe to the nation which bore the brunt of the battle for civilization.

The enemies of France credit her with vast desires of dominating Europe, and allege that her statesmen now in power cherish illimitable "Imperial" aims. Let me state the converse position. Some misguided French writers charge us with precisely similar tendencies. We know their accusations are not true. We know that our people will not tolerate any dreams of "conquest" or of territorial expansion by the sword. The cry of "Mosul" has been raised in Paris. We know that the one desire of the British nation is to get out of Mesopotamia as quickly as possible.

I never pay much attention to these wild charges about French territorial ambitions, because I believe that the French people, like our own, are sick of war and will have no more of it. The determination of the masses not to engage in further war is the greatest of safeguards. If the French keep their arms bright, have they not twice been foully invaded within 50 years? If they talk much of reparation, who cried most loudly that "Germany must pay?"

On both sides of the Channel attempts have been made, and are still being made, to weaken and even to destroy the Entente. Of late many hard and unjust things have been said about us in France. We must bear with these verbal excesses, remembering always that if Britain and France drift apart there will be no hope for the future of Europe.

Although France suffered far more than we did in the war, I think her recovery may eventually be more rapid than our own. Her interests are primarily agricultural, ours are industrial. The agricultural countries have the best chance of regaining stability so long as they keep the Lenins out.

The industrial nations have a tougher time before them. We are not handling our own domestic affairs with much wisdom just now, and may well take a lesson from the essential sanity and stability of sorely wounded France.

## Germany Still Unrepentant

*Responsibility For War Still Vigorously Denied.*

J. ELLIS BARKER

JUDGING from the reports of recent visitors to Germany the eyes of the German people have not yet been opened by defeat so that they recognize the evils of the late imperial régime. Mr. Barker, who has lately been staying in the Fatherland, relates his impressions in the *Quarterly Review*:—

To my surprise and dismay I found that the people in general were utterly unacquainted with the wrongs suffered by the Allies and with the crimes perpetrated by the German forces. Assertions that Germany had wantonly begun the war and had carried it on with incredible barbarity were received either with wide-eyed surprise or with emphatic incredulity. Even well-informed men of the world belonging to one of the liberal professions—bankers, lawyers, doctors, etc.—told me, as if they still lived in 1914, that the war had been "forced" upon peaceful Germany by France, Russia, and England, who had formed a criminal conspiracy against Germany, into which Belgium had entered; that France and Russia had made the struggle inevitable by invading Germany in the midst of peace; that Russia had been animated by the lust of conquest, France by the passion of revenge, and England and America by sordid, commercial envy.

The Germans with whom I conversed either had not read the revelations of Prince Lichnowsky, Dr. Muhlon, Karl Kautsky and others, or they dismissed them as fables and hallucinations. They knew nothing about the massacres of thousands of civilians, the wanton destruction of towns, churches, farms and mines, the deportation of women and girls, the starving of the conquered peoples, the extensive robbery of goods and of works of art, the bombing of hospitals, the sinking of hospital-ships, etc. They told me that the German military and naval forces had fought a clean fight, but that the Allies had disgraced themselves for all eternity by starving German women and children by means of the blockade, by sending colored barbarians to fight civilized Germans, by murdering helpless German sailors, reminding me of the "Baralong" affair, etc. Having explained to me that right had been on Germany's side throughout, they protested loudly against the inhumanity of the Peace of Versailles, against the extortionate terms enforced by the Allies and against President Wilson's faithlessness. Believing that the war had been forced upon an innocent Germany, the men and women whom I met could not conceive that Germany was bound to make reparation to the limit of her capacity for the damage she had done in France, Belgium, and elsewhere. The Germans, while eloquently telling me of their own sufferings, never mentioned the far greater sufferings of devastated France, Belgium, Russia, Italy, Serbia, etc. Only two persons whom I met habitually admitted Germany's wrong. Because of their attitude, they were ostracised by all their acquaintance.

The ignorance of the German people seemed to me inexplicable until I began to study the German press and to explore the book-shops. I then discovered that the German publicists, professors, politicians, and generals were strenuously engaged in keeping alive the legend of Germany's innocence and of the wickedness of the Allies which had been firmly established during the four and a half years of the war. The German publicists and journalists, who, under Government pressure, had unceasingly proclaimed Germany's innocence

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during the whole course of the struggle, had either become victims of auto-suggestion and of auto-intoxication, or think it injudicious to disavow their former writings and reveal to their readers the startling truth. The unfortunate result of this continued campaign of deception is that all Germans, a few well-informed people excepted, live under the impression that they are the victims of a conspiracy and are suffering a great wrong. The legend of Germany's innocence is being "scientifically" established by the leading soldiers, statesmen, and historians, and it may before long find its way into the school books. Hence it seems likely that the coming generation will grow up with a burning sense of injustice suffered at the hands of the Allies. A passionate hatred of the victors is being aroused among the German people, and thus the foundations are firmly laid for a war of revenge.

Writing on the same subject in the *Times* (London, Eng.) Mrs. J. London Smith, who has been working in connection with the Franco-American Committee for the Protection of Frontier Children in France, says:

In Germany I visited a number of German factories to the north of Frankfurt. I talked with many of the workmen, and they seemed to realize that work was necessary; many of them expressed the sentiment that Bolshevism meant only another war, and they were tired of fighting. But these workmen, after stating that they were willing to work, always added that they would not work if they had to pay France. I spoke to one of them, who expressed surprise to me that the French were angry with them. "After all," he added, "if the English and Americans can forget the war, why shouldn't the French? It was not our fault that the fighting was in France."

The people that I talked to, including members of the Reichstag, seemed to think that the people were like lost sheep under a Republic; they said:—"Though we have no Emperor the Government still functions in the name of the Empire." I was surprised to find that postcards of the Kaiser were still being sold. This was the case in all the villages, towns, and cities that I visited; and it is worth noting that in the Sieges-Allee in Berlin, among all the statues of the Hohenzollern family there is not even a single nose broken, in spite of the revolution.

At Frankfurt I desired to send a telegram in French to Metz. The concierge declared he would not send the telegram in French; it could, however, go in English. "Why not?" I protested, "Metz is in France." "Yes," he replied, "for the moment it is, but it will not be for long."

I found in a great many of the factories that the Germans were averaging about six hours' work a day. They complained of lack of coal; but I also found evident inequality in the distribution of coal; one factory would have it while its neighbor went short.

There was a great deal of new building in the way of rather elaborate workmen's houses and factory development. In a large chemical factory that I visited a laboratory had been completed during the last two months, when by its side the building that had been heretofore used for the purpose looked quite adequate. It was equipped with every modern appliance. It is evident that a great deal of money is being spent on railway construction, roads, bridges, etc. Of course, this gives employment to the people, which may be necessary; but one could not help asking oneself whether a nation which owes what Germany owes should be allowed to spend quite so much on its own municipal development. And this though I myself feel very strongly that Germany should be given every chance to make herself industrially prosperous.

# Winston's Opinion

*Secretary of State for War Reviews Mrs. Asquith's Book.*

THE Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, Secretary of State for War, has written for the London *Daily Mail*, Northcliffe's newspaper, a review of Mrs. Asquith's reminiscences, which have appeared serially in *MacLean's*. He says, in part:—

The disdain of chronology, which is a leading feature in the book, is probably the main cause of several serious inaccuracies to which public attention has been drawn while the Memoirs were being published in serial form. The lack of an orderly habit of mind which views events in their proper sequence has led to some very bad mistakes in time and fact. It is necessary to mention three examples.

The first is the case of the conversation with Lord Salisbury. Mrs. Asquith was under the impression and stated that this had taken place in her house in Cavendish square in the year 1904, and was concerned largely with the fiscal controversy "then at its height." On this Lord Salisbury's daughter, Lady Gwendolen Cecil, has made the following observation:—

> "Lord Salisbury had died the year before, in August, 1903. Not only so; he was already seriously ill when the controversy broke out in the early summer of that year. He took no part in it, and was never in London after it had begun, remaining in close retirement at Hatfield until his death. Therefore no such conversation as is referred to could possibly have taken place, either at the time specified or at any other time."

To this Mrs. Asquith has rejoined that "the date of 1904 is an obvious misprint and should have been 1903," and that "it was careless of me to write 'at the height of the controversy over Protection'," and that "in Liberal circles the fiscal controversy was always acute." There we must leave it.

A second remarkable example is found in the version of the Memoirs which has appeared in the United States and Canada. The incident is the scene in the Cabinet room when war began on the night of August 4, 1914.

> "After dinner Henry went down to the Cabinet room. I looked at the children asleep and then joined him. Crewe and Grey were already there. We sat and smoked and said nothing. Lloyd George and Winston came into the room. The latter, in high spirits, began to talk, but, as no one wanted to listen, he stopped. Grey sat with his elbows on the table, serious and handsome, and Henry looked very grave. No one spoke. The clock on the mantelpiece hammered out twelve and when it had finished it was as silent as dawn. We were at war."

On this it is necessary to point out that the hour of the British declaration of war was eleven and not twelve, and that at the hour of eleven the First Lord of the Admiralty was not in the Cabinet room but in the War room of the Admiralty, authorising the despatch of the telegrams ordering British ships in all parts of the world to commence hostilities against Germany. He did not reach the Cabinet room at Downing street till twenty minutes after "the clock on the mantelpiece had hammered out" the fatal hour. Mrs. Asquith was not there then. His profane intrusion into the long silence is therefore difficult to fix in point of time.

A third instance is found in the painful description, which we had hoped and understood was to be expunged from the Memoirs, of the habits of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson when visiting Mr. and Mrs. John Addington Symonds at Davos. It now appears that the Stevensons never visited the Symondses at Davos but stayed on each occasion at hotels.

This kind of thing shakes the credit of the author as an historian. One cannot accept her impressions of what actually took place and of what people said and did, and when they said and did it, as final and conclusive testimony. But this fact need not plunge the Memoirs into the region of tedious controversy. We must not take them too seriously. It is better to leave them in those regions of light and pleasant reading where gossip, anecdote, inventiveness, self-revelation, and particularly feminine self-revelation, should rightly reside.

It may very likely happen that when one is very pleased with one's self and very interested in one's self, and also very anxious to please and interest the reader, there is a certain tendency for the frontiers between memory and imagination to become slightly blurred. When one is looking out across the evening sea to its distant horizon, it is often difficult to tell exactly where sky and ocean meet. A wave may seem a cloud, or a cloud a wave; a dazzling line of light may now appear on the surface of the waters, and now in the glowing sky. But this does not destroy the pleasing effect. On the contrary, it enhances the charm. Ruskin tells us in his "Elements of Drawing" that Turner in his picture of Ehrenbreitstein moved the churches and cathedrals about "as if they were chess-men," so as to group them in pairs and produce the effect which he sought, and Ruskin declares that this was fully justified in a work of art. Mrs. Asquith's friends—and they are many—may find this line of defence a useful one.

There are some epithets, more particularly those which have appeared in the trans-Atlantic portion, which seem to be distributed with a somewhat too high-spirited touch. A lady is described as "more socially uncouth than her sister." This kills two birds with one stone. Another in the serial form, had "something septic in her nature;" but this apparently was a misprint, and what was really intended was "sceptic." But, alas, it should have been "sceptical;" and the author only escapes from the clumsy clutches of the printer, or misprinter, to fall into the delicate grip of the grammarian. When one is on the whole sustaining the part of a gay, audacious, kindly, charming personality—a Trilby of Downing street and Mayfair—one ought not to have lapses like these. Then when we come to politics there are some very severe words. A principal colleague at the outbreak of war is "ignorant and hesitating;" another is "irresponsible and ebullient." We wonder who this caitiff can be. It is not by these controversial touches that the work should be judged.

The story is told with art, and, what is better, unconscious art. There is no rising step by step to some culminating point of interest and thereafter descending to a sedate conclusion. Like a brook, it babbles on, shallow, sparkling, usually limpid, giving a broken, fleeting, but at the same time vivid reflection of men, women, and affairs, of joys and sorrows, of good feelings and of feelings not quite so good. It will certainly be widely read, and those who are held and amused by it will be ungrateful and even churlish if they do not thank the author at the end.

# Bethmann Hollweg Explains

*The German Imperial Chancellor Gives His Opinion on the Causation of the War.*

A. J. TOYNBEE

ALL THE great leaders of Germany have broken into print to explain how it was that it all came about. The last of these is Bethmann Hollweg Imperial Chancellor of the "Scrap of Paper" fame. A. J. Toynbee, writing in the Manchester *Guardian*, gives an outline and excerpts of the book that has not yet appeared.

In the discussion he says:—

"The ex-Chancellor confesses, no doubt with as much truth as sincerity, that the main currents of activity in Germany which were sweeping her towards war were beyond his control. Why was German policy not so conducted as to avoid being placed on the horns of a dilemma in July, 1914? 'I think that this question largely overestimates the freedom of action allowed us in our decisions of the last decade. Germany also had fallen under the spell of the ideal of power then dominating the whole world.' And he proceeds to argue that German naval and Oriental policy could not have been altered except by the leverage of a change in British policy which (though he fails to realise it) it was equally difficult for any British Minister to bring about. Ostensible acts of will like the German declaration of war on Russia or the ultimatum to Belgium seemed to Bethmann Hollweg like mere registrations on his part of the fact that uncontrollable causes had engendered their inevitable results. 'I was, of course, under no illusion as to the effect on the question of responsibility for the war that our declaration of war (on Russia) would have and actually did have.' 'The offence against Belgium was obvious, and the general political consequences of such an offence were in no way obscure.' But the issue was decided, not by the Chancellor's judgment, but by the long existence of a vast and intricate piece of machinery—the arrangements of the General Staff for mobilisation and war on two fronts. The button had been pressed; the machine had to work. Bethmann Hollweg never contemplated the possibility of reversing the lever by his puny human strength. He had found the clockwork all wound up, the wheels all grinding in 1909, when he first took office. He could not stop it five years later.

"He has a certain fellow-feeling for the other victims of fate.

"'The view that England of malice prepense sought for a trial by battle with its German rival is, in my opinion, as wide of the mark as the English ideas of the same nature about us. The real explanation probably is that statesmanship in these two countries was either too weak or else unwilling to save the world by a doughty deed from a fate that was already hanging over it like a threatening storm. And if I am confident that I did my best towards effectively conjuring this danger, I am in no way blinded by self-conceit to the inadequacy of my efforts.'

"He has even a testimony to give to the pacific feelings of the people of France, but when it comes to the Governments as opposed to the peoples of the enemy Powers his determinism breaks down, and he withholds from them that absolution of impotence of which he takes the benefit himself.

"To Bethmann Hollweg's mind, Grey, Poincaré, and Sasonov were far from being automata like himself. They were very much masters of the situation indeed, and manipulated it skilfully and malignly to the ruin of civilization. 'The question of criminality is a question of causality, and it was the Entente Powers that piled the fuel on the conflagration. Germany laid no faggot on the pyre,' and her act of setting light to it, we are left to infer, was really only a roundabout form of spontaneous combustion. Germany, when it came to the point, had no option about supporting Austria-Hungary after her ultimatum to Serbia, but if Russia supported Serbia in this situation, and received in return the support of England and France, that was not a product of determinism, but an act of will equivalent to a deliberate causation of the war. Again, the Austrian ultimatum itself was disapproved of, he tells us, by the German Government, but the text was communicated to them too late for them to intervene. Yet, having confessed his own impotence to restrain his ally, he is merciless to the British Government for having had a similar experience with Russia. He recurs to this point several times, and at the close of the volume practically sums up the cause of the war as lying in the unwillingness of the British Government to put pressure on their friends at Petrograd.

"This is the weak point of the book, and the author's failure to realise that pre-war statesmen in all the capitals of Europe were as human and as impotent as himself also clouds his understanding of the state of mind of the enemy peoples. He realizes and admits the strength of German chauvinism and militarism, but he can only see them as insuperable obstacles to his own policy; he does not picture to himself with sufficient imagination the effect which the Navy Bills, the Army Bills, the speeches of the Kaiser and of the Pan-German deputies, the régime in Alsace-Lorraine, the Zabern incident, and other manifestations of this spirit in Germany had upon the public opinion of England and France. And when it comes to Belgium he is completely at sea. Even now he does not seem to realize the spontaneous and profound feeling aroused in England by the violation of Belgian neutrality, not only among the chauvinists and reactionaries but among people of all opinions and classes—including idealists who, if they had not died for this cause, would have been equally ready to lay down their lives to prevent the iniquities of the subsequent peace.

"The refusal to see that any international principle was involved in the Austrian

treatment of Serbia is the most striking and the most depressing feature in Dr. von Bethmann Hollweg's presentation of the case, and this comes out even more strongly when he deals with Belgium. His explanation of the circumstances in which he used the famous phrase, 'scrap of paper' is one of the most curious passages in the book.

"'The expression was perhaps an indiscretion, but my blood boiled at his (the British Ambassador's) hypocritical harping on Belgian neutrality, which was not the thing that had driven England into the war, and at his complete want of perception that an English declaration of war must destroy so much that was of value in the world that violation of Belgian neutrality was of comparatively little weight.'

"Not only does he beg the question between principle and opportunism but he still pleads for the sacrifice of a principle (equality of rights for great and small States) in the name of opportunism when the catastrophe itself has shown the error of this policy even from the opportunist standpoint. Surely the war has proved that the most practical safeguard against its own recurrence is the rigid enforcement of some system of international morality. The ex-rulers of Germany seem to have learnt this lesson no better than the present rulers of the victorious countries."

# Jailing the Journalists

*Perilous Pastime Getting Out Some Newspapers in Ireland.*

*Freeman's Journal*

IT'S a great life, if you don't weaken, say those who have witnessed the perils that confront the editors, publishers and staff of some of the newspapers in Ireland. The destinies of *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, one of the oldest papers in the world, are now being directed by a Canadian, H. N. (Mike) Moore, formerly in newspaper life in several Canadian cities, including Fort William, Toronto and Montreal. He is the son of a Methodist minister of Dominion-wide renown, and the troubles of *Freeman's Journal* therefore have a personal interest to many in this country.

This paper has been suspended from publication, and then allowed to resume. It is frankly Nationalist, and has expressed views which the authorities view as Sinn Fein in tendency.

One night about the end of November an attempt was made to burn down the *Freeman* building. Here is what the paper itself has to say of the event:—

"Just before midnight a fire broke out in the rear of the advertising and business offices of the *Freeman's Journal*, at 27 Westmoreland street.

"The circumstances surrounding the outbreak point very strongly to the theory that this was a case of arson, carefully planned and recklessly carried out. The police and fire brigade have no hesitation in stating that the premises were fired by unknown men.

"The story begins with the sudden onslaught of a party of masked and armed men on the offices of the *Irish Times* at 31 Westmoreland street. The first intimation was the smashing of glass on the front door of the office and, it is stated, the firing of a shot.

"The raiders then rushed in and ran to the editorial offices. The entire staff was gathered into one large room, where they were addressed by one of the raiders, who was evidently a leader. They were told that if a word of the occurrences in Dublin were published or divulged in any manner—over the wire or the telephone, or through any other medium—'We'll know what to do to-morrow.'

"The raiders were dressed in civilian clothes, and had handkerchiefs or other means of disguise tied over their faces. They were exceedingly truculent, and flourished their revolvers in a manner that betrayed their reckless disposition.

"Having made their threat, the raiders, each one of whom had taken up a position at the order of the leader, left the building. No names were mentioned, a number being used by the leader when it was necessary to give an order to any individual of the party.

"While these startling events were taking place in the office of the *Irish Times* it is believed that other members of the raiding party were engaged in breaking into the offices of the *Freeman's Journal* and setting fire to the premises. The heavy iron gates which front the doorway were forced open. To accomplish this expert mechanical means and a large body of men must have been employed, as the iron posts which meet when the gates are swung to are sunk some six inches into the concrete entrance floor."

During the same week the directors and owners of the *Journal* were being tried by military court-martial for various offences against the law and order of the realm, particularly for publishing military information alleged to be untrue. Here is a splendid word picture of the scene of the trial—written, it may be not incorrectly surmised, perhaps, by H. N. Moore, in that style so familiar to readers of the Montreal *Star*:—

"The scene is a cold, grey and brown oblong room, that usually serves as a theatre to amuse the armed forces of the Crown.




—Gale, in Los Angeles "Times."

Seems to be some slight delay.

"For the nonce it is being improvised as a court in which seven military gentlemen are trying a newspaper and those who control it, for offences against the regulations which the Government—the British Government—have imposed upon Ireland.

"This cold, horrid, oblong room, pierced by eight windows, four on each side, admitting all the winds of heaven on a brutally cold and frosty day, is the court-house.

"What do we see? Four tables arranged in a sort of T, covered by dirty, tawdry cloths which would shame the cheapest lodging-house in Dublin. Along the head of this arrangement of tables sit the seven worthy military gentlemen who hold the fate of the Freedom of the Press in their hands. On their left and right, at the tables set at angles to the two top tables, are opposed the counsel for the prosecution and the counsel for the defence.

"With the contest of wits between these counsel we have nothing to do. They are experts in the law, and we can only admire the way in which they counter each other. Which shall win is a moot point.

"Our concern is to give our readers a picture of the room in which a most moving scene—the most important trial of a newspaper—is taking place.

"The long, cold, ugly room—bare of furniture—at one end the tawdry and battered proscenium which serves for a stage, and at the other end the closed window of a refreshment bar.

"Alas, it was not open.

"And then you see seated the seven holders of the threads of fate—the seven military officers—gentlemen all, and this we say most sincerely—and opposite them the three accused prisoners. On their left are the three counsel employed by them to defend them against the charges under which they suffer, and opposite these legal gentlemen the two learned counsel briefed by the Government to prove the guilt of the accused.

"And all around is cold and grey as on a November day.

"Draughts and a freezing atmosphere everywhere.

"There are two fireplaces in the room, but it seems to be no one's duty to replenish these fires.

"One sits behind the accused—the prisoners—and one wonders at their stolidity.

"One asks do they realise what an adverse verdict may mean to them—they sit still stolidly, probably frozen to their seats.

"Then there grows an idea in the spectator's mind that there are other factors in this case.

"There is a table away in the background at which is seated a group of pressmen, men who are going to send the news of this trial to the four corners of the earth.

"They, too, are in the cold and draught; they, too, are victims of a somewhat indifferent arrangement for their accommodation.

"Of course it is stupid to expect the Press to be given even ordinary and comfortable accommodation at a trial of such a unique character.

"And this is a trial of unique character.

"For the first time in the history of the Press a newspaper is being tried by a court of soldiers.

"Do the Press of the world realise this?

"Do they understand what it means?

"What would a military prisoner say if he were being tried for a military offence by a court of journalists?

"These are facts all pressmen must ponder.

"But let us get back to the cold, oblong barrack room in which the court-martial is being held.

"Let us run our eyes once more around its dull and grey surroundings—its bar at one end (closed), its stage at the other end—in a state of disrepair that could be put right by the bright brains of the regiment tenanting the Royal Barracks.

"But what we wish to emphasize is the fact that this trial—unique as it is—has not been so considered by the authorities.

"Let us forget the brown and grey painted walls of the tawdry room in which the trial is taking place—let us forget the eight round-headed windows which let in the draughts of heaven—let us forget the bare boards and the frowsy table cloths and the gouty tables and all the cheap impedimenta with which the Crown has chosen to furnish its arena for this great contest; but we cannot and must not forget that the Liberty of the Press is on trial, and all newspaper men must realise it.

"Oh, the cold, grey and brown oblong room that shelters all the winds of heaven and the chilliness of a court-martial conducted by seven good men and true."

# A Simple Solution of the Labor Problems

*Miners Can Easily Become Mine-Owners*

ACCORDING to a statement of the United States Department of Labor the average pay of coal miners is $60 a week. This leads E. W. Howe, of Kansas, to suggest, in his personally conducted monthly, that if the estimated million coal miners in America would deposit in savings banks the sum of $1 per day per man they would soon be able to buy the mines in which they work. They would then be able to work the mines on the co-operative plan for which they are clamoring.

Why, asks Mr. Howe, should not the miners save their money and buy the industries by degrees? The possibilities are dazzling. On the basis of a million coal miners, for instance, receiving $60 a week, it is surely possible for each man to save a dollar a day. The simple result would be a fund created at the rate of a million dollars a day. Within a month the miners would or should be able to buy a thirty million dollar coal property and "manage it in the fair and sensible way they know about." After reminding us that of all our workers the coal miners neglect their families most and have the most chronic habit of striking, the writer reiterates that by following his plan, without hardship to themselves or their families, the miners might in a few years own the mines. Furthermore:

The success of the miners would encourage the railroad workers, the steel workers, the ship workers, the lumber workers, etc., to attempt the *Howe plan*, and quit fooling with and wasting money on the Plumb plan, which is based on robbery, and is nonsensical. In ten months the miners might own coal properties worth three hundred million dollars.

"Think of the real pleasure the union leaders might find in managing these properties fairly, efficiently and for the good of humanity! They would find more pleasure in this management than they now find in their national and state conventions wherein they waste much time and money in fruitless quarrels. About all the delegates get out of their present conventions is the pleasure of listening to *speeches* about injustice, slavery, revolution, the rights of man, the desirability of democracy, etc. And I note delegates are

becoming somewhat tired of this sort of thing: a correspondent of the *Nation* complains bitterly because the speeches at the recent Montreal affair were dull, and not up to the standard of the oratory heard in similar conventions in England.

Men who accomplish real results must find a good deal of pleasure in their work.

Howe knows of a coal property that the miners can buy and completely equip if each of them will save fifty cents for one day and place the money in such a fund. As a guarantee of good faith and as a starter in a movement to reduce prices all along the line, he puts it up to the miners to buy and try to work one property in their own way in order to justify their contentions.

# Women Rule Films

*Motion Pictures Built for Show of Finery and Primitive Passions.*

W. STEPHEN BUSH.

WRITING acceptable plays for reproduction on the moving picture screen—scenario writing as it is commonly called—is about as hopeless and unremunerative a task for the unknown author as attempting to sell zephyr underwear in Greenland, according to the above author writing for the New York *Times*. Repeated discouragements, however, have little effect on budding playwrights, he points out:—

"It is estimated that the motion picture producers in the United States turn out fifty new subjects every week. The average weekly output of the vast army of volunteer scenario writers is not less than 8,000 a week. One company alone receives on an average 500 unsolicited scenarios every seven days.

"This would make the chances of the scenario writer one in 160, but his chances are really much smaller. Out of the fifty companies producing pictures either regularly or irregularly, only about twenty-five buy outside 'scripts.' Consider now, the undoubted fact that even the buying companies have their decided favorites, and the chance of the outsider becomes too elusive for arithmetical pursuit. This is not written to discourage the amateur scenario writer—that is impossible.

"Scenario editors will tell you that the amateur's first effort is often good and acceptable, embodying in all likelihood some original dramatic event in the writer's life. The utter lack of art in dramatic composition does not entirely obscure the dramatic values in the 'script' and it is accepted. Immediately the idea takes possession of the writer that he is a newly discovered genius, and nothing can thereafter make him doubt himself. He remembers that Ibsen was well past middle life when he scored his 'best hits.' He keeps on trying. There have been instances of determined scenario writers sacrificing their savings in an effort to produce their scenarios at their own expense.

"One of the most exacting tests of scenarios is the ending of the 'script.' The rule is that the ending must be happy. The minimum is one. When works of standard fiction are to be filmed and there is no happy ending, it is the duty of the adapter to provide for it by 'force majeure'—thus 'The Tale of Two Cities' in its screen version ends happily.

"Budding playwrights with a trend to tragedy will never reach the screen. On the other hand many a poor scenario has been saved by the chances it offered to the heroine to wear sixteen different gowns. It must be remembered that women, who were no part of the audiences in classic antiquity and a negligible part in the days of Shakespeare, form at least 60 per cent. of the audience in a motion picture theatre. Wedding ceremonies are therefore tremendously popular, and cover a multitude of sins against the hoary definitions of the drama. It is an undoubted fact that the so-called vampire films and all the screen plays that have dealt with such subjects as the starved maternal instincts of woman, and the white slave traffic and birth control, have aroused the interest of women, for if they had not, they would have been financial failures instead of unqualified financial successes.

"The second primary condition is that the scenario must be suitable for the exploitation of the characteristic abilities of some definite star. Ninety per cent. of motion picture scenarios are built around some star, more or less dazzling. The 'fans' are 'star-crazy.' When Rex Beach's story 'The Barrier' was filmed, many so-called expert judges of screenplays predicted failure because there was no well-known star in the cast. After 'The Barrier' had succeeded on the screen the actor who played one of the pathetic parts exceedingly well immediately received offers from producers who saw star possibilities in him.

"One of the successful scenario writers is the one who can outguess the audiences. Scenario editors are always on the alert for that kind of dramatic genius. A clever short story writer devoted some effort to a motion picture scenario, taking his work quite seriously. He had everything declined with thanks. He consulted his literary partner. Then the two evolved a scheme which brought excellent results. First 'A' got his heroine into an impossible situation, where according to all appearances she would either have to jump from the cliff or marry the villain. No other extrication seemed humanly possible. Then he turned the 'script' over to 'B' whose duty it was to get the heroine out of her trouble in the most plausible way that could be found. Taking turns in tying and untying impossible knots they succeeded in securing a gratifying flow of checks payable to their order.

"Before the 'feature' came into vogue and the unit of motion picture entertainment was the single reel—1,000 feet—there was naturally a greater number of subjects and the chances of the scenario writer were a little better. The compensation in those days, however, was ludicrously small. Very little was paid for a scenario. Indeed, the average director always felt competent to write his own scenario on short notice. The story is told of one director who used to gather his players in New York and then take the ferry to Fort Lee, N. J., where the studio was situated. He started to write his scenario on his cuffs after the boat left the New York side. To-day even a scenario of average quality brings from $200 to $500. Much larger sums have been paid and are being paid for available 'scripts.' Most scenarios are bought on the story. No detailed 'script' is submitted until the editor has seen the story. If the story has the right possibilities, the building of the scenario is an easy matter.

"The weirdest of all scenarios are the comedies. Of these probably the most interesting are those witten by one who has long been absent from the screen. Charlie Chaplin for some time has been writing his own stuff, trusting to gusts of inspiration. The famous comedian would often get up in the middle of the night at the Los Angeles Athletic Club and jot down pad after pad of notes. These were then filed away, others were added—there were revisions, and thus a 'script' developed. Very frequently it was nothing but an ill-connected series of funny episodes rivalling each other in absurdity."

# WIT, WISDOM *and* WHIMSICALITY

**May Be Our Mistake.**—Nobody ever thinks of looking in the mirror for the missing link.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

* * * *

**Sootless Santa.**—Santa may not find as much soot as usual in his Christmas chimney.—London *Free Press.*

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**Where Consistency is Needed.**—Variety is the spice of life and the downfall of liars.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**The Small Town Habit.**—Every little burg seems to have a burglary all its own these days.—London *Advertiser.*

* * * *

**Let's Settle This Thing.**—Let D'Annunzio meet De Valera for the pest championship.—Toronto *Mail and Empire.*

* * * *

**Suspicious Sang Froid.**—A regular guy is always a little suspicious of the man who feels at ease in the presence of ladies.—Fredericton *Mail.*

* * * *

**The Wrong Wrangle.**—Europe would be happier if all its wrangles were finished as decisively as the general of that name.—Calgary *Herald.*

* * * *

**A Good Bringer.**—"A leader must be able to bring the truth home to his people," declares an essayist. Also the bacon.—Kingston *British Whig.*

* * * *

**An Armful.**—The fashion headliner who remarks that the "Blouse Occupies Important Place" said what we should call an armful.—Sydney *Record.*

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**Not Wanted.**—Wm. Randolph Hearst's office in New York has been robbed, but unfortunately no attempt was made to steal Hearst.—Toronto *Globe.*

* * * *

**Horrors!**—Landlord in Hamilton, unsolicited, reduced his tenant's rent $5 a month. What if that sort of thing should spread!—Owen Sound *Advertiser.*

* * * *

**Never Monotonous.**—One advantage of drinking wood alcohol is, as the thoughtful coroners all say, that one drink is usually quite enough.—Saskatoon *Star.*

**Political Bootlegging.**—A man who was running in the North-East Toronto election got only 85 votes. That's what we call rum running.—Kincardine *Review.*

* * * *

**The Novitiate.**—Many a man believes in long engagements on the theory that the longer a man's engaged the less time he has to be married.—Regina *Post.*

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**The Kindly Bull-frog.**—It may brighten your present days to learn that the bullfrogs of Holland Hook, N.Y., are predicting a mild winter.—Brampton *Conservator.*

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**Life's Little Paradox.**—Time flies. The young lady who, as a child, went to bed with a warm flatiron at her feet now wears low shoes in the snow.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

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**Pickled Pork.**—Two hundred cases of American whisky and gin have been found in a hog pen at Thorold. It is presumed the pen was occupied by a blind pig.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

* * * *

**The Margot Menace.**—Next time it becomes desirable to line up British society for Mr. Asquith's party, the lady will only have to threaten publication of another book.—Montreal *Star.*

* * * *

**That Disturbing Chicken.**—"Care of Home and Chicken Causes a Breakdown"—in the Richmond County *Record.*—Evidently the mother of a promising young daughter.—Sydney *Record.*

* * * *

**Maggie, Pass the Vase.**—A man with a broken leg has been married in Nova Scotia. He stood on crutches during the ceremony. This is enough to make Jiggs go out and jump into the lake.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

* * * *

**Cheap Rent.**—He dropped his nickel in the plate.
And meekly raised his eyes.
Thankful his rent was duly paid.
For his mansion in the skies.—*Canadian Opinion.*

* * * *

**Sponging the Bread.**—No employee in Toronto will be allowed to do any Sunday work in a bakeshop other than set a sponge. Now if it were a milk shop we should understand what the sponge means.—Lethbridge *Herald.*

**Have You Seen this Explanation Before?**—"What really defeated the Democrats," says a Kansas paper, "was President Wilson's ik ik STVQZ kgi ygh ygh squippettikikk." One of the best explanations yet given.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

* * * *

**Hardly the Perfect Gentleman.**—A woman sues her husband for divorce saying he rubbed butter in her face. A proper cause, considering the high price of butter.—Brockville *Recorder and Times.*

* * * *

**Where Overcoats are Unseasonable.**—A man went to church in Montreal a day or so ago and his thousand-dollar fur coat disappeared. He says it was probably taken by someone who won't need it in the next world.—Toronto *Star.*

* * * *

**More Speed Potward.**—Senator Capper of Kansas says the farm industry in the United States is "going to pot." The fact is that farm products are not going to pot quickly enough and in sufficient quantities.—Toronto *Globe.*

* * * *

**A Thought on Cellars.**—A despatch from Chicago states that a girl, who has been confined in a cellar there for the past seventeen years, has lost the power of speech as a result: Some husbands may value their cellars more highly now.—Peterboro *Examiner.*

* * * *

**Where Angels Fear to Tread.**—The Kentucky police have arrested that man who married his mother-in-law. Well, they also have to put wire screens around buzz saws, to keep folks from sticking their fool heads near them.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

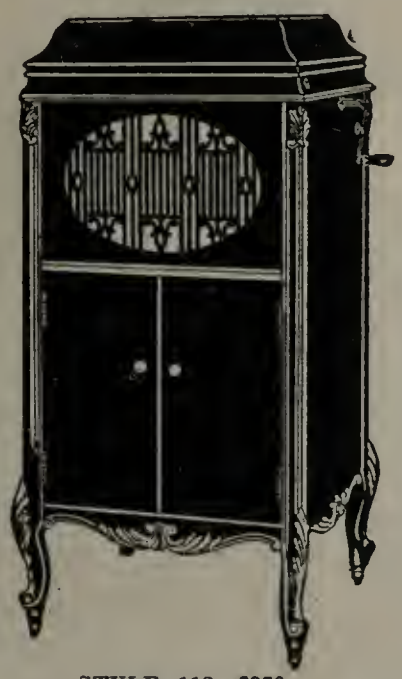
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**Should be Satisfied.**—The name of Patrick Henry, the famous Virginian orator of revolutionary days, has been enrolled in the hall of fame. He is the author of the famous phrase "Give me Liberty or give me death," and who got both.—Renfrew *Mercury.*

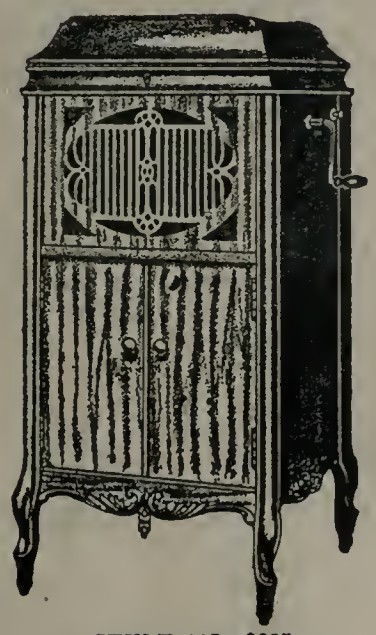
* * *

**Excused.**—Girl brides in New York between certain ages are required to attend school unless they present a reasonable excuse. One of them who has been reported for truancy sent a note to the teacher stating, "we have started a kindergarten of our own."—Vancouver *Province.*

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# Forced Into Slang

*George Ade Tells How He Came to Write His Brand of Humor.*

GEORGE ADE.

HOW the demands of the reading public forced him to become a humorist and a writer of the famous Fables in Slang when his ambition was to write high-brow novels is told by George Ade in the *American Magazine*. Ade, like many other present-day writers of note, got his early training in daily newspaper offices. There came a time when publishers looked to him to produce something distinctive and he tells of the decision that led to his first fable:—

"The publisher camped on my trail. He had been promised a book. The salesmen had gone on the road and exhibited beautiful 'dummy' copies of 'The College Widow,' and had taken orders and made indefinite promises as to date of shipment.

"I couldn't keep a department going and write a novel on the side. I had rashly promised something which could not be delivered. Then Fate and Destiny collaborated and helped me out of one difficulty by getting me hopelessly into another.

"One morning I sat at the desk and gazed at the empty soft paper, and realized the necessity of concocting something different. The changes had been rung through weary months and years on blank verse, catechism, rhyme, broken prose, the drama form of dialogue, and staccato paragraphs.

"Why not a fable for a change? And instead of slavishly copying Aesop and La Fontaine, why not retain the archaic form and the stilted manner of composition and, for purposes of novelty, permit the language to be 'fly,' modern, undignified, quite up-to-the-moment?

"Also in order to take the curse off the performance and so that no one might accept the article under a misapprehension, and, further, lest the critical-minded might suspect that the colloquialisms were used through a vulgar ignorance of proper speech and not in a mere cut-up spirit, it seemed advisable that the thing should be called a 'Fable in Slang.'

"Now, up to this time I had gone fairly straight. My ambition was to be known as a realist with a compact style and a clean Anglo-Saxon vocabulary and the courage to observe human virtues and frailties as they showed on the lens. I had written slang, but always in the third person. People in my stories had talked slang, but only when they had to do so in order to be plausible and probable. If I used a word or a phrase which was reasonably under suspicion, I would hang up the quotation marks so that the reader might know that I was not approving the language, but merely utilizing it for picturesque effect.

"Of course, I had been tempted a million times to use the new idioms and the current catch phrases because they were the salt needed for the proper savoring. But I didn't want to fly-speck my compositions with quotation marks, and I had a real fear of the law against dealing in contraband.

"But after affixing the 'Poison' label I could put in anything.

"And it was a real lark to write in slang—just like gorging on forbidden fruit. The bridle was off and all rules had been abolished.

"Still, there are niceties of distinction even when out on a slang debauch."

Ade says that he has always eschewed the use of coarse slang and confined himself to a sort of highbrow indulgence in idioms:—

"I never referred to a policeman as a 'bull,' because that word belongs in the criminal vocabulary, and Mother and the girls are not supposed to be familiar with the cryptic terms of yeggmen.

"I never referred to a young girl as a 'chicken.' The word originated in the deepest pits of white slavery, and it always gave me the creeps. A young girl may be a flapper, a bud, a peach, a pippin, a lollypaloozer, a nectarine, a cutie, a queen, the one best bet, a daisy, or even a baby doll, without being insulted; but never a 'chicken,' unless one is writing a treatise on social problems.

"After ten years of clanking toil on a daily paper and being heralded as the author of several books, and finally earning the sacred privilege of signing my initials, I commanded a salary of sixty dollars a week.

"Soon after backing out of the newspaper office and falling into the arms of the wizard who sold syndicate features to the daily press, I was getting eight hundred dollars a week as my share of the conspiracy, and later on the nuggets became larger and we passed the thousand mark."

# Wells on Mankind

*New York Times Takes Issue With His Treatment of Some Immortals.*

NEW YORK *TIMES*

THE New York *Times* would deny H. G. Wells the privilege of women and wise men, that is, to change his mind. And there are a lot of other points in his history of the world over which the *Times* editorial writer disagrees with the brilliant English author:

"H. G. Wells's history of the world suggests Dr. Johnson's dog walking on its hind legs. It is not very well done, but it is something to have done it at all. If any well-informed amateur doubts that, let him sit down and try it. Historians, of course, would not try it at all, in this age; they realize how much they do not know. There are things that Wells does not know, and many more things that he knows wrong; yet he has managed to grasp a somewhat extensive subject and see it whole, if not steadily.

"Wells has been called the last of the great Victorians; and, even though it was Chesterton who called him that, he deserves it. His is above all a moral history. Wells is most Victorian, perhaps, when he is criticising the Victorians; but he is always moral. He doubts not that through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and doubts not that he knows exactly what that purpose is. Moreover, it appears that there have been in every age men vaguely conscious of that purpose; men very much like Wells. Their contemporaries did not know this; they gave quite different accounts of the opinions of these forward-looking gentry, and quite different explanations of their acts. But Wells has the key and he obligingly provides the true explanation with all the readiness of a Herr Professor who has been directed to draw from the life of Heliogabalus a justification of the divine right of the Hohenzollerns. Even the Stone Age had its mute inglorious Mr. Britlings who were doing their humble part to bring on the world-state.

"Of course, this interpretation of history works both ways. There are historical characters whom Wells does not like because their actions suggest that they disagreed with his dogmas about the meaning of history. No abuse is too severe for these reprobates; and, as might be expected, the lowest circle of Wells's inferno is set aside for Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon—chiefly Napoleon. After exhausting all his invectives on Napoleon, Wells looks about for something really crushing, and finally declares that Napoleon III. was much more intelligent than his uncle—a piece of nonsense which he is honest enough to disprove in the next few pages.

"As for Caesar, one suspects that Wells hates him chiefly because Napoleon imitated him. The plans of Caesar seem to have been really much more like the notions of Wells than anything else pro-

duced in ancient times, but Wells dislikes Caesar, so he throws out all the evidence and says that Caesar never had any plans at all. The great things that Caesar did are dismissed with the remark that any sensible man would have done them; and Caesar is damned forever, it seems, because when he was in the fifties, and ought to have known that he was going to be murdered before long, he wasted time philandering with Cleopatra. Wells is very severe with gentlemen who philander, particularly elderly gentlemen.

"Alexander, of course, is an easy mark for a moralist. He, too, is said to have had great plans; but Wells denies this. If he had had great plans, he would have stayed sober and carried them out. One suspects, however, that Alexander might have fared better but for his mother, a lady who comes in for a great deal of solemn reprobation. No doubt Olympias was not above reproach, but what Wells holds against her is not her carelessness of the moral conventions nor her tendency to homicide, but only her preference for ritualism in religion. If she had been of Low Church sympathies, the historian seems to feel, Alexander would have been grounded in good moral principles and might never have taken to drink.

"These antipathies might have been expected. It is somewhat surprising, however, to find that only a few months ago Wells was a pretty good Marxian; but that was before he had visited Russia, seen Marxism in practice and come away with a desire to write 'The Shaving of Karl Marx.' Not all moral persons win Wells's approval; venerated humbugs such as David the King and Cato the Censor are treated about as they deserve. But it is impossible to fathom the reasons for his treatment of Cicero and Gladstone. Cicero and Gladstone are very much like Wells. All three are moral and verbose; all three write voluminously but entertainingly on an infinite variety of subjects. Yet his diatribes against Gladstone bring shrieks of protest from some of the friends who helped Wells compile his history.

"Man is Wells's hero, but often he becomes impatient with him. Why, for example, didn't the Alexandrians and the Romans invent printing? It was the sort of thing that would have occurred to almost anybody of intelligence. We are driven to suppose either that the Alexandrians and Romans were not intelligent or that the Ptolemies and Caesars were not so convinced of the benefits of university extension courses for their subjects as is the modern historian. Moreover, those very good if untutored artists, the Stone Age cave men of Southern France, are treated with a good deal of disdain. It seems doubtful if they talked. Primitive man made brilliant sketches or carvings of his neighbor and meal ticket, the reindeer; he modeled maliciously realistic statuettes of his chubby wife; but he got along without words, so Wells despises him."

# Margot and Peter Flower

*Continued from page 23*

ill in bed! You had to ride my horse back to its stable, and it was your duty to come and ask after me and thank me for all the good horses I've put you on!"

Margot: "Evidently in this country I am not wanted—Mrs. Bo said so; and you ought to have warned me you were in love with her. You said I was not the woman you thought I was, well, I can say the same of you!"

### Margot and Peter have a "Scene"

AT THIS Peter got up and all his laughter disappeared:

"Do you mean what you say? Is this the impression you got from talking to Mrs. Bo?"

Margot: "Yes."

Peter: "In that case I will go and see her and ask her which of the two of you is lying! If it's you—you needn't bother yourself to leave this country, for I shall sell my horses. I wish to God I had never met you!"

I felt very uncomfortable and unhappy, as in my heart I knew that Mrs. Bo had never said Peter was in love with her—she had not alluded to his feelings for her at all. I got up to stop him leaving the room and put myself in front of the door.

Margot: "Really, why make a scene! There is nothing so tiring, and you know quite well you are ill and ought to go to bed. Is there any object in going round the country discussing me?"

Peter: "Just go away, will you? I'm ill and want to get off."

I did not move; I saw he was white with rage. The idea of going round the country talking about me was more than he could bear. I said, trying to mollify him:

"If you want to discuss me I am always willing to listen—there is nothing I enjoy so much as talking about myself."

It was too late, all he said to me was: "Do you mind leaving that door, you tire me and it's getting dark."

Margot: "I will let you go, but promise me you won't go to Mrs. Bo to-day, or if you do, tell me what you are going to say to her first."

Peter: "You've never told me yet what she said to you except that I was in love with her, so why should I tell you what I propose saying to her? For once you cannot have it all your own way. You are so spoilt since you've been down here that . . . . . "

I flung the door wide open and before he could finish his sentence ran up to my room.

Peter was curiously upsetting to the feminine sense, he wanted to conceal it and to expose it at the same time, under the impression it might arouse my jealousy. He was especially angry with me for dancing with King Edward, then the Prince of Wales. I told him that if he would learn to waltz instead of prance I would dance with him more, but till he did I should choose my own partners. Over this we had a great row and after sitting out two dances with the Prince, I put on my cloak and walked to 40 Grosvenor Square without saying good-night to him. I was in my dressing-room, with my hair—my one claim to beauty—standing out all round my head, when I heard a noise on the street and, looking down, I saw Peter standing on the wall of our porch looking across an angle of the area into the open window of the library, contemplating I presumed, jumping into it; I raced downstairs to stop this dangerous folly, but I was too late—as I opened the library door he had given a cat-like spring, knocking a flower-pot down into the area, and was by my side. I lit two candles on the writing-table and sat scolding him for his recklessness. He told me he had made a great deal of money by jumping from a stand on to tables and things, and once he had won 500 pounds by jumping on to a mantelpiece when the fire was burning. As we were talking I heard voices in the area. Peter with the instinct of a burglar instantly lay flat on the ground close behind the sofa, his head under the valance of the chintz, and I remained at the writing-table smoking my cigarette; this was done in one second. The door opened, I looked round and was blinded by the blaze of a bull's-eye lantern. When it was removed from my face, I saw two policemen, an inspector, and my father's servant. I got up slowly and with my head in the air sat upon the arm of the sofa, blocking the only possibility of Peter's full length being seen.

Margot (with great dignity): "Is this a practical joke?"

Inspector (coolly): "Not at all, madam, but it is only right to tell you a hansom cabman informed us that, as he was passing this house a few minutes ago, he saw a man jumping into that window."

### Peter Remains Under the Couch

I TREMBLED as he walked to the window and, holding his lantern over the area, peered down and saw the broken flower-pot. I knew lying was more than useless, and as the truth had always served me well I said, giving my father's servant, who looked sleepy, a heavy kick on the instep:

"That is quite true, a friend of mine *did* jump in at that window, about a quarter of an hour ago, but" (with a sweet and modest smile) "he was not a burglar . . . . "

Henry Hill (my father's servant): "How often I've told you, miss, that, as long as





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Master Edward loses his latch-keys, there is nothing to be done, and something is bound to happen! One day he will not only lose the latch-key but lose his life."

Inspector: "I'm sorry to have frightened you, madam. I will now take down your names—"

Margot (anxiously): "Oh, I see, you have to report it in the police news, have you? Has the cabman given you his name? He ought to be rewarded, he might have saved us all!"

I felt that I could have strangled the cabman, but, collecting myself, took a candle off the writing table, blowing the other out, and led the way to the library door and saying slowly:

"Margaret. . Damn. . Alice Tennant. Do I have to add my occupation?"

Inspector (busily writing in small notebook): "No, thank you." (Turning to Hill): "Your name, please."

My father's servant was thoroughly roused, and I regretted my kick when in a voice of thunder he said:

"Henry—Hastings—Appleby Hill."

I felt quite sure that my father would appear over the top of the stair and then all would be over, but fortune favored the brave; perfect silence reigned in the house. I walked away, while Hill led the three policemen into the front hall. When the door had been barred and bolted, I ran down the back stairs and said, smiling brightly:

"I shall tell my father about this! You did very well: good-night, Hill. . ."

When the coast was clear, I returned to the library with my heart beating and shut the door. I told Peter I was done for, that my name would be ringing in the police news next day, and that I was quite sure by the inspector's face that he knew exactly what had happened; that all this came from his infernal temper, idiotic jealousy, and complete want of self-control. Agitated and eloquent, I was good for another ten minutes' abuse, but he interrupted me by saying, in his most caressing manner:

"The inspector is all right, he is a friend of mine—I wouldn't have missed this for the whole world; you were magnificent! Which shall we reward, the policeman, the cabman, or Hill?"

Margot: "Don't be ridiculous! What do you propose doing?"

Peter (trying to kiss my hands, which I had purposely put behind my back): "I propose having a chat with Inspector Wood and then with Hastings Appleby."

Margot: "How do you know Inspector Wood, as you call him?"

Peter: "He did a friend of mine a very good turn once."

Margot: "What sort of turn?"

Peter: "Sugar Candy insulted me at the Turf and I was knocking him into a jelly in Brick Street, when Wood intervened and saved his life. I can assure you he would do anything for me—I will give him a handsome present."

Margot: "How vulgar, having a brawl in Brick Street! That is in the East End I suppose. . . ?"

Peter: "East End! Why it's next to Down Street out of Piccadilly."

Margot: "It's very wrong to bribe the police!"

Peter: "I'm not going to bribe him, governess! I'm going to give him my Airedale terrier."

Margot: "That brute that killed the lady's lap-dog?"

Peter: "The very same."

Margot: "Poor Wood!"

### Whistling Under Window at Midnight

PETER was so elated with this shattering escapade that a week after—on the occasion of another row, in which I pointed out he was the most selfish man in the world—I heard him whistling under my bed-room window at midnight. Afraid lest he should wake my parents, I ran down in my dressing-gown to open the front-door, but nothing would induce the chain to move. It had been put on for the first time, as far as I could remember, since Hill had barred out the police. Being particularly weak in my fingers, I gave it up and went to the open window in the library. I begged him to go away as nothing would induce me to forgive him, and told him that my papa had only just gone to bed.

Peter, unmoved, ordered me to take away the flower-pot, or he would make a horrible noise, which would wake the house. After I had refused to do this, he said he would very likely break his neck when he jumped, as clearing the flower-pot would mean hitting his head against the window


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frame. Fearing an explosion of temper, I weakly removed the flower-pot and watched his acrobatic feat with delight.

We had not been talking on the sofa five minutes before I heard a shuffling step outside the library door. I put out the two candles on the writing-table and sat noiselessly on the sofa beside Peter in black darkness. The door opened and my father holding a bed-room candle in his hand walked slowly round the pictures. The sofa on which we were sitting was in the window and had nothing behind it. He held his bright candle close to every picture in turn, and, putting his head forward, scanned them lovingly. I saw Peter's idiotic hat and stick on a chair under the Gainsborough and could not resist nudging him as "The Ladies Erne and Dillon" were slowly approached. A candle held near one's face is the most blinding of all things, and, after inspecting the sloping shoulders and anaemic faces of the Gainsborough ladies, my father happily returned to his bed.

**Mrs. Asquith's "Reminiscences" will be concluded in the January 15 issue. She will tell more about her flirtation with "Peter Flower," and tell MacLean's readers how it ended.**

# The Drama of Our Great Forests

*Continued from page 21*

a mile, however, we came upon a sign that the bear had passed but a few minutes ago. The hunter paused to suggest that it would better his approach if I were to follow a little further in the rear; then he noiselessly continued his pursuit. Slowly he moved forward, cautiously avoiding the snapping of a twig, or the scraping of underbrush. After peering through the shrubbery ahead or halting a moment to re-examine the track, he would move on again, but with scarcely any perceptible motion of the upper part of his body. When in doubt, he would stand stock-still and try by sight or hearing to get news of the bear. Luckily, there was no wind, so it made little difference which way we turned in following the trail. But just then there happened a disturbing and irritating thing, for a whiskey jack—Canada jay—took to following us, and chirping about it too. Crossing a rocky patch on the hillside, the bear came into view as it circled a little in order to descend. Presently it left the shadow of the forest and emerging into sunlight on a snow-covered ledge, turned its head as though it had heard a sound in the rear. It was Oo-koo-hoo speaking:

"Turn your head away, my brother. . ." but the report of his gun cut short his sentence, and the bear, leaping forward, disappeared among the growth below.

### "I am About to Kill You"

RELOADING his gun, the hunter slowly followed, more cautiously than ever, for he saw from the blood upon the snow that the beast was wounded, and, therefore, dangerous. As he went he covered every likely place with his gun, lest the bear should be lurking there and rush at him. At last I saw him pause much longer than usual, then move forward again. Finally he turned and in a satisfied tone exclaimed: "It's dead!"

The ball had struck just behind the left shoulder and had entered the heart; and the hunter explained that when he saw his best chance, he spoke to the bear to make it pause in order to better his aim.

"And what did you say to him?"

"My son, I said: 'Turn your eyes away, my brother, for I am about to kill you.' I never care to fire at a bear without first telling him how sorry I am that I need his coat."

After spending three days upon the trapping-trail we returned to camp; but because our sled was loaded with game, and also because we did not return by our out-going route, the grandmother and the two boys set out to bring in the bear meat and the bear's head.

One sunny day, late in November, while tobogganing with the children on the hillside, our sport was interrupted by the approach of a young stranger, an Indian youth of about seventeen. He came tramping along on snow-shoes with his little hunting sled behind him on which was lashed his caribou robe, his tea-pail, his kit bag and a haunch of young moose as a present to Amik and his wife. In his hand he carried his gun in a moose-skin case. He was a good-looking young fellow, and wore the regulation cream-colored H. B. *capote* with hood and turned-back cuffs of dark blue. He wore no cap, but his hair was fastened back by a broad, yellow ribbon that encircled his head. At first I thought he was the advance member of a hunting party, but when I saw the bashful, yet persistent way in which he sidled up to Neykia and when I observed, too, the shy, radiant glance of welcome she gave him, I understood; so also did the children, but the little rogues, instead of leaving the young couple alone, teased their sister aloud, and followed the teasing with boisterous laughter.

### Neykia's Beau

IT WAS then that I obtained my first impression of the mating of the natives of the northern forest. The sylvan scene reminded me of the mating, too, of the white people of that same region, and I thought again of the beautiful Athabasca. Was it in the same way that her young white man had come so many miles on snow-shoes through the winter woods just to call upon her? It set me thinking. Again, I wondered who "Son-in-law" could be? When did he come? But, perhaps, after all he was no super-man, or, rather, super-lover, for had not Neykia's beau travelled alone in the dead of winter over ninety miles, just to see her once again and to speak to her? Shingwauk—The Little Pine—as the Indians called him, stayed three days, but I did not see much of him, for I left early the following morning on another round of another trapping-path.

As a faint gray light crept through the upper branches of the eastern trees and warned the denizens of the winter wilderness of approaching day, the door-skin flapped aside and a tall figure stepped from the cozy fire-lit lodge into the outer sombreness of the silent forest. It was Oo-koo-hoo. His form, clad in fox-skin cap, blanket *capote* and leggings, made a picturesque silhouette of lighter tone against the darker shadows of the woods, as he stood for a moment scanning the starry sky. Re-entering the lodge, he partook of the breakfast his wife had cooked for him, then he kissed her and went outside. Going to the stage, he took down his five-foot snow-shoes, slipped his moccasined feet into the thongs, and with his gun resting in the hollow of his bemittened hand, and the sled's hauling-line over his shoulder, strode off through the vaulted aisles between the boles of the evergreens; while through a tiny slit in the wall of his moose-skin home two loving eyes watched the stalwart figure vanishing among the trees.

### Trapping the Wolf

LATER on, though the sun was already shining, it was still intensely cold. As we went along Oo-koo-hoo's breath rose like a cloud of white smoke fifteen or twenty feet in the air before it disappeared. Only the faintest whisper of scuffling snow-shoes and scrunching snow could be heard; the sound of the occasional snapping of a twig came as a startling report compared with the almost noiseless tread of the hunter. A little cloud of powdery snow rose above the dragging heels of his snow-shoes, and, whirling about, covered the back of his leggings with a coating of white. Onward he strode, twisting through the tangled scrub, stooping under a fallen tree, stepping over a snow-capped log, or pacing along a winter-locked stream.

When Oo-koo-hoo came to a district overgrown with willows interspersed with poplars, he stopped to examine a snare set for lynx. It had not been disturbed, but a little farther on we saw the form of a dead lynx hanging from a tossing-pole above the trail. The carcass was frozen stiff, and the face still showed the ghastly expression it had worn in its death struggle. The rigid body was taken down and lashed to the sled. Resetting the snare, we continued our way. Farther on, in a hilly country timbered with spruce, where there was not much undergrowth, we came to marten traps. In swampy places, or where there were creeks and small lakes, we examined traps and deadfalls set for



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# WHAT'S COMING FOR MACLEAN'S READERS

## —1921—

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| **Archie McKishnie** | **Beatrice Heron-Maxwell** |
| **Robert W. Chambers** | **Leslie Gordon Barnard** |
| **Margaret Hilda Wise** | **Nellie L. McClung** |
| **Madge MacBeth** | **Alan Sullivan** |

and a score of others, many of them old favorites, a few of them new to MacLean's readers.

## SPECIAL FEATURES

Arthur Heming's "Drama of Our Great Forests" will continue until May or June.

Frank Packard's "Pawned" will commence February 15 and run in eight huge instalments.

Another serial, by a Canadian author, with the scenes laid in Saskatchewan, will commence in July. This is a "first" book, but is wonderfully gripping and virile.

Special articles will be contributed by Douglas Durkin; Agnes C. Laut; "Janey Canuck"; Hon. T. A. Crerar; Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King; George H. Ham; Arthur Beverley Baxter; Ira Stratton; James Mavor, Ph.D.; Dr. William T. Grenfell, C.M.G.; Judge W. R. Riddell, and many others of equal calibre and fame.

## STAFF SPECIALS

J. K. MUNRO will continue his comment on Canadian politics—a series which is making Mr. Munro probably the most widely read writer in Canada. His pithy, pungent — sometimes caustic — comments are wonderfully apt and extraordinarily illuminating. "J. K." makes politics really human for us.

J. L. RUTLEDGE will have articles from time to time, in which the life stories of prominent Canadians, and the stories of big events, will be told. Watch for his "Ports of Missing Men" in an early issue —a so-human story, told with a compelling force and a delicate literary touch.

CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS will write special articles for every issue, and amongst those scheduled for early in the New Year are: "The 'Clocker' "; "Gangway for the Snow Plow"; "The Soul of a Waiter," and other timely articles dealing with big business, unemployment, liquor, gambling, and immigration.

mink, muskrat, beaver, fisher, and otter. Where the country was fairly open and marked with rabbit runways we came upon traps set for foxes and wolves.

### Axe Saves His Life

WHEN a wolf is caught in a trap and he sees a hunter approaching, he will, at first, lie down, close his eyes and keep as still as possible to escape notice; but should he find that the hunter is still coming on, say to within twenty paces from him, he will fly into a rage, show his fangs, bristle his hair and get ready for a spring. The hunter usually takes a green stick about a yard long by two inches thick, and instead of striking a great, swinging blow with both hands, he holds the stick in one hand and strikes a short, quick, though powerful blow, hitting the brute on the snout close to the eyes. That stuns him, and then the hunter, with either foot or knee, presses over the heart until death ensues. But clubbing the wolf is dangerous work, for the hunter may hit the trap and set the captive free, or it may bite him. So the gun is frequently used, but only to shoot the wolf in the head, as a wound anywhere else would injure the fur.

Late in the afternoon, as we were approaching a wolf-trap, Oo-koo-hoo, who was leading the way, suddenly stopped and gazed ahead. A large wolf was lying in the snow, evidently pretending to be dead. One of its fore-paws was held by the trap, and the hunter drew his axe and moved forward. As we came near, the beast could stand the strain no longer, but rose up with bristling hair, champing fangs, and savage growl. When Oo-koo-hoo had almost reached the deeply marked circle in the snow where the wolf had been struggling to gain its freedom, he paused and said:

"My brother, I need your coat, so turn your eyes away while I strike." A momentary calmness came over the beast, but as the hunter raised his axe it suddenly crouched, and with its eyes flashing with rage, sprang for Oo-koo-hoo's throat. Its mighty leap, however, ended three feet short of the mark, for the trap chain grew taut, jerked it down and threw it violently upon its back. Instantly regaining its feet, it dashed away on three legs, and in its effort to escape dragged the clog through the snow. The bounding clog sent the snow flying, and the hunter rushed in pursuit, while the wolf dodged among the trees to escape a blow from Oo-koo-hoo. Then it bolted again, and ran straight for a few yards until the clog caught and held fast. The hunter, pressing on with raised axe, had no time to draw back when the brute sprang for him as it did; luckily, however, his aim was true: the back of the axe descended upon the wolf's head, and it fell dead. This was fortunate for the hunter, as unwarily he had allowed himself so to get between the clog and the beast, that the chain almost swung over his snowshoes. If he had missed his aim, no doubt it would have gone hard with him.

### Voices of the Wilderness

THERE are several voices of the wilderness that cause some city people alarm and dread, and they are the voices of the owl, the loon, and the timber-wolf. But to me their voices bring a solemn, at times, an eerie charm, that I would gladly go miles to renew. Though much of the wolf-howling has been of little appeal, I have heard wolf concerts that held me spell-bound. On some occasions—but always at night—they lasted without scarcely any intermission for three or four hours. The first part of the program was usually rendered—according to the sound of their voices—by the youngest of the pack, later the middle-aged seemed to take the stage, but of all the performance nothing equalled in greatness of volume or in richness of tone the closing numbers, and they were always rendered by what seemed to be some mighty veteran, the patriarch of the pack, for his effort was so thrilling and awe-inspiring that it always sent the goose-flesh rushing up and down my back. Many a time, night after night, beneath the northern lights, I have gone out to the edge of a lake to listen to them.

A few nights later Oo-koo-hoo said to his grandsons: "Ne-geek and Ah-ging-goes, my grandchildren, the fur-runner is coming soon. To-morrow do you both take the dogs and break a two-days' trail on Otter River in order to hasten his coming."

Next morning the boys set out to break the trail. When they camped on Otter

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River on the afternoon of the second day, they *cached* in the river ice some fish for the trader's dogs. They chopped a hole and, after placing the fish in, filled it up with water, which they allowed to freeze, with the tail of a single fish protruding, in order to show the fur-runner what was *cached* below. To mark the spot, they planted a pole with its butt in the hole, and rigged up a tripod of sticks to support it. At the top of the pole they tied a little bag of tea and a choice piece of meat for the trader. At the bend of the river below, where he would surely pass, they erected another pole with a bunch of fir-twigs attached, for the purpose of attracting his attention to their tracks.

### Awaiting the Fur-Runner

ON THEIR return home they found Oo-koo-hoo and Amik sorting their furs in anticipation of the fur-runner's arrival. Before them lay among the other skins the skin of the black fox, and when the boys entered the lodge Oo-koo-hoo addressed the whole family, saying:

"Do not mention the black fox to the runner, since I intend keeping it until I go to the Post, in the hope of making a better bargain there. Now sort your skins, and set aside those you wish to give in payment on your debt to the Great Company."

During the afternoon of the following day, Lawson, the fur-runner for the Hudson's Bay Company, arrived with his dog train. He shook hands with Oo-koo-hoo and Amik and the boys, and kissed the women and the girls, as the custom of the traders is. It being late in the day, Oo-koo-hoo decided not to begin trading until next morning. So they spent the evening in spinning yarns around the fire. Shortly after breakfast, strange dogs were heard. The boys ran out and saw an unknown man approaching. When the new-comer—a French-Canadian half-breed—had eaten, and had joined the others in a smoke, he gave me a letter from Free Trader Spear. Then Oo-koo-hoo began questioning him:

"My brother, you are a stranger in this country; so I have given you fire and food and tobacco in friendship. Tell me now why and whence you come?"

The half-breed replied: "My brother, I come from the Border Lands—where the plains and the forests meet—and my name is Gibeault. I have come to trade regularly with you as I am now working for Free Trader Spear, whose post, as you know, is near Fort Consolation. You will do well to encourage opposition to the Great Company, and thus raise the price of furs."

The half-breed then presented the hunters with several plugs of "T & B," some matches, tea, sugar, flour, and a piece of "sow-belly." For some time Oo-koo-hoo sat holding a little fresh-cut tobacco in his hand, until Gibeault, taking notice, asked him why he did not smoke it.

"The Great Company always gives me a pipe," replied the hunter.

### The Bargaining Begins

THE runner for the free-trader, not to be outdone, gave him a pipe.

"I suppose," began Oo-koo-hoo, "that your heart is glad to see me."

"Yes," replied Gibeault, "and I want to get some of your fur."

"That is all very well, but I will see which way you look at me," returned the Indian.

"Have you much fur?" asked the half-breed.

"I have enough to pay my debt to the Great Company."

"Yes, I know, but you will have some left, and I want to do business with you, so bring out your furs and I will treat you right."

"That sounds well, but you must remember that though the Great Company charges more, their goods are the best goods, while yours are all cheap rubbish."

Thinking the opportunity a favorable one, Gibeault assumed an air of friendly solicitude and said:

"The Company has cheated your people so many hundred years that they are now very rich. No wonder they can afford to give you high prices for your furs. Free Trader Spear is a poor but honest man. It is to your great advantage to trade part of your furs with me in order to make it worth his while to send me here every winter. As you know, my presence here compels the Company to pay full value for your furs and so you are the one who reaps the greatest benefit."

"That is partly true," answered Oo-koo-hoo, "but I must be loyal to the Company. You are here to-day and away to-morrow; but the Company is here forever. But I will not be hard on you; I will wait and see how you look at me."

For a while the dignified Indian sat puffing at his pipe and gazing at the fire. Every line of his weather-beaten and wrinkled, but handsome, face was full of sterling character. At times his small eyes twinkled as a flash of cunning crept into them and a keen sense of humor frequently twitched the corners of his determined mouth. Then he brought out a pack of furs and, handing it to Lawson, said:

"This is to pay the Great Company for the advances they gave us last summer."

### What the H. B. Has Done

LAWSON took the bundle without opening it, as it would not be checked over until he delivered it at Fort Consolation. Resenting the Indian's attitude toward Gibeault he began:

"I see, now that there's another trader here, it's easy for you to forget your old friends. The free-trader comes and goes. Give him your furs, an' he doesn't care whether you're dead to-morrow. It's not like that with the Great Company. The Company came first among your people and since then it has been like a father, not only to all your people before you, but to you as well. Whenever your forefathers were smitten with hunger or disease, who looked after them? It wasn't the free-trader; it was the Company. Who sells you the best goods? It isn't the free-trader; it's the Company. Who gave you your debt last fall and made it possible for you to hunt this winter? It wasn't the free-trader; it was the Company. My brother, you have none to thank but the Great Company that you're alive to-day."

With a grunt of disapproval, Oo-koo-hoo sullenly retorted:

"The priest says it is the Master of Life we have to thank for that. I am sure that the commissioner of the Great Company is not so great as God. It is true you give us good prices now, but it is also true that you have not given us back the countless sums you stole from our fathers and grandfathers and all our people before them; for did you not wait until the coming of the free-traders before you would give us the worth of our skins? No wonder you are great masters; it seems to me that it takes great rogues to become great masters."

The angry Lawson, to save a quarrel, bit his moustache, smiled faintly and, presenting the hunter with even more than Gibeault had given, said:

"Never mind, my brother, you're a pretty smart man."

Without replying, Oo-koo-hoo accepted the present so eagerly that he jerked it out of the trader's hand. That pleased Lawson. Presently the Indian threw down a bear skin, saying:

"My brother, this is to see how you look at me."

Now the way of the experienced fur-runner is to offer a big price—often an excessive price—for the first skin. He calculates that it puts the Indian in a good humor and in the end gives the trader a chance of getting ahead of the native. That is just what Lawson did, and Gibeault refused to raise the bid.

"My brother," said the Indian addressing the latter, "you had better go home if you cannot pay better prices than the Great Company."

### Then They Swap Even

GIBEAULT, nettled, outbid his rival for the next skin, and thus it went on, first one and then the other raising the prices higher and higher, much to the delight of the Indians. Oo-koo-hoo had already sold a number of skins for more than their market value before it dawned on the white men that they were playing a losing game. Though glaring savagely at each other, both were ready to capitulate. Lawson, pretending to examine some of Gibeault's goods, stooped and whispered:

"We're actin' like fools. If we keep this up our bosses will fire us both."

"Let's swap even—you take every other skin at your own figure," returned the French half-breed.

"Agreed," said Lawson, straightening up.

No longer outbidding one another, they got the next few skins below the market price. But, before the traders had made


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**"What will they do in Queen's Park?—October, 1919."**

**"If all departments of the Ontario Government are run like that of the Hon. Mr. Biggs, we don't care if we never hear of Grit or Tory.—October, 1920."**

Just one short year and the whole province's thinking attitude in Ontario has changed towards the Farmer's Government.

The Financial Post was the first to demand for the U.F.O. membera a fair chance. On October 25, 1919, Mr. Tyson wrote:

> "The outlook then is that Ontario is to have a Farmer's Government. Inexperience should breed caution and with a natural aversion to extravagance and a respect for capital and individual right there is little for business to fear from its members. The idea that any successful effort will be made to legislate selfishly in the interests of agriculture to the serious detriment of other interests finds little foundation in political history. No Government can run long contrary to public opinion."

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good their loss, the Indian gathered up his furs and turning to the fur-runners with a smile, said:

"My brothers, as I see that you have agreed to cheat me, I have decided that I and my people will keep all our furs until we go out next spring; so it is now useless for you to remain any longer."

Having read the note Gibeault brought me from Free-Trader Spear, I hastened to hand the half-breed my reply, accepting Mr. and Mrs. Spear's invitation to be their guest for a few days when every one would be gathering at Fort Consolation to attend the New Year's dance; and again I wondered if "son-in-law" would be there.

*To be Continued in February 15th Issue*

# When Toronto Grew Up

*Continued from page 17*

of both parties. Beside Sir John and Sir Wilfrid, Sir Richard Cartwright was a close personal friend, and many members of the different cabinets sought his sound advice and pleasant company. At Washington, he had many friends in high political positions, Jas. G. Blaine, Senator Hoar and Congressman Hitt being amongst those most intimate with him.

### Using Sifton as the Lure

NED was a good cricketer in his earlier days, and later an enthusiastic baseball fan. He played in cricket matches in England against some noted players, and would travel long distances to see a league baseball game in Canada or the United States. And he dearly loved a game of cards—Black Jack or Catch the Ten, an old Irish game, being his special favorite. He used to wire me Saturday mornings to come up sure—the first one being that Clifford Sifton wanted to see me. When I reached his home in Ottawa that evening, I naturally asked what Sifton wanted to see me about. And he looked apparently amazed, and asked:

"What Sifton?"

"Why, the Minister of the Interior."

"Never heard of him," he replied.

"But," I said, handing him his despatch, "here's your telegram." He took it, scrutinized it carefully, and returning it casually remarked:

"Can't you see that's not my handwriting—it's a forgery."

And then we would play Black Jack until three or four in the morning and important visitors would be told that "Mr. Farrer was very busily engaged, and could not see them." He was very busy—trying to beat me, which he usually did.

I couldn't tell you all the rich stories about Ned Farrer, but one will suffice. The two of us with Mrs. Farrer were on a west-bound C.P.R. train, and were to change cars early in the morning. Ned was an early riser, so I asked him to awaken me when he got up as I was very tired.

He and Mrs. Farrer were in lower 11 and I was in lower 7. After they had retired a young lady from Yale, B.C., whom I knew, entered the sleeper and after a few minutes' conversation told me that she didn't know where she was going to sleep that night. I told her that I did—in lower 7. She said that she had no berth secured, and I explained that lower 7 was hers, although it had been mine but I had another. In the middle of the night Mrs. Farrer had occasion to visit the toilet, and on her return accidentally got into the berth of old Mr. Cambie, of Vancouver. Then trouble commenced. She told him to lie over, and he told her to get out of the berth. "Don't be a fool, Ned, get over further," was followed by Mr. Cambie saying, "My name is not Ned." Then came a half-suppressed shriek, and the flitting of a female form to lower 11. All this I enjoyed from the upper berth in which I was supposed to repose. In the morning, I heard Ned pattering down the aisle, and saw him pull aside the berth curtains and give the poor innocent occupant a well-directed slap in the proper part of her anatomy, accompanied by: "Get up, you old devil, you."

I think I put nearly all of one of the pillows in my mouth to silence the laughter that was racking my body.

"George," the porter, having been duly instructed, explained to the lady that a lunatic had escaped from the day coach,





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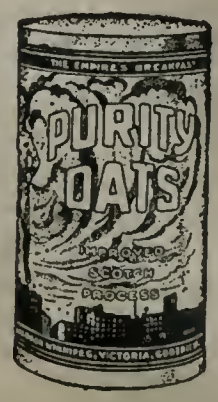
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but had been recaptured and handcuffed—and for the rest of the day I held Ned in awed subjection by threatening to point him out to the lady as the person who had committed the assault, and in dire fear, the well-known editor spent most of the day and part of the night in the baggage car, occasionally sending to the rear to find out if the female was still vengeful, or if she had got off the train, receiving emphatic assurances of "Yes" and "No" with the necessary verbal frills each time.

I breakfasted with the lady and then afterwards told E. F., who sat at the extreme end of the diner, that she had been informed that "the big florid-faced man at the end table was the guilty party" and that "she was laying for him" when he went into the sleeper. Which he did not do until I finally explained matters and then dove-like peace reigned once more.

One Good Friday night, while in Toronto, I got a wire from Mrs. Farrer to come to Ottawa at once for Ned was dying. I stayed with him to the end, and when he passed away, one of the brightest minds and one of the greatest journalists of his time was lost to the world.

### Theatrical Recollections

NO VISIT to Toronto in my early days was complete unless you had an evening at the Royal or, to give it its full title, the Royal Lyceum, on the south side of King between Bay and York. This theatre was not the first to be built in the city. Its immediate predecessor, if I am rightly informed, was on the north side of King between Bay and Yonge. Here Denman Thompson, McKee Rankin, and Cool Burgess got their start. All became famous on the American stage. Cool, by the way, was one of the best of the earlier burnt cork artists, his Nicodemus Johnson being irresistibly funny. He began as a local song and dance performer, lending added humor to his terpsichorean efforts by reason of the length of his feet which, it is hardly necessary to say, were artificially prolonged. Soon his fame spread throughout the States, and he is said to have literally coined money there.

Report has it that when brother workers adjourned from the theatre to blow in their earnings in liquid refreshments or card games, Cool went to his bed and his money went home. So that, in his advanced years, when the stage had lost its charm for him or vice versa, he was a well-to-do citizen of Toronto, enjoying a life of ease. Denman Thompson created "The Old Homestead," from which he made a barrel of money. His play was the precursor of "Way Down East," which is now playing to fine houses in a movie in New York.

The Royal was made famous by the Holmans who managed it and played in it for years. The family was highly talented and exceedingly well balanced from the point of view either of the drama or the opera. There were two girls, Sally and Julia, who sang like nightingales, and two brothers, Alf and Ben, also singers and actors of more than average ability. The former one was also a rattling snare-drummer. Mrs. Holman, the mother, was an accomplished pianist, and an all-round musician. At first the Holmans played the stock dramas with Sally as leading lady, and Alf as the heavy villain. But ultimately they went into opera and made a success of the venture. A night at the Royal certainly was a treat for the boys. The house was not at all gorgeous, nor was it outrageously clean. The mastication of tobacco, a popular method of enjoyment in those days, gave the floors, particularly in the gallery where the twenty-five centers assembled, a pattern and an odour not to be experienced in the modern theatres, where chewing gum is employed and indiscriminately parked. How the habits of the people have changed!

The beginning of the performance was heralded by the appearance of a "supe" who amidst cheers lighted with a taper the gas jets which provided the footlights. Then, Mrs. Holman, wearing a comfortable white woollen shawl, squeezed through the musicians' trap door and made the piano lead the modest orchestra in the tunes appropriate to the occasion. Up went the green baize curtain a few minutes later, and the play was on. Applause for Sally and Julia was continuous and well-deserved. Hushed during the intermissions when the male section of the audience adjourned to the near-by bars for the purpose of acquiring fresh inspiration, it broke out with renewed vigor when the performance was resumed.

Old-timers will remember, too, that the celebrated bass singer, Crane, of Robson and Crane, made his dèbut with the Holmans.

Fire brought the business of the Royal to a standstill and the Holmans gave summer performances, either in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, or in a temporary structure on Front street, just west of the Queen's. Since then the Royal has been rebuilt and burned again. After the second burning it stayed burned, and the business of catering to the public in a dramatic or operatic way passed to the Grand, which was managed for years by Mrs. Morrison, whose husband, Dan Morrison, had edited the *Colonist*. They had good bills at the Grand. Once when Sir Henry Irving was there it was given out that the distinguished tragedian required the assistance of a body of young men to play the part of soldiers in one of his Shakesperean plays. The boys volunteered by the hundred. They were going to see Sir Henry at close quarters and on the cheap. When the great night came they were assembled in the basement, uniformed, and provided with pikes—machine guns not having been invented at the period in which they were engaging in war.

After a long wait for Act 3, scene something or other, they were marched upstairs and hustled across the stage a few times, yelling as instructed. Then the door of the basement opened and they descended to disrobe and make for the street without once having cast eyes on Sir Henry, and without seeing a fragment of the play.

The contrast between the theatrical equipment of Toronto in my early days and now is really marvellous. Then there was one struggling theatre. Now there are three devoted to the legitimate, four given up to vaudeville, two to burlesque, fifteen huge picture houses, and a host of small moving picture places too numerous to count. The city certainly loves pleasure.

### Bonifaces of the Old Days

THE Queen's and the Rossin were the swagger hotels. The names of McGaw and Winnet are, and have been for years, intimately connected with the former, and the latter is now the Prince George. There were also the Albion, which John Holderness and James Crocker at different times managed; Lemon's; Palmer's; the American; the Walker; Metropolitan; Revere and many others which were comfortable hostelries; and also the Temperance Hotel on Bay street, which was not so comfortable nor so clean as those which had bars attached. Then there was the old Bay Horse and Cherry's beyond the north end of the city—a popular road house.

Eddie Sullivan's, Fred Mossop's, the Merchants on Jordan street (first run by Jewell, then by Morgan and till its close by good old John Cochrane) were favorite places of public resort, not only for leading Torontonians, but for people from all parts of Canada. Eddie's was at the corner of King street and Leader Lane, and has been demolished to be replaced by an annex to the King Edward. Fred's was the Dog and Duck on Colborne street, and he afterwards ran the Mossop House on Yonge street, until the O.T.A. put him out of business. When these three disappeared it was a distinct loss to the eating public.

Then there were Carlisle and McConkey's on King street with a huge terrapin shell on the sidewalk as an inviting sign. Other places were Eddie Clancy's—he's now running the Wellington Hotel at Guelph; Gus Thomas' English Chop House; Sam Richardson's at the corner of King and Spadina, diagonally opposite which was Joe Power's Power House. When in Toronto in the early 90's I used to go up to see Sam, and enjoy a good glass of ale, and it was there that a fine body of mechanics nightly gathered. They found pleasure in a glass of bitter, and didn't argue or discuss revolutionary questions, as too many of them, deprived of their harmless tipple, do now. On Yonge street there were the Athlete, run by Johnny Scholes, the champion boxer; the Traders by Douglass and Chambers; the St. Charles, which was managed by Jamea O'Neil, until the O.T.A. came into force; and on King street was Headquarters run by the Persse Bros. They all had their convivial patrons.

Of course, I do not pretend to remember all the places or all the changes that have


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taken place in the Queen City—no person could—but I have a vivid recollection of a ride on the upper deck of a horse-drawn street car; of the Great Western Railway Station at the foot of Yonge St., now converted into a fruit market; of the Old St. Lawrence market with its wonderful display of meats, of the lacrosse grounds and of the Queen's Park where I first played lacrosse with the newly organized Whitby club against the old Ontarios in the early days of that great national game.

I also remember Capt. Kerr of the then wonderful steamboat, *Maple Leaf*, which was lost when going to New York during the civil war, having been purchased by the American Government, and I have not forgotten Capt. Bob Moodie, of the little *Fire Fly*, nor the old lake liners, *Highlander*, *Banshee*, and *Passport*, the fastest vessel on the lake, whose engines are still in active service.

In my frequent visits to Toronto nowadays I meet a lot of old friends, and many new ones, but I sadly miss Charlie Taylor, of the *Globe*; Bob Patterson, of Miller and Richard's; Josh Johnston, of the Toronto Type Foundry; John Shields, the contractor; Davy Creighton, who was the first manager of the *Empire*, and Lou Kribbs, his right hand man; Charlie Ritchie, the lawyer; old Mr. Oates, who lived on Isabel street, and told me ghostly stories until my hair stood on end; ex-Ald. Crocker; Cliff Shears, of the Rossin; ex-Ald. Jack Leslie; Ned Clarke, Jack Evans and Tom Gregg, the newspaper men; Johnny Small, the collector of customs; John Maughan, father of Col. Walter Maughan of the C.P.R.; Lud Cameron, the King's Printer; Ned Hanlon, Harry Hill, secretary of the Exhibition, Detective Murray and I really don't know how many other princes of good fellows.

But I occasionally come across T. C. Irving of Bradstreet's, who can tell two funny stories where there was only one before; Peter Ryan, who has retired into official life; Fred Nichols, then on the *Globe*, now a senator; Arthur Wallis, formerly of the *Mail*, now registrar of the Surrogate Court; the Blachfords, who played lacrosse in Winnipeg in the early days; M. J. Haney, the contractor, under whose direction the Crow's-Nest Pass Ry. was built; Hartley Dewart, the leader of the Liberal party in the local legislature; the Bengoughs; Geo. H. Gooderham; Col. Noel Marshall; Acton Burrows; Col. Grassett, Chief of Police; Col. George T. Denison, the police magistrate, whose printed reminiscences make very interesting reading; Arthur Rutter, of Warwick and Rutter; John Littlejohn, the city clerk; and of course, His Worship Mayor Thomas Church, and a big bunch of other live and hospitable citizens.

No matter how large or how small, every city has something or other of which it is pardonably proud. Halifax has its harbor, its citadel and its Point Pleasant Park; St. John has its big fire, its high tides and Reversible Falls; Montreal its splendid situation, Mount Royal and its Royal Victoria Hospital; Ottawa, its Parliament Bulldings and Chaudiere Falls; Vancouver its Stanley Park; Quebec its romantic history, its citadel, its Dufferin Terrace and its Chateau Frontenac; Moncton its "bore;" Peterboro its big Trent Canal lock lift—the biggest in the world; Kenora, its ten thousand islands; Lake Louise, in the Canadian Rockies, its enchanting beauty; Oshawa and Galt their manufactures; but Toronto's great boast is that it possesses the biggest Fair on the continent and the tallest building in the British Empire.

## Money and Motion Pictures

*Continued from page 13*

are the financial respresentatives for producing companies. The industry is marching forward, and it is welcoming wholesome criticism.

The real cause for criticism is that there are still companies making lurid, impossible and often revolting pictures, and the public, instead of shunning these films, go and pay money to see them. The critics too often judge the film industry by one bad picture, overlooking half a dozen good ones. Just as the world of literature is judged by the best that it offers—not by the trash—so the films should be judged by the best examples—not the worst—and the best should be constantly held as a point of attainment.

The motion picture industry is capable of standing on its own feet. All it has ever needed is the chance that it is beginning to get, a chance to show that the people who stand for the best in the industry understand fully that good clean stories depicting human emotions, comedy, human ambitions and desires—are all needed.

The industry is young. The man who wrote the sales prospectus, which said that the surface of the industry had not been scratched, was right. To-day the film producing and distributing organizations are attracting big brains and big business. As an investing proposition there is, of course, the chance of big returns—or failures—if the venture is young. In the case of the more-established firms that have shares for sale (many firms have no stock to offer to the general public) their stock is listed, and can be bought in the open market. They have the history of what they have done as a sales talk, and, naturally, they are the safer, if not the more spectacular, investment.

And, always, there will be small dealers, and crooked ones, just as always out from the bottom will rise a man who will do something just a little bit better than some other man has done the same thing—and so make a place for himself.

The story of the picturization of Frank L. Packard's story, "The Miracle Man," is just one example of a small company of honest investors striking a gold mine at the first shot. It has been done before—and will be done again.

## The Big Time Man

*Continued from page 8*

up most of another wall. A huge family Bible occupied the centre of the table, and around it were scattered, in exact order and spacing, a few gaudily-bound books, of the kind with which Sunday Schools used to reward virtue. It was rather a pathetic room, a place of memories and associations with the dead more than one used by the living.

A feeling of pity for the lonely old man came over the girl. With all his great wealth, what did he know of the joy and gladness of life? The humblest of his laborers, with friends and family about him, tasted infinitely more of its goodness. He was the most awkward and pathetic thing in the place.

He showed her faded family photographs, some ancient funeral cards, and the pages of records in the big Bible. These courtesies over, he seemed at a loss to know what to do for the entertainment of his guest.

"You can play the piano, I suppose?" he asked, walking over to the instrument and opening it. "We haven't much in the way of music besides this book." And he took up an ancient volume of Gospel Songs and opened it before her. She touched the yellowed keys; they were stiff with age and dust and damp. Some were dumb, here and there a wire had snapped, all were horribly out of tune. She did her best to play something from memory, something simple and tuneful, but the result was a dreadful jumble of discords.

"That is very nice, Ida. You play well," her uncle complimented her. Playing was kin to the conjuring art with him, and he watched her nimble fingers rather than listened to the sounds the ancient instrument emitted.

The musical ordeal over, the two sat for some time in awkward silence on the slippery, penitential chairs.

"I am sure you want your pipe, Uncle, and are depriving yourself just to be polite to me. I really like the smell of tobacco," she said.

"We never smoke in this room," he said, as if she had suggested that he have a

pipe in some church. "I smoke in my little snuggery. Perhaps you would not mind sitting there."

HE SEEMED immensely relieved when he dropped into a ricketty old arm-chair by the side of the bare hearth and lighted his pipe. Ida thought she had smelt more fragrant tobacco, but the pungent reek of the home-grown weed was better than the mustiness of that funereal drawing-room. The room was rather untidy. The only ornaments were long rows of bottles, ranged on improvised shelves, specimens of the firm's manufacture, dating back probably to the first produced by MacPhee at Bargrave. Catching the girl's gaze on them, MacPhee began a dissertation on the history of bottles, so far as they were related to his factory, tracing their evolution from comparatively primitive forms to their latest development. Then he dropped into one of his sudden periods of silence, rousing only when his pipe was finished, and the dingy old clock on the wall chimed the hour of eight. Then he rose and took a bottle of medicine from the desk.

"Doctor's trash!" he said, with a grim grin. "But if you consult them you have got to humor them just so far. And anyway it's good for the bottle trade. If it weren't for patent remedies and medicinal grave-cheaters, we'd all have to go into the bankruptcy courts. Often, my lass, the only honest thing about the stuff is the bottle that holds it." He poured out a dose, gulped it down, and grinned at her again.

"But you are better, Uncle?" she asked. She knew that a week or so before he had been compelled to absent himself from business for a whole day.

"I don't know that I've ailed much," he replied. "Of course the works of a clock better none with age. I'm seventy-two, you know, my lass. Been living on borrowed time these two years past. The doctors say I've got to slow up. Slow up! Talk's easy. If a doctor slows up, who's the worse off? He just locks his door, takes his ease, and maybe his patients are all the better off for it. But who is to take care of the big ship, with thousands aboard, when the old pilot steps from the wheel? Three thousand folks get their daily bread, and their folks with them, from MacPhee's. They say the factories are mine. That isn't so. I don't own them so much as they own me. I'm their servant, their slave, but, mind you, a very willing one.

"And while I rest and play who is to take the ship's wheel?" he asked. "Whom have I to put in control? Just men you've got to move like pieces on a chess board. They'll bide where you put them till you pick them up and set them down on another square. And it's just as well. If once you gave them their head—!" he threw up his hands in a gesture eloquent of total ruin in the event of which he spoke.

"I tell you, Ida, the rarest thing in this world is the top-notch man. You hear folks blate about the equality of men. There isn't such a thing. If you want to be sure of it, employ a few thousands of them. There's the aristocrat, there's the middle class, and there's the big, big lower class. I can get a million three-dollar a day men, but if I want a twenty thousand dollar a year man, can you tell me where to find him? The world's hunting for him and bigger men still, like men hunt for gold and diamonds. Equality! And so they say if men are not equal, we'll make them ao. All men are pretty much alike so far as their feet go, and when your envious mob wants to equalize them it goes along the rows, and when it finds one taller than the rest, it lops off his head. Down with brains that make men unequall

"And then, if you did happen to get hold of a good man, whom you could trust not to play ducks and drakes with the place, he'd be so choked up with conceit and sense of his own importance that you might as well abdicate at once. What king is there who wants to let in another king on his job?"

Ida knew he was thinking about Jim Douglas, but she said nothing. MacPhee puffed away in silence for several minutes, having lighted a fresh pipe.

"There was Douglas—Jim Douglas—" he went on. "He knew the business, upstairs and down below, almost as well as I know it myself after all these years.

"He could handle men, had a hound's nose for business, he could find it, discuss it, close it. But, like all youngsters, he thought that wisdom would be buried at his funeral. New machinery, new methods, new policies. I'll say this for him, that if he had been reasonable, he could have carried the job, and I could have rested with a fairly easy mind. I wonder if he's on the old job still? I heard he'd taken to the road again."

"Yes, I think he is. Sometimes I hear from him," she replied.

"Star salesman," he ruminated. "Could make friends as easy as some make enemies, and could close a deal easier than some men I have on the road can lose one. But obstinate as a mule—and worse—when he sets himself."

SHE laughed as a dour grin spread over MacPhee's face.

"And when you happen to write to him, you can tell him what I say about him," he added.

"I will," she smiled. "He always inquires about you and the business."

"He does, eh?" he said. "Maybe he realizes by this time that he was hasty and headstrong. I brought him up in a business way, taught and trained him, but he got to have big notions. Knew more than I did. I was old MacPhee, old and done for, and he was the new man, wanting to step into my shoes. You and he pretty thick?"

She colored a little as she smiled under the scrutiny of his keen eyes.

"We are good friends," she replied.

"Humph!" he grunted, and dropped the subject of Douglas. He began to talk now of family matters, of his father and mother, tales of his boyhood, the early fight he had fought to establish himself—the topics an old man loves to speak of, the tales of life's morning when the world yet was dew-pearl'd, and God in His heaven, smiling down through blue skies. Really the world never was what it seems to be to age, but there were hope and sunshine, dreams and ideals, that made it very fair. These remain, fragrant, sweet and fresh as first love. Over the sadness and pain and tragedy there spreads a rose-mist that makes the recollection not all unrelieved sorrow.

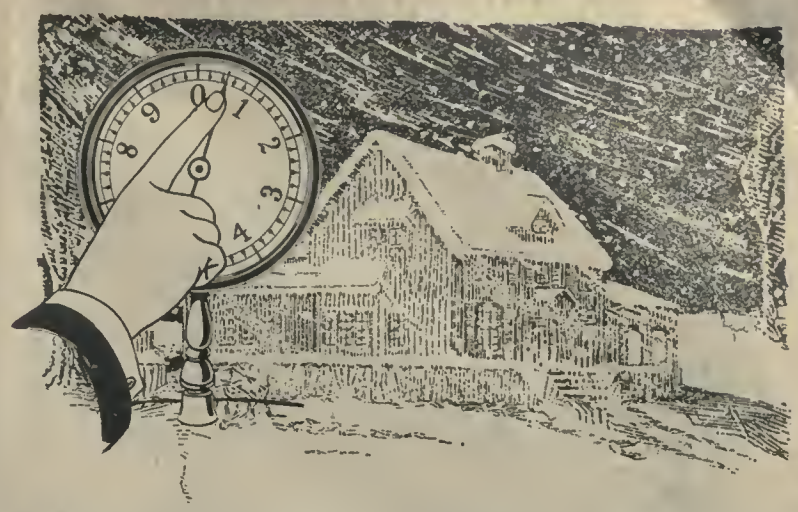
"I am glad you came, Ida," he said as she prepared to leave. "There are just the two of us near kin. I am afraid this is a dull place, hut it has harbored dull people these many days, people who never were young, maybe, and who never knew how to play. I've been wondering this while back if you would be willing to come up here and make this place your home. It might be brightened a bit, and perhaps I might learn how to play after a while. Think it over, lassie. I shall not be hurt if you can't see your way to come, because I know it's a dull place. I never seemed to notice it so much as to-night. Perhaps you could brighten it for us, make it prettier and more lively. There's the money to do it with, and I'd let you do what you want with it. If I'm going to learn to play I guess I'll have to provide the toys. Oh, lassie, there's infancy at both ends of life. Good-night! If I had had lass or lad of my own, things might have been different, but it's been all bottles, glass bottles, till I sometimes think my soul's one of them, just an empty container."

He bent over her awkwardly, a flush on his face, and kissed her on the forehead.

"You are my own kin," he whispered huskily.

There was appeal in the words, the voice. The lonely soul of the old millionaire was crying out for companionship. It was as one in the wilderness, with the darkness closing in, who hungers for the touch of the hand, the sound of the voice, the fellowship of the spirit of his own kind. He closed the door of the car and stood watching until the darkness swallowed up the speeding machine.

MACPHEE so far yielded to the doctor's advice as to absent himself from the works on Saturdays. It was only a matter of three hours, but he casuistically called it a day, and did as much business at home as he would have done in his office. Shortly after twelve one fine Saturday morning, Ida closed her desk and went off to lunch. She planned to spend the afternoon golfing and was hurrying along to snatch a meal when, at the corner of the High Street, she bumped into an impetuously moving young man who was hastening in the opposite direction. He stepped back, an apology on his lips, hat

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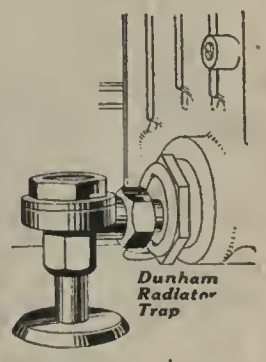
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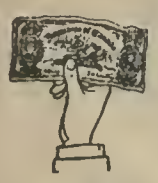
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in hand. Then the formal words were checked. He extended a hand, and held that extended to him by Ida quite a little time longer than was strictly necessary.

"Ida!" he exclaimed, as if suddenly confronted by a beatific vision incarnate.

"Why, Jim, I thought you were in Detroit," she replied.

"No, thank my stars," he exclaimed with much sincerity. It did not imply any reflection on Detroit, but simply indicated that Bargrave with Ida MacPhee was worth, in his present esteem, quite a lot of Detroits.

"I was there until last night," he continued. "Cleaned up there, and then decided to run across the border. I am taking a holiday, so naturally I shaped my course for Bargrave. Good little old town, when all's said and done. I have just left the train, and was scooting up to the works in the hope of catching you before you left. That's why I was cutting corners and exceeding the speed limit. Of course you haven't lunched yet? Fine! We'll go along to the old place. Ida, you're looking finer and prettier than ever."

"Well you needn't tell all Bargrave about it," she rebuked him, for the corner, with a Saturday noon crowd swirling by, was scarcely the spot for amatory compliment.

"I'd like to," he answered. "Though of course they know it already."

He turned with her, and they proceeded to Bargrave's smartest restaurant. The head waiter knew them both, gave Jim a hearty welcome back to the city, and led the way ceremoniously to their favorite corner table. The occasion was so important that some time had to be spent picking out desirable items from the menu, and then it was all of three months since they had met, so there was quite a little conversation sandwiched between the selection of the courses.

"Well, and how's everything?" Jim asked, when at last the waiter had been despatched to the kitchen with the order. "I thought I might run into Mr. MacPhee at the works."

"He wasn't there to-day," she replied. "He doesn't come down on Saturdays now. Doctor's orders."

"Why, that's too bad. What's the matter with him? I can't imagine him staying away from the works for a whole day," said Jim.

"He has to. Really he ought not to be there at all. He's failing fast, Jim. The years are telling on him—the years and the growing burden of the factories. There does not seem to be anyone 'round who can take any of the real load off his shoulders."

"And he'd kill them if they tried," laughed Jim, not over sympathetically. He knew the kind of job it would be to separate old Mac from any part of the burden.

"He's changed, Jim. He is beginning to acknowledge that he's not the man he was," she said.

"Then he must be thunderingly sick," was Jim's unfeeling observation. The old man was Ida's uncle, but that fact made Douglas the less well-disposed toward him.

JIM thought, as did many more in Bargrave, that MacPhee had treated his young relative like the curmudgeon he was.

"I am getting to understand him better than I did," she told him, knowing what he thought of her uncle's chill treatment of her. "I am living up at his house now."

"He must be getting almost human," laughed Jim. "You have all my sympathy, Ida. It must be rather like dwelling in a particularly dull jail."

"Of course it was quite a change at first, but I soon grew accustomed to it. He has given me a free hand, despite Mrs. Dawson. She attends to the routine work of the place, but I am mistress of it and make what changes I decide on. I've had some painting and decorating done, and several of those awful rooms have been refurnished. They look surprisingly nice. The house is really a very pretty one, and if it had a chance it would look well. We got rid of most of the old furniture, that is, packed it away, for it had memories for uncle, and bought some pretty things. Then uncle, without a word to me, had a wonderful baby grand piano sent up for me—my very own. He really likes the change, and is as proud of the new things as if the house had been furnished from the savings of a poor bridegroom instead of from the crumbs that fall from the table of a millionaire. He says he is learning to play. Jim, the place and uncle were pitiable, almost tragic, before."

And she went on to describe her first visit.

"He is like a man who has never known weakness or defeat, who has just begun to realise that he is failing—can hold up little longer. He knows that he is going the same way as the rest, and it is an amazing surprise to him that this can be so. He wants to fight on, hates to quit, but he knows the foe is too powerful for him. He has always been terribly lonely, but he has never felt the measure and intensity of it until now. His pride drives him back to the tasks, but it is like a battered pugilist, often knocked down, but always getting to his feet again for another try. I think he is sorry you are not with him, Jim."

"H'm!" exclaimed Jim doubtfully, helping her to some choice bits from the dish.

"The doctors are urging him to get clear away from everything pertaining to business, but he has no one whom he can leave in charge," she said.

"Of course he has," he answered. "The trouble is, he won't give them a chance."

"Well, rightly or wrongly, they haven't his confidence, not as you had. They may be all right, but if they were in charge he'd worry every minute of night or day he was supposed to be recuperating. That kind of a holiday would do him small good," she said.

"Most folks have worse troubles," observed Jim unfeelingly. "Of course it's too bad that he's sick and growing old, for that's what he's really troubled about. He ought to think of the fine, long innings he has had, and not kick when the time comes for him to be benched. He has more money than he knows what to do with, neither chick nor child to look after. When he dies he'll leave it to some irritating alleged philanthropy to find fat life-jobs for a bunch of fellows who couldn't make a living digging post holes."

"Jim, whatever's the matter with you?" asked Ida. "I never knew you so hard and unsympathetic."

"With all due respect to your worthy uncle, Ida, he makes me weary. He's like Joshua at Ajalon, wanting the sun to stand still while he gets on with his fighting. It's been all self, all along. Too selfish to marry and have a family about him, too selfish to live like an ordinary Christian would, too selfish to quit when he's had his turn, filled his pockets with what would be enough to make a hundred men and their families rich."

"How long was he before he lifted a hand to help you when you needed help?"

"I am sure he was very kind indeed to me," she answered a little indignantly.

"Of course you think so," he laughed. "You think well of everybody."

"No, I don't. I don't think well of you, Jim, when you speak like that," she maintained.

"What has he done? Given you a place in his office where you earn all you get and more. Persuaded you to live at his house when he feels dull and wants cheering up. I don't mind a man who is a hard driver in business—that's what business should be, but I like to see the big getter open-handed in his spending, and generous outside," he said.

"There's no need for you to take up the cudgels for me, Jim," she smiled. "It has been much pleasanter for me to earn what I have had than to think that I had been the object of charity."

"All right, Miss Independence," he laughed back at her. "I guess you are MacPhee most of the way through, not all, for there's something else in you that he never possessed."

"What are you going to do, Jim, after your holiday? Go back on the road again?" she asked.

"Unless something better crops up," he said. "And so far there's nothing in sight. Mulhouse wrote me a while back asking me to look him up when I came this way. I don't know what he has in mind, but I don't think it would be anything that would suit me. Mulhouse and I would run together about as balkily as your uncle and I did."

"You'll run up to see uncle while you are here?" she asked.

"I think it's extremely probable, since you are living at his place," he answered.

"I didn't mean that," she said. "Why don't you go up this afternoon?"

He looked at her inquiringly.

*To be Continued.*

# The City of Peril

*Continued from page 12*

word, and sent a message to *La Prensa* of that city, asking for information as to either Cono Di Marco or a woman named Paladino.

This done, I made it a point to visit my old room over the Schmidlapp laboratory. Nothing came of that visit, except the discovery that the little printing-shop was closed and locked, and the conviction, after an hour of guarded espionage, that the place was indeed empty and deserted.

It was two hours later that McAllister of the Central Office called on me. He was a quiet little man, who looked like a waiter in street clothes. He asked a number of questions as to the points I had already given Lieutenant Belton.

But I felt, all through his talk, that he had come there more for the purpose of sizing me up, of making sure there was not some secondary meaning in the entire movement.

Nothing, of course, had yet been accomplished. A feeling of irritation took possession of me at what I felt to be the law's delays. I wanted action—at once. I wanted to see tangible returns, forgetting that the more cumbersome the machinery the more slowly it could be got under way.

One result of this mood of resentment was a hurried message to the garage for my car. The next was an equally hurried excursion down into the lower East Side, with a dip into those places, from the public libraries to the rooms of Elvira's old lodging-house, where anything might possibly be picked up. Once, as I climbed out of a Second Avenue cellar café that was the haunt of a band of so-called Bolshevists, I came face to face with a quiet little man, who carried a couple of books under his arm. He wore old-fashioned spectacles with polished steel rims, and might have passed for a studious waiter returning to his room. But, as he looked up at me, I saw it was McAllister, of the Central Office. He made a little movement as a sign for me not to stop and talk. So I watched him go quietly on his way, curiously consoled at the discovery of an agent thus surreptitiously working in my behalf.

I even came to take a sort of satisfaction in drifting idly yet determinedly about those Lower East Side streets, although my movements resulted in nothing. I felt, however, that something was being gained with each inch of ground that I covered; I was at least narrowing the area of the unknown.

I was congratulating myself on this fact, when a hand suddenly caught me by the arm and swung me sharply into the shadow of a doorway.

It was Lefty Boyle, with his hat tilted over his eyes and a villainous-looking cigar-end in one side of his mouth.

"Where did you drop from?" I demanded, looking up and down.

"Drop from? I've passed you three times in an hour and a half!" Then he grew suddenly serious. "What are you doin' down here?"

"The same thing that you are doing, I imagine."

He made no effort to conceal his look of disgust.

"Then git off that Irish linen and those twenty-dollar shoes. Do the thing right, if you're going to do it at all. You're only advertisin' yourself."

"That doesn't worry me."

"No, but you're worryin' me! You might as well go out to shoot ducks in a scarlet huntin'-jacket! And for the Lord's sake, cut out the *chauffeur* and tourin'-car when you're east o' Fourth Avenue. That's worse than—than tryin' to hunt moose from a Pullman platform!"

"But we haven't seen the moose yet!" I objected.

"And we never will, gunnin' round with brass bands!"

"But I never bring the car all the way over with me."

"Keep out of the car, altogether! Keep low! Get into your blind, man—get into your blind! Get under cover! This is the kind o' work you've got to do without announcing it in the society columns!"

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### The Face in the Crowd

I ACCEPTED the advice of Lefty Boyle, and at once got under cover. The nature of my disguise, I soon saw, was the cause of considerable mental perturbation on the part of Davis, who with the exception of my one lapse some weeks earlier, had limited my sartorial prerogatives to the mere choice of a morning cravat.

When a man has once come to look on the laying out of your linen as a matutinal rite, and has grown to wield your daily razor with all the solemnity of a Buddhist priest steeped in the mystery of implacable and esoteric exercises, it is no easy matter, I have discovered, to divorce him from such ceremonials. Davis tacitly mourned for the exhumation of my evening clothes; he pined for a laundered shirt-front or a fancy waistcoat to embellish with onyx buttons; he grieved at heart to see me tog myself out in the same disreputable garage-suit which had served its purpose during my meanderings in the Cono Di Marco case. His sensibilities were wounded at the sight of my going about in deplorably soiled linen, in outlandishly unpolished shoes, in an oil-stained cap that would have been scorned by a tinker.

But the effect of that new attire, I must confess, proved in one respect little short of miraculous. I was no longer a marked man on the streets; I was one of the people. When I sauntered into an East Side café, men no longer turned to stare at me, drinkers no longer edged away from me. Ash-blond waitresses no longer tittered when I ventured into a cheap restaurant. Even the patrolmen now let me pass without that searching second glance, which, I suppose, brings disquiet into the breast of all evil-doers. I was spoken to now and then, as I went my ways, with the *camaraderie* of true undergroove fellowship. Card games went on while I stood by. Street gangs no longer dispersed at my approach. I no longer put a damper on dice throwing, or called forth comments from my neighbors in a slum fight.

But if I became less a subject for impolite observation, I became even less an object of polite treatment. I had never reveled much in that subserviency which accords the rich smooth going and soft corners simply because they are rich. I had never luxuriated in those hypocrisies with which so many of their lives are upholstered. And now I accepted things as they came. I took my joy in being one of the people. It was a new and in many ways a unique experience.

BUT at no time was I altogether idle, just as at no time was I altogether happy. There was that ceaseless gnawing anxiety, that eternal doubt as to the outcome of my quest, which kept my restless days from any touch of contentment. Each day opened and closed with an unanswered interrogation.

The tension of this feeling of suspense increased as time went on. No solution of the mystery appeared. At stated intervals I received reports from the police authorities. Periodically Lefty Boyle made his appearance before me. But nothing came of the quest. Replies to my cables dribbled in from foreign cities but no information came with them. Lieutenant Belton drew my attention to the deportation of one Madame Trina Pobloff, who, among other things, was accused of being a member of "The Brothers of the Woods" in the Riga district. She had also been a member of the Central Committee of the Second Soviet. There had been an exchange of notes between Petrograd and the Federal officials at Washington in 1917. Lieutenant Belton wanted to make sure that this woman was not Elvira Sabouroff under another name.

Then came a vague hint that an American woman had joined *El Progreso*, a newspaper published at Chivilcoy, near Buenos Ayres. After much cabling and questioning, the woman in question turned out to be one Senora Maria Abella Sarraga. She was a Bolshevistic Free-Thinker of forty, who had migrated from *La Consciencia Libre*, at Malaga, and had never so much as set foot on North America.

The search was still a blind one. Not a jot of information had come to me; not an inch of ground had been gained. But my resolution was not shaken. I kept doggedly on the move, each day planning a new field of exploration, or, at least, a new examination of ground already gone over.




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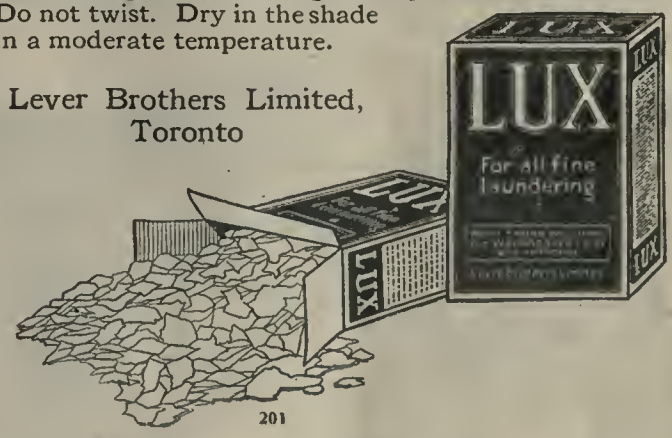
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Ottawa, February, 1920.




The mere law of probability, I argued, would some day bring me in touch with my quarry. The more I kept moving, the greater my chances must prove. It was equally important, I decided, that I should keep open every possible avenue of observation. I felt that my true hunting-ground was along the unordered ways of the underworld, yet I could not overlook the fact that things often came to us from the most unexpected quarters. A hint or inkling of Elvira Sabouroff's whereabouts, I felt, might, through the operation of some perverse law of irony, come to me from that very upper world with which she had been so little in touch.

SO FOR one day out of each week I came up, like a whale, to breathe. I patrolled the Avenue in my car. I drifted from club to club. I visited tea-rooms and knocked about a few of those studios where art is considered a silent partner of conviviality.

But for the other six days of the week I wandered about the City's underworld. I went untidily dressed and unshaved, and became one of the people. I made myself acquainted with the lower end of East Broadway, and bit by bit picked up information as to the different organizations of Russian revolutionists. I located the Bolshevistic "Bunta" in its modest temporary quarters at 196 East Broadway, and, across the way, the so-called "Social Democratic Party." One block south, on Henry Street, the home of the "Social Revolutionary Party" was of equal interest to me.

I loafed and talked and made friends in drinking-places, stood in bread-lines, got on speaking terms with different gang members, and dropped in at dance-halls and smoking-cribs. My visiting-list gradually extended to fiery-tongued Finns and Poles and Jews, to say nothing of a Sinn-Feiner or two. I was made, after a substantial contribution to the "cause," a probationer in the "Mother Earthers," that cosmopolitan revolutionary sect led by Samuel Gicca. Acute and conscienceless demagogue that he was, Gicca interested me. I sized him up as a charlatan, from the first, but his loose-jointed audacity, his cunning and pertinacity, were not to be denied. He had drunk deep, like the rest of his "Mother Earthers," of many a frothing theory; he was a ferment of all the balms and poisons of modern "free thought."

I grew depressed at times, and lonely for things which I could not quite fathom. A sense of guiltiness also took possession of me, as I saw more and more clearly how unequal the distribution of earth's wealth had been. I had never before understood what poverty entailed. I had never had the imagination to put myself completely in the place of those restless souls of the underworld until, even in pretence, I became one of them. And I made certain resolutions as to what was going to be done when my time once more became my own. I sat up, night by night, altering and adding to my working-plan of a tenement-house reform which I some day hoped to see under way. I consoled myself by planning out hygienic sleeping-halls, and a soup-kitchen for the winter months. I began to study how I could turn my Long Island stock farm into a community settlement for East Side city workers. And in the meantime I added repeatedly and recklessly to the coffers of the Macauley Mission.

But nothing of this brought me any nearer to the end of my quest. I stuck to my irregular circle of inspection as doggedly as a patrolman sticks to his rounds; yet I stumbled on nothing to reward me for my search. I have said that I did not despair. It is useless to deny, however, that the flame of hope dwindled down into a very faint glimmer. I suffered more than usual, I suppose, because I had always been denied so little in life. I had never been taught to endure defeat, had never experienced that stern subjugation of the ego which schools us to bow to powers other than our own.

So there were times when I rebelled blindly against my helplessness. There were times, too, when I felt that the whole thing was useless and hopeless, that the search was nothing more than a mockery—a foolish rite which must slowly initiate me into the conviction that Elvira Sabouroff was lost to me, for all time, that she no longer lived, that the vast tides which swept her away had long since buried all trace of her, obliterating all links that bound her to her old life. I had reached the end of my tether.




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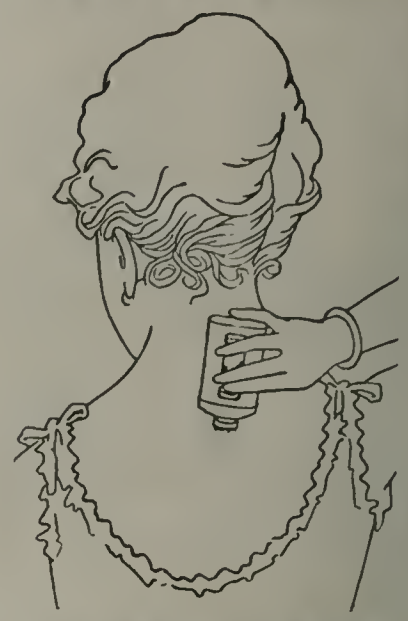
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IT WAS then that I learned my mistake; it was then that the unexpected came about. It happened in a way so unlooked for that it all but dumbfounded me. It made me realize how incongruous the event and its environment may often be, how seldom the great moments of life come to us in a setting that is harmonious.

It was at the end of a warm and showery April afternoon, when even the bald canons of the East Side streets seemed softened and mellowed with the spirit of spring. I drifted into a crowd that blocked the curb near the corner of Second Avenue and East Houston Street, idly speculating on whether it was a fallen truck-horse or a gang-fight.

It turned out to be nothing more than a couple of street peddlers selling a tin musical-instrument known as a lutophone, a small contralto-noted mouth-whistle on which one vendor rendered the popular airs of the day, while his companion accompanied him with barrel-organ *obligato*. The music, as the odd couple struck up their plaintive duet, filled the quiet valley of the street, and caused the evening crowd to come surging thicker and thicker about them.

I stood there in the April twilight, watching the mass of color and the faces of the men and women and children about me. They were of all nationalities, Hungarian and Italian, German and Greek, Russian and Irish and Syrian; even a negro, and a slant-eyed Asiatic or two. They stood there circled about the music, listening, relaxed, wistful-eyed and mournful, touched with the spirit of the sound that throbbed and pulsed up through the quiet April dusk made golden with floating dust.

I let my eye wander over this little sea of saddened faces. Then suddenly, as I peered across the crowd, a tingle of shock swept through all my body, and seemed to burst like a light-globe in my very brain.

For there, not thirty feet away from me, stood Elvira Sabouroff. At her side, at her very shoulder, I saw the face of Sitnikov, the Red. He stood abstractedly wagging his head to the time of the music. I noticed, in that one quick eye-flash at him, that his whole face seemed on the oblique, as though some diabolical instrument of torture had at one time forced the skull back from its undershot jaw, as though it had been shifted and flattened in its framework under some great pressure.

In the next heart-throb my eye was back on the girl's face, as Sitnikov turned on her his child-like and almost inane smile. The unexpectedness of the vision confronting me left me fixed and rooted there, incapable of movement. But it was, indeed, Elvira. I could see the statue-like pallor of the oval face under the shadow of the heavy black veil thrust up over the black hat-brim, the soft little hollows under either cheek-bone—the hollows which had always lent a touch of tragedy to her face. I could see the deep and wistful eyes, with their brooding and wordless hunger—the eyes which had always given her an apparent touch of the deliriant. I could see the full, deep red under-lip, which always had the habit of squaring itself as she talked, giving her face both its childlike note of ingenuousness and at the same time its appearance of inward revolt. I could see the gently sloping shoulders, beside those of the rough men of the street—the relaxed and gently sloping shoulders that seemed so tragically inefficient for opposing the world. I caught a glimpse of the slender young body backed by the great bulk of a van-driver's figure. I saw her, the woman I had loved and lost, with her dreaming eyes gazing absently and idly at the figure of the street musicians who stood beside the crowded curb.

Then thought returned to me. Whether or not I cried out, I cannot say. But I remember battling and fighting my way through the crowd. I remember Sitnikov's start, and the change that swept over the girl's face as she looked up at the sudden commotion. I remember that she turned quickly away, with what seemed almost a look of fear in her eyes, and loosened the heavy veil from her black hat-brim. And it was then that I flung myself against the human barrier that separated us.

My one passion was to reach her side; my one impression was that to lose time would be to lose everything. But in this I defeated my own ends.

The closely packed crowd resented my incomprehensible assault. Shoulders and elbows barred my way. A hand caught at my coat, and playfully held me back. I had to drill through them, like a football player bucking the lie. I had to fight every inch of the way.

When I reached the spot where the white-faced girl had stood, she was no longer in sight. She had disappeared through the quiet evening dusk as completely as though she had been a timid ghost affronted by the sheer frenzy of my advance. What became of Sitnikov I could not tell. But I nursed the vague impression that he had not fled with the girl. Some subliminal conviction told me that she had turned away alone, of her own will. She had not been shackled or dragged away from me.

I shuttled back and forth through the crowd. I hurried into side-streets, circled about neighboring squares, doubled on my tracks, and resumed the chase in still other directions. There was not a trace of Elvira to be found. I had lost her again.

But a drunkenness sang in my head and danced through my veins as I paced the evening streets, soft with coming Spring. I had seen her; she was alive and well. At least, I knew that she and I, that night, were both somewhere housed by the walls of the same city.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### The Old and the New

I LOST no time in advising both Lieutenant Belton and Lefty Boyle of the new turn of affairs. A second general alarm for "Elvira Paladino, *alias* Sabouroff" was at once sent out to the police.

The day was still young when Lefty Boyle and a chosen few of his kindred spirits were going over the entire East Side, burrow by burrow, like rats through a wheat-bin.

I was a new man, myself. I had now something on which to centralize my activity; something tangible to fight for. I was no longer a disheartened idler. I seemed more like a Meadowbrook hound after a good sniff of his "worry meat." I could not be happy until I was once more on the hunt.

But, on second thoughts, as the morning wore away and nothing came to reward our different movements, new perplexities presented themselves. I knew that Elvira was alive. I felt sure that she was a free agent, that she was not denied the right to come and go on the city streets, that she was not being held a prisoner against her will. Yet for some unfound and unfathomable reason she had let herself drop away from my life. She had made no effort to come to me when accident had brought us face to face. She had evaded and escaped me.

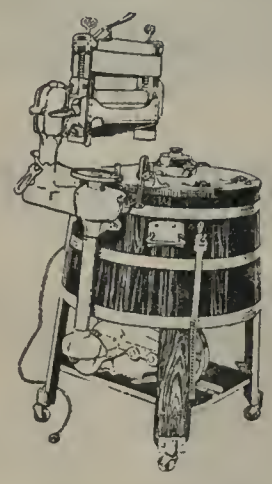
Was there not something more disturbing in this, I kept asking myself, than in the earlier thought of her disappearance against her own will? Could the mere suspicion of death be less disturbing than the actual death of all her old self, her old sympathy and feeling, everything that had seemed to leave her so vital and so essential to me? Was not this separation in spirit, whatever it meant, much worse than the mere separation of space? And what, of all things, had given rise to such an attitude on her part?

It was more than I could fathom, a mystery beyond my power to solve. But I felt that it was based on some stupendous mistake. I still struggled to coerce myself into the belief that it had arisen out of some misapprehension, which even a moment of talk might set right. I let the riddle stand, and went on with the indeterminate chase. Then for the second time the unlooked-for thing took place, to impress on me again how often the wheel of accident drops unexpectedly into the groove of destiny.

It occurred on the third afternoon of my renewed search, as I stood north of the Brooklyn Bridge approach, scanning every face that drifted back and forth through that tide-gate of restless humanity. I heard an unexpected little shriek of wonder and then my name called, as a wine-colored limousine circled from the bridge approach into Park Row. I would have dipped into the crowd and lost myself at once, but I saw the car slow down, swing about and shudder up to the curb within ten yards of where I stood. I saw a plumed hat held in by a pearl-tinted veil, and then a second veil-covered hat as a gloved hand was waved to me.




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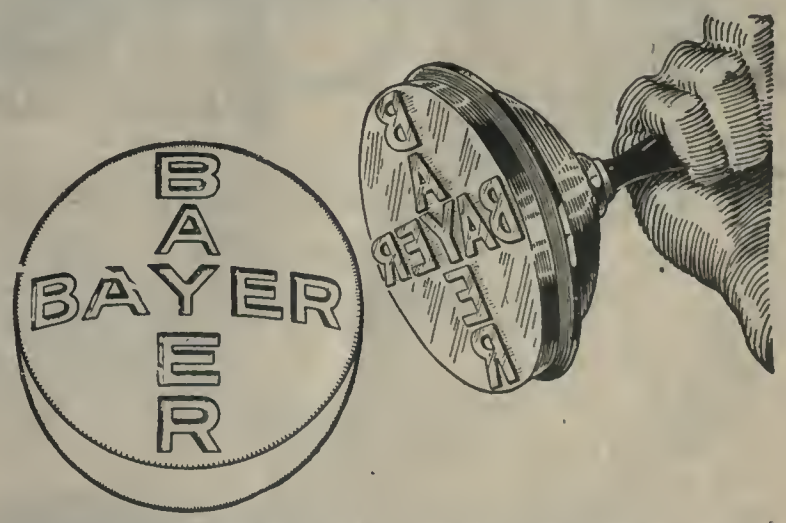
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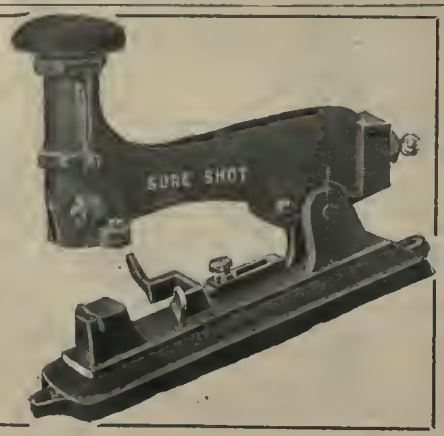
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I knew it was the Stillwell limousine, and that one of the women seated in it was Natalie Stillwell herself.

"Why, Rebbie, is it you?" cried Natalie, as I stepped to the opened door of the car. The woman with her, I saw, was Nannie Washburn. I surmised, even before they told me, that they were on the way home from Westbury, after a glimpse of the trial heats for the cup race at Garden City. It seemed one of the trivial things of life now, that fiercely fought contest on a muddy parkway, where wolfish faces under leather helmets and goggles whirled about a race-track for the mere sake of demonstrating that one thing of cranks and shafts and wheels went faster than another.

"Aren't you under the weather, Rebbie?" asked Nannie, as she made room for me on the deep-cushioned seat.

"Yes, do," said Natalie, as I still hesitated. "And we'll drop you at your door."

NATALIE herself, I noticed as I took my seat in the car, was different and yet the same. There was the same undisturbed sense of well-being, the same full-blooded languor which careless observers might call laziness, the same impression of being a spectator of life rather than an actor in its movements. Yet, in some way, I seemed to miss the familiar touch of imperiousness, the old-time careless joyousness which had always made her air of one born to the purple so easy to forgive. There was the same casual yet queenly poise of the alert head, the same wonderful light in the deep, sapphire eyes.

"Well, you *have* been keeping Lent!" was Nannie's prompt declaration. The sapphire eyes were on me, watching me closely. They made it no easy matter for me to have my retort a laughing one.

"Or is this the sackcloth and ashes of repentance?" pursued Nannie.

"Or the disguise of a modern Dupin in search of a clue?" suggested Natalie. She joined in Nannie's laugh, yet something in both her tone and her words brought my glance up to her face. She returned my look, steadily.

That feeling of an old affection which has paled and withered, of an old friendship which has suffered change and loss, is not a pleasant one. Nor is it easy to step back, at a lift of the hand, into those grooves of life which you feel you have outgrown.

I found it hard to explain what had kept me so preoccupied. I marshalled a number of vague trivialities that were as foolish as they were unsatisfying. It angered me to think that I was making such a mess of the thing.

"We have missed you," said Natalie, with a simplicity and directness which left my own weak duplicities all the more hateful to my eyes. Whatever Natalie Stillwell was, I felt she was always a thoroughbred.

Nannie must have detected the spirit of some repressed and unspoken drama in the air about her, for she suddenly demanded that she be dropped at the door of the Colony Club.

There were several minutes of silence as Natalie and I sat alone in the car, and it went swinging and purring northward again.

"What's the new game, Rebbie?" she said at last, without looking at me.

"There's no new game," I answered, truthfully enough. "I'm tired of games."

Again there was that pregnant silence, and I almost thought I heard a ghost of a sigh escape from the woman at my side. She must, at that moment, have felt that our old, more intimate intercourse was in itself a sort of game—a game where I had light-heartedly pursued because she had always light-heartedly fled. Then she spoke.

"Rebbie?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Would you mind telling me what has become of your protegée—the girl with the advanced ideas about—about Bolshevism and such things?"

She was looking at me quite bravely as she asked the question.

"Why do you ask?"

"I've heard her spoken of—even Harvey said he had met her, you know."

"She's here in New York," I answered.

Natalie's eyes widened a little, and then grew even more narrow than before.

"Not making bombs?"

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I SHOULD have felt thankful if there had been something in the tone of that question to call forth my anger. But there was not. The woman at my side seemed only to be seeking information.

"She never made bombs. She merely accepted certain communistic ideals of life and conduct."

"Which means she is a Bolshevist?"

"She is no longer a Bolshevist," I answered.

Again there was a moment or two of silence.

"Has she friends?"

"Yes, many of them—too many of them," I replied.

"You are interested in her, of course?"

"Yes, I am interested in her."

I knew the sapphire eyes were looking at me.

"Do you think there is any way in which I could help her?" asked Natalie, very simply. It was a question that was not very easy to answer.

"I know of no way in which your help could be extended to her," I replied at last, feeling a little ashamed of my pomposity, even as I spoke. I had not meant my answer to seem a rebuff, either veiled or open, but three of Natalie's white teeth were compressed on her full and softly lined under-lip.

"She is Russian, is she not?" was the next question.

"Partly Russian—partly Austrian."

"A sort of daughter of the people?"

"Yes," I answered. It was my turn to look up, and Natalie's turn to look away, out of the limousine's misted window.

"I suppose she eats herrings and sunflower-seeds with salted pickles?" Natalie mildly inquired.

I felt more at ease after that equalizing touch of emotion on her part.

"There have been days, I rather imagine, when she has not even had that to eat!"

We were two blocks farther north when Natalie spoke again.

"Rebbie," she cried, with a sudden gush of deeper feeling breaking into her voice, apparently against her will, "let me help you in this, won't you? Let me feel that I can be of use to you in something that counts! Let me try to repay some of the things you have done for me!"

It is usually not regarded as one of the bitter ordeals of life to have a wonderfully beautiful woman turn to you and plead to be of service. I could feel the tug of the old vague affection at that moment. But I knew it was useless. There was no need even for a struggle. It was like a breath playing on ashes and dead embers; there was no warmth left to revive.

"What can either of us do?" I asked, in a vague effort to evade the issue.

Once more Natalie looked at me out of her sapphire eyes, and her face was a little paler than before. Her hand moved toward me. I might have taken it, but I could not. It was quietly withdrawn.

"Are you changing, Rebbie?" she asked, with the ghost of a smile. Like all ghostly things, it was not merry.

I felt that one of life's big moments was confronting me, and that I was failing to meet it as I ought. I tried to sweep back an engulfing tide of depression with the mental declaration that it was at least my duty to be honest. But I could not divorce my mood from the memories of the past, from that life which the woman at my side had once seemed to illuminate. Life without those memories seemed as thin and cold as northern sunlight after the genial warmth of a tropical winter.

I thought of the girl listening to the lutophone music in the April twilight, with the street dust golden above her, with the city teeming and throbbing about her lonely spirit. And with the memory of that face went my last doubt. It was greater to give love than to receive it. Expenditure, in this life, was the only law of acquisition. I sat there, wondering how I could express a change so implacable and yet so cruel, a conviction so plain and yet so paradoxical. Then I looked up, for I saw the car had at last stopped in front of my door.

NATALIE was the Natalie of old, holding out her gloved hand to me. She had, I could see, put on her old armor of humorous indifference. She sat cuirassed and helmeted in the invisible steel of convention. Pride waved like a plume of chivalry, intangible yet towering, above her beautiful head.

"Come and see me when you can," she




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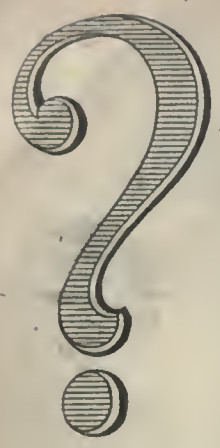
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said, with a smile that was engaging in its very abstractedness.

I promised to do so, as I shook hands with her, quite solemnly, through the open limousine door. Then she called me back.

"I'd like to talk to you some time," she said, "about Harvey."

"What about Harvey?" I asked.

My question seemed to bring the cuirass and helmet once more between us. There was no conscious movement, as of wounded sensibility drawing into its shell, but I knew she had deferred saying what impulse had first prompted her to say.

"It's nothing that can't wait. We'll talk about it when you're free again!"

The limousine swerved in a graceful curve out from the sidewalk where I stood. I watched it join and merge into the Avenue's line of evening traffic. Then I turned and went up to my apartment with a wordless feeling of discontent and depression.

Davis met me at the door. One glance showed me that something had disturbed that usually imperturbable spirit.

"What is it?" I demanded. Davis, at times, was not hard to anticipate. His spoken word often came to me like the sound of a distant whistle over which I had already seen the steam-blast flower and fade.

"Lefty Boyle has been here," was his answer.

"And?"

"He told me to tell you at once, sir, that he has located Sitnikov!"

"Sitnikov?"

"Yes, sir, Sitnikov, the man who threw the second bomb," explained Davis.

"Sitnikov!" I repeated triumphantly

The name seemed to fall like a portcullis between my old world and the new.

### CHAPTER XXXVI

#### The Coast of Silence

TWENTY minutes later, I had started out in search of Lefty Boyle. He was to meet me at ten, but the thought of an idle and wasted night was too much for me. Inactivity was now impossible. So Davis hurriedly ordered the car from the garage while I had a bite to eat. In half an hour's time we were dragging the city for Lefty, very much the same as life-savers drag a lake for a lost body.

It took two hours of quick and continuous search before he was brought to the surface. Then, by the sheerest good luck, I caught sight of him interrogating a patrolman on the upper side of Chatham Square.

He made no effort to conceal his annoyance when I drew up and called out to him.

"I wish you'd run that devil-wagon into the East River!" he said, with an unsavory expletive or two. He climbed in, nevertheless, at an impatient sign from me. I had no time to lose in talk.

"You've got Sitnikov?" I demanded.

"Have I?" he retorted. "Then I wish you'd tell me where I've got him."

"I only go by what you told Davis."

"I guess I crowed too soon," admitted the little man, with still another soft yet blasphemous interjection.

"You mean he got away?"

"He ducked and ran, all right. But we've found his outside fence, and we're after him again."

"Then let's get him."

Lefty Boyle looked at me and laughed a little.

"There's no special use trying to hurry these things; it only balls you up. This man's a fugitive from justice, and he's going to fight before he'll be cornered."

"But we've got to corner him, fight or no fight."

"We've got to get him when he's not looking for fight, or for us!"

"Where's his fence, as you call it?"

"Among the Island dagoes, somewhere between Bath Beach and Sea Gate."

"That means most of Coney Island, doesn't it?"

"Yes, most of the water-front, at any rate. There's a couple o' shootin'-gallery men out there who supply material to some of the *Nero-Mano* bomb-makers. Sitnikov worked with a man named Schmidlapp, who's the smoothest soup-mixer in the business here."

It was a link, but nothing more.

"What are you doing about it?" I asked.

"I'm working it up from the New York end. I want to locate those two shootin'-gallery men."

"Then I'm going to get at the Coney Island end!" I averred, with a decision and promptness which caused Lefty to

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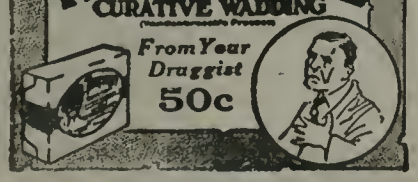


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look me over a little skeptically. He shrugged a shoulder.

"What can you do?"

"Try to find Sitnikov."

I was thinking of the last time I had seen that slant-faced Slav; but, most of all, I was thinking of the figure that had stood at his side.

"Then cut out this cursed car, whatever you do!" said Lefty, with a touch of disgust. There was nothing subservient about him. He believed in candor, at any cost.

It was a full hour's run out Ocean Parkway to the Island, even with Davis' studied forgetfulness as to the speed law on side-streets and open stretches. The night air seemed damper and cooler once we had left Prospect Park behind us. Few indeed were the travellers we met as we swept out over the lonely flatlands dotted with gas-lamps, and then across a miasmal-smelling creek into streets of wooden buildings that reminded me of a Neapolitan slum.

CONEY ISLAND was still in the chrysalis stage. Surf Avenue had not yet opened up into its butterfly gaiety of Spring. The blank-windowed hotels still hibernated above the ocean tides; the parks were still unlighted and unpainted, looking dingy and spectral in the faint light. Only along Surf Avenue itself were there signs of life. An occasional shooting-gallery, a sprinkling of moving-picture halls, a few drinking-places and photograph-pens, a gloomy array of stalls that suggested the peanut-roaster, the candy-seller, and the sausage-vendor—these made up the still wintry cocoon of Coney Island.

My first thought was to stow away the machine in an empty parking-shed. My next was to make a round of the shooting-galleries, while Davis drifted about the water-front. Then I swung back to Surf Avenue, the one artery of traffic that still held light and life.

I explored that avenue carefully, block by block. I went over it, first on one side and then on the other, as an oysterman rakes his beds, foot by foot, always looking for the one face, always hoping for a glimpse of the one figure. The wind blew in from the Atlantic, cold and raw, bringing a drizzle of rain with it. I was glad of my fur-lined motor-coat. I felt that a smoke might prove equally consolatory, though I had to turn into the shelter of a doorway, out of the wind, before I could get a light.

My eye rested idly on a thin and stoop-shouldered figure of a man entering an Italian grocery-store. It was a huddled and forlorn figure, with the rain dripping from its black hat-brim. Idly I watched the man as he made his frugal purchases, two pounds of macaroni, an Italian loaf, and a quart of red onions. I watched him as he took the paper bag under his arm and turned toward the door.

Then I stepped quietly but quickly back into the shadow until he had passed.

For the man with the bag under his arm was Sitnikov.

### CHAPTER XXXVII

#### The Fight in the Dark

I HAD found again the first link in the unknown chain. I had made my first actual step toward some solution of the mystery before me. I felt like a miner who had stumbled on the out-croppings of a long-sought mother-lode.

I waited with quickened pulse, for I would have faced anything rather than lose that one slender link. I followed the thin and stooping figure as it beat against the wind and rain westward along the lonely stretch of Surf Avenue, and then north, and then west again, until it emerged on the waterfront facing what must have been the Ambrose Channel. Before me was nothing but gloom and silence and empty street-ends, dunes, and the hollows of white sea-sand, punctuated here and there by the ghostly sign of a land-agent. Far away on my right I could see the vague glow of New York and Brooklyn against the sky, in auras of misty gold. Before me, where the seafront merged into marshland and open water, I could see the lonely twinkle of shore-squatters' lights, the gray mass of an occasional tarpaulin-covered launch, and a ghostly schooner or two.

I saw Sitnikov cross to the water's edge, look guardedly back, and then whistle out into the darkness. A light appeared on what seemed to be a derelict house-boat. A door opened and closed, and a voice called cautiously back across the water. Then came silence again. Presently I heard the thump of an oar, two voices in mumbling talk, and a sound like the grate of a keel on a bed of oyster-shells. Sitnikov had dropped into the boat.

There was more mumbling and talking, a sound of quiet rowing. The two men were apparently returning to the stranded house-boat. I heard a door open and close. I could see a thin plume of smoke from a stovepipe-end above the cabin. Then I caught a glimpse of light from the window, and heard the splash of something thrown into the water. I had never dreamed that, anywhere within the circle that held Greater New York, such solitude could be found.

I walked along until I came to three oarless punts chained and padlocked to a wave-lapped, water-logged piece of timber embedded in mud. I chose the weakest of the three locks, and forced the staple. Next I found a piece of board—a strip from a lemon-crate—that would serve as a paddle. I knew that I should have no tide to contend against in such a quarter, and I felt grateful for it as I made my way as quietly as I could toward the house-boat. I swung about under her stern, and caught at the rotten decklip with my hand, in order that there should be no noise. I tied my boat and stepped silently on board. Then I approached the cabin window and reconnoitered.

The scene that met my eyes was unassuming enough. On a small cook-stove raised from the floor by means of bricks, a half-dressed man in a dull red undershirt was frying fish in a pan.

ON THE back of the stove steamed a pot of macaroni. Behind this stood Sitnikov, drying his wet coat. I saw him take two Italian "rat-tail" cigars out of his vest pocket and hold them up before the man frying the fish. His lean Slav face broke into a grin as he did so.

The fat man shifted his position, and I could see him better. I took him to be a Greek or a Syrian—he was so swarthy, his hair so black. But when I heard him speak, I decided otherwise. I thought, for a moment, that he might possibly be a Bulgarian. He was thick-shouldered and of medium height, dressed only in a woollen undershirt and a pair of lime-stained trousers. I finally decided, however, as I studied his face, that he was an Italian. He contemplated the frying fish with placid contentment. Sitnikov took an appreciative look into the macaroni-pot. I felt sorry that I was to spoil so good a meal.

I did not care to face the two of them at once, yet I would feel safer if neither of them got away. I knew my chance was at hand, however, when I saw the fat Italian lift the pot from the stove and approach the door, to drain the water from the macaroni over the side. So I waited for him, as close beside the little cabin door as I could get.

I thought that I should be able to do the business silently, without betraying my presence to the second man inside. But in this I was mistaken. The Italian squealed like a stuck pig the moment I fell on him. Even when I had the breath half choked out of his fat body he bubbled and groaned with huge seismic noises.

I had to put him out with my bare knuckles—with a quick, hard punch just above and forward of the ear. He rolled over and relaxed, like a clubbed seal.

It was none too soon, for I could see that Sitnikov, inside, had already blown out the light. I knew there was trouble impending from that quarter.

It came more promptly than I had expected. It came in the form of a revolver-shot almost beside my ear, and a stab of flame through the darkness not five inches above my head. The shot was repeated before I could duck. I felt it sweep my motor-cap from my head. Then I came to my senses, and made the only counter movement possible—a quick drop and a dive for the man's feet.

I caught him by the ankles with a quick outward pull, even as my fingers clamped on his thin legs. It brought him down on the base of his spine, with a shock that must have stunned him for a second or two. His revolver went off for the third time as he fell, but I had my hand on his pipe-stem of a wrist before he could use it for a fourth shot. I knew that he would not have hesitated about putting a bullet through my head.

*Continued on page 54*




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# A Community Theatre "In the Wilds"

By GWEN CASH

"OKANAGAN" someone mentions; "Fruit" answers your mind if you are well Pelmanized or if, as the psychologist terms it, your mind works on the "associations in the margin of consciousness" plan. But from now on, according to your bent, the answer can be either "fruit" or "theatre." For on the third of November of this year the first "little theatre" of Canada, built by Mr. Carroll Aikins on his ranch at Naramata in the Okanagan, was opened by Canada's Prime Minister.

It stands, a landmark for many miles around, in the midst of Mr. Aikins' hundred acre orchard. From Summerland, three miles across the lake, its clear, somewhat "churchy" looking outlines may be seen. And nearly every rancher in Naramata can see it from some vantage point of his lot. Surrounded by fruit trees, between which distant views of the Okanagan lake may be seen, its situation is as unique to the world of art as its advent is to these quiet pastoral scenes. Never was theatre placed among more beautiful scenery. But as Mr. Meighen declared in his wonderfully sympathetic speech Mr. Aikins comes of pioneer stock on both sides and it is fitting that his should be the mind to conceive the thrilling scheme of the first Canadian "little theatre." His grandfather on the maternal side was the Hon. C. C. Colby, who has been rightly termed one of the Fathers of Canadian policy. Many people there are, even now, who remember his splendid oratory and the crowded chamber that greeted his too few speeches, when, as president of the first Privy Council, he held the floor. His paternal grandfather was James Cox Aikins, Lt.-Governor of Manitoba and also a member of Sir John A. Macdonald's cabinet. His father, JohnSomersetAikins was widely known and associated with the business development of the Middle West. The third generation has come still further West, a pioneer too, but of different calibre. Mr. Carroll Aikins is well known as a successful fruit rancher and by the initiated as a poet of infinite charm. To some also he is known as the author of a mythological Indian play, "The God of Gods," produced last season by the Birmingham Repertory Company, Birmingham, England, and it is to be hoped in the near future over here. His latest venture shows still more his infinite faith in Canada and her future, not only in commercial enterprise, but in realms of art.

"We feel that we have reached that point in our history where we may look for a Canadian literature to record Canadian achievement; and it is in that faith that we have built this theatre for the giving of Canadian plays by Canadian actors. We hope that it will be used by the young actor as a training-ground for his abilities, and by the young poet as a testing-ground for his work; and we have great pleasure in offering it to them, for the service of beauty and for a true expression of the Canadian spirit."

(This is the statement of Mr. Aikins' aims taken from the opening program.)

The theatre is built over a very substantial concrete packing-house. The fruits of the earth packed for consumption beneath; the fruits of the mind given to humanity above. The grey plaster walls with green woodwork, the deep, recessed, dormer windows and the quaint old carved furniture of the tiny "foyer" near the entrance, give an atmosphere of old-world simplicity to this charming little theatre built in a very new part of the new world. The stage, as in many of the new little theatres of Europe, is flush with the floor, and the seats, beginning at a distance of fourteen feet from the proscenium, are all raised. Long pews of beautifully grained fir, green like the woodwork, will accommodate comfortably an audience of one hundred. On one side of the stage is a good-sized wardrobe room and on the other a scenery studio, well-equipped with carpenter's tools and painting materials, where settings may be evolved and carried out. Above the stage at the two sides are dressing-rooms, and immediately overhead every allowance has been made for a complete up-to-date lighting system which it is hoped will be installed another season. And in the near future a permanent plaster sky is to be built in at the back of the stage, similar in construction to that in the former Chicago Little Theatre, where Mr. Maurice Browne did such interesting pioneer work in lighting effects. Mr. and Mrs. Aikins have visited many of the little theatres of the United States and have tried to unite here the best features of little theatre architecture, obtained elsewhere after many years of experimental work. Mr. Aikins is doing some wonderful work connect-

*THE little talents of individuals bound together in one common effort make the genius of the people. Every community, no matter how remote or obscure, is rich in unsuspected ability and talent of innumerable sorts, and is, in fact, chiefly made up of people who have not done what they can do either for lack of opportunity or from lack of any experience which shows them that they can do it. "Two years ago, up among the hills of Vermont," an American writer tells us, "I found myself one summer afternoon on an out-of-door grand-stand in a community theatre. There was music of a simple and effective, but in no sense of a remarkable character, composed by a young man of the town and played by an orchestra which he had mustered from among the townspeople and there was a chorus similarly produced. The actors and dancers were in costumes which, though appropriate and picturesque, were made of cheap and ordinary materials. The stage was Mother Earth—a hillside with "wings" of forest to frame it, and at one side in view of all the people the town itself with its little river in the valley below. The people had come up to this spot to see, but more than that to give, a pageant."*

*Still, the miracle of the emotions which had been produced did not seem to be explained. The amateur acting and dancing which the people had seen could not compare in point of skill with that which they could see almost any day in the theatres of their town. The same could be said of the music in comparison with the artists who visited the town to give concerts. Nor was there, here, as frequently upon the professional indoor stage any noted actor's or actress's name to give glamor to the occasion. The actors were local carpenters, bankers, farmers, merchants, lawyers, blacksmiths, the everyday people of the town and their wives and sons and daughters. None of the things shown or done on this outdoor stage were extraordinary or wonder-provoking in themselves—the wonder was that they were being done at all.*

*For this is the new gospel of art—that its joy and beauty and refreshment and inspiration are not for a favored few in some distant metropolis, but for all the people in any and every corner of the land—not in some far away day of wealth and "culture", but now, and with materials already at hand. Art is not something you buy and hang on a wall. It is not something you get. It is something you do. The real happiness of art belongs to the one who creates it, to the artist himself. Hence the reason for the community theatre.*—Editor.



Packing house and community theatre at Naramata, B.C.

ed with scenery for his new play upon a miniature stage, made to scale with the one in the theatre. In his studio he spends long hours experimenting with light and making the scenery for his "baby" stage so that he may get correct artistic values before instructing the carpenters for the theatre stage.

There is something infinitely inspiring about this little theatre among the Okanagan Hills, and about Mr. Aikins himself. He has suffered the many difficulties of an unknown poet playwright. Now he is known as one of the coming men but he stretches forth the hand of comradeship to those who are still struggling. He and Mrs. Aikins, who is deeply interested in the work of the theatre, will be glad to read plays sent from any part of Canada, and if any play seems to them to have sufficient merit, will give it the best production in their power. Next spring there are to be bunk houses built beneath the peach trees where young actors and actresses may live and study.

## The Story Hour

"IF YOU follow the dusky track of the twilight as it tiptoes around the world in land after land, you and the twilight together will steal upon a little circle of children gathered together about the knees of a story-teller." Thus beautifully and truly Nora Archibald Smith, in "The Children of the Future," pictures for us the story-hunger of children the world over. "It may be where the stars are lighting their tapers in the deep sky above the desert sands," she continues; "it may be by the flickering blubber lamp in the ice hut; by the fire-fly's torch in the green gloom of the tropic forest, where the feathery bamboos wave and the tea-plant blossoms are white; or by the wigwam blaze on the lonely prairie."

A MOTHER who knows her child can well adapt the stories available and make them fit the hearer, shortening here, lengthening there, inserting from time to time the facts she wants to impress. Indeed she needs few suggestions and will readily see the value of using this method to train her child informally and without taxing his health and happiness. To the mother who does not know her child, and who "sees darkly" through the maze of educational advice offered everywhere, I can say only: still tell the stories, keep on trying this plan, and in time you will know your child more intimately and become better able to "live with him," as Froebel asks us to do. Get a good story-book to help you, seek out the stories that combine a lesson with action and interest; find a book that tells the child how children do in other lands, how they scrub their wooden shoes in some countries, how they ride to school in a chair or on the back of a donkey in others, how they carve their own wooden toys, eat with chop-sticks, and play at clown and fairy on carnival days. Think of the stories of field life that give the little ones so much pleasure. All mothers and teachers hear the cry for "just one more," when telling these. How bewitching are tales of animals and of fairies, of the tiny creatures of field and garden! Clara Pierson's story of "The Grasshopper Who Wouldn't Be Scared" is a favorite; and narratives of pupils who have befriended stray crickets, wounded birds, exhausted butterflies, hairy caterpillars, which in time became butterflies, together with thousands of other stories equally attractive and instructive, may be used to develop fancy, observation, and numberless childlike traits that are the foundation of strong manhood and womanhood. Is it not worth while? Watch the children seek Mother Nature, the most wonderful and tireless of story-tellers, and learn from their questions and speculations, if you do not already know, just how to tell a story and in what way to catch and hold your children's interest. Froebel says: "Wouldst thou know how to teach the child? Observe him, and he will show you what to do."

The test of a really good story is the children's interest in hearing it again and again. New stories will not make them forget the charm of their old favorites. Thus we have a tool for repeating our efforts to teach a lesson in this gentle way. Hans Andersen has no rival in power to charm and yet elevate the tastes and




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sympathies of childhood. Both in language and spirit the stories are models. Selfishness and cruelty appear in them as they do in life, with no gloss to make them attractive. His stories meet Ruskin's requirements for a child's story: they are sweet and sad. Modern psychology recognizes in such stories the earliest, the simplest, and so far as moral influence is concerned, the most universally effectual means of impressing upon a new generation the lessons that have been learned by those who have gone before, thus shaping human conduct and character. Dr. Edward Porter St. John says it is almost the only method to use with very young children, that story-telling has had its fixed place in the education of the race; that, long before teachers or textbooks appeared, instruction was given in story form to the children who grouped about the mother's knee; that youths, gathered about their elders before the evening camp-fire, thrilled to the story of old deeds of valor and braced their souls to vie with the heroes who had won the admiration of their fathers' fathers. Modern mothers, not knowing why they do it, use the same magic to gain the same ends.

## Foiling the "Free Trader"

*Continued from page 9*

led his dogs up out of the swamp onto a great lake, the surface of which had been packed hard by wind and cold. It was not necessary for him to wear snowshoes. The lightened toboggan left barely a trace. He ran on and on, sometimes riding, the dogs always urged into a lope, their driver continually glancing over his shoulder.

The second night he reached the other end of the lake, seventy-five miles away. He made camp, cooked his first good meal in two days, smoked a pipe and turned in.

An hour later, while there was still some light from his camp-fire, he was wakened by the growling of his dogs. He threw off his robe and reached for his rifle.

"No use, Wheeler," came a quiet voice from the darkness. "Drop it! Stand up!"

"What do you want, Upham, waking a man up this way in the night?" demanded the free-trader.

"I want you and I've got you," retorted the Spirit Lake Post manager as he walked into the circle of light, his rifle cocked and ready and two halfbreed servants at his heels. "I want you for killing Adam Thunderbird and I'm going to turn you over to the police."

"But I didn't kill him," protested Wheeler in a panic.

"You've played a bad game ever since you came in here," continued Johnnie as if he had not heard. "I've tried to get something on you, for I knew you peddled whisky. But now I've got something that will put you out of the way for good."

"But I never killed him! He sat there beside his fire when I went to sleep. In the morning he was gone."

"Don't talk nonsense!" retorted Johnnie. "We got there in time to see all the tracks. You camped beside Crooked Rapids. You got water from where the ice hadn't formed. So did Adam. Yesterday morning you went down at the same time. When he bent over you shoved him in. The tracks told it as plainly as if it had been written in the snow. These men saw it and the three of us will send you over."

"I didn't!" shouted Wheeler frantically. "He must have gone after water before I got up and slipped in."

"That might do if it were not for one thing. Before you turned in that night you threatened to kill Adam, said you would fill him full of lead."

Wheeler had been rapidly approaching hysteria, but Johnnie's statement, true even to the words, had a sobering effect. He regained control of himself and there was a sneer on his lips as he spoke.

"You might say that, Upham, but you can't make the police believe you're a mind-reader."

"They don't have to believe I am. Adam wrote me a note telling of it, of how you threatened him, and I found it in his grub box. A jury doesn't want anything better than that."

IN THE week they spent returning to Spirit Lake Post Wheeler continued to protest his innocence. Johnnie Upham maintained an unbroken silence after the capture, but his very reticence served to add to the free-trader's desperation. Twice he attempted to escape, but the others were always watching.

On their arrival at the post Johnnie led the way at once to the Indian house.

"Put him in there," he commanded his two men. "There's a lock on the door that will hold him to-night. In the morning we'll start him to Savant House and the mounted police."

"His dogs?" asked one of the employees.

"Tie them up here for now. Get your supper and take care of them afterwards."

Johnnie crossed to the dwelling house, where he changed into fresh, dry clothes, washed away the grime of a winter trip and had his supper. When he was smoking in the sitting-room an hour later one of the dog drivers entered.

"That Wheeler gone," he announced quietly. "He get out of the window and take his dogs and go."

Johnnie smiled, stretched his legs and puffed contentedly at his pipe.

"Well, we've been on the trail for three weeks and I'm glad we don't have any more of it," he said. "And he'll never come back to this part of the country. I wouldn't have done that if he had played a clean game. But his whisky and the rest made him a menace to the Indians as well as to the Company."

There was a movement in the dark hall and Johnnie looked up.

"Come in, Adam," he called. "You ought to be on the stage. You played the part like a professional."

"You make that old trick a good one," grinned the half-breed. "He get no fur, he get nothing. He lose all he got."

"And I honestly think he's come to believe he killed you," added Johnnie. "He was bushy. The bush got him, the bush and the way you plagued him. Go over to the store in the morning and tell Emile you are to pick out a suit of clothes for yourself."

## The City of Peril

*Continued from page 51*

He seemed to be equally sure of my intentions as we fought and twisted about the narrow deck, for with a sudden side-movement of his body he flung the gun from his pinioned hand, and kicked and pawed at it until it was pushed to the edge of the deck and fell overboard. He intended to make sure that it should not be turned on him, I suppose, though I could have throttled and shaken the life out of him with my bare hands as he lay there. But I needed him for other things.

HAD I been left alone, I might have got him to his senses and reasoned with him, and shown him that I meant him no harm. But no such chance was given me. My mind had been too taken up to give much thought to the fat Italian stretched out by the cabin door. My first intimation that he was once more himself came with his reassuring call to Sitnikov. It was a sort of yelp of rage and defiance. I caught sight of the flash of his knife-blade in the gloom.

Since the day I saw a Mexican sea-gambler disembowel a rival in Acapulco I have always nursed an irrational and deep-seated horror of naked steel. I have hated the thought of a knife-blade as an Indian hates the sight of a rattler. So I broke away and fell back as I saw the Italian run forward. It was not a graceful retreat, but it served its purpose. My one idea was to get distance between us. Half rolling, half crawling, I reached the little cabin door. There I got to my feet. Then I slipped inside, and groped and padded about in search of some means of defence.

The only thing I could find was the long-handled frying-pan of pressed steel. Even as I picked it up, I heard Sitnikov's cry of triumph and his hurried call for the other man. I knew, as I swung about, that the two of them were already in the crowded little cabin, and that neither of them intended to hold back from the fight.

There was nothing said after that first cry and call from the little Russian. The silence, for a second or two, was ominous; then the trouble began.

We might have been three naked savages on some lonely island, so primitive was that struggle. They both came at once, and my weapon was nothing but a ludicrous scullery implement. They came at me like a couple of terriers, or, rather, like a terrier backed up by an overfed Great Dane.

I could see that Sitnikov was scarcely a follower of Tolstoy in his theories of non-resistance. He came at me with what was either the end of a broken oar or a table-leg. I had to receive and ward off its blows with my fatuous steel frying-pan. I fell back, dodging from side to side, watching and wondering when I could get in the stroke that would count. The Italian, trying to take me unawares from behind, made my position precarious. Movement alone could save me.

A TABLE went over in the tumult, and with it the lamp. Then a chair, flung by Sitnikov, crashed against what must have been a row of crockery dishes. The stove went tumbling and rolling down from its base of piled-up bricks, scattering live coals along the broken floor. The smoke from these, and from the disjointed stovepipe, made the cabin air almost unbreathable. Then the two closed in on me again.

Once a ribbon of sparks showered through the dark, where the Italian's knife struck and rasped along the handle of my pan. I dodged back and swung out madly, bringing the flat steel down on his hand. It must have disabled his fingers, for the knife fell, and I could hear his grunt of pain. But Sitnikov—and whatever else he may have been, he was assuredly a courageous little rat—closed in on me, to cover the other man's movement as he stooped to catch up the fallen knife. He kept striking wickedly for my head, making me wonder how much longer I could hold out, or by what means I could divide the two and deal with them one by one.

My breath was now coming in painful gasps, and blood was running from somewhere on my wrist where a side-stroke of the knife had made itself felt. It was now merely a matter of time; they could tire me out between them, and make an end of the business as they thought best. Lefty Boyle had been right: I had indeed gained nothing by my interference. I had spoiled and ended the game.

I decided on a last move while I still had the strength to essay it. My chance came, as Sitnikov missed a stroke. Before he could raise his weapon again I sprang directly at him, encircling his neck with a half-crook of my arm. I pinioned him against my chest, for I was much the taller man, and continued the pressure until I could hear the crackle of his tortured joints. He fought blindly and uselessly, clawing and scratching and biting at my heavy motor-coat until his breath gave out. But still I hugged him there, as an infuriated grizzly might hug a captured hunter. My right hand was free, and with it I wielded the frying-pan, flail-like, warding off and beating back the Italian in the ludicrous red undershirt.

I wondered how long I could thus hold him off, racking my brain for some strategic move which might still help me out. I had given up all thought of offence. I was thankful enough for strength to hold my ground, though some anxious voice in my agonized body kept asking what the end would be.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### The Third Degree

WHAT that end would have been, it is hard to say. But as I stood there in the darkness I heard the sound of a calling voice, the hurried chug-chug of rowlocks, the impact of a boat against the deck on which I stood. I listened dazedly, wondering whether it meant friends or enemies. Then I heard a voice that was strangely familiar to me.

"Mr. Woodruff!" came the anxious cry through the darkness. "Mr. Woodruff! For the love of God, sir, where are you?"

It was the voice of my man Davis—dependable, reliable, faithful old Davis.

"Here, Davis!" I called back to him. "But be careful!"

"Where, sir?"

"At the end of the cabin."

"Which end?"

"Opposite the door. But get a light—quick, get lights!"

I heard the thump of running feet on the deck, and a moment later a lantern was swung in at the open door. Above it glimmered and shone the barrel of my large revolver. The expression on Davis' face rather disturbed me.

"Steady there," I cried. "Don't shoot the man—don't shoot him!"

I spoke none too soon. Davis had already sized up the situation. He saw the Italian in the red shirt crouching back as though to spring; he saw, through the drifting smoke, the clawing Sitnikov pinned under my arm like a pullet. He saw the blood on my hands, my torn clothing, my face wet with perspiration.

He lowered his revolver a little, reluctantly. Then he swung about on the Italian thrusting the lantern up into the oily face with his left hand.

"Drop that knife!" he said, with a savagery of which I had not thought him capable. "Drop it, quick!"

The knife was dropped.

"Now, back up into that corner!"

The order was obeyed.

"Now stand there, without moving, or I'll blow your frog-eating 'ead off!"

As I have said before, it was only in moments of intense excitement that Davis omitted the aspirate.

"What now, sir?" he asked, turning to me.

"Watch your man," I told him, "but knock out that cabin window first. We've got to have air in here."

"Very well, sir," was his answer. The tinkle of glass told me that my order was obeyed.

"Now, give me the revolver. I'll watch this man. You stamp out that fire along the floor."

I FLUNG Sitnikov into the corner beside his red-shirted comrade, and stood over them both, taking great lungfuls of the fresh air that came through the broken window. It was all so useless, so foolish, so without meaning or purpose, that now it was over I could almost have wept like a schoolgirl.

"How did you get here, Davis?"

"I heard the shots, sir, and hired a boat."

"Who's out there with you?"

"Two boat-house men, sir—an old man and a boy."

He turned and waved a hand toward two shadowlike figures in the cabin doorway.

"Shall I call an officer, sir?" he asked, as placidly as though a patrolman were within whistling-distance.

"No, we don't want an officer in this."

I turned to the two pair of eyes gleaming out through the dim light at me. They stared as two harried water-rats might stare from a sewer-end. Automatically, I picked up my cap, and straightened my collar and tie.

"Oh, you fools!" I cried. I suppose I was unnerved. "You hopeless fools!"

I had to take myself in hand with an effort. The thing was over with. Nothing was to be gained by such a display. My own moves had not been so wonderfully felicitous, my own actions not so gentle. And there was still serious business ahead of us.

"You're the man I want, Sitnikov—you, you drunken-brained Bolshevist."

I stepped toward him. He watched me. There was no fear on his face, but he watched me very intently. He was shivering a little—not with alarm, I knew; but more from nervous reaction and the cold draft that was blowing in on his overheated body.

"You could have saved all this if you'd had an ounce of reason in your head, if you'd been anything but a scatter-brained bomb-thrower!"

He neither winced nor drew back. He simply looked at me out of his closely set rat's eyes.

"Listen to me," I said, "and answer, or you'll still get what's coming to you."

I shoved the revolver-muzzle up into his lean and colorless face.

"Where's Elvira Sabouroff?" I demanded.

*(To be Continued)*


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# Maybe Adam Laughed at These?



**Giving Them a Lesson.**—Parson—"Surely you haven't caught those to-day?"

Little Boy—"Yes, that's what happens to fishes what goes chasing worms on Sunday."

---

**Modernism.**—Aunt Sarah (horrified)—"Good gracious, John, what would your mother say if she saw you smoking cigarettes?"

John (calmly)—"She'd have a fit. They're her cigarettes."—*Passing Show.*

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**Unanimous.**—An editor wrote a Southern Missouri subscriber, named Bill Jeffrey, advising him that his subscription had expired. A few days later the editor received his own letter, across the bottom of of which was scrawled, "So's Bill."—*Life.*

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**What Was Coming.**—"Sir, your daughter has promised to marry me."

"Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might have known something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

---

**The Diluted Kick.**—"Well," said the waiter to the student, who had just had his coffee cup refilled for the seventh time, "you must be very fond of coffee."

"Yes, indeed," replied the student, "or I wouldn't be drinking so much water to get a little."—Lehigh *Burr.*

---

**A Steady Thinking Part.**—"It's a good rule to think twice before you speak."

"Ha! ha!"

"What are you laughing at?"

"To think how much thinking my wife would have to do."—Boston *Transcript.*

---

**Faint Heart.**—*Doris*—"I thought you were going to kiss me when you puckered up your lips just now."

*Jack*—"No—er—it was only a piece of grit in my mouth."

*Doris*—"Then, for goodness sake, swallow it—you need some!—Edinburgh *Scotsman.*

---

**Advance Announcement.**—A business man advertised for an office boy. The next morning there were some fifty boys in line. He was about to begin examining the applicants when his stenographer handed him a card on which was scribbled:

"Don't do anything until you see me. I'm the last kid in line, but I'm telling you I'm there with the goods."—*Everybody's.*

---

**Helping the Teacher Out.**—When Johnny returned home after spending his first day at the new school, he was asked what he had learned.

"Nothin'," he replied.

"Nothing? Well, what did you do there, anyway?"

"Nothing. The teacher wanted to know how to spell 'cat' and I told her."—*Harper's Magazine.*

---

**The Naked Truth.**—Mrs. Jones was entertaining some of her son's little friends to a birthday party.

"Willie," she said, addressing a six-year-old who was apparently enjoying a plate of cold beef, "are you sure that you can cut your own meat?"

The child, who was making desperate efforts with his knife and fork, replied: "Yes, thanks, I've often had it as tough as this at home."—*Cartoons.*

**Roughin' It.**—Profiteer Host—"I'm afraid we'll have to drink the fizz out of port glasses."

Profiteer Guest—"Oh, we don't mind roughin' it; we're all sportsmen, I take it."—*Punch* (London).

---

**A Non-hirsute Hereafter.**—Little boy—"Mother, are there any men angels in heaven?"

Mother—"Why, certainly, dear."

Little Boy—"But, mother, I never saw any pictures of angels with whiskers."

Mother—"No, dear, men get in with a close shave."—*Aggie Squib.*

---

**Long Distance.**—Mr. Tarzan Jones was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astonished to see the announcement of his own death.

He rang up friend Howard Smith at once. "Helloa, Smith!" he said. "Have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

"Yes," replied Smith. "Where are you speaking from?"

---

**Sophistication.**—The principal of a certain school for girls had occasion to speak sharply to one of the pupils recently.

"Marion," he said sternly, "you've neglected your work shamefully, and you must remain with me an hour after school."

Marion shrugged her thin little shoulders.

"Well, Mr. Watts," she said, "if your wife doesn't mind, I'm sure I don't."—*Answers.*

---

**Not as She Expected.**—A home town society matron of thirty-five underwent an operation this spring. On her recovery she was assured by her friends that the operation had taken ten years away from her looks. Laughingly one day she complained to the doctor: "If three hours on the operating table made me look ten years younger, why didn't you keep me there five hours and make me into a girl again?"

"Five hours there, my dear madam," soberly retorted the surgeon, "would have made you into an angel."—Indianapolis *News.*

---

**Ma Has Her Limitations.**—The glitter and noise of the vaudeville enraptured Tommy, aged six, but his comments on the performance visibly embarrassed his parents and frequently diverted the audience.

The show closed with an acrobatic act in which a spangled little lady performed daring gymnastic feats. Her final accomplishment was to swing gracefully by one toe from a perilous trapeze; but the effect missed fire when Tommy turned to his mother, a middle-aged matron of comfortable proportions, and demanded shrilly:

"Ma, can you do that?"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

---

**They Came Back.**—"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday-school one day and listened to a stirring talk, on the beauties of charity I was softened enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said, 'Don't cry, Bertie, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.'

"And believe me, you lob-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling-pins, that day has come."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

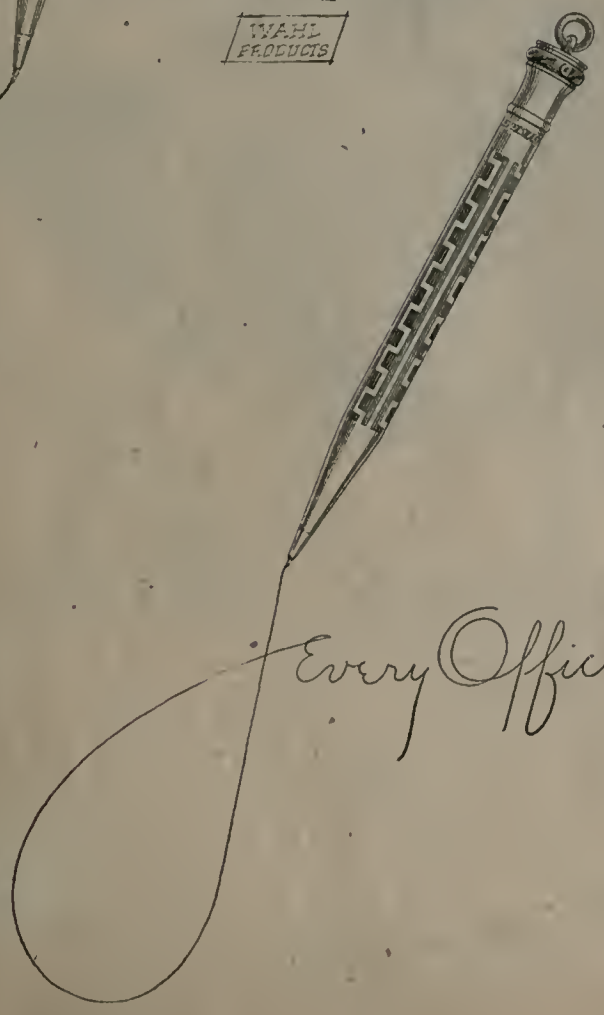


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"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, *President* H. T. HUNTER, *Vice-President*
H. V. TYRRELL, *General Manager*

Volume XXXIV. Number Two


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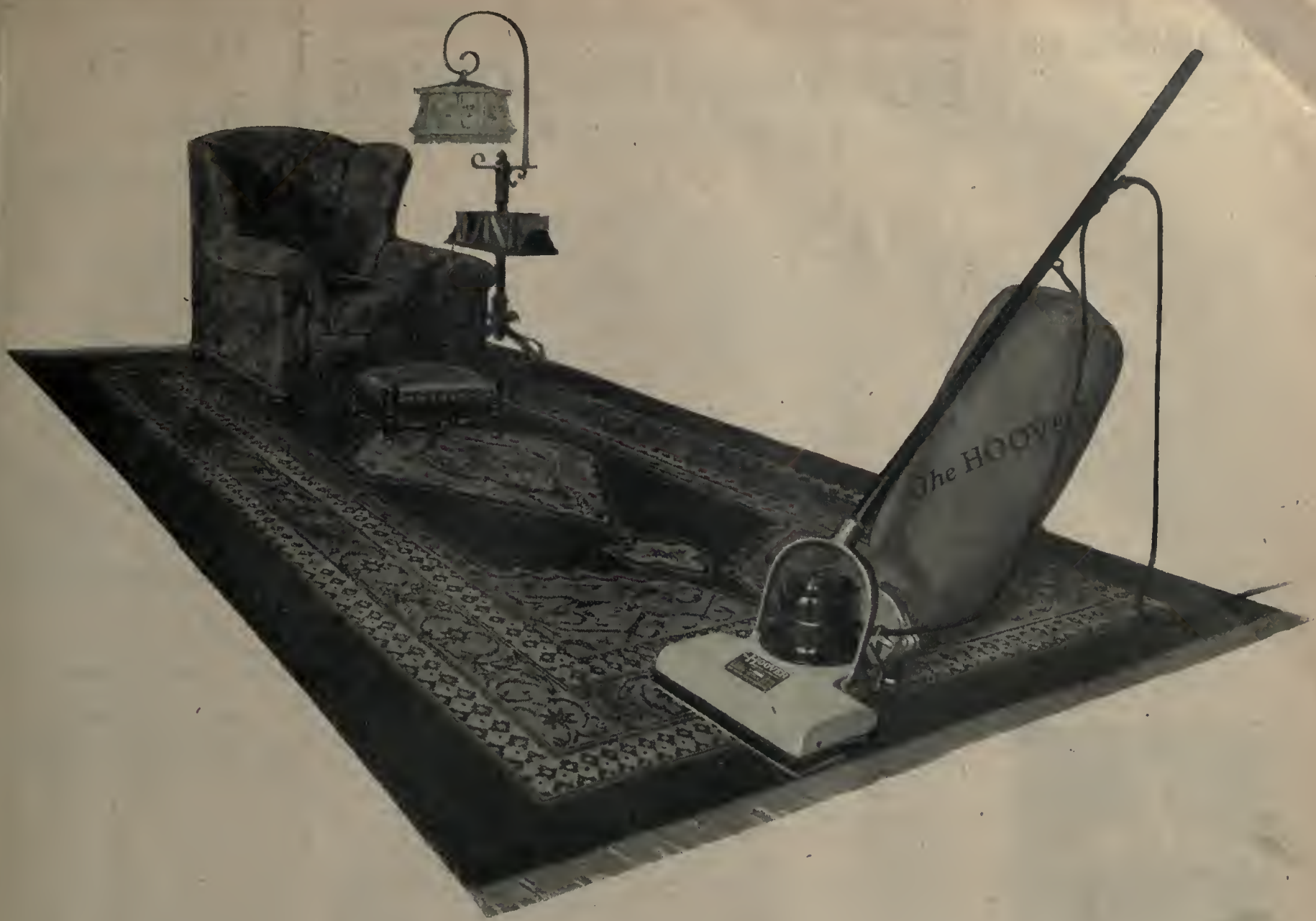
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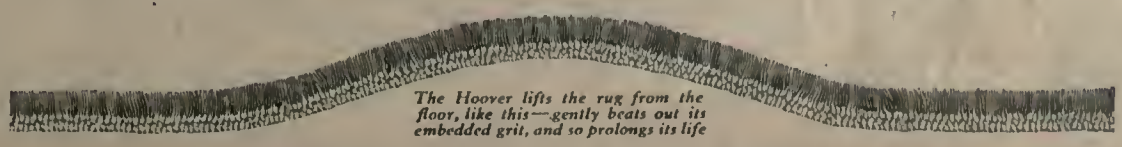

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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Canada Faces 1921 With Confidence

IT IS doubtful if even at the height of the great war the people of Canada devoted more serious thought to the condition of their country than was done at the coming of 1921, with its accumulating economic problems. There had been a period of six months of falling prices, signs of depression in industry, and increases in unemployment, which embarrassed the authorities of the larger cities and with it all the general question was: What of the future?

Not that the feeling was one of pessimism, but the country was embarked on uncharted waters in the recovery from a condition which was without precedent. Retail business had been seriously affected by the buyers' strike, which was now showing signs of weakening, but after a measure of success in bringing down prices., Wholesale business was depressed through the failure of retailers to buy, and many manufacturers felt the pinch of lack of orders. At the same time, it was well known that the average consumer was still far short of being saturated, and that enormous potential buying power lay somewhere below present prices.

Although wholesale prices have declined more than 20 per cent. in six months, there was still a lack of reduction in many retail lines, while back of it all there remained the necessary adjustment with labor before stable levels could be reached. Fortunately, there were signs that labor was realizing that it, too, must take part in the economic change. The most hard-fisted employer was reluctant to reduce wages, and this reluctance has aided in a better relationship between labor and capital at this crucial time.

A few unions which have actually asked for an increase of wages at this time do not represent the majority, and, on the other hand, it should be mentioned that clothing workers and others have agreed to accept reductions commensurate with the lower living costs, and in an endeavor to get industry going again. A happy result of this changed condition will be the turning toward the land of many workers from the congested cities. This will make farm conditions more equitable and endurable, and give an assured living to many who now suffer from the over-development of urban industry.

This statement calls attention to the actual condition of Canadian agriculture. Farmers, who may still be called the mainstay of Canada, have suffered a serious jolt from the steep and rapid decline of prices of their chief products, more especially wheat, within recent months. The farmer, however, is in one sense better off than the city man whose product, his labor, is temporarily at a discount, for the man on the land is in no danger of starvation, and, as a rule, he is not in need of any assistance. He produces the bulk of his own food, and were he under siege he could exist for some time by himself.

### Premier Drury's Views

PREMIER E. C. DRURY of Ontario, however, said a true thing in a New Year's article in the *Globe*, when he wrote:

"From a national standpoint, it is absolutely essential that the Canadian farmer shall carry on, and carry on strongly. The meeting of our foreign obligations depends principally on his activities. Added to this the period of deflation with its consequent slowing up of many of our exotic manufacturing industries and the cessation of many urban activities, points to the farms as the outlet, not only for many of the unemployed, but also for many manufactures which cannot hope to find a market elsewhere. It is all important that this outlet shall be found, for it is the only one in sight."

Mr. Drury has expressed an elementary truth in present disturbed conditions. It is of the highest importance that the farms should be cultivated aggressively, and it is likewise imperative that the labor conditions in rural Canada should be relieved We are approaching the end of the disarrangement caused first by munitions making, when greatly inflated wages drew men from the farms to the city foundries, and gave them a taste of extravagant incomes, which they were loath to leave behind. A return of many of these men to the farms will ease the strain on the farmers' wives and daughters, who have been driven to the fields in order that the acres might be tilled and the hungry nations of the world supplied with food.

One difficulty the farmer must try to solve with the aid of governments. He is now the principal producer, the price of whose product he has little share in fixing. He sows his crop, upon which certain necessary labor is required, and he reaps his harvest, but he is subject to conditions he cannot control when it comes to fixing the market price. That is something he will not forever endure, and measures of co-operation have been under discussion in Ontario and the West.

Viewing the outlook for Canada broadly, the questions of trade and taxation naturally bulk largely. It seems to be taken for granted that important changes in taxation may be expected in 1921. The withdrawal of the luxury taxes, with a few exceptions, just before Christmas, seemed a hint of important readjustments. This change was largely for psychological purposes, with a view to stimulating retail buying and employment, but the Minister of Finance expressed the opinion that the tax had served its purpose. There is a feeling that the excess profits tax will be the next to go, partly because of the feeling that it is unfair to industry at such a time, and partly because excess profits will be a rarity under the slowing down of business.

### Trade Balance Against Us

SIR HENRY DRAYTON in a statement at the beginning of the year drew serious attention to the continued heavy imports of Canada, which showed an increase of $281,000,000 or 44 per cent., for the first eight mont' · of the present fiscal year. This, he pointed out, far out-weighed the small increase in domestic and foreign exports, and reversed a favorable balance in 1919 of $202,000,000 to a debit balance of $75,000,000 for the eight months' period of 1920. The unfavorable trade balance with the United States of $77,000,000 during the first eight months of 1914 has grown to $230,000,000 during the same period of 1920. In making this comparison, however, allowance should be made for the steep rise in prices in that time, but even after that it will be seen that the increase in imports from the United States has been heavy. On the general outlook, Sir Henry said:

"Loans are no longer profitable. In view of the depreciated sterling, England is no longer making Canadian investments. Borrowing in the United States, while postponing the immediate effect of our adverse trade balance with that country, in the long run merely accentuates it.


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The more money borrowed, merely for the purpose of trade adjustment, the greater amount of our so-called invisible deficit, as more money must be sent out of Canada to United States in payment of interest demands. The real remedy is to buy less, export more; to do without all imported articles which we nationally can do without, and to increase to the fullest possible extent those productions which will command a ready export market.

"There are many things which we must purchase in the United States, and some are undoubtedly necessary outlays on capital account and intimately connected with the enlargement of our productive machinery. This is a necessary concomitant of the development of our resources. But it seems quite clear that importations of goods that can be done without, or which can be economically produced at home, can only at the present stage seriously embarrass our trade position, and add, by a resultant depression of exchange, to the cost of the basic importations which are essential.

"On the whole, our position is indeed fortunate. Canada stands to-day less injured and certainly with greater potential resources than any other country taking a like part in the war. We are to-day inevitably feeling the result of that participation. Difficulties, financial and commercial, undoubtedly exist. They are, however, small in comparison with the difficulties already overcome. The achievements of the war give every justification for confidence and self-reliance. It is still true that the future of Canada is just what her people choose to make it."

### The Banker's Part

BANKERS are habitually cautious in their comments on business conditions, and it is not to be expected that utterances of enthusiasm should come from them at this time. They have lived through a trying period and it should be said that Canada has endured its financial strain probably as well as any country, and that its banking system has caused the minimum of friction under the circumstances. Naturally, there have been complaints at the restriction of credit, but this was inevitable. During the post-war boom, some business men felt an uncontrollable impulse for expansion, a [illegible] had to be curtailed by bankers. Letters from many manufacturers have shown, however, an almost entire absence of complaint, so far as the bankers are concerned, so that it is apparent that such pressure as has been exerted by the banks to curtail credit has been directed more especially against schemes for unnecessary expansion and speculation.

At the end of the year C. A. Bogert, president of the Canadian Bankers' Association, expressed an opinion that the outlook for industry and business in Canada was not promising for the next few months, but it was altogether probable that by the end of 1921 a new era of prosperity would be in sight. On the attitude of the public towards the problems of the coming year, he said:

"It is obvious that the Canadian people must continue to produce to the utmost, and in this course they will be supported by the Canadian banks. The doctrine of economy has been wisely and insistently promulgated throughout the country, but the time has arrived when people with money to spend should afford some encouragement and assistance to merchants by making reasonable purchases. This cannot be construed as extravagance—it is the only way in which commercial liabilities can be reduced and domestic trade stimulated."

## Answers to Inquiries

### Brazilian or Dryden

M., CLEVELAND, N.S.—*As a person with a few hundred dollars which I do not need, which of the following would you advise me to buy: Brazilian Traction or Dryden Paper Company? Or would you advise buying either for a person who could not afford to lose his hard earned savings, but who is willing to take a chance providing that the odds are not too great?*

ANSWER:—Would advise you against a purchase of either in your position. If you could afford to take a chance of losing your money you might try either as a speculation, but no one should put "hard earned savings," into a common stock, especially when it is not paying a dividend as is the case with both of these you mention. Brazilian is doing very well but as exchange is very much against it it is uncertain when it will be able to start common dividends. In Dryden the time when a dividend will be declared is uncertain. If you like, will suggest several of the better seasoned, dividend-paying common stocks, but would prefer to recommend a preferred stock or a bond under the circumstances. Let us hear from you again.

### Dominion Steel Preferred

M., SYDNEY, N.S. — *Would you consider preferred stock of the Dominion Steel Corporation a good and safe investment at the present price?*

ANSWER.—This stock is in a stronger technical position than the majority of preferred stocks as it has behind the dividends of 6 per cent. a guarantee of payment through equal issues of income bonds of Dominion Iron & Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company. It thus ranks before the preferred stocks of either of these subsidiaries, and at the present market price gives a yield of over 9 per cent.

### Abitibi Power and Paper Co.

Heavy liquidation by those who bought on far lower levels accentuated general weakness in market. Company running far in advance of last year's profits and dividend on 5-to-1 split stock will be earned several times over. Prices for newsprint next year for this company starts at $140 a ton compared with $100 for last six months of 1920. For a hold this stock should have substantial possibilities.

### Riordon Pulp and Paper

The old—and the new (a little) Riordon reflecting in decline drop in price and demand for bleached sulphite pulp, company's chief product. Lumber also very dull. Profits from first of November on for some months should fall below previous few months. Immediate prospects of securities a little uncertain.

### Spanish River Preferred

Look on this as one of best of paper stocks at present time. Ranks among the cheapest in market price and capitalization compared with daily output; profits are running many times dividend requirements, and on January 1st will be receiving $140 a ton for newsprint compared with $100 a ton for last half of 1920. Newsprint may be regarded as in more favorable position than the great majority of commodities these days. Spanish preferred participates with common in any increases in dividends hereafter and has the additional security of a preferred stock.

### Cannot Afford to Lose.

Several inquiries have come in from widely separated points as to the L. R. Steel Corporation chain store stock. In one case the writer said "I cannot afford to lose," and he was forthwith advised to stay out. No one who "cannot afford to lose" should risk a new proposition no matter what favorable points it has about it.

### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing H. H. Black, Resident Editor "The Financial Post," 128 Bleury St., Montreal.*


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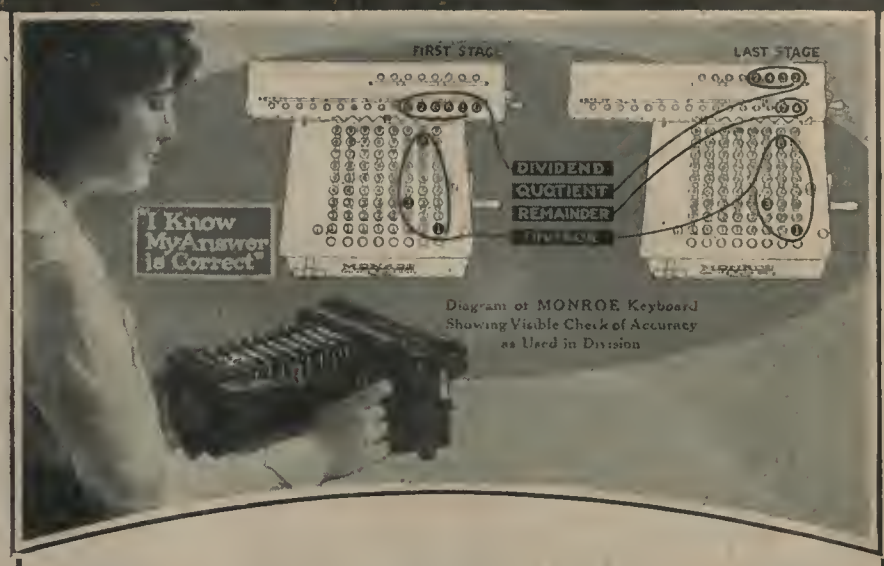



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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Volume XXXIV. TORONTO, JANUARY 15, 1921 Number 2

# THE HUMAN SPEEDOMETER

*By* CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

ARE so-called "hunches" at the race-track seriously considered by anyone outside the general run of petty bettors and casual attendants at race meets? Granted that he has seen the boards, noted the horses and the odds, observed track conditions, absorbed current gossip and has a rudimentary notion of race-track operations, what is the average race-goer's "hunch" worth as a basis on which to place his money? Has a so-called "hunch," without complete practical data on the horses, got a cash value—or, to use track vernacular, "is it worth a hoot?"

A seasoned race-track man on the "inside" of racing affairs since boyhood says it isn't.

John McLeish, Junior, is a Canadian who has made a profession of "clocking" race-horses on tracks all over this continent for the past twelve years.

The shrug of his shoulders was indicative of what McLeish thought of a man taking chances with his money on a personal "hunch." "Hunches are luxuries that only pastime gamblers can afford to play with," he declared. "The business syndicates and hard-headed, professional race-track gamblers take no chances on hunches or preconceived notions of how a race will finish till they have exhausted every practical method of discovering just what shape the horses are in up till the very start of the event. When you see a man winning money right along on what the public call 'having the right hunch' take it from me, he's been absorbing practical inside dope that can't go very far wrong, barring accidents which will happen now and then."

### Retained by Big Gambling Syndicates

MCLEISH has, for the past dozen years of his life, been a sort of human speedometer of horses. Against his observations on the matter of "hunches" you must discount the fact that McLeish has been gauging with his trained eye and his stop-watch the possible contest performances of horses. His deductions are evolved solely from previous records of the animals, actual time made in the work-outs and their physical condition before they line up at the starting-pole. McLeish is retained exclusively by the big syndicates or betting rings and by wealthy bettors, and what he must turn over to these people as a professional "clocker" is cold facts and figures. In other words, he must restrict himself to being a sort of human recording-machine whose efficiency in the eyes of his employers depends entirely on his faithfulness in reporting on the various horses entered in a race up till the time they get away in the official event. His enforced adherence to the practical method of sizing up a race-horse's possibilities has no doubt made him skeptical of most other methods beyond the "rule of thumb."

Taking it for a fact that the operations on tracks conducted under the auspices of reputable associations are as honest and above-board as it is humanly possible to make race-track operations, the point is that you, as a casual bettor, place your money on the element of luck plus the minimum of actual information against money put up by a syndicate possessing the maximum of obtainable information regarding the speeders.

For instance, when you put your money on a "16-to-1 shot," and you stand to win sixteen dollars for every one you wager in case the favorite is beaten, you are trusting to luck, accident or anything else in the way of the unexpected that might bring your horse in ahead of the steed the betting syndicates have their odds on. The syndicates and some of the bigger gamblers, before rating the horses for fixing odds, take all means that brains and money can provide to get every available mite of information on which to base their decisions.

That is just where John McLeish, Junior, comes in. Syndicates, big professional gamblers and pool-rooms employ him to "clock the horses." Mr. McLeish, as a "clocker," studies all the contestants in a given race for weeks, sometimes months, before the event is pulled off. He times them under varying conditions while they are having their work-outs, noting carefully whether they are being "held in" or "let out" by their riders, and he records minutely from time to time their state of health, temper and even eccentricities.

### When the "Morning Glories" Fade

MCLEISH, the "clocker," insisted that this is the only true method on which to base possibilities of a race-horse in a coming event.

"But," I objected, "there have been scores of race-horses that would make fast time in a work-out and invariably fall down when they entered the official race. Your 'clocking' wouldn't be of much value on such an animal."

"Oh, the Morning-Glories!" The "clocker" sang it out with a reminiscent laugh. "Yes, there are lots of 'em. They call them Morning-Glories because they make records of promise in their morning work-outs and seem incapable of taking anything but the last places in the afternoon races. The Morning-Glory is soon discovered by the 'clockers' and catalogued as such. Once a Morning-Glory, always a Morning-Glory; at least I have seldom known one of them to improve on this deceptive habit. It seems as though they just can't help it.

"Race-horses are a lot like human beings in their traits," he contended. "They actually seem to be conscious that big things depend on their prowess, and I have known horses which worked up to such a high pitch of nervous excitement previous to entering the track for an official race that they became a lather of sweat before they reached the starting post. More than one good horse has lost a race because, seemingly, he used up his nervous energy fretting about it.

"But these are all characteristics which the experienced 'clocker' takes into account and notes for the benefit of his clients before the race is pulled off. Oh, yes, I'll admit there are times when a horse will deceive everyone, including his owner and trainers. For example, there was the horse, 'Jack Cavanaugh,' owned by Howard Oots, of Kentucky, a speeder that cleaned up a nice bunch of money for Jack Newman, the ex-ball player.

"I was clocking 'Jack Cavanaugh,' among others, for a betting syndicate. The horse got his final work-out at Hamilton, Ontario, where he did a mile in 1 minute, 40 2-5 seconds. At the races at Fort Erie immediately afterwards 'Jack Cavanaugh' did one and one-sixteenth mile in 1 minute, 49 seconds. He was ridden by Tapplin in this race and they didn't put his name on the board till thirty minutes before racing time. 'Jack Cavanaugh' won in that race by three lengths and Jack Newman cleaned up somewhere about twelve thousand dollars on the event. 'Cavanaugh' started at 30-to-1 and Newman backed him down to 10-to-1. It was a selling race. 'Centuri' 4-to-5, was favorite, and finished second.

"Instances of that sort, however, are not very frequent," contended Mr. McLeish. "I remember one other case of the kind in particular. The late Timothy D. Sullivan, well known politician and bettor of New York, at the Saratoga races in 1906 made a big cleanup on a mare called 'Adriuche,' a three-year old, that defeated 'Jack Atkins,' the favorite, owned by the late Barney Schreiber and trained by the late Johnny Powers. 'Adriuche' proved a surprise in track performance to everybody, and in this particular case Sullivan must have put up his money on some kind of a lucky hunch, for faithful 'clocking' did not prove 'Adriuche' up to any such time as she made at the race. Her best time in training over a 'dead' track was seven-eighths of a mile in 1 minute, 28 seconds. She defeated the favorite of the day in the official race over a 'dead' track, doing seven-eighths of a mile in 1 minute, 26 2-5 seconds."



JOHN McLEISH, Junior,

A Canadian who "clocks" race-horses all over this continent for a living—that is, he quietly times the speeders and would-be speeders during work-outs previous to their entering turf contests. He does not sell "tips" on the races, but makes a profession of his unusual calling, engaging himself at $15 a day and upwards to individual bettors to whom he supplies accurate data.

### Difficult to Put Over a "Frame-Up"

EXPERIENCED race-track followers with whom I have since discussed the matter contend that Adriuche's performance in the event referred to might be accounted for through the mare being 'weighted' 130 pounds in her workouts and carrying only 100 pounds in the actual race. They insist that you can't get away from the work of a horse, except in "Morning-Glories," which of course are soon found out and catalogued as such.

Modern methods make it mighty difficult to put over anything like a "frame-up" where reputable racing associations have control of the tracks, but McLeish told me of two novel attempts, one of which actually succeeded in putting a "ringer" horse on to the track.

"I was 'clocking' a nondescript bunch of horses billed to take part in a race in Ottawa," the "horse-clocker" related, "when just the day before the race a well-known Yankee bettor, who had a previous reputation for being tricky, strolled over to me and casually asked me what I thought of the lot. I told him they were a cheap aggregation and that there was not a real horse in the outfit. He nodded, told me he'd be around next day and walked off. I never saw anything of him next day, nor did anybody else in the vicinity of Ottawa. What happened was this man and his confederates substituted a faster horse for a steed named 'Little Boy,' who never won a race in his life that I know of.

"The substitute took the race in a walk, and there was a wild time on the track for a few minutes and a wilder time I imagine in some of the distant pool-rooms. There was so much money put up by this crook and his stool-pigeons that a lot of it came back to the track, and the odds, which should have been 15-to-1 under ordinary circumstances, were backed down to 8-to-5. Even at that the manipulator and his associates must have made a tremendous clean-up at the track and in the pool-rooms.

"The substitute for 'Little Boy' was a bay horse dyed to match 'Little Boy's' markings. They made a great job of painting him up, for the race-track officials never caught on till the official numbers had been passed out and the event was on. The substitution was effected by sleek Americans, and the Ontario Jockey Club, though entirely ignorant of what was being put over on the public, came in for a storm of criticism.

"People generally didn't learn anything about the 'ringer' taking part till after the race, and if the ruse hadn't been discovered the crooks would probably have kept on running the 'ringer' till he got used up. I thought he'd be a 20-to-1 shot when I investigated and discovered it wasn't 'Little Boy,' but the track odds ruled and the bookies and pool-rooms paid only on the basis of 8-to-5. No doubt the promoters of the coup figured that if they got away with the deception altogether they would have had the odds somewhere around 15-to-1 or even 20-to-1. They must have kept the substitute horse pretty dark, for I was 'clocking' at the track that very morning and I never noticed any strange horse anywhere in the vicinity 'Little Boy' was certainly rushed out of sight in a hurry and the substitute was brought in the same way.

"The substitute horse was confiscated by the Pinkertons and turned over to the Canadian Mounted Police, with no pedigree, and Staff Doyle, trainer, who saddled him, was ruled off. The Mounties likely have the horse yet.

"A COTERIE of track grafters tried to pull off a similar stunt at a race meet I 'clocked' for at Charlston, S.C., about four years ago, in substituting 'Country Boy,' a bay 20-to-30-to-1 shot for a 1-to-3 chestnut nag named 'Gollywog,' but they made the lurid mistake of having a funny-looking old chap lead the horse in. He had whiskers growing out of every spot on his face but his eyes and


## J. K. MUNRO

MR. MUNRO — *by all odds the most widely read political writer in Canada — will continue during 1921 his forceful, pungent, humorous articles in* MACLEAN'S. *He will spend his time during the next few months foregathering with the politicians in Ottawa. The session is scheduled to commence about the middle of February, and Mr. Munro will tell readers of* MACLEAN'S *all about what's really happening on Canada's political stage—often* BEFORE *it happens. Keep in the vanguard of political news—and gossip—by reading "J. K.'s" regular features in "Canada's National."*


looked just like cartoons you see nowadays of Bolsheviki. No doubt the manipulators' idea was to get the horse by while the public's attention was drawn away to the queer-looking specimen who was leading him.

"But the ruse had the reverse effect. Nearly everybody giggled, but shrewder heads wanted to know just what the idea was in having this walking alfalfa patch escort the racer in, and, naturally enough, they started scrutinizing the animal closely. Even at that, however, the old chap might have got by and secured his 'bit' if he had been properly posted. When asked by the Pinkertons for the horse's name and number he replied that he did not know. If he had said 'Gollywog,' the name of the horse that was being substituted, he might have smoothed things out till more bets were up.

"Whoever camouflaged this 'ringer' made a cheap job of it, for the dye started to run shortly after he was brought on the track, and the sight of the old guy with all the whiskers leading off his nag then streaking up like a zebra with running dye lent a humorous touch to the situation. This horse opened up at 10-to-1 and was backed down to 2-to-1. It was a syndicate ring in control of the betting and the ring got suspicious of some crooked work afoot before the horse came in, but they kept on putting their money up like little men. The owner who tried to put over this substitution was ruled off the track for keeps. He'll never get back again unless under somebody else's name. You never hear of the big racing men trying to pull off stuff like that. It is always what they call one-horse guys who try to get away with a crooked deal."

### On the Whole They Run Pretty True to Form

THESE, however, are, according to McLeish, the exceptions that prove the rule that a race-horse runs pretty much to form. If efficiently "clocked," which means studied from every physical and mental angle as well as timed, it is very seldom that a speeder gets away with a performance of the unexpected kind. The "clocker" must do his work quietly and with great thoroughness to establish a name for himself. On one occasion, McLeish was retained by a private bettor who won so much money on a single race that he walked over to the former and handed him $1,500 as a bonus for supplying him with the information on which he made the cleanup.

John McLeish Junior, the horse "clocker," got his early training in managing and studying horse-flesh in Canada. He was born in Stratford, Ontario. His "home"—for he's mostly travelling—is in Toronto, where his parents live. In 1896, when he was sixteen years of age, he went to work for the late Joseph Seagram, the noted Canadian horseman and supporter of clean sports, as a "galloper." that is, riding horses while in training. Among the better-remembered equines of those days which he "galloped" for Seagram were the imported horses "Cloten" and "Norherry," as well as "Inferno," "Merry England," and "Coburg."

In 1902 McLeish left for New York state, and after a year and a half spent in training work for J. H. McCormack and L. V. Bell, he was taken on by John Sanford and Sons, of Amsterdam, N.Y., the originators of the private matinee races. These matinee races, says McLeish, were really "dress rehearsals" for the big meetings. They were staged with everything in place as at an official race, even to colors.

"The chief advantage of these matinee affairs was the education of the horses in wearing down any 'stage fright' they might possess," explained McLeish. "I believe the John Sanford outfit was the first to start these race rehearsals which are now being practised by S. D. Riddell, owner of 'Man-of-War,' 'Dinna Care' and other well known horses."

McLeish commenced his work as a "clocker" in 1908, first supplying pre-race data to the bookies. Later he was engaged by the syndicates.

# THE HAT: *By* FREDERICK NIVEN

*A vivid word-picture from the Kootenays by this famous English journalist and war correspondent.*

WEST of the 100th meridional line it begins to be in evidence. Here and there, when the train comes in, among the collected hats (on heads) at the depots, the traveller may note it. It is not the brand-new, wide-brimmed hat of the remittance man. It does not imitate the hats of the Mounted Police; there is nothing martinettish about it. It is, generally, somewhat dusty. It has a high crown, and the dents in it are made with a large carelessness. The brim has a line surely difficult for any artist to catch in a drawing. Even when put on straight that line alone gives a flaunt to it. To put it on a-tilt is to lose somewhat the subtlety (by suggesting to the casual gaze that it is the cocking of the hat that is responsible for the effect) of its own, its intrinsic, its individual flaunt.

By the 110th meridional line the Hat is more plentiful. Away down into Southern Alberta, by Cypress Hills and Milk River, by Coutts and Pincher Creek, it is The Hat. As mitres and mutches have their associations, so has it. It stands for a sense of camaraderie in a world where a man must be able to meet emergency; must not run away if he sees an accident, but jump in and help; does not laugh wildly and slap his leg over what a smile will suffice for. It stands for courtesy, a courtesy that has nothing to do with deportment. It stands for freedom, a freedom that has nothing at all to do with familiarity. There are immigrants who tap that sense of freedom and, misapprehending it, become what the native-born, or the resident of years, calls "fresh." When, coming back again from days in the East, or in the Old Country, you see it—the Hat—you know that you have lived to see the West again, that it still is, that the East has not engulfed it.

The Indians love that Hat; but, and it is an interesting point, it is not the one they decorate. It is perfect as it is, and they realise that fact. It is a smaller hat, one more like the ordinary "slouch", that they take the hatter's band from to replace with a band made of bead-work, or with a cord of beads and a tassel of gopher tails.

And apropos—both of Indians and of hats—how excellent is the name of Medicine Hat! It has nothing to do, of course, with the hat of this exegesis; but it, too, carries on a tradition. We may bear Kipling a slight grudge for speaking of Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows," and thus misleading some—she is of so much else, sunlight for example—but we should thank him for the protest he made when some folks wished to change the name of that prairie town. We must not forget our history in Canada; and our history here begins in the history of the Indian.

It is good that some of his place-names should endure. As Hilaire Belloc dotes upon Stane Street, and as Edward Thomas wandered musing on the Icknield Way so, with an emotion no less excellent, might a man curiously, and in a dream of old days, seek out, over the prairies and the foothills, and in the mountains, the remains of old trails, some of them (such as Morley Trail, or Macleod Road—older than Morley, older than Macleod) older than the names they bear where modern traffic has used them. Some are centuries old, were beaten down by moccasined feet on romantic journeys before Thompson lost his way and found a river other than the one he sought; before Hearne was intrigued by Chippeweyan talk of a "far-off metal river;" before Coronado searched for the cities of Cibola; before Columbus, looking for China, found America.

THE Hat always seems to me to have much to do with these old stories. When the High Saddle goes and the Hat goes two links will be lost. Its original wearers often sat by the hour, backs to a corral-bars (while the horses stood by with dropping heads, switching flies, one hind leg at ease), listening to some Indian, in a blend of Blackfoot and English, and by aid of sign-language telling the old history of Jumping Pound River, or the myths of Going-to-the-Sun mountain. Still the Hat bobs up over coulee tops or bobs down beyond them, in a flurry of dust from loping pony-hoofs all along these foothills of the Rockies. It drifts away into the mountains where there is a wide pass, and grass turning to hay for horses. It evades the coal-getters of the Crow's Nest Pass, leaps over these Poles and Russians of ill-favour in the eyes of its wearers, and may be seen again in the Upper Columbia country, tit-tuping along the road among the bull-pines.

The other hats encroach—everywhere. They of The Hat might repeat the words of one who wore feathers: "Too much people come." Some of the new-comers don't seem to have the "savvey," or they have another "savvey." In the course of what is called Progress maybe the Hat must yet follow the feathers into Limbo. But there is still the essential leaven of that symbolic Hat in the West. It is still God's Country, where the plains roll up into the foothills and the Rockies hang across the sky.

# MY FLIRTATION ENDS

## By MARGOT ASQUITH

WIFE OF THE FORMER BRITISH PRIME MINISTER

CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

THINGS did not always go so smoothly. One night after a ball, Peter suggested I should walk away with him and try an American trotter which he had been lent by a friend. As it was a glorious night, I thought it would be fun, so we walked down Grosvenor Street into Park Lane and there stood the buggy under a lamp. American trotters always appear to be mis-shapen; they are exactly like colored prints and have never attracted me.

After we had placed ourselves firmly in the ricketty buggy, Peter said to the man:

"Let him go, please."

And go he did, with a curious, rapid, swaying waddle. We turned into the Edgware Road towards Acton at a great pace. There was no traffic in front of us, but Peter was a bad driver and after a little time said his arms ached and he thought the damned horse ought to be made to stop.

"I'm told the only way to stop them is to hit them?" he said. At this I took the whip out of the socket and threw it into the road.

This maddened Peter; he shoved the reins into my hands and told me he would jump out. I let the reins hang in festoons and we went much slower; Peter did not jump out but suggested we should go back for the whip, so I caught firm hold of the trotter and off we went. After that we did not utter one word about the whip or anything else; the horse slacked and in perfect silence we turned home.

The boy had been told to wait at the corner of Grosvenor Square. I drove better than anyone, as I often said to Peter, but that night taxed all my powers, and, when we pulled up at the corner of the square I ached in every limb. Peter was angry.

Margot: "Shall I give you your overcoat?"

Peter: "Don't be childish; how can you walk to your door in your ball-dress?"

Margot: "Thanks very much for thinking of me, but I expect most sensible people are in bed by now. Take your coat—thank you very much, all the same, for thinking of me!"

### Walking the Streets in Her Ball-Dress

I TOOK his coat off and placed it carefully and firmly on his arm: we turned away from each other and I walked home alone. When I got to our front-door my father opened it and, seeing me in my ball-dress, was beside himself with rage. He asked me if I would kindly explain what I was doing at two in the morning walking in the streets in my ball-dress. I told him exactly what had happened and warned him never to buy an American trotter. He told me that my reputation was ruined, and that his was also, and that my behaviour would kill my mother; I put my arms round his neck and told him I hadn't enjoyed myself at all, that I was only too glad to be safe home and promised I would never do it again. By this time my mother had come out of her bed-room and was leaning over the staircase in her dressing-gown:

"Don't agitate yourself, Charlie," she said. "You've done a very wrong action, Margot! No one knows how impressionable your father is; you ought to have more consideration. Pray tell Mr. Flower that we do not approve of him at all!"

Margot: "You are perfectly right, dear mamma, that is exactly what I said to him, in fact we had a high old row. Luckily no one saw us. Let's go to bed, I'm dog tired."

Peter was extremely inconsequent about money; he told me one day in great sorrow that his only chance of economizing was to sell his horses and go to India to shoot big game, incidentally escaping his rapacious creditors.

I was very unhappy when Peter went to India, but to please my people I told them I would say good-bye and not write to him for a year, a promise which was faithfully kept.

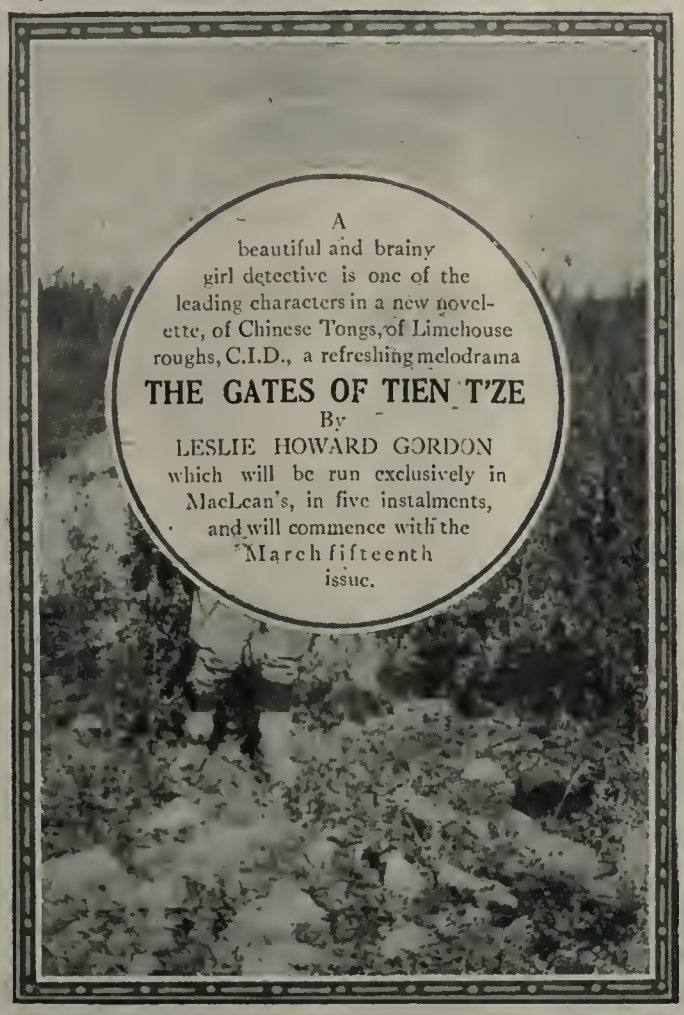
While he was away, a young man of rank and fortune fell in love with me. He never proposed, he only declared himself. I liked him particularly, but his attentions sat lightly on me; this rather nettled him and he told me he was sure I must be in love with somebody else. I said it did not follow, and that if he were wise he would stop talk about love and go and buy himself some good horses. We were staying at Cholmondeley Castle, hunting in Cheshire. My beloved hostess, Winifred Cholmondeley* —then Lady Rocksavage—and my host Rock had put me and my horses up for several weeks before my departure for Leicestershire.

My noble friend took my advice and went to London. He promised he would lend me two of the best that money could buy, to take to Melton, where he proposed shortly to follow me.

At Tattersall's there were several studs of well-known horses being sold, Jock Trotter's, Sir William Eden's, and others. Among the latter was a famous hunter which had once belonged to Peter Flower. My friend determined that he would buy it for me. Someone said to him:

"I don't advise you to buy that horse as you won't be able to ride him!"

This of course is the only certain way by which you can sell any horse. Another man said:




"I don't agree with you, the horse is all right; when it belonged to Flower I saw Miss Margot going like a bird on it. . . . "

My Friend: "Did Miss Tennant ride Flower's horses?"

Man: "Why, my dear fellow, where have you lived?"

### A Really Quixotic Act

SOME months after I had ridden Jack Madden and my own horses over High Leicestershire, my friend came to me and asked me to swear on my Bible oath I would not give him away over a secret which he wanted to tell me. I swore.

My Friend: "Your friend Peter Flower was going to be put in the bankruptcy-court, and turned out of every club in London; I went to Sam Lewis and paid his debt, but I don't want him to know, and he never need unless you tell him. . . . "

Margot: "What does he owe? And who does he owe it to?"

My Friend: "He owes ten thousand pounds, but I'm not at liberty to tell you whom it's to. He's a very good fellow, but has waited already longer than most of us would for Flower to pay him; and I think he did the right thing."

Margot: "Is Peter Flower a friend of yours?"

My Friend: "I've never spoken to him in my life, but he's the man you are in love with and that is enough for me."

When the year was up and Peter—for all I knew—was still in India, I had quite made up my mind that, come what might, I would never under any circumstances renew relations with him.

That winter I was staying with the Mannerses as usual, and being late for a near meet, I cut across country. Larking is always a stupid thing to do; horses that have never put a foot wrong generally refuse the smallest fence and rather than upset them at the beginning of the day you end by going through the gate, which you had better have done at first.

I had the finest timber jumper in Leicestershire, a mare called Molly Bawn, and, seeing the people at the meet looking at me as I approached, I could not resist, out of pure swagger, jumping an enormous gate. I said to myself how disgusted Peter would have been at my vulgarity. I turned round and saw a man behind me jumping the fence at the side of my gate and there was Peter Flower. He was in tearing spirits and told me with eagerness how he never intended to get into debt again as the most wonderful thing had happened to him that had ever happened to anyone.

"I'm under a lucky star, Margie! By Heavens I am. And the joy of seeing you is so great that I won't even allude to the gate, or Molly Bawn, or you, or anything ugly—let us enjoy ourselves! and don't scold. Are you glad to see me? Let me look at you! Which do you love best, Molly Bawn or me? Don't answer, but listen."

My heart beat as he told me how his debts had been paid by Sam Lewis—the money-lender—through an unknown benefactor, that he had begged Lewis to tell him who it was, but that he had refused, having taken his oath not to. I then said a remarkably stupid thing:

"You'll have to pay him back, Peter."

Peter: "Oh, indeed! Then perhaps you can tell me who it is?"

Margot: "How can I?"

Peter: "Do you know who it is?"

Margot: "I do not."

I felt the cock ought to have crowed, but I said nothing, and Peter was so busy greeting his friends that I prayed he had not observed my guilty face.

### Meeting Peter and the Prince

SOME days after this there was a race-meeting at Leicester. Lord Lonsdale took a special and the Mannerses, Peter and I all went to the races. When I walked into the paddock, I saw my friend talking to the Prince of Wales. We joined them, and the Prince suggested that we should go and see Mrs. Langtry's horse, as it was a great rogue and difficult to mount.

When we arrived the crowd made way, and I found my friend next to me, and on his other side Peter Flower and the Prince. The Langtry horse had his eyes bandaged, and one of his forelegs was being held up by a stable-boy. When the jockey was up and the bandage removed, it jumped into the air and gave an extended and violent buck. I was standing so near that I felt the draught of its kick on my hair. At this my friend gave a slight scream and putting his arm round me pulled me back towards him. A miss is as good as a mile. I thanked him for his protection and chatted cheerfully with the Prince of Wales.

There is nothing so tiring as racing, and we all sat in perfect silence going home in the special.

Neither at dinner nor after had I an opportunity of speaking to Peter, but I observed a singularly impassive expression on his face. The next day—being Sunday—after church I asked him to go round my stables; he refused, so I went alone. After dinner I tried to talk to him, but he would not answer and I felt distressed. He did not look angry but he appeared profoundly sad. He told Hoppy Manners he was not going to hunt that week as he had to be in London. My heart sank. We went to our bedrooms early and Peter remained downstairs reading. As he never read in winter I knew there was something seriously wrong so I went down in my tea-gown to see him.

We were alone. He never looked up.

Margot: "Peter, you've not spoken to me since the races. What has happened?"

Peter: "I would rather you left me."

Margot: (sitting on the sofa beside him): "Won't you speak to me?"

Peter (putting down his book and looking at me steadily) "I'd rather not speak to a liar!"

Margot (getting up suddenly): "How dare you say such a thing to me!"

Peter: "You lied to me."

Margot: "When?"

Peter: "You know perfectly well! And you are in love! Will you deny it?"

"Is it this that worries you?" said I. "What would you say if I told you I was not—"

Peter: "I would say you were lying again."

Margot: "Have I ever lied to you?"

Peter: "How can I tell!" (shrugging his shoulders). "You have lied twice, so I presume since I've been away you've got into the habit of it."

Margot: "Peter!"

*Continued on page 42*

*The Marchioness of Cholmondeley.

# THE BIG TIME MAN:

*By* C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

A THREE-PART STORY—PART TWO

"I THOUGHT you said it was to be golfing?" he remarked.

"I have a match already arranged. You see I didn't know you were coming," she answered.

"Call it off," he said ruthlessly.

"That wouldn't do," she replied. "Go up and see Uncle Jim. He will be quite alone. Then you might come along to the links 'round four o'clock, if you want to, and I'll give you tea."

"All right, if I must—I mean if I must go up and see Mr. MacPhee," he agreed, rather grumblingly. "We'll probably scrap all afternoon, but a bit of his favorite diversion may do him good and make me feel philanthropic. I suspect he had few people to fight with since I went away. But—I don't go with a cheerful spirit. I came to Bargrave to see you, Ida."

He reached out his hand and took possession of hers. The corner table was a very secluded sort of place, Ida looked bewitchingly charming, and Jim had not seen her for all of three months.

She allowed her hand to remain prisoned for a little while, then withdrew it and put on her gloves.

"Tea at four," she said smilingly as she left him.

"At four—nearly three hours off," he replied with a doleful kind of resignation. "But I say, Ida, clean off the engagement slate for the next week or two."

His arrogance and presumption did not appear to shock her very greatly. She made no promises though. It is not good for a young man to assume monopolistic proprietorship of a girl too soon. They were not engaged, though both had a fairly good idea of what rested in the mind of the other. Perhaps if Jim had not gone back to the road, things might have advanced a stage, but the break with MacPhee had halted plans somewhat.

She stepped into the street car, waved her hand, and Bargrave seemed instantaneously to become a dull old place to Jim Douglas. MacPhee answered the summons of the brass knocker for the maid and Mrs. Dawson were out attending to their afternoon shopping for Sunday. The old man blinked uncertainly when he saw who his visitor was, then a grin swept over his face.

"Come in, Jim," he said. "What wind blows you to Bargrave?"

"Taking a few days off," Douglas replied, staring about the hall that had been newly painted and decorated. MacPhee noticed the look, and his face registered gratification.

"Ida lives here now," he said. "She's house mistress, and this is some of her doings. Pretty nifty, what think you? But come and look into the drawing room and the dining room. I scarce think a lick of paint had been put on either since father and mother came here just wedded. You needn't look for the old furniture. It's all cleared out, and we're putting lots of dog on. You can't say I'm unprogressive at home, whatever you may think of me in the bottle trade."

He led Jim about the room, pointing out the varied new glories of it, stopping to punch the seat of a sofa to show what excellent springs they had.

"House plenishing isn't much in my line. Bottles I think I know something about, but you want a woman for this kind of work. See the new pictures? Maybe if you come up some time when Ida's here, you shall hear some real music from that piano.

"Cost me close on a thousand, and, by Jehoshaphat, I've had value for it already. Ida's taken off the ban on smoking in this room. That's the kind of a woman she is. I sit in that fine chair, feet cocked up on the rest, and smoke while she plays and sings to me. I tell you, Jim, a woman can make a whole lot of difference in the life of a man and the comfort of a house. Of course there was Mrs. Dawson, but she's another breed."

"I guess she can," admitted Jim readily. "Pity you didn't get hold of some of that sound doctrine these fifty years back, Mr. MacPhee."

MacPhee laughed at the graceless audacity. He liked Jim's candid speech. It made him feel younger to chaff and be chaffed by his juniors.

"Maybe so," he replied. "None of us knows it all, even the young ones. None of us is infallible, not even the youngest. But who'd have thought that at seventy-two, with one foot in the grave, I'd be trimming up this fashion?"

"Nobody," said Jim positively. "But I thought you gave the credit of it to Miss MacPhee."

"So I do, but you'll allow me some marks for being willing to be shown. It isn't everybody who has brains to understand when he's shown the way of wisdom. But come on into the snuggery. There's been no change in it yet, but no telling what'll happen there now we've got fairly started. Ida hasn't come home yet. She's off golfing. Think of it, Jim, she wants me to start in at that game. She says she's going to teach me. Me, Jim—old MacPhee! Wouldn't it be a sight for sore eyes, MacPhee playing with a long stick and a little white ball?" he laughed.

"It would," said Jim. "When I see you at it I'll take back much of what I once said about unprogressiveness. Guess you'll be giving Miss MacPhee a free hand in the works presently."

"Light your pipe and quit your slurs," MacPhee bade him. "How do you find trade as you go round the country?"

They proceeded to discuss the glass bottle industry at large, and this kept them busy for some time, then the conversation became personal.

"I was going to call at the works this afternoon," said Jim. "But I met Miss MacPhee on the street and she told me you had not been feeling well lately."

"I've felt better in my time," MacPhee replied. "Just a bit run down, and like a fool I went to see the doctor. If there's nothing wrong with you, they'll make out you're a walking hospital ward before they've done with you. They say I've got to rest, go away. How can I go away?"

"How can't you?" responded Jim. "If you're short of the price I might lend it to you. Some day the world will have to struggle on without either you or me, it might as well get used to it a bit ahead of time."

"You talk like a fool, Jim," said MacPhee irritably.

"That's always said of those who speak bed-rock wisdom," laughed Douglas. "I suppose it's the choice of a short rest if we're reasonable, or the long one under the six feet of earth, if we're unreasonable. The choice is up to us."

"Whom can I leave to manage things if I get out for two or three months?" whimpered the old man.

"You'd be amazed and perhaps hurt to think how easily you could be spared," said Jim heartlessly. "The world can do without any of us for a short or a long term or altogether, only it suits our vanity to think it can't. Just give it a trial and we'll be wiser and humbler maybe."

"How are you making out on the road?" asked MacPhee, changing the uncomfortable topic.

"Pretty well," the other answered.

"Yes, I'll admit freely that you could sell bottles at the North Pole where the liquids are cut with an axe, but I should think that to go back to the road after holding down a manager's job isn't all sugar," said MacPhee.

"There's no job all sugar that ever I met with," replied Jim. "But anyway, I've got a free hand, and if I see anything wrong that can be righted my people back me up in righting it. That's something."

"Still the road's but a stage in a business man's development, and one of these days you'll be getting a notion that a bed at home is better than taking chances in any kind of a shack they call a hotel."

"That's right. It isn't all solid comfort on the road," responded Jim.

There was a long pause, in the course of which MacPhee shrouded himself in a screen of tobacco smoke.

"When the doctor told me his opinion, there were three ways, that I could see, open to me. The first was to take no notice of him and his warnings; the second was to quit and sell out—there's a syndicate that would buy me out any time I want to lift my finger, and at a handsome figure too; the third was to bring in new blood, a helper to hold the fort while I am away. I guess there's some truth in what the doctor says, at seventy-two a man doesn't fight as he did at thirty-two, the spirit may be willing, but the flesh is weak. I can't quit, as I was saying to Ida; to do that would be to finish me right off. More men, especially those who have worked, are killed by idleness than by business. I've seen that place grow from a little one-room fish shack to what it is now."

He drew Jim to the window and they looked across the little dip of the broad valley to the height beyond where stood the MacPhee factories.

"It isn't only my money's there, but my heart, and mind—God forgive me!—I'd almost said my soul," he continued. "Sometimes in the battling days, when I was sore pinched for money, and the game, for want of it, seemed up, I was tempted to take a partner. There were lots I might have had, men who wanted to throw their money in with me because they had faith in me, but I held out. If I took their money that place would belong to them and me, but I wanted it to belong just to me, and it's mine now, a success, at the end of the day. I made a mistake, I ought to have married and raised sons. They'd be about me this day, and their sons, but I'm a dying tree and with me my line falls. There's just the lassie.

"Jim, she's a MacPhee in brains and courage and independence. I tried her out, for her father, poor man, was a



The conversation ran on golfing and Bargrave—just over-the-teacups talk, but Jim was surprised to notice how friendly Ida and Mulhouse were.

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THE STORY SO FAR:—*John MacPhee, 72, bachelor, recluse, millionaire bottle manufacturer, and Bargrave's wealthiest citizen, must cease work—or die. Ida, favorite niece, is employed in his office. Jim Douglas, Ida's suitor, was works manager, but quarreled with MacPhee, calling him old fashioned. He goes to U.S., later returning to see Ida.*

failure. A man with gifts of a sort, just gifts enough to miss the mark. If he'd had less brains he would have been all right, have made money, but he was just clever enough to miss the higher mark he shot at.

"I brought the girl down here, because she was of my own stock, bore my name. I was afraid of spoiling her by letting her think that she might look to my estate for what it might be worth after I had done with it. I gave her the start, and the rest she has done for herself. She's all that I'd have a lassie of my own to be. When I'm done with, and a few bits of gifts to Bargrave charities are set aside, she'll have everything there is. I'd like her to marry a big man, to match her own brains and spirit. When the world knows that she'll have more than two or three millions of her own, she'll be able to have her pick among the best.

"I WANT the factories for her, the next MacPhee to me. She knows nothing of this, and I don't want her to know—yet. Not that it would spoil her, but it might make it appear that her kindness to me was inspired by what I intend to do for her. My own daughter could not be kinder, and what I like about it is that she doesn't let the thought of my wealth enter into our relationship at all.

"She's as independent as—well, as I was in my young day. Jim it's been very wonderful. She's almost made me believe that she likes me for what I am, and that's the big marvel of it all. It's the big mystery of these late days.

"That brings me to the third alternative, I want a man who can send MacPhee's to the front again. I can't do it, I'm past it. I've no man about me can—in my judgment. I once had a man I'd confidence in. If you were free I'd do what I never did before in my life, and never expected to do, ask a man who'd left me to come back again."

"I'm free, if that's what you're driving at," said Jim, after some quiet reflection. "That is I can go on with the firm I've been with, but my contract ended with this trip. But it's no use going into the thing blindfold, or hiding difficulties. I still hold to what I said before. The place hasn't been kept up to date. With some modernizing MacPhee's could be sent to the top of the tree again, but I wouldn't come back if I was to have my hands tied behind my back. I don't mean that I shouldn't consult you, or take your opinion and try to follow it as far as I thought it could be done, but, as you'd expect me to make good, I'd want you to let me choose my way of doing it. If you are afraid of this, you'd better say so, and no harm would be done."

MacPhee did not reply at once. He wanted Jim, knew that he must have him, but to abdicate was not an easy thing after fifty years of unquestioned rule.

"How would a couple of years' contract do?" he asked. "You'd have a free hand."

It was not a very generous offer, considering the magnitude of the task that had to be accomplished, but Jim was satisfied to have the chance. He would risk a great deal to be able to convince the old man and the world that he could put back into MacPhee's what it had lost. If he could not in two years show that he was right, he would be content to drop out again.

"That would be all right," he said. He knew that MacPhee, having given his word, would stand by it during the term the contract ran.

THERE was little else to settle. The two clasped hands and the matter was concluded.

"I'll go over to the links. I promised Miss MacPhee to be there at four," said Douglas presently. He seemed quieter, more reserved than he had been half an hour before. MacPhee, also, was not in a talkative mood. He accompanied Jim to the door and watched him as he walked along the road.

Away from the house Douglas looked at his watch. Having time on his hands he took a roundabout way to the golf course, strolling through the strip of woodland that fringed the links. He walked slowly, reflecting on all that MacPhee had said. It was not the business side of the conversation that occupied his mind. The new contract he had made was allowed to take a back place. His thought rested on what MacPhee had said regarding Ida. He wished the old man had kept the story of his plans and purposes regarding the girl to himself. It seemed to cloud things needlessly. The very last thought in his mind had been that MacPhee was likely to leave money to her. The old man had always shunned his relatives.

There were distant connections who had sought to ingratiate themselves, and find jobs on the works. MacPhee would have none of them until he fetched Ida from his dead brother's home. Relatives were to the old man as a red rag is supposed to be to a bull. They stirred up all the resentful animosity there was in him. He had let it be known that when he died his money would not provide snug nests for his kin, in which they might bask in the rays of the prosperity he had worked for and earned. It was the general expectation in Bargrave that when MacPhee died and his will was read, he would be found to have done something ingeniously exasperating with his millions.

In common with most Bargrave people he had anathematised the brutality of the old man in denying Ida a place in his home, and placing her in lodgings. Then, as if he meant that she must not look to him for anything without working for it, he had brought her into the offices. Of course, working in an office was creditable enough, and it was well for a girl to be independent, but MacPhee might have done something better for his brother's girl. Jim had begun by liking the girl, her fresh beauty, her clear, forth-looking, brown eyes, the trimness of her, her quick, alert capability, and then, being an impetuous and headlong sort of man, had fallen in love with her.

He had a young man's dreams of a home to be made. In his own mind he had practically fixed the spot on which this bit of heaven should be located and anchored down. It was on the edge of the very woodland he was treading, with a view of the woods and fields on the one side, Bargrave on the other, and, past the houses and factories, in the distance the silver line of the sea. There he would build a house, not a very big one yet—but a house with expansive possibilities—and there one day he and she would come riding up from Bargrave, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, and eternal felicity would start in right then and there. No more office for Ida, no more listening to the grouches of her Uncle, no more dull rooms in a lodging house. And he could do it all, he wanted to do it, he ached to do it. What would they care for MacPhee and his millions? He could do what he wanted with them. In a world in which MacPhee had made money, he, Jim Douglas, could make money.

WHEN Ida had spoken to him at lunch of MacPhee's illness and the doctor's orders, his vision of home for Ida and himself had revived somewhat. He knew pretty well what MacPhee thought of him, and was conceited enough to fancy that if a bridge could be laid down between them, Mac would walk over. So far so good, but he wished the old man had kept his confidences about his confounded will to himself. Let him keep his millions, or give them, if he wished, to found a university in Patagonia for the teaching of Volapuk to the benighted natives. Why thrust this money on his niece who could, with Jim Douglas, get on very well without it? She would be an heiress now, and it seemed to cloud everything. Jim did not despise money. He had had his dreams of millions. They had not yet been banished from his mind by any means. He hoped that one day he and Ida would enjoy them, the fruits of his labor. He had all the jealousy of sensitive young love, and in his eyes the man should be the giver, the woman the receiver. There was something cheap and mean in a man with nothing at his back but his salary marrying a woman of large fortune. It was now nearing four o'clock, so he walked on more smartly and reached the links in time to watch the finish of a foursome in which Ida and none other than Mulhouse opposed the Wingates, husband and wife. All three of Ida's companions were familiarly known to Douglas, and they gave him a pleasant greeting, the Wingates particularly so. Mulhouse was the big Bargrave rival of the MacPhee concern. He was a lean, keen-looking man of little more than the age of Douglas. With money at his back, for he belonged to an influential family, he had started a glass factory on a big scale, and had made good. He was not the practical man that Jim was, nor so good a salesman, but he was a strenuous contender for whatever business loomed up. Some of the trade said that he was unscrupulous in his methods of going after it, but, of course, that is said by the defeated of every winner.

Jim was rather astonished to find him playing with Ida, for he had been only a little while back one of MacPhee's pet aversions. The old man had been inclined, at first, to scoff at the presumption of this inexperienced youngster of aristocratic family who believed he could jump into a highly technical business and succeed against men who had been almost born in the trade. However, Mulhouse had made a success of the business as far as he had gone. He knew enough to surround himself with men who could supply the practical knowledge he lacked, and he himself went out to attend to trade hunting, the diplomatic side of the business. To MacPhee all fights were for blood. He could not understand two men, in the ring or in trade, pawing at each other with big gloves on their fists. If a competitor came into one's field, that was a challenge direct.

The trade he got was something you might have had, and your business was to dispose of him as swiftly as possible. Wingate was one of the most important customers of the MacPhee firm, and had been for several years. He was widely known over a large part of the continent as the manufacturer of the famous medicinal specific, Wingate's Wine of Life. The contract for the bottles in which the celebrated remedy was put up kept an important part of the MacPhee plant going steadily throughout the year. He was the kind of man whom Mulhouse would court assiduously, and Jim found no fault with him for that. A man had the right to all the trade he could corral fairly, no matter who fancied he had proprietary rights to it. All the players gave Jim an invitation to join them at tea in the Club House.

"Been back long?" Wingate asked as they strolled toward the nineteenth hole.

"Only came back this morning," the other answered. "Ran down from Detroit to see how things were looking." He did not wish to speak of his new engagement until he had told Ida of it.

Mulhouse was very agreeable. Jim knew that he could have picked up a good job with the new firm any time after he left MacPhee, but he had a kind of loyalty to the old concern that kept him from identifying himself with the big local rival of the old man with whom he had been all his working life.

The conversation ran on golfing and Bargrave topics, just over-the-teacups talk, but Jim was surprised to notice how friendly Ida and Mulhouse were. He fancied that the head of the rival business had hardly known her twelve months before. Mulhouse was rather superior in his manners, and had a keen perception of the difference there was between people in his social station and those who occupied humble positions and worked for small salaries. He was not at all snobbishly offensive, but understood all about the lines of social demarcation, and would not have been at all likely to be on very friendly terms with a girl who was a kind of superior stenographer for old MacPhee, no matter how agreeable she might be. It was the kind of thing that people like Mulhouse did not do in the small town society of Bargrave.

As Jim listened to the light chatter he guessed that Mulhouse made a difference between the office girl and the niece and only near relative of MacPhee. The young hustler never overlooked a bet, and there was no telling what kind of a mapped-out plan might be found if one could get below the neatly-parted and brushed fair hair of the rival of MacPhee.

Jim knew Mulhouse, and as the five of them gossipped for a half hour, a great many thoughts flitted through his mind. Presently the party broke up. It was understood that Jim had come to meet Ida, for Bargrave had known of their friendship, and had prophesied the altar way as the probable outcome of it, so the Wingates went off, after giving an invitation to the two, laughingly, into their car, and Mulhouse had business in another direction.

"I shall see you again, Miss MacPhee, this evening," he said at parting. "Mr. MacPhee was good enough to ask me to dinner."

Decidedly, thought Jim, Bargrave was moving mysteriously. Mulhouse took himself off and Ida and Jim set out to walk home.

She thought Jim a little quieter than usual, much more subdued than when she had lunched with him at midday. Perhaps she guessed the cause accurately, and was not displeased with it. Sometimes a little jealousy in a man is the most delicate kind of compliment, or at least a



strengthening of the tribute to the woman of his heart. Now and again she shot a little glance at her companion as they passed along the narrow trail. There was the trace of laughter on her lips, the sunshine of mischievous happiness in her eyes, the laughter and sunshine of a woman who loves.

He was silent so long that she had to speak.

"You went up to see Uncle Jim?" she asked.

"Yes. I had quite a long chat with him," he replied. "You certainly have turned the place upside down. It's nothing less than a revolution. He was as hard to stir before as a bear in his winter lair, but he's all for the changes now. He is wonderfully cheerful for an ailing man."

"What chance had he to be cheerful before?" she asked. "Nothing but business all these years, life just bottles, till it seemed as if he had been thrust into one and stoppered. He had no friends to take him out of the groove, no family to warm his heart and take his thought away from himself. If a man lives in an ice-house he is pretty sure to freeze."

"No one put him in an ice-box; he got there himself," said Jim.

"Jim, you are getting flinty," she rebuked him. "Of course nobody makes a man grouchy, he just get's that way himself. Tell me, what did you talk about?" she went on, perceiving the hopelessness of his abstraction.

"Well, the wonderfully changed house. He is as pleased with it as a child with a new toy," said Jim.

"Why shouldn't he be? That shows he is coming back to what he always ought to have been," she replied.

"Then of you, the wonder you are, and the wonders you have wrought," he went on warming up under the influence of the subject.

"And that of course was news to you, newer than the changed house gave you?" she responded, her eyes in turn looking straight ahead, so that when his rested upon them there was no real interchange.

"No, I knew most of it long before he woke up to make the discovery," said Jim.

"And then?" she pursued.

"Just one thing and another, but the wind-up amounted to this, that I am coming back to the works under a two-year contract. I am to have a free hand, the one thing asked of me being that I make good; how I am to do it is left to me," he replied.

"I am glad, Jim," she said at length. "Glad for you and for Uncle." She said it very soberly and very earnestly, but he could not catch her eyes.

"And for nobody else?" he asked.

"Yes, for the workpeople," she smiled. "You were always popular with them, and they will be pleased to know you are returning, as they were sorry when you left."

"And is that all?" he demanded, against his better judgment.

"Who else is there to consider?" she laughed. "Of course I told you, did I not, that I was glad?"

THIS time their eyes did meet. There was demure laughter, smiling challenge in hers. Jim almost followed the impulse of heart and brain; very nearly did what common-sense bade him do, suspend argument and word bickering, take her in his arms and kill romantic fooleries with romance itself.

"If only MacPhee had kept the story of his intention to himself," was the thought that clouded everything else in his mind.

Three or four hours ago he would have obeyed the impulse with swift promptness, but now, in a way, she seemed different to him. She was sweet and pretty and friendly and approachable as ever, and yet there seemed to be about her a barrier—a barrier of money. As MacPhee had said, a woman with the factories and his millions virtually in hand might pick and choose among men. She had known few of them, and none so intimately as she had known him. What in marriage would seem suitable for a girl working in an office for a small weekly salary would not be suitable for a woman with millions in her pocket and the big world before her, a world in which there are quite a number of desirable men. He, Douglas, had come up from the ranks. His people had been ordinary working folks.

According to their standards he had been a big success, his salary seemed huge, but according to the standard fixed by her position as MacPhee's heiress, he would not amount to a great deal. And, thinking it all over, Douglas decided that he might be all kinds of an undesirable person, but he was not the kind who would be content to live on a woman's money; and to keep up an establishment such as she ought to have in the light of her new position would mean more than he could tackle right away.

To speak to her now of love would be to take advantage of her ignorance of what the future had in store for her. MacPhee, in the sneering way he had at times, would not be afraid to suggest that the knowledge of what was coming to Ida had influenced his precipitateness. Then the same notion might enter Ida's mind when she found out. He thought she liked him, and sometimes he dared hope that the feeling was more than liking, but—well, this money affair had changed everything. He cast about for a subject that would act as a safety valve to love, and found one.



They had rambled up the road slowly, and at the gate they lingered.

"I was surprised to see Mulhouse one of the foursome," he smiled. Ida could have laughed outright. There was the delicious little touch of jealousy appearing again. Silly Jim! But this silliness was not a bit disagreeable.

"Why?" she asked. "He plays a good game and is very nice and agreeable."

"I thought the Jews had no dealing with the Samaritans," he answered. "In other words, that the MacPhees and the Mulhouses were Bargrave's Montagus and Capulets. Your uncle used to take business rivalries to very far extremes; a competitor was more or less an enemy—generally more."

"But since the Association was formed, all that has been changed. There are no more business rivalries, as there once were. The lion lies down with the lamb now," she replied.

"That's all new to me," he said.

"The glass people hereabouts have joined together in this association. Their idea is to establish an approximation to standardizing prices, and so to eliminate cut-throat competition," she explained. "There is a sort of understanding about each respecting what might be called the other's sphere of influence, and while there is still competition, in a way, its sting has been drawn to a large extent by the uniform schedule of prices."

"I should think that came pretty near an illegal combination in restraint of trade, as the lawyers put it," he commented.

"I don't know about that," she replied. "It is a sort of gentlemen's agreement to prevent price-slashing. The suggestion came in the first place, I believe, from Mr. Mulhouse, and uncle thought, after consideration, that it might be a good thing."

"And how does it work?" he asked.

"There is some dissatisfaction, I understand, among the members," she answered. "Some of them complain that the agreement is not being loyally kept by all, that there is secret price-slashing so that those who are faithful to the agreement are injured by those who do not stand by it. It has been said that Mr. Mulhouse has not adhered to the compact, but there has been no proof whatever, nothing but suspicion and the talk of jealous people. I don't believe a single word of it, but you know how envyings spring up among those who are left behind in a contest. Mr. Mulhouse is a successful man, and, of course, there are those who think and suggest evil things of him. It is a compliment to his abilities and accomplishments."

BY THIS time they had reached the gate of the MacPhee residence. There they paused for a few minutes.

"You are coming up to dinner to-night?" she asked, almost as a matter of course. She supposed that probably her uncle had already invited him.

"No, I am afraid I shan't be able to," he replied. "There is a great deal to be done in connection with the sudden changing of my plans."

"Yes, I am sure there must be," she said, after a pause, trying to keep the disappointment out of her tones. A few hours before she would have been certain that no mortal business would have kept him away from her this first evening, after months of absence. What was the matter with Jim? It was not like him to be morose and sulky. Then she put away the thought as silly and unreasonable and unjust to Jim. A few hours earlier he had not anticipated the swift change in circumstances.

There must be a great deal for him to do. Still—well, Jim, this afternoon wasn't quite like the Jim she had known.

"When do you expect to take up your position at the works?" she asked.

"Right away, on Monday," he told her.

"Well; I must hurry in. I also have a great deal to do, and since Mr. Mulhouse is to be here for supper, everything must look nice. We have not been accustomed to do much in the way of social entertainment, and you'd laugh to find how fussy uncle is about it. He makes the life of Mrs. Dawson positively miserable. Perhaps I'll see you at church tomorrow." She gave him her hand at parting and, shaking it rather indifferently, Jim took himself off with the idea flitting about his mind that he had made rather an ass of himself.

Confound Mulhouse, and equally confound old MacPhee, he grumbled to himself asbe went down the street. He had no business to attend to that could not be settled any time in an hour or so. Of course he wanted to let the firm he had been working for know his decision not to take another contract with them, but there was no immediate hurry about that—none that would prevent him eating dinner in a friend's house. When he neared his lodgings he came back to his normal state of intelligence and told himself he was a fool and a sullen idiot not to have accepted what was practically an invitation for the evening. He hoped that MacPhee would call him on the 'phone and bid him come up, and to his great joy, this happened shortly after he reached the house.

"What's this Ida tells me about your not coming up, Jim?" demanded the old man over the wire.

"Well, there's quite a bit to do," Douglas responded.

"No more than when you quit me," snapped the voice of MacPhee. "You did it all inside three minutes. Come along up, we're waiting for you, and I tell you, Jim, Ida's been spreading herself to some tune. She'll be mad as hops if you aren't here to see it all."

"Don't you believe a word of it, Jim," Ida broke in, her voice mingling with old MacPhee's chuckles. "I'd hate to have you postpone your work, especially such very important work, but, if you found on second thought that it might be put off a few hours, well, you know we'd be glad to see you. Uncle has insisted that we lay a place at table for you."

"It's mighty good of you, Ida," Jim responded humbly. "I'd like to come, as you know, and if you'll forgive me, and let me change my decision, I'd be glad to come. It sounds a bit kiddish, but—well, I want to see the wonders of the place."

"Hurry, then, so that things won't spoil. I'm glad, Jim, you can come." Douglas imagined there was more in the gratification than the mere words expressed. He rushed off to change his clothes and smarten himself up for the occasion.

And meantime Ida was busily occupied. There was the table to decorate, for the tastes of Mrs. Dawson did not run much in the direction of ornament. The table to her was a place for food, and as the average human being does not eat flowers, pretty shades, and dainty linen, these articles seemed so much useless trumpery to her.

MR. MULHOUSE came first, and Mr. MacPhee took him off into the snuggery till dinner was ready. The younger man knew how to make himself agreeable and, latterly, much of the antipathy toward him that the old man had formerly entertained had vanished.

"Jim Douglas will be up presently," said the old man in a lull of the conversation. "Perhaps you haven't heard that Jim is coming back to me?"

"No, when was that fixed?" asked Mulhouse, genuinely astonished.

"Just this afternoon," replied MacPhee, enjoying slyly the other's surprise. "As a matter of fact he never ought to have left me, but we had a spat, the fur flew a bit, and then Jim flew after it. Touchy as a barrel of gunpowder, and independent as Lucifer himself. But I always had a notion of getting him back. I really bred him to the trade, he was mine all the time, and now I'm getting down the hill, he's the one of all I've had about me that can step into my shoes with some degree of satisfaction to myself."

"Yes, it's a good stroke," answered Mulhouse. "I'd

*Continued on page 44*

# OUR LOST IMMIGRANTS

NO. IV. IN THE SERIES "CANADA REVISITED"

*By* AGNES C. LAUT

WHETHER you consider increasing Canada's production of wheat, lumber, minerals, pulp—to make output equal currency and so prevent the smash of deflated currency; whether you consider paying the railroad deficit by increased traffic instead of increased taxes; whether you want to increase the output of paper to meet the paper famine, or how to get the most out of Canada's natural resources for Canada rather than for foreign brokers—like Omar, you come back to the "same door as in you went."

*That door is increased immigration, increased workers, increased hands.*

In spite of newspaper reports, our immigration is not increasing. It is decreasing. If you count up the number of Americans who registered at ports of entry in Canada from the Klondike boom to the War, you will find the total something between a million and a quarter and a million and a half. If you then figure up how many Americans remained in Canada, you will find the total about 440,000.

The figures are staggering; but when I get a blow, I don't bear the blow a grouch. I salute it; but I want to know where it came from. I don't want to dodge the next blow. I want to see that no next blow comes. It is "the lifting kick" over again. I want to see that "the kick" lands me upstairs, not down.

Now granted that preceding the War, the first wave of a panic stopped immigration, or rather stemmed it! Granted the War almost stopped it! Granted a good many of the incoming million and a half were floaters prospecting outlooks, with no intention of remaining, adventurers, wanderers, restless spirits, financiers, promoters! Granted a lot of settlers fulfilled their homestead duties and either mortgaged their holdings and got out, or sold to permanent settlers and big holding companies at $10 to $20 an acre!

"How can I make $3,000 easier in three years?" a Missouri man asked me ten years ago, as I passed down the Saskatchewan. "I put in my homestead duties in the summer. I work in the lumber camps in the winter, or in the railway construction gangs. I can clean up $1,800 each winter. Then I can sell out at the end of the three years for $4,800. With the cost of my family's living deducted and all expense of moving deducted, I can sell at the end of three years; and go back $3,000 to $5,000 saved."

Granted a great many did that in the prairie wheat lands, and on the 640 acre British Columbia timber limits, when staking timber limits was a veritable craze!

### When Will the "Floaters" Stay?

THE facts for Canada to remember are these: it was similar floaters, who anchored down, that peopled all the Western States from Minnesota to Texas; and these States show a population of from three to seven millions, where our Western Provinces show populations of only 300,000 to 500,000. Also at the minimum wage of $3 a day—which no longer prevails—the minimum is closer to $5 a day—the loss of these 800,000 newcomers, who dribbled back to the United States—represented to Canada a loss in production power of $1,000 a year each, or 800 millions a year to the nation; for the boys who came in children ten years ago would have been man-sized workers to-day; and if the girls were not independent workers, they would have been mothers, which is quite as good for a nation. If the C.P.R. estimate is right—that every wheat producer is worth $700 a year in traffic to a railroad, then one-fourth of these departed ones represented this loss in freight on the deficit of our National Railroads, ¼ of 800,000 multiplied by $700 equals $140,000,000.

That is, if one-fourth of our departures had remained, they would have converted our National Rail deficit into a surplus of 100 millions. We would not have had a deficit. We would have had a surplus. We would have had a second line of steamers running to the Orient and a second line of steamers running to Alaska. We would have had tourist hotels like the Chateau Laurier at Jasper, at Prince George, at Prince Rupert. We would have had a second Spokane at Prince George and a second Seattle at Prince Rupert. We would not be suffering a shortage of coal in the prairie provinces and paying famine prices for coal, that increases the cost of living to every householder on the prairies. We would be mining hard coal good as Welsh admiralty coal, or Pennsylvania anthracite, up on Bear Creek between Prince George and Peace River. We would have smelters at Prince George and Prince Rupert to handle the enormous deposits of low grade copper and iron north towards Portland Canal, and between Prince George and the Babine Lakes. We would have had pulp mills at Prince George and Prince Rupert, where the water power is exhaustless, the cost of the installation low, the distances short—not twenty miles—and the supply of pulp wood unlimited. We would not be paying $200 for paper and $120 for lumber.

*Why did we lose our newcomers?*

*Because we had no organization, or mechanism, to stake them down into permanent residents.*

Here is what happened and how.

I was in the West three times in this period and deprecated what was happening; but the deploring doesn't escape effects if you permit causes to run amuck.

### The Craze for Land

LAND values were kiting in the Western States. They were at an average of $75 an acre. (They are now above that in many points in the Canadian West.) They have since gone up in many points in the Middle Western States to $100 and $200. People came across the line in a craze for land. Who received them? Anybody, everybody. The immigration officials shoved them along in job lots and mobs; and the land sharks were there with a brass band and a motor car.

Sometimes, the newcomer was a wise old pioneer, who knew black loam from sand, and dry land from well watered areas. He got himself located right and is here yet; and he is raising 40 bushels to the acre, and selling it at $2 plus, and going to California every winter in a motor car. He is all right. He wasn't the man who left.

But how about the man who took out his homestead on sand, on dry land, on light land that produces big crops in moist seasons and no crops at all in dry seasons? He isn't here any more. He was droughted out. He was frozen out. He was starved out. He moved away with a curse in his heart, and a black eye for Canada. *Suppose there had been a local organization out on the spot to pilot him to good land in the first place or, if he got located wrong, to remit one homestead and take another. He would be here yet.*

The ranchers long ago warned the public land officials that certain areas ought always to be reserved for ranching. They produced only about one good crop every seven years. The other years, drought or frost got the crops. The land was not worth more than $5 an acre for ranch purposes. How about the poor devils who paid $14, $20, $30? They, too, have moved off "broke," some of them after shooting seventy head of stock last winter to prevent its starvation. But such differences in land don't show on civil service maps and plots. Only the local men know the truth; and the ranchers were accused of playing a crafty selfish game to keep settlers out. You can see in some such areas six sets of homesteaders' shanties and cabins successively abandoned in ten years.

"Look," said a real estate agent to me. "The first man who took that, got it at 50c—half-breed scrip. The second man paid $3. The next buyer paid $14; and the next will have to pay $30. Why, the section next to it raised 40 bushels of wheat last year. The farmer on that next section cleared up $15,000 net—as much as a first class corporation lawyer could make. You bet the next buyer will pay $30."

"And he will be skinned the worst of all," I mentally commented; for while the 640 section was beautiful black loam free of mustard and thistle, this particular quarter section by a sudden shift in the quality of land was light sand.

But these differences in quality don't show in survey maps and real estate plots. The civil service at Ottawa does not know the local ground. Only the local man on the local ground knows the local differences; and unless he belongs to a disinterested organization, he is apt to be an eager seller, or out for a commission of $400 or $500 to land "a sucker."

Said a wise old pioneer to me once when the craze for fruit lands was at its height in Colorado, "We go up to the mountains to catch trout; but we keep down in the valley to catch the suckers."

"Thanks," I answered. "I am not here for a fruit rawnch. I am just a passing traveller."

### Suburban Lots, Twenty Miles Out

AND how about the investors, who bought suburban lots twenty miles from a flat car, which was mapped as the centre of a town, and are still paying for them on the installment plan? And how about real suburban lots that ran twenty miles from real towns but will not be built up for fifty years yet? When they came and saw what they had bought, do you think they stayed? The thing broke like a bubble before the War, and the War simply gave the last iridescent froth its last snap into nothingness.

Or, perhaps, it was a case of a stork impending over a new settlers' shanty, miles from medical aid or hospital. I encountered three such storks once crossing the prairie. In one case the stork hovered three days before he delivered his burden; and the delay left the mother a cripple, after such agonies as only soldiers on the battlefield know. If you compare that woman's suffering with the suffering of a wounded soldier who was not rescued for three days—you will have an idea what that little new life cost in anguish physical and spiritual. Now these things don't show on Ottawa survey maps either; but they are essential factors in keeping settlers or losing them.

So are schools, so are telephones, so are hospitals, so are community centres.

We have remedied many of these things in these last ten years. We have pushed the best of schools abreast of settlement. We have put in rural telephones. We have built roads, and where we could put hospitals in each community, we have organized women's institutes, local clubs, Red Cross Aids, Patriotic Associations; but we hadn't those aids at the period we lost those 800,000 incomers.

The point I make is—Canada's policy of Immigration must become a National Policy of Colonization; and such

*Continued on page 54*



Some contrasts in Prairie dwellings. Left: Russian's House—Soldiers' Settlement Board—East Kuskin settlement, Peace River. House built of mud and logs. Man and wife had 100 acres of oats and 50 of wheat last year. Centre: This little bungalow, built with casement windows, cellars, fireplace and fancy architecture, was constructed by a young English soldier settler near Saskatoon—did all work with his own hands. See equally well-built barn put up by him to rear. Right: Home on Battle River. Just moved in. This man put in crop and built barn before house. Milk cheques, $18 to $20 per week. Wheat will be net crop of this family. Barring accidents or illness they will be out of debt this year and could resell at $60 per acre what they have bought at $8.



She was in his arms in another instant, and their lips met. . . Her eyes grew luminous with love-light, and Elwyn banished the shadow from his mind.

# By Act of God

*By*

## BEATRICE HERON - MAXWELL

JAMES BRINKMAN'S rooms were in Westview Chambers, and the hall was empty, on a night in October when a young man swiftly entered, stepped into the lift and went up. On Brinkman's landing he alighted, sent the lift down, and was about to press the bell of No. 8 when he saw that the door was ajar.

The next instant he was in the passage, the door half-closed behind him.

"Mr. Brinkman?" he enquired in a subdued voice, and repeated it with louder emphasis. No response came.

He walked on to the threshold of a room where silence reigned; the only movement being the noiseless sag of a velvet curtain from the draught of an open window hidden behind it.

The invader's eyes leapt to a bureau and on to a short thick-set knife of the Malay kris type lying amongst some smoking accessories, and as he snatched it up he knew what he had come there to do. The bureau was an old one, and between the edge of the top drawer and its encasement was a space.

He slid the strong blade through this and using it as a lever managed to release the lock from its sheath. The knife dropped from his fingers as he pulled the drawer toward him. Inside were dossiers of all kinds with rubber straps and neat labels. Brinkman took no chances where his business deals were concerned. These packets all meant money to oil the wheels of his juggernautic career.

As the young man's glance darted from row to row he was seized with a sudden panic. There had been no sound, but an impalpable sensation of being watched gripped him. He looked stealthily round, the light from a central hanging lamp falling on his white strained face with its well-moulded features.

If his gaze could have penetrated the folds of purple velvet he would have seen in the dark window-embrasure a pair of eyes, in an evil face, that peered at him through the slight orifice made by the wind. Relentless eyes, like a wolf's when it sights an unexpected prey and begins to hunt.

Reassured, the marauder turned back to the bureau and found the thing he was after—a thin package of strips of writing paper, the top one of which was flapped at the edge to show the signature—his own! "Philip Everest" scrawled in an untidy hand.

The arguments against taking the packet which raced pell-mell into his mind were silenced by two answers. The papers were his own, in a sense, and he intended to pay the full forfeit they involved some day.

HE WAS pushing the drawer home, when a malicious laugh wheeled him round to confront Brinkman.

"You d— young thief!" he said with slow relish, "so you wanted to have your fling, and, when the time came to pay, to steal your I.O.U.'s. And go scot free."

"No," stammered Everest, "I came here to ask you for them—to tell you I'd pay up if you'd give me time. What did you post me for?"

"When a boy plays over his means for a month and can't meet his liabilities at the end of it, it's time to stop him—quick."

"I couldn't have lost the amount you say," Everest broke out hoarsely, "if I signed for it the sums were faked."

"That so?" queried Brinkman insultingly, "not content with letting me down you're going to fling mud at me too—you drunken cub."

Everest's hands were clenched and the knotted veins stood out on his forehead. He was striving as he had never striven before to keep his temper down and his brain clear.

"I had too much to drink, I know," he admitted, "but not enough to make me play wild to that extent. My drink must have been doped—I'm sure of it."

"By me, I suppose," jeered Brinkman, "how many more excuses? You had better make them to the secretary. You won't be let in there or anywhere again, even if you do pay up. They don't encourage defaulters who are on Cagnotte's black list in your other haunts, either here or in any other Canadian city. Your evenings will be dull, I'm thinking, Mr. Philip Everest."

There was a pause, broken by Everest's passionate broken voice. "What's it for? What have I ever done to you that you should set yourself to ruin me?"

"Ah! Now we're coming to it," Brinkman said, folding his arms in leisurely fashion. "As a rule I leave bluffers like you to stew in their own juice and don't soil my fingers with touching their paper. But you were fool enough to jump a claim I'd staked out for myself. You danced one evening at Black's with Therese Delisle. She happens to be my girl. She's wayward at times and she took a fancy to your youth and innocence. Another meeting or two and she'd be playing platonics with you. No good to talk to her—she does what she likes. So you had to be removed. It was easy enough with such a mug; the thing is done. You're down and out."

"I'll clear," said Everest, "and I'll pay you in full as I said. But I'll make sure of these now."

He tossed the packet to the fire.

"No, you don't," exclaimed Brinkman as he sprang to rescue it. But Everest wrestled to keep him back.

"It's got to burn," he panted, and clung so tenaciously that Brinkman yielded a pace; then, rallying, seized Everest by the throat with both hands and they swayed to and fro without a word. Everest felt his sight and breath failing, while the room went red and black to his congested vision.

Neither of them was aware of a lean hand that shot out from the curtain and caught up the knife, nor of a figure that emerged and crept like a beast of prey towards them.

The last thought in Everest's mind before he reeled under Brinkman's weight and crashed downwards, was the remembrance of a garden in England, long forgotten, where he had played as a lonely child, before his recollections of a new home in America began. For a few moments, he lay like a log, then the concussion passed, and a sense of pain replaced the numbness. He moved an arm, felt a twinge from a strained wrist, and propping himself up on the other elbow, stared round.

IN A flash full consciousness and memory returned—the rifled bureau, the attack, the struggle and—ah!—with a stifled cry of alarm he scrambled to his feet shaking with an ague of extreme horror!

For prone on the floor, his two tortured, stiffening hands clawing the deep pile of the carpet, lay Brinkman with a knife buried to the handle between his shoulder blades. His face, turned sideways, showed the ghastly rigidity of death in the dropped jaw, and the livid lips drawn back from his gleaming teeth.

A shuddering sob broke from the boy and he saw himself suddenly in the felon's dock with the electric chair closing his brief spell of life. If he had had any knowledge of the Abstract Power some people call God he would have appealed in his sudden helpless agony for guidance.

But religion of any sort was a dead letter to him; and no prayer came to his trembling lips. He swayed and nearly collapsed; then the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself and catching up his hat, which had fallen with him, he moved furtively along the passage, and down the stairs.

The hall below was apparently empty. He went out into the quiet street, constrained himself to pass along it without semblance of haste, and, meeting nobody, turned into an avenue. Then his nerve snapped and he ran on—on—on!

He was slowing down from sheer exhaustion, when he reached a corner and pulled up short at something just ahead of him.

A man was trying to crank a car—one of the old fashioned Bussills, with a high body and apparently just as high compression. This man was perspiring in the cold night air, and cursing so feelingly and audibly that Everest felt something more than usual must be involved.

As much to collect his thoughts as anything, he offered to try his hand at cranking, but to no better purpose. Then he fumbled with a few buttons and switches on the instrument board, pulled out the primer a couple of times and found it was disconnected.

It was less than a minute before he had found the loose end of wire, and twisted it into the connecting hole in the end of the primer.

"Now I'll try it while you jerk the primer," he said to the owner, and Everest cranked with such success that the ancient 'bus started with a snort and a roar like one of the earliest tractors invented, and grazed his wrist so viciously that if it had been half an inch closer inevitably it would have been broken.

"If you'll let me give you a lift," said the car's owner "I'll try to express my gratitude. I see you were going my way. I'm for the station."

It came to Everest like a bolt from the blue that salvation lay in the offer.

As he swung himself up into the cart he winced with the pain of his sprained wrist.

"Hurt yourself?" inquired the man, "I hope not."

"It's nothing," Everest answered, "only banged up my wrist a bit—the crank—"

THEY were hitting up a good clip now, and in the distance gleamed the railroad lights.

"I'm a doctor," said the man. "Doctor Farraton, and I've been wired for to Congreve Yelland—the steel magnate. He has to have an operation within twenty four hours and he insists on my doing it. I can just get there if I catch the midnight express to the Junction. You see what an enormous service you have rendered me? Can you grip the wheel with your left hand while I tackle your wrist? Keep the car going! There's the signal.'

Everest obeyed and Farraton bound a handkerchief deftly round the wrist. "The express is coming round the bend," he said. "I must run. One more favor. Run the car into Jarneau's garage, and tell him I'll call for it in a day or so."

"Right you are," agreed Everest.

"When I get back," Farraton went on, "I'll drop you a line. I'll not forget my debt to you. Where d'you live?"

"If you want to do me a good turn," Everest said desperately, "I'd be very glad of a loan. I'll send it back without fail."

The doctor took out a pocket-book, and extracted some notes which he thrust into the pocket of Everest's coat. Then he caught up his bag and jumped off the running board almost before the car had come to a standstill. ran like a hare through the crowd and disappeared. Everest eased over into the seat, behind the wheel, and drove the car into the garage almost across the street.

"Dr. Farraton will be round for this in a day or two," he called to the night man on duty. "We've run our train rather fine!"

He was out on the platform just as the train was pulling out. He dashed through the gates and just as the caboose passed he reached the track. One last sprint and he caught the rear railing, and was pulled up to the back platform by the friendly arm of the brakeman, otherwise he would not have had the strength to maintain his grip and climb on by his own unaided powers.

HE HALF staggered, half fell into the caboose. The boy could not speak and it was touch and go whether his heart could stand the strain of this concluding sprint. A grey mist seemed to wall him in. The brakeman seemed to realize his condition, and said:

"Keep moving till you fetch your wind. That's better," as the gasps slowed down. "Sit there in my old chair. What's all your rush about?"

"Dr. Farraton has been wired for," he replied, "to operate on that millionaire, Yelland, and I had to catch the train, with one of his instruments he will need. I'll —I'll go through the train in a moment and give it to him."

"You can't get through," said the brakeman. "There's

a mail car just ahead of this, carrying specie, and both doors are ordered locked."

Little he knew how welcome this news was to the still panting fugitive. "I'll get out at the next stop, then," he volunteered.

"We don't stop until the junction," said the brakeman.

"That'll have to do," Everest answered.

As they rushed on through the night, forging toward the junction that meant a new starting-point of life for him, Everest felt as if this journey alone was real and the past was all a dream from which he had awakened.

His terror had fallen from him as a garment outworn; his mind was clear.

He was free with money in his pocket.

At the junction he got off and followed the doctor across to the East track, and continued his journey in the same train.

There was a run of an hour to the terminus. He let himself doze for a moment.

The wires were busy by this time from police headquarters giving a description of the young man wanted for James Brinkman's murder, but no one imagined that No. 52 could have been caught by the fugitive. Nor was there anything to connect Doctor Farraton's assistant with Philip Everest, the scapegrace gambler, who, being caught in the act of robbing Brinkman, had stabbed him, quick as a flash, and left him dead.

* * * * * * *

Percival Elwyn set his signature to the document before him and said, addressing the lawyers:

"That's a curious expression, Mr. Royce, about damage by 'act of God.' Do you often have that phrase in legal deeds?"

"It's quite usual," Royce answered. "It means lightning or earthquake, or flood—any phenomenon of any kind that is beyond man's control!"

"I haven't come across it before," Elwyn remarked. "Well, I conclude Warren Court is mine now and I can have possession."

"At this moment if you wish," the lawyer assented. "When you arrive at the Court you will find everything in smooth order."

"I think I shall move in this afternoon," said Elwyn. "By the way Professor Harley is my nearest neighbor, is he not?"

"The Professor's house," Royce replied, "is in Warren itself. Mr. Jonas Merrick's house—Shotover Rise—lies between you and Warren cottage as the crow flies. He came over from Canada about a year ago. He is an American, however, I am told."

There was a marked pause, and Elwyn's brow contracted.

He recalled his wandering thoughts, however, and took his leave.

"Rather a coincidence," Royce thought as he looked after the well-knit, well-clad figure going swiftly down the road, "two men coming from a distance to settle down in this district. Warren has only one special attraction that I know of—Jacinth Harley!"

The girl's name conjured up a charming personality and suggested thoughts of marriage settlements, and legal business of the romantic kind.

Meanwhile Percival Elwyn strode on towards the Warren Arms where he had been staying while his purchase of the Court was arranged.

Until a few moments ago the whole landscape had been a setting for one precious jewel that he hungered to possess—one girl who meant the *summum bonum* of which the poet Browning wrote, "All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of one gem."

And with a few careless words in the lawyer's office the scene had changed into a series of shifting views that were passing through his brain as in a kaleidoscope, ending in a cloud that threatened to block out his whole horizon. He saw himself, in that old life his memory had shunned for many a year, standing in a lighted room with a dead man at his feet—and the curse of Cain branding itself upon his soul; he felt the night air stinging his fevered face as he ran through dark streets and by-ways, a hunted thing that had no right to live because it had stolon life from another; he pictured again the brief struggle with the terrified mare, the rescue, the long drive, the agony of effort to reach the train, and the sleep that gave him back his youth and strength with a new grit that had lain latent in him until then.



Prone on the floor lay Brinkman, with a knife between his shoulder blades.

It had all happened so easily. Farraton recognised him as they descended from the train and suggested that as he was there he might help him still further by engaging a room at the Station Hotel, to which the doctor could come after the operation.

It paved the way to security. He had taken two rooms, explaining that they were travelling together and entering his own name as Percival Elwyn.

He chatted to the manager, describing the incident of the Bussill which was so hard to crank, thereby accounting for his bound-up wrist.

On the doctor's arrival, they breakfasted together before Farraton went back to his patient. The operation was successful, and it meant that Farraton's future was made. Before he left he gave him a letter of introduction to Congreve Yelland's business manager that ensured an immediate berth to "Percival Elwyn."

Out of the first salary that Elwyn received he returned the bills he had borrowed, thereby winning both the doctor's and his own respect. From that time onward everything had prospered with him.

He had developed a certain brilliant capacity for business that raised his position and salary in the firm until as the owner of a considerable block of stock he could think of taking a two or three year rest.

All this in ten years—ten years that had changed him from a wastrel boy into a man of means.

But for the first year or two there had been a haunting terror in his life. In the accounts of the murder at Westview Chambers it transpired that Brinkman had gone to a floor above, to see a friend.

The deduction was that someone entered his flat, forced his bureau and, being caught in the act, stabbed Brinkman and fled.

As young Everest was known to have been posted at Cagnotte's Rooms as a defaulter on information received from Brinkman, and as the lad himself and his I.O.U.'s to Brinkman were missing, his guilt was a foregone conclusion.

But the evidence was purely circumstantial, until a man made a statement that was conclusive. Mr. Jonas Merrick had resided for a year at Westview Chambers on the top floor, leading a very quiet life. He declared that as he approached the house he saw a young man look furtively out from the doorway, and afterwards emerge and run swiftly away. His suspicions being aroused he rang the bell for the night porter, and they went up in the lift and, finding the door of No. 8 open, entered and discovered the tragedy. The police therefore had only to trace Philip Everest and confront him with this unnamed witness to ensure a conviction.

Directly Elwyn read this statement, he knew that this man was the real murderer. Thinking it all over he had decided that it would have been impossible for him, gripped as he was by Brinkman, even if the knife was still in his hand, to have stabbed the other man in the back. And in two details the statement was a lie. He had not looked out to reconnoitre from the door, and he had walked slowly to the end of that street, and the next, before starting to run. In the course of some business transaction for the firm he came across a letter telling of an attempt Brinkman had made to jockey the writer in a money deal.

"Brinkman is a thorough-going scoundrel," was a sentence that stuck in Elwyn's mind. "And though he does not know it Merrick was at the back of me in this enterprise, and Merrick is not a man who forgives."

It was after this that Elwyn determined to go to England, his parents' country, and perhaps settle there, putting the sea between him and any dread of recognition. Chance brought him into contact with Professor Harley, who was in London at the time, studying at the British Museum, and, through the Professor, with his only daughter Jacinth.

Elwyn's face grew strangely tender as he remembered their first meeting and the revelation of perfect womanhood that this girl with the wonderful eyes and radiant smile, and the individual femininity that makes some women seem the only woman to certain manly men, had been to him.

Jacinth's heart was untouched so far, and he resolved to win her. So when she talked of their little cottage home in Devonshire he laid his plans of strategy in which again Chance seemed to give him a helping hand. He went down there a week before the Harleys were due to return, found that the Court was to let, took it straightway, and built his hopes upon it.

ONE question obsessed him now as he walked along—was this man Merrick by any whim of fate—of all the hundreds of Americans or Canadians who might settle in Devon—the one who had a grudge against Brinkman, and if so, having himself to shield, would he recognise Elwyn and denounce him as Everest? No, this seemed too improbable!

So absorbed was he in his thoughts that he reached a stile, which opened on a sharp cutting down to the village road, without seeing that someone was standing in the shadow of the hedge beyond, and it was with a violent start that he replied to a low laugh and the query: "In a brown study, Mr. Elwyn?"

The trouble in his face merged into unalloyed gladness as he said : "You're back? I thought it was to-morrow you were coming!"

Jacinth laughed again. "That's not nearly so surprising as finding you here," she said softly.

He laughed too. The joy of seeing her had banished all misgivings for the moment.

"I live here," he said. The color flashed into her cheeks as she stammered, "You live here!—Since when?"

"Since an hour ago," he answered, "my address is Warren Court."

She could not speak. She had missed him, and this revelation held a meaning which she hardly dared to guess at! There is a silence so eloquent that it bridges over a space of countless words, and makes a wireless line between two hearts.

Heedless of the danger hovering over him Elwyn caught her hands in his, and let the headlong passion that was throbbing in every pulse have its way.

"Jassie, I meant to wait, but I can't—I love you too much! I want you for my wife—I worship you. Don't send me away. Let me try to make you care—Jassie—Jassie!"

The broken words hurried from his lips while the clasp of his hands grew closer and he drew her nearer to him. All the loveless barren loneliness of his orphan boyish days, all the deep feelings of a nature unstirred so far by emotional impulses towards women, were merged in this devotion of body and soul that she had inspired. It was a resistless torrent and it carried her away on its surging tide. She was in his arms in another instant and their lips met.

Even that hour, so long gone by, when he knew that life and liberty were reopened to him, could not compare with the exultant overwhelming rapture of this one. Voices in the road below sundered them, and he loosed her from his embrace, but the speakers passed on along the road.

"Father!" breathed Jacinth in a whisper, "and Mr. Merrick."

The name was like a cold clutch at Elwyn's heart. It brought him violently back from the heaven he had just entered and set him on the earth—alone, and in possible peril of his life.

She sensed some disturbance in his mind, and her hand stole gently into his. "You need not be jealous of Mr. Merrick," she said, "I have never liked him. I cannot imagine why father does."

"They are friends?" asked Elwyn.

"Yes. Do you hate Mr. Merrick? I believe you do."

"I don't know him," Elwyn said.

She smiled. "Someone has told you of him then."

"You mean," he questioned, "that he is in love with you?"

Jacinth made a wry little mouth; the smile had faded, and her lips were grave.

She spoke vehemently. "He dares to say so, sometimes," she acknowledged, "and when I forbid him to, and tell him that he is detestable to me he says he'll wait—that everything comes to those who know how to wait. He manages to see father nearly every day. They have a lot of subjects in common. I avoid him whenever I can. Don't let us think of him—to-day."

Her eyes grew luminous with love-light, and Elwyn banished the shadow from his mind.

"May I walk home with you," he asked, "and wait till your father returns? I can scarcely believe yet that you care, Jassie!"

They walked along to the cottage in its bower of crimson ramblers, and when the Professor returned Jacinth put her arm through her father's as she welcomed him at the door, and whispered that Percival Elwyn was there to see him about something important.

The Professor looked down into her glowing face.

"Is the 'something important' my little girl?" he asked, and Jacinth nodded.

"Thank God," said her father, for it had been his only care that his motherless girl might find happiness in a home of her own before he himself "went West." He had hoped all the while that Elwyn would be the man of her heart. Elwyn, waiting for his interview, heard the deep note of glad thanksgiving.

THE words in the lease flashed back into his mind and with them the germ of belief in this Divine Being that had been only an abstract vague nonentity in his thoughts until now.

Perhaps this wonderful priceless possession that had just come to him was the gift of God! Perhaps a stronger hand than that of Chance had led him from that room where his wayward self-indulgence died, killed by a violent death, to this fragrant house that held the deepest reverence of his heart.

He spent the evening at the cottage, and it was decided that he should take possession of Warren Court in the morning, and that the Professor and Jacinth should come there in the afternoon and stay on to dinner. It would be a house-warming—the preliminary to their home-coming.

But resolutely as he banished it, the phantom of fear returned with the night, and kept him sleepless until dawn. He decided that he would meet this man Merrick at once. Would it be the Merrick? There was no object in waiting, and the strain would be intolerable.

Looking with earnest scrutiny in the mirror he wondered whether anyone could recognise the lad of ten years back in this mature manhood. It seemed doubtful. By the time he had taken up his abode at Warren Court, and Jacinth and the Professor came, he felt reassured. There seemed no cloud between them as he took Jacinth over the house that would soon be hers, and talked of their life together.

When they returned to the drawing-room the Professor beamed upon them, and tea was waiting for the future chatelaine of the Court to dispense.

"By the way," said the Professor. "I met Merrick this morning and told him our news. He asked if Percival hailed from Canada. There was a man called Elwyn connected with Yelland's business, he said, and he wondered if it was you." The bolt had fallen. Elwyn knew instantly that jealousy would lead Merrick to penetrate into his past, and that the truth might come out and would be made a lever against his marriage with Jacinth. This was certain, even supposing that Merrick was not the man who had paid his grudge against Brinkman, and played for safety by a clever alibi arranged during that interval of Everest's unconsciousness.



It was with a violent start that he replied to a low laugh and query: "In a brown study, Mr. Elwyn?"

But he kept his composure while he replied steadily, "Yes. I am a director and part owner of one of Mr. Yelland's concerns."

"Good!" said the professor, "Merrick is keen to meet you. He said he should pay a friendly call to-day. He may turn up at any moment."

Elwyn recalled vividly that night of flight and terror—and contrasted his life then with his good fortune now. Then he had nothing to look back on but the short, feverish, mis-spent life of a waster; nothing to look forward to but the gallows, or imprisonment for life.

Now, he could view with pleasure and pardonable pride the ten years' efforts, with their ultimate crown of success, which had enabled him to take this leisure, with the feeling that he had *earned* it. He had gained a reputation as a useful citizen—and now he was about to gain his Heart's Desire. If Merrick—but there must be no "if"—surely if Providence deemed it worth the while to let him escape his just deserts a decade ago, Fate would not be so vindictive as to cast him from his pedestal of success and happiness.

They went out on the terrace after tea, and the wind, which had increased almost to a gale, carried Jacinth's hat away, so that she and Elwyn pursued it together, laughing and breathless like a couple of children. Returning, they saw coming up the drive a tall, muscular figure, with a strong, coarse-featured face, and eyes that were cold and sharp and cruel like a wolf's when it scents a prey.

"Here is Merrick," said the Professor, and went a few paces ahead towards his friend. Jacinth laid her hand on Elwyn's arm.

"I hate him to come here!" she said under her breath. "We must bear it this time for father's sake, but—"

She broke off. The two men had met and were greeting each other.

Merrick's eyes going past the professor had fastened on Elwyn and his eyebrows were bent in a concentrated stare of inquiry that was changing to certainty.

Elwyn knew that his hour had come. There was no mistaking the light of amazed satisfaction in those cruel eyes.

This man knew him, he had his evidence all prepared—and in a few moments the fateful words would be spoken that would mean death to all his hopes of happiness. Agonizedly he tried to think of some way out, some way to clear himself, at least to gain time. But his brain seemed numb.

Merrick advanced a yard, saying, "Mr. Percival Elwyn and I have met before—once! He won't remember me, but—"

The words were struck from his mouth, as, with a crash that might have been a thunderbolt cleaving its way through space, one of the tall red chimneys that were the pride of Warren Court, in their mediaeval workmanship, detached itself from a crumbling socket, torn by the wind, and shattered itself at his feet.

The little group scattered in dismay, and as Jacinth gave a startled cry, Elwyn caught her in his arms. She clung to him a moment whispering, "Thank God it didn't hurt you!"

"A lucky escape," exclaimed the Professor, "a miracle it did not kill one of us!"

BUT Merrick, looking past him at the lovers, made a gesture of furious hatred, his features convulsed by jealous passion.

"It would have been a judgment," he stammered hoarsely, while his face worked strangely in the stress of violent emotion, "I tell you, Harley, this Elwyn shall not marry your daughter. He—he—" the choking words refused to come as he swayed, groped with his fingers blindly, and before the Professor could reach him, fell heavily and lay still.

They carried him into the house, and a doctor was summoned quickly from the village, but Merrick did not regain consciousness, and drifted with the night into the eternal silence of death.

"A stroke brought on by the shock of the falling chimney," the doctor said, "and if he had survived it would have meant paralysis."

Later, Jonas Merrick's lawyers found, amongst certain papers he had confided to them to be kept unopened until after his death, a confession of how and why he killed James Brinkman. Elwyn, looking back, believed at last with his whole soul in "a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

For these two men who had preyed unduly upon their kind, death—swift and sudden!

For the needless young offender who had been his own enemy rather than any other man's—a punishment that had cured, a redemption that had been worked out, and an unclouded future with the girl who was the best God-given thing of all.

# SCARLET and GOLD: Olden Times In The R. N. W. M. P.

*By* COLONEL GEORGE H. HAM

THE famous Royal North West Mounted Police of Canada, whose record constitutes a strikingly romantic chapter in the history of Canada, was called into being in 1873 to preserve British law and order in the vast wildernesses lying between the Great Lakes and the mountain ranges of British Columbia. The newly-formed Dominion of Canada had but recently acquired these huge preserves from the Hudson's Bay Company, subsequently to convert them from the Northwest Territories into the Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.



**One of the "Farthest North" Mounted Police Cabins. The "Mountie" in the upper left-hand corner is one of the expert horsemen for which the force has been noted since its inception. The man in the upper right-hand corner is clad in regulation costume, suitable for a trip, say, to Coronation Gulf. The figure below is a little ward of the Mounted Police, who seems to be enjoying herself.**

It was the duty of the little force, some 300 strong, known as the North West Mounted Police—destined to gain an imperishable name throughout the civilized world for its remarkable efficiency and valour—to administer the law and to represent supreme authority over this immense area of undeveloped Canadian territory. Intrepid pioneers were pushing their way into Western Canadian fastnesses hitherto unknown except to the aboriginal Indians, explorers, and agents of the Hudson's Bay Company. As may be imagined, the R.N.W.M.P. had to exercise extraordinary discretion and courage in dealing with the free and easy forerunners of civilization and the fierce and untamed Indian tribes. Most of the people feared neither God nor man, and a man had to stand upon his own naked merit and strength of character.

Mere mention of the Mounted Police recalls scores of men whose names were for long and should be for ever household words in the West. For instance, there is Lieut.-Col. George A. French, R.A., the first Commissioner, who personally commanded the expedition of 1874, which opened up the southern section of the country and cleaned out the worst of the Yankee whiskey trading forts. Col. French was Inspector of Artillery and in command of A Battery, R.C.A., Kingston, when appointed to command the police—a soldier possessing a combination of dash and disregard of red-tape which proved very useful. After returning to the army, he served in Australia and reorganized the defensive forces of that country, retiring from the service as Sir George French.

Lieut.-Colonel James F. Macleod, C.M.G., who was Assistant Commissioner under Col. French, and succeeded him as Commissioner, became better known as a judge perhaps than as a police officer, as he administered justice in the West for many years. Fort Macleod was named after him. He had been an officer in the Ontario militia and was Assistant Brigade Major of Militia in the Red River Expedition of 1870, receiving the C.M.G., for his services. Col. Macleod was pre-eminently a practical administrator of justice.

The first year the police were in southern Alberta (1874-75), Col. Macleod acted as commanding officer of the police and stipendiary magistrate. His men were almost frozen in their beds for lack of proper clothing. A raid upon one of the more or less notorious Yankee traders' "forts," which had been doing a roaring trade in Indian horses at a rate of a gallon of rot-gut whiskey per head, produced a welcome supply of buffalo robes; and besides exacting from the illicit traders fines to the full extent of the law, Col. Macleod judiciously seized the robes, and issuing them to his men solved a problem which at one time threatened serious results.

The gallant officer's influence over the Indians was very great, and resulted in Treaty No. 7 (1877) with the Blackfeet and Blood Indians. It is to be regretted that his services were not adequately appreciated by the Canadian Government, and his widow and children, who had faithfully shared in the hardships of his pioneer life, were never provided for. Governments are proverbially ungrateful.

### Col. Irvine's Services Against Riel

LIEUT.-COL. A. G. IRVINE, who was Commissioner of the force during the Riel Rebellion of 1885, was also a Red River Expedition man, having gone out as second in command of the Quebec Rifles. He was Col. Macleod's successor (1882) and possessed the same excellent qualities as his predecessor in dealing with the Indians at critical times, and was, like Col. Macleod, idolized by his men. When Sir Garnet Wolseley returned east a provisional battalion of militia was left in the Red River and Col. Irvine had command of it. When the Fenian filibusterer, O'Neil, made his raid across the Manitoba frontier, Col. Irvine had command of the expedition despatched to the frontier, but before the line was reached United States troops had solved the difficulty by the simple process of seizing O'Neil and his gang. Col. Irvine was a thorough gentleman, and those who knew him sympathized heartily with him when the impression somehow or other got abroad that his services had not been satisfactory during the Riel rebellion. Those who are in possession of the facts give the Colonel credit for splendid service to the country upon that occasion.

Previous to the outbreak he repeatedly drew the attention of those in authority to the trouble brewing, and when the outbreak occurred he showed great ability in conducting the march of his force of 100 policemen from Regina to Prince Albert. With the temperature below zero, he covered 291 miles of prairie trail in seven days, and the half-breeds were preparing to intercept this force at Batoche when, to their amazement and disgust, they learned that Col. Irvine had discreetly made a détour, had crossed the Saskatchewan at Agnew's Crossing, some distance down, and was within a few miles of Prince Albert. Arm-chair critics thought that Col. Irvine should not have remained in Prince Albert, but should have joined General Middleton. However, after the rebellion, Gabriel Dumont, while in the East, confided to me that had it not been for Col. Irvine's force in Prince Albert and the patrols he kept out, the rebels would have attacked the unguarded supply posts and wagons in the rear of Gen. Middleton's column, which would have forced that officer to halt or retire, for he had never more than two or three days' rations with him at the front. The half breeds were afraid to leave their camp and women at Batoche open to attack by Col. Irvine for an adventure in rear of Gen. Middleton's force.

Commissioner Lawrence Herchmer's appointment was always a mystery and just why he was brought into the force and made commissioner was never understood by outsiders. He had served as subaltern in the British army and had later acted as commissariat officer on the staff of the International Boundary Commission. I was in the Ottawa press gallery and on the day of his appointment received a wire from a friend in Chicago announcing the fact. I rushed over to Fred White, then Comptroller of the force and showed him the message. He was astounded that the news should have come from Chicago for, he told me, "the appointment was made only ten minutes ago." I asked if it wasn't William who had been appointed, but he said: "No, it's Lawrence."

A. Bowen Perry, the present Commissioner, was one of the first class of students at the Royal Military College, winning a commission in the Royal Engineers on graduation, but serving only a few years in the Army. He came to the front in the Riel rebellion under General Strange. He had a nine-pounder gun in his charge and risked his life to save it when crossing the Red Deer River. There being no other means of crossing Major Perry decided to make a raft to carry his gun and equipment over. Owing to the extemporized moorings breaking, the raft, with gun and ammunition on it, ran away and was drifting down the swift current when Major Perry managed to get the end of a rope fast to an overhanging tree and it held. Owing to the peculiar position of raft, rope, tree and current had the rope parted again, Major Perry must have been crushed to death or drowned. He took the risk and won.

The force to-day is 1,800 strong, six times its original strength, and its operations are extended all over the Dominion. Amongst the newly-recruited force, like the first command, are a large number of the brightest and bravest of young Britishers, many of whom are sons of distinguished families, and they are maintaining the enviable high prestige that the force has gained since its organization nearly half a century ago.

SUPERINTENDENT G. E. SAUNDERS was one of several officers of the force who splendidly showed by their records that officers who wear monocles and bestow careful attention upon personal appearance are none the less good men, and efficient, confidence-inspiring officers. Severely wounded in South Africa, he again saw service in the Great War and rendered a splendid account of himself. He was perhaps one of the handsomest officers in a force which was largely composed of good-looking men.

I recall a number of former officers of the force whom it was a treat to look upon—Assistant Commissioner J. H. McIlree, as plucky and as courteous as he was good-looking; Superintendent Frank Norman, alert, eagle-eyed and active; Superintendent R. B. Deane, one of the fine old school of officers, formerly of the Royal Marines; Superintendent J. D. Moodie, who was the first Mounted Policeman to command a deep sea naval expedition, namely that to Hudson Bay; Col. Walker, of Calgary, is still in the flesh, and like his namesake, Johnny Walker, still going strong.

Inspector W. D. Jarvis was another of the original officers of the force, he having gone out as Inspector in command of A Division and having had charge of the column which proceeded via Qu'Appelle, Touchwood, Batoche, Carlton and Pitt to Edmonton while Col. French and Col. Macleod were marching through Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta. Inspector Jarvis was much beloved in the force. It will be interesting to many friends and admirers of the late Sir Sam Steele to know that Inspector Jarvis was largely instrumental in securing a commission for that gallant officer. Sir Sam, who had been a non-commissioned officer in A Battery under Col. French, was sergeant-major of A Division of the Police on Jarvis' march to Edmonton in 1874. Forage and rations gave out and rotten weather was experienced. It was then that

Sam Steele's pluck and energy showed up and Inspector Jarvis in his official report spoke very highly of his services, especially mentioning that he had done manual labor of at least two men. Sir Sam's services at turbulent railhead camps during the construction of the C.P.R. through the mountains, at Loon Lake and Frenchman's Butte in 1885, in the Yukon in the gold rush days, in South Africa while commanding Lord Strathcona's Horse, and in England during the recent war, are too well known, or should be, to require reference to them here.

Superintendent A. R. Macdonnell was one of the old-timers who knew how to handle the noble red man and the half-breed. Upon one occasion in 1885, he set out with three or four men to get eight Indian horse thieves, and located them in a camp of 45 lodges near Wood Mountain. The chief man in the camp presuming to make threats, Supt. Macdonnell simply covered him with his revolver, ordered the thieves to be produced, triumphantly took them and the stolen horses out of the camp, and on returning to headquarters tried the prisoners and sentenced them. Superintendent Macdonnell was commonly known as "Old Paper Collar," a name bestowed upon him for his alleged partiality to that very practical and at one time economical article of attire.

### Treating With Sitting Bull

AMONG the giants of those days Major James M. ("Bob") Walsh was noted as one of outstanding courage and wisdom in dealing with white men or Indians. His word was law and he never broke his word. His cool fearlessness and his integrity gained for him the absolute confidence and the high regard of the Indian chiefs throughout the Northwest Territories, and this enviable esteem stood him in good stead upon the memorable occasion of his dealing with the great Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, following the Custer massacre in 1876. Gold had been discovered in the U.S. territory allotted to the Indians. Prospectors and miners had invaded the Indians' hunting-grounds with the result that trouble ensued between the white men and the Indians. Sitting Bull and his braves finally came into conflict with the U.S. authorities, and Gen. Custer and his men were exterminated at the battle of the Little Big Horn River in Montana in June, 1876.

After the battle Sitting Bull and many of his warriors fled northward and entered Canada near Fort Walsh, a police post founded by Major Walsh in 1874 among the Cypress Hills. Sitting Bull was pursued by a party of U.S. troopers, who, incensed by the Custer disaster, were disposed to follow him into British territory and wreak vengeance upon the Sioux chief.

But Sitting Bull claimed sanctuary under the British flag, and it was at this critical juncture that Major Walsh's courage, sagacity and sound judgment prevented an awkward and dangerous international situation. Major Walsh, under the instructions of Col. Macleod and Col. Irvine, had naturally kept himself closely and accurately informed concerning the warfare between Sitting Bull and the U.S. authorities, and was aware not only of the Custer massacre but also of Sitting Bull's flight toward Canada. He was promptly on hand when the Sioux chief and his band of warriors crossed the boundary line, and warned the pursuing U.S. forces not to invade Canadian territory or the N.W.M.P. would be compelled to deal vigorously with the situation. Major Walsh was widely known personally and by repute on both sides of the boundary by white men and Indians, by the civil and military authorites. The U.S. troops halted at the border.

Major Walsh, accompanied by one of his sergeants, rode into the camp of Sitting Bull to ascertain his intentions and discuss the situation. The Sioux chief and his men were in a dangerous mood after the Custer engagement and their harsh treatment by the United States, and were ready to fight to the last man if need be. They did not know if Major Walsh came as friend or foe, and he certainly took his life in his hand when he rode into Sitting Bull's camp. But the Major told Sitting Bull that he and his people might remain in Canada so long as they obeyed the laws and created no disturbance, as indeed they did remain, more or less happily, for the rest of their days.

Sitting Bull maintained an intense hatred for the United States which he claimed had persecuted him infamously and had callously violated its treaties with him repeatedly. But he became a firm friend and ardent admirer of Major Walsb, and in after years it was the Major who arranged and presided over interviews between Sitting Bull and sundry American journalists and politicians. John J. Finnerty, one time war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has given a graphic description of such a meeting, and the Major in his scarlet uniform is a conspicuous figure in the group.

Another characteristic incident occurred in 1877 when bands of the Saulteaux and Assiniboine Indians became involved in a tribal fight near Fort Walsh. Major Walsh and a handful of policemen rode into the Cypress Hills direct to the headquarters of the warring tribes—many hundred of them—arrested the ringleaders, told them he intended to take them to Fort Walsh to be tried by the law of their Mother, the Great White Queen, and at once brought about peace and quietness among these fierce and reckless warriors. Those who know the character of the Indians there in those days appreciate the risk run by Major Walsh and his few policemen.

Major Walsh had various titles among the Indian tribes of the great West. By some he was known as "Wahonkeza," meaning "Long Lance" while the Piegans called him "The White Chief of the Assiniboines." The Assiniboines called him "The-one-that ties" from the fact that on his first official visit to the Piegans he shackled four of the wrong-doers with great promptness. He negotiated the cession of the Assiniboia by the Indian chiefs to the Canadian Government.



Major Walsh and the late Dr. G. W. Beers, of Montreal, were often classed together as fathers of modern lacrosse in Canada. Certain it is that Major Walsh was captain of the Prescott lacrosse team in the days of its championship and when it toured Canada and the U.S.



Assistant Commissioner W. H. Herchmer was dearly beloved in the force as a dare-devil and there was considerable expression of surprise in some quarters when his brother Lawrence Herchmer, was made Commissioner in 1886, instead of him. "Old Bill" Herchmer, as he was was known, came into public notice first as commanding officer of Lord Lorne's escort on his western tour, and again attracted attention as Chief of Staff to Colonel Otter during the 1885 campaign. He commanded for many years at Calgary, where his sadly tragic death was deeply regretted.

Inspector G. A. Brisbois was known in the force as the founder of Calgary. He commanded B Division under Col. French and was sent up to the forks of the Bow and Elbow to watch some trading posts established near there. He had rough barracks built, which were the first permanent buildings on the site of the present city. Inspector Brisbois dated his first official report in 1875 from "Fort Brisbois," and for some time the barracks were so designated. Popularly Calgary was known by a variety of names as "The Mouth," "Elbow River," "The Junction," etc. Confusion resulting, Colonel Macleod was deputed by Sir John Macdonald to confer a name on the post and he called it by the name of his paternal home in Scotland, "Calgarry," which is Gaelic for "Clear Running Water." The spelling reformer has since been busy, and so we now have the name with the single "r."

Of course, there are many others of the former officers and men of the force one could and would like to write about did space permit—men like Supt. Griesbach, the first to join the ranks as a buck policeman, and whose son is now representative of Edmonton in the Dominion parliament; Lawrence Fortesque, C.M.G., I.S.O., who enlisted as a buck policeman and rose to the comptrollership of the force—he is now retired and living in England, but he pays occasional visits to Canada and I had the pleasure of renewing old acquaintance with him the other day in Ottawa; Major Winder; Jacob Carvell; Dalrymple Clarke, a nephew of Sir John Macdonald; Supt. Shortcliffe; Capt. Jack French, who was shot at Batoche in '85, while attacking a Metis stronghold, and whose posthumous son is an officer of the force and won the I.S.O. for service in the arctic regions; Dr. Kittson, the original surgeon, a member of Commodore Kittson's family; Dr. G. H. Kennedy, from Dundas, Ont., who succeeded Dr Kittson; Dr. Dodds; Dr. Jukes, who was possessed of a remarkable memory, and had high literary tastes; Veterinary Surgeon Burnett, who has been 34 years with the force and is a horseman with very few equals anywhere; Supt. Gagnon, 27 years in the force, who married Hon. Joseph Royal's daughter, who received the surrender of Big Bear and distinguished himself overseas; Supt. L. N. F. Crozier, who commanded at the action at Duck Lake in 1885, and whose reports to the Government previous to the rebellion, if acted upon, might have prevented any uprising; Inspector Joe Howe, the nephew of the great Nova Scotian statesman, who was wounded at Duck Lake and later rendered distinguished service in South Africa; Assistant Commissioner "Zack" Wood, who was an officer in the 90th in 1885, did great service in the Yukon, and is now stationed in the arctic regions; Charlie Constantine; Wroughton; Belcher; Shortcliffe, Morris, who commanded the post at Battleford during the Riel trouble; Routledge; Starnes, the present Assistant Commissioner, a nephew of Hon. HenryLorne of Manitoba; Strickland; poor Chalmers, who died a hero's death while trying to save the life of his comrade Saunders in South Africa; Jack Cotton; Dickens, of whom mention has been made; Inspector Jack Allen, who figured in the final incident of the "Almighty Voice" tragedy in May, 1897

Jack was a born fighter, and has seen service since the early sixties—at Windsor (Ont.) border, during the Civil War, and during the Fenian raid in '66, and was through the South African war and did great service in Great Britain during the recent Great War; Supt. Cecil R. Denny, of a distinguished Irish family; Col. Osborne Smith, after whom Fort Osborne in Winnipeg was named, and who was temporary commissioner of the force for a brief period in 1873; Major Charles F. Young, a British officer who fought in the Maori war in New Zealand, and is now police magistrate in Prince Albert (a man of convivial habits, but with a stern sense of duty—a sort of kind-hearted official who would shed tears when illicit liquor was destroyed at his command); Asst. Commissioner John A. McGibbon, from Montreal; J. O. Wilson, of Dundas, Ont., who did excellent service in the Riel rebellion; Inspector Cuthbert, whose father was one of the seigneurs of the province of Quebec; Supt. Snider from Peterborough, who made a high reputation in different parts of the country; Supt. Primrose, from Pictou, N.S., who is now a police magistrate at Edmonton; Supt. Moffat, of Toronto; Inspector Antrobus; Charlie Wood, who rose from a buck policeman to be editor of the Macleod *Gazette*, and is now a judge in Saskatchewan; Supt. E. W. Jarvis, who later was a member of the lumber firm of Macaulay and Jarvis in Winnipeg, and commanded the Winnipeg Field Battery during the Riel Rebellion: Victor Williams, who won honor and fame during the late world war and was a worthy son of a distinguished father, Col. Williams of Port Hope, Ont., who died at the front in '85; Asst. Commissioner Routledge, of Sydney, C.B., who died in 1919; Inspector Ed. Allen—and others whose names are deserving of recognition in the scroll of fame, but memory fails me, I regret. But some day when a full and complete history of the force is written, they will not be forgotten.



**Above: Col. Lawrence W. Herchmer, Commissioner N.W.M.P., 1886-1900.**
**Centre: Major-General George A. French, K.C.M.G., Commissioner, 1874-77.**
**Below: Supt. Constantine, who took the first detachment into the Yukon, and established the first N.W.M.P. post at Forty-mile.**

One name, however, will be emblazoned in bright letters—that of Col. Fred White, for years comptroller of the force, to whom is due the gratitude of not only the members of the force, but of the people of the Dominion and the Empire for his eminent services.

To tell a tithe of the heroic deeds performed by the Old Rough Riders, of their daring adventures, of their

courage and fearlessness under any, and all circumstances, no matter how hazardous, would fill a huge volume. The taking of a culprit from a hostile camp of 500 or 1,000 warriors by one or two buck policemen, the bringing of murderers and violent lunatics a thousand miles through pathless regions, in the depths of winter, evidenced the long arm and the strong arm of British law, and gave the force a glory that can never fade.

### The Why of the Scarlet Tunic

THE adoption of the scarlet tunic for the Mounted Police was an inspiration, and knowing something of the denseness of the official mind, I often wondered why such a really sensible thing had been done by officialdom in selecting a uniform for the Mounted Police. It appears that in 1872 the government sent Colonel Robertson Ross, commanding the militia, to reconnoitre the far west, and he made the trip overland from Winnipeg to the Pacific. In his report, which recommended the organization of a mounted force to open up the western country, he explained that prejudice existed among the Indians against the color of the dark green uniform worn by the men of Irvine's provisional (rifle) battalion at Fort Garry.

Many of them had asked: "Who are those soldiers at Red River wearing dark clothes? Our brothers who lived there many years ago (belonging to a wing of H.M. Sixth Regt. of Foot sent to Red River in 1846) wore red coats, and we know that the old king's soldiers who fought against the Yankees wore red coats and that the soldiers of our Great White Mother wear red coats now. The soldiers who wear red coats are friends of the Indians, and if the men in Red River wore red coats we would know that they are the Great White Mother's warriors, and we would not be suspicious of them." Sir John Macdonald appreciated the force of this argument and ordered that the color for the Mounted Police tunic be scarlet instead of rifle green as at one time proposed.

By the way, the term "fort" as used in the far west at this time was found to be very much of a misnomer. Any kind of an old log hut which a trader made his headquarters was dignified by the designation of "Fort." These forts were usually named after the trader who built them—Fort Kipp, Fort Hamilton, etc. Forts "Whoop Up" and "Stand Off" were in their day central depots or warehouses for several smaller posts and travelling "outfits," and "Whoop Up" was in comparison with most of the others a real fort with bastions and defensible barricades.

In 1886, when out for the Toronto *Mail* to enquire into an expected Indian rising, I wrote an article favoring the use of barbed wire around the alleged forts as a means of entanglement for the Redskin enemy, and a great many people looked upon it as a weak sort of joke. The great part barbed wire played in the recent war showed that the Mounted Policemen and pioneers who had suggested the idea to me thirty-four years ago knew what they were talking about.

I do not think it is generally known now that the late Henri Julien, probably the most brilliant newspaper artist ever produced in Canada, accompanied French's expedition into the West, attached to the staff. Julien's sketches appeared in the *Canadian Illustrated News* and did much to draw attention to the then unknown West. He did more than sketch, for in the Commissioner's diary of September 3, 1874, which I had the privilege to look over the other day, appears the following: 'Julien ran a buffalo and killed him. I came in for the finish and had the beast cut up and brought in on an ox cart. I had the meat placed in one of the water barrels and well salted."

### Some Curious Indian Names

A CHAPTER could be written about the names of some of the red men whom I have either met or heard of and who were practically wards of the Mounted Police. A few samples will give an idea of the originality exercised by the Indians in this respect. One of Big Bear's councillors rejoiced in the modest cognomen "All and a Half." One of the same old rascal's head men was known as "Miserable Man." Incidentally it might be mentioned that he "dearly lo'ed the lassies, O," and was possessor of a harem of considerable proportions. Was this responsible for his name? Other names which occur to me are "Piapot," "Almighty Voice," "Beardy" (possessed by an Indian chief who had a decided attempt at a beard), "Calf Shirt," "Mighty Gun," "Scraping High," and "Bad Eggs."

Amongst the great men of these Indians, Crowfoot, chief of the Blackfeet, stood pre-eminent. He was of commanding appearance, with a higher intelligence than many of our clever pale faces possess, and he and Poundmaker, of the Crees, and Red Crow, of the Bloods, made a brainy trio.

To-day, as in the early '70's and ever since, those of us who know the valorous deeds of the Rough Riders of the Plains will ever take off our hats to one of the greatest semi-military forces the world has ever seen.

### Western Justice As It Was

IN THE days of the Cariboo gold rush sixty thousand miners, adventurers and all the riff-raff that follow in the wake of a great mining excitement, filled the Cariboo country in Central British Columbia. The C.P.R. had not been built in those days, and the Argonauts crowded in overland through the Yellowhead Pass and down the Fraser to Quesnel, or from Victoria to Yale by steamer, thence on foot, horseback, stage or any other way up the Cariboo Road.

Barkerville became a larger city than Victoria, the seat of government, 500 miles away. Yet with all this rabble of people, rough characters and law-abiding men drawn from every quarter of the globe, Cariboo was maintained as an orderly, safe district through the effort of one man, Sir Mathew Begbie, who was judge and various other officials all in one. He administered justice with a ready and iron hand, and put fear into the hearts of those of lawless tendencies. On one occasion he had convicted and fined a malefactor $200.

"That's dead easy," flippantly said the culprit, "I've got it right here in my hip pocket."

"—and six months in jail. Have you got that in your hip pocket, too?" came the ready amendment to the sentence, thus vindicating the dignity of the court and



An Indian veteran of the plains: Pointed Cap, a Qu'Appelle Cree Indian, aged 105 years when this photograph was taken in 1906 on the File Hills Indian Agency, with his fifth wife.. Lord Southesk in his work "A Trip to the Rockies (1858)" mentions meeting a band of Crees at Qu'Appelle, and refers to "that old grumbler Pointed Cap."

proclaiming to all and sundry that a British court of justice, even though held under a pine tree, was not to be trifled with.

This story has been told and retold, credited to magistrates and judges mostly in the southern States, but it really happened in Sir Mathew Begbie's court in Cariboo in the early seventies. At least one man is living to-day who was present on the occasion and that is my old friend, Colonel Robert Stevenson, the pioneer prospector, of Similkameen, B.C.

Another characteristic incident is told of the Judge. A sandbagger, who was haled before him for assault and battery and against whom the evidence was pretty clear, was found "not guilty" by the jury—to the Judge's utter disgust. In disposing of the case, he said to the prisoner:

"You are guilty, and I know you are guilty, but this precious jury has decided that you are not. You are free—free to go out and sandbag every blessed juryman that has let you off. Now go!"

Another story illustrating Judge Begbie's ready resourcefulness and sense of justice, combined with a contempt for precedent, was a case where two partners in the ownership of a mining claim quarrelled and then had a dispute over the division of their ground. After listening to a lot of tall swearing and contradictory evidence, Judge Begbie stopped the trial and turning to the litigants said:

"You, Jones and Brown"—that wasn't their names but nobody remembers now who they were—"are agreed that you want to divide this ground?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you can't agree on how the lines are to be run."

"No, sir—" but they got no further.

"Very well, Jones, you go out to the ground and run a line dividing it the way you think it should be divided."

"Yes, sir," responded the exultant Jones.

"And, Brown,"

"Yes, sir."

"To-morrow you go out and take your choice of the two halves as Jones divides it."

Probably not since the days of Solomon has a legal dispute been more equitably or effectually settled than was that by Judge Begbie—an Englishman just out from the Old Country, in a wild frontier mining camp.

Judge Rouleau held court at widely-scattered points throughout the Northwest Territory and he was noted for the rough and ready, but shrewdly-just, quality of his decisions. On one occasion a half-breed, Louis Frechette, was charged before Judge Rouleau and a jury with the theft of a mule. The evidence was not very convincing—hardly sufficient for a Carolina mob to hang a nigger on—but the jury evidently believed somebody ought to be convicted of stealing the mule. There was no doubt the mule had been stolen. That was the only point that there was no doubt about. However, the jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" much to the chagrin of the judge, who thereupon was bound to sentence the accused which he did as follows:

"Louis, stan' up. Louis, you have been convict' of steal de mule. I sentence you to 'tree mont' in the police barracks at Regina. An' Louis, d— you, if I t'ink you guilt' of steal dat mule I would give you t'ree year."

Thus did the good judge vindicate the law and at the same time express his contempt for the jury's verdict.

Another time when a half-breed was up for some offence or other, the evidence was very conflicting and barely warranted a conviction, if that. But he was found guilty and the judge, addressing the prisoner, said:

"Boy, I am not altogether sure you are guilty, an' so I will be lenient wit' you. I sen' you to de penitent' for five years." Goodness only knows what penalty would have been inflicted upon the unfortunate culprit if the judge had been absolutely sure of the prisoner's guilt. But the judge was not so far wrong, after all—he sentenced the disreputable man on general principles, that if he wasn't guilty of this particular crime, his everyday, dissolute, good-for-nothing life would be all the better for a little enforced retirement, and the countryside would also materially benefit by it.

### Geo Ham as a Judge

IN ANOTHER case of Western justice, I myself was the presiding magistrate in the Winnipeg police court, owing to the unavoidable absence of Colonel Peebles, the regular distributor of justice. A worthless drunken pirate, who had the championship for being the best all-round nuisance in whatever locality he happened to be in, was brought up charged with being drunk and disorderly. The evidence was clear, and I felt that full justice should be sternly administered. So I put on my black Derby hat, and ordered the prisoner to stand up.

"George," I said with dignity and solemnity, "you have been found guilty of being a general trouble provider and a universal nuisance. The sentence of this court is that you be taken from the place whence you came, immediately after breakfast next Friday morning, and be hanged by the neck until you are sure enough dead, and may the good Lord have mercy on your alleged Protestant soul."

George stood aghast, but just then the good old Colonel came in, and intimated to me that I couldn't hang a man for being drunk, even if he was a confounded nuisance.

"I can't, eh? What on earth am I here for, tell me that, Colonel Peebles?"

Chief Murray and other court officials corroborated the Colonel's statement and, as I am always willing to oblige, I immediately relented and ordered the prisoner to still stand and also to stand still.

"George, some warm if misguided friends have intervened in your miserable behalf, and have pleaded with me to be merciful. I shall—instead of sentencing you to the gallows, where you should go—I shall banish you off the face of the earth. Now get!"

And George did, but before he got very far he came over to St. Boniface, where I had an office, and borrowed $6.00 from me to take him to Pembina, which is just across the international boundary and outside the jurisdiction of the Winnipeg courts. I warmly congratulate myself that that was the only time I ever "committed a nuisance."

In the early days of railway construction in British Columbia, John Kirkup was greatly in evidence in the cause of public peace and order. He was generally at the end of the line where the toughs congregated. John was a big husky fellow, strong as an ox, tender as a child, and wore a very pleasant, smiling countenance. He was a police force all by himself and a terror to law-breakers. One night while a couple of C.P.R. civil engineers were playing billiards in one of the camps, three toughs from across the boundary came in and began rolling the billiard balls around. John was on hand, and quietly advised the interlopers to desist. When they wanted to know what business it was of his, he coolly told them that if they continued annoying the players he would have to arrest them

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# The Aim of the Liberal Party in Canada To-day

I—CO-OPERATION

*By* the Hon. W. L. MACKENZIE KING
LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY

IN THE practical application of political principles to the existing needs of a country differences of opinion arise, differences as to the means and as to the methods. Broadly considered, these differences of opinion are found to correspond with tendencies inherent in human nature. There is the conservative instinct, which holds fast to an existing order and which resists change. There is the Liberal instinct, which seeks avenues of ever wider and freer expression, and which venerates customs and institutions only as they represent the achievements of liberty and tend to conserve them. These tendencies not infrequently are found in conflict in one and the same individual and, under varying circumstances, receive relatively less or greater emphasis at different periods of the same life. As one or the other tendency gains preponderance, the individual concerned becomes known as liberal or conservative in his attitude.



The leader of the Liberal Party, halted for a moment in his promenade by our photographer.

Partly through instinct, partly for practical reasons, men of like feeling and aim associate together the better to give expression to their ideals and to promote the objects they hold in common. Where this association relates to matters of government, its growth, if sufficient, will assume the proportions of a political party. If within itself it contains elements which are congenial to the national environment it will survive. Otherwise, in the struggle for existence by which ultimately the endurance of all political parties is tested, it will go to the wall, perish altogether, or continue a thwarted growth with little of usefulness to itself and still less of service or helpfulness to others.

In this truth, which, in the realm of politics corresponds to what in Nature we refer to as the Law of the Survival of the Fittest, we find the explanation of the existence of historical political parties corresponding to the fundamental instincts in human nature. Conservative and liberal, they are, in the last analysis; and as such, for the most part, have they been known in British political history. It is not by happy or unhappy accident, it is not even by design, that national parties corresponding to the tendencies mentioned have come into being and have perpetuated their existence over centuries. It is the law of self-preservation asserting itself in the realm of political ideas and ideals. The political groups which, because of limitations of origin or for other reasons, have failed to find national expression sufficiently strong to enlist sympathy from all classes and all parts in a country, have perished or succumbed before their more formidable antagonists.

### Liberal Party Alone Has Survived

IN THIS period of transition from reaction to reconstruction in matters of government in Canada, the Liberal Party bases its claim to recognition and support, amongst other grounds, upon this historic fact, the reality of which all past experience has served to establish. In the century of political controversy which Canada has witnessed, it has persistently and consistently advocated liberal, as opposed to conservative, principles, in all its policies; and of all the political parties that have made the attempt, it alone has survived. Time and again it has witnessed the growth of other political groups differently named but with ideals more or less similar to its own.

On one or two occasions, as in the making of Confederation, its identity has been merged in whole or in part with opposing groups for the accomplishment of specific national aims. More frequently it has seen its strength temporarily weakened through losses which change of either circumstance or conviction has occasioned in the ranks of its advocates. In the end, however, its predominance, its identity and inherent strength have been reasserted, and its position as the one historic party in natural opposition to conservatism and its aims has remained unchallenged and unbroken.

Little more than a political contest or two has been required to make it apparent to men of liberal thought and feeling that in a house divided against itself there is no opportunity of political power or control; and that for liberal groups to fail to combine forces when opposed by a powerful combination of all the elements of conservatism in the country is simply to serve the interests of their opponents and thereby doubly to defeat their own.

At no time is there more need for the preservation of a true historical perspective than in periods of transition. The Liberal Party in Canada realizes this truth. That Liberalism will come into its own, once the powers of reaction, stimulated by war, have spent themselves is as certain as that day follows night. What is needed at the moment by men and women who are liberal in instinct and at heart is the vision to be neither dismayed at losses which have been inevitable but are not irreparable, nor overanxious because of movements which for the time being seem to threaten a traditional trend.

Names are of less concern than realities. That men whose sympathies are no longer liberal should find their political allegiance in some other household is wholly in the interests of the ultimate triumph of Liberal thought and opinion. It is infinitely better, too, that the principles and aims of Liberalism should come to be known under any name than that they should escape recognition altogether. In the long run, the working of inexorable law will assert itself in the fate of parties, as in the lives of animals and plants. Those capable of adapting themselves to a national environment, and of co-operating in national aims, will survive, the others will go to the wall.

### "Make-Believe 'National Liberals and Conservatives'"

A KNOWLEDGE of this fact has caused the leaders of those political movements which have had their origin in class to seek to gain for their movements some expression that is wider than that of class. Mr. Crerar has made it plain that, so far as the farmers' movement is concerned, he wishes it to be considered as broad as the designation of its platform. Mr. Drury has been out-spoken in his opposition to government by class. He would prefer a people's party to any party that might be mistaken as representative of only a part of the people.

From the exponents of new political parties, not excepting the make-believe so-called "National Liberal and Conservative" Party, we have heard much in the way of distrust and derision of "the old political parties." This is part of the spirit which war fosters, a spirit destructive of institutions as well as of men and of morals. In part it is an expression of that mistaken point of view which seeks its own gain in the belittlement of its neighbor. By their very efforts, however, at national expression, all alike of the opponents of the traditional parties, consciously or unconsciously, have admitted that the thing they have been purporting to discount or condemn is not only good, but, in the end, necessary and inevitable. They have come to recognize that parties organized not by class, but on national lines, and expressive of attitudes of mind and shades of political opinion rather than of the special interests of particular groups, are the only parties likely to be sufficiently strong to attain to and to carry on the government of the country; and in affairs of state, the only bulwark against monopoly of control by class or special interests.

Every few years bring their own special problems, and the business of government is so to deal with these problems as to advance the general welfare. The problems of the immediate past were such as belonged to the successful prosecution of war. The problems of to-day are those concerned with peace, the restoration, reorganization and reconstruction of a national economy adversely affected in many particulars by the destructive influences of war and the spirit which war helps to breed.

It is sometimes urged that only a Tory administration is capable of successfully carrying on war. If there be truth in the saying, its corollary would appear to be that the application of Liberal principles is more needed in a period of reconstruction than at any other time. Be this as it may, there is no denying the fact, evidenced over and over again in many countries, that administrations charged with the work of prosecuting wars tend to become arbitrary, autocratic, and reactionary, and do not easily rid themselves of these habits once they are acquired. Our government is far from being an exception to this rule. It is for this reason, among many others, that ever since the signing of Peace the great majority of the Canadian people have felt that in the interests of the country the time for a change had come.

There is but one circumstance that can defeat the wish of the great majority in a federal contest and that is unnecessary and unfortunate divisions amongst those who share a like attitude towards the problems of government. There is no danger of the forces of reaction being divided; they are already strongly entrenched, they control all the power and agencies of government, they are not likely to be over-scrupulous in their methods either in or out of parliament. "To divide and rule" is their game, as well as their aim.

Recognizing the truth of all this, and the very serious consequences of it to the future well-being of the people of our country; recognizing, too, that political parties are primarily a means to an end, the first aim of the Liberal Party in Canada to-day is to bring about such co-operation and co-ordination of effort among men and

### AND WHAT WILL CRERAR REPLY?

**TO SECURE the triumph of Liberal principles and policies in matters of government is the supreme aim of the Liberal Party. In this endeavor the Liberal Party regards itself both logically and historically as the natural opponent of Conservatism. and more especially of Toryism, which is the extreme of Conservative reaction, under whatever disguise or alias it may seek to obscure its name. Recognizing the truth of all this, the first aim of the Liberal Party in Canada today is to bring about such co-operation and co-ordination of effort among men and women of liberal aims and aspirations as will ensure defeat of the combined forces of a reactionary Conservatism, and make possible, in matters of government, the reassertion and ultimate triumph of liberal principles and policies.**

W. L. Mackenzie King

women of liberal aims and aspirations as will ensure defeat of the combined forces of a reactionary conservatism, and make possible, in matters of government, the reassertion and ultimate triumph of liberal principles and policies.

## II.—RESTORATION AND RECONSTRUCTION

NOT only did the war destroy millions of human lives and untold material wealth, it was destructive also, in large measure, of human liberties and popular freedom, even among the nations which opposed the Central Powers. In Canada we did not escape the baneful influences of war in this respect. Our parliamentary institutions, not less than our parliament buildings, suffered partial destruction in that fateful period. Customs, usages, and practices intended to preserve the free, representative self-governing character of our Parliament and the responsible character of its ministry, were one by one temporarily set aside, one by one ignored and, in more than one instance that might be mentioned, there came to be, on the part of the Administration, open defiance of the most fundamental of these considerations of government which lie at the root of freedom in matters of political control.

Through the alteration of the existing franchise at a time when the extension of Parliament had been granted on the condition that no controversial legislation was to be introduced, through fraudulent electoral devices resorted to in the name of patriotism, but designed primarily to secure the return of the administration that benefited by them, our House of Commons lost its representative character. Through the substitution of Orders in Council for legislative enactments and the ignoring in a hundred and one particulars of time-honored customs and usages, it ceased to be, in any true sense of the phrase, a deliberative assembly. It became more and more simply a register of the will of the Executive in voting appropriations, and in sanctioning courses of procedure which were alleged by the ministry to have been necessary for the successful prosecution of the war.

### Re-establishment—First and Foremost

WITHOUT disputing the wisdom or unwisdom of the latitude accorded the government through war necessity during the period of the war, its effect in causing the ministry to become increasingly arbitrary and autocratic, impatient of constitutional or other restraints, and disregardful of the rights of Parliament, cannot be denied. These tendencies unfortunately have persisted. To restore the supremacy of Parliament, the authority of Parliament over the ministry, and the power of the people over Parliament, has therefore become the supreme duty of the hour.

In this post-war period, the work of Liberalism, first and foremost, must be that of seeking to re-establish, on firm and enduring foundations and in wider compass than has hitherto been known, all those institutions, customs, practices, and usages in our parliamentary system and matters pertaining to government which comprise the charter of freedom we possessed prior to the commencement of the war. It constitutes the second great aim of the Liberal Party in Canada to-day.

## III.—CONSTITUTION CONSTRUCTIVE AND CONCILIATORY

THE third great aim of the Liberal Party in Canada to-day is to deal with new occasions and new duties in a spirit which will be true to the past history and traditions of Liberalism. It recognizes that new occasions bring new duties, yet it would observe a certain continuity with the past. It is not content to stand still, or to be a worshipper of the past; but it does believe that something is to be learned from history, and it values its own position and traditions as one of the historic parties of Canada with an honorable record.

It claims by its history and its modern spirit to be a constitutional party, a constructive party, a party that has stood and still stands for orderly progress, for unity, and conciliation.

On the constitutional side, the Liberal Party believes, as already indicated, in a speedy return to representative and responsible government. It is our contention that the new Prime Minister, the Right Honorable Arthur Meighen, and the members of his administration, are usurpers, that they are holding on to office and delaying the general election in defiance of the spirit of the law and the constitution. The present Parliament is a war Parliament, elected for war purposes only. The War-time Elections Act was passed by a Parliament whose legal life had expired under the extension granted for war purposes only. It contained provisions which, to say the least, were extraordinary and adapted only to war time. That it was an extraordinary and temporary measure is proved by the fact that it has since been repealed.

The war having come to an end more than two years ago, the Union Government having been dissolved, and a new Government formed under a new Prime Minister, we contend that the sense of the people ought to be taken in a general election in which the people will have an opportunity to vote upon Canadian questions, questions of domestic policy, as they have not done since 1911. In 1917, a very large percentage of young Canadians were overseas, living under conditions which rendered impossible any consideration of Canadian questions. Under the stress and danger of war, they could think of nothing but the war, and their votes were cast upon a war issue alone. Even with those at home, the war overshadowed every other question.

### End This Extravagance

MORE than nine years, almost the maximum life of two Parliaments, have elapsed since the general elections of 1911, the last election held under normal conditions, in which Canadian questions were considered. Since that time, an immense new electorate has arisen. It includes at least the whole of the male population under thirty years of age. It includes many older men, for but a percentage of men vote immediately upon attaining the age of twenty-one years. It includes all the women of Canada, for in 1911 no woman could vote. It would be no exaggeration to say that two-thirds of the present electors of Canada have never given a vote under normal conditions permitting of the consideration of domestic Canadian affairs.

On the side of constructive policy, the Liberal Party believes that there are problems arising out of the high cost of living, abuses in the nature of profiteering, inequalities in taxation, revisions of the tariff, problems of soldiers' civil re-establishment, of railroad management and railway rate control, of agricultural and rural development, of industry and industrial relations in the cities and towns, and of electoral reform, all of which require special and immediate consideration.



This is a typical attitude of Mr. Mackenzie King's, particularly when he rises from his seat in the House to address a puzzling query at question time to some member in the front row of the Government benches.

The Liberal Party also believes that there is the greatest need for an end to extravagance, and for the exercise of the strictest economy in the administration of public affairs, and that this is something not to be expected from members of a ministry who, during the long period of the war, acquired habits of lavish expenditure and great indifference to the control of Parliament.

As regards the Tariff, the prime consideration, we believe, is that it shall be made by or in accordance with the will of a House of Commons fairly representing all classes of the people of Canada. By the constitution, the House of Commons is vested with the power over the purse, the power of taxation, the power to grant or withhold supplies, to say how public revenue shall be raised, and how the money shall be spent. The fact that the framing of the Tariff is delegated to the Government, and particularly to the Minister of Finance, does not affect the position of the House of Commons as the supreme authority and source of power. In the exercise of this power, the House of Commons ought to represent the people of Canada, the taxpayers who provide the money to carry on the government.

If this be, as it is, a true interpretation, it will be seen that the early restoration of representative and responsible government is an issue greater even than the Tariff or of any of the other subjects mentioned, because in a sense it includes them all. The Prime Minister, Mr. Meighen, is deliberately planning to avoid the main issue, by intimating that he purposes to make a revision of the Tariff at the ensuing session of Parliament. He should realize that the first requisite of a revised tariff is a truly representative House of Commons. As already stated, such a body does not now exist. If the truth be plainly spoken, we have at the present time, not only legislation without representation, but taxation without representation, for large numbers of Canadian citizens were disfranchised at the last election. In view of the manner in which representation in the present House of Commons was brought into being, we have taxation without representation for the great majority of the Canadian people. This is a consideration to which no free people can afford to be indifferent, and which cannot be countenanced by the admission of powers which the Government has no right to assume.

MR. MEIGHEN is striving to make the issue between the political parties in Canada one of Free Trade versus Protection. Were he in a position so to do, he would create an issue to his own liking. That the issue cannot be between Free Trade and Protection is clear from the fact that none of the political platforms now before the country, not even the platform of the Farmer's Party, demand free trade. The Liberal Party has no thought of tariff abolition. Its policy is one of tariff revision through reduction in the interests alike of producers and consumers. The Party believes that their fundamental interests are not conflicting, but are identical. All of us are consumers; all of us are, or ought to be, in the broad sense, producers, rendering some service to the community with hand or brain or both.

We believe that the time has come, indeed that it is already long past, when a downward revision of the tariff is necessary. In this revision, we believe that the home and its needs should be a first consideration, that there should be substantial reductions of the duties on the necessaries of life; in other words, on those articles which go to make up the food, the clothing, the shelter of the Canadian people; that certain specific articles required for purposes of consumption, and other articles essential to production, should be free of duty altogether; and that, in regard to the implements of production in the basic industries of agriculture, mining, lumbering, and fishing, there should also be a substantial reduction and in some instances, a total elimination of duties.

With all there has been of destruction during the period of the war, what is needed most to meet the scarcity and taxation which have ensued is increased production. If the basic industries, the key industries of Canada, are relieved as far as possible of taxation, if the instruments of production are made easier to obtain, if production is thereby cheapened and enlarged, these industries are benefited, and the whole community is benefited. Not only do secondary industries gain in the reduction in cost of raw materials, but consumers also gain in the lessened cost of many of the essentials of life.

With the Liberal Party, the main concern respecting the Tariff is not Free Trade or Protection; it is Revenue, and the simultaneous development of industry in such manner as is likely to serve best the interests of the Canadian people. With the revenue which will be required for years to come to meet the large interest payments on public debt, the obligations to our returned soldiers in the way of pensions, and in other respects, as well as what will be necessary to carry on the ordinary work of government in Canada, there will be required for purposes of revenue—wholly irrespective of what it may be possible and advisable to raise by direct taxation of incomes, business profits, or luxuries—large sums of money which of necessity will have to be raised by indirect taxation through a customs tariff.

Such tariff as may be necessary in this connection will be, under Liberal policy, a tariff for consumers and producers, not a tariff to further the interests of combines, monopolies, or any special or privileged classes. It is not honest to say that we can do away with the tariff. We can revise it in the light of what may be shown to be most in the interests of the people as a whole, and that is our policy.

Finally, on the side of conciliation, the Liberal Party will continue to stand, as it has stood in the past, for unity, good-will, and the open mind. It has no prejudices of race, creed, or class; it is for equal rights and justice to all. It believes that the problems of industry and nationality, like all question of race and religion, can only be solved by the application of these principles. Difficult as may be the economic and social problems of our day, much suffer-

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# THE CITY OF PERIL

A NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

*By* ARTHUR STRINGER

*Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Prairie Mother," "The Man Who Couldn't Sleep," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



The fat and furtive face, the utter, inarticulate bewilderment of the figure—I stood ready, with my revolver well up, at "half arm."

HE DID not answer. My heart seemed to sink in my body, as the seconds dragged past and his upturned face remained a blank.

"Where is that woman you call Elvira Paladino?" I demanded once more, with a ferocity which somewhat startled him.

"I do not know," he said at last, without emotion.

Could the little rat be telling me the truth, I asked myself. I had risked too much to be put off without reason, to be tricked by mere stubbornness.

"You do know!" I declared.

He backed flat against the wall and looked up at me out of his close-set eyes.

"Eet ees not true," he reiterated, with maddening calmness.

"Where did you leave her?" I asked, still crowding him flat against the wall.

Again his eyes blinked up into mine. But he did not speak.

"You were not with her three days ago on Second Avenue, I suppose?" My mockery did not seem to disturb him.

"I wass," he said.

"And you stand there and tell me you haven't seen her since then?"

"I have not seen her."

"Why were you with her?"

"We met een the street."

"How met in the street?" A chilling tide of disappointment was slowly sweeping over me.

"She went for bukes."

"Do you mean books?"

"Yess—bukes een the publeek library."

"Had you seen her before?"

His head moved from side to side, in negation.

"Have you seen her since?"

Again he shook his head slowly from side to side.

"Where did she go?"

"W'ere she go?" he asked vacuously, and again he shook his head. "She deed not tell me."

"And you don't know where she is—have no idea where she is?"

"No," he answered. There was something in his voice and manner which half persuaded me that he was speaking the truth.

"Has any member of that Inner Circle gang seen her?"

"I t'eenk no," he answered.

"When have you seen or talked with any of that Inner Circle gang?"

HE MOVED his shoulders a little, and turned his palms outward, so that they faced me.

"T'ere ees no Eenner Circle," he said.

"They're under cover, you mean, the same as you've been?"

He looked puzzled and did not answer. I repeated the question.

"Schlatter ees t'ere," he answered.

"Does this Schlatter know anything of Elvira 'Paladino'?"

"I t'eenk so," came the slow response.

"He knows where she is?" I demanded.

"I t'eenk so." And that maddeningly apathetic answer was all I could bully out of him. But even as I stood there a new light seemed to appear in the disheartening darkness that engulfed me. Pepper Schlatter, I remembered, was an *alias* for Beansy Schmidlapp. They were one and the same person.

"You've seen Schlatter?" I demanded.

"No—I see heem to-morrow."

"When? What time?"

"To-morrow night."

Here was news at last.

"Where?" I demanded.

The man remained sulkily silent. The red-shirted figure said something in an unknown tongue. What it was did not interest me. All I wanted was three short words from Sitnikov.

"Where?" I repeated, with the menacing revolver barrel within an inch of his forehead.

He shifted his eyes and looked from me to Davis, and then at the revolver.

"Where?" I said, for the last time.

"Hees place—hees old place," he said, his voice once more lacking emotion.

"To-morrow night you meet Schmidlapp at his bomb-factory, in Suffolk Street."

The man's head moved up and down.

"Are you to wait there for him?"

Again he nodded. I put two and two together.

"Hand me the keys to that place—the two keys, for the upper and lower lock!"

The man looked frightened. A studied look of inanity came into his rat-like eyes. He and the red-shirted figure broke out into a clatter and gabble of syllables that were incomprehensible to me. I took it to be Rumanian, or perhaps Yiddish. But I silenced it with a wave of my revolver.

"Quick!" I commanded. "Those keys!"

Sitnikov raised his hands, palms upward, in a gesture of repudiation, implying that he knew nothing about the keys.

I repeated the order, quietly, as I cocked the trigger.

He reached into his slatternly vest, and from one of its pockets produced two keys wrapped in a piece of frayed and soiled cotton. I had already decided on my new line of procedure.

"Davis," I said sharply, without looking about as my fingers closed on those precious keys, "Send your two men outside for the police. Tell them to phone Ulmer Park first, then the Coney Island precinct. But tell them to be quick!"

"Yes, sir," said Davis from the doorway.

"Now, I want you two men to listen to me. You've both been fools enough for one night. Nothing's going to happen to you. Nothing's going to be said against you, or laid against you, so long as you keep quiet."

In broken English the Italian sulkily demanded to know just what he had done.

"Look at me and see what you've done! Look at me, you idiot, and call this your lucky day!"

He began to denounce me, passionately, as an assaulter and a housebreaker.

"Perhaps I am, but that's not the point. The point is that I've got to know just where you two gentlemen are to be for the next twenty-four hours. Say I'm going to have you both held on the technical charge of assault. If you take your medicine you'll be out in twenty-four hours or so. If you don't, you'll be deported as undesirable Bolshevists, or, I have enough bomb-throwing evidence to keep you in your home jail for twenty years."

The Italian did not take to the suggestion. He had friends who would make it hot for me. He was an honest laborer whose home had been outraged, whose body had been threatened and assaulted.

I HELD up his wicked-looking knife before him.

"That's proof enough of your honesty," I told him. "And I'm too tired to argue with you, anyway. I want you to hurry up and take your choice, that's all."

I could see a sign or two pass between the men. These signs were Greek to me, but I kept on my guard. Neither of those gentlemen, I felt well assured, could be trusted for a moment. They were still wary and watching.

Sitnikov wanted to know what assurance he had of my promised immunity. For answer I took from my pocket a bill of generous dimensions, and handed it over to him.

"You need food and clothes, you poor devil. Keep that to buy 'em with when you get out."

The emaciated little rat looked at the bill, then at me, and turned to the red-shirted figure beside him, with a gesture that clearly implied that I was a madman. But the Italian immediately became garrulous and eloquent on the theme of his losses, his devastated supper, his broken stove, his wrecked home, his ruined reputation.

Another bill mollified him, as a bottle might mollify a crying child. He looked at it several times, with much satisfaction. Bolshevists, I was beginning to learn, were not without their human weaknesses. The fine theories of the future are apt to flatten out before the material Juggernaut of the moment. Sitnikov even reached for his cigars a little wistfully, and found them ruined.

I took out my own case and offered it to the men.

Each of us took a Havana. Each of us lighted up. The three of us were sitting together smoking when the police arrived. I still had the huge revolver in my hand, however, as the dismantled cabin was invaded by the uniformed figures with ready night-sticks.

"These are your men," I said. "You won't need to club them! They'll come quietly enough!"

And they went, without a word.

IT WAS three o'clock in the morning when Davis and I reached home, tired and chilled after the long ride through the raw night air. Neither of us made a very respectable showing. I felt as I viewed myself in the glass



"You fool," he gasped as I flung him away from me, back into his chair, like a rag

that I cut a somewhat sorry figure for the lofty-minded redresser of social wrongs which I pretended to be.

It was noon when I wakened. I did not feel altogether easy in mind until Davis told me that he had already been in communication with Lefty Boyle. That restless stool-pigeon, in fact, was to be at my place at two o'clock. So I went about perfecting my plans for the coming encounter. A sense of impending climax took possession of me; I felt somewhat like a Wellington on the eve of his Waterloo.

Lefty and I talked the whole thing over quietly and thoroughly, for an hour and more, with Davis in the background. Lefty was of the opinion that Schmidlapp had just returned to New York. He might not have got in touch with the Inner Circle people as yet. The spring fever had struck him, as it strikes all underworld spirits. He had grown tired of "Sheeny Chi's" and the Windy City, had migrated, and had come back to his old hunting-ground. Ten to one, he was back for trouble. And, on the whole, Lefty advised me to do nothing without the co-operation of Lieutenant Belton and the Center Street authorities.

I did not agree with this suggestion. Schmidlapp, I knew, was a dangerous man. But, above all things, I felt, he must not be scared away. He was the next natural link in the chain. We had him in ambush, practically, and with ordinary precaution there should be no great risk. There would be nothing official in our meeting. To attempt to *lung-chi* or "third-degree" him into talking was not altogether expedient. We had to corner him and squeeze him, squeeze gently but relentlessly, until he should give the information we were after.

Our next task was to look over the ground. This had to be done quietly and discreetly, for once we were in Suffolk Street we were in the land of the enemy. An incautious step might mean discovery, and discovery would surely mean defeat.

So it was that, at four o'clock that afternoon, Lefty appeared before me in the leather-peaked cap and soiled suit of an express driver. Even a book of way-bills protruded from his ragged coat pocket. Davis, at considerable sacrifice of dignity, togged himself out in a suit picked up in a Sixth Avenue second-hand store, with a very rakish-looking, small-rimmed derby. I put on the well-worn garage-suit that had already stood me in such good service. We all went armed with revolvers, and I carried a storage flash-light.

The understanding was that I should look over the ground first, in a general way, and then report to the other two, who were to meet me in O'Higgins' Suffolk Street *cafe* at six o'clock. We were then to revise our plans, act on any new information, take up our different positions, and await the arrival of Schmidlapp. What was to happen after that, only time would show.

I went quietly up to the room above Schmidlapp's printing-shop, the room from which I had made my observations at the time of the first "Hammer of God" *coup*. It took only a few minutes of careful listening to convince me that the room below was unoccupied; that the little laboratory of fulminates, like the pressroom in front of it, was empty.

MY NEXT movement was on the printing-shop itself. I waited under cover until the street was passably clear of pedestrians. Then I strolled to the shuttered front of the shop and turned into the narrow doorway.

Twenty seconds later I had unlocked the door and was inside. I stood in the darkness on guard; for scarcely any light percolated through the shutters. I stood there, with my fingers closed about the revolver butt in my side-pocket, making sure I was not to be the victim of some new and as yet undivulged ambush.

But no sound broke the silence, and nothing stirred within the room. The air was still heavy with the smell of benzine, thick with the dust of disuse and neglect.

I wheeled about and carefully locked the two doors. Then I took out my flash-light and explored the room, from wall to wall. I saw nothing but a disordered and paper-littered printing-shop, with the black mass of the hand-press, the fonts of type, the untidy shelves, and over everything a thin powdering of street dust.

I made my way to the door of the inner room, and opened it. An indescribably acrid and sickening smell smote on my nostrils—a penetrating odor of stale grease, of acid salts, of souring chemicals, and moldy woodwork. But otherwise the room was as it had been when last I had seen it. Nothing had been disturbed.

I crossed to the window at the back of the room, unlocked it, and threw up the sash to let in a little fresh air. Then I circled the room a second time with my searchlight, more carefully, more studiously. I saw the rubber-sheeted work-table, the row of acid-bottles and mixing-bowls and canisters, a pan of dried clay, a dismantled pair of scales, a wooden paddle, a carboy of sulphuric acid—all the familiar implements and ingredients for the compounding of nitro-glycerine and those other fulminates so familiar to the bomb-maker. The sight reminded me of the fact that my meeting with Schmidlapp was going to take place in a diminutive arsenal; that our encounter, whatever its nature, was to come about in a disagreeably uncertain and menacing environment.

It was with no little relief that I locked up that little den of horrors and got into the comparatively fresh air of Suffolk Street. I was glad to meet Lefty Boyle and Davis in O'Higgins' *cafe* and make my report that so far all was well.

Nothing remained for us now but to wait. In the meantime, I decided, a substantial dinner for the three of us would not be amiss. Lefty agreed with my suggestion of the Hotel de Vigne, in Irving Place. There our humble attire would pass unnoticed in the midst of those strangely clad Latin-American expatriates who made that hostelry their headquarters. We could also get excellent wine, and regale ourselves on Spanish cookery, without getting too far away from our objective point.

So thither we went. We sat inconspicuously in a corner, Lefty and I with our backs to the garrulous and gesticulating company, Davis, a little against his will, facing me. It was a very good dinner indeed, and I was beginning to feel rather comfortable, facing the black coffee and cigars, when Lefty spoke to me sharply, without looking up.

"We're bein' shadowed!"

His words gave me a disagreeable start. "Don't look round yet," he warned me.

"What's up?" I demanded.

"Somebody back there's on to us. Somebody knows you're here!"

"What makes you think so?"

"I heard your name. Then I kept my ears open, to make sure. I just heard it for the second time."

LEFTY went on placidly stirring his coffee as he spoke.

"There's a tall young fellow in a dress suit three tables back from us. He's with a couple o' Mexican fire-eaters, and they've been talkin' Obregon, Villa and concessions."

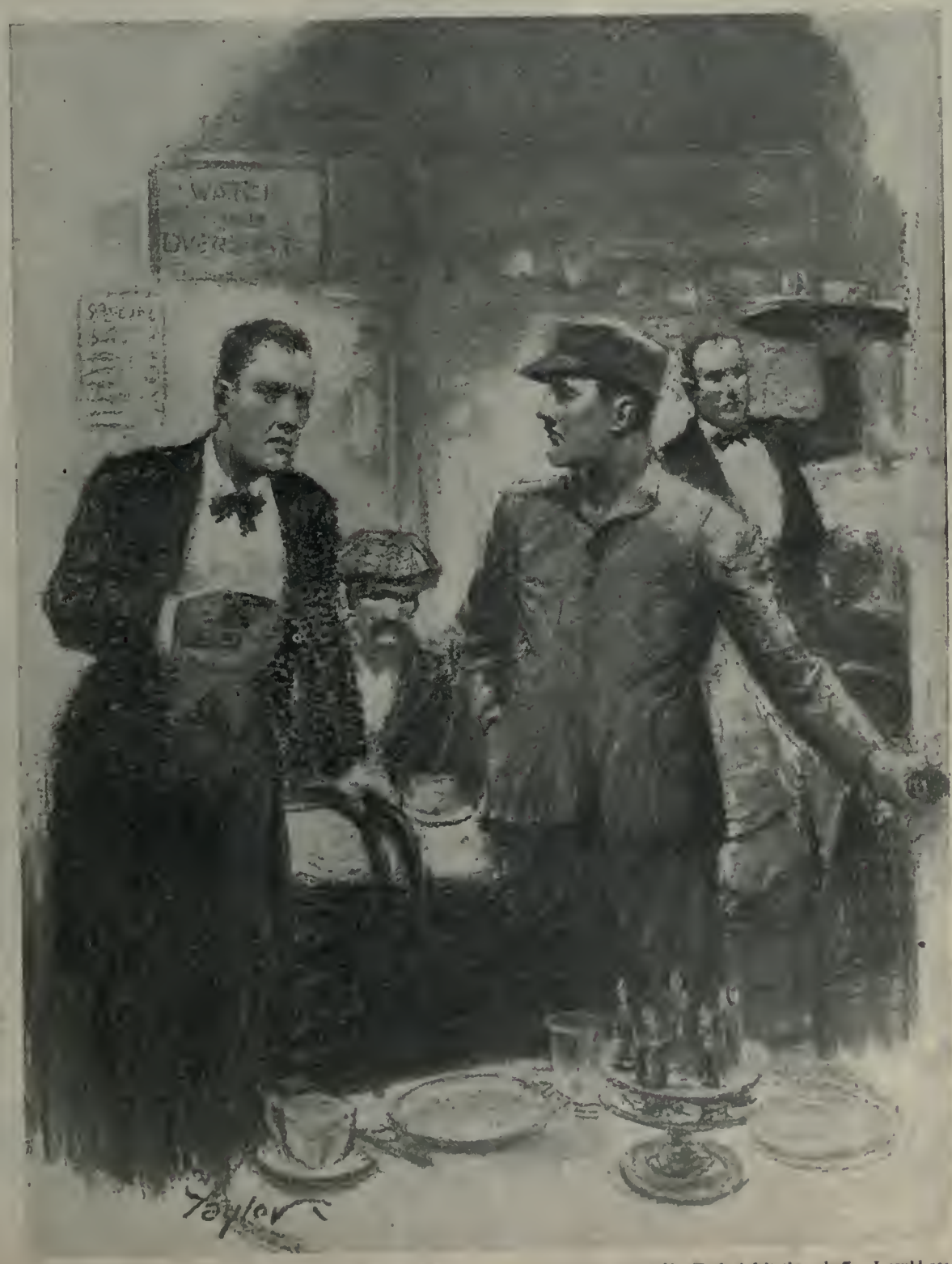
"I can't see anything especially disturbing in that."

"No, but they're dopin' the dude—they've been pourin' him full of aguardiente and talkin' gold-claims to him. Swing around as careful as you can, and size him up."

I swung casually and carelessly around. Then I breathed more freely, for as I looked I found myself face to face with young Harvey Stillwell. His tie was misplaced, his cheeks carried the

*Continued on page 37*

THE STORY SO FAR:—*"Rebbie" Woodruff—cultured, wealthy, thirty-one, industrial and commercial dilettante—says au revoir to Natalie Stillwell, to whom he has been proposing for years. Natalie, daughter of a Wall Street "plute," encourages "Rebbie," suggesting he bend his energies—seriously for once—to fathom the mystery of the "Hammer of God," threatening typewritten notes her father has been receiving. MacGirr, ex-con. Black-hander, a visionary Italian youth, and a beautiful girl enter the story, and in his investigations "Rebbie" commits burglary. "Rebbie" discovers the notes come from the Italian youth, Cono di Marco. He discovers a well-equipped laboratory, with fuses, TNT and bombs galore; pulls the "fangs" of the bombs destined to blow up the Exchange. Cono's bomb is a "dud," but "Rebbie" has him jailed. The beautiful Russian girl, Elvira Paladino (Sabouroff), visits "Rebbie," pleads for Cono's release. "Rebbie," enamoured, agrees, on condition Elvira reports daily to him. Elvira tells "Rebbie" both their lives are menaced by the Circle. Sitnikov, shadowing the pair, throws a bomb into "Rebbie's" flat; Elvira pulls out fuse, saving their lives. "Rebbie" surprises MacGirr and Sitnikov in Stillwell's mansion, jimmying the safe. MacGirr dies, but the other crook escapes. Elvira disappears. "Rebbie" bends every effort to locate her, and traces Silnikov and an accomplice to a thieves' haunt, and proceeds to "third degree" them, seeking information about the missing girl.*



"Still chasin' that girl?" he repeated, with almost a sneer . . . steadying himself. He had felt the rebuff. I could see him fuming under it, inarticulately, as only a drunken man could.

# Jane Ann's Rival, Mabel

## Lenix Ballister Gets in Right, for a Change

*By* ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



Jane Ann swallowed hard and clenched her fists.

IT WAS a late July evening. Jane Ann, comfortably ensconced in a low rocker, sat beside the open door, inhaling the scent of Summer blossoms and indulging in the pleasant retrospect of late events, the while she applied a sky-blue patch to a pair of Len's overalls. The dove of peace brooded in her breast, cooed in her soul, tickled with its wings the corners of her mouth, so that they twisted up in a smile so glad and freighted with kindly feeling, that Orinoco, the hound pup, took a chance on rearing up and lapping a drink from the kitchen water-bucket. His dog-intuition to read correctly the petty souls of human beings proved unfailing. Jane Ann's smile simply widened at his impudence. Habit, it was true, drew her hand towards her slipper, but she side-tracked it into a spacious pocket, and drew out a cambric handkerchief fragrant with eau de Cologne, and wiped her placid brow.

Sensing the advantage of the occasion, Orinoco licked his chops and gazed about him in search of further experiments. His brown eyes rested, finally, on his master's long, black coat, hanging just inside the bedroom door. It had always been the ambition of Orinoco's pup-heart to play that those draft-stirred coat-tails were a pair of black foxes, and he the lead hound of the pursuing pack. Now, with long ears cocked and long tail awag, he sneaked across to the coat and raising himself against the wainscotting, set his teeth in the coat-tails, and tugged, and tugged.

Half an hour later when Jane Ann arose to light the lamp, she found the pup asleep on the coat, and a number of curious objects, the use of which she could not guess, lying on the floor just as they had rolled from its pocket. Jane Ann's big hand cut a half-circle through the semi-darkness, and Orinoco experienced a sensation of having missed his footing on the ledge of the precipice, while following the quarry of his dream, and of being dashed on the rocks several miles below. With a frightened howl, he darted for his haven behind the wood-box. Jane Ann put the cubes of blue chalk and the white and red discs in her pocket and lit the lamp the better to give them a close and critical examination.

SHE placed the chalk and the discs before her on the table, and with plump, square-tipped fingers clasped together, stood gingerly surveying them. The dove of peace in her bosom was squatting for flight. Its talons pricked her soul, as it sprang up and out. Where it had brooded softly was now only old-time suspicion, anger and resentment. For five whole days she had trusted Len, trusted him implicitly. For five days she had striven to show him that she was anxious to make restitution for all the doubts and fears she had entertained concerning him. True, he had secured for her the sorrel driving-mare she so much desired, and had in other ways shown her that he considered her wishes. But how could a woman go right on trusting a man and be forever finding such proofs of his perfidy as those which now lay before her?

Jane Ann sank into a chair. "Dem's contraptions of ebil, but I aint knowin' jes' what kinder ebil," she soliloquised, gazing at the billiard-chalk and poker-chips. "What's de use ob any woman gettin' camp-meetin' glory and holdin' ter de straight an narrer paff, when her husban' done 'sociate wif de debil an' his workers? Dat Len, he's sure up ter sin ob some nature, sure is. When he 'rives home, Ise goin' to ast him polite what dem fings am, den I'se goin' to scald him pink wif a kettle ob bilin' water. All day Sunday an' ebery night since he bringed dat sorrel mare home dat Len been slidin' out an' stayin' out till all hours. He's so deep in de pit ob sin dat yo'd hab ter be on its bottom ter see him, he's so fur down."

Jane Ann cast her eyes about her in search of something to drive home conviction to Len's soul; then she stood listening. Voices sounded from the summer night, down by the gate. One of the voices was Len's, the other she did not recognize.

"I tell yo', Len," the strange voice was saying, "Yo' all wanter get rid ob dat ole gal, else her's goin' to do fer yo' yit. She aint no good, nohow."

"Well," returned Len's voice. "Aint I tellin' yo' dat Ise goin' ter get rid ob her? Jes gib me a li'l' time, can't yo'?"

"Ef her was mine, Len, I'd sink her in ribber, right soon. Why, her's too big, an' hers right dangerous."

"Oh, oh," groaned Jane Ann, her eyes rolling and her mouth working in a way which meant disaster to somebody. She held her breath to catch her husband's answer.

It came, and poor Jane Ann's heart flopped over and stampeded up into her throat, as she heard it.

"I don' aim ter sink her in ribber, exactly. I aim ter bus' her up."

Jane Ann swallowed hard, and clenched her fists. "Oh, yer does, does yer? Well, us'll see bout dat," she murmured.

The strange negro was speaking again. "Yo'all won't be wantin' anudder one, I guess?"

"Want anudder one?" echoed Len. "Well I reckon so, I know ob a sweet, li'l' slim one I kin get hold ob right easy. Jes kase Ise had poor luck wif de big one aint sayin' I'd fin' de li'l' one same way, is it?"

"Whar at yo'll get her, Len?"

"Yo' seen dat li'l' Mabel Bell, aint yer?"

"Lor, course I has. She's mighty fas', she is."

"She is dat, but none too fas' ter suit me."

Jane Ann grasped a chair-back for support. Iniquity had she suspicioned, but not such awful iniquity as this.

"So dat nigger done tired ob de big un, am he? Goin' ter bus' her to deff an' marry a slim one, am he? Well, jes' let us consider some how dat's goin' ter come about. Jes' lets." Jane Ann's lips ceased to mumble, and her ears cocked at attention again, so as to miss nothing of what the strange darkey was saying.

"When yo' all goin' ter took dat Mabel Bell out ag'in, Len?"

"To-morrie night. Las' time I took her out she sorter act up on me some. Wouldn't spark jes right, but I guess she be all hunky nex' time."

"Oh, oh," groaned the horrified Jane Ann.

The voices died away in the distance. Evidently Len was accompanying his friend a piece towards his home. It was a good thing Providence had so prompted him. It drew him away from immediate and violent annihilation at the hands of the outraged Jane Ann, and gave her time to collect her shattered nerves and plan how best to even things with the man who had so terribly betrayed her trust.

So it was that when, an hour later, Len came whistling up the path and entered his home, he found a smiling and genial Jane Ann seated beside the table, sewing and waiting for him. Had Len been an ordinary individual, his portly wife's beam of welcome would have been quite sufficient to put any misgivings he might have entertained at rest. He would have gladly said with his heart "All is well." But Len was no ordinary individual. He had one unfailing method of telling if all was well in his domestic world, and, no matter now many fair-weather signals greeted him, he never hung his felt hat on its nail or reached for the boot-jack until he had read in this special barometer either storm or calm.

That barometer was the pup, Orinoco. Orinoco never failed him. For the pup to meet him with pop eyes aglow, ears cocked, and long tail awag, meant for Len domestic calm and a restful evening with pipe alight and sock feet on the stove-fender. But for Orinoco to peer fearfully



"Why lor' sakes, Jane Ann, dars dem washers an' markin' chalk, now. Why deys right dar on de table. How come yo' didn't tell me?"

at him from the wood-box haven, a voiceless warning from mere brute to mere brute—as he was doing now, mean t only one thing, "Squalls ahead."

Consequently, it was with deep trepidation, hidden under a jaunty air, that Len whistled across to the sink and filled the wash-basin with water preparatory to a wash-up.

The scent of summer blossoms mingled with that of eau de Cologne. Jane Ann, glancing up from her patching, showed her teeth in a smile. Her voice, low-pitched and soft, informed Len there was a piece of pie waiting for him in the pantry. Len trembled inwardly and, squirming about in search of the towel, took occasion to note that the broom, mop, and sundry other utensils were in their accustomed places.

Jane Ann rocked and sang sweetly, the while he ate his pie; but to his acute hearing there seemed a note of discord, a certain harshness behind or beneath the melody. He cast another furtive glance at the pup. "Dere's sure breakers ahead, an' no life preserber in sight," he muttered, as he nonchalantly sat down and reached for the evening paper.

"Aint yo' goin ter pull off yore boots, Len dear?" Jane Ann's tones were liquid honey, so sweet, in fact, they drew an inward groan from Len's most abject heart and made him clench his teeth for fear they would chatter.

"I jes' might hab ter cut some more kindlin' fo' de mornin' fire, Jane Ann, t'ought I bes' leab em on."

"Hadn't yo' bes' remove yer hat, dear? Keepin' yer hat on done cause baldness, I un'erstan'."

Len shook his head and rustled the paper. "What's use ob takin' my hat off when I'll only hab ter put it on ag'in right soon?"

He strove to throw Jane Ann a cheerful smile, and for the first time his eyes caught sight of the billiard-chalk, and poker-chips lying on the table, and it froze into a sickly leer. "Judas Caezar," he murmured, "dat's what come from not wearin' dat hoss-shoe. I bets I wear it af'er dis, if it chafe de leg offin me."

Jane Ann beamed on him above her glasses. "What's dat yore sayin' bout yo're leg, Len?"

"I was jes t'inkin' how near I come ter getting it caught in de circular saw, dis af'ernoon, Jane Ann. I was tellin' myself dat it might hab cut de leg offin' me. I slip on de platfo'm, an' got caught on de log-keerege."

"Dear me. Yo' all mean ter say yo' come nearly gettin' under dat saw?"

"Yes. Slipped on de platfo'm an' got caught on log-keerege. But I squirm off in time."

Len got up and going over to the bedroom door, felt in the inside pocket of his black coat. Jane Ann sewed and sang on, unheeding. After a time she looked up.

"What is yo' huntin' fer in yo're coat, Len, dear?' '

"Why I could took my oaf I put dem log-chalks an' belt-washers in de inside pocket ob my bes' coat, here, Jane Ann. But I can't fin' 'em, nohow."

"Dat's queer."

"Sure am. An' we'll be needin' dat chalk an' dem washers tomorrie, down ter mill; wish I could fin' em."

HE WAITED eagerly for Jane Ann to say. "Why here dey be, on table. Dey drap outin' yo're pocket, I guess." But Jane Ann vouchsafed no explanation as to how the chalk and chips came to be on the table.

Len resumed his seat. The sweat was on his brow, and his spine was frozen and numb. "Ise stone dead from ma eyes down," he murmured, "an' I reckon I'll be all dead soon." It was not until he had looked the paper through and through and with a well-feigned yawn laid it back on the table, that he gave a start.

"Why for' sakes, Jane Ann, dars dem washers an' markin'-chalk, now. Why, dey's right dar on de table. How come yo' didn't tell me?"

Jane Ann looked up slowly. "Gracious sakes alibe, dat's so; an' it was me pick 'em up too! I sure forgot bout dat chalk an' dem washers. Does yo' use many ob dem fings down ter mill, Len?"

"Quite considerable. De white 'uns am fer de big belt an' de red 'uns fer li'l' belt."

"An' dem udder fings, dat chalk now? What use yo' put dat to?"

"Fer markin' logs and lumber. Scaler's chalk, dey calls it."

Jane Ann picked up one of the little sticks and examined it carefully. "Dere's printin' on it, Len. Let's see, it says: 'Bes' Billiard Chalk'." Len caught his breath Oh, why had he not kept on wearing that horse shoe!



"I'se seeking de forgibeness ob de bes' man in de worl', fer misjedgin him so."

"What dat all mean, Len, 'Bes' Billiard Chalk?' "

"Why dat's de man's name what make dat chalk. Mister Billiard am de bigges' timber-chalk manufacturer in America. All de big stave an' lumber mills use Billiard Chalk."

"Yo' don' aay!"

"Yes, all dem mills use Billiard Chalk. Aint none better. Rain won't wash it off."

"Well, I do declar. An' fer why dat chalk got dis li'le holler in its end? Sho'ley dat was put dar fer some purpose?"

"Why fer? Well I'll tole yer why fer. Yer see, Jane Ann, all logs an' lumber am marked off in tens and hundred lots. Dat li'l' holler's lef' in de markin'-chalk fer help de marker. He wanter mark ten, say. Well all he do is draw chalk down onst ter make figger one, den gib it one twist roun' ter make figger ought an' der yo' is —10."

JANE ANN picked up one of the pieces of billiard-chalk. "Do tell," she exclaimed. She carefully scratched a figure one on the table cloth and after it placed a neat 0 by giving the chalk a half turn. "Yes, it sure make a neat 10 all right," she admitted, in a cautious tone, and Len took a long, deep breath of relief. "But look yo', Len," she said suddenly, "I 'member dat when I was down in de mill-yard, one day, I saw de man markin' logs an' he used right big, bold figgers. How come he's usin' li'l', no-count figgers like dese here, now?"

"It was foun' dat big figgers made de sawyers careless," Len explained. "Suppose dat marker happen ter be so shiftless dat he put dat 10 on hemlock log when he should hab put it on pine log. Well, foreman he say ter sawyer, 'Get out 1,000 feet ob pine. Sawyer he looks across yard an' see big figger 10 standin' up on log. He say ter skidder, 'Go fetch me dat log marked 10.' Skidder he go. Don' know pine from walnut, skidder don'. He skid in dat log. Her's put froo de saw an ripped inter lumber. Foreman come round by an' by an' fin' dat dey all hab ripped out a job ob hemlock lumber 'stead ob pine. Now, yer see, puttin' dem li'l' figgers on de logs sorter make dat sawyer peer close ter see, an' he's got ter natu'ally know what kinder timber he's goin' ter saw, see?"

Jane Ann sighed. Apparently Len was telling the truth for once. Oh if only he could allay her doubts concerning that other terrible affair as he had succeeded in proving to her that the things she had felt sure were contraptions of evil, were simple and harmless things! But she knew he could not; and, gazing upon him from lowered eyes, she wondered if a premonition would come to him that this was his last night on earth.

Lenix was sleeping soundly, when Jane Ann at last sought her bed. Only she alone could know what a struggle it had been for her to play the part of the happy, unsuspecting wife the while her heart had been torn by rage and jealousy. It had been a great relief to her when Len had gone to bed. She was not built to smile with her eyes and think murder in her heart. She was built on sympathetic lines of architecture, so to speak, her face being true mirror of her thoughts. And for more than two hours she had held that face subject to her strong will. It had been a most terrible strain.

AS SHE stood gazing down on the face of the man who had so vilely deceived her, tears sprang into Jane Ann's eyes and strove to quench the fire of hate and jealousy which smouldered there. But she dashed them away, angrily. She blew out the lamp and crept into bed, a wronged, wounded, dangerous woman. All night long she lay with wide open eyes gazing at the white-washed ceiling, planning, planning.

The yellow dawn was peering in at the tiny bedroom window when sleep at length wooed Jane Ann away to untroubled fields. When she awoke it was broad day.

Lenix, as was his custom, had gotten his own breakfast and gone to work. Jane Ann lay, carefully thinking over the plan she had formed the night before, the plan to bring Lenix face to face with his guilt and force him to a showdown.

She dressed like one in a dream, a bad dream, got her breakfast of porridge, ham and eggs and marmalade and toast, fed the pup, who had wistfully and silently watched proceedings, a generous bowl of bread and milk. Then tying on her sun-bonnet she went out, latching the screen door behind her.

The little bird was there in the rose tree, just beneath her window, and he was singing as though all the joy in the world was his. Jane Ann paused a moment to listen. "Well, I reckon he hab ebery right ter sing," she murmured, "he am in no wise deceibin' dat li'l' bird settin' close in on her nes'."

Jane Ann remembered the time when Len had sung, sung sweet old melodies to minor chords strummed on an old banjo. She had sometimes wondered why he never sang any more. *Now she knew.* "Dat li'l' cock bird wouldn't be singin' needer, I reckon, come he'd been trapsin' off wif' 'nudder hen bird."

She sighed dolefully as she passed thoughtfully through the garden gate—and on down the road, hands clasped beneath her apron.

Just at the brow of the hill she met Abe White. Jane Ann, having always held the keeper of the local pool-room

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# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## The Dreamer in the Kremlin

*H. G. Wells Tells What Russia's Jewish Dictator Looks Like Close Up.*

H. G. WELLS

IN HIS fifth article on "Russia in the Shadow," appearing in the New York *Times*, H. G. Wells, noted English novelist and article writer, describes his meeting with Nicolai Lenin, the promoter and nominal head of Russia's present system of government, at the Kremlin, in Moscow. Mr. Wells at the outset states that his chief purpose in going from St. Petersburg to Moscow was to see and talk to Lenin. "I was curious to see him," he continues, "and I was disposed to be hostile to him. I encountered a personality entirely different from anything I had expected to meet." Lenin, it seems, keeps himself surrounded by more red tape than even the late Czar of all the Russias ever knew how to assume:—

"We got to Lenin at last, and found him a little figure at a great desk in a well-lit room that looked out upon palatial spaces. I thought his desk was rather in a litter. I sat down in a chair at a corner of the desk, and the little man—his feet scarcely touch the ground as he sits on the edge of his chair—twisted around to talk to me, putting his arms around and over a pile of papers.

"He spoke excellent English, but it was, I thought, rather characteristic of the present condition of Russian affairs that Mr. Rothstein chaperoned the conversation, occasionally offering footnotes and other assistance. Meanwhile the American got to work with his camera, and unobtrusively but persistently exposed plates. The talk, however, was too interesting for that to be an annoyance. One forgot about that clicking and shifting about quite soon.

"I had come expecting to struggle with a doctrinaire Marxist. I found nothing of the sort. I had been told that Lenin lectured people; he certainly did nothing of that sort on this occasion. Much had been made of his laugh in the descriptions, a laugh which is said to be pleasing at first and afterward to become cynical. This laugh was not in evidence. His forehead reminded me of some one else—I could not remember who it was—until the other evening I saw Arthur Balfour sitting and talking under a shaded light. It is exactly the same domed, slightly one-sided cranium.

"Lenin has a pleasant, quick-changing, brownish face, with a lively smile and a habit (due, perhaps, to some defect in focusing) of screwing up one eye as he pauses in his talk; he is not very like the photographs you see of him because he is one of those people whose change of expression is more important than their features; he gesticulated a little with his hands over the heaped papers as he talked, and he talked quickly, very keen on his subject, without any posing or pretences or reservations, as a good type of scientific man will talk.

"Our talk was threaded throughout and held together by two—what shall I call them?—motifs. One was from me to him: 'What do you think you are making of Russia? What is the state you are trying to create?' The other was from him to me: 'Why does not the social revolution begin in England? Why do you not work for the social revolution? Why are you not destroying capitalism and establishing the Communist State?' These motifs interwove, reacted on each other, illuminated each other. The second thought brought back the first:

"'But what are you making of the social revolution? Are you making a success of it?' And from that we got back to two again with: 'To make it a success the western world must join in. Why doesn't it?'

"At a hundred points—I have already put a finger upon one or two of them—they do not know what to do. But the commonplace Communist simply loses his temper if you venture to doubt whether everything is being done in precisely the best and most intelligent way under the new régime. He is like a 'tetchy' housewife who wants you to recognize that every thing is in perfect order in the middle of an eviction. He is like one of those now-forgotten suffragettes who used to promise us an earthly paradise as soon as we escaped from the tyranny of 'man-made laws.'

"Lenin, on the other hand, whose frankness must at times leave his disciples breathless, has recently stripped off the last pretence that the Russian revolution is anything more than the inauguration of an age of limitless experiment. 'Those who are engaged in the formidable task of overcoming capitalism,' he has recently written, 'must be prepared to try method after method until they find the one which answers their purpose best.'

"We opened our talk with a discussion of the future of the great towns under Communism. I wanted to see how far Lenin contemplated the dying out of the towns in Russia. The desolation of Petersburg had brought home to me a point I had never realized before—that the whole form and arrangement of a town is determined by shopping and marketing, and that the abolition of these things renders nine-tenths of the buildings in an ordinary town directly or indirectly unmeaning and useless. 'The towns will get very much smaller,' he admitted. 'They will be different, yes, quite different.' That, I suggested, implied a tremendous task.

"It meant the scrapping of the existing towns and their replacement. The churches and great buildings of Petersburg would become presently like those of Novgorod the Great or like the temples of Paestum. Most of the town would dissolve away. He agreed quite cheerfully. I think it warmed his heart to find some one who understood a necessary consequence of Collectivism that many even of his own people fail to grasp. Russia has to be rebuilt, fundamentally has to become a new thing.

"And industry has to be reconstructed—as fundamentally?

"Did I realize what was already in hand with Russia? The electrification of Russia?

"For Lenin, who, like a good orthodox Marxist, denounces all 'Utopians,' has succumbed at last to a Utopia, the Utopia of the electricians. He is throwing all his weight into a scheme for the development of great power stations in Russia to serve whole provinces with light, with transport and industrial power. Two experimental districts, he said, had already been electrified.

"'And you will go on to these things with the peasants rooted in your soil?'

"'But not only are the towns to be rebuilt but every agricultural landmark is to go.'

"'But these are only sketches and beginnings,' I said.

"'Come back and see what we have done in Russia in ten years' time,' he answered.

"And against my argument that wars sprang from nationalist imperialism and not from a capitalist organization of society he suddenly brought: 'But what do you think of this new republican imperialism that comes to us from America?'

"Here Mr. Rothstein cut in in Rus-




—From the Sydney, Australia, "Bulletin."
The Mesmerist!

sian with an objection that Lenin swept aside.

"And regardless of Mr. Rothstein's plea for diplomatic reserve, Lenin proceeded to explain the projects with which America was seeking to dazzle the imagination of Moscow. There was to be economic assistance for Russia and recognition of the Bolshevist Government. There was to be a defensive alliance against Japanese aggression in Siberia. There was to be an American naval station on the coast of Asia, and leases for long terms of sixty or fifty years of the natural resources of Kamchatka and possibly of other large regions of Russian Asia. Well, did I think that sort of thing made for peace? Was it anything more than the beginning of a new world scramble? How would the British imperialists like this sort of thing?

"But some industrial power had to come in and help Russia, I said. She cannot reconstruct now without such help.

"Our multifarious argumentation ended indecisively. We parted warmly, and I and my companion were filtered out of the Kremlin, through one barrier after another, in much the same fashion as we had been filtered in.

"He was still pressing me not to mention this little sketch of the Russian-American outlook to Mr. Vanderlip long after I assured him that I respected Mr. Vanderlip's veil of discretion far too much to pierce it by any careless word."

Mr. Wells concludes his fifth and last article on "Russia in the Shadow," with these rather gloomy paragraphs:—

"The only alternative to such a helpful intervention in Bolshevist Russia is, I firmly believe, the final collapse of all that remains of modern civilization throughout all that was formerly the Russian Empire. It is highly improbable that the collapse will be limited to its boundaries. Both east-ward and west-ward other great regions may one after another tumble into the big hole in civilization thus created. Possibly all modern civilization may tumble in.

"This in general terms is the frame of circumstance in which I would have the sketches of Russia that have preceded this set and read. So it is I interpret the writing on the eastern wall of Europe."

# Chaplin Prey to "Blues"

*King of Moving Picture Buffoons Confesses to Being Eternally Gnawed by Melancholy.*

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

TOILERS at everyday callings little realize when they envy the lot of their fellows who earn their living by their wits in what is so-called the artistic path of life that the artist, whether he be of any one of the higher professions, or on the stage; a painter, writer, lecturer or even comedian has his "off days" when he could wish that the mountains would fall upon him. Who would guess, for instance, that shuffling, wasp-waisted Charlie Chaplin, the idol of all juvenile motion-picture fans, who by a mere smirk or gesture can convulse audiences in almost every part of the civilized world, is given to the gloomiest of glooms and prey to chronic melancholy? Read what Chaplin told Benjamin de Casseres for an article by that author in the New York *Times* Book Review and Magazine:

" 'Although not a pessimist or a misanthrope, there are days when contact with any human being makes me physically ill. I am oppressed at such times and such periods by what was known among the Romantics as world-weariness. I feel then a total stranger to life.'

" 'In the wrong flat,' I suggested.

" 'On the wrong star,' he replied.

" 'It may be a reaction from my innate sense of humor, disgust of the character that circumstances have forced me to create, a spiritual dissatisfaction with the limitations that matter imposes on my will.

" 'Solitude is the only relief. The dream-world is then the great reality; the real world an illusion. I go to my library and live with the great abstract thinkers—Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Walter Pater.

" 'I once had a day vision. I saw at my feet in a huddled heap all the trappings and paraphernalia of my screen clothes—that dreadful suit of clothes!—my mustache, the battered derby, the little cane, the broken shoes, the dirty collar and shirt. I felt as though my body had fallen from me and that I was leaving behind an eternal seeming for a vast reality.

" 'That day I had resolved never to get into those clothes again—to retire to some Italian lake with my beloved violin, my Shelley and Keats, and live under an assumed name a life purely imaginative and intellectual; but the instinct to be other than I really am, which is universal, is too strong in me, and I went in for just one more picture—the last; like the drunkard's eternal last drink and Patti's eternal farewell.' "

There is characteristic Chaplin satire in the retort he made to the great vocalist, Enrico Caruso:—

" 'Opera singers make me tired,' he said. and I did not consider it complimentary at all when Mr. Guard of the Metropolitan Opera House once told me that Caruso had called me the "Caruso of the Movies."

" 'Some time later Mr. Guard made great preparation to present me to the famous tenor. I was taken to the opera house with a delegation of publicity promoters.

" 'Caruso was in his dressing room making up for the evening.'

"Here Chaplin gave an indescribably funny description of Caruso making up, the dressers, the valets and the babel of languages around the dressing rooms.

" 'When all was ready I was taken in the presence of the great Enrico, who not only did not receive me in state, but stood with his back toward me gluing something on his face in the mirror.

" 'The humor of the assumed superiority of a tenor over a comedian struck my funnybone instantly. The questionable compliment of being called the "Caruso of the Movies" again rankled in my risibilities. So when, after several minutes had elapsed and my feet were getting cold and Caruso's back grew less and less inviting, I bawled out, looking over his shoulder into his face in the mirror:

" 'Greetings from the Caruso of the Movies to the Charlie Chaplin of the Operatic Stage!'

" 'Enrico whirled around and I got a close-up of two angry eyes.

" 'I did a quick fade.' "

Just the same, Chaplin takes his work a bit seriously, for in the interview he observed to de Casseres:—

" 'My clowning, as the world calls it—and I dislike the word clown, for I am not a clown—may have esoteric meanings. I prefer to think of myself as a mimetic satirist, for I have aimed in all my comedies at burlesquing, satirizing the human race—or, at least, those human beings whose very existence is an unconscious satire on this world. The human race I prefer to think of as the under world of the gods. When the gods go slumming they visit the earth. You see, my respect for the human race is not 100 per cent.

" 'My antics on the screen to you are no doubt ridiculous. Well, the antics of men—even in their most serious and what they choose to call their sublimest occupations—are just as ridiculous to the gods or beings who live in the higher dimensions.

" 'In a word, the whole of humanity seen from the angle of the comic imagination are Charlie Chaplins.

" 'In my antics, my clothes, my horseplay, my illogical movements and comic pathos I show mankind itself as it must look to spectators Higher Up, if there be any who are looking at this Charivari on earth.' "

# Which Labor Policy?

*Political Democracy, But Industrial Autocracy in U.S., Says Noted Steel Magnate.*

WILLIAM B. DICKSON

THE United States, to-day, faces a momentous problem, for which both labor and capital must find a solution, says William B. Dickson, vice-president of the Midvale Steel and Ordnance Co., in a recent issue of *Printers' Ink*. The choice lies, says this writer, between industrial democracy on one hand, and chaos or serfdom on the other. The world unrest is not, perhaps, as acute in the U.S. as in Europe, but the writer most emphatically declares that while the United States may have political democracy it certainly is far from the desired goal of industrial democracy. The article was originally given a few weeks ago in an address before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. It reads, in part, as follows:—

"Most men will agree that our present social order is showing signs of instability. This is particularly true abroad, but we in America are not lacking in signs which point to a disturbed state of mind, especially on the part of workingmen. The authority of old standards and convention is being questioned, sometimes in such a manner as to take one's breath away. For instance, in the proposed Plumb bill for handling the railroads.

"The term 'Mechanical' in the title of your society would seem, on first thought, to be essentially materialistic—'of the earth, earthy'—and, therefore, furthest removed from ethical problems. In the last two or three generations, however, mechanical developments have played such a large part in shaping our social order that they have become an important factor in ethical problems.

"The question has been raised by thoughtful men whether or not the applied sciences, progress in which is peculiarly the boast of our age, have really advanced the human race in the path of evolution. I believe that they have; but, nevertheless, there are grave dangers attendant on modern conditions of work and living which must be recognized and counteracted, if American ideals are to be preserved as energizing factors in our civilization.

"The danger to which I refer is the high degree of specialization in modern industry. The division of labor, which is such a marked characteristic of modern industry, has added a new complexity to the relation of employer and employee, and has brought with it new problems, which vitally affect the community life.

"I tried to draw a parallel between the village blacksmith and shoemaker, whom I knew as a boy in a country village in Western Pennsylvania, and their modern successors, who operate the automatic machines in our factories.

"My point was that the old conditions furnished what I felt to be an essential factor in a normal life—*i.e.*, joy in work through the exercise of the creative instinct.

"It is difficult for me to associate this feeling with a highly specialized task, where the workman performs a simple operation over and over perhaps for years.

"I feel that the opportunity for the expression of the creative instinct in our modern factory is very limited. I am also convinced that the natural, inevitable effect on the individual of the deadly monotony of highly specialized factory work is to stunt him mentally, morally and physically, unless it is counteracted by some other vital force.

"It is unthinkable that there should be any backward step in our industrial progress. No sane man would propose to solve this problem by reverting to the old conditions. Our shoes, clothing and all other products essential to our present civilization will have to be made by highly specialized automatic machinery.

"But if I am justified in my premises, there is a human problem which must be faced, and in my opinion it is a problem in the solving of which lies the question of the survival of our democratic ideals.

"It has been said that free government is more important than good government. I believe this to be a profound truth, and applying it to the form of government and admitting the manifest advantages of a concentrated governing class in securing a highly efficient social order, I would say that if there must be a choice, it is better to be free and inefficient than to secure efficiency by having men become mere cogs in a complex social machine operated by a so-called superior class.

"Efficiency in all lines of human endeavor is greatly to be desired, yet I fear that we are at present in danger of making a fetish of efficiency to such an extent as to endanger human freedom.

"It is a deadly menace in a people clothed with political power, but stunted in body and soul by their environment. As I said, I have not been able to find a satisfactory, practicable answer to this problem, and I leave it with you.

"The principal theme, however, to which I wish to direct your attention is a broader one, and in the working out of the social problem which I present, I am hopeful that an answer will be found also for the problem of the specialized task.

"My theme is this: What is the supreme issue confronting mankind to-day? In my opinion, simply the same issue which runs back through all history, namely—aristocracy vs. democracy.

"We Americans are so accustomed to think of democracy as the normal system of human government, the very flower of civilization, that the man in our midst who would seriously question this apparently self-evident truth would be looked upon as abnormal, to say the least.

"We achieved, or we fondly hoped we had achieved, political democracy when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. As a matter of fact, democracy is not an achievement; it is an opportunity for further struggle upward.

## ARTICLES IN THIS DEPARTMENT


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"We must now set our minds to the task of applying democratic principles to industrial relations.

"I believe there is a grave menace to our American ideas in the highly centralized, autocratic control which is becoming a marked tendency in our great industries.

"The feudal system was based on the ownership of land and its appurtenances—such as highways, mines, streams, fisheries, etc., by the barons, and it was effective in securing autocratic control of the workers, because the vast majority were tillers of the soil, or workers in other industries controlled through land ownership.

"The tendency of our modern industrial system is toward autocratic control of the workers through ownership of what our socialistic friends term "the tools of production," which include not only the natural resources, but also the furnaces, mills, factories and transportation systems.

"Instead of indulging in glittering generalities, let me cite two instances of what has happened under the existing system of corporate control.

"Some years ago, a gentleman at the head of one of our great corporations decided that prices must be maintained in the face of diminishing demand. In order to accomplish his purpose, he restricted production by shutting down a number of large plants located in different communities, each of which had been built up largely as an adjunct of the plant.

"Some of these plants were kept closed for about a year, and the result was disaster to the communities. The merchants were driven out of business, real estate values were depreciated, and the workers were thrown on their own resources and had to break up their homes and seek employment elsewhere. None of these persons had any voice in the New York office, and which resulted in social paralysis in all of these communities.

"This last summer the president of one of the largest textile companies suddenly announced that his mills would close for an indefinite period, and they were closed in the same arbitrary, autocratic manner as above described.

"Consider for a moment the despotic power which our modern system of industry gives a few men over the lives and fortunes of hundreds of thousands of their fellow-citizens. By reason of this condition, we have the unstable situation of a government founded on the suffrages of men who, for all practical purposes, are industrial bond men.

"If we should read in the paper some morning that a Turkish Pasha had exercised his authority in such a way as to deprive a city of its means of subsistence, we would raise our eyes in holy horror and bless our good fortune in living in a more enlightened land.

"What is the answer? Only one; namely, industrial democracy.

"What do I mean by industrial democracy? It is exceedingly important that there be no confusion as to this definition. Mr. Carnegie was once asked: 'Which is the most important factor in your business—capital, management or labor?' He replied: 'Which is the most imporant leg on a three-legged stool?'

"This answer epitomizes my theme and also what I believe will be the creed of the twentieth century.

"In an efficient partnership, such as Mr. Carnegie's answer implies, while each partner may have equal rights, the duties and responsibilities are usually separated so that each exercises his principal function within his own limited sphere. But where grave questions are to be considered, which virtually affect the organization, as a whole, there is general consultation.

"So, in the new ideal of industrialism, each factor, *i.e.*, capital, management and labor, will continue to have its own separate natural function as heretofore, but no arbitrary, autocratic decisions affecting the general welfare will be made, either by the directors, the officials or by the workmen.

"Some of you may ask: 'Did Mr. Carnegie follow this ideal in practice?' My answer is 'No.' He did give a larger measure of recognition to management than most of his fellow manufacturers, but in his attitude toward labor he was merely a sign post, pointing the right way but never taking it.

"The Carnegie labor policy was highly autocratic, as is that of its successor, the United States Steel Corporation; a benevolent autocracy, if you please, in many splendid ways, although it still maintains that relic of barbarism—the twelve-hour day, as well as some fairly large remnants of the seven-day week. But, however large you write the word "benevolent," you must always write after it the word "autocracy."

"The steel corporation has become such an important factor in our national life that it is a fair object for criticism.

"The corporation deservedly stands high in the estimation of the American people because of the material advantages enjoyed by its employees, but its managers have as yet failed to appreciate the spirit of the times. To paraphrase St. Paul:

" 'Though they pay the highest wages, give pensions and furnish every modern convenience and safeguard to their workmen, and have no democracy, it profiteth them nothing.'

"In a completely natural society, every man by reason of close and continuous contact with land and other natural resources would be an independent, self-sustaining unit. When a man has left this natural condition, whether voluntarily or otherwise, and has become the servant of another man, or other men, he has given up a natural right and his employer has assumed an equivalent obligation. The fact that neither the employer nor the employee has been conscious of this exchange, and that both may have acted upon purely selfish motives, does not alter the elemental fact, which, in the great national aggregate, constitutes the great unanswered problem of modern times—the elemental fact that is at the base of all social unrest.

"In the two instances which I cited, where communities were paralyzed by the arbitrary closing of plants, the American way to handle such a situation would be to have a conference of the representatives of the three factors, *i.e.*, capital, management and labor, which after considering all the facts, would determine whether to shut down, operate part time, reduce wages and salaries or adopt any other course which would give the fullest recognition to the human factors involved.

"I believe that the greatest task to which American employers must address themselves is the devising of practical ways in which labor can be given the full recognition to which, as an equal partuer, it is entitled. I make this statement with absolute confidence in the fair-mindedness of the American workingman when he is fully informed, and is entirely free to act. If I did not have this confidence, I would despair of the future of our free institutions.

In an address delivered by me in 1915, I said: 'The individual workman, dependent on his own strength and resources, cannot hope to bargain on equal terms with the corporation. If he cannot do so, he is no longer a free man, but a serf, and the serf has no place in the future of America."

"I believe, therefore, that one of the first steps necessary to inspire the workman with confidence is the sincerity of the employer's recognition of the proper status of labor, in the adoption of a fair system of collective bargaining.

"I also believe that in the near future the workmen must become partners through some system of profit-sharing. No scheme could be adopted which would be applicable to all business, as each particular company would have to adapt the general idea to its own peculiar conditions.

"American industry has come to the parting of the ways; on the right, is the road that leads direct to industrial democracy. This road has some heavy grades, and a higher degree of skill will be required to drive on it, but it will bring us out into Peace Valley.

"On the left is a road also deviating from the old road by which we have come, but it is cunningly camouflaged so as to seem to be the natural continuation of the main highway. It leads directly to industrial feudalism; to that social condition predicted by Hilaire Belloc in his book, 'The Servile State,' in which the workers voluntarily sacrifice freedom in return for comfortable maintenance and safety.

"From this second road, there is also a bypath which is now being trodden by Russia, and toward which not only our British brethren, but a considerable number of American workmen are being tempted to stray.

"These things seem to me to be entirely practicable:

"First. Place our industries on a more democratic basis giving recognition to management and labor, as equal partners with capital.

"Second. Teach democracy in our schools and colleges as thoroughly as we teach arithmetic, so that it will permeate every phase of human life, politically and industrially."

---

# HOKKU

(*From the Japanese of Osucho Tummiake.*)

These are my consolations:
I rejoice in defeat
because the intelligent
are always in the minority.
I rejoice in my poverty
because I am not required
to own and operate a devil car.
I rejoice in being married
because I now know
why I should not be.
I rejoice in my years
because they are almost spent,
and for my allotment of time
I shall receive
admission into eternity.

Life is a matter of moods.
To-day I pick nothing but lemons
from my most excellent
orange tree.

Often I long to slay Hokaik,
my rival in philosophy,
but my philosophy tells me
that if I did it would be
a victory for Hokaik,
who would thus be placed
several laps ahead of me
in the race toward Nirvana.

*Exchange*

# WIT, WISDOM *and* WHIMSICALITY

**Saying it Quickly.**—A quiet way of "saying it with flowers" is to send "mums."—Vancouver *Province*.

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**A Poor Crop.**—Greece's fruits of victory seem to have shrunken to a single lemon.—Toronto *Mail and Empire*.

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**Helping Ireland.**—"President" De Valera may be taking the rest cure. That is what Ireland needs.—Toronto *Globe*.

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**Harsh Words These.**—The woman who can't hold her tongue or her baby has no business with either.—Hamilton *Herald*.

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**Giving and Getting Back.**—Christmas gifts fall naturally into two classes—presents and reprisals.—Montreal *Star*.

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**Many and Much.**—Modern feminine attire displays many freaks of nature and much of them.—Peterboro *Examiner*.

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**Somebody Step on It.**—Most of the snow shovels I saw yesterday morning were running on low gear.—Kitchener *Record*.

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**Fire Prevention.**—In times like these fire prevention consists in working like fury when the boss is in sight.—Kingston *British Whig*.

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**Thirsty Sponges.**—Between some men and sponges the only apparent difference is that sponges will take water.—Quebec *Telegraph*.

**A Real Suggestion.**—A merchant points out that there was no luxury tax on spats. Then why not an amusement tax?"—Montreal *Star*.

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**One Short.**—Caproni plans to build a giant aeroplane to carry 300 passengers. The day our turn comes only 299 will go up.—Ottawa *Journal*.

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**Evolution.**—That old-fashioned man who used to have a red nose continually has a daughter who is troubled with chapped knees.—Fredericton *Mail*.

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**Heraldry for Every Day.**—An appropriate coat of arms for many a family would be crossed yeastcakes surmounted by raisin.—Cobalt *Nugget*.

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**And With Reason.**—"Teaching is a calling," declares the Alberta Teachers' magazine. Lately it has been a calling for more money.—Calgary *Herald*.

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**Where Sinners Stand.**—Constantine will doubtless keep in mind that his throne is a Greecy one. He has already slipped off twice.—Stratford *Beacon*.

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**Deadhead.**—About the only person who doesn't seem to be paying for the war is ex-Kaiser Wilhelm, Holland's prize refugee.—London *Advertiser*.

* * * *

**Getting it all at Once.**—A Boston woman left half a million dollars to her hired girl, but the usual custom is to pay it to the lady in weekly or monthly instalments.—Toronto *Star*.

**A Hearty Appetite.**—"How about a nice canary for Christmas?" asks an exchange. Speaking for ourselves, we prefer the usual turkey, even if the price is high.—Kingston *British Whig*.

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**That Changeable Complexion.**—Right up to the minute was a Florida man who, in advertising for his lost daughter, included this in the inscription: "She was a blonde when last seen."—Cobalt *Nugget*.

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**Doesn't Work Both Ways.**—The fellow who doesn't like to have to punch the clock at the office each morning usually is the guy who insists his wife ought to have dinner ready on the minute that evening.—Brampton *Conservative*.

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**Can't Blow Their Noses.**—Crime is reported so rampant in some wicked cities in the "Wild East" that visitors arriving there take their lives in one hand and hang on to their valuables with the other.—Vancouver *Province*.

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**The Fly in his Ointment.**—A Chicago poodle has fallen heir to $8,000, the dispatches tell us. The will of his late owner, a spinster, stipulates that the poodle shall be given a daily bath, plenty of sauerkraut, and a Christmas tree each year. But why punish the poor animal with sauerkraut?—*Border Cities Star*.

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**Inside Stuff.**—A heading in a recent issue of the *Record* announced "Artists See What Other Folks Miss." An old subscriber drops in to tell us if what he reads in Robert W. Chambers' novels is to be depended upon they sure do!—Sydney *Record*.

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# How Militarist is Japan?

*Well-informed Writer Regards Nipponese as Vital, Perhaps Predominant, Factor in Near Future.*

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

SIX YEARS have made an immense change in Japan as a militarist nation and a world power, says a well-informed, but anonymous, writer in the *Quarterly Review*:

"Is Japan, as the wording of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance would have us believe, a surety for the general peace in Eastern Asia and India, a champion of the independence and integrity of the Chinese dominions, and a sponsor for the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China? Or is she the Prussia of the Orient, the last and most inaccessible stronghold of aggressive militarism? Is she our true and faithful ally? Or is she a secret, powerful and malevolent menace to the whole fabric of our Empire in Asia and in the Pacific? Thirty years ago such questions did not exist; even six years ago they seemed fantastic and remote. For, however surprising might be the extent of Japan's ambitions, the poverty of the country and the weight of national indebtedness clearly made their realisation impossible. But to-day the position is very different. It is the countries of Europe, including our own, which are fettered by debt and impotent from poverty. Japan and the United States, from a material point of view, are the only victors in the War of the German Supremacy.

"Japan has shaken off her fetters. She has become in her turn a creditor nation. Since 1914, she has doubled her mercantile marine; and now she holds the third, instead of the seventh, place in the carrying trade of the world. She has doubled and trebled her industrial capital at home in the shape of banks, factories and equipment of all kinds. She has made extensive investments abroad, and has established a commanding position for herself in international commerce and finance. She has more than doubled her trade with China, and is now that vast country's leading customer. She has quadrupled her trade with the United States. During 1918 she exported about ten times her average annual pre-war value of goods to British India, the Dutch Indies, Australia, New Zealand, South America, Egypt and Cape Colony. Much of this trade may be abnormal, but much will be retained. Thanks to her geographical position, to the energy and intelligence of her people, and to the unremitting support and guidance of her Government, this profiteer among nations has, during the days of Europe's calamity, won an incalculably vast reward. There is no longer, as there was in 1914, that deep gulf between the ambitions of Japan and the possibility of their realisation. Much indeed has already been realised; and her first post-war budget contained large appropriations and extensive schemes for doubling her naval power and for remodelling her army. Assurances are given that these projects constitute the minimum essential for the defence of the country. And so we return to our question, Is Japan the last stronghold of militarism, or is she a bulwark of peace in the Far East?

"It may be said that in no country is there a more distinct cleavage between a militarist and a pacificist tradition. Japan has been actively militarist only during the last sixty years. Before that time, she was so intensely pacificist in her foreign relations, that she closed the doors of her empire against all strangers for very fear of war.

"Some years ago, an eloquent member of the Japanese Parliament, Oshikawa Hogi, declared, 'With the most beautiful virtues, which we have inherited from our forefathers, and splendid traditions, which no other nation in the world has ever enjoyed, I conclude without hesitation that we Japanese are the nation which has the responsibility of instructing and teaching the rest of the world, and is finally destined to become its dominant factor.' The 'Niroku' newspaper of May 8, 1919, remarks that the League of Nations proposes to save mankind from the horrors of war, but that it can only attain its real object by placing the Imperial Family of Japan at its head. To us in Europe this language sounds like delirium; but there are nearly sixty million energetic and patriotic Japanese to whom it is the ordinary language of national pride. For the cleavage between militarists and pacificists does not affect this creed, which is held equally by both parties. The militarists, however, look to its realisation in the near future and by aid of arms, if necessary. The pacificists are content to wait.

"The divergence between these two schools of thought showed itself immediately after the restoration of the Imperial rule in 1868. The military party wished at once to make war on Korea. Under their leader, Saigo, they tried to force the hand of the Government, but were defeated in the Satsuma Rebellion, which, on the part of the Government, was a war to prevent war. Ito and the new pacificists believed that it was Japan's first interest to develop her commercial and industrial strength before embarking on military enterprises. However, in 1894 Ito's Government, like the Hara Government in February, 1920, was being harassed by a democratic outcry in the Diet. Ito sacrificed his ideals, capitulated to the military party led by Yamagata, and, against his own better judgment, consented to the declaration of war on China.

"Japan's unexpected success in the Chinese War secured a recognition from the European Powers which years of peaceful progress had been unable to obtain. This lesson was not lost on the Japanese. From the Chinese War onwards, the baleful influence of militarism has been uppermost in Japan; and its policy has had noteworthy successes and hardly one serious check. The Kurile Islands, to the north of Japan, had been acquired in 1875; the Loochoo Islands, to the south, in 1876. The island of Formosa, the southern gateway of the Japanese Empire, was annexed in 1895. The victory in the Russian War gained the Port Arthur Peninsula and South Saghalien, and made Japan commercially and politically supreme in Korea and South Manchuria. Under the shelter of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance Korea was definitely annexed in 1910. With the collapse of Russia, it seems as if North Manchuria, Eastern Siberia, North Saghalien and Kamchatka may also pass under the control of Japan. By the conquest of Tsingtao from Germany, and by the Treaty of 1915, forced upon China by means of an ultimatum, Japan has become, in fact, the leading power in Eastern Asia, and the virtual director of China's foreign policy. This control of China by Japan is the meaning of 'the Monroe Doctrine for the Far East.' The steady whittling away of all European influence out of that enormous country is a policy upon which Japan has unquestionably embarked.

"Such is the remarkable crescendo of expansion, which the militarist party in Japan has achieved in twenty-five years. No wonder that the mass of the nation is intoxicated by the glamour of arms, and proud to style the land '*gunkoku*,' or 'war country.' But the wiser heads in Japan are not to be deceived by this dizzy progress. 'I am glad that there are an increasing number of men who think that all these Chinese and Korean troubles are the results of a mistaken policy pursued in the past, and that nothing short of a fundamental reversal of that policy will be of any avail in solving the difficulty.' So writes Dr. Yoshino Sakuzo, a leader of the Tokyo intellectuals, in January, 1920. The old pacificist opposition has by no means faded away; and the defeat of Germany has strengthened the hands of the moderates. They doubt whether a vast land empire is really an advantage to an island realm. They doubt whether, economically and politically, Japan is mature enough to shoulder such immense responsibilities. Is Japan the frog of the fable, which, after trying to inflate itself to bull's dimensions, burst?

"However that may be, Japan, at the beginning of the greatest war in history, was one of the most martial-spirited nations in the whole world, and was governed by a militarist oligarchy. Yet the part she played in the war was smaller than that of any of the belligerents, except the South

American Republics and China; and the interest taken by the Japanese in the great events of Europe was so detached that it became a commonplace to brand them as pro-German. But apart from her obligation to the Alliance, there was one reason why Japan could not possibly stand aside altogether from the conflict. That reason was China.

"Without any doubt the more enterprising statesmen of Japan believe that the future of their country is a future of domination in China, that Japan will one day control China's armies, arsenals, railways, mineral resources, police, finance and customs administration; that she is called upon to play in this huge country the rôle which England has played in India; and that in the liberation of Asia from the white oppression China will be her 'splendid second.' The European war meant to Japan her first opportunity to play a lone hand in China. To Japan, this was not the War of the German Supremacy, but a third chapter in the war for Japanese Supremacy in Asia. The Chinese War of 1894 was the first chapter; the Russian War of 1904 was the second; and the war of 1914 was to Japan merely a sequel to the struggle for Port Arthur. China, not Europe, was her battlefield. Yuan-Shi Kai, the President of the Chinese Republic, was her enemy, not William the Second. The fortunes of war in Flanders and in Poland were a secondary matter to her politicians. Pekin, not Berlin, was their objective; and it is the Chinese people who have had to pay for Japan's victory over Germany.

"First, Japan was prompt in her declaration of war, lest China might recover Tsingtao by her own action or by agreement with the Germans. Then, after she had seized Tsingtao, she set herself to complete in 1915 that victory over China which had been interrupted by the intervention of the Great Powers twenty years before. The Sino-Japanese Treaty of 1915 (commonly alluded to as the Twenty-One Demands) locked the Japanese hold on South Manchuria and the Port Arthur Peninsula, secured the German reversion, extorted important railway and mining concessions, and provided against alienation of Chinese ports in Shantung province to any foreign power. It was intended to go still further, and by a system of advisers to bind in eternal vassalage the direction of finances and of foreign affairs, and the naval and military equipment of China. But these clauses of the original demands, known as Group Five, were suspended, and have in fact been allowed to lapse, at least for the present.

"After this success, as her Prime Minister complacently remarked, the attitude of Japan became 'semi-neutral.' Although there was little or no enthusiasm for the Allied cause, although Japan's position as 'Britain's watch-dog' was often contemptuously criticised by Japanese, although Japan was slow in enforcing an Enemy Trading Act, although a policy of neutrality was sometimes advocated, and although in 1915 and 1916 there was a general opinion that Germany would win or draw the war, yet there was never any serious question of Japan's transferring her alliance or actively helping Germany in any way.

"On the contrary, there were times when a Japanese expedition on the Allies' behalf would have been popular in the country. It would certainly have been popular, if it could have achieved a spectacular success and a brilliant reward. But there was no front available where the Japanese could operate single-handed. They would have had to merge their effort with that of their allies, and to share their fortunes. Nothing very immediate or theatrical could have been expected. The expedition might even have ended in defeat and failure. Such an outcome would have been disastrous to the prestige of the militarists at home. All plans for interventions on a large scale were, therefore, abandoned early in the war; and the nation's military pride had to be content with the capture of Tsingtao. This one-sided campaign is dignified in Japan by the name of the 'Japanese-German War.' It has satisfied the Japanese public by proving incontestably that they could have beaten the greatest military nation of Europe with ease, and that the flabby armies of the Allies only needed stiffening with a few divisions of the dauntless sons of Nippon to have swept all before them during the first months of the war. This misconception unfortunately remains.

"Only one form of propaganda influenced Japanese opinion; and that was material success. From this point of view, the Germans had an apparent advantage right up to the final months. So, the Japanese were utterly at a loss to understand the moral significance of America's entry into the war, and the popularity of the war in the United States. A frequent explanation was that America had joined the Allies so as to have an excuse for building up big armaments against Japan.

"It is absurd to speak of sacrifices made by Japan in the cause of the Allies. The gambler's stake of five pounds, when he wins five hundred in return for it, can hardly be called a sacrifice. Japan's services to the Allies were almost entirely negative. Her great service was that she remained faithful to the terms of her alliance with England, that she did not join Germany, and that she did not haggle for neutrality, in spite of many temptations from within and without. Japan's attitude toward us throughout the great struggle may be summed up as having been a reassuring disappointment. Japan seemed Gallionic all the time; but, in her very aloofness, she was true to the letter of her bond.

"A Japanese publicist, in an article on his country's war effort, entitled 'How Japan Helped to Victory,' gives an account so naive and typical that it must be quoted with gratitude.

" 'Shortly after hostilities began, the Minister in charge of our agriculture and commerce ordered his department to make as complete a list as possible of the articles that Germany and Austria supplied to Asia, Australasia and the South Sea Islands. The items numbered 500. They were duly classified and sent to the various Chambers of Commerce, which were too wide-awake to need to be reminded that Japan could have this trade if she had the enterprise to manufacture these articles. We encountered no end of difficulties in expanding our industrial resources to meet a situation for which we were utterly unprepared. The war orders from Russia simply overwhelmed us. For instance, the Russian Government asked us to supply 250,000 tons of beef. We found that we had but 1,400,000 head of cattle, and that two animals would make but one ton. Since it was impossible for us to kill all our cattle, we had to pass the order on to Australia and America, and content ourselves with a small commission. But we are not the nation to let a chance slip through our fingers. We left no stone unturned to overcome the difficulties that faced us. And we did overcome them! Let me give an instance. Russia ordered 50,000,000 tins of food. On inquiry, our Minister found that it would take something like three months to turn out the order. But we so accelerated the process of manufacture that it took nothing like that length of time to fill that order. And we got many repeat orders. It pains me greatly to note that many Englishmen seem to feel that we were out for trade, and not at all interested in the prosecution of the war. Such an impression is entirely due to ignorance of our war effort.' (*Pall Mall Gazette*, Jan. 28, 1919.)

"It only need be added that the gold reserve in Japan has risen from 35,000,000*l.* in 1914 to 200,000,000*l.* in 1919, and that the *yen*, which at the outbreak of war was worth about 2*s.* 0½*d.*, was worth 2*s.* 9*d.* at the end of 1919.

"The ordinary thoughts of the ordinary Japanese do not travel far abroad. The Japanese are an extremely insular people, far more insular than the British. Their preoccupations during war-time were with the business boom, the immense quantities of money which were flooding the country, the doings of the *narikin* ('profiteers'), the rise in the cost of living, the rice scarcity, as well as the old topics of pump politics, wrestlers' contests, bribery scandals, *geisha*, eating, drinking and dressing. Everybody was busy. New enterprises were springing up everywhere. Old companies were paying fabulous dividends. The stock market was booming. But business in Japan was as selfish as business usually is elsewhere. It was catering for the most profitable markets. It cared nothing for Belgium or Alsace-Lorraine. Why should it? All that it asked of Great Britain and Germany was that they should continue fighting for ever. It protested angrily against any interference in the interests of the Allied policy; against the British restrictions on unessential imports; against plans for the subordination of Japanese merchant-shipping to the general




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needs of the Allies; against the control of Australian wool; against the non-delivery of British spinning machinery; against America's veto on the export of gold and silver; and, most of all, against her refusal to supply Japan with iron and steel for her shipyards.

"All these incidents were made into occasions for outcry against the envy of the foreign Powers, their intrigues to ruin Japan's prosperity, and the uselessness of the British alliance. Peace came too soon for Japan. The dramatic collapse of Germany did not strike the imaginations of the Japanese. They felt little or no enthusiasm for the overwhelming victory. Had we captured some two million German soliders in one tremendous *coup*, they might have been thrilled. But the great evaporation of Germany and her allies presented no picture to their eyes. This was not war as they knew it on the stage and on the cinema screen, with its encounters of champions and its theatrical attitudes. There were peace rejoicings in Japan because the Government ordered them, and a special postage stamp was issued in commemoration. But spontaneity was conspicuous by its absence.

"A wave of unnatural prosperity has passed over the country. Rich men have become millionaires. Poor men have become rich overnight. The cost of living has increased enormously, so that Japan is no longer a cheap country to live in. The rate of wages has also increased, but not proportionately. Generally speaking, it may be said that money was easily made in Japan during the war boom, and ignobly spent. Restaurants and *geisha* consumed a large proportion of the narikins' winnings. The new rich are a vulgar, arrogant and unpopular set of men. Only the Government officials, the salaried classes, find themselves worse off. But the Government Ironworks scandal showed how easy it was for officials in privileged positions to reimburse themselves by taking bribes from the *narikin*. The condition of the country became increasingly feverish and unhealthy; and the symptoms came to a head in the rice riots of 1918, which appear to have been a general and spontaneous movement all over the country of the hitherto inarticulate lower classes, exasperated, not only by the high prices, but still more by the profiteering methods and the ostentatious lavishness of the *narikin*. The legend of the Imperial Sanctity was invoked, as it always is in moments of crisis. The Emperor was recalled to Tokyo from his holiday in the mountains; and the nation was shamed into obedience. The Imperial Bounty gave a large sum to relieve distress. Rich companies and individuals also contributed large gifts. For a short time the price of rice was lowered. The remedy was superficial; it was the ransom paid by the exploiters to their victims. But it served its turn; and the riots ceased.

"So the war period closed for Japan, leaving the country enriched beyond imagining in wealth and prestige, but profoundly discontented as never before; discontented with what she had done and with what she had not done; discontented with her fallacious prosperity and with her national isolation; discontented with the limitations of a narrow and corrupt political system, with the stifling of originality and talent, and with the ruthless industrialism, which prosperity had but served to extend. This discontent is a disquieting revelation of the great peril which besets the Japanese State in the fictitious nature of its present policy. The divinity of the Emperor, which is its corner-stone, is a fiction. The show of democratic institutions is illusory. The implicit obedience of sons and daughters towards their parents, that Juggernaut of filial piety, is unspontaneous and unreal. The charming family relationship supposed to exist between capital and labor is a myth.

"Four years of the European War have made an immense change in the Far East. The influence of the white nations seems to be tottering into bankruptcy. Their hold hold over China, which they have often so shamefully abused, is seriously shaken. The positions held by Germany and Russia have escheated to Japan. Japan has asserted her right to prior consultation in all matters concerning China; and no Power as yet has taken up the challenge. The Chinese people have seen their railways, mines, industries and territory mortgaged to Japan by a gang of corrupt statesmen. They have seen the white Powers unable or unwilling to protect China's rights at the Peace Conference. They have concluded that, in spite of any Wilsonian idealism and in spite of any League of Nations, Might is still Right, and Might is on the side of Japan. This is a critical moment in Eastern Asia.

"But it is not merely a question of the future of China. 'Asia is one,' wrote Okakura Kakuzo, one of the first and most gifted of the Japanese propagandists; and he quoted the Japsnese tale of the three travellers who met at Loyang—the Indian, the Chinaman, and the Japanese. 'We three form a fan,' said the Chinaman; 'my country represents the paper, India supplies the radiating sticks, and our friend from Japan is the small but necessary pivot.' 'It is the mission of Japan,' wrote Professor Ukita, editor of a leading monthly review, 'to present to the various Asiatic populations an example of a national, civilised and independent state, and then to form a confederation of all the Asiatic nations.' The liberal encouragement given to Indian revolutionaries in Japan indicates that no British Alliance is of any avail to check this natural aympathy for fellow-Asiatics, which appeals alike to the advantage and to the chivalrous instinct of the Japanese.

'The responsibility for the maintenance of security in the Far East rests entirely upon Japan,' declared the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Viscount Motono, when the Russian Empire had collapsed, and the danger of a German attack threatened from Siberia. And indeed, until the entry of the United States into the war, Japan had actually realised her ambition of becoming mistress of the Pacific and paramount power in Eastern Asia. China lay at her feet, helpless. Her navies patrolled all the oceans east of Suez. There even seemed a possibility that Holland might be drawn into the war on the side of Germany, in which case Japan would have taken her share of the rich prize of the Dutch Indies. The power of Russia was obliterated; and a revolution in India was believed to be certain. The fall of the British Empire in India would be a victory for Japan; for then no doubt of her priority in Asia would remain. Hongkong, the greatest port in the East, and Singapore, the strategic gate of the Pacific, would fall naturally into her keeping; and these would be so many steppingstones to Australia, that vast uninhabited continent, weakly held by the pretensions of a mere handful of white people, and waiting for the coming flood of Asiatic immigration under the leadership of the Mikado.

These dreams were shattered by the decisive victory of the Allies. The ambitions of the Japanese once more appear to be exaggerated and absurd. But beyond the vaporings of publicists, beyond even the domestic strife of militarist and pacificist factions, we can perceive the movement of two dynamic forces, which no policy can check—the Japanese birthrate and the Asiatic upheaval. The Japanese increase at a rate of some 750,000 a year in their own overcrowded islands. Native industries and agriculture cannot absorb this enormous surplus. North America, New Zealand and Australasia are barred to Japanese immigration. South America is beginning to ahut its gates. For not only does cheap oriental labor threaten the existence of the European workman, but the Japanese always form a nucleus of their own, which does not easily assimilate with other immigrants. There are some 100,000 Japanese in Hawaii, about 80,000 in California, 13,000 in Canada, 20,000 in Brazil, 6,000 in Peru, 15,000 in the Philippine Islands, 10,000 in the Malay Peninsula, 160,000 in China (including Manchuria and the Port Arthur Peninsula), and 800,000 in Korea. But the cold climate of Manchuria and Siberia, and the eternal summer of the South Seas; are alike unsuited for Japanese colonists. The Japanese are forced to be expansionists. The question remains as to where and how they should expand."

# Why Not Tax "Bromides"

*Satirical Writer Stilettos the Catch-Phrase Demagogue.*

HENRY ARTHUR JONES

CANADIAN "soap-box" orators—and not a few of the more pretentious political spell-binders—whose chief stock-in-trade around election times is tawdry play on catch-phrases, colloquially known as "bromides," should be mildly interested in the following "Letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer," by Henry Arthur Jones, the distinguished British dramatist, appearing in *World's Work*.

"Dear Mr. Austen Chamberlain:

"I hear that you are at your wit's end to raise enough money to meet our alarming national expenditure. May I indicate a new and fruitful source of revenue, which perhaps has escaped your notice, and which has been suggested to me by my old friend, Professor Sophologos? He is Chief Corrector of Wrong Opinions (a very arduous post) in the National University of Aristopia, and has lately arrived in England to study our present conditions with a view of learning what to avoid in moulding the policy of his countrymen. He hopes by this means to increase the social and economic prosperity of his nation. I have been showing him round.

"I asked Professor Sophologos what struck him most in his survey of our manners, habits, and customs. He replied that while he was gravely concerned for us on many accounts, he was staggered out of all mental balance by our senseless and reckless expenditure of catch words and phrases. He pointed out that of all forms of national extravagance this was the most quickly and fatally ruinous. He said that they had made stringent enactments against it in Aristopia, and he greatly wondered that this vicious and costly indulgence was permitted in the present condition of our English finances.

"'What!' he exclaimed, 'You tax the light wines of your good French neighbors, and the wholesome beer of your own country, and yet you allow your masses the unrestricted use of such phrases as "self-determination," 'equality of opportunity,' 'making the world safe for democracy,' and a hundred other heady ferments! You allow them to muddle their brains with deadly fumes of abstract words and cant phrases, and you do not charge them a single penny for intoxicating themselves!'

I inquired whether the imposition of the tax had roused any antagonism. The professor said that at first they were threatened with considerable opposition, but that this was easily quelled by the judicious erection in all public places of free drinking fountains, running a delicious beverage with an alcoholic infusion. There was at first some apprehension of dangerous rsults from the unrestricted use of these free drinking fountains, but on the whole they judged it to be safer and wiser to allow the populace to indulge themselves in alcohol than in the more noxious poisons of catch words and phrases. For whereas the very great majority of men can be trusted to know when they have had enough alcoholic liquor, they are quite unable to exercise any self-control of their insatiable and perennial thirst for spurious verbiage.

"I leave the matter to your earnest consideration.

"Your obedient servant,

HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

"P.S.—I shall be pleased to help you in preparing a list of words and phrases suitable for taxation and in arranging the tariff. I hope a heavy fine will be imposed upon 'Art' and 'Artistic'."

# Trapping an Elephant Herd

*Thrilling Account of the Dangers of Stalking World's Big Game.*

CHARLES MAYER

HOW he visited Trengganu and prevailed on a Malayan sultan to allow him to corral a whole elephant herd is told of in a tense, interesting fashion by Charles Mayer in *Asia*. This story of midnight stalking after the most powerful and intelligent of all wild beasts needs no particular introduction. Mr. Mayer after stating that he had assigned fifty men to surround the elephants and keep them moving describes what happened afterwards:

"The work of making the trap was prodigious. Trees, twenty to twenty-five feet in length and a foot and a half in diameter, were cut down and dragged through the jungle for half a mile or more to the spot I had selected. These were planted five feet in the ground and braced by three smaller trees, so that they could stand the enormous pressure of elephants trying to lunge through them. The trap was round—about seventy-five feet in diameter—with two wings, each one hundred feet long, converging to the entrance. After planting and bracing all the posts, we bound them together with heavy ropes made of twisted rattan, and then covered them with vines and leaves. For all this work the natives had no tools except their parangs. It was amazing to see the rapidity with which they cut down the big trees and slashed trails through the jungle. Omar and I were with them constantly, keeping up their enthusiasm.

"In building the trap we took great care not to disturb the jungle through which the elephants were to be driven. Like all jungle animals, elephants can see at night, and there is always the danger of a stampede unless precautions are taken against arousing suspicion. The jungle leading up to the wings was untouched; and the wings and the trap could scarcely be distinguished from the dense growth that surrounded them. In the runway and in the trap the jungle was still standing without injury.

"Word came from the men who were watching that the herd was four miles away. I gathered the natives around me, explained all the details of the drive and assigned men to the various tasks. Then we started in a body to get behind the herd. Every five hundred yards, I stationed a man in a tree to steer the drive.

"Driving elephants at night is a slow, trying, dangerous job. It means fighting every foot of the way through dense jungle and keeping up a continual hubbub of tom-toms and shouts. The elephants wish to avoid the noise and they move slowly away from it, crashing through the trees and vines. The men who are directly behind have the easiest time, for they can follow the trails broken by the elephants.

"When we arrived behind the herd, I spread the men out in a U formation, warning them to make no noise until the signal was given. With Ali standing near me with my express rifle, I waited until darkness came; then I gave the signal and started forward. Ali, Omar, the priest, my Chinese boy and a few others followed along behind me shouting. The noise was taken up on each side of us, and presently we heard the elephants moving forward.

"Dawn came, and we found that we had driven them a mile and a half. It had been exhausting work. I posted guards to watch the herd, and we slept until late in the afternoon. Our bodies were covered with welts from insect bites and the sting of nettles and were torn and scratched by the sharp vines; and I was throbbing with the fever. When darkness came again, it seemed to me that the enterprise was all a wild nightmare.

"Early the next day the stampede hit us without warning. A small elephant, stray-








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# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

ing from the herd, saw some of the men on the right; he ran back, trumpeting danger. Then the bellowing herd came down upon us.

"Ali shoved my rifle into my hands and I jumped behind a tree. The Siamese priest stumbled and fell. Before I could shoot, a big bull elephant stepped on him and tore him in two, throwing the upper portion of his body over my head. I was spattered with blood. Elephants, bellowing furiously, rushed past us; men screamed and scrambled for places of safety. The immense animals loomed up in the darkness for a second and then disappeared. In their excitement some collided with trees.

"There was no need to shoot; it would have been like holding up a fan to fend off a cyclone. I hugged my tree, keeping my gun in position. I was discouraged; our efforts had been wasted and the herd was scattered. That would be a fine story to take back to the Sultan.

"When the elephants had passed, I called to the men. We lighted torches and searched for the injured. Three had been killed and twelve hurt, and I was thankful there weren't more casualties. We buried the dead. Ali brought up my medical kit and helped me dress the wounds.

"After a few hours' sleep, I found that I wasn't quite so discouraged, and so I called the men together and lectured them on the necessity of being careful. They showed no signs of mutiny, and so we started off again in search of the herd. It was not difficult to find them, for they cut a swath in the jungle to the point where they stopped, five miles from the scene of the stampede.

"Again I posted guides in the trees and spread out the drivers. Every man was alert, and, when night ended, we were considerably nearer the trap. In the minds of the elephants there seemed to be no connection between the noise that was driving them and the men they had seen the night before, and they went ahead peaceably.

"Leaving scouts to watch the herd, I gathered the men together and praised them. Success rekindled the enthusiasm that had been damped by the stampede, and, when we threw ourselves down to snatch a few hours' sleep, we were convinced that the drive would procced without trouble. The scouts reported that the herd was slightly depleted, but, even so, it was the largest herd that any of us had ever seen, much less driven.

"At nightfall, each day, the men were again in position, waiting for my signal; and, three nights later, we approached the stockade. The men went wild with delight. And above the uproar, I could hear the calls of the guides in the trees, telling us our distance from the trap.

"The big beasts jammed in the runway between the wings, heaving and struggling, and forcing those ahead of them into the trap. The walls of the wings groaned as they threw their bodies against the posts. The elephants bellowed, and the natives kept up a continual pandemonium. I mounted the platform and looked down; I could see nothing but a tossing flood of black that poured slowly from the runway into the trap.

"When the last elephant was inside, the ropes that held the gate were cut. The gate crashed down; bars were run through the sockets; the elephants were trapped.

"On my platform I shouted as loudly as any of the Malays. Torches were lighted and the men began dancing. I slipped to the ground and warned them against climbing up on the walls of the stockade, for I was fearful that the sight of men might enrage the elephants. If the beasts suddenly took it into their heads to charge the wall in a body, some of the posts might give way. I could hear them milling around inside the trap, bellowing and tearing up the jungle in an effort to find a way out.

"Through the remainder of the night the natives danced, ate and drank. Then, when dawn was beginning to light up the sky, I climbed to the platform again and looked down into the trap. There were sixty elephants!"

# Trotzky, a Human Dynamo

*"Close Up" in Print of Russia's Jewish Minister of War by British Officer Who Saw Him at Ekaterinburg.*

FRANCIS McCULLAGH

TROTZKY, the Russian Bolshevist Minister of War, is intimately described in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, by Francis McCullagh, a British officer, who was captured by the Bolshevists in Siberia. The author posed as a civilian and was thus able to travel to Ekaterinburg and live there for some time. After visiting Moscow he left Russia a few months ago as a civilian refugee:

"Ekaterinburg was gaily decorated in honor of Trotsky's visit, but the Bolshevist Minister of War came, unostentatiously enough, in the night-time and refused to hold any parades, inspections of troops, or any other formal functions whatsoever. He is a slight-built, wiry man of medium height, dressed as a private soldier, and without any decoration. He wore on his head a curious cap which has been invented for the higher officers of the Red Army. It is of khaki cloth, is cut in the style of the steel helmet worn by the ancient Russian *Bogatyrs* (Knights), and the whole front of it is covered by a huge star, the Red Star of Bolshevism.

"He wore no belt and carried no weapon; his face is sallow, Mephistophelian, and distinctly Jewish; his eye dark and bright; his beard and moustache scanty. His movements are quick and animated, and his capacity for work superhuman. The employees on his train told me that they led a dog's life of it. The typewriting girls were kept working all day and far into the night. His numerous secretaries were glued to their desks all day. His telephonists were speaking into the receivers or taking down telephone messages for twenty hours out of the twenty-four. Moreover, he published on the train a newspaper called *En Route* in which he had articles every day, and he dictated, besides, numerous "leaders" for the local papers in the towns through which he passed. He employed about a dozen secretaries, a tame editor to run his paper, a number of tame diplomatists to look after diplomatic affairs, and several domesticated Tsarist officers to deal with purely military matters. He put the fear of Trotsky, if not the fear of God, into all these subordinates; but they rather gloried than otherwise in their servitude.

"The stories told of Trotsky's revels and dissipation are obvious nonsense. The only dissipation the Bolshevik War Lord allowed himself was a short walk every day in a beautiful pine grove where I used to walk myself, and an hour's hard physical exercise daily, shovelling snow from the railway track. In this physical exercise he made every man, woman and child in his train take part; and the example he thus set was good, for, as most of my readers are aware, the educated Russian has the same contempt for manual labor as the white *sahib* has in India. Even Mrs. Trotsky, Master Trotsky (a boy of eleven or twelve), and Master Trotsky's governess, a young Jewess of twenty or twenty-five, had to shovel snow like the rest; and this craze for manual work remained even when Trotsky was not looking on.

"No sooner had he arrived in Ekaterinburg than Trotsky plunged straight into work, and I marvelled at the audacity with which he tackled matters that ought, one would think, to have been left entirely to experts. I shall give one example, the typhus question, for I know something about it, having had, a year earlier, to visit all the typhus hospitals in the Urals to interpret for Colonel Clarke, the head of the Canadian Medical Service, whom General Sir Alfred Knox had sent to the Front with the object of doing something to stop the terrible wastage of men caused by typhus among Kolchak's troops. Dr. Clarke found most of the trouble to be due to the apathy of the Russian doctors, who would do nothing unless they were given unlimited quantities of unprocurable insecticides, though, as Dr. Clarke told them until he was hoarse and exhausted and finally caught the disease himself, heat would have served their purpose equally well.

"On February 19th Trotsky summoned the D.M.S., listened to his statement that there was no chance of typhus decreasing in any case till the month of April, and then attacked him with a violence which nearly frightened that worthy functionary out of his wits. 'I am no doctor,' said the Bolshevik War Lord, 'but I know that typhus is communicated by lice. Now it must be possible to destroy these lice by delousing apparatus and by a certain degree of heat, which could, if necessary, be produced in some of our public baths. Several of the baths are very nearly hot enough for the purpose as it is; and, even if the soldiers have not got a change of clothes, they might wash in one part of the bath-house while their clothes are being disinfected in another part. I am not a believer in this doctrine of fatalism that you preach. I will immediately appoint a committee to investigate this question; and, if I find that you do not at once take some steps in the matter, I will hand you over to the Extraordinary Commission. Good day.'

"Next day an excellent bath-house was opened free at the railway station, and I myself enjoyed the first bath that I had had for three months. The Committee was nevertheless appointed, and its report was a terrible indictment. It published everything, even details of hospital mismanagement that were enough to make one's hair stand on end, for the Bolshevists, when it suits their purpose, allow the fullest liberty to the Press.

"The great propaganda engine which had raised the Red Army and smashed Kolchak and Denikin was then turned on to the typhus question; and all Ekaterinburg was soon placarded with posters preaching cleanliness and denouncing dirt. Some of them contained representations of a louse magnified to the size of a small cow, and pointed it out, in the accompanying letterpress, as a worse enemy than the 'Supreme Ruler,' 'Kill it,' yelled the posters, 'as you would kill Kolchak. It is a far more dangerous enemy. Kolchak has put to death thousands of Communists. IT puts to death tens of thousands.' The number and the variety of these warnings were very great; and there was every kind of striking life-size picture in glaring colors to attract the attention of the illiterate, as well as good medical hints to impress those who could read. There were pictures of washer-women killing enormous lice with the smoothing iron. There were horrible pictures of death seizing on the young unwashed. Communists were told that it was their duty to the Republic to keep themselves and their clothes clean, and that they were traitors if they did not. One of the commonest posters showed incidentally the nomadic condition of life which hundreds of thousands of Russian soldiers and civilians are now leading. It was generally to be found at railway stations, where crowds of people habitually cuddle down on the floor in their sheepskins at night-time and go to sleep without undressing, and it ran as follows: 'Don't lie down wherever you happen to find yourself at nightfall until you make sure that the place is free from lice.'

"Trotsky's treatment of the working classes was marked not only by an absence of flattery, but even by an autocratic touch which one would never have expected. Finding on his way from Moscow to Ekaterinburg that the workmen in a certain Ural factory were not working hard enough he had fifteen of the worst 'slackers' arrested and placed on their trial before a workman's tribunal in Ekaterinburg. At one point on the line his train was stopped by snow, whereupon he had the whole of the local Soviet taken into custody for disobedience to the order for removing snow from the track. They also were tried before a jury of their peers; and, while the case was still *sub judice*, Trotsky wrote. over his own name in the newspapers, a ferocious onslaught on the accused, whose condemnation was thus made certain He did not say anything about their delaying him, but he inveighed against them for delaying the trains which brought bread to the women and children of Moscow and to the Red workmen who had hurled the tyrant from his throne and stood in the breach against Denikin and Judenitch.

"It was forbidden for any outsider to enter Trotsky's train without permission. and the names of all persons who had the *entree* were pasted up inside the doors Few of these who are entitled to enter the office car of a National Commissar can go right through the train. The nearer they approach the Presence, the shorter grows the list of names, until finally at the Commissar's car they find only three or four names, one being that of the Private Secretary, the sole link between the Holy of Holies and the common herd.

"Before I leave Trotsky I might say something about the great object of his visit to Ekaterinburg, the launching of the grandiose Labor Army scheme. He launched this scheme in the speech and he made it look splendid, the realisation of the dreams of mankind for a thousand years. Soldiers would fight no more. They would work for the common good. Owing to their discipline and their union, they could quickly do vast works that ordinary workmen would take a long time to accomplish.

"Then, again, Trotsky had declared that the man who deserted from the Labor Army would be treated as a soldier who deserted in front of the enemy. Did this mean that he was to be shot? The 'Professional Unions,' as they are called, also had a word to say about the War Office monopolising skilled mechanics who had 'done their bit' and consequently ceased to be soldiers. To cut a long story short the whole project came in the end to nothing, and when I talked to Trotsky about it in the Kremlin a month afterwards he was rather snappy. By that time he had given way to the Professional Unions, had been frightened by the dissatisfaction of Labor, and disturbed by the criticism of his grand idea which came from England. As far as I know, the whole Labor Army scheme has now melted away as completely as last winter's Siberian snows amid which it was hatched. All the waste of time and energy which it involved might have been avoided if Russia had had a free Parliament and a free Press to discuss it before it had been put into operation. Trotsky tried to make an army that could both fight and work, but only succeeded in making an army that could, for a time, do neither."

# Jane Ann's Rival, Mabel

*Continued from page 25*

in contempt, would have passed on with a brief and lofty, "Howdy." But Abe paused in the road and lifting his hat with Southern grace and flourish, begged a word or two with her.

Jane Ann planted her feet wide and looked down on the diminutive Abe. "Talk quick an' brief, ef yo' please," she said. "Ise in a hurry."

White proceeded to do so. "I was jes comin' up ter see yo' all, Misses Ballister. Las' Satterday night, at de billiard-tournament, Len he done carry away seberal pieces ob my billiard-chalk and some poker-chips by mistake. Len, he hab a fashion ob putting ebery-t'ing in his pocket. I reckon as maybe he lef dem t'ings for me at de house: did he, Misses Ballister?"

Jane Ann's eyes had grown big and round. The hands beneath the apron were clenched, and so were the white teeth which showed in a disarming smile, as she answered.

"No Mister White, I aint seen nuffin ob no chalk er poker-chips."

"Oh." Abe was plainly disappointed. "Would yo' all min' tellin' Len to please drap in wif dem t'ings ter night, ma'm?"

"Not 'tall, not 'tall. I'll tole him."

"Much obliged, Ise sure." White lifted his hard hat and bowed low. "An how's de new dribin'-hoss comin' long?" he enquired, as he turned towards the town.

"Her's berry well, t'anks." Jane Ann's tone was becoming more cool, more lofty.

"I spose Len's been tellin' yer 'bout de new boat he get hol' ob?" Abe asked.

JANE ANN swallowed hard. She saw red.

"I spec's yo' maybe on yer way down ter hab a look at dat boat, Misses Ballis-

ter. It's down at de Carp-seine shore ob ribber. Len, he done tell me, las' night, dat he was goin' ter take it out ag'in ter night 'long 'bout eight. Reckon maybe yo'll be goin' long?"

Jane Ann nodded. "Yes, I reckon I'll be goin' along," and added to herself, "But Len an' his huzzy won't 'spect it."

Abe lifted his hat once again, and turned away. Jane Ann passed stolidly on down the road. She was going to learn something concerning separations, divorces, *and the unwritten law.*

Returning home at noon, for his dinner, Lenix found the house desolate and dinnerless. Not even the smiling, wagging Orinoco to greet him. The pup had ducked for cover at the first faint creak of the leather door-hinge.

Len smiled grimly, and philosophically set about gathering up loose ends of food, which he ate hurriedly and washed down with cold tea. Finishing his meal, he took occasion of Jane Ann's absence to do a little searching about in quest of odd change, carefully lifting pieces of china and bric-à-brac, peering under the corners of the rugs and turning gilded vases upside down. His reward was eighty cents in five cent pieces. This he dropped into his pocket, and lit his pipe.

As he glanced back from the door, his eyes encountered a pair of big hungry eyes looking from behind the wood-box. Promptly he turned back and going over to the table heaped a plate with broken meat and bread. "Dat blood-houn' purp done t'ink I cl'ar ferget him, didn' yo', Orinoco?" Followed a medley of whines and whimpers and tail-waggings to delight the heart of any negro. "Pore li'l' chap." Len fondled a long silken ear, "Is yo' all scart ter deff ob a woman, yo' pore faint-hearted pup, yo? Jes goes ter show how foolish yer is! Buck up, an' bite her, Orinoco! All yo' has ter do is show her yo' aint scared, sure is! Now den, eat hearty an' be a good pup. Long bout ter morrie night I'll bring yer a new leather collar, pervidin' Doc Johnston's ha'ness-room happen ter be unlocked when Ise comin' hum."

Len gave his pet a parting slap and went out.

Jane Ann did not return home until four o'clock in the afternoon, and so preoccupied was she that the cluttered table and the greasy floor passed unheeded. On her black face was stamped purpose. She had gone forth a wild, destroying thing, with murder in her heart. She had helped the judge's wife do her ironing, had scrubbed the house from top to bottom, had eaten a dinner the likes of which comes not often, and had, in the innermost sanctity of his book-walled study, been given a full and free knowledge of separations, divorce and the unwritten law, by no less a personage than the old judge himself. And now she was back, waiting the end, prepared to do her part and do it well.

Supper-time came, but no Len. Jane Ann became a little worried, not so much at the fact that Len had failed to return for his supper as a fear that his marvelous intuition to side-step disaster had whispered to him a warning to stay away from home. Well, it made no difference. Jane Ann reasoned that if Len was going to take that slim woman who had won him from her, out, it would be in the new boat Abe White had told her about. She knew where that boat lay. She knew the hour the guilty pair intended to meet at the landing. And she had it pretty well planned as to what was going to happen shortly after.

SHE looked about her at the familiar objects in the room, and her throat tightened, her eyes smarted. Her heart felt heavy, and dull, and betrampled. Well, she would soon be leaving it all, leaving it all forever! No doubt, other women had been through what she was going through now, suffered as she was suffering. Tears sprang up in her eyes to trickle, unheeded, down her cheeks. She knew now whom she reminded herself of; it was the wronged wife of the story she had read in the book Mrs. Jones had lent her. The woman in the story had killed herself by drinking poison. Jane Ann couldn't just understand why she did that when she might have smashed the man who deceived her just as easy, or easier.

Dusk came stealing up, soft-winged, sweet-scented—a dusk bringing memories of far by-gones, of shady walks, pale disks of moons and voices of night-birds. She saw a tall, lithe boy, and beside him a comely plump girl. Yes, Jane Ann had been nothing more than merely plump in that day far back. And Len, he had been such a happy, care-free youngster, guileless and innocent. Jane Ann heaved a great sigh.

"Good Lor', how dat nigger done changed."

With this audible expression of her thoughts, the sordid present came sweeping in to dispel rosy-hued dreams. Once more Jane Ann was a wronged wife—with a purpose.

She dried her eyes and stifled sentiment in her bosom. She was once again the cold, calculating, remorseless force, designed by Providence, Destiny, or Luck to disillusion and slap to a sharp peak one erring husband-stealer, named Mabel Bell, leave one tall nigger mangled but still breathing, and flit afar to other fields. If Len survived, then she would take legal proceedings to free herself of his irksome tie.

Jane Ann glanced at the clock. In another hour the lovers would meet at Carp Landing and on the moon-flooded river resume their guilty love. Well, she would be close by.

Having become mistress of herself once more, Jane Ann reached for the supper she had set aside an hour ago because the thought of food had choked her, and proceeded to make a fair meal. Her own slice of ham—and Len's as well—quickly disappeared; huge pieces of Johnny-cake and butter, and three cups of strong green tea topped off the repast. She arose refreshed, and right eager to proceed on her way to the trysting-place.

BUT there was still some time in which she must possess her soul with patience. This she utilized in packing into a satchel some of her most precious personal effects, and several of Len's also, including a stuffed owl, a quarter's worth of smoking-tobacco and a red tie which he had lately purchased.

Then she thought of Orinoco, and peered behind the wood-box in search of him. The pup gazed pleadingly out at her, and wagged his tail.

"Pore li'l' pup, come out here an' get yore supper," Jane Ann's tones were gentle.

But Orinoco stirred not.

"Come out here, I tells yo'." Jane Ann's voice was authoritative.

No response from the pup.

Jane Ann stood up and reached for the boot-jack, hanging on the wall. "So yo'se in league wif dat Len, is yo'? Well den, I'll jes' natually make sausage meat ob' yo', dat's what I'll do! I spose dat nigger been tellin' yo' dat's yo'se goin' ter hab a new mistress? Hab he? Ans'er me, yo' bunch ob bone, do yo' all aim ter stan' by dat crooked snail er stan' by me? Ise waitin' staff in han', fer your ans'er."

Something brown and sudden hurled itself between Jane Ann's feet, and, as the screen-door banged open and shut, she sat down hard on the floor. Once more Orinoco had "broke fer freedom." But this time Jane Ann did not laugh. Her eyes simply grew big and rolling and her breath came in short gasps.

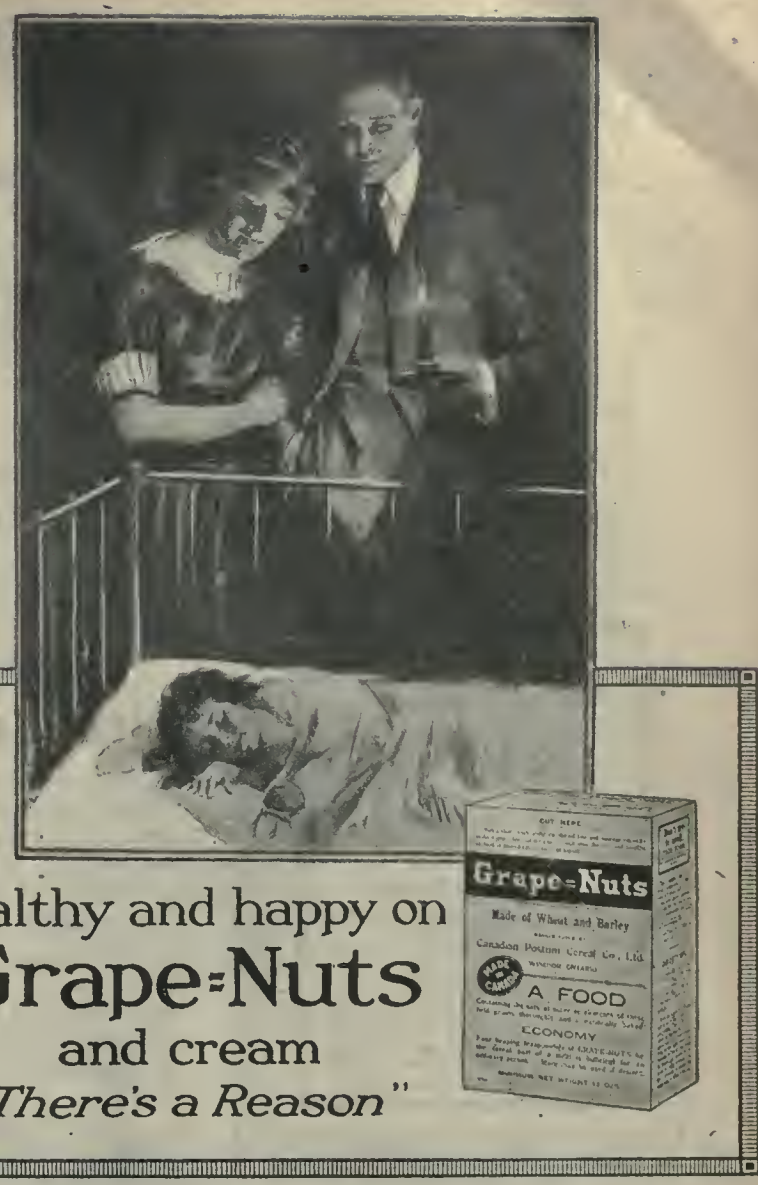
She arose, at length, slowly and painfully, and leaned against the table for support.

"So," she murmured. "Even dat dawg is weary ob me an' would destroy me." She reached for the cracked mirror, above the wash-stand, and examined her tongue to see if she had bitten a piece off it.

"It's right lucky fer that no-count pup, dis here woman is leabing dis place fer ebber," she muttered. "I shore wishes I'd let him atarve when he was li'l', 'stead ob getting up on col' nights ter feed him, I shore does."

She placed the satchel under the bed and reached for her sun-bonnet. Her eyes sought the rolling-pin beside the bread-board, to dwell on it longingly, then she shook her head. "Der's a garden-rake outside wif steel teefe," she decided. "Dat'll prove better in a hot scrimmage, mos' like."

ONE last, longing look Jane Ann took of the little, homey room, then as though dreading her heart might want to drag her back to olden yesterdays again, she took a step towards the table and drew in her breath to extinguish the light. But, with black cheeks inflated to their utmost capacity, she paused, listening. A step was coming up the lawn, a shuffling


Healthy and happy on
Grape-Nuts
and cream
"There's a Reason"



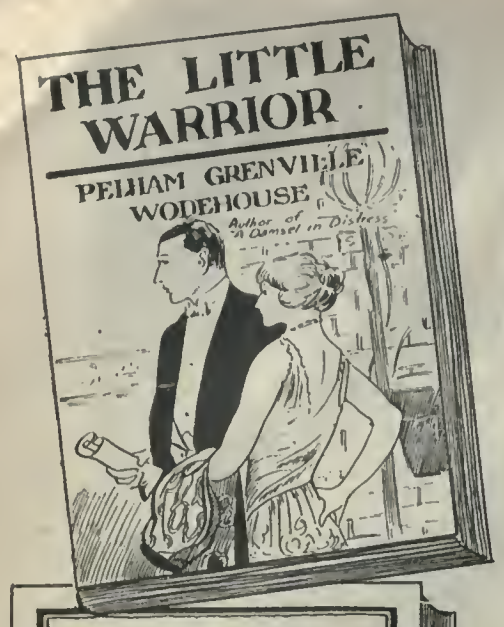
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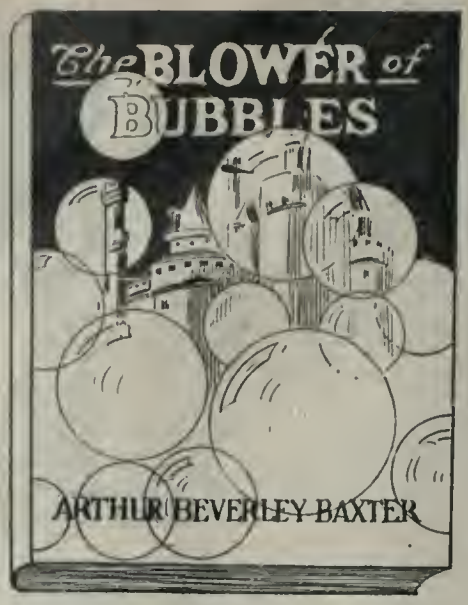
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# A Canadian Literary Achievement

During 1920 MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE published—in whole or in major part—the contents of twelve works of fact or fiction which are to-day, or soon will be, on the book shelves of scores of thousands of discriminating men and women in Canada.

Twelve books, each of which retails at from $2.00 to $6.50, and which readers of MACLEAN'S enjoyed for $3.00. And think of the fact that these twelve books included less than **one-quarter** of the contents of MACLEAN'S for 1920.

Seven of these books are already published and on sale to the public. (Covers of five of them are here reproduced).

## A New Canadian Author

Arthur Beverley Baxter is a young Toronto man who went overseas to the war and while invalided began to write short stories. Boldly venturing, he sent one of these to Chambers' Journal, which accepted it and asked for more. He wrote several which appeared in the magazines, and have since been published in a volume, "The Blower of Bubbles." When the war ended Mr. Baxter wrote a novel which appeared serially in Chambers', and Lord Beaverbrook engaged him as one of the editors of the London Daily Express, where he is at present.

Mr. Baxter's short stories won him immediate recognition as one of the writers of the day. His novel does much more than confirm his reputation. It has just been published in England, the United States and Canada (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.) "The Parts Men Play" is one of the outstanding books of our time, and places Arthur Beverley Baxter in the front rank of novelists. It is not only a great story, but it is greatly told. The author has gifts of a high order, and apart from his narrative altogether writes a book that is intensely interesting because of its by-play of humor and keen comment on life.

As a Canadian who knows both England and the United States, Mr. Baxter, in "The Parts Men Play," tells a story which does much to interpret each nation to the other, and does it in that striking way which gives fiction its highest justification. The book should excite a wide interest in Canada.

### (1) Margot Asquith—
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The contents of this extraordinary, sparkling, daring memoir (and some portions held out of the book), were published in MACLEAN'S.

### (2) The Little Warrior—
*By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse.*

Published serially in MACLEAN'S—a chortling comedy by one of the world's leading literary entertainers.

### (3) The Thread of Flame—
*By Basil King.*

A noted Canadian author with a world-wide reputation. This novel, from first word to last, was first published in Canada in MACLEAN'S.

### (4) The Blower of Bubbles—
*By Arthur Beverley Baxter.*

A collection of short stories, all but one of which were published in MACLEAN'S.

### (5) The Parts Men Play—
*By Arthur Beverley Baxter.*

An Anglo-American romance by this brilliant young Canadian who can tell a story with a purpose. His first work appeared in MACLEAN'S, and all his best work has been run in Canada's National Magazine.

Then there was "His Majesty's Well Beloved," by Baroness Orczy. This popular novel by probably the best known writer of romantic fiction in the world was run in MACLEAN'S. Also "Spanish Doubloons," by Camilla Kenyon. Five of these books are now in preparation for publication probably during the Spring or Autumn of 1921:

**Reminiscences of a Raconteur: By Colonel George H. Ham.**
**The City of Peril: By Arthur Stringer.**
**The Man From the Desert, and other short stories: By W. A. Fraser.**
**The Man Who Knew Too Much: By Gilbert K. Chesterton.**
**The Drama of Our Great Forests: By Arthur Heming.**

## Give Credit Where Credit is Due

**This editorial from a daily paper of Toronto does not give credit rightfully due MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE:**

Here are the facts: Before the war the work of Arthur Beverley Baxter was published first—and almost exclusively—by MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. During the war, while on service and after being invalided home, Mr. Baxter wrote more fiction—"The Blower of Bubbles" and "The Parts Men Play"—the latter running in its entirety in MACLEAN'S, the former almost entirely. Mr. Baxter's reputation, which MACLEAN'S has been proud to assist in building up, has become international, and these two books were also published in London and New York—after they appeared in MACLEAN'S.

An editor of this Toronto newspaper a few months ago attended a banquet, at which Mr. Baxter and Lord Beaverbrook were present, and lauded Mr. Baxter for his splendid work in "Chambers's Journal" and in "The Daily Express" without mentioning the part MACLEAN'S had played in connection with the work of Mr. Baxter. This editorial shows that he has "forgotten" again!

Most Canadian papers are glad to credit MACLEAN'S for its initiative, progressiveness and its stalwart and outspoken Canadianism.

# MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

step which seemed to sing, "Ise goin', I don' care, Ise goin' don' know where."

The door swung open and, there entered —Len! In his arms he carried Orinoco. The pup's eyes were aglow with joy, his long tail wagged like the pendulum of a grandfather clock.

Lenix cast an appraising eye over the table, the room and Jane Ann, who had wheeled towards him, surprise so gluing her lips that the long breath she had drawn still forced her cheeks out like twin balloons.

"Lor', Jane Ann, yo're face all swell up. Yo' got de toof-ache?" Len broke the silence fearfully. Never in all their wedded life had the domestic atmosphere been so charged aa he found it now.

"I couldn't git home any earlier, Jane Ann. Been workin' ter give yo' 'nudder s'prise, I'll jes eat my supper now, den I'll take yo' to it."

Jane Ann found her voice. "S'prise, did yo' say, yo' sneakin,' woman-stealin' slibber ob iniquity! 'Sprise, say yo? Well, jes' yo' wait. When it comes ter s'prises, I'se de queen bee ob de worl'! Ise got a s'prise dat'll make yo'rn look like an alamac-joke, I has!"

"Why, Jane Ann—"

"Shet straight up! Tell me nigger, who's Mabel Bell?"

Len started guiltily. "Jane Ann, who been tellin' yo' bout her—"

"Nebber yo' min'. Yo' t'ought yo'd keep right on foolin' me, but yo' see it can't allers be did. So, yo' reckoned on takin' her out again' ter night, did yo? Yo' creepin' worm arter-a-rain, yo'! Reckoned on sneakin' out like a t'ief in night, did yo? Bah, yo' an' yore Mabel. Jes yo' wait till I gets a chance ter smash her!"

"Lor', Jane Ann, thar aint no need ter take on so, why—"

"An' she didn't spark jes' ter suit yer, eh? An' yo' all perfers a li'l' one ter a big one, does yo? Yo' hunk ob frog-spawn, yo!"

"But Jane Ann—"

"An' she's a mighty fas', trim li'l' t'ing, am she? An' she can't be too fas' fer yo', eh? Well, us'll see. If it's fastness yo' all wants, yo'se goin' ter get it, an Ise aimin' ter hol' de stop watch. Yo' an' yer Mabel Bell am agoin' ter soar hebenward so fas' yer heads'll knock togedder. Yo'll fin' dat out, right soon."

"But Jane Ann, Mabel Bell aint got no head, nohow. Her's a boat!"

"A what?"

"Why Mabel Bell am a boat. A motor la'nch, as I picked up in deal. I hab some trouble gettin' her engine ter work, but Ise got her goin' all hunky now. I was jest aimin' on keepin yer in de dark about dat boat, kaze I natually wanted ter gib yo' a s'prise. But I spose dat no-count Homer Hudson been talkin' ag'in."

Slowly, as comprehension dawned on her, Jane Ann sank into a chair. Her arms hung limp at her sides; her eyes rolled and her mouth opened and shut like the stop-cock of an elevator hopper. Len, really alarmed, took a step or two towards her, Jane Ann squirmed erect and swallowed hard two or three times. Then she managed to say,

"Len, yo' all speak true when yo' say dat Mabel Bell am a boat?"

"Sure, she's fas'es' la'nch on de riber. Her's much better boat den dat big un I trade fer fust."

"Big un!" Jane Ann rubbed her eyes. "Yo' all mean de big un was a boat too, Len?"

"Yes, sure was, but she aint no more. Tonight we done break her up, an' take out her engin's. I sell dem enjin' ter Lou Smiff fer twenty dollars, Jane Ann."

Lenix set the pup down on the floor, where after a glance at the woman setting with bowed head before the table, he stretched himself out, Len, reading the sign aright, hung his hat on its nail and reached for the wash-basin.

"Now, I'll jes grab a snack, Jane Ann, an' den us'll go down ter ribber an' run circles roun' dem udder boats, us sure will."

Len, with smarting soap-filled eyes, close shut, was groping for the towel when a pair of plump arms stole about his neck, and a gulping voice he could scarcely recognize, said softly,

"Ise seekin' de forgibeness ob de bes' man in de worl', fer misjedgin' him so. Ef yo' all wouldn' min, Len—"

Len didn't mind. With eyes still smarting, he bent and kissed the seeker, once—twice—and once again for luck, as he put it.

## The Aim of the Liberal Party

*Continued from page 21*

ing may be averted by approaching them in a spirit of friendship and confidence, as opposed to hatred and suspicion. We want no cleavage along class lines, as we want no cleavage along racial or religious lines.

IN IMPERIAL relations, we are opposed to centralization. We are advocates of British unity, based upon human relations rather than upon governmental machinery; unity based upon self-government and the equality of the British community of nations. We are for friendly relations with the United States, and we are in sympathy with the movement to substitute friendly co-operation for conflict and jealousy in international relations with all countries.

All said and done, the great task that lies before our country, now that Peace has been restored, is to repair the ravages of war. It is a task to which the Liberal Party is committed, a task, however, to which the combined emergies of all our political parties may well be directed. Because war caused scarcity, we must strive to bring plenty by increased production. Because the war caused huge expenditures, we must get back to economy and sound finance. Because the war destroyed human beings by millions, we must seek to conserve human health and human life. Because the war produced ill-will, we must seek to create good-will. Because the war involved autocratic methods, we must get back to democracy, and strive to enlarge the bounds of freedom. Our soldiers fought under that banner, and we must keep faith with the living and the dead. It is that better world, for which so many sons of this Dominion fought and died, that must command our best intelligence and our highest endeavor. In all this, we shall not only be serving the highest purpose and interests of our own country; we shall be furthering the supreme interests of humanity; we shall be uniting our forces to those which through the ages have fought for the betterment of mankind.

## The City of Peril

*Continued from page 23*

unhealthy flush of the inebriate, and there was a febrile heaviness in his eye that rather disturbed me. But I had no time for side-issues that night. I made a motion for the three of us to rise and get away.

Young Stillwell must have seen the move and, for some reason or other, must have been inordinately annoyed by it. He swung over to our table with unsteady steps, and accosted me. His utterance was not thick, but his tone was insolent.

"Still chasin' that soul-mate?" he asked.

"Chasin' what?" I demanded.

"Still chasin' that young Austrian, or Pole, or whatever she is, with the soulful eyes? Found that comic-opera anarchist yet?"

I swung about on him as he stood there.

"What do you know about that girl?" I asked.

I did not like the hardening light in his unsteady young eyes. I resented it, just as he was resenting my tone of authority.

"I know a hell of a lot about that girl," he said.

"Go home and go to bed!" I cried in disgust, catching up my coat and hat and signalling to Lefty. "You're making a fool of yourself!"

"Not half the fool you're makin' of yourself!" proclaimed young Stillwell, supporting himself on the back of my chair.

And there I left him, for I had serious things before me that night.

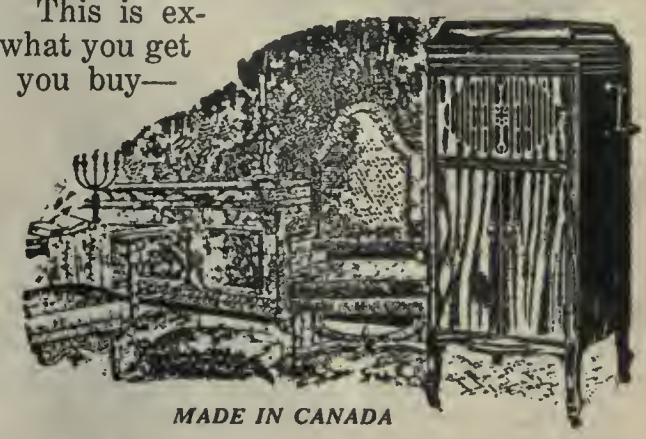
### CHAPTER XL

### The Man Who Knew

IT WAS after ten when I installed myself in Schmidlapp's innocent-fronted printing-shop on Suffolk Street. When I was once inside that sinister little hole,


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**A Young Man's Fancy—Fox Trot (with Music Box Novelty).**

**No. 5003—Alice Blue Gown—Soprano Solo from "Irene"—sung by Irene Williams.**
**Alexandria—Tenor Solo from "Aphrodite"—sung by William Robyn.**

**No. 2059—Castle of Dreams—Fox Trot from "Irene."**
**Just Snap Your Fingers at Care—Fox Trot.**

**No. 2033—Last Part of Every Party—Fox Trot—introducing "Sky-Rockets" from "Irene."**
**Hold Me—Fox Trot.**

**No. 5029—Sing Me To Sleep—Soprano Solo—by Irene Williams.**
**Sweetest Story Ever Told—Soprano Solo—by Irene Williams.**

**No. 5034—Auld Lang Syne—Quartette—The Shannon Four.**
**All Thro' The Night—Solo—Charles Harrison and Male Trio.**

**No. 5024—Down The Trail To Home Sweet Home—Tenor Duet by James Harrison and James Lynch.**
**Darling—Criterion Quartette.**

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Lefty Boyle had taken the keys and locked the door, for I wanted him to cover the street-front and be free to come or go at a sign from me. Davis took up his position on the iron fire-escape outside the window of the back room, which had been left unlatched. Like Lefty, he was to wait and make his appearance only when he heard my signal.

I took up my position beside the door of the inner room. When the door opened it would hide me from Schmidlapp as he entered, even though he carried a light. On the other hand, I could be close beside him as he stepped to the electric-light switch. I could also have him covered before he had time to look around. In case Schmidlapp did not come alone, I would be given the signal by Lefty, and was to pass it on to Davis, who would join me at once, while Lefty would close in from the street, and we three would confront the intruders without any preliminary reconnoitering.

It took considerable mental effort on my part to coerce myself into calmness when I heard the tell-tale click of a key in the street door. Then came the sound of a second key being turned in its lock. The door opened, and as quietly closed again. A key was again inserted, turned, and cautiously withdrawn.

I held my revolver ready, well up in front of me, and waited. Then came a moment or two of unbroken silence. The man who had entered was apparently looking about him, peering quietly through the darkness, listening for any betraying sound. Then I heard the scratch of a match, and saw the wavering light fall through the partly opened door that shadowed me. I heard a heavy sigh, the sort of a sigh a man emits when he finds that his alarm has been groundless.

I heard the half-groping slide and shuffle of Schmidlapp's feet as he crossed the printing-shop. I heard his hand feeling and padding about the door-frame at my side. I could hear his heavy breathing as slowly he pushed back the door and passed into the second room. We were together then, within the same four walls.

I stood ready, with my revolver well up at "half-arm" as I heard him grope and feel for the light-switch. He found it, and the light flooded the room with a suddenness that made my eyes ache.

And still I stood there, waiting and ready.

It was several seconds before he saw me there, so close to him. Minutes seemed to elapse before his startled and preoccupied mind actually visualized me.

I saw his hand swing down and back to his hip pocket. But I was waiting and ready.

"Stop!" I told him.

He raised his slow eyes to the glimmer of steel in his face, almost languidly, with the preoccupation of a sleep-walker. Then he turned his face farther about and looked at me impassively, almost insolently. His calm stare was like the waiting immobility of a snake, startled, yet fortified with the knowledge of its own venom.

My first conviction was that it was all a mistake, that I had the wrong man. On the fat and chalky-skinned face was a pale red beard, sticking out aggressively, at a point in line with the jaw, not pendant, but almost at right angles to the plane of the profile. Across the thick nose rested a pair of spectacles. The wires that held them in place, by hooking over the large ears, indented the flesh of the white-skinned cheek. The clothes of sober black added to the man's pallor, and seemed to give him a touch of the scholastic. He looked, on the whole, like a German scholar with tobacco-heart.

HE MUST have stood there for several seconds, peering at me out of his slowly blinking eyes. There was something ludicrous in his look; something almost laughable about the relaxed jaw, the fat and furtive face, the utter inarticulate bewilderment of the figure. The old-fashioned spectacles focused on me like a pair of search-lights. I laughed a little.

He found his tongue, and looked me over, incredulously, with a murmured: "Well, I'll be damned!"

"I'm sorry to intrude," I said.

"You will be!" he retorted in his thick guttural; and I knew that his words were a threat. He looked about the little room questioningly, probingly, as though in search of some explanation of my presence there. I could almost see the wheels of his brain as they worked behind his high white forehead. It was the same wise and wary Schmidlapp as of old.

"What are you doin' here?" he inquired, with a return to his immobility.

"What are you doing here?"

Again he looked me over slowly, quietly; impassively, as though sizing me up, as though weighing me and my chances against him.

"I have a right here," he said, in his non-committal monotone. "Have you?"

"Suppose we sit down and talk it over."

"I didn't come here to talk."

"But you're going to talk," I suggested.

"Am I?"

"You are!"

"Who's goin' to make me?"

"No one's going to make you. You're going to do it of your own free will."

"So? Then supposin' we get it over with!"

"Then let's sit down and have it over with, as you say, quietly and decently."

"What do you want?" he said, without moving.

"First thing, I want you to be reasonable. Look here, Schmidlapp, alias Pepper Schlatter, I know you, and I know your record. I know your connection with the Cono di Marco case, your association with McGirr and the Inner Circle gang, and enough to carry you down to headquarters and put you through a third-degree examination that would make you wish you were back in Sheeny Chi's again!"

His eyes moved a little uneasily, but otherwise there was no change of expression on his face. Again he stood wrapped in thought. When he looked up once more, I motioned toward the two wooden chairs beside his work-bench. He gave vent to what was almost a grunt, raised his shoulders in a resigned hunch, and sat down.

"What do you want?" he repeated, eyeing my revolver with his mildly protesting stare of abstraction.

I offered him a cigar. He blinked at it heavily and took it from my fingers. I lighted one for myself, and leaned back in my chair. Schmidlapp still looked down at his cigar, then took out a match. But apparently he changed his mind, for he reached about and put the cigar on the work-bench behind him. He did not intend to smoke.

"Well?" he said.

"Where is Cono di Marco?"

His heavy eyes slowly widened and then narrowed again.

"Gone to hell, I hope," was his answer.

"Would it be possible to be more explicit? I mean, where was he when you last saw him?"

"Sailin' for South America."

A feeling of relief surged through me at this unlooked-for answer. It put a new complexion on things; it simplified the problem more than I had hoped for.

"Are you sure of that?" I demanded.

"I'm sure of it," he answered. I watched him closely as my next question cut the silence between us.

"Where is Elvira Paladino?"

HIS response was not immediate. I could see that there was a second or two of hesitation before he answered.

"I don't know."

I felt that he was holding something back.

"I want the truth!"

"You're gettin' it," he grunted.

"You don't know where she is now, or where she has been?"

"I'm not day-nursin' young women, this season," he retorted, with a sniff of disdain.

"Couldn't you find her?" I asked. He looked up, hearing the note of anxiety in my voice, and blinked at me through his steel-rimmed spectacles.

"Sure," he said, without a trace of emotion.

"You can get her?" I asked.

"Sure. What do you want with her?"

"I want *her*!"

"So have other people! They all have! But she's not that kind!"

"I know she's not that kind. And that's why I'm going to get her away from that Inner Circle gang!"

"How d'you know she's with that gang?" asked the wary Schmidlapp, ignoring my bait.

"How can you get her, if she's not?"

"Oh, I can get her, all right!"

"How soon?"

"When I see it's going to pay me."

He was taking up his ground very guardedly.

"What's it worth to you?" I asked, trying to coerce myself into the same calmness which he was displaying.

"To hand Elvira Paladino over?" he reiterated, as though making sure of the task under discussion.

"Yes."

He sat in deep thought for a few seconds I sat facing him, wondering what lay stored in the narrow prison of his mind so close behind the undulating white skinned forehead above the flashing spectacles. But it was a prison that could never be forced; what lay in it, lay there inviolate.

"Five thousand dollars," he said at last. "Five thousand dollars, cash down."

I could have laughed outright, my sense of relief was so overwhelming The figure was not one quarter of what I had expected. But I knew that nothing could be gained by seeming too eager.

"That's nonsense!" I told him.

"Is it?" he asked.

"I mean it's a devil of a lot of money." I objected.

"I've got a lot of use for it." His tone was disconcertingly offhand and careless.

"Is there anything so difficult about this job?" I asked.

"Maybe—maybe not."

"You know where she is?"

"I can find her!"

"How soon?"

"You'd have to give me a couple of days."

"Why two days?"

"Because she's hard to get at."

"Why hard to get at?"

"I'm not a damned fool. I've done enough explaining."

"Suppose I make you do a little more explaining?"

"You can't!" was his placid reply This was true enough.

"Then for five thousand dollars you'll bring Elvira Paladino and me together face to face?"

"I've said I would."

"Where?"

"Here in this room, if you like."

I wanted to make sure of my ground while I still had the chance.

"But what assurance have I that even though you know where this girl is, you're able to get in touch with her?"

He smiled his careless and half-sneering smile.

"I don't suppose it'd satisfy you any to know it was on the morning of the thirteenth of March she left your house out there at Beaumaris, and worked for three hours in the Astor library on Greek art books, and met your man and young Stillwell in your rooms the same afternoon?"

The man was right in all but one detail. She had come to my rooms, but she had not met young Stillwell there The Inner Circle, apparently, had lost nothing of cunning at their old game of shadowing.

"You're wrong there, you see," I pointed out to him. "She didn't meet young Stillwell there. She met nobody there except my servant."

Schmidlapp did not seem to be disconcerted by this correction. He thought it over for several seconds and dismissed it, apparently, with a shrug.

"Well, that doesn't count, anyway She went there. And what you want to know is *where she went after that*."

"That's what I intend to know."

"All right—that's what I intend to show you, when the time comes."

He was as placidly obstinate as a porcupine. His position was too well fortified for assault; he had a quill of indifference for every bark of impatience. I suddenly thought of Sitnikov and the necessity for immediate action.

"Why couldn't you make it to-morrow night?"

He eyed me through his spectacles meditatively.

"I could, but it would cost more."

"How much more?"

"Just twice the sum we mentioned."

His nerve was colossal. I couldn't help admiring the man.

"I prefer sticking to the original figure, and I prefer to-morrow night. Then I'll give you two hundred dollars for your extra trouble. That isn't such bad pay for one day's work, is it?"

He thought it over, point by point, before he answered.



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"All right," he said at last. "I'll do it."

"This is business?"

"Of course it's business."

"And I'll stick to my side of the bargain if you stick to yours. There'll be no side-stepping, no crooked work?"

"You want the girl, don't you? Well, I want the money. We'll both get what we're after. That's the end of it, isn't it?"

"It is—if you act straight in this. And I want to warn you right now, Schmidlapp, that this means a good deal to me; and if you do any dirty work, or try to juggle out of this thing, I'll make you wish you'd never been born!"

He nodded his head as placidly as though I had been offering him a cigar, with the ghost of a smile on his sleepy, fat, serpent-like face.

"But supposin' I decide to draw out of this between now and to-morrow night?" he had the audacity to inquire.

Like most human beings, he objected to being coerced, he had a natural enough craving to indulge his final prerogative of free-will.

"You can't draw out," I warned him. "And there's no use haggling about it."

"Why isn't there?"

"Because, Schmidlapp, I've got you hemmed in so close you can't get away if you want to."

He gave vent to his placid sneer. It seemed to me about time to clinch the matter of convincing him.

I REACHED over and idly picked up a box of time-fuses from his work-bench, lifted one of them from the box, looked at it carelessly, and emitted a sharp whistle. It might very easily have been interpreted as an expression of my astonishment at finding such things within arm's reach. The trick was a theatrical one, but it worked.

I had the immediate and unqualified satisfaction of seeing the sash of the unlatched window slowly rise, before Davis appeared, gun first. It wasn't until he stepped to the floor that Schmidlapp swung about with a start. Davis' face, as he stood there, was as devoid of expression as a totem-head. But for once the same could not be said of Schmidlapp's.

I gave him no chance to recover, but repeated my whistle through the door that led into the little printing-shop.

It seemed scarcely three seconds before the street door was opened and Lefty Boyle, with his huge revolver out, stood before us, ominously ready for action.

"Well, I'll be damned!" breathed Schmidlapp for the second time that night, as the slow-moving eyes behind the steel-rimmed glasses took in the tableau that surrounded him.

"This is only a part of the machinery," I said, emulating his own placidity of utterance. "If you want to see the rest of the wheels going round, just say so."

He blinked his eyes at me, with his habitual stare of abstraction. Then he viewed the two intruders with undisguised and unmistakable annoyance.

"If we're goin' to do business together," he said, slowly, turning to me again, "we've got to do it without all New York buttin' in!"

"There'll be no butting in," I assured him. "There'll be no butting from either side; and this is to show you one small reason why there won't be. I think you understand, don't you?"

He blinked at me for a meditative second or two, then almost relaxed into a smile.

"I'm wise," he said.

## CHAPTER XLI

### The Twilight of the God

IT WAS not until I had left Schmidlapp, and had begun to review the scene in the printing-shop, speech by speech, that attention scraped bottom, as it were, on the name of Harvey Stillwell. The possibility of young Stillwell entering into the situation had seemed too remote to waste thought over. Schmidlapp himself had not been sure of the name. But, on the other hand, there was the scene in the Hotel De Vigne. And the more I reviewed it, the more it puzzled me.

I decided, after a night's sleep, that nothing would be lost by seeing young Stillwell face to face. I also decided that it would be better to approach him announced. So I had Davis drop me at the Stillwell house, and was on the point of running up the wide brownstone steps when the door opened and Natalie herself fluttered out, followed by a booted and liveried "tiger" carrying her King Charles spaniel.

Her greeting was cordial, but noncommittal. Yet I had to confess that she looked very beautiful, perilously beautiful, in her plumed hat and gray velvet gown.

"Whither so early, Rebbie?" she asked, with her gay little ripple of a laugh, meeting my gaze with her sapphire eyes, with all their soft and dangerous shadows.

"I was hoping to catch Harvey at home," I explained. I thought I detected the shadow of a frown on her smiling face.

"He's here, of course. But he's still in bed. And I warn you that he's a bear if he's awakened early!"

It was exactly half-past ten. I wondered what that high-spirited youth regarded as early.

A team of bays and a brougham clattered up to the curb below us. I recognized the Stillwell coachman.

"I'm off to order my flowers," explained Natalie.

I went down the steps with her.

"Don't you want to drop in at the Plaza and meet Afrida Ponzanna—that's the Perkins girl, from Saginaw, who sang with Renaud last winter!"

"I've really got to see Harvey," I explained.

"Well, you can't for an hour, anyway," she responded promptly. We were at the brougham door by this time. I handed her in.

"Come along, won't you, Rebbie?"

"I feel out of touch with that crowd nowadays," I answered, a little dejectedly and also a little ungraciously. Yet they did, indeed, seem very distant and unreal, that busy circle of pleasure seekers, flitting about the city like troops of butterflies about some many-colored gardens.

"I know you do," said Natalie looking down at me with her unfathomable sapphire eyes. "And out of touch with other old friends!"

"It's not that, Natalie," I pleaded. "But I have been busy, and worried."

She was no longer smiling. She started to speak, stopped, looked at me again, and swept her skirts to one side on the upholstered seat.

"Come along," she said, very gently. "I'm afraid of missing Harvey."

"Come as far as the florist's," she persisted. "Wilson can get you back in plenty of time."

She was a young lady who seldom had to argue for her own way. She could throw a touch of imperiousness into a request even. And no sane man could ever be unwilling to sit beside Natalie Stillwell.

I wondered, as I took my seat, what had become of all my former light-heartedness. I found it hard to summon up that facetiousness with which people of Natalie's circle faced even the discordant things of life. One good laugh, I felt, would have shaken the incipient tragedy out of the situation. But flippancy, for some reason, was sadly beyond me.

I tried to pick up a serious topic or two, after Natalie had stopped to give her morning's orders to the florist. But my efforts were as awkward as those of a girl stealing chocolates from a candy-counter. Natalie refused to help me. She let me flounder along, with her eyes veiled. So I evaded the entire issue by reverting to the theme of her brother Harvey. I asked, seriously enough, if she had been in any way worrying about him.

"Yes, Harvey worries me horribly," she confessed.

"Can you tell me why?"

She took a deep breath, and looked out of the brougham window. Then she laughed her golden ripple of a laugh. It was musical and good to listen to; but it was not disingenuous.

"Don't you think you've had enough of our family troubles on your shoulders, Rebbie?"

I TOLD her that I had always been particularly fond of that particular family. She did not respond immediately to the impersonal and somewhat conventional declaration, but fell to gazing out of the brougham window


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again as we bowled along up the Avenue.

"I want to ask you for something, Rebbie," she said, at last, without turning toward me.

"Well?"

"I want to ask you for my release."

"From what?"

Her hand lay on her knee beside me, listlessly. The gloved fingers moved a little, and then were still.

"From—from any understanding there may have been between us," was her answer.

I felt my throat tighten, for reasons I could not fathom. The tendrils and roots of the feeling stirred by that speech seemed to lead back into all the years of my lost youth, into all the careless and happy and glittering past which I had in some strange way outgrown.

"Why do you say this?" I heard myself asking.

She looked at me now, quite herself, both a little imperiously and a little pityingly.

"Because my engagement to Wilbur Syndham is to be announced in to-morrow's *Herald*."

I sat looking at her. It puzzled me to think that I was experiencing no upheaval of emotion, that neither a sense of depression nor a spirit of release was sweeping through me.

"Don't!" cried the girl at my side. "Don't be stupid and try to congratulate me! I don't mind you being indifferent, Rebbie, but I *won't* have you obvious!"

"I'm not indifferent!" I tried to tell her. But she stopped me in the midst of my futile efforts.

"Here's the hotel, and I'm late. Wilson will whisk you back, to have it out with Harvey."

We shook hands, after a rather solemn and valedictory fashion.

"Please don't *act*!" she cried, rather rebelliously, perhaps a little hysterically. Then she sent the clouds of sobriety scattering with an impish mockery of a shudder, a theatrical and prolonged shudder that left us both laughing.

"It's not my funeral they're going to announce, you know, Rebbie," she cried gaily enough, with a good-by wave of her gloved hand. "And don't be too hard on my big bear brother!"

Driving back, I had many things to think over. Few of them were of a nature to leave me frivolous-minded. None of them left me any lighter in spirits.

I felt as though somewhere in the house of life a door had been softly closed, but closed forever.

## CHAPTER XLII

### The Glimmer of Truth

I HAD to wait in the library for some time before Harvey Stillwell appeared. An indefinite sense of loneliness took possession of me as I sat peering about at the familiar walls. It was, to me, a room with many memories. Yet for the first time in my life I was able to look at it in that spirit of detached calmness with which a sea-traveler might take a farewell look about a liner's overdecorated saloon.

Then all thought on the matter was interrupted by the entrance of young Stillwell himself. His face was a little haggard and drawn, and his eyes were not clear. The look of concern which he tried to conceal beneath a pert and casual bearing did not altogether escape me.

"What the devil are *you* doing out at such an hour?" he demanded, with a pretence at a yawn.

I had no time to waste, so I came to the point at once.

"I've been waiting to see you."

A servant entered, as I spoke, with what appeared to be a brandy-and-soda.

"Pardon me," said the youth, as he took the glass.

"Certainly," I answered, watching him.

He downed his "eye-opener," waved away the servant, and sank into one of the wide-armed chairs opposite me.

"I haven't had breakfast yet," he explained, with a pretence of boredom. "But fire ahead!"

I concluded that, on the whole, it would be better to fire ahead without equivocation.

"I want to know when you last saw Elvira Sabouroff."

He slipped a little lower between the arms of his chair and shaded his eyes with his none too steady fingers.

"Look here, Rebbie, why're you so confoundedly interested in that woman?"

I had neither the desire nor the time to take issue with his flippancy. I was even willing to attribute it to his empty stomach and his belated "eye-opener," and let it go at that. But he repeated the question with more insolence than before.

"I have a very vital reason for being interested in that woman," I answered him, quietly enough.

"Same old Rebbie!" he cried, in his fatal and purblind facetiousness. "But you're too green for this sort of game! You're out of your class! You don't know the type, my boy!"

"You haven't answered my question."

"Oh, I'll answer your question, all right. But nothing's to be gained by getting uppish about it. In fact, you only let your feelings blind your better judgment. *That's* what's been wrong with you all along, Rebbie! That's what's kept you from seeing that this woman's not your sort, and never was and never can be!"

"Not my sort?" I repeated, still trying to hold the brake of expediency against the wheel of impulse. "Not my sort?"

I was thinking of Elvira Sabouroff and her ready sympathy with suffering, of her passionately cherished and overcostly ideals of life, of her struggle to bring light to the people she knew, of her reading in crowded factory-rooms, of her work for the submerged and illiterate creatures who groped for help all about her, of her talks at laborers' meetings, of her delicate figure in its sure armor of duty passing immune through such sordid scenes of life as would nauseate this delicate-nerved youth.

"They're all a loose-jointed lot, you know," he went on quite blindly. "You can never pin them down. They drift about from gang to gang—I mean from graft to graft—playing the same old shell-game. Oh, yes; they're good mixers, all of 'em! And the first thing they put a bomb under, every time, is the marriage-law!"

Again I had to take a grip on myself, a mighty grip. It would be foolish to make a mess of things at the very beginning. But there was a limit, a human limit, and he was almost over it.

"All this has nothing to do with what I came here to see you about," I told him, and I noticed that my hands were shaking a little as I spoke.

He seemed to resent what he construed as a mere pedagogic note of finality in my voice.

"Oh, yes, it has," he retorted hotly. "It's got a lot to do with it. For the woman you're kicking up such a lot of dust about is just that sort of woman!"

ANGER is a foolish and unlovely thing. But once it touches off the volcanic old Adam just under our over-thin incrustation of civilization, it leaves us one with the beasts again. It brings the savage out of his grave.

All I know is that, when reason returned to me, I had young Stillwell by the collar of his quilted house-coat. I had that collar twisted up close about his throat, till the silk facing, split and torn, was strangling him like a hangman's knot. He was pawing and clutching at my fingers to let him free.

"You fool!" he gasped, as I flung him away from me, back into his chair, like a rag. He was white and weak and shaking.

"You fool!" he repeated, his breath still coming in quick, hard gasps.

"I'll make you eat every word you said!" I cried. "You'll take them back—now, here, where you sit—or I'll break every bone in your body!"

He had his breath back by this time, and I could see the flame of hot rage and hate in his staring eyes.

"I'll take nothing back," he cried, as he got to his feet again. "You'll make me take nothing back, you barroom brawler. D'you suppose you're coming into this house to bullyrag me about a woman like that?"

"Stop!"

"I'll not stop! I know this woman. I know her better than you. I know what she's doing now. I know it, and she knows I know it!"

"What's she doing now?" I demanded.

"She's doing what she always did—


# This Letter Led Me to Try Internal Baths

By ERNEST ENNIS

I WAS returning from a business trip last year and was completely fagged out.

Not because the trip had been strenuous or disappointing, for it had been comparatively short and remarkably successful; this, by the way, was a grateful surprise to me, for no one knows better than I the handicap one suffers in approaching other business men when not strictly "on your toes," so to speak—

And I had been "logey" and without enthusiasm during my entire trip, though without any particular ailment. In the diner at breakfast I met an old friend, Jackson by name, whose ruddy appearance and early-morning sparkle made me just jealous enough to tell him my troubles before we parted.

The next day I received this letter from Jackson:

"My dear Ennis: I was glad to see you yesterday morning, even though our visit was necessarily brief. Your 'half-baked' feelings had a familiar sound at the time, but did not strike me so forcibly then as later, because my mind was on our old-time mutual associations.

"Now, however, because of my own experience and its likeness to the way you expressed yourself yesterday, I deem it my duty to tell you something of it, leaving the rest to your own good judgment.

"Two years ago I was worse than you are because I simply could not enthuse or 'spark up' on anything, and my business results showed it. Naturally this did not help my feelings any, upon a friend twitting me about being blue I told him the reason.

"He suggested that I try an Internal Bath, and on my expressing ignorance regarding it, told me where to get dependable information.

"With much skepticism, because I have been regular all my life, I followed his suggestion and had the surprise of my career.

"Within a month I had all the 'pep' of twenty years ago, and I have never lost it since then.

"All this leads me to suggest that you write to Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, Toronto, for his book called 'The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing.'

"It will only cost you two minutes and a stamp or a postal card, and I only hope it will be as great an investment to you as it has been to me.

"The rest is up to you.

"Sincerely, E. R. Jackson."

Well, inasmuch as I am not so skeptical as to think I am unique and nothing will benefit me, no matter what it may have done for others, I sent for the book and learned a lot about myself that I had never known before.

There seemed to be so much common sense about the method that I purchased a "J. B. L. Cascade," which is claimed to be the superior appliance for the purpose of Internal Bathing.

And then I had the surprise of my life.

In spite of being always regular I found that the cleansing of waste from my lower intestines, which this effected, literally made a new man of me.

In no time I was full of enthusiasm and got up every morning eager to be out and busy with an assured confidence that went far toward convincing the man opposite me that I had "the goods."

The change in my feelings was indeed so great that I asked my physician about it.

He told me that the vast majority of human illness is directly or indirectly caused by accumulated waste in the colon, and there are mighty few people who are free from it.

That whenever present it always sets up Auto-Intoxication (or self-poisoning), which is weakening and explains the reason why we are only half well long before we are really incapacitated.

From imperfect elimination, he pointed out, hardening of the arteries not infrequently proceeds. Cleansing of the lower intestine was the best means of keeping the system in perfect working order, reducing blood pressure and preventing hardening of the arteries.

But once we are thoroughly rid of this poisonous waste and continue to keep the colon clean, our every function works normally without a handicap and we are correspondingly healthy and bright and full of enthusiasm as every well person should be. Every one in my family is now using the "J. B. L. Cascade," and the entire household is healthy and happy in consequence.

I have learned that Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject. These facts he has collected in a little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request, if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Suite 247, Tyrrell Bldg., 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this in MacLean's Magazine.

This book will tell you facts that you never knew about yourself before and there is no doubt that everyone who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being or that of the family will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

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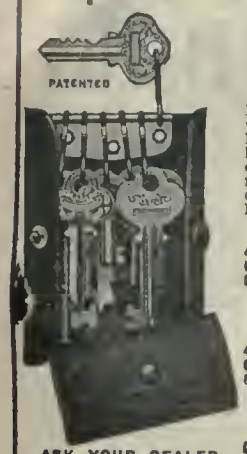
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doubling up with one of those damned Bolsheviks!"

"What Bolshevik?" I made a clutch at him, but he got away from me.

"Don't you try any of that mauling game on me again!" he threatened, still quivering with blind rage.

"What Bolshevik!" I reiterated.

"That dirty little rat called Mutashenko—that heroic, high-browed revolutionist who headed the mutiny on the *Kniaz-Potemkin* in the Black Sea!"

"That's a lie!"

"It's not a lie; so you needn't fret about her. She's back among her own people. You'll find them down on Fifth Street, mooning over the East River, and inditing a history of his mutiny for the delectation of their sweet-scented Red circles."

His tone of mockery, high-noted, unreasoning, seemed more and more the sheer outcry of irresponsible fury. It had a tendency to teach me calmness, to compel me to some shadow of sanity.

"Go down and find them!" he taunted. "Doing light housekeeping up on the skyline. And when you find them, come back and apologize to me for this insult."

"I'll go when you answer the first question I asked you. When was the last time you saw Elvira Sabouroff?"

He laughed a short, mirthless laugh.

"I'll tell you that, too, if it's going to make you happier. The last time I saw the woman was in your rooms—quite alone there, and quite at home there!"

"When?"

"I'm not a police blotter! I guess *you* didn't see her after that!"

A great light dawned on me. It came from nowhere, out of nothing. But all at once I saw and understood.

"*You* set that woman against me!" I burst out. "You either lied or threatened or coerced her into leaving the work she was at! *You* came between that woman and me!"

He actually seemed to be enjoying my agony.

"That's more fool's talk! How could I coerce a woman of that breed?"

"Then what did you say—what did you tell her?"

"Among other things, I pointed out your position, your obligations to your friends!"

My instinct had not been amiss.

"And did you mention your sister Natalie to her?"

My question brought him up short. He paused a second or two before he answered it.

"Why should I mention my sister's name to a woman of that sort?" he demanded.

"You told that woman I was to marry Natalie Stillwell!" I flung out.

He swung about on me, all the pride of his family burning in his febrile young veins.

"You'll never marry Natalie!" he burst out, with one of those oaths which callow youth deems so essentially manlike.

"Then why did you dare to say I was going to?"

"I'd see her dead and buried before I'd see her tied to a cad like you!" he cried.

I was not thinking of him now. I was thinking of Elvira Sabouroff, of all that she had been subjected to, of all that she had passed through, of the blind and foolish trails I had been struggling to follow, of the mess that this interfering and irresponsible young rake had made of two lives. And it was my turn to swing about on him and cry out, from the very bottom of my heart: "Oh, you fool—*you fool!*"

Instead of responding to that cry, he strode across the room and pawed at the electric bell-button.

The movement brought me back to a semblance of reason. I could see what he intended to do.

"Where is Elvira Sabouroff?" I demanded with sudden passion.

His face now was blue-gray and drawn, horrible to look at. It held nothing but hate—the irrational, irresponsible, illimitable hate of outraged youth.

"Find her!" he cried explosively, as once more he pounded on the bell-button.

"You refuse to tell me?"

"I don't want to talk to you! I refuse to face such a cad!"

"What a mess—what a colossal mess you've made of this!" I cried, advancing on him unconsciously.

"Keep away from me! I'm done with you! This whole family's done with you!"

He was shaking like an unstrung and hysterical woman. I saw his hands close like claws on the back of a slender rosewood chair. At first I thought it was to support himself, but I realized, as I saw him lift it from the floor, that I was mistaken.

"Greene, show this—this man out!" he was spluttering to the amazed servant who appeared in the doorway. "Show him out, or by God, I'll kill him!"

*To be Continued*

# Scarlet and Gold

*Continued from page 19*

They laughed sardonically and spread themselves in a triangular position to lick him. Before they knew it, every mother's son of them was on the floor. John, with lightning rapidity, had effectively stunned the trio with his baton, and before they recovered from their surprise, he had them handcuffed and kicked them all the way to the skookum house, where they did time in a chain gang for a month.

Another time, in the early '90's, John and I were strolling down the main street of Rossland when we came across two tramps who were engaged in a violent vocabulary duel. After listening a moment to their unparliamentary language, boisterously addressed to each other, John interfered:

"Here, you fellows, follow me."

He led them to a quiet vacant lot, a block or so away.

"Now, strip off your coats and go to it, and be mighty quick about it, too."

They did, and it was one of the finest bits of hit, bite and kick and catch-as-catch-can that I ever beheld. When they were nearly exhausted, John tapped them on the soles of their boots, and pulled them apart.

"Now," he said, "hit the trail, both of you, and if I catch you again, I'll—"

But they didn't wait to hear what John would do. They were off for the great United States and they stood not upon the order of their going.

John Kirkup was one of the outstanding figures in the early days of British Columbia, and while he was rewarded for his admirable services by the appointment to a gold commissionership, his great reward for the good he had done on earth awaited him in the Great Beyond.

Strange to relate, a man at Lethbridge stole a row-boat which was tied up to the bank of the lake which is just south of that enterprising town. He was arrested, and brought before a local justice of the peace, who decided that according to high authority, as set forth in the legal tomes dealing with such cases, it was a case of piracy—and naturally so, to feloniously steal a vessel off the high seas. There was nothing to do, according to the code, but to sentence the offender to death. The J.P. was a tender-hearted man, and deferred sentence until he had consulted with higher legal authority, which he did, and the culprit fortunately escaped the gallows.

Then there was—but to tell all the interesting incidents of the courts would make a volume—and *Maclean's* won't stand for that.

# My Flirtation Ends

*Continued from page 9*

Peter: "A man doesn't scream and put his arm round a woman, as D— did at the races to-day, unless he is in love. Will you tell me who paid my debt, please?"

Margot: "No, I won't."

Peter: "Was it D—?"

Margot: "I shan't tell you. I'm not Sam Lewis; and, since I'm such a liar, is it worth while asking me these stupid questions?"

Peter: "Ah, Margot, this is the worst blow of my life! I can see you are deceiving me. I know who paid now."

Margot: "Then why ask me? . . "

Peter: "When I went to India I had never spoken to D— in my life. Why should he have paid? You had much better tell me the simple truth—you're going to marry him."

Margot: "Since I've got into the way of lying you might spare yourself and me these vulgar questions."

Peter (seizing my hands in anguish): "Say you aren't going to marry him. . . . Tell me, tell me it's not true."

Margot: "He has never asked me to."

### Marrying Your Superior

AFTER this the question of matrimony was bound to come up between us. The first time it was talked of I was filled with anxiety. It seemed to put a finish on the radiance of our friendship, and, worse than that, it brought me up against my father, who—although he delighted in Peter—had often said to me:

"You will never marry Flower, you must marry your superior."

Peter himself in an unexpressed and subconscious way had become aware of the situation. One evening riding home he said to me:

"Margy, do you see that?"

He pointed to the spire of the Melton church.

Margot: "Yes."

Peter: "That is what you are in my life. I am not worth the button on your boot!"

To which I replied:

"I would not say that, but I cannot find goodness for two."

I was profoundly unhappy. To live for ever with a man who was incapable of loving anyone but himself and me, who was without any kind of moral ambition, chronically indifferent to politics, and religion, was a nightmare, and caused me sleepless nights.

I said to him:

"I will marry you if you get some serious occupation, Peter, but I won't marry an idle man; you think of nothing but yourself and me."

Peter: "What in the name of goodness would you have me think of? Geography?"

Margot: "You know exactly what I mean—your power lies in love-making but not in loving; you don't love any one but yourself."

At this Peter moved away as if I had struck him and said in a low, tense voice:

"I am glad I did not say that. I would not care to have said such a cat-cruel thing. I pity the man who marries you! He will think—as I did—that you are impulsively throbbingly warm, and kind, and gentle and he will find he has married a governess and a prig; and a woman whose fire—of which she boasts so much—blasts his soul."

I listened to a Peter I had never heard before. His face frightened me. It indicated suffering. I put my head against his and said:

"How can I make an honest man of you my dearest?"

I was getting quite clever about people. The Mrs. Bo episode had taught me a lot.

A short time after our conversation I observed a dark, good-looking woman—whom I knew—pursuing Peter at every ball and party. He told me when I teased him that she failed to arrest his attention, and that for the first time in my life I flattered him by my jealousy. I persisted—and said I did not know if it was jealousy but that I was convinced she was a bad friend for him.

Peter: "I've always noticed you think things bad when they don't suit you. Why should I give up my life to you? What do you give me in return? I'm the laughing-stock of London! But if it is any satisfaction to you I shall tell you I don't care for the black lady, as you call her, and I never see her except at parties."

I knew Peter as well as a cat knows its way in the dark, but I felt the truth of his remark; what did I give him?

The lady often asked me to go and see her, but I shrank from it.

One day I told Peter I would meet him at the Sloane Collection in Lincoln's Inn Fields. To my surprise he said he had engaged himself to see his sister, who had been ill; he pointed out with a laugh that my governessing was taking root and added:

"I will give it up if you can spend the whole afternoon with me."

I told him I would not have him give up going to see his sister for the world.

Finding myself at a loose end I thought I would pay a visit to the black lady, as it was unworthy of me to have such a prejudice against someone I did not know. It was a hot London day; pale colors, thin stuffs, naked throats, and large hats were strewn about the parks and streets.

**The Lady in the Black Night-Gown**

THE lady's bell was answered by a hall-boy and, hearing the piano, I told him he need not announce me. When I opened the door, I saw Peter and the dark lady sharing the same seat in front of the open piano. She wore a black satin sleeveless night-gown cut low, and kept on by a coral ribbon round her waist; and had stuck a white rose in her rather dishevelled Carmen hair. I stood still, startled by her beauty and stunned by Peter's face.

She got up charmed to see me and expressed her joy at the amazing luck which had brought me there that very afternoon, as she had a wonderful Spaniard coming to play to her at tea and she had often been told by Peter how musical I was, etc., etc. She hoped I was not shocked by her appearance but she had just come from a studio and it was too hot to get into decent clothes. She was perfectly at her ease, and more than welcoming; before I could answer she rallied Peter and said she pleaded guilty of having lured him away from the path of duty that afternoon and ended by saying with a slight twinkle:

"From what I'm told, Miss Margot, you would never have done anything so wicked—"

I felt ice in my blood and said:

"You needn't believe that! I've lured him away from the path of duty for the last eight years, haven't I, Peter?"

I looked about for a means of escape but it took me some little time to find it.

I said good-bye to them and left the house. When I was in my bedroom, I locked the door, flung myself on my bed, and was blinded by tears:

"Why should I give up my life to you?"

Why indeed—and yet after eight years this seemed a terrible ending.

"What did you give in return?"

What indeed! What claim had I to his fidelity? I thought I was giving gold for silver, but the dark lady would have called it copper for gold. Was she prepared to give everything for nothing? Why should I call it nothing?. What did I know of Peter's love for her? She had taught him to lie—he must love her very much to do that; he had never lied to me before.

I went to the opera that night with my father and mother. Peter came into our box in a state of intense misery: I could hardly look at him and yet I had no sort of right to mind. He put his hand out under the programme towards mine, and I took it. I heard him uttering something about God never having made such a sweetheart. At that moment the programme girl put a note into my hand and asked me to give her an answer. I read it:

"If you want to do a very kind thing come and see me after the opera to-night. Don't say no."

It was from the black lady: I showed it to Peter and he said "Go!" I asked him what she wanted me for, and he said she was terribly unhappy.

Margot: "Oh, Peter, what have you done?"

Peter: "I know. . . it's quite true; but I've broken it off for ever with her."

Nothing he could have said then would have lightened my heart. I scribbled, "Yes," on the same paper and gave it to the girl.

When I said good-night to my mother I told her where I was going. Peter was waiting downstairs and took me in a hansom to the lady's house, saying he would wait for me round the corner.

It was past midnight and I felt overpoweringly tired. My beautiful black rival opened the front door to me and I followed her silently up to her bedroom. She took off my opera-cloak and we sat down facing each other. The room was large and dark but for a row of candles on the mantelpiece, and two high church-lights each side of a silver pier-glass. There was a table near my chair with odds and ends on it and a general smell of




# The Awakening

"So Jim is getting $5,000 a year—
I can hardly believe it—
It's just three years since Jim and I graduated from High School together—
We started in the same office—
$18.00 a week—
That seemed big to us then—
We were enthusiastic—
Planned big things—
It's over a year since I heard from Jim, and now the news—
'3 increases within the year and now head accountant for Jones & Co.'
This sure is a record"—

.....

"Well — here's congratulations, Jim — old boy—you deserve it—
Yes—and here I am plugging away at $25 a week—
*Some difference between Jim and me now—*
Its just a year since Jim saw the SucCesS coupon—
It was the turning—
It pointed to bigger things—
He studied"—

.....

"With me—well, it's just *3 years wasted—*
no progress—no advancement—still doing junior work—still receiving junior pay—
Jim followed Lincoln's example—
He studied—got ready—his chance came—
But Jim is not the only one—Many have climbed by this *sure road—*
Thank goodness *I am now awake—*
I've mailed that Coupon to-night—
From now on I'll make the hours count—and, believe me, a year from now I'll have a surprise for Jim."

.....

Example is usually better than argument.
Jim has set the pace—
His friend follows.
*What about you*—you who are reading this message now?
Here is *the coupon that started Jim*—the coupon his friend has just mailed—*the coupon that will start you, too,* on the *sure road. Sign it.*

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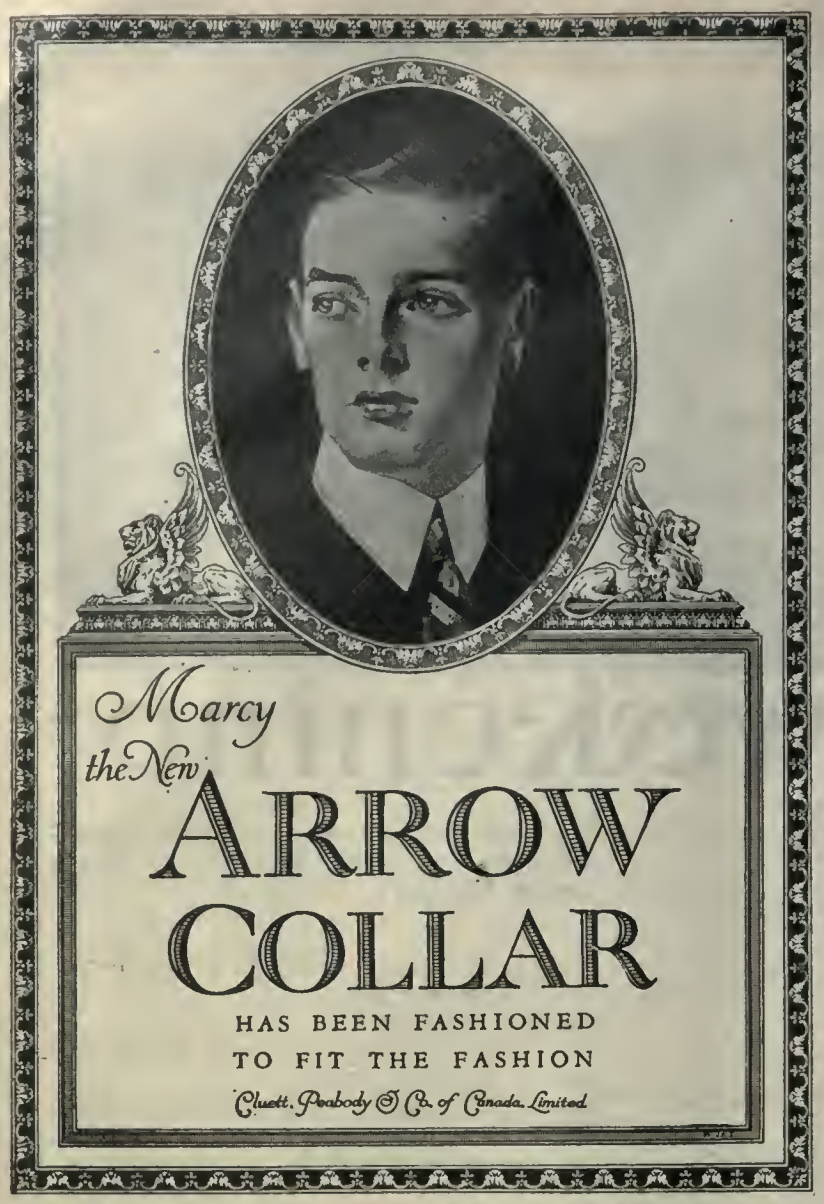
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scent of flowers. I looked at her in her blue satin négligée and saw that she had been crying.

"It is kind of you to have come," she said, "and I daresay you know why I wanted to see you to-night."

Margot: "No, I don't; I haven't the least idea!"

The lady (looking rather embarrassed, but after a moment's pause): "I want you to tell me about yourself."

### Does Peter Love Them Both?

I FELT this to be wrong; she had sent for me to tell her about Peter Flower and not myself. Why should I tell her about either of us? I had never spoken of my love-affairs excepting to my mother and my three great friends, Con Manners, Frances Horner, and Etty Desborough—and people had ceased to speak to me about them; why should I sit up with a stranger and discuss myself at this time of night? I said there was nothing to tell. She answered me by saying she had met so many people who cared for me that she felt she almost knew me.

Margot: "In that case, why talk about it?"

The Lady: "But some people care for both of us."

Margot (rather coldly): "I dare say."

The Lady: "Don't be hard. I want to know if you love Peter Flower. Do you intend to marry him?"

The question had come then, this terrible question which my mother had never asked, and which I had always evaded!

Margot: "You mean, am I engaged to be married?"

The Lady: "I mean what I say: are you going to marry Peter?"

Margot: "I have never told him I would."

The Lady: "Remember my life is bound up in your answer. . . "

Her words seemed to burn, and I felt a kind of pity. She was leaning forward with her eyes fastened on mine and her hands clasped between her knees:

"If you don't love him enough to marry him, why don't you leave him alone? Why do you keep him bound to you? Why don't you set him free?"

Margot: "He is free to love whom he likes; I don't keep him but I won't share him."

The Lady: "You don't love him, but you want to keep him: that is pure selfishness and vanity."

Margot: "Not at all. I would give him up to-morrow and have told him so a thousand times if he would marry, but he is not in a position to marry anyone."

The Lady: "How can you say such a thing! His debts have just been paid by God knows who—some woman I suppose! —and you are rich yourself. What is there to hinder you from marrying him?"

Margot: "That was not what I was thinking about. I don't believe you would understand even if I were to explain it to you."

The Lady: "If you were in love you could not be so critical and censorious."

Margot: "Oh, yes, I could! You don't know me."

The Lady: "I love him in a way you would never understand. There is nothing in the world I would not do for him. No pain I would not suffer, and no sacrifice I would not make."

Margot: "What could you do for him that would help him?"

The Lady: "I would leave my husband and my children and go right away with him."

I felt as if she had stabbed me:

"Leave your children!—and your husband!" I said. "But how can ruining them and yourself help Peter? I don't believe he would ever do anything so vile."

The Lady: "You think he loves you too much to run away with me?"

Margot: "Perhaps I hope he cares too much for me."

The Lady: (not listening and getting up excitedly): "What do you know about love! I have had a hundred lovers, but Peter Flower is the only man I have ever cared for; and my life is at an end if you will not give him up."

### "I Shall Kill Myself If. . . . . "

MARGOT: "There is no question of my giving him up, he is free, I tell you."

The Lady: "I tell you he is not! He doesn't consider himself free, he said as much to me this afternoon when he wanted to break it all off."

Margot: "What do you wish me to do?"

The Lady: "Tell Peter you don't love him in the right way, that you don't intend to marry him, and then leave him alone."

Margot: "Do you mean I am to leave him to you? Do you love in the right way?"

The Lady: "Don't ask stupid questions. I shall kill myself if he gives me up."

I felt there was nothing more to be said, so I told her that I would go abroad with my sister Lucy to Italy—which I had been going to do—and that when I returned in two months Peter would either have broken with her or taken her away with him. I would not interpose myself between them; but I added that all my influence over him for eight years had been directed into trying to make him the right sort of man to marry, and that all hers would of necessity lie in the opposite direction and that it was a tragedy for the three of us. Not knowing quite how to say good-bye I began to finger my cloak. She said:

"One moment. . . Sit down, will you? Are you very good, as Peter always tells me you are? It's too dark — wait a moment, I can't see your eyes. . . "

She got up and taking two candles off the chimney-piece placed them on the table by my side slightly in front of my face and knelt down on the ground. I looked at her strained, wonderful, wild eyes, and said, putting out my hands towards her:

"Nonsense, I am not the least good! Get up, I feel sorry for you when I see you kneeling."

The Lady: "For God's sake, don't pity me!"

I felt no qualms on leaving the dark lady as to her elopement or her suicide, but I had a shock in regard to Peter's character and felt a revulsion of feeling. I thought of him coldly. . . his lack of purpose, aesthetic sensibility, and moral indignation; his paralysing indifference to what was intellectual, and rigid intractability over all that was serious had cut a deep division between us; and I determined at whatever cost to say good-bye to him.

A few days before going to Italy Lord Dufferin* came to tea with me. He said:

"Margot, you should marry in spite of being in love, never because of it."

When I returned to England Peter had left his lady.

With passion-lit eyes and throbbing hearts we said good-bye to each other and he went to South Africa.

The obvious relief of my friends at our parting suffocated me as I clung to the shelter of a stranger.

—

*Father of the present Marquis of Dufferin.

## The Big Time Man

*Continued from page 12*

like to have got him myself, and, between us I can tell you I tried a while back, but couldn't land him. A good man."

"A star," amended MacPhee cheerily. "That boy could nose out business underground, and when he got after it he wanted some shoving aside. Then he was unlike a bunch of so-called salesmen who are good finders, but no more. He could close out a deal, it didn't slip from him just when the cup was at the lip, and you know how many can do that. Most of 'em have no notion how to finish a trade and clinch it up, but Jim had it. He's a big time man, and, of course, with a big time man, like one of these opera singing women, you've got to stand a lot of what they call temperament. I guess that both Jim and I were born with our share of it, so we scrapped, but I'm taking a back seat now. I'm benched, Mulhouse."

"Benched! I guess so," grinned the other. "A bench won't hold you, Mr. MacPhee, unless they have chains on it and fasten them to you. I guess Jim will be out to make us hustle."

"You bet," chuckled MacPhee. "You'll have it pretty much to yourselves, and you're both young and scrappy. It'll be fun watching for me anyway. Both

of you big time men—nothing of the busher, or ten, twenty, thirty show about you, eh? Jim's come back on his own terms, and he's going to turn MacPhee's inside out. Lucky to be able to do it on another man's money, but there it is, some folks may say it's sign of senile decay on my part, and sometimes I think, myself, that it is, but Jim's going to have a show."

"We'll get on all right," smiled Mulhouse. "With the Association agreement to smooth things out, we'll work like Damon and Pythias."

TO IDA'S vast satisfaction the dinner turned out a most wonderful success. She was much excited in her quiet way, and the pink flush made her cheeks all the prettier. Mulhouse was very complimentary in a pleasantly quiet way, and she liked his praise. Jim did not say much but she was satisfied with what she read in his eyes. He thought she had never looked so charming. She had dressed her smartest for the occasion.

At first, when she thought that Jim was not coming, she had almost resolved not to wear her newest and prettiest dress. She had put it on, and surveyed herself in the glass, and then, her disappointment about Jim was so great that she had almost decided to take it off again. She had intended Jim to be the first to see her in it. It was a very special dress, and had cost more than any other three dresses she had ever owned. She had almost made up her mind to put on an old one instead of it, and then came the conversation over the 'phone that brought the brightness into her eyes again. The homage of the three men added to her pretty embarrassment for a moment. There was compliment in the gaze of Mr. Mulhouse as the dainty little figure, charmingly clad, entered the room. Jim's eyes feasted on her as those of one who finds new beauty in a much loved woman. MacPhee beamed with unconcealed pride, and his spoken praises were very brief, very tactful, and very pleasant.

Mulhouse noted the pride in the old man's eyes. The girl was not the poor relative, placed in the position of honor as a makeshift, but the daughter of the house who could scarcely have been more to the rich old man had she been verily his own flesh and blood. The girl had touched a long-covered spring in the tough old heart of John MacPhee, the door of the treasure-house had sprung open, and the rich hoard of affection, so long buried, was lavished on her.

There was a pleasant old-fashioned evening in the new-fashioned drawing-room. It was a cosy spot, nothing formal or precise about it, but a place planned and furnished for comfort. MacPhee hanned the pipe in this room and smoked cigars, no inconsiderable sacrifice for him. There was music; Ida played and sang. Mulhouse was known for his all round musical ability, and he not only sang, but amused them by clever, popular improvisations of his own on the piano. He was a born entertainer, and this night he laid himself out, with no small measure of success, to amuse the little company. Jim was no hand at the piano, but he could sing a rousing good song, and so contributed his part to the evening's pleasure. Old MacPhee sat in his armchair and had the time of his life. There was nothing wonderful about the evening or the entertainment, but so barren and colorless had been the old man's life that he enjoyed the evening's amusement as a small boy becomes enraptured with a pantomine. The two visitors left early, for the morrow was the Sabbath, and MacPhee an invalid.

"A grand night, Ida! A grand night, lassie!" he said, after the men had gone. "There's a mighty lot of life I've missed, but it's good to catch up with any of it. A couple of classy lads, big time men both of 'em. I misjudged Mulhouse for a long while, but I've got to like him. Brains, some money, and social standing, and, best of all—drive. That's what your aristocrat usually lacks. If he had it he'd sweep the board and prove himself that he's aristocrat by right. Blood counts, there's a lot in breed, and when with blood and breed you have vision, grip, and drive there's little mortal on this earth can stop such a man. They say he's crooked some ways, over-keen, but what man is there who elbows his way out of the ruck they don't say the same of? If the mob can't keep up with a man they chuck mud after him. It's the only weapon they have. I'm glad Jim came up. Of course you knew Jim was coming back to me?" he added.

"Yes, he said you had come to an agreement," she said.

"Had to, honey. There was the doctor against me, and there was Ida, my girl, anxious for the old man, and there was the feeling I had away down that both were a little bit right, and so I agreed to let Jim have his head for a couple of years, just to see how he can make out. We'll see what will be done. New brooms sweep clean, so they say. In some ways I feel better already, I guess that's because I know that a strong pair of young shoulders are under the load, and it was heavy at times, honey, terrible heavy. So I'm superannuated, pensioned, shelved for two years. Old MacPhee is to be seen and not heard, to stay put. I've to sit on the bleachers watching the young blood work. I'm going to be critic instead of a subject for critics, maybe the critic of a critic, for Jim always fancied these late years that he knew more than I did."

"No, I don't think that, uncle," she answered. "There was a difference of opinion in some matters."

"Well, call it what you like," he smiled. "We couldn't hit it off, but that's all done with and by gone. Fifty years I've had of it, starting in from nothing, adding to the place brick by brick, machine by machine. The young think their word the essence of the wisdom of the ages, and that the universe was a kind of chaos, without form and void, with darkness over the face of the waters, until they came into a saying, 'Let there be Light!'

"In my young days I thought all before me twilight folk; Jim now thinks that of me; and Jim's children will think that of him when their turn comes. So, Ida, girl, I'm just going to sit quietly and watch the new man who's going to revolutionize MacPhee's. I'll be loyal to my word. He shall have his head and go his own gait this side the bankruptcy court. My motto, when I plank down my bet on man or horse is the old one: 'Be man or mouse, hedge nought.' So we'll hang round here a few weeks so as to let Jim get going and give him the kind of start off he wants, and then we'll be off and join the ranks of the idle rich, the non-producers, those who toil not, neither do they spin. Maybe Jim will be all the happier when we are out of his way, and he has all the floor to himself to spread round in."

"You mean you want me to go with you, uncle?" she asked, for this had never entered her mind.

"Of course I do," he replied. "Who am I, in my semi-dotage to go rambling off by myself? That is, honey, I want you to go if you can put up with me."

He said it, not jocularly, but with a pathetic humility that touched her.

"Why, of course, dear, I'd love to go with you. But, it is so wonderful. I had not thought of it," she said.

AS SHE laid aside her work and was preparing to go upstairs for the night, he bade her farewell, and at the same time thrust a cheque into her hand.

"Spend it, lassie, every cent of it, and as much more, and as often as you want it. There's been nobody to spend it on before. All scraping it together and hoarding it up. Like the Man with the Muckrake in Bunyan, perhaps you know. Sometimes I think I am that man. He scraped and raked among the sticks and straws, his head downbent, his eyes on the muck pile, so that he never was able to behold the glittering crown held out to him from above. The money is a little token of thanks for the sunshine you've brought into a dour old man's gloomy life. Good-night!"

It was a four-figure cheque, more money than all the earnings of a twelvemonth. She wanted to see the world, for she was a normal girl, just arrived at womanhood, eager, reasonably fond of pleasure, wishful to see the wider life and all the marvel of it, and yet, as she sat by her open window looking toward the town, and strip of moonlit sea beyond, Bargrave had a mighty hold on her, more so than yesterday, for it was now to be the home town of Jim Douglas. She realised that it meant more to her than all the wonders of the world. How would he make out with his new big task?

In a sense it would not be new to him, but now all the responsibility would rest alone on his shoulders. He would have to make big decisions involving great outlay, and nothing but great success would justify him. Two years was not a long time in which to work out a great commercial




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problem, that would have to be carried in detail on a great scale. Much pulling down would have to be done before there could be upbuilding. Her uncle would keep his word to the very letter, but she knew him.

The MacPhees did not go away at once, but remained at home two weeks after Jim had entered on his task. The latter cordially, in his own mind, wished the old man would go away, for he was getting the least bit on Jim's nerves. There was a docility about him that was positively uncanny to those who had known him in his pre-retirement days.

He listened to all his new chief had to say about machinery and rearrangement with an exasperating good humor.

"If you think so, Jim, then so it must be," he would say when Douglas would have preferred a little discussion, or even mild opposition.

"But what do you think about it?" Douglas would ask.

"What I think in a matter like this counts for nothing," MacPhee's reply would be. "My notion of a real autocrat is one who commands others and does not let what the rank and file think bother him at all."

After a time Douglas gave up asking his opinion, and MacPhee would look on the changes that were being wrought in profound silence, pottering about here and there, and eyeing the alterations as if he were the most casual and uninformed visitor. This new humility on the part of the one-time martinet galled Jim more than open fighting would have done, and MacPhee appeared to understand and enjoy it. He was proud of his amazing meekness with a pride that none but the meek ever have.

Ida kept on with her work at the office until two days before she and her uncle took their departure. She did not view her approaching holiday with unmixed pleasure. She felt that she would have liked to stand by, and give Jim all the silent encouragement in her power. He had not been to the house very often recently and when he did come the conversation was mostly with her uncle, and concerning the business with which his mind was fully occupied.

"So you leave us in two days, Ida," he said, on the last occasion she went down to the office. "The change will be very pleasant for you."

"Yes, I am looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure. I'd be a queer girl if I didn't," she replied. "Of course I like Bargrave. I am a small town person. Some people say that it's dull, but I never find it so. Perhaps I shall after I have seen more of the world."

She laughed and looked at Jim a little mischievously; "Then I shall miss the works and my little corner of the big business. I have liked to imagine that I was of some little importance. Vanity, you know. But I have always had a wish to travel, though I never imagined the opportunity would come my way."

"We shall miss you, Ida, at the works. The office won't seem quite the same with you out of it," he said.

"Jim, you're beginning to flatter, and I've always thought of you as a truthful man before, but it's very nice to be flattered in that way," she sighed. "I'm awfully susceptible to flattery. I like to think I am of some importance. It never had occurred to me until recently. It's all uncle's fault, and now you follow in his steps."

"It's true enough," he replied. "I don't think I shall let anybody else take that room. It shall remain just as it is till you get back. Then, I suppose, we shall not see much of you at the works."

"And why not?" she inquired.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered lamely.

"I don't suppose you do," she reproved him with severity. "But, Jim, I want to say that I wish you all kinds of good luck with your work. I know how hard it will be especially at first, and how discouraging until you get things where you want them to be, but I believe in your plans, and feel sure that you will win out and justify yourself."

"That's mighty nice of you, Ida," he responded warmly. "Sometimes I fancy that Mr. MacPhee would like me to trip up, just as a rebuke to my conceit, as he thinks of it. He has become so polite and sugary to me all at once. I can't suggest anything, but it's mine for me as soon as the hint is dropped. There's nothing too good for me. I know your uncle, Ida, and it isn't natural. When


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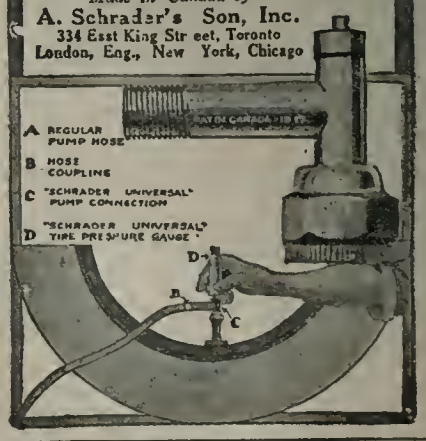


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the East wind begins to blow zephyrs, it's high time to get ready for squalls. The thing's ominous."

She laughed with him.

"But don't you see how uncle is changing every way?" she asked. "Who would have expected him to give me a free hand in the house as he has done, and to enjoy our little social entertainments? He has come out of his shell, renewed his youth, and with the renewal has come a change of disposition. No, I don't want to say that. He always had that kind of disposition, but it never had a chance to come out into the daylight before. Why, Jim, if he'd met and married some nice girl fifty years ago, he'd have been an utterly different man."

"I suppose he would. I hinted something of the kind to him the other day when we were talking about my coming back to the works," he laughed.

THEY had rambled up the road slowly in the gathering dusk, and at the gate they lingered. It was a pleasant, shady spot, with tall trees spreading their branches above them. The autumn leaves were falling, not drearily. A high hedge separated the MacPhee garden from the high-road. There was much that Jim would have liked to say, much that would have harmonized with place and hour and heart of the girl. She looked very alluring in the half light. There was a prolonged expectant kind of silence, broken at last by Ida.

"And you mustn't take too much notice of Uncle's manner," she said. "At heart he wants you to win. Of course his ways provoke me a little sometimes, especially lately about the works, but if I were you I would take all his oddities as but an emphasis of the challenge thrown out to you. He will be the first and the loudest to sing your praises when you come off victorious, as I know you will. There is nothing cheap or mean about him, and that's why he sticks to his opinion the way he does. He's got to be shown, the thing has to be proved, and you can and will, I know, prove it to him."

"Ida, you'd put heart into a stone man," he smiled down on her. "I'll surely miss you tremendously when you've gone, not only from the office but everywhere. The town won't be the same. It will be a changed Bargrave. I suppose I'll hear from you sometimes?"

It seemed to her that it was a new, humbler Jim who was thus speaking to her. Somebody besides Mr. MacPhee had changed. Jim, who used to be so frank and outspoken, seemed to be getting tongue-tied. He who had been most spontaneous was making polite conversation.

"Why, of course I'll write, as I have always done," she answered. "I shall be very keen to know what is happening here, not through your letters to uncle only, but in direct report to me."

"You shall have reports," he laughed. "I want to make good, Ida, in order to show Mr. MacPhee that what I have said could be done has been actually accomplished, but I think I wish it every bit as much in order to show my friends, and you especially, that faith in me was not misplaced. I shall see you off at the station when you leave the day after to-morrow." And he held out his hand to her.

It was an awkward, abrupt kind of parting, but Ida went into the house much happier than she had been for some time. She knew that Jim cared—cared in a different way than even a few weeks before. He would miss her. He had said so twice, and it had been in all else he had spoken, as it had been in his unusual awkward silences. She guessed why he had been silent on the topic that was uppermost, she felt, in the heart of each of them. He was the kind of man who would wait until he had accomplished his task and and had made good. With that confidence held close in her heart, she was abundantly content. The ultimate victory would be hers as well as his.

The day before departure Jim and MacPhee were in the latter's office clearing up some odds and ends of business. The main part of the work done, the old man swung his chair round and lighted his pipe.

"Jim," he said. "I think you might as well be looking round for a new secretary. I don't want to dictate to you about your office arrangements. Maybe you may not want a secretary, but I thought I might as well tell you that Ida won't be likely to come back into the office. I've said nothing to her about it yet, but later on I'll let her know what's in my mind on the matter. As things are going to be with her, she'll want to be settling down in her place in the new world she'll belong to. After all a MacPhee lass has no business to be just a kind of superior stenographer. I haven't been much of a society light myself, but then I'm nothing to go by."

Which Jim thought, socially speaking, was abundantly true.

"I've always been old Jack MacPhee," he continued, "and will be till I'm dead and done for, and a good while, maybe, after that, but it will be a different sort of a world for the lass. She's got to go into society, meet folks of her own grade. There'll be plenty to welcome her, first for what they know she's going to have, and then, when they get to know her, for what she is. She can't be mixing up with folks like you and me and the rabble and roughnecks we have round the office. Maybe you think I'm a snob, and maybe, for the lass, I am. I'll find the sinews of war, and she can do all the social campaigning she wants, Toronto, Montreal, London, England, or anywhere else. She'll have the ammunition for big town work. Bargrave will be all right as the pile where she digs her stuff, but she's to be no small town woman."

"I'll see about it, the secretary, I mean," answered Jim quietly. "I don't know that I'll want one. One of the office clerks can do what I'll require."

"That's as you please and see fit," said MacPhee. "A lass with a hundred thousand a year or more maybe can find other diversion, if she wants it, beside working in a bottle factory."

JIM made no response, for none was needed. He had much the same kind of view about Ida working in the office, but he would have preferred to solve the problem in another way.

"We'll be back, I should guess, in round about three months, maybe in December, if we don't take a notion to follow the birds south for the cold days," continued MacPhee. "We're heading for the Canadian Rockies for a starter. We shall be at Banff or thereabouts for a while, and I'll acquaint you with our movements after that. When once we get on the fly there's no telling when or where we'll fetch up, for this gay life has a wonderful attraction, so they say. I think I'll take to it like a cat to cream. And who'd have thought it? I've always had the collar on till now, and I'm getting used to the pleasure of having it off. Shouldn't wonder, before I finish, if I didn't turn out one of them swell society lizards you hear about. Fancy me a kind of remittance man, Jim!

"And, by the way, did you hear that Ida and I were to have company on our way West? Just sprung on us last night. It seems that Mulhouse is going up to Lake Louise for two or three weeks, and so we are travelling together. He'll come in handy, for he's used to that kind of life and all the frills that go with it. Ida seems to like him, what with his music and his golf, and one thing and another. It will be pleasant for her to have a change of company after being so much with an old hermit-let-loose like me. So long, Jim. You've got your head, and may the Lord have mercy on us both. I've built the place up from nothing, it's something now, and I want to keep it something, with the flag flying clear in all winds and against all comers for the time to be when I'm gone the way of my fathers, and the lassie reigns in my stead."

And with the new information, and the final charge which came home to Jim like the placing in his hands of a great and solemn trust, old MacPhee left the office.

MULHOUSE returned at the end of his short trip, bringing reports of the good times the MacPhees were having in the West. To judge from his conversations, the friendship between the travellers and himself had ripened into almost intimacy during the two weeks they had spent together. He dropped into Jim's office the day after he returned and spent the better part of an hour detailing the experiences of the MacPhees and himself. The old man was having the time of his life and Ida enjoying every minute of the trip. He, Mulhouse, had never spent a better two weeks.

He made no secret of his admiration for Ida. It was ridiculous that such a girl should have been boxed up in a place


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like Bargrave, holding a stenographer's job, and knowing only the limited circle of old MacPhee's acquaintances. She was pretty and clever, and Jim ought to have seen how popular she became with those they met in the West.

Jim doubtless ought to have been gratified by the news, but he was selfish enough to feel a bit gloomy. It was not that he grudged Ida all the fun she could have but from the way Mulhouse talked, one might read between the sentences that he had much more than a fellow townsman's interest in the girl, and that she and he were on better terms than Jim cared to realise. To intensify his uncomfortable feelings, a letter came from MacPhee telling of his doings as social butterfly and general sport. There was nothing within it about business. MacPhee might have consigned the bottle business to perdition, so far as one might gather from his voluminous epistle. He told about his travels, the scores he had made on the golf links, and how much better he would have done had it not been for this or that unprecedented hit of ill-luck. That was all right, the thought of MacPhee as a sporting man was distinctly amusing, and brought a grin to Jim's face.

Then the grin faded as he read on about Mulhouse. The business rival was a regular man, one of the most agreeable travelling companions he and Ida could have dropped on, seemed to know almost everybody and every place, and had the hang of things. There had been a time when he, MacPhee, thought him a light weight, but it had been a mistake. A man might be a swell socially and yet have brains. The fact seemed to have struck MacPhee as an amazing revelation. There were lots of surprising discoveries the old man was making now that he had crawled out of his shell. It had been his notion that a man whose folks had kept a servant, and who had been himself at a college was a rather inferior brand of numskull. Of course there were exceptions, but that was the general rule. On the whole, MacPhee reflected in his letter, this did not seem to be so. Anyway, Mulhouse was a thundering good chap, a real sport, a hot business proposition, and he and Ida seemed to have hit up a very pleasant sort of friendship.

THEN there came a letter from Ida herself, and she had much the same story to relate. She was having a most gorgeous time and enjoying herself vastly. Her uncle was spoiling her, and it had been very nice to have Mr. Mulhouse with them. They were inexperienced small town folks, but he was a cosmopolitan sort of person, who knew most people, or something about them, or some friends of theirs, and appeared as much at home in distant parts as on the High Street in Bargrave.

Her golf had improved under the tuition of Mr. Mulhouse, and they had—the three of them—gone for the most delightful trips in the mountains. Altogether, as Jim Douglas viewed the matter, there was a whole lot too much Mulhouse about the letters. He was not, he told himself, jealous; what had he to be jealous about? Ida and he were good friends, and if she had stuck in her old place, MacPhee's stenographer or secretary, things might have been different, but everything had changed. Why shouldn't she have a good time, and why shouldn't Mulhouse be nice and agreeable and attentive to her? It was the natural thing, for she was a delightful girl who would be likely to attract any man, and no one knew better than this same Mulhouse how well old man MacPhee's nest was feathered. Then no one could deny that Mulhouse came of good folks. His people had been on the topmost social rung not only in Bargrave but on a much more important ladder, not amazingly rich perhaps, but what counted even for more in the general esteem, democratic as the world is supposed to be. Jim gave him credit for keenness in business and for hustling, driving ability that made him the warmest competitor MacPhee's had.

Jim had his hands fuller than they had ever been in the course of his busy life. For a long time—before he had thrown up his job—the replanning of the MacPhee plant had been one of his constant dreams, so that when he tackled the task he had a finished idea in his mind of just what he wanted. The place had the faults of plants that have been added to piecemeal. Here a building had been added, there a shop had been run up to meet the pressing emergencies of an expanding business









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Considering that the place was the sum of a dozen different emergencies, it was surprisingly efficient, but Jim saw it with clearer eyes than did MacPhee, whose idol it was, and who therefore could not judge it as impartially as others might. The arrangement was necessarily bad. Instead of each process standing compactly by itself in the most convenient order, there was part of it here, another part in a later building, making for confusion, disorder and useless cost. Jim wanted to have the place so that a man might start in with the basic materials for glass-making at one end of the place, and walk on, step by step, following each process, till he came, without turnings back or side trips, to the finished article, ready to put on the cars.

MacPhee had been oddly conservative for so clear thinking a man. He hated to pull down what had at one time seemed to be the solution of a pressing problem. In his palmy days labor had been cheaper, the output was slower, there was not the fierce competition that had risen later. A little extra time, a bit more labor, did not seem to make much difference. Jim had shown him over and over again the big waste on the manufacturing cost, and how it might be cut down if the place was sorted out, and everything put in machine-like order. MacPhee would admit that the thing looked right on paper, but paper calculations and practical demonstration were two very different things.

If the changes had involved a small outlay it would not have been so bad, but it meant the partial stoppage of work for a certain time, and a very big outlay. Perhaps if Jim's ideas had occurred to the old man himself in the first case he would have set to work to realise them, but Jim was a youngster. MacPhee had been glass-blower and bottle-maker before Jim was thought of, and it did not come easy for the veteran to take advice and push the plans of the man he still thought of as a recruit, or, at best, a subordinate officer. Few generals like to scrap their own plans and substitute for them those of an inferior in rank. Then not only had the plant to be rearranged, and its various departments brought into one efficient, economically working whole, but a lot of the machinery was out of date. It had done good service, and, years past, had been regarded as wonderful. It still remained so with MacPhee.

He had been an innovator in his young days, had substituted machine work for the slow and cumbersome manual labor, and it was hard for him to be convinced that what had been a world wonder in his younger days was old stuff to the later time. What had been to him a marvel of ingenuity, and time and money saving skill in his youth was the same to him still. The new advances in machinery were just clever contraptions that might seem to be all right, but would not stand up to the old machines in the long run. MacPhee had small opinion of the brains of the last generation, they were new-comers, and how could they know more than those who had been in the trade years before they were born?

Jim had shown him the work of a sample new machine that had been installed, and the old man regarded it with doubtful eye. It might be all right, perhaps it was, but there was not enough difference to warrant the outlay involved. Jim had come to the conclusion, just before their split, that MacPhee did not want to be shown, and would not be convinced. He had decided that the old man figured that as his time was about done, and he had no sons to take the business up, he was going to let things go on as they were, and let those who came after, whoever they might be, do as they had a mind to do. It was this hopelessness rather than irritation with the obstinate manufacturer, that had induced Jim to leave.

NOW, MacPhee had given him a free hand, and the reassembling of the plant began. It was a difficult task to accomplish without a complete suspension of its activities, but Jim was managing it as best he could. New machinery had been ordered, not on a very large scale at once, but was being brought in gradually, a group of machines pulled down and sent to the scrap heap and the new ones substituted quickly so as to interfere as little as possible with the running of the place. There was enough to fill the hands of one man in this planning, scrapping, and replacing.

Then there was outside work that took up a great deal of attention. Since he had jumped into the saddle he had been brought into close contact, necessarily, with the working of the association, and it had not impressed him favorably. It seemed to him that a live wire, as Mulhouse undoubtedly was, had, by reason of his forceful activity, thrust this new arrangement down the throats of his competitors. He had a powerful personality, and made a powerful appeal to their interests. It was the day of combinations, he pointed out. The old time individualism was dead and done for. Instead of each firm battling against the rest, price slashing, profit shaving in order to grab business, those whose interest it was should seek to eliminate competition, standardize prices within reasonable limits, and adjust matters so that the field of business would be equitably divided, as far as was possible, between them. The plan sounded well, and no man ever yet turned readily away from a project that promised to add to the sum of his profits. The association had been formed, a schedule of prices had been drawn up, and there was no doubt that the members as a whole had adhered strictly to their agreement.

There had been some complaints about Mulhouse. Firms that had been accustomed to handle a particular customer's trade for years woke up to find that it had been taken away from them, or, at least, had been lost to them. Almost invariably the business had drifted to Mulhouse. He had been taxed with disloyalty, but had denied and ridiculed the accusation, and had done it so impressively that those who did not feel the real pinch had been inclined to believe him.

It was true he hustled after business, that was permissible under the terms of the agreement, but he had done his work within the limits of the honorable understanding they had. He demanded proof of what was alleged, and those who complained found it much easier to guess and suspect than to prove and convict. Going over the order books for the year or so past—covering the time the association had been in existence—Jim made certain discoveries that were important, not because of their magnitude, but on account of what they indicated. There were contracts, here and there, not very large or important ones, but old standing, that had apparently slipped away from MacPhee. Making investigations in order to ascertain, if possible, to whom the trade had gone, Jim found that Mulhouse had been invariably the successful rival.

"Anything wrong with the way we filled the last contract?" he would ask his undermanager.

"Nothing that ever I heard of—no complaint at all. The order just went somewhere else when renewal time came round. Mulhouse picks up most things he finds lying round," was the answer.

"What was this lying round for?" snapped Jim. "No complaints, you say, and customer we have held for years without a break, and a schedule of prices agreed on between competitors! What's the answer, Maxwell?"

The other man shrugged his shoulders.

"Mulhouse overlooks few bets," he said. "I never had much opinion of that association. It seems to me, between ourselves, that Mulhouse just hypnotized the rest of the hunch with this talk about eliminating competition, and while they were hypnotized, he tied them all fast, leaving himself free. He's eliminated competition all right, so far as he's concerned. A gentlemen's agreement may be all right when the parties to it are gentlemen, but when a gentleman, square-acting, and a man who isn't square enter into a deal of that kind, it doesn't want a whole lot of guessing to find out what the result is going to be. The gentleman is going to be in the soup. There's nothing of the Simple Simon about Mr. Mulhouse. He's played the bunch for suckers, and I guess he sized 'em up about right."

Jim nodded. Maxwell's ideas and his own coincided.

"The old man seemed to get a bit slack these late years, you know," the undermanager went on. "Time was when he'd have gone rarin' tarin' wild if a contract like some of those, if it was only for a thousand gross, went astray. He'd yell like a shepherd whose pet sheep have been stolen. But he let things slide latterly. The contracts weren't big enough to make a fuss over. When he began to talk like that I knew he was slipping. Why,









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time was, not far back, when the loss of a measly little contract like that you're looking at would have made him raise Cain. He'd have waked the dead about it, and the man who had made the grab from him would have had John MacPhee on his trail for the rest of his days. Talk about game preserves! a pheasant-preserving squire in the Old Country couldn't have made more fuss over the poaching of one of his long-tails than John MacPhee would over a lost order from a regular customer, no matter how small it was."

JIM remembered what Ida had told him about the grumblings of members of the association, and, since he had got into the swim again in Bargrave, he had heard not infrequent complainings that centred round the actions of Mulhouse. There had been, however, nothing more tangible than suspicion, and Jim had thought that all the talk might be the natural jealousy over business that had been taken away legitimately by a smarter man. The loser generally registers a kick, if he has been able to do nothing more. There was plenty of room within the borders of the agreement for business to be lost and won, even old business.

The goods of Mulhouse might be of better quality, he might be a more persuasive seller, his percentage of breakages might be shown to be lower, he might be prompter in delivery, his terms might be better, without infringing his agreement. Many considerations besides price might enter into the giving and getting of an order. And not one of the grumblers had the least shred of proof against the accused man. There was only the bare but impressive fact that business others had regarded as safely their own had been annexed by the hustler.

MacPhee had suffered less than any other firm, and the losses had been, from a money point of view, comparatively trivial. There was not one of the contracts Jim could not explain the loss of without charging Mulhouse with bad faith. Sometimes a buyer takes a notion to change his mind, old MacPhee had a sharp tongue that sometimes lost him trade, a dozen things might happen to make a buyer decide to give the other man a chance. Still, Jim did not lose sight of the main fact that business had been lost, business that ordinarily ought to have been kept, and that Mulhouse had raked it in. It was something to remember, for if Mulhouse was playing fox, the prowler that snaps up a stray chicken now and again may take a fancy to a prize turkey. Efficiency takes as much heed of the little as the big business items, the one rule should apply to all, the thousand gross customer and the man who'll order hundreds of thousands.

BY FAR the biggest customer of the MacPhee firm was Wingate. He was one of the biggest bottle buyers on the continent. His famous medicinal specific was known wherever civilized humanity fancied it had ailments. For that "tired feeling" it was reputed to be invaluable. If you rose in the morning with the feeling that the writer of Ecclesiastes had when he intimated that "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," a nip of Wingate's *Wine of Life* would make you think you were the writer of the Song of Solomon, a second nip would make a saloon keeper think that Prohibition wasn't half as bad as some folks thought it was, since there have been left alleviations of the general aridness. Travel by rail and "Wingate's *Wine of Life*" greeted you from the landscape. Open your newspaper, and its advertisement hit you squarely between the eyes.

Prize-fighting champions won their battles by its aid, eloquent preachers were made more eloquent by its influence, famous actresses owed no inconsiderable portion of their success to it. In short, if you would travel the pilgrimage from cradle to late grave comfortably, always have a bottle of the *Wine of Life* handy. That the public, or a fair proportion of it, took the advice seriously might be demonstrated by the millions of bottles the MacPhee Company manufactured each year as containers of this precious Elixir Vitae, or Vinum Vitae, to be pedantically correct. The contract usually ran for a year.

Round about November Wingate would draw up an estimate of his requirements for the following year, giving quantities and sizes, specifying times and places of de-

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livery. This would be given out to the trade and prices would be submitted. Latterly this procedure had come to be regarded more as a bit of correct business form than anything else. Wingate was a man who knew what he wanted, and also had a shrewd notion of when he was well off. For seven or eight years the contract had gone to MacPhee without any break. It had come to be regarded by the trade generally as MacPhee business, so that few rivals cared to waste time on bidding. Usually the matter was closed up with a glance at prices, which varied little from year to year. MacPhee understood the Wingate requirements, supplied excellent goods, made his deliveries promptly, and these features counted with Wingate a great deal. Price was not the only matter looked to by the big medicine man when placing his bottle order.

When Jim Douglas brought up the matter of the new contract in the course of a visit to Wingate's office, he learned that a departure was to be made this year, and that the order would be given out only for a six months' supply. The reason given was some important change in the kind and shape of the bottles to be used. Jim received the usual list of quantities and other details, discussed the new shapes for some time, then went back to his own office and in the course of the next few days figured on the various items, the price being much the same as for the previous term, sent in his bid, and then awaited, without much anxiety, the awarding of the new contract. He did not expect to get away with the contract without any challenge, for he knew that Mulhouse had been courting Wingate rather assiduously, and felt sure that his big rival would not let the prize go without putting up the semblance of a fight for it. Still, after the years of complete satisfaction on each side, he did not doubt that Wingate would stick to the old firm that had served him so efficiently.

Just about the time when the contract might be expected to be awarded, Jim looked in at Wingate's place. The big man was in and would see him, so Douglas was ushered into the presence of the manufacturing philanthropist whom he had known all his life.

The moment he stepped into the room and saw Wingate, Jim sensed trouble. The big customer, a florid, hearty man, the best imaginable advertisement of his *Wine of Life*, was ordinarily very jovial in his greeting of MacPhee's right hand man. But this morning he looked the least bit awkward—the shy buyer—as if things were running a bit outside the ordinary rut. He did not beat about the hush however, being the kind of man who thinks that unpleasant business is best not approached easily, but dashed upon at once and throttled; so he went straight at the hurdle.

"You've come about the new contract, I guess, Jim," he saluted his friend. "I have been going over the matter carefully and have come to a decision. This time I've got to go past MacPhee. As a matter of fact that contract has been placed elsewhere. Gave it out this morning."

"That so?" answered Jim, sparring for wind. "And what was the trouble with MacPhee?"

If anybody had told him that the main building in the works had suddenly collapsed, his astonishment and discomfiture could not have been greater. To lose the Wingate contract—the mainstay, latterly, of MacPhee's business, was a catastrophe of the first magnitude. He took the facer well, though. Wingate looked kindly at him, understanding what it meant. It was rough on the youngster to get dropped this way before he had more than got into action.

"I'm sorry, Jim. I'd have been sorry any time because we have always had the completest satisfaction from MacPhee, and I hate breaking a satisfactory connection," he said. "But I'm more sorry this year because it's your starter with MacPhee, and I can guess what it means to you. If it had only been a little matter, I'd have waived that and let it go, but the difference was too big to pass by."

"Where was the hitch?" asked Jim. "Our prices were much as usual, a bit give and take here and there. There has been no trouble that I know of and really I shaved price a bit, when it should have been higher."

Wingate laughed and shook his head. Then he shoved the cigar box over to Jim and the two men lit up.

"No trouble at all, Jim, not the least mite, but you're just licked—licked to a frazzle. I guess you were wanting a bit too much velvet, and so a more frugal competitor got ahead of you," the medicine man answered. "It's much too bad that we could not continue with MacPhee, but we are not in the business altogether for philanthropy.

"The difference on our big order between what you want and what I have agreed to give the other man will mean a good many thousands of dollars a year to me, and I can do with them just as well as old MacPhee can. That's just how the matter lies. I weighed up everything, your excellent service and all the rest; I know it's taking a chance when a man shifts under such conditions, but the difference in price in this case is big enough to outweigh the rest."

Now that he had broken the tidings there was a grin of deep satisfaction on the face of Wingate. Perhaps he was sorry that the trade relations had been broken off just when Jim had got into the saddle, for he liked the youngster, and, other things being equal, would have liked to help him along, but there was much in the affair that gave him big satisfaction. The Bottle Makers' Association had been an eyesore and a heart-ache to him. It had been a pistol levelled at his head, and naturally he had little use for the organization which had been framed for the purpose of stiffening prices he would have to pay. Naturally, also, he would break it up if he could.

As Wingate smiled, the thought flashed through Jim's mind that perhaps Wingate was putting up rather a tidy little bluff, in order to insinuate a powerful element of discontent among the members of the association. Perhaps there had been no price cutting at all, and Wingate was letting him put his own interpretation on the reason for a change in order to break up the combination leagued against him. Might it not be that the big man, who was a clever diplomat, had shifted the contract and given it to a rival at prices no lower than MacPhee's just to make the loser feel that he had been double-crossed by a supposed friend and ally? That would be legitimate business politics, and it was Wingate's right to meet the entente against himself as he thought best. If the association, undermined by the feeling of mutual distrust, broke up, all the better for the bottle buyers. Nothing would be more likely to smash the combination than the defection of MacPhee. Without him the association would not hang together a month, and once the units broke loose there would be keener rivalry than ever.

"Any harm in asking who the lucky man is?" inquired Jim, depositing the ash of his cigar in the tray.

"No, there's no secret pact about it," grinned Wingate. "Open pacts openly arrived at. Mulhouse landed out in front." Of course Jim had known before the answer was given. "Beat the rest of you out of the field. Eclipse first, the rest nowhere. Some difference, Jim, too."

"Price isn't everything," observed Douglas casually, curious to have it established that price had been the decisive matter.

"Who said anything about price," responded Wingate with a laugh. "Fishing's out of season just now. There are quite a number of ways in which a saving may be made on a contract apart from price. I've had a good figure quoted me before to-day, have accepted it on price only, and lost out on my choice because of the breakage percentage perhaps."

"That wasn't in dealing with MacPhee," Jim replied. He would have liked to ask what element beside price could have affected the present decision, but it was no part of his policy to corner Wingate. There was another day after to-day, and Jim had very fair long-distance sight.

"I didn't say it was MacPhee," Wingate retorted. "I do say though, that Mulhouse has got the bunch of you skinned a mile. I am out, as perhaps you know, for Wingate, not MacPhee and not Mulhouse, they are both able to look after themselves, so far as I can understand things, and—why, Jim, what's the use of talking, you are not in the same part of the track with Mulhouse. He's under the wire while the rest of you are rounding the corner into the stretch."

"Any objection in telling me what you got the stuff for?" asked Jim, his eyes on the document Wingate had picked from his desk, and held in his fingers while he ran his eyes over its contents.

*(To be Continued)*




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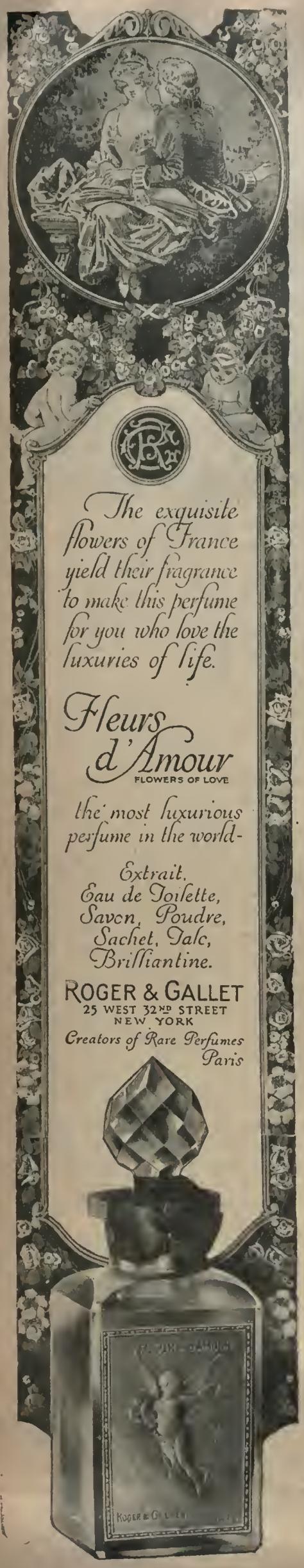
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# Paying the Doctor to Keep You Well

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN



IT IS not a new idea—paying the doctor to keep you well. The custom was followed in China some thousands of years ago. It is in the modern civilizations where we have the most advanced medical science, and a generally accepted faith in it, that we use it only as a last resort—when the troublesome organ has perhaps become so broken down that the physician has nothing to work on. We know of cases among our friends and neighbors where physical troubles that became serious or even fatal began with symptoms that no layman could be expected to detect. If the afflicted had had the habit of paying regular periodical visits to the doctor as they do to the dentist, most of these troubles would have been caught in their early and curable stages.

With this idea in mind, the Life Protection Association was organized in Canada. It is the first and only institution of its kind in the British Empire. There is a Life Extension Association in the United States, but the "protective" idea seems to go one better. It exists not only that people may have longer life but that they may have it more abundantly, a richer, fuller quality of living with as nearly one hundred per cent. health as possible, and never a day spoiled or an effort handicapped by physical defect or suffering. The plan is to enlist the whole people—business men, lawyers, doctors, teachers, stenographers, farmers, homemakers, mothers and children as members of an association whose object is to keep people well. When the members join the association, and once a year thereafter so long as they remain members, they are given a thorough medical examination. Four times during the year there are other special reports from the association's own laboratory, and bulletins on health and hygiene are issued periodically. For this entire service the member pays an annual fee of fifteen dollars. What this may save in the way of ill-health, suffering and subsequent doctors' bills, can be partly estimated from cases we know.

LAST spring a young woman noticed that she did not feel very well. It didn't surprise her greatly because she had had a rather bad time with 'flu and pneumonia during the winter. She went into the country for a rest but itdidn't seem to do her any good. She was possessed of an overwhelming tiredness, but no apparent symptoms of any illness. Finally she went to a consulting physician and he told her what was wrong. One lung was almost entirely shrivelled up and the other was spotted—some time in her life she had a very active attack of tuberculosis. The shrinking of this lung had pulled the spine over, leaving a rather bad curvature. Her tonsils were diseased and she had a tooth adding its contribution of poison to the general trouble. If she had made a practice of going to a doctor for a thorough look-over every year, all this would have been detected earlier, when the matter of effecting a cure would have been comparatively easy. No less an authority than Dr. Harvey D. Wiley says: "Tuberculosis is now regarded as a wholly avoidable disease. There is a general feeling in the medical profession that incipient tuberculosis, as a rule, can be aborted and the patient's life saved. The superintendent of the Massachusetts State Hospital for Tuberculosis said to me a short time ago, much to my delight and astonishment, that fully eighty per cent. of the cases of incipient tuberculosis which came to his hospital were in the course of time discharged wholly free of the disease."

Another cause of the waste of life next to tuberculosis is the maternal and infant mortality due to convulsions at childbirth. A report gathered from hospital records shows how this could almost invariably be prevented if the mother had had proper medical supervision up to the time the baby was born. In the semi-private ward where the mothers had not been under a doctor's care up to confinement, out of one thousand cases eight mothers died, forty babies died and sixteen mothers had convulsions. In the public ward, where the patients had probably had poverty and other undesirable home conditions, and where they had had no medical attention up to confinement, out of one thousand cases, thirty-five mothers died, seventy-nine babies died and thirty mothers had convulsions. But in the public ward where the mothers had had medical supervision up to confinement, usually through the out-patient clinics, out of one thousand cases only four mothers died, thirteen babies died and there were only four cases of convulsions.

This shows the efficacy of pre-natal care, though among enlightened people this is pretty well understood. It is not so generally known that a weakness in this direction may have its beginnings years before—which is where the special reports of the association are most valuable. Four times during the year, as well as at the initial examination, a urinalysis is made at the association's laboratory, and a full report sent to the member. These examinations, of course, also detect any signs of Bright's disease or related disorder. In fact this is one of the most important features of the whole scheme; the laboratory test, perhaps more than any other part of the examination, will reveal conditions which in their early stages may be treated and remedied, but which, if left to develop, will be absolutely incurable. Everyone knows the seriousness of Bright's disease or diabetes, but few people realize that in its early stage the disease gives no definite sign to the victim—nothing but a laboratory test will indicate its presence or absence.



BUT the Life Protective Association does not concern itself only with these life and death troubles. Where one human being suffers from these major afflictions, one hundred are struggling along under some minor handicap that takes a measure of the joy out of life every day and stands in the way of every ambition. Take a defect as common as fallen arches. The number of men rejected from military service on account of this weakness gives some indication of how general it must be among the whole population. In prescribing a different kind of shoe, the examining physician may work miracles in toning up the patient's nerves and endurance and setting right his whole outlook on life.

Nor is the work with children the least important department. The saying that few parents know their own children is never more true than in matters of health. Even with very young children, what appears to be merely a case of bow-legs from attempting to walk too soon may be a very serious case of rickets. When a physician discovers this he will advise a proper diet, out door air and probably some form of cod-liver oil. Malnutrition, adenoids, nose and throat troubles, bad teeth and defective eyesight, which form the bulk of the troubles discovered in the medical inspection of school children, often get a good start before the children ever get to school. In fact, the "in-between" age from the time the child receives the watchful care of babyhood until he goes to school—is one of the danger-periods of a life time. Another critical period comes between the ages of twelve and fifteen or sixteen. A world recognized authority on health matters says: "There is one disease which particularly loves this age—tuberculosis. The first duty which I urge upon the parent is to have the child carefully examined by a competent physician as this period is about to take place and during its progress. I feel certain that a large percentage of deaths from tuberculosis in early life could be avoided if this procedure were generally carried out."

And the service of this association does not consist alone in discovering defects. A considerable amount of good will be done in curing neurasthenics who suffer from worry over imaginary illnesses. It means a lot to the patient who takes "smothering spells," largely out of fear that his heart isn't functioning properly, to have a reliable physician tell him that there is nothing wrong with his heart; that the trouble is entirely due to nerves and that the "nerves" are largely caused by fear of a condition which does not exist.

A clever young business man in Toronto, where the Association

has its headquarters is most enthusiastic over the idea. He wants to become a member but *he is afraid to be examined.* He has had a series of bad colds lately, has been losing weight a little and is afraid of what the doctor may discover. A lot of us have been guilty of just such ostrich-mindedness. The chances are that the young man's loss of weight is partly due to worryiver what he imagines to be a serious contion of ill-health. Should an examination prove him to be organically sound, his whole condition would rise like mercury in the sun. It is sometimes worth more than a doctor's fee to know that there is nothing the matter with you.

THE association has only been organized three months, but it has its own offices and consulting rooms with a nurse in charge, and a board of consulting physicians, each of whom is a recognized expert diagnostician, and the work is already going strong. They do not offer treatment for any impairment. They merely give the most complete physical examination it is possible to give. The result of this examination is passed upon by the Board of Diagnosticians and you are furnished with a complete story of your system whether it be normal or impaired. In the latter case you are recommended to consult your own physician to whom the board will give their technical findings and detailed advice regarding treatment if he desires it. It is a movement in line with the new gospel of health—more education, more care, more preventive measures; less suffering, less semi-efficiency and loss of life through troubles which if taken in time could be completely cured or reduced to a minimum.

# A Canadian Child Poet

SINCE Daisy Ashford's "Young Visiters" created such a sensation, not only in England but on this continent as well, more attention has been paid to the work of child authors. British Columbia has recently discovered a girl poet, Miss Rae Maltby Verrill, whose work seems



MISS RAE MALTBY VERRILL.

to show promising talent. One of her heavier efforts, "A Short History of the Hudson's Bay Company," won special prize in the school children's competition last year, and has been pronounced rather an unusual work for a child of twelve. Some extracts from this are:

"From the pleasant lands of white men,
From the land of stately ladies,
From the land of deeds so gallant.
To the land of beasts and Indians,
To the land of trials and hardships,
To the land of perils and dangers.
Came two men of heart and courage,
Came two men of noble daring
Came the great and valiant Radisson,
Came Groseillers, the strong-hearted;
Braved this life of many hardships,
Braved this life of fierce Red Indians,
Lived among the savage Iroquois,
Lived among the Onondagas,
Lived among the Sioux, the treacherous.
For the sake of their great Company,
For its sake they braved these dangers,
For its sake they found the forests,
Found the rivers of this wild land;
Saw Quebec's unwilling Governor,
Told him of their great discovery,
Sought his help without succeeding.
Showed, and vainly showed and pleaded,
Till at last to great Prince Rupert
Came they with their talk and pleading,
Gained the noble Prince's favour,
Gained the Prince's courtly fancy."

* * *

"And not alone in active warfare
Did they meet with dangers, perils,
But in England was indifference;
Those who should have helped and heartened
Withheld assistance from the Company
Till the good Queen Anne, most gracious,
Till the good Queen Anne did aid them,
Helped them in her royal kindness,
Helped them through their difficulties.
And then was framed the Utrecht Treaty,
By which France her claims relinquished
To that land which in dispute was;
So with them was peace established.
Still we hear of many hardships—
The forming of the North-West Company
Which was their fierce and powerful rival;
Then came that event of terror,
Came that time of fierce rebellion,
Came the Massacre of Red River—
Came the death of Governor Semple
And his twenty men ill-fated."

"Still went on this growing Company,
Known of all the wide world over
Across the seas in other kingdoms,
Far and farther o'er the ocean
Spread its well-earned reputation,
Spread the fame of Hudson's Bay.
Now, not only dealt in fur skins
The Hudson's Bay—this growing company—
But in flour, grain and lumber,
Wool and beef, and fish and butter.
Eastward to their home-land, England,
From Fort Vancouver up to Sitka,
Westward to the Sandwich Islands,
Went the Cadboro and Beaver,
Went the Company's various transports,
Bearing cargoes which were precious."

* * *

"From Halifax to proud Vancouver
Now tall and stately rise their buildings—
Rising out of fog like castles
Loom the Hudson Bay's tall buildings.
But still the trappers and the traders
Hunt and trap up in the Northland;
Still the Indians bring their treasures—
Furs of bear, and elk and beaver.
Still, as in the days of old—
Still as in those days gone by,
Up and down the paths of forests,
Up and down the lanes of waters
Go the feet of bare-foot Indians,
Go the boots of fur-clad hunters.
And even now in forest tangles,
And even now in well-known cities,
And even now across the water,
Where'er the Company plants its stations
Now, as in those days departed,
Now as then their flag is flying,
Always will their flag be flying,
Always proud shall wave their standard
Written on in large. clear letters:
H. B. C. that magic gateway—
Gate to dream lands of the future—
Sesame to lands of hardships."

ONE of her most spontaneous poems, and one which appeals particularly on account of its natural child's viewpoint reads:

"Oh! how can I study my lessons in school
When my head has formed a plan
Of a fairy queen, or a pirate chief,
Or a battle fought man to man?

"Oh! how can I answer the question put
When my brain will wander away
To robbers bold in the days of old.
Or a frolic in the hay?

"Oh! how can I tell the towns of France,
When the wind in the trees seems to say:
'Out in the fields where the buttercups grow,
Are your little brothers at play.

"'They are playing at fairies, at giants and clowns—
They are playing at games by the score;


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At all social gatherings, some one is sooner or later sure to suggest music. When the others gather around for the fun, the one who can take no part feels hopelessly out of it—a wallflower—a mere listener and looker on!

Or those long and lonesome evenings at home when minutes seem like hours — how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin "talk," or in enjoying some other instrument.

And now - at last — this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

No need to join a class or pin yourself down to certain hours for lessons or practice. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher. Neither the question of time nor expense is any longer a bar—every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to mere listening have been removed.

My method of teaching music—in your spare time at home, with no strangers around to embarrass you—makes it amazingly easy to learn to sing by note or to play any instrument.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin—don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A B C. My method makes each step so easy to understand and practice that even children only 7 to 10 years old have become accomplished players or singers under my direction by mail. Also thousands of men and women 50 to 70 years old—including many who had never before tried to play any instrument or taken a lesson of any kind—have found my method equally easy. My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind.

I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time tried and proven. Over 250,000 successful pupils—in all parts of the world, and including all ages from boys and girls of 7 to 8 to men and woman of 70—are the proof. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. I guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything also included.

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# WATCH YOUR NERVES

**By PAUL von BOECKMANN**

*Nerve Specialist and Psycho-Analyst*

THE high pressure, mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its mental strain, worry, anxiety, grief and trouble is wrecking the nerves of mankind. This applies especially to people with highly active brains and sensitive nerves.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. Far over a million of my various books on Health Subjects have been sold all over the world during this time, and as a result about 300,000 people have written me in detail regarding their weaknesses and their experience with different methods of treatment they applied. I am more convinced to-day, than ever before in my life, that worry, grief, anxiety, mental strain, and, of course, abuse of the reproductive functions, are the basic causes of nerve weakness (Neurasthenia), which in turn is the cause of nearly every ailment of civilized man and woman.

How can we reason otherwise? We know that mental strains wreck the nervous system, and the Nervous System is the great governing force of the body, the force that gives Life and Power to every organ, every muscle and cell? When the Nervous Forces are depleted through strain, how can the vital organs, muscles and other tissues retain their power? **It is impossible.**

The power of the nerves is infinitely great for good or evil. So great is this power that a tremendous nerve strain, as for instance, intense fear or anger, may cause instant death through bursting of a blood vessel. A less intense shock will cause the cheeks to pale or become flushed with blood. It can make the heart beat wildly and paralyze breathing. It can make cold sweat break out over the body, and make the knees tremble and become weak. It can paralyze the digestive powers in an instant. Long extended nerve strains of even mild intensity will undermine the mind and body of the strongest man and woman that ever lived.

Nerve Force is a dangerous power when uncontrolled, and if controlled, it can be made to give us Strength, Health, Character, Personality, Success and Happiness. **It is the greatest force of all bodily forces.**

Care for your nerves as you would the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

You are earnestly advised to read my 64-page book, NERVE FORCE. It is mainly a treatise on Nerve Control, teaching you how to prevent your Nerves from running "amuck," which is the basic cause of Nerve Exhaustion. The book teaches how to soothe and calm the nerves, besides containing hundreds of other important points of information. It will give you a thorough understanding of nervous and high-strung people, which will enable you to account for their irritability, crankiness, restlessness and other mental and physical peculiarities. In other words, the book will give you a deep knowledge of human nature, which is the most valuable and profound of all sciences.

The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound in durable Leatherette Cover, 50 cents. Remit in coin. Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 353, 110 West 40th St., New York. I have advertised my various books in this and other high-class magazines for more than twenty years, which is ample guarantee of my responsibility and integrity. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *PLUS* your outlay of postage. I might add that large corporations have bought my book by the thousands for their employees. Schools have bought them as text books. Physicians recommend them to their nervous patients. Extracts from the book have been again and again reprinted in magazines, and newspapers, which is the strongest proof of merit. So send for the book TO-DAY, subject to my guarantee.

If you have strained your nerves through overwork, worry, grief or have ignorantly abused them otherwise, *submit your case to me*, and I shall tell you definitely the exact nature of your weakness, and whether I can help *YOU*, as I have helped over 90,000 men and women during the last thirty years.

I am a *Nerve Specialist* and *Psychoanalyst*, besides being generally experienced in all sciences pertaining to the Body and Mind. I have treated more cases of "Nerves" than *any other man* in the world. My instruction is given by Mail only. No drugs or drastic treatments are employed. My method is remarkably simple, thoroughly scientific and invariably effective.

Positively no fee is charged for a "*Preliminary Diagnosis*" of your case, and you will be under no obligation to take my course of instruction, if you do not care to. Do not explain your case in your first letter, as I shall send you *special instructions* on how to report your case and how to make certain "nerve tests" used generally by Nerve Specialists, and I shall send you *FREE*, other important data on the subject which will give you an understanding of your nerves you never had before. I shall send you authentic records of numerous cases of Nerve Exhaustion I have corrected, which have never been equalled in the history of medical practice. I have corrected thousands of cases of extreme Nerve Exhaustion.
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They are singing a song as the brook runs along,
And learning Dame Nature's lore.'

"So how can I answer 'two and two,'
And the teacher's questions galore.
When my mind will play with a dancing fay,
And run out the schoolhouse door?"

Miss Verrill's latest production is an oriental ballet recently staged in Vancouver, the author herself playing one of the leading parts.

# Our Lost Immigrants

*Continued from page 13*

a policy we have in the new Soldier Settlement Board, spite of all the kicks we are aiming at that board.

Two objections to such a new National Policy get out of your head. They are nothing but camouflaged small politics.

The Soldier Settlement Board was not brought into being to deal out largesse to returned soldiers. Soldiers, who fought for freedom, don't ask for largesse, nor for eleemosynary doses of larded charity either. If they went to the War in that spirit, it is a pity they ever came back. The Soldier Settlement Board was brought into being—in the words of Premier Meighen, its creator—to help Canada, and at the same time help the soldiers, who were worthy of help and willing to try to make good, and do as much for Canada in time of peace as in War. The Soldier Settlement was brought into being to make it possible to place returned soldiers on land, who wished to return to the land and could make good as producers on the land.

"The Government put me here. It's got to see me through. I should worry," said a man, who of the four years of the War, spent one month on the firing line and the rest of the time at the back carrying horses because he was such a coward he could not be trusted on the line. His father died in the workhouse. His mother died in the same place; and the last winter his children almost died of cold and starvation because he was so lazy he would not work the land he had bought through the Board and actually refused to haul out his supply of seed. Naturally, he will lose his land and raise high howls to Heaven against the Board; but he is only one of three failures out of 1,127 successes in that section.

### S. S. B. is no Charity

SO GET rid of the idea that the Soldier Settlement exists as a charity to the soldiers. The soldiers don't want charity. It exists to do for Canada in time of peace what the soldiers did in time of War—"lift her over the top."

There is another misapprehension which must be cleared up.

Said a very fine man to me, "If you help the returned soldier to buy land, why shouldn't you help the returned soldier to buy a grocery store, or set up another line of business?"

Because the Soldier Settlement does not exist primarily for the sake of the soldier, but for the sake of Canada. Because Canada's future depends on increasing production and increasing it yet again. The only creators of something tangible that did not exist before are (1) the man, who takes food out of the land; (2) or minerals out of the earth; (3) or lumber out of the forests; (4) or fish out of the sea. The very nature of the occupation does not permit homesteading timber limits, which cost $200 to $800 an acre to clear, and will pay for their own clearing without government aid; or homesteading of the rivers and sea for the golden harvests of salmon and halibut; or homesteading minerals, which if they are there will pay for their own mining and if they are not must not be financed by public funds.

While on this subject of kicks, which really camouflage ulterior and in some cases sinister motives, I may as well deal with another grouch.

Canada is in need of workers, desperately in need, for her trackbeds, which are so undermanned in two sections I know as to be unsafe—wages $5 a day; for her farms, wages $100 to $70 and board; for her lumbering, wages $6 to $10; for her pulp mills, wages $5 to $11; for her coal mines, wages $5 to $23 a day. Yet when one railway proposed to bring in 20,000 picked Italian laborers for its trackbeds, a certain so-called soldier association (not Canadian, though operating in Canada) issued a loud-voiced protest that such a move would be taking bread out of the returned soldiers' mouths, who could not get work. I do not mean taking work from the soldiers' hands, but from their mouths; for the man, who issued this protest, had never done any work in all his life but with his mouth; and at the present time he is acting as the mouthpiece for a Bolsheviki organization, whose watchword is, "Don't work; it makes more jobs if you do less work." *In other words, we are to risk Canada's National progress for a policy of I Won't Works, who are banded together to oppose the incoming of all and any extra labor.*

### Empty Stomachs and Empty Purses

"IF A man will not work, neither shall he eat." This is not a mere dictum. It happens to be an eternal law, which you can't break. It breaks you. If you don't produce food, you won't have it to eat. If you don't produce lumber, you won't have it to build a house; and if you don't produce minerals, you won't have fuel and you won't have coin. And all the "revoluting" under the sun—as Russia and Mexico have demonstrated—will not modify the facts of an empty stomach, an empty purse, a cold hearth, and roofless heads.

At the time this grouch was uttered with a yell, there were five jobs in Canada waiting for every worker available for a job.

Before taking up the Soldier Settlement scheme as a New National Policy of converting Immigration into Colonization, it is only fair to set down what two provinces are doing to try to right the errors of the past. The two provinces are Alberta and Saskatchewan.

In Alberta, it was so obvious that many settlers would stay if given a chance to start afresh, that the mayor of Maple Creek, backed by banks and manufacturers and boards of trade all through the province, set agoing a movement to raise a million, or several millions, if he could, to help such settlers relocate. This is excellent as far as it goes; but it is a mere drop in the bucket compared to what is needed. Divide a million dollars by 800,000 departures and you will see. Canada's new Immigration Policy must be a National Policy for all provinces and all comers.

In the early days, when British Columbia forests had lain untouched and impenetrable for a hundred years, it was, perhaps, wise to encourage opening the forests, by permitting the homesteading and staking of 640 acre claims; but when the staking became a craze, and the man owning lease, or fee simple, simply sat down on his land to await the speculator, or the speculator paid only a part of the price down, and waited to sell to a broker, who would resell to another broker, not taking out a stick of timber, nor clearing an acre of land, nor bringing in a single settler—it was time to change the old policy; and the slump in the boom gave British Columbia her chance.

Lessees could not pay their yearly rental of $140 a 640 acre claim. Buyers had fallen down in the payments of their installments. Lands began to revert to the Crown; and British Columbia accelerated the movement by increasing land taxes, buying back Crown lands, charging a stiff interest on delinquents. Crown lands are reverting to the Crown, and British Columbia is offering specially generous terms to returned soldiers—not one of whom has failed in that province—to bona fide settlers, who must reside five years, or to speculators, who hold but bring in settlers. On all others, British Columbia is putting on the squeeze.

But these palliatives can touch only a few thousand settlers. *What Canada must have is a New National Policy* for millions; and the mechanism on the spot for carrying that New National Policy out she has in her Soldier Settlement Board, which I shall go into in great detail in my next with particulars of wonderful cases of successes and failures.

During my recent trip, I visited every important Soldier Settlement from Winnipeg to Vancouver and Peace River to Victoria.

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Volume XXXIV. Number Three


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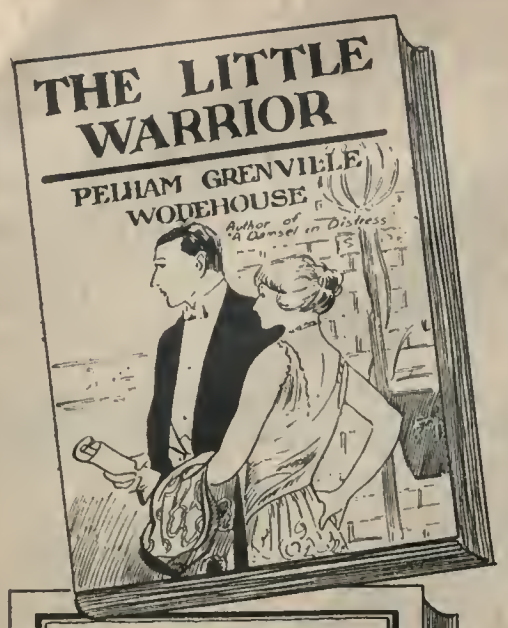
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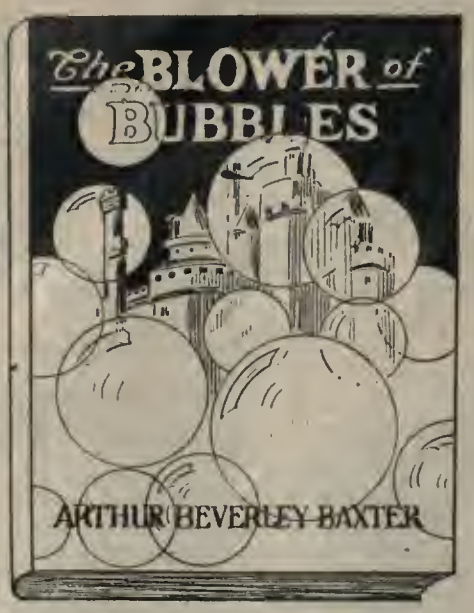


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# A Canadian Literary Achievement

During 1920 MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE published—in whole or in major part—the contents of twelve works of fact or fiction which are to-day, or soon will be, on the book shelves of scores of thousands of discriminating men and women in Canada.

Twelve books, each of which retails at from $2.00 to $6.50, and which readers of MACLEAN'S enjoyed for $3.00. And think of the fact that these twelve books included less than **one-quarter** of the contents of MACLEAN'S for 1920.

Seven of these books are already published and on sale to the public. (Covers of five of them are here reproduced).

### (1) Margot Asquith—
An Autobiography

The contents of this extraordinary, sparkling, daring memoir (and some portions held out of the book), were published in MACLEAN'S.

### (2) The Little Warrior—
By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

Published serially in MACLEAN'S—a chortling comedy by one of the world's leading literary entertainers.

### (3) The Thread of Flame—
By Basil King

A noted Canadian author with a world-wide reputation. This novel, from first word to last, was first published in Canada in MACLEAN'S.

### (4) The Blower of Bubbles—
By Arthur Beverley Baxter

A collection of short stories, all but one of which were published in MACLEAN'S.

### (5) The Parts Men Play—
By Arthur Beverley Baxter

An Anglo-American romance by this brilliant young Canadian who can tell a story with a purpose. His first work appeared in been run in Canada's National Magazine. MACLEAN'S, and all his best work has Then there was "His Majesty's Well Beloved," by Baroness Orczy. This popular novel by probably the best known writer of romantic fiction in the world was run in MACLEAN'S. Also "Spanish Doubloons," by Camilla Kenyon. Five of these books are now in preparation for publication probably during the Spring or Autumn of 1921:

Reminiscences of a Raconteur: By Colonel George H. Ham.
The City of Peril: By Arthur Stringer.
The Man From the Desert, and other short stories: By W. A. Fraser.
The Man Who Knew Too Much: By Gilbert K. Chesterton.
The Drama of Our Great Forests: By Arthur Heming.

## A New Canadian Author

Arthur Beverley Baxter is a young Toronto man who went overseas to the war and while invalided began to write short stories. Boldly venturing, he sent one of these to Chambers' Journal, which accepted it and asked for more. He wrote several which appeared in the magazines, and have since been published in a volume, "The Blower of Bubbles." When the war ended Mr. Baxter wrote a novel which appeared serially in Chambers', and Lord Beaverbrook engaged him as one of the editors of the London Daily Express, where he is at present.

Mr. Baxter's short stories won him immediate recognition as one of the writers of the day. His novel does much more than confirm his reputation. It has just been published in England, the United States and Canada (McClelland and Stewart, Toronto.) "The Parts Men Play" is one of the outstanding books of our time, and places Arthur Beverley Baxter in the front rank of novelists. It is not only a great story, but it is greatly told. The author has gifts of a high order, and apart from his narrative altogether writes a book that is intensely interesting because of its by-play of humor and keen comment on life.

As a Canadian who knows both England and the United States, Mr. Baxter, in "The Parts Men Play," tells a story which does much to interpret each nation to the other, and does it in that striking way which gives fiction its highest justification. The book should excite a wide interest in Canada.

## Give Credit Where Credit is Due

**This editorial from a daily paper of Toronto does not give credit rightfully due MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE.**

Here are the facts: Before the war the work of Arthur Beverley Baxter was published first—and almost exclusively—by MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. During the war, while on service and after being invalided home, Mr. Baxter wrote more fiction—"The Blower of Bubbles" and "The Parts Men Play"—the latter running in its entirety in MACLEAN'S, the former almost entirely. Mr. Baxter's reputation, which MACLEAN'S has been proud to assist in building up, has become international, and these two books were also published in London and New York—after they appeared in MACLEAN'S.

An editor of this Toronto newspaper a few months ago attended a banquet, at which Mr. Baxter and Lord Beaverbrook were present, and lauded Mr. Baxter for his splendid work in "Chambers's Journal" and in "The Daily Express" without mentioning the part MACLEAN'S had played in connection with the work of Mr. Baxter. This editorial shows that he has "forgotten" again!

Most Canadian papers are glad to credit MACLEAN'S for its initiative, progressiveness and its stalwart and outspoken Canadianism.

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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Getting Back to "Normalcy"

ALTHOUGH there were no spectacular developments which might account for the change, it was generally agreed that the first month in the New Year found an improvement in business and financial sentiment. The prevailing mass views of this group of people are somewhat intangible but extremely important part of a country's opinion, and the fact that the pessimism of December appeared to have been appreciably modified was something very much for the general good. Too much should not be made of the change, for there may be some months of further hesitation and rough sledding as inventories are marked down, but, as far as it goes, the improvement is cheering.

Seeking first for definite evidence, we have the following summary of how several important Canadian industries are affected. Automobiles—recovering slightly. Condensed milk—recovering. Building supplies—quiet. Electrical equipment—active. Implements—slowing down. Furniture—slow. Paint and varnish—fair. Rubber goods—slow. Woollens—slow. Cotton goods—slow at reduced prices. Steel products—generally less active.

### Wage Adjustments

PERHAPS most significant in the changes now going on are the wage adjustments. Almost daily we read of Canadian firms making an agreement with their employees for the acceptance of a reduction in wages in order that the business might be kept going at a production cost more in keeping with the declining prices. Among the industries to reach a settlement of this kind were clothing trades, and one or two of the cotton mills, while certain lumber operators, steel companies and the Cobalt mines have announced wage reductions. In many cases, the new wage scale has followed a period of shutdown at plants, which probably took this course as a means of forcing the issue.

Index numbers of living costs in Canada continue to show price declines, but the retailer has been aggravatingly slow to put them into effect at the point where the consumer fully benefits. Wholesale prices on forty leading commodities dropped more than twenty-five per cent. from May to December, according to the estimate of Professor H. Michell, of McMaster University, and the cost of a family budget, as estimated by the Department of Labor, Ottawa, declined from $16.92 in June to $14.84 in December.

Wage earners, therefore, are naturally slow to accept reductions, but they must admit that their lot was a fortunate one during the long period of inflation. There is much to be said for the policy of one manufacturer, who was faced with the alternatives of wage reduction or a shutdown, but who found another way, at least for an experiment. He called his workers together and told them that their average output during the past three years had been at least 25 per cent. below each man's capacity. He said that, if they would increase their production by twenty-five per cent., he would maintain their wages, keep the plant going, and still have a little profit on the operation.

### Stock Market Signs

USUALLY, the stock market heralds a change in economic conditions six months in advance. If that harbinger may be depended upon, the action of the Canadian exchanges and security markets generally early in January were hopeful signs. The depression of December was left behind, and an all-round upward movement was visible. Not quite all-round, either, for the paper stocks had little share in the recovery. They had their turn last year, and there are few who now consider the outlook for paper stocks a bright one for the next few months. Still, the dividends of the paper companies are apparently secure for some time to come, and that may continue firmness in their prices.

While the revival in the stock market in January included a few speculative issues, it was largely confined to the bonds and preferred stocks. This conservative attitude by traders is counted as the natural beginning of a strong market as investors feel their way along. Any reasonable return of confidence, such as has been manifested, has first to dissipate the idea that the country is going to the bow-wows, and when that idea is disposed of people begin to think that dividends, after all, may not be seriously interrupted. For weeks there have been preferred stocks selling at a price to yield 9 or 10 per cent., apparently quite regardless of intrinsic values. That could be explained while sentiment was depressed, and few had the courage to say that industry would become normal within any given time.

It was in the Victory bond market, however, that financial history was made, The slump which followed the relisting of the Victorys at the end of November was overcome in a series of sweeping advances, carrying all the Victory issues up to or beyond the prices asked by the Market Committee before their dissolution. The meaning of this movement is apparently that a new level of security prices has been established. Easier money is within sight, as commodities are liquidated, and what more natural than that the man or business house with a few spare thousands should put it into Victory bonds, which are perfectly safe and perfectly liquid? Therefore, within a month, the Victorys, as the premier Canadian security, so altered the bond market that investors were ready to accept a yield of ¼ to ½ of 1 per cent. below what they demanded in December.

### Embargo Removed

AN IMPORTANT decision by the Minister of Finance late in January involved the discontinuance of the embargo against the importation of securities held abroad. This financial policy began with mild restrictions in February of last year, which were subsequently materially tightened. Their removal now will go far to bring normal conditions in the securities market, which could not quite find its balance or necessary stability until such an abnormal barrier was removed. The relisting of Victory bonds at the end of November and their excellent behavior in the market made the continuance of the embargo appear no longer necessary. There had been fear that the return to normal conditions by throwing down the bars would upset the securities market, but the recovery of sterling in Canada and the high money rates prevailing in England, compared with Canada, have changed conditions, and at this writing the effect of the removal of the restrictions appears to be slight.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

J. VERNON McKENZIE, *Editor* — J. L. RUTLEDGE, *Associate Editor*

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# MY CONFESSION OF FAITH

*By* T. A. CRERAR

LEADER OF THE NATIONAL PROGRESSIVE PARTY

TO-DAY thousands of Canadians, to whom public affairs a few years ago were either a jest or the subject of a ceremonial process at stated intervals, are taking a serious interest in the management of their country and its future. Thousands of men and women are sternly determined that the old political order with its jobbery and corruption; its prostitution of the public interest for private pelf; its vicious political machines and cynical "bosses;" its shameless patronage system in the matter of offices and contracts; shall be banished to the limbo of forgotten things.

The sacrifices and sufferings of the war have opened many eyes to a new vision of public service and responsibility and to a daily growing number of people who realize that the only monument worthy of our dead is a newer and better Canada the idea of any reversion to the old political standards is an intolerable thought.

It is perhaps an exaggeration to give the whole credit for this wholesome change to the war alone. Even before its grim advent we were beginning to blaze new trails and reach out, often blindly it is true, for improvements in our political and economic life. But the war crystallized and brought into full activity in a few short years impulses and ideas whose fruition would under normal peace conditions have been of slower growth.

But, say some of my older friends, you make too little allowance for the difficulties which confronted the country's leaders in earlier days and the peculiar conditions which they had to face.

There is, I admit, something in the contention. Until the beginning of this century Canada was more or less a pioneer community whose inhabitants were mostly engaged in a desperate challenge with the wilderness and were attempting to provide half a continent with the physical machinery of civilization. A large element of our population had come from other lands to better their personal fortunes and were engrossed in the task. Under such conditions disinterested idealism and clear political thinking does not flourish and close attention even to the elementary duties of citizenship was not a settled practice with any great proportion of our citizens. Save in one or two localities, they were thinly dispersed over a vast area. Communications were difficult and the freedom of intercourse, the mutual understanding and the regular interplay of ideas which are indispensable to a healthy state of public opinion were simply not available.



Hon. T. A. Crerar, formerly Minister of Agriculture in Sir Robert Borden's Union Government; now the acknowledged leader of the National Progressive Party. By the Farmers—and others—he is regarded as Canada's next Premier.

A Government can rarely rise above the source from which it derives its origin and though many able and disinterested men freely gave their talents and energies to public life, the level of our governments in both the Federal and Provincial spheres has been deplorably low and their efficiency and foresight have often left much to be desired.

### Our Painful Railway Problem

THE richness of our natural resources gave ample opportunities to the scheming exploiter and his political tools to advance their private fortunes at the public expense and the apathy and indifference of the electorate allowed them a clear field for their operations. It would be an invidious task to rake up and catalogue what I regard as the prime errors of the past but our present railway problem is a sufficiently painful example. What defence can be offered for the statesmanship which in the last 80 years has poured over one billion dollars into the maw of reckless promoters and selfish contractors and left us with a railway muddle whose reasonable solution presents a baffling problem? The wanton exploitation of our public lands and other resources, and the scandals attendant thereon, could easily have been averted or minimized under better standards of government and citizenship. So though the blame must be shared by the people as well as the politicians, of both parties, my main indictment stands.

The first manifestations of the new spirit were visible quite naturally in the prairie provinces and, likewise naturally, among the farming communities there, for in areas where the process of settlement is going on the population inevitably is composed of people of a critical and radical temper, the effects of misgovernment are most keenly felt and exploitation of various kinds is always at its worst. It is about sixteen years ago since there first were discerned on the horizon the signs of a political uprising which has been commonly referred to as the farmers' or agrarian movement, but has now assumed a wider significance, justifying the adoption by its supporters of the title National Progressive party.

This western movement had its origin in a protest against existing economic conditions which denied the farmer any control over the machinery of the marketing, financing and transportation of his crop, and allowed selfish interests to interpose themselves between him and his markets and to exact a toll quite out of proportion to any services rendered by them. The Grain Growers' Association came into existence and their early energies were concentrated on securing certain reforms in the conditions under which grain was marketed.

Due credit must always be given to the pioneer efforts on Parliament of enlightened members like Dr. J. G. Rutherford, but it was the process of organization by the farmers which quickened interest at Ottawa in their grievances. The members of the associations soon realized that self-help was the best kind of remedy for their ills and accordingly founded and developed the great co-operative organizations through which a large proportion of their business is now handled. When men have become accustomed to work together in business, the transition to concerted action in politics is easy and natural.

When it was realized, as it soon was, that there was a definite limit to the expansion of their co-operative schemes as long as antagonistic forces were in control of the various governments, it was inevitable that the farmers should begin to give consideration to public policies and the whole political system. It was equally certain that they would feel the need for manifold reforms in this sphere and lay plans for their accomplishment.

Circumstances naturally brought the tariff to the forefront in all discussions of future policy by the farmers of the West. Selling as they do their products in the open markets of the world and buying in restricted markets, they feel its burdens more acutely than any other class. And nothing could or can to-day shake their conviction that the profits which would help to reconcile men to the climatic hardships of pioneer life on the western prairie have been seriously decreased by the toll taken by our protected manufacturers. My views and those of our organizations upon this subject are too well known to bear elaboration at any length, but one or two points I would like to emphasize.

We are quite unrepentant in our hostility to the existing tariff system. We believe that protection is morally wrong inasmuch as it permits a particular group of people to enrich itself at the expense of the rest. We deny that it is economically sound, holding that it has neither added to

the aggregate wealth of the country nor improved the condition of Labor. What is responsible for the disappointing growth of our population revealed at each census and for an annual exodus which reaches appalling dimensions for a new country, unless a wrong economic system? We believe that Canada like all other countries has certain basic capabilities; in our case they lie in the direction of the production of grain, livestock, lumber and minerals and our greatest chances of permanent prosperity lie in concentrating upon those particular lines.

But the protectionist policy, which both the historic parties have sponsored and maintained since 1878, has loaded and weighed down these natural industries with the burden of sustaining a long string of secondary and artificial industries which are often merely of the fabricating type and are also often dependent on foreign countries for their raw material. These artificial industries have drained labor from the land and are largely responsible for the serious rural depopulation which is now visible.

As long as these protected industries have plentiful orders and can run full time, the workers in them can contrive an existence but what is their lot when through adverse business conditions factories have to close down or reduce their staffs? Why are so many thousands of hard-working people on the border-line of starvation to-day in this country of such natural riches? Go to Prince Edward Island, the most purely rural community in Canada, and then cross over to the industrial area in Cape Breton and judge which is the healthier and happier society. Can it be seriously argued that John Thomson, growing grain, and Marie Guerin, making butter on an Eastern Townships farm, are not both happier, healthier and greater contributors to the national wealth than the same pair of people making tire fabrics or cheap jewelry out of imported raw material in a Sherbrooke factory?

There is great lamentation about the amount of our imports and the state of the exchange but it should not be forgotten that raw materials for our manufacturers comprise a large part of our imports. Does anyone think our fiscal position healthy? Our imports far exceed our exports and we have to send millions yearly abroad to pay interest owed to external creditors for bonds, mortgages and other forms of their investments. The fact is that as a nation we cannot hope to reach a stable economic basis until a change in our fiscal system gives freer play to our natural industries. When they are allowed to flourish as they might, our export figures will increase and our urban industries will prosper as never before.

### Agrarian Leaders Not From U. S.

IT IS a gross travesty of facts to assert as some ill-informed critics do, that the leaders of the anti-protectionist movement in the West are for the most part American immigrants whose sympathy with British and Canadian institutions is rather imperfect. I think I may claim to know the chief personalities in the agrarian movement as well as anyone. Former citizens of the United States have played their part in it but I think I am correct in saying that the main force of criticism of the protective principle has come from British-born farmers and that the majority of the leaders are of undiluted British blood. The attempt to meet economic arguments by the cry of disloyalty is cheap and unworthy of intelligent people.

My manufacturing friends often lament the bitterness of the western protest against the tariff and profess great mystification as to its cause. Let them recall the past. In 1911 there was offered to the country the chance of concluding a reciprocity treaty with our neighbors on most favorable terms. The western farmer saw in it the opportunity of free access to a market offering infinite advantages to him. The measure, moreover, made no real inroads upon the protection which our manufacturers enjoyed. But they bent their whole energies to defeating its enactment and by a combination of circumstances and methods, which are scarcely a happy memory to some of their devisers, succeeded in their purpose.

The western farmer at once interpreted the hostility of the Canadian manufacturers as clear evidence that they were determined to keep him in thorough bondage not only in regard to the conditions under which he could buy what he required, but in regard to the conditions under which he could sell what he produced. Such a threat was a challenge which any free community was bound to take up. My friend, Premier Drury, warned the opponents of reciprocity what would happen if they defeated it and they know him now as a true prophet.

The western farmer formed the resolution to put himself by organization in a position to secure a square deal and every year he has learnt to use his political strength with increasing effectiveness. Since the Underwood Tariff came into effect he has realised the enormous advantages of the American market for his grain and even more for his livestock and dairy products. Now that it is being jeopardised, he is not inclined to feel any greater affection for the interests which, in 1911, thwarted an arrangement containing some possibilities of permanence.

It affords the friends of reciprocity some pleasure to see that even hide-bound protectionists view with apprehension the revival of duties against our agricultural products on the scale of the McKinley Tariff. I hope their restoration may be averted but under the circumstances I cannot blame the American Congress. There are however not wanting signs that the present protectionist mood will not be permanent with our neighbors who now need export markets and have reached the same economic position as Britain in the forties of last century.

### How the Resentment Has Spread

THIS feeling of resentment at the domination of our national life by certain selfish urban interests first developed among the western farmers but it has now spread to the rural communities of Ontario, the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, and is beginning to be clearly visible in Quebec. But as no movement can exist merely on the discussion of sectional wrongs and grievances and plans for their removal, our associations soon came to adopt a wider purview and deal at their meetings with the wider phases of national life.

The time has gone by when inhabitants of our cities can look down upon the farmer as hopelessly ignorant of public affairs. His education has been proceeding at a rapid rate. Our climate makes the occupation of agriculture somewhat seasonal and thousands of our farmers have used the long winter evenings for reading and reflection. In hundreds of places they have held regular meetings and discussed thoroughly the numerous questions of the day. This healthy process enabled delegates to come to our annual conventions with definite ideas on these questions and the mass decisions of the associations were there embodied in concrete resolutions, which in due course formed the basis of the New National Policy. Their discussions covered a wide field and were not confined to the tariff and purely agrarian interests: they embraced such subjects as education, taxation, control of the liquor traffic, our railway problems, our constitutional position and Imperial relations, the better organization of the social side of rural life and subjects of a similar character.

Admittedly much that was vague and indefinite emerged in the discussions and the remedies advanced were often Utopian in character but on the whole the intellectual activities of the farmers' movement have represented a clear and definite aspiration for betterment in our government and civilization. If they had done nothing else, they have made a valuable contribution to our national life by quickening public interest in many pressing questions.

There are people who deplore the present ferment and see a Bolshevik in the mildest-tongued critic of our existing system. But was not Sir Auckland Geddes right when he declared the present unrest to be a healthy sign and told an Ottawa audience that abuse of reformers and even of agitators was about as effective a means of suppressing democratic discontent as swatting mosquitoes was of abolishing malaria?

### Drastically Reform the Senate

DO NOT imagine that our program and aims are merely confined to reformation of the tariff. It is exceedingly important but will take us only part of the way to the goal which we have in view. We have a very fair machinery for the free expression of public opinion. Our criticism is not directed against our Federal Parliament so much as against the methods which party managers, fortified by campaign funds derived from the purses of privileged interests, used to manipulate it for their own and their patrons' ends. We believe it could be substantially improved by a drastic reform of that strange political workhouse, our Senate, and by the adoption of the system of proportional representation. We believe that there is more real happiness to be derived from the creative impulse and the co-operative impulse than from the possessive and acquisitive impulse and the impulse to authority and dominion over others.

The co-operative movement, great though its recent progress has been, has been hampered in the past by the absence of the legislation which is necessary to give proper encouragement to this ideal and is on all the statute books of really progressive countries. One of the great flaws in our national equipment is our faulty machinery of distribution. In this very year of grace, when food prices in our cities were abnormally high, apples were rotting by the million in Ontario orchards and the fishermen of Nova Scotia could not get a market, even at miserable prices, for their catches. We believe that the application of the co-operative principle on a wider scale than is now being attempted would help to solve the cost of living problem which makes life a constant financial crisis for so many people. Its extensive development can also be made to serve as a useful link between the city and country; in Toronto for instance the U.F.O. are helping members of the Labor Party to establish a co-operative store in the city.

### Our Relation to England

THE question of our national status and relations to the other units of the British Commonwealth presents some difficult problems and must be settled in the near future. The idea of any centralized Parliament in London welding the British nations together in a close bond to defy the rest of the world and pursue a policy of Imperialism is repugnant to all progressive minds in Canada and our view is that the permanent unity of the British Commonwealth and its best services for mankind can best be evolved by strict adherence to the principle of voluntary co-operation in the solution of matters of common interest. Our belief is that there is no department of our national life which Canadians are not able to manage themselves as well as any other people can do for them. The independent course of our representatives in the Assembly

*Continued on page 51*

## Next—Labor's Political Views

"MY CONFESSION OF FAITH" *is the third of the series of signed articles by leaders of the chief political parties in Canada, which is appearing in* MACLEAN'S—*Premier Meighen and Hon. Mackenzie King have contributed their views in preceding issues. Mr. Crerar's article is, perhaps, not the least interesting, owing to the fact that he is the leader of a brand new party—a party which is challenging with increasing virility the supremacy of the old-line parties. There will be a fourth article in this series shortly, when the views of a prominent Labor politician will be given.*

## T. A. Crerar Says:

"IT *is with no small trepidation that I avail myself of the invitation of* MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *to make a confession of my political and economic faith for the benefit of its readers, and in view of the high cost of paper I will spare them any superfluous personal preliminaries. It is a trite saying that the Great War, perhaps the most momentous event in history, has changed the face of the whole civilized world and left a permanent impress on the moral and mental outlook as well as on the political and economic ideals of countless millions of men and women. It was impossible that Canada, which has played so active and glorious a part in that war, could remain immune from the universal consequences and not provide in common with many other countries marked evidence of a new political consciousness among her citizens."*

T. A. Crerar

# ILIAD of the OYSTER

## *By* DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



Parrot Feathers laid her unconscious hero's foot upon one rock and broke the oyster loose with another.

"Our Remote Ancestor was Probably Arboreal."
—*Eminent Scientist.*

FROM his hut in the tree-top Probably Arboreal looked lazily down a broad vista, still strewn with fallen timber as a result of a whirlwind that had once played havoc in that part of the forest, towards the sea. Beyond the beach of hard, white sand the water lay blue and vast and scarcely ruffled by the light morning wind. All the world and his wife were out fishing this fine day. Probably Arboreal could see dozens of people from where he crouched, splashing in the water or moving about the beach, and even hear their cries borne faintly to him on the breeze. They fished, for the most part, with their hands; and when one caught a fish it was his custom to eat it where he caught it, standing in the sea.

In Probably Arboreal's circle, one often bathed and breakfasted simultaneously; if a shark or saurian were too quick for one, one sometimes was breakfasted upon as one bathed.

In the hut next to Probably Arboreal his neighbor, Slightly Simian, was having an argument with Mrs. Slightly, as usual. And, as usual, it concerned the proper bringing up of children. Probably listened with the bored distaste of the bachelor.

"I *will* slap his feet every time he picks things up with them!" screamed Slightly Simian's wife, an accredited shrew, in her shrill falsetto.

"It's *natural* for a child to use his feet that way," insisted the good-natured Slightly, "and I don't intend to have the boy punished for what's natural." Probably Arboreal grinned; he could fancy the expression of his friend in making this characteristically plebeian plea.

"You can understand once for all, Slightly," said that gentleman's wife in a tone of finality, "that I intend to supervise the bringing-up of these children. Just because your people had neither birth, nor breeding, nor manners —"

"There, there, my dear!" broke in Slightly, with a warning in his voice. "Don't you work around to anything caudal, now, Mrs. S, or there'll be trouble. You understand?"

On one occasion Mrs. Slightly had openly charged her spouse that his grandfather had a tail five inches long; she had never done so again. Slightly Simian himself, in his moments of excitement, picked things up with his feet; but, like many other men of humble origin who had become personages in their maturity, he did not relish having the matter commented upon.

"Poor old Sim," mused Probably Arboreal, as he slid down the tree and ambled toward the beach, to be out of range of the family quarrel. "She married him for his property, and now she's sore on him because there isn't more of it."

Nevertheless, in spite of the unpleasant effect of the quarrel, Probably found his mind dwelling upon matrimony that morning. A girl with bright red hair, into which she had tastefully braided a number of green parrot feathers, hit him coquettishly between the shoulder blades with a handful of wet sand and gravel as he went into the water. Ordinarily, he would either have taken no notice of her at all, or else would have broken her wrist in a slow, dignified, manly sort of way. But this morning he grabbed her tenderly by the hair and sentimentally ducked her. When she was nearly drowned, he released her. She came out of the water squealing with rage, like a wild-cat, and bit him on the shoulder.

"Parrot Feathers," he said to her, with an unwonted softness in his eyes, as he clutched her by the throat and squeezed, "beware how you trifle with a strong man's affections—some day I may take you seriously!"

He let the girl squirm loose, and she scrambled out upon the beach and threw shells and jagged pieces of flint at him, with an affectation of coyness. He chased her, caught her by the hair, and scored the wet skin on her arms with a sharp stone, until she screamed with the pain, and as he did it he hummed an old love tune, for to-day there was an April gladness in his heart.

"Probably! Probably Arboreal!" He spun around to face the girl's father, Crooked Nose, who was contentedly munching a mullet.

"Probably," said Crooked Nose, "you are flirting with my daughter!"

"Father!" said the girl, ashamed of her parent's tactlessness. "How can you say that?"

"I want to know," said Crooked Nose, as sternly as a man can who is masticating mullet, "whether your intentions are serious and honorable?"

"Oh, father!" said Parrot Feathers again. And putting her hands in front of her face to hide her blushes, she ran off. Nevertheless, she paused when a dozen feet away and threw a piece of driftwood at Probably Arboreal. It hit him on the shin, and as he rubbed the spot, watching her disappear into the forest, he murmured aloud, "Now, I wonder what she means by that!"



"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried. "Something has me by the foot!"

"Means," said Crooked Nose, "don't be an ass, Probably. Don't pretend to me you don't know what the child means. You've made her love you. You've exercised your arts of fascination on an innocent young girl, and now you have the nerve to wonder what she means! What'll you give me for her?"

"See here, Crooked Nose," said Probably, "don't bluster with me." His finer sensibilities were outraged. He did not intend to be coerced into matrimony by any father, even though he were pleased with that father's daughter. "I'm not buying any wives to-day, Crooked Nose."

"You have hurt her market value," said Crooked Nose, dropping his domineering air, and affecting a willingness to reason. "Those marks on her arms will not come off for weeks. And what man wants to marry a scarred-up woman unless he has made the scars himself?"

"Crooked Nose," said Probably Arboreal, angry at the whole world because what might have been a youthful romance had been given such a sordid turn by this disgusting father, "if you don't go away I will scar every daughter you've got in your part of the woods. Do you get me?"

"I wish you'd look them over," said Crooked Nose. "You might do worse than marry all of them."

"I'll marry none of them!" cried Probably, in a rage, and turned to go into the sea again.

A HEAVY boulder hurtled past his head. He whirled about and discovered Crooked Nose in the act of recovering his balance after having flung it. He caught the old man half way between the beach and the edge of the forest. The clan, including Crooked Nose's four daughters, gathered hurriedly to see the fight.

It was not much of a combat. When it was over and the girls took hold of what remained of their late parent to drag him into the woods, Probably Arboreal stepped up to Parrot Feathers, and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Feathers," he said, "now that there can be no question of coercion, will you and your sisters marry me?"

She turned towards him a sobered face. Grief had turned her from a girl into a woman.

"Probably," she said, "you are only making this offer out of generosity. It is not love that prompts it. I cannot accept. As for my sisters, they must speak for themselves."

"You are angry with me, Feathers?"

The girl turned sadly away. Probably watched the funeral cortège winding into the woods, and then went moodily back to the ocean. Now that she had refused him, he desired her above all things. But how to win her? He saw clearly that it could be no question of brute force. It had gone beyond that. If he used force with her, it must infallibly remind her of the unfortunate affair with her father. Some heroic action might attract her to him again. Probably resolved to be a hero at the very earliest opportunity.

In the meantime he would breakfast. Breakfast had long been delayed; and it was as true then, far back in the dim dawn of time, as it is now, that he who does not breakfast at some time during the day, must go hungry to bed at night. Once more Probably Arboreal stepped into the ocean — stepped in without any premonition that he was to be a hero indeed; that he was chosen by Fate, by Destiny, by the Presiding Genius of his planet, by whatever force or intelligence you will, to champion the cause of all mankind in a crucial struggle for human supremacy.

He waded into the water up to his waist, and bent forward with his arms beneath the surface, patiently waiting. It was thus our remote ancestors fished. Fish ran larger

in those days, as a rule. In the deeper waters they were monstrous. The smaller fish, therefore, sought the shallows where the big ones, greedy cannibals, could not follow them. A man seldom stood in the sea as Probably Arboreal was doing more than ten minutes without a fish brushing against him either accidentally, or because the fish thought the man was something good to eat. As soon as a fish touched him, the man would grab for it. If he were clumsy and missed too many fish, he starved to death. Experts survived because they were expert; by a natural process of weeding out the awkward it had come about that men were marvelously adept. A bear who stands by the edge of a river watching for salmon at the time of the year when they run upstream to spawn, and scoops them from the water with a deft twitch of his paw is not more quick or skillful than was Probably Arboreal.

SUDDENLY he pitched forward, struggling; he gave a gurgling shout, and his head disappeared beneath the water.

When it came up again, he twisted toward the shore, with lashing arms and something like panic on his face.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he cried. "Something has me by the foot!"

Twenty or thirty men and women who heard the cry stopped fishing and straightened up to look at him.

"Help! Help!" he shouted again. "It is pulling me out to sea!"

A knock-kneed old veteran with long, intelligent-looking, mobile toes, broke from the surf and scurried to the safety of the beach, raising the cry: "A god! A god! A water-god has caught Probably Arboreal!"

"More likely a devil!" cried Slightly Simian, who had followed Probably to the water.

And all his neighbors plunged to land and left Probably Arboreal to his fate, whatever his fate was to be. But since spectacles are always interesting, they sat down comfortably on the beach to see how long it would be before Probably Arboreal disappeared. Gods and devils, sharks and octopi, were for ever grabbing one of their number and making off to deeper water to devour him at their leisure. If the thing that dragged the man were seen; if it showed itself to be a shark or an octopus, a shark or an octopus it was; if it were unseen, it got the credit of being a god or a devil.

"Throw me a line!" begged Probably Arboreal, who was now holding his own, although he was not able to pull himself into shallower water. "It is not a god nor a devil. It doesn't feel like one. And it isn't a shark, because it hasn't any teeth. It is an animal like a cleft stick, and my foot is in the cleft."

But they did not help him. Instead, Big Mouth, a seer and *vers libre* poet of the day, smitten suddenly with an idea, raised a chant, and presently all the others joined in. The chant went like this:

"Probably, he killed Crooked Nose,
He killed him with his fist,
And Crooked Nose, he sent his ghost to sea,
To catch his slayer by the foot;
The ghost of Crooked Nose will drown his slayer,
Drown, drown, drown his slayer,
The ghost of Crooked Nose will drown his slayer,
Drown his slayer in the sea!"

"You are a liar, Big Mouth!" spluttered Probably Arboreal, hopping on one foot and thrashing the water with his arms. "It is not a ghost; it is an animal!"

But the chant kept up, growing louder and louder:

"The ghost of Crooked Nose will drown his slayer!
Drown, drown, drown his slayer,
Drown his slayer in the sea!"

OUT of the woods came running more and more people at the noise of the chant. And as they caught what was going on, they took up the burden of it, until hundreds and thousands of them were singing.

But, with a mighty heave and wriggle, Probably Arboreal went under again, up to his head and body; his feet for an instant swished into the air, and everyone but Probably Arboreal himself saw what was hanging on to one of them.



"Probably," said Crooked Nose, "you are flirting with my daughter!"

It was neither ghost, shark, god, nor devil. It was a monstrous oyster; a bull oyster, evidently. All oysters were much larger in those days than they are now, but this oyster was a giant, a mastodon, a mammoth among oysters, even for that period.

"It is an oyster, an oyster, an oyster!" cried the crowd, as Probably Arboreal's head and shoulders came out of the water again.

Big Mouth, the poet, naturally chagrined and hating to yield up his dramatic idea, tried to raise another chant.

"The ghost of Crooked Nose went into an oyster,
The oyster caught his slayer by the foot,
To drown, drown, drown him in the sea!"

But it didn't work. The world had seen that oyster, and had recognized it as an oyster.

"Oyster! Oyster! Oyster!" cried the crowd sternly at Big Mouth.

The bard tried to persevere, but Slightly Simian, feeling the crowd with him, advanced menacingly, and said:

"See here, Big Mouth, we know a ghost when we see one, and we know an oyster! Yon animal is an oyster! You sing that it is an oyster, or shut up!"

"Ghost, ghost, ghost," chanted Big Mouth, tentatively. But he got no farther. Slightly Simian killed him with a club, and the matter was settled. Literary criticism was direct, immediate and effective in those days.

"But, oh, ye gods of the water, what an oyster!" cried Mrs. Slightly Simian.

And as the thought took them all, a silence fell over the multitude. They looked at the struggling man in a new community of ideas. Oysters they had seen before, but never an oyster like this. Oysters they knew not as food; they had always regarded them as rather ineffectual and harmless creatures. But this Titan of oysters was actually giving battle, and on equal terms, to a man! Were oysters henceforth to be considered as enemies? Were oysters about to attempt to conquer mankind? This oyster, was he the champion of the sea, sent up out of its depths, to grapple with mankind for supremacy?

Dimly, vaguely, as they watched the man attempt to pull the oyster ashore, and the oyster attempt to pull the man out to sea, some sense of the importance of this struggle was felt by mankind. Over forest, beach and ocean hung the sense of momentous things. A haze passed across the face of the bright morning sun; the breeze died down; it was as if all nature held her breath. And if mankind upon the land was interested, the sea was no less concerned. For, all of a sudden, and as if by preconcerted signal, a hundred thousand oysters poked their heads above the surface of the water and turned their eyes—they had small, fiery, opalescent eyes in those days—upon the combatants.

At this appearance, mankind drew back with a gasp, but no word was uttered. The visible universe, perturbed earth and bending heavens alike, was tense and dumb. On their part, the oysters made no attempt to go to the assistance of their champion. Nor did mankind leap to the rescue of Probably Arboreal. Tacitly, each side, in a spirit of fair play, agreed not to interfere; agreed to leave the combat to the champions; agreed to abide by the issue.

But while they were stirred and held by the sense of tremendous matters impending, neither men nor oysters could be expected to understand definitely what almost infinite things depended upon this battle. There were no Darwins then. Evolution had not yet evolved the individual able to catch her at it.

BUT she was on her way. This very struggle was one of the crucial moments in the history of evolution. There have always been those critical periods when the two highest species in the world were about equal in intelligence, and it was touch and go as to which would survive and carry on the torch, and which species would lose the lead and become subservient. There have always been particular instants where the spirit of progress hesitated between two forms of life, doubtful as to which one to make its representative.

Briefly, if the oyster conquered the man, more and more oysters, emboldened by this success, would prey upon men. Man, in the course of a few hundred thousand years, would become the creature of the oyster; the oyster's slave and food. Then the highest type of life on the planet would dwell in the sea. Civilization, which was not yet, would be a marine growth when it did come; the intellectual spiritual and physical supremacy held by the biped would pass over to the bivalve.

Thought could not frame this concept then; neither shellfish nor tree-dweller uttered it. But both the species felt it; they watched Probably Arboreal and the oyster with a strangling emotion, with a quivering intentness, that was none the less poignant because there was no Huxley or Spencer present to interpret it for them; they thrilled and sweated and shivered with the shaken universe, and the red sun through its haze peered down unwinking, like the vast blood-shot eye of life.

An hour had passed by in silence except for the sound of the struggle; more and more men and more and more oysters had gathered; the strain was telling on both champions. Probably Arboreal had succeeded in dragging the beast some ten feet nearer the shore, but the exertion had told upon him; he was growing tired; he was breathing with difficulty.

He had swallowed a great deal of salt water. He, too, was dimly conscious of the importance of this frightful combat; he felt himself the representative of the human race. He was desperate but cool; he saved his breath; he felt himself the representative of the human race. He opposed to the brute force of the oyster the cunning of man. But he was growing weaker.

If only those for whom he was fighting would fling him some word of encouragement! He was too proud to ask it, but he felt bitterly that he was not supported, for he could not realize what agonized emotion had smitten dumb his fellowmen. He had got to the place where a

*Continued on page 49*



From steerage to land ownership—pictures that tell an evolution story all their own. Upper right: Scotch immigrants waiting to land on Canada's soil. Upper left: Immigrant settler and his family get settled in their prairie home. Lower right: Breaking the virgin prairie. The "bull" plow is still a feature in pioneer operations in the West. Centre: After twenty years. Residence and farm buildings of thrifty Scotch settler who landed with no assets but his brawn and initiative, capital worth more than gold to Canada. Lower left: Will our future be in safe hands? Well, just take another glance at these sturdy little prairie Canadians, children of Old Country settlers.

# FUSING BABEL'S BROOD

## The Human-interest Side of Our Immigration Department at Ottawa and How "Bohunks" Become Canadians

*By* CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

EUROPE'S human overflow as it washed into Canada in the pre-war days was neither a promising nor an inspiring sight when viewed at close range. It had nevertheless its own curious fascination for any modest student of the human tribe. In this connection I have particularly in mind a night late in the fall of 1912, when I went forward to the colonist coaches of a train traveling east from Saskatoon for an hour or so's observation of the still unmelted ingredients of Canada's melting-pot.

Let me paint a swift picture of one coach-load of these people who were fairly representative of the type of European immigrants flocking West in those days. Across the aisle sprawled a coterie of swarthy sons of Italy, garbed in their inevitable corduroys and neckerchiefs—navvies who had been accepted as farm-hands for the summer because real farm-hands were scarcer than hen's molars. Opposite and facing them sat the wife of one of them, a short, squat, shapeless mass of a woman of ponderous girth, whose crowning glory was a head-shawl of blue worked ingeniously with crimson flowers she had never seen on the prairie. Around and about her was piled a heterogeneous assortment of dirty packages and unwrapped bundles of rags, on top of which lay an unwashed and loudly protesting infant with a shawl bound tightly about its middle. Behind this untidy company lounged Swedes and Finns, lanky of form and with great shocks of light hair that looked like bleached flax, deep-muttering Russians and Persians and a motley, be-pimpled assemblage of other types; Austrians, Serbians, Greeks, Bulgarians, Poles, an Arab or two, and here and there an Anglo-Saxon of the lower grade. There were half-blind men and cripples, as well as aged individuals who must have hobbled into Canada when the immigration officers were looking the other way.

Everywhere was squalor, fluttering rags and the rank odors of sweaty, unwashed clothing, garlic, cheap whiskey and worse tobacco. Nowhere did there appear a face with a gleam of ambition or initiative, but instead a set, woodeny expression sat like a mask on the features of all this widely differentiating throng that gave one the singular impression of cattle huddling stupidly in the narrow gangways of the stock-yards. "Like creatures predestined for toil and tribulations," kept recurring to my mind.

The first and only sign of "pep" among them was when loud words broke out between an Italian and a Slav. The Italian, while passing along the aisle, upset the tin biscuit-box from which the Slav was foraging supper. The Slav was a giant of a man, and, when he seized the Italian to take him to task, the latter drew a wicked-looking dirk. Instantly there was an uproar and that coach-load of near-humans leaped into life, cackling panic in most of the dialects of Southern Europe. Other knives were flashed out by men who hadn't the slightest idea what was wrong but gathered it was stabbing-time and they ought to get busy. The timely appearance of a uniformed trainman quelled the riot, which no doubt would have otherwise wound up with another messy job for a Western coroner's jury.

These foreigners were all in an ugly mood. The Canadian Government and the transportation companies had lured these beings from the four corners of Europe for their own particular purposes; for the future Providence would be left to work out its own miracles. Just now they were being shifted East from the prairie harvest fields, all headed for the cities—Winnipeg, Fort William, Port Arthur, Toronto and even Montreal—where, if rough, unskilled labor were in demand, some of them would eke out an independent existence till spring; others would gravitate to the jails, the prison farms and the charity wards of the hospitals. In this one coach they were packed in like cattle, and there were three other colonist coaches freighted with a like variety and trainload after trainload to come. The Western harvest was garnered and threshed, much of the golden grain on its way to the markets of the world, and Prairie Canada, having extracted all the labor it could get from them for one season, was literally ejecting the "Bohunks" from its midst as the blower ejects the chaff and dirt from the grain on the wheat-fields. Nowhere were they wanted except to apply their brute energy to labor the Canadian workman felt beneath him.

The problem that smote any thoughtful Canadian was: What is to become of these illiterate people with their hair-trigger temperaments when construction work ceases, as cease it will in Canada in the periodic pauses of progress? The sinister answer came a very few years later in the strikes and fatal riots that broke out from Port Arthur to Vancouver following an oversupply of urban labor, and again in the foreign agitations and plottings continually at work beneath the surface during the war, all of which culminated in the colossal Winnipeg strike and subsequent street duels between the mounted police and the strikers. I am quite well aware that many of the leaders in that strike were Anglo-Saxons, but it was among foreigners of the type above referred to that they got following. Few people removed at great distances from the Manitoba metropolis in those fevered days actually realized that secret objectives of the Winnipeg outbreak were mob-rule at Winnipeg, a Dominion-wide strike to paralyse commerce from coast to coast, a revolution if necessary and the setting up of a soviet régime at Ottawa.

### Doing Things in a Hurry—Carelessly

HOW did Canada originally come to open her gates to these hordes of illiterates, misfits and trouble-makers? Well, you have to go back a bit. The Canadian slogan of that great era of progress predating the World War was: "Get the country developed. Get it peopled. Any old kind of development and any old kind of people, so long as it's done in a hurry."

Things certainly were done in a hurry if we pause to consider what strides this Dominion has made even within the memory of younger men. We have been eulogized as builders of a New World Empire of "limitless potentialities." Even admirers beyond our borders have been inoculated with that word "limitless"—a pet jingoism over-worked to our own harm. To this vain-glorious boast of our "limitless" resources, to a great extent no doubt, is traceable the national apathy that allowed to go unchecked for many golden years exploitation, wastefulness and the haphazard development that some day or another may have to be done all over again.

In the matter of stimulating immigration, however, Canada has learned and profited by the mistakes and blunders of the past—mistakes and blunders committed in her zeal to grow big and powerful and attract to her shores in the face of tremendous difficulties the man-power to handle the task. There was a day when she could not afford to pick and choose new-comers with too critical an eye. Her farms and her factories, her mines and her forests all were shouting to her, "Men! Men! More Men!" Nationally we were about "three sheets in the wind" with too-frequent libations of "limitless" ideals in those days.

But the sobering-up process during and after the war changed things. Canada no longer allows the flood of immigrants to pour into this country holus-bolus. She no longer proposes to be a refuge for Europeans with more "divine discontent" than they have of back-bone and

energy. The lessons of the past few years have taught her that she must bring more farmers in and have more surplus produce to send out if she is quickly to bring back and maintain good times, good wages, eliminate unemployment, pay generous pensions and rewards to the men who did so much for her overseas and make her war debts easy to bear. This is what her own experience has taught her over and over again; what history has reiterated to her. Windy demagogues sans inclination to engage in useful effort she has had quite enough of. As one experienced Canadian thinker put it to me recently: "The country is overrun with theorists perfectly sincere and agitators entirely dishonest, ranging from those who would wipe out established industries and throw thousands out of employment down to those who would confiscate everything a man earns over $3,000 a year;" schemes that have been tried and discarded generations ago by men who had more time to carry them out than we have to-day. Flannel-mouthed agitators and Red propagandists will henceforth find as hearty a welcome in Canada as pole-cats seeking admission to an afternoon tea.

### Picking the Wheat from the Chaff

THE Canadian Immigration Act has all along provided for the exclusion of Anarchists, Bolsheviki and all other types who disbelieve in organized government, as well as nationals of our late enemies' governments. But of late public demand has made the Immigration authorities particularly drastic on these points, and when the officers board the incoming immigrant boats before they touch at Canadian ocean ports every newcomer must meet a severe examination as to his or her morals and prospective attitude toward the established government of Canada. Shiftless persons and potential trouble-makers are soon rejected. Other features which immediately disqualify would-be citizens of the Land of the Maple Leaf are mental weaknesses, diseases, an immoral past, alcoholism, mendicancy, previous deportation, illiteracy and physical defects.

It is no longer a case of enticing Old World settlers to come here, but of selecting the best of Europe's human overflow. Honorable J. A. Calder, present Minister, has been quick to recognize this fact. Provided present-day regulations and special instructions are carried out to the letter by immigration officers on duty at our ports it would be absolutely impossible for a motley, illiterate crew such as is described at the opening of this article to get into Canada. To-day such a party would be gone over with a fine-tooth comb, so to speak, and perhaps a very few of them would survive the process. Previously the demands of wealthy Western contractors swayed things to a considerable extent at Ottawa, and, with projected development standing still for want of man-power, almost any kind of human being who could wield a pick and shovel, cut railway ties or carry water was allowed to come in, no matter what his nationality or his past happened to be.

Exclusion of immigrants to-day not only debars foreigners defective in mind, morals or physique, but, for a temporary period at least, bans all nationalities not specifically adapted to Canada's present needs in the way of additional producers of labor. Experienced farmers and farm-laborers, ready to take off their coats, roll up their sleeves and make wild but fertile soil produce grains, fruits and vegetables where only timber or prairie grass is to-day will find a big, glittering word, "W-E-L-C-O-M-E," blazoned on the Dominion's front door-mat. For others, who are unable to run a farm or provide farm labor, the door-mat is liable to be reversed disclosing the simple injunction, "B-E-A-T I-T!"

Whereas, under normal regulations, an artisan or laborer, otherwise qualified, could gain admission to Canada if he had on his person the equivalent of $25 and half that amount for every member of his family over five years of age, to-day he must be able to show $250 for himself, $125 for every member of his family eighteen years old and $50 for every child over five years of age. This drastic order-in-council extends its scope till March 31st next, and if unemployment shows no particular improvement by that date it will likely be renewed.

### We Must Afford to be Fastidious

CAN Canada afford to be fastidious in her selection of settlers from now on? Generally speaking, men who have had close-up experience with the various races flocking into Canada during the past twenty years or more will tell you that she would be better off to-day had she begun to be more particular just about that many years ago. Doukhobors, Mennonites, and other eccentric contingents have put her to a lot of trouble and expense. She still has too many shiftless gentry on her hands, not to mention a few races in the West and North who don't want to become Canadians either in spirit or in conduct and who steadfastly refuse to discard their Old World language and customs, even going so far as to insist on their own schools to perpetuate the same.

But those people were let in in a day when free land yawned for the pioneer. Although it is a fact that of the 300,000,000 acres of arable land in Canada only one-third is in "farm holdings" and but one-sixth is under cultivation, leaving 250,000,000 acres idle and unproductive for want of plows and men, there are to-day no free homesteads available in Canada; this statement I verified by direct inquiry in Ottawa. All lands situated within fifteen miles from the railways are reserved for returned soldiers. Improved lands may be bought to-day, nevertheless, for $30 an acre, lands many times as fertile as those which sell in long-settled portions of the United States at as high as $400 an acre.



Waiting their turns to enter the "Land of the Second Chance."—Note the expectancy and hope in the eyes of the mother in the upper picture and the shy wonder in the child's as they view for the first time the rugged shores of Canada. Below are shown a company of immigrants from Southern Europe wearing their picturesque native garb.

Unless he be a fairly wealthy man when he comes here, it is difficult for an Old Country farmer to start in pioneering "on his own" in the West to-day. Experience has shown that it is much better policy to encourage the newcomer from the Old Sod to hire out as a farm-hand in Canada for a year or a couple of years before attempting to homestead for himself. In that way he not only secures first-hand experience at the very work he is intending to launch out in for himself, but he also gets the benefit of training under a Canadian farmer who has been "through the mill." There have been innumerable failures on the part of Old Countrymen who started homesteading "on their own," owing principally to the inexperience in dealing with Canadian soil and meeting climatic conditions. On the other hand, few failures are recorded of homesteaders who first gained a few years' experience at farm work with some older farmer. For these reasons, immigration officials state they are advising prospective settlers from the Old Land to engage first as farm help for a year or so and thus avoid the mistakes they would have to pay dearly for in lost time and effort on their own homesteads.

But no less important than the sifting of the best-adapted to Canada's needs from the tide of immigrants flowing to the American continent is the subsequent directing of the stream of selected humanity, after it reaches Canadian soil, to those parts of the country where its respective units can do best for themselves in particular and for the Dominion in general. The internal system of taking care of the disposition of the immigrant after he lands here is constantly improving, but it is still far from perfect. Naturally, the great transcontinental railways, including those under Government ownership and control, are interested in the immediate development of the vacant lands at or near the far Western and Northwestern reaches of their lines of steel. The denser the producing population becomes in the distant sections of the West the greater of course will be the transportation business done by the railways between East and West in outgoing raw products and incoming manufactured goods.

This feature—the allocating of settlers—has long ago been sized up from the angle of dollars and cents. Statisticians have estimated that the value of a prairie settler to the railway line nearest his homestead is $746.33 a year, based on railway tariffs of 1915-16. To have a little of the old-time schoolmaster's fun with figures, just capitalize $746.33 at 5½ per cent. (interest which the Government is now paying on Victory bonds) and you find the railway alone has an investment representing $13,569.63 in each settler. Since 1881, the Canadian Pacific railway located 48,147 settlers, which number, on the basis above referred to, represents a total investment worth $653,336,975.61.

It has been further estimated that from the year 1881 to 1919 settlers have produced in actual net traffic returns for the railways approximately $157,363,573.00.

In conjunction with these figures it must be remembered that when the railways, including the privately-owned roads, are earning money, Canada is earning money too. The major portion of the railways' earnings returns to the country in general in overhead expenditures of the companies, taxes, wages, maintenance, extensions and so forth. At any rate, the penchant of the railways and the national habit of the Federal authorities in control of immigration is to get the settler to locate as far West as possible.

This system in future years may prove itself to have been long-sighted policy, but in the meantime, Eastern Manitoba, Northwestern Ontario and Quebec, particularly the two first-mentioned, are becoming restive under what they deem prolonged neglect on the part of the Federal immigration administration. The agitation for more attention in the way of settlement and land development in Manitoba and Ontario began with municipal activities, the formation of district colonization associations and finally gained the attention of the Agricultural Departments of both provinces. The result is that plans are now actually in operation for aggressive work in settling up vacant lands in Northern Ontario, Northwestern Ontario and Eastern Manitoba in particular.

### Ontario Getting After Its Share

INCIDENTALLY, Eastern Ontario is also making its individual claim, not only for farm-labor, but for prospective farm-owners and settlers. Dr. G. C. Creelman, the new Agent-General for Ontario, recently made the statement that so many first-class farms with all modern improvements were now vacant in Eastern Ontario, through casualties in the war, migration to the West and other causes, that owners were actually offering some of them for little more than is being asked for bare prairie lands in the West. Hon. Manning Doherty, Minister of Agriculture in the Ontario legislature, who returned from his official overseas trip while this article was in course of writing, told me that the very best type of English farmers are already locating on vacant farms in Lower Ontario. Most of these immigrants are well fixed financially. They are former English tenant farmers, who, under the new order of things in the tight little isle, are faced with either buying the farms they and their ancestors rented for generations, or moving off them. A great many of them have announced that they prefer to make their new investment in Canada. Hon. Mr. Doherty stated that the capital these yeomen and the thrifty Scotch farmers also coming would bring with them would run up into the millions.

The policy of the Federal Department in selecting immigrants is being as earnestly carried out by the Provincial Departments. No immigration is being encouraged except that of farmers, farm laborers and domestic help. Quebec, Nova Scotia, Ontario and British Columbia's individual Agents-General and their assistants are now really engaged in a friendly rivalry to appropriate the cream of this Old Country movement to Canada. "Ontario expects to secure four to six thousand this year," said Hon. Manning Doherty. "Seven hundred are booked for the first boat in March. Incidentally, Dr. G. C. Creelman, our Agent-General, has been in Denmark and the outlook is that there will be a large influx of Danish farmers to the hinterlands of Northern Ontario. Early in the New Year Dr. Creelman left for Sweden where more of the sterling class of Scandinavian pioneers will be encouraged to locate in the upper portion of this Province."

Manitoba's efforts to induce British and Scandinavian farmers in particular to locate in that Province will be no

less aggressive than Ontario's. Manitoba, like Ontario, has still a great deal of desirable land open for settlement—more than most Canadians imagine. In its 252,000 square miles of territory there are vast resources in the way of agricultural possibilities, minerals, fur, fish and lumber yet practically untouched. To utilize these resources, an editorial in a recent issue of the *Manitoba Free Press* pointed out, there were only 553,860 persons, or about two to the square mile, "whereas," argued the *Free Press*, "Germany had 300 to the square mile, and in an area about one and one-half times that of Manitoba."

In the matter of British immigration, English newcomers to this country have always been by far the most numerous; Scotch come second, Irish third and Welsh fourth. Between July 1st, 1900, and the end of the calendar year 1920, a total of 1,302,037 British immigrants poured into Canada, of whom 934,769 were English, 15,067 Welsh, 271,605 Scotch and 81,596 Irish. Thus British immigration was somewhat better than one-third of the total coming to Canada in that period. The total from all countries, including United States, reached 3,523,939.

### Many From U.S. Cross our Border

UNITED STATES immigrants ran the British a close race for first place in the same period, the influx from our next door neighbor's domain being 1,349,212.

The banner year for immigration in Canada was 1913, when the total from all countries ran up to 402,432, of whom 150,542 were British, 139,009 from United States and 112,881 from other countries.

Besides British and American immigrants, forty-eight other nationalities are enumerated in official records as coming to Canada from July 1st, 1900, to March 31st, 1920, and among them the following seven were the leaders in point of numbers: Austro-Hungarian 200,026; Italian 121,507; Russian 97,264; Hebrew 76,114; German 38,821; Chinese 37,913 and Polish 36,265. The Malay race wins the booby prize with the low number—5. These five copper-tinted citizens from the other side of the world all came in a bunch in the year 1901-02. Evidently they didn't like the country well enough to write home and bring more of the folks out, or else the country didn't like them well enough to let more of the folks in, for there is no record of another Malay setting foot on Canadian soil since.

The Scandinavian races are generally accepted as the very best type of pioneers and good citizens, especially in the bush country where patience and labor are finally rewarded with prosperity. The influx of Scandinavians during the past twenty years is tabulated as follows: Danish 6,779, Icelandic 4,512, Norwegian 20,797, Swedish 28,578.

The agitation under way for some time in United States and Australia in particular to exclude Japanese immigration will no doubt create curiosity in Canada as to the number flocking here from the kingdom of the Mikado. According to Government records the Japs have been flocking into Canada at the rate of about 1,000 a year. Between the dates July 1st, 1900, and March 31st, 1920, the total influx of Japanese was 19,886.

Of the 3,523,939 immigrants landing in Canada between July 1st, 1900, and December 31st, 1920, Ontario as an individual province secured the lion's share, a total of 953,781. Saskatchewan and Alberta, which are combined in the Government official figures, received 961,479, and other provinces, in order, took a division of the balance as follows: Quebec 545,651, Manitoba 492,126, British Columbia 390,196; Maritime provinces 167,395.

### Almost a Ready-Made Canadian

ASIDE from the value of their man-power and pioneer energy, the actual wealth in the way of bank accounts and tangible assets which immigrants bring into the country is an item of importance. In the matter of American immigration to Canada it runs into hundreds of millions of dollars. For instance, since the year 1912-13, American settlers brought with them to Canada, according to official records, $124,586,490.13. In the year 1912-13 alone, immigrants from the United States brought in $25,795,545.15, and the following year $22,351,997.40.

Recent rates of exchange between here and United States, against which Canadians complained so bitterly, have proved a big inducement to American farmers to come over to Canada and invest their money, which proves the old saying that it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

The American settler comes to Canada, one might say, almost a ready-made Canadian. He comes from a country not only speaking the same language as our own but more identical with Canada in its climate, soil, customs, laws and angles of view than any other on the face of the globe. Like the Canadian settler in the West, he is a born pioneer with innate initiative and love of overcoming obstacles and difficulties. The American calls for little coaching or encouragement from the Immigration Department once he gets settled on his place. He has a habit of taking care of himself and immediately "making himself at home."

On the other hand, it is another question as to whether the Canadian and the American, speaking from a general standpoint, are the best settlers we have in the West. Included in both their numbers in the past have been many exploiters, pure and simple—farmers who went into our West not to farm but to get all they could out of the prairie's fertile surface-soil, taking up one piece of land after another and "cropping them to death." That means so soon as the land becomes exhausted for want of fertilization and sympathetic care the exploiter moves on to another section, leaving behind him a forest of weeds and effete soil that will not "come back" for years. By this I do not intend to convey the idea that a majority or even a large percentage of American and Canadian settlers on the prairies are exploiters, but they seem to have been the originators of this pernicious system of "section-jumping," and most of the tricks in the way of exploitation that overseas settlers have been found indulging in they learned from our native farmers or their cousins across the border.

If there is a "best settler" from standpoint of showing most progress in a given number of years, the palm must be passed to the Scandinavian—the Icelander, the Dane and the Norwegian. I have been through Icelandic settlements in Saskatchewan that were a delight to the eye. These people settle on their Canadian holdings with the single idea of creating a home for themselves and their children. As soon as the Icelander commences to make profits from his farm he invests in improvements and materials for beautification of his immediate surroundings. His ruling passion is for prancing horse-flesh. An Icelander values cosy home surroundings and a spanking team of horses more than a bank account any day. The Icelandic people are inclined to be as clannish as the Scotch, and, like that sterling race, they are very adaptable, are hard workers, thrifty, progressive and soon become enthusiastic Canadians.

### The "Good Old Days" of Snow and Ice Canards

AN ARTICLE on immigration would be incomplete without a reference to the early difficulties which had to be pioneered and overcome by departments having charge in the past. It was following the régime of Sir Clifford Sifton as Minister of Interior and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs when he took over complete charge of immigration work, from 1896 till 1905, that Canadian development along that line received its greatest impetus. Prior to that period, Canada in the eyes of the outside world was a wilderness of ice hummocks and eternal snows. So far it had received its principal notoriety through being made the setting for all sorts of outlandish and blood-curdling fiction. In the Old Country when a young man emigrated to Canada he was practically given up as lost to civilization by his family and friends. The preparations which he made for his departure were about on a par with those of some member of an exploring party bound for the North Pole. Indeed not so very many years ago, a certain class of "outfitters" overseas and at the ports of entry in this country, did a thriving business in disposing of zero-weather garb, firearms, bowie-knives and other murderous weapons to newcomers to this country, who were led to believe that a man could not meet the exigencies of the climate unless garbed in furs and woollens, and that to protect himself against attacks of wild beasts and wilder savages he must go about armed to the teeth. The result was that it was almost impossible to induce the right class of Old Country farmers to come to Canada.



HON. J. A. CALDER,
Minister of Immigration—a hitherto unpublished photograph, taken from a recent painting by I. Sheldon Williams.

These false conceptions of Canada had gained credence all over Europe and even in the United States. In the latter country, newspaper and magazine writers seldom failed to refer to the Dominion as the "Frozen North." United States newspapers featured news stories from Canada's hinterlands, usually exaggerations, about whole families being frozen to death, settlers being devoured by wolves and the like, and when Canadian pictures were published over the line they invariably depicted an ice palace, a snow avalanche or a wild Indian war dance. No American editor or writer seemed to dare concede that there was such a thing as a summer season here or that the products of the country consisted of anything in particular outside of rye whiskey, furs, ice and Christmas trees. The current notion of Canada in United States in those days is aptly illustrated in the story of the little girl who was leaving with her parents for the North, and, on the eve of their departure, was overheard to conclude her prayers with: "Good-bye, God—we're going to Canada."

THIS was the way the Immigration Department of Sifton's day set about mopping up the mess of misinformation and climate-faking that was practically holding development in Canada at a standstill:

They sent out instructions to their agents abroad to buy up every picture, painting or pamphlet they could find that depicted Canada as a land of snow and ice and to destroy such immediately. Measures were taken to discourage wild-eyed correspondents of outside newspapers from sending hurtful exaggerations of climate and conditions abroad, and definite instructions were given out that any man in the employ of the Department found giving out false or exaggerated information about the country was to be summarily dismissed.

Having started to plow under the weeds of misinformation, Sir Clifford lost no time in sowing the seeds of beneficial publicity. After a complete new staff of agents had been appointed and printed propaganda had been prepared, a battery of photographers was turned loose in the settled portions of Western Canada with instructions to get pictures of actual seeding, harvesting and other agricultural and ranching scenes depicting production as it actually existed. These photographs along with samples of Canadian-grown grains, vegetables and fruits were flooded into the States in the Union where prospects were bright for securing settlers. Representative American farmers from communities all over the Northern States were taken, at the Canadian Government's expense, to witness both seeding and harvesting operations in the Dominion's Western Territories. In this way they were convinced by observation that there was a hot, productive summer climate in Canada and that the prairies on this side of the line were producing greater yields per acre than the soil in their own sections of the States. Most of these men went back to their respective neighborhoods absolutely converted to the Canadian viewpoint and permanent boosters for immigration to this country.

Innovations of any kind are invariably bitterly opposed at the start. Sir Clifford met opposition to his plans from divers directions. One of the most difficult tasks was bringing the steamship companies into line. The order which went out putting a ban on the encouragement of Old Country and European immigration other than farmers and farm-laborers brought a storm of disapproval from the transportation people.

The steamship men carried their grievance to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then Prime Minister, who heard them in the presence of his Minister of the Interior. They threatened

*Continued on page 50*

# THE BIG TIME MAN:

*By* C. W. STEPHENS
ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE

A THREE-PART STORY—PART III

THE STORY SO FAR:—*John MacPhee, 72, bachelor, recluse, millionaire bottle manufacturer, and Bargrave's wealthiest citizen, must cease work—or die. Ida, favorite niece, is employed in his office. Jim Douglas, Ida's suitor, was works manager, but quarrelled with MacPhee, calling him old fashioned. He goes to U.S., later returning to see Ida. MacPhee, though it galls him, decides to quit work and goes West with Ida, giving Douglas a two-year contract to "make good"—as business has been slumping—and promises him an absolutely free hand. Mulhouse, a personable young Bargrave citizen, looms up as rival for Ida's hand, and also as the leading competitor in the bottle business. He gets the biggest MacPhee contract away from Douglas.*

"SKINNED a mile!" he mused, smiling, as if to impress the fact still more deeply on his visitor. "What's that you said? Price? Personally I'd have no objection, whatever. On the other hand, I'd like to tell you just to impress it on you that you folks are doing the Rip van Winkle stunt. But, loving peace and amity as I do, I'd fairly hate to be the cause of dissensions among that lovefeast party that makes up the Gougers' Club. I ought to be glad to get in a swipe at it, a thug organization framed to throttle innocents like myself, but I'll resist the temptation and hold my tongue. When thieves fall out, honest men come by their own. Nothing personal at all in this, Jim, because you came into the inheritance of the association through old MacPhee, and had nothing at all to do with its formation. Oh, I love it."

"I guess you do," laughed Jim. "The same kind of love that sent the man by night to sow tares in the other fellow's wheat patch."

Wingate understood the implication and laughed aloud.

"I'm bluffing, eh? I want to spoil the charitable organization? Lord, but it's a funny world," he said.

He laid the paper down on the table and got to his feet.

"You haven't lunched yet, Jim?" he asked. "If you'll wait for me just a couple of minutes while I step into the main office, we'll go over to the Club, and show to the hard world that there's no bad feeling."

He left the room, closing the door behind him. Once or twice Douglas paced the length of the office in no enviable frame of mind. Wingate might joke over the matter, for he stood on the laughing side, but it was no humorous event to Jim. The realization of the full force of the smashing blow now began to come on him. What would MacPhee say about the new efficiency that was to revolutionize things? Jim could guess without much difficulty. The news of the loss of the Wingate contract would crash on him like a thunderbolt. The first big contract, a dead-sure thing, that had come up for renewal, had been lost by the new man!

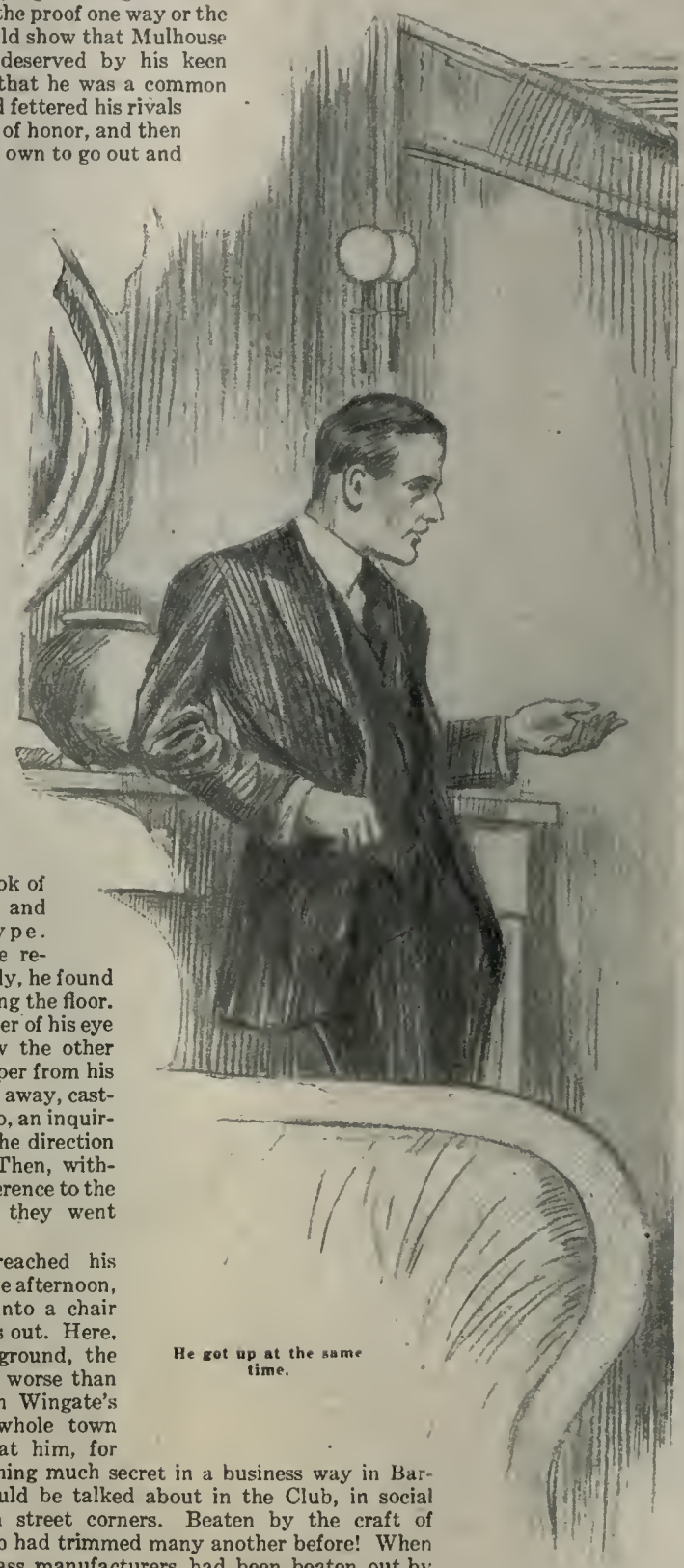
It would furnish a topic of conversation for weeks to business Bargrave. Mulhouse would be extolled, Douglas put in the also-ran class. Those who heard about it would not bother about details, would not be concerned so much with the way the big order had been lost; the outstanding fact would be that it had been lost and that Mulhouse had grabbed it. A day after the epochal battle the world ceases to bother about the how and why and wherefore. On such a day a battle was fought, so-and-so won it, so-and-so lost. That's all the world outside a few experts cares about, the great essential fact.

Had Mulhouse really played the traitor? Jim honestly did not like to believe it. He wasn't a whining sportsman who yells "Foul play" every time the decision goes against him. He would rather know that he had been put down by the fair blow of a man who had been cleverer for the moment, than think the other fellow had used a slung-shot. Was Mulhouse a crook, a dirty fighter, or was Wingate just playing a clever, justifiable bit of business politics? Was Mulhouse price-slashing, in defiance of his pledged word, or was Wingate letting him think that the other had underquoted? He came to a halt in his pacing near the window. Close to him was the desk Wingate had just risen from. On the desk lay the paper—the Mulhouse estimate, Jim did not doubt for an instant.

ORDINARILY the last thing Douglas would have done would have been to scrutinize the private papers on another man's desk. He had principles, and quite robust ones.

Sneaking in any shape or form he detested. Then the thought flashed through his mind that Wingate had drawn his attention to the paper, had laid it on the desk, and left the room in order that he might see it. Not wishing to give him the figures quoted by Mulhouse directly, he would not be displeased if his visitor saw them for himself. Wingate was not the man to go out of his office and leave an important paper that he wished to keep secret lying openly on his desk, and the omission to put it away had not been accidental but purposed. Mulhouse had often been accused of breaking the terms of his agreement, and had always denied it, demanding proof, which could not be procured. Here, then, was proof one way or another. Either Mulhouse was false to his pledged word, a traitor to his associates, or he was a smarter man than the rest, but much maligned.

That paper lying on Wingate's desk would furnish the proof one way or the other. It would show that Mulhouse got what he deserved by his keen cleverness, or that he was a common crook, who had fettered his rivals by their words of honor, and then had broken his own to go out and filch from their fields. Jim hesitated no longer, but bending over the desk ran his eyes along the quotations. It was the work of a few seconds to find out what he wanted to know.



He got up at the same time.

There was the unquestionable evidence over the signature of Mulhouse. He had shaved prices, all down the list a full ten per cent. below schedule figures. The man was a crook of the meanest and cheapest type. When Wingate returned presently, he found Jim again pacing the floor. Out of the corner of his eye the visitor saw the other pick up the paper from his desk and put it away, casting, as he did so, an inquiring glance in the direction of Douglas. Then, without further reference to the lost contract, they went out to lunch.

When he reached his own office in the afternoon, Jim dropped into a chair to think things out. Here, on MacPhee ground, the defeat seemed worse than it had done in Wingate's office. The whole town would laugh at him, for there was nothing much secret in a business way in Bargrave. It would be talked about in the Club, in social gatherings, on street corners. Beaten by the craft of Mulhouse, who had trimmed many another before! When some other glass manufacturers had been beaten out by the young Napoleon of Bargrave, there had been loud lamentations and wailings over crooked work. Jim hated a squealer as much as he hated a quitter. No matter how much reason the squealer might have for squealing, it was not the action of a straight-bred sportsman. There should be no mourning either in public or private over this setback.

Jim resolved on his own tactics in the matter. One might get hysterical, heap reproaches on the successful man, and condemn the action by which he had won the victory.

In his heart Jim was a bit ashamed of the way by which he had obtained his proof, but he would keep it to himself, or, at most, tell it only to MacPhee or someone very close to him in business affairs. This was only the first round of a fight that might last for quite a time. There should be no whimpering, no outcries, but recuperation and preparation for the next round. What benefit would it be to him to have the wordy sympathy of other stung members of the association, who would very likely laugh at him behind his back? He had been ambushed, but while the ambushing might have been treacherous, the main point was that he had been licked, and no amount of explanation as to the unfair tactics of the winner would alter the fact in the smallest degree.

He rose at last from his chair, with his mind fully made up. It was a bitter dose to swallow. Mulhouse had been so much cracked up by MacPhee, and the old man would take this latest accomplishment as further evidence of the smartness of his rival. It would not hurt Mulhouse in the esteem of old Mac the least bit to have pinched away the contract from himself. He was a good loser under such circumstances, and he might conceivably regard the humiliation as an all-round benefit to Jim.

LET those talk about the shifting of the contract who might, nothing should fall from his lips that would advertise his sorrows or condemn Mulhouse. The matter demanded more than the medicine of sympathetic words, more than the censures that might be hurled against the fox that had raided the roost so profitably.

As Jim had anticipated, Bargrave had the news before nightfall, but as the days went by it was unable to make out exactly the mind of Jim Douglas about the loss. Some, beholding Jim's unmoved attitude, came to believe that for this time MacPhee had not tendered at all. Probably the fact that the big alterations were going on had made the old firm pass up this shorter term contract for once. There were those who asserted that he had been double-crossed by Mulhouse, but that he belonged to the bull-dog breed that neither whines nor whimpers over his wounds, but holds and fights on, biding his time, and a better finisher than starter. All were firmly of the opinion, with the possible exceptions of Wingate and Mulhouse himself, that the catastrophe, if it was a catastrophe, could not and would not have happened if MacPhee had been at home.

The first time he took a real holiday, things fell to pieces in the works. If this was the outcome of holidaying, it would be more to his interest to stay around instead of gallivanting abroad at his time of life. Jim, they said, was smart enough in his way, but you could not put old heads on young shoulders.

Jim met Mulhouse almost daily and they appeared to be as distantly friendly as they had ever been. Some who observed the association of the two said that Jim Douglas was a bit of a disappointment, and that he had less fighting spirit than they had thought possible.

Meantime letters arrived with fair frequency from the old man on his travels and Ida. MacPhee kept up the rôle of having abandoned all business, even in thought. To read his epistles one might imagine that he had forgotten that ever there was such a commodity as a bottle in the world. He talked of minerals and canneries and woodlots, and lumber limits, and town sites. He enlarged on the beauties of Nature, the large, magnificent calm of these days of rest he was enjoying. He had abandoned the strenuous life in favor of the serene life.

Not a page of them, however, deceived Jim. He knew there was not an incident connected with the daily routine of the works MacPhee was not fully acquainted with. Jim sent him formal reports every week, but while the old man acknowledged the receipt of them he never commented on their contents.

Not even the fateful news of the loss of the Wingate contract stirred him to words. Ida wrote to Jim very

sympathetically, though she knew no exact details, and attributed the loss to the embarrassments of reconstruction and renovation. A woman will always find an excuse for the failings of the man of her regard. Not until the last letter MacPhee wrote from the West did he break the business silence.

"I noted in your letter of some time ago that Mulhouse had taken the Wingate contract from MacPhee's. We had it seven years. I think I can find it in my heart these days to write him a word of congratulation. Time was when I couldn't have done this; I must be mellowing; other folks give it a different name."

November had come when the MacPhees returned to Bargrave. Jim did not know they were actually back until, the afternoon of their arrival, the old man strolled into the office. He was bronzed, as much as his wrinkled and tanned old face could be, but seemed stronger, and said he had never felt fitter in all his days. He was cordial to Jim, and gave him a rather gaudy cigar case he had brought all the way from Vancouver as a present. Ten minutes after he had entered the place he was off to have a look at the works, going first to the departments in which the changes were taking place. Much had been done, and much was in the process of being done.

MacPhee examined the new machinery minutely, but expressed no opinion about it, watched such of it as was already in operation with interest, asked a question or so as to its working, but nothing more than—nor even as much as—a casual visitor who had never seen a bottle made before. When he got back to the office, he dropped into his favorite chair and began to talk about golf and some fishing he had managed to get in the later part of the season, and a copper mine he had seen somewhere in British Columbia, which he said was a bit of a wonder. He talked about most things besides bottles and the home business.

"And the man who was promoting this copper proposition, Jim, looked like a bishop or something of that sort, solemn and sober and real good. He gave you the impression that he was floating this mine solely in the interests of the needy public, and he yearned to have them come in on the ground floor, right now, because a week from next Monday, if he didn't miss his guess, the stock that was being offered at five cents a share would be offered at a dollar or more, and then, if you hadn't bought at five cents you'd be mad enough to drown yourself. A real philanthropist with a real copper mine. He made me a fine offer, he'd shave it down to four cents if I'd take a wad. I guess I looked the part all right. No, I didn't buy, told him I had enough of the sinful atuff, and that I'd hate to rob the real needy. It's a strange world, Jim, taking it by and large."

So he rambled on, with Jim all fidgets about home business.

"We'll have most of the new machinery in place by Christmas," he broke in on another recital of experience in strange parts.

"That will be nice," said MacPhee. "The main thing, then, will be to scare up some work for this swell new machinery to do. Maybe you've got lots of it. I was just saying what came to my mind."

Jim knew what he was driving at, and resolved to have it out with him then and there.

"Yes, we have enough to keep us going, but we could handle more. The loss of that Wingate contract made a mighty big gap in business," he said.

"I guess so. After seven years, too! Seven years without a break we had it," mused MacPhee. "Never any bother of any kind. We made him fair prices, the percentage of breakages was never excessive, and we were on the dot with our deliveries. This is history, Jim, not business brag. So far as I know there was never a wrong word between us. Wingate is a member of my church, my lodge, my club. Used to be one of my best friends."

"I don't doubt that he is such still," Jim answered.

"Maybe so," the other answered. "Seven years is quite a spell, when you come to think of it. When you've had business as long as that, you sort of expect you'll keep it right up to the close of the chapter, that is, if you do the right thing by your customers. If you can't hold that kind of a contract, what can you hold? I don't mean any reflection on you by that, Jim, there may be something I don't understand, and, after all, it's none of my business in a way. I sort of abdicated for a while, and that being so I've got to sit by mum."

"There's no need for that," said Jim. "It's your business after all, and I'm your man. You agreed to let my word be decisive about policies, but that didn't mean that you were not to have a word at all. I don't claim to know it all."

"There was a time, Jim, when it seemed to me that I fancied you might think you did," grinned MacPhee. "Responsibility—sole responsibility, isn't all it's cracked up to be, eh?"

"I'm not shirking it," replied Jim. "I lost the contract all right, and another man got it. It runs just six months, and it will be time presently to figure on another one; I'm figuring already."

"That's the stuff," approved MacPhee. "One knock-down doesn't finish the battle, that is if you're wise from the knock-down and understand the run of things."

"There's one thing I wanted to ask you," said Jim. "What provision is there for a member of the association pulling out?"

'Who wants to pull out?" snapped the old man roused out of his gossipy mood.

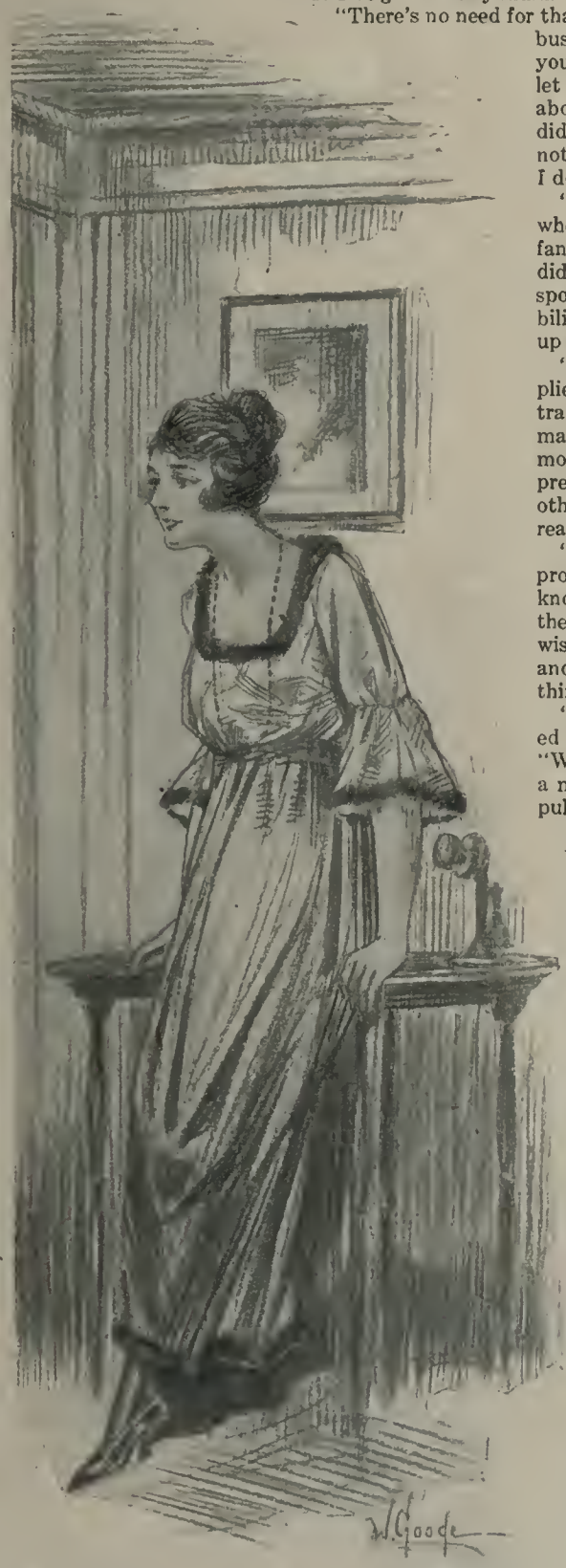
"I for one," Jim replied.

"What for?" asked MacPhee.

"Because I think I can put up a better fight with my hands loose than with them tied," said Douglas.

"Jim, you're not like the rest, squealing in the pinches, are you?" asked MacPhee.

"I don't think so," replied Douglas evenly. "But I think I'd like a game with the cards on the table."



She rose from her chair to go over to the telephone that stood on a table near the fireplace.

"GOT the Wingate matter in your craw, eh?" sniffed MacPhee. "Tell you what, Jim, I like a good scrap, nobody likes it more, and folks have said that I was a keen fighter, and some have said—it was a lie—that I was a bad loser. I'm a bad loser just this way that when a man sends me to the mat, I get up hungering for blood. I want to reverse positions, wipe out the first mischance. If that's bad losing then I'm one of the worst losers ever was. But I'm not a bad loser in this way that I hunt round for excuses, or try to take away the credit from the other fellow when I've been trimmed. I don't know how you came to lose the contract, all I know is that you did lose it, and that Mulhouse got it.

"That's the essential part," Jim answered. "Good loser or bad, I want to be out of that association."

"Which means that you are like the rest, when you're beaten you won't play any more," said MacPhee. "Every man who's lost a gross order to Mulhouse has talked the same way. He's challenged them to furnish proof."

"Well, I haven't talked the way you speak of," retorted Douglas. "You are the only one I have spoken to about quitting the association. It lost us the Wingate contract, and that should be enough reason between you and me."

"You mean that Mulhouse cut prices? that's your excuse?" snarled MacPhee.

"Since you put it so plainly, yes, I do mean that," replied Jim. "I have told it to nobody else, and wouldn't have spoken of it to you, but you asked. That association is being run for the benefit of just one man. He dopes the rest with talk and fine pocket-appealing sentiment, ties them up with a schedule in black and white and then goes to work on his own."

"I've heard it all before, Jim. Every single man who loses out to him talks just the same way. He's challenged them to furnish proof," said MacPhee.

"How can you furnish proof ordinarily?" Douglas asked. "The buyers who are profiting by his welshing are not likely to give a game away that runs in their favor. I want to be free from the bunch. A ten per cent. handicap, as things are, is a bit too much to carry."

"Of course with the proof in your hand you laid it before the association?"

"I laid nothing before it," Jim replied. "You are the only one I've laid it before, and the business is yours, you ought to know. A licking is a licking, and no amount of excuse for you or censure for the other chap will make it any the less a licking. I'm saying nothing more about that part. It's history. A man may be sand-bagged once and have the excuse of unexpectedness, but if he gets laid out the same way a second time, he lays himself open to the accusation of being a bit slack. Somebody told me that we can pull out by giving a month's notice at the end of the year, and that's just what I am going to do. I don't mind a fight, but I don't care to have my hands tied behind my back while the other fellow slips a horseshoe into his mitt."

MacPhee said nothing more about it and presently took himself off home. He firmly believed that Jim was squealing. It was the whimper of a defeated man trying to rob the winner of praise. MacPhee didn't believe any of the tales about Mulhouse. He liked the fellow, and did not grudge him his win over MacPhee's.

"A terrible mess the place is in, Ida," said the old man when he reached home. "Everything topsy-turvy."

"I suppose that is bound to be, considering the changes that are being made," she replied.

"And the loss of that Wingate contract is nothing short of a calamity. At the rate Jim's going on he'll wreck MacPhee's inside his two years," he continued. "All for change, just for the sake of change, and while he's spending hand over fist he's losing contracts that have helped us to pay our way."

"Did you ask him up to supper?" she inquired smilingly.

"Supper, no. Why should I?" he demanded. "I've half a mind not to go down to the place again as long as he is in charge. He's going to pull out from the association—that's the latest whimsy he has got."

"And perhaps that will not be an altogether bad thing," she replied. "It has caused quite a lot of bickering, one person accusing the other of unfaithfulness to its provisions. I always thought it a rather one-sided arrangement, and depended too much on the strict integrity of the others. Too much like a new kind of blind man's bluff, with this difference, that only one person has his eyes unbandaged and the rest are hoodwinked."

"Have you been talking to Jim?" he asked, eyeing her suspiciously.

"Not a word," she laughed. "I haven't had the chance yet. But I never did think much about that agreement."

"If you want you can call Jim up and bid him come up to supper," he said.

"No, you might ask him some other time," she said. "I have quite a lot to do this evening, and there are two or three people I must run out and see."

WHEN they had finished supper Ida went out. She had a call to pay at the parsonage. The place was on the opposite hilltop, just past the MacPhee works. The night was clear and cold, the stars shining frostily. There was another new baby at the minister's house, and Ida, who was very friendly with the mother, had decided that she could not possibly wait to see the marvel until the morning. Mr. MacPhee wanted to have her driven down, but Ida preferred to walk. It was quite dark by the time she reached the town and began the ascent of the slope that led to the parsonage.

She had with her some presents she had brought from her trip for her friend and the children. There was a light in the window of the factory office as she flitted by. She peeped through the windows, and saw Jim seated at his big table-desk, a wilderness of papers about him. She would have liked to go in and help him sort them out. He looked rather tired and anxious, she fancied. Then, fearful lest she be discovered peeping, she hurried on, was introduced to and duly rhapsodized over the new baby, narrated some of the experiences of her trip, gladdened the hearts of the recipients with her presents, then came away. The minister offered to escort her back home, but she declined company. She knew the road well and everybody knew her. Bargrave had the eminent respectability of the small town.

Re-passing the works, she could not resist the temptation to glance again through the uncurtained office window. Jim had risen, had put on his overcoat, and, as she looked, he put out the light and came toward the door. She walked along very sedately, turning her head at the sound of the bang of the office door. Then she waited.

"Why, Jim!" she exclaimed, as he came swiftly up to her. "What are you doing at the office at this hour? You will have your union after you."

"Ida!" he responded, grabbing her hand and volleying a dozen questions at her.

"Yes, we got back this afternoon. Of course you know that, for you saw uncle. Yes, I had a most glorious time, better even than I anticipated. I just ran up to the parsonage to see Mrs. Fenton and the wonderful new baby. I had a peep in at your window as I went by. You seemed to have the cares of the whole world on your shoulders," she ran on brightly.

"Not quite that," he smiled soberly. "Of course this reconstruction means that everything is in rather a muddled condition yet, but it is getting straightened out. By the time the year turns I think we shall be ready to move forward a little faster. And it is going to turn out all that I expected, Ida. It will simplify our work, there will be no more of this zigzagging to and fro, but things will run on a straight edge from start to finish. There will be a great saving of labor. Then the new machinery is going to do great things for us. Six months after we get into full swing we'll marvel that we waited so long to make the changes. MacPhee's will no longer be a kind of puzzle you have to furnish a guide or solution for, but a real man's establishment that will repay the cost of the outlay quicker than ever we dreamed."

"I'm glad, Jim, but I always knew it would turn out right. It was, of course, a big change to effect, especially for one who was so deeply attached to the old order of things as uncle was," she said.

"And then when the difficulties came they brought the company with them they usually bring," he continued, cheered by her congratulations. "That matter of the Wingate contract was a blow right from the shoulder. It hurt, Ida, hurt mightily, and I can feel the bruising yet."

"Yes, it was bad," she answered. "I knew how you would feel, but that is the way events of the kind seem to fall, isn't it? It is as if Fate was just trying you out all it could, putting the final bit on you to see if you had the heart and strength to bear it. Still it was only a six months' contract this time, was it not? By the time you are ready to go ahead with the new plant, the present contract will expire. Of course you'll go after it again?" she said.

"OF COURSE," he answered. "Your uncle seemed almost to delight in the facer I got, and was so charmed by the astuteness of the Mulhouse firm that it took away the sting of loss from him."

"You can't judge uncle from what he says, always," she said. "Sometimes I think he employs language to conceal thought. He felt the loss, but of course he is a pretty good sportsman."

"The kind that cracks up the adversary at the expense of his own side," he observed a little bitterly. "I thought that perhaps you had all come back Mulhouse rooters."

"Then you thought wrong," she laughed. "Jim, I believe you're getting a little bit grouchy, a lot more so than you used to be. I'm a MacPhee rooter all the way and then some. You've got to bring that contract back, Jim, it has to be done, and it is going to be done."

"That sounds good," he laughed. "Next time it won't be my fault if it does not come back to us." He did not speak boastfully, but with fighting resolution it was good to hear. "Of course I didn't expect smooth sailing the first year, but it has been a bit rougher than I had looked for. Still, I think the worst is over, and with the plant modernized and in fine running shape the hardest task will be finished. Then we can get after the outside work. We are going to free-lance from this time forward, at least as long as my contract holds."

He made no further reference to the association, and neither spoke of Mulhouse. The conversation left the topic of business, of which, this night, he was very weary, and they talked of her travels and the wonders she had seen.

"Oh, Jim, it is good to have money," she said, "to be able to go away and see the world. It is good for this in itself, but it is better because it makes you like your own home, your town and the people who belong to it, more than ever before. I never quite realized how much I liked Bargrave till I came back this afternoon. We have travelled in the most luxurious way, stopped at the best hotels, seen everything that was to be seen, bought all kinds of expensive things, and met all sorts of people from all over the world. It was very pleasant, but—you'll laugh at me, Jim—there were times when I positively hungered for this quiet humdrum Bargrave, for the house that has become my home, for the view of the woods and fields, the harbor and the sea. Mind, I enjoyed every minute of the trip, but homecoming has been the pleasantest of all."

"I thought, perhaps, you would forget us all, among the new friends you made," he teased her.

"I have a good memory," she replied rather soberly. "The new friends are pleasant to meet, but they are mostly bird-of-passage acquaintances. It is the old ones you turn to when you get tired and homesick. Uncle talked of going to Florida for the season, but I don't want to go."

"It would be mighty pleasant for you," said Jim. "You'd miss the cold and the snow and the bitter frost of this Northland."

They were now standing at the gate, and she glanced up at him. Had he been able to see her face clearly he would have found a suggestion of wonder in her eyes.

JIM DOUGLAS went to his rooms that evening very much rested, and with a quieter mind than he had enjoyed for many a long day. He did not know why this should be, for nothing that Ida had said had altered their relationship. There was the wide gulf between them still, but the problems that had harrassed him seemed now but the ordinary roughness of every-day life. He had been magnifying them in his loneliness and seclusion. The burdens that had appeared to be almost too wearing had become scarcely perceptible. He did not know why the disappointments he had worried over should so suddenly have lost their power to vex, but it was so. There had come to him new strength, a wonderful reviving. The cheery courage, the earnest simplicity, the strong faith of the girl in him, had imparted their virtues to him.

"You're late, Ida," MacPhee observed to the girl as she entered his snuggery, where he was reading his newspaper.



"I don't want a secretary, Ida, but I want a wife."

"Yes, rather. I met Jim as I was coming back from the Feltons, and he came along with me. We stood at the gate chatting for quite a while," she said in her frank way.

"What's Jim got to say?" he asked rather gruffly.

"I'm afraid it was I who did most of the talking," she laughed. "Jim is a good listener."

"That's a discovery," he grunted. "I guess it depends who does the talking."

"I was telling him how glad I was to get back, and what a gorgeous time I had been given, and that while it was nice to have lots of money and to go about and see places, I liked Bargrave and my own home best of all," she went on.

"Humph! Incurable little rube."

"I don't want to be cured."

"But you liked seeing the big sights, and enjoyed the fun you had?"

"Every one of them and every bit of each one," she said. "But you know how good home-made bread and real home butter taste after you have been living on cake and confectionery. Do you know, uncle, there was something on the tip of my tongue that I wanted to ask Jim, but for some reason or other I didn't dare to."

"What was that?" he asked.

"I wanted to ask him if I could have my place back in the office. I don't see why I should be fired because I happen to go off for a holiday."

"You can't go back into the office again, Ida; it wouldn't be fitting now," he answered.

"But why not?" she asked. "Jim didn't say he didn't want me, did he?"

"What Jim wants or what Jim doesn't want, so far as you are concerned, is no matter. You are not part of the plant he is boss of," he said. "I told him some time back, just before we went away, that he needn't expect you down there again."

"But I'd like to go back. When I'm dismissed in this way it looks as if I was no good there before," she told him "You don't object, do you, uncle?"

"IF YOU were my real daughter, Ida, I wouldn't care to have you there," he replied. "And, you see, dear, you are practically my daughter now. I am getting on in years and when I am gone you will be in my place. I'm not a poor man, as I daresay you know by this time, and the world one day will regard you as a rich woman, a very rich woman. A rich woman has duties and obligations and rights. There is place for her, all other things being equal, in a bigger world than ours here. She ought to get to know people of her own class and kind. I don't think I am a snob, but there are ranks, social ranks in the world's army, and money has a great deal to do with admission to the higher ranks, though folks will tell you, in their hypocritical way, that this is not so. Then one of these days you'll likely think about getting married. Single life isn't what it's cracked up to be, certainly not for a woman, and I don't think you are cut out for an old maid. You ought to have the chance of meeting the right people. You can see why it would not do for you to be a sort of stenographer in the office of a firm that, not very far off, you will be mistress of. I pointed all this out to Jim just before we went away, because I thought he might want somebody to take your place, and—"

"You talked about this to Jim? About the money you intended to leave me, this new life I was to enter, and—the—the suitable kind of person for me to marry?" she interrupted.

"Something of the sort," he admitted. "And I guess he understood how reasonable it all was. Jim can see as far through an inch board as the average."

"I see," she replied quietly. "What did he say about it?"

"What could he say?" he rejoined. "In a way it was none of his business, but it was right he should understand about it, so that he could fill your place. Any man with brains might know that a young woman with a few millions to play with has to plan differently from one who expects to marry a fifteen dollar a week quill driver."

"I suppose so," she observed in an absent sort of way, and there the conversation terminated. To Ida it was very illuminating. It cast a light on much that had been dark to her. Since the afternoon of Jim's return there had been a perceptible cloud over their friendship, some barrier that kept out the sunshine. Much of the old warm candor had died out of it. He had not been the Jim who greeted her so joyously on the day of his return from Detroit, and had held her hand in the restaurant.

She guessed now whence the cloud had come. She had been set before him as a woman of wealth, with big plans and ambitions, seeking a place in a new world, and turning her back on the old one. She knew that if she had remained as she was before her uncle brought her into his home, the girl working for her bread, living in cheap rooms, pounding a typewriter and taking down dictation, Jim would have lifted her out of that place and set her in a home of their own. He would have stooped to lift her to his own level in the world of Bargrave. She almost wished she was as she had been, and then banished the feeling. She could be as big and generous as Jim, and money was not be despised.

There were times during those fall months when Wingate realized that low prices are not always cheap prices. Mulhouse had cut his quotations down to the point at

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# GIRDING FOR THE FEDERAL FRAY



Sir George Foster will still stand at his right hand and keep the bridge with him.

*By* J. K. MUNRO

CARTOONS BY LOU SKUCE

ANOTHER session of Parliament looms up on the horizon. It will find Sir Robert Borden reduced to the ranks, Hon. Wesley Rowell elevating and uplifting from the second line of trenches and Hon. A. K. MacLean firing on his old colleagues from a position somewhere in the rear of W. Lyon Mackenzie King. It will be rather interesting to watch the new Premier under the circumstances. On his past record he is a trouble raiser rather than a peacemaker and his cabinet as now constituted is woefully short of debating material.

To be sure, that old warrior, Sir George Foster, will still stand at his right hand and keep the bridge with him. But the old schoolmaster has mellowed with years and is now more at home jabbering French like a school boy than in the rapier-like thrusts that made him famous. For the last couple of sessions it has been the meek and lonely Wesley who has girded on his armour and led most of the fighting for the Government. Of course Hon. Arthur himself was always the champion explainer. Give him something that could not possibly be explained and he could stand up and with a few fierce jabs make the Opposition so mad that they'd forget all about the subject under debate.

But that kind of work won't do for the new job. The Government leader's business is to get legislation through the House rather than to create friction. He'll have to play a new rôle and to prove that the same Providence that equipped him with a sharp tongue also provided a supply of the oil a Premier must pour on troubled waters.

Of course Sir Robert Borden had a way of his own of sweeping obstacles out of his way. When things got so bad that action could no longer be delayed the swinging doors would fly open and with lordly mien the Premier with the pretty hair would stride to his seat. With a great show of indignation he would tear a few handfuls out of the air and follow up with an awful threat that he would forthwith resign unless dissension ceased and all would see and vote as he desired. He won out every time. But he also played that game to its limit. Young Mr. Meighen would fail utterly if he tried it. For everybody knows that Hon. Arthur fought too hard to get his job to lightly throw it over his shoulder thus early in the game. And a bluff is only good when you have the other fellows too scared to call.




Even Smooth James Calder fell down.

### As Debaters, How Good Are They?

SO THE young Premier will have to find new methods of herding his mixed following should any part of it threaten to run out. And as said before his Cabinet help is not what it might be. To be sure Sir George Foster found a new partner of his joys and sorrows at the Peace Conference, and who knows but that he may take on a new lease of debating power? But aside from him what? The new members of the Cabinet surely were not selected for their power to sway the multitude.

Start Sir Harry Drayton, Hon. F. B. McCurdy and Hon. W. S. Wigmore all talking at once and in half an hour all the members who had not been driven from the chamber would be fast asleep in their seats. Nor do the rump of the old cabinet still in the harness add much to the argument. To be sure Hon. C. C. Ballantyne can make a bluff at a business talk and Hon. C. J. Doherty has proved that he can orate so that even the Peace Conference could not understand him. But they're hardly the class to fill a gap in a warm debate.

As for Hon. J. D. Reid—well the "Doc" can mangle the King's English till its best friends would hardly recognise it. But as he generally needs help to hustle along his railway matters you can hardly expect him to prove of much assistance in a general mêlée. Sifton only takes a passive interest in the proceedings. He is more concerned about his health and the big black cigars he affects. Calder got his in such plenty on the Western tour that he can be expected to avoid oratory as if it were a curse and Dr. Tolmie stands prepared to give you a nice talk on agriculture at any moment. But since when did mangold-wurzels play a part in politics?

And even if Borden, Rowell and Sir Thomas White are prepared to take up the cudgels for their former colleagues who can say they'll be on hand when wanted? For Sir Robert is busy on a set of lectures he is to deliver to college boys; Hon. Wesley will, at the request of his law partners, pay more attention to business and necessarily less to politics; while it looks as if Sir Thomas White would require a small act of parliament before he can sit in the House at all.

For Sir Thomas, you know, took that Grand Trunk Arbitration job with the intention of creating a vacancy in Leeds and collecting a fairly fat fee. It is only at his young Premier's urgent request that he retains the M.P. behind his name. And as he needs the money in his business some nice legislating will be necessary. For an M.P. who accepts a job from his government that carries pecuniary remuneration is supposed to take his hat and go. So don't look for any fiery speeches from Sir Thomas.

Of course the Premier's safety lies in the weakness of the Opposition. How Mr. King will make speeches! He couldn't help it if he tried. But by the time he quits piling words on any subject it is so well buried that reply is unnecessary. Then Hon. Jacques Bureau, who has been the one sign of life in that weary-looking front row, is in none too good health. A trip to France now under way may rejuvenate him. But then again he may not return till well on in the session. And if he doesn't the Premier will have plenty of time to find his feet before anything worth while starts from across the floor. For Lapointe is a good-natured opponent, and more concerned with constitutional questions than taking the joy out of a government leader's life. Of course, there's John Sinclair, of Guysboro, and D. D. MacKenzie, of Cape Breton. But the former fights along old lines and makes the fatal mistake of forgetting that political history prior to 1917 is very much like the Old Testament. Any political party looking for salvation in it will search its pages in vain. Then "The MacKenzie" is just as liable to train his guns on his schoolboy leader as on the young Premier on the other side of the mace.

For D. D. has never quite forgiven Mr. King for beating him at the Liberal convention. Nor has he found consolation in the fact that he was not among the chosen few who accompanied Wavering Willie on his recent trip across the prairies. He's a proud Highland Chief is "The MacKenzie." Any kind of a slight makes a deep dint in his soul and, like the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he is a bad forgetter.

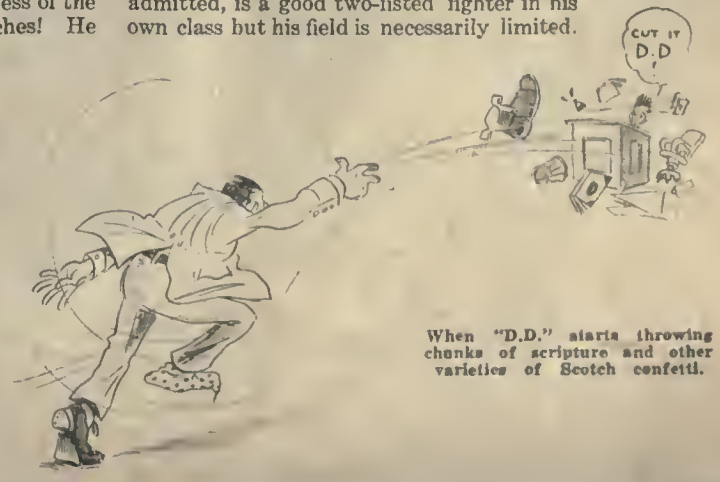
And that very fact is a reason why the Premier had better keep a careful eye on "D. D." For the latter has still a score to settle with him. It dates back to the debate on the taking over of the Grand Trunk by the Government. "D. D." was criticising the deal rather harshly and though he may be both a lawyer and a statesman he succeeded in demonstrating that he is no bookkeeper. As a matter of fact he got very badly mixed in his figures. Hon. Arthur Meighen grabbed the opportunity to ridicule the old Scotchman most mercilessly.

It was a temporary triumph for the Portage lawyer. But those who knew D. D. best shook their heads and whispered "Meighen will rue the day he did that. D. D. will wait a long time but he'll get him." Well D. D. is still waiting. Nobody believes he has forgotten. And when he finally gets to his feet and starts throwing chunks of scripture and other varieties of Scotch confetti in the general direction of the Premier it is a good guess that both the chamber and press gallery will speedily be occupied by capacity audiences.

### As For Murphy and Fielding

AS FOR Hon. Charles Murphy he can make a fiery speech. But he loves not his young leader and Hon. Wesley Rowell no longer looms up in the limelight to call the bitter word to his Irish lips. As for Hon. W. S. Fielding he talks around a subject like a cooper around a barrel. When he gets through and sits down each side of the House wonders whose turn it is to applaud. They generally both do it. For the old Nova Scotian still retains his remarkable command of English and that smooth easy delivery that commands the expert, yea, arouses the envy of friend and foe alike.

As for the two Williams, Duff and Kennedy, who were dragged out of semi-seclusion to play minor parts in the troupe of talented entertainers with which the Boy Wonder invaded the one-night stands on the Prairies, they are both business men rather than orators or debaters. Some of their jealous colleagues suggest that they were taken West to help finance the trip—that they were "angels" rather than "actors." But of course, remarks such as these are better not repeated. Suffice it to say that neither is a William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Duff takes an unholy joy in tangling Hon. C. C. Ballantyne in the meshes of his marine estimates, a life-time spent in the shipping business having made him more familiar with sea-faring stuff than Hon. C. C. Ballantyne could hope to be even if the latter has navigated the stormy seas of finance. Mr. Duff, be it admitted, is a good two-fisted fighter in his own class but his field is necessarily limited.




When "D.D." starts throwing chunks of scripture and other varieties of Scotch confetti.

### Learned the Value of Silence

WILLIAM C. KENNEDY is a smooth, nicely-tailored chap who likes to buy dinners for big men and bask in the sunshine of a little reflected glory. But the amassing of a fortune, made largely from gas, has taught him that silence is golden. His habit is to speak about once a session. He generally chooses the budget debate for eruption and sticks his speech so full of figures and business expressions that the average politician says "here's something I had better leave alone." He acts accordingly and W. C. K. gets by.

So there you have the line up for the session. It doesn't promise much high-class oratory. Neither does it call for a season of excitement. For the fighting will mainly be over that same old bone that has been the cause of nearly every political dog-fight since confederation—the tariff. Everybody can talk on that and everybody does. And when the gong rings to end the talkfest everybody is just where he started.

But to get back to recent happenings. You'll be surprised but delighted to learn that both young leaders, Meighen and King, arrived home from their cross-country run chuck full of enthusiasm and optimism. If you want to know who's going to win the next general election ask Willie—or Arthur. Their answers may conflict a bit, however, for each will cross his heart and tell you with sweet simplicity and sincerity that a once rebellious country has come to its senses and stands ready to hail him as its heaven-sent premier.

For they're strong on attending meetings on the Prairies and even on the sunny slopes of the Pacific. It is cheaper than the movies. Anyway, the latter don't change their films every night. So both the young leaders drew bumper houses. Their audiences listened attentively and applauded in the right places. Each came home feeling that he bad looked into the hearts of his countrymen and found them beating true and strong and in the right direction. Each felt that glow of perfect satisfaction that comes from a knowledge that true greatness had been recognised and appreciated. To be sure that West Elgin bye-election was a bit of a damper. But surely that was only a last sprinkle of the passing storm. It only helped make the rainbow more brilliant.

### Lots of Applause, Few Votes

BUT the old warhorses of both parties are a bit worried just the same. They know what meetings mean. They've seen thousands turned away from Massey Hall, Toronto, when Sir Wilfrid was the orator. And when election day rolled around they discovered that those who came to applaud did not turn out to vote.

Moreover, as far as the old Tories were concerned they saw a thing or two that almost convinced them that though their young leader might be a statesman he was certainly not a politician. For instance, he sent J. E. Armstrong, M.P. for East Lambton, to take charge of the East Elgin campaign. Now Mr. Armstrong has an earnestness, a respectability and an appearance that has led an irreverent press gallery to dub him "The Statesman." He is said to be a graduate of a Philadelphia School of Oratory (correspondence courses a specialty) and talks like it. But he doesn't say anything. Neither does he get anywhere. And to run a campaign a man must say things and get there. Anyway the East Elgin campaign wasn't much of a success from a Government standpoint. And the part that troubles the party warhorses is that the Premier still insists he chose the right man for the job.

The net result is bad if you listen to those whose duty it is to man the party machines. "He doesn't know men or politics," they sadly whisper. And then with added pain, "He's a stubborn little devil to do anything with." From which it will be gathered that Hon. Arthur has all the autocracy of former Premiers. It remains to be seen whether he also holds the sagacity of a Laurier or the luck of a Borden. He'll need the one or the other to pull through.

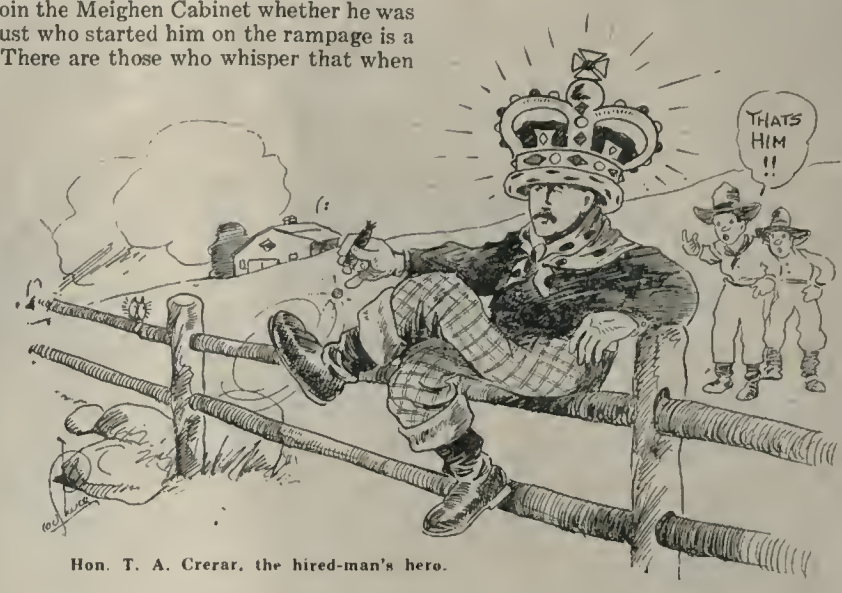



If you want to know who's going to win the next election, ask Willie—or Arthur.

Then there's the Gauthier incident. You'll remember the somewhat irresponsible member for St. Hyacinthe. He it was who created a mild sensation last session by rising in his place in the House, smiting his chest and declaring, "Quebec is waiting for her hour!" He was supposed to be politely intimating that Quebec would raise a race and creed issue that would smite all English speaking governments hip and thigh.

### What Happened to Gauthier

WELL, Quebec may still be waiting, but Mr. Gauthier isn't. He arrived in Ottawa one fine Fall morning, or rather on several fine Fall mornings, with an evident determination to join the Meighen Cabinet whether he was wanted or not. Just who started him on the rampage is a guessing match. There are those who whisper that when the Premier started on his talking tour he left Hon. C. C. Ballantyne to feel out Quebec and see if he could procure some French timber to round out the made-over cabinet. You know it was Sir Robert Borden's dream to get some real, live French-Canadian to represent the Ancient Province in the Government. But the dream never materialized. Even Smooth James Calder fell down when he tried to find a Frenchman of prominence who would join the Unionists and who could bring a Quebec seat along with him. It may have been to help out with this search that James injected the "National" into the long name with which he loaded the good old Tory party.




Hon. T. A. Crerar, the hired-man's hero.

Anyway, where Calder failed Ballantyne didn't do much better—for you could hardly call the eruption of Gauthier an improvement. He did have a couple of interviews with the Premier but the latter gently but firmly refused to let the matter go any further. At that it went far enough to show that the protectionist element in Quebec is not yet ready to link its fortune with the renovated Union Government. For even Sir Lomer Gouin was prepared to take the Liberal nomination against Gauthier in St. Hyacinthe. And even before the visits to Ottawa had ceased it was known beyond a peradventure that the versatile Frenchman would be slaughtered if he went back to his constituents for endorsement as a member of the Cabinet.

No, Quebec has not forgiven Meighen. It looks on him as the father of the conscription bill; it remembers him as the man who brought down closure to force the hated measure through the House. Quebec is a protectionist province but it will vote free trade if Meighen is the only alternative.

Nor does the habitant look on Mackenzie King as a second Laurier. In fact the fealty it gives to him is little more than lukewarm.

"Mr. King should remember," stated a French leader recently, "that we did not elect him; we defeated Fielding."

So young Mr. King had better watch his step. It is hard for the habitant to follow an English-speaking leader. In his heart of hearts he is longing for the day when he will be led to the polls by a man who can speak the tongue that is as dear to him as his religion. And if you haven't guessed the name of that leader, listen to what a fine old Scotch lady out in Calgary took occasion to remark:

"Mr. King is a fine young man," she said, "and a clever young man. But what a pity he wants to be Premier. Mr. Lapointe would be so much better."

Of course Ernest Lapointe, like the gallant gentlemen he is, disclaims all designs on the Liberal crown. He came back from the West full of enthusiasm for the young Napoleon who can array words battalion on battalion. So did all the talented tourists for that matter. And the only explanation that is forthcoming is that they are all modest men who had measured themselves with the man chosen to lead them and found that their own stature showed surprisingly great. That always gives a satisfaction that may easily develop into a basis for enthusiasm.

From the above you will gather that Quebec is one of the problems political strategists have to struggle with. It hates Meighen, it can't enthuse over King. And the habitant never was a middle-of-the-roader. He likes to put his whole soul into his politics.

Will it be strange, then, if he, too, steps off the beaten track and does a tur with the farmers To be sure Caron, the provincial Minister of Agriculture, recently declared, "The time for a Farmer's party is not yet." But he said nothing about this not being the time to prepare for one. All over the province Farmers' Clubs are springing up and it is said that an occasional one has the parish priest for its president. This shows that the Church does not frown on the movement if, indeed, it is not greatly helping it along.

For even if Mother Church has her place in big business she loves to see her people peacefully tilling the soil where they are ever under the watchful eye and never beyond the call of the chapel bell. It is well known too that the Farmers' Clubs of Quebec have sent out the Macedonian cry to the Grain Growers of the West. They would wrestle with politics and would like the aid and inspiration from the men who put the farmer movement on the map. Their prayers will be answered and the question now before the House is not whether there will be Farmer Members from Quebec but how strong the delegation will be.

And if a Frenchman of prominence is ever needed to make a Crerar cabinet truly representative of all parts of Canada Mr. Caron will probably decide that the time for the Farmers' party has finally happened along. Much of the advice the Farmers need is said to emanate from his office right now. But he's too true to his breeding—for the French-Canadian is as thrifty as a Scotchman—to give up a good job before another is ready to step into.

### Crerar's Wearing Powers

MEANWHILE that sturdy agriculturist, T. A. Crerar, has found the health he went hunting for when last session came to a close. Moreover he has removed most of the obstacles from his political path. Two rivals loomed up and seemed to threaten his leadership. Wood, of Alberta, was one and Drury, of Ontario, the other. The former was hailed as the new Abe Lincoln by his admirers. The latter was given added prestige by the robes of provincial premiership. But neither had the "wearing" capacity of the big Grain Grower with the boyish smile.

Wood developed facts that were too Yankified for native-born Canadians. Drury didn't improve on close acquaintance. He went West, according to some wiseacres, to sweep Crerar off the map and assume the undisputed leadership of assembled agriculture. But he arrived in Winnipeg to find that the Grain Growers had reasserted their faith in the man they had learned to trust. Those Grain Growers may have figured that a man who makes a rather poor fist of running a farm might qualify as Premier of a staid old province like Ontario but that he was hardly the kind of man for newer and more progressive communities. Anyway they swore allegiance to Crerar once again and hinted to the Farmers from other parts that they would do well to do likewise. The others will take the hint. So if those Farmers turn the trick at the next general election the crown of Meighen will rest lightly on the brow of Hon. T. A. Crerar, the hired man's hero.

### Our Expanding Financier

BUT another man who has expanded a bit under the sunshine of publicity is Sir Henry Drayton. When Sir Henry shook off the cares of the Railway Commission to take up the portfolio of Finance some people doubted his sanity. Also he brought to the new job that fatuous smile that is part of the equipment of the embryo politician. That smile, praise be, is wearing off.

Moreover Sir Henry took his Tariff commission all over

*Continued on page 36*

# THE CITY OF PERIL

A NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

By

## ARTHUR STRINGER

*Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Prairie Mother," "The Man Who Couldn't Sleep," etc.*

Illustrated by H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE STORY SO FAR:—*"Rebbie" Woodruff—cultured, wealthy, thirty-one, industrial and commercial dilettante—says au revoir to Natalie Stillwell, to whom he has been proposing for years. Natalie, daughter of a Wall Street "plute," encourages "Rebbie," suggesting he bend his energies—seriously for once—to fathom the mystery of the "Hammer of God," threatening typewritten notes her father has been receiving. MacGirr, ex-con. Black-hander, a visionary Italian youth, and a beautiful girl enter the story, and in his investigations "Rebbie" commits burglary. "Rebbie" discovers the notes come from the Italian youth, Cono di Marco. He discovers a well-equipped laboratory with fuses, TNT and bombs galore; pulls the "fangs" of the bomb destined to blow up the Exchange. Cono's bomb is a "dud," but "Rebbie" has him jailed. The beautiful Russian girl, Elvira Paladino (Sabouroff), visits "Rebbie," pleads for Cono's release. "Rebbie," enamored, agrees, on condition Elvira reports daily to him. Elvira tells "Rebbie" both their lives are menaced by the Circle. Sitnikov, shadowing the pair, throws a bomb into "Rebbie's" flat; Elvira pulls out fuse, saving their lives. "Rebbie" surprises MacGirr and Sitnikov in Stillwell's mansion, jimmying the safe. MacGirr dies, but the other crook escapes. Elvira disappears. "Rebbie" bends every effort to locate her, and learns from Harvey Stillwell that she is to be found in the company of a notorious Russian, Mutashenko. Natalie announces her engagement to another, but "Rebbie" doesn't seem to care.*



She looked up suddenly, when I was least expecting her to move; her eyes, as they rested on me, widened slowly. . . . "You!" she murmured, under her breath, turning white to the very lips, until her hair looked blue-black against the pallor of her face. "You! Why are you here?" she asked.

### CHAPTER XLIII

### The Outward Trail

A FEW moments in the open air of that fresh spring morning brought me back to my senses. My brain had cleared by the time I reached the corner of Fifth Avenue. I hailed a taxi-cab, climbed in, and started for home.

More and more I realized the problem before me, as I went hurrying southward along the crowded Avenue. I began to comprehend how the entire situation had changed. Again it called for action—immediate action. It meant a revision of every plan and movement. Too much time had already been lost. Already, at that very moment, everything hung in the balance. The very cab-wheels seemed to be singing: "I must get her—get her—get her!"

I calmed myself and checked off my new discoveries, point by point. The first was that Elvira had deliberately and voluntarily permitted herself to drop out of my life. She had done this because she suspected that it was for my own welfare. The next point was that she was in hiding with a man who was a revolutionist. That hiding-place was on an East Side top floor, somewhere at the extreme end of Fifth Street. The name of the man who lived on that top floor was Mutashenko. He was one of the Black Sea naval revolutionists, in exile. It was, indeed, something to work on.

I lost no time in getting down to Lefty Boyle. His face, as I broke in on him, wore no expression beyond one of dreamy satisfaction at the cigar he was smoking.

"Do you know anything of a man named Mutashenko?" I began at once.

He smoked for a minute or two meditatively.

"A Bolshevik? An ex-anarchist?"

"Yes, a ringleader in that Black Sea mutiny—one of the executive committee of what they call the Social Democratic Party!"

Lefty nodded.

"What made you ask that?"

"Why shouldn't I ask that?"

"Because I imagine a general alarm was sent out for that man two days ago. Janoff Mutashenko—that's the man they've been tryin' to extradite!"

"What else do you know?"

"His wife went to Washin'ton to straighten things out, so he could be let off as only a political refugee. The Petrograd people claimed he was a criminal and nothin' more. They kicked up such a row about his extradition that Commissioner Hitchburn had a hearin' in the Federal Buildin' here. But before anything was done, Mutashenko and his wife slipped away!"

"You're sure he had a wife?"

"Dead sure. Married her at Fiume, before the two of them got away for America. She went under the name of Musya Siganoff, or Tsiganok. She was wanted for bein' mixed up in the Livarn revolt."

"And this woman is living with him?"

"As far as I know, she is. But don't ask me to prove it. Even the authorities here wouldn't be able to verify a thing like that." Then he added, significantly: "You remember the Gorky case!"

I preferred to remain silent.

"They don't even know where Mutashenko is hangin' out. The Washin'ton people aren't doin' much to protect him, and he knows it. So he's been lyin' low, hopin' Coudert or De Lodigensky will let the thing blow over."

I vaguely remembered an evening paper's editorial to the American people, enlarging on how the Bolsheviks had beaten this fugitive "girl-wife" and demanding American justice to resist the Tyrant of Russia.

"And if they do round him up, he'll be deported?"

"That's what."

"And that means they'll shoot him or hang him?"

"Sure thing."

"Poor devil!"

"But it's ten to one he'll never be taken alive. You know what those Bolshies are!"

Yes, I had an inkling of what those 'Bolshies' were. I tried in vain to fathom such obsessions, to understand by what process of self-hypnosis those rapt and impassioned spirits could fortify themselves to face such an end.

"Would he be a hard man to round up?"

"No worse'n a she-grizzly after a hard winter."

"Lefty, we've got to find that man."

He looked up at me, studying my face.

"That's hard luck," he said.

His tone, I thought at first, was merely one of mock solemnity. But his face was plaintively serious.

"And what's more," he continued thoughtfully, "nobody's got an inklin' where he's holdin' out."

Again he looked up and studied my face.

"Why d'you want him?" he asked.

"Because he and Elvira Paladino are together."

LEFTY framed his lips for whistling, but emitted no sound from them.

"He's writing some sort of history of his revolt, apparently for home consumption," I explained. "Elvira Paladino has been hired to help him carry out that work. They have to do it in secret. They're at work on it together, at this moment. And there's the whole mystery in a nut-shell."

"That doesn't help us out any," suggested Lefty, after a dispassionate study of his cigar-end. "Even though we're dead sure he's still in New York it doesn't make our job any easier."

"But I am dead sure he's in New York. What's more, I know the particular part of New York."

The stool-pigeon's crafty little eyes shifted quickly in his crafty little head. Then he relapsed into indifference.

"I know they're in this city, and in one part of it!" I repeated.

"It's a sizable burg," qualified the cautious Lefty.

"They're on a top floor on the east end of Fifth Street."

"But what particular floor?"

"That's what we've got to find out."

"How about Schmidlapp? Is he on this trail too?"

"That's something I can't say. My personal impression is that Schmidlapp doesn't know anything more than we do. He may not know as much. But *now* Schmidlapp doesn't count!"

"But he's got his contract to deliver the lady over to you."

"He's not able to carry out that contract," I suggested. "I don't believe he ever intended to carry it out."

Lefty continued to look worried. "You mean you intend to forestall him?" he asked.

"I mean it's my duty to find that woman. I've *got* to find her. I've got to reach her without loss of time."

"Then we'd better be gettin' over and muckrakin' that Fifth Street sky-line," suggested Lefty. "There's still the danger of Schmidlapp throwin' a scare into Mutashenko and gettin' him on the run!"

"That's one thing I'm afraid of."

"And there's a bigger danger than that. If the authorities should happen to nail Mutashenko, *they'll nail any woman they find workin' with him.* They'll make their extradition papers cover Elvira Paladino as well."

"They can't," I cried. "They daren't! There's nothing against her!"

"There's her old Inner Circle work against her. They've got that—she's been listed with the local people for over a year."

"But that doesn't make her a criminal, simply because she once believed in what they call social democracy!"

"A Bolshie is always a criminal—to the police," was Lefty's retort.

"Then we've got to get her!" I cried. "We've got to reach her at once. We've got to save her from herself!"

Lefty stopped me on my way, with a half-contemptuous jerk of a thumb over his shoulder.

"You'd better get rid of those glad rags," he suggested.

It was a suggestion upon which I began to act at once. I kept on talking through an open door, however, during that hurried change of attire.

"Can you tell me anything more about Mutashenko?" I asked.

"Only that there's an old order for his arrest," was Lefty's reply. "He and a Bolshevik called Osolin started a good deal of newspaper talk, six or eight weeks ago, by claimin' the protection of the American flag. He said he thought he was comin' to the land of liberty, and people who didn't know anything about him began feelin' he deserved protection in this country. Even some of the newspapers took it up and began kickin' against the idea of a political refugee bein' given back to his home folks."

"Do you know what he looks like?"

"I can't remember any police description. But I've heard it said, somewhere, that he wears his hair long, and used to write nice little love-poems in Russian before he got to pinchin' navies!"

Another deliriant was my inward remark—which I felt Lefty would not have fully understood.

"Do you know East Fifth Street?"

LEFTY was thoughtfully silent for a moment or two. "That's too far north for dance-halls and such things," he ruminated. "But it's somewhere along there that they've been having those gang-fights these last few months!"

"What have dance-halls to do with it?" I asked, unable to bridge the break in his thought.

"Well, you see, we get most of our tips from women, street-women and the like. Fifth Street's too far north to look for much outside help."

"There's nothing in that neighborhood you know?"

Again there was a moment or two of silence.

"I stand in with a cobbler on Avenue D, somewhere about there."

"What is he?"

"He's a Livonian. Outside of that, between you and me, he's the neatest counterfeiter in New York."

"Couldn't *he* help us along a bit?"

Lefty was doubtful.

"He'd only freeze up. They forget everything they ever knew when it's a case of Black Hand or Bolsheviks."

"Then *I* might try him," I suggested.

"Nothin' to be lost in a try."

"Any other line of advance come to your mind?" I inquired.

"Nothin' I know of much, till I have a look over the ground."

"I don't want to feel that we're leaving a stone unturned," I explained to him. "This is the biggest and I hope the last movement of this whole tangled wild-goose chase."

"You'd better take your man along," said Lefty.

"I've told him to be ready."

"Have you got an extra gun?" casually inquired the little man in the other room.

"I've got a German model of a magazine hammerless, if that'll do?"

"Size of a street-car?"

"No; pocket size. It throws a thirty-eight mushroom, long, with a nickel head."

Lefty chuckled in quiet appreciation.

"That sounds ugly enough."

I stepped out, a walking example of what ten minutes of hurried democratization can do.

"All ready?"

"Ready," he answered.

I looked at my watch. It was fifteen minutes to two.

I wondered in a sudden mood that was half anticipation, half unrest, what life held in store for me during those next few hours.

## CHAPTER XLIV

### The Hole in the Wall

THAT neighborhood which lies between East Houston Street and the gas-tank district on the one side, and Avenue D and the East River on the other, can scarcely be called New York at its best. It might more appropriately be called the back yard of the city, with its feed-stables and horseshoers' cellars, its shabby foundries and factories, its narrow and slatternly-looking streets so crowded with refuse and children, its overlooked garbage-barrels and neglected pavements. Yet at the point where Fifth Street crosses Lewis and dips toward the open spaces of the East River, the sunlight is less obscured, and the air less tainted.

It was along this section of the street that Lefty and I took our casual way, noting how the roar of the more open avenues was subdued to a rumble, how we seemed to be at rest in a strangely isolated and murmurous backwater of the great city. It was indeed a choice corner of New York for a fugitive.

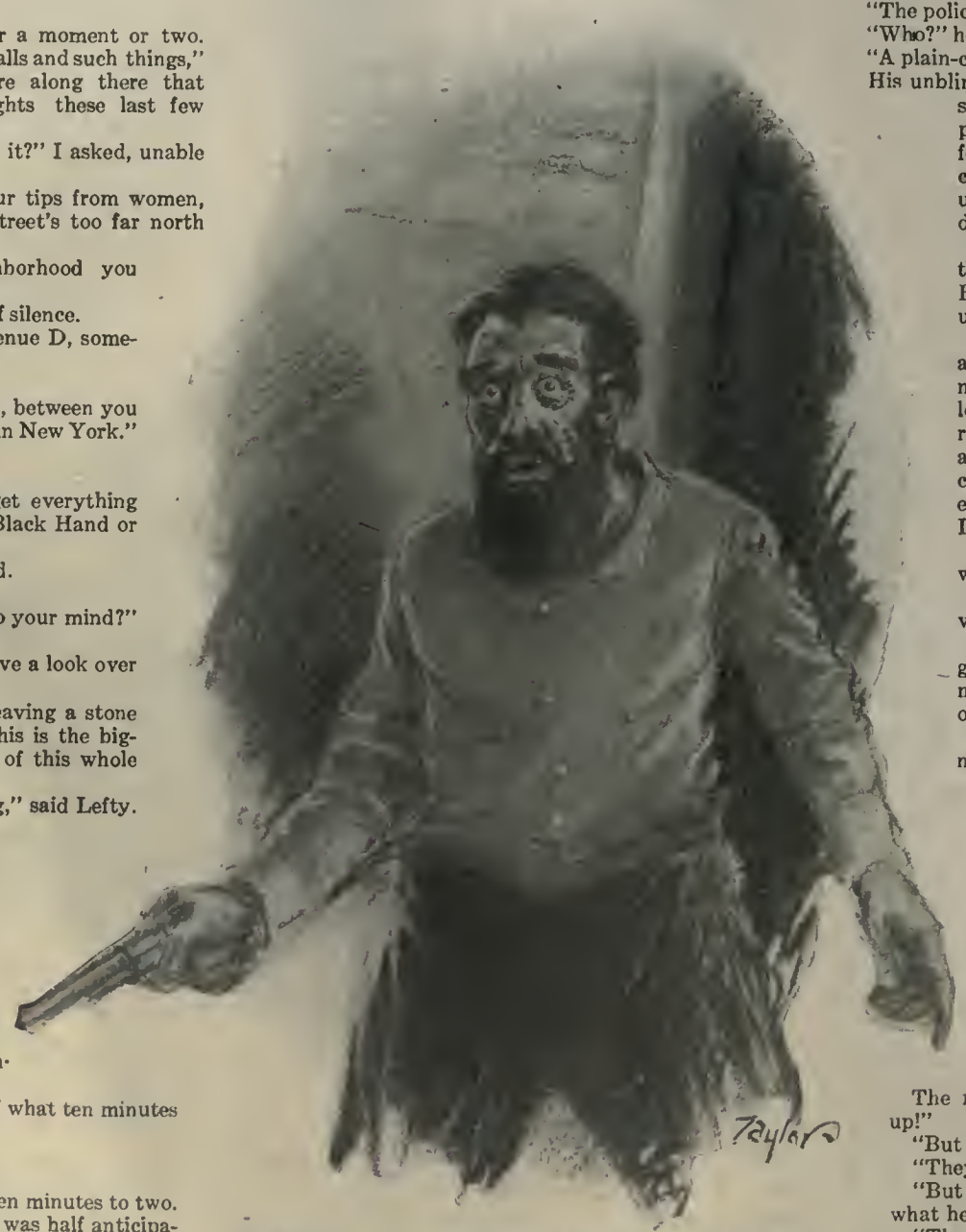
We pursued our way carelessly, yet cautiously, with eyes open for any and every sign that might be of use to us. We wandered on, almost to the water's edge, where we could see the tall masts of schooners and smell the cargoes of fresh pine lumber and hear the shrieks of the children at play on a near-by recreation-pier. Then we worked our way back again, back into the smell of street dust and curb-side offal and the odor of scorching horse-hoofs. But we stumbled on nothing that gave us any inkling of what we sought.

A house-to-house canvass was out of the question. Even to be seen a second time on that street had its disadvantages. There was always the danger of "moccasin telegraph"—of an alarm being given. As Lefty had said, we had always to hunt from cover.

"I'd like to see what we could do with that Livonian cobbler," I explained to Lefty, as we swung northward into Avenue D again.

"He has a hole-in-the-wall in the next block. You'll have to break away from me, though, if you're goin' to brace him!"

"I've got a better plan than that. He knows you're



Through the door stepped one of the strangest figures I have ever looked upon. It was that of a leather-belted, thick-set, black-whiskered man, in grotesquely loose trousers and a blue flannel shirt—Mutaskenko. He was holding a long-barrelled revolver in his hand.

connected with the force. He doesn't know me. I'll try breaking through his reserve by dodging into his shop. You pass his window, look in, and give me a chance to show you're after me and that I've given you the slip."

"And then what?"

"I'll get anything I can out of him. But what's his name?"

"Jan—Jan Sydow. He's nobody's fool, you know He drives pegs in that dirty little hole-in-the-wall of his; but he can speak five languages."

"I'll he careful," I told Lefty, as we swung apart and made ready for our movement.

It was carried out without difficulty, once the cobbler's door was located.

I flung it open and stepped inside, breathing heavily. Quickly shutting it behind me, I crouched back in the corner, in an attitude of suspense, listening.

The cobbler sat on his low stool pounding a slab of leather that had been soaking in a pail of dirty water. He did not look up at my entrance. He did not even seem to shift an eye at all my theatrical attitude of waiting. Nor did he move when Lefty appeared before the narrow window and stopped. The stool-pigeon even peered in, but the hammering did not cease. There was not a word until Lefty had passed on. The brisk and preoccupied pounding on the wet sole-leather continued. The man's bleached face still bent over the huge flat-iron which he held anvil-wise between his gripping knees. But I could hear his voice distinctly as he continued at his work:

"He's gone. It's all right."

I made a gesture for caution, and still waited. The cobbler, still wielding his hammer, looked up at me for the first time.

He arose from his stool, reached over, and pulled down the blind that covered the windowed half of his little door. Then he struck a match, and lighted the single unshaded gas-jet that stood out from the bald brick wall above his stool. I made a gesture as though to lock the door, but he stopped me, with a shake of the head. It was not the first time, I felt, that this little den had been made use of as a refuge in time of need.

"What is it?" he asked, and I noticed his tone was still non-committal.

"The police," I told him.

"Who?" he asked.

"A plain-clothes man," was my answer.

His unblinking stare was still a tacit interrogation. It said, quite plainly, that it was time for me to explain myself. He was beginning to suspect, I felt, that his visitor was not one of his own class. I noticed, too, that there was something untamable and Ishmaelitish in his make-up, despite his general mildness of appearance.

So I threw him the cabalistic password of the Mother-Earthers—the Open Sesame of East Side social democracy that I had picked up from Gicca.

My weeks of idling about the East Side, after all, had not been without advantage. It had not been altogether wasted time. For no lover's face at a word of endearment after quarrel could have relaxed and lighted and changed as that mild-eyed Livonian cobbler's face changed when the word I uttered fell on his ears. It was a key to his innermost reserves. It made me one of a brotherhood.

"What's wrong?" he said, and this time there was no apathy in the question.

"Mutashenko!" I answered, with studied vagueness.

But I was watching his face with the yellow gaslight playing over it. I could see that the name was not new to him. It brought no look of perplexity into his mild and troubled eyes.

"I was afraid so," he said, with equal vagueness. I had hoped he would be more explicit.

"Has anything been said?" I asked, perplexed.

"They were here an hour ago, looking."

It seemed reasonable to assume that such search could emanate from only one quarter.

"Schmidlapp?" I interrogated.

I knew, by the man's face, that my guess had hit the bull's eye.

"Did he get to him?"

The man shook his head.

"I must warn him in time," I rattled on. "How do I get up to that top floor?"

The man eyed me hesitatingly. "You can't get up!"

"But I must!"

"They will let no one through the factory."

"But I've got to get up!" I protested, wondering what he meant by the factory.

"That's what Schmidlapp said. And he's not up yet."

"Does Schmidlapp know *where*?" I demanded.

"He thinks it's the picture-frame factory," was the indefinite and equally unsatisfactory response.

"Then there's still time!" I protested.

The cobbler shrugged his shoulders. It could mean anything.

"Why can't you help me?" I asked. "If I make it worth while?"

The man showed his white teeth in a peculiarly in-

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# MIRACLE MAN—*and* OTHERS

## *An Anecdotal Tour of Most of the Globe, with*

## COL. GEO. H. HAM

THE day of miracles is not past. Ever since Christ raised the dead, healed His suffering suppliants, gave voice to the dumb, sight to the blind, and hearing to the deaf; ever since He turned water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana and fed the multitude with five loaves of bread and two small fishes, down through the long ages, miracles have been wrought. There were many sincere believers in them, but there were more scoffers and doubters. As it was then, so it is with the world to-day. Time was, especially in recent years, that many non-Catholics sincerely believed that these alleged miracles existed merely in the untutored minds of the superstitious followers of the Roman Catholic Church.

But the wonderful works of divine healers of the Protestant faith—notably Rev. Mr. Hickson, an Anglican, and Mrs. McPherson of another Protestant denomination, in different places in Canada and the United States—have largely dispelled that idea, and thousands upon thousands of intellectual people of different nationalities and of different creeds are to-day firmly convinced that the healer has an almost supernatural Divine power which is exercised for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Shrines throughout the world have existed for centuries, and some of them gained a world-wide reputation for the remarkable cures and conversions that have been claimed for them. Of these, perhaps Lourdes in France and Sainte Anne de Beaupré, near the City of Quebec, have acquired the greatest fame. It is not of these, however, that I am writing, but of the unpretentious little shrine of St. Joseph on Mount Royal at Montreal where the priest is Brother André, the Miracle Man, whose great work relieving the suffering of their ills for many years has been testified to by hundreds upon hundreds of people who have been restored to health and happiness by his intercession and prayers. He is a remarkable man, with no pretensions whatever of being other than the humble instrument of a higher power through which he is permitted to do good to his fellow-men.



Brother André and George H. Ham. The original St. Joseph's oratory is shown below. Basilica of St. Joseph's, with crypt beneath, is shown in the background.

### A Man Who Mastered Self

ALFRED BESSETTE was born at St. Gregoire d'Iberville, P.Q., on August 9th, 1845, and in his early youth was known always as "a good, quiet boy." He was a most dutiful son, a regular attendant at religious exercises, and in every way was looked upon as an exemplary youth. After the death of his mother, he entered, in 1870, the Congregation of the Holy Cross, a famous teaching order of the Catholic Church; was assigned to, and faithfully performed for upwards of forty years, the duties of a porter, messenger, etc., at the Côté des Neiges Boys' College, located on the outskirts of the city of Montreal. He had not the advantage of an education that is given freely to the youths of to-day, but he possessed other marvellous qualities that have brought him prominently before the world. He is still of a modest, retiring disposition, a recluse who knows the full meaning of scanty fare—dry bread and water with sometimes a little fruit—and a hard pallette. But the long years of fasting and praying, and dealing continuously with the most distressing cases of disease, accident and trouble, have not given him a gloomy disposition. He looks upon earthly things with bright eyes, is light-hearted, jovial at times, and hugely appreciates a good joke. His position is no sinecure, for at the shrine he is kept busy from early morning till late into the night listening to the sad tales poured out by the sick and the maimed and the blind. So heavy has the work become that in addition to Brother André, six priests as secretaries and five brothers are constantly engaged in receiving and acknowledging the never-ending stream of letters from all over the civilized world, imploring temporal and spiritual assistance. Sometimes as many as four hundred communications a day have been received. These requests are read to Brother André and are also repeated at the daily services in the church where the congregation unite in prayers for all those imploring aid.

### Youth With Strange Power

AS ALFRED BESSETTE (who had taken in religion the name of Brother André) grew up, he displayed a mysterious power that was soon heralded around the countryside. Amongst his earliest miracles was that of healing several victims of smallpox during the epidemic forty-seven years ago. Another is mentioned as having occurred over thirty years ago, when a young student was badly injured in a game of ball. Before medical assistance could be secured Brother André successfully applied "first aid to the injured" and when the doctor arrived the patient was again playing ball. Other cures of a minor nature were effected by him, and these gave him a local notoriety. The first major miracle that brought him wider fame occurred in 1910, when Mr. Martin Hannon, a C.P.R. employee at Quebec, who was the victim of a serious accident two years previously by which his legs and feet were terribly crushed through heavy marble blocks falling upon them, visited him. Hannon had been unable to walk without crutches, and on crutches he went to Brother André, who rubbed his mangled limbs with holy oil and prayed over him, and then told him to throw his crutches away, for he was cured. Hannon dispensed with his crutches and walked then and since without even the use of a cane. The following day he visited *La Patrie* office, told of his miraculous cure, and Brother André's reputation as a Miracle Man spread afar. I could not tell you of the multitudes that have sought Brother André's intercession and prayers, comparatively few unavailingly, but I have seen two instances myself, in each of which what appeared to be serious cases were restored to health. One, a young lady from Plattsburg, N.Y., who had walked on crutches for seventeen years, after a visit to Brother André, handed her crutches to her maid and walked unassisted several yards to her automobile. Another was a young lady from near Tupper Lake, N.Y., who was cured of paralysis and who told me in the Windsor St. station how, after seeing Brother André, she was able for the first time in several years, to use her limbs freely. But a still greater miracle, to my lay mind, was one of more recent date, and word of it came from London, England, in a letter from an old friend who is the wife of an Irish nobleman, once a member of the British House of Commons, and who, while visiting Montreal last autumn, accompanied me to the shrine, and carried away with her oils and images of St. Joseph and other souvenirs. But here is her letter referring to the miracle:

"I have a little story you may like to tell Brother André. When I came home in November, I found a letter from a young friend I had not seen since he was in a perambulator. It was to ask my prayers for his mother who was dying from the effects of an accident. Her foot caught as she was going down a very steep flight of stairs to the Underground Railway, at Baker street, and she fell the whole length of it, hitting her head and one of her knees very badly. When she was conscious she was taken home, and for three or four days declared she was only severely bruised and shaken. Then suddenly she went clean out of her senses and knew no one and raved about people dead long ago, and she called for me in my maiden name, as I used to know her when I was a girl. It was that that put it into her son's head to write to me that she was not supposed to live very long and the doctors had very little hope of her. I was told she was in a mental hospital, and that she did not know her son when he went to see her. I asked permission to go there, and was given leave. They told me she could utter nothing but gibberish, and was very weak. When I came to her bedside, I would not have recognized her, but I looked straight into her eyes and told her I was 'Alice.' Then she caught my hand and held it convulsively, and her poor tongue and lips were uttering an incomprehensible jumble over and over again. At last I hit upon it; she was repeating over and over again a prayer in Polish her mother had taught her as a child. I recognized two of the words (her mother was a Pole, a Princess). . . . I told the nurse she was saying a prayer in Polish and she was not able to say anything else. I sat by her for some time, and as her memory of years ago seemed to be the only workable part in her brain, I asked her in French was she suffering pain? And at once she responded and said 'No, not at all,' and then went off in the ejaculatory prayer. The nurse moved off, and I moved my hand into my pocket and brought out Frère André's little bottle of blessed oil, and I made the sign of the Cross with a little of the oil on her, and St. Joseph's medal in my hand. And I just asked if there was any merit in Frère André's prayers that this poor woman might be restored to health for her only son's sake.

I came away. The nurse thought it a bad case. I went to Ireland for three weeks, and on my return sent a 'phone message to the son, fearing he would tell me his mother was dead. But to my joy he said she had completely recovered, and was now at a rest home to get up her strength. Tell Brother André that. You must also tell him to pray for peace in Ireland."

### All Faiths Among Patrons

YOU would be surprised if I were to tell you that, in proportion to the number that have applied, probably more Protestants than Roman Catholics have successfully procured aid at this now well-known shrine. And yet it is true.

From the primitive little Oratory of St. Joseph, on the western slope of Mount Royal, there has grown a crypt of large dimensions, in which divine service is daily held, and in the magnificent stained glass windows, the statuary, and the other handsome offerings are evidences of the deep and fervent gratitude of those who have been made whole. Overshadowing this is shortly to be erected an imposing massive structure which is to be dedicated as a Basilica in honor of St. Joseph, the holy Patriarch of Nazareth, and which is to be one of the world's grandest and most magnificent edifices, and to which immense pilgrimages of the maimed and the halt and the sick and the distressed and heavy-burdened will hopefully come for spiritual comfort and bodily relief.

And all this magnificent grandeur of marble and gold and silver and precious stones, picturesquely environed by all the wealth of the scenic splendor of the historic mountainside, springs from the unfathomable work of the poor little habitant lad whose whole simple life has been devoted to humbly and faithfully following in the footsteps of the Master.

### On the Operating Table

EVER been a patient in a hospital? No? Well, I've been in them six times—and not always a patient. Sometimes I was an impatient. For a person really ill or injured the hospital is the proper place. My first experience in one was at the Montreal Western Hospital in 1905. I had just arrived from the Pacific Coast by way of St. Paul and Toronto, suffering most intense pain, but utterly oblivious of the cause of the trouble. At Glenwood Lake in Dakota we—I was with a party of United States newspaper men from Washington, D.C.—stopped for a sail on that beautiful water. The craft was a gasoline motor and the boat round and about the engine was saturated with gasoline. The combined captain, pilot and crew was an inveterate cigarette fiend, and the way he lit his "coffin nails" and unconcernedly threw the still-burning matches on the deck was a holy fright. I said to Jerry Jermayne, of the Seattle *Times*, who sat beside me, as I pointed to the overcast sky, "I wonder, Jerry, what's beyond those clouds?" "Why do you ask?" he inquired. Racked with pain my rejoinder came, "Well, if that fellow keeps on throwing those lighted matches on this tinder wood, we'll be going up there—if we don't go the other way!"

But nothing happened, and after a couple of days and nights of agonizing pain, we reached Toronto, where goodby and God-speed were wished to our American friends. Next morning I was home and still unaware of what painfully ailed me. I sent for Dr. England, who hurriedly called in consultation Dr. Jim Bell, as good an authority on the human anatomy as ever lived. Naturally, I watched their faces as they returned from the consultation after having examined me, and I saw from their drawn facial expression that trouble loomed ahead. They told me I had appendicitis and that an operation to remove the appendix was absolutely and immediately necessary. My father had died of appendicitis—only it wasn't known by that name then, but as inflammation of the bowels—and my eldest son, Van, succumbed to an operation, and I said to myself, "Three times and out." But out loud I mentioned to the doctors: "Well, if you have to take out my appendix, go on and do your worst, but for goodness sake, leave me my preface and table of contents."

Shortly after the operation, which was a serious one, was performed. I will never forget the awful darkness that over shadowed me as the opiate took effect. My last thought was: "This is eternity." When I recovered from the effects of the narcotic, I found myself in a darkened room and wondered where I was and what it was all about. The kindly-featured nurse quickly discovered that my consciousness had returned, and came to my bedside, and then I remembered everything. "But why this dark room. It was early morning when they operated on me, but now it can't be night."

"No, it isn't," she seriously responded, "but we were afraid of the shock you might get."

"Why, what shock?"

"Well, there was a big fire just across the street and we were afraid if you awoke, and saw the flames, you might think that the operation hadn't been successful."

That shows you what it is to have a reputation.

### A Really "Substantial" Breakfast

TWO years later I was in the hospital again for an operation for hernia, and an incision was made in the same place as the previous one. The morning of the operation, I arose early and hobbled down stairs for a bath, to do which I had to pass the bedroom door of the matron—the sister of a high-titled Canadian now in London. You know, or perhaps you don't know, that just previous to an operation, the patient is given no more food than would keep a sparrow from starving. But, like a son of Belial, I rapped thunderingly at the matron's door, and she hopped out of bed and rushed to answer the apparently important summons. When she saw me she anxiously wanted to know what was the matter.

"The matter—well, I want to tell you that you keep a mighty punk boarding-house. My breakfast—"

"What," she exclaimed in holy horror, "did they give you a breakfast this morning?"

"Of course they did."

"And what did they give you?"

"Oh, I said nonchalantly, "I had a shave, and a bath, a glass of water, and a copy of this morning's *Gazette*."

When next the matron saw me I was languidly smoking a cigarette and dangling my legs on the operating table. And the look she gave me was as sharp as the doctor's knife. In a week's time, I was taken home in an ambulance and several cart drivers, out of morbid curiosity, jumped off their vehicles and on to mine, but when the third one impudently glared at me, I yelled out "smallpox" and, they all instantly skedaddled. One fellow, thank goodness, bruised his epidermis.

### An Afternoon of Gloom

THE next time the hospital wards housed me was out in Vancouver, where I had acquired a pretty badly smashed knee while witnessing a lacrosse match at New Westminster where that club played the Shamrocks of Montreal. Thanksgiving Day came round about a week after, and it was a dour, gloomy day, and my game leg ached worse than ever. After a very light lunch, Denah O'Connor, my pretty Irish nurse, quietly informed me that I was to have no evening meal. I thought that dreary afternoon would never come to an end, and conjured up all sorts of things. Would they cut off my leg above the knee, or below the thigh, and would not it be better and save a lot of bother if they knifed me around the neck. Five-thirty came—six o'clock—six-thirty—seven and no visible signs of even tea and toast. I was sure then what was coming and when I heard a bustling outside I said to myself, "There come my executioners, and they're bringing the undertakers with them just to save time." * * * * These asterisks, kind reader, represent my unprintable thoughts. And then the door opened and in came two Japanese boys with a huge hamper sent to me by the people of the Vancouver hotel. The hamper contained everything from soup to nuts, and there was enough to feed a dozen people. The nurses and some other patients were called in, the banqueting board was spread, the aching pains thoughtfully diminished, and we had a whale of a time. I was out of the hospital three days later.

Down in Pictou, Nova Scotia, I was laid up with a very serious attack of rheumatism, and my attending phyaician was Dr. McMillan, a brother of Duncan McMillan, then M.P. for Middlesex, Ontario, whom I knew very well. After the third daily visit, the doctor came two or three times a day, and I anxiously asked him one day if I was so seriously ill that such frequent visits were necessary. "Not at all, old man, not at all. But I like to hear you talk of the doings at Ottawa and of my brother Duncan. You'll be out in a couple of days."

Thus doubt and uncertainty and anxiety were quickly dispelled.

### Called Me the "Queen of the May"

OUT in the Winnipeg hospital, where I had an attack of pneumonia for a change, another patient was enjoying the weird pleasures that only delirium tremens can furnish the devotees of Bacchus. He would insist on visiting me, and quickly ascertaining that the arm of a big chair was loose, always grabbed it, and the way he slashed it around was a caution. I had plenty of exercise dodging that chair-arm without leaving my bed. Of course, he wouldn't have hit me for the world, but people with the D. T.'s have a largely distorted vision, and I didn't know exactly at what juncture he would mistake my pillow for a whale or myself for a fiery dragon. He compromised when the matron came in, and led him out by the ear, notwithstanding his incessant pleading that he owned the hospital, and that I was to be the Queen of the May. So you see, even illness has its compensating advantages.

Of course other accidents happened to me and there was no hospital to give treatment. A broken foot in a football game, a broken finger at cricket, and a couple of broken ribs in a bath-tub were amongst them. The latter occurred on a fine Sunday morning when I was getting ready to go to the train to meet Miss Agnes Laut, the well-known Canadian writer, who was then living in New York. A piece of soap—now I know why so many hate soap—and kerflump I went against the porcelain side of the tub. It pained a good deal, but I didn't know the full meaning of my mishap until evening when the doctor came and telling me I had two broken ribs, proceeded to put that part of my body in plaster. Just then I remembered an appointment made with Brent Macnab for next day, and sent a note that I had been laid up with a couple of broken ribs and informing him that: "While it's not as bad a smash as that of the Ville Marie bank, I was in plaster and never felt so stuck up in my life."

### Down in Washington

WASHINGTON, the capital of the great United States, is one of the finest cities in the Union. It is well laid out, has fine residential and business sections, and the Capitol itself occupies a commanding position. The city is the great political centre of the Republic and a swell social centre as well. It is a pleasant place to visit, especially if one has lots of friends like I have—the boys of the press gallery and some who are just ordinary, and a few who are not ordinary statesmen. Before the Civil war, it was an almost entirely southern city—but of course it is not now.

Under the big dome of the Capitol is a rotunda on whose walls are pictured historic scenes. One is of Pocahontas, where one of the figures has six fingers on the one hand, and in another work of art two girls are painted, and I'll be hanged if one of them hasn't got three arms—one hanging by her side and another around her companion's waist and—the third around that young lady's neck. Suppose the artist didn't like the lay of the second arm and after painting the third forgot to remove the other. The artist's error has never been corrected.

The dinners of the Gridiron Club at Washington were swell affairs, and the press men had as their guests some of the biggest men in the land. One time I was present. It was during the scandal when prominent people for obvious reasons were accused of paying big money to have their portraits published in the New York *Town Topics*. Elihu Root, perhaps the brainiest man in the United States political life of the time, but whose cast of countenance was the reverse of jovial, began a speech this way: "At the last Cabinet council (President Roosevelt quickly looked at him in surprise at his publicly mentioning the doings of a cabinet in private session) when you, Mr. President, and we considered (the President very uneasily twisted and turned in his chair) that is, we were considering the advisability (Mr. President looked daggers at him for daring to publicly repeat what was always considered confidential, but Mr. Root went unconcernedly on) the advisability of getting—of getting our pictures in *Town Topics*—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the wild hilarious shouts that filled the room.

William H. Taft, afterwards President Taft, and a man

## REAL STORIES

THERE *are two short stories in the February 15 issue of* MACLEAN'S *in which readers of Canada's National Magazine will be particularly interested. Each story is written by a young Canadian, back from overseas, who will make his mark in vigorous fiction.*

*You will know Leslie Gordon Barnard—he wrote "First Row, Orchestra," and other graphic stories of Canadian city life. He lives and writes in Montreal, and don't miss his "THE QUEER TOFF' IN No. 13," which will appear February 15. It's a human story of a blind man who almost "pegged out," until a wonderful love drew him back from things ethereal.*

*There's another story, too, which will show every guiding rule has its exception. Most editors have decided the public won't read stories with any war atmosphere. But, when you read "THE CROSS IN THE SKY," by R. T. M. Scott, you'll realize that here's a psychic story, simply, forcefully told, that's really worth reading. This is Mr. Scott's first piece of fiction in* MACLEAN'S—*but there'll be more.*

of great humor, spoke at another gathering. He was then a member of the Roosevelt cabinet—and he claimed that his "rotundity of person was looming larger in the public eye than the President's teeth." And Teddy *did* have prominent molars.

I heard Mr. Harriman, the widely known railway magnate, try to make a speech, and, after a minute or so, get entirely lost, stick his hands in his pockets, and aimlessly wander around, vainly endeavoring to say something or other, which he couldn't remember. He was a man of brains, but not of gab. Then Pierpont Morgan, able as he was, couldn't make an after-dinner speech, for while he was long on money, he was short on language. But everybody was vociferously applauded all the same.

### Case of "Much Wants More"

DURING the Spanish-American war there was great excitement in Boston and all along the coast of the New England states. A cruiser which had patrolled the coast was suddenly ordered elsewhere and the New Englanders, fearing a hostile visit from the enemy, deluged Washington with telegrams and letters and delegations demanding protection at once. I happened to be in Washington at the time, and was accompanying Eddie Hood, of the Associated Press, in his daily round of the Government offices. We dropped into the office of Mr. John Hay, Secretary of State, and there met his assistant, Mr. John Bassett Moore, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Hay. He looks like an Englishman, but isn't one. After a short stay we were about to leave when Mr. Moore asked us to wait a minute, and disappeared into an adjoining room. On returning, a minute or so later, he asked me if I would like to meet Mr. Hay, and immediately ushered me into his presence. Mr. Hay had a keen piercing eye, and he looked at me searchingly. Then he said, "Mr. Ham, you are from Canada. Would you do me a favor?" Of course I would if I could. "Well," he went on, "the people of Boston and New England are deluging me with all sorts of messages and delegations are demanding that a cruiser that patrolled their coast line, which we had to send elsewhere, should be replaced at once. That is impossible, but I want to assure them that they will be protected from any Spanish fleet. Could you get me a daily message from Halifax reporting the approach of any Spanish men-of-war?"

I told him I would try, and he gave me the address to which the messages were to be sent. I looked it up and it was the residence of Mr. Wilkie, the head of the U.S. secret service—although his was not the name given. I went to Halifax, and saw Charlie Philps, the local C.P.R. representative, who arranged with the look-out men at the signal station to keep him informed. Every morning a wire was sent: "All's well." On the first of every month, a man came into my office and handed me an envelope in which was $100 in brand new U.S. currency which had never before been used. There was no name, but I had a number, which identified me at Washington. This money was forwarded to Halifax to be divided between the four signal men. All went smoothly until all danger of an attack was past, when I was notified that there was no further necessity for the messages. When I conveyed this intelligence to the look-out men, instead of thanks for putting what is called "velvet" in their pockets, I received a letter abusing me like a pickpocket for not continuing the service. Oh, well—perhaps I may get a war medal or some other decoration from Washington some of these days, but I am not banking on it.

At the old Willard Hotel, Jimmy Anderson, the colored porter, put one over me. My room was chilly, and Jimmy came daily and lighted a fire. He told me a sad, sad tale about his wife and children having in the far past been stolen by the Georgia men (men from Georgia) and his life had been one of long suffering sorrow and lonesomeness ever since. The tears trickled down his wrinkled cheeks and he appealed to me so pitifully that I gave him a couple of dollars and temporarily soothed his saddened heart. In about a year I was again at the old Willard, and roomed on the same floor. Meeting the motherly housekeeper one morning, I asked her as to the whereabouts of Jimmy. She enquired if I wanted to see him, to which I replied in the affirmative. The tale Jimmy told me of his kidnapped family had scarcely been commenced, when she laughingly interrupted by saying, "And he told you that terrible story of his wife and children being stolen? Why, the old rascal is over at Atlantic City now with his wife and eleven youngsters, all fat and hearty." Whereat we both laughed and my deep interest in Jimmy and his woes took a decided slump.

One day Ned Farrer and I were wandering around Chevy Chase, just outside the city, when we casually ran across a fine old type of a Southern gentleman. Entering into conversation he told us we were on historic ground; it was here a group of Confederate soldiers during the Civil War gathered, coming by way of Georgetown, with the avowed purpose of making a quick dash on the White House, kidnapping President Lincoln, and hurriedly carrying him away. That night was a misty one, and the scouts sent out mistook the haycocks, which were in plenty, for the tents of the northern soldiers. Imagining that their venture could not be successfully carried out, they quickly retreated, and sadly said our new-found friend: "I don't understand how we ever made such an awful blunder."

He had been one of the foiled Southern troops and a Colonel at that.

### Some Anecdotes

A WARM personal friend, who has been reading these reminiscences, very kindly writes me his appreciation of them, and adds a few incidents which he thinks I had forgotten. Here they are in all their glory and exaggeration. He says:

"I ran across an American mining man, Col. Jack Ormsby, in Toronto, who told me a typical 'George Ham Story.' It appears that the two colonels were traveling together from New York to Washington. Never having met up before, they introduced each other in Western fashion. And after having said: 'Well, what do you say if we have another one?' which they had, the American colonel loosened up and explained that he had just come from Arizona to report to J. Pierpont Morgan on a mining proposition, (this was in 1905) and the 'Old Man' was so pleased that when his report was handed Mr. Morgan, and passed, Mr. Morgan presented the Colonel (not George) with a cheque for $15,000, the larger portion of which was given as a bonus.

" 'I showed Mr. Ham the cheque,' said Colonel Jack, 'and he asked me if he might tear a small piece off the corner, and when I enquired "what for?" he said: "Well, if that whole bit of paper is worth $15,000, a small piece of it must surely be worth a few thousands—and I need the money." ' "

"The American colone who told me this story added: 'Now that struck me as a funny thing: but not any funnier than the mild and innocent expression on Mr. Ham's face when he made the droll remark'."

And another one:

"Here is something which you have probably forgotten. Robert Lincoln O'Brien, of the Boston *Herald*, is responsible for it. You were 'meeting' Theodore Roosevelt in the White House, the morning after the Gridiron Club dinner, back in 1904, I think. 'Teddy' was then President, and was in a very talkative mood, standing outside his office in the ante-room addressing his remarks especially to you, stating that when he got clear of his present 'job,' he intended to take a trip through Canada.

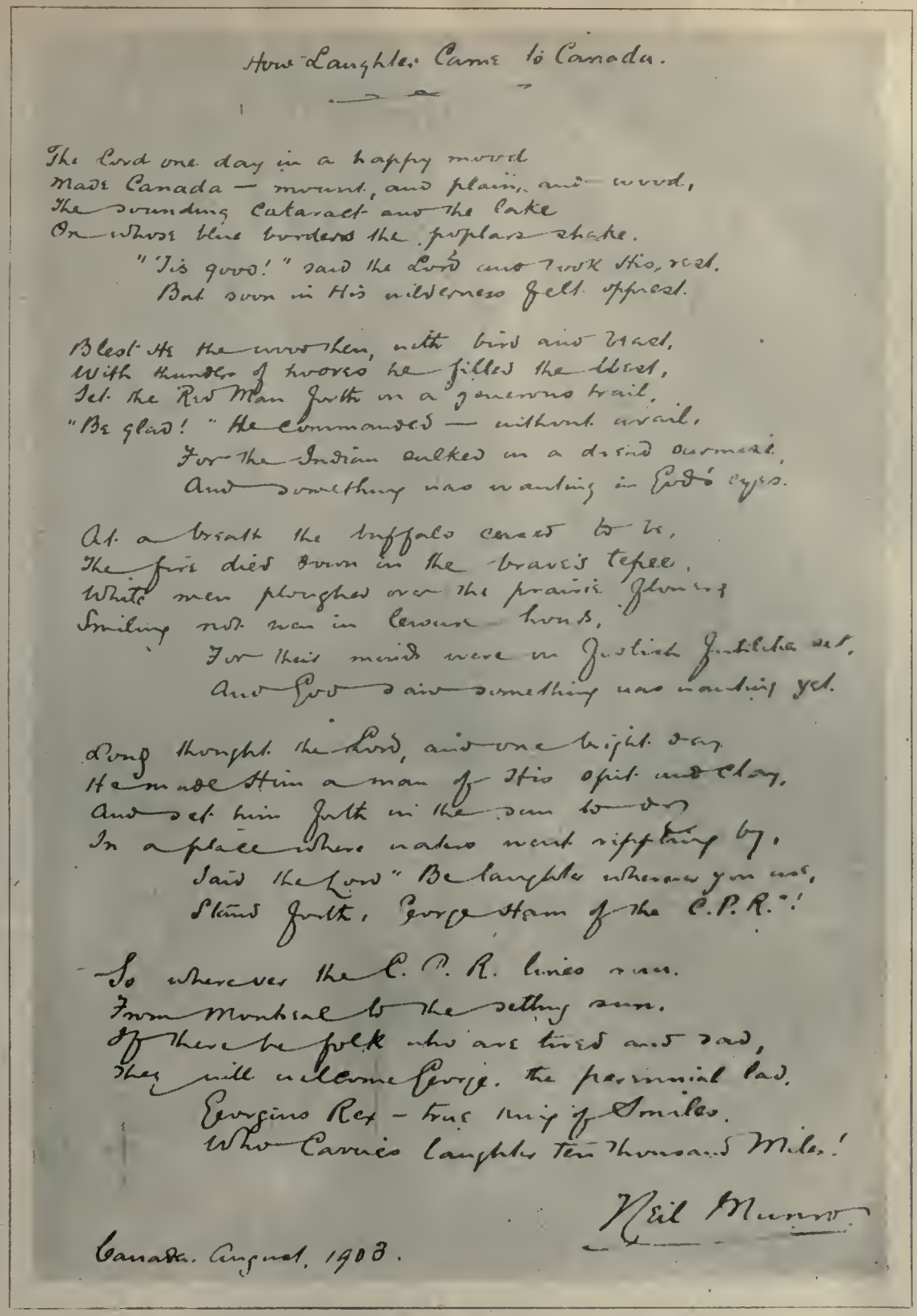
" 'I hope you do,' said G. H. H. cordially, 'there's only one man in the world who would be better or more cordially received than you, Mr. President—and that's King Edward.' Whereat President Roosevelt smilingly showed his teeth, 'seeing as how' he generally knew a good thing when he heard it."

And still another:

"Sam Blythe—he of *Saturday Evening Post* fame—will vouch for this one. Mr. Ham, under his chaperonage was being escorted through the different congressiona members' rooms (States headquarters) in the Capitol at Washington. There was 'apple-jack' in the 'Jersey room; 'moonshine' in the Tennessee teepee; peach brandy and honey in the Delaware 'hang-out,' and 'Bourbon' in the Blue Grass state apartments.

" 'How many States are there in this blooming Union

*Continued on page 54*



How Laughter Came to Canada.

The Lord one day in a happy mood
Made Canada — mount, and plain, and wood,
The sounding Cataract and the Lake
On whose blue borders the poplars shake.
"'Tis good!" said the Lord and took His rest.
But soon in His wilderness felt oppressed.

Blest He the unbroken, with bird and beast,
With thunder of waters he filled the East,
Yet the Red Man forth in a gaunt trail,
"Be glad!" He commanded — without avail,
For the Indian sulked in a dismal dearth,
And something was wanting in God's eyes.

At a breath the buffalo ceased to be,
The fire died down in the brave's tepee,
White men ploughed over the prairie glowing
Smiling not men in Cerussa bound,
For their minds were on Justice Justifica'ed,
And God saw something was wanting yet.

Long thought the Lord, and one bright day
He made Him a man of His spirit and clay,
And set him forth in the sun to dance
In a place where nations went sifting by.
Said the Lord "Be laughter wherever you are,
Stand forth, George Ham of the C.P.R.!"

So wherever the C. P. R. lines run.
From Montreal to the setting sun.
If there be folk who are tired and sad,
They will welcome George, the perennial lad.
Georgius Rex — true King of Smiles.
Who Carries Laughter Ten Thousand Miles!

Neil Munro

Canada. August, 1908.

A hitherto unpublished poem, by Dr. Neil Munro, famous Scottish novelist.



# THAT WIFE *of* DUNCAN'S

His fist smashed on to the table until it quivered. "The young fool has given her full charge," he almost shouted.

*By* CHARLES G. BOOTH

ILLUSTRATED BY W. V. CHAMBERS

IT WAS the first time he had ever seen his son's wife. Peering at her with his inscrutable eyes he searched for sign of that fear which he had decided she would show as did all others who sought his favors or his forbearance; for when they had named him "Iron Face" Foulds they had named him well. But to his intense surprise he found nothing but a serene courage in her dark eyes and a fearlessness in the vivid outlines of her eager face that quite baffled him. Foulds was compelled to readjust some of his preconceived ideas of this daughter-in-law of his; and this is hard for one whose years have reached the allotted span—years filled with justified conclusions and victories that were other men's defeats. His tall, heavy frame straightened. That look which men had learned to fear squared his features. His old face would have been ruthless had it not been relieved by a stern humanness that persistently haunted his gray eyes.

"You received Duncan's telegram?" Margaret was saying.

Foulds' mouth hardened. "Yes, I got it." He smiled, grimly.

"And you will help him?" Her voice was quite steady, though it held a peculiar, enriching tenseness that told of the strain she was under. Her eyes, glistening like washed jewels, hung upon his lips. She was praying without consciously forming her supplications. She had been praying for hours.

"Duncan should have known better than to have sent you—of all people—on such an errand!" He shot this at her with a sort of inevitableness, suggesting sentences ready formed upon his lips. The savagery in his words quite hid the acute agony their utterance caused him.

Some of the color drained from Margaret's face. She had to close her teeth tightly to stem the rising flood of her anger.

"Why do you detest me so?" she asked presently. "You don't know me. You haven't given me a chance. You are unfair."

"Why?" he flung at her. "He has told you often enough, I'll warrant. Why?" he repeated, his old eyes flaming. "Because you married my son! If you had kept your paws off him and what you knew went with him, he would still be my son! The boy's mother died when he was born. He's all I had left and you took him—my boy!"

For just a moment Margaret glimpsed the twisted love and the bitter hatred in Foulds' heart. He went on again after a slight pause.

"I spent a lifetime building Foulds' Engineering Company for him, and when I quit and gave it him, you came along and took him from me. Now you've ruined the concern and you come begging my help. Well, you don't get it. You've steered on to the rocks together—you can complete your wreck together!"

Margaret was silent. His bitterness was harsher than she had expected. And so he thought she had stolen Duncan from him? Her lips twisted into a smile.

Her heart was full. She had come prepared to concede much, her dignity at least, but he was not giving her a chance. Yet at heart she knew he was good. Duncan had told her that. If he would only allow her to, she knew that she could love him. Just then his grim face was as unrelenting as that of a brazen god.

THEY were in his garden. It was simple and beautiful—an old-fashioned garden in gay colors and dark cool greens with hidden nooks and shady seats that bobbed up in front of one unexpectedly, all but inviting one to linger in their cool recesses.

His words had hurt and Margaret walked away from him a pace or two to hide her pain. She could feel his bitter eyes boring into the back of her head. She turned to the gnarled old apple tree which she had found him pruning. Its fruit was reddening under the mid-afternoon sun. Its foliage stirred lazily in the slight breeze; its twisted boughs reached like venerable arms to the austere heavens. It seemed the personification of the sympathy she was seeking.

Then quickly Margaret turned and faced him.

"Duncan could not come himself."

"Makes no difference, I'm through with him."

"You are his father—don't you love him?"

"Love him?" The words leaped from Foulds' lips.

A swift look swept his face but he composed himself. Then: "That's none of your business!"

"He's ill—that is why he did not come himself."

Foulds looked at her sharply. "Ill, you say? What's wrong?"

"You are interested?"

"It doesn't matter." Foulds shrugged his shoulders with ill-concealed interest.

"Pneumonia," Margaret told him. "But he's very much better."

There was silence.

"Are you going to help him?" the girl ventured presently. "We—he needs fifty thousand to pass the crisis. You can lend it—easily. And it will save the business you were so proud of."

His lips were twitching. He did not answer.

Margaret drew closer. She touched one of his arms gently. "But more than he needs the money, more than he needs anything, he needs you. You are his father and he wants you. I don't think you know just how much you are to him." They were face to face but Margaret could see no sympathy in his hard eyes.

Foulds' laugh was as hard as his eyes. "Don't come to me whining. When he gets rid of you I'll talk business, forgiveness, and the rest of it."

The girl shivered as though the chill of night had suddenly struck. She knew that she had lost and the knowledge depressed her, but at that moment her sympathy was with Foulds more than with herself. At his refusal he seemed to shrivel before her eyes as though it had taken from him something that he held dearer than life.

"Then you won't—"

"No, I'll see him dead first!" he croaked. "And you too!" Margaret backed away from him. "Get out!" he barked at her. "Get out!"

And before she could answer he was stumbling towards

his house which stood embowered in a nest of dark green ivy, Virginia creeper, and climbing roses that intoxicated one with their perfume. A cluster of fallen petals lay directly in his path. He trod upon it with vicious delight.

TOWARD evening Foulds' passion had cooled. His mind was more coherent.

Later on Benjamin Kerr joined him in Foulds' study. Kerr was a small, gray-haired man, thoughtful of eyes and distinctive of feature. He had breasted life's stream easily. Contact with the world had softened him even as it had hardened Foulds. At rare intervals, Foulds, his friend of years, glimpsed the emotional depths of Kerr's character but only when Kerr permitted him to do so and on such occasions Foulds was amazed and humbled.

It was a dim, soft-toned room they were in, done in black leather and dark oak. Books lined the walls. A reading lamp dappled the heavy table with a soft colored light. Against one wall, and between tiered books, hung a large portrait in oils—a woman in the dress of another day, a queen among women, soft-eyed, tender-mouthed, disseminating into the meagre light the sweet personality which must have invested the original.

Kerr regarded his friend through the gray tobacco haze.

"That is your fifth cigar to-day," he admonished. "Binns limited you to two."

"Curse Binns and his limitations!"

"Well, I suppose your curses won't harm him; his premonitions are usually justified, though. But I don't want to talk of Binns and his limits, but of that pretty child you had to see you to-day—your daughter-in-law."

"Child! She must be twenty-five!"

"You and I are nearly seventy. Of course she is a child!"

"Have it your own way."

"Youth is a glorious phase but after all it is only a phase with its laughs at age and its flirtations with ruin—"

"You are right there!"

"Unfortunately age gives it so much to laugh at. Why don't you and Duncan make up and quit acting like a pair of fools at extreme ends of a tightrope?"

"He's my son no longer! How many more—"

"Yes, yes, you have told me that almost as often as I have called you a pig-headed old fool. You are too rigid—always have been—to appreciate life. Dig down a little—you'll find people and children more human than you expect. You have always made the means to life the end. Loosen up; your ideas are not made of steel; if you think they are, and if they don't bend, they'll break; you can't keep still in a moving world. Give the boy and his wife a chance. Give them their fifty thousand—you won't miss it. They make a fine pair from what I hear."

"I'll see 'em dead, first!"

"Yes, perhaps you will, but they are more likely to see you dead first."

Foulds glared at his friend. "I'm good for ten years yet!"

Kerr ignored this. "Because the boy married before he got his business wind and without getting your O.K. you're letting him smash. It's beyond me."

Foulds' rage had been simmering. Now it boiled up from his unhappy heart. His old teeth clicked. "I'll see him cleaned to his last dollar before I'll lift a hand—and then I won't!" he snarled. His fist crashed dully against the leathern arm of his chair.

Kerr got to his feet. "I guess I'll move on. If you don't get after those roses of yours Old Men's Row won't get even a measly third this year. Mine are hopeless and Green's and Billings' are worse! So long."

FOULDS pulled himself to his feet. Then he sank back into his chair. That sharp cutting pain which had stabbed into him so often of late was at him again.

"If I keep still it'll go," he muttered to himself. "Five cigars! Binns said two! Guess he was right; always is."

Presently he felt easier. He leaned back in his chair. A slight noise occurred at the door. It was Landers, his man.

"Are you all right, sir, I thought—"

"Why shouldn't I be all right?" Confound the man. Everyone was determined to emphasize his age, his dependency.

"Shall I—?"

"Get out!"

His mind reverted. First had come the telegram from Duncan asking for help. Then, instead of the boy, that woman! How he hated her! Her slim beauty, her dark loveliness—he had to admit that. His boy! His boy! Oh, God, if there was a God. That woman's beauty had taken his boy; stolen him!

What was that Kerr had said? "Old Men's Row!" That was how they put it, was it? Green and Billings and Kerr and himself all growing roses in a row. He sneered to himself.

His boy! How he loved him. He admitted that to himself. Help him? Gladly—everything. Even his life, though everyone intimated that wasn't worth much. Their actions did, anyway. But hadn't the cub spurned his gifts? Married after a week's courtship—and without a word? That had cut deep into his old heart.

His mind on the wings of memory slipped into the past. Involuntarily his eyes sought the portrait on the wall. A queer hurt feeling gathered at the roots of his heart—not from cigars this time. His wife! She had come like the glow of dawn into the darkness of his solitude. For a brief year her mysterious spirituality had penetrated into the darkest corner of his materialistic heart, never to wholly leave. Then had come the boy. . . . the excruciating agony of uncertainty. . . . and her death. "Be good to him always," she had said.

That sense of repose which always accompanied these flashes of reminiscence even though they stirred the old pain was missing this time. This puzzled him. Surely, surely it could not be that he was not playing fair with his dead. "Be good to him always." The words persisted in his mind. Could it be possible that he had not played fair? Was it possible that he was wrong and that Kerr was right? Kerr had been a banker before he put off the harness, a successful one too, a man of judgment, they said. But a man of loans and bonds and stocks, what could he know of the workings of a man's soul.

"I wonder?" he muttered. "Perhaps—" He started abruptly to his feet. He had always been a man of quick decisions. "I'll go—to-morrow—and take it over—until he's well!" He ejaculated this out loud. Things would be upside down, he reflected, as he eased himself into his chair. "Too old at seventy, eh?" He chuckled grimly. He'd show 'em! Old Men's Row! He'd make Kerr and those fellows sit up and take notice. Of course he wouldn't have to see her—very often.

He began to feel better; presently he sought his bed.

IT WAS at eight-thirty the next morning that Foulds, shaved and primly immaculate, entered what had been his own general office. He recognized none of the clerks who looked up at his entrance, and it struck him sharply as he made for his old private office that he had not been here for three years. The department heads would not be down until nine. He would give them the surprise of their lives.

A boy bobbed up in front of him, apparently from nowhere.

"Name, please?" the youngster demanded, barring the way.

Foulds glared at him. "Eh?" he grunted, not at once grasping the situation.

"Name?" the boy repeated, a rather comical grimness in his voice. His blue eyes and freckled face were set uncompromisingly.

"Name!" Foulds echoed. Then: "Get out of my way!"

"Won't!" said the boy thrusting his hands into his pockets. "Mrs. Foulds said—"

"Who?" bellowed Foulds.

"Mrs. Foulds said I wasn't to let no one butt in like you are doin'," the boy emphasized.

"Oh, she did, did she?" Foulds ejaculated after a moment. Then: "Well, tell Mrs. Foulds that Mr. Foulds, senior, is here."

The boy disappeared into the private office to reappear immediately.

"She says to go right in."

Foulds entered.

Each unit of the gleaming mahogany office was indelibly etched in his memory. But at sight of Margaret in the chair and before the desk that had so long been his, the heat in his heart began to simmer and bubble. Her presence there was desecration, a blow at the roots of his life.

"You wanted to see me?" Margaret's voice was clear, a little cold. This stirred Foulds' antagonism as he could not know that she was fighting to contain herself.

"To see you?" he grunted. "I've come to take things over until Duncan is well." He was trying to read her eyes as he spoke, but beyond noting their steadiness he could make nothing of them.

"Then you are going to be friends again?" Margaret's eyes were swimming as she said that.

"Friends!" There was a sneer on his lips. "Not if I know it! I don't change my mind! But I built this company and I don't want it ruined if I can help it. That is the reason I am here. The only reason, you understand!"

Margaret flushed at the sting in his tone, but she managed to keep her outward calm.

"Someone had to take things over and as I know more about the business than you perhaps think I do, Duncan gave me full charge. We have studied it together, Duncan and I, and I know every nook and cranny in it, so when he insisted that I take his place it seemed the best thing to do."

"Fine mess the two of you have made of it!" snapped Foulds.

Margaret ignored the interruption. "And you say you have come to—to take my place?" She looked at him for a moment. "Is there nothing I could do that would bring you and Duncan together again—as you were before—I—I came?"

"Nothing!" he fired at her, emphasizing the word to down the uneasy twinge within his mind.

"Yet you ask me to—"

"I tell you to go!" he barked at her. His fist thudded on to the desk. "Go home to Duncan. Nurse him back to health. Binns says he'll pull through. I'll see to things here."

She was regarding him with tear-filled eyes. But as she spoke her words were almost precise.

"Duncan is well looked after—you would have known that had not your pride kept you from going to see him. His only anxiety is for the business. And as for turning things over to you, I can't do that until Duncan tells me to. Why don't you ask him yourself?" This was her last play. "If you really wanted to take charge you would go and ask him. You don't know how much he needs you," she pleaded. "If you would only be friends, we could be so happy together."

"I'll do nothing of the kind!" Foulds shot at her. "You'll do as I say—"

"I won't!" Her refusal cut like a knife into the tense atmosphere. "You are unreasonable. I have hoped and prayed that you might see reason—for Duncan's sake, for yours, for mine? I shall go on hoping, of course, but I shall not do what you ask!"

FOULDS was inarticulate for a moment. His neck swelled, his face reddened.

"You insolent—" he began.

"Be careful, Mr. Foulds, or I shall have you shown out! You are in my office, please remember!"

"Your office! Your office!" He caught himself up suddenly. He could feel that old pain at his heart. "Go!" he shouted. "Get out!" His voice was thick with hate.

(*Continued on page 36.*)



**Margaret backed away from him. "Get out!" he barked at her. "Get out!"**

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Farm Labor Party Farce

*So Contends Gompers Who Sees Reef Ahead for Hopes of Organized Workers.*

SAMUEL GOMPERS

SAMUEL GOMPERS, president of the American Federation of Labor, in a leading article in the *American Federationist* entitled "Reaction in the Saddle," reviews the election results in the U.S. and points to movements to break down collective bargaining and force an open shop.

Mr. Gompers sees a return of reactionary influences and hostility toward organized labor and declares that several movements and organizations have already shown evidence of a desire to break down principles held dear by labor. Of these, he says:

"The movement begun some months ago by associations of employers, similar to that of which President-elect Harding is a member in Marion, Ohio, to destroy collective bargaining and to break down trade unions, has found great encouragement in the election results in general. Whether there is real justification for the view that this optimism in reactionary circles is to be given official encouragement remains to be seen, but fears may be expressed properly."

After quoting an article in the *Wall Street Journal*, in which it is held that organized labor, which supported Cox, was repudiated in the election, and other writers who predict that some of the class legislation will be repealed, Mr. Gompers says:

"These are but a few citations from a collection of indications of what it may be assumed is the plan and the scheme of reaction. Much may be read between the lines by those who give study to the plunging and swaying of the great markets—much about manipulation and rigging by those who find always something to gain out of the discomfort and losses of their victims.

"There is evidence enough of the intention of the hostile and the unfair and the unthinking to destroy the standards that have been built up by American labor, to break down the system of conference and agreement that has given American industry a higher standard and a better organization than exists in any other country. There is every indication of a wanton and shocking blindness on the part of those employers who are typified by Judge Gary and in their organized capacity by the United States Chamber of Commerce, the National Industrial Conference Board, the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Erectors' Association and kindred associations that go to make up the group of bitterly individualist employers.

"It was because organized labor was fully aware of the reactionary autocratic and tyrannical policies of the hostile forces of the United States that it took so active a part in the political campaign and election. Recognition of the condition which existed and of the policies laid for the future—policies rooted in reaction and avarice—made it necessary to make the best and most effective protest possible.

"However, it is one thing to plan, another to execute. The dream of a great oligarchy of employers long has been in the minds of those who now speak exultingly. They have long hoped for a day in which the workers would be helpless and without organization of their own. Despite this hope the workers have constantly increased their strength constantly enlarged their organizations, constantly advanced the concept of democracy in industry.

"This is not the hour for turning backward. This is not the hour for autocratic triumph. This is not the hour for destruction of progress.

"If great employers, bereft of their better judgment by the sweep of reactionary political victory, estimate this to be the hour for a similar assault upon the democracy already achieved in industry, they are gravely mistaken. This is not the hour—nor will that hour ever come.

"Labor in America threw its full strength without reserve into the great war for the overthrow of autocracy. It gave a pledge and it kept the pledge. But labor in America has given another pledge, a pledge of humanity to strive with its full strength for a better life for all, for a more democratic industrial world for all, for constant progress, constant progressive achievement.

"It is almost beyond understanding, almost too weird for comprehension that there should be any who would wish to turn backward the tide of progress, but if there must be a development of the effort that seems to be in prospect to that end, then labor in America will be bound by its sacred pledge to humanity and by the very nature of its being to resist that effort at all costs and with full strength."

Discussing the so-called radical vote, Mr. Gompers says:

"The Socialist Party, whose leaders have always preached and practised treachery to the labor movement, finds itself in a particularly embarrassing position at this time. While the complete Socialist vote still is unknown, it seems certain that no increase in the percentage of Socialist votes has been shown over 1912, the banner Socialist year. For an organization that persistently charges the labor movement with political unwisdom and failure, this is a peculiarly humiliating result. It is quite evident that large numbers of pro-German voters preferred to put their strength where there was a greater chance of winning something tangible.

"The Farmer-Labor party experiment, which was neither farmer nor labor, but merely a combination of foolishness and presumption, also failed to arrive. The little coterie of "intellectuals" who furnished the inspiration for the movement and who sang its simple songs during the campaign, continue to sing post-defeat ditties about just beginning the fight and about what they will do next time, just as the Socialists have been doing for years and years until they have the habit firmly fixed.

"Perhaps 3,000,000 votes went into one or another of the minority movements. There is practically nothing to show for this effort, a situation foreseen by all except thse who never see another thing."

## France Would Stabilize Europe

*Her Plans Not to Dominate But Make Peace Secure, Declares Tradieu, Must Have Support of Her Allies*

ANDRE TARDIEU

FRANCE is quite willing that Germany should become a member of the League of Nations "some day," but she insists first that Germany prove, as far as her treaties are concerned, she does not profess the same doctrine as in 1914. Germany, however, is conducting herself as regards the Treaty of Versailles in the same way she behaved six years ago, as regards the Treaty of 1839; any obligation which stands in her way she regards as "a scrap of paper." Reparation of the damage wilfully caused France by Germany during the war amounts to more than 400 billion francs. Of these 400 billions, the Treaty of Versailles only made Germany liable for 190, or less than one half. Should Germany contrive to avoid payment, the French tax-payers, who have to pay 17 billions more in 1920 than in 1914, would have to bear a further increase of 10 billions, which would overwhelm them. Such is one of the dangers which confronts France, according to Andre Tardieu, plenipotentiary of the French Republic, at the Peace Conference, in an article, "The Foreign Policy of France," appearing in *World's Work*. This danger, he asserts, is made imminent through the indifference of her Allies, Great Britain and United States, the action of United States, in holding aloof, in particular, "leaving France in the air," for the time being at least, in the matter of realizing on her claims against Germany. France has been deliberately misrepresented and misunderstood with regard to her foreign policy proposals. She had no wish to dominate the new smaller powers which she helped to create, but she did wish, for her own ends, and benevolent ends as well, to stabilize them. She had no imperialistic ambitions. Clemenceau's ideal was to make France the natural center of a European organization, which, if supported beyond the seas by the two great Anglo-Saxon democracies, might have constituted, at one and the same time, the strongest guarantee against any future revenge contemplated by Germany. As for extending her territorial domain, M. Tardieu goes on to elaborate.

"Now, France—whom the war has cost 1,400,000 killed, 700,000 mutilated, 3 millions wounded, and 400 billion francs—has but one wish and one will, to wit, that humanity may discover a formula for organizations which may make war a matter of impossibility. Moreover, where can one discern, in the actual facts, any traces of the so-called French imperialism? Certain individuals (who must be humorists) have pretended to discover it in the presence of French troops in different parts of Europe where the Treaty of Versailles had made the selection of definite sovereignty subject to plebiscites. France would either like this duty to be fulfilled by others or that others, at least, should help her to fulfill it. France is not to blame if the United States failed to ratify the Treaty; France is not to blame if Great Britain, after having ratified it, contrived to get out of the military obligations she had accepted—in Upper Silesia, for instance. As a last shift, we are reproached for having occupied the left

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bank of the Rhine. What would people say about our lack of foresight if we had refrained from occupying it in exchange for two treaties, neither of which, owing to certain circumstances, is yet in force? In addition, have people forgotten into what an offensive stronghold against us Germany formerly converted the left bank of the Rhine? Do they forget the seven railway-lines converging toward the bridges, the loading-wharves, fortresses and points of concentration—bases for invasions which, twice during the space of fifty years, have devastated our territory? It is in order to prevent a recurrence of this, that we are occupying the left bank. Is that imperialism? What obtains in the case of individuals, likewise applies to nations; they must be judged according to their antecedents. The entire policy of France, as a republic, during the last half-century, belies the accusation brought against her through ignorance or animosity. For the space of forty-three years, France, albeit mutilated by Germany, remained pacific. For the space of forty-three years, she responded to provocations in a calm and conciliatory manner. Doubtless by diplomatic action, she has endeavored to escape from the circle of solitude wherein Bismarck had imprisoned her. But on what bases? Read again the Franco-Russian treaty of alliance of 1892; it is based upon the territorial *status quo*. Read again the Franco-British conventions of 1904; they are simple settlements of colonial liquidation. Between 1871 and 1914, France only worked for the pacific equilibrium of forces. She never provoked Germany nor took up the latter's challenges. Furthermore, she has not taken undue advantage of her victory, either by tearing Germany to pieces to satisfy her own appetite, or by forcibly breaking up the moral unity of Germany's people. The Anglo-Saxon nations, upon which so many endeavor to impose, have too much common sense and impartiality to allow themselves to be ensnared by such sophisms. France is not an autocratic oligarchy. She is a pacific democracy, and it is in a democratic sense that her foreign policy will logically be developed.

"However, in order that this policy may develop—or, rather, in order that it may exist—one condition must be fulfilled, *i.e.*, France must be in a material and moral state of equilibrium; otherwise, as far as peoples are concerned, no action will be possible, either at home or abroad; she must not be threatened with ruinous uncertainty; she must not succumb under the weight of burdens which are not incumbent upon her and which are not her own; in short, the rights ensured her by the Treaty of Versailles must be fully realized. The situation is generally known. Among the clauses of the treaty there were some which, through the force of circumstances, could not be executed except during the course of a considerable number of years; such is the case as regards the clauses concerning reparations. But these clauses, albeit not executable immediately, are no less sacred than the others. I will go so far as to say that they are even more so, and that, to ensure their execution, France is no less warranted in relying on the assistance of her allies than she was warranted in relying thereon in connection with the liberation of Alsace and Lorraine. Now, how can it be denied that, as far as this matter is concerned, the events of 1920 have painfully disappointed the hopes of France? The United States, having refused to ratify the treaty, has been unable to support us in the action intended to compel Germany to honor her signature. England has maintained very different principles regarding the undertakings specified in the Treaty of Versailles. France has been left alone to claim her right and, at times, some of her own friends have seemed to regard the fact as cause for complaint. These matters, however, should be regarded just as they are. If the French people, who are firmer in this respect than their rulers, regard their whole foreign policy as being dependent upon the execution of the Treaty of Versailles, it is because, for them, it is a matter of life or death.

"Certain parties certainly invoke against our principle that Spirit of Peace, who, it is stated, should replace the Spirit of War. France is far from repudiating her, but, in order that the Spirit of Peace may prevail, it is first necessary for peace to be a tangible reality, and it can only become so by the straightforward application of the contract which represents its charter.

"There is something else. It is obvious that the execution of the Treaty of Versailles is necessary for the life of France. It is likewise necessary for the allies and friends of France and, above all, for the Anglo-Saxon democracies. I have shown in what a beneficial manner for the future of the world the foreign policy of France will be applied, provided she be in possession of the material and moral means of security to which she is entitled—security which to-day, the same as yesterday, she briefly defines in these three words: restitution, reparation, guarantees. I have already put on record that the first and most effective of such guarantees is the preservation of that spirit of confidence and solidarity whereby the Allies won the most just of wars. Should a diametrically opposed policy hereafter prevail, should Germany fail to pay France, should the right of France, unanimously recognized in 1919 by all the Allies, fail to be maintained by them, should France, my country, feel herself abandoned to undeserved solitude, and overwhelmed by financial burdens which it is incumbent upon Germany to bear—then in all conscience, I could not see my way to make the same reply to the question 'What will be the foreign policy of France?' On the hypothesis of the non-execution of the Treaty of Peace and relaxation of inter-Allied relations, I cannot say what that policy would be. Under the influence of legitimate irritation, soured by the accumulation of undeserved difficulties, France, by the very force of circumstances, would have to seek, according to her daily wants, the results which the lack of solemn engagements would preclude her from expecting from mutual action. Those, albeit they are few in number at the present time, who preach settlements of affairs by brute force, would inevitably be strengthened by the failure of contracts. The most regrettable impulses might ensue in connection with the hazardous seeking of immediate guarantees. I entertain the firm conviction that the friends of France will realize the gravity of a peril which it is in their power to avert. To assume the great pacific part she is called upon to play, France asks only for one thing, namely, that promises, once given, be kept, and nothing but failure to keep such promises would then cause her to relinquish the task to which she is prepared to devote herself. This is a point which it behooves the Anglo-Saxon people to bear in mind and consider. If exposed to the light of facts and to the refulgence of justice, there can be but one answer to the problem."

# If You See Flash, You're Safe

S. D. FLORA.

THE old saying is that if you see the lightning flash you're safe, a fact stressed by S. D. Flora, a meteorologist of the storm-swept Missouri River Valley, in a recent article:—

"There's no use dodging or registering fright at a blinding flash of lightning. It requires a sixth of a second to produce a sensation of sound and an eighth of a second for sight, while lightning will utterly destroy the brain in a tenth of a second, so that anyone seeing a flash may be sure it has missed him; otherwise he would be already dead.

"Lightning is caused by the air being heated to incandescence through the passage of an enormous current of electricity, and thunder by the sudden expansion of this air when it gets white hot. Rolling thunder is simply the echo of the original crash sent back from the clouds.

"The ripping, smashing effect of lightning when it strikes a tree or building is due to the sudden expansion of imprisoned air bubbles, or vaporization of moisture in the wood. Shoes are generally torn off persons struck because of the explosive effect of lightning when it passes from the body, which a good conductor, through the shoes, which are poor conductors. . . .

"The electric current used for lighting houses seldom has a flow of more than three or four amperes and is unable to jump across an air space of a fraction of an inch; but lightning runs as high as 20,000 amperes, and often jumps twenty miles from cloud to cloud, or a mile and a half to the ground.

"The most dangerous places to be during a storm are near telephone and telegraph wires, tall chimneys, or under oak trees; and the safest place is inside a building properly rodded. Beech, maple and elm trees are not nearly as liable to be struck as oak."

# WIT, WISDOM *and* WHIMSICALITY

**Analysed.**—Restaurant soup is composed of equal parts of water and overhead expense.—Vancouver *Province*.

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**Settled.**—No, Alfred, it is not the bad eggs that produce the tough chickens.—Brockville *Recorder and Times*.

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**Famous Words of Famous Women.**—"Are you going to get down here to breakfast or aren't you?"—Kingston *British Whig*.

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**Back Again.**—Raisin jack must be losing its popularity. The piebakers are beginning to put raisins in raisin pie.—Cobalt *Nugget*.

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**Wisdom Defined.**—The wise man is one who can find no time to worry by day, and who at night is too sleepy.—London *Free Press*.

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**The Gentle Cynic.**—We always say we don't want our friends to grieve after we aregone—and they don't after the novelty wears off.—Stratford *Beacon*.

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**The Very Last Ult.**—The man who drinks wood alcohol seems to be that ultimate consumer we have heard so much about lately.—Calgary *Herald*.

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**We Have our Suspicions.**—We shall know who made the success of the League of Nations possible after the United States enters it.—Calgary *Herald*.

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**What With?**—Montreal robbers stole a man's false teeth. We'll bet he made some biting remarks on the subject when he discovered his loss.—Toronto *Star*.

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**Tough Going Both Ways.**—Still, it isn't much harder for a rich man to get into heaven than for the stork to get into the rich man's house.—Kingston *British Whig*.

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**Recalled by the Difference.**—The story of the U.S. balloonists recalls the story of Scott's expedition in the Antarctic because it's so different.—Toronto *Telegram*.

**They Keep Their Own Counsel.**—New York *Telegraph* wonders what the Northwest Mounted Police think of the U.S. naval air service. So do we.—Toronto *World*.

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**Yes—They Were Used to It.**—D'Annunzio says he is going to write another poem. Perhaps it would have been just as well if they had let him stay in Fiume.—Toronto *World*.

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**A Thought.**—If the country's money was equally divided each man would have $51. If you have more, you are the guy the Communist is after.—Kingston *British Whig*.

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**Save What You Can.**—Toronto people have declared in favor of daylight saving—perhaps because they fear there won't be much else to save this year.—Hamilton *Spectator*.

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**The Wisdom of Experience.**—Personal: If Constantine, last heard of in Athens, will communicate with Wilhelm (old address in Amerongen) he will hear something to his advantage.—Ottawa *Citizen*.

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**Probably You Have Wondered.**—Why is it a woman gives her husband a pair of house slippers for Christmas and then expects him to take her out to the movies every evening?—Fredericton *Mail*.

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**Proving his Claim.**—The best man at a recent New York wedding is now in jail for having abducted the bride. He was evidently out to prove his right to the title he bore that wedding day.—Toronto *World*.

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**The March of Progress.**—The telephone has been introduced in the Fiji Islands. This will enable the natives to order a missionary for dinner without leaving their huts.—Vancouver *Province*.

**Pep and Preservation.**—If a man can get up in the morning feeling 100 per cent. better than he looks he is in pretty good condition to dodge automobiles during his walking hours.—Cobalt *Nugget*.

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**Making Diplomacy Easy.**—Doubtless there are diplomats who think of everlasting peace as an era when the little fellows will lie still while the big fellows frisk their pockets—Kingston *British Whig*.

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**Another Government Outrage.**—A Toronto evening paper says "the Countess of Westmeath and Meath is being combed by the Crown forces." Is chivalry also dead in Ireland?—Toronto *Globe*.

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**Proven.**—There is a theory that large animals are better natured than small ones. For substantiation look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow!—London *Free Press*.

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**Not That Sort.**—Bishop Fallon says that every day mothers can be seen trailing their skirts to moving picture shows and similar places of pleasure. But not in Ottawa. Here skirts positively do not trail.—Ottawa *Citizen*.

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**Might Have Been Worse.**—"On the other hand when I think of the fool things I didn't do that I might have done when I was young, I almost forgive myself for the fool things I did."—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail*.

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**Careless Housekeeping.**—A Kansas City woman killed a man on Sunday and forgot all about it until Tuesday night when she happened to find his body under the bed and went and told the police. Women are the forgetful things, aren't they?—Toronto *Star*.

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**The Uncertain House.**—They say the House of Hapsburg will again assume the Austrian throne. Which prompts someone to remark that what is probably meant is the House of Perhapsburg.—Ottawa *Citizen*.

# Where Will Germany Drift?

*French Writer in Le Temps Points to Dangers That May Arise By Imposing Too Much Isolation.*

JEAN HERBRETTE.

THE lure of arms and of the soldier's uniform has departed from the former empire of the Kaiser, and the German laborer, artisan and farmer are all voluntarily working overtime to bring their country back to its former highly organized state commercially and agriculturally if we are to believe Jean Herbrette, a French journalist writing for *Le Temps*, the widely known Paris semi-official Conservative daily. This writer declares that the arrogance and military egotism of the German are things of the past, but the race has retained all its old industry, precision and discipline. Still he makes the sinister hint that "their fighting spirit will come back as soon as they have plenty of meat." On the other hand, returning to his first impressions:—

"Germany is at work. The Germany of to-day does not endanger peace. What more could we ask?

"Two classes in Germany are in very real distress. These are the city middle classes and the wage earners. The farmers' whether landlords or peasants, are quite well off; for which the country has reason to congratulate itself.

"As we all know, the middle classes are in distress because their incomes have remained about stationary, while the cost of living and taxes have increased enormously. Except for the newly rich, who have exceptional opportunities for concealing their wealth and have spirited much of it away to foreign countries, the larger taxpayers are subject to present or prospective burdens which, until recently, would seem incredible. A great manufacturer figured out for me that the estate of one of his partners, valued at about 60,000,000 marks, would be reduced to 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 marks by the time it reached his only heir, an adopted daughter. That is quite a fortune to be sure; but is entirely inadequate to keep in operation the great industrial undertaking which the deceased created. Men living on their income, with an estate of 1,000,000 marks, have only 20,000 marks left after paying taxes. This is about the minimum sum now needed to maintain a prosperous workingman having a small family, and living in a modest flat. Government officials and teachers are rapidly being pauperized, if they have not already reached that condition.

"Salaries have been increased, but the cost of living rises far more rapidly. Moreover, many of the lower middle class spent all their savings in the course of the war, buying enough food to keep body and soul together. I could quote numerous instances where scholars have sold their libraries, well-to-do families have sold their furniture, parents have given up sending their son to college, because they have not money enough to live on.

"Workingmen with large families are also suffering cruelly. This does not apply solely to the unemployed, of whom there are some 400,000 to-day in Germany. What characterizes the present crisis is the fact that even a worker constantly employed at good wages cannot feed and clothe his family properly.

"The wife of a Saxon workingman said to me, as if it were the most natural thing in the world: 'It is eight years since I have bought a cotton or linen undergarment.'

"Bolshevist propaganda spreads almost without effort among the working classes, who believe that they have nothing left to lose.. To be sure, the Hohenzollerns are still unpopular; and the trade unions are ranking up solidly against Bolshevist agitation in spite of the success which the Moscow agitators had at the Halle Congress. But the reactionary movement and the communist movement are one in their common hatred for France.

"By preaching vengeance on France, some hope to restore a military government in Germany. By preaching hostility to France, others hope to serve the Bolshevist régime in Moscow, which will benefit by any conflict between bourgeois governments. Beyond question, propaganda of both kinds, that of the extreme Tories and that of the extreme Radicals, is still on the increase in Germany. These rally all the disaffected elements. We must not shut our eyes to the fact that enmity to France is growing both in intensity and in depth.

"In discussing reparations with Germans of political intelligence and influence, one comes up against these two general ideas: Germany wants the amount it is to pay fixed as promptly as possible, and it wants to pay that amount mainly in commodities and wares. But it does not wish all the commodities and wares which it delivers to be set off against its debt. It wishes payment in pounds sterling or dollars for a portion of those deliveries. The object of this is to enable the German government to establish credits abroad to use for buying provisions and raw materials.

"However, there is something else to be considered first.

"In travelling through Germany and studying business conditions there, one speedily discovers that it is neither logical nor tactful to debate the sum total of reparation.

"So let us try to start at the beginning. First of all, we must fix a quantity which Germany can pay and will pay. It is clear that Germany is solvent so far as our claims against it are concerned precisely in proportion to the volume of its exports. It is when we try to determine that volume that we fall into a vicious circle.

"Germany must purchase provisions abroad. The minimum of foreign bread, grains, forage, and meats required to feed the country until the middle of August next year will cost 1,500,000,000 florins ($60,000,000.) The advances promised Germany at Spa are computed by the German government at about 200,000,000 florins. So we see that the country must guarantee payments abroad greatly in excess of these credits.

"If either of two alternatives is adopted, raising the price of food or inflating still more the currency, the workers will have to have higher wages. But in that case, German manufactures will cost more. The foreign market will shut down, exportation will stop, and Germany will become insolvent.. So there you have the vicious circle.

"Going into the question still more deeply, we find yet other difficulties. For instance, the higher prices go, the more the peasant receives for his crops. He makes the highest profit on his live stock. Bear in mind, too, that he can't get fertilizers. Add to this that he distrusts the over-redundant paper currency, but at the same time is unwilling to buy goods in town because they cost so much more than formerly. Consequently, in spite of tempting prices, he does not try to produce big crops. For all these reasons, the intensive agriculture which Germany has hitherto pursued, and which it must continue if it wants to feed its people, tends gradually to change into extensive agriculture. It is estimated that there are already 7,000,000 sheep in Germany; and this increase of grazing is regarded as a dangerous symptom.

"These few suggestions will perhaps be enough to show how futile it is to discuss the payment which Germany is to make us without first discussing how we are to keep Germany solvent. There are many people who say that this question of German solvency is very simple. What they propose is in substance to let the situation grow worse.

"If there is no work, if bread gets scarcer and dearer, will not the Communists seize their opportunity? Will there not be revolts and revolutions? 'Let them come,' say the partisans of force. Troops will march from Southern Germany, and above all from Bavaria, to bring the Northern Bolsheviki to reason. We shall thus kill two birds with one stone. Victorious Bavaria will restore a federal government and back it up by a monarchy of its own. On the other hand, the defeated workers will be forced to accept lower wages and a longer working day so German manufacturers can export to their hearts' content. Behind this program I suspect you will find General Ludendorff, who has taken up his residence at Munich, and is the real head of the *Orgesch*, that bourgeois militia whose nominal chief is an honest forester named Escherich.

"In a word, this is a proposal to rule by ruin. But even were that kind of success desirable, it would be far from sure. The powerful labor organizations of Northern, Central, and Western Germany would not tolerate a Ludendorff-Escherich régime any more than they tolerated last March a Ludendorff-Luttwitz régime. I personally doubt whether Germany would agree to a Bavarian hegemony or whether Bavaria is competent to exercise one. We Frenchmen, who want first of all a peaceful Germany, would probably have no reason to be pleased with a federation of the kind Bavarian reactionaries propose. I know all about the plan of separating Hanover from Prussia, and putting the English Duke of Cumberland on its throne. Some reactionary Prussians approve this plan, we are told, because they would like to have a little Prussian royalist reserve in Hanover, separated from the Socialist eastern Prussia of to-day. But all these schemes have that fanciful character which the Germans describe as *Wolkenkukuksheim*. If Prussian officers ever restore reaction in Germany, they will make short work of Bavarian independence; and British princes in Hanover will discover only too soon that Bavarian federalism is but a rear view of Prussian militarism.

"So we must find some way to insure Germany's solvency, and to make that country willing to pay its debts.

"In order to settle reparation, we must deal with a German government. That government necessarily represents a certain policy at home. Averse as we may be to interfering with the private affairs of Germany, we must try to discover with whom we can deal most harmoniously and profitably. I am personally persuaded that the only parties with whom we can thus negotiate are the supporters of democracy and of a republican form of government."

# Portrait of a Lady—"Margot"

JAMES MAVOR, Ph.D.

IN THE *Canadian Forum*, Professor James Mavor, head of the Department of Political Economy at the University of Toronto, writes entertainingly of Mrs. Asquith's book:

"The psychology of Mrs. Asquith and of her *Autobiography* cannot be understood without realizing that her 'unfettered' youth was spent in the country, isolated from the county families in the neighborhood of her father's estate and isolated from the country folk. Sir Charles Tennant was a chemical manufacturer who inherited a lucrative business from his father. He was a man of large means derived from commerce, and of no family; there was an alleged blot in his escutcheon. For all these reasons the county people who were his neighbors looked down upon him and the Walters of the *Times*, who were connections of his wife and the only relations of consequence, would have nothing to do with him. His father had left him a gloomy house in a business street in Glasgow, but Charles Tennant purchased an estate in Peeblesshire and there his family were allowed to grow up. When he threw himself into politics by standing for the county in which he lived, and began to contribute to party funds, Tennant soon made friends. He was a sharp, capable man of business and a good listener. The leading politicians took notice of him and enjoyed his hospitality both in London and at Glen.

"Until the Tennant girls were old enough to go into society they met few people—none indeed excepting their father's political visitors. They were not sent to school (excepting, as Mrs. Asquith relates, for a very short time). They grew up without effective discipline and without systematic education. They had tutors, but these were apparently injudiciously selected. The special circumstances of their family life inevitably bred in them at once a vigorous rectitude and a contemptuous disregard of convention. The atmosphere of their household was not exactly that of a convent but the effect of their seclusion from man and womankind of their own age and standing was in many ways similar to the effect of life in a convent. It is true that the political visitors were distinguished persons and that early contact with people of brains was an enormous advantage; but these people had been educated after the manner of their kind and brought up in a society to which the Tennants were strangers. Thus the Tennants were with them but not of them. Then came sudden emergence from isolation, residence alone in a foreign city and complete freedom, followed by London society and the hunting field. In the former the sprightliness and precocityof Miss Margot Tennant carried her fast and far and in the latter as a first-rate horsewoman she easily excelled. Her very detachment resulting from conditions beyond her control accrued to her benefit. She had set herself to learn quickly many things which others had absorbed gradually. She thus cultivated in herself the habits of observation and criticism and her sense of humor did the rest.

"Ignored she had been by the county families in her native place; but the sheer force of her vitality took London by storm. Her vivacity, reckless courage on horseback and in conversation, as well as her wholesome good nature, enabled her to make and to keep friends in spite of the strain of her audacious frankness. She knew almost every one who was worth knowing and she gradually developed a talent for making character sketches of the people she met. With some persons of importance in their day she was on exceptionally intimate terms, and these were of sufficiently diversified types—Gladstone, Jowett, Balfour, John Addington Symonds, Henry James, Morley, Curzon, for example.

"Why should she not tell the story of her relations with the men and women of her time, and in telling it why should she not be candid? If every one were to write his or her history and write it truthfully, history in general would be much more reliable than it is. Yet even the most ostentatiously truthful confessions, Rousseau's for instance, have been found to stray from strict veracity. Whether or not Mrs. Asquith has strayed does not yet appear and, therefore, her narrative must be taken as what it purports to be, the history of a vivacious woman, full of healthy vigour and of the joy of life; and, it should be added, a woman with the fundamental virtues and yet a woman of passion. The circumstances which have been indicated threw Mrs. Asquith into the society of the cleverest people of her time. Few of these people were learned in the academical sense, and still fewer were men and women of genius; but most of them had nimble wits and many of them had been occupied with great affairs. To the sharpness which came by nature Mrs. Asquith added the keenness which came of association with people who were even keener than she was. Her *Autobiography* is thus packed with *bons mots*.

"It seems that, candid as her *Autobiography* is, Mrs. Asquith's Diary, as yet unpublished, is still more free from reserve. This Diary has, she tells us, been submitted to some of her friends, notably to Henry James, John Addington Symonds, and John Morley. The impression produced by this Diary upon all of these, certainly no mean judges in affairs of literature, was sufficiently extraordinary.

"Speaking of a sketch of Gladstone, Symonds says: 'I feel that you have offered an extremely powerful and brilliant conception, which is impressive and convincing because of your obvious sincerity and breadth of view. The purely biographical and literary value of this bit of work seems to me very great and makes me keenly wish that you would record all your interesting experiences and your first-hand studies of exceptional personalities in the same way.'

"Henry James is even more enthusiastic. 'It is a wonderful book. If only *messieurs les romanciers* could photograph experience

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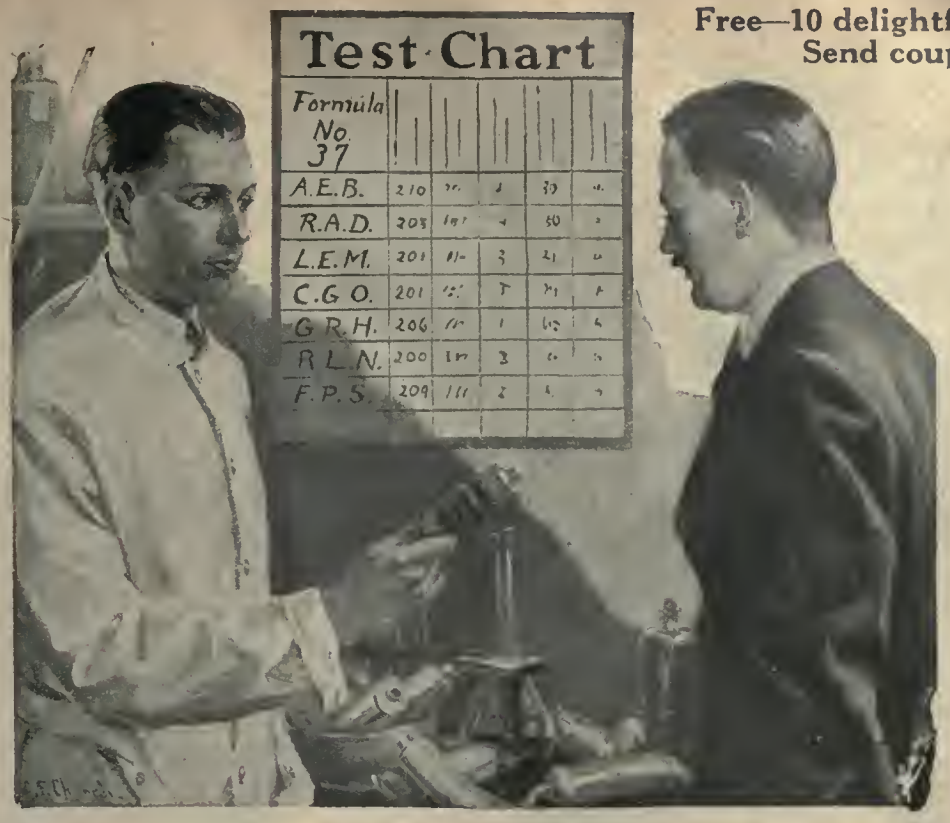
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in their fiction as she has done in some of her pages! The episode of Pachay, short as that is, is masterly—above the reach of Balzac; how far above the laborious beetle flight of Henry James! Above even George Meredith. It is what Henry James would give his right hand to do at once. The episode of Antonelli is very good too, but not so exquisite as the other.' Unfortunately neither of these marvels appears in the present volume. Perhaps they are too intimately real to appear in cold print.

"Henry James, after a compliment upon her 'singularly searching vision,' continues: 'This and your extraordinary fullness of opportunity make the record a most valuable English document, a rare revelation of the human inwardness of political life in this country and a picture of manners and personal characters as "creditable" on the whole (to the country) as it is frank and acute. The beauty is that you write with such authority, that you've seen so much and lived and moved so much, and that having the chance to observe and feel and discriminate in the light of so much high pressure, you haven't been in the least afraid but have faced and assimilated and represented for all your worth.'

"And John Morley is scarcely less hypnotized by Mrs. Asquith's lively pen. 'It' (a letter written to him by Mrs. Asquith) 'is a brilliant example of that character writing in which the French so indisputably beat us. If you like, you can be as keen and brilliant and penetrating as Madame de Sévigné or the best of them, and if I were the publisher, I would tempt you by high emoluments and certainty of fame."

Interesting as the *Autobiography* is it is clear from these opinions that the real *bonne bouche* is the Diary. Perhaps some day it may be given to the world with its studies of political characters and its cabinet secrets.

# Boundless Energy Fake

*Berlin Engineer Claimed That He Could Break Up the Atom.*

NEW YORK *TIMES.*

THE New York *Times* Berlin correspondent tells an interesting story of a German scientist who claimed to have found a way to break up the atom. He writes:

"Will Von Unruh, a Leipzig engineer, lately fluttered the German scientific dovecotes as they had not been fluttered since the finding of radium. He announced a discovery toward which the whole scientific world for years has been earnestly striving. Unruh said he had found a method of breaking up the atom. But he has not yet found a way of breaking out of jail.

"What he claimed to have done is what nature does over an infinitely extended period of time and on an extremely small scale. In the case of radium by breaking up the atom or disintegrating it and harnessing the pent up power in it a boundless source of energy would be tapped. Such a discovery, as science knows, would open up endless possibilities. Each person could release from among his ordinary possessions enough motive energy to make him his own millionaire. In his cigarette case he could store enough force to carry him in an airplane around the world. Everything, indeed, would be revolutionized to a degree which would make the harnessing of steam and electricity appear by comparison to be the merest trifles.

"Little wonder, then, that German scientists rushed in a body, as one might say, to see Unruh. Unruh received a large number of savants and arranged for a demonstration of his wonderful machine. When the great box was exhibited to those experts most of them were, according to one professor present, speechless with astonishment. There in front of them was an enormous case in which they could see there was curious machinery which broke up the atom and produced an electric current which kept five lamps each of 1,000 candle-power burning for hours on end.

"Certainly everything appeared all right. There was no evidence that an electric current was introduced into the case from outside. Could they examine the case and machine to make quite sure, they asked. Unruh replied that at that time he could hardly permit such an examination. He had to protect his astounding secret. That was, of course, judged to be a reasonable attitude, and the savants dispersed to ponder over and discuss the terrific discovery.

"Following on this exhibition some Bavarian newspapers hinted that there was something wrong with Unruh's machine. When he failed to reply they declared he was not quite honest. When that failed to draw him they boldly proclaimed he was simply an imposter. So the scientists came on the scene again. Could they see Unruh? That was impossible they were told, as he was unwell. A few days later when a British inquirer was somewhat more persistent the grim truth came out. Unruh was in jail. So the world will not be revolutionized for a while yet, and Herr Willi will go down in history with Ulivi, who six years ago played the rôle of a great inventor with an imposture about the wonderful ultra-rays. By reason of his invention Ulivi managed to elope with an admiral's beautiful daughter, but Herr Willi has added no such romance to his fraud. He has been mundane enough to make his alleged discovery the means of obtaining a considerable amount of other people's money, it is said, and so it is that his romance ends undramatically in a dull prison cell.

"For some time to come certain German professors will be exceedingly snappy on the subject of breaking up the atom."

# Gallipoli To-day

*The Poignant Picture of the Lost Battlefield Five Years After.*

LONDON *TIMES.*

A SPECIAL correspondent of the London *Times* gives a striking picture of the scene of the sadly heroic venture at Gallipoli, and tells of the great cemetery of Chanak Bair where many dead have been gathered together and not one of them identified.

"Down the slope from Point 971, the key position of the Gallipoli battlefield, there is just one indication of the pride of the Turks in their successful defence of Constantinople. It is a rough rubble and concrete monument which stands about 14 ft. high. Rising from the top are a dozen unexploded shells, of which the bases are set firmly in the concrete. One of the blocks of the monument is faced with a sniper's steel plate upon which is scratched in Turkish characters a message of victory. They raised one other monument in memory of their dead. It was built of ammunition boxes overlaid with concrete, but the Greeks who are now in occupation have long since levelled it to the ground.

"While staying at Smyrna, I took the opportunity of visiting Gallipoli. Remembering the rumor that we had paid the Turks 2,000,000 *l.* for an uninterrupted evacuation, I was interested to find that there is to-day an almost unbroken double line of barbed wire running along the coast from Suvla Bay to Cape Helles, a distance of 20 miles. This was placed there by the Turks after our troops had left. Moreover, at a point known as Baby 700 they mounted a 6-inch naval gun on a concrete emplacement. This remains, though it was put out of action with an explosive charge by the Naval authorities after the Armistice. At least it seems that the Turks took no risks after

the Imperial and Dominion troops had withdrawn.

"Having completed their work of concentrating the bodies of those who fell in the campaign into 26 main cemeteries, the members of the Graves Registration Unit have now handed over the cemeteries to the Imperial War Graves Commission. This body, composed of 13 Australians and a New Zealander, is directly responsible to the Imperial authorities. They went out under Colonel C. E. Hughes, an Australian officer, in September of last year, and so far their work has been in the nature of preparation. They are there, however, to construct the permanent cemeteries and to erect the headstones and such war memorials as may be decided upon.

"During the past summer an excellent motor traffic road has been made from Kilid Bahr (opposite Chanak, which lies on the eastern side of the Narrows) along the waterfront to Kelia Bay. From here it is continued across Kelia Flat, through the Olive Grove (which was to have been the objective on the memorable day of the landing), on to Brighton Beach. Thence it is carried along the waterfront past Anzac Cove to Number 2 Outpost, the left flank of the old battle position. Headquarters have been erected at Kelia Bay, where there is good anchorage and a jetty. It was here that all the Turkish stores were landed during the campaign. The Commission has a motor launch, by which it obtains its supplies from Constantinople, and several cars and lorries. The 15 miles of roadway have been made with the aid of the resident Greeks, who work as day laborers.

I visited the Beach Cemetery, one of the largest, just off Hell's Spit, one at Hill 60, and one at the Farm, below Point 971, Walker's Ridge and Shrapnel Valley Cemeteries, one at Shell Green, and the Canterbury Cemetery at Suvla Bay, where the Canterbury men of the New Zealand forces lie buried. One other at Chanak Bair I saw, and from here one obtains an uninterrupted view across the Dardanelles to Chanak. The spot is sacred to unknown heroes, for though many bodies have been gathered here not one has been identified.

"There were originally 28 main cemeteries, two devoted to the Indian dead. By arrangement with the authorities the Indian troops, two companies of whom are stationed at Chanak, came over to the Peninsula a few weeks ago, disinterred the remains of their compatriots, and took them out to sea for burial. All the remaining Dominion and British cemeteries have temporary wooden crosses, and are being kept in good order. The work of constructing the permanent cemeteries will probably take three years to complete but there seems no reason why arrangements should not soon be made for civilians to go on pilgrimage to these battlefields.

"There is still much to remind one of the terrible days of the past. The trenches at Lone Pine are intact, and even the tunnels have not fallen in. The trenches at other parts of the line, though overgrown with grass and weeds, have not greatly deteriorated. One comes across great dumps of meat tins, but the metal has rotted and the contents have long since been consumed by insects. There is something in the air or in the soil which subjects material quickly to decay. Shoulder plates and other metal trophies are corroded and ready to fall into powder. The metal of old rifles can be broken easily, and the wood has rotted. A substance which seems as enduring as anything else is the cloth of which the Australian uniforms were made.

"Sunken ships lie around the coast, slowly breaking up in the calm waters. One is struck with the great beauty of the surroundings. Memories of 1915 and the impressive silence of the place to-day leave one's emotions strangely stirred."

# Lions Retreat From Man

*Student of Wild Life Says Greatest of Cat Family Kills Only When Hungry.*

CARL E. AKELEY

LIONS IN their native haunts are not at all the ferocious beasts we have been told in art and literature for many generations. At least, such is the contention of Carl E. Akeley, wild animal student and big game hunter, in a story of his African adventures appearing in *World's Work*. Discussing the main habits of the king of beasts he relates:—

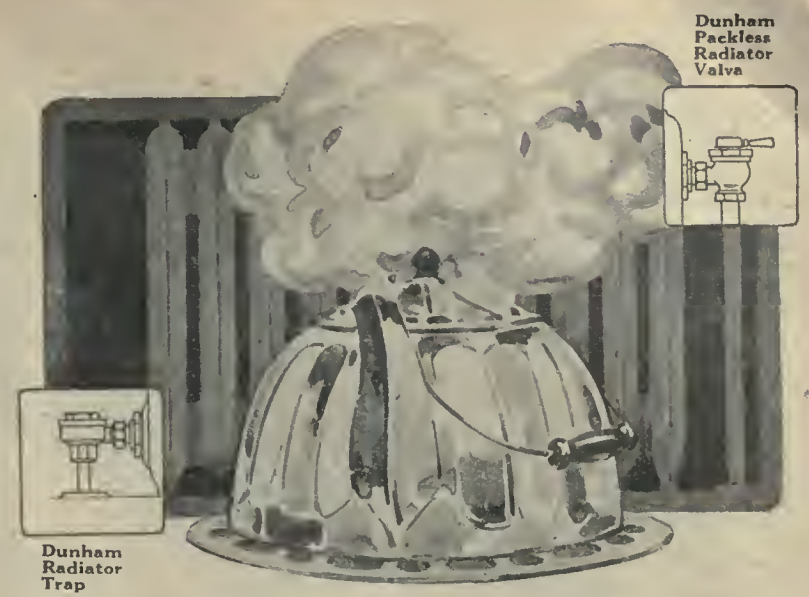
"The lion's savagery is very much the same as man's—that is, he kills other animals for food, and not having developed any specialized industries like the packers, each lion kills for himself. His day's work, instead of getting money to buy food, consists chiefly in getting food, and he goes about it something in this manner. About dusk he comes out from his resting place, yawns, stretches, and looks about for something to eat. In East Africa his favorite diet is zebra, but he likes any of the game animals and he prefers the larger animals to the smaller antelopes because the larger ones are easier to catch. His intention is to get his food the easiest and quickest way. He goes out on the plains and by scent, sight, and hearing locates a herd of zebra, for example. He then gets down wind from what he hopes will be his next meal and stalks to within rushing distance. He can outrun a zebra for a short distance, and when within striking distance he makes a sudden dash. I think that the zebra is thrown by the lion's spring and then killed by a bite in the back of the neck, but this impression is from deduction and not from observation. I have seen a lot of animals that lions had killed but I never saw a lion in the act of killing. In fact, the methods which lions use in hunting are not known in detail from observation, for not enough instances have ever been witnessed and recorded to make the basis for any general statement which could be considered scientifically accurate.

"When he has captured his animal the lion will eat and then lie near it perhaps all night, perhaps all the next day, if he is not disturbed, eating as he desires. If he leaves his supply the jackals, hyenas, and vultures will clean it up immediately, and as the lion kills for food, and not for sport or the pleasure of killing, he is content with one kill as long as the meat lasts.

"Lion hunters are not agreed about how much lions depend on sight, on sound, and on smell. It is not altogether easy to tell how soon they know the presence of man or of other animals, for they do not always show what they know. For instance, I once had the startling experience of getting within three feet of a lioness before she moved. She, of course, knew I was there long before I got that close, and yet until I almost stepped on her she made no sign. There is, however, no question that the lion has a sharp, far sight in the daytime, and from the size of the pupil and his nocturnal habits of hunting I think he has unusually keen sight at night. I have never seen any indication that the lion has the keen smell of a dog or any animal that hunts by scent, nor have I ever seen anything to make me believe that they have any abnormal sense of hearing."

Here's how an African disposed of one lion single-handed:—

"Paul Rainey had a ranch on the west shores of Lake Naivasha. One morning his boys reported to him that a lion had invaded the kraal the night before. He set out on horseback with a few of his dogs and two Masai herd boys with their spears. The dogs soon took up the spoor of the lion and brought him to bay under an acacia tree on the grassy plain. The sun had just risen above the hills on the other side of the lake. The long shadows of the table top acacias lay across the plain, the lion underneath in full sunlight. Rainey jumped off his horse, threw the reins over a bush, and grabbed his rifle from its boot. He then saw the two Masai boys run on toward the lion. As they approached the lion one threw his spear and missed. They were between him and the lion, and he could not shoot. The boys stood stock still till the lion was in mid-air in his final spring, when the one with the spear stepped to one side and thrust his spear into the lion's neck, killing him instantly. He fell at their feet. As


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the boy withdrew the spear and carefully wiped the blood off on the corner of his breecheloth he remarked to Rainey:

"'You see, Master, it is work for a child'.

"That is how the Masai figured it. But I never have felt so. The first wild lion I ever saw scared me almost to death, and a good many of them have seared me since. The first lions that I saw were in Somaliland.

"An oryx hunt had just come to a close. We were about to mount our ponies when one of the black boys pointed. There were three lions walking quietly across a patch of hard, dry sand. They were perhaps a hundred yards away. They looked as big as oxen to me. I had never before seen a lion outside of a cage. We turned our ponies over to the Somali gun-boys who galloped after them to round them up. My next view of the lions was when the beaters had gone in to drive them out of a bit of jungle. A roar came from immediately in front of me and I saw a lioness in mid-air as high as my head springing, thank Heaven, diagonally away from me But she saw me as she sprang and landed facing me. As I fired, a lion jumped over her back, which so disconcerted me that my shot only wounded her. This lion disconcerted her, too, for she followed him. Two more shots at her and she disappeared in another clump of cover with the lions. In our efforts to drive them out of this cover we finally set it on fire. The two lions rushed out and escaped us. The lioness, more seriously wounded than I thought, never came. I had failed to get a lion but I felt satisfied none the less because the lions had likewise failed to get me. That one moment in that day, when I saw the lioness in the air, I'll never forget for I realized that death was but an instant away."

The strength of the lion in comparison to his size, the writer states, is prodigious.

"After all, perhaps the most impressive thing about a lion is his fore leg. The more you know of elephants the more you regard the elephant's trunk. The more you know of lions, the more you respect the lion's fore leg and the great padded and clawed weapon at the end of it. It is perhaps the best token of the anlmal's strength. It is probably two or three times as powerful in proportion to weight as the arm of a man. He can kill a man with one blow of his paw. His other weapon, his jaw, is strong enough to break a zebra's neck at one bite. These are a rather rough measure of an animal's strength, but they give some idea of it.

"There is a record which says that a lion has dragged an African buffalo fifty yards. A buffalo weighs at least three times as much as a lion. I have never had evidence of this much 'pulling power' but I have known of many instances of lions dragging zebras that far, and the zebra weighs nearly twice as much as the lions do.

"Another test of a lion's strength is his ability to stand punishment. I have seen a lion which charged with seven lead bullets from an old 577 Express rifle through his shoulder, and only finally succumbed to the eighth bullet in his head."

# Uncle Tom's Rejection

*Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Was Failure in Early Editon.*

DR. CHARLES M. CLARKE

THE joy of a publishing house when one of its professional readers discovers a new star rising on the literary horizon—an author of promise—is aptly described by Dr. Charles M. Clarke in his account of the placing of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," on the market. Dr. Clarke's article, published in *Chambers's Journal*, states that he is the last living link in connection with the publication of the manuscript. The book, he adds, had at first the "questionable honor of being included in that literary chamber of horrors, the Index Expurgatorius. In spite of the fulmination of the Vatican, it was translated into every European language and even into Chinese and Japanese. This was the start of the book which afterwards sold at the rate of a million and quarter copies within one year:—

"In the spring of 1852 a young man in the employ of Putnam of New York crossed the Atlantic, bringing a copy of the original edition (in two volumes). He hoped, in view of the interest the book was arousing in America, that he might be able to dispose of this early copy to some London publisher, and to this end entrusted the negotiations to Henry Vizetelly, who brought the work under the notice of Charles H. Clarke (the writer's father.) Clarke carried on a large printing business in Bouverie Street, and had recently in connection therewith started as a publisher at 148 Fleet Street. Clarke took one of the volumes, slit it down the back, and handed one moiety to Salisbury, his partner in the printing concern; the other he gave to Frederick Greenwood, while retaining for his own perusal the second volume.

"Greenwood's report was that at the end of an hour he was in a tremble lest the interest of the story should sink from the height it had risen to, and that from that point he read on with ever-growing confidence and admiration till he came to the night scene in which Cassy maddens Legree with fear. But that chapter, after what preceded it, answered Clarke and Salisbury's question conclusively to his mind, and next morning he handed back his portion of the book, with the advice to settle the matter at once, and print quickly.

"The decision to accept Vizetelly's offer was arrived at on the last day of March, and on the 15th day of April the first edition, consisting of five thousand copies, of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was issued at two shillings and sixpence by Charles H. Clarke, 148 Fleet Street.

"But the trade hung back, the subscription list proved small, and the publisher was reluctantly compelled to regard the production as a failure. For some months the sales were inconsiderable. However, this state of things soon underwent a change, for in August a phenomenal review, five columns in length, appeared in the *Times*. From that date the run commenced."

Dr. Clarke's description of Mrs. Stowe as she appeared when she visited England is vivid and interesting:—

"During the following year Mrs. Stowe visited London, where, amongst other functions in her honor, was held at Willis's Rooms a *soiree*, presided over by Lord Shaftesbury, at which I had the honor of sitting beside her. I vividly recall her personal appearance. Her forehead was high, broad, and intellectual; her piercing brown eyes were set rather wide apart. She had a long, prominent nose, neither aquiline nor Grecian, but a combination of both, with well-cut sensitive nostrils, and a remarkably short upper lip, which allowed her front teeth to be slightly exposed; a large but particularly well-shaped mouth with full rosy lips, below which was a long, determined, though slightly retreating chin.

"Her complexion was rather sallow, save for a bright tint of carmine on her high cheek bones. The shade of her hair was a rich chestnut brown; it was worn smoothly to show the shape of her head. Running from the summit of her brow diagonally to the nape of her neck was a narrow velvet fillet, from which at the back was bunched up a cluster of curls, while at either side of her face, concealing the ears; hung five full ringlets about seven inches long.

"With regard to her costume, a narrow white lace collar encircled her throat; her gown was of black silk. She stood somewhat below middle height, and carried a full bust, which was accentuated by a sort of loose pelisse open in front, coming down as far as the elbow and worn over the body of her dress. She gave me the impression of being independent in the matter of corsets, and looked a happy, healthy young matron.

"Mrs. Stowe's manner was extremely vivacious; her voice, pitched in a high key, was musical, and she spoke rapidly in a staccato style with a strong American accent.

"In the position I occupied I could not help overhearing her conversation with my father, to whom she related how she was 'roused to such a pitch of indignation when the Fugitive Slave Act was enacted in the States,' that she then and there vowed if her life was spared to write a book 'which should rouse the nation's conscience to boiling-point.' That she succeeded in her attempt is a matter of history. Then she proceeded to say that the first portion written was the death of Uncle Tom, which, on its appearance in the pages of the Washington *Era*, created so great an interest that she followed it up with other incidents, and expanded it into the form in which it eventually came before the public. She said she 'never expected to realise more from the work than enough to purchase a good silk dress.' As a matter of fact, the sum she received for the serial rights was only about sixty pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars, to be accurate.)

"A quarter of a century later, Queen Victoria received at Windsor Castle the Rev. Josiah Henson, who was the original model from whom Mrs. Stowe drew the character of Uncle Tom, the main incidents in connection therewith being the actual experiences of Henson during his slavery."

# Education In Russia

*English Author Investigator Discloses Good and Bad Points of New System Tried to Trick Him.*

H. G. WELLS

THAT the Bolsheviki who have up to now maintained control of Russia number less than five per cent. of the population of the former empire of the czars, is pointed out in the fourth article, "Creative Effort in Russia," by H. G. Wells, in the New York *Times*. "They retain power in Russia," Mr. Wells enlightened us, "because they were and are the only body of people in this vast spectacle of Russian ruin with a common faith and a common spirit." Mr. Wells is convinced that the re-civilizing of Russia must be done with the Soviet Government as a starting phase. The present state of Russian education, as depicted by the English author, however, is possibly the section of this article containing the most acute interest:

"Although I had heard Gorky arrange for my meeting with Lenin by long-distance telephone days before, Moscow declared that it had had no notice of my coming. Finally I was put into the wrong train back to Petersburg, a train which took twenty-four hours instead of fourteen for the journey.

"These may seem petty details to relate, but when it is remembered that Russia was really doing its best to impress me with its vigor and good order they are extremely significant. In the train, when I realized that it was a slow train and that the express had gone three hours before, while we had been pacing the hall of the guest house with our luggage packed and nobody coming for us, the spirit came upon me, and my lips were unsealed. I spoke to my guide, as one mariner might speak to another, and told him what I thought of Russian methods. He listened with the profoundest respect to my rich, incisive phrases. When at last I paused he replied in words that are also significant of certain weaknesses of the present Russian state of mind. "You see," he said, "the blockade—"

"But if I saw nothing of Lunacharsky personally I saw something of the work he has organized. The primary material of the educationist is human beings, and of these at least there is still no shortage in Russia, so that in that respect Lunacharsky is better off than most of his colleagues. And beginning with an initial prejudice and much distrust, I am bound to confess that in view of their enormous difficulties the educational work of the Bolsheviki impresses me as being astonishingly good.

"Things started badly. Directly I got to Petersburg I asked to see a school, and on the second day of my visit I was taken to one that impressed me very unfavorably.

"It was extremely well equipped, much better than an ordinary English grammar school, and the children were bright and intelligent; but our visit fell in the recess. I could witness no teaching, and the behavior of the youngsters I saw indicated a low standard of discipline. I formed an opinion that I was probably being shown a picked school specially prepared for me, and that this was all that Petersburg had to offer. The special guide who was with us then began to question the children upon the subject of English literature and the writers they liked most. One name dominated all others. My own. Such comparatively trivial figures as Milton, Dickens, Shakespeare ran about intermittently between the feet of that literary colossus. Being questioned further, these children produced the titles of perhaps a dozen of my books. I said I was completely satisfied by what I had seen and heard, that I wanted to see nothing more—for, indeed, what more could I possibly require? And I left that school smiling with difficulty and thoroughly cross with my guides.

"Three days later I suddenly scrapped my morning's engagements and insisted upon being taken at once to another school—any school close at hand. I was convinced that I had been deceived about the former school, and that now I should see a very bad school indeed. Indeed I saw a much better one than the one I had first seen. The equipment and building were better, the discipline of the children was better, and I saw some excellent teaching in progress. Most of the teachers were women.

"The school was supplied with abundant pictures. There was plenty of chemical and physical apparatus, and it was evidently put to a proper use. I also saw the children's next meal in preparation—for children eat at school in Soviet Russia—and the food was excellent and well cooked, far above the standard of the adult rations we had seen served out. All this was much more satisfactory.

"Finally, by a few questions, we tested the extraordinary vogue of H. G. Wells among the young people of Russia. None of these children had ever heard of him. The school library contained none of his books. This did much to convince me that I was seeing a quite normal school. I had, I now began to realize, been taken to the previous one, not as I had supposed in my wrath with any elaborate intention of deceiving me about the state of education in the country, but after certain kindly intrigues and preparation by a literary friend, Mr. Chukovsky, the critic, affectionately anxious to make me feel myself beloved in Russia, and a little oblivious of the real gravity of the business I had in hand.

"Subsequent inquiries and comparison of my observations with those of other visitors to Russia, and particularly those of Dr. Haden Guest—who also made surprise visits to several schools in Moscow—have convinced me that Soviet Russia, in the face of gigantic difficulties, has made and is making very great educational efforts, and that in spite of the difficulties of the general situation the quality and number of the schools in the towns have risen absolutely since the Czarist règime. (The peasant, as ever, remains scarcely touched by these things.) The schools I saw would have been good middle schools in England. They are open to all, and there is an attempt to make education compulsory.

"Of course, Russia has its peculiar difficulties. Many of the schools are understaffed, and it is difficult to secure the attendance of unwilling pupils. Numbers of children prefer to keep out of the schools and trade upon the streets. A large part of the illicit trading in Russia is done by bands of children. They are harder to catch than adults, and the spirit of Russian communism is against punishing them. And the Russian child is, for a northern child, remarkably precocious.

"The common practice of co-educating youngsters up to 15 or 16, in a country as demoralized as Russia is now, has brought peculiar evils in its train. My attention was called to this by the visit of Bokaiev, the former head of the Petersburg Extraordinary Commission, and his colleague Zalutsky to Gorky to consult him in the matter. They discussed their business in front of me quite frankly, and the whole conversation was translated to me as it went on. The Bolshevist authorities have collected and published very startling, very shocking, figures of the moral condition of young people in Petersburg, which I have seen.

"But there can be no doubt that in the Russian towns, concurrently with increased educational effort and an enhanced intellectual stimulation of the young there is also an increased lawlessness on their part especially in sexual matters, and that this is going on in a phase of unexampled sobriety and harsh puritanical decorum so far as adult life is concerned. This hectic moral fever of the young is the dark side of the educational spectacle in Russia. I think it is to be regarded mainly as an aspect of the general social collapse; every European country has noted a parallel moral relaxation of the young under the war strain; but the revolution itself, in sweeping a number of the old, experienced teachers out of the schools and in making every moral standard a subject of debate, has no doubt contributed also to an as yet incalculable amount in the excessive disorder of these matters in present-day Russia.

"I find it difficult to hold the scales of justice upon many of these efforts of Bolshevism. Here are these creative and educational things going on, varying between the admirable and the ridiculous, islands at least of cleanly work and, I think, of hope, amid the vast spectacle of grisly want and wide decay. Who can weigh the power and possibility of their thrust against the huge gravitation of this sinking system?"

# Are Smokers Selfish?

*Health Authority Points Out Smoking in Eating Places is Irritating Nuisance.*

DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND.

IN A recent warning to smokers that the abuse of their privileges may lead to a "prohibition of tobacco," Doctor Royal S. Copeland, Health Commissioner, of New York, remarks in the New York *Times* that there ought to be organized a society for the decent use of tobacco, an organization that will teach consideration for others; then, if every one joins it there will be no need for blue laws to suppress smoking."

Dr. Copeland is not a smoker. He said he felt called upon to speak of smoking because some agencies had been insistent that he begin a campaign on smokers. His interest, he added, was confined to the injury to the public health, especially the health of non-smokers.

"I doubt if smoking in moderation, where the smoke is not inhaled, is particularly harmful," he continued, "but the very nature of the practice makes for the excessive use of tobacco, and those who abuse any habit must pay. Smoke is material just as dust is, and smoke is a detriment by mechanical presence just as by nicotine content. While smoking irritates the throat of a smoker to a small degree, its effect upon the non-smoker is much greater. The irritation and coughing weakens resistance, and those who have to breathe smoke-laden air are more susceptible to respiratory diseases. The disgusting spitting on the floor is also cause of the spread of disease and should be stopped.

"Whatever harm comes to the smoker comes through nicotine. Perfect combustion causes nicotine to decompose and renders it harmless. So immunity in smoking depends upon complete combustion, and the smoker who makes use of 'green' tobacco or tobacco that is moist is bound to have the most harmful effect from its use.

"At present there is an uprising of persons interested in the enactment of laws which will prohibit the sale and use of tobacco. If any such laws are written in the books the responsibility will rest squarely with smokers whose selfishness is unrestrained and who thoughtlessly abuse the habit of smoking to the unhappiness and the indignation of those who do not use tobacco. If sentiment against smoking is growing it is the smoker who is contributing most to that growth of sentiment.

"It is, in my opinion, time that the smoker practised self-restraint in public places, such as restaurants at the normal time for eating, in offices where women are employed and in every other place where the habit might interfere with the comfort and well-being of others. I have received complaints from women who have to work in offices where men smoke. They are forced to breathe the smoke-laden air and they are without redress.

"I have no objection to the use of tobacco in restaurants where late suppers are served and people go there for pleasure rather than to buy a regular meal, but it is a contemptible abuse of privilege for the smoker to contaminate the atmosphere in places where the customers have gone for one of the substantial meals of the day."

Dr. Copeland says that, contrary to popular belief, the cigarette is the most suitable smoke, as tobacco taken in that form is more perfectly consumed, and as combustion is better, the nicotine is practically destroyed. The cigarette is, however, dangerous in that most cigarette users inhale the smoke and smoke inhalation is a "crime against health." More danger, he thought, lurks in the "butt" or the last third of a cigar, because it has been so moistened as to make combustion almost impossible.

"If the man who desires to smoke, and personally I do not, will smoke a cigarette or a dry cigar or use a dry pipe and keep it dry while smoking I think it safe to say that, providing he does not inhale the smoke, no particular harm will result to him as an individual. Personally, I think it a foolish thing to interfere with the liberty of the individual. There can be no doubt that smokers find solace and comfort in the moderate use of tobacco. Let them, however, use consideration in not causing discomfort to those who do not use tobacco."

# Canadian is "Power Behind"

HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

THAT a Canadian-born British is the "power behind" the Premier of the world's greatest empire is the acknowledgment of Hon. David Lloyd George, Prime Minister of United Kingdom, according to a recent speech at the London Constitutional Club as quoted by the Bristol, Eng., *Guardian*. Bonar Law, to whom Mr. Lloyd George so feelingly refers, is a product of our Maritimes.

"Mr. Bonar Law has talked as if I had done things, when I could not have done them without him. The loyalty, the courage, the patience—the patience with me, sometimes, and I have no doubt that I needed it, too—the patience and the sagacity, the high sagacity with which he has assisted in the task of the Government has alone made it possible to do things. He referred to me as his chief, I am not his chief; we are partners, equal partners. I have never taken a step of importance without conferring with him, and no better partner, no more loyal partner, no wiser partner, has any man ever had. He never hesitated, he never swerved, he never doubted, and I use these words advisedly, there is no man who has played a nobler part in this struggle than he has done. It would have been easy to say, 'My principles will not allow me to associate with these Radicals. I cannot be contaminated by association with these men with such a horrid past.' But he was a man of sterling honor, and I hope he found me one."




*From actual photograph taken at Edison Shop New York City*

*The First Man to Fill Out the Mood Change Chart*

**William J. Burns**

**Head of the Wm. J. Burns International Detective Agency**

MOOD CHANGE CHART

An Analysis of Your Mental Reactions to Music, as Re-Created by the New Edison, "the Phonograph with a Soul."

Date of Test Nov 16th 20

1. Place Edison Shop (Room or Store)

2. Time (Mark X to answer) Morning ☐ Afternoon ☒ Evening ☐

3. Weather (Mark X to answer) Dull ☐ Cold ☒ Bright ☐ Warm ☐

4. What kind of music did you feel like hearing? Mark all words which describe such music with X to answer.

Tender ☐ Vivacious ☐ Joyous ☐
Solemn ☐ Majestic ☐ Weird ☐
Soothing ☒
Martial ☐ Exciting ☐ Gay ☐
Simple ☐ Dreamy ☐ Sad ☐

5. What was your mood immediately preceding test? (Mark X to answer)

Serious or ☒ Worried or ☐
Gay ☐ Carefree ☐
Depressed or ☐ Nervous or ☐
Exhilarated ☐ Composed ☐
Fatigued or ☐ Sad or ☐
Unfatigued ☐ Joyful ☐
Discouraged ☐
or Optimistic ☐

6. As a result of the test, what were your most noticeable mood changes? (Serious to gay, gay to serious, worried to carefree, nervous to composed, etc.)

| MOOD CHANGE | RE-CREATION CAUSING SUCH CHANGE |
|---|---|
| Serious to Gay for | Traumerei |
| Gay for to Gay | Alice Blue Gown |

7. Please comment on manner in which mood changes occurred:

I came from a very serious conference and noted the fact that listening to the music produced on the Edison very quickly

Please fill in, sign and send to Edison dealer.

MUSIC RESEARCH DEPARTMENT
EDISON LABORATORIES
ORANGE, N. J.

Signed W. J. Burns

Address

MR. EDISON selected William J. Burns, the great detective, as the most sophisticated man in New York, and Mr. Burns gladly made the test to assist Mr. Edison in his Research work.. Mr. Burns' chart is reproduced. It registers a decided mood change, but it represents the emotional effects of music only on one man. Mr. Edison needs thousands of these charts, because his research work must be conducted on the law of averages.

# Will You Join Mr. Edison in an Experiment?

For many centuries, the power of music has been appreciated—but never has it been fully understood. For the purpose of ascertaining and classifying the effects of music on the minds and moods of mankind, Mr. Edison has associated with himself world-famed psychologists. Will you assist by analyzing your own mental reactions to music, and those of as many friends as you can interest in the work?

Please examine the chart that is reproduced above. The Edison dealer in your locality will furnish you as many of these charts as you require.

If you do not own a New Edison, the Edison dealer in your locality will welcome your making the test in his store. Should you like to call in some of your friends, the Edison dealer will probably be willing to loan you an instrument and the necessary RE-CREATIONS, so that you can make the test in your own home. Watch for his announcement in your local newspaper.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N.J.

*The* NEW EDISON

*"The Phonograph with a Soul"*

# She Learned to Keep

## Her Record

On October 24th she knew notning of Burroughs Machines or mechanical bookkeeping. On October 27th the regular bookkeeper left and the new girl, after only three days training, took her place. A few days later she took the balance on seven ledgers. She is now doing work that, with pen-and-ink methods, would require two *trained bookkeepers*.



Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.

**Burroughs**

Adding – Bookkeeping – Calculating Machines

# Books in Three Days

## Changing Bookkeepers is no Longer a Problem at Cassidy's, Limited

The management of any business dreads to change bookkeepers. It fears the inevitable inconvenience and weeks of delay to say nothing of the costly errors usually incurred when the bookkeeping is done by ordinary methods.

Cassidy's, Limited, Winnipeg, Man., were confronted with the problem of breaking in a new girl on their bookkeeping in *three days,* with the books a week behind, due to the absence on vacation of the young woman who had been keeping them.

As recorded on the opposite page, the new operator not only learned to post the books in three days and thus relieve the former bookkeeper, but after only a few days' additional experience, was successful in balancing seven ledgers at the end of the month's business.

### But That's Not the Only Reason They Post Their Books with a Burroughs

Besides emphasizing the advantages of accounts always in balance, of easily obtained daily proof of posting and of the complete information available to the credit man, the Office Manager for Cassidy's says the following regarding Burroughs Machines:

"The advantages of the Burroughs Bookkeeping machine and methods over pen-and-ink-and-brain posting are so obvious and valuable that we would not consider going back to the old style.

"Speed, accuracy and neatness are the three essentials in any bookkeeping department. We are getting all three from the Burroughs.

"Before installing the Burroughs we made a careful investigation of all classes of bookkeeping machines. We decided on the Burroughs, because we were convinced that the machine was best fitted to our needs. It has not only performed all that it was represented to do, but has gone farther. As an economical investment, financially and otherwise, we can think of no other office equipment that can compare with it."

### The A B C of Business

The standard Burroughs line embraces machines for Adding, for Bookkeeping and for Calculating—among them a model which will fit any business, large or small, and repay its cost in the saving of a few months.

Burroughs offices are maintained in many Canadian cities—St. John's, Nfld.; Halifax, N. S.; St. John, N. B.; Winnipeg, Man.; Regina and Saskatoon, Sask.; Calgary and Edmonton, Alta.; Quebec and Montreal, P. Q.; Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton, Ont.; Vancouver and Victoria, B. C. The Burroughs representative can give you valuable help on your figure problems.



Burroughs Adding Machine of Canada, Limited Windsor, Ont.

# Burroughs

Adding — Bookkeeping — Calculating Machines






18¢ per package
Two for 35¢

and in tins of 50 & 100

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NAVY CUT
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Our service brings to your desk news items collected from the newspapers relating to your line of business.

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Have the news packets arrive regularly at your desk with a cargo of timely news.

Canadian
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143-153 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO

## Girding for the Federal Fray

*Continued from page 18*

Canada and brought it home sound in wind and limb and earning the plaudits of his colleagues. He was courteous, but firm, heard all sides to every question, made no enemies and yet managed to leave a trail of impression that Canada's crying need was protection and more protection.

Then there's Sir Robert Borden. Since he has laid down the sceptre and taken up the fishing rod and garden rake he's a new man physically. But alas! and alack. How soon does greatness fade. For Sir Robert is now a mere Member of Parliament. He has changed the palatial premier suite of offices for a little room up close to the eaves of the new Parliament building. All of which that political philosopher, Alex. Smith, sees fit to illustrate by an anecdote:

"After Sir Charles Tupper had ceased to be premier," Alex relates, "he was addressing a meeting in a rural district. He had, of course, reserved the bridal suite at the local hotel but while he was spell binding the audience a drunk wandered in to the peppery old knight's reservation, tumbled into the bed and stayed there. When Sir Charles returned and found his bed occupied he stormed a bit, winding up with, 'I've a mind to pull you out of bed.'

"'Huh!'" grunted the drunk, awakened by the noise, 'Ex-Premiers aint got no pull.'"

## That Wife of Duncan's

*Continued from page 25*

Margaret trembled slightly. A quick wave of fear surged about her heart. "No!"

"You can't go on—your credit's gone!" he snarled.

"The Merchants' National are giving us fifty thousand!"

This staggered him. "Fifty thousand! The Merchants! Nonsense!"

"They are, I tell you! They have faith in us!" Her voice held a triumphant ring. She was staring into his incredulous eyes.

"You are lying!" His rage was fast outstripping his control.

For answer she held a document to his face. "Read it!"

His teeth clicked; his eyes bulged. "That—that's Kerr's bank! He can't know!" This more to himself than to her. Then to Margaret. "I'll kill that—quick!"

Margaret shrank at his menacing tone.

"You wouldn't dare—"

"Wouldn't I?—"

"If you do that," she flamed at him, "it will end — everything! Duncan would never forgive that, nor could I!"

"Forgive—" began Foulds. Then his voice died into an inarticulate gurgle. His face had gone a purply red. The room was spinning around him in a sort of whirling ecstasy. He clutched at the desk to save himself from falling. He knew that Margaret was speaking to him, was conscious of her by his side, without actually hearing or seeing her. Then, by a supreme effort that drained his physical reserves, he beat back the pain and the weakness. His head steadied. Margaret was watching him anxiously.

"You are ill," she was saying.

He pushed her aside and stumbled out of the office.

THAT evening Foulds was in his study waiting for Kerr, who usually dropped in. He was trying to get the day's events straight in his mind before Kerr came.

To Foulds they had been a nightmare of which only the salient features remained in his memory, and these were so distorted as to reduce his mind to chaos. He had set out with concessions in mind, concessions such as he had never in all his life made to anyone. She had insulted him, rejected his offers, threatened to turn him out of the office—out of what had been his own office—which he still regarded as his own office! Then he had lost his temper, which was unwise, but could he be blamed? Then—his mind blurred. He could not recall things like he once could. His lips quivered.. Even his memory was conspiring to remind him of his age.

And the Merchants' had advanced her fifty thousand and said they were going to stick to their promise even after he had taken the trouble to warn them of their risk! What fools these young bankers were! Giving credit to a chit of a girl! Credit was a responsibility that only years could carry. It was fortunate she had told him. He would still be able to squelch her plans. Kerr would see the folly of giving her more ships to pile on the rocks. Yes, Kerr with his wise eyes and his knowing ways would stop it!

HE MUST have nodded for a time for presently he became aware of Kerr in the opposite chair puffing contentedly at his pipe. Foulds came to himself with a start.

"Must have dropped off for a minute or two," he confessed.

Kerr smiled gravely. "I've been here half an hour."

Foulds ignored this. His deep-set eyes began to glitter in the half light. He straightened himself up.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked Kerr tactfully.

"Matter! Matter, man! Nothing. Everything—that cub of a son of mine—his wife—"

"How is he, Tom? Have you seen Binns?"

"Doing well! Why shouldn't he be? Binns is a good man." His brusqueness was rather a failure.

"What have they done?"

"Done? Everything, I tell you. A woman running my business! That woman!"

"Yes."

"The young fool has given her full charge! She's sitting there at my desk . . . in my office. . . told me she would put me out! Me!" His fist smashed on to the table until it quivered. "The Merchants' National—your bank—is giving her fifty thousand."

Kerr appeared deep in thought. The smoke from his pipe wreathed his well shaped grayed head. "Go on."

"I went there. . . saw that two-year-old they've put in your place and he refused—"

"Yes."

"To stop their credit! I told him to! He refused, I tell you! I told him they were going on the rocks. . .would take his fifty thousand along with them and pile it up! He grinned like an ape. . . twisted that eyebrow of a moustache of his and said the bank had decided to take the risk. I all but took him by the neck! Give these youngsters leeway and they'll wreck creation! You're a director, Kerr. You must do something!"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Do? Do? Stop it! Unless you want to throw good money after bad. You've got influence—use it!"

"Do you want the whole thing to go to pieces when fifty thousand will save it?"

"Ten times fifty thousand wouldn't save it—in her hands! I can't touch it myself, fool that I was ever to let it out of my reach! I—I wanted the boy to have a chance. That—that woman—"

"You're determined they shall have no chance?" There was a sudden ominous note in Kerr's voice.

"What—what do you mean?"

"Blendon telephoned me after she was here yesterday morning."

"Yes?"

"He wanted my advice."

"You gave it?"

"I did."

"Ah!" Foulds relaxed for a moment. Then at the strained look in Kerr's face he leaned forward. They were knee to knee.

"What—you—"

"Yes. I said to give her a hundred thousand if she wanted it; that I would back her note if necessary. I know of her, indirectly of course. She'll know how to use it. . . a good risk or I'm no judge. I—I'm sorry; I had hoped you would—"

FOULDS' hands were fastened like steel claws on Kerr's knees. The lines criss-crossing his face, eaten in by the years, seemed great chasms in the dim light.

"You—you—" he snarled.

"Yes, I did!" Kerr's voice was like a pronounced sentence. Then he made an effort at conciliation. "Give them a chance, Tom. Don't be a fool. You're eating your heart out for a sight of that boy! Call it off! We're both too old for the game. Give the youngsters a chance. She—she thinks the world of you, boy—"

Foulds was staring at him with small, bloodshot eyes. He got to his feet, pointing to the door. "Go!" he said in a small voice.

"Tom!"

"Go!"

Then a quick change seemed to take place in Kerr. It was not physical—beyond the tightening of his mouth and the flicker of his spiritual nature so that in a moment he seemed to expand, to dominate the situation.

"Wait a minute, Tom," he commenced quickly. "I'll be going, but not before I've said my say. First, I want to tell you what I think of you, and then I am going to tell you something else."

For the moment Kerr's cool tone stemmed Foulds' rage.

"You are an egotistical fool, Tom, and what is more—this will surprise you—you're a hypocrite. Wait, I'll explain that if you'll give me time. You're guilty on the first count because you are trying to build your son a career out of the old beams of your own life. You've lived cleanly, but so has that half dead poplar in my garden and it is about as fit to make green lumber as you are to mould Duncan's career. Instead of giving the boy the advice he needed and opening up to him your experiences, you have tried to flog him into accordance with your will, your pitiful dogmatic pride. And because he has refused to sacrifice his individuality you have let him drift on to the rocks. There is only one word for it—you're a slacker!"

Foulds' eyes were bulging. He looked as though he was about to spring at Kerr. "You had better get out!" he snarled. "I don't want to hear any more!"

"I don't suppose you do," agreed Kerr, "but I'm going to finish. I said you were a hypocrite and now I am going to tell you why. You profess love for your son—well, I don't know. You seem to put your pigheaded pride before everything, everyone. Why, man, you haven't been near Duncan since he was ill, you've treated his wife like a dog, and she's got more real love in her little finger than you have in your big body. You talk about your love, man." Kerr's voice had risen, a queer light shone from his eyes. "You don't know what it means. Love, real love, offers, yields, sacrifices everything, but your kind is a mouldy thing of pride and self—a thing of hypocrisy!"

The passion and fire in Kerr's tone stung Foulds to action. He lurched out of his chair, reaching towards Kerr as though he meant to grapple with his friend, but Kerr caught at his arms.

"One minute and I'm through. When you cool down you'll wonder why I'm butting into your affairs. I'll tell you." Kerr's voice had taken on a rich full quality. His eyes were retrospective. He seemed hardly conscious of the other who had dropped back into his chair, impelled into it by Kerr's manner. "I never married," Kerr went on, "but you never knew why. I loved a woman once, though she did not know it." Kerr's voice trembled. Foulds was staring at him, transfixed by this turned page of Kerr's life.

"Go on," he whispered. His throat was dry. His rage of a moment before had withered as rage does before great emotion. By a sudden prescience he knew what Kerr was going to tell him.

"She was your wife, of course, Tom. When she died your sorrow was mine, and while the boy was growing, your pride and your love were mine, and now, and now—"

Kerr had risen and was going.

FOULDS lay hunched up in the deep bulk of his chair, a crumpled, inert figure of a man. He had lost count of time. He was conscious only of his agony of mind and of the pain at his heart that had come upon him after Kerr had gone.

Once Landers had come in to go away trembling, not at Foulds' whispered curse, but at what he saw in his master's eyes.

Presently he stirred himself. His eyes wandered to the portrait of his wife—the woman whom Kerr had loved, silently, generously, through the years. Her spirit seemed to reach out to him. A shimmering of the substances of memory and her face unfolded before him.

Then it came over him with a rush, his pride, his stubbornness, his lack of vision. It was like the touch of cool, divine fingers to the eyes of his mind. How blind he had been that he could not see that he was sacrificing his boy to his own stiff-necked pride. He felt very like a prodigal. "Oh, God! Oh, God!" he moaned. Then: "Dunny, Dunny, boy!"

Tears trickled down the age lines in his face and tasted salt in his mouth. Terrible old-man sobs shook his frame. It was like the shivering of a centuries-old oak under the blast of rushing winds.

Then because of the pain at his heart he became quiet.

The next morning when Landers came in, Foulds was still in his chair, his face like a gray mask.

"You are ill, sir," began the servant.

"Never mind," muttered Foulds. "Get Kerr as quickly as you can."

His tone more than his words sent the man scurrying to obey.

Besides the agony of his pain but one thought persisted in Foulds' mind: that it might be too late to get Margaret's and Duncan's pardon for what he had attempted. In trying to stop their credit he had sacrificed his reason to his pride and in his new frame of mind he could appreciate the baseness of what he had attempted. And Margaret had said that she and Duncan could never forgive that.

Just then Kerr came in.

Foulds got to the point with his customary directness, though it cost him something in self-esteem for he had yielded to few men in his life.

"You were right, Tom, and I was wrong. I am a fool, and a hypocrite, too, perhaps, but I want to square things. I want you to get Margaret—if she'll come. I—I'm not sure that she will." Foulds' voice was husky. His eyes were dull, sunken in their sockets.

"You need a doctor more than anyone," said Kerr, again the man of hidden forces. "Landers and I will get you to bed."

"Bed!" snorted Foulds with a touch of his old fire. "I asked you to get Margaret!"

"Margaret may not come," said Kerr coldly. "I wouldn't blame her much if she didn't."

Foulds seemed to shrink a little.

"Tom—"

"If you want me to look after things you had better do as I say."

Landers and Kerr between them got him to bed at last. Then Kerr telephoned for Binns.

"Did you get Margaret?" asked Foulds wistfully towards noon.

"No," admitted Kerr, "I didn't. I want Binns to see you first."

"You'll get her for me, won't you?"

"U'm!" Kerr was non-committal.

"Do—do you think she won't come?"

"Would you blame her if she didn't?" Kerr turned away.

THE pain was less severe now and Foulds sank into a sort of physical lethargy though his mind was busy enough. He was just beginning to realize that his career had been out of balance, that the things he had always taken and which he had thought were solid and sound, were really phantoms, that had given him only bitterness and made life a series of materialistic sensations that had deprived him of the tendernesses, the human associations that the practice of tolerance, and love and human kindness only can bestow. He felt that he had cheated himself of everything worth while, simply because in demanding all he had received nothing. He had lost his son and the joy of re-living in his son. And the thought that it was too late thud-thudded in his brain.

Binns came in the afternoon. He was a little round man with mild blue eyes. He did the usual things to Foulds with his stethoscope and his blood pressure apparatus, and then he thumped over Foulds' hard, old body with his forefinger.

"What's wrong, Binns?" demanded the patient.

Over his glasses Binns looked at Kerr, who was maintaining a suspiciously grave face.

"Well," explained the doctor. "You're not unlike a clock that has been wound up too tightly and has nearly stopped. Do it too often and you are pretty sure to break the spring; otherwise the clock will run until it's worn out. You are in fine shape for your age, Foulds, but don't do it again."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," explained Binns, "don't wind the clock up too tightly or it'll stop." Binns passed out of the room, Kerr after him.

"He wants me to send for Margaret," Kerr told Binns. "He's been after me all day. Thought I'd wait until you came. He's not sure that she'll come."

Binns looked at Kerr shrewdly. "The wait has done him no harm—some good, perhaps. He'll be all right as soon as his mind is at rest. What he needs is just—happiness, pure happiness. But he doesn't know that girl of Duncan's, Kerr, she's one in a thousand—in a million!"

AND SO hours afterwards, when Foulds awoke from a troubled sleep, into which had poured in a bewildering torrent all his hopes and fears, until with the mad inconsistency of dream matter they had assumed fantastic shapes that gibbered at him and mocked him until his poor mind tottered, he saw her through a filmy mist, sitting by his bedside.

The spell of her presence and the forgiveness it portended held him in a queer, blissful trance. She was sewing and at first she did not notice him. Then she turned and saw that his eyes were open and then she smiled, a glorious, heart-stirring smile.

He knew she was bending towards him but because of the tears in his eyes her form became an indefinite blur.

"Could you forgive, Margaret?" he managed to stammer in a voice that he hardly recognized as his own.

"Could I forgive?" she murmured. "Why there's nothing to forgive—now—you did not know me, that was all." Her voice seemed to come to him through vast distance that gave it glowing golden tone.

Dead weights were slipping from his heart; years seemed to fall from him.

"I wonder," he asked tremulously, "if you would mind calling me—calling me Dad, like Duncan did?"

"Dad! Dad! Dear, dear Dad!" tumbled in laughing, tearful gasps from her lips.

Then, very suddenly, Margaret bent down and kissed him.

## The Big Time Man

*Continued from page 16*

which profits were small, and, after the first deliveries of the goods, he cast about to see if his margin might not be increased. A man who will break his engagement to his associates will not scruple to break it, if he can, on the contract he has made with his customer. The quality of the goods he supplied began to deteriorate. Breakages, which on the MacPhee goods had never exceeded the three per cent. customary allowance, began to assume large proportions. Accidents in handling the bottles by Wingate's fillers became more numerous, and complaints and wranglings over these troubles were sources of annoyance to the buyer. Douglas heard from time to time of the dissatisfaction, but held his peace. It was for Wingate and Mulhouse to settle their disputes in their own way, and it was no part of the Douglas policy to seek to make direct capital out of their difficulties. Now and again Wingate dropped to Jim an irritated remark about the stuff Mulhouse was delivering to him, but the MacPhee commander-in-chief had something else to do than—in the popular phrase—knocking his adversary or uttering the Pecksniffian "I told you so!"

Toward the end of the year, when the Mulhouse contract was nearing completion, the latter braced up the quality of his goods again, with an eye to the future. By this time the fact of the withdrawal of the MacPhee concern from the association had become generally known, and had created a mild sensation. As soon as he heard of it Mulhouse went to see Jim, but could get no satisfaction there.

"The agreement is illegal anyway," said




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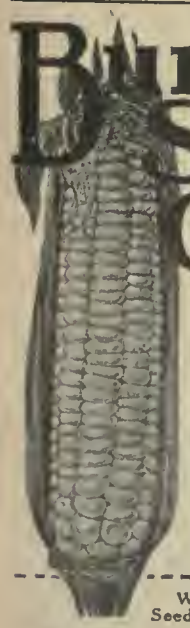


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FROM now on the fight would be in the open, each man out for blood, and Mulhouse didn't relish the idea of a relentless scrap with the kind of dreadnought MacPhee's was. Now that the fetters were off his hands, Jim Douglas had the resources at his disposal that would enable him to run the Mulhouse concern off its feet in very short order. Altogether Mulhouse began to feel that welshing does not pay, that to ignore the rules isn't the best policy.

He had reason for anxiety, for his business campaigns had been expensive ones. He had started out with good financial backing, friends and relatives had invested largely in his stock, making the firm pretty much a family affair. His ideas had been large, and had cost money. The plant he had established had involved a bigger outlay than he had anticipated, and he had gone after business regardless of price and profit. His idea was that if he could secure trade he would be able to scrape through with sufficient margin in his favor to show something for his work, and, later on, soundly established, he would be able to recoup what he had foregone in the early years. Business at all costs had been his motto, and when he secured a contract he set to work to see how he could so manipulate it that he might increase his margin.

The more Mulhouse reflected the clearer the conviction that the solution of the problem was capital. Not much guessing about that. The next point was, where to get it? He had a plant, and a good one, but the kind of business statement of affairs that an accountant would draw up after going through the books would not be much of an inducement to investors. There were two or three strings on the plant itself, a few obligations to one of the Bargrave Banks—nothing more, he told himself than the ordinary commercial house incurs. He was solvent all right, that is if his assets were figured up as those of a going concern. Of course, one never knows what the most valuable property will yield if put up at forced sale. He got up and went through the offices, then through the works. It seemed to him that from every side one word was shouted to him repeatedly.

"Capital! Capital!"

HE WENT home earlier than usual that afternoon, for he wanted some place of retirement where he might think things out without interruptions. After a dull dinner he disconnected his telephone, told the servants he was not at home to anybody, and retired to his library. He lit his pipe and lay back in a comfortable chair, watching the smoke wreaths curl and twist sinuously toward the ceiling. They made fantastic shapes, sometimes seemed to form letters. That one looked like a big C.

"Capital!" said Mulhouse to himself. "More Capital!"

* * *

There was another method of combination besides that directed against the windpipe of a customer. Apart from business, MacPhee had shown a sympathetic side toward him, Mulhouse reflected. The old man was like not a few of his kind. Risen from the ranks, and keeping socially to the ranks when he might have gone up higher, Old Mac did not think that what was good enough for him would be good enough for the girl.

He had dreams for her, and when a man like MacPhee dreamed, he dreamed big. The Mulhouses were people who had counted and still counted in the social world. There was an old title in the family dating back to Elizabethan times in the old land, some of the members of the house that had established an overseas branch had been prominent in the political and social world this side the Atlantic. All the way from the Maritime Provinces to British Columbia there were traces of the work and influence of the family. They had given soldiers and lawyers and


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clergymen to the new country, and though not wealthy their present eminence proved that, even in a new world, something counts besides money.

Mulhouse of the Glassworks had been the first to leave the professions or farming for trade in the manufacturing sense. MacPhee, who knew his Canada as well as most people, and was the odd combination that blends essential democracy with staunch belief in monarchial and aristocratic institutions, had regard for lineage, family name and social prestige. He would doff his hat to a ruler, not as to the man so much as to his office; he considered himself, as a man, the equal of any other who breathed, but there was a broad streak in him that made for belief in social order and respect for those who had written their names on the foundation stones of the building of Empire. Men were no more equal than horses. Mulhouse believed that if he went to MacPhee and told him that he had won the promise of Ida to marry him, he would be more than satisfied, and then—! The dreams became golden.

THERE was a business meeting at the church of which MacPhee was member and office-holder, and the old man never failed in his attendance at the services or at meetings connected with its welfare. Mulhouse from the windows of his house saw the old man drive by, and knew the business that took him out at night. Putting on overcoat and hat he set out to walk to the house on the hillside. Ida was chatting with Mrs. Dawson in her sitting-room when the knock came at the door. The housekeeper answered it and Ida heard the voice of Mulhouse. She went into the hall and greeted him.

"Is Mr. MacPhee at home?" he asked with perhaps pardonable casuistry.

"No, there is a meeting down at the church," she replied. "But come in, Mr. Mulhouse, perhaps he won't be very long, and he would be sorry to miss you. If it is anything important I can get him on the telephone."

"Pray don't," he laughed. "I was just dull and lonely and thought I'd step up and have a sociable hour or two with him."

"I didn't imagine you could ever be dull and lonely," she laughed. "You always seem to have so much to do. Won't you take off your coat and come in and wait for him? I had a lot of new music sent up to-day, and I'd like you to try some of it over."

"That will be delightful," he answered.

Mrs. Dawson went into the drawing-room, turned on the lights, and left them. A wood fire was burning on the hearth. Ida called to the maid to bring in more wood and replenish it. Seated on the sofa side by side the two looked over the new music, and presently went over to the piano. Of the two, Mulhouse was much the better musician. He played really well at sight and presently the house was enlivened by the merry music. They banned the more serious items in favor of frivolous jazzy things, for Bargrave life was serious enough in its way, and the light opera songs and syncopated stuff seemed to match the place and hour and moods of the two.

For an hour this continued, then the two withdrew toward the fire and began to chat, reviving experiences of the Western trip. Mulhouse was a good conversationalist, and this night he was more entertaining than usual. There was a pleasant note of intimacy in his light gossip. Some of her masculine callers were very stiff and formal, throwing the burden of their entertainment on her. Mulhouse, however, was the entertainer, never at loss for a topic, touching most things with a light humor, and illustrating from a wonderful repertoire of stories. Toward ten o'clock, he became a little more quiet and serious, she thought that perhaps he was finding the long wait for her uncle rather tiresome.

"I think I had better call up uncle and tell him you are here," she said. "He is a terrible gossip when he meets his church cronies, and there is no telling how long he'll be if Mr. Fenton inveigles him into a game at chess."

She rose from her chair to go over to the telephone that stood on a table near the fireplace. He got up at the same time.

"I hope you won't disturb him," he smiled. "It has been one of the most delightful evenings I have ever spent. A man living alone as I do realises what loneliness is and therefore can appreciate the charm and comfort of a place like this with such companionship."


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A SMILE dimpled her face. There was a touch of formality in what he said, and in his manner, that contrasted with his earlier gaiety.

"That is very nice and polite of you, Mr. Mulhouse," she answered. "I never supposed that you knew what a lonely ten minutes could be. You always seem to have so much to do and to be in everything there is in Bargrave."

"But a man may be lonely in the midst of a busy life," he answered. "That sounds rather moony, doesn't it?" and he smiled across at her. He was standing now with an elbow on the mantelpiece, she by the side of the telephone. "Now and again I get really serious fits, and tonight when I was a bit dumpy I began to recall the pleasant time we had in the Rockies, and the recollection drove me up here."

"I am very much obliged to it," she laughed. "If you had called up before you came uncle probably would have given up the church meeting, which is only a business affair."

"I knew he wasn't here," he smiled. "I happened to be looking out of my window and saw him drive by, then I made up my mind to come up here."

"I don't know whether I ought to take that as a nice little compliment to myself, or censure it as a slight to uncle," she responded.

"As a compliment to yourself, and as a great kindness to me," he replied. "I have wanted to come to see you very often lately, Ida, but for one reason or another I stayed away. I have had dreams lately, day dreams, very delightful dreams, the kind of dreams that draw you on and then check and hold you back. Until a few months ago all my visions were of business, for I am ambitious. I am not a very rich man and from the time I embarked on my enterprise here all my thought has been centered in it, that is, until very recently."

"There is nothing evil in the ambition to succeed," she said. Sometimes he had been a trifle gaily flirtatious, as many of the young men were she met. It had all been good fun. But this seriousness on personal topics was new to her in him.

He took a step nearer to her, then stopped.

"Ida," he said. "I have come to know that the old ambition will not suffice, it is outworn, and a new one has taken its place. Away there, in the hills, I came to know you, and to know you was to love you. Can you wonder that I have found business tame and dull, and life lonely? So when I saw Mr. MacPhee drive by this evening, I came up at once, that I might tell you this. I love you, dear, and I want you. That is my ambition now. What have you to say to me?" He stretched out his hands toward her, and waited.

THE color flushed her cheeks. She had not in her remotest thought ever imagined that he would fall in love with her. Perhaps her mind and heart were so centered on Jim Douglas that she had never thought of any other man.

"But I had never dreamed of any such thing, Mr. Mulhouse," she replied. "It was very pleasant out there in the West, you were wonderfully kind to us, but—"

"Kind!" he smiled. "I suppose love is kind, but I had not thought of it in that way. I have surprised you, Ida, perhaps I have spoken too soon."

"No, it isn't that," she answered quickly. "I like you as a friend, but not—not as you say you think of me."

"Perhaps I did not expect you would, at once. I ask you to let me have a chance, to think of me as nicely and kindly as you can, and to think of me, knowing that all I want is to make you the best loved and happiest woman in the world," he said.

She shook her head slowly; he read finality in it.

"I wish you hadn't told me, I wish you hadn't thought of it," she replied. "It seems to spoil everything. I like you as a friend, as a friend of uncle, but there can never be anything more than that. I don't want you to feel hurt, but, but—let things be as they were before, and let all this be forgotten."

His face grew harder, his lips were drawn tightly together. He knew that her decision was final. There was a decisiveness, more in her manner than her speech, that convinced him, the same decisive quality that one met with in her uncle.

"I am sorry," he said. "No, I won't wait for Mr. MacPhee. Good-night."

He did not offer his hand, to her great satisfaction. She stood by the fireside till she heard the door open and close, and knew that he had gone. She was really sorry for him. The thought that he was a fortune hunter in need never occurred to her straightforward mind. No pride came to her at the thought of his offer. What was there to be proud about? Only one thing, as far as she could see, and that was the thought that another man's ambition was centered in her, that of Jim Douglas.

Halfway to town Mulhouse saw MacPhee's car approaching. He drew more deeply into the shadows of the tree-lined walk and waited till the old man went by.

"Damn MacPhee!" muttered Mulhouse irritably as he took his homeward way again.

Ida met her uncle at the door and helped him off with his overcoat and muffler, then esconced him in his chair, gave him his pipe, and knelt down on the rug to take off his shoes.

"Hold on there!" said the hustled old man. "I never had a woman take off my shoes, and I won't—"

"Yes, you will, so please keep quiet," she replied.

"All right, if you say so, but never was a man so put upon since Xantippe pulled the hair of Socrates," he yielded. "Ay, that's comfortable, after all. It's a longer distance to my feet than it used to be. By the way I thought I saw Mulhouse on the sidewalk as I drove up. I waved to him but he didn't seem to notice me. What could he be doing up this way?"

"He was here," she told him. The brevity of her reply and something in her voice that his quick ear caught made him look up. There was a little extra color in her face.

"He was, eh!" he commented. "Anything special he wanted to see me about, or just a social look in?"

"A social call," she replied, a faint smile curving about her lips. "I wanted to ring you up, thinking you might be gossiping, but—"

"A lot he'd want with me," he interrupted. "Anything new he'd got to say?"

"Yes," she told him, dusting some imaginary untidiness from the mantelshelf. "He asked me to marry him."

"Like his impudence," he replied, his keen eyes twinkling. "And the rest of the story."

"There's no rest to it," she said. "You know that. I don't want to marry Mr. Mulhouse, or—"

"Be careful about sweeping statements," he grunted. "So you gave Mulhouse the mitten. Darn his impudence coming poaching round my place. I hope you gave him his answer as a MacPhee should. How did he take it, honey? He's not the kind that is used to getting set-backs."

"I don't know what made him so silly," she said, irritably for her. "He was nice and agreeable as a friend."

"It's a way young men have, they tell me," he replied. "I never fell in with it, perhaps to my own loss. But you can't blame 'em. A bonnie lass is the most upsetting creature in God's wide universe. If she smashed up the first Eden for the first man, there's no wonder the habit stuck. But Mulhouse comes of good stock—real big-time folks, generals and bishops and judges. Real society folk both sides the water. You gave it thought, I suppose, Ida?"

"It didn't need thought. You didn't want me to marry him, uncle, did you?" she asked, a trifle impatiently.

"Marry him! Not I. Do you think I want to pass on my sunshine to another man's house? I'd sooner take a shotgun to him, that's so far as I'm concerned, but I can't expect to keep you always, and I'd like you—when you do weed 'em out—to get the right man," he replied. "To my mind there's none I'll think good enough for you, but I'd like you, when you do settle things, to take the least undesirable. I'll have to tell Jim Douglas about this, he'll—"

"You musn't do any such thing," she answered sharply. "Or anybody else. It's just a secret between us, and, if you tell, I'll never entrust another to you."

"As you say," he surrendered. "But it would have interested Jim, I think."

WINGATE heard of the withdrawal of the MacPhee concern from the association with great delight. He was annoyed with Mulhouse on account of the way he had handled his contract. Being a man of strict business honor himself, he had small opinion of one who would play traitor to his associates, even though Wingate's might profit by the crookedness. It was early in December, a couple of months before the Mulhouse contract was due to expire, that the big manufacturer spoke about business to Douglas.

"I'm making a departure in my way of putting up some of my stuff for a special market," he said. "It is for foreign trade and I want a distinctive kind of a bottle for it." He went on to explain in detail just what his ideas were, and indicated that he wished to take no chances about the quality of the container. There would be, probably, a large number of these specials in the next big contract, but for the present he had need of thirty thousand gross, and wished them to be hurried on and delivered as quickly as possible. Could Douglas handle the matter?

Jim jumped at the offer, a price was fixed then and there of four dollars and eighty-five cents a gross. Within the next few days Wingate gave out the quantities and specifications for the next contract. It was the biggest Jim had ever seen from one customer, and covered practically all the bottles the big firm would require for a twelve-month's output of its medicine. In it was a large instalment of the specials on which Jim had taken the emergency order. When MacPhee dropped into the office the morning after Jim had made his deal with Wingate, he glanced over the terms of the order. These late days he was showing more interest in the fight.

"I see you haven't lowered prices, Jim," he said. "Four, eighty-five is fair. We could aways make a fair profit at round that figure."

"It will be a better one now with the new machinery, you'll see. We'll knock that off in little more than half the time, at round the same overhead," replied Jim.

"And as to the next year's contract. If I'm not too inquisitive, how are you going to quote on that?" inquired MacPhee.

"Much the same as last time," Douglas replied.

"Not scared of Mulhouse getting away with it again?"

"He may, and again he may not," said Jim dourly. "He made nothing at all, if he didn't lose money on the last, and, I guess when Wingate starts in to shave down the invoice on account of breakages, there won't be much to show for all the work. We are asking fair prices, and better lose the contract than work for nothing. Any fool can throw money out of the window."

"That's so," agreed MacPhee philosophically.

"I'll have a bit of a rush to get this order—the special—out for Wingate in time, I find," Douglas resumed. "I was so eager to grab it that I wasn't over particular about figuring delivery. I've a sort of notion that I'll ask Mulhouse to take a few thousand gross off my hands."

MacPhee stared at his manager speechlessly, opened his mouth as if to say something, then shut it again for a while. He lit his pipe, enveloped himself in smoke with a dozen terrific puffs, then delivered his soul.

"Jim, I don't pretend to follow all the curves and zigzags of your actions. Likely enough there's method in them, but I'm getting old and dull and slowish. You take an order from Wingate, and then shove a slice of it over to your keenest rival, knowing that this same bottle is going to figure largely in the next year's contract. To the naked eye it would seem that you are giving your adversary a chance to get on the inside with the job. Mulhouse will slick up that small quantity of stuff just to get ahead of you to the wire."

"I'LL have to take chances on that," Jim replied. "Mulhouse will be doing the job for us, and he will deliver to us, not direct. That arrangement will ease things, for we have about all we can handle this side the New Year."

MacPhee said no more. Jim was in the saddle, and he could ride to the—well, wherever he fancied.

The same afternoon Jim called Mulhouse on the telephone.

"I've taken an emergency order on some specials for Wingate," he said. "A small affair to tide him over till the new contract's given out. We are pretty busy just now, and considering our crippled state are rather rushed. I wondered if you could do a few thousand gross for us?"

"Why, I think so," replied Mulhouse, a

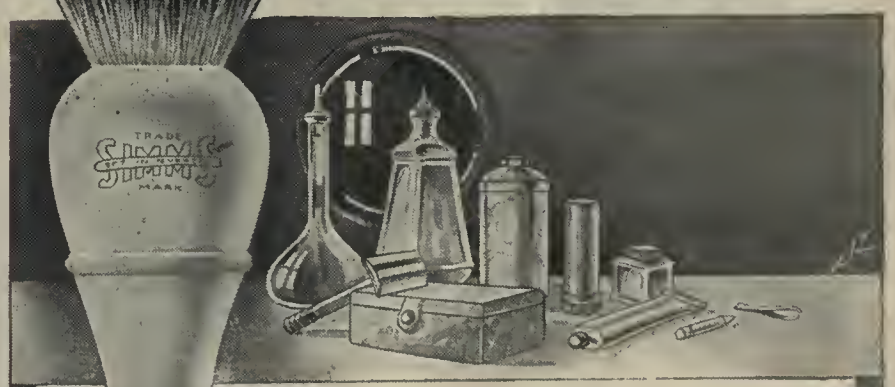




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little surprised at the request, and taking it as a friendly overture. "I'll look in and see you about it as I come up-town."

An hour or two later he called and had his talk with Douglas.

"I've gone over the matter, and I can manage to squeeze you in a few thousand gross," he intimated.

"What are you going to ask me for them?" Jim wanted to know.

"I've looked over that. It is a special bottle, and prices are stiffening a little. I can do them for you, say, at five dollars and thirty-five cents a gross," Mulhouse replied.

Jim tapped the blotting pad on his desk with the pencil he had in hand. He did not flinch, not by the flicker of an eyelash did he intimate his feelings. He wanted the help and Mulhouse was skinning him. The price was sheer robbery.

"A trifle stiff, isn't it?" Douglas suggested.

"I don't think so," the other replied. "That is, considering it is a special and an emergency special."

"It's stiff, but I've got to have the goods," said Jim. "I'll take ten thousand gross at your figure."

They chatted about delivery for a minute or two, then Mulhouse took himself off. On his way downtown he met MacPhee on the street.

"Just up at your place for a talk with Douglas," he said. "I'm helping him out with ten thousand gross of that Wingate special."

"What's he giving you for them?" asked the old man.

"Five dollars and thirty-five cents," replied Mulhouse cheerfully.

Old MacPhee's cast-iron face and imperturbability of spirit never stood him in better stead than in that moment. He did not betray his thought that Jim had taken leave of his senses for a single moment, but acted like the straight bred man he was.

"Isn't the price a mite stiff?" he observed, using almost the exact words of Jim. "Where do you think we get off on a rate like that?"

"No fear of Jim Douglas overlooking that factor," Mulhouse grinned.

"Well, neighborliness at that figure is surely profitable," remarked MacPhee. "But we'll have to get back at you one of these days."

When Mulhouse had gone away, the old man turned to go up to the works to have a word with Jim about this last suggestion of imbecility, then suddenly changed his mind and marched off home. It was Jim's affair, not his. He should have his head, come what might. Yet, it wasn't a bit like Jim. Fifty cents a gross for the sub-contractor, more than Wingate was paying MacPhee's for the stuff! This was truly a world of wonders.

MACPHEE went away, taking Ida with him, for the early weeks of December. Three days before Christmas they returned. It was old-fashioned Christmas weather, deep snow on the ground, clear skies, frosty air. On Saturday evening Douglas received a call on the phone at his hotel and heard the voice of MacPhee.

"We're back these four hours. Come up for supper, Jim, will you?" the old man asked.

And up Jim went. Ida thought he looked more cheery than when they went away. There was reason for this, as he told them that the new machinery was now about all installed, and he was pretty sure that after the holidays MacPhee's would be able to give the "Full Steam Ahead" order.

"Any more sub-contracting at a loss of fifty cents a gross, Jim?" MacPhee inquired, nervy enough to touch lightly on such a tragedy.

"No, we've had no more of that kind," Douglas laughed. It wasn't his money, reflected MacPhee, or he wouldn't grin so readily about it.

"When does Wingate decide about that big year's contract?" the old man wanted to know.

"It was altered," replied Jim. "Instead of putting it out for a year, he made it for three years. He has decided it—this morning. Everything closed up," Douglas spoke with unusual seriousness.

"And Mulhouse got it again?" demanded MacPhee, showing his teeth like a dog from whom a bone has been snatched.

"Who said he got it?" retorted Jim. "He did not. It has come back to MacPhee's." Crash went a plate on the floor. MacPhee rose to his feet and gave a whoop that brought Mrs. Dawson and the little maid from the kitchen in wild alarm.

"And no price cutting either?" he demanded.

"Not the shadow of a shaving. The figures are just as you saw them before you went off," answered Douglas. "You see, Mr. MacPhee, Mulhouse queered himself with Wingate when he quoted the specials at five dollars and thirty-five cents a gross, and the other items, all the way down the list, at about an average fifty cents advance.

"That five thousand wasn't altogether wasted. It was worth while baiting with the sprat to catch the whale. You can see how Mulhouse figured, as I thought he might. When he offered to make the ten thousand gross of the specials for us, and quoted five, thirty-five, it was just a bit of angling to find out what I was getting.

"When I took his thieving bid, he calculated that I must be getting my margin of profit above that, and so, when he figured on the big deal, he took these prices to guide him. Wingate was disgusted with him, and, of course, saw through the game. He suggested that instead of this annual agreement, we make it a three-year term on the same quantities, with an option, in his favor, to increase up to a certain point, if he wants to do so. There was a neat profit at the rates with the old machinery, but wait till you see the new plant in action! We've had most of it in operation this week, and it runs slick as oil."

"Crow away, kid, crow!" shouted the old man. "You're the big IT and I'm the has-been. I'll step into the snuggery and think over what you've said. Mrs. Dawson, I'm sorry I broke that plate, but it's a great day for old MacPhee. And, if you, Ida, and Jim, are in no hurry for supper, we'll hold it back for an hour or so."

The wood fire was burning in the drawing-room, and as yet the lamps had not been lighted.

"Don't light them, if you don't mind," Jim said to Ida. "I like this time of evening."

And they sat, not very far from each other. Outside the dark clouds had almost covered the sky, the last ray of the setting sun had faded away. Round the corners of the house the night wind whistled. The glowing embers on the hearth took curious shapes, dissolved, reformed their fairy stage tableaux.

"And so," said Ida, looking into the red heart of the fire. "You have justified your hopes and our faith, Jim. We knew you would—I was certain of it. And so after the holidays the whole plant starts up again?"

"Yes, the whole of it," he answered.

"Jim!"

"Yes, Ida!"

"I feel terribly out of it. I've been wondering if I could have my place again down in the office. I am sure I could persuade uncle to let me go back. I am not a bit of the social-light woman, it isn't in me, and I never could grow into one. I am just a small town woman with small town ideas and small town tastes and likings," she said.

"Afraid I can't do it, Ida," and he shook his head gravely. "One of the clerks from the main office has been promoted to the position, and it wouldn't be right to take it away from him."

"No, I suppose not," she said.

"And if I could give it you, I don't think I would."

"You wouldn't, Jim?"

"No, I wouldn't. There's another place vacant, though, Ida girl. It has been vacant quite a while, and it will remain vacant till you make up your mind to fill it.

"I don't want a secretary, Ida, but I do want a wife, a sweet, trim, small-town wife. I've wanted her a long time, and waited till I thought I'd made good. Then I was afraid. I heard she was to be a very rich woman, not a small-town woman at all, and it seemed to cloud everything up. I wished you had never been the heiress. I wanted the girl from the office, from the boarding house, the girl who worked for her living, and it was an awful disappointment to me, selfish as I was, to find that she was to be rich. I wonder, Ida, if—?" Then he stopped.

"And, Jim, I've been wondering much the same—if?" she laughed, as he drew nearer to her.

Then a deep silence fell over the room.

# The City of Peril

*Continued from page 20*

different and yet peculiarly engaging smile.

"I am—what you say?—standing pat," he said, in the idiom of the street. "I am 'under the eye'."

"Then I'll try it alone," I declared. The man had reseated himself at his little low stool. I was still in doubt if by any word or gesture I had betrayed myself to him.

"You go up through the factory to get to him?" I asked again, in desperation.

He did not deny it.

"And you say he won't see me?" I persisted.

All the man's thought seemed wrapped up in his hammer and sole-leather.

"*His house is mined!*" he said, without looking up. But beyond this disturbing laconicism I could get nothing out of him. And time was precious.

So I opened the door and looked through as though to make sure that the coast was clear. Three minutes later, I had rejoined the anxious Lefty, and was scanning the sky-line of Fifth Street.

"He said it was above a factory," I explained as we went. "How many factories are there in this last block?"

"Here's a moldin' or a picture-frame factory, from the smell of the banana-oil," said Lefty. "And two doors closer to the river's a bum cigar-factory. Those 're the only two."

"Then we've got them!" I declared.

"Where?"

"At the top of that cigar-factory."

Lefty peered up at the place, with its sullen five storied wall and weather-worn Italian sign, in open disgust.

"They're there, and we've got to get them," I declared, feeling that the end of the long trail was almost in sight.

"Well, that's a mean place for a round-up," said Lefty plaintively.

## CHAPTER XLV

### The Ascent to the Roof

I POSTED Davis on the corner of Avenue D, to act in the capacity of a "gay-cat," as the yeggmen would call it. Lefty I sent into the cigar-factory itself, for a guarded reconnoitering of that territory, while I circled the block, with the understanding that we should come together in fifteen minutes, at the latest, under the portico of a street-corner saloon.

My excursion about the block resulted in no solution of the difficulty. Rows of crowded tenements, shouldering close together, made up the three sides of the square of which Fifth Street, west of Avenue D, was the base. I saw nothing to suggest a new line of attack. Neither did I see anything to arouse my suspicions. Nothing met my gaze beyond the homely labors and pastimes of an East Side street. Nothing cropped above the surface. Nothing gave any inkling of the culminating drama that was being enacted behind such sordid and unconciliating brick walls.

I joined Lefty and Davis as they dipped casually into the gilt-porticoed saloon. I saw gloom written on the face of the little stool-pigeon.

"They've been handed a tip-off," said Lefty, in little more than a whisper. "He's got a gang of dago cigar-rollers to back him up, and you'd no more get up into that joint than you'd get into an armory."

"But we've *got* to get up there."

"Good heavens!" said Lefty. "He's not only up at the top of that whole bunch of Bolsheviks; but he's got his upper stairway armored with a door full of gun-shells!"

"How do you know that?"

"I stumbled up into it before they could haul me down. He's made that door into a regular machine-gun, borin' it full of half-inch holes and pluggin' them with loaded shells. Then he's gone and clapped perforated boiler-plate or something like that over 'em, and ten to one he's tapped a light-circuit, to set 'em off by electricity. That stairway's the only way up—and he could rake it like a Gatlin' gun!"

Davis discreetly suggested a search-warrant and the police in force.

"A search-warrant!" scoffed Lefty, under his breath. "You might as well talk of a search warrant for a hawk in Central Park."

"Look here," I said, only too painfully aware of the precious time we were losing. "I'm going to tackle this place from the top. I'm going to get up to that roof and work down!"

"By airship?" inquired Lefty.

"I don't know how yet; but I'm going to get up there. I want you two to keep watch below, east and west of that cigar-factory; and if I'm not back in thirty minutes, or haven't given you a sign, you'd better send in a general alarm and get a police cordon established. But remember, that's only a last resort. The best way to do this thing is to do it quietly. It's the *only* way, as far as I can see."

"Make your sign a revolver-shot," suggested Lefty. "And remember this Mutashenko's most likely got that joint o' his *mined!*"

He called me back for a moment, as I started for the street.

"You know what you're up against?" he asked, with a more intimate note in his customarily offhanded way of speaking.

"I haven't any choice left in this, Lefty. I've got to do it!"

"Go ahead," he retorted, quite cheerily.

"And be so good as to keep Davis from following me up," I warned the little man at my side. "There have been times when his feelings have rather run away with him."

"I'll hold him off," said Lefty, with a grin. "We'll have some trouble of our own down here, maybe!"

My intention, on leaving the other two men, was to go to the picture-frame factory and dodge or bribe my way up to its roof. But even while I was lamenting the time this would take, a new plan came to me. It came as I turned into Lewis Street and let my glance fall on a black and grimy figure hauling a bucket of tar up to the roof of what seemed to be a feed and boarding-stable. This stable was some five or six doors north of the Fifth Street corner. Beside the curb stood a smoking tar-tank, on little iron wheels. Three or four planks, nailed together, beetled out from the roof-front. The men, obviously, were engaged in tarring the roof of that shabby-fronted boarding-stable. I saw my chance, and seized it.

THE empty black bucket came swinging down just as I reached the workman's side. I thrust a bill into his hand, and pointed to the roof.

"Pull me up, quick!" I said.

He looked at the bill, and then looked at me. He set me down at once as a generous-handed madman.

"I can't do ut," he said, still eyeing the bill.

"You've got to," I told him.

"Phwat for?" he demanded.

"I've got a box-kite stranded up there," I told him, glibly enough.

"Then Mike'll throw it down to yez."

"That'd ruin it. For the love of heaven, get me up."

"I haven't the st'ength, annyhow," he parried.

I repeated the movement of pressing a bill into his tar-stained hand. Then I called to a hulk of a youth overturning bales of pressed hay with a short iron hook.

"Give Tim a hand here," I told him. He looked up, put down his hook, and came sauntering leisurely over to where we stood. I thrust my feet into the tar-fouled bucket and caught the rope. A look passed between the two men, a look of amusement touched with craftiness.

"Make way for the inspecthor, Mike!" called the man who had pocketed the bill, with an indifferent grin, as the rope tightened and I swung up through the air.

"Inspecthor av phwat?" demanded the tarry figure called Mike, as he swung me in upon the narrow plank landing.

"Of light and power-wiring," I answered, as I freed myself from the bucket.

"And phwat are yez afther?" he demanded. "There's no wirin' on *this* roof!"

"But there's going to be," was my mendacious retort. "And here's a dollar for your trouble."

He took it with the utmost gravity, as though it had been well earned and long overdue.

"Don't be side-stheppin' on that bit av fresh roofin'," he warned me, as he once more lowered his bucket and bawled for more tar.





# If a Price Tag

## came on breakfasts

Were breakfast dishes marked with prices you would see this at a glance: Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish.

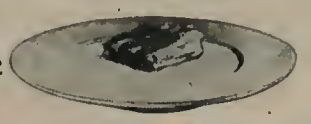
A chop costs 12 cents—two eggs cost 9 cents. One serving of bacon and eggs costs as much as 15 of Quaker Oats.

A meat, egg or fish breakfast, on the average, costs ten times Quaker Oats.

---

Then figure by calories—the energy measure of food value. Quaker Oats nutrition costs 6½ cents per 1,000 calories. Meat, eggs and fish will average about nine times that.

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8c   8c

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|---|---|---|---|
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| Round Steak | 890 | Average Meats | 45c |
| Average Fish | 375 | Average Fish | 50c |

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I was over the wall-curb before he could look around. Then quickly I crossed a surface of sloping red-painted tin, and climbed upon a second roof some four feet higher than the first. I kept rising in a series of steps, past water-tanks and chimney-tops and wall-tiles, swinging around with the line of roofs as they angled off and followed the line of Fifth Street.

A soft spring sky of robin's-egg blue arched over me. I could see the East River, a wide ribbon of beryl green, dulled here and there with the grays of passing ships. I could see a Greenpoint ferry circling up against the tide, north of Bushwick Inlet. The sounds from the city were muffled and far away. A sense of loneliness seemed to lie over all New York. I seemed to be alone in a city of sleep and ruin, as I clambered on and on, until I found my way blocked by a blind wall of red brick, ten or twelve feet in height. It held nothing up which I could clamber. There was not a trace of water-pipe or wire or woodwork to help me out. Yet not one hundred feet beyond that wall, I knew, was the roof of the Italian cigar-factory—the roof where my journey would end.

I leaned against that unlooked-for parapet and studied the situation. I had not come prepared for an escalade. And I might have found no way out of the dilemma had I not, after scrambling inquisitively back over half a dozen roofs, stumbled across eight feet of rusted and discarded fire-escape stowed in under the shadow of a wall-curb. It taxed my strength to lift this cumbersome ironwork, but I succeeded in getting it to the blank wall and resting it against the bricks. Even then I found it necessary to exercise the greatest caution in mounting that precarious scaling ladder, for many of the rods were all but rusted out, and the entire fabric was perilously loose-jointed and unstable.

But it got me up and over to the next roof, upon the highest point of the skyline along the south side of the block.

ON SECOND thoughts, I stopped and leaned back over the wall-end, drawing the rickety fire-escape section up after me. I felt as alone as a sailor wrecked on a South Pacific island. Nothing was in sight, outside of a chimney-top or two, a saddle-backed wall-coping, a flat stretch of tinned roof. I noticed that one wide oval of this roof was worn through. This discovery puzzled me at first, until I saw that the tin had been eroded by the passing to and fro of restless feet. In the centre of this strange oval I noticed a transom, opening like the bulkhead of a ship over a flat deck. The roof, apparently, had been used as a place of exercise, for many weeks.

I tiptoed over to the transom, and examined it minutely. It was locked down from the inside, I discovered, but years of exposure had left its two hinges well rusted about the screw-heads. So I tiptoed back to my section of fire-escape, and wrenched free one of the rods. Then I made my way quietly back to the transom.

Before I ventured on my next move, I took my revolver from my hip pocket and dropped it into the side pocket of my coat. Then cautiously I inserted the end of my rusted iron rod under the transom-hinge, and gently pried it free. This operation I repeated with the second hinge. Then slowly and guardedly I lifted on the transom-door, to make sure that it would come away without undue resistance.

It took considerable force to strain the lock-hasp; but in the end it came, and without any loud report. I restored the door to its place, and dropped to my hands and knees, pressing an ear against its tinned surface. I could not detect anything suspicious. There was, as far as I could make out, not a sound or a movement below.

Then I lifted the door entirely away, and waited, scarcely breathing, wondering if the volcano I was uncovering was to prove extinct or active.

But nothing broke the silence; nothing revealed itself. So I leaned in over the open transom, inch by inch, prepared to draw back at the first sign of danger.

No danger manifested itself, however. I peered down into a dark and narrow hall, as cramped as a well, out of which opened a door covered with sheet-iron. An iron ladder, from the transom side, led almost to the foot of this door. But otherwise the little room was bald and empty.


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I watched that iron-sheeted door for a minute or two, studiously. Then slowly I lowered myself through the transom, carefully replacing the covering as I did so, leaving the place in utter darkness.

I went down the ladder, cautiously, step by step, until my exploring toe came in contact with the wooden boards of the floor. Then I took out my revolver, turned to the door, and listened for another minute or two.

As I did so a faint sound broke on my ear. It reminded, me, at first, of the merry tapping of a hungry woodpecker. It sounded like a dozen little hammers playing on a dozen muffled anvils. It reminded me of something I had passed through before—of some moment similar to the moment before me.

It all came to me in a flash. It was the sound of a typewriter to which I was listening. It was the same muffled and metallic staccato I had heard as I stood outside the locked door of Cono di Marco. And something suggested to me that the same fingers were striking on those same keys. Then I heard a canary sing unexpectedly, incongruously, and a woman's voice speaking to it. Some instinct, as compelling as vision itself, told me that the woman who had spoken—the woman in the next room—was Elvira Sabouroff.

We were together under the same roof. She was there before me, with nothing but a door between us. The tangle of uncertainty had at last come to its solution.

My work was not over; my danger was not yet a thing of the past. But the long and seemingly hopeless trail, with all its blind gropings and unlooked-for turnings, had come to an end.

## CHAPTER XLVI

### The Supreme Demand

I TOOK a deep breath, and turned the handle of the door that stood between us. I turned it slowly and noiselessly, holding it back to soften any click of the released latch as it opened. I could hear the canary still singing; the sound of the quickly tapping keys did not cease.

I opened the door, back and out from me, quite as cautiously; for I was still in doubt as to what might face me in that unknown room. And I wanted to be on the safe side.

I stepped inside quietly, with my back to the wall, and the door still half-open. The sound of the typewriter went on without interruption. In front of me sat Elvira bent over her work. We were alone in the room.

I dropped my revolver back into my side pocket, somehow a little ashamed of it. But I still stood there, watching the woman in front of me, studying the face bent low over the little machine that had sounded so like the drumming of a hungry woodpecker, still rising and falling in its little spurts of speed.

She sat at a plain deal table, covered with a litter of papers, with here and there a book of reference, a blue-print or two, and a sprinkling of yellow-bound pamphlets. On the floor lay a large wallmap, unrolled, as though recently consulted. To the right of the table were two high windows, with the shades drawn up to the top. In one of these windows hung a bird-cage. In the other stood a row of potted plants. There was little furniture in the room, which was almost jail-like in its baldness. And yet it carried a persistent sense of cheeriness; whether it was the canary, the strong spring light from the open window-squares, or the valiant row of potted flowers—I could not say.

But my eyes kept returning to the girl bent over the typewriter. I could see the dark hair parted plainly in the middle, leaving a straight white line back to where it coiled and massed in a heavy crown. I could see the familiar soft oval of the face, with the tender hollow under either cheekbone, the hollow that had always given to her face its impalpable yet persistent note of tragedy. I could see the translucent pallor of the skin, with its strange undertglow of warmth; like ivory played on by some pale rose light, so pale as to be almost imperceptible. I could see the lines of the mouth, delicate, sensitive, yet not without their touch of audacity; too wistful to be youthful, too softly curved to be ascetic; humanized by the suggested weakness of the under lip, that had the habit of squaring itself, in an almost childlike movement, when it framed itself for speech. I could not see her eyes; yet I seemed to feel their presence, as the essential culmination of the luminous vitality that crowned the entire face. And I could see that it was a face on which peace rested; yet peace, I felt, achieved only through abnegation.

She looked up suddenly, when I was least expecting to see her move; her eyes, as they rested on me, widened slowly. I raised a hand to silence her; for I thought at first that she was about to cry out.

"You!" she murmured, under her breath, turning white to the very lips, until her hair looked blue-black against the pallor of her face. "You!"

So motionless did she sit that for a moment or two she seemed more like a Milanese Campo Santo figure than like a living and breathing woman.

I shut the door and stepped out to the middle of the room.

She did not move, but her eyes followed me. Then she seemed to awaken. She started up, with a quick side-glance at the inner door.

"Why are *you* here?" she asked. The mere fact that she spoke in little more than a whisper warned me that I was still in the midst of danger, that there were still obstacles to be overcome.

"Why are you here?" she repeated, crossing to the inner door and standing with her back to it.

"I have come for you," I told her. The words seemed inadequate, even as I uttered them; they seemed bald and commonplace. They seemed to express nothing, when there remained so much to be said.

"For me?" she repeated.

"Yes."

"I cannot go with you," she said quietly, her eyes still studying mine.

"You must come," I told her, wondering at the unhappiness, the wordless sense of rebellion that welled up in her face.

"That is impossible," was her reply, uttered as quietly as before. "And you must not stay here. You don't know the danger you are facing."

"You are facing greater danger," I warned her. "And this is more than a matter of expediency. I have something to explain—something I *must* explain. Can't you lock that door?"

HER fingers groped for the key, though her puzzled eyes were still on mine. I saw the expression in them suddenly change; the wonder and perplexity in them died out, and fear leaped into them.

"Quick!" she whispered, motioning toward the door through which I had entered. "Quick—or it will be too late!"

"But I must talk with you."

"Yes, later," she gasped. "But you must not be seen here. Quick!"

I backed through the door and closed it after me. A moment later I heard the sound of footsteps on a bare floor, and then a door opened and closed. Then came the quick murmur of voices—the rich, muffled tones of the woman; the harsh, throaty, and almost guttural notes of a man, speaking in a tongue which I could not decipher, speaking hurriedly, impatiently, almost dictatorially.

I heard the steps pass out through the door again, the slam of the door, and then the uneven tapping of the typewriter's keys. I listened for a moment, and then stepped back into the room. A thin veil of cigarette smoke still hung in the air; I knew, by the aroma, that it was Russian tobacco.

I crossed straight to the inner door and turned the key in its lock. Elvira watched me with troubled and questioning eyes.

"Why have you followed me here?" she asked, almost defiantly.

"Don't you know?" I asked in turn, crossing the room to where she sat.

"No, I do not. All I know is that you are making it dangerous for yourself, and doubly dangerous for me. Why—why have you come here?"

"I have come for you."

"But why?"

"Because I love you—because I have always loved you, and always will love you!"

I bent over her—defiantly, almost—as I said it. Her face was quite close to mine; her eyes were looking up into mine. But her face was of the color of paper, as cold and dead as ashes. Yet I could see by the heaving of her bosom that her breath was coming in hurried gasps.

"You have no right to say that to *me*!" she whispered at last. "You need not have come for that!"

"I had to come for that—so that you would understand."




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She was on her feet now, facing me.

"It's you who do not understand. You do not know where you are, what this place is, what being discovered here would mean to you!"

"I understand everything perfectly. I know what is here; I know why you are here. And I know why you must not stay here. Yes, don't stop me. I know Mutashenko and all his story. I know what he is, and what he intends to do. I know why you are with him, and what your work with him is. And I know what the end of it will be!"

She gave no notice to my implication of impending danger. It must have been an old story to her.

"Then why have you followed me here, if you know all this?" she demanded, with the first touch of resentment in her tones. "Why are you here, against my wish? Why are you planning to rob me of what happiness I may have found in my work? Why do you wish, for the second time, to make me miserable?"

"Wait!" I said, forcing myself to calmness. "This means too much to me to let foolish pride come between us. I'll answer your question, but you must first answer one of mine."

"What is it?" she asked.

"Why did you drop out of my life the way you did?"

She did not look at me this time, and I could see the effort it cost her to frame her reply.

"Your life was full," she answered, a little bitterly.

"Not until you came into it!" I cried.

"It meant nothing to you," she went on, in her studied monotone. "It was—it meant everything to me. It wasn't until I realized how little it meant to you that I went."

"What made you realize that? I mean, what made you think that?"

She looked at me now, and if the tones of her voice had been disturbed and bitter, the calm wistfulness of her great eyes now doubly atoned for it.

"I had been blind and very foolish. It was pointed out to me by some one who could judge better than I did."

SHE came to a stop, and I caught up the thread of her explanation.

"It was Harvey Stillwell," I cried.

"Hush!" she said, in alarm, with a terrified glance toward the locked door.

"It was Natalie Stillwell's brother who came to you," I went on, "and gave you to understand that I had obligations elsewhere—that you and I could never be friends—that I was not fit for you!"

"No," she corrected, with her courageous determination to have the whole truth out once and for all. "It was that *I* was not fit for you!"

"Then that's as easily answered as the other. The fact that I'm here, that I've found you, is answer enough. The fact that Natalie Stillwell is marrying another man is still further answer. It means that I've come for you. It means that I will not go away without you."

The canary swinging in the window sang and trilled for a little time. Elvira did not answer. I stepped nearer to her, but she drew away from me.

"It's too late," she said, with one hand on the back of her chair, speaking slowly, yet with a tremolo of disquieting feeling in her voice. "I must finish my work here with Mutashenko. He needs me. Then I am to go back home—back to Europe. There's work for me there—oh, so much work!"

I looked at the slender figure so apparently ill equipped for struggle; at the girlishly sloping shoulders; at the shadowy eyes that carried their indefinable sense of feminine fragility—and the sheer injustice of it all made me reckless.

"Are you so essential to these people?" I cried.

She stopped me with a gesture, before I could go on.

"Yes, if I must tell you, I am essential to these people. Mutashenko is helpless without me. His wife is ill; she may be dying. He can not carry out his work alone, by himself. He believes himself to be the Trumpet of God — he calls himself the Trumpet of God."

"Not the Hammer, this time?" I scoffed. But the woman before me ignored my interruption.

"And he is right, in a way. He has a great message to deliver to his people. But he has broken his health—*they* have broken his health. He needs me. It is not so much duty on my part as pity—for my own people in misfortune."

"But no matter how you pity them, you can't stay with them. It's known, even now, where he's hiding. This very building is being watched, even while we stand here talking."

"That doesn't disturb me. I'm not a criminal or a fugitive."

"But you are co-operating with a fugitive—a fugitive whose extradition papers are even now made out. That means that he will be deported, sent back to Russia—and what follows that, you know."

She did not seem as disturbed as I had expected. She did not even seem surprised. She stood, in deep thought, for a moment or two.

"Are you sure of this?" she said.

"I am sure of it," I told her.

"He will never be taken alive," she murmured, as though to herself. The extent of her dilemma seemed to be coming home to her slowly, minute by minute.

"That is why you must come with me—now, at once, when we can still get away," I tried to explain to her.

"Why must I go with you?" she asked, looking at me as though she had seen me for the first time.

"Because I want you. Because I need you more than this man Mutashenko does, or any of his kind. Because I love you!"

"And where would we go?" she asked, in her dead monotone.

"Wherever you say—anywhere—so long as you come with me—so long as you marry me!"

She fell back a step or two.

"Marry you!" she said, in a sharp soprano, unlike her natural voice.

"Marry me—yes. Why not marry me?"

She covered her face with her hands and stood there, as though in torture, swaying a little unsteadily. I tried to take her hands from her face. Then she looked up, once more white to the very lips.

"But me—you couldn't marry me. You couldn't marry me as I am?"

"Just as you are!"

"No—no!"

"I love you! I have always loved you!"

"No—no!" she repeated in some strange agony of spirit, as she groped blindly for the back of the chair. I took her groping hand in mine, and held it there.

"I love you!" I repeated inadequately, foolishly. I could see her trembling underlip square itself, as though she were about to speak; but she said nothing. She stood there with her troubled eyes staring into mine, perplexed, almost stunned. I looked back at her, feeling my throat constrict. I am not an emotional man; I have looked on a few strange tragedies in my day, and on brutal sights, and have not been moved. It almost humiliated me to feel the hot tears running down my face.

"I want to take you away from all this," I said, putting out my arms to her hungrily, until my hands rested on her shoulders. "I want to make your life what it ought to be. I want to make you happy. I love you!"

HER head sank low as she stood before me, and I could feel her body shaking with a gush of sobbing. She did not step toward me. I did not draw her closer. But our two relaxed and weary and unhappy bodies seemed to move and merge together, as quietly as two streams meeting and mingling. She was in my arms, the tears still on her face, her body still shaking, her trembling lips still distorted as though with pain. She was in my arms, her wet face turned up to mine, and all the precious warmth and weight of her clinging to me.

"I know it's wrong—it's wrong—but I have always loved you!" she was saying.

I held her there, almost drowsy with the mounting anesthesia of happiness, murmuring, as I pushed back the tumbled hair from her forehead: "I love you! I love you!"

Then her arms closed above me; they seemed to surround and enfold me like wings; they seemed to weigh me down, until my face was close above her upturned face—above the trembling scarlet lips that whispered so weakly: "I love you!"

Her eyelids drooped over her shadowy eyes, and as I held her there our lips touched and met and clung together, and the world and time and space were forgotten.

"It's wrong," she murmured wearily, half-heartedly, altogether happily.

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"Love is never wrong!" I told her, holding her head back so that I could see into her eyes.

"Never?" she questioned.

I did not answer that question; for even as she spoke there came to our ears the sound of a sharp and peremptory knock on the locked door behind us, followed by the crash of a great blow.

### CHAPTER XLVII

#### The Enemy Intervenes

I HAD no time to turn. My instinctive movement was to thrust Elvira behind me, to stand between her and possible danger. But it was already too late for this. There was the sound of a second crash before I could move, and the door swung back with a shattered lock.

Through it stepped one of the strangest figures I have ever looked upon. It was that of a leather-belted, thick-set, black-whiskered man, in grotesquely loose trousers and a blue flannel shirt on which shone mother-of-pearl buttons, with a brightness that seemed almost incandescent against their dark background.

The first impress this figure gave me was that of a huge form in some strange process of deliquescence. The skin seemed to cover his frame as loosely and unevenly-as a suit of clothes hangs over a too diminutive tailor's dummy. The blackness of the bushy and almost patriarchal beard accentuated the cadaverous pallor of the man's skin. On his face I could see anger and fear and distrust. His eyes in fact looked like those of a hare, with their high-arching brows above and their curving yellow pouches below, leaving a number of concentric lines about them, like the lines of a target. Between them stood a flat cartilaginous nose with distending nostrils.

I noticed, for the first time, that the man was holding a long-barrelled revolver in his hand—a sinister weapon, of a make once much used on the Continent for dueling.

The intruder, I knew, was Mutashenko. I could not see much about the man to admire.

What I liked least of all was that black-barrelled revolver with which he began to gesticulate as he broke into a gabble of some unknown tongue. I assumed the talk to be Russian, but I had no way of making sure. It did not escape me, though, that as he advanced into the room Elvira changed her position so that she stood between us. And as she stood confronting him, some argument which I could not comprehend was shuttlecocked back and forth between them. Some spirit of his vehemence seemed to impart itself to her as they carried on that verbal warfare; for I could see the rise and play of a new fire in her eyes. Her replies became more and more tempestuous; Mutashenko's charges seemed to grow more and more passionate.

"What is it?" I demanded; for I preferred, if there was fighting to be done, to be a party to it.

She answered me with nothing more than a quickly upthrust hand, as though to wave me out of the action, as she faced Mutashenko and flashed out her retorts at him—almost in defiance now, it seemed to me.

"What are you cackling about, anyway?" I demanded of Mutashenko.

He paid no attention to my question, but still harried and shouted at the woman in front of me.

She fell back, until her body was almost pressed against mine. I saw her hands clasp and unclasp in what was a little wringing motion, as though utter terror had taken possession of her. It was then I decided that the time for me to act had arrived.

"He will not believe me!" cried Elvira, in despair, as I drew her to one side and stepped forward.

As I did so, I saw Mutashenko's face harden and change. Before I could comprehend his intention, his hand swung forward and up, and the villainous black-barrelled thing in his hand flashed out its stab of flame.

*To be concluded.*

## Iliad of the Oyster

*Continued from page 10*

word of spiritual comfort and encouragement would have meant as much as fifty pounds of weight in his favor. He had, in fact, arrived at the Psychological Moment. There were no professing psychologists in those days; but there was psychology; and it worked itself up into moments even as it does to-day.

Probably Arboreal's head went under the water, and briny tears and salt ocean mingled nauseatingly in his mouth.

"I am lost," he gurgled.

But at that instant a shout went up—the shrill, high cry of a woman. Even in that moment of agony he recognized the voice of Parrot Feathers! With a splendid rally he turned his face towards the shore.

SHE was struggling through the crowd, fighting her way to the front rank with the fury of a wild-cat. She had just buried her father, and the earth was still dark and damp upon her hands, but the magnificent creature had only one thought now. She thought only of her lover, her heroic lover; in her nobility of soul she had been able to rise above the pettiness of spirit which another woman might have felt; she knew no pique nor spite. Her lover was in trouble and her place was nigh him; so she flung a false maidenly modesty to the winds and acknowledged him and cheered him on, careless of what the assembled world might think.

She arrived at the Psychological Moment.

"Probably! Probably!" she cried. "Don't give up! Don't give up! For my sake!'

For her sake! The words were like fire in the veins of the hero. He made another bursting effort, and gained a yard. But the rally almost exhausted him; the next instant his head went under water once more.

Would it ever reappear again? There was a long moment, while all mankind choked and gasped in aympathetic unison, and then the dripping head emerged. It had hit a stone under water, and it was bleeding, but it did emerge. Besides the cut on his head, one eye was nearly closed.

"Watch him! Watch him!" shouted Parrot Feathers. "Don't let him do that again! When he has you under water, he whacks your eye with his tail. He's trying to blind you!"

And, indeed, these seemed to be the desperate oyster's tactics. If he could but destroy our hero's sight, the end would soon come.

"Probably—do you hear me?"

He nodded his head; he was beyond speech.

"Take a long breath, and dive! Do you get me? Dive! Dive at your own feet! Grab your feet in your hands, and roll under water in a bunch! Roll towards the beach."

IT WAS a desperate manoeuvre, especially for a man who had already been under water so much that morning. But the situation was critical, and called for the taking of big chances. It would either succeed or fail. And death was no surer if it failed than if he waited. Probably Arboreal ceased to think; he yielded up his reasoning powers to the noble and courageous woman on the sand; he dived and grabbed his feet and rolled.

"Again! Again!" she cried. "Another long breath, and roll again!"

Her bosom heaved, as if she were actually breathing for him. To Probably Arboreal, all but drowned, and almost impervious to feeling, it also seemed as if he was breathing with her lungs; and yet he hardly dared to breathe and roll again. He struggled in the water and stared at her stupidly.

She sent her unusual and electric personality thrilling into him across the intervening distance; she held him with her eyes, and filled him with her spirit.

"Roll!" she commanded. "Roll, Probably, roll!"

And under the lash of her courage he rolled again. Three more times, he rolled . . . and then. . . unconscious, still breathing, however, he was in her arms.

As he reached land a half million oysters sank into the sea in the silence of defeat




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# PAWNED

The pawnbroker was silent for a while, then:

"My wife and I will take little Claire—on one condition," he said at last, gravely. "And that condition is that she is to grow up as our child, and that, though you may come here and see her as often as you like, she is not to know that you are her father."

The cabman turned about a haggard face.

"Not to know that I am her father—ever," he said huskily.

"I did not say that," said Paul Veniza quietly. He smiled now; leaning over the cabman. "I am a pawnbroker; this is a pawnshop. There is a way in which you may redeem her."

The cabman pressed a heavy hand over his eyes.

"What is that way?" He swallowed hard as he spoke.

For the remainder of this read—

# FRANK PACKARD'S

stirring story, which starts in the next issue of MacLean's—February 15th. The first instalment will be the *largest ever run in one issue* of a Canadian magazine. It is a story of thrills, of heart-throbs, of drama and melodrama.



FRANK LUCIUS PACKARD

Packard was born in Montreal in 1877 and graduated from McGill when he was 20—in engineering. In 1906 he abandoned engineering and took to editing and writing as a profession. For several years he worked and wrote in the U.S., but some time ago he returned to Canada to settle permanently at Lachine, Quebec. He has written: "On the Iron at Big Cloud," "Greater Love Hath No Man," "The Miracle Man," "The Beloved Traitor," "From Now On," "The White Moll," and some hundreds of short stories. If you once start "Pawned," it is a safe bet that you'll read thereafter every issue in which it appears in

MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"


and despair, while from the beaches rose a mighty shout. The sun, as if it had gestured, flung the mists from its face, and beamed benignly.

"Back! Back! Give him air!" cried Parrot Feathers, and she addressed herself to the task of removing the oyster from his foot.

That giant beast was dying, and its jaws were locked in the rigor of its sufferings. There was no way to remove it gently. Parrot Feathers laid her unconscious hero's foot upon one rock, and broke the oyster loose with another.

Incidentally, she smashed Probably Arboreal's toe.

He sat up in pained surprise. Unthinkingly, as you and I would put a hurt finger into our mouth, he put his crushed toe into his mouth. At that period of man's history the trick was not difficult. And then—

A beatific smile spread over his face!

Man had tasted the oyster.

IN HALF an hour, mankind was plunging into the waves searching for oysters. The oyster's doom was sealed. His monstrous pretension that he belonged in the van of evolutionary progress was killed for ever. He had been tasted, and found good. He would never again battle for supremacy. Meekly he yielded to his fate. He is food to this day.

Parrot Feathers and Probably Arboreal were married after breakfast. On the toes of their first child were ten cunning, diminutive oyster shells. Mankind, up to that time, had had sharp toe-nails like claws of a bird. But the flat, shell-like toe-nails, the symbols of man's triumph over, and trampling down of, the oyster were inherited from the children of this happy couple.

They persist to this day.

## Fusing Babel's Brood

*Continued rom page 13*

to withdraw their boats from the service in immigration work. To their surprise, Sir Clifford readily assented, in which event, he added, the government would inaugurate its own transportation services to replace them. It was at this juncture that Sir Wilfrid Laurier turned to the transportation men and said in his bland way: "Well, you have your answer, gentlemen."

Needless to say the ships were not withdrawn.

The next step was to get the sympathetic co-operation of the Atlantic Conference and thereby organize the steamship people in such a manner that they would reach out and bring from Europe the class of settlers desired. Once the steamship companies were organized to suit the department, representatives were despatched into the countries from which settlers were desired.

### Spirit of Service Under Calder

IT WAS largely due to this program that immigration in Canada grew and grew till it reached a peak of nearly half a million newcomers in the year 1913.

Under the present Minister of Immigration and Colonization, the Honorable J. A. Calder, the spirit of service, which, during the past few years has taken such a hold on well-conducted business institutions, seems to have become more and more a first rank departmental policy with Canadian immigration officials. The accepted immigrant who lands in Canada to-day without a definite destination is advised where to go and is taken care of until settled. Even afterwards the department keeps in touch with him, and, if he shows any tendency to make good, gives him every help in its power.

In this connection I was recently told a story of one rather touching little incident. Out in Alberta a Canadian wheat-grower noticed a Polish neighbor at different times snatch up his (the Canadian's) little son and hold him hungrily. One day the father of the boy observed that the Pole was actually repressing tears. Inquiry brought out a broken-hearted account of how the Pole had struggled alone on the prairie looking forward to the day when he could bring out from Poland the wife and baby he had left behind. Then Germany loosed the turmoil on the world that has not yet entirely subsided. The Pole's wife and baby son were swallowed up in


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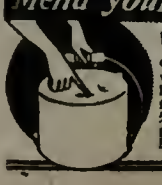
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the fog of war. Since some time in 1915 he had been unable to get the least trace of them. Whether they were butchered by the Hun or Bolsheviki, prisoners of war or refugees, he had been unable to learn.

The Canuck farmer wrote the immigration department a letter about it, appealing to them to do anything they could to find the man's family for him.

He was only a poor Pole, alone and a stranger in a huge, strange land. But beneath the official veneer at Ottawa there beat hearts as big and sympathetic as anywhere in the world. While engaged at their regular duties, Canada's representatives in strife-torn Poland patiently inquired and searched until they located the missing woman and babe, and not so many months ago a happy family reunion took place away out on the tawny prairies.

### Help the New-Comer to Understand Us

MOST of us do not understand the foreigner who comes to our shores, though he is doing his best to understand and copy us if we only give him half a chance. There is good and bad among them as there is in every nationality, but the majority want to better themselves and are willing to work harder at lowlier tasks than the rest of us to accomplish that end. With very few exceptions, even the Southern Europeans are bringing their children up to know and call themselves "Canadians."

Some six or seven years following the observations in a colonist coach of foreigners told of at the opening of this article, I had the privilege of attending a number of Northwestern school playground festivities held in honor of a visit from Archdeacon J. H. Cody, then Minister of Education in the Ontario Legislature. At one of these there were children descended from Europeans speaking some twenty-seven languages or dialects. The Minister was tremendously impressed, and I never remember looking upon a sturdier, cleaner-limbed, more vigorous looking lot of tots, and when they sang, "O Canada," how their eyes sparkled—and the zest they threw into the singing of it! When the Minister of Education addressed them as "young Canada" you could note native pride of race glow all over them.

Canada's officials may guard her ports of entry and pick and select from the candidates that knock for entrance into her citizenship, and it is no doubt well that they should do so. But it has always struck me that a Higher Purpose is at work regardless of the race or affiliations of the first generation of new-comers—that our wide spaces, rugged environment and climate will mold, as the generations of native-born stock succeed one another, people of distinctive traits and potentialities. To take liberties with Milton:

Canada, "th' empiric alchymist,
"Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
"Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold."

## My Confession of Faith

*Continued from page 8*

of the League of Nations at Geneva has a welcome significance that our day of tutelage is over and has evoked no criticisms from our movement.

But one difficulty is that the growth of the outward forms of nationhood finds us still lacking much of the common consciousness that is the core of the best type of national spirit. To one whose duties usually take him each year to every province of Canada nothing is so deplorable as the comparative ignorance of the inhabitants of different parts of the Dominion concerning the views and needs of people in other sections. In one sense the new political movement offers great hope of becoming a unifying force. The farmers of the West have abated much of their hostility to the East when they realise that a very large element of the citizens of Eastern Canada fully endorse their views and policies.

Then the case of our foreign-born population must never be forgotten. We have invited and welcomed to our shores people of many varied races; most of them have found security and comfort in our midst but in other directions our treatment of them has not always been generous or wise. There is much that we can learn from them and with proper encouragement they can be made most valuable citizens. Many of them are pathetically anxious to become Canadians in the fullest sense and any policy such as electoral disfranchisement, which might drive them back into sullen racial groups, is an error of the first magnitude. These foreign settlers in the West are generally ready to throw themselves into any progressive movements in their communities; for instance, a large number of the co-operative societies registered with the Provincial Secretary in Alberta have been formed by Ukrainians or other groups of immigrants from Continental Europe.

### The Real Ideals Behind

NO COUNTRY needs for its successful welding into a true nation such a measure of mutual toleration among its different racial elements as this Canada of ours and no country has been so cursed in the past by cowardly and unprincipled appeals to racial passion and religious prejudice. As long as appeals to these vices were the staple currency of our political life, it was equally hopeless to dream of any sane discussion of our grave economic and social problems or any progress to decent national idealism. But happily that unpleasant atmosphere has either disappeared or is disappearing and it is not unlikely that the Canadian people will visit with prompt punishment such mischief-makers as seek to revive it, for they have no greater enemy.

If I were asked to sum up the real ideals behind our program, I would say that we aim at the abolition of all privileges conferred by legislation on one section of the community at the expense of the rest; at the complete fulfilment of our aspirations, internal and external; for true nationhood and at the establishment of a real democracy in our economic and social life without which mere political democracy is too often a mockery. We also desire by the better organization of our national life to make an end of the greatest of all our scandals—that this great Dominion, with all its vast resources, should fail, as it visibly does to-day, to afford ample security against want for any but a very meagre proportion of its eight or nine million inhabitants.

But I will be asked was it necessary for the farmers to create a new political party to accomplish these things. Could they not have been effected by bringing pressure upon or working inside one of the old parties?

My own view is that this method of approach would have involved us in many disappointments, setbacks and delays. Prior to the war there was a distressing unreality in the conflict between our two historic parties. This atmosphere might have been indefinitely perpetuated but for the appearance of the agrarian movement; one of its effects has been to produce a real cleavage in our politics which will, in time, result in the development of parties representing real views and divergencies of opinion rather than mere sentiments and family traditions as in the past. Our party aims at peace and not at war. It began its agitation for reform among a certain social group which was atrociously handicapped by the existing system. It took this course because it was compelled to. It hopes to build up among them and then to spread by the conversion of other elements of the community a new social philosophy and with it as a basis to create a new economic system.

### No Class Warfare

IT IS easy to unload airy epigrams about class warfare and bewail the advent of what some of our critics call occupational politics. But the actual fact is that the farmers have been the last of all classes to organize for the protection of their interests; the manufacturers, lawyers, bankers and urban workers were in this field long before us. Class cleavage has spread because our present economic system is too largely a system devised for the benefit of a small privileged class and the existing state a one class state.

Liberals of the older school have always had a touching faith that popular self-government would prevent any monopoly of the state by any one class, but our electorate has in the past been too gullible and careless of its real interests to make this

*Continued on page 54*


# SEND TO LONDON, ENG., FOR YOUR SUIT; SAVE MONEY,



AND GET

## ENGLISH WOOLLENS, STYLE AND QUALITY

It is easy to order a suit or overcoat by mail from England from Curzon Bros. Ltd., the World's Measure Tailors. You not only save lots of money, but you get cut, style and guaranteed fit.

Before the war, Curzons advertised extensively in Canadian papers, and sent thousands of suits to well-satisfied customers. Now they are in a position to do the same again.

Write to us and we will send you free of all charge our patterns of cloths, together with fashion book of both English and Canadian styles, also a self-measurement blank, by means of which you can be measured in your own home without possibility of error.

**Our prices for a 3-piece suit or overcoat are**

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We pay all charges for customs duty and carriage, so goods are delivered direct to any address in Canada without any charge whatever and without any bother to you.

The cloths from which we make our garments are all guaranteed high-grade English Woollens, in tweeds, worsteds, serges, cheviots, etc.

All orders are despatched by us by Parcels Post in 10 days after we receive your order and remittance.

BEAR IN MIND:—Each garment is cut by hand and made specially throughout for each individual customer, as we are exclusively custom tailors and we do not stock any ready-to-wear or semi-ready goods whatever.

**Write at once for the free patterns, etc., to**

## CURZON BROS. Limited

*The World's Measure Tailors*

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3¢ GASOLINE
PROOF BY EXAMPLE
If 100 gallons of gasoline give you 1,500 miles, 100 gallons of gasoline and $1.00 worth of MIRACLE MOTOR GAS, if used according to directions, will give you 7,000 miles. 500 more miles, the equivalent of 33 gallons of gasoline costing $1.00, or 3c a gallon.
THE MIRACLE MOTOR GAS WAY

# Be a Miracle Man
## Make $500 a Month

### Representing and Selling Miracle Motor Gas

No more terrific gasoline expense. The remedy has been found. Present 50 per cent to 65 per cent gasoline wastage greatly reduced by wonderful chemical discovery. Users say Miracle Motor Gas increases mileage 15 per cent to 40 per cent.

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We want representatives everywhere. Do business on our money; we do advertising—you make profits. Unlimited possibilities. Over 8,000,000 Autos and Trucks in United States besides Tractors, Gas Engines, etc., exclusive territory; big profits. If you want to develop a business of your own, making $5,000 to $15,000 a year, mail coupon right NOW. Our guarantee protects both Agents and Users. "Miracles" issued monthly for Miracle Men; gives best sales plans; prevents failures. USE COUPON NOW.

### Testimonials From Users

I have used a few boxes of your Miracle Motor Gas and I find it has cleaned the Carbon and Saves Gas. J. W. McCracken, Pa.

I received sample of Miracle Motor Gas and gave same fair test on an Oakland Six that has been driven 5,000 miles. The increase was 30 per cent and on a new car 35 per cent. Chas. J. Black, Ga.

Your Miracle Motor Gas proved to be everything that you guaranteed it. Especially saving on gasoline. What is your proposition offered to your Agents? Loyal Rapp, Ohio.

I am fully persuaded that when Auto Owners learn of the merits of Miracle Motor Gas that it will enjoy a phenomenal sale. Melvin Farmer, Missouri.

### Testimonials From Agents

A short time since, my nephew, H. Brown of this city ordered 24 doz of Miracle Motor Gas and secured Chesterfield county for us. Our next order will be for 48 doz. T. R. Fraley, Va.

As I desire the Agency for the entire State, I am enclosing no order for One Hundred Dozen (100 doz.) packages of Miracle Motor Gas. Please send me contract for entire State immediately. L. A. Braathin, N. Dakota.

### PACKAGE FREE OFFER TO EVERY MOTORIST

Reduce gasoline expense by saving "Gas" wastage. Miracle Motor Gas will do this and we'll prove it. Mail Coupon with $1.00. We'll send you two $1.00 packages ($2.00 worth). If not satisfied after using, say so, and we'll return your dollar. You needn't return a thing. This applies to first order only.

Duty Free in Canada.

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COUPON

MIRACLE MFG. CO., 1142 Miracle Building, TOLEDO, OHIO
If your proposition is as you claim for it, would like exclusive agency for ..... County. Send full particulars and copy of "Miracles".
Enclosed is $1.00 Bill for Two Packages ($2.00 worth) of Miracle Motor Gas. If not satisfied after using them you will return my dollar.
Name .....
City ..... Province .....

# Mrs. Knox's Corner

## A Winter Fruit Season

I WONDER how many of us, when we are trying to think of something different to serve, overlook the delights offered in dried fruits—apples, peaches, apricots, and even our old friend, the prune.

During the months when fresh fruit is scarce, I have found that the most delightful and wholesome surprise desserts may easily be made at small cost, with Knox Gelatine and dried fruits. Try these two very tempting recipes.



### APRICOT CREAM PUDDING

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup cooked apricots and juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ cup sugar
1 egg white

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Put apricots and juice through a sieve, add lemon juice and strain into this the gelatine. Add sugar and when dissolved set bowl in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; add egg white beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold or ordinary dish, garnished if desired with cut apricots and chill. (Any dried or canned fruit may be used in place of the apricots.)

*To make a "twice-as-high," more creamy, won't-dry-out icing add one teaspoon Knox Gelatine, softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water to your favorite icing recipe. Beat in well before spreading on cake.*

### PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup scalded milk
½ cup sugar
2/3 cup cooked prunes
1/3 cup chopped nuts or toasted cake crumbs
2 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk and add sugar. Strain into bowl containing ice water and beat constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add prunes, chopped nuts, or toasted cake crumbs, and egg whites beaten until stiff. Turn into a cold mold, the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes; then chill. Serve cold, with plain cream, whipped cream or custard sauce.

*There are many other winter desserts as well as salads, meat and fish molds or relishes given in my booklets, "Dainty Desserts," and "Food Economy." Send for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.*

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
**KNOX GELATINE**
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*"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"*

*This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife*

# WOMEN AND THEIR WORK

Edited by Ethel M. Chapman

# When You "Go Shopping"

*By* CLARA SAVAGE

"ONCE out of every five times that a woman buys an article in a retail dry-goods store she buys something that has been purchased previously and returned." It was the general manager of a large department-store who was speaking. "I wonder," he said, "if the majority of women realize what this practice of returning goods costs."

To show how many goods which are purchased do not stay purchased, he led the way to the room where merchandise returned to this store is sorted and examined. Here packages were piled high on the tables which lined the walls—and such packages! The boxes were crushed and broken, the articles half in and half out, all unwrapped; no care had been taken to assure their safe return. A girl held up a dancing frock of lace and silk. It was badly mussed and wrinkled and looked as though it might have been worn the night before. Out of the end of another package protruded folds of heavy white satin.

But of even greater importance than the condition in which goods come back is the amount of goods returned. In the first room, clerks were busy examining and sorting. It was a gigantic task, judging from the packages which were stacked high on the tables and which, according to the manager, came pouring in every morning. Do women realize what staggering proportions this custom of returning goods has assumed? Figures given by the general managers of department stores in New York city show that as high as thirty per cent. of all goods purchased and charged to customers' accounts are returned; twenty per cent. of all goods shipped C.O.D. are not accepted; ten per cent. of all cash purchases are exchanged.

How to curtail this practice of returning goods is one of the greatest problems which confronts the retail merchant today. The abuse of this privilege is calling down upon the heads of women shoppers severe criticism from the business world. There are, of course, two sides to the matter, but it is worth while to consider first the charges which are being made against the woman shopper. They are, in brief, that women are careless shoppers and inconsiderate customers, that they abuse the privileges granted them and by so doing are working havoc in business as well as increasing the cost of living for themselves and their families. And these assertions on the part of storekeepers are backed by a wealth of story and incident which indicate a surprising and costly thoughtlessness among women.

There is, for instance, the general manager will tell you, the woman who "just loves to shop." It would seem that she rises up early in the morning in order to put in a long day at her favorite pastime; often she takes a friend with her to pass on the purchases she makes and to suggest further ones. It is partly to impress this friend that she orders an expensive silver coffee service sent home. It isn't long before it comes back. The woman has never really intended to keep it.

Of the same type is she who wishes to impress her neighbors by having the delivery wagon of the most expensive and fashionable store in town stop before her house. The neighbor—dear, unsuspecting soul—can not tell, she reasons, whether the goods are coming or going, and the woman believes she is making an impression of wealth and distinction.

OR PERHAPS this woman goes to a store and tries on dresses. After taking an hour of the salesgirl's time, she remarks wearily, "Well, you may send that last little frock I tried on."

Now, as a matter of fact, she doesn't like that last little frock at all, and is assuring herself under her breath that she will have the wagon call and take it back next day. But she has it sent partly because she does not know how tactfully to excuse herself from buying after taking so much of the salesgirl's time, and partly because she is under the impression that if she has the dress sent home, it will go down on the girl's record as a sale. Of course it is a mistaken kindness. The dress comes back, the sale is not credited to the girl, and an immense amount of time and effort has been needlessly wasted.



The woman probably thinks she wants what she buys when she buys it, but the man behind the counter knows from figures based on actual experience that unless she pays cash the chances are one in five that the article will come back.

According to another store, a woman will ask to have ten or fifteen suits sent home on approval. She does not see why the salesgirl demurs. Apparently it does not occur to her that this is entirely unfair to the next customer who is willing to make her choice in the store, but finds a depleted stock and a much smaller variety from which to select.

Another general manager dwelt with some bitterness on the instance of the woman who comes into a store carrying a large bundle. She buys some small article and asks to have all the packages wrapped together and sent to her home. In this way she saves express-charges. "Some women leave their consciences safe at home when they go shopping," he commented.

Just one more instance—store managers have a surprising large supply—of a flagrant abuse of the privileges extended to shoppers. A woman bought half a dozen very expensive enamel buttons and wore them all one winter on a velvet suit. In the spring she disposed of the suit, but ripped off the buttons, thinking them too valuable to give away. They showed no wear; so seized with a bright idea, she took them back and had them credited. This happened in a store that never questions a returned purchase. In this case, can there be any doubt that the store was wilfully and intentionally imposed upon?

But are women the only ones against whom such an indictment can fairly be made?

"Men almost never return goods," said the manager of one store.

"A man would wear a necktie he detests for three months rather than return it," said a second.

"A man who returns anything feels like a 'piker,'" said another manager summing up the situation.

The specialty stores for men tell the same story. "Less than one per cent. of our goods come back," was the statement made by two of the largest men's furnishing stores, stores which have branches throughout the country.

Men managers are all too ready to explain why men do not offend. They declare that "a man knows what he wants when he wants it," that he doesn't go shopping "for the fun of it," because he doesn't want to waste his time that way. But these explanations are, after all, decidedly superficial.

In the first place, women are the buyers. They do eighty per cent. of the buying that is done, and this includes all kinds—household furnishings, wearing apparel, supplies, and commodities. Men do little of the actual buying. Their work is production. Women are the consumers or the spenders. No wonder men spend little time in shopping. This is not their part of the work.

The statement that men know what they want and get it without much trouble was made in regard to their buying wearing apparel. It is easily understood when any one stops to think of the problem in clothes which confronts the man as compared with that which confronts the woman. His styles are stable, his clothes are cut on conventional lines which change but little from season to season. It is customary for him to go into a store with a definite idea of just what he wants in the way of a suit. There is every chance of his getting it. But the woman who starts out with a definite idea is doomed to disappointment. It may be all very well for her to have a vague feeling that she would like a dark-blue suit, but further than that it is wise for her not to attempt to make up her mind. If she has a complete mental picture of that suit, she will never find it. It would be much better for her nerves and the patience of the sales-girl for her to start out fancy free and buy what fashion furnishes and try to be satisfied. It is unfair to attempt to compare the man and woman shopper, for their problems are very different.

In the varied and somewhat overwhelming criticism of the woman shopper, what is the truth of the matter? Is the fault entirely hers? Is the criticism justified? Do women deserve such wholesale condemnation as is being meted out to them?

THE truth is that in all this question of returning goods, the blame should be about equally divided between the stores and the woman who buys. There is no doubt at all that the stores encourage the

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## Baker's Cocoa

is especially good in the evening a short time before retiring. Its flavor is delicious, its aroma most attractive, and it is conducive to restful sleep without being in any sense of the word, a narcotic. Absolutely pure and wholesome.

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Test our cloth quality by writing for

**100 Cloth Patterns Post Free**

Sent in neat box, with book of styles by eminent London fashion artist, and clear instructions for self-measuring. Each cloth is also priced with the cost per yard. Any length cut.

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They hold firmly—are easily inserted and easily withdrawn. Will not disfigure woodwork or paper.

Use Moore Push-less Hangers for heavier pictures, mirrors, clocks or pipe-racks. Suggest a use and we'll send you samples free.

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very evil against which they so strenuously protest. Salesgirls are instructed to urge customers to have goods sent home on approval, and often do urge it even against the customer's better judgment. In an attempt to show purchasers every consideration, the stores have gone beyond the bounds of reasonableness and now find themselves in a quandary. Keen competition between large firms complicates the situation. One store feels that it can not afford to withdraw any privileges which it has granted to its customers, since by so doing it may be allowing some other store to surpass it in courtesy. There is no question that in an attempt to outdo each other in extending privileges the stores have created to a very large extent their own returned-goods problem.

Charge accounts may be blamed for a large share of the trouble. Managers admit that there is comparatively little trouble in the case of cash purchases. And yet the stores systematically encourage charge accounts. A woman, the wife of a well-known banker, purchased goods in a large department-store and asked to have them sent C.O.D. When they came, she found that they had been charged, although she had no account at that time with that store. This is only one instance of the lengths to which stores have gone to encourage the opening of charge accounts.

"BUT it must pay them or they wouldn't do it," some one says. It has paid in the past, though the practice has now assumed such proportions that managers are afraid that it will not pay much longer. But does it pay the customer?

It does not. An average estimate of ten per cent. has been given as the probable increase in the cost of goods due to this custom of returning purchases. This is conservative. A manager puts it in this way: "Let me tell you what happens when a woman orders goods sent C.O.D. and then returns them. Twenty-two persons handle that package from the time the sales check is written until the goods are put back in stock. The time that these persons spend in handling the goods has to be figured into the expense of selling. Added to this is the cost of sending the wagon on two trips to the home of the customer, the cost of the box and wrappings. In addition is the expense of maintaining a bookkeeping department adequate to the complications which this buying which is not buying entails. Any one who stops to think can see that reckoned in this way ten per cent. is a conservative figure at which to put the increased cost of the goods. The woman who wishes to run her household on an economical basis will do well to stop and ponder these figures."

Moreover, the custom of returning goods is insanitary. Stores differ in regard to sanitary rules restricting the return privilege, but many of them allow underwear and hats to be returned, and few question the return of a gown. In one store a visitor saw several articles of infant's underwear which had been sent back. If women stopped to think about this side of the situation, would they be willing to tolerate it? Several stores have made a start toward abolishing the privilege of sending back underwear. Should this not be a general rule? Some stores fasten metal tags to a dress when it leaves the store, and no dress returned without this label is accepted. As it would be impossible to wear the dress with the tag upon it, and as it would be easy to tell if it had been removed and then replaced, the store protects customers in this way from buying a dress which some one else has worn. Should not women back them in this and insist that other firms adopt the same precautions?

A FACTOR which should enter very largely into this whole question of buying goods is the salesgirl herself. There is much emphasis laid nowadays on shorter hours for her, better pay, or provisions for her recreation and health. A general manager who is a shrewd student of human nature remarked:

"It would be much more to the point if women, instead of trying to uplift the shop-girl by supervised dances and special lectures, would help her to make good in her job by seeing to it that the sales which she makes are real sales and not returned-goods sales. A girl who has the satisfaction of knowing that she is making good and getting ahead does not need to be uplifted. A saleswoman is usually paid on a percentage basis. Three per cent. is common in many stores. That means that a




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conserves your time, free from household cares, gives you the delight of *more than enough* linen, beautiful, fresh, and clean, and so easily and quickly accomplished.

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The cream of the Canadian factories' splendid assortment of house furnishings pictured and described. An invaluable reference book for your home.

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*"The Magic Touch"*

—There is the infinite touch of daintiness, the brightness and newness which go to make real Easter perfection in the hat you colour with *RAM-CO*.
It is the straw hat dye which gives new hats for old and brings to Milady's summer millinery the essence of all that is dainty. There are sixteen beautiful Ram-co shades from which to choose, and bottle and brush are sold for twenty-five cents.

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If you are unable to obtain any desired color of this product from a convenient dealer, please write to us direct and we will arrange to have you supplied.

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ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"




The name "Bayer" on Aspirin is like 14 Karat on gold. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin,—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages.

**There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"**

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

girl who earns nine dollars a week is expected to sell three hundred dollars' worth of goods, a girl making twelve dollars a week, four hundred dollars' worth of goods, and so on. If she sells more than this, she often gets a commission on her sales. If she sells less, she is very apt to lose her job.

"It is unfair to the salesgirl for a woman to have a thing sent home when she knows she does not intend to keep it. A certain amount of returning goods is necessary and justifiable, but careless shopping and needless abuse of the privilege is making trouble to-day for all concerned—the storekeeper, the clerks, and the customer."

### Canadian Wife Controls Purse

BUT THERE is a still broader aspect of this question. The abuse of the returned-goods privilege is a serious charge to make against women, for it means that they are neglecting their job. The Canadian woman more than any other woman in the world controls the family purse. Without overestimating the importance of money, it is plain that she who holds the purse strings shapes the family fortunes in more senses than one. To manage the family finances wisely, to expend the family budget to the best possible advantage, a woman must cultivate the keenest sense of proportion, the nicest powers of discrimination. It means that she must be more than a good shopper, that she must see farther than the day's bargain sales. She must see into the middle of next week and years beyond. It means that she must have a vision of what she wants her family life to be and must realize that there is a close relation between two such seemingly divergent matters as visions and expenditures. For the little, apparently unrelated incidents of every-day buying play an important part in every-day living. They play a large part in community life, as well, since each woman has her share in creating the standards of her community.

### Buying is a Real Business

THE woman who does not know her business of buying will find that her family is constantly hampered by lack of funds. If she buys carelessly and without an intelligent plan she will never be quite sure how much money to count on. The dollars seem to leak from the family purse, and it is hard to tell for what they go. In this kind of living it is the things which are not bare necessities, but which, nevertheless, add inestimably to the joy of life, that are omitted. It means that mother does much of the drudgery of housekeeping, that father can never quite afford to join the country club and play golf—though he needs the exercise and it is the only game he really enjoys—and that there is never enough money to make it possible for the family to go off for a vacation.

But what has all this to do with the subject of returning goods to stores? Just this: the woman who shops carelessly, who is willing for the sake of a momentary convenience to allow the returned-goods evil to add ten per cent. to the cost of living, is not a woman who knows her business. Careless return of goods is not only an insanitary practice, not only unfair to the salesgirl, and an extravagant custom, but it marks the woman as a superficial and slipshod buyer who lacks the proper appreciation of her function as spender. The Canadian woman should consider the criticism which is being meted out to her as a shopper and put a stop to the present abuse of the privilege of returning goods. And she will do this because she is an intelligent person with a good business sense, an appreciation of real values, and a love of fairness.

## My Confession of Faith

*Continued from page 51*

cure reliable. The one-class domination, which has hitherto existed, has also managed to poison the system of political democracy which was expected to effect the cure for all our ills. They cannot be permanently remedied unless political democracy is accompanied by social and industrial democracy.

Our aim, however, is not to substitute the domination of one class, the farmers, for that of another, the financial and manufacturing interests. I think the Government of Premier Drury in Ontario provides a standing refutation of that charge; he and his colleagues have already remedied many grievances of the farming community, but they have shown them no special favors and have never been wanting in their consideration for the general interests of the whole province. They stand to lose electorally by the introduction of P. R. but they are pushing forward plans to bring it into operation in several areas. The measure of goodwill and commendation which they have already earned for themselves among the cities and towns of Ontario is sufficient testimony that they have not pursued class policies in their administration.

I completely share Mr. Drury's view that there exists in our cities a large leaven of admirable progressive minds chiefly in the ranks of the educated and comparatively prosperous professional classes, whose aid and alliance the farmers cannot afford to despise. The view that the urban communities were a solid unit against our policy has always seemed to me erroneous and I have insisted that the realisation of our programme might well prove impossible without the co-operation of these progressive urban elements.

The truth is that, just as with urban labor, points of contact are often difficult and there are many suspicions to be overcome on both sides. But intelligent members of our party look upon themselves and their brethren not as a selfish group seeking to exact the maximum of blackmail from the rest of the community, but as blazing the trail for another lap in the march of human progress and liberation.

## Miracle Man—and Others

*Continued from page 23*

of yours anyway, Sam?' asked G. H. H. anxiously.

"Some one said, 'Not more than fifty.'

"G. H. H. looked relieved: 'Oh, is that all—lead me to it.'

"Afterwards there was a steamed clam luncheon at Shoemaker's; and Samuel said that George put them all to bed."

Guess that's all right—but even Ananias would exaggerate.

### Larry Wilson's Candidature

AWAY back in the early '90's I was stationed at Moncton, in New Brunswick, and just then a very important event happened. It was the campaign for the election of president of the Commercial Traveller's Association of Canada. I knew a whole lot of the boys, and that fact led Sam B. Townsend, now one of Montreal's capitalists, but then a traveling ambassador of commerce for Larry Wilson—everyone knows Larry, one of our biggest liquor merchants in America—to write me to secure my influence on Larry's behalf. I was half dead with rheumatism, and so had plenty of time to attend to Sam's request. But I had been absent from Montreal for a couple of years, and, not being closely in touch with current affairs, naturally sought for information. This was done in the following letter to Mr. Townsend:

Moncton, Nov. 19, 1892.

My dear Captain:—Yours of the 17th received this morning and found me full of rheumatism and sobriety, but in all other respects, like our friend Mr. O'Reilly who keeps the hotel, doing "quite well." I am not pledged to support anybody (except my family) and am willing to endorse Larry Wilson's candidature—or his note—if I can conscientiously do so. Let me say first, however, that the fact that he is a particular friend of yours will not seriously militate against him—with yours truly at any rate. I suppose he can't help it, you know; and men in his line of business must associate with all sorts of people—but let that pass. Before I could give my entire adhesion to Mr. Wilson's candidature, however, I must perfectly understand the platform on which he seeks elec-

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The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....
Name..... Street.....
Town..... Co..... State.....


tion. Does he believe in protection or closer trade relations with Terra del Fuega and Tatamagouche? Is he Protestant or an American? What are his views on the constitutionality of the Manitoba School Act and the Westminster Confession of Faith? Is he a staunch Scott Act man, or does he believe in five cent beer? Does he favor the absorption of the Intercolonial by the C.P.R. or is he a Home Ruler? What position does he take in Newfoundland's entrance into the Union, and should he come would he put up at hotel or stay at home? Is he married, or does he sing in the choir and have more fun? Does he belong to the Loyal Orange Association, and what are his terms to customers who are morally good but financially bankrupt? What does he think of Windsor Junction as a commercial metropolis? and does he look upon the wine when it is red, white and blue? Is he a Christian or a Grit? Does he travel on a pass or on his shape? Does he enjoy a University education and what is his attitude towards God-fearing hired girls? Can he drink gracefully out of a jug and who does he think should succeed Tennyson as Poet Laureate? Can he skate or does he just let her slide? Is he a friend of the honest son of toil, and what does he think of William's Pink Pills. Does he shave himself, and can he repeat the Ten Commandments in the United States language? How is he on the goose, and does he pay by cheque or I.O.U.? Which does he believe to be greater —Columbus' discovery of America or Skoda's Discovery of Wolfville, N.S.? Will he make affidavit that Jimmy McShane is a bigger man than Gladstone? Does he eat his hash with his knife or use Paine's Celery Compound? Would he prefer the rheumatism to poker dice? What are his politics and how much are they worth? Does he belong to the Church of England or sleep in the store? And between you and me, what are Mr. Wilson's private views on the advisability of putting a case of Gold Lack where it will do the most good? These few questions satisfactorily answered will secure both my moral and immoral support. By the by, what office is he running for?"

Mr. Townsend, unfortunately—for me—read this aloud in a tobacco store one evening. Henry Dalby, then a writer on the Montreal *Star*, entered the store to purchase some cigars, and getting an earful of the contents, grabbed the letter, and, to my consternation, it appeared in the paper the next evening just as I arrived in town and met the President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who evidently had enjoyed the effusion. The next time Larry Wilson ran for president, his opponent was Mr. David Watson, and when Henry Dalby wrote me a note asking who would be elected, I sagaciously replied: "W—son."

### Canadian Club

A GREAT many Canadians flock to Florida during the winter months—thousands of them—and St. Petersburg on the western coast is a favorite resort. They are greatly in evidence everywhere, and last January, on a very warm day, I strolled over to the City Park, which was thronged with merry-makers. The band was playing popular airs, and many Canadians were indulging in dominoes, checkers, euchre, and other old-fashioned card games, and for the first time since boyhood days I saw quite a number pitching quoits with horse-shoes. I took a hand in the game, and nearly hit the man that beat the big drum, goodness knows how many yards away.

It was a grand day. The Canadians are there during the winter in such strong force that they have a club room for themselves, and on the door was a card which read: "Canadian Club," and beneath it, "7:30"—signifying that a club meeting was to be held that evening at that hour. Mike Heenan, the Michigan Central Railway detective of Detroit, who is well-known through Western Ontario, and who was visiting St. Petersburg, didn't read it exactly in that light.

"Holy Smoke," he said, "Canadian Club—7:30. Minny's the bottle I've bought for a dollar-tin, aye and for ninety cents."

And then everybody smiled.









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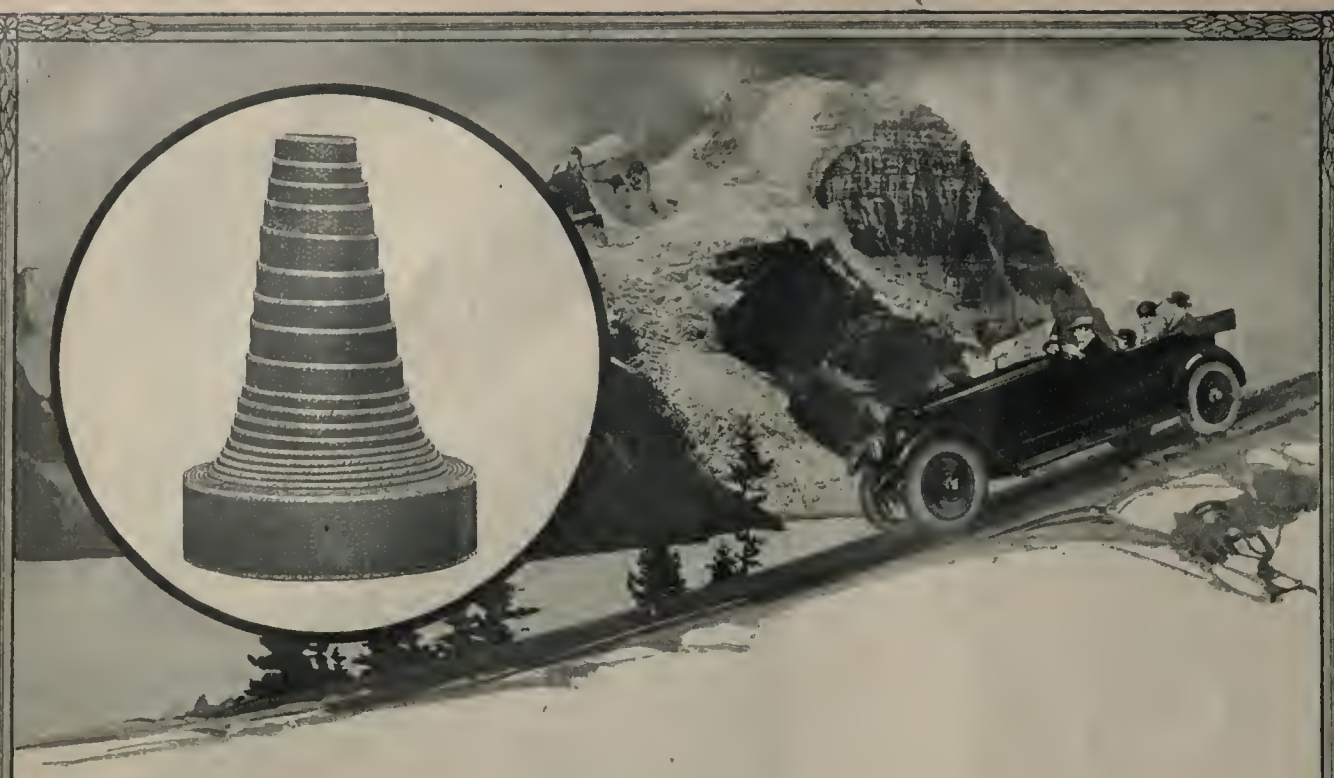
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**Indefinite.**—"Is this the hosiery department?" said the voice over the phone.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady.

"Have you any flesh-colored stockings in stock?" asked the voice.

"Yes," replied the weary saleslady, "Whaddy ya want—pink, yellow, or black?"—Cincinnati *Inquirer.*

**Political Complications.**—Mistress—"How did you happen to leave your last position?"

New Maid—"The lady fired me."

Mistress—"Ah, she was dissatisfied!"

New Maid—"Naw. She was a sorehead. I run for alderman again' her and won."—*Town Topics.*

**Excessive Gallantry.**—"You seem to have been in a serious accident."

"Yes," said the bandaged person. "I tried to climb a tree in my motorcar."

"What did you do that for?"

"Just to oblige a lady who was driving another car. She wanted to use the road."—Birmingham *Age-Herald.*

**Perfectly Safe.**—"Are you the plumber?" asked Mrs. Cooke.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm the plumber all right."

"Well," she replied. "I just want to caution you to exercise care when doing your work. All my floors are highly polished and in perfect condition."

"Oh, don't worry about me slippin' lady, I've got nails in me shoes."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

**Self-Protection.**—"You admit, then," said an Alabama judge, "that you stole the hog?"

"Ah sure has to, Jedge," said the colored prisoner.

"Well, nigger, there's been a lot of hog-stealing going on around here lately, and I'm just going to make an example of you or none of us will be safe."—*The Lawyer and Banker*, New Orleans.

**The Heavenly Handicap.**—"Mr. Blowster came very near bringing on a stroke of apoplexy the other day."

"How so?"

"His automobile engine stalled when he was giving the Rev. Dr. Fourthly a lift. Mr. Blowster was as mad as a hornet, but he couldn't say anything stronger than 'tut! tut.'"—Birmingham *Age-Herald.*

**Well Dusted.**—A little fellow sat on a doorstep crying bitterly. Passers-by tried to console him, but without avail. Presently a sympathetic old lady came along.

"What's the matter, little man?" she asked.

"Got my new trousers covered with dust," sobbed the boy.

"But they're clean now, dear," continued the lady.

"I know they are," wailed the lad.

"Then why do you still cry, child?"

"'Cause mother wouldn't let me take 'em off when she dusted 'em."—*Pearson's Weekly*, London.

**Conclusive Evidence.**—"Yes," said the traveler, "I had an amusing journey up to town. There were two Scotsmen in the carriage."

"How do you know they were Scotsmen?" asked the cashier curiously. "By their accent, I suppose?"

"No; you see, they both happened to take their pipes out together. Well, they filled them and then each calmly waited for the other to strike a match."

"Well, what happened."

"Oh, I brought out my pipe, so both of them waited for my match."—London *Answers.*

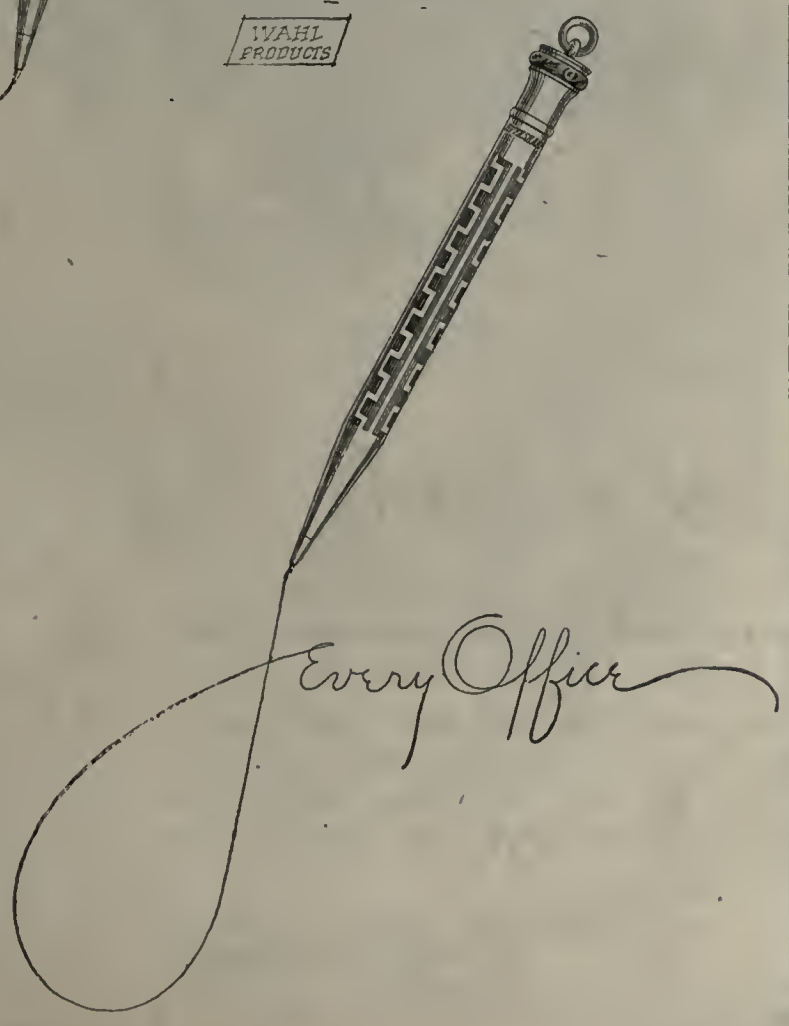


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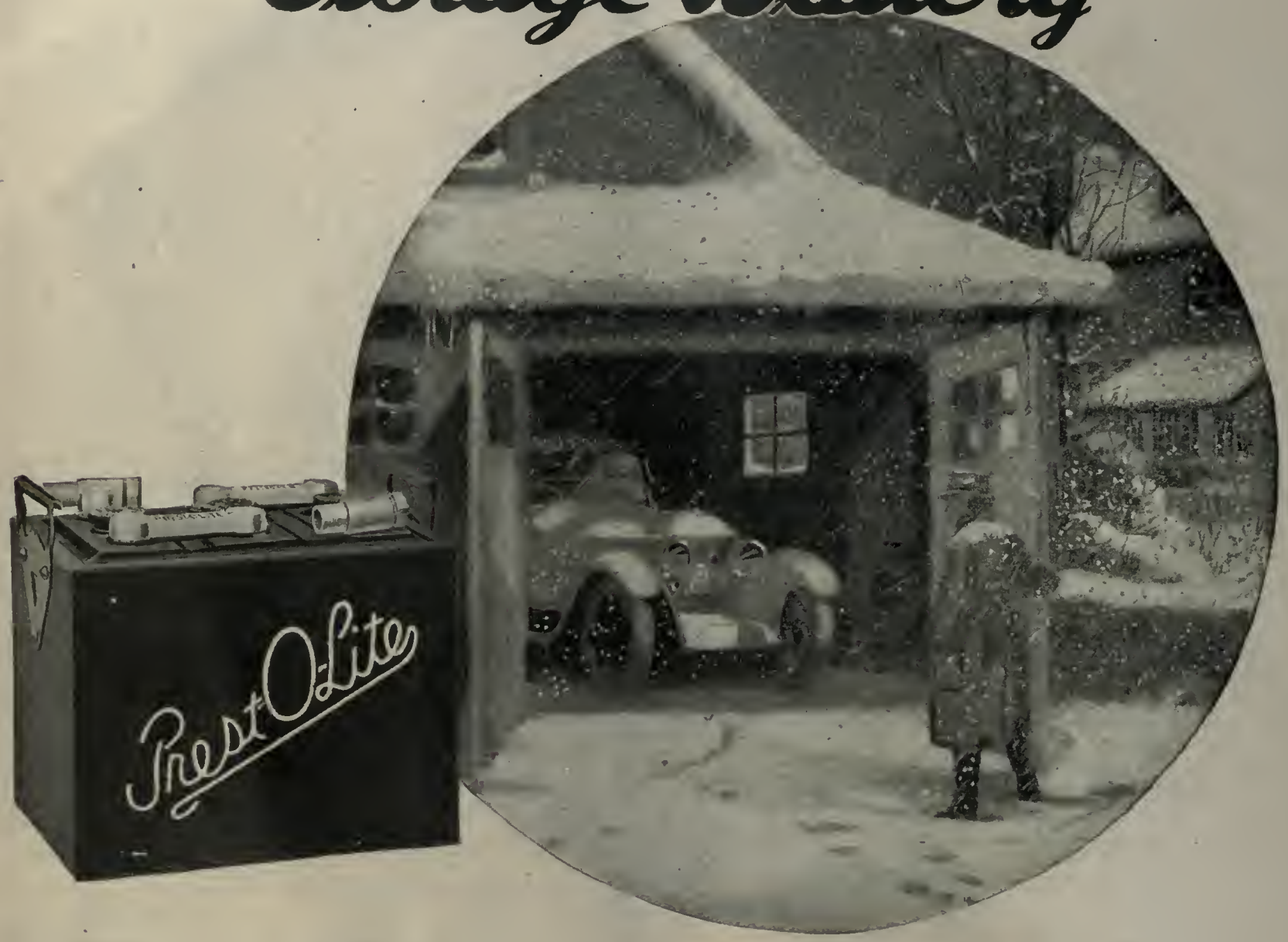
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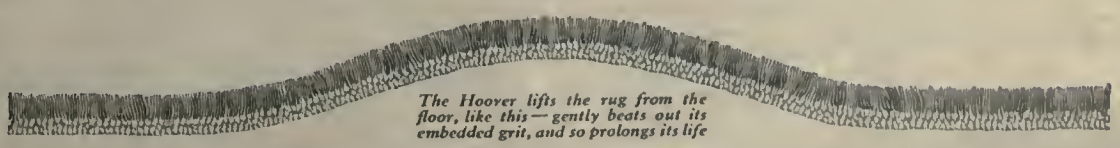
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Should Loan Companies Extend Their Powers?

A DISCUSSION which has been proceeding in Ontario financial circles of late is so fundamental in its origin as to be of interest to the whole Dominion. This has to do with sources of capital for loan companies, to be used by them for investment in mortgages. Murmurs of difficulty in this direction have been heard for upwards of a year; in fact, ever since Great Britain, in common with the rest of the world, began to feel its capital inadequate for its needs. If we look back to the period before the war, we find that for some years up to 1913 three-quarters of the Canadian bonds sold each year were placed in Great Britain, the figure in 1913 being 74.24 per cent. In 1914 this dropped to 68.14,in 1915to 14.18, in 1916 to 1.55, and since then the proportion has been annually less than 1 per cent. On the other hand, the percentage placed in the United States has greatly increased, although not regularly. In 1911, it was only 6.58 per cent., in 1916 it was 64.89, for the next three years it dropped during the flotation of large Victory Loans in Canada, and in 1920 the percentage was 68.18.

The position of the loan companies has been aggravated by the depression in sterling exchange and by the high rates of interest prevailing in Great Britain. Canadian loan companies have borrowed $80,000,000 in Great Britain by the sale of debentures during the past thirty years, and this source of capital became so established that little other means of raising the money were even considered. When interest rates rose to 6½ and 7 per cent. in the Old Land on the highest securities, lenders who had money in Canada on debenture were naturally prone to seek repayment whenever possible, because of the high premium on the Canadian dollar. Thus, the rates paid by Canadian loan companies for British money steadily rose until 5½ became the prevailing figure, with even 6 per cent. in some cases. One large company which raised its rate to 6 last year, was able to renew nearly all of its maturing debentures, while another one holding to the 5½ rate could only renew about 50 per cent.

### How Can Money be Raised?

IT WAS not unnatural under these conditions that an agitation should develop, having for its object some other means of raising capital for loan companies at a time when the demand upon them for mortgage money has been exceedingly heavy. No one can deny the important part played by loan companies in the settlement and development of Canadian farm and town life, and it is desirable that that work should go on. How best to raise the money is now the issue. A request has been presented to the Ontario Government for the widening of the powers of loan companies, so that their limit of deposits may be four times their paid-up capital and reserve, instead of only the equivalent of their capital and reserve as at present. Along with this is an understanding that inspection shall be rigid, and a goodly percentage of the companies' assets shall be kept in readily convertible securities. Taking the position of thirty companies which accept deposits in Ontario, reporting at the end of December, 1919, it was represented that debentures amounted to $48,000,000 and deposits to $26,000,000, while capital and reserve amounted to $55,000,000.

A sturdy criticism of the proposed extension of loan companies' powers has been raised by several companies, chief among them the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, which points out that loan companies have far from exhausted their means of raising money under existing legislation. The claim is made that no less than $90,000,000 additional money could be raised by way of deposits and debentures, if the present unused borrowing powers were fully taken up. The question will be fought out in the Ontario Legislature, and in a general way it might be said that loan corporations will be called upon to depart somewhat from the conservatism of their past management. Many of them had their roots in Old Country financial connections, and business was carried on from year to year with little or no interruption or uncertainty. They may find it necessary, just as the Dominion Government did, to go out to the people and present their case in a more aggressive manner than in the past. Their position is but another instance of the disturbance caused to Canadian finance by the war, and initiative and aggressiveness will be required to bring them into new settled levels.

### Prospects Not Unfavorable

"I WELL remember occasions when I have resented the persistence of life insurance agents, but I take off my hat to them for their business organization," said a financier the other day, after he had attended some of their annual meetings. His observation was well-founded at a time when life insurance companies are faced with a new set of conditions following the tremendous boom of the past two or three years, which has enabled practically every one of them to roll up glorious records of new business and generally find profit and pleasure in their vocation. When the dollar entered upon its shrinking process, a great many thinking people realized that their insurance was insufficient and thereupon took out new policies and aided the companies in making the great showing of that period. A little past the middle of 1920, however, there came a change in the business world, and the degree of increase shown by insurance companies in new business, when compared even with 1919, began to fall off.

The question of the first few months of 1921 is, how much reaction will be felt in life insurance. A visit to any of the head offices, however, shows a condition of "tip-toe-ness," which would do credit to many another branch of business or finance, which is apt to take things for granted instead of going out and doing them. At first thought, it would seem that the existence of less "easy money," such as has characterized the country during the war boom, would tend to make the insurance man's lot more difficult, but it is possible that the turning of the average investor to conservative securities, as has been seen for the past month, will likewise benefit life insurance. At any rate, an official of one of the companies said at his annual meeting:

### Will Policies be Cheaper?

"I DO not anticipate that the falling off in general business and the lowering of prices will seriously affect the demands for life insurance. It is a well-known fact that in a falling market men hesitate about buying goods because they think the chance is that delay will bring them still greater bargains. In life insurance, however, there are no slaughter sales, and any person putting off purchasing life insurance in the vain hope of buying it cheaper later on is deceiving himself and will certainly be disappointed. Whether commodity prices go up or down, life insurance remains at the same figure, and is the only article so far as I know that has remained constant in price during the past five years. It appears to me that this should be encouraging to every agent, and enable him to look forward with confidence to the future."

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system of group insurance which has made such headway in the past year, several Canadian life insurance companies have announced that they will issue policies up to $1,000 without medical examination. The idea is not wholly new, having been in force in Great Britain for some time, and having been adopted by a Manitoba company some years ago. Announcement by the Confederation Life that they would issue policies on this plan has been followed by several other companies. The North American Life will adopt it at a time deemed by the management to be appropriate. President L. Goldman, of the latter company, said the decision was "owing partly to the demand on the part of the medical examiners for increased fees." The applicant, however, does not have the opportunity of merely walking into an insurance office and asking for a policy, but has, in fact, to answer a somewhat elaborate series of questions regarding his physical condition, habits and medical record.

### The Fort Norman Rush

TO THE usual migration of birds toward the Arctic Circle this spring will be added a new flock which will bring consternation to the natives of the north, human as well as wild. These will be the oil argonauts who will stampede to the Mackenzie River region in search of petroleum, following the spectacular strike by Imperial Oil, Limited, near Fort Norman in August last. In various Canadian cities stories are told of waiting adventurers who will go to the north by swift aeroplane, or by the more cumbersome bateau of the northern rivers, there to seek their fortune. It all recalls the Cariboo fever of 1869, the rush to the Rossland gold fields in 1894 or the stampede to the Klondyke five years later, and will no doubt bring fresh tales of hardship and heroism. The world is ever seeking new frontiers, and the continent that sent so many hardy and brave spirits to the war can easily furnish a few thousand oil prospectors, even though the field is remote and the chances of success only one in many. Already the region at Fort Norman has been taken up for thirty miles on the right bank and twenty miles on the left, with leases secured last year. Imperial Oil, Limited, holds about thirty thousand acres, and a similar area all told is held by a number of other prospectors.

Realizing the course of events in the next few months, the Dominion Government, on the one hand, and various energetic promoters, on the other, have sought to make suitable preparations. It is expected that three aeroplane services will be in operation, and also two services with dirigibles. These will add to the glamor of the experience, and will immeasurably reduce the waste of time hitherto unavoidable in going and coming. It requires three weeks to make the journey of 1,470 miles from Edmonton to Fort Norman by the old rail-and-water route, and six weeks to return upstream. It is said that the journey from rail head to Fort Norman will be made in eight hours by aeroplane, and that the dirigibles expect to make the round trip in twenty-four hours. With these facilities, it is expected that much time will be saved, and the season of operation greatly lengthened, even allowing for the limited freight which may be carried by air. Last year, the crews of Imperial Oil, Limited, had only seventy-three working days at Fort Norman between arrival in early summer after the ice went out, and the time they had to leave in the fall to escape being frozen in. It would seem that the greatest fortunes from the oil field will be derived by those who carry the eager ones first to the scene of operations

LOOK WHO'S GOT IT!




—Des Moines "Register."

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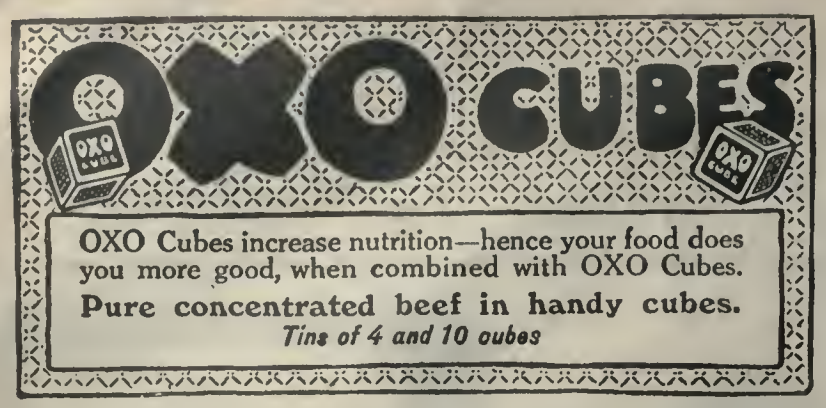
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### Imperial Oil Prospects

IT IS too early to hazard a guess as to the outcome of the Mackenzie River oil explorations. Only one well has yet been successfully drilled, that of the Imperial, but the company proposes to drill several more this year. Even the wealthy Imperial frankly admits the well is at present of no commercial value as it would require about $50,000,000 to build a pipe line to carry the oil to the nearest market or refinery. Other prospectors who strike oil will doubtless hope to sell their property to the Imperial or some other large operator, or, failing that, ask the Government to establish a national pipe line which would serve for all producers. The latter proposal is one that could be only justified by rich strikes in oil and by the urgency of the marketing of it through national necessity. Canada is a poor oil producer up to the present, having only an output of about $750,000, compared with a consumption of $30,000,000 per year. There will be many oil stocks on the market in the next few months, but investors should bear in mind that in nearly every case they are bound to be highly speculative, and under the best of conditions the prospects for an early return on the money are exceedingly remote.

### What Taxation Changes?

TAXATION continues to be a question of increasing importance in Canada. It has been brought to the front of late by Sir Henry Drayton, Minister of Finance, who, in speaking to different groups in the industrial and business world, has reminded them of the burden the country must face in meeting its war debt charges and carrying on its necessary business in other ways. In Great Britain the main subject of discontent, so far as business and finance is concerned, is the crushing burden of taxation, and with a somewhat hopeless feeling that the Government is still extravagant in its expenditures. In Canada, the Ottawa authorities have left the question of unemployment relief largely in the hands of the Provinces and municipalities, and have thus escaped a serious load. It must be said for the Minister of Finance that he has his own troubles, because the raising of money even from income tax and customs will be less easy in a period of semi-depression than it was up to say the middle of 1920.

What changes may take place in Dominion taxation this year are not yet known, and the Minister of Finance himself pretends to be in the dark on the matter. He did admit to the shoe manufacturers, however, that the excess business profits tax was not a well worked-out system, being born in haste and not entirely fair in its incidence. From what he said, there appeared some hope that this tax would be discontinued. A serious attack on the excess profits tax was made by Sir Edmund Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, at the annual meeting of that institution, when he said that, instead of punishing the so-called profiteers, the tax was really killing the goose that lays the golden egg. The tax is passed on to the consumer in most cases, he said, and the profiteer escapes punishment. The most serious part of it, however, according to Sir Edmund Walker, was that it robbed the institutions accumulating profits of capital necessary for the growth of the plant and scope of operations. Sir Edmund joined the group who are pressing for the imposition of a sales tax, an idea which is finding favor in many circles in the United States. "A small tax on the sale of commodities and real property in Canada," he said, "would hurt so little, would be so fair, would be so easily collected, and would produce such a large sum, that to fail to levy it seems excusable only if it can be shown to be impracticable." The turnover tax has been strongly urged by some New York financiers, and, as one of them pointed out recently, "fewer objections have been raised to it than to any other known tax, and these objections are gradually dwindling away. No tax has such strong arguments in favor of it."

While this question is being debated, the people of Canada are reminded that the federal income tax is collected under new regulations this year, in which the onus for securing a form upon which to make a return of his 1920 income is placed upon the individual himself instead of his being in the position of waiting to be asked to send it in. Different classes of forms are due at the end of March and the end of April respectively, and it will be well for every man subject to this tax to interest himself in his own protection without delay. While on this subject, it might be remarked that the overlapping of taxation in Canada is becoming a serious matter, there being an income tax for all Canada, one in most municipalities, and also one collected by some Provinces. The various taxing authorities of the Dominion should hold a conference and divide up their sources of tax-revenue in such a way as to reduce duplication and consequent irritation.

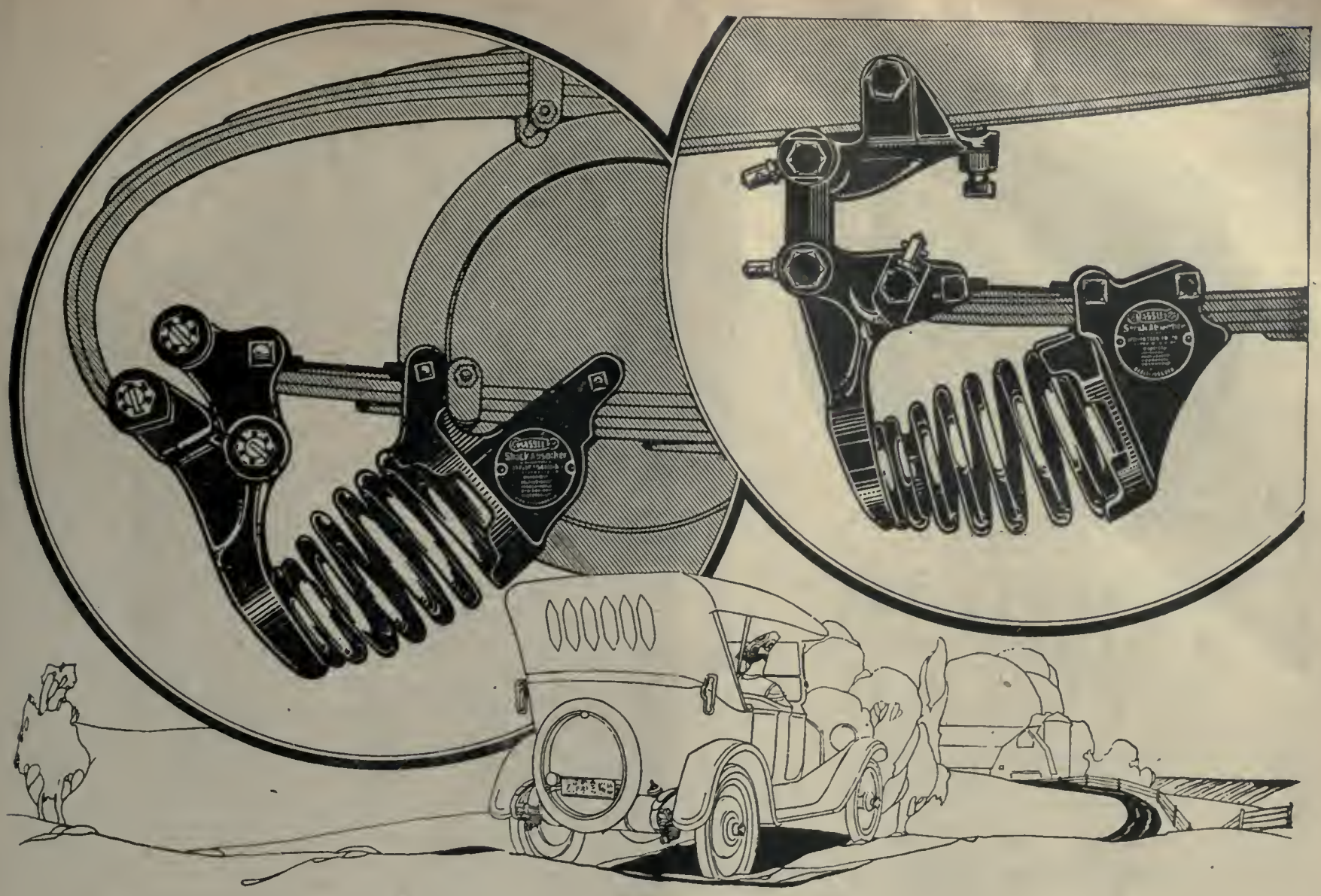
### The Psychological Aspect

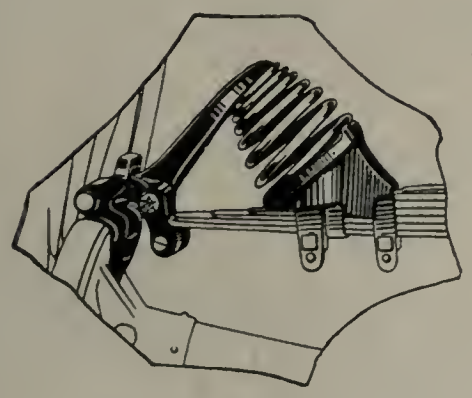
DESPITE the reputation of the financial world for hardness, there is, after all, a good deal of sentiment in it. The important part played by this intangible element has been seen recently in the subtle increase of confidence in business and finance since the turn of the year. This change could be easily exaggerated, for it is not large enough to justify enthusiasm, but it is sufficient to inspire confidence and lead to a feeling that probably the worst is over. There has been an increase in failures, as was to be expected, but no failure has been of any great dimension. Unemployment has been serious in several cities, but this, too, was expected, and does not seem to be now on the increase. Statistics showing that all but about 50,000,000 bushels of the western wheat crop has been inspected give confidence that better progress was made with the western harvest than had been realized. Accumulating reports of the reopening of factories in the east and of the adjustment of wage questions are favorable developments, even though some of the factories are not working full time. The motor industry being one of the first to suffer last year, is one of the first to revive. A large Canadian industry to recently present an encouraging report was Canadian Car & Foundry Co., the president of which states that the company now has business on its books amounting to $14,000,000. This is not as large as a year ago, when the amount was $26,000,000 but it is known that Canadian railways, especially the National Lines, are badly in need of equipment, and companies like Car & Foundry should have a good year's business ahead. Similarly, the steel companies will undoubtedly profit by the long delay in building operations as soon as conditions settle.

In the security markets, unexpected strength developed soon after the new year, rolling up large daily turnovers, and advancing the price of stocks and bonds at a rapid rate. This condition seems to have been of a temporary nature, though the strength of the market was not seriously lessened. Victory bonds took the lead in determining the position of securities, and moved up until the return on current prices dropped below 6 per cent. in nearly every case. When this is compared with 7½ at the beginning of December at the time of the slump following relisting, the change that came over the market will be appreciated. Then came sales of Ontario and Saskatchewan bonds at prices yielding a little over 6 per cent., with absorption so rapid that it appeared a new condition had arisen.

### The Embargo Removal

THE removal of the embargo on outside securities was scarcely a market factor for even a day after that important change took place. A few stocks and bonds came out from Great Britain, but they had little or no influence on prices. It was then realized that the market had suffered its last expected blow for the time being, and could then take its natural course. Such conditions of buoyancy in the bond market, however, may bring their own disadvantage through the tendency they will have to induce unnecessary borrowing. Call money is easier, and it is believed that before long the banks will be seeking customers instead of trying to hold them off, as was the case all of last year. Wholesale dealers say that, while trade is still slow, there are steady signs of improvement, and some even report the volume of business almost up to the average for this time of year. Activities in 1921, however, will still wait in many cases on further price recessions. Building to the extent of many millions must be done, and fortunately lumber has come down, though there are yet no signs of better conditions with regard to labor, except that the output per man is generally increasing.





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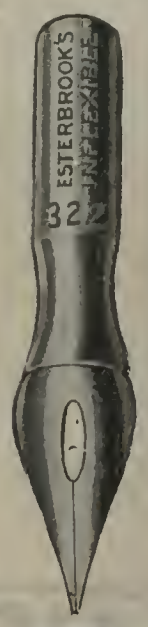
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This is the time of year for annual meetings of the banks, and several held recently have been marked by informing discussions of financial and public affairs. It has often been said that Canada possesses a number of bankers of unusual vision and imagination, even though they have come in for their share of criticism, just as have leaders in other pursuits. It may be taken for granted that the Canadian banks will not have so easy a time in 1921, for it will be more difficult to keep their funds employed, and it will be too much to expect another all-round new record of profits, such as had been reported of late. Sir John Aird, general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in fact warned the shareholders of that Bank on this very line. "The conditions which have prevailed in the markets for all staple commodities since the war ended," he said, "—the extraordinary demand for goods and the high prices—have caused a strong demand for money. Now that the markets are becoming more normal and prices are falling, that demand is sure to lessen. We may, therefore, expect easier money conditions, and a lower level of profits until business becomes more active."

There have been frequent requests from Western Canada for a more localized banking system instead of a few banks in the large centres with branches covering the country. It is probable that the large percentage of settlers from the United States has stimulated this sentiment in the West, because of the familiarity of these settlers with the local bank system of the United States. The inauguration of the Federal Reserve System across the border a few years ago, however, giving more unity as well as elasticity to the American system, has been rightly cited as a vindication of one of the cardinal principles of Canadian banking. In the course of his address to the Dominion Bank's shareholders, C. A. Bogert, general manager of that Bank and also president of the Canadian Bankers' Association, replied to the requests from the West for local banks. "Those who favor the local or provincial bank," he said, "would do well to take a lesson from the conditions which have arisen in some of the border States. Bank failures have been numerous, and it has been clearly demonstrated that institutions with small capital and operating in areas restricted cannot successfully carry on during times of stress, when by reason of territorial restrictions they are forced to employ their earning power in the same districts in which it is obtained." Mr. Bogert pointed out that notwithstanding the scarcity of money, advances by the Canadian banks to borrowers in the Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan alone increased by $90,000,000 in 1920 as compared with the previous year. "This," he said, "is a striking illustration of the soundness and elasticity of the Canadian banking system under which the banks successfully dealt with a situation which could not possibly have been handled by small local banking corporations."

### Banks and Foreign Trade

HOW far Canadian banks should go in their assistance of foreign trade is a matter frequently discussed in manufacturing circles. Some time ago there were expressions of indignation from manufacturers because the banks of the country would not accept bills on Australia, and thus hindered exports to that country. It developed that Australia's position had become an unfortunate one through the action of the Australian banks in declining to negotiate bills in London or to remit promptly for collections sent direct. More recently the position of the banks has been up for discussion through the movement in the United States to revive the War Finance Corporation, with a view to stimulating foreign trade.

At the annual meeting of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Halifax, general manager H. A. Richardson, who is also vice-president of the Canadian Bankers' Association, referred to the relation of the banks to foreign trade. "Some bankers," he said, "advocate the establishment of a corporation to foster export trade. I doubt the wisdom of such a movement. Canada is not in a position to make foreign loans, and a corporation designed to stimulate and finance manufacturing artificially would be found to be tantamount in making such loans and would operate to continue inflation, from which we are already suffering. As a matter of fact, there are very few countries whose exchange positions enable them easily to make remittance for their imports, for even those countries that prospered most during the war are now suffering the effects of too much prosperity and its resultant inflation. We had better first get to the bottom of our troubles, and then emerge by moderate and natural degrees. Individual banks should be quite able to finance all the legitimate and desirable foreign trade that their customers are able to command."

### Deflation of Prices

STEADY progress appears to be making in the deflation of prices. The curve continues downward, and for the most part at an orderly pace. The degree in which it remains gradual instead of precipitate will mean much for the safety of the situation. Statistics of wholesale prices in Canada published by the Department of Labor, Ottawa, show an index number of 137.1 in December, 1913, 137.6 a year later, and then the long upward climb culminating in May last at 356.6, falling by December, 1920, to 290.5. Examining the changes more in detail the following table is illuminating in its index figures for groups of commodities between December, 1913, and December, 1919, and again in December, 1920:

| | *Dec. 1913* | *Dec. 1919* | *Dec. 1920* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Grains and fodders | 141.0 | 344.4 | 261.1 |
| Animals and meats | 188.4 | 326.4 | 320.8 |
| Dairy products | 166.9 | 355.2 | 340.0 |
| Fish | 157.2 | 242.4 | 236.5 |
| Fruits and vegetables | 130.8 | 286.6 | 226.1 |
| Misc. groceries and provisions | 111.9 | 267.3 | 256.3 |
| Textiles | 136.6 | 399.7 | 328.6 |
| Hides, leather, boots and shoes | 166.2 | 377.8 | 231.8 |
| Metals and implements | 113.3 | 224.7 | 230.4 |
| Fuel and lighting | 114.4 | 247.6 | 317.6 |
| Building materials | 141.6 | 338.7 | 356.5 |
| House furnishings | 128.1 | 352.8 | 390.2 |
| Drugs and chemicals | 111.5 | 214.4 | 228.1 |
| Miscellaneous | 148.7 | 576.7 | 277.5 |
| All commodities | 137.1 | 322.7 | 290.5 |

This drop in commodity prices is beginning to be revealed in the monthly bank statement. For the last three months of 1920, according to statements by the chartered banks of Canada, there were decreases in current loans in Canada for the first time in many months. In fact, the movement was steadily upward for the previous twelve months. A comparison of current loans in Canada monthly during the past two years is an index to price conditions and inflation, as may be seen from the following table:

| | *1919* | *1920* |
|---|---|---|
| January. | $1,080,340,861 | $1,226,962,963 |
| February. | 1,095,301,791 | 1,257,015,902 |
| March | 1,117,197,446 | 1,322,267,030 |
| April | 1,107,986,523 | 1,347,238,230 |
| May | 1,071,447,686 | 1,349,079,981 |
| June | 1,043,712,932 | 1,365,151,083 |
| July | 1,014,387,206 | 1,377,276,853 |
| August. | 1,011,785,424 | 1,385,470,153 |
| September. | 1,058,572,202 | 1,417,520,756 |
| October | 1,104,940,160 | 1,405,401,227 |
| November. | 1,189,408,523 | 1,359,973,118 |
| December | 1,207,109,046 | 1,301,804,342 |

# 1920 Newsprint Total Aggregated 883,000 Tons

ACCORDING to a report made to the Pulp and Paper Association at its annual meeting through George M. McKee, chairman of the newsprint section, the production of newsprint by sixteen mills in Canada amounted to 883,000 tons, an increase of 113,198 tons over the production of 1919, or almost 15 per cent. In referring to the future Mr. McKee observed that, "it is quite possible that the prices of newsprint paper may show some reduction especially in the so-called 'spot' markets during the coming months." The general tenor of the report was, however, against the likelihood of much readjustment of prices of newsprint in the near future. He expressed a firm belief that the industry would readily adjust itself to the new conditions and enter upon "a new era of expansion and prosperity exceeding any that it has heretofore enjoyed."

The report, which reads in part as follows, is of special interest to many readers of *MacLean's* owing to the fact that pulp and paper investments have attracted probably more general attention during the past two years than any other industrial stocks:

### On A Very High Plane

"THE cry for supplies of newsprint from almost every country in the world taxed the producing capacity of this continent as far as it could be engaged. This insatiable demand forced prices upward, and created an enormous 'spot' demand. A large number of paper-making machines that usually made other grades of paper were attracted to producing newspaper, and this, together with the installation of some new machines and the high production records of the regular newsprint mills, resulted in the largest tonnage ever produced by the United States and Canadian mills. This approximated 2,400,000 tons, or a gain of nearly 11 per cent. over 1919 production.

"According to the figures available, production for the 16 Canadian companies reporting to this section was about 883,000 tons, a gain in production of 113,198 tons, or nearly 15 per cent. High operating efficiency was brought about by friendly rivalry among the mills, and the free exchange of operating data. All of which tends to place our industry on a very high plane.

"The opening of the new year presents new problems. It is quite possible that the prices of newsprint paper may show some reduction, especially in the so-called 'spot' market, during the coming months. The Canadian manufacturers have had no interest whatever in this market, as practically the entire tonnage has been sold on a contract basis, at reasonable prices. In fact, some of the contract prices were extremely low, taking into account general market conditions. None of the manufacturers were attracted by the frequent 'spot' offers, but adhered strictly to their contract obligations. With this record behind them, the Canadian manufacturers of newsprint have little interest in the much-talked about world-wide readjustment in commodity prices; their prices have not been high, and therefore have little to fall.

"It is gratifying to report that the manufacturers were able to handle the requirements of the Canadian consumers throughout the year without Governmental interference. The Canadian market having been placed on a competitive basis, all the publishers were fully supplied with paper, and amicable relations now exist between the producer and consumer. All of the former antagonistic attitude having disappeared, the publisher now shows every desire to meet the manufacturer on a straightforward business footing.

### Outlook For Future

"WITH regard to the future outlook, it is impossible to estimate how long readjustment will take. The underlying conditions of the Canadian newsprint industry are sound, and it is only reasonable to expect that, with the prestige of Canadian newsprint in the world's markets, we will readily adjust ourselves to the new conditions, and that the industry will enter upon a new era of expansion and prosperity exceeding any that it has heretofore enjoyed."

The report of the mechanical pulp section is also interesting to the general reader:

"The bulk of last year's exports of this grade of pulp, as in former years, were sent to the United States, although a considerable proportion of them were sent to the United Kingdom. The outlook is for an increased development of the United Kingdom trade.

"The unusual prosperity enjoyed by this branch of the industry during the middle part of 1920 led to the formation of many new enterprises for the purpose of manufacturing mechanical pulp. Not all of the proposed developments can be said to be based on sound economic lines and it is altogether likely that many of them will never get beyond the promotion stage.

"The year closed with this branch of the industry in a healthful condition and with prospects reasonably good for the future."

# What Kind of a Wheat Pool?

WITH suggestions from all sides, the question of a farmers' wheat pool at the moment holds the centre of the stage in Western Canada. And with new proposals breaking into print every few days the agrarians are in a dilemma.

The first plan broached was the tentative plan of the Canadian Council of Agriculture. Next the Saskatchewan Government announced the appointment of James Stewart, former chairman of the Canada Wheat Board, and F. W. Riddell, of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company, as a commission to study the question of wheat marketing and report to the Government. In making the appointment the Government announced that it "did not necessarily mean opposition to the scheme produced by the Canadian Council of Agriculture." Following this Ottawa despatches bring to the West rumors that the Dominion Government is considering the situation "seeking, if possible, to spear the various farmers' co-operative enterprises in the West and dividing the farmers' vote."

As far as the plan of the Council of Agriculture is concerned officials of the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Co. and officials of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers are opposed. J. B. Musselman, managing director of the Saskatchewan Grain Growers and also a member of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, declares that the Council's tentative contract, which has been published with the sanction of the Council, never came before the Council as a whole and the Council as a body still knows nothing about it.

### Sounds A Warning

"I DON'T think any honest man could ask a farmer to sign such a contract," says Mr. Musselman. In sounding a note of warning he says the farmers in contracting to deliver all their wheat for five years to one concern as planned in this scheme would be to bind the farmer hand and foot. The formation of such a pool, he states, would pre-suppose the use of the marketing facilities of the two big farmers' companies and these, he points out, do not reach more than 40 per cent. of the grain marketing centres in the West.

A successful pool of the sort advocated by the Council of Agriculture would mean, says Mr. Musselman, the elimination of every elevator company in Western Canada and would bring about the most herculean fight over grain marketing ever seen. This statement is interesting in view of the fact that the provincial Government since 1911, when the Saskatchewan Co-operative Elevator Company was formed, has with 25,000 shareholders invested over $5,000,000 in grain marketing facilities.




WHEN your hatter recommends Stetson he is interested not only in affording you genuine money's worth, but also in having *his* customers numbered among the really well dressed men in the community.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

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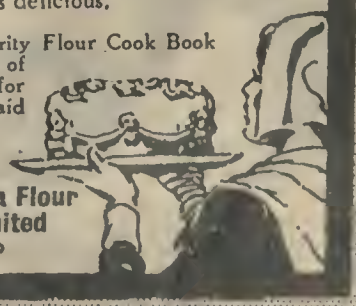


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# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

J. VERNON McKENZIE, *Editor* — J. L. RUTLEDGE, *Associate Editor*

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# PAWNED

*By* FRANK L. PACKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

FIRST PROLOGUE
HER STORY

A HANSOM cab, somewhat woe-begone in appearance, threaded its way in a curiously dejected manner through the heart of New York's East Side. A fine drizzle fell through which the street lamps showed as through a mist; and, with the pavements slippery, the emaciated-looking horse, the shafts jerking and lifting up at intervals around its ears, appeared hard put to it to preserve its footing.

The cabman on his perch drove with his coat collar turned up, and his chin on his breast. He held the reins listlessly, permitting the horse to choose its own gait. At times he lifted the little trap door in the roof of the cab and peered into the interior; occasionally his hand, tentatively, hesitantly, edged toward a bulge in his coat pocket—only to be drawn back again in a sort of panic haste.

The cabman turned into a street where, in spite of the drizzle, hawkers with their push-carts under flaring, spitting gasoline banjoes were doing a thriving business. The horse went more slowly. There was very little room. With the push-carts lining the curbs on both sides, and the overflow of pedestrians from the sidewalks into the street, it was perhaps overtaxing the horse's instinct to steer a safe course for the vehicle it dragged behind it. Half way along the block a wheel of the hansom bumped none too gently into one of the push-carts, nearly upsetting the latter. The hawker, with a frantic grab, saved his wares from disaster by an uncomfortably narrow margin, and, this done, hurled an impassioned flood of lurid oratory at the two-wheeler.

The cabman lifted his chin from his breast, stared stonily at the hawker, slapped the reins mechanically on the roof of the cab as an intimation to the horse to proceed, and the cab wended its way along again.

At the end of the block, it turned the corner, and drew up before a small building that was nested in between two tenements. The cabman climbed down from his perch, and stood for a moment surveying the three gilded balls that hung over the dingy doorway, and the lettering—"Paul Veniza. Pawnbroker"—that showed on the dully-lighted windows which confronted him.

He drew his hand across his eyes; then, reaching suddenly inside the cab, lifted a bundle in his arms, and entered the shop. A man behind the counter stared at him, and uttered a quick ejaculation. The cabman went on into a rear room. The man from behind the counter followed. Here, a woman rose from a table where she had been sewing, and took the bundle quickly from the cabman's arms, as it emitted a querulous little cry.

The cabman spoke for the first time.

"She's dead," he said heavily.

The woman, buxom, middle-aged, stared at him, white-faced, her eyes filling suddenly with tears.

"She died an hour ago," said the cabman, in the same monotonous voice. "I thought maybe you'd look after the baby girl for a bit, Mrs. Veniza—you and Paul."

"Of course!" said the woman in a choked voice. "I wanted to before, but—but your wife wouldn't let the wee mite out of her sight."

"She's dead now," said the cabman. "An hour ago."

Paul Veniza, the pawnbroker, crossed to the cabman's side, and, placing his hands on the other's shoulders, drew the other man down into a chair.

"Hawkins," he said slowly, "we're getting on in years, fifty each of us, and we've known each other for a good many of those fifty." He cleared his throat. "You've made a mess of things, Hawkins." The woman holding the baby started suddenly forward, a red flush dyeing her cheeks.

"Paul!" she cried sharply. "How can you be so cruel at such an hour as this?"

The pawnbroker shook his head. He had moved to the back of the cabman's chair. Tall, slight, grave and kindly-faced, with high forehead and the dark hair beginning to silver at the temples, there seemed something almost esthetic about the man.

"It is *the* hour," he said deliberately; "the one hour in which I must speak plainly to my old friend, the one hour that has come into his life which may mean everything to him." His right hand slipped from the cabman's shoulder and started, tentatively, hesitantly, toward a bulge in the cabman's coat pocket—but was drawn back again, and found its place once more on the cabman's shoulder. "I was afraid, Hawkins, when you married the young wife. I was afraid of your curse."

The cabman's elbows were on the table; he had sunk his chin in his hands. His blue eyes, out of a wrinkled face

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of wind-beaten tan, roved around the little room, and rested finally on the bundle in the woman's arms.

"That's finished now," he said dully.

"I pray to God it is," said Paul Veniza earnestly; "but you said that before—when you married the young wife."

"It's finished now—so help me God!" The cabman's lips scarcely moved. He stared straight in front of him.

There was silence in the little, plainly furnished room for a moment; then the pawnbroker spoke again:

"I was born here in New York, you know, after my parents came from Italy. There was no money, nothing—only misery. I remember. It is like that, Hawkins, isn't it, where you have just come from, and where you have left the young wife?"

"Paul!" his wife cried out again. "How can you say such things? It—it is not like you!" Her lips quivered. She burst into tears, and buried her face in the little bundle she snuggled to her breast.

The cabman seemed curiously unmoved—as though dazed, almost detached from his immediate surroundings. He said nothing.

The pawnbroker's hands still rested on the cabman's shoulders, a strange gentleness in his touch that sought somehow, it seemed, to offer sympathy for his own merciless words.

"I have been thinking of this for a long time, ever since we knew that Claire could not get better," he said. "We knew you would bring the little one here. There was no other place, except an institution. And so I have been thinking about it. What is the little one's name?"

The cabman shook his head.

"She has no name," he said.

"Shall it be Claire, then?" asked the pawnbroker gently.

The cabman's fingers, where they rested on his cheeks, gathered a fold of flesh and tightened until the blood fled, leaving little white spots. He nodded his head.

Again the pawnbroker was silent for a little while.

"My wife and I will take little Claire—on one condition," he said at last, gravely. "And that condition is that she is to grow up as our child, and that, though you may come here and see her as often as you like, she is not to know that you are her father."

The cabman turned about a haggard face.

"Not to know that I am her father—ever," he said huskily.

"I did not say that," said Paul Veniza quietly. He smiled now; leaning over the cabman. "I am a pawnbroker; this is a pawnshop. There is a way in which you may redeem her."

The cabman pressed a heavy hand over his eyes.

"What is that way?" He swallowed hard as he spoke.

"By redeeming yourself." The pawnbroker's voice was low and earnest. "What have you to offer her to-day save a past that has brought only ruin and misery? And for the future, my old friend? There is no home. There was no home for the young wife. You said when you married Claire, as you have said to-night, that it was all finished. But it was not finished. And your curse was the stronger. Well, little Claire is only a baby, and there would be years, anyhow, before just a man could take care of her. Do you understand, my old friend? If at the end of those years, enough of them to make sure that you are sure of yourself, you have changed your life and overcome your weakness, then you shall have little Claire back again and she shall know you as her father, and be proud of you. But if you do not do this, then she remains with us, and we are her parents, and you pledge me your word that it shall be so."

There was no answer for a long time. The woman was still crying—but more softly now. The cabman's chin had sunk into his hands again. The minutes dragged along. Finally the cabman lifted his head, and, pushing back his chair, stumbled to his feet.

"God—God bless you both!" he whispered. "It's all finished now for good, as I told you, but you are right, Paul. I—I aint fit to have her yet. I'll stand by the bargain." He moved blindly toward the door.

The pawnbroker interposed.

"Wait, Hawkins, old friend," he said. "I'll go with you. You'll need some help back there in the tenement, some one to look after the things that are to be done."

The cabman shook his head.

"Not to-night," he said in a choked way. "Leave me alone to-night."

He moved again toward the door, and this time Paul Veniza stepped aside, but following, stood bare-headed in the doorway as the other clambered to his perch on the hansom cab.

Hawkins slapped his reins on the roof of the cab. The horse started slowly forward.

The drizzle had ceased; but the horse, left to his own initiative, was still wary of the wet pavements and moved at no greater pace than a walk. Hawkins drove with his coat collar still turned up, and his chin on his breast.

And horse and man went aimlessly from street to street—and the night grew late.

And the cabman's hand reached tentatively, hesitantly, a great many times, toward a bulge in his coat pocket, and for a great many times was withdrawn as empty as it had set forth. And then, once, his fingers touched a glass bottle neck—and then, not his fingers, but his lips—and for a great many times.

It had begun to rain again.

The horse, as if conscious of the futility of its own movements, had stopped, and, with head hanging, seemed to cower down as though seeking even the slender protection of the shafts, whose ends now made half circles above his ears.

Something slipped from the cabman's fingers and fell with a crash to the pavement. The cabman leaned out from his perch and stared down at the shattered glass.

"Broken," said the cabman vacantly.

## SECOND PROLOGUE—TWENTY YEARS LATER

### HIS STORY

IT WAS silver light. Inside the reefs the water lay placid and still, mirroring in a long, shimmering line the reflection of the full tropic moon; beyond, ever and anon, it splashed against its coral barriers in little crystal showers.

## The Doubting Editor

*IN the January 1 issue of* MacLean's, *Arthur Heming stated that a "black bear cub at birth weighs about ten ounces." The editor, reading this statement in manuscript form, thought, in his ignorance of life in the primeval forests, that this must be an error, and that Mr. Heming meant ten pounds. Surely not ounces!*

*When questioned, the author stuck to his guns—and his figures. The editor, as always, striving for accuracy, still doubted. Mr. Heming then wrote the following letter to Dr. W. T. Hornaday, Director New York Zoological Park:—*

*"A book of mine on forest life is now running in* MacLean's Magazine, *of Toronto, and in this I have stated that a black bear cub at birth weighs 'about ten ounces.'.*

*"As the editor doubts my statement, I am appealing to you—one of the greatest authorities in America—for confirmation. Would you be so good as to wire me your reply?" The wire in reply read:—*

*Arthur Heming,*
*72 Madison Ave., Toronto.*

*"Black bear cub's weight at birth from nine to twelve ounces."*
*W. T. HORNADAY.*

It was a soundless night. No breeze stirred the palms that, fringing white stretches of beach around the bay, stood out in serene beauty, their irregular tops etched with divine artistry into the sky-line of the night.

Out from the shore, in that harbor which holds no sanctuary in storm, the mail boat, dark save for her riding lights, swung at her moorings; shoreward, the perspective altered in the moonlight until it seemed that Mount Vaea had lowered its sturdy head that it might hover in closer guardianship over the little town. Apia straggled in white patches along the road. And from these white patches, which were dwellings and stores, there issued no light.

From a point on the shore nearest the mail boat, a figure in cotton drawers and undershirt slipped silently into the water and disappeared. Thereafter, at intervals, a slight ripple disturbed the surface as the man, coming up to breathe, turned upon his back and lay with his face exposed; for the rest he swam under water. It was as though he were in his natural element. He swam superbly even where, there in the Islands, all the natives were born to the sea; but his face, when visible on the few occasions that it floated above the surface, was the face, not of a native, but of a white man.

And now he came up in the shadow of the steamer's hull where, near the stern, a rope dangled over the side almost touching the water's edge. And for a moment he hung to the rope, motionless, listening. Then he began to swarm upward with fine agility, without a sound, his bare feet finding silent purchase against the iron plates of the hull.

Halfway up he paused, and listened intently again. Was that a sound as of some one astir, the soft movement of feet on the deck above? No, there was nothing now. Why should there be? It was very late, and Nanu, the man who lisped, was no fool. The rope had hung from exactly that place where, of all others, one might steal aboard without attracting the attention of the watch.

He went on again, and finally raised his head above the rail. The deck, flooded with moonlight, lay white and deserted below him. He swung himself over, dropped to the deck—and the next instant reeled back against the rail as a rope-end, swung with brutal force, lashed across his face, raising a welt from cheek to cheek. Half stunned, he was still conscious that a form had sprung suddenly at him from out of the darkness of the after alleyway, that the form was one of the vessel's mates, that the form still swung a short rope-end that was a murderous weapon because it was little more flexible than iron and was an inch in thickness, and that behind this form other forms, big forms, Tongans of the crew, pressed forward.

A voice roared out, hoarse, profane, the mate's voice:

"Thought you'd try it again, did you, you damned beachcomber? I'll teach you! And when I find the dog that left that rope for you, I'll give him a leaf out of the same book! You bloody waster! I'll teach you! I'll—"

The rope-end hissed as it cut through the air again, aiming for the swimmer's face. But it missed its mark. Perhaps it was an illusion of the white moonlight, lending unreality to the scene, exciting the imagination to exaggerate the details, but the swimmer seemed to move with incredible speed,with the lithe, terrible swiftness of a panther in its spring. The rope-end swished through the air, missing a suddenly-lowered head by the barest fraction of an inch, and then, driven home with lightning-like rapidity, so quick that the blows seemed as one, the swimmer's fists swung, right and left, crashing with terrific impact to the point of the mate's jaw. And the mate's head jolted back, quivered grotesquely on his shoulders for an instant like a tuning fork, sagged, and the great bulk of the man collapsed and sprawled inertly on the deck.

There was a shuffle of feet from the alleyway, cries. The swimmer swung to face the expected rush, and it halted, hesitant. It gave him time to spring and stand erect upon the steamer's rail. On the upper deck faces and forms began to appear. A man in pyjamas leaned far out and peered at the scene.

There was a shout from out of the dark, grouped throng in the alleyway; it was chorused. The rush came on again for the rail; and the dripping figure that stood there, with the first sound that he had made—a laugh, half bitter, half of cool contempt—turned, and with a clean dive took the water again and disappeared.

Presently he reached the shore. There were more than riding lights out there on the steamer now. He gave one glance in that direction, shrugged his shoulders, and started off along the road. At times he raised his hand to brush it across his face where the welt, raw and swollen now, was a dull red sear. He walked neither fast nor slow.

The moonlight caught the dripping figure now and then in the open spaces, and seemed to peer inquisitively at the great breadth of shoulder, and the rippling play of muscle under the thin cotton drawers and shirt, which, wet and clinging, almost transparent, scarce hid the man's nakedness; and at the face, that of a young man, whose square jaw was locked, whose gray eyes stared steadily along the road, and over whose forehead, from the drenched, untrimmed mass of fair hair, the brine trickled in little rivulets as though persistent in its effort to torture with its salt caress the raw, skin-broken flesh across the cheeks.

Then presently a point of land ran out, and, the road ignoring this, the bay behind was shut out from view. And presently again, farther on, the road came to a long white stretch of beach on the one hand, and foliage and trees on the other. And here the dripping figure halted and stood hesitant as though undecided between the moonlit stretch of sand, and the darkness of a native hut that was dimly outlined amongst the trees on the other side of the road.

At a moment he made his way to the hut, and groping around secured some matches and a box of cigarettes. He spoke into the empty blackness.

"You lose, Nanu," he muttered whimsically. "They wouldn't stand water and I left them for you. But now, you see, I'm back again, after all."

He lighted a cigarette, and in the flame of the match stared speculatively at the small, broken pieces of coral that made the floor of the hut, and equally, by the addition of a thin piece of native matting, his bed.

"The sand is softer," he said with a grim drawl.

He went out from the hut, crossed the road, flung himself upon his back on the beach, and clasped his hands behind his head. The smoke from his cigarette curled languidly upward in wavering spirals, and he stared for a long time at the moon.

"Moon madness," he said at last. "They say if you look long enough the old boy does you in."

THE cigarette finished, he flung the stub away. After a time, he raised his head and listened. A moment later he lay back again full length on the sand. The sound of someone's footsteps coming rapidly along the road from the direction of the town was now unmistakably audible.

"The jug for mine, I guess," observed the young man to the moon. "Probably a file of native constabulary in bare feet that you can't hear bringing up the rear!"

The footsteps drew nearer, until, still some distance away, the white-clad figure of a man showed upon the tree-fringed road. The sprawled figure on the beach made no effort toward flight, and less toward concealment. With a sort of studied insolence injected into his challenge, he stuck another cigarette between his lips and deliberately allowed full play to the flare of the match.

The footsteps halted abruptly. Then, in another moment, they crunched upon the sand, and a tall man, with thin, swarthy face, a man of perhaps forty or forty-five, who picked assiduously at his teeth with a quill toothpick, stood over the recumbent figure.

"Found you, have I?" he grunted complacently.

"If you like to put it that way," said the young man indifferently. He raised himself on his elbow again, and stared toward the road. "Where's the army?" he inquired.

The tall man allowed the point of the quill toothpick to flex and strike back against his teeth. The sound was distinctive. *Tck!* He ignored the question.

"When the mate came out of dreamland," he said, "he lowered a boat and came ashore to lay a complaint against you."

"I can't say I'm surprised," admitted the young man. "I suppose I am to go with you quietly and make no trouble or it will be the worse for me—I believe that's the usual formula, isn't it?"

The man with the quill toothpick sat down on the sand. He appeared to be absorbed for a moment in a contemplation of his surroundings.

"These tropic nights are wonderful, aren't they? Kind of get you." He plied the quill toothpick industriously. "I'm a passenger on the steamer, and I came ashore with the mate. He's gone back—without laying the complaint. There's always a way of fixing things—even injured feelings. One of the native boat's crew said he knew where you were to be found. He's over there." He jerked his head in the direction of the road.

The young man sat bolt upright.

"I don't get you," he said slowly, "except that you are evidently not personifying the majesty of the law. What's the idea?"

"Well," said the other, "I had three reasons for coming. The first was that I thought I recognized you yesterday when they threw you off the steamer, and was sure of it to-night when—I am a light sleeper—I came out on the upper deck at the sound of the row and saw you take your departure from the vessel for the second time."

"I had no idea," said the young man caustically, "that I was so well known. Are you quite sure you haven't made a mistake?"

"Quite!" asserted the other composedly. "Of course, I am not prepared to say what your present name is—you may have considered a change beneficial—so I will not presume in that respect. But you are, or were, a resident of San Francisco. You were of very nice people there. I have no knowledge of your mother, except that I understand she died in your infancy. A few years ago your father died and left you, not a fortune, but quite a moderate amount of money. I believe the pulpits designate it as a 'besetting sin.' You had one—gambling. The result was that you traveled the road a great many other young men have traveled; the only difference being that, in so far as I am competent to speak, you hold the belt for speed and all-round proficiency. You went utterly, completely and whole-heartedly to hell." The tall man became absorbed again in his surroundings. "And I take it," he said presently, "that in spite of the wonders of a tropic night, you are still there."

The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"You have put it very delicately," he said, with a grim smile. "I'm sorry, but I am obliged to confess that the recognition isn't mutual. Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"We'll get to that in due course," said the other. "My second reason was that it appeared to me to be logical to suppose that, having once been the bona fide article, you could readily disguise yourself as a gentleman again, and your interpretation of the rôle would be beyond suspicion or—"

"By God!" The welt across the young man's face grew suddenly white, as though the blood had fled from it to suffuse his temples. He half rose, staring levelly into the other's eyes.

The tall man was apparently quite undisturbed.

"And the third reason is that I have been looking for just such a—there really isn't any other word—gentleman, providing he was possessed of another and very essential characteristic. You possess that characteristic in a most marked degree. Your actions to-night are unmistakable evidence that you have nerve."



It gave him time to spring and stand erect upon the steamer's rail.

"It strikes me that you've got a little of it yourself," observed the young man evenly.

The quill toothpick under the adroit guidance of his tongue traveled from the left to the right-hand side of the other's mouth.

"It is equally as essential to me," he said dryly. "You appear to fill the bill; but there is always the possibility of a fly in the ointment; complications—or unpleasant complications, perhaps, you know, that might have arisen since you left San Francisco, and that might—er—complicate matters."

THE young man relapsed into a recumbent position upon the sand, his hands clasped under his head again, and in his turn appeared to be absorbed in the beauty of the night.

"Moon-madness!" he murmured pityingly.

"A myth!" said the tall man promptly. "Would you mind sketching in roughly the details of your interesting career since you left the haunts of the aristocracy?"

"I don't see any reason why I should." The young man yawned.

"Do you see any reason why you shouldn't?" inquired the other composedly.

"None," said the young man, "except that the steamer sails at daybreak, and I should never forgive myself if you were left behind."

"Nor forgive yourself, perhaps, if you failed to sail on her as a first-class passenger," said the tall man quietly.

"What?" ejaculated the young man sharply.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"It depends on the story," he said.

"I—I don't understand." The young man frowned. "There's a chance for me to get aboard the mail boat?"

"It depends on the story," said the other again.

"Moon-mad!" murmured the young man once more, after a moment's silence. "But it's cheap at the price, for it's not much of a story. Beginning where you left off in biography, I ducked when the crash came in San Francisco, and having arrived in hell, as you so delicately put it, I started out to explore. Mr. Dante had it right—there's no use stopping in the suburbs. I lived a while in his last circle. It's too bad he never knew the 'Frisco water-front; it would have fired his imagination! I'm not sure, though, but Honolulu's got a little on 'Frisco, at that! Luck was out. I was flat on my back when I got a chance to work my way out to Honolulu. One place was as good as another by then."

The young man lit a cigarette, and stared at the glowing tip reminiscently with his grey eyes.

"You said something about gambling," he went on; "but you didn't say enough. It's a disease, a fever that sets your blood on fire and makes your life kind of delirious, I guess—if you get it chronic. I guess I was born with it. I remember when I was a kid I—but I forgot, pardon me, the mail boat sails at daybreak."

"Go as far as you like," said the tall man, picking at his teeth with the quill toothpick.

The young man shook his head.

"Honolulu is the next stopping place," he said. "On the way out I picked up a few odd dollars from my fellow-members of the crew, and—"

"*Tck!*" It was the quill toothpick.

THE young man's eyes narrowed, and his jaw set challengingly.

"Whatever else I've done,"

he stated in a significant monotone, "I've never played crooked. It was on the level."

"Of course," agreed the tall man hastily.

"I sat in with the only stakes I had," said the young man, still monotonously. "A bit of tobacco, a rather good knife that I've got yet, and a belt that someone took a fancy to as being worth half a dollar."

"Certainly! Of course!" reiterated the tall man in haste.

The quill toothpick was silent.

"A pal of mine, one of the stokers, said he knew of a good place to play in Honolulu where there was a square deal," continued the young man; "so, a night or so after we reached there, we got shore leave and started off. Perhaps you know that part of Honolulu. I don't. I didn't see much of it. I know there's some queer dumps, and queer doings, and the scum of every nationality under the sun to run up against. And I know it was a queer place my mate steered me into. It was faro. The box was run by an old Chinaman who looked as though he were trying to impersonate one of his ancestors, he was so old. My mate and I formed the English-speaking community. There were a Jap or two, and a couple of pleasant-looking cut-throats who cursed in Spanish, and a Chink lying on a bunk rolling his pill. Oh, yes, the place stunk. Every once in a while the door opened and some other God-forsaken piece of refuse drifted in. By midnight we had a full house of pretty bad stuff.

"It ended in a row, of course. Some fool of a tout came in chaperoning a party of three men, who were out to see the sights; they were passengers, I found out later, from one of the ships in port. I don't know what started the rumpus; some private feud, I guess. The first thing I knew one of the Spaniards had a knife out and had jumped for the tout. It was a free-for-all in a minute. I saw the tout go down, and he didn't look good, and the place suddenly struck me as a mighty unhealthy place to be found in on that account. The stoker and I started to fight our way through the jam to the door. There was a row infernal. I guess you could have heard it a mile away. Anyway, before we could break from the clinches, as it were, the police were fighting their way in just as eagerly as we were fighting our way out.

"I didn't like the sight of that tout lying on the floor, or the thought of what might happen in the police court the next morning if I were one of the crowd to adorn the dock. And things weren't going very well. The police were streaming in through the doorway. And then I caught sight of something I hadn't seen before because it had previously been hidden by a big Chinese screen—one of these iron-shuttered windows they seem so fond of down there. Things weren't very rosy just at that moment because about the worst hell-cat scramble on record was being made a little worse by some cheerful maniac starting a bit of revolver practice, but I remember that I couldn't help laughing to save my soul. In the melée one of the folding wings of the screen had suddenly doubled up, and, beside the window, I saw hiding there for dear life, his face pasty-white with terror, a very courageous gentleman—one of the rubbernecks who had come in with the tout. He was too scared, I imagine, even to have the thought of tackling such formidable things as iron shutters enter his head. I yelled to the stoker to get them open, and tried to form a sort of rear guard for him while he did it. Then I heard them creak on their hinges, and heard him shout. I made a dash for it, but I wasn't quite quick enough. One of the policemen grabbed me, but I was playing in luck then. I got in a fortunate swing and he went down for the count. I remember toppling the screen and the man behind it over on the floor as I jumped sidewise for the window; and I remember a glimpse of his terrified face, his eyes staring at me, his mouth wide open, as I took a headlong dive over the window sill. The stoker picked me up, and we started on the run.

"THE police were scrambling through the window after us. I didn't need to be told that there wouldn't be a happy time ahead if I were caught. Apart from that tout who, though I had nothing to do with it, gave the affair a very serious aspect, I was good for the limit on the statute books for resisting arrest in the first place, and for knocking out an officer in the second. But the stoker knew his way about, we gave the police the slip, and a little later on we landed up in a sailors' boarding-house run by a one-eyed cousin of Satan, known as Lascar Joe. We lay there hidden while the tout got better, and the Spanish hidalgo got sent up for a long term for murderous assault. Finally Lascar Joe slipped the stoker aboard some ship; and a week or so later he slipped me, the transfer being made in the night, aboard a frowsy tramp bound for New Zealand."

The young man paused, evidently inviting comment.

"Go on," prompted the man with the quill toothpick softly.

"There isn't very much more," said the young man. He laughed shortly. "As far as I know I'm the sole survivor from that tramp. She never got to New Zealand; and that's how I got here to Samoa. She went down in a hurricane. I was washed ashore on one of this group of islands about forty or fifty miles from here. I don't know much about the details; I was past knowing anything when the bit of wreckage on which I had lashed myself days before came to port. There weren't any—I was going to say white people on the island, but I'm wrong about that. The Samoans are about the whitest people on God's green earth. I found that out. There were only natives on that island. I lived with them for about two months, and I got to be pretty friendly with them, especially the old fellow who originally picked me up half drowned and unconscious on the beach, and took me into the bosom of his family. Then the missionary boat came along, and I came back with it to Apia here."

The young man laughed again suddenly, a jarring note in his mirth.

"I don't suppose you've heard that original remark about the world being such a small place after all! I figured that back here in Apia a shipwrecked and destitute white man would get the glad hand and at least a chance to earn his stake. Maybe he would ordinarily; but I didn't. I hadn't said anything to the missionary about that Honolulu escapade, and I was keeping it dark when I got here and started to tell the shipwreck end of my story over again. Queer, isn't it? Lined up in about the first audience I had was the gentleman with the pasty face that I had toppled over with the screen in the old Chink's faro dump. He was one of the big guns here, and had been away on a pleasure trip, and Honolulu had been on his itinerary. That settled it. The missionary chap spoke up a bit for me, I'll give him credit for that, though I had a hunch he was going to use that play as an opening wedge in an effort to reform me later on. But I had my fingers crossed. The whites had turned their backs on me, and I turned my back on the missionary. That's about all there was to it. That was about two weeks ago, and for those two weeks I've lived in another of Mr. Dante's delightful circles."

He sat suddenly upright, a clenched fist swung outward.

"Not a cent! Not a damned *sou-marquee*! Nothing but this torn shirt, and what's left of these cotton pants! Hell!"

He lay back on the sand quite as suddenly again, and fell to laughing softly.

"*Tck*!" It was the quill toothpick.

"But at that," said the young man, "I'm not sure you could call me a cynic, though the more I see of my own breed as compared with the so-called heathen the less I think of—my own breed! I still had a card up my sleeve. I had a letter of introduction to a real gentleman and landed proprietor here. His name was Nanu, and he gave me his house to live in and made me free of his taro and his breadfruit and all his worldly possessions; and it was the old native who took care of me on the other island that gave me the letter. It was a queer sort of letter, too—but never mind that now.

"Splendid isolation! That's me for the last two weeks as a cross between a pariah and a mangy cur! What amazes me most is myself. The gentleman of the Chinese screen is still in the land of the living and walking blithely around. Funny, isn't it? That's one reason I was crazy to get away—before anything happened to him." The tanned fist closed fiercely over a handful of sand, then opened and allowed the grains to trickle slowly through the fingers, and its owner laughed softly again. "I've lived through hell here in those two weeks. I guess we're only built to stand so much. I was about at the end of my rope when the mail steamer put in yesterday. I hope I haven't idealized my sojourn here in a way that would cause you to minimize my necessity for getting away, no matter to where or by what means! Nanu and I went out to the ship in his outrigger. Perhaps I would have had better luck if I had run into any other than the particular mate I did. I don't know. I offered to work my passage. Perhaps my fame has already gone abroad—or aboard. He invited me to make another excursion into Dante-land. But when he turned his back on me I slipped below, and tucked myself in behind some of the copra sacks they were loading. Once the steamer was away I was away with her, and I was willing to take what was coming. But I didn't get a chance. I guess the mate was sharper than I gave him credit for. After about four hours of heat and stink down there below decks that I had to grit my teeth to stand, he hauled me out as though he knew I had been there all the time. I was thrown off the steamer.

"BUT I wasn't through. Steamers do not call here every day. I wonder if you'll know what I mean when I say I was beginning to be afraid of myself and what might happen if I had to stick it out much longer? That mangy cur I spoke of had me lashed to the mast from a social standpoint. I tried it again—to-night. Nanu fixed it for me with one of the crew to hang that rope over the side, and—well, I believe you said you had seen what happened. I believe you said, too, that a chance still existed in my sailing with the mail boat, depending upon my story." He laughed a little raucously. "I hope it's been interesting enough to bail me out; anyway, that's all of it."

The tall man sat for a moment in silence.

"Yes," he said at last; "I am quite satisfied. Dressed as a gentleman, with money in your pockets, and such other details as go with the rôle, you would never be associated with that affair in Honolulu. As a matter of fact your share in it was not so serious that the police would dog you all over the world on account of it. In other words, and what really interests me, is that you are not what is commonly designated as a 'wanted' man. Yes, I may say I am thoroughly satisfied."

The young man yawned and stretched himself.

"I'm delighted to hear it. I haven't any packing to do. Shall we stroll back to the ship?"

"I hope so." The quill toothpick was busy again. "The decision rests with you. I am not a philanthropist. I am about to offer you a situation—to fill which I have been searching a good many years to find someone who had the necessary qualifications. I am satisfied you are that man. You do not know me; you do not know my name, and though you have already asked what it is, I shall still withhold that information until your decision has been given. If you agree, I will here and now sign a contract with you to which we will both affix our bona fide signatures; if you refuse we will shake hands and part as friends—and strangers who have been, shall we use your expression? moon-mad under the influence of the wonders of a tropic night."

"Something tells me," said the young man softly, "that the situation is not an ordinary one."

"And you are right," replied the other quietly. "It is not only not ordinary, but is, I think I may safely say, absolutely unique and without its counterpart. I might mention in passing that I am not in particularly good health, and the sea voyage I was ordered to take explains my presence here. I am the sole owner of one of the largest if not the largest, business enterprises in America; certainly its turnover, at least, is beyond question the biggest on the American continent. I have establishments in every city of any size in both the United States and Canada—and even in Mexico. The situation I offer you is that of my confidential representative. No connection whatever will be known to exist between us; your title will be that of a gentleman of leisure—but your duties will be more arduous. I regret to say that in many cases I fear my local managers are not—er—making accurate returns to me, and they are very hard to check up. I would require you to travel from place to place as a sort of, say, secret inspector of branches, and furnish me with the inside information from the lack of which my business at present, I am afraid, is suffering severely."

"And that business?" The young man had raised himself to his elbow on the sand.

"The one that is nearest to your heart," said the tall man calmly. "Gambling."

The young man leaned slowly forward, staring at the other.

"I wonder if I quite get you?" he said.

"I am sure you do." The tall man smiled. "My business is a chain of select and exclusive gambling houses where only high play is indulged in, and whose clientèle is the richest in the land."

THE young man rose to his feet, walked a few steps away along the beach, and came back again.

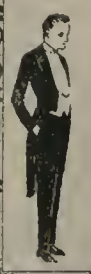
"You're devilishly complimentary!" he flung out, with a short laugh. "As I understand it, then, the price I am to pay for getting away from here is the pawning of my soul?"

"Have you anything else to pawn?" inquired the other—and the quill toothpick punctuated the remark: "*Tck*!"

"No," said the young man, with a twisted smile. "And I'm not sure I've got that left! I am beginning to have a


## Painted In Italy

THESE *illustrations by Charles L. Wrenn are being made in sunny Italy for Mr. Packard's serial. Mr. Wrenn is studying, sketching and holidaying in Naples and in the Riviera, and, writing to the editor of* MacLean's, *says*:—



*"The originals cannot be sent out without first passing through the museum to see that they are not antiques! Some red tape!*

*"Regards to the readers of* MacLean's.

*"Sincerely,*

*"C. L. WRENN."*

suspicion that it was in your 'branch' at San Francisco that I lost my money."

"You did," said the other coolly. "That is how I came to know you. Though not personally in evidence in the 'house' itself, San Francisco is my home, and my information as to what goes on there at least is fairly accurate."

The young man resumed his pacing up and down the sand.

"And I might add," said the tall man after a moment, "that from a point of ethics I see little difference in the moral status between one who comes to gamble and one who furnishes the other with the opportunity to do so. You are perhaps hesitating to take the hurdle on that account?"

"Moral status!" exclaimed the young man sharply. He halted abruptly before the other. "No—at least I am not a hypocrite! What right have I to quarrel with moral status?"

"Very well, then," said the other; "I will go farther. I will give you everything in life that you desire. You will live as a gentleman of wealth surrounded by every luxury that money can procure, for that is your rôle. You may gamble to your heart's content, ten, twenty, fifty thousand a night—in my houses. You will travel the length and breadth of America. I will pay every expense. There is nothing that you may not have, nothing that you may not do."

The young man was silent for a full minute; then, with his hands dug in his pockets, he fell to whistling under his breath very softly—but very deliberately.

An almost sinister smile spread over the tall man's lips as he listened.

"If I am not mistaken," he observed dryly, "that is the aria from Faust."

"Yes," said the young man—and stared the other in the eye. "It is the aria from Faust."

The tall man nodded—but now his lips were straight.

"I accept the role of Mephistopheles, then," he said softly. "Doctor Faustus, you know, signed the bond."

The young man squatted on the sand again. His face was curiously white; only the ugly welt, dull red, across his cheeks, like the mark of some strange branding-iron, held color.

"Then draw it!" he said shortly. "And be damned to you!"

THE tall man took a notebook and a fountain pen from his pocket. He wrote rapidly, tore out the leaf, and on a second leaf made a copy of the first. This too, he tore out.

"I will read it," he said. "You will observe that no names are mentioned; that I have still reserved the privilege of keeping my identity in abeyance until the document is signed. This is what I have written: For good and valid consideration the second signatory to this contract hereby enters unreservedly into the employ of the first signatory for a period which shall include the lifetime of one or other of the undersigned, or until such time as this agreement may be dissolved either by mutual consent or at the will of the first signatory alone. And the first signatory to this contract agrees to maintain the second signatory in a station in life commensurate with that of a gentleman of wealth irrespective of expense, and further to pay to the second signatory as a stated salary the sum of one thousand dollars a month." He looked up. "Shall I sign"?

"Body and soul," murmured the young man. He appeared to be fascinated with the restless move ment of the quill toothpick in the other's mouth. "Have you another toothpick you could let me have?" he inquired casually.

The tall man mechanically thrust his fingers into his vest pocket; and then, as though but suddenly struck with the irrelevancy, and perhaps facetiousness of the request, frowned as he found himself handing over the article in question.

"Shall I sign?" His tone was sterner. "It is understood that the signatures are to be bona fide and—"

"Yes, sign it. It is quite understood." The young man spoke without looking up. He seemed to be engrossed in carefully slitting the point of the quill toothpick he had acquired with his knife.

The other signed both sheets from the notebook.

The young man accepted the two slips of paper, but refused the proffered fountain pen. In the moonlight he read the other's signature: Urlin P. Neyret. His lips tightened a little. It was a big name in San Francisco, a name of power. Few dreamed perhaps where the sinews of that power came from! He drew from his pocket a small bottle, uncorked it, dipped in the quill toothpick, and with his improvised pen wrote with a rasping, spluttering noise beneath the other's signature on each of the two slips of paper. One of these slips he returned to the other—but beneath the tall man's signature there was no mark of any kind whatever.

Through narrowing eyes the tall man had been watching and now his face darkened ominously, and there was something of deadly coolness in his voice as he spoke.



A voice spoke now, softly from beside him: "You have something to pawn?"

"WHAT tomfoolery is this?" he demanded evenly.

"No; it's quite all right," said the young man placidly. "Just a whim of mine. I can't seem to get that Doctor Faustus thing out of my head. According to the story, I think, he signed in a drop of blood—and I thought I'd carry a sort of analogy along a bit. That stuff's all right. I got it from my old native friend on that island I was telling you about. It's what my letter of introduction to Nanu was written with. And—well, at least, I guess it stands for the drop of blood, all right! Take it down there to the shore and dip that part of the paper in the salt water."

The tall man made no answer. For a moment he remained staring with grim-set features at the other, then he got up, walked sharply to the water's edge, and, bending down, moistened the lower portion of the paper. He held it up to the moonlight. Heavy black letters were slowly taking form just beneath his own signature. Presently he walked back up the beach to the young man, and held out his hand.

"Let us get back to the ship—John Bruce," he said.

The young man stood for a long time in silence, staring at the sand. Then, abruptly, he threw up his head, and the two moved off together.

THEIR STORY

CHAPTER I

Aladdin's Lamp

JOHN BRUCE, stretched at full length on a luxurious divan in the most sumptuous apartment of the Bayne-Miloy, New York's newest and most pretentious hostelry, rose suddenly to his feet and switched off the lights. The same impulse carried him in a few strides to the window. The night was still, and the moon rode high and full. It was the same moon that, three months ago, he had stared at from the flat of his back on the beach at Apia. A smile, curiously light, and yet curiously whimsical, touched his lips. If it had been "moon-madness" that had fallen upon the gambler king and himself that night, it had been a madness that was strangely free in its development from hallucination! That diagnosis no longer held. It would be much more apposite to lay it bluntly to the door of—Mephistopheles! From the moment he had boarded the mail steamer he had lived as a man possessed of unlimited wealth, as a man with unlimited funds always in his possession or at his instant command.

He whistled softly. It was, though, if not moon-madness, perhaps the moon, serene and full up there as it had been that other night, which he had been watching from the divan a few moments before, that had sent his mind scurrying backward over those intervening months. And yet, perhaps not; for there would come often enough, as now, moments of mind-groping, yes, even the sense of hallucination, when he was not quite sure but that a certain bubble, floating at one moment in dazzlingly iridescent beauty before his eyes, would dissolve the next into blank nothingness, and—well, what would it be then? Another beach at some Apia, until another Mephistopheles, in some other guise, came to play up against his rôle of Doctor Faustus again?

He looked sharply behind him around the darkened room, whose darkness did not hide its luxury. His shoulder brushed the heavy silken portière at his side; his fingers touched a roll of banknotes in his pocket, a generous roll, whose individual units were of denominations more generous still. These were realities!

Mephistopheles at play! He had left Larmon at Suva, Fiji. Thereafter, their ways and their lives lay apart—outwardly. Actually, even here in New York with the continent between them, for Larmon had resumed his life in which he played the rôle of a benevolent and retired man of wealth in San Francisco, they were in constant and extremely intimate touch with each other.

A modern Mephistopheles! Two men only in the world knew Gilbert Larmon for what he was! One other beside himself! And that other man was named Maldeck, Peter Maldeck. But only one man knew him, John Bruce, in his new rôle, and that was Gilbert Larmon. Maldeck was the manager of the entire ring of gambling houses, and likewise the clearing house through which the profits flowed into Larmon's coffers; but to Maldeck, he, John Bruce, was exactly what he appeared to be to the world at large, a millionaire plunger to whom gambling was as the breath of life. The "inspector of branches" dealt with Gilbert Larmon alone, and dealt confidentially and secretively over Maldeck's head—even that invisible writing fluid supplied by the old Samoan Islander playing its part when found necessary, for it had been agreed between Larmon and himself that even the most innocent-appearing document received from him, John Bruce, should be subjected to the salt water test; and he had, indeed, already used it in several of the especially confidential reports that he had sent Larmon on some of the branches.

He shrugged his shoulders. The whole scheme of his changed existence had all been artfully simple—and superbly efficient. He was under no necessity to explain the source of his wealth except in his native city, San Francisco, where he was known—and San Francisco was outside his jurisdiction. With both Larmon and Maldeck making that their headquarters, other supervision of the

*Continued on page 51*

# THE QUEER TOFF IN NO. 13



Then he rallied—and rose—groping, groping—"Help me — to — the piano." The woman by the bedside sought to stay his progress.

## By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

STANDING for a moment of back-straightening relaxation, hands on hips, before the door of her modest *pension*, Mrs. Henry Alfred Briggs nodded towards the neat electric coupé by the curb.

"He's up with the queer toff in Number Thirteen now," she told her neighbor, Mrs. Dancey.

The front railing of Mrs. Dancey's place was cheek by jowl with Mrs. Briggs', affording pleasant opportunity for a daily interchange of gossip without too seriously affecting the process of cleaning the steps, and polishing the meagre brasswork, and conducting long-distance bargaining with hucksters who passed by, raucously calling their wares. So it was that promptly at nine-thirty each morning, Sundays excepted, you might see Mrs. Briggs' lean form and Mrs. Dancey's heavy one come from their respective doors, pail or broom or polishing-cloth in hand as occasion demanded. Just now both pails and brooms had been requisitioned, Mrs. Briggs explaining:

"It's uncommon mild to-day, Mrs. Dancey, aint it? I'm tyking the charnst to get the slush off an' the steps scrubbed proper for once. I'll not be sorry to see the end of the winter, though it wasn't as bad as I expected, coming acrost from London to Canada. Real cold and narsty it gets at times back 'ome, too. Well, as I was sying, Mrs. Dancey, at first he'd not 'ear of it, so I says to my 'Enery, I says: "Enery, he's in a bad wye, 'e is, so you just in an' tell 'im we wouldn't want anythink to 'appen as might look like we 'adn't cared for 'im proper.' 'Enery went in and put it to 'im plain, so he said to fetch a doctor. He's up there now. H'Asquith—come awye from the doctor's car at once—d'ye 'ear me, now?"

Briggs Junior withdrew unwillingly from the seductive attractions of the coupé. He was a stunted youth who looked as though the early environment afforded by a London slum, and perhaps the weight of his paternally-favored cognomen, had crushed hope from his breast. "H'Asquith 'is name is," Mrs. Briggs would explain, "'is father 'aving been a staunch supporter of the syme, though since this 'ere Lord George come along 'Enery says: 'We'll call him Jim for short.' For myself I stick to the more h'aristocratic one."

Perhaps part of Briggs Junior's dejection might be due to the difficulty of transplanting so indigenous a growth from his native soil to a new land—a land not easy at times to understand. Even the growing circle of his contemporaries of the streets found in him a strange specimen and hesitated not to make indelicate references to the cut of his clothes, and the fashion of his cap, and his incurable habit of running on fouls and carrying his bat in his round of the bases.

"You really think," Mrs. Dancey ventured now, referring to the occupant of Number Thirteen, "you really think he's queer?" A significant tapping of the forehead accompanied the query.

MRS. BRIGGS made a hasty disclaimer.

"No, no—I meant sick—queer, you know. Only, now you've mentioned the thing I don't mind saying there's been times when I've thought all wasn't well aloft. Not but wot he's a perfick gentleman in h'every wye, an' not a bit like most of those as come wanting rooms and attendance and Waldorf Astorier meals for a song, and then grumble when they gets 'em. But there's somethink there that's not just as it should be. Maybe it's the h'eyes are the cause."

"Ah!" Mrs. Dancey clucked a sympathetic tongue. "Many a time, Mrs. Briggs, I've stood right here an' watched him goin' down the street with that stick of his goin' tap-tap-tap on the pavement, an' him so brave an' smilin' for all the marks of trouble in his face. Times I've seen him too with a sudden cloud on him, like I've seen it darken the sun in showery weather. A terrible thing to be blind, Mrs. Briggs, not to be able to see the lovely things in the shops, and the bits of sky above the buildin's, an' the childer playin' about an' all."

"Just like my 'Enery says, Mrs. Dancey. Many a time he's said to me: 'Bella,' he says, 'that 'ere bloke gives me the creeps—he fair does. His eyes are like bloomin' 'oles in a blanket, burnt in. I wish you'd get rid of 'im.' But wot could I do, and 'im such a fine gentleman and always ready with his money on the first of the month, cash in advance, an' liberal other w'ys? He's no trouble neither, if 'e does play on that pianner of 'is sometimes in the middle of the night. Lucky, though, Number Thirteen's up in the attic — you can't 'ear nothink down below unless you listen a-purpose."

A masculine step sounded on the stairway above; a voice called:

"Mrs. Briggs, please."

"It's the Doctor," said the woman, rising hastily from a kneeling posture demanded by scrubbing activities. "I wonder wot 'e wants now."

From a low-toned conference on the narrow stairway Mrs. Briggs reappeared, shoving the physician out, responding awkwardly to his courteous farewell.

"And give him anything he wishes, Mrs. Briggs. It's probably only a matter of hours unless he rallies unexpectedly. I'll run in again later on."

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Briggs' face was pallid, her knees gave under her. Mrs. Dancey, watching curiously, could hardly hold her question until the Doctor's coupé had left the curb.

"Is he worse?" The eagerness in her voice was not due to lack of sympathy; simply that morbid interest in evil news that is not confined to any particular stratum of society.

Mrs. Briggs nodded a nervous affirmative.

"Dying 'e is, Mrs. Dancey. According to 'im"—the speaker's thumb jerked in the direction of the retreating motor—"it's just a matter of hours—that nothink but a bloomin' miracle can syve 'im now. 'E's lost interest in life and not willin' to fight, so 'e's wastin' awye fast. It don't seem right, now does it, as 'e should up an' die in my 'ouse? To sye nothink about it being in Number Thirteen—not as I'm superstitious, Mrs. Dancey, but you know 'ow people will talk. And 'im such a queer toff, too, by which I mean wot you mean, Mrs. Dancey."

The woman next door gave ready sympathy.

"He should be goin' to a hospital," she agreed, but pity was in her faded gray eyes.

"And 'ave some 'eartless hussy look after 'im, and 'im such a fine gentleman and always ready with 'is money prompt on the first of the month, cash in advance? No'm!" Bewilderment at this change of front showed in Mrs. Dancey's eyes. But words were denied her. "If those as should don't care for 'im," declared Number Thirteen's landlady sententiously, "I will. Not as 'e's said anythink but 'e's been with me now clost on a year and I 'ave eyes in my head. Right above the pianner on the wall she 'angs—a proud lookin' piece as ever was, and once or twice I've 'appened in when 'e was plying and I could tell by the look of 'im 'e was plying to 'er. I don't lay claim, Mrs. Dancey, to being musical more than another—though I come by it 'onest at that, my mother 'aving been connected with musical comedy as you might sye, for a long time 'olding a scrub lidy's position at the Gaierty Theatre which is the 'ome of musical comedy in London, not to speak of 'aving a good voice 'erself and keepin' in constant practice wile she worked. If you ever goes to London, Mrs. Dancey, don't miss the Gaierty—"

"You were speakin' of his playing," interposed the other, seizing upon a momentary breathing space.

Mrs. Briggs nodded, sobering quickly.

"I could 'ave cried to 'ear 'im," she said. "'E was a-talking to 'er on the piano as ever was, Mrs. Dancey. There, I must run and see if there's anythink I can do for 'im, and 'im that 'elpless."

Mrs. Briggs laid aside the implements of toil, and took her way up two painful flights of stairs, and a still more painful third, where the angle of acclivity and the sharp narrow turns induced unpleasant speculation.

"A bad plyce to get a body down," was her comment, shivering a little. Was she not going to a room in which already the shadows of death were gathering; awesome phantoms, no less real because the product of ignorant imagination? Appropriate words springing from mental gropings were ready on her lips, but remained unsaid. A deep voice gave whimsical greeting.

"A step in a thousand, Mrs. Briggs—I'd know yours anywhere. By the way, I fancied I had given you a suggestion and the wherewithal to purchase something in footwear designed to break the shock. Those low-heeled affairs—or no-heeled—you affect are hard on the stairs—and the nerves."

Mrs. Briggs blushed unseen.

"Indeed, yes, sir—but you see there was a hat and—"

"Quite so, Mrs. Briggs. I'm sure it must be most becoming. Well, perhaps it's not too late to incorporate in the will—in the interest of future tenants—a cast-iron clause providing for one pair of shoes, size eight, I believe, special cushion heels. . . "

"Mister Peterson, sir!" Mrs. Briggs stiffened into

angular remonstrance. "How can you think to joke, with—with—"

He finished for her. "With Death just around the corner waiting, like a footpad, to waylay me and bludgeon me out of existence?" He waved a bony hand airily. "I shall bid it 'Good-day,' Mrs. Briggs, as to a friend. Come, come, Mrs. Briggs, you mustn't mind me. You see life has had its little joke with me, so I fancy I'm entitled to my little joke in leaving it. A fair exchange, you see."

"Lor', Mr. Peterson, how can you talk that way now, an' you going out—into the next world—if you'll pardon my speaking of it that blunt."

HE GAVE a little laugh that ended in a choke of pain. "Don't let me upset you, Mrs. Briggs. You see I'm just a queer toff—"

"Mr. Peterson, sir! Not for anythink would I 'ave 'ad it come to your h'ears. . . no disrespect meant, I'm sure, sir."

"A chance remark of Asquith's, Mrs. Briggs—and no offence taken."

"I'll flay the little blighter for that."

"Please—consider my feelings—and Asquith's. A promising lad, that; I'm sure I don't know what I should have done without his daily recitals from the public press. You don't know how I look forward to his arrival with the evening paper. A queer toff, as I was saying, and therefore not to be taken too seriously. As a matter of fact I haven't given much thought to the future life except to wonder if the law of compensation won't be operative—but there, I'm boring you and myself as well, and I'll cling to certain hopes and convictions whatever comes."

"Not a bit, sir, I do assure you, though a bit 'ard to foller at times. Now if there's anythink I can do for you, just speak the word, won't you?"

The man on the bed smiled up at her—a smile that seemed almost to touch the sightless eyes, blankly upturned to her, with a tender light. Beneath the veneer of dry humor, beneath the lines that spoke of suffering, was a boyish wistfulness that spoke to the mother-heart of the woman, to that innate quality that underbreeding, or ignorance, or pinching poverty cannot quench. The woman could not have given her thoughts words, but the fount of tears was touched and so expression was not denied. She went to the bed, leaning down to smooth the pillows, her usual awkward angularity softened by tender womanliness. One hot teardrop fell upon his hand. He spoke with new gentleness.

"Ah! you mustn't let it upset you like that, Mrs. Briggs. . . . It touches me to know that someone cares enough to—feel badly. It's a lonely thing to go out with—no one caring."

Involuntarily her eyes sought the picture hanging over the piano—the picture of a woman of a rare, exotic type of beauty. It seemed to the woman that the eyes met the challenge in her own serenely. Large, tranquil eyes they were, beneath long, dark lashes, staring down upon her steadily. They fascinated the watcher as they had never done before, and, perhaps because the finer things of life had not been without their influence in these last few moments, the woman no longer read into the face pride and aloofness, but sensed rather a wistful, appealing comradeship.

"You've no one left, sir?"

He shook his head.

"Nary one, Mrs. Briggs—that cares a snap of the finger about me at least. My own fault, largely, no doubt; a recluse pays for his solitude."

Again her glance sought the picture over the piano. He seemed to sense her thoughts.

"You're wondering—about her. I—I lost her, Mrs. Briggs."

It was not loss of sight alone then that showed in his face, adding a good fifteen years to the forty he had once confessed to her. She sighed.

"Ah! You—you must have been very fond of her, sir? That mykes 'it 'ard now, don't it? Sometimes it's a fair relief on both sides, I fancy, 'aving seen somethink of married life in my time."

But the man on the bed was speaking again, more to himself than to her.

" 'She was his life, the ocean to the river of his thoughts, which terminated all.' Ah, Mrs. Briggs, I was forgetting you were there. Perhaps you don't know Byron?"

The woman cast about in mental perplexity, brightening at last to say: "There was a big butcher's plyce back 'ome by the name of Byron. Probably it's a different one you mean."

HE REPLIED, through twitching lips: "Hardly the same, I'm afraid, Mrs. Briggs. The chappie I mean was clever at stringing off lines, and I was appropriating something of his to suit my own case. I meant that she was—everything I thought of by day, dreamt of by night."

"I know," said the woman quickly. "Just like my 'Enery. Only yesterday I said to Mrs. Dancey, next door, I said: 'My 'Enery's a wonderful 'usband to me. Never a bit of trouble 'ave we 'ad, barrin' an 'asty word he don't mean now and again like. Comes and kisses me, 'e does, when 'e comes 'ome at night, just like he always useter when I was better looking by a deal than I am now.' "

For a space silence held the room. The woman moved about heavily in her heelless slippers, straightening up the place—the books on the table, some newspapers in disorder on the floor as a souvenir of Asquith's latest visit. When she found tongue again confusion brought great drops of perspiration to her forehead, and a redness more than ordinary to her cheeks.

"Mr. Peterson, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Briggs?" he answered, very wearily.



"Blime," said Asquith aloud, "it's 'er for fair!"

"'Ave you thought as 'ow she'll be wyting for you—over there I mean—as you might sye? I—I—"

"Go on, Mrs. Briggs."

"Begging yer pardon, sir, but I recall when my mother died—'aving fair worked 'erself to death scrubbin' trying to keep us fed and clothed—though before, when she was at the Gaierty I won't say that things weren't better—she lay there on the bed very still towards the h'end, though in mortal pyne. Just as she went h'out—as you might say—she drew me to 'er. 'Bella,' she says, 'death is so easy. I can see Bill a-beckerning me,' she says, and just smiled up at me and died. Now my 'Enery, 'e says that was because they were affinerties it 'appened so. Maybe it's the syme with you and your wife, sir."

He intercepted her, a trifle impatiently.

"I'm afraid you don't understand. My wife is not dead."

Mrs. Briggs' eyes opened simultaneously with the dropping of her jaw.

"Lor', Mr. Peterson, I thought you'd lost 'er."

He lay back, and a little cynical smile chased the whimsical light from his face. Then he laughed shortly.

"You're quite right, Mrs. Briggs. I lost my wife—only you see she's not dead."

"She—she left you, Mr. Peterson?"

"Aye—she left me, Mrs. Briggs. We mustn't be too harsh. A stage career of promise, and the name of Tressider in the electrics was more alluring than the monotonous care of a blind and nearly penniless husband." He paused, then added: "I don't know why I tell you these things, Mrs. Briggs, except to assure you that death for me holds nothing but—promise."

The look in his face was beyond her powers of interpretation. The effort at conversation had cost him strength; she adjusted his pillows again, urging silence and rest though her being cried out with curiosity, compounded with genuine sympathy, to know more. The tragedy of it all laid oppressive hands upon her imagination.

HALF way down the stairs she fancied she heard him call, and returned as noiselessly as possible to listen. Later, when opportunity came to retail the news to Mrs. Dancey, her eyes were moist with the telling.

"Sitting up there on the bed when I went back, Mrs. Dancey," she concluded her report, "saying over and over again to 'imself 'Mary—Mary—Mary.' Once or twice w'ile we was talking before I thought he 'ated 'er, but you can tyke it from me his 'eart's overflowing for 'er in 'is larst moments, for I've never 'eard so much spoke into a nyme before since the night I up and told 'Enery I'd tyke 'im, and all the blighter could sye, standing there not 'even putting 'is arms around me as might be expected in such circumstances—all 'e could sye. Mrs. Dancey, was 'Bella—Bella' —not but wot 'e made up customary afterwards."

"'Tis a shame, so it is," declared the sympathetic Irishwoman, with no thought of 'Enery's tardy actions in mind. "Sure now, Mrs. Briggs, is there no chance at all of findin' the wife?"

"I'd give," declared Mrs. Briggs with the liberality of one who indulges in mere theoretical figures, "I'd give a million dollars to find 'er right now—and so would 'Enery if 'e was 'ere, being that kind 'earted. H'Asquith, don't go yelling and shouting about the street. Come awye I tell you. It's not decent and 'im breathing 'is last upstairs. It's almost like 'aving it in the fambly to 'ave 'im dying in yer 'ouse—and 'im such a gentleman and always ready with 'is money."

It was not until evening had brought an inward stream of lodgers; and 'Enery looking for immediate nourishment; and the doctor on a flying visit; and the evening meal of the Briggs' family gave occasion for Mrs. Briggs to elaborate on the newest developments, that Asquith rose to

*Continued on page 57*

# The Drama of Our Great Forests



## MEETING *of the* WILD MEN

*By* ARTHUR HEMING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

CHRISTMAS week had arrived and now we were off for the New Year's dance to be held at Fort Consolation. Instead of travelling round three sides of an oblong as we had done to reach Oo-koo-hoo's hunting ground by canoe, we now, travelling on snowshoes, cut aeross country, over hill and valley, lake and river, in a south-easterly direction, until we struck Caribou River, and then turned toward White River and finally arrived at God's Lake.

Our little party included Oo-koo-hoo; his wife, Ojistoh; their granddaughter, Neykia, and myself. Our domestic outfit was loaded upon two hunting sleds, in the hauling of which we all took turns, as well as in relieving each other in the work of traek beating. At night we camped in the woods without any shelter save brush windbreaks over the heads of our beds, our couches being made of fir-twigs laid shingle fashion in the snow.

For the sake of warmth, Ojistoh and Neykia slept together, while Oo-koo-hoo and I cuddled up close to one another and fitted together like spoons in a eutlery case, for the cold sometimes dipped to forty below.

The prisoner of the city, however, may think sleeping under such eonditions not only a terrible hardship, but a very dangerous thing, in the way of eatehing one's death of cold. I can assure him it is nothing of the kind—when the bed is properly made. And not only does one never eatch cold under such conditions, but it is my experience that there is no easier way to get rid of a bad cold than to sleep out in the snow, wrapped in a Hudson's Bay blanket, a earibou robe, or a rabbit skin quilt, when the thermometer is about fifty below zero. But rather than delay over a description in detail of the mere novelty of winter travel, let us hurry along to our first destination, and visit the Free Trader, Mr. Spear, and his family, and find out for our own satisfaction, whether or not the mysterious "Son-in-law" had recently been courting the charming Athabasca.

When we reached God's Lake, for a while we snowshoed down the eentre, until at the parting of our ways we said good-bye, for the Indians were heading directly for Fort Consolation. As I neared Spearhead and came in view of its one and only house, the Free Trader's dogs set up a howl, and Mr. Spear came out to greet me and lead me into the sitting room where I was welcomed by his wife and daughter. Now I made a discovery; quartered in a box in the hall behind the front door they had three geese that being quite free to walk up and down the hall, occasionally strolled about for exercise.

### I Visit Spearhead—and Who is "Son-in-Law?"

AS GOOD luck would have it, supper was nearly ready, and I had just sufficient time to make use of the tin hand-basin in the kitehen before the tea bell rang. Again, during the first half of the meal we all chatted in a lively strain, all save Athabasea, who, though blushing less than usual, smiled a little more, and murmured an occasional yes or no; all the while looking even more eharming. But her composure endured not long, for her mother presently renewed the subjeet of "Son-in-law."

"Father, don't you think it would be a good idea if you took son-in-law into partnership very soon?"

"Yes, mother, I do, because business is rapidly growing, and I'll need help in the spring. Besides, it would give me a chance to do my own fur-running in winter, and in that way, I believe I could double, if not treble, our ineome."

Athabasca turned crimson and I followed suit—for being a born blusher myself, and mortally hating it, I could never refrain from sympathizing with others similarly afflicted.

"Precisely, father," replied Mrs. Spear, "that's exactly what I thought. So you see you wouldn't be making any sacrifice whatever, and such an arrangement would prove an advantage all round. Everybody would be the happier for it, and it seems to me to delay the wedding would be a vital mistake."

From that moment until we left the table Athabasca concentrated her vision on her plate; and I wondered more than ever who "Son-in-law" could be. Then an idea came to me, and I mused: "We'll surely see him at Fort Consolation."

After supper I discovered a new member of the household, a chore-boy, twenty-eight years of age, who had come out from England to learn farming in the Free Trader's stump lot, and who was paying Mr. Spear so many hundred dollars a year for that privilege, and also for the pleasure of daily cleaning out the stable—and the pig pen. When I first saw him, I thought: "Why here, at last, is 'Son-in-law.'" But, on second consideration, I knew he was not the lucky man, for it was evident the Spears did not recognize him as their social equal, since they placed him, at meal time, out in their kitchen at the table with their two half-breed maid-servants.

### My "Private" Bedroom Not Very Private

THAT evening while sitting around the big wood stove we discussed Shakespeare, Byron, Scott, and even the latest novel that was then in vogue—"Trilby," if I remember right—for the Spears not only subscribed to the *Illustrated London News* and *Blackwood's* but they took *Harper's* and *Scribner's*, too. And by-the-way, though Athabasca had never been to school, her mother had personally attended to her education. When bedtime arrived, they all peeled off their moccasins and stockings and hung them round the stove to dry, and then pitter-pattered up the cold, bare stairs, in their bare feet.

I was shown into the spare room and given a candle, and when I bade them goodnight and turned to close the door, I discovered that there was no door to close, nor was there even a eurtain to screen me from view. The bed, however, was an old-fashioned wooden affair with a big solid footboard, so I concluded that in case of any one passing the doorway, I could crouch behind the foot of the bed. Then, when I blew out my candle, I got a great surprise, for lo and behold! I could see all over the house! I could see Paw and Maw getting undressed, Athabasca saying her prayers, and the half-breed maids getting into bed.

How did it happen? The cracks between the upright boards of my partition were so wide that I could have shoved my fingers through. As a matter of fact, Mr. Spear explained next day, the lumber being green, rather than nail the boards tightly into place, he had merely stood them up, and waited for them to season.

During the night the eold grew intense, and several times I was startled out of my sleep by a frosty report from the ice and snow on the roof that reminded one of the firing of a eannon.

However, although my slumber was thus intermittent, I was thoroughly eomfortable, and found the bed to be really snug and warm. As far as I could judge from the evidences of my ears, everyone else was sleeping the sleep of the just.

In the morning when the geese began screeching in the lower hall, I thought it was time to get up, and was soon in the very act of pulling off a certain garment over my head, when one of the half-breed maids—the red-headed one whose hair Mr. Spear had eut off with the horse-clippers—intruded herself into my room to see if I were going to be down for breakfast, and I had to drop behind the foot of the bed.

At hreakfast, the first course was oatmeal porridge; the second, "Son-in-law;" the third, fried baeon, toast and tea; after which we all put on our wraps for our five mile trip across God's Lake to Fort Consolation. Everyone went, maids, chore-boy and all, and everyone made the trip on snowshoes—all save the trader's wife, who rode in state, in a carriole, hauled by a tandem train of four dogs.

It was a beautiful, sunny day and the air was very still; and though the snow was wind-packed and hard, the footing was very tiresome, for the whole surface of the lake was just one endless mass of hard-packed snowdrifts, that represented nothing so much as a great, stormy, white-eapped sea that had been instantly eongealed. And for us it was just up and down, in and out, up and down, in and out, all the way over. These solid white waves, however, proved one thing, and that was the truth of Oo-koo-hoo's woodcraft; for, just as he had previously told me, if we had been suddenly encompassed by a dense fog or a heavy snowstorm, we could never for a moment have strayed from our true course; as all the drifts pointed one way, south-by-southeast, and therefore, must have kept us to our proper direction.

### Many Quaint Costumes

THERE were many dogs and sleds, and many Indians and half-breeds, too, about the Fort when we arrived; and as the dogs heralded our approach, the Factor came out to greet us and wish us a Happy New Year. At the door Mrs. Mackenzie, the half-breed wife of the Factor, was waiting with a beaming smile and a hearty welcome for us; and after we removed our outer wraps, she led us over to the storehouse in which a big room had been eleared, and heated, and decorated to answer as a ballroom and banqueting-hall.

Tables were being laid for the feast, and Indian mothers and maidens and children, too, were already sitting on the floor around the sides of the room, and with sparkling eyes were watching the work in happy expectation. Around the doorway, both out and in, stood the men—Indians and half-breeds and a few Freneh and English Canadians. Some wore hairy caribou *capotes*, others hairless moose-skin jackets trimmed with otter or beaver fur, others again were garbed in duffel *capotes* of various colors with hoods and turned back cuffs of another hue; but the majority wore *capotes* made of Hudson's Bay blanket and trimmed with slashed fringes at the shoulders and skirt; while their legs were encased in trousers, gartered below the knee, and their feet rested eomfortably in moecasins. Though, when snowshoeing, all the men wore hip-high leggings of duffel or blanket, the former sometimes deeorated with a broad strip of another color, the latter were always befringed the whole way down the outer seam; both kinds were gartered at the knee. Such leggings are always removed when entering a lodge or house or when resting beside a camp fire—in order to free the legs from the gathered snow and prevent it from thawing and wetting the trousers.

The children wore outer garments of either blanket or rabbit-skin, while the women gloried in brilliant plaid shawls of two sizes—a small one for the head and a large one for the shoulders. The short eloth skirts of the women

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and girls were made so that the fullness at the waist, instead of being cut away, was merely puckered into place, and beneath the lower hem of the skirt showed a pair of beaded leggings and a pair of silk-worked moccasins.

All the Indians shook hands with us, for in the Canadian Government's treaty with them it is stipulated that: "We expect you to be good friends with everyone, and shake hands with all whom you meet." And I might further add that the Indian—when one meets him in the winter bush—is more polite than the average white man, for he always removes his mitten, and offers one his bare hand.

Further, if his hand happens to be dirty, he will spit on it and rub it on his leggings to try and cleanse it before presenting it to you. But when he did that, I could never decide which was the more acceptable condition—before or after.

### Factor Must Kiss all the Women

WHEN the Factor entered, he was greeted with a perfect gale of merriment, as it was the ancient custom of the Great Company that he should kiss every woman and girl at the New Year's feast. After that historical ceremony was over—in which Free Trader Spear also had to do his duty—and the laughter had subsided, the principal guests were seated at the Factor's table, the company consisting of the three clergymen, the Spears, myself, the two Northwest Mounted Policemen—who had just arrived from the south—and a few native headmen, including my friend Oo-koo-hoo. Though the feast was served in relays, some of the guests who were too hungry to wait their turn were served as they sat about the floor. The dishes included the choice of moose, caribou, bear, lynx, beaver and muskrat.

Then a couple of picturesque, shock-haired, French-Canadians got up on a big box that rested upon a table and commenced to tune up.

Now the dance was going in full swing and in rapid succession the music changed from the Double Jig to the Reel of Four, the Duck Dance, the Double Reel of Four, the Reel of Eight, and the Red River Jig, till the old log storehouse shook from its foundation right up to its very rafters. The breathless, perspiring, but happy couples kept at it until exhaustion fairly overtook them, and then dropping out now and then, they squatted on the floor around the walls till they rested; and then, with all their might and main, they went at it again. Among other things I noticed was that the natives who were smoking were so considerate of their host's feelings that they never for a moment forgot themselves enough to soil the freshly scrubbed floor, but always used their upturned fur caps as cuspidors.

The children, even the little tots, showed great interest in the dancing of their parents, and so enthused did they become that they would sometimes gather in a group in a corner and try to step in time with the music.

Every one that could dance took a turn—even Oo-koo-hoo and old Granny did the light fantastic—and at one time or another all the principal guests were upon the floor, all, save the Priest. The scarlet tunics of the corporal and the constable of the Royal North-West Mounted Police as well as the sombre black of the English church, and the Presbyterian clergymen, added much to the whirling color scheme, as well as to the joy of the occasion.

But look where I would I could not find "Son-in-law," and though the blushing Athabasca was often in the dance, it was plain to see her lover was not there, for even the handsome policemen, though they paid her marked attention, gave no sign, either of them, of being the lucky one.

In the number of partners, Oo-koo-hoo's grand-daughter outshone them all, and, moreover, her lover was present. At every chance Shing-wauk — The Little Pine—was shyly whispering to her and she was looking very happy. Even I rose to the occasion and had for my first partner our host's swarthy wife, a wonderful performer, who, after her husband's retirement from the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, became the most popular dancer in all Winnipeg.

Nor must I forget my dance with that merry, muscular, iron-framed lady, Oo-koo-hoo's better half—Old Granny — who at first crumpled me up in her gorilla-like embrace, and ended by swinging me clean off my feet—much to the merriment of the Indian maidens.

Then as the afternoon wore on and everything was in full swing, the Rabbit Dance began, and was soon followed by the Hug-Me-Snug, the Drops of Brandy, and the Saskatchewan Circle, and—last but not least—the Kissing Dance. Oh how Toronto and other Canadian cities would revel in such a program! And you may be sure that when the Kissing Dance was encored for the fifth time, the spirit of the company certainly proclaimed it a Happy New Year.

### More Hints About Athabasca

AGAIN at tea time the guests gathered round the festive board; then a little later, the music once more signalled the dancers to take their places on the floor. Hour after hour it went on. After midnight another supper was served; but still "the band"—consisting of a violin and a concertina—played on, and still the moccasined feet pounded the floor without intermission. At the very height of the fun, when the Free Trader's charming daughter was being whirled about by a scarlet tunic, Mrs. Spear turned to me and beamed:

"Doesn't Athabasca look radiantly beautiful?"

"Indeed she does!" I blushed.

"And what a delightful party this is. . . but there's just one thing lacking. . . to make it perfect."

"What's that?" I enquired.

"A wedding. . . my dear." Then after a long pause, during which she seemed to be staring at me—but I didn't dare look—she impatiently tossed her head and exclaimed:

"My. . . but some men are deathly slow!"

"Indeed they are," I agreed.

About four o'clock in the morning, the music died down, then after much hand-shaking, the company dispersed in various directions over the moonlit snow; some to their nearby lodges, some to the log shacks in the now deserted Indian village, and others to their distant hunting-grounds. It must have been nearly five o'clock before the ladies in the Factor's house went upstairs, and the men lay down upon caribou, bear and buffalo skins on the otherwise bare floor of the living room. It was late next morning when we arose, yet already the police had vanished—they had again set out on their long northern patrol.

At breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Spear invited me to return and spend the night with them, and as Oo-koo-hoo and his wife wanted to remain a few days to visit some Indian friends, and as the Factor had told me that the Northbound Packet with the winter's mail from the railroad was soon due; and as, moreover, the Fur Brigade would be starting south in a few days, and it would travel for part of the way along our homeward trail, I accepted Mr. Mackenzie's invitation to return to Fort Consolation and depart with the Fur Brigade.

It was a cold trip across the lake as the thermometer had dropped many degrees and a northwest wind was blowing in our faces. As I had frequently had my nose frozen, it now turned white very quickly, and a half-breed, who was



**We make the long, cold trip to Fort Consolation, for the famous New Year's Dance. The dog brigade halts, to "spell the dogs one smoke."**

crossing with us, turned round every once in a while and exclaimed to me:

"Oh, my gud, your nose all froze!"

The snow seemed harder than ever, and for long stretches we took off our snowshoes and ran over the drifts, but so wind-packed were they that they received little impression from our feet. Of course, when we arrived at Spearhead, the house was cold and everything in it above the cellar—except the cats and geese—was frozen solid; but it is surprising how quickly those good old-fashioned box-stoves will heat a dwelling; for in twenty or thirty minutes those wood-burning stoves were red-hot and the whole house comfortably warm.

### Athabasca and I Look at Pictures

IT'S strange, but nevertheless true, that "Son-in-law" was never once mentioned at dinner, but later on, when Athabasca and I were sitting one on either side of the room, Mrs. Spear got up and getting a picture book, asked:

"Mr. Heming, are you fond of pictures? Daughter has a delightful little picture book here that I want her to show you, so now, my dears, both sit over there on the sofa where the light will be better, and look at it together."

Moving over to the old horsehair sofa—the pride of all Spearhead and even of Fort Consolation—we sat down together, much closer than I had expected, as some of the springs were broken, thus forming a hollow in the centre of the affair, into which we both slid without warning—just as though it were a trap set for bashful people. Then Mrs. Spear with a sigh, evidently of satisfaction, withdrew from the room, and we were left alone together. With the book spread out upon our knees we looked it over for perhaps—well, I am not sure how long, but anyway, when I came to, I saw something just in front of me on the floor. Really, it startled me. For in the following it up with my eye I discovered that it was the toe of a moccasin, and the worst of it was that it was being worn by Mrs. Spear. There, for ever so long, she must have been standing and watching us. The worst of that household was that all its members wore moccasins, so you could never hear them coming.

That night, when we were sitting around the stove, Mrs. Spear explained to me how she had educated her daughter and added: "But perhaps, after all, if the wedding is not going to take place right away, it might be well to send daughter to some finishing school for a few months—say in Toronto," and then after a little pause, and still looking at me, she asked: "To which school would you prefer us to send Athabasca?"

When I named the most fashionable girls' school in that city, "Paw and Maw" settled it, there and then, that daughter would attend it next fall, that is, unless it was decided to celebrate her wedding at an earlier date.

### And Then We Go For a Sleigh-ride

NEXT morning, at breakfast, Mrs. Spear suggested that Athabasca should take me for a drive through the woods and Mr. Spear remarked.

"You know, Mr. Heming, we haven't any cutter or any suitable sleigh, and besides one of the horses is working in the stump lot; hut I think I can manage it, despite that."

In a little while he led a horse around to the front door. The animal had a pole attached to either side, the other ends of which dragged out behind; across the two poles, just behind the horse's tail, was fastened a rack of cross poles upon which was placed some straw and a buffalo robe. It was really a *travois*, the kind of conveyance used by the Plains Indians. Getting aboard the affair, off we went, the old plug rumbling along in a kind of a trotting walk, while Athabasca held the reins. The morning being a fine, sunny one, and the trees being draped and festooned with snow, the scene was so beautiful when we got into the thicker woods, that it made one think of fairy land. A couple of fluffy little whiskey jacks followed us all the way there and back, just as though they wanted to see and hear everything that was going on; but those little meddlers of the north-woods must have been disappointed, for both Athabasca and I were not only too shy to talk, but too bashful even to sit upright; in fact, we both leaned so far away from one another that we each hung over our side of the trap; and did nothing but gaze far-off into the enchanted wood. We must have been gone nearly two hours when the house again came into view. Yes, I enjoyed it. It was so romantic. But what I couldn't understand was why her parents allowed her to go with me, when they were already counting on "Son-in-law" marrying her. It was certainly a mystery to me; however, that afternoon I left for Fort Consolation.

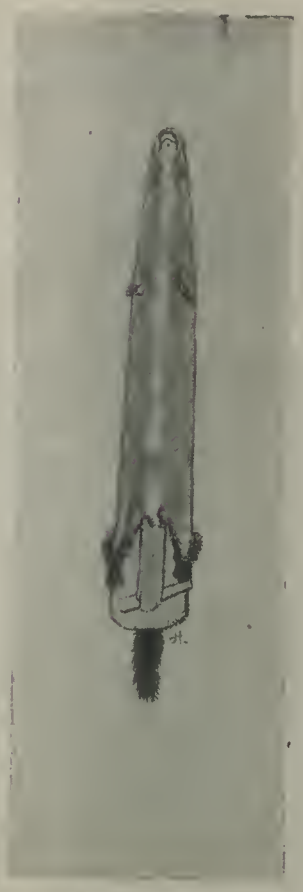


The Indian method of stretching skins: a Fisher skin.

On my way across the lake I noticed that the wind was veering round toward the east and that the temperature was rising. When I arrived in good time for supper, Factor Mackenzie seemed relieved, and remarked that the barometer indicated a big storm from the north-east. That night, in front of the big open fire, we talked of the fur-trade. Among other books and papers he showed me was a copy of the Company's Deed Poll; not published a century ago, but printed at the time of which I am writing, and thus it read:

"To all whom these presents shall come, The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay send greeting. Whereas His Majesty King Charles the Second did, by His Royal Charter, constitute the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay in a Body Corporate, with perpetual succession and with power to elect a Governor and Deputy Governor and Committee for the management of their trade and affairs."

From it I learned that the commissioned officers appointed by the Company to carry on their trade in Canada were: A Commissioner, three Inspecting Chief Factors, eight Chief Factors, fifteen Factors, ten Chief Traders, and twenty-one Junior Chief Traders, all of whom on appointment became shareholders in the Company. While the Governor and Committee had their offices in London, the Commissioner was the Canadian head with his offices in Winnipeg, and to assist him an advisory council, composed of Chief Factors and Chief Traders, was occasionally called. The Company's territory was divided into four departments—the Western, the Southern, the Northern, and the Montreal—while each department was again subdivided into many districts, the total number being thirty-four. The non-commissioned employees at the various posts were: clerks, postmasters and servants. Besides the regular post servants there were others employed such as: voyageurs, among whom were the guides, canoemen, boatmen and scowmen; then again there were fur-runners, fort-hunters and packeteers.



Perhaps few will recognize this: a Mink skin.

In the morning a miserable north-easter was blowing a heavy fall of snow over the country, and the Factor offered to show me the fur-loft where the clerk and a few half-breed men-servants were folding and packing furs. First they were put into a collapsible mould to hold them in the proper form, then when the desired weight of ninety pounds had been reached, they were passed into a powerful, home-made fur-press, and after being pressed down into a solid pack, were corded and covered with burlap, and marked ready for shipment. The room in which the men worked was a big loft with endless bundles of skins of many sizes and colors hanging from the rafters, and with long rows of shelves stacked with folded furs, and with huge piles of pelts and opened bales upon the floor. Also there were moose and caribou horns lying about, and bundles of Indian-made snowshoes hanging by wires from the rafters, and in one corner, kegs of dried beaver castors.

### "Voyez, voyez, le pacquet!"

ON THE morning of the second day of the storm, I happened to be in the Indian shop, where I had gone to see the Factor and the clerk barter for the furs of a recently arrived party of Indian fur-hunters, when presently I was startled by hearing:

"*Voyez, voyez, le pacquet!*" shouted by Bateese as he floundered into the trading-room without a thought of closing the door, though the drifting snow scurried in after him. Vociferously he called to the others to come and see, and instantly trade was stopped. The Factor, the clerk, and the Indians rushed to the doorway to obtain a glimpse of the long expected packet. For two days the storm had raged, and the snow was still blowing in clouds that blotted out the neighboring forest.

"Come awa', Bateese, ye auld fule! Come awa' ben, an' steek yon door! Ye dinna see ony packet!" roared the trader, who could distinguish nothing through the flying snow.

"*Bien, m'sieu*, mebbe she not very clear jus' now; but w'en I pass from de Mad Wolf's Hill, w'en de storm she lif' a leetle, I see two men an' dog train on de lac below de islan's," replied the half-breed fort-hunter, who had returned from a caribou cache, and whose duty it was to keep the fort supplied with meat.

"Weel, fetch me the gless, ma mon; fetch me the gless, an' aiblins we may catch a glint o' them through this smoorin' snaw; though I doot it's the packet, as ye say." And the Factor stood shading his eyes and gazing anxiously in the direction of the invisible islands. But before the fort-hunter had returned with the telescope, the snowy veil suddenly thinned and revealed the gray figure of a tripper coming up the bank.

"Quay, quay! Ke-e-e-pling!" sang out one of the Indians. He had recognized the tripper to be Kipling, the famous snowshoe runner. Immediately all save the Factor rushed forward to meet the little half-breed who was in charge of the storm-bound packet, and to welcome him with a fusillade of gun shots.

Everyone was happy now, for last year's news of the *Grand Pays*—the habitant's significant term for the outer world—had at last arrived. The monotonous routine of the post was forgotten. To-day the long, dreary silence of the winter would be again broken in upon by hearty feasting, merry music, and joyous dancing in honor of the arrival of the half-yearly mail.

### Hubbub of Shouting Men and Yelping Dogs

ALL crowded round the voyageur, who, though scarcely more than five feet in height, was famed as a snowshoe runner throughout the wilderness stretching from the Canadian Pacific Railroad to the Arctic Ocean. While they were eagerly plying him with questions, the crack of a dog-whip was heard. Soon the faint tinkling of bells came through the storm. In a moment all the dogs of the settlement were in an uproar, for the packet had arrived.

With a final rush the gaunt, travel-worn dogs galloped through the driving snow, and, eager for the shelter of the trading room, holted pell-mell through the gathering at the

*Continued on page 48*

## Our "Northern Lights" Cover

THIS *brilliant exhibition of night lights is seen to its full advantage by the adventurers in the North. Mr. Heming shows here one of the typical "lights" so often witnessed by Canadians. In the foreground is a "head-hunter" returning with a moose-head across a frozen lake.*

## "Wild Animals and Men"

THIS *is the title of Mr. Heming's next chapter, which will appear in the March 1 issue. It is, again, a long instalment, full of forest-lore. And, don't forget to study the cover in our next issue. Seven suns are shown! An uniquely artistic picture.*

# Soldier Settlements Making Good

NO. V. IN THE SERIES "CANADA REVISITED"

*By* AGNES C. LAUT

WHEN the Soldier Settlement scheme was first outlined in the House of Commons by the Honorable Arthur Meighen—who with Dr. Black should be given credit for one of the biggest pieces of constructive legislation ever enacted in Canada—a Western member rose and warned the country that if he had mortgaged his Western farm to the full extent contemplated by the Act—some $4,500 plus for the land, $2,000 for house, $750 to $1,500 for equipment and seed, or $7,500 in all—he would never in all time have made enough to pay off the mortgage, even in thirty-six year instalments of a few hundreds a year. Therefore it behooved Canada to beware of any scheme on which she would expend from $50,000,000 to $100,000,000 and might finally find herself loaded with a lot of abandoned mortgaged farms, on which she could not possibly realize half the face value of the mortgage.

Practically the same warning was uttered when the Federal Loan scheme was launched in the United States some five years ago, and when the Jewish Agricultural Loan was launched some eighteen to twenty years before. But as a matter of fact, practically not a failure has come home to roost in the U. S. Federal Land Loans, though the loans now total hundreds of millions; and the proportion of failures in the Jewish Agricultural Society is so small—not 2 per cent. and those due to deaths, accidents, causes over which there is no human control—that all the money expended by the first Baron de Hirsch fund is now coming back in yearly instalments that supply a perpetual fund for expansion. I have written of this fully elsewhere. It is to these two schemes that the Canadian Soldier Settlement has the closest resemblance, though Mr. Meighen's plan was devised so utterly independent of these two forerunners that his Board asked me to get them reports on what the other two loan organizations had experienced in financing a back-to-the-land movement.

Still the honorable member's exception was well taken if it had any foundation in fact. At the start is the time to kick, not after we are deep in, as we are in the National Railways; and Canada has been exercising her kicking prerogatives like a lusty boy.

The honorable member was right: $7,500 is too big a mortgage—though the U.S. Federal Board and Jewish Agricultural both go up to $10,000—unless the land is good land. If the land is good land, two years of good crops will pay off the entire indebtedness; and the Board permits thirty years or more to pay off the entire indebtedness in instalments that do not yearly equal the cost of a team of horses. I shall give a dozen cases where mere boys working from dawn till dark and the sunlight is not run on an eight hour schedule in the West—will be able to pay off their entire indebtedness in one year. I shall give examples, where there has not been a single failure out of hundreds of settlements in one area. And I shall give some hideous failures, where men were put on land through pull exerted at Ottawa, who ought never to have been permitted to enter for land. They were lazy, or they were irresponsible, or they lied about age and experience, or some local member of parliament accompanied their application with a personal letter attesting experience, qualifications and so on, which did not exist; and the local supervisor did not dare to fight such testimony without proofs; and unfortunately the proofs came in failure—though as a matter of fact, the total of these failures would not amount to two per cent. of the whole.

And right there come some of the loudest kicks. A returned boy has friends in a certain section, perhaps relatives, settled before the war. He picks an adjoining quarter section, which is the limit under the Act. The Soldier Settlement will not accept an applicant unless he has had farm experience, or puts in an apprenticeship with a farmer, or attends an agricultural course. But we'll suppose the applicant for this particular quarter section has the documents attesting any one of these qualifications—perhaps all of them. The trouble is with the quarter section he has picked. It is poor land. It is alkali. Or it is swampy. Or it is light and sandy and has been abandoned half a dozen times already.

### Sometimes They Pick Poor Land

THE local supervisor refuses to pass that land. Up goes a kick from the relatives, from the returned soldier, from the returned man's local soldier association. Or the land has been over-mortgaged by its former owner and the former owner has gone back to Germany; and it is impossible to get a clear title to that land. There is delay. The applicant is willing to take a chance on it. If "the Boche comes back, he'll smash him," and that kind of thing; but that does not give legal title to land for a mortgage. There is delay; and the delay, and the local causes of delay, do not show on the maps down in Ottawa. The Board in Ottawa gets another edition of kicks from the relatives and friends over needless delays; and it passes these kicks back to the local supervisor, who may be getting hot under his collar.

The kicks are coming from both directions at once now—from outside and inside. The path of least resistance would be to yield; but then that same supervisor would be held responsible for a case of salvage in a couple of years; so he stands like a rock and takes the kicks till he is black and blue; and for taking those kicks, if he is a field man, he gets $125 a month, if he is a district superintendent, he gets less than $300 a month. He could go out and if he had a good quarter section—and he is in a great position to know the good quarter sections—he could make double his salary in a crop of wheat in a single year. I know of cases where $5 worth of postage and $50 of time have had to be wasted in postal replies to such kicks. I know of one case where less than $2 worth of pencil sharpeners, bought for a Western office, cost that office $4 in explanation and $11 in office time explaining that pencil sharpeners were needed. These things don't show down in Ottawa. They do out locally on the spot.

Then, there is the buying of land to resell to the Soldier Settlement. Along comes a vendor, who is a good party man. He has letters of introduction from the local member. He has the very land the Soldier Settlement Board needs. (He fails to explain that he bought it too high and is desperate for money to pay his defaulting instalments.) A local farm supervisor inspects the land. It may be good land; but the price is too high. Kicks from the vendor signed "Vox populi," or "Returned Soldier," or "G.W.V's." or "I.V.A's." Or it is medium land; and the price is scaled down. More kicks! Or it is no good land; and is not bought by the Soldier Settlement Board. Loudest kicks of all. There is no man feels so aggrieved as the crook caught in the act and failing to put it through. He is apt to weep, or go off in a premature explosion over the wicked graft of the Soldier Settlement Board.

### A Veteran Who Refused a Tip

I KNOW of one case, where a splendid area of some 20,000 acres was bought low and quickly by the Soldier Settlement Board. The vendor passed the local farm inspector four $100 bills. "Just a tip," he said. "You put it through quick for me; and I needed the money. I would have had to pay a real estate broker at least $4,000. There is no reason why you shouldn't take it."

The farm inspector who was getting the princely salary of $1,500 or $1,800 a year—I forget which—passed it back.

"The Government pays me for my services," he said.

"That doesn't hinder me making you a present," said the vendor.

"No, but it hinders me taking double pay," responded the ex-service man.

"Well—I'll be blanked," said the amazed vendor.

"I would be if I did," answered the ex-service man. "If I did that to pass good land, why might I not demand ten times as much to pass bad land?"

"You don't think the Government is your meat?"

"No, only my bread and butter to carry on."

I could tell of four such different cases in one section; but it is idle to expect men of this calibre and ability can afford long to remain in a service that pays them less than a year's crop would net; and to handle the Soldier Settlement Board at long range from Ottawa through Civil Service red tape would impair the efficiency of the Board's local management beyond recognition. Maps don't show these things. Neither do formal letters costing $5 in postage for $2 worth of pencil sharpeners. When a corporation does a $100,000,000 business a year, it does not employ $125 men to handle the business. In the first flush of patriotism to get the thing going, that is all right. The staff of the Soldier Settlement Board are working in that spirit now; but if

*Continued on page 66*



1. The soldiers' wives are very fond of raising horses. 2. A soldier's wheat ranch at Grande Prairie—in the country where "they couldn't raise wheat" some experts said a few years ago. 3. An S.S.H. baby girl, whose daddy is already on Easy Street—in two years. 4. An old sod house, of the type in which settlers "batched" twenty years ago; contrast this with (5), which is a HOME, built by an English soldier settler and his bride in Grande Prairie; it is a model of aesthetic thrift; note the English flowers growing down the walk. 6. S.S.H. farm, Lulu Island, 12 miles from Vancouver, B.C. Value, $300 an acre; may easily be worth $1,000 an acre in fruit. The man last year plowed 20 acres, seeded it and harvested 2 tons of hay to the acre—all with a "flivver"—there's not a horse on the place.



# THE CROSS IN THE SKY

*By* R. T. M. SCOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

JACK TURNER, lieutenant in the——battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, stood at the cross-roads of the tiny Belgian village of La Clytte. Amid the roar of transport wagons, motorcycles and ambulances he stood to one side of the road, ankle deep in mud, and scratched his head. He could not make up his mind whether to snatch half an hour for a bite to eat or to push on immediately to his company in the trenches. The question was unexpectedly decided for him by a hearty shout from the door of a nearby estaminet. It was the chaplain's voice.

"Will you join the Church, Mr. Jack Turner, for some eggs and coffee?"

"That I will," replied Turner. "I would join the devil for half as much."

"There will be no devil outside the German lines if I can help it," retorted Captain Welton, smiling a welcome as Turner approached. "Come in and leave the devil to me."

Turner entered an dropped his muddy equipment upon the floor just as an enemy shell screamed overhead and burst in a field, not a hundred yards distant. Neither officer paid any attention to the explosion; it was too common an incident. After ordering the food and drink from the old housewife of the estaminet the chaplain drew up a chair and looked searchingly at his younger friend.

"Anything on in the front line to-night?" he asked.

"No," said Turner. "Things are pretty quiet. Why do you ask?"

"Well," said the chaplain, looking down thoughtfully, "I had intended spending to-night with you in the front line but the colonel didn't seem to want it; said I had better stay near the first field dressing station. It looks like a shove. Sure you have heard nothing?"

"Nothing," replied Turner emphatically. "You know we usually rehearse an attack behind the lines."

"Perhaps I am wrong," continued the chaplain, reaching for his haversack, "but I wish you would take a box of note paper to the boys in your platoon. Some of them may want to write home before it is dark to-night." He took a small and a large package from the haversack and handed them to Turner before adding: "Sometimes it is very, very dark when things are left unsaid."

"Hullo!" exclaimed Turner. "The little package is for me."

"Yes," explained the chaplain. "It's a registered package. The transport officer asked me to take it to you when he heard I was going up to the front line. Know the writing?"

"Mother's," was the brief reply and Captain Welton busied himself with a dirty faced urchin that had crawled in from the kitchen.

Inside the small package Jack Turner found a gold cross upon a fine chain. Turning the cross over he found his own name, rank and battalion. It was an identification disc—or so he thought. Slipping the chain around his neck he called to the chaplain.

"I wish mother wouldn't get morbid and send me such gruesome things."

THE chaplain looked up in surprise and then raised the cross tenderly in his hand while he examined it.

"It is beautiful," he said and tucked the golden emblem underneath the younger man's shirt. "You will wear it—" he hesitated—"for His sake?"

"I will wear it for *her* sake," replied Turner, a little sulkily.

"It is the same thing." The chaplain spoke very quietly. "A mother's love and Christ are not very far apart."

"Neither," came the quick response, "will stop the bullets between the trenches which, also, are not very far apart."

"Do not be too sure," returned the chaplain a little sadly. He looked curiously at Turner before he put a question. "Do you think for one moment that your little cross is an identification disc?"

"What is it," asked Turner, "if it is not a pretty tag for a dead body?"

"It is the greatest protection that a loyal soldier may carry!" exclaimed the chaplain, his eyes glowing with enthusiasm. Then, lowering his voice, he continued: "My boy, a mother's love sent you that cross and a mother's love guards you through that cross. Even if you can not believe her faith will throw about you some of the power of the cross you carry."

Jack Turner was not rude or boorish by nature. Probably it was over strain from months of front line work that caused him to burst into laughter.

"Chaplains get killed in battle," he retorted, "and they have the cross—two of them—sewed upon their uniforms. I prefer to keep my gun loaded and my gas-mask dry."

"Chaplains are human and our omelet has arrived," returned the chaplain. "Keep your powder dry by all means and fill your stomach when you get the chance."

The road to the trenches, which Turner travelled, led upward to the brow of a hill where was planted a sign-board. It did not read "Keep off the Grass" or "Trespassers will be Prosecuted" but "The Enemy can see you. Beat it! This Means You!!" Over the sunny, rolling landscape, before him, not a living thing could be seen; but the rumble of distant artillery was in the air and, to his practised ear, came the faint rattle of musketry. Near the horizon white gray and black puffs appeared and drifted slowly under the blue sky—bursting shells of friend and foe. Somewhere beneath the shells, unseen from the hill-top, two lines of fighting trenches ran in their zig-zag course from Switzerland to the sea. Turner threw back his shoulders, glanced disdainfully at the sign-board and continued his march. It was an old scene to him.

The road led gently down the hill and over low, flat ground toward the crumbling ruins of what had once been the tiny village of Neuve Eglise. Turner could see the toppled masonry before him and, as he looked, a shell burst, sending a tottering wall down into a cloud of dust. Still he kept on. A shell more or less, before or behind, was of little account. It was as easy to run into a shell as it was to run away from one—and quite as difficult. That is what Turner taught green officers and he lived up to his own sermons. It would appear as if his philosophy was sound as no more shells broke in the village he was approaching and a number commenced to fall upon the hill top with the sign-board which he had left behind.

IT WAS unfortunate that the main street of Neuve Eglise ran directly toward the front line trenches since it gave the enemy shrapnel a chance to sweep its entire length. The enemy could do this at any time but they could not see what they were shooting at on account of

Neither the woman nor the girl moved. As he looked Turner saw their lips moving in prayer. He saw peace and confidence on their upturned faces

large jute screens placed by the engineers from alternate sides of the road at close intervals. The screens were pierced by bullet and shrapnel but they destroyed the view of the enemy. With keen, professional eyes Turner noted the effect of the artillery fire upon the demolished village. He had the feeling of being alone in the deserted place and was startled when a voice—a woman's voice—called to him from the side of the road.

"Des cigarettes, m'sieu?"

In a broken down doorway, leading into the basement of a ruined house, stood an old peasant woman with brown, wizened face and scraggy, gray hair. She was bare-footed and her clothing was old and falling to pieces like the house above her head with its rickety walls and roofless, skeleton-like rafters. As she stood there a young girl came up the cellar steps bearing a cardboard box in which were a few packages of cheap cigarettes and a few bars of chocolate.

"Des cigarettes, m'sieu?" repeated the old woman while the girl held out her box of wares with the timorous shyness of youth.

"Why don't you get out of here? It's dangerous," said Turner, feeling in his pocket for silver.

"Where shall I go, m'sieu? This ees my home!"

"Where is your husband? Have you no sons?" asked Turner although he knew the answer.

"The war take all, m'sieu," replied the old woman. "I have only ma petite Marie left. The rest are with le bon Dieu."

Turner threw a couple of francs into the box, held by the little girl, and started to pick up a package of cigarettes. As he did so a faint whistling sound came to his ears, grew louder and ended in a stupendous crump! A hundred yards down the street a huge smudge of dust, bricks and mortar rose into the air where a howitzer shell had burst. Turner looked to see the effect of the explosion upon his two companions. There was none. They stood calmly waiting for him to make his selection of cigarettes.

Almost immediately the whistling sound returned and this time the air held an increased message, a promise of more terrible things. Turner's ears told him at once that several shells were in flight together. The old woman and the little girl also recognized the greater menace, for the girl hastily set down the cigarettes and the old woman looked up into the sky. Four concussions, almost as one, shook the ground of the entire village so that walls fell that had not even been touched and the sun became blotted out by dust and black and yellow fumes.

Turner, instinctively, started down the steps into the cellar but the old woman rushed by him dragging the little girl out into the street.

"La Croix! La Croix!" she screamed. "Vite! Vite!"

Turner paused in his descent of the steps. He knew that the cellar, barring a direct hit, was comparatively safe but he could not let a woman run frantically into the greatest danger with no other protection than the cry of "The Cross!" upon her lips. He followed. In the street, blinded by the clouds of dust, he could just see the flying forms ahead of him. Fifty yards from the cellar there was a little square in the very heart of the village, where once had been a church. When Turner reached the square he found the peasant woman and the little girl kneeling before a post, which had once held a gate. From the upper hook, which had held the gate, was suspended a small crucifix.

"Come along!" exclaimed Turner. "Let's get out to the fields where it's safer."

NEITHER the woman nor the girl moved. As he looked Turner saw their lips moving in prayer, but he saw more than this. He saw peace and confidence upon the upturned faces. It was as if two children had struggled into their mother's arms—secure against all danger.

It was perhaps the most exposed place in all the village but, strangely enough, Turner could not bring himself to drag those two helpless creatures out into the fields where reason told him they would be safer. Neither could he go away and leave them. So he stood there while more whinings from the great, wobbling, howitzer shells brought their warnings of impending disaster. Explosion after explosion occurred in various parts of the village. The enemy were making sure that no observers were perched upon any of the crumbling ruins of Neuve Eglise. A great, jagged piece of metal screamed by Turner's head and penetrated a wall not a dozen yards from his side.

"Come quick, m'sieu! La Croix! La Croix!"

A little hand tugged at Turner's sleeve. In the confusion he had not noticed the girl leave her kneeling position before the crucifix. She was urging him to come to her shelter. Turner experienced a curious feeling that it would be better for the girl to get back to her cross as soon as possible—and the quickest way to get her there was to go with her. So he went and the same little hand tugged him down upon his knees. Almost as Turner's knees touched the ground a shell fell behind him, penetrated the ground and burst, digging a crater that reached within a few inches of his feet. The detonation was tremendous and the impact from the air threw the three figures flat upon the ground. The force of the explosion, since the shell had penetrated before bursting, had been upwards in a widening cone; only so could it have failed utterly to destroy the kneeling trio.

Deafened and covered with earth the three raised themselves again to their knees. Turner could see that the top of the gate-post had been blown away by some flying fragment but, from the rusty, iron hook, still dangled the crucifix.

It was over as abruptly as it had commenced and the three stood up and brushed the dirt from their clothes. Almost at once the woman and the girl knelt again in prayer before the crucifix. For a few minutes Turner stood silently watching them. Something antagonistic rose within him and, with an impatient shrug, he turned and continued his way through the wrecked village. As he passed the cellar where he had purchased the cigarettes he noticed that one of the ponderous shells had pierced the place. There was no roof left—nothing but a hole in the ground. Again there was an impatient shrug of the shoulders; yet Turner was puzzled at the very irritation within him.

Through the long, winding communication-trench, which led up to the front line, Turner trudged his way. There was but little trench matting and often he was more than ankle deep in mud. Rifle bullets, from long distance fire, began to buzz and sing like angry bees above his head. As he approached his journey's end the buzzing and singing became shorter and sharper and changed to the whip-like crack of the intimate shot which passes from trench to trench. Turner recognized the normal sounds of ordinary trench warfare without any indication of a forward movement from either side. Dusk grew and darkness fell as he emerged from his tortuous lane and found, confronting him, the familiar outlines of the parapet beyond which lay seventy yards of disputed ground and the enemy.

SHORTLY after the period of "stand to," about an hour at sunset, a handful of officers gathered in the company commander's dugout for a hasty supper and smoke before settling down for routine night work. A sergeant pulled aside the rubber sheet which hung over the doorway.

"Just returning from leave, sir," he reported. "I met the chaplain at La Clytte and he asked me to bring down a bundle of lead pencils. He said that he forgot to give them to Mr. Turner and he would be much obliged if you would advise all the men to write home to-night."

"The Church has a case of nerves," laughed a young officer. "Thinks we are in for a show to-night."

There was a slight titter which died away at a frown from the company commander and Turner rose suddenly, his eyes staring at something which the sergeant held in his hand.

"Where did you get that?" he exclaimed.

"Picked it up in Neuve Eglise, sir," answered the sergeant. "Place was all blown to—and I found this little cross hanging on the stump of a gate-post."

To the surprise of his brother officers, Turner stretched out his hand for the cross.

"I would consider it a very great favor, sergeant, if you would give me that cross," he said somewhat constrainedly.

"Glad to let you have it, sir," replied the sergeant and it was easy to see by his smile that Turner was a favorite with the rank and file.

Scarcely had the sergeant withdrawn when a cheery voice came from the darkness without.

"Which way to the War Office?"

The next minute Captain Welton, chaplain of the Nth battalion, lurched out of the muddy trench and into the candle-lighted dugout.

"I have no business to be here," he said, "but I came down to Neuve Eglise to see if that obstinate, old peasant woman survived the afternoon shelling; and, being so near, I just dropped in without anybody's leave."

Everybody loved the chaplain, except on church parade, and a shout of welcome received him. Pulling out his pipe he filled it from the pouch of the young officer who had suggested that the Church had a case of nerves. Conversation turned to the attitude of the enemy and the possibility of a forward move by either side. Several times the chaplain glanced at the cross which Turner still held in his hand but he said nothing and, in the end, Turner himself brought up the subject.

"You were saying something about an old woman in the shelled village," suggested the company commander.

"Couldn't find a trace of her to-night," returned the chaplain. "She has insisted on sticking to her old home ever since the place was first wrecked. After this afternoon's bombardment I thought that something drastic had better be done to get her out but I couldn't find her. If she hasn't fled, she is probably buried under the ruins."

"She wasn't killed during the bombardment," interrupted Turner. "I was with her through it all."

"Do you mean to say that you were in this afternoon's mess at Neuve Eglise?" asked the company commander. "You didn't stay through the whole thing, did you?"

"I got caught in it, sir," went on Turner, "and you know my theory; you can't run away from a shell any more than you can run away from lightning. Besides, the old woman and her little girl wouldn't move."

THE chaplain gave a slight start and looked very keenly at Turner.

"Was the little girl—back again?" he asked.

"Yes," said Turner. "As a matter of fact the girl saved my life by pulling me out of the way of a shell that burst only a few seconds later. The woman and the girl were both kneeling before an old gate-post upon which hung this crucifix during the worst of the shelling."

"Are you sure," asked the chaplain, "that it was the little girl and not the old woman who pulled you down out of the way of the shell?"

"Positive," replied Turner. "Would you mind, sir,"—turning to his company commander—"if I took a couple of hours off to take back the cross? Everything seems very quiet."

"I think," said the old company commander very slowly, "that the chaplain had better take the cross and do—anything that is—necessary."



"Why do you run away?" asked Turner. "I am afraid of your friend the padre," replied the child. "He thinks I'm dead."

"Come, my boy,"—the chaplain knocked out his pipe and rose—"let us distribute the writing material together. There are some stars to be seen and the heavens have a message for such problems as these."

Nobody spoke and the two passed out into the night together, Turner still carrying the little wooden cross. The night was clear except for a low bank of clouds close to the northern horizon. Only an occasional bullet cracked over their heads as the two proceeded along the trench. It was a very quiet night. Turner stopped to speak to the sentries in the different bays as he passed along while the chaplain shoved his head into dugouts and handed out paper and pencils.

"Outgoing mail closes at nine sharp, boys," called the chaplain as he left each dugout. "Don't forget to write home. I'll be back at nine for your letters."

"Anything to report?" Turner continued to ask the night sentries as he rounded each traverse and entered a new bay.

"All quiet, sir," was the reply until, about half way down the company frontage, Turner received a most unusual report.

"Well, sir," replied the sentry when questioned, "the Hun has a new signal in the sky unless it's one of ours."

"What do you mean?" asked Turner, looking in vain for any unusual light coming from the enemy.

"There it is, sir," said the sentry, pointing up into the sky somewhat to the rear. "I was just going to call the sergeant when I heard you talking in the next bay."

Turner saw a huge cross, light yellow in color and extending over about one quarter of the southern portion of the sky. The two lines of light, forming the cross, were not exactly straight lines. This slight crookedness convinced Turner that the huge cross was not formed by the crossing of two searchlights. As he looked a sergeant came along, searching for the officer on duty. He said that his attention had been called to the cross by other sentries and that he thought he ought to report it to an officer.

"What do you think of it?" Turner asked.

"I don't know, sir," replied the sergeant, "but the men all think it's some new devilment of the enemy."

"Captain Welton," asked Turner as the chaplain joined them, "can you explain that?"

UNCONSCIOUSLY Turner had pointed up into the sky with the hand which held the little wooden cross. The chaplain looked first at the small cross and then at the great one in the sky. He seemed a little dazed and sat down upon the fire-step and buried his head in his hands.

"Do the men all see it?" he asked.

"Of course," replied Turner. "We all see it. What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well?"

"I feel so tired," went on the chaplain. "O, I wish I could do something but—I don't know what to do."

Turner shrugged his shoulders impatiently and turned to the sergeant.

"I will report this thing to the company commander," he said, "but I don't think it's anything to worry about. No doubt it's just a trick of nature."

Turner took the chaplain by the arm and walked him out of earshot of the men who had gathered about.

"You are all in," he said, "and must have a rest."

"I know I am tired," the chaplain admitted, "but there is something more than that. I feel a sense of impending calamity but I am so sleepy that I can't think properly." He looked up at the yellow cross in the sky. "Thy will be done," he said.

A man brushed by them in the gloom and then stopped.

"Message for you, Mr. Turner."

Turner took the bit of paper and bent down into a corner of the trench to read the pencilled words by the light of his trench-torch.

"You are detailed," he read, "to report at once for special duty at brigade headquarters." It was initialled by the company commander and underneath was an added line: "Try to take the chaplain with you; he is out of his element here."

Turner glanced at his wrist-watch. It was nine o'clock.

"I am ordered back to brigade headquarters," he said. "I wish you would walk back with me, Captain Welton. It's a lonely walk."

The chaplain, who had been staring up into the sky, turned without a word and they walked back toward the company commander's dugout. The night was exceptionally still. Even the monotonous rumble of distant guns had lulled and not a rifle shot occurred along their immediate front. Sentries stood motionless in their bays and no conversation issued from the dugouts as they passed. Only once more did the chaplain speak to Turner while they were in the trench.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Just nine," replied Turner and wondered if Captain Welton would remember what he had said about collecting the mail at that hour.

The chaplain, however, walked along as if in a dream and Turner did not remind him of the letters. He thought that they could go out in the morning just as well. To collect them now would cause an unnecessary delay. Both he and the chaplain were very tired and they had a long walk ahead of them.

At the dugout of the company commander, Turner swept aside the rubber sheet and the two stepped in. The officers were sitting quietly, much as they had been doing when Turner and the chaplain had left to distribute the writing material. The company commander looked up



The chaplain looked first at the small cross, then at the great one in the sky.

and, strangely enough, addressed only the chaplain.

"Tell them at headquarters, Captain Welton," he said very quietly, "that we saw the cross in the sky and that everything is quiet now."

The chaplain seemed to take the message as an order and turned at once to leave. Turner followed without speaking. He felt that, for some reason or other, the company commander wished to get rid of the chaplain diplomatically and, so long as the chaplain was willing to go, it was better to say nothing.

DURING the walk through the long communication trench, the chaplain seemed to recover himself somewhat. He began to talk and, much to Turner's relief, to appear more natural. Several times he mentioned the old woman in the village of Neuve Eglise which they were approaching and, at these times, he shot odd questions at Turner regarding the little girl whom Turner had seen with the old woman. Once he took the little wooden cross from Turner and examined it carefully by means of his flash-light.

"We will hang it on the gate-post as we pass through," he said, handing it back.

The night was very quiet when they at last reached the wrecked village of Neuve Eglise and commenced winding their way between the jute screens which jutted alternately from the sides of the main street. There was just enough moonlight to give the ruins a ghostly semblance of unreality. Turner could not remember so still a night in war-trembling Belgium. At the little square, where the church had once stood so peacefully through the years, the chaplain laid his hand upon his companion's shoulder.

"Do you see anything—anybody?" he asked quietly.

Turner shook his head.

"It was there," he said. "That shadow is the post. I see nothing moving."

The two moved forward and circled a great shell crater.

"That was the shell that nearly did for me," commented Turner.

On the opposite side of the crater they were very near the old gate-post. They could see it now, even the iron hook. A dark shadow lay at the base of the post. Turner threw a shaft of light from his electric torch upon the ground and bent forward with a sudden exclamation.

Stretched upon the ground, face downward, lay the old peasant woman of the village. At the very base of the post she lay, her arms circling it—outstretched in the mud beyond her head. Her gray, scraggy hair waved a little in a current of air. All else was still and suddenly cold, it seemed, to the two men—as cold as her forehead where Turner placed his hand—and empty as the iron hook.

Slowly Turner hung the cross upon the post but the chaplain took it down and laid it against the cold face upon the ground.

"The work of the earthly cross is finished," he said.

"But the little girl?" returned Turner with a strange irritation at the words of his companion. "The work of the cross may be done but our work is not finished until we find the little girl and get her out of here."

"Are you sure that you can not see her?" asked the chaplain.

"Certainly," replied Turner very curtly.

The chaplain walked away into the darkness.

"She is here, asleep," he called.

Turner stumbled forward through the shadows and found his friend kneeling beside a little wooden cross upon which the light from his trench torch revealed the one word: "Marie."

"I buried her here," the chaplain said, "one month ago. The old woman would never believe that her granddaughter was dead and insisted that she saw little Marie every day and talked to her. I thought she had lost her mind until you, too, saw Marie."

"You mean," questioned Turner in amazement, "that there was no Marie when I passed through this village to-day?"

"You know what you saw," returned the chaplain very quietly, "and I know the child who lies in this grave. There was only one Marie."

TURNER peered uneasily into the shadows but, before he could reply, a distant rumbling came to him through the still night. As he listened it grew louder and louder until the first of a string of motor-buses burst into the village. Bus after bus careened dangerously along the village street, all but carrying away some of the screens in their mad rush. They were crammed with men.

"Emergency reinforcements for the front line!" exclaimed Turner. "I can not understand it on such a quiet night."

As the last bus roared into view Turner saw a frail, little figure flit out into the street and then hesitate as if terror stricken directly in front of the on-coming monster. With a bound he sprang into the street and missed the bus by a foot as he swept the slight figure into safety upon the other side. She seemed to weigh very nearly nothing as he set her down. He had not believed that the Marie, who sold him cigarettes that afternoon, could weigh so little. Yet it was she; he had known it when her little gray shape had first hesitated in the dim light before the swaying bus.

A cry rang out—perhaps from the chaplain—and, as Turner glanced back, the child darted up the road in the direction from which the buses had come. It was scarcely a second before he was after her. He could see the flying shadow before him and then, in a bit of heavy shadow, it disappeared. He raced on to the end of the village and slowed down to a walk. In the road ahead of him, leading into the country, he again thought he saw the fugitive figure standing beside a clump of bushes. He walked slowly forward and, when he reached the bushes, the little girl came out and put her hand confidently into his.

"Why do you run away?" asked Turner.

"I am afraid of your friend, the padre," returned the child, speaking English with surprising clearness.

"But why?" asked Turner. "He would not hurt you?"

"Because he thinks I'm dead," asserted the girl. She added vehemently: "You don't think I'm dead?"

"Of course not," replied Turner soothingly. "How could you be?"

She did not answer and the two walked on down the road hand in hand. It was not so far to brigade headquarters. As they drew near to the cross-roads of La Clytte, Turner's curiosity got the better of him.

"What were you doing when I found you to-night?" he asked.

*Continued on page 67*

# SOLONS OF THE EIGHTIES

*By* COLONEL GEORGE H. HAM

POLITICS in Canada wax warm when the general elections are on, but the average man is fairly sane the rest of the time. At Ottawa, however, especially during the sessions of Parliament, the air fairly seethes with party argumentation. There, of course, the raw material for the next campaign is always being made. The two hundred and thirty-five members of the House with the ninety-six Senators, and the army of officials, together with the correspondents in the Press Gallery, are busy in the manufacture of issues for the people to quarrel about later on. But while the work proceeds there are other things to sweeten life. The five o'clocks, the dances and dinners, the bridge parties and the generous hospitality of Rideau Hall combine to form an agreeable diversion from the serious business of Parliament.

It so happened that I was sent down from Winnipeg to the Press Gallery in 1886 and for several following years, and as a consequence I mixed a great deal in politics and with politicians, without acquiring bad habits. It is not my purpose to use this experience as a pretext for writing a history of Canada, or for commenting upon political questions. All I want to do is to speak of some happenings that interested me and of some of the great men and personal friends with whom I came in contact. One could not, of course, look down upon Parliament at that time without recognizing the leadership of Sir John Macdonald and Edward Blake, who were then the great combatants. The two statesmen contrasted strangely with one another. Mr. Blake, at the opening of Parliament in a slouch hat and a tweed suit that did not seem to be a very good fit, was the very opposite of Sir John, who came in attired in his Windsor uniform.

The Conservatives had a life-sized portrait of Sir John wearing this uniform painted for their retiring room. The chieftain was fairly gorgeous in gold braid, and the cocked hat he held in his hand was suggestive of a Lord High Admiral. One day Clarke Wallace was admiring it when in came Sir John. "Well, Clarke, how do you like it?" enquired the chieftain.

"It's all right," responded Clarke, "but don't you think you look sort of stiff in it?"

"Do you know," said Sir John, "the first time I wore that was when the Prince of Wales came to the country. They told us from Downing street that all the Ministers would have to get into uniform and we did. The morning we assembled, all decked up to receive the Prince, we looked a set of guys."

"Vankoughnet was there" (Mr. Vankoughnet was one of the pre-Confederation ministers) "and I said to him: 'Van, you don't look well in a cocked hat; a cocktail would suit us all better.'"

The cocktail, I understand, was a species of beverage obtainable at that time, and much in demand by epicures.



Lady Foster, from a photograph taken in England, before she came to Canada as Sir George's bride.

### The Tragic Exit of Blake

EDWARD BLAKE was a commanding figure, and a great master of detail. But he did not pull with his entire party. Somethought he was not a good enough mixer, and Sir Richard Cartwright, who ought to have been his right-hand man, was never one of his admirers. In a short time Mr. Blake resigned the leadership. His departure was really tragic. After so many years of labor it was universally thought to be a pity in view of what he had done to pull the party together that he should pass out of Canadian public life altogether. Alexander Mackenzie, who sat near him, was another tragedy. Mr. Mackenzie had led the House. He had indeed been the leading man of the country. His voice echoed through Parliament, as in his hey-day he discussed public matters. Now he was weak in voice and in body, and his comings and his goings were really pathetic. He had sacrificed himself to the public service.

There were other tragedies. The party pot was boiling all the time, and efforts were made to submerge public men in a torrent of scandal. When a Government is old in office the opportunities for this style of warfare are multiplied. The popular form of scandal at that time consisted of the charge that the member had profited through the transactions in public lands. Charlie Rykert, member for Lincoln, who was a fighter from the word "go," was the leading figure in one of these. Charlie kept a scrap-book, and, with its aid, was able to prove his leading opponents guilty of inconsistency on almost any question that might be under discussion. In Parliament he irritated the Opposition beyond measure and, as a consequence, was thoroughly hated by that section of the House. It was, therefore, with considerable relish that Sir Richard Cartwright made charges against him in the session of 1890. The accusation was that in 1882 or thereabouts, he and another party secured from the Government for a nominal sum a timber limit in the Cypress Hills which was sold by them to an operator at a profit of $150,000, Charlie getting half of the proceeds.



Sir George E. Foster, in his Windsor uniform, at opening of Parliament a few years ago.

As a matter of fact the transaction was fully in accordance with the law as it stood, and no such profit as that reported was made. Indeed, it is to be doubted that Charlie got enough to pay him for his trouble. However, the charge was pressed and it ended Mr. Rykert's political career, for he resigned his seat before the session closed. While it was being debated in the House, Charlie sat silent and alone in his room, into which I happened to stray. He was particularly downcast and worried, for Sir John Thompson, the then Minister of Justice, and some other members of the party were assailing him. He asked me to keep him posted as to what they were saying, and for some time I would run into the gallery, listen briefly to the debate, and then report progress to him. I shall never forget his agonized look as he cried, "And he" (referring to some unfriendly "friend") "he got his share of the campaign funds and wanted more."

Whatever his faults may have been, he was a hard worker in the political field, doing yeoman service, and the gratitude he looked for was wanting when he needed it.

Another tragedy was that of Thomas McGreevy and Mike and Nick Connolly. In this Sir Hector Langevin was mixed up. The Connolly Brothers were contractors for the Quebec harbor works and the graving dock at Esquimalt. Israel Tarte brought against them the accusation that they had overcharged, and had contributed to the Quebec election funds, by way of Thomas McGreevy, and with the consent of Sir Hector. This *cause celebre* drove Sir Hector out of the Cabinet, and Tom McGreevy out of Parliament, while it sent the Connolly Brothers to jail. Of those who may have benefited not one came to the assistance of the accused men. Nobody turned a finger in their behalf in their time of trouble. Mike and Nick Connolly went to jail rather than turn Queen's evidence.

The way in which politicians may be misunderstood and suffer in consequence is illustrated in the case of James Beaty, member for West Toronto at this time. He was solicitor for men who were interested in a Western branch railway line. In a letter written by him, he was alleged to have said that some proposition that was made was not acceptable because "there is nothing in it for the boy." The charges were rung in on this. Mr. Beaty was pursued under the nick-name of "the boy," and it was inferred that "the boy" was looking for something for himself to which he was not entitled. His explanation, as he gave it to me, was that his written words were "There is nothing in it for the Co'y." It was of the company that he was speaking, and not of himself.

A lot more could be told of members being ostracised for exhibiting independence, on either side of the House, or of members who have labored for their party being deserted in the time of stress.

### A Wit-Provoking Stairway

BUT, *cui bono?* Let's to more pleasant incidents. After the great disallowance debate over that part of the C.P.R. contract which prevented United States railways from entering the Northwest to tap the business, Sir John A. Macdonald met W. B. Scarth, M.P. for Winnipeg, with myself and several others, at the head of the stairs leading to the restaurant.

After a cheery salutation, Sir John remarked, "Well, boys, don't you think we have had enough of disallowance? Let's go down and take our allowance." And we went. The stairway to the restaurant seems to have been provocative of wit, for it is said that on this very spot Sir John once met Bob Watson, as strong a party man of the Liberal type as you could find, and asked him what was going on in the House. "Why," said Bob, "Cartwright is pitching into Foster on the tariff."

"Too bad, too bad that they should be so partisan up there," said Sir John. "I tell you, Bob, if they were all as independent as you and I are, this country would soon get some blankety fine legislation."

Speaking of Sir John, I remember years ago when he came from North Ontario to Whitby during a campaign, he regaled himself, as was the custom of those days, with a drink at the bar of Jake Bryan's hotel. The crowd naturally joined in the "refresher," and as Sir John—(he was then only John A.)—lifted his glass, a friend drew his attention to the fact that there was a fly in his grog.

"That's all right," he quickly replied. "It's meat as well as drink, and I'm hungry."

That caught the crowd and the remark spread far and wide. The Tory majority in Whitby was never so large as it was in that election.

Sir Charles Tupper was really the fighting man of the Conservative party in those days, and dearly loved a scrap. His command of the English language was complete, and his declamation was powerful. A good field day by Sir Charles in the House gave you something to see and hear. He was outspoken even to friends. When some Portage la Prairie supporters, who were dissatisfied with something or other he had done, wired him from Manitoba that they could not see their way to support him in this particular measure, they received a curt message in reply which read: "You had better vote Grit."

The Portage people went home, but did not vote that way at the next election.



Sir Wilfrid Laurier, an unique "snap," taken during his last political tour.

During the campaign of 1900, when Sir Charles had come over to rehabilitate the disorganized Conservative party, I happened to be on the C.P.R. train which was taking him to Nova Scotia. Visiting his private car, I found him resting in bed. I remarked in course of conversation, "I suppose you are going back to Cape Breton." He was a candidate there.

"No, no," he said. "I am going to Western Nova Scotia to help our friends there." And then he told me he could be elected by acclamation in Cape Breton if he would consent to let Alex Johnston, recently Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and a strong Liberal, be his fellow member. This was offered him by those who controlled the political situation on the other side.

"But," said Sir Charles, "I absolutely refused the offer and told them it would be either two Conservatives or two Liberals; besides, as leader of my party, I could not show such an example to my loyal followers. We must sink or swim together. If we win and I should lose in Cape Breton, another seat can easily be found for me; if we are beaten, there are others to take up the fight." The old Cumberland war-horse was game to the last.

Sir Hibbert Tupper, his son, was also a fighter of the first rank, but when the Bowell Government was disrupted he was among the first to return when peace was declared and announced his entry into the Council Chamber with, "The cat's come back!" which was a slang phrase of those days.



Sir William Mulock, postmaster-general in Laurier Cabinet.

Sir John's most trusted lieutenant for years was Hon. John Henry Pope, of Compton, father of Senator Rufus Pope. "John Henry," as he was familiarly called, had all the shrewdness and foresight of the statesman, and materially assisted in directing the policy of the party. He was not a polished or verbose speaker, but when he spoke the few words he uttered always meant something. Once when fiercely attacked by Sir Richard Cartwright in the House, he made the shortest but most effective speech ever delivered in the Green Chamber. When Sir Richard had taken his seat amidst the loud applause of his followers Mr. Pope slowly rose and quaintly said: "Mr. Speaker, there aint nothin' to it."

The House cheered wildly, and Sir Richard warmly joined in the expressions of admiration. That ended the discussion.

I recall that Bob White, one of the active members of the Parliamentary press gallery and one time member for Cardwell, got off a joke at Mr. Pope's expense about this time. In those days tolls were charged on the St. Lawrence Canal system. A strong deputation came down from the Niagara peninsula in the month of October to ask that the Welland canal tolls be lifted for the balance of the season, but "John Henry" was obdurate. There was to be no change in the Government's policy so far as he was concerned. Mr. White was present when the deputation was presenting its case and when they went away after receiving the Minister's answer, Bob, sitting in his place in the press gallery, sent a note to the Minister of Railways and Canals to the following effect:—

> "In connection with the Welland Canal deputation how would it do to remove the tolls from December to April?" (when the canal is closed.)

The old man missed the point of the joke and solemnly wrote back to Bob:—

> "I see no reason to change the view which I expressed to the deputation."

### Laurier's Magnetic Presence

SIR WILFRID, then Mr. Laurier, in his early fifties was one of the outstanding figures of the House. His commanding presence whether in Parliament or in the lobbies, or on the streets of Ottawa, irresistibly attracted the stranger. I well remember his great speech in the Riel Debate of 1886. While I did not agree with Mr. Laurier's views, yet on re-reading that speech I am bound to say that I agree with what a distinguished publicist has stated; that this address was one of the most brilliant ever delivered in Canada's legislative halls. As an example of pure eloquence it cannot be excelled.

I could recall many interesting episodes about Sir Wilfrid but shall only mention one. The youngster of the Parliamentary Press Gallery in my day was chief "push" in the St. George's Society of Ottawa. It was approaching St. George's day, April 23rd, and the local society was giving a concert in the old Grand Opera House, in aid of the charitable fund of the organization. The tickets had not been going very fast and financial success or failure of the concert depended upon Parliament. If the House could be induced to adjourn at six o'clock, many members of Parliament, having nothing else to do, would attend the concert. My young newspaper friend waylaid Sir John Macdonald just before the House met in the afternoon and asked him if it could not be arranged to adjourn at six o'clock. "What for?" queried the old man.

"Well, we are holding a concert to-night in aid of the charitable fund of the St. George's Society and its success depends upon the House adjourning."

"Oh," said John A., "If that's it, you had better go and fix it with Laurier; if he's willing I am."

So enlisting the services of Fred Jones, who was one of the chief Liberal newspaper men, the two went off to see Mr. Laurier. "What," said the Opposition leader, when the modest request had been preferred to him, "stop the wheels of legislation for a concert?"

"Ah, but for sweet charity's sake, Mr. Laurier."

"Well, if you put it that way, I will see what I can do."

A note was sent to Sir John in his place in the House, stating that Mr. Laurier did not object to the adjournment providing the subject under discussion had ended before six o'clock. When at a quarter to six the debate closed, Sir John rose, and looking over at his friend, Mr. Laurier, said, "This is St. George's day and if my honorable friend does not object I move that the House do now adjourn." There was no objection, the House rose and the St. George's concert was a financial success. Looking back through the vista of years I recall that I could not help thinking that my young confrére had his nerve about him, and would get on. Fifteen years later he was chief magistrate of the capital of Canada.

There have been two Thomas Whites in the House, and both of them distinguished members. It is not of the later meteoric Sir Thomas White, who did such great work in finance during the war that I am writing, but Hon. Thomas White, of the Montreal *Gazette*, who represented, as later did his son, Robert S., the Ontario constituency of Cardwell, now merged into Dufferin. In 1885, he entered Sir John Macdonald's Cabinet as Minister of the Interior, and his excellent administration of the affairs of that department brought him many friends among staunch Liberals. He was frank and outspoken in his words, and while he displeased many westerners by openly telling them that they were spoon-fed, his honest and courageous course in dealing with intricate western matters won their admiration. He was a pleasing and convincing speaker and had always a full grasp of his subject. When he passed away, Canada lost a great statesman.

It was in July, 1886, that he visited the Pacific Coast, and one day in Vancouver he accosted me with, "Oh, George, I am going over to Port Moody (then the western terminus of the C.P.R.) to meet the mayor and citizens. Come along." When we reached Port Moody there was a goodly-sized crowd who enthusiastically welcomed Mr. White. Mayor Scott, togged out in his Sunday best, proceeded to read the usual address, and when he had finished reading it, he turned to Mr. White and remarked, "Mr. White, you will excuse this short but brief address."

Of course a lot of us couldn't help but snicker, but Mr. White with a suppressed smile on his beaming countenance never blinked an eye-lash, and made a happy reply, which was received with such loud applause that he had time to laugh all by himself.

Another veteran was Sir Mackenzie Bowell, that grand old man whom everybody liked. He entered the House in 1867 and continuously sat for Hastings until he was elevated to the Senate, became Premier, and was in harness until called away by death at a ripe old age. He was genial and kindly and had a host of friends, amongst whom he counted many Roman Catholics, although at one time he was Grand Master of the Orange Lodge of Canada.

Sir Mackenzie was publisher of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, now successfully carried on by his son, Charlie. In the early '90's, he took a trip over the Intercolonial in a private car and I happened to meet him at Truro, N.S. He complained of the lack of newspapers and I asked him if he would like a copy of the *Intelligencer* of the previous day's date. He expressed his great delight at the possibility of getting a real live newspaper, and with due gravity, I handed out a copy of the "yesterday" *Intelligencer*—only it had been printed twenty odd years before. I had found it amongst some old papers that had been sent me, but Sir Mackenzie read it with great interest.

John McMillan, who represented South Huron for many years, was born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. Although he came to Canada as a lad the Doric was always on his tongue, possibly due to the fact that he had settled in the essentially Scotch section of Ontario. He was a first-class farmer and stock raiser and attained affluence through his activity in the export cattle industry, of which he was one of the pioneers. Pressure of Parliamentary duties, and stalwart sons grown to manhood induced him to pass over the export cattle trade to the latter, with the result that John did not make as frequent trips across the Atlantic as in the earlier days of the industry. After a lapse of 15 years Mr. McMillan made what proved to be his last journey to the Old Land and told the story of his visit to Dumfriesshire to Mrs. Sedgwick, wife of Mr. Justice Sedgwick, the following session. This was the only social call he made during the Parliamentary term. In Mrs. Sedgwick he found a lady who sympathized with Scotland, which meant everything to John. In her genial way, over a cup of tea one afternoon, she asked Mr. McMillan if he had found many changes in the Old Land on his recent visit. "Aye," he answered, "I foond that mony of my auld freends had passed awa'."



Adam Brown, a prominent political figure nearly half a century ago; one of the fathers of the N.P. He is now 94, and has within the past few months retired from postmaster of Hamilton.

"And those whom you met and told them about Canada, what astonished them most?"

"Aweel, Mistress Sedgwick, I am boond to say,

that they were vera mooch surpreezed at my Amurican occent."

After John McMillan passed out of Parliament the recollection of his genial presence and kindly nature lingered long with those who knew him.

As some dyed-in-the-wool Grits liked some double-dyed Tories, on the other hand there were Opposition members who were liked personally by their opponents. James Trow, of South Perth, was one of them. He could have had a portfolio in Sir John's Cabinet had he wished, and had there been room. While he was a staunch Liberal he was moderate in his views, and personally very agreeable. My old friend, Jim Trow, was one whom to know was to honor and respect for his many kind qualities of head and heart. Mr. Trow was a frequent visitor to the Northwest in the early days, and he was the champion of that country on the Liberal side when Eastern men were cold and critical. The Opposition in Parliament at that time was wonderfully well supplied with "Jims" of whom Mr. Trow was one. In addition to Jim Trow, it could boast Jim Somerville, Jim Rowand, Jim McMullen, Jim Lister, Jim O'Brien, Jim Armstrong, Jim Edgar, Jim Livingston, Jim Innes, Jim Platt, Jim Yeo, and Jim Sutherland.

There was no better liked man in the House than the last of the "Jims" I have mentioned—Jim Sutherland, of Woodstock, Ontario, the chief Liberal whip and afterwards Minister of Public Works in the Laurier administration. He was a Grit, first, last and all the time. But he had lots of friends among the Tories, and I was one of them. To show his kindness to me, he one day led me into his private office and told me he wanted to enrich my library with one of the greatest volumes that had ever been printed. Thereupon he ostentatiously presented me with that beautiful little red covered book which contained the Liberal platform of 1893, with a full and presumably accurate account of the proceedings of the Liberal Convention of that year. Gratitude was fully expressed by me and I treasured the valued volume. Later on Ned Clarke, the member for West Toronto, and ex-Mayor of the city, came to me and begged me to give it to him. Imagining I could replace it I mailed it to him. Several months afterwards I met Jim and told him Ned Clarke had swiped my precious present and asked for another copy. By this time, as many will remember, the platform had been pretty well shot to pieces. Jim expressed his deep regret at my loss of the pamphlet, and told me that the party had had a family gathering a few nights previously and had celebrated the event with a bonfire for which the red covered books furnished the fuel. It is impossible to beg, borrow or steal a copy of this famous work that the unregenerate Tories declared rare fiction, and that is why my library is not complete today. When the Liberal Committee met in Ottawa in 1919 to make arrangements for their convention the only copy available was one borrowed from a former Conservative newspaperman.



Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who entered the House of Commons in 1867, and died only three or four years ago.

WHILE in the House members on both sides were, as a rule, kindly disposed toward their opponents, the same conditions were not general in the Senate.

Among the Senators was George Alexander from Western Ontario, an old Conservative who left the party for some real or fancied grievance. He had a special antipathy to Sir David Macpherson, who was at one time Speaker of the Senate and at another a member of the Macdonald Cabinet. In the corridors of the Senate Chamber were oil portraits of past Speakers, some living, some no more, and all of a uniform cabinet size. When Sir David Macpherson's portrait was added to the collection it was a full length picture and about twice the size of the others. Senator Alexander, who everlastingly took me for T. P. Gorman, the *Globe* correspondent, and was always giving me pointers which the *Globe* did not print, and then giving Gorman fits because they were not printed by the *Globe*, pointed out to me one day the traits and peculiarities of the statesmen who had been reproduced in oil. All went well until we reached the outstanding full length portrait of Sir David. "That, that," he muttered in tones of disgust, "that—why you could cut that picture in two and it wouldn't make the slightest difference which half you took away." And the irate old gentleman snorted vindictively and went off as mad as a wet hen.

Among the leading men in the House was Sir George Kirkpatrick, an ideal Speaker of the Commons. He was the son-in-law of Sir David Macpherson, the *bete noir* of Senator Alexander. In one of the earlier sessions Sir George presided over the Commons while his father-in-law-to-be was Speaker of the Senate.

A conspicuous figure was the energetic and much-loved member from Hamilton, Adam Brown. Mr. Brown had been prominent in public affairs before entering Parliament and was one of the many fathers of the N.P. The members of the Press Gallery had no better friend. Mr. Brown is one of the few survivors of that Parliamentary period, and was actively serving as postmaster of Hamilton until recently, when he retired. Born in 1826, he is now 94, and his friends are wishing him many more happy years.



Sir John Macdonald, from an historic photograph.

Dr. George Landerkin, of Grey, was one of the wits of the House. He had many bouts with Nicholas Flood Davin, but Davin was the more expert in the use of language. He was also quick at repartee; as for example, when Jim McMullen, irritated by some of his remarks, interrupted him to say that he had rooms to let in his upper storey, he quietly replied, "So have you; but mine are furnished." Jim McMullen, a very hard working member, was known as the "Tall Sycamore from Mount Forest." His specialty was the scrutiny of the minor expenditures. His enemies used to say that his visits to Rideau Hall were improved by a stocktaking of the spoons with a view to discovering whether or not there was extravagance in viceregal circles. But this was an unkind reflection upon his public services which were useful in that they helped to keep expenditures down. A member with whom he often came into conflict was Samuel R. Hesson, from Perth. Mr. Hesson was very much in earnest as a public man—not a bad fault—and was so demonstrative that he could not refrain during the heated party debates from expressing his disapproval with the aid of the lid of his desk, or his approval by loud shouts of approval. If more members took an intense interest in the proceedings of Parliament it would be a change for the better. A neighbor of Mr. Hesson's was Jean Baptiste Morin, the short and rotund French-Canadian from Dorchester, Que. Jean Baptiste was always elected by large majorities, but he denied ever having purchased a vote. He explained, however, that he always had a fine imported bull on his farm, and when an election was expected he got another. It is hardly necessary to say that his was a thoroughly agricultural constituency. One of the promising Liberal members was George Casey, from Elgin. It was sometimes said that he spoke too frequently. But he was well informed. His chief end in political life was to accomplish Civil Service reform. Curiously enough, when his constituents listened to other voices he reformed the Civil Service by entering it. He dearly enjoyed a fight with Dr. Sproule from Grey. The Doctor was none too mindful of the rules of debate, and was often called to order. For this reason his election to the office of Speaker, to enforce the rules of order, when the Conservatives got back to power in 1911, was an unusual example of the unexpected. But he was a good Speaker.

### Familiar Faces of the Old Days

THEN there was Sir George Foster, from Kings, N.B., who is still in harness, and after nearly forty years' service delivered a magnificent speech in the House last year with all the vigor and eloquence of his early days. By the way, Sir George, like a good old scout, has surprised the boys by again jumping the broomstick—the bride being Miss Jessie Allen, who is a lady of high attainments. He has also demonstrated the prominence of the Georges in the big affairs of the world. Look at them, King George, George Washington, Lloyd George, Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, and Georges Carpentier, the French prize-fighter, two presidents of the C.P.R.—Lord Mount Stephen and Baron Shaughnessy—and the present president should have been—but, oh, very good, Eddie—the grand old boy of the C.P.R., Vice-president Ogden, and the Lord High Admiral of the Fleet, George M. Bosworth. Then there are Sir Georges Etienne Cartier, George Eliot, the authoress, St. George who toyed with the dragon, the Prince of Wales, who incidentally is burdened with half-a-dozen other names, and two other members of Britain's royal family who bear the Georgian patronymic. Besides there are George Brown, the old Liberal war horse of Ontario, and George Graham, who is president of a newspaper that is a century old, and George Stephenson, who invented the first railway locomotive, which is said to be still running on one of Canada's alleged railways, and oh, yes, I have a grandson named George, who thinks the C.P.R. is the only real railroad in the whole blooming universe.

Others were J. G. H. Bergeron, the boy orator of Beauharnois; Sir John Macdonald's special pet, who died while postmaster of Montreal; Dalton McCarthy, from Simcoe, who broke away from his party on the Manitoba School question, an able lawyer, who was the father of the McCarthy liquor license act, which was declared *ultra vires* a week after it came into operation; Hon. Edward Dewdney, a member of the Government, who chose Pile-of-Bones Creek, on the wide, treeless prairie, as the capital of the Northwest Territories, and named it Regina; Hon. Sidney Fisher, from Brome, a gentleman farmer, who was Minister of Agriculture in the Laurier Administration; Walter Shanly from Grenville, a great engineer, who built in the wonderful Hoosac tunnel, and who was a warm friend of my father and myself; Pat Purcell, from Glengarry, whose body was stolen by ghouls from a vault east of Cornwall and was recovered near Stanley Island, the grave robbers being sorely disappointed in not securing the blackmail they expected for its return; Hon. J. C. Patterson, who afterwards became Lieut-Governor of Manitoba; Harry Ward, of Port Hope—"Handsome Harry," he was called—one of the most popular members of his time; Hon. Désiré Girouard, of Jacques Cartier, who defeated that strong fighting Liberal, Hon. R. Laflamme, and who retired from politics to take a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Canada. Mr. Justice Girouard was the author of a most interesting book, "Lake St. Louis and the Parishes Around," which is an historical work of great value; "Bob" Watson, from Marquette, now Senator Watson, who had the distinction for years of being the only Liberal from west of the Great Lakes; Joe Kinney, who was the only Conservative elected in Yarmouth in forty-four years; Hon. J. J. Curran, afterwards Judge Curran, who could sit up later hours, sing "Old King Cole" more acceptably, and be brighter next morning with nothing stronger than ginger ale as a stimulant than any other person I ever knew; M. H. Gault was also a distinguished member of the House; James Innis, from South Wellington, one of the old stock, whose paper, the Guelph *Mercury*, is still prospering under the guidance of his nephew, Innis McIntosh; John Charlton, of North Norfolk, who was one of the big guns and most effective speakers of the Liberal party; Capt. Walsh, from Prince Edward Island, whose hospitality was unbounded, and who told the Minister of Customs, whom he was entertaining at his residence with a lot of the rest of us, that his liquor had never passed through the gauger's hands. A blue flag off the mouth of Montague River showed an excellent fishing spot, and by pulling up the flag up would come a keg of rare old vintage. Dr. Jenkins was another Prince Edward Islander, whom it was a delight to know, a fine physician. At any rate he cured a gnarled muscle in my left hand by giving it a quick, smashing blow, the operation taking place on the front street of Charlottetown. "Doc" Jenkins was a brawny athlete in his younger days. While in the House he always captained the Parliamentary cricket team which annually tried conclusions with the Press Gallery. I recall an amusing incident which happened one Saturday just before the annual match commenced. There was a great crowd of spectators and it was difficult to keep them off the field of play. Mr. Kimber, the little gentleman usher of the Black Rod who thought he owned the Parliament buildings, strenuously resented being ordered behind the ropes and the crowd of onlookers greatly enjoyed the polite but forcible

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# ASHAMED *of* OUR SNOW? NO!

## *By* Charles Christopher Jenkins

A TWO-DAY snow-storm had gripped the West. From the foot of the Rockies to Sudbury, Ontario, and beyond, and from the farthest North in Canada to points hundreds of miles south in the Western United States was a vast realm of screaming white fury. The second night had come down with the ground wind of the blizzard still raging, and around the city railway station where a private car had been run onto a siding, superfine drift-snow licked and curled like bleached flame.

Through the storm's playful violence a lone newspaperman, "tipped" off by a friend to the arrival of the private car, pushed his way to the station and clambered aboard by way of the rear platform.

The business office of the coach was empty save for one occupant, a young man whose outward personality was stamped with the drift of a busy career; a man of action whose personality nevertheless bespoke the potentialities of a deep thinker and observer. He laid aside the local newspaper he had been reading and looked up at the visitor from under the brim of his fedora hat, characteristically cocked at an aggressive angle across his brow; then, recognizing the journalist, rose to offer him a welcome. Just at that moment another young man came up from the fore part of the car, a dapper, polished type with a keen, alert face wherein you also read something loftier than mere business acumen. He too shook hands with the newspaperman.

"Beastly night," remarked the latter as he shed his heavy coat.

"Beastly?" There was a note of kindly reproval in the interrogation of the man wearing the fedora hat. "Mr. Blank, this is majestic Canada weather. I have just come in from a walk through it myself. It was better than a tonic. Even in the laughter of the young people on the street over there, there seems to me a ring of vitality and sheer joy of living that you will hear nowhere except in Canada on a keen winter's day. This is the snow, man, that guarantees our next Summer's wheat crop."

### A National Pride in Our Snow

THE cigars were passed and lit. "I have often wondered," mused the man wearing the fedora, "why we Canadians so much deprecate our Winter conditions. Why should we be so sensitive, almost ashamed, one might say, of our keen climate and fine, white snow? Shouldn't we rather feel a national pride in the manner in which our people have triumphed over the difficulties native elements have put in their way?

"For instance," he indicated, "here's a Western Canadian city in the grip of this storm with its street cars running on time and its general traffic and business going on quite as usual. Now I have just been reading in this paper that to the south of us, in the United States, our good neighbors are storm-tied, their railways disorganized and their street cars and other city traffic paralyzed. There's rather an interesting comparison for you, isn't it?"

Followed a pause, then his companion spoke up. "Don't you think that it is this very climate that produces the unique Canadian people of to-day?" he contended. "It had something to do with making the men of iron will who won such a name for the Dominion in the war. Anyway, I have always had a theory that there was something in the tang of our winters that made Canadians a little hardier and a little more persevering than the average, just as our climate produces a grade of grain such as cannot be produced in any other section of the globe."



The "Butterfly" push-plow at work. Note the shape of the butterfly in the flying snow. The long cloud of vapor back of the flying snow is the exhaust steam from the engines ascending into the frosty air.

There had been nothing mawkish in the utterances of either. What impressed the visitor was their earnestness. Here were two prominent, self-made Canadians who were not ashamed of their country's winter storms and snow. The man in the fedora was none other than E. W. Beatty, of Montreal, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, then on an official trip through the West, and his companion in the private car was D. C. Coleman, vice-president of Western Line.

What these leaders in the world of transportation hinted at on that occasion is what no doubt most Canadians acknowledge to themselves. We are an exceedingly undemonstrative people, inclined toward deprecating what is intimately our own, a trait, perhaps, that proves we are intensely human.

### Blizzard's Bark Worse Than Bite

TAKE the blizzard, for instance. Did you ever stand in the path of an old-time "ring-tail-snorter" Canadian blizzard, thermometer say at ten to fifteen below zero, wind howling like a thousand icy fiends off on a holiday and a whirl of whiteness about you more baffling than blackest night? Yet ten, six—perhaps less—feet above your head you realize is brilliant sunshine illuming the soft, billowy white sea in which you are submerged. That's the blizzard for you. It has a savage white majesty that is unforgettable. There's a sensation in being overtaken by a blizzard that is only comparable to suddenly discovering that you are hopelessly lost in the far North woods or of having your canoe sucked into a cascade you had no intention of attempting to "shoot." It is not exactly a comforting sensation but you enjoy it in a melancholy way.

But the "bark" of the blizzard is much worse than its "bite." It is neither as dangerous nor as destructive as it is generally accepted to be. The toll of lives which blizzard storms take and the property damage which they do is infinitely small compared to the death and destruction that are wreaked by tornadoes and cyclones in various sections of the States. To the railways of Canada snow-storms are perhaps the greatest problem, though as a matter of fact snow conditions in this country are no more severe than those met with on roads traversing the Northern States and over the Rocky and Cascade Mountains in the U.S. where they have some terrible storms.

### Some Despatches from U. S.

WHEN Mr. Beatty drew the comparison of conditions of city traffic in Canada and the United States he modestly made no reference to railway conditions. But, as a matter of fact, on that particular occasion when he went West into the teeth of a furious winter gale, the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian National and the Canadian Government Transcontinentals were running almost to the minute on time, whereas telegraphic advices told of blockades in many sections of the Eastern and Middle-Western United States.

Instances of this sort are not by any means rare. Take for example the heavy snow-storms of January and February, 1920, when the following Associated Press despatches appeared in the papers:—

> NEW YORK, Jan. 27—Greater New York fought and jammed its way to business to-day with all the transportation lines, except those under ground, paralysed and many out of commission altogether.



Double-header shoving heavy "push" snow-plow through prairie snow.

The self-same storm visited Canada, but there was no such disorganization here. Here is what happened in the State of New York and the New England States during the February storm of last year:—

> NEW YORK, Feb. 5—Through trains from all directions are running hours late as a result of yesterday's snow-storm. More than a foot of snow has fallen in New England, causing heavy delays to the railways. Street car traffic in Maine is demoralized, and the Maine Central Rly's schedules are crippled. To-night Boston is practically cut off from its suburbs, the street car lines being blocked with snow.

Railway traffic disorganized by a foot of snow! In Canada that particular storm caused a little delay on the start, but railways were soon again running on normal time. A rather odd coincidence was that on the same page of a leading Canadian newspaper that told of travel of all kinds being brought to a standstill across the border there appeared an inconspicuous item under a tiny heading stating that seven Candian Mounted Police had left Twelve Mile, Yukon, on their annual hike to the Arctic Circle.

Then again, in the middle of February of the same year, this despatch was published in nearly all the dailies along with more extended accounts of the same situation:—

> DETROIT, Feb. 16.—An old-fashioned blizzard, accompanied by high winds and blinding snow, has practically cut Western and Southwestern Michigan off from the rest of the world. Passenger trains on the Pere Marquette have been cancelled and incoming trains have not been heard from since morning. Snow-plows sent out have not been heard from and are believed to have been trapped in the tightly-packed snow-banks.

Train-schedules on some side lines in Canada were somewhat put out of joint on that date, but the main lines, for the most part, carried on as usual, with the exception of those running into and from the U.S. side, where connections were in a very bad way for some time.

### Snow-Blockades are Rare

IT WAS during one of those storm-periods that the editor of a Western Canada newspaper, noting the stories pouring in by wire from various parts of the United States, despatched a reporter to get a "bang-up story" of the troubles the Canadian transcontinentals were up against. He emphasized, as newspaper editors have a habit of doing, that the scribe get as many names into the story as possible; there surely would be a number of trains "stalled" in the snow with prominent people aboard. The reporter

# DEFEAT THE DRIFTS? YES!

Canadian Railways have conquered their snow problem—"Our Lady of the Snows"? Certainly, and proud of it, Sir!—Great Transcontinentals are always prepared—Romantic has been the progress of our splendid Canadian snow-fighting appliances

returned to the office with that vague, beaten look of the hunter who has bagged no game.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked his chief.

"Nothing doing," said the news-gatherer. "Trains all running on time."

"Did you see Superintendent Morgan?"

"Yes. Asked him if there'd been any snow-blockades East or West."

"What did he tell you?"

"Just grinned and said no such animal was allowed at large on his division."

And that reply just about stands for the Canadian attitude. It is not one of making a big fuss about the task ahead but of making light of the personal accomplishment when it is completed. The average Canadian transcontinental division chief doesn't believe Old Man Boreas can blow enough snow over the rails to block traffic on his division. And if it does happen—well, you can depend on one man being not only surprised but fighting mad all the way through.

Until the drifts pile up several feet deep they have little effect on train-schedules. One night in the exceptionally rough old Winter of 1916 I rode the length of a Northwestern Ontario division through a "rip-roarin' " blizzard, and, in order to get the full benefit of the experience, secured a seat up in the cab of the engine, one of the powerful passenger-haulers used on the heavy grades of the hinterland country. The "push" plows had been working steadily ever since morning when the storm had got under way in dead earnest, but in spite of this the rock-cuts were rapidly filling up. The pilot of the engine flung this loose snow up much the same as the bow of a racing motor-boat flings away the spray, and with this screen and the driving drift-snow of the blizzard it was most of the time impossible to see ten feet in any given direction from the engine.

It had been twelve below zero when we left Ignace and by the time we reached the Height of Land at Raith, where the tributary waters of Lake Superior and Hudson's Bay are sharply divided by a world-old Laurentian dyke of rock, the fury of the storm had considerably increased. The powerful electric head-light of the big "2300" no longer succeeded in piercing the white wall ahead; in fact its glow actually seemed to be blown back with the smoke-plume from the stack, due no doubt to some odd combination of refractions from the flying snow-crystals. At times I wondered how the enginemen read the "order-boards" as we went flying through the wilderness way-stations.

Robert Rogers, one of the veterans in the Canadian Pacific service, was at the throttle. "Bob-of-the-Golden-Smile" they used to call him, because Robert had a number of gold-crowned teeth and the more difficulties he went up against and the madder he was inside the blander and more expansive became the smile that displayed the exquisite piece of dental accomplishment. My eye caught his quick, apprehensive glance at the quivering finger of the steam-gauge and I noted how the grin broadened, proving that the engine-driver was mentally "cussing" to himself. The speed of the engine had started to lag as she "bucked" drift after drift in the many cuts and curves we were now tearing through.

"What's up, Bob?" I asked. "Snow holding her back?"

"No." He flung it out derisively. "No snow out there worth talking about. It's the steam that's down and we are one minute behind time. Never mind, the old girl will get her second wind shortly and we'll make it up."

That seemed to be the unwritten dogma of Canadian railwaymen—absolute refusal to acknowledge that a difficulty is a difficulty while there's one chance in a hundred of overcoming it. The old "girl," as he styled the "2300," did get her "second wind" and went hissing and clanking into the Union Station at Fort William on the dot of time.

How do the railways of Canada, whose transcontinental lines are among the wonders of the world of transportation, manage to keep their rights of way open for traffic across the breadth of a continent through winter seasons of one storm after another while the railways of other countries may become demoralized often following but a few hours of snow-fall?

### Always Prepared and Up-to-Date

THERE are two main reasons which must be included in the answer; being prepared at all times to start snow-fighting operations with the beginning of a storm and having the motive power and modern equipment sufficient to meet and take care of the worst that drifting snow on the plains and snow-slides in the hills and mountains can do.

Nearly all the big roads keep in close touch with the Government Weather Bureaus and Observatories, which institutions advise them as to the localities or areas where storms exist or are probable. Modern telegraph and telephone communication keeps every superintendent in constant touch with conditions all over his division.

Thus when a big storm breaks over the country snow-plows, flangers, snow-spreaders, ice-cutters and sweepers roll out of the division car-shops like huge monsters emerging from their dens to do battle with the drifts. Operation of equipment usually starts with the beginning of a storm and under ordinary conditions what are known as "pilot," "push," and "wing" plows, driven at high speed, will succeed in keeping the tracks clear.

F. P. Brady, Assistant to the Executive, Canadian National Railways, who has been actively connected with railroading for more than fifty-one years, having learned the business in the days of the wood-burning engines, has perhaps had more experience in snow-fighting than most railwaymen. Mr. Brady has at one time and another been connected in an executive capacity with all the big roads in Canada. He tells of problems in keeping the tracks clear back in the '80's that make striking comparisons with conditions as they exist to-day.

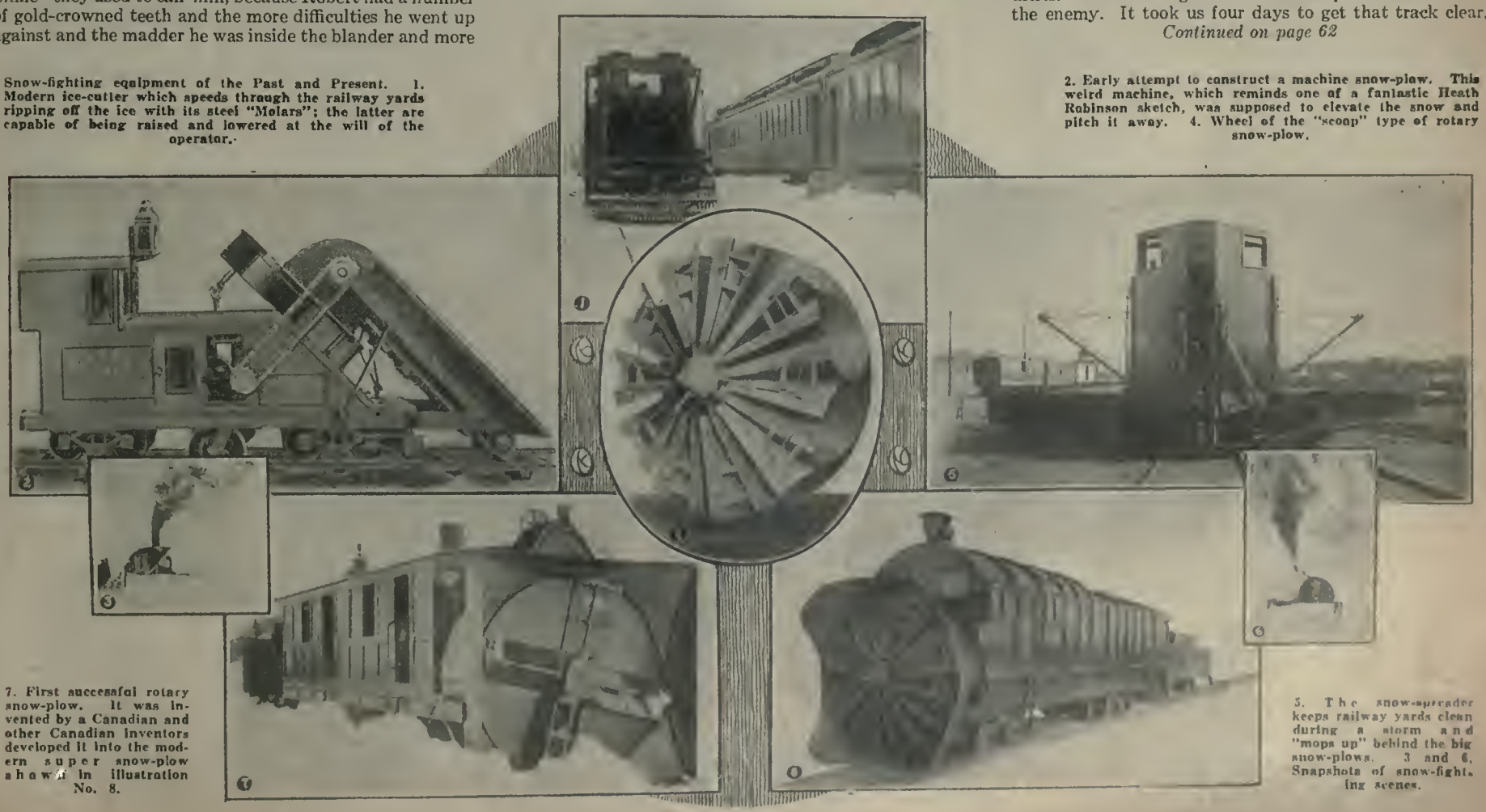
From 1880 to 1896, Mr. Brady was connected with the old Southeastern Railway, of which all but the St. Lambert to Sorel line has since been absorbed by the Canadian Pacific. The Southeastern, at the time Mr. Brady was first with it as train despatcher and later assistant superintendent, comprised lines running respectively from St. Lambert, Que., to Newport, Vt.; from St. Lambert to Sorel, Que., and from Stanbridge, Que., to St. Guillaume, Que.

"It was unusually bad snow territory, and it wasn't anything particularly unusual for us to have the road closed several days through snow, barely get the lines cleared and have them immediately blocked up again by another storm," Mr. Brady relates.

### Five Locomotives, One Plow

"ONE Spring there came a heavy snow-storm in April, followed by a cross-wind that piled four to six feet of snow for about six miles straight-away on the Stanbridge to St. Guillaume branch. In those days we used a light, drop-point wing-plow, nick-named 'the gouger.' To open up the railway we were obliged to put five locomotives behind the plow. You must remember that our plows and engines were both light and primitive to what are used nowadays, and it was simply a case of 'bucking' out that five miles of hard-packed snow with steam and patience. Every once in a while the plow would be stalled in the drifts. Then the engines would back up and take a run at the enemy. It took us four days to get that track clear.

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Snow-fighting equipment of the Past and Present. 1. Modern ice-cutter which speeds through the railway yards ripping off the ice with its steel "Molars"; the latter are capable of being raised and lowered at the will of the operator.

2. Early attempt to construct a machine snow-plow. This weird machine, which reminds one of a fantastic Heath Robinson sketch, was supposed to elevate the snow and pitch it away. 4. Wheel of the "scoop" type of rotary snow-plow.

7. First successful rotary snow-plow. It was invented by a Canadian and other Canadian inventors developed it into the modern super snow-plow shown in illustration No. 8.

5. The snow-spreader keeps railway yards clean during a storm and "mops up" behind the big snow-plows. 3 and 6, Snapshots of snow-fighting scenes.

# THE CITY OF PERIL

A NOVEL OF ADVENTURE

*By* ARTHUR STRINGER

*Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Man Who Couldn't Sleep," Etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

CHAPTER XLVII—*Continued*

**The Enemy Intervenes**

I DUCKED and dropped as he fired, with the powder-flash stinging the bare flesh of my hand, unconsciously thrown up before my face, in the blind instinct to protect the head. The woman sprang between us before I could recover myself. She must have caught at his arm and thrust it upward, for the second shot spit into the plaster of the ceiling, and brought down a little dribble of mortar. She must have caught at his arms then in desperation, for when I gained my feet he had one great blue-flanneled paw about her. I saw the hand with the black-barreled revolver rise above his head and come down on the girl's smooth up-turned brow. And as I saw that cowardly blow my whole soul sickened and revolted.



Elvira

How I got to him I never knew. All I felt grateful for was that I had no time to draw my own revolver; for I knew that in that first passion of hate and retaliation I should have sent a bullet through his head without hesitation. I remember that we met and clutched and swayed; that I bore him back to the wall, inch by inch; that we panted and writhed and contended for the black-barreled thing which he struggled to retain; that I twisted and wrenched it away from him in the end; and that I got my fingers clamped about his flaccid neck. Then I brought the metal stock of the revolver down on the black mat of his head—brought it down insanely, time and again, until he went to the floor like a clouted rabbit, and lay there without moving, unconscious, repulsive in his disheveled and passive hideousness.

My one obsession then was escape with Elvira while I had the chance, when the way was still clear.

I lifted the girl from where she had fallen, and carried her through the iron-covered door to the foot of the ladder leading to the roof. Then I put her down gently, and quickly slipped the bolt in the door behind me. Then I groped for the ladder through the darkness, climbed to the transom, and thrust to one side the door that covered it. The gray light of the late afternoon fell into that dark little well as I did so.

Then I went back and knelt beside the girl, wondering where I could find water, torn at heart by the pitiful pallor of her face, foolishly asking myself why the drooping eyelids did not open. Then came a wayward sense of gratitude at the thought that I was forever delivering her from such things, that we were escaping together to the sanities and the realities of the open world. Devoutly and silently I thanked God that all such things were now over for all time.

CHAPTER XLVIII

**The Menace From Above**

AS I knelt there, some unnamable sixth sense carried to the seat of consciousness its mysterious warning of new danger, of possible and impending disaster.

I had heard nothing; I had seen nothing. But that telepathic warning had come home to me, had flashed inward to my wondering mind, with the quickness of light. For in some intuitive and underground manner I knew, without looking up, without moving or turning, that an ominous something was above me, that some unknown third person was peering quietly and deliberately down at me from the open roof-transom.

Something stronger than intuition also told me that this intruder was not a friend; for no friend, before such a tableau, would remain silent and inactive. Yet I waited there, without the betraying movement of a muscle for I knew that the silent something still bent above me, watching. I felt like a rat in a trap. I told myself that, being human, I was expected to show more intelligence than the rat in such a predicament. I had to plan out quickly what would be best to do, as suspense and terror stretched the seconds into illimitable lengths, like a wire-roller stretching hot metal. I might have bolted for the door and got through it in time.

But I had not myself alone to think of, and the door was already locked. I knew that, long before I could get under cover with Elvira, that silent and unknown something still above us could do what it planned to do. I saw what this would be, as I heard the quick double click-click of a raised trigger. The whole thing struck me as being tragically unfair. A spirit of blind protest burned through me. Then I thought of the rat again, and warned myself to wait and fight for my chance.

Slowly, inch by inch, as I stooped impassively over the unconscious woman, I let my right hand creep up to my coat pocket. My fingers reached the cloth flap; they sank slowly toward the waiting revolver; they touched the cold steel of it.

Even as they did so, the little room was convulsed with a deafening roar of sound. At the same moment, too, I felt a blow on one side of my chest. A sudden sharp sting of pain shot along my left side, a little under the armpit. The figure at the open transom had fired down and hit me. The bullet, tearing through my coat, had ricochetted on a rib, and had fairly knocked the breath out of my body with the sheer force of its impact.

I fell flat on my face along the floor, for I remembered the trick of the "dummy-chucker." I even let a shiver run through my limbs as I lay there motionless, waiting, scarcely daring to breathe. I counted off the seconds, aching with apprehension; wondering, with a sort of mental wince, just when the next more calculated shot would put an end to everything.

An eternity of silence seemed to drag by; yet no second shot came down. I could feel my shirt wet with the slow drip of blood. I was wide enough awake, nevertheless, and I could breathe without pain. So I knew that the bullet had done nothing more than glance on the bone. But I knew also that the figure above me was still waiting there, watching for the first sign of life. The cut of pain itself was like the sting of a whiplash to me. It reminded me how slim were my chances; it warned me that life itself depended on how I acted out my part during the ordeal that was still before me. It kept admonishing me to lie there, relaxed and inert, with my face flat against the dusty boards, counting each heart-beat, wondering if the dread-ed second shot would come. I realized, as I lay there, that my body was prostrate and ed over by being play-searching a pair of ful eyes. I and doubt-not daring still waited, Then I to move. breathed scarcely from the for I knew the intru-sound that der was coming down the iron ladder, step by step. But still I waited. I felt his foot, as it prodded against my side, insolently, brutally inquiring. He stood there, studying me for a moment or two. Then he stooped, as though to turn me over.



Rebbie

IT WAS then that I twisted and rose and clinched with him. It was then that we seemed to lock together automatically, ferociously, involuntarily, like two wildcats. Before he could free himself to make use of his gun, I had the thick-fleshed thumb-joint of his hand between my teeth. My opponent, I saw, was Schmidlapp.

I knew that it was no time for half-measures. To hold out long was impossible. My fight would have to be brief and bitter. I was a wild man, a caldron of raging hate and savagery. Human pity was as far from me as from that she-grizzly after a hard winter, of which Lefty Boyle had spoken. It maddened me to see the touch of his body polluting the helpless woman beside me. I fought him away from her, inch by inch, and as I fought the ghost of a chance seemed to come to my frenzied brain. This chance, and it was my only one, did not become a reality until I had worked and fought and rolled the man's face up against the very foot of the ladder leading to the roof. Then, as we panted and writhed about the dusty boards, I gave one sharp side-wrench of my body, and brought the bare blond head of my assailant square against the iron ladder-stanchion.

He wilted down without a sound, much as Mutashenko had done. The strangling fingers slowly relaxed on my throat, the strength went out of the encircling arms, the great body subsided into momentary passiveness. I sat there weakly, fighting for breath, indifferent to everything in life; vaguely realizing the danger that still surrounded me, but quite unmoved by it. The others might come at any moment. But the thought of their coming caused me no passing qualm of fear. It was as though some fatigued operator in the central office of consciousness had fallen to drowsing at his lonely post. The warnings of ordinary intelligence went unrecorded. Even when I heard a sound above me I did not move. Overtaxed nerves refused to respond. But again I heard the sound, and this time it was accompanied by a hurried and anxious query.

"Are you 'urt, sir?"

I looked up, but did not answer.

"Is it you, sir? I'm here to 'elp, sir," called down the reassuring voice.

It was Davis, dependable and usually level-headed Davis, so wrought up that he had obliterated no less than two aspirates in as many minutes.

"Thank God!" I cried, pulling myself together.

"Then quick, sir!" Davis was calling down to me. "For there's trouble outside, sir!"

"Trouble with what?" I inquired languidly.

"They 'aven't 'eld Sitnikov! And I'm afraid it means trouble, sir!"

"WHAT kind of trouble's ahead?" I asked of Davis, as he lowered himself down the ladder and stared with puzzled eyes at the scene about him.

"I can't be sure, sir," said Davis, giving me a hand. "But it's Sitnikov and his Inner Circle gang, I think."

The next moment I was stooping over Elvira; for she was half-conscious by this time, and moaning a little as she lay there, still dazed and helpless.

"Where's Lefty Boyle?" I asked hurriedly, as I loosened the collar of her blue serge coat.

"He's gone for Lieutenant Belton, sir, for as many men as he can get."

"Why isn't he *here?*" I demanded, as I gathered Elvira up in my arms.

"He told me he was helpless alone, sir. There was both Sitnikov and Schmidlapp. Schmidlapp has made a good job of it, he said, with men from the Inner Circle and ten floaters from the gas-house gang. They think there's good money in it for them; they mean to get their slice. They have a cordon around the block."

"What do I care for their cordon?"

"But they say you'll never get through the line alive, sir."

"Quick!" I called, as I turned to the ladder. "Get Schmidlapp's gun. And see if he carries any extra cartridges."

I was at the top of the ladder with my relaxed and quietly moaning burden before I heard Davis speak again.

"He 'as a box of them, sir—thank God! And those are some of his floaters, sir, coming up through the factory. I can 'ear them smashing the doors."

"Quick!" I called to Davis again, waiting to replace the transom door the moment he was through the opening.

"Is she badly hurt?" asked Davis, as we started across the tinned roof.

"The brute clubbed her," I explained. "She's stunned."

"If we could get to the street, sir," said Davis, steadying me over the coping-tiles to the next roof. "There'll be an ambulance there any time now!"

"An ambulance?" I queried.

"I telephoned for it from the saloon, sir, when I heard that first shot, before they cut the wires."

"What'd you do that for?"

"I thought it best to have it 'ere, 'andylike."

"You meant it for *me?*"

"Oh, no, sir!" protested the dissimulating Davis.

"But I imagine some of this sweet-scented gang will travel in it before we do!" I cried drunkenly, as I staggered on.

"I 'ope so!" said Davis devoutly. Then he added, with a backward look over his shoulder: "If we could only get to that feed-stable roof, sir! Then we might work our way down to the side street!"



Natalie

I turned my head to answer him; but to my surprise he caught me by the sleeve and swung me sharply about, under the shadow of three loose-bricked chimney-tops, stained with smoke and smelling of creosote. He ducked low as he did so, and jerked at me to do the same.

I heard the bark of a pistol and the plaintive whine of a bullet over our heads as we dipped behind that embrasure. The bark was repeated—twice, three times—and one bullet sent the mortar flying from the chimney-corner at my elbow.

"They're up through the roof!" cried Davis. "We should have guarded the transom-'ole, sir!"

I caught Schmidlapp's revolver from his hand, still holding the drooping figure of the girl over my left arm. Then I edged my way to the right end of the chimney-row.

THE shots sounded again as I showed myself, a little fusillade of them this time. I could see men crouching back and dropping behind wall-ends and water-tanks and chimney tops.

I tried to shoot deliberately, as I saw them swarming for cover ludicrously, like water-rats skulking from object to object. But my nerves were unsteady, and my arm was tired and shaking. When I had emptied the revolver, I thrust it back into Davis' hand.

"Load it!" I cried, catching my own gun from its pocket; for already I saw a skulking form in a corduroy cap advancing across the nearest roof. I caught him half-way, in the open. It took all six shots to bring him down with a broken ankle. And again I called to Davis to hand me the other revolver, for the fever of fight was raging hotly in my blood by this time. I saw the man in the corduroy cap crawling back to cover on his hands and knees.

Then came a shower of bullets, pinging and whistling about us, as the wounded man was dragged back behind a water-tank. The shots, I could see, were coming from an ever-wider and wider area. Our position was getting precarious.

"Davis," I said sharply, "take this girl and carry her on to where the roof drops below that blind wall. There's a piece of fire-escape ladder against the coping. Let yourself down by it. I'll stay here and cover your retreat."

"Yes, sir," said Davis.

"Then you can wait for me behind that nearest wall-top. I'll drop back and join you when the chance comes. We'll have a clear wall-end to face, then; it'll be easy to hold them back, or pick them off as they try to drop over."

"Very well, sir," said Davis, taking my burden from me.

"Keep low," I warned him, "and go quick. Quick, while I'm showing myself."

I stepped out, with both revolvers in my hands. The result was what I expected. I could hear the flicker of shots from the different parapets, the spatter of bullets against roof and wall and chimney. I could even see a steady gush of water from the lower end of a water-tank, where one of my shots, going wide, had pierced the pine. The fact that impressed me most was the quietness of the whole thing. There was no shouting and calling, no noise and tumult; nothing but the sharp report of pistols, the quiet whine of bullets, and from somewhere farther along the water-front the shrill shouts of children at play on one of the recreation-piers.

I waited until I knew that Davis and his burden were safely over the parapet. Then I began to fall back, as best I could. I seemed to become almost unconcerned, as the running fight kept up—from barrier to barrier, from lonely housetop to housetop. It reminded me a little of shooting big-horn in the Rockies; it was almost as wearying, almost as foolish.

Then, for some reason which I could not understand, the game came to a stop. The swarming figures seemed to fade away. Even before we got to the roof of the feed-stable, where Davis reported that we might make our descent to the street, the firing pattered out and ceased. I thought at first that I had won—that I had driven them back, discouraged, beaten.

"They've dropped off, sir," said Davis. "They're drawing away and going to the street. They'll try to cut us off and hold us there, sir."

"But we'll get through them—we've got to get through!" I cried.

"It will be hard, sir, if Lieutenant Belton isn't there with the men."

I took Elvira from his arms, and crossed the tarred roof to where a transom stood open. I was just dropping down through this transom, when Davis stopped me.

"Listen, sir," he said. "It's a bell, the bell of the ambulance."

"There's one man there who'll need it," I told him.

"I was hoping it was the police," said Davis, a little dispiritedly.

## CHAPTER L

### Life At Last

NEVER before had I known Davis to shirk an unsavory task. But things no longer surprised me; a sense of unreality had crept over the world about me. I seemed to be a ghost acting and moving in a land of ghosts.



"Do you love me?" she pleaded a little hungrily. "I love you," I told her.

"Hadn't we better hold back, sir, until they come?" I could hear Davis saying close beside me; but his voice sounded as though it reached my ears through a wall.

"Hold back!" I cried. "With those rats swarming thicker and thicker down there—with them gathering every thug and highbinder on the East Side? No! *We've got to fight our way through, now, while we can!*"

"I'm afraid it will be 'ard to do, sir," demurred Davis.

I swung about on him, a little impatiently, a little angrily. Then, for the first time, I saw a slow trickle of blood from his limp arm. His coat-sleeve was stained with it. A streak of tell-tale red ran down across the back of his hand.

"You've been hit!" I said.

"It's only a scratch, sir," he said, a little apologetically.

"But where?"

"A spent bullet, in the forearm, sir. It caromed off a chimney-tile."

I noticed, with relief, that it was his left arm. I gave him my revolver, fully loaded, and turned back to the transom.

"We can still fight for it," I said reassuringly, for he was looking a little sick and white. "We may be able to get through to an Avenue D car—out of that gang-fighting slum. Or we may get to a telephone somewhere. Even a fire-alarm box would help us out. Or we may be able to get in between good solid brick walls and still hold them off."

"I'm a bit uneasy about bombs, sir," said Davis. "Mr. Boyle said *that* would be the thing to expect from a couple of soup-makers like Schmidlapp and Sitnikov."

"That's a risk we've got to face," I told him. We were already down through the roof of the feed-stable, picking our way over a criss-crossing descent of cleated planks. Parts of this descent were covered with tattered sections of worn-out rubber hose, convincing me that it was an inclined runway for horses. I had to pick my way carefully, for the light was bad. My strength, too, was not what it had been. Ammoniacal stable-odors smote on my nostrils. I could hear the stamping of horses in their stalls. But nothing stopped us; nobody appeared to interfere with us, or to challenge our descent.

Then the body that laya gainst my shoulder amoved little.

"What is it?" came from the lips that were so clsoe to my face, in a weak and faltering voice.

"It's all right," I assured her. "We're going home."

"Home?" she asked dazedly, with an effort to lift her head.

"Yes, yes; it will be all right," I tried to tell her, in as steady a voice as I could command.

But her wide eyes saw the black-barreled revolver in my hand, and the blood on my clothes, and the slow drip from Davis' left hand. I could feel her arm tighten a little about my neck convulsively. I knew that she was sobbing on my shoulder.

The sound of that sobbing reminded me of what I had to fight for. In some way it gave me new strength, as wine might have done.

And still we made our way downward, foot by foot, floor by floor.

DAVIS, who had dropped behind, came running toward me again.

"We must 'urry, sir," he called warningly. "I'm afraid it's Mutashenko, or Schmidlapp, coming by the roof with the men!"

"Quick, then!" I said, tearing open a sagging wooden door, and finding myself in a gloomy and foul-aired cham-

*Continued on page 46*

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## The Passing of a Nation

*The Dramatic Story of the Last Days of the Dual Monarchy.*

COUNT JULIUS ANDRASSY

LESS is known of the declining days of the once great Austro-Hungarian Empire than is known of the fall of Germany. Yet the fall of the Dual Empire was overwhelmingly complete. Count Andrassy, Prime Minister at the time, writes in a striking manner of these epochal days.

"History's laws are relentlessly enforced. Victorious violence never stops half way. After one day's legal existence, Karoly's cabinet became a revolutionary government.

"It will remain for me a tragic and uneffaceable memory, how I was summoned with extreme urgency to Schonbrunn by His Majesty that night, and how I could not find a conveyance to get there, and consequently arrived late at the imperial country house. Before we turned out of *Mariahilferstrasse*, I met the Emperor's brother, Archduke Max, coming for me with an automobile in order to hasten my arrival. When I reached the imperial residence, the Emperor's attendants bade me hasten. I ran upstairs, and through an open door to the Emperor's office. That ruler was at the telephone and handed me the receiver. The Budapest government was demanding that he abdicate; if he did not, there would be bloodshed. He would be driven out and murdered; not only he, the King, but also Archduke Joseph and the cabinet. His Majesty quite properly would not consider abdication—would not give up the throne which he had sworn to defend, in face of a street revolution. The King of Hungary can only abdicate with the consent of the whole nation. Thereupon, the Budapest government asked him to absolve its members from their oath of allegiance. The game was already up. From the time the mob raised Karoly on its shoulders, the government's authority lay in the dust. Since there was no statesman and no party in Budapest which believed it still possible to defend order and law, and since the army deserted him, the King was helpless. Even a few days earlier, I realized that the only way to rescue the situation was by force of arms. But now the formation of a new royal ministry, or even an attempt to form one, would result in useless bloodshed. The only course left to His Majesty was to refrain for the time being from participation in government business. That course was not abdicating, was not accepting what had occurred and what might occur later; it merely meant that the King, in view of his inability to form a lawful cabinet able to maintain order, abstained from interfering in the course of events and causing useless bloodshed until a better opportunity presented itself to claim his rights and to fulfill his obligations.

"Rulers have been overthrown in the past on many occasions and in many manners; but there was no precedent for what now occurred at Schonbrunn. I was witnessing the first presentation of a historical plot, and I was humiliated that it should have a Hungarian author. I was convinced that a revolution could not take place in Hungary except to overthrow a ruler who violated his oath of office and defied the constitution. At least no exception to that rule had occurred in our former history. On this occasion, there was no such technical justification for a revolution. It was not necessary in order to get peace, for no man desired peace more ardently and sincerely than the King. There was no reason to fight over the personal union of the two monarchies, for this was settled and, furthermore, was an inescapable result and natural outcome of the situation. A democratic suffrage law was no longer an issue. It did not require a revolution, consequently, to give the disaffected elements control of the government. They were in complete possession of power without it.

"This revolution was consequently only a crisis of hysteria and a manifestation of war neurosis. It succeeded, not because the revolutionary party was well organized or possessed military power or pursued a thought-out, carefully planned policy, but because society itself was a nervous wreck and all the stays of the old order failed. The people and classes which normally maintain the stability of the state saw no escape from the frightful situation in which the country was placed; they had no confidence in a favorable peace or in any measure of salvation. They were bereft of energy and power; and shirked the fearful responsibility which goes with their possession for protecting the established order to the last. Since the best elements among the people despaired of saving the situation, they permitted themselves to be pushed from their positions of authority with a feeling of relief. A régime discredited and wrecked by the disastrous outcome of the war lacked confidence to resist men who based their claim to leadership upon their having foreseen the catastrophe and predicting the tragic outcome of the policy pursued by the predecessors.

"The few days which I spent in charge of the Vienna Foreign Office were the most frightful experience of my political career. Every moment brought reports of new disasters. Croatia seceded; Bohemia proclaimed its independence; Pan-Germans and Socialists were contending for supremacy in Austria; law lost its authority; revolution grew stronger and bloodier from day to day; the streets were unsafe; the foreign office was guarded by police; advocates of a republic were winning new adherents.

"In Hungary the government committed the folly of allowing the soldiers to disarm. In the midst of violent assaults and bloody massacres, our army received its death stroke in the back—from the Hungarian government. The fearful thought pressed ever like lead upon my brain that the best men of our country were being murdered and assassinated without reason or purpose, in expiation for the sins of others, without my being able to rescue or to aid them.

"Finally, we received the harsh armistice conditions. A Crown Council was held at night. The conditions were accepted. Our army leaders stated we could not offer further resistance. Every moment the fighting continued now might cost thousands and hundreds of thousands of lives. Our fleeing army would find itself in desperate straits because it had but few lines of retreat. But when every second was priceless because it meant saving human lives, the new Austrian government operated at a snail's pace. The new authorities feared to take responsibility and, although eager to make peace, they were unwilling to incur the odium of accepting its conditions. That continued to cost time and blood. Reports reached us that Hungarian and Jugoslav sailors were fighting each other. The minister of the navy urged us to turn over our vessels to the South Slav government with a reservation respecting the rights of the other states, and that Hungary should take possession of the Danube monitors. With bleeding hearts we approved this proposal, for we hoped thus to preserve the vessels for the dynasty.

"The tragic seriousness of our conferences was incessantly interrupted by noisy street demonstrations. Adler and Bauer, the German Austrian political plenipotentiaries for foreign affairs, demanded to have a say in our foreign office, and insisted upon inspecting our correspondence without assuming any responsibility, or mentioning the secession of Austria from the Dual Monarchy. On every hand, people kept urging me not to resign my office and to save what could be saved. Even men who were attacking me in public pleaded with me to do this in private.

"I attempted, meantime, to follow up certain hopeful openings for negotiation via Switzerland. I sent thither one of the secretaries of the foreign office, followed by the former Austro-Hungarian ambassador in London, to take up these negotiations. But the revolution had destroyed every prospect which might have existed there. Our first representative was able to meet Entente diplomats and gained the impression that some agreement might be made. But by the time our former London ambassador arrived at Bern, the monarchy which was to be a party to the negotiation had already ceased to exist.

"Even the person of the Emperor was in danger. During the chaos which then prevailed, his bodyguard was lessened. Schonbrunn was protected by cadets from the military academy. What had been, but a few days before, a powerful, brilliant, imperial and royal court melted away like the snow at Easter.

"I took my leave of His Majesty. My efforts failed because they came too late. I had not been able to be of service and had only harmed myself; but I am glad I made the effort. I should have felt disgraced forever had I not answered the call which was made upon me, and had I not endeavored to avert the catastrophe which I so vividly saw approaching."

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## To Discard Rivets

*Ship-plates in Future to be Welded Electrically*

JAMES ARMSTRONG

"IS CONTEMPORARY science to record the passing of another picturesque worker?" asks James Armstrong in *World's Work*. "Is a process which has been diligently pursued for decades without the slightest variation about to be superseded?" He then goes on to answer his own questions:

"Circumstances are certainly pointing to such a change. Electricity, in its all-conquering advance, has invaded a province which has hitherto been regarded as beyond its attacks. The ship-riveter has always been a favorite figure with the imaginative artist and descriptive writer. There is something peculiarly fascinating about the prowess with which red-hot rivets are thrown into the air, caught, and whisked into position in the massive plate forming the skin of a vessel, while the speed and ease with which they are well and truly driven home, either by manual effort or the pneumatic hammer, never fail to provoke the enthusiastic interest of the uninitiated onlooker.

"But the clang of the hammer or the rat-a-tat-tat of the air-driven tool is being seriously threatened by a process which

is as rapid as it is noiseless, as clean as it is simple, and as strong as it is straightforward. Welding is disputing for supremacy in the time-honored process, and now that those who have the deciding word in matters of shipbuilding have given expression to their satisfaction with the work performed thereby, the day may not be far distant when ships will be built entirely by electricity.

"Electric construction differs from every other method. Instead of the huge plates which form the hull, and the edges of which overlap, being bolted or riveted together, they are welded to one another to form one complete homogeneous shell of iron or steel. Heat is the medium employed, and the requisite intensity is generated by the aid of the electric current.

"Welding by electricity is no new expedient. It has been practised for years, but it has been confined for the most part to small and insignificant repair jobs. It was the war which compelled its application to wider purposes, but, unlike some other processes which were called into active operation by this stimulating factor, it would appear destined to far more extensive use now that peace has returned.

"Broadly speaking, there are two fundamental methods of welding by electricity. In the one, the intense heat of the electric current when applied to the ends of the pieces to be wrought into a solid section renders the metal hot and plastic, so that when submitted to the thundering blows of the hammer, the two ends can be pounded into a single piece in precisely the same way as the blacksmith welds two pieces of iron by heating and hammering them upon his anvil. In the second process, the heat is applied to the ends of electrodes which melt and run in between the pieces to be connected. As the latter are locally heated in the process, the molten metal combines with the heated ends and this forms a joint. No hammering whatever is required."

# Plaything as a Clue

*How Scotland Yard Landed Murderers by Strange Ruse.*

JOSEPH GOLLOMB

IN AN intensely interesting article on the detective methods of different countries, in the *Strand Magazine*, Joseph Gollomb relates the following exploit of Scotland Yard in bringing two murderers to justice. The story of this case is just another illustration of the doggedness and patience with which the great British detective organization works.

"In a half-asleep residential section of East London there is a neglected three-storey private dwelling with heavy shutters and doors, inconspicuous and unattractive. It was just the kind of house for which an old man, who called himself Smithers, had been looking. For twenty years he had been accumulating money by buying all kinds of objects and no questions asked. He could drive a shrewd bargain, and his business associates usually acceded to his terms, though not without many a curse and often more or less impressive threats. Smithers did not mind the former; but as he grew more and more rich, he worried about the threats. He knew his customers. So he tried to hide his riches, lived penuriously, whined about every penny, and, from assuming the miser, he with the years became one. Fear of being murdered and robbed drove him from his business to a retreat. The house, by reason of its inconspicuousness and strong doors and windows attracted him and he bought it.

"He secured every possible entrance into the house with bars and double locks and, with an expensive knowledge of burglar alarms, he had his home wired so that nobody could touch a door-knob, window-sash, or grating without setting an electric bell ringing. In addition, he arranged it so that if anyone detected the wiring and cut it, the loosened wire, dragged down by a leaden weight, would fall on a cartridge, and, exploding it, would give as effective notice of danger as the electric bell. He lived by himself, received no one, and attracted as little attention as he could.

"Nevertheless, one day tradesmen began to wonder why he did not take in off the front steps the articles he had ordered to be delivered. The police were notified, an entrance was forced. Smithers was found murdered. The burglar alarm had been cut, and under the fallen leaden weight was found a pad of cloth and the cartridge unexploded. A strong box had been rifled. Whoever had done the business was no novice. There was not a finger-print to be found, the work having obviously been done in gloves. The only clue for the police to work on was a small dark lantern, a child's toy without a doubt, which had been left contemptuously behind by the burglars.

"Scotland yard went to work on the case. With only the child's lantern to work on as a clue to the murder mystery the problem became at first mere drudgery. A tedious round of manufacturers and toy-shops followed, to determine, if possible, where that lantern was bought. In this search team-work was everything, individual cleverness availed nothing. Finally it seemed probable that the lantern was such as a mother in one of many tenement districts in London would buy for a seven-year-old child to play with.

"Another council was held and a simple plan devised as the next phase of the hunt. A detective who had a seven-year-old son was assigned to an exceedingly easy task. He was told to allow his boy to play with the lantern in the streets of the quarter from which it may have come and to see what happened. For a week nothing at all happened, and father and son were asked to do the same in the adjoining district. Here the simple device brought no better results, and again they were assigned new territory. This happened several times, until it began to look as though nothing at all would come of it.

"But with the doggedness of the race, Scotland Yard hung on to the trail, if trail it was. Then one day a little boy of the quarter edged up to the policeman's son, looked sharply at the lantern with which the youngster was languidly playing, and set up a wail:—

" 'I want my lantern!'

" ''Taint your lantern!' the detective's son retorted, indignantly.

" 'Yes, it is. I know it is!'

"The detective came forward.

" 'Are you sure?' he asked, gently. " 'Because my son has had it for many weeks, you know.'

" ''Ere, I'll prove it's mine,' the strange boy said. 'When my wick burned out I cut off a little piece of my sister's flannel petticoat for a new wick.'

"The detective opened the lantern and, examining the wick, found it to be of flannel as the boy had said.

" 'We'll have to ask your mother about this,' the detective said. 'If you're telling the truth you shall have your lantern back.'

"The three went to the boy's mother, a widow, who kept lodgers. The woman, honest and hard-working, confirmed her son's claim. The detective kept his word, returned the lantern, but questioning the widow further, found out that the boy missed the lantern at about the same time that two of her lodgers had left without paying their bills. One had told her that he was an electrician, the other a plumber's apprentice, and she remembered seeing tools of their trade, or what she thought were such, in their room.

"Then followed another series of weary searches by the men of Scotland Yard: searches among young plumbers and among electricians; in the underworld for two young fellows answering to the descriptions the widow gave; in the files of criminal records in Scotland Yard; in more expensive lodging-houses, and in dance-resorts. Nothing short of a big organization imbued with team-work and bulldog perseverance could have accomplished that search. But at last two young men were found whom the widow, unknown to them, identified as her former lodgers.

"The police had as yet nothing more serious against them than unpaid bills. So they secretly kept them under observation. It was thus they learned that the young men were fond of target-shooting with a revolver at trees in the country. The bullets extracted from the trees proved to be of the same exceptionally large size as that found in the murdered miser's brain.

"Tactfully, patiently, a corps of detectives searched into the past of the two men, each finding out some seemingly unimportant item. But the whole was becoming a net into which one day the two men found themselves inextricably fast on the charge of the murder and robbery of Smithers.

"How fast they were caught they did not know until the trial. Then the smaller of the two defendants, suddenly losing courage, cried out that he would turn King's evidence against his accomplice. Before he could blurt out another word the other leaped at his throat and almost succeeded in killing him before they could be separated.

" 'I'll stand a free man and watch you hang, you——!' the little man sobbed. 'Listen to me, my Lord! If you promise to let me go free—'

"But he was gently informed that the case for the Crown needed no help from him—as it proved."

# What Is a Pearl?

*Daintiest of Gems Result of Simple Chemical Action in Shell.*

FREDERICK A. TALBOT

IT IS not the individual pearl which commands the high prices but the string of graduated pearls designed to grace a woman's neck, so says Frederick A. Talbot in an article on pearl fishing, in *World's Work*. One such string, consisting of thirty-seven units, is declared to have cost an American millionaire $400,000. What is the origin of the pearl? There is little mystery in the explanation which this author offers:

"My Lady may be ecstatic concerning her pearl possessions, but when we turn to that cold, calculating individual who revels in reducing everything to its logical basis, the chemist, our admiration receives a devastating shock. To him the pearl is nothing but carbonate of lime! Some foreign substance or parasite finds its way into the home of the oyster and a battle royal for supremacy at once commences. As a rule the oyster triumphs, but as it cannot expel the interloper or irritant the bivalve promptly proceeds to efface it by encasing it within an excrescence.

"The process is slow and the carbonate of lime is disposed in concentric layers of extreme thinness. The interference of light produces the peculiar iridescence or pearly appearance to the mass. The nacreous deposit may extend over the whole surface of the shell and be of appreciable thickness, this lining being known as mother-of-pearl. If local the deposit will be of irregular shape and pronounced substance, and in this instance is known as the pearl. The shape, while invariably round or having the form of a pear may be irregular, while in some instances the pearl is composed of a cluster of such nodules.

"Seeing that the pearl is the result of a pathological process, one might wonder why enterprising man has not proceeded to the length of intensifying production. It would seem as if it were only necessary to catch the bivalve and to inject some suitable foreign substance into its domicile to be converted in the course of time into a pearl, but one, it is true, having a base foundation. Efforts have been made in this connection, but lest there may be some who may be tempted to resort to pearl production along these lines it must be explained that the process is exasperatingly slow and still more aggravatingly uncertain.

"The wily Chinee has turned this knowledge to full account. He does not hesitate to resort to such a practice, and it is to be feared that many who have acquired a pearl of which they are extremely proud from a Celestial, would receive a rude surprise upon consenting to their possession being submitted to dissection. One favorite artifice of the enterprising Chinaman is to insert tiny statues of Buddha, wrought in metal, into the oyster. In course of time the article becomes covered with the nacreous deposit which is generally sold, upon recovery, as a pearl cameo!

"Intensified processes having failed to create a pearl market and the volume of stones forthcoming being extremely limited, one naturally asks whence come the pearls? Where are they found? Pearl recovery is an industry apart and as specialised as the mining for diamonds, gold or rubies. Being a product of the sea it must be secured by a fishing process—one comparable with that followed in the case of the herring.

"It is the circumstance that the oyster can only be secured by this means which is responsible for the absence of wild frenzy, characteristic of the gold rush, upon the discovery of any new ground. The recovery of the yellow metal or other gem is mainly dependent upon the extent of individual exertion, while facilities prevail for the acquisition of a patch of land within the proved area, thereby giving possession which stimulates action. No capital is demanded; patience, dogged perseverance, and a pronounced streak of luck are the main determining factors. But in pearl recovery capital is an indispensable condition to assure the fishing grounds being attained, and vessels are a costly investment, no matter how flimsy they may be, while probing the ocean bed is an extremely speculative and precarious undertaking.

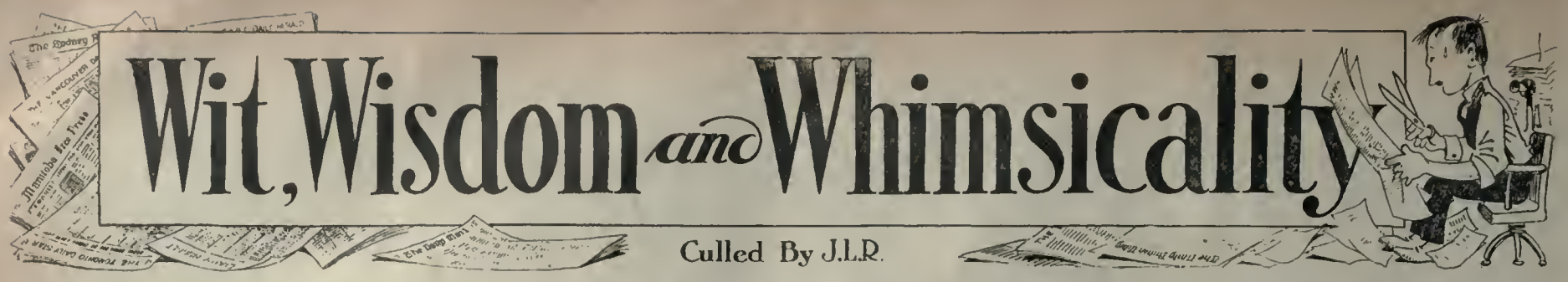
"The situation, from the plunger's or prospector's point of view, is aggravated from the circumstance that scientific discovery and investigation have narrowed down the probable pearl-bearing reaches of the sea-bed to within narrow well-defined limits. They are not widely scattered. The most famous pearl fishing territories are only three in number. The two best known are those of the Persian Gulf and Ceylon, which have been worked from time immemorial. But their contributions are uncertain; periods of plenty are freely interspersed with times of leanness.

"Other areas lie off the coast of China and Lower California, the presence of the jewel-bearing bivalve being indicated by the geographical names bestowed upon certain of the districts in question, as, for instance, the Pearl Islands, in the Gulf of Panama, while certain of the big rivers of the world, notably the Mississippi, offer certain attractions in this field. At one time even the Scottish rivers could claim to be of decided importance in this connection, but the pearls recovered from such sources—river pearls they are called—are of inferior quality, and are not commercially classed with those coming from the Persian Gulf and Cingalese waters.

"The largest pearl fishing field is the Australian, and some idea of its vast extent may be gathered from the fact that it is approximately 2,000 shore miles in length, stretching from Cape York to Shark Bay. This covers practically the whole of the tropical waters washing the shores of Queensland, the Northern Territory, and Western Australia—waters which are peculiarly favorable to the propagation of this oyster and wherein it flourishes prolifically.

"To-day, the naked diver is scarcely aught but a memory. Scientific methods have driven him from the scene, or at least have deprived him of his importance. He has been superseded by the man in the helmet and familiar dress, who, by virtue of his airline, is able to venture farther from the shore into the deeper waters, where richer prizes are to be found. The addition of the diving appliance of modern design has been responsible for ventures into water ranging in depth from 10 to 24 fathoms—60 to 144 feet—while the more expert and intrepid of the skilled fishers do not hesitate to descend to still greater depths upon occasion.

"The one difficulty attending the pearl fishery, if difficulty it can be called, is in regard to labor. The Asiatics virtually control the diving situation, in almost every instance the diver being a Japanese or Malay, who has embraced modern diving methods in preference to naked diving. As a matter of fact, the pearling industry is almost wholly dependent upon Asiatic labor, the crews being also re-



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

**Pertinent Question.**—Still, if everybody should get rich, what would the stork do for a living?—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Making it Unanimous.**—Our old friend Von Tirpitz wants all Germans to hang together. Any objections?—Calgary *Herald.*

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**Forewarned.**—"Central Europe Looks to Canada," says a headline. Fortunately Canada saw it first.—Toronto *Mail and Empire.*

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**Here's an Idea.**—A restaurant out West, has this sign in its window: "Get all your meals here; keep your wife for a pet."—Toronto *Star.*

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**Worth Considering.**—They are planning a bridge from Windsor to Detroit. Wouldn't a pipe-line get it across quicker?—Calgary *Herald.*

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**The Point of View.**—When you pay a visit to the States you lose confidence in the old saying that exchange is no robbery.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**While There's Life.**—A cable despatch announces that Mrs. Astor has cut a wisdom tooth. There is hope for Margot.—Vancouver *Province.*

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**The Whole Life of Man.**—Man's life is devoted to raising children, raising taxes and raising what Sherman said war is.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Tell 'Em.**—Someone rises to remark that the dealer who cuts prices may later save in taxes. Tell this to your grocer and butcher.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**Too Much For The Town.**—A knocker is a man who feels hurt because the town he lives in can't convert a darn fool into a prominent citizen.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

**A Hearty Wish.**—Lenin is reported ill, and there are some people who will hope, after the fashion of Irvin Cobb, that it is nothing trivial.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**Grey Matter vs. Gas.**—The League of Nations will make more progress the more men use their heads for thinking instead of for spouting.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**A Hint for Debutantes.**—A Buffalo girl who was unable to decide which of two suitors to accept simplified matters by shooting one of them.—Vancouver *Province.*

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**Soft for the Brakesman.**—When the world does its travelling in the air brakesmen won't need to kick a hobo off the blind-baggage more than once.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Father's Part.**—In most homes there is one economical soul whose long winter evenings are spent turning out lights other members of the family turn on.—Montreal *Herald.*

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**Not Melancholy but Sanity.**—There is no room in Canada for the calamity howlers. All that is necessary is to remember that we are through with joy riding.—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**A Man's Job.**—It is announced that the official wine-taster in England is about to resign. Applicants for the position are requested to line up in alphabetical order.—Vancouver *Province.*

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**Certainly Annoying.**—New York man was fined for throwing a dog out of a second storey window. He said it was mad. If it wasn't so before, we'll bet it was afterwards.—Toronto *World.*

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**Piling it On.**—Santa Claus is pretty old, but even yet he gets a little over-enthusiastic at times, the latest case of this occurring in Kingston where he left one lady triplets.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

**Disarmed.**—If there is going to be world-wide disarmament, we would suggest that all fair ones desiring to dance without removing their hats be required to check their hatpins.—London *Advertiser.*

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**Where the Idea Might Help.**—The Detroit *Free Press* says: "The United States is the last country in the world the people of Great Britain want to fight with." True. But tell it to Hearst.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**A Poor Crop.**—Those monarchists and other elements in Germany who are attempting to restore Wilhelm to the throne have evidently forgotten the old maxim: Put not your faith in princes.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

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**Better be an Oyster.**—The man who complains that every bone in his body aches cannot see much cause for being glad, but he ought to appreciate the fact that he isn't a herring.—Brockville *Recorder and Times.*

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**Messing up the Works.**—Those people who are forever thinking up plans to keep the Empire from falling apart are like the small boy who tinkers with a watch until he puts it out of business.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**That Movable Throne.**—Emir Feisul, near king of Syria, has bobbed up in London after being out of the news for some time. Judging from the way he moves around he must be using a Ford for a throne.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**Other People's Business.**—The total number of lynchings in the United States last year was sixty - one. Mr. Hearst, whose ire is raised by the lawless conditions in Ireland, might give that record a few minutes' thought.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**The Perfect Gentleman.**—The young lady next door says that she cannot understand the application of the phrase, "The ear-marks of a gentleman." She believes that no gentleman would permit marks to remain on his ears.—Peterboro *Examiner.*

cruited from these races. The only possible exception is the shell-opener, who in the majority of instances is a European, and possibly the owner of the vessel.

"Some idea of the manner in which the Jap and the Malay dominate the industry may be gathered from the fact that in 1919, out of 2,901 persons engaged in the North-West pearl fishery of Western Australia, only 30 were Europeans. The total number of Asiatics employed was 1,862, of which 1,179 were Japs and 565 Malays. So far as this industry is concerned, the aboriginal is inconspicuous, the total strength thereof for the year in question being only nine!

"As already pointed out, the fishery is engaged primarily in the recovery of shell. The search for pearls, pure and simple, might almost be regarded as a tributary undertaking. If the quest for pearls were the primary consideration, it is doubtful whether the industry could pay its way. At all events, it is a moot point whether the fleets would have attained their contemporary numerical strength. Pearls are not picked up like pebbles on the seashore; they are relatively few and far between while the circumstance that their value hinges upon so many fine points, such as color, shape and lustre, renders the undertaking additionally speculative.

"The precarious character of this phase of the work may be gathered from the fact that whereas during the year 1914 the estimated value of the pearls recovered in the North-West fishery among 4,407 luggers amounted to *l.*84,000, the following year, which was particularly lean, brought forth only *l.*12,568 from 2,637 luggers.

"The pearls in the oyster are much like the gold nugget in the black sand. They are found intermittently. Whereas, perhaps, the majority do not provoke a word of comment, now and again sensational finds are made which set the world buzzing with excited interest. The North-West fishery, so far, has proved to be the most productive in this respect, every year bringing forth many striking gems of impressive size and beauty.

"From time to time, extraordinary 'freaks' of the oyster's unremitting handiwork are brought to light. One of the most remarkable of these was the 'Southern Cross,' which was fished up many years ago—about 1874. This was a remarkable pearl, or rather collection of pearls, inasmuch as it comprised a series of nodules connected together, and in such a manner as to assume the form of a cross. From the circumstance that it was discovered under the Southern Cross this name was bestowed upon it, and it still ranks as one of the most striking discoveries of its character so far recorded.

"Another rich prize was brought to the surface in 1911 at Broome. This was a gem weighing 178 grains, which was valued at *l.*3,000. Another 'stone,' discovered quite recently, provoked considerable discussion. This was the 'Star of the West,' which, upon being weighed, was found to tip the beam at 101 grains."

# Styles at Deauville

*Ultra Fashionable Resort Where Woman Wearing Real Stockings Provokes Stares From Crowd.*

MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

"FRIVOLITY with the lid off," must be Deauville's middle name if we are to take seriously all that is mentioned in "The Bored Wasters of Deauville," an article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* by Mary Brush Williams. Deauville, she says, is the Mecca for the ultra-fashionable from all over the world including numerous titled visitors. "For three weeks," she writes, "people hang round there, and,

"For ten days they show slight signs of animation, for one day they exert themselves, or 'get a move on.' Then it is as dead as in a hundred years. It is a flash for which stage hands assemble sets for three hundred and sixty-four days and the actors collect clothes. The area occupied for the spectacle is about the size of the town lot on which stands the Presbyterian church in your home town. There is a low shaded hotel in Norman architecture, the casino of the lovely, stately lines, and a place across the street from it where chairs are arranged around tables on the sidewalk under a tree, and you sit there for about fifteen minutes a day.

"Why is it, then, that with all the wide surface of the earth to traverse, the wife of the governor of Albemarle holds out for the tiny stage of Deauville? Out of a full life, why does she insist that two weeks of it every year be given here? One word covers the reason. It is because of the display. A brief parade by day, and by night gambling. That is all. No movement, no progression—merely the hard grind of getting yourself ready for public appearances and sustaining the artificiality of your rôle."

But as for the doings at Deauville (which, by the way, is a fashionable watering place in the Department of Calvados, France)—just read:

"The most famous watering place in the world, however, was only four hours away, and I thought it would be dreadfully chic to get rested there. I had been to Newport a few seasons ago, and had occupied a tiny room under a sloping vine-clad roof of an annex to a smart hotel. Birds housed in those greens and twittered a greeting to me on the one or two early mornings when I came home to bed. Once I had been to a dance that began in one house, ended in another miles away, and included two besides in its progress there. Another ended in a moonlight swim at Bailey's Beach. I calculated that our diversions in Deauville would be approximately up to that speed, but I thought erroneously. Deauville is not like anything we have at home."

And as for the styles:

"There was a woman who seemed to me more or less to personify the spirit of the place. She was a mysterious, fascinating, foreign lady, whom we passed in the fashionable parade.

" 'The Princess Skarakatski,' everyone was breathing. 'Did you see the princess? She makes a mystery of her eyes; she wears feathers over them to lend them mystery.'

" 'She has lovers who have wished to marry her from every nationality. But the prince who chose her loved her not.'

" 'Her town house is so beautiful, but she is lonely in it all alone. In her boudoir she lies always on a leopard's skin. Exotic flowers line the staircase, and incense burns.

"'She is a wondrous horsewoman. In the war she assisted with despatches. She carried them in the south. At night she defended herself with the sword. She has great courage.'

"She had the courage of her clothes. It is the style this season to wear patterns so big that they spread over on to your neighbors. Whoever had the dress with the biggest pattern won. The prize went to her. The dress was of bright yellow and black, and her hat trailed a veil to a point

below the waistline. Long after she and the comments on her had passed, I remembered her, and it was not for the pattern on her dress. Did she typify in concrete form the spirit and the personality of this exotic place?

"If so, her background was perfect. She was a part of the fashionable parade that is the one activity by daylight in Deauville. It takes place in a little strip of the main street, which, between eleven-thirty and twelve o'clock is fenced off with ropes garnished with bows in the colors of France and the races. On one side it is bounded by the big building of perfect architecture, which is the casino, and on the other by a little bakery shaded by a tree. The sidewalk, out into the street, is set with tables, on which the sunlight, coming through the leaves, makes a pattern. It is called the *poiniere*, or gossips' stand. At eleven-thirty it is as vacant as a haunted house. At twenty minutes to twelve people are clamoring for tables; girls are whisking the reserve stock over people's heads; a crowd of women in gay dresses and floating veils are pressing into the bakery and fighting for plates and forks with which to serve themselves with pastry. The smell of hot chocolate is in the air. There is a parade and a chatter, as at a reception, and at twelve-fifteen not a soul is in the place.

"Some say it is like life and others that it is like the season at Deauville. There is a swirl, a flash, a flare, and then nothing. You are sensible all at once of the line of low, long, shiny motors along the street, and the groups of linen-clad chauffeurs. The air is heavy with the smell of smoking petrol.

"You were absorbed with the word that the chorus girl was passing who is the mother of the Chicago millionaire's child. How very slender and young and untouched by life she seemed! She had the sweetest smile. Her face was just like her pictures, and she had the knack of dressing simply. No hat, hair sweetly waved and parted; the simplest of slim black dresses embellished with one single trimming. There was a rippling lampshade tunic, round the rim of which and at the latitude of her knees ran a wide band of expensive chinchilla fur.

" 'There's a girl with stockings on.' Someone interrupted to comment on the novelty. The practice of going without stockings was common here."

# Warship With "Ears"

*Latest Types Will Thus Detect Approach of Submarines—Cost of Construction is Now Enormous.*

BY A NAVAL ARCHITECT

THAT Britain learned of many weaknesses in her battleships during the Battle of Jutland is admitted by "A Naval Architect" writing for the London *Daily Mail*. Chief of these was their vulnerability to "plunging fire"—that is shells which drop nose-foremost on deck—and to armor-piercing high explosive when fired at certain angles at a ship under steam. The rectifying of these and other defects is making the cost of modern dreadnought construction tremendous, according to this writer. After pointing out that "The Hood," Britain's latest addition to her fleet, cost at least $35,000,000—more than twice the cost of any of her predecessors—and that future ships-of-war will come still higher, this high authority goes on to say:

"The question how best to defend ships against aerial and submarine attack has likewise to be decided. When a warship goes into action nowadays she has to face the possibility of being subjected to heavy gunfire by a surface enemy, 'sniped' from the air, and shot at with torpedoes by underwater craft—all at the same time. And if she is to have any chance of surviving she must be equipped for warding off all these assaults.

"Aerial attack grows daily more formidable. It is no longer confined to mere bomb-dropping; air-craft carry torpedoes which they can discharge at a ship by making a quick swoop upon her. And these torpedo-armed flying machines are formidable opponents, as recent demonstrations have shown, for the probable outcome of a warship versus torpedo-carrying aeroplane duel is one of the subjects that our Navy has investigated by practical experiment.

"Propelling machinery, too, has entered upon a new stage of evolution. America pins her faith to electric propulsion. No less a person than Mr. Josephus Daniels himself told me that she had adopted this class of machinery and meant to stick to it. We have not got beyond oil fuel and turbines.

"Other things now in their infancy, but which may shortly materially affect warship construction, are 'wireless' steering and hydrophones (submarine 'listeners'). In fact, capital ship design now involves so many problems that the Admiralty will be justified in going slowly until assured that they have obtained something that is as near finality as can be reached. It would be sheer folly to spend millions upon vessels that would be obsolescent almost as soon as they were launched."

# Hate Lashes Lenin

*Russian Dictator's Childhood and Youth Were Smileless and Gloomy—Shunned All Intimacy.*

ALEXANDER KUPRIN

THE early life of Lenin, Bolshevist dictator of Russia, seems to bear out the old adage that "the child is father of the man," for we read in a translation of the above Russian author's article, appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that:

"The poet and critic Nevyedomsky knew him as a university student. At that time his character had already become quite set: straightforward, cruel, utterly lacking in feeling. Personal friendship and intimacy never attracted him. He shunned all escapades and even innocent sport. At the meetings of student societies, he never pushed forward, never became excited or began to argue. He waited until the rest of the young orators, wearied with their zeal, wound up against the eternal wall of all Russian discussions: 'You are talking nonsense, comrade!' 'Oh, no it is you, comrade, who are absurd!' Then he would ask for permission to speak, and would express his opinion with cold logic, tersely and clearly. And although his opinion was always extreme, at times individual, he knew how to win over to his side the decision of the group.

"It must be said that logic is not always convincing to a hundred young hot, liberty-loving heads, and it was not his logic that constituted the secret of Lenin's success. Nor did that secret lie in personal fascination, for he never aroused in his classmates either sympathy or enmity. His success was due to the fact that even at that time there existed for him nothing sacred and holy, no lofty dream; he was never touched by inspiring though high-sounding words, by a beautiful though useless gesture, by a playful though one-sided comparison, by a sudden historic analogy, thought out on the spur of the moment and convincing on the face of it, though lacking in historic accuracy. In his narrow, cold, and clear mind there was no room for that which


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*—General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B.*

*"I recommend Pelmanism to those who, in the fullest sense, really wish to learn and to become what men and women ought to be."*

*—Sir H. Rider Haggard, author of "She," "Cleopatra," "King Solomon's Mines."*



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*—Baroness Orczy, Authoress of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "A Son of the People," etc.*

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**Hon. Sir Hugh John Macdonald, K. C., Winnipeg, Man.**

Are you the man or woman you ought to be?

Beneath the Self of which you are conscious there is hidden an unsuspected Self, a thing of sleeping strength and infinite possibilities

That Self is the man or woman you ought to be.

It is this unsuspected Self that occasionally rises uppermost in some crisis of life, after you have set your teeth to go in and win, and have won. Then—when you have won, you say wonderingly: "How strange! I didn't think I had it in me."

Let that Self be always uppermost. But first discover your unsuspected Self!

Search through all the muddle and chaos of wrong thinking, of doubt, and self-distrust, and find those fine qualities, those powerful potentialities, all those slumbering talents which every one of us possesses.

Developed and used, they will lead you to a higher, finer place in life, they will lift you from the dead leaves of mediocrity to the broad speedway of progress. The human mind, freed from slavery to slothful habits, and trained to strength by proper exercises, has the drive of a mighty machine

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# *The Cash Value of a Healthy Mouth*

He places it at $20,000 a year—for that is what he earns. Forty-five, but he works with the vigor of youth. He has the perfect health which permits the perfect functioning of body and brain.

Contrast him with the man of forty-five whose vitality is low, whose brain works laboriously, because of infection by Pyorrhea germs.

Four out of five people over forty (both men and women) have Pyorrhea. This disease begins with tenderness and bleeding of the gums. Then the teeth decay, and loosen, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea germs which lodge in pockets about them. Medical science knows that it is to these germs that many of the ills of middle age are due.

Do not let Pyorrhea get established in your mouth. It is a preventable disease. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

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constitutes the joy and the beauty of youth—for imagination. He always reminded one of a serious, mature mathematician who comes to a group of boys making childish attempts to solve by means of home-made methods the problem of the square of the circle, or of perpetual motion; he smiles at their efforts, takes a paper and pencil, and in a few moments demonstrates the uselessness and the aimlessness of their task; then he goes away, leaving them disappointed, but convinced and contrite.

"Yet there is not a monomaniac who, no matter what mastery he has over his will-power, does not at one time or another divulge his inner thought, his sole guiding idea. So it was with young Lenin. He always became excited, enthusiastic, even picturesque in his speech, when he had occasion to speak of the future seizure of governmental authority, at that time by the people, not by the proletariat. According to Nevyedomsky, it was evident that for days at a stretch, perhaps during sleepless nights, alone with himself, he was working out plans for seizing the government—thinking them out, step by step, in every detail; forestudying all possibilities and eventualities."

Lenin is fifty years of age and is of aristocratic descent, his real name being Vladimir Ilyic Ulianov. Early in life he was arrested and exiled for revolutionary utterances, and Kuprin vaguely hints that persecution may have been what fanned into flame his intense hatred of the titled classes:

"He was still a boy when his elder brother was executed for taking part in the assassination of Alexander II. What impression this produced on him it is impossible to tell: there are no biographical data on this subject. But there is no doubt that, even if this incident alone did not color his hatred for the ruling class with a personal hue, it could not but have deepened it.

"He was always a good student, usually the first in his class. There is one thing about him that the poet remembers clearly, perhaps through personal experience: Ulianov never prompted his neighbor, never permitted any of his classmates to copy his lessons, never helped any of them by an explanation of a difficult lesson. He was not liked, yet no one ever dared to tease him. So he passed through all the eight years of the gymnasium, always alone, awkward in his motions, serious, a wolfish light gleaming in under his eyebrows."

# Germany Under the Treaty

*An Unusual Picture of a Nation Being Driven to Desperation.*

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

THERE are those who cry for the last turn of the screw to be applied to Germany—who find her unrepentant, only waiting her chance to arise and strike again, but there are other pictures of Germany than that. G. Lowes Dickinson, writing in the Manchester *Guardian*, puts a far different complexion on the matter. He says:

"It is unfortunate but inevitable that when you punish a nation you have to begin with the infants and children. It seems, too, at first sight unjust, since they were not born when the crime was committed. But, as we know, the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, and when we play Providence we must adopt the principles of Providence. As I write these words there lie on my table reports from all over Germany on the condition of the children in the big cities. It is always the same story—underfeeding, rickets, skin disease, tuberculosis. This, to begin with, is a legacy of the blockade. The blockade was lifted, not at the Armistice, but some months later. But the underfeeding continues owing to the economic conditions perpetuated or produced by the treaty. It is recorded statistically in the weight and height of the children and in the number and the seriousness of cases of disease. In May, 1920, it was calculated that of three million odd children from the great cities over two hundred thousand were tuberculous, over eight hundred thousand badly undernourished, over a million sick. Of the children in Berlin at the beginning of 1920, 25 per cent. had no overcoats, 28 per cent. no shoes. In many families the children must stay in bed all day because they have no clothes to put on. In many families no clothes are obtainable for newborn infants. In certain districts of Thuringia the children, from their third year on, get no milk at all, and expectant and nursing mothers get so little that permanent injury to their infants is unavoidable.

"When you punish a nation the children, as I have said, will be your first victims; next will come the very poor, then the poor, then the middle class. The well-to-do you are hardly likely to reach. You certainly will not reach those who are really responsible for what you are punishing—the proprietors and editors of prosperous newspapers, the war profiteers, the generals, the statesmen, the crowned heads. The Kaiser lives comfortably in Holland, and Ludendorff and Hindenburg flourish at home. But the mass of the people of Germany are sunk into a kind of living death. Did they make the war? Did they prolong it? The notion is absurd. They did what almost every man believes to be the duty of all men—they offered to their country in the hour of need the sacrifice of all they had.

"The sufferings of the people of Germany date back to the blockade. And what the blockade really meant Englishmen have always refused to consider. They are aware that it won the war. They are aware that their fleet was used to starve the population of Germany. But they do not allow their imaginations to dwell on what that process meant. If they did, they would see that the cruelty of the submarine war was at least not worse than the long-drawn horror of the blockade.

"A general idea of German poverty is given by the calculation of a careful statistician that while prices have risen in Germany to ten times the pre-war rate, wages have risen only six times, and salaries from four times to twice. These figures represent only general averages, and cover very wide variations. There are, of course, very rich men in Germany. There are individual working men and perhaps whole trades that are well off, but the statement shows what all inquiry in detail bears out—a fall in the standard of life of all classes that can only be called catastrophic. The fall is most striking in the middle class, to which we shall return. But it is more serious in the working class because there it is reflected not only in loss of comfort, leisure, and refinement, but in actual destitution. Take a concrete case. In Berlin the cost of the bare necessaries of life for a family of four is estimated as at least 300 marks a week. But the weekly wage of tramway drivers is somewhere about 200 marks a week. There are trades worse paid and trades better paid, and wages and costs, of course, vary in different districts. The miners are among the best paid, and very likely an indignant visitor from the upper classes might find a lucky bachelor living in what he would consider shameful luxury. But a miner with a family of seven lives in something like destitution; and M. Jouhaux, the French Labor leader, has recently stated, after a visit to the German mining districts, that one cause why production is not further increased is that the miners are underfed.

"Even if everyone in Germany was fully employed a large number of people would be underfed, underhoused, and underclothed at the present rates of wages and prices. But, in fact, there is a large measure of unemployment, how large, precisely, there are no figures to show. The official statistics for the Empire give only the numbers of those both wholly unemployed and receiving the unemployment allowance from public funds. The number of these was about 400,000 on October 1. But this figure does not give a complete account even of those wholly unemployed. And in addition to these there is a very large number employed only for part of the day or week. There is no way of ascertaining accurately the number of these, though, under new regulations, statistics

should be available in a month or two. Meantime, after inquiry and discussion with those best informed, I think I may say that one and a half million would be likely to be an understatement and two millions not likely to be an overstatement of the whole number not in full employment.

"There used to be a form of torture which consisted in piling weights on a man's chest until he succumbed. That is what the Allies are doing to Germany. The people are under a press, and every now and again the Prime Ministers of England and France give another turn to the screw. What is squeezed out of the press is something very terrible—the blood of little children, the tears of despairing mothers, and the foam on the lips of rabid men. And from that mixture rises like a mist the very spectre that Allied Governments desire to conjure—the spectre of Bolshevism. For, as Mr. Keynes has grimly remarked, 'men will not always die quietly.' We shall hear more of that during the coming winter."

# Are Great Men Bashful?

*Lincoln Trembled and Stammered Before He Launched Speech That Set Audience on Fire.*

WILLIAM L. CHENERY.

IN THE course of a lengthy article on Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, William L. Chenery, writing for the New York *Times*, has the Doctor tell this recollection of a meeting with Abraham Lincoln:

"Dr. Conwell heard Abraham Lincoln make his Cooper Union speech. The beginning of that speech was a failure, according to Dr. Conwell.

" 'William Cullen Bryant, our old neighbor, presided at that meeting,' recalled Dr. Conwell the other day. 'When Mr. Bryant arose to introduce the speaker of the evening, the latter was known to few, seemingly, in that great hall. Mr. Bryant said, "I can introduce to you the next President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln." Then through that great audience flew the query as to who Abraham Lincoln was. There was but weak applause.'

" 'Mr. Lincoln had in his hand a manuscript. He had written it with great care and exactness, and the speech which appears in his official biography is the one that he wrote—not the one that he delivered as I recall it. Lincoln read three pages of his speech, and had gone on to the fourth when he lost his place and began to tremble and stammer. He finally turned the manuscript over two or three times, threw it on the table and let himself go, as they say in the West. Then the stammering man who had created only silent derision to that point suddenly flashed out. The awkward arms and disheveled hair were lost sight of in admiration of that magnificent address. The immense audience immediately began to follow his thought, and when he uttered that quotation from Douglas, "It is written on the sky of America that the slaves shall some day be free," the applause was so great that the building trembled, and I felt the windows shake behind me. I thought of the auction of the night before. Here, too, was a man enlisted in the cause of freeing the slaves. I went home strangely stirred'."

# Woman "Busts" Bolshevists

*Mrs. Clare Sheridan Tells How Soviet Leaders "Looked Pleasant" While She Sculptured.*

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN.

BOLSHEVIK Russia has become a bountiful source of "impressions" for persons gifted with trained imaginations. Mrs. Clare Sheridan, English sculptress and cousin of Winston Churchill, British Minister of War, who, at the time of writing, was rumored as the next Colonial Secretary, has lately visited Russia and made busts of leading Bolshevik leaders. Her account of her seven weeks' trip, appearing in diary form in the New York *Times*, gives acute, if somewhat idealistic pen-pictures of the gifted fanatics now governing the one-time empire of the Czars. When she met Lenin in the Kremlin she found him behind a phalanx of women secretaries, which he explained was due to the fact that all the men had gone to war. Her story proceeds:—

"I don't know how I got through my day. I had to work on him from afar. My real chance came when a comrade arrived for an interview, and then for the first time Lenin sat and talked facing the window, so I was able to see his full face and in a good light. The comrade remained a long time and the conversation was very animated. Never did I see any one make so many faces. Lenin laughed and frowned and looked thoughtful, sad and humorous, all in turn. His eyebrows twitched. Sometimes they went right up and then again they puckered together maliciously. He seemed to be displaying his face for me to select.

"I waited, watched, hesitated, and then made my selection with a frantic rush. It was his screwed-up look. It is wonderful. No one else has such a look. It is his alone. When the comrade left the room he stopped and looked at my work and said the only word that I understand, which is 'carrasho,' which means 'good,' and then said something about my having the character of the man. So I was glad."

One of the first of the Soviet leaders that Mrs. Sheridan met in Moscow was Bela Kun, former Red dictator of Hungary. She was "frightfully disappointed" in him:

"He arrived, busy, tired and impatient, his overcoat slung over his shoulders. He had not time to put his arms through the sleeves. He flung off his hat and ran his fingers through his black, curly hair, which was already standing on end. He sat restlessly, looking up and down, around and out and beyond. Then he read his newspaper, every now and again flashing around an imperative look at me to see how I was getting on.

"He seemed to me an extraordinary mix-up of conflicting personalities. He has the eyes and brow of a fighting man and the mouth of a petulant woman. Little by little he became more tractable, and when he had finished reading he talked a little. At moments he threw his head back and seemed to be dreaming. Then he looked like a poet. He is only thirty-eight."

Here is her pen-picture of Dzherjinsky, president of the Extraordinary Commission, or, in plainer language, organizer of the Red Terror:

"Gorky has said of him that one can see martyrdom crystallized in his eyes.

"He sat for an hour and a half, quite still, and very silent. His eyes certainly looked as if they were bathed in tears of eternal sorrow, but his mouth smiled with indulgent kindness. His face is narrow, high-cheekboned and sunk in. Of all his features it is the nose which seems to have the most character. It is very refined and delicate. The bloodless nostrils suggest the sensitiveness of overbreeding. He is a Pole by origin.

"As I worked and watched him during that hour and a half he made a curious impression on me. Finally, overwhelmed by his quietude, I exclaimed:

" 'You are an angel to sit so still.'

"Our medium was German, which made fluent conversation between us impossible, but he answered:




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"'One learns patience and calm in prison.'

"I asked how long he was in prison.

"'A quarter of my life, eleven years,' he answered.

"It was a revolution that liberated him. It is obviously not an abstract desire for power or for a political career that made revolutionaries of such men, but fanatical conviction of wrongs to be righted for the cause of humanity and national progress. For this cause men of sensitive intellectuality have endured years of imprisonment."

"Tchitcherin, the Bolshevik Foreign Minister, is another figure portrayed by Mrs. Sheridan. He was too shy or too busy to give her the opportunity to make a bust of him. When she visited his office and was waiting in an outer room she saw 'a little man in brown trousers and coat which did not match.' He was shuffling hurriedly along with short steps. It might have been a night watchman: it was Tchitcherin. He is abnormal, Mrs. Sheridan explains, and 'lives month after month in that Foreign Office with closed windows.' He insists on having a bedroom in the office, as he says he has not time to go home to sleep. He works all night, but his days are not entirely nights. He will ring up a comrade on the telephone at three or four o'clock in the morning for the most trivial information. He does all his own work, and runs himself with papers to other departments instead of using messengers. He lives on his nerves, and the slightest thing throws him off his pivot. Mrs. Sheridan had been told he was an angel and a saint. What she found was 'a fluttering and agitated bird.'

"Trotzky, on the other hand, is intense and self-assertive. Mrs. Sheridan looked forward to 'doing his head' as soon as she saw him. 'He is a man,' she says, 'with a slim, good figure and splendid fighting countenance.'"

# Perishing Austria

*Dark Days Have Fallen on the Dual Monarchy.*

"THE Austrian papers at the beginning of December are unanimous in asserting that the Austrian people is nearing the end of its endurance and that widespread death from hunger and cold and possibly an upheaval which would have great repercussions in Central Europe are likely to take place. The Socialist papers maintain that the abandonment of Government control has aggravated the catastrophe," so states the Manchester *Guardian*.

The *Temps*, Paris, writes of the deficit in the Austrian Treasury:

"No country could continue to exist under such conditions. Long-term remedies can and must be considered (increase of agricultural and industrial production). But these remedies will only be of use if an immediate palliative is employed. In other words, in order that an independent Austria may be enabled to live she must find foreign credits.

"The existence or disappearance of an independent Austria is a question of European policy. It cannot be dealt with by means of financial expedients alone. . . The whole policy of the Entente in Central Europe must be regulated so as to perpetuate the independence of Austria. All the States created or aggrandised at the cost of the old Austria-Hungary must be associated in this policy. Are we ready for this? Are they ready? That is the root of the question."

*Action Francaise* writes in a somewhat similar tone.

"The distress in Austria and, above all, in Vienna is indisputable. It is a silent drama—that of famine in a disaffected capital. After the sacrifice of so many millions of human lives in the war one might remain insensible to this mortal misery were it not one of the results of the peace, and had it not a definite connection with the general situation in Europe. We broke up the old Austria without calculating the consequences, and the consequences have now presented themselves. . . The Government of Vienna for its part declines all responsibility. What are our responsibilities? It is a question of saving Austria. She has a right to help from the Allies, since they tried an experiment on her. But who will help with money? And who will guarantee that this help will be really useful and will not have to be renewed in a year or six months? The Reparations Commission has interesting plans for the exploitation of Austria's natural resources. But while awaiting the execution of these plans and their financing by the banks the Austrian State must be kept alive. Before January 15 the Government must be given the means to maintain itself in power. This is a troublesome obligation for us. But we must choose between two evils: we must feed Austria at our own expense or run the risk of a great subversion of Central Europe. Which is the least expensive? In prolonging the existence of an Austria independent of Germany one may retain the hope that one day she will succeed in creating a sort of common life with her neighbors, also inheritors of the Hapsburg monarchy. Having destroyed the former Austria there is nothing for us to do but to help it to build itself up again as best we can. Let us make use of this chance, or otherwise we must be prepared to intervene directly and with armed force in the great chaos of Central Europe which will follow the collapse of Austria."

German newspapers also foresee the disruption of Austria unless help is forthcoming. A writer in the *Leipziger Volkszeitung* presents the situation in the following terms:—

"The agricultural products of the country can only suffice to feed the people for three months out of twelve. The highly developed Austrian industries, owing to lack of coal, have had to cut down their activities to one-third of their pre-war amount. Moreover the pre-war revenues from banking, commerce, literature, etc., are now practically stopped.

"Moreover, the quantities of foodstuffs are quite insufficient to feed the people. Owing to malnutrition and economic distress, the death-rate has doubled since 1913, while the birth-rate has been halved. Moreover, the weights of the children who survive show how they have suffered.

"And so a race is pining away and dying and, unless assistance is speedily afforded it, it will drift helplessly to its complete collapse. Austria cannot live. The Austrian soil cannot feed the people, and the country's raw materials cannot supply occupation for the hands of the workers. Austria is an impossible social structure. There is obviously only one salvation, only one solution of the Austrian problem, and that is its inclusion in the German Reich. We Austrians know that fusion with Germany may not overcome our unspeakable need with one blow. But while Austria is hopelessly doomed to death, the 60 millions of Germany's population have the power. . . to build up and to renew their industry—to renew it under the form of Socialism."

The *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna speaks in bitter terms of the policy of the Entente.

"Naturally," it says, "it is not sympathy with an unhappy people, whom the Entente Powers by an unprincipled treaty have reduced to an unendurable condition, that is urging their statesmen to reflect. They are only beginning to realise that the collapse of Austria would kindle a fire that could set all Europe ablaze. And they know only too well that Austria, that wreck of a State, is their work; that they have reduced the poor country to a condition in which it cannot live and must perforce die. They have taken away from us everything that was necessary for the prolongation of life and all that belonged to us by the decree of the right of self-determination; we are the product of their miscarried will, and our destiny lies on their shoulders as an inexorable responsibility. Of course, we have the assurance that the impossible situation of this impossible country is quite understood and that people are ready to come to our assistance—in fact, that in some cases the affair is already being gone into. But is this 'authoritative' announcement the declaration of an actual fact? Our need is extremely urgent, for things are rushing at a sinister speed towards the abyss. . . . "

# Is Germany Repentant?

*Maximilian Harden Says She is Returning to Wartime Prejudices.*

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

DO THE German people, now faced with the full consequences of the folly of the war they brought upon the world, repent for their crime? In *World's Work*, Maximilian Harden, German publicist, who before the war won world-wide notoriety by his plain-speaking about the gulf that the Kaiser and the Prussian element were heading that country for, intimates that Germany is not repentant, because she "sees before her an unlit fog-bank of incalculable misery. Since the peace terms of President Wilson of U.S. were withdrawn," he adds, "the legend of the monarch-militarists has again found credence," and millions of Germans again are ready to blame the war on "English commercial envy, Russian desire for conquest and French thirst for vengeance cooperated; that German's army was never defeated but was overthrown in sight of final victory by the revolution at home, nourished by Northcliffe and Lenin together and that Western Powers in 1920 as in 1914, are aiming at the annihilation of Germany." In other words, we are to take it from Harden's observations that Germany, full of aches and pains and worse forebodings for the future, sees nothing to be gained by repentance and therefore is not even making a show of remorse. But Harden's explanation of how the German people were wheedled into almost any state of mind the Kaiser and his Junkers desired is perhaps the most illuminating portion of his article. Materialism—for so the gain and personal prosperity which they felt sure would be theirs through the crushing of other nations must be termed—was the one great motive behind all their war enthusiasm, and if we are to believe Harden this prospect of gain blinded them to every sense of honor and self-respect in war-conduct, as Harden's diagnosis points out in an indirect way:

"In the beginning there was a misunderstanding out of which sprang the most terrible tragedy in history. Must new misunderstandings pile themselves like a black fog-bank in front of the future of humanity?

"Three decades of unfertile melodramatic political feints, the errors of which, smaller and greater sins, the high conjuncture of German management ever and again conceals from the nation; the facts that the Kaiser spoke foolishly, acted thoughtlessly and let himself be impelled by vanity and a craving for sensation, that he was better fitted to be an actor than a ruler—of these things millions of people here are aware. But nearly all of them thought and said: 'This can do no harm. Nobody would take seriously this quick-change artist with his crown and his rattling sabre. We work with more perseverance than most other people; we are advancing speedily in all fields; and with our well-trained workers, our technique and industry, and with our social policy which provides for the aged and the sick, we shall in twenty years be the richest nation in Europe. It is true that our Government is bad; but this does not hinder our development. The Deutsche Bank, Krupps (which firm devoted much more work for the uses of peace than for the production of military weapons, but was much less often mentioned in that connection), our coal syndicates, iron works, steel works, *Badische Anilinfabrik*, *Allgemeine Elektricitats-Gesellschaft*, Hamburg-America Line, chemicals, textiles—nobody on our continent can imitate these.' The unpolitical, and therefore most easily ruled, people honestly believed this and worked unceasingly. Too unceasingly; for other peoples with greater riches and an older civilization were forced to make an inconvenient alteration in their standard of living because of the insistent offer of cheap German goods prepared for every demand of the market. Too unceasingly; for the resulting immensely quick increase in prosperity—'American,' we called it here with pride—resulted in a blind worship of success, of the power that Mammon procured, and this cast off every shred of shame and became a national danger. Yield, heaped-up utility, was considered worth having in your sack, but not any moral values Anybody who produced anything came quickly to the front, and, if he owed his advancement to cunning, unscrupulousness, flattery, and other foul tools, he was much more esteemed than one who kept his hands clean and clung to an ideal Orders, titles, 'honors,' of all kinds were for sale. They were offered and bought and into church, university, law court, school, and art, and into the feelings and social life of the citizens, there penetrated this corruption of the court, whose head was not esteemed, but who was considered the most active commercial traveler under German management and therefore tolerated. Of the old Prussian parsimonious simplicity and pious state-discipline there remained only the gigantic barracks. Round about was the usurious practice of the mushroom morality of an insanitary gold-mining camp, and some parasitical growths of the courtly kind, who translated the worst era of royal Versailles into the language of Potsdam. As all business thrived, no warnings were heeded. And the people, transformed to the very soul, let themselves be easily persuaded into the false idea that they were still, as in the days of Schiller, the 'people of the Thinker and the Poet,' much too harmless, easy-going, conscientious, and impractical for this world, in which, as one reads every day, the other peoples without mercy or idealism only sought their own advantage.

"After 1911 the sky became clouded. When Bismarck, who never forgot that his Germany needed to delay its speedy growth of power and remain quiet, was dismissed like a troublesome lackey, the German realm was united with Russia, Austria, and Italy, was friends with the British, on friendly terms with America and allowed into all markets and all the possibilities of competition. France was alone and was isolated and had become accustomed to the necessity of getting into useful communication with the neighbor who, in 1871, after a long and in the end successful fight with Bismarck against the wishes of the militarists, had taken from her not only German Alsace, but also a piece of purely French territory; and she was coming to nourish the hope of the return of her lost provinces only as it were like the faith in a 'better world to come.'

"Twenty years of the Kaiser's rule altered the face of Europe entirely. Instead of trying by sensible and modest negotiations to seek to secure for German thrift and technical-industrial apparatus a somewhat broader sphere, perhaps in South-Eastern Europe, unrest was started everywhere and political affairs disturbed. Russia, since Berlin had declared for the 'reassurance contract' and had written a blank cheque for Hapsburg and Magyar ambition and hatred for the Slavs, could no longer hope for German help in acquiring an ice-free port in the Dardanelles or elsewhere. In consequence, she turned to France, thereby, with or without meaning to do so, encouraging the still-surviving dreams of vengeance. Threatened in three vital places, by the speedy building of the German fleet, by the Kaiser's flattery of Islam and the Califate, indispensable pivots of all British policy in India, and thirdly by dumping, Great Britain had to defend France when Germany, contrary to Bismarck's undertaking in 1880, seemed to covet the rulership of Morocco, and had to make out of the two alliances one Triple Alliance, when the despatch of the German fleet to Agadir threatened the English economic sea routes, and the absurd attempt was made to put the first Turkish corps and thus Constantinople under German command (Liman von Sanders.) As Germany had gone to Agadir, Italy went to Tripoli, in order not to weaken the advantages of the Morocco-Tripoli treaty. Because Turkey




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# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

did not seem capable of making further resistance to the loss of this last African province, the Balkan States turned upon her. Because Austria-Hungary thirsted for the opportunity to force Serbia, which had been strengthened by the Balkan War, back into impotence, it took the fact that the Archduke Francis Ferdinand had been murdered on Austrian soil by Austrian subjects of Serbian origin as an excuse for the world-abhorred ultimatum of July, 1914. The storm broke in the sulphurous air.

"The Kaiser had drawn Russia into a trap near the Yellow Sea; and thereby involved Europe in the imprescriptible sin of letting Russia, the most populous of the white peoples, be beaten by a yellow race and allowing Japan overnight to take her place among the Great Powers. The Kaiser had tried to stay the decline of the sterile Turkish rule, a decline which was apparent in every sphere, and to forge an efficient weapon against England out of the Califate. He egged on the Boers, the Russians, the French, even the Americans, against England, turned the Bagdad railroad into a political thing, and called it boastfully the 'dry road to India,' strove to seduce Mr. Roosevelt by low flattery into anti-British and pro-German sentiments, withal (in the *Daily Telegraph* interview) prided himself on being England's only friend in Germany, and had with all his untruthfulness and feminine love of intrigue achieved only this, that nobody trusted him any longer; that the old antipathies between England and France, and England and Russia, were bridged over and that his wise uncle, Edward VII, who knew his nephew as well as possible, tied a West-East union to guard against the eternal enemies of peace and trade. King Edward knew that for 'Willy' (of whom Bismarck had said to me long ago, 'The Emperor would like to celebrate his birthday every day') the army and fleet were only the toys for his pose as warrior, the sharp sword,' the dry powder and all the rest only acting, a product of his stagey craving for applause. After Edward's death, the Kaiser's activities were taken in earnest. That was the first misunderstanding. The second was that incapable politicians and chauvinist demagogues succeeded in persuading the German people, intoxicated with 'business' and unconcerned with politics, that the Triple Entente were planning attack, not defence. With sorrow London, Petersburg, and Paris looked upon the plans of a new Tamerlane, Attila, Bonaparte. The Germans believed that the hate and envy of an inimical world threatened the prosperity achieved by their iron thrift. All this merely because a coquettish actor, His Majesty by the Grace of God, was hunting for a star part to win applause by a constant succession of costumes. His mediocre and unpopular ministers wanted to renew their prestige by repeating the rôle which had brought success to Prince Buelow in the Austro-Russian conflict about Bosnia. His capable generals wanted to exploit what in their opinion was the last opportunity to remove with the sword the difficulties which had been brought about by an appallingly bad policy. The ministers wanted bluff; the generals wanted a preventive war before the superiority of the 'enemy' became invincible. The Kaiser himself, outshone by his son in popularity with the people, at the call of grandiloquent cowardice, and yet the slave of his long-standing heroics, urged by his 'dynastic feeling' and his fear of assassination, was pleased to take upon himself the duty of avenging the murder at Sarajevo as the executant of the solidarity of monarchs. He dared not appear a coward, and, falling, as ever, on the side of the strongest alarm, he declared war.

"The Germans went into the war with the deep-seated dogmatic conviction that they were being assaulted by spiteful envy, and they were fighting for their lives and the existence of the German nation. If they are now abandoned, 'out in the cold,' to sink down in misery without assistance from the world, because they have again shaken off the repentance for what has happened, there will arise, out of new misunderstandings, new trouble for humanity. A search into the reasons of their turning away from repentance will bear better fruit.

"'The war has been forced upon us,' the German people were told, 'by a conspiracy of our enemies and against our peaceful will: it will be short and will assuredly end in victory.' This was believed. (Any foreigner who doubts this should ask himself if a nation that was not in its innermost soul convinced of its right would have been able to fight so bravely and to make such immense sacrifices with gladness. Besides, it is not my custom publicly to state what I myself do not hold to be true.) For a long while it also seemed that the prophecy would come true. In the East the fight was followed with great success, the most successful move being the importation, by the chief army command, of Russian Bolsheviki from Switzerland, through German territory to their own country, the manuring and watering of the seed of Bolshevism and thereby the putting out of the fight of Russia, thoroughly disorganized. Now, surely, since the entire German army could be thrown on to the Western Front, victory would come there also. For a long time no information unfavorable to our arms trickled through to the people. The terrorism devised against all doubters, warners, and pacifists never assumed visible forms, and the machine of lies was constructed with the utmost cleverness. For the most terrible instrument of war and the most hideous ruse, for the breaking of treaties, poison gas, unlimited submarine and aircraft warfare—absolution for all these was demanded and obtained from the people on the supposition that they were forced to use them—they who had been living in peaceful unpreparedness, and had been assaulted by superior hordes of conspirators, whose 'will to annihilate' them they must resist. Who would blame a man who was seized by the throat by a maniacal, murdering, and plundering giant for making use of any means of protection within reach, even what is notoriously immoral, in order to save his life and his fortune? The army fought with the utmost courage, and the nation was certain of victory.

"But it was soon felt that the war was not to be a short one. For all that, it brought gain. This was the great surprise. Hitherto war had always brought poverty. This industrial war, in the most hideous and unchivalrous of all times, the issue of which was to be decided by the number of military machines, guns, ships, aircraft, motors, tanks, submarines, and munitions, set countless milliards in circulation. It became itself an industry, beriched in the closely blockaded country not merely a small gang of contractors, but nearly all sections of the people. The peasants sold their products at unprecedented prices, and were enabled to pay off their debts and their mortgages. All trades were transformed for the purposes of the war, and brought gigantic profits to managers and shareholders, and to the workers, including women and youths—wages so high as had scarcely ever been dreamed of. As no goods came into the country from outside, the demand soon exceeded the supply, and need soon tore greedily everything salable out of the hands of the merchants. This unexpected phenomenon was a compensation for the war's dragging on for so long. Would it be profitable? Obviously. The more countries involved, the better. We should conquer them all. The richest countries in the world could, must, and would pay not only our war debts, but, in addition to that, a tribute in proportion to their wealth and our loss of strength. And German power would stretch from the Bodensee to Lake Peipus, from Ostend to Bagdad, and would then command all the raw materials necessary to us, select the best colonies in Africa, reign behind the scenes in Turkey, and over Egypt, and, before it settled its account with the New World, dictate to the Old World its policy and conduct. Thus for long years spake all the ministers, generals, and members of Parliament. In truly medieval blind faith the nation listened. If any man dared to say otherwise, he was pushed into the army, imprisoned, punished in his income or otherwise outmanoeuvred. Out of the old patriotism, which had been convinced that it had risen in defence of the Fatherland, to protect it from a vital danger, there grew gradually an unholy sentiment, the consciousness of solidarity of a business Trust, which was determined at all costs to secure its capital and make a big profit, and was prepared to destroy everybody who stood in its way, even those with the noblest motives, and those urged by the purest conscience. But soon metal money began to run short. The gold had gone long ago; for the most part it had flowed over to the Turks and similar interesting people; next silver began to disappear. Nickel as well ceased to circulate, and only dirty paper money was to be seen. Prices rose so unceasingly that wages could not follow. Hunger slunk forth with its stockings in holes. For a long, cold winter the people starved on brackish bran flour and turnips. Meat, fat, fruit, jam, wool, leather, linen, medicines—all were needed by the vast army, and could only be obtained at home by buying on the sly and paying prices that only the few could afford. 'Be patient; for a short while still be patient; we are winning victories every day, and the final triumph cannot surely be torn from us. It will compensate us for all our sufferings, and bring us the "golden age."' Still one believed, one was unshaken in the certainty of victory; nobody dared publicly as much as hint at the fact that in the West a lasting advantage had not been obtained since the Battle of the Marne (which was kept a secret); that the brilliant successes in the smaller theatres of war in Serbia, Rumania, even in Italy, were worthless; that the mammoth guns and long distance guns and the submarines had disappointed our hopes; that at sea and in the air the war had already been decided against us; and out of the distance the thunder of the steps of the American World-Power could be heard. Then slowly the thought arose: 'We shall conquer to the death.' In other words, our victory can no longer bring us sufficient gain to compensate thoroughly for such immense sacrifices. This opinion ate itself in: then it disturbed, like a poisonous fungus, the confidence of the 'business patriotism.' It did eat itself in. A hundred times, more often even, the towns were decked with flags, victories were celebrated, and Germany was announced to be nearly triumphant. It had hardly any effect. The children, without milk and nourished by ill-fed mothers, died or developed rickets. Clothes wore out, furniture became rubbish, and a shirt, a window pane was so dear that for their purchase workaday wages would not allow the outlay. The shameless exhibition of the wealth that the war profiteer had so swiftly swindled unto himself aroused the starving masses. How long yet should the terrible murdering go on? The Independent Socialists separated from the Government—Socialists who in tone scarcely, and not at all in manner, differed from the Pan-Germans. They whispered to the masses—in Parliament they were prevented from saying it—'In July, 1914, the facts were not what the official tale tells us; the chief responsibility for the outbreak of the war lies upon the policy of Berlin.' This is confirmed even by Lichnowsky, a count, a hussar, the favorite and friend of the Kaiser and a director of Krupps. Wounded soldiers and men on leave tell how nobody at the front has hopes of victory; feeling there is deeply depressed: the food is abominable; the gulf between officers and men is unbridgeable; the superiority of the enemy obvious at every glance; the courage, equipment, and stubbornness of the Americans is a wonder that was never thought possible. But again the steam whistles shrilled, all the fires were stirred up, and the attempt was made to conjure back the enthusiasm of 1914. In vain. Since the summer offensive, which was to 'crush the French and drive the Allies to the Pyrenees,' had stiffened in failure. doubt tormented even the most powerful faith. As through the threads in the fabric of lies there shimmered the danger of the situation and the falling off of the partners in the union, the firmest hearts trembled. Out of the depths came a muffled roar, as of an approaching earthquake. When the dual heads of the army command, who had been raised to the rank of gods, at last—much too late—found it expedient to admit that the situation was untenable and were forced to ask, beg, and whimper for a speedy armistice, there was no longer a prop left. Yet once again nearly everybody is united in the same feeling. It is this: 'We have been shamelessly deceived and betrayed.' Emperor, kings, princes, great and small, flee: thrones break asunder and the whole military monarchy, which seemed to have been established for eternity, falls to pieces and tears all its off-shoots with it, and from the Maas to the Memel, through red banners, there comes the cry: 'We want to be men again, and to be human kind!'"

## Showman's Talk Brought Crowds

*P. T. Barnum Knew Value of the Extraordinary.*

LYMAN ABBOTT

ENTERTAINERS, like poets, are born, not made. At least that is the conclusion one would draw from the "literary snap-shot" of the famous showman, P. T. Barnum, appearing in the *Outlook*, by Lyman Abbott. Barnum made money, and he liked making money, but Mr. Abbott believes that he liked catering to the enjoyment of the people better than anything else on earth. Barnum's phenomenal success as a showman was due principally to his daring and originality as an advertiser. He never neglected an opportunity for the right sort of publicity and money was no object with him if the particular form of advertising he needed came high. The author of the sketch tells us:—

"As an inventive advertiser he has had, I rather think, no equal in the history of American advertisers. A tramp applied to him for a job; would be glad to do anything for a dollar a day. Barnum gave him a breakfast, then told him to lay a brick on the corner of Broadway and Ann Street, another close by the Museum, a third on the corner of Broadway and Vesey Street, and a fourth on the sidewalk in front of St. Paul's Church; then with a fifth brick in hand to 'take up a rapid march from one to the other, making the circuit, exchanging your brick at every point and say nothing to any one.' At the end of an hour the sidewalk was packed with curious people watching the inexplicable proceeding and enough of the number followed the brick-layer at the end of each cycle into the Museum to more than pay for his hire. The profit to Mr. Barnum was in the talk created and the consequent free advertising of the Museum. He announced baby shows with prizes for the finest baby, the fattest, the handsomest. Emulous mothers crowded the Museum and the reports of the baby shows found their way into the newspapers far and near. He set an elephant in charge of a keeper in Oriental costume plowing on a six-acre lot close beside the track of the New York and New Haven Railroad. The keeper was furnished with a time-table, and did his plowing when trains were passing. A friendly farmer criticised him for his folly. 'Your elephant,' he said, 'can't draw as much as two pair of my oxen can.'

"'You are mistaken, my friend,' replied Mr. Barnum; 'he can draw more than forty yoke of oxen; for he can draw the attention of twenty millions of American citizens to Barnum's Museum!'"

## Another by Chesterton

In the March 1 issue of MacLean's Magazine there will appear the fourth of "The Man Who Knew Too Much" series, by G. K. Chesterton. This story is entitled: "The Bottomless Well," and has the genuine masterly Chesterton touch. The solution of the murder mystery is amazingly simple—if you have a keen analytical mind and a knowledge of psychology.

# Solons of the Eighties

*Continued from page 29*

way in which Dr. Jenkins enforced the rules against the irate little gentleman. Then there was S. J. Dawson, "Smooth Bore" Dawson, they called him, for the quiet slickness of his speech, who was the builder of the Dawson Road, which first opened the way from the head of Lake Superior through hundreds of miles of wilderness to the Red River. There was also J. Israel Tarte, who, when a Conservative, was defeated in Quebec, if I remember aright, by his Liberal opponents scattering thousands of his photographs with him wearing a masonic apron. One of Mr. Tarte's trite sayings was, when accused of corrupting a constituency, "Elections are not won with prayers."

### Tho Social Side of the House

PARLIAMENT has its social side, and I found in the years I was at Ottawa that friendships did not respect party lines there, as was commonly supposed. The case of David Mills and Sir John Macdonald, already mentioned, is an illustration. There we had a repetition of the story of David and "John-A-than." Sir John loved to hear David hold forth on constitutional questions and would listen to him by the hour, although he once called him "a mass of undigested information." Often the two would talk matters over sitting side by side in the House, and it was an open secret that the Honorable David might have had a portfolio in Sir John's cabinet any time he desired.

One of the men who helped personal friendships in a very practical manner was Alonzo Wright, known to the House, if not to the country, as the "King of the Gatineau." Alonzo was comfortably situated so far as this world's goods are concerned. He was descended from the first owner of the site of the City of Hull, and he had married the granddaughter of the first owner of the site of the City of Ottawa. At his fine estate at Ironsides up the Gatineau River, he gathered every Saturday members of Parliament from both sides of the House. He was a veritable John Bull in personal appearance, and his hospitality was of the John Bull kind. Party bitterness gave way in the presence of the "King of the Gatineau," and many a politician found that the member on the opposite side of whom at first he did not think much was not such a bad fellow after all.

The rumor was current that it was here that Sir Adolphe Caron and Sir William Mulock formed their interesting friendship. Sir Adolphe was Minister of Militia, and Sir William was the Opposition critic of the Militia Department. When the Militia Vote was coming up in Supply Minister and critic would sometimes dine together before settling down to the hard hitting. Sir John Macdonald, by the way, had a good opinion of Sir William, and is credited with having said that if he were only ten years younger he "would get Bill over to the Tory side." This was about the time when Mr. Mulock was restive under the interpretation put upon the party policy of unrestricted reciprocity, and had moved his resolution affirming the loyalty of the people of Canada to the Throne. Sir John had his Saturday night dinners at which politicians of both sides figured. These he held up to the day before the fatal stroke which carried him off. It was at the last dinner he gave that he got off the Chinaman's description of the electric street car, to the discomfiture of the ladies present. Everybody knows it —"got no horsee; got no steamee; goes like hellee." It must not be supposed from this that Sir John indulged in extreme language. Far from it. If he made use of an expression that was slightly out of the ordinary, it was in a tone of humorous reluctance.

Within the precincts of the House the members were given to entertaining one another. D. W. Davis from Stand Off in the wild and woolly West, was especially valuable in this connection. When the Mounted Police in 1874 first arrived in the far West and expected to be met by a gang of desperadoes, they found D. W., a trusted official of the big firm of I. G. Baker and Co., behind the counter of the store in his shirt sleeves, unconcernedly smoking a cigar and when they made known their mission, pleasantly bidding them search the place for liquor, which they unavailingly did—but it was there all the same. Coming from the West he knew the Indian down to the ground, and he used to delight the members at their sing-songs with imitations of the Indian dance interlarded with war-whoops that threatened to disturb the cogitations of the more sedate statesmen who were arguing or sleeping in the Commons chamber.

Sleeping! Well, they were not likely to be sleeping if William Paterson, of Brant, familiarly known as "Billy Paterson," after the man who was struck by some unknown person, had the floor. Mr. Paterson was the possessor of the most thunderous voice in Parliament. It used to be said that he could be heard away down in the Rideau Club. One of Dr. Landerkin's jokes at the expense of a new member was to arouse his interest in Mr. Paterson's eloquence, and then to advise him to occupy the seat immediately in front of Mr. Paterson, so that he could hear him well because he had such a poor voice. The newcomer usually fell for this, with the result that when Mr. Paterson was going under a full head of steam, the new arrival had to slink away in order to protect his ear drums. All the House watched the "freshie" as he selected his "good seat" in front of the orator, and loud was the laughter when, after a few vocal blasts from Billy Paterson, the astonished listener beat a hasty retreat.

"Billy" after being a Minister for some years decided to give a dinner to his Parliamentary friends of both Houses. The list was so lengthy that instead of one function there had to be two. By the "old-timers" they were acknowledged to have been the liveliest gatherings ever held in the old Parliamentary Restaurant presided over by Sam Barnett. Mr. Paterson stipulated to "Jim" Sutherland, who was making the arrangements for him, that the dinner should be conducted on strictly temperance principles, but someone must have given Sam Barnett the wink. Scotch and rye were supplied in ginger ale bottles and within an hour there was more hilarity than one finds at ten ordinary banquets. Mr. Paterson was greatly pleased at the success of the function and remarked to Sir Richard Cartwright, who was sitting next to him at the first dinner: "Cartwright, I have always said you could get as much, or more, fun out of a temperance dinner than one where liquor is served; you have a demonstration of it to-night." Sir Richard, who was wise to what was going on, smilingly acquiesced in the remark but refrained from enlightening his host. To the day of his death, Mr. Paterson never knew of the arrangements that Jim Sutherland and Bill Galliher had made to make the banquets a howling success.

### When Hansard "Mixed" Metaphors

TWO members of the House, Hon. Edward Blake and Sir Richard Cartwright, were not "good mixers." It is said of the former that when a friend remonstrated with him for his chilliness towards his supporters and advised him to be more chummy with them, he asked what he was to do. "Why, be more sociable and crack a joke or two with them." "How do you mean?" enquired Blake. "Well, for instance, it's snowing out now, and if someone should pass a remark on the weat' er, you say 'Oh, it's snow matter.'" And sure enough a few days later a good Grit follower overtaking the Honorable Edward on the broad walk remarked that it had been snowing hard. Mr. Blake, suddenly remembering the pointer he had received about cracking a joke, hut having forgotten the cue, promptly replied, "Oh, it's quite immaterial." Mr. Blake was a great lawyer—a much greater lawyer than he was a politician.

Sir Richard was a past-master of the art of invective; a scholarly speaker, his English was perfect, and he could flay a political opponent in five minutes by the cloek. He also had a grim sense of humor, and when he spoke one day of "having dipped into the political Styx," and it appeared in the unrevised edition of *Hansard* as "having dipped into the political Stinks," he laughed as immoderately as he did when in another speech he referred to "the ancient Themistocles," which *Hansard* transformed into "the ancient Peter Mitchell," who had just previously passed away. He was a Tory of the old school until Sir Francis Hincks was appointed Finance Minister instead of an-




# They Fight Film

## Those people you see with white teeth

Wherever you look you see to-day uniquely pretty teeth. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. Twice a day they fight the film which made their teeth look dingy.

This is to urge that you test this modern film combatant. A test is free. Watch the effects in your mirror.

### How teeth are ruined

Most users of the tooth brush find that teeth discolor and decay. Careful people are not exempt. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

The cause lies in that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. The tooth brush has left much of it intact.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that is alarmingly common.

### How to combat film

Now dental science, after diligent research, has found ways to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved it. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste is fast bringing, both in Europe and America, a new era in teeth cleaning.

## Watch the change in a week

Pepsodent quickly proves itself. The ten-day test we offer will be a revelation. It will change your whole conception of clean teeth.

Pepsodent attacks the film in two effective ways. Then it leaves the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

It also aids Nature in ways now considered essential. It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's teeth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Pepsin is also applied.

The effects come with every application. So the teeth's great enemies are constantly combated as they never were before. Cut out this coupon now and learn what these new methods mean to you and yours.

CANADA

Pepsodent

REG. IN

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant, bringing five effects now considered essential. Approved by highest authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

### The visible results

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific purpose of the other three effects. You will be glad you learned of Pepsodent.

### 10-Day Tube Free

570

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 421, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family

other person whom he thought was better qualified for the position. A scholarly speaker and a deep thinker, his disposition was vitriolic. The second volume of his *Memoirs* was never printed for obvious reasons. Sir Richard was a constant sufferer from rheumatism which doubtless warped his disposition and made his utterances so bitter.

It is difficult to remember all the good fellows and their peculiarities at this length of time, but I can recall handsome Hon. H. D. Hazen, Mr. C. N. Skinner, Major-General Hugh H. McLean and Hon. John Costigan from New Brunswick, who were popular on both sides of the House. Mr. Hazen was afterwards premier of his native province, and now is ornamenting the bench. Sir Clifford Sifton, who inaugurated the first real immigration policy. Captain J. B. Labelle, from Richelieu, commander of the R. & O. steamer, *Montreal*, was a social lion and one of the best dressed men in the House. His son is General Labelle, of the Montreal Harbor Commission. Sir Adolphe Chapleau ranked among the most brilliant orators of that day, and Honorable C. C. Colby, of Stanstead, was one of the ablest lawyers in the House and personally was very popular. Then there were good old Billy Smith from South Ontario, still in the Parliamentary pink; George Guillet, from Northumberland, Ont.; Peter Mitchell, from Northumberland, N.B.; good old Colonel Tisdale, from South Norfolk; Dr. Ferguson, from Welland; Fred Hale, from Carleton, N.B.; J. A. Mara, James Reid, Thomas Earle; E. C. Baker, who recently passed away, and the late E. G. Prior, recently Lt.-Gov. of British Columbia, from which Province they all came; Mahlon Cowan, the fighting man from Essex, Ont.; W. C. Edwards, from Russell, the real old genuine free trader of the house; Uriah Wilson, from Lennox, a member of high standing; Hon. John Haggart and Dr. Montague, who were bosom friends, the latter coming to a tragic end in Winnipeg; George Taylor, the Tory whip from Gananoque; Josiah Wood, from Westmoreland, who owns a railway, was afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick and is father-in-law of Eddie Nichols, the newspaperman, of Winnipeg. A. W. Ross, the real estate boss, and W. F. McCreary from Manitoba; Hon. Tom Daly from Brandon, who, like his father, was a broth of a boy; Senator J. B. Plumb, from Niagara, a royal entertainer when Speaker of the Senate; Hon. John Carling, whose election contests with his brother-in-law in London were as fierce as any in the whole Dominion; big Duncan C. Fraser, the giant from Nova Scotia, who like A. G. Jones, another Nova Scotian member, who was charged with having said, "Haul down the flag" at Confederation, filled the position of Lieutenant-Governor of that Province; John V. Ellis from St. John, one of the ablest members of the House, whose newspaper, the *Globe*, still flourishes under the management of his son Frank; G. R. R. Cockburn, from Toronto, a fine type of an Old Country gentleman; Hon. Mr. Prefontaine, mayor of Montreal, who died in England; Jacques Bureau, whose life is devoted to politics and mirth and Ernest Lapointe; Billy Northrup, of Hastings, (now clerk of the House) a fighter from 'way back, like Billy Bennett of Simcoe; H. H. Cook—"I bet you Cook"—who claimed a toll of $10,000 was demanded of him to obtain a senatorship, which caused him to retire from his party of which he had previously been a staunch supporter.

WHO could ever forget Major Tom Beatty, of London, whose death left a great blank that would be difficult to fill? Or Clarke Wallace, from York, as genial a soul as ever lived, whose successor in the House is his good-natured son, Capt. Tom? And there was Senator John Yeo, from Prince Edward Island, who for sixty-two years continuously has been a member either of the Legislature of the Island, or of the Commons or Senate of Canada. Then there was Dr. Platt, of Kingston, who was afterwards warden of the Portsmouth penitentiary, and declared that, owing to his official duties, he was the "closest confined person in the pen." And Jim Metcalfe, who was a dead game sport of the political kind, came from Kingston too; and what shall I say of Hon. W. S. Fielding, the father of reciprocity, still an active member of the House? Or of Hon. James Domville, a meteoric member, still in active life in the Senate; of Kennedy Burns, of Gloucester, who owned the Caraquette Railway, that runs from Bathurst to Shippegan; of Dr. Reid, from Grenville, now Minister of Railways and a prospective Senator; of John F. Stairs and Thos. E. Kenny, of Halifax, the latter a West Indian merchant; of Harry Corby, from Belleville, who had no personal enemies; of Senator Billy Gibson from Lincoln; of poor George Moffatt, of Restigouche, who at a convivial banquet where everything was Irish—tobacco, pipes, whiskey, potatoes and all—a little affair given by A. W. Ross, M.P. for Selkirk—entrusted me with an envelope to keep for him, in which was a draft for 5,000 pounds sterling—George was always for "Safety first," and he knew I would keep sober if anybody could; of W. G. Perley, father of Sir George Perley, Canada's High Commissioner at London; of dear old Alex. McLaren, the Cheese King, and Rufus Stephenson from Kent, of Sir Louis Davies, now Chief Justice of Canada, who made rip-roaring speeches, and Al. Lefurgey and Donald Nicholson and Mr. McLean, from "The Island," of Col. Owney Talbot from down Quebec way; of Alex. McKay, Adam Brown's running mate from Hamilton, and wee Johnny Small, Toronto's pet; of George W. Gahong, the Chocolate King from Charlotte, N.B., who was as sweet as his chocolates; of Henry Cargill and John Tolmie, two dear old friends from Bruce? And we all reverently doff our hats to that able statesman, Sir John Thompson, the only Conservative ever elected in Antigonish, who safely piloted the ship of state through troubled waters, and died a tragic death at Windsor Castle; and to Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, who controlled the destinies of Canada when rare statesmanship was needed.

MEMORY also recalls the gallant Col. Williams, of Port Hope, who gave up his life on the banks of the Saskatchewan from fever in 1885; Big Rory Maclennan, the contractor, one of the world's greatest athletes, Darby Bergin of Cornwall, John Moncrieff, of Simcoe, Dr. Montague, of the silver tongue, Geo. H. Macdonnell, of Algoma, John White, of East Hastings, who, when fiercely attacked by Edward Blake, floored that gentleman completely by recalling how when the great Liberal leader had arrived at Quebec from an ocean voyage so engrossed was he in his political affairs that he left his poor wife to the tender mercies of his political opponent and that he had to neglect his own business to look after her.





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13D

# HOW I EARN MONEY AT HOME

## AND IN THIS WAY MAKE UP FOR HENRY'S SHRINKING SALARY

Every Wife or Self-Supporting Girl Can Use Extra Money for Clothes. Thousands Are Now Making It Themselves — Right at Home — in This Easy Way

By MARY WALDEN

ILLUSTRATION BY F. M. McANELLY

"MY dear, you should have seen her at church this morning. She looked positively 'dowdy.' It's a shame! Mary used to be such a well-dressed girl—until she married that bank-clerk. I should think he'd feel like—"

"Sh-h-h! She's on this car. Over behind you. She might hear."

The street car was crowded and they hadn't noticed me before, but I *had* heard—and my face flushed red with resentment and shame. It was true—I *did* look "dowdy"—and I knew it. There is nothing quite so depressing to a woman as an old hat and old clothes on a bright Sunday morning in Springtime.

I got off the street car at the next corner and walked the remaining blocks to my home—and Henry. My cup of bitterness had spilled over and I needed a few minutes to choke back the tears that wanted to run down my burning cheeks.

I didn't want to make Henry feel worse than he did already about our money situation. My husband is one of the "white-collar men" whose salaries have not kept pace with the mounting cost of living. I had been a private secretary, earning a comfortable living for myself, when we had married, and since the cost of everything had kept rising higher and higher, I had sometimes hinted to Henry that I would be glad to take a position again, but he had always vetoed the idea strenuously. Henry was "old-fashioned" and proud. His wife should never have to "go to work"—so I had gone on skimping and scraping—and wearing "made-overs."

But the bitter experience of this Sunday morning was too much. I resolved as I walked homeward that, Henry or no Henry, I was going to find a way to make extra money for clothes, and to do it, at least until things took a turn for the better.

When I got home I was prepared to be cheerful as usual, but Henry was comfortably smoking and absorbed in his Sunday paper, and his contentment somehow irritated me terribly. To make matters worse, he held up the magazine-picture section of the paper as I came into the room, and remarked that he had never seen the girls wear such good-looking duds as they do this year."

Henry is really a perfect dear and adores me, but he should have had more sense. He sometimes shows no more comprehension of a woman's pride than a care-free Airedale puppy. I lost my temper, snatched the paper from him, and cried:

"If you like to see nice clothes so much, why don't you buy your wife some of them?"

Then I rushed to my room, still carrying the Magazine Section of the paper, shut the door, and threw myself across the bed for a good cry. Henry came and knocked and spoke to me, but I wouldn't let him in.

After a while I sat up and began to idly turn the pages of the paper I had taken away from Henry. All of a sudden I sat up straighter and gasped. A woman was looking out of the page at me, holding a bank-check in her hand, and across the top of the page were the words, "How I Make Money—Right at Home!"

I devoured every word of the advertisement. When I had finished I felt that I had found the work I was looking for. I resolved to write for the particulars, but to keep it a secret from my husband. After a while I went out and made up with him, got dinner ready, and we had a happy afternoon together. That night I mailed the coupon from the advertisement to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company.

To make my story short, I found their prospectus so convincing and reasonable that I sent for and received an Auto Knitting outfit, including the wonderful little machine, the Auto Knitter.



I kept the machine in the bottom drawer of my bureau while Henry was in the house. While he was at the bank I used it every minute I could spare from my housework. At the end of a month I sent my first shipment of soft, warm, well-knit wool socks to the company. By return mail came my first cheque—and oh joy! the thrill of the sight of that first check.

I was bubbling with happiness, and anxiety to tell Henry—but I waited until the next evening. Then, when he came home from the bank, I presented myself before him in the pretty new accordion-pleated frock that I had seen advertised in Taylor and Parks' sale announcement in the paper.

Henry's mouth opened and he just stared at me in admiration, without a word. Finally he managed to say,

"Where did you get it, Mary?"

"I earned it!" I replied brightly, not sure just how he would take the news.

Henry looked for a minute as if I had said I had stolen it. Then I made him sit down and hear what I had to say.

"Now listen, dear," I said, gently, but firmly, "don't you think it is perfectly ridiculous for us to pretend that you earn enough money—just now?" You will, of course, in time—but while things are so expensive, and your salary doesn't keep pace, isn't it fine that I can make this money for the clothes I need, and the little pleasures and necessities we couldn't afford otherwise?"

Then I made my final attack upon Henry's old-fashioned idea that "my wife doesn't have to work."

"You know as well as I do," I said, "that it is the middle-class people who are having the struggle nowadays. Everybody knows it. Look at the married women who have taken business positions to help out their husbands! Nobody thinks the worse of them for it. Isn't my plan for making money in spare time at home, without neglecting you or little Helen, better than taking a position? Why, nobody needs to know a thing about it!"

That fetched Henry, as I was sure it would. He said:

"Well, you've been a 'contrary Mary'—but I guess you're right. Let's see how you do it."

So I took the light, portable Auto Knitter out of the bureau drawer, quickly clamped it to the table, and showed Henry how easily it worked. I had had enough practice by that time so that I made a pair of socks so quickly that Henry's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"And you say the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company buys the socks from you?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "they guarantee to always take every pair I make—at a guaranteed price. And they pay the transportation charges on ten dozen pairs or over, besides sending me the yarn to replace the amount used for the socks I have sent them. So you see the yarn hasn't cost me anything since the first lot. I didn't really need to buy any yarn to start work, for a generous amount was given free with the Auto Knitter."

Henry was certainly astonished, and when he saw how easy and pleasant the work was he said he had no objection to my continuing it. So I kept on Auto Knitting, sending the socks I made to the Auto Knitter Company, and getting my checks back promptly for every shipment.

The result was that I didn't have to go without any of the Summer things I needed for myself or little Helen last Summer, and the Auto Knitter again helped to solve the clothes problem the following Fall and Winter. All this without my being obliged to touch a cent of what I call "the family money"—the money that Henry makes. He is succeeding much better now, but I still use the Auto Knitter regularly—sometimes making socks to send to Toronto, sometimes making them to sell to friends who have seen the strong, warm, long-wearing Auto Knitter Hosiery and want some of it; and sometimes to make warm little knitted things for my little girl to wear.

A few evenings ago little Helen was riding on Henry's foot and she asked him to "sing a tune" for her, so he made this up, while he looked teasingly at me:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your income grow?
By Auto Knitting hosiery
And woolen socks all in a row!"

Henry hasn't forgotten that I took up Auto Knitting without asking his advice, but he is glad now that I did, for it helped us over the hard spots by turning spare hours into dollars.

Whenever I hear a woman complaining about the high cost of living and clothes, I always try to tell her how the Auto Knitter will help her to make money at home in spare time. I tell her why the Auto Knitter Company, an old firmly established Canadian corporation, prefers socks of home manufacture to those produced in rushing, driving factories. I explain how their wide business connections give them an enormous market for the good, honest, old-time wool socks, made by hand on the Auto Knitters of their home workers. Then I tell her, just as I am telling you, that the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract with each of their workers, to pay her a liberal, guaranteed wage, on a piece-work basis.

This contract leaves you perfectly free—you can work for them as much as you want, or as little—spare time or full time—or not at all—yet for every shipment of socks you send them you get your pay check—promptly

You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs.

But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out employment agreement at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone.

No matter where you live I feel sure that you want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to me By all means write to the Auto Knitter Company, Dept. 772-K, 1870 Davenport Rd., Toronto, Ont., at once and find out about the pleasant occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a part of your spare time will earn for you

Remember that experience is unnecessary; that you do not need to know how to knit. The Auto Knitter does the work.

I can never be thankful enough that I didn't put off writing for information about it that Sunday evening when I took the paper away from Henry, and opened it later at the Auto Knitter advertisement.

You will never regret writing for it, either Send us your name and address now and find out all the good things that are in store for you

---

**The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Limited**

**Dept. 772-K,**

**1870 Davenport Rd., Toronto, Ontario**

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 one-cent stamps to cover cost of mailing, etc It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Province .....

# The City of Peril

*Continued from page 33*

ber. crowded with an array of carts and wagons and mud-laden cabs. Another door led to a cleated wooden runway; and this, in turn, led to what was surely the ground floor of the stable.

"There ought to be a policeman," I gasped. "There ought to be help!" I hated to give in, but I was beginning to feel that I wasn't good for much more.

"Mr. Boyle said as how the officer on this beat's a welcher, sir, and wasn't to be depended on. They had it 'ot and 'eavy, sir, before I came up."

We were threading our way through two irregular rows of delivery-wagons and black-bodied hacks. Then I staggered on through a dimly lighted and odoriferous harness-room, and, turning to the left, swung open the door that faced me.

Then I came to a full stop, for there in front of me I saw the blessed light of open day. There before me lay the wide doorway of the open-fronted stable. Blocked out against this stood a line of human heads, in silhouette; and even as I looked I saw these heads part like stubble before a farmer's mold-board, and the black body of a hospital ambulance sweep authoritatively about in a short half-circle, under the stable's wide doorway. I saw a huge coatless man, with a neck-yoke in his hand, flailing and crowding and fighting back the angry line of heads. I heard the crash of glass as a stone went through a window, and the derisive shouts and catcalls of the street crowd as an empty hansom was overturned, with a second crash, against the curbstones.

Then I forgot the street crowd. For I saw the unconcerned and calm-faced ambulance-driver back his vehicle about, as though making ready to turn westward again on Fifth Street. And as I saw that wide-mouthed black body backed in under the door of the feed-stable, a new thought came to me, and with it came a new hope.

I called to the white-coated and nonchalant surgeon with all my strength. He swung his head about, without letting go of his strap-loop.

Then hurriedly I whispered to Davis to fall back and stand guard at the door of the harness-room. My one fear was that Schmidlapp or Mutashenko might yet overtake us.

The ambulance surgeon swung slowly down from his seat, and came striding back through the half-light.

"What's up here?" he asked peremptorily. "Where is this row, anyway?"

"The roof," I told him, as he stood back to survey me and my burden. "There are two on the roof."

"Are you hurt?" he demanded, not moving.

"No, not much. We're all right. But get your driver and go to the roof quick."

He would be safe enough, I knew, safer even than a uniformed police-officer, as safe as a Red Cross on a battlefield.

"What's this blood?" he still demanded.

"It's nothing."

"Let's see if it's nothing."

"It's not *us*," I all but howled at him. "It's the men on the roof."

"Is that woman hurt?" he persisted. It maddened me to think of the precious moments we were losing.

"Yes, she's hurt, but I can attend to her. Only leave me something to stop blood. Your coat, quick!"

"My what!" he exclaimed, struggling to draw back from my hand, which already clutched and held his collar.

"Your coat!" I cried, lying like a conjurer as that inspired idea came to me. "I'll tend to her! You get to the roof, for God's sake, or it'll be too late!"

HE WRIGGLED protestingly out of the immaculate white garment, all the while eyeing me as though I were a madman. Then he ran back to the ambulance-seat for his bag.

I could hear him calling sharply to the driver as he caught up the bag and turned and bolted through the harness-room. The driver swung nonchalantly out over the cramped wheel, clambered to the ground, and followed the surgeon.

I shouted to Davis as they passed. I noticed, as I turned, that a pair of looped-up traces hanging from a harness-hook had brushed the driver's peak cap from his head. He did not stop to recover it.

I sprang for it and caught it up. Then I tossed my own hat into an empty stall, flung on the white duck coat, and staggered forward with my burden to where the empty ambulance still blocked the doorway, like a pine log locking and barring a flume-head. And on the other side of that ambulance, I knew, were my enemies, still waiting.

"Help me, Davis, quick!" I cried. with a new tingle of energy through all my tired body.

"How, sir?" he asked, a little weak and bewildered.

"Into that ambulance," I told him. "For I'm going to drive through that mob."

He could use but one arm as I passed the girl up to him. But it took only a moment to let her sink gently down on the waiting gray blanket.

"What is it?" she asked, as her widening eyes caught sight of me on the ambulance-step.

"It's a fighting-chance," I told her, quietly yet exultantly.

"It's what?" she asked, still dazed.

"It's escape—it's life!" I called to her, in a reassuring whisper, as I circled about to the front of the ambulance.

"What must I do, sir?" asked Davis, while I was swinging up into the driving-seat. For the first time I caught a clear sight of the scattered street-mob before me. That mob, I knew, was stipp'ed with armed and waiting enemies, omin us in their sullen expectancy.

"Keep down," I warned Davis, as I caught up the reins. "Bend in over your patient, out of sight. But be ready for anything if we're stopped—for anything, Davis, while we've got a bullet left!"

I found that day, that it is not always alcohol that intoxicates a man. For the next moment the well-trained horse had responded to the reins, my toe was feverishly working the foot-trip that operated the ambulance-gong, and we swayed and swung out under the door, into the very heart of that sinister and waiting mob.

I caught up the whip and charged into their very midst, the gong clanging and throbbing as we went. And as we advanced on them I beheld the enactment of one of those apparent miracles of modern life which go to demonstrate that men, however emancipated, often remain subconsciously and unwittingly subservient to constituted authority. I witnessed the all but unbelievable power of established tradition, the mysterious operation of habit that has merged into instinct.

FOR as my horse plunged into the midst of those waiting thugs and high-binders and gang-floaters, the line of faces, evil and expectant, sullen and watchful, broke to right and left like sea-waves before a ship's cutwater. On either side of me the crowd fell away, without hesitation, without thought, as though the clanging of the gong were a thousand invisible hands beating them back.

The waiting crowd parted and still parted as I pressed forward through it. There was no violence, no thought of interference, no sign of resistance. A dozen obsessed Bolsheviks, who would have shot me where I sat, stepped impassively back, or called to their comrades to make way for me. A dozen "drum-snuffers" and "white-liners," who would have sent a bullet into my head from under cover of that street-jam of a slum's riffraff as cheerfully as they would have dropped a stolen dollar into their pockets, crowded quietly back to make room for my wheels. All their suspicion subsided before that peremptory-noted vehicle which their streets had so often heard, and their crowded corners had so well learned to respect.

I WAS Mercy winging to the relief of wounded Life. I was Law and Duty and Pity, endowed with a Mercury-like speed. I was Authority touched with mystery, with the mystery of reticent white walls and white-figured magicians and white covered beds, and the occasional white wonder of Death himself. I was, for the passing moment, master of the situation.

I could even see a hurrying bluecoat, at the corner of Avenue D, run to the corner and wave all traffic aside. Cars were halted, drays were side-tracked, delivery-wagons were warped in toward the curb—all to let a drunken and dizzy-headed man and the woman he loved pass free and unhindered through that sinister crowd of enemies.

But it could not last long. I knew that the unwarranted theft of that ambulance would be discovered at any moment now, that the surgeon or his driver would get to a 'phone, and that a general alarm would go tingling through all the thousand-wired nervous system of an awakened city. No, I decided; it could not last for long. Yet, even as this disturbing thought registered itself, a way continued to cleave open for us as we swept out across the car-rails of Avenue C. A channel of escape kept defining itself, as though by magic, before the mere clangor and rattle of our gong. I passed three patrolmen in uniform, unchallenged, as they made their way eastward on the double-quick. On we raced, without a stop, without question or delay, without a spoken word.

I heard suddenly what seemed to be an echo of my own gong-rattle, and looked back in time to see a second ambulance swing about into Fifth Street. I had no time to study it, no time to verify any hurried first impression; but I knew that it had come from the north. This meant that word had already gone out, that the theft and flight were already known, that we might be intercepted now at any moment.

Yet as we swung westward I felt like a choked and half-drowned man who was clambering up to dry land. I felt like a flounderer through stagnant morasses slowly but surely making his way to more solid footing. I welcomed the cleaner streets, the less polluted air, the more orderly house-fronts, the casual and more methodic rows of traffic on either side of us, the sense of law and right which in some way seemed to creep over things as we left that ragged East River water-front farther and farther behind us. I felt like a swimmer desperately splashing and battling his way out of a shark-infested roadstead.

Again I heard an echoing and answering throb of sound, and peered forward to see another ambulance hearing down on us. It came up with us and passed, with a rattle of scurrying hoofs. I could see the gold-braided cap of the driver as he swept by, and his brief glance of wonder and doubt at my face. But all I knew was a slowly mounting sense of weariness, shot through with the recurrent question: "Are we free yet—are we free?"

THEN, almost as though in reply to that question, I heard Davis calling to me, as we still swept westward.

"They're after us, sir!" he warned me. Then I noticed, to my dismay, that the pace was beginning to tell on my horse. He could no longer respond to my urgings. Even as I pondered who our pursuers might be, I heard the cluttering crescendo of galloping horses behind me. They were up with us, abreast of us, before I could reach First Avenue.

I saw then that they were two mounted policemen, two "canaries" of the traffic squad. And a great sense of relief welled up in me as my staring eyes fell on the blue uniforms braided with yellow facings, and the winged-wheel ensign on the outstretched arms. Even before I could let my fagged horse slow down, they closed adroitly in on me from the right and left, and, catching my taut reins just behind the bit-rings, brought the ambulance to a sudden standstill.

"You're under arrest!" the shorter and ruddier of the two officers was shouting in my face.

I only leaned back and grinned at him, wearily, gratefully, contentedly.

"And thank God for it!" I cried.

He brought his horse about with a sudden sidestep like a waltz-movement, and caught me by the collar.

"What's that?" he cried, as his great paw closed in its grip; and I could see by his face that he had written me down as a madman, as a dangerous lunatic who should have no leeway.

"I say thank God for it!" I repeated, happily and wearily. For I was very tired. It was all over and done with now. We were safe; we had escaped. There would be other tasks for other times, there was much work still to be done, and other ends to be achieved; but they seemed suddenly far-off and trivial. All I knew was that Elvira was safe, that we were there under the very arm of the law itself. All I knew, as I reached back and caught her hand in mine was that I had won in the end: that life, ordered and wholesome life, lay before us again.

And while we waited there, drawing a crowd about the three steaming and panting horses as mysteriously as a magnetized steel bar attracts iron filings, Lieutenant Belton and Borough Inspector McCain came up in a motor-car, scattering the sea of upturned faces like chaff as they pulsed and shuddered up beside the ambulance. I can remember the dull red motor-car, for all the world like a boiled lobster on wheels; and Lieutenant Belton standing beside it, covering his pink and plump-cheeked face with one large and seemingly hilarious hand as he looked up at me, silent and unprotesting and supine, in the clutch of that traffic squad officer.

## CHAPTER LI

### The Hammer of God

I COULD never quite remember whether it was two hours or ten minutes later that the parleying and questioning and counterquestioning came to a stop.

But I know that, while a green motor-car was being conjured up from somewhere in the neighborhood of Tompkins Square, the ever-thoughtful Davis, bad arm and all, slipped aside to a telephone and had my limousine brought scurrying down from the garage. I also remember Lieutenant Belton, after installing the reluctant Davis in the motor-car, flailing and pushing back the curious crowd, and at the same time advising me over his shoulder to get off home while I had the chance. I can recall the thick-shouldered and fatherly figure of Inspector McCain lifting Elvira up through the limousine door. I remember stumbling as I was thrust in through the same narrow door, and being caught as I lurched forward—being celestially clung to and supported by a pair of waiting arms, which were made for clinging, as a bird's wings are made for flight.

Then somebody handed in a flask and told me in a guttural and rumbling voice that I'd better give a nip to the lady as well. I remember the pink and puzzled and still somewhat amused face of Lieutenant Belton, as he slammed the door and told us to be off. And I knew as his uncomprehending eyes rested on my face for one questioning moment that from that day forward there would always be a gulf between us—there would always be a dead-line beyond which his thick-set and full-blooded sympathies could never wander. To him I would always be the whimsical and erratic idler along the shallows of life. I would never seem to him anything but "the amateur gum-shoe," the calamity-chaser who had blundered and waded too far out from his native shore-line.

He knew nothing of that newer light which was to illumine, or of that newer purpose which was to unify, my days. He knew nothing of the awakening which had come to my idle and stagnating existence. He knew nothing of the angel who had stooped and stirred the pool.

I turned to that angel herself, to hear her still pitifully and brokenly asking if she ought not to go back to Mutashenko. I could feel the quiet sob that shook her body as I told her that it was too late, as she still questioned if there were not time to do something to help them—if we were not cowardly to be running away.

I could see the tears welling through her eyelashes—tears of utter weariness, of self-reproach that was abysmal because it was without foundation, of overtaxed nerves only laggingly adjusting themselves to the security and quietness in which at last she found herself.

I unscrewed the thimble-cap of the flask and filled it.

She sipped at the liquor with uncertain lips, spasmodically, like a bird drinking at a fountain. She kept taking microscopically small draughts of it as I

commanded—reluctantly, with her eyes always on mine, in mute and child-like protest.

Then I took the little cup from her and filled it and drank twice. Her eyes were still on my face as I did so; and I could see in them the commiseration, the soft pity, the feeling even stronger than pity itself, as I sat back against the rocking car-seat and felt the jaded hoofs of life strike up into action under the lash of the fiery liquor.

Her hand was fluttering about my shoulder like a butterfly against a trellis, as she watched me.

"Are you hurt?" she implored. "Are you badly hurt?"

HER voice was so low, so tear-muffled and mournful, that it seemed almost like a pigeon's cooing.

I took the restless hand prisoner in mine, and clung to it, with an ache of happiness in my very bones. I no longer resented the past. I no longer revolted against what I had been through. Each blow had in the end served to bring us together. The Hammer of God, the true hammer of God, had welded our lives into one.

"We're going home!" I told her, and in that word *home* there seemed to glow all the warmth and color and peace that ever burned in the hearts of sea-worn and travel-wearied exiles.

"*You* are going home," she murmured desolately, like a prisoner refusing freedom when the whole blue dome of heaven stood inviting her to it. She seemed to be touched into sudden pathos by that great iron chain of duty which still weighed so incongruously on her. "I must still go back—to them!"

"To them!" I cried, a little drunkenly, I think; for I could hear the brandy beginning to sing in my ears like bottled bees. "You'll never go back to them."

"I must!" she persisted, though the wavering breath that fell from her lips—the breath that was neither a sigh nor a sob—seemed to leave the edge of her decision swathed in uncertainty, like a knife-blade wrapped in silk.

"You went back once, and you know—you can see what came of it!"

"They need me," she said, in her whisper of pitiful and persistent abnegation.

"And *I* need you," I told her, more humbly, more quietly, as I saw that afterglow of unhappiness which still burned in her eyes. "There's nothing you can do for them now. From this day forward they're beyond our help, for good or bad. The Inner Circle and Mutashenko and Schmidlapp have passed out of our hands now, all of them. They belong to the police!"

"To the past," she cried, a little bitterly. "To *my* past!"

"Yes; they belong to your past, to our past; to that poor, tangled, blind old past that is over and done with; the past you coffined and buried with your own hands when you said five blessed words to me, back in that room where the canary was singing in a cage!"

"No—no!" she was still protesting, with almost a sob. "That past is never dead—we can never bury it!"

"It will bury itself," I told her, "under all these new tasks we have before us. For there's so much, so much to be done! There are so many things that we must do together!"

"*We* must do?" she echoed, as though still uncertain of everything about her.

"Yes; we two, together. I'd be worse than helpless without you. And there's so much hunger and want and ignorance for us to fight against!"

I still held her hand in mine, and she was now no longer sobbing. And the same constriction of the throat that had overtaken me in Mutashenko's room returned to me, and for a minute or two made it impossible for me to speak. Never again, I knew, could I idle and eat my way, like a buffalo-moth, through the fabric of some outer world's labor. Never again would there be that anesthesia of indifference which had once translated life's underworld into a sort of shadowy ghostland through which only our slumming-cars hurried like foxhounds through a cemetery.

Yes; that had been the trouble, from the first. I had seen too much of the world through window-glass. I had looked out on my own kind from too many softened and padded seats. But now it would all be changed. There would be no hair-shirt and self-flagellation, no gallery play of parlor socialism, no flinging of fortunes to the four winds of hysteria.

I still valued wealth and the power that went with it too much to abjure lightly its agencies. And I still hungered, a little childishly and waywardly, to show the woman I had learned to love how this thing which was evil only in excess could be made to minister to happiness.

I COULD never lead her round-eyed and wondering into the ways of luxury, like street-children into a nickelodeon.

She had drunk too deeply of the bitter wells of life ever to thrill at the mere mimicry of such things—I could never entrance her as I used to entrance Nannie Washburn's two little nieces, when I led them tingling and gasping into the wonders of afternoon vaudeville.

The dark and brooding eyes, studying my face as I sat there, could never be long veiled or blinded by the subtly organized narcotics of that city, as I knew it, which threw a nebula of illusion about the ways of despair, and converted even art into a lethal chamber for its dying and stifling souls.

She had seen too far into life ever to be satisfied with its husks. Yet she had known discord and unrest and unhappiness for too long. Now peace would be doubly sweet to her. And the thought that I might bring quietness to her after turmoil, that I might throw a shelter about her troubled soul after its dark and lonely battles, sent a great sense of gratitude welling up into my heart. The very carriage in which we sat, as it sped and rocked and purred so softly homeward, shuttling its course through the thousand-wheeled tumult of the streets, became a symbol of that peace and quietness which I hoped some day to bring to her. Like wealth, it could await and serve and shelter us, but in itself it could not bring us happiness.

More and more that complex mechanism of hurrying steel and copper, of wood and glass, became an emblem of what thought and care and labor might some day weave about her. In that pliant and docile motor seemed to center and flower all the cunning of civilization, all the patience and toil of the unknown and nameless men whose blood was forged into its shafts and bars, whose breath of life had been lost in the making of its gases. It carried us through space as a bird might fly, yet it circumscribed us with peace. It wafted us about the world without struggle; for the struggle had been that of hearts and brains that were unknown to us.

And all this I tried to tell the woman at my side. She must have understood me, in some way, for slowly I saw one of her rare smiles creep into her face.

It was a wistful smile, pale and wintry. It fluttered about her lips for a moment or two, like a bird afraid to alight.

"Why will you do all this?" she asked me, as I went babbling on, foolishly enough, I suppose.

"For you!" was my answer. I was still holding her hand in mine. And as I did so I felt like a Crusader grasping his standard.

"For me?" she echoed, with a fluttering little sigh. Her face, almost white against the green broadcloth of the limousine upholstery, was like the face of a saint. Yet above the saint I saw the woman emerge, tangible and material, like sunlight after starlight.

"Do you love me?" she pleaded, a little hungrily, with the old look of wearied abstraction gone from her face. "Do you?"

"I love you," I told her, at that human and endearing cry of her woman's heart, swaying towards her where she seemed more a soft and heavenly perfume of twilight roses than a thing of flesh and blood.

"I love you," I repeated, as the indrawn sigh of her parted lips seemed to make my emotion godlike and infinite. "Oh, I love you more than life itself!" I cried. And as our eyes met she wavered and melted and sank into my arms.

As she lay there I seemed to hear the looms of destiny weaving our two relaxed and weary bodies together. Filaments, infinitely strange and slender, seemed to enmesh and web together our strangely divergent lives, as a nesting oriole weaves and binds together two drooping branch-ends for a home that is to be the home of Song!

THE END


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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 to 3 months | gain 6 to 8 ounces a week | |
| 3 to 6 | " | gain 4 to 6 " " |
| 6 to 9 | " | gain 3 to 4 " " |
| 9 to 12 | " | gain 2 to 3 " " |

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# The Drama of Our Great Forests

*Continued from page 22*

doorway, upsetting half a dozen spectators before the driver could halt the runaways by falling headlong upon the foregoer's back and flattening him to the floor.

All was excitement. Every dog at the post dashed in with bristling hair and clamping jaws to overawe the strangers. Amid the hubbub of shouting men, women, and children, the cracking of whips, and the yelping of dogs, the packet was removed from the overturned sled and hustled into the Factor's office, where it was opened, and the mail quickly overhauled. While the Factor and his clerk were busily writing despatches, a relay of dogs was being harnessed, and two fresh runners were making ready to speed the mail upon its northward way.

That afternoon five dog-trains arrived from outlying posts, their sleds:

Laden with skins from the north,
Beaver and bear and raccoon,
Marten and mink from the polar belts,
Otter and ermine and sable pelts—
The spoils of the hunter's moon.*

They had come to join the Dog Brigade that was to leave Fort Consolation first thing in the morning on its southern way to the far-off railroad. As I wished to accompany the Brigade, I had arranged with Oo-koo-hoo that we should do so, as far as we could without going out of our way, in returning to his hunting-grounds. So to bed that night we all went very early, and at four o'clock in the morning we were astir again. Breakfast was soon over, then followed the packing of the sleds, the harnessing of the dogs, the slipping of moccasined feet into snowshoe thongs, the shaking of hands, and the wishing of farewells. Already the tracker, or track beater, had gone ahead to break the trail.

"*M-a-r-r-che!*" (start) shouted the guide—as the head dog-driver is called. Every driver repeated the word; whips cracked; dogs howled, and the brigade moved forward in single file. At the head went the Factor's train of four powerful looking and handsomely harnessed dogs hauling a decorated carriole in which the Factor rode and behind which trotted a picturesque half-breed driver. Next in order went the teams of the Church of England clergyman and the Roman Catholic priest, both of whom happened to be going out to the railroad. Behind these followed twelve sleds laden with furs which the Hudson's Bay Company was shipping to their Department Headquarters. When one remembers that black or silver fox skins are frequently sold for more than a thousand dollars each, one may surmise the great value of a cargo of furs weighing nearly five thousand pounds, such as the Dog Brigade was hauling. No wonder the Company was using all haste to place those furs on the London market before the present high prices fell.

### Hard Work on a Hill—Even Descending

THE Brigade formed an interesting sight, as the Indians, half-breeds and white men were garbed most curiously; and, in strong contrast to the brilliant colors worn by the members of the brigade, the clergymen trotted along in their sombre black—the priest's cassock flowing to his snowshoes, and his crucifix thrust, daggerlike, in his girdle.

The four dogs comprising each of the fur trains hauled four hundred pounds of fur besides the camp outfit and grub for both driver and dogs—in all about six hundred pounds to the sled. When the sleighing grew heavy, the drivers used long pushing-poles against the ends of the sleds to help the dogs.

While the march always started in a stately way—the Factor's carriole in advance, it was not long before the trains abandoned their formal order; for whenever one train was delayed through any one of many reasons, the train behind invariably strove to steal ahead so that after a few hours' run the best dogs were usually leading.

Coming to a steep hill every one helped the dogs in their climb. When at last the brigade, puffing and panting, reached the summit, pipes were at once in evidence and then another rest followed. When the descent began, the drivers—most of them having removed their snowshoes that their feet might sink deeper into the snow—seized their trail-lines, and, acting as anchors behind the sleds, allowed themselves to be hauled stiff-legged through the deep snow in their effort to keep the sleds from over-running the dogs. It was exciting work. The men throwing their utmost weight upon the lines sought every obstruction, swerving against trees, bracing against roots, grasping at branches and floundering through bushes. Often they fell, and occasionally, when they failed to regain their footing, were mercilessly dragged downhill; the heavy sleds, gathering momentum, overtook the fleeing dogs; and their unfortunate masters were ploughed head-first through the snow. At the foot of the steepest incline a tumult arose as men and dogs struggled together in an effort to free themselves from overturned sleds. Above the cursing in French and English—but not in Indian—rose the howling of the dogs as lead-loaded lashes whistled through the frosty air. One wondered how such a tangle could ever be unravelled, but soon all was set straight again.

About eight o'clock we had our second breakfast and by twelve we stopped again for the noon-day meal, both of which consisted of bannock, pork and tea. While we ate, the dogs still harnessed lay curled up in the snow. We had a most glorious afternoon's trip, and as the sunset glow faded, the Brigade halted to make camp for the night.

When pipes had been filled and lighted, each driver took his allotment of fish, called his dogs aside and gave them a couple each. Some of the brutes bolted their food in a few gulps and rushed to seize the share of others, but a few blows from the drivers' whips drove them back.

### "Wat-che? Wat-che?" They Greet The Cree

JUST then the dogs began to blow and then to growl, as a strange Indian strode out of the gloom into the brilliant glare of the fires.

"Wat-che! wat-che?" (What cheer, what cheer!) sang out the men. The stranger replied in Cree, and then began a lively interchange of gossip. The Indian was the track beater of the south bound packet from the far north that was now approaching. All were keenly interested. The cracking of whips and the howling of dogs was heard, and a little later the tinkling of bells. Then came a train of long-legged, handsomely harnessed dogs hauling a highly decorated carriole, behind which trotted a strikingly dressed half-breed dog-driver. When the train had drawn abreast of our fire, an elderly white man, who proved to be Chief Factor Thompson, of a still more northerly district of the Hudson's Bay Company, got out from beneath the carriole robes, cheerfully returned our greeting and accepted a seat on the dunnage beside Factor Mackenzie's fire. Two other trains and two other dog-drivers immediately followed the arrival of the Chief Factor, for they were the packeteers in charge of the packet. Now the woods seemed to be full of talking and laughing men and snarling, snapping dogs. Twenty-two men were now crowding round the fires, and seventy-two dogs and eighteen sleds were blocking the spaces between the trees.

Chief Factor Thompson was the "real thing," and therefore not at all the kind of Hudson's Bay officer that one ever meets in fiction. For instead of being a big, burly, "red-blooded brute," of the "he-man" type of Factor—the kind that springs from nowhere, save the wild imaginations of the authors who have never lived in the wilderness, he was just a real man, just a fine type of Hudson's Bay Factor, who was not only brother to both man and beast, but who knew every bird by its flight or song; who loved children with all his heart—flowers too—and whose kindly spirit often rose in song.

After the Chief Factor and his men had been refreshed with bannock, pork and tea, pipes were filled and lighted and for a time we talked of all sorts of subjects. Later, when we were alone for a little while, I found Mr. Thompson a man richly informed on northern travel, for he had spent his whole life in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, and at one time or another had been in charge of the principal posts on Hudson's Bay, Great Slave Lake, and the Peace, the Churchhill, the Athabasca and the Mackenzie Rivers. Among other subjects discussed were dogs and dog-driving; and when I questioned him as to the loading of sleds, he answered:

"Usually, in extremely cold weather, the Company allots dogs not more than seventy-five pounds each, but in milder weather they can handily haul a hundred pounds, and toward spring when sleds slide easily they can often manage more than that." Then dreamily puffing at his pipe, he added:

"I remember when six dog-trains of four dogs each hauled from Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca to Fort Vermilion on the Peace River, loads that averaged six hundred and fifty pounds per sled—not including the grub for the men and dogs and the men's dunnage. Then again, Wm. Irving with Chief Factor Camsell's dogs brought to Fort Simpson a load of nine hundred pounds. The greatest load hauled by four dogs that I know of was brought to Fort Good Hope by Gaudet. When it arrived it weighed a trifle over one thousand pounds. But Factor Gaudet is one of the best dog-drivers in the country."

Then, re-settling himself more comfortably before the fire, he continued:

"And while I think of it we have had some pretty fine dogs in the service of the Company. The most famous of all were certainly those belonging to my good friend, Chief Factor Wm. Clark. He bred them from Scotch stag hounds and 'huskies'—the latter, of course, he procured from the Eskimos. His dogs, however, showed more hound than husky. Their hair was so short that they had to be blanketed at night. Once they made a trip from Oak Point on Lake Manitoba to Winnipeg, starting at four o'clock in the morning, stopping for a second breakfast by the way, and reaching Winnipeg by one o'clock at noon, the distance being sixty miles.

"They were splendid dogs and great pets of his. They used to love playing tricks and romping with him. Frequently when nearing a Post they would purposely dump him out of his carriole and leaving him behind, go on to the Post, where of course, on their arrival with the empty sled, they were promptly sent back for Mr. Clark. Understanding the command, they would at once wheel about and without a driver, would return on the full gallop to get their master. When coming upon him they would rush around and bark at him, showing all the while the greatest glee over the trick they had played him.

"He never used a whip upon them. No snowshoer could be found who was swift enough to break a trail for those dogs and no horse ever overtook them. Once while going from Oak Point to Winnipeg Factor Clark's train ran down six wolves allowing him to shoot the brutes as he rode in his carriole. Another time they overhauled and threw a wolf which Mr Clark afterwards stunned, and then bound its jaws together. When the brute came to, it found itself harnessed in the train in place of one of the dogs, and thus Chief Factor Clark drove a wild timber-wolf into the city of Winnipeg."

"They must have been wonderful dogs," remarked Father Jois, "but it's too bad they don't breed such dogs now-a-days."

"That's so," returned the Chief Factor. "Twenty or thirty years ago at each of the big Posts—the district depots—they used to keep from forty to fifty dogs, and at the outposts, from twenty to thirty were always on hand. At each of the district depots a man was engaged as keeper of the dogs and it was his duty to attend to their breeding, training and feeding."

### Bringing Out the Mail

BUT to return to the Hudson's Bay Company's packet system, I asked Chief Factor Thompson:

"Do the Company's officers experience much trouble in procuring men to act as packeteers?"

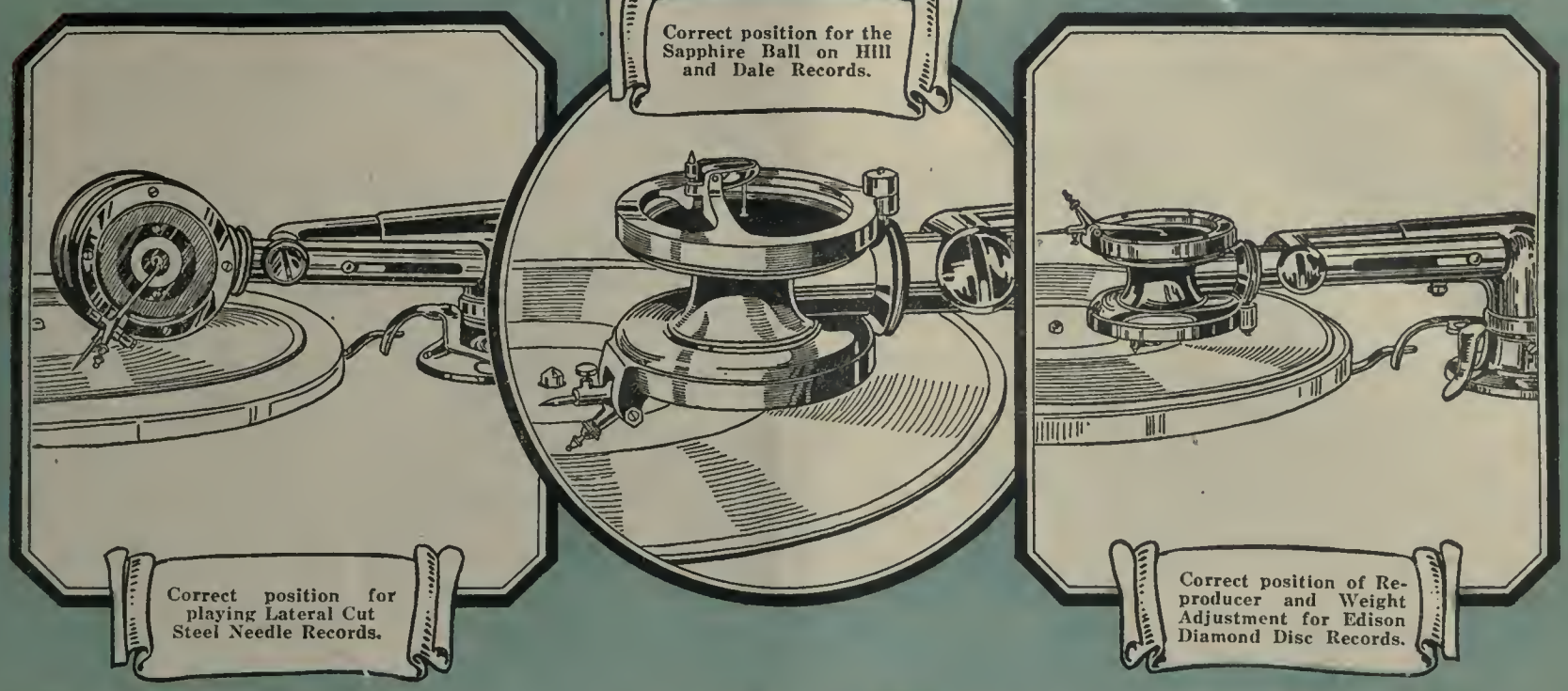
"Oh, no; none whatever. As a rule when men enter the Company's service they stipulate that they shall be given a place on the packet; for that affords them an opportunity to pay a visit to the next post, and to join in the dance which is always held on the arrival of the mail. Trippers consider themselves greatly honored on being given charge of a packet; for it means that they are held to be trustworthy, and thoroughly familiar with the topography of the district."

"Before the advent of the railroad and

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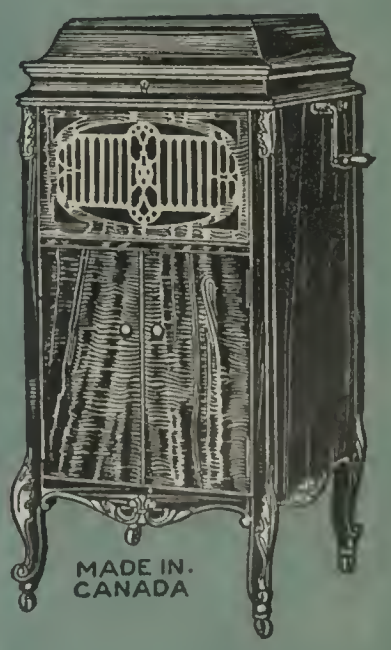
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the steamboat, which was the longest of the Company's packet routes?"

"By all odds that of the Yukon packet. It made the journey from Montreal to Fort Yukon, which was then situated at the junction of the Porcupine and Yukon Rivers. It was routed by way of the Ottawa River, Lake Huron, Lake Superior, Lake of the Woods, Lake Winnipeg, the Athabasca River, the Slave River, and the Mackenzie River. It was forwarded in summer by canoe, in winter by dog-train. for the enormous distance of four thousand five hundred miles. And let me tell you, it is to-day, as it was two hundred years ago, the pride of the Company's people that not one packet was ever lost beyond recovery. Packeteers have been drowned, frozen, burned, shot, smothered, and even eaten; but the packet has always reached its destination somehow."

A few moments later, Chief Factor Thompson yawned:

"Well, gentlemen, it's getting on. I must be turning in or my men will be late in getting under way in the morning."

### Prayer in the Wilderness

DROWSINESS had indeed overtaken the camp. But now I must digress a moment to tell you something that the public—at least the public that has derived its knowledge of northern wilderness life from fiction—may find it hard to believe. And this is what I want to say: that every one in that whole brigade of wild men of the wilderness, from the lowest dog-driver right up to the Chief Factor—when each had fixed his bed in readiness for the night—knelt down, and, with bowed head, said his evening prayer to the Master of Life. Moreover, the fact that two clergymen were present had nothing whatever to do with it, for the "barbarians" of the forest would have done just the same had no priest been there—just as I have seen them do, scores and scores of times. In fact, in some sections of the forest, the native wilderness man—red, white or half-breed — who does not, is not the rule, but the exception. Then, too—unless one's ears are closed to such sounds—one may occasionally hear the voyageurs of the "North canoe" and the "York boat" brigades, while straining on the tracking line, singing, among other hymns:

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before."

And furthermore, I wonder if the fiction-reading public will believe that the majority of the men in the fur-brigades always partake of the holy sacrament before departing upon their voyages? Nevertheless it is the truth—though of course, truth does not agree with the orgies of gun-play that spring from the weird imaginations of the stay-at-home authors, who, in their wild fancy, people the wilderness with characters from the putrescence of civilization. It is time these authors were enlightened, for a man, native to the wilderness, is a better man. . . more honest, more chivalrous, more generous, and—at heart, though he talks less about it—more God-respecting. . . . . than the man born in the city. That is something the public should never forget; for if the public remembers that, then the authors of wilderness stories will soon have to change their discordant tune.

Yes, it is true, every one of those wild men said his evening prayer and then, with his blanket wrapped about him, lay down upon his thick, springy mattress of fir-brush, with his feet toward the fire, and slumbered as only a decent, hard-working man can. Out among the dancing shadows that flitted among the snow-mantled bushes and heavily-laden trees, a hundred and fifty eyes glared in the brooding darkness—as though all the wolves in the forest were gathering there.

Later, when the sound of heavy breathing was heard round the fires, a fierce, wolfish-looking dog, bolder than the rest, left its snowy bed to hunt for more sheltered quarters. There was a whine, a snarl, then the sound of clashing teeth. In a moment every dog leaped up with bristling hair. Instantly bedlam reigned. Over seventy dogs waged the wildest kind of war and the distant woods re-echoed the horrible din. A dozen blanketed mounds rose up, and many long lashes whistled through the air. The seething mass broke away and flew howling and yelping into outer darkness followed by a roar of curses—but only in civilized tongues.

### Levey! Levey! Levey!

PRESENTLY all was still again. The men lay down, and the dogs, one by one, came slinking back to their resting places. But in a couple of hours one of the half-frozen brutes silently rose up, cautiously stepped among the sleeping men and lay couched close to a smouldering fire. Another followed and then another until most of the dogs had left their beds. Growing bolder, a couple of the beasts fought for a warmer spot. In their tussle they sprawled over one of the men, but a few lusty blows from a handy frying-pan restored calm. As the night wore on some of the dogs, not contented with sleeping beside the men, curled up on top of their unconscious masters. Then for hours nothing but the heavy breathing and snoring in camp and the howling of distant wolves was heard. Slumber had at last overtaken the wild men of the wilderness—who always made it a rule to kneel down every night, and ask God to bless their little children at home.

Now, though Time still sped on, silence possessed the forest—until:

"Hurrah, *mes bons hommes*! *Levy, levey levey*! Up, up, up, up, up!" ending in a shrill yell from the guide startled the drowsy crew. It was three o'clock in the morning. Had it not been for the brilliancy of the northern lights all would have been in darkness. An obscure form bent over an ash-bed and fumbled something. A tiny blaze appeared and rapidly grew until the surrounding forest was aflare. Over the fires frying-pans sizzled, while tea-pails heaped with snow began to steam. A hurried breakfast followed. The sleds were packed. The dogs, still curled up in the snow, pretended to be asleep.

"Caesar! Tigre! Cabri! Whiskey! Tête Noire! Pilot! Michinass! Coffee! Bull! Brandie! Caribou!" shouted the men. A few of the dogs answered to their names and came to harness while some holding back were tugged forward by the scruff of the neck. Others were still in hiding. The men searched among the mounds and bushes. Every now and then the crack of a whip and the yelp of a dog announced the finding of a truant.

Two trackers on large snowshoes had already gone ahead to break the trail. It was easy to follow their tracks though the woods were still in darkness and remained so for several hours.

### We Leave the Brigade

AT DAWN Oo-koo-hoo and our little outfit parted company with the Dog Brigade. Already the packet was many miles ahead. As I turned on my western way, I thought of the work of these postmen of the wilderness, of the hardships they endured, and the perils they braved; and the Chief Factor's assertion that no packet had ever been lost beyond recovery recalled to mind other stories that were worth remembering: For instance, a canoe express was descending the Mackenzie River; the canoe was smashed in an ice jam, and the packeteers were drowned. A few weeks later, passing Indians caught sight of a stick bobbing on the surface of the stream. Though the water was deep and the current was running at the rate of three miles an hour, the stick remained in the same place. So the Indians paddled over to investigate. They found that to the floating stick was fastened a long thong, which on being pulled up brought the missing packet to light.

Again, while making camp near the Athabasca River, the packeteers had slung the packet in a tree, the usual place for it while in camp. During the night their fire spread and burned up the whole equipment except the tree, which being green, received little more than a scorching. The packet was unharmed.

On Great Slave Lake during a fierce snow storm the packeteers became separated from their dogs, and were frozen to death. But the packet was recovered.

In one autumn two packeteers journeying from George's River Post to Ungava Post drew up their canoe on a sandy beach, and camped beneath a high, overhanging bank. During the night the bank gave way and buried them as they slept. When the ice formed, the trader at Ungava sent out two men to search for the missing packet. They found the canoe on the beach; and from the appearance of the bank conjectured what had happened. Next spring the landslide was dug into, and the packeteers were found both lying under the same blanket, their heads resting upon the packet.

*To be Continued in March 1st Issue.*

# PAWNED

*Continued from page 17*

local "branch" was superfluous; elsewhere, his wealth was inherited—that was all. So, skipping San Francisco, he had come leisurely eastward, gambling for a week or two weeks, as the case might be, in the various cities, following as guidance apparently but the whim of his supposedly roué inclinations, and he had lost a lot of money—which would eventually find its way back to its original source in the pockets of Gilbert Larmon, via the clearing house conducted by Peter Maldeck. It was extremely simple—but, equally, extremely systematic. The habitués of every branch were carefully catalogued. He had only—and casually—to make the acquaintance of one of these in each city, and, in turn, quite inevitably, would follow an introduction to the local "house;" and, once introduced, the entrée, then or on any subsequent visit to that city, was an established fact.

John Bruce laughed suddenly, softly, out into the night. It had been a good bargain that he had made with Mephistopheles! Wealth, luxury, everything he desired in life was his. On the trail behind him in the cities he had already visited he had nightly lost or won huge sums of money until he had become known as the millionaire plunger. It was quite true that, inasmuch as the money, whether won or lost, but passed from his right to his left-hand pocket—the pockets being represented by one Gilbert Larmon—the gambler craving within him was but ill served, almost in a sense mocked; but that phase of it had sunk into insignificance. The whole idea was a gigantic gamble—a gamble with life. The whole fabric was of texture most precarious. It exhilarated him. Excitement, adventure, yes, even peril, beckoned alluringly and always from around the corner just ahead. He stood against the police; he stood a very excellent chance of being discovered some morning minus his life if the men he was sent to watch, and who now fawned upon him and treated him with awe and an unholy admiration, should get an inkling of his real identity and his real purpose in their houses!

HE YAWNED, and as though glorying in his own strength flexed his great shoulders, and stretched his arms to their full length above his head. God, it was life! It made of him a superman! He had no human ties to bind him; no restraint to know; no desire that could not be satiated. The past was wiped away. It was like some reincarnation in which he stood supreme above his fellow men, and they bowed to their god. And he was their god. And if he but nodded approval they would lie, and cheat, and steal, and commit murder in their greed of worship, they whose souls were in pawn to their god!

He turned suddenly from the window, switched on the lights, drew from his pocket a great sum of money in bank notes, and stood staring at it. There were thousands in his hand. Thousands and thousands! Money! The one universally orthodox god! For but one of those pieces of paper in his hand he could command what he would, play upon human passions at his whim, and like puppets on a stage of his own setting move the followers of the Great Creed that were numbered in their millions at his will! It was only over the few outcasts, the unbelievers, that he held no sway. But he could afford to ignore the minority! Was he not indeed a god?

And it had cost him nothing. Only the pawning of his soul; and, like Faustus, the day of settlement was far off. Only the signing of a bond that postulated a denial of what he had already beforehand held in light esteem—a code of canting morals. It was well such things were out of the way! Life stretched the fuller, the rosier, the more red-blooded before him on that account. He was well content. The future lured him. Nor was it money alone. There was the spice of adventure, the battle of wits, hardly inaugurated yet, between himself and those whose underground methods were the *raison d'etre* of his own magically enhanced circumstances.

John Bruce replaced the money in his pocket abruptly, and frowned. That was something, from still another standpoint, which he could not afford to lose sight of. He had to justify his job. Gilbert Larmon had stated that he was not a philanthropist, and it was written in the bond that Larmon could terminate the agreement at will. Yes, and that was queer, too! What kind of a man was Larmon? He knew Larmon as Larmon superficially subjected himself to inspection and speculation; but he was fully aware that he did not know Larmon the man. There seemed something almost sinister in its inconsistency that Larmon should at one and the same time reserve the right to terminate that bond at will while his very signature upon it furnished a weapon which, if he, John Bruce, chose to use it, placed the other at his mercy. What kind of a man was Larmon? No fool, no weakling—that was certain. And yet at a word he, John Bruce, could tear the other from the pseudo righteous pedestal upon which he posed, strip the other naked of the garments that clothed his criminal activities, and destroy utterly the carefully reared structure of respectability that Larmon had built up around himself. It might be very true that he, John Bruce, would never use such a weapon, even under provocation; but Larmon could not be sure of that. How then did Larmon reconcile his reservation to terminate the contract at will and yet furnish his co-signatory with the means of blackmailing him into a continuance of it? What kind of a man was Larmon? What would he be like with his back to the wall? What *other* reservation had been in Larmon's mind when he had drawn that bond?

And then a queer and bitter smile came to John Bruce's lips. The god of money! Was he so sure that he was the god and not the worshipper? Was that it? Was that what Larmon counted upon—that only a fool would risk the sacrifice of the Aladdin's lamp that had been thrust into his hands, and that only a fool but would devote body and soul to Larmon's interests under the circumstances!

The smile grew whimsical. It was complimentary in a sense. It was based on the premise that he, John Bruce, was not a fool. He shrugged his shoulders. Well, therein Larmon was right. It would not be his, John Bruce's, fault if anything short of death terminated the bond which had originated that tropic night on the moon-lit beach in Samoa three months ago!

He looked at his watch. It was nine o'clock. It was still early for play; but it was not so early that his arrival in the New York "branch," where he had been a constant visitor for the last four nights, could possibly arouse any suspicion, and one's opportunities for inside observation were very much better when the play was desultory and but few present than in the crowded rooms of the later hours.

"If I were in England now," said John Bruce addressing the chandelier, as he put on a light coat over his evening clothes, "I couldn't get away with this without a man to valet me—and at times, though he might be useful, he might be awkward. Damned awkward! But in America you do, or you don't, as you please—and I don't!"

## CHAPTER II

### The Millionaire Plunges

JOHN BRUCE left the hotel and entered a taxi. A little later, in that once most fashionable section of New York, in the nelghborhood of Gramercy Square, he was admitted to a stately mansion by a white-haired negro butler, who bowed obsequiously. Thereafter, for a little while, John Bruce wandered leisurely from room to room in the magnificently appointed house, where in the rich carpets the sound of footsteps was lost, where bronzes and paintings, exquisite in their art, charmed the eye, where soft-toned draperies and portières were eloquent of refinement and good taste; he paused for a moment at the threshold of the supper-room, whose table was a profusion of every delicacy to tempt the palate, where wines of a vintage that was almost priceless were to be had at no greater cost than the effort required to lift a beckoning finger to the smiling ebony face of old Jake, the attendant. And here John Bruce extended a five dollar bill, but shook his head as the said Jake hastened toward him. Later, perhaps, he might revisit the room—when a few hours' play had dimmed the recollection of his recent dinner, and his appetite was again sharpened.


# How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

## Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends on the Care You Give It

*Illustrated by ALONZO KIMBALL*



COPYRIGHT, 1920 THE R. L. W. CO.

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

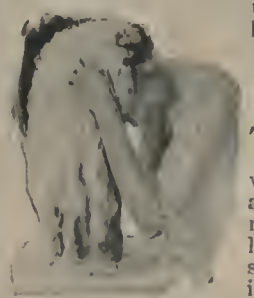
If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just



*The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water*

### Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.



*Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips*

### Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.



*When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers*

### Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

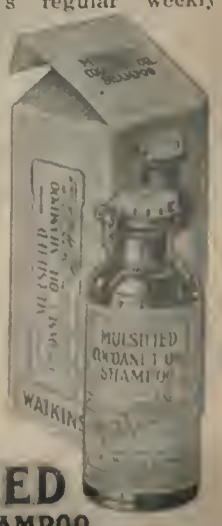
After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want always to be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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In the card rooms there were, as yet, scarcely any "guests." He chatted pleasantly with the "dealers"—John Bruce, the millionaire plunger was *persona grata*, almost effusively so, everywhere in the house. Lavergne, the manager, as Parisian as he was immaculate from the tips of his patent-leathers to the tips of his waxed moustache, joined him; and for ten minutes, until the other was called away, John Bruce proceeded to nourish the already extremely healthy germ of intimacy that, from the first meeting, he had planted between them.

With the manager's million apologies for the unpardonable act of tearing himself away still sounding in his ears, John Bruce placidly resumed his wanderings. The New York "branch," which being interpreted meant M. Henri de Lavergne, the exquisite little manager, was heavily underscored on Gilbert Larmon's black-list!

THE faint, musical whir of the little ivory ball from the roulette table caught John Bruce's attention, and he strolled in that direction. Here a "guest" was already at play. The croupier smiled as John Bruce approached the table. John Bruce smiled pleasantly in return, and sat down. After a moment, he began to make small five-dollar bets on the "red." His fellow-player was plunging heavily—and losing. Also, the man was slightly under the influence of liquor. The croupier's voice droned through half a dozen plays. John Bruce continued to make five-dollar bets. The little by-play interested him. He knew the signs.

His fellow-player descended to the supper room for another drink, it being against the rules of the house to serve anything in the gambling rooms. The croupier laughed as he glanced at the retreating figure and then at another five dollar bet that John Bruce pushed upon the "red."

"He'll rob you of your reputation, Mr. Bruce, if you don't look out!" the croupier smiled quizzically. "Are you finding a thrill in playing the minimum for a change?"

"Just feeling my way." John Bruce returned the smile. "It's a bit early yet, isn't it?"

The other player returned. He continued to bet heavily. He made another excursion below stairs. Other "guests" drifted into the room, and the play became more general.

John Bruce increased his stakes slightly, quite indifferent naturally as to whether he lost or won—since he could neither lose nor win. He was sitting beside the player he had originally joined at the table, and suddenly his interest in the other became still more enlivened. The man, after a series of disastrous plays, was palpably broke, for he snatched off a large diamond ring from his finger and held it out to the croupier.

"Give me—hic!—somethin' on that," he hiccoughed. "Might as well make a clean-up, eh?"

The croupier took the ring, examined it critically for an instant, and handed it back.

"I'm sorry," he said; "but you know the rules of the house. I couldn't advance; anything on it if it were worth a million. But the stone's valuable, all right. You'd better take a trip to Persia."

The man replaced the ring with some difficulty upon his finger, and stared owlishly at the croupier.

"T'hell with your—hic!—trip to Persia!" he said thickly. "Don't like Persia! Been—hic!—there before! Guess I'll go home!"

THE man negotiated his way to the door. The game went on. John Bruce began to increase his stakes materially. A trip to Persia! What, exactly, did that mean? It both piqued his curiosity and stirred his suspicions. He smiled as he placed a heavy stake upon the table. It would probably be a much more expensive trip to this fanciful Persia than to the Persia of reality, for it seemed that one must go broke first! Well, he would go broke—though it would require some little finesse for John Bruce, the millionaire plunger, to attain the envious situation without exciting suspicion. He was very keenly interested in this personally conducted tour, obviously inaugurated by that exquisite little man, M. Henri de Lavergne!

John Bruce—to his inward chagrin—won. He began to play now with a zest, eagerness and excitement which, heretofore, the juggling of Mephistopheles's money had deprived him of. Outwardly, however, the calm impassiveness that, in the few evenings he had been in the house, had already won him the reputation of being par excellence a cool and nervy plunger, remained unchanged.

He continued to win for a while; and then suddenly he began to lose. This was much better! He lost steadily now. He staked with lavish hand, playing numerous long chances for the limit at every voyage of the clicking little ivory ball. Finally, the last of his visible assets were on the table, and he leaned forward to watch the fall of the ball. He was already fingering the magnificent jeweled watch-fob that dangled from the pocket of his evening clothes.

"Zero!" announced the croupier.

The "zero" had been one of his selections. The "zero" paid 35 for 1.

A subdued ripple of excitement went up from around the table. The room was filling up. The still-early comers, mostly spectators for the time being, lured to the roulette table at the whisper that the millionaire plunger was out to-night to break the bank, were whetting their own appetites in the play of Mr. John Bruce, who had obviously just escaped being broke himself by a very narrow margin.

JOHN BRUCE smiled. He was in funds again—more so than pleased him!

"It's a 'zero' night, Mr. Croupier," observed John Bruce pleasantly. "Roll her again!"

But now luck was with John Bruce. The "zero" and his other combinations were as shy and elusive as fawns. At the expiration of another half hour the net result of John Bruce's play consisted in his having transferred from his own keeping into the keeping of the New York branch thirty thousand dollars of Mephistopheles's money. He was to all appearances flagrantly broke as far as funds in his immediate possession were concerned.

"I guess," said John Bruce, with a whimsical smile, "that I didn't bring enough with me. I don't know where I can get any more to-night, and—oh, here!" He laughed with easy grace, as he suddenly tossed his jeweled watch-fob to the croupier. "One more fling anyhow—I've still unbounded faith in 'zero!' Let me have a thousand on that. It's worth about two."

The croupier, as on the previous occasion, examined the article, but, as before, shook his head.

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Bruce, but it's strictly against the rules of the house," he said apologetically. "I can fix it for you easily enough though, if you care to take a trip to Persia."

"A trip to Persia?" inquired John Bruce in a puzzled way. "I think I heard you suggest that before this evening. What's the idea?"

Some of those around the table were smiling.

"It's all right," volunteered a player opposite, with a laugh. "Only look out for the conductor!"

"Shoot!" said John Bruce nonchalantly. "That's good enough. You can book my passage, Mr. Croupier."

THE croupier called an attendant, spoke to him, and the man left the room.

"It will take a few minutes, Mr. Bruce—while you are getting your hat and coat. The doorman will let you know," said the croupier, and with a bow to John Bruce resumed the interrupted game.

John Bruce strolled from the room, and descended to the lower floor. He entered the supper room, and while old Jake plied him with delicacies he saw the doorman emerge from the telephone booth out in the hall, hurry away, and presently return, talking earnestly with M. Henri de Lavergne. The manager, in turn, entered the booth.

M. Henri de Lavergne came into the supper room after a moment.

"In just a few minutes, Mr. Bruce—there will be a slight delay," he said effusively. "Too bad to keep you waiting."

"Not at all!" responded John Bruce. He held a wine glass up to the light. "This is very excellent, M. de Lavergne."

M. Henri de Lavergne accepted the compliment with a gratified bow.

"Mr. Bruce is very kind to say so," he said—and launched into an elaborate apology that Mr. Bruce should be put to any inconvenience to obtain the financial accommodation asked for. The security that Mr. Bruce offered was unquestioned.

It was not that. It was the rule of the house. Mr. Bruce would understand.

Mr. Bruce understood perfectly.

"Quite so!" he said cordially.

M. Henri de Lavergne excused himself, and left the room.

"A fishy, clever little crook," confided John Bruce to himself. "I wonder what's the game?"

He continued to sip his wine in apparent indifference to the passing minutes, nor was his indifference altogether assumed. His mind was quite otherwise occupied. It was rather neat, that—a trip to Persia. The expression in itself held a lure which had probably not been overlooked as an asset. It suggested Bagdad, and the Arabian Nights, and a Caliph and a Grand Vizier who stalked about in disguise. On the other hand, the inebriated gentleman had evidently had his fill of it on one occasion, and would have no more of it. And the other gentleman who had, as it were, indorsed the proceeding, had, at the same time, taken the occasion to throw out a warning to beware of the conductor.

John Bruce smiled pleasantly into his wine glass. Not very difficult to fathom, perhaps, after all! It was probably some shrewd old reprobate with usurious rates in cahoots with the sleek M. Henri de Lavergne, who made a side-split on the said rates in return for the exclusive privilege accorded the other for acting as leech to the guests of the house when in extremity.

IT HAD been perhaps twenty minutes since he had left the roulette table. He looked at his watch now as he saw the doorman coming toward the supper room with his hat and coat. The night was still early. It was a quarter to eleven.

He went out into the hall.

"Yassuh," said the gray-haired and obsequious old darky, as he assisted John Bruce into his coat, "if yo'll will just come with me, Mistuh Bruce, yo'all will be 'commodated right prompt."

John Bruce followed his guide to the doorstep.

The darky pointed to a closed motor car at the curb by the corner, a few houses away.

"Yo'll just say 'Persia' to the shuffer, Mistuh Bruce, and—"

"All right!" John Bruce smiled his interruption, and went down the steps to the sidewalk.

John Bruce approached the waiting car leisurely, scrutinizing it the while; and as he approached, it seemed to take on more and more the aspect of a venerable and decrepit ark. The body of the car was entirely without light; the glass front, if there were one, behind the man whom he discerned sitting in the chauffeur's seat, was evidently closely curtained; and so, too, he now discovered as he drew nearer, were the windows and doors of the car as well.

"The parlor looks a little ominous," said John Bruce softly to himself. "I wonder how far it is to the spider's dining-room?"

He halted as he reached the vehicle.

"I'm bound for Persia, I believe," he suggested pleasantly to the chauffeur.

The chauffeur leaned out, and John Bruce was conscious that he was undergoing a critical inspection. In turn he looked at the chauffeur, but there was very little light. The car seemed to have chosen a spot as little disturbed by the rays of the street lamps as possible, and he gained but a vague impression of a red, weather-beaten face, clean-shaved, with shaggy brows under grizzled hair, the whole topped by an equally weather-beaten felt hat of nondescript shape and color.

THE inspection, on the chauffeur's part, at least, appeared to be satisfactory.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "Step in, sir, please."

The door swung open—just how, John Bruce could not have explained. He stepped briskly into the car—only to draw back instinctively as he found it already occupied. But the door had closed behind him. It was inky black in the interior now with the door shut. The car was jolting into motion.

"Pardon me!" said John Bruce a little grimly, and sat down on the back seat.

A woman! He had just been able to make out a woman's form as he had stepped in. It was clever—damned clever! of both the exquisite M. Henri de Lavergne and the money-lending spider at the other end of this pleasant little jaunt into unexplored Persia! A woman in it—a luring, painted, fair and winsome damsel, no doubt—to make the usurious pill of illegal interest a little sweeter! Oh, yes, he quite understood now that warning to beware of the conductor!

"I did not anticipate such charming company," said John Bruce facetiously. "Have we far to go?"

There was no answer.

Something like a shadow, deeper than the surrounding blackness, seemed to pass before John Bruce's eyes and then he sat bolt upright, startled and amazed. In front of him, let down from the roof of the car, was a small table covered with black velvet, and suspended some twelve inches above the table, throwing the glow downward in a round spot of light over the velvet surface, was a shaded electric lamp. A small white hand, bare of any ornament, palm upward, lay upon the velvet table-top under the play of the light.

A voice spoke now softly from beside him:

"You have something to pawn?"

John Bruce stared. He still could not see her face.

"Er—yes," he said. He frowned in perplexity. "When we get to Persia, alias the pawn shop."

"This is the pawn shop," she answered. "Let me see what you have, please."

"Well, I'm da—" John Bruce checked himself. There was a delicacy about that white hand resting there under the light that rebuked him. "Er—pardon me," said John Bruce.

He felt for his jewelled watch-fob, unfastened it, and laid it in the extended palm. He laughed a little to himself. On with the game! The lure was here, all right; the stage setting was masterly—and now the piper would be paid on a basis, probably, that would relegate Shylock himself to the kindergarten class of money lenders!

AND then, suddenly, it seemed to John Bruce as though his blood whipping through his veins was afire. A face in profile bending forward to examine the diamonds and the setting of the fob-pendant, came under the light. He gazed at it fascinated. It was the most beautiful face he had ever seen. His eyes drank in the rich masses of brown, silken hair, the perfect throat, the chin and lips that, while modelled in sweet womanliness, were still eloquent of self-reliance and strength. He had thought to see a pretty face, a little brazen perhaps, and artfully powdered and rouged; what he saw was a vision of loveliness that seemed to personify the unsullied, God-given freshness and purity of youth.

He spoke involuntarily; no power of his could have kept back the words.

"My God, you are beautiful!" he exclaimed in a low voice.

He saw the color swiftly tinge the throat a coral pink, and mount upwards; but she did not look at him. Her eyes! He wanted to see her eyes—to look into them! But she did not turn her head.

"You probably paid two thousand dollars for this," she said quietly, "and—"

"Nineteen hundred," corrected John Bruce mechanically.

"I will allow you seventeen hundred on it, then," she said, still quietly. "The interest will be at seven per cent. Do you wish to accept the offer?"

"Seventeen hundred! Seven per cent!" It was in consonance with the vision! His mind was topsy-turvy. He did not understand.

"It is very liberal," said John Bruce, trying to control his voice. "Of course, I accept."

The shapely head nodded.

He watched her spellbound. The watch fob had vanished, and in its place now under the little conical shaft of light she was swiftly counting out a pile of crisp, new, fifty-dollar banknotes. To these she added a stamped and numbered ticket.

"You may redeem the pledge at any time by making application to the same person to whom you originally applied for a loan to-night," she said, as she handed him the money. "Please count it."

Her head was in shadow now. He could no longer even see her profile. She was sitting back in her corner of the car.

"I—I am quite satisfied," said John Bruce a little helplessly.

"Please count it," she insisted.

With a shrug of protest, John Bruce obeyed her. It was not at all the money that concerned him, nor the touch of it that was quickening his pulse.

"It is correct," he said, putting money and ticket in his pocket. He turned toward her. "And now—"

His words ended in a little gasp. The


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light was out. In the darkness that shadow passed again before his eyes, and he was conscious that the table had vanished—also that the car had stopped.

The door opened.

"If you please, sir!" It was the chauffeur, holding the door open.

John Bruce hesitated.

"I—er—look here!" he said. "I—"

"If you please, sir!" There was something of significant finality in the man's patient and respectful tones.

John Bruce smiled wryly.

"Well, at least, I may say good-night," he said, as he backed out of the car.

"Certainly, sir—good-night, sir," said the chauffeur calmly—and closed the door, and touched his hat, and climbed back to his seat.

John Bruce glared at the man.

"Well, I'm damned!" said John Bruce fervently.

## CHAPTER III

### Sanctuary

THE car started off. It turned the corner. John Bruce looked around him. He was standing on precisely the same spot from which he had entered the car. He had been driven around the block, that was all!

He caught his breath. Was it real? That wondrous face which, almost as though at the touch of some magician's wand, had risen before him out of the blackness! His blood afire was leaping through his veins again. That face!

He ran to the corner and peered down the street. The car was perhaps a hundred yards away—and suddenly John Bruce started to run again, following the car. Madness! His lips had set grim and hard. Who was she that prowled the night in that bizarre traveling pawn shop? Where did she live? Was it actually the Arabian Nights back again? He laughed at himself—not mirthfully. But still he ran on.

The car was outdistancing him. Fool! For a woman's face! Even though it were a divine symphony of beauty! Fool? Love-smitten idiot? Not at all! It was his job! Nice sound to that word in conjunction with that haunting memory of loveliness—job!

The traveling pawn shop turned into Fourth Avenue, and headed down town. John Bruce caught the sound of a street-car gong, spurted and swung breathlessly to the platform of a car traveling in the same direction.

Of course it was his job! The exquisite M. Henri de Lavergne was mixed up in this.

"Hell!"

The street car conductor stared at him. John Bruce scowled. He swore again—but this time under his breath. It brought a sudden wild, unreasonable rage and rebellion, the thought that there should be anything, even of the remotest nature, between the glorious vision in that car and the mincing, silken-tongued manager of Larmon's gambling hell. But there was, for all that, wasn't there? How else had she come there? It was the usual thing, wasn't it? And—beware of the conductor! The warning now appeared to be very apt! And how well he had profited by it! A fool chasing a siren's beauty!

His face grew very white.

"John Bruce," he whispered to himself, "if I could get at you I'd pound your face to pulp for that!"

He leaned out from the platform. The traveling pawn shop had increased its speed and was steadily leaving the street car behind. He looked back in the opposite direction. The street was almost entirely deserted as far as traffic went. The only vehicle in sight was a taxi bowling along a block in the rear. He laughed out again harshly. The conductor eyed him suspiciously.

John Bruce dropped off the car, and planted himself in the path of the on-coming taxi. Call it his job, then, if it pleased him! He owed it to Larmon to get to the bottom of this. How extremely logical he was. The transaction in the traveling pawn shop had been so fair-minded as almost to exonerate M. Henri de Lavergne on the face of it, and if it had not been for a certain vision therein, and a fire in his own veins, and a fury at the thought that even her acquaintance with the gambling manager was profanity, he could have heartily applauded M. Henri de Lavergne for a unique and original—

The taxi bellowed at him, hoarsely indignant.





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John Bruce stepped neatly to one side—and jumped on the footboard.

"Here, you! What the hell!" shouted the chauffeur. "You—"

"Push your foot on it a little," said John Bruce calmly. "And don't lose sight of that closed car ahead."

"Lose sight of nothin'!" yelled the chauffeur. "I've got a fare, an'—"

"I hear him," said John Bruce composedly. He edged in beside the chauffeur, and one of the crisp, new, fifty-dollar banknotes passed into the latter's possession. "Keep that car in sight, and don't make it hopelessly obvious that you are following it. I'll attend to your fare."

He screwed around in his seat. An elderly, gray-whiskered gentleman, a patently irate gentleman, was pounding furiously on the glass panel.

"We should be turnin' down this street we're just passin'," grinned the chauffeur.

JOHN BRUCE lowered the panel.

"What's the meaning of this?" thundered the fare.

"I'm very sorry, sir," said John B. respectfully. "A little detective business." He coughed. It was really quite true. His voice became confidential. "The occupants of that car ahead got away from me. I—I want to arrest one of them. I'm very sorry to put you to any inconvenience, but it couldn't be helped. There was no other way than to commandeer your taxi. It will be only for a matter of a few minutes."

"It's preposterous!" spluttered the fare. "Outrageous! I—I'll—"

"Yes, sir," said John Bruce. "But there was nothing else I could do. You can report it to headquarters, of course."

He closed the panel.

"Fly-cop—not!" said the chauffeur, with his tongue in his cheek. "Any fly-cop that ever got his mitt on a whole fifty-dollar bill all at one time couldn't be pried loose from it with a crowbar!"

"It lets you out, doesn't it?" inquired John Bruce pleasantly. "Now let's see you earn it."

"I'll earn it!" said the chauffeur with unction. "You leave it to me, boss!"

The quarry, in the shape of the traveling pawn shop, directed its way into the heart of the East Side. Presently it turned into a hiving, narrow street, where hawkers with their push-carts in the light of flaring spitting gasoline banjoes were doing a thriving business. The two cars went more slowly now. There was very little room. The taxi almost upset a fish vendor's wheeled emporium. The vendor was eloquent—fervently so. But the chauffeur's eyes, after an impersonal and indifferent glance at the other, returned to the car ahead. The taxi continued on its way, trailing fifty yards in the rear of the traveling pawn shop.

At the end of the block the car ahead turned the corner. As the taxi, in turn, rounded the corner, John Bruce saw that the traveling pawn shop was drawn up before a small building that was nested in between two tenements. The blood quickened in his pulse. The girl had alighted, and was entering the small building.

"Hit it up a little to the next corner, turn it, and let me off there," directed John Bruce.

"I get you!" said the chauffeur.

The taxi swept past the car at the curb. Another minute and it had swung the next corner, and was slowing down. John Bruce jumped to the ground before the taxi stopped.

"Good-night!" he called to the chauffeur.

He waved his hand debonairly at the scowling, whiskered visage that was watching him from the interior of the cab, and hurriedly retraced his way back around the corner.

THE traveling pawn shop had turned and was driving away. John Bruce had moderated his pace, and sauntered on along the street. He smiled half grimly, half contentedly to himself. The "trip to Persia" had led him a little farther afield than M. Henri de Lavergne had perhaps counted on—or than he, John Bruce, himself had, either! But he knew now where the most glorious woman he had ever seen in his life lived, or, at least, was to be found again. No, it wasn't the *moon*! To him she was exactly that. And he had not seen her for the last time, either! That was what he was here for, though he wasn't so mad as to risk, or, rather, invite an affront to begin with by so bald an act as to go to the front door, say, and ring the bell—which would be tantamount to informing her that he had—er—played the detective from the moment he had left her in the car. To-morrow, perhaps, or the next day, or whenever fate saw fit to be in a kindly mood, a meeting that possessed all the hall-marks of being quite inadvertent offered him high hopes. Later, if fate still were kind, he would tell her that he had followed her, and what she would be thoroughly justified in misconstruing now she might then accept as the tribute to her that he meant it to be—when she knew him better.

John Bruce was whistling softly to himself.

He was passing the house now, his scrutiny none the less exhaustive because it was apparently casual. It was a curious little two-story place tucked away between the two flanking tenements, the further one of which alone separated the house from the corner he was approaching. Not a light showed from the front of the house. Yes, it was quite a curious place. Although curtains were on the lower front windows, indicating that it was purely a dwelling, the windows themselves were of abnormal size, as though, originally perhaps, the ground floor had once been a shop of some kind.

John Bruce turned the corner, and from a comparatively deserted street found himself among the vendors' push-carts and the spluttering gasoline torches again. He skirted the side of the tenement that made the corner, discovered the fact that a lane cut in from the street and ran past the rear of the tenement, which he mentally noted must likewise run past the rear of the little house that was now so vitally interesting to him—and halted on the opposite side of the lane to survey his surroundings. Here a dirty and uninviting café attracted his attention, which, if its dingy sign were to be believed, was run by one Palasco Ratti, a gentleman of parts in the choice of wines which he offered to his patrons. John Bruce surveyed Palasco Ratti's potential clientèle—the street was full of it; the shawled women, the dark-visaged, earringed men. He smiled a little to himself. No—probably not the half naked children who sprawled in the gutter and crawled amongst the push-carts' wheels! How was it that *she* should ever have come to live in a neighborhood to which the designation "foreign," as far as she was concerned, must certainly apply in particularly full measure? It was strange that she—

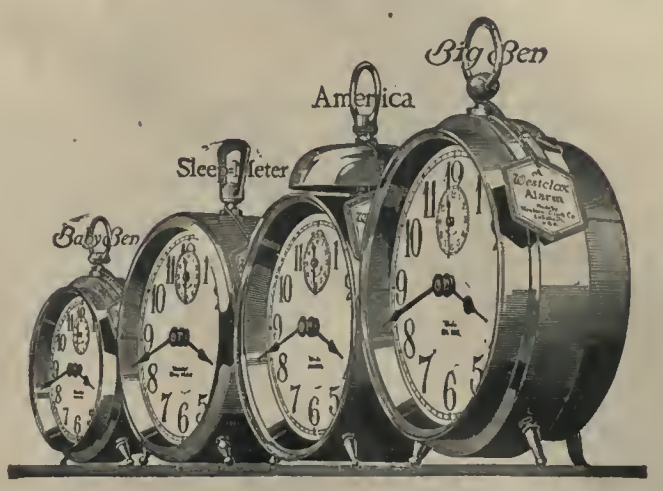
John Bruce's mental soliloquy came to an abrupt end. Half humorously, half grimly his eyes were riveted on the push-cart at the curb directly opposite to him, the proprietor of which dealt in that brand of confection so much in favor on the East Side—a great slab of candy from which as occasion required he cut slices with a large carving knife. A brown and grimy fist belonging to a tot of a girl of perhaps eight or nine years of age, who had crept in under the push-cart, was stealthily feeling its way upward behind the vendor's back, its objective being, obviously, a generous piece of candy that reposed on the edge of the push-cart. There was a certain fascination in watching developments. It was quite immoral, of course, but his sympathies were with the child. It was a gamble whether the grimy little hand would close on the coveted prize and disappear again victorious, or whether the vendor would turn in time to frustrate the raid.

The tot's hand crept nearer and nearer its goal. No one, save himself of the many about, appeared to notice the little cameo of primal instinct that was on exhibition before them. The small and dirty fingers touched the candy, closed on it, and were withdrawn—but were withdrawn too quickly. The child, at the psychological moment under stress of excitement, eagerness and probably a wildly thumping heart, had failed in finesse. Perhaps the paper that covered the surface of the push-cart and on which the wares were displayed rattled; perhaps the sudden movement in itself attracted the vendor's attention. The man whirled and made a vicious dive for the child as she darted out from between the wheels. And then she screamed. The man had hit her a brutal clout across the head.

John Bruce straightened suddenly, a dull red creeping from his set jaw to his cheeks. Still clutching the candy in her hand the child was running blindly and in terror straight toward him. The man struck again, and the child staggered, and, reeling, sought sanctuary behind John Bruce's legs. A bearded, snarling face in pursuit loomed up before him—and John Bruce struck, struck as he had once struck


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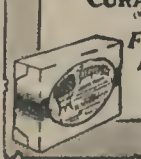
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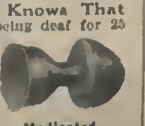
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before on a white moon-flooded deck when a man, a brute beast, had gone down before him — and the vendor, screaming shrilly, lay kicking in pain on the sidewalk.

It had happened quickly. Not one, probably, of those on the street had caught the details of the little scene. And now the tiny thief had wriggled through his legs, and with the magnificent irresponsibility of childhood had darted away and was lost to sight. It had happened quickly—but not so quickly as the gathering together of an angry, surging crowd around John Bruce.

Some one in the crowd shrieked out above the clamor of voices:

"He kill-a Pietro! Kill-a da dude!"

It was a fire-brand.

JOHN BRUCE backed away a little—up against the door of Signor Palasco Ratti's wine shop. A glance showed him that with the blow he had struck his light overcoat had become loosened, and that he was flaunting an immaculate and gleaming shirt-front in the faces of the crowd. And between their Pietro with a broken jaw and an intruder far too well dressed to please their fancy, the psychology of the crowd became the psychology of a mob.

The fire-brand took.

"Kill-a da dude!" It was echoed in chorus—and then a rush.

It flung John Bruce heavily against the wine shop door, and the door crashed inward—and for a moment he was down, and the crowd, like a snarling wolf pack, was upon him. And then the massive shoulders heaved, and he shook them off and was on his feet; and all that was primal, elemental in the man was dominant, the mad glorying in strife upon him, and he struck right and left with blows before which, again and again, a man went down.

But the rush still bore him backward, and the doorway was black and jammed with reinforcements constantly pouring in. Tables crashed to the floor, chairs were overturned. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a white-moustached Italian leap upon the counter and alternately wave his arms and wring his hands together frantically.

"For the mercy of God!" the man screamed—and then his voice added to the din in a flood of impassioned Italian. It was Signor Palasco Ratti probably.

John Bruce was panting now, his breath coming in short hard gasps. It was not easy to keep them in front of him, to keep his back free. He caught the glint of knife blades now.

He was borne back foot by foot, the space widening as he retreated from the door, giving room for more to come upon him at the same time. A knife blade lunged at him. He evaded it—but another glittering in the ceiling light at the same instant, flashing a murderous arc in its downward plunge, caught him, and, before he could turn, sank home.

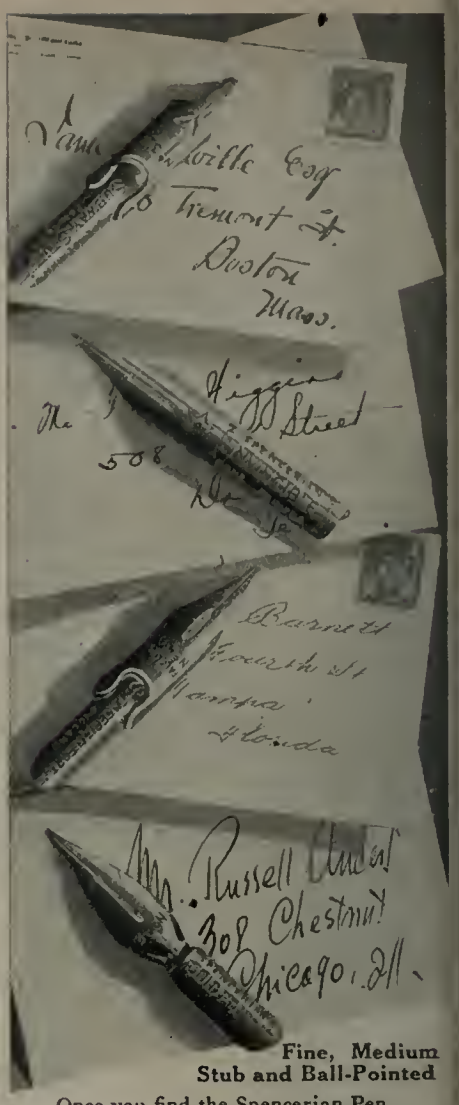
A yell of triumph went up. He felt no pain. Only a sudden sickening of his brain, a sudden weakness that robbed his limbs of strength, and he reeled and staggered, fighting blindly now.

And then his brain cleared. He flung a quick glance over his shoulder. Yes, there was one chance. Only one! And in another minute, with another knife thrust, it would be too late. He whirled suddenly and raced down the length of the café. In the moment's grace earned through surprise at his sudden action, he gained a door he had seen there, and threw himself upon it. It was not fastened though there was a key in the lock. He whipped out the key, plunged through, locked the door on the outside with the fraction of a second to spare before they came battering upon it—and stumbled and fell headlong out into the open.

It was as though he were lashing his brain into action and virility. It kept wobbling and fogging. Didn't the damned thing understand that his life was at stake! He lurched to his feet. He was in a lane. In front of him, like great looming shadows, shadows that wobbled too, he saw the shapes of two tenements, and like an inset between them, a small house with a light gleaming in the lower window.

That was where the vision lived. Only there was a fence between. Sanctuary! He lunged toward the fence. He had not meant to—to make a call to-night—she—she might have misunderstood. But in a second now *they* would come sweeping around into the lane after him from the street.

He clawed his way to the top of the

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fence, and because his strength was almost gone fell from the top of the fence to the ground on the other side.

And now he crawled, crawled with what frantic haste he could, because he heard the uproar from the street. And he laughed. The kid was probably munching her hunk of candy now. Queer things—kids! Got her candy—happy—

He reached up to the sill of an open window, clawed his way upward, as he had clawed his way up the fence, straddled the sill unsteadily, clutched at nothingness to save himself, and toppled inward to the floor of the room.

A yell from the head of the lane, a cry from the other end of the room, spurred him into final effort. He gained his feet, and swept his hand, wet with blood, across his eyes. That was the vision there running toward him, wasn't it?—the wonderful, glorious vision!

"Pardon me!" said John Bruce in a sing-song voice, and with a desperate effort reached up and pulled down the window shade. He tried to smile. "Queer—queer things—kids—aren't they? She—she just ducked out from under."

The girl was staring at him wildly, her hands tightly clasped to her bosom.

"Pardon me!" whispered John Bruce thickly. He couldn't see her any more, just a multitude of objects whirling like a kaleidoscope before his eyes. "She—she got the candy," said John Bruce, attempting to smile again—and pitched unconscious to the floor.

*(To be Continued.)*

# The Queer Toff in No. 13

*Continued from page 19*

heights, confounding all who idly ask, "What's in a name?"

With such additions as an afternoon's consideration and review of the situation gave, the woman told her story, substantially as related to Mrs. Dancey. Asquith, having partaken liberally, sat back lost in contemplation of the activities of a spider boldly at work in a ceiling corner. Once during the recital a gleam of interest showed in the boy's eyes, and his mouth framed a question that was rudely quashed.

"You 'old yer fyce, H'Asquith. This don't concern a lad of twelve."

"But—"

"Shut up, Jim. Don't you 'ear yer mother speak? Another peep out o' you and I'll give you wot for a-plenty."

Asquith relapsed into an injured silence, and resumed his contemplation of the spider—weaving, weaving silkenly in the corner. Two minutes later he winked up at the creature—winked twice, and receiving no answering signal apparently gave it up as a bad job and slid noiselessly from his place. Presently from a dark cupboard, in which outworn and useless household gods were degraded to the level of junk, came the sound of a rustling paper. Once or twice the boy's close-clipped bullet head appeared as though seeking better light on the object of his search. A satisfied sigh preceded his return to the table where Mr. and Mrs. Briggs still delved conversationally into the mystery of Number Thirteen. Asquith ostentatiously spread before him a torn page of newsprint, and, failing to secure attention, became lost in study of a two-column-wide cut. At last a benign smile lit up his pudgy features—Asquith taking rather after his father's tendency to rotundity than his mother's angularity.

"Blime," said Asquith aloud, "it's 'er for fair!"

This bid for conversational recognition failing, he repeated still more loudly: "It's 'er 'erself—I'll take my davvy."

"Jim—wot did I tell you, eh? Where's yer manners?"

"Awright," said Asquith resignedly, "just wot you like, only I thought you was looking for the queer toff's actress wife as 'angs up on the wall by the pianner."

"Well—and wot should a lad like you—"

"Garn!" retorted the lad wearily, with the sophistication to which years on the London streets entitled him. "You give me a pain, you do. You'd think I was a blooming infant. Just 'ave a squint at that."

OVER Asquith's shoulder the two peered unbelievingly. But there, staring up at them, was the face of a woman, beautiful, compelling, to Mrs. Briggs strangely familiar. Underneath they read:

**"Miss Tressider, Who Will Play New Lead in 'Many Minds' at the Ridgeway Theatre"**

The paper was just three weeks old.

Mrs. Briggs was the first to voice her conclusion.

"It's 'is wife right enough," she affirmed, trembling with the significance of the discovery.

"But the nyme, woman. Tressider aint Peterson, and you can't tell me."

"Garn!" returned Mrs. Briggs, borrowing Asquith's elegant phraseology, "don't you know these 'ere h'actresses never goes under their married nymes? Miss they are, though married as h'orften as 'Enery the Eighth."

'Enery Briggs scratched his head.

"Tell me," he said, speaking slowly, as one who cautiously seeks a way out of a mental maze, "'ow 'e comes not know about 'er being there and all. Just tell me that, Bella."

Mrs. Briggs' brow wrinkled. Asquith bridged a difficult moment.

"That's easy, maw. The queer toff'd never let me read 'im the theatrical news. Whenever I tried he shut me off quick as a snap. Real stuffy 'e got about it. That's why I never mentioned this picture to 'im the time I was reading up in 'is room, and sawr 'ow like she was."

"Lor," said Mrs. Briggs, "hut it's a funny world. 'Enery, get on yer coat and cap."

"Me. Wot for?"

"Yer going to the Ridgeway Theatre with a letter. H'Asquith, look sharp now and fetch your pen and a piece of pyper. You've 'ad schooling adwantages as I was denied."

Together they produced it—a letter telling the news; a strange effort of composition and caligraphy, but bearing the message of a woman who had not forgotten the outcry of a lonely heart. Her lodger—Mr .Derick Peterson—was sick—dangerously—must see his wife again—no matter what had happened she must not deny him this. Would she come—at once—to-night?

Out into the raw sleetiness of the night 'Enery went, letter in hand, uncomfortable but determined under the grave responsibilities of his mission.

"I couldn't see 'er personal," he explained when he returned, "but she sent word out by a cove that she'd be 'ere as soon as she could myke it arter the show."

No word of this was carried to the dying man. Enough to break it gently when the time came. Suppose she should fail them after all? Tremulous with anxiety, Mrs. Briggs welcomed the distractions of evening duties that clamored for attention. But her mind was on the eleventh-hour reconciliation that was to bring together two wandering souls. But—suppose she did not come?

She came, however, promptly at eleven-fifteen, direct from the theatre in a taxi.

Mrs. Briggs, sensing an injustice done her star lodger in the whole affair, felt that a rather cold and formal attitude on her part would be proper. This was a determination of earlier in the evening; when the critical moment arrived her tongue could barely utter such confirmation of her written message as the case demanded.

"You wait 'ere, missus," she told the visitor, "I'll warn 'im yer coming up."

A STILL harder task awaited her there, at the top of the three impossible flights. The significance of what she had done on her own responsibility came to bring a paralyzing sense of terror. Had she not given this young woman to understand that he was calling for her—wanting his wife in his last moments, as was fitting?

How still he was, lying there upon the bed! Asquith, sent up to sit with him lest he should want anything, was lost in a volume, straining his eyes in the dim light. The room, too, was deathly still! Surely death hadn't stolen a march, silent-footed!

No—the man stirred uneasily. Mrs. Briggs dismissed Asquith with little ceremony.


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"Mr. Peterson, sir."

"Well, Mrs. Briggs?" His voice came very faintly; something told her the time was short now.

"She—she's downstairs, sir—wyting—there."

"She? Who?"

"Your—wife, sir."

"My wife? Impossible!" The effort at mental assimilation deepened the furrows that suffering had worn in his forehead. "How could she have known. . . when all my bridges were burned?"

"I—I sent for 'er, sir, asking yer pardon for the liberty, sir." The confession was made easier by terseness and haste. "Oh, sir, you'll see 'er now, won't you?" The look in his face worried the questioner. Nothing but the remembrance of the morning sustained her.

"Well—I suppose you'd better ask—her—up."

Mrs. Briggs fled, fearful lest he should cancel the permission. At the foot of the lower stairs the young woman stood, where the light from the gas jet fell upon her. Any antipathy Mrs. Briggs may have felt gave place in that moment to sympathy; an outstretched arm gave motherly comfort. For the moment all difference of status vanished—the exquisitely gowned young woman and the Cockney landlady had found common ground. Hardly more than a girl; Mrs. Briggs told herself, and very like the picture upstairs—especially the eyes—beautiful, compelling eyes, no less lovely because their brightness was dimmed by a generous mist of tears.

"Will you—come up, please?"

Silently she led the way up; the stairs seemed endless. And so into the room.

"Mr. Peterson, sir. Your wife."

The girl's eyes were on the figure lying on the bed. She ran forward with a little cry, but he held out a hand as though in warning, and she stopped, swaying a little.

New terror, and a sense of the decencies, came to Mrs. Briggs, urging her paralyzed limbs into action. Not until she was two flights down did curiosity begin to assert its power. She tiptoed upstairs again.

The door was slightly ajar, affording a view of the room and its occupants. Outside a pudgy figure, eyes agog, was peering in.

"H'Asquith," Mrs. Briggs' sibilant whisper was in his ear, "you little wretch! Awye with you or I'll 'ave yer father flay the skin off you. Where do you expect to h'end, prying and peeking into h'other folks affairs? 'Urry, now."

Asquith withdrew reluctantly.

Mrs. Briggs had a moment of indecision. Then, with a glance over the banister to make certain of Asquith's complete obedience, she took his place at the door. The sound of voices was too alluring. The man was speaking now—speaking slowly, deliberately, as though every word must be weighed and measured.

"I'm glad you came, in a way—it will make things easier — make it easier not to think too harshly—glad for her sake, because she was always such a loyal little soul to you."

"For her sake?—Derry!" The voice faltered.

HE MADE a gesture of impatience.

"Is it necessary to quibble about it at such a time as this? You know very well any love I had for you was killed—that you killed it, Verna."

She did not speak; expression seemed denied her.

"You're a mystery, Verna," he told her, "You always were. Can't you see that love must feed on love; loyalty on loyalty. Must I rehash the old story? You think me harsh, an irreconcilable—let me state my case again as I have reviewed it often in these years."

A sudden change came to the girl; swiftly she went to him.

"Derry—Derry—don't, if it hurts you. Forget it all—you mustn't be troubled now. You'll need all your strength to fight for life. And I—I don't think I can stand it, Derry."

He was not listening. He put her from him—gently but firmly.

"Eighteen years ago," he said quietly, "I came, a young man of twenty-two, fresh from years of arduous research work in Europe. In those years I had one thought, one concern—my studies. From such a life I returned to be caught in a social whirl that was as dangerous as it was relaxing—intoxicating me with the pleasures denied me in my earlier manhood. I met a girl—I met many, but one who fascinated me by her grace and beauty—perhaps, too, because she was artful, clever, a born actress; she simulated interest in my laboratory work, and so by this and every device known to femininity drew me to her. I had some little money and a future of promise; she had social gifts of a rare nature. Propinquity and zealous friends helped to a logical ending. The callow youth fell, as he thought, madly in love. The prophecies of suave counsellors came true; we were engaged.

"Six months later, I think it was, I met her sister—a girl equally gifted and who already had made a stir in dramatic circles. We became good pals at once; she approved her sister's choice outspokenly. As time went on comparisons, odious and unsettling, came to mar the smooth course of our engaged life. Though like enough in most ways, one girl was a bright, gay butterfly—the other, though younger, a woman whose depth of character was a constant revelation to one who had known few women intimately, whose philosophy of life was a thing of entrancing freshness.

"There came a night—I need not elaborate, the story is too old to both of us. Engaged though the elder sister was, she went one night with a man of whom I did not approve to a resort barely respectable. I learned this only when, as usual, I called at the girl's apartment. The younger sister sensed my trouble; she tried to make it easy for me and for her sister. I asked her to play something for me—she was a wonderful pianist, and knew my hobby. Her music, unwittingly as I knew, spoke to me that night what wild horses could not have dragged from her in words. I mention this, Verna, because I sometimes thought you were unjust in your judgment of her.

"I sat as one to whom a great revelation has come—begging her to continue, snatching an hour or two in a fool's paradise. Time passed unnoticed, until at last she rose impulsively, and tried to take a hasty farewell. I detained her, almost forcibly; eye spoke to eye. We knew then—but my word was given to her sister. For one impulsive moment I forgot everything and drew her to me passionately. I turned—to find my fiancée in the doorway.

"PERHAPS it was too much to expect that there should have been a release for me, and yet in the days that followed she knew quite well how things stood. It would not have been fair to her or to myself to let things go on blindly, and I spoke to her frankly. At first she refused to take the matter seriously, then in a gust of passion demanded that, as a gentleman, I should speak no more of it, but carry out my agreement. At the time I thought it was her passion for me dictated that speech—now I know it was pique, fear of what her coterie of friends would say and think, the knowledge that I was, financially at least, very eligible.

"The sister, loyal little soul, left suddenly, accepting a small part with a touring company out west.

"I played my part to the end; we were married. I fought down, put out of my life as best I could, the thing that could never be; yet often the throb of it came to trouble me like an exposed nerve that constantly asserts its existence. . . That water, please, Verna. . Am I making it too hard for you?"

"Go on, Derry?"

"I'll not say my married life was unhappy. Financial ease, too, can bridge many a rough spot. Things went well enough until—the accident."

He paused again, briefly.

"A big choice, perhaps, after all—a blind husband with prospects shattered, and heavy obligations that, once liquidated, left but a meagre income. . . and on the other hand an opening to follow the pathway to success and fame that her younger sister had already gone far along. Besides the stage had always been her ambition.

"She left me. I did not seek to follow. How should I?—like some blind beggar pleading for a charitable dole. My scant income — after I had set aside her portion of the savings—sufficed; I had some recompense in my hobby—music. I secured an old piano—the one you see there—and made it a condition in such lodgings that I secured that it should be with me. It solaced me to play—to her, it always seemed—and still more so, since—since she died."

He placed his own interpretation on her quick exclamation.

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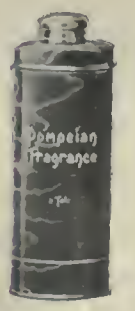
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"Somehow it did not seem so disloyal to my—wife—my wife in name—to play to her after her death—to the little sister of whose memory the years could not rob me."

"You—you learned the news—?"

"Through the papers. I could not read, but others were eyes for me, and day by day I followed the news of the theatrical world eagerly. No—not for news of my wife—but of *her*—out West still. And then one night a brief item told about it—such a brief little item—about Mary dying out there while on tour.

"After that I cut the final link with the past—would hear no more of news of the stage—why should I follow the doings of a wife who had forgotten me?"

The challenge in his voice merged into a gentler note.

"If I seem harsh and hard forgive me, Verna, the fault is not all my own. Perhaps I have been too great a recluse, hugging my troubles and memories to me in solitude, but my health has been failing, and forty finds me very near the end of the road."

WHEN silence came now the girl offered no comment. Her head was buried in her arms on the edge of the chair; her sobs were the throbbing of unmistakable emotion. No acting there. A little wrinkle of bewilderment came to him, the harsh lines about his mouth softened.

"I'm sorry if you feel—that way," he told her gently. "I didn't think you—cared—that much."

"Derry? Derry!" She was on her knees beside him now, her passionate kisses, unrepulsed, on his forehead. "Say you forgive, Derry—you mustn't judge too harshly. It was just a gay little butterfly you married, selfishly seeking her own from life, with no parents to guide her from the earliest years—but you took her for better or for worse, Derry—won't you forget the worse and cling to the happiness—what happiness there was in it? You're not through with life yet, Derry—they say the Doctor thinks an operation would give you a chance if you'd only fight for it. If—if Mary were here, Derry, she'd want you to live out your full span of life, to face things bravely. . . Derry, because I came now, say you forgive—everything—and I'll go away and not bother you any more."

He laid on her shoulder a hand made gentle by pity.

"Verna, how could I hope for forgiveness if I did not forgive? There, Verna, child, don't sob like that. You're tired and unstrung. There, there, Verna, I can't say more. I'm yours still in name—I'm hers in spirit. It's something that can't be changed by act of will. That's why I want to go on now—to her—after all these years."

A spasm of pain seized him; for a moment the woman watching wide-eyed at the door thought the end had come. Then he rallied—and rose—groping, groping—

"Help me—to—to the piano" The woman by the bedside sought to stay his progress, but the strength of a dominant passion was his in that moment. White-faced she lent support and guidance.

His fingers trembled on the keys; he swayed a little on the stool, so that her arm went more protectingly about him. The watcher fancied that the girl tried to speak and could not.

And then he played—played a sweet, unfamiliar melody in a minor key, a thing of throbbing beauty that sent great tears trickling unheeded down the rough red cheeks of the watching woman outside the door, who knew nothing of music but had a heart to give response.

The music grew more insistent, suggesting at times the song of mating birds, at others the outcry of unanswered loneliness—to merge at last into a strain of stately and triumphant grandeur.

Even the ignorant woman at the door grasped something of its significance. In an awed whisper she told herself,

"'E's playing 'isself into the next world to 'er!"

The dim light in the room struck fully upon the scene: the prematurely aged man by the piano—head uplifted so that the face was turned towards the picture hanging before sightless eyes to which love lent vision; the woman classically beautiful, her face as white and set as though she, too, looked squarely in the eyes of death.

The music rose and fell in lofty cadences; it suggested the swift onward march of a soul.

"'E's climbing now," said the woman at the door, trembling, carried away with the spirit of the thing, "'E'll be there soon now. Just like when maw said, 'Bill's a-beckerning me,' Affinerties, that's wot."

And then she saw decision shape itself in the face of the woman by the piano. Her arms gathered the musician to her as though to stay his ghostly progress. The music stopped—jarringly.

"Derry—Derry—don't leave me, dear. Don't leave me. Oh, Verna, Verna, he's mine—he's always been mine from the first. O, God, give him back to me!"

He pushed her from him roughly, and yet as one who knows nothing of his actions. His breath came gaspingly, yet his lips framed the words:

"Mary—they can't keep us apart. I'm coming now."

He tried to resume his playing, but he was growing more feeble, and her arms were around him more closely still.

"Derry," she cried, "Derry, dear—can't you understand—it's not Verna—it's Mary—right here now—Mary who wants you to live—Mary's who's holding you, never to let you go again."

Her kisses were on his mouth, and cheeks and forehead, but now there came no rebuke or response. Love and terror giving her strength, she lifted him as though he had been a tired child, and laid him tenderly on the bed.

TEAR-BLINDED, the woman outside the door compelled her stiffened limbs to carry her, gropingly, down the stairs.

At the bottom of the upper flight a figure almost ran into her.

"H'Asquith," sobbed Mrs. Briggs, "run quick and fetch a doctor. 'E's dead—so 'e is."

The figure took the upward ascent two steps at a time. Mrs. Briggs recovered herself enough to realize it was the doctor himself. Then she went on down and fainted comfortably in 'Enery's arms.

It seemed hours before the Doctor came slowly downstairs again. In reality it lacked some minutes of half-an-hour.

"Dead?" said he, in reply to eager and fearful questionings. "Only in his imagination. Nip and tuck though. . . something in the nature of a miracle, though there's some in my profession scoff at such things. He came around in time and insisted he was in heaven with his Mary. It took a lot of persuasion to convince him it was simply an earthly Paradise he'd struck, but when he found she was on this side of the veil he seemed determined to stick around a bit. Huh! some people don't seem to know their own minds."

The doctor grunted again, flicked away an annoying globule of moisture that lingered in his left eye, and added:

"We'll have him up to the hospital in the morning, and if he's just as determined to stick around, we'll see if we can't patch him up for the balance of the journey on the stormy seas of life. G'night."

* * * *

FOR a solid month Number Thirteen had been vacant, a desert waste now that all the personal trappings of its former occupant had been removed.

"Not that I grudge 'im going," Mrs. Briggs confided to Mrs. Dancey through the usual conversational channel of the morning step-cleaning, "but it do look cheerless and no one to rent it yet. It's 'igh time he 'ad a proper 'ome though—not as wot my plyce ain't 'omelike and all that—but you know what I mean.

"Every time I think of it, Mrs. Dancey, I think wot a queer old world this is. Fancy 'im fancying this affinerty of 'is—Miss Mary—was dead, and all the time it was 'is real wife who died—this Verna, whom he shouldn't never 'ave married anyhow—only the newspapers got it twisted, and small wonder with two Tressiders h'actresses that wye, and both out West at the time.

"Only wot gets me, Mrs. Dancey, is why she didn't h'up and tell 'im instead of letting 'im go on thinking she was 'is proper wife when she found the mistake 'e made. Anyhow it come out right in the h'end. Honest, Mrs. Dancey, when I think of it I'm all of a-tremble still, remembering 'ow near 'e was to plying 'isself clean off this mortal globe. But it come out right arter all—that's the myne thing."

Mrs. Dancey laid down the scrubbing brush she was wielding and stared across at the fronts of the ugly tenements opposite.


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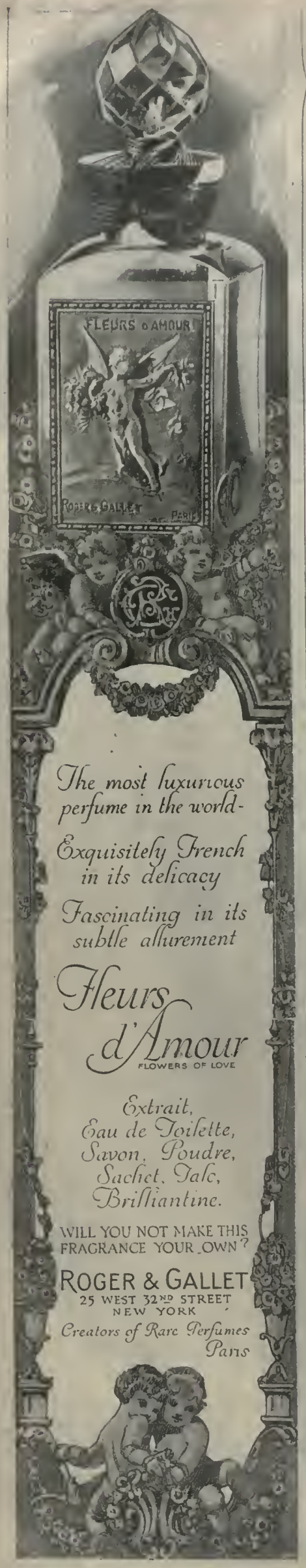
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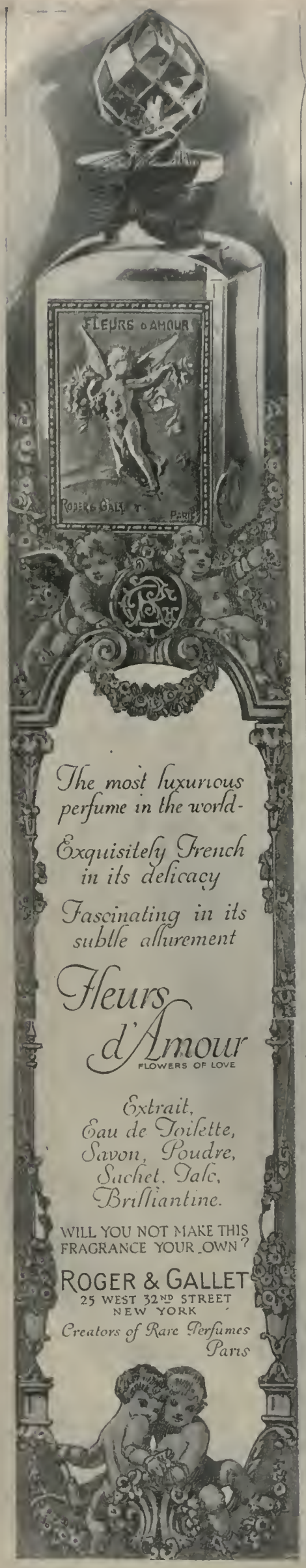
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# How Much Do You Know About Canada?

WE believe that Canadians want to read about what other Canadians are doing. We believe that Canadians should be—and most of them are—more interested in the growth and development of this country of ours than in the progress of any other one country—without being parochial.

In the past, complaint has been made that "Canadian history is not interesting"; if this complaint is justified, it must be a reflection upon the method of teaching. Also in the past it has been alleged that Canadian affairs, Canadian institutions, Canadian customs, and Canadian progress of all kinds make but very dry reading. If this is true, it must be a fault in the telling.

Has MACLEAN'S justified its policy of publishing almost 100% of its articles on subjects relating definitely to Canada or Canadians?

The wealth of information which has been contained in MACLEAN'S articles during the past few years; the vigorous and ever-increasing support which MACLEAN'S has received from its immense family of readers; the hearty co-operation which MACLEAN'S has received from men and women in all walks of life; all of these lead us to believe that this magazine is achieving that niche in Canada's National life, which we believe it was essential it should fill.

# MACLEAN'S—A Great Success

Daily we are receiving letters which compliment us upon our growth, on our distinctive Canadian nationalism, and upon the national unifying service which we are giving.

To instance but one of hundreds, Lord Beaverbrook —the Canadian who has made such a meteoric success in business, politics and journalism in Great Britain—says:

*"You are making a brilliant success of your magazine. MACLEAN'S is doing a real national service. When a Canadian gets a look at Canada from the outside he begins to realize how much his country needs national publications. MACLEAN'S is filling the need.*

*"The development of MACLEAN'S has become of national importance."*

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***RENEW NOW!***

Two of the most fascinating features MACLEAN'S has ever secured are: "The Drama of Our Great Forests"—by Arthur Heming; and "Pawned"—by Frank L. Packard. Several subscribers have written in to say that they have missed an instalment of the Heming series, owing to failing to renew as soon as they should; they request, invariably, that they be sent a special copy of this missed issue. Whenever possible their request is acceded to, but often this is an impossibility.

Frank Packard's serial "Pawned," starts in this February 15th issue. Do you want to be placed in a position where you will miss one or two instalments of this sensational, gripping serial, written by the author of "The Miracle Man"?

**Play safe, and send in your renewal subscription even before it is due, and then you will not risk missing a part of this extraordinarily powerful mystery-adventure story.**

# MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"


# Sistering a Big Town

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

CASES are coming to light every day where some women's club has mothered a town through a series of reforms with a kindly eye to health regulations, child welfare and other measures of humane legislation, but it is a rare thing to find a club of girls working along the same lines. In the town of Brampton, Ontario, however, the girls' club has set a precedent worth recording.

The club, like hundreds of others, was organized to do war work. The girls did their Red Cross sewing and knitting and met every week to pack overseas boxes for the boys who had gone from the town. During the four years of the war they sent out over three thousand dollars' worth of material, raising their funds by such original methods as only a club of girls could devise. One of their ideas was to put on a ten-cent minstrel show in a tent on the Fair grounds on Fair day. They did the acting and stage managing themselves and made about one hundred and fifty dollars from this venture. And when the war was over and there was no further need of their "patriotic" work, they decided to hold together a while longer in case things at home might have need of them.

About this time a Child Welfare demonstration was put on in the town and the committee wanted to exhibit a model layette—something made after the modern pediatritian's idea of simplicity but with the dainty hand-stitching and "cunning" shaping of garments that would appeal to the mother heart. Who would undertake to make such a layette? The girls' club said they would. They must have found the making of layettes a happy diversion, for they have rather made a specialty of it ever since. A few have been given to the local relief of the town; several have been sent to the Soldier Settlement Board to distribute to needy cases.

Of course to carry on such work as this, they have had to keep adding to the funds in their treasury. Although they are practically all business girls they have raised money by such domestic methods as having sales of homemade cooking and serving meals at such affairs as the "Father and Son Banquet" in the town. With the proceeds from a booth at the school fair last year they bought material to be used to teach the girls in an orphanage school to sew. In fact they have rather specialized in work for children. A feature of their work last year was providing "Christmas cheer" for the children in the neighboring county shelter.

Among the direct benefits they have brought to town, one interesting feature is a class in "Twilight Athletics" for girls of from ten to fifteen years. The girls meet in the park in the evening and have a series of group games under the direction of a local Y.M.C.A. leader. One can appreciate what this arrangement means to the mothers who have done some worrying because their daughters at this difficult age persisted in wandering the streets and parks in the evening, that it is popular with the girls anyone can see from their brimming enthusiasm. Continuing this physical training idea the Club last winter organized a physical culture class for the elder girls, bringing in a teacherone evening every week, and taking up folk dancing and modern dancing as well as the actual physical exercises. The course has been more popular than ever this winter, and will no doubt be made a permanent thing for the young women of the town.

As another piece of educational work for the town, the girls brought in a series of Lyceum concerts—two musical concerts, one lecture and one dramatic reader. The expense in connection with these entertainments was high and the club knew that they could not hope to have any margin for their treasury—but they felt that the concerts were worth having. And not the least important of their objects is to create a friendly, loyal spirit among the business girls of the town. To this end, when a rather noted woman with a special message for girls visited the town last year, the club made a banquet and invited all the working girls from stores, offices and factories. It only seemed a very pleasant, warm-hearted, social gathering, but it showed beneath the surface the spirit of the new, broadened vision of womanhood.

# Soldier Settlements Making Good

*Continued from page 23*

you think big corporations, watching the work and results of these men will not presently snap them out of the service, you are not acquainted with human nature. It will be the old story of three of the ablest statesmen Canada has produced—Sifton, White, Gouin. The country considered their services worth $7,000 a year, kicks and cesspool slime thrown in free of charge. Private corporations considered them worth $40,000 a year; and Canada lost their services nationally; *for there does come a time in a man's life, when he can't live on patriotism. It won't pay his debts.*

Our Canadian foreign commerce to-day exceeds $2,000,000,000. Our war debts exceed $2,000,000,000. To handle that $2,000,000,000 a year business, we offer our public men grudgingly less than a farmer makes off a half section of wheat in a year, less than a woman buyer gets in a departmental store, less than a miner makes at piece work under ground, less than a commercial traveller makes selling on commission, less than one fitter of corsets makes on Fifth Avenue, New York.

That is why I keep saying—and making enemies by saying—that Canada must change her parochial outlook for a National outlook, if she would keep her big National business off the rocks.

TO COME back to Soldier Settlement things; at time of writing I can't give the figures accurately, for they are changing and increasing every day, but by the end of 1920, 20,000 returned men were placed on the land. By the end of 1920, 42,000 applications for land had been approved and will be pushed through, fast as titles can be cleared. Suppose 10,000 men change their mind, or can't get title cleared, or die of injuries, or find their health too impaired for farm work, or have to leave the locality owing to death in the family. Suppose Canada places 32,000 men on land. What is she going to get out of it?

On a freight basis, each man is worth $700 a year to the railways.

That is $22,400,000 for freight traffic alone.

On a production basis of labor at $3 a day, each man is worth $1,000 a year.

That is $32,000,000.

How much is Canada spending on her Soldier Settlement?

Last year she voted $50,000,000.

On a freight basis, she gets back in two years almost all she has spent.

On a labor basis, she gets back in a year more than half she spent.

And Canada can't lose her capital investment, though she is getting back 100 per cent. a year on it.

She bought much of the land at $7 to $8 an acre, This applies to Humboldt, to the Bob Tail Reserve south of Edmonton, to Peace River. She bought much of the land at $20. This applies to Manitoba

and Saskatchewan. The $7 to $8 land could be resold to the general public at $40 to $60. I know areas worth easily $100, near Moose Jaw, near Regina, near Calgary and Edmonton and Winnipeg. On her capital investment, she can't lose. She gets it all back in yearly payments. She could resell to-morrow these mortgaged lands at 300 per cent. above what the soldiers paid. And the general returns to the country are more than 100 per cent. a year.

That is why I say *the Soldier Settlement scheme is one of the biggest pieces of constructive legislation ever enacted in Canada.* That is why I hope it will be expanded into Canada's big future National Policy of transforming Immigration into Colonization.

Now, lest you think me too optimistic, I want to set down some individual cases of the Soldier Settlers. I shall expand these cases in a future article on English War Brides Making Good; but these cases should quiet fears.

### Some Men Who Made Good

I THINK of two boys with adjoining quarter sections. They put in 80 acres of alfalfa on cleared brush land. They cut four tons to the acre in July of 1920, or 320 tons. They sold that loose in the load at $30 a ton. They paid $20 for their land.

I think of a man of thirty-five. He had saved his four years wages as well as invalid allowance to himself, wife and child for a broken elbow or something. He bought a quarter section outright, and borrowed from the Board to buy the adjoining quarter section. In August of 1920, he cut 40 bushels to the acre of wheat on 240 acres, and sold that wheat at $2 plus a bushel.

I think of a boy of twenty-two, who had lied about his age to go to the front. He was the son of a farmer and a whale to work. He bought 160 acres with his savings and another 160 with the Soldier Settlement loan. He cut 35 bushels of wheat and 80 of oats to the acre, 200 in wheat, 80 in oats in 1920. He was putting in the foundation for a furnace-heated house. He had fallen in love with a girl in England. He wanted her to come to as good a home as she left.

I think of a French-Canadian boy with a frontage on a lake. He had 140 acres in the best wheat I have ever seen. It was waist high, almost ripe and weedless.

In four months I visited literally hundreds of Soldier Settlement farms, and in each district I have asked to be shown three types—the very best, the very worst, the medium—the kind the boys call "good duds that won't go off."

Now for some medium cases—I think of an English Cockney with a fine family of boys and a thrifty wife but a no good, fiddling man, who will always break machinery and leave it lying round in the rain. The wife probably knows his character; for she would not let him go into wheat farming, though they had the best wheat land bought at $18 an acre. She probably knew that a man, who habitually gets up at 9 a.m. and is always coming in to have a jammed finger, or bruised toe bound up, on the ground of his own inefficiency, would be beaten in the race against early frost or late spring; but she and the boys could milk; so they were selling $18 worth of cream to the creamery weekly; and in a few years will have a herd of 25 milkers, when the boys will be big enough to work a wheat farm properly, while dad spins bigger and bigger yarns as the years go on of his prowess killing Germans. He must have been in the gas brigade.

I think of another man, who had a perfect mania for horses; he had bought in a purely wheat area. He had never had money for horses before; so he now went horse mad and bought a stallion and went out on the road, and planted only enough oats to feed his horses. He had bought at $18 an acre. If he had cleared it, he could have resold at $60. He always kept that idea in his head as a door of escape if the horses failed. Meanwhile, his wife and family are in rags. The work horses and machinery stand idle. If he meets his payments, he will have to sell his stallion, which may bring him to his senses and set him wheat farming, for which his land is purely adapted.

### "Intelligent Duds."

I THINK of another, what the boys called "intelligent duds," full of theory, but slow in action. He was going in for hay on wheat land worth $60 if it had been cleared because hay was "easiest, and we only live once and he didn't intend to slave." If he loses out, or hay does not drop to $10, his sons will probably shoulder his neglected opportunities and "carry on."'

Then there are the tractor crazy lads, who ran motor lorries in the war and found it easy, and load themselves with debt to buy tractors—before they have big enough areas for tractor operations—and neglect their own farms to clear their neighbors' brush lands at $12 an acre, which works as long as the tractor doesn't buck up, or spring a bolt, or the brush lands last to be cleared. Many will get their tractors half paid when the brush land jobs round will be finished, and they will get only $5 to $6 an acre for open land. Then, they will have to sell their tractors to meet their Soldier Settlement Board payments.

Then there are two areas on the prairie, where Soldier Settlements were hailed out, or could not get their first crop in, in time to meet 1920 payments. They are doing provincial road work at $8 a day with their teams and will meet their payments all right.

The total failures—which are less than 2 per cent.—These may be ascribed to (1) illness, (2) deaths in the family, (3) bootlegging whiskey; (4) sheer laziness—"the government has to see me through," one man said, who would not haul his seed wheat because it was cold. The sooner they are off the land the better. The pity is they can't be drafted back in the regular army, where army discipline might make a workable man out of mud.

If with this record before you, you still doubt the success of the Soldier Settlement scheme as a land colonization organization, your pessimism is incurable.

There are changes that might widen the organization to take in all colonization. I shall deal with these in my next.

## The Cross in the Sky

*Continued from page 26*

"Looking for the cross," the child answered. "Somebody must have taken it from the post, for I can find it nowhere."

She stopped and tried to pull her hand away.

"I must go back and look again. Oh, monsieur, the cross is to me—my life! I must go."

She struggled to leave him but Turner held fast to the little hand.

"See!" he said. "I have a cross—a golden cross—and I will give it to you."

From his neck he slipped the chain and pulled the tiny cross from underneath his jacket. Warm from his body, it seemed to glow in the faint light as he held it out to her upon the palm of his hand.

"Oh, monsieur!" she exclaimed and took the cross and held it to her breast. "It has much love. It has the love of—my—mother!"

Turner put the chain around her neck and they continued their way, hand in hand. At the outskirts of La Clytte, the girl again stopped and looked up at her companion.

"Monsieur," she said, "you will tell the padre that Marie still lives?"

BEFORE he could answer, she had bent and kissed his hand and was off, like a flash, down a little lane. Turner did not follow. She was with other living people now—men and women of her kind. He hurried on, mounted some steps and entered an outer room where a typewriter rattled. A non-commissioned officer looked up as he entered.

"Lieutenant Turner reporting for duty from the Nth Battalion," he stated.

The N.C.O. stood up very suddenly and stared at him. Without a word he left the room but returned almost at once.

"Colonel Rogers will see you at once, sir," he said holding the door open.

As Turner entered several officers looked up from a map-littered table. Their gaze seemed to search his face and he felt a strange nervousness creeping over him. He tried to make himself feel at ease but only succeeded in becoming more nervous.

"Your name?" a sharp voice demanded.

"Lieutenant Turner, sir."

"Battalion?" the voice seemed farther off.

"Nth Battalion, sir. Number one company."

"Who sent you here?"

"My company commander, sir," replied Turner, his nervousness becoming more and more acute.

"When?" demanded the questioner, coming over and looking straight into Turner's eyes.

"I left the front trench, sir, at nine o'clock."

An exclamation burst from everyone present. Turner, too, gave an exclamation of surprise, but at something quite different. On a couch at one side of the room, he suddenly saw Captain Welton, the chaplain, fast asleep.

"Captain Welton and I left the front line together at exactly nine o'clock," exclaimed Turner, dazedly pointing at his sleeping friend.

"Captain Welton has been asleep for the last two hours," the sharp voice continued, but now it seemed as if it were inside Turner's head. "It is now only half past nine and you couldn't possibly have travelled that distance in half an hour—even if we had sent for you, which we didn't."

"I don't—understand—what—happened," murmured Turner very slowly.

"What happened," went on the sharp voice, now miles away, "was that number one company of the Nth Battalion was mined and blown out of existence at exactly nine o'clock."

It was very quiet in the room, Turner thought, now that nobody was speaking. The light, too, seemed very dim and he felt himself swaying in the shadows.

An officer with the winding snake of the Medical Service stepped forward and put his arm about Turner's shoulders. Another officer helped him and they laid him on a bench.

"Unbutton his coat," said the medical officer as he felt for the pulse. "Acute case of shell shock, colonel," he added.

From the unbuttoned coat the little golden cross slipped out and dangled from its chain. In the commotion Captain Welton had wakened and risen. He took the little cross and slipped it under Turner's shirt.

"Strange," he said, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, "I dreamed he gave the cross to an old peasant woman."

## Ashamed of Our Snow? No!

*Continued from page 63*

dining-car was securing provisions not only to take care of the passengers' needs while stalled, but for the balance of the trip. I was later enlightened on this point by Mr. Walter Pratt, Jr., who has charge of the Sleeping Car and Dining-Car Department for the Canadian National railways. Mr. Pratt informed me that all through the West in sparsely-settled sections the railways have small provision store-rooms established at or near the stations along the line so that in event a stalled train runs out of supplies the dining-car officials can always have fresh provision brought up from one of these.

Service, which is the watchword of the great transportation lines of the Dominion, has thus not only devised ways and means of keeping trains running on time across the continent in storm periods, but has as well provided for the comfort and well-being of passengers in case of emergency. But to do these very things costs not only thought and labor but a considerable outlay of money.

According to railway statistics issued by the Minister of Railways and Canals, out of total operating expenses amounting to $180,542,258.00, in the year 1916 it cost the railways of Canada no less than $2,487,191.71 for removing snow, ice and sand from their rights of way.


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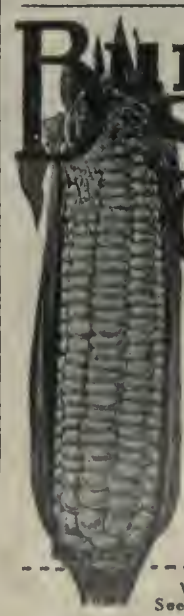
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## Maybe Adam Laughed at These?



Mistress—"I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take in the milk myself."

Jane—"It would be no use, ma'am. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me."—Boston *Transcript*.

**Friendly Advice.**—The Young Thing: "What kind of husband would you advise me to look out for?"

Well Meaning Friend: "You let husbands alone, my dear—it's asking for trouble—you get a single man."—*Passing Show*.

**Reciprocity.**—Willie—"Pa?"

Pa—"Yes?"

Willie—"Teacher says we're here to help others."

Pa—"Of course we are."

Willie—"Well, what are the others here for?"—Liverpool *Post*.

**Each to His Proper Place.**—Mrs. Brown was boring Mrs. Jones with wonderful tales about her Willie.

"Yes," she said, "he's top of his class this week, and his father is going to take him to the zoo!"

"Really," yawned Mrs. Jones. "We're sending Charles to college."—*Harper's Magazine*.

**In the Same Class.**—A millionaire, as he got out of his limousine, was approached by a newsboy. "No, I don't want a paper. Get out!" he snarled. "Well, keep your shirt on, boss," replied the newsboy. "The only difference between you an' me is that you are making your second million and I'm still working on my first."—New York *Post*.

**Not the Pig's Fault.**—An old man and an old woman were standing before the pigsty looking at their only pig, when the old lady said: "John, it will be our silver weddin' ter-morrow. Shall we kill the pig?" John replied, with a look of disgust, "What's the good of murdering the poor pig for what happened twenty-five years ago?"—Philadelphia *Ledger*.

**A Mean Advantage.**—Chairman of public banquet—"Gentlemen, before I introduce the next speaker, there will be a short recess, giving you all a chance to go out and stretch your legs."

Guest—"Who is the next speaker?"

Chairman—"Before telling you who he is, I would rather wait until you come back."—*Life*.

**Spoiling his Speech.**—He was spouting with great vigor against corporal punishment for boys, which he declared never did any good. "Take my own case," he exclaimed. "I was never caned but once in my life, and that was for speaking the truth."

"Well," retorted somebody in the audience, "it cured you."—*Passing Show*.

**His Head was Turned.**—Deck-hand—"Poor Bill Spoof is dead. He broke his neck in sick bay last night."

Striker—"Dead! I thought he only had a light attack of lumbago."

Deck-hand—"That's right, but the medico massaged his back with alcohol and he couldn't resist trying to lick it off."—*The Arklight*.

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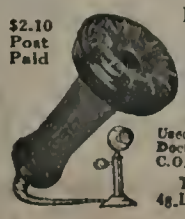
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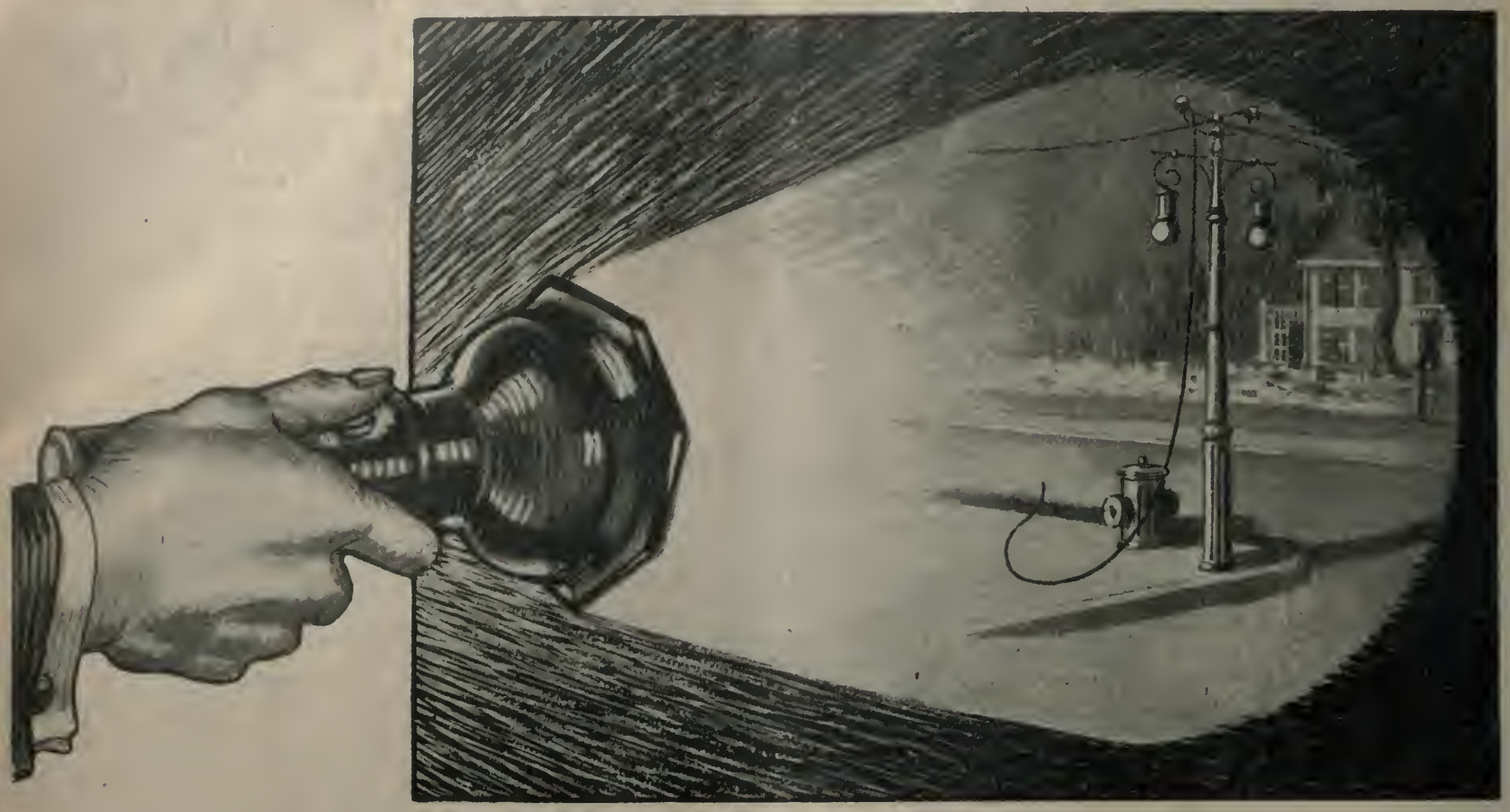
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Take the case of lumber. Severe cuts took place in most lines during the "buyers' strike" but with the turn of the year, when a certain amount of new building was undertaken, a demand increased which has resulted in some actual advances in lumber prices. The same is said of leather and silks, where some lines are showing a stiffening in price, although hides remain at a discouraging level for those who have them to sell.

It is this failure of the consumer to reap the expected benefit from low prices in raw materials that is most disconcerting and trying. Part of the blame should be laid to the hesitancy of consumers, which decreased production, part must be attributed to the fresh demand, and part to the slow progress made in wage adjustments. There have been numerous cuts in wages, but generally of a moderate character, and some of the unions have been basing their resistance not without reason on the failure of the consumer to benefit from the reduction in wholesale prices so generally announced. All these conditions show the inter-relationship of present business and finance, the dependence of one industry upon another, the relation of one element of production to other elements, the influence of foreign exchange, and the inability of one country to escape the influence of another.

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THERE is much natural revolt against the workmen of the Allied countries having to suffer from competition of German goods, after the sacrifices of the late war. Those who calmly consider the matter, however, must realize that without trade Germany can never recover, much less pay the enormous reparations bill of four hundred billion marks, demanded by the Allied Commission. The poorer countries of Europe will undoubtedly suffer distress for many years, and it does not seem that the rigor of economic laws will permit the better countries of the world to wholly escape from this period of recovery. Putting it more plainly, the more well-to-do nations must expect less profits, and at the same time probably have to work harder during this period of getting back to something like normal.

The farmers of Canada have perhaps suffered the most rapid and complete deflation of any class, because of the enormous reductions in the prices of their products. They are not complaining bitterly, and indeed their lot is better by far than that of many city people who have been hit by the industrial reaction, for the farmer seldom has to worry about his food, the one great essential of life. He has also the prospects of more abundant labor at lower cost than for many years. Perhaps he is also buoyed up by an increasing class-consciousness, which may bring him political power, and the opportunity to solve more of the country's problems in the way he most desires.

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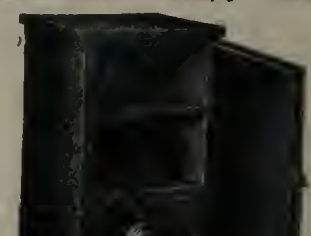
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J. VERNON McKENZIE, *Editor* — J. L. RUTLEDGE, *Associate Editor*

Volume XXXIV. TORONTO, MARCH 1, 1921 Number 5

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BY

G. K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY

W. HATHERELL, R. I.



"I shall want your help. There's something pretty bad out on the links."

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It may have been noticed, however, that all Englishmen are not archaeologists. Many of those assembled in such a place for official and military purposes have hobbies other than archaeology. And it is a solemn fact that the English in this eastern exile have contrived to make a small golf-links out of the green scrub and sand; with a comfortable clubhouse at one end of it and this primeval monument at the other. They did not actually use this archaic abyss as a bunker; because it was by tradition unfathomable, and even for practical purposes unfathomed. Any sporting projectile sent into it might be counted most literally as a lost ball. But they often sauntered round it in their interludes of talking and smoking cigarettes; and one of them had just come down from the club house to find another gazing somewhat moodily into the well.

The two Englishmen both wore light clothes and white pith helmets and puggarees, but there for the most part their resemblance ended. And they both almost simultaneously said the same word; but they said it on two totally different notes of the voice.

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Neither of them thought it necessary to mention what it was that was splendid. That would indeed have been superfluous conversation about something that everybody knew. The striking victory over a menacing combination of Turks and Arabs in the north, won by troops under the command of Lord Hastings, the veteran of so many striking victories, was already spread by the newspapers all over the Empire, let alone to this small garrison so near to the battlefield.

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Horne Fisher was still looking silently into the well; a moment later he answered.

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"Perhaps it isn't worth understanding," answered Fisher lightly, "and anyhow we needn't talk politics. Do you know the Arab legend about that well?"

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"I shall want your help. There's something pretty bad out on the links."

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"That's rather a mistake," replied Fisher, "especially from your point of view. Lord Hastings himself is an Arab legend. That is perhaps the very greatest thing he really is. If his reputation went, it would weaken us all over Asia and Africa. Well, the story about that hole in the ground, that goes down nobody knows where, has always fascinated me rather. It's Mahomedan in form now; but I shouldn't wonder if the tale is a long way older than Mahomet.

"It's all about somebody they call the Sultan Aladin; not our friend of the lamp, of course, but rather like him in having to do with Genii or giants or something of that sort. They say he commanded the giants to build him a sort of pagoda rising higher and higher above all the stars. The Utmost for the Highest, as the people said when they built the Tower of Babel. But the builders of the Tower of Babel were quite modest and domestic people, like mice, compared with old Aladin. They only wanted a tower that would reach heaven, a mere trifle. He wanted a tower that would pass heaven and rise above it, and go on rising forever and ever. And Allah cast him down to earth with a thunder-bolt, which sank into the earth, boring a hole deeper and deeper, till it made a well that was without a bottom as the tower was to have been without a top. And down that inverted tower of darkness the soul of the proud Sultan is falling for ever and ever."

"What a queer chap you are," said Boyle. "You talk as if a fellow could believe those fables."

"Perhaps I believe the moral and not the fable," answered Fisher, "but here comes Lady Hastings. You know her, I think."

THE club-house on the golf-links was used, of course, for many other purposes besides that of golf. It was the only social centre of the garrison besides the strictly military headquarters; it had a billiard room and a bar, and even an excellent reference library for those officers who were so perverse as to take their profession seriously.

Among these was the great General himself, whose head of silver and face of bronze, like that of a brazen eagle, were often to be found bent over the charts and folios of the library. The great Lord Hastings believed in science and study, as in other severe ideals of life; and had given much paternal advice on the point to young Boyle, whose appearances in that place of research were rather more intermittent. It was from one of these snatches of study that the young man had just come out through the glass doors of the library on to the golf-links. But, above all, the club was so appointed as to serve the social conveniences of ladies at least as much as gentlemen; and Lady Hastings was able to play the queen in such a society almost as much as in her own ball-room. She was eminently calculated and, as some said, eminently inclined to play such a part. She was much younger than her husband; an attractive and sometimes dangerously attractive lady; and Mr. Horne Fisher looked after her a little sardonically as she swept away with the young soldier.

Then his rather dreary eye strayed to the green and prickly growths round the well; growths of that curious cactus formation in which one thick leaf grows directly out of the other without stalk or twig. It gave his fanciful mind a sinister feeling of a blind growth without shape or purpose. A flower or shrub in the west grows to the blossom which is its crown, and is content. But this was as if hands could grow out of hands or legs grow out of legs in a nightmare.

"Always adding a province to the empire," he said with a smile; and then added more sadly, "But I doubt if I was right after all!"

A strong but genial voice broke in on his meditations; and he looked up and smiled, seeing the face of an old friend. The voice was indeed rather more genial than the face, which was at the first glance decidedly grim. It was a typically legal face, with angular jaws and heavy grizzled eyebrows; and it belonged to an eminently legal character, though he was now attached in a semi-military capacity to the police of that wild district. Cuthbert Grayne was perhaps more of a criminologist than either a lawyer or a policeman; but in his more barbarous surroundings he had proved successful in turning himself into a practical combination of all three. The discovery of a whole series of strange Oriental crimes stood to his credit. But as few people were acquainted with, or attracted to, such a hobby or branch of knowledge, his intellectual life was somewhat solitary. Among the few exceptions was Horne Fisher, who had a curious capacity for talking to almost anybody about almost anything.

"Studying botany, or is it archaeology?" enquired Grayne. "I shall never come to the end of your interests, Fisher. I should say that what you don't know isn't worth knowing."

"You are wrong," replied Fisher with a very unusual abruptness and even bitterness. "It's what I do know that isn't worth knowing. All the seamy side of things; all the secret reasons and rotten motives and bribery and blackmail they call politics. I needn't be so proud of having been down all these sewers that I should brag about it to the little boys in the street."

"What do you mean? What's the matter with you?" asked his friend. "I never knew you taken like this before."

"I'm ashamed of myself," replied Fisher. "I've just been throwing cold water on the enthusiasms of a boy."

"Even that explanation is hardly exhaustive," observed the criminal expert.

"Damned newspaper nonsense the enthusiasms were, of course," continued Fisher, "but I ought to know that at that age illusions can be ideals. And they're better than the reality, anyhow. But there is one very ugly responsibility about jolting a young man out of the rut of the most rotten ideal."

"And what may that be?" enquired his friend.

"It's very apt to set him off with the same energy in a much worse direction," answered Fisher, "a pretty endless sort of direction. A Bottomless Pit, as deep as the Bottomless Well."

FISHER did not see his friend until a fortnight later, when he found himself in the garden at the back of the club-house on the opposite side from the links: a garden heavily colored and scented with sweet semi-tropical plants in the glow of a desert sunset. Two other men were with him, the third being the now celebrated second-in-command, familiar to everybody as Tom Travers; a lean dark man who looked older than his years, with a furrow in his brow and something morose about the very shape of his black moustache.

They had just been served with black coffee by the Arab now officiating as the temporary servant of the club, though he was a figure already familiar, and even famous, as the old servant of the General. He went by the name of Said, and was notable among other Semites for that unnatural length of his yellow face and height of his narrow forehead which is sometimes seen among them, and gave an irrational impression of something sinister, in spite of his agreeable smile.

"I never feel as if I could quite trust that fellow," said Grayne, when the man had gone away. "It's very unjust, I take it, for he was certainly devoted to Hastings, and saved his life, they say. But Arabs are often like that loyal to one man. I can't help feeling he might cut anybody else's throat, and even do it treacherously."

"Well," said Travers, with a rather sour smile, "so long as he leaves Hastings alone, the world won't mind much."

There was a rather embarrassing silence, full of memories of the great battle; and then Horne Fisher said quietly:

"The newspapers aren't the world, Tom. Don't you worry about them. Everybody in your world knows the truth well enough."

"I think we'd better not talk about the General just now," remarked Grayne, "for he's just coming out of the club."

"He's not coming here," said Fisher, "he's only seeing his wife to the car."

As he spoke indeed the lady came out on the steps of the club, followed by her husband, who then went swiftly in front of her to open the garden gate. As he did so, she turned back and spoke for a moment to a solitary man still sitting in a cane chair in the shadow of the doorway; the only man left in the deserted club save for the three that lingered in the garden. Fisher peered for a moment into the shadow and saw that it was Captain Boyle.

The next moment, rather to their surprise, the General reappeared and remounting the steps spoke a word or two to Boyle in his turn. Then he signalled to Said, who hurried up with two cups of coffee; and the two men re-entered the club, each carrying his cup in his hand. The next moment a gleam of white light in the growing darkness showed that the electric lamps had been turned on in the library beyond.

"Coffee and scientific researches," said Travers grimly. "All the luxuries of learning and theoretical research. Well, I must be going; for I have my work to do as well."

AND he got up rather stiffly, saluted his companions and strode away into the dusk.

"I only hope Boyle *is* sticking to scientific researches," said Horne Fisher. "I'm not very comfortable about him, myself. But let's talk about something else."

They talked about something else longer than they probably imagined, until the tropical night had come and a splendid moon painted the whole scene with silver; but before it was bright enough to see by Fisher had already noted that the lights in the library had been abruptly extinguished. He waited for the two men to come out by the garden entrance; but nobody came.

"They must have gone for a stroll on the links," he said.

"Very possibly," replied Grayne. "It's going to be a beautiful night."

A moment or two after he had spoken they heard a voice hailing them out of the shadow of the club-house and were astonished to perceive Travers hurrying towards them, calling out as he came:

"I shall want your help, you fellows," he cried. "There's something pretty bad out on the links."

They found themselves plunging through the club smoking-room and the library beyond in complete darkness, mental as well as material. But Horne Fisher, in spite of his affectation of indifference, was a person of a curious and almost transcendental sensibility to atmospheres, and he already felt the pres-

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"Lord Hastings is dead."

# CANADA'S FUR FUTURE

## By AGNES C. LAUT

WHEN I lived in the Canadian Northwest, we were horribly and foolishly sensitive about being told we had a cold climate. We would meet on the streets of Winnipeg in a forty below with a wind straight from the North Pole blowing us off our feet; and we would cuss the climate; but if an outsider said it was cold—especially if the outside foreign press said it was cold—we could prove "you didn't feel it." Of course "we didn't feel it." We had wedge-shaped fur caps down over our ears; and we had fur coats down to our feet; and we had storm collars to button across our faces; and we wore fur gauntlets to our elbows and felt-lined overshoes half way to our knees. Of course, we didn't feel it.

Besides, if one unreefed in that kind of a wind, we froze so quick we didn't feel it till some stranger accosted us on the streets with a polite—"Excuse me, your ear is frozen;" "Beg pardon, but your nose is white as wax," when off would come the gauntlet and, with fur side vigorously applied, we restored the recalcitrant member of our anatomy to proper functioning, brushed the icicles off our eyelashes, and for the next ten minutes "felt it all right," I give you my word of honor; for once when I was very green and very young I had that experience on the prairie with both my feet; and I danced the tango twenty years before there was any tango with feelings which I don't like to recall to this day.

We were so supersensitive about our cold climate that it led to abolishing "ice palaces" and excursions to winter sports in Montreal and Quebec for fear these very delightful functions would hurt our reputation as a home for foreign colonists.

As I look back on it now, it was all very foolish. I have since spent winters in every part of America from the tropics to New England, and learned to thank God for our cold climate. Instead of apologizing for it, we ought to have stuck out our chests and capitalized it as a cash asset. It gives us our red-blooded energy, and makes us 100 per cent. alive and robust.

### Canada—the Great Fur Farm

ALL this is apropos of furs; for the same false shame about our cold climate makes us equally supersensitive and foolish about Canada's natural resources in furs. We don't like any reference to Canada as "the great fur farm of the world"—which she is—though in ten years more I venture to say the tremendous changes in world fur trade will bring Canada as big cash returns from her fur fields as now from her grain fields.

I know the average conservative Canadian will contradict this; but I want to put some foreign figures before him. He will say—"We export only $13,000,000 to $14,000,000 of furs to the United States. How can that ever become $100,000,000, $200,000,000, or $300,000,000?" "I'll tell you how. When we compute $13,000,000 of furs to the United States, we compute the trapper's price, say $30 for other raw which sells in New York at $90—and I have never seen an otter skin in New York I would buy. Suppose Canada could get the New York price for her skins—that $13,000,000 would be $39,000,000 wouldn't it? But this ignores still more raw skins going to the London market, which we have no method of checking up or classifying. Certainly more raw skins go to English than American markets. Could Canada get the American price and the British price for skins, instead of only the trapper's price, her total would be far more than $78,000,000.

But that is not all Canada should get. It takes nine otter skins to make a coat. At $30, that is $270. Try to buy a perfect otter coat in Russia, in New York, or London, and the price is—$270? It is not. Add even $50 to $100 for making; and the price should be $340. No, the price of the manufactured article is $1,300 for poor, $2,400 for perfect. I want Canada to get not only the trapper's price, not only the seller's price, but the manufacturer's price, which is easily five to ten times the trapper's price. I do not want one skin to go out of Canada unmanufactured. I want Canada to *skin* all the profits. Am I wrong in saying her profits from her fur field ought to be not $78,000,000, but five times $78,000,000, which exceeds any yearly export of furs she has ever made.

### Half a Billion—Some Day?

BUT this is not the end of the story. The United States foreign trade in raw furs has jumped from $30,000,000 before the war to $100,000,000; and the United States will not have any more appreciable supplies of raw furs in 20 years. Where except in Alaska will she get them? Fur farms may supply skunk. Australia will always supply rabbit or electric seal. The Chesapeake and Delaware under careful muskrat farming may supply Hudson seal. House cat may supply electric seal. For the rest, she must depend for furs on Canada's natural fur domain. From that fur preserve we are to-day netting perhaps $26,000,000. We ought to-day and some day shall be netting *half a billion.*

Something is happening to the American fur trade so swiftly that reported figures can hardly keep pace with facts; and as I think Canada ought to know these facts, I am not going to apologize for referring either to our climate, or our fur domain of the Far North.

If Canada does for our Fur Domain what the United States Government is doing for Alaska, she will hold the whip handle of the fur world. I know that London, Leipzic and Nijzni are going to fight to get the markets of the world fur trade back; but Canada holds the key to the situation and I want her to keep it. Nor am I going to express opinions. I am going to set down the facts of what has happened and is happening. Then you can draw your own inferences as to what course Canada ought to follow to reap, not 10 per cent. of the benefit, but 100 per cent. benefit, from the changes in the world fur trade, which have happened in four years.

*MISS AGNES LAUT'S articles, which have been running in* MACLEAN'S *during the past few months, have attracted an unusual amount of attention. So universal has been their appeal, so national and constructive has been their subject-matter, and so racily have they been written, that* MACLEAN'S *has arranged with Miss Laut to make another tour of several of our provinces during the spring and summer of 1921, and give the results of her investigations in her usual crisp and entertaining fashion—for the benefit of all the readers of Canada's National Magazine. Miss Laut asserts that various branches of our administrative government should be co-ordinated in order to give the fullest possible service to all our citizens. She has been preaching this for some time, and now is gathering further facts as proof.*

*First, the world fur markets were forced by the war to come to America.* Formerly, the world fur markets of the world fur trade were in England, Germany and Russia. This applies to all three divisions of the fur trade—

(1) The selling by the trapper and hunter of his raw furs to the little buyer, or the big buyer.

(2) The dyeing and the dressing of these furs, which entails the employment of millions in capital and certainly a half million people in industry.

(3) The manufacturing of these dressed furs into felts, hats, trimmings, coats, whole pieces and parts, and the selling of these manufactured furs to the trade through departmental stores and special fur stores.

*You have only to look at these three transfers to realize how impossible* it is to put in figures the tremendous profit this entails to trapper, dresser, worker and manufacturer; but I can give you a few figures.

### Fur Sales of 1920

BEFORE the war, the United States bought of raw furs and exported of furs dressed and undressed less in the aggregate than $40,000,000, slightly more than $30,000,000. To-day, the United States imports and exports of furs more than $106,000,000; and this is only a beginning. When fur auctions began in St. Louis in 1913-14, a total sale of $6,000,000 was considered phenomenal. St. Louis fur sales for 1920—at a drop price of 30 per cent. below 1919—exceeded $60,000,000. The same story could be told of New York fur auctions for 1920, except that the aggregate runs from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000 for New York's sales; and Canadians know what happened in Montreal last spring, even discounting certain features—which I shall touch on later—when otter, which ordinarily sells well at $25 a pelt, brought $100; and silver fox, which didn't bring $200 before the war, sold at $1,200; and marten, which we used to think high at $30, went under the hammer at over $400; and muskrat, which I have been offered up on Cumberland Lake at 12 cents and which buyers consider high at 90 cents, sold for $5 to $7. I recall the day when we would not buy red fox in Manitoba at $10. At one of these spring sales in 1920 red fox sold at $90. Before the war, only a few hundred people were employed in New York and Brooklyn dressing and dyeing furs; to be accurate, I think the all-the-year round employees numbered about 800, more or less. To-day in Brooklyn and Newark only, there are 12,000 skilled dyers and dressers earning an average of $106 a week, and recently 10,000 of them are on strike for higher pay; and it is estimated there are 60,000 people in Brooklyn alone supported by the fur industry. The strike lasted from May to December, when the fall in the price of raw furs caused it to collapse.

Before the war, one of the biggest dye firms exclusively devoted to dyeing muskrat into Hudson seal in Brooklyn almost crowed its head off with pride when its yearly total went up to 200,000 muskrat. In 1919, that dye firm and its allied subsidiaries totalled 4,000,000 muskrat; and, in 1921, they expect to dye 7,000,000 muskrat. That is—they have contracted with the trade to deliver to the manufacturers 7,000,000 dressed muskrat.

I would be afraid to set down the figures on rabbit dyed into electric seal; for in London, they are now using 90,000,000 rabbit skins a year; and in the United States they are using more.

I could go on down the list giving equally spectacular figures.

### The Silver Fox Triumph

FOR instance, before the war, the United States imported of the skins known as Persian Lamb, which are not Persian at all, but karakul and broadtail and astrakhan from Bokhara and krimmer from Crimea—a total of $14,000,000. It is expected by 1926 the entire supply can be drawn from karakul fur farms established in this country; and one big buyer told me he considered the skins that come on the United States market this year from United States farms as good as the best from Bokhara.

Canadians don't need to be told anything about silver fox farming in Prince Edward Island. It has been the great triumph of domesticating fur bearing animals of the century; and has sent the price of wood land in Prince Edward Island higher than farm lands. That collection of $500,000 silver fox skins at the Montreal sale of 1920 was something never before excelled in the long history of the fur trade; and it marks a transition that is startling—the transition of fur bearers from wild life with all its cruelties to domestic life with all its care and painless death.

When you have a pair of silver foxes registered, true in progeny for three generations with no throw-back to cross-fox or red, you have what a fur breeding fancier may pay $10,000 for, or $35,000, which is the top price to date; and you can bet your hat those foxes will get the care of a millionaire baby; for they may litter nine a pair; and each pup may be worth from $500 to $2,000, which was the top price for silver in London in 1920. The panic of 1920 brought these prices down a little; but if you want to know how much, try to buy a true flawless silver fox; and you may get it at greatly reduced retail price at $1,800. Try it!

It is only ten years since the biggest buyer of raw furs in America told me "fur farming could never pay." And fur farming is here, and it is here to stay, and it is here to pay.

Or take the come-back of beaver!

### The Fashion for Beaver

WHEN I left Canada some eighteen years ago—left it reluctantly with my heart in my boots—beaver was so nearly extinct that Ontario and Quebec had clapped on a period of closed years. Last year, beaver was so plentiful in Algonquin Park that land owners adjacent to the Park had to request the authorities to break down beaver dams to prevent the flooding of land; and the only reason beaver did not sell high at the sales was that the closed years drove beaver out of fashion and supplanted it with nutria, an inferior South American fur; and this has given the beaver a chance to multiply. It is only fur farming in another form; and the use of 8 million motor cars in the United States a year is going to renew the demand for beaver; for nutria will not stand hard wear; and beaver will.

Buffalo coats, in which we used to glory in the old days in Winnipeg ($45 a coat), are so unknown to the trade here that hides sold at only $65 and $75 in the 1920 sales; but buffalo have come back from a few hundreds ten years ago to 5,000 in one Canadian Park—Wainwright—only.

All this is fur farming under another name.

Or take the U. S. Government fur farming in Alaska seal. I don't wish to go into the question of Pelgiac sealing. Canada is as sore on that as Nellie McClung is on sheep; but when the U.S. began fur farming seal, the annual catch was down to 6,000 and the herd—old and young—down from 3,000,000 in 1867 to 196,000 in 1912-13. To-day, there are more than 500,000 seals on the Seal Islands; and by 1926 it is figured the herd will be back to more

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"You brute!" she said, coldly appraising Carew. "Are you now going to serve me the same way?"

# The Millionth Chance

*By* HENRY HOLT

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

YOU either liked Bob Carew, or, not liking him, wondered why you didn't. He was the least talkative of men in most circumstances. And yet, one always noticed him. Bob was one inch short of six feet. His arms were a shade longer than most, his eyes were a reddish brown, and his mouth was a size too wide for perfection in a movie hero. Not that Bob Carew was either a hero or a movie man. In the first place he would have walked, or rather run, from here to Gehenna to avoid being filmed; and in the second place there was no reason why anybody might want to film Bob Carew.

Most of his days had been spent on the sea. He liked to go back once in a while to have a chat with his old friends in Toronto, but always there was the call of the wide ocean that drew him like a magnet. He had been ship's boy, cook, supercargo, A.B., and mate, and once he rose to the dignity of being skipper, but that glory was short-lived, because when he discovered that the ship's mate, acting on the owner's instructions, was bent on losing the vessel for the sake of insurance, he completely altered the mate's physiognomy with his fist, and subsequently said such unforgettable things to the owner that the owner sought the services of a new skipper.

But there is a tide in the affairs of men which, if you know how to go with it, leads to fat cigars, ease, and a swelling bank balance. And Bob was now making his one best bid for an assured position. He was heading for the island of Santa Basse, in the West Indies, taking with him a weird and wonderful collection of merchandise such as delights the heart of colored gentlemen and colored ladies in that region. His two years as supercargo on a West Indies trading ship had taught him the ropes of that game, and his own intelligence indicated that Santa Basse should rank as a lesser Paradise so far as his commercial purpose was concerned. So he had gone to New York and laid out every cent he could spare in "trade," shipped the lot in a freighter as far as San Juan and then arranged with a little schooner to carry his goods and chattels to Santa Basse.

AND the manner of his making that arrangement was odd. At San Juan he heard from a shipping agent that the schooner *Sea-Lark* was going his way, so he went on board and promptly became tongue-tied. For instead of finding there some gnarled, weather-beaten old captain, rum-soaked and inept, he found Barbara Payne. And Miss Payne, who happened to be captain and owner of the *Sea-Lark*, was both extremely efficient and excellent to look upon. At least, other men had considered her good to look upon, but Bob Carew's chief desire when he encountered her unexpectedly in the cabin was to glide out of the place, hasten ashore, and mop his brow. At all times women embarrassed him, but when one—and such a one—was sprung upon him in this fashion, his brain cells turned temporarily into pulp. Bob Carew, in spite of his five foot eleven, in spite of the fact that he passed out of his teens a dozen years ago, in spite of the fact that he had a sense of humor, was shy. He had no parlor tricks.

"Pardon me," he muttered, and would have headed awkwardly toward the companion-way, hot under the collar, but that Miss Payne checked him.

"Are you the man who's going to Santa Basse?" she asked, fingering a hasty note that had just come from her shipping agent. The business-like snap in her voice acted as a cold douche on Bob Carew. Within fifteen minutes he had signed a contract, and it was only afterwards he realized that the sum total he had undertaken to pay the owner of the *Sea-Lark* was just about the figure he had been aiming at all along.

BESIDES Bob's impedimenta on board, there were a hundred or so crates belonging to an over-fed Dutch trader named Van Tromp, who was bound to an island a little further on than Santa Basse. After the trip had begun Van Tromp spent the greater part of his time eating, sleeping and grumbling. At first he continually buttonholed Bob Carew and whined about the food, the accommodation on board, and life in general, until he found that Bob paid no attention whatever: after that he apparently grumbled to the four winds of heaven for nobody paid any attention to him.

More than once during the first three days out of San Juan, Bob found himself idiotically tongue-tied when he chanced to be alone with the skipper. The first time was when she casually expressed the opinion that they were going to have light winds. Bob scanned the sky, realized that Barbara Payne was the prettiest creature he had ever seen, twiddled his favorite pipe in his fingers till he broke the stem, and then exclaimed "Damn!" quite naturally. He murmured an apology, and moved off, ostensibly to find another pipe. As he went, he heard the girl laughing: it sounded to him like the musical burbling of a brook, and yet he winced.

The second time she addressed him he took his pipe out of his mouth and slowly polished the bowl.

"Don't break that one," she urged tauntingly.

Bob looked up and saw merriment in her eyes. There were a hundred things he would have liked to say to the girl, but the words stuck in his throat.

"Yes—I mean, no. Thanks," he managed with an effort; and just then Barbara had to attend to the set of the mainsail.

The third time, Bob was spontaneous for a moment, to the extent of two consecutive sentences; and Barbara, having by now grasped the secret of his quietness, provided for him one golden hour leaning over the rail at his side, saying little. And before the schooner had been out of port a week Bob Carew lost fifty per cent. of his shyness when he was with Barbara Payne. He still had no parlor tricks, but he often expressed his thoughts with quaint naiveté. Also by then he was hopelessly, finally, and irrevocably in love with Barbara, whom he regarded as something akin to a divinity. Not that he imagined for one moment there was the remotest chance of her falling in love with him.

"But a cat may look at a king," he pondered grimly when it became fully apparent that life without Barbara would be a howling blank, "and I suppose an ordinary seafaring man like me can look at her. Looking doesn't do any harm, anyhow."

Then he fell to wondering how a fellow would go about asking a girl like Barbara to marry him, if he were something better than a sea-going chap whose only prospect was to take a chance as a trader; if, instead of laughing at him she had rather liked him; if he could talk to a girl for two minutes without feeling like a heifer at a tea party; if—oh, shucks, what was the use! All the same, something had to be done. Love, when you came to experience it, was quite different from the thing novelists wrote about. In the story books the affair was mutual and they glided into one another's arms. In real life it was distinctly possible to get more pain than pleasure out of love if you were such an all-fired ten thousand horse-power idiot as to fall in love with the wrong girl.

IT WAS on the seventh day out of San Juan that a thin pall of fog settled over the ocean, and Barbara, who took the morning watch, raised her head suddenly and stood in a listening attitude. Half a gale was blowing, and the sea was making rapidly.

"Did you hear something then, or was it only my fancy?" she asked Bob.

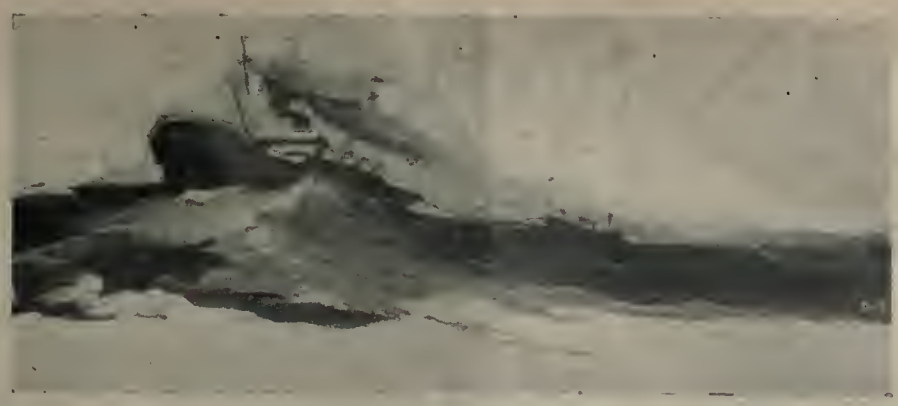
"You heard it all right," replied the passenger. "'Way on the starboard bow, I thought."

"That's queer," commented the captain. "We're only about four miles off the Taniki rock. Of course, the vessel may only be blowing because of the fog—"

"There she goes again—listen," Bob interrupted quickly.

The deep note of a steamer's syren boomed faintly over the water. The message it conveyed left no room for doubt. A long drawn out succession of "shorts"—that represents the ultimate degree of agony in a stricken steamer's call for assistance.

Without a word the girl altered the course of the *Sea-Lark*. Again there came that staccato, brass-throated yelp of distress.



"Aye, she's run on the Taniki rock, good and hard," said Bob as he peered with set face into the swirling, drifting banks of fog. "We can't do much with this craft to help her off, I'm afraid." He was puzzling over the problem of what steamer could have fouled Taniki. To begin with, the rock was well off the ordinary lane of shipping, and to go on with, ship-masters trading in those waters usually gave that reef a wide berth.

"No, we can't help her to re-float, but we can take the people off if necessary," replied Barbara Payne.

"I wonder!" observed Bob in a curious voice which caused the girl to glance at him oddly. But Bob Carew had closed his jaws like a steel trap, nor did he utter a single word again until, right ahead, there loomed the outline of the bellowing steamer *Crossley*. Steering with consummate skill, the girl brought the schooner up into the wind in deep water, right under the *Crossley's* lee. The steamer was a craft of about a thousand tons burthen, which had run head on to the outer ledge of the dreaded Taniki. But it was neither the vessel herself nor her position which held those on the little schooner spell-bound.

Swarming over every part of the deck were dense masses of terrified humanity—ebony-hued natives of the West Indies. At first they greeted the coming of the little *Sea-Lark* with a chorus of delighted chattering and shouts; then lapsed into mute misery when the schooner drew near and they realized how small she was.

"Hell!" muttered Bob Carew under his breath. "What's the answer?"

Handing the wheel over to Kenyon, her mate, Barbara crossed the poop to where Bob stood.

"There's a white man just going up the bridge ladder," she said. "Shout and ask him how many of them there are."

It never occurred to the girl-skipper to wonder why she turned to Bob Carew at this juncture. Kenyon was a perfectly good mate, with perfectly good lungs.

Bob roared the question up the wind.

"Seven hundred colored passengers, and we've got smallpox on board," came back the reply. "You'll have to take as many as you can and leave the rest."

BOB glanced along the length of the *Sea-Lark*, measuring her with his eye. She was about eighty feet long and twenty in beam. Her entire deck would not accommodate all those niggers, even if they stood up and were packed like sardines in a can.

"Are you in touch with any ships by wireless?" Bob asked.

"Our wireless man is down with smallpox and can't do a thing," the steamer's captain shouted back. "We shan't keep afloat more than six or eight hours. She'll drift off at high water, and then she'll soon go down. It's no use lowering the small boats. Too much sea running. How many of these niggers can you take on board?"

During the last few moments Barbara Payne had been endeavoring to solve that very problem.

"It will mean the sacrificing of our cargo," she insisted to Bob Carew. "Tell him we will try to squeeze them all on the schooner somehow. It will be a horrible jam, but there's nothing else for it so far as I can make out. Mr. Kenyon," she added, swinging round to the mate, "start ripping the hatches off both holds and commence heaving the cargo over the side as quick as you can."

"No, no, no!" shrilled Van Tromp, who had been listening anxiously. "You won't throw one single bale of my goods overboard."

"Most of it will have to go," said Miss Payne crisply. "Mr. Carew's things are stored on top in both holds, so his stuff will all have to be jettisoned."

Van Tromp danced on the swaying deck, half crazy with impotent rage.

"If you dare to throw a thing of mine over," he yelled, "I'll have the ship arrested and—and—"

The mate elbowed him aside and took a step forward to attend to the hatches, when Carew, who had been standing motionless, caught Kenyon roughly by the arm and dragged him back.

"Leave those hatches alone!" he rasped. The mate, his mouth agape in sheer astonishment, looked up at Carew who towered several inches above him. Carew could have picked the mate up without effort and dropped him into the sea.

"What are you going to do?" the girl demanded sharply

"Call it mutiny if you like, or anything else," sai Carew, "but it's my things you propose heaving over board, and I'm going to have a say in this. The first man who goes near those hatch wedges has to reckon with me."

"Quite right," Van Tromp assented, hysterically elated. ,'Nobody can throw our things away without our permission, can they, Mr. Carew?"

"I don't care what your views about cargo are," declared the girl captain, cuttingly. "There are seven hundred blacks there we must save, somehow; or at least we've got to make a stab at saving them. If I could afford it, Mr. Carew," she added witheringly, "I'd buy you a fresh lot of cargo in place of this. It's funny how one can be mistaken in people. As for this over-fed specimen of misery"—she gestured scornfully toward Van Tromp—"one might have expected him to behave like a beast any time and every time, but I'd never have guessed that when the pinch came you'd try to set a few bales of cargo against hundreds of lives, whether the men were white, yellow, or black. Now, Mr. Carew, if you have a scrap of decent feeling left in you, slip forward and help them to get that hold empty."

Carew listened with a cold, determined face. Events of the last few minutes had made a strikingly changed creature of him. His personality now dominated the situation. Besides Kenyon, there were half-a-dozen colored deck hands on board—good enough sailors, but useless in a rough and tumble.

"You don't seem to realize just what you propose doing," said Carew, with a touch of deference in his voice. "God knows they're fairly packed on that steamer, but we're only about a third her size."

"If I were a man," said Barbara Payne bitingly, "I'd knock you overboard and leave you to drown. Kenyon, throw me a belaying pin and you get hold of another. There's only one way to deal with a situation like this."

"If Kenyon touches a belaying pin I'll brain him," declared Carew. "Miss Payne, I want you to let me handle this mess. I ask you formally. If you don't agree it doesn't make any difference. I shall act just the same. And we're wasting time."

THE girl glanced at the surging black forms on the stranded steamer's deck and then at Carew. Was it the loss of cargo he was thinking about, or was it the danger of smallpox? That a mere passenger should usurp her authority on board was intolerable. The position was difficult, for Carew's sheer physical power was a factor which could not be ignored. And Kenyon, for some strange reason, was mightily subdued. Ordinarily Barbara had always banked on him in any emergency. He had never failed her before. True, he was no match for Carew, and Carew had the corpulent Hollander on his side. Barbara bit her lip angrily.

"Just what do you propose?" she asked acidly.

"Something that you wouldn't agree to," Carew replied.

"Don't talk in parables. We've got a big job on here, and you're holding it up with your bullying tactics. Maybe, to you, seven hundred lives don't sound a lot to save, but they do to me."

And then, without the slightest self-consciousness, Bob Carew did the thing which he had regarded as the impossible, and he chose the most unsuitable opportunity in the world for doing it.

"I'm considering all those seven hundred lives, Miss Payne," he said. "But first of all, I'm considering you. It means more to me to save you than anything ever did mean to me since the year dot. When a man loves a girl he has a right to protect her even against herself, by force if necessary. Now don't get mad. You needn't trouble to tell me you think I'm crazy. I know you don't care a brass button about me. But I'm going to have my way this time, even if it makes you hate me."

"That story," the girl retorted, her eyes blazing, "won't save your paltry bits of cargo." Then, turning to the mate, she added: "The hatches, please, Mr. Kenyon, and see you are sharp about it."

Kenyon moved forward to obey, whereupon Carew unhesitatingly landed his fist on the point of the mate's chin and Kenyon dropped, limp, to the deck.

Barbara Payne was a fighter, who came of fighting stock, but a girl cannot with any hope of success fight a solid mass of muscle and brawn five foot eleven inches high. Her face flushed as her officer fell. Kenyon was a prince among mates.

"You brute!" she said, coldly appraising Carew. "Are you now going to serve me the same way?"

"I'll use force if necessary," Carew replied, none too calmly.

"Very well." The girl shrugged. "You're prepared for the consequences of course! As you have taken possession of my ship I'll leave you to it."

*Continued on page 45*



Barbara peered into a yawning door-way and then uttered a stifled cry.

# GOLDWIN SMITH:

By JAMES MAVOR, Ph.D.,
PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

ALTHOUGH my brother Henry* had been acquainted with Goldwin Smith, it was not my fortune to meet him until I went to Toronto in 1892. Mrs. Hertz** was good enough to write and thus I became known to him immediately on my arrival. I may relate his reasons for crossing the Atlantic as he gave them to me in confidential moments. He decided to go to America in 1864, as the Civil War appeared to be drawing to a close, in order to form an estimate of the situation and to report to Bright, Cobden and other sympathizers with the North during the struggle. He spent about three weeks with Grant at his Headquarters before Richmond and he was present when the city was taken.



Dr. Smith, father of Goldwin Smith. Dr. Smith ended his own life in 1868, under distressing circumstances.

Smith returned to Oxford and the duties of his Professorship of History in the autumn of 1864. In 1866, he resigned his chair on account of a serious domestic calamity. His father, a retired physician, met with an accident which resulted in mental derangement. The idea of having the patient cared for in an institution for the insane was repugnant to Goldwin Smith and no other member of his family being available for the duty of attending upon his father he undertook that duty himself.

For nearly two years he never left his father's side. Then having urgent occasion to go to the North of England on business connected with an estate for which he was trustee, he left him for two days. During his absence, his father committed suicide. Goldwin Smith glozes over this tragedy in his *Reminiscences*, merely mentioning the fact of his father's death and the distress it occasioned him.

My belief is that this incident had a profound effect upon his mind and that he never fully recovered from it. I have no doubt that he lived in fear that under some strain his own mind might also give way and that he might destroy himself in a moment of aberration. He never actually put this fear into words but I gathered it from various signs. The tragical event left Goldwin Smith with ample means and no occupation, for his place had been filled in Oxford; and no position of a similar character was open to him in England at the time. At this juncture, Andrew D. White offered him the chair of history in the then newly established Cornell University. This he accepted and came to America.

The burden of elementary teaching was however rather irksome; and in 1871 he left Cornell and went to Toronto, where he had some relatives. There he married and spent the rest of his life.

### Smith's Annexationist Views

WHEN I left England, opinions varied about Goldwin Smith. There were warm admirers like Mrs. Hertz who forgave him even when he differed upon vital things; and there were others who forgave him nothing. The Home Rulers detested him for his Unionist sympathies and the Imperialists for his separatist views on the Canadian question. Nor was there any unanimity about him in Canada. In 1892, there were still echoes of the Annexation movement and there were some who refused to act with Goldwin Smith in any committee for any purpose or even to meet him at dinner. A member of the Senate of the University of Toronto resigned because that body proposed to confer an honorary degree upon him.

For some time after I made his acquaintance he continued to entertain the view that the Union of Canada and the United States was a historical necessity. He thought that the great lines of communication must run north and south and that this circumstance must draw the two countries together. On this ground he opposed the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and predicted that it would never make "grease for its wheels." I never could agree with him on this point, although I found many of his criticisms upon Canadian men and affairs very just. The fact is that neither in the United States nor Canada do the great lines of communication run north and south. Agriculture and industry are parallel on both sides of the boundary: *i.e.* the agricultural regions in Canada lie parallel to the similar regions in the United States, so do the industrial regions. Since excess of agricultural products must be exported, the main lines of communication must run from the regions where these are produced to the coasts and industrial products must be sent into the agricultural regions by lines running westward and not southward or northward.

On other than economic grounds, the division of the continent between the two peoples is very natural. They are in many respects similar people; they have the same primary origin and they have the same admixture of foreign races. There is much coming and going especially among the commercial and the industrial groups. Yet the peoples are distinct. Canada has retained a certain touch with Europe which the United States has lost, and this touch involves a point of view and a current of interests different from those which characterize the United States.

Although I do not know that Goldwin Smith ever wholly abandoned the idea that the eventual union of the two countries was a historical necessity, I do not think that in his later years he looked upon such an union as an unqualified advantage. He regarded with great misgivings the growth of Imperialism in the United States and disapproved of the Spanish-American war because he thought that it was the outcome of that Imperialism. These reflections led him to be at least less insistent than he had been upon the advantages of annexation.

### Goldwin Smith as a Journalist

DURING many years Goldwin Smith was in the habit of promulgating his political views in weekly articles in newspapers to which he lent financial assistance. He thus occupied himself chiefly in journalism and when from time to time he wrote a book, the style of his books was colored by his predominant occupation. Indeed Goldwin Smith was a good writer for a weekly periodical—a good Saturday Reviewer in short—rather than an essayist or a historian. He did not write speedily enough for journalism in the strict sense, but he wrote too speedily for permanent literary fame.

With all the respect I entertained for him and the affectionate regard I have for his memory, I am unable to regard him as a historian. He had plenty of patience but he exercised it upon polishing his periods rather than in previous meticulous research. For this reason although his historical writings are brilliant and interesting they cannot be regarded as contributions to history. Goldwin Smith, if I may so put it, was not addicted to thought. His mind grasped readily impressions of facts as they struck him; but he was not used to abstract thinking and rarely worked out implications and reactions.

He made his first appearance in journalism in the *Saturday Review*. He was fond of saying "Why, I was at the biggin o't," the only Scots phrase I ever heard him use. As is well known, the founders of the *Saturday Review* were Beresford-Hope, who supplied the money, although it paid from the beginning, and Douglas Cook, who supplied the organizing power.

In general when Goldwin Smith launched, as he often did, an attack upon a politician, he really did so not so much because he disagreed with his policy as because he did not like the man—and he did not like him chiefly because he was a politician. The only politicians of whom I have heard him speak with approval were Cobden and Bright. For the first he had a sincere respect; and he admired them both not for their politics but for their characters. He rebuked me gently for expressing the opinion that Bright's mind was commonplace and his oratory too rhetorical.

Although he did justice to Gladstone in the little book he published when Gladstone died,* in talking about him he rendered somewhat less than justice. He thought Gladstone's mind circuitous, and that by devious processes of reasoning Gladstone could bring himself to believe anything he wanted to believe. Smith's pet aversion was Chamberlain. To his mind Chamberlain represented a certain type of American politician. Smith had on occasion corresponded with Chamberlain; but he had no opportunity of intimacy with him. When Smith left England, Chamberlain had not yet even entered upon the public life of Birmingham.

### Views on Kipling

TO IMPERIALISTS generally, Smith gave no quarter. Once at dinner, I made the jocular remark that Kipling's verse was not poetry and his prose not English. Everybody else at the table was shocked; but Smith, who also took the phrase seriously, wholly approved of it, although his aversion to Kipling was not on any ground of literary criticism but was on the ground of his Imperialism.

While, however, Smith often spoke and wrote in depreciatory terms of contemporary Englishmen, he disliked depreciation of England, and heartily despised those who ventured upon anything of the kind in his presence. Though not uncritical of many phases of American life and opinion, he was much more just in his attitude towards the United States than most of the people about him in this country.

I never heard Goldwin Smith laugh and only rarely have I seen his rigid features relax into a faint smile; yet he had a certain caustic humor. Polite as he habitually was to women, he often betrayed a certain contempt for them. He could not be reconciled to university education for women and he was still less tolerant of co-education. President Schurman, of Cornell, anxious to modify his views, pointing to a group of young women on the campus of his university, remarked that no difficulties had arisen through the presence of men and women in the same college.

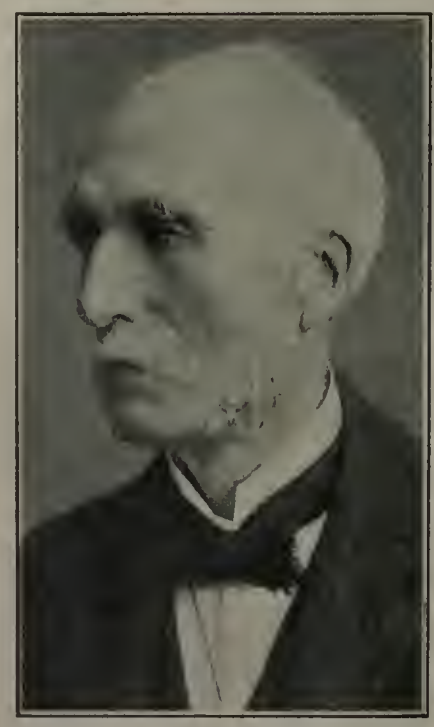
"Not with these women," was the caustic answer.

Goldwin Smith was of opinion that much of the inferiority of education in Canada and the United States and much of the deficiency of discipline in the schools and out of them were due to the fact that elementary teaching of both sexes had fallen almost altogether into the hands of women.

When a movement was on foot for the provision of a residence for women in University College, Toronto, two good ladies called upon Goldwin Smith, to solicit a subscription. One of them stated their case at some length, while Smith sat with his hands raised and moving towards and away from each other in a gesture habitual to him, listening in grim silence. The lady concluded her appeal and then said, "I am afraid, Mr. Goldwin Smith, I am wearying you."

"Yes," he said and rising, bowed them out.

He was not averse from telling stories of similar instances of discomfiture. For example a favorite tale was of a conversation between Robert Lowe** and Mrs. Lowe. Lowe had been making disparaging remarks on the terms of the marriage service.



Goldwin Smith, King Edward VII.'s tutor, and for nearly half a century a distinguished citizen of Canada. He was born Aug. 13, 1823, and died June 7, 1910.

*Henry A. Mavor, Electrical Engineer in Glasgow (died 1915).
**Mrs. W. D. Hertz, of London and Bradford, was a mutual friend of many years. She translated Comte's "Social Dynamics" and made other contributions to literature.

*"My Memory of Gladstone," London, 1904.
**Robert Lowe spent part of his early life in Australia, returned to England, became Chancellor of the Exchequer and afterwards went to the House of Lords as Lord Sherbrooke.

From "My Windows on the Street of the World," a series of sketches of life, by James Mavor, forthcoming.

R. L. "It is often untrue. For example, in the course of it, I was made to say 'With all my wordly goods I thee endow,' when everybody knew I had no worldly goods to endow you with."

Mrs. L. "Oh, but Robert, you had your brains."

R. L. "Of course I had; but everybody also knew that I didn't endow you with them."

Goldwin Smith attributed to Lowe the *mot* about a deaf member of the House of Commons using an ear trumpet in the House.

"Look at that foolish man," he said, "throwing away his natural advantages."

As is well known, Lowe was an albino and like all albinoes was very deficient in eyesight. Yet Smith told me that he was once driven by Lowe with unerring skill on a high mail phaeton through crowded London streets.

### Side-Lights on Sir Robert Peel

GOLDWIN SMITH had a great admiration for Sir Robert Peel and formed many associations with the Peelites. He had been Lord Lincoln's fag at Eton and was on friendly terms with him throughout. He told me the story, which he relates in his *Reminiscences** of how Lord Lincoln walked from the House, with Sir Robert Peel to Hyde Park Gate and continued to walk up and down until three o'clock in the morning, endeavoring to dissuade Peel from sending a challenge to Lord George Bentinck.

Froude, in his "Earl of Beaconsfield"** relates a story into which he says he made careful inquiry but for which he gives no authority, to the effect that Peel "forgot his dignity and desired to send a challenge to Disraeli. He was only dissuaded by the friend whom he wished to carry the challenge threatening to inform the police."

Smith told me that this was impossible, because Peel did not consider Disraeli a man of honor. At the moment when Disraeli repudiated in the House of Commons the charge of having offered himself for office, Peel had actually on the table before him in his despatch box, the letter in which Disraeli made application.*** Only self-restraint enabled Peel to refrain from producing it on the spot. When Lord George Bentinck attacked Peel, the case was different. He at least was entitled to be regarded as a gentleman and therefore according to the code of the time might properly be called out.

I do not know if Goldwin Smith was the originator of the word *froudacity* but he frequently employed it.

When Sir Robert Peel's family desired his papers to be given to the public Goldwin Smith was asked to edit them. He did not feel himself equal to the task and it was entrusted to Charles Stuart Parker.

### The Round Table Club Established

ONE afternoon in the summer of 1895, I was walking with Goldwin Smith on the shore of Toronto Island enjoying the cool breezes from Lake Ontario, whose expanse, bearing a passable resemblance to the ocean, lay before us. As we set out, he plunged at once into the subject that had been occupying his mind. He spoke of the dreariness of the Toronto winter, and of the need of some intellectual companionship. He had never been in the habit of working in the evening. After dinner he usually resorted to his library, glanced at a book or read a newspaper and, I believe, retired early when he was alone. He liked company, however, and during the winter, about once a fortnight, gave small dinner parties, for his dining room had no great accommodation. When he had distinguished visitors he also gave small parties. He frequently called in a friendly neighbor to play a game of whist. Of this game, he was very fond. He used to say that when he was tutor at Oxford to the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, he tried to teach him history; but succeeded in teaching him whist.

The ordinary dinner party in Toronto was not attractive. In order to relieve the tedium of the winter, Goldwin Smith suggested during our walk that a little dining club might be formed. He thought such a group of men might dine together once a fortnight or once a month, and that eight would be a suitable number. I hinted that to get eight it would be advisable to have twelve on the list; because any one who would be worth having might be counted upon sometimes to have other engagements.

"Twelve be it," he said. "You nominate one half and I will nominate the others."

Thus there came into existence in the succeeding autumn *The Round Table*,* a little dining club which met once monthly during the winter. The first dinner took place on October, 1895. The club is still in existence, although it meets at less regular intervals.

No papers have ever been read; but some one, taken in rotation, was responsible for the introduction of a subject of conversation. When visitors of distinction came to Toronto during the winter, they were usually entertained by the club. *The Round Table* had the kind of success which such clubs usually have. Sometimes it was stimulating and sometimes it was deadly dull. Goldwin Smith made a point of being present and usually contributed some vivacity. I may give the following as an example of his table talk on such occasions.

The incident occurred at the *Nobodies Club* (a younger dining club of a character similar to that of *The Round Table*.) On an evening in January, 1904, when



The Grange, Toronto, as it looked during Goldwin Smith's lifetime. It now houses some of the best of Ontario's art.

Canon Glazebrook, of Ely, formerly Master of Clifton College, was our guest, we were talking about education.

G. S. "Oh! bother your education. I think we have gone quite mad on the subject. Some of the most delightful and charming people I have ever known, and who have ministered greatly to my comfort and happiness, have been quite uneducated. I remember years ago when I was a young man, it was said that if education were more generally diffused throughout the community, it would be a universal panacea for all the ills of mankind and that crime itself would entirely disappear. Well, we know that education has been largely extended and is very widely disseminated and yet nevertheless we know that many gentlemen of high scholastic attainments are pursuing means of gaining a livelihood which are very uncomfortable to say the least.

"I think we have gone quite mad upon the subject. If we go on educating everybody in the way in which we are doing at present, what I should like to ask is, who is going to do the common work of the world? I have been a great deal in the United States, and I have never observed any person discharging the menial offices of life who was a product of the public school system.

"All this business of the State providing education for people is entirely wrong. The parent owes his child, whom he has brought into the world by his own act, education, just as he owes him food, and clothing, and just as he provides him food and clothing suitable to his condition and station in life, the education which he provides should be of the same character.

"But when you come to talk of the State providing an expensive education of a higher character for a man, the State has a right to ask 'What return are we going to get for this?' Out of a simple and rudimentary education the State may indeed get some return because it may say that by reason of such an education the citizen is enabled to discharge his duties to society with greater acceptance than he would be able to do without it, but when it comes to a matter of higher education that is a luxury and like any other luxury the expense of it should be defrayed by the person who gets it.

"Did anybody speak disrespectfully of Eton? I was there for three years and during that time I scarcely heard the subject of English literature mentioned. Dr. Crosbie, who was the humorist of the institution, on one occasion said to a boy who brought him his English composition: 'Don't bring me any more of your own trash. You are well enough off to be able to procure somebody else to write your compositions for you.'"*

### Visit of Prince Kropotkin and John Morley

TWO choice afternoons, of which unfortunately I have not preserved a detailed record, occurred in the summer of 1897. Prince Kropotkin was staying with me and Goldwin Smith lunched with us and spent the afternoon and a few days later we spent an afternoon at the Grange. I was not surprised that they found they had much in common. Goldwin Smith had never realized how near he was to philosophical anarchism until he found himself in almost complete agreement with Kropotkin. "If all anarchists were like Kropotkin," Smith said to me afterwards, "I should be an anarchist myself."

Lord Morley in his "Reminiscences" mentions Goldwin Smith only twice and then in a rather slighting fashion. Morley was born fifteen years later than Smith. While Morley was an undergraduate at Oxford, Smith was appointed Professor of History; and Smith had left England before Morley achieved any distinction. Although their origins (they were both sons of medical men) and their pursuits in early life were similar (they were both writers for the periodical press) their temperaments and characters were widely different. I am not aware that they were ever on intimate terms. I had seen Morley in a casual way at Newcastle, I think in 1889, while he was member for that constituency; but saving perhaps seeing him or hearing him speak in the House of Commons, I had not seen him for twenty years, when Goldwin Smith invited me to meet him while he was staying with him in, I think, 1909.

I feel constrained to set down the impression made upon my mind by this meeting. I do not know, but I fear, that Morley had had an encounter with his host over the Irish question. At any rate he looked, and probably felt, bored.

Naturally I allowed the little great man to choose his topic. He probably thought that I was a protectionist for he plunged at once into an argument for free trade. He said that a tariff on manufactured goods for Great Britain was impossible because it would destroy the depot trade. I told him that I should agree heartily with him on the inexpediency of a tariff for Great Britain on any ground unless it were forced upon the country by circumstances. I had indeed for many years considered the question in the light of a possible war and of a need for revenue arising out of consequent financial strain. I pointed out however that in the first place the depot trade of Great Britain had already been cut down by the development of direct communication between continental ports like Hamburg, Antwerp and Rotterdam and the East and West. In the second place I said that the remaining depot trade need not necessarily be affected by a tariff because bonding arrangements could easily be devised to overcome any inconvenience that might arise through the imposition of a tariff, goods in transit being stored in bonded instead of in "free" warehouses; and that therefore the expediency or otherwise of a tariff must be discussed on other grounds. The idea seemed new to him and I therefore explained how the system of bonding goods in transit was worked in Canada and the United States. Evidently Morley had been told this legend about the depot trade by some one in whom he trusted, who was imperfectly informed on the subject, and he had never looked into it for himself. I found to my amazement that when I contested his point he lost interest in it and I could make no impression upon his mind. In a subject of his own choosing I found him quite inert.

I tried to stimulate him in some other direction, I do not now recall what, without success. Shortly afterwards, I

*"Reminiscences." New York, 1911. Page 176.
**Froude, J.A., "Earl of Beaconsfield." Page 137.
***Parker, Charles Stuart, "Sir Robert Peel." London, 1891-99. vi., p. 486.

*(For original members see end of article.)

*This philippic is given verbatim. It was written down for me from memory on the day after its delivery by my friend George Tate Blackstock, K.C.

*Continued on page 47*

# THE LADY AT HIS DOOR

*By* BARKER SHELTON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. LAUGHLIN

AMELIA O'CONNOR was not one of those weaklings who evade unpleasant issues or compromise with them. If she had been such a person she would never have held down her job in Mel Ordway's legal office for a week. She summoned to her aid all those qualities that had hitherto been devoted to the driving forth of unwelcome callers into the outer darkness, and tapped in determined fashion upon the door of Mr. Ordway's private inner office.

The cadenza of the typewriter ceased abruptly. A chair on casters rumbled as it was pushed back. Mel Ordway opened the door suddenly and with great impatience. He was scowling and the rumpled state of his reddish-brown hair added to the general discomfort of the glare he shot at Miss O'Connor.

He was a tall young man. The slight stoop to his shoulders and the way his arms sagged from them gave the effect of loose-jointedness. His face was hardly the accepted visage of a Solon. Too much of the dreamer, of the idealist about it. And yet it was not without a hint of strength and patience, of persistence and stubborn courage. Scowls looked out of place upon it. It was a face made for smiles. Even the glare he now turned upon Amelia looked as if it might melt into a smile upon the slightest excuse.

Miss O'Connor's attitude was that one which sounded the retreat for unwelcome invaders of the bailiwick, that of forcing herself to meet something wholly unpleasant, but with no intent of backing down.

"I'm fearfully sorry to intrude like this," said Amelia.

Her employer looked as if he felt the same way about it. He remembered that yesterday he had flung perhaps too-generous praise to his hand-maiden for the manner in which she guarded his privacy. It struck him that perhaps she had digested this duly and was about to touch him for a raise. If so, she had picked an inopportune moment. He would have been inclined off-hand to credit her with more common-sense and judgment. Her next words told him the inspiration of the suspected request for an increase of wages was a bad guess.

"There's something I think you ought to know right away," said Amelia. "There's a lady watching this place for some reason or other. I've seen her out in the hall different times for more than two weeks now. She's checking up the people I send away when you're busy. She was out there just now and I passed her as I came in."

IF MEL ORDWAY had been inclined to pre-judge Amelia harshly for this interruption, and such seemed to be the case when he first opened the door, he plainly underwent a change of heart. The scowl did not leave his face; in fact, it grew more pronounced. But the glare now was directed beyond Miss O'Connor, in the direction of the door that opened into the corridor of the eleventh floor of the Union Bank Building.

"H'm! Yes!" Mel said under his breath after a moment's silence. "What sort of a lady, Miss O'Connor? Old or young?"

"Youngish."

"Checking up the people who leave here, you say. You're quite sure of that?"

"Sets 'em down on a slip of paper she carries."

"Has she seen you watching her?"

"She has not. The first time I saw her was when I was closing the door after a party named Benson that had been particularly anxious to see you at once, one day when you were busy in here. He left the door open. I went to shut it. There she was. She was setting down something on the paper. I didn't think much about it that time; but when I'd happened to see her doing the same thing twice after that, I took to watching her—through a little crack in the door; cautiously, so I could see her, but she couldn't see me."

"She's here quite a bit, you say?"

"Most of the time lately."

"Does she speak to any of the people who leave here?"

"Just checks 'em up on her paper."

"Is she out there now?"

"I'll see."

Miss O'Connor crossed the room. Gingerly, noiselessly, she opened the door for the barest crack. Miss O'Connor doing anything overcautiously reminded one of an elephant trying to walk on bubbles. The excuse being at hand, that scowl on Mel's face melted into a smile, transformed his features. It was a boyish, likeable face with a smile upon it. But he pulled the scowl back as Amelia closed the door again and turned away from it.

"She's not there just now," said Miss O'Connor.

Mel leaned against the side of the door. He looked fixedly at the toe of one shoe, with which he prodded aimlessly a nail working out of the threshold. "Thank you, Miss O'Connor," he said at length. "Thank you very much for your interest in this matter and for mentioning it to me. If you see the lady there in the hall again just speak to me, please."

"Even if you're busy?"

"The very next time you see her at it, no matter what I'm doing." He turned away. As he was closing the door he spoke once more to his feminine Cerberus.

"The lady was young, you said."

"Youngish," Miss O'Connor qualified this statement. "She looks as if she'd cut her eye-teeth, though."

The door of the inner office closed and Amelia went back to her desk. She built romances that were as wild as they were trite. Here was a man who shut himself up, turned away clients and was watched by some sort of a spy. Amelia was too a-flutter with delightful speculation to knit. To read of things of this sort had always been her hobby. To live them, to be a part of them, was infinitely better. She thus day-dreamed and gave her imagination full scope.




Mel looked at her, as she sat there in his desk-chair, as if he considered it a great pity that a face so frank and open should cover such duplicity.

Mel, once his door was again closed, returned to his desk. It was littered with books and papers which had nothing whatever to do with law. He looked at the sheet of paper in the typewriter, the last sentence broken off short where it had been interrupted by Amelia's tap on the door. That sentence had been a particularly good one, expressing his meaning in a ticklish place as no other combination of words could have expressed it. The typewriter clicked out a couple of words and then went dead under his fingers. He had lost the wording of that all-important sentence. He tried it again—but couldn't get it.

Tilting back in his chair, he gazed dreamily at the ceiling. The lady Miss O'Connor had mentioned claimed the center of the stage to the exclusion of sentences that had been going particularly big that morning. It was annoying, but, since she was here, it was best to come to some decision about her. He put his hands behind his head and tilted farther back in the chair, until he had to hook his toes under the desk to keep his balance.

Perhaps, much as he hated the thought of it with things going as smoothly as they had been for more than a week, he'd better let in prospective clients between nine and eleven regularly each morning. That depended on the lady who checked up the people Miss O'Connor so ably shooed away. He'd see the lady in question, size her up and act accordingly.

And he might as well begin now, this very morning. He heard Miss O'Connor telling some one in the outer office that Mr. Ordway was very busy. He got up to refute this statement, but was too late. The outer door was closing behind the party Amelia had so effectively blocked and Amelia herself was looking through the barest crack in the door. She closed it very softly as she saw Ordway come out of the private office.

"She's out there again. Just made a mark for the party who went out," she whispered.

Mel opened the hall door and stepped out.

A lady was standing very near that door. So near, in fact, that Mel nearly ran into her. She was a youngish lady. Miss O'Connor's description of her, in so far as it concerned "cutting her eye-teeth," Mel put down as wholly wrong. She did not look at all as he had expected her to look. His second glance told him she was distinctly young and not youngish. There was a difference.

She seemed to have been on the point of opening his door when he had forestalled her. She looked at once timid and brave and altogether pretty, there in the wide corridor of the eleventh floor of the Union Bank Building, which is noted for the beauty of the sienna marble of its corridors.

Mel said: "Good morning!" and said it like a man who was trying to think of what he wanted to say, but couldn't do so at the moment.

The lady replied: "Good morning!" saying it aggressively, yet at the same time defensively, boldly yet apologetically.

THEY looked at each other for a space. The space bade fair to become embarrassing if one or the other of them did not speak again. Mel pulled the stoop out of his shoulders. He fancied that, when he lifted them to their fullest height, it lent him dignity and severity. In reality it only made him stiff and uncomfortable-looking.

"I think—I cannot help thinking," said Mel in tones as stiff as his pose, "that you are taking a great deal of interest in my—my—office."

He had meant to say "affairs." Something about the little lady before him, who looked as if she wanted to run away, yet would not run away at any cost, made him choose the less pointed word.

"I am," she admitted promptly.

"Why?"

"You are turning away so many clients. They come; I hear the young lady in your office telling them you are very busy; they come out again in a moment or two. So many of them. Forty-three different ones during the last three weeks. Some of them looked like people with money, who wouldn't be afraid to spend it—really ideal clients. Yet you turned them away and continue to turn them away. It seemed such a great pity to lose them."

Mel looked at her closely. The more he looked at her the better he liked to keep on looking. He glanced up and down the hall, which was empty at the moment save for themselves. He knew it would not be thus empty for any length of time.

"Will you step into the office for a moment?" he asked.

She nodded her head in assent.

"I was just coming in anyway. I had just got my courage up to the point to take me in. It really took courage, you know."

"Very possibly," said he, intending to make the accent grim, but finding it instead merely politely acquiescent.

He opened the door and bowed her in. Miss O'Connor stared. As he ushered her into his private office, Amelia caught her breath. He closed the door. The large young lady who was guardian of his privacy clenched her hands tightly in her lap and leaned eagerly forward to catch the sound of angry voices, shrieks, even the cracking of gun-play. Thus far had her home-made romancing taken her. But nothing of the sort occurred.

Mel Ordway offered the lady his desk-chair, which was very comfortable, and took the only other chair in the room, which was not comfortable at all. His cue, as he saw it, his best bet, the most effective way to wind up this affair, was to tell the lady at once with no beating about the bush that he knew her errand and that it was a futile one. He proceeded to do so, looking at her there in his desk-chair, ever so much prettier in the stronger light of the room than she had been in the dimness of the corridor.

"You are wasting your time," said he. "I am not much of a lawyer, but I am at least sufficiently versed in its technicalities to know that I am well within the limits of safety. I am practising law. There are no stipulations as to what extent I shall practise law. Therefore, if I practise even a little each year, I am quite safe. Tell this to the people who sent you—"

The lady looked bewildered.

"Nobody sent me," said she.

Mel looked at her as if he considered it a great pity that a face so frank and open should cover such duplicity.

The lady frowned slightly and flushed a little.

"If you are expecting somebody to send some one to you, all I can say is I am not the 'some one.' There must be a tangle of some sort."

"There seems to be."

"Let me straighten out my side of it. I have noticed, as I say, that you are turning clients away. You might have as many as you wish of them, but you simply don't want them, you don't want any more than you already have. I am interested because I want clients; I need them; I need them desperately. I thought, perhaps—it's a mighty cheeky proposition, no doubt—but I thought if you were turning so many away—"

SHE hesitated. She seemed to realize that she was getting ahead of herself. She sat frowning as she formulated in her mind the necessary explanation.

Then, smiling at him, she voiced it:

"I have a sheepskin from Osgoode Hall. I have passed my bar examinations creditably. I have an office on the same floor of this building, just down the corridor, but I haven't any clients; they simply pass me up. And the game is getting to the stage where things are pretty desperate. When the next payment on the lease of my office comes due they'll be worse. And that time is too uncomfortably near. I saw them turned away from your office—"

Again she paused.

"I see," said Mel. "Those that I don't want you'd like me to turn over to you. Glad to do it, I'm sure, Miss—er—Miss—"

"Holland. Cora Holland," she introduced herself. "But that isn't quite it, either. They wouldn't come, if you recommended me. You see, your name stands for a whole lot. It is Melvin H. Ordway. There was a Melvin H. Ordway whose name stood for a great deal in the world of jurisprudence. That was your father?"

"My uncle."

"It must be the drawing-power of that name which brings so many possibilities, and such splendid possibilities, to you—to send away so prodigally. No, they would not come to me, if you recommended it. But I thought, perhaps—at least, I was desperate enough to think, to plan—"

"What did you plan, Miss Holland?"

"It occurred to me that perhaps you might give me a corner of this office and turn over to me the clients you have no time to handle and let me look after them on commission. I am very sure I could do it, if I had the chance. I am very sure I could make money for you and for myself out of what you are throwing overboard."

Mel stared at her.

She flushed rather more. It didn't hurt her appearance in the least to flush. "You see I am pretty genuinely desperate," she said.

"Desperate or not," said he. "I am not at all sure there isn't something in this proposition you have made."

She looked as if the bare thought of the possibility of her scheme being favorably considered all but overcame her.

"Let me tell you why," he went on. He shot out a question or two.



Miss Holland tried hard not to smile. Her success was only partial.

She answered them promptly. More followed.

Mel smiled. "You know more law in ten minutes than I ever shall in ten centuries. I believe we can make a deal. You mentioned the other Melvin H. Ordway. That was my uncle, as I have told you. One ill-starred day when I was a little shaver—it was the year after he died—my aunt Julia stood me up beside his picture—oil painting in a gilt frame that looked like the gates of a temple, in a gloomy old parlor of a gloomy old house on St. George street, you know the kind.

"And Aunt Julia found in me a remarkable likeness to her dead husband. No one else ever saw it. I presume the fact that I bore his name sharpened Aunt Julia's imagination wonderfully. She was that kind. Anyway, that day she made up her mind I must be a lawyer like my Uncle Mel. She died shortly after that. The will she left stipulated that the bulk of her property was to go to me if I practised law. Otherwise it went to four or five distant cousins. There were no children of her own.

"There wasn't much 'wherewithal' in our branch of the family. My chance was held up to me, dinned into me; until I could see nothing else in the world. You can see what followed. A Political Science course for my B.A., during which I spent over much time on English and specialized on those courses which dealt with pre-Elizabethan dramatists. They fascinated me. Afterwards—the usual course at Osgoode, interrupted by two years in the R.A.F. But Blackstone and I never had much in common. I hated those years in the law school. I lightened them by delving into everything I could find about the pre-Elizabethan dramatists that had claimed most of my time in college. Then, while convalescing in England, and after the Armistice, I studied further at Oxford. I got by somehow, when I returned to Canada and passed my exams by an equally narrow margin."

HE LOOKED out of the window across roofs and chimney-pots to the Bay and to the Island beyond. The little lady in his desk-chair was leaning forward.

"That's why, then—" she said half under her breath.

He nodded. He drew his chair nearer the desk. "I knew I should never live up to the spirit of Aunt Julia's bequest to me. But I felt she owed me something for those black years I slaved at the law school. I had the material for a bully book on 'The Pre-Elizabethan Dramatists and Our Debt to Them.' I wanted to get it out of my system at once, after I returned from England and donned 'civvies.' I was all on fire to get at it. It wouldn't be postponed.

"Surely, Aunt Julia had given me enough misery to help me out a little. I planned to use the income of the property until I got the book done, and then turn it over to the four cousins named as alternate legatees. I didn't care much what I did, if I got the book done.

"But I had to practise law to connect with that property. So I took this office and told clients things between nine and eleven in the morning. I thought there'd only be a few of them. They came in floods—the mantle of Uncle Mel's reputation falling upon me when I didn't want it. Hence Miss O'Connor in the outer office to shoo 'em off when they came too thick. She'a a bird at that game, worth her weight in rubies. And here I am with the book going strong. And I am getting more and more tied up with it, neglecting to practise my necessary law even the two hours in the morning."

He grinned at her boyishly.

"So you see when I learned from the invaluable Miss O'Connor that you were checking up the thrown-outs, I imagined those four cousins of Aunt Julia's were trying 'to pin something on me' and had set you to watch me."

"Do I look like that sort of a person?"

"Frankly, you don't—not at all. Equally frankly, you didn't when I stepped out into the corridor to tax you with it just now. I was flabbergasted to find you the sort of person you are. You didn't look your part—or, rather the part I'd ascribed to you."

She said, nervously, a trifle too anxiously: "And the suggestion I made. Will you think it over?"

"No," he said; "not for a minute. I'll decide right here and now without thinking it over at all. The office next door is vacant. It can be added to this suite. I'll rent it to-day. It will be yours and I'll turn 'em over to you, every last one of 'em. That will leave me free. It'a a great little old arrangement. Providence must have sent you."

"Maybe. But I'd lay it to sheer desperate nerve on my part, I think. Now, about the commission part; we'll have to arrange that."

They proceeded to arrange it and as Miss Holland took her departure Mel saw her to the door. His manner of doing it knocked Miss O'Connor's dark plots galley west.

"The lady who just went out," said Mel, stopping at Amelia's desk, "is to come here to-morrow morning as a member of the firm. She will look after most of the clients. Turn 'em over to her."

"Huh?" said Amelia in a bewilderment that was very pardonable.

"Knows more law than all the bunch on this floor put together," said Mel.

The inner office swallowed him. Fortune had smiled upon him broadly. He was free to go ahead with his work with never a disturbing thought now. He arranged his papers, sighed, and poised a finger over the keys of the typewriter. Presently he unpoised it and settled back in his chair. Instead of ripping off sentences one after another he was busy with the picture of a little lady in his desk chair with the morning sunlight full upon her.

He was still busy with it when Miss O'Connor went home that night. He was busy with it long after the office was dark and the building still, with an uncanny quiet, and even the late lingerers on that floor had gone down the corridor.

At half-past ten o'clock he realized he was very hungry and that the "Pre-Elizabethan Dramatists and Our Debt to Them" was exactly where it had been at half-past nine o'clock that morning—that sentence which Miss O'Connor had interrupted still hanging in the air.

MEL made arrangements for the office next door and added it to his own suite. Adding it to his suite was a simple operation, consisting of unlocking a door between his outer office and his new acquisition. A firm down the street, which dealt in office furnishings, agreed to have the fittings in before nine o'clock in the morning and proceeded to do so.

Miss Cora Holland appeared promptly at nine. She looked very trim and very determined to make good in her new quarters. Mel showed her the little office he had added to his outfit.

"Why, I was intending to have my own equipment moved in here from down the hall," said she.

"I wasn't sure of your furnishings," said he.

He was sure of them. Going out the night before, he had

*Continued on page 55*

# FUNNY *as the* OWL *is* FUNNY

*By* J. K. L. MUNRO

CARTOONS BY LOU SKUCE

THE Ship of State sailing serenely on to a new session of parliament struck a sunken reef in Peterboro. The shock shook the vessel from stem to stern. For a moment it looked as if the lifeboats might be rushed. But the Captain rose to the emergency.

"Stand by to man the pumps," he cried. "Remember your sessional indemnities are stored in the hold."

So the pumps were manned; the panic was quieted. And when the ship was placed in dry-dock to repair the hole in her bottom it was discovered that the total injuries consisted of a little paint scraped off the hull. So the sails were hoisted, the voyage was continued and prospects are it will not be finished till 1922.

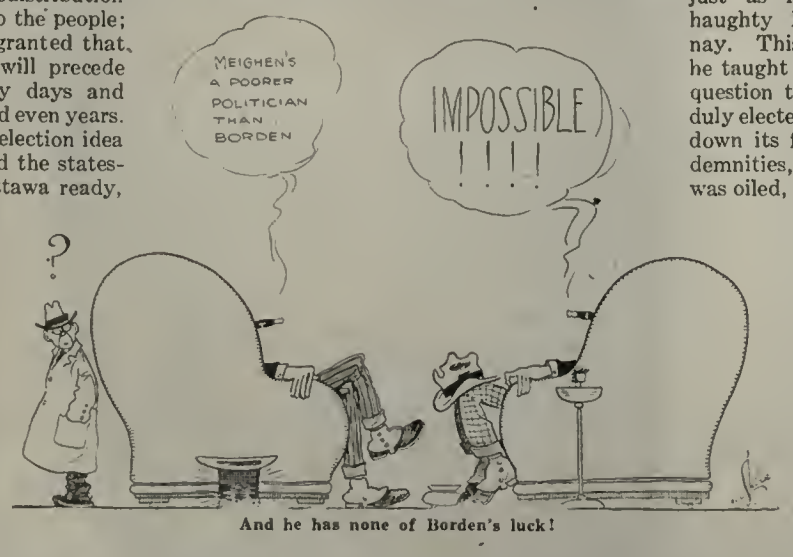
All of which means that the Meighen Government has recovered from the slap in the face it got in West Peterboro. It has counted the remnants of its majority and decided that it will again carry on. It may have its back against the wall and its casualty lists may be a bit appalling but it knows its duty and will do it. Not till a census has been taken and a redistribution of seats accomplished will it falter. What if an ungrateful country frowns? That is part of the price of true greatness and the Meighen Government long ago decided that it was truly great.

Meanwhile there is talk of Cabinet reorganization. But the question comes, "How can Hon. Arthur reorganize his cabinet and still carry on?" To which the answer is: "It can't be done." For reorganization means by-elections. And in the present temper of the people by-elections mean further set-backs for a government that can't back up much further without backing over a precipice. No! No! that reorganization talk started away back in the Borden régime and with a single notable exception the only reorganization has been by death and desertion.




The Ship of State struck a sunken reef at Peterboro.

There may be some slight changes in the cabinet make up. But any time a general reorganization happens along you can peel off your coat, roll up your sleeves and get ready for a general election. And as the Government openly shies at any signs of a general election; as Mackenzie King would be bitterly disappointed if his demands for once were acceded to; and as the Farmers from the West would like a redistribution before they appeal to the people; it can be taken for granted that the spring plowing will precede the vote harvest by days and weeks and months and even years.




And he has none of Borden's luck!

So with the general election idea out of your head and the statesmen gathering at Ottawa ready, aye ready, to collect another indemnity, let us glance at things as they are and have been. And the greatest of those things is of course that West Peterboro by-election that raised all the row. It has been hailed as a tremendous set-back for the Meighen Government; as a triumph for Willie King; as an endorsement of Liberal principles; and as a whole lot of other things. That it was a nasty little slap at the Government may perhaps be conceded. When the powers-that-be at Ottawa put their brand on a candidate, fit him out with a full-fledged machine ornamented with a nicely-tuned calliope, and said candidate comes home with something less than twenty-five per cent. of the vote cast in a protectionist constituency—it doesn't indicate that the enthusiasm for the above mentioned government is at fever heat. But that is about as far as you can go towards allowing any of those claims. The others are ruled out for lack of corroboration evidence. If you don't think so give pause and listen to what happened.

John Hampden Burnham, commonly known as J. Ham, was and is a more or less eccentric minor statesman. He said what he thought and thought what he said which is not playing the game to Ottawa rules. But as J. Ham always voted right the higher-ups forgave him these slight delinquencies. Then one day he committed the unpardonable sin. He sacrificed indemnities to ideals. He broke the golden rule that man's chief end is to gather in $4,000 per and enjoy it for ever—or for as long as a grateful country will stand for him. Furthermore J. Ham committed the action that speaks louder than words—he resigned his seat. He gave up real money and a chance to get cheap meals at the parliamentary restaurant just because it occurred to him that the present Parliament was elected to win the war rather than to bestow on Canada the continuous blessing of a Union Government.

Some of the old politicians in the new party with the multitudinous name were inclined to laugh. "Let J. Ham go home and be re-elected if he wants to," they urged. "He won't talk any worse as a consequence and he'll vote just as faithfully." But the haughty Meighen said them nay. This rebellious serf must be taught his place, none must question the divine right of a duly elected parliament to draw down its full allowance of indemnities, so the machine was oiled, and manned and put in position to steam roller J. Ham and in his place and stead elect Mr. Denne. Things were going nicely, till G. N. Gordon, a Liberal lawyer who has been working up his popularity for some years against just such a contingency, decided to get into the field. Then things started to happen. Floods of oratory were turned loose, the great men of both the old parties were rallied to the fight and the eyes of the Dominion were turned on what might have been a nice little one-man procession headed by John Hampden Burnham.

Well you all know what happened. National issues were thrown into the scrap heap and a nice little free-for-all political dog fight was on. There were five starters; a liberal, a government conservative, an Independent conservative, a farmer and a labor man. They finished in the order named and Mr. Gordon is to be congratulated on his popularity. But Liberal principles were not endorsed because no one has yet dug them out from under Mackenzie King's flow of language; Mr. King himself was not endorsed because the early intention was to keep him out of the riding entirely. He was only allowed to prescribe one dose of his beatitudes and that was because Hon. Charles Murphy and Ernest Lapointe were needed to line up the Catholic vote and they could hardly be asked without inviting Mr. King to come along too. Protection, the Meighen long suit, was not repudiated because all five candidates owned up to liking various brands of it, the farmer putting it that his platform was broad enough to rise up and hit back at the Fordney Bill.

So boil it all down and you discover that the Meighen forces invited disaster and the latter accepted the invitation. Gordon saw his chance and took it; J. Ham preserves his ideal at a cost of $4,000 per and—well I heard a couple of men talking it over in the Château.

### You Never Know Your Luck

"MEIGHEN'S a poorer politician than Borden," said one.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the other.

"Well," qualified the first, "we'll put it this way. Meighen's as poor a politician as Borden and has none of the latter's luck."

Nevertheless the result threw the Government forces into a fit of blues. Conservative papers like the Montreal *Gazette* and Ottawa *Journal*, which should have known better, threw up their hands and declared for an appeal to the people. It was almost pay day before the members of the Cabinet were able to sit up and draw their salaries.

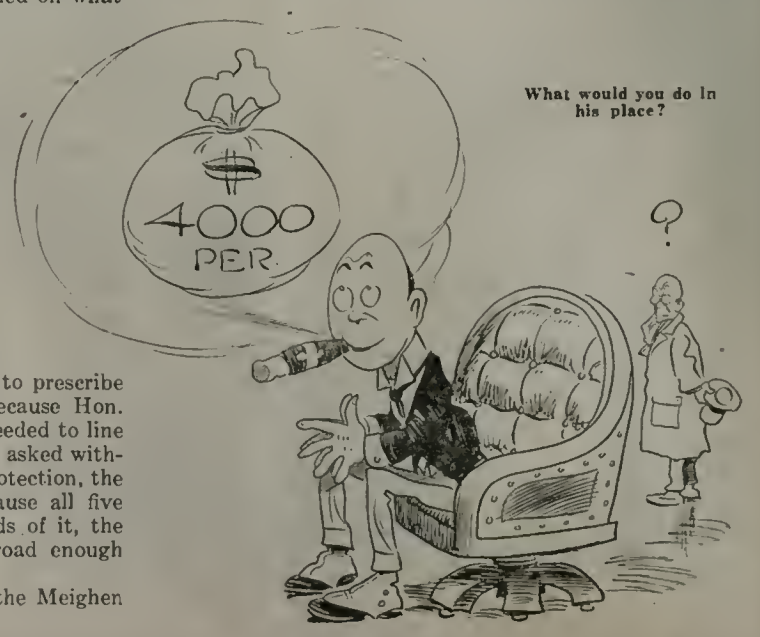
Mackenzie King, on the other hand, made a noise like the father of the barn-yard when a humble hen has contributed one more to the high cost of living. And you can hardly blame him. It is something to have a follower who can carry a seat in Mr. King's native province even if that "favorite son" has to travel afar to find one for himself.

### Orangeman and Priest

BUT perhaps the most important lesson that West Peterboro taught has been almost entirely obscured by the imaginary results. The constituency sent a labor man to the Provincial House with the aid of the Farmer vote. Labor didn't vote for the farmer in the Federal by-election. Neither did it vote for its accredited candidate. They finished fourth and fifth in the race. Their combined votes would not have elected either. So it would appear that the alliance between this ill-assorted pair is at an end, that the expected has happened rather sooner than was anticipated.

But don't run away with the idea that this means that Farmer chances of supremacy are fading. They're getting closer and closer to a more consistent and more powerful ally every day. When you hear that R. H. Halbert, M.P., an Orangeman, was assisted in his canvass for the Farmer candidate in West Peterboro by the parish priest you can make a rough guess as to who the new ally is. And if the Church gets in behind the Farmers in the rural constituencies of Quebec, as looks likely, can you tell me what there is to prevent Hon. T. A. Crerar forming the next Government at Ottawa?

Now as this is being written the statesmen are pouring into Ottawa on every train. They come from all parts, East and West, and represent every variety of political belief. But the man has not yet arrived who will jump up on the pedestal on which stands the statue of Laurier and demand an election. He knows that if he did he would be the most unpopular man in all this fair Capital. So he suppresses such desire, if he has it, wanders up the Hill and discovers that newer and more comfortable seats have been put in the Common Chambers and that as he sits in one of them his eyes turn upwards to a golden ceiling that might excite the envy of any movie theatre in the country. He's comfortable. Within, every prospect pleases. Without, the country is cold, black and inhospitable. What would you do if you were in his place? And then there's the $4,000 per. Vague threats are going out from inner places that if there is to be a general election there won't be enough session to guarantee more than $600 or $700 to each mem-




What would you do in his place?

ber. A clear loss of $3,300 is not much to the man who is not taking it. But again I must repeat. The sessional indemnity is still the strongest influence in this young country's life. And if there is any immediate danger of the government's defeat the one best bet is that several members from Quebec will have pressing business at home just before that critical vote is taken.

### No "Pairs" This Session

OF COURSE Mackenzie King is putting up a front. Fronting rather than fighting is the boy wonder's forte. Orders have been issued that no "pairs" are to be made by his followers. That means that every member must be on the job every moment with hands outstretched ready to grasp the tyrants by the throat. And equally of course Hon. Willie will move an amendment to the address calling for an immediate election. Also he will accompany that amendment by a speech that will put the House sound asleep. Then and not till then will the Government realize that the same old "political orphans" constitute this Parliament of which we are so proud and that it can do anything in the world except move towards dissolution and be assured of the faithful and even thankful vote of the majority.

Of course there are exceptions to prove the rule. Hon. Wesley Rowell is one of them. The road to greatness has proved a rocky one for Wesley. It was in vain that he swayed the League of Nations with his eloquence and almost but not quite put Canada on the map of the world. He has found no place in the hearts of his countrymen. While Sir Robert Borden held the sceptre Wesley ruled Canada via Sir Robert. But when the latter retired and A. Meighen took his place none realized more than Wesley that his power was gone, his usefulness was over. He got out of the Cabinet, hied him to the League of Nations and, returning, would fain have shaken the dust of a degenerate parliament from his feet. He would practise law and gather unto himself much money. But though Premier Meighen loves not Wesley he likes still less the prospect of a vacancy in Durham. There are too many Farmers in that vicinity. So he put it up to Wesley that having represented Canada at the League of Nations it was his duty to stay in the House and answer questions concerning same. Wesley reluctantly consented, announcing meanwhile that as soon as he had finished with this chore he would resign his seat.

Nor is he absolutely idle the while. He has accepted a retainer from the Ontario Government to prosecute certain claims in connection with the timber investigation. And though he is still acting as a mouthpiece for the government the impression will not down that he is on his way back home.

"Wesley is acting for a Farmer Government," is the way one man puts it. "By the time that case is finished he'll be safe in the Farm ranks. From this it is only a step to his old home in the Liberal Party."

"Isn't that funny?" smiled A. B. Copp, Liberal member for Westmoreland, N.B., who was among the listeners. "I was just telling Sir Sam that the Liberal Party always was unfortunate."

And the general laugh was a parting tribute to the esteem in which the great apostle of uplift is generally held.

### How Long Will Sir Thomas Tarry?

BUT if Hon. Wesley will only be with us briefly it is a good guess that Sir Thomas White will tarry not at all. If his resignation is not already in the hands of Mr. Speaker it will be before this appears in print. For the man who turned down a premiership when it was offered to him on a tray can hardly afford to have it said that he hung on to a seat in Parliament while drawing down a fat fee as an arbitrator on the G.T.R. purchase. It is doubtful if he could do it even by act of Parliament and it is an open secret that Sir Thomas is only hanging off at the solicitation of his Premier who is acquiring a decided distaste to by-elections.

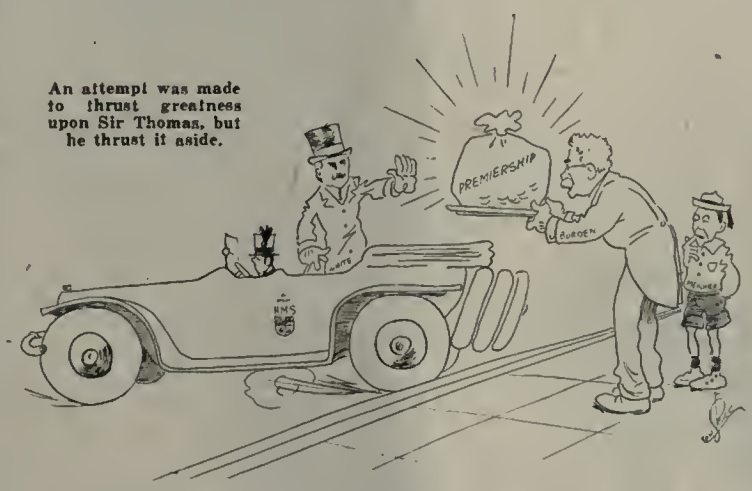
Sir Thomas, you know, was largely responsible for Hon. Arthur's succession to the Borden throne. When on that warm July morning the Governor-General's car brought him to Ottawa and an attempt was made to thrust greatness upon him he not only waved it aside but he also found voice to murmur, "Give it to Meighen." Then he spent a busy day helping Sir Robert convince a rebellious cabinet that they had to serve under the young Westerner because they had nowhere else to go. It is whispered that he had to labor long and earnestly with even James Calder before the latter chose the flowery beds of ease at Ottawa as the only alternative to a hopeless return to the "Banks of the Sas-Katch-e-wan." So Thomas feels that he must try to keep Hon. Arthur where he put him. But there are limits beyond which he will not go.





It was in vain that he swayed the League of Nations with his eloquence.

And speaking of James, gentle, silent James, who should figure as the political scientist of the Meighen règime. Is he serving his liege lord with fidelity or is he partially responsible for the fiasco in West Peterboro? You can hardly blame him for East Elgin for when that fight was on Mr. Calder was making his new confession of faith to the West and helping to pull down the Tory majority in Yale, B.C. But if he is the political wizard Western reports make him and is chief in command of political campaigns for the Government why did he allow in West Peterboro a repetition of those tactics that ensured disaster in West Elgin? Or is James sulking in his tent and making plaintive pleas to be transferred to the Senate, where, "raised on high above the storm's career," he can map out a future unpunctuated by elections and by-elections? Inside whispers indicate that to such mediocre heights has Jim's ambition descended and that he cares not when or how the Government goes so long as his senatorial job is secured before it really gets a-going.




An attempt was made to thrust greatness upon Sir Thomas, but he thrust it aside.

Your old friend, Hon. J. D. Reid, is also casting an envious eye on one of those senatorial vacancies. His health has been none too good and though a trip to Europe has brought the color to his cheek and the glint to his eye he realizes that these are times in which a man is well advised to look well to his health, political and physical.




He made a noise like a Father of the Barnyard.

### When Vacancies are Assets

THAT reminds us that among the Government's most valued assets are nine senatorial vacancies—and prospects. If a crisis really arises Hon. Arthur has only to lead his forces down the corridor to the Red Chamber, point to the nine vacant chairs and to the occupants of various others and remark: "Now, boys, there are not enough to go around—yet. But the longer we hang on the more chance you have to spend your declining political years in ease and comfort." Then—well then the crisis will be over.

Of Hon. Arthur Sifton, who has passed beyond, only kind words are heard. When he first came to Ottawa great things were expected of him. Everyone recognized his ability, everyone admired the ease and decision with which he handled affairs and he was classed as one of the strong men, if not the strong man, of the cabinet. But ill-health claimed him early and held him to the end. Toward the finish he was merely filling a gap and the public generally had almost forgotten him. And this long list of deaths, defections and defeats that attaches to this once proud Union Government naturally brings the question, "What is now the actual majority in the House?" It is just possible that by the time you read this the correct answer will have been furnished by a division on the King amendment. Just at present the Government is figuring even harder than you are. Just at present that majority is, on paper, about twenty-five as compared with about seventy after the last election. And when you consider that Premier Drury of Ontario is wiggling with a measly one or two, while Premier Norris of Manitoba is trying to make the grade with a majority made up entirely of intangible assets you naturally exclaim, "Well that is not so bad."

But the trouble with the Meighen majority is that it requires a lot of finding. Ames and Hepburn are in Europe. R. L. Richardson and one or two others are ill and you never can tell when another contingent of Western Farmers or Liberal Unionists will get cold feet and slip over to the cross benches to get them warmed up. As closely as things can be figured on this, the opening day of the session, the Government still holds the edge over the combined oppositions by about seventeen working votes. This gives Buchanan, of Lethbridge, to the Liberals as he is expected to go across and sit with Hon. A. K. MacLean but includes Gauthier, of St. Hyacinthe, among the cross-benchers. The latter didn't force his way into the cabinet but he has succeeded in making himself so unpopular with his former playmates that there is no doubt but that he will feel more at home by himself.

But it is this perpetually being bumped that hits the Government in its most vital spot—its vanity box—and makes it feel that it is laboring for an ungrateful people. And still there's more to follow. York, N.B.—made vacant by the death of Col. Harry McLeod—is doubtful so doubtful that when a new minister for New Brunswick was needed a proposition to open York was turned down as too risky. It's those darned Farmers again. And the trouble with them is that they appear to be getting stronger and more aggressive every day.

Under all circumstances the least the country should expect is a rather vigorous session. But alas and likewise alack, any vigor imparted to any session must come from the Opposition. And why expect yigor or activity from the dead? To be sure the Farmers are enthusiastic. But they're more or less inarticulate. Crerar deals with facts in business fashion and his remarks are necessarily brief. Dr. Michael Clark breaks into prose-poetry every so often and an attentive house takes off its hat and listens. Gould, of Assiniboia, chatters like a magpie but fails to say anything and Halbert, of North Ontario, is more of a stumper than a parliamentary debater. There are others of the same kind but it takes practice as well as capacity to carry on the continuous warfare that makes parliamentary sessions interesting. And even the Farmer orators will admit they are lacking in practice.

But, on the whole, don't expect much. To get interesting conversation you must meet interesting people. And you won't meet many of them in the present parliament. I was criticised in the beginning for calling them a mediocre bunch. But nothing that has transpired since has changed them a bit. Since Dr. Pugsley traded the rule book for viceregal togo there's hardly a man on either side who can do aught but add to the monotony of a dull afternoon.

They're funny only as the owl is funny because of a solemnity entirely out of proportion to their persons. For after all parliament only reflects the people it represents. If occasionally it rises above the average it speedily becomes non-representative. And far be it from me to ever hint that the present outfit is non-representative because it runs too much to intellect. Further than that my respect for constituted authority will not permit me to go.

# PAWNED

## By FRANK L. PACKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

### CHAPTER IV

### A Doctor of Many Degrees

DEAD! The girl was on her knees beside John Bruce. Dead—he did not move! It was the man who had pawned his watch-fob hardly half an hour before! What did it mean? What did those angry shouts, that scurrying of many feet out there in the lane mean? Hurriedly (her face was deadly white as the face upturned to her from the floor) she tore open the once immaculate shirt-front, that was now limp and wet and ugly with a great crimson stain, and laid bare the wound.

The sounds from without were receding, the scurrying footsteps were keeping on along the lane. A quiver ran through the form on the floor. Dead! No, he was not dead—not—not yet.

A little cry escaped from her tightly closed lips, and for an instant she covered her eyes with her hands. The wound was terrible—it frightened her. It frightened her the more because, intuitively, she knew that it was beyond any inexperienced aid that she could give. But she must act, and act quickly.

She turned and ran into the adjoining room to the telephone, but even as she reached out to lift the receiver from the hook she hesitated. Dr. Crang! A little shudder of aversion swept over her—and then resolutely, pleading with Central to hurry, she asked for the connection. It was not a matter of choice, or aversion, or any other consideration in the world save a question of minutes. The life of that man in there on the floor hung by a thread. Dr. Crang was nearby enough to respond almost instantly, and there was no one else she knew of who she could hope would reach the man in time. And—she stared frantically at the instrument now—was even he unavailable? Why didn't he answer? Why—

A voice reached her. She recognized it.

"Dr. Crang, this is Claire Veniza," she said, and it did not seem as though she could speak fast enough. "Come at once—oh, at once—please! There's a man here frightfully wounded. There isn't a second to lose, so—"

"My dear Claire," interrupted the voice suavely, "instead of losing one you can save several by telling me what kind of a wound it is, and where the man is wounded."

"It's a knife wound, a stab, I think," she answered; "and it's in his side. He is unconscious, and—"

The receiver on the other end had been placed on its hook.

She turned from the telephone, and swiftly, hurrying, but in cool self-control, now, she obtained some cloths and a basin of warm water, and returned to John Bruce's side. She could not do much, she realized that—only make what effort she could to staunch the appalling flow of blood from the wound; that and place a cushion under the man's head, for she could not lift him to the couch.

The minutes passed; and then, thinking she heard a footstep at the front door, she glanced in that direction, half in relief, and yet, too, in curious apprehension. She listened. No, there was no one there yet. She had been mistaken.

Suddenly she caught her breath in a little gasp, as though startled. Dr. Crang was clever; but faith in Dr. Crang professionally was one thing, and faith in him in other respects was quite another. Why hadn't she thought of it before? It wasn't too late yet, was it?

She began to search hastily through John Bruce's pockets. Dr. Crang would almost certainly suggest removing the man from the sitting-room down here and getting him up-stairs to a bedroom, and then he would undress his patient, and—and it was perhaps as well to anticipate Dr. Crang. This man here should have quite a sum of money on his person. She had given it to him herself, and—yes, here it was!

The crisp new fifty-dollar bills, the stamped and numbered ticket that identified the watch-fob he had pawned, were in her hand. She ran across the room, opened a little safe in the corner, placed the money and ticket inside, locked the safe again, and returned to John Bruce's side once more.

And suddenly her eyes filled. There was no tremor, no movement in the man's form now; she could not even feel his heart beat. Yes, she wanted Dr. Crang now, passionately, wildly. John Bruce—that was the man's name. She knew that much. But she had left him miles away—and he was here now—and she did not understand. How had he got here, why had he come here, climbing in through that window to fall at her feet like one dead?

The front door opened without premonitory ring of bell, and closed again. A footstep came quickly forward through the outer room—and paused on the threshold.



And tears came, and on her knees Claire turned and flung out her arms imploringly.

Claire Veniza rose to her feet and her eyes went swiftly, sharply, to the figure standing there—a man of perhaps thirty years of age, of powerful build, and yet whose frame seemed now woefully loose, disjointed and without virility. Her eyes traveled to the man's clothing that was dirty, spotted, and in dire need of sponging, to the necktie that hung awry, to the face that, but for its unhealthy, pasty-yellow complexion, would have been almost strikingly handsome, to the jet-black eyes that somehow at the moment seemed to lack fire and life. And with a little despairing shrug of her shoulders, Claire Veniza turned away her head, and pointed to the form of John Bruce on the floor.

"I—I am afraid it is very serious, Dr. Crang," she faltered.

"That's all right, Claire," he said complacently. "That's all right, my dear. You can leave it with confidence to Sidney Angus Crang, M.D."

She drew a little away as he stepped forward, her face hardening into tight little lines. Hidden, her hands clasped anxiously together. It—it was what she had feared. Dr. Sidney Angus Crang, gold medalist from one of the greatest American universities, brilliant far beyond his fellows, with additional degrees from London, from Vienna, from Heaven alone knew where else, was just about entering upon, or emerging from, a grovelling debauch with that Thing to which he had pawned his manhood, his intellect and his soul, that Thing of gray places, of horror, of forgetfulness, of bliss, of torture—cocaine.

Half way from the threshold to where John Bruce lay, Dr. Crang halted abruptly.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, and glanced with suddenly darkening face from Claire Veniza to the form of John Bruce, and back to Claire Veniza again.

"Oh, *will* you hurry!" she implored. "Can't you see that the wound—"

"I am more interested in the man than in the wound," said Dr. Crang, and there was a hint of menace in his voice. "Quite a gentleman of parts! I had expected—let me see what I had expected—well, say, one of the common knife-sticking breed that curses this neighborhood."

Claire Veniza stamped her foot.

"Oh, hurry!" she burst out wildly. "Don't stand there talking while the man is dying! Do something!"

Dr. Crang advanced to John Bruce's side, set down the little handbag he was carrying, and began to examine the wound.

"Yes, quite a gentleman of parts!" he repeated. His lips had thinned. "How did he get here?"

"I do not know," she answered. "He came in through that window there, and fell on the floor."

"How peculiar!" observed Dr. Crang. "A *gentleman* down here in this locality, who is, yes, I will state it as a professional fact, in a very critical state, climbs in through Miss Claire Veniza's window, and—"

The telephone in the other room rang. Claire Veniza ran to it. Dr. Crang's fingers nestled on John Bruce's pulse; he made no other movement save to cock his head in a listening attitude in the girl's direction; he made no effort either to examine further or to dress the wound.

Claire Veniza's voice came distinctly.

"—Yes—No, I do not think he will return to-night" —she was hesitating—"he—he met with an—an accident.—"

Dr. Crang had sprung from the other room and had snatched the receiver from the girl's hand. A wave of insensate fury swept his face now. He pushed her roughly from the instrument, and clapped his hand over the transmitter.

"That's one lie you've told me!" he said hoarsely. "I'll attend to the rest of this now." He withdrew his hand from the transmitter. "Yes, hello!" His voice was cool, even suave. "What is it? M. Henri de Lavergne speaking—yes—Mister—who? — Mister John Bruce—yes." He listened for a moment, his lips twitch-

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ing, his eyes narrowed on Claire Veniza who had retreated a few steps away. "No, not to-night," he said, speaking again into the transmitter. "Yes, a slight accident — Yes—Good-by."

DR. SYDNEY ANGUS CRANG hung up the receiver, and with a placid smile at variance with the glitter that suddenly brought life into his dulled eyes advanced toward the girl. She stepped backward quickly into the other room, retreating as far as the motionless form that lay upon the floor. Dr. Crang followed her.

And then Claire Veniza, her face grown stony, her small hands clenched, found her voice again.

"Aren't you going to help him? Aren't you going to do something? Is he to die there before your eyes?" she cried.

Dr. Crang shrugged his shoulders.

"What can I do?" he inquired with velvet softness. "I am helpless. How can I bring the dead back to life?"

"Dead!" All color had fled her face; she bent and looked searchingly at John Bruce.

"Oh, no; not yet," said Dr. Crang easily. "But very nearly so."

"And you will do nothing!" She was facing him again. "Then—then I will try to get some one else."

She stepped forward abruptly.

Dr. Crang barred her way.

"I don't think you will, Claire, my dear!" His voice was monotonous; the placid smile was vanishing. "You see, having spoken to that dear little doll of a man, M. Henri de Lavergne, I'm very much interested in hearing your side of the story."

"Story!" the girl echoed wildly. "Story while that man's life is lost! Are you mad—or a murderer—or —"

"Another lover," said Dr. Crang, and threw back his head and laughed.

She shrank away; her hands tight against her bosom. She glanced around her. If she could only reach the telephone, and lock the connecting door! No! She did not dare leave him *alone* with the wounded man.

"What—what are you going to do?" she whispered.

"Nothing—till I hear the story," he answered.

"If—if he dies"—her voice rang steadily again—"I'll have you charged with murder."

"What nonsense!" said Dr. Crang imperturbably. "Did I stab the gentleman?" He took from his pocket a little case, produced a hypodermic syringe, and pushed back his sleeve. "A doctor is not a magician. If he finds a patient beyond reach of aid what can he be expected to do? My dear Claire, where are your brains, to-night—you who are so amazingly clever?"

"You are mad—insane with drug!" she cried out piteously.

He shook his head, and coolly inserted the needle of the hypodermic in his arm.

"Not yet," he said. "I am only implacable. Shall we get on with the story? M. de Lavergne says he sent a gentleman by the name of John Bruce out in your father's car a little while ago for the purpose of obtaining a loan in order that the said John Bruce might return to the gambling joint and continue to play. But Mr. Bruce did not return, and the doll for some reason being anxious telephones here to make inquiries. Of course"—there was a savage laugh in his voice—"it is only a suspicion, but could this gentleman on the floor here by any chance be Mr. John Bruce?"

"Yes," she said faintly. "He is John Bruce."

"Thanks!" said Dr. Crang sarcastically. He very cheerfully replaced his hypodermic in his pocket. "Now another little matter. I happen to know that your father is spending the evening up-town, so I wonder who was in the car with Mr. John Bruce."

She stared at him with flashing eyes.

"I was!" she answered passionately. "I don't know what you are driving at! I never did it before, but my father was away, and M. de Lavergne was terribly insistent. He said it was for a very special guest. I—I didn't, of course, tell M. de Lavergne that father couldn't go. I only said that I was afraid it would not be convenient to make any loan to-night. But he wouldn't listen to a refusal, and so I went—but M. de Lavergne had no idea that it was any one but my father in the car."



He was conscious that a tall, white-haired man in scanty attire was there, because the door framed two figures; but he saw only a beautiful face, pitifully white, only the slim form of a girl whose great brown eyes were very wide with fear.

DR. CRANG'S lips parted wickedly.

"Naturally!" he snarled. "I quite understand that you took good care of that! Who drove you?"

"Hawkins."

"Drunk as usual, I suppose! Brain too fuddled to ask questions!"

"That's not true!" she cried out sharply. "Hawkins hasn't touched a drop for a year."

"All right!" snapped Dr. Crang. "Have it that way, then! Being in his dotage he makes a good blind, even sober. And so you went for a little ride with Mr. John Bruce to-night?"

Claire Veniza was wringing her hands, as she glanced in an agony of apprehension at the wounded man on the floor.

"Yes," she said; "but—but won't you—"

"And where did you first meet Mr. John Bruce, and how long ago?" he jerked out.

Claire Veniza's great brown eyes widened.

"Why, I never saw him in my life until to-night," she exclaimed. "And he wasn't in the car ten minutes. Hawkins drove back to the corner just as he always does with father, and Mr. Bruce got out. Then Hawkins drove me home and went up-town to get father. I—I wish they were here now!"

Dr. Crang was gritting his teeth together. A slight, unnatural color was tinging his cheeks. He moved slightly closer to the girl.

"I'm glad to hear you never saw Mr. Bruce before," he said cunningly. "You must have traveled *fast* then — metaphorically speaking. Love at first sight, eh? A cooing exchange of confidences—or was it all on one side? You told him who you were, and where you lived, and—"

"I did nothing of the kind!" Claire Veniza interrupted angrily. "I did not tell him anything!"

"Just strictly business then, of course!" Doctor Crang moved a step still nearer to the girl. "In that case he must have pawned something, and as Lavergne sends nothing but high-priced articles to your father, we shall probably find quite a sum of money in Mr. Bruce's pockets. Eh—Claire?"

She bit her lips. She still did not quite understand—only that she bitterly regretted now, somehow, that she had removed the money from John Bruce's person; only that the drug-crazed brain of the man in front of her was digging, had dug, a trap into which she was falling. What answer was she to make?

With a sudden cry she shrank back—but too late to save herself. A face alight with passion was close to her now; hands that clamped like a steel vise, and that hurt, were upon her shoulder and throat.

"You lie!" Dr. Crang shouted hoarsely. "You've lied from the minute I came into this room. John Bruce—hell! I know now why you have always refused to have anything to do with me. That's why!" He loosened one hand and pointed to the figure on the floor. "How long has this been going on? How long have you been meeting him? To-night is nothing, though you worked it well. Hawkins to take you for a little joy ride with your lover while father's away. Damned clever! You left him on that corner—and he's here wounded! How did he get wounded? You never saw him before! You never heard of him! You told him nothing about yourself! He didn't know where you lived—he could only find the private entrance. Just knows enough about you to climb in through your back window like a skewered dog! But, of course, your story is true, because in his pockets will be the money you gave him for what he pawned! Shall we look and see how much it was?"

She tore herself free, and caught at her throat, gasping for breath.

"You—you beast!" she choked. "No; you needn't look! I took it from him, and put it in the safe over there before *you* came—to keep it away from you."

Dr. Crang swept a hand across his eyes and through his hair with a savage jerky movement, and then he laughed immoderately.

"What a little liar you are! Well, then, two can play at the same game. I lied to you about your lover there. I said there was nothing could save him. Yes, yes, Claire, my dear, I lied." He knelt suddenly, and, suddenly intent and professional, studied John Bruce's face, and felt again for the pulse beat at John Bruce's wrist. "Pretty near the limit," he stated coolly. "Internal bleeding." He threw

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THE STORY SO FAR:—*Hawkins, New York cab driver, inveterate drunkard, permits Paul Veniza, pawn-broker, to adopt his motherless baby girl, Claire. Twenty years later, Urlin P. Neyret, proprietor of gambling houses, meets in Honolulu John Bruce, of good family, but down and out temporarily, and offers him a big income to act as confidential inspector of his gambling houses, and also to do his bidding in anything. Bruce returns to a life of luxury, meets Claire in a travelling pawnshop, is injured in a fight, and takes refuge in the girl's room, falling unconscious.*

back his shoulders in a strangely egotistical way. "Not many men could do anything; but I, Sidney Angus Crang, could! Ha, ha! ! In ten minutes he could be on the road to recovery—but ten minutes, otherwise, is exactly the length of time he has to live."

AN INSTANT Claire Veniza stared at him. Her mind reeled with chaos, with terror and dismay.

"Then do something!" she implored wildly. "If you can save him, do it! You must! You shall!"

"Why should I?" he demanded. His teeth were clamped hard together. "Why should I save your lover? No—damn him!"

She drew away from him, and, suddenly, on her knees, buried her face in her hands, and burst into sobs.

"This—this is terrible—terrible!" she cried out. "Has that frightful stuff transformed you into an absolute fiend? Are you no longer even human?"

Flushed, a curious look of hunger in his eyes, he gazed at her.

"I'm devilishly human in some respects!" His voice rose out of control. "I want you! I have wanted you from the day I saw you."

She shivered. Her hands felt suddenly icy as she pressed them against her face.

"Thank God, then," she breathed, "for this, at least—that you will never get me!"

"Won't I?" His voice rose higher, trembling with passion. "Won't I? By God, I will! The one thing in life I will have some way or another! You understand! I will! And do you think I would let *him* stand in the way? You drive me mad, Claire, with those wonderful eyes of yours, that hair, those lips, that throat—"

"Stop!" She was on her feet, and in an instant had reached him, and with her hands upon his shoulders was shaking him fiercely with all her strength. "I hated you, despised you, loathed you before, but with that man dying here, you murderer, I—"

Her voice trailed off, strangled, choked. He had caught her in his arms, his lips were upon hers. She struggled like a tigress. And as they lurched about the room he laughed in mad abandon. She wrenched herself free at last, and slipped and fell upon the floor.

"Do you believe me now?" he panted. "I will have you! Neither this man, nor any other will live to get you. His life is a snap of my fingers—so is any other life. It's you I want, and you I will have. And I'll tame you! Then I'll show you what love is."

She was moaning now a little to herself. She crept to John Bruce and stared into his face. Dying! They were letting this man die. She tried to readjust the cloths upon the wound. She heard Dr. Crang laugh at her again. It seemed as though her soul were sinking into some great bottomless abyss that was black with horror. She did not know this John Bruce. She had told Dr. Crang so. It was useless to repeat it, useless to argue with a drug-steeped brain. There was only one thing that was absolute and final, and that was that a man's life was ebbing away, and a fiend, an inhuman fiend who could save him, but whom pleading would not touch, stood callously by, not wholly indifferent, rather gloating over what took the form of triumph in his diseased mind. And then suddenly she seemed so tired and weary. And she tried to pray to God. And tears came, and on her knees she turned and flung out her arms imploringly to the unkempt figure that stood over her, and who smiled as no other man she had ever seen had smiled before.

"For the pity of God, for anything you have ever known in your life that was pure and sacred," she said brokenly, "save this man."

HE LOOKED at her for a moment, still with that sardonic smile upon his lips, and then, swift in its transition, his expression changed and cunning was in his eyes.

"What would you give?" he purred.

"Give?" She did not look up. She felt a sudden surge of relief. It debased the man the more, for it was evidently money now; but her father would supply that. She had only to ask for it. "What do you want?" she asked eagerly.

"Yourself," said Dr. Crang.

She looked up now, quickly, startled; reading the lurking triumph in his eyes, and with a sudden cry of fear turned away her head.

"My—myself!" Her lips scarcely moved.

"Yes, my dear! Yourself—Claire!" Dr. Crang shrugged his shoulders. "Edinburgh, London, Vienna, Paris, degrees from everywhere—ha, ha!—am I a high-priced man? Well, then, why don't you dismiss me? You called me in! That is my price—or shall we call it fee? Promise to marry me, Claire, and I'll save that man."

Her face had lost all vestige of color. She stood and looked at him, but it did not seem as though she any longer had control over her limbs. She did not seem able to move them. They were numbed; her brain was mercifully numbed—there was only a sense of impending horror, without that horror taking concrete form. A voice came to her as though from some great distance. "Don't take too long to make up your mind. There isn't much time. It's about touch and go with him now."

The words, the tone, the voice roused her. Realization, understanding swept upon her. A faintness came. She closed her eyes, swayed unsteadily, but recovered herself. Something made her look at the upturned face on the floor. She did not know this man. He was nothing to her. Why was he pleading with her to pawn herself for him? What right had he to ask for worse than death from her that he might live? Her soul turned sick within her. If she refused this man would die. Death! It was a very little thing compared with days and months and years linked, fettered, bound to a drug fiend, a coward, a foul thing, a potential murderer, a man only in the sense of physical form, who had abused every other God-given attribute until it had rotted away! Her hands pressed to her temples fiercely, in torment. Was this man to live or die? In her hands was balanced a human life. It seemed as though she must scream out in her anguish of soul; and then it seemed as though she must fling herself upon the drug-crazed being who had forced this torture upon her, fling herself upon him to batter and pommel with her fists at his face that smiled in hideous contentment at her. What was she to do? The choice was hers. To let this man here die, or to accept a living death for herself—no, worse than that—something that was abominable, revolting, that profaned— She drew her breath in sharply. She was staring at the man on the floor. His eyelids fluttered and opened. Gray eyes were fixed upon her, eyes that did not seem to see for there was a vacant stare in them—and then suddenly recognition crept into them and they lighted up, full of a strange, glad wonder. He made an effort to speak, an effort, more feeble still, to reach out his hand to her—and then the eyes had closed and he was unconscious again.

She turned slowly and faced Dr. Crang.

"You do not know what you are doing." She formed the words with a great effort.

"Oh, yes, I do!" he answered with mocking deliberation. "I know that if I can't get you one way, I can another—and the way doesn't matter."

"God forgive you, then," she said in a dead voice, "for I never can or will! I—I agree."

He took a step toward her.

"You'll marry me?" His face was fired with passion.


## This Map is Unique

*IN the March 15 issue there will appear a map absolutely unique. It is the child of George H. Ham's brain, and shows where every passenger and freight train on the main line of the C.P.R. was at a certain hour on a stated day — to be exact, 6 p.m., November 1, 1920. Nothing in the map line like this has ever before been attempted, and to complete it took more than a week's work on the part of several engineers and draughtsmen. This map, as reproduced, is nineteen inches wide, and every railroad employee in Canada will want to cut it out and tack it up in his station, car, caboose or room.*


She retreated a step.

"Yes," she said.

He reached out for her with savage eagerness.

"Claire!" he cried. "Claire!"

SHE pushed him back with both hands.

"Not yet!" she said, and tried to steady her voice. "There is another side to the bargain. The price is this man's life. If he lives I will marry you, and in that case, as you well know, I can say nothing of what you have done to-night; but if he dies, I am not only free, but I will do my utmost to make you criminally responsible for his death."

"Ah!" Dr. Crang stared at her. His hands, still reaching out to touch her, trembled; his face was hectic; his eyes were alight again with feverish hunger—and then suddenly the man seemed transformed into another being. He was on his knees beside John Bruce, and had opened his handbag in an instant, and in another he had forced something from a vial between John Bruce's lips; then an instrument was in his hands. The man of a moment before was gone; one Sidney Angus Crang, of many degrees, professional, deft, immersed in his work, had taken the other's place. "More water! An extra basin!" he ordered curtly.

Claire Veniza obeyed him in a mechanical way. Her brain was numbed, exhausted, possessed of a great weariness. She watched him for a little while. He flung another order at her.

"Make that couch up into a bed," he directed. "He can't be moved even upstairs to-night."

Again she obeyed him; finally she helped him to lift John Bruce to the couch.

She sat down in a chair and waited—she did not know what for. Dr. Crang had drawn another chair to the couch and sat there watching his patient. John Bruce, as far as she could tell, showed no sign of life.

Then Dr. Crang's voice seemed to float out of nothingness:

"He will live, Claire, my dear! By God, I'd like to have done that piece of work in a clinic! Some of 'em would sit up! D'ye hear, Claire, he'll live!"

She was conscious that he was studying her; she did not look at him, nor did she answer.

An eternity seemed to pass. She heard a motor stop outside in front of the house. That would be her father and Hawkins.

The front door opened and closed, footsteps entered the room—and suddenly seemed to quicken and hurry forward. She rose from her chair.

"What's this? What's the matter? What happened?" A tall white-haired man cried out.

It was Dr. Crang who answered.

"Oh—this, Mr. Veniza?" He waved his hand indifferently toward the couch. "Nothing of any importance." He shrugged his shoulders in cool imperturbability, and smiled into the grave, serious face of Paul Veniza. "The really important thing is that Claire has promised to be my wife."

For an instant no one moved or spoke—only Dr. Crang still smiled. And then the silence was broken by a curious half laugh, half curse that was full of menace.

"You lie!" Hawkins, the round, red-faced chauffeur, had stepped from behind Paul Veniza, and now faced Dr. Crang. "You lie! You damned coke-eater! I'd kill you first!"

"Drunk—again!" drawled Dr. Crang contemptuously. "And what have you to do with it?"

"Steady, Hawkins!" counselled Paul Veniza quietly. He turned to Claire Veniza. "Claire," he asked, "is—is this true?"

She nodded—and suddenly, blindly, started toward the door.

"It is true," she said.

"Claire!" Paul Veniza stepped after her. "Claire, you—"

"Not to-night, father," she said in a low voice. "Please let me go."

He stood aside, allowing her to pass, his face grave and anxious—and then he turned to Dr. Crang.

"She is naturally very upset over what has happened here," said Dr. Crang easily—and suddenly reaching out grasped Hawkins' arm, and pulled the old man forward to the couch. "Here, you!" he jerked out. "You've got so much to say for yourself—take a look at this fellow!"

The old chauffeur bent over the couch.

"My God!" he cried out in a startled way. "It's the man we—I—drove to-night!"

"Quite so!" observed Dr. Crang. He smiled at Paul Veniza again. "Apart from the fact that the fellow came in through that window with a knife stab in his side that's pretty nearly done for him, Hawkins knows as much about it as either Claire or I do. He's in bad shape. Extremely serious. I will stay with him to-night. He cannot be moved." He nodded suggestively toward the door. "Hawkins can tell you as much as I can. It's got to be quiet in here. As for Claire"—he seemed suddenly to be greatly disturbed and occupied with the condition of the wounded man on the couch—"that will have to wait until morning. This man's condition is critical. I can't put you out of your own room, but—" Again he nodded toward the door.

For a moment Paul Veniza hesitated—but Dr. Crang's back was already turned, and he was bending over the wounded man, apparently oblivious to every other consideration. He motioned to Hawkins, and the two left the room.

*Continued on page 32*

# MORE POLITICAL MEMOIRS

## FURTHER STORIES OF THE SOLONS OF THE EIGHTIES

*By* COL. GEORGE H. HAM

OLD timers often compare present day members with those of Parliament when there were notable outstanding figures like Macdonald, George Brown, Tilley, Tupper, Mowat, Howe, Cartwright, Chapleau—and wonder whether their successors are of lighter calibre, or if the people have grown up nearer to their standard. If I were asked my own opinion, I would truthfully say, I really don't know. But Parliament during the time I was at Ottawa and was able to take observations was composed of great men—the pick of the intelligence and progressiveness of the Dominion—men of whom any country might be justly proud. Most of them have gone; but their work, the completed Canada, remains, and is their best monument.

### Some Well-Known Members

ALTHOUGH I left the Press Gallery in the early 90's my connection with it did not entirely cease, and I was frequently a visitor within its sacred precincts, and so, as new members came in, new friends were made. To mention them all would be impossible, but I remember kindly Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, one of the best speakers on the Liberal side; Hon. Hugh Clarke, the inimitable wit from Kincardine, whose Scotch humor was infectious; Ed. Lewis, from Huron, who was eternally initiating new legislation; Clarence Jameson, from Digby, who could imitate Sir Robert Borden better than Sir Robert could himself; Billy Weichel from Kitchener, who was afterwards defeated because he wasn't German enough for his constituents; A. C. Boyce, the bright boy from the Soo; Sir George Perley, from Argenteuil, who did great service for Canada in London during the war; J. G. Turriff, from Assiniboia, who afterwards became a Senator; Dr. Cash, from Qu'Appelle; Lloyd Harris and W. F. Cockshutt, from Brantford, two very prominent members; Col. Geo. H. Baker, from Brome, who gave up his life in the Great War; John Tolmie, from Bruce; Luggy McCarthy, R. B. Bennett and John Herron, amongst the brightest from the West; John Stanfield, the Government whip from Truro, and F. B. McCurdy, now a member of the Government; Billy Sloan and Herb Clements, two genial gentlemen from Comox-Alberni; Speaker Rhodes and Hance Logan from Cumberland, N.S.; Theodore Burrows, an old friend from Dauphin, Manitoba; Andy Broder, the David Harum of the House from Dundas; A. B. Ingram and David Marshall from East Elgin, and Tom Crothers, afterwards Minister of Labor, from West Elgin; R. F. Sutherland, now Justice Sutherland, who is an ornament to the bench, and my old friend, Wm. McGregor, both from South Essex; the redoubtable Jim Conmee and his successor, J. J. Carrick, from Thunder Bay; A. B. Crosby, now a Senator, from Halifax, as was the late lamented Senator Dennis; Gus Porter from Hastings. Then there were my old friends, John Fisher, who defeated Billy Paterson; Wm. Harty, from Kingston; Fred Pardee, the genial Liberal whip from Lambton; Billy Buchanan, of Lethbridge; Bob McPherson from Vancouver; R. L. Richardson, of Lisgar, and Dr. Rutherford of Macdonald, Manitoba, who is efficient as a railway commissioner and proficient in the art of anecdotal side-splitters in the Scotch vernacular. There was also the fighting Liberal trio from the Maritime Provinces—William Pugsley, Ed. Macdonald and Frank Carvell. Then there were D. A. Macdowell and Tom Davis from Saskatchewan, Walter Scott and W. D. Perley from Assiniboia; Simon Cimon from Charlebois, and Hugh John Macdonald (now Sir Hugh), son of the chieftain, was as popular a member as ever sat in the House.

And who can forget Sam Hughes (now Sir Sam, but the same old Sam) who first came to the House in 1892? He was very vigorous and aggressive, and abuse him as you will, everybody will acknowledge that his feat of sending 33,000 well-equipped, stalwart Canadian troops across the sea in two months was something few men could accomplish—and none other did.

For over half-a-century, the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada has existed. It will continue indefinitely, and while there may be carping criticism and factious condemnation of the powers that be, the average thoughtful citizen will credit its members with being honestly endeavoring to legislate in what they conscientiously believe to be the best interests of the whole country.

### Appointing a Governor

IF WARWICK was a King Maker, I couldn't say that while I didn't aspire to be his rival, I wasn't in his class. At any rate, I was the humble means of aiding in appointing Senator John Schultz to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba. I was in the Ottawa Press Gallery at the time, and in the course of my reportorial duties frequently met the Senator. One day, the question of the Governorship of Manitoba incidentally came up between us. This position had always been held by an Eastern man, and of all the names mentioned as a possible appointee, none could be proved to be acceptable to the Manitobans, and this phase of the question arose.

"Why don't you take it yourself, Senator?" I suggested.

"Haven't a chance," he replied.

"Not now, perhaps, but if you'll accept it, wait till tomorrow."

I knew that the Governorship was the Senator's ambition, so when I reached the Press Gallery I told the boys that "Senator Schultz' appointment to the Manitoba governorship was being favorably considered." This was sent off to the different newspapers with a little stronger one to the Winnipeg *Free Press*, which had all along been antagonistic to the Senator, and came out with a corking editorial in his favor. That settled it. The Conservative Government feared the Liberal *Free Press* more than any other Western paper and the appointment was shortly afterwards made.

It was nothing but the solemn truth that I told the press boys about the Senator's elevation to the Governorship being favorably considered. Both he and I were favorably considering it, weren't we?



## *Heming's Pictures Sold*

### TO THE ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

*ARTHUR HEMING'S historical paintings, which have been illustrating his 'Drama of Our Great Forests,' and also appearing on several recent covers of MacLean's, have been sold to the Royal Ontario Museum, through the instrumentality of Sir Edmund Walker.*

*Mr. Heming has depicted the life of the voyageur and trapper; of six-fathom canoes and the York boats; of the 'Goods Brigade' and the 'Fur Brigade'—a life of adventure, discovery, romance—of hardships, perils and disappointments—but of wonderful color, fascination and definite national interest.*

*It is a life that is vanishing—much of it has already passed away. But Mr. Heming's work will remain a permanent pictorial record of a life which is intimately linked up with Canada's early history.*

### "Some One Blundered"

APROPOS of the unrestricted reciprocity proposal introduced by Sir Richard Cartwright in 1888 it is interesting to recall the fact that reply to Sir Richard—the first speech in criticism of the reciprocity project—was delivered by Robert S. White, then, as now, editor in chief of the Montreal *Gazette*. "Bob" White was but a lad in those days, and had just succeeded his father as member for Cardwell. His speech, coming immediately after Sir Richard had concluded, was brimfull of information regarding the trade of the country, and became the basis of the anti-reciprocity argument of later days.

While personal friendship refused to observe party lines, personal dislike often manifested itself among men who on the surface were political friends. Edward Blake and Sir Richard Cartwright, for instance, were not at all friendly. Mr. Blake did not like Sir Richard's unrestricted reciprocity proposition, and Sir Richard thought Mr. Blake overdid it when he made his great attack upon the Orange Bill on March 17. This Orange question, by the way, was a thorn in the side to more persons than one. Mr. McMullen found it to be such in his case during a bye-election in Wellington. On his way to the village in which he was to speak, a scoundrel told him he was going into quite a Catholic settlement. So he thought he would improve the opportunity thus presented to him to win a few votes by dwelling upon the attitude of the party towards the Orangemen. He had not gone far when he experienced a decided coolness on the part of the audience, following which there was an uproar which convinced him that "some one had blundered."

### The Wrong Hat

ON THE Government side also there were divisions which threatened the party. Dalton McCarthy was forming his group which developed into the element that made it impossible for Sir Charles Tupper to go on with the Manitoba School bill in 1896. It was thought at the time that McCarthy was disgruntled because Sir John Thompson had been brought in over his head as Minister of Justice. That is merely what Dame Rumor said. Then, while the English-speaking section of the Conservative party was up against a possible division, the French section was not happy. The Chapleau wing was dissatisfied with the leadership of Sir Hector Langevin, and the long reign of that statesman was coming to an end. Everything seemed to be moving in the last session I was at Ottawa towards readjustment. And within a year the readjustment came. Sir John Macdonald died, in the middle of the following session, and Sir Hector went out as a result of a scandal.

Two bosom friends were Messrs. H. McMillan, of Vaudreuil, and J. C. Wilson, the paper manufacturer, who represented Argenteuil. They were a second edition of Damon and Pythias, the only difference being that these Canadians always wore shiny plug hats and D. and P. didn't. But one day, at the Russell House, when Mac didn't arrive by the usual train, his room was temporarily given to Mr. Wilson, who retired, and was enjoying a snooze when his colleague came on the scene, a little annoyed at not being able to procure a room, and especially this particular room of his. So he awoke Mr. Wilson, and told him to get out, and at once threw his valise out through the doorway into the corridor, which was followed by his umbrella and his cane and finally by a plug hat which was smashed beyond repair by its contact with the opposite wall. Mr. Wilson laughed heartily, and quickly grabbed the other plug. When Mac wanted to know "what in thunder" was the cause of so much hilarity he was blandly informed that in his anger he had, in mistake, thrown out his own hat, whereupon they adjourned to the Russell bar and hostilities ceased.

### A Telephone for each Language

HON. JOSEPH ROYAL, a brilliant politician, sat in the House at the time I am writing of, and was afterwards elevated to the Lieut.-Governorship of the Northwest Territories, as was Charlie McIntosh, the urbane editor of the Ottawa *Citizen*, who was one of the cleverest writers on the Canadian press. Hon. A. A. C. Larivière, afterwards a senator, also came from Manitoba, where, in the local legislature, he had been a Cabinet Minister. He once nearly had to defend himself against the very grave charge of having two telephones in his office, but he was saved the trouble by Kenneth Mackenzie, an out-and-out Grit, who came to his rescue and claimed the minister was perfectly justified in having two telephones—one to talk through in English and the other in French—and this convinced the House.

### An Authority on Poultry

A COUPLE of years ago, my friend, Col. Ernest J. Chambers, the gentleman usher of the Black Rod, and of the "stars" of the Press Gallery of the old days, used to think he was a great authority on poultry, but he has decidedly changed his mind. It happened this way:

Knowing his high reputation as a chicken fancier, two of his neighbor's children met him one day on the street, each with a little chick under his arm. "Oh, Colonel Chambers," was the greeting from one of the kids, "you know so much about fowls, we want you to name these little chickens for us." The Colonel put on his wisest look, and named one Mary Pickford and the other Charlie Chaplin. The youngsters were delighted, as they were regular attendants at the movies. A few months after, he met the two children again, and naturally enquired about the chickens' welfare. One quickly replied: "Oh, you know a lot about chickens, you do. Why Charlie Chaplin laid an egg the day before yesterday, and you ought to hear Mary Pickford crow."

My friend has retired from the high and honorable position of professional poultry fancier.

# The Drama of Our Great Forests



## WILD ANIMALS AND MEN

*By* ARTHUR HEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

WHILE sitting before the fire in Oo-koo-hoo's lodge, we heard sounds that told us that Amik had returned, and presently he entered the tepee, full of wrath over the havoc a wolverine had wrought along his trapping path. The pelts of more dead game had been ruined; deadfalls had been broken; and even some of his steel traps had been carried away. There and then Oo-koo-hoo decided that he would drop all other work and hunt the marauder.

For its size—being about three feet in length and from twelve to eighteen inches high—the wolverine is an amazingly powerful creature. In appearance it somewhat resembles a small brown bear. Though it is not a fast traveller its home range may cover anywhere from five to fifty miles. It feeds upon all sorts of small game, and has been known to kill even deer. It mates about the end of March, dens in any convenient earthen hole or rocky crevice or cave that may afford suitable shelter; and makes its bed of dry leaves, grass or moss.

The young, which number from three to five, are born in June. Whenever necessary, the mother strives desperately to protect her young, and is so formidable a fighter that, even though he may be armed with a gun, the hunter runs considerable risk of being injured by the brute. It has been known to take possession of the carcass even of a caribou and to stand off the hunter who had just shot it.

The superstitious Indian not only believes that the wolverine is possessed of the devil—for it is the most destructive animal in the northern world—but he considers it also to be endowed with great intelligence. The wily Indian, however, knowing the animal's habit of trying to destroy what it cannot carry away, takes advantage of that very fact and hunts it accordingly. Said Oo-koo-hoo:

"My son, no other animal surpasses it in devilish cunning. For it is not content to merely spring a trap, but it will carry it away—more often for a short distance, but sometimes for miles—and hide or bury it. Later on the wolverine may visit it again, carry it still further away and bury it once more. Next to the beaver, the wolverine has the best teeth for cutting wood, and will sometimes free a trap from its clog by gnawing the pole in two. My son, I have even known a wolverine go to the trouble of digging a hole in which to bury a trap of mine; but just in order to fool me, the beast has filled up the hole again, carried the trap to another place and there finally buried it. But as a good hunter is very observant, he is seldom fooled that way, for the wolverine, having very short legs, has difficulty in keeping both the chain and the trap from leaving tell-tale marks in the snow.

"The wolverine is a very knowing brute, and if he thinks he may be trailed, he will sometimes—without the slightest sign of premeditation—jump sideways over a bush, a log or a rock, in order to begin, out of sight of any trailer, a new trail; or he may make a great spring to gain a tree, and ascend it without even leaving the evidence of freshly fallen bark. Then, too, he may climb from tree to tree, by way of the interlocking branches, for a distance of a hundred paces or more, all the while carrying the trap with him. Then, descending to the ground, he may travel for a considerable distance before eventually burying the trap. I have even known him to leave a trap in a tree, but in that case it was not done from design, for signs proved that the chain had been caught upon a branch."

"How many wolverines," I asked, "do you suppose are causing all the trouble on your and Amik's trapping-paths?"

"Only one, my son, for even one wolverine can destroy traps and game for twenty or thirty miles around; and the reason the brute is so persistent in following a hunter's fur path is that it usually affords the wolverine an abundance of food. Then, when the hunter finds the brute is bent on steady mischief, it is time for him to turn from all other work and hunt the thief. If at first steel traps fail, he may build special deadfalls, often only as decoys round which to set, unseen, more steel traps in wait for the marauder.

"If a hunter still fails, he may sit up all night in wait for the robber, knowing that the more stormy the night, the

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*THE COVER—Mr. Heming says: "We saw a wonderful sight, in 1895, while travelling just to the east of the Athabasca River. . . . Half over the far-off trees, along the horizon, the sun was shining and the whole south-eastern sky seemed aflame with bands and balls of fire. A vertical ribbon of gradually diminishing lustre, scarcely wider than the sun, was rising into the heavens to meet a vast semi-circle of rainbow beauty arched above the natural sun. Where the strange halo cut the vertical flame and the horizon on either side, three mock suns marked the intersection. Above the natural sun and beneath the halo, four other mock suns studded the vertical band of light. It was a wonderful sight and lasted fully twenty minutes—the sky was just as I have shown it in my picture of the York Factory Packet, on the cover of this issue."*

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better his chance of shooting the brute. Sometimes, too, I have found a wolverine so hard to catch that I have resorted to setting traps in the ashes of my dead fires, or beneath the brush I have used for my bed, while camping upon my trapping-path." Then he added with a twinkle about his eye and a shake of his finger, "But, my son, I have another way and I am going to try it before the moon grows much older."

I asked him to explain, but he only laughed knowingly, so I turned the subject by asking,

"Does an animal ever eat the bait after it is caught?"

"No, my son, no animal ever does that, not even if it be starving, but it may eat snow to quench its thirst. Animals, however, do not often starve to death when caught in traps, but if the weather be very severe, they may freeze in a single night. If, however, the beast is still alive when the hunter arrives, the prisoner will in most cases feign death in the hope of getting free. That is true of most animals, and furthermore it will feign death even when other animals approach; but then, more often, its purpose is to secure the advantage of making a sudden or surprise attack."

### A Snared Wolverine vs. a Wolf-Pack

AN INDIAN named Larzie, who was engaged to hunt meat for the Priests at Fort Resolution, once came upon a wolverine in one of his traps that had done that very thing and won the battle too. The snow, the trap, and the carcass of a wolf silently told Larzie every detail of the fight. The wolverine, having been caught by the left hind leg, had attempted by many means to escape, even trying to remove the nuts from the steel trap with its teeth, as well as trying to break the steel chain, and gnaw in two the wooden clog to which the trap was fastened.

But before accomplishing this, the wolverine had spied a pack of five wolves approaching. In an effort to save its life the wolverine worked itself down low in the snow and there lay feigning death. The cautious wolves on sighting the wolverine began circling about, each time drawing a little nearer. Still suspicious, they sat down to watch the wolverine for a while. Then they circled again, sat down once more, and perhaps did a little howling too. Then they circled again, each time coming closer, until at last, feeling quite sure the wolverine was dead, one of the wolves, in a careless way, ventured too near. No doubt it was then that the wolverine, peeping through his almost closed eyelids had seen his chance—that the nearest wolf was now not only within reach, but off guard too—for the snow gave evidence of a sudden spring. The wolverine had landed upon the back of the wolf, clung on with his powerful forelegs, and not only ripped away at the wolf's belly with the long, sharp claws of his free hind foot, but with his terrible jaws had seized the wolf by the neck and chewed away at the spinal cord. Then, no doubt, the other wolves, seeing their comrade overpowered and done to death, had turned away and left the scene of battle. Later, Larzie had arrived, and after killing the wolverine and skinning both the conqueror and the conquered, had lighted his pipe and leisurely read every detail of the story in that morning's issue of the forest publication called—The Snow.

Next morning when I turned out before breakfast, I found that Oo-koo-hoo had left camp before daylight; and half the afternoon passed before he returned. That evening he explained that during the previous night, the thought of the wolverine having haunted him and spoilt his rest, he had decided on a certain plan, risen before dawn and started upon the trail. Now he was full of the subject, and, without my asking, described what he had done. Securing a number of fish hooks—trout size—he had wired them together, enclosed them in the centre of a ball of grease which he had placed inside an old canvas bag, and fastened there with the aid of wires attached to the hooks.

Then, carrying the bag to a place where he found fairly fresh wolverine signs, he had dropped it upon the trail as though it had accidentally fallen there. The wolverine, he explained, would probably at first attempt to carry away the bag, but on scenting the grease it would paw the bag about; then, upon discovering the opening, it would thrust its head inside, seize the ball of grease in its mouth and start to pull it out. "If that should happen," commented Oo-koo-hoo, "the wolverine would never leave that spot alive; it would just lie there and wait for me to come and knock it on the head."

But now at last—as later events proved—Oo-koo-hoo, the great hunter, had encountered his match. Now it was no longer an unequal contest, for now two could play at cunning—especially when both were masters at the game. Three times The Owl visited his latest wolverine trap, only to learn that twice the brute had inspected it and spurned it, for its tracks proved that caution had kept the animal more than five feet away. Later, as the winter wore on, the subject of wolverines was rarely mentioned as it did not add to the cheerfulness of Oo-koo-hoo's otherwise happy mood.

### How the Children Dress and Play

AS THE time passed, the children devoted themselves to their winter play and spent most of their days in the open air. Tobogganing was their greatest sport. Often did they invite me to take part in this, and whenever, in descending a slope, a sled-load was upset, it always created hilarious laughter.

The younger children, even during the severest part of the winter when it registered forty or more degrees below zero, were always kept comfortably warm, sometimes uncomfortably warm, in the rabbit skin coats that their mother and grandmother had made for them. The rabbit skins were cut into thin, spiral strips and twisted, with the hair-side out, about thin thongs, and woven together like a small meshed fish-net, so that, though the hair overlapped and filled every mesh completely, one's fingers might be passed through the garment anywhere.

They also made rabbit skin blankets in the same way; and of all blankets used in the north woods, none have so many good qualities. A rabbit skin blanket is less bulky than that of the caribou skin; it is warmer than the famous four point woollen blanket of the H. B. Co., and not only ventilates better than either of the others, but it is light to carry. It has the drawback, however, that unless it is enclosed in a covering of some light material, the hair gets on everything, for as long as the blanket lasts it sheds rabbit hair.

I have tried many kinds of beds, and many kinds of blankets, and sleeping bags too, even the Eskimo sleeping bag of double skin—hairless sealskin on the outside, and hairy caribou skin on the inside—and many a night I have slept out in the snow when it was fifty degrees below zero and experience has taught me that the rabbit skin blanket is best for winter use in the northern forest. A sleeping-bag that is large enough to get into is too large when you are in it; you cannot wrap it around you as you can a blanket, therefore it is not so warm; besides, it is harder to keep a bag free of gathering moisture than a blanket.

In relation to setting snares for rabbits, Mrs. Wm. Cornwallis King, the wife of a well known Hudson's Bay Company's factor, once had an unusual experience. She had set for rabbits a number of snares made of piano wire, and when visiting them one morning she was astonished and delighted, too, to find caught in one of her snares a

*Continued on page 41*



**Head-hunter, returning with a magnificent set of moose horns—a splendid trophy for some fortunate sportsman.**

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Split Among the Socialists

*If Factions Develop in New Centre Chaos is Sure to Follow, Predicts Gollomb.*

JOSEPH GOLLOMB.

"AT RANDOM recently I picked up an American daily newspaper published in Paris and marked in red certain items on the front page," writes Joseph Gollomb in the *Fortnightly Review*."Because of its evenly divided interest in both Europe and America this daily can be fairly considered to mirror at least the high lights of what is transpiring to-day throughout the world. The items I marked reported the progress of negotiations between Italian workers and factory owners for the control of the metallurgical and other industries in Italy; the seizing of a Prague Socialist newspaper by its Communist employees; an agrarian Reform Bill passed by the Latvian Legislature; the then refusal of Millerand to be candidate for the Presidency of France; the expulsion by the New York State Legislature of five Socialists elected to that body; the latest declarations of British miners on the eve of striking; the arrest of Communists in Berlin; a supposed linking of Enver Pasha with a Soviet plot; the Polish-Bolshevik peace parley in Riga; the execution in Siberia of the brother of a former Russian Ambassador; and a number of other occurrences in scattered parts of the world. The items in red came to a total of sixteen out of the thirty-three that made up the front page; in space they took up three-and-a-half columns out of seven. It is not exaggeration to say that a similar treatment of the news on most other days would yield approximately the same proportion of red." He proceeds:—

"Two types of misconception are current about such items as I have indicated. One is that they have no significant factor in common. But even the most casual study would show in all these apparently disconnected occurrences the stir of the Socialist movement throughout the world. The growth and forming of a vast army with red banners must be read even in such items as the refusal of a former Socialist to consider for the moment the presidency of a nation of the first rank.

"The other misconception current among those whom that invasion directly threatens is that this vast army presents a united front. The outstanding fact to-day is that the battle-front between Capitalism and Socialism is quiet compared to the fury with which there is raging a conflict between the Right and the Left wings of the Socialist movement throughout the world, between the Second International of the Socialists and the Third International of the Communists; a conflict which is splitting to the heart what has been perhaps the most powerful social, political and economic revolution in the history of the world. And nowhere is the fight at the present moment hotter than among those 'Centre' masses of Socialists who have not as yet taken their stand either with the extreme Right or with the Left of the world revolution.

"From London, the capital of the Socialist Second International, comes a manifesto of war, which declares in part:—

" 'Workers of the world. . . frivolous hands are tearing your unity to pieces. "Workers divide!" is now the cry. This is bringing distrust into your ranks and sowing the seeds of poisonous antagonism amongst you. Workers, we must speak plainly. The future of the World International is at stake. What capitalism never succeeded in doing, fanatical dogmatists have accomplished in our own camp. They have split the rock of proletarian unity from within. Nevertheless, workers throughout the world, the Second International. . . is waging the battle for the ideals of democratic Socialism as against the slavery of capitalism on the one hand and the tyrannical dictatorship of Bolshevism on the other.

" 'Socialism means peace. Bolshevism means violence and war.

" 'We accuse the leaders of the Third International of demoralising the workers. They trod the desires of the Russian people in the dust, and in place of democracy they established an armed dictatorship, not of the proletariat, but of a committee. Now they are attempting to impose their will and their decrees upon the Socialist and Labor Parties of the whole world. They belong to the old world of Czardom, not to the new world of Socialism. They have insulted twenty-seven millions of organized trade-union workers by calling them "blacklegs" and have declared their intention to disrupt the trade unions, the organization of the class-struggle of the proletariat. They may have ended wage-slavery; they have established State-slavery and misery. They have robbed the workers of freedom, of movement and of combination and are preventing the creation of economic Democracy. . .

" 'The final struggle for Socialism will not be decided in Russia, but in those countries where Capitalism is most advanced and most powerful. For this reason the International Congress (of the Second in Geneva in August) appointed the British working classes as their champion. For the moment the International organization has been transferred to London, and therefore the Labor Party and the British Trades Unions have become the champions of the International proletariat. . . .

" 'The Second International is willing to co-operate in all endeavors to restore the international unity of the working classes. It will oppose every attempt to break that unity.

" 'Long live International Social Democracy, the liberator of the nations!' The Executive Committee of the Second International, Arthur Henderson, M.P., (Great Britain); Emile Vandervelde (Belgium); J. Ramsay Macdonald (Great Britain); P. J. Troelstra (Germany); Otto Wels (Germany); Arthur Engberg (Sweden); Camille Huysmans (Belgium)."

"At the Congress in Geneva Camille Huysmans, as secretary, told me that the Second International represented about fourteen million Socialists and trade unionists throughout the world.

"The rock and fortress of the Second, as indicated by the manifesto, is the Labor Party of Great Britain and the British trade unions with their seven million adherents. It is buttressed by the German counterpart of the British combination, the Majority Socialists and the German trade unions with their five million members. Grouped about these are the Labor and Socialist Parties of Belgium and Holland, each with more than half a million in their ranks, and similar organizations representing other countries throughout the world, most of them, however, bodies created by the contagion of splitting which is ruining the Socialist movement.

"From Moscow, the capitol of the Communist Third International, have come numerous manifestoes, brusquely characterising the signers of the manifesto of the Second and their colleagues as the 'confidential advisers of the *bourgeoisie* and reliable hangmen of the working class.' Describing the evolution of these men as participators in *bourgeois* Governments, the Third International says:—

" 'Engaged in the musty atmosphere of parliamentary work, witnesses of the base behind-the scenes transactions, conducting negotiations on behalf of the trade unions concerning petty concessions and compromises, these leaders have lost touch with wide masses of the unskilled, with the toiling poor; they have become oblivious of the growth of capitalist exploitation and of the revolutionary aims of the proletariat. It seemed to them that because the capitalists treated them as equals, as partners in their transactions, the working class had secured equal rights with capital. Their own social standing secure and material position improved, they looked upon the world through the rose-colored spectacles of a peaceful middle-class life. Disturbed in their peaceful trading with the representatives of the *bourgeoisie* by the revolutionary strivings of the proletariat, they became the convinced enemies of the revolutionary aims of the proletariat. . . '

"Of the conduct of these leaders in the Great War, a manifesto of the Third says:

" 'They entered the service of the bourgeoisie and declared to the proletariat that its war-cry of "Workers of the world, unite!" should be substituted during the war by the new cry, "Workers of all countries, cut each other's throats in the defence of your fatherland!" They understood by the phrase of "defence of your fatherland" assistance rendered to the capitalists of one country to defeat the capitalists of another country for the purpose of robbing them. These representatives of the right wing have, at a time of the extermination of the world's proletariat by capital, become the favorites of the bourgeoisie of their respective countries; they joined the *bourgeoisie* ministries to render them assistance. . . They persuaded the proletariat to strain all its forces for war work and to fight to its last breath on the battlefield for capitalism. .'

"That this was not merely a paper war became clear when in Russia Bolshevik fought Menshevik, and in Germany Spartacus mobs fought the Governmental forces of the Majority Socialists with hand-grenades, machine-guns and every other available weapon left plentifully by the Great War.

"As already indicated, it is the Third International that is the aggressor in the split in the Socialist movement. The bases of their attack on the Second can be only roughly summed up here. They are an accusation against evolutionary Socialists as betrayers of the teachings of Karl Marx and Engels, therefore of Socialism and of the working class. 'In the seventy-three years since Marx and Engels analysed capitalist society and pointed out that justly and inevitably there exists between Capital and Labor an irreconcilable conflict which must end in the overthrow of the former by the working classes of the world,' say the critics of the Second, 'only one factor has served to obscure the truth of that criticism and to weaken the force of the revolt it has inspired—and that is evolutionary Socialism.'

"The Independent Socialists of Germany, as leaders of the Centre, first took up the challenge of the Third. A committee of their leaders went to Russia to study at first hand what membership in the Communist International promised for Socialists and the working class in general. When the committee came back to Germany Crispien, Dittman and Hilferding began a country-wide campaign against the Third International, Daunig and Stoeker a passionate propaganda for it. A Congress of the party was called for the middle of October at Halle. The champions for joining the Third on the basis of complete acceptance of the twenty-one conditions imposed by Moscow attacked the date of

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the Congress on the ground that the antis were trying to hurry it forward before the sentiment of the party should become overwhelmingly against them. For weeks the controversy raged in the columns of the party Press and in every Independent organization throughout Germany. When the Congress was convened almost every delegate had been instructed by his constituency as to how to vote on the question of adhesion.

"Zinovieff, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Third, came to present its case. Martov, a Menshevik leader, came to oppose it. Longuet came from France to present the Centre's attitude, a solicitude for the unity of Socialist parties of the Centre. He was against accepting without reserve the twenty-one conditions because they were impracticable for conditions in countries other than Russia. The debate was hot and full. The motion to accept the conditions of the Third International for membership within it was finally passed by a vote of 237 for as against 156 opposed.

"The announcement of the vote was received in deep silence. Everyone knew that the powerful Independent Socialist Party of Germany, which had preserved a brave and trying unity throughout the war and after, had come to a split. Crispien, one of the leaders of the Right, then arose and read a statement that by passing the motion the Left had read themselves out of the party and that thereafter they were deprived of the right to participation in the conduct of the party. Shouts of laughter from the Left greeted this, and the delegates of the Right walked out in a body, while the Left rose and chanted the 'Internationale.'

"There are now two German Independent Socialist Parties. That of the Right will retain the name and about 40 per cent. of the membership. The Left, according to instructions from Moscow, will unite with the German Communist parties into one Communist Party of Germany.

"In America the Socialist Party had voted for joining the Third before the conditions appeared. Since their publication, however, a definite movement to withdraw has set in. There is gathering, therefore, a new Centre, definitely born at Berne in December at a Conference called by the Swiss Socialist Party, at which the Independent Labor Party of England, the Independent Socialists of Germany *minus* the Left, the minority of the Socialist Party of France, and other Centrist groups will have united.

"Whether this new Centre is doomed to a new split, or whether it will succeed in becoming the centre of gravity for the Socialist movement of the world, is on the laps of the gods. But whatever develops in the internecine crisis of the Socialist movement will surely have profound reverberations outside of it."

# Where Humanity Started

*Have Scientists Found Abode of Our Prehistoric Ancestors?*

NEW YORK *TIMES*

THE third Asiatic expedition is to start on a five year study of Asia very shortly, the expenses, amounting to half a million dollars, being defrayed by altruistic Americans. The New York *Times*, commenting on the aims and objects of this expedition, goes on to say:

"Somewhere on the lofty mid-Asian plateau, scholars tells us, was the region whence the human race dispersed and was distributed. If the theory seems to cynics a little like a sentimental engraving, we have to trust the authorities. At any rate, in that now thinly populated district are the relics of early civilizations, earlier than any now known to history. It is significant that the most ancient civilized countries that we know, Babylonia, Chaldea and their successors and rivals, the peoples of the far-off foretime in Asia Minor, Egypt, India, China, are the frontiers or extensions of this central area, whence wave after wave of invasion has flowed immemorially. Man in the hunting stage has to follow the game for his food and his clothes. Therefore it is probable that Central Asia was the old home whence emigrated mammals whose descendants now live in other regions.

"Botanic, geological and zoological expeditions to this district have been made. The American Museum of Natural History has sent a zoological expedition to Mongolia and another to Yunnan in recent years, and collected scientific materials so valuable that it plans a third Asiatic expedition which will be carried on for five years, will be much broader than any of its predecessors, and include anthropological, archaeological and paleontological investigations. Mr. Roy Chapman Andrews, that mighty hunter and accomplished scientist, who is to head the new expedition as he headed its forerunners, tells us that 'there is no similar area of the inhabited surface of the earth about which so little is known.' Of the fossils of Eastern and Central Asia practically nothing is known. It is curious to learn that knowledge of the fossils of Eastern Asia rests almost entirely upon the report of a small collection of teeth and fragmentary bones purchased in the medicine shops of Tientsin and described by a German named Schlosser.

"Fossils are called 'dragon's bones' by the Chinese and hold a great place in their materia medica. If a district rich in fossils is discovered, they regard it as a marvelous medicine chest and hide it from the foreign devils. Of the existing aborigines of the region and of the remains left by the pre-Chinese tribes little is known. A study of those tribes is necessary to enlarge our knowledge of the migrations of the early peoples, and the origin and relations of all the civilized nations of the world. While expectations of discovering 'primitive man' must be regarded as romantic, there is no doubt that the new Central Asian expedition will have a very great scientific value. It will complete or eke out our too scanty knowledge of the geography of Central Asia, the present maps of which are inaccurate and insufficient. Even great reaches of China have not been correctly mapped.

"It is a hard country to explore, rich in great mountain chains and deserts, idle and barren plains. It is so cold that Winter exploring work is mostly out of the question. In some districts the natives suspect all foreigners, and religious or astrological superstitions are a hindrance. The American Museum of Natural History, the American Asiatic Association and the *Asia Magazine* are the sponsors of this important enterprise."

# A Pugilistic Apollo

*American Writer Claims Carpentier Has Won U.S. People.*

HEYWOOD BROUN

GEORGES CARPENTIER, an Apollo in physical symmetry, "a clean, hard fighter and a gallant adventurer," has not only become the idol of the French people, but there are evidences that a very considerable portion of the American public would not be at all displeased to see him give the quietus to Dempsey, their "caveman champion." "From every sentimental point of view, a victory is demanded for Carpentier," writes Heywood Broun in *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Broun gives a very apt word-snapshot of the two fighters who are to meet soon in some as yet unnamed city to contest for the world's championship:—

"It will be difficult for Americans not to root for Carpentier when he meets Dempsey. The whole story of his ring career is persuasively romantic. Some years ago, when he was a lad in Lens, a slender little fellow just up from a mine pit, he chanced to stop in the street to watch a performance by a travelling showman named Deschamps. This itinerant entertainer took white rabbits from a high hat, hypnotized volunteers from the audience and, as the climax of the evening, boxed a few rounds with an assistant. Carpentier had never seen the sport before and was fascinated. After the show he went around and persuaded Deschamps to teach him. He seemed an unlikely recruit, for he was a bean pole and not a very tall one. His weight was about one hundred pounds.

"There was something, however, about the intensity of his earnestness which attracted Deschamps and he took him on. Soon he was a part of the show. A little later he was meeting professional opponents in the ring, although he was still a boy. He fought first as a bantam, then as a featherweight, and so on up through the various classes. His fighting weight to-day is about one hundred and seventy-seven pounds.

"In the process of growing up and fighting up at the same time, Carpentier encountered several reverses, for he was always eager to box the best men available and he met such well-known American fighters as Billy Papke, Dixie Kid, Joe Jeanette, and Frank Klaus, while he was still a novice.

"Just before the war, he seemed about to come into his own, for he followed up a knock-out against Bombardier Wells with a technical victory over Gunboat Smith, who was then one of the best of the American heavyweights. Carpentier served gallantly in the war as an aviator and was decorated for his share in a dangerous night-bombing expedition to Metz. It was generally supposed that he would never be able to reach top form as a boxer again, after an absence of four years from the ring. Soon after the peace he met some second rate opponent with entire satisfaction to himself and later knocked out Joe Beckett, the champion of England, in a few seconds. Coming to America, he was matched with Levinsky and won in four rounds.

"The next step is Dempsey.

"It is only natural that a Carpentier legend should have grown out of so adventurous a career. There are those to-day who will tell you that he owes all his success to Deschamps, his discoverer, who is still his manager.

"The story is that Deschamps, the hypnotist, sits in Carpentier's corner in every fight and that just before the bell rings he stares at the opponent of his protégé until he is completely under control. The bell rings. The hypnotized boxer advances to the centre of the ring, obligingly drops his hands, thrusts out his jaw so that Carpentier can hit him conveniently—and the thing is done.

"There is more difficulty in making Dempsey a romantic figure, though his rise from obscurity to fighting fame has been rapid. A tramp, he rode from town to town upon the brake-beams and made a little money now and then by meeting third-rate pugilists. His early record is not convincing. He was knocked out in a round by Jim Flynn, but it must be admitted that this was a suspicious fight, for only a few months later the men met again and this time Dempsey won in a round. Suddenly, Dempsey discovered a knockout punch. It would be interesting to know whether he found a new trick of some sort or whether a flash of confidence leaped out of the sky and struck him. A distinguished series of successes opened before him. One after another, he toppled opponents until he met the champion Jess Willard, at Toledo on July 4, 1919, and knocked him out in the third round. He knocked his huge opponent down seven times in the first round.

"I saw both Dempsey and Carpentier in their most recent bouts, and Carpentier was much more impressive.

"Carpentier is certainly faster on his feet than Dempsey. I think he can hit harder, although it may be that the champion had an exceptionally bad night against Brennan. At any rate, Carpentier is much more workmanlike. Dempsey is an excitable Anglo-Saxon, while Carpentier is a cool and calculating Latin. In his ring manoeuvres there is none of the aimless fluttering and crouching and sudden retreating which marked the work of Dempsey against Brennan. Dempsey seemed surly enough, as the fight went against him, and there were blazes of bad temper, temper bad enough to make him adopt foul tactics on one or two occasions, but he never showed any emotion as dignified as fury.

"Carpentier, on the other hand, although he seems refined beyond primitive emotions, attains in the middle of a fight a terrifying fury. Still, it is not altogether primitive. It is ice cold. This sureness and confidence will be among Carpentier's best assets when the big fight occurs. Dempsey's confidence has been shaken by his last fight. It required several years for him to gain it and it seems questionable if he will ever be so sure of himself again. Of course, the punishing power of his right hand may again be there, but, as we picture the contest, it will be a meeting between a marvellously fast and self-contained man, with a rapier, and an angry, surly foe with a mace.

"I fancy the rapier against the mace."

# Birth Control and War

*No Other Method of Obtaining Permanent Peace for the World.*

HAROLD COX

(Editor of the Edinburgh *Review*)

UNTIL recently the deliberate practice of birth control has been regarded by quite a considerable number of people as a thing essentially immoral. It is therefore with a feeling somewhat akin to surprise that we note the editor of one of the oldest and most conservative of British Reviews coming forward with an article in each of two recent issues strongly advocating the limitation of families in accordance with Malthusian doctrines. Lack of space prevents us giving more than a few extracts from the articles. After contending that the most persistent cause of war is the over-growth of population, Mr. Cox continues:

"There is however a further and perhaps even stronger reason why the growth of population should be controlled by reason, instead of being left to animal instinct. It is this: that in any large population a low birth-rate is a necessary condition of racial progress.

"This proposition does not affect human beings alone. It is true of all forms of life. Plants furnish the simplest illustration. Where there is plenty of room to spare and the wind will scatter the seeds widely many seedlings will grow into vigorous plants. But where room is limited, either the seedlings must be thinned out or the plants will be dwarfed.

"Human beings cannot escape from these necessary conditions of growth and life. It is true that they can carry their seed to distant continents, and if there are only a few of them—as in the case of the early English settlers in the North American continent—they can safely multiply their numbers.

"Let it be clearly understood what the phrase birth-rate means. It means the ratio between the number of children born in any one year and the number of persons living in that year. Consequently the birth-rate by itself gives no measure of the numbers added to the population in any given period.

"In a word, high birth-rates, that may be desirable for small populations with limitless opportunities of expansion, are impossible for large populations already short of elbow room—except upon one condition. That condition is that a high infantile death-rate shall keep pace with



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R

**Too Free.**—Vice versa, a cynic's name for "new free verse."—London, Ont., *Free Press.*

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**A Suggestion.**—"Keep your powder dry"—applies to both "gun" and "talc" varieties.—London, Ont., *Free Press.*

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**Here's a Hint.**—Girls who cannot sing the old songs would be loved better if they also declined to tackle the new ones.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**A Plaintive Thought.**—At times one suspects that it is much easier to please God than it is to please the reformers.—Kingston, Ont., *British Whig.*

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**Alas! Poor John.**—Michael Collins, general of the Irish Republican army, may not be dead, as reported; but, alas! John is.—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**Unneighborly.**—How can Quebec expect Ontario to be cordial and neighborly when it talks about shutting off the source of irrigation?—Guelph *Herald.*

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**Eccentric.**—The high sheriff of Dublin is dead. The news value of this information lies in the fact that he died in bed and from natural causes.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

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**Might Have been Awkward.**—Burglars entered a house in Michigan and stole the bathtub. Fortunately, nobody was using it at the time.—Montreal *Star.*

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**And there is No ——.**—The owl isn't as wise as men supposed. He stays out all night calling plaintively for "Hootch, Hootch."—Kingston, Ont., *British Whig.*

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**A Chilling Thought.**—Oh, boy, but those Quebec statesmen have sent a chill cavorting up the spinal column of many an Ontario man.—Brockville, Ont., *Recorder and Times.*

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**Life In Peterboro.**—When the door bell rings these days you can never tell whether it's a friend, an insurance agent, an election canvasser or a footpad.—Peterboro, Ont., *Examiner.*

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**Now it's Safe.**—This new style of walking, with one foot directly in front of the other, didn't become popular until prohibition made it safe.—Kingston, Ont., *British Whig.*

**The Evolution of the Wet Cellar.**—It used to be that if a man's cellar was wet he would notify the Board of Works. Now he doesn't tell a soul.—Collingwood, Ont., *Bulletin.*

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**Punctilious.**—This is an ungrateful age but the Bridgeport criminal who thanked the judge for sentencing him to the gallows showed his appreciation of a small favor.—Vancouver *Province.*

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**Mixed Pickles.**—Several Chow Chow dogs have been imported alive from China, which may help to clean up the mystery as to what's the raw material for your favorite pickles.—Toronto *Star.*

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**Ireland and Here.**—Irish ladies, it is declared, carry arms concealed in their skirts. The custom is different here where the ladies generally conceal theirs in Hudson Seal coats.—Toronto *Star.*

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**Try this on your Mouse.**—In Georgetown, P.E.I., a mouse got caught in the threads of a table centrepiece and choked to death. Those things are some use, then, after all.—Owen Sound *Advertiser.*

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**Its Innocent Use.**—There is a movement to abolish the hip pocket, the only available place where a plug of tobacco can be kept in a flexible condition during cold weather.—Cobalt, Ont., *Nugget.*

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**A Solemn Thought.**—The honeymoon is over when the young man wakes up to the fact that the boys were kidding him when they told him that two could live as cheaply as one.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**Who Knows?**—Criminal statistics show that single men commit more crimes than married men in Canada; either that, or the married men are more practised in covering up their tracks.—Montreal *Star.*

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**The Ruling Passion.**—Despite the increase in the birth-rate manufacturers of perambulators complain that they are carrying surplus stocks. Perhaps the babies are waiting until they can have flivvers of their own.—Vancouver *Province.*

**Piling it On.**—Chicago's highwaywoman compels her male victims to kiss her after she has robbed them. There's no doubt of it: the female of the species is more deadly than the male.—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**Gone with the Dodo.**—Charles Lamb once said that the human race is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow and the men who lend. Our theory is that the latter race is now extinct.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**A Lasting Argument.**—A St. Paul man's wife went to the butcher shop on Nov. 27, 1920, and hasn't returned home yet. Maybe she is arguing with the butcher about the price of a pork chop.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**A Group of One.**—M. M. MacBride, Brantford, is starting a new group in the Ontario Legislature. Any group that embraces more than M. M. MacBride will be troubled with internal dissension.—*Financial Post.*

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**What's the Use?**—An unlucky man knocked down by a motorist on College street was revived by a glass of water. Now he wants to know if a man has to be killed outright in this town to get something stronger.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**Adam Missed this Worry.**—After reading all the things printed on a slip that the laundry isn't responsible for, a man concludes that if he doesn't want to give his clothing away he had better wash it himself.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

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**Swank.**—What's this we read? Farmers' Government at Toronto opening with "pomp and ceremony." Why, bless us, the next thing we'll hear is that the cows will be taking breakfast at 10 a.m. up in the manger.—Ottawa *Journal.*

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**The Revised Version.**—An aeroplane is to be used instead of a hearse in a St. Paul funeral. The old idea of being carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, like everything else, has to be brought up to date.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**Should not be Discouraged.**—A plumber was arrested for speeding. That's only right; the law must play no favorites. Nevertheless we are not convinced that the arrest of a plumber for speeding was expedient.—Ottawa *Journal.*

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the high birth-rate. In all the lower races of living things this happens. Weeds and insects have no lack of offspring, but the survival rate is one hundredth or one-thousandth of the birth-rate. A similar consideration applies to many of the races of mankind, and notably to the Chinese.

On the other hand, in populations where the birth-rate is to some slight extent regulated by considerations of parental prudence, so that children are not poured into the world with absolute recklessness, this wholesale massacre of the innocents begins to abate. Thus the Western countries of Europe with their relatively low birth-rates have much lower rates of infantile mortality than countries like India, China, or Russia. More than this, even in those European countries where the birth-rate is already low, as judged by Eastern standards, each further lowering of the birth-rate is accompanied by a further reduction of the infantile death-rate.

"In Germany, between 1906 and 1913, the birth-rate declined by 17 per cent.; the infantile mortality by 18 per cent. In England and Wales in the same period the birth-rate fell by 11 per cent.; the infantile mortality 18 per cent. In Denmark the fall in the birth-rate was 11 per cent.; in infantile mortality 14 per cent. In Norway the birth-rate fell 5 per cent.; infantile mortality 6 per cent. In Sweden the birth-rate declined 10 per cent.; infantile mortality 13 per cent.

"The striking concurrence of these figures sufficiently indicates that it is possible in all countries to secure a considerable saving of infant life by reducing the rate at which new babies are born.

"Nor does the evil end with the high infantile or juvenile death-rate. Many children survive childhood only to reach maturity as permanent weaklings. There is no doubt whatever that the low standard of health prevailing through a large part of the population of most countries is to a considerable extent due to the excessive rate at which children are born.

"The suggestion that Malthusian teaching would help to 'maintain conditions which were highly favourable to the few,' and 'hurtful to the many,' is the direct contrary of the truth. In the preface to his first 'Essay on Population' Malthus sets forth clearly as the object before him 'the improvement of society.' If only his teaching had begun to produce practical results in the first quarter, instead of in the last quarter of the nineteenth century the history of the working classes of England during that century would have been fundamentally changed. The substitution of steam-driven machinery for hand labour during the earlier years of the nineteenth century might have led to an immense uplifting of the condition of the wage-earning class by enabling each manual worker to earn more with less effort. Instead, this great industrial revolution led in many cases to an actual lowering of the wage-earners' standard of life. And the whole reason was that the new opportunities of employment stimulated the production of children to tend the new machines. The birth-rate went up with a bound, and it was not the wage-earner but the employer who benefited, for he was able to obtain cheap child labour, while adult workmen were thrown out of employment or driven to accept starvation wages.

"The attitude of the general public towards the social and theological issues involved in the practice of birth control has changed very greatly in the last few decades. A generation ago the deliberate prevention of conception was regarded by apparently quite a considerable number of people as a thing essentially immoral. That view hardly finds any support today except among a certain number of medical men and clergymen, and their verbal opposition is largely discounted by the statistical fact that the birth-rate in the families of medical men and clergymen is lower than in the families of almost any other classes of the community. The Bishop of Birmingham, who presided over the second session of the National Birth-Rate Commission, has frankly dissociated himself from what may be called the theological view of the question.

" 'Morally as well as eugenically, it was right for people in certain circumstances to use harmless means to control the birth-rate. . . It was immoral to avoid having children from selfish motives, but it was surely also immoral to have child after child under circumstances which, humanly speaking, were such as to render the proper upbringing of such children impossible.'

"From the medical point of view one of the best contributions to the controversy is a pamphlet by Dr. Killick Millard, Medical Officer of Health for Leicester. He points out that 'the environment is bad where the families are largest, so that the worst and not the best chance is given for the children to grow up good and worthy citizens.'

"In Great Britain the infantile death-rate has declined *pari passu* with the birth-rate. In other European countries the same connection of cause and effect stands out clearly.

"The extraordinary fact is that a number of presumably humane Englishmen, such as the members of the National Birth-Rate Commission, should deliberately aim at giving fuller play to the merciless methods of Nature. In calling for a higher birth-rate they are also calling for a higher death-rate. This statement may to the hasty reader sound unfair, but though the clergymen and social reformers and doctors who constituted the Birth-Rate Commission may have been unconscious of what they were doing, the statement is absolutely true. The present birth-rate of England and Wales, which the Commission condemns as inadequate, gives an increase of population which if continued for a few centuries would fill up the whole world with English people to the exclusion of all other races. That process would necessarily be accompanied by devastating wars in which race killed race in order to find room to live. Unless the ever-increasing streams of children which the Birth-Rate Commission calls for die in infancy, their ultimate fate must be starvation or death on the battlefield.

"Sooner or later each race must choose between a limitation of the birth-rate or an expansion of the death-rate. The higher races of the world have already made their choice."

# FELS-NAPTHA



### *What does "Fels-Naptha" mean?*

It means the perfect combination of good soap and *real* naptha.

### *What is Naptha?*

A wonderful dirt-loosener used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen dainty fabrics and restore delicate colors. *Naptha makes dirt let go,* and carries away all odors from clothes. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses; and thoroughly clean clothes last longer.

### *Why combine Naptha with Soap?*

Because when combined the Fels-Naptha way, the cleansing quality of naptha is added to that of good soap, and *together* they do the work quicker and better than either naptha or soap alone.

### *Why not use Soap alone and pour Naptha into the Wash-water?*

Naptha of itself will not mix with water. But it *does* mix when carried into the water by Fels-Naptha, because of the individual Fels-Naptha process which makes naptha soluble in water. Therefore every bubble of Fels-Naptha suds contains naptha. It works through every fibre of the clothes loosening *all* the dirt.

### *Aren't all "Naptha" Soaps alike?*

No. The word "naptha" has been misused. Fels-Naptha is the *original* naptha soap. It contains *real* naptha. The exclusive Fels-Naptha method of combining good soap and real naptha has never been duplicated. Fels-Naptha *holds* its naptha. Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.

### *What Color for Soap?*

Color has little to do with the purity or cleansing-value of soap. Some good soaps are black; others white, green, brown, yellow and golden. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the natural color of the good materials that help to *hold* its naptha. Fels-Naptha makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

### *Why isn't Fels-Naptha hard as a Brick?*

Hard soaps mean hard rubbing. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes, and a backache. Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves in the wash water. The cleansing work is done by soap, naptha and water all thoroughly *mixed.*

### *What Soap for Washing-machines?*

Fels-Naptha is the ideal soap for the washer because its naptha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts. Then the suds churn through and through the clothes, quickly flushing all dirt away. And the inside of the machine will not be sticky.

### *Are there Fels-Naptha Flakes?*

No, but it is a simple matter to make your own—and more economical. Just shave off into the water the chips or flakes of Fels-Naptha *as you need them.* This gives you the added cleansing value of naptha in washing woolens, dainty lingerie and all fine things.

### *How many other Uses has Fels-Naptha?*

The housewife constantly finds new uses for Fels-Naptha. Besides laundry-work, Fels-Naptha is wonderful for taking spots from rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Always keep a cake in the bathroom for very dirty hands and for enamel of bathtub and washstand. Give your home and yourself the benefit of the real naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

"Copyright, Canada, 1921, by Fels & Co."




*Three things identify Fels-Naptha —the red-and-green wrapper, the golden bar, the clean naptha odor.*

*Fels-Naptha safely cleans anything cleanable and washes anything washable.*

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



*A Nightly Footbath for the Children*

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# The World's Worst Failure?

*Have the Movies Added Nothing to the Art of the Theatre?*

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

A NEW and robust voice has been heard in the chorus of argument for and against the movies. Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer writing in the New York *Outlook* ranges himself unmistakably with the antis and designates the movie art industry as "the world's worst failure."

"Within the limits of this field, conscribed by time, place, and the confines of a single stage, the art of the drama has blazed forth in various ages as one of the brightest jewels in the diadem of human achievement," he says. "This is the record of the old drama. What has so far been the promise of the new?

"The basic material of all art is life. Life lies as ready at the hand of the movie world as it did at the hand of Aristophanes and Shakespeare. But the spendthrift soul of the new drama has also been endowed with a fairy wand which Aristophanes and Shakespeare never knew. It has been gifted with power over time and space; all the world is literally its stage. The seas are ready to its command; the forest and the stream are its handmaidens: the great plains and deserts lie open for its delight; the mountains bow to its bidding; and the peoples of the world lie within the hollow of its vast hand. The parable of talents provides a scale by which the failure of the movie picture must be judged. Gifted with the touch of Midas, the winged feet of Mercury, what spoil has the movie brought to Parnassus?

"Somehow I don't seem to hear the chorus of voices which greeted my ears a short while ago; but that, as I have suggested, may be purely a matter of self-deception.

"Honestly, now, what have the movies done? They have brought into being a few, and a very few, effective and convincing spectacles. For the material for almost every serious production which they have attempted they have gone ragsnatching along the clothes-line of the other arts; they have borrowed historical episodes and failed to illuminate them; they have ransacked the granaries of drama and fiction and borne off more often the chaff than the wheat; they have turned Thalia into a hurler of custard pies, dressed Terpsichore in a one-piece bathing-suit, and in pursuit of Melpomene treated the world to unpremeditated tragedy.

"Such real characters as the movies have portrayed have generally been filched from printed books and marred in the filching. Almost the only kind of character development which the movies have recognized is a sudden and impossible conversion, repugnant to the spirit of art and to ordinary horse sense. The movies have been condemned as immoral. Very few moving picture plays are immoral in the sense in which that word is used by the average would-be reformer of the movies. But I have seldom seen a moving-picture play which I did not regard as immoral because of its absolute failure to present truthfully the fabric of that cosmic drama which we call life.

"I shall not dwell upon the relation between movies and the poetic spirit. Offhand, I should judge the relationship to be about that of a thirteenth cousin-in-law seventeen times removed. It is a rare evening when I see the work of any moving-picture producer which indicates even an elementary ability to discriminate between poetic fantasy and maudlin sentimentality.

"About the highest poetic flight of which the average movie producer is capable can be summed up in a few words: *'And grim death hovered over his bed.' Grim death does so to lugubrious music. 'But the angel of hope still fluttered in his heart.' The angel successfully flutters for a while and at last drives g. d. off stage r. u. e.* Is the evaluation which I have made of the worth of the motion picture unfairly colored by personal prejudice and a colossal sense of disappointment over what the moving picture has failed to achieve?

"The first moving picture I ever saw was a study of a man cutting and eating a steak. When the brief and flickering roll was finished, the operator, by way of variety, ran it backwards. The result was regarded as a great achievement. The latest picture which I have seen is a million-dollar spectacle, photographed with rare technical skill and almost flawless in projection. This likewise has been regarded as a great achievement. Yet, as I look back over twenty-five years of pictures, I am compelled to confess that the development from steak-eating to spectacles of continental dimensions is no proof to me that the movie has found its footing among the arts. Considered as an art, the business of manufacturing moving pictures is entitled to top ranking in the list of the world's worst failures."

# The Man Who Knew Too Much

*Continued from page 8*

ence of something more than an accident. He collided with a piece of furniture in the library and almost shuddered with the shock; for the thing moved as he could never have fancied a piece of furniture moving. It seemed to move like a living thing, yielding and yet striking back.

The next moment Grayne had turned on the lights; and he saw he had only stumbled against one of the revolving book-stands that had swung round and struck him; but his own involuntary recoil had revealed to him his own subconscious sense of something mysterious and monstrous. There were several of these revolving bookcases standing here and there about the library; on one of them stood the two cups of coffee, and on another a large open book. It was Budge's book on Egyptian hieroglyphics, with colored plates of strange birds and gods; and even as he rushed past, he was conscious of something odd about the fact that this, and not any work of military science, should be open in that place at that moment. He was even conscious of the gap in the well-lined bookshelf from which it had been taken; and it seemed almost to gape at him in an ugly fashion, like a gap in the teeth of some sinister face.

A run brought them in a few minutes to the other side of the ground in front of the Bottomless Well; and a few yards from it, in a moonlight almost as broad as daylight, they saw what they had come to see.

The great Lord Hastings lay prone on his face, in a posture in which there was a touch of something strange and stiff, with one elbow erect above his body, the arm being doubled, and his big bony hand clutching the rank and ragged grass. A few feet away was Boyle, almost as motionless, but supported on his hands and knees, and staring at the body. It might have been no more than shock and accident; but there was something ungainly and unnatural about the quadrupedal posture and the gaping face. It was as if his reason had fled from him. Behind there was nothing but the clear blue southern sky and the beginning of the desert, except for the two great broken stones in front of the well. And it was in such a light and atmosphere that men could fancy they traced in them enormous and evil faces, looking down.

HORNE FISHER stooped and touched the strong hand that was still clutching the grass; and it was as cold as a stone. He knelt by the body and was busy for a moment applying other tests; then he rose again and said with a sort of confident despair,

"Lord Hastings is dead."

There was a stony silence; and then Travers remarked gruffly, "This is your department, Grayne, I will leave you to question Captain Boyle. I can make no sense of what he says."

Boyle had pulled himself together and risen to his feet, but his face still wore an awful expression, making it like a new mask or the face of another man.



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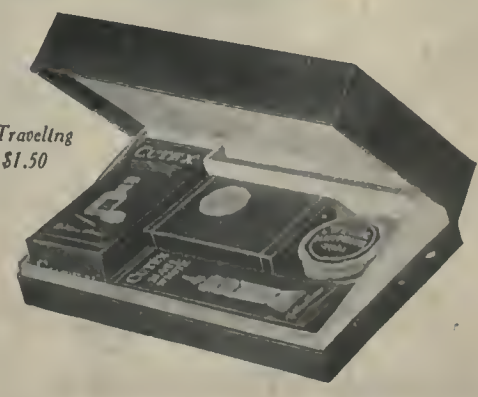

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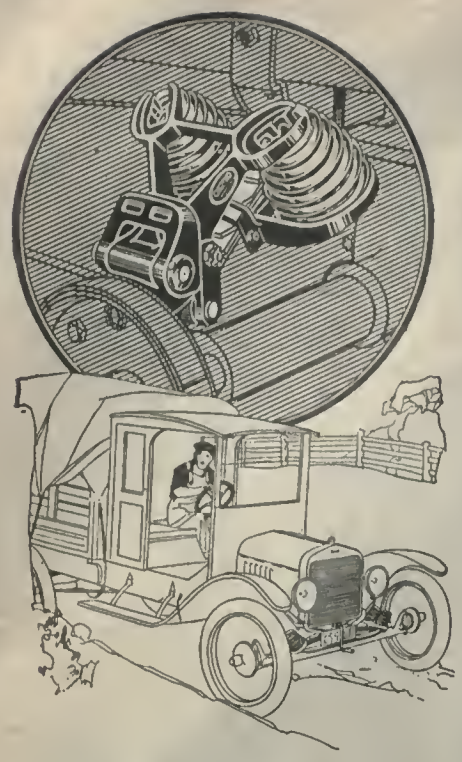
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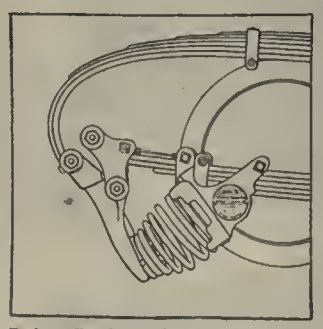


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"I was looking at the well," he said, "and when I turned he had fallen down."

Grayne's face was very dark. "As you say this is my affair," he said. "I must first ask you to help me carry him to the library, and let me examine things thoroughly."

When they had deposited the body in the library, Grayne turned to Fisher, and said in a voice that had recovered its fullness and confidence, "I am going to lock myself in and make a thorough examination first. I look to you to keep in touch with the others, and make a preliminary examination of Boyle. I will talk to him later. And just telephone to headquarters for a policeman; and let him come here at once, and stand by till I want him."

Without more words, the great criminal investigator went into the lighted library shutting the door behind him; and Fisher; without replying turned and began to talk quietly to Travers. "It is curious," he said, "that the thing should happen just in front of that place."

"It would certainly be very curious," replied Travers, "if the place played any part in it."

"I think," replied Fisher, "that the part it didn't play is more curious still."

And with these apparently meaningless words he turned to the shaken Boyle, and, taking his arm, began to walk him up and down in the moonlight, talking in low tones.

Dawn had begun to break abrupt and white when Cuthbert Grayne turned out the lights in the library, and came out on to the links. Fisher was lounging about alone in his listless fashion; but the police messenger for whom he had sent was standing at attention in the background.

"I sent Boyle off with Travers," observed Fisher carelessly. "He'll look after him; and he'd better have some sleep anyhow."

"Did you get anything out of him?" asked Grayne. "Did he tell you what he and Hastings were doing?"

"Yes," answered Fisher, "he gave me a pretty clear account after all. He said that after Lady Hastings went off in the car, the General asked him to take coffee with him in the library, and look up a point about local antiquities. He himself was beginning to look for Budge's book in one of the revolving book-stands, when the General found it in one of the book-shelves on the wall. After looking at some of the plates they went out, it would seem rather abruptly, on to the links and walked towards the old well; and while Boyle was looking into it, he heard a thud behind him and turned round to find the General lying as we found him. He himself dropped on his knees to examine the body, and then was paralysed with a sort of terror and could not come nearer to it or touch it. But I think very little of that; people caught in a real shock of surprise are sometimes found in the queerest postures."

Grayne wore a grim smile of attention, and said after a short silence.

"Well, he hasn't told you many lies. It's really a creditably clear and consistent account of what happened, with everything of importance left out."

"Have you discovered anything in there?" asked Fisher.

"I have discovered everything," answered Grayne.

FISHER maintained a somewhat gloomy silence, as the other resumed his explanation in quiet and assured tones.

"You were quite right, Fisher, when you said that young fellow was in danger of going down dark ways toward the pit. Whether or no, as you fancied, the jolt you gave to his view of the General had anything to do with it, he has not been treating the General well for some time. It's an unpleasant business, and I don't want to dwell on it; but it's pretty plain that his wife was not treating him well either. I don't know how far it went, but it went as far as concealment anyhow; for when Lady Hastings spoke to Boyle, it was to tell him she had hidden a note in the Budge book in the library. The General overheard, or came somehow to know, and he went straight to the book and found it. He confronted Boyle with it, and they had a scene of course. And Boyle was confronted with something else; he was confronted with an awful alternative; in which the life of one old man meant ruin, and his death meant triumph and even happiness."

"Well," observed Fisher at last, "I don't blame him for not telling you the woman's part of the story. But how do you know about the letter?"

"I found it on the General's body," answered Grayne, "but I found worse things than that. The body had stiffened in the way rather peculiar to poisons of a certain Asiatic sort. Then I examined the coffee cups, and I knew enough chemistry to find poison in the dregs of one of them. Now the General went straight to the bookcase, leaving his cup of coffee on the bookstand in the middle of the room. While his back was turned and Boyle was pretending to examine the book-stand, he was left alone with the coffee cup. The poison takes about ten minutes to act; and ten minutes' walk would bring them to the Bottomless Well."

"Yes," remarked Fisher, "and what about the Bottomless Well?"

"What has the Bottomless Well got to do with it?" asked his friend.

"It has nothing to do with it," replied Fisher. "That is what I find utterly confounding and incredible."

"And why should that particular hole in the ground have anything to do with it?"

"It is a particular hole in your case," said Fisher. "But I won't insist on that just now. By the way, there is another thing I ought to tell you. I said I sent Boyle away in charge of Travers. It would be just as true to say I sent Travers in charge of Boyle."

"You don't mean to say you suspect Tom Travers?" cried the other.

"He was a deal bitterer against the General than Boyle ever was," observed Horne Fisher, with a curious indifference.

"Man, you're not saying what you mean," cried Grayne, "I tell you I found the poison in one of the coffee cups."

"There was always Said of course," added Fisher, "either for hatred or hire. We agreed he was capable of almost anything."

"And we agreed he was incapable of hurting his master," retorted Grayne.

"Well, well," said Fisher amiably. "I daresay you are right; but I should just like to have a look at the library and the coffee cups."

He passed inside, while Grayne turned to the policeman in attendance and handed him a scribbled note to be telegraphed from headquarters. The man saluted and hurried off; and Grayne, following his friend into the library, found him beside the bookstand in the middle of the room, on which were the empty cups.

"This is where Boyle looked for Budge, or pretended to look for him, according to your account," he said.

As Fisher spoke he bent down in a half crouching attitude, to look at the volumes in the low revolving shelf; for the whole bookstand was not much higher than an ordinary table. The next moment he sprang up as if he had been stung.

"Oh, my God!" he cried.

VERY few people, if any, had ever seen Mr. Horne Fisher behave as he behaved just then. He flashed a glance at the door, saw that the open window was nearer, went out of it with a flying leap as if over a hurdle, and went racing across the turf, in the track of the disappearing policeman. Grayne, who stood staring after him, soon saw his tall loose figure returning, restored to all its normal limpness and air of leisure. He was fanning himself slowly with a piece of paper; the telegram he had so violently intercepted.

"Lucky I stopped that," he observed. "We must keep this affair as quiet as death. Hastings must die of apoplexy or heart disease."

"What on earth is the trouble?" demanded the other investigator.

"The trouble is," said Fisher, "that in a few days we should have had a very agreeable alternative; of hanging an innocent man or knocking the British Empire to hell."

"Do you mean to say," asked Grayne, "that this infernal crime is not to be punished?"

Fisher looked at him steadily.

"It is already punished," he said.

After a moment's pause he went on. "You reconstructed the crime with admirable skill, old chap, and nearly all you said was true. Two men with two coffee cups did go into the library and did put their cups on the bookstand and did go together to the well, and one of them was a murderer and had put poison in the other's cup. But it was not done while Boyle was looking at the revolving bookcase. He did look at it, though, searching for the Budge book with the [illegible]te in it, but I fancy that Hastings had already moved it to the shelf on the wall. It was [illegible]rt of that grim game that he should find it first.

"Now how does a man search a revolving bookcase? He does not generally hop all round it in a squatting attitude, like a frog. He simply gives it a touch and makes it revolve."

He was frowning at the floor as he spoke, and there was a light under his heavy lids that was not often seen there. The mysticism that was buried deep under all the cynicism of his experience was awake and moving in the depths. His voice took unexpected turns and inflections, almost as if two men were speaking.

"That was what Boyle did; he barely touched the thing, and it went round as easily as the world goes round. Yes, very much as a world goes round; for the hand that turned it was not his. God, who turns the wheel of all the stars, touched that wheel and brought it full circle, that his dreadful justice might return."

"I am beginning," said Grayne slowly, "to have some hazy and horrible idea of what you mean."

"It is very simple," said Fisher. "When Boyle straightened himself from his stooping posture, something had happened which he had not noticed, which his enemy had not noticed, which nobody had noticed. The two coffee cups had exactly changed places."

The rocky face of Grayne seemed to have sustained a shock in silence; not a line of it altered, but his voice when it came was unexpectedly weakened.

"I see what you mean," he said, "and, as you say, the less said about it the better. It was not the lover who tried to get rid of the husband, but—the other thing. And a tale like that about a man like that would ruin us here. Had you any guess of this at the start?"

"The Bottomless Well, as I told you," answered Fisher quietly. "That was what stumped me from the start. Not because it had anything to do with it. Because it had nothing to do with it."

He paused a moment, as if choosing an approach, and then went on. "When a man knows his enemy will be dead in ten minutes, and takes him to the edge of an unfathomable pit, he means to throw his body into it. What else should he do? A born fool would have the sense to do it; and Boyle is not a born fool. Well, why did not Boyle do it? The more I thought of it the more I suspected there was some mistake in the murder, so to speak. Somebody had taken somebody there to throw him in; and yet he was not thrown in. I had already an ugly unformed idea of some substitution or reversal of parts; then I stooped to turn the bookstand myself, by accident, and I instantly knew everything; for I saw the two cups revolve once more, like moons in the sky."

After a pause Cuthbert Grayne said, "And what are we to say to the newspapers?"

"My friend Harold March is coming along from Cairo to-day," said Fisher. "He is a very brilliant and successful journalist. But for all that he's a thoroughly honorable man; so you must not tell him the truth."

Half an hour later Fisher was again walking to and fro in front of the club house with Captain Boyle, the latter by this time with a very buffeted and bewildered air; perhaps a sadder and a wiser man.

"What about me then?" he was saying. "Am I cleared? Am I not going to be cleared?"

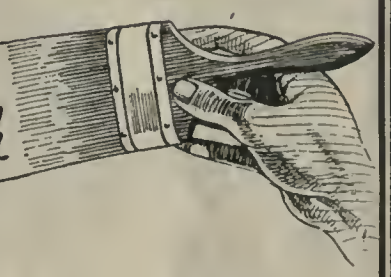
"I believe and hope," answered Fisher, "that you are not going to be suspected. But you are certainly not going to be cleared. There must be no suspicion against him; and therefore no suspicion against you. Any suspicion against him, let alone such a story against him, would knock us endways from Malta to Mandalay. He was a hero as well as a holy terror among the Moslems. Indeed you might almost call him a Moslem hero in the English service. Of course he got on with them partly because of his own little dose of Eastern blood; he got it from his mother, the dancer from Damascus; everybody knows that."

"Oh," repeated Boyle mechanically, staring at him with round eyes. "Everybody knows that."

"I dare say there was a touch of it in his jealousy and ferocious vengeance," went on Fisher. "But for all that the crime would ruin us among the Arabs, all the more because it was something like a crime




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against hospitality. It's been hateful for you, and it's pretty horrid for me. But there are some things that damned well can't be done, and while I'm alive that's one of them."

"What do you mean?" asked Boyle, glancing at him curiously. "Why should you, of all people, be so passionate about it?"

Horne Fisher looked at the young man with a baffling expression.

"I suppose," he said, "it's because I'm a Little Englander."

"I can never make out what you mean by that sort of thing," answered Boyle doubtfully.

"Do you think England is so little as all that?" said Fisher, with a warmth in his cold voice—"that it can't hold a man across a few thousand miles? You lectured me with a lot of ideal patriotism, my young friend; but it's practical patriotism now for you and me, and with no lies to help it. You talked as if everything always went right with us, all over the world, in a triumphant crescendo culminating in Hastings. I tell you everything has gone wrong with us here, except Hastings. He was the one name we had left to conjure with; and that mustn't go as well; no, by God! It's bad enough that a gang of infernal Jews should plant us here, where there's no earthly English interest to serve, and all hell beating up against us, simply because Nosey Zimmern has lent money to half the Cabinet. It's bad enough that an old pawnbroker from Bagdad should make us fight his battles; we can't fight with our right hand cut off. Our one score was Hastings and his victory; which was really somebody else's victory. Tom Travers has to suffer, and so have you."

THEN, after a moment's silence, he pointed towards the Bottomless Well and said in a quieter tone:

"I told you," he said, "that I didn't believe in the philosophy of the Tower of Aladin. I don't believe in the Empire growing until it reaches the sky; I don't believe in the Union Jack going up and up eternally like the Tower. But if you think I am going to let the Union Jack go down and down eternally like the Bottomless Well, down into the blackness of the Bottomless Pit, down in defeat and derision amid the jeers of the very Jews who have sucked us dry—no I won't, and that's flat; not if the Chancellor were blackmailed by twenty millionaires with their gutter rags, not if the Prime Minister married twenty Yankee Jewesses, not if Woodville and Carstairs had shares in twenty swindling mines. If the thing is really tottering, God help it, it mustn't be we who tip it over."

Boyle was regarding him with a bewilderment that was almost fear, and had even a touch of distaste.

"Somehow," he said, "there seems to be something rather horrid about the things you know."

"There is," replied Horne Fisher. "I am not at all pleased with my small stock of knowledge and reflection. But as it is partly responsible for your not being hanged, I don't know that you need complain of it."

And as if a little ashamed of his first boast, he turned and strolled away towards the Bottomless Well.

## PAWNED

*Continued from page 20*

Dr. Crang looked around over his shoulder as the door closed. A malicious grin spread over his face. He rubbed his hands together. Then he sat down in his chair again, and began to prepare a solution for his hypodermic syringe.

"Yes, yes," said Dr. Crang softly, addressing the unconscious form of John Bruce, "you'll live, all right, my friend, I'll see to that, though the odds are still against you. You're too—ha, ha!—valuable to die! You played in luck when you drew Sidney Angus Crang, M.D., as your attending physician!"

And then Dr. Sidney Angus Crang made a little grimace as he punctured the flesh of his arm with the needle of the hypodermic syringe and injected into himself another dose of cocaine.





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"Yes," said Dr. Sidney Angus Crang very softly, his eyes lighting, "too valuable, much too valuable—to die!"

### CHAPTER V

#### Hawkins

IN THE outer room, the door closed behind them, Paul Veniza and Hawkins stared into each other's eyes. Hawkins's face had lost its ruddy, weather-beaten color, and there was a strained, perplexed anxiety in his expression.

"D'ye hear what she said?" he mumbled. "D'ye hear what he said? Going to be married! My little girl, my innocent little girl, and—and that dope-feeding devil! I—I don't understand, Paul. What's it mean?"

Paul Veniza laid his hand on the other's shoulder, as much to seek, it seemed, as to offer sympathy. He shook his head.

"I don't know," he said blankly.

Hawkins's watery blue eyes under their shaggy brows traveled miserably in the direction of the staircase.

"I—I aint got the right," he choked. "You go up and talk to her, Paul."

Paul Veniza ran his fingers in a troubled way through his white hair; then, nodding his head, he turned abruptly and began to mount the stairs.

Hawkins watched until the other had disappeared from sight, watched until he heard a door open and close softly above; then he swung sharply around, and with his old, drooping shoulders suddenly squared, strode toward the door that shut him off from Dr. Crang and the man he had recognized as his passenger in the traveling pawnshop earlier that night. But at the door itself he hesitated, and after a moment drew back, and the shoulders dropped again, and he fell to twisting his hands together in nervous indecision as he retreated to the center of the room.

And he stood there again, where Paul Veniza had left him, and stared with the hurt of a dumb animal in his eyes at the top of the staircase.

"It's all my fault," the old man whispered, and fell to twisting his hands together once more. "But—but I thought she'd be safe with me."

For a long time he seemed to ponder his own words, and gradually they seemed to bring an added burden upon him, and heavily now he drew his hand across his eyes.

"Why aint I dead?" he whispered. "I aint never been no good to her. Twenty years, it is—twenty years. Just old Hawkins—shabby old Hawkins—that she loves 'cause she's sorry for him."

Hawkins's eyes roved about the room.

"I remember the night I brought her here." He was still whispering to himself. "In there, it was, I took her." He jerked his hand toward the inner room. "This here room was the pawnshop then. God, all those years ago—and—and I aint never brought her back again, and she aint known no father but Paul, and—" His voice trailed off and died away.

He sank his chin in his hands.

Occasionally he heard the murmur of voices from above, occasionally the sound of movement through the closed door that separated him from Dr. Crang; but he did not move or speak again until Paul Veniza came down the stairs and stood before him.

Hawkins searched the other's face.

"It—it aint true, is it, what she said?" he questioned almost fiercely. "She didn't really mean it, did she, Paul?"

Paul Veniza turned his head away.

"Yes, she meant it," he answered in a low voice. "I don't understand. She wouldn't give me any explanation."

Hawkins clenched his fists suddenly.

"But didn't you tell her what kind of a man Crang is? Good God, Paul, didn't you tell her what he is?"

"She knows it without my telling her," Paul Veniza said in a dull tone. "But I told her again; I told her it was impossible, incredible. Her only answer was that it was inevitable."

"But she doesn't love him! She can't love him!" Hawkins burst out. "There's never been anything between them before."

"No, she doesn't love him. Of course, she doesn't!" Paul Veniza said, as though speaking to himself. He looked at Hawkins suddenly under knitted brows. "And she says she never saw that other man in her life before until he stepped into the car. She says she only went out to-night be-





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cause they were so urgent about it up at the house, and that she felt everything would be perfectly safe with you driving the car. I can't make anything out of it!"

Hawkins drew the sleeve of his coat across his brow. It was cool in the room, but little beads of moisture were standing out on his forehead.

"I aint brought her nothing but harm all my life," he said brokenly. "I—"

"Don't take it that way, old friend!" Paul Veniza's hands sought the other's shoulders. "I don't see how you are to blame for this. Claire said that other man treated her with all courtesy, and left the cab after you had gone around the block; and she doesn't know how he afterwards came here wounded any more than we do—and anyway, it can't have anything to do with her marrying Dr. Crang."

"What's she doing now?" demanded Hawkins abruptly. "She's up there crying her heart out, aint she?"

PAUL VENIZA did not answer.

Hawkins straightened up. A sudden dignity came to the shabby old figure.

"What hold has that devil got on my little girl?" he cried out sharply. "I'll make him pay for it, so help me God! My little girl, my little—"

"Sh!" Paul Veniza caught hurriedly at Hawkins's arm. "Be careful, old friend!" he warned. "Not so loud! She might hear you."

Hawkins cast a timorous, startled glance in the direction of the stairs. He seemed to shrink again into a stature as shabby as his clothing. His lips twitched; he twisted his hands together.

"Yes," he mumbled; "yes, she—she might hear me." He stared around the room; and then, as though blindly, his hands groping out in front of him, he started for the street door. "I'm going home," said Hawkins. "I'm going home to think this out."

Paul Veniza's voice choked a little.

"Your hat, old friend," he said picking up the old man's hat from the table and following the other to the door.

"Yes, my hat," said Hawkins—and pulling it far down over his eyes, crossed the sidewalk, and climbed into the driver's seat of the old, closed car that stood at the curb.

## CHAPTER VI

### The Alibi

JOHN BRUCE opened his eyes dreamily, unseeingly; and then his eyelids fluttered and closed again. There was an exquisite sense of languor upon him, of cool, comfortable repose; a curious absence of all material things. It seemed as though he were in some suspended state of animation.

It was very strange. It wasn't life—not life as he had ever known it. Perhaps it was death. He did not understand.

He moved a little, and suddenly felt a twinge of pain in his side. His hand groped under the covering, and his fingers came into contact with bandages that were wrapped tightly around his body.

And then in a flash memory returned. He remembered the fight in Ratti's wine shop, the knife stab, and how he had dragged himself along the lane and climbed in through *her* window. His eyes now in a startled way were searching his surroundings. Perhaps this was the room! He could not be quite sure, but there seemed to be something familiar about it. The light was very low, like a gas-jet turned down, and he could not make out where it came from, nor could he see any window through which he might have climbed in.

He frowned in a troubled way. It was true that, as he had climbed in that night, he had not been in a condition to take much note of the room, but yet it did seem to be the same place. The frown vanished. What did it matter? He knew now beyond any question whose face it was that had come to him so often in that shaft of sunlight. Yes, it *did* matter! He must have been unconscious, perhaps for only a few hours, perhaps for days, but if this was the same place, then she was *here*, not as a figment of the brain, not as one created out of his own longing, but here in her actual person, a living, breathing reality. It was the girl of the traveling pawnshop, and—

JOHN BRUCE found himself listening with sudden intentness. Was he drifting back into unconsciousness again, into that realm of unreal things, where the mind, fevered and broken, wove out of its sick



# The Romance of Achievement



IT IS a far cry back fifty years in the history of Canada. Vancouver was almost unknown, the province in which it was situated, an Ultima Thule—a far away land separated from the rest of Canada by thousands of miles of trackless prairies, peopled by Indians and here and there by the little outposts of "the Company of Adventurers," outposts that have grown into thriving cities. Winnipeg was one long street, with a few scattered shacks bordering the sidewalks between which flowed Main Street, an almost unnavigable sea of mud. Toronto was a town in its callow youth, its best families living in early splendour in the environs of King Street. Montreal was a small seaport, whence sailing ships made their toilsome way up from the Gulf. St. Catherine Street, as a business centre, was almost an undiscovered country, and the life of the city centered in the narrow streets down near the port.

Such was Canada a half century ago, a country divided roughly into Upper and Lower Canada, a country that hardly knew the great future of its Eastern and Western boundaries. A country of few and scattered people and of simple tastes, and in the nature of things it was a country of few and simple industries.

It was not unnatural then that the insurance business should be in its infancy. The public as a whole knew little of the principles of life assurance, and were indifferent to its advantages. Indeed, they were but outgrowing a definite opposition to anything of the kind, that was founded on the belief that anything in the nature of Life Assurance was an interference with the workings of Divine Providence.

It is true that Insurance companies had been in existence in Canada for some time, one Canadian company was founded in 1847, and a Scotch company had located a branch here about the same time. In the year 1866 there was quite an influx of American companies eager to take advantage of these almost virgin fields. But for all that there existed at this time what seemed to be a fairly numerous array of companies, it is probable that their total of insurance in force at the time of Confederation was not more than $15,000,000.

Probably this fact more than anything else gives some understanding of the general apathy that prevailed toward the very idea of life assurance. On the face of it there seemed comparatively little inducement for further ventures in the field. However, others did venture; there was quite an influx of American companies, and possibly it was this that brought about legislation requiring American companies to place deposits for the security of Canadian policyholders. Two of the principal American companies, both of the mutual type, decided that their character as mutual companies forbade any such action decided to retire from the field. It just so happened that M. H. Gault, M.P., was the chief representative of the Mutual of New York in Eastern Canada, and he did not take kindly to the disaffection of his principals. Up in his one-room office in the Barron Block on St. James Street, that many old inhabitants remember with a sense of pride, he had the musty incorporation papers of the Sun Insurance Company of Montreal, bearing the date of Mar. 18th, 1865. Up to that time it had been only a paper, and barring the withdrawal of the New York Mutual might have remained so. But Mr. Gault had energy, wealth and determination, and he did not figure on letting the business that he had developed go into other hands. So the old incorporation papers were unearthed and amendments to the charter were made, limiting the wide powers given in the original document to life and accident assurance, and changing its name to The Sun Mutual Life Insurance Company of Montreal. How the word mutual crept in it is hard to decide, for the company is not and never has been mutual in character. But anyway there it was with a high sounding name and influential list of friends. For it is a notable fact, that among the names of those applying for its incorporation papers were names that have gained a permanent place in the business and political life of Canada.

There, for instance, was the name of Lord Mount Stephen, whose far vision was in no small way responsible for the creation of the Canadian Pacific Railway. There were also, beside Mr. Gault, Senator A. W. Ogilvie, the founder of the Glenmore Mills, and one of the pioneers of the great milling industry of Canada, and Senator James Ferrier, one of the founders of the Bank of British North America.

So it is easily seen that this enterprise fostered by Mr. Gault began under good auspices. There was little at the time, however, to suggest the marvelous growth of the organization, just as there was little to suggest the momentous growth of Canada. That simple one-roomed office of Mr. Gault became the headquarters of that infant organization that boasted the resonant title, "The Sun Mutual Life Insurance Company of Montreal." It had become more than a company on paper, for the stock had actually been sold and it boasted a staff of three, among them Thomas Workman, who was president of the company during the first eighteen years of its existence. It was in this little office room in the Barron Block, long ago destroyed by fire, that the first policy bearing the name of the Sun Life was issued in May 1st, 1871.

These early years were years of discouragement and hard work. Insurance as a principle was not the accepted thing it is to-day; prospects were not found, they had to be created. It was faced with competition from companies, that however small their business may appear to-day, were nevertheless for those days overwhelmingly strong.

During the first year of its history as an active company it had 452 applications for insurance and of these 35 were declined. To decline any of these sorely-needed policies must have been quite a trial to the three officials of the company, but even in those early days they builded strongly. A rigidly high standard of medical examination was maintained, that was all the more necessary because the judging of risks had not become the exact science that it is to-day. The 417 policies in force in the first year showed an income on premiums of $26,318, while the amount of insurance totalled $727,350. A little figuring will show that the average of the policies was something less than $2,000 and that despite the higher relative value of money in those days these policies cost very little less than they do to-day.

But the main interest to be discovered in these figures lies in a comparison with those of the present day. Only a brief while ago the company made public its figures for the present year. Where the company's income in its first year was $26,318, the present year's income reached a total of $28,751,578.43—a million dollars where there was but a thousand fifty years ago. The insurance in force as compared with the $727,350 of that first year now reaches the almost unbelievable figure of $486,641,235.17, while the assets of the company show an increase from a modest $96,461.95 to $114,839,444.48. Figures of themselves mean very little, but surely there is a world of romance hidden in the record of achievement that is represented by this simple comparison. Indeed the whole history of the company closely parallels the history of the development of Canada. The early years were of slow development, for even up to 1890 the records of the company give evidence of a slow and painful growth. It was under the presidency of Robertson Macaulay, the father of the present president, that the golden years began, just as the same years saw Canada step out of swaddling clothes into a real spirit of nationhood. More than that, the development of this company from the smallest things to a place of outstanding pre-eminence in its field is in some measure an indication of the future that stands ahead of Canada.



Present Head Office of the Sun Life Assurance Company, facing Dominion Square, Montreal

In the early days of insurance in Canada, it was an accepted fact that British and foreign companies could do business in Canada, but it never seemed to dawn on anyone, that the fields of the world were as open to Canadian companies. It remained for the Sun Life to first appreciate this opportunity and to pioneer the way for others. Robertson Macaulay and those associated with him felt that it was a poor rule that did not work both ways. If American and British companies found it worth their while to go after Canadian business, then the chances were that it might be a profitable idea to return the compliment and for a Canadian company to try its luck on their market. It is an obvious enough implication. But it must be remembered that they were far, far different days. Canadians were not inclined to hold their heads as high as now and the idea of competing with the Mother Country or with the bustling nation across the line was a very unusual idea indeed. No one had conceived such an idea, because no one believed it to be a possibility until the officials of the Sun Life decided to take a chance. It was in 1880 that their first bid for foreign business was made, and the first field approached was the West Indies, a field formerly sacred to the strong companies of the Motherland. The results proved an ample justification of the foresight of those who had made the decision. The business grew and grew and more and more offices were opened, till at the present time the selling organization of this one company practically covers the entire world. Perhaps there is no more interesting part of the statistics of the company than those that show the records of its agencies, for not only do Canadian names appear, but many others in the United States and Great Britain, and beyond that again, the names of places in the West Indies and Chile and Argentina, in Europe and Africa, and indeed in almost every country washed by the Seven Seas. It is indeed a record of achievement that may be an incentive to other Canadian businesses, for surely where the field of foreign insurance is open the field of other foreign business is equally free to other Canadian industries.

During the whole course of its history the company has been under the guidance of only three presidents. They were men who had grown up in the business and knew its every phase. Thomas Workman was the first president and administrative head until Robertson Macaulay was called from the Canada Life in 1874 to take charge of the destinies of the Sun Life and to become in 1889 its president. In 1878 T. B. Macaulay, the present head of the company, joined his father, so that almost for half a century the company had been governed by the members of one family. A fact in itself of no mean interest.

In 1914 the premises of the company on Notre Dame Street that had long before succeeded the meagre quarters in the Barron Block had become inadequate, and Robertson Macaulay laid the cornerstone of the present magnificent building on Dominion Square and even this is gradually proving too limited, so that further additions are already under contemplation.

A business that has been in operation as long as the Sun Life will either in that time sow the seeds of dissolution, or will have gained a momentum that is an almost certain evidence of continued progress. In this regard the item of new insurance placed by the company during the year past stands as a startling commentary. This new business reached the unprecedented figure of $106,000,000. This is a record that has not been equalled by any other insurance company in Canada, and compares favorably with any company wherever located. Indeed the momentum that has carried the company along a line of unvarying advancement has been evidenced in its foreign business as well as that in Canada, till it has become one of the large factors in assurance over the whole world. Such a record might well give some justification for a policy of letting well enough alone, but there is nothing of that policy to be seen in the outline of the business for the coming year. There is little of the idea of "See what we have achieved," but there is much of the idea "This we may achieve." There is no resting on their laurels, but a widespread resolve that the record for the coming year will be far in advance of even this high standard. In the financial strength and progress of such a policy, even apart from its relation to insurance, there is a very real asset to Canada's business position before the world. For not only has it demonstrated the value of assurance to its policyholders, but it has gone far afield laying broad paths in other lands where others may follow, assured that the people of these lands have been taught by this pioneer assurance company a confidence in the strength and rectitude of Canadian institutions.

Such is the history or romance of an opportunity seized and developed with thoughtful courage and unstinted industry. During the fifty years that are past the thought in the minds of its founders has grown till it has become an Imperial power, and it is not for anyone now living to set a bound to what may be for this company and for other companies and for Canada itself in the fifty years to come.

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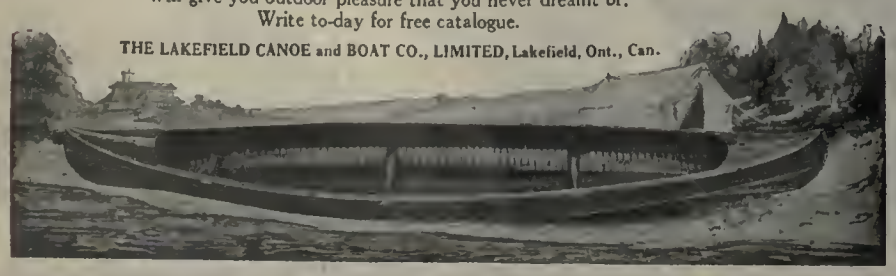


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imagination queer, meaningless fancies? It was strange that unreal things should seem so real! Wasn't that an animal of some sort scratching at the wall of the house outside?

He lifted his head slightly from the pillow—and held it there. A voice from within the room reached him in an angry, rasping whisper:

"Damn you, Birdie, why don't you pull the house down and have done with it? You clumsy hog! Do you want the police on us? Can't you climb three feet without waking up the whole of New York?"

John Bruce's lips drew together until they formed a tight, straight line. This was strange! Very strange! It wasn't a vagary of his brain this time. His brain was as clear now as it had ever been in his life. The voice came from beyond the head of his cot. He had seen no one in the room, but that was natural enough since from the position in which he was lying his line of vision was decidedly restricted; what seemed incomprehensible though, taken in conjunction with the words he had just heard, was that his own presence there appeared to be completely ignored.

He twisted his head around cautiously, and found that the head of the cot was surrounded by a screen. He nodded to himself a little grimly. That accounted for it! There was a scraping sound now, and heavy, labored breathing.

John Bruce silently and stealthily stretched out his arm. He could just reach the screen. It was made of some soft, silken material, and his fingers found no difficulty in drawing this back a little from the edge of that portion of the upright framework which was directly in front of him.

He scarcely breathed now. Perhaps he was in so weak a state that his mind faltered if crowded, for there was so much to see that he could not seem to grasp it all as a single picture. He gazed fascinated. The details came slowly—one by one. It *was* the room where he had crawled in through the window and had fallen senseless to the floor—whenever that had been! That was the window there. And, curiously enough, another man was crawling in through it now! And there was whispering. And two other men were already standing in the room, but he could not see their faces because their backs were turned to him. Then one of the two swung around in the direction of the window, bringing his face into view. John Bruce closed his eyes for a moment. Yes, it must be that! His mind was off wandering once more, painting and picturing for itself its fanciful unrealities, bringing back again the character it had created, the man with the sinister face whose pallor was unhealthy and repulsive.

And then he opened his eyes and looked again, and the face was still there—and it was real. And now the man spoke:

"Come on, get busy, Birdie! If you take as long to crack the box as you have taken to climb in through a low window, maybe we'll be invited to breakfast with the family. You act just like a swell cracksman—not! But here's the combination—so try and play up to the part!"

The man addressed was heavy of build, with a pock-marked and forbidding countenance. He was panting from his exertions, as, inside the room now, he leaned against the sill.

"That's all right, Doc!" he grunted. "That's all right! But how about his nibs over there behind the screen? Aint he ever comin' out of his nap?"

The man addressed as "Doc" rolled up the sleeve of his left arm, and produced a hypodermic syringe from his pocket.

"There's the safe over there, Birdie," he drawled, as he pricked his arm with the needle, and pushed home the plunger. "Get busy!"

THE big man shuffled his feet.

"I know you know your business, Doc," he said uneasily; "but I guess me an' Pete here'd feel more comfortable if you'd have put that shot of coke into the guy I'm speakin' about instead of into yourself. Aint I right, Pete?"

The third man was lounging against the wall, his back still turned to John Bruce.

"Sure," he said; "but I guess we can leave it to Doc. A guy that's been pawin' the air for two days aint likely to butt in much all of a sudden."

The man with the hypodermic, in the act of replacing the syringe in his pocket, drew it out again.

"Coming from you, Birdie," he murmured caustically, "that's a surprisingly


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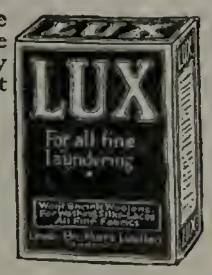
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bright idea. I've been here for the last three hours listening to his interesting addresses from the rostrum of delirium, and I should say he was quite safe. Still, to oblige you, Birdie, and make you feel more comfortable, we'll act on your suggestion."

John Bruce's teeth gritted together. How weak he was! His arm ached from even the slight strain of extending it beyond his head to the screen.

And then he smiled grimly. But it wasn't a case of strength now, was it? He was obviously quite helpless in that respect. This man they called Doc believed him to be still unconscious, and—he drew his arm silently back, tucked it again under the sheet and blanket that covered him, and closed his eyes—and even if he could resist, which he couldn't, a hypodermic injection of morphine, or cocaine, or whatever it was that the supreme crook of the trio indulged in, could not *instantly* take effect. There ought to be time enough to watch at least—

John Bruce lay perfectly still. He heard a footstep come quickly around the screen; he sensed the presence of some one bending over him; then the coverings were pulled down and his arm was bared. He steeled himself against the instinctive impulse to wince at the sharp prick of the needle which he knew was coming—and felt instead a cold and curiously merciless rage sweep over him as the act was performed. Then the footstep retreated—and John Bruce quietly twisted his head around on the pillow, reached out his arm, and his fingers drew the silk panel of the screen slightly away from the edge of the framework again.

HE COULD see the safe they had referred to now. It was over at the far side of the room against the wall, and the three men were standing in front of it. Presently it was opened. The man called Doc knelt down in front of it and began to examine its contents. He swung around to his companions after a moment with a large pile of bank notes in his hands. From this pile he counted out and handed a small portion to each of the other two men —and coolly stuffed the bulk of the money into his own pockets.

The scene went blurry then for a moment before John Bruce's eyes, and he lifted his free hand and brushed it across his forehead. He was so beastly weak anyhow, and the infernal dope was getting in its work too fast! He fought with all his mental strength against the impulse to relax and close his eyes. What was it they were doing now? It looked like some foolish masquerade. The two companions of the man with the sinister, pasty face were tying handkerchiefs over their faces and drawing revolvers from their pockets; and then the big man began to close the door of the safe.

The Doc's voice came sharply,

"Look out you don't lock it, you fool!"

Once more John Bruce brushed his hand across his eyes. His brain must be playing him tricks again. A din infernal arose suddenly in the room. While the big man lounged nonchalantly against the safe, the other two were scuffling all over the floor and throwing chairs about. And then from somewhere up-stairs, on the floor there too, John Bruce thought he caught the sound of hurried movements.

Then for an instant the scuffling in the room ceased, and the pasty-faced man's voice came in a peremptory whisper:

"The minute any one shows at the door you swing that safe open as though you'd been working on it all the time, Birdie, and pretend to shove everything in sight into your pockets. And you, Joe, you've got me cornered and covered here—see? And you hold the doorway with your gun too; and then both of you back away and make your getaway through the window."

The scuffling began again. John Bruce watched the scene, a sense of drowsiness and apathy creeping upon him. He tried to rouse himself. He ought to do something. That vicious-faced little crook who had haunted him with unwelcome visitations, and who at this precise moment had the bulk of the money from the safe in his own pockets, was in the act of planting a somewhat crude, but probably none the less effective, alibi, and—

John Bruce heard a door flung open, and then a sudden, startled cry, first in a woman's and then in a man's voice. But he could not see any door from the position in which he lay. He turned over with a great effort, facing the other way, and reached out with his fingers for the panel of the screen that overlapped the head of the cot. And then John Bruce lay motionless, the blood pounding fiercely at his temples.

HE WAS conscious that a tall, white-haired man in scanty attire was there, because the doorway framed two figures; but he *saw* only a beautiful face, pitifully white, only the slim form of a girl whose great brown eyes were very wide with fear, and who held her dressing gown tightly clutched around her throat. It was the girl of the traveling pawnshop, it was the girl of his dreams in the shaft of sunlight, it was the girl he had followed here—only —only the picture seemed to be fading away. It was very strange! It was most curious! She always seemed to leave that way. This was Larmon now instead, wasn't it? Larmon—and a jack-knife—and a quill toothpick—and—

## CHAPTER VII

### The Girl of the Traveling Pawnshop

JOHN BRUCE abstractedly twirled the tassel of the old and faded dressing gown which he wore, the temporary possession of which he owed to Paul Veniza, his host From the chair in which he sat his eyes ventured stolen glances at the nape of a dainty neck, and at a great coiled mass of silken brown hair that shone like burnished copper in the afternoon sunlight, as Claire Veniza, her back turned toward him, busied herself about the room. He could walk now across the floor—and a great deal further, he was sure, if they would only let him. He had not pressed that point; it might be taking an unfair advantage of an already over-generous hospitality, but he was not at all anxious to speed his departure from—well, from where he was at that precise moment.

And now as he looked at Claire Veniza, his thoughts went back to the night he had stepped, at old Hawkins's invitation, into the traveling pawnshop. That was not so very long ago—two weeks of grave illness, and then the past week of convalescence—but it seemed to span a great and almost limitless stretch of time, and to mark a new and entirely different era in his life; an era that perplexed and troubled and intrigued him with conditions and surroundings and disturbing elements that he did not comprehend—but at the same time made the blood in his veins to course with wild abandon, and the future to hold out glad and beckoning hands.

He loved, with a great, overwhelming, masterful love, the girl who stood there just across the room all unconscious of the worship that he knew was in his eyes, and which he neither tried nor wished to curb. Of his own love he was sure. He had loved her from the moment he had first seen her, and in his heart he knew he held fate kind to have given him the wound that in its turn had brought the week of convalescence just past. And yet—and yet—here dismay came, and his brain seemed to stumble. Sometimes he dared to hope; sometimes he was plunged into the depths of misery and despair. Little things, a touch of the hand as she had nursed him that had seemed like some God-given tender caress, a glance when she had thought he had not seen and which he had allowed his heart to interpret to its advantage with perhaps no other justification than its own yearning and desire, had buoyed him up; and then, at times, a strange, almost bitter aloofness, it seemed, in her attitude toward him—and this had checked, had always checked, the words that were ever on his lips.

A faint flush dyed his cheeks, But even so, and for all his boasted love, did he not in his own soul wrong her sometimes. The questions *would* come. What was the meaning of the strange environment in which she lived? Why should she have driven to a gambling hell late at night, and quite as though it were the usual thing, to transact business alone in that car with—God! His hands clenched fiercely. He remembered that night, and how the same thought had come then, mocking him, jeering him, making sport of him. He was a cad, a pitiful, vile-minded cad! Thank God he was at least still man enough to be ashamed of his own thoughts, even if they came in spite of him!

Perhaps it was the strange, unusual characters that surrounded her, that came and went in this curious place here, that fostered such thoughts; perhaps he was not strong enough yet to grapple with all these confusing things. He smiled a little grimly.




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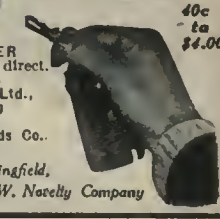
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The robbery of the safe, for instance—and that reptile whom he now knew to be his own attending physician, Dr. Crang! He had said nothing about his knowledge of the robbery—yet. As nearly as he could judge it had occurred two or three days prior to the time when his actual convalescence had set in, and as a material witness to the crime he was not at all sure that in law his testimony would be of much value. They must certainly have found him in an unconscious state immediately afterward—and Dr. Crang would as indubitably attack his testimony as being nothing more than the hallucination of a sick brain.

THE luck of the devil had been with Crang. Why had he, John Bruce, gone drifting off into unconsciousness just at the psychological moment when, if the plan had been carried out as arranged and the other two had made their fake escape Crang would have been left in the room with Claire and Paul Veniza—with the money in his pockets! He would have had Dr. Crang cold then! It was quite different now. He was not quite sure what he meant to do, except that he fully proposed to have a reckoning with Dr. Crang. But that reckoning, something, he could not quite define what, had prompted him to postpone until he had become physically a little stronger!

And then there was another curious thing about it all, which too had influenced him in keeping silent. Hawkins, Paul Veniza, Claire and Dr. Crang had each, severally and collectively, been here in this room many times since the robbery, and not once in his presence had the affair even been mentioned! And—oh, what did it matter! He shrugged his shoulders as though to rid himself of some depressing physical weight. What did anything matter on this wonderful sunlit afternoon—save Claire there in her white, cool dress, that seemed somehow to typify her own glorious youth and freshness?

How dainty and sweet and alluring she looked! His eyes were no longer contented with stolen glances; they held now masterfully, defiant of any self-restraint, upon the slim figure that was all grace from the trim little ankles to the poise of the shapely head. He felt the blood quicken his pulse. Stronger than he had ever known it before, straining to burst all barriers, demanding expression as a right that would not be denied, his love rose dominant within him, and—

The tassel he had been twirling dropped from his hand. She had turned suddenly—and across the room her eyes met his, calm, deep and unperturbed at first, but wide the next instant with a startled shyness, and the color sweeping upward from her throat crimsoned her face, and in confusion she turned away her head.

John Bruce was on his feet. He stumbled a little as he took a step forward. His heart was pounding, flinging a red tide into the pallor of his cheeks that illness had claimed as one of its tolls.

"I—I did not mean to tell you like that," he said huskily. "But I have wanted to tell you for so long. It seems as though I have always wanted to tell you. Claire—I love you."

She did not answer.

He was beside her now—only her head was lowered and averted and he could not look into her face. Her fingers were plucking tremulously at a fold of her dress. He caught her hand between both his own.

"Claire—Claire, I love you!" he whispered.

She disengaged her hand gently; and, still refusing to let him see her face, shook her head slowly.

"I—I—" Her voice was very low. "Oh, don't you know?"

"I know I love you," he answered passionately. "I know that nothing else but that matters."

AGAIN she shook her head.

"I thought perhaps he would have told you. I—I am going to marry Dr. Crang."

John Bruce stepped back involuntarily; and for a moment incredulity and helpless amazement held sway in his expression—then his lips tightened in a hurt, half angry way.

"Is that fair to me, Claire—to give me an answer like that?" he said in a low tone. "I know it isn't true, of course; it couldn't be—hut—but it isn't much of a joke either, is it?"

"It is true," she said monotonously.

He leaned suddenly forward, and taking her face between his hands made her lift her head and look at him. The brown eyes were swimming with tears. The red swept her face in a great wave, and receding left it deathly pale—and in a frenzy of confusion she wrenched herself free from him and retreated a step.

"My God!" said John Bruce hoarsely. "You—and Dr. Crang! I don't understand! It is monstrous! You can't love that—" He checked himself, biting at his lips. "You can't love Dr. Crang. It is impossible! You dare not stand there and tell me that you do. Answer me, Claire—answer me!"

She seemed to have regained her self-control—or perhaps it was the one defence she knew. The little figure was drawn up, her head held back.

"You have no right to ask me that," she said steadily.

"Right!" John Bruce echoed almost fiercely. His soul itself seemed suddenly to be in a passionate turmoil; it seemed to juggle two figures before his consciousness, contrasting one with the other in most hideous fashion—this woman here whom he loved, who struggled to hold herself bravely, who stood for all that was pure, for all that he reverenced in a woman; and that sallow, evil-faced degenerate, a drug fiend so lost to the shame of his vice that he pricked himself with his miserable needle quite as unconcernedly in public as one would smoke a cigarette—and worse—a crook—a thief! Was it a coward's act to tell this girl *what* the man was whom she proposed to marry? Was it contemptible to pull a rival such as that down from the pedestal which in some fiendish way he must have erected for himself? Surely she did not know the man for what he actually was! She could not know! "Right!" he cried out. "Yes, I have the right—both for your sake and for my own. I have the right my love gives me. Do you know how I came here that first night?"

"Yes," she said with an effort. "You told me. You were in a fight in Ratti's place, and were wounded."

HE LAUGHED out harshly.

"And I told you the truth—as far as it went," he said. "But do you know how I came to be in this locality after leaving you in that motor car? I followed you. I loved you from the moment I saw you that night. It seems as though I have always loved you—as I always shall love you. That is what gives me the right to speak. And I mean to speak. If it were an honorable man to whom you were to be married it would be quite another matter; but you cannot know what you are doing, you do not know this man as he really is, or what he—"

"Please! Please stop!" she cried out brokenly. "Nothing you could say would tell me anything I do not already know."

"I am not so sure!" said John Bruce grimly. "Suppose I told you he was a criminal?"

"He is a criminal." Her voice was without inflection.

"Suppose then he were sent to jail—to serve a sentence?"

"I would marry him when he came out," she said. "Oh, please do not say any more! I know far more about him than you do; but—but that has nothing to do with it."

For an instant, motionless, John Bruce stared at Claire; then his hands swept out and caught her wrists in a tight grip and held her prisoner.

"Claire!" His voice choked. "What does this mean? You do not love him; you say you know he is even a criminal—and yet you are going to marry him! What hold has he got on you? What is it? What damnable trap has he got you in? I am going to know, Claire! I will know! And whatever it is, whatever the cause of it, I'll crush it, strangle it, sweep it out of your dear life at any cost! Tell me, Claire!"

Her face had gone white; she struggled a little to release herself.

"You—you do not know what you are saying. You—" Her voice broke in a half sob.

"Claire, look at me!" He was pleading now with his soul in his eyes and voice. "Claire, I—"

"Oh, please let me go!" she cried out frantically. "You cannot say anything that will make any difference. I—it only makes it harder." The tears were brimming in her eyes again. "Oh, please let me go—there's—there's some one coming."

*To be Continued*


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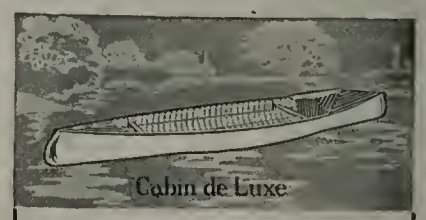
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# The Drama of Our Great Forests

*Continued from page 23*

beautiful silver-fox; stranger still, the fox was caught by its tongue. As usual, after investigation, the snow told the whole story in a graphic way. It showed that the fox had been pursuing a rabbit, both going on the full run, and the latter always dodging in the effort to escape from its enemy. Finally, the rabbit had bolted past the snare, and the panting fox, with its tongue hanging out, following close behind, accidentally had touched its wet tongue against the wire, and the frost of many degrees below zero had instantly frozen it there. Then the fox, struggling to get free, had set off the snare, which closing on its tongue had hauled it into the air, where it had hung with just the tip of its tail and its hind toes resting on the snow. When Mrs. King found it, it was dead.

### The Art of Moose-Tracking

BESIDE the moose tracks that Oo-koo-hoo and I had seen that day was much silver birch and red willow, and from the signs of freshly cropped twigs we knew that the moose were not unusually tall, and we knew too, from the fact that the tracks were sharply defined, as well as from their ordinary size and that they were not deeply impressed in the snow, that the moose were those of about three years old.

That night, as Oo-koo-hoo was in a talkative mood, he told me much about the hunting of moose, as we sat before our snow-encircled fire, in the still, silent, sombre woods.

"We hunters usually take moose by shooting or snaring them, and the first thing to do is to find a track, and if it is old, follow it up until new signs appear. And now, my son, as you may some day want to hunt moose on your own account, I shall tell you how to trail them and what to do when you find them. Listen to my words and remember: As soon as you find a fresh track, look toward the sun to learn the time of day; for if it is between eight and nine on a winter morning the moose will be feeding, as it seldom lies down until between ten and three. If feeding, the track will zig-zag about, and for a time head mainly up wind, until its feeding is nearly done, then if the wind is from the right, the moose will turn to the left and circle down wind and finally come about close to its old trail where it will lie down to rest.

### The Silent Approach

"SO, WHEN you find a zig-zagging track about which the brush has been browsed, and when the wind comes from the right of the trail, you too should circle to the left, but instead of circling down wind as the moose has done, or is now doing, you circle up wind until you either approach the danger point where the wind may carry your scent to the moose; or otherwise, until you cut the moose's track.

"In either case you should now retrace your steps for some distance and then begin a new circle, and this time a smaller one. If you now find a new trail, but still no sign that the moose has turned up wind, or is about to do so, you retrace your steps and begin a still smaller circle, then when you strike the trail again, you can judge fairly well—without even getting a sight of it—the exact position of your quarry.

"Then is the time to take off your snowshoes and approach with greater care than ever; but remember, always, keep to leeward of the track and always look upwind. Should you now come to an open space, watch carefully any clumps of trees or bushes; if passing through heavy timber watch for an opening, and if there should be fallen timber there, scan it most carefully where the dead trees lie, for there too, your game may be lying. Remember, my son, if you approach a moose directly he will either see or scent you, and in circling, you must understand that only the skill of the hunter in reading the signs can successfully determine the size of the circle—sometimes it may cover a quarter of a mile."

### Thoughts on Smells

RISING early next morning we made a very small fire to cook breakfast and were ready to start as soon as dawn came to light us on our way. Oo-koo-hoo took great care in loading his gun as he expected to come upon moose at any time. He placed a patch of cotton about the ball before ramming it in, and made sure that the powder showed in the nipple before putting on the percussion cap. And as he took his fire-steel and whetted a keener edge upon his knife, a smile of hunter's contentment overspread his face, because he well knew how soon he was to use the blade. That morning he did not light his pipe as usual because, as he explained, he wanted to have his wits about him; furthermore, he did not wish to add to the strength of his man-smell; and whispering to me he added with a smile:

"My son, when I smell some men, especially some white men, I never blame the animals of the Strong Woods for taking fright and running away."

And that reminds me that while we white people consider the negro the standard-bearer of the most offensive of all human body smells, the Indian always unhesitatingly awards the palm to the white man, and sometimes even the Indian children and babies, when they get an unadulterated whiff from a white man, will take such fright that it is hard for their mothers to console them—a fact that has often made me wonder what the poor little tots would do if they scented one of those highly painted and perfumed "ladies" that parade up and down Piccadilly, Fifth Avenue or Yonge Street?

After following the trail for about fifteen minutes we came to where the moose had been lying down, and the hunter whispered:

"My son, I am glad I did not smoke, but I am sorry that we camped so near." Then he added as he pointed to the impression of a moose's body in the snow: "A moose never lies twice in the same place in the snow, as the old bed would be frozen and hard as well as dirty."

### Circling the Moose

BUT as we had not made much noise, nor cut any big wood to make a fire, he was hopeful that our chances were still good; and at sunrise he concluded that it was time we should leave our sled behind and begin to track our quarry more cautiously. From then on, there was to be no talking—not even in a whisper. Soon we came upon yesterday's tracks, then further on we saw where the moose had circled before lying down again for the night, with their eyes guarding their front while their scent guarded their rear.

At last we came upon still fresher signs that told that the moose might be within a hundred paces or more. At a signal from the old hunter I imitated him by slipping off my snowshoes, and standing them upon end in the snow, and Oo-koo-hoo, leading the way, began to circle to our right as a gentle wind was coming on our left. Now our progress was indeed slow, and also perfectly noiseless. It seemed to take an age to make a semi-circle of a couple of hundred paces. Again we came upon the tracks of the moose. The signs were now fresher than ever. Retracing our own tracks for a little way we started on another circle, but this time a smaller one, for we were now very near the moose. Silent ages passed, then, we heard the swishing of a pulled branch as it flew back into place; a few steps nearer we progressed; then we heard the munching sound of a large animal's jaws. Oo-koo-hoo rose slightly from his stooped position, peered through the branches of a dense spruce thicket, crouched again, turned aside for perhaps twenty paces. . . looked up again . . . .raised his gun and saying in a gentle voice:

"My brother, I need. . .," he fired.

### One Moose Killed

INSTANTLY there was a commotion beyond the thicket, one sound running off among the trees, while the other, the greater sound, first made a brittle crash, then a ponderous thud as of a large object falling among the dead under branches.

The hunter now straightened up and with his teeth pulled the plug from his powder horn, poured a charge into his gun, spat a bullet from his mouth into the barrel, struck the butt violently upon the palm of his left hand, then slipping a cap upon the nipple, moved cautiously forward, as he whispered, "Its neck must be broken." Soon we saw what had happened. One moose was lying dead, the ball had struck it in the neck; it was a three-year-old cow—the one Oo-koo-hoo had selected—while the other, a bull, had left nothing but its tracks.

Presently the Owl re-loaded his gun with greater care, then we returned for our snowshoes and to recover our sled before we started to skin the carcass. On the way Oo-koo-hoo talked of moose hunting and I questioned him as to why he had turned aside for the last time just before he fired and he answered:

"My son, I did it so that in case I should miss, the report of my gun would come from the right direction to drive the moose towards home and also towards our sled; and in case, too that I hit the moose and only wounded it, the brute would run towards our sled and not take us further away from it. Also, my son, if I had merely wounded the beast, but had seen from the way it flinched that it had been struck in a vital spot, I would not have followed immediately, but would sit down and have a smoke, so as not to further disturb the wounded animal before it had time to bleed to death.

"Besides, a mere glance at the trail would tell me whether or not I had mortally wounded the moose—whether the brute was hit high or low, or whether the blood was dark or light. If hit high the blood would be upon the branches as well as upon the snow; if the blood was black it would mean that an artery had been severed and that the moose was mortally wounded. If the latter had happened, then would be the time for me to get out my pipe and have a smoke."

### Habits of the Moose

THE extreme range of a moose covers from five to fifteen miles. More often it is confined to a much smaller area that merely includes the low-lying river and lake valleys that afford him the choicest of summer food—the pineapple-like roots of waterlilies—and also affords him protection from flies while he is wading and delving for those very roots; and the higher lands among the hills, where he spends the winter in the denser forest.

But it is in midsummer that we can study the moose with greatest ease, for then he spends the sunrises and sunsets wading among the lily pads, and if we are careful to observe the direction of the wind to guard against being scented, and also careful to cease paddling or any other motion before the big brute looks at us, we may, with the greatest ease and safety, propel our canoe to within from a hundred yards to fifty or forty feet of the great beast as he stands looking at us with raised head and dilating nostrils trying to catch our scent. If he catches it, he suddenly tosses his ponderous head, drops back slightly on his hind legs as he swings round, and is off with a grunt. Nevertheless he—or she—will pause long enough to leave the sign that all deer leave upon the ground when suddenly startled by—to them—the dreadful smell of human beings.

### Spanking a Bull Moose

OR IF it happens to be moonlight and the moose is mystified by the steady, but silent, scentless and motionless approach of our canoe, he may at first stand gazing at us, then grunt at us, then back out of the water up on to the bank and there stand, not fifty feet away, towering above us—for he may measure six to seven feet at the shoulder and weigh three-quarters of a ton—shaking his great antlers and grunting, or perhaps more properly speaking, *barking* at us while he stamps his big forehoofs until he shakes the very river bank.

How children love to take part in such sport! How they thrill over such an experience! Many a time I have taken them right up to even the largest of bulls until the little tots could look into the very eyes of the greatest of all living deer. What fine little hunters too they made, never speaking, not even in a whisper; never moving—save only their eyelids.

In fact, I have been so close to wild moose that on one occasion I could have spanked a huge bull with my paddle. He was standing belly-deep in the river with his head under the water and so close did my canoe glide past him that I had to turn it to prevent it from running in between his hind legs. It was the sound of turning aside the canoe that brought his




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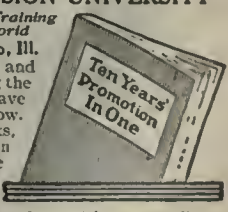
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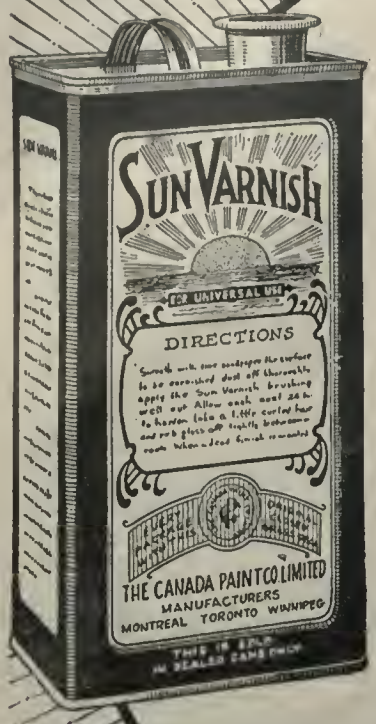
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head up, and when he beheld the cause, he lunged forward and trotted away, leaving a great wake of surging foam behind him. His head, crowned with massive antlers, was a ponderous affair. His body was as large as that of a Shire stallion and his back just as flat, while his legs were very much longer. He was the largest moose I have ever seen—and yet, by leaning slightly toward him, I could have spanked him with my paddle! One such experience with a great, wild animal is more adventuresome, more thrilling and more satisfactory than the shooting of a hundred such creatures. It is more than the sport of Kings—it is the sport of men of common sense.

### Killing not the Greatest Sport

THE head hunter from the city, who usually stands off at long range and fires at the first sight of game, will argue that killing is the great sport; when in truth it requires greater courage and greater skill to approach, unarmed, so close to game that one may touch it with a fish pole, and the reward is a much greater and a more satisfactory thrill than the head hunter ever gets from lying off at long range with a high-powered rifle and utterly destroying life.

Furthermore, think of how much better one can study natural history by observing live animals in action, rather than motionless ones in death! An artist, in his efforts to render a perfect portrait of a human being, never murders his sitter, as the so-called "sportsman-naturalist" does. It seems to me that if sportsmen were more active, more skilful and more courageous, they would give up slaughtering animals and birds for the sake of the unbounded pleasure and adventure of observing wild game at closer quarters; but in truth, long experience has taught me that the average hunter from the city is something of a coward—never daring to walk alone in the forest without his trusty, life-destroying machines.

But if those same hunters would take a little more interest in nature, pluck up a little more courage, and remember that the wild animals of the Northern forest are less vicious—when unmolested—than are many of the tame animals of civilization, how much more sane they would be. Remember, it is much safer to approach the great bulls of the forest than it is to approach the smaller bulls of the farmers' fields. Likewise, when tramping along the rural road one runs a much greater chance of being bitten by the farmer's dog than one does, when travelling through the forest, of being bitten by a wolf. Then, too, it is just the same of men, for the men of the cities are much more quarrelsome, dishonest and evil-minded than are those of the wilderness, and that no doubt accounts for the endless slandering of the wilderness dwellers by fiction writers who live in towns, for those authors—never having lived in the wilderness—form their judgment of life, either as they have experienced it in cities or as they imagine it to be in the wilderness.

### The Bull's Hard-Won Spouse

MOOSE mate in September and October, and during this period great battles between bulls frequently occur before the victor walks off with his hard-won spouse. The young—either one or two, but generally two after the mother's first experience—are born in May, in some secluded spot, and the calves soon begin to follow their mother about, and they follow her, too, into their second year. Horns begin to grow on the young bull before he is a year old, but they are mere knobs until he is a year and a half old, when spikes form; by the third year he is supplied with antlers.

The perfect antlers of a big bull sometimes measure seventy inches across, yet every winter—in January or February—the horns are shed. During the mating season moose are frequently hunted by the method known as "calling." The hunter, with the aid of a birch-bark megaphone, imitates the long drawn call of the cow, to attract the bull. Then, when a bull answers with his guttural grunt of *Oo-ah, Oo-ah*, the Indian imitates that sound too, to give the first bull the impression that a second is approaching, and thus provokes the first to hurry forward within range of the hunter's gun. But when the rutting season is over, the hunting is done by snaring or stalking or trailing. The moose derives its winter food principally from browsing upon hardwood twigs, and when the deep snows of midwinter arrive, he is

generally to be found in a "yard" where such growth is most abundant.

But a moose yard is not at all like the novelist's dream—a hard-packed space amid the deep, soft snow of the forest. In reality it is nothing more than a series of gutters from one foot to eighteen inches wide, intersecting one another at any distance from ten to fifty feet or more apart, and each gutter being punctured about every three feet with a post hole in which the moose steps as it walks. All the space between the tracks is nothing but deep, soft snow, anywhere from three to five feet in depth.

Would anyone but an ignoramus choose such a place for men to go—without snowshoes—to fight a duel with swords, in the dead of winter? Yet that is exactly where one famous novelist—who has specialized on northern life—sent his hero and villain to do battle with swords. Moreover, he has made them walk without snowshoes, and placed a man at the head of the procession, who was described as playing upon a flute, when the temperature was anywhere between thirty and sixty below zero.

Frequently moose are easily approached because they are heavy sleepers and one may venture as near to a sleeping moose as to a domestic cow, without waking it. The Indians around Fort Chipewyan used to tell a story—which they claimed to be true—regarding the hunting ability of two former "Fort Hunters," "Laundry," a Yellow Knife brave, and "Petit Jean," a Chipewyan Indian. One day they were boasting as to which was the better hunter. One bet his gun that he was, and the other wagered all his traps that he was. So Laundry, accepting the wager, said:

"You take your knife and I'll take mygun and the first fresh track we see, you trail the moose and kill it with your knife, and I shall do likewise when we find a second track." But Petit Jean replied: "No. The first track we see I shall take my knife and go and scratch a cross on one of the hoofs of the moose while it sleeps, then I shall return and tell you where the marked moose is, so that you may go and shoot it and find my mark upon its hoof."

And the Indians claimed that Petit Jean actually did it, and won the wager. The Trader who was then in charge of Fort Chipewyan, and who had spent most of his life among those Indians, told me he had no reason to doubt their story.

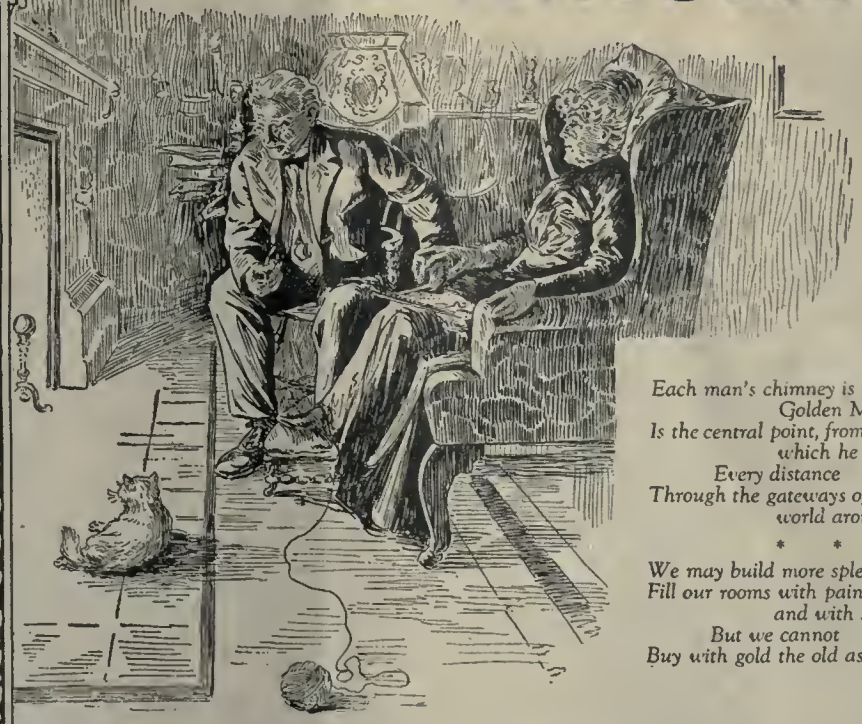
### Whiskey Jacks' Visit

AS WE were to be busy for the rest of the day, we made a suitable camp and started a fire; and by that time the moose had stiffened enough for proper handling while removing the skin. As usual the hunter's first act was to cut the eyes, then to cut off the head, which he at once skinned and, removing the tongue, hung the head beside the fire to cook while we went on with our work.

But while we propped up the moose and got it into good position, three Whiskey Jacks (Canada Jays) came, as they always seem to come at the first sign of smoke, to pay us a visit and partake of the feast. They are fluffy, heavily feathered little birds of gray, with wings and tail of darker hue, and with a white spot on their forehead. They are not unlike the Blue Jay in their calls and shrieks, though they have some notes of their own that are of a quieter, softer tone. They are friendly little beggars that will at times come so near that they may occasionally be caught in one's hand; but while one likes to have them about for the sake of their companionship, they will, univited, take a share of anything that is good to eat. They are the most familiar birds to be seen in the winter forest, and they have a remarkable way of laying their eggs and nesting in the month of March when the weather may register twenty to forty below zero.

In the forest there are several different ways of skinning animals, one is called "case skinning" and another is called "split skinning." To case skin an animal such as ermine, fox, fisher, lynx, marten, mink, otter, muskrat, rabbit or skunk, the skin is cut down the inner side of each hind leg until the two cuts meet just under the tail, and then the pelt is peeled off by turning it inside out. To split skin an animal such as wood-buffalo, moose, wapiti, caribou, deer, bear, beaver, wolf or wolverine, the skin is cut down the belly from throat to tail and also on the inside of each leg to the centre cut, and then the pelt is peeled off both ways toward the back. All split skins are stretched on


# Milestones



*Each man's chimney is his*
*Golden Milestone;*
*Is the central point, from*
*which he measures*
*Every distance*
*Through the gateways of the*
*world around him.*

* * *

*We may build more splendid habitations,*
*Fill our rooms with paintings*
*and with sculptures,*
*But we cannot*
*Buy with gold the old associations!*

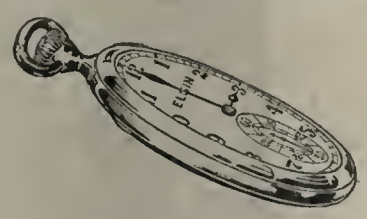
—Longfellow.

THE older we grow, the more tenderly do we dwell on those "Golden Milestones" of which Longfellow wrote—unforgettable incidents which marked epochs in our lives.

Recall the memorable day when someone gave you a watch! Perhaps you were a schoolboy, a girl graduate, a youth leaving home to make your way in the world. Whatever the occasion, the long-coveted watch gave you a new sense of assurance and consequence.

The world does not change. To-day, just as fifty years ago, Elgin Watches are punctuating the years in the lives of young and old. And as the months of 1921 come and go, you will find here, little human stories of some of those "Golden Milestones" in other people's lives, which are being marked by that gift —unrivalled as a suitable token of the passing of Time—an Elgin Watch.

46

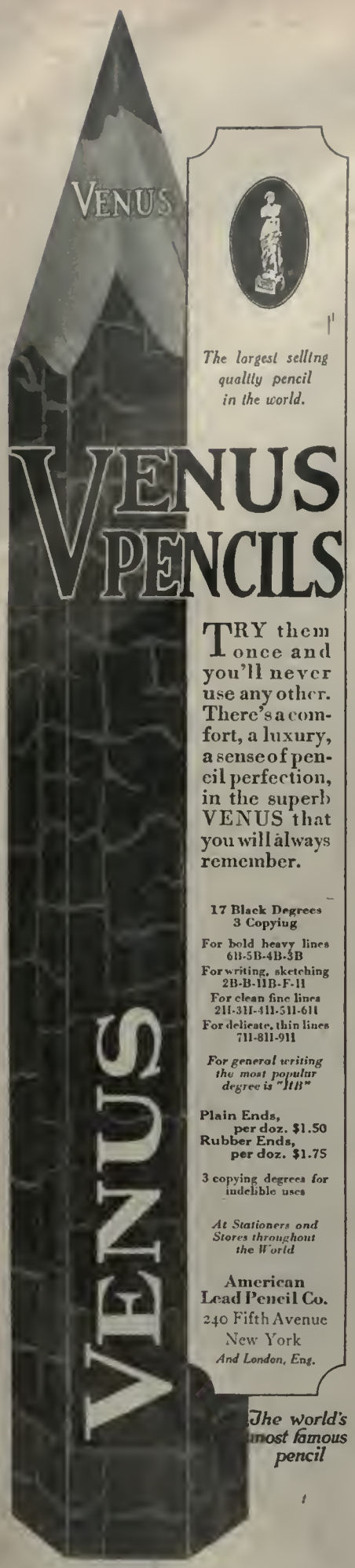


Elgin

Faithful Guardian of Time

# It Pays to Read *the Advertisements*

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rectangular frames—all save beaver skins which are stretched on oval frames. All case skins are stretched over wedge-shaped boards of various sizes—all save muskrat skins which are more often stretched over a hooped frame or a looped stick. So, of course, our moose pelt was "split skinned" but there is still another way to skin an animal that is too large for one man to turn over, and that is—in case the animal is lying on its belly—to split the skin down the back and then peel it off both ways toward the belly.

### Uses For the Skins

IF THE skin is to be used as a robe, the hair is left on, and the animal's brains are rubbed into the inner side of the pelt, after the fat has been removed, and then the skin is left to dry. That softens the pelt; but traders prefer skins to be sun-dried or cold-dried. If the skin is to be used as leather, the hair is cut off with a knife, and a deer's shin-bone is used as a dressing tool in scraping off the fat; both sides of the skin are dressed to remove the outer surface. It is easier to dress a skin in winter than in summer, but summer-made leather wears better, for the reason that the roots of the hair run all through a summer skin; whereas in winter the roots show only on the outer side; that is why a fur-trader—when looking only at the inner side—can tell whether a skin has been taken in winter or summer.

In dressing leather the inner side is rubbed well with brains which are then allowed to soak in for three or four days, then the skin is soaked in a vessel filled with water—but not in a river—for about two days more, then it is stretched again and let dry, then scraped with a bone, shell or steel scraper—if it is a moose skin, only on one side, but if it is a caribou skin, on both sides. The object of scraping is to further soften the skin. After that it is taken off the stretcher and rubbed together between the hands and pulled between two people. Then it is stretched again and smoked over a slow fire that does not blaze.

While at work I recalled how Oo-koo-hoo had surmised, before he had examined the carcass, that he had broken the moose's neck with his ball, and on questioning him as to how he knew, he replied,

"My son, if an animal is hit in the neck and the neck is broken, the beast will collapse right where it is; but if hit in the heart it will lunge forward; if hit in the nose, it will rear up; if hit in the spine it will leap into the air. Yes, my son, I have seen a great bull buffalo leap lynx-like, into the air, when it was struck in the spine."

Knowing that the hunter had wanted to procure more than one moose I asked him why he had not at once pursued the other? And he explained:

"For two reasons, my son, first because I don't want a bull. I want the tenderer meat and the softer skin of a cow; and secondly, even if I had wanted him, I would not have pursued him at once as that would cause him to run. If a moose is pursued on the run, it overheats, and that spoils the meat because the moose is naturally a rather inactive animal that lives on a small range and travels very little; but it is quite different with the caribou, for the caribou is naturally an active animal, a great traveller, that wanders far for its food, and to pursue it on the run only improves the flavor and the texture of its meat."

### Fire by Friction

AFTER supper as we sat in the comfortable glow of the fire we talked much of old time hunting, for in certain parts of the Great Northern Forest many of the ancient methods are practised to-day. Fire is often made by friction; many hunters still use the bow and arrow, while others use the flint-lock gun; frequently too, they rely upon their spears; bone knives and awls as well as stone axes are still applied to work; fish nets are yet woven from the inner bark of cedar; and still to-day wooden baskets and birch-bark rogans are used for the purpose of heating water and boiling food. Notwithstanding our far over-rated civilization the natives in some sections are dressed to-day in clothing entirely derived from the forest.

One of the most ancient methods of hunting and one which is still in vogue in some remote localities is the "drive." Two famous places for drive hunting in older days were Point Carcajou on Peace River, and the Grand Détour on Great Slave River. The former driving ground was about thirty miles long by about three miles across, while the latter was about fifteen miles long by about three miles across. The mode of hunting was for a party of Indians to spread out through the woods, and all, at an appointed time, to move forward toward a certain point, and thus drive the game before them, until the animals, on coming out into the open at the other end, were attacked by men in ambush. At those driving grounds, in the right season—even if a drive of only a few miles was made—the Indians could count on securing two or three bears, three or four moose and twelve or fifteen caribou. But in later years a number of the drivers having been accidentally shot from ambush, the practice has been discontinued in those localities.

That night, when I was sitting beside Oo-koo-hoo, we began talking about bear hunting and he said: "My son, some day you, too, may want to become a great bear-hunter, and when you do go out to hunt alone, don't do as I do, but do as I say, for I am growing old and am sometimes careless about the way I approach game." Puffing away at his pipe, he presently continued:

"In trailing bear, the hunter's method of approach, of course, depends entirely upon the information he has gained from the tracks he has discovered. If the hunter sees the bear without being seen, he will approach to within about twenty paces or even ten of the brute before he fires; being, however, always careful to keep some object between him and his quarry. And when he does fire, he should not wait to see the effect but should immediately run aside for a distance of fifteen or twenty paces, as the first thing a bear does when it is shot is to bite the wound on account of the pain, next it tries to discover who hit it, and remembering from which direction the sound came, it looks up, and seeing the smoke, rushes for it. Then the hunter has his opportunity, for on seeing the beast pass broadside, he fires, and thus stands a good chance of hitting a vital spot.

"At a critical moment a good hunter's movements are not only swift but always premeditated. Nor does he ever treat a bear with contempt; from first to last, he is always on guard. He never takes a chance. Even if the bear drops when the hunter fires, he will immediately reload and advance very slowly lest the brute is feigning dead. The hunter advances with his gun cocked and in readiness to within perhaps five paces and then waits to see if his quarry is really dead. If the bear is not dead and sees that the hunter is off his guard, the chances are it will rush at him. But an experienced hunter is not easily fooled, for he knows that if an animal makes a choking sound in its throat, caused by internal bleeding, it is mortally wounded; but, if it makes no such sound—watch out!"

It is not an uncommon occurrence for a hunter, when travelling through the winter woods, to discover the place where a bear is hibernating; the secret being given away by the condensed breath of the brute forming hoar frost about the imperfectly blocked entrance to the wash. The Indians' hunting dogs are experts at finding such hidden treasure, and when they do locate such a claim, they do their best to acquaint their master of the fact.

One day when Oo-koo-hoo was snow-shoeing across a beaver meadow, his dogs, having gained the wooded slope beyond, began racing about as though they had scented game and were trying to connect a broken trail. So the Owl got out his pipe and sat down to have a smoke while his dogs were busily engaged. Presently they centered on a certain spot and Oo-koo-hoo, going over, discovered the tell-tale hoar frost. Twisting out of his snowshoes—for an Indian never has to touch his hands to them when he puts them on or takes them off—he used one of them for a shovel, and digging away the snow, he came upon a bear's wash.

It was quite a cave and dark inside, and as the dogs refused to enter, the hunter crawled into the entrance and reaching in as far as he could with his hand felt the forms of two bears. Making sure of the exact position of the head of one of them, he then shoved his gun in until the muzzle was close to the ear of one of the bears and then he fired. The explosion aroused the other bear and as it crawled out Oo-koo-hoo killed it with his axe. The latter was a brown bear while the former was a black.

*Continued in April 1 Issue.*




*Orange Jelly Makes a Different Dessert—*

*and one that is very tempting and dainty*

ORANGE JELLY

*(Seven to Nine Persons)*

| | |
|---|---|
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| 1½ cups (¾ pint) orange juice | 1½ cups (¾ pint) water |
| | 1 lemon |

Grate rinds of two oranges into saucepan, add Gelatine, sugar and water and dissolve over fire; add orange and lemon juices and strain into a wet mold. Chill in a cool place and turn out when firm.

This jelly is sometimes served in orange shells as follows: Remove a small piece from top of orange; scoop out pulp with a small spoon; chill shells and fill with jelly. Cut in halves or quarters when firm.

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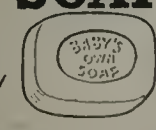


No skin is so tender that it will not be the better for a wash with

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BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for Baby




Best for You

# The Millionth Chance

*Continued from page 11*

SHE moved forward to the companion-way. "No, you don't go near that cabin," said Carew. "Probably you have a revolver there." Watching her closely, he took the wheel from the colored deck-hand who had been keeping the vessel up in the wind.

"We'll come back for you in a little while," Carew shouted to the skipper of the stranded steamer; and the *Sea-Lark* headed due northwest. An hour later she lay hove to under the shelter of a small island. Another island, somewhat larger, lay three hundred fathoms away.

"If you think you can delay saving those niggers long enough to get your stuff ashore here," said Barbara, who had watched this manoeuvre with smouldering anger, "you have another guess coming. It would take hours—"

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Miss Payne," said Carew, "but this is where you go ashore please, and the quicker you are, the more chance there is for those fellows on the steamer." Kenyon, who had recovered somewhat, and was now sitting up scowling, glanced quickly at Carew and then at the girl-skipper. No dog ever adored its mistress more devoutly than Kenyon adored Barbara Payne, and some idea of Carew's intention began to dawn upon him.

"I absolutely refuse to leave the ship," said the girl.

"That much I anticipated," said Carew. "You're going all the same."

"Wait a minute, Miss," Kenyon put in, scrambling to his feet. "Say, Mr. Carew, are you going ashore here too?"

"No, but you can if you like."

"Gee, mister, you've got nerve, but I'll say this. You done the right thing, even if you did paste me on the jaw."

"It had to be done, Kenyon. You'll come back with me, of course, won't you?"

"I get you. Sure I'll come. We'll leave all hands here, to make more room on the *Sea-Lark*."

"What about Van Tromp?" asked Carew. "It'd teach him a lesson to keep him on board."

"No, no," wailed the Hollander. "They haf der smallpox."

"Well, hurry up over the side then, jelly-fish," Carew snapped.

Provisions were lowered into the small boat and then Carew turned to Barbara.

"Now, Miss Payne, please," he urged.

"I have told you, I shall not leave the schooner."

It was the crucial moment. They faced one another in silence for perhaps ten seconds. There was utter defiance in the girl's eyes. Not for an instant did she waver. Suddenly Bob Carew took a step forward, gathered her up in his arms as though she were a child, and gently lowered her into the waiting boat.

"It's for the best, Miss Payne," he said then. "I hope that. . . that afterwards you'll not think too much about this part."

"Pig!" was her ultimate shot.

* * *

THE tide had risen perceptibly by the time the *Sea-Lark* reached the stranded *Crossley* again. It was delicate work mooring the schooner, but two lines were eventually made fast between the vessels. Five minutes later the *Sea-Lark's* hatches were off and a steady stream of bales was being dropped over the side while an equally steady stream of the steamer's human freight was being passed along to the schooner.

"Is your ship badly holed?" Carew asked one of the *Crossley's* officers presently.

"She must have torn half her plates away under the water line on the starboard bow," was the reply. "The moment her stern lifts high enough she'll float off and then — good-night! Regular death trap she is, and smallpox too! Those niggers were dying like flies. Phew! Your little boat looked good to us, mister man. It's going to be a tight squeeze, though. And I'll bet a banana some idiot'll soon be wishing that he's insured this cargo we're slinging away. Is it insured?" He was tilting over the side a case which Carew happened to know contained close on two hundred dollars worth of merchandise. That was what he had paid for it out of his savings.

"I think not," replied Carew with a blank expression.

"It's funny what fools people are," declared the steam-boat officer, seizing another case and rolling it to the rail. "Would you believe it, the *Crossley* doesn't carry a cent of insurance. Not satisfied with cutting down the crew until the men led a dog's life, the owners thought they could save a bit more by not taking out a policy. Just because we never had met with an accident on this run, they decided to take a chance. And now look at the damn thing!" But Carew was not listening. An idea had begun to obsess him. He dismissed it peremptorily, but it refused to be banished. It was a crazy notion. He knew it was a crazy notion. But it haunted him. Fumbling in a pocket he found a stub pencil and a scrap of paper. Resting on the top of the cabin he wrote hastily:

"Dear Miss Payne:

"You're going to be hard hit if the *Crossley* becomes a total loss, because she isn't insured and her owners would go into bankruptcy if she sank. Your schooner won't be fit to use again for some time. But when the *Crossley* drifts off this rock she'll be a salvage job as long as she keeps afloat. And so long as I stay on her, representing you, you're entitled to salvage money. That's the fair way to put it, because really I had no right to turn you off your own ship, and you might have made a shot at salvaging the *Crossley* yourself if I'd let you. If ever I get ashore again anywhere I'll put the matter in the hands of your agents at San Juan. If I don't get ashore again it'll be because I've made a big blunder, just as I blundered over another big thing. You know what I mean, though I won't say anything about it now except that I made you hate me instead of love me.

"BOB CAREW."

WHEN the holds were sufficiently empty, the black passengers were passed down below, where they huddled mutely. The after-hold was reported packed. There were still a hundred men to transfer to the schooner. Presently the forward hold was full, the cabin was a seething mass of black humanity and there was barely room on the deck to work the ship. Then Carew elbowed his way to Kenyon's side.

"Listen, Kenyon," he said, speaking in a quick jerky way. "This schooner mustn't go near the island where Miss Payne is, see? You must land these chaps on the larger island. You understand, Kenyon?"

"You bet your sweet life we aint going to run any risk of her getting smallpox," retorted the mate. "That's what I was scared of for her."

"You're a corker," said Carew with a grin. "Sorry I had to hit you. And, Kenyon, I want you to give this letter to Miss Payne. You can row across and pass it over."

"But why don't you give her the letter yourself?" queried Kenyon. "You're all right, aren't you?"

"Yes, but I may not be, presently," replied Bob Carew. "Now let's push on with the job."

The fog had been steadily getting thicker. During the last few minutes it was barely possible to see the *Crossley* from the schooner. Every soul on the steamer had been transferred to the *Sea-Lark*. The moorings were being cast off. Quietly, Carew slipped into the water over the schooner's stern and struck out. The current against which he had to swim was fairly strong, but gradually he won his way toward the stranded vessel. Seizing a line that hung over the side, he drew himself up until, panting but safe for the present, he stood on the *Crossley's* deck. Already the little schooner was scudding away, out of sight.

"Well," Carew muttered, "it's a chance in ten hundred thousand, I suppose, but there's always the one odd chance."

First he went below. His inspection there revealed little. The water-tight door aft of the injury to the plates had been closed, but water was gushing about in the engine room. Exactly what that signified Carew could not be sure. It depended partly on whether the water got into the engine room before that door was shut, or after. Anyway, the position looked black. Moreover, the steamer's stern


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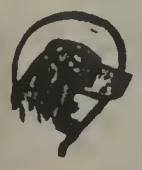
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had by now risen considerably with the tide and the vessel was rocking ominously. There was no doubt she would slide off her granite bed before long. What would happen soon after was obvious enough. It might happen within a few minutes. How much longer she would remain afloat was problematical.

The man made his way back to the deck and noticed with satisfaction that the fog was drifting away. There was still thick weather, but it was improving. He glanced anxiously at his watch. In another half hour the tide would be at its highest.

THERE came a grating vibration through the ship.

"She's going!" Carew muttered aloud.

Again the grating, and then, having floated off the rock, the steamer began to roll sluggishly. Her bows were so low in the water that the well-deck forward was awash. Her stern, raised ten feet, left the propeller sticking up in the air. She slewed clear of the sheltering rock and then wallowed hoggishly in the trough of the sea. For a time that water-tight door would help to keep her up. But for how long? When she did go it would be a clean dive, head foremost. And Carew was powerless.

A white-capped comber, mountain high, raced down upon the *Crossley*. It seemed to pause for an instant fifty feet away, as though gloating over its victim, or gathering strength for the onslaught. Gripping a stanchion firmly and with eyes narrowed to mere slits, Carew watched the mighty wave. There was a crash as the solid wall of water hit the steel plates. The steamer heeled far over and was asmother. For a full minute she lay like a wounded, beaten creature, and then slowly, painfully, thrust her hulk upward, the water cascading over her lee rail. Carew's arms had almost been torn from their sockets by the swirl. A few more like that would of necessity settle matters.

"Still," he grunted, wiping his eyes of the stinging salt, "there's always the millionth chance!"

* * *

THE gale had subsided. Out of the grey dawn chugged the tramp steamer *Para Maid*. The sea was leaden and unruffled, save for the long green groundswell which rolls eternally in those waters. On the bridge Captain Bowerman chewed the butt of a cigar and shook his head for the twentieth time. He was aweary, but he didn't intend to turn in before this girl at his side ended her vigil. The silvery-haired old skipper was proud of his own endurance. His eyes were heavy, but nothing in petticoats was going to beat him at his own game. Neither he nor Barbara Payne had moved from the bridge for forty consecutive hours.

"The sea's a big place, Miss," he said, scanning the vague horizon, "and from what you tell me the *Crossley* couldn't keep afloat long. And with three days drifting—"

Barbara's form stiffened. Something dark, almost awash, on the starboard bow, had caught her eye. Laying a hand on old Bowerman's arm she pointed. Her lips moved but her words were inaudible. Bowerman gave a quick order to the man at the wheel, and the bluff bow of the *Para Maid* slewed round.

"By heck," said Bowerman a few moments later, "but it's a ship, sure enough, or rather what remains of one."

And then they were both grimly silent as the tramp chugged and coughed her way nearer. It wasn't a pretty sight—a deserted steamer lying over almost on her side, nine-tenths submerged, rolling drunkenly in the swell. Forward, the green water gurgled over her. Half the bridge was beneath the surface.

Bowerman manoeuvred the *Para Maid* around the derelict and then stopped alongside.

"Everything swept clean away, Miss," said the old skipper. "She's had a gruelling in that gale. Nobody aboard of her. She'll be slipping to the bottom any minute now." He pulled the syren lanyard as a matter of form, and the *Para Maid's* deep brass-throated cry echoed over the silent ship and the silent sea.

BARBARA was standing with both hands tightly gripping the bridge rail. It was for her sake that Bob Carew had done this. She knew well enough, now, why he had forced her off the schooner, but she would never have gone unless compelled by physical force, even though it had meant being packed among seven hundred niggers all more or less tainted with the germs of smallpox.

Bowerman put his hand on the telegraph to ring for steam.

"Wait," said Barbara in a queer, sharp voice. "I want you to drop a boat, please, and let me go aboard there for a moment."

"Why—why, what's the use?" asked Bowerman.

"None, perhaps, but drop a boat, please."

"When she goes down she'll pull you under—oh, well, if you feel like that about it," he added as he caught the girl's appealing glance. "But remember, I've warned you. Jenkins, slip that boat out," he added, "and be smart about it."

Two seamen rowed Barbara across the intervening water. With tightly compressed lips the girl clambered on to the side of the *Crossley's* after wheel house, and stood there a few moments surveying the desolate ruin of the steamer. Presently, catching hold of a rope, she made her way along the steeply sloping deck as far as the deck house. The vessel was lurching heavily over to port. The starboard half of the deck house was well out of water.

Barbara peered into a yawning doorway and then uttered a stifled cry. The form of a man was lying in the further corner. A moment later she was stooping over him.

* * *

BOB CAREW came slowly back from a land of vague shadows, and his first clear impression was that he had passed into eternity. Also, he gathered that eternity was very delightful because he could hear a voice calling him, and the owner of that voice had been dearer—much dearer—to him than life itself. There was a throbbing pain in his head, where he had struck it in falling but that was a trifle.

"Bob, Bob!"

He was on the point of opening his eyes wonderingly, when a marvellous thing happened. Two warm lips were pressed to his for a moment. And then he knew this was not eternity.

"Bob! Bob, dear!"

He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Barbara! How did you get here?"

"I—we came to take you off. Can you get up? This ship will sink soon. There's a steamer lying alongside."

"You kissed me, Barbara. You know you did. I thought at first we'd each been fitted with a pair of wings. I couldn't believe—Barbara, you kissed me! Is there any reason why you shouldn't do it again?"

The girl flushed. It was not shame but joy which brought the color to her cheeks.

"Not now," she said hurriedly. "Try to get up. Be quick." He raised himself on his elbow. "Come along," the girl added. "We'll have you safe on the other steamer in a few minutes."

He climbed to the deck and surveyed the wallowing *Crossley*.

"Come along. Hurry!" Barbara urged.

Bob remained still, holding on to a stanchion.

"Wait a bit," he said. "I thought from what you said that she was just going under."

"She is. Look at her to'gallant fo'c'sle; it's awash, and so is her number one hatch on the main deck."

The man shook his head.

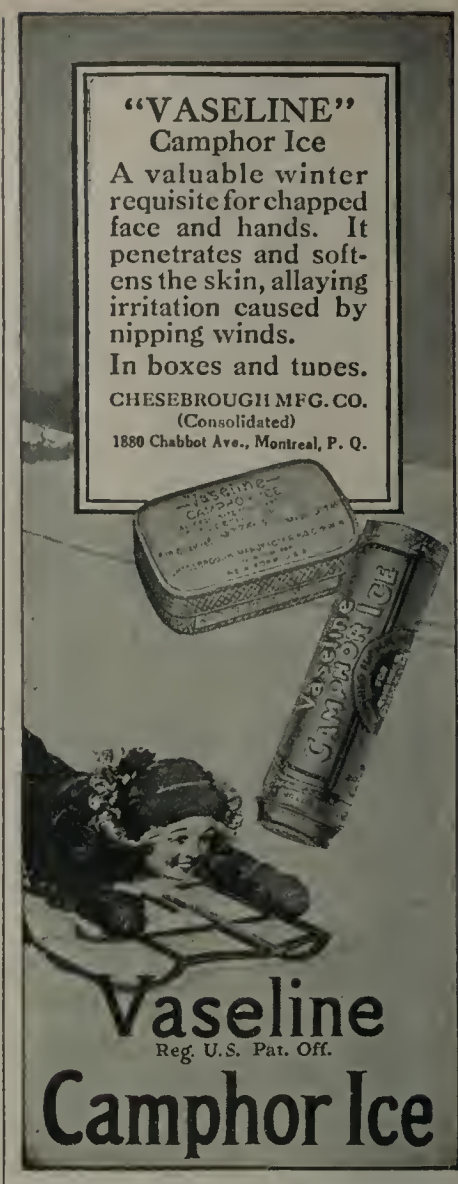
"This is Thursday morning, isn't it? She's been exactly like this since Tuesday night when a big one nearly made her turn turtle. Don't ask me what's keeping her up: bulk-heads holding when they ought to have given away long ago, I suppose. How far is it to Lanea? That ought to be the nearest beach, as far as I can reckon."

"About two hundred miles, I should think. Why? We could never tow her there."

"Couldn't we? I'd like to know why not. She'll sag like a fat hog, she won't steer a cent's worth, and she'll try to break our hearts on the job. But she's fair salvage as long as she floats, Barbara, and if I can only get her on a lee shore at high water, nothing else matters. Just wait till I've had a talk with the skipper of that steamer."

* * *

HALF an hour later, with a steel hawser made fast, the derelict *Crossley* was being slowly towed stern first, in the direction of Lanea. Ordinarily, Captain Bowerman was far from being a profane man,


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but during the next eighty hours there were moments when the recording angel was either kept busy or turned a deaf ear. For the cranky burden in the *Para Maid's* wake was as an endless nightmare to the skipper. Apart from the fact that it was only by an apparent miracle that she kept afloat at all, she yawed and sagged and was inconceivably mulish; but every hour, on an average, the Para *Maid* staggered three miles nearer Lanea under the burden.

Meanwhile Bob Carew remained in his bunk, for the injury to his head had been severe. It was at sunset on the third evening, just as the loom of Lanea appeared faintly on the horizon, that he came on deck again. He found Barbara leaning over the rail, and went to her side.

"Penny for your thoughts," he said.

"I was just wondering how much you would make out of this salvage job," she said. "Bowerman's bargain with you was very fair. You ought to clear quite a lot—"

"I wouldn't touch a cent of it," he replied. "It's yours. Didn't you get my note?"

"I got a note, yes. But I'm not a pirate. I didn't salvage the *Crossley*."

He moved closer toward her.

"Barbara," he said huskily, "tell me I wasn't dreaming. I can't believe now that it's true. You did kiss me, didn't you?"

"The boards were wet and I—I slipped forward," she said, her face averted.

Again, now that a crisis was at hand, Bob lost all self-consciousness, and all shyness.

"Look," he said, glowing. "There's old Captain Bowerman staring at us, and that raw-boned Scots mate, and several of the deck hands are in full view. If you don't confess now that you kissed me I shall do what I've wanted to do every minute since I first set eyes on you. I shall take you right in my arms in front of everybody and kiss you a thousand times."

"Pig!" replied Barbara; but for a brief second she turned her scarlet cheeks toward him and Bob saw something in her eyes which made him radiant.

Very gently he placed his hand on hers and her fingers became entwined in his.

"But, Barbara," he said haltingly, "I can't understand it a bit, even now. I mean, for the life of me I can't see why you—well darn it, you're a queen among women, and I'm just a great hulking—"

"From the very first," replied Barbara, smiling, "you never stood a ghost of a chance of escaping, until you flung me ashore and went off in my ship and tried to drown yourself on the *Crossley*. Penny for your thoughts, now."

"I was just thinking," said Bob, "that with this salvage money we shall be able to build a house somewhere to live in. Anywhere you like; I don't care. Say, Barbara, quick, there isn't a soul looking."

But from the bridge Captain Bowerman saw, and he wagged his silvery old head. The matter had his entire approval.

## Goldwin Smith

*Continued from page 13*

had occasion to re-read his book on "Compromise" and there I found the explanation. Fearful of doing him an injustice, at some interval of time I re-read his "Voltaire" and read for the first time some of his other works. Everywhere I found great honesty of intellectual intention, a certain talent for apt phrasing—and portentous dullness. These works all seem to me the laborious offspring of a slowly-moving mind, little accustomed to the friction of contact with other minds of more nimble quality, a condition aggravated by a habit of seclusion.

The fatal want of rapidity of mental process, increased no doubt by advancing age, may have been responsible, at a later period, for his inability to grasp with the quickness the occasion imperatively demanded the real meaning of the War. Apparently he could not see the use of it. That is to say, his mind was too slow to work out the implications of it with the necessary speed. It was honest of him to retire from the Government at the great crisis of the history of the nation; but if his wits had been quicker he would just as honestly have remained and have given the enemy one less handle to use as unscrupulously as he did.

CHIN, Goldwin Smith's butler, who had been in his service from time immemorial was a continuous source of joy to me. He had in his youth been a footman in




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some great house in England and I used, while he was assisting me into my coat after dinner, to catechise him on ancient matters.

In the hall at "The Grange," there was, as there still is, a cabinet in which many relics were kept. Among these were several wine goblets without bases used at a time when heel-taps were supposed to be not in fashion. As I always had doubts about the extent of the powers of bibulation of our immediate ancestors, I asked Chin, who was an expert witness, whether he had ever served wine in such goblets. He replied that he had. The following conversation ensued:

M. "Did you fill the goblets to the brim, as a rule?"

C. "Oh! no, sir, rarely more than half full."

M. "Did the guests drink all the wine you poured?"

C. "No, sir. You see it was this way. Each guest had a small dish, we called it a cooler, at his plate and he poured into it the wine he did not want to drink and then he set down his glass."

M. "That must have led to a great waste of wine."

C. "Certainly it did, sir."

From which I inferred that it was easy to be a four bottle man at that rate.

One evening at dinner at "The Grange," there occurred the following dialogue:

Chin. "Port or sherry, sir?"

M. "Port."

C. (in my ear, sotto voce). "The Old Brown is getting very low, sir."

M. "Thank you, Chin, Old Brown be it."

### Goldwin Smith in Conversation

THERE grew up a legend that at his own table and elsewhere conversation with Goldwin Smith was apt to come down to a monologue. This is nonsense. The only occasions upon which I recollect Goldwin Smith indulging in monologue were those in which the company was intolerably dull. This generally happened when some political or municipal or even judicial dignitaries were present and when it was exceedingly difficult to sustain the current of conversation so necessary to digestion. On such occasions Goldwin Smith came to the rescue with wholesome stimulant.

I am convinced that one of the reasons for the prevalence of diseases of the digestive organs among the people of the North American continent, is saturnine silence at table and the other reason is that people do not, although they could if they wished, drink light wholesome wine as one of the two aids to digestion.

I am not sure that I experienced any intellectual stimulus from companionship with Goldwin Smith. His limitations were obvious. He knew nothing of science or of art; he knew nothing of metaphysics; he was to a certain extent interested in religion, although he knew little about theology, notwithstanding his dipping into the writings of the Puritans: he concerned himself though mildly about trade unionism and charitable relief; but of social movements otherwise he knew little. He had fixed literary standards but he was uncertain in applying them to modern and unknown authors. Like Charles Lamb in respect to a new writer he would "damn him at a hazard."

He leaned decidedly upon the old order. Yet he had a genuine enthusiasm for liberty and equal horror of infringements upon it whether these were inspired by aristocrat or democrat. He could be counted upon to support any cause, popular or unpopular, which seemed to make for freedom. He was an individualist, yet he had a strong sense of obligation to the commonplace society in which he elected to live and he supported everything which seemed to him to make for progress in that society. He knew nothing of art, yet he counseled his wife to bequeath the house and Park* in which they lived as a site for the erection of a public gallery of art. He was in a manner detached from the currents of modern life and he did not follow their course very closely, yet he felt that great changes were coming. He often said to me, "I wish I could wait to see the fun."

### The End

HE HAD the reputation of being austere and impatient of contradiction. Austere he was in the best sense, yet when I wanted gossip I got it from him distilled with a spice of sardonic humor. I never found him reluctant

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to accept an unfamiliar or even unwelcome idea when he encountered argument whose force he recognized. He was a real "lord of language" and the magisterial manner became him well, yet he could express himself with directness and simplicity when he had a mind to. I found that his most distinctive characteristics were loyalty to his friends, warmth of affection for them, modesty and an invincible sense of justice.

I had called at "The Grange" several times in the Spring of 1910, during his last illness; I did not expect, and I was not permitted, to see him. When a slight improvement took place in his condition he was told of my having called and he sent for me at once. He had been moved down to his library where so often before we had sat in happier times. As usual he was kind and affectionate.

"I am sorry," he said, feebly but still in his magisterial manner, "that the time should have come when you were turned from my door."

He told me that he had heard I was about to leave upon a long journey and asked when I expected to return. I told him. "I must try to get well by the time you come back."

I felt I should never see him again. Early in June I saw the notice of his death in a newspaper in the club at Shanghai.

*The original members of "The Round Table" as nominated by Goldwin Smith and myself were: B. E. Walker, general manager, Canadian Bank of Commerce (afterwards Sir Edmund Walker); W. J. Alexander, Professor of English Literature in University College; James Bain, Jr., Librarian of the Public Library; Wm. Robertson Clark, Professor of Philosophy in Trinity College; Oliver A. Howland, Q.C. (afterwards Mayor of Toronto); T. Arnold Haultain, secretary of Mr. Goldwin Smith; Rev. Canon Welch, Provost of Trinity College (afterwards Rector of St. James' Cathedral; Maurice Hutton, Professor of Greek in University College; Goldwin Smith; James Mavor, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Toronto; John S. Willison, editor of the "Globe" (afterwards Sir John Willison); W. Ramsay Wright, Professor of Biology in the University of Toronto.

## Canada's Fur Future

*Continued from page 9*

than 3,000,000, when the old controversy may be opened again by any South American country, which was not a signatory to the Treaty, scouting Pacific waters.

I simply give these figures to show you what fur farming will do and to let you draw your own inference as to whether anything is happening in the world fur trade. If you want more figures, write to Mr. White, of Canada's Conservation Commission, to whose wonderful work Canadians will one of these days waken up. If the Dominion Government and the Provincial Governments support what Mr. White is trying to do for the Canadian fur trade, he will one day give them as big cash returns in furs as Marquis and Red Fife Wheat have given in the hundreds of millions.

### Oodles of Ready Cash

I HARDLY need to tell how the war forced the transfer of the world fur trade to Canada and the United States.

Europe was destitute of money. The United States had oodles of ready cash. People were buying furs who never bought fur before. Ocean transportation blocked the export of furs from Russia to London and they came by way of the Pacific here. The same thing happened to South American furs. They could find no sale in Europe and came here. Then the Leipzic dyers could not handle the squirrel and Persian lamb, which had been their great specialty; and they came here.

Then the manufacturers of America determined once and for all to win their independence of Germany for a supply of dyes. By means licit and perhaps illicit, they got the dye formulas. (There is a bitter fight right now on fur seal dye processes, which I don't want to go into here, but I shall again as soon as the Supreme Court gives its decision. It is a matter to go before International Courts very soon.) Banks advanced dye works millions to get the industry established before the war ceased; and the dyeing and dressing of furs is in the United States and Canada to stay.

Fur fashions became here a sort of frenzy that grew by what it fed on—summer furs, which will pass as a fad, fur trimmings, fur for evening gowns, for wraps, for rough weather, for summer


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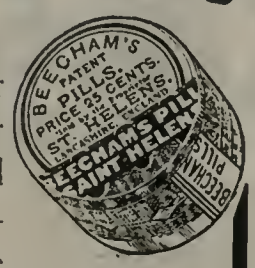
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A point of saturation will be reached when the foolishness of the frenzy will pass, and you won't see a fox skin round a young girl's neck when it is 80 degrees in Toronto, or Vancouver; and you won't see girls parade Fifth Avenue with fur fluffs on their high-heeled shoes, like wings; but a rich, careless spending nation, which has once acquired the taste for furs, will never lose that taste and go back to pure wool, especially as pure wool is going higher and higher in price, and dye processes are putting cheaper furs within the reach of the poorest buyer.

Furs are to-day in the United States and Canada what diamonds used to be in the old blazing horse-show days, when people went to see the diamonds, not the horses. Why, this year, I saw on the most costly dressers in New York, little harp seal coats from Newfoundland, which we used to regard as good only for blubber and oil.

The whim will pass, but America to-day is the biggest buyer and the most reckless buyer of furs in the world. The reckless buying will pass with the fuller knowledge of what is worth while and what isn't; but a people once transformed into fur buyers will be fur buyers always.

### Skinned Themselves, Too

AND the sales and the dressing and the dyeing and the manufacturing are here to stay. Why not? Why should we Canadians sell muskrat at 19 to 25 cents, ship it to Germany and Paris, and buy it back as Hudson Seal at an excess of 2,000 and 3,000 per cent? As the traders say—"I don't think! Never again!" To be sure the ignorant fools who rushed out and paid high prices for unprime muskrat at Norway House—$4 for pelts worth 50c—got stung in the sales and had to buy back their poor furs and lost every cent they had. All the better for the muskrat at Norway House. These fur gamblers will never again buy unprime skins or try to skin the old wolves of the trade. They have skinned themselves for all time and will have to get out of the trade; but that is all the better for the trade. Old traders never buy unprime skins; and if you take skins only when prime, you give the muskrat time to multiply and keep the supply up.

Let the gamblers in the fur trade get out for good and all! They and their doped whiskey did more to demoralize the fur trade of the North in 1919 than it has suffered since the old fights of 1810 to 1820. Another such year would have debauched Indian tribes to the point of extermination; but the gambling interlopers are down and out, and the fur trade is back in the hands of legitimate traders. When a good muskrat sells for $7 and a poor one for 10c to be used in felt, these gay gamblers have had their lesson. When a perfect silver fox sells for $2,000, and an unprime for $1.50—which happened in one sale in 1920—some fool learned a lesson and the whole silver fox tribe got their revenge.

But there was a subtler reason why the fur sales would ultimately have come to America, even had there been no war; and this reason is such a red-hot end of a poker I want to make it clear.

European traders have fended off the day of the transfer for a century. They have fought the movement tooth and nail, fair and unfair, in court and out of it; but it had to come; and I can explain the reason best by a well-known case of 20,000 Canadian beaver or 20,000 Canadian inland Arctic fox.

### Taking a Huge Loss

ONE year just before the war, both these furs had been bought from the trapper on the field at from $7.50 to $10. There was a sudden demand for fox in American fashions—I think it was the year when white trimmings were the vogue for evening wraps and young girl's evening gowns. The price went up in the U.S. for white fox undressed to $20. But the 20,000 white fox sent from Canada that year couldn't reach London that year before December, or be sold to the trade before March or April. By March or April the fashion had changed. They had to be brought back and put in storage for five

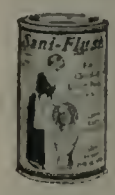


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years. That very year, London got some 20,000 beaver. She dressed them and shipped them out here. Beaver was out of fashion here as it is yet. That consignment could not be sold. There was a loss that represented $400,000 in white fox, $400,000 in beaver, which ate its head off in interest charges straight through the four years of the war; and those two consignments will either have to be sold at a loss, or cost the ultimate buyer, at 6 per cent., $120,000 each consignment more than was necessary. When these two cases were drawn to the attention of the great European fur brokers, their sententious answer was: "Yes, but we can afford to drop all profits and if necessary a million or two in loss, rather than lose the fur markets of the world."

But that hurts the ultimate price to the Canadian hunter and the ultimate price to the consumer; and that is the real reason why fur sales of American and Canadian furs had to come to the United States and Canada.

The laws of supply and demand break us. We can't break them. We can only throw a monkey wrench in the machinery, that comes back on us as a boomerang. When the gamblers' unprime furs failed to sell in the open market last year, the gamblers bought them in; but the banks closed down on the gamblers, seized the furs and threw them on a market demoralized by the panic. To have sold those poor furs on a panic market would have ruined legitimate dealers; so the poor furs were sold by sealed bids for what they would bring. They are out of the way now. Trappers did not go much afield during 1920; and this year will witness a catch estimated at 15 per cent. of normal. Results—good furs will multiply—good furs will also be very scarce in 1921 and will command high prices. I don't think poor furs will ever again "slump" the market. The lesson was too costly to the tenderfoot horde of fools who rushed into the game.

Second, I want you to consider where the great natural fur domains of the world's fur supply lie—furs are best from three sources:—

(1) In cold climate, where the pelage is deepest and strongest, which is why beaver is stronger and more durable than nutria, Alaska seal than muskrat seal, marten than chinchilla.

(2) Near fresh water rather than salt water with the exception of Alaska seal and sea otter, which is almost extinct.

(3) In timber or brush wood shade with the exception of the pure white furs, which are best from the Arctic.

Only three domains in the world answer all three requirements—Northern Russia, Canada north of Belle Isle to Athabasca and the Pacific—Alaska.

From these three domains must come the world's future furs.

### Bolshevists and Furs

RUSSIA may be written off the map for twenty years. Sables were becoming scarce before the war and the Imperial Government was just beginning fur farming and protective measures, when the Bolshevists came in, when there has been a closed season for nothing but decency. Game laws have gone by the board. Every hunter has been a law to his own lawlessness. Furs have been looted and smuggled in a mad orgy, prime and unprime, sold for a song. It would not be surprising if by the time the Bolshevists finish with Siberia, her best fur resources could be written down *nil* as the sea otter is already all but extinct. Only 17 sea otter came on the sales lists in 1920 compared to 200 ten years ago, and 100,000 a year a century ago.

You can ignore Russia as a fur domain for twenty years.

That leaves Alaska and that belt of Canada from Labrador to Athabasca diagonally northwest as the world's fur farm for the next century, a fur farm called on to clothe in furs the whole world.

Won't that exhaust Canada's fur resources?

Mr. White thinks it will. It will if we do as Russia; but in the light of what the United States has done in Alaska, and what Canada is doing in fur farming, (1) silver fox, (2) beaver, (3) buffalo, I do not think it need or will exhaust Canada's fur field.

I have spoken of the seal herd being restored from 196,000 to over half a million in ten years. That is a sample of other work in Alaska. Incidentally, Alaska cost Uncle Sam $7,200,000 in cash and patrol work about $2,000,000. Up to 1919, Alaska had returned Uncle Sam in furs $80,000,000.

There is at present no way of computing the value of Canada's fur farm; so little have we heeded our great gold mine in furs. The United States buys from $13,000,000 to $14,000,000 of raw furs from Canada a year. England must buy many times that. I should say Canada's fur crop used for local needs and foreign would not be under $50,000,000 annually. Her foreign sold furs must exceed $30,000,000; but undressed furs are not dutiable anywhere, and though you add all the Canadian furs sold in London in a year by all the fur brokers and all classified here as Canadian, you can't be sure little traders and trappers do not export by mail just as many furs as go out in regular bulk shipments to the big sales. Neither can we be sure that much sold as Canadian is Canadian. I know one consignment of 12,000,000 small skins sold as Canadian that came from Australia, which gives an altogether inferior fur. We haven't even attempted to standardize a crop that in future years may be worth $500,000,000 to us. Sales in the U.S. have increased ten times in price in four years, and they certainly will in Canada.

What then should Canada do?

### What is a Blue Fox?

ONE more fact on what Uncle Sam has done in Alaska. Blue fox used to command about $10 to $20 a pelt. They now run high as $200 and $300. Why the difference? Fur farming again and care and no unprime skins, and painless deaths so that the fur does not shed like the hair of a fevered patient. I am not going into the question of what a blue fox is, or I should be in the midst of a furious scrap between naturalists and the fur traders; but the fact is blue fox used to run with white fox and have all kinds of mongrel off color babies. They used to be hunted with dogs and traps that injured the fur. They used to be the prey of wolves and such "varmints" as the trappers call them. They used to be trapped by the Indian prime and unprime; and they were rapidly diminishing in numbers to the vanishing point.

First Uncle Sam segregated the little rascals so they couldn't contract undesirable matrimonial alliances; for the fox prefers to mate for life if he is allowed to be a good decent moral fox. That is—certain of the Aleutian Islands were given to blue fox farming—the island rented at $100 a year. Then the white foxes and the wolves were killed off; and the blue fox could raise his family in peace. Then if rabbits, or sea birds, or eggs, or fish were scarce—which they seldom are—blue fox was fed by the game wardens who were animal lovers as well as wardens. The bodies of dead "bachelor seals" or salmon were fed to him.

Hunting by dogs and traps was stopped. Both injured the fur and frightened the fox. Box traps were used. Before the trapper could take his fox from the box, a game warden had to inspect it. If the prisoner were a lady, she was branded and let go. No, don't scream! She wasn't branded with irons. She had a ring carefully scissored in her fur round her tail; and any trapper found with a "ring tail" fox got his furs confiscated, with a fine of $500 if he did it twice. If the fox were young and small, he received similar treatment; and he couldn't grow the fur in that ring inside another year. If his fur were unprime and would not command a good price, he got another lease of life. The game warden would stamp for export only full grown males taken in perfect and prime condition as to fur.

It hardly needs telling if the superfluous males were not killed, they would fight among themselves, with crueler death than the painless death the fur trader now demands for a perfect high-priced pelt. Chloroform is one form of death. If this is not possible a quick blow on the head ended "the superfluous male's" happy life. In nature is no such thing as a painless natural death. Under this fostering care, blue fox farming is attaining almost the same measure of success in the Aleutians as silver fox farming in Prince Edward Island.

What should Canada do?

There are the facts. Judge for yourself. Considering what is happening in the fur world here, I should say in the rough *farm her fur domains carefully as she is farming wheat, and do it before it is too late.*







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### A Great Recipe from "The Green Gabled Farm"

RECENTLY I lunched at a little green gabled farm house in an apple orchard, where I enjoyed a most unusual apple dessert in which I recognized Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Of course, woman-like, I asked for the recipe, which is Knox Apple Charlotte, and give it herewith, together with a recipe for a Rice Mold which was sent in from the South.



**APPLE CHARLOTTE**

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — ½ cup boiling water
1 cup sugar — 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 cup cooked apple pulp
Whites of 3 eggs — Lady fingers or stale cake

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Strain; cool slightly and add apple juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat (using a wire whisk) until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers, or stale cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

*One package of Knox Gelatine will serve a family of six with four different desserts or salads for four different meals, or make in all twenty-four individual servings.*

**RICE MOLD WITH PINEAPPLE**

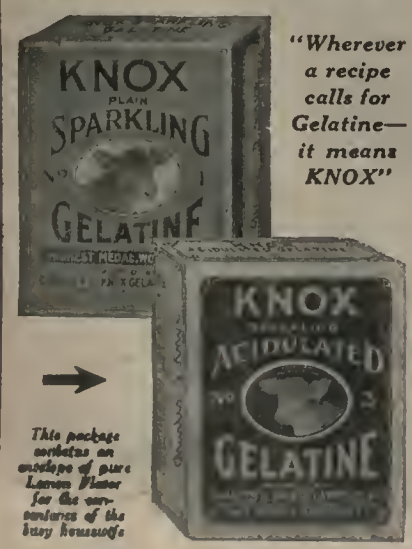
½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — Few grains salt
¼ cup scalded pineapple juice
½ cup sugar — 1 cup whipped cream
1 cup cooked rice — 1 tablespoon lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add pineapple juice, sugar and salt to rice. Strain into this the gelatine, and mix thoroughly; cool slightly, and add whipped cream and lemon juice. Turn into mold lined with slices of canned pineapple. Chill, and serve with or without whipped cream. Other fruits may be used in place of pineapple and two egg whites used in place of the whipped cream, if desired.

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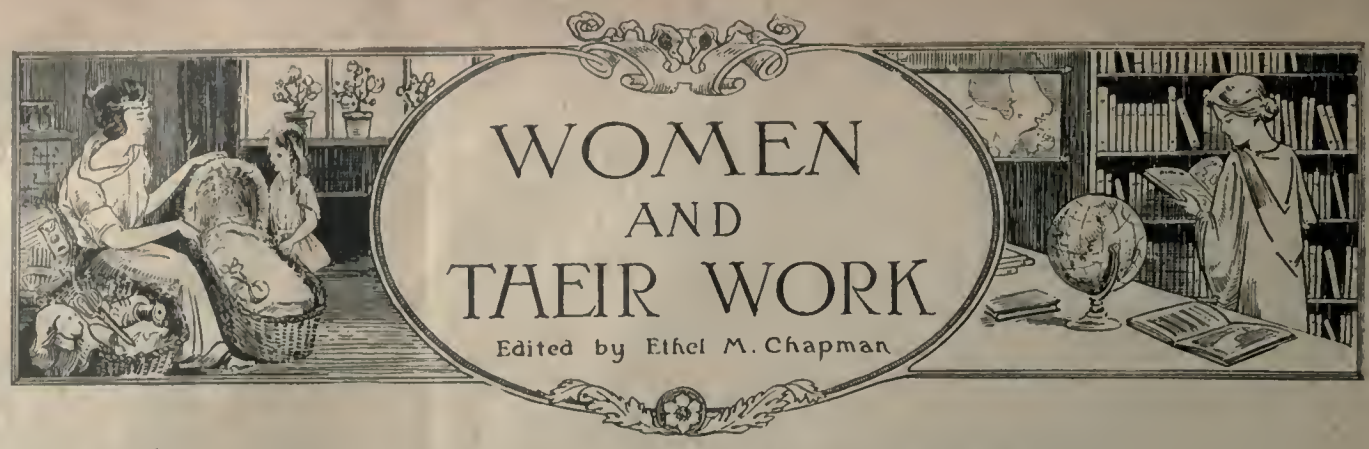
My recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," containing many unusual recipes, will help you in planning unusual meals for your family. Write for them enclosing four cents in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

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# The Luxury of Children

*By* Ethel M. Chapman

"TWENTY years from now," the speaker said, "Canada will be controlled by the foreign vote. It is all right to instil Canadian ideals and standards in the Anglo-Saxon, Canadian-born child, but down in the 'Little Italys' of our cities, and in the Russo-German settlements of the West we have eight or ten children where there are at most about two in the Canadian home—and votes count not by race or education but by numbers."

She was an impressive and charming speaker, a charming woman—and she talked to an audience of charming, intellectual women at a rather exclusive women's club. They all agreed with her that the outlook was appalling, something should be done to educate the New Canadian voters of twenty years hence to Canadian ideals and a sense of their responsibilities. Schools alone could not do it. The influence would have to come through the home. Perhaps some time a state Department of Homes could be established to help the mothers introduce Canadian standards in the lives of the children from infancy.

"And if such a department ever gets working," the voice of the Eccentric Member cut in, "perhaps it can do something to popularize the Canadian-born child." It was a startling interruption. In that atmosphere of restraint and culture there seemed something almost crude about it.

There was a moment's subdued, half-embarrassed murmur; then a clear-voiced woman, evidently resenting the implied accusation, rose to the defence of the "average, middle-class Canadian woman," who, one gathered from her remarks, might reasonably be expected to take this responsibility. "The trouble to-day," said the defendant, "is that with rents and food and clothing at the prices they are, the average home cannot afford a family." And she supported her claim with figures of salaries and budgets and increased living costs—supported it so well that even the eccentric member hadn't the heart to oppose her. And the meeting went on with the big national problem of how to Canadianize the children of alien extraction.

THE discussion was still active when the Quiet Member slipped out and took her way home through the park. She kept no maid, and tea at the club interfered with her dinner schedule, so she generally left the meetings early, but to-day the programme had been, to say the least, confusing; —she wanted to get off by herself to think. She had no children herself, and she had always wanted them. Not that this had spoiled her life or left it what sentimentalists called "empty." Anyone who had the blessing of knowing her could testify to that. And she wasn't unhappy about it. It had just been that one of the things she had wanted most life hadn't given her. Everyone has something. So long as it isn't a gift that they threw back some time when life offered it, there's nothing to regret about it.

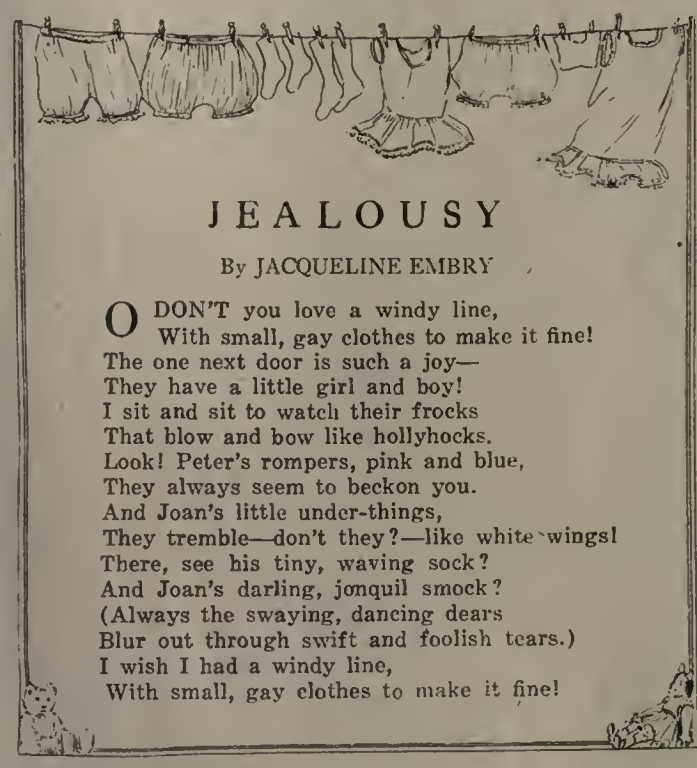
Of course the Quiet Member had never considered the matter as a civic question. She had not wanted children for the country's sake. Her dreams had been just for little, warm, limp-backed things, treasure-houses of possibilities; for the wonder of having some part in guiding new lives through the difficult places she had learned herself, and standing aside fearfully at the right times to see them try their wings in their own way—souls partly of her creation but with gifts at which she could only marvel, and futures all their own. And later, perhaps most keenly of all, she had longed for a grown son, a man with the same fineness and bigness as his father, going out to the world with the ideals and ambitions she had kept smouldering in her dreams for him—to do the things she had wanted to do herself and couldn't. After all that would have been a gift to the country, wouldn't it? The discussion at the club had not been entirely beside the point.

But this idea that the average home couldn't afford children! Why the average home had an automobile. The initial cost was some twenty times or more the cost of a baby, and the upkeep, barring such possibilities as doctor's bills, was likely to be a great deal more for the first few years. So far as money was concerned people generally invested it in the thing they most wanted in their lives.

Going through the park she met her neighbor's daughter hurrying home from work. She seemed to be always hurrying —the neighbor's daughter—hurrying off to work a few minutes late every morning after a late night's dissipation, hurrying home again in the evening to preen her feathers and hurry out again. She was an expensively dressed little lady, high-heeled, silk-hosed, well-tailored and exquisite as to sheer Georgette and lingerie. It must have taken her entire salary to maintain her wardrobe, and it must have taken every bit of her time and vitality and interest out of business hours to keep up to the schedule of her numerous engagements. Her home saw little of her; in fact it did not enter largely in her scheme of life except as a boarding headquarters and a place to stage an occasional bridge party. She was a veritable butterfly, not because a butterfly lives an existence of perpetual play, but because it spends its time flitting constantly here and there, not happy, just restless, never satisfied.

Some time, no doubt, the girl would marry one of her varying associates in these diversions and they would have an apartment with Queen Anne furniture and cut glass and candlesticks. One could not imagine any plans for a small house in the suburbs with a sun-porch for a crib or a garden with a play-house. Nothing in her life could be expected to suggest such a thing, except the eternal old mother instinct and circumstances had done about all they could to squelch that. The woman herself a friend to many girls, recalled a few confidential outpourings she had heard, something after the nature of a bride's confession in a current novel. "Harry doesn't propose to live and die in Weston, and I want to meet a few nice people and really make something of my life. I'm not going to get into the rut of some of the women I know—cooking and babies and nothing else!. . . Louise says they haven't had *one* free second since the baby came. She can't keep one maid, and she says the idea of *two* maids eating their three meals a day whether she's home or not, makes her perfectly sick! Some one's got to be with him every single second, even now, when he's four—to see that he doesn't fall off something or put things in his mouth. And as Louise says—it means no more week-end trips; you can't go visiting over night, you can't even go for a day's drive or a day on the beach, without extra clothes for the baby, a mosquito-net and an umbrella for the baby—milk packed in ice for the baby—somebody trying to get the baby to take his nap—it's awful!"

Of course a girl like the neighbor's daughter might always believe this. She might drift through a lifetime congratulating herself that her way had fallen in undisturbed places. And in proportion as her own life was little, she would have had little to hand down as a birthright. It was with the ambitious, gifted girls that the loss to motherhood was greater, and so far as ordinary influences went there was little more in the popular scheme of things to give it a large place in their vision. If they went to technical night schools to broaden their culture, they might study anything from cooking to French and Greek architecture, but there would be never a class in mothercraft with the irresistible personal appeal of a live, cherubic baby splashing in a tub, or a layette designed after the modern



## JEALOUSY

By JACQUELINE EMBRY

O DON'T you love a windy line,
With small, gay clothes to make it fine!
The one next door is such a joy—
They have a little girl and boy!
I sit and sit to watch their frocks
That blow and bow like hollyhocks.
Look! Peter's rompers, pink and blue,
They always seem to beckon you.
And Joan's little under-things,
They tremble—don't they?—like white wings!
There, see his tiny, waving sock?
And Joan's darling, jonquil smock?
(Always the swaying, dancing dears
Blur out through swift and foolish tears.)
I wish I had a windy line,
With small, gay clothes to make it fine!



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pediatrician's principles of health and comfort and the natural mother's ideal of frothy whiteness and dainty stitchery. If the girl with gifts and visions took a university training, immediately a career presented itself. If by any chance this took the nature of helping a brilliant young husband to carve out a future there were so many things to interfere with the new lives that might carry on that brilliance and promise. It was the concerning old problem treated so tellingly in Kathleen Norris' little classic, "Mother."

MARGARET PAGET, the girl of the story, was one of a family of eight living on a modest income which somehow, under their mother's skilful management, provided a surprising degree of comfort and hominess. By the turning of an accident, Margaret, who had been a school teacher in the little home town, left home to be secretary to a wealthy society woman in New York and for some years enjoyed the "privileges" of travel and social culture, and constant association with Mrs. Carr-Boldt and her friends, with the result that the riotous, intimate life in the rather crowded house at home became something to be avoided and almost ashamed of. The test came when a gifted young professor whom Margaret had met in her travels dropped down on the family during one of her week-end visits. To the wealth-infatuated girl, the home atmosphere seemed unusually plebeian that day with the hot Sunday dinner, the noisy young brothers, and the married sisters crowding home, but the professor, bred to the usages of both wealth and culture, found something very real and beautiful in it all—particularly in the mother. And interpreting Margaret through her mother, he found a new charm in her. The story reads:

"Now I know what makes you so different from other women," said John Tennyson when they were alone. "It's having that wonderful mother. It's something to thank God for, a mother like that; it's a privilege to know her. I've been watching her all day, and I've been wondering what *she* gets out of it, but just now, I've found out! This morning thinking what her life is, I couldn't see what *repaid* her, do you see? What made up to her for the unending effort and sacrifice, the pouring out of love and sympathy and help—year after year after year.

"You know," he went on musingly, "in these days when women just serenely ignore the question of children, there's something magnificent in a woman like your mother who begins eight destinies instead of one! She doesn't strain and chafe to express herself through the medium of poetry or music or the stage, but she puts her whole splendid philosophy into her nursery—launches sound little bodies and minds that have their first growth cleanly and purely about her knees. Responsibility—that's what these other women say they are afraid of! But it seems to me there's no responsibility like that of decreeing that young lives simply shall not be."

And suddenly the girl's whole philosophy turned upside down. She had met brilliant women, rich women, courted women—but where among them was one whose face had ever shone as her mother's shone to-day? The overdressed, idle dowagers; the matrons with their too-gay frocks, their too-full days, their too-rich food; the girls, all crudeness, artifice, all scheming openly for their own advantage,—where among them all was happiness? Where among them was one whom Margaret had heard say—as she had heard her mother say so many, many times—"Children, this is a happy day,"—"Thank God for another lovely Sunday all together"—"Isn't it lovely to get up and find the sun shining?" "Isn't it good to come home hungry to such a nice dinner?"

And what a share of happiness her mother had given the world! How she had planned and worked for them all—Margaret let her arm fall across the sudden ache in her eyes as she thought of the Christmas mornings, and the stuffed stockings at the fireplace that proved every childish wish remembered, every little hidden hope guessed! She hadn't much money for those Christmas stockings, they must have been carefully planned down to the last candy cane. . . And suddenly theories and speculations ended, and she *knew*. She knew that faithful, self-forgetting service, and the love that spends itself over and over, only to be




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But—be careful—be sure that you see the name MARY T. GOLDMAN'S. There is nothing just as good—there is nothing that will suit you—there is only one MARY T. GOLDMAN'S Hair Color Restorer. Mail the coupon for trial bottle.

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Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

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renewed again and again, are the secret of happiness. For another world, perhaps, leisure and beauty and luxury—but in this one, "Who loses his life shall gain it." Margaret knew now that her mother was not only the truest, the finest, the most generous woman she had ever known, but the happiest.

Mrs. Carr-Boldt's days were crowded to the last instant, it was true; but what a farce it was, after all, Margaret said to herself in all honesty, to humor her in her little favorite belief that she was a busy woman! Milliner, manicure, butler, chef, club, card-table, tea-table—these and a thousand things like them filled her day and they might all be swept away in an hour and leave no one the worse.

Margaret had a sudden tender memory of the days when Theodore and Duncan and Rob were all babies in turn. Her mother would gather the daily supply of fresh clothes from bureau and chest every morning, and carry the little bath-tub to the sunny nursery window, and sit there with only a bobbing downy head and waving pink fingers visible from the great warm bundle of bath apron. And she had sometimes wished, or half-formed the wish that she and Bruce had been the only ones—! Yes, came the sudden thought, but it wouldn't have been Bruce and Margaret after all; it would have been Bruce and Charlie. Margaret stirred uneasily, frowned in the dark. It seemed perfectly incredible, it seemed perfectly *impossible*, that if Mother had had only the two, she, Margaret, as a pronounced and separate entity, travelled, ambitious, and to be the wife of one of the world's great men, might not have been lying here in the summer night, rich in love and youth and beauty and her dream.

AND the club had answered the whole question with the glib solution that the average home couldn't afford children, or at least not many children. They all but worked out the proper numbers for a schedule of income. The Quiet Member thought of the ever-recurring ache in her own arms at the very sight of a child. She thought of her friend who had gone down to the Gates three times always to come back with her arms empty. And she thought happily of another woman, gifted, lovely, far-visioned, who had taken the risk of her own life almost to the point of question, and who had awakened to find her baby with only one chance in a hundred of living. The hospital was full of babies at the time — healthily red, lusty-lunged little creatures, whose sole concern was to keep their meal hours up to schedule, while this tiny atom lay wrapped in cotton-wool, the spark of life struggling to keep from going out altogether. That was six years ago. She was a perfect darling of a child now, beautiful, shy, promising to unfold all the best of the family's inheritance of natural gifts, and appealingly sweet in her demure wondering happiness at being alive. No one could have said she wasn't worth a risk. The woman thought of the nurse with the Madonna eyes, bending over each crib and bath-tub with the deftness of practised efficiency, then hugging each little body hungrily as she gave it up to its mother and went on with the routine of her own life-work. She thought of the many women and men too working publicly, and quietly in their own private lives, for the good of other people's children—souls like Riley who, though he will be a friend of children for generations to come, could only write to his friend, Bill Nye, at the time of his bereavement:

"Let me come in where you sit weeping, aye
Let me who have not any child to die
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

"The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure 'round your neck, the hands you used
To kiss, such arms, such hands I never knew
May I not weep with you?

"Fain would I be of service, say something
Between the tears that would be comforting—
But ah, so sadder than yourselves am I
Who have no child to die."





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Perhaps in the great scheme of things Riley had given the world a greater gift than the people who simply gave the world children. Perhaps there were many others like that. But the Quiet Member thought again of the club that had said "Of course with conditions as they are now the average home can't afford children."

# The Lady at His Door

*Continued from page 15*

hunted up the head janitor who, for a consideration, had let him have a peep at Miss Holland's little two-by-four hole-in-the-wall.

She sat down at her desk. "Let 'em come now," she said, looking as if she were quite ready for any intricacies of the law that might be thrust at her. "I'll take care of them. And you can go on with your book without any interruptions whatever."

There seemed to be some subtle suggestion in her words that he might put on his chosen work this time he was spending in lingering in her office.

On the way to his own sanctum he paused at Miss O'Connor's observation-post.

"Now anyone who comes here, send 'em in to me first and let me give 'em the once over," he instructed her.

"What if you're busy?" she asked.

"Bring 'em in just the same," said he.

"All right," said Amelia. But she quite plainly had a viewpoint in the matter beyond her mere words.

THE first interruption to the pre-Elizabethan dramatists that morning was named Tobin. Mel knew him of old. He had had his little experience with Mr. Tobin before now, in those morning hours between nine and eleven. Mel's uncle had pulled Mr. Tobin through many a legal difficulty, and Mr. Tobin had pinned his faith on the Ordway name. A contractor, his work seemed to be forever getting him into such misfortunes as undermining somebody else's walls or inadvertently breaking and entering gas or water-mains. Then he hunted up Mel to see how much of the resulting damages brought against him he could evade.

A very gruff party, this Mr. Tobin; grizzled; uncouth; profane when he was excited. No party to turn over to a girl like Miss Holland. Certainly not!

The second caller was a new one. Mel had never seen him before. But through his open door—strangely enough, Mel had left his door open this morning; bad for the dramatists who flourished before the great Elizabeth's time, but an excellent method of getting a line on the people who came into the office—he saw this latest arrival trying to flirt with Miss O'Connor, and anyone who would try to flirt with Miss O'Connor— His name proved to be Crandall. He wanted a will drawn up. Mel drew it up personally.

There was nothing apparently at fault with the third caller of the morning, save on general principles Mel did not like his looks. This one, too, was closeted with Mel in his own office.

But it wouldn't do, he realized, to leave Miss Holland idle. She wasn't the sort to suffer idleness in silence. A bright little idea struck him, inspired by the visit of that second and flirtatious old gentleman that morning. He asked Miss Holland to draw up a half-dozen wills. They were decidedly complicated wills. Afterwards he set her looking up deeds that were of no interest to him whatever and probably never would be.

MEL ORDWAY one day woke up to the fact that he was establishing himself as a rising light in the legal world; that he was on the way to a most comforting sort of an income; that he was working hard; that "The Pre-Elizabethan Dramatists and Our Debt to Them" had been tucked away in an under drawer of his desk for weeks, untouched by him and accumulating dust; that he was withal a very happy man laying his plans well to be a yet happier one.

He was contemplating all this in a lull between clients when his door, which was ajar, as it always was these days when he was alone in his office, opened farther and Miss Holland came in. She closed the door carefully behind her.

She spoke in tones guarded against the ears of Amelia at the desk in the outer office.

"Mr. Ordway, we can't go on with this deal we made. I'm finished; I'm leaving at once—to-day."

Ordway looked as if a charge of TNT had sneaked in under his chair and gone off as soon as it got there. "Leaving? Finished?" he echoed. "I don't understand."

"You should understand."

He looked at her as if he besought tolerance and pity until he could get over this blow and secure a sufficient grip on himself to argue back about it.

"Each month you have been giving me a check for commissions on the total business done in this office, and you do all that business yourself."

"No. Oh, no," he hastened to deny this. "You are invaluable."

Miss Cora Holland sniffed scornfully. "Invaluable, indeed! What have I done? I have made out wills and chased deeds and filled in certain forms. Let me say I have my suspicions of those wills and those deeds, Mr. Ordway. I think I see through them. And, even if they were real wills or deeds that you found it necessary to have looked up, any clerk could do it for you quite as well as I could—and do it for a clerk's wages. I am not taking any more commissions unless I earn them."

"You certainly do earn them. You've earned them by spurring me on and getting me going—"

"You haven't turned over to me a single, solitary client. Why haven't you?"

MEL ORDWAY looked very uncomfortable. He fidgeted with an inkwell and wasn't satisfied until he upset it.

"Well, you see—that first morning—the first man that came in was a tough old bird, gruff, cusses like a trooper when he gets going, no sort of a party for a woman to be trying to handle. And the second one was sixty-two and had perfume on his handkerchief and made eyes at Miss O'Connor. And I didn't like the looks of the next one—"

"What was the matter with all the others?"

"Messy. Just couldn't bring myself to run them in to you."

Miss Holland frowned. Her lips began to curl. "I see you have a lot of antediluvian stuff in your head about 'woman's true sphere,'" said she.

"I think quite possibly I have," Mel admitted promptly. "But that wasn't all. I found myself in the game. I liked it. And I wanted your respect. I wanted it very much. I didn't see how I could ever have your respect if I didn't do my own work, but foisted it on to you instead."

"I thought your 'real work' was the book about the pre-Elizabethan dramatists?"

"Oh, shoot the pre-Elizabethan playmongers! They're dead ones!"

Miss Holland tried hard not to smile. Her success was only partial.

"Besides which," Mel rattled on, "Aunt Julia's stuff she left me isn't so very much, anyway. Not a drop in the bucket of what I want now. It wouldn't let me do half what I want to do for you; no, not a tenth of what I want to do. I've simply been forced to make good."

"I thought you said you wanted my respect," she said very quietly.

"You must know I've been playing for a *whole lot more* than your respect. I hope you have known it for weeks. I like to think you've known it since the first day you came here."

Miss Holland backed towards the door. Her head was bent. She put her hand on the knob, but she did not turn it. Mel got up hurriedly from the desk.

* * *

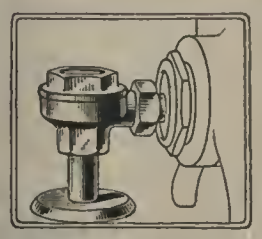
Miss O'Connor's deep tones interrupted them. Someone had come in and was asking for Mel. Amelia, stepping to the door of the private office and about to tap upon it, was halted by twin shadows merging into one upon the ground-glass panel.

"Mr. Ordway is busy just at present," said Amelia's lower-register voice.

And for once she was quite right.

He was.



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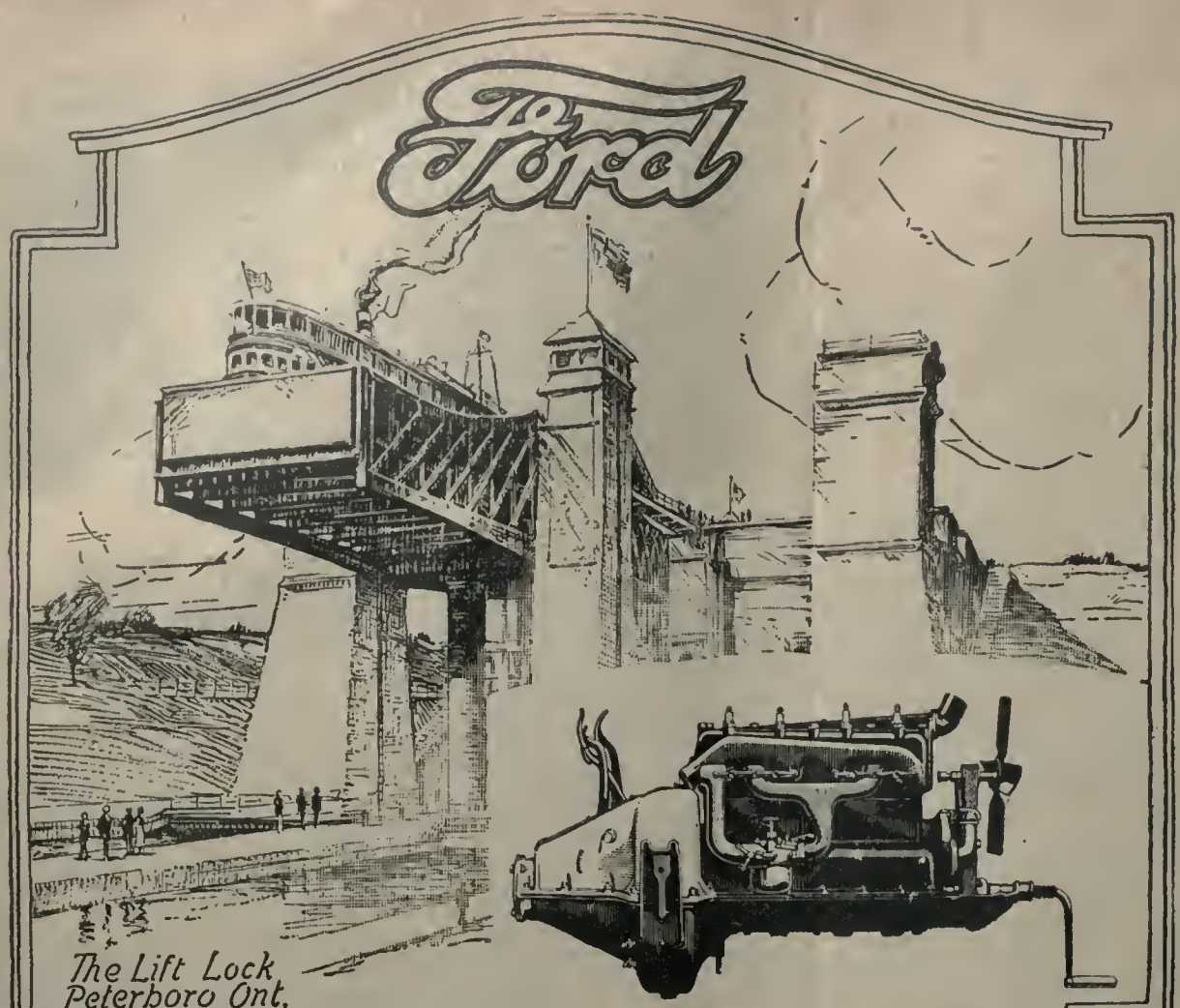
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## Maybe Adam Laughed at These?



**Fatal Mistake.**—(Situation: Burglar, caught red-handed, arraigned in court)—Woman—"The sorce o' the feller! 'E pretended to be my 'usband and called out, 'It's all right, darlin'—it's only me.' It was the word 'darlin' wot give 'im away."—*Punch*, London.

**Got a Good Start.**—"Did you do as I told you, Willie?" inquired the mother, "and not ask Mrs. Winters for pie a second time?"

"Yes'm," said Willie proudly; "I didn't have to ask more than once; I got the first piece without asking."—Boston *Transcript*.

**Proof Enough.**—Young Husband—"It seems to me, my dear, that there is something wrong with this cake."

The Bride (smiling triumphantly)—"That shows what you know about it. The cookery book says it's perfectly delicious."—*People's Home Journal*.

**And Deep Quiet Reigned.**—Mrs. Smith had lured Mrs. Wilson's cook away. So when the two ladies met at a luncheon, they did not speak.

But Mrs. Cross did not know this. So, graciously, she said: "Mrs. Wilson, you certainly know Mrs. Smith?"

"No, I believe not," answered Mrs. Wilson. "But I believe she calls on my cook."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

**A Gentle Reminder.**—"The storm burst upon us so suddenly we had no warning of its approach," related the tornado victim. "In an instant the house was demolished and scattered to the four winds. How I escaped being torn to pieces I do not know. . . . "

"Good Lord!" ejaculated little Mr. Meek. "That reminds me. I almost forgot to do an errand for my wife."—*The American Legion Weekly*.

**Wait for the Wagon!**—Mackintosh (to his elder who has advised him to try to check his strong language at golf by picking up pebbles, one for every profane word, and bringing them to the elder on Sunday after church)—"Here, mon, is a handfu' for 'bothers,' and here is anither for 'hangs.'"

Elder—"Well, that's no verra dreadfu', I'm thinking."

Mackintosh—"Aye, but bide awee; there's a cart coming wi' the 'damns.'"—*Judge*.

**His Wisdom.**—The parents of little Cuthbert were struggling to induce the youngster to repeat the letter "A." Cuthbert steadfastly refused to pronounce the first letter of the alphabet, and, after many vain efforts, the father retired from the task discouraged. Mother, however, continued, and took the little one on her lap and pleaded with him very earnestly.

"Cuthbert, why won't you learn to say 'A'?" she asked.

"Because, mother," exclaimed Cuthbert, "just after I say 'A,' daddy will want me to say 'B.'"—Toronto *Telegram*.

**Necessary Conversation.**—Even the lift-boy has to draw the line somewhere. The maid who announced to the guest waiting at the door that she didn't hear her until she had rung three times has her match in a hotel lift-boy.

"If anyone calls, Henry, while I am out, tell him to wait. I shall be back directly," said the woman to the lift-boy.

There was no answer.

"Did you hear me? Why don't you answer?" asked the woman.

"I never answers, ma'am," he responded wearily, "unless I doesn't hear, and then I says 'What?'"—*The Bystander*.

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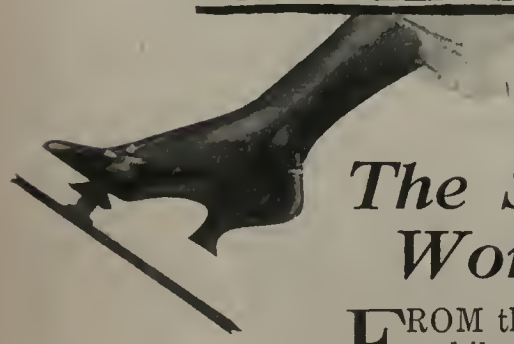
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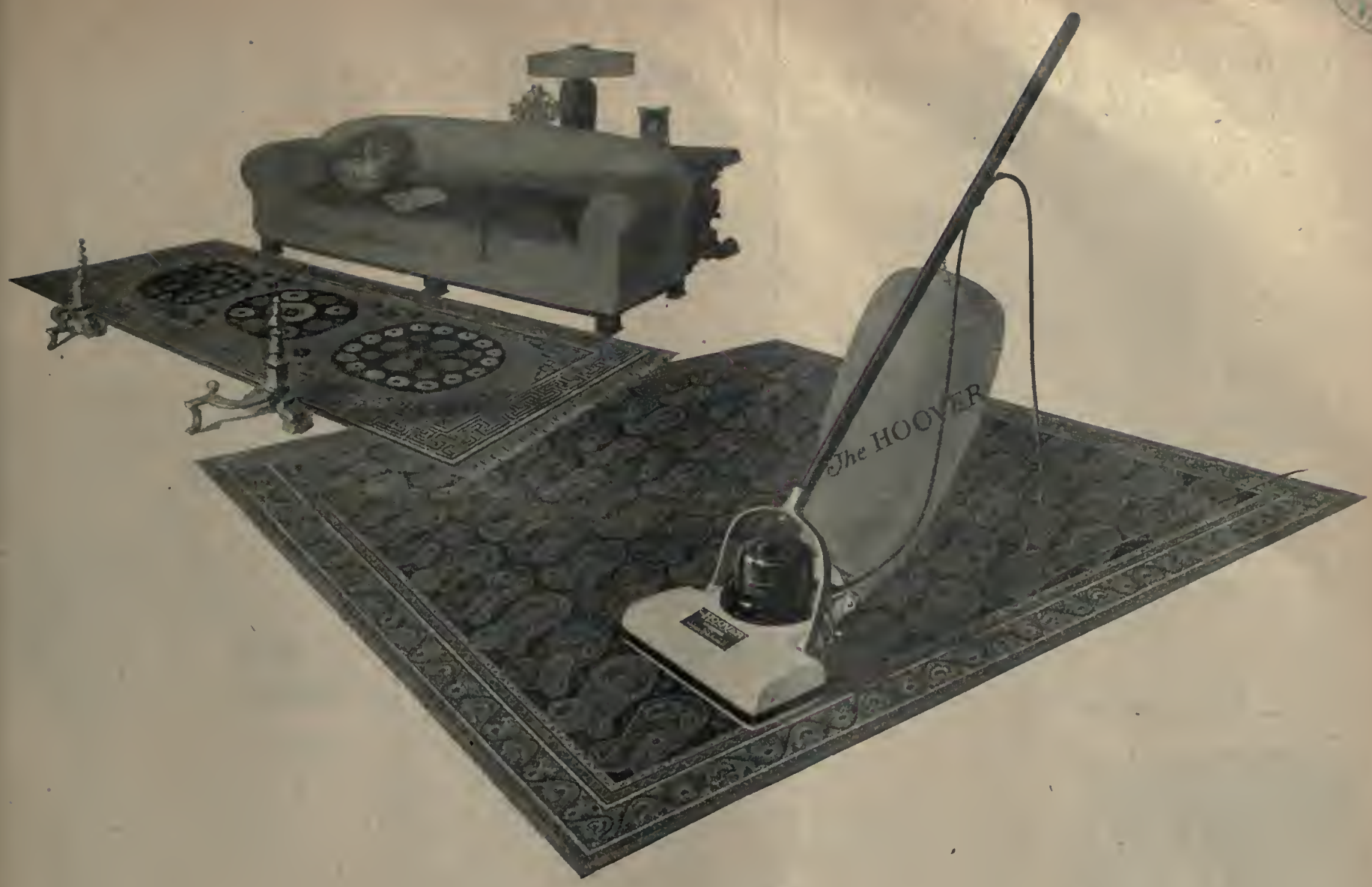
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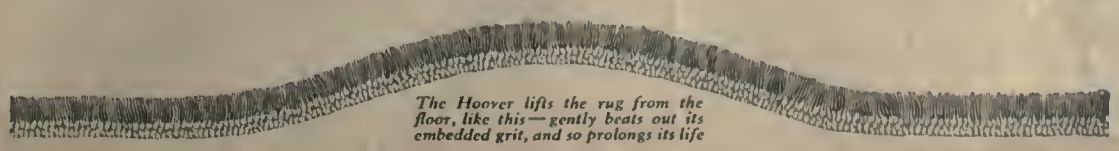

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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Readjustment Problems Are Being Faced Without Fear

WHAT is the tale the ticker tells? Those who watch it from time to time in the brokers' offices know that occasionally it seems to stutter when there is nothing doing, and it beats a sort of tattoo until the next sale comes over the wire. Applying the simile, it may be said that the ticker is now engaged in a stutter which has lasted several weeks and the meaning of which is not yet clear to the listeners. All they know is that the ticker is trying to make up its mind about something, and that is the future course of business, which cannot yet be foreseen with any certainty. It is said that the ticker never lies, and that, as soon as conditions clear, it forecasts the future events six months or more ahead.

Therefore, the inference is that, while stuttering continues, developments in business and finance are of an indecisive character, and that we may not enter upon the definite recovery desired and expected for some time to come. The January rally in Canadian stocks was practically an annual affair, which comes after the distribution of large sums in interest and dividends at the beginning of the year, and reflects something of the new hope that comes with the turn of the calendar. A few market observers were deluded in January, 1921, by the belief that the spring upturn, which most people expected, had arrived ahead of time. The flurry was not of long duration, and trading since then has had the usual day-to-day changes which mark periods of dullness between the big swings.

A reading of the ticker's hesitation would seem to imply that important further changes must come before the country gets its stride and moves ahead in a consistent manner. There has been a steady but slow improvement in many lines of business. Retailers have felt the change, as buyers cannot indefinitely stay out of the market. There has been an improvement in wholesale trade, though retailers are buying cautiously. More industries are opening their doors after some weeks of shut-down, which has been used to repair plants, but often to adjust wages. Lumbermen report more inquiries and some of their lines have stiffened in price. Greater activity in the motor industry is bringing back employment and hopefulness to several small cities in which these industries have centered. Prices in a number of commodities have fallen too low, and with the recent return of demand there has been already a tendency to advance quotations.

### How Law of Demand Works

THIS is one of the puzzling features of the present situation, and yet not unexpected by those who counselled against the continuance of the buyers' strike. If consumers refused to buy because prices were excessive, they brought prices down, and now, when they re-enter the market, their very demand brings back in part the conditions to which they first objected. One cause of this is the fact that production dropped below normal when the consumer stopped buying. Now when he resumes he does not take long to create a scarcity.

How we are to get back to healthy conditions under such touch-and-go movement is one of the mysteries of economics. There is no doubt that price levels must still undergo many changes. Food costs have been reduced materially, and so have some commodities, but the consumer knows that his list, taken as a whole, is not down to the level it should reach. Nor is it clear how this is to be brought about. It would seem that the gulf between the retailer and the consumer is still the principal obstacle. It is poor consolation that shoes are still little below the peak in price, while hides are a drug on the market and leather considerably reduced. Take, for instance, the case of woollens. Canadian clothing makers appear to have been stampeded into buying high-priced woollens last year on the representation of sellers that prices would be still higher this year. Now the tailors hesitate to sell their clothing at a loss after paying such figures for their raw material.

The last big struggle in readjustment will be on wages. Reductions of 10 to 20 per cent. have been numerous, but the reduction in living costs has yet to become more convincing, and then the real struggle will come with some of the more powerful unions. A central incident will be the relations with the railroad brotherhoods, which is already a matter of much discussion in the United States. It is claimed that the very large increases granted to railroad employees when the American roads were under Government control is now operating seriously to prevent railroad traffic, both passenger and freight, and is putting an excessive burden on commerce. Just as Canada inherited the increases from the action of the United States, it is expected that when the decreases come the change will be immediately made on this side.

### Paper Stock Declines

WHILE followers of the stock market have naturally been most concerned over the serious declines in some of the paper stocks, the matter is really of wider interest, because of the question it raises as to conditions of what has become an important basic industry of the country. In olden days politicians were wont to address the agriculturist as "the backbone of the country," but nowadays they would have to qualify that flattery and imply something for the importance of the hardy men who enter the woods, cut down the spruce trees, drive the logs to the paper mills, and then ship more than $100,000,000 worth each year to other countries, to help meet our foreign debt and pay for the heavy imports needed by this country.

When, therefore, such companies as Brompton and Abitibi fell rapidly in the estimation of the stock market recently, there were questions as to whether there was anything fundamentally wrong with the industry. Mainly, however, the action was probably a revulsion from the hysterical speculation which proceeded in paper stocks during the greater part of 1920. That speculation was based on several reasonable conditions, but it far exceeded justifiable bounds, both on the part of the traders and some of the paper manufacturers and financiers.

Within the past few months heavy extensions of plant have been made on the supposition that the demand for paper would continue at the previous high level, and probably also in the belief that paper prices would suffer no reduction. Both expectations have been proved unfounded. Depression in business led to decreased advertising, and, therefore, lowered consumption of newsprint and other papers, and with that depression came, slow as it was, a reduction in newsprint prices recent-





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ly announced. It was not reasonable to expect that paper-making could escape the revulsion which was shaking other industries through declines in demand and declines in prices. Canada too occupies a unique position as a producer of paper, being now the largest external source of supply for the United States, the greatest consumer of paper in the world, but, as in the case of sugar, leather, copper and other commodities, the peak had to be passed and a period of over-production approached if not reached.

Contributing causes to the slump in paper stocks were the series of new financing arrangements of the past few weeks. Abitibi has placed a $4,000,000 bond issue in the United States; Howard Smith Paper Mills has a $1,000,000 issue for the market, while several other companies are known to need money to pay for important and costly extensions. Within the past two months, in fact, a few Canadian paper companies have entered the market for $21,000,000 new money, and several more millions are yet to be sought. The unfortunate part is that these borrowings are necessary to pay for extensions made at high cost just after half a dozen or more companies have split up their stock at the rate of from 2 to 5 shares for one, necessitating higher dividend appropriations and they now face a declining market for their commodity. This eagerness to cut "melons" has prevented some of the companies from setting aside earnings to pay for extensions, which more conservative financing would have suggested.

Fortunately, the present outlook for newsprint prices is that perhaps for the greater part, if not all, of 1921 the paper companies will be in receipt of a price still higher than the average in 1920. The statement of the Howard Smith Paper Company recently published is an indication of healthy revenue conditions for last year, net profits having been $1,089,898, compared with $704,261. President Howard Smith said business had slackened since the first of the present year, but, as there was no surplus of paper under normal conditions in the world, the directors of the company anticipated a lively demand in the near future.

### Melon-Cutting Days are O'er

JUST here it may be worth recalling the changes made in leading Canadian paper companies in the direction of "melon-cutting." These took place at different times during 1920, and, while they brought fat returns to stockholders and hoomed the market quotations of the shares to undreamed-of levels, it would seem that the reaction has now set in, and it is feared that some of the dividends are in danger of reduction or suspension. The changes made by the various large companies were as follows:

Abitibi—5 for 1—April, 1920.
Brompton—2 for 1—July, 1920.
Howard Smith—No change.
Laurentide—3 for 1—January, 1920.
Price Bros—5 for 1—October, 1920.
Provincial Paper—3 for 2—April, 1920.
Riordon—Action still pending.
Spanish River—No change.
Wayagamack—2 for 1—December, 1920.

Up the hill and down again seems to be the course of Canadian industry, as it finds its level once more after the buoyant days of the war boom. Annual reports are beginning to tell the story of the depression which set in late in 1920 and reduced profits for the calendar year, and which will affect returns for 1921. The war did much for Canadian industrial development, and it remains to be seen how safely the financing of the prosperous period was conducted with a view to the return of less profitable times. Bankers say that a great many companies laid aside enough profits when they were doing well to see them safely over the period of reduced inventories which is now upon us. Those who were wise enough to take that course need have little fear for the next few months, but others, like so many individuals, lived but for the time, and now regret their rashness. They are apt to make their employees suffer unnecessarily for the lack of foresight on their own side. The best of companies are almost bound to make a poor showing this year compared with recent records, and examples already seen in annual reports will prepare the public for somewhat monotonous revelations of this character for months to come. A well-informed banker gives the opinion that most of the companies will come out pretty well on the year's operations, compared with an average over a long period, as the majority of them have been careful in setting aside profits to meet the time when they had to write down inventory.

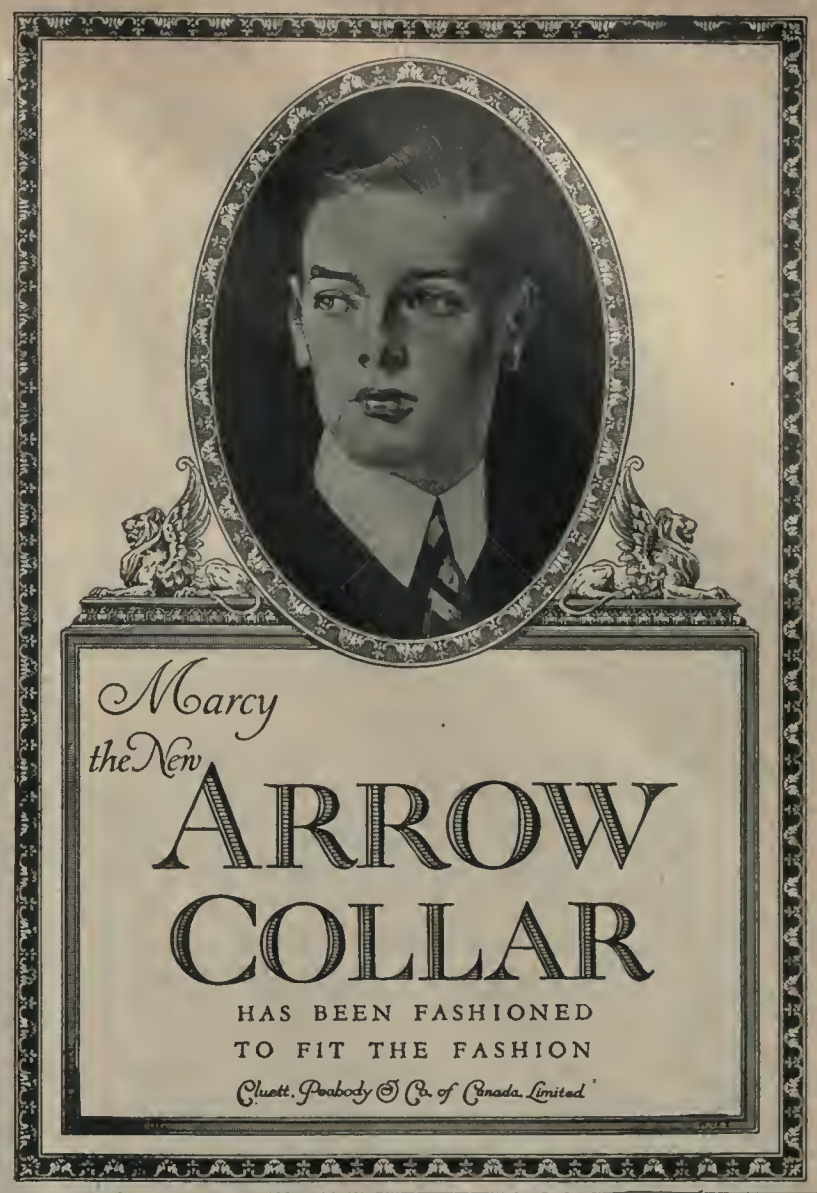
### Some Concrete Facts

A FEW examples will illustrate the condition of large industries. Canada Cement Company, which operated at a disadvantage last year from lack of coal, reports net earnings of $2,362,742, but the company had to draw $525,887 from surplus in order that the common dividend be maintained. The draft on surplus for the same purpose in the preceding year was $241,666. It will be remembered that Cement was generously capitalized at the time of its organization, but the claim was made not long ago that high earnings had resulted in much of the water being squeezed out. Woods Manufacturing Company had an operating deficit of $412,000 last year. Canada Foundries & Forgings, which underwent a severe reorganization in its directorate at the recent annual meeting at Brockville, had net income of $117,475, compared with $242,062 in 1919, and $612,117 two years ago. Bell Telephone Company, which is still awaiting on its application for increased rates, had earnings of $881,522, compared with $2,153,324 and had to draw $1,800,010 from previous surplus to maintain its dividend. Canada Steamships, as well as Canada Foundries & Forgings, has had to pass its dividend on common, and it may be expected that there will be other dividend suspensions until business picks up. How far a company is justified in maintaining dividends not earned by drawing on previous surplus may be a legitimate question for debate by advocates of the respective causes of the shareholder and the consumer.

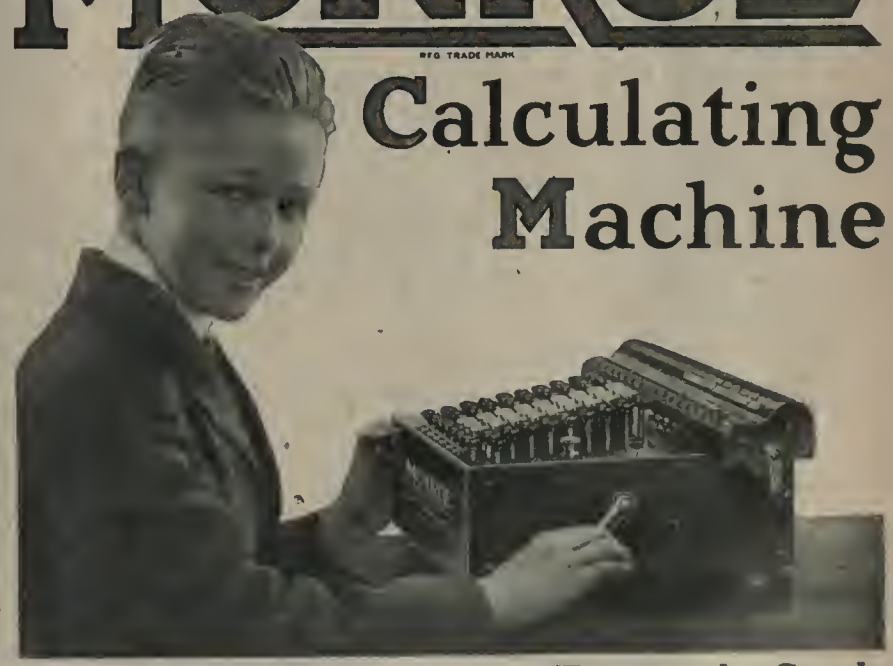
As already stated, the war period did much for the financial position of many Canadian industries. A survey of their record usually shows steadily mounting earnings on their stocks from the beginning of the war to 1917 or 1918, after which the percentage falls off, and its future course is a matter that no one can foretell with certainty. In this connection the following table is of interest, showing the indicated earnings on a few representative large Canadian industrials during the past few years:

| | 1915 | 1917 | 1918 | 1919 | 1920 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Abitibi .... | ..... | 5.42 | 8.82 | 16.03 | ..... |
| Brompton .... | ..... | 9.57 | 9.10 | 9.82 | ..... |
| Can. Cement.. | 4.09 | 12.56 | 7.86 | 5.68 | 3.1 |
| Asbestos ..... | ..... | 9.45 | 18.73 | 22.93 | ..... |
| Can. Gen. Elec. | 7.83 | 12.42 | 16.21 | 11.92 | ..... |
| Can. Loco. .. | ..... | 26.31 | 24.15 | 34.89 | 8.65 |
| Dom. Steel .. | 0.70 | 26.70 | 25.42 | 17.04 | 6.75 |
| Dom. Textile . | 7.73 | 15.56 | 21.96 | 53.20 | 22.08 |
| N.S. Steel .. | 24.22 | 10.80 | 10.61 | 6.03 | ..... |
| Ogilvie ..... | 55.18 | 48.75 | 72.61 | 59.70 | 32.76 |

A modified steel merger has been announced under the same name as the British Empire Steel Corporation which figured so prominently in financial discussion last year. The new concern is to include only three enterprises, Dominion Steel Corporation, Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company and Halifax Shipyards, Limited. This omits Canada Steamship Lines and five other companies which were to have been included in the original plan. There seems to be a fair argument for the merging of the two steel companies because of the facts that their iron ore bodies in Newfoundland and their coal areas in Nova Scotia adjoin and obstruct one another to the disadvantage of profitable operations. The case for the inclusion of the shipyards is not so complete, but it is said that Dominion Steel makes


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**"I have some stocks here and I will tell you what they are," said Travers.. "They cost me $3,000 and I have not heard anything about them for years. I wonder if you can tell me if they are worth anything."**

**"I can't tell you immediately," said our salesman, "but I know they can find out all about them at Toronto—our Staff will be glad to find out for you."**

**They were a great mixture—five thousand shares were worthless. Three shares of par value $100.00 each were worth perhaps $50.00 apiece, $150.00 for a three thousand investment.**

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"I am going to subscribe to your paper now," said the barber. "before it is too late again. I save a little money every week and I am going to make sure that anything I put my hard-earned savings into is going to be worth at least 75% of its par value when I want it. If I had known of your Investors' Enquiry Service seven years ago I would have had a comfortable stake to-day."

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plates for the Halifax yards, and that their relationship may be a close and profitable one, while good returns are made by the repair work in the yards, even though shipbuilding is at present at a low ebb. The former capitalization of $500,000,000 is to be retained though not all used.

### Financing Ourselves

THE difficult position in which Canada finds itself when now forced to rely largely on its own financial resources for its various needs has scarcely been realised as yet. Previous to the war, Great Britain was the chief source for Canadian money, and supplied about two-thirds of the capital obtained each year by the sale of securities. That proportion steadily declined until it is now less than 1 per cent. Last year the United States stepped in, and furnished two-thirds of the total, and during the first few weeks of 1921 Wall Street was again a considerable factor in Canadian financing. Lately there has been such a heavy call on New York for loans for various foreign countries, as well as to meet the needs of the great railway systems of their own country now down-at-the-heels in equipment, that Canada has not found it advantageous to enter that market to any extent.

This set of conditions serves to emphasize the importance of such a question as Rural Credits now before the Ontario Legislature, and also under discussion in some of the other Provinces. The Ontario bill is designed to aid in the raising of money for the use of farmers on both short term and long term, through the organization of local associations for the former and a Provincial Board for the latter. The experience of Manitoba, where a Rural Credits plan has been in operation since 1917, has been the main inspiration for instituting the plan in Ontario. The first snag in Manitoba came in February, 1920, when the chartered banks declined to advance any more funds for the Rural Credits Society at less than 6½ per cent. To meet this emergency, the Province opened a savings bank to receive deposits at 4 per cent. interest, and this is reported to have operated successfully. In Quebec, there is what is called the "Co-operative People's Bank," which has made a start in raising money for the benefit of farm loans, but the system is voluntary and has not yet become widely operative. In Saskatchewan, Hon. C. A. Dunning, Treasurer, recently pointed out that a Province like that, which is still in the pioneering stage, could not find sufficient money within its own boundaries to establish a short-term agricultural credit system, and operate it successfully. This was because at the time when the greatest demand for loans would be made, deposits would be their lowest ebb, as the main industry of the Province is seasonal in character.

### Capital for Farmers

THIS, then, brings up the question as to how the necessary capital is to be raised to permit farmers to carry on their business, which requires more and more money as compared with early conditions. The proposal in Ontario for enlarged deposit-taking powers for loan companies has evoked warm discussion, but it crystallizes the real issue as to the methods that will be necessary if Canada is to finance its own way in the world. Already it has been hinted that important changes may be made when the Canadian Bank Act comes up for revision in 1923. It is just possible that banks, which have been restrained by the limits of their legislative authority from investing in real estate mortgages, may take some means of meeting the new conditions.

While the chartered banks have adopted a friendly attitude towards the Rural Credits bill in Ontario it is not likely that they are blind to the encroachment which may lie on their territory through the proposed extension of deposit-taking powers for loan companies. Canadian bankers, as a rule, have been men of vision and it is possible that they may meet such an invasion of their territory by seeking the privilege of making loans on real estate. The complaint has been frequently made that Canadian banks favor business and industry to the disadvantage of agriculture, but if the real estate loan privilege were added they would overcome that objection, and probably gain in popularity. More people than ever are probably now feeling the importance of Canadian basic industries, among which agriculture is placed first, and, if this state of mind develops further, the premier financial institutions of the country will not be causing surprise if they take means of strengthening their positions in relation to the agriculture of the country.

### Tribute to Canada

BRANCH managers of Canadian banks are so prone to accept their guidance of customers in financial affairs as wholly a part of daily business routine that it will surprise many of them to find the New York *Herald* expressing commendation of the part Canadian bankers have taken in the Dominion's readjustment. The *Herald* article speaks highly of conditions in Canada and indicates its belief that this excellent state is due to the fact more that Canadian farmers seized time by the forelock and sold "while the selling was good" than was the case in the United States.

This international tribute was directly aimed at Canadian bankers, for it was upon their urging that our agriculturists "got from under" with their crop. Appreciation coming from abroad is more than ever acceptable, for it was not easy to foresee conditions six months ahead and at the time the advice to liquidate was not a happy duty that head offices put upon the shoulders of the branch managers last September.

The early autumn urgings of Canadian bankers for the liquidation of bank loans was criticized rather widely at the time, but their action has been completely vindicated. Exchange created an advantage which financiers appreciated. Fuller realization of this is given to our Western farmers in the banking and business collapse in the State of North Dakota, where, as the result of wheat hoarding and frozen credits, 36 banks have been compelled to suspend and the farmers are loaded up with farm products the prices for which have continually slumped since the crop was garnered.

### Turning Over the Crop

THIS year in Canada the early-selling farmer got the price advantage. H. B. Shaw, general manager of the Union Bank, the only one of Canada's banks with head office in Winnipeg, said at the recent annual meeting, "the handling of our crop to date has been on a much more rapid turnover basis than in ordinary years."

This liquidation, the New York *Herald* avers, put money into circulation and prevented the development of a condition of frozen credits, such as has prevailed in the agricultural and many other areas of the United States.

Commenting upon the New York appreciation, the *Manitoba Free Press* maintains that liquidation in Canada was in part due to the fact that Canada is a newer country, and that our farmers were compelled in many cases to liquidate, while farmers in the older sections of the U.S. were in a position to hold. In this case, as the Winnipeg paper points out, it so happens that men who had no credit and who were forced to sell are now in a better position, financially, than those men who possessed credit and were able to hold. The *Free Press* recognizes with its New York contemporary that the advice of Canadian bankers played an important part in clearing the situation.

### Unusually Big Loans

WHILE rendering this service of advice the *Manitoba Free Press* finds that Canadian bankers were ready to

make usual advances and indeed, as C. W. Rowley, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Winnipeg, emphasizes in an interview, "loans were in fact larger this past fall than in any previous fall in the history of the country. There was thus some credit due to the Canadian banks in this matter. The position of Canada is not wholly a matter of accident."

Mr. Rowley, according to Winnipeg report, stated that the Canadian Bank of Commerce, from the early part of the past season, had been convinced that the deflation which had then set in, to some extent, was permanent and that they had advised all their customers, both farmers and traders, to liquidate. Apropos of this Mr. Rowley said that recently one customer has stated that if he had followed the advice of the bank it would have saved him a very large sum, many thousands of dollars.

Bank advances are still comparatively heavy in the West, but the situation is much better than the early harvest situation indicated would be the case.

## Answers to Inquiries

A. G. V., Torquay, Sask.—Although something might be said for German city bonds in preference to the paper currency of Germany as an investment, because the national money might at some time be in part repudiated, the condition of the country is as yet so unsettled and its future developments a matter of doubt, that it would look like a long-range speculation to put money to such a purpose. Many better opportunities are available nearer home.

W. O. S., St. John, N.B.—The L. R. Steel Company is a recent competitor for funds in Canada through the commencement of an establishment of a chain of stores in this country. Comparatively little is known of its operations or prospects here as yet, though chain stores have been profitable in the United States in some instances. The enterprise appears to be still in the speculative stage, and from your letter it would appear that some extravagant claims are being made by its stock salesmen. Certainly, it would not look like good business to sell Victory bonds yielding around 6 per cent. to buy stock such as the above, except on the assumption that you are prepared to take the risk of a speculative venture, which may or may not be profitable.

E. D., Kitchener, Ont.—We would consider Nukol stock highly speculative. Consult your broker as to the disposal of your holdings. L. R. Steel appears to be a company whose future has to be demonstrated. Much depends upon management. Ames Holden Felt is a new organization which did not get fully established before the slump came, but its prospects are thought to be fairly good.

S. J. S., Ottawa.—You ask an opinion as to the future of paper stocks for a long hold. The paper issues have fallen much in the same proportion as other industrials during the past six months, but the operations of the paper mills or rather those making newsprint have shown little reduction from the peak or capacity output of last year. None of them has reduced its dividend, and there is little probability that they will from any cause yet discernible unless those making other than newsprint experience a sustained dullness. Established paper companies paying dividends should continue their present favorable position indefinitely, at least as far as dividends are concerned, owing to the large export demand for their product, but new companies entering production after the boom has passed may find their ready and profitable market, considering their high construction costs, not so easy to secure. Paper making is one of Canada's strongest industries, and the more conservative companies should remain a good investment.

T. W., London, Ont.—Canadian tractions are in an improved position from a speculative standpoint. Several of them have been permitted to increase their fares,


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including Winnipeg and Montreal, and this has resulted in increased net earnings. Cost of materials is lower, and wages may be adjusted when the next revision comes. Their stocks seemed to have touched bottom, and should participate in the expected strong advance in the Canadian markets, probably in the spring. There are still many shareholders of Brazilian and Barcelona holding to their stock in the hope of ultimate results. For Barcelona the day of reward seems a long way off. In the case of Brazilian, the company's position seems to be improving steadily, and the non-payment of dividends on common permits the company to put back large sums annually from its surplus which improves the value of the stock to that extent. A lot of patience may yet be necessary in both cases.

O. S. B., Winnipeg, Man.—Although Victory bonds remain the premier Canadian security, there is no reason why an investor should not pick up a few suitable Provincial issues. They are not as readily salable as Victories because few of them are listed on the Exchanges. However, as a rule there should be no doubt of their safety, while the older Provinces have virtually the standing of the Dominion of Canada in the financial field, and, in addition, their market is not so saturated as that of the Victory bonds. Recent issues of Ontario and Saskatchewan bonds sold at a price to yield over 6 per cent., while the return on Victory bonds at the present time is below 6 per cent. in almost every case, and in one instance it has been down to 5½.

Smelters.—Low price—below pre-war levels—makes profit on this impossible; good demand for lead in Canada, and for zinc for export. Company has just deferred regular dividend: recovery looks slow but sure. Two factors particularly favor ultimate recovery: assured supplies of minerals, and big interest in property held by Canadian Pacific Railway Company, making certain that funds will be available for thorough development.

German Bonds.—An Alberta soldier asked about buying German bonds, on the assumption of a profit when German exchange improved. An "investment" of this kind must be regarded as more or less of a gamble, as no one knows when or how much of a recovery the German mark will register in the near future. In any case purchases of German bonds, as of all other foreign securities, was recently placed under a very strict embargo, and the Minister of Finance gave warning that, on his complaint, any firm dealing in such securities would be cut off as a customer by the banks.

Northern Gold Mines Co.—An inquiry re this company was referred to the Registrar of the Joint-Stock Companies' Office at Victoria, B.C. The reply was that the company's name was still on the Register "although it is not in good standing here, as it has failed to fill its annual report for the past two years." The Deputy Minister of Mines reported that "I fail to find any mention of the operations of the said company in the reports of this department."

Loew's Toronto Theatre.—An issue a short time ago of first mortgage serial 6 per cent. gold bonds for $600,000 with the two Toronto properties, valued at $1,800,000, as security, drew an inquiry as to its "safety and soundness." The answer was in the affirmative with a suggestion that a real estate bond giving a yield of only 6.75 per cent. was offered at a little too high a price considering yields of high class Government and municipal bonds, to say nothing of Victory bonds. Such a bond as the one mentioned should to-day sell to give a yield of at least 7 to 7¼ per cent.

## ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.*




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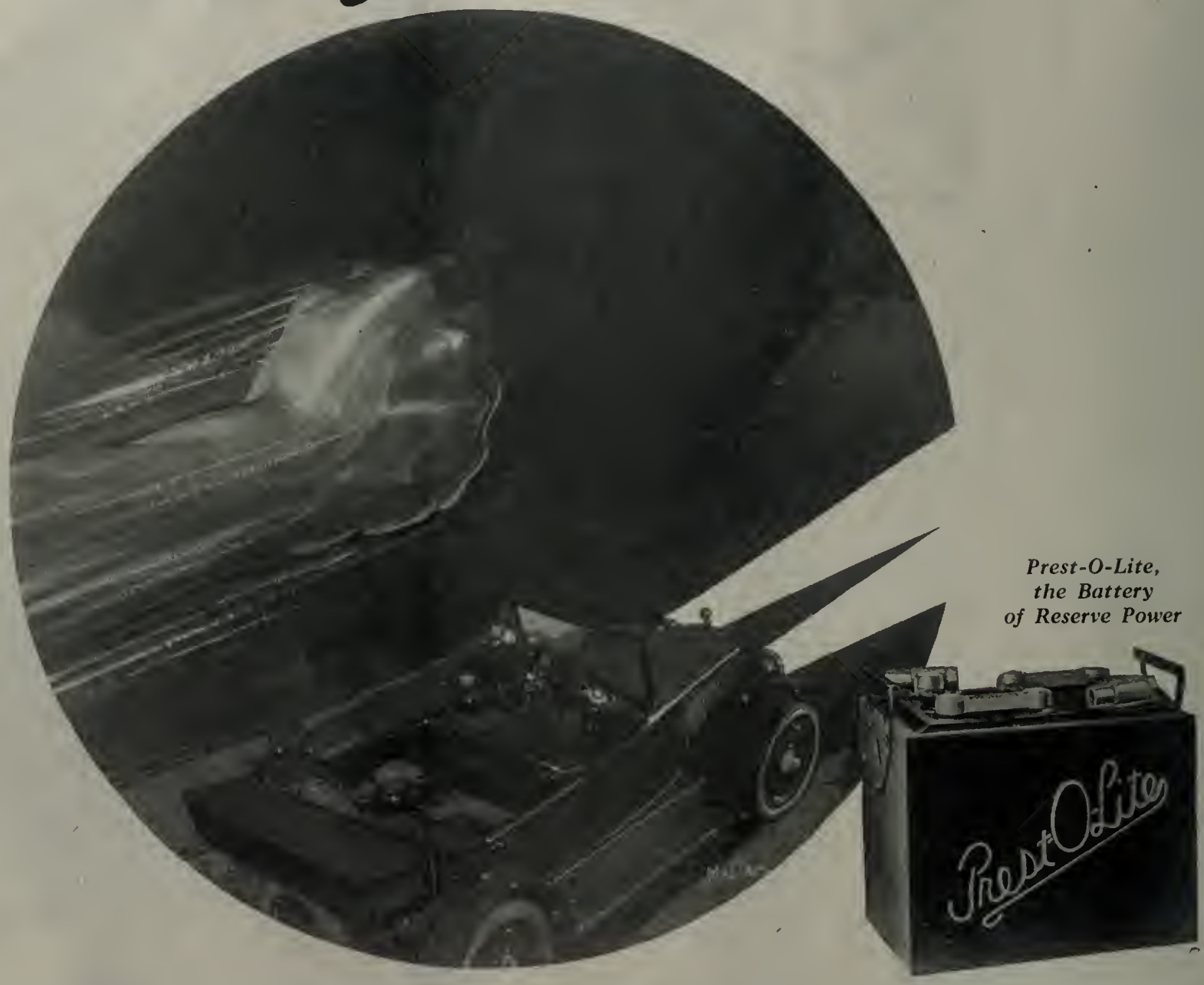
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# MACLEAN'S

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# "A WOMAN WOULD KNOW—"

*By* CHARLES G. BOOTH
ILLUSTRATED BY W. V. CHAMBERS

PERHAPS it was during his adolescence Colwyn Neill discovered that the sum and substance of life lay in the cultivation of Good Taste; or, as he less specifically put it, in the appreciation and development of the Esthetic Nature. This would not have been so disturbing as it sounds had he also made the attendant discovery that the democracy of work is an excellent portal of the aristocracy of art.

Colwyn's father had died when the boy was at school. With a quite uncharacteristic foresight that erratic, though undeniably brilliant, man had placed his savings, some fifty thousand dollars, with Mortimor Strang, Colwyn's uncle, instructing him to do what he could with it. So well had the shrewd lumberman done with the fifty thousand that in fifteen years it had become a lusty half million.

It was this half million which permitted Colwyn to indulge his acquired esthetic nature to his heart's content. So, while he knew a Delft vase when he saw one, and could switch intelligently from Flemish tapestry to the Italian renaissance without turning a hair, a reversal of fortune would have found him as efficient as a jelly-fish on a dry rock.

He knew the value of a work of art—in dollars and cents. Of the spiritual wealth the artist had lavished upon his creation he knew nothing at all. Colwyn Neill had sailed placidly through life, unatirred, unwarmed, with never a heart throb, nor a quickened pulse, just taking here and there the things that pleased him. He was not selfish. He was not even thoughtless. He was just placid, unmoved, not unlike a piece of old pottery, chaste in line and color, yet inflexible.

Yet as he drew his sleek, dark-green roadster to a discordant stop before the square, brown-shingled bungalow this golden September afternoon he felt within him vague stirrings, mysterious stirrings, that again had developed along the mile or two of the Keith road which intervened between his city home and his destination.

IT WAS the third time within a week that he had driven out here. Since his first visit this uneasiness, this uncertainty of himself, had troubled him. He wasn't quite sure why he had come again. His second visit had terminated with a discouraging finality. Certainly it wasn't the bungalow that had brought him. It was a seedy-looking affair, dingy brown and badly in need of a man's hand. Neill hated brown; it reminded him of dead things. The acre or two of garden was mostly in weed.

The door opened before the sound of his knock had died away.

"Good afternoon, Miss Merton." At that moment Neill's eyes seemed deeper than usual. The slight, straight lines of his chin, his rather thin lips, held a touch of humility or something akin to it.

The girl did not answer at once. She seemed to glow before Neill. Those vague stirrings within, like hidden whisperings, were at him again. She was an intensely feminine girl, alive, golden, courageous—he was quite sure she was courageous. Her hair seemed to burn with the dull fire of an Autumn sunset. Neill's esthetic nature would have registered her beauty if her eyes, suddenly dark with smouldering resentment, had not held him for the moment in a queer helplessness.



Strang's eyes were fixed on his nephew. "So this is what you've been doing! . . . hiking around all night. . . !"

"I told you not to come again, Mr. Neill," she said at length. She did not ask him in.

"Won't you let me come in?" he begged, facing her.

She hesitated a moment; then she stood aside for him to enter.

It was a shabby little room they were in. A few plants in the window, a touch of color here and there, a brave attempt at coziness, seemed pathetically inadequate to dispell the grayness, the hint of human woe that clung to each object in the room.

Neill glanced about him. He noted the poorness of the home and within him arose unconsciously that vague antagonism which the unbeautiful invariably provoked. His lean figure in its immaculate gray stiffened.

"I want to take that child out of here, Miss Merton," he began abruptly. "I hadn't intended to come again, but I wanted to give you another chance. You've simply got to let him go." Neill tried to inject into his words a positiveness he was far from feeling. If he could only bring himself to actual threat he might be able to convince her of his determination of purpose. But somehow, quite inexplicably to Neill, her attitude had disarmed him. He had incurred her scorn from the first.

Julia Merton regarded him disdainfully. "No, Mr. Neill, I'm not going to give him to you."

Neill stirred uneasily. "Listen, Miss Merton. My uncle, Mortimor Strang, is about the wealthiest man around here. I suppose you know that well enough. He can give the boy everything he'll ever want. You know what that means—education, social position—everything. I don't know why you refuse. He's not yours. You have no legal claim upon him."

"I've no legal claim, but his mother was my sister and she left him in my care. She asked me to look after him until his father was well. Lois has been dead less than a week and you ask me to break a promise—of that kind—before it's a week old." A thin edge of contempt crept into Julia's voice. "His father is going to need him when he comes out of that sanatorium—as he never needed anyone before!"

"Well, it's only a question of time—days—until we find Phillips. I suppose he's under an assumed name or else we would have located him before this."

"What makes you think Kenneth Phillips will give his son up?" Julia shot at Neill.

"For one thing, your determination to keep us from finding him—"

"People fighting the thing he is fighting don't want everyone to know where they are, how hard it is—"

"I'm going to be quite frank with you, Miss Merton," interrupted Neill. "From what Doctor Street tells us Kenneth Phillips is pretty far gone. Then, too, a man addicted to drugs is bound to be weak-willed. He couldn't be otherwise. So with a little persuasion and Kenny's future painted in glowing colors it should be easy to secure his consent. You are standing in the boy's light."

A flood of color rushed to the girl's cheeks. "You rich people can't understand! You seem to think there is

nothing to be gained in the world but what can be bought with money! I don't despise all these things, education, culture, position and all that, but they are not all. They're only the externals, the trimmings! You want to take Kenny away from his father and give him to Mrs. Strang because she fancies him, because she loves his eyes, his hair, his smile, everything that makes him a little, distinct, human child. You want to give him to a woman whose life has been starved, who wants something to love, to pet, to spoil. But you don't think of his father who is going to need him every day of his life, every hour, every minute, if he's to keep straight and clean."

Julia stopped for a moment; then she went on again, breathlessly.

"Listen; I know something of your uncle and your aunt, and of you too, Mr. Colwyn Neill! You've all lived close, selfish lives. You've never felt, you've never even loved—really loved. You've never touched the quick of things. You've just taken what you wanted and you didn't care much where you got it. And because Kenny happens to please for the moment you want him. You're determined to have him. You're willing to wreck a man's happiness to get him. Well, if I can stop you, I'm going to, Mr. Colwyn Neill, and you may tell them that!"



They came to a golden ravine all a-fire with the myriad tints of Fall, and Neill slowed the car to a crawl, then to a stop.

Neill sat in a daze while Julia was speaking. Never before had he been talked to just like that. Perhaps it would have been better for him if he had. But, as Julia had said, he did not understand. He could not, and so the gray in his eyes hardened. His lips pressed together a trifle scornfully.

"I could 'understand,' as you put it, if the boy was going from bad to worse. But you know he's not. You ought to do the best you can for him. Doctor Street says you have no money. How are you going to care for him?"

"I can work for him. I'm going to—until his father comes back."

"He would be a big handicap—"

"To earn one's living isn't quite the task you seem to think it is, Mr. Neill. Did you ever earn your living?"

Neill colored. "I have an independent income, Miss Merton. It isn't necessary for me to work." This came somewhat painfully. Then more hopefully: "Of course I'm kept pretty busy collecting pots and — and things—" Neill's voice trailed off dismally as Julia's appraising eyes swept him.

"I intend to keep him until his father takes him from me." With this Julia rose.

NEILL got to his feet. His sensitive face had hardened. "You know the reputation of my uncle. He boasts that he always gets what he goes after. You don't know how determined he is about this. It means a lot to him and to my Aunt Constance. I—I thought to make it easier by coming to you myself. He'll find Kenneth Phillips—you may depend on that. And he'll get the boy. He's set his mind on having him—"

Julia had opened the door. "Good afternoon, Mr. Neill."

Neill went. . . .His high-powered car throbbed down the uneven mud road.

AFTER he had gone Neill's words ran again and again through Julia's mind like an evil chant. She had been afraid of this tranquil young man from the first, but not until this last visit had his demands culminated in actual threat. Under different circumstances she might have liked him, even with his lazy, nonchalant acceptance of things as he found them. There was a straightforwardness about him that commanded respect.

But she knew the Strangs and their kin. They stopped at nothing—always got what they wanted. It was this certainty that brought the fear to her eyes. But it was her own courage burning within, bringing the flush to her cheeks, that refired her determination to stick to the promise she had given to her sister. It had grown upon her these last few days—this obligation she had taken upon her slim young shoulders. It had assumed the proportions of a sacred cause. She did not mind the personal sacrifice—she had sacrificed before; she would again.

Julia passed into an adjoining bedroom. Kenny, junior, ten months old, regarded her solemnly from newly opened eyes as blue as Julia's own. She took him into her arms.

"Honey boy, they want to take you away," she whispered into one pink little ear. "But you're not going. You're not!" Kenneth gurgled his agreement to this and Julia hugged his plump little body, pressed his fair head to her glowing, golden one.

"Mrs. Strang wants you, Kenny. She loves you and she wants you—for keeps. Poor Mrs. Strang! She doesn't know what love is, Kenny."

Julia knew the story of the Mortimor Strangs well enough. Who didn't? Old Mortimor, hard-fisted, hard-eyed, bemillioned, searching in middle life for the elusive spring of happiness that his swift, acquisitive, uprushing younger days had denied him, had married Constance Field on her thirty-eighth birthday.

It was hardly to be expected that, after the first transient glamor, they could have much in common. Strang had not learned the precious art of sympathy.

When their child came it seemed as though their unmated hungry hearts had found a link. But the child died. And it was for this that Kenny was wanted: to teach two forlorn hearts to fall in love with one another.

ALL this ran through Julia's mind as a current in the lap of a sea as she sat with Kenny close against her. She had never seen Mrs. Strang, yet it seemed incredible that a woman could be so utterly selfish as deliberately to spoil the chance of a stricken man. In spite of herself Julia's heart instinctively extended a woman's sympathy to this disappointed one of her sex.

Her mind ran back to Kenneth Phillips' long, devastating illness, after which he had so easily succumbed to the drug that had left its taint during the pain-wracked days and nights in the city hospital.

At last he had gone to the sanatorium. Kenny Junior came along about that time and Lois had tasted the bitter sweets of sacrifice. Julia had made her sacrifices, too, in coming to help keep things together. They had been forced to give up the city home. Then Lois' spirit had flickered out and Julia, golden-haired, fighting Julia, and Kenny were left alone.

Sometimes Julia thought that she and Kenny might always be alone. Kenneth Phillips was not of a fighting breed.

As a last resort Julia had called Dr. Herbert Street, the great physician, in to Lois. His skill had been unavailing but his keen eyes had scrutinized Kenny while his quick mind was putting two and two together. It appeared that he had been Mrs. Strang's physician for years. Consequently he knew that temperamental woman better than she knew herself. Mrs. Strang's child had died some months previously. The disappointed woman, living her secluded life, deprived of this one morsel of humanity that had touched the withering cords of her heart, had drooped like an unnourished flower.

To Street had come the idea of the Strangs' adoption of Kenny. The little fellow was the exact counterpart of Mrs. Strang's dreams: blue eyes, fair hair, the essence of what she had never been. From Julia, Street had borrowed a photograph of Kenny. It had brought the soft gleam of new joy to Constance Strang's gray eyes, greatly to old Mortimor's delight.

JULIA knew only too well that she could not depend on Kenneth Phillips. He had never attempted to fight. He had gone under at the first onslaught. The thing had seemed to blot out all his manhood. Reports from the sanatorium had been anything but encouraging. Before the assaults of the determined Strang Julia feared his easy acquiescence. This was what Strang was counting on. Fortunately Julia had withheld Phillips' address. That inherent pride, which is an inseparable part of the weakest of us, had sent Phillips to the sanatorium under an assumed name. This was why Strang and his nephew had been unable to find him.

Julia had written to Kenneth Phillips at his wife's death. There had been no answer yet.

Quite suddenly Julia determined that she would go to the sanatorium, take Kenny with her to see his father and tell Kenneth Phillips everything. Legally, at least, he was the one that should decide about his son's future. Sooner or later it would be put up to him by Strang. If she could forestall the lumberman perhaps she could induce Phillips to let her keep Kenny until the coming of kindlier times.

Yet, as she recalled Phillips' shrinking form, his trembling hands, she scarcely dared to hope that he would resist the importunities of the all-conquering Strang.

But because she was young and courageous, and because Lois, insisting pitifully, had got her to promise to carry on the fight, Julia put aside her fears. She did not think of herself. The remaking of Kenneth Phillips had become paramount. Even Kenny Junior had to contribute his measure to the weal of his father for it was through him that victory, if it was to be gained, would come.

To decide was to act; more than she needed anything at that moment Julia needed action.

Black Lake sanatorium was at the terminus of a decrepit line that wandered disconsolately through a logging and mining country which it grudgingly served with one train a week. This train left Valley Junction, eight or ten miles to the north, early on Thursday morning. To-day was Wednesday. Julia decided to take the interurban out to Valley Junction, stay there for the night, and leave for Black Lake on the morning train.

*Continued on page 48*



A flood of color rushed to the girl's cheeks. "You rich people can't understand," she said.

# There Were Giants In Those Days

## Men Who Made Possible the C.P.R. Transcontinental Dream—Concluding Instalment of the Picturesque Reminiscences of a Raconteur

*By*

COL. GEORGE H. HAM



BARON SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.V.O.

THE completion of the Canadian Pacific railway placed Canada prominently on the map of the world, and magically transformed a widely scattered Dominion into a prosperous and progressive nation.

It was in 1857—sixty-four years ago—that the search for a path across British North America was begun by the British government. Other schemes had been promulgated which involved a diversion through the United States to avoid the rock-bound north shore of Lake Superior, and the St. Paul and Pacific railway was projected to connect the Minnesota city with the Pacific coast through the prairies and mountains of Canada. But it was to be an all-Canadian route, and in the early days of its construction a policy of utilizing the waterways was adopted—a futile one in the light of after events. The building of 3,000 miles partly through an unknown territory was a gigantic undertaking, and the very boldness of the scheme engendered a feeling of doubt which was only dispelled by the inexorable logic of facts.

The great national work was first assumed by the Federal government, but on February 15th, 1881—just forty years ago—a charter was granted to the Canadian Pacific railway company, and through that company's untiring energy, unceasing efforts, unflagging perseverance and boundless faith in the undertaking, the success of the great work was completely assured. Ten years were specified for the completion of the railway; in five years—and five years ahead of the contract time—the road was completed from ocean to ocean.

The marvellously rapid construction of the road was one of the grandest achievements of the age. The engineering difficulties were appalling. The granite hills of the east and the fastnesses of the Rockies were pierced, and river, lagoon, coulee, morass, rocky defile and broad stretching prairie were crossed and covered with an iron trail, over which daily speeds the iron horse with its long train of heavily laden coaches.

### Big Undertaking, Broad Policy

FOR completing this herculean task, the present company was given a subsidy of $25,000,000 and 25,000,000 acres of land, the larger portion of which was practically worthless then, owing to its inaccessibility. In its early days, the company was at times sorely pressed financially, but through wise administration and careful management, its difficulties completely disappeared and to-day—well, it's the "C.P.R.," of which in former times its worst detractors at home were when abroad the loudest boasters about its marvellous success.

The policy of the company has of necessity been somewhat broader, by reason of the variety of its activities, than that of a purely railway enterprise, and, under Lord Mount Stephen, Sir William Van Horne and Lord Shaughnessy, its affairs have been administered with what Sir John Willison terms "A Nation Vision," and this is largely responsible, not only for the company's own success, but for the unique position which it occupies in Canada and abroad. In fact, it was due largely to this broadness of view that the company's prestige in America, England and Europe has reached such a high pinnacle. If there was anything necessary to add to this it was the extraordinarily important work which the company was privileged to do during the late war, involving activities so numerous as to be beyond the scope of any ordinary enterprise. The company had more points of contact with the war than any other enterprise outside of Great Britain.

It is now in the fortieth year of its existence, and has had four presidents during that period—Lord Mount Stephen, who occupied the position for seven years; Sir William Van Horne for eleven years, Lord Shaughnessy for nineteen years; and the present incumbent for two and a half years.

The company was fortunate in possessing chief executives whose personal qualities and official abilities were such as to make them specially fitted for the problems which had to be met during their particular term of office. It is safe to say, however, that the problems of to-day are without parallel in the previous history of the company, and therefore require different methods and different men.

### Conspicuously Canadian

THE policy of the future will be an extension of the policies of the past, namely, that the company should be a good citizen of Canada, which means contributing to Canada's advancement and its own success, and taking, as it always has, its share of the country's burden. In this democratic age it is possible that methods may be adopted which would not be thought of in previous times. It is certain that the company and its patrons will be closer together than ever before, because a greater mutual understanding is necessary if the unique problems of the present time are to be dealt with satisfactorily.

Historically that's pretty nearly all that is going to be said about the Canadian Pacific railway, except that when rail communication was established between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in November, 1886, the company had 4,306 miles of track. To-day it operates or controls more than 18,000 miles. That's going some. But it's not all. A magnificent ocean service has been established on the Atlantic and the Pacific, and on the inland lakes and rivers of Canada its craft ply. It has become the "World's Greatest Highway," carrying the traffic of three continents. It lodges and feeds globe-trotters, so that a person may travel from Great Britain to China and Japan exclusively under its protecting care, on its trains, ships and hotels. It has developed fishing, mining, agricultural, immigration, forestry and other resources and industries. It is not a mere transportation company, as all railways were before its construction. It is an empire builder.



LORD MOUNT STEPHEN.



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE, who died in 1915.

Let me speak now of those courageous captains of industry to whose activities and counsel are due the great success which has crowned their indefatigable efforts to make the Canadian Pacific the wonder of the world.

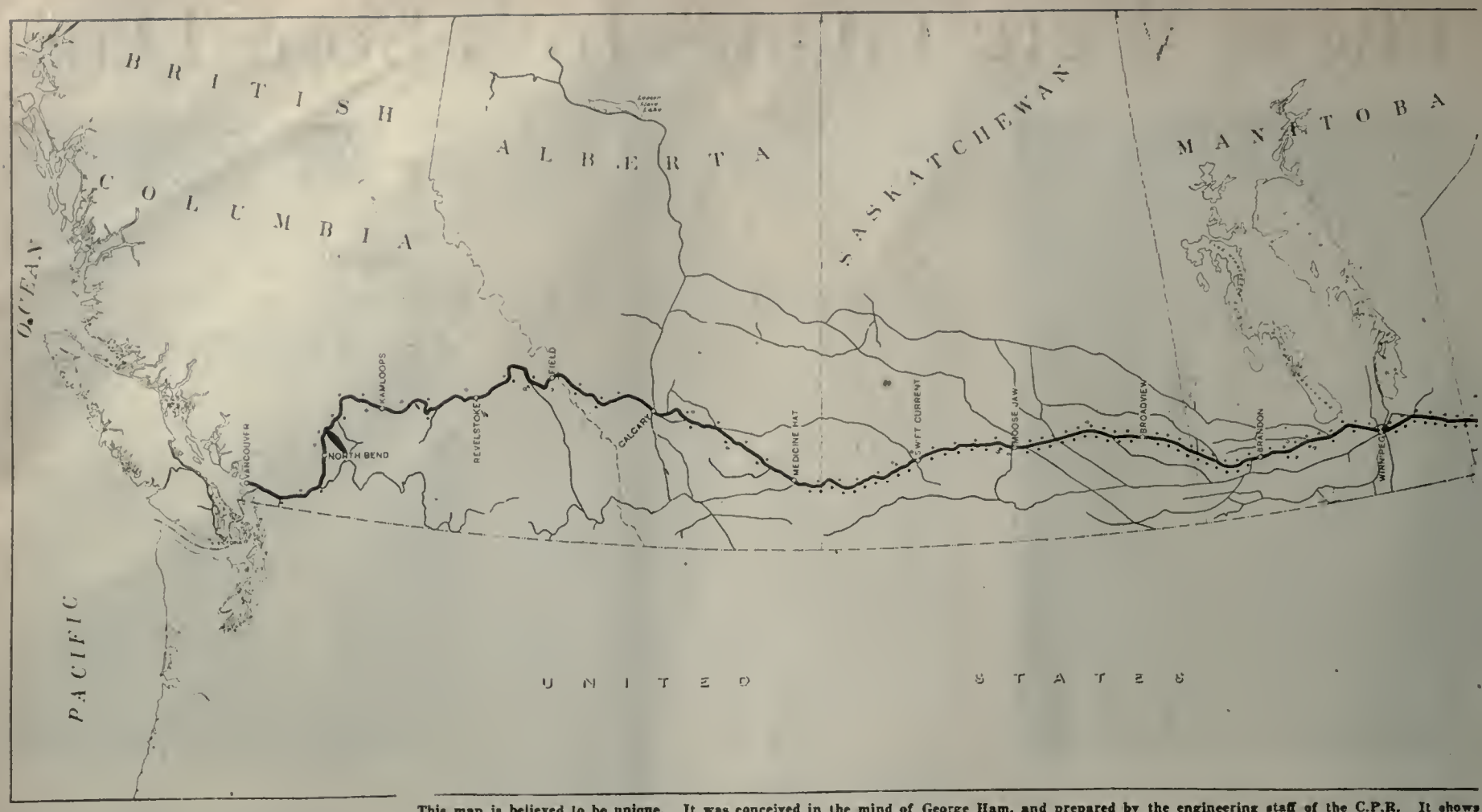
### The First President

GEORGE STEPHEN—now Lord Mount Stephen—who came to Montreal from Scotland, an unknown youth, was its first president. He was an earnest worker and a wise counsellor, as was his fellow director, R. B. Angus. In all the hazardous conditions and financial worries of his presidency he never lost heart. He, with his co-workers, pledged their entire fortunes to ensure the company's very existence. There were dark days, darker perhaps than the world will ever realize, with apparently a hopeless future to face, but their courage never failed them. Their grandest monument is the C.P.R.

Lord Mount Stephen was possessed of that caution which is proverbial of the Scotch. His was a broad mind and a far-seeing vision, dependable in any emergency; self-sacrificing and thoughtful of others. He was of a modest, retiring disposition and his favorite sport was fishing in his salmon pools in New Brunswick. Like infinitely few others he did not accumulate his great wealth exclusively for his own personal enjoyment, but years ago generously gave large sums and valuable properties to those of his kin. None was overlooked. He is spending the evening of his life at Brocket Hall in his native land. His large statue in Windsor Street Station is a testimony of his life's work—a mute reminder for years to come that to him Canada owes a debt of gratitude it never can repay.

### A Temporary President

THE C.P.R. once had a temporary president in the person of Rev. Father Lacombe, O.M.I., the well-known and well-beloved missionary of the farther west. The arrival of the first through train from Winnipeg to Calgary was the occasion. At luncheon in President Stephen's private car, at which were several directors and Father Lacombe, it was playfully suggested that in recognition of his invaluable services during the building of the road through an unknown country, largely peopled by savages, the good priest should be elevated to the presidency of the C.P.R. An emergency meeting of the directors was hastily




This map is believed to be unique. It was conceived in the mind of George Ham, and prepared by the engineering staff of the C.P.R. It shows

called. Mr. Stephen resigned his office, and Father Lacombe was elected in his stead. His term of office lasted exactly one hour, during which he installed Mr. Van Horne as general manager, but did not enunciate any particular policy, and gracefully retired without drawing his salary. Then Mr. Stephen was re installed as president.

### Sir William Van Horne

PROMINENT amongst the men connected with the construction and completion of the C.P.R. was Sir William Van Horne, who was the first general manager of the road, and afterwards succeeded Sir George Stephen (now Lord Mount Stephen) in the presidency. To splendid personal executive ability, indomitable perseverance and wide experience are largely due the great successes which crowned his unceasing labors. Sir William was unconventionality personified, and whether in his palatial residence in Montreal or at his desk or in his private car, was a perfect host.

He was a man of great versatility—a railroad organizer, practical engineer, surveyor, electrician, antiquarian, painter, author, geologist, botanist and student of history and men and a mind-reader. He generally was seen in private with a long Havana cigar in his mouth, and he usually accentuated his language by extra big puffs of circling cigar smoke. The construction of the C.P.R. within five years of its inception now seems to have been an impossible task, but it was accomplished, and accomplished under frequently most discouraging conditions. After he had resigned the presidency in 1899, instead of retiring from active life, he built another line of railway which traversed the island of Cuba.

Sir William loved to indulge in reminiscences, and dwell on the hardships of early days. One story he delighted in telling was of the dark days of '84 when Jack Frost had played hob with the wheat crop of the West. Grain was selling at a mere song and to increase the price, Alex Mitchell, an experienced grain man, of Montreal, was sent up to Winnipeg by the C.P.R., but not publicly as a representative of the company. On his arrival, prices took a jump upwards and he bought and bought and kept on buying until all the available storage facilities could hold no more, and the wheat was stacked in bags or dumped in huge piles at stations. The enemies of the C.P.R.—and there were lots of kickers in those days—not knowing the circumstances—had these piles of wheat photographed, and sent all over the country to show the awful extremity of the farmers and their ill-treatment by the C.P.R. And—well, it was C.P.R. wheat all the time.

### He Helped Make History

WHEN the Riel rebellion broke out in the early spring of '85 the C.P.R. was not completed, and the troops from the East could not be sent through the United States. The gaps between the two ends of the track on the north shore of Lake Superior aggregated many miles, and the weather was severe. But Sir William's genius was greatly in evidence. He ordered all the construction gangs to make their sleighs as comfortable as possible with straw and blankets, and established camps at convenient distances, where coffee and a bite to eat were freely dispensed. Without any particular hardship the eastern volunteers were carried over the gap, and the much-needed reinforcements to the western troops hurriedly forwarded, by which means the rebellion was more quickly suppressed.

Having a keen sense of humor, once he built a spur-line from near the station at Winnipeg, to Silver Heights, a summer residence of Sir Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona. When that personage arrived one day, shortly after, and wanted to leave the car at Winnipeg, he was asked to remain. When the special train ran over the new track for a while Sir Donald noticed familiar objects, and when he reached Silver Heights, he grasped his head and wondered if he had gone crazy. He couldn't understand that where there had been no railway track before there was one now.

### A Well Informed Porter

JIMMY FRENCH was Sir William's faithful porter on the private car "Saskatchewan," and Jimmy was a character. One day, down at St. John, en route to Sydney, Cape Breton, a couple of newspaper reporters unceremoniously rushed into the car seeking an interview and met Jimmy.

"Where's Sir William, and where is he going?"

"Don' you peoples know that a privat' cah's a man's house, and you wouldn't go into a genleman's house without rappin', now would ya?" indignantly demanded Jimmy.

The reporters mollified him, and then Jimmy enlightened them: "Don' know where Sir William is, but I do know he's goin' down fishin' to Great Britain."

Another time when Hon. Edward Blake, who had been retained by the company in an important case in British Columbia, accompanied Sir William in his car to the Pacific coast.

Jimmy, whose ordinary language was somewhat lurid, had been warned not to use any cuss words in Mr. Blake's presence, as he was a very religious man, and abhorred profanity. All went well, until at a divisional point in the West, the car was being watered. By some accident, the water went the wrong way, and instead of filling the tanks, deluged Jimmy, who thereupon broke out in a violent torrent of abuse and consigned the culprit to the lowest depths of the sultry place, where, they say, there is eternal punishment. The air was blue. Being overheard, he was taken to task for his pyrotechnical language, and ordered by Sir William to apologize to Mr. Blake. Jimmy was in a bad fix, and thought thoughts, but didn't go near Mr. Blake. Finally he was commanded to apologize and he went meekly to Mr. Blake and penitently began the apology.

"I'm sorry, Mistah Blake, that I swore and cussed as I did, an' I've gotta 'pologize, but ye see, Mistah Blake, that blankety, blank son of a black, blank his blank eyes, soaked me good an' hard wif' his blankety blank ol' water an'—"

But he got no further, for Mr. Blake, convulsed with laughter, said it was all right.

When the passenger service of the C.P.R. was inaugurated, the citizens of Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and other large centres were puzzled and astonished one morning on seeing numerous billboards decorated with streamers on which were printed: "Said the Prince to the Duke, 'How high we live on the C.P.R.' and "What the Duke said to the Prince: "All sensible people travel by the C.P.R.';" "Parisian Politeness on the C.P.R.;" "Greet Salome on the C.P.R.;" "Wise Men of the East Go West on the C.P.R.;" and "By Thunder-Bay passes the C.P.R." the final four words of the latter being in comparatively small type.

They created quite a little stir at the time, being something novel in advertising. Twenty-five years later an advertising man recalled the advertisements and gave as his opinion that they were no good and also intimated that they were really idiotic. "And yet you remembered them for a quarter of a century?" I asked. "They must have been pretty good advertising."

And they were.

At the time that Sir William Van Horne was constructing his railroad in Cuba, the "Foracker Resolution" was in force, and its terms prohibited any public concession to build railroads or other public works during the life of the U.S. Interventory Government. In spite of this, however, Sir William went ahead with the Cuba railroad, by getting private right-of-way agreements with owners of land over which the railroad was to run. He skipped all public roads and lands and at the conclusion of the office of the Interventory Government, the Cuban Administration authorized the road so that the missing stretches were constructed, and the road went into operation almost immediately.

### Some "Native Decorating"

WHEN Sir William was constructing the Cuba railroad, he decided to install a typical railroad hotel in Camaguey, and with his keen eye for detail he had an idea for its decoration.

"Why not fit up one of the parlors," said he, "with panellings of the beautiful native woods of the island? It seems to me that such a room would interest visitors greatly, and give a handsome effect."

His suggestion was carried out to the letter. Next time he arrived in Camaguey the hotel was practically complete, and Sir William recollected his hardwood room and expressed a desire to see it. There was a singular lack of enthusiasm on the part of the officials, and they didn't make any effort to hurry out Sir William, who was deaf, dumb and blind to the beauty of the weather, the excellence of the service, and the sudden death of everybody's great-grandmother. He wanted to see that hardwood room, and with drooping eyes and ears, everybody, checkmated, led him to it.

It had been panelled in all the different varieties of beautiful native hardwoods, according to schedule, from ceiling to floor. It had given a beautiful effect, as Sir




Just where on the main lines of the C.P.R. every train, passenger and freight, was at 6.00 p.m. on November 1, 1920—a typical average day.

William had foreseen. And then a gang of native painters, putting finishing touches on halls and corridors, had wandered in, observed its paintlessness, and given it two heavy coats of ivory white.

Like the black on a colored person, it wouldn't wash off, and ivory-white that parlor still is and promoted Sir William's great disgust to his dying day.

When Sir William passed away, there was general sorrow, and a feeling that in his death Canada and the world had lost a great man whose name will live in history.

### Lord Shaughnessy

T. G. SHAUGHNESSY was the natural and logical successor to the presidency. He had made a name and acquired distinction in railway circles through the great purchasing system which he formulated, and which by the way was adopted by the city of New York. It had been a life's study with him, and beginning at the age of fifteen with the Milwaukee road he quickly rose in the service and was selected in 1882 to take charge of the purchasing department of the C.P.R. In two years he was made assistant to the general manager, and in five became assistant to the president. In 1891 he became a director and vice-president. Then came the presidency to him in less than eight years, and with it honors from the King, who created him a Knight Bachelor, a Knight Commander of the Victorian order, and greatest of all a Peer of the Realm—Baron Shaughnessy, K.C.V.O., of Montreal, Canada, and Ashford, County of Limerick, Ireland. In another way he has gained an equally high distinction in that of being "the greatest living Canadian," as he is claimed to be by those who, knowing him best, appreciate his many estimable qualities of head and heart, his great executive ability, his unerring business judgment, his untiring energy, and his undoubted honesty and integrity. He ever enjoyed the fullest confidence of his board of directors and of his subordinates and was always "the court of last resort" in cases of disagreement between the company and its employees, owing to his high sense of honor and fair play.

While Lord Shaughnessy has acquired wealth, it was not for money alone he labored unceasingly, but from an earnest and honest endeavor to benefit Canada, through making his railroad a powerful factor in its development. Many instances could be given where the interests of the country overshadowed those of the company, and Lord Shaughnessy never hesitated a moment as to what course to pursue when duty called. For instance, during the continued strikes some years ago in the western coal mines, there was every prospect of a dire scarcity of coal on the prairies. Regardless of cost, he instructed that hundreds of thousands of tons of Pennsylvania anthracite should be purchased and distributed at advantageous points to furnish the settlers with fuel should the threatened shortage materialize. Fortunately, the strikes were called off just in time to avert the impending catastrophe, but to ensure the settlers an ample supply the C.P.R. refused to buy the cheaper coal at the mines, and utilized its own more costly supply. And this cost the company a round million of dollars. But it would have saved many a settler from perishing on the prairies had not the strikes been settled.

### Shaughnessy's Big Heart

MAINTAINING the strictest discipline, usually dignified, he was one of the kindest of men, and frequently looked leniently upon the errors of omission and commission of those under him. His generosity was unbounded, and in helping many a "lame dog over the stile"—well, that was a matter solely between the benefactor and the benefited. His home life has always been an ideal one, with Lady Shaughnessy an able and kindly helpmate, and dutiful children to brighten the hearth. But, as in the case of many another household, keen, bitter sorrow has entered. I shall never forget when the news came of the tragic death of his son Fred, who lost his life in the defence of his country in France in 1916, how rapidly the heart-broken father had aged, and how sympathetically he grasped my hand, and with tear-dimmed eyes recalled memories of the dead boy, of whom I, too, was especially fond. Poor dear Fred, his memory will linger long with many, for he was a bright cheerful lad—we always looked upon him as a boy—with many admirable qualities. Nor shall I ever forget his coming to me when he was in the service of the C.P.R., and bemoaning his fate. "It's awful," he would say to me, "to be the president's son. Of course, I don't mind obeying the rules and regulations of the company, and I work the same hours as anybody else, but hang it all, it's a constant complaint that I am favored because I am the president's son, when perhaps I am favored less than the others. Why, father wouldn't allow it. I am going to quit."

And he did.

Of a naturally modest, retiring disposition, except when aggressiveness demanded other qualities, Lord Shaughnessy disliked the limelight into which his prominence in social and business circles forced him, and I doubt if he did not enjoy a quiet game of solitaire or a few hours on the links far better than he did the great glittering banqueting board or other public festivities. He is an ideal host and enjoys having companionable people with him. I remember meeting him one morning when the Eucharistic Congress was being held in Montreal. He wore a bright cheery smile and laughingly remarked: "Yes, I had a very pleasant morning. Met Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland at the station and drove them to my house. When we arrived there, the Cardinal kindly remarked, 'Make yourself at home, Shaughnessy, we are.'"

It was that little touch of human nature that appealed to him.

### He Eschewed Public Honors

ALTHOUGH closely and prominently connected with many public movements, especially those of a patriotic and charitable character, an exceptionally able and forcible speaker, with a full knowledge of the world's affairs, Lord Shaughnessy could never be induced to enter political life although he was frequently approached with tempting offers to devote himself to public affairs. He could have at different times been a cabinet minister or the leader of the opposition, but he invariably declined. The presidency of the C.P.R. was the height of his ambition. Besides, between you and me, his ideas of how governments should be run—on strictly business principles — would probably not have retained the staunch support of the practical politician and the ward heeler and others of that stripe. This incident may give an idea of his attitude:

In 1911, several weeks before the general election, a telegram—prompted, no doubt, by the appearance of Sir William Van Horne at several of the Conservative meetings—was received from an Ontario news agency. It read,

"Sir Thos. Shaughnessy,
Montreal.

"Reported here that 'C.P.' behind anti-reciprocity movement. Is this correct?"

Without a moment's hesitation the following reply was dictated and sent off:

"Yes! 'C.P' behind anti-reciprocity movement—'Canadian People' T. G. Shaughnessy."

He held pronounced views on the temperance question, and while not by any means a total abstainer, believed that intoxicants should be greatly restricted and sparingly used. When the Montreal *Witness* attacked the C.P.R. for selling liquor on its dining-cars, I called upon my good friend, John Dougall, the editor of that paper, and explained that the flask had almost entirely disappeared from the smoking-rooms in the trains through passengers being able to get a drink in the diner. It was the same old story of Adam and Eve and the forbidden fruit. My argument was that the C.P.R. was as great a temperance reformer as any temperance organization, for no trainman was allowed to go on his run if there was the slightest taint of liquor on his breath, and sobriety was required of all employees when on duty. Besides, when one happened to fall from grace, he was called on the carpet, and a repetition of his offence was punished with dismissal. Then I instanced that once, out at Moose Jaw, when Lord Shaughnessy saw some trainmen entering the bar at the company's hotel, he called to Sir William Whyte: "Whyte, close that bar." Several hours passed and Lord Shaughnessy noticed that the bar was still open. Calling Sir William he sharply said: "Whyte, I told you to close that bar. Why wasn't it closed?"

"I am going to do so to-night at closing time."

"No, you're not. Close it now."

And it was closed instanter.

### His Repartee Like Rapier Thrust

WITH the sole object of encouraging the thoroughbred horse industry in the Province of Quebec, Lord Shaughnessy not only became a member of the then newly-formed Montreal Jockey club, but also imported a fashionably-bred race mare. Although highly recommended this

mare "Silk Hose" finished in most of her races a very bad last. In one when she had galloped past the stand probably thirty lengths behind the other starters, Charles M. Hays, then president of the G.T.R., who was standing beside Lord Shaughnessy, remarked, "That's a fast mare you have, Shaughnessy."

"Yes," replied Lord Shaughnessy, "she's about as fast as a Grand Trunk train."

After her unsuccessful racing career, "Silk Hose" was placed in the stud. Her first foal, a filly named "Lisle Hose," seemed to inherit the mother's hoodoo. She became ill as a yearling; was sick as a two-year-old, and the following season—died. The morning after she "kicked out," Tom Callary, his secretary, told his lordship that he had bad news for him. "What is it?" he asked. "The trainer has just told me that the filly died last night—"

"That's not bad news," replied Lord Shaughnessy. "That's good news; we won't have to feed the blessed thing any longer, will we?"

When her second foal—this one a colt—became sick also as a two-year-old, and was thereby unable to race; and when, the following spring—unlike the maple trees—he did not show the least inclination to run, Lord Shaughnessy told his secretary to do whatever he pleased with the colt. This colt, that had been named "Silk Bird," eventually got to the races. Before the first start his secretary informed Lord Shaughnessy that he thought the colt had a good chance to win.

"What is it," asked his Lordship, "a walking race?"

He never could be persuaded to make a bet, remarking on one occasion "that he wouldn't bet on that horse even if it were alone in the race." And yet this colt, probably the best thoroughbred raised in the Province of Quebec, won, not only his first start but also nine or ten other races, including the King's Plate of 1916. But the winnings of that season, that should have gone to recoup the losses sustained during the several lean years, were distributed, under his Lordship's direction, to the hospitals and charitable institutions most in need at the time. Many people must have wondered when they saw the name "Silk Bird" amongst the lists of subscribers, more especially as the contributions were rather "hefty." And then to cap all, and, as it were, to make it unanimous, his Lordship gave away the colt.

As I stated previously, Lord Shaughnessy absolutely refused to bet on the chances of his colt, but there were employees by the score who backed "the C.P.R. horse," (as he was known throughout the country) at every start. And as he won with prices offered against him ranging from "evens" to as high as forty-to-one, his supporters, unlike his owner, came out well ahead. No better indication could be had of the loyalty to, and affection for, "the big boss," than by the manner in which all those under his Lordship pulled so whole-heartedly and so consistently, in good years and in bad, for the success of the Shaughnessy colors—old gold and scarlet — whenever and wherever they appeared on the Canadian tracks. On race days the secretary was bombarded with telephone calls from vice-presidents right down to call boys, enquiring as to the colt's chances, his condition, the name of the jockey, etc., etc. But as Lord Shaughnessy knew nothing of this very important feature of his secretary's duties, and as this article may come under his Lordship's notice, I feel, for the sake of all concerned, that that's all that should be said.

### Hats Off to Old Chief!

WHEN Lord Shaughnessy relinquished the presidency, he became chairman of the board, and is to be found in his office every week-day when in town, maintaining an active interest in the affairs of the company. When his successor was appointed, Lord Shaughnessy, much to Mr. Beatty's chagrin, insisted upon changing offices with him, and the new president reluctantly took possession of the more pretentious quarters. The next day there was a presentation of a silver shield which Lord Shaughnessy had given to the Order of St. John's Ambulance association. It took place in the board room of the Windsor street station. The ex-president was a few minutes late, and he cheerfully apologized, quaintly adding: "But it makes no difference. I am only a supernumerary now." And that showed the kind of man Lord Shaughnessy is.

Beloved by all, with an affection that permeates the ranks from the higher to the lower grades, still in harness, Lord Shaughnessy's evening of life is pleasantly passed, and the hope is fervently expressed not only by those who have grown grey in the service, but by thousands of others, that the "T. G." of years ago, of "Mr. President," of "Sir Thomas" and "My Lord" will long remain to be the "guide, philosopher and friend" of those, who, like myself, have learned his actual worth, fully realize the true nobility of his character, and fondly cherish the inspiring memories of his unfailing loyalty and deep-rooted affection and friendship.

Hats off to the Chief, boys, hats off!

### The Present President

IF I WERE writing an article about a man, in which I was desirous of exposing the intimate characteristics not generally known, I think I would start with the fundamentals of character, ability and the almost obsolete virtue of modesty. I would then pass on to the consideration of other personal qualities, such as humanness, sense of humor and magnetism, and I would tell the extent to which they existed in the subject of the sketch. The next step would be to give instances indicating the possession of the characteristics described, and, if anything further were necessary, I would allow the reader to assume some of the characteristics from the number of activities not connected with his official position that he indulged in.

There is a great deal to be said of the presiding genius of the C.P.R. in this way. To be the youngest president of the greatest transportation company in the world is something to be proud of. But Edward Wentworth Beatty would be the very last one to boast of that or any of the other high honors that have been showered upon him. Why, his head wasn't turned at the overwhelming, fulsome flattery and never-ending high compliments and congratulations and beautiful bouquets that were lavishly thrown at him by voice and pen is a wonder to those who do not know the man. It could be said that a mighty big percentage of ordinary humanity would have at once affected an English accent, donned a monocle and taken to spats. He didn't even flicker an eyelash. He must have attended scores upon scores of schools in his youth, and spent most of his time playing football all over the universe, for I have met a mighty multitude of his school-fellows and a regular regiment of brother chasers of the pigskin, every blessed one of whom claims to know him well. All this doesn't feaze him either. He keeps on the even tenor of his way serenely, familiarly calls his close associates by their first names and is far more approachable than the average man in a similar position of lofty responsibilities. High honors have not affected him in the slightest. He has the same old familiar spirit of his youth and early manhood, with all the same kindly good-natured characteristics and the same pardonable creed—to do well whatever there is to be done. He is the "Prince Eddie of Wales of the C.P.R. and of Canada."



Top: R. B. Angus, pioneer director. Left: David McNichol, who died in 1916; he was one of the Old Guard of the C.P.R. Right: I. J. Ogden, financial giant of the C.P.R. Below: E. W. Beatty, who succeeded to the presidency of the C.P.R. two and one-half years ago.

### His Father a Transportation Pioneer

BORN in Thorold, Ontario, on October 16, 1877, his father being Henry Beatty, a well-known steamboat man on the Great Lakes, whose steamers of the Beatty line were amongst the pioneers of navigation on those inland waters, his early youth was spent at Thorold where he was an apt scholar in the town school. At ten years of age his family moved to Toronto where he attended the Model school, Harbord Collegiate, Toronto University and Osgoode Hall, and in 1898 was articled as a law student with the law firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskins and Creelman. On the appointment of the last named as chief counsel of the C.P.R. at Montreal in 1901, Mr. Beatty went with him and five years later was appointed his assistant. He was elevated to the chief solicitorship in 1910. Four years later, on the retirement of Mr. Creelman, he succeeded to the office of chief counsel, and was also made a vice-president of the company. Mr. Beatty's high ability had already been fully recognized, and on Lord Shaughnessy's retirement, he was chosen to succeed him. Everyone will candidly admit that it is a difficult task to fill Lord Shaughnessy's shoes, but the ex-president will as candidly admit that they fit his successor admirably.

The president makes no pretence to oratory, but he is a forceful public speaker, who says what he means clearly and succinctly, and has the magnetism to hold his audience deeply interested. The kind of speech that he makes is one that is frequently punctuated with applause, and his enthusiastic reception on rising is invariably magnified into an ovation when he closes his peroration. He always catches the crowd. He has no fads, and, well, he just has an old head on young shoulders. He still enjoys witnessing athletic sports which he indulged in during his boyhood days, likes a good play at the theatre though I am afraid grand opera may be a little too much for him, delights in a horse race, and plays solitaire and other card games which require four or more players. He still pays the bachelor tax, and I don't believe he would refuse a drink of Scotch in Quebec or British Columbia, but he wouldn't chase off to Mexico or Cuba to get one. His politics are "Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway." He enjoys the unbounded confidence of his large circle of friends, and the 100,000 officials and employees of the company look up to him as one pre-eminently fitted to fill the high position which came to him because of his great personality, clean forceful character and his many estimable qualities of head and heart.

Amongst the old guard of the C.P.R. the name of David McNichol will long be remembered. He was with the company almost since its inception, joining the staff in 1883. He had previous railway experience in Scotland and in Canada to which country he came when a young man, and when he joined the C.P.R., when thirty-one years of age, his energy and ambition found the vent they could not find for it in the positions he had previously occupied. Passenger agent, passenger traffic manager, assistant general manager, vice-president and general manager, he graduated from the comparatively humble position to that in which he exerted plenary authority, and always to the advantage of the company.

His judgment was sound, his observation keen, his knowledge of the C.P.R. in all its ramifications remarkable; his perspicacity notable. Close to his desk was a series of maps. These he studied by the hour when a policy of expansion was to be decided upon. He knew every bit of rail on the system; he made the West his familiar companion; he was wedded to the great corporation to which he gave his best powers. A tireless worker, he never spared himself, and mastered even the minutest detail in all his labors, and it was this constant attention to his duties that broke his health. While generous to a fault, he had full possession of the proverbial Scotch thrift so that no one was surprised when it was told of him that in a certain office there were five clerks and only four desks, and another desk was required, he wanted to know if it wouldn't be better to fire the extra clerk instead of buying

*Continued on page 51*

# Those Who Stood In Darkness

*By* J. L. RUTLEDGE

HE STOOD behind the firing line, well back in the comparative safety of the big gun emplacements. Back at least of the mud and blood and squalor of the trenches. He had no dream of glory to spur him on, no impelling enthusiasm to guide him. He was softly bred, used to ease and comfort, and all the things that were lacking here. He was here because some moral compulsion had sent him, and being here he was doing his work as well as he knew how without grumbling and without enthusiasm. Then one day a big shell found its way back and there was no further need for enthusiasm, no further need even for a certain grim determination to 'stick it.' It was all settled in a moment. Perhaps in that moment he achieved something that was beyond the comprehension of the easy comfort of his former life. But back in that small Canadian city the mother who mourned for him could not grasp this consolation. He had not wanted to go. Circumstances had compelled it. God had permitted it. Therefore in her heart she cursed God.

Many people still standing in the shadow of a great loss, and looking out over a world that seems perhaps no better for all the sacrifice, are prone to question more deeply than they have ever done before. They see a world torn by dissensions, where there are only wraths and hatreds and misunderstandings; where sorrow, the aching sorrow of bereavement, of hopes deferred and ideals shattered, is the daily companion. They see a never ending panorama of loss—a loss of all those simpler, kindlier and more beautiful things that were the heritage of other days. It is perhaps little to be wondered that some of these at least, startled into facing these facts of life by the sudden onslaught of the fact of death, should look up with the shadow of a great question darkening their faces.

IT WAS such a one, who in the bitterness of her heart at the death of a dearly loved son made the striking statement, "God must be very proud of us that we still trust in Him at all."

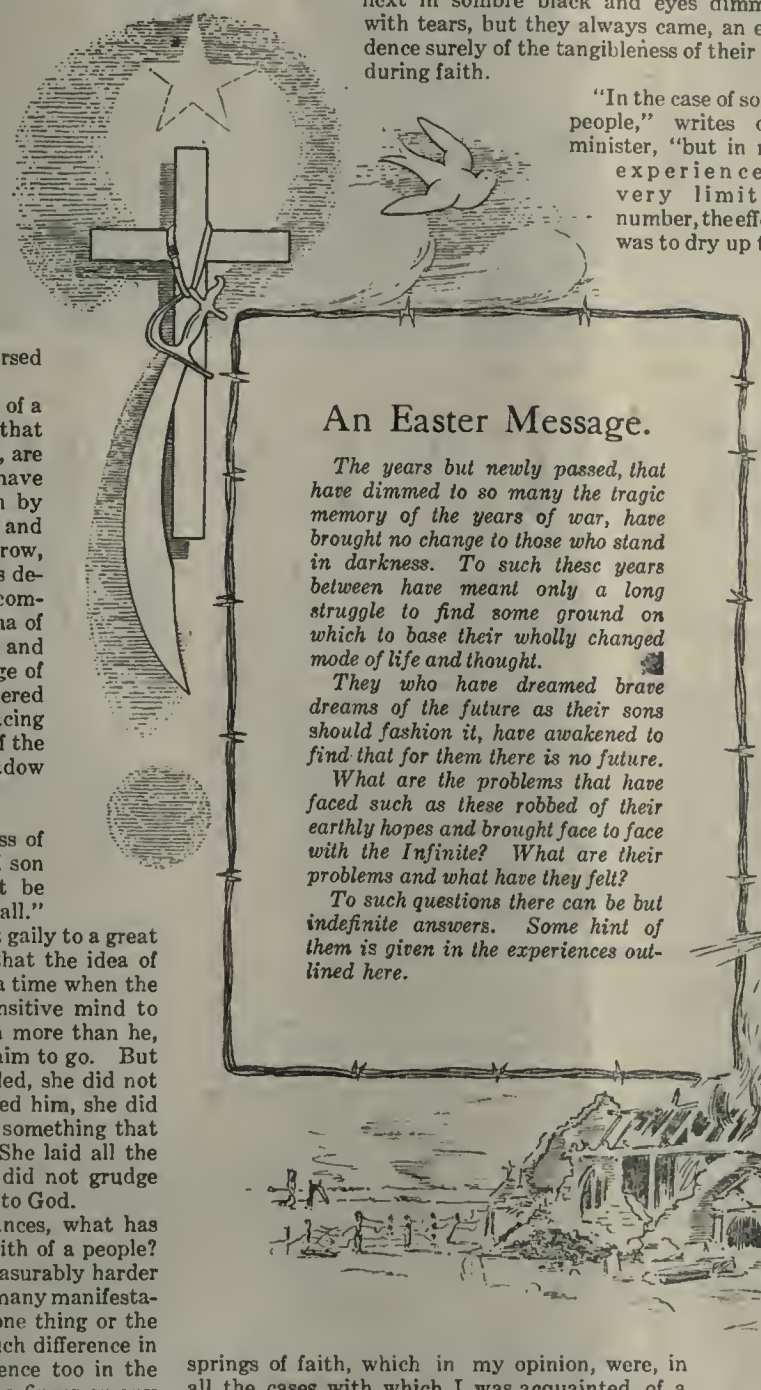
He too was not one of those who went out gaily to a great adventure. To his mother he confessed that the idea of war was abhorrent to him, yet there came a time when the moral suasion was too powerful for a sensitive mind to resist; when his mother, abhorring the idea more than he, knowing the struggle within him, advised him to go. But when the word came that he had been killed, she did not blame the idea of patriotism that had called him, she did not even lay the blame on that shadow of something that men call honor, that had made him go. She laid all the blame at the feet of the Almighty. She did not grudge him to his Country, but she did grudge him to God.

In the light of these two striking instances, what has been the spiritual effect of war upon the faith of a people? It is easy to ask such a question but immeasurably harder to answer. There are so many answers, so many manifestations of changing beliefs, that may mean one thing or the other; so many different viewpoints, so much difference in the capacity for suffering, so much difference too in the way people react from suffering that to set a finger on any group of circumstances and say the answer lies here or there is beyond thinking. Yet there have been certain changes, that no one can deny. Whether we have been able to lay our finger on them or not, we know that they are there. We see them as a shadow upon many faces, or as a gleam of hope in many eyes.

PERHAPS no single class of people could come so near to understanding as the ministers of the Gospel, because no one else came so intimately in touch with the problems of suffering that developed out of the Great War. In a goodly number of such men approached on this subject, there was only one who stated that in all his experience of the suffering caused by the war he had known no single instance where the sufferers' trust in a kindly over-ruling Providence had been shaken. For the most part all those approached had come in touch with someone who was ready to "curse God and die." But always with this admission has come the confident statement that those whose faith had faltered were not those whose faith was at any time a leading factor in their lives.

Of course it would be an easy and trite thing to challenge this statement, to say that the speaker is being both judge and advocate, and yet one is inclined, taking all the evidence in the case into account, to agree with this finding. For if there is this element of those whose faith has faltered, there is also this other cloud of witnesses who have held triumphantly to a simple and unswerving faith. An Anglican pastor who all through the bitter days of war opened his church at the noon-day service, bears a testimony to this fact that there were many women who all through these years came to that service. One day they would come in gay dresses and with smiling eyes and the next in sombre black and eyes dimmed with tears, but they always came, an evidence surely of the tangibleness of their enduring faith.

"In the case of some people," writes one minister, "but in my experience a very limited number, the effect was to dry up the springs of faith, which in my opinion, were, in all the cases with which I was acquainted, of a rather doubtful and limited character."



## An Easter Message.

*The years but newly passed, that have dimmed to so many the tragic memory of the years of war, have brought no change to those who stand in darkness. To such these years between have meant only a long struggle to find some ground on which to base their wholly changed mode of life and thought.*

*They who have dreamed brave dreams of the future as their sons should fashion it, have awakened to find that for them there is no future.*

*What are the problems that have faced such as these robbed of their earthly hopes and brought face to face with the Infinite? What are their problems and what have they felt?*

*To such questions there can be but indefinite answers. Some hint of them is given in the experiences outlined here.*

Still another finds in this faltering faith a tacit sign that we have failed our dead. "They call upon us to be true in life," he said, "as they were true in death." And he sees us shrink before our failure to live up to that high measure of devotion set by those who gaily and gallantly had gone their way West.

In that mystical latest play of Barrie's, "Mary Rose," there is a veiled hint that is worth pondering. Do we wish the dead to return? If they did would we or they be happy in our renewed companionship, would it be possible to pick up again the old graciousness of easy companionship? Could we live up to them or would the dead be hurt by our self-indulgence, by our materialism, by our hardness, by our levity, by our injustice? How much of such a feeling lies behind the shaken faith? How much of the shaken faith in God reflects a shaken faith in our better selves? Perhaps we are prisoners of a great fatality who do not even see our prison bars.

BUT this is only one side of the picture, and if the evidence at hand, small though it be, is of any moment, a very limited side. There is still another phase that may or may not suggest a deepening of spiritual conviction.

"I have been surprised to find," says one, "so few cases of faltering belief as a result of the tragedies of the war. My experience is rather of the softening influence of such experiences which, after the first stunning shock, rather predisposed people to turn to any reasonable evidence of belief in the future life. Hence the vogue of Spiritualism just now—about which I prefer to keep an open mind."

Certainly there have been many cases where the hearts of people have turned to spiritualism as a possible answer at least to the questions they long to ask, and whether you take the stinging words of Kipling:

> Oh the road to Endor is the oldest road
> And the craziest road of all,
> And straight it leads to the witch's door
> As it did in the days of Saul.
> And nothing is changed of the sorrows in store
> To those who go down on the road to Endor,

or whether you join hands with Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond," in a profound belief, and a glad acceptance, or whether you again see in the trend toward this viewpoint, as one of those consulted does, "an evidence of the lightness of faith, a traditional acceptance of beliefs and creeds hardly to be called belief," the fact still remains that this tendency is one of the manifestations that has followed in the wake of war. May it not be too that whether right or wrong this eager seeking after something does suggest some deepening of a spiritual consciousness?

BUT of all those who have lived and suffered in these days of war, there still remain those whose confidence in the abiding truth of their beliefs is an ever present thing.

"I have known many," writes one, "as you have surmised, who have passed through that Gethsemane, but invariably they have regarded their sons or friends as having paid the price in the cause for freedom, which has related them in some quite real way to the Christ, and they have been inclined to regard their dear sons' sacrifice as at least bearing an analogy to that made by Jesus."

There are those, too, who have come through this experience, not in quite as simple a faith. They have come through hardly, casting aside many of those old things that seemed to becloud the clear issue before them.

"Many people," says one observer, "have been severely shaken, and there has been much doubt and many misgivings on certain cardinal principles, but these are the inevitable result of a huge cataclysm such as the late war. My own conviction grows stronger that as a result of the war we are coming into a fuller and more reasonable faith. Certain traditional beliefs have gone for ever and we may bid them farewell without a tear! Religion has become more humane, dogma has been discredited, and ecclesiasticism no longer frightens people—our whole thought and conception of Christianity has been broadened, deepened, heightened. I have more men attending my church than before the war and I find a seriousness of life among the more thoughtful classes which promises great things. Men have ceased to identify religion with systems, creeds, ceremonies or any external ordinances, or they have discovered that Christianity is 'a way of life.' I believe this interpretation to be in closest sympathy with the thought of Jesus and I therefore rejoice over the changes."

There is no question that this has been the experience of very many of those who have come into definite touch with those who have suffered most through the war There exists unquestionably a great leavening of that faith which, like that of the Man of Uz, no catastrophe can weaken. Yet for all this people are inclined to look darkly at the prospect for the future. They see the one side of the picture and not the other. They see a world wherein the ideals of kindliness and fellowship seem to be dead, where self-interest and greed is the guiding rule, yet the seeing eye even in the darkness is catching glimpses of better things, of at least an eagerness for something better. "I seem to see among our people and others," says Sir Philip Gibbs, "a thirst for a spiritual call that will give them a new faith in life and reconcile them to the stresses and sacrifices still to be endured."

* * * *

Through it all is something enduring, the hope, the grim tenacious hold on the best thing we know in life. Surely no peoples of any age have passed through such a dark valley of the shadow. Surely, too, there is no disrespect or irreverence in the simple statement based on a full and poignant knowledge of our great suffering, "God should be proud of us that we still trust in Him."



Anthony Peppler paused abruptly, and his eyes roved about the scene before him . . . row upon row of desks . . . office boys hurrying about . . .

# PERSONALITY PLUS

*By* GUY MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

INTOXICATING scents of Spring were in the air. Pristine coatings of green mantled the outdoor world. The urge of youth and high vitality were upon the man as he made his way with springy step down through the Park avenues on this May morning, and the inevitable happened.

He broke into song. Not enough to alarm the chance passer-by. Not enough even to draw the glance of the casual loafer who drowsed through his own melody on a park bench as the stranger tripped along. But just enough to tell himself that the Heavens were high and blue and wide and that all was well with the world.

With this fragment of song tingling within him, the merry-minded gentleman, who had been dignified by the world with the title of Archibald Burton Masters, continued to amble and swing his stick with unaffected ebullition of spirits long after he had passed through the fascinating greenery of the Park. As the blocks stretched out behind him, his exterior manner was subjected to the restricting conventions imposed by the presence of his fellows, so that by the time he reached Notre Dame street there was just the barest perceptible flourish to his cane, and there was not the faintest fragment of song to be caught from his lips. But the song was there just the same, still tingling way down in the soul of him.

The song was an old one, the Song of Ambition, which has sung its way into the hearts of all men. With some men the song is a broken one, with others it is rounded out with the fullness of years, but for Archibald B. Masters it still held all the coaxing strains of its earliest fascination.

For though A. B. Masters, in the flesh, was still upon Notre Dame street, he was, figuratively speaking, about to put his right foot upon the first rung of that ladder which starts somewhere down upon the level of mankind and which vanishes into the blue air of high Heaven above.

"A Junior Partner. . . . and I'm to be It," Masters muttered to himself, though he wanted to shout it to the world, as he turned off Notre Dame into one of those narrow thoroughfares for which his native city is famed. "A Junior Partner. . . Me. . . It. . . Archibald Burton Masters. Boys, that's chopping off the pace. . . ."

THE last part of Masters' observation was directed in a restrained manner at a lamp post as he passed, then he stopped abruptly and inspected the decoration of a doorway immediately before him. The door announced in its cold, impassive manner that "Fogle & Brett, Advertising Agents," had found refuge somewhere behind it.

"Fogle & Brett," Masters informed himself, with a slight curl about the lips, just as though the name had not been branded into his brain long ago. "Too stodgy," he criticized sagely. "Shows lack of development. Always did need the name Masters to tail it off a bit. That would be more like."

Masters continued to stare at the name-plate, and to criticize mentally. Fogle assuredly had shown some signs of a broadening mind when he planned to round out that name-plate into the euphonious phrase, "Fogle, Brett & Masters."

Then Masters stepped back to the edge of the sidewalk and paused to reflect.

Come to think of it, now that he was down in this smudgy part of the city where the clang of commerce flattened somewhat the high notes in the Song of Ambition, there were certain conditions which had to be fulfilled before the name of Masters found itself added to the present stolid dignity of "Fogle & Brett." There was that contract from the Smackard Motor Company's head office which had to be placed calmly before Mr. Ambrose Fogle, adorned with the proper signature, and, in plain phraseology, committing into the hands of Fogle & Brett for the period of one year the advertising future of the Smackard concern in the whole of Canada.

"Big stuff," Masters mumbled, to nothing in particular. "He's a good old boy, even if he is a little stodgy."

The vague compliment in Masters' thoughts was intended for Ambrose Fogle, head of the firm, who had been big enough to trust this all-important contract to the handling of the young gentleman who had yet to become the junior partner of the agency whose business it was to live upon advertising contract commissions. But Fogle had been justified. For Masters had spent two months, more or less, dinning stock arguments into the brain of a Mr. Peter Flynn back in the Toledo office of the Smackard Motor Company. Mr. Flynn was a patient, slow-moving man, though his title was that of Advertising Manager, and he had such a love for argument long after he should have been convinced, that he had kept Mr. Archibald Masters in a tingle of suspense for the past two months. Upon Mr. Flynn's shoulders rested the responsibility of selecting the advertising agency who were to handle the make-'em-buy campaign of the Smackard concern in Canada for the next year, and it was only within the past few days that he had weakened and had consented to smile upon Masters.

THAT smile meant more than a smile to Masters. It meant the junior partnership. It meant, if one could put confidence in the ponderous gravity of Peter Flynn, that this wonderful contract which was to open up for him some new and somewhat dazzling pages of the future, should be in this morning's mail. In to-morrow morning's at the latest.

Masters was sure of himself, just as certain as he was of that junior partnership. For he had not spent years in the canvass of all manner of difficult characters without having learned to read something of the nature of man. So when he left Toledo with Peter Flynn's assurance that the contract would be forwarded by mail, he knew it would come by mail without the faintest tremor of doubt. Either that, or Peter Flynn would have lost the power to decide big features in the affairs of the Smackard people.

So Masters perked his head to one side, and he surveyed that name-plate more critically still.

"The whole thing'll come down," he decreed. "It's got to go high up. . . higher up. . . "

Then he picked his way through the doorway, along a passage, and in time he found that he was glancing over his shoulder rather archly at the blonde stenographer.

"Any mail this morning bearing the fatal crest of the Smackard firm?" Masters asked of the blonde one.

The blonde one's reply was a combination nod and giggle, and Masters suddenly found himself hoping that the stenographer had not mistaken the quick glitter in his eye as any personal message of admiration. Then he turned and hurried for Ambrose Fogle's private office.

Should he, by any chance, say "Good-morning, Fogle?" or would it be etiquette to follow his usual custom of saying "Mr. Fogle?" Perhaps it would be better to adopt that frank, easy manner which exists among the partners of one concern; it would show that he was big enough to slip easily and gracefully from the position of a subordinate to that of an equal; it would. . . . .

Masters opened the door behind which he knew Ambrose Fogle would be screened in a cloud of smoke. As he did so, that sub-sensitive something in a man, which has sometimes been defined as perception, made him conscious of a shock.

FOGLE was there, just as he had expected. The atmosphere was pleasantly diluted with Havana fumes. Brett was seated at the non-business side of the desk, just as he had seen him a thousand times. There was not a single physical incongruity about the whole room, or about either partner, which told Masters that the harmony of business was not rippling along its ordinary course. Yet, there was something unusual.

Strange. But of course that would be their way of accepting a big success.

"So the Smackard's have come across," Masters broke his way into the oppressive silence.

"Come across?" Fogle laughed, with a high note in his voice which was alarming, "Come across? Masters, we've hit the bottom."

Masters' next word, being but an outburst of feeling, and being intended for the ears of no living person, may be pardoned. In a moment he rallied his forces.

"Don't poke fun at me," he pleaded. "It is too serious for. . . ."

"Serious?" Brett exclaimed. "And what do you think it means to us?"

Masters sat down, somewhat weakly, and his glance wandered rather uncertainly from Fogle to Brett. No, there was not the remotest sign of levity in the face of either man; there was but little expression at all, except those tightening lines about the eyes and the lips.

Masters repeated that unpleasing word, which has been so often condemned, but which has brought such infinite relief through the passing of time to the vast ranks of mankind. For a brief space after that he appeared to be struggling with unspoken words and with unbidden emotions. Then through the daze of it all he found his tongue.

"What's wrong?" he demanded. "What's happened? When I left Flynn. . . . and I'd trust the man to my last."

"Read that." Fogle's voice, though calm, was slightly husky. "Flynn's out of it."

He found a letter in his hand, and his eyes were following the lines mechanically. He read it to the end, but the meaning was not clear. He read it again, and again. . . . and the meaning was clear, too clear. . . Confound the Smackard people, anyway.

"Read it. . . the last sentences," Brett's voice broke in. "Let me hear those last words again."

So Masters began to read aloud, but there was such a tightness in his throat that his words came with an unfamiliar sound. Still, he read them through, the one portion which Brett wanted to hear again.

". . . . . Mr. Flynn's condition is uncertain, and he will doubtless be away from the office for months. In the meantime I am giving my personal attention to the advertising contracts. I regret the Smackard Motor Co., will not be able to do business with Fogle & Brett. The reports which I have received indicate that your company is a small one, and for the sake of prestige we could not afford to place contracts through anything but a large and resourceful agency.

"If you will consider this decision as final, you will oblige, Anthony Peppler, General Manager."

WHEN Masters looked up he tried to hold the old firmness to his lips, but he knew they were weakening. What made them weaker still was a sudden dash of sympathy which showed in the eyes of Ambrose Fogle.

"It is rather rough on the youngster," Fogle pronounced, with a wavering thought for another. "Had you counted much upon being junior partner?"

Had he counted much? Masters found it quite impossible to answer the question in any rational way. Instead, he plunged in another direction.

"Means more to you than to me," he commiserated. "Twenty thousand dollars a year in commissions for the firm and it's gone. If only I had had sense enough to wait in Toledo. If only. . . "

Brett rose impatiently.

"Post mortems. Always post mortems. They weary me. That's it, why didn't you wait? Why didn't you?"

Brett's spleen grew more temperate through a period of silence, and Masters, looking carefully from the one man to the other, found himself wondering just how much the loss of that twenty thousand would mean toeach individual. Had they, like himself, been using it as one of the rungs of that ladder of success which forever reached up and up into the realms above? Brett's impatience seemed to indicate that he had not been without his dreams. Fogle's calmness? That was but a part of the mask he always wore. Dreams? Of course they must have dreamed, as all other men dream, each in his own way.

"I'm sorry," Masters began, then stopped abruptly as he appreciated the futility of words.

Brett tried to laugh.

"Still what we said about that partnership goes. You recognize that, Masters?"

The latter nodded, to prove that he accepted his fate with what philosophy he could muster. Brett left the room; Masters rose to follow. He reached the door, when something in Fogle's silence caused him to turn again.

Fogle, the senior partner, had been studying him carefully. When Masters turned, he surprised an expression of pity in Fogle's eyes, but that quickly vanished.

"Brett is quite right," Fogle spoke as if he seemed to be measuring his words. "What we said about the partnership goes. You become Junior Partner if you land that contract. . . . ."

The sense of Fogle's words barely reached his brain, for Masters merely nodded again and passed out to the main offices.

THERE, behind her desk, with an expectant glitter in her eyes, was the blonde stenographer. Quite plainly she had accepted Masters' earlier attitude as an unspoken declaration of esteem, and now, with the inalienable rights of her sex to urge her on she was about to establish the fact that even in matters of unspoken affection woman can be as frank as man. For the space of a minute the blonde stenographer concentrated upon the soulfulness of her expression, and at the end of that time she realized, with a start, that Masters was not looking at her at all.

Instead, he was staring about the main office, and was working at his lower lip with a slow, gnawing effect. His eyes wandered about the room, they met hers with a wooden vacancy, then they passed on. A moment later, he nodded, at nothing in particular, and the blonde stenographer replied with a startled giggle.

"Three stenographers, two book-keepers," Masters began to enumerate the summary of his observations, "two partners; one junior partner what aint, two floating canvassers, one artist, one switch-board operator. . . .and a dreary waste of unused office. Anthony Peppler, you're not even a mile out in the way you sized up Fogle & Brett. Small company. . . prestige. . . resourcefulness. . . Anthony Peppler, I could choke you."

Masters turned away from his contemplation of that too-small business which had failed to impress Anthony Peppler at the distance of some hundreds of miles, and which likewise had not been big enough to win for him a junior partnership.

On the street, he admitted to himself that Fogle & Brett were not big, in the way which some men regard bigness, but. . . they had builded solidly and had left room for expansion. That much was evident in that dreary waste of office space at the back. . .

"Prestige, eh?" Resourcefulness? Masters' thoughts abruptly digressed back to the cool taunt in Peppler's letter. "Resourceful, eh? You want something resourceful. I wonder, Mr. Anthony Peppler, just what *you* would call resourceful?"

Then Masters resolutely brushed from his brain as much as was possible of the past, and he went out to the routine of the day's canvass, which could be nothing but dreary because of the darkness of the morning cloud.

THE days dragged by, on leaden feet. Certain fragments of words and ideas seemed to clutter up Masters' brain. They were jumbled more or less, and they were a slumbering taunt. There was that one word "resourceful" which for some days had made him grit his teeth as often as it flashed to his brain. But he was much better now. At times, even, he could feel just the vaguest prompting from some submerged sense of humor whenever he associated that word "resourceful" with the absent Anthony Peppler whose path he had never crossed. Where at first the word had always ruffled, of late it had brought a certain soothing sensation, which seemed to tell Masters that doubtless he was upon the dawn of an idea.

"Resourceful! Anthony Peppler," Masters rolled the old words about the tip of his tongue once more, as he left the office of Fogle & Brett. "Anthony Peppler, you have closed the page, no doubt of it, and sealed it tight. You are through with us. But are we through with you? Let me think. Fogle did use that word 'if.' He said I would still get that junior partnership *if* I landed that contract. From which it is reasonable to suppose that Fogle does not consider the incident closed, and that I. . . . "

Masters paused uncertainly. It was strange, but several times of late, when he had passed down this long corridor, with this particular meditative mood upon him, there had flitted to him from somewhere unknown the wisp of an idea.

For the moment, Masters felt inclined to laugh at such an absurdly psychological fancy as that the same suggestion of an idea should reach him at the same point each time he passed down this corridor. But perhaps it was not so absurd after all.

Then he turned and walked slowly back along the hallway; but now that he was searching deliberately for the elusive idea, there was not even the remotest suggestion of it left. He paused in front of a branch hallway running off this main corridor, for somehow or other the impression lingered that it was just here that he had caught a mental glimpse of that idea. Then he shook his head restlessly.

From down that hallway there came the constant clickety-clack, clickety-clack of a battery of typewriters, but that was all.

"Busy spot down there. Nothing small about them," Masters reflected, as he went slowly down towards that persistent tip-tapping noise.

MASTERS peered through wide, glass-fronted doors. Beyond, there was row upon row of desks, with busy girls and busy men; and, even as he looked, that vagrant idea was tapping at his consciousness again, a little clearer, yet still vague, ethereal. . . That constant clickety-clack of typewriters was being dinned out with a precision almost military; yet what could there be in that sound which awakened in him a slumbering sense of humor and made him think of Anthony Peppler and Resourcefulness at the same time?

At his head was the sign "Brett Business College."

John Brett, brother of Phillip Brett, of Fogle & Brett, owned a business college. And here was he, Masters, harboring the foolish idea that it had something to do with Anthony Peppler.

"Still, if we only had an office like that. . . . If we only had an office like that. . . ."

Masters found himself repeating the phrase even through the hurly-burly of a quick noon-day lunch. He found the memory of that clickety-clack being droned out on the rattle of dishes behind the lunch-room counter.

"Clickety-clack. Clickety-clack," the sound echoed through his brain until he could be quite sure that the unpolished counter-man was doing it through a conscious effort.

"Clickety-clack," he found himself repeating. "If only we had an office like that. . . Gosh. . ."

The latter was a long-drawn, restless sound. At the same instant, Masters saved his cup of coffee only by a nimble effort.

The Idea! The Big Idea! He had it.

* * * * * * * *

For the past half hour Masters had been pouring the details of the Big Idea into the mildly receptive brain of Ambrose Fogle. Through that half hour, Fogle's countenance, inexpressive as it was by force of training, had nevertheless undergone a number of changes.

At first there had been the thin suggestion of a frown, which meant disapproval. After that, Masters talked with a vigor which betrayed the fact that he was fighting for the junior partnership. Then, gradually, as he played upon the taunt of the words "prestige" and "resourceful," as it had been flung out by Anthony Peppler, that frown smoothed away from Fogle's brows, and in its place there came a slight, shifting glitter to Fogle's eyes, which told the experienced Masters that even Fogle could be responsive to taunt. Now, the glitter was gone from Fogle's gaze, and there showed instead the faintest, the very vaguest, suggestion of humor.

Through the silence which followed Masters' outline of the Big Idea, that latest expression upon Fogle's inexpressive countenance grew more marked.

"Do you appreciate what it will cost us, Masters, if the thing fails to go through?" he asked abruptly.

"Do you appreciate what it means, if it doesn't fail?" Masters countered.

"I do," Fogle replied soberly, almost reverently. "It means twenty thousand dollars a year to the firm, as long as we can hold it. And once gotten, it should be easy to hold. Also, it should lead to other big accounts and remunerative connections. But you have not answered my question. . . ."

"If the idea fails, it means

*Continued on page 68*



"Engine trouble? I'm stumped," Peppler confessed rather weakly. . . . "Turn in and help me out."

# LITTLE BUNDLES OF PLUCK

NO. VI. IN THE SERIES "CANADA REVISITED"

*By* AGNES C. LAUT

TO USE the mechanism of the Soldier Settlement Board to widen immigration into a National Policy of colonization might necessitate changes in the original conception of the scheme. But isn't it worth while? Isn't it worth while making almost any changes to retain 800,000 settlers, who came to the country, and then left it? Isn't it bad business—a short-sighted National Policy—to spend money to induce 800,000 people to come to this country, and then to lose them?

The Soldier Settlement under the careful selection of Dr. Black, who knows the prairie provinces from A to Z, now has a personnel of local men, who know every acre of the local ground, who know land from sand, gumbo from alkali, swamp that is hard to drain from brush that costs only $12 an acre to clear and break. Without disturbing the organization of immigration could not this staff be used in a new policy of Colonization? Our past has demonstrated that half the efforts of immigration are lost without the supplementary efforts of colonization.

I do not say that the general settler should be given the same terms of payment as the returned Canadian soldier, though that would be wiser than losing settlers at the rate of 800,000 in eighteen to twenty-two years, and though our terms to Soldier Settlers are no more generous than the Jewish Agricultural Society to its settlers in the United States, or the U.S. Federal Loan to farmers, both of which loan up to $10,000, where the Soldier Settlement Board loans only up to $7,500.

For instance, I think of the case of a young Imperial soldier. The Soldier Settlement Board requires that young Imperial soldiers shall have had experience farming, which is right. We have had enough young Imperialists with high hopes and no experience come to grief financially in Canada; but the Board also requires that Imperial soldiers shall have at least 200 *l.* to lay down in advance as a guarantee they will stick, not just buy land and re-sell if they get sick of it. But 200 *l.* is a lot more to an English boy than to a Canadian boy. Wages in the British Isles are lower, even to-day. It takes longer to get a grub-stake of $1,000 there than $2,000 here. The Imperial soldiers with a grub-stake of $1,000 may go elsewhere or drift into small business.

### Elasticity Would Have Paid Here

THE boy in question drifted into one of the Western offices of the Soldier Settlement Board. He had had experience as a farmer; but he hadn't the $1,000, not all of it; so the Soldier Settlement Board under an Ottawa ruling couldn't handle him. They directed him to Dominion Land officials. The Dominion Land officials gave him the usual maps showing where lands could still be pre-empted for nothing but the fee and homestead duties; but these lands were either far out—and the boy did not wish to take his bride so far afield—or they were not good lands.



This is a French war-bride at Invermay and her little daughter, Odette.

The boy knocked about wasting time and money. He was friendless and would have welcomed a chance to settle among other soldiers. The I.W.W. cockney agitators gathered round him and "knocked" the Soldier Settlement Board as "Civil Service graft." A bit confused by his cold reception by the Soldier Settlement Board and the Dominion Land officials and the queer company, where he found himself, he finally drifted into the hands, or rather hungry maws, of the land sharks, who took the remainder of his money without a qualm and sold him land, which would never have passed muster with the Settlement Board.

He now has to go deeper in debt for equipment and horses, which were also sold to him at too high figures. He may pull through by taking a road job, or lumber job at $8 a day; but if he does, he may abandon the farm for general jobbing or the lumber mill; and it is land settlers Canada needs.

I think of another case—an English girl of good birth and dairy training. She had done dairy work in England straight through the War. She had heard of Canadian nurses being open for Soldier Settlement land, but found on reaching Canada that she was not qualified for such land. Nor could she homestead as in the United States. Not to be beaten, she advertised for a job on a dairy farm. She received only one answer—from an ancient and decrepit bachelor, who said he was paralyzed in his feet, but if she would milk his cows and care for the calves, he would go half and half on creamery receipts; but unfortunately he had only one room in his shanty; but he promised if she would come, he would "hang a curtain *acrost* it in the middle." She posted the answer to her people in England as a sample of Canada's ideas of propriety and took a job as chamber maid in a hotel at $35 a month until she earned enough to pay her passage back to England, with such a report of Canada as we may guess.

If she had been piloted right, she would probably have homesteaded for herself, induced some relative or friend to join her, and ultimately have married a Canadian farmer "but," she said naively, "I didn't come out to marry a meal ticket. If I have to do that, I am going to do it at home."

### The Women Who are Making Good

AND yet nurses are making good on Soldier Settlement lands. Widows of soldiers are making good; and a million women like her could make good and create Canadian homes in the West and add to those homes an atmosphere of comfort and permanency, which they sadly lack. They would transform shacks and shanties into homes, and home-sick English boys into contented Canadians.

I think of another young English girl, each of whose brothers got 160 acres, as they had served in the Canadian forces. In all, they had 960 acres; but last year, their area suffered drought. They could not subsist on milk checks; for they had not the feed for winter stock; so she hurried to town, took a job in a telephone office and becoming a local supervisor in Regina, earned enough to send home to the brothers and mother enough to keep the larder supplied for the lean year.

If that girl did not earn a Soldier Settlement farm, I don't know who did. She loved the free Canadian life so heartily that she declared only starvation would drive them out; but that is the type that drought ought not to be permitted to drive out. I should like to see her 160 acres next to her brothers'. You would anchor her and her children's children forever.

I think of yet another case—a young English lad and his wife. War taxes had compelled them to sell everything in England. They were frankly poor. They had bought a good 640 acres; but that young wife had two babies. The oldest was two years old. She had no help. It is a fore-



Upper left: They have settled on brush lands, in Peace River district. The man with the Stetson and his son have 960 acres, and are making good. Upper centre: Grande Prairie's Main Street; there are 200 soldier settlers in this district. Upper right: A happy S.S.B. youngster. Lower left: Soldier settler and his bride; here the puppies, horses and chickens all come, to be petted. Lower centre: What a small car can do at a ford in the Battle River. Lower right: A sanitary dairy farm built by a soldier settler, with help of his wife and boy. The man's elbow was shattered during war, but he can "carry on" still and should be worth $10,000 to $20,000 in five years.

gone conclusion if there are three babies next year, that young girl's health may break. Yet if she could get an Imperial Veteran, who served in her husband's regiment on a quarter section next to theirs, she would have the help needed; and they would stick; but her husband cannot afford to pay the $1,000 down required of an Imperial Veteran; and the Soldier Settlement does not permit the local directors latitude in such cases.



Wives of soldier settlers with their babies at the Short Course of instruction in Home Economics at Yorkton, Sask. Many of these women are recently from overseas and include English, Scotch, Irish, and French brides.

### They'd all Make Good Settlers

I COULD give you hundreds of such examples, where we are permitting good English settlers to drift through our hands, back to the Home Land disgruntled, "Waacs," men, women, young nobility, mechanics who want to own land, gentlemen, who are serving time in hotels, office people, who would be fruit farmers, or dairy farmers, or poultry raisers if they could; and in British Columbia, you can build a small log cabin of four rooms for $100, and a chicken or cow-house for another $100; and that is a very small grub-stake to anchor down a family of settlers in a province that boasts a population of only 500,000 in an area twice as large as Germany.

Keep in mind the fact that every successful land settler is worth $700 a year in freight to our railroads, and $1,000 a year in output to the nation's trade at wages of $3 a day.

Figures on the Soldier Settlement work are hard to give up to date, for they are changing every day with increased loans and increased applications for land, and changes in the plans of applicants, who may fulfill all qualifications required and then take up some other line of business pending clearing up of title; but at time of writing loans for land are limited to $4,500 on a quarter section, which must be approved by the local inspectors as worth the price to be paid and capable of producing crops to repay the loan.

This rules out all poor and bad land, all land on which there is faulty title owing to mortgages uncleared or defaulted interest. The Board also is averse to loaning on land not within fifteen miles of shipping points, though I do not think this ruling has affected Peace River lands up to the present.

In Peace River there are some fine Soldier Settlements, of which I shall tell later; for here the returned soldier can homestead 160 acres and buy an adjoining 160 acres, giving him a half section, so he can benefit from the increased value to lands from his own improvements. The soldier must pay down $400 in advance. This does not seem to me a hardship in a country where farm labor commands from $70 to $100 a month and board, and miners earn from $8 to $28 a day and track work is $5 a day and saw-mill men from $5 to $10 a day. If a boy cannot save $400 to pay down, there is something the matter with him. The $400 is a guarantee that he means business and is not just a temporary squatter intending to resell as soon as values go up. He must satisfy the Board that he intends to make farming his life work, that he is physically fit, resourceful and thrifty. He must have had experience as a farmer. If he lacks experience, he will be given training on a practical farm, and paid while he is taking his training; but his record in training must attest he is fit. He is taught to harness, hitch, drive, plow, seed and feed.

### Co-Operative Clearing

IN ADDITION to the $4,500 loan for land, he will be loaned $2,000 for stock and equipment; and when you consider that a team of horses in the West costs from $400 to $600, and a cow from $80 to $150, and a binder from $175 to $200, and a wagon from $100 up, and other machinery in proportion, this total of $2,000 does not seem to me excessive.

There is just one point here that does not show on paper records but does in fact. Having loaned $2,000 for stock and equipment, the Board requires the man to use his stock and equipment on his farm, and not for working *off* his farm. This seems wise, but does not always work out.

For instance, in the mining sections of Alberta—where the public roads are notoriously bad and in need of teamsters at $8.50 to $10 a day—I know eight soldier settlers, who got their land too late to crop this year. The Board insisted the men should prepare their land for cropping next year. It was brush land and would require $10 to $12 an acre to clear. The men didn't see how clearing that land would pay this year's instalments due to the Board, or indeed, how they would pay for the tractor brush work. The Board practically said: "Clear it yourselves with your own teams;" but team work on brush lands would hardly clear 30 to 40 acres a year. Whereas a good tractor with a break beam plow clears out 3 to 4 acres a day, or a whole quarter section in two months at a cost of $1,600 to $1,800. The eight men answered that by road work at $10 a day they could earn enough for clearing their land and make their first payment in six to seven months.

The Board on the other hand had had experience of some men, who did that in the Lake Winnipeg region, Manitoba, who got so deeply in debt to the tractor-clearer they could not get out. The eight boys in Alberta had gone on the road with their teams in defiance of the ruling; and the Board was threatening to take back their land and place other men on it.

It seems to me this is a case where the ruling ought to be left to the discretion of the local supervisor on the spot. He knows the *bona fide* intentions and circumstances of his men. The Board at Ottawa can't. In the Manitoba case, the men were rash spenders and had gone heedlessly ahead. In the Alberta case, the men were a thrifty, hard-working lot, all friends out of one regiment, who wanted to keep their settlement together. If they had not gone out to earn the money to meet their payment, they would have had to chance two contingencies: (1) the revocation of their land; (2) the Board carrying them for the default of their first year's payment.

Personally, I think defaulted payments are a bad beginning for any farm.

### What to do in a Pinch

IN ADDITION to land and equipment, the Board grants a man $1,000 for buildings. In British Columbia, where log cabins can be got for the cutting, this is ample. In the prairie provinces, where lumber costs up to $120 a thousand this is scant enough. The interest charge is 5 per cent. The term for repayment is twenty-six years, the instalments running $326.19 for the second and third years, $551.79 for the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh years, then $326.19 to the twenty-sixth year—exceedingly easy if the settler has cows and crops, not so easy if he gets located on dry land, that fails of feed as some areas did last year, or if the frost or drought plays tricks with his yield as they have in several sections this year. The hopeful feature is, of course, that there is not a section in Canada to-day, where a settler at a pinch—and who in Canada has not known a pinch in the past ten years?—cannot turn out and earn from $5 to $10 a day teaming, chopping, railroading, lumbering, in order to meet his payments.

If it is a case of the Board carrying a settler through a bad year for defaulted payments, or letting him turn out and earn money to meet them by outside work, it seems to me the latter policy would be the wise one. I know families in Manitoba to-day, whose net returns are more than $10,000 a year, who would have been frosted out, or droughted out, or hailed out in the early years, if they and their sons had not turned in on C.P.R. navvy work at $1.50 a day. To-day navvy work runs at $5 to $10.

Up to April, 1921, 25,000 men will have actually been placed on land; 42,000 applicants have already been approved and will be placed as fast as good land can be found and titles cleared up, and some 65 millions has been disbursed. By October of 1921, 30,000 will probably have been placed on land, and by 1922, 35,000. Estimate freight returns at $700 a farm, and productive returns in labor and crops at $1,000 a year, and the Soldier Settlement Board is one of the best national investments Canada ever made.

It is going to return to the country each year as much as Canada has spent in capital investment. Canada can't lose; but how much is the overhead costing? There are 17 Soldier Settlement officers, 914 employees, 613 men, 301 women. The salaries up to April ran $928,070.11; less than .02 per cent. Ten per cent. would be a cheap overhead for such work. Canada is paying .02. But I think it will be a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy to continue to pay as low an overhead for such a remunerative National investment. There is not a man in the Soldier Settlement Board to-day, who could not make many times his present income by going out and farming for himself, and this applies just as much to the director at $6,000 a year as to the local farm agents at $1,500.

If these men can produce returns to Canada of $65,000,000 a year on a primary investment of $50,000,000, or even $100,000,000, you can wager the big corporations, the trust and loans, the farm loans, the industrial bureaus of the big railroads, the big private farm land companies are not going to leave them in their present jobs. It will be the story of Sir Thomas White and McAdoo and Gouin over again. Sir Thomas White's grateful country paid him $7,000 a year. I know one private corporation that wanted him at $40,000. McAdoo got $12,000 a year from his country. A private corporation got him at $100,000. Franklin Lane served the United States, though he was an ex-Canadian, at $12,000 a year. An oil corporation wooed him away at $50,000 a year.

### Conscript Brainiest Men?

THERE comes a time, as I have said elsewhere, when patriotism won't pay debts, or satisfy a sheriff's warrants.

It would pay Canada to conscript her brainiest men for National Service just now—her Shaughnessys, her Whites, her Siftons, her Gouins — pay them all they are worth, then court-martial and shoot them if they fail; but big men, who make good on their own job, don't fail on National jobs; and little men, who do fail on their own jobs, are poor chaps to entrust Canada's $2,000,000,000 a year National job to. Am I wrong in that deduction? Don't we get in life just what we pay for? And if we pay our biggest men in National Life a clerk's salary and cesspool slime, don't we just get back from them what we pay them?

I do not think even MacKenzie King or the most ardent economy man on the Cross Benches will answer this argument; for was it not one of the ablest farmers among the Cross Benchers, who resigned a $7,000 a year Cabinet job to take a $15,000 a year grain growers' job? The curse of American politics to-day is cheap men. I hope it will never be the curse of Canadian politics. Canada to-day has as big Imperial problems to solve as imperial statesmen; and the Imperial Cabinet ministers draw remuneration of $25,000 to $50,000 a year. They have no temptations to graft and they have no temptation to desert public service for private.

I have always held that when Canada lost her Jim Hills and her Graham Bells and her Franklin Lanes to the United States, the loss was hers, not theirs. They built up the land to which they were forced to go. We needed them to build up here; and never did we need men more—than we do now; men, who have vision to foresee the future, and translate that vision into fact. Keep your big men; but don't attach sheriff warrants to their doors, and then publish broadcast that they have not had money to pay their income tax.

One of the tenderest and best memories I shall carry away of the Soldier Settlement is of the War Brides Who Are Making Good—largely thanks to Jean Muldrew, of the Domestic Branch, whose work deserves a series all by itself some time. Such a funny sunny series, it would be, too. Have you ever thought what it would mean to have the Stork coming along, sixty miles from a doctor, or a hospital? Pretty nearly enough to discourage the Stork business, if either the woman, or the child, must come maimed through the process. Have you ever thought what it would mean to have a bunch of kiddies, whom you loved so hard it gave you a pain from sheer joy, with no food to fill those kiddies or clothes to cover them? Have you ever thought what it means to go out and try to bake bread that wouldn't kill a cat at long-range throw, when you didn't know as much about baking bread as making a Mexican tamale?

Civilization with its factory ready-mades for food and clothes has bred a whole generation of people—both men and women—who are terribly helpless, when thrown back

*Continued on page 47*



This baby was very delicate until the mother attended the Short Course at Regina and there learned how to care for babies. The picture shows a perfectly healthy baby.

# PAWNED

## By FRANK L. PACKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

JOHN BRUCE'S hands dropped to his sides. The door, already half open, was pushed wide, and Hawkins, the old chauffeur, stood on the threshold. And as John Bruce looked in that direction, he was suddenly and strangely conscious that somehow for the moment the old man dominated his attention even to the exclusion of Claire. There was something of curious self-effacement, of humbleness in the bent, stoop-shouldered figure there, who twisted a shapeless hat awkwardly in his hands; but also something of trouble and deep anxiety in the faded blue eyes as they fixed on the girl, and yet without meeting her eyes in return, held upon her as she walked slowly now toward the door.

"Dear old Hawkins," she said softly, and laid her hand for an instant on the other's arm as she passed him, "you and Mr. Bruce will be able to entertain each other, won't you? I—I'm going upstairs for a little while."

And the old man made no answer; but, turning on the threshold, he watched her, his attitude, it seemed to John Bruce, one of almost pathetic wistfulness, as Claire disappeared from view.

### CHAPTER VIII

#### Allies

CLAIRE'S footsteps, ascending the stairs, died away. John Bruce returned to his chair. His eyes were still on the old chauffeur.

Hawkins was no longer twisting his shapeless hat nervously in his fingers; instead, he held it now in one clenched hand, while with the other he closed the door behind him as he stepped forward across the threshold, and with squared shoulders advanced toward John Bruce. And then, quite as suddenly again, as though alarmed at his own temerity, the old man paused, and the question on his lips, aggressively enough framed, became irresolute in tone.

"What—what's the matter with Claire?" he stammered. "What's this mean?"

It was a moment before John Bruce answered, while he eyed the other from head to foot. Hawkins was not the least interesting by any means of the queer characters that came and went and centered around this one-time pawnshop of Paul Veniza; but Hawkins, of them all, was the one he was least able, from what he had seen of the man, to fathom. And yet, somehow, he liked Hawkins.

"That's exactly what I want to know," he said a little briskly. "And"—he eyed Hawkins once more with cool appraisal—"I think you are the man best able to supply the information."

Hawkins began to fumble with his hat again.

"I—I—why do you say that?" he faltered, a sudden note of what seemed almost trepidation in his voice.

John Bruce shrugged his shoulders.

"Possibly it is just a hunch," he said calmly. "But you were the one who was driving that old bus on a certain night—you remember? And you seem to hang around here about as you please. Therefore you must stand in on a fairly intimate basis with the family circle. I'd like to know what hold a rotten crook like Dr. Crang has got on Claire Veniza that she should be willing to marry him, when she doesn't love him. I'd like to know why a girl like Claire Veniza drives alone at night to a gambling hell to—"

"That's enough!" Hawkins's voice rose abruptly, peremptorily. He advanced again threateningly on John Bruce. "Don't you dare say one word against my—against—against her. I'll choke the life out of you, if you do! Who are you, anyway? You are asking a lot of questions. How did you get here in the first place? You answer that! I've always meant to ask you. You answer that—and leave Claire out of it!"

John Bruce whistled softly.

"I can't very well do that," he said quietly, "because it was Claire who brought me here."

"Claire brought you!" The old blue eyes grew very hard and very steady. "That's a lie! She never saw you after you got out at the corner that night until you came in through the window here. She didn't tell you where she lived. She didn't invite you here. She's not that kind, and, sick though you may be, I'll not keep my hands off you, if—"

"Steady, Hawkins—steady!" said John Bruce, his voice as quiet as before. "We seem to possess a common bond. You seem to be pretty fond of Claire. Well, so am I. That ought to make us allies." He held out his hand suddenly to the old man. "I had just asked Claire to marry me when you came to the door."

HAWKINS stared from the outstretched hand into John Bruce's eyes, and back again at the outstretched hand. Bewilderment, hesitation, a curious excitement was in his face.

"You asked Claire to marry you?" He swallowed hard. "You—you want to marry Claire? I—why?"

"Why?" John Bruce echoed helplessly. "Good Lord, Hawkins, you *are* a queer one! Barring beasts like Crang, why does a man ordinarily ask a woman to marry him? Because he loves her. Well, I love Claire. I loved her from the moment I saw her. I followed her, or, rather, that old bus of yours, here that night. And that is how, after that fight at Ratti's when I got out the back door and into the lane, I crawled over here for sanctuary. I said Claire brought me here. You understand now, don't you? That's how she brought me here—because I loved her that night. But it is because of Crang"—his voice grew hard—"that I am telling you this. I love her now—and a great deal too much, whether she could ever care for me or not, to see her in the clutches of a crook, and her life wrecked by a degenerate cur. And somehow"—his hand was still extended—"I thought you seemed to think enough of her to feel the same way about this marriage—for I imagine you must know about it. Well, Hawkins, where do you stand? There's something rotten here. Are you for Claire, or the dope-eater?"

"Oh, my God!" Hawkins whispered huskily. And then almost blindly he snatched at John Bruce's hand and wrung it hard. "I—I believe you're straight," he choked. "I know you are. I can see it in your eyes. I wouldn't ask anything more in the world for her than a man's honest love. And she aint going to marry that devil! You understand?" His voice was rising in a curious cracked shrillness. "She aint! Not while old Hawkins is alive!"

John Bruce drew his brows together in a puzzled way.

"I pass you up, Hawkins," he said slowly. "I can't make you out. But if you mean what you say, and if you trust me—"

"I'm going to trust you!" There was eagerness, excitement, a tremble in the old man's voice. "I've got to trust you after what you've said. I aint slept for nights on account of this. It looks like God sent you. You wait! Wait just a second, and I'll show you how much I trust you."

John Bruce straightened up in his chair. Was the old man simply erratic, or perhaps a little irresponsible—or what? Hawkins had pattered across the floor, and cautiously opened the door, and was now peering with equal caution into the outer room. Apparently satisfied at last, he closed the door noiselessly, and started back across the room. And then John Bruce knew suddenly an indefinable remorse at having somehow misjudged the shabby old chauffeur, whose figure seemed to totter now a little as it advanced toward him. Hawkins's face was full of misery, and the old blue eyes were brimming with tears.

"It—it aint easy,"—Hawkins's voice quavered—"to say what I got to say. There aint no one on earth but Paul Veniza knows it; but you've got a right to know after what you've said. And I've got to tell you for Claire's sake too, because it seems to me there aint nobody going to help me save her the way you are. She—she's my little girl. I—I'm Claire's father."

John Bruce stared numbly at the other. He could find no words; he could only stare.

"Yes, look at me!" burst out the old man finally, and into his voice there came an infinite bitterness. "Look at my clothes! I'm just what I look like! I aint no good—and that's what has kept my little girl and me apart from the day she was born. Yes, look at me! I don't blame you!"

John Bruce was on his feet. His hand reached out and rested on the old man's shoulder.

"That isn't the way to trust me, Hawkins," he said gently. "What do your clothes matter? What do your looks matter? What does anything in the world matter alongside of so wonderful a thing as that which you have just told me? Straighten those shoulders, Hawkins; throw back that head of yours. Her father! Why, you're the richest man in New York, and you've reason to be the proudest!"

John Bruce was smiling with both lips and eyes into the other's face. He felt a tremor pass through the old man's frame; he saw a momentary flash of joy and pride light up the wrinkled, weather-beaten face—and then Hawkins turned his head away.

"God bless you," said Hawkins brokenly; "but you don't know. She's all I've got; she's the only kith and kin I've got in all the world, and oh, my God, how these old arms have ached just to take her and hold her tight, and—and—" He lifted his head suddenly, met John Bruce's eyes, and a flush dyed his cheeks. "She's my little girl; but I lie when I say I love her. It's drink I love. That's my shame, John Bruce—you've got it all now. I pawned my soul, and I pawned my little girl for drink."

"Hawkins," said John Bruce huskily, "I think you're a bigger man that you've any idea you are."

"D'ye mean that?" Hawkins spoke eagerly—only to shake his head miserably the next instant. "You don't understand," he said. "I as good as killed her mother with drink. She died when Claire was born. I brought Claire here, and Paul Veniza and his wife took her in. And Paul Veniza was right about it. He made me promise she wasn't to know I was her father until—until she would have



a man and not a drunken sot to look after her. That's twenty years ago. I've tried. God knows I've tried, but it's beaten me ever since. Paul's wife died when Claire was sixteen, and Claire's run the house for Paul—and—and I'm Hawkins—just Hawkins—the old cab driver that's dropping in the harness. Just Hawkins that shuffers the travelling pawnshop now that Paul's quit the regular shop. That's what I am—just old Hawkins, who's always swearing to God he's going to leave the booze alone."

John Bruce did not speak for a moment. He returned to his chair and sat down. Somehow he wanted to think; somehow he felt that he had not quite grasped the full

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THE STORY SO FAR:—*Hawkins, New York cab driver, inveterate drunkard, permits Paul Veniza, pawnbroker, to adopt his motherless baby girl, Claire. Twenty years later, Urlin P. Neyret, proprietor of gambling houses, meets in Honolulu John Bruce, of good family, but down and out temporarily, and offers him a big income to do his bidding in anything. Bruce returns to a life of luxury, meets Claire in a travelling pawnshop, is injured in a fight, and takes refuge in the girl's room, falling unconscious. Dr. Crang, cocaine addict, as price for saving Bruce's life, extracts a promise of marriage from Claire. Bruce, recovering slowly, witnesses robbery by Crang and accomplices of Veniza's safe. Bruce declares his love to Claire.*

significance of what he had just heard. He looked at Hawkins. Hawkins had sunk into a chair by the table, and his face was buried in his hands.

And then John Bruce smiled.

"Look here, Hawkins," he said briskly, "let's talk about something else for a minute. Tell me about Paul Veniza and this traveling pawnshop. It's a bit out of the ordinary to say the least."

Hawkins raised his head, and his thoughts for the moment diverted into other channels his face brightened, and he scratched at the scanty fringe of hair behind his ear.

"It isn't bad, is it?" he said with interest. "I'm kind of proud of it too, 'cause I guess mebbe, when all's said and done, it was my idea. You see, when Paul's wife died, Paul went all to pieces. He aint well now, for that matter —nowhere near as well as he looks. I'm kind of scared about Paul. He keeps getting sick turns once every so often. But when the wife died he was just clean broken up. She'd been his right hand from the start in his business here, and—I dunno—it just seemed to affect him that way. He didn't want to go on any more without her. And as far as money was concerned he didn't have to. Paul aint rich, but he's mighty comfortably off. Anyway, he took the three balls down from over the door, and he took the signs off the windows, and in comes the carpenters to change things and there aint any more pawnshop."

Hawkins for the first time smiled broadly.

"Well," said Hawkins, "I used to drive an old hansom cab in those days, and I used to drive Paul out on those private calls to the swell houses. And when Mrs. Paul died and Paul closed up the shop here he kind of drew himself into his shell all round, and mostly he wouldn't go out any more, though the swells kept telephoning and telephoning him. He'd only go to just a few people that he done business with since almost the beginning. He said he didn't want to go around ringing people's doorbells, and being ushered into boudoirs or anything else, and he was settling down to shun everybody and everything. It wasn't good for Paul. And then a sort of crazy notion struck me, and I chewed it over and over in my mind, and finally I put it up to Paul. In the mood he was in, it just caught his fancy; and so I bought a second-hand closed car, and fitted it up like you saw, and learned to drive it—and that's how there came to be the traveling pawnshop.

"AFTER that, there wasn't anything to it. It caught everybody else's fancy as well as Paul's, and it began to get him out of himself. The old bus, as you called it, was running all the time. Lots of the swells who really didn't want to pawn anything took a ride and did a bit of business just for the sake of the experience, and the regular customers just went nutty over it, they were that pleased.

"And then some one who stood in with that swell gambling joint where we picked you up must have tipped the manager off about it, and he saw where he could do a good stroke of business—make it a kind of advertisement, you know, besides doing away with any lending by the house itself, and he put up a proposition to Paul where Paul was to get all the business at regular rates, and a bit of a salary besides on account of the all-night hours he'd have to keep sometimes. Paul said he'd do it, and turned the salary over to me; and they doped out that password about a trip to Persia to make it sound mysterious and help out the advertising end, and—well, I guess that's all."



Hawkins, the chauffeur, stood on the threshold, and Bruce was conscious that the old man dominated his attention, even to the exclusion of Claire.

John Bruce was twirling the tassel of his dressing gown again abstractedly; but now he stopped as Hawkins rose abruptly and came toward him.

"No—it aint all," said Hawkins, a curious note almost of challenge in his voice. "You said something about Claire going to that gambling joint. It was the first time she had ever been there. That night Paul was out when they telephoned. You must be one of their big customers, 'cause they wouldn't listen to anything but a trip to Persia right on the spot. They were so set on it that Claire said it would be all right. She sent for me. At first I wasn't for it at all, but she said it seemed to be of such importance, and that there wasn't anything else to do. Claire knows a bit of jewelry or a stone as well as Paul does, and I knew Claire could take care of herself; and besides, although she didn't know it, it—it was her own father driving the car there with her."

"Thank you, Hawkins," said John Bruce simply; and after a moment: "It doesn't make the love I said I had for her show up very creditably to me, does it—that I should have had any questions?"

"I didn't mean it that way," he said earnestly. "It would have been a wonder if you hadn't. Anyway, you had a right to know, and it was only fair to Claire."

"But it didn't work out," said Hawkins. "Paul's got a bigger business and a more profitable one to-day than he ever had before in his life. You see, he had been at it a good many years, and he had what you might call a private connection—swells up on the Avenue, mostly ladies, but gents too, who needed money sometimes without having it printed in the papers, and they wouldn't let Paul alone. Paul aint got a hair in his head that aint honest and fair and square and above-board—and they were the ones that knew it better than anybody else. See?"

"Yes," said John Bruce. "Go on, Hawkins," he prompted quietly.

## CHAPTER IX

### The Conspirators

JOHN BRUCE fumbled in the pocket of his dressing gown and produced a cigarette; but he was a long time in lighting it.

"Hawkins," he demanded abruptly, "is Paul Veniza in the house now?"

"He's upstairs, I think," Hawkins answered. "Do you want him?"

"Yes—in a moment," said John Bruce slowly. "I've been thinking a good deal while you were talking. I can only see things one way; and that is that the time has come when you should take your place as Claire's father."

The old man drew back, startled.

"Tell Claire?" he whispered. Then he shook his head miserably. "No, no! I—I haven't earned the right. I—I can't break my word to Paul."

"I do not ask you to break your word to Paul. I want you to earn the right—now."

Hawkins was still shaking his head.

"Earn it now—after all these years? How can I?"

"By promising that you won't drink any more," said John Bruce quietly.

Hawkins's eyes went to the floor.

"Promise!" he said in a shamed way. "I've been promising that for twenty years. Paul wouldn't believe me. I wouldn't believe myself. I went and got drunker than I've been in all my life the night that dog said he was going to marry Claire, and Claire said it was true, and wouldn't listen to anything Paul could say to her against it."

"I would believe you," said John Bruce gravely.

For an instant Hawkins's face glowed, while tears came into the old blue eyes—and then he turned hurriedly and walked to the window, his back to John Bruce.

"It's no use," he said, with a catch in his voice. "You don't know me. Nobody knows me would take my word for that—least of all Paul."

"I know this," said John Bruce steadily, "that you have never been really put to the test. The test is here now. You'd stop, and stop forever, wouldn't you, if it meant Claire's happiness, her future, her salvation from the horror and degradation and misery and utter hopelessness that a life with a man who was lost to every sense of decency must bring her? I would believe you if you promised under those conditions. It seems to me to be the only chance there is left to save her. It is true she believes Paul is her father and accepts him as such, and neither his influence nor his arguments will move her from her determination to marry Crang; but I think there is a chance if she is told your story, if she is brought to her own father through this very thing. I think if you are in each other'a arms at last after all these years from just that cause it might aucceed where everything else failed. But this much is sure. It has a chance of success, and you owe Claire that chance. Will you take it, Hawkins? Will you promise?"

There was no answer from the window, only the shaking of the old man's shoulders.

"Hawkins," said John Bruce softly, "wouldn't it be very wonderful if you saved her, and saved yourself; and wonderful, too, to know the joy of your own daughter's love?"

THE old man turned suddenly from the window, his arms stretched out before him as though in intense yearning; and there was something almost of nobility in the gray head held high on the bent shoulders, something of greatness in the old wrinkled face that seemed to exalt the worn and shabby clothes hanging so formlessly about him.

"My little girl," he said brokenly.

"Your promise, Hawkins," said John Bruce in a low voice. "Will you promise?"

"Yes," breathed the old man fiercely. "*Yes*—so help me, God! But"—he faltered suddenly—"but Paul—"

"Ask Paul to come down here," said John Bruce. "I have something to say to both of you—more than I have already said to you. I will answer for Paul."

The old cab driver obeyed mechanically. He crossed the room and went out. John Bruce heard him mounting the stairs. Presently he returned, followed by the tall, straight white-haired figure of Paul Veniza.

Hawkins closed the door behind them.

Paul Veniza turned sharply at the sound, and glanced gravely from one to the other. His eyebrows went up as he looked at John Bruce. John Bruce's face was set.

"What is the matter?" inquired Paul Veniza anxiously.

"I want you to listen first to a little story," said John Bruce seriously—and in a few words he told Paul Veniza, as he had told Hawkins, of his love for Claire, and the events of the night that had brought him there a wounded man. "And this afternoon," John Bruce ended, "I asked Claire to marry me, and she told me she was going to marry Dr. Crang."

Paul Veniza had listened with growing anxiety, casting troubled and uncertain glances the while at Hawkins.

"Yes," he said in a low voice.

John Bruce spoke abruptly:

"Hawkins has promised he will never drink again."



Hawkins had sunk into a chair by the table, and his face was buried in his hands.

Paul Veniza, with a sudden start, stared at Hawkins, and then a sort of kindly tolerance dawned in his face.

"My poor friend!" said Paul Veniza as though he were comforting a wayward child, and went over and laid his hand affectionately on Hawkins's arm.

"I have told Hawkins," went on John Bruce, "that I love Claire, that I asked her to marry me; and Hawkins in turn has told me he is Claire's father, and how he brought her to you and Mrs. Veniza when she was a baby, and of the pledge he made you then. It is because I love Claire too that I feel I can speak now. You once told Hawkins how he could redeem his daughter. He wants to redeem her now. He has promised never to drink again."

Paul Veniza's face had whitened a little. Half in a startled, half in a troubled way, he looked once more at John Bruce and then at Hawkins.

"My poor friend!" he said again.

John Bruce's hand on the arm of his chair clenched suddenly.

"You may perhaps feel that he should not have told me of his relationship to Claire; but it was this damnable situation with Crang that forced the issue."

Paul Veniza left Hawkins's side and began to pace the room in an agitated way.

"No!" he said heavily. "I do not blame Hawkins. We—we neither of us know what to do. It is a terrible, an awful thing. He is like some loathsome creature to her, and yet in some way that I cannot discover he has got her into his power. I have tried everything, used every argument I can with her, pleaded with her—and it has been useless." He raised his arms suddenly above his head, partly it seemed in supplication, partly in menace. "Oh, God!" he cried out. "I, too, love her, for she has really been my daughter through all these years. But I do not quite understand." He turned to Hawkins. "Even if you kept your promise now, my friend, what connection has that with Dr. Crang? Could that in any way prevent this marriage?"

IT WAS John Bruce who answered.

"It is the last ditch," he said evenly; "the one way you have not tried—to tell her her own and her father's story. I do not say it will succeed. But it is the great crisis in her life. It is the one thing in the world that ought to sway her, win her. Her father! After twenty years—her father!"

Paul Veniza's hands, trembling, ruffled through his white hair. Hawkins's fingers fumbled, now with the buttons of his vest, now with the brim of his hat which he had picked up aimlessly from the table; and his eyes, lifting from the floor, glanced timorously, almost furtively, at Paul Veniza, and sought the floor again.

John Bruce got up from his chair and stepped toward them.

"I want to tell you something," he said sharply, "that ought to put an end to any hesitation on your part at *any* plan, no matter what, that offers even the slightest chance of stopping this marriage. Listen! Devil though you both believe this Crang to be, you do not either of you even know the man for what he is. While I was lying there"—he flung out his hand impulsively toward the couch—"the safe here in this room was opened and robbed one night. You know that. But you do not know that it was done by Dr. Crang and his confederates. You know what happened. But you do not know that while the 'burglars' pretended to hold Crang at bay with a revolver and then made their 'escape, 'Crang, with most of the proceeds of that robbery in his own pockets, was laughing up his sleeve at you."

Hawkins's jaw had dropped, as he stared at John Bruce

"Crang did it! You—you say Crang committed that robbery?" stammered Paul. "But you were unconscious! Still you—you seem to know that the safe was robbed!"

"Apparently I do!" John Bruce laughed shortly. "Crang too thought I was unconscious, but to make sure he jabbed me with his needle. It took effect just at the right time—for Crang—just as you and Claire appeared in the doorway. And"—his brows knitted together—"it seems a little atrange that none of you have ever mentioned it in my presence; that not a word has ever heen said to me about it."

Paul Veniza coughed nervously.

"You were sick," he said; "too sick, we thought, for any excitement."

Hawkins suddenly leaned forward; his wrinkled face was earnest.

"That is not true!" he said bluntly. "It might have been at first, but it wasn't after you got better. It was mostly your money that was stolen. Claire put it there the night you came here, and—"

"Hawkins!" Paul Veniza cried out sharply in reproo

"But he knows now it's gone," said the old cabman a little helplessly. He blundered on: "Paul felt he was responsible for your money, and he was afraid you might not want to take it if you knew he had to make it up out of his own pocket, and—"

John Bruce took a step forward, and laid his band on Paul Veniza's shoulder. He stood silently, looking at the other.

"It is nothing!" said Paul Veniza abashed.

"Perhaps not!" said John Bruce. "But"—he turned abruptly away, his lips tight—"it just made me think for a minute. In the life I've led men like you are rare."

"We were speaking of Dr. Crang," said Paul Veniza a little awkwardly. "If you know that Dr. Crang is the thief, then that is the way out of our trouble. Instead of marrying Claire, he will be sent to prison."

JOHN BRUCE shook his head.

"You said yourself I was unconscious at the time You certainly must have found me that way, and Crang would make you testify that for days I had been raving in delirium. I do not think you could convict him on my testimony."

"But even so," said Paul Veniza, "there is Claire. If she knew that Crang was a criminal, she—"

"She does know," said John Bruce tersely.

"Claire knows!" ejaculated Paul Veniza in aurprise "You—you told her, then?"

"No," John Bruce answered. "I said to her: 'Suppose I were to tell you that the man is a criminal?' She answered: 'He is a criminal.' I said then: 'Suppose he were sent to jail—to serve a sentence?' She answered: 'I would marry him when he came out'."

"My God!" mumbled the old cabman miserably.

"I tell you this," said John Bruce though set teeth, and speaking directly to Paul Veniza, "because it seems to me to be the final proof that mere argument with Claire is useless, and that something more is necessary. I do not ask you to release Hawkins from his pledge, I ask you to believe his promise this time because back of it he knows it may save Claire from what would mean worse than death to her. I believe him; I will vouch for him. Do you agree Paul Veniza?"

For an instant the white-haired pawnbroker seemed lost in thought; then he nodded his head gravely.

"In the last few days," he said slowly, "I have felt that it was no longer my province to masquerade as her father I know that my influence is powerless. As you have said it is the crisis, a very terrible crisis, in her life." He turned toward Hawkins, and held out his hand. "My old friend"—his voice broke—"I pray Heaven to aid you—to aid us all."

Hawkins's blue eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"You believe me, too, Paul, this time!" he said in a choking voice. "Listen, Paul! I promise! So help me God—I promise!"

A lump had somehow risen in John Bruce's throat. He turned away, and for a moment there was silence in the room. And then he heard Paul Veniza speak:

"She is dear to us all. Let us call her—unless, my old friend, you would rather be alone."

"No, no!" Hawkins cried hurriedly. "I—I want you both; but—but not now, don't call her now." He swept his hands over his shabby, ill-fitting clothes. "I—not like this. I—"

"Yes," said Paul Veniza gently, "I understand — and you are right. This evening then—at eight o'clock. You will come back here, my old friend, at eight o'clock. And do you remember, it was in this very room, twenty years ago, that—" He did not complete his sentence; the hot tears were streaming down his cheeks unashamed.

John Bruce was staring out of the window, the panes of which seemed curiously blurred.

"Come," he heard Paul Veniza say.

And then, as the two men reached the door, John Bruce looked around. Hawkins had turned on the threshold. Something seemed to have transfigured the old cab driver's face. It was illumined. There seemed something of infinite pathos in the head held high, in the drooped shoulders resolutely squared.

"My little girl!" said Hawkins tenderly. "To-night at eight o'clock—my little girl!"

## CHAPTER X

### At Five Minutes to Eight

BEFORE the rickety washstand and in front of the cracked glass that served as a mirror and was suspended from a nail driven into the wall, Hawkins was shaving himself. Perhaps the light from the wheezing gas-jet was over-bad that evening or perhaps it was only in playful and facetious mood with the mirror acting the rôle of co-conspirator; Hawkins's chin smarted and was raw, little specks of red showed here and there through the repeated coats of lather which he kept scraping off with his razor. But Hawkins appeared willing to sacrifice even the skin itself to obtain the standard of smoothness which he had evidently set before himself as his goal. And so over and over again he applied the lather, and hoed it off, and tested the result by rubbing thumb and forefinger critically over his face. He made no grimace, nor did he show any irritation at the none-too-keen blade that played havoc with more than the lather, nor did he wince at what must at times have been anything but a painless operation. Hawkins's round, weather beaten face and old watery blue eyes smiled into the mirror.

On the washstand beside him lay a large, ungainly silver watch, its case worn smooth with years of service. It had a hunting case, and it was open. Hawkins glanced at it. It was twenty minutes to eight.

"I got to hurry," said Hawkins happily. "Just twenty minutes—after twenty years."

Hawkins laid aside the razor, and washed and scrubbed at his face until it shone; then he went to his trunk and opened it. From underneath the tray he lifted out an old black suit. Perhaps again it was the gas-jet in either baleful or facetious mood, for as he put on the suit the cloth in spots seemed to possess, here a rusty and there a greenish tinge, and elsewhere to be woefully shiny. Also, but of this the gas-jet could not have been held guilty, the coat and trousers, and indeed the waistcoat, were undeniably wrinkled.

And now there seemed to be something peculiarly congruous as between the feeble gas-jet, the cracked mirror, the wobbly washstand, the threadbare strip of carpet that lay beside the iron bed, and the old bent-shouldered figure with wrinkled face in wrinkled finery that stood there knotting with anxious, awkward fingers a large, frayed, black cravat about his neck; there seemed to be something strikingly in keeping between the man and his surroundings, a sort of common intimacy, as it were, with the twilight of an existence that, indeed, had never known the full sunlight of high noon.

It was ten minutes to eight.

HAWKINS put the silver watch in his pocket, extinguished the spluttering gas-jet, that hissed at him as though in protest at the scant ceremony with which it was treated, and went down the stairs. He stepped briskly out on the street.

"Claire!" said Hawkins radiantly. "My little Claire! I'm her daddy, and she's going to know it. I'm going to get her to call me that—daddy!"

Hawkins walked on halfway along the block, erect, with a quick, firm step, his head high, smiling into every face he met—and turning to smile again, conscious that people as they passed had turned to look back at him. And then very gradually Hawkins's pace slackened and into his face and eyes there came a dawning anxiety, and the smile was gone.

"I'm kind of forgetting," said Hawkins presently to himself, "that it aint just that I'm getting my little girl. I—I'm kind of forgetting her trouble. There—there's Crang."

The old man's face was furrowed now deep with storm and care; he walked still more slowly. He began to mutter to himself. At the corner of the street he raised an old gnarled fist and shook it, clenched, above his head, unconscious and oblivious now that people still turned and looked at him.

And then a little way ahead of him along the street that he must go to reach the one-time pawnshop of Paul Veniza, his eyes caught the patch of light that filtered out to the sidewalk from under the swinging doors of the familiar saloon, and from the windows in a more brilliant flood.

Hawkins drew in a long breath.

"No, no!" he whispered fiercely. "I will never go in there again—so help me, God! If I did—and—and she knew it was her daddy, it would just break her heart like —like Crang'll break it."

He went on, but his footsteps seemed to drag the more now as he approached the saloon. His hand as he raised it trembled; and as he brushed it across his brow it came away wet with sweat.

The saloon was just a yard away from him now. There was a strange, feverish glitter in his blue eyes. His face was chalky white.

"So help me, God!" Hawkins mumbled hoarsely.

It was five minutes of eight.

Hawkins had halted in front of the swinging door.

## CHAPTER XI

### The Rendezvous

PAUL VENIZA, pacing restlessly about the room glanced surreptitiously at his watch, and then glanced anxiously at John Bruce.

John Bruce in turn stole a look at Claire. His lips tightened a little. Since she had been told nothing, she was quite unconscious, of course, that it mattered at all because it was already long after eight o'clock; that Hawkins in particular, or any one else in general, was expected to join the little evening circle here in what he John Bruce, had by now almost come to call his room. His forehead gathered in a frown. What was it that was keeping Hawkins?

Claire's face was full in the light, and as she sat there at the table, busy with some sewing, it seemed to John Bruce that, due perhaps to the prospect of what he now knew, he detected a weariness in her eyes and in sharp lines around her mouth, that he had not noticed before. It was Crang, of course; but perhaps he too—what he had said to her that afternoon—his love—had not made it any easier for her.

Paul Veniza continued his restless pacing about the room.

"Father, do sit down!" said Claire suddenly. "What makes you so nervous to-night? Is anything the matter?"

"The matter? No! No, no; of course not!" said Paul Veniza hurriedly.

"But I'm sure there is," said Claire, with a positive little nod of her head. "With both of you, for that matter. Mr. Bruce has done nothing but fidget with the tassel of that dressing gown for the last half hour."

John Bruce let the tassel fall as though it had suddenly burned his fingers.

"I? Not at all!" he denied stoutly.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Claire, with mock plaintiveness. "What bores you two men are, then! I wish I could send out—what do you call it?—a thought wave, and inspire some one and most of all Hawkins, to come over here this evening. He, at least, is never deadly dull."

Neither of the two men spoke.

"You don't know Hawkins, do you, Mr. Bruce?" Claire went on. She was smiling now as she looked at John Bruce. "I mean really know him, of course. He's a dear, quaint, lovable soul, and I'm so fond of him."

"I'm sure he is," said John Bruce heartily. "Even from the little I've seen of him I'd trust him with—well, you know"—John Bruce coughed as his words stumbled—"I mean I'd take his word for anything."

"Of course, you would!" asserted Claire. "You couldn't think of doing anything else—nobody could. He's just as honest as—as—well, as father there, and I don't know any one more honest." She smiled at Paul Veniza, and then her face grew very earnest. "I'm going to tell you something about Hawkins, and something that even you never knew, father. Ever since I was

*Continued on page 46*




**The door opened; Hawkins stood there. He lurched against the jamb.**

# Lenix Fools the Jinx

*By* ARCHIE McKISHNIE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR



"I'se goin' ter tear down dat wood-box an' charge all damage on yo'r inwards wif dis brandin' iron, I le so, male dog er male nigger."

"YES sah, sumfin' am sure goin' ter happen dis day." For the twentieth time Lenix Ballister muttered this prophecy as he transferred the bacon from the frying-pan to his plate, and with nervous haste tossed a pinch of salt, spilled from the upset cellar, over his left shoulder.

"An' de signs aint none too good, so fur, eider; no gettin' 'round dat fac'."

Lenix pushed the hound pup from his chair and seated himself at the table. Then he got up again and closed the bedroom door.

"Dat Jane Ann goin' ter sure miss hearin' Gabriel's trump on de las' mawnin', if her sleep de long sleep anyfin' like her sleep de short un," he soliloquised. "Her ought ter be harbour-keeper at de gap; wouldn' need no fog-horn wif dem snores ob hern, nohow."

Ordinarily Lenix would have paid scant attention to everyday trifles such as those audible proofs of his wife's repose, the failure to light the breakfast-fire with the first match, the spilling of the salt and the cringing pity in the pup's eyes. But this morning they were all signs that bore a new significance, signs that urged him to be on his guard.

For this morning, two hours before dawn, a premonition had visited Lenix and probed him into alert, perspiring wakefulness. The wheezy old clock out on the mantel was proclaiming the witching-hour of four, the hour when wandering spirits drift back to their graves, when Lenix received the spirit warning to be on the watch for trouble. He could almost taste the damp, musty smell of crumbling earth beneath the weight of that terrible, crushing silence. It was not the first time he had received such premonition.

Three times before it had happened; on the morning he ran a rusty nail into his foot, and developed blood-poisoning—he had been "brushed," as he described it; also on the morning when he had lost twenty dollars on a sweatboard; and on the morning when he had received a beating-up by Bud Hawkins, the Bridgetown pugilist.

AND now, because three times brushed was a-plenty, and he had received a fourth, Lenix was determined to be on his guard. It was just possible that by artifice and charm he might avoid personal disaster. He had been careful, in slipping from bed, to put his right foot first on the floor, careful to put on his right sock before his left and lace his right boot before the left one. Before attempting to light the fire he had taken the precaution to fasten his lucky horse-shoe over his brace, beneath his trouser band. The fact that the heavy charm broke from its mooring, its curved nails scratching three red lines down his black leg, was, he reasoned, accountable for his failure to light the fire with the first match. This did not augur well, nor did the spilling of the salt; but with the horse-shoe once more safely fastened, and his left hind-foot of a grave-yard rabbit in his trouser's pocket, Lenix felt easier, and finished off his breakfast with almost optimistic zest.

As he placed a generous plateful of bread and gravy beneath Orinoco's hungry nose, he paused, in a listening attitude, a half smile wiping the worried lines from his black face. Outside, from the top of the tall elm, an early spring robin was piping his joy-call to lighting skies.

Len shuffled to the door and opened it. A flood of spring air, warm, moist and freighted with woody, grassy smells, smote him gratefully. He stood, gazing beyond the tree-hedged river to the dissolving shadows in the east. "Well I do de-clare," he murmured, wonderingly, reverently. "Spring hab come; de pike will be runnin' up de creeks—an' I aint been."

Gone, in an instant, was the haunting shadow of the premonition; forgotten the woes that flesh is heir to; forgotten the stave-mill where, as cutter, he earned three ten a day. For there swam up before his eyes the picture of a creek twisting through a valley where spicy alders and red willows clumped and waved slender arms towards misty, warm skies.

"*An' I aint been,*" he repeated, softly. He glanced down at Orinoco, who, long ears cocked expectantly, watched him from brown wistful eyes. "But I'se on my way, pup—I'se on my way."

HE DREW on his old felt hat, glancing furtively at the bed-room door as he prepared to leave. "Jane Ann still snorin' two long—one short," he meditated. "Her's safe till come two short—one long, but dis nigger bes' be burnin' distance."

He moved softly outside, Orinoco at his heels, and made for the stable, habit holding him to the shadow of young cedars along the path. It was not yet daylight, but supposing Jane Ann happened to wake, and scented doings. She had a most uncanny way of locating moving objects, particularly an object whose feet shuffled as they scraped the ground:

"I'se goin'—I don' care,
I'se goin', don' know where."

This insistence on the part of his number elevens to herald his whereabouts by keeping time to the joy in his negro heart was always more or less of a vexation to Lenix. "No matter how tight shet I keep my mouf, dem feet done make me trouble all de time. When Jane Ann done ast me pertinent question, her don' watch my face ter see if I'se lyin' nowhow, her watches dem feet, an' dey's so fur away from my brain, I cayn't control 'em nowhow; dey gibs me away ebery time."

Reaching the stable without mishap Lenix dropped to his knees, rolled back a stone, inserted an arm and drew out a long handled pike-spear. "Dere yo' is, Pup," he exulted, "bes' spear in Chatville East, dat. Ef I had dollar fer ebery pike I done cotched wif dat ole spear, me an' yo' would buy railway ticket fer Buffalo an' lib on pop-corn an' nickel shows, sure would."



"What am yo' jumpin' 'bout?" thundered the hunch-back, in deep bellowing tones. "Am yo' scared?"

Orinoco whined, and holding his tail stiffly in air, trotted forward.

"Hayr, yo' pup! yo' cayn't go 'long," Len told him. "Yo' go back hum, like nice lil' dawg. Come Jane Ann fin' yo' gone, her'll know I aint gone ter work at mill."

Orinoco went on his way, unheeding.

"Look yo', young dawg," Len addressed him, "fer a pup wif so many differen' breeds I nebber seen one so contrary. Now yo' go back hum, an' go quick an' quiet, er I'se goin' ter lam yo' sech a kick it'll take yo' all day ter come back frum whar yo' light. Hear me?"

IN ANSWER, Orinoco sat down on his haunches and, raising his long muzzle to the sky, broke into a mournful howl.

"Lor' mitty!" gasped Lenix. "Ef dat don't break Jane Ann's re-pose like a rock break a egg, her's sleepin' deeper den I fink; an' if dat big healfy, strong wummin comes glidin' forth ter 'vestigate my wharabouts, I might as well say 'good-bye creek'; dere won' be no pikin' fer dis coon ter day. I'll mos' like be layin' bandaged an' spliced in horspital. I reckon I'll hab ter tell dat job-lot ob a pup dat he kin go 'long 'ies ter quiet him. If he lets nudder howl like dat out on dis mawnin' air, Jane Ann's goin ter sot up in bed an' rub her eyes, yes, sah!"

"Orinoco," he called, softly. "It's all right, I was jes foolin'. Cou'se yo' kin go 'long. An'," he added, beneath his breath, "when I gets yo' well out in de kentry, ef I don' make yo' rue de day yo' was bawn ter make fleas happy an' humans miserable—I'se got nudder fink comin', dat's all."

Orinoco needed no further assurance. He bounded ahead along the lighting path, chased a neighbor's hen into hysterics, threw a young calf, tethered to a post, into bawling convulsions, treed a scared tom-cat up a telephone pole, and in every way deported himself so much like a mongrel, outlaw pup that Lenix felt a cold and murderous desire to run the five-tined spear through him.

"When dis nigger return," he muttered, "it will be *alone*, an' de crows'll be feedin' offin yore yaller body, yo' flop-eared passel ob noise an' debelment, yo'!"

Orinoco, having spent his first wild exuberance of spirits, had lapsed once more into his old state of solemn pensiveness. He cast a glance back at his master and, with long muzzle and long tail low, trotted demurely down the path leading from the village to the river.

"Dat pup's uncanny," shuddered Lenix. "How come he know what I'se headin' fer? Nudder sign dat I bes' be up an' watchin', sure is. Sumfin' goin' ter happen dis day, an' if dis here coon aint watchful—it goin' ter happen ter him, yes sah."

A big, black cat leaped from a clump of greening alder to flash like a sable streak across his path.

"Lor' mitty!" whispered Lenix. "Anudder sign! an' a mighty bad one. 'Black cat cross yo'r track — Better pause, an' turn back!' Dat's what I orter do, turn back. Now all I need is ter meet up wif a hunch-back, an' I might as well lay right down hayr in road an' gib up. No use ter struggle, wif Fate stackin' up kayrds ag'in yo', none 'tall. Don' know as I eber feeled sech presentiment ob impendin' ebil as I'se feelin' right now," he shivered. "Fer two cents I'd turn in my tracks, go down to Mr. Manhattan's bank an' draw my t'ousan' dollars, an—"

HE PAUSED, rooted in his tracks, gazing fearfully at an apparition that had suddenly appeared before him on the path; a grotesque, mis-shapen negro with a bulge between his shoulders, and a face so ugly and malignant that Lenix felt his heart grow cold with fear. "Dat aint no human man," he found himself saying, "dat's de king ob de dwarf-circle ob hell, an' he done come pokin' outer erf ter leer me warnin'."

Lenix back-stepped, side-stepped and loped. The manoeuvre carried him around and beyond the hunch-back, but not one step further.

"Stop!" commanded the apparition, and Lenix obedient-

ly stopped. At the same time he removed his battered hat and smoothed his bald spot with shaking hand.

"What am yo' jumpin' 'bout?" thundered the hunchback, in deep bellowing tones. "Am yo' scared?"

"Scared? Me?" Lenix slapped his leg and laughed as though the idea amused him. "Well now, I reckon I wouldn't be de constable ob Chatville East an' 'lowed by de law ter carry a concealed weapon, loaded ter kill, ef I scared dat easy," he returned, with particular emphasis on the *loaded to kill*. "Fact is," he explained, "I'se got er slight tech ob St. Anthony's Dance, an' dere am times when I fin' it difficult ter control my movements."

"Yo' all jumped like yo' thought de debil hisse'f was af'er yo'," said the other, complainingly. "I don' like dat; I say *I don' like dat*," he roared, as Lenix remained silent.

"Don' favor it none too much myse'f," replied Lenix. "Turrible affliction, dis ob mine, an' powerful embarrassin', too. Had ter quit my job ob stave-cutter at mill on 'count ob dis St. Anthony. Got ter jumpin' 'tween de knife an' de block; had ter quit cuttin' altogedder."

"Ho, den yo'r name am Ballister?"

Lenix cast a suspicious, rolling eye on the questioner.

"Dats me, all hunky. Eberybudy knows Len Ballister an' his re-cord ob cutter, an' chief constable ob Chatville East. Yessah, my name, Ballister, sure 'nuff."

"Well, Ballister, I was on my way ter see yo'."

Lenix inserted a hand beneath his trouser's band and grasped his charmed horse-shoe. "Right here's whar I get carried down an' in," he thought, his crinkley hair stiffening, and his knees growing weak.

"I got proposition I wanter lay befo' yo'," resumed the other negro.

"I un'erstan' yo's finkin' ob buyin' a piece of land fer gardenin', dat so?"

LENIX breathed easier. "It am, an' it amn't," he answered, after some deliberation.

"What yo' mean by dat ambiguous statement?" growled the hunchback. "Yo' am an' yo' amn't. Aint no sense ter dat, nohow."

"What I means," shuffled Lenix, straining his thinker till it ached, "am dis. I mought buy, an' den ag'in I moughtn't."

"Humph, dat makes it a lot clearer—I guess not. Say, dat St. Anthony dancin' what yo' suffer wif mus' affect moren' yo'r limbs, I guess. Looks ter me yo'r min's not jest right. How come yo' ter be amblin' out dis early in mawnin', anyhow?" he asked suspiciously. "When I cotched sight ob yo', yo' was sneakin' close ter de alders. An' what's dat long handled fing yo's carryin', a weepon?"

"No, fish-spear." For the second time Lenix allowed his twitching eyes to rest on the face of the hunchback, and he shivered. "Aint nuthin' human 'bout dat face, nohow," he groaned inwardly, "his clothes am streaked wif grave-clay, an' he smell damp an' dank. Aint nuffin left fer dis nigger but bluff it out; so hayr goes.

"Mought I be bold 'nuff ter in-quire, sab, what yo' name am?" he asked amiably.

"My name's Hooper Jackson," roared the hunch-back, clenching his big hands, which Len noted swung far below his knees.

"Why, yo'se not de Misto Jackson I done wrote ter, astin him if he'd sell his steam yott, is yo?"

"Not at all. Aint got no steam-boat fer sale."

"Humph. Jes so, jes so. Now den, I sure ennuf knows yo'," Lenix half extended a hand, then catching the look on the stranger's face, put it quickly in his pocket. "Yo's Misto Jackson, de automoheel agent, frum Slabtown?"

"No."

"Tho't mebee yo' was. Promised him, when he wrote ter me dat I'd buy my kayr frum him."

"I aint got no kayr ter sell er no steam-boat needer. All I got is a fine strip ob garden lan', an' hearin' yo'll all wanted sech I come 'long ober ter see yo." The misshapen negro fastened his burning eyes on Lenix, and wagged his heavy head. "Ef I'd a knowed yo' had de St. Anthony's dance I'd hab saved myse'f de trip. Gardenin' wouldn' do fer yo' at all. Yo'd be jumpin de fence at end on row, an' on de tater-hills all way 'long. I sure wishes now dat I'd took Homer Hudson's ad-vise an' stayed right away frum yo'."

Lenix pricked up his ears. All fear of the supernatural was dissolving before this assurance that a hard-boiled business proposition was unfolding itself before him, a proposition in which Homer Hudson figured in greater or lesser degree. It was evident that Homer did not wish himself and this man, Jackson, to get together. He lit his pipe slowly and thought quickly.

"Homer's done finkin' 'bout buyin' yo'r garden-plot his own self', I understan'," he hazarded, at length.

"I aint sed so," returned the hunch-back surlily. "Er I aint sed he aint, needer," as Lenix made no comment. "Ef he was, dere's only one reason I'd be comin' ter see yo' dough."

"I understan'," Lenix nodded. "Homer's made standin' offer. Yo' wants mo'—ef yo' kin get it."

"Yes, I want's mo."

"Certainly, *ef yo' kin get it*."

"All right, den, ef I kin get it," sneered Jackson. "My price am eight hundred—an dat price don' fluctuate any wat yo'd notice."

"Jes so, jes so. An' whar am dis property, Misto Jackson?"



Lenix slipped a couple of the fish from the string, and produced his corn-cob, which he lit thoughtfully.

LENIX packed the tobacco down in his pipe and gazed longingly towards the hazy willows, sun-crowned now, and fairly beckoning him to the warm shallows within them, shallows where basking pike played, waiting to be speared.

"De property am part ob lot ten, fo'th concession. Nine acres ob de prettiest black loam yo' ebber clapt an eye onter. Half ob dat strip takes in de ole Scanelot cemetery—an' de groun' dere am so rich it fairly cracks open. Nice grove ob pines dere too fer buildin', if so yo' wanter make a hum."

Lenix scratched his head. "Dat's so," he said, thoughtfully, "dat pine grove whar all dem ole graves am ud suttingly make a gran' spot fer ter build nice lil' home."

"I knowed yo'd see it," returned the hunch-back, a trifle more amiably. "Yo'se de very man what orter hab dat lan', Ballister. I un'erstan'," he added, shooting another glance at Len's inscrutable face, "yo' got a thousan' er so yo' wanter invest?"

"Quite so," Lenix answered. "Jane Ann, her's pinin' fer lil' farm, an' I'se gettin' tired ob day-work at mill. Co'se, dough," he added, "I couldn' fink ob buyin' yo'r property now, Misto Jackson, much as I begins ter fancy it; not ef my frien' Homer Hudson's sot his heart on it. Why, Misto Jackson," he cried, his voice quivering with feeling, "Homer Hudson am de bes' loyalist frien' I ebber had. I lub him like a brudder. Dat's how come him advise yo' not ter see me. He knowed right well I wouldn't come 'tween him an' his heart's desire." Lenix blew his nose, and watched the hunch-back out of the corner of his eye.

Hooper Jackson's stare of surprise gave place to a sardonic grin. "So dat Homer's yo'r frien,' eh?" he sneered, "yo'r almos' brudder, is he? Well, le' me tell yo' sumfin'. Dat yaller nigger aint holdin' de same good opinion ob yo', all dat yo's holdin' ob him. Lis'en, yo'. Know what dat Homer done tell me? Dis am what he tell me. 'Look yo' Jackson,' he say, 'don' yo' try ter sell dat Len Ballister anyfin', kase ef yo' does, he'll steal it frum yo', an' make yo' pay him fer takin' it.' So, dats what yo'r frien', Homer, say 'bout yo', Misto Ballister."

Lenix's face lost its sunny smile. He shook his head sadly, and blew his nose again. "Misto Jackson," he said, "ef dat's what Homer say 'bout me, I reckon I needn' hab no scruples in biddin' 'gin him. Tell yo' what I'se willin' ter do. I'se willin' dat yo' go back ter Homer an' tell him dat I'se lookin' de plot ober ter day, an' dat, pervidin' it suits me, I'll gib yo' yo'r price. How's dat?"

"Dat's all right, only, 'sposin' he raises his bid, an' buys?"

LENIX smiled. "Well, dat should suit yo,' shouldn' it? What yo' carin', longs yo' get yo'r price?"

"Den yo' aint wantin' de property fer yo'r own self?"

"I aint sayin' so," returned Lenix, "all I'se sayin' is by way ob ad-vise ter yo'. Take it er leab it."

"Oh, I'll take it, an' much 'bliged," said the hunch-back cheerfully. "But I warn yo' now, dat Homer won't let de property slip froo his fingers."

"Yo' fink he'll buy, den?" Lenix tones were intentionally anxious.

"Sure will," nodded the other negro.

"Well, look yo' den," Lenix said. "Yo' kin be a hull lot surer, ef yo' remember not ter tell him dat part ob dat lan' runs inter de ole grave-yard."

"Meanin'?"

"Jes dat. Don' tell him befo' de deal's closed."

"But af'er, what den?"

"Ef so yo's well-armed, hab plenty life insurance, an' kin beat a scared rabbit gettin' away frum trubble—yo' moight tell him *af'er*—ef it's goin' ter weigh on yo'r conscience. My advice ter yo' is not ter tell him 'tall. Let him fin' out fer his self."

"But he's seen de property a'ready. Cou'se it was gettin' long come dark, an' he didn' look bery close," said the hunch-back.

"Well, don' dat let yo' all out? Now don' say a word 'bout de grave-yard. Yo' go back ter Homer, tell him dat I'se finkin' ob buyin' de place, an' ef he says, 'He don' get it,' take his word fer it. Dat's all I gotter say."

"All right den." And without another word, the hunch-back turned, and limped across the common.

THE premonition which had wakened Lenix in the dark hours preceding dawn had not even so much as brushed with its sable wings the placid face of that gentleman's sleeping partner. While Lenix clutched the bed-clothes wildly and allowed his fevered imagination wild flight, long after he had dressed, and gone, Jane Ann slept sweetly the sleep of the healthy and innocent. No need for her to touch the floor right foot first, when stirred at length awake by a warm spring sunbeam; no need to turn three times round before changing night-robe for calico house-dress. In fact, Jane Ann frowned upon Lenix's superstitions, although it must be admitted, in her ample black bosom she harbored more than mere awe of the supernatural, though not to a degree to disturb her tranquil and unimaginative nature.

"Ob co'rse anybuddy knows dat it's bad luck ter walk under a ladder, er sing befo' breakfast," she was wont to scoff at Lenix, "but yo', Len, yo' carries yo'r suspicions too fur, altogedder. Ef yo' all was as keerful ob yo'r reputations as yo' am ob dat rusty ole hoss-shoe, yo's allars cha'min' bad luck wif, yo' wudden' hab de rickets ebery time yo' meet up wif a policeman; an' ef yo' hung onter yo'r dollars tight as yo' does ter dat fool rabbit-fut charm, we'd hab 'nuff money, right now, ter buy dat garden-plot I pants fer wifout habin' ter use any ob dat thousan' re-ward."

It was with some consternation that Jane Ann found

herself singing, this morning, as she buttoned the calico dress up the back. Perhaps that tarrying spring sunbeam had warmed her soul to music, just as it had warmed the soul of the robin outside the window.

"Brudder Jim, he say ter me:
"Go 'long niggers, keep a-shovin'—
"I got a gal in Tennisee—
"Ho yo' niggers keep a-shovin'—
"Eyes am stars an' face sunshine,
"Coons all stuck on dis gal ob mine
"But she lubs jes me, an'—"

JANE ANN brought the song to a stop with a jerk and a start. "Dar now, I'se up an' did it shore," she gasped. "'Sing af'er sleep—Sorrer yo'll reap.' Dat's me. Las' time I sing befo' breakfas' I fin' Len up an' gone wif my grocery money. Now jes' what be I goin' ter fin', I won'er? Gawd alone knows; I'll jes' creep out an' see if dat Manhattan check-book am reposin' in its accustomed nook behin' dat brick in de wall. Wouldn' 'sprise me none 'tall ter fin' dat book an' dat nigger bofe missin'. But I'll say dis hayr ter myself, slow an' solemn, it will 'sprise me great an' mighty ef dat Len don' die swif' an' painful, ef my 'spicions am correc', an' I fin' he's drawed dat thousan' dollars re-ward money."

Not until she had convinced herself that the hidden check-book was still safe, did Jane Ann breathe easy. It always angered and humiliated her, however, to find that her suspicions of her husband had been misplaced, and this particular time was no exception. She pushed the loose brick carefully back into place and, with arms akimbo, rolled her eyes about the room. It was no surprise to her that Orinoco was not in evidence anywhere. That wise and sagacious pup, whose keenness of intuition made up for any deficiency in his regular senses, had early learned to seek cover when certain moods in his ponderous mistress became apparent. Undoubtedly, he was hiding behind the wood-box now, reproaching her with all his hound's soul in his brown eyes. With coldly murderous intent, Jane Ann laid hold of the long iron poker. "Male dawg owned by male nigger, come acringin' outin dar," she commanded, "come aslobberin' an' abellyin', as is yo'r way, 'case it am de las' crawl yo'r eber goin' ter crawl, le' me tell yo'."

But Orinoco, for once, forgot to obey.

"Is yo' comin,' dere lil' houn'd mongrel?" Jane Ann's voice was honey and dew, and the muscles of her big arms swelled as she gripped the poker for the telling stroke.

Still Orinoco failed to show himself.

"Well, 'ef de mounting won't come ter Mahornet, Mahornet'll go ter de mountin' so get yo' ready fer sudden deff an' sufferin', yo' passel ob decayed fleabait, yo'. I'se goin' ter tear down dat stove an' dat wood-box an' charge all damage on yo'r innards wif dis brandin'-iron, I is so, male dawg er male nigger. Yo'r bofe de same. I'll teach y' ter side wif Len an' laugh up yo'r sleeve at me, yo' ungrateful job lot ob ebery sheep-killin' shank-stealin', hair-sheddin' mongrel on erf! Dat's what I gets fer feedin' yo' on a bottle an' combin' yo'r coat like yo's Christian dawg. Bite de han' what feed yo', would yo'? Oh lordy, jes yo' wait till I haul yo' frum cubber. Ef dere aint anudder long-tailed, lop-eared angel pup in dawg-hebben right speedy it's goin'-ter surprise me hugely. Now den."

Jane Ann gripped the wood-box, heaved mightily and swung the poker back over her shoulder. There she stood, gazing blankly down, her lips moving dumbly, her eyes rolling.

"Why, he aint dar?" she murmured at length. "He aint dar at all." She got down on her hands and knees and peered underneath the stove.

"Now den, whar am dat pup at?" Jane Ann sat weakly down on a stool, and addressed each piece of furniture in the room. "Whar at is dat Orinoco?"

She got no answer. Finally, she stood up and moved to the door. She opened it and called. "Orinoco, dere lil' pup, whar is yo'?"

No answer. For once Orinoco failed to come galloping up the gravelled walk in answer to those coaxing tones.

"He's gone; dat lil' Orinoco pup's gone." Jane Ann's lips trembled. A big tear rolled down her cheek. She sat down in a chair and rocked herself to and fro, miserably.

"Serves me well right, it do so," she wailed. "Pore lil' dawg, no won'er he lef' hum; no won'er, with me a scolin' him all de time. Len say ter me, 'Sum day yo' scold dat pup onct too often.' An' now I'se did it, oh, oh!"

For a time she wept copiously. When at last, with a long sigh, she lowered the calico skirt from her face, its gorgeous pattern of wild roses looked as though a spring rain had descended upon them.

"Sum day, too, I'll lose Len, jes dat way," she sobbed. "Scoldin' him all time, an' suspectin' him fer nuffin', like I do. No human man goin' ter stan' prosecution meekly fer ebber, any more'n a pup am, dat's so."

She arose from the rocker, with a groan, and stood surveying Len's plate, with its knife and fork placed neatly across it in the form of a cross, and her bosom heaved, her eyes filled again. "Gits his own breakfas' so's I kin sleep on," she murmured heart-brokenly, "den goes on ter his work so's ter pervide fer me. Oh, oh!"

With a heavy heart she prepared her own breakfast, ate it with a heavy heart, with a heavy heart did her housework; then she went to the cellar and brought forth her last jar of cherries. She would make one of Len's favorite pies, and a meat and potato pasty. "Hereaf'er dat man's goin' ter fed 'cordin' ter his rights," she told herself, "an' when he come 'long hum, at noon, I'se goin' ter hurl myse'f in his arms, an' beg fergiveness."

A timid knock fell on the door. Jane Ann straightened up, and blinked at the sound. "Now what?"

She opened the door; a small, crinkley-haired boy grinned up at her.

"Jimmy Jones," exclaimed Jane Ann. "Aint yo' all stave taddin' dis day? Whyfer yo'r hayr, den?"

"Boss Holdaway done sen' me ober ter fin' out whar Len am at," said the boy.

"Why, Jimmy, aint dat nigger at mill?"

"No, ma'am. Len aint been ter mill ter day. Boss, he wanter know ef he'll be dar dis af'ernoon."

Jane Ann folded her big arms across her breast.

"Yo' run 'long back an' tell Boss Holdaway dat he won't be abler ter come ter work fer some time likely," she said ominously.

"Am he sick, Mis' Ballister?" asked the boy, anxiously.

"Not yit, he aint. But he's goin' ter be. Yo' tell Boss not ter count too much on him bein' on job dis af'ernoon."

Jimmy nodded, turned away, then hesitated.

"Sam Jinkens say he saw Len an' Orinoco cuttin' cross de Common long befo' daylight dis mawnin'," he said. "Wasn' light 'nuff fer him ter be right sure, dough. Sam say dat Len was acarryin' fish-spear."

"Oh, I see," Jane Ann nodded, and drew in her breath hard. "Well, Jimmy, dat man wif spear was Len all right 'nuff. Deres no holdin' him, nowhow, when de pike run's on. Yo' tell Boss Hol'away, fer me, ef he wants Len ter work he better be on look-out an' grab dat nigger befo' he gets hum hayr, 'case I aint promisin' what condition he's goin' ter be in af'er I'se froo wif him."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll tole Boss dat." Jimmy took his fascinated gaze from Jane Ann's frowning face and shot down the path like an arrow.

Jane Ann turned heavily back to the table. "So," she spoke softly, "So." She stood, gazing frowningly down at the jar of preserved cherries. Then she picked up the jar and carried it back to the cellar and locked the door upon it. "Nebber was no he-thing bawn what could be trested fur as yo' could frow 'em," she muttered. "Now den, I'se goin' back an' collec' up a heap ob missles fer ter hold argument wif dat nigger an' dawg. Ef dey bofe don' look like crazy quilts when I gets froo, it's goin' ter be kase I make a fluke some way."

It was an hour or so later that Jane Ann, chancing to look up from her work, glimpsed through the window a tall, spare negro passing up and down before her gate. "Dat am Abe White," she murmured. "Won'er what dat pool-shark an' gamblin' nigger want? I jes' go 'long out an' see."

White lifted his head as Jane Ann's footsteps sounded on the gravel and, hat in hand, waited for her to come up His thin face wore a smile, his manner was suavity itself

"Mawnin, Mis' Ballister," he accosted. "I was jes' awaitin' fer Len to come from mill; mus' be nigh noon, ain' it?"

Jane Ann did not reply. She simply stood and transfixed the man before her with blazing eyes.

"Mis' Ballister," White's tones were friendly, brotherly "Mis' Ballister, it's too bad Len let Homer Hudson get ahead ob him on dat garden-plot, it am so."

Jane Ann pricked up her ears. "What's dat? What yo' mean? Homer get bes' ob Len on garden plot?"

"Why, haben't yo' all heered? Homer he buyed dat garden lan' frum Hunchy Jackson only dis mawnin'. I witnessed de transaction. Len he knowed dat plot was fer sale—an' he let it slip right froo his fingers, I un'erstan'. Homer he buyed it fer eight hun'red cash money It's worf nigh twice dat, I'se tole."

Jane Ann stared. "An' yo' all means ter tell me dat Len knowed he could buy dat lan' fer dat price—an' let Homer grab it up? Am dat what yo'r a'tryin' ter tell me, Misto White?"

"Dat's 'xactly what Len did, 'xactly. I was jes' curious ter know why, kase Len is usually pretty bright—an' I kayn't un'erstan' it at all. Homer, he's been a 'swellin' 'roun' all mawnin' braggin' how he out-generaled Len in de deal. Homer, he claims dat he kin gib Len acres an' spades in any deal an' beat him on anyfin' from dice ter real estate. Folks aint only half beliebin', yit, but it's goin' ter make a heap of difference ter Len's prestige when dey fin' out fer shore."

"Well, I wouldn' worry none on dat, yit, ef I was yo'," Jane Ann replied. "An' ef yo's awaitin' hayr ter gloat on Len, I'd advise yo' ter be right sure ob yo'se'f befo' yo' gloats yo'r fust gloat, kase I'm awarnin' yo', Abe White. dat Len is a shifty nigger. Dis much I know. Ef Len sot his min' on dat garden plot, Homer aint got it nohow; he only finks he has."

"But I saw de deed transferred, Mis' Ballister, an' de money paid ober," cried White. "De deal's gone froo, all hunky."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so." Jane Ann turned back towards the house. "I spose Homer aims ter make Len pay froo de nose, now, ef he wants ter own dat plot, eh?"

"Jes so. Homer says Len'll be glad ter buy dat plot fer t'ousan' dollars, yes, ma'am."

"Well, he's goin' ter wait a long while befo' he gets dat much cash money frum me an' Len. Yo' all kin tell him so." And Jane Ann went up the walk to the cottage. "An' yo' needn't tarry no longer," she called from the door. "Len he's gone pikein' an' dere's no tellin' what time he'll be 'long hum." And she went into the house and slammed the door behind her.

"AN' I'SE a'tellin' yo', Abe, like I've tole all de udders in Chatville East, dat Len am goin' ter buy dat plot frum me befo mawnin', an' what's mo' he's goin' ter pay me my price."

Homer Hudson shoved his white derby farther back on his shaven head, and pulling up his fawn-colored, tight-fitting trouser-legs, so's they wouldn't crease, seated himself in one of the pool-room chairs.

"But, Homer, Mis' Ballister she say not."

Abe White bit off a cheroot and lit it meditatively. "She's got some say-so in dat re-ward money, don' yo' ferget dat fac'."

Homer showed his gold tooth in a smile. "Yo' jes leabe dat all ter me," he nodded. "I'se a goin' ter get dat t'ousan' dollars, all hunky, jes' yo' keep dat in min'."

White swung a long leg over the corner of a table. "Look yo' hayr, Homer, what I kayn't jes' un'erstan' is why Len sent Hunchy Jackson back ter yo', dis mawnin, ef so he wanted dat piece ob lan' fer hisself so much. Dat point's worryin' me a lot."

"Look yo' hayr, Abe White," growled Hudson. "Yo' begged me ter let yo' in on dis hayr deal, didn' yo?"

"Why sure, but—"

"Well den, what yo' kickin' 'bout? Yo' know dat I could a swung de deal wifout yo'r measly fo' hun'red, don' yo'?"

"Course I does. It was mighty white ob yo' ter let me go fifty-fifty wif yo' all, but—"

"Dere yo' goes, but—but. Now yo' shet up. Yo' knows as well as I do dat nigger, Len, wouldn' turn aside ter pick up a pot ob gold when he was goin' fishin'. He's made up his min' ter go spearin' down 'long de red willer flats, an' so he gets rid ob ole Hunch quickes' way he know how. Cou'se, he wants dat lan', an' he'll be willin' ter pay my price."

*Continued on page 46*

## OUR FOOL LAND POLICY

*THIS is the emphatic title of a striking article which will appear in April 1* MacLean's. *The author is Fred V. Seibert, B.Se., D.L.S., president of the Association of Dominion Land Surveyors, 1920-21. In this article Mr. Seibert drastically scores the land settlement policy which has prevailed—and still prevails—in Canada. Lack of co-ordination of all Governmental departments which have to do with the locating of the settler on the land is the chief charge. But there are other indictments — carelessness, political favoritism, crass ignorance, inter-departmental friction, etc. Mr. Seibert shows up the glaring inadequacies of the present system, and makes very practical suggestions (endorsed by his association) for remedial legislation.*

# BROADWAY TO BRUSSELS

1901—A bashful young man, delivering speeches with difficulty at Broadway Club, Methodist Young Men's Association, Toronto

1921—Returned from Brussels, and recognized as one of the most forceful and sought-after speakers in the Dominion of Canada

*How did he do it?*

*By* CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

WHEN a man can make a better mouse-trap or tell a better story than his neighbor—to twist an oft-quoted adage—the world will make a beaten pathway to his door, even if he live in the heart of the wilderness. This holds good in these days of whirlwind campaigns especially where a man is found who can make a better platform speech than his fellows. The world then not only makes the proverbial beaten pathway to his door but it keeps both his office and his residence telephones busy with requests to "date him up" ahead of time.

Take the case of J. H. Gundy, of Wood, Gundy & Co., for instance—

But that would be too much like starting the story in the middle and leaving the really odd part of it out. The odd part of it is that not so very long ago J. H. Gundy couldn't make any kind of a speech, let alone eclipse his fellows at the trick. And the paradox is that just because J. H. Gundy found he was a flat failure as a speech-maker he finally developed into an orator, now constantly in demand, first at one public affair and then at another.

J. H. Gundy as a boy was thrilled by the eloquence of great Canadian orators. His father was a Methodist minister and he came of stock with oratorical gifts. One of the secret ambitions of his youth was to become a polished and forceful platform speaker. He thought he had it in him to make powerful addresses, and believed his opportunity would come in time. It did come sooner than he expected. The net result of his first appearance before an audience would have proved a bitter and permanent disillusionment to any one with less grit than the Gundy boy. He found he was so shy he could scarcely walk to the spot from which he was to deliver his neatly-written-out oration. When he opened his mouth to speak his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, his face flushed a violent red and his hand trembled so he could not make out his notes. The audience seemed to swim before his fevered vision like a lot of flashing gargoyles of derision taking a sinister delight out of his embarrassment. Somehow he struggled through with it. He does not know to this day what he said or how he said it, but it was borne in upon him with no lack of certainty that as a public speaker he was a rank failure.

What did J. H. Gundy do—give up speaking in disgust and swear never to invade the rostrum again?

No, he did nothing of the sort. Clearly he saw that this inherent shyness and embarrassment which came over him when called upon to address others was going to ruin his chances in life if he did not conquer it. He forced himself to welcome the chance to appear in the limelight whenever the opportunity offered, though every such occasion at first was looked forward to with dread. To give himself no quarter, no chance to escape along the plane of least resistance, he joined several debating societies—all that he had the time to attend. He kept at it till he conquered his shyness entirely. He became one of the regular speakers in the Toronto M.Y.M.A.—Methodist Young Men's Association.

That's how J. H. Gundy became the speaker he is to-day—a man constantly in demand all over the country to address Canadian Clubs, Boards of Trade, Chambers of Commerce, and other similar public organizations. In fact, I am told his spare time is often dated up for weeks ahead. His fame as an organizer and speaker has traveled far and his voice has been listened to of late, not only in National and Empire organizations, but at councils of world-thinkers, including the economic conference held last fall at Brussels, Belgium, where the greatest economists and financiers of the world were gathered in conclave.

### A Man of Multifarious Activities

MR. GUNDY has an extraordinary capacity for hard work and yet is able to keep himself in the pink of condition. Incidental to attending to his duties as an active executive of Wood, Gundy and Company, where he is a human drive-wheel for the financial organization, he is almost constantly in demand as an organizer and director of public campaigns of one sort and another. During the war he acted on the Government War Trade Board, was Vice-Chairman of the special subscription committee for the second and third Victory Loans and finally represented the United States and Canada at the financial conference of world nations held last fall at Brussels.

Just how does such a man maintain himself in perfect health, and, after long hours of concentrated effort, turn up next morning at his office buoyant as a schoolboy? How is he able to shed the cares of business directly after he leaves his office? I asked him if he had some personal hobby that took his mind off his work, remarking that I had noticed in a recent biography that his hobby recreations were listed as riding and golfing.

Mr. Gundy smiled a bit wryly.



J. H. Gundy is boyish-looking for a man who has made the record he has, as a financier and a public speaker. No, he hasn't cleaned off his desk just on purpose to have it photographed; that's the way he likes to keep it all the time.

"The biographer was somewhat in error. I have no hobby recreations," he contended. "As a diversion I am rather fond of public organization work, but you can scarcely call that a hobby."

"But how do you keep yourself in first-class physical and mental shape? Don't you ever find that prolonged mental strain has its effect on you constitutionally?"

"Oh, yes, sometimes I become tired out. When I do I rest till I feel quite fresh again."

"Rest?"

"Yes, sleep. If I have had a hard week of it and feel fairly well done up, I go to bed immediately and stay there till I am thoroughly rested up.

"It is true," added Mr. Gundy, "that I *hare* played a little golf and done some horse-back riding, but I never went in for either sport as a hobby. I carefully eschew outside of business hours all pastimes which mean concentration of mind. Golf and bridge tax one's concentration. Proper rest—sleep, and lots of it—I find is the one best method of keeping fit all the time."

Mr. Gundy is an extraordinary mental mixture of nervous energy and calm reserve. Since youth he has been noted for keen and reliable judgment, and his quick insight on a given situation suddenly arising is sometimes almost weird. While he represents the enthusiasm that makes him a born leader and organizer, a splendid will-control keeps him calm, cool and unperturbed no matter what the crisis may be. He has trained himself to carry a load of responsibility without fretting over it.

Worry by Mr. Gundy is considered excess baggage. His philosophy with regard to business cares might be illustrated by the story of the woman with the basket of eggs, who, after she got on a street car, held the basket in her hand over the arm of the seat. When she voiced the weariness of her arm and shoulder to the conductor, the latter said: "Madam, if you'll place the basket on the floor at your feet the car will carry it and the eggs for you."

That possibly is the secret of how Mr. Gundy keeps himself fit and fresh. When he has completed the tasks of the day he places business cares "on the floor" and lets them abide there till it is time to take them up again.

### He is a "Clean Desk" Man

WHEN I was ushered into his private office he was finishing up the dictation of a number of letters to his secretary. They claim a man's desk holds the key to his personality in the arrangement in which things are kept thereon. The polished surface of the Gundy desk was innocent of any document save a little pile of neatly-arranged papers at his elbow. These he had evidently scanned previously and had placed in their present order Just now he sat sidewise at his desk, head resting on the palm of one hand while he gazed out the eighth storey window and dictated replies to his correspondence without further reference to the data back of him.

In this position the aggressive profile of the man stood out in bold relief. His head is leonine, I should say, the lower face oval with a strong jaw that sets squarely and in a tense moment can instantly bring the genial curves of the mouth into a straight determined hair-line of decision. The full-back-head balancing the high brow and temples, the strong lines of the neck and the deep chest are outward indications of the vitality and staying-power of the man. Physically he is of medium proportions.

In repose the lines of J. H. Gundy's face betray the dreamer. To test out my own conclusions I cut from an illustrated paper a recent photograph of him and showed it to an acquaintance of mine who prides himself on his ability as a physiognomist.

"What would you set that man down as?" I asked him. He studied the picture long and minutely before he replied:

"I would set him down as an artist, an author or a young preacher."

When informed that he was none of these but a leading financial man, the physiognomist exclaimed: "Oh, well, I'll admit there's business ability and will-power in that face, but those eyes and that mouth are the eyes and mouth of an idealist."

Which statement helps to confirm a growing personal conviction that a very large percentage of our most successful men-of-affairs are self-repressed idealists.

Much has been said and written about Mr. Gundy's very youthful appearance. As a matter of fact he is a comparatively young man considering the business responsibilities that have fallen upon his shoulders and the high type of service he has been called upon at various times to render for the Dominion of Canada and in the interest of world affairs. There is scarcely a suggestion of "crow's feet" at his eyes or grey on his temples. Clean-shaven, full and clear of eye, buoyant of figure and carriage, he is a striking type of this business age in Canada when one meets so many youthful-looking men at the head of affairs.

### Picking Subordinates

BUT if an observant stranger met J. H. Gundy in his outer office he would scarcely mistake him for a clerk or a junior executive. For all the youthful contour of his features and his boyish figure, the air of authority sits unconsciously upon him, and it is Experience that looks out at you from under the straight brows. His gaze is not piercing nor disconcerting; instead his steady, slow-moving eyes are kindly and thoughtful. Still, you have a feeling after one of his polite but sweeping glances that you have been analysed and mentally catalogued in the Gundy mind for just about all the composite of your address and personal appearance represent.

Associates say he never makes mistakes in judging the capabilities of men he comes in contact with, though Mr. Gundy himself does not admit this.

*Continued on page 46*

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## What Does Future Hold For Mankind?

*Demand Will Be For One World-Empire Rather Than For a League of Nations.*

H. G. WELLS

IN ONE of a series of articles in the *Review of Reviews* (British) on the "Probable Future of Mankind" H. G. Wells emphasizes the necessity of a single World State rather than a League of the various Nations of the world. The idea at first seems chimerical and Utopian but Mr. Wells claims that we are all ready to sneer at Utopias as elderly invalids sneer at the buoyant hopes of youth. Let us, therefore, follow him in his ideas as to the manner in which this single World-Empire is to be brought about:—

"The activities of a cult which set itself to bring about the world-state would at first be propagandist, they would be intellectual and educational, and only as a sufficient mass of opinion and will had accumulated would they become to a predominant extent politically constructive. Such a cult must direct itself particularly to the teaching of the young . . . teaching children throughout all the earth the common history of their kind, and so directing their attention to the common future of their descendants. The driving force that makes either war or peace is engendered where the young are taught. The teacher, whether mother, priest, or schoolmaster, is the real maker of history; rulers, statesmen and soldiers do but work out the possibilities of co-operation or conflict the teacher creates. This is no rhetorical flourish; it is a sober fact. The politicians and masses of our time dance on the wires of their early education.

"Teaching then is the initial and decisive factor in the future of mankind, and the first duty of everyone who has the ability and opportunity, is to teach, or to subserve the teaching of, the true history of mankind and of the possibilities of this vision of a single world-state that history opens out to us. Men and women can help the spread of the saving doctrine in a thousand various ways; for it is not only in homes and schools that minds are shaped. They can print and publish books, endow schools and teaching, organize the distribution of literature, insist upon the proper instruction of children in world-wide charity and fellowship, fight against every sort of suppression or restrictive control of right education, bring pressure through political and social channels upon every teaching organization to teach history aright, sustain missions and a new sort of missionary, the missionaries to all mankind of knowledge and the idea of one world civilization and one world community; they can promote and help the progress of historical and ethnological and political science, they can set their faces against every campaign of hate, racial suspicion, and patriotic falsehood, they can refuse, they are bound to refuse, obedience to any public authority which oppresses and embitters class against class, race against race, and people against people. A belligerent government as such, they can refuse to obey; and they can refuse to help or suffer any military preparations that are not directed wholly and plainly to preserving the peace of the world. This is the plain duty of every honest man to-day, to judge his magistrate before he obeys him, and to render unto Caesar nothing that he owes to God and mankind. And those who are awakened to the full significance of the vast creative effort now before mankind will set themselves particularly to revise the common moral judgment upon many acts and methods of living that obstruct the way of the world-state. Blatant aggressive patriotism and the incitements against foreign peoples that usually go with it are just as criminal and far more injurious to our race than, for example, indecent provocations and open incitements to sexual vice; they produce a much beastlier state of mind, and they deserve at least an equal condemnation.

"So far the movement towards a world-state has lacked any driving power of passion. We have been passing through a phase of intellectual revision. The idea of a world unity and brotherhood has come back again into the world almost apologetically, deferentially, asking for the kind words of successful politicians and for a gesture of patronage from kings. Yet this demand for one world-empire of righteousness was inherent in the teachings of Buddha, it flashed for a little while behind the sword of Islam, it is the embodiment in earthly affairs of the spirit of Christ. It is a call to men for service as of right, it is not an appeal to them that they may refuse, not a voice that they may disregard. It is too great a thing to hover for long thus deferentially on the outskirts of the active world it has come to save. To-day the world-state says, 'Please listen, make way for me.' To-morrow it will say: 'Make way for me.' The day is not remote when disregardful 'patriotic' men hectoring in the crowd will be twisted round perforcé to the light they refuse to see.

"'I will believe in the League of Nations,' one man has written, 'when men will fight for it.' For this League of Nations at Geneva, no man would dream of fighting, but for the great state of mankind, men will presently be very ready to fight and, as the thing may go, either to kill or die. Things must come in their order; first the idea, then the kindling of imaginations, then the world-wide battle. We who live in the bleak days after a great crisis, need be no more discouraged by the apparent indifference of the present time than are fields that are ploughed and sown by the wet days of February and the cold indifference of the winds of early March. The ploughing has been done, and the seed is in the ground, and the world state stirs in a multitude of germinating minds."

## The World's New Leaders

*World Waits For Coming of Youth—New Men and New Ideas.*

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

WRITING in the English *Review of Reviews* on "The Hope of Europe," Sir Philip Gibbs draws a gloomy picture of bungling and dissension, and semi-anarchy. But for all that he sees the promise of better days ahead:

"All that is a black picture of a year of history," he says. "Yet there is, surely, hope. In spite of all blackness I see light ahead, or think I do. In this past year there have been the faint stirrings, at least, of a world conscience which presently may lead to action, changing the whole aspect of the scene. Beneath all the hard crust of materialism and cynicism which have Europe in their grip at the moment there has been, as far as I can trust my own observation, a welling-up of generous, ardent idealism which presently, and very soon I think, will break through the crust and prevail. I write of what I have seen and heard in Europe, and I feel that in spite of the black record I have given there is the glimmer of dawn of a new and nobler age. If I am wrong then there is no hope at all for Europe. But in railway trains, restaurants, wayside places in many countries, I have met men and women of all classes who are inspired by a desperate will to break the old spell of evil which now prevails and to establish a new order of things which shall fulfil in some degree the hopes and ideals which came to them in the agony of war—the destruction of militarism, the security of common folk, a closer fellowship among civilised peoples, a resistance to the old men who made the war, and a cleaner system of social life, within and across the frontiers of nations. I have found amongst these people a consciousness that the old gospel of force must give way to new ideas, and that Europe can only be saved by a reconciliation of nations, exchanging their resources of wealth and labor, helping each other out of the ditches of despair, wiping out the war debts, and abolishing the old barricades of commercial rivalry. This I am convinced is the faith of great numbers of people in every country of Europe, thwarted for the time being by the dead-heads—the men with the old ideas, who still have their hold upon the machinery of government—but not always to be thwarted.

"As a distinguished Frenchman has said to me: 'The dead-heads cannot live for ever. Soon they must die and then youth will prevail.' The world waits for the coming of youth—the new men with the new ideas born out of the convulsions of war. It waits for its new leaders. At the present time they have not come forward. There is no sign from them. But surely below the surface of the old order of things, the new spirit is quickening and will produce its men. If not, then, again, we are doomed. Perhaps they will not appear in the year that is coming, not before more tragic happenings have scared us, but nothing, in my belief, can check the triumphant assertion of a new leadership which will presently take up the control in all European nations, and work for the ideas of peace and fellowship beyond national boundaries. For that is the only hope of Europe, and there are many who know it.

"At present it is difficult to climb out of the ditch of our moral degradation, due to war fever and exhaustion, but I seem to see among our people and others a thirst for a spiritual call which will give them a new faith in life, and reconcile them to the distresses and sacrifices still to be endured. For we shall have to face poverty and hardship, I guess, whatever happens, and it is only by spiritual valour that they may be endured with any cheerfulness. It is a chance for the leaders of religious thought if they will only apply the Christian principles to life with utter honesty, for after all the eight beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount are more convincing still than Wilson's fourteen points, and would heal the wounds of the world if nations as well as individuals vowed allegiance to them.

"In the human way of work, not wholly unspiritual, there is another agency of good

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will to which I, at least, cling with real hope. At Geneva I saw the work of the League of Nations and believe now that, in spite of all cynicism, all jibes, all sound criticism, it may be a potent influence in the reconstruction of the world.

"This League, with no authority based on force, unable as yet to impose any decision by means of force, ill-supported and even flouted by statesmen of the Big Powers within it, is a training school of moral justice, and its power is that of ideas and consent regarding the general welfare of all peoples. It will be worse than useless if it is not supported by the passionate convictions of the peoples themselves. It will be merely a narcotic, drugging simple folk into a state of complacency. But there is no reason yet why it should not obtain a tremendous reality of power, if the peoples of the world press forward to enforce its judgments and uphold its authority, and insist upon it, with passion, if need be. The United States will join the League in some way or other, I am certain, and that will give it at once a new reality, for the American peoples are realists and not afraid with diplomatic timidities. Germany and Russia must be invited to come in without further delay. The masses of common folk in all countries must submit their distresses, their sickness, their passions, their aspirations and their agonies, to the League, and demand judgment and help, and refuse to be denied. Why should that not happen? That appeal to the world's parliament by the world of men and women? The League of Nations is just at its birth, and may be strangled at birth, as it will deserve to be strangled, if it is merely inspired by senile trickery instead of by the spirit of the youth of a new age. I think the new leadership of youth when it comes should find here their instrument of action. If it will not work, and proves but a blunt, ineffective thing, then I see no hope for us at all, but only despair in the face of new wars, new massacres, and the end of all that we still find good in life, as white men and heirs of splendid thought. I still have hope. There is, I believe, this light beyond the darkness of our present state. Who believes so too must work with that hope, which is the best we have."

# Bismarck's Account of Dismissal

*Sale of His Book in Germany Prevented by Friends of Wilhelm II.*

*Neue Zuricher Zeitung*

FOR more than a year the friends of the old régime in Germany have by legal chicanery prevented the publication of the third volume of Bismarck's Memoirs which describes his relations with the late Kaiser. A correspondent of the *Zurich Times* gives in this article a résumé of Bismarck's account of his dismissal as Chancellor:—

"The decisive moment approached. In January and February, 1890, a few weeks before his dismissal, Bismarck had a new dispute with his master. During a scene at the Berlin palace, which he pictures vividly, he abruptly put the point directly to the Kaiser: 'Apparently I am in Your Majesty's way?' And he continues: 'The Kaiser assented by remaining silent.'

"Suddenly the Chancellor's feelings swung completely around. His old defiant spirit, all the anger, all the capacity to hate of his passionate nature, turned against his tormentor, and he resolved to make the dismissal as hard as possible. It is true that he takes good care not to put this in his memoirs, but the powerful chapter headed 'My Dismissal,' reveals in every line a man determined not to retire tamely after all he had done for his country, but to be driven forth amidst the clash of arms. At several cabinet sittings at which the Kaiser presided, all the members either actively or passively sided with the latter against the Chancellor.

"Finally, toward the middle of March, the Kaiser became more urgent and seized the occasion of the late visit of Windthorst, the Centrist leader, to Bismarck, to create a scene. He announced that he would call on the Chancellor at nine o'clock in the morning, in such a way that the old suffering, sleepless Prince did not learn of the proposed visit until half past eight. When Bismarck courteously intimated this fact to the Kaiser, the latter remarked curtly that he had sent the message the previous noon. Thereupon he bitterly reproved the Prince for receiving Windthorst. The latter insisted that it was within his rights to receive distinguished public men at his home. Thereupon the Kaiser answered: 'Even though I, as your sovereign, forbid it?' Bismarck said, 'Yes.'

"The Kaiser then referred to the new Reichstag, the proposed social insurance law, and other measures regarding all of which, as he knew beforehand, he held different opinions from those of the Prince. Last of all he reverted to his favorite project, of making another visit in the near future to the Tsar of Russia. Bismarck had waited for this. He calmly took a document from his portfolio, and glancing at it, cautioned the Kaiser against another visit; for a few days previously a report had arrived from the German Ambassador In London, Prince Hatzfeld, repeating some very malicious and contemptuous opinions which the Tsar had expressed of the Kaiser, and which had been reported to the Ambassador through trustworthy channels. The Kaiser demanded further details. Bismarck refused. The Kaiser ordered him to read the report. Bismarck continued to refuse to read to him personally anything so unpleasant; but held the report in his hand as a temptation for his sovereign. He was not deceived. The impulsive, curious, youthful Kaiser suddenly seized the memorandum and read it himself. He turned pale and was most disturbed, for as Bismarck maliciously relates, 'There were really some mighty mean things about him in it.' The Kaiser terminated the conversation, 'and contrary to his usual custom, he merely extended to me carelessly in parting the hand which was holding his helmet.' However, the old Chancellor does not record what the Tsar really said about the Ge . an monarch.

"This vividly pictured scene, to which Bismarck ascribes the rapid approach of the climax, is followed by two pages of explanation, showing why he felt it his duty to inform the Kaiser of the contents of the report, since he otherwise could scarcely have been prevented from visiting Petrograd. He remarks in this connection that he took all reasonable precautions to prevent the Kaiser's reading the memorandum personally. Nevertheless one can read between the lines the diabolical delight of the great Chancellor at being able to dangle under the nose of his enemy the real opinion of his imperial Russian colleague.

"Bismarck, who had followed a pro-Russian policy for thirty years, regarded the whole affair as a piece of nonsense; but his calm exposition of the facts only excited further the rage of his already angry master. Added to this was the notorious controversy as to whether Cabinet members were to deal officially with the Kaiser in person or through the Chancellor. Bismarck insisted on the strict observance of the unbroken precedent which had existed for forty years. The Kaiser insisted on dealing with his Cabinet officers individually, on the impulse of the moment. The Chancellor insisted that the practice hitherto observed be followed, and that a single mature opinion upon matters of policy should be submitted to the Emperor, and not six or seven hasty, immature, and often conflicting opinions. This was followed hy the intrigues among higher officials already familiar to the public. Eventually Bismarck attained his object. The patience of his impatient master was exhausted. At length the Kaiser directed Bismarck to order that the old procedure be changed, and Cabinet officers be directed to report immediately to the sovereign. This meant that Bismarck should practically sign his own abdication. He refused, but placed his resignation in the Kaiser's hands.

"During the preceding thirty years he had already employed the same threat a half dozen times or more, in order to bend his monarch to his will. On one occasion the old Kaiser returned his resignation with the marginal note 'Never.' This time, however, the young Emperor sent the chief of his civil cabinet that very day to receive the document. Bismarck composed it slowly and thoughtfully, taking his time. This did not suit the impatient young sovereign, who sent an adjutant to say, 'The Kaiser would like the letter by 2 o'clock P.M.' Bismarck's pride revolted. He answered: 'I am ready at any time to sign an order to resign;' but he insisted that a resignation worthy of the position he held in German history should be written with care and deliberation.

"The following pages of the volume contain this famous document, which was made public through an indiscretion the day after Bismarck's death. Following his resignation the title of Duke was conferred upon him, but he refused to accept it.

"Bismarck was forced to vacate the house where he had planned three victorious wars and created an empire in such haste that the halls and stairways were crowded with new servants, bringing in the goods of his successor, before his own servants had finished packing. The man who succeeded him was General Caprivi, to whom Bismarck devotes a short disparaging chapter, but whom the Kaiser in communicating his appointment to Francis Joseph described as 'the greatest German next to Bismarck.' As an epilogue to this important section of the book, there is a chapter entitled: 'Kaiser Wilhelm II.' Here Bismarck displays his literary ability at its best. With subtle malice and an appearance of historical impartiality, the character of the Kaiser is explained from the traits of his ancestors—in such a way as to make their weaknesses and blunders seem apologies for the weaknesses and blunders of the new ruler, while their virtues and strong qualities are simply passed over as not existing in the grandson.

"The book concludes with an acute criticism of the treaty concluded by Caprivi, exchanging Zanzibar for Heligoland, and a still more telling criticism of the failure to renew the treaty with Russia. With a tragic gift of prophecy, with true Cassandra vision, the old statesman foresaw what a calamity severing its old intimacy with Russia was to prove for Germany. And his final words predict with deep emotion the troublous times impending for the empire which he founded. 'Under these conditions I see great perils hanging over Germany, and indeed all Europe. The longer the catastrophe is delayed the more frightful it will be when it arrives.'"

# Labor Espionage in the U.S.

*Practice of Employing Spies in Industry is Now National in Scope*

SIDNEY HOWARD

ESPIONAGE in industry is not an institution which it is agreeable to contemplate. It has fortunately no place in Canadian industry, but judging from an article in the *New Republic* it has become quite general in the United States. It has been developing inconspicuously these many years, says Mr. Howard. Recent labor disputes show that it can no longer be considered in terms of locality. It seems to have become a factor in American industry as a whole. He continues:—

"Given an employer suddenly face to face with the probability of labor trouble in his plant, ignorant of the character and point of view of his employees, with no access to their plans, very fearful of their organization. The result is almost inevitable panic and the labor spy exists to exploit this panic. He capitalizes the employer's ignorance and prejudice and enters the plant specifically to identify the leaders of the labor organization, to propagandize against them and blacklist them and to disrupt and corrupt their union. He is under cover, disguised as a worker, hired to betray the workers' cause. Espionage in industry is not a credible institution, but it seems to go on very generally.

"The labor press of the last few years is filled with the records of spies discovered in unions and expelled from them.

"In December ten important officials of the labor unions of Akron, Ohio, were exposed as confessed and convicted spies of the Corporations Auxiliary Company, a concern whose business is the administration of industrial espionage. Last spring two similar corporations entered the courts of Philadelphia and left there a complete (and unpublished) record of their proceedings in the employ of the textile manufacturers of Philadelphia.

"It is strange that this business should have gained such a hold. It is strange that the employer should not reasonably suspect its effect. Though he propose only to relieve immediate labor difficulties by the destruction of a particular union, he may well accomplish very different ends. This labor spy, often unknown to the very employer who retains him through his agency, is in a position of immensestrength. There is no power to hold him to truth telling. The employer who depends upon espionage rather than upon his own eyes is, in great measure, at the mercy of his spy. The very nature of the spy's business makes it necessary for him to do either of two things. He may falsify his reports or create, through his own influence upon the workers, a basis upon which to report the truth.

"Wherefore we need not be surprised to find situations prearranged in the plant of a prospective client, strikes prolonged rather than broken, rioters furnished by espionage agencies along with strike breakers, trouble fostered where peace has been.

"Briefly, to retain a spy is to set, between employer and employee, a middleman whose business it is to stimulate the prejudice of the one against the right of the other, whose very livelihood depends upon the existence and continuance of trouble, whether real, imaginary or provoked. Industrial espionage is a curious substitute for industrial relations. In American industry it is an amazingly general and characteristic substitute and the evidence of its work is unbelievable and cannot be denied.

"It is most amazing of all that employers should have thought it profitable. But the scale of organization of industrial espionage stifles any doubt of its scope. Only a tremendous clientèle can justify it. It operates through the secret service departments of great corporations; the railroads, the United States Steel Corporation, the Western Union Telegraph Company and like corporations. Strike insurance companies maintain spy services. And, finally, a dozen vast detective organizations with branch offices in every manufacturing centre, together with hundreds of smaller local agencies, devote themselves exclusively to training and furnishing industrial spies, *agents provocateurs*, and strike breakers. It would be interesting to know how many men the business employs. One can only guess at thousands."



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R

**Praise Be.**—There is no graft connected with the building of mansions in the skies.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Nobody Home.**—No man knows how foolishly he can act until he attends a five o'clock tea.—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**Dead as Pharoah.**—What has become of the old-fashioned man who got on his knees to propose?—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**Lucky.**—Most men who complain that the world does not understand them ought to be glad of it.—Winnipeg *Tribune.*

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**Values.**—There isn't anything in Ontario worth as little as a ruble, unless it is a corkscrew.—Brockville *Recorder and Times.*

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**Late Chickens.**—Chickens come home to roost, but in these days they demand a latch-key.—Kingston, Ont., *British Whig.*

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**Tough on the Undertaker.**—If the conceit was taken out of some people there would be nothing left to bury.—Acton, Ont., *Free Press.*

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**More than One a Minute.**—An Alabama merchant bought a "gold brick" made of brass. Barnum underestimated.—Regina *Post.*

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**Ponder this, Greybeards.**—A woman can make a fool of almost any man, if nature hasn't got the start of her.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

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**Defined.**—Normalcy also means that a lot of the dear creatures will resume the practice of doing their own washing.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Overhead.**—Turkish wives are selling for $1.85 each. That's cheap, but it isn't the original cost but the upkeep that's expensive. Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**What Can This Mean?**—After all it does seem most descriptive in many cases to refer to Cabinet possibilities as "timber."—Peterboro *Examiner.*

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**Long and Dangerous.**—It's a long, long way to Tipperary, and unless you go in an armored car you'll find it worse coming back.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

**A Revised Version.**—They that take up the sword shall perish by the taxes.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**And Here's a Thought.**—Boys, isn't it difficult for a man to believe that he is as good as he expects his wife to believe he is?—Kitchener, Ont., *Record.*

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**Might as Well.**—A married woman's advice to men: "When in doubt, listen to your wife; if not in doubt, listen to her, anyway."—Hamilton *Herald.*

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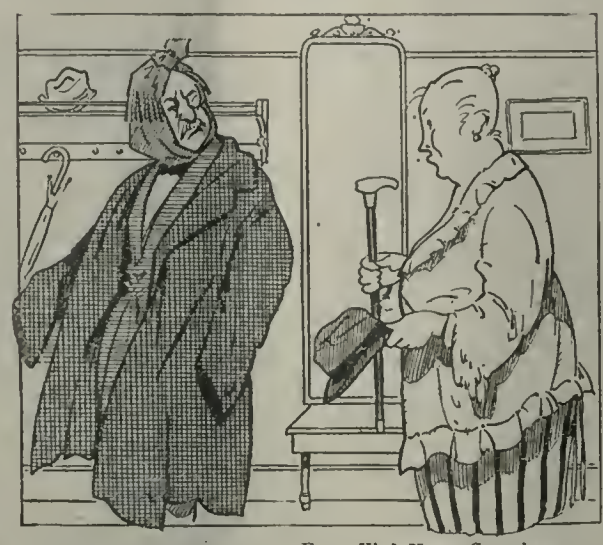
**Others Know Better.**—The magazine writer who expresses the opinion that "the day of the bosses is over" must be a bachelor.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

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**Petulant.**—A New York husband shot his wife for persistence in running up big bills. On second thought perhaps he was a little harsh.—Toronto *World.*

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**Not So Obvious.**—In some countries the groom also receives a ring. He does not, however, as one would suppose, wear it in his nose.—Kingston *British Whig.*



—From Klod Hans, Copenhagen.

"Don't forget that you have to see the dentist to-day, dear!"

**More Like Vice Versa.**—All the knocking that you hear going on in the world is not being made by the nations beating their swords into plowshares.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**Looks Puzzling.**—Germany protests so strongly about reparation that the world may ask like the British Tommy "Ere. 'Oo won the blinkin' war anyhow?"—Kincardine *Review.*

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**Simple Pleasures of Age.**—Some women are willing to admit that they are getting along in years for the pleasure it gives them to boast of the cuteness of their grandchildren.—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**A Poorly Paid Profession.**—Five hold-ups in Stratford resulted in net earnings for the footpads of $16.75. Such results will tend to drive gun artists back to common labor.—Toronto *Financial Post.*

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**His Personal Danger.**—That Boston savant who says that blonds are a menace merely convinces us that his particular menace is a blond. They are all deadly enough.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

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**Rooting Wrong.**—New York policemen are charged with being in collusion with bootleggers and rum-runners. What the big city wants is the cop that cheers but not inebriates.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

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**Too Much Moral.**—A group of American ministers has devised a moral gown. Having seen a picture of it we are content to have the ladies follow their own more interesting fancies.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**The Charm of the Unexpected.**—With a little practice you could make the ouija board give the right answer, but you can't do that with the home brewing outfit.—Kingston, Ont., *British Whig.*

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**Then and Now.**—A New York expedition is setting out to find the Garden of Eden. If they discover it, they might tell the ladies that fashions are beginning to look more and more like the old days.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**His Move.**—They had stopped on a lonely road, while the young man worked feverishly with the car.

"I can't start the engine," he said wearily, "the thing won't spark."

"Just like some people I know," she replied with a smile.—London, Ont., *Free Press.*

# Salvaging Submarine Victims

## *Divers Will Recover Treasure From 1,000 Ships Sunk By U. Boats*

STUART MARTIN

THE romance of diving is the subject of an article in *Chambers's Journal.* Thrilling tales are told of daring deeds by the men who carry their lives in their hands as they explore the depths of the ocean.

"Next summer," says Mr. Martin, "will see the biggest salvage operations undertaken around the British Isles which have ever been organised in the history of salvage. Already the British Admiralty have marked out the location of over a thousand ships which were sent to the bottom by German submarines. The chart which has been prepared embraces the entire south coast of England and the east coast up to Yorkshire. On this map are little black dots which represent ships of from two hundred tons to ten thousand tons now lying on the ocean-bed. Before the end of the summer many of these ships will be raised, and will be hauled into dry dock to be repaired and refitted. All of these ships lie in water not more than a hundred and fifty feet deep.

"From several of these ships divers have already brought up bullion to the value of many thousands of pounds, but in others it is the cargoes which represent the real wealth. The recovery of sunken treasure always appeals to the imagination of the landsman. To the diver romance is lost in the near approach of danger.

"One of the most famous divers of recent times was Alexander Lambert, a man of iron nerve and tremendous courage, whose record is full of triumphs over almost unsurmountable difficulties. On one occasion he was engaged in fixing copper sheets to a coal-hulk off Diego Garcia, in the Indian Ocean, and for several days in succession a shark visited him at work, and hung around waiting for a chance to make a rush. Each day it ventured nearer. Lambert, by opening his air-valve, frightened it off once or twice. It soon got used, however, to the swirl of escaping air, and after a few days refused to take any notice of it, but waited, eyeing the diver all the time. Lambert determined to rid himself of the intruder, and one morning, when he went down and the shark arrived as usual, he signalled to his attendant for a large knife and a rope with a noose. These were lowered from the boat above, and down in the gloom of the ocean-bed a grim drama was swiftly played.

"The diver held out his bare hand as a bait to the shark. The monster moved forward, slowly at first, then turned on its back for the attack. Its great jaws opened. Quick as thought, Lambert withdrew his hand, plunged his knife several times into the white belly, passed the noose round the shark's body, and signalled to the attendants to haul it up. It was dragged to the surface, struggling and fighting; and Lambert returned to his work.

"The most dangerous foe encountered in the ocean depths is the octopus. If this horrible creature once gets its tentacles fastened on a diver's suit, it seldom lets go until it is killed. There are cases on record where the struggle has terminated only when both diver and octopus have been hauled to the deck of the salvage-boat locked together. Captain Gardiner, of the American Salvage Company, was once working at a wreck, when he was horrified to see the long arm of an octopus waving in the water near him. The remainder of the creature was hidden in a dark cavern. Gardiner waited until the slimy horror had crawled into its resting-place, and then he signalled hastily for a charge of dynamite to be set down. This he laid at the entrance to the hole and blew the octopus to pieces.

"Perhaps the most prominent instance of salving specie was the recovery of ninety thousand pounds sterling from the *Alphonso XII.*, which sank off Point Gando, in the Grand Canary. The ship lay under one hundred and sixty-five feet of water, and besides the great depth, there were bad weather conditions to contend with. The pressure of water was seventy pounds to the square inch—enough to crush the life out of a man but for the resistance of the air in his suit. Lambert, whose name has already been mentioned, was the diver engaged to search for the specie. He blasted his way through decks, doors, and two saloons, and great was the excitement when the chief of the expedition sent home a cable: 'Lambert has got both scuttles open and got into the magazines. The boxes of gold are there.'

"It was Lambert also who saved the situation when the Severn tunnel was flooded some years ago. A door in the drainage-tunnel had been inadvertently left open. The door was a quarter of a mile from the shaft, in which the water had risen about forty feet. Lambert went down, and began to creep through the narrow passage. Débris floated thick in the flooded tunnel, but with rare coolness and courage he crawled among the wreckage for that long and dangerous quarter-mile, and succeeded in closing the doors. It was owing to this daring act that the pumps were able to overcome the water, and the work of completing the tunnel proceeded.

"It is interesting to watch a diver being dressed. First he removes his own clothes, and puts on a great quantity of warm underclothing — guernseys, long stockings reaching over the knees, and in some cases a woollen cap. These are all needed because of the cold experienced at great depths. Then a shoulder-pad is put on, and the attendants wriggle the diver into the rubber suit. Outside stockings and a canvas overall are added to protect the dress, and then the helmet is screwed on. When the diver has stepped over the boat's side, two men are told off to man the pump and look to the 'lines.' A tap on the helmet signifies that all is ready, and the diver waves his hand and sinks slowly out of sight.

"Round each man's waist is a life-line, inside which are the telephone-wire; a mouthpiece is fixed inside the helmet. The signal code is still in force, however, and is in use almost as much as the telephone. It is possible, indeed, for the attendants in the boat to put two divers in communi-





# Washing for beauty

THIS is to tell you how to make washing your face the most important of all beauty treatments. How to wash so thoroughly that every tiny pore and minute gland is cleansed from poisonous accumulations of dirt and oil. Yet to wash so gently that your complexion is soothed as you cleanse it.

The secret is *using the right soap*—soap with a mild, lotion-like lather. And in using such soap scientifically, as we explain here.

### *Wash with Palmolive and your two hands*

Palmolive Soap makes a wonderfully profuse, creamy lather, which you should work up and apply with your two hands. Use these same hands for rinsing. Use tepid water, but finish with ice cold.

Apply as much Palmolive Cold Cream as the skin will absorb, wiping off the surplus. Then look in the mirror and admire the becoming freshness and rosy bloom of your complexion.

Just before going to bed is the ideal time for this thorough cleansing. If your skin is unusually dry, we advise using Palmolive Cold Cream before you begin washing. This supplies the lacking natural oil and keeps your skin smooth and supple.

### *Why Palmolive is so mild*

Because it contains the mildest, most gentle of natural cleansers—the Palm and Olive oils discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt.

Cleopatra knew their value—they served her both as cleanser and cosmetic. They adorned the marble baths of the Greeks and Romans. Today their scientific combination in Palmolive Soap achieves the final toilet luxury.

### *Why it doesn't cost more*

Users of Palmolive may wonder why it isn't very expensive. Why this extra fine facial soap can be bought at the price of other soaps.

The answer is—Palmolive is so popular that it forces production in enormous quantity. The Palmolive factories work day and night, ingredients are purchased in almost unbelievable volume.

The result is a moderate price which puts Palmolive within the reach of everybody, everywhere.

Palmolive is sold by leading dealers and supplied in guest-room size by America's most popular hotels.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO, ONTARIO

# PALMOLIVE








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# She Keeps Her Hold on Youth

She has vanquished Time. Aglow with health, still flowering with beauty, exultantly she greets each day.

How many women past the first golden score of years are so filled with joy of life? Four out of five, probably, are afflicted with Pyorrhea—that disease of the gums which marks its victim with the blighting touch of Age.

Pyorrhea begins with nothing more alarming than tenderness and bleeding of the gums. But as the disease progresses, the gums recede, the teeth decay or loosen; and Pyorrhea germs seeping into the system through the gums cause many ailments. Medical science has proved this in the greatest clinics of the world.

End your Pyorrhea troubles before they begin. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

### How to Use Forhan's

*Use it twice daily, year in and year out.* Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down.* Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in Canada and the United States. If your druggist cannot supply you, send price to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

*Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.*

**Forhan's, Limited, Montreal**




cation with each other by simply turning a switch, the conversation being carried on through the tiny telephone 'exchange' above; and constant communication is kept up between the divers and the men above, who are always on the alert for signals. One pull on the breast-rope signifies 'Are you all right?' An answering pull from the diver means 'Yes;' but if the pull is given on the air-pipe by the attendant, it means 'Search (or remain) where you are.' On the other hand, if the diver pulls the air-pipe once he wants 'less air.' The person receiving the signal repeats it to show that he has understood; and the signal which sends a thrill through every 'tender' is four pulls on the air-pipe. It means 'Haul me up,' and no diver ever gives these four pulls unless something has gone seriously wrong.

"The greater the depth to which a diver sinks means the greater the pressure, and it is reckoned that no man can safely work under more than a hundred and fifty feet of water. But Admiralty divers—who are the most scientific in the world—have sounded two hundred and ten feet. At that depth the pressure is about ninety pounds to the square inch, and there is also the fact to be reckoned with that the deeper a man goes the less daylight is available. Water-tight electric-lamps have been devised, but even with their aid it is difficult to see more than a few feet in the sea, and consequently the men work more by instinct than sight. The electric-lamp, moreover, is a great attraction to fish of all kinds, which swarm round the divers' helmets, peering with startled eyes at the strange intruders into their world.

"In some waters these fish become such a nuisance that divers eject coal oil into the water round the lamp—and if there is anything a fish detests, it is coal oil."

# New Wonder City

*Agnes C. Laut Forecasts Boom Town in Peace River.*

AGNES C. LAUT

THE opening of the oil rush to the Mackenzie River country it is forecast will make of Edmonton another Seattle, for the part which Edmonton will play in this rush will be identical with that of Seattle in the rush to the Yukon. But curiosity now centers as to where the new "wonder city" of the far West is to be located. For Agnes C. Laut tells us in an article on "The Coming Big Cities of the Canadian West," appearing in *Financial Post,* the coming boom north of Edmonton is to create a brand new Canadian city of potentialities. Incidentally, she says there are four other established urban centers in the Canadian West which will immediately start to feel growing-pains:

"But it would also be ignoring the record of every city in the Western States not to acknowledge that every city at present existing in Western Canada may some day exceed the wildest boomster's wildest hopes. Winnipeg will some day be a second Chicago. Moose Jaw and Regina will some day be the second St. Pauls and Minneapolises. Calgary and Edmonton will some day be second Kansas Cities and Omahas. Prince Rupert and Vancouver will some day be second Seattles and San Franciscos. And yet another city of which the foundation has not yet been laid will some day be a Spokane in Northern British Columbia between Edmonton and Prince Rupert.

"The point is—how soon?

"Is it worth while hanging on to high priced property for high future profits for your son's grandson? Will it pay to pay present taxes for ten years, for twenty years, for thirty years?

"I leave Saskatoon and Battleford and Prince Albert out of these categories because high as taxes are in one of these cities and low as bonds have fallen in another, they never laid out areas for a prospective Chicago. Saskatoon never had a boom at all, in the wild proportions of other booms. It grew rationally and naturally. So did Victoria, which bids fair to become Canada's Los Angeles, a winter playground.

"Which cities have the prospects for immediate swift development?

"If you examine facts rather than hopes, five loom on the immediate horizon. The others will grow exactly as local production grows. The five are Winnipeg, Edmonton, Prince Rupert, Vancouver, and some city between Edmonton and Prince Rupert. The last may be in Peace River. It may be in Northern British Columbia. Oil, railroads, mines, farm output, coal output will increase this unknown city; but it is inevitable that in this area of eight hundred miles east and west, fifteen hundred miles straight north, such a city should spring up as supply centre for farm, oil wells, mines, lumber, rail development. I do not wish to invoke court-martial by saying which place will become that city. It may be in Peace River; or it may locate between Prince George and Prince Rupert. It is up to these places to invoke their local gods and local enterprise.

"However other Western cities may grow, these five must climb to the same proportions as Chicago, Kansas City, Seattle and San Francisco. The fifth I have not named. If I should name it, it would be a sheer guess. It may be Grand Prairie, Peace River, which has made a good start. It may be Prince George. It may be Hazelton. It may be Terrace, with a terrain much like Spokane's; or it may be some place not yet on the map, created by a sudden find in oil or gold, by a conjunction of new railroads, or some huge pulp or smelting industry; but if you measure the distances in a circle from Edmonton to Prince Rupert and Vancouver, you will see the circle has to have a supply centre to cut its diameter of eight hundred miles into four hundred."

# How Van Horne Rose

*Would Consider No Man Who Believed in Impossibilities.*

WALTER VAUGHAN

STIRRING and inspiring is the life-story of Sir William Van Horne, whose fame as the builder of the Canadian Pacific railway is world-wide. Sir William, whose death occurred in 1915, was born in Chelsea, Ill., in 1843. In spite of the fact that his parents were extremely poor, his biographer tells us, he somehow managed to spend his early life in intense study. At fourteen years of age he took up telegraphy and joined the Illinois Central railway. A succession of promotions on one road after another culminated in his appointment, in 1881, as general manager of the Canadian Pacific. Van Horne, says his biographer, was given ten years in which to complete the great transcontinental road, and he finished it in five. In 1890 he was made president of the road, and in 1899 chairman, which position he held until 1910. He died in 1915. The following are a few extracts from the story of his career, published by the *Century Company* of New York and written by Walter Vaughan:

"How a visit from the general superintendent, who at that time was the chief executive officer of the Michigan Central, gave young Van Horne a definite ambition is told in a letter, written shortly before his death to his grandson:

" 'I found myself wondering if even I might not somehow become a General

# Borden's ST. CHARLES EVAPORATED MILK

## Yes! as good as it looks!

Pastry to delight and tempt any appetite. Cake that is smooth textured, light and fluffy; biscuits that are mealy, tender and flaky—thanks to the richness of Borden's St. Charles Evaporated Milk "with the cream left in."

And no wonder it makes such delicious pastry—for Borden's St. Charles is twice as rich in butter fat as ordinary milk, for with 60% of the water removed it is the equivalent of cream, pure and rich—as fresh and sweet as on milking day.

And for every cooking use it is equally helpful. Its full creamy richness adds immeasurably to the goodness of soups, gravies, creamed vegetables and all dishes where milk is necessary, while for tea, coffee and making cocoa its creamy consistency makes it delightful.

In buying milk remember the name Borden's St. Charles, or, if you prefer a sweetened milk, Borden's Eagle Brand, for they are more than mere trade names. They are a pledge of good faith and a surety of satisfaction. It is the name the great majority of Canadian housewives go by in buying milk.

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It is Free. Contains many delightful and practical recipes. Your request will bring it immediately.

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Montreal



Superintendent, and travel in a private car. The glories of it, the pride of it, the salary pertaining to it, and all that moved me deeply, and I made up my mind then and there that I would reach it. And I did ten years later, at the age of twenty-eight.

"'I only mention this to show you that an object can usually be attained through persistence and steadiness of aim, for from that day the goal I had promised myself was never out of my mind, and I avoided every path, however attractive, that did not lead in its direction. I imagined that a General Superintendent must know everything about a railway—every detail in every department—and my working hours were no longer governed by the clock. I took no holidays, but gladly took up the work of others who did, and I worked nights and Sundays to keep it all going without neglecting my own tasks.'

"Believing in simplicity of education and in stripping all non-essentials from the curricula of schools, he invariably pointed to work as the key to success. His 'one best formula' for success in any career was: 'Interest—Work—Facility.' The first induced and stimulated the second, and practice of the second brought the third. 'Nothing is too small to know, and nothing too big to attempt,' was one of his favorite maxims. 'If you approach a big thing, make an extra effort and do the biggest thing,' was another.

"Abhorring graft and dishonesty in every form, he was able at an early stage to discover and stop leaks in a rather lax organization. Van Horne was too big and far too busy a man to be much disturbed by the character of his reception. As the days slipped by, closer contact brought understanding, which ripened into mutual respect and liking. His 'amazing versatility and his knowledge—it seemed—of everything' won the admiration of his fellow workers; and in the end, his personality with its heartiness, its swing, its magnetism, brought them irresistibly to a loyal and devoted acceptance of his leadership.

"In his Winnipeg office, where a maze of matters always clamored for immediate attention, he found time between hurricanes of work to talk on any conceivable subject. His powers of endurance were such as to give rise to many legends which still linger in the West. Certainly he worked all day and every day, and frequently far into the night. Occasionally he would spend a night at the club, playing poker or billiards, never willing to relinquish the game until he had beaten his opponents either by superior skill or by the supremacy of greater physical powers. 'Then,' as a contemporary has recalled, 'about 6 a.m., when the rest of us were nodding in our chairs, he would rub his eyes and go down to his office for a long hard day's work.'

"The lines already built out of Winnipeg did not escape his attention. His unexpected visits to the station-yards were as eventful as ever. They left men with a new and more vigorous conception of traffic handling. The operations under his direction required a great driving force which he was well able to furnish. His methods were often drastic and sometimes ruthless, but without employing them he probably could not have accomplished what he did.

"'If,' he said, 'you want anything done, name the day when it must be finished. If I order a thing done in a specific time and the man to whom I give that order says it is impossible to carry it out—then he must go.'

"Anything like inefficiency aroused his instant wrath, and he would dismiss out of hand all the employees in a yard where he found the traffic stupidly handled.

"Self-willed, determined and dominant, gifted with a natural genius for construction and an intuitive grasp of engineering problems, and thoroughly versed in the practice of western railroads, his ideas frequently clashed with the theories of the engineers.

"'He always acted,' one of them said, 'as if nothing were impossible. He hated the expression "can't," and he deleted the word "fail" from his dictionary. He wasn't always right. He was the kind who would go out to the side of a mountain and say, "Blow that down!" He wouldn't ask if or how it could be done; he would just say, "Do it!" Sometimes the thing was impossible under ordinary circumstances, but he had such luck! Some accident or other would happen so the thing could be blown up or torn down without any harm coming of it. His luck, his daring, and his fearlessness just carried him through.'

"It is more probable that his success in wrestling with engineering difficulties was due to the application of his strong common sense, his experience, his genius for construction, and the large view he was compelled to take. These advantages were not always possessed by the trained engineer who had to carry his ideas into effect. An anecdote is related which shows his forceful methods.

"One day a locating engineer was summoned to his office. He found the general manager at a desk covered with plans and profiles. Van Horne threw a profile over for his inspection.

"'Look at that. Some infernal idiot has put a tunnel in there. I want you to go up and take it out.'

"'But this is on the Bow River—a rather difficult section. There may be no other way.'

"'Make another way!'

"As the engineer stood irresolute, another question was hurled at him.

"'This is a mud tunnel, isn't it?'

"'Yes.'

"'How long would it take us to build it?'

"'A year or eighteen months.'

"The general manager banged his desk with his fist, and cracked out an oath like a thunder-clap.

"'What are you thinking about? Are we going to hold up this railway for a year and a half while they build their d—d tunnel? Take it out!'

"The engineer took the objectionable profile and proceeded to take himself away. At the door he turned seemingly studying the profile.

"'Mr. Van Horne,' he said, 'those mountains are in the way, and the rivers don't run all right for us. While we are at it, we might fix them up too'.

"As he left he had a glimpse of the chief lying back in his chair, shaking with laughter.

"The order went out to the locating staff, and after several determined but seemingly hopeless attempts a Scottish engineer effected a location which avoided a tunnel. He was rewarded for his work by the gift of a handsome bonus.

"Ten years had been allowed the company by the government for the completion of the line. Van Horne had built it in less than five, and had smashed all records for railway building.

"Appreciative of the value to the railway of uniform politeness and courtesy to passengers and customers, Van Horne succeeded in imbuing the personnel of its service with the same appreciation.

"'You are not,' he said, rebuking a conductor who had quarreled with an irritable passenger, 'to consider your personal feelings when you are dealing with these people. You should not have any. You are the road's while you are on duty; your reply is the road's; and the road's first law is courtesy.'

"On another occasion an engine-driver demurred to taking his train across a dangerous trestle.

"'Here,' said Van Horne, 'get down and I'll take her over myself.'

"'Well,' said the engineer, 'if you aint afraid, I guess I aint either.'

"Of far more moment than his courage and insouciance was the enthusiasm and faith in the work with which everywhere and at all times he inspired the men working with and under him. His boundless vitality enabled him, it seemed, to project his own spirit into the thousands of men engaged in the work. He always seemed to be on the spot or never far away. Said one 'Mr. Van Horne dropped in here and there, surveying the work and inspiring it. We never knew when he was coming, but he was so completely in touch with all the work that he gave the impression of being on our section all the time.'"

# Circumventing the Criminal

*How the Criminal Works and How He May Be Outwitted—Outlined by One Who Knows Because He Is An Ex-convict*

AN EX-CONVICT

"PEOPLE let themselves be robbed! They make it so easy for us," said an ex-convict writing in the New York *Independent* on how the public may protect themselves against the criminal. "I have served a term in prison, and I know, from the inside, the plain facts of crime. I offer here, by way of reparation, the real truth for the first time.

"The average apartment house dweller in any city or town waits till *after* the burglar has robbed him to seek some means of protection against burglary. This applies particularly to the newly married folks. They seldom take sufficient precaution against theft. He may possibly buy a new-fangled, 'burglar-proof' lock and she may insist that he take out burglar insurance. But that is usually their whole idea of protection.

"Take, for example, an average couple living in the average cheaply constructed dwelling of flimsy material. He placed the extensively advertised lock on his door and felt a huge degree of comfort. His apartment was now secure against burglars. He had both the lock and the burglar insurance. One evening they went to the theater. When they reached home again she became hysterical while he tore madly around to the nearest police station. His apartment was burglarized. The handsome, new lock that he had put on the door lay a pitiable wreck on the floor. Many things had been stolen, others destroyed. Then the truth dawned on him that his insurance would not nearly cover the cost of his loss.

"Later on, I talked to the burglar who had done the job and who in the meantime had been apprehended.

"'It was a measly flat job,' he said. 'I "jimmied" the door (forced it with a chisel, the end of which is bent for increased leverage) and heard the lock snap out of its socket, but the door wouldn't open. It had me puzzled. I tried the door in three or four different places an' it would not open all the way. It was a big, heavy door, an' I was mad. I tried once more. I pushed with all my might, and then I noticed the door held at the bottom. The poor fish had put his lock on the bottom of the door, thinking it would make the door more secure, but he might have saved his trouble, for I broke the door down.'

"No lock made can resist the terrific pressure from a 'jimmy.' Locks and burglar insurance have, in the final analysis, but a limited sphere of usefulness. The lock only delays the burglar and the burglar insurance is at best a remedial measure. The wise course is to plan burglary prevention and it must be done by co-operation. Organize among your neighbors a protective league! For a nominal sum all the apartments in the building can be wired with burglar alarm systems. Then should a burglar attempt to gain entrance, all the tenants in the building will be immediately notified! It will do a twofold service; prevent a burglary and help in apprehending the thief. Such a league would make its members' homes practically burglar-proof.

"Mutual co-operation, then, is the most powerful weapon the people have against the burglar who threatens property and life. Locks will not keep the burglar out—or your valuables in. It makes little difference if you are at home or away; if the burglar thinks there are valuables in your home he will try to get them, and once he has broken in he is apt to stop short of nothing—not even murder.

"Burglars gain their information about you in various ways. They know, for instance, when you are not at home. There is always a small space between the bottom of a door and the floor. By lying flat on his stomach, a man can get a fairly comprehensive view of the inside of the room. With senses alert and tense, the burglar sees with his ears almost as much as he does with his eyes. He hates to be interrupted or disturbed at work, and so he makes certain that you are not in before he enters your door. I have been told that the ears of the burglar are so sensitive that he can hear the breathing of a sleeping person. If the space between the floor and the door is not large enough for the burglar to see what is going on within, he can, without the least bit of noise, by the assistance of his 'jimmy,' raise the door a little higher, and you may be in the same room without hearing it. There should be some kind of curtain over the keyholes and bottom of the doors.

"Failure to remove the mail from your letter box is a sign that you are away; so are drawn shades.

"The houses of the rich are of course a frequent target. Burglars read the newspapers, you know, and they very often get important information from them. They know then that Mrs. Blank is to attend the opera and that she has had her jewels sent to her home from the safe deposit vaults; the burglar knows that those jewels must be left somewhere in the house before they are put on for the opera, and naturally he makes it his business to find out where.

"Burglar alarms, remember, are of no earthly use should you leave your home with a window open—no matter if you do live on the fourth or fifth floor. It is almost as easy for the burglar to gain entrance to your home from the fifth floor as it is from the street floor. Rope ladders are used far more than the police care to admit, and they are long enough to reach three or four stories. Close all your windows when you go out! If you have not electrical protection—i.e., a burglar alarm system—place a heavy object against the window most easy of access, so that when the window is opened from the outside the object will fall to the floor, warning the family below that all is not right upstairs.

"A telephone to the police will do the rest.

"Keep an eye on your dumbwaiter shaft! In seven cases out of ten, the burglar will gain entrance to your home via the dumbwaiter. The catch the builder puts on the dumbwaiter door is of practically no value. Immediately on entering a new home the first thing to do is to place a bar across your dumbwaiter door and leave it there whenever you go out.

"Remember always: 'An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure'."

# Chinese Secret Societies

THE secret society is one of the wicked institutions of China. These evil organizations flourish in the far west. Their power is tremendous. They borrow animals from the farmers and omit to return them, says a correspondent of the *Times*, (London, Eng.)

"One poor man who had the temerity to try to recover his horse was visited at night by a batch of members, who put lime into his eyes and cut out his tongue. Although completely blinded and unable to talk, the man recovered and invoked the law. The society bribed the magistrate, and justice was not forthcoming. But in retaliation the man's son was killed and his body mutilated. The blind father thereupon took the weary 12 days' journey to the provincial capital, led by a little son of 10, and when last heard of was seeking redress from the higher authorities. Although his assailants are known, nobody seems to expect that he will get any satisfaction.

"There is little law for the poor in this country, though they are not without their own methods of securing justice when roused to the breaking point.

"In these days of irresponsible soldiery voyaging on the Upper Yangtsze is a continual source of excitement. Foreign steamers are always being fired upon, and occasionally there is tragedy, which the Legation concerned brings home to Peking. Peking, of course, is all regrets and apologies, and compensation is speedily forthcoming.

"But the Legations know that the rascals who do the shooting are beyond the control of the Central Government, and they have given up seeking guarantees against recurrence of such attacks. It is instructive of the state of things on the Upper Yangtsze that all British steamers carry a naval gunner with a machine-gun, sand that the bridge and other vulnerable points are protected by steel plates."

# SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS




## SHER-WILL-LAC




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WHAT if the floors of your home **have** become scuffed and worn—you can easily beautify them. Sher-Will-Lac, a brush, a little pleasant work and your shabby soft wood floors are transformed into a beautiful glossy surface that will stand a lot of hard wear and which closely resembles expensive hardwood.

And Sher-Will-Lac is good for furniture, too, and for doors, wainscotting and interior woodwork of every description. With very little trouble you can make your home attractive and can use for years furniture that you have been intending to destroy.

Sher-Will-Lac is a transparent stain and varnish mixed in correct proportions and ready to use. There are thirteen exquisite shades, put up in convenient sized containers—¼ pints, ½ pints, pints, quarts and gallons.

Consult the Sherwin-Williams agent in your town, He carries a complete stock of Sher-Will-Lac and will be glad to assist you in selecting the exact shades you require.

**THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.**
*of Canada Limited.*
*Head Office MONTREAL.*

# Transport is Key to Prosperity

*New Transportation Methods for Great Britain.*

RIGHT HON. SIR ERIC GEDDES

THE importance of good roads as a vital factor in the prosperity of a country is not lost sight of in Great Britain if we may judge from an article in the *London Mazagine*, by the Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, the British Minister of Transport, on the subject of transportation.

Speaking of the measures to be adopted for road improvement he says:

"The end of this uncertain and unsatisfactory system is in sight. Owing to the broadminded voluntary taxation of mechanical road users as a whole, we may anticipate to-day an era of road construction which, I think, will mark the greatest stride forward since the Romans made their first highways in this country.

"The first step is the classification of our roads now being carried out by the local authorities in co-operation with the Ministry of Transport. About 12 per cent. of the main roads in the country will be classified as first-class; about 14 per cent. as second-class, and the remainder as third-class. The first-class road will be a great, broad, reasonably straight highway, with a dustless, waterproof surface, without bad curves or awkward bridges, radiating and traversing the country from north to south and from east to west. In places where the traffic is heavy these roads will be paved with the most durable small granite sets on a reinforced concrete archway. Where traffic is lighter and high-speed the road will have an asphalt surface, or a tar-macadam surface, and eventually, where the traffic is fast but very light, they will have a tar-sprayed, dustless surace.

"To these roads, in respect of the national and non-parochial character of the traffic, the Ministry of Transport, from the Road Users' Fund, is to contribute 50 per cent. of the cost of construction and maintenance. The great body of mechanical road users realise that good roads are their greatest friend, just as bad roads are their worst enemy, and they have unanimously agreed to provide the rest of the money.

"The second-class road—towards which the Ministry of Transport from its fund will pay 25 per cent. of the cost—will be a good broad highway, I hope in time with a waterproof, dustless surface, and capable of carrying high-speed mechanical transport satisfactorily.

"On these roads the high-speed class of vehicle—for safety, and in order to reduce wear and tear on tyres, and to maintain a level speed—will tend more and more to concentrate. The remaining 74 per cent. of the roads of the country—which will be the ordinary country lanes and byeways—relieved of much of the motor traffic, will remain more as they are to-day. They will be used for agricultural traffic, for the pedestrian and cyclist, and will be far less interfered with than they would otherwise be by the passing motorist, as motor traffic will tend to keep to the special highway routes constructed on a uniform and continuous 'gauge.'

"The problem of rapid and smooth transport depends, however, mainly on railways. Our railways are in many respects justly described as the best in the world. There is no passenger travel more comfortable than upon the great express trains north, east, west and south of London. The trains are fast and frequent; the carriages comfortable compared with those in other countries; the baggage is well looked after, and very little is damaged in transit.

"It is true that in this country we have no Express Companies, such as exist in the United States; but still, for example, the retailer in Edinburgh before the war booked an order from his customer, wired to London for it, and delivered the order the following day, and could count upon being able to do so—a regularity and frequency of service unequalled by any railways that I know of in any part of the world."

Sir Eric then goes on to point to the necessity of economy in operation owing to the small truck load carried on the railways and of the plans which have been formed for amalgamation of the various lines.

"Briefly," he continues, "we hope to put the railways into five or six big operating units. Having got, say six groups—six big operating units—we propose, first of all, that within the units they should economise by raising the standard of operation in a way they have never been allowed to raise it before—never been allowed to raise it by you and by me as members of the community, because up till now they have not been allowed to amalgamate. Then, by standardisation within their systems, and by raising the operating efficiency and by standardisation with other big group systems, we would gradually get the level raised. As you raise the level, you will gradually overcome—by comparison of cost of figures, which show which system is doing well and which system is doing badly; by statistical units of efficiency (which are the only test that can be applied in railway working)—the difficulties created by our century-old practice of parochial development. Not only will our lines be the most comfortable and in many ways the best in the world, but they will also become far cheaper and far more economical than our present systems, working with the handicaps which are inseparable from an old industrial and highly-developed country.

"In this country we actually get less goods traffic over each mile of running track per annum than was obtained in pre-war days in Prussia, Germany, Belgium the United States, and other countries. Our average net, or paying, train-load is 134 tons of freight; in the United States, in 1917, it was 533 tons; and in Prussia, in pre-war days, it was 236 tons.

"There is no doubt in the mind of anyone who has studied the subject that tens of millions can be saved annually by economies in the operation of our railways if we depart from the old parochial system and amalgamate all the little independent lines into large operating units, which will, in turn, raise the level of efficiency throughout the country to the standard of other great civilised countries in the world.

"As a result of competition in the past, we have ample trunk lines—what is wanted now is greater efficiency.

"That is the vision of the Ministry of Transport for railways."

# Women Serve on Juries

*Excuses Given By Those Desirous of Giving Up.*

*Daily Mail*, England

TOUCHING and humorous scenes followed the recent calling up of the women for service in juries in the Old Country, according to the *Daily Mail*. All were middle-aged and many were elderly. Some were in mourning, and few seemed pleased with the work before them.

"Of the 24 women who were called 10 made excuses, while one did not appear. Of the 10 who wished not to serve 8 were granted release. The attempt of one woman to be excused caused amusement. She was a stout woman, wearing a squirrel coat and carrying a squirrel muff. She wore a black satin dress, and in her hand was a gaily colored handbag. On her name being called she cried 'Excuse' and made a dart at the Common Sergeant's seat, but an usher pointed out that she must wait her turn.

"When her turn came to give reasons for not being empanelled she had a ready excuse.

"'I am a business woman,' she exclaimed with vigor. 'I am in charge of a factory full of people. I am the designer.'

"'You must spare time from your work for public duties,' commented the Common Sergeant. 'You must recognize that this is no excuse. If I granted you exemption all other employers would expect not to have to serve on juries. Have you any other excuse?'

"'I don't quite know how I can make any other,' came the quick answer.

"'Would you like to serve later on?' asked the Common Sergeant.

"'Oh, if I've got to serve I might as well serve now and get it over,' was the reply.

"One woman claimed exemption on the grounds that she had a tobacconist's shop which no one else could look after.

"'A one-man business?' asked the Common Sergeant, unconsciously humorous.

"One woman pleaded hard. 'I'm awfully nervous,' she said earnestly. 'I am not at all suitable. I don't feel up to it, and my health is not at all good.'

"'Don't you think you will be able to sit quietly in the box and listen to evidence?' she was asked. 'You will not be cross-examined there.'

"'I am not strong-minded enough,' she persisted. 'I am sure there are plenty who would enjoy it.'

"To her great relief, she was excused on the grounds of ill-health.

"Far more of the women begged to be excused in proportion than the men. Mrs. Bumstead expressed the matter clearly to a *Daily Mail* reporter. "I am glad to serve, in a way,' she said, 'as the work interests me, but I should like to be excused. This work means that a woman has to get up much earlier so as to get some of her housework done before she starts. I had to be up at 6 o'clock this morning.

"'A woman too, if she is away from her house for some time, may lose money by having someone else to do the housework and the shopping who may not be so careful. Women jurors should have special retiring-rooms, and should be given luncheon as they have to have their breakfast so early.'

"'I know one thing we women will do,' said a jurywoman decisively after being in the court about half an hour. 'We will make the lawyers wear clean wigs and have better manners.'"

# Gambling and Golf

*Monte Carlo Adds Another Interest—and Healthier—to Casino.*

FEW golf courses in the world have been more written about than that at Monte Carlo. But, according to the *Times*, (London, Eng.,) it deserves its notoriety. To get to it you have a 40 minutes' climb in a motor-car (unless you go half way by rack railway) up the mountain side on a road which chases its own tail on the edge of precipices; and at each breathless turn you get a new view of the wonderful coast below—Monte Carlo. Then, after this almost incredible run up and in this upland wilderness, you find a club-house managed on the lines of a first-class Paris restaurant. You lunch as at Paillard's or the Café de Paris.

And the golf? To attempt to make a course up here at all was an audacious enterprise. To have actually made one of 18 holes of no mean length and good variety is a great achievement. But the task is yet a long way from done. The possibilities are such that it could be made a positive attraction which would bring large numbers of visitors for the game itself. What is needed, now that all the adjuncts are so charming, is patient work—labor—on the course.

However, enough players go up there now, and not on competition days only, to load the motor-omnibuses. Sometimes one looks with misgiving at the number of people that they carry; and if one of them should chance to take a short cut down the precipice it would be something of a loss to the Empire. For you know already how many notable people there are at Monte Carlo now, and all of them, sooner or later, go up to Mont Agel.

# He is a Celtic Enigma

*President Obregon of Mexico Is An Irishman Named O'Brien.*

CURRENT OPINION

A CERTAIN fabulous "O'Reilly who kept the hotel," was made famous by the well-known wartime song, but this fictitious character by no means outshines a certain "O'Brien" in the flesh for sheer romance and adventure. For "O'Brien," we learn from *Current Opinion*, is the real name of Alvaro Obregon, the new President of the Mexican Republic. Obregon, the periodical goes on to relate, has most of the characteristics of an Irishman even to a "rich, musical voice, blue eyes and auburn-tinted hair." A number of writers, it appears, have lately been making character studies of the new first executive of Mexico—

"Obregon derives his Hibernian traits from an ancestor who fled from Cork as far back as the days of Emmet, and the family name is really a localized form of O'Brien. Thus it happens that the chief of state is a Celt all over, and, if any doubt lingered, it would be settled by what Doctor E. J. Dillon says in the *Saturday Evening Post*, to say nothing of the impressions of Sophie Treadwell, in the New York *Tribune*, and the eulogies of the correspondent of the Paris *Matin*. French dailies, studying Obregon with care, liken him to Don Patricio Lynch and to O'Higgins, both Spanish-American adventurers who achieved immortality with Celtic traits. Obregon commends himself to almost every one because he wants to get things done, because he fights generously and heroically, and, while a figure in a cape and sword, is practical and sensible. His romantic attitude to life is an inheritance from his mother, perhaps, for she could handle a gun and pursue the bandit to his lair. She belonged to a good family which had come down to poverty because the rebellions with which it concerned itself proved fiascoes.

"He seems to be the only member of his family to acquire wealth. Precisely how rich Obregon is has become a topic of discussion among his enemies, but there is no reason to suspect that his fortune is of doubtful origin or that it is disedifyingly large. He was already well-to-do when he was a little past thirty and to-day he is forty. He is the possessor of a ranch developed through his own enterprise and now, apparently, quite profitable. He has a substantial bank account. He owns shares in an important trading concern. He ascribed this prosperity to a trait which, he thinks, he possesses above all others—prudence. If he is an adventurer, he is not a reckless one. He made it a rule early in life to save a substantial proportion of all his earnings and his habits are to this day frugal. He will wear a coat until it shines and he has been seen with patched shoes. He is without the convivial propensities that were so conspicuous in some Mexican presidents of the immediate past and he is accused of lack of respect for religion. He is certainly without piety as that word is defined in his own country, and his relations with the exalted ecclesiastics of the capital have been unpleasant. One of his heroes is Bolivar. He loves horses. He has a philosophy instead of a creed and in the course of conversation he was once heard to say that the quality which makes for success in life more than any other is patience. Sophie Treadwell, after much study of the Obregon personality, reaches the conclusion that he is really illusive. His character is always in a state of flux. He fears no question and answers it offhand. He seems frankness incarnate, but he conveys a paradoxical impression of subtlety, of being a multiple personality so cunningly integrated that one never detects an inconsistency."

# Calming Waves with Compressed Air

*Effective Method of Stilling the Waves of the Sea.*

ROBERT G. SKERRETT

WRITING in the *Compressed Air Magazine* (New York) Mr. Skerrett describes an invention of Philip Brasher for quieting the troubled waters of the ocean. That this can be done by the use of oil is well known. Mr. Brasher's method, however, consists of an "air breakwater" consisting of a pipe beneath the waves from which bubbles are discharged.

It was the destruction of a bulkhead by the sea which first gave him the idea. We read:—

"Having done his bit as a cow-puncher and an expert football coach, he knew that a runaway steer or a racing player could be best brought to earth by pulling his legs from under him.

"Somewhat in the manner of an inspiration the thought came to him suddenly, after he had pondered the subject for a while, that compressed air injected into the body of a billow would serve this end. But before explaining the method finally adopted by this ingenious engineer let us consider the nature of a deep-water wave.

"Wave-motion, broadly speaking, is a transference of energy by vibration, and may or may not, according to the nature of the wave, induce an actual advance of the wave-mass. Therefore, we have waves of two sorts, those that merely rise and fall by reason of the oscillations of their constituent particles and those that tumble onward pounding violently with the force of their falling waters. The oscillatory wave is well exemplified in the case of a vigorously shaken blanket. The fabric ripples from the hands outward to the farther edge, deceiving the eye by the apparent translation of the material, but even so the blanket as a whole does not move on. In a kindred manner the surface of the sea is agitated in deep water without the substance of the ocean shifting its position.

"From the very start, Mr. Brasher sought to attack storm-waves at a point well off shore, while they were rolling smoothly onward. He knew that he could not deal with the tremendous rush of big breakers. And now for the method by which he dissipates the menacing wave by compressed air. Just as in the case of the steer and the football-runner, his line of attack is from below; and his tripping agency is a wall of rising air-bubbles driven upward through the water along the line of least resistance.

"As he explains: 'The direction of the motion of the water is changed to such an extent that the continuity of the wave is broken and it collapses. That is to say, every particle of water going to make up a wave is acted upon by a body of air capable of lifting it and retarding its forward motion. It follows, then, that the water which should flow back to form a base or a foundation for the next oncoming wave is so delayed that the succeeding wave, finding no support, curls over and breaks.'

"For the subaqueous distribution of his air Mr. Brasher employs a perforated pipe laid athwart the line of advance of the seas to be dealt with. A basic patent was granted him in 1907 after six years of research. In the course of that work he established the fact that waves of great height could be broken up so that the remaining surge was incapable of doing injury.

"In the summer of 1908 a fairly large plant was assembled at Crotch Island, Maine, where the wharf of a quarry was so exposed that boats could not be loaded when the wind was from the east. When put to a crucial test the waves were rolling in so high that they sent their spray flying over the tops of the trees along the shores. Within fifteen minutes after compressed air was sent bubbling surfaceward, the water lying inside of the breakwater was smooth enough for the superintendent of the quarry to paddle about in a canoe!

"The fourth application of the system was for a very different service. It was employed to shield the United States steamship *Yankee* from the open sea while being salvaged. The performance of the apparatus in that case is said to have been exceedingly helpful and, withal, quite remarkable."

After reciting other cases in which the device has been used with striking success, Mr. Skerret continues:—

"Finally, showing the force of example, a foreign oil concern is reported to have under advisement the placing of an extensive air breakwater of the Brasher pattern at a point on the south coast of England, where the Atlantic has a free sweep during the prevalence of certain winds.

"It may be remarked that other interests in the British Isles are seriously studying this type of protective medium as a substitute for the conventional breakwater or jetty of stone and concrete.

"The world may yet have ample reason to rejoice that a shattered bulkhead, in 1901, set Mr. Brasher to pondering how smashing seas might be robbed of their destructive violence. S imilarly, the pneumatic engineer should be gratified that the compressor can be relied upon to supply the needful disruptive energy."

# "Devil Duval's" Treasure

*Romantic Story of the Rock of Perce in Quebec*

*Chambers's Journal*

FULL of wild romance is the tale of "Devil Duval's" hoard on the Rock of Percé; and full of wild daring are the tales told of those who attempted afterwards to climb up and recover his treasure. So many lives were lost that early in last century an Act was passed in the Quebec legislature forbidding any one to make the attempt without authorization from the governor of the province.

The Rock of Percé, named from the fishing hamlet at hand on the coast of the Gaspé Peninsula, is one of the natural wonders of the North American Continent. Some terrific convulsion tore this rock from the near-by mountain many thousands of years ago, and left it standing some five hundred feet high, with a flattish top and beetling, unscalable sides. Once it was pierced by two caverns at its seafoot, through either of which a boat could sail, but one of them has collapsed, leaving only the greater, through which the sea thunders and boils in stormy weather.

Captain Duval was a French privateer, who after the Peace of Paris, February 1763, became a most daring pirate, on whose head the British authorities put a tall price. He, however, through his protection of and generosity to the French fishermen and settlers on the Atlantic seaboard, was kept well aware of the movements of the British against him. At last he was hard pressed, and likely to be captured; and having in his service a Micmac Indian, who was devoted to him, and aware of a secret trail to the summit of the supposed inaccessible Rock of Percé, Duval collected all his caches of treasures and set sail for Percé. The Micmac is said to have wormed his way to the top of the rock by means of an opening from the greater of the caverns. On arriving on the summit, he threw down a thin line, and with it hauled up a block and fall. Two prisoners were pulled up by him, and then came the captain himself. Boats containing the treasure in chests stood by below.

Tradition runs on that they were a day and a moonlight night getting it all up. Then the Indian came down, and Duval himself was lowered away. His sword was all bloody. With muskets he himself and his few trusted seamen shot at the tackle till it was cut through, too high up the rock for any one to reach. Then Captain Duval pulled for the ship and sailed away. He never returned, nor did any of his trusted men. Either the hurricane that burst the same night sent his vessel to the bottom, or she was sunk by the British men-of-war looking for her.



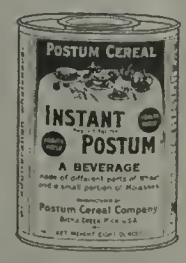


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POSTUM

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
143-153 University Avenue - Toronto, Ontario

# "Just a Subscriber"

The telephone bell tinkled and the Editor took down the receiver: "Hello; is that the Editor of 'MACLEAN'S?'"

"Yes, Madam; but who is speaking?"

"Oh, I'm just a subscriber—Mrs. K., of Lawton Blvd., if you wish to know—but I want to know if I can get an earlier copy of the next 'MACLEAN'S'"

"But why?"

"Well, you see, I am leaving for Florida the end of the week, three or four days before I usually get my copy, and I simply *must* know what happens in the next chapter of 'Pawned'—does Claire have to marry that awful Dr. Crang? And surely poor John Bruce doesn't die?"

This is typical of the tense interest being aroused by Frank Packard's serial. The Editor, in the case of the feminine subscriber just referred to, told her that even in the *following instalment* there is no certainty as to whether Claire will wed John Bruce or Dr. Crang. The suspense is the same, chapter after chapter, in Mr. Packard's masterly fashion—and if you—who are "just a subscriber"—don't get *every* issue there's going to be something missing in your literary life.

## See What You Get!

And there will *always* be a serial—sometimes two—and if you know the quality of MACLEAN'S serials you will realize that there'll be adventure—action—love interest—and suspense in every one. "The Valley of Gold," by David Howarth, which starts in MACLEAN'S in July, is another such attention-compelling yarn that to miss one of its six instalments would be almost a disaster.

And "The Gates of Tien T'ze," by Leslie Howard Gordon; as a melodramatic thriller of the best type, this hasn't been excelled by anything of a similar character which has ever appeared in a Canadian periodical. This will be served up in five huge chunks!—starting May 1st.

You'd be surprised to know how many letters which reach MACLEAN'S editorial sanctum state, in effect, that "I read 'MACLEAN'S' and have dropped regular reading of all other magazines because I haven't the time to devote to them. If I have to cut down my ration to *one* magazine then it's 'MACLEAN'S' without a doubt."

## It Pays to Renew Promptly

***Co-operation is essential to the Successful Completion of all things—in society and in commerce. You can co-operate with MacLean's to your benefit—in this way. YOUR Subscription is essential to the success of MacLean's. YOUR money helps materially to build a worth-while national magazine. Promptness in renewing lessens labor here—it eliminates uncertainty. You make sure that you do not miss an issue. And you make sure of quicker and better results to you. Promptness means a more valuable service than is possible with delayed subscriptions. Co-operate for service—Renew promptly.***

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"


# The Criminal Tribes of India

*How They Are Being Reclaimed—Salvation Army's Good Work*

*THE TIMES* (London, Eng.)

THE activities of the avowedly predatory tribes of India have always been a slur upon progress. It was not till 1918 that measures were concerted and a definite scheme evolved for dealing with the trouble. The *Times* article gives us some account of the tribes themselves and of the success achieved.

"On January 8, 1917," says the writer, "a census was taken throughout the Punjab of the criminal tribes. The professedly thievish population, vagrant or domiciled, was estimated at 150,000. As a result of a summary classification of malefactors, the worst gangs were removed to the reformatory. Others have been received into industrial settlements, where they are given good wages, or they are allotted land in the Canal Colonies, or having obtained employment in the neighborhood where they have settled, they may be exempted from registration, struck off the list of malefactors as a reward of good conduct, and admitted into the category of law abiding members of society.

"The most notorious and characteristic tribe is the Sansi. If one knew the heart of the Sansi, one would be wise in the ways of all. Snake-charmers, cuppers, bear and monkey leaders, jugglers, basket-makers, leeches, acrobats, dancers, carriers, cattle dealers are among their ostensible occupations, but they are all thieves and wanderers from their birth.

"The police have reason to fear the womenfolk. When the camps are inspected after a raid only women, children, and old men are found, and a tribe of dogs whom the amazons set on the invaders by clapping their hands. A Sansi informer is rarely known.

"Degraded as they may be, the Sansis are among the aristocrats of the settlement. If any stock have more reason to be proud, it is the Baluchis, who hail from Jhang. These are cultivators and cattle-lifters, as distinct from the others as the border thief from the prowling pickpocket. Yet they have pride, and are no ordinary thieves. A cattle-lifter of Jhang almost assaulted the gaol superintendent who associated him with a gang of suspects in some cases of petty theft.

"'You are a thief,' the gaoler said, 'a convicted thief. Why protest so loudly? It is a difference only in the degree of shame.'

"'I have lifted cattle,' the Baluchi retorted, his eyes on fire with rage, 'and I am proud of it. But you charge me with pilfering clothes. An infamous disgrace. I would as soon permit it to be said that I had been beaten with shoes.'

"At the other end of the scale are the Gandhilas and Kuchbands. The Gandhilas—the dirty ones—are the filthiest inmates of the jail.

"The Kuchbands, spare creatures of a shiny ashen blackness, dispute with the Gandhilas eminence in the category of the unwashed. Loudly do they declaim against the devitalizing effects of the new life. For the first few weeks they lose weight. They will die, they say, if they are denied their carrion, their dead crows and snakes. They fear and abhor a roof, the symbol of exclusion from the old, wandering, open-air, tented life, and they protest that if they drink milk the curse of Devi will fall upon their heads. 'Any complaints?' the superintendent will ask in a week or two when the gang is apathetic and resigned. No complaints. The belly is filled; the body is amply protected from cold; the spirit alone complains.

"We have painted the gloomier side of the process of reclamation, but it must be remembered that the inmates of the reformatory, as they prove amenable to discipline, are drafted into other agricultural settlements, where the degree of restraint is relaxed. Splendid work has been done by the Salvation Army, who are the pioneers of reclamation among the criminal tribes. Hindu, Sikh, and Mahomedan societies have followed suit. The result is a new type of criminal tribesman, who feels that he has a niche in the cosmos. Employers of labor are no longer chary of him. There is a great demand for these erstwhile outlaws, not only as agricultural tenants and laborers, but on the railways, in industrial workshops, mills, carpet factories, military works, tea gardens, dairy farms, and in a dozen different subordinate positions. Work is no longer repugnant. The Sansi in the reformatory and the Sansi in the workshop, farm, or tea garden is a very different being. But the Sansi working on his own land, or on land that he hopes to make his own, confident, through his proven fitness, of the ultimate grant of occupancy rights, is the happiest product of the system. He has no regrets."

# Greece's Great Renunciation

*A Striking Story of the Curious Volte Face of the People*

PIERRE DE LACRETELLE

THERE is something inexplicable in Greece's sudden renunciation of the ideal and idea of democracy and progress, as represented by Venizelos. Pierre de Lacretelle writing in the *Journal des Debats* tells of the strange *volte face* of the Greek people.

"People," he says, "who have watched the election campaign here at Athens for a month, feel that the utter defeat of the Liberal Party is almost inexplicable, and are tempted to lose confidence in the Greek people.

"Late in November Venizelos made a triumphal journey throughout the principal strongholds of the opposition, and was received everywhere with such excessive manifestations of enthusiasm and adoration that they seemed even to embarrass him. The whole population crowded about him, bending over when he passed to kiss his hands and his garments. At Patras, a reactionary stronghold, and Syra, Corinth, Saloniki, Chalkis, and Volos, similar incidents occurred as late as November 11. All Athens flocked around the balconies when Venizelos delivered his terrible indictment of Constantine. His discourse was punctuated at almost every word by friendly applause and solemn protestations. A hundred thousand men marched through the city afterwards, singing hymns glorifying their liberator. Gounaris, the leader of the opposition, and his partisans were discouraged. The moderates acknowledged their defeat, and reconciled themselves to a policy of rebuilding their party after the election. Venizelos himself, ordinarily so reserved, admitted publicly that the manifestations of support surpassed his hopes; and in a private conversation on November 17 he estimated that the opposition would win but seventy-five seats in parliament.

"Only a few days later the Liberals were crushed and ceased to exist, as a party. Venizelos was beaten in Athens, and deserted by half of Crete and eastern Macedonia. In a word, the situation completely reversed itself, and Venizelos' party will have hardly as many representatives in Parliament as they conceded to the former opposition.

"Painful scenes have accompanied the shattering of the former government here at Athens; but they must be described if we are to understand the hopeless capriciousness of this nation.

"During the morning of the fourteenth, a rumor circulated that the opposition was discouraged and had decided to refrain from voting; and as a matter of fact very few who were not Liberals presented themselves at the polls up to three o'clock in the afternoon. Thinking that they had won the election, the Venizelists, in the happy-

go-lucky manner of Orientals, chose to parade through the city in cheering groups instead of watching and remaining about the polling places. Balloting here is a very long and complicated process. Every voter has to listen in succession to one hundred and seven speeches of instruction and to deposit that number of ballots in as many different ballot boxes.

"Toward four o'clock in the afternoon the opposition began to flock to the polls in throngs which could not be counted; for they had hitherto pretended to be Liberals of the most enthusiastic kind.

"Still no one doubted the victory of the Venizelists until about ten o'clock that night, when a friend of the Premier's arrived at full speed at Hotel Great Britain, where his party had its headquarters. Pale as death and trembling, this man blurted out that the first returns uniformly showed a majority for the opposition. An indescribable panic immediately seized this little group and spread into the town. A crowd speedily gathered in front of the Liberal Club demanding the returns. It wavered between hope and despair for two hours before receiving this statement:

" 'The returns give a slight advantage to the opposition, but when the soldiers' votes come in we hope to recover our majority.'

"Immediately the most prominent members of the party gathered about Venizelos, and tried to prevail upon him to proclaim a military dictatorship. However, the Premier, who was the only one to keep his head, resolutely refused. He wanted an honest election and intended to obey the wishes of the people. He calmed the panic, but declared that he would not accept office if his majority was due to the votes of the soldiers. His friends objected to this that it had been useless, then, to allow the soldiers to vote, if their wishes were to be disregarded. After a long debate, which at times was very violent, the Premier yielded to their persuasion on this point.

"First and foremost, however, was the duty of maintaining order and preventing violence during the crisis. He feared that the soldiers might make trouble, fancying that they were still loyal to him, and telegraphed to the commanding officers at Smyrna and Thrace, appealing to them to remain at their posts for the honor of the country and the army.

"When Athens timidly awoke next morning, you would have hunted in vain in the windows or elsewhere for a single portrait of Venizelos, thousands of which had been displayed the day before. His partisans had prudently removed them. News from outside the city left no hope. Nevertheless, the prestige of Venizelos was still so great, his authority so dominated the timid masses, that he certainly could have bent the situation to his will, had he desired to supersede the law. You could see that the city still hesitated, waiting to know who was master, and ready to applaud the man who won.

"This atmosphere of uncertainty and distrust still prevailed when the first disorders occurred, and resulted in several deaths at various points in the city. The Liberals made no resistance, whereupon Royalist olive branches began to be displayed in public. Venizelos, desiring to prevent more serious disturbances, summoned the ambassadors of France and Great Britain and informed them of his final decision. A convinced democrat, he had no intention of maintaining himself in power by bayonets.

"He still hesitated to leave Greece; but an intercepted telephone message alarmed his friends lest he be assassinated; and they persuaded him to leave the country. By this time he had been abandoned not only by all Greece, but by his own party, which seemed to have vanished instantaneously in thin air. Most of the prominent leaders had already fled, and the only men who remained with the Premier were a few faithful friends, who were determined to hasten his departure.

"On Wednesday, November 17, about noon, an automobile took him to Piraeus, where he boarded a steamer for France. This time, however, no soldiers were needed to protect him from the enthusiastic demonstrations of the populace. A few curious spectators tauntingly waved Royalist olive branches as he passed. Not a hat was raised when a leader of whom Greece was unworthy quit his fatherland a voluntary exile, driven from it by an ingratitude unexampled in his nation's history. His last words, addressed to a Frenchman, were an attempt to excuse his people: 'Tell them in France,' he said, 'that my people have been misled by foreign agents. Do not be offended with them.' In moments like that, one can only bow in respect before the dignity and the almost religious veneration for his country and race, which this humiliated patriot still maintained. Perhaps his opinion would have changed if he could have seen what happened at Athens a few hours later.

"As soon as Gounaris and his friends, who had not dared to do anything before, were informed of the departure of their still feared adversary, they breathed more freely. They realized that they had really won a victory. The news spread quickly through the city and Athens, happy to have no longer to choose its master, surrendered itself joyously to its new rulers.

"First of all, every one tried to get a portrait of Constantine. That was the Palladium to be seen on every hand. Still the intention of the army remained doubtful. However, most of the Venizelist officers immediately resigned; so that Constantine's agents had only to visit the barracks with well-filled purses to transform the well-disciplined divisions into a howling mob. The troops immediately scattered throughout the city, cheered by the crowds, and removing the last remaining source of disquietude.

"Spontaneous processions formed, carrying aloft in triumph pictures of Constantine, of Sophia, and even of the Kaiser. People pelted each other with flowers across the streets. Effigies of Venizelos attached to the end of a broom were a great success. But the centre of attraction was a group of common criminals who were liberated under the mistaken impression that they were political prisoners. Some sixty Turkish and Bulgarian war prisoners marched in a procession, crowned with olive branches, fraternizing with the soldiers and cheering Constantine."

## Convict Corrects Novelist

CONVICTS are not martyrs crucified to atone for the sins of others, asserts a prisoner in the Sing Sing *Bulletin* in refutation of the theory of Basil King, whose novel, "Thread of Flame," appeared in *MacLean's Magazine* last year, that convicts are the "goats" of society. "In the convict," the novelist writes, "I am driven to believe modern civilization is not looking for the brother to be treated wisely because his weakness is so obvious and his suffering is so great. If that were all, the way would be found as soon as there was a will." Society's real purpose, he argues, is to find a goat and save itself:

"In the prisoner we have found our goat. He is suffering, not for his own sins alone, but for ours. Naively, childishly, but significantly, we outrage every human instinct within him, so that our own secret self-reproach may be appeased. The world as it is, society as we have formed it, must have a goat; and we seize the weakest and most defenceless thing on which we can lay our hands."

Surprising as it may seem, the Sing Sing convict refuses to take advantage of this theory, and expresses astonishment that such a philosophy should be preached.

"We inmates, fortunately, are not so easily led by such doctrines. We, who are really guilty of crime, realize, and realize full well, that our incarceration is due to the breach of one or the other of God's commands: 'Thou shalt not kill;' 'Thou shalt not steal.' We realize that society is justified in segregating us both for its own protection and our good until such time as we may have recovered from our moral lapse and are again fit to associate with virtuous women and honest men."




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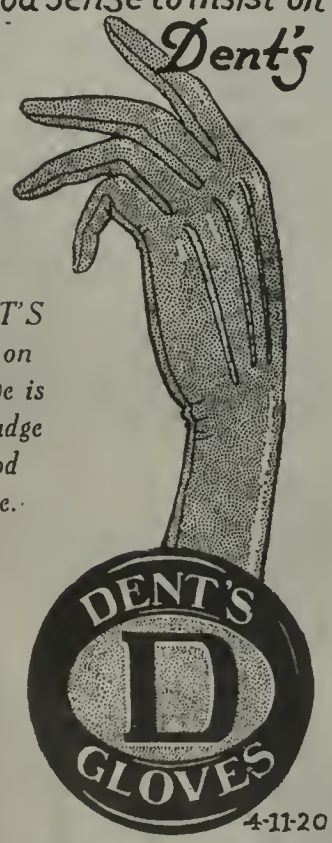
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# How It Looks "Over There"

*A Picture of Shell-scarred France Two Years After*

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

TO ANYONE coming back from France in these days the first greeting from a one time member of the expeditionary force is always this:

"Well, how is it over there? Changed much?" To the question Alexander Woollcott, dramatic critic of the New York *Times*, writing in the *North American Review*, has to answer:

"No, not much."

"Anizy-le-Château, an ancient village in the Aisne valley, is a desolate cluster of house-stumps, so engrossed with the burden the war left on its shoulders that, until only a few months ago, the bleached skeleton of some nameless poilu lay white amid the poppies, with all the world about too tired, too hardened or too busy to draw a sheet of earth across him.

"The château that gave the hamlet its name, the manor house around which the life of Anizy had taken shape, is gone. Only a poor, jagged fragment of a single wall is left as a reminder of all its elegance. That château had been nested in by the Germans and it was blown to powder by the French guns perched just over the slope of the hill to the south. It is one of the legends of Anizy that the French artillery captain who directed its fire had been himself the owner of the château, born and bred within its walls like his father and his grandfather before him. Very likely the story is true.

"As you trundle up the white road from Coucy these days, Anizy in the distant sunlight seems like a dead city, killed by the touch of some leprous giant reaching out of the ominous East. Yet as you draw nearer, you hear the occasional clink of hammer on stone, the wheeze of a leisurely saw, the rattle of pails, the hum of voices, the music of life. And in the village itself, you come upon things that tighten your throat, brave and comic and steadfast things that make you want to laugh and cry at the same time, and, passing, leave you with renewed respect for the spirit of man.

"The impression that the old battlefields make is of havoc undisturbed, paralysis uncured. The soldier who goes back to his old dugout in the woods near Grand Pré is likely to find that only the steady rains have reshaped it, that the old helmet the shell-hit blew from his head still lies where it fell two years ago and more. The villages of the Meuse, the Ourcq, the Vesle and the Aisne look much as they did when the American troops trudged out of them for the last time. It is true that the rubble is gone from the streets, and the litter of stone has been reduced to neat piles of assorted pieces. Here and there a rough, new cottage has been fashioned from the materials of its demolished predecessor. At intervals there are unfamiliar shacks and barracks. But on the whole, they all look much as they did.

"It is in the spaces between the villages that the change is so remarkable. You see it even in the rolling land of the Argonne and the blasted countryside of the Chemin-des-Dames. For almost everywhere some tilling has been done. The recaptured fields have yielded their crops, some for one, some for two harvests, and with the passing of two peaceful summers, have begun to take on once more the look of a blessed land. When the skies are kind, when all the fields are blooming, and patches of ripening wheat reward the eye at every turn, the passer-by can almost forget the war was ever fought. The healing that Nature can do has been done, and, in the summer, her touch brings life and color and animation even to stretches of French countryside that two years ago looked as dead as the face of the moon.

"Coucy-le-Château, that most perfect relic of mediaeval France which was dynamited by the Germans in their retreat, is now just a mound of tumbled stone, acres of tumbled stone, a ghastly and a bitter sight. Yet that great ruin in summer time is a dazzling spectacle, so marvellous are the myriad bluebells which have overgrown it like an azure mantle. Belleau Wood is still torn and twisted, a mute memorial of the agony it shared and witnessed one far-off, half-forgotten June. Yet in summer time, it is a glorious green.

"Now it is in summer that the tourists whiz by in their great sight-seeing cars, note all the health and ardor of a renascent land, strain their eyes for any really pleasurable scenes of destruction and return breathless to Paris to report that the devastation has been much exaggerated. Propaganda, they say, knowingly.

"They would not say that if they could see the battlefields in winter, the chill, wet French winter, when the crumbled towns and villages stand out bleak in the lean, bare, deflowered countryside. They would not say it even in mid-July, if they could leave their fast-riding motor-cars and move around in the villages long enough and sympathetically enough to see what manner of life is lived in them.

"It is true that the work of rebuilding has moved slowly. An impoverished government, a halt in the reparations due from the other side of the Rhine, a shortage of labor, a population engrossed in the fields, the apparent need of concentrating first on the restoration of factories and fields, a maze of red tape, the paralysis of old laws, war-weariness, selfishness (in France and elsewhere), all these factors have helped to keep these villages—these wounded homes—in ruins, not greatly improved since sound of the last shot died down on the Western front. The wonder is not that this is so , but that, despite the fact, life does go on in them, goes on stoically, spunkily, cheerily. It is so in all of them. There is not a community in all that strip of the world which does not recall some ant-hill on which a passer-by has trod and in which the dwellers and the toilers are busy making the best of it.

"Consider Juvigny. This is the little hillside town north of the Aisne not far from the Chemin-des-Dames.

"Visitors to Juvigny in the spring of 1919 marvelled to find that the old quarries along the ravine on the side of the town which had once served as divisional headquarters, message centres and dugouts in time of battle, were then serving as homes for the first six of the returning families, so that children were playing with the useless gas-masks out front while Spartan *perce-neiges* bloomed at cave-entrances and the week's wash flapped in the wind.

"Now another winter and another summer has gone by. The fields near by have been largely cleared of their wire and shells and have yielded some food and a little income to Juvigny. Perhaps two hundred people are back in the town. But most of the houses still lie in crumbled decay and folks still make what homes they can in the dugouts along the ravine.

"It is because of this scantiness of reconstruction as far as home-building goes that, as you walk along a ruined street, Juvigny seems a deserted city. But it is hardly that and you realize as much with something of a thrill when, in a clearing amid the rubble, you come upon a barrack and catch through the windows the unmistakable drone of childish voices. It is a school and a glance through the window shows row on row of pig-tailed girls and black-smocked boys declaiming the fact that the Amazon is a river in *l'Amerique du Sud* or that Ceylon is an island where the tea comes from.

"Laboring with them patiently, his brow furrowed by his sense of the time that has been lost, you see a fatherly young Frenchman. Perhaps he was a corporal at Verdun when the armistice was signed. Outside, on the bulletin board—for the schoolhouse doubles as the office of the mayor—proclamations in the neat script of the schoolmaster himself announce such-and-such an impending marriage in the village, with doubtless a reception to follow at the shack of the bride's mother. A passing matron peers at the notices, beams on these evidences of further recovery, and tells you proudly that there have been more births in Juvigny than in any other village of the Aisne Valley.

"Then, as you take another turn amid the rubble, you come upon another barrack and find within such hospitable tables and shelves of wine as glorify any *buvette* in France. A whopping big phonograph hums with some melody of Irving Berlin's and the *patron* shows you where, once a week, the tables can be

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"There is the whole story of Juvigny. It looks disconsolately and discouragingly as it did. But children plug away at the tattered school-books, babies are born, marriages are solemnized by the octogenarian curé, crops come in from the once bleak fields and they dance in Juvigny of a Saturday night. That is after all the real message to the men who sweated in the town when it shrieked and shook with the smash of shells. They are dancing now in Juvigny of a Saturday night.

"The rough scheme, then, has been to get the farms and factories and schools restarted and to let the houses follow as a consequence—a scheme that works out the more slowly, of course, because so much of the husky youth that belonged to this wilderness was wiped out in four years of fighting. So many of those who have come back are old folk, unable to do much more than putter about, anxious only to spend their last days in their own *pays*. This inclination of the very old to forsake the greater physical comfort of their refuges in Southern France for the greater satisfaction of being home would be natural enough anywhere in the world. It is inevitable in France. Sometimes the younger generation tries sternly to forbid such return until the wilderness should be more livable and the homes more fit. But the old folks feel the sands running out and they come back somehow.

"Once such a grandfather was trudging along the road north of Soissons when a *camionette* girl at the wheel gave him a lift. He was all jubilance at the thought that he would soon be back in the village where he was born. His son had written him not to come, but *mon dieu*! When she pulled up for him on the edge of the village, he did not recognize it in its demolition and, in his bewilderment, would not get out. Just then, out of a crazy lean-to, a man came forward. It was the son, in whose sheltering arms, as the truck passed on, the driver left a collapsed and tearful old man.

"Next day, the same driver on an errand in that part of the valley, passed the lean-to. On a soap-box out in front, sat the old man, drinking Pinard. He lifted his glass to her in jovial salutation.

"'Does all go well, *grandpere*?" she sang out to him.

"'I am home,' he replied, and beamed upon her."

# Germany Needs Reconciliation

## *A Plea That Revengeful Thoughts Should Give Way to Kinder Feelings.*

MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

IN A recent issue of *MacLean's* reference was made to the first of two articles on the above subject appearing in the *World's Work*. In the second article the author likens the position of the German nation to that of the Persians after their defeat at Salamis by the Greeks, and asks that as the Erinyes, or avenging goddesses of Greek mythology, were turned into Eumenides or benevolent deities so shall the feelings of the victors in the late conflict change toward their defeated foe. The writer continues:—

"I do not condemn with angry diatribe the Frenchmen who say: 'Because this Germany can to-morrow throw off the mask and again be an enemy of 62 millions against 38; this Germany which has laid waste our most fertile land, flooded our shafts with devilish ingenuity, and thus prevented the digging of coal in many a mine for ten years to come, because of this, everything that was decided and signed at Versailles about occupation and reparation must continue to be valid, without the slightest mitigation of its rigor.' These Frenchmen have, to be sure, nothing in common with the Athenians who on the southern slope of the mountain from which the Acropolis, ruined by the Persian army, looked down on them, listened piously to the tragedy in which Aeschylus depicted the woe of the Persians at Salamis.

"Somebody must lead the way on the path of reason. The fulfilment of this duty is seemly for the victor who can guarantee something, and has not merely to obey orders. And he must be persuaded that the road of reason is also that from which he will reap most advantage. If the yoke of occupation remains upon Germany, then a new generation will grow up of raging hates, and remove from the German people on account of the (at least) 20 billion marks yearly that it costs the last possibility of procuring within any visible period the considerable sums for reparation. The deeper it is thrust into despair, the more fervently it is allured by the prospect of violently throwing off the yoke in company with other desperadoes. It is on this that the monarchists are reckoning. From the princes and their agents one hears ever and again that the financial catastrophe of the country will also be the grave of the republic. Therefore the masters of yesterday want to wait until the German people is fully reduced and hankruptcy, open or latent, has become evident, and any change in the régime acts as at least something like alleviation and the dawn of hope. But this hope can only be based on the belief that the new régime will restore to Germany the power, the frontiers, the shipping, the commercial relations, and the colonies of 1914, altogether or nearly. Is this condition of affairs and its dangers clearly recognized everywhere? The appeal to the strict letter of justice does not help; the idea also that, as in the last act of the old melodrama, the uncle with the pocket book swelling with dollar notes makes the despairing family happy, so likewise will America turn all Europe's misery into gladness at the hour of her greatest need, originates in the land of childish dreams. Europe must no longer deceive itself about the necessity of itself providing the greater part of the assistance needed. As after the capitulation of Yorktown and the first peace of Versailles (1783), the American states, bleeding from a hundred wounds, banded themselves together into the Union that has since then become the strongest factor of power on the earth, so also must the Old Continent draw this consequence from the terrible war that it renounces the luxury of national isolation which no longer fits the times, in so far as it is harmful for its economy. Here one requires, like daily bread, railroad engines and cars; close by they stand unused on sidings; the coal administration in Poland is different from that of its neighbors, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia, and therefore everybody suffers. Here there is terrible need; but there, because the exchange prevents us from purchasing, we are unable to draw away some of the overflowing stocks. In the one country, on account of the stagnation of the tourist traffic, there stand empty hotels, boarding-houses and all kinds of empty houses; whereas in the neighboring country hundreds of thousands of homeless people are put away in emergency barracks, cellars, and barns, against all the rules of sanitation. This condition must not last any longer.

"With its industrious, well-educated, and skilful workers, with its techno-scientific experience and industrial vision, Germany can help to raise the French Republic, and thereby slowly recover itself, as a Junior Partner, and not as a tribute-owing Helot state. The occupation which is destroying Germany's finances and sowing hate must end—if possible simultaneously with all standing armies, the plague of Europe. It can end if Germany's peaceful will has been accepted all round. The clearing-house of the world has a power verging on omnipotence. Unambiguously let it show with what forms of state, what morality of the people, it can turn away every relationship of an intimate kind against which its moral—and, so far as possible, material—help could ensure it. Let it speak boldly, and that soon, and give the first proof of its will to help and co-operate; then through the peaceful, moral, noble powers that serve humanity, it will strengthen the sundered nations, especially Germany, to a blissful fight with the weapon of the spirit. And then they may honestly say to the despairing masses that on the horizon there is to be seen a shimmer of hope."


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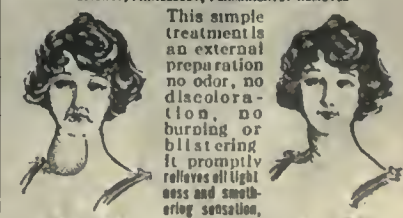
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# Broadway to Brussels

*Continued from page 31*

"Some personalities are very deceiving," he remarked. "There's the born salesman who looks and talks just a little better than the standard to which his actual talents will point up, and, on the other hand, there is the conservative type of man who is very apt to be under-estimated. One cannot afford to be too certain of what first impressions mean."

The business organization of Wood, Gundy and Company, I had heard, was personally hand-picked by the principals of the firm. There are seventy-four executives, clerks and juniors in the head office at Toronto alone, and there one is immediately impressed with the atmosphere of quiet, orderly industry. There are no evidences of rush or undue hurry in that great business hive.

Mr. Gundy admitted that every applicant taken on the staff had to measure up to certain qualifications before standing a chance of being engaged.

"Speaking of qualifications, Mr. Gundy, what characteristics do you place the most value on?" I asked him.

"Brains, personality and character," he replied.

Mr. Gundy considered a moment. "Perhaps we should reverse the order of those qualifications," he amended. "After all, character necessarily comes first, for without character, brains count for little, and personality without character lacks wearing qualities."

"I suppose when you speak of personality you particularly refer to that section of your organization whose business is meeting and mixing with the public?"

"Not necessarily," he surprised me. "It should appertain to all sections of a business organization. Personality is no doubt a wonderful asset to the man or woman whose particular business is meeting and dealing with the public. In fact, other things, including experience and tact, being of an efficient calibre, personality counts for everything. It is the *open sesame* for gaining the time and attention of busy people. But it is quite as essential that the inside working force, whether they are meeting the public or not, should have pleasing personalities."

### Creating a Cheerful Atmosphere

THE Gundy angle of view on this subject is quite interesting.

"The collective efficiency of an office staff depends on the quality of the separate individuals who make it up," he went on by way of explanation. "One unpopular or disagreeable member, no matter how clever or resourceful otherwise, may create friction throughout the whole organization. There is the human side to be considered as well. An office organization has a right to expect congenial associations as well as congenial surroundings. Therefore it is necessary to see that any additions that are made to it are of the character and personality that will help create a cheerful atmosphere."

"Do you believe it possible to size up an individual from a single meeting?" I asked.

Mr. Gundy was of the opinion that it was not always possible to do so. "But," he contended, "most people make some sort of a distinct impression on you the first time you meet them. Either you like them or you don't like them, isn't that so? Well, usually they will appeal more or less to other people just as they do to you."

It was because of his penchant for allo-eating the right men for the tasks to be executed that Mr. Gundy's ability as an organizer was so much in demand by the Federal Government during the war and in the rehabilitation period since. Recognition of this gift of his led to his being selected as representative on the Advisory Committee of the Brussels conference.

It is a wise father who knows what calling his son is best fitted for in life. J. H. Gundy is a living proof of the good judgment of his sire, the Reverend Joseph Gundy, D.D., an Ontario Methodist divine. Born in Harriston, Ontario, and educated at public schools in towns where his father was at different times stationed and later finishing at the London and Windsor Collegiate Institutes, J. H. Gundy was not reared in what could be termed a "financial atmosphere," nor had the minister's son the remotest idea that he would some day be called into the higher councils of world economists and bankers.

Circumstances, Fate, call it what you will, usually bear largely on the parts men play in after-life. One naturally expects to learn of a turning-point in the career of a successful self-made man—an accidental happening or chapter of happenings that changes the whole trend of his life. But it was design, not accident, that placed Mr. Gundy on the path that led to a big place in the field of higher finance.

Had he any special ambitions along these lines when he was a boy, and did he show a pronounced gift for mathematics when at school? I asked.

"No, I don't remember that I had any ambitions to dabble in financial matters," he reflected. "I can't say that I even showed anything more than normal ability at mathematics."

"Then what led you to launch out on your present career?"

"My father decided that," Mr. Gundy declared. "It was originally intended that I should study medicine and become a doctor. But father became convinced that I was not meant for the medical profession and decided that my place was in business life. He at once set about watching for an opening for me to start at the bottom. The first opportunity that turned up was with the Central Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto. I applied for the position and my application in due time was accepted."

Mr. Gundy was eighteen years of age when he entered the offices of the Central Loan and Savings Company as a junior clerk. Since then his rise in the business world has been rapid, almost meteoric.

He started work on his first job in April, 1898, applying himself to the tasks set before him with the best that was in him. Twenty-two years later the country minister's son who went to strive for place in the concentrated competition of a big city with no "pull" except his wits and his integrity, was chosen as representative of the American nations to the world conference at Brussels. The preliminary affairs of that conference were directed by an advisory committee, which, after the conference sessions began, became the organizing committee which prepared the agenda, collected the statistics, arranged for the daily programs and appointed the committee. Of the twelve members of that committee, one, a Canadian, represented the American nations. That Canadian was J. H. Gundy.

### Climbing up the Ladder of Success

TWO years after he had joined the staff of the Central Loan and Savings Company Mr. Gundy received and accepted an offer to become accountant for the Dominion Securities Corporation when that company was established in 1900. The ladder of opportunity soon presented another rung for his ambitious feet and he was promoted to the position of secretary for the corporation. He was gaining first-hand experience in the financial world, which, combined with his industry and retentive memory, begot confidence in himself. Greater scope for his talents beckoned, and in 1905 he joined G. H. Wood in the organization of Wood, Gundy and Company, a firm name that has become known wherever municipal corporation bonds are placed for underwriting in Canada.

On his return from the Brussels conference, Mr. Gundy's report on world finances as the conference disclosed them was quoted far and wide. His reference to Canada's position shows our problems to be relatively simple. Though our credits and currency have become inflated and we have incurred very heavy internal debt, with consequent high prices and unstable and depreciated exchanges, Mr. Gundy points out that the inevitable reaction, while it necessarily creates temporary embarrassment and uncertainty, is gradually promoting conditions that will make easier money conditions. With the elimination of artificial restrictions and a return to a sound money policy Canada should have little serious difficulty in the future, he contends.

Although it has been stated that Mr. Gundy makes a hobby of no particular recreation, he is, on the other hand, not by any means a recluse. He is a member of most live social organizations within the zone of his activities, including the National Club, Ontario Club, Lambton Golf Club, Toronto Golf Club, Rosedale Golf Club, Royal Canadian Yacht Club—all of Toronto—and the Rideau Club, of Ottawa.

But, like the majority of busy men of normal tastes, Mr. Gundy finds his greatest enjoyment in the atmosphere of his home with Mrs. Gundy and their five beautiful children.

# Pawned

*Continued from page 27*

old enough to remember any one, I remember Hawkins. And when I got old enough to understand at all, though I could never get him to talk about it, I knew his life wasn't a very happy one, and perhaps I loved him all the more for that reason. Hawkins used to drink a great deal. Everybody knew it. I—I never felt I had the right to speak to him about it, though it made me feel terribly, until—until mother died."

CLAIRE had dropped her sewing in her lap, and now she picked it up again and fumbled with it nervously.

"I spoke to him then," she said in a low voice. "I told him how much you needed him, father; and how glad and happy it would make me. And—and I remember so well his words: 'I promise, Claire. I promise, so help me, God, that I will never drink another drop'." Claire looked up, her face aglow. "And I know, no matter what anybody says, that from that day to this, he never has."

Paul Veniza, motionless now in the center of the room, was staring at her in a sort of numbed fascination.

John Bruce was staring at the door. He had heard, he thought, a step in the outer room.

The door opened.

Hawkins stood there. He plucked at his frayed, black cravat, which was awry. He lurched against the jamb, and in groping unsteadily for support his hat fell from his other hand and rolled across the floor.

Hawkins reeled into the room.

"Good—hic—good even'," said Hawkins thickly.

Claire alone moved. She rose to her feet, but as though her weight were too heavy for her limbs. Her lips quivered.

"Oh, Hawkins!" she cried out pitifully—and burst into tears, and ran from the room.

It seemed to John Bruce that for a moment the room swirled around before his eyes; and then over him swept an uncontrollable desire to get his hands upon this maudlin, lurching creature. Rage, disgust, a bitter resentment, a mad hunger for reprisal possessed him; Claire's future, her faith which she had but a moment gone so proudly vaunted were all shattered, swept to the winds, by this seedy, dissolute wreck. Her father! No, her shame! Thank God she did not know!

"You drunken beast!" he gritted in merciless fury, and stepped suddenly forward.

But halfway across the room he halted as though turned to stone. Hawkins wasn't lurching any more. Hawkins had turned and closed the door; and Hawkins now, with his face white and drawn, a look in his old blue eyes that mingled agony and an utter hopelessness, sank into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

It was Paul Veniza who moved now. He went and stood behind the old cabman.

Hawkins looked up.

"You are sober. What does this mean?" Paul Veniza asked heavily.

Hawkins shook his head.

"I couldn't do it," he said in a broken voice. "And—and I've settled it once for all now. I got to thinking as I came along to-night, and I found out that it wasn't any good for me to swear I wasn't going to touch anything any more. I'm afraid of myself. I—I came near going into the saloon. It—it taught me something, that did; because the only way I could get by was to promise myself I'd go back there after I'd been here."

HAWKINS paused. A flush dyed his cheeks. He turned around and looked at Paul Veniza again, and then at Bruce.

"You don't understand—neither of you understand. Once I promised Claire that I'd stop and—and until just now she believed me. And I've hurt her. But I aint broken her heart. It was only old Hawkins, just Hawkins, who promised her then; it would have been her father who promised her to-night, and—and it aint any good, I'd have broken that promise, I know it now—and she aint ever going to share that shame."

Hawkins brushed his hands across his eyes.

"And then," he went on, a sudden fierceness in his voice, "suppose she'd had that on top of Crang, 'cause it aint sure that knowing who I am would have saved her from him! Oh, my God, she'd better be dead! I rather see her dead. You're wrong, John Bruce! It wasn't that way. You meant right, and God bless you; but it wasn't the way. I saw it all so clearly after—after I'd got past that saloon; and—and then it was all right for me to promise myself that I'd go back. It wouldn't hurt her none then."

John Bruce cleared his throat.

"I don't quite understand what you mean by that, Hawkins," he said a little huskily.

"I dressed up all for this," said Hawkins, with a wan smile; "but something's snapped here—inside here." His hand felt a little aimlessly over his heart. "I know now that I aint ever going to be worthy; and I know now that she aint ever to know that I—that I—I'm her old daddy And so I—I've fixed it just now like you saw so there aint no going back on it. - But I aint throwing my little girl down. ' It aint Claire that's got to be made change her mind—*it's Crang.*" He raised a clenched fist. "And Crang's going to change it! I can swear to *that* and know I'll keep it, so—so help me, God! And when she's rid of him, she aint going to have no shame and sorrow from me."

"Yes," said John Bruce mechanically

"I'm going now," said Hawkins.

*To be Continued*

# Lenix Fools the Jinx

*Continued from page 30*

"Yo' means *our* price," Abe corrected. "Our price, ef so yo' likes dat any better. Dat means us'll make hun'red dollars each, an' dat aint so bad, considerin' who we is makin' it out of."

Abe chuckled. "Well now—" he commenced, then checked himself suddenly, as the door opened, and Lenix, followed by Orinoco, entered the pool-room. On a forked willow branch Lenix carried half a dozen big, mottled pike. His legs were wet to the hips and the joy that a glorious morning had given his soul still gleamed in his face and eyes.

"Brought yo' a mess ob fish, Abe," he addressed the long negro, "yo' too, Homer. Gosh, but I hab had one gran' day's spo't." He sank into a chair and smiled reminiscently. "Nebber seen de red-winged blackbirds so plentiful as dis year. An', oh, boys, wasn' de pike a'playin' splendid. Wished yo' bofe had been 'long."

"Len," said Homer. "I done buyed dat garden plot frum Hunchy Jackson dis mawnin'." Homer glanced at Abe as he spoke, and both watched Len narrowly. But if they expected him to start, they were disappointed. He simply nodded

"Had an awful tussel wif dat big fish on de end," he said. "Dat pike jes pulled me in a muskrat run, an nigh drownded me."

HE SLIPPED a couple of the fish from the string, and produced his corn cob which he lit thoughtfully.

"Len," spoke White, "I t'ought, yo all wanted ter buy a nice garden plot?"

Len nodded. "Yes, I aim ter do jes dat, Abe, but when I does it aint goin' te be no ole grave yard. I aint nowise superstitious, but I aint hankerin' any ter offend de spirits ob de de-parted. Wouldn eber feel easy turnin' ober soil dat hac covered sleepin' dead fer years. An' a fer buildin' in dat pine grove—oh no, not me."

Homer had risen slowly from his seat, and now stood, face pasty, eyes bulging. Abe White had slid from the table and was grasping the cushion in shaking hands.

"Len," Homer's voice was thin and far-

sounding. "Fer Gawd-sake, yo' don' mean ter tell me—"

"Dat Hunchy's land take in de ole Scanelot Cemetery? Well, it sure does. Dat plot yo' buy frum him takes in good part ob it. Why, didn' yo' know dat?" he asked wonderingly.

Homer shook his head, miserably. White cleared his throat and shifted uneasily. He made as though to say something, then, as though thinking better of it, remained silent.

"Course," said Len, as he gathered his fish from the floor, and rose to go. "Dat lan' am worf all he ast me fer it, ebery cent—in one way. Co'se it's hanted, no use tryin' ter get 'roun' dat, but it's black loam, an' good garden lan', an' fo' hun'red is very reasonable price—"

"Is dat what Hunchy asked yo' fer dat lan'?" asked Homer, fearfully.

"Well, he as much as in-ferred dat he'd be glad ter take dat," Len replied. "But I jes' tole him, 'nuffin' doin'. I aint pinin' ter go probin' among ole, empty graves. I was kinder sorry, dough, I hadn't bought de place fer fo' hun'red af'er I thinked it ober; but I'se glad yo' got it, Homer, an' I hopes yo' do well wif it all."

He turned towards the door, "Gollies, but I had one gran' outin'," he smiled. "Nebber saw de crick prettier nor de grass greener." Then he was gone and Homer and Abe stood gazing blankly at each other.

"Homer," spoke White, quickly, "us am done, done good."

"What'll us do?" wailed Homer.

"Only one fing lef' ter do," decided Abe. "Yo' run af'er Len an' offer ter sell him dat ghost-jungle what yo' saddled us wif—fer his price, fo' hun'red. Go speedy, an' get it done right quick."

Homer was out of the door like a flash.

THE mill whistle was just blowing for six o'clock, when Jane Ann, seated beside the window, saw Lenix and Orinoco urn in at the gate. "Now den," she muttered reaching for the stick of green beech that topped the pile of missiles on the floor beside her.

"Jane Ann, oh, Jane Ann, come see what I all buyed fer yo'."

Jane Ann laid the stick back on the pile and stood up.

"Jane Ann, look yo'," Len called, as she came to the door, "See what I'se got here. Deed fer nice lil' garden farm, it am."

Jane Ann's eyes opened wide. "Len, yo' mean dat? Did yo' buy us a garden farm?"

"Sure did. Hayr am de deed. Homer Hudson he buyed it fust, but he got finkin' he didn't want it, so I got it frum him right cheap."

Jane Ann backed into the house and Len followed. "My," she gasped, "What lubly fish. Nigger man, gib me hold ob dat deed till I see ef yo'r speakin' true."

She read the deed, nodded, and gradually a happy smile spread across her black face. Orinoco put his dirty paws on her clean calico dress and raised his long nose to her cheek. She hugged him to her. "Pore lil hungry pup," she murmured. "Now run 'long, while I get yo' an' yo'r master de bes' supper yo' ebber eat."

"Len," she asked, as she poured the boiling water on the tea, "am dis garden plot de one Abe White tell me Homer Hudson beat yo' abuyin'?"

Len smiled and nodded. "Same plot, Jane Ann. Only," he added, as he seated himself at table, "Homer he got a feelin' like he didn't want to keep it, so, I buyed it."

"Len, I was awful mad when Abe White tell me dat Hunchy Jackson offered ter sell yo' dat plot fer eight hun'red, dis mawnin', an' yo' didn' buy."

Len's right eye-lid twitched. "But yo' see, Jane Ann," he said, as he helped himself to ham and eggs, "I knowed I could buy it cheaper den dat, ef so I jes' waited a bit. Besides," he added, "a feller don' care ter be bothered 'bout sech fings when he's goin' fishin'!"

# Little Bundles of Pluck

*Continued from page 23*

on primitive requirements of stomachs and bodies 100 miles away from clothing and food shops.

That has been Jean Muldrew's job on the Soldier Settlement Board; and she ought to be compelled to tell some of her experiences herself. They are so shot through and through with the gold sheen of hope and love conquering all difficulties—even the hardest dullest difficulty of all—loneliness, ennui, blue grey eventless days.

### Break Neck or Bust

"WHAT in the world did you ride that bicycle down hill at such break-neck speed for?" a husband asked a woman friend of mine, in the early lonely days on the prairie, when the trails were narrow as a footpath and lumpy as a hard boiled egg.

"Because I am so dead sick of sameness, I had to do something, break my neck, or bust," she answered quite truthfully.

I recall a little, square, box-like home near Saskatoon. It was trim as a doll's house. Newly-painted and not much larger, it was built by their own hands, the Scotch bride and the Canadian soldier boy.

"There is a War Bride in there," said my motor guide.

War Bride? I called up pictures portrayed chiefly by city writers, who had not gone out afield to see how it worked. She would have a chalky face—lavender powder—trenched with tears of self pity. She would have tawdry street finery; for had we not been told the wrong kind of girls roped our innocent farm boys in, both on the highways and in the by-ways of wicked European cities; though when one Canadian mother I know got the fidgets over such dire fears for her darling of twenty-two and took it to the Lord in prayer, the first verse she turned up in the Bible after an agony on her knees for fear a Parisian flapper had "got" him, was to the effect. "Why should ye think evil of the young man?" and she at once cabled him $200 as a conscience gift to square her suspicions with her own soul. (It turned out he had wanted the $200 to add to the government allowance for officer's uniform—he had just got a promotion.)

"Let us go in and see the War Bride," I suggested.

"You bet," answered the local supervisor, "if all the Canadians made as good as the plucky War Brides, I'd have no fear of the Soldier Settlement Board. It's the girl who married a no-good 'dud' in uniform I'm sorry for. A uniform didn't necessarily mean a man; and some of the girls married uniforms."

So in we went; but the couple were nowhere to be seen. The house was as spick and span inside as out—not a chair, not a dish-towel out of order. The horses came nosing up to the back door for us to pet them. So did a Guernsey cow; and the calf insisted on cultivating intimate terms with one of my fingers. Then a puppy collie smelt the odor of my pet dog on my clothes and insisted on being picked up, when he nearly wagged all the tail he had off, and insisted on kissing me.

### Lonely? Not a Bit!

"THIS couple are evidently newly married," I said, "but I draw the line at the moist love of this pup. Anyhow, you can safely wager your job this couple are good to animals. Even the hens—" but just then we spied them. It was strawberry season and just at sunset. They were out berrying together and he was passing her his handfuls; and they were laughing with the sheer fun of life at full tide before they saw us.

"Lonely?" she answered. "What would I be lonely for? I was never so happy and free in my life. I never knew what it was to live before. I only existed. I can do anything on the farm now, and even if the heat this week has cut our wheat crop in half, we'll have oats and hay enough for the stock; and the milk check gives us $20 a week. That will carry us 'over the top'; and next year, perhaps, we can afford the next quarter section."

You see their idea was to have a big farm for a future family.

She told me her husband had been teaching her to shoot so she would never be nervous and could protect the stock from coyotes if ever he were away and she was left alone. There were about ten soldier settlers in this settlement, and they had arranged weekly community meetings for the year.





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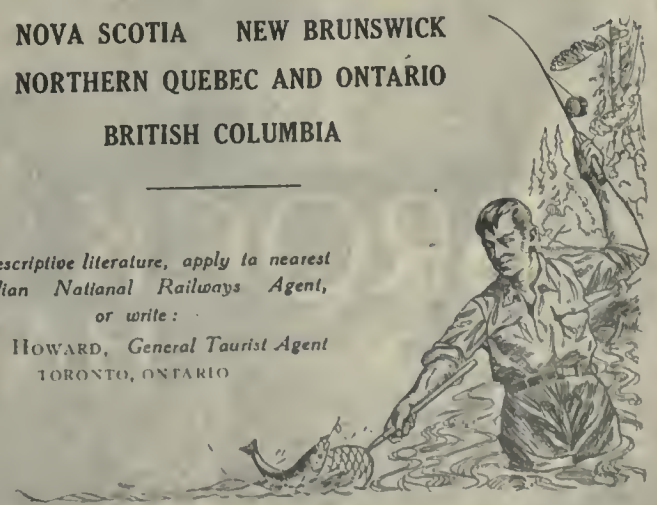
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In another settlement, I found a little French bride. Her husband had just died, "gassed" lungs and a hemorrhage. Rather than lose this plucky little soul to the community—she was expecting an heir—the other Soldier Settlement boys had promised the supervisor they would care for her crops of hay and oats till a brother came out from France to work for her, if the Board would leave her on the land. She had the money ready for the first payment and, what is more, the money ready to pay for the charges at the local hospital, when her illness would come on—good luck to her, the little bundle of pluck!

I think of another case of an English doctor and his wife, who had always craved outdoor life and never had it till they came to Canada. They had their crops all in. They had had money enough to buy 640 acres as well as the 160 under the Soldier Settlement Board; and had tractor cleared 300 or 400 acres in wheat. Machinery was all ready for the harvest; and they were out wolf hunting together. She could ride as a young elk runs. Was she happy? Was she? You couldn't drag them to town. Her uniform has housed a man all right.

Wainwright and the Bob Tail Indian Reserve, the former east of Edmonton, the latter south—had not had one single case of salvage or failure. That is a good record. I doubt if that is equalled in any other colonization scheme in Canada from the imported brides of Old Quebec in the 1600's, to Colonel Talbot in Western Ontario, or John Galt, down to modern colonization plans in the West.

### Our Indians' Fat Credits

THE Bob Tail Indian Reserve had practically been abandoned by the Indians. They have moved North to hunting grounds that yielded them bigger pay in trapping than farming the Reserve did in crops and stock; for the Indian is primarily a hunter and will always remain one if he can; and the prices of furs to-day—though Canada gets only one-third of the price for her furs that she should—give a good hunter from $1,000 to $2,000 a year, which is big money to an Indian with his primitive wants. There is no poverty, no want, no raggedness, among Canadian Indians to-day. If they don't own motor cars, it is because there are not motor trails to the hunting grounds. And they do own bank accounts, and fat credits with the old fur companies, who no longer monopolize the field but bid prices up against one another.

Anyway, the Bob Tail Indian Reserve had been practically abandoned when the Soldier Settlement Board took it over. It is the richest of rich prairie land, slightly brush grown, which acts as a shelter for stock, with big timber on the bank of the amber waters of a river that never goes dry. Park-like areas are all ready for the plow; and clearing here will cost not more than $5 to $7 an acre, where heavier brush lands cost $10 to $12. Also, to the east slightly, are towns and a railroad, giving a market for milk, butter, eggs, poultry.

If this land had been thrown open for general settlement, it would have been raided by the speculators and resold in a few years at $60 to $100 an acre; for the crops are waist high and run 40 bushels to the acre for wheat, 60 to 80 for oats. The dollar can deflate all it likes; when land produces those averages, it is going to stay high in value. The winters are severe in spots but the Chinook winds temper the winters and the hills shelter from cold winds. I could tell of many such Soldier Settlements; but the Bob Tail is a good type; and I predict the men, who have gone in there, will be worth $10,000 to $30,000 clear in a few years, which equals the best professional and business returns of the towns. The returned men were permitted to buy this land at $8 to $18 an acre, in all 6,500 acres of it. In a few months from the opening not a quarter section was left unfiled.

One settler's home will give a fairly good idea of all.

### A Typical Winner

THE man had been an English carpenter before the War. He had always craved home acres of his own, but lacked the nerve to take the leap till he came back from the War with a shattered elbow and a leg full of shrapnel wounds. His wife was that type of thrifty English woman, who acts as manufacturer in the home. She could cook. She could make jam. She could raise chickens and turkeys and can vegetables and meat. They had a boy of thirteen, whom they wished to leave in life better than they had begun. With their combined savings, wounded allowance and wife's allowance during the War, they bought 160 acres at $8 an acre. With the Soldier Settlement Board loan, they bought another 160 acres. The river frontage ran along the face of the farm. They had hand-seeded two acres to vegetables and set families of young chickens, geese and turkeys enough going to feed the family for the winter. Then they were fattening five hogs for winter cash, and depended on the milk checks of five cows to meet their payments. The milk checks would average $20 a week year in and year out.

While the crops were ripening, they had built a sanitary barn, cement foundations, for fourteen cows, and four horses. They were living in a shanty and a tent for the summer, realizing a log cabin would be rushed up for the winter; but stock to keep up the milk checks had to have warm housing by October. Food they will have in plenty for a year. The milk checks will give them $700 more than their payments; and that $700 will build their winter house.

When the crop came on, payments were met. Last year, it was a small crop; for the settlers did not come on the Bob Tail Reserve until April and May; and the hot weather was hard on growth of late planting. Nothing short of death can defeat this settlement's success and prosperity. Where the shattered elbow could not hoist the scantling for building, the wife and son helped. This land will sell for $100 an acre in five years. Do you know any way in which a returned soldier could earn a permanent competency of $30,000 in five years? And yet, I could tell of such successes, with an average of perhaps 2 per cent. failures.

Could the Soldier Settlement Scheme of colonization be applied to all Canadian immigration, we would not have lost 800,000 potential settlers in eighteen to twenty-two years. We would have no rail deficit. We would have no fear of our dollar ever deflating; for even if our currency is over-expanded by three times,—as all the world's currency is to-day, our trade output would equal our money in circulation and when trade equals money, there is no deflation.

## "A Woman Would Know —"

*Continued from page 14*

JULIA and Kenny got to Valley Junction late that night and registered at the Central Hotel. Not until she had signed her name did she notice the signature above hers. While she managed to suppress the cry that rose to her lips she could feel the color draining from her cheeks. The middle-aged hotel clerk stared at her curiously. The name on the page smeared, then ran into an inky blot that slowly disintegrated until the bold outlines of "Colwyn Neill" seemed to strike up at her and etch themselves upon her brain.

It seemed an eternity before she could tear herself from the desk, but she knew she must get to her room before he found her. He could not be far away. She followed the bell-boy to the room she had taken.

After the boy had gone the room seemed oppressively silent. So Colwyn Neill had found Phillips at last! He was going up on the morning train. A sense of helplessness possessed her. The world had suddenly become gray and desolate. She felt like a hunted thing driven into a corner. Disaster to this cause to which she had consecrated herself with an almost fanatical devotion loomed at hand.

She clutched Kenny to herself as though she feared some unseen hand might reach out for him. So close did she hold him, until he cried out in protest, that their two hearts seemed to throb as one. She dropped into a creaky wicker chair. Tears brimmed in her eyes but she fought them back stubbornly. She bit her lips and clenched her hands until the nails pierced the flesh.

Presently a new determination shone

from her eyes. She began to prepare for bed. After she had got into bed, with Kenny soft and vibrant beside her, she felt better. Fear stood offi n the shadows.

NEXT morning Julia learned that the Black Lake train was running on an altered schedule and would not leave until six that evening.

On her way back from the station Julia espied Neill coming out of the hotel. A flutter of panic beat within her. She stood irresolute for a moment, praying that he had not seen her. Then, with Kenny in her arms, she turned quickly into a confectionery store conveniently at hand. At least it would afford her temporary security. She held her breath as Neill's lean figure went swinging past. He did not look in.

She delayed the small purchase she was making as long as she could. Then, her heart in her throat, she ventured out. Neill was waiting for her on the other side of the window.

For a second she considered flight. His friendly smile steadied her.

"I'm sorry you're trying to avoid me."

"How do you know I am trying to avoid you?" Julia flashed at him defiantly.

"We won't argue the point. There is something I want to say to you—"

"I don't want to hear it, Mr. Neill. You have followed me here. I don't know why. I—I don't care." Julia's voice faltered.

"Your train doesn't go until six tonight. You have plenty of time. My car is at the hotel. We can talk better riding than standing. Will you come? It'll do the boy good." Much to his disgust Neill could feel the blood mounting to his face under the girl's rather contemptuous scrutiny.

"You can say what you have to say here," returned Julia.

"I want to talk about the boy—and his father. I was going up on to-day's train to see Phillips—"

"You know where he is?" cut in the girl. Her face had paled. Unconsciously her arms tightened about Kenny.

Neill nodded.

Julia was about to repeat her refusal when a sudden prompting within her snatched the words from her lips. After all, Neill knew where Kenneth Phillips was, so why dissemble any longer? The prompting became urgent. Something of the recklessness which inspires lost causes gripped her. She felt a hysterical desire to plunge into the fray, to set her wits against his, to beat Neill and Strang with the poor weapons she still held.

"All right, I'll come," she capitulated abruptly.

IN A moment or two Neill had Julia and Kenny beside him in the dark-green roadster. The powerful car hummed its way along a road leading into the foothills.

Julia sat dumb, introspective, a barrier raised about her. She had got over her fear of Neill and she did not purpose giving him further leeway. Neill appeared uncertain, nervous; he simulated preoccupation. Julia's impersonality baffled him.

They came to a golden ravine all a-fire with the myriad tints of Fall, and Neill slowed the car to a crawl, then to a stop. A silver stream gushing down the hillside made sweet music with its coming.

Neill turned to Julia abruptly.

"I wanted to tell you that I have known for a day or two that Phillips is at Black Lake," he jerked out. "A friend of mine who is intimate with Phillips' old firm told me." Neill's voice dropped.

"Yes," unencouragingly. Then: "Why didn't you go to him before?"

Neill's eyes wavered. "I wanted to make things right with you," he blurted.

"Why trouble about me? You told me that my claim was only a moral one. Of course that is all it is." Julia's voice was chilly.

"I know; but I wanted to do the decent thing. I couldn't help thinking over what you said; it stuck," Neill ventured a half smile.

"Of course Mr. Strang knows?" There was a hint of warmth and hope in Julia's tone.

"No, I haven't told him," Neill responded eagerly. "But I expect he'll find out any time. It's strange he hasn't got to know by this."

"What are you going to do?" Julia's voice had become more human.

"I wanted to see Phillips myself. I was going to put it up to him."

"And aren't you?"

Julia leaned toward Neill. She held her breath until he answered.

"It's only right that you should see him first. I'll wait until then." The blood rushed to Neill's face at the expression in Julia's eyes. He re-started the car to hide his confusion.

JULIA fell silent. Neill's disjointed confession had given her new hope. She had gained a temporary respite at least. She felt kindlier toward him than at any time since they had met. She wondered why he had not used his advantage to further his uncle's cause. She did not doubt his sincerity but her curiosity had awakened. She stole a glance at him. Yes, he looked strong and dependable. But she had seen that from the first.

They got on better after that and found much to talk about. It seemed that they both loved beautiful things. He surprised her with his knowledge of art and literature. Opportunity had permitted him to indulge while she had had to be content with scraps.

Of the way in which her side of the world lived she found him remarkably ignorant. Indirectly and without realizing it he learned much from her.

He told her more of this uncle of his. Neill and Strang were not on the best of terms. Strang disapproved of his nephew's fads, as he called them. Instead he strongly advocated a course in logging engineering, the very newest of the mechanical professions. But the science of getting number one logs out of the woods didn't appeal to Colwyn Neill. He hinted at this with a curious twitch of uneasiness.

"I think everyone should work," said Julia emphatically.

Colwyn Neill fell silent at this. For the first time he felt the force of this truth. As soon as a man's viewpoint alters he learns many things.

Time sped by on magic wings and they found themselves back in Valley Junction. Neill drew up with a jerk in front of the Central, immediately behind a large touring car.

It was this touring car that brought the pallor to Neill's cheeks. He jumped from the car and helped Julia out with Kenny. He looked the girl straight between the eyes.

"We're in for it now. I am anyway." The color returned to his cheeks in flood. "It's my uncle. . . .Mortimor Strang. . . he must have found Phillips. I'm—I'm sorry."

Julia had grasped the situation. Instinctively she drew into herself. Her former impersonality returned and with it the old antagonism. They were enemies again. She wondered how they could ever have been otherwise, even for an hour.

She flew up the steps, her face white to the lips. Colwyn Neill followed her inside.

SITTING in the rotunda watching the entrance was a grim, tight-lipped man of fifty. His gray, imperious eyes, set in his rough-hewn face, held them for a second or so. Julia knew that this was Strang.

Strang got to his feet slowly. There was a hint of age about him. Julia sensed Neill at her side.

"Take it easy," he whispered. "He's got a temper. I'm going to stand by you."

Fortunately only the clerk at his desk was visible. The habitual hotel loungers had gone to their dinners.

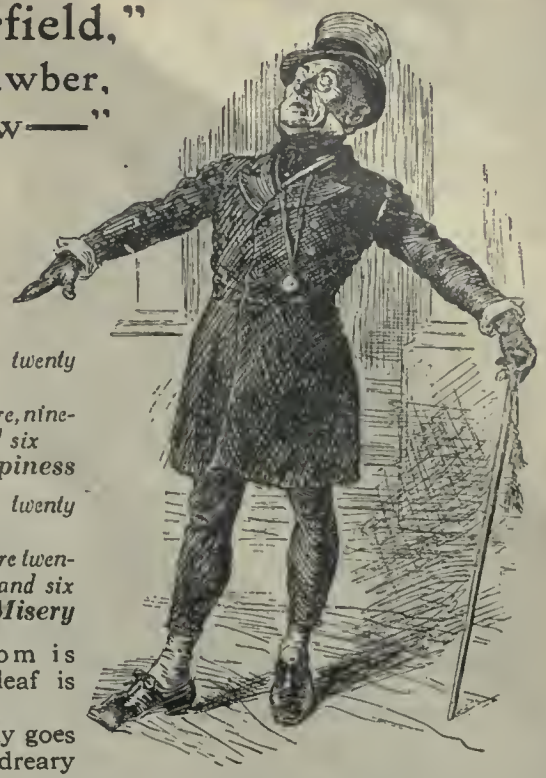
Strang's eyes were fixed on his nephew. "So this is what you've been doing—hiking round all night—!"

"Be careful there!" Neill's flaming eyes were within a foot of his uncle's. The contemptuous insinuation had stung Neill to the quick, crystallizing the vagrant indecisions clogging his brain. "She didn't see me until this morning! Remember that! Don't finish what you began—or I'll forget myself!" For the first time in his easy-going life Colwyn Neill was stirred to the depths of his being.

"You knew where Phillips was! You've known for days. Martin told you. You've kept it quiet! You—you deceitful pup!' The short clipped words shot out of Strang's mouth like high-powered bullets. Neill winced but stood his ground. They were facing each other like young dog and old.

Julia had not spoken. A hot indignation at this preposterous man held her still. Her white, mobile features quivered as if from the impact of Strang's stinging words.


"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Micawber, "you know—"



*Annual income twenty pounds,*
*Annual expenditure, nineteen, nineteen and six*
***Result, Happiness***

*Annual income twenty pounds,*
*Annual expenditure twenty pounds, ought and six*
***Result, Misery***

"The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered,
The God of day goes down upon the dreary scene
And—in short you are forever floored. As I am!"

Dickens, like Shakespeare, often spoke his own sound advice through the lips of his characters, and his words are just as applicable to-day as they were in his time. Dozens of Micawbers are living to-day, spending as fast as they earn, only to find, sooner or later, that they are "forever floored".

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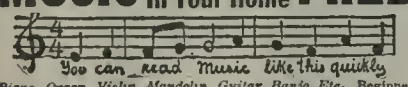
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She could feel them hurting each other with unforgettable words, cutting, slashing as men do when reason has lost its place. Her wide eyes saw Strang blazing, merciless; Neill, almost heroic, all his superficiality scorched out of him. Julia's consciousness, tuned beyond itself, registered the scale of their emotions. Then a flood of hatred overwhelmed her, hatred of Strang, hatred of Neill. . . .

"Why don't you go? Both of you!" she burst upon them. "You're—you're like beasts!"

Their anger perished in the rush of hers. They became curiously silent. They looked at her as men do when a woman shrivels their logic or their passion by the meteoric uprush of liberated feeling. Her passion fell from her like a spent bullet. She felt weak, miserable and alone. Even Kenny in her arms seemed distinctly apart from her.

Strang recovered himself. His voice was now cold, incisive.

"I'll be going now, young lady. I guess I'll see you to-night. I'm going to Black Lake on the six train."

Then Strang went heavily down the hotel steps toward his car.

NEILL and Julia, each acutely conscious of the other, dropped into convenient chairs.

Julia wanted to get away, but the misery in Neill's face held her. She felt sorry for him. He had appeared in a different light during those last moments and timid questionings within her, dim uncomprehended whisperings, seemed an involuntary response to this hitherto unrevealed side of him.

Neill squirmed in his chair. He wanted badly to tell her the things that were running about in his mind, chasing each other, tumbling in a bewildered fashion over themselves. He wanted to tell her this surprising thing, this tremendous experience which was re-moulding him. But he was afraid. He had never been afraid before. He had always been cold, unmoved, passionless. He was sure of this. Now he was warm, alive, stirring. And because he was afraid of himself, of Julia, of these emotions that had come upon him with his defence of Julia, unhappiness mounted into his face and held back the pent-up feelings that scrambled for his tongue.

"I am sorry for what he said to you," Neill stammered instead. "He doesn't know you—as I do." Neill had to catch himself there. He could feel Julia's eyes upon him.

"It doesn't matter, Mr. Neill. It wasn't your fault. You made it easier for me. I want to thank you for that. He says he's going up to-night—" Her lips trembled. Her eyes filled.

Then the distress in her eyes, the tremor in her voice mingled with the magic of sex. Neill felt a tug at the strings of his heart. He leaned forward. His mouth was twitching.

"I guess I'm a fool. But I—I can't help it. I've got to tell you—"

In a flash of intuition Julia sensed his meaning. "I don't want to hear it! I won't hear it!" She was on her feet, agitation in every line of her. So much that she had not understood about herself had become unmistakably plain.

"Miss Merton! Julia!" For Neill, suddenly at a loss for words, could utter no more.

"No!" she cried wildly, her face aflame, and gathering Kenny to herself she whirled about and fled from Neill, up the stairs and to her room.

Neill slumped back in his chair. He felt utterly miserable. For the second time in his life he was not to get what he wanted. Oh, he was quite sure of that. Julia detested him. Of course she had every reason to—this made it all the worse. He wanted her with all the new-born fervor of his undisciplined heart. Of course it was impossible. After what had happened and in view of what was still to happen she could never regard him with anything but contempt.

Neill groaned to himself. He had never been in love with anyone before. He had never loved anyone but himself. And he was just beginning to realize the extent to which he had loved himself.

The little microcosm in which he had lived and moved, which he had thought so inclusive, had crumbled at the first living breath of the splendid flame that was burning within him so impetuously that it threatened to consume him. Neill touched bottom in those moments. He sank like a rock dropped from immense heights. He had no previous experience to sustain him, nothing that he might grasp.

He sat for an hour. . .two hours.

He supposed Julia was getting ready to go to Black Lake. His uncle? For a moment he almost considered trying forcibly to keep him from going. But that was absurd. Anyway, it would only delay matters for a few days.

At that moment he thought of his Aunt Constance. Neill sat up in his chair. His eyes were suddenly very bright. He wondered it had not occurred to him before. While Mrs. Strang knew their plans it had been agreed by Neill and old Mortimor that she should be told nothing of their progress or their difficulties; at least, not until their end had been achieved. Of course she did not know that Kenny's life had been dedicated to another mission.

With the speed of coming light all this crowded into Neill's mind, arranged itself and stirred him to action.

He paid his hotel bill. A moment later he was racing his car homewards, a gleam of hope dawning in his face.

IN HIS impersonal way Colwyn Neill had yielded his Aunt Constance that diluted, ineffectual sympathy which we reserve for those we do not try to understand. Yet as he took her transparent hand in his late that afternoon he felt an infinite tenderness for this tired, frail woman with the very expressive gray eyes which for the moment made him almost regret his mission. She was sitting up supported by a wall of pillows.

"Mortimor has told me what both of you have been doing," she told him before he could begin.

Neill moved uneasily in his chair. It hurt him to think that he must wound this gentle woman whose life, except for her one too-brief experience, had been as toneless as a gray cloud. He wished that he might save her the bitterness of disappointment. He did not observe that the lines of suffering about her mouth were deeper, nor that her eyes, bright with unshed tears, were trying to meet his.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Aunt Constance. I don't know how much my uncle has told you. He doesn't know the circumstances as well as I. That father is going to need his boy. You don't know how much. He's in a sanatorium—drugs. He's pretty bad, I think. I'm sorry; I wanted to help you. I thought if you understood you might—you might—" Neill's voice died away. He could not bring himself to putting what he had hoped into words.

Mrs. Mortimor touched Neill's hand with one of hers. "I made your uncle tell me everything. I understand just what you were going to do. Of course I didn't know the circumstances before. That poor girl! How you two must have tormented her! Only a man would have done such a thing." Mrs. Mortimor's eyes flashed. More than a hint of personality seemed to animate the neutral outlines of her character. "Did you think I would take the child under such conditions? Did you think I would deprive the father of his only chance?"

"Aunt Constance!" Neill gasped, leaning forward. "You don't—you don't mean—"

"Yes, I mean just that! Can't you understand? A *woman* would have known."

"You don't want him?"

Mrs. Strang averted her eyes for a moment so that Neill could not see their expression. For just a second her features contracted. When she looked at him again she was smiling.

"I still want him, Colwyn. Yes, I still want him." She hesitated for a moment. "I can't help that, can I?" she asked him wistfully. "But I'm not going to take him!" Her fine eyes held the light of southern stars at that moment.

"It means a lot to you. I know you wanted him badly." Neill's heart was leaping.

Mrs. Strang straightened. "I haven't been much use in the world, Colwyn. And when I think of that girl's courage, of her sacrifices, of her determination to keep the boy, I feel ashamed of myself. So I've decided that I'm going to get well. I've never tried before. But your uncle needs a woman to help him—and it's time I started." Mrs. Strang smiled bravely. "And, Colwyn, you must tell me about this wonderful Julia Merton. I'm dying to hear about her."

Neill's face grew very red. "I'm going to marry her—if she'll have me. I can ask her now—after what you have told me. After that I'm going to go to work. It's time I did something besides collect old pots."

And then Neill launched into a vivid description of Julia, quite blind to the disappointment that lay behind his aunt's smiling eyes.

A new sympathy glowed between these two.

Shortly afterward Colwyn Neill left.

EIGHT o'clock the next morning found Neill again at Valley Junction station. He was determined to get to Black Lake before Julia left.

"Is there any kind of a train going up?" he demanded of the station agent, a lean hickory stick of a man.

"No, there aint!" responded that individual with asperity. "There's only one a week, I tell you."

"I've got to get there somehow! What are the roads like? Could I possibly make it in my car?"

The other scratched his chin. "Well, if your car can climb hills, jump canons, bust trees, you might—not unless." Then he appeared to relent. "There's a couple of the boys going up on a gas jigger in ten minutes." He eyed Neill's neat clothes doubtfully. "If you're not scared of a little oil and grease—"

"Will they take me up?"

"If you was to make it right with them I guess they would. You'll get 'em over there in the round-house." He indicated a smudgy building with a wave of his arm.

Neill thanked him gratefully. He found the "boys," two smiling giants, only too willing to take him along.

So, with his feet dangling an inch or two above the right-of-way, his clothes losing their pattern in a smother of gray dust, and his nostrils tingling with the acrid smell of the car's exhaust, Colwyn Neill bumped his way over that unstable road-bed.

The sharp morning air whipped into his lungs, keened his brain. They were approaching a land of big things. Mountains with ragged snow-capped peaks, their lower reaches softened with the dull green of cedar, fir, and spruce bulked larger and larger into his vision.

They hummed across trestles flung over gorges with green and white water in their depths. Rushing snow-fed streams, like great white pulses in the bodies of the mountains, thrilled him with the song of their coming. All the time his heart was leaping within him, his brain was in a whirl, a perpetual question humming therein.

At last they were at Black Lake.

He found Julia and Kenny in a little box of a station, perched on a great flattened ledge of rock. Strang was there, too staring fixedly at a distant mountain. He turned momentarily, to grunt a greeting

"WHY have you come?" Julia demanded. There were dark circles under her eyes. She seemed to have changed in the last few hours.

So he told her about his Aunt Constance and of the new woman he had discovered in her. And there was a humbleness in the telling that his friends would never have suspected Colwyn Neill capable of. Julia listened without a word until he had finished.

"And she doesn't want Kenny now?" Julia was bending over the warm bundle of babyhood in her arms.

"She wants him—of course. But she knows his father needs him If I hadn't been so blind—"

Julia's eyes blurred. "Kenny's father doesn't need him now. He died four days ago—after he got word of my sister's death. They—they buried him yesterday. If—if Mrs. Strang still wants Kenny—perhaps it will be better for him."

And then from his overwrought heart came Colwyn's sympathy, a great uppouring flood of it. And from sympathy to love is but a scant step. . . so that soon he was telling her that if they could only be together always they would be able to share Kenny with Aunt Constance. . . .

And if it hadn't been for Kenny's answering gurgle to the tooting of the oncoming train they might have lost it altogether.

# There Were Giants in Those Days

*Continued from page 18*

a new desk. He had also Scotch reliance and determination, and was a hard man to try to bluff.

A bank manager with a real or fancied grievance angrily bounced into his office one day and threatened that if a certain thing wasn't done and done P.D.Q., he would give orders that not a single passenger or pound of freight, or express parcel or telegraph message would be given to the C.P.R.

"Well, sir," replied Mr. McNicoll, "just let me know when you issue that order, will you, and I'll issue an order to C.P.R. agents to refuse the bills of your confounded old bank."

The bank manager discreetly pulled in his horns.

Mr. McNicoll was one of the builders of the C.P.R., and he should be accorded a fair measure of the glory which attaches to those who helped to bring the company up to its present proud position.

### Vice-President Ogden

PROMINENT among the high officials is I. G. Ogden, who is known as the financial genius of the C.P.R. During his long connection with the company, dating from 1881, forty years ago, when he started as auditor on western lines with headquarters at Winnipeg, until to-day, when he is vice-president in charge of finances, Mr. Ogden has steadily risen in official positions. In 1883 he was appointed auditor for the entire system, in 1887 was comptroller, and in 1901 became vice-president. There is no more popular official in the company's service, and many a grateful heart there is for his help in hour of financial depression. Of his abilities—well, he wouldn't have been where he is if he were not big enough for the job. Of course he is not as young as he used to be, but his years fall lightly upon him, and he trips along the corridors as if he were a care-free lad, and tackles large questions with a full knowledge of the details and great comprehension of his responsibility.

"I. G.," whose initials on the corner of a cheque and at the bottom of many a pay roll have disseminated happiness and sunshine to thousands, was honored by having the immense Ogden works near Calgary named after him. He doesn't take very many holidays but when he does the waters of the Rideau lakes are considerably lowered by the big catches he pulls out at his camp on the shores of that lake. Mr. Ogden has always surrounded himself by capable men like John Leslie, J. H. Shearing, Jim Steele, Charlie Black, W. J. Moule, who recently died; Ernie Lloyd, Edouard Emory, E. J. Bulgin, H. J. Dalton, C. J. Flanagan, W. J. Sudcliffe, W. F. Salsbury, W. H. Langridge, F. E. Shrimpton, William M. Taylor, George Gahan and others who have grown gray or are getting gray-haired in the accounting department.

In the early evening of his life—because years do not always make age with some—he is as genial and jovial as ever, with a keen appreciation of the humorous. His frequent sallies always provoke laughter. One of his best was that when some time after the formation of the Montreal millionaire club, the Mount Royal, which led to the desertion of some of the habitués of the well-known fashionable St. James' club for the new attraction, one day a friend, who had been conspicuous by his absence from the St. James and presence at the Mount Royal, dropped in casually at the former and when Mr. Ogden saw him gaily greeted him with, "Hello, old man, slumming again?"

Mr. Ogden is an indefatigable worker, and seldom is away from his office unless called to New York or elsewhere on business—or to Rideau lake.

### My "Fidus Achates"

THERE could be no warmer friend or congenial spirit or lovable companion than William Stitt, general passenger agent of the C.P.R., who represented the company in Winnipeg and Montreal and for several years in Sydney, Australia. He had a great personality, was generous to a fault, and had a happy knack of making and keeping friends. A pleasant-faced Scotchman from Kirkcudbrightshire, which he always contended I could never pronounce properly, though I could—"Kirk-cu-brig-sheer" — he was happily mentioned by a lady writer in one of the Australian papers upon leaving that country: "No man could possibly be as innocent as William Stitt looks." That was William to a T. Full of Scotch wit, always affable, and pleasant spoken, he had gained the undying friendship of a host of friends, amongst whom was myself. Circumstances frequently brought us together in our work in Windsor street station and on the road. To tell all our experiences would require a volume by itself, but a few incidents should be recalled:

Once we were occupying a drawing-room on the C.P.R. train to Quebec. During the night, I went to the toilet, and the opening of the door awakened him.

"What time is it, George?" he drowsily asked.

"It's 4.10, Weelum," I replied. I always called him "Weelum" after the character in "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

Weelum immediately resumed his slumbers, but I didn't, and after tossing around for half-an-hour or so, I grabbed him by the hand—he was sleeping opposite me—and cried, "Weelum, Weelum, wake up."

He accommodatingly did, and then I very seriously said to him: "Weelum, do you know that when I said it was 4.10 it wasn't? It was 4.15."

"Oh go to blazes, you old heathen you. What did you want to wake me up for to tell me that?"

"Weelum, say, Weelum,"—but he would not listen to what I had to say.

Finally I managed to make him hear me, and I explained that I had been brought up by good God-fearing parents, who had admonished me never to go to sleep with a lie on my lips, and that my conscience wouldn't let me sleep until I had confessed my sin.

His unmistakable directions as to my immediate destination, which wasn't Quebec, were forcibly given, and to the sweet music of his impassioned declamation as to the innumerable varieties of a blithering idiot that I was, I peacefully fell asleep, while his continued sarcastic remarks were rendered inaudible by the roar of the wheels.

### Floored James Oborne

ON ANOTHER occasion, we were out in James Oborne's private car through the Muskoka country. James, as you know, besides being general superintendent of the C.P.R. was a total abstainer, and as pernickety as they make them on the liquor question. As James and I were sitting together one morning in the rear end of the car, Weelum's name came up incidentally, and I remarked quite off-hand-like:

"Weelum is a grand man, a nature's nobleman, but—but—"

"But what?" demanded James.

"Oh, I don't like to tell, but, between you and me, Weelum crooks his elbow too much."

James was astounded; it wasn't possible, and he wanted to know if he drank very heavily.

"Like a fish," I mendaciously retorted.

Just then Weelum entered, and James immediately informed him of what I had told him.

"Oborne," said Weelum, "did he say that? And I suppose he told you he never touched a drop himself. Oh, but he's an awful liar. Did you notice how frequently he goes into his bedroom?" And James bowed affirmatively. "Well, the old villain has a bottle of Scotch in there. That's why. Do you know that the last time he was in my place, he drank up every drop of liquor there was in the house?"

James reproachfully looked at me and silently awaited some sort of an explanation.

"It's true, James, alas, it's only too true," I unblushingly remarked. "But he hasn't told you the whole story. You know what a charming woman Mrs. Stitt is. Now, I leave it to you, James, I leave it to you, what would you do if a lovely woman like Mrs. Stitt came up and put her arms around your neck and with tears streaming down her rosy cheeks would say to you: 'For goodness' sake, George, drink up all the whiskey there is in this house, or William will have the D.T's.'?"

Mr. Oborne was completely obfusti-




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cated, and to the day of his death was undecided whether I was an inveterate liar or William a confirmed drunkard.

Don't think I got the best of it every time. Weelum generally evened up on me. One day at a little gathering somebody or other remarked that everybody knew me and that I knew everybody.

"Nothing of the sort," says Weelum. "Not a word of truth in it. He's an awful faker. Why I went to see some prominent people who were about to make a trip to the coast and I told them that George would be on the train, but they didn't know him at all. I called in the colored porter, and explained that this party was going out, but that George Ham would be on the train, and to see him about them. The porter said: 'George Ham—who is he? Never heard of him.'"

And Weelum led in the laughter in which everybody joined.

### Haunted by Presentiment

WHEN Weelum passed away suddenly on April 1st four years ago, I was in Los Angeles, and could not sleep the previous night. There was a premonition of impending misfortune haunting me, so I hurried to the local C.P.R. office next morning where Polly—Mr. A. A. Polhamus—handed me two telegrams. While I am nearly as blind as a bat without spectacles, I hastily and distinctly read the despatches without glasses. One was from Charlie Foster saying that Mr. Stitt was dangerously ill; the other of later sending was from my secretary, Bessie James, that he had died that morning in Captain Walsh's office, adjoining mine. I was grief-stricken, and sadly walked over to where Alex. Calder and John McKechnie, two dear old Winnipeg friends of both Weelum and myself, were awaiting me, and wistfully whispered: "William Stitt is dead." Their sorrowing downcast looks were pathetic. There was a sickening tugging of the heart-strings and tear-dimmed eyes, for we mourned as many another did over the passing away of one of the dearest souls God ever put life in.

### Captains Courageous

VESSELS of the C.P.R. plough the waters of two oceans, and I don't know how many lakes and rivers, but enough to require a large fleet. Let me tell you something about the sailors bold who have been for years in the company's service, and some of whom distinguished themselves during the great war.

Capt. Troup, now manager of the B.C. coast steamers, was a "swift-water" man whose early training among the rapids of the Columbia river served him in good stead on the Columbia and Kootenay lakes. He has made a wonderful success of our coast fleet and is still going strong. His able assistant was Capt. Gore, who is now pensioned.

Capt. Rudhlin, who was of the original crew of the Hudson's Bay company's *Beaver*, the first steamship to ply the waters of the Pacific Ocean, served many years with the C. P. Navigation Company, and after amalgamation with the C.P.R., he was the first commander of the crack *Princess Victoria*. Capts. Hickey and Griffin keep the boats on the triangular run going with such regularity in all weather that residents of Vancouver, Victoria and Seattle set their watches by the *Princess* boats.

Of the transpacific officers, Capt. Marshall brought the *Empress of India* out in 1890, and after successfully sailing her for many years was appointed an Elder Brother of Trinity House, the highest honor open to the men of the mercantile marine. Capt. Lee commanded the *Abyssinia*, when first chartered for the China trade, and took the *Empress of Japan*, when built in 1891, and had great success with her until his retirement on a well-earned pension.

Capt. Harry Mowatt fitted out the *Athenian* for the Skagway trade when the Klondyke first opened up. He made a wonderful record for his ship as a horse and troop transport to the Philippines during the Spanish-American war, and went to Liverpool as marine superintendent when the Atlantic Steamships line was inaugurated in 1903, where he did yeoman service during the early anxious years of the new venture.

Capt. Wm. Stewart, a fine example of the old school North Atlantic skipper, was in command of the *Lake Champlain* when first acquired by the company. He took




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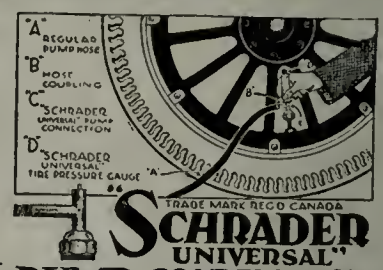
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over the *Empress of Britain* when built. Originally a ship's carpenter, he helped to build and was the first commander of the barque *Lake Simcoe*. She was also his first ship. Going home on the *Britain* on his last voyage before retirement a vessel on fire was sighted. Approaching closer, the barque was found to be abandoned but was identified as the *Lake Simcoe*. He and his first ship ended their career together.

Capt. Frank Carey, first commander of the *Empress of Ireland*, with a humorous cock to his eye and the most delightfully soft Irish brogue, was popular with passengers and greatly beloved by his brother officers. Crossing the banks of Newfoundland in dense fog he could always smell ice and while he took regulation soundings his officers say it was only a matter of form for he would call the depth and bottom before it was officially reported.

Capt. Murray, who succeeded to the *Empress of Britain*, was very popular, highly respected and is deeply regretted. He was killed in the Halifax explosion while engaged in war transport work for the Government.

### Masters of the Inland Seas

ON THE Great Lakes Capt. E. B. Anderson was as well known as the *Manitoba* was popular with the traveling public. He never told, if he ever knew, the date of his birth, but it is believed he was nearer eighty than seventy when he retired. It would have required much stronger proof than his appearance to credit him with more than fifty summers.

Capt. Jim McAllister commanded the *Alberta* for many years and afterward lived in Vancouver and Fort William. To the day of his death he stoutly maintained that there not only had never been, but there never would be, the equal of the *Alberta*.

Capt. Louis Payette was on the bridge of the *Assiniboia* making his ship fast in the Canadian lock one day in 1909 when the *Perry Walker* smashed the lock gates and let both the *Assiniboia* and *Crescent City* drop down 18 feet with the full force of Lake Superior behind them. There was an anxious few minutes, but Capt. Payette's coolness and good seamanship minimized the damage and he was able to finish his voyage with passengers and cargo intact.

Capt. Walsh, who was taken over with the Elder Dempster fleet in 1903, still remains as manager of the C.P.O.S. at Montreal. He has sailed the seas over for many a year, and was in the Gold Coast of Africa trade before joining the C. P. R.

And then there was Capt. Evans, "Bully" Evans, not nicknamed as you might suppose, but from his many years of piloting cattle ships. He had a keen sense of humor and a wonderfully hearty and infectious laugh. His gruff, bass voice and sometimes frowning eyebrows hid one of the kindest hearts that ever beat, and now, alas, it's stilled for ever.

### How Smith Tricked a Sub.

CAPT. SMITH sailed the *Milwaukee* for years. She went a long way in a long time. Early in her career, before his command, she lost her nose in an argument with the East Coast of England. The new one supplied by the generous owners served a purpose but did not add to her speed and although she was credited with 9.2 on her trials her fair sea average was nearer 2.9. Capt. Smith was heading her out into the broad Atlantic, when a submarine broke water on his starboard bow. He was unarmed save for a ten-foot log of wood he had mounted on the bow, and some detonating caps. Swinging his ship bow on, he trained his "ordnance" and one cap exploded so realistically that the sub. promptly ducked. A few hours later the *Hesperian* went to the bottom, through, it is supposed, the same submarine.

Capt. Boothby, whose brother is the English author, Guy Boothby; and Capt. Hodder, who stood six feet two in his stocking feet and weighed three and a half pounds for every inch of his height, were born of the sea. I nearly "beat up" Capt. Hodder once, but explained afterward I had refrained principally on account of his size and his sex. One of his boys was torpedoed three times, and he thought the last time was particularly hard luck as the boy only saved his pyjamas and a red flannel undershirt.

Capt. Gillies brought the *Keewatin* out from the Clyde on her way to her home on the Upper Lakes. Like Silas Wegg, he occasionally dropped into poetry and could see a joke less slowly than most of his fellow countrymen. He was less concerned about the subs. than he was about the instructions for avoiding them. His verses on the trials of the commander of a convoyed ship are amusing now, but at the time of writing they contained as much truth as they did poetry.

Capt. Jimmy Turnbull, who served with great distinction in the Great War, was decorated, mentioned in despatches and has since been promoted to the highest commissioned rank in the R.N.R., that of full captain. *Mullum in parvo* with a vengeance.

Captain Clews, whose jovial face and perennial smile compel a return in kind, was going to New York for a few days and hearing that except for an uncle he was without friends in the American metropolis, I offered some letters of introduction. On his return, he apologised for not having presented them, but explained he found it impossible to get away from his uncle. Long afterwards it developed that the uncle in question was Henry Clews, the great banker.

Captain Griffiths, now on the *Empress of Britain*, Captain Griffith Evans, now I think the senior of the Ocean Service shippers, and Capt. Parry are all fellow countrymen of Lloyd George, and very properly proud of it. Capt. Webster is also well up among the seniors, but as fit and hearty as ever. Capt. Kendall, to whom belongs the credit of the capture of Dr. Crippen, Captain Murray, who was chief officer on the *Lake Champlain* when I crossed on her 16 years ago, bore a gallant part in the action and was severely wounded when the *Carmania* sank the *Cap Trafalgar*.

### The Active Men of To-day

THERE are so many of the first and second brigades of the C.P.R. men who did yeoman service in building up the company in its earlier days when everything was not so roseate as it is to-day, that to recall them all would make this article look like the register of the Heavenly Choir. A great deal more could be said of them than the limits of this writing would permit, but it would be unfair if they were not mentioned. Amongst them are the vice-presidents: W. R. McInnes, who has been with the company since 1885, and who has risen from a clerkship in the purchasing department; Geo. M. Bosworth, who joined the staff in 1882, became freight traffic manager and vice-president and is now chairman of the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services. Grant Hall, who dated from 1886, but after a few years' connection with the I.C.R. returned to his first love and rapidly rose in the service until he reached his present position. A. D. MacTier dates from 1887 as a clerk in the baggage department. He became a stenographer to the general superintendent, and filled other positions: general baggage agent, general fuel agent, assistant to the vice-president, general manager of eastern lines, and finally vice-president. D. C. Coleman came into the company in 1899 as a clerk in the engineering department at Fort William, and afterwards was general superintendent, assistant general manager at Winnipeg, and then his present position. Harry Seackling in 1874 went with the Credit Valley road, and the next year became its secretary-treasurer, local treasurer of the C.P.R. in Toronto in '83, assistant treasurer at Montreal in '86, and succeeded Mr. Sutherland as treasurer in 1908—they being the only holders of the office. Fred L. Wanklyn has been chief executive officer for many years. Col. John S. Dennis in 1903 inaugurated the irrigation policy of the company in the West by which large areas of land were reclaimed. Working from Calgary, with excellent results, he was promoted to the office of assistant to the president in 1912, and is now Chief Commissioner of Colonization and Development. It took a few years for J. S. to make his irrigation venture a success and during that time he learned the truth of the old adage that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." In 1915 the consulting engineers of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, who made a thorough investigation of the Alberta irrigation project, said, "Some day a grateful people will honor this pioneer empire builder in much the same way as Italy has honored Count Cavour in the valley of the Po." That time has come to pass, and Colonel Dennis has lived to see the success of the scheme which he worked so hard to accomplish.




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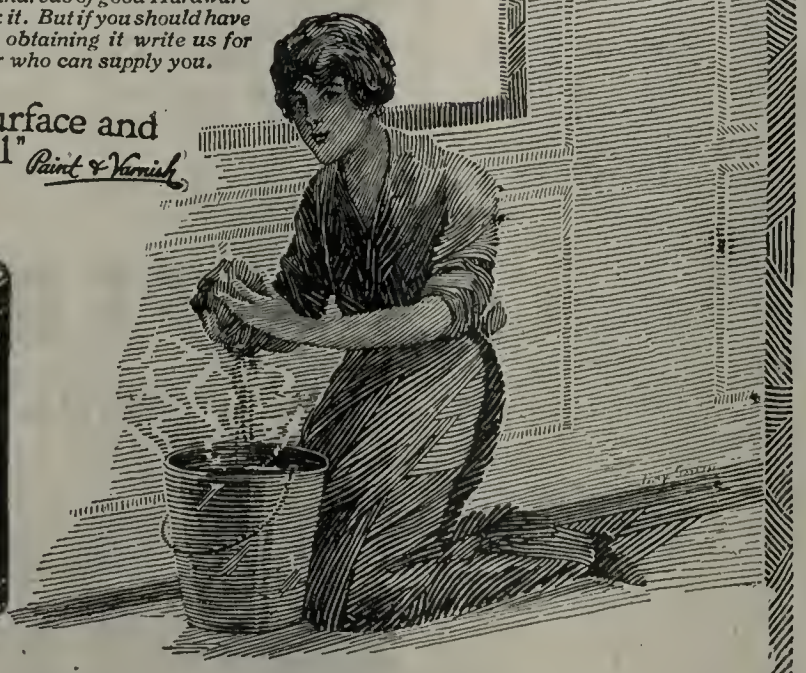
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### From Railway Man to Mine Owner

ROBERT RANDOLPH BRUCE, the "Pioneer of the Happy Valley" (Columbia), one of the picturesque figures of the West, was on the payrolls of the company from '87 to '97. He came to Canada straight from Scotland. When he landed in New York and walked up Broadway, bits of purple heather still stuck to his clothes. He had $40 in his jeans and under his vest, and now he's a mine owner and bloated capitalist. W. B. Lanigan (Billy) commenced work in 1884 with the C.P.R. as a telegraph operator at Sharbot Lake, and got going up the scale rapidly until now, an expert freight man, he is freight traffic manager of all the C.P.R. lines. He was born at Three Rivers, P.Q., the home of Jacques Bureau, M.P., and they were schoolmates, Billy being the model boy, and Jacques nothing of the sort, with the result that Billy naturally graduated towards the C.P.R., and Jacques just as naturally graduated toward politics. Associated with Mr. Lanigan are Harry E. Macdonell who has seen service from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Bob Larmour, who has been stationed in the east and the west and the centre—New York, Fort William, Winnipeg and Vancouver—and is now in Montreal, Major Wm. Kirkpatrick, who after many years service is now freight traffic manager at Winnipeg. Wm. C. Bowles, who started as a clerk in the Soo, and now is general freight agent at Winnipeg, E. N. Todd and A. O. Secord at Montreal, H. A. Plough at Nelson, W. B. Bamford at Nelson, B.C., Marsh Brown at Toronto, and Hamilton Abbott, who was the first freight agent at Calgary. H. A. Beasley is another veteran now managing the E. & N. Railway (C.P.R.) in Vancouver Island.

### Some of the Western Men

IN THE West is P. L. Nasmith, who in 1900 was manager of the A. R. & I. Co., and is now manager of the important department devoted to the expansion of the country's natural resources. Allan Cameron, now general superintendent of the Natural Resources branch, joined the company in 1883 as a clerk in the freight department at Winnipeg, and afterwards was promoted to the office of assistant general freight agent at Vancouver. After spending four years in the company's service in China, he was transferred to London, England, and moved to New York city, holding in both places the position of general freight agent. From this position in 1903 he was transferred to Calgary where he became general superintendent of lands, department of Natural Resources. In this department is also Norman Rankin, who has been with the company for years and has high literary abilities. W. H. D'Arcy has been general claims agent at Winnipeg since the memory of man, and Chas. Temple has recently been promoted to chief of motive power and rolling stock at Montreal. Frank Peters joined the C.P.R. staff in 1881 in the cashier's office at Winnipeg. The next year he was agent at Brandon and afterwards freight agent at Port Arthur and Winnipeg and after being stationed in the Kootenay became assistant to Vice-president Whyte at Winnipeg, and is now general superintendent of the B.C. division. Alfred Price was operator and clerk in the general offices of the Credit Valley in 1879; after being superintendent on various divisions he is now general manager of eastern lines at Montreal—and a mighty good one too, for it is said of him that there is no better railroader in North America. Another expert, Charlie Murphy, fills a similar position on Western lines. Then there are general superintendent John Scully of North Bay, Ken Sanger of Montreal, H. P. Zimmerman, now Industrial Commissioner with Graham Curtis as his assistant, and Jack McKay of Saskatoon.

Tom Walklate has been buying lumber and ties for the C.P.R. since 1885, and is still buying them but not at the old prices. Chris. Kyle, who was locomotive foreman in '89 and afterwards master mechanic, is now supervisor of apprentices with headquarters at Montreal. Bob Miller started railroading in 1873 and was station agent at Windsor street station for ten years, and is now passenger train master there.

### Prominent Passenger Men

IN THE passenger department are such indefatigable workers as Charlie Ussher, who since 1886 has been in the fold. From a comparatively minor position he has steadily risen until now he is passenger

traffic manager, and also has charge of the chain of hotels of the entire system, and spends the rest of his time either in his office or on the train. Charlie McPherson, whom his friends call Cluny, came to the C.P.R. from the Rock Island in 1886, and has been stationed at Montreal, Boston, St. John, Toronto, and is now at Winnipeg, where he is assistant passenger traffic manager. He is a Chatham, Ontario, boy, but wandered into foreign fields at an early age. Then there is Charlie Foster, assistant passenger traffic manager at Montreal. When I first met him in 1891 he was a junior clerk at St. John, N.B. He has during those thirty intervening years risen rapidly from the ranks, and he is one of that kind of fellows whose future is not behind him.

Others who have risen from the ranks are W. H. Snell, and Col. Walter Maughan, of Montreal, Harry Brodie of Vancouver, Geo. Walton of Winnipeg, W. B. Howard, and N. R. DesBrisay of St. John, N.B., Dave Kennedy of every place, Dan Steele, high muck-a-muck at Sherbrooke, Billy Fulton at Toronto, Billy Grant, an old timer of the old timers at Hamilton; George McGlade of Brockville; "Burroughs of Belleville," Billy McIlroy, now stationed at Detroit, J. B. Way at the Canadian Soo; Joe Carter at Nelson; Charlie Philps of St. John, N.B., and the company's representatives in the United States—Fred Perry in New York, Tommy Wall at Chicago, E. L. Sheehan at St. Louis, Mike Malone at Cincinnati, A. A. Polhamus at Los Angeles, Fred Nason at San Francisco, Teddy Chesborough at Atlanta, A. G. Albertson at Minneapolis, L. R. Hart at Boston, G. B. Burpee at Cleveland, R. C. Clayton at Philadelphia, Clarence Williams at Pittsburgh, B. E. Smeed at St. Paul, Fred Sturdee at Seattle, D. C. O'Keefe at Tacoma, E. L. Cardle at Spokane, C. E. Phelps at Washington, and George Walton at Buffalo, all of whom have been with the company for years and upheld the interests of the company in the land of the Stars and Stripes.

Geo. C. Wells, whose word is always accepted in railway conferences, began as a clerk in the passenger department in Montreal in '92, and now he is still at work as assistant to the passenger traffic manager.

### Two Veteran French-Canadians

GEORGE HODGE came into the vineyard in 1890 as a clerk in the passenger department and steadily rose officially until now he is assistant to the vice-president. Fred Hopkins came to work earlier than George—in '82—in the passenger department and rose to be assistant general passenger agent. Emile Hebert's connection with the company dates away back in the '80's. To him is assigned the duty of looking after French-Canadian patrons, and he does it so successfully that many of his compatriots imagine that he is the president of the C.P.R. and believe that Ambroise Lalonde, another veteran, is general manager.

Good old Alexander Calder of Winnipeg has been associated with the company ever since its birth, and is still doing business at the same old stand. His son Arthur has been with the company for very many years, and now fills a position on the executive staff.

Charles Buell is of the '95 product, and after a quarter of a century's service is now staff registrar and secretary of the pension department. "They" say that Charlie knows the age, sex and previous condition of servitude of every blessed one of the 100,000 employees of the C.P.R.

### The Oldest Ticket Agent in Canada

BILLY DOCKRILL, Jimmy McKenna, and Walter Brett are veteran travelling passenger agents still on deck. R. J. Smith, for years with the company, is now chief ticket agent at Montreal, Fred C. Lydon, who came as a boy, is city ticket agent at Montreal. Geo. Beer and Billy Corbett are well known figures in the Toronto office. Billy Jackson, outside agent at Clinton, is the oldest ticket agent in Canada. W. H. C. Mackay, St. John, N.B., and Jerry Chipman, Halifax, and Arthur Shaw of Montreal have been with the company for goodness knows how long. Tom Riddell has been in the claims department since a boy, and is still there.

The present chief engineer, John M. Fairbairn, started in 1892 as topographer on the Soo Road and quickly rose in position until in 1918 he reached the top of the department. P. A. Motley came as a draughtsman in the same department in the same year and is now engineer of bridges. And of the others—their name is legion, Angus McMurchy of Toronto is perhaps the oldest solicitor of the company, and is still in harness.

H. W. Sweeney was an office boy in the treasurer's department in '86, and after being clerk, cashier, paymaster he was appointed local treasurer at Winnipeg in 1908 and still fills that position most efficiently.

Billy Cooper, who is now the head of the sleeping car department, commenced work as a clerk in the general superintendent's office in Montreal in '91. He has able assistants in two other old-timers, Bert Mathews of Winnipeg and Frank Tingley of Vancouver. Sid Wertheim of Toronto, and Jimmy Downs of Montreal, who can get more lower berths for passengers than any other person—and these are all veterans.

E. N. Bender entered railway work in 1880 as secretary to the general storekeeper of the Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway, now a part of the C.P.R. system. In 1902 he succeeded A. C. Henry as general purchasing agent, and has with him a capable staff, many of whom are old-timers.

James Manson (Jim) began railroading with C.P.R. in 1882, then rose to be superintendent and after experience in Winnipeg and Toronto was transferred to Montreal, where he is assistant to Vice-President Grant Hall. His duties are manifold, and as varied, and he is a fixture for life in smoothing over the rough edges of his fellow-workers.

Harry Oswald is an old-timer, dating away back, and from a subordinate position is now assistant secretary, and secretary of no fewer than eighty-one subsidiary companies.

Teddy Moore came when he was in the bloom of youth which he still retains, and has charge of the insurance of the company which reaches up to the millions.

### The Train Staff

AMONGST the old-time conductors still shouting "all aboard" are Davy Bell, Ed. Chapman, Aaron Burt, Jack Johnson, George Wood, Charles Clendenning, Ab. and Dick Harshaw—now promoted to superintendencies, Billy Hassard, W. Goodfellow, Dan Cameron, Frank McLean, now at the gate of the Union Station, Toronto, Sandy Younger, Howard Moore, the brothers Ed. and Duncan Park, Oscar Westover, Joe Legros, Wm. Reilly, Morley Munro, A. Houle, John Sheldon, on the Boston run, Steve Yates, Bob Clarke, Mac Beaton, Wm. Campbell, A. Courtney, O. Brushey, Dan Carmichael, Bob Young, James McWilliam.

Amongst the oldest drivers were James Fisher, who ran an engine from Montreal to the end of the line in B.C. in the early days (one trip only); Harry Floyd who had the Prince of Wales as his companion on the run over the Trenton division, his Royal Highness saving Harry the trouble of blowing the whistle; Dick Christopher, Ed Tout, and Tom Leonard, a brother of J. W.; Roadmaster Gus Erickson, who has risen from the ranks, told the scientific world of Europe, through my writings, why the mountains of the Canadian Rockies wore haloes. and John Riordon (Jerry) is still on his job.

### The Advertising Men

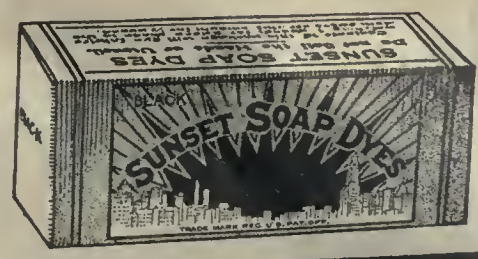
IN THE publicity department in the early days were such men as Ed. Sandys, Roy Somerville, Molyneau St. John, Harry Charlton, Wilfred Creighton, and now the presiding genius is John Murray Gibbon, who is also an author of considerable note, and he has surrounded himself with a capable staff. During all the years some of the best descriptive writers in the world have written up the C.P.R. until, with its newspaper advertising, and handsomely printed booklets, its name is known everywhere.

Chief Chamberlain was with the company years ago, and after being Chief of Police in Vancouver returned. Men in his department include Col. MacLeod of Winnipeg, J. P. Burns, J. Cadieux, and Inspectors Spragge and McGorman of Vancouver, Neliher at Calgary, Ashman at Winnipeg, Chesser at Moose Jaw, MacFarlane at North Bay, Morse at Toronto, Catlow at St. John, N.B., and Logan at Montreal—all veterans.

### The Ocean Service

NOTABLE among the officers of the Canadian Pacific Ocean Services are Wm. T. Payne, manager for Japan and


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China, who has resided for many years in Yokohoma and has received high honors from the Imperial Japanese Government. Charlie Benjamin joined the traffic department in St. Louis, Mo., and rose to be passenger traffic manager of the C.P.O.S. Weldy Ammable, who started in the Ottawa ticket office, transferred to Montreal, and after a term as general baggage agent was promoted to his present position as general passenger agent. Percy Sutherland, general passenger agent in Hongkong, a son of J. W. Sutherland, general freight agent at St. John, N.B., and Toronto for many years. Billy Ballantyne, the capable and popular assistant general passenger agent at Montreal. Willy Webber who welcomes the coming and speeds the parting traveller at the gangway of the Atlantic steamers, smooths away their troubles and spreads that gospel of service which is the motto of the C.P.R. W. T. Marlow, now at the head of the Ocean Services freight department, is among the veterans. He started in Toronto in the early days and served for many years in the Far East before reaching his present position.

The Dominion Express Company is still under the management of its first president, W. S. Stout, of Toronto, who has W. H. Burr as his assistant. The names of Billy Walsh of Toronto, now passed away, General Supt. V. R. G. Vickers, who retired to enter commercial life, and Goodwin Ford, Winnipeg, will long be remembered.

The Baggage Department, over which Joe Apps, a veteran of the veterans, presides, with assistants like W. E. Allison, and T. W. McGuire of Montreal, and Joe Sparks of Winnipeg, and amongst other workers Mrs. Tracy, who has been in the department for years, is an important one. Last year the total pieces of baggage handled numbered 6,353,308; bicycles, 13,317; dogs, 21,494; baby carriages, 27,905—all sensible babies travel by the C.P.R.;—coupes, 3,475; and cans of milk, 2,831,858. Space forbids mention of the number of cases of hard liquor carried into the arid districts lying between the Ottawa river and the summit of the Rocky Mountains, but—

### The Live Wires

WITH the telegraph branch of the C.P.R. the name of Mr. Charles R. Hosmer will be long identified, for he was the head and front of the undertaking at its inception. He is a director of the company besides being incidentally a capitalist. Long associated with him was James Kent, who inaugurated a press service and press bulletin for the passenger trains in the West. After thirty years in harness he retired in 1916, and was succeeded by John McMillan, who has been with the company since 1883, and worked his way up from a junior in the construction of telegraphs to the topmost position. The wires of the C.P.R. reach every part of the civilized world, besides several countries that are apparently not entirely civilized. Bill (W. J.) Camp, his assistant, was a C.P.R. electrician in 1886, and there are Geo. H. Ferguson and many others in this branch of the C.P.R. who have been with it for many years. B. S. Jenkins, and John Tait and Jack Stronach were old Winnipeg workers. William Marshall is now assistant manager at that city, but he has only been with the company since 1886, and other veterans are Jim Wilson, and Ed. Grindrod, the first superintendent and inspector in B.C., who did good service during the floods in the mountains some years ago.

It can be readily understood that it is utterly impossible to mention a tithe of the names of the thousands of C.P.R. men whose long service entitles them to recognition, but instances of many will demonstrate that C.P.R. men remained with the company for long periods, irrespective entirely of their walk in life. Many joined when the company was formed; others came in as the lines on which they worked were absorbed, and there are over 1,000 employees on the pension roll, and some of the veterans of the early '80's are still at their accustomed posts. I am sorry I can't recall them all.

### On the Retired List

AMONGST those who have retired from the service but who are still in the land of the living, are many grand old veterans: Mr. H. J. Cambie, who did more valuable work in British Columbia from the earliest days of the company, and while not now on active service acts in an ad-

visory capacity. W. R. Baker, C.V.O., was with the Canada Central at Ottawa in 1873, and afterwards with the C.P.R. and then general manager of the Manitoba & Northwestern for several years until it became part of the C.P.R. system when he was appointed executive agent at Winnipeg and, in 1905, assistant to the president. In 1908 he became secretary of the company and resigned in 1917, being succeeded by everybody's friend, Ernest Alexander, who bad graduated from the president's office, and still efficiently fills the position of official scribe of the company. Arthur Piers, who in 1870 was with the Great Western of Canada, in '82 came to the C.P.R. as assistant to the general manager when the main offices of the company were on Place d'Armes Square, and his office staff consisted of himself and the office boy. In 1891 he was appointed superintendent of the company's trans-pacific steamships and afterwards general manager of all their steamship interests until his retirement in 1913, on account of ill health. He is now residing in England and is just as much a C.P.R. man as ever. His son, Arthur, keeps up the family traditions of loyalty and efficiency at his office at Windsor Street Station. My old friend Mel Duff started in 1891 as the office boy above referred to, and is now the very capable manager of the Great Lakes steamers. W. R. Callaway, still as young as he used to be, is now with the Soo line. William Downie lives at one of my several birthplaces, Whitby, Ont. General Superintendent J. T. Arundel has taken to farming at Oakville, Ont. Harry Charlton is now the efficient publicity manager of the Grand Trunk at Montreal. Hayter Reed and his charming wife, who are living at St. Andrews, left their indelible impress on the entire C.P.R. hotels system. Frank Brady is now one of the bosses on the Canadian National system. James Fullerton, the capable ship's husband at Vancouver, and Sam Buchanan who filled a similar position for the Great Lakes Steamship service in 1891, are enjoying the luxury of a rest, and Reggie Graves, of the Place Viger hotel, is now managing two hotels at Iroquois Falls for the Abitibi Paper and Pulp Company. Davy Brown, the evergreen old boy of Vancouver, whose genial welcoming hand-clasp is just as warm as it was thirty years ago.

### Politics Interfere with Business

FRED GUTELIUS, as good an operating man as ever lived, who came from Heinz's lines in British Columbia, and when general superintendent in Montreal was induced by the Hon. Frank Cochrane to take charge of the Intercolonial, which he vainly endeavored to run on business principles, and resigned in disgust at his dismal failure for political influence was too great to overcome. He is now vice-president of the D. & H., with headquarters at Albany, N.Y., where his duties are not interfered with by every ward-heeler. Hugh Lumsdun, an old civil engineer who came to the company in 1884, and after twenty years' service resigned to accept the chief engineership of the National Transcontinental, is now living in retirement at Orillia, Ont. N. S. Dunlop, who made the entire line from St. John to Vancouver a road of roses, still resides at Westmount. James A. Sheffield was superintendent of sleeping, dining and parlor cars and hotels from 1888 to 1902 when he resigned on account of ill health. Wm. Cross in 1882 was assistant mechanical superintendent in Montreal, and became master mechanic. In 1887 he was transferred to the western division and was promoted to the office of assistant to Vice-President Whyte, in 1904, and after a quarter of a century's service was pensioned.

### Driver Becomes Minister of Mines

H. H. VAUGHAN, who was superintendent of motive power and assistant to the vice-president for many years, retired to become head of an industrial corporation. Col. George Burns, of the audit department, resigned to be of service to his country during the war.

Driver Harry Mills is now Minister of Mines in the Ontario Government, and Andy Ingram, who was in the baggage department, is chairman of the Ontario Railway Board. Frank McLean was at the gate at the Toronto terminals. A great character was Peter Stephen, who joined the merry throng in 1880, and after years of service at Smith's Falls was pensioned in 1915. Conductor Billy Brown of the West resigned to become general superintendent of the C.N.R., and Ab. Chapman of Ottawa was presented with a gold watch on his retirement after fifty years' service. D. M. Telford was local treasurer at Winnipeg years ago, and is now living in retirement. Harry O'Connor of Winnipeg commenced with construction, and ended as fire commissioner. W. D. Evanson, of the audit department, is now Comptroller of Winnipeg, and Jimmy Morrison, who for years was in the passenger department is general passenger agent of the C.N.R. John Morrow, right-of-way agent, retired some years ago.

### Company Never Evicted a Settler

FRED T. GRIFFIN entered the company's service in 1883 as a clerk in the land department, and seven years later succeeded L. A. Hamilton as land commissioner on the retirement of that gentleman who had initiated a generous policy and it was both his and his successor's boast that the company had never evicted a settler, but had allowed many who had left the country for various reasons to return and re-occupy their farms as if nothing had ever happened. Mr. Griffin retired in 1917. H. L. Penny entered the audit department in 1881 as a clerk, and became general auditor in 1889. After thirty-three years arduous service he resigned in 1914 on account of ill health. George L. Wetmore was another old-timer, commencing his duties as foreman of construction in 1883. He became divisional engineer at several points on the north shore and St. John, N.B., and was pensioned in 1915. Geo. H. Shaw was with Robt. Kerr in Winnipeg for many years and resigned to go with the C.N.R. W. B. Bulling, who ranks amongst the pioneers of the C.P.R., resigned some years ago and lives in Montreal. Sid Howard is another old-timer who quit railroading to enter commercial life. Ben Grier and Geo. L. Courtney were prominent in railway and steamship circles in Victoria, B.C. but both retired, and Ben is, or was, president of the local Board of Trade. John Corbett, who looked after the export freight for the C.P.R. in Montreal, resigned some years ago and is now living in Philadelphia. Eddie Fitzgerald, who when a lad was a messenger in the House of Commons, a coveted position in those days, became assistant chief purchasing agent of the company and on resigning became vice-chairman of the board of the Hudson's Bay Company with headquarters at Winnipeg.

### General Superintendent now Farmer

AMONGST other prominent men connected with the C.P.R. were E. H. McHenry and W. F. Tye and John Sullivan, now of Winnipeg, where he was elected an alderman, and amongst the real original first ones was J. M. Egan, the general superintendent of the road of Winnipeg, who left to accept the presidency of the Central of Georgia Railway and the Seaboard Line, and is now farming not far from St. Louis, Mo.

Ed James is another real old-timer. He joined the C.P.R. in its earliest days, and from a telegraph operator rose until he became general superintendent, and afterwards accepted the general managership of the Canadian Northern from which he resigned and is now living in Vancouver.

Col. E. W. P. Ramsay, who made a high record during the war, having been mentioned in despatches and honored with a C.M.G., was an apprentice in the mechanical department in his youth and afterwards engineer of construction of Eastern lines—the building of the Lake Ontario shore line being one of his achievements. Charles W. Monserrat in 1889 was a draughtsman and later a bridge engineer. He had charge of the construction of the Quebec bridge, having left the service in 1910.

### Other Old-Timers

JOHN PERSSE is a prosperous business man of Winnipeg, and W. O. Somers of the traffic department, W. J. Ross, bridge builder now of Port Arthur; of superintendents James Murray, Fred Jones, C. W. Milestone, Tom Kilpatrick, W. A. Perry, J. A. Cameron, C. J. Ambridge, G. D. Henderson, Wee Macgregor; of conductors Joe Fahey, Leary, Billy Fogg, Larose, Billy Chester, now a prominent figure in labor circles, and Billy Brown, now general superintendent in the C.N.R.; of engineers, Ash, Kennedy, J. Brownlee, Armstrong, H. Phipps, Carey, also Bob Willoughby, Tom Carter, Frank Nelson,




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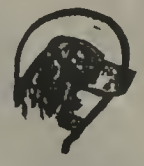
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A valued old-timer is Ike McKay, who has been with the Company for a score or more of years.

### Some Who Have Passed Away

THERE are many men whom death has called, bright lights in the early days of the C.P.R., and amongst them Judge Clarke, of Cobourg, was one of the ornaments of the Canadian bar. His legal acumen was of the greatest service to the company. Another historic personage was Mr. Henry Beatty, father of the president, who designed and built the original vessels for the Great Lakes. From this nucleus has grown the splendid fleet of ocean, lake, and river steamers, which in itself would entitle the company to front rank among the outstanding transportation systems of the world. He was associated with the company until his death in 1914. Other outstanding figures are T. A. McKinnon, George Olds, and Lucius Tuttle of the traffic department. Harry Abbott of Vancouver did invaluable work in construction days in the mountains of British Columbia, and Richard Marpole of the same city, who started with the construction of the road in Algoma in 1882, after many years' arduous and efficient labors in the mountains of B.C., became the chief executive officer on the Canadian Pacific Coast. Mr. Marpole had a wonderful grasp in railway matters and died in June 1920, deeply regretted.

### Some Reminiscences

W SUTHERLAND TAYLOR'S connection with railways commenced in 1868 when he was secretary of construction on the Toronto, Grey & Bruce road, and afterwards treasurer of that company. When the T., G. & B. was absorbed by the C.P.R. he became its treasurer and retired in 1908 when he was succeeded by another old timer, Mr. H. E. Suckling, who is still actively and efficiently serving the company. Mr. Sutherland Taylor and I were old cronies and we frequently used to indulge in reminiscences. One of his memories was that when a lad he was going down the Rhine and fell in with a very nice Danish family of father, mother, and several children. To him they appeared to belong to that highly respectable class which consists of fairly well-to-do old families. He became familiar with them, and when a little later he met them again in Berlin their friendship was renewed and he was invited to lunch at their hotel. During the luncheon one of the boys, Master George, misbehaved himself and received a gentle cuff on the ear and was dismissed from the table. Years after Mr. Taylor discovered that the head of the friendly family had ascended the throne of Denmark and was none other than King Christian IX, and that of his youthful companions the eldest daughter had been married to the Prince of Wales and had become Queen Alexandra of Britain, and her sister Princess Dagmar was the Empress of Russia, and the others were afterwards King Frederick VIII of Denmark, and His Royal Highness Prince Wilhelm of Denmark, and George had occupied the throne of Greece, that Princess Lyra of Denmark had married the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince Vladamar of Denmark was wedded to Princess Marie of Orleans. Never before has a wandering young Canadian boy unconsciously got into so much of the white light which beateth about the throne.

Then there was Robert Kerr, who as a boy was connected with the old Northern Railway of Toronto, and in 1884 entered the service of the C.P.R., with headquarters at Winnipeg and afterwards at Montreal, filling the position of passenger traffic manager. He was the son of Capt. Kerr, an old steamboat man of Toronto, who was in command of the favorite *Maple Leaf*, which plied on Lake Ontario, and with whom I sailed as a non-paying passenger many a time. Robert Kerr served with great distinction during the civil war, fighting for the North. Mr. James W. Leonard, who passed away in April, 1919, was another old-timer who is not forgotten. In his youth he was connected with the old Midland Railway of Canada, and afterwards with the Credit Valley, and in 1880, when it was absorbed by the C.P.R., he became a superintendent and afterwards

general manager of the road. Mr. Charles Drinkwater was secretary of the railway in 1881, and in 1908 rose to be assistant to the president. In his youth Mr. Drinkwater was secretary to Sir John Macdonald and gained an insight into parliamentary matters that were of great assistance to him and to the company in matters of legislation at Ottawa.

### Conductor from 1864 to 1913

A. C. HENRY, who succeeded Mr. Shaughnessy as purchasing agent, was with the company from its beginning, and died at a comparatively early age, and when he died there was general regret for he was highly esteemed.

One of the oldest employees of the company was Charles Spencer, who in 1864 was a conductor on the Brockville & Ottawa, and naturally was taken over by the C.P.R. when that road was purchased by the company. He was for years on the Montreal-Ottawa run, and was a great favorite with the travelling public. It was not until 1913 that he was pensioned, and he died at a ripe old age five years later. He was father of Charles and H. B. Spencer, two men who were closely connected with the C.P.R. Charlie became general superintendent and resigned in 1905 to accept a higher position in the Canadian Northern, and died some years ago, but Harry, who commenced work with the Canada Central (now C.P.R.) in 1870, as telegraph operator and assistant agent at Ottawa, is still on duty as superintendent in his native city. W. J. Singleton was another of the early workers, being agent at Ottawa in 1882, and afterwards superintendent until 1909, passing away early in 1911.

E. J. Duchesney, who did wonderful work at the time of the Frank disaster. Molyneux St. John of the publicity department, an accomplished writer, was assigned to become editor of the Winnipeg *Free Press*, and afterwards was appointed Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod at Ottawa.

### Others Gone But Still Remembered

P. A. PETERSON was chief engineer in 1881 with John Canadian as chief clerk, who composed nearly the whole office staff, and in 1903 was consulting engineer, and left the service the same year. The names of Major Rogers, who found the Rogers Pass, General Rosser, who was the last Southern officer to accept the inevitable, J. S. Schwitzer and A. B. Stickney, who was chief engineer in the West in the early days, are still remembered, although they have been laid at rest for many years. E. V. Skinner, who represented the company in New York city from 1887 to 1908, was a very prominent figure, and Horace Colvin, who was the company's representative in Boston from 1887 to 1903 has also passed away. Another prominent figure was Archer Baker, who was an accountant on the Brockville & Ottawa road in 1870 and after several promotions was stationed at London, England, and was European manager of the company until his death in 1910. Alex Notman was a well known figure and represented the company at several points. He was best known in Toronto, and when he died the company lost an energetic official. Then there were A. R. G. Heward, who was with President Van Horne for many years; Fred Tiffin, who was the company's first freight agent at Toronto, and resigned to join the I.C.R. forces, he being succeeded by J. N. Sutherland, who has also passed away. The memory of J. Francis Lee, of Chicago, Con Sheehy of Detroit, and Tom Harvey of the Soo, Michigan, all of whom have gone to their last rest will not soon be forgotten, neither will Fred Gauthier of Winnipeg, who, commencing as a freight clerk in '82, became assistant purchasing agent in 1900 and died in 1919. Albert Dana was another one who commenced as general storekeeper in Montreal in 1881 and in '86 entered the purchasing department in which he reached a high position and died recently. Jack Taylor came from a family of railway men, and began work as a train despatcher in Ottawa in 1878. In 1911 he was made general superintendent on several western divisions. General Superintendent R. R. Jameson, John Niblock and J. A. McLellan are gone.

### Medical Staff

DR. GIRDWOOD was the first chief surgeon and retired in 1902. Among the medical men on his staff scattered along the lines of the C.P.R. were Dr. Pringle, who for many years did excellent service on the north shore of Lake Superior, and Dr. McKid of Calgary, Dr. Orton, M.P., and Dr. Brett, now Lieutenant Governor of Alberta, and still in the land of the living, and Dr. Kerr, who afterwards was a prominent physician in Washington, D.C.

An old-timer was W. H. Kelson, who was general storekeeper from 1882 to 1904, and Jimmy Callaghan, who was with the company from 1886 to his death in 1912, and L. A. Genest, general storekeeper at Winnipeg, have departed this life. Geo. W. Henry, in the treasurer's department for many years, whose father was one of the officers who guarded Napoleon during his captivity at Elba.

Bob Morris, the general baggage agent at Montreal, James Osborne, a pains-taking official who served the company at different places from St. John to Vancouver, Joe Heffernan, of Guelph, Joe Milward, of the freight department, who was killed in a bicycle accident at Boston.

### Founder of the Highland Cadets

GEORGE DUNCAN, of Ottawa, who came with the company when a boy, represented the C.P.R. at Ottawa for many years until his death. We all remember Major Lydon, who formed the famed Highland cadets, and who still insisted on working after being pensioned.

Memory also recalls Wm. Harder, of Winnipeg, John H. McTavish, the first land commissioner, and Alex. Begg, his assistant, W. Skead, and R. G. Barnwill of the tie department, J. D. Farrell, now president of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co., and Dan O'Leary, who constructed bridges. Supt. Con. Shields and Wm. Brown, brother of Davy, John Niblock, and J. R. Cameron, T. J. Lynskey, the first one, Al. Percival, and Jack Landers, old time conductors, of engineer Dick Smith, Allan McNab, one of the pioneer locomotive engineers of the mountains, Jim Brownlee and Jim Stewart, who ran old "69."

### Conductor Becomes Labor Leader

CONDUCTOR HARRY HALL, after many years of conducting trains, became the representative of the labor interests at Ottawa. Peter Stewart passed away after many years of service, and so did Dad Clarke, who switched at the Toronto terminals. Another Dad Clarke—its wonderful how long they were affectionately called "Dad"—was for a long time in the purchasing department and died as the result of an accident at Ottawa several years ago.

Conductors James Ferris, John Forrester, A. St. Germain and Ed. Barnes, all veterans, have passed away.

And who can ever forget Charlie Panzer, the roadmaster; old Gideon Swain, who bossed the Winnipeg station for years; Hampton, of the Windsor station, who used words as big as the side of a house, and that dear old friend of everybody—Constable Richards, now guarding the pearly gates in the other world?

### Officials Honored by King

THE King has recognized the valuable service of many C.P.R. officials by giving honors to Lord Mount Stephen, Lord Strathcona, Lord Shaughnessy, Sir William Van Horne, Sir Thomas Tait, who did splendid railway work in Australia; Sir George Bury for his work in Russia; Sir George McLaren Brown of London, England, for what he did during the late war; Sir Arthur Harris, Sir William Whyte, Sir Augustus Nanton, and Sir James Aikins, of Winnipeg; Sir E. B. Osler and Sir John Eaton, the merchant prince, of Toronto, Sir Herbert Holt, of Montreal; and for many years an official of the company has been and still is Sir Gilbert Johnson, who bears the Nova Scotian baronetcy. W. R. Baker was given a C.V.O. by King George, and deserved higher honors for his services during royal visits to Canada.

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more so, but Col. Stevenson's artillery was a little late in arriving to fire a parting salute, and time, tide, and the C.P.R. flyers wait for no one. There were only two sleepers attached and they were comfortably filled. The only newspaper man aboard was myself, and I had written up the trip from Montreal to Winnipeg in advance, and sent it by mail—for I had been on the road frequently—only adding the names of the more prominent passengers by wire from Ottawa. When the papers reached us on the north shore of Lake Superior, Mr. Dewey, the superintendent of the postal service of Canada, who was on board, was astonished at the length and accuracy of my report, and wondered how and when I had written it, and as I did not enlighten him, except to say that he had seen me writing on the train, his mystification remained with him until his death. The trip was a glorious one, and the reception all along the line was like a royal progress. The people of fire-stricken Vancouver came over to Port Moody in great numbers by the old *Yosemite* to welcome us. There was no public reception at Vancouver, for there wasn't any place to hold one, the original city having been almost totally consumed by fire just previous to our arrival. The flames had destroyed almost everything, but the courage and hope and faith of the pioneers who bravely struggled against the blighting effects of the calamity, and they did this successfully, as can be seen to-day in the magnificent city which has arisen through the splendid results of their indomitable energy and unceasing labors which made Vancouver what it is.

### Greeted Train with Music

I HAVE travelled on many a "first train" since then, but none of more importance than the first Imperial Limited which left Montreal for Vancouver on the evening of June 18, 1899. The train was the acme of comfort for the transcontinental traveller. In order that an opportunity might be given of judging of its equipment, I induced a number of Montreal and Quebec newspapermen to make the run as far as the Federal capital on a special car attached to the new train. Fred Cook was then the dean of the Press Gallery and Parliament being in session, I sent him a wire telling him of the party, and asking him to request the members of the Gallery to meet us at the Central station when the train arrived at midnight. Fred has the reputation of being able to organize a symposium or birthday party in quick time, but on this occasion he did more than I reckoned. He can also crack a joke or take one with the best. I heard the story later of what happened from his colleague, Frank McNamara, who has been for some years in newspaper work on the Pacific coast. Showing my telegram to McNamara, Cook said, "Frank, we have to do this reception in the best style. Will you join?" McNamara said, "What is the proposal?" "Well," was the answer, "I will get Jimmy Ellis (the Mayor) to come down to the station and present the keys of the city to George and the press men and we will also have a fine band of music to welcome the guests, and to speed the Imperial Limited on its initial trip." "Bah," snorted McNamara, "where are you going to get a band at that hour?" "There has been a band tootling around the streets of Ottawa for the past week, and for a fiver I am sure they will come out," was the reply. It was a band of the genuine German variety of five pieces. McNamara fell in with the suggestion and both hied themselves off to Billy Clements' hotel on Besserer street, where the sons of the Fatherland were staying.

### The "Watch on the Rhine"

THEY saw the leader, who at first demurred at the suggestion, fearing trouble with the police. When Cook told him that the mayor was to be there and that he would guarantee that everything would be all right, the Germans consented for a ten-spot to be at the station with their instruments. And so at midnight on that eventful occasion, the first Imperial Limited rolled into the Central station at Ottawa. The special car with the press party stopped in the yards owing to the length of the train, and we had to walk up the cinder path until we reached the platform. There, at the end of the platform, were those five confounded Germans blowing away for all they were worth "The Watch on the Rhine." I don't know exactly how I looked, but Fred says he would have given another tenner to have had my photograph at that particular moment. The newspaper boys declared they had never seen anything like the expression on my countenance. A procession was formed and, headed by the band, now playing "Rule Britannia" (was it a premonition?) with the mayor on my right and the ex-mayor on my left, and thirty newspaper men following two by two, we started up Sparks street to the Parliament buildings. It was one of the funniest of my many varied experiences. Guests in the old Russell House, awakened from their slumbers, stuck their heads out of the windows and gazed in wonderment; the bobbies at the street corners, seeing the mayor in the party, stood and grinned; citizens on the streets enquired, "What's up?" Swinging up Sparks and Metcalfe streets, and then across Wellington street and up the centre walk, still headed by the sons of the Fatherland, we marched into the Parliament buildings. Of the joyous time we had for the next hour or two I say nothing, but next morning there appeared in the newspapers all over the world an account of the arrival of this wonderful train at Ottawa; of the civic reception, and of the triumphal procession through the streets led by the band of the "Governor-General's Foot Guards."

The world believed that Ottawa had stood still to let the Imperial Limited pass through.

### A Belated Prosperity

WALKING down Notre Dame street one morning in the summer of '92 I met Sir William Van Horne, who enquired about the Maritime Provinces, where I was then doing missionary work for the C.P.R. I told him that it was a pleasant country to roam around in—especially in the summer time—but that until more energy was developed in public utilities, increased prosperity could not be expected. The Provinces needed a great developing agency like the C.P.R., instead of the Government-owned road, and until such a developing factor was secured the same old conditions would prevail. I also told him that while the practical politicians of both parties were strong advocates of Government control of the I.C.R. for the peculiar advantages and influences it afforded the political bosses, I didn't believe the great mass of the people were of the same mind, but would gladly hail the advent of the C.P.R. He said "Well, go down and buy it." He didn't give me any money, but I did try, and found that nearly three-fourths of the newspapers there favored a change. All went well, with the powerful aid of the Toronto *Globe* and other Western newspapers, but in '94 Sir John Thompson, then Premier of the Dominion, declared that if the control of the I.C.R. was transferred to the C.P.R. or any other private corporation, he would resign. That ended it, and the Maritime Provinces remained somnolent until other developing factors and more capital infused life into them, and years after gave them the prosperity that would have been theirs a quarter of a century sooner.

### George Says Good-bye

AND now the curtain is rolling down, for seventy-three years make a long, long act. Recalling three score and ten of them—thirty-three of which have been spent in the service of the Company—remembering the all-important events that have happened during that period, and the radically changed conditions of life and living, remindful of the numerous retirements and demises of fellow-workers in the world-wide vineyard of the C.P.R., one cannot but realise that the corridors of the Company's offices will not long be trodden by the older ones of this generation, and that many of us will soon perhaps not even be a memory. With free one-way transportation to the Great Beyond, and a full consciousness of all our good deeds and misdeeds, of the things we should have done and have not done, and of the things we should not have done but did, with no pretensions to having been too good, or apprehensions of having been too bad, and with a solemn belief that if we were unable always to be right, we sought to be as nearly right as we could, we shall fearlessly face the great overshadowing problem: "Where do we go from here?" The answer will come from the unknown world.

# Personality Plus

*Continued from page 21*

that you lose my valuable services for a month, perhaps more," Masters sized up the consequences slowly. "But, at a pinch, I could do without that month's salary. . . "

"It's the firm's proposition, or we don't touch it," Fogle interrupted sharply. "No lone hands."

"Then on top of my month's service, you stand to lose anywhere from a thousand to two thousand dollars expenses. Let us call it two thousand dollars to lose. . twenty thousand a year to win. . . Is it worth the game, Mr. Fogle. . . ?"

AMBROSE FOGLE neglected to answer directly. He shifted his eyes from Masters' gaze, to hide, if possible, the old glitter which was creeping into their depths.

"It might show, too, whether or not Peppler is right," Masters went on subtly, "whether this is a small, resourceless firm."

When Fogle glanced back, the glitter had once more turned to lines of humor.

"I think you'll do," he returned with a smile which told Masters that the depth of his subtlety had been penetrated. "When can you start?"

Masters sat up more briskly.

"At once," he assured. "I haven't been wasting time, Mr. Fogle. I have already found out that Mr. Peppler spends his summers in Canada—and where. I have secured an option on the rental of the adjoining property. You could hardly call it a cottage, too pretentious for that. This is the middle of June. I have been informed, through safe sources, that Peppler will go to his summer home around the end of the month, to spend a few weeks. He will also spend some time there in the Fall, but that would be too late for. . . "

"Precisely, Masters," Fogle interrupted. "You have no time to lose. Suppose we consider that from this minute you are on a month's leave of absence. I will arrange with the cashier to place certain credits at your disposal. And remember, *when* you land that contract. . . . "

Once more the old, familiar strains of the Song of Ambition were lilting their way through the soul of Archibald Burton Masters as he made his way out into the brilliance of sunshine, and as he twirled his cane with the ease of confidence. For the sake of the association of ideas, Masters ambled sufficiently far from the natural course of his duty to pass by that corner where he could hear the constant clickety-clack which filtered out into the air from that den of activity in the adjacent corridor.

Masters paused for a moment to listen. The echoes of the Brett Business College were music in his ears. Then he passed on. A moment later he stopped and spoke to himself.

"The boss sure is a game one," he commented. "He used to say *if* you get that contract; now he says *when*. Well, Archie, boy, you're off now to buy some summer-jay togs."

IT WAS a much transformed Masters who sat on the end of a private dock, with his white-trousered legs dangling over a waste of waters, and with his ordinary air of business shrewdness totally supplanted by the atmosphere of summer langour. Masters had been patient now from the end of June until well into July, and though his external appearance did not indicate that there could possibly be a single thought in his mind other than that of continued listlessness, he was, nevertheless, passing through the vague pangs of doubt. As his legs continued to dangle over the edge of the dock, he enumerated, on the tips of his fingers, a number of things which were absolutely essential in the carrying out of the Big Idea.

Masters named the essentials carefully, and found the list complete. He also found them letter-perfect with fact.

Yet, the Big Idea was still unpicked fruit. Which all went to show how precisely the wheels of theory may rotate in unison without producing the predicted result.

"Now let me look them over again," Masters admonished himself. "I'm here, on the sunny shores of a sunny island in Stoney Lake, with a pretentious mansion at my back which is setting back Fogle & Brett a thousand dollars for the season, counting maids and this dump of a gasoline launch, to say nothing of fishing poles which won't fish. That's item one. Now, item two. Straight ahead of me, just fifty yards away, there's another island with another pretentious shack, and it's got the name of Anthony Peppler on the doormat. Item three. Peppler's shack, if he didn't own it, would set him back about fifteen hundred for the season, which gives him a shade over me on class, but this thousand dollar boy was the best I could do. Item four. Peppler has his whole family with him, which amounts to a wife, rather pretty and young, and aunt with a cast in her eye, a mother who wears a lorgnette and so hasn't been able to see me, a dog, breed unknown, and a gasoline launch which makes mine look like a nineteen-o-three lizzie. Item five. With me there's a mother and sister. Item six. They have it over me on class, which wasn't one of the essential points after all. Item seven. Anthony Peppler and his family don't like society. They are clams. Been here ten days, and not so much as a nod has come from the direction of Peppler's joint. . . Item. . . but that's the bad hole in the theory. . . ."

MASTERS spent some time in reflecting upon the demerits of bad theory. Up to a certain stage, the wheels of the Big Idea had revolved in perfect harmony. Here he was, located on the next island to the great Anthony Peppler, with a summer home but little less pretentious than that of Peppler. Each island was a quarter mile from other neighbors, therefore the setting was ideal for Masters' purpose. For what could have been more natural than that environment should have thrown him into daily contact with Anthony Peppler, and daily contact, he felt, would do the rest towards clinching that big contract.

Masters knew that all manner of men have successfully worked out the theory of the silent and subtle influence of daily contact, so why not he? Why not? No reason in the world, except that Peppler, being depressed by humanity for forty-odd weeks in the year, shunned the mere sight of man while hiding in this northern retreat.

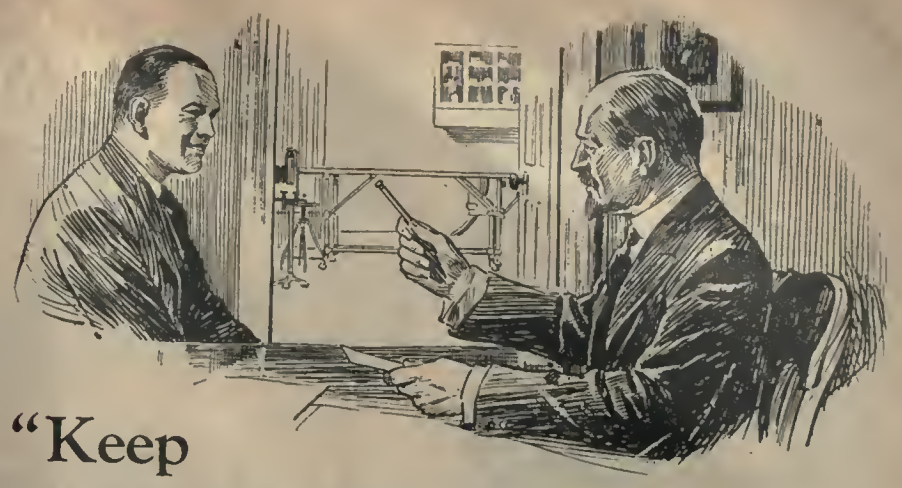
"I don't know that I'm to blame for not having found that out before I got here," Masters worried himself with a review of the situation. "And yet, I've just got to meet him. I got to meet him in a perfectly natural way, and I can't force myself on him. Anthony Peppler, you've got to come to me. . . but how's it to be done? That's the rub. How's it to be done? Peppler, how would you like to come to me. . . ?"

For the space of several cigarettes, Masters continued to kick his heels above the placid water. Peppler had to come to him. That was plain. He dare not go to Peppler. So he dangled his heels, but the placid water had no answer. It did not even gurgle as it threw back the contorted image of his features as he bent over the edge of the wharf.

"If the aunt only wasn't so homely, somebody might take her to a dance somewhere, and then I'd meet her," Masters reflected dejectedly. "But, I'm thinking I had better cross that chance off. There's only about two weeks left. He doesn't go anywhere, and he doesn't meet anybody. They haven't any youngsters I could throw into the water and rescue. They haven't even a cat I could get down out of the tops of one of those Jack-pines. . . . No, it would never do to set fire to the cottage, for I bet Peppler wouldn't even take us in for the night. . . How about you, old girl? You willing to be the burnt offering. . . .?"

THE latter remark was addressed calmly to the gasoline launch which bobbed listlessly up and down at the edge of the wharf. As Masters looked the boat over, he decided that the sacrifice of a fire would not entail any great financial strain upon Fogle & Brett. Still, where would it land him? If he set the thing afire near the wharf, Anthony Peppler might see it, and if he saw it, he might come over. But the chances were that he would sit calmly

*Continued on page 66*

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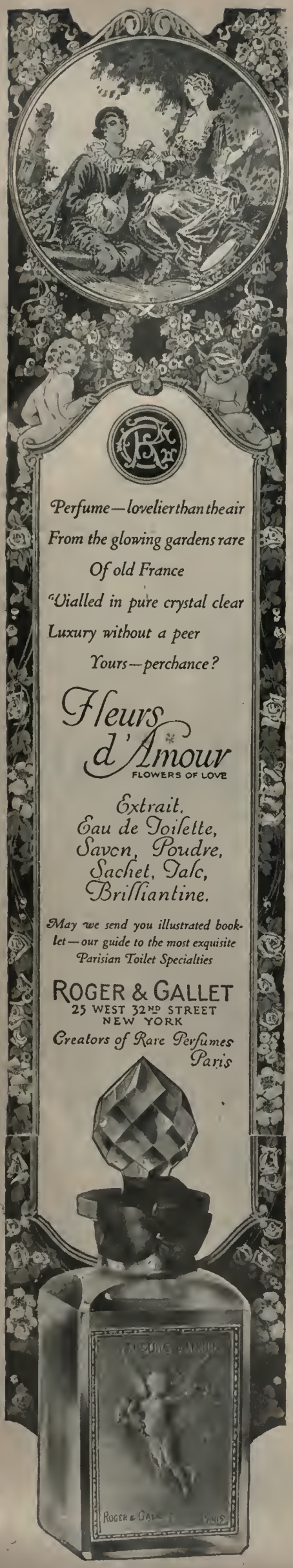
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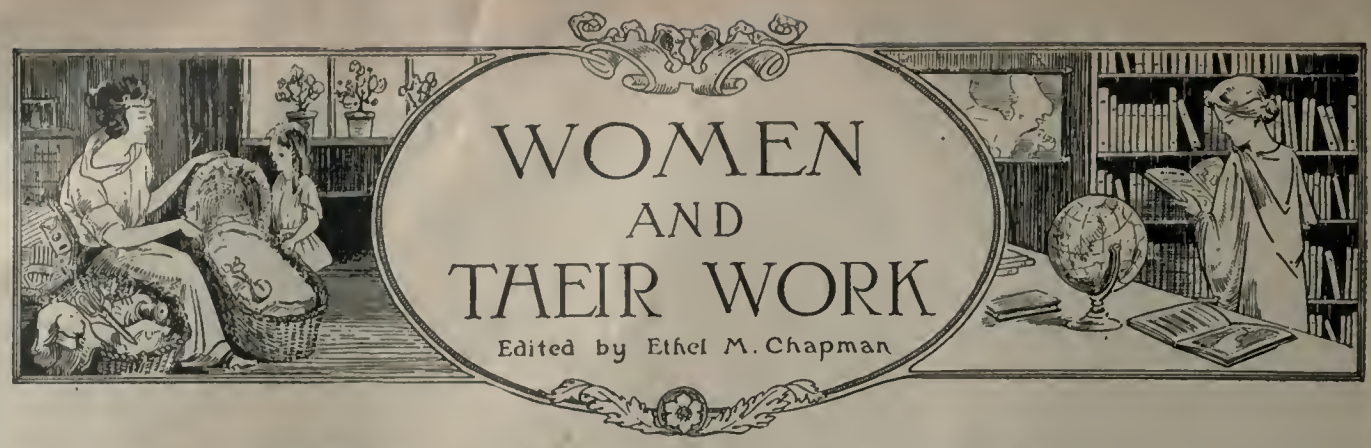
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# A New Work of Mercy

By ROSE A. HAMBLY

TWELVE - year - old Nellie walked beside me and confided, "Next week I will have a new mother and four new brothers. I have had before three mothers and when they die little baby die with them."

Next to Nellie's was another motherless home—six boys between two and eleven years of age, and a wistful little girl of eight who was struggling with the family washing in a pail when I entered. Two little boys clad simply in ragged shirts many sizes too large sat on the bed and cuddled their knees in an effort to appear fully clothed. The father was preparing dinner—boiled potatoes and tea. Two barrels of cucumbers bubbling and frothing in a garlicy hrine stood in a corner.

One boy could not put his foot to the ground—such a hot little foot with a suppurated swelling. "It is nothing," said the father when I suggested lancing. "That boy tough just same like wolf, run to road on snow, no shoe, no stocking, jump on sleigh, laugh, clap hands, ride to bridge and run back fast like deer."

"Yes, it is very bad thing for me and for these children that my wife die. Every Sunday I walk, walk, walk to find wife, but these girls no good. They say 'Too much children, too much work, no like farm.'"

"Why not marry the widow Melinski?"

"That no good for me, she have four children. I go Winnipeg, stay two weeks, hunt wife—no good. I come home, babies all cry, 'Where is mamma, why you not bring mamma?' It is great trouble for me that my wife die."

Not then but later I learned the manner of her death. She was chopping in the bush when she began to be in pain and crept to the house. Nick, her husband, was hauling wood and had just left with a load. At nightfall he returned, and the next day the mother being racked with chills a neighbor was sent for. The neighbor heated a tub of water and the sufferer was seated in it but gained no relief, and so Annie Oskushnir departed out of this life in the twenty-seventh year of her age leaving seven children with her husband and taking with her her youngest born. And, oh how she would have rejoiced to see rye so tall and thick last summer in the little field her own hands had cleared.

Eventually the children were placed in an institution, and during the year the two youngest, who had probably suffered most, have died. There are so many, many Annie Oskushnirs.

A young man who has taught for a number of years in a New Canadian settlement in Northern Manitoba said to me not long ago, "When will they begin to take thought for these women?" He told me of a favorite pupil, married at fourteen, dying in childbirth on her fifteenth birthday after three days' agony. "They sent for me, I don't know why, perhaps she asked for me. The house had only one room, and it was full of neighbors coming and going—even the blacksmith in his leather apron. So long as I live I shall never forget how her eyes implored help. The roads were gone, for the snow was melting, and the nearest nurse or doctor sixty miles away."

And epidemics. Last winter we had I do not know how many cases of scarlet fever. One little girl, who was thought to be fairly convalescent, took cold. She became feverish and her mother carried her outdoors and rocked her for an hour in a temperature of 28 below zero. She was delirious when taken in and died the same night.

In May measles ran through the settlement and it was necessary to close school for a few days to assist some of the women. One mother who asked for help had been applying cold water to her daughter's chest. She told me that thirteen of her children had died in infancy and early childhood.

MANY of the Ukrainians and Poles believe that illness and misfortune are caused by witchcraft and the evil eye. Bees are kept at the teacherage and I am sometimes asked for beeswax for medicine. This is how it is used. The wax is melted in a cup, and a pan of cold water is held above the afflicted person's head. A charm is repeated and the hot wax poured into the water to assume the shape of the creature—perhaps a person or animal—that has caused the trouble. This is supposed to break the spell.

I was one time unfortunate in having my hands infected with poison ivy. A kind neighbor gathered certain leaves and flowers to be burned and wished me to hold my hands in the smoke while she repeated the magic words. "This," she said, "is a very heavy medicine. I myself was cured of lameness by it when I was a girl." Her faith was in no way impaired by the fact that she still limped.

Their customs in maternity cases seem callous, even revolting. There is no preparation on behalf of mother or child, no nest-making or dainty stitchery. New born babies are immersed in water and then rolled up in cotton—very often a flour sack. The arms are bound rigidly by the sides and the legs stretched straight out and bandaged together. No freedom of the limbs is allowed for seven weeks. Most babies are bottle fed. Some mothers are physically unable to nurse their babies, others do not wish to be interrupted in their work outdoors. Infant mortality is terribly high due to improper feeding.

The girls marry young, sometimes at thirteen, frequently at fourteen. In some parts of Manitoba girls born in this country have grown up and married without the advantage of a day's schooling or any other influence to modify the customs of their ancestors. It is not easy to realize how isolated some of these communities are. I spent seven months forty-five miles from Winnipeg without seeing a woman who could speak English.

Many of the women have beautiful speaking voices and they have too a fine sense of what is courteous and fitting. One summer day after school I accompanied three of my pupils to their home nearly four miles away. Their mother, a particularly good friend of mine, came from the field to welcome me when she saw me coming. Presently her husband joined us and we sat and talked for half an hour, the children interpreting. Now the Ukrainian woman is above all things hospitable and delights to set before a guest the best she has, but this time food was not offered or even mentioned. Having nothing to give me and knowing that I would understand she did not embarrass herself or me with apologies. The finest lady in the land could not have done better.

I happened to mention Shevchenko, the Ukrainian patriot poet, to an English friend and she exclaimed in surprise, "Have they poetry?" Most assuredly. Their literature is of a high order and they have no mean history. Though the mass is illiterate no one can deny that there is something inherently noble and splendid in a people who have for hundreds of years maintained their language, their nationality, and their religion in the face of educational handicaps, political oppression and religious persecution: this the Ukrainians have done. The centuries of serfdom have undoubtedly left their mark, but treated with understanding and justice, the rising generation in Canada is capable of a great contribution to our national life.



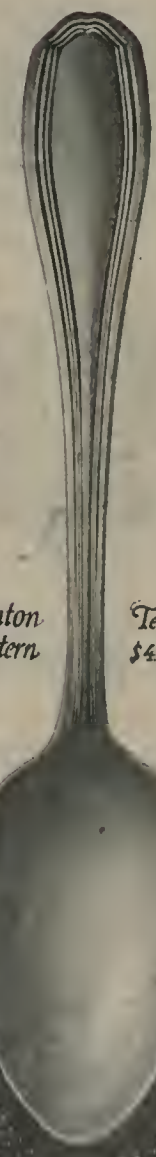
A typical Red Cross Nursing Station in Western Canada.

### The Red Cross Nursing Station

IN MANITOBA the Red Cross, cooperating with the Department of Public Health, begins to answer the question, "When will they take thought for these women?" In August a nursing station — one of four in the province—was opened at Reynolds in charge of a nurse whose duties are wider than those of the Public Health nurse in districts with resident doctors.

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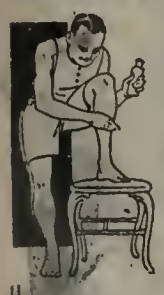
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*A GOOD THING RUB IT IN*


"What is your work?" I asked the Reynolds nurse.

"Anything I can do."

Reynolds station, a six-roomed cottage, stands on a beautifully treed little peninsula in a crook of the Whitemouth river, and one crosses a picturesque bridge to reach it.

"It is almost bridal, isn't it?" Miss Red Cross said gaily, opening cupboard doors and displaying pretty dishes, neat silverware and serviceable linen.

One room had a table full of Public Health literature, and scales for weighing babies. A roomy press held drugs and supplies.

Easy chairs, a deep couch, magazines and a gramophone tempted one to linger in the living-room. The next time I looked in the floors had all been freshly painted, and chintz over curtains were blossoming at the windows.

Have you ever heard any one say, "I dread having a trained nurse, they need so much waiting on?" Let me tell you what this nurse does. In the first place without any assistance her home is a shining example of hospitality and good housekeeping. Housework though is a mere trifle to be disposed of before tackling the main business of the day or night—waiting on the sick in their own homes, sometimes tramping seven or eight miles to do so.

And it isn't the work but the conditions under which the work is done. There is the G.W.W.D. railway running east and west, and one road over which no automobile has ever passed following the Whitemouth river. For the rest one scrambles through bush and swamp as best one can, but for the nurse there is always a road wherever she is needed. The houses have two or at most three rooms and many of them swarm with fleas. "I had a little time to spare after making my patient comfortable, and I wanted her to know I was interested in cleanliness so I scrubbed her floor." I shuddered for I had seen that floor. And in all this great area—the eastern part of the Greater Winnipeg Water District, there is no doctor for the simple reason that no doctor could make his salt depending on his fees. The people, upstanding and willing enough, are too poor to make it worth while.

With so many calls to make and such long walks, the nurse necessarily spends little time in her own home, yet one room is fitted for an emergency case, and a number of patients have been received and cared for.

And how the children like to go there. "Miss Red Cross said I was to stay for dinner and she let me help her and afterward I washed the dishes." If you could only see their homes you would know what a great treat this was, and then to be allowed to wash such lovely things and put them away!

"I had cake with brown candy on it, and Miss Red Cross showed me how to make it and I showed my mother," another one chimes.

At dusk one evening I walked with Miss Red Cross to a house a mile away where a man lay praying for death. "Why must people suffer so?" she said standing at the head of the bed and waving a green branch she had taken from the weary wife. The woman lingered and questioned with her eyes—perhaps the last night, and would the nurse, a stranger to the Ruthenian tongue, know the sick man's needs. Wise in the ways of pain she stooped and deftly turned him in his bed. The woman nodded and stole from the room to rest that night in the bed she had not known for a week.

A noble work is being done in relieving present pain but the greater task bound up with this is that to which the Department of Education, the Department of Public Health and the Canadian Red Cross in Manitoba have unitedly set themselves—the education of the young in better ways of living.

# Mistaken Hospitality

By FLORENCE HALL

THE idea of profusion and abundance as an essential part of hospitality comes down to us from very early times. Every school girl knows what prodigies of gluttony marked the feasts of the ancient Romans. Egyptian hieroglyphics give us wonderful glimpses into the rich resources of their kitchens, and of the sumptuous banquets of those who dwelt beside the Nile thousands of years ago. Our fairy stories repeat the same idea of the delights of endless eating and drinking—fountains that run with wine and mountains of sugar candy, dazzle the imagination of the youthful reader.

The increase of wealth in our own land and in other civilized countries has changed the general point of view. Every one has enough to eat if not too much, every day, while the beneficent operations of modern commerce prevent the possibility of famine, except in some case of sudden disaster. The relentless logic of modern science has given another blow to the old theories. The supreme importance of being "Well-nourished" was formerly the excuse for pressing upon our friends a large quantity of food. Now the doctors unkindly say that we all eat too much, preaching moderation and simplicity. They go farther in many cases, as we all know to our sorrow, and prescribe a rigid diet from which most of the good things of life are severely excluded. All this has had a great effect on the relations of host and guest. It is now considered a mistake to urge one's friends to eat and especially to eat of a particular dish. If Jones has been told by his doctor that he must eat no red meat, it will mortify him if his hostess calls the attention of the whole table to his idiosyncrasies of diet by saying,

"Why, dear Mr. Jones, you are not eating a single mouthful. I'm afraid you don't like your dinner—won't you have a piece that is better done?"

This to poor Jones, who has been flattering himself that no one has noticed his gouty tendencies! Or to take another instance, Mr. Goldenmouth, the popular diner-out, may find it disagrees with him badly to eat all the courses at the numerous banquets which he attends. He may find it better for his health to take a simple meal before he leaves home, or to eat very sparingly at the houses of his entertainers. To him the vigilant hostess of the old-fashioned type is a constant terror. He goes to her dinner for the pleasure of seeing his hosts and of meeting interesting people. Yet all the time he is afraid that she will be hurt or offended at his failure to eat or drink something which has been forbidden by his medical adviser or by his own common sense.

While it is no longer considered "good form" for the host to play the part of a benevolent despot, we would not be understood to counsel neglect of a guest's comfort or happiness. At a dinner party he must be left to his own devices, but where he is staying in the house, or is taking a quiet family meal, a tactful hostess will try to see that he has such food as he prefers, without calling general attention to his likes and dislikes, or asking for an explanation of them.

It is not in matters relating to the table alone that the modern host allows his guest to enjoy greater freedom than was formerly customary. In the disposition of his time, it is now thought best, as we have seen elsewhere, to permit a visitor to do very much as he likes, while offering him opportunities for amusement and suggesting plans without insisting on their fulfilment. In a word, the modern host takes the visits of his friends more easily and naturally than his nineteenth-century predecessor did. There is greater frankness also about the length of the stay. We do not now think it necessary to urge our guests to remain longer, as a matter of politeness, when we are quite willing in reality to have the visit terminate. Neither do we repeatedly urge them to sing or to display their other accomplishments, when they have once declined to do so.

Another outgrown ideal of hospitality is that of the right of the casual visitor to take up the time of the host, regardless of the engagements and occupations of the latter.

A woman of old-fashioned views will perhaps be on the point of starting to keep an appointment, when a caller is announced. Feeling that hospitality is her first duty, she will descend to the drawing-room and remain chatting half an hour with her visitor, while half a dozen other women are waiting for her at some committee meeting.

Far be it from us to advise desertion of home and friends for outside matters, but modern thought recognizes the imperative importance of keeping engagements especially where we waste the time of a number of other persons by our failure to meet our obligations. In such a case the wise course would be to greet the friend with all cordiality and to explain to her that one is obliged to go at once to keep an engagement. Or word to that effect may be sent down by another member of the family or by a servant. The stereotyped phrase, "Not at home," has the advantage of saving all these complications; but, while it is thoroughly understood in large cities, in the country and in small places people hesitate to use it, as it seems lacking in cordiality.

The old-fashioned spirit of hospitality was certainly beautiful and it would be a thousand pities to lose it, while we recognize that its outward expression must necessarily change with altered conditions of life. We wish to give a cordial welcome to all the friends who come to our doors. Even if we ourselves are obliged at the moment to go out, it is usually possible to ask them to rest and refresh themselves at our fireside, especially if they have come from a distance. In nine cases out of ten they will not wish to do so, but it is always pleasant to have the hospitality of the roof-tree offered to one.

A gentleman with some fine old tradition of courtesy travelled several miles into the country to call upon cousins. Great was his rage and indignation on seeing his relatives flee one after another from the piazza at his approach. In vain did they seek to appease him by inviting him formally to high tea, not long afterwards. He could not get over the shock given to his feelings by the sight of the fleeing figures, and was cruel enough to say:

"Now run away, run away, all of you. Don't you see me coming?"

The gracious word of welcome at the moment of arrival is a feature of hospitality which never goes out of fashion. The guest who receives a cordial greeting, a warm pressure of the hand, will overlook many shortcomings, for these assure us of the human affection and fellowship which we long for most, and prize above all other things.

# Personality Plus

*Continued from page 63*

on his own wharf and watch proceedings. No, that would never do.

But he might arrange the fire somewhere out upon the lake. Peppler, then, would have to come to the rescue, that is, if he timed it right, and had it directly in front of the Peppler cottage.

No, that would not do either. Peppler might be asleep, and this old tub of a launch might decide to send him to the bottom of the lake or to the top of the sky. Too risky. Besides, such an incident would rob him of all the garb of heroic dignity.

"Boy, you just got to think of something better than that," Masters admonished himself, then glanced up to follow with his eyes the rapid trail of an approaching speedster launch.

From the rate it was traveling, he knew it was Peppler. Yes, Peppler went out once a day in that launch, and that seemed to be his whole activity. He left in the early morning, and returned shortly before noon. Perhaps, if he discovered where Peppler went, he might meet him at the other end, quite by accident, planned accident. Perhaps, if Peppler did not

take that morning trip, he might be more sociable for the balance of the day. Perhaps. . . . .

Masters sprang quickly to his feet, and he began to laugh. The laugh was in a high key, which showed that it was relief from strain, rather than the outburst of merriment.

If Peppler did not take that morning trip. . . .

IT WAS dark here on the sheltered side of the island, intensely dark. In the sky, far above, there was the faint pin-pricking of the stars; over the unruffled water at his feet there was a placid shimmer, the wavering reflection of the stars which looked down but feebly. Over the rest of the world there was spread the black mantle of night.

"Fine. Couldn't be better," Masters informed the world in a whisper, as he lowered himself cautiously into a canoe. "Mr. Anthony Peppler, nature fights with the resourceful."

After that, Masters was silent. He worked with a quiet and fixed purpose which only the resourceful would have shown. He avoided the obvious course of taking the most direct route to his objective. Instead, he paddled almost completely around the Peppler island, under the screen of darkness, so that in time his approach to the Peppler wharf was made from a direction entirely opposite to that of the Masters island.

Then his caution grew intense. He placed foot for the first time upon the Peppler island. Then he left it directly to step into the speedster launch.

For some time thereafter, Masters, working by the guiding of his fingers alone, performed certain serious operations upon his neighbor's carburettor of which no conscientious mechanic would have approved.

AS HIS feet dangled once more over the edge of the wharf, Masters admitted that Anthony Peppler was right. This early-morning sensation was a glorious one, particularly when it was buoyed up by the lingering moistness of the night, and when the warmth of the sun brought again that pleasing desire for listlessness.

There was nothing to ruffle the harmony of this morning. Not even the fact that his neighbor, Anthony Peppler, had been struggling for an hour with some unexplained defect in the speedster launch, appeared to have the slightest dampening effect upon Masters' mood.

Masters' head was bent, in grave contemplation of the water beneath him, but that did not hide from him the fact that once or twice Anthony Peppler had peered uncertainly over the edge of his speedster at his silent neighbor. Peppler's head was up again. Peppler was standing up. Peppler's voice was raised in appeal.

But Masters continued to stare at the water at his feet.

"Hi! You! Neighbor," Peppler's voice was raised again in undoubted volume. "Know anything about motor boats?"

Masters raised his head, but he stared in several directions before he stared at Peppler.

"I say, do you know anything about engines?" Peppler called, more loudly still.

"Might. A bit," Masters called back, without any display of enthusiasm.

"Then, for Heaven's sake, come over here. I've been struggling. . . . "

Masters did not wait to learn the length or details of the struggle. Instead, he stepped into the canoe, and without haste of any form, he made his way to the Peppler wharf.

The latter, he could see, was possessed of a begrimed face, a pair of filthy hands, and garments which doubtless would create friction with the laundry department. He also owned a weak smile.

"Looks as though you been having trouble," Masters commented, as he seated himself on the edge of the launch, to watch his neighbor's efforts.

"Trouble. I'm stumped," Peppler confessed rather weakly. "This thing was running all right yesterday. They're cantankerous creatures. You have a launch over there. Know anything about it?"

"A bit," Masters admitted.

"Then, in the name of all that's good, turn in and help me out. I'm stumped, I tell you. And there isn't a mechanic within five miles. . . . "

Masters turned in. His midnight experiences may have given Masters some idea as to the exact nature of the trouble. Still, other experiences with mankind induced him to start anywhere but at the carburettor. At the end of a half hour, during which he succeeded in acquiring as much filth as that which decorated Anthony Peppler's figure, he did reach the carburettor. A moment later he gave a little exclamation.

Then he looked up, with an obvious attempt to conceal a smile.

"Got the trouble?" Peppler demanded.

"Screw droped off the bottom of the carburettor," Masters announced. "Let the gas run out. Couldn't feed that way Now. . . see if she'll go."

SHE did go. Likewise a smile, a rather boyish and boisterous one, came to Anthony Peppler's lips.

"Your name, young man?" he demanded.

Masters complied with the request. Then, at the end of a series of rapid and pointed questions, he found that he had agreed to accompany Peppler on his delayed morning ride.

That was but the beginning of many rides. A week later, Masters knew that Peppler was not such a recluse as he had seemed. He was, on the contrary, fond of company, but he insisted upon picking it carefully. He had, as well, a vein prompted by curiosity. That curiosity induced him to ask a number of veiled questions concerning the affairs of Archibald Masters which Masters waved aside with an indifference which did not betray that it was assumed. For a full week, Masters evaded topics of business as carefully as he might have avoided death itself, but at length, when all other matters of light conversation had been probed to their uttermost depths, the curiosity which was a part of Anthony Peppler's nature grew into something stronger. It crystallized into a demand to know.

"Business?" he asked one morning, as they drew near the end of a ride which had shown that conversation, divorced of "shop," must eventually languish upon the lips of any man.

"Yes, in business," Masters conceded, then attempted to divert the other's attention to more important things.

But Peppler was not to be denied.

"I was asking what business you are in," he insisted.

"Oh," Masters replied, as though caught in some hopeless toil, "advertising agency. As I was saying, these lakes used to be stocked with the finest kind of fishing, but since you campers started to come North . . . . "

"What agency?" Peppler's curiosity, once it had gained the upper hand, was an insistent thing.

"Fogle & Brett, Montreal. . . But since you campers started to come North, it has been extremely difficult to keep any fish stocked here. The Government puts in fresh supplies every little while, but you catch them off. . . . . "

"Small firm, aren't you?" Peppler forced the issue.

"Small?" Masters returned, with surprised dignity. "Small. Depends entirely upon how you look at it. We don't think we are small. We may not be quite as big as some of the others. We may not have as big a staff, but the size of a firm does not always depend upon the noise it can make. . . . "

"Still, I have heard that you are fairly small. . . .But what are you laughing about, young man?"

Masters' eyes had wandered to the carburettor of the speedster.

"I seem to recall the fact that there is a screw, an extremely small screw, which fits on the bottom of a certain portion of that machinery, and there is something in my memory which seems to remind me that when that screw dropped off a few days ago there was a certain gentleman. . . "

Peppler threw up one hand in protest.

"Please don't recall the painful past. I get your point."

Through a period of silence, Masters continued to smile gently.

"Do you know who I am, young man?" Peppler demanded, at length.

The younger man permitted his surprise to become still more marked.

"Do I know who you are?" he repeated, with a faint laugh. "You are Mr. Peppler, aren't you? I do hope you are not going to tell me that you are some queer kind of a person going about in disguise. "

"I mean, do you know what Peppler I am?" the other interrupted.

"What Peppler?" Masters reflected, as though the point had occurred to him for


# A Plain Question

What is the Canadian National Newspapers and Periodicals Association?

# And a Frank Answer

For many years prior to December, 1919, all the publications in Canada practically were grouped in one association, known as the Canadian Press Association. In this Association there were three sections, Daily, Weekly, and Trade and Class. A little over a year ago it was mutually agreed by the publishers comprising these three groups that more effective work could be done for and by each section if separate organizations were formed, and, co-incident with that decision, there came into being the

## Canadian National Newspapers and Periodicals Association

In this Association there are incorporated the following classes of publication:
Agricultural newspapers Business newspapers Educational newspapers Religious newspapers Technical newspapers and Magazines

Membership in the Association involves certain obligations. Every paper admitted has subscribed to ten rigid Standards of Practice, the purpose of which is to afford ample protection to both the subscriber and the advertiser. Every publisher pledges himself, before he is permitted to enjoy the benefits of membership, to

"Consider first the interests of the subscriber," to

"Work for truth and honesty in all departments." and, among other things, to

### List of Members

The publications listed below—all of them members of the Canadian National Newspapers and Periodicals Association—should be given preferential consideration in the planning of an advertising campaign. They embrace mediums which appeal to the consumer (either city or farm dweller), merchant, business executive, purchasing agent, technical man, etc. The combined purchasing power of the readers of these papers is greater than that of the total of all other classes of publications in Canada. The facilities of the office of this Association are at the disposal of any firm planning an advertising campaign. We may be able to give you information that will make your advertising dollar buy better value.

AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPERS
Canadian Countryman
Canadian Poultry Review
Farmers' Advocate & Home Journal
Farmers' Advocate & Home Magazine
Farm and Home
Farmers' Magazine
Grain Growers' Guide
Maritime Farmer and Co-operative Dairyman
Nor'West Farmer
Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead

BUSINESS NEWSPAPERS
Bookseller & Stationer
Business Review & Maritime Retailer
Canada Lumberman & Woodworker
Canadian Finance
Canadian Furniture World
Canadian Grocer
Canadian Hardware Journal
Canadian Insurance
Canadian Music Trades Journal
Canadian Woodworker & Furniture Manufacturer
The Commercial
Contract Record & Engineering Review
Dry Goods Review
Druggists' Weekly
Footwear in Canada
Financial Post
Hardware and Metal
Le Prix Courant
Marketing
Maritime Merchant
Men's Wear Review
Monetary Times
Motoring
Printer and Publisher
Phonograph Journal of Canada
Retail Grocer & Provisioner
Retail Druggist
Western Canada Coal Review
Western Canada Contractor
Western Lumberman

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL NEWSPAPERS
Canadian Churchman
Catholic Record
Christian Guardian
East & West
Northern Messenger
Pathfinder
Pioneer
Presbyterian Witness
The School
Teacher's Monthly

TECHNICAL NEWSPAPERS
Canadian Engineer
Canadian Foundryman
Canadian Machinery
Canadian Manufacturer
Canadian Railway & Marine World
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Electrical News
Marine Engineering
Municipal World
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La Canadienne
MacLean's Magazine
Needlecraft Companion
Western Home Monthly
Woman's Century
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"Supply advertisers with full information regarding character and extent of circulation."

These are only a few of the conditions which have to be subscribed to precedent to admission to the Association, but they will give an idea of the high standard demanded.

There are already embraced in the membership of this Association a very large majority of the reputable and responsible publishers of the newspapers and magazines classed above, and it is believed that within a very short time, practically all that are eligible—all who can conscientiously endorse the Standards of Practice—will have been enrolled in our membership.

**Canadian National Newspapers and Periodicals Association**
**Office - 70 Lombard Street - Toronto, Canada**

the first time, "I suppose it does make some difference what Peppler you happen to be. Please don't tell me that you are some kind of an official wearing one name and being somebody else. . . ."

"I am Anthony Peppler. . . of the Smackard Motor Company."

"Oh!" Masters exclaimed, with careful astonishment, and this time his inflection betrayed the fact that the information had conveyed to him a world of thought.

He followed his ejaculation with a nod, but with nothing else.

"And I suppose you know," Peppler went on, "that we almost placed a contract through your firm. . . ."

"Almost," Masters laughed. "Can I forget it, after my work with Mr. Flynn? And how is Mr. Flynn?"

"Doing nicely, thank you. If you don't mind, Masters, I will shortly drop around and have a look over Fogle & Brett. The word 'small,' as you say, is a comparative one. It is open to unusual interpretations. If a Fogle & Brett canvasser can summer at a modest palace such as you are occupying, Masters, it does seem to me that the word 'small' is doubtless a relative one, after all. Would you mind telling me what kind of a castle would satisfy Mr. Fogle to while away a few weeks in the summer?"

"Mr. Fogle? Oh, Not a summer boy. Did hear him say something about going South for the winter. But we'll be glad to see you any time at the head office, Mr. Peppler. When will it be? Must be going back soon myself. . . ."

Peppler nodded in a satisfied way.

"Modesty," he reflected, as though to himself, "may sometimes be mistaken for that other word we were discussing. Suppose we say at the first of the week. I must be getting back to Toledo shortly."

With a calmness which Anthony Peppler classed at once as a rejection of the intrusion of business into pleasant days, Archibald Masters replied, "Anything you say, Mr. Peppler," then promptly he turned the conversation into lines which must assuredly have been more in accord with the harmony of his nature.

WHEN Archibald Masters found himself once more in the midst of the city's clamor, with Anthony Peppler at his side, it seemed that the listlessness and the indifference of the idle summer days had been sloughed as effectively as he had exchanged his white-trousered indolence for this business-garb correctness. He chatted pleasantly as he guided Anthony Peppler along Notre Dame street and into that narrow thoroughfare which holds the atmosphere of concentrated activity; and he was still chatting when he led that distinguished personage past the doorway labeled "Fogle & Brett" and brought him fact to face with what had once been an office populated with three stenographers, two book-keepers, an artist and a switchboard operator.

But now, where once there had been a barren waste of office, there was row upon row of desks, with eager-faced young men and girls, with office boys hurrying about, and with a number of dignified officials upon whom the weight of the world appeared to rest.

Anthony Peppler paused abruptly, and his eyes roved about the scene of activity before him.

"This way, Mr. Peppler," Masters prompted at his elbow, "Mr. Fogle came down early this morning. He is waiting in his office."

As Peppler followed at his heels, Masters could be certain that he heard one short word pronounced in a tone of wonderment. That word was "Small!" But he did not grow inquisitive. Instead, he led Mr. Peppler gently to the door of Fogle's den, and there he left the head of the Smackard concern.

Masters turned back to survey the scene before him, and as he looked over the ranks of desks and of busy young people, a placid smile grew upon his lips and spread over his features. It was still there a quarter of an hour later when the blonde stenographer rose to answer the buzzer at her shoulder. Masters watched her as she vanished through Fogle's doorway. He watched her closely a moment later as she backed out again.

There was a curious fascination in wondering just what the blonde stenographer would do now. For the fate of that junior partnership was still wavering.

Yes, the girl was doing the right thing. She was reaching into the proper drawer for a contract blank.

"Contract?" his impatience prompted him to ask.

"A special," she returned, just as though such a special as this were a part of her everyday life.

Archibald Masters felt his body growing cooler, his brain becoming clearer. He sat down in the outer office, to wait for the testing moment which he knew must shortly follow. Through the minutes which passed, he steeled himself calmly for the future. For there was battle yet to come. It might be easy; it might be hard. . .

The buzzer again. . . the signal for which he had waited. . .

TO ALL outward appearances, Masters was perfectly cool when he walked into Fogle's office, and stood looking carefully about him.

The scene was just what he had thought to find. There, by the window, staring into the street below, was Brett. Behind the massive desk was Ambrose Fogle. In the air was the heavy tint of Havana fumes.

And here, within reach of his arm, with contract spread out before him, with gold-tipped pen clasped in fingers which were held in the poise of writing, and with an expression of intense surprise upon his expansive features, was Anthony Peppler.

That was just what Masters had expected to find. It was all perfect, even to the slight, astonished parting of Peppler's lips.

"Mr. Peppler was about to sign the special contract," Fogle's voice seemed to fit into the setting with a certain calm, reflective dignity, "and I have just been explaining to him, Mr. Masters, that we could not permit it, under the circumstances! That is right, is it not, Mr. Masters?"

"Perfectly."

"And you don't want my contract?" Peppler broke in, but his voice lacked all the suavity which distinguished that of Ambrose Fogle.

"But we do want it, very much so," Fogle's calm inflection went on. "Mr. Masters will explain. . . "

Masters found that Peppler's eyes were upon him.

In the flash of a second he could read past their surface, and way down in their depths he fancied he could see the turmoil of growing anger. Not that he blamed Anthony Peppler. He believed that, under the same conditions, he too would have felt anger.

"It is simply that we wish to play absolutely fair and above-board with you, Mr. Peppler," Masters spoke carefully. "I see you still have your pen ready to sign the contract. Would you mind telling me just why?"

Peppler's astonishment did not show signs of abating.

"That's a queer question to ask, young man, at a time like this. But before you get me mad, I'll tell you I changed my mind because I now see Fogle & Brett are not such a small concern after all."

"You mean. . . all those desks, those girls and men out there?" Masters questioned, as he jerked a hand in the direction of the outer office.

"Exactly. I mean that big office staff."

Masters, it became evident, was now studying Anthony Peppler shrewdly.

"You manufacture automobiles, Mr. Peppler," Masters went on more slowly. "You put paint on the outside, and you put engines under the hood. Of the two, the paint and the engine, which do you consider the more useful to the operation of the car?"

"Young man," Peppler burst out. "If I didn't think this was leading somewhere, you would make me mad. So I will tell you what any idiot could tell you, that the engine is the more important."

"Then you try to sell your cars on the efficiency of the engines, and not on the brilliance of the paint on the hood?"

PEPPLER nodded sharply, but in spite of that Masters could see that a sense of humor was creeping through the earlier anger.

"What are you driving at, young man?" Peppler demanded. "Why ask such an unnecessary question?"

"Because the office staff which you have just seen in these outer rooms of Fogle & Brett are no more important to our efficiency than is the paint on the hood essential to the efficiency of a Smackard engine. . . . ."

Peppler's gold-tipped pen dropped from his fingers.

"I don't understand," he admitted frankly.

"The people you saw in the outer office are just the paint on our hood. The engine is right here, in this room. . . ."

"What do you mean?" Peppler demanded.

"I mean that the people out there do not belong to Fogle & Brett. It is in reality, the Brett Business College from just down the corridor. . . "

Peppler's fingers jerked. The gold-tipped pen bounded off the desk. The contract was snatched up, and for a moment it seemed that it must be torn into fragments.

". . . And it shows that Fogle & Brett are not entirely without resource, Mr. Peppler. Had we chosen, your contract could have been taken without you knowing that the Brett Business College was merely the paint on our hood. Now, if you don't mind, will you look at our engine?"

"Go on," Peppler returned huskily.

For a quarter of an hour Archibald Masters talked as he had never talked before. He talked as though the fate of the whole future, as well as that of the junior partnership were swaying in the balance, and it was not until many minutes had passed that any of the sternness left the expressive features of Anthony Peppler. When that grimness softened a little Masters began to feel more at his ease. But his voice still rushed on.

". . . now that we have discovered that the term 'small' is purely a relative one, and that resourcefulness is not always what it seems, suppose we look at two or three of our past campaigns. You remember when the Jay-Rester Brake Lining people first put their advertising campaign on in Canada?"

"WELL *handled*," Peppler conceded.

"Well, we did that. We gave them the name Jay-Rester for their article . . . You remember that big stock selling campaign put on in Montreal three years ago, which put the city on the map as a stock-buying center?"

"Heard of it," Peppler agreed.

"That was our work. You remember the slogan which put the selling over? The slogan—'Idle Dollars Are Lazy Servants.' That was ours. You know that name 'Morning Pep,' a new breakfast food going on the market now. We gave them that name. . . I am telling you this, Mr. Peppler, to give you a peep at our engine. If you want to take it apart and get a real look at it, you had better arrange to stay over a week. . . . "

"Haven't the time," Peppler replied, as a grim smile came to his lips. "What have you done to my pen, Fogle? Been tramping it into the floor. . . No. . . Then Then give it to me. . . ."

This time Fogle did not lift a restraining hand, so that for a moment the only sound to be heard throughout the office was the thin scratching of the pen.

Peppler tossed the signed contract across the desk, in a half-shamed, half-arrogant manner.

"There, Fogle, take it. You've earned it. . . .Rather, somebody else has earned it for you. . . "

Peppler's eyes wandered over Archibald Masters in an approving manner. In their depths there was a mixture of humor and doubt. That trip up North. Could it be possible that Masters had planned? But no, he was not clever enough for that. . . .

Peppler looked at Masters. Then he looked at Fogle and nodded.

"Just what I was thinking," Fogle interpreted the other's unspoken message. "Suppose you call up a sign-painter, Masters. The firm name has been changed."



## Maybe Adam Laughed at These?

**Might Break Her of Habit.**—Gossip: "Did you hear Mrs. Perkins had twins?"

Bridge Enthusiast: "Ah, she was always fond of doubling."

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**With Interest.**—"What do you make of all these war taxes?"

"I'm beginning to think when I went off to war I must have told them to charge it to me."—*American Legion Weekly.*

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**A Satisfactory Substitute.**—"Did Blondie have a chaperon along when she went motoring with Spike last night?" asked Claudine of the rapid-fire restaurant.

"Nope!" replied Heloise of the same establishment. "She says she carried a butcher knife in her muff, but only had to draw it twice."—Kansas City *Star.*

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**Looked Possible to Him.**—The judge looked over at the prisoner and said: "You are privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impaneled."

Hogan brightened. "Well, thin," he said, "yer Honor, Oi'll foight the shmall mon wid wan eye, in the corner there forninst ye."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

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**Light and Dark Shades.**—A young colored couple were sitting at the foot of the Statue of Liberty. Henry was holding Mandy's hand.

"Henry," said Mandy, "does you all know why dey has such small little lights on de Statue o' Liberty?"

"Ah, dunno," replied the Ethiopian swain, "unless it's because de less light, de mo' liberty!"—*California Pelican.*

**A Guilty Conscience.**—"Why the furtive look?"

"I'm carrying home a package of wet goods bought from a reliable bootlegger," said Mr. Jagsby.

"Then what are you afraid of?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. But, confound the luck, everybody who walks behind me seems to be wearing rubber heels."—Birmingham *Age-Herald.*

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**Why They Do It.**—A salesman was showing an elderly lady the virtues of the car he sells. He made a number of turns and at proper times extended his arm as a turning signal. The old lady watched the proceedings for some time. Then she craned her neck and looked at the sky.

"Mister," she said sternly, tapping him on the shoulder, "you just tend to your driving. It don't look like rain, but if it should I'll let you know."

---

**Had to be Careful**—A fastidious party, being down at Atlantic Avenue on business the other day, dropped into a hashery for lunch. It was a rough, ill-smelling place, but he thought he could manage to get down a cup of coffee and a doughnut, so he ordered them. The waitress brought his coffee in a thick, heavy cup.

"Where's the saucer?" inquired our fastidious friend.

"We don't give no saucers here," replied the girl, turning her wad of gum. "If we did, some lowbrow would come blowin' and drink out of his saucer, and we'd lose a lot of our swell trade."—Boston *Transcript.*

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Town.....

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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Question of Railway Wages Looms Large

INDUSTRY and trade are recovering in many lines in Canada, though unsettling world events have operated to repress buoyancy in sentiment. Enough adverse developments have been recorded of late, through the hitch in reparations settlement and other complications, to discourage enterprise and capital at ordinary times, but other forces seemed to be operating toward happier conditions. The world is still faced with many difficulties, but, if these are taken up and settled sanely, one at a time, the clouds must vanish and people settle down to a normal life.

Taking home conditions, it is evident that buying is being resumed on an encouraging scale, which stimulates retail, wholesale and manufacturing movements in turn. Most of the industrial cities of the Dominion report factories re-opening on full or part time, and unemployment diminishing. Spring trade in the stores has been unexpectedly good, and the retailer is looking to a degree of business that will repair some of the losses of his discount sales period. Bankers are taking on a more cheerful air, and say that conditions are better than they had really expected. Cheaper money is not crowding on the borrowers, but it is thought that, when lake navigation opens in May, the delivery of large quantities of wheat sold for May delivery will bring substantial quantities of additional money into circulation.

Industrial companies reporting on last year's operations present a variety of returns, but most of them reveal the effects of shrinkage in values during the past half-year. One large woollen company had its profits cut to one-third, a steel company showed an increase, while two paper companies doubled their profits when compared with the previous year. The favorable reports of the paper companies operated at once to steady paper stocks on the exchanges, after their slashing reductions of the past few months.

Taking stock market values as an indication, there has been a reduction of about 21 per cent. from the highest market value of all Canadian listed stocks in 1920 to the present time. Papers are down 40 per cent., steels 50 per cent., milling 30, equipment 19, mines 30 and public utilities 4 per cent. The latter group, which includes the Canadian Pacific, suffered its greatest reduction prior to the slump of last year, and in several cases improvement is now seen in tractions, in view of bettered operating conditions, so far as costs are concerned. An illustration was the annual report of the Porto Rico railways, showing an increase of 34 per cent. in net income.

### Railroad Wage Question

THOUGH there are signs of improvement in business on many hands, apparently the next important domestic struggle will be that of the railroads over the wage question. One does not require a long memory to recall the days of railway domination on this continent, when the voice of the big carriers appeared to be all-powerful in politics as well as in business. Latterly, we have seen railway stocks beaten down again and again on the Exchanges, until some of them are at the lowest point in two or three decades. There were days of tyranny by the railroads and doubtless of not a few indefensible stock operations, but the United States Government is now called upon to pay out hundreds of millions in order that the guaranteed 5½ per cent. return on investment be available for the companies.

Present difficulties are generally laid on the McAdoo award, by which railway wages were vastly increased and operating rules altered for the benefit of the workers. Existing wage scales were suitable for the period of full inflation, but, as living costs have declined 20 per cent. or more, and commodity prices to a still greater degree, the increased freight and passenger rates made necessary to meet wage costs have become a burden on traffic to such an extent that receipts have largely declined. Various efforts to come to an agreement for wage reductions having failed, railroads have taken the matter in their own hands, and announced important changes in this direction which may precipitate widespread labor trouble and perhaps tie-ups in traffic. Canada is affected, just as is the United States, and action on wages on the American side of the line would be followed on this side. The perilous position of Canadian carriers under Government control is seen in the estimates of $50,000,000 necessary to cover deficits in operating and interest charges on the Government lines for the next fiscal year. Railway wage increases in 1919 favored the unskilled branches of employees, and it is here that the first effort is being made towards a reduction. The issue is one of the greatest in the history of labor and capital, and, if once settled, sanely and amicably, one of the most important strides in the progress back to normal conditions will have been taken.

## Answers to Inquiries

L.T.C., *London, Ont.*—Mortgage, Discount & Finance, Ltd., was recently incorporated in Ontario, with a special object of making loans secured by motor vehicles. The plan is a somewhat new one, but the prospectus of the present company appears to make extravagant claims regarding the high profits expected.

F.J.M., *Lion's Head, Ont.*—K. & S. Rubber is an important American equipment company, with a Canadian branch with factories at Weston, Ont. Stock in the parent company is now quoted at 36; stock in the Canadian company is not listed, but probably could be secured through some broker. The rubber industry has been greatly depressed in the past six months, and it remains to be seen whether it will recover in the near future, so as to promise investors reasonable return.


BUXTON
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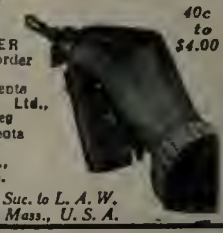

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4 hooks ... $0.90
6 hooks ... 1.25
8 hooks ... 1.75

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6 hooks ... 3.25
8 hooks ... 4.00

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Removes insides from valve stems, repairs damaged cap-threads, retaps inside thread, reams damaged cap seat—deflates tubes.

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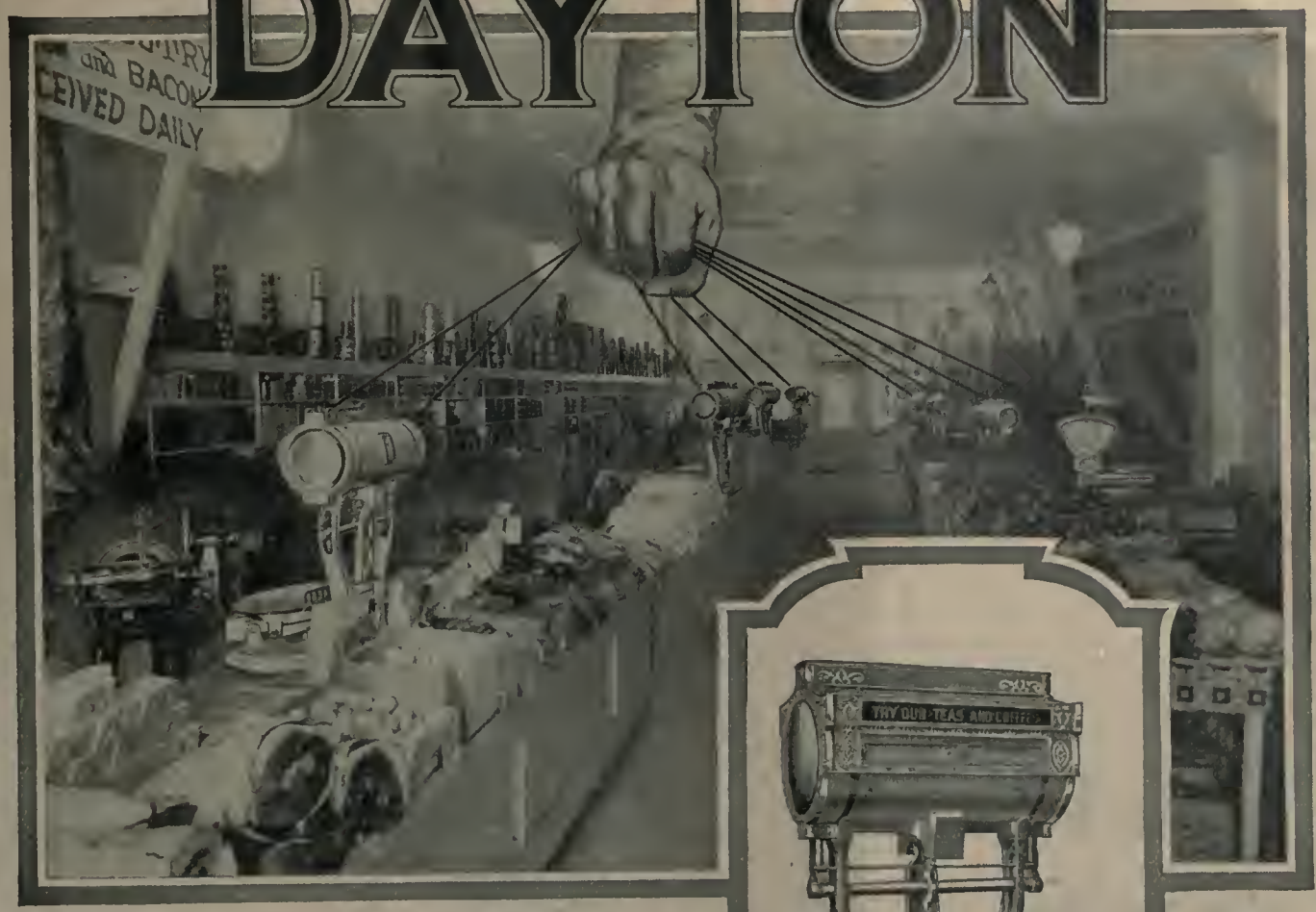


# The Fluctuating Dollar

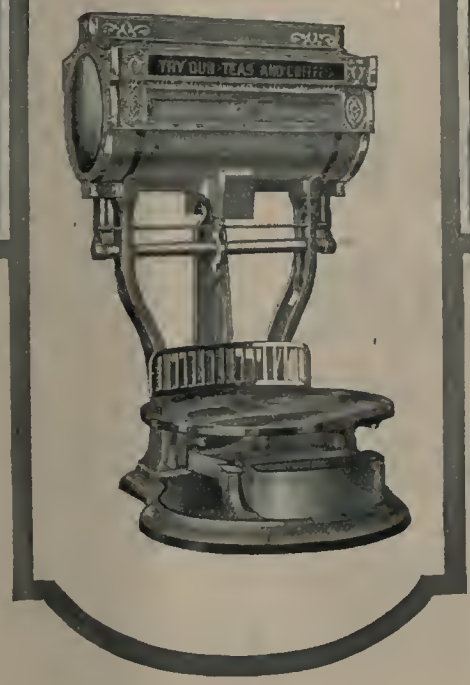
At present, a dollar is worth only about 50 cents to spend; but it is worth $1 to save. Because, dollars deposited in a Savings Account will steadily increase in buying power as the world gets on its feet again and the supply of commodities grows equal to the demand. Buy only what you cannot do without. Put your dollars away in a Savings Account until their buying power becomes more equalized.

**THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA**
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# DAYTON




Interior of modern provision store (The Progress Market, Calgary), showing International Dayton Scales and other Dayton Service-givers. This store is equipped to give prompt service at all times to customers. No delays even at the peak of the rush hour.




If It's A Dayton It's Right

# Choosing Your Grocer

THE equipment your grocer employs in selling you his wares vitally affects you—the consumer. To assure yourself of full value for your money and of service without waste of time, you must of necessity deal with the grocer who uses accurate, modern, service-giving equipment.

In choosing your grocer, put yourself for a moment ***on the Other Side of the Counter.***

**AS A GROCER,** what would you do to give such a service as would satisfy you now **AS A CUSTOMER?**

IF—

you could hire a clerk who could assure your customers that weights were always correct—and prove it to them visibly.

—if this clerk could see that the values of the goods you sell were always figured out to the fraction of a cent.

—if, moreover, the clerk would do these things instantly, willingly, cheerfully, at any hour of the day or evening.

—if again, the clerk would be smart in appearance—a business-bringing asset in itself.

—if you received all these services, what would you be willing to pay for them?

Would you gladly pay **FIVE CENTS A DAY?** The answer is: You would.

You would hire him instantly, eagerly, at a cost of many times five cents a day if—and here is the big, insuperable IF—you could get him.

Such a super-clerk does not exist.

Yet at an even more modest cost every grocer has at his bidding all the services mentioned above—and many others.

Would you not, if you were the grocer, IF YOU WERE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUNTER, call to your service instantly the greatest of service-givers and business-builders in modern merchandising—the International Dayton Scale?

## INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CO., Limited

FRANK E. MUTTON, Vice-President and General Manager

**Head Office and Factory: Royce and Campbell Avenues, Toronto**



## A MESSAGE by Frank E. Mutton

## Take Stock, Mr. Canadian, and Be Thankful

"The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void night."

Thus Carlyle's hero moralized on the spectacle of a great modern city by night.

Looking out from his watch-tower over the world of to-day, what would the solitary student say?

What words would depict the scene: Whole nations cursing and whole nations at prayer; entire races "cowering in the truckle-beds of wretchedness" while others roll by in the "Chariots of Vanity?"

Surveying earth's four corners, the student perhaps would have this to say to Canadians:

"Take stock; measure up, and be thankful!"

His words would be timely; his advice sound.

Try it, Mr. Canadian.

A national stock-taking! Perhaps it is the one means of awakening you sharply and suddenly to full realization of this fact:

**YOU ARE THE WORLD'S RICHEST MAN!**

You have more than two billions on deposit in banks and loan companies, or $225 per capita. Before the war you had $55.

More facts, Mr. Canadian; ponder them! Here is how the Bankers Trust Co., of New York, measures you up:

"Canada, in comparison with nine of the world's industrial nations, is first in extent, second in the aggregate of its hydraulic power, third in the matter of railways, sixth in the total production of iron in its natural state and in the business of export, and eighth in population."

And your resources are barely scratched!

Any Canadian who will "take stock" to-day, will find abundant reason for thankfulness; abundant reason for optimism and faith in the future.

All over the world, the effects of business reaction have been felt. No nation will more quickly recover its equilibrium than Canada.

Canadians who insist that the goods they buy are Made-in-Canada goods perform a national service in assisting to save and buttress the Canadian Dollar. Only a selfish ingrate buys foreign-made goods if he can buy at home at a cost no higher.

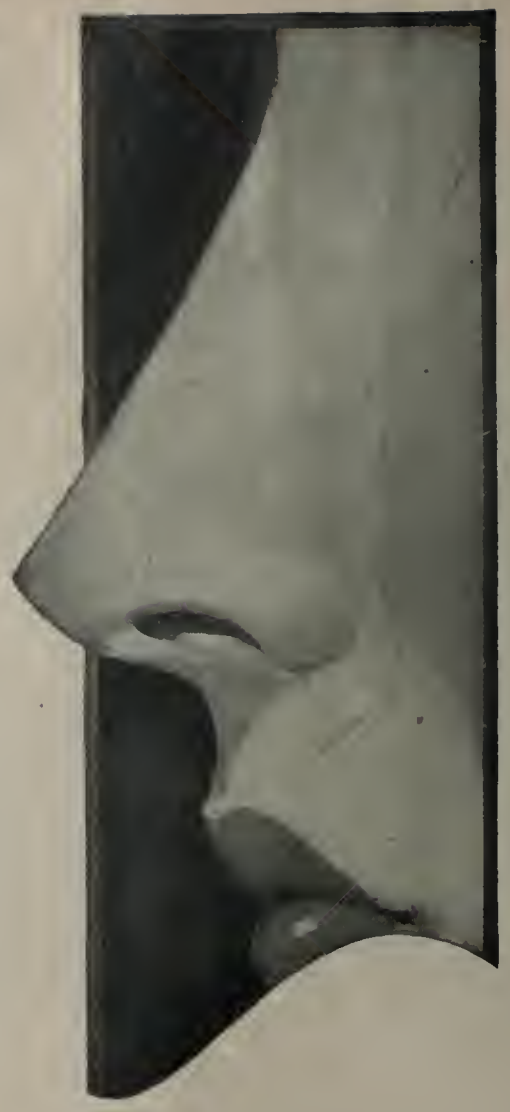
Business to-day is rapidly nearing a sound, deflated basis: luxuries are being eliminated; necessaries claiming their proper place; labor, alive to the new conditions, grows more efficient; business managers more careful in the handling of men and labor time; and in surrounding themselves with modern service-giving, time-saving equipment for store or factory.

Measure up with the rest of the world; take stock! The year 1921 is no time for calamity-talk on the part of the Canadian—

THE WORLD'S RICHEST MAN

*"Your treatment for one week"*

A miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations will be sent you for 25 cents. This set contains your complete Woodbury treatment for one week. In it you will find the treatment booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 7005 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



# Conspicuous Nose pores—

## *How to reduce them*

COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce enlarged nose pores use this special treatment:

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Supplement this treatment with the steady general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will notice a marked improvement in your skin. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect. Make this treatment a daily habit and before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25-cent cake will last you for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment and for general cleansing use for that time.




### A book of the most famous skin treatments ever formulated

*Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped the famous booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," giving scientific advice on the care of the skin and scalp, as well as complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles.*

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| Skin Blemishes | Pale Sallow Skin |
| Oily Skin and Shiny Nose | Coarsened Skin, Etc. |

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VOLUME XXXIV.
NUMBER SEVEN

# OUR FOOL LAND POLICY

*By* FRED V. SEIBERT, B.A.Sc.
DOMINION LAND SURVEYOR
AND PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION OF DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS, 1920-21

MISS AGNES LAUT'S article in *MacLean's Magazine* for January 15th, entitled "Our Lost Immigrants," has attracted a lot of attention in the various departments at Ottawa, and in no place more than in the offices of the Dominion Land Surveyors. Miss Laut pleads strenuously for a co-ordination of all the various Government Departments and Commissions which are interested in the proper settlement of Canadian Agricultural lands. This is something in which she will find the Dominion Land Surveyors back of her to the hilt.

We must have an end to the policy by which good or bad areas of land are thrown open indiscriminately for settlement, and with the resultant failures which might be expected. Political expediency has determined this policy and kept it in force ever since. However, I believe that the present government will, among many of the reforms it has brought in, also remedy this traditional, weak policy and give us a strong, co-ordinated federal land settlement scheme.

Why are thousands of settlers on land from which they cannot hope to obtain satisfactory returns? Why are these lands not retained for the purpose for which they are most suitable? Why is it that in many districts farmers experienced in fruit-growing are located hundreds of miles from the nearest fruit districts and are trying—too often unsuccessfully—to make a success of wheat-growing or stock-raising? Worse still, why do we find people with no agricultural experience attempting to cultivate successfully our free homesteads, making miserable failures of life when success awaits them in other lines of work?

Why tolerate the speculator, or any condition not conducive to development? Would it not be advisable to make the private ownership of our present public lands contingent on use?

Why should the wives of these men who, perhaps, are accustomed to the activities of town or city life, be forced to live where they find conditions distasteful and the work drudgery? Why have settlers been allowed to go miles beyond the railroads, where they have little or no marketing facilities; and why should their wives and children be forced to suffer from insufficient educational and social intercourse?

### So Many, Many Isolated Areas

IF YOU study a map of any outlying district of Western Canada you will note the dark portion indicating settlement. Note also the patchwork effect showing how many isolated areas there are in any certain section which you may study. Each quarter section means a settler, perhaps a bachelor; perhaps a married man with family. Where these are few in numbers it means no church, no school, no telephone, poor roads, with insufficient communication with the outside world — and perhaps even poor roads within the settlement itself.

I could cite many thousands of instances which are available to show the disastrous results which have ensued from the haphazard land settlement policy which has been allowed to prevail in Canada for several decades. For this incoherent land settlement policy we may try to place the blame upon the Dominion Land Surveyor who surveyed the land and reported upon its suitability for agriculture; or we may lay the blame at the door of the land agent who issued the title and furnished the settler with the information. But, when finally traced to its source, the blame lies at the door of no individual or body of officials, but rather is due to the lack of a definite constructive, co-ordinated land settlement policy.

Our Land Settlement policy has been, up to the present, a shiftless one with no definite plan or objective and no definite responsibility devolving upon anyone for the various activities necessary for successful settlement.

Our policy in Canada, except for those coming within the jurisdiction of the Soldiers' Settlement Board, has been somewhat as follows: Wherever a man—no matter who he is—wants a piece of land for a homestead he shall have it even if it be a hare sand hill or at the North Pole (unless perhaps it should happen to be a particularly choice parcel of land and some political heeler had gotten his eyes upon it; or perhaps the parcel may have been large enough to warrant some land company using its political influence to acquire it.)

This was the false assumption: "It is his own funeral." To-day, after considerable experience, we see differently. The day is largely past when a man can go into a bar-room and drink his head off and claim it is his own business. There is a deep, underlying sense of responsibility to each other and to the State. So, too, the Canadian public has reached the stage when it recognizes the welfare of the individual as a necessity to the success of the State; it is therefore ready to recognize direction and control of settlement as one phase of the solution of our present land problems.

*Political Expediency* dictated our present policy of indiscriminate settlement and has kept it in force; but in spite of this the Canadian public must bear the blame. We cannot blame our Government if it gives us what we want, and certainly, up to recent years, the general public would stand for no advice or restrictions in the settler's choice of his homestead. "We want to help ourselves; the best is none too good for us"—such was the popular slogan, and often the best turned out to be the worst and the wilful chooser had his fingers burned.

We have an analogy in the present oil regulations, carefully designed to avoid speculation and foolish waste, and at the same time retain for the general good of Canada as much of the unearned increment of our oil resources as possible without unnecessarily restricting development. There is no doubt that criticism is being made in many quarters by those who would like to retain for themselves a large portion of this unearned increment, as well as by those who see the elimination of their chances of making a "clean up" in an orgy of "wild-cat" oil speculation.



In the settlement of the semi-arid portions of Southern Alberta and Saskatchewan, many ranchers tried to retain within their holdings good agricultural land. This fact, no doubt, had a great deal to do in antagonising public opinion and prejudicing many people against all ranch lands. On the other hand, many who were not ranchers, such neighboring farmers, residents of nearby towns and incoming settlers, strongly advocated the throwing open




This map shows a section of the Peace River Country. There is no need to emphasize the loneliness of many pioneers. Each square represents a quarter section, and the black squares show settled quarter sections. Note how isolated hundreds are!

of many ranches entirely unsuitable for farming. These people were always in the majority, and it is the majorities that decide elections. So, for good or bad, we have had large areas indiscriminately thrown open for settlement, with many consequent failures.

Why? Because the local man kicked. On account of his kick we have had political expediency deciding what is good agricultural land instead of the unbiased judgment of agricultural experts or competent land classification surveyors.

A former Minister of the Interior, in discussing the advisability of throwing open many of these ranches for farming purposes, agreed with the official with whom he was discussing the question that it was a mistake.

"But," he said, "what —— —— are we going to do? The public demand it, so how can we help ourselves?"

### No Sane Person Would

WE HAVE in the Peace River district an excellent example of the local man, supported by public opinion, dictating policy. We need go only seventy-five miles north of the Peace River to the Notikewin (Battle) River district to find it. This soil is on the whole good, and will—I confidently predict—eventually prove itself well suited for agriculture; but what sane person would advocate its settlement by homestead entry after observing the present lack of marketing and transportation facilities and its temporary liability to frost, due in a large measure to the presence of surrounding bush and small areas of swamp and muskeg?

Nor is the open area in this district at present large enough to warrant the necessary transportation facilities. Here again, the only man to advocate its settlement is the local man. Why? How much is his judgment based upon his knowledge of conditions necessary to successful settlement, and how much upon his desire to get in new settlers, with *ready money* for his own personal gain—even if it be to the detriment of the settler?

What, you may ask, should be done with such an area? The settler cannot hope under present conditions to make use of it economically for farming purposes and thereby add to our production. On the other hand, the rancher can immediately make use of it and not only in this area will he be able to greatly increase our production, but for every acre leased he adds to our income 4c per acre per annum.

Two applications for leases of, roughly, 20,000 acres each have been turned down by Ottawa in this area within the last two years. This in spite of the fact that a little more than a year ago statements appeared in the press stating that it was the intention to grant leases on large areas more than fifty miles from the nearest railway; and also in spite of the fact that one outfit, on the strength of these statements, had last Fall, when their application was turned down, roughly 1,000 head of cattle on the ground.

Why?

Because the local man kicked.

Miss Agnes Laut's article in *MacLean's* of January 15th supplies in a large measure the remedy for these conditions. A recent memorandum of the Land Settlement Committee of the Association of Dominion Land Surveyors, dealing with a few of the phases of this problem is, I believe, a successful attempt to supply a constructive remedy. Dominion Land Surveyors have had a unique opportunity to study this question. They have directed the surveys of all the Western lands; they have watched every phase of development in innumerable localities both on the lands they have surveyed and in other parts of Canada, and in many cases have played an important part in such development. Such a body of professional men should therefore be in a position to furnish some constructive ideas, as follows:

1. Development of our natural resources is urgent in view of the financial situation of the country.
2. Land settlement is recommended as one of the best means of improving the situation by:
   (a) Increasing the producing population and thereby decreasing the per capita debt.
   (b) Increasing production and stimulating trade.
   (c) Improving the railway situation by increased freight.
3. An active but discriminating immigration policy must be carried on.
4. Rapid development in new areas is essential to success.
5. Settlement needs directing force.
6. There is weakness in our present system and urgent need of control to correct that weakness.
7. The present homestead regulations are not suitable for available crown lands.
8. Development work is necessary before settlement.
9. All information available can best be co-ordinated by a Board.
10. A farm unit should not be fixed acreage; but an economic unit; land classification is necessary, therefore.
11. Provincial co-operation is essential to complete success.
12. Rural credits to settlers is an essential part of land settlement.
13. An engineer is essential on Settlement Board.

### All Machinery at Hand

PRACTICALLY all the machinery necessary to handle land settlement already exists in the various organizations shown in the chart which accompanies this article. These are: the Department of Agriculture; Provincial Government offices; Western Canada Colonization Department; Soldiers' Settlement Board; Department of Immigration and Colonization, and the Department of the Interior, (this last named including the Departments of Natural Resources, Reclamation, Topographical Surveys and Dominion Lands).

What is advocated is a Land Settlement Board which will link up the information available in each and every one of these Departments and make not only all this information available to the general public, but secure their expert service as well. The Land Settlement Board, which would co-ordinate all their activities, should be an independent organization which would receive its information and assistance from each of these organizations; if supplied with the necessary power this should put land settlement in Canada on a sound, scientific and satisfactory basis. The formation of such a Board opens up at once great possibilities. Its field of usefulness will be as broad as its areas. Only men of the broadest vision should be placed upon it, for land settlement is a business operation demanding expert administration and sound business methods. For Canada it should be her first and greatest undertaking.

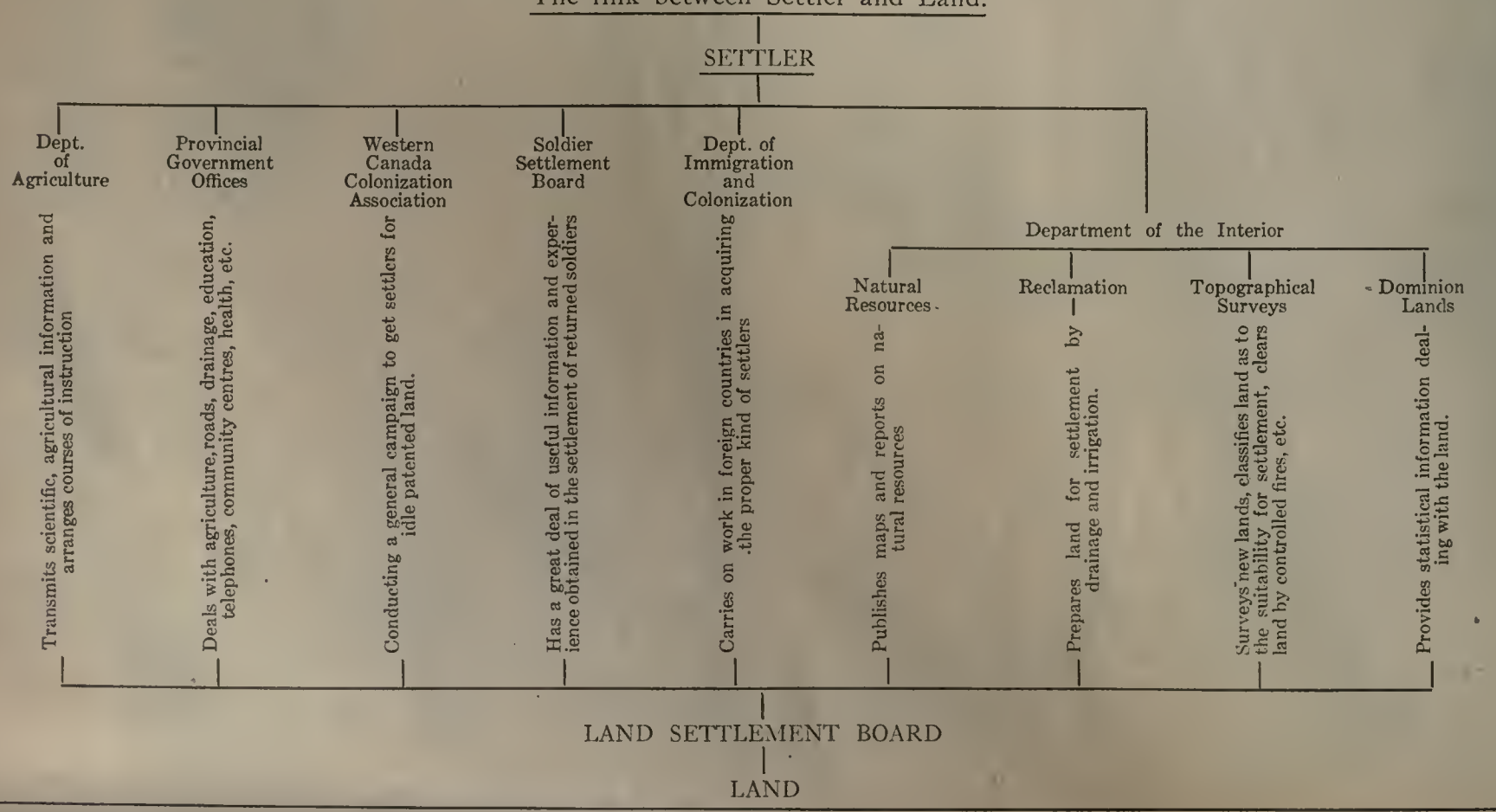
We have at the present time nine major organizations dealing with the land and the settler, together with many minor ones—yet we have no co-ordinating machinery. Surely this is not good business. There is only one way to have successful land settlement. There must be a definite connecting link between the settler and the land. This connecting link should be made before he leaves his former home, and should be maintained until he is established as an economical producer.

While it is economical to restrict settlement for farming purposes to those areas now served by existing railways and, for the present, to discontinue the settlement of those areas where, from lack of transportation facilities, the settler has no chance of success, it is not good business to ignore these large, outside areas of agricultural land. It is desirable that definite plans for the development be carried out along sane and economical lines. Most of our provinces have many square miles of such areas, but I shall deal with only one, the one with which I am most familiar, namely, Alberta—and specifically with Northern Alberta. I will also show how lack of co-ordination affects these various areas.

### Vast Resources North of Edmonton

IT HAS been stated by various authorities that there is more agricultural land north of Edmonton than south of it. From my own experience, which includes ten years in this district, I am prepared to state that there is more agricultural land in this area than there is in the whole of the province of Ontario. This estimate does not ignore the large clay belt in northern Ontario.

With the space at my disposal I can give only a rough





1. This is a view of the same bush as shown in No. 7, but eighteen months after that fire. No. 1 picture was taken in September, 1920. Note that grass has already grown, and many trees burned away. Several of the trees were so nearly destroyed that Mr. Seibert says he could push them over. 2. Establishing a fire-guard in Peace River district. (3) Fred V. Seibert (the author of this article) and Mr. Smith Ballantyne (Superintendent of Experimental Farm at Kapuskasing, and a man who has made a reputation for successful clearing of muskeg areas). 4. Torch and fire-beater, used in clearing lands by controlled fires. 5. Contrast this illustration with (8). No. 8 was taken in May, 1919, just after a very hot, controlled fire, which even burned right through most of the green trees. No. 5 shows the same piece of ground in May, 1920, with a year's growth of grass. 6. How would you like to clear this area by hand? 7. Fire running in green poplar. 8. Same land as (5), but taken in May, 1919.

outline of the possibilities of developing this area and how we should accomplish it.

Large areas of this land are covered with scrub, poplar, willow, brule and windfall, the clearing of which in most cases costs by ordinary hand methods more than the productive value of the land when cleared. But—and this is a new but proven policy—this clearing should be done by CONTROLLED FIRES, a policy worked out satisfactorily by Dominion Land Surveyors and costing only so many cents per acre where other methods would require so many dollars per acre.

At the same time, in clearing by this method, complete protection is afforded the areas it is desired to conserve for forest purposes. The present destruction of valuable forest growth by the individual efforts of many of our settlers in the clearing of our land is too well known to need further mention here. The cost of carrying out the clearing of these lands by controlled fires has been shown to be from 4c to 20c per acre per fire, and from one to three fires are required according to the nature of the area covered.

If the already open and partially open lands in this district are leased to ranchers for periods long enough for clearing an area sufficiently large to warrant furnishing the essential facilities for successful settlement, and if this money is set aside for clearing by controlled fires, those undertaking the work can guarantee to turn out into semi-open country millions of acres in this district and ask for not one cent of public funds other than this revenue.

In other words: the country itself is at present able, if properly handled, to finance what has always been considered the most difficult part of settlement, namely, the clearing of the useless timber over a very large part of the area.

### Making Land Pay for Itself

IN THE Notikewin (Battle) river area, with one or two fires, depending upon weather conditions at the time of operation, more than 100,000 acres can be made available for lease at a cost of less than $10,000.00. This area alone would bring in, if leased at 4c per acre, $4,000.00 per year. Capitalize this at 5 per cent. per annum and we have $80,000.00.

The benefit does not stop there. That is only a small portion of the result. For every thirty acres leased the owner must have on the ground one head of stock, which means at least 3,300 head. In this area this amount could no doubt be exceeded. The main benefit, however, is that such operations represent the greater part of the work necessary to turn this, at present, almost wholly unproductive district into a producing farming community. When the area cleared in this way is sufficiently large, the necessary facilities can be provided and settlement undertaken.

To understand what controlled fires will accomplish, one must be thoroughly acquainted with the usual weather conditions of Northern Alberta and Saskatchewan. Conditions there are somewhat reversed to what are generally expected in other parts of Canada. The spring months are marked by sunshine and warm winds unaccompanied by rain. This dries the surface material, such as wood, leaves, grass, windfall and brule without absorbing the moisture and frost from the ground, thus making it possible to burn this material without injury to the soil.

Intelligently controlled fires can clear the country with but very little expense, and extraordinarily efficiently. But there will be a great deal of damage if these fires take place at the wrong seasons of the year and under improper conditions.

Like most new suggestions, the controlled fire policy had its opponents as well as its advocates; but, properly carried out, I say unhesitatingly that only good can result.

### Efficient Fire Guards

BY STARTING a fire guard area as soon as the snow is off, one man with a torch, and three or four men with good fire beaters, consisting of wet blankets tied to axe handles, can first go around the area and burn off the ridges which dry out first; they then can make a second trip and burn off the hay sloughs and widen out the ridge if necessary, and finally, where necessary, on a third trip they can connect these areas already burned and so complete the fire guard. Too great care cannot be taken with the fire guard and it is always better to have it wider than necessary than a few feet too narrow.

An area of standing brule and windfall, with a good mat of grass, was chosen in one place and a line picketed through the centre in such a way as to divide equally the work of clearing. One side was cleared before it was burned and the other *after*, and a strict account of the time and men employed was kept. This showed that the clearing before the fire took, at the rate of one man, forty-four hours to clear an acre. *After the fire* one man accomplished this same work of clearing in eight hours. This means, of course, that it took five and a half times as much work to clear an acre before firing as it did afterwards—or, in other words, the cost of clearing was reduced, by firing, more than eighty per cent.

Some people may think that the soil may be injured by these controlled fires. Here is a concrete example which will show that this is not the case:

Six soil samples were taken before the fire—in an operation which we conducted May 18, 1919, and from the same places six were taken after the fire. Here, too, an effort was made to get as nearly representative conditions as possible. One sample, however, was given a very severe test—a much more severe test than would actually occur in burning operations. This sample was taken in the area previously mentioned (a paragraph or two above) which was cleared before firing. A pile of logs five feet, six feet, and ten feet wide was placed over the spot and when burned, the flames went fifty feet into the air, and it was impossible to remain closer than one hundred feet. All tests made of the soil taken *after the fire* from under this pile showed that there was practically no damage to the soil, and in the case of the more extreme test there was an actual increase of organic matter. This soil analysis was made by C. J. Lynde, Professor of Physics, MacDonald College, Quebec.

Where can we find a better proposition and one that should receive more prompt attention from the Canadian people?

These things can be done. The land can be economically cleared in this way; but the clearing of land is only one phase of settlement activities. Of what use, for instance, would it be to clear an area for economic settlement if, at the same time, the necessary essentials to the success of that settlement are not provided? It is of little use to have one party clearing land in one district; another party from a different government branch ditching and draining the land in some other district; another branch or perhaps a provincial government putting a road somewhere else; and various other settlement operations in still other areas. It is only when we have all these operations concentrated on one area that we can hope to have the success which is desirable. This can be done only by a *National Land Settlement Board* carrying on a *National Land Settlement policy*, which includes not only the settlement of our Western Provinces but the economic settlement of all our vacant areas from Halifax to Vancouver.

### Millions of Idle Acres

THERE are millions of acres of choice agricultural land lying idle, while the railways serving these lands are operating year after year with large deficits for the want of the very freight which these lands would create if cultivated. It is conservatively estimated that in the three Western Prairie Provinces alone there are 25,000,000 acres of unoccupied agricultural land within 20 miles of existing railroads. Is it not plainly evident that the success of our national railways depends very largely upon the development of these vacant lands?

In all which I have stated here I am not talking politics; all parties are equally to blame, and the sooner we apply the remedy the better. Miss Laut's article supplies in a large degree the remedy and I have endeavored to enlarge upon it and to make certain observations because of my definite, personal knowledge of the subject under discussion.

If the Federal Government wishes to obtain a remedy they have it already in the policy laid down at various times by the Dominion Land Surveyors, and specifically at the Convention of the Dominion Land Surveyors held in Ottawa during February, 1921.

If the facts are fully and definitely brought home to the public I am firmly of the opinion that there is not a politician or a civil servant in Ottawa, or in the whole of the Dominion, who would not back up to the hilt the policy outlined.

The following is an extract from an article in connection with the Western Canada Colonization Association, appearing in *Canadian Finance*, December 1st, 1920:

*Continued on page 45*

# LINEN SHEETS



A throb of comprehension passed around the table.

*By*

ALAN SULLIVAN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL DE LESLIE

THE Woollman Home for Aged Ladies had in its small garden one large and friendly tree. Beneath these comforting branches successive clusters of decrepit women sojourned for a little while and then passed on, while around the gnarled trunk innumerable memories sprang into pathetic and penultimate life. Mrs. Woollman, tradition said, had chosen this site for the Home largely on account of the tree which even forty years ago was bigger by far than any of its neighbors. It was common remark that while the Home did not grow, the tree certainly did. So that now its long limbs had reached the red brick walls and with lifted tips fingered delicately at the windows.

Mrs. Mellon, the patriarch of the Home, in whose dry and sinewy body throbbed a persistent life, sat under the tree in a canvas chair and stabbed valiantly with her knitting needles. For three months she had been making a stocking which, long since, ceased to resemble any article of human use. Spectacles were no longer of help, her eyes being glazed, but her thin cracked voice still proclaimed the value and purport of her work. Beside her was Mrs. White, square of face and strong of jaw, a framework of a woman, whose bones revealed themselves at every movement. She ranked next to Mrs. Mellon in seniority and the cronies were deep in conversation.

"As I was saying," continued the latter, shutting her eyes and wielding her needles recklessly, "what I object to in Mrs. Purchase is that she don't like things here. She don't say as much, but I can see that she don't."

Mrs. White nodded comprehendingly. "I guess she just kind of draws away—may be it's her nature. But as I say, why draw away? It isn't as if we had anything else."

"Exactly, and if you think how that woman got here—picked up in the street as she was and not knowing a soul in the place. It was her luck she was taken at all."

Mrs. White peered through her large bone spectacles at a diminutive figure that had emerged from the house and moved uncertainly toward them.

"Well, I suppose like the rest of us she'll never set foot in any other house now, and, gracious, here she comes."

DISTANCES were short in the garden of the Woollman Home, but they were just right for its inmates. Mrs. Purchase advanced so slowly that it took her quite a minute to cover the hundred feet between herself and the others. Her tired blue eyes, which once must have been beautiful, were fixed on the single empty chair and she made for it with unexpected little variations from her course. She was tiny and very fragile and quite obviously of a different breed from the two who, leaning forward in unconscious sympathy, scrutinized her approach. She made harbor with ultimate safety and sat down much as a leaf might fall from the branch above her.

Mrs. Mellon regarded the newcomer with a critically appraising glance and cleared her throat.

"We were just talking about ungratefulness when you happened in, and we'd like to know what you think about it."

The little woman did not answer at once, but thoughtfully smoothed out her faded black skirt on a pair of very thin knees. She was conscious of a scrutiny not altogether friendly, and indeed it had only been at the invitation of the green branches overhead that she had ventured out.

"I think about it a good deal," she said presently. "Perhaps we are rather ungrateful sometimes." She glanced at the familiar brick walls as though she hoped they overheard.



The waxen fingers felt blindly for the embroidered monogram.

"You can speak for yourself," countered Mrs. White with some acerbity in her thin voice.

"As a matter of fact I was thinking of myself. I ought to be very grateful to someone, and just now I am."

"You mean to Martha Woollman, I suppose?"

"Yes,"—Mrs. Purchase paused for an instant—"to the Martha Woollman who built this Home."

Mrs. Mellon laid down her knitting which by now was a shapeless tangle.

"I don't question but what Martha Woollman *meant* well, but she didn't see far enough, and if she could spare what she did, I guess she could have spared a little more. There aint enough to go round even for the ten of us. Everything's nearly wore through. It's a shame, I call it."

Mrs. Purchase sent her a birdlike, inquisitive glance. "Perhaps Mrs. Woollman did the best she could. It's better than nothing, isn't it?"

"Yes," put in Mrs. White magnanimously, "I reckon it is."

THERE fell a little silence between the three, while overhead the warm wind moved rustling. People passing down the street glanced in at the familiar sight and nodded sympathetically. It was easy to be sympathetic over the fences, but few of them had even seen the inside of the square brick building. Fifty years ago Martha Spurgis had married Stephen Woollman; forty-five years ago she had founded the home. Then the break between the husband and wife, her disappearance from town, Stephen Woollman's death and the remodelling of the family mansion into a new high-school. Princeburg had moved on since then, and the Woollmans were forgotten save by a thinning circle of elderly women.

An hour slipped by, while beneath the big tree conversation dwindled and finally died altogether. It seemed that this small sheltered space was peopled with memories whose gentle insistence stilled the harmless chatter. Mrs. Mellon laid her knitting in her lap, Mrs. White folded her bony fingers and Mrs. Purchase leaned forward, her eyes fixed meditatively on the small window of a room whose interior was her present world. Presently she spoke slowly and with a reminiscent cadence in her small clear voice.

"I think it's easy to be hard on people. It's because one doesn't know." She offered her opinion hesitatingly.

"Meaning Martha Woollman for instance?" demanded Mrs. White.

"Perhaps. How does one know what she felt or thought? Isn't it as though you saw her through some spectacles that weren't very good?" There was a plaintive touch in the little woman's tones as though she were pleading the cause of one who could not speak for herself.

"God knows I'm no saint," said Mrs. White complacently, "but I never ran off with a coachman like Martha Spurgis. It sort of sticks in my head that if this place hadn't been arranged for first the coachman would have got the money."

A faint color bloomed in Mrs. Purchase's cheek. "I'd like to hear what you know about her."

Mrs. Mellon looked up with sudden interest. Heretofore Mrs. Purchase had not invited confidence and in the Home it was the general feeling that she wanted to be left alone.

"She was as pretty as a peach," began the other woman complacently. "I guess that's why old Stephen Woollman married her—he was years older—and it worked out as you might reckon it would. They sort of drifted apart though they still lived together—her folks being all dead. Then she sort of got religion and it was in a kind of religious spasm that she founded the Home with the money old Stephen had settled on her, blew it all in, they told me when I came here. Then I reckon she lost religion and ran away with the coachman. Soon after that Mr. Woollman started to go to pieces and gambled and lost his money, and died in the bed where he'd slept by himself for years. Sort of cruel ending, I call it, though they do say he was a mean man at the best!"

"And Mrs. Woollman?" asked Mrs. Purchase with extreme gentleness.

"Never heard of again. I guess the coachman was too much for her, and too used to holding the reins. Martha wasn't the woman to stand that."

"That picture, is it considered like her?"

"Well it's pretty faded," replied Mrs. Mellon thoughtfully, as she visualized the large photograph of "our beloved founder" on which the light fell sharply from the big sitting room window, "and, yes, I guess it's pretty good. Her lips had a sort of pout and she held her head high just like that—so they tell me that knew her. I never saw her myself."

"But she did express what was best in her at the time?"

"She might have just as well expressed a little more." Mrs. White's voice was heavy with implied rebuke.

Mrs. Purchase turned on the point of answering, but sent, instead, a swift almost inscrutable glance. Old age, when not garrulous, is but the determining phase of memory, and before its tired eyes there moves an unending procession of phantom folk who hurry along with silent jostling, bring each their personal burden of joy or grief, so that, however still, the aged are never idle. It seemed that Mrs. Purchase was thus occupied, reviewing some populous past in which her companions had no part. Presently she sighed inaudibly and her lips began to quiver.

"Of course it's very weak, but it is the small things and not the big ones that make the difference."

Mrs. White nodded sententiously. "Things like cotton sheets, eh!"

From Mrs. Mellon came a sudden sharp cackle and once again a faint flush crept over the little woman's thin cheeks.

"Yes," she assented, "things like that. The big things aren't so hard; one knows what to do to meet them. They are big enough to measure and provide for. Then, when you have met them, it's somehow made up to you."

"Is it?" demanded Mrs. Mellon. "And with what?"

"Something. I can't explain, but it's there, thank God."

Mrs. Purchase spoke with a certain delicate assurance that carried with it nevertheless a shy appeal that the others should not attempt to rob her of this belief. It was as though she had pulled aside the branches that screened a hidden spring and begged that if they did not use it they should at least not disturb its comforting flood. Then, as if she had said too much, she got up and moved uncertainly across the lawn. In the hall she stood for a moment, her hand on her heart, and eyed the stairs with evident doubt.

THE Woollman Home provided each occupant with a tiny cubicle of her own; a pathetic corner where the shadows might gather undisturbed. It was a stark privacy, but a blessed one, which Martha Woollman had done well to stipulate. In each cubicle was a narrow pallet bed, with coarse cotton sheets and pillow case. To such a room the little woman mounted, her breath coming faster, the pink spots on her cheeks brightening perceptibly. Once inside she shut the door and taking from a drawer a strip of white linen pinned it tremulously over the cotton pillow case. Then she lay quite motionless, her eyes shut.

An hour later the matron knocked and entered, while Mrs. Purchase looked up with the ghost of a smile. In the Home everything revolved around Jane Daggett, who for the last twenty years had tried arduously to match a fixed income against constantly rising prices. She was a big woman and strong, with a conviction that too much tenderness was destructive of authority. She had watched the slow procession of age till it seemed that the Home was no more than a funnel leading to the cemetery a mile away. The inevitableness of it all at first oppressed, then in a curious way commenced to irritate her, and she began to

regard each successive arrival with speculative eyes as though pondering how long she would burden the income of the Home. Now she stood over Mrs. Purchase and wondered to what purpose the pulse fluttered on insistently in this frail body. Her eye caught the strip of linen and she frowned slightly.

"I asked you not to do that. It tears the pillow case."

The little woman glanced up with mute apology. Where her head lay the pillow was hardly hollowed, so light was its burden. She pressed her cheek against the smooth surface, drawing palpable comfort from the contact, but she did not speak.

"You really mustn't do it any more." Jane Daggett's voice was very measured. "Linen sheets and pillow cases are out of the question, as you all know. In fact," she concluded, "you ought to be thankful, very thankful, for things just as they are."

"I am thankful," said a small voice, "but I could never sleep on cotton."

It moved in the matron's mind that after all Mrs. Purchase would sleep there only a little while longer, but it was known all down the row of cubicles that in this particular matter she had set up a pertinacious defiance which had been maintained for months in spite of authority. It passed understanding why she should so long for linen on her bed when the rest were content with cotton.

"I won't speak about this again. Next time I'll do something."

"Please, no—and you mustn't think I'm not thankful for the Home. Oh, if you only knew how thankful I am—more than anyone here. Perhaps I don't show it as I should, but," the small voice faltered a little, "I can't any more than I do."

MISS DAGGETT went out after one swift glance around the cubicle. It was bare save for the plain equipment furnished by the Home. This was a point that always puzzled her. Mrs. White, Mrs. Mellon and the others had photographs, keepsakes, and trifles that connected them with the outside world. They received letters and occasionally answered them. But Mrs. Purchase had drifted into their secluded harbor bringing with her no flotsam of her life's voyage. It was plain that she had suffered—the lines on her face were not those of peaceful age, and there was a disfiguring scar that ran across one cheek, a white cicatrice of which she never spoke and concerning which no one in the Woollman Home cared to inquire.

Half an hour later a bell rang stridently, and with a little sigh Mrs. Purchase folded up the strip of linen, put it carefully into the drawer and made her difficult way downstairs. She did not really want any tea, but preferred to go, arduous as the descent might be, rather than to attract attention by staying away. The rest were seated when she came in and took her chair between Mrs. Mellon and Mrs. White.

"You are late," said Miss Daggett observantly.

The little woman answered with one of those quick glances which were so eloquent. Her hand trembled as she touched her cup.

"I reckon your stomach has sort of gone back on you," said Mrs. Mellon at her elbow.

"I am afraid it has."

"Then since findings is keepings, I hate to see waste—you won't mind if I eat your bread and butter?"

"Not at all." Mrs. Purchase seemed confused and conscious of aged faces that were suddenly turned on her.

"I hope it's to your liking," Miss Daggett's voice carried a note of vexation.

"Oh, thank you, yes, but" — the little woman put her hand to her side—"I'm better without anything to-night."

A throb of comprehension passed round the table. Nine aged women stopped eating, and in nine old hearts stirred a communicable wave of sympathy. The wrinkled faces became softer, the tired eyes were bent on this faltering pilgrim who shared with them the last stretch of the long, long trail, and was better without anything to-night. Withered breasts grew warmer, breasts once firm and round and white, but now how far from love and kisses and laughing. Excepting Miss Daggett, they were all wistful now, for it seemed that the little woman was answering the heartless question that pervaded the Martha Woollman Home. Who will go next?



She did not really want any tea, but preferred to go, arduous as the descent might be, rather than to attract any attention by staying away.

"I reckon," said Mrs. White under her breath, "that Mrs. Purchase is going to get them linen sheets she's been hankering after."

"Would you like to go upstairs?" Jane Daggett looked at the little woman with a sudden kindliness.

"No, thank you, I—I think I'll just wait."

AT THAT the others nodded approvingly. Mrs. Purchase was staving off a surrender she could not make in public, but there moved in her mind the knowledge that would not be a real surrender. In the sick room of the Woollman Home were three pairs of linen sheets—all that survived of the original equipment, so that when the silver cord of life lay slack, these ancient women one by one slipped between them for a few days of languid comfort such as was not to be found in any cubicle. Mrs. Purchase knew of it—they all knew of it, and constantly before their imagination was spread this fine smooth fabric. To the little woman, however, the linen sheets were not formidable or provocative of fear. Instead of thrusting her mind forward to the inevitable, they led it back to days long past, days of which no whisper had passed her lips even when her acceptance by the Woollman Trustees was in jeopardy.

She reached her cubicle with Miss Daggett's assistance and balanced uncertainly on the edge of her bed. At the sight of her, frail but valiant, the matron's heart gave an unaccustomed throb.

"Mrs. Purchase," she said impulsively, "would you like to sleep in the sick-room to-night? I—I don't think you really need to, but perhaps you'd be more comfortable."

The little woman drew a quick fluttering breath and again her hand moved to her side. "I'd just love to."

The news spread quickly and Miss Daggett was assailed with questions when she reappeared downstairs, but there was that about the invalid which had stirred her deeply and she said nothing. Up above, Mrs. Purchase was experiencing a sort of rapture at the cool, smooth touch of clean linen. She lay back contentedly, stroking the fabric, till presently her fingers moved to the corner of the sheet and found the outline of the big W. H. embroidered there so many years before. She was caressing it when the matron re-entered and nodded understandingly.

"Martha Woollman worked that herself after she got the sheets. I suppose she wanted the place to have something that wasn't just bought. She must have been something like you, Mrs. Purchase, for they tell me she loved working in linen."

"I think lots of women love it, and," added the small shaky voice, "I'm glad she did it. You find it pretty hard here, don't you?"

MISS DAGGETT'S eyebrows went up. So many years she had slaved conscientiously, if sometimes a little sternly, but not before now had any inmate said anything like this. A glow came into her breast.

"Yes, very," she replied gently, "I hate to seem hard, but there isn't money enough for our needs and there's no waste."

"And when old people have nothing ahead of them, except—except the end, they must be hard to satisfy. If Martha Woollman had thought of that, perhaps—" Mrs. Purchase's voice trailed out and she finished with a glance which the matron felt constrained to answer.

"I don't know, I question if I would have done anyway what she did if I'd been in her place. I suppose it doesn't do to inquire into the causes of things. She wasn't a religious woman, they tell me, and didn't really have anything to do with the church. I guess she made her own religion and this place is part of it. She's been dead, I suppose, for years. We've never heard of her since she lit out with that coachman." Miss Daggett paused and looked sharply at her patient. "I think I'd better get the doctor, just to make sure you're all right."

The little woman smiled faintly and shook her head. "Please, no," she whispered. "I'm so happy to be here and he can't do anything really. It's my heart and—and a lot of other things just now that he could not help. Dear Miss Daggett, please let it be as it is for just a little while longer."

The inevitableness of the thing struck home as it seldom had before, so Miss Daggett only nodded. She seemed to see this little woman withdrawing visually from earth with no more sound than that of a trailing garment. Her personal mystery, of so small a compass, would vanish with her, and her cubicle be shortly filled with some other casualty from the battle of life. The matron had often questioned the

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Beneath these comforting branches successive clusters of decrepit women sojourned for a little while and then passed on. . . . Mrs. Purchase advanced slowly toward the others.

# J. BARLEYCORN *and* J. CANUCK

*By* CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

EYES of all Canada will be centered on Ontario on the 18th of this month, for on that date the "Mother of Western Provinces" will definitely decide whether or no she will jam down the prohibition lid so as to exclude all importation of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes. The "lid" is at present held quite effectively in place, so far as legal sale is concerned, by force of the existing provincial prohibitory enactment, but advocates of a "bone-dry" province want to push it down over the opening left by the repeal of the wartime prohibition measure in 1920 and seal it there; in order to do this present provincial legislation must be supplemented by a federal instrument forbidding importation. Such an additional act will only go into force if a majority of the eligible electors of the province show by their ballots at the referendum that they want importation of intoxicants for beverage purposes made an offence against the state, punishable by fines and imprisonment.

There appears to be much misconception throughout the country as to what this referendum means, the auspices under which it is being instituted and the nature of its operation once it has come into legal being. The legislation under the Canada Temperance Act, which is being sought by way of a majority vote marked "X" opposite the "Yes" on the referendum ballots, is not a provincial but a federal law; the vote will be taken under federal auspices and at federal expense. To be more explicit: The Dominion government has charge of this vote and the expenses in connection with taking the ballot will be paid out of the Dominion treasury. It is identical with the recent referenda taken in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Nova Scotia. All the provincial legislature had to do with it was the making of formal application to the federal government to sound the will of the people on the matter by the taking of a general vote throughout Ontario province. At the time of writing it was pretty authoritatively understood that the ballot which will be presented to the electors will contain this wording:

"Shall the importation and the bringing of intoxicating liquors into the Province be forbidden? NO."

"Shall the importation and the bringing of intoxicating liquors into the Province be forbidden? YES."

The question is asked and answered both ways on the ballot. All the elector has to do is to mark his "X" after the "No" or "Yes" according to his sentiments on the subject.

The passing of the referendum will not mean "bone-dry" prohibition. It has been widely referred to as such, but I have canvassed the opinion of authorities on the subject, including Dr. A. S. Grant, chairman of the referendum committee, and they say it cannot be accurately so termed. It is, however, the very closest to a bone-dry enactment that could be ventured with possibilities of success at the present time. Astute prohibitionists have come to know that the will of the people of Canada like the "mills of the gods," grinds slowly, that anything like satisfactory enforcement of non-intoxicant laws can be developed only by gradual education of the masses as to the reputed advantages of enforced national sobriety. The Ontario referendum, it is generally conceded, is but a part of the fabric of an ambitious plan to bring about a uniform prohibitory law in the Dominion from coast to coast which will not only make liquor traffic illegal but impossible.

### Manufacture Not Eliminated—Entirely

WHAT then are the aims and objects of the present Ontario referendum? If the referendum passes, legislation will at once be established making it illegal for any individual or individuals to bring in from any other country or province intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes. It would be illegal under the proposed act to manufacture intoxicants in any shape or form for beverage purposes. On the other hand, the shipping of intoxicants through the province to points outside its boundaries would not be illegal, but all such shipments would have to go through in bond with the seals unbroken and be at all times in charge of bonded carriers—that is, express companies and the like. Under no circumstances could a private individual carry intoxicants through the province or handle them in transit.

The new act would not stamp out the manufacture of intoxicants within the boundaries of the province—at least not entirely. Manufacture for what is known as "permitted purposes"—industrial, mechanical, sacramental and medicinal needs—would not be forbidden. Furthermore, the manufacture of intoxicating liquor for exportation to other countries and other sections of the Dominion would not be stopped. Apropos of this phase of the proposed legislation it may not be generally known that some manufacturers of intoxicants in Ontario province have been doing a bigger business for export exclusively than they did in pre-war times for local consumption. One Ontario brewery in particular has received such huge orders from Cuba that extension of its plant was some time ago referred to as imperative by a leading director of the concern.

Incidentally, the sale of intoxicants, by the present licensed vendors, on the prescriptions of medical men, would go on just the same as at present.

These are some of the reasons why authorities state that the proposed act would not create what could be accurately termed a "bone-dry" province. Its definite intention is to make illegal the importation of intoxicants by private individuals and the genesis of this movement, referendum champions state quite plainly, has been the abuse of private individuals' privileges to import liquor for their own use, when, as a matter of fact, such "private supplies" have been covertly sold to rum-runners and bootleggers. While it remains possible for private individuals in the pay of the illicit traffic to import intoxicants in almost unlimited quantities it will be impossible to stamp out bootlegging operations, according to the claims of the leaders in the referendum campaign.

"This proposed legislation is not aimed at the private individual who has been legally importing liquor for his own private use," declared one of the chiefs of the referendum movement when I asked him what the great idea of the Ontario referendum was.

"But it will hit the individual who imported solely for his own use," I urged.

"Don't I know that?" cried the referendum champion. "Haven't some of my best friends been bouncing on my devoted head and asking me why I want to help shut off the legal means of obtaining a household supply? I am sorry for them. Indeed I am, and, believe me, if that were the only motive of the referendum it would not get my support nor the support of a host of others. But we do not believe that the fond privilege of a minority of private individuals should be allowed to stand in the way of stopping wholesale violation of the laws of the land. It is the bootlegger that we are after, whose illegal business flourishes through his being able to import intoxicants by taking advantage of his and his agents' 'rights' as private individuals. It is therefore up to the people to say whether the rights of private individuals in the matter of importing liquor shall stand in the way of stamping out the province-wide operations of illicit whiskey-pedlars."

That then should make clear just what the Ontario referendum is, what its potentialities are if carried on the 18th, and the motive behind its promotion.

### Dr. Grant Hammers Away Steadily

WHILE this article was under way I looked up Dr. A. S. Grant, chairman of the referendum committee. He's a difficult man to locate just when you want him, for most of the time he's here, there and everywhere all over the country. Dr. Grant is a burly-burly type, kindly and very outspoken. He is one of those who believe that the only name for a spade is spade, and he has a sort of Cromwellian instinct for "hammering away" while he's trusting in Providence. He doesn't believe that prayer and religion have one chance in a million of winning a campaign unless they are persistently supplemented by hard work. Furthermore, he detests pussyfooting and thinks a lot of the sentimentality indulged in does the prohibition cause more harm than good.

He has almost an eccentric aversion to getting into the limelight. Toronto newspaper men tell the following story of his attempt to keep his picture out of the papers: Several city editors had made requests for photos of the Doctor and had been politely refused. Not a photographer in town had a likeness of him and he would not pose for a picture. Finally, one city editor hit upon a plan for trapping the Doctor into having his picture taken whether he wanted it or not. A photographer, therefore, was stationed on the street at the foot of the stairs leading from his office. Through the afternoon the camera-man patiently waited. Five o'clock came, half-past five and finally six, yet the Doctor failed to come down the stairs on to the street. Crowds were hurrying out of the block and along the street to catch their cars. The photographer began to think of home and dinner. Finally, when the shadows were beginning to fall, he thought he'd chance running up the stairs to make sure the Doctor was still in his office. At the door he recognized Dr. Grant's voice talking into the telephone: "Yes, coming home right away now. There's been a photographer laying for me on the street downstairs and I have been continuing my work here till it got dark."

The camera man went away thoroughly discouraged after the Doctor came down in the gloom and passed him with a pleasant nod. How he became aware he was being "ambushed" for a photograph the photographer was never able to find out. The Doctor really seems to glory in the fact that outside of one Toronto daily, which snapped him in a crowd, no newspaper has been able to get a picture of him.

Dr. Grant was quite frank in saying that too many crooks might spoil the referendum soup. Certain irrelevant appeals and side issues would be better kept out of platform and printed propaganda, he believes.

"The referendum campaign is being chiefly conducted by a business organization," he declared during the interview. "Many of the men engaged in helping to get it before the people are men of the world who look upon prohibition purely from a national economic basis. Sentiment of the mushy kind, fanaticism and religious frenzy have little to do with it so far as we are concerned. Our sole idea is to present an opportunity for the people of Ontario to express their will on the matter of importation. Incidentally, we are holding meetings and distributing some printed propaganda in an endeavor to forcefully draw their attention to the necessity for 'turning off the tap'."

Turning aside from the situation in Ontario and taking in the whole of the Dominion by and large, the writing on the wall seems plain enough; old Johnny Barleycorn is having a very difficult time of it retaining a legal foothold that promises permanent results anywhere in Canada.

### How the Provinces Stand

LET us take a trip across Canada just to note what has happened in this Dominion, which only a few years ago was a "wide-open" country so far as intoxicants were concerned. Say we make a start in Yukon Territory, travel south to British Columbia and thence east across the continent to the Maritimes. Having a penchant for statistics and playing with figures, one of our discoveries is:

780,244 square miles of Canadian territory, embracing a population of 2,190,559, has prohibition and laws forbidding importation for beverage purposes. This area includes Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Nova Scotia.

641,515 square miles of Canadian territory, embracing a population of 2,884,163, has prohibition but has not yet adopted laws against importation for beverage purposes. This area includes Ontario, New Brunswick and Yukon.

2,184 square miles of Canadian territory, embracing a population of 93,728, is "bone-dry" under the Doherty act. This area includes the province of Prince Edward Island.

1,079,474 square miles of Canadian territory, embracing a population of 2,900,000 is about to try out systems of government sale and control of intoxicating liquors. This area includes British Columbia and Quebec.

In Yukon Territory the thirsty traveler would have about the same difficulty getting any sort of an intoxicating drink as he would have in Ontario or New Brunswick at the present time. Conditions are very much the same. Yukon, which is unorganized territory, governed by a council made up of representatives of the people supplemented by a commissioner and other representatives ap-

## Some Dry Facts

*IF a Canadian is asked by a visitor from the United States, Great Britain or some other foreign country: "Is Canada dry?" it is a difficult question to answer with brevity. One man of our acquaintance replied to a visitor from Scotland: "Well — you see — in a way, we— . . .," and then he took twenty minutes, to find Sandy more obfuscated than when he started. This article is designed to give reliable and up-to-date facts as to how every province stands. Ontario votes April 18. Several million eyes will be focused on this referendum. At the conclusion of this article an illuminating map shows the comparative "moisture" of each province and territory.*

pointed by the Ottawa government, has a temperance act which forbids the local sale of liquor, except for medicinal purposes, and drinking in public is forbidden. Infractions of the territorial temperance act are punishable by imprisonment and heavy fines. Private individuals, however, who feel inclined that way and have the wherewithal to pay for it may have their cellars well stocked, for importation is not forbidden, and the bootlegger does a very remunerative business until he's caught. Yukon will be one of the sections of the Dominion that will watch very anxiously to see what Ontario will do about the referendum, for Yukon votes on a similar referendum next July for the stamping out of importation.

### B.C. Situation in State of Flux

CROSSING south over the sixtieth parallel into British Columbia, though matters are still in a state of flux following the recent mandate of the people, an altogether different condition obtains. British Columbia voted itself out of the prohibition class on October 20th last in favor of sale of liquor under government control. All the interpretations of the B.C. plebiscite have not yet been successfully brought into being by the legislature, which is having more trouble than enough to concoct a workable act and meet certain unexpected exigencies. For instance, while the legislature feels it can restrain all internal sale outside the government stores and restrict the amount sold to each individual, it is finding it difficult to secure a legal way of prohibiting the importation of liquor from other provinces —and while importation is legal the bootlegger will still be in a position to ply his trade. It seems that a province has no power to prohibit importation except by a federal enactment such as Ontario is about to vote on. Such a referendum would have to be sought by the B.C. legislature from the federal government, and prohibition champions declare that it can only be successfully brought into being after the coast province reverts to the temperance act.

Nevertheless, the British Columbia legislators, in the face of many unexpected obstacles, are having the legal aspects of the situation gone over with a fine tooth comb in the hope of finding a means whereby they can effectually put a stop to the bootleggers' supply. The first bucket of cold water was thrown over their plans when they sought to make importation prohibitive by levying a provincial tax of $2.50 a gallon on all intoxicants brought into the country from outside places. Correspondence between the federal minister of justice and Premier Oliver seemed to clearly indicate that British Columbia has no power to impose such a tax, and indeed it is questioned as to whether the province can in any way interfere with inter-provincial traffic by means of its own enactments. A federal act must be sought, and carried to make any such legislation legal, declare prohibition leaders who have made a study of the situation and who see in this crisis a possibility of return to the temperance act. Premier Oliver and his confreres, however, are hopeful of yet finding a way whereby they can carry out the mandate of the recent plebiscite and at the same time put an end to means whereby bootleggers and smugglers are enabled to import liquor from other provinces.

The seriousness of this phase of liquor control in the province was voiced in the recent declaration of Hon. J. W. Deb Farris, attorney-general, in commenting in the house on Ottawa's reply. "We cannot constitutionally prevent the importation of liquor into this province," he said, "and I doubt if we can prohibit the use of liquor which is naturally incidental to the right of import. Unless in this connection we secure the co-operation of the federal authorities, then a serious blow has been struck by the Dominion authorities to the proper administration of this act."

In substitution for a provincial tax on imported intoxicants Mr. Farris suggested that the importer should pay by way of a license fee a sum equal to the amount of profit the government would make out of the sale of liquor plus ten per cent.

British Columbia was the first of the provinces to make a plunge into the untried system of government "control and sale" of liquor. It will take considerable time to prove whether she can make a success of it from a moral as well as a popular standpoint, reduce drunkenness and stamp out illegal traffic. If this cannot be done under the system, it is not likely that the life of the new legislation will be long, for it was obvious that a majority was rolled up for government control at the recent plebiscite under the belief that the illicit selling and lawlessness that obtained under the former act would be stamped out when the government became sole vendor of liquor in the province.

### Thirsty Citizens Must Have Permits

BECAUSE they are new and consequently novel, the proposed provisions of the British Columbia system of control are exceptionally interesting. Every resident of the province who desires to quench his thirst at the fountain of Bacchus must carry a permit issued by the government for which he will be assessed five dollars per annum and non-residents seeking similar privileges, under the proposed act, would pay five dollars for a thirty-day permit. Permits of those convicted of excessive drinking may be cancelled by officials. Two quarts was to be made the limit of a single purchase and uniform price was to be established all over the province, the government paying extra shipping expenses to points distant from their shops. Under the proposed act, consumption of liquor is to be permitted guests in hotel rooms, but no drinking is to be allowed in public places and drunkenness in any place is to constitute a punishable offence. No person less than 21 years of age is to be served with liquor and the new law will hold a host responsible for drunkenness occurring on his premises or in his home. Another provision to be included is that individual municipalities are to receive half the profits resulting from the government sale of intoxicants.

The administration of the new law is to be in the charge of what is known as the liquor control board, a commission to be appointed by the lieutenant-governor-in-council—probably a board consisting of a chairman and two other members. Broad powers are to be vested in the liquor control board, subject, of course, to the regulations laid down for them to enforce. They are to have complete charge of the government liquor stores and of the officials and clerical forces thereof. The members of the liquor control board are subject to removal from office for cause.

There can be no transfer of personal permits to purchase liquor, and on cancellation of a permit all government stores will be notified. In buying liquor the holder of a government permit must write out his order and sign it, stating on the order the serial number of his permit. Permits must be produced for inspection when purchases are made. Only individual permits are to be legal, none being issued to any corporation, association, society or partnership. All liquor purchased under permit from a government store must be in a sealed package which may not be opened on the premises or partaken of in a public place.

The B.C. act will permit of limited sale of intoxicants by druggists, but only in cases where liquor is prescribed by physicians for medicinal purposes. Even then the druggists must sell the intoxicant in the sealed package as obtained from the government store and at the government price marked on the package. Dentists, veterinaries and heads of institutions caring for the afflicted are also allowed to keep a limited stock. The "Indian list" will still be barred since no permit may be issued to any person to whom the sale of intoxicants is forbidden under the Indian act.

The proposed penalties for infractions of the B.C. act are perhaps the most drastic in the Dominion. Six months' imprisonment is prescribed for all first offences under the head of illegal sale of liquor, no fine being mentioned, and a second offence is liable to bring the convicted one twelve to twenty-one months on the rock-pile. Corporations are to be levied a fine of $1,000 for a first offence and $2,000 to $3,000 for a second offence. Inspectors will be empowered to enter any premises, private or otherwise, for the purposes of search.

While the individual municipalities receive half the profits from the government sale of intoxicants, it is also obligatory for them to enforce the law and should they fail to do so action may be taken by the liquor control board with the cost of such action being charged against the negligent municipalities' share of revenue.



Streets flooded with whiskey. This is the drastic treatment John Barleycorn gets in the West.

### An Area of Absolute Drouth

FROM the boundary of British Columbia in the Rockies east for a distance of about 700 miles as the crow flies is an area of almost absolute drouth, and should Ontario pass the referendum this month it would make the direct length of the "near bone-dry" area one thousand four hundred miles with a depth from the limits of the Northwest territories and the shores of Hudson's Bay to the international boundary line.

The three western provinces, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, previously under prohibition by virtue of the Canada Temperance act, voted on a referendum on October 25th, 1920, to prohibit importation of intoxicants and carried it only a few days after British Columbia had voted to abolish its temperance act in favor of a government control system, by a heavy majority—though it was apparent a great number of electors didn't seem sufficiently interested to turn up at the polls to vote either way. Once he leaves the Rockies coming east it is impossible for the devotee of the flowing bowl to secure an intoxicating drink legally while traveling over the fourteen hundred miles mentioned, and doubly difficult to secure it even illegally before the train passes over the Manitoba boundary into Ontario. Not till Quebec province is reached can liquor be purchased legally for beverage purposes.

In Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba as the bootlegger's pre-referendum stocks grow lower and lower the illegal sale of liquor is becoming correspondingly less and less, but he still plies his trade and no doubt is still importing a certain amount of intoxicants by devious means in spite of the act. A great deal of difficulty in proper enforcement was for a time experienced through a certain few doctors issuing prescriptions for liquor indiscriminately, but this has been pretty well obviated by prosecutions and convictions of offending physicians.

As to whether the three prairie provinces will remain under the temperance act with importation forbidden permanently is a piece of history still in the lap of the gods. There have already been agitations started in all three provinces for a plebiscite on the question of sale of liquor under government control, similar to the system that now obtains, or is to obtain, in British Columbia. In order to obtain such a plebiscite at least eight per cent. of the people must petition for it, but in view of the difficulties in which British Columbia found itself with regard to preventing importation after the passing of government control, western legislators are inclined to wait and see just how their sister province at the coast comes out. In other words, British Columbia is going to be allowed to play the part of buffer with government control until her sister provinces see just what she makes out of it. If her trial of government sale of liquor prove a failure it will likely never be tried elsewhere, except in Quebec, which province has its own original ideas of liquor legislation,

### Ontario's Problems in Spotlight

THE province of Ontario, which votes this month on the question of prohibiting importation, has perhaps been in the spotlight more than any other principally because of the sensational happenings in connection with the attempt to stop booze-smuggling operations along the Detroit river border, the shooting of Beverley Trumble during a road-house raid and the subsequent trial on a charge of manslaughter of Rev. J. O. L. Spracklin license inspector, who slew him, as the jury found, in self-defence. Since the wartime prohibition in January, 1920, when interprovincial traffic in liquor was made legal, bootlegging has been carried on extensively in Ontario in spite of the heavy fines and jail sentences imposed on those convicted. The value of liquor confiscated in the last twelve months is quoted by the Ontario license commissioners in their annual report as $108,138.75, not including questionable intoxicants which were destroyed.

The government dispensaries also seem to have been doing a thriving business. According to the commission's report during the year ending April 30, 1920, the gross profits of the head office and the seven branch dispensaries throughout Ontario were $1,380,920.35, which, after

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NO. VII. IN THE SERIES "CANADA REVISITED"

## By AGNES C. LAUT

I WILL tell next month how the very laws which were designed to keep oil resources from falling in the hands of big holders impede the development of natural resources and bring about the very thing which they were designed to hinder.

One can't go far without being painfully aware that the same thing is true in the labor world, though when you mention labor you are supposed to do so with a Maxim silencer on and gum shoes on both feet. It is a curious thing—that aversion to facts—when you touch this subject; and it is a bad sign in any policy when they won't stand the daylight of facts.

Now I want to clear the air of a smoke screen usually sent up when you mention Labor just now. I want to put on record that the greater the gains to Labor financially, the more money there will be in circulation and the better for the country; but I said Labor, not decreased output, not slacking back, not a policy of getting something for nothing, of wind instead of work. I would like to see Labor getting $20 a day if it could get it without stopping the wheels going round. I would like to see it get that because I am a laborer, myself, and love work too much ever to limit myself to eight hours a day. I like work so much I consider it better than play.

But I would also like to put on record that the greater the gains to Capital financially, the more money there will be in circulation and the better for the country; but I said Capital, not decreased output to send up prices, not holding back to profiteer, not a policy of getting something for nothing, of squeezing the public by limiting output. I would like to see Capital getting 100 per cent. if it could get it without stopping the wheels going round. I would like to see it get that because in proportion as I work and save I am a capitalist; and it is the big aggregate of a lot of little savings like my own that build up Big Capital with a big C.

Is that a fair statement of the case?

Now let us see if Labor's policy is designed to build up $20 a day returns to it so that it will really become Capital—bridging the chasm between the two by its own thrift, its own savings, its own foresight. You can't build Capital up by tearing it down; and you can't build Labor up by tearing it down. We have seen what tearing down has done in Mexico and Russia; and if you have any doubts, just tear the brakes open, turn on the gasoline, and let your best motor car come down hill. It will demonstrate just what tearing down will do.

### Oriental Immigration

BECAUSE the world—or a large part of it, certainly the Russian, Mexican and German part of it—representing a population of easily 300,000,000—is being led just now into a bog, that is a cess pool of lust and murder—by a lot of opinions that are untried theories—I want to keep strictly to a statement of concrete facts.

If the facts collide with the theories, so much worse for the theories. You can't alter a fact, any more than you can break a natural law. You only hurt yourself when you collide head-on into a fact, just as you break yourself, when you think you are breaking a law.

Ten years ago I was in British Columbia when the question of Oriental Immigration became a very serious one. More than 100,000 Hindoos wanted to come to British Columbia. That was a very critical thing both for Canada and the Hindoo. The Hindoos were British subjects. If they had been admitted, they would have had the right to claim the admission of their wives; and that would have entailed the child wife system; for the child wife system is involved in the physiological fact of very early adolescence consequent in all tropical races. Canada didn't want the child wife. Neither did she want the problem of a black patch, or a brown patch, set down in the midst of a white population.

We had facts to go by, here. We did not need to run off in untried theories. The facts were to be found in the Southern States. Wherever the black and the brown patches came, the white races were driven out, not because the white could not compete against the black and the brown, but because of the peril to child life, especially young girlhood. This does not need any explanation. Every Southerner knows what it means. So does every Northerner, who has lived in the South. Canada is to-day a safe country—safe as your own home porch—for every girl or woman from Atlantic to Pacific, safe in the remotest settlement as in the midst of a cordon of police; and long may our national life remain clean and pure of tropical vices as our clear pure air is of tropical diseases.

So to prevent a black patch, or a brown patch, settling down like a cloud on our Pacific Coast, it was ruled by Order-in-Council—Ottawa—that incoming immigrants on the Pacific should in one case pay a head tax of $500, in another case have at least $600 on their person. This excluded the scum of Oriental immigration and admitted the civilized classes, with whom tropical vices and diseases are not regnant. But it was never meant to apply to British white men from Australia, nor to coolies in transit to and from work in the European War.

Now for some concrete facts.

### They Come to Make a Stake

NOT long ago, an Australian longshoreman reached Vancouver with slightly less than $600 on his person. There were longshoremen strikes on at Prince Rupert and Vancouver. That Order-in-Council against the Oriental was worked by the Unions. The Australian could not get admission to Vancouver. He promptly went across to Seattle and is to-day an American settler, instead of a Canadian.

Also in the last ten years since the democratizing of China and the liberalizing of Japan, Oriental immigration isn't coming any more to remain. It comes only to work and go back. It does not want to be a permanent brown patch.

During the War, from 50,000 to 60,000 Chinese coolies passed to and from Europe through Pacific ports in Canada. In batches of 10,000 they had to await transport ships months and months in British Columbia. They and their bosses were eager to work at $10 to $20 a month to pay the cost of their keep while they waited, clearing bush lands round Vancouver at contract job prices.

The Order-in-Council was invoked against them. They were kept waiting in utter idleness, some of them as long as eleven months, at a cost to our British finances, taxed to bear the burden of the War, of not less than 40c to 50c a day. They could easily have cleared hundreds of thousands of heavy timber acres, which could have been resold to white settlers at just the cost of clearing. They were not allowed to do so for fear they would "break" the labor market, though there are ten jobs in British Columbia to-day for every man there is available to do a job.

As I have mentioned elsewhere, there are stretches of track on our National railways positively unsafe for heavy hauling owing to the sinkage of gumbo soil, because the railroad cannot hire or bribe white men to work in these sections, because the surplus labor does not exist to work on these sections. They are close to heavy river beds. They are thickly, almost impenetrably, forested. They are infested with mosquitoes. The wages run $4.50 to $6 for an 8-hour day. The board which I have lived on and which is as good as you get in any tourist camp in Jasper Park—does not exceed $1 a day. Yet the laborers cannot be got. The Order-in-Council was invoked and the coolies were not allowed to work. Labor threw a monkey wrench into National development and boasted of its triumph and power.

But did it really triumph? Who got hit by the monkey wrench?

Let us take facts again.

Let us take the timber problems of British Columbia.

British Columbia is the most richly endowed province in Canada. It has wheat lands. It has grazing lands. It has mines. It has pulp wood. It has building timber—all pretty nearly without limit. It has a population of, say, 500,000; and it cannot feed itself. It has to import $20,000,000 a year of poultry products from China, and another $20,000,000 of dairy products from Australia and parts of Canada. That money goes out of British Columbia. It is needed in British Columbia. Importing food means higher and higher cost of living. Higher and higher cost of living means higher and higher demands for wages. Wages and raw material are already so high in British Columbia that house building has pretty nearly stopped. So rents are high. Who pays rent? Labor. Why are they high? Labor! Who gets the boomerang? Labor.

Or take taxes on property.

In the pre-War days, British Columbia went ahead at a terrific rate in municipal improvement, in paving, in street railroads, in steam roads to open mines and farm lands and timber limits. Came the slump of the War. The province had to assume certain railroads to prevent defalcation of interest on bonds. Who pays the cost of these roads to-day? The tax payer, the public, you do and I do; and because immigration stopped, there are too few people to bear that burden of taxation; so it falls very heavily on those who are here sticking it out. I could tell you of case after case in Prince George, in Prince Rupert, in Vancouver, in Victoria, all through the province, where in spite of higher and higher rents, the annual rentals do not pay the annual taxes; and these properties are falling in the hands of—Labor? Not much! They are falling in the hands of Eastern Capital.

### The Brush Land Problem

I RECALL one shipbuilding plant typical of many. As long as the War lasted and tonnage commanded all the way from $140 to $260 a ton, the plant could afford to go on with high overhead and higher and higher wages; but when the War stopped and the company could no longer be sure of $140 to $260 a ton because no one could foresee what ocean freights would be, the company had to shut down. It had to shut down because it could not get money to pay the high overhead. Result—500 men were thrown out of that yard. They and their families moved away from British Columbia. Loss to Canada, 2,500 settlers, at the potential value of $1,000 a head a year—loss to Canada in circulation and trade $2,500,000.

Now come back to the brush land problem.

British Columbia cannot feed herself because she cannot clear her heavy timber lands fast enough to raise food for her population. These timber lands are a terrific problem. Brush lands in Manitoba cost $10 to $12 to clear an acre. In British Columbia, if the timber is light, they cost $300 to clear slowly by hand, $200 by big machinery operated on a contract basis. If the timber is heavy, they cost $800 to clear by hand, $500 by contract.

But it takes at least a year after the timber is cleared to get the land in shape for planting. The land is sour. It needs to be plowed and turned up and oxidized before it yields. Then the end of the second year after clearing, it yields a crop. If the crop is in cereals, even oats at 100 bushels to the acre will not support the settler. Even berries at $1,000 to $2,000 yield at 20 to 22 cents a pound—for which the U.S. canneries are bidding frantically to supply soft drinks—it will not always sustain the settler; for

*Continued on page 50*



The face of the woman was deadly white, and her small clenched fists beat frantically at the face of the man whose arms were around her.

# PAWNED

*By* FRANK L. PACKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

CHAPTER XII

### The Fight

FOR a long time John Bruce stared at the closed door; first a little helplessly because the bottom seemed quite to have dropped out of things, and then with set face as the old cabman's words came back to him: "Crang—not Claire." And at this a sort of merciless joy crept into his eyes, and he nodded his head in savage satisfaction. Yes, Hawkins had been right in that respect, and—well, it would be easier to deal with Crang! And then suddenly John Bruce's face softened. Hawkins! He remembered the fury with which the old man had inspired him as the other had reeled into the room, and Claire, hurt and miserable, had risen from her chair. But he remembered Hawkins in a different way now. It was Hawkins, not Claire, who had been hurt. The shabby old figure standing there had paid a price, and as he believed for Claire's sake that had put beyond his reach forever what must have meant, what did mean, all that he cherished most in life.

John Bruce smiled a little wistfully. Somehow he envied Hawkins—so pitifully unstable and so weak—his strength!

He shook his head in a puzzled way. His thought led him on. What a strange, almost incomprehensible little world it was into which fate, if one wished to call it fate, had flung him! It was an alien world to him. His own life of the past rose up in contrast with it—not of his own volition, but because the comparison s emed to insist on thrusting itself upon him.

He had never before met men like Hawkins and Paul Veniza. He had met drunkards and pawnbrokers. Very many of them! He had lived his life, or, rather, impoverished it with a spendthrift hand, among just such classes—but he was conscious that it would never have been the poorer for an intimacy with either Hawkins or Paul Veniza.

John Bruce raised his hand abruptly. The front door had opened. A moment later a footstep sounded in the outer room, and then upon the stairs. That would be Paul Veniza returning, of course, though he hadn't been gone very long; or was it that he, John Bruce, had been sitting here staring at that closed door for a far longer period than he had imagined? He shrugged his shoulders, dismissing the interruption from his mind, and again the wistful smile flickered on his lips.

So that was why nothing had been said in his hearing about the robbery! Queer people—with their traveling pawnshop, which was bizarre; and their standards of honesty, and their unaffected hospitality which verged on the bizarre, too, because their genuineness and simplicity were so unostentatious—and so rare. And somehow, suddenly, as he sat there with his chin cupped now in his hands, he was not proud of this contrast—himself on the one hand, a drunkard and a pawnbroker on the other!

And then John Bruce raised his head again, sharply this time, almost in a startled way. Was that a cry—in a woman's voice? It was muffled by the closed door, and it was perhaps therefore his imagination; but it—

He was on his feet. It had come again. No door could have shut it out from his ears. It was from Claire upstairs, and the cry seemed most curiously to mingle terror and a passionate anger. He ran across the room and threw the door open. It was strange! It would be Paul Veniza in a new rôle, if the gentle, white-haired old pawnbroker could inspire terror in any one!

A rasping, jeering oath—in a man's voice this time reached him. John Bruce, a sudden fury whipping his blood into fire, found himself stumbling up the stairs. It wasn't Veniza! His mind seemed to convert that phrase into a singsong refrain: "It wasn't Veniza! It wasn't Veniza!"

CLAIRE'S voice came to him distinctly now, and there was the same terror in it, the same passionate anger that he had distinguished in her cry:

"Keep away from me! I loathe you! It is men like you that prompt a woman to murder! But—but instead, I have prayed God with all my soul to let me die before—" Her voice ended in a sharp cry, a scuffle of feet.

It was Crang in there! John Bruce, now almost at the top of the stairs, was unconscious that he was panting heavily from his exertions, unconscious of everything save a new refrain that had taken possession of his mind:

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"It was Crang in there! It was Crang in there!" It was the door just at the right of the landing. Crang's voice came from there; and the voice was high, like the squeal of an enraged animal:

"You're mine! I've got a right to those red lips, you vixen, and I'm going to have them! A man's got the right to take the girl he's going to marry in his arms! Do you think I'm going to be held off forever? You're mine, and—"

The words were lost again in a cry from Claire, and in the sound of a struggle—a falling chair, the scuffle once more of feet.

John Bruce flung himself across the hall and against the door. It yielded without resistance, and the impetus of his own rush carried him, staggering, far into the room. Two forms were circling there under the gas light as though in the throes of some mad dance—only the face of the woman was deathly white, and her small, clenched fists beat frantically at the face of the man whose arms were around her. John Bruce sprang forward. He laughed aloud, unnaturally. His brain, his mind was whirling; but something soft was grasped in his two encircling hands, and that was why he laughed—because his soul laughed. His fingers pressed tighter. It was Crang's throat that was soft under his fingers.

Suddenly the room swirled around him. A giddiness seemed to seize upon him—and that soft thing in his grip slipped from his fingers and escaped him. He brushed his hand across his eyes. It would pass, of course. It was strange that he should go giddy like that, and that his limbs should be trembling as though with the ague! Again he brushed his hand across his eyes. It would pass off. He could see better now. Claire had somehow fallen to the floor; but she was rising to her knees now using the side of the bed for support, and—

HER voice rang wildly through the room.

"Look out! Oh, look out!" she cried.

To John Bruce it seemed as though something leaped at him out of space—and struck. The blow, aimed at his side which was still bandaged, went home. It brought an agony that racked and tore and twisted at every nerve in his body. It wrung a moan from his lips, it brought the sweat beads bursting out upon his forehead—but it cleared his brain.

Yes, it was Dr. Crang—but disreputable in appearance as he had never before seen the man. Crang's clothes were filthy and unkempt, as though the man had fallen somewhere in the mire and was either unconscious or callous of the fact; his hair draggled in a matted way over his forehead, and though his face worked with passion, and the passion brought a curious hectic rose-color to supplant the customary lifeless gray of his cheeks, the eyes were most strangely glazed and fixed.

And again John Bruce laughed—and with a vicious guard swept aside a second blow aimed at his side, and his left fist, from a full arm-swing, crashed to the point of Dr. Crang's jaw. But the next instant they had closed, their arms locked around each other's waists, their chins dug hard into each other's shoulders. And they rocked there, and swayed, and lurched, a curious impotence in their ferocity—and toppled to the floor.

John Bruce's grip tightened as Dr. Crang fought madly now to tear himself free—and they rolled over and over in the direction of the door. Hot and cold waves swept over John Bruce. He was weak, pitifully weak, barely a convalescent—but he was content to call it an equal fight. He asked for no other odds than Crang himself had offered. The man for once had overstepped himself with dope, and was near the point of collapse. He had read that in the other's eyes, as surely as though he had been told. And so John Bruce, between his gasping breaths, still laughed, and rolled over and over—always toward the door.

From somewhere Claire's voice reached John Bruce, imploringly, in terror. Of course! That was why he was trying to get to the door, to get out of her room—through respect for her—to get somewhere where he could finish this fight between one man who could scarcely stand upon his feet through weakness, and another whose drug-shattered body was approaching that state of coma which he, John Bruce, had been made to suffer on the night the robbery had been committed. And by the same needle! He remembered that! Weak in body, his mind was very clear. And so he rolled over and over, always toward the door, because Crang was heedless of the direction they were taking, and he, John Bruce, was probably not strong enough in any other way to force the other out of the room where they could finish this.

They rolled to the threshold—and out into the hall. John Bruce loosened his hold suddenly, staggered to his feet, and leaned heavily for an instant against the jamb of the door. But it was only for an instant. Crang was the quicker upon his feet. Like a beast, there was slaver on the other's lips, his hands clawed the air, his face was contorted hideously like the face of one demented, from whom reason had flown, and with whom maniacal passion alone remained—and from the banister railing opposite the door Crang launched himself forward upon John Bruce again.

"She's mine!" he screamed. "I've been watching you two! I'll teach you! She's mine—mine! I'll finish you for this!"

THE STORY SO FAR:—*Hawkins, New York cab driver, inveterate drunkard, permits Paul Veniza, pawnbroker, to adopt his motherless baby girl, Claire. Twenty years later, Urlin P. Neyret, proprietor of gambling houses, meets in Honolulu John Bruce, of good family, but down and out temporarily, and offers him a big income to do his bidding in anything. Bruce returns to a life of luxury, meets Claire in a travelling pawnshop, (a taxi driven by Hawkins,) is injured in a fight, and takes refuge in the girl's room, falling unconscious. Dr. Crang, cocaine addict, as price for saving Bruce's life, extracts a promise of marriage from Claire. Bruce, recovering slowly, witnesses robbery by Crang and accomplices of Veniza's safe. Bruce declares his love to Claire. He then meets Hawkins again and learns the latter is Claire's father. Hawkins renews to Bruce and Veniza his pledge that he will drink no more. Will he keep it? Bruce discloses to Veniza his love for Claire.*

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JOHN BRUCE sidestepped the rush, and Crang pitched with his head against the door jamb, but recovering, whirled again, and rushed again. The man began to curse steadily now in a low, abominable monotone. It seemed to John Bruce that he ought to use his fist as a cork and thrust it into the other's mouth to bottle up the vile flow of epithets that included Claire, and coupled his name with Claire's. Claire might hear! The man was raving, insane with jealousy. John Bruce struck. His fist found its mark on Crang's lips, and found it again; but somehow his arm seemed to possess but little strength, and to sag back at the elbow from each impact. He writhed suddenly as Crang reached him with another blow on his side.

And then they had grappled and locked together again, and were swaying like drunken men, now to this side, and now to that, of the narrow hall.

It could not last. John Bruce felt his knees giving way beneath him. He had underestimated Crang's resistance to the overdose of drug. Crang was the stronger—and seemed to be growing stronger every instant. Or was it his own increasing weakness?

Crang's fist with a short-arm jab, smashed at John Bruce's wounded side once more. The man struck nowhere else—always, with the cunning born of hell, at the wounded side. John Bruce dug his teeth into his lips. A wave of nausea swept over him. He felt his senses leaving



It was evidently the entrance to a cellar.

him and he clung now to the other, close, tight-pressed, as the only means of protecting his side.

He forced himself then desperately to a last effort. There was one chance left, just one. In the livid face, in the hot, panting breath with which the other mouthed his hideous profanity, there was murder. Over his shoulder, barely a foot away, John Bruce glimpsed the staircase. He let his weight sag with seeming helplessness upon Crang. It brought Crang around in a half-circle. Crang's back was to the stairs now. John Bruce let his hands slip slowly from their hold upon the other, as though the last of his strength was ebbing away. He accepted a vicious blow on his wounded side as the price that he must pay, a blow that brought his chin crumpling down upon his breast—and then with every ounce of remaining strength he hurled himself at Crang, and Crang's foot stumbled out into space over the topmost stair, and with a scream of infuriated surprise the man pitched backward.

John Bruce grasped with both hands at the banister for support. Something went rolling, rolling, rolling down the stairs with queer, dull thumps like a sack of meal. His hands slipped from the banister, and he sat limply down on the topmost step and laughed. He laughed because that curious-looking bundle at the bottom there began a series of fruitless efforts to roll back up the stairs again.

And then the front door opened. He could see it from where he sat, and Paul Veniza—that was Paul Veniza, wasn't it?—stepped into the room below, and cried out, and ran toward the bundle at the foot of the stairs.

John Bruce felt some one suddenly hold him back from pitching down the stairs himself, but, nevertheless, he kept on falling and falling into some great pit that grew darker and darker the farther he went down, and this, in spite of some one who tried to hold him back, and—and who had a face that looked like Claire's, only it was as—as white as driven snow. And as he descended into the blackness some one screamed at him: "I'll finish you for this!" And screamed it again—only the voice kept growing fainter. And—and then he could neither see nor hear any more.

WHEN John Bruce opened his eyes again he was lying on his cot. A little way from him, their backs turned, Claire and Paul Veniza were whispering earnestly together. He watched them for a moment, and gradually as his senses became normally acute again he caught Claire's words:

"He is not safe here for a moment. Father, we must get him away. I am afraid. There is not a threat Dr. Crang made to-night but that he is quite capable of carrying out."

"But he is safe for to-night," Paul Veniza answered soothingly. "I got Crang home to bed, and as I told you, he is too badly bruised and knocked about to move around any before morning at least."

"And yet I am afraid," Claire insisted anxiously. "Fortunately, Mr. Bruce's wound hasn't opened, and he could be moved. Oh, if Hawkins only hadn't—" She stopped and twisted her hands together nervously.

Paul Veniza coughed, averted his head suddenly and, in turning, met John Bruce's eyes—and stared in a startled way.

"Claire!" John Bruce called softly.

She shook her head.

"Oh!" she cried, and ran toward him. "You—"

"Yes," smiled John Bruce. "And I have been listening. Why isn't it safe for me to stay here any longer? On account of Crang's wild threats?"

"Yes," she said in a low voice.

John Bruce laughed.

"But you don't believe them, do you?" he asked. "At least, I mean, you don't take them literally."

Claire's lips were trembling.

"There is no other way to take them." She was making an effort to steady her voice. "It is not a question of believing them. I know only too well that he will carry them out if he can. You are not safe here, or even in New York now—but less safe here in this house than anywhere else."

John Bruce came up on his elbow.

"Then, Claire, isn't this the end?" he demanded passionately. "You know him for what he is. You do not love him, for I distinctly heard you tell him that you loathed him as I went up the stairs. Claire, I am not asking for myself now—only for you. Tell me, tell Paul Veniza here, to whom it will mean so much, that you have now no further thought of marriage with that"—John Bruce's voice choked—"with Crang."

"I cannot tell you that," she said dully, "for I am going to marry Dr. Crang."

John Bruce's face hardened. He looked at Paul Veniza. The old pawnbroker had his eyes on the floor, and was ruffling his white hair helplessly with his fingers.

"Why?" John Bruce asked.

"Because I promised," Claire said slowly.

"But a promise like that!" John Bruce burst out. "A promise that you will regret all your life is—"

"No!" Her face was half averted; her head was lowered to hide the tears that suddenly welled into her eyes. "No; it is a promise that I—that I am glad now I made."

"*Glad!*" John Bruce sat upright. She had turned her head away from the cot. He could not see her face. "Glad!" he repeated incredulously.

"Yes." Her voice was scarcely audible.

For a moment John Bruce stared at her; then a bitter smile tightened his lips, and he lay back on the cot, and turned on his side away from both Claire and Paul Veniza.

When John Bruce looked around again, only Paul Veniza was in the room.

"I don't understand," said Paul Veniza—he was still ruffling his hair, still with his eyes on the floor.

"I do," said John Bruce grimly. "Claire is right. It isn't safe for me to stay here, and I'll go to-night. If only Hawkins hadn't—" He laughed a little harshly. "Funny, isn't it? But I'll go to-night, just the same."

## CHAPTER XIII

### Trappings of Tinsel

UNDER the shaded light on his table, in his private sitting room in the Bayne-Miloy Hotel, John Bruce had been writing steadily for half an hour—but the sheets of paper over which his pen had travelled freely and swiftly were virgin white. He paused now, remained a moment in thought, and then added a line to the last sheet. No mark was left, but from the movement of the pen this appeared to be a signature.

He gathered the sheets together, folded them neatly, and slipped them into an envelope. He replaced the cap on the fountain pen he had been using, placed the pen in his vest pocket, and from another pocket took out another pen that was apparently identical with the first. With this second pen, in black ink, he addressed the envelope to one Gilbert Larmon in San Francisco. He sealed the envelope, stamped it, put it in his pocket, returned the second fountain pen to his vest pocket, lighted a cigarette, leaned back in his chair and frowned at the ascending spirals of smoke from the cigarette's tip.

The report which he had just written to Larmon, explaining his inaction during the past weeks, had been an effort—not physical, but mental. He had somehow, curiously, felt no personal regret for the enforced absence from his "work," and he now felt no enthusiasm at the prospect of resuming it. He had had no right to tinge or color his letter to Larmon with these views; nor had he intended to do so. Perhaps he had not; perhaps he had. He did not know. The ink originated by the old Samoan Islander had its disadvantages as well as its advantages. He could not now read the letter over, once it was written!

He flicked the ash irritably from his cigarette. He had been back here in the hotel now for two days and that feeling had been constantly growing upon him. Why? He did not know except that the cause seemed to insist on associating itself with his recent illness, his life in the one-time pawnshop of Paul Veniza. But, logically, that did not hold water. Why should it? He had met a pawnbroker who drove out at night in a fantastic motor-car, driven by a drunkard, and he had fallen in love with a girl who was glad she was going to marry a dope-eating criminal. Good Heavens, it was a spectacle to make—

John Bruce's fist crashed suddenly down on the desk beside him, and he rose from his chair and stood there staring unseeingly before him. That was not fair! What was uppermost now was the recrudescence of the bitterness that had possessed him two nights ago when he had returned from Paul Veniza's to the hotel here. Nor was it any more true than it was fair! What of the days and nights of nursing, of care, of the ungrudging and kindly hospitality they had given to an utter stranger? Yes, he knew! Only—only she had said she was *glad*!

HE BEGAN to pace the room. He had left Veniza's in bitterness. He had not seen Claire. It was a strange sort of love he boasted, little of unselfishness in it, much of impatience, and still more of intolerance. That it was a hopeless love in so far as he was concerned did not place him before himself in any better light. If he cared for her, if there was any depth of feeling in this love he claimed to have, then at least her happiness, her welfare and her future could not be extraneous and indifferent considerations to him. And on the spur of the moment, piqued, in spite of Paul Veniza's protestations, he had left that night without seeing Claire again!

He had been ashamed of himself. Yesterday, he had telephoned Claire. He had begged her forgiveness. He had not meant to say more—but he had! Something in her voice had—no, not invited; he could not say that—but had brought the passion, pleading, almost back into his own. It had seemed to him that she was in tears at the other end of the wire; at least, bravely as she had evidently tried to do so, she had been unable to keep her voice under control. But she had evaded an answer. There had been nothing to forgive, she had said. He had told her that he must see her, that he would see her again. And then almost hysterically, over and over again, she had begged him to attempt nothing of the sort, but instead to leave New York because she insisted that it was not safe for him to stay even in the city.

John Bruce hurled the butt of his cigarette in the direction of the cuspidor, and clenched his fist. Crang! Safe from Crang! He laughed aloud harshly. He asked nothing better than to meet Crang again. He would not be so weak the next time! And the sooner the better!

He gnawed at his under lip, as he continued to pace the room. To-day he had telephoned Claire again—but he had not spoken to her this time. He had not been surprised at the news he had received, for he remembered that Hawkins had once told him that the old pawnbroker was in reality far from well. Some one, he did not know who, some neighbor probably, had answered the 'phone. Paul Veniza had been taken ill. Claire had been up with him all the previous night, and she was then resting.

John Bruce paused abruptly before the desk at which he had been writing, and looked at his watch. It was a little after ten o'clock. He was going back to "work" again to-night. He smiled suddenly and a little quizzically, as he caught sight of himself in a mirror. What would they say—the white-haired negro butler, and the exquisite Monsieur Henri de Lavergne, for instance—when the millionaire plunger, usually so immaculate in evening clothes, presented himself at their door in a suit of business tweeds?

He shrugged his shoulders. Down at Ratti's that night his apparel—it was a matter of viewpoint—had been a source of eminent displeasure, and as such had been very effectively disposed of. He had had no opportunity to be measured for new clothes.

The smile faded, and he stood staring at the desk. The millionaire plunger! It seemed to jar somehow on his sensibilities. Work! That was a queer way, too, to designate it. He was going to take up his work again to-night, pick up the threads of his life again where he had dropped them. A bit ragged these threads, weren't they? Frayed, as it were.

WHAT the devil was the matter with him, anyway? There was money in it, a princely existence. What more could any one ask? What did Claire, his love for a girl who was glad to marry some one else, infinitely worse than he was, have to do with it? Ah, she *did* have something to do with it, then! Nonsense! It was absurd!

He took a key abruptly from his pocket, and unlocked one of the drawers of the desk. From the drawer he took out a large roll of bills. The hotel management had sent to the bank and cashed a check for him that afternoon. He had not forgotten that he would need money, and plenty of it, at the tables this evening. Well, he was quite ready to go now, and it was time; it would be half past ten before he got there, and—

"The devil!" said John Bruce savagely—and suddenly tossed the money back into the drawer, and locked the drawer. "If I don't feel like it to-night, why should I? I guess I'll just drop around for a little convalescent visit, and let it go at that."

John Bruce put on a light overcoat, and left the room. In the lobby downstairs he posted his letter to Gilbert Larmon. He stepped out on the street, and from the rank in front of the hotel secured a taxi. Twenty minutes later he entered Gilbert Larmon's New York gambling hell.

Here he received a sort of rhapsodical welcome from the exquisite Monsieur Henri de Lavergne, which embraced poignant regret at the accident that had befallen him, and unspeakable joy at his so-splendid recovery. It was a delight so great to shake the hand of Mr. Bruce again that Monsier Henri de Lavergne complained bitterly at the poverty of language which prevented an adequate expression of his true and sincere feelings. Also Monsieur Henri de Lavergne, if he were not trespassing, would be flattered indeed with Mr. Bruce's confidence, if Mr. Bruce should see fit to honor him with an account of how the accident happened. He would be desolated if in any way it could be attributable to any suggestion that he, Monsieur de Lavergne, on behalf of the house which he had the honor to represent as manager, had made to Mr. Bruce which might have induced—

"Not at all," John Bruce assured him heartily. He smiled at Monsieur de Lavergne. The other knew nothing of Claire's presence in the car that night, and for Claire's sake it was necessary to set the man's mind ao completely at rest that the subject would lack further interest. The only way to accomplish that was to appear whole-heartedly frank. John Bruce became egregiously frank.

"It was just my own damned curiosity," he said with a wry smile. "I got out of that ingenious contraption at the corner after going around the block, and well, my curiosity, as I said, got the better of me. I followed the thing, and found out where Mr. Veniza lived. I started on my way back, but I didn't get very far. I got into trouble with a rather tough crowd just around the corner, who didn't like my shirt front, I believe they said. The fight ended by my being backed into a wine shop where I was stabbed, but from which I managed to escape into the lane. I was about all in, and the only chance I could see was a lighted window on the other side of a low fence. I crawled in the window, and flopped on the floor. It proved to be Mr. Veniza's house."

*Continued on page 41*



A door opened in front and he saw before him a large basement room, disreputable and filthy in appearance, where half a dozen men sat at tables, drinking and playing cards.

# CARRYING ON BY MARKING TIME

*By* J. K. MUNRO

CARTOONS BY LOU SKUCE

PARLIAMENT has survived its opening spasm. The Government has received its mandate to carry on. It is carrying on by marking time. That in brief is Canadian history for the first month of the present session. And as you look back over those early gatherings of statesmen you cannot help but wonder at how great bodies as well as great minds are influenced by minor incidents.

The West Peterboro election was a minor incident. For Meighen it was a blunder, for Gordon a lucky accident, for King nothing at all. And yet it sent the Liberals back to Ottawa like a lot of roaring lions and the Unionists like a lot of sheep getting ready to be devoured. Premier Meighen looked anxious and careworn while Mackenzie King came as near to registering enthusiasm as ever he has in his young and innocuous life. The Farmers were the only ones who kept their heads. They wandered in and took their seats as if nothing had happened and their leader, Hon. Tom Crerar, happened along a week later, quite satisfied that he was in plenty of time for anything worth while. He was right.

But those Liberals thought different. Premier Meighen had hardly folded away his Windsor uniform after the opening when the boy leader of the Opposition was on his feet demanding that the Government resign. He called them usurpers and several other things and there is a suspicion in some quarters that he sat up nights figuring on just whom he would ask to join his cabinet. And all through the debate on the address those Liberals appeared to be holding the whip hand. The Lord and Gideon as well as the Grits and Farmers appeared to be arrayed against the Government. Day after day came reports of Unionist after Unionist sick or dying till in his agony the Premier moaned, "I'm not leader of a Government. I'm head of a hospital."




Now, no self-respecting statesman ever forgets himself so far as to overlook a trip to the old land.

At one time it looked as if the Government majority would not be more than nine or ten and every Unionist member was loaded up with a speech to help postpone the hated division. The Liberals, with their usual political acumen, played the Government's game and put up man for man. In fact they were so ehuck-full of fight and figures of speech there was no stopping them. They kept right on talking for two days after the Government had gathered in everything this side the graveyard and were sullenly reconciled to taking the acid test.




Premier Meighen had hardly folded away his Windsor uniform after the opening when the Boy Leader of the Opposition was on his feet demanding that the Government resign.

Of course the division came in the cold gray dawn. No great division could possibly be a success unless the pale light of early morn was running it a close second. But with the forces all arrayed the fighting spirit was still to the left of Mr. Speaker. The Frenchmen broke into their native songs as the members gathered and even the stateliest statesmen in the front row had a gleam in their eyes that told of triumph to come. On the other hand the Government whips were flitting anxiously about and Premier Meighen was plainly nervous as he slipped from his seat for a last assurance from Chief Whip Middleboro. The strained silence as the Clerk laboriously counted the lists was at last broken by the announcement "Yeas 91, Nays 116." The vote, of course, had been on the King want of confidence amendment and for a moment both sides seemed almost astounded. Then as it dawned on the Government forces that the verdict was to "carry on," that the loved indemnities were safe for one and possibly two more sessions, they sprang to their feet, let forth a yell of relief, and then proceeded to fill the air with loose papers as further evidence of their new-born enthusiasm.

And the question that bothered the press gallery was, "Can't statesmen count?" For no one in the observation parlor was surprised at the result. Perhaps the Government majority was three or four larger than expected. But that was easily explained. The Opposition, in their effort to show the Government at its lowest ebb, had refused to pair with the sick and ailing in the Government ranks. But they had reckoned without the Farmers. The latter are "agin" the Government but they are by no means followers of Mackenzie King and they took the opportunity to show their independence by giving a "pair" to every Unionist whose health gave him a reasonable excuse for being out of the House.

On the whole that division was an incident that compared in size to the Peterboro election. Also it produced results of a similar kind. For it threw the Liberals into the deepest gloom and so filled the Unionists with self-satisfaction that they sat back smiling and prepared to do nothing diligently till death or the effluxion of time may call them to other spheres of uselessness.

Of the three weeks of oratory that made up that debate only two speeches stick in the memory. One was made by Ernest Lapointe, of Quebec East, and the other by Hon. T. A. Crerar. To be sure, Hon. Mackenzie King contributed a long array of platitudes in support of his contention that the Government were usurpers, the Premier shot back a few well-earned sneers and Red Michael Clark paid his annual and eloquent tribute to free trade as we have it in England.

But the other two were different. Crerar broke all rules and precedents. He discussed the speech from the throne. Holding up that prosaic document he took the things that were in it and the things that should have been in it, turned the search-light of common-sense on them, and told how and where he stood on each. The House stood aghast at such frankness. It is an unwritten rule that in the debate on the address a member shall talk about anything and everything save and except the address. It is an unwritten rule of statesmen that no man shall state his position on any question except when forced by circumstances over which he has completely lost control. Here was a new man slipping into the political arena and discussing a country's problems as if they were matters of business that had to be dealt with. No wonder the politicians gasped. No wonder the speech stands out as something unique in the history of Canadian parliament.

Ernest Lapointe's oration was along other lines. It was the stereotyped effort of a student of politics and constitutional law to prove that the Government was discredited, that it had lost the confidence of the people and that the only course left was an appeal to the country. But where the Quebec statesman differed with his colleagues was in the fiery brilliancy of his oratory. Not only in his masterly indictment of the Government did he tower over everyone on his side of the House but he put a punch behind his words that was a surprise to his enemies and joy to his friends. Heretofore Lapointe has had the respect of his French followers but they looked upon him as too good-natured, perhaps even too lazy, to ever become a popular hero. They followed him on this occasion with a growing admiration that merged into enthusiasm. The cheers when he had finished told that Quebec has at last realized that a successor to Laurier has been found—that Ernest Lapointe will take up the sword the Plumed Knight carried so long and so gallantly.

And as the Grain Grower and the Frenchman were coupled in the betting as the features of the debate the remark was more than once "What a great combination they would make to head a Government." And invariably it was followed by "Stranger things have happened."

For it is admitted by everyone, with the possible exception of Hon. A. Meighen and Hon. W. L. M. King, that the next parliament will be made up of groups. It is an open question whether the Farmers or the Liberals will come back in the larger numbers. But the King group will be made up largely of members from Quebec. For the old Province will at the coming election pay a last tribute to the dead Laurier. There will be no split in Quebec before election. If there was ever any doubt of that the Gauthier incident settled it once and for all. The St. Hyacinthe man was coaxed away from his moorings with the hope of starting a Quebec stampede to protection and Meighen. The result was exactly the opposite. So great was the outcry against Gauthier that every French-Canadian is grasping every opportunity to declare his loyalty to the only cause that can possibly bring re-election. The general effect is that for the present hope of getting a French M.P. into the Union Cabinet has been abandoned. Moreover the "Quebec first" party has been consolidated to such an extent that the Government will be lucky if it holds its present three seats at a general election.

### A Solid Phalanx From Quebec

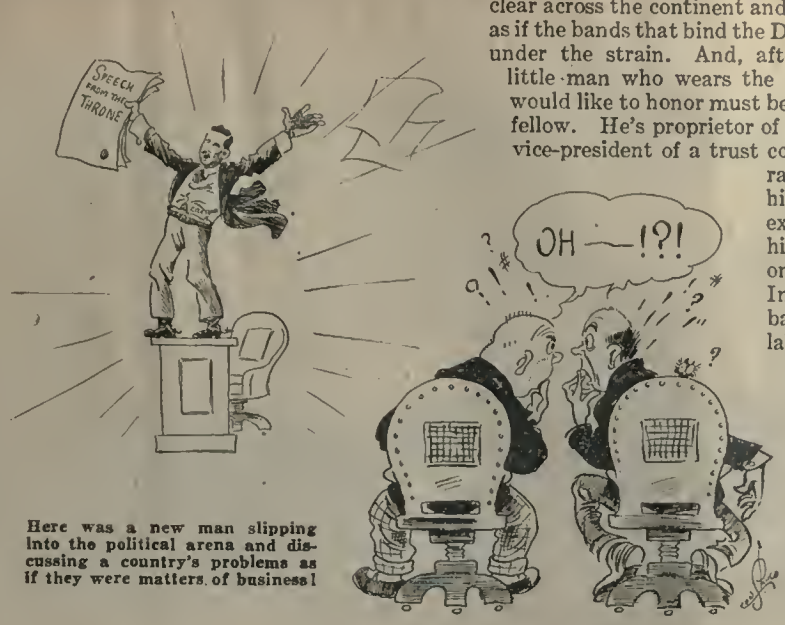
YES, Quebec will come back in solid formation. But once it is back will it stay that way? The one best guess is that with the election safely over Quebec will split wide open and that Wavering Willie King will slip through the opening and never be heard of again. And with him will go the Liberal Party as at present constituted. As it stands it is a hopeless mixture of ultra-conservation and mild progressiveness. The Conservatives dare not go to Meighen at present, much as some of them would like to, for to go would mean political extinction. But they can

He would have made some newspaper a neat little society editor.



go to Meighen when he is in Opposition and when they have five years to show their people that protection will do more for the shoe industry than personal prejudice ever did for anything.

Could the Frenchmen join a Crerar Cabinet and be re-elected in their constituencies? It is the opinion not only of the casual bystander but of old Liberal politicians as well that not only could they but that a number of the "Solid Quebec" delegation will come back pledged to serve under the farmer leader. Quebec as a province stands about fifty-fifty for protection and free trade—or rather for that lower tariff that travels under the free trade alias. It has been held together by the memory of Laurier combined with post-war prejudices. The memory and the prejudices are losing their grip and factions that have developed are daily growing more bitter. The split is inevitable. It is timed for right after election and it is an open secret that if the Government forces can come near winning they count on Quebec accessions to assure their victory.




Here was a new man slipping into the political arena and discussing a country's problems as if they were matters of business!

Can the Government win or come near winning? Not unless all political signs fail. From B.C. come reports that the electors are in a quandary. They don't want the Government, they don't want King and they don't want Crerar. Heaven only knows what they will vote for. From the mountains to the lakes the country is said to have decided irrespective of residence in town, city or country that Crerar is the one best bet and they'll vote as they bet.

Ontario looks to the naked eye like a Province that will do a lot of indiscriminate voting. The net result will be Farmers, Tories, Grits, Labor, Soldiers and Independents and heaven only knows in what proportions. It is a good guess however that the Farmers will head the list. Quebec will come back solidly French and determine its allegiances after it arrives. New Brunswick will be largely liberal, some Farmers and a Tory or two. Nova Scotia is said by the old Tory warhorses to be hopeless from a Government standpoint. They say not one seat is safe and they fear not one is even doubtful. It will be mostly Liberal with an occasional Farmer. That is the size-up to-day. It changes as things eventuate.

### It Never Gets Better for Meighen

BUT in one respect it never changes. It never grows better for the Government. Premier Meighen was stronger the day after he took office than he ever has been since. Had he reorganized his cabinet then and gone to the country he would at the worst have come back with a loyal and compact minority behind him. Months of coaxing Quebec with one hand and coddling the West with the other have gained him nothing in the enemy's territory and weakened him in his own. As things stand to-day an election would probably bring between ninety and a hundred farmers and practically the same number of Liberals with the Government dividing the other forty or so with Labor, returned soldiers and Independents. Under the circumstances if the Quebec split comes off as expected you don't need more than one guess to name the next Premier.

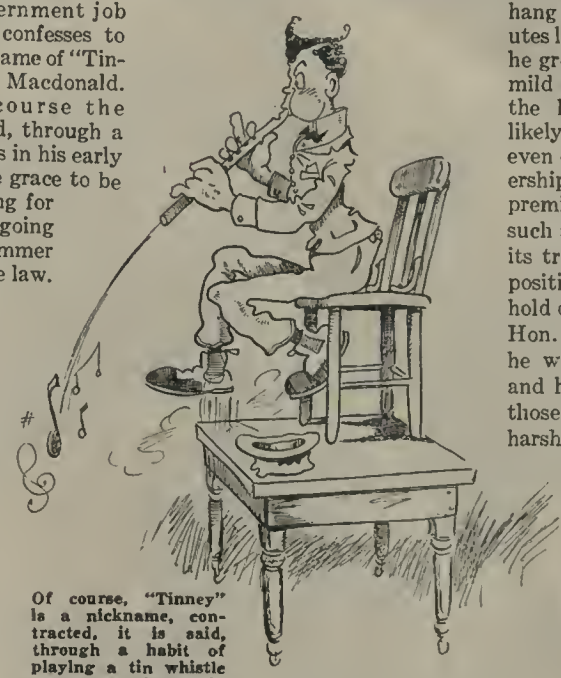
And the chances for the Quebec split are enhanced by the probability that after the election the Liberals will find themselves with a seatless leader. For young Mr. King has so committed himself to the Liberals of North York that he can hardly back up and refuse to be their standard bearer. And if he runs in that rural neighborhood the chances are that he'll finish third in a three-cornered race.

But enough of political prophecy. That generally gathers to the writer only the scornful snicker that is the perquisite of the weather prophet. Let us turn to the things of to-day.

The Government has appointed a new Senator for New Brunswick. To you in Ontario and all points west that is merely incidental. To the folks in the Maritimes it is earth-shaking. When a New Brunswick or Nova Scotia senator dies no resident of either province goes to bed that night. He sits up with a double pointed lead pencil figuring his chances for filling the vacancy.

Now, in the case mentioned the new Senator lives in Nova Scotia, was appointed for New Brunswick and has no political record. Which combination made every self-respecting man in the two provinces come to his feet in holy horror. The shrieks of the press were heard clear across the continent and for a time it looked as if the bands that bind the Dominion might snap under the strain. And, after all, the nervous little man who wears the toga all Blue Noses would like to honor must be a pretty fair sort of fellow. He's proprietor of a piano factory and vice-president of a trust company and yet the ranks of labor value him as a friend to the extent that they ask him to act for them on conciliation boards. In fact it was the backing of the big labor unions that was largely responsible for the appointment.

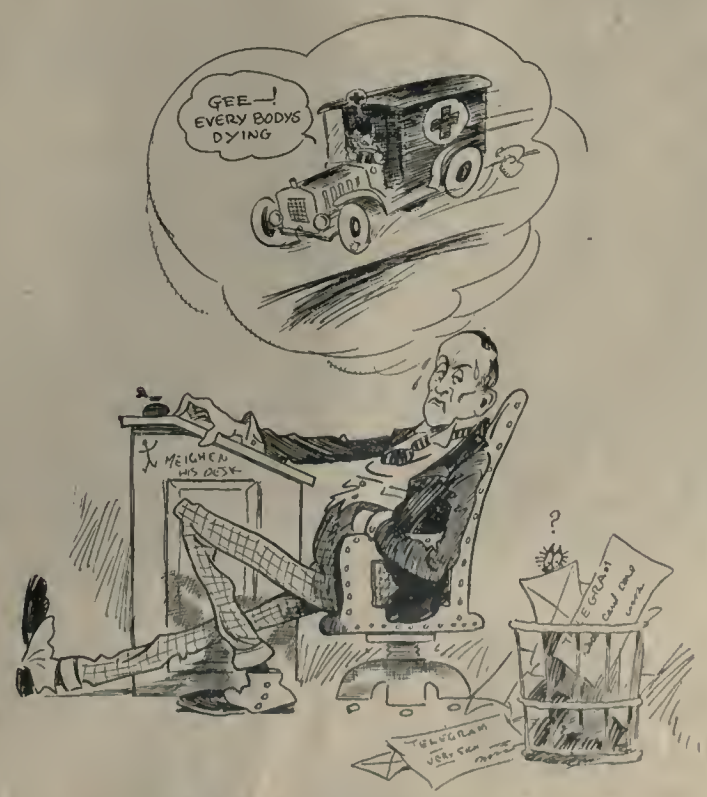
But he lacks the dignity that is familiar to all Maritimes with a spare dollar or a Government job and confesses to the name of "Tinney" Macdonald. Of course the "Tinney" is a nickname contracted, it is said, through a habit of playing a tin whistle at country dances in his early days. But the new Senator has not even the grace to be ashamed of it. He glories in his fellow feeling for the common herd. He has the seat and he's going to keep it. He was born in N.B. and has a summer cottage in Shediac which brings him within the law. The agonized wails of his humiliated opponents are music to his plebeian ears and he cares not if parties are torn asunder or governments totter to their fall—he has got the job. What matters it that he owns a piano factory *or that* his name is Tinney? He has got the job.



Of course, "Tinney" is a nickname, contracted, it is said, through a habit of playing a tin whistle at country dances in his early days.

### They Take Their Politics "Neat"

BUT the net result does not help the Government in its next by-election. That is billed for York and Sunbury, N.B., about May 23rd. Normally that riding should be safely Tory—there are no Unionists in New Brunswick. Down there they take their politics neat. It is about half rural, while the other half reside in Fredericton and other villages. There are a Government candidate and a Farmer in the field. The latter was once a Tory and Orangeman. There are a lot of Orangemen in that vicinity. The Liberals have decided to stay out of the fight but have advised their people that if they can't vote for the Farmer they had better stay home as the defeat of the Meighen Government promises the greatest good to the greatest number.




Day after day came reports of Unionist after Unionist sick or dying, till in his agony the Premier moaned: "I'm not leader of a Government. I'm head of a hospital."

That the Government expect to carry York and take the taste of West Peterboro out of the mouth of the public is evidenced by the fact that this by-election is being hurried along ahead of the others. Will they do it? Well, if you are a betting man, put a piker's bet down on the horny-fisted farmer. It is a race track axiom to always bet on the stable that is running in luck and this appears to be a Farmers' year.

That brings up the question of a general election. I have always believed that this Parliament would live as long as the indemnities lasted, that is till 1922. Now I begin to doubt it. The West Peterboro election proved that Premier Meighen is not a glutton for punishment. And unless there is an unexpected change in the political atmosphere he's going to get lots of it. York, N.B., looks likely to start the pummelling. West York, Ontario, may live up to its traditions and return a Government supporter but Yamaska will go Liberal and Medicine Hat, the best organized Farmer constituency of them all, will speak the mind of the Prairies.

With the resignations of Sir Thomas White and Hon. Wesley Rowell, Leeds and Durham will be thrown open and if the days of political miracle are not past two more bumps for the Gallant Young Premier are in order. Will he stand up under it? He may, like brave John Maynard, hang on for five minutes longer. But already he grows irritable under mild criticism. Under the heavier fire he is likely to decide that even on Opposition leadership is preferable to a premiership that carries such a series of snubs in its train. And the Opposition trenches must hold out a sort of lure to Hon. Arthur. For there he would be the critic and he was ever one of those who criticise most harshly and can least stand criticism in his turn.

Of the session there are divers opinions expressed. That it will have interesting movements none can deny. For Premier Meighen has a contempt for Wavering Willie King he cannot conceal. And the covert sneer he throws across the floor irritates the Liberals all the more because they know in their bones that they made a mistake when they chose their present leader. They'll fight back hard. Moreover they are predicting stormy times for some of Mr. Meighen's colleagues, among whom might be mentioned Hon. C. C. Ballantyne. He vies with Hon. Hugh Guthrie for the honor of being the most unpopular member of the Cabinet with His Majesty's loyal Opposition.

RUMOR has it too that the two afore-mentioned are to be the Premier's companions at the Imperial Conference in London. That may be one of the reasons that Ernest Lapointe served notice on the Government that they would not lend countenance to that conference nor would they abide by its decisions. And, moreover, that whereas the leader of the Opposition had been mentioned as one of the overseas party, let it be known he would stay severely at home. It was noticed that Hon. Willie King did not smile when this announcement was made. It must have been at terrible sacrifice he arrived at this decision. He would cut some figure in society circles in old "Lunnon."

Now, that trip to London has its bearing on the session. The Canadian delegation must get away to it early in June. If the Government lives up to that well-known press notice, the speech from the throne, it will revise the tariff. Now Premier Meighen can't revise the tariff, attend to his other chores and get away to England in June. Neither is Hon. Arthur one of the kind who will trust tariff revision to another while he attends to the calls of higher statesmanship. He must have all matters attended to under his own eye. Moreover there is a feeling in Government circles that it would be well to see what the new U.S. Congress is going to do with the Yankee tariff before proceeding to mangle our own.

All this means that Parliament must adjourn, tariff revision must be laid over till next year, or

*Continued on page 35*

# The Drama of Our Great Forests



Oo-koo-hoo saw the antlered heads appear beyond the openings between the snow-mantled trees. The violent report of his gun shattered the stillness.

*By* ARTHUR HEMING
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

THAT day we covered about twenty miles and by the afternoon of the second day we had arrived at the lake on the far shore of which lived Oo-koo-hoo's sister, Ko-ko-hay—Perfect Woman—with her daughter and her son-in-law and four grand-daughters. As we drew near the camp we found the women about a mile from shore, fishing through the ice for salmon trout. There were a number of holes—each of which was marked by a spruce bough set upright in the snow—and the fishing was being done with hook and line. The hook, dangling below the ice about a third of the water's depth, was held in position by a branch line to which was attached a suitable sinker. The trout they had caught ran from ten to thirty pounds each—as near as I could judge—and as the women had already gained a good haul, they loaded their catch upon their sled and returned home with us.

Gill-nets are also used in the winter time. They are strung under the ice beneath a series of holes by means of which the net is passed under the ice with the aid of a pole. The lines being then secured at either end, the net can be readily drawn back and forth for the purpose of emptying and re-setting. Of course, floats and sinkers are used to spread the net and keep it in proper position. In some localities—where the water is muddy—the nets are occasionally boiled with willow bark to keep them from being destroyed by worms.

Gill-nets, however, are frequently injured by animals, not only amphibious ones such as beaver and otter, but even by such animals as wolverines. Some years ago, a Yellow-knife Indian hunting near Fort Resolution had an experience of that kind. He, having set a gill-net beneath the ice, failed to visit it for several days. When, however, he did arrive, he saw that it had been tampered with, and found no difficulty in reading the story in the snow. A wolverine, happening by on a mild day when the fishing holes were open, began sniffing about one of the poles to which the end lines of the net were secured; then scenting the smell of fish, he began chewing the pole; and incidentally his sharp teeth severed the cords that held the net.

Then for the want of something better to do, he went to the other end to which were attached the lines of the other end of the net. Again scenting fish, he began to chew the second pole, but this time finding it give way, he hauled it out of the hole; and with the pole came part of the net; and with the net came a few fish. In trying to free the fish from the tangled mesh, he hauled out more net which contained more fish; then in an effort to feast royally he ended by hauling out the whole net.

The following day the Indian arrived and, reading the story in the snow, set a trap for the robber. Again the wolverine came, but so did the hunter, and much to his delight found the wolverine caught in the trap. Such an incident, indeed, is not rare.

### The Perfect Woman Makes Me a Suit

THE Perfect Woman's daughter was married to a half-breed by the name of Baptiste Tastowich and the four grand-daughters were nice-looking girls ranging in age from fourteen to twenty. Though very shy, they were bubbling over with quiet fun and I enjoyed my visit. That evening, among other subjects, we discussed the various hunting caps worn by Indian big-game hunters, and the Perfect Woman offered to make me one if I could supply her with the needed material; but when she saw that I had nothing but a double "four-point" Hudson Bay blanket, she offered to make me a complete suit from that article and to lend me, for the rest of the winter, a rabbit skin quilt to take the place of the blanket. I accepted her kindly offer, and, of course, paid her for both the work and the quilt.

So the older women set to work with nothing more modern in the way of tools than a pair of scissors, a thimble, and a needle and thread; and by bed time I was well rigged, in Indian fashion, for the hunting trail. The cap they made me was the same as Amik wears in my picture of the lynx hunter, which appeared on the January 1 cover. The suit consisted of a coat and hip-high leggings, and, though I have worn that suit on many a winter trip and, though it is now more than a quarter of a century old, I have never had to repair their excellent hand-sewing.

When the work was finished the father and mother crawled into a double bunk that was surrounded by a curtain; Ko-ko-hay wound herself up in a blanket and lay down upon the floor, and Oo-koo-hoo did likewise, yet there were two bunks still unoccupied. But I was informed that I was to occupy the single one, while the four girls were to sleep in the big double one. As I had not had my clothes off for several days and as I was counting on the pleasure of sleeping in my night-shirt, I planned to sit up late enough to make my wish come true, though I knew that the intended occupants of those two bunks would have to rely solely upon darkness to form a screen, as neither bunk was provided with a curtain.

After a little while, however, it began to dawn upon me that the girls were counting on doing the same thing, for they made no move to leave the open fire. But the Sand Man finally made them capitulate. At last, rising from their seats, they piled a lot of fresh wood upon the fire, then climbing into their big bunk, they took off their shawls

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and hanging them from the rafters, draped them completely about their bed. Now my opportunity had arrived; and though the fire was filling the one-roomed log house with a blaze of light, I made haste to discard my clothes—for now the older people were all sound asleep. In a few moments I was in the very act of slipping on the coveted garment when I heard a peal of merriment behind me. On looking round I discovered that the shawls had vanished from around the bunk and four merry young ladies, all in a row, were peering at me from beneath their blankets and fairly shaking their bed with laughter.

Tastowich's home was built entirely of wood, deer-skin and clay. The house was of logs, the glassless windows of deerskin parchment, the door-lock and the door-hinges of wood, the latch string of deerskin, the fire-place and the chimney of clay, the roof thatch of bark. The abode was clean, serviceable and warm; and yet it was a house that could have been built thousands of years ago. But consider, for instance, Oo-koo-hoo's comfortable lodge; a similar dwelling, no doubt, could have been erected a million years ago; and thus, even in our time, the prehistoric still hovers on the outskirts of our flimsy civilization. A civilization that billions of human beings for millions of years have been struggling violently to gain; and now after all that eternal striving since the beginning of time, what has been the great outstanding gain—as the Indian sees it? "Baldness and starched underwear for men, high-heeled shoes and corsets for women, and for both—spectacles and false teeth." Is it any wonder the red man laughs?

### The Indian Sense of Humor

BUT some of you will doubt that the Indian laughs, and more of you will even doubt whether the red man possesses a sense of humor. A few days ago my Toronto oculist—you see I have been justly rewarded for hovering around civilization—and I, were discussing Indians. The doctor quoted his experience with them. Some years before he had taken a trip into the forest where he had met an old Indian chief whose wife had had her eye injured by accident. The doctor told the old man if ever he contemplated taking his wife to Toronto, to let the doctor know of their coming, and he would see what he could do to repair the injury.



Muskrat Skin.

A year or so later a letter arrived from the very same Indian reservation. Though it was hard to read, the doctor made out that the Indian intended to bring his wife to Toronto so that the oculist could fulfil his promise; but as luck would have it, the doctor had not only forgotten the Indian's name, but he had great difficulty in reading the signature. After much study, however, he decided that the old Indian had signed his name as "Chief Squirrel," so thus the doctor addressed his reply. A couple of weeks later the postman arrived with a letter he was rather loath to leave at the doctor's house. The oculist, however, on seeing that it was addressed to his own number on Bloor Street West, and that the name was preceded by the title of Doctor, believed that it was intended for him. On opening it he found it was from the old Indian whom he had addressed as "Chief Squirrel." Now, however, he realized he had made a mistake in giving the red man such a name, for another glance at the outside of the envelope not only proved the Indian was indignant, but that he also possessed a sense of humor, for "Chief Squirrel" had, in return, addressed the noted oculist as "Doctor Chipmunk."

While spending a couple of days at Tastowich's house, the subject of hunting was never long omitted from the general conversation; and upon learning from the half-breed that caribou were plentiful about a day's travel to the westward, nothing would do but Oo-koo-hoo must take that route on his return home; though, of course, it meant many more miles to cover. The excursion, however, was inviting as a good trail could be followed all the way to the caribou country, as the Tastowiches had been hauling deer meat from that region.

### Hunting the Elusive Caribou

BY the evening of the first day, as good fortune would have it, we halted among many signs of caribou, and not only were fresh caribou tracks to be seen, but also those of wolves, for the latter were trailing the deer. The incident reminded Oo-koo-hoo of a former experience which he told as we sat by the fire.

"It happened years ago. For weeks, my son, I had had ill luck and my family were starving. For days I had hunted first one kind of game and then another, but always without success. Then, as a last resort, I started after caribou, though I well knew that I should have to travel a long distance before falling in with them. But in the end I was rewarded. The going was bad, mostly through a dense growth of small black spruce, where the trees stood so close together that I had difficulty in hauling my sled, being compelled at times to turn on edge, not only my toboggan, but also my snowshoes, in order to pass between. After several hours' hard work, the forest grew more open, and, about noon of the third day, I discovered a band of caribou quietly sunning themselves on a large muskeg.

"Some were feeding, others were lying down, fawns were scampering about in play, and young bulls were thrusting at each other with their prong-like horns. There were more than a hundred in all. I watched them for some time before I was discovered by seven young bulls, and as they were nearest me, they stopped in their play, left the others, and came down wind to investigate the strange two-legged creature that also wore a caribou skin.

"With heads held high and expanded nostrils quivering in readiness to catch scent of danger, they came on very slowly yet not without a great deal of high stepping and of prancing, with a sort of rhythmical dancing motion. Every now and then they threw their heads down, then up, and then held them rigid again. They were brave enough to come within sixty or seventy paces and even a little closer. But as ill-luck ordained, while I was waiting for a better chance to bring down one of them with my old flint-lock, they caught scent of me, and suddenly falling back—almost upon their haunches—as though they had been struck upon the head, they wheeled round, then fled in alarm to the main body. Then, as caribou usually do, the whole band began leaping three or four feet into the air—much as they sometimes do when hit by a bullet. Then with tails up they swept away at full gallop and, entering the forest beyond, were lost to view.

"It was a great disappointment to me, my son, and I was so disheartened that I made but a poor attempt to trail them that day. That evening when I lay down to rest upon the edge of a muskeg the moon was already shining; and by midnight the cold was so intense that the frost-bitten trees went off with such bangs that I was startled out of my slumber. It was then that I discovered a pack of eight wolves silently romping about in the snow of the muskeg—just like a lot of young dogs. Their antics interested me and it was some time before I fell asleep again.

"In the morning, though a heavy rime (frozen mist) was falling and though it was so thick that it obliterated the surrounding forest, I set out again in search of game tracks, and having crossed the muskeg, not only found the tracks of many caribou, but learned, too, that the eight wolves were now trailing the deer in earnest.

"About half way between sunrise and mid-day I came upon a lake, and there I discovered not only the same herd of caribou and the same wolves, but the deer were running at top speed with the wolves in full chase behind them. My son, it was a fascinating sight. The caribou were going at full gallop, covering twenty feet or more at a bound, and all running at exactly the same speed, none trying to outstrip the others, for the fawns, does and bucks were all compactly bunched together. It was as exciting and as interesting a sight as one may see in the Strong Woods. Though the wolves did not seem to be putting forth their utmost speed, they, nevertheless, took care to cut every corner, and thus they managed to keep close behind, while their long regular lope foretold that eventually they would overhaul their quarry.

"Protected by a gentle southwest wind and a thick screen of underbrush, I watched the chase. Three times the deer circled the lake, which was about half a mile in length. For safety's sake the caribou carefully avoided entering the woods, even rounding every point rather than cut across among the trees. On the fourth round I saw that the wolves had set their minds upon running down a single deer, for as they now suddenly burst forward at their top speed, the herd, splitting apart, allowed the wolves to pass through their ranks. A few moments later, an unfortunate doe, emerging in front, galloped frantically ahead with the wolves in hot pursuit; while the rest of the herd slowed down to a trot, then to a walk and finally halted to rest in perfect indifference as to their companion's fate.



Fisher Skin.

"Round and round the frightened creature sped, with the determined wolves behind her. Presently, however, the wolves, one by one, turned aside, and lay down to rest, until only two continued the pursuit. But as the deer came round the lake again, several of the now refreshed wolves again entered the chase; thus they relieved one another. The ill-fated doe, in a vain hope of throwing aside her pursuers, twice rushed into the very centre of the caribou herd; but it was of no avail, for, as the wolves relentlessly followed her, the other deer wildly scattered away to a safer distance, where however, they soon came together again, and stood watching their enemies running down their doomed comrade.

"Now first one wolf and then another took the lead, closer and closer they pressed upon the exhausted doe whose shortening stride told that her strength was fast ebbing away.

"My son, perhaps you wonder why I did not use my gun. I was out of range, and moreover, while I was afraid that if I ventured out of the woods I might frighten the game away, I knew I had but to wait a little while and then I should be sure of at least one deer without even firing my gun. I did not have to wait long. With a few tremendous leaps, the leading wolf seized the doe by the base of the throat and throwing her, heels over head, brought her down.

"Realizing that I must act at once, I rushed out upon the lake, but in my haste I fell and broke the stock off my gun—just behind the hammer. But as I still had my axe, I picked up the broken gun, and charged in among the wolves that now began to back away, though not without much snarling, glaring of angry eyes, and champing of powerful jaws. As one remained too near, I let drive at it with a charge from my almost useless gun; and though I missed my aim, the report relieved me of any further trouble. Cutting up the deer, I feasted upon it for several hours, then loaded my sled and hurried home with the meat for my starving family."

There are three principal species of Canadian caribou: the smallest living on the Barren Grounds and taking their name from that region; the largest frequenting the Rocky Mountains west of the Mackenzie River and known as Woodland or Mountain caribou; and the intermediate size inhabiting the Great Northern Forest and called Woodland caribou.

### Some Record Antlers

IN COMPARISON with moose, wapiti and other deer of North America, the Woodland caribou ranks third in size. Of the three breeds, the Woodland caribou have the smallest horns, the Barren Ground the slenderest, while the Mountain caribou have the most massive. Record antlers range from fifty to sixty inch beams, with a forty to fifty inch spread, and possessing from sixty to seventy points. The does are usually provided with small

*Continued on page 46*

## Our Cover—Trappers Poling Up a Rapid

*THE northern canoeman has the choice between five methods of circumventing "white waters," and his selection depends upon the strength of the current—paddling, poling, wading, tracking or portaging. In poling, if the rapid is deep, he kneels for safety; but if shoal, he stands up, the better to put the full force of his strength and weight into the work. It is hard but joyous work, for standing up in a canoe surrounded by a powerful and treacherous current, gives one the thrill of adventure. The cover depicts Oo-koo-hoo and Amik on the round of gathering their traps after the spring hunt.*

# AS A MAN TO HIS FRIEND

*By* W. MERRIMAN ROUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

JOHNNY PETERS and Big Bill Stone had been friends for nearly a dozen years, since they first met as stripling river drivers. They smoked each other's pipes, and, after a time, they began to save for the purpose of buying a farm together. Nothing had happened to strain the bonds of their friendship and they had no thought but that the years would bring them peace and independence upon their own soil.

All up and down the Ottawa river the friendship was accepted as one of the facts of nature, and held to be mildly amusing; for Big Bill was a tall, thick-chested man who could shoulder a barrel of flour by the chin, while people called Johnny Peters not much bigger than a pint of cider. But Johnny was as grave and earnest about the matter of living as Bill was careless, and won respect from his fellows in a country where muscle is usually the measure of man. It was Johnny Peters who carried the five hundred dollars they had saved to make the first payment on their farm.

Late in the spring, when the five hundred dollars had been saved, the log drive drew nearer to Mountain Falls, a village well up the river. The calk-booted gang of drivers was again at Old Dan Harmon's boarding-house; and again tobacco smoke and vivid curses filled the dog-house, old Dan's basement den, where the men gathered in the evenings. The first day that the drivers put their legs under the boarding-house tables Mountain Falls had a visitation.

Miss Tina Larue was the visitation. She sent malice and envy hissing through the veins of every woman not too old or ill to care for things of this world, and she made stir the pulses of every male in the village. Albert Murrin, the barber, saw her coming out of the post-office, just at dusk, and with bulging eyes he ran down to the dog-house. A poker game stopped when he flung himself breathlessly in.

"Whose house has ketched afire?" asked old Dan, holding his cards face down against his venerable stomach.

"It aint fire," answered Murrin. "It's a girl!"

Harmon snorted and called for three cards; but the other men pricked up their ears. Big Bill Stone, who had been watching the game, was interested.

"This aint a Mountain Falls girl, I tell you!" The barber directed his remarks to Dan. "She's a better looker than I've seen since I was down to Mon'real las' time. And clothes! Say!"

The draw had become confused and somebody asked for a new deal. With a sigh Harmon put down his cards.

"Let's get the girl off our minds so's we can 'tend to business," he said. "She's been an actress and she aint as young as she looks. Her name is Tina Larue and she's come here to start a millinery store. She boards here and eats with my old woman after the boys get done. Now go ahead and deal!"

Dan Harmon, cooled by sixty winters, might dismiss her thus; but not Albert Murrin. He had once ventured as far a-field as Quebec City, he wore patent leather shoes and a white collar every day. After a little fidgeting Murrin went out. Bill Stone, with a wink and a nod to Johnny Peters, rose up and followed.

THEY trailed along fifteen or twenty feet behind the barber. It was where the lights shone out from Aiken's store that they saw him straighten up and lift his hat with a flourish, as he stepped aside for a young woman who could be no other than Miss Tina Larue. Murrin got for his pains a sidelong glance from eyes that gleamed bigger and darker than any of the eyes in Mountain Falls. Stone crowded behind Peters on the narrow board sidewalk; there was a whiff of some strange smell in his nostrils, and the vision was gone.

"Great guns, Johnny! She's a regular picture off a circus poster, aint she?" Johnny Peters did not reply at once. He had turned full around and was staring after the woman, with the natural gravity of his face changed by an emotion that Big Bill had never seen there before. Dusk swallowed up the slender figure. The little man drew in his breath sharply.

"I wouldn't call her a circus poster if I was you, Bill," he said. "She the prettiest looking woman that I ever saw."

Without another word Peters made off toward the boarding-house and Big Bill followed, too astonished to speak. He knew the signs, both from experience and observation, but ten minutes before he would have bet his share of the farm money that no woman in the world could ripple the even current of his partner's life. And now it had been done by one who, instinct told him, was no fit mate for any earnest man. But Stone wisely forebore to speak his thoughts and he let Johnny go to bed without mentioning Tina Larue, or womankind.

The next day there was restraint between them as they worked, growing more marked as the day wore on. They broke a jam together with no more than half a dozen words. And that night Johnny clumped up to their room immediately after supper. Bill followed, for he hoped that somehow there could come a chance to say part of what was in his mind about the play actress. He sat down on the bed and pretended to be busy with a shoe-lace, Peters went to his trunk and carefully laid out a stiff-bosomed shirt and white collar. Five minutes later he stood with creaking shoes and shirt bosom and plastering his dripping hair into an elaborate cowlick. Big Bill could stand it no longer.

"I didn't know they was a wedding to-night," he remarked in the wrong tone. His partner wheeled quickly.

"What do you care whether they is or not?" he demanded

Stone grunted and held his peace; but when Johnny set forth for the lower regions of the boarding-house, he walked behind despite discouraging backward glances. It was in the hall that Peters found old Dan Harmon, and stopped before him, fairly wriggling with embarrassment. He swallowed hard.

"Dan, I want you to introduce me to Miss Larue!"

Old Dan had the poker face, and seldom did its lines change. But now his mouth hung open for an instant, and little wrinkles of amusement gathered about his eyes.

"Sure, Johnny!" he cried, to the flaming countenance before him. "You come along with me—I guess she's in the parlor now."

Peters stabbed his partner with a look that halted him, and followed the old man down the corridor and through a chenille-draped doorway. There came out the even tones of Dan and then a flat little feminine voice that was not without allurement. In a moment Harmon was back, wearing a frank grin.

"Little Johnny has ketched it as hard as Bert Murrin," he said. "The fools aint all dead yet!"

Big Bill turned on him a level glance, keen and cold. He reserved to himself the right to criticize Johnny.

"Is it any of your business?"

Harmon turned away with a growl and went heavily down into the basement. Bill Stone flung open the front door and took himself out into the spring night. Now he knew to a certainty that trouble had sought out Johnny Peters and himself. But he thought less of their future and the farm than of what Tina Larue could do to a man like Johnny Peters, who had been saving up emotion all his life. Bill felt worse rather than better when, after half an hour's tramp, he went back to the boarding-house.

THE voice of Peters came out of the parlor, speaking more words in five minutes than he was wont to use in an hour.

"We got five hundred dollars," Johnny was saying, "and the farm picked out. After we get paid off on the drive we'll have money enough extra to buy a hoss, and a cow, and some tools."

"Oh, how I should love a farm, Mr. Peters!" The exclamation made Bill snort in disgust. "But I'm afraid it won't ever be my fate to have one."

"You—you can't tell, Miss Larue." The voice of Johnny quivered with hope.

"All that money saved up!" She threw no small degree of admiration into the words. "Of course, you've got it in the bank, where it's safe?"

"Not much we aint!" Johnny was secretly proud of his trustworthiness, "I carry it sewed inside my shirt. Banks bust up sometimes, and once in a while Bill Stone, my partner, he gets kind of thirsty and goes and spends all he's got. So I carry the money."

"You're a real level-headed man, Mr. Peters," she cooed.

Bill felt that he could endure no more. He went upstairs and kicked a chair across his room.

"The damn little fool," he growled. "Something's got to be done for him, and done quick!"

Through two hours of waiting Bill thought his hardest, but no solution would come. There seemed to be only one obvious course, so when the creaking footsteps of his partner sounded, he braced himself to to take it. Johnny Peters' whole being had expanded, and his face glowed with an elation that made him seem five years younger as he came into the room.

"I want to talk about the Larue girl," began Bill.

Instantly Peters, mouth set in hard lines.

"You better call her Miss Larue!" he warned.

"All right, then, 'Miss Larue.' Do you figure marrying that girl?"

Johnny hesitated a moment.

"If you wan't my partner, I guess you know what I'd say to that question. But I'll tell you this much, Bill. I don't believe a fine, edicated girl like her would have a critter like me; but if she will, I'm going to marry her!"

"Aint it struck you, Johnny, that maybe she might like the idee of your having some money saved up? And that you don't know anything about who she is, or what she's been?"

Bill was standing now. Peters seemed to increase in stature. He



"I carry it sewed inside my shirt," said Johnny. "Banks bust up sometimes."

stepped across the room and, reaching up, shoved a fist under his partner's nose.

"You take that back or fight, you big hog," he grated, through clenched teeth. "Take it back or fight right here and now!"

Big Bill actually wobbled on his feet before the sudden alternative. He had never taken anything back for any man before, but the idea of fighting his little partner seemed to reek of murder and treachery and all other hideous things. He looked at the fist, and the fighting light in Peters' eye.

"I take it all back," said Bill, quietly. "Most likely it was just jealousy, or something that made me talk that way, Johnny. I don't want you to have any hard feelings."

Johnny's fist dropped and he drew away with a riot of emotions chasing each other across his face.

"Huh!" he stared. "Jealousy or something, hey?"

"I was kind of stirred up," Stone admitted. Then he began to peel off his clothes, for he wanted to let the incident end without any more dangerous argument. They went to bed in silence.

With morning a change seemed to come upon Peters. He ate morosely and went away from the boarding-house muttering to himself and dragging his clanking cant hook. It was an hour or more before Stone saw him again. Detailed to work in opposite directions, clearing the bank of stranded logs, they came together above the village. At sight of Big Bill, Johnny dropped his cant hook and walked toward him, with a face that seemed to have been wiped clean of all that had darkened it that morning. He held out a cracked and stubby hand.

"Bill, I acted like a skunk," he said. "I'm mighty sorry for it. I didn't guess at first that you—you liked Miss Larue, too. Liking a girl kind of upsets a feller. I didn't guess until you said you was jealous."

Mechanically Big Bill Stone wrapped a great paw around the hand of his partner. Mechanically, he opened his mouth to reply, but for the moment no words would come.

Things seemed to have turned bottom side up. Then he understood. In making his apologies to Peters he had mentioned jealousy, meaning that he was jealous of their long-cherished friendship. And Johnny had thought that he, also, had fallen victim to the powdery charms of Miss Tina Larue. He gathered himself.

"Sure. That's all right, Johnny," he answered. "I hadn't ought to poked my nose into your business."

"I don't blame you a bit, Bill." Peters was determined to leave no word of reparation unspoken. "It come to me in the night what you meant, and if you can get her they won't be no hard feelings between us. I don't want you to think about me being your partner at all. Only I hope it will be one of us, and not Bert Murrin that gets her. A girl that don't know about men is liable to be fooled by a soft spoken feller like him."

Even as Big Bill swallowed a laugh at the thought of Tina Larue being fooled by anybody, inspiration came over him. Words had formed for a denial of any desire to marry the woman, but he choked them back. Here was a chance to save Johnny Peters from himself. Bill Stone resolved to court Miss Larue and risk the damage to her heart and his own. He did not believe it would be great.

"You're all right, Johnny," he said, slowly. "You're fair and square about it."

THEIR hands gripped once more, and fell apart. It was not in either of them to talk much of emotions, and Bill turned to his work with a slight feeling of sheepishness. But the big logs of pine and spruce and hemlock rolled easily for him that day and when night came he put himself to the task of donning his best clothes with all the care that Johnny gave to that process. Together, but in silence, they went downstairs to the parlor.

The room was dark. The men drew back and looked at each other in the dim light of the hall lamp. Peters scratched his head and shifted from one foot to the other.



**For an instant they were silhouetted against the pale sky and then they disappeared, plunging down toward the blackness of the log-filled river.**

"Miss Larue said she'd be here to-night," he blurted apologetically. "I don't figure she'd break her word. Mebbe we'd better wait around and come in again pretty quick."

"Sure, she'll be here if she said she would," growled Bill, "but I guess I'll go outside and get some air while I'm waiting."

He bolted before Johnny could offer to go with him, for a suspicion was gaining strength in his mind. He hurried toward the one-story, two-room building where Albert Murrin had his barber shop and living quarters. Inasmuch as Mountain Falls regarded a barber as a Saturday night luxury, it was not strange to find the place dark. But light came from a window of the living room at the back. This was the condition Stone had thought he would find.

With care he approached the window and caught, as he did so, the murmur of voices. The curtain had been pulled down, but it fell short by a few inches. And the sash had been raised slightly so that what was said in the room came out with distinctness. Bill knelt and saw Tina Larue and Albert Murrin facing each other across the table. A bottle and a package of cigarettes lay between them. Miss Larue blew a smoke ring.

"The boob is so easy it's no fun," she said. "He'll pass over his money the minute I snap the whip. What's the matter with you? Scared?"

"Not much," blustered Murrin. He helped himself to a drink. "It would take more than a little runt like him to scare me—more than him and that Big Bill Stone together. But what I can't see, Tiny, is why you want me in on this. Why don't you get his money and light out? A woman like you don't need no help."

The eyes of Miss Tina Larue narrowed as she thoughtfully inhaled from her cigarette.

"You're right, bo," she answered slowly, "I don't need any help to turn a trick like that. When I got canned out of the chorus of 'The Green-eyed Girl' in Montreal, for being soused, I drifted up to Ottawa with a couple of twenties. There was nothin' doin' there and I quick hit the trail for this dump. Honest, I thought I would open a millinery shop, or something like that on tick. But when I see that the boobs was ninety-nine per cent. strong, I couldn't work anything but them. Now we get this little guy's roll, and then we take that three hundred you say you've got and throw a big front in Montreal. That's where I need help. Say, there's a big slob up there with five thousand cool frogskins. He's soft on me, and he's just waiting to be trimmed."

SHE drove out the last words leaning over the table. Doubt, greed, admiration and timidity played across the face of Murrin. He cleared his throat.

"Well, Tiny, if you don't believe you could get that Montreal feller's money without me—"

"Solid wood," she cut in, and reaching out, rapped his head with her knuckles. "Maybe I'd like to have you help me, whether I need it or not. Money aint everything."

She flashed a smile that revealed many marvelously white teeth and the persuasion of Albert Murrin was complete.

"Say, you look good to me!" He started to get up. Miss Larue was on her feet first, and going toward the door.

"Can the spoony stuff for now," she exclaimed. "I got to hurry back and throw some more farm and fireside stuff into my five-hundred-dollar hoob."

Big Bill Stone had but a moment in which to fling himself around the corner. The woman came out. She passed the corner where he was crouching and he heard a little, half-suppressed laugh.

"This smart guy is easier than the other one," she giggled to herself. "A couple of days more, and I'll be on my way to old N' York, eight hundred to the good, and they'll be rubbing the sore spots."

Then she was gone, tripping toward the boarding-house. Bill followed, now with a clear understanding of her intent, despite the strange language in which it had been spoken.

Stone found the parlor brightly lighted. With flaming face Johnny Peters sat at one end of the ratty sofa; Miss Tina Larue demurely at the other. A moment of embarrassment, and then Johnny rose loyally to the promise of the morning.

"Bill, shake hands with Miss Larue," he said, and turned to her. "Bill Stone is my partner and him and me are going to get the farm I told you about."

*Continued on page 38*

*On the Road from*

# ONTARIO *to* TIN PAN ALLEY

*By* GEOFFREY O'HARA

## A Canadian Song-writer with Two Big Popular Hits to His Credit

*Did you know that "K-K-Katy" is a C-C-Canadian? Geoffrey O'Hara, born and reared in Chatham, Ont., wrote it. He's one of the most versatile song writers on this continent and tells here, for the first time, some of the picturesque "high spots" of his career. During the war, he was the pioneer song leader in the United States training camps, frequently leading 5,000 or more at one time.*

RIGHT here at the outset, before I begin feeling tempted to try to turn this into a highbrow discussion of music and its deeper significance, I'm going to keep myself down to earth for the rest of the article by making a real, honest confession as to just how I came to write the first of my two popular songs. And of what happened to it.

The song was *Tennessee, I Hear You Calling Me*, and it was the one that Al Jolson sang for a whole season at the Winter Garden in New York. Getting Jolson to sing a song, incidentally, is a story in itself, believe me. He has as many song writers and publishers continually chasing him as an American President has office-seekers sending in their cards during the first few months of his term in office.

To tell the truth, I had never been within a thousand miles of Tennessee when I first began wanting to write that song. And I never actually got to Tennessee until a long while after the song had gone to the place where good little songs go when the public gets interested in something else.

The fact that a bunch of Southern negroes crossed into Canada at the time of the American Civil War was indirectly responsible for that song about Tennessee. I was born in Chatham, Ontario, which is only forty-four miles across the line from Detroit, and so many former slaves settled in Chatham that we called their section of town "Little Africa" and they brought a lot of old Southern melodies with them and some of these became popular in the community.

I was raised on one glorious old song of this group—called *A Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee*, —and as long as I live I will never forget the one particular line in that song that had made me visualize Tennessee as a romantic Paradise. The line ran "As the moon rose in its glory, then I told life's sweetest story to the girl I loved in sunny Tennessee." From the day I learned this song, the mythical, magic place call Tennessee was literally calling to me.

I never quite forgot it, but it was not until one day in 1914, which was a long, long while after I had first dreamed of Tennessee, that I woke up one morning with a taunting, intrigueing snatch of music running through my mind and seemingly inviting the words *Tennessee, I Hear You Calling Me* to fit it. By this time I had been a professional singer, teacher, and composer for a number of years, and of course the first instinct was to seize paper and pencil and transcribe my dream song into black and white. The *I Hear You Calling Me* idea was not new, of course, as John McCormack had made the song by that name famous, but the two bars of this song that had so subconsciously wrapped itself around my dear old dream of sunny Tennessee had become but an inconsequential part of a new one of sixty-four lines before I had finished.



When he gets stuck for an inspiration Mr. O'Hara consults "Rover."

THE finished product fascinated me and I kept humming it over all day and night. I confidently carried it to a big New York publisher—and he turned it down. What a jolt! But I had learned that all sorts of strange things occur in Tin Pan Alley. That, incidentally, is the pet name of a vicinity rather than any individual street in New York, the vicinity of the lower Forties and Broadway, where most of the big music publishing houses have their headquarters, and where you can hear jazzy thumpings from early morning until late at night as you pass along the streets.

I took it to a number of the other big publishers, going back three times to see several of them, and they all said it would make a wonderful Al Jolson song and would make a wonderful hit if he would sing it, but that the chances of getting him to sing it were too small, and that their programs were already filled up for the season. Pretty discouraging for an ambitious young song writer with what he feels sure is his first popular hit!



These sturdy trees, amidst which Mr. O'Hara has built a shady-nook seat, have seen the birth of many songs—including, perhaps, "K-K-Katy."

Finally I ran across Jack von Tilzer, whose "Empire Music Company" happened to be just "between hits" at the moment. He had published a number of well-known songs but at this particular time had nothing on the stocks. It was just exactly the song he wanted, and between us we began to camp on Al Jolson's trail. Everything depended on getting him to sing the song. Even the first pages could not be printed until we found out whether or not he would use it, for if he did sing it the best cover on earth would be a picture of Jolson himself and an announcement that he was singing the song himself.

It was during the summer, and Jolson, we found, had slipped off to Atlantic City for the deliberate purpose of escaping song publishers. We telephoned, telegraphed, and wrote him, never sending the song itself but never being very bashful in telling him what we thought about it as a song particularly suited for his peculiar talents. He did not answer, but when he finally returned to begin rehearsing the Winter Garden's new show, he came down to von Tilzer's office on Forty-fifth Street out of sheer curiosity. When he'd read over the words and listened to the music—it was like waiting for the judge's verdict while he was making up his mind—he slapped his knee and said he would have sung it anyhow for the sake of his old friend von Tilzer, but that in addition it struck him as being his best prospect for the new season.

### It's Up To Al Jolson

IT SOUNDED like that was all there was to it, but it wasn't. Jolson started to put the song in the first act during the London scene in which he had to say: "Well, boys, I'm sick of this London and the old mutton chops—wish I was back in Norfolk, Virginia." He told the stage manager he was going to change that to read: "Memphis, Tennessee," and sing my song at that point. The man who had written the words for the verses of the song—I had written the words of the chorus myself—had a minor part in the cast of the Winter Garden show, and when that morning's rehearsal was over he rushed back to von Tilzer's office where I happened to be, and burst in with: "Gee boys, Jolson's got the song in at last!" Nothing had been certain, of course, and we had been worrying; by this time Jack von Tilzer had put a good deal into the song, and his overhead expenses were high, and this was his only chance at a hit for the season.

Then came a rude awakening. The squad of three or four who had written the Winter Garden show got busy and wrote Jolson another song called: *I Wish I Was Back in Norfolk, Virginia*, to sing at this particular point of the first act—and Jolson's contract required him to sing it.

"Oh, very well," Jolson reassured us, "I'll put it in my specialty in the third act where I can sing anything I want to or anything the audience calls for."

Things looked rosy again. But not for long. Somebody ought to write a play called the "Odyssey of a Song." There'd be suspense galore. The squad who wrote the play were not staying awake at nights to figure how they could get an outsider's song in among theirs. Please don't think I am boasting about "Tennessee" because that won't do me any good now in any event—but it was natural for said squad to prefer the elimination of any such outside feature. They now re-wrote the first act of the play and jazzed in a big telephone scene which was replete with the phrase: "I hear you calling me," and for good measure threw in a pianologue interpolation imitating John McCormack's rendition of *I Hear You Calling Me*. By the time our friendly black-faced comedian got to his third act specialty the audience was going to have enough of the "I hear you calling me" idea to satiate it for a year.

We had had the song tried out in a few vaudeville houses in the meantime and it made a hit in every case; and Jolson had listened in on the q.t. and had become more confident than ever that the song could be made a hit. Still we could not have it published until he actually sang it at the Winter Garden, and it now looked like the last chance was gone. The Winter Garden show finally opened, and "Tennessee" was nowhere to be found in it. Jack von Tilzer waited nervously to ask Jolson about it.

"Jus' leave 'at t'me," consoled Al, in his best nigger dialect. He would not say another word.

### The Song Gets in—and a Suit Follows

ALONG, long three weeks. Meantime we had heard that Jolson's song about *I Wish I Was Back in Norfolk, Va.*, was not going at all well. Then, at the end of the three weeks, Jolson sang "Tennessee" at the conclusion of a vaudeville concert one Sunday night and asked the audience to let him know how they liked it because he was going to put it into the regular show the next day. The audience was generous. I was there, and I loved every person in it.

The next *Continued on Page 36*



The composer of "K-K-Katy" is here shown in the uniform he wore as leader of the singing in the Tennessee Camp—jotting down an elusive idea.

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## U.S. Foreign Policy and Britain

*Good Sense Will be Required to Preserve Friendly Relations.*

JOHN H. LATANÉ.

THE various points at issue between Great Britain and the United States are discussed in the first article of a series on American Foreign Policy in the *World's Work* by Mr. Latané who, after referring to the Irish question as one which few members of the House or Senate can ignore for fear of antagonizing the Irish vote, refers to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, for the continuance of which, he says, Americans can see no reason now that the downfall of Russia has placed that power out of question as an antagonist. Dealing then with the question of Oil Control he says:—

"Another active dispute between the United States and England is the status of the Mesopotamian oil fields. Since the first oil well was drilled about sixty years ago, the United States has dominated the petroleum industry of the world, but it is not likely that this domination will long continue. We have squandered our natural resources to an amazing extent. We have not only been the greatest producers of oil, but also the greatest consumers. While we produce at the present time about 66 per cent. of the world's entire output of petroleum, we consume about 80 per cent. of the world's output. And notwithstanding the enormous amount produced from the Texas oil fields in recent years, we are buying more and more from foreign countries.

"The question as to the status of the oil fields of Mesopotamia, Palestine, Armenia, and other regions placed by mandate of the League of Nations under the administrative control of members of the League is therefore one of great economic as well as political importance.

"Mesopotamia, over which Great Britain exercises control under a mandate from the League, is one of the richest of the undeveloped oil fields of the world. Any attempt on the part of the British Government to exploit the petroleum resources of this region for the exclusive benefit of the British Government or British subjects would be a gross violation of the trusteeship which the mandate implies. The United States was, therefore, greatly surprised to learn that Great Britain and France had agreed at San Remo on the 25th of last April upon a division of the oil resources of Mesopotamia.

"Against this agreement the United States at once protested, and a correspondence ensued which culminated in Secretary Colby's vigorous note on November, 20, 1920.

"During the correspondence the British Government intimated that the form of mandate for Mesopotamia was a matter to be finally determined by the Council of the League of Nations and the signers of the Covenant. On this point Mr. Colby took sharp issue in the following words: 'Such powers as the Allied and Associated nations may enjoy or wield, in the determination of the governmental atatus of the mandated areas, accrued to them as a direct result of the war against the Central Powers. The United States, as a participant in that conflict and as a contributor to its successful issue, cannot consider any of the Associated Powers, the smallest not less than itself, debarred from the discussion of any of its consequences, or from participation in the rights and privileges secured under the mandates provided for in the treaties of peace.'

"The San Remo agreement should not be permitted to stand, and if Great Britain wishes to remain on cordial terms with the United States, she must back down from a position which is wholly untenable.

"The control of ocean cables is another question which is now under discussion between the great world powers. In 1914, shortly after the outbreak of war, Great Britain and France cut the two cables from New York to Germany. The end of one of these cables was towed to Penzance, England, and the end of the other to Brest, France. In 1916 the American end of the Penzance cable was cut about six hundred miles out of New York and towed to Halifax. These former German cables are now being operated, the one between New York and Brest, and the other between Halifax and Penzance. The principal German-owned cables in the Pacific were appropriated by Japan and are still operated by her. At the Peace Conference the nations in control of the German-owned cables in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans contended that they were prizes of war for which no account should be rendered. The United States strongly contested this claim.

"The two main points urged by the American delegates at the conference were the restoration of direct cable communication between the United States and Germany, and the internationalization of the cables seized by Japan. The island of Yap, which lies between Guam and the Philippines, is one of the most important cable stations in the Pacific, as lines radiate from it to Guam, to Shanghai, and to the Dutch settlements. At the Paris Conference it was agreed that the German islands in the Pacific north of the Equator should be placed under the administration of Japan and those south of the Equator under the administration of Australia and New Zealand. Yap lies on the Japanese side of the line of division, but when this disposition of the German islands was proposed, President Wilson announced that he wished to reserve the island of Yap for future consideration. No objection was raised, and he accepted silence as consent. At the recent conference in Washington, Japan held that President Wilson's reservation had not been accepted by the other powers, and that she was, therefore, entitled to the full control of this island. It is understood that Great Britain at first supported the Japanese position, but she is now disposed to accept the proposed American compromise, for the division of the cables, the Guam-Yap lines to be assigned to the United States, the Yap-Shanghai line to Japan, and the Yap-Dutch Indies line to Holland."

Dealing with the question of mercantile maritime competition Mr. Latané regrets the provisions of the United States Merchant Marine Act of 1920 which permits the making of discriminatory railroad rates in favor of persons or property transported in American ships, and he sharply condemns the further feature in Section 34 which makes it possible to impose discriminatory duties on imports entering the United States in foreign vessels, and discriminatory tonnage dues on foreign vessels entering United States ports.

"The proposed policy, he says, "will also have the effect of increasing the economic solidarity of the British Empire. The overseas dominions have for some years been shaping, to a large extent, their own commerical policies. Our action is likely to check this movement and drive them into closer relations with England. The importance of our future relations with the overseas dominions has apparently never been fully realized by our political leaders. For instance, the objection raised in the Senate to the representation of the British Colonies in the Assembly of the League of Nations was very short-sighted, as was recently demonstrated when one of the Canadian representatives in the Assembly made a staunch attack on the methods of European diplomacy, particularly the attempt of the European Powers to control all the important committees of the League. Had the United States been a member of the League, it is probable that her delegates would have stood shoulder to shoulder with the Canadians on this question.

"The naval programme advocated by Secretary Daniels is likely to cause resentment in England. He reminds us, however, that there are only three great naval powers to-day, Great Britain, Japan, and the United States, and he contends that as long as the Anglo-Japanese alliance remains in force, it will be necessary for the United States to maintain two great fleets, one in the Atlantic, and the other in the Pacific with the Hawaiian Islands as a base. In order to do this we must add the proposed units to our navy without delay and make a much larger outlay for expenditures at Hawaii. The only alternative is, of course, to go into the League and agree upon a limitation of armaments.

"It is evident from this brief review of the present state of our relations with Great Britain that the questions at issue are as numerous and complex as any that have ever arisen at any one time, but we have weathered many a storm during the past hundred years and will doubtless weather many another during the years to come. It will, however, require patience, forbearance, good sense, and mutual concessions to preserve friendly relations. The moral of the story (of Anglo-American relations) is, as Lord Bryce once said, 'that peace can always be kept, whatever be the grounds of controversy, between peoples that wish to keep it'."

## Unemployment Crisis in Britain

*Each Industry Should Maintain Its Own Unemployed Workers.*

R. H. TAWNEY

THE question, at present, overshadowing all others in Great Britain is that of unemployment. The percentage of unemployed at the end of December last was greater than at the end of any year since 1909.

Dealing with the probable outcome in the *New Republic*, Mr. Tawney says:—

"The crisis has, however, had one good effect. It has brought all sections of the labor movement together. The Labor party repeatedly urged on the government during the war the necessity of preparing a scheme to deal with unemployment and had endeavored in Parliament to make the Unemployment act more adequate, only to be met with indifference or opposition. When the government, having waited till the last moment, invited it to appoint representatives to a commission to make belated inquiries, the party refused and prepared a report of its own, which is today being considered by a national conference. Naturally, in view of the present situation, it consists mainly of emergency measures, and does not represent the final judgment of the labor movement as to the way in which the periodical recurrence of bad trade should be met. But it shows a much clearer consciousness of the fundamental economic issues of the movement than anything

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# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R

**All That's Needed Now.**—No more piano for Paderewski! Call the barber.—Kitchener, Ont., *Record.*

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**Ace High.**—A cat may look at a king, but a man prefers to look at an ace.—Brockville *Recorder and Times.*

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**Explained.**—Platonic friendship: A term invented by a married man to kid his conscience.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Sadness.**—The cry that prohibition doesn't prohibit is becoming more and more plaintive.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Darn It.**—A minister says silk stockings should not be worn. We'll say so—especially on the heel.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**A Straight Tip.**—Don't be a tightwad. When the roll is called up yonder it won't be a bank roll.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**A Test.**—Before sampling a man's brew, pour a little down the sink. If it doesn't take the enamel off, it's all right.—Toronto *Star.*

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**Domestic News.**—A man knows but very little of the happenings of the neighborhood when his wife is away on a visit.—Guelph *Herald.*

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**Co-operation.**—One might overlook a lot of the temptations if the reformers didn't call attention to them.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Circumspection.**—What the world needs to-day are married people who will promise to "love, honor and behave."—Kingston *British Whig.*

**What Did the Advertiser Mean?**—"Young man wanted as milk driver; must be clean and neat and a good mixer."—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Misdirected.**—Moving pictures have been teaching the young idea how to shoot in a way not contemplated by the poet.—Toronto *Globe.*

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**No Ground for Annoyance.**—When the savage red man lived in a wigwam he paid no rent. Why then, was he savage?—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**A Harrowing Thought.**—Will future generations be known by whiskered tonsils, caused by drinking hair tonic?—Calgary *Albertan.*

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**A Remedy.**—"Scrap all the navies of the world," is a suggestion. Then, as you were about to remark, they can't scrap.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**Thrift.**—Thrift is the art of making the lamp shade correspond with one's waist measure so it can be used as a skirt.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Simple Tastes.**—Some men's idea of a suitable job would be smoking cigars in a greenhouse to keep down the insects.—Owen Sound *Advertiser.*

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**A Debt of Gratitude.**—As one remarks, all this criticism of the ladies' dress is absurd. Look what the silk industry hose to the ladies.—Toronto *Star.*

* * * *

**On Whom?**—The fact that women are becoming taller may be a result of their efforts to reach for the car strap. When mother reached for the strap, it had a different effect.—Kitchener *Record.*

**Loose Change.**—If speech is silver and silence gold one can account for the cause of most people constant running short of change.—London *Free Press.*

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**Signs of Trouble.**—In after years a woman imag. there is something wrong with her husband if he doesn find fault with his meals.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

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**Not on Most.**—Human skulls are said to be getti thinner and less able to resist force. But why worr There's not much wear and tear on a skull.—Cobalt *Nugg*

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**Independence.**—It is fine these days to hear a m hotly advocating the independence of Egypt while he meekly helping to dry the dishes.—Toronto *Star Weekl*

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**Can Such Things Be?**—Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson d clares in effect that Scotland will yet become, if not bo dry, at least as dry as the national humor.—Ottaw *Citizen.*

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**Why Waste Time in Thought?**—Ed: "It's a nice da don't you think?"

Ned: "No, not on a nice day."—Toronto Universit *The Goblin.*

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**More Is Needed.**—Since Emma Goldman went t Russia she has discovered that man cannot reform th world simply by letting his whiskers grow and not washin his neck.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**Dangerous.**—Students in the Western Medical Schoo London, have been forbidden to shake dice in the corridor between classes. The faculty is concerned lest in "rollin the bones" they should become converts to osteopathy.—Vancouver *Sun.*

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which has yet appeared from any other source.

"The immediate measures recommended by the report involve a frank reversal of the government's policy of sacrificing every other consideration to the political terrors inspired by the paladins of the 'anti-waste' campaign. The cabinet, in spite of protests in Parliament, insisted that the benefit for adult men under the Unemployment Insurance Act should not exceed fifteen shillings per week. The Labor party proposed that it should be raised to forty shillings per week for men and twenty-five shillings for women. The cabinet, thinking education the first proper object of public economy, has instructed Weal Authorities not to proceed with schemes involving increased expenditure. The result is that the building of schools is arrested, and the number of children entering industry is swollen at the very moment when adults are unemployed. The Labor party's report argues that 'during a time of unemployment a deliberate attempt should be made to hold back from industry as many as possible of the rising generation,' and demands, therefore, the raising of the school age. The government has completely failed to carry out its housing policy. The Labor party urges that when, as now, both labor and plant are standing idle for want of orders, the right course is to employ them, not on artificially created 'relief-works,' but in making good the deficiencies caused by five years of war.

"It is not likely that the Labor program will be accepted. What may come of the impact of the present crisis on the labor movement is, quite apart from these emergency measures, a more insistent demand that some permanent provision shall be made for unemployment and a more general agreement as to the form which such provision should take. The direction in which thought on the question is turning is that represented, for example, by the scheme for dealing with casual labor which was recently advanced by Mr. Beavan, the very able leader of the Transport Workers' Federation, by the program worked out eighteen months ago by a committee of employers and workmen in the building industry, or by the policy of the recently established building guilds. The essence of all these schemes, though in detail they differ materially, is that each industry should be required to maintain its own unemployed workers. Mr. Beavan proposed to pay dock workers four pounds a week throughout every week in the year, and to raise the necessary funds by a levy of fourpence a ton on the goods handled. The building guilds stipulate in their contract that the local authority shall pay the cost of the house, *plus* forty pounds 'to be used in paying wages to men when they are not working.' In other industries the same result could be achieved by a compulsory levy on employers in proportion to their wage bills. It is toward some such solution as this that the mind of labor is now turning. If employers have to pay for unemployment, then, it is argued they will take every measure in their power to reduce it, and it can hardly be doubted that, at any rate in some industries, they could by concerted action reduce it considerably. When unemployment is not prevented, the cost of it ought not to fall on the individual workman. The demand for that method of handling the problem has only recently been formulated, and, for most industries, its details still require to be worked out. But it will be enormously strengthened by the failure of the government to deal with the present crisis."

## Optimistic About the League

*An Appreciation of the first Meeting of the Assembly of the League—Ardent Desire to Get Things Done.*

LORD ROBERT CECIL

THE encouraging impressions acquired at the first meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva by Lord Robert Cecil, one of the British representatives, form the subject of an article in the English *Review of Reviews.* Lord Robert says in part:

"Two impressions deepened as the Assembly of the League moved on towards the fulfilment of its work. The first was that the Assembly is a real body, an organism capable of functioning, able and eager to act, not a merely fortuitous concourse of heterogeneous racial and political elements. This did not reveal itself gradually, but suddenly at the very beginning, and this characteristic was sustained and developed as the Assembly went on.

"The second was that one was conscious of the clash of personalities and of racial temperaments, but not of the clash of nationalities.

"Although speakers were referred to frequently (by no means invariably) as the delegate from such and such a country, it was less of the country than of the personality, and the point of view of the individual that one was conscious. The representatives of some of the smaller States have had an influence on the deliberations out of all proportion to the importance of the country which they represented.

"Indeed one lesson of the Assembly is that States will do well to send to the Assembly of the League not necessarily their most important men, but men with strong and attractive personalities combined, as far as that is possible, with sound judgment.

"Another lesson is that the work of the League will be enormously facilitated if delegates are not too strictly briefed by their Governments. Discussion tends to be quite valueless if the decisions which ought to be taken as a result of the discussion have been taken anterior to the meeting and with reference only to national points of view.

"Perhaps the most encouraging feature of this first Assembly was the ardent anxiety to get things done. Some delegates even amongst those best disposed to the League felt that if the Assembly could break up without coming to blows it would have done well. Such an opinion seems ludicrous now. The Assembly feels its power and is eager to exert it. What is more, it is conscious of its weakness, weakness due not to anything inherent but to its extreme youth, and it is already imbued with an eager desire to grow up. The sound body of opinion predominant will probably prevent it from attempting any task at present beyond its strength, but there is abundant evidence that there is latent force ready to be developed and a power of growth which only the most inclement conditions will binder.

"Lastly, let me record the undoubtedly favorable impression of the Assembly created in the minds not only of those who have taken a direct part in it but also of the onlookers. It may be that some of the delegates even were not at first enthusiastic believers in the League. If so, there have been many conversions. One hardly ever meets an unfriendly critic now. Even the journalists, whose training is to be critical, are significantly optimistic. And the same is true of almost all the other observers and assistants. Of many a one it may be said that he came to scoff and remained to pray. The first Assembly may be declared a great success, and there is every ground for hoping that, in the words of a distinguished Frenchman, the League *est tres bien enracinee*—(has taken firm root.)"



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# Ideal British Cabinet

*Anonymous Writer Suggests Members for Perfect Ministry.*

"A Gentleman with a Duster."

SPECULATION has been rife in Great Britain as to the identity of the author of a remarkable book "The Mirrors of Downing Street." It was quite evident that the author was in close touch with men holding the reins of Government. It was evident, too, that he thought the Empire's business ought to be in the hands of better men. In the *London Magazine* under the same *nom de plume* as used for his book he outlines what he considers would be an ideal Cabinet.

Not the least interesting part of his article gives his reasons for the choice of a practically unknown man as Prime Minister. Regarding this choice he says:—

"The prime minister must be a man of the widest possible historical knowledge, and a man inspired by the loftiest moral idealism. There is no occasion for him to be a master of organization, but he must be a man able to appreciate the value of organization and able to inspire the organizer with his own central enthusiasm for the highest welfare of mankind. He must be both the spirit and the voice of government. He is not to be in the thick of party conflict, but at the centre of government. He is not to be a shout or a sneer in disputation, but a voice from the peak. His purpose is not with the party whips, but with peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety. Always his feet must be firmly planted on the best and surest foundations—that is to say, on moral law. The whole nation, irrespective of party and creed, must be able to look up to him without one lightest shadow of misgiving.

"The man of our time least likely to disappoint the nation in this great office is Alfred Zimmern, professor of history in the University of Wales.

"I do not know any man with quite so perfect a poise; no one whose moral nature is more stable, whose intellect is more flexible, and whose spirit is so secure in its balance. His judgment has a quality which I have not discovered in any other man, a quality of penetration to the one main essential of a problem, but a penetration which is something much more than illuminating; it is creative and fertile of solution. His indications heal.

"Mr. Zimmern once said to someone during the war: 'I am a better Englishman than you; you could not help being an Englishman; but I chose to be an Englishman.' Born in England, and going first to Winchester and then to Oxford, he set out to see the world, in particular visiting Greece for the purpose of studying the history of the Greek Commonwealth.

"He studied the moral history of all the nations of the earth, slowly and profoundly; he decided after this examination that of living nations England on the whole had done more, and had the power of doing more, for the moral and intellectual progress of mankind, than any other; on these moral and intellectual grounds, he chose to be an Englishman. In my experience no better Englishman now breathes.

"I was once speaking of the poor quality of our politicians to a notable lady, who presently challenged me to say whether I knew of any man who had a really great, original and universal mind. I said I knew of one. She asked who he was. I thought she would know nothing of my choice.

"'He is a man,' I said, 'whose name is Zimmern.'

"'Oh, Alfred Zimmern!' she exclaimed at once; 'but, of course, he ought to be Prime Minister.'

"I found that she knew of his labors in the Workers' Educational Association, of his writings in 'The Round Table,' and of his work at the Foreign Office during the war. She agreed with me that no one in our public life could hold a candle to this brilliant, earnest, and courageous man, whose modesty, however, keeps him out of the sordid hurly-burly of politics. The public, one may say, knows nothing about him.

"With such a man to inspire the Ministry with a definite thesis, to breathe into his Cabinet of experts the living breath of a profound spiritual enthusiasm, I go on to the next office of importance, the Foreign Secretary.

"The object of this office is to inspire confidence in Great Britain's external activities, and to bring the nations of the earth into as friendly a co-operation as possible in her great labor of civilization.

"For this office I can think of no one so likely in time to fulfil our hopes of a rational world, a world disarmed, friendly, co-operating and satisfied, as Lord Robert Cecil—one who has never yet been able to demonstrate his great powers because of the miserable system in which he has found himself enmeshed.

"Not less important to the country, and just now even more important, is the office of Colonial Secretary, which I would name the Director of the Commonwealth.

"This somewhat awkward title is useful, I think, in bringing home to the nation a fact of which so few of our statesmen seem to have the smallest knowledge, the fact that wealth such as the world has never dreamed of is now lying at our feet, waiting to be used for the good of all our people.

"I should say that no one in this capacity could serve our interests so abundantly as Lord Leverhulme.

"Five years of Lord Leverhulme at the Colonial Office would revolutionize the nation's attitude towards its possessions, and would also quicken the nation's spirit of adventure, its ancient passion for the open air and original achievement. Also those five years would reduce the national debt to a minimum. We should rise from our degrading poverty to the greatness of our imperial opportunity.

"The President of the Board of Trade.—The object of this office is to serve the industry of the country, to keep it informed of world movements, to make valuable suggestions to the manufacturer, to see that the great energy of our industrialism is never misdirected, and, where necessary, to lend a powerful hand to the creation of new industry.

"It is an office which should have nothing to do with disputes between Capital and Labor, and nothing to do with the health and well-being of the wage-earners. Its one concern should be the prosperity of the country's trade. It should make depression in trade difficult, and unemployment inconceivable.

"To this office I would appoint Sir Alfred Booth, of the Cunard Company, one of the younger men of the time, whose powers of management and extent of vision are unrivalled among his contemporaries. He is a man not only of a very powerful intellect, but of genuine imagination. I think he would soon make our Consular service a living branch of British industry.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Here the object of the office also needs a new definition.

"The object of this office is to further the financial prosperity of the nation, not merely to devise taxes, and certainly not to strangle wise enterprise. Out of the wealth of the state a Chancellor of the Exchequer should draw the money necessary for the proper administration of its government, refusing a shilling to waste, but providing as many millions as may be necessary to profitable development.

"To get such a man at this moment it is necessary to break with one of the stupidest of our parliamentary traditions. I suggest for this office Lord Inverforth, who sits in the Upper Chamber, and might be a failure in debate if he sat in the Commons.

"With Lord Leverhulme developing the resources of our immense commonwealth, with Sir Alfred Booth organizing the industry of the United Kingdom, and with Lord Inverforth administering its finances, I do not entertain the smallest doubt that in five years' time our debt would weigh upon us like a feather, and poverty be banished from the land."

Among other selections of the "Gentleman with a Duster" are Mrs. Bramwell Booth as Home Secretary; J. R. Clynes as Minister of Labor, Sir Berkeley Moynihan as Minister of Health, Viscount Haldane as First Lord of the Admiralty, W. L. Hichens (of Cammell, Laird and Co.) as "Secretary of the Army," Lord Northcliffe as Air Minister Sir Hugh Bell as Postmaster General.



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**First, the *Cuticle Remover***
Dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex and work around the nail base, pushing back the cuticle gently. Rinse the fingers. The dead cuticle will simply wipe off.



**Then the *Nail White***
This is to remove the stains that will persist, and give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.




**Finally the *Polish***
A delightful, jewel-like shine is obtained by using first the paste and then the powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails lightly across the palm of the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, instantaneously and without burnishing, by giving them a light coat of the Liquid Polish.

TEN minutes for a manicure! But that's quite time enough when one has everything one can possibly need all together in one set—a set that makes manicuring simpler than you ever dreamed.

No cuticle scissors! The modern way of manicuring has done away with the tedious and dangerous business of cuticle-cutting altogether. Instead—just a dip with the orange stick into the little bottle you will find in the box, a dab around the base of the nails and under the tips, a rinsing of the fingers, and the ugly, dead cuticle simply wipes away.

It is all so quick, so easy, so pleasant—right up to the final polish! Really, Cutex has made manicuring a rest and relaxation instead of a vexation and a burden!

Every woman is taken with a Cutex Set the moment she sees it. The smartness and originality of its black and rose color scheme make her want it, just because it will be a joy to the eye on her toilet table. And every little necessity is so handily put up. Everything right there—ready to come out just as you need it.

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# U.S. Bar to Naval Disarmament!

*Britain Has Already Led the Way in Reduction of Shipbuildin Says American Journalist.*

*Scientific American*

IN AN editorial in the *Scientific American* the opinion is frankly expressed that Great Britain has already done all she can be expected to do to show her readiness to follow a policy of naval disarmament. The writer also attributes the Japanese naval program to the aggressive program of the States:—

"That very small minority in our Navy Department which would like to see the United States spend about one billion dollars in building 'incomparably the most powerful fleet in the world' has tried," says the writer, "to give the impression that a great naval shipbuilding competition is in progress between the other leading navies and ourselves. Now, as regards the British navy, this is absolutely untrue. If there be any naval race, we have the course entirely to ourselves, for Great Britain is doing no new shipbuilding whatsoever, and relatively to our own fleet, that of Great Britain is not so powerful as it was before the war. To be clear upon this point, let us consider the past seven years, and the losses of the British by war and by the breaking up and sale of ships since the armistice.

"During the war Great Britain lost out of her fighting fleet over 600,000 tons or two-thirds as much tonnage as there was in the United States fleet in 1914. The facts regarding this tremendous depletion of her navy are to be found in a pamphlet published by our Office of Naval Intelligence, entitled 'Information Concerning the United States Navy and Other Navies.'

"To make good these losses and to keep pace with the demands of the war, she took in hand a large program of new construction. But when victory was assured and the world-menace of the German fleet had been removed, all outstanding contracts were canceled, except in the case of certain vessels of the smaller types that were near completion; and a large number of ships, including three sister ships to the 42,000-ton battle-cruiser 'Hood,' were broken up on the stocks and sold as junk.

"Furthermore, in agreement with her conviction that the war was indeed over and a period of peace and reduction of armaments was at hand, Great Britain struck off from her active list practically the whole of her big fleet of pre-war dreadnaught battleships, her armored cruisers, her protected cruisers and a large number of destroyers, submarines and other smaller craft, the list totalling about 150 ships that were either retired, sold or broken up.

"Another point which is perhaps the most significant of all, and one which will be fully appreciated by all naval men, is that in her whole fleet there is only one ship, the 'Hood,' which embodies in its construction and arrangements the enormous amount of technical information gleaned from the Battle of Jutland, informatio which was loyally passed on to the exper of her ally, the United States. Had sh gone ahead with her program as we hav done, she would to-day have in her flee three additional ships of the 'Hood' clas her fleet of light cruisers would have bee greatly increased; and she would hav added over 100 ships to her fleet of de stroyers and submarines, all of thes vessels embodying the lessons of the wa and particularly those of the Jutland en gagement.

"We think we have made it clear that i this matter of disarmament, Great Britai has already taken the lead, since she ha not only greatly reduced her existing navy but for two years past has refrained from laying down any new warships. Here was a lead in naval disarmament which we might very well have followd, and those of us who are keeping our heads clear of international suspicions and hatreds, and are looking at facts as they are, must feel that there is no little truth in the following statement of the British Naval and Military Record: 'Had the United States followed our lead in effecting such sweeping reductions in naval material, the world would not now be faced with the prospect of a new era of naval rivalry. It is practically certain that but for the American decision to complete not merely all the vessels authorized by the 1916 program, but nearly all the destroyers, submarines, et cetera, ordered under the emergency war programs, Japan would not have introduced her 1920-1929 Navy Bill, thus giving a new and powerful impetus to international competition'."

In an article in the *Independent* headed "The United States—the Main Obstacle to the World's Peace," Amos S. Hershey adopts a similar line of argument.

"Strange, indeed," he says, "are the ironies of history. The United States, which entered the World War to end war and make the world safe for democracy, has now taken the place of Germany as the main obstacle to the world's peace.

"It will be recalled that the Emperor William II entered upon a campaign in favor of a strong navy soon after his accession to power in 1888. After years of quiet but strenuous labor he was successful.

"Later, the German Government rejected every advance made by the British Government looking toward an Anglo-German naval understanding. At the Hague Conferences Germany led the opposition to obligatory arbitration and was unalterably opposed to any limitation of the progressive increase of armaments.

"The rôles of Germany and the United States are now reversed. Instead of Germany, it is the United States that is impeding the most hopeful movement ever inaugurated looking forward to the promotion of peace and international co-operation."

# Common Sense Bridge

*Many Clever People Lack Intelligence at Cards.*

A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

"WHY is it that so many people richly endowed with common sense in all other affairs seem to be bereft of it when they sit down at the card-table?" asks A. E. Manning Foster in the London *Daily Mail.*

"It is not unusual for men of proven ability, heads of great commercial enterprises, financial magnates, and successful business men to reveal themselves as the veriest duffers at auction bridge.

"Take the question of calling. Successful bidding at auction depends upon correct valuation of the trick-making capacity of a hand and swift and accurate deductions from the declarations of partner and opponents.

"All sorts of rule-of-thumb devices and conventions have been devised to aid in correct diagnosis, but in the last resort nothing can help but the principles of common sense. And yet how frequently one sees a hard-headed man of affairs entering at auction into a ridiculous contract which, if put in terms of business, he would be the first to laugh at.

"It is unreasonable to start an attack if you have not the ammunition, and the player who makes an attacking bid when he has not got the goods is in this position.

"The same applies in many points of play. All the rules, hints, and suggestions that teachers and text-books offer are designed to assist judgment, not to take its place. You may learn that you must always cover an honor, that it is good to force your opponents, to lead through strength and up to weakness, not to give your adversary a discard in one hand and a ruff in the other, and many other admirable tips.

"But all these will not avail you one jot if in this application you do not use your common sense."



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# Dye Industry and Disarmament

*Chemical Industries if Concentrated in Germany Are Menace to World's Peace.*

V. LEFEBURE

DYE factories are chemical plants and to turn their production from dyes to explosives and poison gas is the work of a very brief period, so says Mr. Lefebure in an article in *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York). "Chemical armament is the crux of all disarmament." We can destroy guns and forts but we cannot destroy the chemical industry because it is essential to the arts of Peace. These industries must therefore be distributed over the world. The Versailles treaty, he says, contains machinery for doing this. He writes:—

"The League of Nations has instituted a definite commission to consider the question of world disarmament. A brief analysis reveals the fact that disarmament must cover three essential factors in warfare—the combatants, mechanical types of armament, and war-chemicals.

"Chemical armament, very generally, represents the actual death-dealing constituents of projectiles. This must, however, be qualified by the statement that the new type of chemical armament has become in some cases, and may increasingly become, independent of any special projectile. This is a most important item from the point of view of disarmament. It means that the limitation of projectiles may not carry with it limitation of the chemical weapon.

"How do normal disarmament schemes apply to the chemical type? This type of weapon covers, roughly, two classes—explosives and the so-called poison-gases. They have one common characteristic. This is their peace-time use. This refuses to any disarmament scheme the right to disarm in the simplest fashion—that is, by the total destruction of producing capacity. The world must have for normal development a large producing capacity for explosives and for the other types of chemical armament. Germany produced practically every ounce of her hundreds of thousands of tons of poison-gas in dye plants. The infinitely flexible, almost instantaneously converted dye plants are a logical means of production of all organic chemical weapons, including explosives.

"We must now stop to lay emphasis on a general principle. There are two methods of disarmament. In the first class you can disarm very simply by destroying all the means of production and preventing their renewed growth. In the second class, because the means of production—the factories—have a peace-time function, you can not disarm by destruction. How, then, can you disarm in this case?

"There is only one way—it is to insure that no one country possesses a monopoly in the means of production. The brightest and most telling war-chemical invention has no value for and no incidence upon warfare unless it can be produced rapidly and in quantity. Production is the key to its war-use.

"Article 168 of the Treaty of Versailles provides for the restriction by the Allied and Associated Powers of the manufacture of war-material and of the approval of those Powers for the continued existence of factories and works for such production in Germany. On these grounds it is logically possible to limit seriously that capacity of the German dye industry which produced poison-gases during the war and may continue to do so. Article 169 provides for the surrender to the Allied and Associated Powers of any special plant intended for the manufacture of military material except such as may be recognized as necessary for equipping the authorized strength of the German Army. The execution of this clause, if a proper interpretation of chemical armament be used, would imply the closing down of many of the German dye plants which produced those huge quantities of poison-gases during the war.

"We repeat that the crux of all disarmament is the redistribution of organic chemical capacity throughout the world. This is, without any doubt, one of the most important measures now before the world, and, in addition, one of the few measures with regard to which immediate action can be taken toward the stabilization of world peace."

# A Winged Torpedo Boat

*The Newest and Most Dangerous Enemy to the Battleship.*

"TIN-FISH" in the *Daily Mail*

"OUTSIDE a comparatively limited few in the naval world not many people know anything much about this latest addition to the number of our fighting machines—and the real protagonist of the aerial navy.

"Under the guise of 'a torpedo-carrying aeroplane' it figures pretty regularly in discussions upon the relative value of battleship and submarine. But it is actually something much more formidable than an aeroplane with a torpedo slung beneath its fuselage.

"That was the genesis of the boat. But the effectiveness of lethal weapons is sometimes developed rapidly. The aerial torpedo-boat is a case in point. Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, of the United States Navy, conceived the plan of equipping aeroplanes with torpedoes. 'They carry bombs; why not 'tin fish" also?' he asked.

Of course he was laughed at. The parallel-ruler experts said the thing could not be done effectively. No possible algebraic formula demonstrated its possibility and therefore the conception was not a feasible one.

"Admiral Fiske, however, went his own way, as does every wise inventor who comes up against the 'turn-it-down' type of expert, and he proved that the idea was practical.

* * *

"This was in the early days of the war; in fact, I am not sure that Admiral Fiske did not get busy before the Kaiser did. Anyhow, the machines, designed by British inventors and fitted up much as he had proposed, were used to some extent in wartime.

"One of them skimming above the surface had much the appearance of Sinbad's giant roc carrying a torpedo in its claws.

"In this stage of its evolution—the chrysalis stage—the machine was admittedly more terrifying than dangerous. It could not 'shoot' as effectively as circumstances required it should do when attacking, nor was it quick enough 'on the wing'; and it could not 'swoop' real bird-of-prey fashion.

"Compared with what was desired and required, 'on the wing' it was merely a farm-yard goose when it ought to have been a snipe, having regard to the necessity for attack and getting away quickly.

"But the men who had the handling of the machine knew what they wanted and they knew that the right idea was under their hand. So they set about improving upon it.

"And the outcome has been the production of a real 'terror that flies' to every big surface warship, and equally so to the submarine.

"From the torpedo-carrying aeroplane there has been generated a sort of winged torpedo-boat that can either swim on the surface or rise in the air, a 'contraption' that really *can* swoop down upon a quarry, discharge its torpedo with deadly accuracy and then skim off again before any gunner is likely to 'get on it.'

"There are still aeroplanes armed with torpedoes, but experiment has shown the winged torpedo-boat to be far more deadly than they."




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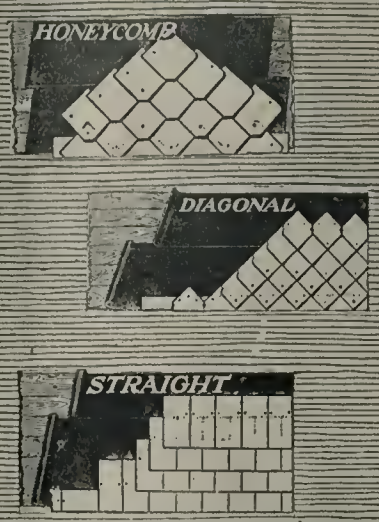
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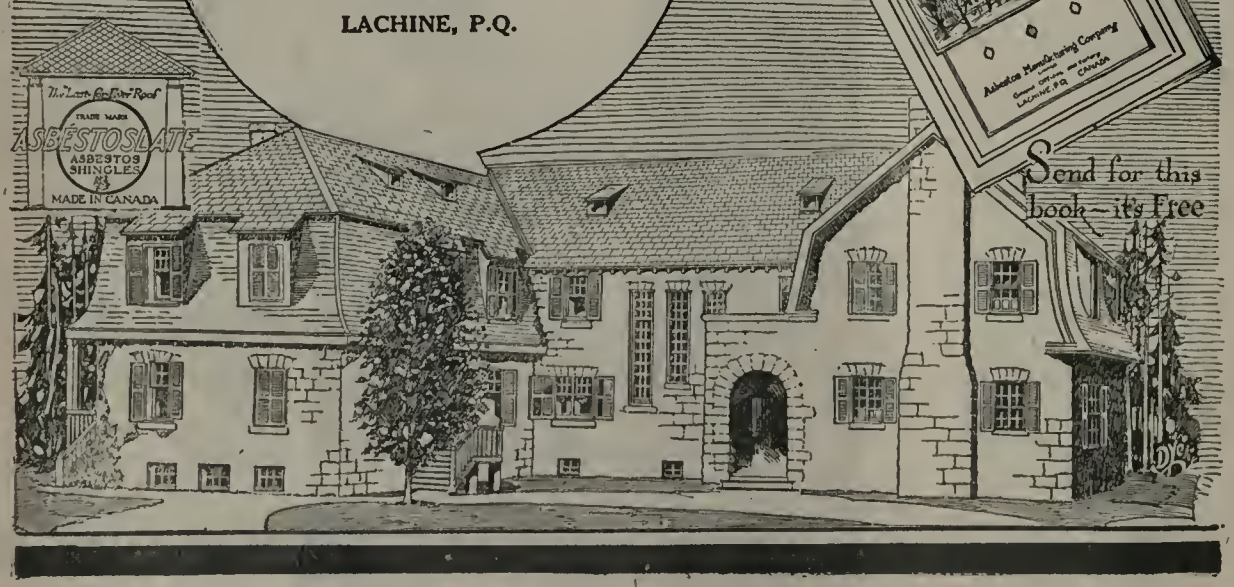
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# Labor Must be a Partner

*British Writer Says Old Industrial Systems Have to be Discarded*

GEORGE A. GREENWOOD

NOT so long ago our own Senator Gideon Robertson suggested that the chief causes of discontent among the labor men of Canada were not so much wages, factory conditions and the like but a haunting fear of recurring periods of unemployment such as the one through which we are now passing. In *World's Work*, George A. Greenwood, attempting an analysis of "What is Wrong with British Labor?" seems to have come to somewhat the same conclusion, though he includes irritations that are more or less contributary. After dilating on the extremely aggravated situation in the Old Land, Mr. Greenwood proceeds:

"Shortly expressed, the workers are in a ferment, and a great number of people, unable to read the deep-seated psychological causes, are filled with disturbed forebodings, and are asking themselves what exactly has seized the mind of British labor.

"Speaking generally, the British worker is the hardest, shrewdest, and most level-headed of his type in the world. He is more stable, more long-suffering, less easily moved than the worker of any other country. He is to-day a great deal better informed than ever he has been before. He has at least a spark of pride in his country and race.

"Yet we have the amazing paradox that, despite his innate character and temperament, he has got into the habit of pursuing a course of action which provokes a charge of careless sloth, apparently indifferent to consequences, and lacking in appreciation of the importance either of Britain's progress or her good name. There have, indeed, been events which have prompted the question whether certain groups of men were not deliberately aiming at our industrial downfall.

"There may be confusion, but there is certainly very little mystery, about the matter. The unrest which for nearly two decades has been and still is shaking our industrial system, is by no means the blind folly of irresponsible and foolhardy men, obsessed with a desire to destroy. It is rather a muddled and incoherent expression of revolt against the existing organization of the industrial system. It can be explained neither in terms of wages nor hours of labor, nor, indeed, wholly in workshop and factory conditions, though, as I have said before in these pages, the latter is a prime factor in the provocation of discontent.

"Shortly stated, Labor is beginning seriously to challenge the entire method by which the work of the world is at present carried on. The British workman would not express the matter quite in those terms. He would probably say that he objected to earning his bread and butter for eight hours a day, six days a week, under conditions over which he himself had no control. He would say, too, that his wages are a very unfair proportion of the wealth he does so much to make. He would also say, particularly at the present moment, that there is something very radically wrong with a system which permits wholesale unemployment while the world is crying aloud for goods.

"The war did very much to intensify the general sense of unsettlement.

"One of the most fertile causes of present discontent is the revelation to those who risked, and in many cases sacrificed, much during the war, of the reckless expenditure of men and women who stayed at home and accumulated, not by their own wits, but by the inevitable conditions that the war created, great fortunes.

"To all these things must be added the fact that for several years we have been giving, in our national schools, a system of education which is doing a great deal to open men's imaginations, and to set them thinking. Young men read more widely. I have been astonished to find what a number of working men have acquired a knowledge of the economics of industry, in some cases superficial, in others very deep and searching. It is no uncommon thing, these days, for a Welsh miner to write to a local paper letters

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based on an acute examination of a coal firm's balance sheet, with neatly-turned comments upon bonus distribution, huge reserves, and so forth.

"Many of these men are themselves small investors, and know at first hand the rules as to rent, interest, and profit. In Lancashire, a very great deal of the capital of cotton firms is held in small sums by spinners and weavers, and a lecturer in economics can tell them very little on the practical side that they do not know.

"The considerations in which I have already indulged must be weighed in the light of some of the most recent events in the labor world. There are very few of us who move among it who do not see that unemployment, which has been growing at such an alarming pace during the past few months, is always a great source of trouble.

"Let me express the matter in this way: Unemployment, with its concomitant of real hardships, is more greatly resented by men to the extent that they have acquired knowledge, aesthetic taste, and the wholesome desire for the better things of life. Thirty or forty years ago, it was no deprivation for a man, who probably did not know such pleasures, to be unable to go to the theatre, or spend Saturday in the country. To the steady-going man of 1920, out of a job for perhaps two or three months, such sacrifices weigh very hardly indeed—quite as hardly as the need for pinching and scraping to exist on his out-of-work pay, supplemented, perhaps, by a few pounds put aside in the savings bank.

"A good deal of the dull anger that is felt at the return of unemployment is intensified by the fact that the men believe they now understand how it is created. They say—I have heard them on many occasions—that they cannot buy the goods they make, or use the services they run, because the wages they receive are too small, and their spending power is restricted. They say that wealth accumulated in comparatively few hands means a demand for luxury, and that the capacity of the few to buy luxuries means the incapacity of the rest to buy all essentials; hence the over-stocked shops, and the cycle of bad trade which throws men and women out of their work.

"There is, of course, a flaw in such argument, to which I shall return very soon, but we must all admit that there is more than a substratum of truth in it. The point I want to stress, however, is that the inevitable result of suffering and want is a keenly embittered spirit, which is fertile soil for the propagation of wild and destructive theories. A man with a sense of bitter grievance is easily inflamed, but is very difficult to reason with.

"But one of the most serious effects of recurring unemployment on the mind of the worker has been the manner in which it has influenced his attitude to production in general. It is certainly the cause in a very large degree of the growth in the system of ca' canny and restricted production.

"Not all the workers are yet economically enlightened, and many of them, I repeat, only superficially. They say, 'We are producing too much; we are stocking the markets, and are simply hurrying nearer the day when we shall be out of a job. We will do less. Then we shall find jobs for those who are now on the streets, and keep ourselves at work.'

"Two types of leaders encourage this view. One is the ignorant, bumptious type, who likes to impress the men, and who is pestiferous only because he knows no better.

"The other type is far more calculating and dangerous. He is the man with a grudge against society, and especially against the capitalist and his system. He knows quite well the folly of his words, but he incites to under-production, he refuses dilution, and he actually anticipates the cycle of depression, simply because it makes industry less profitable, and discredits it. This type of man would rejoice at its downfall—its utter collapse. He is the Bolshevist—the man with the ramrod, the enemy of all.

"But the evil influences of these different types of men remain to be dealt with, and the truly extraordinary fact is that the people in general do not see that they themselves are the first to suffer in any attempt to restrict output.

"One thing that impresses me more than anything else as I go about the country, talking to working men and women, attending their meetings and demonstrations, and in reading their literature, is that, with all the signs of acute discontent, there is relatively little support for extreme proposals of reform.

"The worker objects to the complete organization of the world's work resting in the hands of the employer. He says, not unnaturally, that about conditions in the factory or mine, where he has to spend a very considerable part of his life, he himself should have a voice.

"It is, of course, impossible to say just how and in what form the workers shall be admitted into joint control of the workshops; for the varying industries varying plans may be necessary, but there is no reason why everyone should not do something to meet an aspiration which is also rapidly becoming an imperative demand.

"Nobody can persuade the vast masses of British Labor that the present results of the industrial system are inevitable and immutable. It is because they do not believe that that they have not already adopted the advice of their leaders—advocates of sabotage—and smashed the capitalist institution.

"The new temper of the people simply demands this: *That we must reconcile ourselves to new and very greatly modified conceptions of the rights and privileges of Capital.* There must be a greater distribution, and a wider circulation of the wealth as it is created. We must reconcile ourselves to the fact *that the day for amassing immense fortunes from industry is definitely drawing to a close.* The will and the power to amass, and the desire vulgarly to display excessive wealth, cannot live much longer in the new social atmosphere that is being created, and *it is simply a matter of choice whether we part from those things by consent or by violence.*

"In short, I express not only my own view, but also the view of some of the most eminent of Labor statesmen, when I say that the next year or so will very sorely try this country. The only thing which will see us through will be the application of the traditional British sense of fairness, coupled with an earnest desire to avoid an upheaval on the Continental model."

## Carrying On By Marking Time

*Continued from page 19*

the trip to London called off. Now no self-respecting statesman ever forgets himself so far as to overlook a trip to the Old Land. The education which association with the truly great affords is too valuable to be denied. So you can count that out. There remains adjournment or holding over the revision. And you pretty nearly have to cut out the adjournments. For since the new act forbids two indemnities in one year the double session system has lost most of its attractions. Thus the process of elimination leaves the tariff as it was. And in that condition it appears likely to stay for another year. There may be some minor changes but on the whole this year's budget is not likely to be a very sweeping document. It will likely provide for a sales tax of about one per cent., to make up the hundred million by which the estimates exceed the revenue, and the excess profits tax will probably be wiped out.

But no current history of Parliament could be written without reference to the death of Capt. Tom. Wallace, of West York. Tom was a cheery chap who carried sunshine wherever he went. A native shrewdness inherited from his father, the late Hon. N. Clarke Wallace, and an instinctive knowledge of human nature made him one of the quiet influences that accomplish more than the wind-tearing oration. Around the corridors Tom was accepted at his face value. His death caused an outbreak of feeling that testified to his true value. Not a minister in the Cabinet but could have passed away with less real regret. And that wave of feeling is pleasing reassurance that at heart the public is still sound. It may bow to the robes of office and pay court to those on whom greatness has been thrust, but in the last analysis it gives its love and affection to the human being who strives along more secluded paths to bring more sunshine and happiness into the every-day life.




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*On the Road From*

# Ontario to Tin Pan Alley

*Continued from page 24*

night Jolson began wishing he was back in Memphis, Tennessee, instead of Norfolk, Virginia, during his first act, and he kept on showing that preference for eighteen months. Inside of two and one-half months we had sold 128,000 copies, and the song was one of the crashing hits of 1914.

Bitter world—the story did not end with the paragraph above. Boosey & Company of London, the publishers of John McCormack's pet *I Hear You Calling Me* confided to some friends, who later laughingly told me about it, that they saw a plum tree and were going to shake it. And so they brought suit on account of the two bars of *I Hear You Calling Me* in the Tennessee song. The court did not render a decision but issued a temporary injunction against publication of the song for six months. When the case came up again at the end of that time it was thrown out of court. There was still no decision, no judgment. But when we began publishing the song again it was dead as a doornail It was a "has-been" and nobody hates a "has-been" so much as the public.

I really feel that that song would have run to a million and a half or two million copies. It came out at the psychological moment when popular songs were beginning to reach such colossal sales as that. And it was my first big success!

To prevent misunderstanding on the part of those who do not know Tin Pan Alley, I want to emphasize the fact that the attack upon my song was not made upon moral or ethical grounds, but purely for commercial reasons. There were two bars of the other song, as I have said, but you will find much greater plagiarism in Liszt's rhapsodies and throughout Grieg's works, to cite just two illusritous examples.

### Serious Business of Writing Songs

AFTER this I returned to the serious business of writing songs and music of the rather more difficult variety—songs of the type that are used only by professional singers and teachers. I have been fortunate with a number of these, and some of them have reached large sales for music of this type. My song titled *There is no Death*, for instance, is getting along toward 15,000 copies now, and *Give a Man a Horse he Can Ride* (used almost exclusively by singers and teachers) has gone somewhere beyond 5,000 copies. But there is this advantage with the songs of this type: the demand for them is more enduring, and the writer's royalties per copy are much larger. On *K-K-Katy*, for instance, my second popular song, I received a royalty of one cent per copy. It sold for ten cents a copy. On *There is no Death* I got six cents and it sells for forty.

As regards *K-K-K-Katy*—I have often been asked how I "came to write it" And the question always reminds me of the story of the little boy who went fishing and tumbled into the water.

"How did you come to fall in?" a preacher asked him.

"I didn't come to fall in; I come to fish," replied the boy.

That was the way it was with *Katy*. I happened to be the pioneer song leader of the American military camps after the United States got into the war, and, curiously enough, was sent to Chattanooga, Tenn., to make my headquarters there, and to look out for Fort Oglethorpe, twelve miles across the line into Georgia. It was while stationed here for this purpose that I wrote *Katy*. I let a number of the other camp song leaders have copies of the chorus and it was being sung all over before the first copies went on sale. *Katy* has run to about one and a half million sales. But *Katy* is a war song and so, of course, it had to be put away in camphor when we put our uniforms there. With other words, perhaps—but such are the trials and tribulations on the road to and in the vicinity of Tin Pan Alley.

I will be up in Canada for a while again within a few months, and one of the questions I'll be asked, I know from previous experience, will be "How did you first happen into this song writing game anyhow?" So I'm going to answer it ahead of time here.


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### How I Got the "Music-Writing Itch."

I LIVED in Chatham until I was nearly twenty-one, and went to school with the intention of entering the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ontario. In fact I passed my examinations for that school and would have gone but for the death of my father, who was a Chatham lawyer, when I was eighteen. I had always been tremendously fond of music and had naturally drifted towards creation and self-expression in it.

However, I went to work as a bank clerk, that being the first job I could get, and stuck at that for nearly three years. Then I decided to make the break towards the work I really liked, and the first sign of an opportunity was a bookkeeper's job in a Toronto piano store. While working there I turned out a bit of instrumental ragtime called *Colored Fireworks*, and it was actually printed by a Toronto publisher, although I never got any royalty statements from it. Finally Lew Dockstader's minstrels came to town. I had been singing as a professional tenor in churches and elsewhere and I made bold to tackle the venerable Dockstader for a job. He hired me, and for a season in the United States I became a travelling black-faced minstrel.

Then followed a short period of light opera at Daly's theatre in New York. It made me feel like a cog in a machine and I went into vaudeville. Off and on I remained in that for three or four years; then came Lyceum and Chautauqua engagements, songs, lectures, the leading of community singing—of which I have always been particularly fond—finally, the



**Geoffrey O'Hara is a "hewer of wood and drawer of water," assisted by his young nephew, when he comes to Canada for his vacation each year.**

usual thing, a studio for teaching, though I was still studying under and with others and always will. I decided that I would not make a good teacher—a teacher should be developed in a scientific way, and too many teach who are not so developed. Do you realize that from seventy to one hundred different parts of the body must be brought into play when you sing? The Italians, I believe, have the best instinctive knowledge of beautiful tone and have developed the best methods of training the voice. This is evidenced by the fact that the vast majority of great singers, especially among men, are Italians. They believe in training the voice to grow while the body is growing; Caruso started training at fifteen and was not ready to make his début for seven years.

Incidentally, it was much easier to get Caruso to sing a song of mine than it was to get Al Jolson. But that was due to a "happenstance." My brother, F. C. T. O'Hara, now Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa, had a notion in his youth that he wanted to be a newspaper reporter, and tumbled into a job as a cub on the now extinct Baltimore *Herald*. One of the great friends of this period of his life was Billy Guard, now publicity director of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York. Billy, one of the most lovable fellows on earth, persuaded Caruso to sing my *Your Eyes Have Told Me* for a Victrola record (not to be confused with a later song titled: *Your Eyes Have Told Me So.*)

### Songs Based on Drummond's Poems

TWO of my songs, *The Wreck of the 'Julie Plante'* and *Leetle Bateese*, the latter of which is soon to be published, are based on the beautiful poetry of William Henry Drummond, of Montreal—the original poems appear in his collection grouped under the title of *The Habitant*.

The song about the *Julie Plante* was introduced during the present musical season, by Reginald Werrenrath, of the Metropolitan Opera, at a Carnegie Hall recital. Arthur Blight, the Toronto baritone, is among other notable vocalists who have since honored me by singing it, and I look on this new song as one of my pets. Paul Althouse, also of the Metropolitan, includes two of my other particular pets in his recital programs: *The Living God*, and *Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride.*

But the thing that has got me into the American newspapers most during recent weeks has been the organization called "The Composers' and Lyric Writers' Protective League," which I happened to be instrumental in starting last January. It isn't exactly a union, but is intended to protect the interests of its members generally, to standardize contracts, etc., in brief, to keep a weather eye on equity. Victor Herbert has become president of the organization, and there are about two hundred members at present, which number includes all of the best-known song-writers in America. Actors now have their "Equity Association," musicians have their union, the printers and all the others who turn out our printed songs belong to their respective industrial organizations—it seemed wise and proper that we should organize.

Returning to the subject of music again, as opposed to the subject of expediency—I am anxious to find more time, soon, for more work with subjects that are essentially Canadian as regards their source. Franklin K. Lane, the former American Secretary of the Interior, once appointed me as an instructor of native Indian music, which is another of my hobbies, and I hope to do more of this work when time permits. For there's wonderful elemental music in the Indian tribal songs, and in the old negro melodies, and the haunting musical dreams of the French-Canadian voyageurs.

I love all these things—these essentially North American things—and I have vast faith in the part that North America is ultimately to take in the fine arts. Our musical appreciation leaped forward many decades during the years our young manhood was in khaki. Everybody has a voice that is worth training, if we will only learn to seek self-expression instead of trying to tie ourselves down with trite formulae, and our people have suddenly discovered that they have, in addition to a native love of song, the ability to express themselves in it.

Great things will come of this in time; possibly some one of the children of this very present generation will in his day be the world's greatest composer. Surprise me? That? I *expect it.*

### Watching a Genius Begin

A RELATIVE who watched Geoffrey O'Hara's development, from birth to the present, was asked by the editor of *MacLean's* for some "verbal snap-shots" of the song writer. Here they are—interesting, human side-lights:

Before he could prattle intelligently, the sound of a piano instilled in his small mind an extraordinary curiosity, and he would creep with the greatest possible agility to the drawing-room, and sit on the floor by the hour listening to the music.

* * *

He could play the piano well before he could reach the pedals.

* * *

Notwithstanding the fact that he is a professional, wherever kindred spirits were gathered together he would sit at a piano and sing, playing his own accompaniments, as long as anyone would listen. He has not the usual excuse of a professional to decline to play or sing.




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# J. BARLEYCORN AND J. CANUCK

*Continued from page 13*

deducting all expenses. On the outside Quebec's attitude on the liquor question has been wrongfully judged, to a large extent by what has been going on in Montreal and Hull, and when a visitor from the dry provinces mentions those particular situations, the Quebec man shrugs his shoulders, smiles and retorts, "Yes, yes, but you know Montreal has shipped $34,000,000 worth of liquor to the other eight provinces in a little better than a year and a half."

Quebec's new liquor law by which the government takes over exclusive ownership of all hard liquors in the province, though receiving its prominence in the public mind through the unqualified support of Premier L. A. Taschereau, who said his government was prepared to stand or fall by it, is really the brain-child of J. A. Begin, comptroller of provincial revenue, who has made a close study of the liquor situation as it obtained in all civilized countries for the past thirty years.

Briefly, the government of Quebec will sell hard liquors at its own depots established throughout the country and will forbid, under heavy penalties, any dealings whatsoever in such liquors by private individuals or companies. Accordingly, on May 1st, every liquor dealer in Quebec province must give an accounting to the commission appointed by the government of every item of intoxicant he has in stock. Failing this, his stocks are to be confiscated and he is liable to a heavy fine. Beer and wine licenses alone will be issued to private enterprises, and these licenses will be sold by the government at from $10 to $1,500 and possibly higher.

Permits of this nature will be issued to hotels and restaurants, boat dining-rooms, railway dining-cars, club dining-rooms and other eating places recognized by the commission; retail stores, taverns and for use at public banquets.

One important feature of the new Quebec enactment is that any or all separate municipalities in the province may exclude government depots from territory inside their boundaries by referendum of the people or bylaw passed by their elected municipal councils. The "Indian list" under the Quebec act is quite drastic and, on application to the commission, any dependent of an individual may have him or her placed on the interdicted list if it is shown that their abuse of intoxicants is injuring themselves or others.

New Brunswick is under the same regulations as Ontario. Prohibition forces have been working hard for a referendum on the importation question similar to the referendum soon to be taken in Ontario. Nova Scotia has the same prohibitory legislation as New Brunswick supplemented by an act forbidding importation of intoxicants and is on a plane with the prairie provinces.

Prince Edward Island is Canada's only "bone-dry" province. There full advantage is taken of the provisions of the Doherty act. In 1917, P.E.I. passed an act giving complete control of the handling of intoxicants to a commission composed of six churchmen—three Roman Catholic priests and three Protestant clergymen. A wholesale distributing centre is located at Charlottetown and retail depots at six points throughout the Island. The commission further has jurisdiction over all intoxicants disposed of for industrial, medicinal, sacramental and other permitted purposes. Importation into P.E.I. by any other than the authorities is forbidden, and private individuals are not allowed to keep a stock on their premises. The P.E.I. act was drafted by W. E. Bentley, K.C.

Dominion-wide importation of foreign intoxicants provides interesting official figures. For the fiscal year ending March, 1920, Canada imported 1,829,120 gallons of harder intoxicants, valued at $8,000,881, of which 314,341 gallons were for industrial purposes and 693,219 gallons of non-sparkling wines and champagnes, valued at $1,222,769. Total intoxicants imported to Canada for beverage purposes for the fiscal year amounted to 2,234,993 gallons, valued at $5,228,826, and the duty collected therefrom amounted to $4,401,285.

Importation of intoxicants by the provinces during the calendar year ending December 31, 1920, were as follows: Ontario, 338,539 gallons; Quebec, 3,306,019 gallons; Nova Scotia, 64,666 gallons; New Brunswick, 81,244 gallons; Prince Edward Island, 14,000 gallons; Manitoba, 199,839 gallons; Saskatchewan, 254,177 gallons; Alberta, 135,539 gallons and British Columbia, 323,264 gallons. Figures for importation to Yukon territory are not available.




# AS A MAN TO HIS FRIEND

*Continued from page 38*

Miss Larue was polite, whatever restraint it cost her. In the presence of a woman who was all Johnny thought this one to be, Bill Stone would have become silent and clumsy. But knowing Tina Larue, he found it easy to talk. He outdid his previous tales of log jams that were broken at the risk of sudden death, and of fights in camps where strength of the boss's arm was the only law. At the end of an hour Peters was wrapped in a heavy gloom from which no effort of the now uneasy Tina could draw him. Bill perceived it was time to go, and he departed, well satisfied so far. In his room he smoked and meditated until Johnny came up, more cheerful, and yet by no means buoyant.

"I wish I had your gift of gab," he sighed as he struggled out of his stiff collar.

"Shucks!" answered Bill, dismissing the compliment. Then he plunged toward the thing that he had in mind. "Johnny, will you do something for me and not ask any questions?"

"Sure, I will," replied Peters. "You know that, Bill."

"What I want is for you to let me keep that five hundred dollars for a week. Then I'll give it back to you."

THE eyes of his partner, wide with astonishment, were upon him.

"You're sure you aint going to have a spell of thirst come on?"

"Certain sure. I promise not to drink a drop or go away from here till I give the money back—every cent!"

"If you promise, it's all right!" With many grunts Johnny dug inside his shirt and ripped out the pocket that held their capital. He handed over the thin package of bills, but there was a shade of misgiving in his voice as he said: "You want to be almighty careful of that, Bill."

Stone answered with a rumble of assent as his fingers closed eagerly over the money. Things were going as he wanted them to go. He grinned into the darkness as he went to sleep that night.

Through the next morning Bill Stone waited impatiently for some break in the work, but it was not until close to noon that one came. With a word to the boss he drove the peevie end of his cant-hook into the ground and set off at a half trot for Dan Harmon's boarding-house, throwing a backward glance to see that Johnny, whose forenoon had plainly been one of unhappy thought, was not in sight.

Big Bill was just in time, for Tina Larue was coming down the steps of the boarding-house. He stopped, pulled off his cap, and smiled with all the amiability of which he was capable. She hesitated, and astutely he saw that she was debating whether it was worth while to waste some moments on him.

"I wonder if maybe I couldn't walk along a little ways with you, Miss Larue," he asked. Most earnestly he wanted to let her know that he was now the bearer of the farm money.

"Why, I'm sorry." She flashed a brilliant, consoling smile. "If it wasn't that I'm going to stop in at two or three places to see about getting a shop, you could."

She swept on and left Bill disgruntled but helpless. He turned, at a medley of voices, and saw the river men streaming in to dinner. Johnny Peters, with a funereal face, was at his side.



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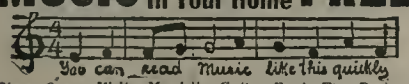
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"Come around the corner a minute, Bill," said Johnny. "I want to tell you something almighty important."

Stone followed him with sinking spirits. Caught in his attempt to cultivate the woman, he now feared that Peters would believe him taking unfair advantage. It was not until the little man was well on with what he had to say that his fear passed.

"I just found out why you wanted the money last night," Johnny's face remained inscrutable. "Albert Murrin come hanging around me this morning when you was down the river, and he let the cat out of the bag. Some way he's found out about me carrying our money around with me. He talked like he wanted to find out if it was really true. Anyway, Bill, I'm dead sure the skunk is planning to rob me. You knew that last night, Bill Stone, and the reason you asked for the money was so I wouldn't get whacked over the head."

JOHNNY PETERS' eyes were accusing, and Bill, whose understanding had been following a sentence or two behind the news, suddenly realized that chance and Johnny's unmistakable loyalty were playing into his hand.

"I aint afraid to take chances myself," went on Peters, his face lighting with affection, "but I sure do like the kind of a partner you are."

"Did you let him know I had the money?" demanded Stone.

"Yes, like a lunk-head." The little man was deeply self-reproachful. "I blurted it out before I knew he was trying to pump me. And, anyway, it didn't come to me that he was planning anything like robbing us till after he'd gone."

"Don't you worry about that, Johnny!" Big Bill laughed with more pleasure than his partner knew. "I can eat up seven or eight fellows like Bert Murrin. Let's go and grub now—I'll be careful how I go out nights."

It was a cheerful meal for Bill Stone, and he chuckled to himself at intervals. Murrin had the kind of mind that would doubt everything except what he ought to doubt, and so he had gone investigating for himself the story of the partnership money. Of course, he would report his findings to Tina Larue.

Bill went back to his work that afternoon, still with little chuckles welling up within him. And while he was trying to shape plans for his next move, the initiative was taken from him. He was crossing the boom that held five thousand logs banked up in the gorge below the falls when he saw a ragged youngster wave to him from shore. With a grin the boy gave him a small pink envelope. Stone drew in a whiff of that perfume which Miss Larue used so unsparingly, and then he read:

> "Sorry I had to turn you down today. I will have a nice little lunch on top of the gorge across from the village to-night, if you want to come and see the sunset with me, instead of your supper."

It was signed "Tina Larue." Bill turned to the waiting boy.

"You go back and say, 'Sure, as quick as I can get cleaned up after work.' Scamper."

Albert Murrin had reported and Tina Larue was turning the battery of her attentions upon Big Bill. Already he tasted the satisfaction of his coming triumph, when he could prove to his friend that the woman was false.

WHILE the river gang ate supper that night Bill struggled into his best clothes. With complete belief in his own strength and cunning he had sewed the money into his shirt and was patting it affectionately as he passed Johnny, standing dejectedly out in the front of the dog-house. Peters said nothing, but the look of him cut Bill to the heart. Little men who kept straight and did not talk much took things the hardest, he reflected, and hurried on, wishing earnestly that he could lessen the pain to his partner.

Stone crossed the bridge and followed along the river bank until he found himself above the deepest part of the gorge and just below the little cluster of buildings that was Mountain Falls. There, in a small, natural clearing, waited Tina Larue; with a white cloth spread over a rock and a dainty lunch that Bill could have swept into him as a mere appetizer. She used her smile, and waved a hand indefinitely at the mountains.




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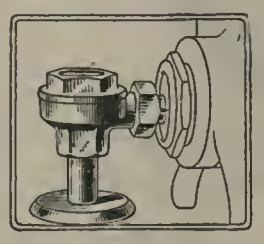
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She had chosen her setting well. Purple and pink and gold spread up over half the heavens from the peaks of the Laurentian hills. The valley of the village was filled with the light greens of spring. Behind the trysting-place was a dark background of spruce and jack-pine; and from their feet the rock wall of the gorge went down sheer for more than fifty feet to the log-filled river, where already dusk was falling.

"Some place, what?" She spoke in the flat tone of that conversation in Albert Murrin's room; but the next moment she had caught herself up sharply and was using the honeyed accents of the boarding-house parlor. "Isn't it delightful, Mr. Stone?"

"It's pretty, all right," answered Bill, as he sat down beside the stone table. "Kind of makes a feller feel as though everybody in the world has just got to be good—looking at the mountains makes you feel that way."

He caught a little glint in her eyes and when she replied he thought it was with a tinge of contempt.

"Oh, yes; and I suppose pretty soon you and Mr. Peters will have a place where you can see such things every night."

BILL enthused over the coming farm; and then he let himself blunder along after the woman's deft questions, telling her how he had taken the money from Johnny for safe keeping, because he was the stronger and how at that very moment ten fifty-dollar bills were sewed into his undershirt. It began to grow dusk, so that Miss Larue's face was a somewhat blurred oval. Her voice grew sharper. Big Bill answered placidly and waited, with a sense of enjoyment in the adventure, to see what her next move would be.

The dénouement came with startling swiftness. Suddenly Tina Larue coughed. Even as it struck her companion that her cough had an artificial sound, she repeated it. Then he saw her turn her head so that she was looking behind him. A vague sense of danger tensed his muscles, but before he could rise a million little points of fire dotted his vision, and he fell forward, rolling toward the edge of the cliff. The next instant he was on his knees, swaying, and he heard the woman fling out an angry exclamation.

"I told you to strike hard, you fool!" she cried. "He's an ox! Give it to him again, quick!"

But Big Bill was on his feet now, and an upflung arm struck away the club that was swinging down toward his head. He threw himself into a clinch with the man who had aimed the blow. The indefinable smell of the barber shop told him that it was Albert Murrin whose arm had been nerved by Tina Larue. They swayed back and forth, feeling for holds. At the moment Bill Stone was no more than half himself, and so Murrin's fresh and not inconsiderable strength gave him trouble.

They staggered nearer the precipice. Bill felt the woman clawing at his back; bringing her fists up behind his ears with what strength she could muster. But now his head had cleared, and power came sweeping back into his muscles. He braced his legs. With a mighty heave of his shoulders he shook himself free of both man and woman.

Then, before his eyes the hand of death was stretched out. Albert Murrin, with hands clutching at the air, tottered on the very brink of the gorge. The woman was carried forward by the fury of her last attack on Stone until she came within reach of Murrin. Each grasped at the other. For an instant they were silhouetted against the pale sky and then they disappeared, plunging down toward the blackness of the log-filled river.

Bill had sprung to save them, but they fell even as his arm was stretched out. He stood there a moment, numbed by the tragedy. Then broken cries came from behind and he turned.

Johnny Peters, shaken by dry, deep sobs, grasped his partner's arm.

"I seen it, Bill! I seen it!" he cried. "I suspicioned Murrin and so I followed. I seen her trying to save you! And now she's dead! Oh, my God, Bill! How you must feel!"

STUPIDLY Bill stared down into the face lifted to his. Without speaking, he let himself be dragged along the river bank and over the bridge to the village. Then he and Johnny and old Dan Harmon were at the head of a posse of men, picking their way carefully by lantern light over


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Think of it—all those other men torturing themselves every morning just because they can't seem to grasp the idea that I am actually telling less than the truth, even in my more exalted outbursts about the marvelous virtue of Mennen lather.

Perhaps it is because I have been too restrained. I have felt that some men would think I was exaggerating if I took the wraps off and really told them all about Mennen's. It is hard for an ordinary citizen like me to find the words to picture the bewildered amazement of a man—after he has whipped up a three minute lather with the brush only—no rubbing with fingers—and then after gritting his teeth, stiffening the muscles of his east jaw and assuming a sort of dentist chair, cringing, I'm game-but-terrified expression, the razor slips down through the stubble with no more opposition than a cop meets from a gang of small boys who are trying to do business with a fruit peddler on a credit basis!

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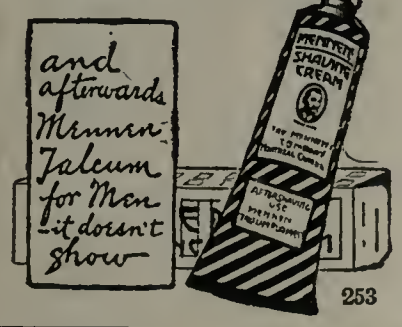
And then the feel of your face afterwards!—smooth, soft, benevolent.

But there—if everyone believed me and tried Mennen's it would cause a lot of suffering—among soap manufacturers.

However, it's a safe bet that if you'll just spend the price of one tube to get acquainted you'll be enrolled as one of the thousands who believe me.

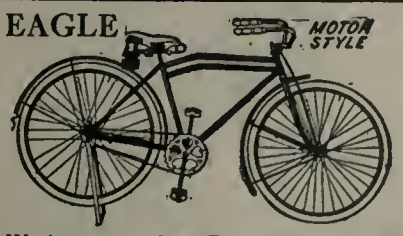
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the mass of logs in the gorge. When they found what they sought, lying broken and still at the foot of the rock wall, the men gathered in a hushed circle. Johnny had told, in fragments, the story as he believed it to be. Dan Harmon was the first to speak.

"Be you sure, Peters," he began, "that this Larue girl wasn't playing in all the time with—"

The great fist of Big Bill Stone came down upon the old man's shoulder and closed with a grip that gathered up a mighty handful of cloth and flesh.

"I'm sure," he said, "an' I don't want to hear anybody say I aint!"

It was after others had taken care of what had been Tina Larue and Albert Murrin that Big Bill and Johnny Peters walked slowly towards the boarding-house.

"It makes a better feller to have knowed a girl like that," said Johnny Peters. "It kind of gives him something to remember and tie to—and I'm glad I done right by you, Bill, while she was alive. I guess I couldn't stand it if it wasn't for thinking of how she'd like to have a feller act."

Bill Stone knew now to a certainty that all his life he would have to mourn for a love that had never been; that always he would have to seem to cherish a memory that he loathed. He must keep the faith of Johnny pure and unwavering, for it was the breath of life to him. Bill took his resolution to do this joyously, for suddenly it had come to him that he was blessed with one of the choicest gifts of God—the friendship of a true man. Johnny Peters would never seem little to him again. And as Big Bill comprehended the fullness of his riches, he felt himself standing upon the heights of the Spirit.

# PAWNED

*Continued from page 17*

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu!*" exclaimed Monsieur Henri de Lavergne breathlessly.

"And which also accounts," said John Bruce pleasantly, "for the apology I must offer you for my appearance this evening in these clothes. The mob in that respect was quite successful."

"But that you are back!" Monsieur de Lavergne's hands were raised in protest. "That is alone what matters. Monsieur Bruce knows that in any attire it is the same here for monsieur as though he were at home."

"Thank you!" said John Bruce cordially. "I have only dropped in through the urge of old habits, I guess. I'm hardly on my feet yet, and I thought I'd just watch the play for a little while to-night."

"And that, too," said Monsieur de Lavergne with a bow, as John Bruce moved toward the staircase, "is entirely as monsieur desires."

JOHN BRUCE mounted the stairs, and began a stroll through the roulette and card rooms. The croupiers and dealers nodded to him genially; those of the "guests" whom he knew did likewise. He was treated with marked courtesy and consideration by every attendant in the establishment. Everything was exactly as it had been on his previous visits. There were the soft mellow lights; the siren purr of the roulette wheel, the musical *click* of the ball as it spun around on its little fateful orbit; the low, quiet voices of the croupiers and dealers; the well-dressed players grouped around the tables, the hilarious and the grim, the devil-may-care laugh from one, the thin smile from another. It was exactly the same, all exactly the same, even to the table in the supper room, free to all though laden with every wine and delicacy that money could procure; but somehow, even at the end of half an hour, where he was wont to be engrossed till daylight, John Bruce became excessively bored.

Perhaps it was because he was simply an onlooker, and not playing himself. He had drawn close to a group around a faro bank. The play wasin grim earnest and for high stakes. No, it wasn't that! He did not want to play. Somehow, rather, he knew a slight sense both of contempt and disgust at the eager clutch and grasp of hands, the hoarse, short laugh of victory, the snarl of defeat, the trembling fingers of the more timorous who staked with Chance and demanded that the god be charitable in its omnipotence and toss them crumbs.

Well, what was he cavilling about? It was the life he had chosen. It was his life work. Wasn't he pleased with it? He had certainly liked it well enough in the old days to squander upon it the fair-sized fortune his father had left him. He decidedly had not gone into that infernal compact with Larmon blindfolded. Perhaps it was because in those days he played when he wanted to; and in these, and hereafter, he would play because he had to. Perhaps it was only that, to-night, there was upon him the feeling, which was natural enough, and which was immeasurably human, too, that it was irksome to be a slave, to be fettered and shackled and bound to anything, even to what one, with one's freedom his own, was ordinarily out of choice most prone to do and delight in. Well, maybe! But that was not entirely a satisfactory or conclusive solution either.

He looked around him. There seemed to be something hollow to-night in these trappings of tinsel, and something not only hollow, but sardonic in his connection with them—that he should act as a monitor over the honesty of those who in turn acted as the agents of Larmon in an already illicit traffic.

"Oh, hell!" said John Bruce suddenly.

The dealer looked up from the table, surprise mingling with polite disapproval. Several of the players screwed around their heads.

"That's what I say!" snarled one of the latter with an added oath, as a large stack of chips was swept away from him.

SOMEONE touched John Bruce on the elbow. He turned around. It was one of the attendants.

"You are being asked for downstairs, Mr. Bruce," the man informed him.

John Bruce followed the attendant. In the hall below the white-haired negro doorkeeper came toward him.

"I done let him in, Mistuh Bruce, suh," the old darky explained a little anxiously, "'cause he done say, Mistuh Bruce, that it was a case of most particular illness, suh, and—"

John Bruce did not wait for more. It was Veniza probably—a turn for the worse. He nodded, and passed hurriedly along the hall to where, near the door, a poorly dressed man, hat in hand and apparently somewhat ill at ease in his luxurious surroundings, stood waiting.

"I am Mr. Bruce," he said quickly. "Some one is critically ill, you say? Is it Mr. Veniza?"

"No, sir," the man answered. "I don't know anything about Mr. Veniza. It's Hawkins."

"Hawkins!" ejaculated John Bruce.

"Yes, sir," said the man. He shuffled his feet. "I—I guess you know, sir."

John Bruce for a moment made no comment. Hawkins! Yes, he knew! Hawkins had even renounced his pledge, hadn't he? Not, perhaps, that that would have made any difference!

"Bad?" he asked tersely.

"I'm afraid so, sir," the man replied. "I've seen a good bit of Hawkins off and on in the last two years, sir, because I room in the same house; but I've never seen him like this. He's been out of his head and clawing the air, sir, if you know what I mean. He's over that now, but that weak he had me scared once, sir, that he'd gone."

"What does the doctor say?" John Bruce bit off his words.

The man shook his head.

"He wouldn't have one, sir. It's you he wants. You'll understand, sir, that he's been alone. I don't know how long ago he started on this spree. It was only by luck that I walked into his room to-night. I was for getting a doctor at once of course, but he wouldn't have it; he wanted you. At times, sir, he was crying like a baby, only he hadn't the strength of one left. Knowing that I could run her, me being a motor-truck driver, he told me to take that car he drives and go to the hotel for you, and if you weren't there to try here—which I've done, sir, as you see, and I hope you'll come back with me. I don't know what to do, though I'm for picking up a doctor on the way back whether he wants one or not."

John Bruce turned abruptly, secured his coat and hat, motioned the man to lead the




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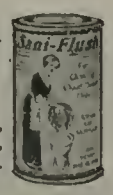
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way, and followed the other out of the house and down the steps to the sidewalk.

The travelling pawnshop was at the curb. The man opened the door, and John Bruce stepped inside—and was instantly flung violently down upon a seat. The door closed. The car started forward. And in a sudden glare of light John Bruce stared into the muzzle of a revolver, and, behind the revolver, into a bruised and battered face, which was the face of Doctor Crang.

### CHAPTER XIV

#### The Two Pens

JOHN BRUCE stared for a moment longer at the revolver that held a steady bead between his eyes, and at the evil face of Crang that leered at him from the opposite seat; then he deliberately turned his head and stared at the face of still another occupant of the car—a man who sat on the seat beside him. He was trapped—and well trapped! He recognized the other to be the man known as Birdie, who had participated on a certain night in the robbery of Paul Veniza's safe. It was quite plain. The third man in that robbery, whose face he had not seen at the time, was undoubtedly the man who had brought the "message" a few minutes ago, and who was now, with almost equal certainty, engaged in driving the car. Thieving, at least, was in the trio's line! They must somehow or other have stolen the travelling pawnshop from Hawkins!

He smiled grimly. If it had been Birdie now who had brought the message he would never have fallen into the trap! Crang had played in luck and won by a very narrow margin, for Crang was naturally in ignorance that he, John Bruce, had ever seen either of the men before. And then John Bruce thought of the bulky roll of bills which by an equally narrow margin was *not* in his pocket at that moment, and his smile deepened.

Crang spoke for the first time.

"Take his gun away from him, if he's got one!" he snarled tersely.

"It's in the breast pocket of my coat," said John Bruce imperturbably.

Birdie, beside John Bruce, reached over and secured the weapon.

John Bruce leaned back in his seat. The car was speeding rapidly along now.

The minutes passed. None of the three men spoke. Crang sat like some repulsive gargoyle, leering maliciously.

John Bruce half closed his eyes against the uncanny fascination of that round black muzzle which never wavered in its direction and which was causing him to strain too intently upon it. What was the game? How far did Crang intend to go with his insane jealousy? How far would Crang dare to go? The man wasn't doped tonight. Perhaps he was even the more dangerous on that account. Instead of mouthing threats, there was something ominous now, it seemed, in the man's silence. John Bruce's lips drew together. He remembered Claire's insistence that Crang had meant what he said literally—and Claire had repeated that warning over the telephone. Well, if she were right, it meant—murder.

From under his half-closed lids, John Bruce looked around the car. The curtains, as they always were, were closely drawn. The interior was lighted by that same soft central light, only the light was high up now near the roof of the car. Well, if it was to be murder, why not *now*? The little velvet-topped table was not in place, and there was nothing between himself and that sneering, sallow face. Yes, why not now—and settle it?

He straightened almost imperceptibly in his seat, as impulse suddenly bade him fling himself forward upon Crang. Why not? The sound of a revolver shot would be heard in the street, and Crang might not even dare to fire at all. And then John Bruce's glance rested on the man beside him—and impulse gave way to common sense. He had no intention of submitting tamely and without a struggle to any fate, no matter what it might be, that Crang proposed for him, but that struggle would better come when there was at least a chance. There was no chance here. Birdie, on the seat beside him, held a deadlier and even more effective weapon than was Crang's revolver, a silent thing—a black jack.

"Wait! Don't play the fool! You'll get a better chance than this!" the voice of what he took to be common-sense whispered to him.

THE car began to go slower. It swerved twice as though making sharp turns; and then, running still more slowly, began to bump over rough ground.

Crang spoke again.

"You can make all the noise you want to, if you think it will do you any good," he said viciously; "but if you make a move you are not told to make you'll be *carried* the rest of the way! Understand?"

John Bruce did not answer.

The car stopped. Birdie opened the door on his side, and stepped to the ground. He was joined by the man who had driven the car, and who, as John Bruce now found he had correctly assumed, had acted as the decoy at the gambling house.

"Get out!" ordered Doctor Crang curtly.

John Bruce followed Birdie from the car. It was dark out here, exceedingly dark, but he could make out that the car had been driven into a narrow lane, and that they were close to the wall of a building of some sort. The two men gripped him by his arms. He felt the muzzle of Crang's revolver pressed into the small of his back.

"Mind your step!" cautioned Birdie gruffly.

It was evidently the entrance to a cellar. John Bruce found himself descending a few short steps; and then, on the level again, he was guided forward through what was now pitch blackness. A moment more and they had halted, but not before John Bruce's foot had come into contact with a wall or partition of some kind in front of him. One of the men who gripped his arms knocked twice with three short raps in quick succession.

A door opened in front of them, and for an instant John Bruce was blinded by a sudden glare of light; but the next instant, his eyes grown accustomed to the transition, he saw before him a large basement room, disreputable and filthy in appearance, where half a dozen men sat at tables, drinking and playing cards.

A shove from the muzzle of Crang's revolver urged John Bruce forward into an atmosphere that was foul, hot and fetid, and thick with tobacco smoke that floated in heavy, sinuous layers in mid-air. He was led down the length of the room toward another door at the opposite end. The men at the tables, as he passed them, paid him little attention other than to leer curiously at him. They greeted Birdie and his companions with blasphemous familiarity; but their attitude toward Crang, it seemed to John Bruce, was one of cowed and abject respect.

John Bruce's teeth closed hard together. This was a nice place, an ominously nice place—a hidden den of the rats of the underworld, where Crang was obviously the leader. He was not so sure now that the promptings of so-called common-sense had been common-sense at all! His chances of escaping, practically hopeless as they had been in the car, would certainly have been worth trying in view of this! He began to regret his "common sense" bitterly now.

He was in front of the door toward which they had been heading now. It was opened by Birdie, and John Bruce was pushed into a small, dimly-lighted cave-like place. Crang said something in a low voice to the two men, and, leaving them outside, entered himself, closing the door only partially behind him.

For a moment they faced each other, and then Crang laughed—tauntingly, in menace.

JOHN BRUCE'S eyes, from Crang's sallow face, and from Crang's revolver, swept coolly over his surroundings. A mattress, a foul thing, lay on the ground in one corner. There was no flooring here in the cellar. A small incandescent bulb hung from the roof. There was one chair and a battered table—nothing else; not even a window.

"It was like stealing from a child!" sneered Crang suddenly. "You poor mark!"

"Quite so!" said John Bruce calmly. "And the more so since I was warned that you were quite capable of—murder. I suppose that is what I am here for."

"Oh, you were warned, were you?" Crang took an abrupt step forward, his lips working. An angry purple clouded the pallor of his face. "More of that love stuff, eh? Well, by Heaven, here's the end of it. I'll teach you with your damned sanctimonious airs to fool around the girl I'm going to marry! You snivelling hypocrite, you didn't tell her who *you* were, did you?"


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John Bruce stared blankly.

"Who I am?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

Crang for the moment was silent. He seemed to be waging a battle with himself to control his passion.

"I'm too clever a man to lose my temper, now I've got you!" he rasped finally. "That's about the size of your mentality. The sweet, naive, innocent rôle! Yes, I said a snivelling hypocrite! You don't eat dope, but perhaps you've heard of a man named Larmon—Mr. Gilbert Larmon, of San Francisco!"

To John Bruce it seemed as though Crang's words in their effect were something like one of those blows the same man had dealt him on his wounded side in that fight of the other night. They seemed to jar him, and rob his mind of quick thinking and virility—and yet he was quite sure that not a muscle of his face had moved.

"You needn't answer," Crang grinned mockingly. "If you haven't met him, you'll have the opportunity of doing so in a few hours. Mr. Larmon will arrive in New York to-night in response to the telegram you sent him."

"I know you said you were clever," said John Bruce shortly, "and I have no doubt this is the firm proof of it! But what is the idea? I did not send a telegram to any one."

"Oh, yes, you did!" Crang was chuckling evilly. "It was something to the effect that Mr. Larmon's immediate presence in New York was imperative; that you were in serious difficulties. And in order that Mr. Larmon might have no suspicions or anxiety aroused as to his own personal safety, he was to go on his arrival to the Bayne-Miloy Hotel; but was, at the same time, to register under the name of R. L. Peters, and to make no effort to communicate with you until you gave him the cue. The answer to the telegram was to be sent to a—er—quite different address. And here's the answer."

His revolver levelled, Crang laid a telegram on the table, and then backed away a few steps.

JOHN BRUCE picked up the message. It was dated from San Francisco several days before, and was authentic beyond question. It was addressed to John Bruce in the care of one William Anderson, at an address which he took to be somewhere over on the East Side. He read it quickly:

Leaving at once and will follow instructions. Arrive Wednesday night. Am exceedingly anxious.

GILBERT LARMON.

"This is Wednesday night," sneered Crang.

John Bruce laid down the telegram. That Crang in some way had discovered his, John Bruce's, connection with Larmon was obvious. But how—and what did it mean? He smiled coldly. There was no use in playing the fool by denying any knowledge of Larmon. It was simply a question of exactly how *much* Crang knew.

"Well?" he inquired indifferently.

The door was pushed open, and Birdie came in. He carried pen and ink, a large sheet of paper, and an envelope.

Crang motioned toward the table.

"Put them down there—and get out!" he ordered curtly; and then as the man obeyed, he stared for an instant in malicious silence at John Bruce. "I guess we're wasting time," he snapped. "I sent the telegram to Larmon a few days ago, and I know all about you and Larmon, and his ring of gambling houses. You talked your fool head off when you were delirious—understand? And—"

John Bruce, his face suddenly white, took a step forward—and stopped and shrugged his shoulders. Crang's outflung revolver was on a level with his eyes. And then John Bruce turned his back deliberately, and walked to the far end of the little room.

Crang laughed wickedly.

"I am afraid I committed a breach of medical etiquette," he said, "I sent to San Francisco and got the dope on the quiet about this Mr. Larmon. I found that he is an enormously wealthy man; and I also found out that he poses as an immaculate pillar of society. It looks pretty good, doesn't it, Bruce—for me? Two birds with one stone; you for trying to get between me and Claire; and Larmon coughing up the dough to save your hide and save himself from being exposed for what he is!"

John Bruce made no answer. They were not so fanciful now, not so unreal and wandering, those dreams when he had been ill, those dreams in which there had been a man with a quill toothpick, and another with a sinister loathsome face, whose head was always cocked in a listening attitude.

"Well, I guess you've got it now, all of it, haven't you?" Crang snarled. "It's lucky for you Larmon's got the coin, or I'd pass you out for what you did the other night. As it is you're getting out of it light. There's paper on the table. You write him a letter that will get him down here with a blank check in his pocket. I'll help you to word it." Crang smiled unpleasantly. "He will be quite comfortable here while the check is going through the bank; for it would be most unfortunate, you know, if he had a chance to stop payment on it. And I might say that I am not worrying at all about any reprisals through the tracing of the check afterward, for if Mr. Larmon is paying me to keep my mouth shut there is no fear of his opening his own."

John Bruce turned slowly around.

"And if I don't?" he asked quietly.

CRANG studied the revolver in his hand for a moment. He looked up finally with a smile that was hideous in its malignancy.

"I'm not sure that I particularly care," he said. "You are going to get out of my path in any case, though my personal inclination is to snuff you out, and," his voice rose suddenly, "damn you, I'd like to see you dead; but on the other hand, my business sense tells me that I'd be better off with, say, a hundred thousand dollars in my pocket. Do you get the idea, my dear Mr. Bruce? I am sure you do. And as your medical adviser, for your health is still very much involved, I would strongly urge you to write the letter. But at the same time I want to be perfectly frank with you. There is a tail to it as far as you are concerned. I have a passage in my pocket—a first-class passage, in fact a stateroom where you can be secured so that I may make certain you do not leave the ship prematurely at the dock—for South America, on a steamer sailing to-morrow afternoon. The passage is made out in the name of John Bruce."

"You seem to have taken it for granted that I would agree to your proposal," said John Bruce pleasantly.

"I have," Crang answered shortly. "I give you credit in some respects for not being altogether a fool."

"In other words," said John Bruce, still pleasantly, "if I will trap Mr. Larmon into coming here so that you will have him in your power, and can hold him until you have squeezed out of him what you consider the fair amount he should pay as blackmail, or do away with him perhaps if he is obstinate, I am to go free and sail for South America to-morrow afternoon; failing this, I am to snuff out—I think you called it—at the hands of either yourself or this gentlemanly-looking band of Apaches you have gathered around you."

"You haven't made any mistake so far!" said Crang evenly. He jerked his hand toward the table. "It's that piece of paper there, or your hide."

"Yes," said John Bruce slowly. He stared for an instant set-faced into Crang's eyes. "Well, then, go ahead."

Crang's eyes narrowed.

"You mean," his voice was hoarse with menace, "you mean—"

"Yes!" said John Bruce tersely, "My hide!"

Crang did not answer for a moment. The revolver in his hand seemed to edge a little nearer to John Bruce as though to make more certain of its aim. Crang's eyes were alight with passion.

John Bruce did not move. It was over—this second—or the next. Crang's threats were *literal*. Claire had said so. He knew it. It was in Crang's eyes—a sort of unholy joy, a madman's frenzy. Well, why didn't the man fire and have done with it?

And then suddenly Crang's shoulders lifted in a mocking shrug.

"Maybe you haven't got this—*straight*," he said between closed teeth. "I guess I've paid you the compliment of crediting you with a quicker intelligence than you possess! I'll give you thirty minutes alone to think it over, and figure out where you can stand."

Crang backed to the door.

The door closed. John Bruce heard the key turn in the lock. He stared about him







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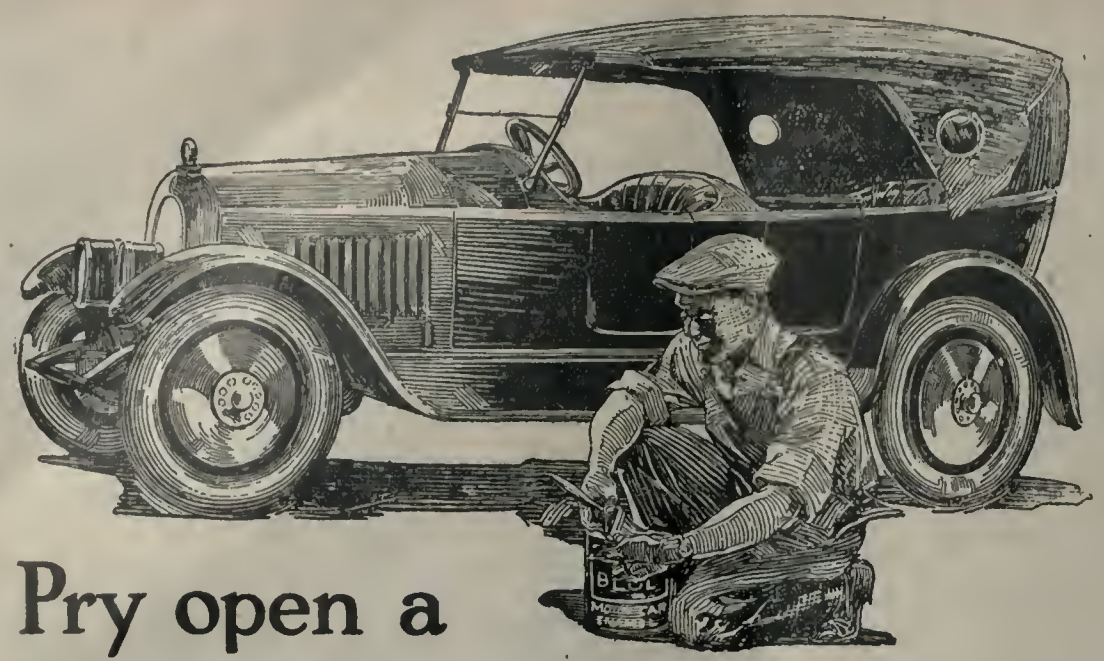
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at the miserable surroundings. Thirty minutes! He did not need thirty minutes, or thirty seconds, to realize his position. He was not even sure that he was thankful for the reprieve. It meant half an hour or more of life, but—

Cornered like a rat! To go out at the hands of a degenerate dope fiend. . . the man had been cunning enough—Hawkins!

John Bruce paced his little section of the cellar. His footsteps made no sound on the soft earth. This was his condemned cell; his warders a batch of gunmen whose trade was murder.

Larmon! They had not been able to trick Larmon into their power so easily, because there wasn't any Hawkins. No, there was—John Bruce. John Bruce was the bait. Queer! Queer that he had ever met Larmon, and queer that the end should come like this. Faustus hadn't had his fling yet. That quill toothpick with which he had signed—

JOHN BRUCE stood stock still—his eyes suddenly fastened on the piece of paper on the table.

"My Heavens!" John Bruce whispered hoarsely.

He ran silently to the door and listened. He could hear nothing. He ran back to the table, threw himself into the chair, and snatching the sheet of paper toward him, took out a fountain pen from his pocket. Near the lower edge of the paper, and in a minutely small hand, he began to write rapidly.

At the end of a few minutes John Bruce stood up. There was neither sign nor mark upon the paper, save an almost invisible impression made by his thumb nail, which he had set as a sign post, as it were, to indicate where he had begun to write. It was a large sheet of unruled paper, foolscap in size, and there was but little likelihood of reaching so far down with the letter that Crang was so insistent upon having. But he did not propose in any event to superimpose anything over what he had just written. He could always turn the sheet and begin at the top on the other side.

Again he began to pace up and down across the soft floor, but now there was a grim smile on his face. Behind Larmon and his enormous wealth lay Larmon's secret organization, that, once set in motion, would have little difficulty in laying a dozen Crangs by the heels. And Crang was yellow. Let Crang but for an instant realize that his own skin was at stake, and he would squeal without hesitation—and what had narrowly escaped being tragedy would dissolve into *opera bouffe*. Also, it was very nice indeed of Crang to see that message reached Larmon's hands!

And it was the way out for Claire too! It was Crang who had mentioned something about two birds with one stone, wasn't it? Claire! John Bruce frowned. Was he so sure after all? There seemed to be something unfathomable between Claire and Crang, the bond between them one that no ordinary means would break.

His brain seemed to go around in cycles now—Claire, Larmon, Crang; Claire, Larmon, Crang. . . He lost track of time—until suddenly he heard a key rattle in the lock. And then, quick and silent as a cat in his movements, he slipped across the earthen floor, and flung himself face down upon the mattress.

A moment more, and some one prodded him roughly. His hair was rumpled, his face anxious and dejected, as he raised himself on his elbow. Crang and two of his Apaches were standing over him. One of the latter held an ugly-looking stiletto.

"Stand him up!" ordered Crang.

John Bruce made no resistance as the two men jerked him unceremoniously to his feet.

Crang came and stared into his face.

"I guess from the look of you," Crang leered, "you've put in those thirty minutes to good advantage. You're about ready to write that letter, aren't you?"

John Bruce looked around him miserably. He shook his head.

"No—no. I—I can't," he said weakly. "For God's sake, Crang, you—you know I can't."

"Sure—I know!" said Crang imperturbably. He nodded to the man with the stiletto. "He's more used to steel than bullets, and he likes it better. Don't keep him waiting."

John Bruce felt the sudden prick of the weapon on his flesh—it went a little deeper.

*(To be Continued.)*

# OUR FOOL LAND POLICY

*Continued from page 9*

"The settlement of 20 million acres of lands in Western Canada during the next few years would have far-reaching effects. Divided into approximately 100,000 farms it would mean an influx of 100,000 farmers and their families—the average family numbers five; we should therefore have 500,000 persons added to our agricultural population. It is found that an agricultural population of a country means an equal population in industrial life, which means an addition of 500,000 to the population of the villages, towns and cities of Western Canada.

"The increase in national wealth, which would result from the accomplishment of the aim of the Western Canada Colonization Association, may be summarized as follows:

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|---|---|
| New wealth brought in by settlers | $ 150,000,000 |
| Net worth of new farm production in perpetuity | 1,875,000,000 |
| New capital attracted from abroad for industrial undertakings | 75,000,000 |
| New wealth resulting from profits on handling new farm production | 500,000,000 |
| Total | $2,600,000,000 |

"Besides, there would be the wealth created by the thousands of new agricultural immigrants who would accompany the influx of farm settlers."

From the intimate knowledge of conditions in the West which Dominion Land Surveyors have, they consider these figures a very fair estimate of what would result from the settlement of these lands. Similar illustrations might be given of the benefit from settlement in other parts of Canada.

All success to Miss Agnes Laut and *MacLean's Magazine* in their campaign for a constructive, co-ordinated land settlement policy. The Dominion Land Surveyors wish you all success!

# LINEN SHEETS

*Continued from page 11*

well-meant efforts to postpone even for an instant the breaking of the golden bowl when death was already on the threshold. Now it suddenly became quite clear that this wistful spirit should carry its own particular flight in a peace undisturbed by any scientific battle waged in its service.

"Is there anyone you would like to see," she asked after a pause, "or send for?"

MRS. PURCHASE smiled again, and in that smile the duty harassed creature got more reward than she had found in many a year. The transient guest was content in this supreme moment to be with her alone.

"You ought to be a very happy woman, Miss Daggett."

"I! Why?" Miss Daggett had once groped desperately for what she took to be her heart's desire and lost it, then had taken up with dull resentment the drab round of her present position. She had risked no further search for joy in the Woollman Home.

"Don't you see, you have done so much for so many people; far more than Martha Woollman even did. She only gave money, while you have given yourself. Even old eyes can see that. I think, my dear," here Mrs. Purchase caught her breath and went bravely on, "that if you remember that you must be really happy."

"Perhaps," said Miss Daggett humbly, "and it's dear of you to put it that way."

"Then will you come and see me after the others are in bed?" The thin hand once more found the corner of the sheet and was stroking the embroidered monogram. "They must have really been very good linen, don't you think so?"

Mrs. Mellon looked up briskly as the matron entered the big sitting-room, but the question died on her lips at sight of the latter's face. There was really no need for question and she bent assiduously over her tortured knitting with a sigh that was repeated here and there in pensive understanding. The little woman had got her linen sheets at last, and the thought stirred in many a wrinkled brow that she was welcome to them.

"Mrs. Purchase is resting very comfortably," said the matron quietly and disappeared into her own office.

Mrs. White was busy calculating how many there were within her own memory who had rested thus for a while in penultimate luxury. She was counting on her fingers when someone croaked a sudden protest.

"You needn't worry about that, Susanna, they'll last out our time and don't make any mistake about it."

A dry voice cackled across the room and Mrs. White, her head held high, stalked out and up to her cubicle. She was followed shortly by the rest. So when an hour later Miss Daggett mounted to the sickroom, a great stillness had fallen upon the house. Entering very quietly she took one glance and turned swiftly back.

"Wait, just a minute," pleaded the little woman desperately, "don't call anyone till I have talked to you, please!"

The matron hesitated, then with a queer consciousness that this was all quite right though highly irregular, she stepped up to the bed.

"Please stay quite close for just a little while. Do sit down." Miss Daggett drew up a chair and closed her strong hand over the one so wasted and transparent. "What is it you want to talk about, and can't I do anything for you?"

"No, my dear, you have done everything, and I want to talk about Martha Woollman. I knew her very well."

MISS DAGGETT opened her eyes. "Did you?"

Mrs. Purchase took a long breath and seemed to gather a little strength. "I thought it best for many reasons not to mention it before, but now," she faltered an instant—"now it doesn't matter any longer."

"You knew her when she was young?"

"Yes. Martha was never happy with her—her first husband. She married him for money, and she built this Home thinking it would be a sort of atonement. But it wasn't, because she got the money from her husband to build it with. She was never in love with him, but only with what she thought he could do for her. Then he found that out."

"Oh!" said Miss Daggett.

"Afterwards he despised her," went on the little woman faintly. "She was young and loved admiration, from anyone. He was furious and hurt, knowing that she had never loved him, so they lived apart, though in the same house. Do you think you can see her, quite pretty she was in those days, though rather shallow, her husband twenty years older and nothing in common between them? She had the taste of life on her lips, but that was all and every day the real thing seemed to move further away. That was when she embroidered these sheets—she used to come for a pair every week, and then the real thing did happen along, dressed like a coachman."

"So you knew about that too? Why you must have lived here."

MRS. PURCHASE rested for a moment while some elusive part of her went out to implore for strength to continue. It seemed that there was left of her by this time only a voice that lifted and fell in a fine thin distant cadence which was gradually growing finer and thinner.

"Yes, I did, and I knew that she loved him better—better than anything on earth. He brought with him the nearest thing to rapture she had ever dreamed of, so she lavished herself completely body and spirit Then after they went away together, he tired of her and left her—a girl who had once sold herself and once given herself, and found each time that she wasn't wanted. That's how you must think of her. In the years that came later her mind



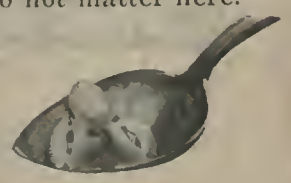

# The $1,000 Breakfast

A certain country home, with many guests, is famous for its breakfasts.

One morning the hostess was asked: "Suppose a $1,000 prize were offered for the finest breakfast, and you competed, what dishes would you serve?

"Well," she replied, "I would first serve fruit, and then Puffed Rice." The other dishes do not matter here.

## The supreme cereal dainty



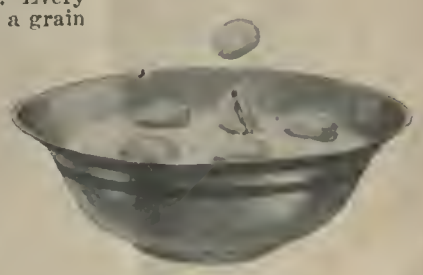
The point is this: Puffed Grains are considered the supreme cereal dainties. Some say Puffed Rice. In the milk dish, Puffed Wheat holds first place.

These bubble grains, flimsy and flavory, have no rivals as grain-food delights.

And mothers should be glad. These are steam-exploded grains. Every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion. Every atom feeds. No other process so fits a grain for food.

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**Puffed Rice**
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Puffed by steam explosion to 8 times normal size



**The prize supper**

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used to go back to the Woollman Home and it seemed that this impulsive act of hers grew into a sort of spiritual anchorage. The world moved on and didn't notice that it rolled over her, because she hid away with shame, one poor old woman out of a million."

Mrs. Purchase's face was becoming gray, but at this moment the matron dared not leave her. She slipped her hand under the thin shoulders and leaned forward. "You must rest now, my dear—but why in the world didn't you bring Martha Woollman straight here?"

The faintest possible smile flitted over the drawn lips and the eyes looked up, like ruffled pools of misty blue.

"Don't you understand?" she whispered. "I did."

The waxen fingers felt blindly for the embroidered monogram and with the echo of a little sigh Martha Woollman laid her cheek trustfully on the smooth white linen pillow cover and slipped away.

# The Drama of Our Great Forests

*Continued from page 21*

horns, and in that way, they are distinct from all other Canadian deer.

On account of its wide spreading and concave hoofs the Woodland caribou does not have to "yard" as other deer do in winter time: thus provided with natural snowshoes, the caribou can pass over the deepest snow with little trouble. Also, throughout the year it is an extensive traveller, and as its food is found everywhere within its wide range, its wanderings are determined chiefly by the wind. Indeed so great a traveller is it, that when thoroughly alarmed it may cover fifty to a hundred miles before settling down again. Rivers and lakes do not hinder its roaming for it is a powerful and a willing swimmer. The mating takes place in October and the calves are born in June.

The following morning while at breakfast Oo-koo-hoo discoursed upon the game we were about to hunt:

"My son, everything that applies to hunting the moose applies to hunting the caribou, except that the hunter never tries to 'call' the caribou.

"But now I recollect that there is one thing about moose hunting that I forgot to tell you and it applies also to hunting the caribou. In some localities 'barriers' are still in use, but nowadays they seldom make new ones. In the old days whole tribes used to take part in barrier-hunting and sometimes the barriers would stretch for fifteen or twenty miles and were usually made from one part of a river to another, and thus they marked off the woods enclosed in a river's bend.

"Barriers are made by felling trees in a line; or, in an open place, or upon a river or lake, placing a line of little trees in the snow about ten paces apart. Small evergreens with the butts no thicker than a man's thumb were often used; yet an artificial line of such brush was enough to turn moose or caribou and cause them to move forward in a certain direction where the hunters were hiding. Even big clumps of moss, placed upon trees, will produce the same effect. Frequently, too, snares for deer are set in suitable places along the barrier, and while the snares are made of babiche the loops are kept open with blades of grass.

"There is still another thing I forgot to tell you about moose-hunting—my son, I must be growing old when I forget so much. While my Indian cousins in the East use birch-bark horns for calling moose, my other cousins in the far North never do, yet they call moose too, but in a different way. They use the shoulder blade of a deer. Thus, when a bull is approaching the hunter stands behind a tree and rubs the shoulder blade upon the trunk or strikes it against the branches of a neighboring bush, as it then makes a sound not unlike a bull thrashing his horns about. Such a sound makes a bull believe that another is approaching and ready to fight him for the possession of the cow, and he prepares to charge his enemy. At such a moment the hunter throws the shoulder blade into some bushes that may be standing a little way off, and the enraged bull, hearing this last sound, charges directly for the spot. Then as the brute passes broadside, the hunter fires."

### The "Northern Canada Blood-Hound"

BREAKFAST over, we slipped on our snowshoes and set out to follow a mass of tracks that led southward. It was easy going on a beaten trail, a blind man could have followed it. That reminds me of something I have failed to tell you about winter trailing in the Northland. Again the novelists are all wrong, Stewart Edward White in particular, for he wrote a northern tale upon that very subject and called it "The Silent Places." The whole story was hinged upon trailing—but Mr. White, they don't use blood-hounds in Northern Canada.

In winter, the men of the Northland don't trail human beings by scent, they trail them by sight or touch. Sight trailing, of course, you understand. Trailing by touch, however, when not understood by the spectator, seems a marvelous performance. For instance, when a husky dog, the leader of a sled-train, will come out of the forest and with his head held high, and without a moment's hesitation, trot across a lake that may be three or four miles wide, upon the surface of which the wind and drifting snow have left absolutely no visible sign of a trail, and when that dog will cross that great unbroken expanse and enter the woods on the far shore exactly where the trail appears in sight again, though no stick or stone or any other visible thing marks the spot—it does seem a marvelous feat. But it is done, not by sight, sound or scent, but by touch—the feel of the foot. In winter time, man too follows a trail in the same way, notwithstanding that he is generally handicapped by a pair of snowshoes. Some unseen trails are not hard to follow—even a blind man could follow them. It is done this way:

Suppose you come to a creek that you want to cross, yet you can see no way of doing it, for there is nothing in sight—neither log nor bridge—spanning the river. But suppose some one tells you that though the water is so muddy you cannot see an inch into it, there is a flat log spanning the creek about six inches below the surface, and that if you feel about with your foot you can find it. Then, of course, you would make your way across by walking on the unseen log, yet knowing all the time that if you made a misstep you would plunge into the stream. You would do it by the feel of the foot.

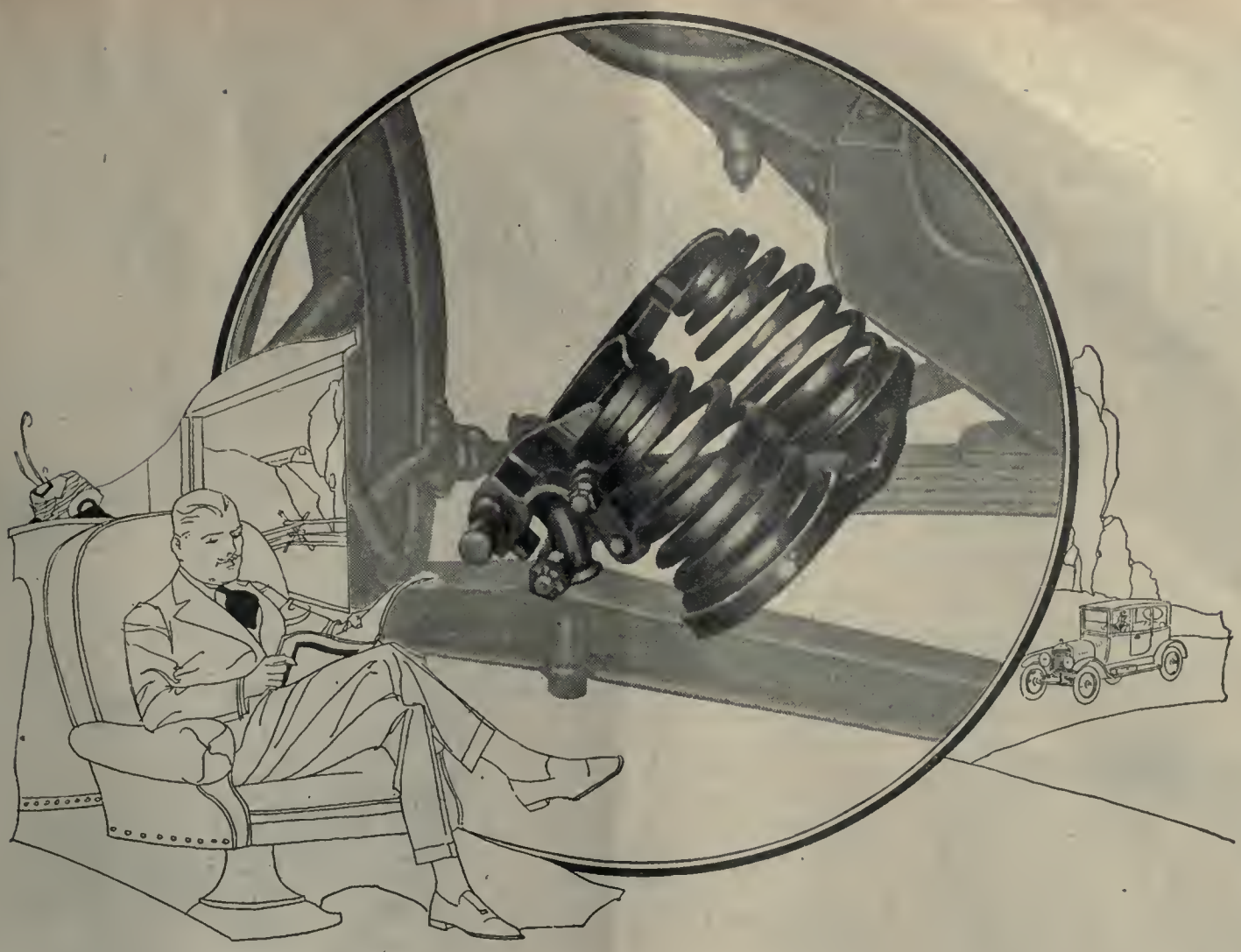
It is just the same in following an unseen trail in the snow—it lies hard-packed beneath the surface, just as the log lay unseen in the river. What a pity it is that the writers of northern tales never understand the life they have made a specialty of depicting. Jack London, for instance, wrote that the dog sleds of Northern Canada were made of birch-bark. I wonder if he was ever in our Great Northern Forests in winter time? I doubt it.

### Sighting the Caribou Herd

BUT to return to the caribou we were trailing, and also to make a long hunt short—for you now know most of the interesting points in the sport—I must tell you that we spent a full day and a night before we came up with them. And that night, too, a heavy fall of snow added to our trouble, but it made the forest more beautiful than ever. It was after sunrise when we picked up fresh tracks. A heavy rime was falling, but though it screened all distant things, we espied five caribou that were still lingering on a lake, over which the main band had passed. They were east of us and were heading for the north side of a long, narrow island.

As soon as they passed behind it, Oo-koo-hoo hurried across the intervening space, and ran along the southern shore to head them off. The eastern end of the island dwindled into a long point and it was there that the Owl hoped to get a shot. Sure enough he did, for he arrived there ahead of the deer. Though he had lost sight of them, he knew they were nearing him, for he could hear the crunching sound of their hoofs in the frosty snow, and later he could even hear that strange clicking sound, caused by the muscular action of the hoofs in walking—a sound peculiar to caribou.

Oo-koo-hoo cautiously went down on one knee and there waited with his gun cocked and in position. The air was scarcely



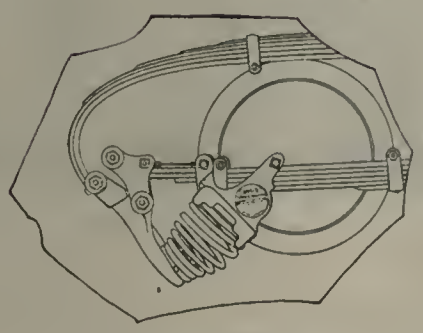
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Ottawa, February, 1921.

moving. Now antlered heads appeared beyond the openings between the snow-mantled trees. The hunter, taking aim, addressed them:

"My brothers, I need your. . ." Then the violent report of his gun shattered the stillness, and the leader, a doe, lunged forward a few paces, staggered upon trembling legs, and then sank down into the brilliantly sunny snow. But before he could re-load for a second shot the rest of the little band passed out of range and, with their high-stepping, hackney-action, soon passed out of sight. So, later on, with our sled again heavily loaded, and with packs of meat upon our backs, we set out for home.

Next morning, soon after sunrise, while I was breaking trail across a lake, I espied a log house in a little clearing beside a large beaver meadow. As it was about the time we usually stopped for our second breakfast, I turned in the direction of the lonely abode. It was a small, well-built house and, with the exception of the spaces at the two windows and the door, was entirely enclosed by neatly-stacked firewood suitable for a stove. Beyond, half built in the rising ground, stood a little log stable, and near it a few cattle were eating from haystacks.

Going up to the shack, I knocked upon the door, and as a voice bade me enter I slipped off my snow-shoes, pulled the latch string and walked in. Entering from the dazzling sunlight, the room at first seemed in darkness. Presently, however, I regained my sight, and then beheld the interior of a comfortable little home—the extreme of neatness and order; and then I saw a human form lying beneath the blankets of a bunk in a far corner. Later I noticed that two black eyes beneath a shock of black hair were smiling a welcome.

"Good morning," I greeted. "May I use your stove to cook breakfast?"

"No, sir," replied the figure: then it sat up in bed, and I saw that it was a white man. "I'll do the cooking myself, for you're to be my guest."

"Thanks," I returned, "I'm travelling with an Indian and I don't wish to trouble you; but if I may use your stove I'll be much obliged."

"If I have what you haven't," my host smiled, "will you dine with me?"

"All right," I agreed.

"Potatoes," he exclaimed.

"Good," I laughed.

"Then sit down please and rest while I do the cooking."

Oo-koo-hoo now came in and at the host's bidding, filled his pipe from a tobacco pouch upon the table.

### Could This Be Son-in-Law?

THE accent of the stranger suggested that he was an English gentleman, and it seemed strange, indeed, to discover so refined and educated a man, living apparently alone and without any special occupation in the very heart of the Great Northern Forest. Curiosity seized me. Then I wondered—was this the man?. . . . could he be son-in-law?

"Do you often go over to Fort Consolation?" I asked.

"No, never."

"Spearhead?"

"Where's that?"

But I refrained from questioning him further. No, he was not son-in-law. So I talked about the woods and the weather, while Oo-koo-hoo brought in a haunch of venison from his sled and presented it to the stranger. But with my host's every action and word the mystery grew.

The stove, which was fireless, stood beside the bed, and reaching for the griddle-lifter, he removed the lids; then picking up a stick of pine kindling from behind the stove, he whittled some shavings and placed them in the fire-box; and on top of this he laid kindling and birch firewood. Then he replaced the lids, struck a match and while the fire began to roar, filled the kettle from a keg of water that stood behind the stove, and mind you, he did it without getting out of bed.

Next, he leant over the side of the bunk, opened a little trap door in the floor, reached down into his little box-like cellar and hauled up a bag containing potatoes, which he then put in a pot to boil in their skins. From the wall he took a long stick with a crook upon the end, and reaching out, hooked the crook round the leg and drew the table toward him. Reaching up to one of the three shelves above his bunk, he took down the necessary dishes and cutlery to set the breakfast table for us three. While the potatoes were boiling, he took from another shelf—the one upon which he kept a few well-chosen books—a photograph album and suggested that I look it over while he broiled the venison steak and infused the tea.

When I opened the album and saw its contents, it not only further excited my curiosity, regarding the personal history of my host, but it thrilled me with interest, for never before or since have I seen an album that contained photographs of a finer looking, or more distinguished lot of people. Its pages contained photographs of Lord This, General That, Admiral What's-his-Name, and also the Bishop of I've-forgotten and many a Sir and Lady too, as well as the beautiful Countess of Can't-remember.

Breakfast was served. The potatoes were a treat, the steak was excellent, the tea was good, and there we three sat and ate a hearty meal, for not only did we relish the food, but the company, the wit and the laughter too. But all the while, my healthy, jovial, handsome host remained in bed. I studied the blankets that covered his legs—apparently there was nothing wrong with that part of him. I could not fathom the mystery. It completely nonplused me.

### Why Get Up?

I GLANCED round the room, there were many photographs upon the walls, among them Cambridge "eights" and "fours," and sure enough, there he was, rowing in those very crews; and in the football and tennis pictures he also appeared as one of the best of them all. And how neat and clean was his one-roomed house! Everything was in order; water keg behind the stove to keep the water from freezing; big barrel by the door in which to turn snow into water. A woodpile across the end of the room—enough to outlast any blizzard. Then when I glanced at him again, I noticed a crested signet ring upon his left little finger. Breakfast over, smoking began, and as he washed the dishes I wiped them—but still I pondered. Then at last, I grew brave. I would risk it. I would ask him:

"Why do you stay in bed?"

First he responded with a burst of laughter, then with the question:

"Why, what's the use of getting up?" and next with the statement: "I stay in bed all winter. . . or nearly so. It's the only thing to do. I used to get up, and go for my mail occasionally. . . at least, I did a few years ago, but too many times I walked the forty miles to the Hudson's Bay Company's Flying Station at Elbow Creek only to find no letters for me. . . so I chucked it all.

"Then, too, the first few winters I was here, I used to do a little shooting but I get all the game I want from the Indians now, so I have chucked the shooting, too. Now the only thing that gets me out of bed, or takes me out of doors, is to watch which way the wind blows. Two winters ago, when I was away from here a week, the wind blew steadily from the north for five days or more, and my cattle ate so far into the south sides of the hay stacks, that two of the stacks fell over on them and in that way I lost five head—they were smothered."

Oo-koo-hoo, knocking the ashes from his pipe, began to tie his coat; apparently he thought it was time we were going. I opened the album again, and glanced through it once more as I sat upon the edge of my strange host's bunk. I stopped my turning when I came to a photograph of a charming gentlewoman whose hair was done in an old-fashioned way, so becoming to her character and beauty. She must have been about twenty-three. He, then, was nearing forty. I thought his hand lingered a little upon the page. And when I commended her beauty, I fancied his voice tremored slightly—anyway his pipe went out.

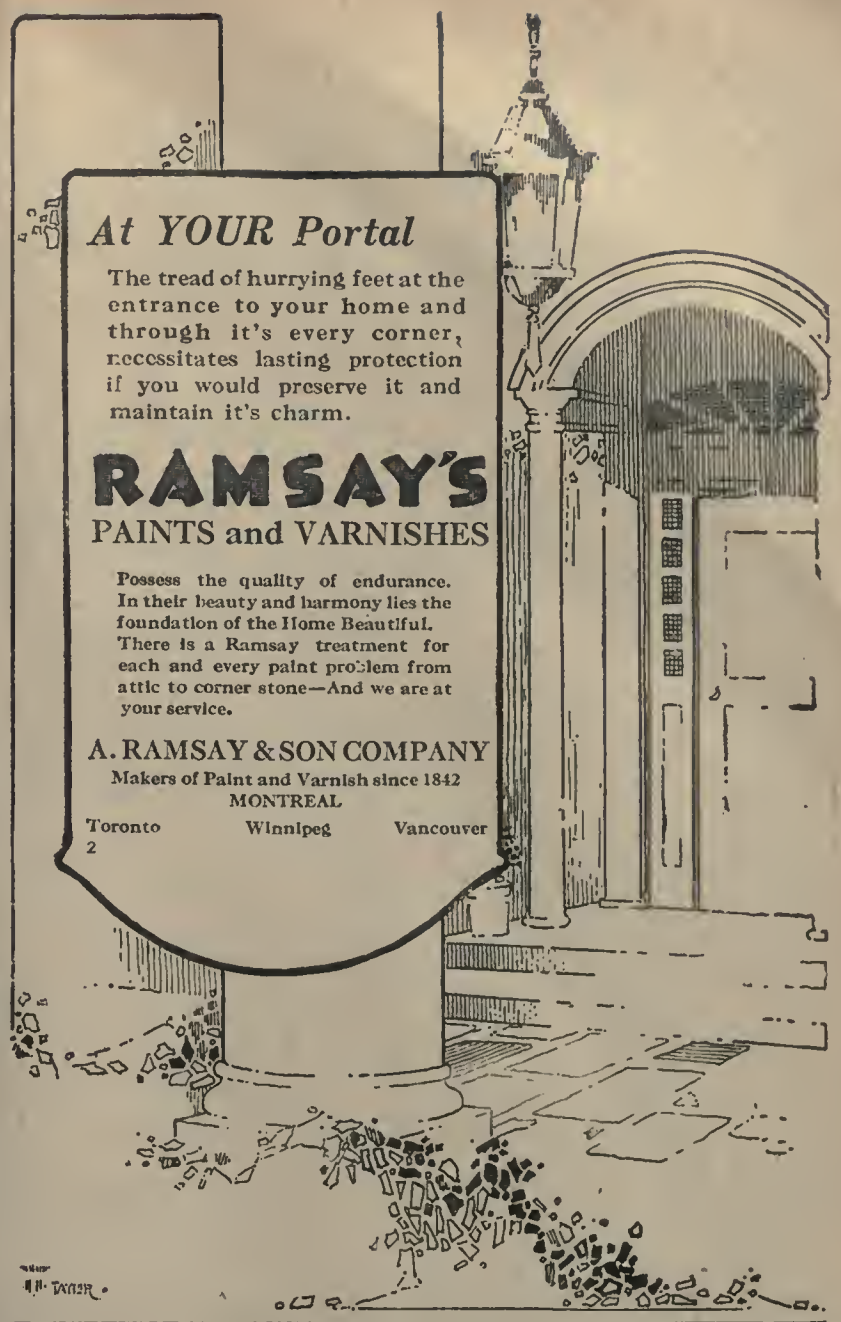
But Oo-koo-hoo, getting up, broke the silence.

I invited my still unknown host to pay me a visit. We shook hands heartily, and as I turned to close the door, I noticed that he had lain down again, and had covered up his head. As a pleasant parting salutation—a cheering one as I thought—I exclaimed:

"Perfectly stunning!. . . the most beautiful lot of women I have ever seen!"

And then from beneath the bed-clothes came:

"Y-e-s. . *the blighters*!"


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And Joseph gathered up all the food of the seven years . . . . laid up the food in the cities: . . . . and the seven years of dearth began to come, . . . . the dearth was in all lands; *but in all the land of Egypt there was bread.*'"

*From* Genesis—*Chap.* 41

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53

### Dog-Rib's Wolverine

AT supper-time a snow flurry overtook us and whitened the forest. As we sat around the fire that evening, the last evening of our trip, Oo-koo-hoo again began worrying about the presence of wolverines, recalling many of his experiences with those destructive animals. But none of his stories equalled the following, told once by Chief Factor Thompson.

It happened years ago when an old Dog-rib Indian, called Meguir, was living and hunting in the vicinity of Fort Rae on Great Slave Lake. The Dog-rib and his family of five had been hunting Barren Ground caribou, and after killing, skinning and cutting up a number of deer, had built a stage upon which they placed the venison. Moving on and encountering another herd of caribou, they killed again, and cutting up the game, stored it this time in a log cache.

On continuing their work the next day the children brought in word that a wolverine, or carcajou, had visited the log cache; so Meguir set off at once to investigate the story.

When he arrived, he found the cache torn asunder, and the meat gone. Wolverine tracks were plentiful and mottled the snow in many directions, but on circling, Meguir found a trail that led away, and on following it up, he came upon a quarter of deer. He circled again, trailed another track, found more meat, and after a few hours' work he had recovered most of the venison; but on smelling it, he found that the wolverine, in its usual loathsome way, had defiled the meat. That night, his old wife woke up with a start and hearing the dogs growling, looked out, and discovered a strange animal scrambling down from one of the stages. At once she screamed to her old man to get his gun as fast as the Master of Life would let him, as the wolverine was robbing them again.

### The "Great Mischief Maker"

HALF-AWAKE, and that half all excitement, the old man rushed out into the snow, with his muzzle-loading flint-lock and let drive. Instantly one of his dogs fell over. Roaring with rage, the old Indian reloaded with all speed, and catching another glimpse of the wolverine in the faint light of the *aurora borealis*, let drive again; but as ill-luck would have it, the gun went off just as another of his dogs made a gallant charge, and once more a dog fell dead—and the wolverine got away!

According to the northern custom, when he camped that night, he stood his gun and snow-shoes in the snow far enough away to prevent their being affected by the heat of the fire. In the morning his snow-shoes were gone. Tracks, however, showed that the wolverine had taken them. Again the old man trailed the thief; but without snow-shoes, the going was extra hard, and it was afternoon before he stumbled upon one of his snow-shoes lying in the snow, and quite near his former camp, as the "Great Mischief Maker" had simply made a big circuit and come back again. But of what use was one snow-shoe? So the old hunter continued his search and late that day found the other—damaged beyond repair.

That night, filled with rage and despondency, he returned to his old camp, and as usual placed his gun upright in the snow away from the heat of the fire. In the morning it was gone. New tracks marked the snow and showed where the carcajou had dragged it away. Several hours later the old man found it with its case torn to ribbons, the butt gnawed, and the trigger broken.

Tired, hungry, dejected and enraged, old Meguir sought his last night's camp to make a fire and to rest awhile; but when he got there he found he had lost his fire bag containing his flint and steel—his wherewithal for making fire.

But instead of thinking of wreaking his rage upon the wolverine, the poor old Indian was so completely intimidated by the wily brute, so discouraged and so despondent, that he imagined that the whole transaction was the work of some evil spirit. As a result, he not only gave up hunting the wolverine, but he gave up hunting altogether, and he and his family would have starved had not friends come to their rescue and rendered them assistance until his grandsons were old enough to take charge.

*To be Continued*

# For Sale For a Song

*Continued from page 14*

the first yield has to pay for those first three years of clearing and future years of clearing; and at the end of two years, the land has to be plowed up again and be prepared for fresh planting; and taxes are high; and even at the paper estimate of 8,000 to 10,000 strawberry plants to the acre and a yield of one pound to a plant and a price of 22c a pound—the price last year—at a cost of $800 an acre to clear, it is going to be a long process and a chancey process to clear 100 acres, to clear over twenty acres. It is going to be a life job to clear twenty acres; and by the time a man, or woman, age twenty-five, has put in twenty years clearing twenty acres; they want to be on easy street, sure of a steady annual income.

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What usually happens is this.

### A "Comfy" Place to Retire

HE GETS nauseated by the long, seemingly endless job. He won't stick. He clears two, or five, or ten acres. Then he looks for some pioneer farmer, who has grown rich on wheat and wants to retire to a climate less strenuous than 40 degrees below for his post-meridian period. The British Columbia clearing farmer sells out at all he can get. He can always get from $200 to $300 an acre for fruit land even at a distance from market. He can frequently get from $1,000 to $2,000 an acre close in—say twelve miles—from Vancouver, or Victoria, or some other city centre; but if you think the prairie farmer, who has toiled till he is gray-haired at forty getting a competency on the prairie, is going to break his neck, when he retires for a rest on the Pacific Coast, to raise food for British Columbia—you don't know human nature as it is. When he retires for a rest, he is going to build him a "comfy" bungalow—a beauty spot with trees and ocean outlook for which he has longed for twenty years—and raise enough to support his own family, and take it easy—which the soft Pacific climate with its mild lotus-air social atmosphere tends to do anyway.

So British Columbia does not raise enough food to feed her population; and the cost of living goes up and up. And who pays? Chiefly Labor.

Suppose those heavy bush lands could be cleared by contract jobs—Orientals or any others—and the land sold at exactly cost to any and all settlers—who—chiefly—would buy those lands? Highly paid Labor, especially close in to such big industrial centres as Vancouver and Prince Rupert. Give those big industrial centres all the Labor they need, all the market demands—Vancouver would be a San Francisco in ten years. Prince Rupert would be a Seattle in ten years; and clearings, which Labor to-day could buy at $200 to $300, would in ten years sell at not $1,000 to $2,000 for berries, but $16,000 an acre for suburban lots.

Is there any easier way on earth in which Labor could have its sure competency in ten years?

These things have happened in Seattle, in Tacoma, San Francisco, Los Angeles. I could give the names of thousands of men in each of these centres, who have come up to opulence by just this shirt sleeve route in ten years. Why is this development not going ahead in British Columbia?

Because Labor has thrown a monkey wrench in National development; and he

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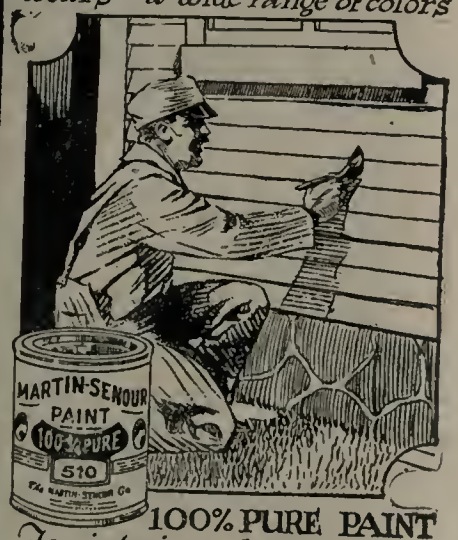
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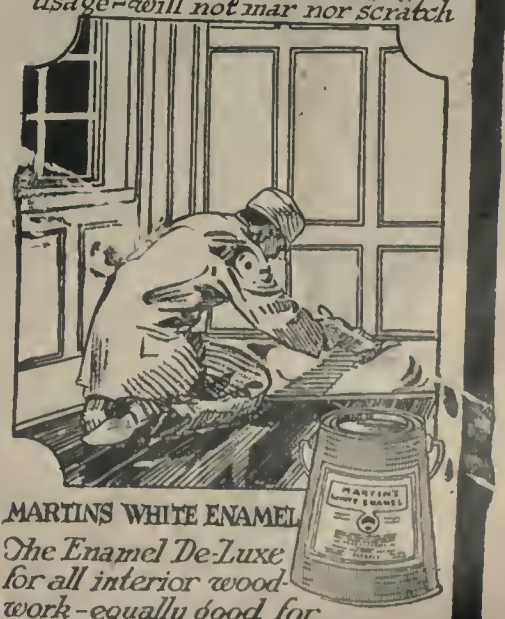
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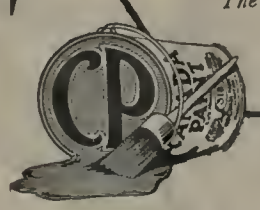
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small politicians out for a vote to get their feet in the hog trough, have refused to pluck the monkey wrench out. Because the wheels are being spiked from going round by utterly false economic theories that if you hinder the other fellow, especially if you take from the other fellow something for nothing, you are somehow advancing yourself.

No falser theory was ever enunciated.

Who is hurt by present conditions of higher and higher cost of living?

Labor.

Who is hurt by the shut down of plants, that cannot pay their overhead?

Take the case of Lulu Island, an easy motor run of six to twelve miles from Vancouver, which in a few years will be a city suburb of Vancouver.

Years ago, this land was cleared by Chinese and Japs, who long since have retired to sleep with their ancestors. Here is how they did it. They bought it cheap from tired-out white settlers, who would not, or could not, stick. They built little two-roomed log shacks. They bought a year's provisions, chiefly rice. They later added a cow, or a pig, and fished for other diet. They were eaten alive by mosquitoes, but their hides were evidently malaria proof. They didn't work on an eight-hour schedule.

Till the lands came into bearing and were drained into garden spots of beauty and rich yields that stagger you by their returns, they worked on tracks, on drays, in lumber mills, as house servants—as anything to put them through. Then they sold to the white at $150 to $2,000 an acre—no buildings—according to the planting and quality of the land and yield. Here scores of Soldier Settlers have bought at from $300 an acre—which the Board permits—up to $1,000 an acre, when their own funds permitted.

Even at an indebtedness of $5,000 to $8,000, they will make good; for they can repay in twenty-five year payments; and good land will easily foot the yearly payments. Meantime, this land will presently sell at the price of city lots; and if every Soldier Settler stampeded away to-morrow, the Soldier Settlement Board could resell at ten times the loans advanced on it. And this holds good of all such lands.

But take two other areas—either from Vancouver South to Westminster, or from Victoria North. This is terrifically heavy timbered land. It will cost from $300 to $800 to clear. I know big syndicates, which the soap box orators are fond of calling "skindicates." Well, they were "skindicates" all right; but it was the syndicates, who got skinned. They spent $300,000 trying to clear these lands, and sold the lands at $300 to $1,000 an acre fast as they were cleared; and at the end of ten years, had less than a profit of $1,000 to show on an investment of $300,000. That is $100 a year profit on a cash capital of $300,000. How is that for the sins of bloated Capital with a big C? Don't hear of it from the soap boxes—do you?

Facts are horribly awkward little things, when you project them into theories.

I know of a big coal mine which the owners will sell for the proverbial song—because they can't get labor to work it. A photo of a section of this mine is shown at the head of this article. Wages could be paid from $6 a day to $23 a day, by piece work. But there's no labor available.

I know one syndicate that has a standing offer to give away its balance of land to any one who will pay the taxes; and that land is not a stone's throw from one city of 200,000, and another city of 20,000. They were against Oriental immigration too. They told me for the first few years they could get white labor to toil at the colossal job of those giant trees and mammoth roots. But the white men would not "stick." To-day, they can get neither white man, nor brown; and they are making a present of the land to the Government; but land which goes back in the hands of the Government, does not pay taxes for railroads and municipalities that have interest on debts. So up go taxes, to those who do pay; and up go rents; and up goes the cost of living.

Once a small relative of mine sent his balloon so high it never came down. We tried to show him that when it went up so high, the pressure inside would be so much greater than the pressure outside that it would—as he said—"bust;" but he persists in thinking it will still go up and up and up till it reaches Heaven.

I prefer to close this article without adding another word.

# Maybe Adam Laughed at These?



**Just a Touch of Superstition.**—Mrs. Wiggs: "Is Billy ill, Mrs. Skinner?"

Mrs. Skinner: "Well, 'e aint ill, exactly, but no stummick can stand 13 buns! It's an unlucky number."—Edinburgh *Scotsman*.

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**Impolite Pedestrian.**—A taxi-driver who knocked a man down in Gracechurch Street has summoned him for using abusive language. It seems a pity that pedestrians can not be knocked down without showing their temper like this.—*Punch*, London.

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**Helen and —?**"Mother's got such a surprise for you, Tommy!"

"Oh, I know all about that!"

"Not that you have two dear little sisters?"

"Yes, I do, and their names, too; 'cause when the doctor told Daddy, he said 'Twins—oh! Hell and Blazes!'"—London *Weekly Telegraph*.

---

**Not So Bad.**—A returned vacationist says that he was fishing in a pond one day when a country boy who had been watching him from a distance approached him and asked, "How many fish yer got, mister?"

"None yet," he was told.

"Well, yer aint doin' so bad," said the youngster. "I know a feller what fished here for two weeks and he didn't get any more than you got in half an hour."—Boston *Transcript*.

---

**Recommendations Didn't Appeal.**—"What kind of meat have you this morning?" asked the haggard husband of the butcher.

"The best steak we ever had, sir," replied the butcher. "Here you are sir, as smooth as velvet and as tender as a woman's heart."

The husband looked up. "I'll take a pound of sausages, please," he said.—*Pearson's Weekly*.

---

**Quite All Right.**—A school-teacher in a small town in one of the Southern States was handed a note by one of her students. The note was from the pupil's mother, who explained why Sally had not been in school that morning.

The note read: "dere teacher, pleze exkuse sally for not being in skule this morning but her beau came saturday nite and they went out for a joy ride and didn't get back till this noon."

---

**A Long Wait.**—"Why," said Smith, "you don't know what hard luck is. I have had it always. When I was a kid there was such a bunch of us in the family that there had to be three tables at meal times and I always sat at the third one."

"What's hard about that?" snapped his friend.

"Why," replied Smith, "it was 15 years before I knew that a chicken had anything but a neck."—St. John *Standard*.

---

**Sartorial Foresight.**—An economical housewife told her husband the other morning that she'd have to ask him for a dollar more a week on account of the high cost of living.

"I'll try and give you a half-dollar," he grumbled. "That's the best I can do. You're pretty extravagant, Amelia?"

"Me, extravagant?" And Amelia laughed bitterly. "Well, James, I don't see how you can call a woman extravagant who has saved her wedding-dress for over 30 years on the chance that she may yet make a second marriage."—Detroit *Free Press*.




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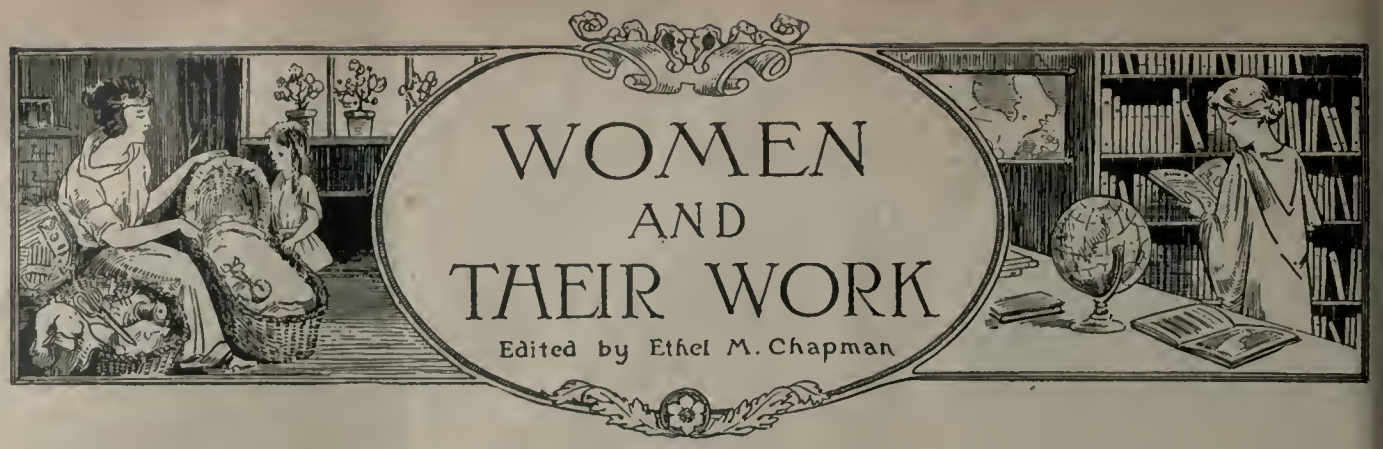
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# Why Have We Juvenile Crime?

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

THERE'S no denying the records of juvenile crime are appalling—at least when they appear as black and white statistics. Interpreted through the vision of the people who search for causes and provocations and remedies rather than inherent perversity, the boy who gets himself into trouble today is not essentially different from the "difficult" boy of other times, only he is up against a harder set of conditions, and he gets more publicity.

Reviewing the cases that had come from the Juvenile Court to the Big Brother's Association, the secretary summed up out of a total of two hundred and ninety, one hundred and twenty-one cases of theft—but the boy to-day in the average city, he said, had one hundred temptations to the one his father withstood or yielded to when the only chance of stealing was to break into a neighbor's apple orchard. There were fifty "disorderly" cases but a great many boys had no way of working off their surplus energy except in jostling each other in the street or making a disturbance in public gatherings. Twenty-one cases of truancy were reported, twenty-six of trespassing which sometimes meant nothing more serious than walking on the railroad track, and twenty-six cases of vagrancy. The boy who runs away from home and has no money automatically becomes a vagrant. There were, however, sixteen cases of shop and house-breaking, seven of auto theft and a few in other classes the seriousness of which cannot be overlooked. Altogether, however we may make allowance for the boys who get into court, it goes without saying that unless the tendencies that get them there can be turned in another direction, they are likely to become rather unlovely characters.



Provision for outdoor athletics would often forestall such offences as petty thieving. The lower picture shows how fruit carts are frequently robbed.

OF THE causes of these shortcomings we have some logical reasons given by Judge Mott. As a public school principal, a Sunday School man, a juvenile court judge and a father Judge Mott has come into intimate contact with boys of various types and in a variety of relations, and he studies the human element in a case first and the legal aspect afterwards.

"One of the main reasons why we have so many boy law-breakers," he says, "is that there is a rather common lack of appreciation of authority among our 'teen age young people. If the discipline at home or at school has been so lax or weak or spasmodic as to inspire nothing but contempt, we cannot hope for respect for authority in any form, even the laws of the state. The boy who grows up in this atmosphere is likely to develop into a reckless, uncontrolled type whose escapades have a strong tendency to go over the border from youthful dare-deviltry to the more serious offences listed as crimes. The other great cause of boy criminals is the overstrict home discipline which the boy knows to be unjust. A child has an innate sense of justice, and if this is sinned against, there is every danger that he may develop a morose, sullen, brooding nature with a tendency to the long-thought-out type of criminal adventure."

But what of the individual child who has perhaps inherited criminal traits from some bad old ancestor? The Judge doesn't take very seriously the dangers of heredity provided there are right influences functioning in the child's environment. He admits that a child may be born with criminal tendencies, but the very fact that these tendencies may be anticipated makes it possible to start early to counteract them—and no one should know better than the parents just what to expect.

Then there are the influences outside the home to be reckoned with — the moving pictures for instance. The Judge admits that some of them are bad enough. "But," he says, "you can't raise a plant in a hot house and expect it to withstand the elements when it has to go out of doors. Whatever quality of moving pictures we have in the neighborhood, our boys are likely to see a good many of them. The best safeguard would be to have them see the pictures with their fathers, and if there is anything to be explained away, it can be done before a wrong impression gets started."

AND the fortification against the "criminal" outbreaks which usually don't occur until the boy is fourteen or fifteen years old, must be begun early if they are to be wholly effective. As a psychologist and a tireless student of child nature, Judge Mott traces the causes of youthful delinquency back to the boy's babyhood through every stage of his natural development. There is the period of the first seven years when his all in all is his mother. During these years he "learns half of what he will ever know." The influence of this time lays the foundation for all the rest of his life—a fact which the mother may well treasure, because after this she will have to share her influence, and she can do no end of harm by failing to accept the new condition as a normal, happy state of affairs. One mother even came to the juvenile court clinic, grieving her heart out because her nine-year-old son refused to have her call him "darling." It can be easily understood that her tears and pleadings over this little contention might make the boy so miserable as to keep him away from home as much as possible.

From now on, under normal conditions the boy's father becomes his ideal. This is the period from nine to thirteen years when the boy becomes very independent, self-



The wholesome outdoor life of the boy on the farm contrasted with the popular exploit of breaking into a house through the cellar window.

asserting and daring. He goes around with a chip on his shoulder looking for someone to knock it off. He loves adventure, and the daring hold-ups in the movies make their strongest appeal now. This is also the time when the gang spirit develops: he likes to belong to a club and to take part in team games. If this opportunity is provided he is likely to develop a fine spirit of loyalty and to learn to sacrifice himself for the good of the team. If he has no team or club, he is more than likely to go with the street gang and to fall into all the traps that this leads to. He shows also at this time a fine sense of justice and a tendency to hero-worship. He loves his father if he's a good sport, or his teacher if he's a good sport, but he has an amazing gift of intuition and if his father or teacher fail him now they can't hope to have much influence with him later. This is also the chief habit-forming period of his life—it should be worth some special attention.

But the most difficult stage of a boy's career comes from fourteen to eighteen. He is self-conscious and sensitive, and more given to introspection than to frank discussion of his problems even with those who have been his erstwhile confidants. He is liable to suffer through the misunderstandings of the people around him in various connections, but one way in which both parents and educators err is in their failure to realize that at this time of emotional stir and nervous excitement a boy's occupation or education should provide a lot of physical activity and not too much mental work. This is perhaps the greatest ideal-forming period in a boy's life—it means everything to get him in touch with the type of people who will set his standards in right directions.

With this understanding and sympathy with the boy and his problems, the Judge would like more parents of "difficult" boys to make use of the court as a clinic before actual delinquency occurs. Consultations are absolutely confidential, and of such a friend to friend nature that boys themselves have been known to come for advice when they find themselves getting into trouble.

IN THE way of averting tendencies to juvenile law-breaking, or getting corrective work, where there has already been trouble, the Big Brothers' Association of Toronto has set some interesting precedents. To begin with, the secretary, Mr. Freer, has a very human sympathy with the boy who gets into the "delinquent" class. "As a boy I was always getting into trouble myself," he said, "and I wasn't up against the conditions the boy in the city has to contend with to-day. When I hear of a boy destroying property or breaking hydro lights, I know the real trouble is that he wants to do something with his muscles, and he may have to walk a mile before he finds a place where he can really exercise."

So the Big Brothers are using schools for boys' clubs in the evenings and getting them into gymnasium work at every opportunity. It is sometimes said that Mr. Freer has more faith in boxing clubs than in religion. "In any case," he says, "I would keep a boy off the streets. It's worth something to know where he is even if he's punching another boy's head off.

"And the movies, Oh, my gosh!" he exclaimed, "we have boys who go into a show at four o'clock and stay till ten without ever coming out for supper. And we aren't surprised that so many of them consider housebreaking the biggest adventure going. Those who come into court are usually found to carry a bunch of keys and a flashlight, and they steal things that can be of no possible use to them. Undoubtedly the movies are an influence to be reckoned with."

Very often a boy who seems to be going wrong in the city is persuaded to go out to a farm—not an industrial farm but a private place where he will have the influence of a good, normal home life as well as a healthful natural outlet for his surplus physical energy. Where the Big Brothers arrange this they are particular to place the boy with a farmer who will consider his need in the case rather than the amount of work he can be made to do.

MR. FREER tells of one case where this plan worked out particularly well. The boy was an unusually difficult type to reach. His mother had no contact with him; his father none; the school had turned him out and the Sunday School had given ihm up. His parents were good people and




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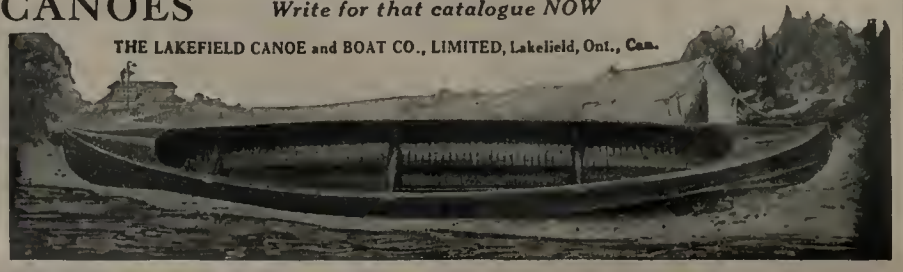





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# Maybe Adam Laughed at These?

*See page 58*

he had a comfortable home but he seemed to have no point of interest or sympathy anywhere. By accident the Big Brother discovered that he was fond of animals, and working from this cue he finally got him persuaded to go out to a farm.

From the first hour it appealed. When they drove into the yard a great collie dog came tearing out to meet them and the dog and the boy made friends immediately. The boy had never been able to have a dog in the city. Then the woman came out and showed them a flock of five hundred white Wyandotte hens. The boy had never seen such a living moving picture. He was beginning to sight his first earthly paradise. The woman was busy. "You can look around yourselves," she told them, "I must go back to the house and wash the dishes." But the Big Brother said that he and the boy would wash the dishes for her. He was anxious to get the boy in the woman's good graces, as well as to teach him from the beginning to want to help.

He stayed on at the farm and went to school. He passed every examination in the public school, and is working now for his matriculation and is planning to study electrical engineering. If his father cannot finance it there are several Big Brothers who will.

Nor is the most discouraging case ever hopeless. There was Jim, who was charged with stealing pigeons and placed on probation to the Big Brothers. He was thirteen years old, tall and well developed physically, and of a sullen, wilful, shy disposition which made him very difficult to approach. A few months after the pigeon stealing affair, he appeared in court again on a charge of truancy. On investigating it was found that there was absolute lack of control at home. Seeing that it was impossible to get him to go to school, the Big Brother got school exemption for him, and then he would neither work nor go to school. In June of the same year he enlisted in the army, and during the next three months, until the Big Brothers got his discharge as being under age, his military record showed three times absent without leave. For a while after he came back the Big Brothers somehow seemed to lose what hold they had on him until, while working in a factory, he had the tips of four of his fingers taken off in a machine, and he came to his old friends to see if they would help him to get compensation which they did. He received one hundred dollars and spent it on a joy ride to Detroit, returning with all his money gone.

He continued to call on the Big Brother once a week, however, and seemed to show some signs of improvement until he again appeared in the Juvenile Court charged with stealing and selling six bicycles. It was about the last straw to the Big Brother's patience, but he tried again and on his advice the boy helped the police to recover the bicycles. The Judge also helped things around the corner by giving Jim another chance.

Two days afterwards he secured a "position" cleaning railroad cars. "He came to me a few days after this," said the Big Brother, "and pulling a dirty, worn letter out of his pocket said, 'See this. Well, that's the letter you wrote me while I was at Kingston. I have kept it ever since, and have just realized that what you said was right.' With his first pay he bought a railway ticket to the country, and placing fifteen dollars in his mother's purse, insisted on her going for a holiday, even taking her to the station to make sure she did go. He is still cleaning cars and is making from thirty to forty dollars a week by working overtime. He has clothed himself respectably, although, boy-like, perhaps rather ultra-fashionably, has paid the taxes on the house and is helping to pay off the mortgage. Just lately he started a bank account. His present ambition is to become a railroad conductor. In his spare time he has painted the house, while previously he would not even clean the verandah or put out the garbage."

But what if the Big Brother had failed him at any stage of his hapless career when there was no promise on the horizon? The "seventy times seven" law would seem to apply also to the case of the "difficult" boy.



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Those tiny lines about the eyes, the flaccid throat, the drooping lips, the little hollows in the cheeks! Not always may they be translated into years gone by.

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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## How Rapid Will Recovery Be?

BUSINESS sentiment in Canada remains mixed in character. A stir in retail trade and some improvement in wholesale lines was partly due to Easter and partly to a recovery from the dullness of the previous six months. That the corner has been turned seems no longer in doubt, but how rapid the further recovery will be no one can say.

It is natural that the coming of spring should be a favorable condition, as it opens up outdoor work and ends the limitations imposed by a severe northern climate. Agricultural operations are already showing favorable features. The preparation of 13,000,000 acres of land on the farms of the three prairie provinces for 1921 crops, an increase of over 1,000,000 acres from last year, shows the unbroken courage of the West, and gives promise of another year of good returns from the soil. There is also an abundance of feed on the prairies, so that, if adversity should limit the production, the outlook for live stock for next winter would still be favorable.

In the East, wheat and clover have come through the winter much better than had been expected, and interest is reviving in hogs and dairying. If the primary producers of the country can adjust themselves to the decline in prices, the intrinsic conditions of production should shortly be favorable. Farmers at least will have the advantage of more and cheaper labor than has been the case for several years.

There have been waves of depression regarding another great basic industry, pulp and papermaking, but much of it is unfounded, and the result of the rebound in the stock market from the high prices for paper stocks which ruled during 1920. There is a reduction in output and some of the large mills are down to five days a week. There is also a reduction in the price of newsprint from 6½ to 5½ cents, but, in the face of that, we have repeated evidences of the profitable nature of the industry.

### Abitibi Profits

DESPITE the multiplication of its shares by five for one last year, Abitibi Power & Paper Company reports profits of $5,043,133, compared with $2,125,717, the new figure being equal to $14.45 per share. Similarly, the Riordon Company had record profits, and with such reports it is impossible to take a pessimistic view of the industry, making allowance for lower prices and somewhat reduced consumption. Another instance of industrial prosperity is the Canadian General Electric Company, which had net profits of $1,356,689, compared with $1,093,320, and was able to announce a 20 per cent. stock dividend to shareholders. Likewise, the Canada Steamships, Limited, which had been expected to show an unfavorable year, has net earnings exceeding $4,000,000, which is well up to the record established in the preceding year.

A few companies show declines in profits, but none of an embarrassing character. Reduction in or passing of dividend is a rarity in Canada, and it would seem that the surpluses built up during the period of war prosperity will enable most of the companies to continue their distributions to shareholders. There is the possibility that the renewed demand for commodities, following the end of the "buyer's strike," will steady prices in a degree that will lessen the down-curve so much to be desired. So far, however, the reductions have proceeded, generally speaking, in an orderly manner, and with great regularity. Financiers whose opinion is worth something look for fairly good business this year, with no spurt, and probably relatively little embarrassment.

### Governmental Economics

A VALIANT struggle towards reduced expenditure is being made by the Canadian Government, but with only partial success. The country awaits the Budget speech with its provision for doubtless new forms of taxation, or extensions of existing plans. Should the excess profits tax be dropped, as is expected, new sources of revenue must be sought, and general expectation is that a business turnover tax will be introduced. Main estimates submitted by Sir Henry Drayton for the fiscal year ending March, 1922, call for $582,000,000, or a reduction of $31,000,000 over the main estimates introduced a year earlier, the difference being virtually accounted for by the lowered appropriation for demobilization. There have been drastic cuts in departmental expenditures, amounting to more than $90,000,000, but this has been made necessary by the money that will be required for railway purposes, where, besides the apparently inescapable deficits, much will be needed for new equipment and betterments. Little is being spent in railway construction, and the old familiar item of harbors and rivers, where the small towns got a brand-new wharf as a patronage plum from the sitting member, has almost disappeared from the schedule.

Nations are beginning to face a renewed struggle for foreign trade. Production was so greatly increased during the war, plants extended, and new capital invested, that now, when peace has returned, suitable outlets are eagerly sought. The issue seems to be focusing on this continent through the advent to power of the Republican party at Washington. Canadians have foreseen complications from this cause, and one step in consequence has been renewed pressure on the British Government to abolish the embargo on cattle entering from this country. The importance of a market for Canadian cattle is seen in the fact that in one year Canada exported more than $50,000,000 of live cattle to the United States, though the quantity in the present fiscal year has decreased somewhat. Should the United States take action to put a prohibitive duty on Canadian cattle, wheat and other farm products; the embarrassment to agriculture would be serious.

Canada is not anxious again to face the setbacks wrought in previous years by such measures as the Dingley Tariff, and it is believed that even the Republican party itself is far from united. The vetoing of the Fordney Tariff Bill by President Wilson on the eve of his relinquishment of office suspends the matter for the time being. President Harding, however, in his inaugural address, said:

"Today, as never before, when peoples are seeking trade restoration and expansion, we must adjust our tariffs to the new order. We seek participation in the world's exchanges because therein lies our way to widened influence and the triumph of peace. We know full well we cannot sell where we do not buy, and we cannot sell successfully where we do not carry. Opportunity is calling, not alone for the restoration of business, but for a new era in production, transportation and trade."

President Harding's statement that the United States cannot sell where it does not









buy is the reassuring part of his declaration. It is a truth that is often overlooked, and which he may have trouble in having observed by Congress.

### Trade Credits

TRADE credits inevitably loom up as the new and popular means for facilitating export business. Canada's experience in this direction has not been a happy one in all cases, and recent discussion of a new organization to this end has failed to arouse enthusiasm with bankers. Roumania has been unable even to pay interest on the money advanced in credits for the purchase of goods in Canada. Belgium, after being granted a credit of $25,000,000 on condition that the expenditures were all made for Canadian goods, used only $277,744. The question is being discussed in Great Britain, where trade diminishes under the condition of financial chaos in many continental countries.

A keen British banker, F. C. Goodenough, chairman of Barclay's Bank, London, points out that, although it has been thought by some that remedial measures had better be left to private enterprise, the situation was open to this difficulty that in many instances the risks involved are neither banking, insurance, nor trading risks, but political risks, over which private enterprise can exercise no sort of control. Although a great volume of credits had already been granted to Europe since the armistice, he said, so little progress had been achieved that organized international action was needed before any satisfactory results could be secured. Suggesting international securities, Mr. Goodenough linked with it some form of international control in order that sound financial and economic principles might be insisted upon. This naturally raises the question as to the part to be played by the League of Nations and such subsidiary organizations as the International Financial Conference, but the League of Nations is a slow-moving body, and it still lacks membership of the United States, the country best fitted by ready and potential wealth to take a part in bringing the world's actual economic happiness. President Harding gave little encouragement for the United States' support of the League, though expressing goodwill to the world at large, but at a distance.

## Answers to Inquiries

E.W., *Markdale, Ont.*—While American Molybdenites, Limited, may turn out to possess a useful invention, it would appear that your opportunities for checking it up would be exceedingly limited, and there are many investments nearer home that would be more suitable.

A.F.B., *Summerside, P.E.I.*—You would appear to be correct in assuming that hides are at about rock bottom prices. There are signs of a revival of buying by leather manufacturers. If you like speculation in commodities, this might be as good as almost any other opportunities of the kind, but do not forget the fate of the men who speculated in hides last year.

A.B.G., *Lake Megantic, Quebec.*—We would consider the purchase of 100,000 Austrian crowns as exceedingly speculative. Austrian currency may be at its lowest, but the recovery of the country and its money is bound to be a slow affair. Austria is about the worst off economically of the European countries, unless it be Russia. You have always the risk that that country's paper currency may be repudiated, at least in part. German marks are a somewhat better risk, but still a poor trade for Canadian dollars. French francs are in a better position, but France's economic recovery will be slow and tedious. There are a hundred better ways of investing your money nearer home.

J.P.S., *Woodstock, Ont.*—Silverado Mining Company, according to information given to us, is an old Mexican enterprise, stock in which was sold some years ago. It is so difficult to keep in touch with an enterprise of that kind with properties so far off, in a troublous foreign country, that it does not look like an enticing place for your money.

H.S., *Waterloo, Ont.*—We have no information regarding Canada Salts and Potash. It is not in the Toronto city directory. Without some better address, we fear we cannot help you. You are at least entitled to a statement from the company, and would advise you to write at once strongly demanding it.

N.L.D., *Toronto.*—(1) You cannot well do better than invest your savings for a year or two in Dominion of Canada Victory bonds. You can secure these at prices to yield you from 5½ to about 6½ per cent. You would probably be wise to buy the 1924 or 1934, which are not exempt from the Dominion income tax, but the difference would be slight, if any, in your case. Victory bonds are always marketable, and there is a pretty general opinion that they will go up in price, so far as can now be foreseen. Other good investments are bonds of large eastern Provinces, like Ontario or Quebec; in fact there should be no serious objection to the securities of any of the Provinces, but the larger Provinces' securities are perhaps more easily sold at any time.

(2) The larger and sounder loan companies do not adopt the plan you mention in regard to accumulating funds.

H.B., *Toronto*—The Monarch Oil Co. is apparently a company operating in Southern Alberta. This field never got very far, and it appears to us that there are better outlets for your money even in oil ventures.

B.A.R., *Moose Jaw, Sask.*—Have no means of checking up the position of Women's World Publishing Co., of Chicago. Suggest you write to the British Columbia Financial Times, Vancouver, B.C., for information regarding America, Canadian Coal Co., of British Columbia.

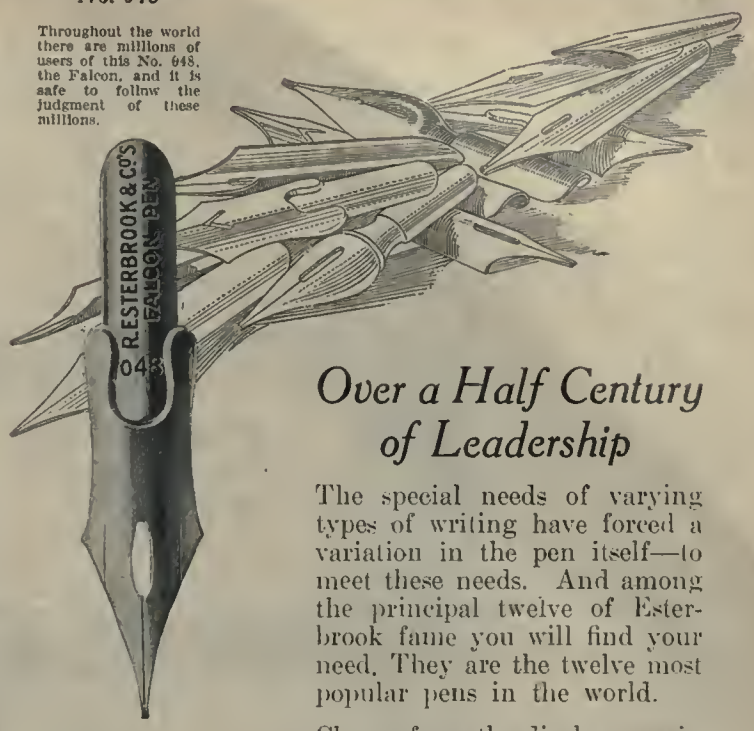
A.W.E., *Toronto.*—The investment in the bonds of the Province of Alberta, of course, is always a perfectly safe one. In regard to the preferred stock of the Winnipeg Electric this is a fairly safe investment. Your suggestion that it might prove "an extremely risky speculation" we could not agree with because all the information we have supports the view that from now on the financial position of this company will steadily improve. On the one hand, the company is receiving a considerable advance in railway fares and on the other hand the cost of operations, including wages and materials, will be decreasing. The company's annual statement showed a good increase for the year 1920 over 1919 and there should be a very substantial addition to the net earnings for 1921 over those of 1920. Not only have you the preferred stock but the bonus of common stock is a rather attractive addition with the possibilities, of course, of a dividend on this common stock in due course. If you were asking about an investment of some industrial company at the present time we would hesitate to advise you, but the position of street railway companies and power companies, that is what is known generally as public utilities, seems to be definitely on the upward grade.

### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing H. H. Black, Resident Editor, "The Financial Post," 128 Bleury St., Montreal.*


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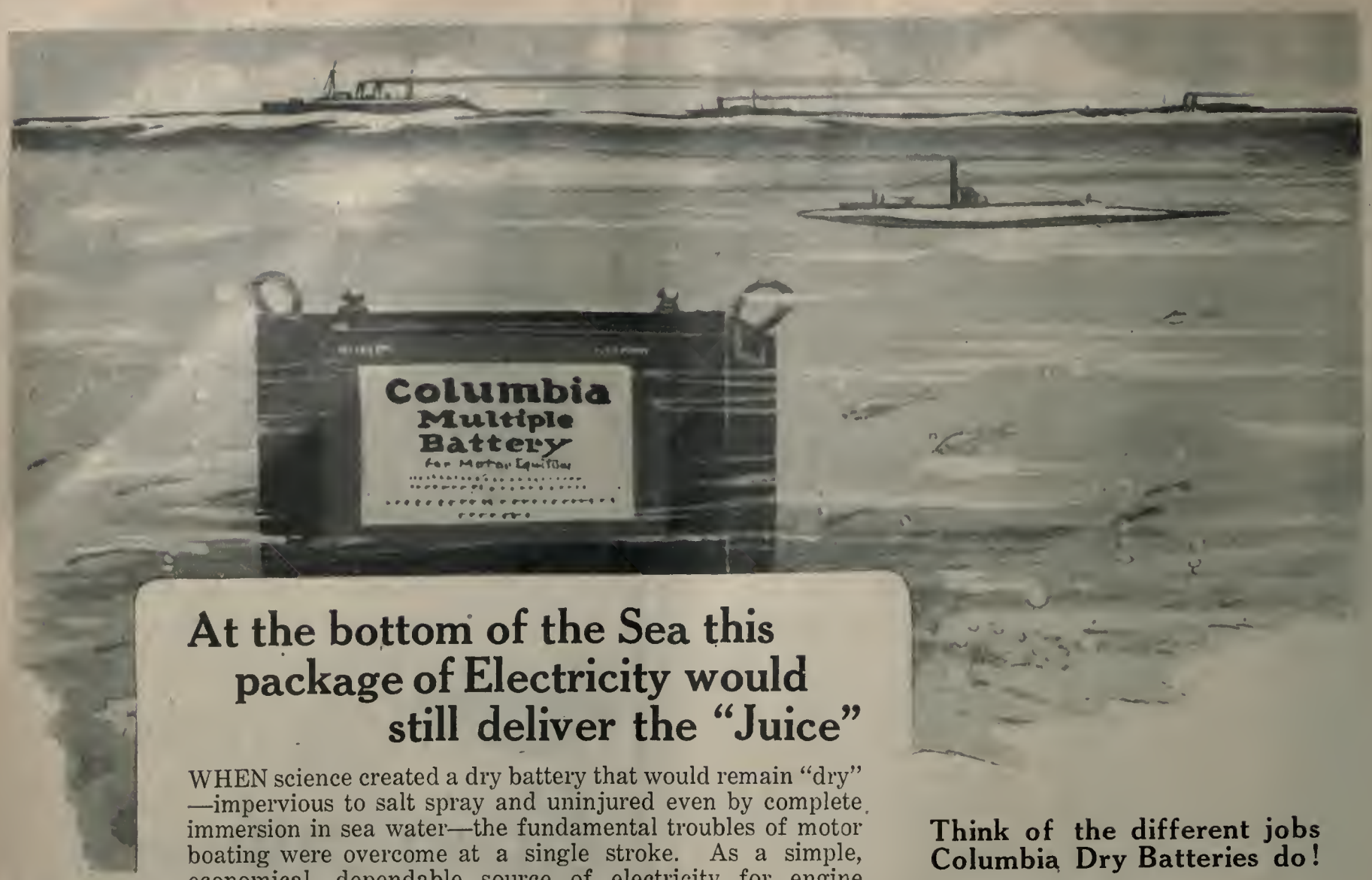


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VOLUME XXXIV. NUMBER EIGHT

# A JUNGLE MEAL TICKET

*By* STANLEY R. HOFFLUND

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ESSEX

IN THE animal tent old Zeke Fenner—advertised upon blazing circus posters as "Prof. Leonardo de Vachelli"—gazed with melancholy fondness upon "Leo, the Jungle King, the Largest Lion in Captivity." The splash of rain outside and inside the tent would have depressed the most buoyant of natures. It was a miserable night, a rotten night! Especially inside such a poorly-repaired tent.

But the noise of the rain was as that of a murmuring brook compared with the raging-river splashing of Leo. For the monarch of the jungle was devouring his customary evening meal of soup.

Zeke Fenner leaned dejectedly against the rather insecure bars of a cage even more ancient than the huge beast it confined. Gently the old man stroked the lion's massive head, which attention, contrary to all reports regarding the disposition of lions at meal time, seemed to please Leo. He actually purred between splashes of his greedy tongue in the soup basin. Zeke's fingers had a soothing way of prying through the coarse, tawny mane and getting right down to the animal's sensitive skull.

"Glad your hair aint follered your teeth, Gran'pa," the old animal trainer sighed, addressing the Jungle King by his own pet name. "It's bad enough having to make good in your act with only them two tusks left in your jaw, and them so loose I'm getting almost afraid to put bread in your soup. Lord help us if you ever lose your hair, Gran'pa! You and me would sure be goners in the show business."

From underneath a cage of monkeys on the opposite side of the tent, where a pile of straw and a blanket-wrapped form could be dimly seen, a hollow, discouraged voice assailed the splash-laden gloom.

"Seems to me we're all goners as it is, Zeke."

Such unqualified pessimism on the part of a close friend and circus brother acted upon the loyal nature of the lion trainer as a call of distress. With a brave simulation of cheerfulness he rushed to the rescue.

"Not so bad as all that, Red," he called to the shadowy form under the monkey cage. "The boss hasn't tied a can to your act yet, nor mine neither. Friedman may be a man without a human heart, but he's still paying the wages."

"Not mine, he aint," the hollow, discouraged voice complained. "I'm so scared he's going to drop me and the monks off the payroll that I aint dared face Mr. Friedman. I aint even collected my last week's pay."

RED'S tone quavered fearfully.

"Where will me and the monks go to get another job, tell me that! And what"—his voice hoarse with apprehension—"what will become of Dolly Ann? I've got to consider her, haven't I?"



Her future . . . is a domestic one, far removed from vulgar publicity.

Slowly Zeke Fenner withdrew his fingers from Leo's scalp, whereat the king of beasts, who had dozed off in an after-dinner nap, wakened to whine complainingly.

"Yes, you're right, Red," he admitted sadly.

"We've got to consider Dolly Ann."

From a can which exuded an outrageous odor Zeke smeared his fingers liberally with patent mange preventive, then went gravely back to his task of head stroking. He worked gently because he loved Leo, but firmly because he valued Leo's mane.

Red Swift, the monkey act man, rolled out of his blanket and off his bed of straw under the monkey cage. Only when times were hard and business prospects unpromising did Red deny himself the luxury of a hotel room. Recently his daughter, his beloved Dolly Ann, had been the sole member of Red's family of two who slumbered between real sheets upon a regular mattress.

Red Swift's was a pinched little face and a pinched little body. Perhaps constant association with monkeys had had a pinching influence upon Red's physique. With his knuckles he proceeded to make redder two little eyes which had been blinking from the flare of the tent torch. Listlessly he advanced across the tent to the cage where Zeke was so industriously combining business with pleasure in his massage of the Jungle King's scalp.

Slipping one arm between the bars of the cage Red proceeded to scratch the "largest lion in captivity" upon his monstrous nose.

Zeke Fenner eyed the monkey-act man pityingly.

"Worried most to death about Dolly Ann, aint you?" he inquired sympathetically.

"Wouldn't you be if you was her father and a big gorilla of a man like Solly Friedman wanted her?" Red's face was haggard with worry.

A snort of resentment from Zeke came almost simultaneously with one of indignant surprise from the Jungle King. Zeke's customarily gentle fingers could jab ferociously under sudden and adverse impulse.

"Aint I her gran'daddy?" he demanded with heat.

"Aint I as responsible for Dolly Ann's safety as you? And aint I—tell me honest now—aint I got twice as much common-sense as her own parent?"

"But if I took your advice, Zeke," Red protested wearily, "the chances are Dolly Ann would starve."

"Better starve her than feed her to a gorilla," Zeke growled. "Anyway she'd always have plenty to eat, with me an' Gran'pa on the job."

The Jungle King, his ears alone alert, turned to eye his master sleepily. Either a fly on the end of his nose, or assent to what Zeke had said, caused him to bob his massive head up and down twice, as though with ponderous acquiescence.

Red's gesture was one of desperation; plainly he was outnumbered. He appealed to the lion as much as to Zeke.

"How can I quit until I get the monks to Montreal where we may be able to get a new start with a better outfit? I aint got enough money—"

"I have," Zeke interrupted sternly. He withdrew his hand from Leo's scalp to better emphasize the arguments with which he proposed to down his partner in the safeguarding of Dolly Ann's welfare.

"How many times do I have to tell you, Red Swift, that I've got enough laid by to get us all to Montreal?"

"'Taint your business to be payin' our way," the monkey-act man retorted with a stiffness born of pride that would not be subdued.

"What's that?" Zeke made a motion as though he would hurl his can of obnoxious mange preventive into Red's startled face. But he changed his mind, smiled quietly, and placed the can upon the ground.



"He was drunk . . . he made it necessary for me to jump from his car into the rain. . . ."

"Look a-here now, Red," he said coaxingly; "there aint no use your denying that my responsibility over the girl is as great as yours. Aint I Dolly Ann's gran'pop? Didn't Dolly Ann herself accept me for a gran'daddy when I personally adopted her for a gran'child? Answer me them questions, Red Swift, and then tell me I aint got no rights at all over Dolly Ann."

Undoubtedly tears would have glistened in the blinking little eyes of the monkey-act man had he not been one of those game mortals who weep only for joy. Red Swift was seasoned to desperation, immune against emotional crises of grief; he had weathered gale after gale. But his tightly pressed lips quivered as he gazed back into the earnest, kindly old countenance confronting him.

"I can't let you do it, Zeke," he protested. "No"—when Zeke would have heatedly interrupted—"it aint because I'm jealous of the way Dolly Ann loves you. God knows, Zeke, I'm glad she does! You've been mighty good to that girl of mine. Bein' with you so many years, Zeke, she aint missed her mother so much Yes,"—with confessional solemnity—"Dolly Ann sure does think a hell of a lot of you."

He stiffened ever so slightly, defensively.

"Next to me, Zeke, she loves you more'n any one in the world."

"Gosh! You're lucky in being her father," Zeke exclaimed feelingly.

Red touched the older man lightly upon his shoulder. No caress could have conveyed more of real affection.

"It's because Dolly Ann and I think so much of you, Zeke," he admitted almost shyly, "that we can't allow you to spend on us the little nest egg you've saved up. Where would you and Leo go to get another job as good as this? You aint cubs no more, neither of you."

ZEKE FENNER turned his gaze upon his mammoth cat.

"No," he confessed sadly, "me and Gran'pa aint exactly what you could call young no more."

But the sudden smile which lighted his face was almost boyish.

"But we aint quite worn out yet, Red. We've still got enough red blood left in us to gamble on getting another meal ticket if we quit this cursed show of Solly Friedman's."

The monkey-act man shuddered.

"Yes, Zeke, you and Leo are born gamblers. Not the slightest doubt in the world about that. But I can't gamble on Dolly Ann's meal ticket."

"Gamble!" Zeke's eyes blazed fiercely. "Fine parent you are, Red Swift! Talking about gambling to me when you are stakin' the sweetest girl a father ever was blessed with against the honor of a man that you know aint got even a tiny streak of it. Gamble!"

Zeke Fenner stooped and poked a quivering finger deep into the can of mange preventive. Then he pointed the finger within an inch of Red's nose, with accusation truly odious.

" 'Got to consider Dolly Ann,' sez you," he quoted sarcastically. "Let me tell you right here and now, Red Swift, it's me that's considering the girl. Yes, me and Gran'pa. And us two have got too much sense to let her go on playing her dangerous game with Solly Friedman to keep his mind off firing you and me. That girl is plucky as you and me and Gran'pa put together, or she would not let that fellow get near her."

The strain of real concern, long-suffered worry, was in Zeke's voice.

"Friendman's not the kind that will be safely handled long, not even by a girl of her brains. Some fine night she'll go out with him in that big car of his, as she is to-night, and—"

A ringing laugh interrupted the old man's earnest warning. Such a laugh as to almost dispel the gloom of even such a rotten, such a worrisome night.

"Dolly Ann!"

She entered the tent at a run. But it seemed more of a dance. A remarkably incongruous entrance it was. Her pretty face was topped by a little hat that once must have been chic. But now it was so rain-soaked and bedraggled that it resembled a barnyard fowl caught out in a shower. It seemed to ooze down over her wet, shiny, abundant hair. A sodden cloak sought with its soggy heaviness to trip up the little dancing feet.

"Hello, Dad! Hello, Gran'daddy! Hello, Gran'pa!"

Dolly Ann kissed first her father, then Zeke, and then—right on his ferocious nose—the "largest lion in captivity."

The huge beast seemed to enjoy the girl's caress and the way she pulled his mane with both her small hands.

FOR a moment the men with silent, brooding thoughtfulness watched this beautiful child of the circus as she played with the great beast whose gentle good-nature so belied the bloodthirsty reputation the circus posters gave him. Dolly Ann was so young for a woman and Leo so old for a lion.

Presently Red Swift touched her wet cloak.

"Thought you was out with the boss to-night, Dolly Ann. Seems to me Mr. Friedman was mighty careless to let you get wet like this."

Dolly Ann did not turn away from the lion until she was certain her smile was under perfect control.

"Oh, Mr. Friedman did his best to keep me dry, Daddy," she said. "But I decided rather suddenly to leave him. So I jumped from the car."

"Dolly Ann!" Her father and his rival in safeguarding her welfare instantly grasped the girl's situation. The monkey-act man seemed struck dumb.

"You don't mean—"

Zeke, his face contorted with fury, choked before he could complete the question.

Still smiling, the girl kissed them both. Then she placed a hand affectionately upon her father's shoulder and one upon Zeke's, confronting them with a frankness as charmingly innocent as though her distress had been over a mere trivial annoyance instead of a brutally-inflicted outrage.

"No use to make much of nothing, boys," she laughed with a motherliness far beyond her eighteen years. "Mr. Friedman's behavior was perfectly excusable, some men would say. He was drunk, that's all. Only he was unusually drunk to-night. He offered me everything money could buy. Why"—with a sweeping, mocking gesture of proprietorship—"I could be half-owner of this circus right now if I had wanted to. Provided he kept his word. But of course"—with a laugh that contained more than a little unconquerable hysteria—"he couldn't have really meant that he wanted to marry poor little me."

The two men were staring at each other, Zeke's face full of indignant accusation. The monkey-act man's eyes fell.

"When I declined all his flattering offers," Dolly Ann went on gamely, "he—he made it necessary for me to jump from his car into the rain. Lucky I'm trained to land on my feet on slippery floors."

Her excitement had grown more and more difficult to control.

"Oh, he was in a fine temper; tried to follow me but slipped into a gutter. Then he took it out of the poor chauffeur. If he carries out the threats he shouted after me he's still hunting for his darlin'—hic!—'dor'ble—damfool little devil."

HER mimicry of an impotent drunkard was perfect.

The girl's strained nerves gave way to a rush of anger; her eyes blazed. She stood before the two men with small fists upraised. Her pose was that of a furious, beautiful little goddess.

"He's a beast!" she panted. "Vile! Oh, so vile! It's unspeakable!"

She struggled to regain control of her shattered faculties; the pain stamped upon the two old faces before her urged her to forget herself. The smile she forced was a thing to inspire tears.

"But I fooled him," she cried reassuringly.

Zeke Fenner put an arm around the waist of the girl he had personally adopted as a grand-daughter, drawing her away from her father. He glared upon Red sternly.

"Do we leave for Montreal to-night?"

The monkey-act man tremblingly assented.

With a happy chuckle Zeke seized him by both lean shoulders and shook him playfully.

"Buck up, Red," he laughed with an optimism which had a miraculously reviving effect upon the jaded nerves of his friend. Then he became brisk and business-like.

"Don't forget to pack up my tights, Dolly Ann," he called to the girl, who had started off to change her wet garments. "They're the only pair I've got left; I wouldn't lose them for anything. Not with all them darned places put on them by your own pretty hands."



"Yes, you're right, Red," he admitted sadly. "We got to consider Dolly Ann."

The overwrought girl's answering smile was an unqualified recommendation for Zeke's brand of nerve medicine, labeled Optimism.

Beside a few hundred dollars he had managed to save out of the returns of a poorly-paid circus act all Zeke Fenner owned in this world was his almost-worn-out lion and a suit of spangled tights in which he could display before a breathless public his supreme command over a

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# THE MORAL HAZARD

*By* GUY MORTON

IT WAS simply an unusual combination of chance and circumstances which first gave Louie Goldberg the impression that he could beat the game. Louie, having recently become the proud possessor of a five-hundred dollar jumble of cogs and wheels and other like mysteries, which only the radiantly optimistic would have called a motor-car, permitted himself to listen to the wiles of brother-in-law Abie Bernstein.

"You insure her, Louie, mebbe," Abie spoke in a voice whose very tone was a suggestion of hidden thoughts. "You insure, her, Louie, like all big men does. 'Cause you don' know mebbe vot's gonna happen to her. . . . "

Louie admitted that he had no way of reading the courses either of stars or of automobiles, so with the moral support of Abie Bernstein at his elbow he walked into a branch office of the Look-Alive Motor Insurance Company, and it was there that chance played into Louie's hand. "Chance" took the form of a Youth so keen to write up his first insurance policy that he totally overlooked the fact that Boss McCurdy was out of town and that there are certain business formalities which must be observed in the placing of all policies.

When Louie Goldberg, sizing up Youth and inexperience as the legitimate prey of nimble wits, valued his jumble of machinery at four thousand dollars, Abie Bernstein promptly raised the bet.

"You forget, Louie, vot I just been offerin' you, vive t'ousand dollars for that car vot you wouldn' take. And yet you go to vant to insure her for four t'ousand. Vot ails you, Louie?"

Youth, knowing not the wiles of the world, and envisioning only the look of approbation which Boss McCurdy would beam upon him at the sight of that big premium, shortly permitted Louie Goldberg to walk forth into the cold temptation of a whispering world, with Abie Bernstein at his elbow, and with a five thousand dollar policy on a five hundred dollar remnant of some other citizen's mis-spent days.

It was a week later when Boss McCurdy walked into his office and plunged immediately into the stack of business with which time had cluttered his desk. It was an hour later when he startled the office by a bellowing sound which resembled the pangs of some animal in distress.

Youth rushed to the rescue. Youth found him empurpled, and vigorously waving in the air a paper which looked like an insurance policy duplicate.

"Get Goldberg, quick. Get him here, anyway. . . any how. . . do it. . . "

For Boss McCurdy had a presentiment. He was not without experience, and he knew that five-thousand dollar policies purchased over the counter were as rare and were apt to be as flavorless as winter strawberries.

### Certainly We Pay—Maybe

IT WAS near the noon hour when Louie Goldberg, wearing a wan expression upon his mobile features, slipped through the doorway from the main office into the private den occupied by Boss McCurdy. Louie's attitude was that of one who seeks rather than that of one who is sought.

"The Boss? You him?" Louie asked, with a quaver in his voice.

Boss McCurdy nodded, and the grimness about his lips deepened. Chance, he could see quite plainly, had played against him.

"My beautiful car. You insure her. For vive t'ousand. . . ."

McCurdy's lips lost none of their grimness "Go on," he begged.

"She burn. Last night she burn. She aint not'ing now but cinders. . . I come for that vive t'ousand. . . ."

"You don't surprise me in the least, Mr. Goldberg," McCurdy returned, with a marked flavor of bitterness. "Fires, automobiles and insurance policies have a strange way at times of getting mixed up on the pages of Fate. . . ."

"Vot's that you mean?" Goldberg demanded, with a quiver about the nostrils, which showed anger, assumed or otherwise.

Boss McCurdy paused to study the man before him. After a full minute of this, he decided that Goldberg was possessed of a shrewdness, and of little twinkling eyes, which could not be despised.

"I said we would have to get all the particulars of the fire, for our records," McCurdy found himself regaining some of his calm business judgment. "Tell me all about it, how it happened, when. . . "

"She run over a bank and burn. Vot more you want to know?"

"Everything," McCurdy pressed with such vigor that Goldberg told his story with a wealth of detail and lamentation which might well have softened the heart of Boss McCurdy except for that five-thousand-dollar payment staring him in the face.



Wrecked and burned cars, on which owners claimed insurance.

In the end, he learned that Goldberg, accompanied by Bernstein, had been caught at night on the River Road; the car had slipped over the bank, turned turtle, caught fire, and not even the waters of the adjoining river had been sufficient to prevent the "beautiful car" from becoming a wreck of cinders.

"You pay?" Louie demandedat the end, with all eagerness. "You pay me that vive t'ousand for my beautiful car. I don' know, but Abie he say you gotta pay. . . ."

"Certainly we pay. Drop around in a week for your check."

### Louie's Claim Goes "Floo-ey"

THE rest of Louie Goldberg's story has to do with the experience of Billy Stoutman, the insurance adjuster. Stoutman makes a comfortable living out of the doubts of the insurance agents, and in such cases as that offered by Goldberg he often acquires a certain amount of satisfaction as well. After an interview with Boss McCurdy, Stoutman took to the trail and he followed the pathway of Louie Goldberg and Abie Bernstein through a week of infinite patience. At the end of that week he made his report to McCurdy.

"The night of the fire they bought gasoline at two stations," Stoutman's report was a verbal one. "They filled the tank, and carried a five gallon can in the back. The fire did not take place at the bottom of the bank, as Goldberg claimed, but on top. There are marks of the fire on the grass and on the trees, and no marks of fire on the bank below. There were marks on the ground which showed that after the car had been burned on the bank above, it was pried over the edge with poles. It was a 1909 model instead of a 1919, as the policy states, and there were no headlights, or tools in the tool box. . . "

"What does that mean?" McCurdy demanded, as Stoutman paused significantly.

"It means that Goldberg is a cautious soul. I found where he disposed of the tools and headlights in a second-hand store on the afternoon of the fire. Goldberg believes in economy. . . ."

"He is outside now, waiting for his check," McCurdy had not lost any of his grimness. "We will have him in."

Louie Goldberg sidled through the door, and his twinkling eyes grew smaller still as he noted the presence of Billy Stoutman. In this moment he sorely missed the guiding mind of Abie Bernstein, for it was Abie who had first tormented him with those whispering wiles.

"This is Mr. Stoutman, who has just told me all the particulars of your fire," McCurdy decided to hit hard in the moment of Goldberg's weakness. "Would you like to go to jail for fraud or for arson, Mr. Goldberg?"

Goldberg's eyes blinked in their restlessness. But he did not answer. He was fighting for time, fighting for that nimbleness of wit which would tell him what Abie would do under such a sudden strain.

"Show him the sales tickets for the headlights and tools, and the five hundred dollar receipt for the car," McCurdy spoke crisply, hitting hard while the other wavered. Stoutman shuffled some papers.

"Oh, my God, no. Don't send me to jail," Goldberg broke down abruptly. "My vife, she is sick. Two wee little babies. . . "

Like many another man, Louie Goldberg was saved because of the possession of helpless humanity. He escaped by merely signing off all claim against the insurance company, and he did not even ask for the refund of his premium. At the same time he learned the lesson that when one goes out to beat the game, there are always just as keen brains on the side of the law as there are against it.

### Where the "Moral Hazard" Comes In

WHILE it is not the misfortune of the average automobile insurance company to have cases like the above to contend with frequently, still it is a possibility which all of them have to take into consideration when issuing policies. On the whole, the reports from the policy-issuing concerns with regard to the integrity of the motorists is a flattering one, as the percentage of crooks who creep into the game and who make deliberate attempts to profit from the possession of the protective policy on a car is not high. Ask the average insurance man how high it runs, and he will probably say:

"Less than one per cent. A fraction of one per cent., and a small fraction at that. It is an unusual man who insures his car for anything other than the protection which the policy will give."

But that fraction of one per cent. is an element which cannot be overlooked by the insurance company which has any aversion to being bitten, and there are certain periods when the eyes of the insurance adjusters—whose duty it is to keep a lookout for this particular type of bandit—have to be the most keenly alert. The term which is generally applied to cover such cases is called "the moral hazard," and the moral hazard becomes most acute when the price of cars is on the drop.

"If a man insures his car when the cost is steadily on the increase," the insurance expert explains, "there is never any fear that he will go in for deliberate destruction. He could not afford it, for the nature of the policy protects against that. Ninety per cent. is the highest fraction of value which any company will insure for. But the time we start to do our thinking is when the price of cars drops. That is where the moral hazard begins. The moral temptation starts when a man finds himself face to face with a stark loss on a downward car market."

It is because of this situation that the unusual car owner sometimes listens to the little whispering voice that perhaps, if he can only saddle the loss upon the shoulders of the insurance company, he can creep out himself. In the past decade, since the insuring of cars became popularized, men have answered to that lure in many ways, and their feet have been tripped up on many an unexpected obstacle.

The care which some men will take in their attempts at crookedness shows a resourcefulness which could not fail to bring success in lines of honest endeavor, but the surprise element which so often enters cases of this type has been a decided shock to many an amateur crook. Here is one illustration:

Reginald Roamer was of the type which prides itself upon thoroughness. Reggie was resident in a small town in

Western Ontario, and to all appearances he was a respectable citizen. He was possessed of a five-year old car and a wife. Neither liked the other, doubtless on account of mutual contempt for age. At any rate, Reggie found that the only hope of domestic peace in this world lay in the purchase of a new car. He discovered, as well, that the means were lacking, but like many another man who has found dishonesty more easy to face than the bickerings of the hearth, he decided to use—or misuse—his brains. There was that insurance policy on the car, which, if it could be collected, would be worth several hundred more than any dealer would allow him for the five-year-old ruin.



So Reggie spent a full week in sincere observation of the mechanical weaknesses of the ruin, and in casual conversation with the garageman. At the end of that time, he was ready.

Being a thorough believer in proper stage settings, Reggie called around one afternoon for the minister. For there must be some witness to his rigid honesty, and who could possibly be better than the minister?

"Doesn't work well on the hills," the minister observed casually, after the five-year-old ruin had failed to make creditable showings on certain hills of Reggie's choice.

"Back-fires," Reggie responded briefly, as he began to doubt the fidelity of the garageman.

For the garageman had informed him that, under the proper amount of mishandling on hills, any car can be made to back-fire with tremendous explosions. The garageman must have lied, for though he had mishandled the car to the extent of getting countless back-fires, there had not yet been one of them severe enough to set ablaze that piece of oil-soaked waste which Reggie had so carefully deposited in direct line with the escaping sparks. Evidently the garageman. . . . .

Ripppety. . . rip. . . roar. . . That was a beauty, the best back-fire he had gotten yet. Perhaps he was just getting on to the hang of it. . . The next hill should do the trick.

"Surely it must be dangerous," the minister exclaimed uneasily, some third of the way up the next hill, when there came an explosion of such deafening intensity that Reggie Roamer smiled placidly to himself.

"Afraid it is," Reggie returned. "I kind of smell smoke. We'd better stop."

### The Scientific Back-fire

BUT Reggie waited for a few more yards. That oil-soaked waste, he knew, was now well ablaze, but one could never be quite sure of the minister. There was just the chance that he might know how to put out an incipient fire of this nature. Reggie stopped, locked the brakes, bounded down lightly, then immediately threw up his hands in a fever of excitement.

"We're on fire," Reggie screamed, with as much excitement as though he had not known it all along. "We're on fire. Do something. For heaven's sake, do something."

Ordinarily the minister might have accomplished something to the ruin of Reggie's plans, but excitement, being of infectious nature, hampered his efficiency. Reggie stamped and shouted and roared. He dashed here and there, and achieved his desire, which was to bring about the minimum of handicap to the natural progress of the fire.

"I'll run for water. . . Farm house. . . Keep away from gas tank. . . Explosion. . ."

With these gasping words, Reggie Roamer was gone. He ran with such fever that he managed to trip and spill the first pail of water. Seeing no way to avoid arriving with the second, he arrived with it, in time. Upon arrival, he recalled the words of the garageman.

"Water, poured on burning oil, will spread a fire instead of putting it out. . . "

So Reggie lifted the hood and found that the fire was burning most pleasantly in the drip pan which he had so thoughtfully supplied with oil and waste. Then Reggie slashed the water in, and the direct result was substantial proof of the garageman's theory. At the same time, with the minister on the far side of the car, Reggie was able to loosen the gasoline overflow from the carburettor. The fire was assuredly a gratifying one, and there had not been a weak point in his reasoning.

Then Reggie ran for more water. When he returned, the car was the wreck which he desired it to be.

Reggie Roamer collected his insurance. The wife got the new car, and it was three years before Reggie's pride in his unusual achievement burst its natural bonds. It burst in the form of a little quiet advice to a neighbor who likewise had a wife with a strong contempt for antique cars. But the neighbor had a tongue which wagged. In time the story reached the insurance people, but it never got to the courts. For Reggie Roamer had a certain amount of native caution, and he had not said quite enough to convict him. Quiet pressure was all that was needed to induce him to refund the amount of which the insurance company had been defrauded, and after that the case was allowed to drop. Reggie Roamer is still regarded in the haunts of his Western Ontario town as a respectable and honorable citizen.

Often the wrecking of a motor car, in order to collect the insurance, is a simple thing, and the very simplicity makes it difficult for the insurance companies to check the matter up and put the wrecker in any essential place of confinement. In view of that, there are some companies which feel that they have paid many a policy where the accident or the burning was a deliberate one, but where they had not the least backing to their suspicion upon which to work. That is often the case regarding thefts.

For instance, should John Jones' limousine be stolen from a down-town street to-night, how could any company ever hope to prove that Jones deliberately left the car on an unfrequented street where prowling bandits would be most apt to look, that he neglected to take the key with him, and that he did everything which it was humanly possible for a good-natured citizen to do to assist the thieves in making an easy get-away? How could they prove that he had been leaving the car down town every evening for a month, in the same unprotected manner, and with the same hope that the thieves would favor him with a visit? They might discover that the theft insurance upon the car was full protection for its value; they might recognize that John Jones had absolutely nothing to lose by such a misfortune; but what could they prove? Absolutely nothing, unless Jones had been unwise enough to work openly. And that is where the moral hazard comes in again.

There have been a few John Joneses who did not play the lone hand in the theft of their own car. For instance, take the case of the Jones who lived in Ottawa.

Jones, like Reggie Roamer, believed in the proper stage setting. So he invited some friend in for the evening. The time was to be spent at penny ante. Jones had deliberately selected a friend who did not possess a car. That gave him the excuse to cross town for the friend, and when they arrived at the house they parked the car on the street beside the cars of the other penny ante fiends. Jones made a fuss about locking all cars. He made such a show of it that everybody could say afterwards that Jones had locked his car and taken the key inside.

Yet, at midnight, when the guests poked their noses outside the door, there was a general gasp of astonishment. "Jonesy, your car has gone for a run."

### But Fate Queered his Pitch

IT WAS a fact. Jones' car, out of the line-up of four, was the one to be taken. Jones, having been able to foresee such an event, knew the exact amount of indignation and excitement to display, and he did it so well that no one could possibly have suspected collusion with the thieves, except for a little flip of misfortune which flew into the face of the thief. For the thief was John Jones' brother, who had been provided with a duplicate key, and who, through the kindess of his heart, had agreed to steal the car upon this particular night and leave it stranded just outside the city of Hull with the maximum of damage. That policy, if carried through, would have meant a new car for John Jones; but Fate, being a nosey person, stepped in.

Fate stepped in twice, as a matter of fact. The first time was when a neighbor of John Jones happened to look through the window and recognize the brother as he drove away. The second time was just beyond the city of Hull when the volunteer thief, in loyalty to his brother and in total disregard for the insurance company, got out of the car, aimed it at a telegraph pole, and then suddenly turned on the gas. That act achieved a maximum of ruin which would have delighted the heart of John Jones. . . under other conditions. But in this case the brother was likewise observed, by a French-Canadian who was so interfering as to communicate the fact to the police. The result was Jones lost both car and insurance, and he gained in return a valuable lesson.



Down on Pearl street in the city of Toronto there is a garage run by Henri Montgrain, and up on the Don Mills Road there is a home which Mr. Montgrain occupies. From time to time, as happens to most garagemen, Mr. Montgrain has had to rebuild cars which came through wrecks or fires with some semblance of value left in them. In the past year and a half, he says there have been seven automobile fires along a rather secluded strip of the Don Mills Road, and even before the happening of the story which he tells, he had lost a certain amount of his faith in the bona fides of those fires.

### Seven Fires Along One Strip of Road

"SEVEN fires along one strip of road, even if it is an out-of-the-way place at midnight, is a pretty fair record," Mr. Montgrain remarked, "but even at that I was not trying to catch anybody burning their car. It was just chance. I had come home late at night, when I heard a car stop down the road a-ways. Soon another car came along, and it stopped too. I didn't think anything of it until I saw that the men got out of both cars. So I slipped down the road a distance, and suddenly I saw flames pouring out of one of the cars which had been run in the ditch. Shortly after that, everybody got into the one car and drove away, leaving the second car burning by the roadside."

When Mr. Montgrain got to the car, it was blazing merrily enough, but he could see that waste had been placed around in various positions to encourage the flames. On the face of it, the incident was a deliberate burning, the owner of the car even having taken the precaution to have another car along in order to avoid the walk back to the city. Naturally, one would expect to see a case like that end in the police court, but doubtless owing to premature publicity given the incident, there was no court proceeding. At any rate, Mr. Montgrain notified the insurance company, some of the bare details got into the newspapers in advance, and though the insurance company sat down and waited long and patiently for the firebug to come and claim his insurance, he never made the claim. He lost his car, but whether or not he learned his lesson is another matter, for Mr. Montgrain has more to say about it.



"There was another case on the Don Mills Road very much the same," he went on, "except that this time it was my assistant who saw it. The two happenings were only a few months apart, and the places where the cars were burned were only a few hundred yards apart. There seems to be a fine spot on the Don Mills Road for wrecking cars. My assistant who lives up that way too, saw the fire in much the same way that I saw the one I have told about."

In this second case, the car had evidently been prepared in advance, as oil-soaked waste was found about it in the morning. But no one seems quite to know what was the ending to that firebug's activities, for the wreck of the car was left lying by the roadway for several days.

### Why Aren't More Cases Taken to Court?

TO THE public, the strange part of it will be to know why there are not more of these cases appearing in the courts of the country. One must admit that it does seem to be unusual, but, from what can be learned, the insurance companies are not anxious to take their clients to court unless they are absolutely forced to do so by circumstances.

"We insure a man. His car burns or is wrecked. What right have we to infer that it was anything other than a straight accident?" That is the way one insurance representative put it, when asked why the courts are not filled with such cases. "It would be unfair to the class of clients we insure to suspect them of anything crooked. Of course we have an insurance adjuster, and if there is any inference that the accident or the fire was a deliberate one, we get to the bottom of it, but it would not be fair to the average man to go about with a suspicious mind, wondering if every fire was planned to get the insurance."

Further, in the bulk of such happenings there appears to be a definite amount of uncertainty which the ordinary juryman would have difficulty in solving. Here is an example where the insurance officials were absolutely satisfied in their own minds that there had been attempted fraud, but where, one must admit, fraud could not be proved.

A young gentleman, Frank Fairfield by name, lived down at St. John, New Brunswick. He purchased a brand-new car, paid for it outright, and went buzzing along his way. He took out his insurance in the ordinary way, and everything went along smoothly for three months. Then the car got into a mix-up, which was a combination fire and wreck.

"Straight case of accident," the adjuster reported to the higher officials. "Pay at once."

The company did pay at once.

It was by chance only that the official, whose name happened to be Baxter, began to chat about accidents with another insurance man in St. John.

"Let me tell you about the Fairfield case," he remarked, and immediately he told about the accident to the Fairfield car. But before he had finished his story, he noticed a look of consternation upon the features of his fellow insurance man.

"What's wrong, Bob?" Baxter demanded.

"You paid Fairfield?" Bob asked anxiously.

"We did," Baxter informed. "Straight case of accident."

*Continued on page 49*

# NIGGER, STOP DAT FIGHT

## By ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

WANTED:—*Phaeton buggy. One with side-lamps preferred. Apply to Lenix Ballister, Town Constable, Chatville East.*

BUD HAWKINS, the Bridgetown Yellow Hope, read this item in the *Echo*, as he loafed in the steam-heated rotunda of the Mansion House, a smile of derision on his lantern-jawed face. Outside, the street stretched emptily towards sweeping common, mantled in newly-fallen snow. Inside, the aroma of fried fish mingled soothingly with that of the cigar between Bud's teeth. Save for himself and the short-sighted clerk adding figures behind the office counter, the rotunda was empty of life; but from the long bar off the room where kickless temperance drinks were dispensed to the common herd, and drinks not so kickless to the chosen few, a murmur of voices bespoke the early morning gathering together of kindred spirits.

Through the green baize swinging doors of that bar a big negro came soundlessly into view, just as Bud had folded up the paper and placed it in the pocket of his trench overcoat. His frowning eyes took in the Yellow Hope in minute scrutiny, detailing plaid golf cap, red sweater, checked suit, overcoat, and finally, the black cigar which Bud was so enjoying. Then, with the mien of a general who has caught a subordinate recklessly breaking army rules, he strode forward, and snatching the black cigar from the boxer's mouth, threw it into the cuspidor.

"Lisn' yo', Bud," he said angrily, checking the sullen protest of the yellow negro by pushing him violently back into his chair. "Ef yo' all insists on breakin' trainin' dis way, same's yo' been doin', yo'll have ter get anudder manager. I's plum sick ob tryin' ter work yo' back inter condition. Hayr we are wif de fight only two weeks off, an' yo all behavin' like a Jim Jeffries er a Jack Johnson. Swill an' dope don' go han' in han', nohow, wif boxin', an' yo's goin' ter fin' it out, same as udders have."

"But look yo', Ben," remonstrated Bud, gazing longingly after his banished cheroot. "Yo' knows yo' own se'f dat I don' hab ter train bery hard ter put dat Homer Hudson ter mat fer de count. He's a 'Has Been' wif mos' ob der 'has' wore off; dat's what he is. Yo' knows dat well's I does."

"Eben so, Bud, but I also knows dat coon carries a wallop in bofe fists dat's put more'n one know-it-all pug ter his knees. Look how dat nigger fooled Jim Larkspur an' Bill, de Wil'-cat—not so long ago eder. Dat Homer didn' earn no championship wifout knowin' how, so don' fool yo'rself."

"Dat's all hunky, but dis hayr fight's *fixed*," said Bud in low, guarded tones. "Yo' all orter know dat. Aint yo' de feller done fix it? Aint I goter lay down to dat Homer anyhow? Whyso, den, mus' I gib up my smokes an' do road work, an' box fo' hours er day? Answer up dat."

"Ans'er up I will, Bud. Yo's goter train, kase I say train. Jes' so long as I's doin' de trainin' you's goin' ter do as I say, so dat ends it. Now if dat's firmly fixed in yor fertile min', sposin' us go up ter yo'r room an' look dat contrac' ober ag'in. Dere's one er two fings I'm not quite clear on."

BUD picked up his coat and led the way up two flights of stairs to a back bedroom. His manager sniffed the air of the cluttered room suspiciously as they entered. Several empty bottles were piled in a corner; a tray heaped with cigar butts rested on the table beside a pack of cards; pink pages torn from sporting supplements showing prize-fighters in all the distorted and unnatural postures fighters will assume when posing for the camera adorned the smoke-stained walls. Between them a large portrait of Bud's mother smiled urbanely above the fixed, set faces of those man-eating pugs like the queen of all the pugilistic world.

The trainer's eyes dwelt for but a fleeting second on these pictures. They dwelt longer on the mute evidences of the "night before." However, he took the chair Bud pushed towards him without comment, and from an inner pocket produced the contract.

"Now, Bud, us'll read dis ober togedder," he said, as he spread the sheet on the table.

It read: Contract of Agreement between Homer Hudson, Champion heavyweight of Kent County, and Bud Hawkins, Challenger of same.

*Stipulation No. 1*:—Challenger to deposit five hundred dollars guarantee of good faith at time articles are signed, said deposit to divert to the challenged person, to wit, Homer Hudson, in case challenger, to wit, Bud Hawkins, fails to meet him in battle on the appointed night.

*Stipulation No. 2*:—The fight to be a no-limit one, with four-ounce gloves.

*Stipulation No. 3*:—The choice of referee to be agreed upon between champion and challenger.

*Stipulation No. 4*:—The purse to be $100.00 a side and half the gate receipts. Winner take all.

*Stipulation No. 5*:—Place of battle: White's Skating Rink, Chatville East.

Time: Night of December 10th, 19—.

Price of Admission: Good seats $1.00; Rush Seats, 50cts.

To all and singly of which the undersigned agree.

Signed: Homer Hudson (Champion).
Bud Hawkins (Challenger).

In the presence of Abe White (X, his mark)
Champion's Manager.
Ben Jones,
Challenger's Manager.

"See anyfing in dat contrac' not quite clear ter yo', Bud?" asked Jones, the perusal through.

"Why it looks all right ter me, Ben," returned Hawkins. "Yo' see anyfing wrong dar yo' own se'f?"

"Noo-o, not 'xactly," frowned the trainer. "I'se finkin' still dat we was jes' a li'l hasty in puttin' up dat guarantee money, dough."

"BUT, Ben, dat Abe White, he sneer like he fink I was a flunker," cried Hawkins. "Yo' all heerd what dat nigger say 'bout a rooster crowin' hard till come time ter fight, den not bein' nowhar ter be seen. Dat Abe 'sinuated dat I was a runnin' a bluff, an' I had ter show him co'se I don' min', kase I gets dat five hunner back agin all hunky."

"Yo' means yo' gets a part ob it, Bud. Mem'er I helped make up dat deposit an' it make me scrape deep ter do it. If us didn't hab ter put up dat guarantee, us ud had lot more coin ter bet, see?"

"Shucks! Ben, I kin borrie five hunner' dollars, so dat needn't worry yo' none;



"Lisn' yo', Bud," he said angrily, ef yo' all insists on breakin' trainin' dis way, same's yo' been doin', yo'll have ter get anudder manager."

'sides, I aims ter sell dat phaeton buggy I got in raffle."

"How so? Nobuddy want dat ole buggy, nohow."

"Jes' yo' wait and see. Look yo', Ben. See dis hayr advertisement in paper? Who all yo' fink wanter buy a phaeton? Look yo', read."

Bud had plucked the paper from his pocket and was pointing to the item that had caught his attention earlier.

Jones read it now, with knitted brows, failing somehow to echo the yellow negro's elation.

"Didn' dat Len Ballister know yo' win dat phaeton?" he asked, looking hard at Bud.

"Mebee so. Why, Ben?"

"Oh, nuffin', nuffin' at all."

Jones folded the paper and passed it back to Bud. "Only it seem odd dat he advertise fer phaeton buggy, knowin' dat yo' hab one fer sale, dat's all."

"Lordy, Ben! What yo' suspicionin' now?" flared Bud. "I do declar' yo's de most suspicious coon I eber met."

"Dat's all right," returned Jones placidly. "But jes' yo' pl'ase ter remember I knows dis same Len right an' plenty, an' dat coon kin histe yo' ter high hebin wif his sof' words an' pick de fillin' out yo' teef wif his nimble fin'ers at same time. Oh, I knows what I's articulatin' all hunky. Howcome he advertise in Bridgetown paper?" he asked, suddenly. "Whyfer he don' advertise in Chatville one?"

"Well, how does us know he didn', Ben? Mebee so he advertise in dat paper too."

"Well," Jones rose and buttoned his overcoat. "Sell him dat contraption yo' calls a phaeton if yo' kin', only 'member yo' got a prize-fight comin' off, an' jes 'member too dat yo' beat dat Len up once. I'm advisin' dat yo' keeps dese fings in min'. Now den," he spoke from the door, "I'se off ter trainin' quarters, an' yo' peel dem glad duds an' get down dar in half an hour. Ef I don' sweat de booze an nicotine dat yo' imbined las' night outin' yo're system befo' nightfall, I'll won'er why." And he went out, slamming the door behind him.

IT WAS late at night, at least for the village of Chatville East—almost ten o'clock. A full moon flooded the white world with radiance; big stars swung low above the lightless negro homes; few sounds broke the stillness—a dog's bark in the far distance, the faint tinkle of a banjo, and a negro's voice in song, the opening and shutting of the door of Abe White's pool room, as the tardiest of the hangers-on took his departure.

Chatville East lay wrapped in peaceful, law-abiding repose. One would scarcely have recognized in her the wild and devil-may-care place of two short weeks ago, when yellow lights had been wont to blink from many of those dark windows until the glow of dawn shamed them into smoky insignificance. No midnight roisterers made night hideous with ribald song now. No stalking, stealthy forms cleaved the morning mists on their way to make explanations as best they could to wives who had long since ceased to believe that marriages were made in heaven. No! All this was over and done. The new constable of Chatville East had seen to this and had seen to it pretty thoroughly, as could be proven by the filled police-dockets of Greater Chatville. Constable Lenix Ballister had broken all records in Kent County capital for one week's arrests and convictions. Not since the time of the Wagon Works strike had so many black and yellow faces turned supplicatingly towards the aged and overworked Judge McDool during a single police-court session, and pleaded for leniency.

"Len," the old judge said at the close of the first week of the new constable's endeavor. "You're doing a great work, my boy. Keep it up. Keep it up."

"Jedge, I sure aims ter do dat same," Len answered, "but I'se goin' ter lose a heap ob good frien's adoin' my duty, sure am. Come 'long later on, when us had dem bad niggers eatin' outin our han', so's ter speak, would yo' all be willin' ter 'low dem a lil' jamborie—like a lil' boxin'-match, fer instance, jes' nuff, Jedge, ter let dem see we aint aimin' ter be kill-joys altogedder?"

"Why, it might be a good idea, Len," supported the judge. "Go ahead, and make any arrangements you like towards that end. I'll back you."

And with this assurance, Lenix had been well pleased indeed. The Hawkins-Hudson bout was now a sure thing beyond all question.

TO-NIGHT Lenix sat before his fire in his socked feet and shirt sleeves, polishing the nickle-plated badge of office on his vest lapel the while he puffed fragrant clouds of smoke from his corn-cob pipe. He was well satisfied with the world in general. Occasionally his eyes strayed through the window to the sleeping cottages beneath the hazy sheen of the moon, and his breast swelled with pardonable pride in realizing that he had been the puny instru-

ment to bring this wonderful change about. Enemies he may have made; but duty, though stern, has its compensations. Tearful-eyed wives had wrung his hand and thanked him. Fathers of wild sons who had been checked suddenly in the sowing of their wild oats by Lenix's advice had blessed him. The Baptist elder had referred to him in his sermons as the saviour of a modern Sodom. He had heard that a new milling company of Chatville West intended naming a brand of flour after him, but this was merely hearsay.

"It wouldn't s'prise me any if at de end of de year I was ast to run fer mayor," Lenix mused as he assiduously polished his badge and mentally calculated his earnings through fines imposed by the judge on culprits he had led to judgment. In all cases, it is true, those fines had been light, consequently the constable's share must be correspondingly light. Eighteen dollars and sixty cents, however, was not bad, and this amount represented what Lenix had gathered in during his first ten days of office. He still retained his job as cutter at the stave-mill, and taken all in all the weekly amount of money he was making was "right tolerable."

"Come two weeks from now, when dat prize fight am on, I'll hab lots ob money ter bet on Homer," Lenix ruminated. "If only I kin keep dat Jane Ann from guessin' dat I'se a moneyed man. If her ebber gets ter know bout me gettin' half dem fines, gollies! dey mought as well neber be no prize fight, case dis nigger won't hab no funds ter bet wif, nohow."

He arose, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and hung up his vest on the towel peg. Then he picked up a copy of the Bridgetown *Echo* from the table and read the advertisement he had had inserted in its want column.

"I won'er now," he murmured, "if my seeds done fall on fertile groun', er if dey fall on rock, an' de birds ob de air devour 'em up. I gotter take chance on dat. If dat nigger fighter, Bud Hawkins, done see dis an—"

A knock, so muffled as to be next to inaudible, fell on the door. Lenix glanced hastily at the bedroom, from which came his wife's peaceful snores and from the bedroom to Orinoco, the pup, sprawled in a slumber beside the wood box.

"Sumbody in trouble, huntin' constable," he thought, moving towards the door. "Er mebee sumbody huntin' constable *fer* trouble."

HE CHECKED his approach so suddenly that his socked feet carried him several inches further than he desired to go. Not until the "bull-dog" revolver, empty but sufficiently vicious-looking to command respect, was transferred from hip-pocket to shaking hand, did he proceed cautiously to the door and in hushed voice demand "Who's dar?"

"I'se har," came an answering voice, "An' I'se plum stiff wif de col'. Please let me in, Len."

Lenix's right eye twitched and his knees trembled.

"Yo's goin' ter be a sight *stiffer* if yo' all don' sneak back an' tell rest ob your Ku Klux Klan dat yo' didn' fin' no we'sel sleepin'. Hear me? Mosey 'long right sma't er I open de do' an fire six shots quick." Lenix cocked the revolver and back lashed the hound pup under the stove again, thereby robbing that canine of all desire to take part in the conversation.

"Now den, nigger Ku Klux, I'se goin' ter count five an den—"

"Lor' sake, Len, I aint no Klux," pleaded the one outside. "I'se Jim Williams, frum Bridgetown. I got phaeton buggy out hayr ter show yo' all."

Len, holding the revolver at presentation, opened the door a crack and peered carefully out into the moonlight.

"Why, so yo' is Jim Williams fer sure," he said, putting up his gun. "Come 'long in, Jim, an' tread light, kase Jane Ann aint jes' squared 'way fer de night yit. Set down 'side de fire an' smoke quiet til' come her snores two long an' one short, den us kin talk loud as we likes."

Jim, a thin lanky negro with a nose that rested so flat against his face that it could scarcely be designated an organ, took the seat Lenix pushed forward and placing his coon cap on his knee, spread his hands out to the grateful glow of the fire.

"Seed yo'r advertisement in de paper, Len, an' reckoned I bes' lose no time bringing my phaeton buggy ober. Haint bo't one yit, I hope?"

"No, yo's in plenty time, aint bo't one yit, but been lookin' at seberal. What make ob phaeton buggy yo' got, Jim?"

"Armstrong Carriage Works. Name's on silber plate on box."

"Dat so? How long it been runnin', dat phaeton buggy?"

"Les' den year. I take it in part pay of debt fer timber, frum Virgil Smiff, lum'er-dealer in Highgate. Aint got no use fer it, an' wants ter sell."

"Fer how much money?"

"Firty-free dollars."

"Cash money, I means."

"Twenty-free, an' mighty cheap rig it am at dat price, Len."

"Maybee so; but I'll hab ter see it fust befo' I'll be able ter judge. Come 'long out an' put yo'r hoss in barn. I'll take lantern 'long an' look dat phaeton buggy ober."

Lenix lit the lantern and they went out into the moon-flooded night. "Jim, yo' jes' go an' drive up ter stable, I open doors so yo' kin dribe dat phaeton-buggy right inside, an' us kin 'xamine wifout freezin' ter deff."

TEN minutes later Jim's horse was munching hay in a warm stall, and Lenix was examining the phaeton by the lantern's light, Jim at his elbow dilating on its good points at every available opportunity.

"How yo' aim ter get back ter Bridgetown, 'sposin' I buy dis rig?" Lenix asked, as he straightened up from his survey.

"Why ride my hoss back of course," Jim answered.

Lenix picked up a spear of timothy and chewed on it thoughtfully. "I sorter feels like keepin' dat phaeton buggy, Jim; but cou'se I gotter know how it rides, fust off."

"Yo' all kin try it when I hitch up ag'in," Jim suggested eagerly.

"What I means to say, Jim, I gotter know if it rides ter suit Jane Ann; it's her I'se gettin' a rig fer."

Williams pondered on this for a time. "I 'spose I kin dribe it ober hayr ag'in tomorrie?" he said thoughtfully.

"Why, Jim, yo' might as well leab it hayr ter night, now it's hayr," Lenix suggested. "I'se pretty sure ter keep it anyways, so what use ob dribin' ober twice?"

"Can't leab it hayr, nohow," exclaimed Jim. "Bud might raise de berry debil wif me—"

"Bud?" asked Lenix innocently, "what dat coon gotter say 'bout it all?"

"Nuffin; nuffin' 'tall," cried Williams. "Dat jes' slip out, don' know why. Reckon us bein' togedder like, sumhow made me t'ink ob dat Bud. 'Member was wif yo' de day he bought dat mooley cow from yo' an' gib yo' his note in pay? Aint been togedder since dat time—so like I got finkin' 'bout him."

"Why, I kin see how dat happen easy 'nuff," Lenix reassured him. "Gollies! Didn' dat fightin' nigger fleece me easy, dough? Jes' like takin' a all-day-sucker frum a baby wif gum-bile. I got dat note yit. Bud he jes larf when I try ter collect. I tell him I get even wif him some day, an he larf all de harder."

Lenix slapped his knee and chuckled so gleefully at the recollection that Jim began to breathe freely again.

"Dat Bud am a awful cute nigger," he said admiringly. "Nobuddy ebber been able to get eben wif him, nohow."

"Dat so?"

LENIX turned for further inspection of the phaeton, whistling softly as he examined its coal-oil lights and red plush upholstering.

"Jim, come 'long inter house, an' we have bite ter eat, an talk dis fing ober." Lenix picked up the lantern and led the way from the stable.

An hour later Jim Williams rode away from Chatville East. He had succumbed to Lenix's persuasions and left the phaeton behind in the latter's stable.

"Pshaw!" he muttered. "Dat ole rig's good as sold ter dat easy mark, Len, anyhow, so whyfer should Bud raise rumpus? He won't; he'll be right glad ter know he's pannin' dat old cripple off on Len; sure will. Anyhow, he needn' know I lef' it. Cayn't I slip back ter Chatville East early tomorrie 'fore dat Bud has his nose outer his piller? Quite so!"

Lenix having seen the well-fed and smoking Jim safely away down the white road, turned back into his warm cottage and, standing on a chair, lifted down a tin box from the top of the cupboard. This he carried to the table and opened. After rummaging a time, he drew out that which he sought—a time-stained, musty slip of paper, which he carefully smoothed free of wrinkles and spread before him on the table. Then he read, softly aloud, what was plainly written on that paper:

"One month after date, I promise to pay, for value received, to Lenix Ballister, Twenty Three Dollars."

(*Signed*): B. HAWKINS."

Twice Lenix read the note through, then with a smile on his face he turned it over and with a stump of a lead-pencil laboriously wrote:

"Rec'd in full payment, I faton buggy; with thanks.

L. BALLISTER."

Then, placing the note in an envelope and addressing same to Bud, he put on his cap and overcoat and went down to the post-box.

"Dat Bud been a long time payin'," he ruminated, as he dropped the letter in, "but I knowed he pay sum time."

* * *

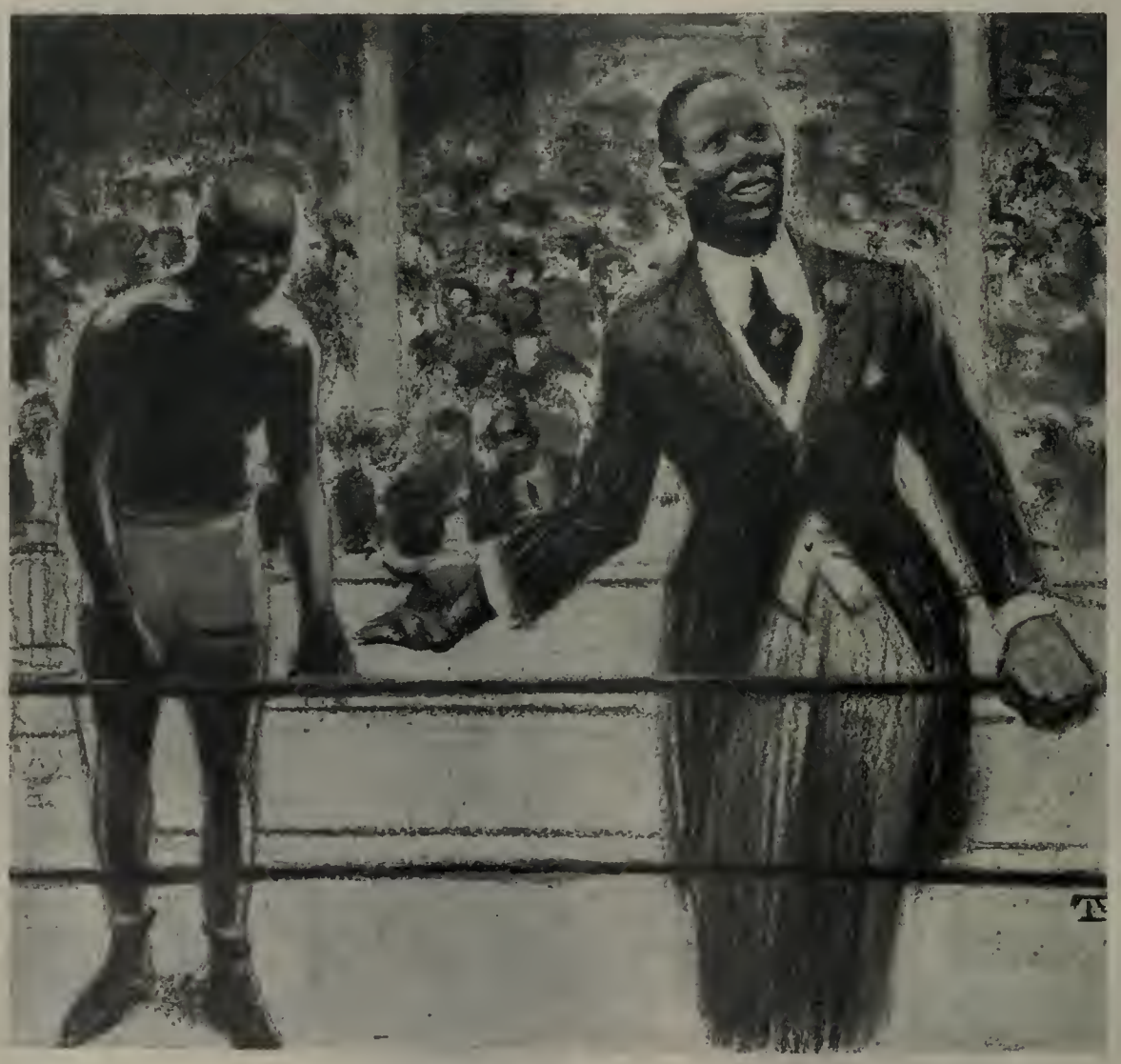
THE Mansion House clock was wheezing, protesting, the fact that it was ten o'clock as Bud Hawkins stole down the stair, pausing to peer over the banister before issuing into the rotunda. He approached the office with that important "sure of myself" air which a man high in public favor has a right to assume, and placing his trench coat and cap on the counter, touched the short-sighted and harassed clerk, who was poring over the register on the counter.

"Joe, Ben Jones been in yit?" he asked.

"Yes; twice he's been an' gone. Tole him yo' was out on road-jog like you tole me ter."

"Dat's right. Le's have ci-gar; smoke one yo'self."

Again Bud's eyes searched the room. "Jim Williams



"Gents, Homer Hudson, champion."

was ter meet me hayr dis mawnin'. See him any time?" he asked casually, as he bit the end off the cheroot.

"No, Jim aint been hayr dis mornin'."

"Dat's queer." Bud picked up coat and cap and turned to go.

"Bud, aint yo' forgettin' sumfin?" The clerk tapped the cheroot box on the counter. "Dis aint 'lection day; us am sellin' ci-gars, not giben 'em away."

"Oh, jes charge dese ci-gars up 'long wif my board bill," Bud took a step toward the door.

"Jes a minnit, if yo' please."

Bud turned back, impatiently. "Now, Joe," he said. "I done tole yo' plenty times already dat when I was reddy ter gib yo' tip on de fight, I'd do so. I aint nowise ready yit."

"I aint wantin' no tip on de fight," returned Joe. "What I want's a tip on how soon yo' all intends settlin' up dis bo'rd bill ob yourn. De boss, he's gettin' af'er me fer lettin' it run so long."

"Oh, is dat all?" Bud looked relief he was far from feeling. "Why, Joe, I aim ter wipe dat bill off terday sumtime. Dat's fer why I been 'specting Jim Williams 'long. Jim's sellin' a phaeton buggy belongin' ter me, an' he'll be ober wif de money mos' any time."

"Perhaps he mail dat money ter yo', Bud. Letter come fer yo' half hour ago. Here it am. Maybe so dat Jim send de money."

"Why, wouldn' won'er but yo'r right, Joe. I clean fergot dat Jim's teamin' freight at station; les hab dat epis'le."

He took the letter the clerk tossed to him, and with an air of importance ripped it open. A slip of time-stained paper dropped out and fluttered to the counter. The clerk picked it up, read it, turned it over, read the pencilled words on its other side, and handed it back to Bud.

"Joe, is it money-order?" asked that negro, eagerly, as his long fingers clutched it.

"Reckon it am in a way, but it's wrong kind fer yo', Bud." The clerk turned again to his books. Bud went across to a chair and sat down; then he looked the slip of paper over, read both sides of it, folded it, and put it in his vest pocket. There was not one sign on his hatchet face, not one glint in his little, shifting eyes to tell of the hot, murderous anger which had been kindled in his bosom, as calmly puffing his cheroot he went out into the winter's day to seek his training quarters.

BUT the fact that during the succeeding hour there he knocked out three of his sparring partners and threatened to do the same with Ben Jones for interfering went to show that his feelings had been stirred mightily to wrath, the cause of which taxed all his clever trainer's powers of tact and persuasion to determine.

"An' when I catches dat twitchin'-eyes Len out in free-fer-all country, I'se goin' ter do more den black his eye," Bud promised, as at the conclusion of the recital of his woes, he and Jones sat alone among the littered paraphernalia of the gymnasium.

"Yo' can't do dat, Bud, kase he's an orsifer now, an' it'll mean jail fer yo'," Ben reasoned. "Bes' call it quits wif dat Len. Yo' got his moolie an' he got yo'r phaeton buggy. Nuff done an' sed."

"Oh, is dat so? Well, yo' watch me," retorted Bud, moodily. "If I don' make dat cheap smoke wiggle like a pup wif clinker in his eye, I miss my calculations, dat's all; an dere'll be a new nigger dribin' Jim Williams' dray-team right soon, too. Dat Jim's due fer long lay-up in hospital."

In vain Jones tried to reason, to soothe. The more Bud thought on his injury the more sullen he became, the more determined to revenge himself on Lenix.

"He's a foxy ol' coon, dat Len," Jones warned him, after vainly striving to bring Hawkins to a reasonable frame of mind. "It's re'lly him what's managin' Homer Hudson's end ob de fight, but he's too cute ter let on. Wouldn't do fer constable ter promote prize-fight, so he done make dat Abe White his cat's-paw."

Hawkins jumped up from his stool so suddenly that Ben ducked, by force of habit. "Yo' means ter tell me dat Len Ballister am behin' dis mill on Homer's end?" asked the boxer excitedly.

"Sures' fing yo' know, he is, only he ain' showin' his han'."

BUD sat down again and folded his long arms.

"Den he'll be gettin' his share ob de winnin's, I 'spose?"

"Xactly, he won't be strivin' fer de pleasure, altogedder," Jones assured him.

"Den lis'n yo', Ben, an' lis'n close," said Bud quietly. "Dis fight aint comin' off 'ccordin' to arrangements made an' decided on 'tween yo' an' Abe White. As I understand it, dis am a *fixed* fight. I'se s'posed ter hold dat Homer off fer a time an' den lay down ter him, an' we split de winnin's. Yo' lays a lot ob quiet money on Homer ter win an' us collect. Dat right?"

"Dat's corree', Bud, but fer lub of heben, don' shout de fac' so de whole town kin hear yo'."

"Den Homer an' Abe an' Len, dey'll be aimin' ter lay heap ob coin on Homer too, dat right ag'in?"

"Why, shore dey will. Dat's de 'greement. Dem an' us simply play de fans fer suckers, an' collec'. Nobuddy ebber goin' ter catch on. 'Taint nuffin outer regular. It's done of'en. Aint no fair prize-fights no mo'."

"Dat Len'll likely be bettin' pretty heaby, yo' fink?" Bud inquired.

"Sure will, dat nigger-man'll be bettin' his house an' lot an' his gallowses, ef he kin fin' taker, Bud."

Hawkins reached over and tapped his trainer's knee.

"Well," he said quietly. "I want yo' ter wire Buffalo fer Bonnie Luke ter sen' down speediest sparrer he kin git. Here's where I go inter trainin' right."

"What yo' mean?"

"Dat I'se goin' ter fool dat cheap bunch ob sports. I'se goin' ter double-cross Homer an make dat schemin' Len an outcas' pauper; all yo' gotter do now is bet our money on me ter win."

Ben chewed silently on this intelligence.

"But 'sposin'," he asked at length, "sposin' dat Homer gets in one ob his haymakers ter point ob yo'r jaw? what den?"

"No fear," sneered Hawkins. "Homer aint trainin' none; finks de fight's fixed. Besides, he'll be off guard. Don' yo' worry bout de finish. I'll put dat big fish ter mat fer count an' put him dar right."

Ben got up and pulled on his overcoat.

"Den I reckon we best lose no more time, Bud. I'll go get dat wire off right speedy."

Most of the world's great events are ushered in unheralded. Destiny shapes her course silently, making monarchies or wiping them into oblivion.



Lenix sat before his fire in his socked feet and shirt sleeves, polishing the nickel-plated badge of office on his vest lapel.

ALTHOUGH the Hudson-Hawkins bout for the championship had been advertised in no way, evening found every inch of seating and standing room in Abe White's big rink sold. The stave mill quit work an hour earlier than usual, and on his way home Lenix Ballister met Abe White, the champion's manager, quite by accident it would appear.

"Eberyfing's fixed, Len," said Abe. "Saw Ben Jones dis mawnin' an' him an' his crowd got all dere money planted on Homer to win."

"An' yo' all managed ter get all *ourn* up, Abe?" asked Lenix. a trifle anxiously.

"Ebery cent, mos' ob it eben money, too. Dat was good idea ob yourn ter hab Homer funk trainin'. Mos' de sports know he's in pore shape, an' am eager ter put dere coin on Hawkins."

Lenix frowned, then catching the glint of his constable's badge, hurriedly buttoned his coat across it. He wanted to talk and feel like a plain citizen, not town constable.

"Abe, dey tell me dat Bud's been a-trainin' right hard; whyso, I'se wonderin'?"

"Why, so Ben White an' his ringers kin get odds on Homer, I spec'," Abe answered. "Better Bud look ter win, better odds, don' yo' see?"

"Dat's so, dat's quite so," Lenix seemed satisfied. "I reckon our share ob receipts should 'mount ter free fo' hun'red, Abe, outside what we clean up in bets!"

"Easy dat, Len. Yo'll be down ter rink early, I spose?"

"No. I aint aimin' ter come."

"What?" Abe stared incredulously into the pensive face turned to his.

Len unbuttoned his coat and pointed to his badge.

"I bes' lay low, Abe. Dere might be some rough-housin' down dar, an' I hab ter do my duty. Aint wantin' none ter spoil de boys' good time, nohow, af'er all I've did ter gib 'em dis blow-out."

Abe whistled sympathetically. "Gollies, dat's so; it's too bad, Len; 'tis so. Tell yo' what," he cried. "Why can't you hide in Homer's dressin' room? Won't be nobudy dere but jes' free er fo' ob us, an' yo' all kin see de fight fro' de curtains."

Lenix brightened. "Why I kin shore do dat; nebber tho't ob it. I'll sneak down ter rink right early, an' get hid up."

With this understanding they parted. As Lenix shuffled around the curve in the path, he came face to face with Jim Williams. He had not seen that Bridgetown negro since the night he had prevailed on him to leave the phaeton in his stable over night, and as that phaeton was still in his stable it is little wonder that the sudden appearance of the big dray-driver gave him something of a start.

"Well, I do declar', is it yo', Jim?" Len extended a hand genially. Jim took it solemnly. Lenix noted that his flat nose was swollen into almost a distinct feature, his lip cut and both eyes discolored as though by contact with bony knuckles.

"Has dat Bud been actin' nasty, Jim?" he said, his scrutiny over.

"Beat me up black and blue," returned Williams miserably. "Wouldn' listen to no explanations 'tall. Sed I done tole yo' it was *his* phaeton buggy."

"Which yo' didn' nowise do," said Lenix. "I knowed it was his phaeton buggy as soon as I seed it. Wasn' I

*Continued on page 54*

# GIVING AWAY OUR PROFITS

NO. VIII. IN THE SERIES "CANADA REVISITED"

*By* AGNES C. LAUT

IF CANADA were to-day getting the entire profits from the development of her national resources, she could pay off her war debt of two billions in a year; and without any increase of taxation to the consumer in higher freights or to capital in heavier imposts.

This is a large statement; but I am going to prove it; and if I don't prove it, pass along the facts to correct me: but don't chuck up a lot of opinions and grouches and kicks, which never get you anywhere unless they are "lifting kicks." Never kick, unless it is a "lifting kick." Find out what is wrong and put it right.

Right here as a Canadian writing to Canadians and loving Canada second to no patriot on earth, I want to put down something on Canada's "kicklets." It is said that a child, who does not kick vigorously as a baby, is not a lusty healthy youngster; but the trouble is Canada is no longer a youngster.

In point of age, Canada is older in settlement than the United States.

In point of wealth, she is richer in natural resources than the United States; for she has barely scratched the surface of her natural resources in forest, mine, farm lands; while the United States has reached the stage where many of its natural resources are close to the end. This is true of oil, of free farm lands, of forests and fisheries and mines of the rare metals.

Yet in point of developing crude natural resources and transforming raw dormant resources into liquid wealth, Canada is a pigmy compared to the United States. Don't wince at these words. Just examine facts. Take the aggregate production of wheat, of coal, of steel, of paper products, of corn, of beef, and compare Canada's total to the the United States' total. The liquid wealth of the United States is a flood. The wealth of Canada is dormant.

It may be answered that Canada's foreign trade per capita is twice the foreign trade of the United States. That is true; and it is because it is true and proves the virility of the race that it is up to Canada to ask herself these pointed honest questions: If Canada can show such aggregates of foreign trade, why does her development of natural resources not go ahead faster? Why are her young Western municipalities toiling under such loads of debt that they stagger? You can't make fast joyous progress if you have too heavy a burden on your back. Why with wealth and climate second to no country in the world, is Canada's whole population increasing only as much as the increase of one American city, or one American state?

### United States is Cashing In

WHEN you ask these questions, you are not slurring Canada. You are trying to get at causes; and causes at bottom are facts. To shut your eyes to facts will not change the facts. You have to find out the facts and then change them to make them work out to the ends you have in view. Yet when you mention these facts, Canada too often regards them as a personal insult and utters what one protestant to me expressed as "a mighty chorus of righteous indignation." If the "mighty chorus of righteous indignation" were keyed to facts it might become a symphony of prosperity; but when the chorus is out of tune with facts, the result is a shrieking discord and the world stands back; especially, stand back—investors.

Americans are not putting anything over on us. It is because we are so inert that they are doing what we ought to be doing for ourselves; and they deserve all the profit they are getting out of it. They are simply "cashing in" on our lack of enterprise. We are so busy playing small politics, that we are not foreseeing and grasping unified national aims.

Now for the facts!

I have written of pulp and print paper. Where Canada is selling these products at $90 to $110 f.o.b., these very Canadian products are being resold in the United States at $220 to $360 and $380. Now the last figures are a gouger's price; but the $220 isn't, especially in view of the impending famine in print paper. If Canada were selling her output of print paper at $220, her annual sales of pulp and paper to the United States now would total $200,000,000 instead of $80,000,000 to $120,000,000; and in a few years, when her output has been doubled by new machinery being installed, her output would easily be worth $400,000,000.

These figures may fluctuate a few dollars a ton as hard times, or good times, in the United States, decrease or increase the demand for newsprint. At the time of writing, March 15th, there is a slight recession in the price of newsprint owing to two causes: the lessened demand for newsprint owing to a 50 per cent. slump in advertising; the importation of German paper. But Germany's maximum possible exports cannot exceed 300,000 tons; and when order is restored in Russia and Austria, much of this will have to go to these countries. It is coming to the United States now because Austria and Russia are not buying. It is also coming because at the value of the German mark—around 1c on the dollar—the price which Germany gets in the United States for her paper—$120 to $140 a ton—is equal back in Germany in German currency on a pre-war dollar basis to 14,000 marks, or on the pre-war basis of five marks to a dollar—$2,800 to $2,400 a ton.

Germany can afford to undercut American prices and then by taking the dollar value and translating it into the buying value of marks before the war within her own boundary, get what is equal to about $2,500 a ton; and this is what the German paper companies did who shipped to New York freight prepaid in November and December; but Germany's possible supplies are only a fraction of America's needs.

### Out of the Panic with a Bounce

NO MATTER how bad a panic hits the United States, no matter how advertising falls off in the great dailies, no matter how supply catches up with demand, a nation with $10,000,000,000 owed to it in gold by Europe and a population growing at the rate of twenty-one million people in twenty years, is not going to remain in the trough of the panic wave long. The United States is going to come up out of the war slump with that bounce, which has heaved her out of every panic in which she has plunged from '71 to '93. The American mills will have no pulp wood left East of the Mississippi after ten years. They will have to move their plants to the forest reserves in the Rockies; and they are not going to do that during the panic years. When her finances come up out of the war slump, her paper demands are going to be greater than ever; and if Canada is ready to fill these paper demands she will take in more yearly than all the gold production of all the world for a year. The gold production of the world runs at from $380,000,000 to $410,000,000 a year. Her forests will become to her that Golden Thread, of which the great divine, Norman Macleod, wrote a child's fairy story, when a golden strand put in the hands of Youth led the boy through Wilderness wood to Paradise.

Am I wrong? If I am, where?

Or, take the matter of just common rough timber exported from Canada. It is being put on the cars of the interior in British Columbia just now at $35 a thousand. It costs $10 to $11 to produce there, with the highest scale of wages ever paid to loggers, lumber men, saw mill hands, from $5 a day and board to $8 and $10 and $11. The freight from interior points to New York and Pennsylvania is $21 plus. Wholesale prices receded a little from November to March, and a great many mills in British Columbia closed down because while the wholesale prices receded the labor costs did not.

Now I happen to have been building a good deal in the East for the last four years; and it always gave me a feeling of pleasure to see that the lumber that I bought in New York came from Northern British Columbia. That is—it gave me a feeling of pleasure till I got the bill, when I quit building. In fact 500,000 other people in New York State quit building. At least that is the number of people estimated for New York City alone, who moved out of New York because there is not adequate housing for them; and I think the figures are in proportion for every great industrial centre in the Eastern States.

Building has simply not kept up with population. Building is not at a stop; but the overhead cost is so high, no one builds just now who is not compelled to. Before the war, I used to pay for British Columbia lumber from $32 to $42 a thousand; and the $42 made me squeal. Since the war, that same lumber costs me from $72 to $120 a thousand. Yet, allowing for freight and f.o.b. costs, Canada is only getting out of that lumber $21 plus $35.

### Where the Difference Goes

WHO gets the difference? Dealers on the other side of the boundary. I remember saying this once before in an American magazine; and the retailers' ring wrote the editors I had done no building, my figures were wrong and I was "a fakir." I sent them my lumber bill and they didn't answer. A later public investigation, which fizzled out, substantiated the figures. If the lumber were sold at only $10 more than freight and f.o.b. costs, there would be twice as great a demand for lumber; for the builders could afford to go on and build; and on the number of board feet cut in British Columbia alone in 1919—which are the latest figures available—two billion feet—the increased profit to Canada would be $20,000,000 over what she is getting for one province's output alone.

"We could afford to sell all the lumber New York and Pennsylvania want at $45 and could make fortunes doing it," said a mill owner of Prince George to me.

"Yet I was paying $72 to $120," I interjected. "Why don't you establish a co-operative Canadian sales agency?" I asked him.

"Well," he answered, "I suppose because we don't know what is going on with the lumber after it leaves. Because we are so desperately in need of money, we have to have bills of lading to draw on at the banks for weekly wages. We would have to have the money to prepay the freight. We would have to have an agent on the spot to get the order direct from the consumer in car lots and avoid delay and demurrage—"

"All of which the Citrus Growers' Co-operative Union of California did to save their orange groves from ruin," I interjected. "They paid their co-operative sales managers from $25,000 to $50,000 a year; but when that was charged back against the profits on cases of oranges that sold at from $4 to $7 it did not exceed ½c. to 1c. a box."

"Well, I suppose," he answered, "we just haven't because we just haven't. We have our noses so eternally close to the grindstone to raise money for operations that we don't see our way financially to expand."

I heard of a still more striking case of fine grade lumber—one million feet of it ordered from the Queen Charlotte Islands. A broker in Calgary bought it—a travelling American. He hadn't directed where it was to be shipped. Calgary first. He sold it in Calgary to a broker in Vancouver. Before it was loaded, the broker in Vancouver sold it to a broker in Minneapolis. While it was being loaded, the broker in Minneapolis sold it to England; and the broker in England again re-sold it to the ultimate consumer. Poor consumer! He must have had a fit of indigestion. Each of the brokers cleaned up $15,000. When this lumber left the mill it represented to Canada $35 a thousand. When it reached England, it represented $95. Canada got a little more than a third of its real value. The rest of the gain went to England and the United States; and all the brokers did was to put a stroke of their pens to a telegram. I could tell of hundreds of such cases from Montevideo to Valparaiso and Hong Kong to New York and Liverpool. Yet a co-operative Canadian sales agency on the scale of costs to the Citrus Growers of California would not cost $7 a car to handle Canadian lumber direct from producer to consumer.

Why don't we do it?

For the same reason we don't peg the dollar at par with the United States. Because what is everybody's business is nobody's business.

### Increasing the Lumber Yield

AS I RECALL—and I am writing from memory just now—Canada's lumber exports of paper, pulp, wood yield her annually in all more than $200,000,000. If she handled her own sales and paid the producers pro rata profits as the Citrus Growers do, her lumber should yield her $600,000,000 to $700,000,000 a year.

But this is not the whole story of the lumber re-sold by five American brokers to English buyers. This leads to one

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## LEACOCK

*THE author of "Frenzied Fiction," "Winsome Winnie," "Sunshine Sketches" and many other books and magazine articles which serve to make life more cheerful and worth living, will shortly commence another series of inimitable articles in MACLEAN'S. The witty professor from McGill has always been a prime favorite with MACLEAN'S readers. The first article of this new series—which is being written exclusively for "Canada's National Magazine"—will appear in an early summer number. They will be illustrated by C. W. Jefferys, and articles and drawings will have that irresistible appeal which is assured by the combination of the work of these two masters in their respective fields.*

# OIL IN THE SPLENDID SIXTIES

*By* VICTOR LAURISTON

A GAP of less than a century intervenes between the trackless wastes of our far north and the trackless forests and swamps of the old "Western District." In the early years of the last century, Lambton county was even more a *terra incognita* than the Mackenzie district is now.

It was a country without a history. The still recent war of 1812 had passed it by. A vague picture, conjured up from the fanciful stories of wandering Indians, lay in the background of men's minds, hazy and monstrous and ill-defined as the glimpses geologists give us of the world emerging from chaos into a mist-clothed order of vast seas, huge fern forests and earth-shaking saurians.

Mist-draped and tradition-veiled lay the hardwood forests and stagnant swamps of Lambton county in the early thirties of the last century. But through the mists there trudged, often with weary feet and aching, malaria-stricken limbs, the undaunted Irishman Donnelly.

W. H. Donnelly was a provincial land surveyor. It was his immediate task, in the great process of empire-building, to survey this isolated corner of Canada West for settlement; and in so doing to penetrate the uncertain mists that hung over forest and swamp and stagnant creek.



The "kicker" method of drilling was employed half a century ago in Western Ontario.

### Where Forests Once Stood

IT IS difficult to picture the country of that day—most difficult, indeed, after a summer drive through wheat fields and pasture-lands, past farm houses and grazing herds and flocks, past hamlets and towns and far stretching acres with their seemingly endless array of three-pole pumping derricks. All this development lay in the uncertain womb of time when Irish Donnelly and his surveying party fought their suffering, much exasperated way through almost impenetrable forest, dragging weary feet through soggy swamps, shaken by touches of malaria and parched for clear drinking water where all was stagnant and slimy. At night the wolves howled beyond the light of their campfires. Worse than the wolves, because more daring, slinking Pottawatomies hung close, watching a chance to steal. Food there was in plenty, with venison to be had for the killing; and now and then a bear might be glimpsed, lumbering away through the undergrowth.

So Irish Donnelly went his way, in the year of grace 1832, threatening or placating the Indians as the mood struck him, grumbling against his task and yet in rare moments thrilled by it, and doing his work well, which was the only way he knew. But one circumstance he encountered puzzled him hugely, and he had to leave the puzzle for a later age to solve.

### A Riddle of the Wilderness

NOT far from Black Creek—on lots seventeen and eighteen in the Donnelly survey as finally completed—the surveyor discovered a curious substance, apparently exuding from or deposited on top of the soil. It was black, somewhat like tar in aspect, but without the characteristic tarry odor; harder too, and quite brittle. As nearly as he could determine the deposits covering several acres varied from three to six inches in thickness. On the surface of Black Creek floated softened fragments of the stuff. Later, on the surface of Bear Creek, seven miles further north, Donnelly found floating an oily substance whose smell reminded him of the "gum beds." These gum-beds broke the monotony of the forest; they were a sight to puzzle, and even to awe, the uninitiated. Irish Donnelly was scientist enough to be curious, but not scientist enough to solve the problem of what they were or whence they came.

His mind returned to the practical side of his mission.

"That stuff," he mused, "spoils a couple of good acres of farm land."

With which he doubtless dismissed the topic from his mind, and went on to the completion of his task.

Into the new country thrown open for settlement pioneers came reluctantly. It was the winter of '37—the same year that witnessed Mackenzie's rebellion—that Old John Rows came to Black Creek. There, with his own unaided hands, he put up a log shanty, fourteen feet square. When spring came he planted corn and potatoes in his clearing, and raised hogs, which he had to guard sedulously against wandering Indians.

### "Heap Big Medicine"

TO THE log cabin in the clearing one day came one of these unwelcome savages. "Me Wapoose," he said.

Wapoose assured the white man that his mission was friendly. He was merely hunting racoons. It seemed that among the scattered settlers and his own people he enjoyed some repute as a doctor. Finally—did the white man know where to find the black oil spring?

Rows had heard nothing of a black oil spring. He remembered, though, having noticed on warm nights a strange, disagreeable smell, which he attributed to skunk weed.

That smell, explained Wapoose, came from black oil. Black oil was good medicine. With black oil, Wapoose cured liver troubles, likewise rheumatism.

Thus Wapoose, to the solitary settler, whose mind was little concerned with this search for black oil and inclined to regard it as a pretext; and who questioned to himself whether Wapoose hunted racoons by day in the woods or —by night—hunted pigs in the white man's clearing.

Wapoose, however, passed out of the misty picture, leaving the pigs untouched; and John Rows, with his crop ripening to the harvest, forgot the talk of black oil in the practical task of building a little grist mill, of which for some years he was sole patron. Doubtless he remembered the black oil in rare moments of sickness and skimmed it from the stagnant creek, with desperate misgivings as to its medicinal value.

### Enter, the Man of Action

TWENTY years later J. H. Williams was in business in Hamilton. A steady, practical man, this Williams, alert for opportunities, he had watched with interest the development of the "lamp oil" industry which threatened the time-honored supremacy of the "farthing rushlight." The Scottish shale oil industry had come into prominence in the last few years and in the eastern States shale retorting plants were operating, largely on shales from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Williams had visited Europe and seen the dug wells of Roumania from which oil was drawn in buckets. He was interested, if not financially at least sympathetically, in a venture near Collingwood, where oil shales had been found, and where crude and unsatisfactory retorts, fired by cheap cord wood, produced small quantities of lamp oil.

This lamp oil industry, decided practical Williams, might have a future. Hamilton, where he lived, might even buy enough of the oil to afford a man a fair living, or at least a fairly profitable side-line.

To Williams at Hamilton there drifted down, in the latter fifties, some echo of a tradition that had waited a quarter of a century for his coming. The tradition told of gum-beds that ruined good farm land, black gum deposit that looked like tar and smelt horribly. Williams made enquiry, went up to Black Creek himself. There were comings to and fro, and eventually the Hamilton man teamed in some equipment through the slashings to the banks of Black Creek, set up log buildings, and erected his primitive retorting plant. Here, he had decided, was a better quality of raw material for lamp oil than the shale deposits at Collingwood.

But the water that lay, green and stagnant, in every hollow and dragged its slow, slimy way through Black Creek was just as nauseously undrinkable as in the days of Irish Donnelly.

### The First Oil Well

WILLIAMS halted his retorting operations on the gum-beds in order to dig a water well.

He dug down sixty-five feet, building a crib-work of timbers to hold back the clay.

At sixty-five feet he struck, not water, but oil.

That was in 1857, two years before the Drake well was drilled in Pennsylvania. According to the best tradition, the Williams well was the first oil well put down on the American continent. Later Williams drilled deeper, using a primitive spring-pole outfit, operated by foot-power. He got more oil—and then began the inrush of fortune-mad men that fifty years later, when they had gone their devious ways, was to leave the Lambton landscape dotted with three-pole derricks.

All that mad mania seems to have left J. H. Williams' native sanity unshaken. He was a careful man, simple in his tastes, retiring of disposition, practical to a degree and always dependable. Not a man to be swept from his moorings by any flood tide of wild enthusiasm, he was content with the day of small things, and lived to realize grea things. He never drilled a gusher or won or lost a spectacular fortune, but he won what was perhaps worth more to him—the honor of being the father of the Canadian petroleum industry, the right and privilege of serving his people in parliament, a modest competence that endured, and a serene old age.

Old men have told me that but one man left the first Oil Springs boom with money in pocket—and that man was J. H. Williams, who never drilled a gusher.

### Adventurers Pour In

THE man who made Oil Springs known throughout two continents was of a different type, and his fate was far more tragic.

The story of Williams' modest success spread abroad, and in response there came, filtering through the slashings in the otherwise trackless hardwood forests, a little stream of adventurers. They came riding buck-board, on horseback, or tramping afoot with their scant possessions slung over their shoulders. Oil in those days was a poor man's game.

Such adventurers in the year 1861 found on the banks of Bear Creek, where Petrolia now stands, a huge frame boarding house, an incipient refinery, a few scattered log houses and a faint smell of crude oil. Here and there in the flats a few surface wells were dug and a few gallons of oil pumped or bailed; and men with their resources all in their jeans and their fortunes still to make formed evanescent partnerships to test this or that acre.

One such partnership at work in the Petrolia flats that summer of 1861 included as its third and least popular member a man named John Shaw. He was a big, rawboned, good-natured, not overly brainy chap, who had grown up on a Lambton clearing. His partners wanted to get rid of him, and to accomplish that end they eventually persuaded him to take an acre of land at Oil Springs in exchange for his interests.

Shaw picked up or patched together a primitive spring-pole outfit, such as the Chinese had first contrived centuries before and had never improved on. With this he went to work on his new acre. For helpers he hired two young men, Hugh Smiley and Jack Coryell. It was the end of 1861 when they got to work, and a hard winter was setting in along Black Creek.

From the very outset things went bad. At sixty-five feet, where Williams' dug well, just across lots, had got oil,



A forest of "rigs" at Oil Springs, near Petrolia, Ontario.

Shaw had nothing to show. Men who knew the business advised him to quit, and try somewhere else. Shaw and his helpers kept pegging away on the Oil Springs acre.

Then Shaw's money, such as he had, petered out. He had stinted himself, considerably; but a man has to live. With nothing coming in and helpers to pay, the accumulated savings of a not-too-careful day laborer don't last long.

Shaw bought on credit as long as he could. But when his well was away below one hundred feet with nothing to show, the Oil Springs tradesmen shook their heads, and the Petrolia merchants when appealed to were skeptical and unwilling to take further risks.

Shaw needed casing as the hole went deeper—in those days "Scotch casing" put together to order by the local tinsmith. The tinsmith was emphatic in his refusal to take chances.

Shaw went down to the well despondent, and told Smiley and Coryell that he couldn't go any further. The young men had saved some money—not much—and they chipped in and bought the needed casing.

Shaw kept on.

At 155 feet there was still nothing to show. Even the helpers decided it was no use going further. Oh, well, they might as well stick to it another day.

That "other day" was February 19, 1862—the day the famous Shaw flowing well came in.

### Oil Gushes from the Ground

A RUSH of gas flung the light tools high in the air. Then a black column of oil, like a monstrous plume, shot upward against the gray winter sky, above the bare tops of the hardwoods. The roar of the oil as it leapt skyward was heard for miles.

For a week the Shaw well gushed unchecked, 3,000 barrels a day. It filled a natural basin covering several acres. It overflowed the banks of this basin, and deluged the ice of Black Creek. When springtime came the waters of Lake St. Clair were black with it.

Eventually a Pennsylvania adventurer who had worked at Titusville showed inexperienced Shaw how to check the flow. There was no market for oil in such huge quantities; but intermittent dippings from the huge basin kept Shaw in funds which he scattered with lavish, careless hand.

No such well had ever before been drilled in America. Beside the Shaw flowing well, the Pennsylvania discoveries seemed inconsiderable. Within twenty-four hours of the strike, newborn Petrolia was dead and forgotten. Within a few weeks adventurers were flocking in from Pennsylvania; within a few months the world at large was en route to Oil Springs. Canada's first boom town sprang up on the banks of Black Creek. Saloons ran wide open, big frame boarding-houses accommodated the transients, shacks and tents were put up in the clearings, oil acres were divided and subdivided and snatched up by eager speculators for fabulous sums.

### Canada's Record Well

NEAR the east "gum beds" that had puzzled Irish Donnelly thirty years before, Black & Matheson of Sarnia drilled the greatest flowing well Canada ever saw, reputed for two months to have kept up a steady yield of 7,500 barrels a day. For weeks it gushed unchecked, defying men's puny efforts to control it. It flooded the country around a foot deep, and men traversed the surrounding acres on jumping poles, skipping from log to log. New drilling outfits came in, and gusher followed gusher.

Those were the improvidently glorious days of Canadian oildom. In the spring and summer of 1862, five million barrels of oil floated away on the waters of Black Creek. Hundreds of teams hauled oil to Mandaumin, Sarnia or Wyoming. The bottomless mud of the slashing made freighting by wagon an impossible task; a single barrel was all a stout horse could team. Eventually a species of flat-boat was improvised that dragged the barrels along mud canals, the drivers picking their way along the roadsides, dotted with stumps and strewn with fallen timber.

That summer, in the mushroom city his gusher had brought into existence, John Shaw was a resplendent, envied figure. The erstwhile day laborer beamed with pride in his achievement and his easy riches. In his loud-patterned suit, he was a center of attraction and—with his easy mentality—a ready victim for the schemers and sharpers who flocked to the oil metropolis. For four months his well yielded lavishly, making him momentarily rich. Then it quit, refusing even to pump; the short-lived era of the flowing wells ended, as it were, with a bang. The field that in 1862 had wasted millions of barrels of oil in the ensuing year produced only a few thousands.

### Fortune Gives Shaw Raw Deal

JOHN SHAW, divested by shrewd sharpers of his easy money, drifted to the Pennsylvania fields in the vain hope of drilling a second gusher. He failed. In the late sixties or early seventies the Canadian oil country saw him again, this time as a photographer going from town to town in an itinerating car, eking out a precarious livelihood. In 1872 he died at Petrolia in abject poverty.

While John Shaw in his American exile at Titusville and Oil City was seeking vainly to retrieve his fortunes—as much bewildered by his inexplicable poverty as he had been by his inexplicable riches—other men more expert in the ways of business were laying, in Petrolia, the foundations of an enduring oil industry. The failure of the Oil Springs flowing wells was an unrecognized blessing. They had done their work in advertising Canada's potentialities, but they had poured forth their riches upon a world unprepared to assimilate them.

The more gradual development of a lasting industry was to follow. But while this industry was finding its feet, in the decade following the year of the flowing wells, the oil game in Petrolia had its ups and downs, its fortunes made and lost, and its daring speculations.



A graphic picture of the actual torpedoing of an oil well in Western Ontario.

Into the Petrolia of the later sixties and early seventies came the men who were to learn by slow, painful and costly experience to understand and master the game that John Shaw had never understood. Americans like J. H. Fairbank, Britishers like Charles Jenkins, Irish-Canadians like John D. Noble—these were, in recent years, among the last survivors of the splendid sixties, and of a host of more eager and insistent adventurers whose names have passed from history or are carved on the forgotten gravestones of this and other oil towns. There were young bloods, noted ladies' men, like Ralph Gillespie and good-hearted, generous Major Jack Van Tuyl; there were quiet, self-contained men to whom oil was a practical producing business; there were daring speculators always willing to take a chance; there were schemers, fakers and "con" men of whom the less said the better. A cosmopolite crowd thronged the big boarding-houses and hotels, took part in the jolly and sometimes riotous entertainments, and crowded the oil exchange where, with the fluctuations up and down of price and production, paper fortunes were won and lost overnight.

Out of the excitements and the strivings, the winnings and the losings, the triumphs and tragedies of these early days, one fact grew—the steady, sober, practical petroleum industry that to-day manages its declining oil fields so carefully and well.

To-day we discuss the world's oil supply and oil needs in terms of millions. Then, a few thousand barrels more or less upset the market, to the immense perturbation of embryo Rockefellers.

"Can we secure an export market for our surplus?" was the tremendous problem of the sixties. Men like J. L. Englehart and J. H. Williams sought to build up for Canada an export trade in oil in competition with the Pennsylvania fields that were daily producing the then tremendous output of 13,000 barrels a day, of which only 3,000 barrels a day found a market in the United States. Within a year or two the American output had leapt to 20,000 barrels a day; and the Petrolia men despaired when it came to conceiving a world that could absorb such huge quantities of oil and yet find consumers for the Canadian surplus.

### Can't Suppiy Home Demand

TO-DAY Canada consumes every drop of oil her fields produce. Her refineries import, daily, from the United States alone, upward of 20,000 barrels. The United States in 1920 produced 444,804,682 barrels of crude oil, and at that fell short of meeting a ravenous world demand. And one Canadian oil company in that same year spent millions trying to find oil in Canada, and in the effort to do so explored foothills, prairies and far northern wastes. Such is the change since the splendid sixties.

In the years just before Confederation the village of Wyoming on the Sarnia branch of the Great Western Railway was a great refinery center. Here were grouped a dozen or a score of the primitive refineries of that day, with their "cheese-box" stills; and through the forest slashing that had grown into a typical oil-country road, crude oil was teamed in barrels from Oil Springs and Petrolia. On foggy days especially, but more or less at all times, the atmosphere was heavy with the perfume of crude oil; the frame buildings, usually painted white, were hideously discolored with refinery fumes. Much of the Wyoming of that day has since vanished, swept away by fire: and with other vanished structures went the general store once kept by E. McGarvey & Son.

"Son" was young Billy MacGarvey. He had come with his parents from Huntingdon, Quebec, and in that country store in the early boom days began a career unparalleled for romance, achievement and ultimate tragedy among all the pioneers of petroleum.

### How Oil King Started

BILLY MACGARVEY was barely out of his teens when he went to the boom town of Petrolia to open a store. Later he dabbled in oil; dropped merchandising for oil production and refining; and got to be one of the big men of the bubbling, seething, speculating oil town. He held almost every municipal office in the gift of Pe-

*Continued on page 47*

# PAWNED

By FRANK L. PACKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN



Dr. Crang levelled the muzzle of his revolver. "I'll dictate. Pick up that pen!"

"WAIT! Stop!" he screamed out in a well-simulated paroxysm of terror. "I—I'll write it."

"I thought so!" said Crang coolly. "Well, go over there to the table then, and sit down." He turned to the two men. "Beat it!" he snapped—and, the room empty again save for himself and John Bruce, he tapped the sheet of paper with the muzzle of his revolver. "I'll dictate. Pick up that pen!"

John Bruce obeyed. He circled his lips with his tongue.

"You—you won't do Larmon any harm, will you?" he questioned abjectly. "I—my life's worth more than a little money, if it's only that, and—and if that's all, I—I'm sure he'd rather pay."

"Don't apologise!" sneered Crang. "Go on now, and write. Address him as you always do."

John Bruce dipped the pen in the ink, and wrote in a small hand:—

"Dear Mr. Larmon:—

He looked up in a cowed way.

"All right!" grunted Crang. "I guess we'll kill another bird too, while we're at it." He smiled cryptically. "Go on again, and write!"

And John Bruce wrote as Crang dictated.

"I'm here in my rooms in the same hotel with you, but am closely watched. Our compact is known. I asked a girl to marry me, and in doing so felt she had the right to my full confidence. She did me in. She—"

John Bruce's pen had halted.

"Go on!" prompted Crang sharply. "It's got to sound right for Larmon—so that he will believe it. He's not a fool, is he?"

"No," said John Bruce.

"Well, go on then!"

And John Bruce wrote:

"She was all the time engaged to the head of a gang of crooks."

Crang's malicious chuckle interrupted his dictation.

"I'm not sparing myself, you see. Go on!"

John Bruce continued his writing.

"They are after blackmail now and threaten to expose you. I telegraphed you to come under an alias because we are up against it and you should be on the spot; but if they knew you were here they would only attach the more importance to it, and the price would go up. They believe you are still in San Francisco and that I am communicating with you by mail. They are growing impatient. You can trust the bearer of this letter absolutely. Go with him. He will take you where we can meet without arousing any suspicion. I am leaving the hotel now. If possible we should not risk more than one conference together, so bring a blank check with you. There is no other way out. It is simply a question of the amount. I am bitterly sorry that this has happened through me. John Bruce."

Crang, with his revolver pressed into the back of John Bruce's neck, leaned over John Bruce's shoulder and read the letter carefully.

"Fold it, and put it in that envelope without sealing it, and address the envelope to Mr. R. L. Peters at the Bayne-Miloy Hotel!" he instructed.

John Bruce folded the letter. As he did so, he noted that his signature was a good two or three inches above the thumb nail mark. He placed the letter in the envelope, and addressed the letter as Crang had directed.

Crang moved around to the other side of the table, tucked the envelope into his pocket, and grinned mockingly.

And then without a word John Bruce got up from his chair, and flung himself face down on the mattress again.

## CHAPTER XV

### The Clue

PAUL VENIZA, propped up in bed on his pillows, followed Claire with his eyes as she moved about the room. It was perhaps because he had been too ill of late to notice anything that he experienced now a sudden shock at Claire's appearance. She looked pale and drawn, and even her movements seemed listless.

"What's to-night?" he asked abruptly.

"Wednesday, father," she answered.

Paul Veniza plucked at the counterpane. It was all too much for Claire. Besides—besides Crang, she had been up all night for the last two nights, and since Monday she had not been out of the house.

"Put on your hat, dear, and run over and tell Hawkins I want to see him," he smiled.

Claire stared at the old pawnbroker. "Why, father," she protested. "It's rather late, isn't it? And, besides, you would be all alone in the house."

"Nonsense," said Paul Veniza. "I'm all right. Much better. I'll be up to-morrow. But I particularly want to see Hawkins to-night." He did not particularly want to see Hawkins or any one else, but if he did not have some valid excuse she would most certainly refuse to go out and leave him alone. A little walk and a breath of fresh air would do Claire a world of good. And as for the lateness of the hour, Claire in that section of the city was as safe as in her own home.

"Please do as I ask you, Claire," he insisted.

"Very well, father," she agreed after a moment's hesitation and went and put on her hat.

From downstairs, as she opened the front door, she called up to him a little anxiously.

"You are sure you are all right?"

"Quite sure, dear," Paul Veniza called back. "Don't hurry."

Claire stepped out on the street. It was not far to go—just around the first corner and halfway down the next block—and at first she walked briskly, impelled by an anxiety to get back to the house again as soon as possible, but insensibly, little by little, her footsteps dragged.

WHAT was it? Something in the night, the darkness, that promised a kindly cloak against the breaking of her self-restraint, that bade her let go of herself and welcome the tears that welled to her eyes? Would it bring relief? To-day, all evening, more than ever before, she had felt her endurance almost at an end. She turned her face upward to the night. It was black; not a star showed anywhere. It seemed as though something dense and forbidding had been drawn like a sombre mantle over the world. God, even, seemed far away to-night.

She shivered a little. Could that really be true—that God was turning His face away from her? She had tried so hard to cling to her faith. It was all she had; it was all that of late had stood between her and a despair, and misery, a horror so overwhelming, that death by contrast seemed a boon.

Her lips quivered as she walked along. It almost seemed as though she did not want to fight any more. And yet there had been a great and very wonderful reward given to her before she had even made the final sacrifice that she had pledged herself to make. If her soul revolted from the association that must come with Doctor Crang, if every instinct within her rose up in stark horror before the contamination of the man's wanton moral filth, one strange and wondrous thing sustained her. And she had no right to mistrust God, for God must have brought her this. She had bought an unknown life—that had become dearer to her than her own, or anything that might happen to her. She knew love. It was no longer a *stranger* who would live on through the years because she was soon to pay the price that had been set upon his life—it was John Bruce.

Claire caught her hands suddenly to her breast. John Bruce! She was still afraid—for John Bruce. And to-night, all evening, that fear had been growing stronger, chilling her with a sense of evil premonition and foreboding. Was it only premonition? Crang had threatened. She had heard the threats. And she knew out of her own terrible experience that Crang, as between human life and his own desires, held human life as naught. And yet surely John Bruce was safe from him now—at least his life was safe. That was how Crang had wrung the promise from her. No, she was not so sure! There was personal enmity between them now. Besides, if anything happened she would not be able to bring it to Crang's door—Crang would take care of that—and her promise would still hold. And she was afraid.

She had not seen Crang since the night that John Bruce had thrown him down the stairs. She had thanked God for the relief his absence had brought her—but now, here again, she was not so sure! What had kept him away? Where was John Bruce? She began to regret that she had told John Bruce he must not attempt to see her or communicate with her any more, though she had only done so because she had been afraid for his sake—that it would arouse but the very worst in Doctor Crang. Perhaps John Bruce had yielded to her pleading and had left the city. She shook her head. If she knew the man she loved at all, John Bruce would run from no one, and—

Claire halted abruptly. She had reached the dingy rooming house where Hawkins lived. She brushed her hand resolutely across her eyes as she mounted the steps.

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THE STORY SO FAR—*Hawkins, New York cab driver, inveterate drunkard, permits Paul Veniza, pawnbroker, to adopt his motherless baby girl, Claire. Twenty years later, Urlin P. Neyret, proprietor of gambling houses, meets in Honolulu John Bruce, of good family, but down and out temporarily, and offers him a big income to do his bidding in anything. Bruce returns to a life of luxury, meets Claire in a travelling pawnshop (a taxi driven by Hawkins), is injured in a fight, and takes refuge in the girl's room, falling unconscious. Dr. Crang, cocaine addict, as price for saving Bruce's life, extracts a promise of marriage from Claire. Bruce, recovering slowly, witnesses robbery by Crang and accomplices of Veniza's safe. Bruce declares his love to Claire. He then meets Hawkins again and learns the alter is Claire's father. Hawkins renews to Bruce and Veniza his pledge that he will drink no more. Will he keep it? Bruce discloses to Veniza his love for Claire. Crang attacks Claire brutally, in a drugged frenzy, and is severely handled by Bruce, who rescues the girl after a terrific fight. Crang threatens Bruce's life. Bruce returns to his life of luxury, is tricked by a ruse into Crang's den of scoundrels, and is threatened with death unless he lures Neyret (alias Larmon) by a trick letter into Crang's power for blackmail.*

The tears had come after all, for her lashes were wet. It was not necessary either to ring or knock; the door was always unfastened; and besides, she had been here so many many times that she knew the house almost as well as her own home. She opened the door, stepped into a black hallway, and began to feel her way up the creaking staircase. There was the possibility, of course, that Hawkins was either out or already in bed, but if he were out she would leave a note in his room for him so that he would come over to the old pawnshop when he returned, and if he were already in bed her message delivered through the door would soon bring Hawkins out of it again—Hawkins, since he had been driving that old car which he had created, was well accustomed to calls at all hours of the night.

A THIN, irregular streak of light, the only sign of light she had seen anywhere in the house, showed now at the threshold under Hawkins' ill-fitting door, as she reached the landing. She stepped quickly to the door and knocked. There was no answer. She knocked again. There was still no answer. Claire smiled a little whimsically. Hawkins was growing extravagant—he had gone out and left the light burning. She tried the door, and, finding it unlocked, opened it, stepped forward into the room—and with a sudden, low, half hurt, half frightened cry, stood still. Hawkins was neither out, nor was he in bed. Hawkins was sprawled partly on the floor and partly across a chair, in which he had obviously been unable to preserve his balance. Several bottles, all empty but one, stood upon the table. There were two dirty glasses beside the bottles, and another one, broken, on the floor. Hawkins was snoring stertorously.

It seemed somehow to Claire standing there that this was the last straw—and yet, too, there was only a world of pity in her heart for the old man. All the years rolled before her. She remembered as a child climbing upon his knee and pleading for the *tick-tick*—that great cumbersome silver watch, which, fallen out of his pocket, now, dangled by its chain and swung in jerky rhythm to his breathing. She remembered the days when, a little older, she had dressed herself in her best clothes, and to Hawkins' huge delight had played at princess, while he drove about in his old ramshackle hansom cab; and later still, his gentle faithfulness to Paul Veniza in his trouble, and to her—and the love, and the strange, always welcome tenderness that he had ever shown her. Poor frail soul! Hawkins had been good to every one—but Hawkins.

She could not leave him like this, but she was not strong enough to carry him alone to his bed. She turned and ran hurriedly downstairs. There was the widow Hedges, of course, the old landlady.

Back at the end of the lower hall, Claire pounded upon a door. Presently a woman's voice answered her. A moment later a light appeared as the door was opened, and with it an apparition in an old gingham wrapper and curl papers.

"Oh, it's you, Miss Claire!" the woman exclaimed in surprise. "What's brought you over here to-night, dear? Is your father worse?"

"No," Claire answered. "He wanted Hawkins, and—"

MRS. HEDGES shook her head.

"Hawkins isn't in," she said; "but I'll see that he gets the message when he comes back. He went out with the car quite a little while ago with some men he had with him."

"With the car?" Claire found herself suddenly a little frightened, she did not quite know why. "Well, he's back now, Mrs. Hedges."

"Oh, no," asserted Mrs. Hedges positively. "I might not have heard him going upstairs, but I would have heard the car coming in. It hasn't come back yet."

"But Hawkins *is* upstairs," said Claire a little heavily. "I—I've been up."

"You say Hawkins is upstairs?" Mrs. Hedges stared incredulously. "That's very strange!" She turned and ran back into her room and to a rear window. "Look, Miss Claire. Come here! You can see!" And as Claire joined her, "The door of the shed, or the 'gradge' as he calls it, is open, and you can see for yourself it's empty. If he's upstairs what could he have done with the car? It isn't out in front of the house, is it, and—oh!" She caught Claire's arm anxiously. "There's been an accident, you mean, and he's—"



**Claire gave a half-frightened cry. Hawkins was sprawled partly on the floor and partly across a chair.**

"I am sure he never left the house," said Claire, and her voice in its composed finality sounded strange even in her own ears. She was thoroughly frightened now, and her fears were beginning to take concrete form. There were not many who would have any use for that queer old car that was so intimately associated with Hawkins! She could think of only one—and of only one reason. She pulled at Mrs. Hedges' arm. "Come upstairs," she said.

Mrs. Hedges reached the door of Hawkins' room first.

"Oh, my God!" Mrs. Hedges cried out wildly. "He aint dead, is he?"

"No," said Claire in a strained voice. "He's—he's only had too much drink. Help me lift him on the bed."

It taxed the strength of the two women.

"And the car's stole," gasped Mrs. Hedges, fighting for her breath.

"Yes," said Claire. "I'm afraid so."

"Then we'll get the police at once!" announced Mrs. Hedges.

Claire looked at her for a moment.

"No," she said slowly, shaking her head. "You mustn't do that. It—it will come back."

"Come back?" Mrs. Hedges stared helplessly. "It aint a cat! You—you aint quite yourself, are you, Miss Claire? Poor dear, this has upset you. It aint a fit thing for young eyes like yours to see. Me—I'm used to it."

"I am quite myself." Claire forced a calmness she was far from feeling into her voice. "You mustn't notify the police, or do a thing, except just look after Hawkins. It—it's father's car, you know; and he'll know best what to do."

"Well, maybe that's so," admitted Mrs. Hedges.

"Do you know who the men were who were with Hawkins?" Claire asked.

"No, I don't," Mrs. Hedges answered excitedly. "The thieving devils, coming here and getting Hawkins off like this. I just knew there were some men up in his room with him because I heard them talking during the evening, and then when I heard them go out, and get the car I thought, of course, that Hawkins had gone with them."

"I—I see," said Claire, striving to speak naturally. "I—I'll go back to father now. I can't leave him alone very long anyhow. I'll tell him what has happened, and—and he'll decide what to do. You'll look after Hawkins, won't you, Mrs. Hedges?"

"You run along, dear," said Mrs. Hedges reassuringly. "Who else but me has looked after him these ten years?"

CLAIRE ran from the room and down the stairs, and out to the street. The one thing left for her to do was to reach home and get to the telephone—get the Bayne-Miloy Hotel—and John Bruce. Perhaps she was already too late. She ran almost blindly along the street. Her intuition, the foreboding that had obsessed her so heavily all evening, was only too likely now to prove itself far from groundless. What object, save one, could anybody have in obtaining possession of the travelling pawnshop, and at the same time of keeping Hawkins temporarily out of the road? Perhaps her deduction would show flaws if it were subjected to the test of pure logic, perhaps there were a thousand other reasons that would account equally well, and even more logically for what had happened, but she *knew* it was Crang—and Crang could have but one object in view. The man was clever, diabolically clever. In some way he was using that car and Hawkins' helplessness to trap the man he had threatened. She must warn John Bruce. There was not an instant to lose! How long ago had that car been taken? Was there even a chance left that it was not already far too late? She had not thought to ask how long ago it was when Mrs. Hedges had heard the car leave the garage.

It had never seemed so far—just that little half block and halfway along another. It seemed as though she had been an hour in coming that little way when she finally reached her home. Her breath coming in hard, short gasps, she opened the door, closed it, and, with no thought but one in her mind, ran across the room to the telephone. She remembered the number of the Bayne-Miloy. She snatched the telephone receiver from the hook—and then, as though her arm had suddenly become incapable of further movement, the receiver remained poised halfway to her ear.

Doctor Crang was leaning over the banister, and looking down at her.

With a stifled little cry, Claire replaced the receiver.

Paul Veniza's voice reached her from above.

"Is that you, Claire," he called.

"Yes, father," she answered.

Doctor Crang came down the stairs.

"I just dropped in a minute ago—not professionally"—a snarl crept into his voice—"for I have never been informed that your father was ill."

Claire did not look up.

"It—it wasn't serious," she said.

"So!" Crang smiled a little wickedly. "I wonder where you get the *gambling* spirit from? One of these days you'll find out how serious these attacks are!" He took a step forward. "Your father tells me that you have been over to Hawkins' room."

There was a curious hint of both challenge and perverted humor in his voice. It set at rest any lingering doubt Claire might have had.

"Yes," she said, and faced him now, her eyes hard and steady, fixed on his.

"Poor Hawkins!" sighed Doctor Crang ironically. "Even the best of us have our vices. It should teach us to be tolerant with others!"

CLAIRE'S little form was rigidly erect.

"I wonder if you know how much I hate you?" she said in a tense low voice.

"You've told me often enough!" A savage hungry look came into Crang's eyes. "But you're mine, for all that. Mine, Claire! Mine! You understand, that, eh?"

He advanced toward her. The door of the inner room, that for weeks, until a few days ago, had been occupied by John Bruce, was just behind her, and she retreated through it. He followed her. She did not want to cry out—the sound would reach the sick room above; and, besides, she dared not show the man that she had any fear.

"Don't follow me like that!" she breathed fiercely.

"Why not?" he retorted, as he switched on the light and closed the door. "I've got the right to, even if I hadn't something that I came over here particularly to-night to tell you about—quite privately."

She had put the table between them. That he made no effort to come nearer for the moment afforded her a certain relief, but there was something in the smile with which he surveyed her now, a cynical, gloating triumph, that chilled her.

"Well, what is it?" she demanded.

"I trapped that damned lover of yours to-night!" he announced coolly.

Claire felt her face go white. It was true then! She fought madly with herself for self-possession.

"If you mean Mr. Bruce," she said deliberately, "I was just going to try to warn him over the phone; though, even then, I was afraid I was too late."

"Ah!" he exclaimed sharply. "You knew, then?"

Claire shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, yes," she said contemptuously. "My faith in you where evil is concerned is limitless. I heard your threats. I saw Hawkins a few minutes ago. He was quite—quite helpless. You, or some of your confederates, traded on his weakness, took the key of the car away from him, and then stole the car. Ordinary thieves would not have acted like that." An icy smile came to her lips. "His landlady thought the police should be notified that the car had been stolen."

"You always were clever, Claire." Crang grinned admiringly. "You've got some brains—all there are around here, as far as I can make out. You've got it straight all right. Mr. John Bruce, Esquire, came out of Lavergne's on being informed that Hawkins was in bad shape—no lie about that! and walked into the car without a murmur. Too bad to bother the police, though—the car will have been left in front of Hawkins' door again by now."

It was hard to keep her courage; hard to keep her lips from trembling; hard to keep the tears back; hard to pretend that she was not afraid.

"What are you going to do with him?" Her voice was very low. "The promise that I gave you was on the conditions that he *lived*—not only then, but now."

Crang laughed outright.

"Oh, don't worry about that. He'd never let it get that far. He thinks too much of Mr. Bruce. He has already taken care of himself—at another man's expense."

Claire stared numbly. She did not understand.

"I'll tell you," said Crang with brutal viciousness. "He's a professional gambler, this supposedly wealthy gentleman of leisure. He works for a man in San Francisco named Larmon, who really is wealthy, but who poses as a pillar of the church, or words to that effect. Never mind how, but Larmon will be here to-night in New York—just at the right moment. And Mr. Bruce has very kindly consented to assist in convincing Mr. Larmon that exposure isn't worth the few dollars that would buy him immunity."

Claire did not speak. Still she did not understand. She sat down wearily in the chair beside the table.

Crang took a letter from his pocket abruptly, and opening it, laid it in front of Claire.

"I thought perhaps you would like to read it," he said carelessly.

Claire rested her elbows on the table, and cupped her chin in her hands. She stared at the letter. At first the words ran together, and she could not make them out. Then a sentence took form, and then another—and she read them piteously—". . . . I asked a girl to marry me, and in doing so felt she had the right to my full confidence. She did me in. . . . "

"But it's not true." she cried out sharply. "I don't believe it."

"Of course, it isn't true!" said Crang complacently. "And, of course, you don't believe it! But Larmon will. I've only shown you the letter to let you see what kind of a yellow cur this would-be lover of yours is. Anything to save himself. But so long as he wrote the letter, I had no quarrel with him if he wanted to fake excuses for himself that gave him a chance of holding his job with Larmon afterwards."

IT COULDN'T be true—true that John Bruce had even written the letter, a miserable Judas thing that baited a trap, for one who trusted him, with the good name of a woman for whom he had professed to care. It couldn't be true—but the signature was there: "John Bruce. . John Bruce. . . . John Bruce." It seemed to strike at her with the cruel stinging blows of a whip-lash; "John Bruce—John Bruce. . . John—"

It began to grow blurred. It was the infinite hopelessness of everything that crushed her fortitude, and mocked it, and made it at last a beaten thing. A tear fell and splashed upon the page—and still another. She kept looking at the letter though she could only see it through a blinding mist. And there was something ominous, and something that added to her fear, that she should imagine that her tears made *black* splashes on the blurred letter as they fell, and—

She heard a sudden startled snarl from Crang, and the letter was snatched up from the table. And then he seemed to laugh wildly, without reason, as a maniac would laugh—and with the letter clutched in his hand rushed from the room. Claire brushed her hand across her eyes. Perhaps it was herself who had gone mad.

The front door banged.

## CHAPTER XVI

### A Wolf Licks His Chops

OUTSIDE the house Crang continued to run. He was unconscious that he had forgotten his hat. His face worked in livid fury. Alternately he burst out into short, ugly gusts of laughter that made of laughter an evil thing;

*Continued on page 56*



"Read the slip!" said John Bruce grimly. "It was written in your invisible ink."

# CAN WE SALVAGE *our* RAILWAYS?

*By* FRANK S. CAHILL, M.P.

I BELIEVE that all the people of Canada, of all shades of political thought, are firmly agreed on one subject—that the railway situation, so far as government-owned or controlled roads are concerned is in a position which can only be described as a serious muddle. I do not say a *hopeless* muddle; because the history of our people shows that more difficult problems have been solved. In the Old Country, from which we have derived most of our political ideals and, directly or indirectly, quite a number of our political problems, the common formula for solving big problems, even those of a world war, is to "muddle through." This has never appealed to me as an ideal way of handling state or other problems. The better way is to keep out of muddles; but once in them, there is at least more virtue and courage in trying to seek a way out than in pursuing a policy of masterly inactivity, sinking deeper and deeper.

While we are all agreed on the seriousness of the situation, however, has it come home to the average Canadian as to just what it means to him personally? Has the magnitude of the financing to which his mind became accustomed during the war given him a sort of mental inoculation which renders him immune from realizing when he is on the way to financial disaster? There are financial peaks, you know, which the average mind has never been called upon to scale, and consequently makes no attempt to do so. It is not so very many years ago when a million dollars was a mere phrase which connoted enormous wealth, but when applied to a railway or other magnate did not necessarily mean that he actually had that much money, or any more than a very large sum, which was beyond the ambition of the ordinary individual's conception. Now, of course, the million and the millionaire are, even in Canada, rapidly getting in the class of financial pikers. We may rub against them familiarly every day in parliament and elsewhere. Where once they stood out, prominent as "a peak in Darien," they now have to be ticketed with a knighthood or a senatorship for the world to recognize them.

### Talking Billions Now

THE billion is the figure to which we now have to adjust our mental periscopes, but we have not yet altogether succeeded in doing so. We know that our national debt, which *individually and collectively we owe* and *individually and collectively must pay*, has gone well in excess of two billions; we know that our railway obligations are rapidly approaching the same exalted class; but what we have not yet recognized is just what it means to each of us. Just now we seem to be in the amazed and even whimsical state of mind of the man at the circus who looked at the giraffe and declared: "There aint no such animile!" Never in its national life has Canada encountered a billion before, and she does not know just how to solve it.

Still, there it is. And there, too, is that other national curiosity, the Railway White Elephant, acquired at fabulous expense, and costing nearly a quarter of a million *daily* to feed. The war, you will recollect, cost us a million a day while we were in it; but we saw that there must be an end to that within a reasonable time. While the daily railway tax is only one quarter as great, the chances appear to be that it will last at least four times as long.

This, some one may possibly say, is exaggeration. Well, in his budget speech for 1920, in speaking of railway finances, the Minister of Finance considered that the money advanced to the railways could not be reckoned as an asset; and since the railways were taken over by the Government in 1917—that is, a period of five years, including this year's estimates, the amount of money put into the proposition by the Canadian people has been in excess of $400,000,000. This money has all gone in as operating deficits, fixed charges, expenditures for betterments and rolling stock, and it represents a loss to the treasury (the Canadian people) of nearly a quarter of a million a day since we became the owners and operators of these systems.

### Our Ever-Amazing Deficits

SINCE 1917 we have expended on our railways an amount greater than we had done in all the previous years since Confederation, including the cost to the country of the Intercolonial, the National Transcontinental, the Hudson's Bay, and the Canadian Government railways, with this important distinction: the expenditures since 1917 have been exclusively for the purpose of meeting deficits and for such betterments as were absolutely necessary. This was the investment which the Minister of Finance could not consider an asset. In other words, our investment averaging from two hundred thousand to a quarter of a million a day has resulted in no permanent value to the people of Canada. The service is admittedly worse than it was before the railways were taken over as a Government-owned and managed proposition. The freight rates are higher, and there has been no compensating benefit.

It is interesting to trace briefly how we got into the muddle. The first railway in Canada was built in 1836. It was only sixteen miles in length, and ran from Laprairie, opposite Montreal, to St. John's, on the Richelieu. It was, in all respects, a "one-horse railway," as during the first year of its operation the horse was the motive power. Railway development came quickly in Canada. Just fifty years later, to a day, the Canadian Pacific was opened through to the Pacific coast.

The early ideal of the Canadian people was towards government ownership, and was for a transcontinental system from the Atlantic to the Pacific; but in practice this worked out as it has done everywhere. So instead of proceeding with the scheme on the colossal Rhodesian plan of laying a ruler across the map and saying: "Build from here to here," there has been a series of detached lines serving local needs. Even when the Canadian Pacific was built from coast to coast, more than half a century after it was first mooted, there was no lack of critics who called the plan chimerical and doomed to financial failure.

How the different systems were evolved, beginning with the Grand Trunk, is a matter of history, even the written portion of which is sufficiently discouraging to the idealist. Could Joseph Howe, the first protagonist of a transcontinental government-owned railway, have looked as far into the future with regard to government ownership in Canada as he did in many other respects, it is more than doubtful if he would ever have advocated the principle. Perhaps the public life of Canada was higher and party politics less dominating in those days. At all events, it was not long before the era of "Railroad Chivalry" in Canada set in, with the advent on the scene of three men, the first of that considerable line of knights who have been rewarded by a grateful sovereign or somebody for operations performed on the body politic of Canada.

It is sufficient to say of these men—Sir Allan McNab (who said: "Railways are my politics"), Sir Francis Hincks, and Sir A. T. Galt—that they were no better and no worse than their successors, and were among the leading moving spirits in connection with the formation of the Grand Trunk Railway embryo. It is worth while reading the history of the promotion and expansion of the Grand Trunk enterprise because it set the pace and the fashion for the promotion of railway schemes in Canada. It established precedents of jobbery and manipulation which in some respects have never been excelled by those better known experts who came after.

The incidents in connection with the development of the Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern and other systems are better known, but do not reflect any more credit on the judgment and public morality of either the Governments of Canada or the recipients of their favors. In the case of the Canadian Pacific—although it has been a recipient of enormously valuable privileges and grants—it has at least been marked by a spirit of great enterprise and sound business judgment in its operation, which induces the reflection that if the people are to choose a master it is always wise to choose an efficient one.

It would take too long to trace the particulars of how the situation now confronting Canada came about; and the most important part of it is current history, anyway. It is obvious that no party has been free from mistakes. Some initiated mistakes of their own, others carried along and accentuated those of their predecessors, with the result that to-day we have the muddle whose financial menace was indicated briefly at the beginning of this article.

### Is There a Solution?

HAVING stated the problem at considerable length, it will naturally be asked: "What is the remedy?" Has the Government, or has anyone else, a real railway policy, or is it just a state of "muddling through?" The Minister of Railways, in presenting his latest recital of horrors to the House, asked somewhat plaintively for help and guidance; but whether he really meant this, or whether he was pleading for immunity from criticism is a question on which there is a difference of opinion.

A very expert physician may be able to prescribe with occasional success for a patient who has some serious internal ailment, but will not proffer any information on his symptoms; but the average physician would hesitate to prescribe in such a case. The Opposition has been called in consultation, but Doctor Reid has even refused them access to the patient. A good many of the members of the Opposition, however, have been studying the case privately, and believe they know what is wrong. Many of them believe that it would be both unwise and impolitic to interfere. They simply say to the patient's family: "If you are not satisfied with the treatment this patient has been getting, and want our advice, you will have to dismiss those who are now in charge of the case, and formally call us in. We believe we can cure him or at least alleviate his most serious symptoms."

Just recently there has come a suggestion from one whom I hesitate to call an eminent practitioner. In fact, I am afraid he should be called a member of the empirical school of railway medicine, and will prove to be merely another experimenter. I refer to the suggestion of the Hon. A. K. McLean, which the Government showed itself very ready to adopt, that a special select standing committee on railways and shipping owned, operated or controlled by the Government be appointed. The danger of such a committee is that it will itself be "owned, operated and controlled by the Government," and such particulars only will be referred to it as will make it merely a camouflage to conceal the information which it is most desirable, for the success of the railroads under government ownership, should be given to parliament. Indeed, the Prime Minister himself, when questioned regarding the functions of this committee, was extremely non-committal.

There are, however, some fairly obvious suggestions of a constructive character regarding the policy which should be followed in connection with this problem of government management which, unhappily, has been thrust on the Canadian people. To get at the most important and basic principle, in my opinion *private ownership with public control* is the system we should apply to the railways of Canada. Broadly speaking, public ownership—and especially public ownership of railways—is not a proper function

## Frank S. Cahill

MR. *CAHILL is Liberal member for Pontiac, in the House of Commons, and is one of the Government's keenest critics when any question arises appertaining to the railways. As a critic, he admits that he is more destructive than constructive—as long as he is in the shades of Opposition. President D. B. Hanna, of the Canadian National Railways, has brought against Mr. Cahill an action for libel, asking $50,000 damages, on account of certain statements he is alleged to have made (criticizing the C. N. R. management) in a speech delivered in the Montreal Reform Club about a year ago. Previous statements of a similar nature were made by the member for Pontiac in the House of Commons, but there, of course, were privileged.*

## Take It From the Government!

MR. *CAHILL says: "I believe this is the solution to which we must ultimately come: get a group of business men who would be able to form a company with adequate capital—say, not less than $100,000,000—to take the system over on some basis which would be satisfactory to the Canadian people. This group should completely divorce the road from political or other influence which might militate against its success. They, I think, might be able to reduce the deficits to the extent of the operating losses and a portion of the interest charges—perhaps eventually putting the railways on a paying basis."*

of the government. By the very nature of things, Government ownership cannot be divorced from politics. All the activities of any government are necessarily carried on by politicial machinery, and that machinery is wholly unsuited to the economic field. The fields of politics and economics are dissimilar and separate. The field of politics —meaning thereby the art of government—is largely the regulation of conduct and the protection of rights. The economic field is the production and utilization of material things. The principles, methods, and machinery of political administration are wholly different from those of economic activities and not adapted nor adaptable to the latter. These differences are fundamental and cannot be reconciled. When, therefore, the machinery of political action is applied to economic undertaking it works badly and makes impossible the perfect co-ordination which can alone, in the economic field, produce efficiency and economy of operation.

This being the case, public ownership of railways in the first instance was a mistake, but now that we have it, and bearing in mind the circumstance that the Government, who admit their inability to solve the problem and who also intimate their intention to retain office as long as possible (which in all probability will be for two years more), and in view of the present deficits amounting to more than $200,000 per day, it becomes incumbent upon every Canadian citizen to assist in any way that he can towards a solution of this problem.

### A Committee With Real Power

IT WILL be apparent to everyone that an intelligent discussion of the subject would be impossible without the fullest possible information pertaining to the policy, management, and operation of the railway system. If the Government, therefore, is sincere in asking for assistance from parliament as a whole—and remember that this is a proposition which concerns all the people, on all sides of politics—they should appoint such a special parliamentary committee as would have power to send for persons, papers and records, and to examine witnesses under oath. This committee would have the authority of parliament to call in the services not only of expert railway men, but of successful business men in any walk of life throughout Canada. Such men, having the fullest facts before them, should be able to evolve a plan whereby our present railway difficulties could at least be remedied, if not completely overcome.

As one simple example of the working out of this procedure, let us take a case which happens to occur to me at the moment. It is not of the highest importance; but it is a detail of operation which shows the need of co-ordination. Is it not obvious that two first-class passenger trains, from Winnipeg to Biggar, Saskatchewan, starting within three hours of each other and arriving at a point five hundred miles west from Winnipeg at practically the same hour constitute an economic stupidity? It is also possible that the expensive first-class passenger trains operating between Montreal and Vancouver are being run at a loss; and it might be better for the management had they invested the original cost of such trains in freight instead of passenger equipment, as it is well known that the farmers of the West have been complaining bitterly that the Canadian National Railways have not been providing an adequate freight service.

In referring to some of the wider aspects of railway policy, let us take the subject of immigration and colonization. There appears to be a pretty widely held idea that Canada has overbuilt in railways. With this view I do not entirely agree. We are in the very throes of nation-building in Canada at the present time. A proper system of transportation is necessary to the development of our national resources, and vice versa. In Canada's case, one branch of the undertaking has been accomplished: we have advanced with our railway construction ahead of our other development. The energies of the Government should be turned in the most active manner to immigration, colonization, and the development of our natural resources.

### Colonization the Real Cure

I OBSERVE with pleasure that this view has recently been advocated in public addresses by Hon. T. A. Crerar, leader of the Agrarian party, and has been warmly approved of by President E. W. Beattie of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Before Parliament in 1919 and again last year, I urged this very policy upon the Government. At the present time the Government would appear to be confining its immigration policy mainly to devising the most effective regulations for keeping immigrants out of the country. Traffic on our railways can only be increased by a further increase of production, which means more population for the further development of our resources.

The full attention of the Government should be turned to the business of colonizing the territory adjacent to our present railway lines; and there should be a policy of consolidation rather than further expansion in railway building. During the period up to the year 1911, according to the Drayton-Acworth report, Canada had a mile of railway for every 284 inhabitants. The report goes on to note that, since 1911. the population has not much increased (and this is largely true in 1921) but the railway mileage open or under construction had nearly doubled; so that, when



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A keen, caustic critic of the Government, particularly when railway questions are under discussion.

that report appeared, there were only 185 people to support each mile of railway.

One of the greatest troubles in connection with the railway situation to-day is the land question. The Canadian Northern, for example, runs through millions of acres of vacant lands in Western Canada, held by speculators or by competing railway companies. If our railways run through vacant lands and produce no traffic, necessarily we must lose money as a consequence. Until this land question is satisfactorily settled, the roads which run through such unoccupied areas cannot possibly make money.

One way, therefore, to salvage our railways, is to *inaugurate a sane land policy*, causing the land held by speculators in the West to be put into use, and to create traffic for our roads. We have too much railway mileage, and too little population.

### Deficits That are Staggering

ONE of the most important things regarding which the people of Canada desire to be satisfied in connec with this question is whether it is under good management or not. The *prima facie* evidence is that the management is bad because it is producing deficits which are simply staggering. The only way in which the people of Canada can be satisfied as to whether the management is good or bad is for their representatives in Parliament to be permitted the right to find out. As already mentioned; the proposal which the Government adopted with such alacrity is, as it stands, only an inert thing. It must have specific cases referred to it by the House, and this will never be done except with the consent of the Government.

We are now saddled with the railways under government ownership, and for the present we must do the best we can with them. Let us leave the Canadian Pacific Railway alone—as I think everyone is inclined to do—and see that the properties we now own are properly managed. Personally, I cannot see why we should increase our burden by taking over the Grand Trunk, as all the benefits to be derived from its possession could accrue from co-operation under separate ownership.

We should establish the capitalization of our railway properties. We have the Intercolonial without capitalization, and the Canadian Northern with an exceedingly heavy capitalization. Let us find out what the different roads require in the way of cash to put them in good shape,

NEXT MONTH'S FICTION

A strong short fiction number May 1, including:

"THE GATE OF WU"—The first of L. H. Gordon's five thrilling detective stories.

"THE CAGE OF IRON"—A dramatic gem by H. Merriman Rouse, who wrote "As a Man to His Friend," in the April 1 issue.

"THE LAW'S VINDICATION"—By C. W. Stephens, MacLean's readers' old favorite.

—and others.

and how long they are likely to have to operate before getting profits. If we have a losing business, we want to cut our losses as fine as possible.

At the present time the management of the system is at least open to criticism. The Minister of Railways is responsible for the selection of the directors of the property, and among all those he chose he, apparently, could not find one who knew anything about railways. He selected men who are, individually and within their limitations, no doubt eminently respectable citizens. Beyond the fact that they run to the private car habit a little I have no criticism to make of them personally; but it does seem that, with a little effort, the government might have been able to secure for its railroad directorate men who knew something about railways. A common, though possibly unfounded, criticism is that "the management is too close to Mackenzie and Mann." This is not necessarily a reflection on either the president of the system, nor his old associates; but it was a criticism which was sure to arise, so that it would have been far wiser had the government forestalled it by doing at that time what it is now well understood to be endeavoring to effect—secure a new head for the system.

### A Fabulous Salary for a "Winner"

IT IS well known that the heads of the Canadian Northern system when it was taken over by the government had the reputation of being good construction men, and nothing more. It was as such they built up the property. There was not a great operating genius among them.

Hints have been let drop from fairly good sources that the Government has successively approached three of the leading railway men in the country with offers of an almost fabulous salary to assume the management of the system; the names commonly mentioned are those of Messrs. Grant Hall, Gutelius and Coleman. One of these has already denied that he is considering the proposition. Personally, I may say that I do not know that any of those mentioned have been approached, though it is entirely likely. Anyway, it looks as though some genius would have to be found to extricate us from our difficulties.

At all events, some solution must be found without delay for the enormous deficits which are piling up; and if it is the public wish that public ownership should be maintained then it is for the government to secure a management which will immediately decrease the deficits. In this connection it may be noted that it is just possible that the deficits would be no greater if the freight rates were considerably reduced, thereby stimulating traffic in the lower grade commodities. For instance, in the Abitibi district of Quebec, with a population of 20,000 people dependent very largely on the pulp wood industry, industry has been almost at a standstill since the increase in rates. If they are not reduced within a short time, there is nothing surer than that this population will find it necessary to leave the district, thereby further increasing the deficits on that portion of the system.

It is impossible to get along without political control; under our system we must have political control or no control at all; but what would be desirable would be to eliminate party patronage and party politics as far as possible. The best—indeed the only means—of accomplishing this is to give the fullest publicity to every phase of the undertaking; and if this were done, the possibilities for an operating genius who might take over the system at the present time would be very great.

### Could Private Company Take it Over?

FINALLY, there is another suggestion; and to my mind it is the best of all, and the one to which we must ultimately come. This would be to get a group of business men who would be able to form a company with ample capital, say not less than a hundred million dollars, to take the system over on some basis which should be satisfactory to the Canadian people. This group should completely divorce the road from political or other influence which might militate against its success. They, I think, might be able to reduce the deficits to the extent of the operating losses and a portion of the interest charges—perhaps eventually putting it on an actual paying basis.

However, the position I take personally with regard to the management of the Government railways is that it is not the business of the Opposition, but of the Government of the day, to furnish a solution of the Government's problems. If they are not able to do so, they should resign and give their critics a chance to make good. No government should lay the blame for any problem on their hands upon their predecessors or opponents. A government should be held responsible for the solution of whatever problem it assumes. It is not fair to ask a man to submit a plan which he is to have no part in working out.

Moreover, it must be recalled that the Government refuses flatly to give information which is absolutely necessary before one can hope to approach a solution of the problem, and without which it is hard to even discuss it intelligibly.

"Ah, but," they say, "you are asking us to give away all the secrets of our business to the opposition."

The only secret is the secret of success, which the system under its present management apparently does not possess.

# POLITICAL PROBE? PAH!

**An extraordinarily successful business man, nationally known to all Canadians—one of the clearest thinkers and keenest students of railway problems in the Dominion—has expressed for the benefit of readers of MacLean's his views on the appalling deficit of the Canadian Government Railways and his suggestions for a solution. The interview, however, was given only under the strictest pledge of anonymity. Its substance follows, though no attempt has been made to reproduce the exact words.**

"DO YOU consider that the Government acted wisely in taking over the Transcontinental, Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific?"

A.—"Certainly not. I did not think so then nor do I think so now."

Q.—"What alternative existed?"

A.—"Let them go into liquidation."

Q.—"But what about the investors?"

A.—"When they made their investments they took risks and should have known they were not putting their money into what could justly be termed absolutely safe securities. Many instances could be given where one or other of the railways taken over indulged in ventures which certainly could not be classed as conservative. Just to give one example which comes to mind: a good many years ago a well-known property was offered the Canadian Pacific Railway for many millions. A careful investigation of the proposition was made and the offer turned down. What happened? It was not long before the very same property was sold to the Canadian Northern Railway for a larger sum, and bonds for it for twice the original amount were floated in England. Thus you have the extraordinary fact that the shareholders of the Canadian Northern paid for these collieries more than twice the sum for which they were offered to the Canadian Pacific."

Q.—"What is your opinion of the value of an investigation by a parliamentary committee into the whole railway situation?"

A.—A snort, partly of derision, partly of disgust, was the reply. "Parliamentary probe? Pah! What good would that do? What could it possibly accomplish except to waste a lot of valuable time and throw a smoke-cloud around the real issue? A parliamentary committee would be composed of nothing but a bunch of amateurs and any investigation made by the members at Ottawa would be worthless."

### An Impartial Commission of Experts

Q.—"What, then, is the solution? With an announced deficit of $68,000,000 last year—and a deficit which J. L. Payne, former government railway statistician, places actually at $140,000,000—what can be done?"

A.—"There is but one business-like solution: a commission composed of recognized railway experts should be appointed. These men must be absolutely impartial and should proceed to study Canadian Government Railways' problems strictly and solely from the practical railway man's viewpoint. No other considerations should be permitted to interfere."

Q.—"Can the right men be secured?"

A.—"Yes, I think so; but not in Canada. There are, of course, in the Dominion many excellent railway men, masters of the various problems of railway construction, operation and finance, but there would likely be great difficulty in getting hold of men who are without some bias. Men whom I could name would likely be biased in favor of the Canadian Pacific; others would be almost certain to be prejudiced in favor of the Government lines.

"I would go outside Canada altogether for the members of this commission. Absolutely the biggest men in the world should be sought, for we have to-day no problem to compare in importance with that of our railways. In fact, it is more than of paramount importance—it is a menace. The railway problems of Great Britain are not the same as ours, therefore, we should seek the members for our commission in the United States. Only there can we hope to get men who are absolutely independent and definitely qualified."

Q.—"What could this commission hope to accomplish?"

A.—"Problems of construction, operation and finance could be approached solely from the railway man's viewpoint. Every line that won't pay—stop it. The commission would be justified in going even farther than in the case of a private railway because in so many instances the operating expenses themselves would be found, on government railways, to be in excess of the income. Such non-profitable lines should not be operated again until changed conditions, such as increased immigration, brought them to the point where they could be profitable."

Q.—"What about condition of the right of way if neglected?"

A.—"There is no doubt that, generally speaking, it would deteriorate, but railway ties usually have to be renewed every five or six years anyway; if unused they should last longer than the average period.

"Overlapping should be definitely eliminated. That is an economic waste for which, especially under such circumstances as exist in Canada to-day and will continue to exist for some years, there is no iota of an excuse. Just to take one glaring example: every night in the year three trains leave Winnipeg for Edmonton. There isn't enough traffic to justify more than one train.

"There is an inexcusable amount of duplication of railway lines in Western Canada. The Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern have many examples of stupid duplication, of both their East-and-West lines as well as their North-and-South lines. I think it is safe to say, in addition, that every North-and-South line of the Canadian Pacific in Western Canada is duplicated."

### The Way Out

*1. Appoint an impartial commission, composed of practical railway men—so that they will be without bias the members should be selected in the United States.*

*2. Clothe this commission with authority—so that their recommendations can be vitalized.*

*3. Dispose of the Canadian National Railways, after searching investigation, in one of three ways:*

*(a) Lease certain lines to the C. P. R.*

*(b) Discontinue non-paying lines.*

*(c) Turn over remaining lines to a private corporation.*

### What of the Profitable Lines?

Q.—"What should be done with the lines which are needed—particularly with the very profitable lines of the Grand Trunk in Western Ontario and lines in other parts of Canada?"

A.—"They should be turned over to a private corporation to operate—but before they can be turned over, or any intelligent action taken, the Government must initiate an investigation by practical men *to ascertain the basis on which they can be turned over.* But turned over they *must be,* because it has been pretty definitely shown that they cannot be operated under government ownership as efficiently as under private ownership—provided it is the right kind of private ownership.

"There are three ways in which the various lines now operated—or which soon will be operated—by the Government should be disposed of:

"1.—Certain lines should be leased to the Canadian Pacific Railway. There is a precedent for this in Alberta where the Edmonton, Dunvegan and Peace River Railway was leased recently to the C.P.R., by a provincial government which certainly is more radical (and presumably more sympathetic toward government ownership where possible) in its sphere than the present federal government in its domain.

"2—Every non-paying line should be discontinued, with perhaps certain peculiar and outstanding exceptions. The point would at once be raised that the Government is not playing fair with settlers along these lines. I have studied this question with some care and have come to the conclusion that *95 per cent. of the people in Canada would be adequately served by the Canadian Pacific Railway and those branches of the Canadian Government Railways which pay.*

"As for the other five per cent., they may have to get along for a few years and suffer hardship; a tide of immigration would result in a gradual re-continuance of the service on these lines.

### Greatest Good to Greatest Number

"IT WOULD be quite natural to expect that immigrants who could not obtain land in reasonable proximity to *operated* railway lines would next seek to settle as close as possible to those lines where they could at least have visible evidence of grades, rails and ties—with the justifiable hope that it would not be long before they would have the trains. Until that time the five per cent. would perhaps suffer, but it would be another instance of the greatest good to the greatest number.

"3.—The remaining lines—paying lines which it was not found in the best interests of the country to lease—should be turned over to a private corporation to operate. Under what conditions, or on what terms, I am not prepared to say. The fair and proper basis could only be arrived at after an investigation into all existing conditions, into every influencing factor, had been made by the impartial commission. And I have no doubt whatever but that a satisfactory plan could be worked out by which a corporation could be persuaded to undertake the operation of these lines—on a basis satisfactory both to the country and to the private corporation assuming the undertaking.

"To treat this railway question as a political football is very, very dangerous. When the ordinary citizen really thinks of the size of the deficit, compares it with the total budget in pre-war days, and then considers what this deficit may be next year, or in succeeding years—really, it's appalling!

"We want a solution—and we want it quick.

"But we want the *right* solution, viz:

"A commission which must be:

"**Impartial**—and therefore secured in the U.S.;

"**Efficient**—and therefore composed of practical railway men;

"**Clothed with authority**—so that their recommendations may be vitalized.

"If there are any objections to my reasoning or my conclusion, let them be named; if there is a better way out of our difficulties I am ready and eager to listen to it.

"What Canada wants at Ottawa is *action—not dawdling.*"

### What Daily Papers Say

THAT portion of the Government railway system which runs through the Maritime provinces pays its way—or very nearly does so, declares the St. John, N.B., *Standard,* which paper thinks that the 15,000 miles of new road built during the past few years in Ontario and Western Canada are operated solely for the benefit of those provinces—adding that it is being operated at a loss of a million dollars a week. After stating that the Maritime provinces have to pay their share of this loss, the *Standard* insists that the government railways are not being used to encourage inter-provincial trade as they ought to be:

"Very little trade passes between the Maritime provinces and the remainder of the country, and nothing is being done to improve conditions. How is it to be expected that the provinces can progress as they ought to, if they are deliberately handicapped by succeeding governments?"

The Quebec *Chronicle* in speaking of the railway deficit is inclined to call a spade a spade:

"Now that the Government has taken the roads over as urged, the truth is becoming increasingly evident that they cost just so much to operate and maintain no matter who owns them; and that the cost has to be met by the Canadian people, no matter which pocket the money is taken out of. The increasing demands made by the railroads upon the government treasury are staggering, but they cannot be evaded or curtailed, unless by their return to private ownership. There is no good in whimpering or counting the cost at this late date. Canada has tied a millstone round her own neck and must carry it."

"Wages on the railways will have to come down; the country cannot afford to pay them," insists the Kingston *Standard.* "People are traveling less because of the passen-

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### The Cost—To You

*If you are a married man with a wife and three children, you are paying approximately $40 a year, out of your pocket, to bear the burden of the C. N. R. deficit—WHETHER YOU OR YOUR FAMILY EVER BOARD A TRAIN OR NOT! Deficit $68,000,000—population between eight or nine million—work it out for yourself. Or, taking J. L. Payne's figures, YOU'RE PAYING $80!*

# SALVAGE

By CHARLES C. JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



The inevitable followed. The girl met Farrocher in secret.

THE heavy voice of John Armstrong boomed out into the fantastic shadows beyond the shaded oil lamp's yellow circle of light.

"It's a lie! It's a lie!"

Then in a savage, stabbing whisper even more fearful: "It's a lie—a damned—black—lie!"

Blizzard winds raging round the trading-post seemed to snatch up the hiss of it in a wail of ferocious emphasis and carry it in dying cadences far out and up into the Arctic unknown.

John Armstrong in the huge arm-chair of moose-hide covering by the roaring box-stove was unmoved by the elemental accompaniment. What he had said, he had said. Its finality was spelled in the click of the dour square jaw. The incident was closed and must remain so.

But the bitterness it had brought in its wake was still upon him. He sat long with hands clinched on the arms of his chair, brow bent forward as though from sheer weight of that which oppressed the mind back of it, eyes upon the fire, his strong, heavily-lined face reflecting the conflict still raging in his being.

The old fur-trader had been trying to crush out absolutely the promptings of his own agitated better self. Lonely men in far-flung reaches of the world sooner or later acquire the habit of talking aloud to themselves, debating their problems thus as with a dual self, oftentimes to the extent of long and heated arguments—at that a sane and saving practice whose virtues only those who have for long been isolated from communion with their kind can appreciate. Armstrong met few white men at his distant post in the depth of Winter; of late he had studiously avoided even coming in contact with other white traders on the trails.

HIS present perturbation had been inspired by a paragraph in a letter lying open on the rough table that served him for a desk in the trading-post:

> Jean, my husband, as you may have learned, died a year ago. I do not write to explain that which it is too late to explain. It is for Baby's sake—Baby Mildred, who is the living image of what I was when I played at your knee—for her sake I dare appeal to you. I am in poor health and I shudder to think what might happen Baby should I break down or be taken from her entirely. I ask nothing for myself. What you might send would be devoted to Baby's care alone. Father, if you will not help—then, oh God, my little Mildred will have to be turned over to strangers to rear. I am enclosing a little snapshot taken of Baby when she was just learning to walk.

John Armstrong read no further. With a great hairy hand he reached out and pushed letter and picture from him back into the shadow as though their mere presence annoyed him intensely.

"It is a lie." He repeated it calmly this time. "Nina, my daughter, is dead and buried—dead and buried. My child died in the sweet innocence of her girlhood. How then could I have a grandchild? Why should this letter come to deceive me who have been robbed of everything worth while?"

The tempest trumpeted with fiercer fury outside. Great gusts flung themselves like assailing legions of the night against the stout log walls of the post whose windows had become whited squares from the frosting within and the drift snow pounded upon them without.

John Armstrong opened the door of the great box-stove and threw a three-foot log-cut upon its bed of coals. He filled and lit a long-stemmed *calumet* with a blackened stone bowl and settled back in the chair. The soothing fumes seemed to quiet him. But as the smoke-wreaths contorted weirdly in thin fading wisps up through the dull yellow glare of the hanging lamp he was in reality fighting down assailing memories whose bitterness was the bitterness of remembering happier days that could never come again.

He had spoken a part-truth out of the emptiness of his heart, had John Armstrong. He *had* lost everything that in the essence of things is to a man worth while.

Wife and daughter both had he lost, and with them had gone something more; something that had been the warm, responsive soul of John Armstrong now replaced by the worthless ashes of atheism. The years since had been to him lagging ages of drab, colorless existence. What a metamorphosis had come over all things in that time!

It had been a tragedy of the stark north woods which is not uncommon history. Love of a man may take a woman there to face its climatic rigors. Love of her home may buoy her up to meet its inconveniences, its loneliness and its tremendous difficulties, and to meet them triumphantly. But there is another thing—a *Thing* intangible—that few women not native-born to the strange, inexorable North may meet and conquer. It is a spirit out of the composite of the vast, limitless wastes; a brooding, hostile Presence, born of the endless days of mocking silence and witch-ridden nights when the aurora borealis boils up in noiseless fury and turns the dome of heaven to a cauldron of menacing wrath. It had been this *Thing* that had preyed upon the young wife of John Armstrong before the baby was born whose entrance to the world had cost her her life. Her terror had left its prenatal impress upon the child.

Nina Armstrong was educated in Eastern Canada, boarding with a family who had been old friends of her father. When she had passed into the collegiate her father sent for her. He could stand being without her no longer. She who was the image of her mother was as the apple of her father's eye. She went to him but with apprehensions weighing upon her spirit she dared tell no one.

Days when her father was away on his trading expeditions the sound of her own footfalls would startle her, and she crept about in horrible fear of she knew not what. Nights the *Thing* seemed to crouch out in the encircling woods, silent, waiting, watching—*always watching her.*

She did not tell her father about it. But she had entreated him to return to the haunts of civilization. He urged her to be patient. A couple more years with furs at good prices and he would be rich enough to retire and live in one of the cities. Then they would leave the wilderness for good.

Nina Armstrong tried to be comforted, but when he left her the Terror returned. More than ever she could sense the elusive, sinister challenge of the deep silences. The fantastic outlines of the Laurentian cliffs became living gargoyles of derision; the ominous, close-packed spruce forests seemed peopled with menacing, crouching monsters.

She knew it was merely illusion; that these things were but imaginings. But the child could not understand the dread they sent to the roots of her being. A deadly fear that she was going mad seized her, a depression she cautiously hid from her stern, practical parent.

JUST about this time there came to the Ghost Lake district Jean Farrocher, good-looking, gay, carefree, chief cruiser for one of the big pulp and paper companies. He and his crew of helpers camped on the banks of the Ghost River less than a quarter of a mile from Armstrong's trading-post. He came often to the post for supplies of one sort and another. John Armstrong could see no good in young Farrocher, and, after the manner of man he was, took no pains to hide his dislike. He forbade his daughter to have anything to do with the handsome timber cruiser beyond the routine of business transactions at the trading-post store.

The inevitable followed. The girl met Farrocher in secret. Encircled as she had been by the menace of the Great Silence this man and the world to which he belonged and could take her meant liberty, Life itself. Besides, he had told her—and she believed him—that he could not live without her.

Jean Farrocher moved his camp further south. Still there were days of each week when he met Nina Armstrong at one or another of their trysting-places along the ragged grey gorges of the Ghost River.

JOHN ARMSTRONG suspected nothing till one evening returning from a five-day expedition he entered the post to find it strangely silent. A brief note from his daughter explained. She had run away with Jean Farrocher and they were going to make their home in a distant eastern city. Nina could stand the bush no longer and she had fled from it and her father forever.

The blow bludgeoned John Armstrong into inactive melancholy. No moan escaped his lips, no catch came in his throat. That this thing could happen the angels themselves could not have convinced him. Proof that it had happened paralysed him mentally and spiritually.

But one token was left to remind him of her, a silk gown he had bought her on one of their rare summer trips to the East. She had left it laid out upon the length of the bed in her tiny room in the rear of the post. The attitude of the garment strangely coincided with the mood of her broken-hearted father.

Dry-eyed, ashen-faced, he stood staring down at the gown. "It is all a great black lie," something subtle out of the Great Silence told him though his own lips uttered it. "Nina—my little Nina did not desert me. *She is dead.*"

That night he did not disturb or even touch the gown, but before the next evening *it had strangely disappeared from the room.*

John Armstrong returning in the gloaming evinced no surprise at its absence. He merely nodded to himself as one who finds things as he had preconceived they would be. He left every item in the room as he had found it and sealed the chamber against intrusion.

This had been the crucial moment. Had he broken down, wept over his daughter's memory, he might have been saved. But it seemed when he sealed his daughter's chamber door the flood-gates of his soul too were sealed.

FROM that hour John Armstrong became a changed man, hard and smileless, a dour scorner who studiously effaced all outward show of the better elements of his nature. There is such a thing as furnacing Life's ideals so ardently that when the cold waters of Adversity are applied brittle, unyielding temper of mind results, and in the abrupt contraction the spirit is crushed out of all seeming existence. Armstrong in the solitudes had given himself over too seriously to dreams, though few who knew him might have guessed it.

In that caprice of Fortune which visits soul-deadened men John Armstrong met with immediate and sustained commercial success. One of the big fur companies bought out a section of his territory for many times what his total profits had been in the past ten years. He contracted heavily for skins during a slump in prices. Almost immediately after the pelts commenced to come in market prices went soaring. In a very short time John Armstrong became a wealthy man—wealthier than he had ever

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# Our Authors Get Together

*By* ARTHUR STRINGER



MRS. MADGE MACBETH.



Left to Right: Dr. George H. Locke, Prof. Pelham Edgar, Arthur Stringer, Hector Garneau.



MISS AGNES C. LAUT.

A PLAINTIVE voice piped up, not so long ago: "Where are the Canadian poets?" And an answering voice, not untouched with cynicism, retorted: "On the train to New York!"

But times must have changed. For only last month, in the city of Montreal, I saw more than one hundred honest-to-goodness Canadian poets and authors gather together for the purpose of forming a sort of union of the ink-pot. They were there like bees about a syrup-barrel, pen-pushers from the western provinces, expatriate novelists from New England, story-tellers from Nova Scotia, magazine-writers from the banana-belt of Ontario, silver-tongued poets from Quinte and Old Quebec, scholars and philosophers from the universities, and even publishers and magazine-makers from the sister-city of Toronto. They were there to get unionized and have walking delegates and grievance-committees after the manner of the plumber and the locomotive-engineer. They were very serious about it all. And as I listened to that solemn talk of theirs it suddenly came home to me that a new age had dawned for Canada. There, before my eyes, she was giving birth to a new profession. She was publicly and officially acknowledging that her authors were a body of men and women to be reckoned with, to be listened to, and perhaps some day even to be legislated for.

It came as a shock, of course, for old traditions died hard. It was not easy to believe that Sir Arthur Currie could solemnly face that battalion of mere authors recruited from the obscure hinterlands of our Dominion and say he was honored to welcome them to Montreal and to the sheltering wing of McGill University, since they were destined to be not only the fusing power of two races but also the interpreters and custodians of all the nobler traditions of those races. It seemed so different to the old days, the old days when Robert Barr complained that Canada spent more money on her whiskey than on her authors, and the attic of the city was considered the one and only highway to the Attica of the soul, and a man who broke into song anywhere along the back concessions was avoided by the circumspect and condoned by the rural constabulary. Even Lombroso, you may remember, was once asked to define the difference between the man of genius and the lunatic, and that great psychiatrist, you may also remember, curtly replied: "The latter is assured of his board and keep!"

### Less Vagabondage Now

BUT all that, I venture to repeat, seems to have changed. The troubadour of the Renaissance may really have panhandled his way up and down his native country and sat below the salt when taken in by the landed gentry. The authors of the earlier centuries may have been more or less vagabonds, suffering permanently, in the words of Bonner, from the temporary embarrassments of the bohemian. But the twentieth-century man of letters is and must be primarily a business-man. It is imposed upon him. He can reach his audience, nowadays, only through the complicated machinery of the press. He must in some way tune in with that intricate instrument, just as that instrument must in turn tune in with him. Not, please Heaven, that he must always howl with the voice of the pack. His human right to human expression is his own. But to achieve a community hearing he must bend to community obligations. He must help his country, if he expects his country to help him.

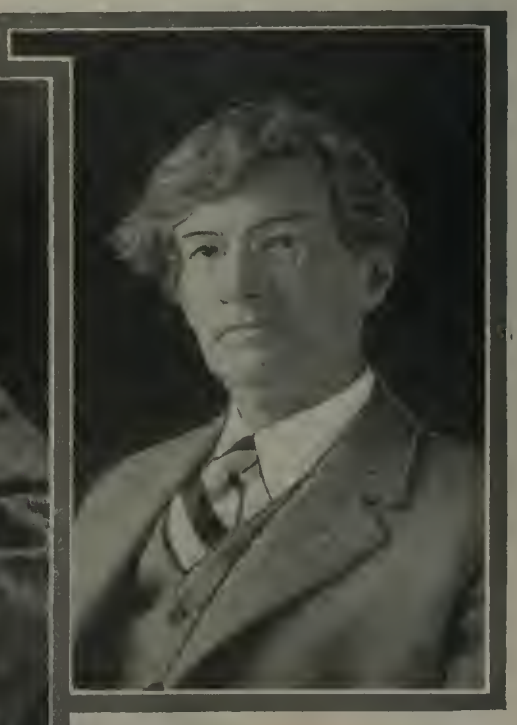
Now, while the Great War may not have brought us as much wisdom as certain emotional gentlemen have claimed, it has at least dotted the "i's" and crossed the "t's" of many messages which our awakening century had not made quite clear to us. And one of the vaguely deciphered lessons it brought sharply home to us was the national and economic value of the man of letters. He was the military band at the head of the marching column. He was more than that, just as he was more than the mere propagandist waiting to be crowded into the khaki of his country's service. He was, speaking in prose to-day and in poetry to-morrow, the soul of his country seeking to express itself. He alone seemed able to give articulation to our tongue-tied national aspirations. He alone seemed able to interpret our Dominion, not only to the outer world, but also to itself. And while it is no easy thing to equate a ballad and a tobacco-tax, it began to dawn on our saddened and slightly bewildered generation that life could be made



MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG.

PROF. STEPHEN LEACOCK.





BLISS CARMAN.

richer when lived to the sound of music and even sacrifice could seem nobler when celebrated in noble song.

So we began to take a little more interest in our authors. We declined to accept them as merely hoboes with ink-pots up their sleeves. We began to see that they could be an asset to a country, as much an asset as a builder of new railway lines or the breeder of new wheat-berries. It would, of course, be far-fetched to claim that Canada suddenly and miraculously emerged into self-consciousness. But the older pioneer conditions which kept the hand hard and the sleeve rolled up invariably tended to make the opening of a new township considerably more momentous than the penning of a new poem, such as came to us "In Flanders' Fields."

### Our Materialistic Epics

WE WERE not averse to the finer things of existence, but we were busy *making* those finer things instead of memorializing them; we were *living* our poetry, ballading in great bridges and sonneteering in steel rails and conceiving epics in new empires of grain-land. We had, accordingly, scant time, and also scant patience, I'm afraid, for our makers of song and story. Yet this man of the pen, whatever his wishes may have been, had to find an audience for his message as well as a market for his wares. So we let our authors drift away from us. We let them wander across the line and there suffer the abysmal rootlessness of the expatriate, harping wistfully to catch the ear of a foreign court, which means, of course, working like Sam Hill trying to break into the American magazines or to leave a cow-bird egg of a book in the nest of an American printing-press.

Now, my personal conviction is that this migration to a foreign court proved less calamitous to the Canadian author than many of the happier stay-at-homes would have us believe. It at least shook the dust of the parochial out of his system, tended to internationalize his outlook, widened his perspective, and indubitably humbled that proud and haughty spirit peculiar to localized celebrity. But his country lost him; and he, in turn, lost something with his country. For there is, after all, a good deal of truth in that old Antaeus fable. In contact with the soil our strength comes back to us. And the Canadian, both at home and abroad, seems to be finding it out. The sleeves have been unrolled, the ink-pot has been uncovered, and an amazingly virile new nation is sitting back and asking if it has not something new to add to the creative literature of the world, something tangy and racy of its own soil, something characteristic of its own rugged and wide-flung frontiers.



BASIL KING

That, it seems to me, is why the birth last month in Montreal of "The Canadian Authors' Association" stands a more memorable event than it might at a cursory glance seem. It is our first nation-wide movement to recognize and to organize the calling of arts and letters in this Dominion. And it brought into being our first really representative association of native authors. Any convention, indeed, which could count among its attending members such names as Basil King and Stephen Leacock and Bliss Carman and John Murray Gibbon and Frank Packard and Sir Andrew MacPhail and Florence Randall Livesay and Robert Stead and Bernard Sandwell and Madge Macbeth and Pelham Edgar and Archibald McMechan and W. T. Allison and Frederick William Wallace and Hector Garneau and Sir Arthur Currie makes a rather respectable approach towards nationality in character.

### Basil King's Plea

AND equally national was the note struck by the different speakers. It was interesting to hear Basil King denominate Canada, standing half way as she does between the American and the Briton,



J. MURRAY GIBBON, President.

as the annealing agent and the interpreter between the Anglo-Saxon of the Old World and the Anglo-Saxon of the New. It was an eloquent sermon he preached on the bigness of Canada, a bigness which he could see in fit and proper perspective after thirteen years of exile as an emissary of Canadian culture in the outlands of Boston.

Equally vital was Professor McMechan's impeachment of the Canadian for his characteristic crime of diffidence, when we still questioned the existence of a French-Canadian literature within our borders after the French Academy had duly crowned one of our poets and still stood skeptical as to a national note when a Canadian—in the person of Sam Slick—had founded the school of American humor and Canadian writers had produced so much real poetry and so many real novels. It was interesting, too, to hear Dr. George Locke point out what the Canadian librarian could do to accentuate the Canadian note in our literature, and to hear Madge Macbeth, with an intonation which clearly betrayed her origin south of the Mason and Dixon Line, announce that she was an apostle of the newer movement which was bringing authors into Canada instead of driving them out across its borders.



MRS. EMILY MURPHY
(Janey Canuck)

### Packard's Plea For Our Periodicals

IT WAS interesting to hear Bliss Carman acknowledge what getting back in the midst of his own people really meant to him, and explain how contact with one's native soil was the truest source of inspiration. And right here I should like to stop long enough to announce my conviction that this new Author's Association of Canada ought to interest itself in the establishment of a Poet Laureateship for our Dominion and begin the good work by handing the job and the annual run of Niagara grape-juice over to our own Bliss.

Equally interesting was Frank Packard's plea for the Canadian periodical, his concession of a fair-play spirit to its American rival, but his insistence on the native-born writer doing his bit to back up the native-born magazine. But most interesting of all, it seems to me, were the situations and the speeches which arose out of the Canadian copyright question. For it was to wrestle with this dolorous subject that the conference was primarily called. It was the one point which became incandescent. Sir George Foster, who had found it impossible to attend the convention in person, was represented by Mr. Ritchie, the reputed framer of "Bill 12," now before the House, the hated Bill which stands to a working author as about what a red flag is to a bull. More heat than light, I am afraid, developed from Mr. Ritchie's efforts at elucidation. But a high point of dramatic irony was surely reached when the emissary from Ottawa paused in his labors long enough to deplore the fact that so few authors were men of independent means and to suggest that one of the best moves the new association could make would be the inauguration of an endowment fund, for its indigent members. That, as one member took the pains to point out, would become a prompt necessity, provided any such copyright legislation as that being considered by the House should become the law of the land.

### M. de Montigny's Irony

THE same touch of irony also seemed to crown the statement of M. Louvigny de Montigny, who came as the unofficial representative of the Senate and pleaded that nothing be done to wreck a bill over which the Solons of our Capital had labored so long. The authors assembled, of course, who felt they may have had a trifle too little to do with those labors, could only smile sadly when M. de Montigny pointed out that copyright was one of the oldest legal considerations on our continent, Barbeau having clearly demonstrated that three hundred years ago our Indian tribes maintained a copyright regulation making it punishable by death for the singer of one tribe to adopt the family song of a neighboring tribe.

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Left to Right: MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE McKAY, FRANK PACKARD. REV. H. A. CODY, B. K. SANDWELL.

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Squandering Uncle Sam's Billions

*Scathing Indictment of U.S. War Department's Wartime Waste*

PAUL V. COLLINS

THAT the war was responsible for the waste of an immense amount of money in all countries connected with it is a matter of common knowledge. But if the statements made by Mr. Collins in an article in *Leslie's* may be relied upon that of other countries must have been a mere trifle compared with the almost criminal and reckless expenditure of which Uncle Sam's War Department was guilty. One congressman told Mr. Collins that it was too awful to be made public before a change of administration gave assurance of relief.

Here are a few of the charges brought against the Department:—

"It is stated by the Congressional Investigating Committee that the excess of cost of building the cantonments over what the Army could have built them for was more than $78,000,000, yet no speed was gained by this profligacy. On the contrary, there was a premium on delay, for the more the labor cost, the greater was the profit of the contractor, thanks to the cost-plus system, and instead of completing the construction in ninety days, as has been erroneously claimed, the cantonments were not ready when the troops began to arrive in September, and were unfinished at Christmas—nine months after the declaration of war. Even female hospital nurses were huddled in open, unheated shacks because the cost-plus contractors were hugging their jobs to enhance the fees. Men and boys who had had no experience as carpenters were rated as fully trained carpenters with full pay, and honest effort was a mockery. For instance, a door sagged, so that it needed to be trimmed, and four men spent half a day sawing off a slice from its bottom.

"The greed of the contractors favored by the sub-committee was such that their profits ran as high as $600,000 a year.

"One of the largest firms of contractors in America wired an offer to do all the construction for 3½ per cent. fee—large or small work—yet a firm which has been shown to have had responsibility represented by a $2,000 temporary deposit got a $3,000,000 contract on which its profits (after all overhead was deducted) amounted to $111,403.63, and the large firm's 3½ per cent. offer was ignored. A contract for the plumbing at one of our largest camps was let to a prominent concern at seven per cent. This concern sublet the work to a local plumber at one per cent., while it retained the other six, without ever going to the camp to see the work. Its officers explained that they did not need to inspect the work, as the Government did that. The profits on the job of plumbing were $91,000.

"Other speakers in Congress have told of the wilful waste of materials of all kinds. Finishing lumber of highest quality was used for molds for concrete sidewalks, and dumped into mudholes to repair roads; roofing was left exposed until it could not be unrolled; tons of nails were dumped into rivers. It is estimated that from a fourth to a third of all supplies was deliberately destroyed, to increase costs. On the sixteen cantonments, the committee estimates the Department of Justice should be able to recover, by civil suits, in excess of $50,000,000 out of the total loss to the Government of $78,531,521.

"It was to feed such wastrels as these—and hundreds more than cited—that Liberty and Victory bonds, 'to win the war,' were thrust upon fathers and mothers whose sons were offering their lives at the front.

"In the production of ordnance, the War Department showed a more costly inefficiency than in the building of cantonments. It spent $3,991,489,570.48, and succeeded in getting into battle, during the nineteen months of our active hostilities, six thousand 75-millimeter shells, fourteen thousand 4.7 inch shells, forty-eight 4.7 guns and twenty-four howitzers. But for the large amount of ammunition furnished to American forces by England and France, the American Expeditionary Forces might as well have spent their time parading around the White House and War Department.

"Contracts to the number of one hundred and eleven and amount of $478,828,345 were let for the construction of artillery, but only a few gun carriages were produced in addition to the forty-eight guns and twenty-four howitzers mentioned above.

"America spent $116,000,000 for the manufacture of poison gas, and only one-hundred American gas shells ever reached the field dumps. An investment was made of $35,000,000 in plants to produce picric acid for France, which country was to pay the entire bill. Not an ounce of picric acid was produced and the American Government settled with France for $14,000,000, losing the other $21,000,000.

"Port terminals were 'improved' at Boston, Norfolk and Charleston, S.C., at a cost of $150,000,000, and not one ship, aiding the war, sailed from those ports by reason of the improvements. Over $20,000,000 of this was spent in the construction of a port terminal in a swamp, ten miles up the river from Charleston, after which it was found that, unless the river were dredged the whole ten miles, no ship could reach the inland port—and to this day none has done so.

"We invented tanks, and invested $100,000,000 in their manufacture, but did not get the first tank across to France until two weeks after the Armistice. In the meantime, France, England, and Germany, acting upon the American idea, got thousands of tanks into battle-line, where they proved most formidable land-ships-of-war.

"We invented flying machines and spent over a billion dollars trying to produce bombing planes, but failed to produce a single one, while all of our allies and all the enemy armies had great fleets of fighting planes, without the use of which, by our allies, the War would have been lost before we had gotten across the ocean. The airplane scandal is too great to discuss in the present article; I simply list it here, 'lest we forget.'"

## German Industry Recovering

*Great Strides Made During 1920—Reparation Demands Can Be Met*

LINDSAY BASHFORD

A LENGTHY stay in Germany during 1920 has convinced the writer of this article in the *Nineteenth Century* that German industry has made a big stride on the way to recover its position in the world and that it is a mistake to suppose that she is unable to comply with the demands made upon her by the allies.

"The process of time," says Mr. Bashford, "is making it abundantly clear that in its main provisions and aims the Treaty is sound. Any withdrawal from the latter, or weakening as to the former, would be a disastrous blow to the restabilisation of Europe.

"Nobody expected that the task of putting the European house in order would be an easy matter, least of all the many able and earnest men who are tackling the job. What is quite certain is that the machinery of the Treaty promises to work with increasing smoothness, and that such faults in it as may emerge will be remedied with the requisite elasticity and breadth of outlook.

"The year 1920 has seen a great deal of useful spade work for European reconstruction, and, fortunately, we can see most clearly now in the very country where clearness of vision and impartiality of view are most important. That country is Germany.

"For some months after the Armistice very little was known outside Germany about what was going on inside. That the German people must be bitterly mortified, humiliated, and disorganized in every direction was certain, but it was not known just how deep the sense of humiliation went, whether the nation as a whole admitted and repented of its crimes or attributed the blame for the catastrophe which had happened to Germany to the arrogance and vain-glorious ambitions of the Hohenzollerns and the military caste. Neither was it clear what hold the Republic had gained upon a people whose boldest steps towards self-emancipation had hitherto only extended to the limitation of despotic sovereignty by the erection of certain constitutional authorities. The passions let loose by war had not subsided. The public was gradually becoming aware that a very sharp division of policy had ruled throughout the greater part of the Peace Conference. On one side had stood the French, who were resolved to exact the uttermost farthing of the heaviest penalty they could get the other allied nations to agree to; and, on the other, certain strong British and American factors were ranged, whose argument, roughly, was that, whatever its crimes, you cannot arbitrarily wipe a shrewd and industrious nation of some sixty million souls off the economic map of the world. If the various penalties are made too severe, so the argument ran, they will defeat their own end.

"Although this second view received backing, it is probable that the majority of the British public, encouraged by an important section of the Press, sided with the French, or at any rate were unwilling to take up any attitude which might alienate French sympathy. In the many conferences and discussions of 1920 this divergence of attitude became rapidly clearer, and in general the more rigid French view carried the day. We may assume, therefore, that in further stages of interpretation and application of the Treaty, in so far as the punishment of Germany and her confederates is concerned, the trend will be towards increased severity.

"My own travels during 1920 enabled me to see a good deal of German life, or rather to renew acquaintance with it under post-war conditions, for my previous knowledge had extended over some twenty years.

"What impressed me considerably was the strength of character, the ability and resolution of the members of the Reichstag whom I encountered and with whom I discussed the German situation. Here was no dismay or demoralisation, but a shrewd resolve, backed by brains and money, to regain for Germany her former 'place in the sun'—a place not due to Hohenzollern bombast, inflated capital, and cut-throat methods of competition, but to-

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quiet, thorough business enterprise, a resolve to turn out quality as well as quantity, to discard the shoddy in both politics and trade, and not to launch out upon credits which within a reasonably long run there would not be cash to meet.

"I spent a month in the crowded coal area of the Ruhr valley, whose centre is Essen, most solid and austere of cities. My conclusions from these visits repeated themselves on the Baltic seaboard and in Berlin itself. The Germans as a people realise and frankly admit that they are 'down and out,' but 'down and out' they certainly do not propose to remain.

"Everywhere strenuous efforts are being made to get German commerce and industry going again, and despite adverse exchanges, labor unrest, and the high cost of living, very great strides have been made during 1920. It is important that this should be known outside Germany. The mere fact that Germany is convinced of her ability once again, sooner or later, to become a competitor in the world's markets, and is determined by hook or by crook to do so, is in itself of profound significance to every commercial nation. The knowledge of this should stiffen the Allies to exact every penny of reparation due, for it is now as clear that Germany can pay as that she ought to do so. Also British business men should study still more closely the methods by which Germany achieved such rapid and brilliant commercial success in the past, and decide whether or no their own would not be the better for a little more elasticity and breadth of view in the future. Already old business links are being forged together again all over Germany, and new interests formed, but I was impressed by the fact that, in every German manufacturing town I visited, I found ten American business men engaged in this task to every Britisher. The situation was not without its humor, since the United States have not yet signed the Peace Treaty and are therefore still technically at war with Germany!

"Generally speaking, therefore, the organization of Germany's key industries has stood its test. Employment in them is reasonably good, and the wages paid are in sounder relation to the high cost of living than is generally the case elsewhere.

Millions upon millions of capital are being asked for by all manner of concerns, and the ease with which they get what they want throws curious light on the real extent of Germany's present resources. How far this is a sound development is debatable, but it must be remembered that the cost of raw materials and working expenses generally have risen enormously.

"It is a curious point in the psychology of the German in defeat that he is extraordinarily reluctant to discuss the troubles which war has brought upon his country. He will not, if he can possibly help it, face the facts of to-day, but clutches the rags of his self-esteem and thinks only of renewed greatness to-morrow.

"It is also curious to note in passing that, having discarded the dynasty to which he attributes all his disasters, the German cannot in the least understand why any hostile feeling should survive against him, and why he cannot at once step back into his old position of commercial and social intimacy throughout the world."

# London Journalistic School Founded

*Need of Practical Training—Three Faults of Young Journalists*

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

A RECENT assembly at the Savoy Hotel, London, Eng., of many of the most famous newspaper proprietors and distinguished literary men of the day naturally excited great interest, both by reason of the brilliancy of the company and the purport of the gathering.

"The occasion was a private luncheon given by Mr. Max Pemberton and the Directors of the London School of Journalism to celebrate the successful establishment of an educational centre for the training of young journalists and fiction writers.

"In the absence of Lord Northcliffe, who, but for illness, would have presided, the Editor of the *Times* (Mr. Wickham Steed) took the chair. But although Lord Northcliffe was unfortunately unable to be present, he manifested his kindly interest in the school by sending in M.S. the speech he had intended to deliver. This was read by Mr. Wickham Steed, who added some very characteristic remarks of his own upon the subject of journalism as a career.

"In the course of his address Lord Northcliffe said: 'It is argued that journalism cannot be taught, that it is a gift which you either have or never will have, which springs from the mind, fully equipped, like Athene from the mind of Zeus. This may be so; inspiration may carry some people a long way, but it will not carry every one all the way; it must be tempered by experience of the most painful kind, by years of dearly-bought study in the school of rejection and disappointment.

"'Even in golf I think some of my friends will admit they have derived benefit from professional instruction. This may be less the case with journalism than with other arts and professions, though I do not know why it should be. In every profession there are some men who are bound to make good, and many who will never pass the stage of mechanical drudgery, and perhaps it is possible for a man to make good earlier in journalism than in most other professions.

"'There can be very few young writers who are not obliged to consider their vocation in the light of the income it will bring them, and to make the interval of waiting for an income as short as possible. On the other hand, the proprietors and editors of journals are still permitted to exercise a certain discretion as to what they will or will not accept for publication. I am sure that every editor will agree that he receives far more copy than he can print on the limited supply of paper allowed him, and that, except in very rare cases where real talent displays itself in an uncouth form, the knowledge and use of what I have called the technical formulas is the criterion between acceptance and rejection.

"'Perhaps young writers are apt to form the opinion that editors are self-satisfied and bloodthirsty men who enjoy nothing so much as returning belated manuscripts (even where a stamped envelope has not been enclosed) with a polite expression of their feigned regret. I have met a good many editors in the past forty years, and if I ever shared this impression, I have long abandoned it. The editors I know are always on the look out for fresh talent, and immensely pleased when they find it. What they much more frequently find are manuscripts which are so badly phrased that the point, if any, is lost in a wilderness of words, or which are too long, or are wholly out of tune with what their readers expect to find in their pages.

"'For each of these three faults the London School of Journalism provides a remedy.'"

# "Law and Order"—Coolidge

*Some Interesting Sidelights on the New Vice-President of the U.S.*

ARTHUR C. BROOKS.

"ONE of the most interesting men who have ever gone to Washington," is a term applied to Vice-President Coolidge in an article in *Leslie's*.

"In his senior year at Amherst, Calvin Coolidge competed in an essay contest held by the Sons of the American Revolution, on the 'Principles of the War for American Independence.' He won the prize of a gold medal and $100. The award was not announced till the following Fall, after Coolidge had graduated and settled in Northampton, Massachusetts, to study law.

"'Does this mean you, Calvin?' asked Judge Fields, one of his employers, indicating the notice in the Springfield *Republican*.

"Coolidge glanced at the paper and said, 'Yes.'

"'Where's the medal?'

"Hidden in the rear of a desk drawer was the case and its bright trinket.

"'Have you written to your father about it?'

"'No,' Calvin responded with an elaborate New England twang, 'thought I wouldn't bother him.'

"Vice-President-elect Calvin Coolidge was born Independence Day, 1872, on his father's farm in Plymouth, Vermont.

"At six he went to the little white schoolhouse. Puritanical principles inculcated in the lad and strictly enforced by his kindly stern father advanced his education.

"At Black River Academy and St. Johnsbury Academy Coolidge prepared for Amherst College. He specialized in history and political economy, and demonstrated his well-known ability as terse writer and speaker and deliberate thinker. The personal charm, honesty and forcefulness, which were to insure his political popularity and win for him every public suffrage for which he had ever contested, at Amherst won for him the leadership of his class.

"After he graduated at twenty-three, Coolidge passed the summer at his home, and then moved to Northampton where he entered a firm of attorneys to study Blackstone and Kent. In two years he was admitted to the bar.

"Lawyer Coolidge had a natural aptitude for politics. He believed every man had a sacred obligation to take active interest in national and community welfare. His first election came as Republican candidate for City Council of Northampton. Two years later he was chosen City Solicitor. From then on his progress to Vice-President has been without setback. Fourteen times has Coolidge appeared as candidate for public elective office and twenty-one years of his life have been spent in the service of city and state.

"Following his appointment as municipal solicitor, a defiant Democrat of the Council met him on the street.

"'I didn't vote for you, Coolidge,' jeered the d. D.

"'Wa-a-al,' replied the legal adviser, in purposed Vermont vernacular, '*somebody did!*'

"Calvin Coolidge has been neither spectacular nor rapid in his journey to the Vice-Presidency, but steady and regular. He has faithfully carried out each important office entrusted to him, and answered his critics with wordless deeds. 'Calvin,' said his father, 'could get more sap out of a maple than any boy I ever knew.'

"For two successive terms he was Mayor of Northampton, and a member of the Massachusetts Legislature six terms. Representative and Senator, he served as member or chairman of many important State committees, and introduced numerous bills of widespread humanitarian appeal. In an executive capacity Governor Coolidge consistently championed the labor of women and children, housing protection and improvement, farmers, State and city employees and soldiers and veterans, as well as more general movements for the common weal.

"In 1915 he was elected without opposition president of the Senate, and his inauguration speech on that occasion was a Lincolnesque brilliant of brevity. 'Be brief,' was the gist of the forty words, 'above all things, be brief.' Three years he was Lieutenant-Governor and for two terms Governor of Massachusetts.

"In 1919 occurred the discreditable Boston Police strike, and Governor Coolidge acted swiftly and inexorably to bring it to an end. His famous slogan, 'Law and Order,' was voiced then for the first time and heard all over the country. Probably it was the most powerful factor to bring the Governor re-election by the greatest majority ever recorded in the Bay State, and principally instrumental in his nomination for Vice-President of the United States.

"First on the Coolidge list of 'Don'ts' for success in life is, 'Don't boast.' The last is, 'Don't slap a man on the back.'"

# Rubber Substitute Discovered?

*Ocotillo, a Species of Mexican Pine, Makes Good Tires, It Is Claimed*

*Pan-American Magazine.*

OCOTILLO, diminutive of "ocote," is a kind of Mexican pine, one of the candlewoods of the great arid region of the South-west and is known botanically as *Fouquieria splendens*. It is a shrub with naked, wandlike, thorny branches, which, usually in February, after a brief rainy season, put forth foliage and clusters of bright scarlet flowers. The stems have long been used for poles and wired for fencing. The plant is usually ten feet tall. The supply is practically inexhaustible. Soon after it is chopped off close to the root it starts to sprout again. While lying in heaps in the yard, even months after cutting, it often puts forth its flowers. The Mexicans say that it has more lives than a cat, and that the only way to kill it is to burn it, root and branch.

"The ocotillo ranges widely over the alkali deserts of Arizona and New Mexico, where the temperature often reaches 132 degrees Fahrenheit. During the war experiments were made with the gum of the ocotillo in the search for a waterproofing composition for painting concrete piles, concrete ships, etc. Dr. E. Cornelius Weisgerber, the noted industrial chemist, after modifying previous processes, succeeded in producing a rubber-cellulose base preparation, which, after being sprayed on dry concrete, not only stopped all seepage but also overcame one of the worst troubles of concrete shipbuilders, electrolytic decomposition of the steel reinforcing. Concrete piling was coated on the part most liable to disintegration, between high and low water mark, and after a two years' test government experts declared that neither sun, air, nor sea water had perceptibly deteriorated the piling thus treated.

"The ocotillo is now being exploited as a rubber substitute by the Ocotillo Products Company, of Salome, Arizona, and its equipment is large enough to handle 100 tons of the plant per day.

"One ton of ocotillo yields 396 lbs. of charcoal, 206 lbs. of tars, 139 gals. of pyroligneous liquor, and 173 lbs. of gums. The charcoal is said to be superior to willow or poplar charcoal for sugar-making, powder compounding, or absorbing emanations from radio-active water. The pyroligneous liquor is said to be rich in acetic and carbolic acids, as well as wood alcohol, a synthetic oil rivalling linseed, and other substances useful in the arts; while the tars contain a high percentage of creosote and have in the laboratories yielded 104 fractions, including most of the dyes, drugs, and synthetic preparations hitherto imported from Germany.

"It is from the gums that there is extracted, after supplying material for lacquers, a substance said to equal first-class crude rubber, identical with it chemically, and capable of perfect compounding and vulcanization. This rubber content is 5 per cent. of the whole plant.

"A material practically akin to hard rubber or ebonite, it is said, has been made from the residue of the tars and has shown dielectric or insulating qualities equal to gutta percha. From this product the company intends to produce a compound for unbreakable talking machine records. The investigators have also discovered a cellulose from which may be made non-inflammable motion picture films. All the processes so far perfected have been protected by patents. Incidentally it has been found that ocotillo fiber is even stronger than ramie. Dr. Weisgerber has had two tires made of such fabric, well frictioned with the ocotillo gum, and which are still good after 22,000 miles' use on a heavy sedan run mostly in a rough country—a record comparing favorably with rubber tires."



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R

**Poor Old Liberty!**—Oh Liberty! What Leagues are formed in thy name!—Orillia *Packet.*

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**Something Tangible.**—The blue bird brings happiness, but the stork brings a $200 tax exemption.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**"Honi Soit," etc.**—The man who carries home yeast cakes for his wife's bi-weekly baking "is suspect."—London *Free Press.*

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**Like the Children.**—Women's skirts used to rustle, but must do so no more. Lingerie is to be seen, not heard.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**Blankety Blank!**—After a three-hour study of an income tax blank, one is sorely tempted to leave it blank.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**There'll Be a Hot Time.**—God save the Prince of Wales! Especially if he spends a week-end in Ireland.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**H. C. of L.**—"Dear me," said the missionary as the cannibal butcher sold him for 90c a pound.—Toronto University *The Goblin.*

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**The Long Dry Road.**—Campaign song of the anti-referendum forces: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Parching."—Ottawa *Citizen.*

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**Domestic Jazz.**—Lady Muir-Mackenzie says American home life is happier than English. Doesn't she mean snappier?—Nelson, B.C., *News.*

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**Perhaps Embittered.**—One trouble about marriage is that much too often there is a bitter as well as a better half.—The London *Advertiser.*

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**Oh, Quite Easy Now.**—New York paper states a ship has gone aground off Canada. Now we know just where to look for it.—The Toronto *World.*

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**Bargains is Bargains.**—The wife will spend $38.50 for a two-dollar hat, and then worry because bread isn't two cents cheaper.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Procrastination.**—When daughter dresses for a party, she always puts off until to-morrow what she should keep on to-day.—The Kingston *British Whig.*

**What D'you Mean, Chickens?**—A man will trust his wife with the care of his children, but not with the care of his prize chickens.—The Hamilton *Herald.*

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**The Prevalent Speed Mania.**—The cat which walked from Toronto to Stratford evidently had no time to wait for the Grand Trunk.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**Nobody Home.**—In defence of the cheek-to-cheek dancers it is pleaded that it is necessary for them to have their weak heads propped up.—Orillia *Packet.*

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**Oh, Cruel Lizzie!**—Percival: If you don't marry me, I'll blow my brains out. Liz: Oh, don't, you might strain your lungs.—Toronto University *The Goblin.*

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**Gabriel the Subdued.**—Our old friend, D'Annunzio, is said to have married again, a sure sign that he has given up all idea of being a boss.—The Calgary *Herald.*

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**To be Carried Internally.**—In these days it is a greater crime to have a half a gill of whiskey in a bottle than a quart inside one's skin. Funny, is it not?—Orillia *Packet.*

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**A Double Dilemma.**—Some people these days have as much difficulty keeping their feet dry as they have keeping their throats wet.—Brockville *Recorder and Times.*

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**The Observant Scribe.**—These high skirts give the ladies a rare opportunity of showing what excellent taste they have in other things than skirts.—Kingston *Standard.*

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**The Unsettled Turk.**—It begins to look once more as if there have not been enough Turks settled to make it possible to settle the Turkish question.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**Playing it Safe.**—It may be true that the profiteers will now get what is coming to them, but they have already got what's coming to us.—St. Mary's, Ont., *Journal-Argus.*

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**Scratching for It.**—What is a bare living, about which some of the economic bugs write? Looks as if some women were having no difficulty in making it.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**Simple Precautions.**—An astronomer has figured out that 20,000,000 foreign bodies collide with the earth every day. Well, put more ashes on the sidewalks.—The Saskatoon *Star.*

**Something New.**—One of the latest delicacies is ice cream made from goats' milk and flavored with rose leaves. When ordering ask for a "Billy Sundae."—Vancouver *Province.*

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**Working Both Ways.**—Some men say that, in the referendum matter, they are going to vote for what is right. In the meantime they are drinking up what is left.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**Kept Him Still.**—Woman in Wisconsin, to keep her husband home at night, bought him a still. Now he's in gaol for using it, and won't be home for several nights.—Owen Sound *Advocate.*

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**Modern, Modern Painting.**—With the X-ray you can see through a modern painting and determine the age of the canvas beneath. Try this on your lady friends.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**The Hard Worked Pool Hound.**—An inventor has produced an automatic pitchfork for use on the farm. What the world needed was an automatic pool-player for use in the city.—Montreal *Star.*

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**In a Nutshell.**—Sir Philip Gibbs put the German problem in a sentence: "How can you keep a mule weak enough so that it can't kick you and still be strong enough to draw the plow?"—Toronto *Globe.*

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**He Laughs Best, etc.**—An agitation is on foot in the British House of Commons to reopen the galleries so that wives may hear their husbands speak. Of course. Turn about is fair play.—Toronto *Star.*

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**Agile Aesculapius.**—The resourceful physician is the one who knows what to do next after a patient has surrendered in succession his tonsils, his vermiform appendix, and all his teeth.—The Orillia *Packet.*

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**Now it's Obvious.**—A Boston paper says the society women of that city are wearing cotton hose. There was a time when one would have had to go to the stores for that sort of information.—The Calgary *Herald.*

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**Take That, Varlets.**—Why should men have anything to say about what women should wear, when it took them 300 years to find that they could sew buttons all the way down the front of their shirts and put them on like a coat instead of pulling them over their heads?—Orillia *Packet.*

# Crime Wave and the Movies

*In How Much Are the Movies Responsible for the Wrong Attitude to Life That Begets Crime?*

P. W. WILSON

CRIMES of violence seem to be in the ascendant and many are the explanations given. P. W. Wilson, American correspondent of the London *Daily News*, writing in *Current Opinion*, outlines some reasons for the fairly prevalent opinion that the movies are not entirely without blame in the matter.

"Of all the inventions, either originated by Americans or especially developed by them, the cinematograph is beyond all doubt that which has most deeply affected the character of the masses. An automobile takes you up in one place and sets you down in another, but does not change your mind. An elevator only raises or depresses your physical anatomy. A telephone carries your thought but cannot create it. A cash register counts your coin and an adding machine adds it but your coin is still, as before, either your weapon of industrial warfare, your investment of social service, your vehicle of pleasure or your idol for worship. But, in the movie, you sit in a dim religious light, soothed by strains which like Tennyson's brook go on forever, and your imagination, so rendered as impassively sensitive as a film itself, has impressed upon it scenes that do often lie too deep for tears. Every week, scores of millions attend these mysterious but not unprofitable *seances*. No art has ever enjoyed so immeasurable a vogue. No fiction, no poetry, no painting, no sculpture, no pulpit and no drama has ever reached so uncountable an audience, in a mood so expectant, so credulous, so impressionable. What the movie has to answer for, none can yet say; even the oculists, though scenting prosperity, are still in the dark before that universal screen. But when the time comes, the movie will have obviously to answer for much.

"Until I began to think this thing out, I was myself strongly of opinion that the movie has been an instigation to crime. One day my wife and I visited no fewer than three picture houses in New York. There we learned to our delight of at least three new kinds of attractive felony. It had not occurred to us previously that by merely driving our flivver by the side of grainfields and tossing lumps of phosphorus into the ripening harvest. we could on a warm day burn out the prairie, as Samson used to do, when so inclined, with flaming fox-tails. My wife has particularly delicate finger tips and the knowledge that a lady with delicate finger tips and a stethoscope can open safes without a previous hint of the combination came as a curious surprise. Then there was the pretty device whereby you rig up a false door in front of the safe, which might not deceive you and me but does assuredly deceive the astute police, who remain in blissful ignorance that a female burglar, happening also by a coincidence to be the heroine of the film, is at work behind, among the Liberty Bonds. Justice is also blind. The right man is seldom arrested and hanging is ingeniously reserved for the wrong man. In the phrase of a young fellow who is now serving sixty years or so, there is a general assumption that, whatever the detectives may do, it is still 'easy money at the Astor Hotel.'

"Innocent aliens like myself are taught what powerful aids to crime are the telephone when adroitly cut, the automobile, always handy, and the ubiquitous pistol. Many as are my reasons for repentance, never have I once handled a loaded revolver, not even in anger; yet in the movies no lady, let alone a village girl, is complete without the dinkiest little pearl-handled death dealer in her dressing-table drawer. This subtle association of firearms and automobiles has brought the wild and woolly west back to Fifth Avenue.

"There is, too, a more subtle suggestion of crime underlying the psychology of many 'pictures.' The hero and heroine often start poor. Indeed, their humble circumstances are frequently made ugly, as if a wage-earner's child must always have a mouth sticky with molasses. But you usually have the comfortable feeling that, somewhere in the background, Texas, for instance, wealth is lurking. Poverty is

merely an apprenticeship to pleasure and pleasure comes with the fifth reel. Not only do these fortunate young people get rich quickly, but they get rich without any virtue save good looks and good luck. And their reward is more than any ordinary rich man's fortune. Accustomed as I am merely to the west end of London—to Blenheim and Buckingham Palace and mansions of that modest style—I am amazed by the marble halls, the spacious lawns, the sweeping drives, the castellated porticoes, the gorgeous salons and noble stairways which seem to be essential to true love in Movieland. No automobile is looked at after a wedding, save the automobile which only a handful of people, even in the United States, can afford. And equally resplendent are the dresses. Girls whose surroundings would suggest that they must make their own, appear in gowns which are the dream of the comfortably off. It is at first sight of a hat that oftentimes the hero falls in love. And, of course he will find the girl's hats very beautiful until he has to pay for them.

"All this is shown, not as in painting by some convention of the brush, but in a photograph, actually visualising live people and animals as if in very truth they existed. So complete is the illusion oftentimes that in India the movie has stirred up a grave perplexity, since the natives believe that here is the life lived by white women and their menfolk. A veil of reverence has been rudely torn aside; and the sequel is yet to come. But I can imagine some disillusionment, even in the United States. The immigrant comes here and throngs the picture house. There is small hint for him that, like the Pilgrim Fathers themselves, he must build his home with difficulty and labor hard. When the performance is over, out he goes into the streets, to find what? The palaces have faded away, but not the pistol—that is available; not the automobile—that may be somehow obtained; and as for the police, how often has he read of crime, how seldom of the sentence! Women, too, in the department stores, see exposed to their eye and hand, the very treasures that seem essential to a man's love and admiration and their own vanity. Theft seems so easy and so venial.

"If the movie crime were of another country than the United States, or of another century than the twentieth, or of other classes in society than those to which belong the spectators, it might be a little different. The peril lies in the intimacy of the suggested offences. They originate in average minds, in well known offices, in familiar bedrooms, in easily identifiable streets, where all is going on in the picture just as usual. If there be anything in the power of suggestion you surely have it there. Moreover, in the movies, as in the Psalms, you often have the wicked man flourishing as the green bay tree and the young folks are inclined to ask, if he got away with it on the big scale, why may not others try their hand in a modest way?"

# Turning Old Oil Into New

*A New System of Reclaiming and Cleansing Waste Oil.*

FREDERIC A. TALBOT

THE extraordinary demand for oil during the war brought prominently forward the question of recovering it from waste materials at small expense. *Chambers's Journal* tells of such a method recently discovered by which this can be effected without recourse to any chemical process.

"The process in question," says the writer, "compels attention because it completely dispenses with any necessity to resort to chemical processes, which at one time were considered the only feasible solution of the problem.

"The system may be most aptly described as the effective application of dry heat combined with centrifugal force. The necessary plant comprises a cylinder or drum, inside which is placed a perforated steel cage, which in turn receives a basket contrived from wire or perforated sheet-steel. This basket is removable, to facilitate charging and emptying. The cage in which it is placed is so mounted as to be free to revolve, the necessary rotary motion being imparted by a jet of steam playing upon the blades of a small turbine directly connected to the cage.

"The waste—oil-soaked cotton rags, cotton-waste, mechanics' gloves, or whatever it may be—is dumped into the basket, and the latter is then inserted in the cage. The drum is now closed and the steam turned on. The jet of steam playing upon the turbine-blades causes the latter to revolve, carrying the cage and its contents round with it, speed being increased until a peripheral velocity of approximately six thousand to seven thousand feet a minute is reached.

"After the steam has performed its initial function of driving the turbine, it is not permitted to escape, but rises through a central dome to pass into the heart of the contents of the cage within. It permeates the whole of the material, thus heating it up, and in so doing renders the oil more fluid. Passing through the material, the steam escapes through the perforations in the cage, and thence into the outer air. The oil and the grease thus liquefied become separated from the solid material as represented by the rag or waste, and upon release, under the centrifugal action set up, are forced through the meshes of the basket and the perforations of the cage, to fall within the annular space between the cage and the outer drum. The oily ingredients, being of the same temperature as the steam, are rendered exceedingly fluid, with the result that they run readily. The oil, falling to the bottom of the drum beyond the zone of centrifugal action, is now permitted to escape from the separator into the settling-tanks. Here any solid impurities which may be present gravitate to the bottom in a sediment as the oil cools, to be subsequently drawn off. If desired, filtering of the oil may be carried out simultaneously, the hot oil being conducted from the separator to vessels provided for this purpose.

"It will be seen that the process is continuous, it only being necessary to stop the machine at times to withdraw the basket and empty the contents, from which nearly all the oil has been extracted, and to insert a fresh charge. The fact that the whole of the retrievable oil has been extracted from the contents of the basket is apparent from the cessation of the flow from the drain-pipe into the settling or purification tank. The actual time occupied in the separating process naturally varies according to the heaviness and the character of the oil or the grease.

"The apparatus itself is noticeable from its compactness, simplicity of operation, the small space required to accommodate it, and its high efficiency.

"The material from which the oil has been extracted, upon removal from the basket, is submitted to a washing process which extracts all dirt and other foreign matter. Upon emergence from the washer the material is placed in a drying-cabinet. When withdrawn from the cabinet it is ready for use once more, being as clean as when first served out to the workmen.

"The system possesses the additional advantage of being inexpensive in first cost. Naturally the capital expenditure involved varies according to the desired capacity of the installation, but for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds it is possible to secure a machine adapted to the requirements of even a large factory. Further, the value of the materials recovered—waste and oil—is such as to enable the plant to pay for itself within a very short time."






DO you know the "identity" of the milk you are using or are you harboring a "stranger" in your home? Is the milk you use *safe* milk or are you buying it on the "luck" plan?

"Trusting to luck" was excusable long, long ago, but that time is long since past because for sixty-three years Borden's have made the buying of milk SAFE. Borden's are pioneers in providing a modern, safe, sure milk supply for everyone, everywhere. Borden's led in the adoption of methods that would safeguard milk purity and richness. And so to-day the name BORDEN is the hall-mark of the best milk obtainable, the name that establishes "identity," that removes doubt, that guarantees highest quality, that assures aid to cooking and protection to health.

In addition Borden's is economical, while its convenience (put up in four sizes—"a size for every need") is further reason for its use.

*Your grocer will be delighted to supply you with Borden's St. Charles Evaporated Milk "with the cream left in," for he knows, by experience, there is none better.*

The Borden Co. Limited
MONTREAL

Borden's ST. CHARLES EVAPORATED MILK



# They Fight Film

## Those people you see with white teeth

Wherever you look you see to-day uniquely pretty teeth. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. Twice a day they fight the film which made their teeth look dingy.

This is to urge that you test this modern film combatant. A test is free. Watch the effects in your mirror.

### How teeth are ruined

Most users of the tooth brush find that teeth discolor and decay. Careful people are not exempt. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

The cause lies in that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. The tooth brush has left much of it intact.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that is alarmingly common.

### How to combat film

Now dental science, after diligent research, has found ways to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved it. Leading dentists everywhere now urge its daily use.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste is fast bringing, both in Europe and America, a new era in teeth cleaning.

## Watch the change in a week

Pepsodent quickly proves itself. The ten-day test we offer will be a revelation. It will change your whole conception of clean teeth.

Pepsodent attacks the film in two effective ways. Then it leaves the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

It also aids Nature in ways now considered essential. It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's teeth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Pepsin is also applied.

The effects come with every application. So the teeth's great enemies are constantly combated as they never were before. Cut out this coupon now, and learn what these new methods mean to you and yours.

CANADA

Pepsodent

REG. IN.

*The New-Day Dentifrice*

A scientific film combatant, bringing five effects now considered essential. Approved by highest authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

**10-Day Tube Free** 570

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 519, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

### The visible results

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as film-coat disappears. Then read the scientific purpose of the other three effects. You will be glad you learned of Pepsodent.


# Northcliffe's Bathtub Interview

*Amusing Incident in Lord Northcliffe's Early Journalistic Career*

ROGER LEWIS

FULL of interest both to the reporter and the salesman are the experiences of Mr. Lewis as related in *Collier's* in an article entitled "Making People Talk." A story he tells of Lord Northcliffe's resource and energy in obtaining an interview with a particularly difficult subject will bear repetition:

"Early in Lord Northcliffe's journalistic career, when he had just started the London *Daily Mail*, he sent out one of his best reporters to get an interview from a distinguished American visitor to London who was known the world over as the most hermetically sealed individual, when it came to interviews, that the press had ever encountered. It was his inviolable rule never to speak for publication. The reporter returned empty-handed, but not particularly down-hearted over his failure, since, he maintained, no man on earth could extract ten civil words from the taciturn American.

"'No man on earth, eh?' said Northcliffe in the sarcastic tone which newspaper proprietors are prone to use with their reporters. 'I know one man who could.'

"The proprietor of the *Daily Mail* put on his hat and coat, left the office, and was not seen for two days. On the morning when he reappeared, the London newspaper carried on its front page a long interview with the man who never spoke for publication.

"Northcliffe arrived at the hotel where the American was staying very early in the morning, and with considerable baggage, as if he had just arrived from the Continent. He discovered by glancing at the hotel register the number of the suite occupied by the American. Choosing an adjacent number, he told the hotel clerk that it was his habit to occupy that suite. Fortunately it was vacant, and the proprietor of the *Mail* moved in.

"It was rising time, and pleasant matutinal sounds issued from the adjoining suite. The loud gurgling and splashing of water indicated that the distinguished American was in the midst of his bath. As Northcliffe stood at the entrance to his rooms, darkly considering the tactics of the situation, the American's valet, who was fortifying himself for the labors of the day with a short stroll up and down the corridor, passed by the open door where the *Mail* owner stood. He was politely intercepted and a telegram and a note of respectable denomination were slipped into his hand. The telegram, Northcliffe stated, was one of extreme urgency which did not permit waiting for a regular hotel servant, and it must be delivered to the telegraph office at once. It would take perhaps fifteen minutes. The valet should not, of course, be absent from his master so long, but, on the other hand, there was this crisp Bank of England note which might repay him for his trifling indiscretion. The conflict in the valet's mind—if such there was—was one of the shortest and most decisive battles in history. He went.

"Northcliffe, without loss of time, entered the American's rooms and proceeded to the bath. Such confrontations as this leave even the most voluble of us without words. The silent individual, who was at that precise moment painfully trying to scrub inaccessible portions of his back, emitted a noise, to be sure, but it bore little relation to human speech. It was rather more like the sound of an exasperated whale calling for reinforcements.

"'Have you ever stopped to consider,' asked Northcliffe politely, 'that what you are trying to do is a physical impossibility? You cannot scrub the middle of your back with your hand. This is a matter to which I have given considerable thought, and it can't be done with any success. It is necessary to use a special kind of brush with a long handle, designed for the very purpose. I have such a brush and will be glad to place it at your disposal.'

"In spite of himself, this suggestion began to encroach upon the American's indignation until it won a large part of his attention. It *was*, as a matter of fact, a thing that had been secretly troubling him for years—this business of washing the middle of his back—and it was, apparently, so absurdly easy. The American, though no one had ever suspected him of it, also had a sense of humor, and the inconsequential, offhand manner of the stranger's entrance was too much for him. He broke into an uproarious laugh, and the long habit of reserve and silence deserted him. He later spoke freely on all subjects, and the *Daily Mail* got the best interview of the day."

# African Buffalo a Fighter

*Satisfied Only With the Complete Extermination of His Enemy*

CHARLES E. AKELEY.

THE author of an article in the *World's Work* in company with his wife and Cunningham, the famous hunter, made a trip to the dark continent in order to secure buffalo specimens for a group for the Field Museum at Chicago. In the following extracts from his article he relates one or two thrilling incidents in connection with his trip:

"The buffalo is different from any other kind of animal in Africa. A lion prefers not to fight a man. He almost never attacks unprovoked, and even when he does attack he is not vindictive. The elephant, like the lion, prefers to be left alone. But he is quicker to attack than the lion and he isn't satisfied merely to knock out his man enemy. Complete destruction is his aim. The buffalo is even quicker than the elephant to take offence at man and he is as keen-sighted, clever, and vindictive as the elephant. As a matter of fact the domesticated bull is more likely to attack man without provocation than any wild animal I know, and those who wandered around the bulls on our Western prairies in the old cattle days on foot probably experienced the same kind of charges one gets from African buffaloes.

"Nevertheless, despite all these qualities which are almost universally attributed to the African buffalo I am confident that the buffalo, like the elephant and other wild animals, has no instinctive enmity to man. That enmity, I am sure, is acquired by experience. I had an experience with a band of elephants on the Aberdare Plateau that had seen little or nothing of man, and until they learned about men from me they paid no more attention to me than if I had been an antelope. But after I had shot one or two as specimens, they acquired the traditional elephant attitude. I had a curiously similar experience with buffaloes.

"It happened this way.

"We had reason to believe that there was a herd of buffaloes living in the triangle made by the junction of the Theba and Tana rivers. . . . Finally, seeing a little band of a dozen buffaloes off at one side on the bank of a ravine which offered splendid protection, we stalked them but, unfortunately, not one in the band was desirable as a specimen. Since this was so, I tried them out, giving them my wind, then going up where they could see me better. I found that they were quite indifferent either to the scent or the sight of man. They finally moved off quietly without alarm. I then knew that this herd, like the Aberdare elephants, had had little or no experience with men, and that there was perhaps less to fear from them than from the traditional buffalo of the sportsman. So going back to the main herd, I crept up boldly to within a hundred yards of them. They saw me, faced about, closely inspecting me, but with no sign of alarm. I carefully located a fine bull and then shot, as I

supposed, at the one I had located. On coming up to the dead animal, I found, much to my regret, that I had shot a cow and not the bull I had picked out through the glasses.

"I returned to camp feeling that now at last, from this herd living apparently in the open, we should have relatively little difficulty in completing our series of specimens. On the following morning, much to our disappointment, our first glimpse of the herd was just as it disappeared in the thorn bush along the bank of the river. We put in nearly a week of hard work to complete the series.

"During those seven days of continual hunting, that herd, which had been indifferent and unsuspecting at the beginning, like the elephants, became cautious, vigilant, and aggressive. For instance, on one occasion near the close of the week, after having spent the day trying to locate the herd, I suddenly came face to face with them just at the edge of the bush at night on my way back to camp. They were tearing along at a good pace, apparently having been alarmed. I turned and followed them rapidly as they sped away over the hard ground until the noise of their stampede suddenly stopped. I then decided that it was best to get to some point of vantage and await further developments. I climbed an acacia tree that enabled me to look over the top of the bush. Fifty yards ahead I could see about fifty buffaloes lined up in a little open patch looking back on their trail. As I was perched in the tree endeavoring to pick out a desirable animal, I suddenly discovered a lone old bull buffalo coming from the bush directly underneath me, sniffing and snuffing this way and that. Very slowly, very cautiously he passed around the tree, then back to the waiting herd, when they all resumed their stampede and made good their escape for the day.

"One morning I came in sight of the herd just as it was entering the thorn bush and followed hurriedly on the trail, until just at the edge of the jungle I happened to catch sight of the two black hoofs of an old cow behind the low-hanging foliage. I stopped, expecting a charge. After a few moments I backed slowly away until I reached a tree where I halted to await developments. Stooping down I could see the buffalo's nose and black, beady eyes as she stood motionless. The rest of the herd had gone on out of hearing and I think she was quite alone in her proposed attack. After a few moments, apparently realizing that her plan had failed, she turned about and followed the herd, moving very quietly at first, then breaking into a gallop.

"On the following day we came up again with the herd toward evening in the same region. As we first saw them they were too far away for us to choose and shoot with certainty. We managed to crawl to a fair-sized tree midway between us and the herd, and from the deep branches picked out the young herd bull of the group. When we had shot and he had disappeared into the bush, a calf accompanied by its mother gave us a fleeting glimpse of itself, with the result that we added the calf to our series.

"The herd disappeared into the bush and after a few minutes we descended from our perch and inspected the calf, then started off in the direction the wounded bull had taken, and found him lying dead close by.

"This completed the series, much to our great joy, for by this time we were thoroughly tired of buffalo-hunting.

"A hunter I met once told me of an experience he had with a buffalo which shows in rather a terrible way these characteristics of the animal. He and a companion wounded a buffalo and followed it into the long grass. It was lurking where they did not expect it and with a sudden charge it was upon them before they had a chance to shoot. The buffalo knocked down the man who told me the story and then rushed after his companion. The first victim managed to climb a tree although without his gun. By that time the other man was dead. But the buffalo was not satisfied. For two hours he stamped and tossed the remains while the wounded man in the tree sat helplessly watching. When the buffalo left, my informant told me, the only evidence of his friend was the trampled place on the ground where the tragedy had taken place. There is nothing in Africa more vindictive than this."

# Capital-Labor Solution

*Workers Should Become Investors in Industry*

JAMES KIDD

DISCUSSING the question of Capital and Labor in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Kidd points to the possibilities open to Trade Unions in the way of constructive work if they would identify themselves with investment in industry.

"We want," says Mr. Kidd, "a system preserving the individual freedom that conditions leadership and emulation, without which life would be unendurable and progress impossible: a system reconciling Capital and Labor in a growing consciousness that each and every one engaged in industry represent both; and a system encouraging prudence, effort and adventure by assuring to investor and worker alike their legitimate reward. Such a system, so far from being unattainable, only awaits application. The parts of the machine are ready. They only await adjustment and the common recognition of a natural law to set the machine in motion.

"Here we readily discover the enormous service which the Trades Union movement can render to our country and which, rendered now, would restore our prospects with astonishing rapidity. If, applying their resources and energy to constructive work, the Trades Unions announced their intention of identifying themselves with industry and that by way of investment, attended with corresponding representation on the Board of Management, instantly such a confidence and courage would inspire our people that the recovery of our stability would be the dismay of every enemy and the wonder of the world.

"The investment at first would be on a narrow basis. One or two concerns in each industry would be selected for a beginning. The knowledge obtained in the one concern would be illuminative of the position and possibilities of other concerns in the same industry—relative to the wage-fund. That the movement would rapidly grow is sufficiently assured by the record already achieved by the Co-operative Society, an organization which—on the spending side and in its efforts to effect for the group of individuals of smaller means the economics possible in spending of the man of wealth—is the exact counterpart of what the Trades Unions might and should be on the creative side. Once the new system were properly under way the results would be far-reaching not only in a material sense. Class-consciousness in industry would disappear as gradually the fact was realized that every man as a consumer is a capitalist and as a creator is a worker. The main fact that knowledge of the details of an industry was the common property of all engaged in the industry would tend to assure a satisfactory allocation of profit to the wage-fund, while the worker's suspicion would gradually be dissipated and his appreciation of the necessity of reserve funds, etc., largely extended. The energies of all would be liberated for devotion, not to wrangle, but to work. The consequent increase of wealth would not only reinforce the peace engendered, but would mean better working conditions with a constant outlook for improvements in plant.

"I know what objections will be raised by the Trades Union Leaders. I shall be told that private capital is not to be recognized—which is another way of saying we are to standardize taste and temper and talent—which is delightful nonsense.

"Another objection may be that the investment would hamper a strike. But the investment of the Union to-day in a general strike is no more immune from collapse than the investment of the private individual. And the system is intended to render strikes unnecessary, while the mere beginning of the new system would direct public sentiment more and more against provocation by any employer. It may be that my proposal is a little ahead of the times. I at least am convinced that the real solution of our industrial difficulties lies along these lines."


# Why You Must Have Beautiful Well-kept Hair to be Attractive



Copyright 1920—The R. L. W. Co.

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides, and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating people use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

**Follow This Simple Method**

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

**Rub the Lather in Thoroughly**

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

**Rinse the Hair Thoroughly**

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular week shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

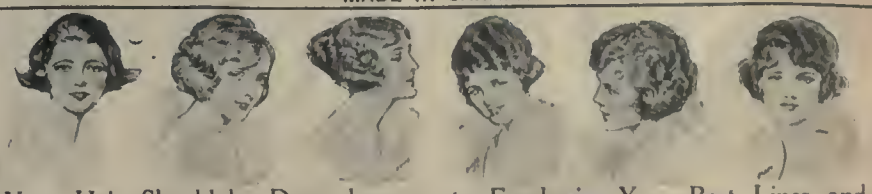



You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for the children — Fine for men.

WATKINS
**MULSIFIED**
**COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

MADE IN CANADA



Your Hair Should be Dressed so as to Emphasize Your Best Lines and Reduce Your Worst Ones.

*Begin by studying your profile. If you have a pug nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, fat face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.*

# X-Rays Reveal Fraud in Paintings

*Photographic X-ray Photo Shows Whether Picture is Ancient or Modern.*

MAY TEVIS

OWING to the remarkable results obtained by Dr. Chéron, a French expert, the connoisseur of pictures now has an admirable implement in the shape of the X-ray with which to supplement his judgment with the regard to the antiquity of pictures.

An article in the *Scientific American Monthly* explains the method of examination.

"The degree of transparency to X-rays exhibited by any body depends upon the number and atomic weight of the atoms composing the said body. It is obvious that in every picture there are three substances to be considered from this point of view. In the first place there is the surface which is painted upon; this surface is usually either canvas or wood, especially in the case of earlier paintings. Secondly, there is the priming or sizing which is applied to the surface to prepare it for receiving the colors; thirdly, of course, there are the pigments employed by the artist.

"Both wood and canvas, the principal surfaces to which oil paints are applied, are highly transparent to X-rays, but the former is more so than the latter, as might be expected.

"The second element of the picture, the priming or sizing, is usually composed in the case of ancient pictures of carbonate of lime mixed with glue, and this composition has been found to be comparatively transparent to X-rays. Modern artists, however depend almost entirely upon the material known as ceruse (white lead), which is much more opaque in character and which, moreover, penetrates the interstices of the canvas upon which it is spread. Because of this fact the X-rays at once reveal a marked difference in this respect between canvases prepared with a modern priming and those employed by the artists of various centuries.

"An even greater difference exists in most cases between the pigments to be found in many of the works of the old masters and those of which modern painters make use. While the ancients employed mineral colors almost exclusively those at the disposal of our modern artists include a number of colors derived from vegetable sources and others from the aniline group which, of course, were entirely unknown previous to the middle of the 19th century. The metallic paints used by the old masters are much more perceptible under the X-rays than modern paints made of vegetable and aniline dyes.

"It is obvious that in order to obtain a satisfactory radiograph with comparatively clear outlines and a sufficient degree of contrast between the dark and the light areas two factors are all important. In the first place both the surface to be painted and the coating or sizing spread upon it before the pigments are applied must be transparent to the X-rays. Secondly the colors must be comparatively opaque, at least in the case of those whose contrasts form the images portrayed.

"Luckily it is precisely these conditions which we find in the pictures of the old masters in general. Modern pictures on the other hand very commonly reverse these conditions since the sizing employed is comparatively opaque while the pigments are often considerably more transparent. Under these conditions the images produced will be more or less faint and indistinct—sometimes indeed they are so shadowy as to be almost invisible.

"It is for these reasons that radiographs throw a most valuable light upon the probable age of a picture, so that after devoting some study to their observation in the case of authentic paintings of a given era, or by the hand of a known painter, the connoisseur can readily detect modern 'fakes,' or rectify an honestly made mistake with regard to a picture wrongly attributed to a given school or master."

An instance of fraud of which an illustration accompanies the article is then described.

"The picture in question shows a scene of festivity—a party of merry-makers playing upon musical instruments and dancing. The work is Flemish and was formerly attributed to Van Ostade. The radiograph made of this picture is very surprising and curious. The gay party of dancers have all vanished into thin air, except for the ghostly heads of two of them which can be dimly discerned in the middle of the image. In place of them we see upon the proof tolerably clear outlines of the figures in an entirely different painting—one of a barnyard scene which had evidently been previously painted upon the same panel of wood. The figures of two peacocks, two ducks, and a couple of chickens can be quite plainly seen. This barnyard scene is apparently quite old since there is no opaque sizing to disguise the outlines of the figures. The supposed or faked Van Ostade is probably modern since all its colors, except for the blues, are almost uniformly transparent to the X-rays."

# Some Queer Clubs

*Some Strange Organizations and Their Amazing Conditions of Membership.*

*Sunday Express.*

"MONEY men, money minds," was never better exemplified than in the story of some social clubs, contained in an article in the London *Sunday Express.*

"Since their inception," it says, "many clubs have departed from their original purpose of providing a home away from home for the scions of noble houses whose exchequer would not run to an establishment of their own, and have become institutions not only with singular names but queer objects.

"The Club of Ugly Faces was founded by a London gentleman who boasted an enormously large nose. Another member had a chin resembling a shoehorn, and another a mouth twice the usual size. Qualification for membership was some facial malformation, and all members on initiation made a speech in praise of Aesop, whose portrait hung over the fireplace of the club-room.

"A Bohemian of the eighties established a Nose Club for the possessors of large noses. He himself was the first president.

"Picturesqueness seems to be one of the essentials in the titles of some of the curious clubs that abound in London. Hence we have the Club of the Golden Calf and the Black Cat Club, both well-known institutions with titles that certainly arrest attention. Then there is the Ghost Club, whose secrets are so well guarded that they are unknown to the outside world. This club meets monthly in a private dining-room of a fashionable West End restaurant, and its membership, which is both limited and exclusive, includes men who are regarded as experts in psychical phenomena and Harley-street physicians. Their proceedings are varied by holding séances. Professor Churton Collins, who died in tragic circumstances on September 16, 1908, entered into a solemn compact with his fellow members to appear to those surviving after his death.

"America, always to the fore in any new idea, has had some of the most extraordinary clubs ever heard of. In December, 1913, forty Chicago septuagenarians formed themselves into a Club of Borrowed Time, with the object of outwitting Father Time.

"In America, again, thirty bachelor girls in New York formed the Self-Government Girls' Club. Every member made a solemn promise not to marry or become engaged for one year after joining, and the vows were renewable from year to year. The club badge was a pin in the form of a latchkey, and signified that the members did not require male escort. The fines were: Engagement, 10s; marriage, 1 *l.*; elopement, 2 *l.* But the club rules declared that the fines must be paid by the men.

"In January, 1890, there was formed an organization known as the Black Bean Club. The membership was forty unmarried men of New York, who paid an entrance fee of 16 *l.*, which covered all expenses. The club met once a year, and at that meeting a box containing as many beans as members present was passed round, all the beans with one exception being white. The exception was black, and the member who drew it had to pledge himself to marry before the year was out. The expenses of the wedding were provided from the invested funds of the club, and included, by way of compensation, a wedding tour of three weeks and a seven-roomed furnished house.

"The Abduction Club was organized in 1766 by some well-connected Irish youths, who banded themselves together to abduct heiresses and other feminine charmers of gentle birth. As there was a large membership, many forced marriages took place in consequence of their exploits. Finally it was necessary to stop their practices, which had become so serious that a special Act of Parliament was passed making abduction a capital offence.

"There is a Hundred and One Club in London, whose members are limited to that number. Then there was the Thirteen Club, which is still fresh in the minds of many Londoners. It met on the 13th of every month, when the company sat down to dinner at thirteen tables, with the same number of members at each table, and, according to report, ate thirteen courses without turning a hair. It is said that the members, all being Bohemians, each consumed thirteen bottles of wine with the meal, but there is no confirmation of this.

"A similar club was the Six o'Clock Club, which consisted of six members only, who met at six o'clock in the evening and separated at six o'clock in the morning. Dr. Brooks and the famous Greek scholar Porson were members of this club.

"Suicide clubs have long been in existence, the members usually drawing lots for the alleged honor of keeping up the club's reputation. In Japan, in 1906, the president of the Suicide Club of Tokyo committed suicide. After his death his fellow members discovered he had spent all their funds.

"Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Max Pemberton both belonged to the Crime Club of London. The members were all men who took a keen interest in criminology, and at their meetings discussed notorious crimes of the moment and attempted to find solutions. Quite recently another crime club of a different kind, known as the Red Dogs' Club of Leipzig, made itself known. The members were all burglars. They came into the limelight through the failure of the police to arrest them, followed by a paragraph in a German newspaper describing them as 'rascals.' They replied to the paragraph as follows:—'It was with much indignation that we saw in your journal that you referred to the distinguished members of our club as rascals. We beg you, in the name of our members, to spare us from further insults of this nature.'

"There was an Indictment Club of America, the members of which, mostly well-known and wealthy citizens, had been brought before a jury for transgressing the Sherman anti-trust laws. Another curious association was the Ananias Club, composed of members who had been called perverts of the truth and liars by political opponents. The Alimony Club was composed of men who had been condemned to pay alimony to their divorced or separated spouses. In America, too, there is a Convicts' Club, whose members, mostly old inmates of big prisons, meet once a month in two top back rooms, where, dressed in convicts' clothes, they eat porridge from tin bowls, and afterwards walk round and round in a circle after the manner in which exercise is taken in prisons.

"The Studio Club, which had its being in some street at the back of Tottenham Court-road, was composed of disciples of the brush and pen, and was noted for its dinners. Desti's Club in Bond-street, is one of the latter-day Bohemian resorts where the members are mostly capable of providing their own entertainment.

"An old Billingsgate porter speaks of a club, the name of which he cannot recollect, that existed near the market. The members were carmen, cabmen, watermen, and porters, who met each week to practise the art of abusive language. Any member found guilty of courtesy or politeness was severely fined. No records or data of this club can be found, but it is more than likely that such a club did exist in the days before Billingsgate reformed."

# Lauder's Power of Observation

POLLOCK POLLOCK

THAT Harry Lauder is to be admired rather for his wonderful power of observation than as a singer is the opinion expressed by Pollock Pollock in the *Daily Mail.*

"This little man, with his deep quiet way of speaking off the stage, is assuredly the greatest actor of Scots types that we have," says Mr. Pollock. "His range is amazing, his observation remarkable. On the first night of his show at the Palace Theatre he sang a song new to London called 'Somebody waiting for me.' A man standing beside me—evidently an anti-Lauderite—said impatiently: 'Moody and Sankey stuff.' But the managing director of one of the biggest amusement 'combines' in the country said between the verses, 'What wonderful observation.'

"He was right. Dressed as a bluejacket, Harry Lauder moved his hands exactly as a sailor always does move his hands: stiffly, awkwardly; a little matter, but a vastly important one which makes the fine actor.

"A great many people, even among his fervent admirers, regard Harry Lauder as a comic singer, a man who comes on with a crooked walking stick, a kilt, and sings songs in Scots dialect about Mac-Someone drinking too much whisky at a wedding. That is a pity; it shows that they miss all that is finest in him.

"Harry Lauder is the greatest character singer we have. His songs are really vehicles for him to play character parts in. Even when his back is turned to the audience he can 'hold' it. He has the most expressive back on the stage.

"The human note is the Lauder secret—He knows that if he laughs at himself everybody else will start to laugh too. And so on the stage he comes, says something 'daft', hops about with funny little steps and bent knees, takes a wee bit draw at his pipe—and skirls. It is a simple recipe—but, then, many remarkable things are very simple if you can analyse them."

# Sugar From Pumpkins

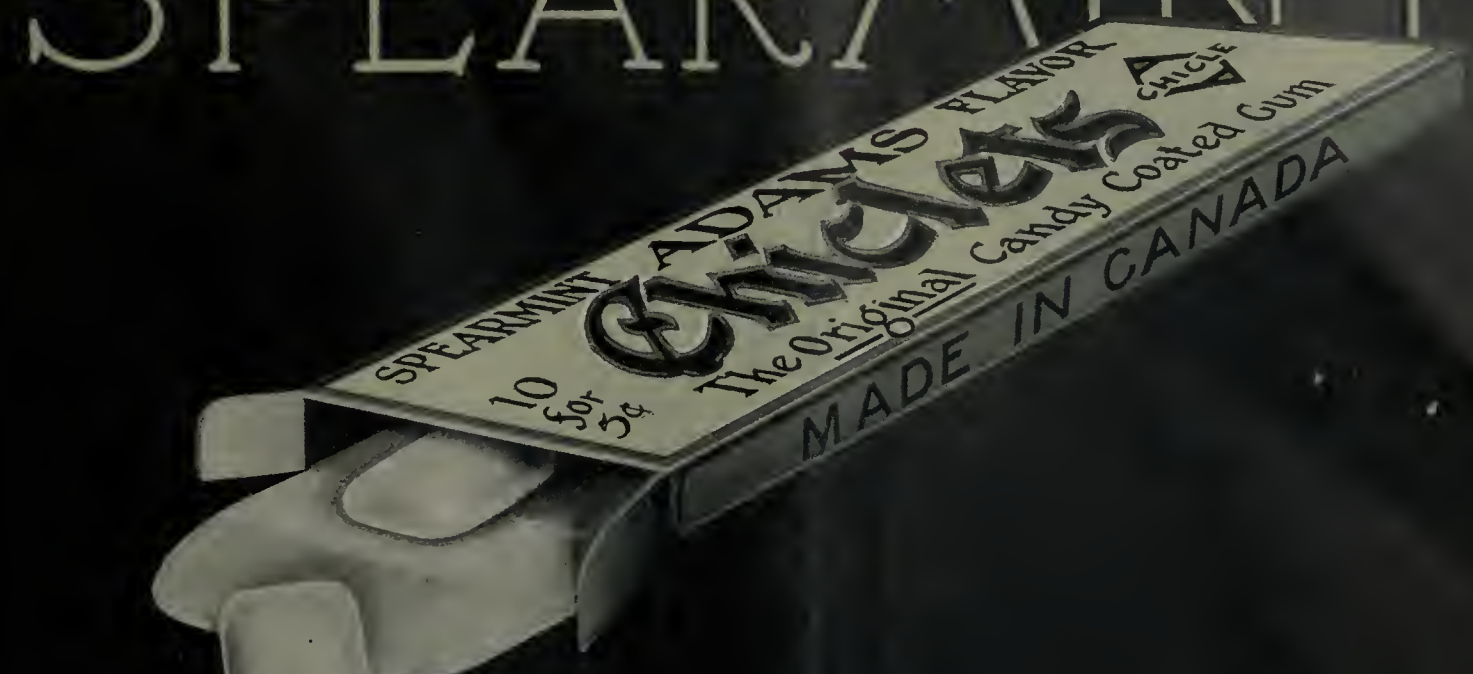
*Pumpkins Are Found Which Give Greater Yield Than Beets.*

J. N. BISHOP

"NO ONE complains that the price of sugar is too low or the output too large. In Cuba the leading planters have agreed to put their unsold sugar into the hands of a common agent and hold it for better than twenty cents a pound. The one bright spot is that the beet sugar production of the United States this year is the largest in its history.

"In France, it is said, the sugar output is threatened by the manufacturers of alcohol. Last year nearly a fourth of the sugar beet crop was diverted to the alcohol makers at a time when France was

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*-an Adams product, particularly prepared*



## DAVID HOWARTH, the Author

David Howarth is a Methodist Minister, now preaching in Pilot Mound, Manitoba. This is his first published novel. He has been in the West since 1889, and is 42 years of age. He has lived in, or visited, most of the cities, towns and hamlets in the three mid-western Provinces—and writes whereof he knows.

First—his ancestry; he writes:

"My father was born in Edinburgh, the only son of Captain James Rusk of the Famous 'Black Watch.' His mother died three months after he was born and within a few weeks his father was killed in an engagement in northern India in an Afghan pass. Father's 'Uncle Howarth' took him north to Aberdeen and took care of the orphan. The little fellow became known as 'Jimmy Howarth' and the relative's name became his legal name in the course of years. His name was James Rusk and mine should be David Rusk."

That David Howarth is a real "he-man," well qualified to describe fights, games, contests, and the spirit of the West, is shown by his career. He graduated from Wesley College, University of Manitoba, in 1910, and took—before, during and after his college course—an intense interest in amateur athletics. He played soccer, lacrosse, hockey, cricket, baseball, and starred on the cinder track. He has twirled for twenty-seven ball teams. Here is a list of the "trophies" he has acquired:

*Cartilages of both knees torn.*
*Nose broken—twice.*
*All fingers on one hand broken.*
*Three fingers on other hand broken.*
*Jaw broken in three places—by a baseball.*
*Wrist broken—in soccer.*
*Ankle broken—in hockey.*
*Minor accidents galore!*

And he's still in the ring! "I am still able to pitch," he writes, "given a base-runner, which the sportsmanship of the West allows."

# *"Taking a lightning leap he drew himself up above the whirring teeth."*

Ned Pullar's threshing gang — twenty horses, thirty-six inch portable mill and a score of husky Canadians — was pre-eminent in the Qu'Appelle Valley, Saskatchewan. They gave honest service, and the farmers were assured of a straight crew, a quick, clean job — and all their grain. When the story opens, the supremacy of the Pullar gang is threatened by McClure, with his money, confidence, ability — and tricks. There's hot blood between the rival "outfits" and McClure challenges the Valley men to a thirty-day output contest.

The gage is taken up, and a thrilling contest ensues. The issue is in doubt until the final day, and then ——!

There's plenty of action and surprise as the story progresses. For example, read this paragraph, which will make any red-blooded reader tingle:

> *"At the blare of fire Ned uttered a cry of alarm and rushed toward the separator. Realizing Lawrie's horrible plight he shouted to White at the throttle and, taking a lightning leap, drew himself up on the separator above the whirring teeth. Already they were fanning the hair of the insensible feeder as his head settled nearer to the blurred shine of the hideous jaws. Reaching over, Ned seized the helpless man and lifted him by the sheer strength of his powerful arms out of the fangs of the machine. But the weight of his inert burden swinging suddenly overbalanced him. Poised over that maw of whirling death the two men hung for an awful instant as Ned fought to recover. But the weight was too much, Lawrie began to sink. It was evident the two men were falling back into the cylinder. A scream of terror leaped from the lips of the horror-stricken band-cutters; then it was Ned felt his shoulder clutched in a mighty grip and he with his precious burden was dragged back to the roof of the mill."*

Did you ever kidnap a dozen men and a caboose? This is another adventure, described with the vivid pen of a man who must have been "right there" when the weird joke took place. The caboose, full of the members of the rival gang, is pulled to the top of a hill—and then rushed ingloriously down the incline, into a watery awakening. A Hallowe'en joke *par excellence!*

# "THE VALLEY *of* GOLD"
## JULY 1st MACLEAN'S

Mary McClure and Ned Pullar are in love, but, as usual, the course of true love fails to run straight. Can she be faithful to her father — and to Ned, her father's bitterest rival? Mary is one of those Western girls who can ride a bucking broncho, soothe a fevered brow, make a devoted daughter and fight for her rights and her sweetheart. You can see such lassies in Canada's great West as can be seen nowhere else — you see them canter along the main street in Maple Creek, riding the range in the Qu'Appelle Valley, or tending hundreds of all kinds of poultry in Happyland or Le Pas. Always winsome, always fascinating, always wholesome! Mary is a girl you'll love — just as you envy Ned.

To tell more of the story would be unfair. Plot and counter-plot, black nights and land sharks, wolves, storms, birds, fawns, men of valor and women of wonderful charm—all go to make this story an enthralling one —a real epic of the Canadian wheat belt!

"The Valley of Gold" will commence in the July 1 issue of MACLEAN'S, and will be concluded in five whopping big instalments. It's graphic beyond the telling, and a story of distinct literary merit. Above all—it is fundamentally Canadian, breathing the spirit of the West so that you can almost feel the dust of the separator choking you; witness the amazing glow of a glorious, multi-colored prairie sunset; and throb with the hopes and fears of vital, likable men and women—Canadians all, to the backbone!

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# MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"

importing sugar in large quantities at an almost ruinous rate of exchange. But why limit our sugar production to the cane of the tropics, the beet of the temperate zones and the modest yield of the maple trees of our northern states?

"Why not the pumpkin? is the answer of the sugar chemist. That pleasing vegetable which grows almost anywhere can, writes Mr. Bishop, in *The Nation's Business*, be weaned away from its uses for pies, jack-o-lanterns and cattle feed and from it can be made no inconsiderable amount of crystallizable sugar. Its yield in weight per acre is greater than that of the sugar beet. Six per cent. of sugar can be readily obtained, with possibilities of a much higher yield. Sugar from pumpkins is declared to be perfectly white and of an agreeable flavor. It also is said that sugar has been made from watermelons. As for palm sugar:

"In Bengal two varieties of palm tree are cultivated for this purpose, though the industry has been for years a declining one. The Phoenix palm, one of the sources of East Indian sugar, will yield with the crudest methods of cultivation and manufacture about twenty-four pounds of gur or coarse sugar per tree. With three hundred trees to the acre, which would be the limit under scientific cultivation, the yield per acre is better than sugar cane and modern methods of refining would greatly advance the output. It is noteworthy that this gur or jaggery, which is the common brown or black sugar of the East Indies, has been arriving in small quantities in the Clyde for the refineries of Scotland. It is not impossible that Angus McPherson may sweeten his porridge with palm sugar while Hank White, of Oldtown Crossings, Vermont, is putting pumpkin sugar on his buckwheat cakes."

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# Present Conditions in Roumania

*Possesses Rich Natural Resources But Graft and Corruption Rampant*

H. CHARLES WOODS

ROUMANIA owes Canada twenty-million dollars. Our chances of collecting it do not appear very hopeful if we may place reliance on the evidence of Mr. Woods, who has just returned from a comprehensive journey in the Near East and who was in Roumania a few weeks ago. Writing in the *Contemporary Review*, he says:—

"The situations in Roumania and in Bucharest are different to those which I found existing elsewhere in the Near East. That kingdom and that city have been and now are more than ever places of contrast. On the one hand the Roumanians are a subtle, clever people, who can be influenced and taught to do almost anything in a very short time. Their country, too, has a potential wealth unequalled in the Balkans, for, to mention only one or two assets, it possesses a remarkable richness in oil, in forests, and in soil, which is very fertile. On the other side, whilst Roumania suffered for a shorter time and much less than Serbia during the war, she is the only country where I found no attempt whatever had been made to inaugurate a policy of reconstruction, and where the first and last impression of the traveller concerns the state of chaos and corruption which exists on all sides.

"With regard to Bucharest the conditions are unique. That city, which has enormously increased in population since the war, is crowded to overflowing, and the question of accommodation is one of primary interest to all classes of society. The hotels are always more than full, and it is almost impossible to secure rooms otherwise than by help of the Government, who assisted me in this direction, or by means of a considerable bribe given to the porter, who has become a personage of all importance in such matters. In spite of the absolute necessity for Roumania to cut down her imports and thereby to improve her rate of exchange, the shops are full of luxuries such as silks, gloves, scents, and other articles of pleasure, which are for the most part imported as a result of bribes and contrary to existing regulations. The high-class hotels and restaurants, which are exceedingly expensive in local currency, and where food is very good, are thronged by well-dressed, bejewelled women—the life and spirit of their male companions who are seeking enjoyment at any cost, and apparently without a thought as to the conditions prevailing around them. The streets are traversed by motor cars of expensive makes, which tear up and down as if their inmates were trying to forget that there had ever been a war. In contradistinction to all this there is a general air of disorder, dirt and poverty, an air which prevades everything with the possible exception of the famous Calea Victorici.

"Coming to the more fundamental conditions prevailing in Roumania, the present chaos (and it is real chaos) depends primarily upon the fact that when I was there all means of ordinary transport were practically non-existent, for the railways were almost at a standstill. The gravity of the situation will be understood when I say that there were reputed to be less than forty locomotives in working order in the whole of old Roumania, which country has a population of about 7,600,000 people. Again, at that time, not a single truck loaded with goods had left the all-important port of Galatz for three months. Recently, too, it was reported that this place, from which countless wagons of grain used to be exported each year, was actually without an adequate bread supply, because no trains had arrived.

"But if the total lack of transport creates a marked impression on the mind of the visitor to Roumania, there are several other equally astonishing factors in the situation. For instance, since the entry of that country into the war there has been no proper budget, and the current expenses of the State, so far as they are paid, have been and are being met largely by internal loans and issues of paper money. The taxes which exist are not properly collected, and they have been augmented hardly, if at all, since the outbreak of hostilities. Again, the corruption for which the country has always been notorious has increased by leaps and bounds. This disastrous change is due partly to the fact that up to July, 1919, the cost of living had risen to ten times its pre-war level and that there has been a considerable rise since then. Consequently, as incomes and salaries have not grown in proportion (Government salaries have only been a little more than doubled), it is most difficult for the people of any class, except the really rich, to live honestly. All classes therefore endeavor to increase their legitimate incomes, with the result that the present state of things is far worse than that which ever existed during the worst days of Abdul Hamid, when bribery was at its height in Turkey.

"I say this without fear of contradiction, because, generally speaking, there is nobody and nothing in Roumania who and which cannot be bought with money. Moreover, whilst in Turkey officials had to be squared to enable one to overcome difficulties created by rules and regulations, with the making of which the particular officials were not concerned, in Roumania obstacles are expressly manufactured by people of all classes, in order that these very people may be paid to make away with difficulties which they themselves have created. For instance, all sorts of regulations governing trade, and particularly exports and imports, are now in force. But these regulations are, in reality, only a source of income to those responsible for their administration, for it is well known that practically every functionary, official and employee, however high his position, has his price.

"Furthermore, there are two distinctions between the corruptions prevalent in Turkey and in Roumania. In the former country, when once one had the authority of the person in control, one knew that things were in order, for no subordinate tried or dared to dispute that authority. Equally well in the Ottoman Empire, even at its worst, bribes were accepted, often with a show of unwillingness, but they were seldom if ever actually suggested or demanded by Governmental officials. In Roumania, on the contrary, an order even from a high officer of the State counts but little unless that order is accompanied by bribes, given by the person benefited."





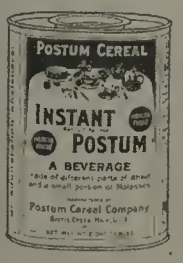
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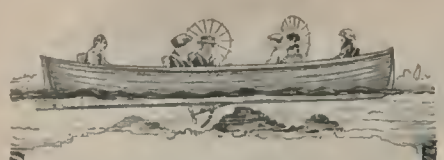

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# What Should Germany Pay?

*Wherein is a Demand That Might Be Morally Right Unreasonable as a Business Proposition?*

BERNARD M. BARUCH

"DO YOU regard the terms of the German indemnity as reasonable?"

"The question was put to Bernard M. Baruch, by an interviewer of the New York *Times*, who asked him to discuss the demand of the allied Premiers that the recent enemy should pay, as the price of defeat, the sum of 226,000,000,000 gold marks besides a sum equal to a 12 per cent. tax on exports. The American member of the Reparations Commission of the Peace Conference and author of 'The Making of the Reparations and Economic Sections of the Treaty,' replied:

"'Please don't speak of it as an indemnity. Reparation is the word. Indemnity implies a penalty. Germany is not being punished; not in this way. She is to make reparation for damages done by her acts of war, though, of course, all of the damage can never be compensated for.'

"'Reparation, then. Do you think, as reparation, the terms fixed upon are reasonable?'

"'There again, we have to get at what is meant by the word "reasonable."' Mr. Baruch replied. 'A demand might be morally reasonable that would be unreasonable as a business proposition. It would be morally reasonable to make Germany pay for every dollar that comes within the ten categories of damage caused by the war. In signing the Peace Treaty Germany admitted full liability for every penny within those categories; it was so expressly stipulated in the document. It would be reasonable, in the moral sense, to make her pay every penny—if she could.

"'It certainly would not be reasonable that Germany should get off with any smaller per capita burden of taxation than France or Italy or England. They are carrying a fearfully heavy load. So are we, for that matter.

"'But you've got to look at the reparation matter from the business point of view, too. What might be reasonable morally might not be wise as a business proposition. There are others besides Germany that morally and by the terms of the peace treaties are bound to make reparations, but they cannot pay. What are you going to do about them? It is not altogether a question of what some one owes. If he pays all he can pay, that is reasonable, and all that is reasonable, in the business sense.

"'You might say that a reasonable sum, from this point of view, would be such a sum that those to whom it was due could borrow money on the strength of the promise to pay. This might be very much less than an amount that would be morally reasonable under the treaty. It would have to be an amount agreed upon by Germany without reservations, in good faith, and within Germany's ability to pay; I do not say to pay easily, but to pay without ruining her industries, upon the productiveness of which her continued ability to pay must depend.'

"'You anticipate, then,' asked the interviewer, 'that the Allies will proceed to raise money on the strength of the German reparation pledge as soon as the terms are finally accepted?'

"'Yes; when the money markets permit,' was Mr. Baruch's quick reply. "Of course, it would be wise to capitalize the payments in some way. They need money badly, and a dollar to-day is worth more to them than two dollars a few years from now.'

"'Do you think, then, that as a business proposition, as a basis for such a credit as the Allies need, the sum of 226,000,000,000 marks, gold, to be paid by Germany in forty-two years is a reasonable sum?'

"'Don't talk of 226,000,000,000 marks,' rejoined Mr. Baruch. 'It isn't any such sum; not now. You must always keep in mind that a billion or any other sum in forty-two years is very different thing from a billion now. The sum fixed upon is really about 83,000,000,000 marks, for that is its present capitalized value at 5 per cent. Reduced to dollars, the present value of this proposed payment is about $21,000,000,000. At 6 per cent. it is about $18,000,000,000.'

"'And as a business proposition, that—'

"'That is a matter concerning which the Exchanges of the world will very soon reflect the best judgment of financiers and business men as to the feasibility and practicability of the reparations terms and programme agreed upon.'

"'Do you think the terms as presented spell ruin for Germany?'"

"'I was talking with a German this morning,' Mr. Baruch replied."

"'"Isn't it terrible what they did to Germany?" he said.

"'"Do you mean politically or industrially?" I asked him.

"'"I mean industrially," he replied. 'To take those coal mines in the Sarre Basin. What will Germany do for coal now? How can her industries go on?'"

"'"Was it right for Alsace and Lorraine to go back to France?" I asked.

"'He conceded that.

"'I pointed out to him that the mills of Alsace-Lorraine had always consumed about 7,000,000 of the 17,000,000 tons produced from those mines, and that local industries used another 7,000,000 tons. The other 3,000,000 tons would have to be sold somewhere, and the gas works and other industries of South Germany that formerly bought their coal from these mines had just as good a chance, when things became normal, to buy from the same source as they had before the war.

"'My German friend was still concerned for the future of Germany's coal supply. I pointed out to him that Germany had immense coal deposits that had never been developed because they did not want to flood the market. Still he was worried. If Silesia were going to be given to Poland, as he feared it would be, all that good Silesian coal would go with it.

"'"What on earth do you suppose the Poles are going to do with that coal?" I asked him. "Eat it? They must sell it; they will not mine it for exercise. Germany cannot use that coal to pay for war damages."

"'You still leave the impression, Mr. Baruch, that you regard the sum demanded by the allied Premiers as possibly beyond Germany's ability to pay. Would you say that this excessive demand—if it be excessive—might be due to political considerations having to do with the desire of certain European statesmen to retain their respective political leaderships?'

"'That would give them no monopoly,' he answered.

"'Such as "shilling for shilling and ton for ton"?' suggested the interviewer, quoting Mr. Lloyd George's 1918 campaign slogan.

"'That claim was never allowed,' said Mr. Baruch.

"'I think,' he continued, 'that any criticism of the published terms should be directed toward the judgment, rather than the motives, of the gentlemen who negotiated them. And, as I said in the beginning of our conversation, I do not feel that criticism should come from America so long as we are still at war with Germany and have taken no responsibility in the final settlement of the terms.'

"It was manifest that Mr. Baruch held decided views which, however, he felt considerable delicacy about expressing fully. There was nothing noncommittal, however, in his manner or his words as he said:

"'Of one thing I am sure. France must have guarantees against future aggressions on the part of a rejuvenated Germany. The German people will not be happy in the payment of the reparation claims; their children, ten or twenty years from now, will be still less cheerful about it. France sees that, and France must be guaranteed against a repetition of 1871 and 1914. France was on the defensive for nearly fifty years. We cannot blame her if she does not trust Germany, if she is even dubious about some of her former allies. We must sympathize, in the absence of effective guarantees against further felonious assaults, with her present demands.'

"'Then you think Germany will come back?'

"'Politically, I would not venture to predict. Industrially, the Germans are a great people. The work they will have to do to meet these reparation demands will inevitably make their country the most efficient workshop of the world for the things they can produce'."

# Sketch of President Harding

*Democrat Gives His Personal Impressions of the President.*

CHESTER T. CROWELL

THE writer of this article was sent out last summer by the *Independent* to interview Senator Warren G. Harding, now President of the United States. In a recent issue he gives his impressions in part as follows:

"During the recent campaign it was evident that many honest and sincere citizens believed Senator Warren G. Harding was a man of mediocre talents and weak willpower dominated by a group of United States Senators. Not only did the Democrats say this, but many Republicans who voted for him believed this and doubtless they still believe it.

"When I went out to Marion and Dayton, Ohio, last summer, that was approximately my impression of Senator Harding. I did not recall that he had ever done anything notable in the Senate. In fact I knew almost nothing about him. He flashed upon the world rather suddenly. He had not cut much of a figure in the presidential primaries. It was easy enough to accept the theory that he was a Nobody pulled out of obscurity by shrewd and designing men for that very reason.

"I met Senator Harding on the famous front porch of his delightfully home-like, frame cottage and talked with him a few minutes. I watched and listened for more than an hour while he talked with others. I joined a group of Chicago business men with whom he walked from his home down town. That is the extent of my personal acquaintance with him. But I have rarely been so deeply impressed by a man. It is the sort of impression one finds difficult to explain. The moment I saw him I felt that I would like to meet him. He reminded me at once of half a dozen different cattlemen I have known back in Texas. His frame is enormous; he must be more than six feet tall. His eyes are deep set, his forehead is imposing. There are deep lines in his face which characterizes the man who has lived and suffered and aspired and worked hard and builded upon firm foundations. His is a face a man would never forget.

"He seems to be an easy going, agreeable sort of person, but I have met his type before. They are slow to anger—in fact it is almost impossible to make them angry—but just the same, nevertheless, notwithstanding and however, you don't 'put anything over on them.' And unless you have a hide like a rhinoceros you are likely to come out of a conference with such men thoroughly ashamed of what you tried to do.

"There are great dreamers and there are futile dreamers. Senator Harding is neither. He is a man who worked very hard when he was a boy. He is a man who owes his measure of success to the fact that he remembered always that two and two make four and that honesty is the best policy. I think that if he has any passionate impatience to get on the job now, it is in order to clean house. He has a passion for order and economy. He is going to give the United States a business-like and economical government. It ought to make a difference of hundreds of millions of dollars to the tax-payers of this country during the four years of his first term. That, I think, will be his great task and there, I think, his heart will be."




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# What Is Education?

*Striking Indictment of Our University Educational System.*

ALEXANDER IRVINE

A DRAMATIC after-dinner speech made at a London dinner on the failure of education to educate is the subject of an article in the *Teacher's World*. About one hundred and fifty students, who had just received their degrees, met for a farewell dinner. By way of a joke they asked a certain professor, who had never made an address in his life, to address them. To their surprise, he accepted, and he made a hit.

"'Gentlemen,' he began, 'I never made a speech in my life, and I don't intend to begin now. I have something to say, however, and in saying it I will follow Luther's threefold rule: "Stand up straightly, speak out boldly, and sit down quickly."

"'We are in one of the famous banqueting halls of the world. Belshazzar's Hall compared to this was a lodging on the third floor back. No such art existed in those days as we see around this room. No such viands graced his board. What was there was elegant for that day, but we live in another age, an age of art, artcraftsmanship and luxury. From the four corners of the earth came the things on this table. From the lowest forms of day labor to the highest forms of art we have around us samples of at least a hundred forms of human work.

"'Let me draw your attention to the samples of pottery here. Surely the men and women who produce such beautiful things are artists. What a joy it must be or a man to hold such a thing in his hand—complete—and say, "I made it!" Many forms of labor are involved here, also—the digging of clay, the carting, fashioning, painting, burning, baking, and finishing. If there is a man here who has ever touched this form of labor, let him answer. No one!

"'There are samples of the most exquisite, and, I know, costly, cut glass. That also involves much labor and great art. It is a unique industry in itself. I will not detail the process; we see the result, but the various forms of labor involved are practically unknown to us I would be rather surprised to find a man among you who had ever touched this industry at any angle.'

"'There are cut flowers here,' he said. 'Most of you spent some years in the study of botany, but I don't think any of you would undertake to give us a complete classification of what we see and enjoy on the table.' There was a disposition to laugh, but he wiped the smile from every face around the table by quietly saying, 'Perhaps you are to be congratulated that you are at an age when a sense of humor covers a multitude of sins, but personally I cannot enjoy that which gives me pain.

"'I am a representative university man, seriously asking myself and you whether the system we call education educates?'. The silence became oppressive. The men were thinking.

"'Perhaps,' he continued, 'I should have put you more at ease by telling you at the beginning that I have never experienced the joy of fashioning articles with my own hands. Nor anything useful for that matter. Here we are, then, a group of men on whom a university has set its stamp. We produce nothing we eat, we could not even lend a hand in the making of anything we see around us, and truth compels me to venture the suggestion that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the chief motive of a college education is to escape actual participation in just such work as gives or ought to give joy to the worker.

"'A timekeeper performs a useful function, so does a cash register, but the function of education is not to turn out timekeepers or cash registers. It has been truly said that if ten Bachelors of Art were wrecked in mid-ocean they could not build a pontoon to save their lives! They would be equally helpless in any critical emergency where practical knowledge of the ordinary things around us was imperatively necessary. A statement of the problem is not a solution, and we do not gain much by stating that the system is to blame and we are not.

"'You certainly are not to blame. You are the victims of whatever system we have. I cannot say that I am blameless. I do not believe that a smattering of languages, of mathematics, and history is education. I believe the system of cramming these things to pass an examination is pernicious. So having been asked for the first time in my life to make an address, I made it an opportunity to enter my protest.

"'Education is to prepare and equip for the duties and responsibilities of life—not to turn out industrial and commercial bosses, gaffers, timekeepers, and cash registers. I would hardly be justified in taking up your time with these observations alone. So, in addition, I want to say this: Most of you are destined to be masters of men. You will organize and mobilize their labor, you will oversee it.

"'When you see men around you actually creating beautiful things with their hands, I would like you to remember that it was my opinion that actual labor in the arts and crafts and industries is an infinitely nobler contribution to the happiness of mankind than clipping coupons and living on the sweat of other men's brows.

"'It will not come in our day, but the world will ultimately come to understand that the training of the mind is as necessary as the training of the body. Why should it be considered an unthinkable thing that a blacksmith or a carpenter should need an education? Why should college men consider it degrading to handle tools that make useful and beautiful things?

"'Why should a university perpetuate such a revolt against Nature, in which the man who does no useful work at all is considered a gentleman, and the creator of wealth and beautiful things should be considered low caste, in Anglo-Saxon civilization?

"'I want to point out to you that the highest form of culture and refinement known to mankind was intimately associated with tools and labor. In order to do that I must present to you a picture, imaginative, but in accord with the facts of history and experience.'

"He pushed his chair back, and stood a few feet from the table. His face betrayed deep emotion. His voice became wonderfully soft and irresistibly appealing. The college men had been interested; they were now spellbound. He raised his hand, and went through the motions of drawing aside a curtain.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, 'may I introduce to you a young Galilean who is a master builder—Jesus of Nazareth!'

"It was a weird act. The silence became oppressive. As if addressing an actual person of flesh and blood, he continued:

"'Master, may I ask you, as I asked these young men, whether there is anything in this room that you could make with your hands as other men make them?'

"There was a pause, a brief moment or two, then with the slow measured stride of an Oriental he went to the end of the table, and took the table-cloth in his hand, and made bare the corner and carved oak leg of the great table. In that position he looked into the faces of the men and said: 'The Master says, "Yes, I could make the table—I am a Carpenter!"'"

# Germany, Shakespeare, Bacon

*London Times.*

THE war has apparently in no way diminished the interest the Germans have always evinced in Shakespeare. An item in the London, Eng., *Times* refers to a lecture recently delivered before the Weimar Shakespeare Research Society by Frau Deventer von Kunow when it was sought to show that Francis Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester.

"The report of this lecture states that her evidence is based on an original document hitherto in the possession of the Record Office in London and on facts that have been jealously guarded by the British authorities. The alleged document purports to establish definitely that Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and Leicester. The marriage between the Queen and Robert Dudley is said to have taken place on January 21, 1561, at Lord Pembroke's residence, before a number of witnesses.

"The son of this marriage was to have been destroyed at birth, but Ann Bacon, wife of Nicholas Bacon, Keeper of the Great Seal, begged for the child's life. The Queen reluctantly consented, on condition that Nicholas Bacon and his wife should take oath never to reveal the child's origin. The secret, however, was apparently not kept, as a Maid of Honor was found to have spread the news, whereupon she and 16 others were executed.

"The boy grew up under the name of Francis Bacon, being told of his origin by his foster-parents when he was 16 years old. The document is further said to show that the birth of the boy was registered only with the date of his birth and the words 'in London,' although after his death the words 'in the House of York' were added. Frau Deventer von Kunow also cites a document to prove that a second child was born and brought up in the family of Essex, and that Francis Bacon and Robert Earl of Essex were really brothers."

Be this as it may it is scarcely likely that Bacon knew of the relationship as he was largely responsible for the conviction and execution of Essex, his alleged brother.

# Auction Bridge for Two

A. E. MANNING FOSTER

BRIDGE enthusiasts will be interested in two new games of two-handed auction described by A. E. Manning Foster in the *Daily Mail*.

The first game, which, Mr. Foster claims, is far more interesting and less cumbersome than double-dummy bridge, is played as follows:

"Thirteen cards are dealt to each of the two players, the remaining half of the pack being placed face downwards. The dealer makes the first call, which his opponent can over-call or double just as at auction. After the bidding is finished the game proceeds and the result is scored exactly as at auction.

"This first hand is, of course, pure chance. Neither player knows what the other has got, as there are 26 cards unaccounted for, and anything may happen. The strongest bids may succeed.

"But after this first hand has been played, the remaining 26 cards are dealt—13 to each player. The dealer bids first as before and the bidding goes as in auction.

"Now comes in the test of memory and skill. A good player with a card memory will know every card that is in his opponent's hand from the cards that were played on the first round. He will, therefore, be able to make his call with absolute mathematical accuracy. He knows just how far he can bid with safety and when his adversary has overstepped the mark and can be doubled effectively.

"Another good two-handed game is 'Draw Auction.' It is the invention of Mr. Sidney S. Lenz, of the Knickerbocker Whist Club.

"The cards are dealt 13 to each player. The twenty-seventh card is placed face upward on the table, and the remaining cards are put beside it downwards, to form the pack. There is no bidding, the hand being played as at no trumps. The non-dealer leads for the first trick. Each player must follow suit if he can.

"The player winning the first trick takes the exposed card to replace the one played. His opponent, who loses the trick, draws the unexposed card from the top of the pack and turns the next card face upward, for the winner of the second trick to take. This process is repeated after each trick until the pack is exhausted.

"Now begins the game proper. At the end of this preliminary skirmish each player holds 13 cards and he makes his bid as at auction. His opponent can outbid him, or double the bid, or pass. Tricks are now stacked and scored as in the regular four-handed game. The playing of the first 26 cards before the game begins enables the player to locate valuable cards, to build up the hands for the declaration, and to weaken an opponent's hand by forcing him to play out high cards. There is much opportunity for judgment in avoiding taking worthless exposed cards and forcing them on the adversary.

"Both these forms of two-handed auction are well worth a trial."

# X-Ray Movies

*Actors Will Appear as Skeletons If Screen Novelty Succeeds*

PROF. HAROLD F. RICHARDS., Ph.D

IN THE current issue of *Science and Invention*, Prof. Richards suggests a means by which X-ray movies can be produced. Referring to the difficulties which must be surmounted, he says:—

"The imagination of the reader will have no difficulty in picturing at once the wonderfully bizarre effects that could be obtained with the utilization of X-rays in the movie industry. The actors will all be skeletons, and at the will of the director the bones can be shown either sharp and unclothed or enveloped with a filmy shadow representing their fleshly contour. The settings will be seen only in part, for tapestries, curtains, bed clothing, thin furniture of wood and all other light objects will not register at all, and the actors will appear as animated skeletons flitting through a mystic world of sombre shade in which chairs and interior partitions and tobacco pipes are vaguely defined as faint shadows, while steel joists, water conduits and kitchen pans will stand out sharp and clear. The audience will see the revolver in the villain's hip pocket whether the hero does or not, and will tell at a glance whether the door is really locked. When the hero returns from war and blandly announces to his lady that he still bears a machine-gun bullet in his thigh, the audience will know whether he is telling the truth."

Prof. Richards then describes how it is readily possible to produce X-ray Movie dramas and comedies, utilizing a bank of some 50 or 60 powerful converging Coolide X-ray tubes. He concentrates the X-ray from the bank of tubes by directing each bundle of rays through a hole in a leaden screen, lead being opaque to these rays.

"It is interesting to observe," he continues, "that the actors would be obliged to exercise care never to get behind one another, for in that case the skeletons of the two would be merged into one blurred image. The result would be analogous to that of a double exposure with the ordinary camera. Furthermore, it would be advisable for the actors to wear lead-glass goggles over their eyes and thin rubber shields about the pelvic regions, since these parts of the human body are most susceptible to the harmful effect of X-rays.

"In conclusion I must insist that my suggestion of this plan as a possible means of producing X-ray movies is only a tentative one at the present time. I feel, however, that there are no difficulties entailed which cannot be surmounted by research along the lines suggested, and I believe that moving picture companies might make the experiment with favorable outlook for profit. The possibilities for trick effects of a highly amusing nature seem unlimited, and weird results could be obtained by inserting a few feet of X-ray movies in the 'legitimate' ones now made with light."

# A Petition For Better Roads —

## To Our Road Officials

**Whereas** the roads in this vicinity have been a source of expense and inconvenience, due to mud, dust and ruts; and

**Whereas** these roads have been the cause of

(1) *high taxes* to cover cost of frequent repairs;
(2) *high cost* of hauling due to added time required and necessity for carrying underweight loads;
(3) *loss* of business to local merchants;
(4) *loss* of business to our farmers who cannot compete successfully with farmers in neighboring good-roads communities;
(5) *depreciation* of property values;
(6) *inadequate* schooling for children due to lack of good roads.

**Therefore We,** the undersigned taxpayers, do hereby petition you to consider means of correcting the aforementioned conditions, by construction of *good roads*, and

**We Recommend** Tarvia Roads, because we have had an opportunity to observe the economy and the benefits Tarvia Roads have brought to other communities. We are convinced that Tarvia is the quickest, surest and *most economical* way to all-year-round roads, free from mud, dust and ruts, and proof against water and frost.

(*Signed*) _____

(*Signed*) _____

(*Signed*) _____

(*Signed*) _____




Copy this petition—get some of your neighbors to sign it, too—and send it to your Road Officials. They are anxious to serve you, but you must tell them what you need and want. A petition like this will bring results.

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# A Vital Factor of Success

*Judgment, Industry and Health all Dependent Upon Moderation.*

LORD BEAVERBROOK.

IN A recent issue of the *Sunday Express*, Lord Beaverbrook, writing on the above subject, refers to a previous article in which he dealt with the dependence of success upon the three factors referred to and he then claims that these all depend upon a fourth factor—moderation, restraint, or control.

"The modern men of action realize that a sacrifice of health is a sacrifice of years—and that every year is of value. They protect their constitutions as the final bulwark against the assault of the enemy. A man without a digestion is likely to be a man without a heart. Political and financial courage spring as much from the nerves or the stomach as from the brain. And without courage no politician or business man is worth anything. Moderation is therefore the secret of success.

"And above all I would urge on ambitious youth the absolute necessity of moderation in alcohol. I am the last man in the world to be in favor of the regulation of the social habits of the people by law. Here every man should be his own controller and law-giver. But this much is certain: no man can achieve success who is not strict with himself in this matter; nor is it a bad thing for an aspiring man of business to be a teetotaler.

"Take the case of the Prime Minister. No man takes a greater care of himself. He sips a single glass of burgundy at dinner for the obvious reason that he enjoys it, and not because it might stimulate his activities. He has given up the use of tobacco. Bolingbroke as a master of manoeuvres would have had a poor chance against him. For Bolingbroke lost his nerve in the final disaster, whereas the Prime Minister could always be trusted to have all his wits and courage about him. Mr. Lloyd George is regarded as a man always riding the storm of politics with nerves t drive him on. No view could be more untrue. In the very worst days of the war in 1916 he could be discovered at the War Office taking his ten minutes' nap with his feet up on a chair and discarded newspapers lying like the debris of a battle about him. It would be charitable to suppose that he had fallen asleep before he had read his newspapers! He even takes his golf in very moderate doses. We are told that he needs a prolonged holiday, but somewhere in his youth he finds inexhaustible reserves of power which he conserves into his middle age. In this way he has found the secret of his temporary Empire. It is for this reason that the man in command is never too busy to see a caller who has urgency of vital business at his back.

"It is the complexity of modern life which enforces moderation. Science had neither created vast populations nor huge industries, nor yet given the means by which single minds could direct them. But invention gives these gifts and compels man to use them. Man is as much the slave as the master of the machine, or the telephone and the telegram. In this fierce turmoil of the modern world man can only keep his judgment intact, his nerves sound, and his mind secure by the process of self-discipline, which may be equally defined as restraint, control, or moderation. This is the price which must be paid for the gifts the gods confer."

# Britain Abandon Mesopotamia?

*Occupation the Lesser of Two Evils—Disaster Would Follow Withdrawal.*

IKBAL ALI SHAH.

MUCH disquietude prevails in Great Britain anent the Mesopotamian venture. According to an article in the *Contemporary Review* this arises from a misunderstanding of the interests at stake and of the fatal results which would follow the withdrawal of the British force. We read:

"A general impression seems to be abroad that our occupation of Mesopotamia is in the nature of a wild enterprise, lacking in industrial and financial foresight. The writer hopes to be able to show that this view is entirely erroneous. It is probably attributable to nervousness induced by the vast commitments, financial and administrative, to which we are already pledged, and to the opinion generally held that the time has been ill-chosen for an enterprise so vast, entailing an enormous drainage on our resources no less than on our best talent. But although the Government is at no pains to placate popular opinion on the matter, this is manifestly based upon a wrong perspective of our Eastern policy, upon ignorance of the issues finally involved, and even upon lack of acquaintance with the fundamental methods of ordinary statesmanship. To retire from Mesopotamia would result in much more than a loss of prestige. Indeed it must be clear that the question of prestige holds altogether a secondary place in the Government's deliberations. Issues of the greatest moment are involved. Withdrawal would, without question, not only give rise to local anarchy but would constitute a direct challenge to a Bolshevik overflow from Persia; it would certainly result in such a situation as we previously had reason to fear might arise in the event of a German occupation of the Tigris-Euphrates region—the severance of communication by land between England and India.

"Since, then, it would seem that we must make the best of our presence in Mesopotamia, that our intervention there is inevitable, let us see what materials are ready to our hand out of which we may bring about a happy issue for the enterprise. That any sane scheme on which we embark will be for the benefit of the Arabs is unquestioned. That it will be for our own financial benefit is certainly open to doubt. But there can be no doubt in any reasonable or statesmanlike mind that our exertions will redound to our ultimate political advantage and will transform what might well become an area fertile in unrest and menace to civilization into a region of pacific enterprise, into a strong barrier between our Eastern and African possessions and the ambitious aims of a dangerous Power which has already given every evidence of its intention to extend itself in an Easterly direction at any cost. Disagreeable as it undoubtedly is to have to face the sacrifices which our policy in Mesopotamia entail, our occupancy represents the lesser of two evils; for if we withdraw from it we shall have to pay a much larger price for the disasters that will undoubtedly follow the occupation of the country by Russia; the rise of a native Arab State, unfriendly and probably prone to foment unrest among the surrounding populations; the proscription for unnumbered years of British enterprise in Persia and the creation of a standing menace to Egypt. To one who knows the East the ferment which would ensue upon a British withdrawal from Mesopotamia is all too plain. Baghdad is the very fount and source of Islamic effort and morality. Allow that source to become vitiated, and chaos and disaster will spread through the East with plague-like rapidity.

"We have glanced at the price we shall have to pay if we evacuate Mesopotamia. And what if we remain, if we determine, in time-honored British fashion, to make the best of matters? The inducements held out usually refer to the production of cotton and the winning of oil. Yet the maximum possible output of cotton in Mesopotamia between 1909 and 1914 was not more than one twenty-sixth of the total average yearly world's production, whereas India averaged four million 400-lb. bales and Egypt one and a half million.


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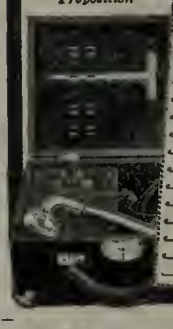
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"Notwithstanding this, the future of a great cotton-growing industry is undoubtedly being laid at the present time in Mesopotamia. The most extraordinary care is being taken in the selection of seed. It has already been shown that the soil can produce cotton equal to the best Egyptian or American. The British Cotton Growers' Association have taken up the matter in a spirit of the utmost activity and enterprise. The introduction of Egyptian *fellaheen* cultivators has demonstrated to the Bedouin the possibilities of labor in this direction, although the lesson seems to have had its greatest effect on the urban dwellers rather than on the unsettled tribes of the more outlying districts. So far as the town Arab is concerned there is every reason to believe that he will make an excellent cultivator, and he has always taken kindly to fruit-growing, which is, indeed, one of the staple activities of the country. But in this department he lacks the experimental spirit, so that it is encouraging to know that the Agricultural Department has set up experimental fruit-growing stations at Baghdad, Hillah, Mosul, and elsewhere, at which not only fruit but maize, wheat, hemp, and sugar-beet are being grown with the most excellent results. Arboriculture, too, which has been neglected because of the ancient system of land-tenure is receiving close attention and the silk-worm industry, which perished entirely during the war, has once more been set going by the importation of eggs from Marseilles. As regards cattle breeding, British strains have been successfully crossed with the native stock, resulting in a breed which seems likely to prove suitable to the environment.

"But the question arises, are we to be permitted to carry out our civilizing efforts in a reasonably pacific manner and without the constant menace of revolt or local insurrection? That can scarcely be hoped for. The present attitude of the Bedouin of the more outlying districts is not so much unfriendly as based on a complete misunderstanding of the value and beneficent results accruing from civilized existence. At present he obtains a livelihood by raiding his neighbors, or making a descent upon the nearest settlement. Only 300,000 out of a population of over two millions are townsfolk, and of the remainder a large proportion is nomadic. It is with this section of the population that constant difficulties will arise, and even though an Arab ruler were set over them it is too much to hope that such an act would have the effect of rendering them peaceable and law-abiding. By all means let such a ruler be appointed without delay, but let his authority be backed by the best British advice and the assistance of the most expert officials, otherwise it will scarcely be worthy of the name. It is manifest that the country must be reduced to a peaceful condition, but it would be well that at the outset of our task we should placate the native populations by the appointment of a sovereign of their own race, who could mediate between them and British officialdom.

"From the foregoing it has perhaps been made clear that our removal from Mesopotamia would precipitate anarchy, imply the occupation of the country by the forces of unrest, and encourage the spread of disaffection throughout the Eastern world, which looks to Baghdad for light and leading on moral questions. If we leave Mesopotamia we create an Eastern Bulgaria. The warring sects would on our departure immediately precipitate the country into a state of civil war. The probable result will not bear contemplation. We have taken away the only form of government that Mesopotamia possessed. Is it then our intention to leave nothing in its place? As Lord Curzon has said, we must fill the gap, and we must fill it with all the courage and address, with all the patience and wisdom at our disposal. Doubtless a wise and sympathetic system of government, with Sherif Ali Haidar, whose right to leadership of the Arab race is unquestioned, as its head, would resolve our present difficulties in Mesopotamia."

# Political Probe? Pah!

*Continued from page 22*

ger rates, and thus those exorbitant wages are 'killing the goose'." The Regina, Sask., *Daily Post*, on the other hand, is inclined to the notion that "if Dr. Reid is sincerely anxious to cut the cost of railway labor in Canada, he might set a good example by having the House of Commons and the Senate reduce the sessional indemnity to the former point—and that, by the way, would save the country half a million dollars."

*La Patrie* can seen nothing but a loss to the people of Canada coming from the public-owned roads no matter what is done with them:

"If the government keeps the railways the country will have to face a long series of deficits. If, according to the rumors that are in circulation, it intends to return them to private exploitation, it will have to be resigned to accept an enormous loss on the purchase price. Nobody, as a matter of fact will be willing to acquire the lines unless the conditions of sale are such that it will be possible to carry them on at a profit. Canada has been brought to this deplorable situation by the lack of foresight of previous governments, which allowed themselves to be dazzled by passing prosperity and flight of expansion that the war suddenly interrupted."

*L'Evenement* expresses another sharp French-Canadian view:

"It is the abyss created by the administration of our national railways that swallows up the federal budget. Here is a huge white elephant which crushes the taxpayers under its feet! We ought to seek means to reduce the costs of operation, and especially we ought to halt all service in those regions which do not return a sufficient revenue. After all, would it not be the better policy to let the builders of these railways and their backers fall into bankruptcy rather than place such a millstone round the neck of the Canadian nation?"

After quite freely acknowledging that the deficit rolled up by government-owned railways in Canada amounts to approximately $70,000,000, of which $19,000,000 is chargeable to the Grand Trunk Pacific; $40,000,000 to what was formerly the Mackenzie and Mann system known as the Canadian Northern; and $10,000,000 to that portion known as the Government railway, the *Manitoba Free Press* points out that public ownership cannot be charged with the blame since these railways would not have been taken over by the people had they not been losing money as private enterprises. The *Manitoba Free Press* then sets out to attack the view of eastern newspaper opponents to public ownership:

"The problem is not to be solved offhand. No super-man is going suddenly to change the Canadian National railway system from a losing to a paying concern. That it can ever be made to pay a dividend upon its present capitalization is very doubtful. This is the consideration behind the suggestion made by Mr. Crerar—and by the *Free Press*, too, on various occasions—that the system be revalued so that the management may be given the task of earning a return upon a just valuation."

The attitude of the minister of railways and canals and parliament in general does not strike the *Free Press* as forecasting any betterment of government railway affairs:

"There was nothing in Dr. Reid's statement in parliament to inspire confidence. Plainly he has abandoned all real hope of coping with the problem. He produces his seventy million a year white elephant and says to parliament: 'This is your property, what do you propose to do about it?' Nor is there any widespread feeling of confidence in the present management of the system. There is a fairly general belief that it, too, has been infected by a fatalistic acceptance of deficits of incredible size as the inevitable accompaniment of the administration of the system. But parliament cannot afford to be equally complaisant since it has to pay the bills. It is a case for the frank recognition that this is a


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question of very exceptional gravity and difficulty which requires the best attention that can be given it."

Before any attempt is made to economize through wage reduction or higher traffic rates are forced on the people, the matter of eliminating wasteful and unnecessary service should be taken up by the government-owned roads, insists the Montreal *Gazette*, which supports its reflections thus:

"There are dispensable parallel lines and unprofitable trains; why should not both be abandoned? If business practice is to prevail in the management of the National railways the board of directors of the latter should sit down in conference with the executive of the Canadian Pacific to work out means of economy to mutual advantage. That course is a possible solution of the railway problem and is, at least, worth trying in the common interest. When that time comes, in the coming of which we all have faith, when the influx of people necessitates the resurrection of railway lines temporarily abandoned, those lines will be restored, and if need be supplemented. We can conceive of no better course for the Government to pursue than to invite to conference the Executive officers of the Canadian Pacific for the purpose of ascertaining how business methods can be applied to effect economy in a mutual interest."

The Toronto *Globe* can find nothing worth while getting enthusiastic about in the *Gazette's* suggestion; in fact the *Globe* quite boldly hints that the editorial is "A C. P. R. Balloon," pointing out that:

"Negotiations begun at present would almost inevitably result in the cutting off of Canadian National parallel lines and unprofitable trains, leaving the field entirely to the Canadian Pacific in cases where competing services are unprofitable to both. Canadian National traffic is already beginning to profit by alliance with the Grand Trunk. Complete absorption of that company's lines in the National system should provide much traffic for both Eastern and Western lines. When the National begins to measure up to the C.P.R. in mileage, in unity of control, and in volume of traffic more favorable results may be obtained from a conference to promote mutual advantage than could possibly attend such a conference at this moment, when the Canadian Pacific is cock of the walk and knows it."

The gross sum paid out in wages to railway employees in Canada has trebled in the past five years, declares the Sydney, N.S., *Post*, and the wage-burden, the *Post* observes, is largely responsible for the high freight rates now putting a check on commerce. The McAdoo award was a huge blunder, in the *Post's* opinion, and in its wake followed evils that depressed business and commerce in both Canada and the United States. Two courses must be followed to overcome the trouble here, which the *Post* deplores in part as follows:

"It is under these impossible conditions that the Dominion of Canada is trying to operate sixty per cent. of the railway mileage of the country, as a Government-controlled utility. The record of the two years' operation of the C.N.R., is not merely discouraging. It is astounding. If maintained for the next five years it would mean national bankruptcy, in the most definite and literal sense of the term. The whole tangle has to be attacked at once. It has to be unravelled at any cost. The railway crisis transcends in seriousness and urgency all other public problems combined. The solution of the crisis will have to follow two courses—deflation of wages, and abandonment of unnecessary lines. There will be resistance to both methods of solution, but there is far less reason to dread such resistance than to face the consequences of a continuance of a condition that spells ruin for the country."

## Our Authors Get Together

*Continued from page 25*

### What Will the "Union" Do?

BUT now that this authors' league has been brought into existence, it remains to be seen what the new union will do for its workmen, not only in furthering the interests of the guild, but, as its constitution states, "for mutal benefit and protection and for the maintenance of high ideals and practices."

I, for one, can only pray that it may live long and prosper!

Committees have been appointed to deal with such problems as copyright interests, legal service for authors, the standardization of contracts, the collection of overdue payments, the suppression of plagiarism, and even the entertainment of distinguished foreigners. The officers elected in open meeting were as follows:

President, John Murray Gibbon, Montreal; secretary, B. K. Sandwell, Montreal; treasurer, W. S. Wallace, Toronto; the vice-presidents are: Basil King, Boston; Archibald MacMechan, Halifax; H. A. Cody, St. John, N.B.; Hon. Thomas Chapais, Quebec; Stephen Leacock, Montreal; Robert Stead, Ottawa; Pelham Edgar, Toronto; W. T. Allison, Winnipeg; Nellie McClung, Edmonton, and Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Vancouver.



PROF. ARCHIBALD McMECHAN

The members of the Council, to constitute with the president and vice-presidents the working body of the organization, were elected by ballot, the order of their names being determined by the number of votes obtained:

Arthur Stringer, Chatham, Ont.; Bliss Carman, New Canaan, Conn.; Ralph Connor, Winnipeg, Marjorie Pickthall, Victoria; D. C. Scott, Ottawa; Madge MacBeth, Ottawa; Frank L. Packard, Lachine; Sir Andrew MacPhail, Montreal; Emily Murphy, Edmonton; L. M. Montgomery, Prince Edward Island; Lloyd Roberts, Ottawa; Grace Blackburn, London; W. D. Lighthall, Montreal; Robert Service, Yukon and Paris, France; Lucy Doyle, Toronto; Florence Randall Livesay, Toronto; Agnes C. Laut, New York; George Locke, Toronto; Hector Garneau, Montreal; Louvigny de Montigny, Ottawa; Miss G. Sime, Montreal; Theodore Roberts, Fredericton and London, Eng.; Warwick Chipman, Montreal.



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# SALVAGE

*Continued from page 23*

dreamed of being back in his hopeful struggling days. New trade drifted to him without the seeking. Something in the austere reserve of this great taciturn old white Canadian drew the Indian trappers to his post. They called him among themselves when out of his hearing *Old-Man-Who-Has-Lost-Something*.

Success feazed him little. As time went on he grew sterner of mien, more cold and silent than ever. In the dull season he closed up his post, and with only his rifle and belt-ax for company, spent protracted periods roaming the wilds. Out in the ghastly grey spaces, in the wastes of desolation, he found sympathetic echoes of his moods. He was training himself to believe that all that had gone before had been nothing more tangible than a dream, merely an inset of existence destroyed without trace, and that his daughter, Nina, was surely dead. And such is the overlording influence of harsh mental suggestion, brooded over day after day, he was succeeding in his morbid ambition.

NOW had come this letter from Toronto to remind him that it was not a dream nor an illusion, but a fact. He would have to commence all over again where he had started to build up his atheism, but first—and the thought gave him no presentiment of remorse—he must destroy all evidence of this attempt to drag him back from his unbelief.

He decided to cast letter and picture into the fire next time he replenished the fire in the stove. Yes, burn them! Then there would be only ashes—grey ashes such as he imagined his soul had burned out to.

John Armstrong set his pipe aside. The atmosphere of the post had become devitalized with dry heat. Drowsily his gaze concentrated upon a reddened patch of the roaring box-stove. His eye-lids fluttered momentarily, then closed in sleep.

The hands of the wall-clock behind him had registered another hour when the door of the trading-post opened silently, and, with spectrelike tread, the figure of an Indian, swathed in heavy blanket-cloth, crossed the threshold.

With the nocturnal visitor came a great cloud of superfine drift-snow and a gust of wind that caught up the leaves of Nina Armstrong's letter and the picture print of her baby and flung them abroad in confusion. Noiselessly and with infinite care, the red man gathered up the scattered sheets and placed them in the open hand of the sleeping trader with the picture on top as he supposed things were before his gusty entrance disturbed them.

The storm-caught wanderer, who, after the manner of his race, sought refuge without asking in the first habitation he had come upon, warmed himself before the fire, then flung down on the bare floor between the wall and the stove and slept.

JOHN ARMSTRONG lurched forward with a startled, choking cry as his waking gaze fell upon the picture in his hand. It was not the great baby eyes staring up at him so wonderingly, not the chubby arms outstretched as though to twine their soft freshness about his neck, nor the wholesome, sturdy little form in the cheap cotton rompers alone that inspired that cry.

*It was the embryo of his own soul, living and miniatured in baby innocence, he saw gazing up at him.* It was as if his own baby Nina had come back to him from the beautiful long ago.

Not then did he question by what freak of chance the picture which he had spurned without a glance had been transferred to his hand. A wave of overpowering emotion gripped him with the strength of the tempest. It was pity—great, boundless pity—pity for his own flesh and blood such as only a father knows—that was upon him.

He sat for long transfixed, unheeding the flight of time, oblivious to his surroundings. The pipes of the box-stove set up a sibilant creaking as the fire in the stove below failed and died out. The encroaching cold struck at John Armstrong with its thousands of icy needle-points. And with the cold came down Silence—the yawning, mocking Silence that shrivelled emotion to a worthless husk of unbelief. A dry, harsh laugh broke from his lips as the vision of a moment ago flickered out and he was holding only a picture in his hand—a picture that meant nothing.

But the reaction this time provoked a struggle, a terrific struggle, in the being of John Armstrong. He no longer wanted to slide back into his recent hateful self; he had for the first time in many years known a moment of paradise.

Hunched up in the shadow of the stove, superstitious wonder upon his swarthy face, the Indian watched as the fur-trader sprang to his feet as though to grapple with an invisible foe.

"Out!" he cried in a calm, terrible voice. "Out, damned Unbelief! It is no lie! It is true! It is true! It *is* true!"

He paced to the door and flung it wide. The blizzard storm had vanished. In its place was limitless white peace, silvered under clean, moonlit skies. The fur-trader donned his mackinaw and rat-skin cap and strode out into the night. The Indian, so soon as the other's swishing tread faded in the distance, slipped out as stealthily as he had entered. "*Old-Man-Who-Has-Lost-Something* too much not anybody with him," he philosophized after the lights of his untutored mind. "Him go out to chase *Wentigoes*, I guess maybe."

But at that moment, in a cavern in the hills, John Armstrong with the aid of pick and shovel was wrecking a cairn of stones, beneath which he prised the lid from a coffin-shaped pine box disclosing a woman's silken gown laid out within—the garment his daughter Nina had left behind in her flight and which he, her father, had buried with her living memory years before.

He fled back to the trading-post with the gown clutched to his breast as he might carry a living child. Without waiting till morning he hastened with preparations for a journey east. On a second consideration, while he was packing his grips, he did not take the reclaimed gown with him.

"Nina shall have a new one when I find her and her baby," he promised himself while tears trailed unheeded down his weather-bitten face. "They shall have all that my heart can bestow."

John Armstrong had salvaged his wrecked soul from the Gulf of the Silences.



The Indian watched the fur-trader spring to his feet.

# Giving Away Our Profits

*Continued from page 14*

of the deepest problems of Great Britain's commercial ascendancy in the world. Great Britain re-sold much of this lumber to France, to Belgium, to Holland. Some she manufactured into parts of machinery, some into ready-made houses for devastated areas, some she sold in the raw just as she got it from Canada. Each re-sale represented a profit first to the English broker, second to the continental seller. This is what is meant by Great Britain's re-export trade. We are accustomed to saying England's greatness rests on her supremacy on the seas. It does, but only because her merchant ships feed her re-export trade. It is really on England's re-export trade that her commercial wealth rests. Now supposing Canada got for her lumber exports not the $35 f.o.b., nor the $95 delivered in an English harbor, but the $120, the $135, the $140 for which that lumber is re-laid on the Continent, her exported lumber would net her four times more than it does to-day.

But how is this to be done?

Just as it is done by the big exporters of the United States—through banks representing Canada, through Canada's fiscal agents in every centre in Europe, through Canada's own trade commissioners in the leading markets of Europe. Before the war, the United States legations and embassies abroad were beginning to act as fiscal agents for the extension of American commerce. During the war, there was attached to every legation and embassy a special banking trade or commercial expert for the extension of American sales abroad. And the world knows how American foreign commerce did extend.

Does not this imply Canada's own legations abroad, Canada's own consular agents, her fiscal scouts? Yes, to be sure it does; and that is what is really at the bottom of Canada's request for her own legation in the United States. The matter has been held in abeyance pending the functioning of the League of Nations and the settlement of war reparations; but if Canada's status in that League is to be anything more than honorary, if her nationhood won in the war is to be anything more than an empty shell, her own legations and consular and fiscal agents must come just as surely as death and taxes.

Or take bunkering coal!

### Coal at Fifty Cents a Ton

THERE are bituminous mines in Alberta, which by hydraulic mining can produce coal at 50c a ton. They can deliver it at the ship side at $2 to $3.50 a ton, freight to be added to this. For this coal Sweden, Belgium, Italy, Chile, Peru, Argentina, Brazil are glad to pay $36 to $37 a ton. Why does Canada not get this price? Because what she sells under $4 a ton is resold by foreign brokers up to $36 and $37 a ton.

If Canada could get the full returns for her bituminous coals on the world markets, the sky would be the only limit to the wages she could pay her coal miners.

Or take wheat!

At the war prices of $2 plus, Canadian wheat farmers prospered beyond their wildest dreams. I happened to be in Mexico the months immediately after the armistice. Do you know the prices which Mexico was paying for white flour wheats all the way from the Vera Cruz Coast up to Mexico City, wherever there was gold to buy it? Mexico was paying $3.75 to $4 (U.S. currency) a bushel for inferior grades to $7 a bushel for first grades; and her prices for oats were in proportion; for Mexico can never raise either wheat or oats enough for her own needs; and it pays an ocean cargo carrier big profits to carry wheat from either a Canadian Atlantic or Pacific port to Mexico at 5c a bushel.

I am afraid to set down the price at which good butter was selling without a photograph of a meal check to prove I am not a relative of Ananias. South of Tampico and Vera Cruz, you hardly ever see good butter. If you know of what Mexicans make their butter, you will never use that commodity outside the best hotels in the biggest cities. It may be goats' milk, or it may not. It may be rat lard. White people do not order it unless they know where it comes from. On the menu card, the little square you get on your butter plate is extra 50c a square, or 25c U.S. currency, which would make a pound worth up to $7 or $10. And these conditions practically apply to the most of Latin-America, certainly outside the big cities. I saw cases of condensed milk, for which one used to pay $2 to $3 before the war and $7 during the war, re-sell in Mexico on the Gulf at $45 a case.

Who got the enormous profits? The re-exporters and brokers and middlemen.

And Mexico and certainly all of tropical Latin-America can never raise all they need of wheat, of oats, of hay, of beef, of milk, of butter. Of cheese, she has her own goats' supply which is not so bad.

Why isn't Canada in on these markets,

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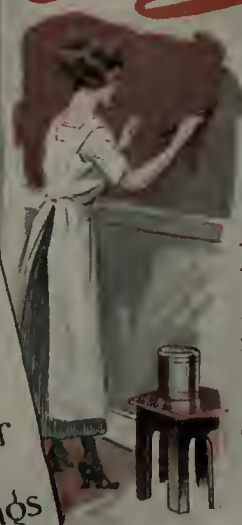


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***Magazine advertising goes where money is. There is no question about it. Magazine advertising eliminates the element of uncertainty in merchandising because it goes where demand is certain and continuous.***

Magazines are national in scope and in character. They are the logical mediums to use to announce the fact that you are doing a national business—that your business is not confined to any one community, county or province.

***Magazine advertising will sell merchandise to a whole nation at the same time. It has no limitations.*** It will nationalize products, or services, because the national character or prestige of magazines is transferred to the advertising pages.

Magazines are logical mediums to use to give to consumers practically every "reason why" they should purchase the advertised commodity or service. Leisurely reading and the long-life of magazines make it possible for the vital part of the sales-message to strike home with telling effect.

The magazines of Canada offer a highly constructive service. They create optimism—courage—confidence. They create business stability in time of stress. They ensure positive sales-action. They function most effectively and economically, therefore use them as the *foundation* of *your* campaigns.

A request for information regarding Canadian magazines implies no obligation.

**The magazines listed below are all members of**

## Canadian National Newspapers and Periodicals Association

They represent the great bulk of magazine circulation in Canada. Information about any of these publications will be gladly furnished from the office of the Association at 70 Lombard St., Toronto, or by the individual publishers :

Canadian Forestry Magazine, Ottawa.
Canadian Home Journal, Toronto.
Everywoman's World, Toronto.
La Canadienne, Toronto.
MacLean's Magazine, Toronto.
Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.
Woman's Century, Toronto.
World Wide, Montreal.


(with the exception of the West Indies)? Because she is now selling through re-exporters and has not her own consular and fiscal agents on the spot.

But does Canada buy in large quantities the exports of these countries; so that cargo carriers would not come back empty of freights? Look at the dividends paid by the United Fruit Company if you want to know. Does Canada consume bananas, oranges, cocoa, coffee, sugar? Do her farmers use binder twine from Yucatan? Do her mills not manufacture cotton?

### More Trade Scouts Wanted

YET Canadian products are almost unknown on all these markets except the West Indies. Why? Because the legations of other countries act as trade scouts; and Canada's exports are largely going through the hands of foreign re-exporters.

Or take furs!

I have already dealt with furs in another article; but to repeat in brief:—

The fur trade suffered from such abnormal conditions last year as always bring vultures round a boom. The United States is to-day fur crazy. Furs—good furs—are in greater vogue than diamonds; and a free spending nation that once gets a taste for furs will never lose it. The point of saturation in buying may be reached; for good furs are like diamonds. They last a lifetime. You don't buy them year after year. True; but new generations are coming on. Children don't stop growing up; and furs are the most beautiful frame for any face, the child's, the girl's, the grown woman's, the old man's, the dandy of fashion. The fur demand will always continue when it has been created, though it is to be hoped the summer fur fad will pass; for it is foolish and extravagant.

The boom in furs came with such a rush that prices shot up to the prices paid for rare jewels.

That was a danger signal, for into the game jumped Seventh Avenue gamblers of New York, who knew more about fake oil stocks and gold bricks and boot-legging in grape juice than they did about the intricate, highly technical game of furs. They rushed out on the field from Siberia to Athabasca and bought wildly at fabulous prices "to bust the old companies," as they boasted; and "the old companies" grinned. They let them buy at fabulous prices good, bad, and indifferent furs.

When the spring sales came on in St. Louis, Montreal and New York, the trade demand was insatiable. Good furs never sold so high; but the poor furs, the unprime furs, didn't sell at all. To save their faces, the gamblers bid in their own lots; and the banks closed down on them. There was a slump, but not in good furs. Only the poor were dead stock on a "busted" bankrupt market. They will be absorbed, dressed, dyed and ultimately go out to the trade in cheap grades; but the trade demand is as great to-day for good furs as it ever was.

Comes now the reaction on Canada!

The commission buyers of furs in the big cities are standing first on one foot, then on the other. Is marten going to sell at $100 to $200; or go back to $30? Is mink going to sell at $90, or drop to $5? Is otter going to bring $105, or $18 a pelt? Will silver fox stay at its level of $1,000, or drop to $100? Is the muskrat worth $7 a pelt; or 50c to 25c? They have wired the buyers at all remote interior points to hold off the market till they see what the mid-winter sales do; and men, who hunted in the far North all last winter, have had to store their furs at local banks in the nearest settlement and go back without a grub-stake for next year till they see what the spring sales of 1921 do. Either that or sell at slaughter prices. What many have done is store their furs in the bank and abandon the trapping field for a year, to take a high priced job in lumber mills or on rail construction, or to pre-empt a homestead, or go timber cruising.

### Some Fur Prognostications

IT DOES not need much of a guess to foretell what that will do to next year's sales. The gamblers are off the field as buyers. Their poor haul bought recklessly at high figures will be off the market as a factor next year; for the banks, who backed them, have squeezed them to a forced sale; and countless trappers have abandoned the field for a year. I write this after having traversed about 1,600 miles of fur trapper's ground in Northern Alberta and British Columbia, and after having talked with countless local buyers, who are not buying but storing what they have.

Good furs will sell higher than ever next year. Poor furs will not have a look in at high prices; but good furs will be scarce by the spring of 1922.

Now for the reaction on Canada!

There has never been any known way to compute accurately the value of Canada's exported furs. Undressed furs—as you know—are not dutiable. Some go to England by post. Some go to St. Louis by express, some to Seattle. There is no way of checking up the values going out; but it is supposed Canada exports from $10,000,000 to $14,000,000 worth of raw furs to the United States alone.

I have given elsewhere the prices at which these furs sell in the United States. The spring sales of 1920 saw good muskrat sell at $4 to $7, A1 otter at $90 to $100, best marten from $90 up to $345, silver fox from $500 to $1,200, mink from $30 to $90, blue fox and cross fox from $100 to $240, fisher or pekan $145, white fox to $100 plus, timber wolves of a fineness, in black and gray, young and perfect, at $89 up, bear $40 to $89, and the other good furs in proportion. The sale of 1921 dropped 33 to 50 per cent. Now at time of writing I have but recently come from the wilds, where these furs were trapped, Northern British Columbia between the headwaters of the Skeena and the Peace, down the Peace, up the Pacific Coast, at the headwaters of the Athabasca. Here are the prices netted by the trappers locally, before the furs passed through the hands of half a dozen brokers; muskrat not sellable, owing to the slump in sales, though trade demands in 1920 are 7,000,000 against 4,000,000 last year; otter A1, $18 to $35; marten best not $20; silver fox being held, no sales; mink $5 up; fox $20 up; fisher $40 up; white fox $20 up; wolves of the rarest beauty I have ever seen—one from Alaska borders—fine as silver fox, $25 to $35; bear $12 up; and so on.

One does not need to figure what a co-operative sales agency would do for these trappers or the communities where they bank and outfit. Prince George is a good case to illustrate. Prince George has been waiting for the P.G.E. and Vancouver road to come through for seven years. Seven years are a long time to have money tied up. Yet Prince George in these hard waiting war years has been doing a $750,000 business in furs a year. If the trappers radiating out from Prince George—down the Peace, up to Stuart Lake and Babine—had been getting the American trade prices for undressed furs, her fur total would easily have been $2,000,000, instead of three-quarters of one million.

### What Prince George Missed

I VENTURE to say even with the expense of needing to store the furs for a year and get advances from the banks in the United States on them, it would have paid Prince George to spend $100,000 a year on a co-operative sales agency for her furs.

I could tell the same story of timber and mining lands held under lease at a small cost, which have changed hands among speculators a dozen times since 1907, netting each broker thousands at each turnover; but Canadians did not get the benefit of the turnover, though they will when the lands begin to be producers. Later I shall tell what British Columbia is doing to correct such conditions, and what the other Western Provinces are not doing because they do not control their own natural resources.

The point I make is—we do not want to impede the development of our natural resources by stopping the brokerage activity in our raw resources, but if we had horse sense and enterprise, we would be our own brokers and get out of it all there is in it for Canada. If we were getting our own brokerage profits, we would have more capital to do our own developing.

Whether a co-operative sales agency should be left for private enterprise in each industry—as the Citrus Growers of California handle it—or should be a Government agency—I do not say. That is a matter of opinion; and I am trying to keep anchored to facts; and the fact is up to the present private enterprise has shown greater efficiency than Government enterprise. It pays in proportion to results. It does not increase taxes. It is not subject to reckless and irresponsible attack. Above all, it is not subject to periodic elections and upheavals; but that is for Canada to work out.

# Oil in Sixties

*Continued from page 16*

trolia and became its first mayor. West Lambton in those days was irredeemably Grit in provincial politics; but West Lambton, late in the '70's, came within a few votes of electing a Tory twenty years before W. J. Hanna. That Tory of the 70's was W. H. MacGarvey. A year or two later MacGarvey, in 1880, headed a Dominion Government Survey of the mineral resources of the Canadian West.

At the age of thirty-eight the boy from the Eastern Townships had won a fortune in oil, done notable things in public life and crowded into twenty busy years a real life-time of achievement.

Yet these were small things compared with the still unfolded page of the next three decades. In the early '80's MacGarvey became associated with a German capitalist, J. S. Bergheim. Bergheim had an oil prospect in Hanover, that German principality the sedulous defence of which had, in the days of the Georges, cost so many thousands of British lives and so many millions of British pounds sterling. The Bergheim - MacGarvey partnership drilled for oil in Hanover, failed to get it, and then searched for new fields of adventure.

The then Austrian province of Galicia had already been tested for oil by the Roumanian method of hand-dug wells, by the kicking-in process, and by light drilling outfits. MacGarvey, with discerning eye investigating the Carpathian foothills decided that the difficulty lay, not in the field, but in the drilling methods, and a good deal in the men who did the drilling. He introduced the Canadian pole-tool system that he had seen evolved to meet Canadian drilling difficulties; and brought to his assistance from Petrolia such A-1 experts as Admiral Nelson Keith and genial J. P. Connolly, not to mention a host of lesser men.

### MacGarvey Invades Europe

THE outcome justified his prescience. For a quarter of a century, MacGarvey's career was virtually a continuous triumph. His first modest enterprise, the Galizische-Karpathen Petroleum Aktien-Gesellschaft, developed to enormous proportions. Galicia became one of the world's great oil fields. New towns and villages arose on the foundation of the Canadian's activities; refineries clustered about Marianpol; in a later day MacGarvey and his associates built at the Adriatic seaport of Trieste the largest refinery in Europe. For a quarter of a century MacGarvey was a Midas of the Golden Touch. Millions flowed into the coffers of his companies. The man who had been a storekeeper's son in an obscure Canadian village, a corner merchant in a boom town, a Canadian oil operator and politician, was the recipient of high honors and decorations from Franz Josef, the apostolic successor of the Roman Caesars. Next to Sir Boverton Redwood, MacGarvey was counted the world's greatest petroleum technologist; and it was largely on his expert advice that the British Admiralty adopted oil burners for its battleships.

Then came, like a lightning flash from a cloudless sky, the Great War.

Galicia was the earliest battle ground.

### Tragic Exit of a Genius

THE man whose busy life work had created these things, under surveillance in a magnificent home in Vienna, after his long succession of triumphs, lived to see his native and his adopted country each at the other's throat. His Canadian-born daughters, children of a Russian mother, were wedded to men fighting, the one for Germany, the other for Austria, against the allies of his native land. He died at Vienna the first autumn of the war. Fiction, after all, has few episodes to rival MacGarvey in his modest beginnings, his huge achievement, or his ultimate tragedy.

The early oil operators in Ontario confined their drilling ventures to the river courses. Indeed, the first generalization regarding oil-finding seems to have been that it was useless to look for oil except along the creeks and rivers. Thus it was that, a year or two before Confederation, an adventurer from the new American fields with a crude drilling outfit followed the upward course of the Thames from Thamesville to beyond Bothwell, studying surface indications and here and there halting with his primitive outfit to punch


Milestones



YOUR son Billy at home, where you saw him—and probably corrected him—every day, seemed very different from Billy miles away at school. Somehow you forget now his rackety ways, his eternally grimy hands, and remember rather the frank blue eyes, the ring of boyish laughter.

Sometimes, when your wife thinks you are reading the evening paper, you are really thinking about the boy. He is—how old—nearly thirteen! In fact, his birthday is due in a fortnight. He's growing up, that son of yours.

And what about the birthday? He has been begging for a watch. Why not make his dreams come true?

Can't you just see the incredulous joy in those same boyish eyes when he opens his birthday parcel, away there at school—his chums looking on—and then a shout: "O gee, fellows! Dad's sent me a watch. Gee!—*It's an Elgin*—that's the very best. Isn't he a dandy dad?"

49



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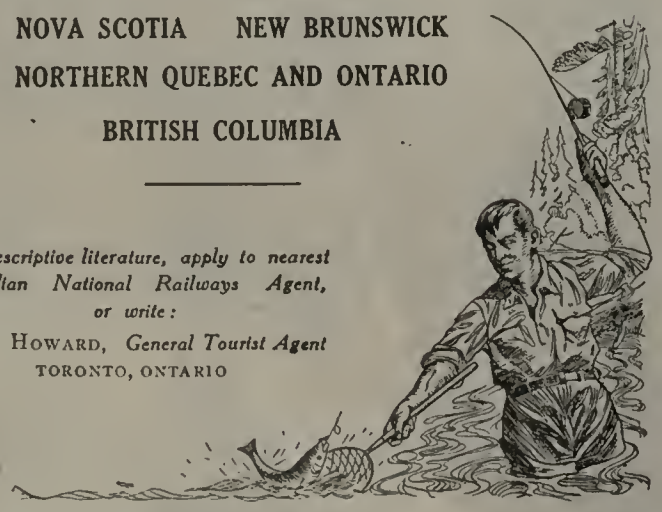
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holes in the banks. The farmers thought him crazy.

The American's name was Lick. "Old Man Lick" the Bothwell tradition calls him. Who he was or had been, whence he came, is clouded in mystery that has not been penetrated in the stories of gray-haired men who then were boys.

Lick must have had personality; for he secured backing, even among the skeptical farmers. At one stage in his career he persuaded a group of them to come into a syndicate at $10 a share. Real money was scarce in those days, but the men worked out their shares at $1 a day, helping Lick drill his well. A big tree projecting over the Thames was used as a Samson post, the walking beam attached, and the well drilled just at the water's edge. In the early stages the well was "kicked down" by man power; but after it had reached some little depth, Lick secured, somewhere, a wheezy little engine. The discarded ash-rods from the pole-tool outfit were in keen demand among the village boys, who cut them in two to use as jumping poles.

One Bothwell man who worked out a $10 share in Lick's syndicate sold it for $2 cash. A Scotchman named McRitchie stuck by Lick for three months, but eventually had to raise money. He wanted Lick to buy. "I can't pay you cash," said Lick, tragically. "I haven't any money. But say, I can give you a note." And such was the personality of the down-and-out adventurer, McRitchie accepted the note.

The hole at the water's edge proved worthless, and Lick moved his dinky engine and decrepit outfit to higher ground, to what is to this day known as Lick's ravine. His money was all spent; and now his credit dwindled and vanished. Even the Bothwell blacksmith refused to sharpen his tools. Old Man Lick improvised a forge and kept the tools in some sort of shape and pegged away at his well. How he contrived to live, no man to this day knows!

### At Last, Oil—Bubbling Oil!

AND then, after weeks of tedious, hopeless drilling, the Lick flowing well came in.

In ten minutes Lick had all the credit he needed. He offered a dollar a day—high wages then—for helpers, and had a small army of men and boys blocking the ends of the ravine to make a sump as large as a dozen town lots, to hold the oil. Wooden tanks were rushed from Chatham. It took four days to cap the well; the sump was full; all the available tanks were full; people came with buckets and carried the oil away. How many thousand barrels the Lick gusher flowed in those four days, no man ever knew. Lick was offered half a million dollars cash for his well. He refused, point-blank. For a while, according to Bothwell tradition, it brough him $10,000 a day.

Almost overnight, the quiet hamlet of Bothwell grew into a city of 6,000 people. An oil exchange, huge frame hotels were thrown together, big enterprises were launched, shacks sprang up in all directions without waiting for streets to be laid out.

### Saw His Dream Come True

OLD MAN LICK saw realization beyond his dreams. He was to Bothwell what Shaw had been to Oil Springs and Drake to Titusville.

A curious incident illustrates what manner of man Lick was. James Park owned a couple of farms near Bothwell, but taught school in Chatham. He was at the Great Western station one morning buying his ticket when a big man who had been unloading some drilling machinery tapped him on the shoulder.

"You're going to Chatham?" questioned the big man. "Will you do an errand for me?"

"Certainly."

"My watch hasn't been running for a month. Will you take it down and give it to some jeweler there and tell him to fix it up and bring it back?" As he spoke, he pulled out a big, old-fashioned gold watch, worth probably a couple of hundred dollars, and, without troubling to detach the massive chain, handed it to the school-teacher, whom he had never seen before and whose name he did not even trouble to ask. Such was open-hearted, simple, trustful Lick.

James Park a little later was himself engulfed in the swirl of the boom. On the strength of $15 oil and the certainty of a permanent field—for no boom-mad town can ever foresee the end of its prosperity—the school teacher formed a partnership with three other men named Henry, Etches and Alexander. Park put in $5,500, the sale price of his two farms, against the practical experience of the others as mechanics and iron moulders; and commenced the manufacture of engines and oil well supplies.

The factory did a thriving trade, selling engines, worth $1,000 each, for $100 down and the balance in long-time instalments. An engine they featured was called the "Great Powerful," and considered a prodigy of achievement; it was designed to pump two wells simultaneously or to drill one and pump another. It would probably develop 10 to 12 horse-power. When the inevitable bubble burst the partnership found itself with great quantities of material on hand, no market for the output. Bills fell due and could not be met. The outcome was a bankruptcy sale, at which Senator Northwood of Chatham bought the plant, outfit and materials for $1,100.

### A Day of "Paper" Fortunes

PAPER fortunes were made and lost in that short-lived Bothwell boom. Leases commanded big figures; supposed but unproven oil lands sold at abnormal prices. The collapse of the boom resulted in some curious incidents.

A farmer named Reycraft had sold for $5,500, the oil operators holding back $500 of the purchase price till the patent of the farm could be verified. Reycraft bought a good farm in Middlesex for $3,500; and when the boom burst the operators, sooner than lose the remaining $500, let him have his original farm.

A widow with ten children refused $25,000 for a small farm. She put up all sorts of pretexts to keep off the operators who were hounding her to sell, alleging among other things that she could not dispose of the property till the youngest child was of age. At last her friends persuaded her to accept, but—right then, the boom collapsed, and the John Rice company, which had made the offer, wouldn't touch the farm on any terms.

### Poor Lo Makes Honest Dollar

CHIEF "John Shebo" Jacobs was a noted figure among the Indians near Bothwell. He was then a very old man. As a boy he had seen the British fleeing before William Henry Harrison's Kentucky riflemen at the Moraviantown fight, where Tecumseh was killed. The old chief never told much of his oil experiences, beyond a non-committal "Ugh!" but he is reputed to have sold a farm for $75,000 in instalments, though he never had to surrender possession because when the boom burst the last instalment was still unpaid. When thirty years later, the second Bothwell discovery laid the foundation of the present paying field, Jacobs was still living—he lived to be 110—and he is said to have received $25,000 for a lease of the same property. No oil was ever discovered on it.

Old Man Lick's well made him rich, while it lasted. It petered out, after a few months, and his wealth vanished. But he could not quit the game. He drilled other wells. Some were producers, but the money refused to stick. Ten years later he was drilling near Thamesville, and put down thirty holes, all "dusters;" though oil was later struck within a few feet of one of them. Still later he went up and down the Thames buying fish for a London company which paid him a dollar a day.

A gray-haired man who told me the story some years ago was a boy then; and a young man when, one winter morning in the latter seventies, with a couple of other young fellows he drove into Bothwell. They dropped into a convenient bar to warm up, externally and internally, when in came old Doctor Pope, who had lived in Bothwell long before the boom days.

"Boys," he announced, "our old friend, Lick, is dead. We don't want to bury him in a pine box. We're not asking anything elaborate or any fine fixings, but we want a decent coffin."

The company present chipped in a quarter each, and the good-hearted doctor passed on to the next bar.

Old Man Lick, who refused half a million for his gusher well, lies buried in the Potter's Field at Bothwell, within sound of the mournful "plonk! plonk!" of pumping wells that other adventurers discovered at a later day.

Such was the oil game, as it went in the splendid sixties.

# The Moral Hazard

*Continued from page 10*

"That is what we thought," friend Bob informed. "We paid him too."

### And He Didn't Go to Jail

A LITTLE investigation orought out the fact that still a third company had paid Fairfield, and it showed, as well, that he was arranging for the purchase of another car.

On the face of it, one might expect that such an incident would carry with it the plain brand of trickery and fraud, but when cases get to court there are many things which may happen. Fairfield did end up in the courts, but his defence went along this line:

"I didn't go after the insurance. The agents of the three companies came to me, and I took out the insurance. I didn't know a car could not be insured with more than one company, and nobody told me there was anything wrong about it. I had the policies and I thought I was entitled to collect on them. The accident was a genuine one, and I was nearly caught in it myself. . . . "

That line of argument, in the hands of a capable lawyer, added to the fact that Fairfield was a mere youth, rather puts it up to any dozen jurors to do a bit of thinking. This time, they thought there was just a bare chance that Fairfield really had believed what he said, and that if they erred at all, it should be on the side of leniency. The fraud charge was dropped, though Fairfield paid back the money.

But there was that case down in Lower Quebec where Monti Beaubien went just a step too far.

Monti, it had been known for some time among his neighbors, was rather up against the financial wall. But he was still fighting. His battle took the form of a campaign through the district of the habitants, where he purchased two or three broken-down automobiles formerly owned by the farmers. He bought them on time, with small payments. Next, he toured the city of Sherbrooke where he picked up a few wrecks of trucks and a few more passenger cars. Then he stored the whole lot in a garage which he rented for the purpose, and he sent out the word that he was going into the business of rebuilding broken-down cars.

Monti even went to the length of bringing a mechanic down from Quebec City, and he placed rather more than adequate insurance upon the lot.

It does not take a wise person to predict that Monti Beaubien had a fire.

"Extent of damages?" the insurance adjuster asked.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars," Monti returned promptly, and he furnished the adjuster with a list of the cars which the garage had contained.

By this time, there was not enough left of the premises for the adjuster even to discover whether or not the number of cars was correct. For Monti's gasoline tank had gone up at the same time.

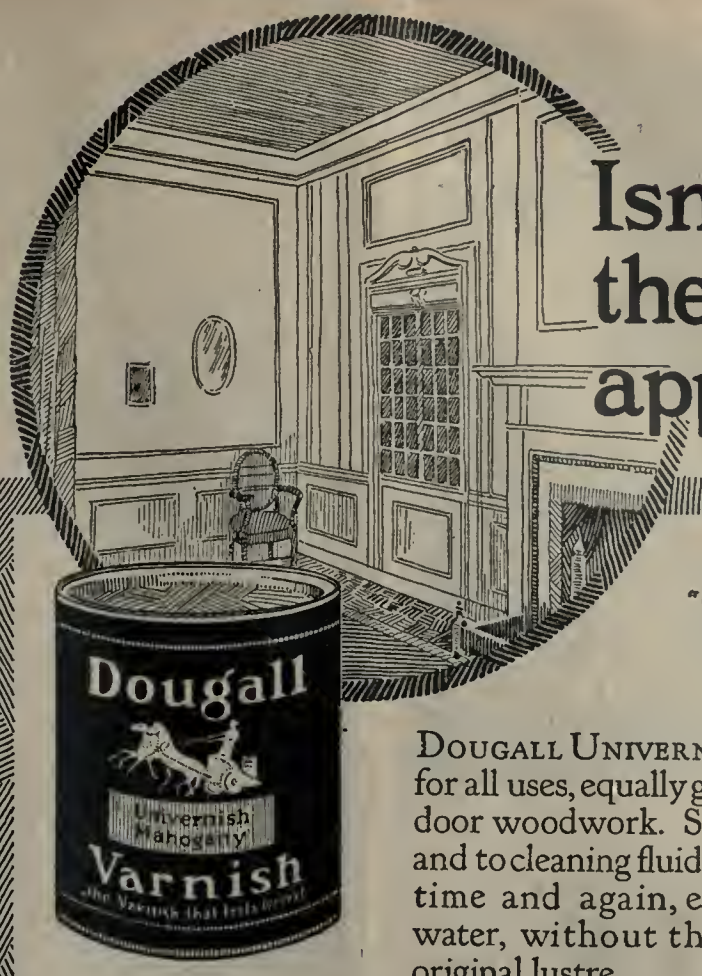
### The Biter Bit

BUT Monti had overlooked the fact that twenty-five thousand dollars is a big slice to ask any insurance company to pay. Eventually he found himself in the courts, trying to collect that twenty-five thousand from the company. In that respect, Monti made his second mistake. By carrying the war to the insurance company, he speedily found himself in the position where he had to prove the value of the cars. Long before the case was over, Monti was ready to drop it, but once the avalanche of law has been started, it is a hard thing to stop. One after another, the sellers of the cars appeared in court and quoted the prices which Monti Beaubien had paid. The result was disastrous.

"You tripled your claim," the Judge decided. "Claim against the company disallowed. Now, Mr. Beaubien, the Crown is going to have something to say about this."

The Crown had so much to say about it that Monti Beaubien spent two years undergoing the corrective influences of the provincial penitentiary.

As has been pointed out, it is frequently a difficult matter to pin direct conspiracy down to the man who deliberately wrecks his own car. The insurance adjuster may think a lot, but mere thinking will not do him much good if he takes the company's


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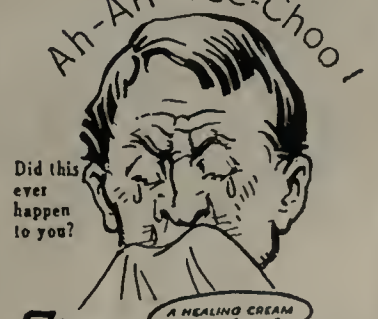
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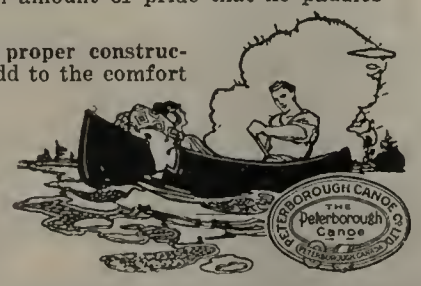
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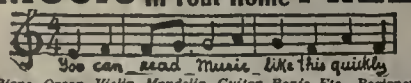
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client to court and has nothing more definite than vague suspicion to back him up.

In the words of the insurance man, "There is no use taking a man to court unless you know absolutely you have the goods on him, and that he can't squeeze out in any way."

"Getting the goods," on the insurance company trimmer, like many another thing, is largely a matter of chance. Often the "goods" come out when the conspirators decide to do their private washing in public.

An illustration in point carries one out to Winnipeg.

Francis Gimel was a fairly well-to-do citizen. He was so prosperous that he could afford to hire a chauffeur, therefore it must have been some queer streak of parsimony in his nature which induced him to try to "do" the insurance company. But try he did, with the assistance of his chauffeur.

The arrangement he made was this.

"Dan, I'm tired of the limousine. Want a new one, but that model is so old I couldn't get much on it. I'm not suggesting anything, but if. . . I say *if* you should happen to be out with the car some night, and if it should accidentally stop in front of an approaching train down on the C.N.R. tracks, I wouldn't be heart-broken. The car is insured, you know. . . I rather fancy you know a crossing where such an accident like that could happen. . . "

### Dan Jumps for his Life

NATURALLY, Dan, having an eye upon the future, did know of exactly the right crossing. He knew the exact hour at which a C.N.R. train slipped into Winnipeg every night, and knowing such essential things, he yielded to temptation.

In due time, the story of the midnight wreck of Francis Gimel's car appeared in the Winnipeg newspapers. Added to one of the stories was the explanation:

"Fortunately Mr. Gimel was not in the car at the time, as the chauffeur was out alone. Dan Merker, the chauffeur, had a narrow escape. He saw the train just in time, and so was able to leap out of the limousine before the crash came. He says he never wants to have another close shave like that. . . . "

If Dan had accepted this modest notoriety with philosophy, all might have been well. But instead, Dan Merker made the mistake which many another man has made. He began to think. And thinking brought to him the conviction that he was entitled to a little rake-off for the danger he had run. He insisted upon such a bulky sum that eventually the private washing of Francis Gimel and Dan Merker was done in public.

Gimel insisted that he had been but joking. So, since he was a rather important man, the upshot of it was that he withdrew his claim from the insurance company, and Dan Merker went out to look for another job.

### The Frozen Flivver

WHILE the bulk of the unpleasantry, which is the reward of the insurance companies for placing risks on motor cars, is of the deliberate type, there is also the accidental crook who occasionally sits in and plays a hand in the big game known as "stab the company in the back." There are many ways in which the accidental sharp may be forced into a sudden determination to look out strictly for number one, regardless of character, but an incident credited to the foreign quarter of Toronto may serve as an illustration.

Jensen owned a flivver. It was a fair flivver, but a certain disposition—the owner's, not the flivver's—induced him to park it at night in the back alley instead of in one of those garages where they collect the fee at the door. Late fall came along, and Jensen overlooked the tricks which frost is apt to play with water, even when it is hidden away in the coils of a flivver radiator.

He stepped out into the crisp morning, and for some time thereafter he flung his hands into the air in despair. But eventually he was resourceful. The radiator was ruined, but there was insurance on the car.

He had an acquaintance in the garage business, who was not above making an honest dollar and keeping his mouth shut about it. So friend Bernie came down with his towing car, carted the flivver out of Jensen's back alley, and deposited it some twenty blocks distant on a thinly-populated street. It was rather crude work, but it was the best the owner could think of on the spur of the moment. His car was insured against theft, which meant that he could collect from the insurance company the amount of any damage done to the car while it was stolen, though he could not collect for a frozen radiator when the freezing was done in his own back alley. Following the daylight stealing of his car at his own suggestion, Jensen called up the police department with a certain amount of agitation, and reported his car as stolen through the night.

So far, so good. He had things fairly well lined up. But at this point he kicked aside his own work by committing an unpardonable blunder. He was rash enough to go out later in the day and find the car himself. He was so rash that he reported the finding to the police. Had he been possessed with sufficient patience to allow the police to find the car, and stage a proper fit of excitement in their presence, all might have been well. But he was not the only man of his race with whom the police have had to deal, and those officials are strangely suspicious people. It took them but a few minutes to worm out the real facts, and the first thing he did after he escaped from their embarrassing presence was to hire a taxicab, rush to the insurance office, and withdraw his claim on the stolen car. He was out one taxi fare, one towing bill and one fractured radiator. He was in to the extent of so much added wisdom.

### Respectable—Outwardly

ORDINARILY when the crooked motor owner gets in some professional trickery upon an insurance company and the original hue and cry of the accident dies out, he has reason to believe that the future is secure, but experience has shown that the patience of a "stung" company is apt to be just as long as is the arm of the law itself. To prove it, Frederick Williams, of the Motor Union Insurance Company, tells this one:

An individual, whom we will term Mr. Blank, lived in an Eastern Ontario town. He had a car easily valued at $1,500 and was quite content with a $1,200 policy. Outwardly he was well polished with respectability, so it was quite the natural thing for him to start out on a motor tour in July. He went alone, and his friends were informed well in advance that he was going to Ottawa to make his headquarters in that city. He registered at the Château and actually spent a portion of his week in Ottawa.

Then, at the end of the week, a great fuss was raised. Mr. Blank's car had been stolen from Sparks street late at night. The police did their best, but their best was futile. Eventually the insurance company which carried his policy made their own inquiries, found that Mr. Blank had been registered for the whole week in Ottawa, so they paid. To them, it was a *bona fide* claim. Mr. Blank had not come under the faintest suggestion of suspicion.

After that, the company's patience manifested itself. At the end of the year, when new licenses would have to be issued, they decided that, having paid out $1,200 on the policy, they would spend a few cents more in trying to locate the man who had robbed Mr. Blank. They went about it by sending out notices to the central license departments in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, giving the serial number of the engine in the stolen car, and asking that, should such engine be registered in the new year, they should be informed.

### Was There Collusion?

IT WAS well into spring before the answer came back from the Quebec Department. A checker in the license offices had discovered that a 1920 license had been issued in Montreal for a car of the same type as Mr. Blank's, and bearing the serial number of the engine. The license had been taken out by a man whom we will call Mr. Lafonte; and at first glance it looked as though Lafonte were the guilty party. A casual survey showed that it would have been quite easy for Lafonte to steal Blank's car in Ottawa, run it over the bridge into Hull and get a Quebec license plate to shield him from suspicion in 1919.

It was only when Lafonte was pressed into a corner and was accused of stealing the car, that his indignation broke down the barrier which Mr. Blank had built about himself. He had known Blank, it seemed, for some months, just casually. To cut the story short, it was discovered in

time that during the week when Blank was supposed to be staying in Ottawa, he was really in Montreal and his name on the register of the Château had been his alibi. He had sold the car to Lafonte for a thousand dollars, and Lafonte had the cashed check to show as his receipt. Whether or not there had been collusion between the two was never discovered, but Mr. Blank promptly disappeared. Then it developed that the Eastern Ontario town which had harbored him for a time was but a side station which he had favored with his passing attention. His outward polish of respectability has long since vanished.

For, having flitted, Mr. Blank tried it again in Michigan. There he was caught, was welcomed as an old offender, and now it will be rather more than two years before he will have another real opportunity to be clever again.

# A Jungle Meal Ticket

*Continued from page 8*

jungle beast which yawned for the head of Prof. Leonardo de Vachelli, about to be thrust within its huge jaws.

The public did not know that when the Jungle King yawned he—yawned. They did not know that the Largest Lion in Captivity had arrived at an age of soup dieting and mange preventives.

A tear that was not for her own recent distress glistened in each of Dolly Ann's blue eyes as she tenderly packed those spangled tights in Zeke's battered trunk. Once she came out of the dressing-room to protest.

"Are you sure you and Leo can get another job, Grand-daddy Zeke?" she asked earnestly.

The old lion trainer patted her head affectionately, then lifted her face between his hands so he could gaze into her tear-dimmed eyes.

"Don't you go to worrying about me and Gran'pa, Dolly Ann," he reassured. "As long as you're safe Gran'pa's a cub and I'm a kid."

HE LAUGHED with boisetrous optimism.

"When me and Gran'pa get to Montreal, Dolly Ann, the show managers will be bidding against each other to sign up our act."

And Dolly Ann, smiling again, wonderingly believed her adopted grand-parent's forecast of a rosy future. She wondered more than she believed, though, when Leo, too sleepy to feel accommodating, had to be tugged violently by his mane to be led from his circus cage into the smaller one Zeke owned, the one in which he proposed to ship the Jungle King by truck to the express car he had ordered and billed to Montreal.

LONG before the arrival of the Montreal freight, due at two o'clock in the morning, Dolly Ann, her father, Zeke, the Jungle King, and a cage of monkeys were aboard a waiting express car. Dolly Ann had been supplied by her two ever-thoughtful official guardians with a cot aboard the car. But she had not retired. With her father and her Grand-daddy Zeke she sat cross-legged on the floor beneath a lamp, absorbed in a game of poker in which the dealer could declare the round to be stud, draw, or jack-pot.

Behind the monkey-act man was the monkey-cage; behind Zeke Fenner the Jungle King, no superfluous cage confining him now, squatted upon his haunches. His huge, bristly jaw almost brushed the old man's head as he towered above him. The old lion's sleepy eyes opened from time to time when a new deal was in progress. With unmistakable interest he would gaze into each new hand Zeke arranged.

"Gran'pa tipped you off on that last hand, Zeke," Red accused good-naturedly. "I saw him tickle you with his whiskers after he took a good look at my two pair and saw your three deuces had me beat."

Zeke reached upwards and playfully tapped the Jungle King's jaw.

"Useful old cuss, aint he," he agreed.

Dolly Ann won the next jackpot and the Jungle King nodded his head with ponderous satisfaction. The girl laughed delightedly, then yawned sleepily. Her strenuous experiences that night had taxed her strength. But she felt blissfully safe and happy now aboard the express car that would soon be hurrying them over the rails farther and farther from Solly Friedman. She glanced at her wrist watch.

"Fifteen minutes more and we'll be on our way," she breathed eagerly. As she shuffled the cards her brows drew together in a frown.

"Wonder if Mr. Friedman has gone out to the show grounds yet and found himself shy two acts," she said. Then her frown grew deeper. "To say nothing of being shy his 'little—hic!—darlin', 'dor'ble, damfool devil,'" she added without a smile.

Zeke Fenner's chronically benign face did its best to produce a scowl.

"Let Solly Friedman do his worst," he muttered savagely. "He may be a cave-man, but this aint the stone-age."

He jabbed the Jungle King sharply in his ancient ribs.

"Me and Gran'pa are ready for him."

As though bearing out Zeke the Jungle King gave vent to a low, rumbling growl.

DOLLY ANN'S frown instantly gave way to an expression of satisfaction. But in her father's face remained the look of intense worry which had grown to be almost a fixed expression. Red Swift would not relax his vigilance until long after the freight train, with its express car of fugitives, for such he felt them all to be, was well on its way to Montreal.

"This may not be the stone-age," he argued fearfully; "but it's just as bad. Worse, maybe. Solly Friedman has money and this is the gold-age. It's a wicked weapon, a money club, in hands like his."

Zeke scoffed.

"What harm can Solly do us now, money or not?" he demanded.

"Delay us," Red replied, nervously scanning his watch, as he had done every minute since their arrival in the car. "He'll delay us if he can, Zeke; be sure of that. He hires lawyers, shysters, who work for Solly Friedman, not for the law. And—and I know the beast."

"Wish that freight train would toot along and couple on," Dolly Ann sighed.

Her two sworn henchmen joined her heartily in the wish; but only one of them, not the optimist, showed his impatience.

"What's the hurry?" the old animal trainer inquired genially. "Aint it snug enough in here? Aint the cards runnin' your way, Red? Don't it make you feel all the more contented to sit comfortable inside this palatial private car of ours and reflect upon Solly Friedman sloshin' around in all that slush outside? Just listen to that rain!"

It was coming down in torrents now, noisily beating against the stout express car. The rottenness of the night had greatly increased.

A suddenly intensified commotion outside, as though the storm had turned into a veritable tornado, quickly resolved itself into the roaring throbs of a high-powered motor. Then the new roaring ceased, and penetrating the noise of beating rain and wind came the hoarse bellow of a human voice, a voice raised in a fury that outdid the storm.

Instantly the poker game was broken up. Dolly Ann rose nervously. She had recognised the voice; its effect upon her was at first pitiful. With wildly-staring eyes she gazed toward the big door in the side of the express car, as though dreading to see it shattered with a blow and to find herself the victim of the man whose ruthlessness she had been so recently and shockingly taught.

But Zeke Fenner's comment changed her expression of dread into a plucky smile of determination:

"Seems like that rough-neck friend of yours aint even got sense enough to keep from botherin' you in a cyclone," he chuckled.

Then with a gesture he cautioned silence.

The monkey-act man, muttering, "I told you so," stood crouched close to the door. If physical resistance were to be required Red Swift undoubtedly planned to put up a stiff fight. Gameness, tenacity, the courage of desperation, were written in every line of his strained face.

"You keep quiet, Red," Zeke whispered, gently pushing the desperate father farther


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"Now I am going to give you an unsolicited testimonial. Heretofore I have had a profound contempt for patent medicines, particularly so-called liniments. One day last fall after a hard day's tramp in the slush, I developed a severe pain in my legs and like a man who has never had anything wrong with him physically, I complained rather boisterously. The good little wife says: 'I will rub them with some liniment.' 'Go ahead,' I said, just to humor her. Well, in she comes with a bottle of MINARD'S and gets busy. The pain disappeared in a few minutes, and you can tell the world I said so." 18

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from the door. Then he went and stood beside the Jungle King.

"Me and Gran'pa will do the honors for this call of Solly Friedman's," he muttered with a confidence that bespoke proven efficiency.

OUTSIDE in the storm the circus magnate was apparently having an altercation with a freight-yard official, who stubbornly insisted that a certain express car under discussion was billed through to Montreal with the next train and paid for.

"That car, you sap-head, stays here tonight or your job runs out at the end of the month," Solly Friedman's voice threatened domineeringly. Solly Friedman had never been anything but domineering since the circus business put many shekels in his possession.

"It goes to Montreal on the two o'clock freight," the obdurate official retorted.

Solly's voice grew to a savage bellow. The rain had soaked him into a condition of semi-sobriety far worse for his naturally vile temper than complete intoxication could have been.

"Hurry and get the sheriff," he roared, apparently to his chauffeur. "Tell him I said to come fast. If he isn't here inside of ten minutes I'll—I'll break him. He knows me; just mention my name."

Noisily the automobile departed.

"I'll show those two old fools in there whether they can jump their contract with my show or not," Friedman went on belligerently

Inside the car Zeke Fenner smiled with unruffled optimism as he patted the clasped hands of Red Swift and a rather pale-faced Dolly Ann. The girl returned his smile gamely.

"Don't you be worrying, Dolly Ann," Zeke whispered. "Me and Gran'pa are with you. Don't you waste a mite o' worry over a cheap cuss who will go making a fuss in front of a young lady's door in order to pay a call on her, without having the decency to knock first and be civil. He's shown his hand, Solly has. He knows he aint got a leg to stand on."

"Contracts!" he sniffed contemptuously. "Hear the big bully rave about contracts when he never would sign any with your daddy or me. Kept us dragging along from week to week on starvation pay because he thought we couldn't get another job."

"Can you, Grand-daddy Zeke?"

Dolly Ann, despite her own immediate danger at the hands of an ogre crazy-drunk from a mixed stimulant of alcohol and wealth, was all anxiety over her adopted grand-parent's future.

ZEKE FENNER grinned as though he hadn't a care in the world.

"Can I? Say, when me and Gran'pa get to Montreal we'll be welcomed by the show people as the biggest act north of the Andes. They'll be bidding against each other for our services. Am I right, Red?"

But the monkey-act man, his face so pinched now that under the rays of the car lamp it seemed fleshless skin and bone, was intently listening to low, mumbling sounds of conversation outside.

"Money," Red muttered wearily. "Is there anything on earth a born crook can't do with money? It sounds to me, Zeke, as though Solly has found the freight-yard man's weak spot. He's bribing him with a hundred dollars."

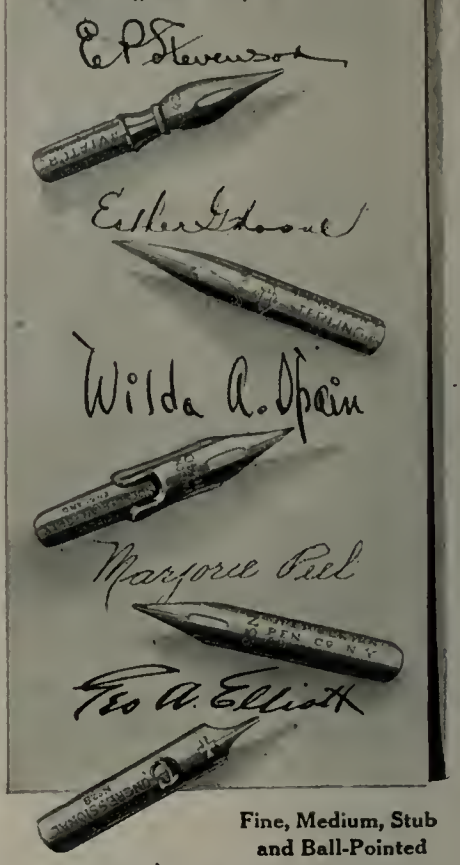
Zeke Fenner stiffened momentarily, then relaxed again into his attitude of easy optimism. He reached forth his hand and shook the Jungle King by the ear until the ancient beast, who had serenely slept through all the additional outside turmoil opened one lazy eye.

"Let 'em come by twos or dozens," Zeke smiled. "Me and Gran'pa are waiting for them."

The shriek of a locomotive's whistle announced to those within the car the arrival of the Montreal freight. It announced to Solly Friedman the time for action regardless of his legal status, if he would snatch victory out of the storm which had witnessed his wet humiliation, discomfort, and, so far, defeat. For the freight-yard official, contrary to Red's worst fears, had remained true to the orders of the superiors who paid his wages. He was now preparing to trot away with his lantern to greet the oncoming freight conductor.

"For their own good let me talk to them just once," Solly wheedled. "Open that express car door and let me go in and show them what a crazy chance they are


IN WITNESS WHEREOF,
The parties to this agreement have hereunto set their hand, the day and year first above written. Signed and acknowledged in the presence of




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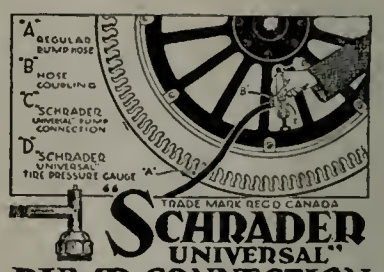
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taking in leaving my show in the lurch without two of its best acts. It's for their own good, my man. If they leave with this train I'll collect enough damages to ruin them."

"Not without proper orders from the sheriff," insisted the commendably-obstinate freight-yard official. "I tell you they have paid for that car, billed through to Montreal on this train. I aint got no more right monkeying with that car than you'd have horning into the queen's private boudoir."

It was the first open suggestion from outside of the presence in the car of a lady. Solly had been sober enough to conceal his real objective. As though to acknowledge the accuracy of the official's well-chosen metaphor a gleeful peal of feminine laughter floated out into the storm from within the car. Zeke had made a remark to the Jungle King, a remark not at all flattering to the circus magnate. And it had touched Dolly Ann's always receptive vein of humor.

"Solly seems about as welcome here as the dead-heads at his own circus," was what Zeke had said.

That silvery laugh vibrated a chord within the dissipated Solly which exploded the thin last barrier of restraint he had kept upon his temper. He rushed to the express car door and hammered upon it with his fists.

"Inside there, you," he blustered, "if you know what's good for you you'll unlock that door."

IT WAS Zeke Fenner's voice that responded, pitched to carry, but quiet in its assurance of perfect coolness and control.

"We don't admit freight-yard drunks and car thieves here," Zeke informed almost reprovingly.

"Keep still, Red," he admonished the monkey-act man, who had assumed the belligerent attitude of one about to attempt a sortie. "If you love Dolly Ann half as much as I do, keep cool."

He beamed upon Dolly Ann in a way that helped her wonderfully. Helpfully she drew her father to her cot and gently forced him to sit down.

"Leave it to Grand-daddy Zeke," she urged soothingly. "He'll find a way out for us, even if that beast breaks in."

Zeke reached up and turned out the lamp.

"Me and Gran'pa have everything all arranged, including the meal ticket," he said with a chuckle.

He chuckled again when the hammering on the express car door showed that Solly Friedman had lost all regard for bruised flesh in the extremity of his impotent rage. Now the insane circus magnate called upon the girl who had left him, literally, in the gutter.

"Dolly Ann," he shouted, his mouth close to the door. "Dolly Ann!"

The added intoxication of her name induced a maudlin condition.

"Aint you goin' to open the door for Solly?" he wept. "Aint you goin' to 'llow your little Solly to—aint little 'dor-ble Dolly Ann goin' op'n—aint you goin' open Solly an' let in the door?"

Blubbering foolishly he gave way to self-pity.

"I'm all wet an' alone, li'l Dolly Ann. All soaked an' the sheriff hasn't come. Aint you goin' to open—"

HE SHOOK and a jar came with the engine's coupling, breaking off Solly's maudlin utterance. He had been leaning against the door. With a slip and a splash he fell into the freight-yard muck from the long narrow platform which ran along the track, fortunately reeling across the platform and falling on the side away from the car's wheels.

"Hell!" he roared, all sentimentality jolted out of his system. "Open the door, you little she-fool, or I'll break it down and come in there and get you."

But the train was now slowly moving out. Aided by the sobering realization that his battle in the mud was ending in a final, colossal defeat, Solly managed to find his feet. Crazily he again mounted the long platform and reached the express car door. Staggering along to keep up with its ever-increasing speed, dripping mud and railroad grease, the man who controlled a mammoth circus beat upon the inhospitable wood and steel while he bellowed threats which can never be published against his 'dor'ble, darlin' Dolly Ann,' whom he swore, between blasphemous menaces, he would go through hell to protect against the slightest harm.

So occupied were his thoughts that Solly did not realize he was not alone in that scene upon the freight platform. Following his every crazy step, ready to assist him if he should fall toward the dangerous opening between the platform's edge and the car, came a young man of eager, keen, energetic cast. That his clothing was rainsoaked and clung to his lean frame as a wet sheet clings to a clothes-prop was no criterion that this young chap was a man of destiny.

For he was a newspaper reporter.

And where there is the excitement that is required to make a first-class news story, no matter how inclement the surroundings, a newspaper reporter can usually be counted upon to show up just in the nick of time. This one had been drawn out of the storm from—who can say where they come from? And behind him, drawn from the same undefinable place, came the crowd, the crowd that invariably collects upon the same sort of occasions as those which most magnetically attract newspaper reporters.

Freight-yard employees, box-car passengers, tramps, were there—just such a crowd as could be expected to gather when excitement stirred a storm-assaulted freight yard at two o'clock in the morning. Like boys eagerly following a circus parade they followed Solly Friedman down the wet platform, missing not a word of his furious maudlin, drunkenly-sentimental, brutally-domineering medley as he raced along upon his unsteady legs to deliver his crazy serenade to the lady in the express car.

IMAGINE the surprise of the crowd when suddenly the door Solly was besieging with fists and voice flew wide open, just before the end of the long platform was reached and when the train had attained such speed it seemed Solly must give up the chase.

A cheer, slightly tempered with regret that Solly had not run over the platform's end and received another mud bath, burst from the crowd. It was inspired by a feat Solly accomplished with the last ounce of strength and wind left in his over-exerted system. He jumped wildly from the platform headlong, and executed a clumsy dive that landed him half inside the express car, where he sprawled upon his stomach with legs wildly struggling out in the storm, as though frantic to follow the rest of him into a haven of dryness.

But the feat of the newspaper reporter—true brother of a fraternity that never balks at taking chances—excelled that of Solly in the estimation of the delighted audience. With a spry leap the fearless young man, determined to let none of this rich material for copy get away from him, cleared Solly's struggling legs. Then he too was swallowed into the dark interior of the express car, through the mouth-like door which had yawned.

Solly's speed, considering his condition, had been remarkable. The newspaper reporter's had been well-nigh incredible. But the speed with which things happened the moment the pair gathered themselves up from the express car floor was indescribable. No adjective is fast enough.

Zeke Fenner had extinguished the car's lamp. But to Solly, badly shaken by his recent experiences, there seemed to be a light in the car. Two lights, in fact. They were situated close together, and were in a remarkably unlikely position for lights.

But the newspaper reporter, being entirely sober and very quick-witted to boot, instantly realized that what Solly thought were lights were actually nothing of the sort. His prompt recognition of what they were caused the hair of his head, wet though it was, to rise upon its roots as though forming for a hasty retreat.

Then Solly, staring with rigid fascination at the lights, got the same hunch the reporter had had from the first. And his hair stood up until the bald spot in his head resembled a clearing in a forest. His teeth began to chatter, and such an ague seized his knees that for a moment it was questionable whether he would stand or fall.

But the two lights, small for lights but large for eyes, if his fears were correct, remained stationary, fixed upon Solly. As his own horrified optics gazed back and grew more accustomed to the gloom of the car's interior, Solly could make out a vague




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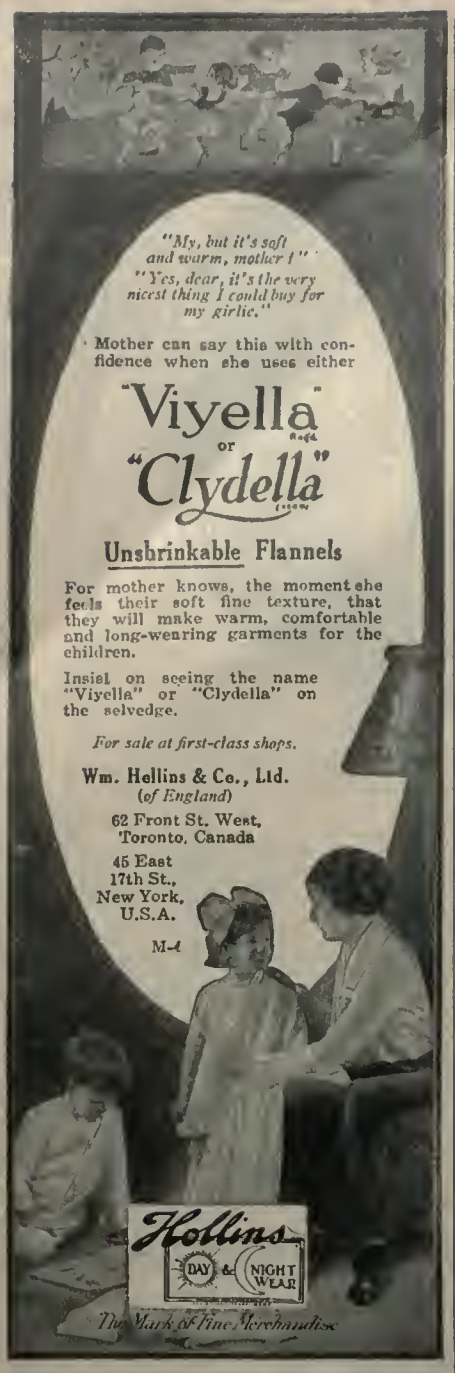


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huge shape behind the dreadfully luminous orbs.

Then the car swung slightly over a curve in the freight yard, and the glare from an arc light illuminated the interior.

A SHRIEK that outdid the best efforts of a switch engine in the yards escaped from the frozen lips of Solly Friedman.

A lion, a huge, terrible, uncaged lion stood confronting him in the express car he had so lawlessly invaded.

The newspaper reporter saw the Jungle King as clearly as Solly. But he also saw something Solly entirely missed. Back in a far corner of the car were three people—perfectly live, uninjured, human people. And all three were grinning. That is, two of them were. One of them smiled such a smile that the newspaper reporter felt himself wishing that common-sense did not demand any further attention to the lion. Nevertheless it comforted and reassured him tremendously to know that fellow human beings, apparently related in some way to this loose beast, were occupying the same car with such evident enjoyment.

But Solly Friedman had no reviving assurance of safety. All he saw was a huge jungle beast, undoubtedly the one from his own show,the "largest in captivity." He had scoffed at Leo, when arranging the matter of reimbursement for the act with Zeke because of his old age. But that was when Leo was the "Largest Lion *in* Captivity." As the largest lion out of captivity he was the last companion in the world Solly had sought when he entered that express car.

The train had now worked up a goodly speed. But no speed would have kept Solly longer in that car. A mile a minute would not have detained him.

With another terrified shriek when the Jungle King started toward him with an inquisitive grunt, Solly turned about and repeated, in a reverse direction, the dive he had performed from the platform. Yes, without a thought for Dolly Ann, who must be either inside the car or inside the lion, Solly dived for the salvation of his own mongrel hide.

His landing upon his back in a young river of rain water between two tracks was a mere trivial incident to the main adventure. He came up like a steeple-chaser out of the ditch, shaking off the slime and the speediest members of the crowd who still pursued the express car.

"There's a l-l-l-lion l-l-loose in that c-c-c-car!" he gasped as he crawled under an empty flat car which stood in his way on the next track. Coming up on the other side of the car he sped off into the stormy darkness and was lost to the view of the astonished crowd. Just where he went to remove the mud and attend to his cuts and bruises is of little importance. Solly Friedman's big problem was where to go to remove the shame and humiliation and ruinous publicity which were his punishment for pampering a cave-man nature.

For that newspaper reporter remained aboard the express car all the way to Montreal, save once when he, accompanied by Dolly Ann, left the car when it stopped at a siding to wait for the passing of a passenger train. With Dolly Ann's assistance—anything she suggested with that smile of hers would have found his instant approval—he wired ahead to his paper, in time for the early morning editions. And the story he telegraphed was such a corker it won for him instant forgiveness for arriving home late from his vacation. He had missed his train and had planned to steal a ride on the very freight upon which fortunate, though rather startling, circumstance had made him a welcome guest and passenger.

That story dealt with the unexcelled heroism of Prof. Leonardo de Vachelli in subduing unarmed a lion that had escaped from its cage while being transported in an express car. By sheer will-power the huge beast, "largest and most ferocious in captivity"—the reporter was fond of superlatives—was forced back into his cage. And the life of a beautiful young girl, the hero's grand-daughter—Zeke insisted—was saved, to say nothing of the life of her father, whom Zeke generously insisted upon admitting into the story of the adventure, regardless of the reporter's objection to complicating matters with characters that would uselessly divert attention from the lion.

Zeke Fenner was welcomed at Montreal by a host of circus managers, enterprising movie directors, and Canadian agents for New York theatrical moguls. So the Jungle King still yawns for the head of Prof. Leonardo de Vachelli in "all the cities of the earth, before crowned heads and curly ones." The wide publicity their act obtained through the reporter's generous efforts won them the fabulous meal ticket Zeke had prophesied during distressing moments, when his optimism triumphed over misfortune.

Dolly Ann and her father still travel with Zeke. So does a new press agent, who basks happily in the smile that first enraptured him aboard an express car, even though a loose lion was close by. He press-agents every member of the troupe save Dolly Ann.

Her future, he declares, is a domestic one, far removed from vulgar publicity. And Zeke and Red Swift agree with him, while Dolly Ann puts up no very enduring opposition.

Gran'pa's soup is now concocted by chefs employed in the best hotels on the road.

# Nigger, Stop Dat Fight

*Continued from page 13*

settin' up awaitin' fer it, when you bringed it?"

"But howcome you knowed dat Bud sen' it, Len?" asked Jim, wonderingly.

"Simple 'nuff, I knowed he had a phaeton buggy, an' I knowed he wanted money right bad. Owin' me fer a note, I knowed dat smooth coon woul'n show his han' any, so I aimed he's sen' sumbuddy else ober wif dat rig ter try an' sell ter me."

"But howcome he knowed yo' wanted rig?"

"I put ad in Bridgetown *Echo*," explained Lenix. "It all work out as I hoped for, I'se right sorry, dough, ter get yo' in wrong, Jim, sure am."

Williams touched his swollen features tenderly. "I kept outin' his road till day 'fore yested'y," he said sadly, "but course I knowed he'd get me, same's he aims ter get yo' all."

"Eh? What yo' mean get *me* all?"

"Len, I sneak ober here ter gib yo' warnin' ob crooked work," returned Jim, lowering his voice and casting a quick glance about him.

"Crooked work? Den dat concern's de law. Jim, not anudder word here. Come on up ter my office where us kin talk in secret." Lenix tapped his badge and shuffled forward, the lank Williams following meekly behind. Arrived at his stable, Lenix inserted a key in the padlock which had adorned the door ever since his acquisition of the phaeton, and motioned Jim inside.

"Dis hyar's my office when Jane Ann happen ter be hum," he explained to Jim's look of surprise. "Us kin talk wif freedom hayr, so say what yo' gotter say quick, den us go long up ter supper."

Jim lost no time in saying what he had to say, and when he got through, Lenix was leaning weakly against the sorrel mare's stall, fairly stunned with the terrible significance of the intelligence just imparted to him. The hand that gripped Williams' sleeve and led him out into the wintry twilight shook so that Jim was stirred to inquire if its owner's heart was "an'ywise weak." Lenix shook his head, gazing back into the teamster's frightened eyes like a dumb stricken thing. "Heart's strong enuff, Jim. It's my faith in man dat's weak, an' gettin' weaker all time," he said. "Now, come 'long up ter house an' eat silent, so's ter gib me chance ter fink. I'se got heap ob finkin' ter do, I tells yo'."

EIGHT o'clock found Abe White's skating rink packed with eager-faced negroes, impatiently awaiting the opening of the night's fistic entertainment. An improvised orchestra consisting of a violin and three bass viols quarreled among themselves like a boarding house mistress and the male boarders with colds, the wailing crescendo of the fiddle rising high above the bellow of the other pieces, with effeminate determination to have the last say-so. Rivalling the weirdness of the music, the ghostly glow from the long string of Chinese




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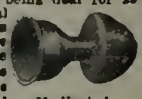
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anterns shifted down and spread above dodging woolly pates. The sonorous cries of peanut vendors floated above the murmur of voices growing each instant more excited.

Suddenly the orchestra quit quarreling; the voices of the vendors became hushed; the hollow boom of many voices thinned to silence. Into the squared circle at the rink's far end had stepped an impressive and imposing personage in a swallow-tail coat and linen that matched the wearer's gleaming teeth in whiteness. Everybody present knew this to be Tom Fortune, the noted referee, who had been brought from Detroit for the occasion, and no sooner had his patent leathers touched the sawdust than a cheer went up to fairly knock splinters off the rafters.

The referee acknowledged his ovation with a still wider smile and a low bow. Then he held up a hand, on which glittered a huge diamond, for silence.

"Gents," he said, "I'm going to ask you to please cease smoking."

Again came applause, and the diving of black fingers into vest pockets.

The referee spoke again: "Before calling the main event of the night we will have a few preliminary bouts between local boxers. The first will be a four round contest between Spider Teetzel, of Highgate, and Georgie Baker, the Chatville terror." A little negro, so thin that his ribs showed, bounced into the ring. "Gents, the Spider!" roared the referee.

Followed the introduction of the local boxer who was met with a roar of applause. "And his opponent, whose name is already a household word among all you good sports," grinned the referee, dragging forward a smiling little negro who acknowledged the roar that went up with a quick bob of his head.

Followed one of those rapid-action boxing battles composed largely of blocks, side-steps and breakaways. Other bouts by local fame-seekers followed and were indifferently applauded. Interest hung on the big event of the evening. At precisely nine-thirty o'clock the referee again advanced to the rope and held up his hand.

"Gents," he said, "before callin' the main bout of the evening, I wish to state a few brief words by way of explanation. This fight between Homer Hudson, champion of the country, and Bud Hawkins, challenger, is for one hundred dollars a side, half the gate receipts and the championship belt. Winner take all. It's to be a no-limit battle, Marquis of Queensbury rules to govern."

Almost simultaneously with his words, the curtains of two dressing-rooms parted, and champion Homer Hudson and Challenger Bud Hawkins stepped into the ring and took their respective corners, a much be-sweatered attendant, with pail, sponge and bottle, following each.

IT DID not require the eye of an expert to tell which of the boxers was in the better condition. Homer's black flesh glittered fat and flabby above his spangled trunks; Bud's lean form showed something of condition. The challenger was younger than the champion, too. Undoubtedly Homer was the stronger of the two, but in every other way the challenger outclassed him, and looked the sure winner.

He was, too, for the matter of that; he knew it, and a sarcastic smile curved his hatchet face as, in response to the referee, Homer stood up and bowed to the audience amid a deafening clapping of hands and cheers.

"Gents, Homer Hudson, champion."

Again the applause, and again Homer acknowledged it. "I'll be champion still, af'er dis fight," he murmured, his gold tooth gleaming in a smile as he went back to his corner.

Hawkins was then introduced to the audience. There was some applause; not a great deal; but he, too, was smiling as he took his seat.

The gloves were examined, bandages closely scrutinized, and the two boxers met in the centre of the ring, shook hands and returned again to their corners.

Over the ropes climbed Ben Jones, Hawkins' trainer. "Lis'n, Bud," he whispered, his lips close to the challenger's ear, "Bes' let him go a few rounds, and while he's goin', keep off from him. Play on his wind. He'll start ter blow up 'hout fifth roun'—den go in an' get him. 'Member, Bud, we stan' ter make er lose pile ob good money."

"I'll get him, no fear," Bud promised.

"Time," called the referee, and Homer and Hawkins advanced slowly towards each other, crouching, slowly circling.

"Stop!"

Shouldering his way through the excited standers near the door, hand uplifted in authority, came Lenix Ballister, the Chatville East constable, his metal badge glittering in the rays of the Chinese lanterns.

Silence, deep and awful, fell suddenly. The referee motioned the boxers to their corners. Then he leaned forward and spoke respectfully to the man who had commanded a cessation of the big battle, now standing stern-faced and stern-eyed close to the ring.

"By what authority do you say stop, might I ask, sir?" he questioned civilly.

"By order ob de law. Dat's my authority." Lenix climbed up beside the referee and displayed his constable's badge. "Law aint goin' ter stan' fer no prize fight in dis here town. Five roun' boxin' contes', why dat's all right. But so I understan' dis here am no-roun' limit affair; am it?"

THE referee bowed. "That's what it was to have been," he said cheerfully.

"Well, it kayn't be, dat's all. Yo' gotta call dis fight off."

"Off nuffin!" Ben Jones was beside Lenix now, shaking his big fist under the constable's nose. "Dis fight's goin' ter be fit. Don' I know yo're game, Len? Aint yo' behind dat Homer? You'se scared he'll get licked, dat's fer why yo' all brings in de law. Law or no law, dis fight am goin' froo." He nodded to the referee. "Call time," he ordered. "Dis constable-coon's crazy."

The referee stood by uncertainly. Len prepared to crawl out between the ropes. Half way through, he twisted about and held up a warning finger.

"Lis'en yo', Homer, an' yo' too, Abe; fight if yo' wanter, but jes' as sure as yo' do, I'll hab yo' bofe pinched. Needer one ob yo' niggers hab a record'll stan' dat, but it's yo'r funeral. Go to it, if yo' so will, but 'member, I'se got lots ob help outside."

"I won't fight," cried Bud suddenly, holding out his gloved hands to his attendant.

"Yo' *will* fight, yo' yaller h'arted for'-flusher," cried Jones, dancing about the ring. "If yo' don', they're goin' to gadder in our deposit guarantee. The articles done say dat. It's forfeit ter dem if yo' don' fight Hudson ter night."

"I can't help dat dere. I'se not goin' ter fight an' get 'rested ternight."

Bud shot through the ropes and dived into his dressing-room. Jones looked after him, made a movement as though he would follow, then with a snort of disgust leaped from the ring and elbowed his way to the door.

Homer, clutching the ropes, was listening to a whispered word or two from Abe White, his manager. He nodded and as the cheated fans began to murmur, hiss and hoot, walked across the square and raised his hand.

Immediately silence fell again.

"Boys," spoke Homer. "I'se powerful sorry de law done step in an' keep me from ashowin' yo' all who was bes' man ter night. Yo' boys hab all stood by me right loyal, an' I'se goin' ter ast yo' to stan' by me till yo' hears what I gotter say.

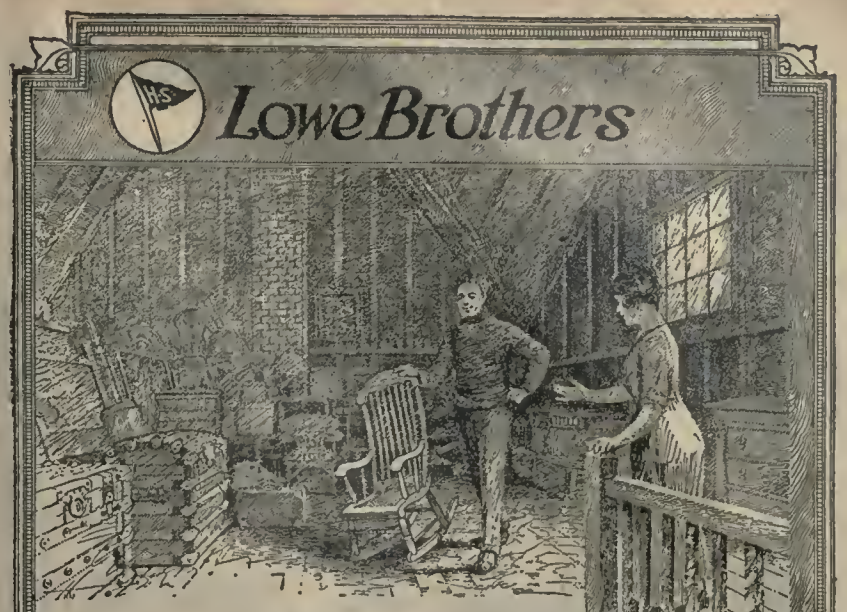
"None ob us kin blame constable Ballister fer doin' his duty. Dat's what he's gotter do. I'se been requested by my manager ter tell yo' dat if de sports in de fifty cents seats'll please ter stay dere till de dollar seats sports file out, eberybody'll get his admission money back. We's sorry us couldn' gib yo' a fight on account ob my opponent turnin' yaller, but us, at least, aims ter play fair."

HOMER bowed, flashed his gold tooth, and retired to his dressing-room amid cheers.

Three-quarters of an hour later, their admission money once more back in their pockets, the disappointed fans went their respective ways.

Over beside White's pool room, pacing slowly up and down in the glow from its window, Lenix Ballister, constable, watched the Bridgetown negroes pass sullenly by. One of them, a big burly man, detached himself from the line and came over to stand over Lenix threateningly.

"Yo're pretty cute, all right," he growled as he chewed hard on an unlighted cigar. "But if yo' done fink yo'r crooked pals kin double-cross me—"

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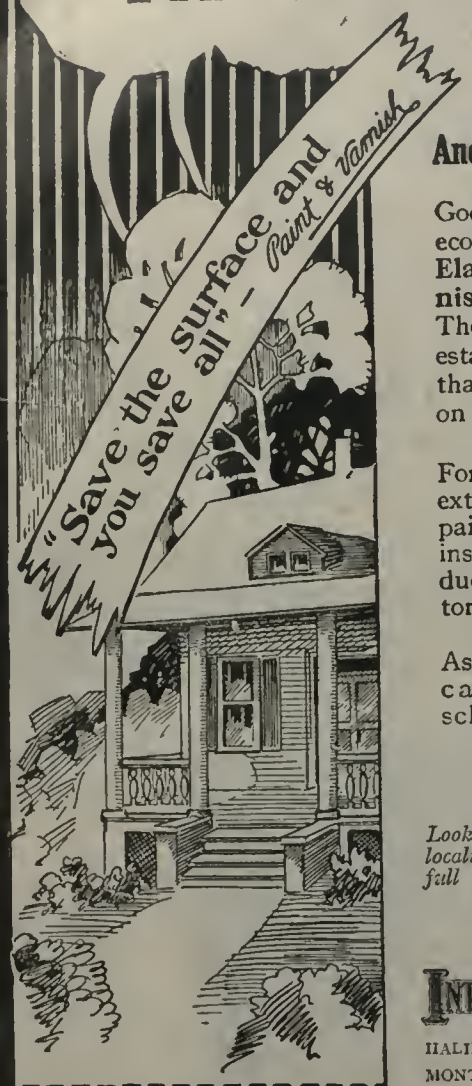
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"Hole up dar, Ben," spoke Lenix softly. "Jes' spose like we put it dis hayr way. De nex' time yo' all tries ter double-cross me an my pals, Mista Jones, make sure firs' off yo's clever 'nuff ter carry it froo."

Jones looked startled, then slowly his bullying attitude gave place to one of hopeless reconciliation. Head bent and shoulders sagging he turned slowly up the path.

Lenix watched him, a thoughtful expression on his face.

"What I cayn't jes' un'erstan'," he murmured, "is why any nigger wanter play crooked anyways. He orter know it doesn' pay, nohow."

# PAWNED

*Continued from page 19*

alternately, racked with unbridled passion, he mouthed a flood of oaths.

He ran on for some three blocks, and finally dashed up the steps of a small, drab-looking, cheap frame house. A brass sign, greenish with mold from neglect, flanked one side of the door.

He stepped forward along an unlighted hall, opened a door, and slammed it behind him. He switched on the light. He was in his consulting room. The next instant he was standing beside his desk, and had wrenched John Bruce's letter from his pocket. He spread this out on the desk and glared at it. Beyond any doubt whatever, where Claire's tears had fallen on the paper traces of writing were faintly discernible. Here, out of an abortive word, was a well-formed "e"; and there, unmistakably, was a capital "L."

Carrying the letter, he ran now into a little room behind his office, where he compounded his medicines, and that was fitted up as a sort of small laboratory.

HE TURNED on the water faucet, wet a camel's-hair brush, and applied the brush to the lower edge of the letter. The experiment was productive of no result. He stared at the paper for a while with wrinkled brow, and then suddenly he began to laugh ironically.

"No, of course not!" He was jeering at himself now. "Clever! You are not clever, you are a fool! She cried on the paper. Tears! Tears possess a slight trace of"—he reached quickly for a glass container, and began to prepare a solution of some sort—"a very slight trace. . . . that's why the characters that already show are so faint. Now we'll see, Mr. John Bruce, what you've got to say. . . . Salt!. . . .A little salt, eh?"

He dipped the camel's-hair brush in the solution, and drew it across the bottom edge of the paper again.

Very carefully Sydney Angus Crang, M.D., worked his brush upward on the paper line by line, until, still well below the signature that John Bruce had affixed in his, Crang's presence, there failed to appear any further trace of the secret writing. He read as fast as a word appeared—like a starving beast snatching in ferocious greed at morsels of food. It made whole and complete sense. His eyes feasted on it now in its entirety:

Keep away. This is a trap. Stall till you can turn tables. Information obtained while I was delirious. Am a prisoner in hands of a gang whose leader is a doctor named Crang. Veniza will tell you where Crang lives. Get Veniza's address from Lavergne at the house. The only way to save either of us is to kidnap Crang. Look out for yourself. Bruce.

He tossed the camel's-hair brush away, returned to his desk, spread the letter out on a blotter to allow the lower edge to dry, and slumping down in his desk chair, glued his eyes on the secret message, reading it over and over again.

"Kidnap Crang—eh?—ha, ha!" He began to chuckle low; then suddenly his fingers, crooked and curved until they looked like claws, reached out as though to fasten upon some prey at hand. And then he chuckled some more—and then grew somber, and slumped deeper in his chair, and his eyes, brooding, were half closed.

HE SAT suddenly bolt upright in his chair. It came again—a low tapping on the window; two raps, three times repeated. He rose quickly, crossed the



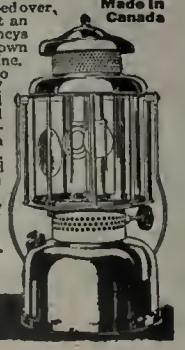

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room, opened the door, and stood motionless for a moment peering out into the hall. It was a purely precautionary measure—he had little doubt but that his old housekeeper had long since mounted the stairs and returned to her bed. He stepped rapidly then along the hall, and opened the front door.

"That you, Birdie?" he called in a low voice.

A man's form appeared from the shadow of the stoop.

"Sure!" the man answered.

"Come in!" Doctor Crang said tersely.

He led the way back into the consulting room, and slumped down again in his chair.

"Well?" he demanded.

"Peters arrived all right," Birdie reported. "He registered at the Bayne-Miloy Hotel, and he's there now."

"Good!" grunted Crang.

For a full five minutes he remained silent and without movement in his chair, apparently utterly oblivious of the other, who stood, shifting a little awkwardly from foot to foot, on the opposite side of the desk.

Then Crang spoke—more to himself than to Birdie.

"He'll be anxious, of course, and growing more so," he said. "He might make a break of some kind. I'll have to fix that. I'm not ready yet. What?"

Birdie, from staring inanely at the wall, came to himself with a sudden start at what he evidently interpreted as a direct question.

"Yes—sure!" he said hurriedly. "No—I mean, no, you're not ready."

Crang glared at the man contemptuously.

"What the hell do you know about it?" he inquired caustically.

He picked up the telephone directory, studied it for a moment, then reaching for the desk telephone asked for his connection. Presently the Bayne-Miloy Hotel answered him, and he asked for Mr. R. L. Peters' room. A moment more and a voice reached him over the phone.

"Is that Mr. Peters?" Crang inquired quietly. "Mr. R. L. Peters, of San Francisco?. . . . Yes? Then I have a message for you, Mr. Peters, from the person who sent you a telegram a few days ago. . . I beg your pardon?. . . . Yes, I am sure you do. . . Myself? I'd rather not mention any names over the 'phone. You understand, don't you? He told me to tell you that it is absolutely necessary that no connection is known to exist between you, and for that reason he does not dare take the chance of getting into touch with you to-night, but he will manage it somehow by early afternoon to-morrow. . . What say? . . . Yes, it is very serious, otherwise he would hardly have telegraphed you to come from San Francisco. . . No, personally, I don't know. That was his message; but I was also to warn you on no account to leave your rooms, or have communication with anybody until you hear direct from him. No, I do not know the particulars. I only know that he is apparently in a hole, and a bad one, and that he is now afraid that you will get into it too. . . . Yes. You are sure you fully understand?. . . No, not at all! I am only too glad. . . .Good-night."

CRANG, with a curious smile on his lips, hung up the receiver. He turned abruptly to Birdie.

"You get a taxi to-morrow," he said brusquely. "We'll want it for two or three hours. Slip the chauffeur whatever is necessary, and change places with him. See? You'll know where to find one that will fall for that. Then you come here for me at—let's see—the boat sails at four—you come here at half past one sharp. Get me?"

"Sure!" said Birdie, with a grin. "That's a cinch!"

"All right, then!" Crang waved his hand. "Beat it!"

Birdie left the room. A moment later the front door closed behind him.

Crang picked up the letter and examined it critically. The lower three or four inches of the paper was slightly crinkled, but quite dry now; the body of the original letter showed no sign whatever of his work upon the lower portion.

Doctor Crang nodded contentedly.

He rose abruptly, secured his surgical bag, and from it selected a lance. With the aid of a ruler and the keen-bladed little instrument, he very carefully cut away the lower section of the paper. The slip containing the erstwhile secret message he tucked away in his inside pocket; then he examined the letter itself again even more critically than before. For all evidence that it presented to the contrary it might have been the original size of the sheet. There was even a generous margin of paper still left beneath John Bruce's signature. He folded the letter, replaced it in its envelope—and now sealed the envelope.

"To-morrow!" said Doctor Sydney Angus Crang with a sinister smile, as he produced a hypodermic syringe from his pocket and rolled up the sleeve of his left arm. He laughed as the needle pricked his flesh. "To-morrow—John Bruce!"

He slumped far down in his chair once more. For half an hour he sat motionless, his eyes closed. Then he spoke again.

"Damn you!" he said.

## CHAPTER XVII

### Alias Mr. Anderson

DOCTOR SYDNEY ANGUS CRANG looked at his watch, as he stepped from a taxi the next afternoon, and entered the Bayne-Miloy Hotel. It was fifteen minutes of two. He approached the desk and obtained a blank card. "From J. B.," he wrote upon it. He handed it to the clerk.

"Please send this up to Mr. R. L. Peters," he requested.

Presently the bell-boy returned with the information that Mr. Peters would see him; and, following the boy upstairs, he was ushered into the sitting room of one of the Bayne-Miloy's luxurious suites. A tall man with a thin, swarthy face confronted him. Between his fingers the tall man held the card that he, Crang, had sent up; and between his lips the tall man sucked assiduously at a quill toothpick.

"Mr. Peters, of course?" Crang inquired easily, as the door closed behind the bell-boy.

Mr. Peters, alias Gilbert Larmon, nodded quietly.

"I was rather expecting Mr. Bruce in person," he said.

Crang looked cautiously around him.

"It still isn't safe," he said in a lowered voice. "At least, not here; so I am going to take you to him. But perhaps you would prefer that I should explain my own connection with this affair first?"

Again Larmon nodded.

"Perhaps it would be just as well," he said.

Once more Crang looked cautiously around him.

"We—are quite alone, I take it?"

"Quite," said Larmon.

"My name is Anderson, William Anderson," Crang stated smoothly. "I was the one who telephoned you last night. I am a friend of John Bruce—the only one he's got, I guess, except yourself. Bruce and I used to be boys together in San Francisco. I hadn't seen him for years until we ran into each other here in New York a few weeks ago and chummed up again. As I told you over the 'phone, I don't know the ins and outs of this, but I know he is in some trouble with a gang that he got mixed up with in the underworld somehow."

"*Tck*!" The quill toothpick flexed sharply against one of the tall man's front teeth. "William Anderson"—he repeated the name musingly—"Yes, I remember. I sent a telegram in your care to Mr. Bruce a few days ago."

"Yes," said Crang.

THE quill toothpick appeared to occupy the tall man's full attention for a period of many seconds.

"Are you conversant with the contents of that telegram, Mr. Anderson?" he asked casually at last.

Crang suppressed a crafty smile. Mr. Gilbert Larmon was no fool! Mr. Gilbert Larmon stood here as Mr. R. L. Peters—the telegram had been signed: "Gilbert Larmon." The question that Larmon was actually asking was: How much do you really know?

"Why, yes," said Crang readily. "I did not actually see the telegram, but Bruce told me it was from a friend of his, a Mr. Peters, who would arrive in New York Wednesday night, and whom he seemed to think he needed pretty badly in his present scrape."

Larmon took a turn or two up and down the room. He halted again before Crang.

"I am obliged to admit that I am both anxious and considerably at sea," he said deliberately. "There seems to be an air of mystery surrounding all this that I neither like nor understand. You did not allay my fears last night when you telephoned me. Have you no more to tell me?"


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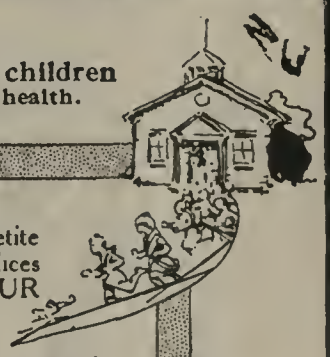
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That's the tribute paid the Canadian artist-author writing for MACLEAN'S, by Henry Alfred Braithwaite, Dean of Canadian North Woods' guides, who has spent sixty-seven years of his lifetime in close communion with the wild woods and the dumb folk who inhabit it.

Mr. Braithwaite reads eagerly every article by Heming published in MACLEAN'S, and out of the great raft of North Woods' lore published nowadays he declares it to be the most sincere and accurate, not to mention its intense human interest. The illustrations drawn by Mr. Heming, he says, always have a great fascination for him, for Heming seems almost to make the tangy odor of balsam gum cling to his reproductions of the deep woods.



*Henry Alfred Braithwaite*

***That is one of the reasons why MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE occupies a most important position in the homes of thousands of Canadians: one reason why they do not want to miss a single issue of MACLEAN'S—why they renew promptly.***

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Henry Alfred Braithwaite is 81 years of age, has spent his life almost exclusively in the northern wilds of New Brunswick since he was fourteen years of age, when he learned wood-craft under the tutelage of Old Gaby, the famous Indian guide of Canadian pioneer days, who later gave exhibitions of his skill at expositions across the ocean.

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***Watch coming issues of MACLEAN'S for the story of Henry Alfred Braithwaite's exploits. Of course you are intensely interested in the Heming series, and in the other outstanding features of MACLEAN'S, and you'll want to read the story about Mr. Braithwaite—therefore do not give your subscription a chance to expire—do not miss an issue—renew well in advance of expiration date.***

MACLEAN'S

"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"


Crang shook his head slowly.

"No," he said. "You've got everything I know. Bruce has been like a clam as far as the nature of what is between himself and this gang is concerned. He will have to tell you himself—if he will. He won't tell me. Meanwhile, he sent you this."

Crang reached into his pocket and took out the envelope addressed to Mr. R. L. Peters, that he had taken pains to seal the night before.

Larmon took the envelope, stepped over to the window, presumably for better light, and opening the letter began to read it.

Crang watched the other furtively. The quill toothpick, from a series of violent gyrations, became motionless between Larmon's lips. The thin face seemed to mold itself into sharp, dogged lines. Again and again, Larmon appeared to read the letter over; and then the hand that held the sheet of paper dropped to his side, and he stood for a long time staring out of the window. Finally he turned slowly and came back across the room.

"This is bad, Mr. Anderson—far worse than I had imagined," he said in a hard voice. "I believe you said you would take me to Bruce. This letter asks me to accompany you, and I see we are to go at once." He motioned toward a box of cigars on the table. "Help yourself to a cigar, Mr. Anderson, and take a chair, while I change and get ready. I will only be a few minutes, if you will excuse me for that length of time?"

Crang's face expressed concern.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Peters," he agreed readily. He helped himself to a cigar, and sat down in a chair. "I'm sorry if it's as bad as that."

LARMON made no answer save to nod his head gravely as he stepped quickly toward the door of the apartment's adjoining room.

Crang struck a match and lighted his cigar. The door of the connecting room closed behind Larmon. A cloud of blue smoke veiled Crang's face—and a leer that lighted his suddenly narrowed eyes.

"So that's it, is it?" grinned Crang to himself. "I wondered how he was going to work it! Well, I guess he would have got away with it, too—if I hadn't got away with it first!"

He sat motionless in his chair—and listened. And suddenly he smiled maliciously. The sound of running water from a tap turned on somewhere on the other side of the connecting door reached him faintly.

"And now a little salt!" murmured Doctor Angus Crang. He blew a smoke ring into the air and watched it dissolve. "And, presto!—like the smoke ring—nothing!"

The minutes passed, perhaps five of them, and then the door opened again and Larmon reappeared.

"I'm ready now," he announced quietly. "Shall we go?"

Crang rose from his chair.

"Yes," he said. He glanced at Larmon, as he tapped the ash from the end of his cigar. Larmon had not forgotten to change his clothes. "I've got a taxi waiting."

"All right," agreed Larmon briskly—and led the way to the elevator.

Out on the street, Crang led the way in turn—to the taxi. Birdie reached out from his seat, and flung the door open. Crang motioned Larmon to enter, and then leaned toward Birdie as though to give the man the necessary address. He spoke in a low, quiet tone:

"Keep to the decent streets as long as you can, so that he won't have a chance to get leery until it won't matter whether he does or not. Understand?"

Birdie touched his cap.

"Yes, sir," he said.

The taxi jerked forward.

"It's not very far," said Crang. He smiled engagingly as he settled back in his seat—and his hand in his coat pocket sought and fondled his revolver.

Larmon, apparently immersed in his own thoughts, made no immediate reply. The taxi traversed a dozen blocks, during which time Crang, quite contented to let well enough alone, made no effort at conversation. Larmon chewed at his quill toothpick until, following a savage little click, he removed it in two pieces from his mouth. He had bitten it in half. He tossed the pieces on the floor, and produced a fresh one from his pocket.

"My word!" observed Crang dryly. "You've got good teeth."

Larmon turned and looked at him.

"Yes, Mr. Anderson, I have!" His voice was level. "And I am going to show them—when I get hold of Bruce."

Crang's expression was instantly one of innocent bewilderment.

"Why," he said, "I thought you—"

"Have you ever met the lady?" Larmon asked abruptly.

"The—lady?" Crang glanced out of the window. Birdie was making good time, very good time indeed. Another five minutes at the outside and the trick was done.

"The woman in the case," said Larmon.

"Oh!" Crang whistled low. "I see! No, I've never met her. I didn't know there was one. I told you he had said nothing to me."

LARMON was frowning heavily; his face was strained and worried. He laughed out suddenly, jerkily.

"I suppose I should give him credit for keeping you at least in the dark," he said shortly; "though it strikes me as more or less of a case of locking the stable door after the horse has gone."

Crang's eyebrows were raised in well-simulated perplexity.

"I don't quite get you, Mr. Peters," he said politely.

"It's of no consequence," Larmon's eyes were suddenly fastened on the window. From an already shabby street where cheap tenements hived a polygot nationality, the taxi had swerved into an intersection that seemed more a lane than anything else, and that was still more shabby and uninviting. "This is a rather sordid neighborhood, isn't it?" he observed curiously.

"It's safe," said Crang significantly.

The taxi stopped.

"We get out here, Mr. Peters," Crang announced pleasantly, as Birdie opened the door. "It's a bit rough, I'll admit; but"—he shrugged his shoulders and smiled—"you'll have to blame Bruce, not me. Just follow me, Mr. Peters—it's down these steps."

He began to descend the steps of a cellar entrance, which was unprepossessingly black, and which opened from the rear of a seedy-looking building that abutted on the lane. He did not look behind him. Larmon had made sure that the letter was to be relied upon, hadn't he?—and it was John Bruce, not anybody else, that Larmon was trusting now. Certainly, it was much easier to lead Larmon as long as Larmon would be led; if Larmon hesitated about following, Birdie stood ready to pitch the other headlong down the steps—the same end would be obtained in either case!

But Larmon still showed no suspicion of the good faith of one William Anderson. He was following without question. The daylight streaking down through the entrance afforded enough light to enable Crang, over his shoulder, to note that Larmon was always close behind him. At a door across the cellar Crang gave two raps, three times repeated, and as the door was opened entered with Larmon beside him.

The man who had let them in—one of three who had evidently been rolling dice at a table close to the entrance—closed the door behind them, and resumed his game.

"If you'll just wait here a minute, Mr. Peters," Crang said breezily. "I'll find Bruce for you."

He did not wait for a reply. It mattered very little as to what Larmon said or did now, anyhow — Larmon's exit was barred by three men! He walked up the length of the low-ceiled, evil-smelling place, and with a key which he took from his pocket unlocked a door at the farther end. As he stepped through the door his revolver was in his hand.

He laughed in an ugly way as John Bruce rose from the mattress and faced him.

"Salt is a great thing, isn't it?" he jeered. He drew from his pocket the slip of paper he had cut from the bottom of the letter, and held it so that John Bruce could see it. Then he put it back in his pocket again. "Understand? He got the rest of the letter, all right; and so he has come down to pay you a little visit. He's outside there now."

John Bruce made no answer.

Crang laughed again.

"You thought you'd double-cross me, did you? You poor fool! Well, it's a showdown now. I'm going to bring him in here—and let you tell him what he's up against. I guess you can convince him.

He's got less than an hour in which to come across—if you are going to sail on that steamer. If you don't make yourself useful to that extent, you go out—for keeps—and Larmon stays here until he ...ntes up—or rots! Is that quite clear?"

John Bruce's lips scarcely moved.

"Yes; it is quite clear," he said.

"I thought it would be!" snarled Crang —and backed out through the door.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### The Hostage

AS CRANG disappeared through the doorway, John Bruce stepped noiselessly forward across the earthen floor. With the door half open and swung inward, it left a generous aperture at the hinges through which he could see down the length of the cave-like den outside.

He was strangely calm. Yes, there was Larmon down there—and Crang was walking toward him. And Crang had left the door open here. Well, why not?—with those three Apaches at that table yonder! Yes, why not? — except that Crang had also left open the way to one last move, left him, John Bruce, one last card to play!

Strange, the cold, unnatural calmness that possessed him! His mind seemed instantaneously to have conceived and created a project that almost subconsciously he was now in the act of putting into effect. He reached out, and extracting the key from the outside of the door, inserted it on the inside of the lock. He smiled grimly. So far, it was quite safe! The door was swung so far inward that the inner edge of it, and therefore his act, certainly could not be seen by any one out there.

A last card! His lips tightened. Well, perhaps! But it was more than that. His unnatural composure had something deeper than that behind it—a passionate fury smoldering on the verge of flame. Larmon was out there—trapped. He could not put Larmon in greater jeopardy now, no matter what he, John Bruce, did personally because Larmon dead would not be worth anything to them. But for himself—to stand and take it all like a sheep at the hands of a damned, cringing—

He brushed his hand quickly across his eyes. Not yet! He needed that cold composure a little longer since it was to be a showdown now. That was what Crang had said—a showdown. And Crang was right! It meant the end—one way or the other. But with luck, if Crang was as yellow as he believed the man to be, the idea of the bluff that had leaped into his mind would work successfully; and if it didn't work—well then, there was the end —and at least it would not be a scathless one for Crang!

The mind works swiftly. Had Crang had time only to walk down *half* the length of that room out there toward Larmon? Yes, he saw Crang halt now, and heard Crang call out sharply to the three men at the table;

"See if he's got a gun!"

JOHN BRUCE, through the crack, saw Larmon whirl around suddenly, as though aware for the first time that he was in danger; saw two of the men grasp Larmon roughly, while the third searched through his clothes.

And then Crang laughed out raucously: "This way, Mr. *Peters*—please! You three can stay where you are—I'll call you if I need you!"

For still another instant, John Bruce watched through the crack. Larmon, though his face was set and stern, advanced calmly to where Crang stood. Crang with a prod of his revolver, pushed him onward. They were coming now—Larmon first, and Crang immediately behind the other. Without a sound, John Bruce slipped around to the other side of the door; and back far enough so that he would not be seen the instant the threshold was reached, crouched down close against the wall.

A second passed.

"Go on in there!" he heard Crang order.

Larmon's form crossed the threshold; and then Crang's—and John Bruce hurled himself forward, striking, even while his hands flew upward to lock like a vise around Crang's wrist that sent the revolver to the soft earthen floor without a sound—and a low, strangling, gurgling noise was alone the result of Crang's effort at a shout of alarm.

"Shut the door—*quietly*! And lock it, Larmon!" John Bruce flung out.

It was an impotent thing. It struck at the air blindly, its fists going like disjointed flails. Strong! He had not just risen from a sick bed this time! John Bruce and the soul within him seemed to chuckle in unison together at this wriggling thing held up by the neck with its feet off the ground. But he saw Larmon, though for the fraction of a second held spellbound in amazement, spring and lock the door. Then his hands tightened on their hold, and he shook Crang till the man's teeth rattled.

"If you make a sound that reaches out there"— he was whispering now with panting, labored breath, as he swung the other over to the corner and forced him down upon the mattress—"it will take too long to break that door in to be of any use to you. Understand?"

"Bruce!"

It was Larmon standing over them. John Bruce scarcely turned his head. His hands were still on Crang's throat, though the man lay cowed and passive now.

"His inside coat pocket!" John Bruce jerked out. "It will save a lot of explanation."

Larmon leaned over and thrust his hand into Crang's pocket. He produced several envelopes, and the slip of paper cut from John Bruce's letter.

"Read the slip!" said John Bruce grimly. "He showed it to me a minute ago when he came in to tell me you were here. It was written in our invisible ink at the bottom of the letter he brought you." He laughed shortly. "When you've read it, I'll introduce you."

LARMON read the slip hurriedly.

"Good God!" he cried out.

"This is Crang," said John Bruce evenly.

"But"—Larmon's face was tense and strained—"how"—

"How did he discover there was anything there to begin with, and then hit on the salt solution!" John Bruce interrupted. "I don't know. We'll find out." He relaxed his hold a little on Crang's throat. "Go on, Crang! Tell us!"

Crang's eyes roved from John Bruce to Larmon and back to John Bruce again. His face was ashen. He shook his head.

"You'll talk!" said John Bruce with ominous quiet. "And the less urging"—his grip began to tighten again—"the better for you."

"Wait!" Crang choked. "Yes—I—I'll tell you. I showed the letter to Claire. She—she cried on it. A tear splash—black letter began to appear. I took the letter home, and—"

Crang's voice died away in a strangling cry. Claire; John Bruce had barely caught any other word but that. Claire! The face beneath him began to grow livid. Claire! So the devil had brought Claire into this too. *Too!* Yes, there was something else. Something else! He remembered now. There was a reckoning to come that was beyond all other reckonings, wasn't there? He would know now what hold this thing, that was beast not man, had upon her. He would know now—or it would end now!

"Claire! D'ye hear?" John Bruce whispered hoarsely. "You know what I mean! What trick of hell did you play to make her promise to marry you? Answer me!"

The thing on the mattress moaned.

"Bruce! For God's sake, Bruce, what are you doing?" Larmon cried out sharply.

John Bruce raised his head and snarled at Larmon. Neither Larmon, nor any other man, would rob him of this now!

"You stand aside, Larmon!" he rasped out. "This is between me and Crang. Keep out of the way!"

He shook Crang again. He laughed. The man's head bobbed limply.

"Answer me!" He loosened his grip suddenly. Queer, he had forgotten that Crang couldn't speak, of course, if he wouldn't let him!

The man gasped, and gasped again, for his breath.

"I give you one second." John Bruce's lips did not move, as he spoke. Crang was slowly strangling.

*(To be Continued.)*


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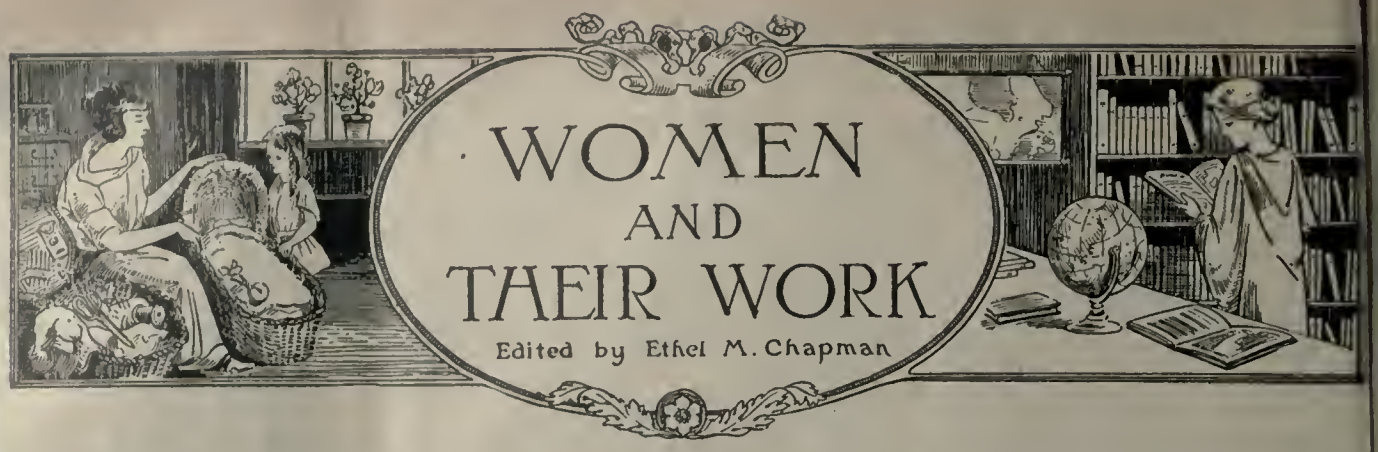
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# New Neighboring of Town and Country

## A New Tie of Interest Through the Soldier Settler's Wife

### By ELIZABETH BAILEY PRICE

WOMEN'S organizations have been floundering in many ways to help immigration with the ultimate goal of making the newcomers good Canadian citizens. Everyone agrees that the foreigner must be Canadianized, that the incoming British settler must be made first content. There are many flag-waving plans advanced, there are lengthy talks on "Empire Building"—and sometimes on an exalted wave of patriotism women forget that one of the very greatest ways in which they can help these English-speaking immigrants is by old-fashioned friendly visits.

With that in mind and to give some practical assistance, eight-day short courses for the wives of the soldier settlers are being put on at the present time in different centres throughout the Dominion, and never has a more helpful practical plan been evolved to inspire new hope and to equip these women with knowledge to meet this new environment.

The need for these courses has been very great; for roughly speaking there are 5,500 soldier settlers in Manitoba, 4,800 in Saskatchewan and 5,500 in Alberta, approximately one-third being married. The new brides from England who have come to a new country, who are facing conditions entirely different from the Old Land, are in need of the education. The experienced mothers, who carried on so bravely while their husbands were overseas, are also in need of a change and a break away from the farms, and it has been proven that many of those who took advantage of the short courses held last year have been kept from giving up in despair and returning to England.

THE Western cities have been quick to respond to the appeal for co-operation from the women's organizations and this year nine courses have been arranged. These have been held during the winter months at various centres.

Winnipeg through the Local Council of Women has billeted three hundred and fifty, Brandon through the same organization is billeting one hundred women. In Dauphin the Local Council of Women is billeting one hundred and twenty. Moose Jaw is preparing for the second year and is billeting two hundred. In Wadena, Sask. the I.O.D.E. is being responsible for one hundred women. In Red Deer the auxiliary to the G.W.V.A. assisted by the Women's Institutes billeted ninety. The Local Council of Women in Lethbridge looked after one hundred women, the Women's Institutes of Edmonton billeted four hundred. Grande Prairie was responsible for seventy-five, while in June a joint committee of all women's organizations will look after two hundred and fifty in Calgary.

The course is eminently practical and is filled to the brim with subjects that will be of the greatest use. A sample course given in Peace River in March, when fifty attended, is as follows:

Saturday: Arrival. Billets arranged.

Sunday: Special Service. (Many settlers on the prairie have not the opportunity to attend church.)

Monday: Demonstration lectures on poultry raising, care and getting ready for the market, bread making, canning fruit, meat and vegetables, gardening—the kitchen garden.

Tuesday: Home nursing, first aid, sewing, use of patterns and remodelling.

Medical examination for infants. Lecture, Beautifying the Home.

Home Nursing, general care of the sick, including symptoms and care of communicable diseases.

Wednesday: Demonstrations in home dairying.

Lectures, Nutrition as applied to milk and vegetables. Demonstration of milk dishes. Community work for women.

Thursday: Home Nursing, Care of the Baby, Demonstration in Laundry Work. Personal Hygiene, Home and Community Sanitation, Demonstration "Quick Breads and Pastry."

EVERY facility for entertainment is provided. The visitors are given the opportunities of attending the theatres, of hearing good music, of visiting creameries. Various societies arrange to give the noon hour meal. In some cities even street car tickets are given them, while a baby clinic —where each child is examined thoroughly, is a splendid feature.

It was Mrs. Mildred McKee Cunningham to whom the inspiration of these short courses and the credit of the pioneer work of organization is due. Being one of the supervisors of the home branch of the Soldiers' Settlement Board she saw the need of this practical empire building. She saw the loneliness of the stranger in a new country. She saw the utter lack of the knowledge of making one's own bread, of even meeting the conditions of climate and space, so peculiarly Canadian conditions—and so, after a great amount of work under her direct supervision the first course was held in Swift Current last year.

The tremendous results of this work cannot be estimated in figures but can be read in heart throbs—in the extracts from various letters, from one of which the following is quoted:—"For months I carried with me my fare to England, determined to return the first opportunity. It was all so lonely, so bare and so strange. Now I am going back to the farm with new hope to try again for I know I have some friends here and perhaps I have not tried as hard as I should."

At the recent convention in Edmonton one little woman said: "It's the first open fireplace I have seen since I left home. I saved my money last year to put in a fireplace. I did the stooking of the grain and my husband paid me for it—the same as a man—one hundred and ten dollars. Then one of the horses died and it had to go to buy another—but I will get it yet."

"I cut brush," said another woman. "And I didn't tell a soul. It seemed a terrible thing to do but since I came to this convention I have found that lots of women have done it—so I'm 'blowing' about it now."

Never has there been any convention or gathering of women that has struck at the hearts of the cities as have these conventions of the soldiers' wives. It is the great opportunity of Canadian women to extend hospitality to the newcomer, and to form some spirit of contact between the woman in the city and the woman on the land.

### SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN WOMEN

THAT *a Canadian girl won the international championship for speed skating is, in itself, enough to stir the pride of every Canadian interested in national sports. The story of how it happened is told by Miss Robinson herself in this issue.*

*Next month we will have the story of how a Canadian girl, working as a humble-salaried stenographer and erstwhile dancing teacher, went to New York to take dancing lessons and instead went seriously into business, working from one objective to another until she now heads a million-dollar corporation.*

*Another Canadian woman has made a success of the novel enterprise of directing the Film Service of Educational Moving Pictures. It was not just an "appointment"; she began by learning to operate the picture machine. Her story will appear in an early issue.*



The Convention of Soldier Settlers' Wives at Edmonton—nearly 300 women and a strong representation of babies attended this convention.



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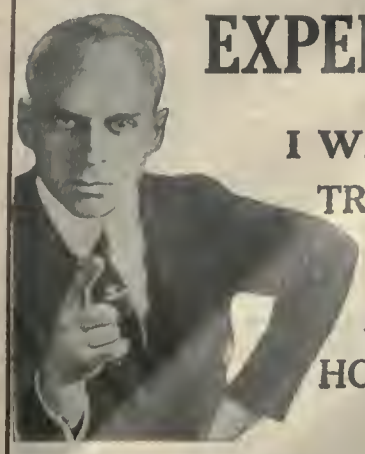
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# How I Trained for Speed Skating—and Won Title

By GLADYS ROBINSON

HOW did I happen to qualify as a speed skater? Probably because from the time I was ten years old I have spent every spare hour possible on the ice, though I was not particularly interested in speed until I was sixteen. After that I used to skate in every girls' race at home and I felt all the envy a girl could possible feel at seeing boys go off to enter the races "on the other side," while no one ever thought of a Canadian girl taking part in an international skating meet. It was at these times that I came nearest to being discouraged and giving up the whole thing—but an opportunity came, as it does to most people when they least expect it.



Miss Gladys Robinson, the Canadian girl who won the championship for speed skating at the International races this winter.

My brother-in-law held the international championship for speed skating and on one of his trips to Lake Placid they asked for a lady skater from Toronto, so he sent for me. That was last winter. At the close of the meet I stood third in a class of eighteen girls. When I found I was going again this year I went into especially hard training, not only in skating but in walking, running, skipping and whatever other exercises my coach advised. I was all for winning and I didn't let late hours or anything interfere with my chances. I even had to give up candy absolutely—that was perhaps what hurt me most of all. But from the time I began training until the time of the race, I brought my weight down from one-hundred-and-fourteen to one-hundred-and-five pounds.

People have asked me if I didn't find the contest something of a nerve strain. It wasn't that at all, possibly because in skating one spends so much time in the open air. Only for the last three days when I was at Lake Placid before the race I couldn't think of anything else. Even lying in bed at night I would think how I'd race, till my muscles would be all drawn up just as though I were racing.

The contest included both the Outdoor Meet at Lake Placid and an Indoor Meet at Pittsburg. There were six events in the Outdoor Meet, distances of one-hundred yards, two-hundred-and-twenty yards, one sixth of a mile, four-hundred-and forty yards, one-half mile, and one mile. I did the hundred yards in twelve seconds flat, the two hundred-and-twenty yards in twenty-four seconds, flat, the sixth of a mile in thirty-two and four-fifths seconds, and the half-mile in one minute and forty-eight and one-fifth seconds. A girl, of course, doesn't try to make a record in a mile race. The idea is for the contestants to take turns in setting the pace for the first five laps, then all skate to win in the last lap. The programme of the Indoor Meet was practically the same, and I was fortunate enough to win every event in this.

Girls with ambitions as speed skaters often ask what qualifications are most necessary. I suppose first, of course, one should have the right type of physique. Height might seem to be an advantage in the way of length of stride, but the records of our fastest skaters contradict this idea. Practically all the world's champions have been small men. Next to having a strong, supple body a girl must have the will to discipline it if she is to make a success of skating as of any other sport. She must be willing to give up anything that will interfere with her highest possible degree of fitness. She would have to give up dancing, for instance, while she was in training for a skating race. Perhaps this is not so much because dancing involves a change in the use of muscles, as because it invariably means late hours and a rather enervating influence—anyway it has to be eliminated from the skater's recreations. The boys and girls will be together at Lake Placid for two weeks and never think of dancing—till the events are over.

But the thing a girl needs more than anything else if she would qualify as a speed skater is determination and perseverance. I used to be dreadfully discouraged sometimes because there were no races for girls here in Canada. It seems to me that we need, very badly, a club to take an interest in skating in all its forms and to promote amateur races. When we tell people in other countries that we just have to battle away individually for ourselves—and this in a country where we have the best facilities in the world for developing skating as a national sport, they can't understand it.

But whether a girl goes in for speed skating or not she misses a great deal if she does not specialize more or less in skating as a recreation. It is one of the most health-building of out-door sports and it gives a sensation nearest to flying of anything I know. I have been asked about hockey as a game for girls. I started it once but was told that I couldn't do both and I liked speed skating better—not because I didn't like the fighting—for there's something in me that thoroughly enjoys a battle.

While I was at Pittsburg, the promoter of professional races asked me to compete as a professional in Switzerland next year. The idea of the trip appealed to me and the promotor pointed out that it would be a fine proposition financially. The people at home, however, advised me to think it over and after all it's a sport; I'm not in it for the money I can make out of it. In one way it's a good time to stop, to turn professional, while one's a winner as an amateur, because one may not win the next race, but I have lots of time and I think I'll stay amateur for a while yet.

# Some Schoalstic Milestones

*Viewpoint on First Entering School of Three Generations, 1862, 1892 and 1920.*

BASIL HASTINGS

IT IS generally considered that the attitude of father to son and that of son to father have changed considerably during the last generation or two. In an article in the *English Review* Mr. Hastings quotes three letters. The first written in 1862 by a father to his son on the occasion of his first going to a public school, as the large colleges are called in the Old Country, the second in 1892 by that son when he had a boy similarly situated and the third by the grandson of the first father in 1920.

These letters in Mr. Hastings' opinion prove that the present day attitude of father to son and of son to father is identical in all essentials with that in the middle sixties. Let the reader judge for himself. Here are the letters in part:—

1862.

"I have read again and again your last letter—that cry of agony at being separated from those who love you and whom you love so much. I am grieved to the heart to think of your unhappiness. I hope you will try your best to overcome your feelings as you cannot but be convinced that what we have done has been for your benefit. . . . .

"You make an excuse about writing with a quill pen. There is no need for that. It is the best sort of pen, and the writing looks much better and more free than when done with a steel pen. And I don't like excuses about writing generally. Write as well as you can. This will show that you respect the person you are writing to. Above all, be natural. Avoid affectation and long words.

"I would send you a paper now and then, but I think you would not be allowed to have it. There are so many objectionable things published in journals now. You never received the number of Dickens I sent you. I suppose your superiors think it objectionable reading.

"We are all going to the Exhibition tomorrow. It is to be kept open till the end of October, I believe, and there is some talk of having it lit up at night by gas. If this proposal is adopted, it is expected that vast numbers will visit the great collection in the evenings."

1892

"I have received your letter of the 19th September. I understand how you feel and assure you that my feelings were just as poignant when I first went to ———. I would have great anxiety about you if I did not recall how very soon my own home-sickness wore off, and how happy and interested I very shortly became. Your mother and I are selfish enough to be glad that it has hurt you so to be separated from us. We both know—and I more particularly—that you will be vastly happier than you could ever be at home. Of course, if you find your position intolerable, I will take you away. But I am confident that in a few weeks, in a few days, perhaps, you will have discovered ——— as a very perfect place indeed.

"Certainly, put your name down for the elocution examination. It does not matter that you have had no practice. It would have an electrical effect if you were to recite the stories of St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke and St. John, articulating each syllable with a determination that not one person in the theatre should miss hearing a single word. This method of articulate pronunciation, slowly mouthing every word, is sure to 'fetch' the examiner, and the oddness of the subject—historical narrative—not poetry, would excite his sympathy.

"There were several inaccuracies in your letter, words left out, etc. It is a good plan to read your letters through after writing them, and weigh every sentence, word and syllable, with a view to stating all facts precisely and your views generally. Never sacrifice perspicuity to brevity.

"Our seventeenth cat has departed. What will be, in order of succession, the number of the cat installed here when you return? Time and the event alone will show."

1920

"Of course, —— is topping. Wasn't I there? You begin your letter by saying 'I have tons to tell you.' But the only information conveyed to me is that shredded wheat may be bought at the tuck-shop as well as sweets, that jam is not obtainable, but that brown sugar and cocoa are. My dear boy, I am not interested in sweets. I ate my last candy seventeen years ago.

"You say: 'I'm sorry I didn't write, but I can't, for I never get a chance, but as soon as I do I shall write, because I like it. There is so much to tell!' Very well. I take you at your word. When you are able to snatch an hour from your crowded day, tell me if there are any buildings still standing beside the tuck-shop. Tell me if the boys go anywhere else all day but to the tuck-shop. Tell me not when the tuck-shop is open, but when it is shut. Tell me what you do between, say, shredded-wheat time and jam-time, between

jam-time and sweet-time, and, above all, how you employ yourself after cocoa p.m.

"Your letter concludes in minatory terms: 'You are allowed to send me a certain amount of cakes and sweets, but not a great amount to make you ill. The only reason they stop it is because if everybody was getting huge cakes every day we'd all be ill.' Well, my son, I know one boy who will not get a huge cake every day. I had quite made up my mind to send you a 14-pounder every week-day and a 20-pounder on Sundays, but your warning came just in time. I have cancelled the order for the cakes, and am happy to think I have so provided an anticipatory prophylactic for any prospective me-grims.

"You will probably discover some money in this letter. I want you to understand that I do not send it. The cash, if there, has been screwed out of the housekeeping money by your sentimental mother, and should, properly speaking, have been expended on table delicacies for your harassed father."

## Japanese Manners

LOLA HOY

"GOING out to tea in Japan," says Miss Hoy in the London *Daily Mail*, "means that you will be certain of getting a beverage to drink that will be as fresh and fine as human ingenuity can accomplish. For your hostess will grind the tea leaves to a fine powder just before pouring on the boiling water.

"And if you do not eat the cakes or sweet offered you with the tea, your hostess will wrap them up in paper and give them to you to take away when you depart.

"Visiting cards in Japan have the name printed in Japanese ideográphs on one side and in English characters on the other.

"The atmosphere of Japan is communalistic. Nobody works alone. If you hire a workman to do a job he will bring his whole family along. This means easy work for many pairs of hands instead of hard work for one. Even his wife will not be left out, or his children. The wife brings the baby strapped on to her back, and the older children have the tiny ones of the family strapped on in the same way.

"The Japanese laborer is very 'free.' He has not any strictly defined 'hours' He comes early and goes late. And if he is tired in the middle of a job, he just huddles up and goes to sleep. The women do this oftener than the men. And nobody objects.

"When it rains heavily horses are dressed in a sort of straw armour. And the rickshaw coolies also wear large capes made of straw.

"Japanese bathing costumes are the *motif* of many travellers' tales. Mixed bathing there means nudity also. But the European who would understand the real Japanese attitude in this matter should lodge—if a man—in one of the native emigrant hotels, where, when he goes to take his bath, he will probably find fellow-bathers of all ages and both sexes. Should he feel like recoiling, so will they. For though they do not mind nudity and do not mind bathing in the same water with one another, they do not like the idea of using it with a foreigner!"

## Pity the Paris Flappers

*London Times*

GIRL employees in certain Government offices in Paris are forbidden to wear anything that can be regarded in the official view as "useless luxury." Furs, silk stockings, and jewelry are to go. This is all very well for the genuine worker, who in most cases is unable to afford such joys, but what of the girl whose idea of work is simply a means of gaining pocket-money and of finding escape from the dullness of home? The task of the head of the department, who will have to adjudicate as to the exact meaning of the phrase "useless luxury," is hardly enviable, but the lot of the down-trodden girl who will be forcibly prevented wearing silk transparent stockings on a cold winter day is much worse, and it is hardly to be expected that she will put up with such sumptuary interference.




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*– By Fontaine Fox*

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"The realization of the above objects will lead to employment during the Reconstruction Period, and bears our entire approval.

THE CANADIAN TRADE COMMISSION.

*Commissioner.*

54


# Maybe Adam Laughed at These?



**Almost Out.**—*Caller.*—"Is Mrs. Jones at home?"

*Cook-General.*—"She is, but she aint 'ardly in a fit state to see anybody. She's just bin givin' me notice."—*Punch* (London).

---

**Naturally.**—"There goes a fellow who chased around for years trying to land a political job."

"Well, what does he do now?"

"Nothing—he's got the job."

—Kansas City *Star*.

---

**Answered.**—"Charles," said the teacher "can you tell me what a coincidence is?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Charles, "we've got one at our house."

"Well, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Twins."—Vancouver *Sun*.

---

**There's a Reason.**—"It's ten years now since he left me," said the deserted wife. "I remember it just as well as yesterday—how he stood at the door, holding it open till four flies got into the house."—New York *Times*.

---

**What He Loses.**—It is all right for a man to get married. It is the natural thing and the desirable thing for him to do. But he should understand one thing. When he gets married he exchanges the friendly interest of every other woman in the world for the open suspicion of one.—Philadelphia *Ledger*.

---

**Apostolic Fame.**—The Sunday-school teacher was explaining the lesson to some children in the infant class.

"That is Peter," she said, pointing to a figure on the chart, "and this is John."

"Oh," exclaimed a little girl, in great surprise, "I thought Peter was a rabbit!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

---

**Economy Hint.**—"You waste too much paper," said the editor.

"But how can I economize?"

"By writing on both sides."

"But you won't accept stories written on both sides of the sheet."

"I know, but you'd save paper just the same."—Boston *Transcript*.

---

**A Novelty.**—The chief guest at the party was a peer, and it was something new to the daughter of the house, aged five, to hear anyone addressed by a servant as "My Lord." When sufficient familiarity had been established, she cross-examined the distinguished guest on the subject. "Why do they call you 'my Lord'? Were you born in a manger?"—*Tit-Bits*.

---

**Too Conjugal.**—Little Ethel, who was shopping with her aunt, listened while the gruff but intelligent clerk remonstrated:

"Madam, I am sure you will not need so much material. You will find five yards quite ample."

As soon as they had left the shop Ethel exclaimed, indignantly:

"Auntie, I didn't like that man, not one bit! Why, he talked to you just like he was your husband!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

---

**Where?**—Joseph and Isaac went to hear Billy Sunday preach, and after service, as they were going home Joseph said:

"Vell, Isaac, vat you t'ink of him?"

"I didn't like him," said Isaac. "Too much hell. It was hell, hell, hell, all the time. And I don't believe there is any hell, Joseph."

"No hell?" asked Joseph, in amazement.

"No," answered his friend.

"Vell, then, Isaac," said Joseph, "if there is no hell, where is bizness gone?"—*Judge*.



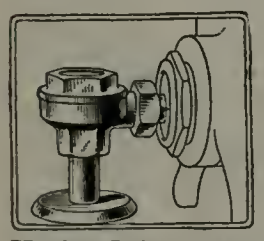
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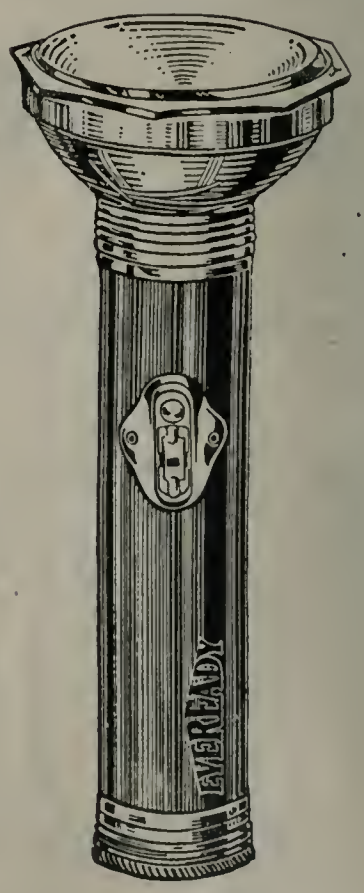
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## How Much "Blue Sky" Legislation is Required?

HOW far should the State go to protect an investor against the unwise expenditure of his money? This question constantly recurs in legislative and financial circles, and has given rise to many attempts to ameliorate an evil by the enactment of what is known as a "Blue Sky" law. The term had its origin from the habit of stock salesmen to promise investors everything up to the blue sky, and has given rise to many protective laws in the United States and elsewhere which have met with only partial success in the attainment of their object. During recent months the question has been up in several Canadian provinces. British Columbia has just enacted a Blue Sky law, which gave rise to the suggestion that Ontario would follow that example, but the Legislature of the latter Province has been too pressed with other business to consider it this session. Saskatchewan has a bill called the Sale of Shares Act, under which application has to be made for the right to sell shares in the Province. Some seven enterprises were refused permission under that law last year.

Recently the Canadian Mining Institute discussed Blue Sky legislation, and J. P. McGregor, a Toronto lawyer who has given attention to the subject, praised the existing Companies Act in Ontario as something which, if fully observed, would go a long way to supply the required protection, so far as companies incorporated in Ontario are concerned. Promoters of other companies, however, can send salesmen into the Province, and, although there is a certain obligation in the way of filing of prospectus, it is to be feared that this requirement is not always observed. Consequently, such a Province is open to being flooded with securities regarding which no information is on record. With well-schooled salesmen they press their stock upon the uninformed and frequently win out through the promise of high dividend returns. It is a common thing to urge the holders of Victory bonds to sell their bonds and buy, say, an oil stock upon which a return of twice as high a rate is promised. Urged on by the reward of an extravagant commission, the stock salesmen go to unreasonable length in their promises of return.

Letters from investors are constantly received by this department showing the mass of worthless material which has been sold to uninformed buyers here and there throughout Canada. Flashy advertisements, some of them in responsible newspapers, but others happily excluded from more particular publications, have been used to influence those who would put money into stocks in the hope of a quick accumulation of wealth. Many people rely upon their ability to detect honesty or otherwise in the personality of a salesman, and it is to be regretted that not a few unworthy stocks are sold by men who probably are personally honest and may thoroughly believe in what they are saying, but the basic conditions of the enterprise are such that the profits promised are impossible of realization. This is where it seems that some State protection should be available. It is too much to expect that the old aphorism, "A fool and his money are soon parted," can be repealed by any legislature, but at least the man with foolish proclivities where money is concerned should commit his folly with his eyes open.

### How Drastic Should Law Be?

THERE is a great difference of opinion as to how far Blue Sky legislation should be enacted without the danger of committing errors to offset the benefits derived. There is always the difficulty also of overcoming the opposition which a voluble, if not always defensible, element in a community may raise. Two years ago the Province of Ontario had a measure of this kind before the Legislature, but opposition from the mining districts led to its being dropped. Thomas Mulvey, the Under-secretary of State for Canada, and one of the best informed men on the subject in the Dominion, takes a conservative view of the State's rights on this subject, and favors the Companies Act enforced in Great Britain and largely followed in Ontario. The difficulty about such a law, however, is that it is apt to be ignored by daring promoters, and that already exists through the habit of certain outsiders to enter the Province and offer exceedingly questionable securities without interference from anybody. An obstacle that is met early in the efforts to reform a matter of this kind is the fact that too much is made of the Government's attitude when securities have to be submitted in any way to a Government bureau for approval. Unscrupulous salesmen are quick to tell a buyer that their enterprise has the approval of the Government, whereas the Government can give no guarantee that any enterprise will be efficiently or even honestly managed once it has reached the point of production.

The moral of this tale, if it has one, is that the investor should be perpetually on his guard. Of the many letters reaching this department, asking for information regarding securities, it might be said that nine out of every ten merit the answer: "Don't buy it." Many Dominion and Provincial securities, and not a few municipal issues, are at the disposal of Canadian investors at the present time, yielding from six to seven per cent., and in the buying of this no risk is run. When the isolated investor thinks wealth-getting too slow under these conditions and reaches out for something of an unknown and doubtful character, offering 10 per cent. or more, he is entering the realm of risk, from which, from his position in most cases, he should stay away.

### Retailers Buying Cautiously

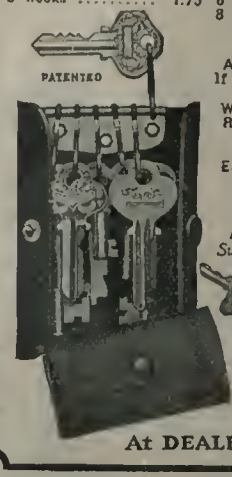
BUSINESS in Canada still waits on deflation. Encouraging signs which have come with spring give rise to the belief that the period of stagnation is near its end, although certain important basic conditions remain in an unsatisfactory state. The approach of Easter stimulated retail trade in many sections of the country, and the weeks which have followed have seen a continuance in large degree of the activity which began with women's thoughts of new clothes and millinery and extended to a variety of other lines. House decoration has taken a new impetus, but it cannot be said that house building


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*In All Leathers 40c to $4.00*




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## The Banker's Gauge of the Cost Leak in Your Business




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Do you measure this expense with as much care even as you bestow upon your outlay for heat, light, power or rent?

No employer, perhaps, is so indifferent to his costs as to put a clerical staff to work without a working schedule. An office so conducted passes the imagination; its condition would be—chaos.

The systematic, well-ordered office time schedule is a means of computing the selling price of doing business. Such a schedule, logically carried out, insures:

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2.—PUNCTUALITY—which fosters discipline, develops strength of character and checks the careless or disrespectful.

3.—GOODWILL—which is fostered by a sense of the Square Deal—by the knowledge that while the undertime check is a silent reprimand to the employee, the overtime check is noted by the management, to the employee's benefit.



If you concede that a working time schedule is necessary or desirable in your office, should you not carry it out logically?

The one means of maintaining an office time schedule—of obtaining the full benefits it yields—is offered by the International Time Recorder.

International Time Recorders are being employed with complete satisfaction in many of the world's most successful financial and commercial institutions. Their accurate, legibly-printed, mechanically-made records are widening every day their sphere of service and usefulness in offices, banks and stores.

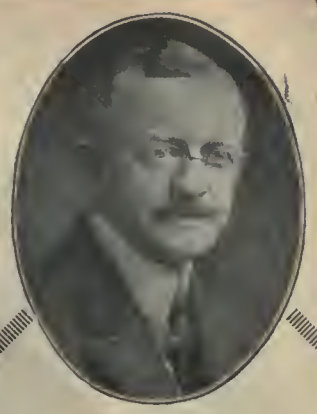
International Time Recorders are constructed to meet every payroll need. You don't need to build a business to fit a machine—let us show you how our machines will fit your business.

### A FEW OF THE CANADIAN OFFICES USING THE INTERNATIONAL TIME RECORDER

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Canadian Pacific Railway Co.
Ford Motor Company
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E. W. Gillett Company
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Co.
Consumers' Gas Company
Toronto Carpet Company
John D. Ivey
W. J. Gage & Company
Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Brown's Copper and Brass Mills
Canada Metal Company
Steel Radiator Company
Patterson Manufacturing Co.
Christie, Brown Company
Page-Hersey Iron Company
Toronto Electric Light Co.
Fairweather's Limited
John Northway & Co.
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Belding Paul Company
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Mason & Risch
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B.C. Agency Corporation
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London Life Insurance Co.
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**We frequently have for sale a good line of second-hand time recorders, from $60 upward. By buying an International you have the assurance—not merely the promise—of CONTINUED SERVICE.**

# INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES CO., Limited
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## A MESSAGE by Frank E. Mutton

### The Banker's Counsel

Money. What is money? Money is a combination of a clock tick and a drop of sweat.

Do bankers think only in terms of money? Some may, but all do not. There is a much more valuable element in the make-up of the world than money ever was, namely: TIME.

Many persons doubtless believe that the banker concentrates only on the dollar and overlooks that vital element: TIME. The banker would be in the position of a wonderful counsellor if he would familiarize himself with just what "TIME" means in any business employing labor, and to render this counsel it would be well to search with a spotlight for the serious leak in the businesses of his clients. In such a search he would find the shortest route to the leak by following the clue which lies in the word **TIME.**

Time is the ever-fleeting element that men so little value, the most elusive factor in any business, and it would be profitable not only to the banker but to his client if he would by analysis learn how much time his client purchases for office help, warehouse help or factory help. Then he could compare that PURCHASED TIME with what is even more vital: PRODUCTIVE TIME, satisfying both his client and himself that the records of the productive time were such as could not be altered or tampered with by any human agency. With this information, the banker would have his finger on the factor which stands between failure and success. For in every business success or failure hinges on time and how it is utilized.

Probably few bankers realize that, even in a business with only a hundred employees who come or go four times a day, if each employee were to lose in those "ins and outs" only ten minutes a day, a loss of 5,200 hours annually would be piled up. At a fair wage of to-day's rating, say 60 cents an hour, the loss in money exceeds $3,000 each year; and this is the smallest loss, since it does not include the enormous loss in production. What must be the loss in a plant of 200, 300, 500 or 1,000 people? Or on the other hand, if you choose, base your survey on a smaller business, of say only 20 persons.

I have heard many men contend that they did not suffer any such losses, but by practical demonstrations in their own plants at the starting and leaving hours, they have come to realize that our estimate of loss is the minimum.

The element to deal with is "TIME." Never mind the money! Control "TIME" and the money comes itself—and bear in mind that the value of time will never drop. If every man in Canada realized the vital value of every minute, our tax burdens would soon be reduced and adverse exchange would soon disappear. Instead, this would be a wonderful, busy, hustling and thriving nation. Our national success depends solely on our proper valuation of "TIME."

My message to the financial men of Canada is: You would help yourselves, you would help your clients, and your country if you would assist in stopping the leak of time. I know what I am talking about by virtue of actual experience, in painstaking analyses in large numbers of Canadian plants in which our product has been successfully employed.

The youths of our country are not taught the value of punctuality early enough in life. If every child could make a printed record of his arrivals and departures from school the effect would be profound, far-reaching and beyond computation on the moral and mental fibre of the nation's citizenship.

Frank E. Mutton



# They're Safe—Whew—What a Relief!

PART I.—*Night.*
The night-worker—and a carelessly-tossed cigarette.

PART II.—*Later.*
A flicker—a sudden flare—then flame. Dense smoke from the second storey window. In goes an alarm—and the helmeted rubber-coats are on the job.

PART III.—*The Aftermath.*
Spattered walls—water everywhere—but in spite of disorder and confusion, *the records are safe.* That curtain of asbestos held the fort.

## Fire-Wall Filing Cabinets
### Steel-*plus*-Asbestos

You won't get an advance notice if fire visits you. It comes upon you stealthily and generally in the dark hours. You can't prevent it—but you can increase the "margin of safety" against its attack.

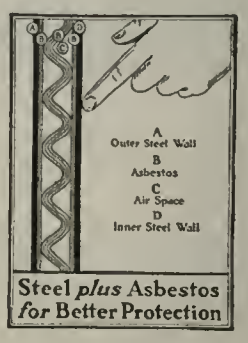
"Fire-Wall" Filing Cabinets are a pledge of better protection for business records. More than the rugged strength of steel commends them—for steel alone conducts heat. In "Fire-Walls" a curtain of asbestos, between two sturdy steel walls, stands between your vital business records and the sorry aftermath of fire's visitation.

"Fire-Wall" means an increased "margin of safety" for your records. Consider this when buying *your* equipment.

Send to-day for a free copy of "Protection for Your Business Records." Address nearest service store or Home Office.

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*The "Office Specialty" Direct Name Filing System in "Fire-Wall" Filing Cabinets is the ideal combination for modern business records.*

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## Built For All-Round Office Work

Sure Shot stapling machine binds strongly, securely, and will drive a staple through one-quarter inch material. It is stout and durable. It will be useful to your office for rapid, reliable work. Saves time and trouble; is automatic; simple; clog-proof.

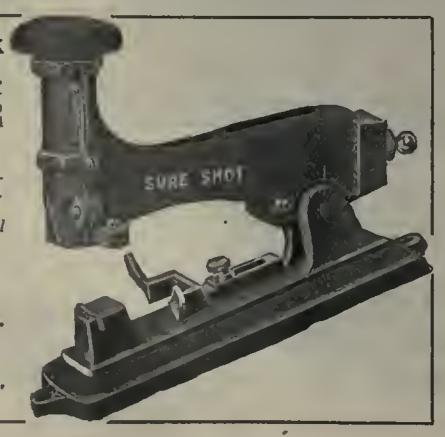
*Sure Shot is one of the "Acme" Family*

There is an "Acme" machine to meet every requirement, from the binding of fine silks, delicate paper, to carpet samples.

*If your requirements are peculiar we will make a special machine to serve your purpose satisfactorily*

**Write to-day, stating your requirements. An "Acme" Machine will save time and money for you.**

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Acme Stapling Machine Co., Limited, Camden, N.J.
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has recovered from its stale-mate, for the question of high prices and high wages remains unsolved, to the dismay of thousands of would-be builders. Reports from industrial centres in nearly all parts of Canada indicate an improved condition of activity, though the plant which is running at capacity is quite the exception. It has been expected that the improvement in retail trade would gradually be reflected in wholesale and manufacturing circles, but so far the retailer is replenishing in a cautious hand-to-mouth manner which prevents the other departments of trade feeling any distinct recovery in their orders. The retailer has been caught once with a large quantity of unsold goods on his hands, and he does not intend to repeat that experience at this early date, if he can help it.

How far the retailer can be said to have played his part in the process of deflation remains still a much-discussed question. It is certain that the consumer has not reaped his share of the advantage of reduced prices as early as he expected. It is not possible to analyze retail prices in any final manner, because prices vary greatly in different stores and in different cities. The position of an average family, however, as it is analyzed by the index figures by the Department of Labor, Ottawa, from figures gathered in sixty Canadian cities, is an indication that in necessities the citizens of Canada have benefited little as yet from the expected reduction in prices. A family budget costing $7.73 per week for foods in January, 1914, moved up to $16.91 in June, 1920, and since then has receded to $14.08 in February of this year, but is still 95.1 per cent. above pre-war prices, having only declined 16.8 from the peak. In the United States there has been a decline of 21.4 per cent. from the peak. In the items of food, fuel, light and rent for an average family in Canada, there was a rise from $14.49 in January, 1914 to $26.91 in July 1920, which has since dropped to $24.81 in February of this year, a decline of only 7.8 per cent., the advance being still 78.05 per cent. above pre-war figures.

### Wholesale Prices Decline Slowly

IN WHOLESALE prices the showing is also unfavorable, though a much greater decline has taken place than in the necessities above mentioned. The following table epitomizes the wholesale price situation in four countries, and shows that Canada has made relatively less progress in the return to normal prices than the United States or Great Britain. The table shows the percentage of advance from 1914 to the peak, which occurred in all cases about the middle of 1920, and the percentage of advance of present prices above the prices of 1914:

Wholesale Prices

| | *Peak Above 1914* | *Now Above 1914* |
|---|---|---|
| Canada | 164.9 | 100.6 |
| United Kingdom | 225.5 | 101.8 |
| United States | 119.9 | 55.2 |
| France | 427.8 | 276.5 |

This revelation at once raises the question as to how healthy the present economic situation in Canada may be considered. There has been a regular and orderly descent in prices, and it is continuing. It is generally thought this is the preferable method of recovering from the feverish business conditions of war-time, but the question is raised as to whether this decline in prices can be expected to continue, with every little recovery in demand showing a tendency to stiffen the quotations of producers, and thus delay the reaching of bottom so much desired. Summer will bring its own contributions to the cure in the harvesting of great quantities of food, but already the farmer's products have sunk to prices which to him, at least, are unprofitable. This shows that the leaders of the Farmers' Party have logic on their side when they declare that the spread is too wide between the price the farmer receives and the price the consumer pays. The experience of 1920 may be invoked, however, to show that the summer season has a tendency to bring down prices, and, if to the record of the Winter when the steady decline continued is an acceleration during the producing season, we may soon reach the point of equilibrium which is necessary before the upward movement in business volume may be expected.

Now that the enactment of an emergency tariff law by the United States Congress called in April in special session appears to be taken for granted, there are fresh con-

siderations in Canada to the question as to where future markets may be found, if the farm produce now admitted to the United States free of duty is to be subject to a customs tariff that will be prohibitive. The United States, of course, has the right to form its own tariff policy, but it may be remarked that many sound thinkers even in that country have denounced the emergency tariff idea and reminded the rulers of the Republic that they cannot hope to sell unlimited quantities to the rest of the world while at the same time erecting a wall against the products of other countries. Even President Harding has admitted that in his inauguration speech, but when it comes to dealing with a Congress egged on by hectic constituents, he has to face a (political) condition and not a theory.

### Foreign Trade Development

A MOVEMENT has been observed in Canada for some weeks in favor of a more aggressive development of foreign trade and particularly in the United States itself. It is somewhat astonishing to find that, while Canada has trade agents in many countries of the world, it has none in the United States, although the latter country has now become Canada's best customer. In the twelve months ending February, exports of Canadian produce to the United States amounted to $551,678,226, against $322,563,091 to the United Kingdom. This is a reversal of a position so steadily held in the past, and shows the necessity of cultivating this greatest and nearest market. It is commonly thought that the United States merely buys raw materials from Canada to make them up in its own factories, but an analysis shows that more than half of Canada's sales to the United States last year were partly or wholly manufactured goods. The United States maintains nearly one hundred trade agents in Canada, who are steadily on the lookout for business for United States traders and manufacturers. No one does that in the United States for Canadian enterprises, and yet the volume of exports has rolled up to the enormous sum mentioned. A good case can, therefore, be made for prosecuting this market with greater vigor. Still more important, it is essential that it should be studied and prosecuted scientifically, especially in the face of impeding tariff measures, which will cut off several important exports from this side. An energetic series of bureaus established by Canada throughout the Republic could quickly prove the connecting link with Canadian business houses having materials for sale which might be wanted in unknown and unheard-of corners of the neighboring country. It is claimed that the system could be at once made self-supporting, just as the United States agencies in Canada have been made even profitable through the charge of a small percentage on all invoices of goods shipped from one country to the other.

## Answers to Inquiries

W.P.S., *Owen Sound, Ont.*—Opinions differ as to the merits of Sinclair Oil, on which you have paid a large sum in margins. A large oil producer takes the view that you had better take your loss and get out, holding that the company has not been conspicuous for good management. Brokers in close touch with oil securities take the ground that surely bottom has been reached, and, in view of the enormous demand for oil and the prospect of a rising stock market before long, the position of your shares should shortly improve. In any case, it is not wise to invest so much in one security, as your risk is intensified where it might be greatly reduced were the money put into different companies' stocks.

W.H.W., *Winnipeg, Man.*—We understand par value of shares in Abbey's Effervescent Salt Company is $2.50. Shares are now selling on the curb in Toronto at 30 to 35 cents. No dividends are being paid, and it is thought some years may elapse before that occurs. The company is said to be making fair headway, and it might be all right for a long hold.

A.G.P., *Montreal, Que.*—Silver mines are at a disadvantage at present, owing to low price of silver, and insufficient reduction as yet in production costs. We think the prospects of the better class of gold mines are better for the immediate future, as there is no reduction in the price of their product, and the premium on New York funds is likely to continue.

P.A.F., *Halifax, N.S.*—There does not appear to be any very good reason for making the shift in investment in Canadian Government bonds which you suggest. In a few years, your present holdings should be materially above par, and it looks to us as if it would work out about the same in the long run.

R.E., *Bienfait, Sask.*—We have no record of the Ottawa Petroleum Products, Ltd., Suggest you communicate with Calgary, which is supposed to be its headquarters. Oil operations in Southern Alberta have not yet accomplished much for shareholders.

T.J.B., *Oshawa.*—Apex Gold Mine is a working prospect at South Porcupine, in the vicinity of Dome Mines. Little progress has been made in development, and it has never come to the point of production. The stock sells around 2 cents, although par value is $1. There is no indication at present of the property being pushed to a profitable earning basis.

R.E.H., *Grand Valley, Ont.*—The present does not seem a good time to invest in stocks based on motor trading, as the industry has been suffering from over-production and a depressed market. The brokers you name are not as yet widely known.

VARIOUS INQUIRERS.—The persistent offering of stock by the salesmen of the L. R. Steel Co. has prompted inquiries from different parts of Canada. The Canadian branch has not been long in existence, but its salesmen have made their presence felt in many directions. The *United States Investor*, Boston, in a criticism of the enterprise promoted by L. R. Steel, says: "The whole enterprise is no more and no less than an effort to get as many millions of dollars together as possible for exploiting whatever ability Leonard R. Steel may possess. Maybe he really is a genius; he would have to be to justify what the sellers of this stock are told to say about their offerings. Nobody short of a genius can do for the thousands of people who have bought this stock what they think is going to be done for them. The trouble is, however, that his former business associates have never classified him as a genius, but simply as an able man with the strength, and some of the frailties, too, that are more or less common among able men, and with the ability to accomplish just as much and more in the line of miracles than human beings who fall short of genius, can accomplish. If he really can work out any such results for L. R. Steel, Inc., as his salesmen predict, he will have to rise to heights of business skill far above any that he has ever reached before."

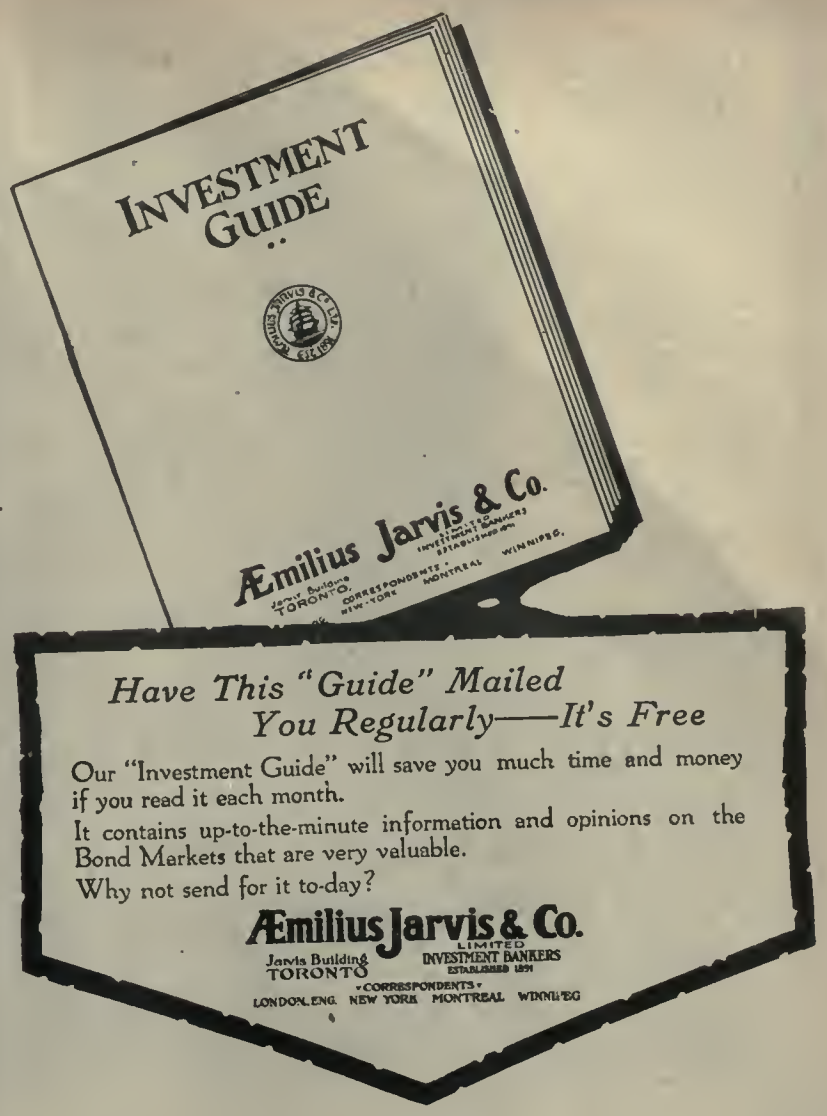
With such an estimate from the country where the leader of the enterprise is best known, Canadian investors should think twice before accepting the ultra-rosy promises of such salesmen.

L. T., *Davidson, Sask.*—(1) Allen Theatres, Ltd., are an enterprising corporation in the moving picture business, and are paying dividends of 2 per cent. quarterly on preferred. The company named is a holding company, and altogether about 60 motion picture houses in Canada are controlled. Allowing for the possibility of the movie craze subsiding and for the business being possibly overdone, the company's preferred stock should be a fair speculation. Write to Allen Theatres, Ltd., Toronto, for information.

(2) National Securities Corporation does not appear in the Toronto City Directory for 1921.

### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.*




## Deco-Tint Products

**DECOTINT**
A sanitary cold water paint for walls and ceilings.

**HAT-BRITE**
Straw Hat Enamel.

**POLISH-OL**
Auto and furniture polish.

**METAL-BRITE**
A metal polish for all metal surfaces.

**DECO-WAX**
A paste polish for floors, furniture, woodwork, automobiles, &c.

**STOVE PIPE ENAMEL**
**SHOE ENAMEL**




# "John, You Can Do the Walls with DECOTINT!"

Anybody can do a good job with DECOTINT. Just mix with cold water and apply with a suitable wall brush. Result—walls and ceilings exactly as you want them, durably and artistically decorated at moderate cost.

DECOTINT eliminates all the guesswork in suitable color selection. The DECOTINT color chart shows you exactly how your walls and ceilings will look when finished. And you have a choice of twenty-two delicate tints, making it an easy matter to plan the interior wall and ceiling decoration of a single room or your entire home

*Deco-Tint Products are sold under the Blue Label by all good hardware and drug stores*

**The Deco-Tint Company**
**897 Centre Street** **Montreal**




# A Twenty Thousand Dollar Financial Expert

There are few men who could afford to have a personal financial expert to assist them in making the right kind of investments—the safe, sound investments that can be passed on as "an enduring" legacy.

And still fewer could afford to employ an expert who demanded a fee of $20,000 a year. But this is exactly what you have at your disposal—almost at your elbow—in the Investors' Inquiry Service of THE FINANCIAL POST.

Readers of THE FINANCIAL POST, through this service, can have the securities they are considering thoroughly investigated before spending a single cent. Men skilled in getting at the hidden factors and bed-rock facts that determine the value of stocks and bonds are at your service. Often securities many think are valuable are found to be unpromising, sometimes mere scraps of paper when the underlying features are uncovered.

THE FINANCIAL POST
143 University Ave., Toronto.

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# MACLEAN'S

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# THE GATES OF WU



Stretched across the roadway lay Don Craig.

BEING THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF STORIES OF

# THE GATES OF TIEN T'ZE

## By LESLIE HOWARD GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

CHAPTER I.—*"Stop Press"*

"HE WAS a little man with the face of a rat and the soul of a rabbit; it didn't seem he could have a brain."

Over and over again that one sentence kept ringing in Donald Craig's ears. As a description of Patrick Leverton it had at one time seemed apt beyond question, but that time had been five years ago. Now, with the stop-press report of Patrick Leverton's suicide before him, Craig's better judgment cried out that the words were a libel.

Don Craig stretched out his hand and secured a tobacco-jar from the little table at his side. Absently he filled his pipe, not noticing even that, though cold, it was but half smoked.

It was barely six months since he had met Patrick Leverton, the prominent Anglo-American journalist; met him, grown friendly with him, liked him, admired him, in spite of the little man's unfortunate exterior and the nervousness which he covered by an equally unfortunate and unattractive pose. "A little man with the face of a rat and the soul of a rabbit"—that was how Patrick Leverton appeared to the casual observer. Don Craig was one of the very few who had pierced the little man's disguise and glimpsed beneath it the tragic compound of infinite courage, infinite integrity, and a boundless aching longing for affection from someone and anyone, which was the real Patrick Leverton.

Leverton was dead, shot in his own study in broad daylight; no one had been with him at the time of the shot; there was no other conclusion to come to but suicide, and this conclusion was further helped out by the one dying word which he had uttered in the arms of his valet: "Woman." The word had been said slowly, quite distinctly, and there had been no attempt at further speech, not even to prefix the article to the word. The deduction was obvious: Leverton had allowed himself to have a love affair; it had turned out wrong—how else could it turn out in Pat Leverton's case? He had given away to his momentary despair. Not a very interesting case, and hardly worth notice but for the fact that he had been one of the world's foremost journalists.

And yet Don Craig was not satisfied. For a second time he allowed the pipe between his teeth to grow cold unheeded, and then, when at last he did make a move to reach for the matches, the door of his study clicked open and a girl entered. He took no notice of her—indeed, was hardly conscious of her presence.

She crossed quietly to the big roll-topped desk in one corner, glanced carefully through a neat little pile of typescript, then she picked up a note-book and turned towards him.

"Ready?" she asked.

His eyes wandered over her slowly, distantly, and he registered no impression of her slim, compact lines or the fresh, wholesome capability of her.

She smiled faintly at his absent gaze and sat down composedly to await his return to earth, for she had not been second cousin to Don Craig, the incurable drifter, for twenty years, and secretary to Don Craig, the incurably successful dramatist, for two years, without having grown accustomed to his moods.

Suddenly Don's expression changed; he rose abruptly to his feet, walked rapidly to the end of the room, wheeled, and came to a halt before her.

"My Lord!" he whispered.

She applauded feebly, and her pencil flew across the lines of her note-book.

"Great," she said; "I've got all that down, stage directions and all. What's it all about?"

He jumped, stared at her for a second, and then grinned foolishly, but the grin passed quickly. He went back to his chair, lolled in it, and studied her with speculative eyes. A sudden possible explanation of Patrick Leverton's death had just flashed on him, improbable certainly, but plausible he felt sure. And if he were right—it meant danger, a deadly, century-long danger, to follow out his theory if he were right. Was it fair to take the girl in with him? Yet it would be difficult to handle alone, and she had faced all kinds of dangers with him in all the corners of the world where his *Wanderlust* had taken him. He had come to look upon her more in the light of a man-friend than a girl-cousin. He sat forward.

"Kyrle," he said, "we're not going to write plays any more—at least, not for some time. I've just butted into an idea, and I've got to prove it right or wrong. If it's wrong we'll probably need a padded cell and a keeper; if it's right we'll probably need a hearse and a few wreaths. Are you coming in?"

She threw back her head and studied him through half-closed eyes.

"If you're going to get a few more ideas like that I think I'll change my address," she answered; "however, I'll stand in with you this time. What are we going to do—steal the Crown jewels or kidnap the King of Spain?"

HE SMILED faintly.

"Kyrle," he said, "you've got a lot of grit, so much that I sometimes forget you're not a man. I oughtn't to let you in on this, in case I'm right, but if I am I'll need you as I never did before. First of all read that." He tossed the newspaper across to her, and waited while she read the account of Leverton's suicide. When she had finished he stalled the question he knew she would ask. "I'll explain how poor old Pat Leverton comes into this presently," he said, "but first, have you ever heard of Tien T'ze?"

"Yes," she answered promptly, "it's a high explosive; they put it in shells, and it goes off if you sneeze near it."

"My girl," he said severely, "I said 'Tien T'ze,' not 'T.N.T.'"

"Sorry," she murmured vaguely; "who is he?"

"It may not be a 'he'," he answered; "it may not be a 'she' either, nor an organization, nor an abstract idea. It may not be anything or it may be anything—I don't know; I only know it *is*."

"What did you have for supper last night?" she asked irrelevantly.

He smiled faintly again, but the expression in his eyes was serious.

"You can 'cod'," he told her, "but there's something very real behind what I'm telling you. I ran against this Tien T'ze for the first time in 'Frisco before the fire. I was hanging about the dives on the old Waterfront in those days; one night a Chinaman fell out of a door, right at my feet, with his throat cut, which wasn't half as unusual an occurrence as it sounds—that is, the throat-cutting part wasn't. When I got home that night something fell out from the turned-up bottom of my trouser leg—a little square of ivory, and cut on it a rough St. Andrew's Cross enclosed in an ellipse. I suppose it fell out of the unfortunate Chink's clothing or something; anyhow, I shoved it into my pocket and forgot it. In a saloon two nights after, I pulled the rotten thing out of my pocket with a handful of change, and in about five seconds a damn great Chinee had picked a quarrel with me and tried to knife me; fortunately I broke his neck in the nick of time. 'Frisco got too hot for me just about then—fellows used to wait for me round corners—so I left. Six months after, I told the yarn to an old Chinaman in Chinatown, Liverpool, whom I thought I'd made a friend of, and I asked for an explanation. I got one! The old swine hit me over the head with a beer-bottle, and I awoke in the Mersey. He had pinched the square of ivory, but I had something to go upon, as I

remembered the old guy's parting remark before he hit me; he just said, 'Tien T'ze.'

"Well, I needn't go into all the details of the thing; it's just a repetition of 'Frisco and Liverpool over again. I've tried the effect of that cross in the ellipse and those Chinese words in every corner of the world where there is a Chinaman, and always with the same result—someone has tried to get me. I've only met three white men who seem to have heard of Tien T'ze; one was a German trader in Northern China, the second was a British naval officer who had been through the Boxer Rebellion, and the third was an Australian skipper, but in each case the reply I have had has been almost identical; they have heard of Tien T'ze, they won't say where, they don't know what it is, and if I want to die young, they don't, so will I kindly shut up. Well, I got fed up with the thing after that, and I did shut up until about two years ago—just before I struck it lucky with the first play and you came to help me along. I was grubbing around Limehouse one night, and suddenly, away in the distance, I heard a police whistle buzzing; I ran towards it, and presently overtook a constable, who was also streaking for where the S.O.S. was coming from. We ran together, and came up with a 'cop' who was having a swift five minutes with a mean-looking little rat of a Chinaman. At their feet was a white man, knifed clean through. When we joined in the riot I got a grip on the 'Chink,' and without thinking what I was saying I sang out for a sort of battle-cry, 'Old Tien T'ze again.' That Chink stopped fighting as if someone had hit him with a telegraph-pole, and he flashed one look at me. I couldn't get the meaning of his look, but the mention of Tien T'ze had shaken him up. Then I tried to do something for the knifed fellow, but he was all in. He died just about one second after I'd bent over him; but now mark this: with his last breath—I'll swear he didn't draw another after—he said just one word, 'Woman.' Very slowly, just as Leverton's valet said poor old Pat did. The Chinaman was hanged for attempted robbery and wilful murder, but, Kyrle, it was no more attempted robbery than it was attempted arson; it was just —Tien T'ze."

During his story Kyrle had sat listening attentively; now she thoughtfully twisted her pencil between her thumb and finger and gazed at him with a slight crease between her brows.

"Isn't it rather a long shot to connect Patrick Leverton's death with the murder of that man in Limehouse, just because they both muttered something about a woman?" she questioned. "After all, it's a very likely subject for a man's dying thought."

HE NODDED.

"Quite," he agreed; "it would be a long shot if both those fellows had died simply muttering *something about a woman*, but that's not quite what they did; the fellow in Limehouse made no effort to say more than the one word, and apparently Leverton did the same. Now, even supposing the death of both had been directly caused by a woman, you're not going to tell me that they would have died just saying 'Woman' in a general way like that; it may be done in the poor kind of melodrama, but in real life people are more explicit. It doesn't ring quite true—now, does it?"

She admitted that it didn't, but her tone was but half convinced. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Find out all I can about Leverton's actions for the past few weeks," he replied; "I want to know if he has been interested in Chinese Tongs, and. above all, if he had ever heard of Tien T'ze."

She smiled faintly.

"Isn't that going to be rather difficult now that he's dead?" she objected.

"It may be," he admitted, "but we can make a good start. Do you remember a few weeks ago I lent Leverton a rather valuable old copy of the Koran? Well, he has never returned it. Now, you go along to his house, ask for the Inspector in charge, and take along a note I'll write. He probably won't let you have the book, but he may be someone we know, in which case perhaps he'll allow you to nose around a bit in the house. If it isn't anyone we know, try your feminine charms on him to the same end. You know what to look for: any indication of an interest in China, and, of course, even the faintest reference to Tien T'ze."

She rose promptly.

"Write your note," she said. "I'll be ready in just ten minutes."

## CHAPTER II

### The Gate of Wu

FOR some moments after Kyrle's departure, Don Craig sat motionless in his chair. Somewhere at the back of his mind a Chinese phrase was lurking in a queer jumble of unaccustomed sounds. He sent his mind back to that night on the old Barbary coast at San Francisco when the murdered Chinaman had fallen from out of the darkness to his very feet. Barely half a minute before the ugly thrashing limbs had touched him a cry had sounded, so clearly and distinctly that but for the unexpected shock of the dead man's appearance it would have remained indelibly recorded on his memory; yet many a time since he had struggled to remember the precise sounds.

The cry had been composed of a long-drawn sibilant followed by two gong-like resonants, but that much might be said of almost any Chinese phrase. He forced his mind back over the whole night, going carefully through every detail, but the phrase still eluded him. He closed his eyes and strove to *listen back*, but the only result of this was to send a meaningless English phrase through his head: *"See and mean. See and mean."* The harder he strove for the Chinese sounds, the more relentlessly did the three words repeat themselves.

He rose to his feet impatiently and fell to pacing the floor; then in desperation he took the three words separately.

*"See."* There, certainly was an initial sibilant.

*"And mean."* And there followed two sound-groups which could very easily be rendered as resonants. He took the phrase again, and tried to pronounce it as a Chinaman might. He tried it twice, and then stopped abruptly in his walk, brought up by the suddenness with which the solution had burst upon him.

*H'si An Men*! That was the Chinese phrase which he had heard. All these years it had eluded him, but now he knew the reason; it was because he had disregarded the purely English sounds which should have brought the Chinese to his mind.

*H'si An Men*! Well, now that he had got it, it did not seem to lead him anywhere.

He flung himself into his chair again.

Past events had indicated without a shadow of question that H'si An Men was connected with Tien T'ze, and from the episode of the murdered man in Limehouse it seemed that the word "woman" might quite well be connected also, but of this last he needed more definite proof.

WOMAN! The final syllables were the same, or sufficiently close to bear looking into. He split the word "woman" into its syllables, retained the sound of the first syllable, and substituted an "e" for the "a" in the last. The result brought him to his feet again.



"Bloke shot hisself," the boy replied; "don't know why. Blew 'is 'ead pretty near orf, 'e did."

Hastily he crossed to his book-shelves and jerked out a guide-book to Peking. With something like impatience, he turned to a plan of the Imperial City; then, with a little grunt of satisfaction, his face cleared. Certainly he had not found the definite proof which he had hoped for, but at least he had tumbled on to a significant coincidence.

*X'si An Men* and *Wu Men* were the names of two gates in the Imperial City walls.

The telephone-bell above his desk whirred stridently. He hurried to the instrument and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," he said.

"That you, Don?"

"Yes."

"This is Kyrle."

He sat down in his desk chair and rested the instrument on his blotting-pad.

"Any luck?" he asked.

"Quite a lot," she replied.

"Go on."

"First then, MacNish is on the case, but only as a subordinate to Toleman. MacNish is coming to see you as soon as he gets a chance. Secondly, Leverton had started a newspaper article on 'Unseen China;' it isn't finished; the manuscript was still on his desk when I got into his study."

"Splendid! Are you on your way back now?"

There was a brief pause at the other end of the line, then Kyrle's voice came again:

"Well, I'd rather go to the Gaiety; but if we can't, we can't. All right, then, Daly's. Good-bye." Then the receiver clicked up.

Don frowned heavily for a moment, then a little smile twisted his mouth, and he hooked up his own receiver. He moved away from the desk and took a few paces across the room, his hands deep in his trouser pockets, but almost immediately he halted again, with the frown back once more.

Kyrle had made a good start, but that sudden change of topic at the end of her conversation had an ominous suggestion about it. Obviously she suspected someone of trying to overhear her, someone at her end of the line, someone whom in all probability she had seen before, perhaps someone who had followed her from Leverton's house. Certainly the girl looked to be treading near danger, and for a brief moment he regretted having sent her —for a moment, too, he contemplated going himself to the scene of her activities in an effort to protect her, but quickly he saw the futility of that. She had faced danger before, she was quite as capable of taking care of herself as he was, and in this case she was forewarned. Existed also the chance that by going himself he might increase her danger, for if the affair was in reality another exploit of Tien T'ze, his own record in that direction would tend to reduce to certainty any doubts which might exist as to the girl's real mission. Then, too, he felt he could not afford to miss MacNish, when that individual should call upon him. The fates, however, seemed to be ordering otherwise; barely fifteen minutes after Kyrle's call the telephone-bell rang again. This time it was Inspector MacNish at the other end.

"HELLO, that Mr. Craig?" the Inspector asked.

"Yes; that MacNish?"

"It is. Your secretary's just been here. Said you'd like a word with me. Over this case, is it?"

"Yes. I knew Pat Leverton. I was anxious to have inside information if there was any."

"Well, there can be no harm in your coming along here, Mr. Craig, if you're so minded. There's little to interest you in the case, I fear. My own chief has turned it up as a case of suicide, but I'll be on duty for many an hour yet, and I'll be here in Mr. Leverton's house a while more if you feel like running over. Maybe it's the only chance I'll have of seeing you for a week or more, for we're busy at the Yard."

"I'll come along now on the Indian," Don promised; "I'll be with you in five minutes."

"You'll be breaking the speed regulations if you are," MacNish returned, and then hung up.

Don Craighad known Detective-Inspector John MacNish for some twelve months, and the two looked like being headed for a fast friendship. To Don Craig a friendship with the police had a very decided market value, and the bulging brown note-book in his desk drawer contained more than one dramatic little plot recounted by MacNish and filed away for possible future use by Don; while on the Inspector's part Don had aroused a deep and growing liking by reason of three facts: he had done things and could yarn about them, his sense of hospitality amounted almost to an obsession, and he drank the very finest whiskey in all Hampstead. Now, while the big red Indian panted up the hill past Jack Straw's Castle and swung to the left along the Spaniard's Road with a noise like a nest of machine-guns, Don found himself far from displeased at the way the fates were ordering things. By this time Kyrle and her follower—supposing that latter to exist—should have got clear of the neighborhood, and he wanted like the devil to have a look round Leverton's house with his own eyes.

In a little smoking-room just off the dead journalist's

study, Don found Inspector MacNish waiting for him, and the two exchanged a cordial handshake.

"The case is of no interest for you, Mr. Craig," MacNish said, "except that you knew the poor body who's dead. It's just as plain a case of suicide as ever was."

Don Craig strolled over to the fireplace and leaned his shoulders against the high mantel-piece.

"I wonder if you're right, Mac?" he replied.

MacNish looked up sharply from a slab of notes on a small round table before him.

"Why do you say that?" he questioned.

"Do you remember the case of Clavering Bartlett, the philanthropist, who was knifed in Limehouse?" Don continued.

"I do," MacNish nodded.

"And do you remember that as he died in my arms he said just one word, 'Woman'—just as Pat Leverton did in the arms of his valet?"

MACNISH raised a warning hand.

"Man, man," he said, "you can't connect a murder and a suicide because there is a woman at the bottom of both; it's just plain human nature that there should be."

"And do you remember," Don continued, "the case I told you about of the Chinaman who flopped out of a doorway at my feet in 'Frisco? Very well; just before that Chink fell out at me someone called out something in Chinese. I've just tumbled to what it was: it was 'H'se An Men.' Now, MacNish, the murdered philanthropist, and poor old Leverton here didn't say 'Woman,' they said 'Wu Men'—'The South Gate.' 'Wu Men' is a gateway to the Imperial City in Peking, just as the 'H'si An Men' is another gateway in the same city. There's a link there somewhere, and I believe I know what it is. The link is called Tien T'ze."

MacNish's shaggy brows came down with a suddenness that was almost audible.

"Mr. Craig," he said, "it's a first-class lawyer you'd make, but you're way off as a detective; you've too much imagination. Not, mind you, that a detective doesn't need imagination, but it's got to run along lines of his own laying."

"Mac, you're a hypocrite," Don returned; "the idea's got you just as much as it has me."

MacNish grinned sourly.

"I'm not thanking you, Mr. Craig, for bringing this up to plague a body. I tell you the case is as plain a one of suicide as ever was. It's not even. . . ."

He was interrupted by a knock on the door of the room, and in response to his curt order a constable entered holding out a visiting-card. MacNish glanced at the name, then he looked up at the constable.

"Bring him in," he ordered; and then, as the door closed behind the constable, he held out the card to Don. "Know him?" he asked.

One glance at the card sent a little gleam of interest into Don's eyes.

"Sir Trevor Warrington!" he exclaimed; "I should say so. Mac, things are looking my way; he's the greatest living authority on China. Leverton was writing an article on China when he died."

"How do you know that?" Mac demanded.

"My secretary told me over the 'phone when she left here," Don answered.

"Huh!" Mac grunted; "that lassie'll come to no good end with her nosiness." Then he turned towards the door as it opened to admit the visitor.

SIR TREVOR WARRINGTON was a tall, lean man well past his prime. Yet there was a lithe ease of movement in his carriage which proved him to be far from infirm; he wore his hair longish and a trifle untidily; a square-cut beard of iron grey hid his chin, and a long moustache of the same tint mingled into the beard. At first glance he should have been an impressive figure, but the pronounced and rugged features which should have gone with the rest of the head were missing; instead the nose was broad, the eyes small, and the expression that of a dreamer. Nevertheless, there was an air of benevolence and a quiet, simple dignity about him which more than compensated for his lack of good looks. He came forward, and halted a few paces from MacNish.

"I'm sorry to disturb you at what must be a busy moment," he said, "but I was at one time closely acquainted with Mr. Leverton, and only three weeks ago we resumed our friendship. His death has come as a great shock to me, but I feel there is a certain matter which I should put before you." He stopped and glanced at Don. "The matter is closely connected with the good name of my family," he added, "and while I realize it must be explained to you, I am obviously anxious that it should have as little publicity as possible."

There was nothing left for Don to do but withdraw, and he did it promptly, having first obtained MacNish's permission to go where he liked.

Immediately he left the smoking-room he turned into the dead journalist's study, and wasted no time looking about him. He had been in the room several times while Leverton had been alive, and now he crossed unhesitatingly to the big flat-topped pedestal writing-table where the dead man had kept his papers.



The door of the study opened, and Sir Trevor Warrington entered.

At the first glance the thorough methods of the police became apparent; everything was far more orderly than had been the case during Leverton's life, and Don's only chance lay in the fact that the police had not been looking for anything resembling that which he sought; through reams of paper he searched and through countless note-books, until at last he froze suddenly motionless with one of the latter open in his hand. The page was blank save for one diagram, but that one diagram was, to him, more expressive than a library.

It was an ink ellipse around a rough St. Andrew's Cross; where the two lines of the cross intersected was a question mark, and two more question marks stood just outside the ellipse and opposite two of the cross's extremities, while opposite the remaining extremities were pencilled words: in one case "H's iAn Men," in the other "Wu Men."

HOW long he sat staring at the diagram he never knew, for his imagination took him in hand and ran away with him—his imagination helped out by his own experiences at the hands of Tien T'ze. He was aroused by the opening of the smoking-room door, and hastily he took the precaution of thrusting the note-book into his jacket pocket. That done, he turned quickly to the few papers which stood in orderly array on the writing-table. He had just time to make out that the top sheet of the pile was a rough manuscript draft of a newspaper article headed "Unseen China," that it was very general in its tone and obviously the first of a series, and that it was unfinished; then the door of the study opened, and Sir Trevor Warrington entered, followed by MacNish.

"Sir Trevor wishes to make your acquaintance, Mr. Craig," said the Inspector, and straightway performed the introduction.

"Mr. Craig"—Warrington held out his hand—"I believe I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before, though, of course, your name is familiar to me. Our unfortunate mutual friend mentioned you to me on several occasions, and I believe we have a subject of interest in common." His eyes moved to the unfinished article and then back to Don.

"You mean the subject of. . . ." Don began.

"Of Chinese Tongs, yes," Sir Trevor cut in, "and, of course, China. I know it was Leverton's intention to bring us together. Perhaps you would honor me by lunching with me to-day?"

Don inclined his head.

"I shall be delighted to accept your invitation, Sir Trevor," he said.

Sir Trevor glanced at his watch.

"A quarter to two!" he exclaimed; "we shall be late, but fortunately my car is waiting outside, and we should be home in a few moments." Then he turned to MacNish. "I'm afraid what I have told you will only strengthen the certainty that Leverton shot himself," he said, "but at least it removes any doubt as to the meaning of his last word."

He passed out of the room, and Don, having consigned the Indian and its side-car to the care of MacNish, followed.

IN THE car and throughout luncheon, which they partook of alone, Sir Trevor spoke only sufficiently for bare politeness; it was evident that something serious lay at the back of his mind, and when the meal was finished he led the way to his library almost with alacrity. Hardly were they seated when he plunged into his subject.

"Had I known who you were when I called upon In-

*Continued on page 51*

# OUR OWN MEDITERRANEAN

## BRINGING THE OCEAN TO OUR PRAIRIES

By ELTON JOHNSTON

IMAGINE a transformation which will bring the traffic of the high seas into the very heart of the American continent; imagine the cutting away of a few million tons of earth which will convert the inland cities of the Great Lakes into ocean ports; imagine great ocean freight liners, manned by Lascars and swarthy sailor men, lying at anchor in Hamilton, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William!

Twenty years may see Ontario made as available to the commerce of the world as if she lay on the Atlantic seaboard.

Huge freighters, piercing the continent, will dock at the very front door of the West. Men and women who have never seen the sea, will talk with sailors from the distant East, will watch strange vessels unloading cargoes of pottery and fruit, spices and oils, will smell the very saltiness of the sea on the riggings of the ships and the clothes of the ship's folk.

From Thunder Bay, the ships will sail out, laden with grain, through a thousand miles of inland ocean, direct to the sea—direct to Europe and the East.

The investigation of the International Joint Waterways Commission into the merits of the present proposal to open the way to the sea is almost complete. It will soon be known whether the governments of Canada and the United States will jointly undertake to sweep away the barrier which is holding back from Ontario and the West the ocean traffic of the world.

Forty-six miles of rapids in the St. Lawrence River! That is the barrier which is keeping Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, Port Arthur and Fort William lake ports and not world ports. During the past year, a wave of feeling has swept over Ontario and the West and the demand for the canalization of the St. Lawrence River has become insistent.

There are reasons why the present report of the Commission may not be favorable to the project. The extreme East is opposed—bitterly opposed. The ports of Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, New York and Baltimore declare that the proposal is futile, unnecessary—a direct blow at their interests. The great railroads of the eastern states across the border are waging a bitter fight against those who would have Chicago and Duluth the termini of the ocean steamship lines. The extreme eastern States dread the swinging of the centre of population to the West.

### A Carefully Weighed Report

THE Great Lakes to the Sea project is arousing amongst all classes a greater interest than any other economic proposal of to-day. The International Commission has had to weigh carefully opinions of the most conflicting nature. The report now being prepared will be given to the governments concerned only after the most careful deliberation. The decision, for or against the immediate acceptance of the project, depends on the trend of the report.

An unfavorable report will postpone the undertaking but the outcome seems inevitable. The West believes in it, Ontario believes in it, engineers of repute believe in it—the project can only be shelved. It can never be killed. The Port of Toronto is almost ready to admit the deep sea freighters. Hamilton, Chicago, Detroit and the Twin Ports are hurrying to put their harbors in order, anticipating a day, not long to be delayed, when the first ocean steamers sail slowly into Lake Ontario.

During the past fifty years, the way to the sea has been gradually opened. Barrier after barrier has been removed until to-day, when the new Welland Canal is ready for use, lake freighters will sail from Port Arthur to Kingston. Tidewater can not be reached because of a forty-six mile stretch of tumbling rapids in the St. Lawrence River.

Because 135 miles of this River is owned jointly by the Canadian and United States governments, the project assumes an international character and can not therefore be undertaken by the Canadian Government alone. It can not be carried to completion without the approval of both governments. The undertaking under consideration to-day at Ottawa and Washington is the opening up to ocean steamers of that part of the St. Lawrence now closed by reason of the rapids and the inadequacy of the existing canals. The damming of certain sections of the river and the digging of thirty-foot-deep channels will enable ninety per cent. of ocean-going vessels to sail from tidewater at Montreal to Lake Ontario and thence, unhindered, to Lake Erie, Lake Huron and the Twin Ports at the Head of the Lakes.




The cities on the borders of these lakes may soon be ocean ports.

### Big Rentals from Power Dams

THERE is no engineering problem. That is the decision reached by all engineers who have studied the situation. Electric water power engineers, moreover, insist that the entire cost of the project, which will be around $150,000,000 can be carried by the rentals of the 4,000,000 electrical horsepower which would be developed as a result of the damming of the river.

Those who object to the project do not mince their words. They condemn the idea in the roundest terms. When the sittings of the Commission were being held in Buffalo last year, one paper headed its report of the day's conference with the caption: "That Wild Canal Scheme." Another, still more vehement, spread across its front page the headline: "All Buffalo opposes Helping Canada Build Lakes-to-Sea Canal."

The Canadian grain that is shipped by water to-day from Fort William does not go via Montreal. It goes—a large percentage of it—to Buffalo. Of the 182 million bushels shipped by water in 1916, only a million and a quarter bushels went to Montreal, while more than 106 million bushels went to Buffalo.

Buffalo and New York, opponents of the project, are the termini of the recently built New York State Barge Canal. It is through this canal that much Canadian wheat passes. As one of the Buffalo papers puts it: "If the St. Lawrence Canal were built, the barge canal and all state waterway interests would be crippled if not killed."

So enthusiastic, on the other hand, are the farmers of the American West that a powerful organization known as the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence Tidewater Association, composed of fifteen Western and Mid-Western States, represents practically the entire public opinion of these wealthy states. In Canada, the Canadian Deep Waterways and Power Association, with a membership of more than thirty cities and towns, takes its stand unreservedly in favor of the St. Lawrence route to the sea.



The bugbear to overcome: This photograph shows a view of the Seven Rapids of the St. Lawrence.

Opinion, both for and against the undertaking, has been crystallized during the past few months. People are discussing the history of the movement and anticipating the result to be expected if the canals are constructed.

Contrary to general opinion amongst those opposed to the plan in the United States, the proposal did not originate in Canada but in the American House of Representatives. Although the Great Lakes to the Sea idea has been discussed for years, the first definite move was taken by two members of the House of Representatives at Washington and the International Joint Commission, as a result of their action, is to-day investigating the merits of the entire proposal.

The question of giving the West an outlet by means of a direct route to the sea has been a project which for more than a century has intrigued men of vision. Three routes have been considered. The first was an all-Canadian route. It was to start from Georgian Bay, up the French River, across the divide to the Ottawa, down that stream to the St. Lawrence and so to Montreal. Canada would have to pay the entire cost. It would be practically all canal and navigation would be tedious and costly. The construction of the New Welland Canal at a cost of $75,000,000 means that the Canadian government has definitely abandoned this route.

United States citizens have had under consideration an all-American route. The canal in this case would begin at Oswego on Lake Ontario and would carry across New York State to the Hudson River and thence to New York City. The West objects strenuously to this route. The movement of grain would be slowed up because of the great length of the canal. But, especially, the West insists that New York is already overcrowded as a port terminal. The bottle neck is even now congested, say the farmers: let us not choke it entirely.

The construction of one of these routes by the country immediately concerned would mean that, sooner or later, the other route also would be opened. To avoid this duplication, the brainiest of traffic experts and the most high-minded of statesmen on both sides of the border have agreed that when the way to the sea is opened the only logical route is by the jointly owned St. Lawrence River, the natural outlet. Here there will be no extreme length of canal and the cost will be borne by two governments instead of one. A feature, moreover, of this route, is that the electric power developed will pay the entire interest and carrying charges of the construction work.

The St. Lawrence River route is being compared with the Panama Canal as a national undertaking of equal importance. The Hon. Charles E. Townsend, senator from Michigan, is no lukewarm supporter of the project. "We spent," he says, "something over $400,000,000 to construct the Panama Canal, but as far as serving the business interests of the country and the world are concerned the benefits are not comparable to those that would come through the development of the St. Lawrence waterway to the Sea."

The work of opening up the heart of the continent to the civilizing forces of the sea has already had a history of gradual accomplishment.

### The Way to the Sea

THE beginning of the movement came in 1844. Two years before, in 1842, all the commerce of Lake Superior, as regards transshipment around the falls of Sault Ste. Marie, was carried by one old gray horse and cart. By the following year trade had increased to such an extent that the shippers concerned had added another horse. In 1844, far-sighted men began to dig the first shallow canal and from that time on both the canal facilities and commerce of Lake Superior have increased together until to-day almost 100,000,000 tons of freight pass round the falls of St. Mary through these locks every year. From the estimate that the saving of water over rail transportation is roughly $2.00 a ton, it is seen that the Soo Canal saves the country each year almost $200,000,000 or more than six times the cost of the canal.

After $32,000,000 had been spent in getting from Lake Superior to Lake Huron, the United States government doubled the value of the Great Lakes by deepening the connecting water between Lake Huron and Lake Erie at a cost of $16,000,000.

The benefits of this inland waterway will be more widely extended and the value of the entire chain of lakes increased when the construction of the New Welland Canal is completed. As the gap between the lakes and the ocean is

narrowed, the influence of the inland waterway spreads further and further from its shores.

One obstruction remains—the rapids in the St. Lawrence River. Advocates of the Great Lakes to the Sea project assert that the removal of this last barrier will bring about a benefit as wide as the country, as wide as the world. They declare that sections far beyond the reach of the inland waterway will feel the influence of the ocean waterway brought into the heart of the continent. The sea coast will be extended 1,000 miles and the plains and the mountains of the West will be brought 1,000 miles nearer the world's markets.

Engineers to-day are working out actual plans for the canalization of the St. Lawrence. These blue prints will be submitted to the two governments at the same time as the report of the International Commission. It is presumed that the plans will provide for locks thirty feet deep and eight hundred feet long, with a minimum depth in connecting waters of twenty-five feet. It is also anticipated that the engineers will report in favor of drowning out the rapids in the international river by two dams, converting the river into a series of lakes. This arrangement would provide for both power and navigation. The estimated costs for the international and Canadian sections of the river improvement are $60,000,000 and $50,000,000 respectively.

### Five Main Advantages Expected

IN ITS task of educating public opinion to the value of the project, the Canadian Deep Waterways and Power Association points out five main advantages which are expected to result when the Great Lakes are opened to the Sea.

The first, it declares, is the transforming of an inland ocean, 1,500 miles long, into an American Mediterranean.

The second is the development of 4,200,000 horse power of electrical energy at present running to waste in the St. Lawrence River, of which amount, 3,200,000 would belong to Canada. The revenue from the sale of this power, it continues, would pay the carrying charges on the entire canal and power construction.

The shipment of grain direct from the Head of the Lakes to Europe in one vessel, without transfer or re-handling, is its third point. The estimated saving on every bushel of wheat thus shipped is five cents.

Fourthly, the shipment of industrial and other products from the lake port nearest the point of production direct to its destination, free from re-handling.

Lastly, the delivery of imports from Europe by steamer direct to the lake port nearest their ultimate destination. As a saving of twenty-five to forty per cent. on transportation charges should result, the cost of living, in certain districts, would decline to a noticeable extent.







(Above)—Toronto has already spent many millions in expectation of some day—perhaps soon—welcoming mammoth passenger and freight liners from the Atlantic. (Right)—The famous Sault Ste. Marie Canal, a link already forged. (Below)—The magnificent harbor of Montreal.

### Moving the Wheat

MOVING the wheat crop is to-day Canada's greatest transportation problem.

The overseas requirements of bread grains for this year are not less than 600,000,000 bushels of wheat and of that amount, more than 300,000 bushels are drawn from sections of the Canadian and American Wests which would be directly affected by the facilities and economy that the St. Lawrence Canal project promises.

"A project," says Julius H. Barnes, Wheat Director for the United States during the world war, "that affects favorably the relation between farm and consumer on over fifty per cent. of the overseas movement of world food can only be most seriously considered. It certainly cannot be prejudiced by the supposedly adverse effect on a single port, on a single state, or on a single section."

If Canadian farms are to be operated on a high scale of living and yet sell their surplus wheat in competition with the product of cheap labor countries like Argentina, India and Russia, Canadians must reduce the cost of wheat delivery and secure for the growers the largest possible per cent. of the final consumer price.

The Fort William-Port Arthur Grain Exchange is convinced that such a situation favorable to the Canadian grower can only be secured by the canalization of the St. Lawrence and the consequent direct movement of the grain from the West to European markets.

In a recent memorandum, this Board pointed out what it considered seven striking and vital advantages to be gained by the opening up of the way to the sea. Summarized, these are:

1.—Reduction of transportation charges.

2.—Elimination of transfers.

3.—Elimination of shortages in Eastern elevators.

4.—Retention of identity of grain shipped.

5.—Elimination of shrinkage on account of transfers now necessary in Eastern elevators.

6.—Elimination of delays to shipments on account of waiting for ocean space.

7.—Fort William and Port Arthur are to-day final ports for inspection and the grain would not be re-handled after leaving these ports.

To-day, millions of bushels of Canadian export grain are handled at Port Colborne as a transfer point on one of the routes to the sea. A bushel of grain is loaded into a steamer at Fort William, carried by water to Port Colborne, unloaded, loaded again either into canal barges or freight cars, shipped to Montreal, unloaded once more, as a rule, into the elevators and finally transferred to the ocean steamer.

Other transfer points for Canadian wheat en route to the sea are the Georgian Bay ports and Buffalo, Oswego and Kingston.

If a steamer could load at the head of the lakes and proceed direct to Europe, four transfers would be eliminated, four transfer charges would be saved and the grain would be delivered in better condition than at present. Time, too, is an important factor in the movement of the wheat. To-day, it takes ninety days to transport freight from Duluth to Liverpool, whereas with the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway a reality, the time required would be but nineteen days.

A great wave of industrial expansion will sweep over the West when great ocean liners dock at the gateway. Such is the prophecy of men in touch with the economic problems of to-day. When the West is brought 1,000 miles nearer the world's markets, industries at present under operation will be favored by cheap transportation. More important still, say Western business men, the manufacture of heavy material, including steel and its products, will become an industry of the first rank. The West will be given a chance to expand to the limit of its industrial and agricultural resources.



A portion of the Buffalo-New York barge canal. This canal (and the traffic passing over it) account for the sturdy opposition on the part of Buffalo and New York citizens.

FOR centuries, the sea has been the great artery of trade—the great force which welds together nations in the bonds of commerce. Cities favored with sea harbors have developed into centres of vital world importance. The supporters of the project insist that there is no limit to the growth of Canadian lake ports when they become in very reality ocean ports. Toronto, Hamilton and the other Great Lake ports will take their place as trade centres with Montreal, New York, London, Liverpool, La Havre and Antwerp.

It is difficult to realize the enormity of the transformation. Great freighters will sweep in from England, from Italy, from India—stop at the busy trade centres of four lakes—and carry back direct to their own lands the grain and manufactured articles of Canada. The sea coast of the world will be lengthened by more than 5,000 miles.

European countries have spent fabulous sums in building canals to bring individual ports into direct communication with the sea. The St. Lawrence Canal will make not one city a sea port, but thirty cities. With the barriers removed, Canada and the United States will hold a vital position, unique in the history of the world. States and provinces, comprising a great share of the land acreage and population of the North American continent, will border on the waters of an American Mediterranean.

That this vision of the world trade that is to be is no mere futile dream is shown by the definite action which has already been taken by municipalities and business men in those districts which will be affected by the carrying out of the project. The entire development of the Port of Toronto, necessitating already an expenditure of millions of dollars, is toward one definite aim—the making of the port ready to handle ocean traffic. Toronto's harbor is not being transformed merely into an up-to-date lake port; it is being made gradually an ocean port. It is ten years ahead of any other lake port as regards its ability to handle deep draught vessels, according to the Harbor Board Commissioners.

"We are spending $25,000,000 on harbor improvements with the confident anticipation that the way to the sea will be opened," says E. L. Cousins, chief engineer and manager of the Toronto Harbor Commission. "If we desired merely to build up an efficient lake port, we should not have gone to the expense of designing and constructing the piers and quays to admit of ocean draft. We believe that, sooner or later, the canal project will be carried through and we want Toronto to be ready before the first ocean freighter sails into Lake Ontario. We are further advanced in harbor work to take care of ocean-going traffic than any other port on the Great Lakes, either in Canada or the United States."

Hamilton, too, confident that the government will realize the value of a direct route to the sea, is planning to spend $20,000,000 on harbor improvements in the near future. The Twin Ports, Fort William and Port Arthur, the termini of ocean lines in the future, are concentrating their activities in providing adequate elevator and quay facilities.

The whole of the interior of Ontario will act as a feeder

to the ocean vessels docked at the new ocean ports. A boom in all branches of industry and agriculture will follow the removal of the St. Lawrence River barriers. The waterway project adherents are certain on this point. Highways, railroads and electric railways will carry to the coast tons of manufactured articles as well as dairy and grain produce, to be loaded in the great holds of the vessels docked in the fresh water basins. A vast territory will be opened up to truck transportation and a mighty impetus given to the good roads movement.

Linked with the question of opening the way to the sea for navigation purposes is the development of enough electric power to meet all the requirements of eastern Ontario and Quebec. That the rentals from the electric power developed at the St. Lawrence dams and locks will pay the entire carrying costs of the undertaking sounds too good to be true. The leading hydro-electric engineers declare this promise an inevitable fact—and there have been few to dispute them.

That the use of these 4,000,000 electrical horsepower for industrial and municipal purposes will save the expenditure of more than 50,000,000 tons of coal every year seems another fairy-like dream. It is not a dream—it is a fact, based on the inevitable relation between the power values of kilowatt hours of electricity and tons of coal.

In the International Section of the river alone, three times the power developed at Niagara Falls is running to waste, while industries and municipalities are clamoring for more power. The mere fact of opening the locks will release a flow of electrical energy which will quicken the industrial activities of all eastern Ontario and Quebec.

To the Western advocates of the St. Lawrence Canal project—the chief movers in the proposal—the power question is only of incidental interest. But to the residents of Ontario and Quebec, it is a matter of extreme importance.

Factory sites will arise near the power stations of the St. Lawrence when the locks are opened, according to waterway enthusiasts. To these new industrial centres, ocean vessels will come with their facilities for cheap transportation.

To-day, it is estimated that, at certain seasons, thirty-five to forty per cent. of the cargo space of the railroads is given up to the transportation of coal. Ships will relieve the railroads of the bulky commodity and open up the transportation system to the carrying of higher-value produce. The development of electric power will do away with the need of such huge quantities of coal and the coal resources of America, now being seriously imperilled, will be conserved.

High-priced engineers prophesy — "that hydro-electric power and power generated by coal at the mouth of the mine will at no distant date not only avoid the great haulage of this low-grade freight, but will propel the trains themselves which will carry the high-value product of looms and factories that also are driven by electric power."

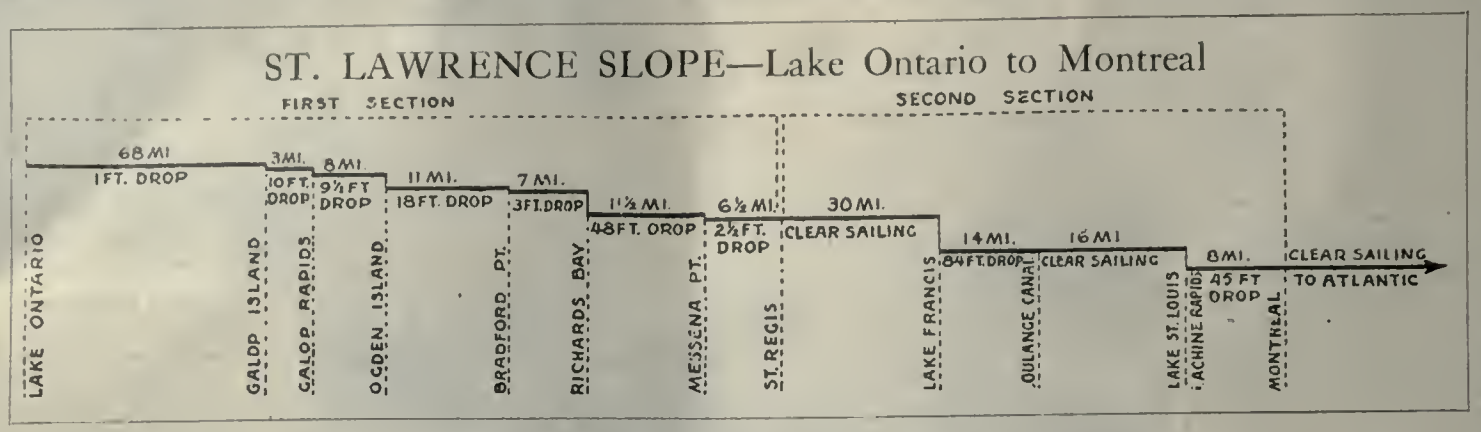
Is there a market for this immense quantity of electric power which will be generated between Lake Ontario and Montreal? Engineers who have surveyed existing conditions declare that "if the canals were started to-day, the government would still be three years too late in attempting to adequately supply the power needs of communities in that district."

"The demand for power in this district," says Alexander T. Vogelsang, first secretary of the Interior in the United States Administration, "would undoubtedly consume all that portion of the St. Lawrence power that belongs to the United States and all that portion of Canada's share for which there was no demand in that country."

The Canadian Deeper Waterways and Power Association is authority for the statement that two power companies are willing to build the canal for navigation purposes at their own expense provided that they were given sole rights to the power privileges.

Public ownership supporters, however, are up in arms against any proposal to turn over the natural resources of the country to private companies and the demand for the government's approval of the canal project is largely intermingled with the desire to keep the water power resources in the hands of the government. In Canada, the conservation of coal, the deepening of canals and the generation of electricity are all bound up in the one question; 285,000 freight cars are required to carry the coal used in Ontario and Quebec. The building of two dams and the deepening of channels to 30 feet will save half a million carloads of coal.

So evident are the advantages of the Great Lakes to the Sea project to the Western enthusiasts that the belief has gained ground that the report of the International Commission must of necessity be favorable and that the work at the St. Lawrence will be begun, if not this year, then next year at the latest.




This shows the drop from Lake Ontario to a point past the final St. Lawrence Rapid.

### The East Objects

THE belief is unfounded—the report may be unfavorable. The great interests of the East are so violently opposed to the project that it would be folly to suppose that the governments would rush into an undertaking of such magnitude without taking into consideration the extreme disapproval of certain districts.

It will rest with the government to decide whether the objections are of purely a sectional nature and that the country as a whole will benefit by the canalization of the river. That the East is dependent to a large measure upon the prosperity and material well-being of the West is becoming more evident daily with the increase in influence of Western districts. The solid support of the West to the project is giving the governments considerable food for thought and deliberation.

Canadian opposition to the project is centered in Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax. The commercial and shipping interests of Montreal point out that Canada already possesses a seaport of first rate importance, upon which vast money has been spent. They declare that there is no proof that ocean vessels will be willing to work their way slowly through the locks of the St. Lawrence canals when the question of full loads, either for outward or return loads, is problematical.

Objection is taken to the St. Lawrence route itself. It is declared slow for navigation and that vessels will be hindered by fogs and ice. Owing to the severe winters, navigation will be restricted to only a percentage of months during the year.

In a memorandum recently issued, the Quebec Board of Trade declared:

"If the idea of the promoters of the Great Lakes to the Sea scheme should be realized, ocean vessels would go through to Chicago, Duluth and the upper lake ports and the result would be disastrous to Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax and of no advantage to Toronto or Hamilton."



Freighters, carrying from 75,000 to 450,000 bushels each, in the Twin Cities harbors.

With reference to this declaration, *Shipbuilding*, a magazine devoted to shipping interests, in a recent editorial says: "On the other hand, American ports fear that large lake vessels might go right through to Montreal or Quebec, passing Buffalo and thus diverting the Great Lakes traffic to the benefit of Canada."

Opposition is expressed also on the ground that now that the government has taken over the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk railways, it will be somewhat reluctant to further any proposition that may appear to be inimical to the interests of the government-controlled railways.

The opposition to the proposal as expressed by interests in New York State is much more bitter than any which has been brought forward by Canadians. When the sittings of the International Commission were held in Buffalo and New York, a bitter fight against the project was waged by Americans of all classes.

Former State Senator Henry W. Hill, spokesman for the organized opposition in that State, insisted that it would be unwise for the United States to spend the large amount of money involved in a "problematic enterprise outside the confines of this country when so many projects within are crying for attention."

From a reading of the reports as published in American papers, it appears that much of the opposition directed against the canal project is due to the fact that the Americans fear that the grain traffic of the West will be diverted from the ports of Buffalo and New York to Canadian ports.

The Buffalo *Evening Times* in an editorial declared: "The conglomeration of interests, some of them calling themselves American, that have mustered in Buffalo to down the Barge Canal and substitute the St. Lawrence scheme may as well understand first as last that they are boosting Canada at the expense of the United States."

That the Empire State of New York would be practically cut off from participation in the western grain traffic was the expressed opinion of ex-Senator Hill.

At the conference in Buffalo, Hon. S. W. Dempsey, of the United States government, during his speech said: "If we are going to improve this Canadian highway, we want to continue to improve our internal highways. We want to continue to improve the Erie Barge Canal." He was checked up by Commissioner Glenn, who retorted: "Why do you speak of this as a Canadian Highway? Are not Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and all these large cities vitally interested?"

The objections brought forward by New York citizens may be summarized into nine points:

1.—It would be an economic failure and a waste of public money.

2.—The cost would be prohibitive.

3.—Fogs and ice make the St. Lawrence route too hazardous

4.—Ocean vessels cannot navigate in restricted channels nor afford the delays of lockage in canals.

5.—There will be no return loads and one way traffic cannot be developed.

6.—Purpose is to enable Canada to control the export grain trade.

7.—Designed to destroy the competition of the Barge Canal.

8.—Power is not needed.

9.—It would expose United States to peril of naval invasion by Great Britain.

The Canadian East is opposed on radically different grounds. It does not object to Canadian grain going through Canadian ports. It insists that the scheme is unnecessary, asserting that Canada is well supplied with ocean ports and the produce of the interior can be carried cheapily and easily to these ports by lake steamers, canal barges and railway freight cars.

Here is the curious feature about the present situation. Business men and citizens generally who live within a figurative stone's throw of the proposed canals are opposed to the project. Two—three thousand miles away from the point of actual construction work, the farmers and the business men are enthusiastically pushing forward the proposal.

### Canada's Transportation Problems

THERE is a vital connection between the construction of these few canals and dams with the entire transportation problem of Canada. The Dominion's transportation system is to-day still so greatly in the formative, experimental stage, that its citizens are being injured by an un-

*Continued on page 55*

# Making Good on Four Ambitions

*By* SINCLAIR LAIRD

*Most successful men acknowledge a single purpose in life. Here, however, is a successful Canadian and captain of industry who started out with four ambitions—to become a preacher of the Gospel, a manufacturer, a railway owner and a political leader. This article tells how he accomplished all four objectives—and he is still four years short of being sixty!*

THIS is the story of a man who did not know his multiplication table when he was nineteen years of age, but developed into a successful manufacturer of hardware and carpenter's tools. It is the story of a poor boy who had little education in his youth and is now a member of the Council of Public Instruction for his province. It is the story of a Baptist missionary who became the representative in parliament of a French-Canadian Roman Catholic constituency. It is the story of success in defiance of handicaps, of triumph over poverty and lack of education. It is a story of successful perseverance and enterprise in the face of many difficulties.

W. S. Bullock, M.P.P., who was born at Roxton Pond, Quebec, in 1865, conceived four ambitions early in life. One was to be a minister of the Gospel, another to be a manufacturer and millowner, the third to be a railroad owner, and the fourth to enter politics. This résumé of his life story shows how he achieved three of these aims and is in the process of reaching the fourth.







W. S. Bullock as he appears to-day is shown in the centre picture. The upper left-hand corner illustration is from an old tin-type taken when he was five years of age, and a lad on a bush farm. Note the high forehead, alert eye and the courageous poise of the boy that was "father of the man." At the lower right Mr. Bullock is shown as a serious-minded youth of seventeen.

In infancy, he showed no extraordinary signs of genius beyond "an infinite capacity for taking pains." His father and mother, however, are quite sure that no child ever took so many pains or took them so often. He seemed always to be having pains, but beyond these symptoms, there was no indication that this young boy, brought up on a forest farm, would take a prominent part in the business, political, and religious life of his province in particular and of the nation in general.

There was no village at Roxton when he was born there. His father had a 400-acre farm carved out of the forest, and of the 400-acres, only 40 were cleared. But when Bullock left home 300 acres of this forest were cleared and under cultivation. Being the oldest of a family of six, he had his share in the work and had helped to clear 150 acres of forest land. Later on neighboring farmers came into this forest country and cleared adjacent homesteads.

### Comes of Pioneer Stock

THE settlement of the Bullocks at Roxton was a romance in itself. Nineteen French-Canadians with their families moved on horseback into the wilds about 15 miles from Abbotsford. They formed an isolated community, struggling to maintain existence, and were visited by Madame Feller, of the Grande Ligne mission which was formed about 1835. These nineteen Roman Catholic French families were then visited by a missionary, and in less than a week became Protestants; in consequence, the locality became known as "Berea" because the people received the Gospel so readily. Mr. Bullock's ancestors were United Empire Loyalists who left the American colonies after the rebellion in 1770 and settled in Stanstead county in what is now the Province of Quebec. They removed to Abbotsford about 1800, and if the Bullocks had remained there they would all have been brought up entirely English. But when Mr. Bullock's grandfather, who had lost one leg and suffered severely from asthma, came up to Roxton on business his health improved so much that he sold his farm at Abbotsford and removed his whole family to Roxton. There his health steadily improved. Ten years later he died, and Mr. Bullock's father was left alone on this farm and has remained on it to this day. It was due to this incident that the present generation were brought up in a community that was largely French, partly French Protestant, but mostly Roman Catholic. To this circumstance Mr. Bullock owes his wonderful facility in both languages.

Bullock was the only English name in Roxton for many years. The neighboring townships of Milton and South Roxton were originally English settlements, but are soldily French at the present time. From 1800 to 1841 there was no industry or extended settlement of any kind in Roxton, but, when the nineteen families moved from French settlements at Ste. Pie and St. Jean Baptiste to the wilds near Roxton, the forest gradually began to be cleared, and finally a Protestant church was built in 1861. If the descendants of these Protestants had remained, there would have been a community of over 700 of them to-day, but large numbers have gone to Western Canada or the United States. On one occasion thirty-one families left to settle in Kent county, Ontario.

Mr. Bullock was brought up on the farm, and remained at home until he was 19 years of age, when he left for Grande Ligne and there prepared himself to realize his ambitions, knowing that education was necessary. He had worked so hard on the farm that he began to dislike the drudgery of it especially the care of livestock and the cleaning of the barn. Such monotonous routine was too depressing for a boy who saw visions and dreamed dreams. He knew that he had no chance at home to realize them. He had had only eight months' schooling at his grandfather's home in Milton when he was seven years of age, and during the following winter had had a few months' schooling in a French school. But these were the only two seasons at school that he ever had during his boyhood. He had "learned his letters" and a little spelling. He only got up to the "five times" table in arithmetic, but had learned to speak French as well as English through contact with French-Canadians. Until the age of 19, he worked hard on the farm and in the woods with little exciting interruption, except that at fifteen he ran away from home.

It was a cold, rainy morning in November, 1880. Mr. Bullock had been working steadily and was tired. When his father wanted him to finish a job in the rain, the youth did not wish to comply with the order to harness the horses and go to work, and made up his mind to run away. However, he did go out to harness the horses, but left them at the barn, and then went into the woods in the rain. The only shelter he could get was the sugar cabin which was used during the maple syrup season. So he stopped there and thought out his plan. Finally he decided to go to the United States, and at nine o'clock walked ten miles to Granby over a rough road in the rain and mud, arriving at noon in his working clothes with only thirty cents between him and poverty.

In his distress, he went to see a friend and asked for a loan of $10.00, which he got. Proceeding to a large store in Granby, he told a story of going to school and requiring an outfit. There he purchased two suits of clothing and a selection of shoes, stockings, shirts and other furnishings, and then bought a trunk to hold them. The ten dollars which he had borrowed he kept for a railway ticket to Springfield, Mass., where he arrived the next morning.

Discovering his absence, his people at home were greatly perturbed because he had been their chief support and mainstay. They wanted him back, but Mr. Bullock went to Ludlow to an aunt and obtained a position in a twine factory where he earned sixty cents a day for working eleven hours daily. Here he remained only two weeks, because he got into a dispute with an unsympathetic foreman, who threatened dismissal. Bullock was too proud and independent, so he left of his own accord and went back to Springfield where his father's cousin had started a factory for making dentists' and watchmakers' tools. Here he worked for four weeks getting 75 cents a day and imbibing his earliest notions of mechanics and tool-making. Later on he again worked here, improving his skill and knowledge. It was then that his mind first turned to the problem of industry and finance. He saw the economy of production on a large scale through specialized work and division of labor. This made him dream that he could organize an industry himself, and he decided he would try it on the first opportunity that presented itself.

### Braves Hardships to See Folks

HOWEVER, on leaving the tool factory one day, he received a letter from his father stating that in his discouragement at his son's absence, he had sold by auction all the stock and movables on his farm, including even the dog, and was coming to spend the winter at Springfield. Mr. Bullock, being much affected by his parent's distress, gathered all the money he had saved and took the first train for Canada two days before Christmas. He only had enough money to take him to the border line, seventy-five miles from home, so he walked 27 miles in a snowstorm to reach Sutton, where he could get a "lift" on a freight train. As Sutton Junction was then a log cabin where nothing could be had to eat, Mr. Bullock went through the dinner pails of the railway men looking for crumbs. Finally he met a conductor whom he knew and asked for a ride in the caboose to South Roxton. The conductor took pity on him and as a terrible storm was raging, he took him in with him. He still had eight miles to walk after reaching South Roxton, but as he was so near home, he made up his mind to walk that distance in spite of the snow, and at last arrived at eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve, surprising his people. This was the happiest Christmas of his life—so he says—no cattle and no barns to clean.

After a short visit at home, he joined an uncle for the rest of the winter binding bark at $1.00 a day. As he paid out thirty-two cents a day for his board and lodging, he was soon able to pay back the $10.00 which he originally borrowed at Granby and all his debts and store bills.

In the spring he was engaged in maple sugar-making at home, and in farm work during the summer. The sugar-bush on his father's farm was later to prove a valuable training ground for Mr. Bullock. It was there that he learned the most efficient method of tapping the trees and making the syrup and sugar. This early industry formed

*Continued on page 61*

# The Drama of Our Great Forests

## LIFE AND LOVE RETURN

*By* ARTHUR HEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

"MY SON, it is ever thus, when spring is on the way," smiled Oo-koo-hoo, as Granny entered with glee and displayed a new deerskin work-bag, containing needles, thread, thimble and scissors; a present from Shing-wauk—The Little Pine—Neykia's lover.

"Now that spring and love are going to hunt together," further remarked the Indian, "the snow will run away, and the ice begin to tremble, when it hears the home-coming birds singing among the trees. Ah, my son, it reminds me of the days of my youth," sighed The Owl, "when I too was a lover."

"Tell me," I coaxed.

"It was many, many years ago, at the New Year's dance at Fort Perseverance that I first met Ojistoh. She was thirteen then, and as beautiful as she was young. . . No, I shall never forget those days. . . When she spoke her voice was as gentle as the whispering south wind, and when she ran she passed among the trees as silently and as swiftly as a vanishing dream; but now," added Oo-koo-hoo, with a sly, teasing glance at his wife, "but now look at her, my son. . . She is nothing but a bundle of old wrinkled leather, that makes a noise like a she-wolf that has no mate, and when she waddles about she goes thudding around on the split end of her body—like a rabbit with frozen feet."

But Granny, saying never a word, seized the wooden fire-poker, and dealt her lord and master such a vigorous blow across the shoulders, that she slew his chuckle of laughter the moment it was born. Then, as the dust settled, silence reigned. A little later, as Granny put more wood upon the fire, she turned to me with twinkling eyes and said:

"My son, if you could have seen the old loon when he was courting me, it would have filled your heart with laughter. It is true he was always a loon, for in those days, Oo-koo-hoo, the great hunter, was even afraid of his own shadow, for he never dared call upon me in daylight, and even when he came sneaking round at night, he always took good care that it was at a time when my father was away from home. Furthermore, he always chose a stormy evening when the snow would be drifting and thus cover his trail; and worse still, when he came to court me, he always wore women's snowshoes; because, my son, he had not courage enough to come as a man."

### Tripe was the Lover's Gift

THIS sally, however, only made Oo-koo-hoo smile the more as he puffed away at his briar.

"Did he always bring *your* grandmother a present?" I enquired.

"No, my son, not always, he was too stingy," replied the old woman, "but he did once in a while, I must grant him that."

"What was it?"

"Oh, just a few coils of tripe."

But Granny, of course, was joking, that was why she did not explain that deer tripe filled with blood was as great a delicacy as a suitor could offer his prospective grandmother-in-law; for among certain forest tribes, it is the custom that a marriageable daughter leaves the lodge of her parents and takes up her abode with her grandmother—that is, if the old lady is living within reasonable distance.

Shing-wauk—The Little Pine—had come that day, and had been invited to sleep in Amik's tepee; yet he spent the greater part of his time sitting with Nekyia in her grandmother's lodge. As there are no cozy corners in a tepee, it is the Ojibway custom for a lover to converse with his sweetheart under cover of a blanket which screens the lovers from the gaze of the other occupants of the lodge. Early in the evening the blanket was always hung in a dignified way, as though draped over a couple of posts set a few feet apart. Later, however, the posts frequently lost their balance and swayed about in such a way as to come dangerously near colliding. Then, if the old grandmother did not speak or make a stir, the blanket would sometimes show that one support had given away. Accordingly the old woman was able to judge by the general contour of the blanket just how the courtship was progressing, and being a foxy old dame she occasionally pretended to snore just to see what might happen.



The Bear Hunter—The original of this picture is in the Canadian National Gallery, Ottawa.

One night, however, Granny's snoring was no longer pretension, and when she woke up from her nap, she found that both supports of the blanket were in immediate danger of collapsing. Seizing the stick with which she used to poke the fire, she leaped up and belabored the blanket so severely that it lost no time in recovering its proper form.

Kissa pesim—the Old Moon—February, and Mikeserve pesim—the Eagle Moon—March, had flown and now Niske pesim—the Goose Moon—April, had arrived; and with it had come the advance guard of a few of those numerous legions of migratory birds and fowls that are merely winter visitors to the United States, Mexico and South America; while Canada is their real home—the place where they are born. Next would follow Ayeke pesim—the Frog Moon—of May, when love would be in full play; then a little later would come Waive pesim—the Egg Moon—otherwise June, when the lovers would be living together—or nesting.

It so happened that day, that Neykia, she of woodland grace and beauty, was strolling in the sunshine with her Little Pine; while on every side the trees were shaking their heads and, it seemed, gossiping about the hunting plans of that reckless little elfin hunter, Hymen, who was hurrying overland and shooting his joyous arrows in every direction, till the very air felt charged with the whisperings of countless lovers. It made me think of the shy, but radiant Athabasca, and I wondered—was her lover with her now?

The Indians divide their annual hunt for fur into three distinct hunting seasons: the fall hunt—from Autumn until Christmas; the winter hunt—from New Year's until Easter; and the Spring hunt—from Easter until the hunters depart for their tribal summer camping ground. At the end of each hunting season—if the fur-runners have not traded with the hunters and if the hunter is not too far away from the post—he usually loads upon his sled the result of his fall hunt and hauls it to the post during Christmas week; likewise he hauls to the post the catch of his winter hunt about Easter time; while the gain from his spring hunt is loaded aboard his canoe and taken to the post the latter part of May. Easter time, or the end of the winter hunt, marks the closing of the hunting season for all land animals except bear; and the renewing of the hunting season for bear, beaver, otter, mink and muskrat, all water animals save the first.

Meanwhile the canoes had been overhauled: freshly patched, stitched, and gummed, their thwarts strengthened, their ribs adjusted and their bottoms greased.

A few days later, loading some traps and kit—among which was the hunter's bow and quiver of arrows—aboard his small canoe, Oo-koo-hoo and I set out at sunrise and, paddling around the Western end of Bear Lake, entered Bear River. It was a cold but delightful morning and the effect of the sun shining through the rising mist was extremely beautiful. We were going otter and muskrat-hunting; and as we descended that charming little stream and wound about amid its marshy flats and birch and poplar-clad slopes, every once in a while ducks startled us by suddenly whirring out of the mist. Then, when long light lines of rippling water showed in the misty screen we knew that they were nothing but the wakes of swimming muskrats; and soon we glided into a colony of them; but for the time being they were not at home—the still rising spring freshet had driven them from their flooded houses.

The muskrat's little island lodge among the rushes is erected upon a foundation of mud and reeds that rises about two feet before it protrudes above the surface of the water. The building material, taken from round the base, by its removal helps to form a deep water moat that answers as a further protection to the muskrat's home. Upon that foundation the house is built by piling upon it more reeds and mud. Then the tunnels are cut through the pile from about the centre of the overwater level, down and out at one side of the underwater foundation. While upon the top more reeds and mud are placed to form the dome-shaped roof, after which the chamber inside is cleared. The apex of the roof rises about three feet above the water. In some localities, however, muskrats live in

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dens excavated in the banks of rivers or ponds. To these dens several underwater runways lead.

Muskrats feed principally on the roots and stalks of many kinds of subaqueous plants. In winter time, when their pond is frozen over, and when they have to travel far underwater to find their food, they sometimes make a point of keeping several water holes open, so that after securing their food, they may rise at a convenient hole and eat their meal without having to make long trips to their house for the purpose. In order to keep the water-hole from freezing, they build a little house of reeds and mud over it. Sometimes, too, they store food in their lodges, especially the bulbous roots of certain plants.

### False Alarms for the Tenderfoot

MUSKRATS, like beavers, use their tails for signalling danger, and when alarm causes them to dive they make a great noise, out of all proportion to their size. Thus the greenhorn from the city is apt to take the muskrats' nightly plunges for the sound of deer leaping into water; and just in the same way does the sleepless tenderfoot mistake the thudding footfalls of the midnight rabbit for those of moose or caribou running round his tent.

Muskrats are fairly sociable and help one another in their work. They mate in April and their young are born about a month later. The Indians claim that they pair like the beaver, and that the father helps to take care of the children. The young number from three to eight. When they are full grown their coats are dark brown. In length muskrats measure about eighteen inches, while in weight they run from a pound and a half to two pounds.

Except in autumn, their range is very small, though at that season they wander much further away from their homes. If danger threatens they are always ready to fight and they prove to be desperate fighters, too. While slow on land, they are swift in water; and such excellent divers are they, that, in that way, they sometimes escape their greatest enemy — the mink; and wolves, fishers, foxes, otters, as well as birds of prey and Indians are always glad to have a muskrat for dinner.

But, to return to our muskrat hunt: Oo-koo-hoo, stringing his bow and adjusting an arrow, let drive at one of the little animals as it sat upon some drift-wood. The blunt-headed shaft just skimmed its back and sank into the mud beyond; the next arrow, however, bowled the muskrat over; and in an hour's time The Owl had eleven in his canoe. When I questioned him as to why he used such an ancient weapon, he explained that a bow was much better than a gun, as it did not frighten the other muskrats away, also it did not injure the pelt in the way shot would do, and, moreover, it was much more economical.

Occasionally Oo-koo-hoo would imitate the call of the muskrats; sometimes to arrest their attention, but more often to entice them within easy range of his arrows. If he killed them outright while they were swimming, they sank like stones; but when only wounded, they usually swam round on the surface for a while. Once, however, a wounded one dived and seizing hold of a reed held on with its teeth in order to escape its pursuer; Oo-koo-hoo, nevertheless, eventually landed it in his canoe.

### Tobacco as an Antiseptic

IN SETTING steel traps for them, the hunter placed the traps either in the water or on the bank at a spot where they were in the habit of going ashore, and to decoy them to that landing Oo-koo-hoo rubbed castoreum on the branches of the surrounding bushes—just in the same way as he did for mink or otter. Another way he had of setting traps was to cut a hole in the side of a muskrat's house, so that he could thrust in his arm and feel for the entrance to the tunnel, then he would set a trap there and close up the hole. One day when he was passing a muskrat house that he had previously opened for that purpose and closed again, he discovered that the hole was again open. Thinking that the newly added mud had merely fallen out, he thrust his arm into the hole to reach for the trap, when without the slightest warning some animal seized him by the finger. It was a mink that had been raiding the house; and in the excitement that followed, the brute escaped. The hunter, however, made little of his injury; chewing up a quid of tobacco, he placed it over the wound and bound it securely with a rag torn from the tail of his shirt.

That afternoon Oo-koo-hoo set a number of traps for otter. When placed on land otter traps are set as for fox, though, of course, of a larger size, and the same statement applies to deadfalls; while the bait used for both kinds of otter traps is the same as that used for mink. The otter is an unusually playful, graceful, active and powerful animal; but when caught in a trap becomes exceedingly vicious, and the hunter must take care lest he be severely bitten. Oo-koo-hoo told me that on one occasion, when he was hunting otters, he lost his favorite dog. The dog was holding an otter prisoner in a rocky pocket where the water was shallow, and the otter, waiting to attack the dog when off guard, at last got its chance, seized its adversary by the throat, and that was the end of the dog.

The otter is not only easily tamed, but makes a charming pet, as many a trader has proved; and it is one of the few animals that actually indulge in a sport or game for the sheer sake of the thrill it affords. Thus the otter is much given to the Canadian sports of tobogganing and "shooting the chute," but it does it without sled or canoe; and at all seasons of the year it may be seen sharing its favorite slide—sometimes fifty or a hundred feet in length—with its companions. If in summer, the descent is made on a grassy or clayey slope down which the animals swiftly glide, and plunge headlong into deep water. If the sport takes place on a clay bank, the wet coats of the otters soon make the slide so slippery that the descent is made at thrilling speed. But in winter time the sport becomes general, as then the snow forms a more convenient and easier surface down which to slide. The otter, though not a fast traveler upon land, is a master swimmer, and not only does it pursue and overtake the speckled trout, but also the swift and agile salmon.

Otters den in the river or lake bank and provide an underwater entrance to their home. They mate in February and the young—never more than five, but more often two—are born in April; and though their food includes flesh and fowl—muskrats, frogs, and young ducks—it is principally composed of fish.

### Some Otter Superstitions

THE Indians of the Strong Woods are very superstitious in relation to the otter. They not only refuse to eat the flesh but they don't like to take the carcass home, always preferring to skin it where it is caught. Even then they dislike to place the skin in their hunting bag, but will drag it behind them on the snow. Also, Indian women refuse to skin an otter, as they claim it would prevent them becoming mothers.

One afternoon, when Oo-koo-hoo and I were sitting on a high rock overlooking the rapid on Bear River, he espied an otter ascending the turbulent waters by walking on the river bottom. We watched the animal for some time. It was an interesting sight, as it was evidently hunting for fish that might be resting in the back waters behind the boulders. Every time it would ascend the rapids it would rise to the surface and then quietly float down stream in the sluggish, eddying shore currents where the bushes overhung the bank. Then it would again dive and again make the ascent by crawling up the river bottom.

"My son, watch him closely, for if he catches a fish you will see that he always seizes it by either the head or tail, rarely by the middle, as the fish would then squirm and shake so violently that the otter would not like it. Sometimes, too, an otter will lie in wait on a rock at the head of a rapid, and when a fish tries to ascend to the upper reach of the river by leaping out of the water, and thus avoiding the swift current, the otter will leap, too, and seize the fish in mid-air. It is a thrilling sight to see him do it."



Constable of the R. N. W. M. P., in "walking-out" uniform, of the kind used twenty years ago, when forage cap was in vogue.

The snow was going so rapidly and the water running so freely that Oo-koo-hoo felt sure the bears had now all left their dens, otherwise water might be trickling into their winter beds. So, for the next few days, the hunter was busily engaged in setting traps for bears, beavers, otters, minks and muskrats; and thus the spring hunt went steadily on while the Goose Moon waned and then disappeared, and in its place the Frog Moon shone.

One sunny morning while I was strolling along the beach, I heard the sound of distant drumming, and presently a youthful voice broke into song. It was the Little Pine singing to his sweetheart.

The forest and all her creatures, hearing the song of spring-time, were astir with joyous life. Among the whispering trees the bees were humming, the squirrels chattering and many kinds of birds were making love to one another.

No wonder Shing-wauk—The Little Pine—sang his love song too, for was not his heart aflame with the spring-time of life? Perched high among the branches of a pine the youth was relieving the monotony of his drumming by occasionally chanting. At the foot of the thickly wooded hillside upon which the pine stood, the indolent waters of Muskrat Creek meandered toward Bear Lake. On the bank near the river's mouth stood the lodges, but neither Oo-koo-hoo nor Amik seemed to be at home; and the rest of the family may have been absent too, for the dogs were mounting guard.

Again the boy beat his drum; louder and louder he sang his love-song until his soft rich voice broke into a wail. Presently the door-skin of Granny's lodge was gently pushed aside, and Neykia stepped indolently forth.

### Neykia Listens to Her Lover's Song

SHADING her eyes with her hand, the girl gazed at the hillside, but failed to discern her lover in the tree-top. She listened awhile and then, upon hearing once more the love-song above the beating of the drum, yielded to the dictates of her heart and began to climb the hill. Little Pine saw her coming, ceased his drumming, and slid down to hide behind the tree trunk.

A faintly marked woodland path led close by, and along it the maiden was advancing. As she came abreast of the tree, the youth, in fun, gave a shout, and the maid—evidently pretending bashful alarm—took to flight.

Though fleet of foot, she suffered him to overtake her soon, and catch her by the arm, and hold her while she feigned to struggle desperately for freedom. That won, she turned away with a laugh, sat down upon a bank of wild flowers and, with shyly averted face, began plucking them. Little Pine sat down beside her. A moment later, she sprang up and with merry laughter ran into the denser forest and there, with her lover swiftly following her, disappeared from view.

At sunset that evening Oo-koo-hoo and his wife sat smoking beside their fire; and when the hermit thrush was singing; the whip-poor-will whip-poor-willing; the owl oc-koo-hooing; the fox barking; the bull-frog whoo-wonking; the gander honking; the otter whistling; the drake quacking; the squirrel chattering; the cock grouse drumming; and the wolf howling—each to his own chosen mate, the hunter turned to me and smiled:

"Do you hear Shing-Wauk singing?"

*Continued on page 44*

## Our May 1st Cover

*A YORK boat shooting the rapids. In Northern Canada, beyond the reach of railroad or steamboat, transportation during "open weather" months is carried on by canoe, York boat, or sturgeon-head scow. In the cover-illustration the York boat is loaded with an average cargo of seventy-five fur-packs, each weighing about ninety pounds. The boats are propelled by sweeps or sails, and usually travel in "brigades." Each boat is in charge of the steersman.*

# THE CAGE OF IRON:

*By* Wm. Merriman Rouse
Illustrated by H. WESTON TAYLOR



HEN the letter came Adam Hagar had been fitting some braces into a wagon body and a heap of long rods of iron, such as blacksmiths use, lay beside his anvil. A strong man could bend one of these rods in his hands: an exceedingly strong man could bend two at once; but Adam Hagar could take three and double them together. Yet he was an old man, so old that there was no longer any black in his shaggy hair.

Little Tommy Parkin, son of the sawyer, had brought the letter from the post office in Avery's store, where it had come in the afternoon mail, and Hagar turned it over and over in his smutty fingers. It was the first letter he had received in ten, or fifteen, or maybe it was twenty years, and the gravity of the event was stamped on his lined and craggy face. Tommy Parkin, awed and uneasy that his good old friend should grow so silent, shifted from one foot to the other.

"Guess mebbe I'll go home."

That usually brought Uncle Adam, as he called the old man, to the duties of a host; but this time it had no effect at all and Tommy, highly offended at his sudden unimportance beside a commonplace written thing, scuttled away to a more congenial atmosphere.

Adam Hagar closed the great front doors of his blacksmith shop and sat down on an empty box. He knew of no one in the world who might, by any stretch of imagination, have cause to write to him; and yet the feel of that envelope—bright pink it was—somehow touched him with foreboding. It was postmarked from Winnipeg and that name, to him, meant a place of wickedness. A cloud came into his keen, deep-set eyes. Could it be, after these ten years, that the Lord was going to send him word of Amy? No, that was a fool's hope.

Amy, his daughter, had been the very core of his heart after the death of her mother. It was ten years since the girl, then just turned nineteen, had gone out of her home as a candle goes out. In the morning she had been singing about her work and at night when he returned to their little home there had been no Amy—nothing but a silence that had lasted ever since. Adam Hagar had spent money and the strength of his heart in prayer, but no trace of the girl had ever been found.

HE PICKED at the flap of the envelope. First there was a folded sheet of pink paper, and on it, in white ink, was written, "I done like she said." That was all. He unfolded the pink sheet and a thinner piece of white paper dropped into his hand. Although the writing was in pencil and feebly done he knew it at the first glance. Word had come from Amy at last. She wrote:

"The doctor says I won't last more than a day longer, Pa, and I wanted to tell you something if you're still alive, and I heard last year in a roundabout way that you was all right. It was the last man you would think of that got me to go away from home. It was Ira P. Lemway. You know how strong he is for church, and all such things. Well, he took to talking to me on the sly and saying how I looked like a rosebud, and all that stuff. He gave me that watch that you asked about, but there wasn't anything wrong then. It happened after I went on an excursion to Winnipeg. He found out I was going and he met me there and showed me a place furnished better than anything I'd ever seen before, he said I'd never have to want for anything if I'd leave home and go to a city where he could make business trips and take care of me. I asked why he did not marry me. Well, he talked so smooth that my head was full of fine clothes and things when I got home. You know how I left one day without ever saying good-bye to you, Pa. I was just a little fool, and I've got my pay, you bet. It wasn't a year before old Lemway had another girl and that's why I'm here where I am. I thought it would ease your mind up some to tell you for I've felt like I was in a cage and couldn't get out all these years. Don't worry, Pa. I just wanted to say good-bye and I'd like to see your good old face once more. You was kind to everybody—not much like Lemway. Good-bye. Your loving daughter, Amy."

The old man read the sheet closely written on both sides, and then read it again. At first only the words went into his brain. Then he realised that Amy herself had written them, that she had become a woman—what the world called a bad woman in the years since her flight, and that she must be dead. Yes, the line in white ink confirmed that. There was no street and number. He could not have even the meagre satisfaction of bringing her home to lie beside her mother.

So far he had been half-stunned, and filled with sorrow alone. Suddenly the name of Ira P. Lemway flashed up at him from the page and he leaped to his feet. So that sleek pillar of the church, and owner of half the village of Ossawgna, had killed Amy! Ira P. Lemway! The name stood for respectability and wealth and power. It represented the sawmill and the biggest store and the best house in the village. Lemway's face, lean, with its neatly-clipped black beard, was the most striking countenance one could see along the streets of week-days or at church on Sunday. A bachelor, he lived alone save for a series of housekeepers who remained with him for varying periods of time. Some of the discharged ones hinted at strange things, but what they had said had always been put down to spleen.

Slowly the full meaning of that feebly-traced letter struck through old Adam Hagar. He was like an oak in the grip of a giant wind. To know that his lost daughter had come to this kind of an end was bad enough, but to learn that she had reached that end through the man who stood above all others for integrity in the little world of Ossawgna shook Hagar until it seemed that the very pillars of Heaven were cracking.

The old man staggered half way across the littered floor of the shop, until his feet drove into the pile of long iron rods beside the anvil. He bent downward, seized one of them in his broad hands and let loose the fury of his strength. In an instant the rod was knotted as though it had been twine. As it fell clanging back among the others, Hagar raised his fist toward the smoke-grimed rafters.



There, hanging above the blackness out of which came the hungry voice of the river, was Ira P. Lemway, clutching the bars that were his hold on life.

"Lord God Almighty, aint they no sech thing as right and wrong?"

He had roared the words out in a tone of thunder and the sound of his own voice seemed to steady him. He went back and picked up the sheets of paper and read Amy's last message over again. In the reading of it Adam Hagar changed from the man that he had been. He had been a strong man content with things as they were and resigned to the sorrows that had come into his life. His God had been fearsome and stern, but a just God, in a universe the workings of which were ordered, although sometimes obscure.

Now Adam Hagar was a strong man with a soul run amuck. He did not curse God aloud, but in his heart he renounced Him and resolved, more firmly than if he had taken a boastful oath, to become a man sufficient unto himself. What the Lord would not do, he, Adam Hagar, would accomplish with his own hands.

He would make things come out as they ought to come out. He would pull down the pillars in the temple of hypocrisy even though he were crushed in the ruins. Calmed somewhat, Hagar began to plan as he paced up and down the floor of his shop. He walked to the dim rear and pushed open a shutter on one of the sashless windows. Leaning out, he looked down fifty feet to where the Little Bear River foamed and roared at the bottom of the gorge. That cleft in the earth had helped make part of Ira P. Lemway's wealth, for a few hundred feet beyond the blacksmith's shop Lemway's sawmill was busy cutting out dollars for him.

The cool breeze of late afternoon came in and blew the shaggy white hair back from Hagar's dripping forehead. He turned away and a moment later swung open the big front doors of the shop. Deliberately, he walked through the empty, supper-time streets of the village until he came to the store where tall letters announced that Ira. P. Lemway dealt in general merchandise.

"Is Mr. Lemway in his office?"

THE square, rugged figure of the blacksmith was familiar to the clerk and he nodded idly. There was no difficulty about seeing the great man of the village, and Hagar had counted on this. With even tread he walked the length of the store and pushed open the little door at the end, through which many a debtor had gone to his final undoing. He closed the door behind him.

Ira P. Lemway looked up from a neat pile of bills. Everything about him and his office existed with precision. The ends of his little black bow tie were exactly even and his teeth, white and gleaming, matched each other with the nicety of selected pearls. For the first time Hagar noticed a shiftiness in the sharp eyes above the black beard. Then he remembered that he had seen the same look, without taking thought to name it, every time he had met Lemway for the past ten years.

"Good evening, Brother Hagar," said the merchant, smoothly. "You wanted to speak to me?"

Adam Hagar looked steadily into the narrow bearded face before him.

"I aint your brother," he said, quietly.

Lemway tried to smile, but his fingers beat a nervous tattoo on the desk.

"Ha! Ha!" he ejaculated mirthlessly. "You're feeling like a joke to-night, Bro— Mr. Hagar! What can I do for you?"

The old man remained motionless; his face unchanged and his arms hanging down like thick, curved boughs along his trunk.

"I got a letter from Amy to-day."

At that name Lemway went the color of a dead man, and for an instant his fingers ceased to beat upon the desk. He forced a look of bewilderment.

"Amy? I don't believe I know—"

"Yes, you do!" Hagar did not raise his voice as he continued. "Why didn't you take care of my little gal after you got through with her, you human carrion?"

Lemway ran his tongue out over his lips and opened a drawer of the desk, letting one hand rest carelessly upon it.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

He had a little more color now. Hagar had seen that gesture toward the drawer and knew the meaning of it.

"It's been ten years, Ira Lemway, and the Lord aint punished you yet. I got tired of waiting and so I'm a-goin' to do it for Him!"

Lemway made a movement with his hand and the black muzzle of a pistol poked itself over the edge of the desk.

"I guess you won't do anything!" he growled. "I'm ready for you!"

The old man smiled tolerantly down upon him "I guess one or two bullets from that wouldn't stop me," he said. "Not with the thought of my little gal stabbing me. I could twist your head off afore anything happened to me. But that aint the way I'm a-goin' to do the Lord's work. I'm a-goin' to do it slow and sure, like He does. It's coming to hover over you like sickness and it's going to eat into your heart like what you done has eat into mine; and when the right time comes, then they's going to be an end of you!"

With that Adam Hagar walked out of the office, closing the door behind him. His last glimpse of Lemway showed the merchant leaning forward in his chair, but now with the pistol pointing aimlessly ceilingward. Hagar went slowly through the village and back to his shop He stopped beside the anvil and looked down at the heap of iron rods.

Caged! That was what Amy had been for ten years. Caged away from her home and father and from everything that was good in the world. The plan that had been forming in the blacksmith's mind began to work itself out to the uttermost details. He lifted one of the rods and set it upright before him. It was taller than a tall man. Hagar threw fresh charcoal on the forge fire and worked the bellows until a little inferno glowed under the hood. Then, while all the rest of Ossawgna, save perhaps Ira Lemway, slept in peace, the old man began to shape his revenge. He worked until the hand that held his tongs grew tired and his hammer fell uncertainly. Gray dawn was coming when at last he took off his leather apron, but the beginnings of a big iron skeleton loomed in the shop. It was the framework of his vengeance.

MEN came to Adam Hagar's shop with horses to be shod and axle-trees to be mended just as they had through the forty years since his hammer had first rung on that anvil, and he talked with them slowly, with few and sound words, just as he always had. But now in the intervals of ordinary work he wielded and shaped the growing iron skeleton that stood back in the shadows by day. Tommy Parkin and the other children had come to look upon these intervals as theirs by right, for Uncle Adam, as they called him, was wont to tell them stories of a marvelous kind. Of late he told no more stories but worked, instead, at the iron thing that he would not talk about. The children spoke of it and wondered among themselves until gradually all but the bolder came to be afraid of the shape that was growing in the semi-darkness under the cobwebbed rafters.

It was not long before others than the children noticed the queer thing that old Adam Hagar was making, and because he told nothing when he answered curious questions it became no small source of gossip. But this time there was another thing to take hold of the minds in Ossawgna. For long it had been accepted as fate that Ira P. Lemway's machinery broke down at the least provocation, that the roofs of his renting houses leaked, and that his horses showed their ribs more often than not. Of late, however, the village had come to realize that these matters were not all chance and irremediable. Awakening came when the old and defective saw in the mill sent a pine sliver tearing through the ear of a workman. By the time the doctor had swathed his head in a mass of bandages the village was aroused. Men grumbled aloud against Ira P. Lemway for the first time. They condemned his starved horses, the unsafe floors of his houses, and, most of all, his rickety saw.

News of this spirit of rebellion came to Lemway, along with rumors of the strange thing that old Adam Hagar was building, and for which no man could learn the reason. The magnate took thought as to how he might turn the mind of the village to other matters, but, at first, he laughed at the blacksmith's self-imposed task. The memory of that unusual visit to his office had become a little dimmed, and he comforted himself with the thought that there was a law in the land.

It happened that a crushed foot and a slice of a finger in the mill gave sudden impetus to the feeling against Lemway and all those men who were not in his debt talked openly against him on the store steps. Cold looks were sent toward his pew in church. It was certain, moreover, that the mysterious work of Adam Hagar was growing upon the imagination of the village, which had few secrets to puzzle over and therefore made the most of this one. The talk of the store steps did not connect Hagar's work with Lemway, but Lemway connected it with himself in his own thoughts and his nights at length began to grow uneasy.

HIS nights became restless and then filled with foreboding until, after a month had gone by, he knew that he must do something. Feeling in the village pressed upon him until he began to make efforts to remedy the grosser signs of his niggardliness; but by far his greatest burden was the persistent desire to know what it was that old Adam Hagar was building in the semi-darkness of his




Hagar stepped quickly to a corner and lifted out a big oil lamp, with a powerful reflector spreading behind it. . . . A broad band of light struck out through a great hole in the wall, glinted on the cable, and fell on the cage of iron.

shop. No one could tell this for no one knew. It was said to be big and strong, with many bars laid together in curious shapes, but only the maker could name the thing, or its purpose.

So it came about that one night when Ossawgna was at supper, Ira P. Lemway walked through the long twilight down to the blacksmith's shop over the gorge; whence sounded, as he approached, the tinkle and clang of iron on iron. He shuddered. It seemed to him as though some one were forging links in a giant chain that was pressing and binding him closer and closer about him. In the red glare of the forge stood Hagar, his thick arms bared to the shoulder. Lemway walked to the doorway and paused there, saying nothing. Hagar looked up and down as he laid the glowing end of a long iron bar on his anvil and struck a blow that sent bright flakes singing against his leather apron. Lemway nervously fingered his black beard and cleared his throat.

"What are you making there?" he asked.

Hagar beat the red hot end of the iron to a point before he gave any heed to the man in the doorway. The light of the forge gleamed on his silver hair and flashed back from the steel head of the hammer that rose and fell in his hand. To Lemway the old man seemed like a symbolic figure of Death that held central place in an ancient lithograph he remembered from a visit to a funereal country parlor. As he watched, half fascinated, a dim outline grew out of the darkness behind the blacksmith. At first it seemed like a mere framework of iron rods, taller than a man and of about the breadth that a man could reach with extended arms. But as Lemway gazed the framework took on character and became menacing, personal. He was glad when the smith flung the rod, hissing, into a tub of water and turned his smouldering eyes toward the doorway.

"I'm making a cage for you," said Hagar slowly, resting his hands on the hammer handle. "It aint ready yet."

Such an answer from any other setting would have been grotesque, but there it sounded in the accents of judgment. Lemway felt that he was standing on the brink of the pit of torment, out of which came promise of his doom, and involuntarily he took a step backward. The cavernous, inscrutable eyes of Hagar remained fixed upon him. Of a sudden the forge fire blazed up and threw an evilly-dancing light over the cage. There was a glimpse of sharp and cruel points before the flames died down. Lemway, his heart turned to water within him, wheeled and ran away from the sight of his punishment. He hurried, trembling, through the village and flung himself down in the big sitting room of his house.

HOME, and surrounded by the tangible evidences of his wealth and power, it did not take Ira P. Lemway long to recover from his panic; but the great dread that was upon him grew heavier. He could not flee from Ossawgna, for all his profits were there and at this juncture they required his daily presence. He was bound to the machinery of his wealth, and with it he must stay while the menace of Hagar's revenge grew nearer and nearer. True, he could hale the blacksmith into court at the county seat and have him put under bonds to keep peace, but this would make Lemway the laughing-stock of the countryside. Have a man arrested because that man threatened to put him in a cage? The magnate could almost hear the side-splitting store-porch laughter that such a course would raise. No, he must wait for Hagar to make some definite move, meantime keeping the magazine of his automatic pistol filled.

It was but a day later that little Fanny Burton stepped through a hole in the long unrepaired sidewalk before Lemway's store and snapped her leg. The man who picked her up stopped long enough to curse, in no restrained terms, the over-lord of Ossawgna. He was a burly settler from the back country, independent of village ties, and what he said rang the length of the store and reached the ears of the man for whom it was intended. Lemway went out of the side door of his office and down to the Burton home, where he made the mistake of trying to give the mother money—a paltry five dollars—in the first rush of her grief. The father laid hands on him and shoved him out of the house.

The story ran through the village and Lemway began to meet grunts of open defiance in his own store and mill. The men seemed to be reaching the point where they no longer feared the unspoken threat of discharge and blacklisting that had made them trade at his store and live in his houses for years. Now Lemway grew sore afraid. He

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# HAVE FAITH IN OUR NATIONALS

NO. IX. IN THE SERIES "CANADA REVISITED"

*By* AGNES C. LAUT

I HAVE traversed every section of our National Railroads from the St. Lawrence to the Columbia; and I want to put on record, hard and emphatic, the fact that it is time to stop knocking our National System.

I was told if I travelled on one particular section of the National Railroads, the car would rock so badly I would be thrown out of my sleeper berth. Well, I have travelled on that identical section; and the Pullman rocked though not quite up to the expectations of critics, who devoutly hope for the worst. But I wasn't thrown out of my sleeper; and the cars did not rock half so badly as on a certain much vaunted flyer between Chicago and New York, where they charge you extra for the rocking on the plea of a fast pace.

If the Nationals would charge extra for that rocking, I am confident the kicking would stop. You know how Tom Sawyer got his fence painted. He charged for it; and the boys fought for a chance to do it.

I was told that with the increase in wages on all American and Canadian roads, the deficit of $68,000,000 a year would presently be a deficit of $80,000,000 to $100,000,000; because there was not sufficient traffic in Canada for three transcontinenals.

Forget it! More hoping for the very worst.

Canada has to-day more potential traffic than her three transcontinentals can handle. Lumbering, paper-milling, farming, mining—are all being impeded in development for lack of cars to handle the traffic available, both freight and passenger. When tourist traffic was at its height in July and August, the loneliest and most isolated sections of the Canadian Nationals were very much in the sad position of Booth Tarkington's parent in "Age Seventeen." You couldn't go in a tourist car, a pullman, a diner, without stepping on a superfluous tourist—more tourists than the railroads could comfortably handle.

As to hotel accommodation for the tourists, who come to Western Canada to squander their good foreign money and right exchange by so doing, compared to the number of tourists, the hotel accommodation pretty nearly *non est*. From the time I left North Bay for the West, in June last year, to September, when I headed back East, I had to telegraph a week ahead to get bed and board at all; and in one place I was one of two hundred people, who had to shorten a stay of a week to a day because there was not a sleeping box available anywhere in that city.

I remember coming off one steamer on the Pacific crowded to standing room. There were 600 people—chiefly American tourists bound to and from Alaska—on the gangway; "and," said the steward, "we often have 1,100". Yet those 1,100 were only a fraction of the number who would have come if there had been room.

### Is It A Superfluous Branch?

ON THE loneliest section of the Nationals—say up Thompson River, which critics are fond of saying is a superfluous branch—there was more lumber freight available than there was equipment to handle it, or indeed, than there were track workers to keep the road-bed in repair. If the critics would look at the map carefully, they would see this line is the short base of two long sides to a railroad and steamship triangle. Instead of spending two nights and a day between the prairie and the Coast, and then two nights and a day down the Coast to the American Border, you make the astoundingly quick time of two nights and a day only from the American border to Edmonton, the jumping off place for the Mackenzie, for Peace River, for that section of British Columbia, which promises to be a second Transvaal.

If you have any fear of Edmonton being permanently "broke," instead of only temporarily "bent" by the war slump, take a good look at the map of the hinterland beyond.

There is oil on Mackenzie River. We know that now. Oil tankers are not being ordered at Prince Rupert and Vancouver because they can't be ordered elsewhere. They are being ordered at these points because they will be needed at these points to carry the oils of Northern Canada to South America and the Orient. It may take years to get the oil development to the shipping point. (It took Mexico seventeen years to make oils pay.) But when Canadian oil reaches the shipping point, it means Edmonton a second Pittsburg, Vancouver a second San Francisco, Prince Rupert a second Seattle, Terrace, British Columbia, a second Spokane.

Peace River has wheat farms for 3,000,000 people. She has headed into that wheat area only two lines—the Edmonton and Dunvegan (criticized as unnecessary), which the C.P.R. has taken over to operate, and the P. G. and V. G. E. up Fraser Canyon, a provincial B.C. line, also criticized as unnecessary, both of which will have to be coordinated into one line to handle Peace River traffic.

When that happens, you will see Prince George, not "broke," not even "bent," but a second Butte or Helena, humming with mining and lumbering and pulp activity. These things have materialized in the United States in the last twenty years. They will as inevitably materialize in Canada.

But that is not the whole story—not by a long, long shot.

Wake up, and rub your eyes, and look at the map again!

We are not dealing with pipe dreams. We are dealing with facts.



Graving docks at Prince Rupert, which Miss Laut says will be "the Seattle of the North" ere long.

### The Lure of No Man's Land

DRAW a line from the head waters of the Yukon to the wonder mines of Mexico, which have been feeding the world with wealth of copper and gold and silver for four hundred years! What do you find? First—the Yukon. You will admit the Yukon was worth while. It did produce real *stuff*, not pipe dream *snuff*. Then a blank in the map, a No-Man's-Land, which white man's feet have not yet trod, at the headwaters of the Pelly and the Yukon; then Omenica, then Cassiar, then Cariboo, then East and West Kootenay—out of which the last time I figured it up, more than $270,000,000 of actual gold and silver have come since the first great gold rush to Cariboo and the Fraser. Now do you know that this No-Man's-Land has an actual area of 400 by 800 miles? Do you know that the two biggest mining corporations in the world—the one that made its biggest strike in the Transvaal, the one that to-day owns the best mines in Mexico—have to-day their engineering scouts with secret prospectors traversing this land? The mother lode of all Yukon's wealth, the mother lode of all Cariboo's and Cassiar's weath—is supposed to be up there. I have talked to their prospectors and I have talked to their engineering scouts. I have seen specimens of their finds and I have seen what their finds assay; and I confess it rather made my hair rise up in kinks of wonder.

I promised I would tell no more till they have staked their claims and until these assays have been officially corroborated; but I know where the next great gold rush is going, though I do not know when it is coming. But I do know one of these corporations spent $300,000 scouting this region in 1920, and another is negotiating for a couple of hydro-aeroplanes to go in in 1921 with supplies; and if I can find time, I am going in myself. I like to see with my own eyes what I am talking about. I may say that fifteen others and myself have just grub-staked four Canadian prospectors to get in ahead of them; so I have proved my faith in what I say in the most tangible way I know—by paying up, or shutting up. We Canadians are so prone to wait till foreign enterprise demonstrates its faith, then to howl to High Heaven about "foreign interests gobbling us up."

Look at your map again!

Below the Kootenay's, Montana's mineral wealth and Idaho's; south, the wonderful Hearst mines of Deadwood, Dakota, the gold fields of Nevada and Colorado, the gold of California, the copper of Arizona, and the gold and silver and copper of Mexico! Have you any doubt what our No-Man' Land holds hidden away? Well, I wish you could have heard those prospectors talk as they showed their spe mens and assays; and I only pray they may come out alive; for the bones of unknown pioneers of every forward surge of progress bleach on the edge of the Great Unknown, whither they are bound.

Doubt of traffic for three transcontinentals!

It is to laugh. It is a bout of political spleen, or after-war depression. Laugh it out of your system! With a heritage such as the Lord has given Canada, if we sit on the edge of the Promised Land and grouch and grump and grumble, we deserve not "the lifting kick," but to wander for a hundred years in the Desert of Hard Times.

I should like to see every pessimist in Canada to-day hooted into oblivion. The danger is not when a nation is coming up out of the trough of such depression as our recent slump. The danger is when we are on the crest of a prosperity that we lose our heads. Now is the time to be optimistic; and in ten years I predict we will have to put brakes on our prosperity; and even now, coming out of the slump, there is no need for poverty in Canada. Our one great, great, great lack is Labor—labor for railroads, labor for the lumber mills, labor for the pulp factories, labor for the mines, labor for the farms, labor for the clearing of the timber lands. The world needs ten times more of all than we are turning out; and if output slumps, it will be because overhead is so high, the world cannot afford to buy.

Come back to our National rails, which I see a stump orator has described as in "a terrible mess because of the damnable Tory Government in Ottawa."

Now as a matter of fact—what beastly "thorns in the side of a friend" are little facts—as a matter of fact, it was not a Tory Government put through our Nationals. It was a Grit Government, the best and greatest Grit Government Canada ever had; and it was a Tory Government, the best and greatest Tory Government Canada ever had, that carried on the Nationals, which the Grits inaugurated. All honor to them both! Let us be fair and square, even if it doesn't make hot stuff for party politics.

### Certain Duplication Must be Admitted

TO BE sure it was a heart-breaking tragedy that after having spent so much money on them, the war slump came and broke the backs of our National railways; but neither the G.T.P., nor the C.N. caused the war, or knew the war was coming. The wise nation, like the wise individual, is the one that sees to it every kick is a lifting kick up stairs, not a tumbling sprawl to the door mat. Let us make the best of them!

I have been told money "was squandered." Possibly it was. I think it was in certain needless duplications, where the trackage parallels, where only one track is being used to-day; but if you know any railroad in America that didn't learn to be wise by its own mistakes, please tell me its name. I could tell you a place in the Santa Fe, where they are yearly bettering the track and lessening the costs of hauling freight by straightening the curves; and I could tell you of one place on the Harriman lines and another on the Hill lines, where they avoided the two long sides of a triangle by buying at a very high figure new lines that gave a shorter haul across the base of the triangle. If you want to know the spots on those lines, look where the East and West on these lines bought into straight North and South lines—they explained to get haulage to New Orleans.

When I took the Canadian Nationals from Vancouver up the Fraser and Thompson to Jasper Park, I passed through a railroad station that would have done honor to New York, or Washington, better than anything in Philadelphia, or St. Louis. When I was last in Vancouver, the site of that railroad station was a mud-puddle. I call that money spent well both for Vancouver and Canada.

I only consider it a tragedy for the builders that there had to be taken out of their hands what they had "builded better than they knew." I hope some day the story of all the builders in Canada will be told—told in its entirety.

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# THE SPECTRE:

By GUY MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

## *Could this happen to you?*

Longreen was not a quibbler.

"I am sorry, Grimley," he came straight to the point, "but we are compelled to dispense with your services at the end of the month. . . . . Turner's has got overstocked on a rising market. . . . . .we are compelled to retrench.

"You are not alone," Longreen's voice went on, with a faint suggestion of pity behind it . . . . . .

"WHAT'S the idea of pan-handling? Did it never occur to you to work for a living?"

There was asperity in Barton Grimley's voice, and he intended the tones to be slightly cutting. To him, on this bright October day, the sudden spectacle of the gaunt-eyed, ragged-cheeked one stepping in front of him and looking up into his face with unmistakable tragedy written upon every line of his dulled features was an unwarranted blow at the joy of living.

"Please, sir, there is no work to be had. If you could only help me—a little." Yet the voice seemed even more frightened than the eyes.

Then the man plunged on, doggedly, like one who has no alternative but to speak, yet who shrinks from the stark humiliation of it all.

For a time Grimley heard the words, then, caught in a subconscious wave of compassion—perhaps even understanding—he plunged one hand into his pocket and emptied it of change; but the tremble of tears in the bleary eyes forced his other hand into a swift movement which brought forth bills.

"May fortune bless you," the man could scarcely mumble the simple words, "and may *you* never come to this."

Barton Grimley moved on, with a squarer set to his shoulders and with a righteous glow about the region of the heart.

"Thank the stars," he muttered to himself, "that *I* do not have to do *that*. I have kept clear of that," Grimley muttered again; then, with a slight modification of that glint of righteousness, he added, "I wonder what can ever bring creatures to such a pass? Shiftlessness. Bootlegger poison, I suppose; though he wouldn't tell me about such faults as that."

He enumerated his own rewards, pridefully, rewards which were the harvest of an ambition carefully nurtured upon all those aforesaid characteristics of application and integrity. It would make a long story, that climb of his along the slippery runway of ambition, that upward climb from among the struggling masses at his feet, until now, with much complacency and a little cautious pride, he could look back and thank himself that he was not just one of the rut-worn toilers.

HIS rewards? Yes, there was this five-thousand-dollar-a-year job of his; and that was the crux of it all. It was this job, climbed to and held on to through the years, which had made possible that delightful house upon the avenue—a home just a trifle lofty, perhaps, for one of his means, yet delightful just the same—it was this job of his which had made it possible for him to leave a handsome motor in front of the door for Mary to drive that pair of boys to school.

And such boys they were! The mere thought of them made Grimley's grey eyes sparkle with delight. Ted, careless, light-hearted Ted, with all the carelessness of untroubled years of ten; Bob, solemn-eyed Bob, with thirteen years behind him, and with a gift almost of genius which made him happiest when his fingers were toying with the strings and the bow of the violin.

Grimley nodded to no one in particular. He would put that boy Bob through to the end, to the very top, until the acclaim of vast audiences. . . . . .

Again Grimley shivered. For the shadowy memory of that gaunt-eyed one had thrust itself across the radiance of his paintings of the future, almost like the threat of augury.

"Of course the poor old wretch never worked, and he has himself to blame," Grimley digressed from his castle-building, "but, I wonder. I didn't ask him. . . . if he had boys like Bob and Ted. . . . "

That sobered Grimley for a time and left him pondering that, to him, almost unimaginable thing known as a future without a job. It was quite true that the charming house upon the avenue was not entirely paid for, Bob's violin lessons were a trifle behind, wife Mary owed a garage bill and daughter Isobel still had fees due at the boarding school. But the next month's check would clear up the little things, and a few years of modest economy should see the last scratch wiped off the debit account of that delightful home.

That ragged-cheeked face in front of him again. . . .

"It all does depend upon the job," Grimley conceded to himself, argumentatively, "but it's only the no-accounts who lose their jobs. Things like that don't happen to a person who works, particularly if he has a five thousand dollar job at Turner's. Why don't those poor devils start young and work up? But the booze gets them, I suppose, or they're lazy. . . .won't turn a hand over except when the wolf starts barking. Now, I might have been just that same kind of a wretch, except. . . . ."

He paused in front of Turner's departmental store and gazed up at the lofty structure of its commercialism with a proprietary air of reverence. He, in his own small way, had helped to make Turner's what it was. He had seen it grow for the past twenty years, and though he knew little else in the world of commerce but the way of Turner's, he was still pridefully content.

The sight of the scurrying boys and girls, of the more sedately hustling men and women, in their dash to beat out the time clock by the fraction of a minute, brought a warm flush of pride to Grimley's heart. He didn't have to race with the time clock. . . .for he had helped to build Turner's.

The thought of that quite drove from his mind all memory of the gaunt-eyed one, so that when he reached his desk in the offices on the fifth floor the chief thing in his mind was the mystery of the music of commerce as the hum of it crept up through the many floors and reached him here in this den of his. A delightful spot, this cosy retreat, almost as charming as that home upon the avenue. A quiet, restful room, where he might sit and plot out those coups—the bazaars, the fashion displays, the Easter festivals, the Christmas lures—which had helped to push Turner's to the top through the passing of the years.



"Mary . . . I've lost my job at Turner's."

Came a slight knocking at the door, a jerky sound, like that coming from the hand of a man whose brain has suffered a shock.

"Come in," Grimley called pleasantly.

A figure slipped through, and though Grimley recognized Burlington, the assistant European buyer, he experienced a sudden dulling to the keenness of his content at the mere sight of the man's face.

"What's wrong, Burlington?" he asked, rather quickly.

"Heaven only knows," Burlington's voice came back thickly. "But young Dibble, the chief's secretary, you know. has just tipped me off that there's a dozen of us on the carpet this morning. Men high up in our departments, every one of us. The old man must have gone crazy. . . "

"I'm awfully sorry for you, old chap," Grimley began.

Burlington laughed, but the sound, when set against the whiteness of his countenance, was a mockery.

"You'd better be," the voice came thicker still. "Dibble says you are one of the dozen. Thought I'd get you ready. See if you can't find a little note on your desk. . . from old Longreen. I got one. . . ."

Burlington's manner compelled Grimley to search, yet when he found the message among the casual correspondence upon his desk it was only a polite summons to call upon Longreen at ten.

At ten o'clock precisely, Grimley went, quietly, unflurried, because Burlington could tell him nothing. Some trifling difficulty, he presumed, but it could be nothing serious.

In the corridor leading to Longreen's den he met Tudhope, assistant manager of the drygoods department. The man appeared to walk past without seeing him, and because of that, Grimley lost a trifle of his aplomb as he stepped into the office and found young Dibble waiting with his hand on Longreen's door.

A moment more, and Grimley found himself staring back at the cool-faced Longreen, the all-powerful caliph of Turner's, who was regarding him as impersonally as though he were a specimen bolt of cloth, and as though they had not known each other through the years.

Longreen was not a quibbler.

"I am sorry, Grimley," he came straight to the point, "but we are compelled to dispense with your services at the end of the month. Turner's, for the past six months, has been having a terrible pull. We got overstocked on the rising market, and now, with the market falling every day and getting more and more into the customer's hands, we have to retrench, or crash. We have chosen to retrench. Every stick of decorative employment is being cut out of the store. . . . . "

Through the deadening blur of his thoughts, Grimley recognized that there was much more of it. There was such a shattering mass of it, so clearly and logically put, and so deftly handled by Longreen's subtle tongue, that when it was through, Grimley found scarcely a word to say.

He did begin to raise his voice, but Longreen shocked him into silence.

"You are not alone," Longreen's voice went on, with a faint suggestion of pity back of it. "There are a dozen going now, and we picked you, partly because your positions were not totally essential, and partly because, having drawn high salaries for so many years, you should be better able to weather the gale than the low-salaried men. It was a case of choose between you, for instance, Grimley, and three other men in the low-salary class. You are well fixed; or should be. The others are not. . . . "

By having it put that way, Grimley felt that he could not even complain. He still felt that way when he came out into the dulling street at night and made his way lifelessly up through the raucous city to that avenue where he knew a delightful home would be glimmering and beckoning with lights.

Through that evening the spectre of the gaunt-eyed one was constantly with him. It left him scarcely for a moment when Mary was chattering about the costume which Isobel must have for the masquerade at the college; it mocked him viciously when she recited the innocuous incidents of Mrs. Burger's afternoon tea and while she glowed with the prospect of next week's session of the bridge club to be held in this same delightful home; it cut through the surface of all things else and stood there a glowering thing when Ted's trusting voice reminded him of those accoutrements of the forthcoming winter joys which were to be his; but it seemed like a stab to the very heart when solemn-eyed Bob got out his violin and dreamed his way through some of those age-old

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# THE LAW'S VINDICATION



Shalor, in the blackness, saw a face pressed against the pane.

*By* C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY G. H. CHARLES

THE hour was five. Shalor sat at his office desk putting his papers in order, preparatory to leaving for the night. He was the assistant county crown attorney. In his early thirties, keen, alert, aggressive, his well-groomed appearance suggested prosperity. His official position he owed to his political prominence, though his abilities were exceptional. He was a man with few friends, had been too busy and self-centred to spend time in making them, and rather prided himself on his independence in such matters. Shalor had an excellent opinion of himself, and even those who disliked him conceded that he was likely to go far in his profession; there is usually a prominent place at the Bar for the aggressively pushful person. A few years before he had been a clerk in the office of the Jordan department store, Bridgeton's largest retail establishment; while there he had attended a night school, and later had succeeded in passing the Bar examinations and gaining admittance to the ranks of those certified to practise the more or less distinguished profession of the law. Bridgeton knew him as a hustler, with a pair of eyes fixed on John Shalor and his interests. Only once had he been known to wander from the narrow way of business ambition, and display the average instincts of young male humanity. He fell in love with Ethel Miliman, an attractive girl who worked in the cashiers' department of Jordan's store. He was unfortunate in that she preferred another man, one Frank Hardy, who worked in the same office. She married Hardy, and it was characteristic of Shalor that he never spoke to either of them, after their engagement, for many years. That was Shalor—it was almost a penal offence to cross his ambition, certainly an unforgivable one.

He had finished sorting papers, and was about to close his desk when there was a tap on the door, and a stout elderly man entered. His blue clothes, brass buttoned, indicated that he was a county constable. He dropped into a chair as a privileged person, mopped his heated forehead with a not over-clean bandana handkerchief, then produced a plug of tobacco and bit off a large chunk. Bill Cardwell was very much at home with law men generally.

"Well, what's the news?" asked Shalor crisply.

"Then you aint heard?" Bill responded, resorting to his handkerchief again. He seemed to be somewhat agitated. "Just had the toughest job I've ever handled, and I've had some tough ones in my thirty-five years as county officer. I've arrested Frank Hardy for embezzlement, and he's back of the bars over in the lock-up."

SHALOR swung his chair about with roused interest.

"Hardy, eh?" he commented. "That's surely news."

"Got away with six hundred dollars; of course he's bonded, and between Jordan and Moorehouse, the bond representative, they had him pulled in, though both of 'em felt as bad about it as I did. Frank's been with the firm ever since he left high school.

"Got into some kind of a fix, I guess. You know how it's been with them this while back; ever since Ethel lost her little boy she's been all broken up and sickly. There have been big doctor's bills to pay and Frank had to send her south for the last winter or two, and what with one thing and another he got into a tight fix and helped himself to some collections. You know the hellish game; a fellow gets into a hole, there's money he can use for a few days. He never doubts but he'll be able to put it back, and then he's nicked before he can do it. It broke me all up. Why, Ethel's been used to run in and out of my house like one of our own ever since she could toddle."

"You're mushier than I'd thought, Bill," responded Shalor. "If a fellow's caught picking pockets on the street, or holding up his neighbor and frisking his pocket book, there's no slopping over him; he just gets what's coming to him, and folks say what a good thing it is for the community. Where's the difference? Hardy was a trusted man, and took advantage of the trust reposed in him to run crooked. Most thieves and burglars have got relatives, and there are barrels of tears when they're sent up. I've no patience with that kind of stuff, it's like the sentimentalism that makes women you'd think decent and level-headed send roses to condemned murderers. Hardy had every incentive to run straight, and if he chose to go crooked so much the worse for him, and the woman who took him for better or for worse has to stand it when it turns out to have been for the worse."

Cardwell looked at him intently. He knew all about Shalor's courtship of Ethel Millman in the old time. The old fellow was sentimental, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet. He had no fear of Shalor before his eyes, and spoke as he thought.

"I guess when the good Lord made you, Shalor, he forgot to put the soul in," he said bluntly.

The other did not take offence; he was in an exceptionally good humor, so he laughed heartily.

"Maybe that's so," he replied. "Anyway, I'm glad he put brains instead of the putty that stands for them in some people."

THE Hardy case was assigned by the head of the department to Shalor. When the time drew near for it to come into court for final disposition Hinksman, the crown attorney, discussed it with him.

"About this Hardy embezzlement case," he said, "it's on your docket so I don't want to interfere, but there seems to be a quite unusual amount of public interest in the matter. It seems that Hardy has borne a very high character, and that there are circumstances bearing upon the offence that have created a great deal of sympathy for him. The money has been replaced; it was not taken for selfish extravagance but in a moment of very severe temptation, when the man was harassed about money to give medical attention to an invalid wife. Perhaps you know him?"

"Yes, I know Hardy," replied Shalor.

"Well, that simplifies matters," said Hinksman. "As I said just now I don't want to interfere with your handling of the case; there have been representations made to me, but I referred those who made them to you. If you think as I do, perhaps we can get the judge to let the matter go by with a suspended sentence, or something like that. Jordan will take the man back as soon as he is free; that should count. However, the deputation that waited on me will be in to see you. All I wanted you to know was that I'd support you in a lenient attitude."

Hinksman was a gentleman of the old school, not very brilliant but greatly liked for his big heart. For such a man Shalor had no use whatever.

"Lump of mush!" he sneered, when the door closed on his superior.

A couple of days later the deputation waited on Shalor. It embraced half a dozen of Bridgeton's leading men—clergyman, banker, business men, together with Jordan and Moorehouse. They set the facts before Shalor as he knew them and said they represented the general feeling of the town in asking for clemency. They dwelt on the sickness of the accused man's wife, and pointed out the dangerous results that severity in punishment might bring about. Few things had ever given Shalor more gratification than the sense of power that the pleaders gave to him. He replied to them with unusual suavity, for they were men of high standing. He would give his most careful consideration to everything they had stated, and with that assurance they were quite satisfied. It was not their purpose to bargain with the law, or exact from its ministers definite promises. It was enough that Shalor would give consideration to the matter, and it was generally assumed that the law would temper justice with mercy, and give this over-tempted young man, heavily burdened as he was, a chance. Shalor grinned when they had taken their departure.

"Slop! Sentimental slop!" he muttered when alone again.

The day before the trial he called at Jordan's store on some private matter. When he entered the private office of Mr. Jordan he saw Ethel Hardy there. He did not withdraw, that was not Shalor's way. It might have implied, had he done so, that he was afraid of meeting her. It was some time since he had last seen her, and the change in her astonished him; he wondered he could ever have thought her pretty or desirable. She was thin, pale, haggard; only, it seemed to him, in his swift glance, her eyes remained as they had been, deep, lustrous, brilliant. He gave her no greeting, covering the omission deftly in his salutation to Jordan. For an instant he thought she was going to speak to him, she leaned forward a little impulsively. There was an appealing tenderness in her eyes and on her lips. He wondered what she now thought of her choice of Hardy in preference to himself.

"I'm glad you looked in, Shalor," said Jordan smilingly. "The little girl here has been terribly troubled, but I was explaining to her that the law and its administrators have hearts, and that things may turn out better than she has feared."

"I think I made myself clear when the deputation waited on me," replied Shalor stiffly. "We don't make over-the-counter bargains in legal matters of the kind."

"Just so," said Jordan, somewhat abashed. He would have liked to say just what he thought of the rebuke coming from the upstart snob, but he was a diplomatic man, disliking Shalor but fearing his power in the Hardy case. He promised himself that when this was disposed of he'd let him know what he thought of this tall-horse riding.

"Don't you worry, Ethel," he said, after Shalor had left. "He can't forget he's a lawyer and assistant crown attorney; you know what they say of putting beggars on horses, and he is mighty touchy about the precious dignity of John Shalor. But he'll do what's wanted, Hinksman has given him his line, and he'll only be glad to do what the public wants. He's for Shalor every minute of every day, and has his money to make from the public. Now you go home, my dear, sleep easy to-night, and by this time to-morrow you'll have Frank with you, the clouds blown away, and everything even better than before."

She hesitated, doubt in her eyes, her lips trembling.

"I'm afraid of him, Mr. Jordan—afraid of him. He hates Frank, he hates me; he never forgets and never forgives," she said.

"You're nervous, my dear," he soothed gently. "The law's no bully, it does not persecute. It's got an ear for reason. Now don't fret any more, you'll see I am right within a few hours. Now I'm going to send you home in my car. Not a word—I'll have my own way."

THERE was no defence. Hardy pleaded guilty and the only matter before the court was in respect of the sentence to be imposed. The spacious room was crowded when the case was called, for it was the burning topic for the moment in Bridgeton's life.

Seated on one side of the room, on the judge's right hand, were the witnesses as to the reputation the accused had hitherto borne in the community. Hardy sat with his lawyer a few steps from Shalor, his wife by his side. They were there when Shalor, who had an eye for dramatic entries, made his appearance, bustling in importantly when

the room was full and the scene set. One by one the townsmen were called by Hardy's lawyer, and gave their testimonies, which were really pleas for mercy. The old judge on the bench was visibly impressed, and so far relaxed his attitude of impartiality as to nod his head suggesting agreement with the speaker. Shalor had no high opinion either of his backbone or legal attainments. It would have been extremely difficult to find a man of whom Shalor had a high opinion. They were mostly mush, or slush, or putty—three of his favorite epithets in mood of high contempt.

He listened, a smile on his well-satisfied face, to the sentimental tributes, the teary plea offered by Hardy's counsel, and then, when it had ended, he rose. He had the dramatic instinct very acutely developed, and did not rush into his speech. He knew the great values of pause and silence. For a minute or two he played with his papers, then straightened up, glanced round the court at the crane-necked crowd, swept the faces of the pleaders for Hardy, looked the accused in the face and let his eyes rest on the flushed eager face of the sick woman he had once professed to love. He saw no appeal in Hardy's eyes—the man was far from being broken yet. In those of the woman—they seemed more hauntingly brilliant and searching than ever—there was imploration. It seemed to Shalor that she asked for mercy by the right of the love he had once declared for her. He wondered if she were sorry now that she had married that criminal before the court instead of him — Shalor — who was master of this impressive situation. He did not think she was sorry—women were obstinate that way, he told himself.

He spoke slowly at first, very deliberately choosing his words, fashioning his sentences into the curt, decisive, telling form that he cultivated. None could listen, he said, to the appeals of the eminent and highly respected gentlemen who had testified to the previous character of the accused, without being deeply impressed. It was a not unpleasing trait in human nature that even where the culprit deserved condemnation, tender sympathy out-flowed. There was a divineness in pity that made one think well of one's kind. This was Shalor stump-speaking. He lied in every word of it, knew he was lying, but it was part of the paint and grease-pot stuff of legal play-acting. He played with this for a little time, and so skilfully that not a person in court but decided—perhaps with the exception of the accused himself—that when he had finished showing off he'd ask for a suspended sentence. Then he suddenly turned. There were facts that were not to be ignored, the law declared the wrongdoer must be punished. Neither he nor the learned judge on the bench had made the law. It was their business to declare and administer it; did it mean what it said? If a man was a thief—stole—the law demanded his punishment. If a man, who had been highly respected, greatly trusted, stole, was his offence to be regarded as less than the crime of the footpad? There were hundreds of boys and young men in that city of Bridgeton entering business daily. Would it be helpful to them, in the hour of temptation that would possibly come to them, to know that this man Hardy, with so much at stake to compel him to keep straight, had stolen his employer's money and been allowed to escape without adequate punishment?

The law demanded vindication. The officers charged with its administration had a sacred duty imposed upon them; on him as prosecutor to present its demands, on the learned judge to pronounce what the statute-books said he should pronounce.

There should be no evasion because the duty was an unpleasant one. He was now directing all his impressive power on the judge, and fancied he could see the soft putty, as he mentally regarded him, hardening under the icy stream of eloquence. Whether their duty harmonized with the kindly emotion of the public for the moment, or not, he contended mattered little; they were pledged to do their duty, even when it was distasteful and unpopular.

Then the judge took up the spotlight. Hardy stood before him. There was compliment to the kindly-hearted citizens, there was a quotation from Shakespeare about mercy and some platitudinous comments on the general theme, and then came the dissertation on the law, its divinity, its majesty, its impartiality.

Back and forth he droned, one minute making the throng think that he'd free the man, the next that he'd hang him. Finally he pronounced sentence, his eye now resting on Shalor, of whose sharp and disrespectful tongue he was secretly afraid.

Two years' imprisonment at hard labor was the doom.

There was a rustling in the courtroom, an indistinct buzz as of an indignant hive. Hardy stood some moments, not a muscle of his face moving; Shalor saw that he was not broken yet. And then sounded a cry—a cry that pierced the heart of every person in the room, save perhaps one. It was the bitter wail of infinite, utmost sorrow, and looking in the direction whence it came Shalor saw Ethel Hardy, as one dead, broken, in the care of kindly attendants.

Hardy rushed to her, took her from their hands, and as Shalor saw the look in his eyes, he knew that the man was broken at last.

A week later Ethel Hardy was dead and Frank Hardy in jail.

SHALOR saw Hardy shortly after his incarceration. He was in the jail governor's office on other business and expressed a wish to see Hardy. It would be interesting to have a look at him under prison conditions. He saw him, going quite close to him and nodding agreeably. The man had changed. He hissed into Shalor's ear as they were close together.

"I'll get you yet, Shalor."

Shalor laughed. He wasn't at all hurt by the threat. The fellow had always been slush—and this cheap threat was on a par with the rest. He knew that his popularity in Bridgeton had not been enhanced by his attitude to Hardy, or rather his unpopularity had not been lessened, but that did not worry him. He could take care of himself; a man who had to depend on others and what they thought of him was mush—poor stuff. He had vindicated the law, done his duty. A voice sounded within him, a voice that had rarely disturbed his self-complacency.

"You're a liar, Shalor! You didn't care a cent's worth for the law and its vindication; you've nolprossed, or let go with suspended sentence, fifty cases infinitely worse than Hardy's. You drove Hardy to jail for reasons of private vengeance, because he crossed your path. You struck a blow right to the heart of a woman because she loved another man rather than you."

"Well, let it go at that," said Shalor mentally, seeking to dismiss the case.

But one thing impressed him, and, in a way, troubled him. Often during the day, in broad light, he would see a pale face, and despite its pallor there was the beauty and sweetness in it of the Ethel Millman he had known and loved as a girl; and the eyes, especially, would turn their brilliance on him, without anger, tender, appealing, wistful eyes. And often in the night they would look out at him, piercing the blackness, and seeming to search into the remotest corners of his soul.

Shortly after Hardy's case was disposed of, Shalor sent in his resignation as assistant crown attorney. He had taken the position only as a platform from which to climb to something higher. It had been irksome to be, even to a limited extent, under the authority of a spineless bluff like Hinksman. There were big corporations in Bridgeton and the vicinity who were desirous of availing themselves of the militant powers of a battler at the bar like Shalor. Negligence suits were often brought against them, and needed fighting by a man who wasn't too particular about ring rules, and would sneak a horseshoe into his glove if he got the chance. Shalor was a battler, had respect for none, though when it was advisable he could play at being respectful as well as the most obsequious. He would dispute the law of gravitation if it would help his case to do so, and such a man at the bar is invaluable. Often he awes an opponent by his truculence; not infrequently is able to browbeat judge or jury, and is held in dread by a timid plaintiff or his witness. Offers were made to Shalor by corporate interests, and a salary half a dozen times what he had been earning tendered to him. He accepted without hesitation. It was as easy to make fifty thousand a year as five hundred if you knew the game, and had the nerve to play it. He resigned at the end of August although his new appointments did not take effect until the first of January.

SHALOR had never had what he called a real holiday. In early days he had had no money for holidaying more than a few days now and then, and later he had been too busy. He decided that he would step aside from everything for the rest of the year. He would seek some quiet, out of the way place, where he could ease up, fish while the fishing lasted, hunt and do a good deal of reading. He found a place that just suited him. It was a furnished camp far back from civilization, on the shores of a remote lake, in the heart of the deep woods. It was a dozen miles from the nearest town. He hired it at once and went up.

Woodsmen, on their way into the deeper bush, carried his impedimenta the fifteen miles from railway to camp. It was an ideal spot, matching the man and his mood; here he could step aside from life's beaten track, review the way he had come, plan the future that promised so abundantly. There was no other camp on the lake, no habitation, so far as he knew, within a dozen miles. He wanted no society, being a self-sufficient man. September was half gone when he entered his camp-home and settled down. The woods were beginning to change color; here and there brilliant patches of vivid scarlet and gold splashed manificently the green canvas of Nature, spreading, as the days wore by, until the vast woodland was a bewildering riot of intoxicating splendors, reflecting their beauty in the mirror of the lake. In one respect Shalor did not find it as solitary as he had first imagined it would be.

There is in every man the subtle link that connects him to his kind. Even the most secluded of hermits must realize it, and when visible, tangible contact has been broken, memory supplies what is missing. So Shalor found it in the quiet solitary days.

There was a world of living creatures about him, men and women he had known, a world that he carried about with him, with whose members he consorted and talked, whom he saw moving about before his eyes. Hardy and his wife he sought to dismiss; he had done with them. One was in jail, the other in the grave. They belonged to a closed volume in his diary of life. Hardy was not very difficult to dismiss, but it was not so easy to seal the woman down within the covers of the book, and, strange as it appeared to him, as time went by, he had less and less desire to forget her. He had not much faith in a future life blossoming out of this—mostly sentimental parsons' and weak women's notions, he held such faith—but he remembered that in the Bible there was something said about there being no marrying nor giving in marriage in heaven. If there was a Heaven, and Ethel Millman, as he now always thought of her, was in it, the link between her and Hardy had been snapped by death. Again and again he wondered if she had repented of her folly in choosing Hardy instead of himself. And often when he was on the lake idly fishing, or in the quieter evenings before

*Continued on page 46*

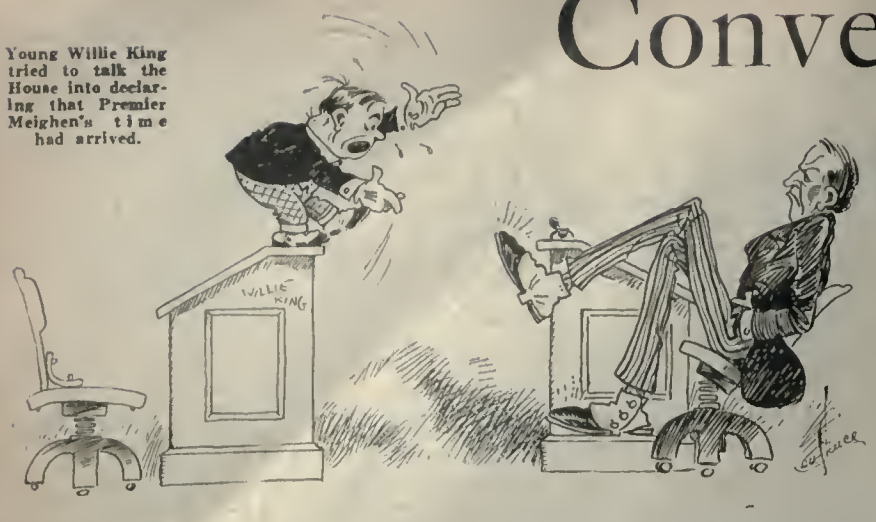


And then sounded a cry that pierced the heart of every person in the room.

# Conversation vs. Closure

*By* J. K. MUNRO

CARTOONS BY LOU SKUCE




Young Willie King tried to talk the House into declaring that Premier Meighen's time had arrived.

THIS Parliament of ours somehow reminds us of the man who had two sons. "What is Bill doin'?" a friend asked. "Nothin'." "And Bob?" "Pilin' up for Bill." Now this aforesaid Parliament never had a brother. Nothing so inane, colorless and lackadaisical in the legislation line was ever perpetrated on any former attempt at civilization. So, as it did "nothing" the first month it perforce spent the second month "pilin' up" what it did the first.

As you look back over those melancholy days, the saddest of the year, you realize that the only government grist to go through the mill was a measly little measure cheapening this cost of taking the referendum in Ontario. The estimates were nibbled at and there was an occasional clash between Government and Opposition when Young Willie King tried to talk the House into declaring that the Premier Meighen's time had arrived and that he should move out and make room for a bigger and be ter man whom of course he was too modest to name. But these were merely punctuation marks in an endless chain of oratory covering what is known as "Private Members' Days." Private Members' Days? You repeat, "What is a Private Members' Day?" My friend, it is a day on which a private member has the right to make himself a public nuisance. Does he exercise the privilege? He does—

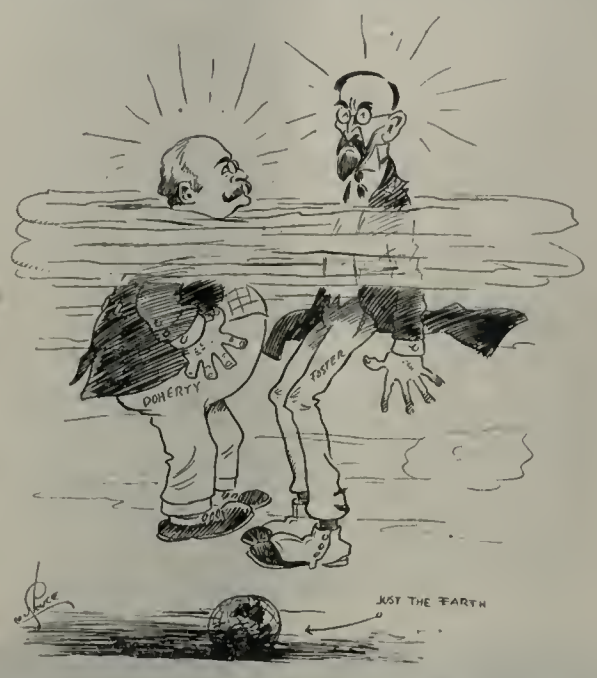
He rises to speak on a resolution which declares some great academic truth. He speaks. So do a score of others. The clock strikes 12: the resolution is withdrawn and another historic day has been transferred to the pages of *Hansard*. The whole thing has the intrinsic value of that good old Friday afternoon argument: "Is marriage a failure?" that was wont to add to schoolday joys simply because it presaged the coming of the Saturday holiday. But there is no redeeming feature to the Private Members' Day Oration. It begins nowhere, ends nowhere and never for a moment gives promise of recreation, information or entertainment. It covers pages of *Hansard*, is shipped in cartloads to suffering constituents and serves as another reason why the sitting member should be replaced at the earliest opportunity. Take a few examples. Dr. Manion, of Fort William, resoluted to the effect that the Government should get busy and devise ways and means of developing our National resources. Now the Doctor is a well-meaning young man who wouldn't willingly hurt a fly. He has frequently been mentioned as Cabinet material and it must be admitted he would look better in the front line of benches than some of the picked troops that now occupy them. Moreover, he thinks with speed and talks like the rattle of a machine gun, so that he doesn't waste much of the time of the House. Consequently it wasn't so much what he did as what he started.

### Paying off Billions—in Talk

IT JUST rolled up like a snowball that has got going down hill when the conditions are right. Before the afternoon was half over the National debt had been paid a score of times. Billions of tons of coal had been dug from the mines of Saskatchewan and Alberta and were chasing the dry cold you can't feel from the bosom of the Prairies. Incidentally it was also turning the wheels of a hundred mills which were turning into textiles the wool from the flocks on a thousand hills. Fleets of ships were streaming through the deepened St. Lawrence canals carrying the coal of Nova Scotia to Toronto and on up to every port of call till the top of the lakes was reached. Backward they sailed loaded with the cereals of the West and the fruits of the Niagara Peninsula, making a stop or so on the Detroit river to pick up a tin Lizzie or two. My! but it was a great day. Such prosperity the fattest days of the war had never seen. Then as the midnight hour drew nigh the Premier said something about wasted time and we were back in the same dull, drab, debt-laden times the Opposition never wearies of telling us about.

That is just a sample number. Major "Chubby" Powers started them on the ruined fortifications of Quebec and a new Canadian history was written. It is a good one, too, if as has been said "history is fiction founded on fact." Campbell, of The Pas, pleaded for the completion of the Hudson's Bay railway and the sad story of that lonely pioneer of the far north was told again and again. Thirty millions had been spent on it and when trains run over the completed parts the conductor hasn't a chance to "knock down." For the receipts don't pay the wages of the train crews. It will be completed when railways can be built out of railway deficits. Keefer, of Fort William, blazed out on deep waterways and in a moment millions of horsepower of electrical energy were developed —almost enough to make this Parliament get a move on.

Of course Hon. W. L. M. King did not always maintain a discreet silence. When he has prepared a new speech nothing that is written or printed can prevent him getting it




The good old judge and the loquacious schoolmaster got their heads above the clouds at Geneva.

off his mind—beg pardon, chest. So the House had just heard the sorrows of the National Railways from the child-like lips of the kind and gentle Hon. J. D. Reid when Mr. King came to his feet with a bound. Was it to suggest a method of reducing that $70,000,000 deficit that hangs like a nightmare over this benighted land? No, and again no! Such trifles do not trouble great minds and Mr. King had a really important matter to discuss.

It had come to his ears that the resignation of Sir Herbert Ames as M.P. for St. Antoine had been left behind when the Montreal Knight left for Berne to help finance the League of Nations. It had not reached Mr. Speaker for weeks and weeks after his departure. And in the meantime not only had St. Antoine been left unrepresented in Parliament but a wicked and perverse government had professed ignorance of that resignation. Yet more and yet worse, it had tried to "pair" Sir Herbert in order to add to its apparent strength on the first division. Horrors! who would think that even politicians could sink to such depths of infamy? Nor can you blame a young and innocent leader if he forgot such trifling matters as railway deficits while he elocuted an indignant demand that the Government bring on all the by-elections forthwith. Of course they'll be brought on when the Government gets good and ready. As a matter of fact two of them, Yamaska, Quebec, and York and Sunbury, N.B., have been called for May 28th. But there is no reason to believe that Mr. King's fervid oration or indignant demands had anything to do with the fixing of even these two dates. For Governments must practise politics. It is a habit they cannot break. Anyway you know "politics are the science of Government."

But Mr. King's great effort really was made on the railways after all. It was Hon. A. K. MacLean who proposed a committee to study the railway problems and try to evolve a scheme to make them produce smaller deficits. Also it was Premier Meighen who accepted the proposition. But it was Hon. W. L. M. King who demanded in amendment that the entire entrails of the workings of the National system be dragged out and placed on the table for microscopic inspection. He had the help of the Agrarians in the efforts and the vote showed the Government at its lowest ebb of power. For a majority of 17 against the combined Farmers and Liberals was the best it could show and Ernest Lapointe gleefully shouted "Only eight more by-elections." But as usual young Mr. King forgot to tie the bag. Farmer Crerar wanted the committee, even if he couldn't get all the information asked. Moreover he shows a marked disinclination to travelling hand in hand with Wavering Willie. So he in turn moved a trifling amendment. Premier Meighen accepted it. Mr. King objected. In a moment the Government forces had forced another division and the Government majority, swelled by the Farmers, had grown from a miserly 17 to a portly and prosperous 38.

Now these alleged statements somehow recall the words of the poet:

> "By joys like these are all their cares beguiled
> The sports of children satisfy the child."

### A Committee Where Fur Will Fly

AND the more you look at them the more you wonder if they will ever grow up. For when the special railway committee that caused all the pother was finally announced it brought a laugh from the press gallery that went echoing down the vaulted corridors of Parliament. That committee seemed to have coupled in the belting all the sworn enemies in the House. Hon. C. C. Ballantyne was on it. So was William Duff, of Lunenburg, who always carries a stuffed club to bat the marine minister over the head. Hon. J. D. Reid was there. So was Frank Cahill, of Pontiac, who studies railways and uses his information to make the life of the Railway Minister a far from happy one. Horatio Hocken, of the Orange *Sentinel*, caught a place. So did enough French-Canadians to make the fur fly every time the diminutive Toronto Orangeman opens his mouth. Davidson, of Annapolis, was among those present. He's recognized as a partisan Tory even in his native Nova Scotia. And there are enough Maritime Grits on the list to guarantee an argument at the droop of an eye-lash.

It's a great committee to calmly and deliberately work out a solution of a great National problem. If it does anything except develop a dog fight you can safely predict that the League of Nations will talk war out of an erstwhile troubled world. Of course there are some good men in its make up—men like Hon. T. A. Crerar, Hon. A. K. MacLean, Stewart, of Lanark, Mewhurn, of Hamilton, and Reist, of Mackenzie. And who knows? one good man might have




While his colleagues roll up in limousines the Premier walks.

saved Sodom and Gomorrah and headed off a flurry in the salt market. The days of miracles may yet be with us.

But if the second month of the session passed into history without putting a government measure on the statute book it did produce a bunch of committees who will put hordes of words into blue books. One of these is studying proportional representation. Hon. James Calder, as he promised that committee, smilingly admitted that he and P. R. are strangers yet. So when the committee discovers a method by which the "transferable vote" can be handled even as the soldier's vote was manipulated it will probably tell silent James. He can be trusted to do the rest.

Then there's a committee on fuel. It may evolve a scheme to heat Ontario with the coal of the Maritimes. But with Dr. Steele, of South Perth, at its head the hot air produced will hardly get further than Parliament Hill—and heaven knows it is not needed there.




It covers pages of Hansard, and is shipped in cart-loads to constituents.

But while these committees labored and the House floundered it was accident that produced the policy on which the session will probably work to its finish. Of course it came in connection with the Ballantyne estimates. The Minister of Marine and Fisheries had reported on his merchant fleet. By avoiding any reference to such trifling details as fixed charges and almost overlooking depreciation he had managed to evolve the most prosperous statement of the year. It actually showed a profit. And if you don't think the First Sea Lord swelled his chest a bit when he read that statement, think just once again. He couldn't have looked or talked corkier if he had been in his full Windsor uniform with his trusty sword by his side.

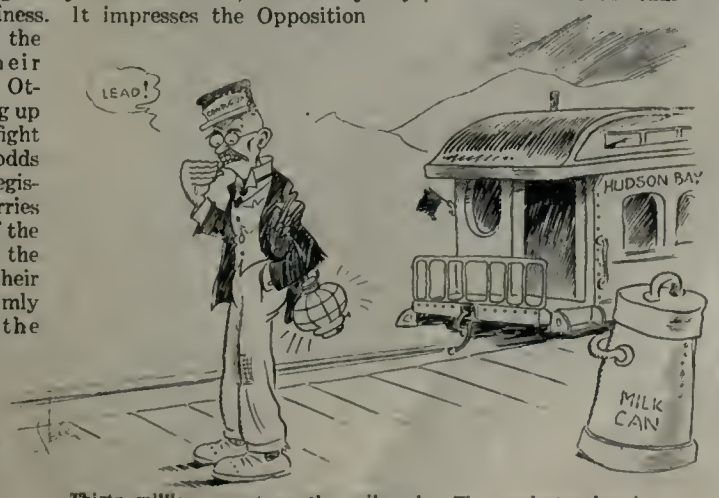
That he roused the wrath of that bold sailorman William Duff, of Lunenburg, goes without saying. It took William just four hours and a half to tell the house what he thought of the First Lord, his fleet, and certain details connected therewith. Of course that speech stamps William as a class A Nova Scotia statesman. But it never even ruffled a Ballantyne feather. The real trouble started a couple of nights later. Mr. King was away at the funeral of the late Hon. Sydney Fisher at the time, so it went through without a bubble.

It was well on in the evening when the House drifted into Marine estimates. That item of eight million odd to complete the merchant fleet was still the bone of contention and it looked as if the statesmen would squabble peaceably for an hour or two and then go home to bed. But just at midnight Dr. Clark, the eminent Farmer from Red Deer, Alberta, burst into speech. Now Red Michael says things when he talks. Moreover the Liberals gathered new courage from the knowledge that the Agrarians were with them in the fight.

And along about here Mr. Ballantyne let slip a remark that he would stay up all night to get the item through. Dr. Chisholm, a big "Heelantman" from Inverness, Nova Scotia, gathered the clans and organized the campaign. All through the live-long night it smouldered, (for an all night session of Parliament is almost as exciting as a midnight prayer meeting) and the cold grey dawn of morning found the embattled minister still at his post brave, but blinking. Through the long forenoon he held the fort and he was still grimly keeping his eyes open at three o'clock when Premier Meighen moved that "further consideration of the item be postponed" as a preliminary to clapping on closure. That accident as said before, changed the whole trend of the session. Heretofore it had been all camouflage. Now it became a combination of camouflage and closure.

### Carrying on by Closure

AND carrying on by closure is a sure, satisfactory way of doing business. It impresses the Opposition following with the idea that their champions at Ottawa are putting up a desperate fight against fearful odds and oppressive legislation. It carries to the friends of the government the glad news that their leaders are grimly carrying on the country's business with a ruthless determination born of the justice of their cause. It may cause the loss of an occasional night's sleep. But it's worth it. It will let the Premier away to England before the middle of June and it will send the Opposition back to their homes prepared to prove that they're the greatest fighters for the "plain peepul" this young nation ever knew.




Thirty millions spent on the railway! The conductor hasn't a chance to "knock-down."

But while the big battle in the open is being waged between the Meighen and King forces it is against the Farmers that the Government is secretly laying its mines and pointing its heaviest artillery. When Hon. Hugh Guthrie dubbed those hardy sons of toil "the most formidable opposition" he quite evidently spoke the mind of Hon. Arthur Meighen. For that commission appointed to investigate grain handling in the West is more political than economic. The demand for it came from the Western Unionists with a persistency and monotony that suggested that their speeches all came from the same typewriter and there is a shrewd suspicion that it will devote its best efforts to discovering things that may disparage the Grain Growers. Its effects may be more far reaching than expected. If the abuses claimed are uncovered it may be necessary to take over the elevators and nationalize the handling of grain. And until the railways and merchant marine get a bit healthier the nation is not exactly hungry for more nationalization. However, the political forces believe the Government are giving their attention to the immediate danger—the Farmers. When they are disposed of other matters can be taken care of.




And through it all the Hired Man's Hero wears his boyish grin and keeps plodding on. His compact little following now votes against the Government and raises Liberal enthusiasm almost to boiling point by reducing the ruling majority to a minimum. Then he chases the smiles from Liberal faces and makes the Union desks clatter by swinging in with the Government and swelling its majority to something like its original respectability. Truly T. A. Crerar looks to be practising unique politics. He appears to be trying to arrive at a business-like solution of the country's problems and to be leaving the real to the public.

But as you sit in the Gallery and look down at that Cabinet Hon. Arthur Meighen is leading you have to admit that the young Premier has his troubles. Yes, he's going to England to the Imperial conference and he's going to close up the national talk shop before he goes—and you don't blame him. Who among all his colleagues could he trust to carry on while he's away, even if they all hadn't their hearts set on going with him? Doherty or Foster? Truth to tell, the League of Nations seems to have spoiled two, if not three, perfectly good statesmen. The good old Judge and the loquacious schoolmaster got their heads above the clouds at Geneva and it is doubtful if they will ever come back to earth again. The third of course is our meek and lowly friend Hon. Wesley Rowell. We seldom see him now though his melancholy smile haunts us still. He is wandering around the country talking League of Nations—and there doesn't seem to be any cure.

But to get back to the Cabinet. Sir Henry Drayton may be all right in his department but he's a mess in the House. Silent James Calder may be decorative in his silence but he's a menace when he tries to talk. That may be the reason that he's headed for the Senate where his specialty will not interfere with the snores of the higher statesmen. Hon. Dr. Reid may be a deficit genius, but his worst enemies never charged that he was a parliamentary tactician. Either Hon. C. C. Ballantyne or Hon. Hugh Guthrie can start a Grit riot by merely rising to his feet. Dr. Tolmie is a sturdy agriculturalist who knows his department and cares not a whit about aught else, while the two new Maritime ministers make no pretensions to greatness as parliamentarians. Truth to tell, they're a couple of pretty decent chaps, McCurdy and Wigmore. They've proved that the Maritimes can produce politicians who are neither oratorical pests nor social snobs. They attend to their work and let others seek the spotlight, and are earning a well deserved popularity.

Now, that is the galaxy of brains and beauty by which the Premier is entirely surrounded. Do you wonder that he will hardly trust them to start the House after the dinner hour without being somewhere within immediate call? Then it must be remembered that the older members all accepted young Mr. Meighen with a growl. Each knew in his heart that the Party was making a mistake in its choice of leader and that the country would never recover its enthusiasm for the good old Tory party till its future was safe in his own hands.

### Some Job, the Premier's

DO YOU wonder that the Premier wears a wearied look which indicates that the cares of office rest not lightly on his brow? And somehow your heart goes out to him. For Hon. Arthur is a democratic little chap. While his colleagues roll up to the doors of parliament in limousines driven by soldiers in uniform he prefers to walk and he chats freely with whomsoever he happens to meet. He eats a fifty cent lunch in the parliamentary restaurant surrounded by the minor statesmen who help to make this present Parliament one of the left-over horrors of the late war; and despite the bitterness of some of his remarks in the House he generally conducts himself as a man and brother. He is battling bravely against fearful odds and you can't figure for the life of you why he doesn't throw the whole thing in the air, go to the country and come back to the highly paid and comparatively carefree job of leader of the opposition.




Won't somebody please start a subscription for a home for retired premiers?

And yet another of his troubles must yet be mentioned. Sir Robert Borden is still in our midst and an ex-Premier hanging on the outskirts, looking a heroic figure and catching more than his share of the applause is one of the most trying irritations with which a none-too-patient young Premier has to contend. On a couple of occasions the Dowager Premier has stepped in and taken the argument out of the ruling Premier's hands. On one occasion he even appeared to reverse the Premier's opinion. Now in an ordinary Parliament this would make things difficult. In this motley gathering it is even worse than that. For most of the members cannot forget that they owe their seats to Sir Robert—that it was the tag he tied to them that was more than anything else responsible for their elections. Won't somebody please start a subscription to provide a home for retired premiers? If they will they can reasonably look to Hon. Arthur Meighen for a liberal subscription.

Then there's the by-elections. There are six vacancies at present and a lot of sick members. Every time the Premier sees a doctor a cold chill runs down his back. For the hand of Providence appears to be against this National Liberal and Conservative party.

Of course you'll have noticed that Sir Thomas White did the expected and resigned his seat. The man who turned down a Premiership could hardly be expected to hang on to a measly membership even to oblige an anxious premier. Hon. Wesley Rowell will come next. In fact his resignation may be lying around somewhere even now. For the League of Nations fails to interest Parliament and Hon. Wesley refuses to linger where men no longer appreciate great ideals.

# PAWNED

*By* FRANK L. PACKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

TWICE Crang tried to speak.

"Quick!" John Bruce planted his knees on the other's chest.

"Yes—yes, yes, yes!" Crang gurgled out. "It's you—the night you—you were stabbed. You were—were nearly gone. I—I gave her the—the choice—to marry me, or—or I'd let you—go out."

John Bruce felt his shoulders surge forward, felt his muscles grow taut as steel, and he shook at something flabby that made no resistance, and his knees rocked upon something soft where they were bedded. For him—Claire had faced that inhuman choice, born in this monster's brain—to save his life! Madness seized upon him. The room, everything before him whirled around in great, red, pulsing circles. A fury that shook at the roots of his soul took possession of him. He knew nothing, saw nothing, was moved by nothing save an overwhelming lust for vengeance that seemed to give him superhuman strength, that enabled him to crush between his two bare hands this nauseous thing that—

He heard a voice. It seemed to come from some infinite distance.

"You are killing the man! In the name of Heaven, John Bruce, come away!"

It was Larmon's voice. He looked up. He was vaguely conscious that it was Larmon who was pulling at his shoulders, wrenching madly at his hands, but he could not see Larmon—only a blurred red figure that danced insanely up and down. Killing the man! Of course! What an insane thing to say! He felt his hands suddenly torn away from a hold they had had upon something, and he felt himself pulled to his feet. And then for a little he stood swaying unsteadily, and he shuddered, then he groped his way over to the chair by the table and dropped into it.

He stared in front of him. Something on the floor near the door glittered and reflected the light from the single, dim incandescent. He lurched up from the chair, and going toward it, snatched it up. It was Crang's revolver—but Larmon was upon him in an instant.

"Not that way, either!" said Larmon hoarsely.

John Bruce brushed his hand across his eyes again.

"No, not that way, either," he repeated like a child.

He went back to the chair and sat down. He was aware that Larmon was kneeling beside the mattress, but he paid no attention to the other.

"The man's unconscious," Larmon said.

John Bruce did not turn his head.

The minutes passed.

JOHN BRUCE'S brain began to clear; but the unbalanced fury that had possessed him was giving place now only to one more implacable in its considered phase. He looked around him. Crang, evidently recovered, was sitting up on the mattress. The letters Larmon had taken from Crang's pocket lay on the table. John Bruce picked them up idly. From one of them a steamer ticket fell out. He stared at this for a moment. A passage for John Bruce to South America! Then low, an ugly sound, his laugh echoed around the place.

South America! It recalled him to his actual surroundings—that on the other side of the door were Crang's Apaches. There was still time to catch the steamer, wasn't there—for South America? "If the bluff worked"—he remembered his thoughts, the plan that had actuated him when he had crouched there at the door, waiting for Crang to enter. Strange! It wouldn't be a bluff any more! All that was gone. What he would do now, and carry it through to its end, was what he had intended to bluff Crang into believing he would do. And Crang, too, would understand now how little of bluff there was—or, misunderstanding, pay for it with his life.

He thrust the ticket suddenly into his pocket, stepped from his chair, the revolver in his hand, and confronted Crang. The man shrank back, trembling, his face gray with fear.

"Stand up!" John Bruce commanded.

Crang, grovelling against the wall, got upon his feet.

It was a full minute before John Bruce spoke again, and then the words came choking hot from his lips.

"You damned cur!" he cried. "That's what you did, was it? The price Claire paid was for my life. Well, it's here, then; it's no longer mine. Can you understand that, and understand that I am going to pay it back, if necessary, to rid her of you? We are going to walk out of here. You will lead the way. We are going down to that steamer, and you are going on John Bruce's ticket where you proposed to send me—to South America. Either that—or you are going on a longer journey. I shall carry this revolver in the pocket of my coat, and walk beside you. It is your affair how we pass those men out there. If you make any attempt at trickery in getting out of here, or later in the street attempt to escape, I will fire instantly. It does not matter in the slightest degree what happens to me at the hands of your men, or at the hands of a thousand people in the most crowded street. You will have gone out first. The only consideration that exists is that Claire shall be free of you."



Hawkins tip-toed toward the door. . . He heard Crang's reply, because it was loud with what seemed like passionate savagery and triumph.

"Tck!" It was the quill toothpick flexing against one of Larmon's teeth.

JOHN BRUCE turned.

"I did not understand," said Larmon in a low, grim way. "If I had, I am not sure I should have stopped you from throttling him when I did."

John Bruce nodded curtly. He spoke again to Crang.

"I am not asking you whether you agree to this or not," he said with level emphasis. "You have your choice at any moment to do as you like—you know the consequences." He slipped his hand with his revolver into the right hand side pocket of his coat, and took his place at Crang's left side. "Now, go ahead and open that door, and lead the way out! Mr. Larmon, you follow close behind me."

"Yes," Crang stammered. "Yes—for God's sake—I—I'll do it—I—"

"Open that door!" said John Bruce monotonously. "I didn't ask you to talk about it!"

Crang opened the door. The little procession stepped out into the long, low cellar, and started down toward the lower end. The three men, from playing dice at the table near the door, rose uncertainly to their feet. John Bruce's revolver in his pocket pressed suggestively against Crang's side.

"It's all right, boys," Crang called out. "Open the door. I've got Birdie outside."

They passed the table, passed through the doorway, and the door closed behind them. In the semi-darkness here, as they headed for the exit to the lane, Larmon touched John Bruce's elbow.

"He brought me down here in a taxi," Larmon whispered. "I suppose now it was one of his men who drove it."

"Birdie, he just told those rats," said John Bruce tersely. "Do you hear, Crang? If he's still out there, send him away!"

They emerged into the lane. A taxi-cab stood opposite the exit; Birdie lounged in the driver's seat.

John Bruce's revolver bored into Crang's side.

"Beat it!" said Crang surlily to the man. "I won't want you any more."

"You won't—what?" Birdie leaned out from his seat. He stared for a moment in bewilderment, and then started to climb out of the taxi.

The pressure of John Bruce's revolver increased steadily.

"Damn it, you fool!" Crang screamed out wildly. "Beat it! Do you hear? Beat it!"

Birdie's face darkened.

"Oh—sure!" he muttered, with a disgruntled oath. He shot the gears into place with a vicious snap. "Sure—anything *you* say!" The taxi roared down the lane, and disappeared around the corner in a volley of exhausts.

"Go on!" John Bruce ordered.

AT THE corner of the lane John Bruce turned to Larmon.

"You are safe, and out of it now," he said. "I am going to ask you to step into the first store we pass and get me some good light rope, but after that I think you had better leave us. If anything happened between here and the steamer, or on the steamer, you would be implicated."

"Tck!" It was the quill toothpick again. "I'll get the rope with pleasure," Larmon said calmly; "but I never lay down a good hand. I am going to the steamer."

John Bruce shrugged his shoulders. Larmon somehow seemed an abstract consideration at the moment—but Larmon had had his chance.

"What time does the steamer sail, Crang?" John Bruce bit off his words, as he looked at his watch.

"Four o'clock," Crang mumbled.

"Walk faster!"

They stopped for a moment in front of a store. Larmon entered, and came out again almost immediately with a package under his arm.

A block farther on John Bruce hailed a passing taxi.

Fifteen minutes later, pushing through the throng on the dock, John Bruce produced the ticket, they mounted the gangway, and a steward led them to a stateroom on one of the lower decks.

John Bruce closed the door and locked it.

His revolver was in his hand now.

"There isn't much time left," he said coldly. "About ten minutes."

At the end of five, Crang, bound hand and foot, and gagged, lay lashed into his bunk.

A bugle sounded the "All ashore!"

John Bruce tossed the ticket on the couch.

"There's your ticket!" he said sternly. "I wouldn't advise you to come back—nor worry any further about exposing Mr. Larmon, unless you want to force a showdown that will place some very interesting details connected with the life of Doctor Crang in the hands of the police!"

The bugle rang out again.

John Bruce, without a further glance in Crang's direction, opened the cabin window slightly, then unlocking the door, he motioned Larmon to pass out. He locked the door on the outside, stepped to the deck, tossed the key through the window to the floor of Crang's cabin, and drew the window shut again. A minute more, and with Larmon beside him, he was standing on the dock.

Neither John Bruce nor Larmon spoke.

"John Bruce" had sailed for South America.

## CHAPTER XIX

### Cabin H-Fourteen

FOR a time, Crang lay passive. Fear was dominant. He could move his head a little, and he kept screwing it around to cast furtive glances at the cabin door. He was sure that Bruce was still outside there, or somewhere

near—Bruce wouldn't leave the ship until the last moment, and. . . . .

The craven soul of the man shrivelled within him. Bruce's eyes! Damn Bruce's eyes, and that hideous touch of Bruce's pocketed revolver! The fool would even have killed him back there in the cellar if it hadn't been for Larmon! He could still feel those strangling fingers at his throat.

Mechanically he made to lift his hand to touch the bruised and swollen flesh—but he could not move his hands because they were bound behind his back and beneath him. The fool! The fool had wanted to shoot. Perhaps with Larmon out of the road, and just at the last minute, that was what he still meant to do—to open the door there, and—and kill. Terror swept upon him. He tried to scream—but a gag was in his mouth.

What was that? He felt a slight jar, another, and another. He listened intently. He heard a steady throbbing sound. The ship was moving—moving! That meant that Bruce was ashore—that he need not fear that door there. He snarled to himself, suddenly arrogant with courage. To the devil's pit with John Bruce.

He began to work at his bonds now—at first with a measure of contained persistence; and then, as he made no progress, angry impatience came, and he began to struggle. He tossed now, and twisted himself about on the bunk, and strained with all his might. The gag choked him. The bonds but grew the tighter and cut into his wrists. He became a madman in his frenzy. Passion and fury lashed him on and on. He flogged himself into effort beyond physical endurance—and finally collapsed through utter exhaustion, a limp thing bathed in sweat.

Then he began the struggle again, and after that again. The periods came in cycles. . the insensate fury. . . exhaustion. . . recuperation. . . .

After a time he no longer heard the throbbing of the engines or the movement of the ship during those moments when he lay passive in weakness, nor did the desire for freedom, for merely freedom's sake, any longer actuate him; instead, beneath him, in his pocket, he felt the little case that held his hypodermic syringe, and it had brought the craving for the drug. And the craving grew. It grew until it became torture, and to satisfy it became the one incentive that possessed him. It tormented, it mocked him. He could feel it there in his pocket, always there in his pocket. Hell could not keep him from it. He blasphemed at the ropes that kept it from his fingers' reach, and he wrenched and tore at them, and sobbed and snarled—and after long minutes of maniacal struggle would again lie trembling, drained of the power either to move or think.

It grew dark in the cabin.

And now, in one of his series of struggles, something snapped beneath him—a cord. One of the cords around his wrists had given away. He tore one hand free. Yes, yes—he could reach his pocket! Ha, ha—his pocket! And now his other hand was free. He snatched at the hypodermic syringe with feverish greed—and the plunger went home as the needle pricked its way beneath the skin of his forearm.

He reached up then, unloosened the knots at the back of his head, and spat the gag from his mouth. His penknife freed his legs. He stood up—tottered—and sat down on the edge of his bunk. He remained motionless for a few minutes. The drug steadied him.

He looked around him. It was dark. The ship was very still; there was no sense of movement, none of vibration from the engines. It seemed to him that in a hazy, vague way he had noticed that fact a long time ago. But, nevertheless, it was very curious!

A figure came along the deck now from the forward end—one drew nearer. Crang thrust his head out of the window.

"I say, look here," he called, as the other came opposite to him. "What's all this about? Where are we?"

"Down the bay a bit, that's all, sir," the man answered. "We've had some engine trouble."

Crang pointed to a small vessel alongside. A sudden, wild elation surged upon him.

"That's a tug down there, isn't it?" he said. "They're going to tow us back, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, sir," the man replied. "It's the company's tug, all right' that they sent down to us, but she'll be going back as soon as we're off again. It's nothin' serious, and we won't be mor'n another hour, sir."

"Another hour, eh?" he muttered. "Then, I'll get you yet, Bruce— ha ha, I'll get you yet. But I'll make sure of Claire first this time."

He relapsed into silent meditation. At the end of five minutes he spoke again.

"I'm a clever man," said Doctor Crang between his teeth. "First Claire—then you, Bruce. And I'll take good care that you know nothing, Mr. John Bruce—not this time—not until it is too late—both ways. I'll show you! I'll teach you to pit your clumsy wits against me!"

He got up from the bunk and turned on a single incandescent light. Bruce had thrown the key in through the window, he remembered. Yes, there it was on the floor! He picked it up; and quickly and methodically he began to work now. He gathered together the pieces of rope with which he had been bound, tucked them under his coat, and running to the window thrust his head outside again. The deck was clear, there was not a soul in sight. He unlocked the door now, stepped noiselessly out on the deck, dropped the pieces of rope overboard, and then, returning to the cabin, smiled ironically as he made a mental note of the number on the cabin door.

"H-14," observed Doctor Crang grimly. "Quite so—H-14."

He halted before the mirror and removed the more flagrant traces of his dishevelled appearance; then he took off his coat, flung it on a chair, pushed the electric button, and returned to his bunk.

He was sitting up on the edge of the bunk, and yawning, as the steward answered his summons.

"Hello, steward," said Crang somewhat thickly. "I guess I've overslept myself. Overdid the send-off a little, I'm afraid. What are we stopping for?"

"A little engine trouble, sir," the steward answered. "It was right after we started. We're only a little way down the bay. But it's all right, sir. Nothing serious. We'll be off again shortly."

"Humph!" Crang dismissed the subject with a grunt. "I suppose I've missed my dinner, eh?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the steward. "It's only just a little after seven now, sir."

"That's better!" smiled Crang. "Well, get my traps right up here, like a good fellow, and I'll clean up a bit. And hurry, will you?"

The steward looked a little blank.

"Your traps, sir?"

"Luggage—traps—baggage," defined Crang with facetious terseness.

"Oh, I knew what you meant, sir," said the steward. "It's where your traps are, sir. I—I thought it a bit strange you didn't have anything with you when you came aboard this afternoon."

"Did you, now?" inquired Crang sweetly. "Well then, the sooner you get them here the less strange it will seem. Beat it!"

"But where are they, sir?" persisted the man.

"Where are they? Good God, how do I know!" ejaculated Crang sarcastically. "I sent them down to the ship early this morning to be put aboard — in your baggage room. You've a baggage room aboard, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir; but—"

"I would suggest the baggage room then!" interrupted Crang crisply. "And if they are not there, ask the captain to let you have any of the crew who aren't too busy on this engine trouble, and get them to help you search the ship!"

THE steward grinned.

"Very good, sir. Would you mind describing the pieces?"

"There are four," said Crang with exaggerated patience, as he created the non-existent baggage out of his imagination. "And they have all got your 'wanted on the voyage' labels, with my name and

*Continued on page 48*

*THE STORY SO FAR—Hawkins, New York cab driver, invcterate drunkard, permits Paul Venizo, pawnbroker, to adopt his motherless baby girl, Claire. Twenty years later, Urlin P. Neyret, proprietor of gambling houses, meets in Honolulu John Bruce, of good family, but down and out temporarily, and offers him a big income to do his bidding in anything. Bruce returns to a life of luxury, meets Claire in a travelling pawnshop (a taxi driven by Hawkins), is injured in a fight, and takes refuge in the girl's room, falling unconscious. Dr. Crang, cocaine addict, as price for saving Brucc's life, extracts a promise of marriage from Claire. Bruce, recovering slowly, witnesses robbery by Crang and accomplices of Veniza's safe. Bruce declares his love to Claire. He then meets Hawkins again and learns the latter is Clairc's father. Hawkins renews to Bruce and Veniza his pledge that he will drink no more. Will he keep it? Bruce discloses to Veniza his love for Claire. Crang attacks Claire brutally, in a drugged frenzy, and is severely handled by Bruce, who rescues the girl after a terrific fight. Crang threatens Bruce's life. Bruce returns to his life of luxury, is tricked by a ruse into Crang's den of scoundrels, and is threatened with death unless he lures Neyrct (alias Larmon) by a trick letter into Crang's power for blackmail. Claire learns of the plot, is led to believe Bruce has been guilty of a dastardly betrayal, and Crang used the trick letter to get Larmon into his den. By a ruse, Bruce turns the tables on Crang, and threatens to wring the doctor's neck unless he discloses the whole truth of his infamous plot.*



He sat there, smiling queerly, until he swung around in answer to a knock on the door.

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

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## Social Revolution in England

*The Old Order Has Changed, and With the New Has Come the Possibility of Desolating Change.*

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

THERE has come a change over the kindly peaceful life of England—a change that has swept away the old order and brought in a new. Just how this new order will face the problems of the present day is a question fraught with many disturbing possibilities, though all the while there remains the safeguard of the steady genius of the English people. Sir Philip Gibbs, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, outlines the problems presented.

"In many ways the social spirit of England has been more changed in the last six years of history than in the six centuries preceding them. Such a statement may seem fantastic in exaggeration for the sake of an easy and arresting phrase, yet it is exactly true of certain characteristics of English life and habit, for the war was a convulsion which shook England to the core and broke up many of its old instincts and traditions of social faith.

"In spite of modern developments of democracy and industry, the progress of education, and the growth of cities, England remained, until the World War, amazingly feudal in its structure and insular in its habits of thought. The old landed aristocracy maintained in the countryside the power and allegiance which they had possessed for hundreds of years, and the small farmers and tenantry, fast rooted to their soil, had no sense of change and no desire for change. In counties like Somerset and Devon, Warwick and Gloucester, Norfolk and Suffolk, the peasant laborer was, in his ways of speech and thought, but little different from his forefathers of Tudor and Plantagenet times, spoke almost the language of Chaucer, so that to the London man, modernized, quick-witted, the 'yokel' of the south, west, and north was incomprehensible in his dialect, and primitive in his outlook and understanding. The landed gentry in old country mansions changed the cut of their clothes, danced the foxtrot, adopted the latest social fashion, but instinctively, in the very fiber of their bodies, in allegiance to a tradition of life and to a certain plot of land which was theirs were intensely insular. I remember a year or two before the war a startling instance of the conservatism of English life beyond the cities. It was when the craze of 'pageants' had caught hold of English imagination, so that in many old towns the people dressed themselves in the costumes of the past, re-read the history of their forefathers, and acted the drama of the centuries from Saxon times to their own present. In Norfolk there was such a pageant, and one scene of it was to represent a chapter of history when, five hundred years ago, the gentlemen of Norfolk, with their squires, came to pay homage to Mary Tudor, their princess. Five centuries had passed, but every actor in the scene bore the same name, lived on the same soil, held the same place, as those ancestors of his who had knelt before the Tudor princess.

"In a thousand ways like this England held to the past. The people were insular, and the sea which divided them from the Continent was a great water of defence against the spirit of change, except in outward, superficial things.

"Then the war came and changed everything in the spirit of the English people. . . . At first it seemed as though it would be like other wars of England—a foreign expedition of a little professional army, and of young lads eager to see 'foreign parts' by taking the king's shilling. They would fight gallantly, many would be killed, there would be exciting reading in the newsprints, and then the bells would ring for victory, the lads would come marching back, and English life would go on again, hardly touched or altered. Even at Waterloo there had been only twenty-five thousand English soldiers. To the mass of English folk the Napoleonic Wars had been a remote and distant thing, not affecting their own lives much. When the great World War broke out the British troops who were sent, according to the pledge with France, were called the 'Expeditionary Force,' as in the old days. But presently the Regular Army was spent, and presently all the youth of the nation was sent out, the younger brothers following the elder brothers, the married following the single men, fathers of families conscripted like the boys at school. England was all in—all her men, all her women, and no escape for any of them in the service of death. No living body in England was exempt from the menace of destruction. Death came out of the skies, and chose old men and women, nursing mothers, babies, anyone. The enemy attacked them in little homes in back streets, in big factory centers, in the heart of London. . . . So England was no longer safe in her island. An island people, uninvaded for a thousand years, with utter reliance on her fleet as an invincible shield, were suddenly shocked into the knowledge that the sea about them was no longer an impassable gulf between them and all foreign foes. It was a shock which broke up the old psychology and the instincts of a thousand years.

"In many ways the alteration was plainly visible during the war, especially to fighting men who came home from the dirty ditches on three days' leave or seven. Caste was for a time abolished. University professors were acting as field laborers. Patrician women were making munitions with factory girls. A great, strong, spiritual wind seemed to have swept through all classes of English life. It had cleansed even the slums of great English cities which had seemed past cleansing. Before the war an immense population in England, crowded into the cities, had lived below the poverty line or on the thin edge of it—miserably, precariously, dirtily. There was a mass of floating, casual labor often out of work, huddled in the hovels of back streets, in filthy conditions. Their children were ragged, barefooted, underfed. Now those conditions had been altered by the war. The demand for labor was so great that every able-bodied man could get a good wage. The government and the employers paid great wages for skilled work. Mechanics who had found trouble in getting forty or fifty shillings a week now gained two hundred or three hundred shillings a week. Any girl with her hair hanging down her back or tied into a pigtail could get a wage that her father would have envied before the war.

"The fighting man, back from the trenches, where he risked death every day and every minute of every day for one shilling and twopence, was startled by the money made by the luckier men who worked for war at home. He saw injustice there, inequality of service and reward, and sometimes was bitter and blasphemous on the subject. But on the whole, the soldier did not begrudge the money earned by the home workers. They were his folk. He was glad of their luck, though he did not share it. He believed that when he came home—*if* he came home!—he, too, would get high wages for any job he might get. His wrath and the wrath of the home workers (in spite of their own prosperity) were reserved for the manufacturers and financiers who were making enormous profits out of government contracts—vast profits out of the massacre.

" 'The profiteers,' as they were called, sometimes fairly and sometimes unfairly, became the worst hated class in England by the masses of working people, and by the old gentry who gave their youth to war, according to old traditions and the law of their caste, without any reward but that of pride and honor. They saw themselves doomed by the uprising of the New Rich. The small landowner, the country squire, the nobleman of the old order, aloof from trade and manufactures, gave their wealth to the service of the state as they gave their sons, and upon them fell, year by year, a heavier burden of taxation. Before the end of the war, and after the end of it, many of them sold their estates, which had been in their families for hundreds of years, sold also their family treasures. The New Rich took possession of many old mansions, bought the family heirlooms of the old régime, renovated and vulgarized old historic places.

"A social revolution has been accomplished in England by this turn in the wheel of fortune. The New Poor—once the old gentry—are scraping along on the remnants of former wealth; the New Rich possess their places, and so far have not learned those traditions of kindness, of generosity, and of noble manners which made the older gentry pleasant people, whatever faults they had.

"It was the middle-class man or woman that was hardest hit by taxation before the ending of the war, and by the prices of life's necessities rising higher and higher every month. The laboring classes kept mostly beyond the pace of these rising prices by rising wages. Well organized and fully aware of their new importance as the workers for victory, they saw to it that their wages should always be on the upgrade and beyond the tide of living costs. If that did not happen they went on strike, and the government yielded—every time. The government paid every kind of wage for work, though secretly it knew that there would be a fearful reckoning when victory was assured, if it might be assured, which was not always certain. . . . Then at last the war ended and masses of men came back from the battlefields, leaving an Army of Ghosts behind them—their dead comrades. Then all things changed under the surface of English life.

"Those men who came back were not the same men as those who had gone away. They had been utterly changed. They had gone out from villages in England where their life had been very narrow, very limited in ideas and speech. Many of the boys in those villages were as simple and unthinking as the peasants of the Middle Ages. From the city slums they had gone out in the big battalions, and the undersized, underfed, ill-aired lads of that city life had been broadened and strengthened, well fed, well aired in an outdoor life that was healthy and fine when it was not deadly and dreadful. They had taken frightful risks as a daily habit, until the thought of death was not much to them. They had mixed and talked with men of many minds. They had thought strange thoughts in the silence of night watches with the instant menace of death about them. Some of them were broken in nerve. Some of them were brutalized and demoralized by this life of war. Many of them were bitter and resentful of the things they had had to do and suffer and see. All of them hated war. Most of them had come to think that not only the Germans were guilty of that war, though most guilty, but that something was wrong with civilization itself, with the governments of nations, With the Old Men who had sent the young men to the trenches, because this massacre had been arranged or allowed."

Sir Philip goes on to tell of the men returning from the trenches not at first eager to work, ready indeed for a holiday

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—and when they were ready finding that they were not wanted, that the skilled mechanic trained in the army was not well received by the unions—that the employees of labor and managers of city offices, looked at them askance. They had been wasting their time in the army and had probably acquired habits that would not make them useful in business.

"The government was not unmindful of these men. Every unemployed soldier received, and still receives, a weekly allowance, now reduced to one pound, and this helps a single man to scrape along without starvation, but no more than that, and without any sense of good reward. The man who doesn't like work makes it do. The man who wants to work and can't receives this dole without gratitude—with a curse in his heart at a nation's ingratitude.

"Since the war a new generation of youth—boys as well as girls—has grown up. The younger brothers are filling the places of the elder brothers who were in the fighting fields and did not come back. It is a new kind of youth in England, belonging to a new life strange to us older men. It is not touched by the shadow of war. It has got clear away from that. It refuses to be gloomy with present conditions; it is impatient of the tragedy that hangs over older minds. It is very daring in its desire to cut clean away from old traditions of thought and manner. It is joyous, reckless, amazingly thoughtless of trouble ahead. It joins the dance of life, eager to crowd a lot into the passing hour. The lessons and the memories of war do not seem to sober it or touch it with any gravity. So it seems to superficial observers, even sometimes to men like myself, whose job it is to observe below the surface, that the English people have forgotten, too quickly, the things that happened—the men who died, the men who live in blindness, in madness, in hospitals for cripples and shell-shock cases. Many times I have been saddened by this thought of quick forgetfulness and have been startled by the apparent callousness of my own country after the blood sacrifice of its youth.

"England is not callous. A great proof of pity and remembrance and pride was given on the last anniversary of the armistice, when the body of an unknown soldier was brought down Whitehall, past the Cenotaph, on the way to a grave in the Abbey. England is not callous. The soul of England remembers.

"But her people hide their wounds, and foreigners who go to England are startled to find so little trace of war's scars. They see the streets thronged by cheerful people, well dressed, well fed, prosperous-looking. 'England has recovered marvelously,' they say. 'She has returned to normal. She is the same old England.'

"That is untrue. There will never be the same old England again. It is a new and different England. Not yet has the country recovered from the drains of war, nor paid the price of victory.

"For a long time England was the great, rich, strong country of the Allies. In the early years of war English gold, all the savings of centuries, was the Fortunatus's purse of other fighting nations.

"Now the wealth of England is no more than the promise of the future as it may be fulfilled by the industry of the people. All the money—the paper, anyway—issued by the government is a promissory note on the future. Deeper and deeper the government is pledging the future in order to make present payments.

"In the present conditions of trade they are in a tragic dilemma. The markets of central Europe, Russia, and Asia have collapsed. Those are unable to buy either manufactured goods or raw material on any scale sufficient to sustain the old prosperity of English factories. At the same time labor in England is, so far, refusing to lower its scale of wages to anything like the pre-war level, or, indeed, at all, the consequence being that the cost of production remains too high for competition in any foreign markets that remain, and the retail prices in England are not falling, and cannot fall, to their old level.

"What is the character and temper of English labor? Upon that answer depends not only the future of England, and of the British Empire, but to a great extent the future of white civilization in Europe. For England is still the rock upon which the European nations largely cling for safety—a moral as well as a material rock. If England were to go the way of revolution, or fall into chaos and anarchy, it is my firm conviction that there would be no hope at all for Europe, which would fall rapidly itself into decay and despair. France cannot save herself without English help; Italy cannot; there would be no indemnities from Germany. Russian Bolshevism would find open gates; the Mohammedan powers would sweep down upon defenseless minorities; the moral structure of Europe would collapse. All that is certain beyond all argument or dispute. What, then, is the character and temper of English labor?

"It is truculent, aggressive, and in minorities here and there revolutionary. Behind the moderate leaders, there is a strong pressure of younger and more reckless men who are eager to use the power of the trade-union for political as well as economic purposes—which is a new claim as far as English labor is concerned.

"Yet, though I see the gravity of all this and its darkness, I believe that England will pull through and carry on. There is in English character still an intuitive, inarticulate wisdom. In spite of all the modifications caused by war, there is a solid common sense, a sense of compromise and the middle way, which belongs to centuries of English tradition and is not yet deadened. The passion of the extremists leaves the main body of English men and women cold as ice. Discontent, distress, exasperation lead to violent speech, but rarely to violent action, within the heart of England untouched by the fire of the Celtic fringe. In the past centuries there have been worse times than now, but the people have suffered them with patience, with hard resolution, with high and noble valor. They have always taken the middle way. I think they will now. Out of present trouble England will emerge with her old spirit of solidity, resource, and energy. If not, then other peoples will be hurt, grievously. If England goes down in decay, so will all Europe, and even America will not be scatheless. If the British Empire, dependent still on England as the axle wheel of its progress, breaks up or falls apart, there will be a flaming anarchy in its ancient possessions—in India, Egypt, Africa—before which the horrors of the last war will be but playful things. If the English people take the road to revolution no country will be safe for democracy or in any way secure of life, and white civilization, as we now know it, and like it, will be doomed. Other races, not white, will press forward over our ruin and decadence. But that, by the grace of God and the spirit of a great race, shall not happen yet, unless madness overtakes all sanity, which must not happen."

# Can Germany Pay?

*Some Facts and Figures Bearing on the Vital Question.*

STEPHANE LAUZANNE

WRITING in the *North American Review*, Stephane Lauzanne, editor-in-chief of the *Matin*, Paris, tells of the meeting of Aristide Briand, Paul Doumer, Lloyd George and Lord Curzon in the Quai d'Orsay in Paris.

" 'France,' they said, 'will be obliged to spend this year 16 billions and a half francs for the reconstruction of her devastated departments. According to the Treaty of Versailles these 16 billions and a half should be paid by Germany. We are only advancing the money on behalf of Germany, just as last year we advanced 14 billion francs for the same purpose. . . . Now, there is no taxpayer in the world who would agree to bear such a weight every year in addition to all his other financial burdens, especially when this weight is incumbent upon a vanquished country. We are neither extremists nor utopists. We do not demand the impossible. We do not say, for example, that in 1921 Germany will have to pay us those 16 and a half billions; but we do say that she must at least pay part of them. If Germany shows some good will and pays us in raw materials, in goods or in cash, 6 or 8 billions of francs, then all will be well. We shall acknowledge that effort of honesty and shall prove ourselves conciliatory towards further payments. But if, as in 1920, Germany pays nothing, or offers to pay a ridiculously small sum, then, as there is no reason why France, creditor and victorious, should become bankrupt, we shall have recourse to force and coercion.'

"This was very plain language. And it was not the first time that Mr. Lloyd George heard it spoken. In December, 1920, around the tea-table of Downing Street, Mr. Georges Leygues, then Prime Minister of France, had said the same things, expressed in the very same words. No French Prime Minister can speak otherwise. It is the language of logic, of common sense, and of justice.

"Let us therefore see whether Germany can pay something and, in order to reply to our question: 'Can Germany Pay?' let us not lend an ear to the statesmen who are mistaken once in every two cases, nor to the experts who are mistaken nine times out of ten. But let us consult the Germans themselves. They are the best qualified to help us to solve the problem.

"In the first place, there is the German budget for 1920-1921, just as it was presented at the Assembly of the Reich by the Minister of Finances, Dr. Wirth. What do we see there? We see that the budget contains very high military expenditures for the Army and Navy—namely: for the ordinary budget 1 billion 874 million marks, for the extraordinary budget 2 millions 450 million marks, or a total of 4 billions 324 million marks. And this does not include the 600 million marks specially intended for the famous *Sicherheitspolizei*. . . Well, for a ruined country, for a country pretending to be impoverished, it seems to us that those are very heavy expenses. Four billions 324 million marks is a heavy sum. And since Germany is spending it, she must certainly possess it. Could we not then say to her: 'Please, spend a little less, and think a little more of your creditors. Instead of devoting 4 billions and a half in preparing another war, devote to it only 1 billion, and pay the other 3 billions and a half to the victims of the last war you made.'

"Here again, in that same German budget, are quite extraordinary figures. They are those of the expenditure incurred for the fees of the officials of the Reich. These officials have increased in the most preposterous proportions, whereas the Reich has decreased in population and in territory. In 1914, before the war, there were in the Imperial administrations 5,500 employees; to-day there are 80,000. And these figures do not include the industrial exploitations of the State, such as Posts and Railroads. If we examine these exploitations we note the same prodigious inflation in them. In 1914, the Post and Telegraph Services employed 168,000 employees; to-day they number 420,000. Well, for a ruined country, supposed to be up against bankruptcy, this seems to be a great excess of officials and expenditures. Could one not ask Germany: 'Why, since you are so poor, do you maintain so many officials? Why, since you complain of having so few railroad cars, have you so many railroad men? Why, since you speak of bankruptcy, do you not try to economize?'

"Here, likewise, in the German budget, is a chapter which gives food for reflection. It is the chapter concerning the budget of the Ministry of Labor. It amounts to the handsome sum of *3,940 million marks*. What an expenditure for a country which complains of not working! And on these 3,940 millions of marks, there is one billion of marks intended to *favor the construction of living-houses*. Now, note that the war has not destroyed one single German village, did not demolish a single German house, nor damage a single German house-roof. Therefore, we do not understand very well the haste that the Reich, who has fewer inhabitants than in 1914, can have to construct more houses. And it seems that one might say: 'Pardon, but since you are so anxious to construct houses, then reconstruct those which you destroyed in France! Since you possess a billion marks to spend per annum in buildings, spend them in those departments of France where so many human beings, through your fault, are sleeping under cardboard roofs, and behind paper window-panes.'

"But there is not only the German budget; there is the German debt. This debt, let it be well noted, is entirely an exterior debt. The Germans, who have not yet paid a single cent to their French, Belgian, American or English creditors, are paying regularly and honestly all they owe to their German creditors. In 1914, the interest of their national interior debt amounted to 250 million marks. In 1920, this interest has risen to 12 and a half billion marks. Again, it seems that one could question whether Germany should first pay revenues to those of her subjects who aided her to make her war, or, whether she should first make good the disasters which her war has caused to innocent victims.

"And, finally, there is not only the German budget and the national German debt, there are also the budgets of the large industrial and commercial German companies.

"As I write these lines, I have before me the balance sheets of twenty-four of these companies, which rank amongst the most important. In all the countries of the world, the best barometer of an industrial concern is the dividend which it pays to its shareholders. When a company pays a large dividend, it means that its business is in a flourishing condition. Now, what do we see in the balance sheets of the twenty-four companies I mention? We see that every one of them, without exception, distributed, in 1920, dividends running from fifteen per cent. minimum to twenty-five and even thirty per cent.

"More especially interesting is the balance sheet of the famous Krupp Company. For the first time in its existence, the Krupp Company has not manufactured war materials, but has given itself up entirely to peace-time manufactures: ships, agricultural machines, automobile motors, etc., and it does not appear to have suffered from this at all, since its balance sheet for 1920 shows a *net* profit of 78 millions 500,000 marks. The preceding fiscal year had left a loss of 36 millions of marks. . . . Well, for a ruined country, a country that claims to be in poverty, this appears to us to be an industry which is not doing badly. Seventy-eight and a half million marks of net profit, that is something! Could one not then say to these industries: 'Since you realize such high profits, you shall hand over a part of them to pay the creditors of Germany. Seven or eight per cent. is quite sufficient for your shareholders. The difference shall be paid into the till of reparations due to the victims of the last war.'

"The first reveals that the consumption of champagne in Germany has risen from 6,000,000 bottles in 1914 to 10,000,000 in 1920, which, at the low figure of 120 marks a bottle, works out at over one billion marks. The second is that during the 113 racing days of the Berlin racing season of 1920, the totalizator turned over 440,000,000 marks; as compared with 200,000,000 the previous season.

"And now let us conclude.

"At the beginning of these lines, I asked the question: 'Can Germany Pay?' The reply leaves no doubt. Yes. Germany can pay, on condition that she be not allowed to make any *camouflage* in her budget; on condition that she be not permitted to spend 4 billions of marks for her Army and Navy; on condition that she be not allowed to increase tenfold the number of her officials and to double the number of her postmen and of her railroadmen; on condition that she be not allowed to spend 1 billion marks on new constructions, on condition that she be not allowed to let her debts towards her own people pass before her debt to the unfortunate foreigners whom she has robbed, ruined, pillaged and murdered; on condition that the Krupp firm pays a part of its scandalous profits to the victims of the war; on condition that the Germans drink less champagne, bet less at the races and work a little more. Yes, Germany can pay on condition that she be made to pay.

"It is not only in the interest of France alone that Germany should pay, it is in the interest of the whole world, because it is the interest of peace. If Germany pays for her war, she will prove once for all that it is not worth while to make war."



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R

**Defined.**—Skirt: noun; an abbreviation.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Strictly in the Vogue.**—"This week—all clothing half off."—Vancouver *Sun.*

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**A Novel Child.**—"For sale: Wicker baby's buggy."—Sarnia *Canadian Observer.*

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**Sad and True.**—The ire is still in Ireland and sin in Sinn Fein.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**These Versatile Lizzies.**—"Wanted: Man to milk and run Ford car."—Owen Sound *Advertiser.*

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**Unlikely.**—Evidently a lot of people expected prices to fall without hitting anyone.—Toronto *Financial Post.*

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**Mutual.**—Many a bachelor has made a number of women happy by not marrying them.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**The Danger Point.**—"Clothing is reduced," said a headline. You bet, especially ball dresses.—Montreal *Star.*

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**Volubility.**—Money talks and so you must remember do wives; the difference lies in the conversation.—London *Free Press.*

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**They Were There.**—"Hypocrites" was the subject of the evening discourse. There was a good number present.—Oakville, Ont. *Messenger.*

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**Where Right is Wrong.**—"He don't drink" is good grammar in Chicago. But it is a very poor example of veracity.—Kingston *British Whig.*

**The Pro and Ante.**—Trench and retrench—the before and after of a great war.—London *Free Press.*

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**The Handy Orphan for Adoption.**—Boy of two. Adopted by present parents for income tax exemption. Have no further use for it.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**S-sh—Not So Loud.**—"City Dam Well Located," says an Ottawa headline, right out in the presence of all the women and children.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**The Limits of Wisdom.**—There may be infallible men. But we never knew one who changed his shoe strings before they busted.—Indian Head *News.*

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**Polished Them Off.**—Greeks have captured the Turkish city of Afiounkarahissar. Looks like a fair day's work for the shoe shiners.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**The Limit.**—An optimistic girl is one who buys a dozen pair of silk stockings with cotton tops. She doesn't think skirts will be any shorter.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

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**The White Light Chicken.**—"How to make money out of chickens" is the title of a magazine article. Probably a discussion of musical comedy.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Saying it Softly.**—"Say it with flowers" is all right but at the prices the flowers are bringing a young man has good reason to say it in a whisper as a rule.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**By all Means Treat Them Kindly.**—April 12 to 17 is "Be Kind to Animals Week." If there happens to be a circus in town don't start slapping the lions.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

**Q. E. D.**—A young man proposed to a girl recently just to see if she could hear through the hair mattresses over each ear. Announcement cards will be out this week.—Orillia *Packet.*

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**The Third Degree.**—A man never knows real shame until caught stealing or forced to listen while his wife reads the love letters he wrote her years before.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Still Under.**—Sometimes one wonders whether woman's innate sympathy for the underdog has anything to do with some women having married the men whom they did.—Peterboro *Examiner.*

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**Rum-Runners.**—The Stratford man who chased a burglar through the house and down into the cellar got to the right spot at the right time. A long run makes a fellow thirsty.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**Insurance and Assurance.**—The shorter the skirt the higher the insurance for ladies in Switzerland, and that's logical, too. The more assurance a woman has the more likely is she to wear one of those high ones.—Toronto *Star.*

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**Charon's Baggage.**—They seem to have some queer notions regarding appropriate gifts down in New Brunswick, where the legislature presented its oldest member, aged 80, the other day with—a travelling bag.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

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**The Cost of Progress.**—There's one species of man which has about disappeared—the fellow who used to pour his coffee into his saucer, whirl it around, blow bubbles in it and then strain it through his moustache in big gulps.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

# Lighter Side of Diplomacy

*Amusing Experiences of an American Diplomat.*

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

UNDER the title of "Our Extraordinary Envoys," in *Collier's*, Mr. Egan relates some of the incidents that occurred during his stay at Copenhagen, as U. S. minister. A change, he says, is taking place in the popular point of view with regard to the envoy extraordinary and his position is now taken more seriously than before the war.

"We are beginning to realize," he continues, "that the foundation of all diplomacy is commerce.

"A visitor from the Middle West, coming into the legation at Copenhagen two or three years ago, said with conviction: 'By gosh, I thought you people spent your time wearing purple pants; but it seems to me to run a place like this just now requires the genius of a manager of a department store!' We all felt this was the highest compliment we could receive, and even the second secretary adjusted his red carnation in his buttonhole and tried to look as much like a business man as possible.

"You must discover whether the group of doctors from Illinois, for example, wants to know about skin diseases in Denmark, or the insane in Europe. As a rule, if doctors came from Illinois, they were always interested in the insane. You could not openly ask the insane to dinner or luncheon to meet them; but you could always find means of putting them into communication with insane people without offending the pride of the latter.

"At first one was likely to make a mistake. You might say to two distinguished doctors: 'Do you go in for ulcers?' to be met with a haughty reply: 'If the secretary gave you our cards, you might easily know that we are nerve specialists!' This, of course, led one to be more careful.

"To hospitable people there is nothing more delightful than the diplomatic life. Nothing is more agreeable than to have inclination and duty correspond. This so seldom happens in this world. When your duty demands that you shall offer *pate de foie gras* and a good vintage of champagne, you have an exalted feeling of possessing an eaglelike power of soaring above the sordid which only a flying acrobat, who looks with scorn on the sawdust below, can match; and then there is the delight of studying the peculiarities of your guest. And yet one does make mistakes.

"For instance, we were charmed to entertain during several weeks a delightful old farmer from Montana who had wandered in with letters of introduction from Senator Carter. He said he certainly liked us and our food, and he was the center of great interest on the part of the habitués of the legation who understood English. It seemed to me that he might not comprehend the process of tipping, to which every American objects, but which must be accepted by everybody who keeps house in a foreign country. One becomes very sensitive to the point of view of foreigners; and so, when we had all said good-by with great regret to the old gentleman, I spoke to our major-domo, who always boasted that he had been 'in diplomacy for twenty-five years.' 'Here,' I said, using the privilege of diplomacy to embroider a statement in the interests of truth, 'are 100 kroner for Mr. So-and-So's tips, which I think is very generous.'

"I felt that the reputation of my old friend was safe.

" 'Oh,' the haughty one replied, 'he already gave us 200, but the cook and I will be very much pleased to divide the extra kroner. Thank him for us again, if you please. He was a very generous man!'

"The care which I had used in imitating my departed guest's handwriting on the envelope containing the tip was not altogether wasted; I lost the 100 kroner, it is true, but I added to the reputation of my agricultural friend—and I was not discovered!

"It is a most frightful confession to make, but one becomes, after a time, especially in the Diplomatic Corps, rather anxious to have the good opinion of one's servants. For example, the major-domo was intensely devoted to the honor and prestige of the legation. I had always abhorred fur coats, but one day I happened to say to the man who owned us: 'Thank you so much for getting the automobile into line before the palace in its proper place.'

"There was silence.

" 'Did you hear me?' I asked.

" 'I must say, Mr. Minister, I am very much mortified when I open your carriage door at the palace; both the Russian and the Englishman have fur-lined coats, and when I hold yours out I am ashamed to show the mere silk. It is at present the only objection I have to your conduct of this legation.' It is needless to say that I ordered a fur coat at once!

"Diplomatic success—which really, after all, means the absence of much censure—is acquired by studying the peculiarities of your guests. One of our most ancient compatriots who passed through Copenhagen every year—and boasted that he could make and unmake ambassadors and ministers because he controlled a certain number of delegates at each convention—was invariably left alone with the cigars. It was understood that when he came to luncheon he should be led first by a sympathetic servant into the little room where the cigars were stacked. He was permitted to remain there until he filled his pocket; and then he came out smiling, and he always inquired of my wife whether there was any charity particularly interesting! It was her great opportunity, and worth the sacrifice of half a dozen of the worst cigars in existence. He died lately in the odor of political sanctity still controlling delegates, and he always said to me every year: 'No matter what happens, I'll see that you keep your little post.' I felt that I was a born diplomatist when I heard these intelligent words; because, after all what are a few cigars compared to a social triumph like this?

"The passing of the bad old school of diplomacy, of which I fear I was an apt pupil, has done away with opportunism in the diplomatic service. Few Americans accredited to foreign nations believe with a hearty faith in that special providence which watches over the foreign envoy who always tries to do his duty. To turn accidents to the best account, to make defeats into victory, and to use the instruments at your hand, were parts of the methods of the old way before everybody became so altruistic and virtue became respectable. One of our rules was to consider the tastes rather than the convictions of the person with whom we came in contact; and always to train our young people to assist us in this difficult occupation.

"There came to the legation on one occasion two very attractive and rather blasé ladies; they had exhausted Europe; they were weary of the United States; they were Colonial Dames and Daughters of the Pre-Colonial Wars, and rank had no attraction for them; they outranked everybody else. Big dinners they detested.

"The luncheon was very protracted; suddenly one of the ladies explained the slowness of everything.

" 'We fletcherize!' she said. 'We have always fletcherized since we were children!'

"Hans and I exchanged glances; the reputation of the legation was saved! Dr. Fletcher was in town, and I announced it to the ladies. Could Providence have been more kind? The ladies became pink with excitement.

" 'We followed that distinguished man from Genoa to Venice, and from Venice to Dresden, and we feel that one of the




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great desires of our life would be fulfilled if we could only meet him!'

"'He will lunch here to-morrow,' they were told.

"'There is only one difficulty we find in his methods,' said one lady. 'We have never quite understood his way of managing a baked potato!'

"Hans' face glowed. 'Mr. Minister,' he whispered, 'the cook will send in baked potatoes with luncheon.'

"I imparted this glad news to the ladies, at last we had struck a responsive chord in the hearts of these blasé ladies and had found something to interest them! Mr. Norval Richardson, who was then first secretary of the legation, kindly agreed to gather a little coterie of Fletcherites for the occasion.

"Dr. Fletcher appeared, gay and ruddy, attired in a white woolen suit, cut very much to resemble the one that Mark Twain always wore; the process of fletcherizing baked potatoes was sedulously explained by the expert, and the ladies went off saying that it was worth their trip to Europe to have been so thoroughly enlightened on a scientific point which had hitherto escaped them!"

# The African Lung Fish

*Peculiar African Fish That Buries Itself in the Mud.*

*Scientific American Monthly.*

THE great majority of fishes obtain their oxygen not directly from the open air but from air dissolved in water which they breathe through their gills. There are some curious fishes, however, which possess lungs as well as gills, and are therefore called lung fish. An article in the magazine above mentioned deals with two species of this type, the African Lung Fish and the Australian fish known as the barramundi.

"This latter fish sometimes reaches a length of six feet and is highly valued as food. Queensland settlers often call it salmon, from its pink colored flesh. The barramundi is conveniently able to use the gills and the lung either together or separately.

"The existing Australian lung fishes, of which two species have been described, are said to attain a weight of 20 pounds and a length of upward of 6 feet. The body is elongated and much compressed, with very large scales; the paddle-shaped limbs have very broad fringes; and the flesh is salmon-colored. From the occurrence of masses of leaves in its stomach it is evident that the Australian lung fish crops the vegetation with its great teeth; but it is believed that the most important part of its food consists of the small creatures living on and between the leaves of the various water plants. The stories of the fish coming out of the water to the land seem quite unfounded, as are those that it lies dormant during part of the year in cocoons. The female lays her rather large eggs loosely and singly among the vegetation, and in the embryo the fore-limbs make their appearance in about a fortnight, but the hinder part not before two and a half months. In the course of the development this fish presents marked resemblance to the amphibians, and also to the lampreys; but it is noteworthy that there is no trace of a sucking mouth, or of external gills.

"The African mud fish (*Protopterus annectans*), widely spread over the tropical regions of the continent from which it takes its name, differs from the last in that the filamentous fins retain a small fringe containing rays; as well as in having six gill-arches, with five intervening clefts, while there are three small tentacle-like appendages above the small gill-opening on each side. In the Gambia River, where they are very abundant, these fishes are in the habit of burying themselves during the dry season, making a kind of nest, in which they pass a period of torpidity. Here they may remain for the greater part of the year, only resuming their normal aquatic life with the return of the wet seasons. Prof. W. N. Parker, who received some specimens in the torpid condition, writes that about a hundred individuals were dug out and packed up in crates still enclosed in the clods of mud. On arrival in Europe the clods were opened, and the fishes placed in a tank in a hothouse. The statement of the natives that the species grows to the almost incredible length of 6 feet suggests that it must be a very long-lived creature. From the abovementioned specimens it was found that these mud fishes grow very rapidly, have great vitality, and, although able to sustain fasts, are exceedingly voracious, devouring all the snails, earth-worms, and small fish given them, and then killing and eating each other, making it difficult in the extreme to preserve the specimens. They are most active at night, and appear to keep mostly to the shallow water, where they move deliberately about on the bottom, alternately using the peculiar limbs of either side, though their movements do not seem to be guided by any strict regularity. Gray has compared these movements to those of a newt, and several other observers have noticed them. The powerful tail forms a most efficient organ for swimming rapidly through the water. It is a well-known fact that this fish comes to the surface to breathe at short intervals, and thus it is evident that the lungs perform an important, if not the chief, part in respiration during the active life of the animal."

# Shock Cures Shock

*Mending the Wrecks of Amateur Fighters Made in the Trenches.*

A PSYCHO-ANALYST

HOW many of our war invalids are still suffering from shock, and how they are being cured by shock is related in the *Daily Mail:*

"A soldier going out from shop or office, never having seen anything more desperate than a prize fight—and that only on the films, probably—was quite often shocked 'out of his wits,' to use a graphic colloquialism. A good many men at first were accused of malingering; most of them were not malingering at all when they were found utterly unable to move, though without injury.

"What had happened was quite simple. The strongest instinct on earth is self-preservation. after it comes race-preservation. The desire to preserve the race sent those thousands into the army; the desire to preserve *themselves* paralysed some of them right out of action.

"In the moment before attack, when the instinct for self-preservation whispered to such a man, 'If you were blind (or paralysed) you couldn't go,' his will was relaxed and the *conscious* force of education and training went by the board; instinct persuaded him that he was blind or deaf or paralysed, as the case may be—*and he was.*

"These men were not malingerers. They were taken possession of by instinct, which is stronger than reason in moments of stress. Some of them are still in hospital; the unused senses of sight or hearing are atrophying, the unused limbs are wasting. They will in time, if not cured, be organically blind or deaf or paralysed. At present they are only functionally ill—that is to say, there is nothing really wrong with the machine, but one of the wheels has stopped and must be started again.

'To begin with, the man must be *persuaded* and shown that there is nothing wrong with him that he cannot cure if he tries.

"A 'dumb' man, under slight hypnosis, was able to talk to his doctor quite fluently. A gramophone record of his conversation was taken. The next day the doctor spoke

to the man, but he was quite dumb, shaking his head hopelessly.

"'You *can* talk. Isn't that your voice?' asked the doctor, starting the gramophone.

"The man could not deny it—no one could have known the trivial things he had said to the doctor yesterday!

"'That's you talking all the time!' said the doctor.

"'But I *can't* talk. . . I haven't talked for months!' said the patient; *and suddenly realised that he had spoken.*

"In the same way a paralysed man, whose arms were badly wasting from disuse, was made to move them one day. Going into his room, the doctor chaffed him about his paralysis.

"'You know I can't move them, doctor,' he said, making tremendous efforts to raise his arms.

"'I'm so sure you *can* that I'm going to throw this Indian club at you. It will give you a tremendous whack if you don't protect yourself,' said the doctor, dropping a club to the ground with a great clatter and suddenly throwing another club at the man full in his face.

"The paralysed hands came up instinctively, to the man's own astonishment, and he caught the club. The *instinct for self-preservation that had paralysed him out of the trenches startled him back into action.*

"'It feels very light, doctor,' he said, swinging it gently with his thin, wasted arm.

"'Of course it's light to you, with all that tremendous strength of yours wasting,' said the doctor cheerfully. That day the man was able to lift his own knife and fork to feed himself—the following day he could lift a cup of tea. To-day he is back at his work, as well as ever.

"The doctor did not explain to him that the Indian club he had thrown at him with such apparent callousness weighed only a few ounces and was made of thin, inflated leather! *But it did its work.*"

# Ten-and-a-Half Dollar Novels

*Author Publishes His Own Books in Limited Editions.*

GEORGE MOORE

MR. GEORGE MOORE, disgusted at the criticisms of his works, "A Mummer's Wife," and "Esther Waters," resolved some little time ago to publish his own novels for those who wanted to read them. To-day his works are printed privately in strictly limited editions from a beautiful old font of type on paper of the most delightful texture and provided with a binding which makes the book itself a charming ornament to table or book-case.

Mr. Moore's own account of his venture is given in the *Daily Mail*:

"'I have no publisher to worry me,' he says, 'and I write only for people who are fond of literature and not for those who do not know anything about it. My books are circulated privately at 2 *l.* 2s. each, and the people who are interested in my work are glad to pay that price for them. Incidentally it is a good investment for them, for whenever a book of mine published in this way changes hands it always does so at an enhanced price. Some people—a few—say it is unfair to publish books at two guineas each, but my answer to that is that the public never liked my works until I made them dear.

"'In brief, my ideal is to write as well as I can and to give what I write an appropriate setting. The old six-shilling novel was quite the most detestable object that our civilization has produced. It was far too ugly to leave lying about. In shape it was atrocious — a nasty little square box. The people used to buy it, read it, and throw it away and there was an end of it.

"'But I believe it to be the business of a writer to raise books to the level of knick-knacks—they should be on the same artistic footing as delicate china and console tables. A book should be an ornament in a room—not an offence.

"'William Morris made the book into what it was intended to be, and I am carrying on the work. Printing was once an art practised with genius—but that was before it was debased by the production of vast quantities of nasty cheap literature. Then it disappeared, just as the rest of the handicrafts disappeared.

"'The possibility of doing something to bring about a revival of the beautiful art of printing was one of the things that made me decide to become my own publisher. That and the constant persecution to which I was subjected.

"'This, it seemed to me, had gone on long enough. It had made my life miserable. I determined that for the future I would be master in my own house. After all, it was not for people who knew nothing at all about literature to decide whether "Esther Waters" was a fit book to be given to a young girl or not. And so, as it was clear to me that there was a certain number of understanding people who wished to collect my books, I decided to publish for them only and to be as God made me.

"'And I assure you I have never regretted the decision'."

# Soil Subsidence in England

*Collapses Occur All Over the Country.*

*Daily Mail*

"OWING to the recent sinking of the mausoleum at Hamilton Palace the remains of the Dukes of Hamilton will have to be removed, and hardly a week passes without news of fresh subsidences of the soil, in one part or another of the kingdom.

"All through the Yorkshire coalfield, can be seen great depressions filled with shallow, black-looking water and clumps of dreary reeds, and the same sort of thing may be seen around Wigan, and, in fact, in crossing any other of our large coalfields.

"In the Black Country whole streets have been known to sink. Early in 1914 the High-street of Cradley Heath dropped suddenly no less than five feet. Fifty shops had to be abandoned and many houses collapsed altogether.

"The state of things in the Cheshire salt-mining area must be seen to be believed. Where once was solid land are great lakes 80, 90, even 100 feet deep. Highways have disappeared altogether, and in Northwich the houses are twisted in the most amazing fashion. New ones have to be built in frames. The local authorities are forced to spend immense sums in repairing the ruin wrought by brine pumping.

"As for South Wales, the very mountains themselves are falling, splitting and sliding down, through the tremendous tunnelling beneath them.

"There is no other country in the world from the bowels of which so much mineral has been and is being dug as from our island. It is calculated that, of coal alone, more than 8,500 millions of tons have been raised from the pits of England, Scotland, and Wales.

"Add copper and tin, iron and lead ores, together with salt, and you raise the total to something like 11,000 million tons. In the coalfields the amount raised averages well over 2,000 tons to the acre, and these parts of the country are simply honeycombed.

"The only thing that saves the coalfields and everything upon them from complete collapse is the fact that the old workings, when abandoned, fill with water. Water, being practically incompressible, establishes a counter-pressure greater than could be secured by any mechanical means, and so maintains the surface more or less intact."




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# The Spectre

*Continued from page 25*

melodies which have a knack of stealing their way into the emotions under any conditions whatever.

THAT spectre was like the flapping of figures harping their way through some vivid nightmare, and reminding him that chance and fortune, more fickle than the winds of springtime, oft-times strike here and there with wilful abandon, and in their striking, carry down the strong as well as the weak.

"Away with you, boys. Scoot. The sandman's at the door," Mary's voice was brisk, but there was a worried, backward glance over her shoulder as she made her way through to the kitchen.

When she returned quietly, treading so lightly that her footsteps made scarcely a sound through the deep moss of the carpeted floor, she found Grimley with his face buried in his hands. Mary, the mother of those two wonderful boys, slipped down to the arm of the chair, and she put a hand upon the drooping shoulders.

"What is it, Bart?" she whispered. "You know you have always told me everything, every little thing. . . ."

The man looked up and he tried to smile, hut it broke in the middle and his lips quivered. How could he bring this shock to Mary, who had trusted him always, who had ever looked up to him as the great, big, strong man standing between her and the brutalities of the world? The man who had given her all these things, these deep-mossed carpets, this furniture whose artistic lines were restful to the eye, this altogether fascinating setting which made her sought by those who know the ways of refinement!

"Please, Bart, you must tell," she whispered, as she shook him playfully, though there was a little fright in her voice.

"Mary, I don't know how I can tell you, but. . . ."

The sympathetic light in her eyes became an encouragement.

". . . but, I've lost my job at Turner's."

NOW that it was out, Grimley knew that a part of his suffering had come from the fear as to just how Mary would take the sudden shock of it all. But he might have known that he was the fool even to doubt her in thought. There had been so little adversity in their later years that it was restful now, in this strange and unknown blank of their days, to feel her arms about his neck. She did not even whisper so much as a complaint, once she knew the reason why.

"In one way, Mr. Longreen was right," she tried to cheer his drooping senses. "If it was a matter of choosing between one man and three, then the one man should go. We can get along nicely for awhile, and some of those others might have been driven to actual suffering. We will cut down expenses, at once, Bart. Let us work it out to-night. . . ."

The undoubted loyalty of Mary drove the droop from his shoulders; it brought the vague suggestion of a smile back to his lips.

"All right, girlie, we will do that. But if I have found another job. . . perhaps better. . . . before the end of the month, we can just hand our suggestions along to someone else."

"Of course you will have another job, Bart, before you are through at Turner's. Any firm would want an experienced man like you. . . ."

That, of course, was cheering, though Grimley knew it could not be entirely true. That unfortunate feature of his life was that he had given it to Turner's, and that, in building commercial castles upon the supposedly solid foundation of Turner's, he had learned little about the other human vagaries for hewing out an existence.

"Certainly it will be easy, if everybody else hasn't got the same idea as Longreen," Grimley humored the cheerfulness of Mary's mood. "Now just where can we start to cut expenses, in case. . . in case, you know. . . I shouldn't get that other job?"

"Right here in the house," Mary returned promptly, "for that is where the most of the expense lies."

That, of course, hurt, to think that Mary should lose any of those things which it had been his pride to give her. His hurried


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words conveyed a part of that, and his manner told the rest.

"Now don't be foolish, Bart," Mary laughed softly, though with an effort. "We have been that long enough. We have been living right up to our means, and when you get the new job we will never do that again. I am going to start right in now. Why, Bart, when I come to think of it, I must have been frightfully wasteful. . or we have been. . . "

"No more than the Dicksons, or the Longbottoms, or Mrs. Berger, or. . . "

"Now that doesn't matter one little bit," Mary began to run her fingers through his hair, playfully, in the way she had done so many years ago. "We start, this instant. Bart, there is that maid; she really isn't worth much anyway. I will let her go and do all my own work but the heavy washing, and that will save ten dollars a week. Then there is that car. It just eats up money, so we will leave it in the garage, and that is another ten dollars a week saved. The weekly theatre night, five dollars more. Chocolates. . . And I'll make Isobel's costume dress from one of my old gowns, and. . . Get some paper, Bart, and we will figure it out right now. . . "

FROM the manner in which Mary went at that painful process of cutting down expenses, trimming the frills out of her hitherto luxury-ridden life, adding burdens to her shoulders, and doing it all with a smile, Grimley might have fancied that it was some new and fascinating game which she was playing. It turned her into that old Mary he had known those long years ago when this economic watchfulness had been the keynote of earlier struggles. It was a game, as Mary played it, which ran through the hours past midnight, and when the new budget had been finally struck and passed upon by a unanimous vote of the house, it was found that thirty-five dollars in weekly frills had been trimmed from the expense account.

"It is really astonishing, to think I have been wasting that much," Mary declared, with puckered brows. "But what are you grinning about, Bart?"

Grimley continued to smile.

"Two things," he informed. "First, about what a trump you are, and secondly, about the way you have done it without hitting at the juniors upstairs. I will have to tell them some day, when they are old enough to understand. . . ."

Mary's eyes were shining with some of the spirit of sacrifice which, perhaps, through their years of luxury, had been in part denied to her. Then she laughed softly, confidently, and Grimley joined in that pleasant sound, for the world suddenly seemed a much brighter place than it had been just a few hours ago.

IT SEEMED brighter still, in the glimmer of the clear autumn morning, and it remained bright through the day, up to the noon hour. At that climactic moment, Grimley's first punishment began. He denied himself the twenty-cent cigar which, through the custom of the years, had grown to bring mellowness into his life, and in its place he substituted a five-cent tongue-blisterer. He saved three-quarters of an hour and a dollar bill by taking his place among the struggling humanity which customarily lines up at the quick-lunch emporiums, at which point he made the astonishing discovery that he could get an ample stock of wholesome food for approximately the amount he would have left with a waiter at the big hotel across the way, just for the mere sake of maintaining his dignity.

"It's me for this joint every day," Grimley chuckled to himself, and promptly wondered why his elbowing neighbor stared.

Then, later, with the five-cent shocker getting in its preliminary jabs at the fringes of his tongue, Grimley sauntered over in the direction of Forsythe's, the rival establishment whose progressiveness had always kept him, as well as the whole of the Turner's staff, upon their toes. He knew young Luxton, son-in-law of old Forsythe, and Luxton would be just decent enough to tip him off to any openings in the rival store.

Luxton did tip him off as to the situation, hesitatingly at first, yet firmly in the end.

"You're a good sort, I know, Grimley," was young Luxton's greeting, "and I know why you are here before you sit down. Burlington dropped in this forenoon, so it's no secret. And since you are no longer interested in Turner's I want to tell you, Grimley, that we are just hanging on by our teeth. It's a customers' market, as you know, and at the end of the week we will be unfortunately compelled to follow Turner's example. . . . "

The five-center, which had formerly had some suggestion of fragrance about it, suddenly became a weed as bitter as the voices of those who condemn it. For Forsythe's, having learned of Turner's retrenchments, were hurrying to drop into line. There were a lot of reasons for it. Luxton, the son-in-law, was overflowing with them; but Grimley was not particularly keen upon getting down to the skeleton. What he wanted was an opportunity to use his remaining twenty minutes for another call.

Grimley did make that other call, and in the days which followed before his month of grace had run out at Turner's, he made scores of just such calls. But the greetings were such distressingly monotonous things. Of course, everybody was polite. Everybody in the store line, from the biggest departmental outfit to the shrinking two-flat structure, knew Grimley's sterling worth, but. . . those nasty customers were taking the bit in their teeth; they were refusing to buy, except at reduced prices, so everywhere there was retrenchment, the slashing of staffs, and an increasingly large number of gentlemen standing around the exteriors of the offices which he visited.

"Well, the month is up, and I haven't got that job," he reported to Mary somewhat discouragingly, as he handed her the last check from Turner's. "That will clear up the outstanding accounts, but it won't leave us anything to live on. We will have to go easy for a few weeks, but now that I have all day, every day, to look for a job, it won't take long. I really didn't have a chance to look around while at Turner's."

THAT was accompanied by a smile; but Grimley knew that Mary guessed that the smile was mostly on the outside. For there was no use trying to deceive himself. He might take in others with a jaunty air; but that composite something which was his prompting brain told him most frankly that he knew perfectly well that he had canvassed every possible store in the whole city. Further, other cities, where he was unknown, were said to be just as timid.

"We must cut some more," Mary declared promptly, as she easily read past that false mask of a smile. "Bart, we have got to get right down to it this time. Surely you haven't forgotten that a payment of five hundred dollars is due on the mortgage on the house at the end of next month?"

The worried way in which he shook his head betrayed the fact that he had not forgotten, but that he had not wanted to summon up that spectre before Mary's eyes.

"No," he said slowly. "And we may as well face the fact. You are right, Mary. There is little use in trying to dodge things. The prospects of getting a job in my line will be far from bright all winter, but they will open up in the spring."

"In the meantime, we must live," Mary reflected, "and pay off that five hundred dollars in some way. Thank goodness, there are no taxes until spring, but I was looking over your life insurance premiums this afternoon and there will be a hundred dollars due on that short term policy in February. . . ."

Through a silence which was not without its phantoms, Grimley stared into the future. It was there, and it had to be met, job or no job.

"Yes, Mary, I know that," Grimley agreed. "And I have been thinking. I hate to do it, but the car must be sold. Thank goodness, that is paid for, though it did strip me of my last Victory bond. It cost three thousand just a little over a year ago, so we should be able to realize two thousand on it. I'll advertise it tomorrow, Mary."

"How long before you should be able to sell?" Mary asked reflectively. "But even then, Bart, we will need to be careful, for if you should not get a position until spring there will be those other payments. . . . Yes. . . It hurts, Bart, but Isobel will have to come home from Donegal Heights."

GRIMLEY opened his lips hurriedly to protest, then closed them again without speaking. Mary was right. This was a cold, stark, financial fact which faced him now, and sentiment, though it tore at his heart-strings, must be thrust aside.

The fact that he nodded, instead of speaking, told Mary just how he felt about it. That nod seemed to tell her, as well, that his pride was suffering, that it hurt this big, strong man in many ways to know that he could no longer stand entirely between those he loved and the buffetings of the world.

"But Bob will go on with his violin lessons," Mary hurried to add, to save the man some of the hurt. "His work is so much more promising. It means a future for him, while Isobel is just taking on a polish which doesn't matter nearly so much. . . "

"I will have that car sold in a week," he broke in swiftly, to hide his keener thought. "You just see if I don't, Mary girl."

"It looks bad," he informed Mary in a worried way, at the end of a week devoted almost entirely to attempts to saddle that car upon some other individual. "I didn't appreciate the situation. The car market is pretty well smashed. Everybody is trying to sell; no buyers in sight." Then his eyes grew more troubled still. "I don't know quite what we are going to do. Perhaps the Capital Trust people will extend the mortgage. . . "

That idea seemed like an inspiration to Grimley. Of course they would recognize that his embarrassment was but temporary. They knew the value of the house, that he had never dodged before, and that in a few months things would be running smoothly again.

So, while the morning throngers were still congesting the business streets, Grimley assumed an air of confidence, and dropped in upon the manager of the Capital Trust. Gilmour's features were somewhat worried, haggard, and there was a solemn atmosphere of depression about him.

"I would like to oblige you, if I could see any possible way to do it," Gilmour spoke frankly, when Grimley had told his story of passing financial strain, and had treated it lightly. "But, Grimley, it is the same all over the city. We had two requests just like that yesterday, though that wouldn't stop us from helping you out. But the banks are pressing us. You see, we got in heavier than we intended in the boom days. . . . "

Grimley nodded. He found that it had become something of a habit to fall back upon that gesture to conceal those undercurrents of fear which were stealing upon him with more and more frequency through the passing of the days.

HE COULDN'T beg of Gilmour. So he went out with redoubled efforts to dispose of that car. Ten days later he did get it off his hands, by sheer chance, and it was with a sigh of relief that he paid mental tribute to fortune.

"Got rid of it," he exclaimed gladly, as Mary met him just inside the front doorway. "There's a sinker goes with it. But still it isn't so bad. Just happened to meet Lumsden, of Forsythe's, on the street. He knew it was a daisy car, and when I told him I simply had to sell, he took it at fifteen hundred. . . I know, Mary. . .It is a pretty big cut. . . . He paid six hundred down. . . The rest comes once a month in hundred dollar lots. . . "

"Isn't that fine?" Mary's enthusiasm verged upon excitement. "I just knew you would win out, Bart boy. Six hundred whole dollars in money?"

This time Grimley's nod was one of prideful gladness.

"Just look at it, Mary. Doesn't it make the eyes green."

"I could hug you," Mary exclaimed delightedly. "Isn't it great? That lets us pay off that mortgage instalment, and gives us a hundred dollars a month right through the winter. Excuse the slang, Bart, but we're 'up to our knees in clover'. Watch me dance. . . . "

Mary did go so far as to give a few sportive imitations of careless youth, and she was still delighting Grimley's eyes with her infectious gayety, when Bob slipped through the front door with his violin case in his hands. Though Bob scarcely appreciated the situation, he joined in the dance, and when it was over, he announced:

"Two boys dropped out of the class today, Mumsie. And it's too bad, because that Wheatley boy is just a dandy player."

Grimley exchanged a glance with Mary

over the boy's head, and instantly he knew that Mary knew, in spite of her vivacity, that the grim spectre had not yet been driven back to its rightful limbo.

AFTER that, it was a case of making the dreary rounds in search for employment. It was tramp, tramp, from morning until night, from one end of the city to the other, but wherever he went there appeared to be the same list of waiting men. With the passing of the days, the army of the workless grew and magnified, until it seemed to Grimley a vast mystery to know that there was such a thing as work left in the whole city. There were factories closing each week, and as they drew into the first snow-flecked days of Winter the situation appeared to grow rapidly strained. There were no office positions open, for with the closing of factories and plants, the clerical staffs were being weeded out surely but firmly; while the list of his friends had long since been canvassed and had been found helpless.

THAT night when he returned, with the weariness of the day's futile search upon him, he could see the glitter of light from the front room reaching far down the avenue. Visitors, of course. For a part of the rigid expenditure trimming had been a determination to cut down that electric light bill. Visitors? Expense? Grimley shuddered. Partly from the thought of the cost of unreckoned entertainment, partly from the consciousness of how far he had wandered from those care-free, liberal-handed days of prosperity.

Yet once inside the house he gave a sigh of relief. It was only Lumsden, of Forsythe's, who had helped him out by taking that motor. Still, Lumsden's face was strikingly cheerless.

"I am sorry, Grimley," Lumsden began, somewhat feverishly, "I won't be able to make those payments on the car. Forsythe's made another cut in their staff to-day, and I'm caught with the rest. . . ."

Grimley tried to keep a firm grip upon himself while he discussed that slumbering tragedy with Lumsden. He felt even that he created a passable impression of dignity when they finally concurred that Lumsden really could not pay, and that the car would have to be turned over to one of those already overly-clogged second-hand agencies on the marginal hope that something could be salvaged from it before his financial fever reached its height.

"It really looks like a hard winter," he tried to speak with emotion-concealing calm as Lumsden left; but the droop was there, behind the surface, when he turned about and found Mary's worried eyes upon him.

"We will just have to sell the house," Mary decreed, when the new menace had been probed from its every angle. "That is all there is to it. The Lumsdens evidently have been living up to their means and haven't the money. We will put it in the hands of two or three real estate agents to-morrow and have it well advertised. It is such a beautiful house that I just know it will be snapped up at once."

Mary spoke cheerfully, confidently; but Grimley knew that her outward vigor was only a mask with which to cloak those secret longings which were still wrapped about this home he had built for her and the juniors.

"Or can you think of another way?" Mary's briskness continued.

But Grimley had only a thin hope. The stark necessity for raising money was now upon him, money needed for the bare essentials of living.

"I am afraid we will have to let it go," he admitted, "unless we can get some advance on my life insurance. Some of the companies let you borrow on that, though I saw Burlington this afternoon and he told me that the concern he is insured with have stopped it. There were so many demands."

IT WAS restful now to see the quick brightness which flashed to Mary's face. She even ventured a laugh.

"Insurance first, and if that fails, the house after," she decided, so unhesitatingly as to betray the bonds of sentiment which were clinging to this home of theirs. "Now, Bart, there is another thing. I have been thinking that when spring comes the man who has the best chance of getting a position early will be the man who can do the most things. What else can you do be-




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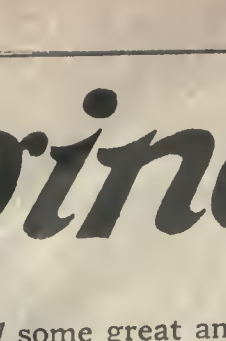
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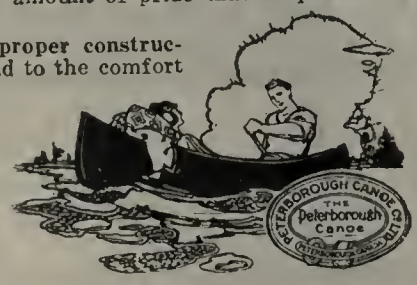
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sides run a fancy feature section in a departmental store?"

For a moment he hesitated, then at length he caught the drift of her thoughts. He considered the matter solemnly before replying.

"There doesn't seem to be much. I am afraid I never learned to be versatile. I have given the most of my time to Turner's, started at the bottom and worked up. I know that one job better than I know myself, but. . . ."

"Your first job at Turner's was book-keeping," Mary recalled. "You were a top-notch one, and were studying accountancy. . . ."

Grimley agreed with that, but he failed quite to catch the point. Office work, at this particular moment, was as elusive as all other varieties of manly labor.

But Mary smiled with relief.

"Then, since you know book-keeping, and are going to have a lot of spare time this winter, you are going on to study some more accountancy," she decided, with a smile. "And when spring comes, just think, you will have two chances to one."

"What a great little schemer you are," Grimley began effusive compliments which stretched on and on until once more the world blossomed with the faintest tinge of brightness.

WITH this new enthusiasm upon him, Grimley prowled about the library until he found some dog-eared books with which to begin his preliminary brushing-up in an all-but-forgotten art, and that remote gleam of brightness was not driven from his immediate environs through the whole evening, which, as it went on, seemed to take upon itself an added sheen of hopefulness.

But by the following noon that new glimmer of hope was vastly needed as a landward anchor to hold him from sinking into the morass of despond.

For the insurance people had informed him that they really could not think of loaning to any more of their customers; and three real estate agents had all puckered their brows and shrugged their shoulders in a manner which, to say the least, was not even the fag-end of encouragement.

"They say hardly anybody is buying now," Grimley found himself forced to report to Mary, with what cheer he could. "Everybody is waiting in the hope that houses will be cheaper in the spring, and the types which do sell are the small, low-priced ones. No one wants an expensive house like ours now, unless you practically give it away. I suppose we could sacrifice it at half its value and get enough to keep the wolf away. They all said they would do their best, but. . . ."

There was a hardness in the man's voice when he broke off, and he was vaguely astonished to see an old gleam in Mary's eyes, a gleam so much a remnant of those far-off struggling days that he had almost forgotten that it could live again. In those days he had called it the battling fire, and now it was there once more, in Mary's eyes. Yet when she spoke, her voice was calm.

"You go on with your study," she said quietly, and then she left him to face that problem and himself alone.

Three days later, Isobel returned from Donegal Heights, and whatever she may have thought, there was too much of the Mary in her for even the fragment of a reproach to be spoken within his hearing. It was that same night when he first noticed that Mary was studying the daily paper with greater care than he had ever known her to display before.

At the end of several nights, this new habit of Mary's prompted him to rise up and peer across her shoulder. She had been studying the Want Ad. section, but as he came and stood there, she turned about until her eyes met his challengingly. Then her finger ran slowly down one of the columns of ads, and came to a pause at a particular item.

"Gad, Mary. Do you really mean it?" he exclaimed.

Mary's chin was set in a determined way.

"Yes, Bart, I do," she replied evenly. "I have seen you looking at all this fine furniture of ours for weeks now, and I knew what you were thinking."

"That is just what I have been thinking," Grimley interrupted hurriedly. "I have felt all along that some of it would have to go; but it seemed somehow to be yours. Everything seems to be yours. If it had only been some toy of my own."

"You mustn't feel like that any more Bart, boy, for it is ours, together, to be used as we can use it best to look after the juniors. I know we will have to sacrifice in prices, but I figured that by catching the Christmas demand the gramophone should bring enough to keep that insurance policy going, and the piano will meet the next mortgage payment. A few other things will keep up Bob's violin lessons, and meet other calls. Funny, isn't it, that we who in one sense are really well-to-do, with a fifteen thousand dollar house nearly paid for, have to sell furniture to keep alive?"

That brought a smile to Grimley's lips, and when he smiled Mary leaned forward impulsively and whispered;

"That isn't all I have had to do to assert my rights in my own house. To-morrow we have some guests arriving. Now don't hold up your hands in horror. They are paying guests. Two fairly nice young ladies. They are taking the two front rooms upstairs, and I had to let them have your den as well. I couldn't afford not to let them have their way, for I have been advertising for two weeks and they are the only ones who answered. Not having a telephone counted against us; but it means ten dollars a week, and that is a whole lot now. . . ."

It was so much that Grimley's dominating mood for the balance of that evening was one of humility.

WHEN the ladies in question arrived, Grimley knew that it was only sober-eyed charity which would have defined them as being really nice. But they were respectable; they were even presentable when they were not chewing gum, and chief of all, they paid a week's rental in advance. Still, the sight and thought of them kept Grimley upon the street for such long hours that he actually landed a week's work behind Forsythe's counters during the Christmas rush. But that was only sporadic. After the rush had died out, the real slump began and the streets became steadily more populous with the workless.

Mary actually disposed of the gramophone, piano and odds and ends of furnishings, and he knew that the more pressing bills were being paid. At first, when he missed some trifle of furniture, Grimley would wonder openly, but after catching a betraying glance from Mary's eyes he no longer pondered why those choice bits should always vanish during his absence.

"The insurance, payment on the house, coal, Bob's lessons, and the worst of the bills are cared for," Mary confided, around the middle of February. "But there is another five hundred dollar payment on the house on the first of May."

"By that time Lumsden should get something from the car," Grimley turned the situation over and found a bright side. "Besides, see what a wonderful accountant I am becoming. Just think of the job I will have before the first of May."

Grimley was really working hard through the evenings, so hard that when Mary came to him a week later she had to speak twice before she could get his attention long enough to inform him that the two "fairly nice" young ladies were three weeks behind with their room rent and had just made the astonishing confession that they had not been working since the New Year and were totally stripped of funds. One of them had even been presumptuous enough to make a flat-footed call for a loan, upon the strength of the job she was to get in the spring.

"They say, if we turn them out, they haven't a place to go," Mary's voice was just a trifle sympathetic, though it was plain that the loss of that deferred revenue was a serious blow, "I suppose it means more furniture. . .

It did. Likewise, the fairly nice young ladies stayed on, but no longer as *paying* guests.

IT WAS through those dark days of February and early March that the spectre of the gaunt-eyed one returned the most often to torment Grimley. The hovering menace of the man's pallid face seemed to loom up before him wherever he turned.

Could it ever be possible that he, after the passing of many years. . . . ?

Always yet he had been able to drive that nagging thought from him, though with an increasing effort.

But the spectre would not leave. It was always with him, glowering and gib-

bering and mocking him, as though with evil intent, when he took his place daily among that army of eager workless waiting feverishly about the newspaper offices. There was a miniature army there, ready to do battle even for the first papers from the press, in order that they, perhaps, might be the first to race into the presence of some prospective employer who had made his wants known through the Want Ads. At first he shrank from that motley throng. But now he could struggle with them and race with the strongest; and he wondered, at times, if that were a sign that the spectre of the bleary-eyed one was steadily and surely growing to dominate him.

IT WAS a night in early March when he returned home to find Mary absent, and to find Isobel attempting to adopt an air of secrecy. But Isobel could not control herself, and whether it was admiration or excitement, Grimley could not say.

"Mumsie got a position to day downtown," the girl announced. "It's just a dandy job, in the post office, on the department of a man she used to work for a long, long time ago. Isn't it wonderful, Daddy? She is to get twenty whole dollars a week, and she says that is lots and lots to keep us going until you can find just the kind of a position you want. Isn't Mumsie wonderful, old Daddy?"

For the first time since the spectre began to dog him, Grimley found that his emotions were threatening to sweep him beyond control. His wife, his Mary, working for him. . . .to keep him and the juniors from starvation. . . from losing that home of theirs!

Grimley buried his face in the girl's hair, and it remained there so long that at last she drew away and looked up into his face in wonder.

"Why, Daddy," she exclaimed, "aren't you glad?"

"Glad, little woman, of course I'm glad," he proclaimed firmly, with a flash back to his old control. "And Mumsie is wonderful, a hundred times more than wonderful."

Yet when Mary returned, she was calm and businesslike. She accepted the situation coolly, with no suggestion of superiority, as was her right; and somehow or other she quickly made him feel that she was doing no more than any other woman of firm fibre would do with just that kind of a hand dealt to her from the whimsical fingers of Fate.

That job of Mary's was really the turning of the tide of fortune from ebb to flow. She had accepted it, she insisted, simply that he might not be compelled to take "any old kind of a job" which might crop up in the spring; and Mary, as time established, was right.

When the first verdant paintings of springtime began to force their way through the drab mantle of Winter, Grimley was conscious of a change.

There was a returning confidence among those firms whose courage had faltered through the past months, and just as Mary had predicted, it was not wise for him to take the first opening which offered. Mary had also been right about that study of accountancy, for whether through chance or the inspiration of her brain, she had chosen for him the proper work. The stiffness of the winter had forced so many firms to the wall that the accountants' offices, in a struggle to straighten out the commercial tangles, now became suddenly the busiest of them all. And because of that, towards the middle of April, Grimley, by a little cautious angling and with the confidence of Mary's income behind him, was able to step into one of those accountancy openings.

"And at the kingly salary of fifty dollars a week, when other fellows are glad to get thirty or forty," he announced, with some of the old stiffening to his shoulders. "Mary, except for you. . . ."

"No time to talk about that now," Mary checked him, with a laugh, "too many other things to think about. I am quitting my position at the end of the week, because I simply must have some time to look around for a nice, cheap little cottage on the outskirts of the city."

The thought of leaving the delightful home upon the avenue sobered him quite. It was a point to be deliberated.

"After getting this job, I went in to two of the real estate offices this afternoon," Grimley followed Mary's idea through to what he believed to be its logical end. "They tell me things are brightening up a lot in the business, though they say this house is too high-priced to be in the regular grade for quick selling. So I told them to let it go if they could get out of it as much as we put in. . . ."

THEN Mary took a surprising stand.

"You are going right back to-morrow," she declared, "and tell them not to sell. No, Bart, we have fought for this house all winter, so we are not going to sell. It's our own, and we are going to hold right on. I couldn't think of letting it go now, after the fight we have had to put up. . . ."

Grimley stared through a puzzled moment.

"I know, little woman, you have put up the gamest fight in the world, and it is your right to say just what we are to do. But, to run this house on fifty dollars a week, even without that second mortgage coming along in two years—Mary, it can't be done."

Mary laughed with some of the freedom of the old care-free days.

"Of course it can't," she agreed. "But we don't have to sell it. We can do as the Lumsdens are doing. . . rent it. I, too, have been making inquiries, Bart, and the real estate men tell me we should get a hundred and fifty a month rent, if we don't try to hurry too much. Think of that. . In two years the house will carry itself and pay off that mortgage. . . "

"Wonderful Mary," Grimley murmured in admiration. "Not a word to say about it, except this. . . Why didn't I let you take charge long ago?"

For the most part, Mary was right once more. There was that five hundred dollar payment due in fifteen days, but the Capital Trust people had evidently gone through some mental transformations which brought them out of the crucible of doubt with renewed confidence. They informed Grimley that it was due to the bank getting a cooler grip upon itself and releasing the pressure; but whatever the real spur might be, they had become willing to smile when Grimley suggested a delayed payment. Of course they would accept Lumsden's notes on the ear, and further, they would guarantee to rent that house upon the avenue for a hundred and twenty-five a month.

Except for the excitement of finding themselves once again on the safe side of the financial balance, those are the details of the Grimleys' readjustment.

Mary found that cottage, on the outskirts of the city. Trust Mary for that.

"It's the cutest little spot you ever saw," she informed Grimley, with manifest excitement in her manner, "only thirty-five dollars a month rent, and a garden. Bart, you should see that garden. We will raise every speck of vegetable stuff we need this year. . . ."

Grimley knew it must be cute, or Mary would never have picked it; and the prospect of grubbing around in the bare soil had its own appeal.

". . . .and we move out the first Saturday in May," Mary rushed on. "The agents didn't want to let us have it so soon, but I told them they just had to, that we had to let these other people take over our own house the middle of the month."

MARY'S sigh was one of huge relief. The whole burden seemed to have slipped aside, while the old fantastic and glittering colors of promise were once more painting their way into the future. Bob's violin sounded softly from the adjoining room as Mary cuddled down upon the arm of Grimley's chair, and the melody, though touched with tenderness, seemed somehow or other to be founded upon the strong notes of courage.

"It has been a struggle," Mary whispered, "but we have won out, Bart. We have had to readjust our scale of living, but we are not alone in that. Thousands of others have had to do it, and thousands more will go through it yet. . . or go down. I hate to think of those who will go down, Bart. . . . "

The man nodded in sympathy, for in that instant the spectre of the bleary-eyed one flashed to his mind again, but this time it was in flight and fading into the far-off shadows.

". . . but we have learned much, Bart," Mary's voice went on. "We have learned things which it will not do us a speck of harm to know, and which will help us to climb back all the faster to this home of ours, if we ever want to come. . . ."





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# The Drama of Our Great Forests

*Continued from page 21*

I listened more attentively to the many mingling love songs of the forest dwellers, and sure enough, away off along the shore, I could hear Little Pine singing to his sweetheart. It was charming.

"My son," sighed Oo-koo-hoo, "it reminds me of the days when I, too, was a boy and when Ojistoh was a girl, away back among the many springs of long ago."

"Yes, Nar-pim," smiled Granny—for an Indian woman never calls her husband by his name, but always addresses him as Nar-pim, which means "my man."—

"Yes, Nar-pim, don't you remember when I heard that drumming away off among the trees, and when I, girl-like, pretended I did not know what it meant, but you, saying never a word and taking me by the hand, led me to the very spot where that handsome little lover was beating his drum and making love to so many sweethearts?"

### The First Geese of the Season

NEXT morning, while Oo-koo-hoo was examining a muskrat lodge from his canoe, he heard a sudden "hunk, honk," and looking up he espied two Canada geese flying low and straight toward us; seizing his gun, he aimed it and let drive at one of the geese as it was passing beyond him, and brought it down. He concluded that they had just arrived from the south and were seeking a place to feed. Later, we encountered at close range several more and the hunter secured another.

As they were the first geese he had killed that season, he did not allow the women to touch them, but according to the Indian custom, dressed and cooked them himself; also, at supper time, he gave all the flesh to the rest of us, and saved for himself nothing but the part from which the eggs came. Further, he cautioned us not to laugh or talk while eating the geese, otherwise their spirits would be offended and he would have ill-luck for the rest of the season. And when the meal was finished he collected all the bones and tossed them into the centre of the fire, so that they would be properly consumed instead of allowing the dogs to eat them, and thus he warded off misfortune.

As we sat by the fire that night Oo-koo-hoo busied himself making decoys for geese, by chopping blocks of dry pine into rough images of their bodies, and fashioning their necks and heads from bent willow sticks, as well as roughly staining the completed models to represent the plumage. And while he worked he talked of the coming of the birds in spring.

"My son, the first birds to arrive are the eagles, next the snow-birds and the barking crows (ravens); then the big gray (Canada) geese, and the larger ducks; then the smaller kinds of geese and the smaller kinds of ducks, and then the robins, blackbirds, and gulls. Then, as likely as not, a few days later, what is called a 'goose winter'—a heavy wet snow-storm followed by colder weather—may come along and try to drive the birds all back again; but before the bad weather completes its useless work, a timely south wind may arrive, and with the aid of a milder spell, will utterly destroy the 'goose winter.' Then, after that, the sky soon becomes mottled with flying birds of many kinds; gray geese, laughing geese, waveys and white geese; as well as great flocks of ducks of many kinds; also mud-hens, sawbills, waders, plovers, curlew, pelicans, swans and cranes, both white and gray. Then another great flight of little birds as well as loons. And last of all may come the little husky geese that travel further north to breed their young than do those of any other kind."

### Wiles that Will Get Geese

THE next day the hunters built a "goose stand" on the sandy beach of Willow Point, by making a screen about six feet long by three feet high of willow branches; and, as the ground was wet and cold, a brush mattress was laid behind the screen upon which the hunters could sit while watching for geese. The site was a good one, as Willow Point jutted into the lake near a big marsh on its south side. Beyond the screen they set their decoys, some in the water and others on the sand, but all heading up wind. When they shot their first geese, the hunters cut off the wings and necks together with the heads and fastened them in a natural way upon the decoys.

Oo-koo-hoo told me that when one wished to secure geese, he should be in readiness to take his position behind the stand before the first sign of morning sun. Furthermore, he told me that geese were usually looking for open water and sandy beaches from eight to nine o'clock; from ten to twelve they preferred the marshes in order to feed upon goose grass and goose weed, as well as upon the roots and seeds of other aquatic plants. Then from noon to four o'clock they sought the lakes to preen themselves; while from four to six they returned to the sandy beaches and then resorted to the marshes in which to spend the night. That was the usual procedure for from ten to fifteen days, then away they went to their more northern breeding grounds where they spent midsummer.

But one day after the geese had passed on their northern journey, Oo-koo-hoo began making other decoys of a different nature, and when I questioned him, he replied that he was going to kill a few loons with his bow and arrow, as Granny wished to use the skins of their necks to make a work-bag for the Factor's wife at Fort Consolation. After shaping the decoys, he mixed together gunpowder, charcoal and grease with which to paint the decoys black—save where he left spots on the light-colored wood to represent the white markings of those beautiful birds. When the decoys were eventually anchored in the bay they bobbed about on the rippling water quite true to life and they even took an occasional dive, when the anchor thong ran taut.

### Heading for the Fort

AFTER half of May had passed away, and when the spring hunt was over, Oo-koo-hoo and Amik, poling up the turbulent little streams, and following as closely as possible the routes of their fur-trails, went the round of their trapping paths, removed their snares, sprung their dead-falls, and gathering their steel traps loaded them aboard their canoes. That work completed, packing began in readiness for the post-ward journey; there, as usual, they would spend their well earned holidays with pleasure upon their tribal summer camping grounds.

So, when all was in readiness, the deer-skin lodge coverings were taken down, rolled up and stored out of harm's way upon a stage. Then with hearts light with happiness and canoes heavy with the wealth of the forest, we paddled away with pleasant memories of our forest home, and looked forward to our arrival at Fort Consolation.

Soon after entering Bear River, the canoes were turned toward the western bank and halted at a point near one of their old camping-grounds. Then Naudin—Amik's wife—left the others, and took her way among the trees to an opening in the wood. There stood two little wooden crosses that marked the graves of two of her children—one a still-born girl, and the other a boy who had died at the age of three. Upon the boy's grave she placed some food and a little bow and arrows, and bowed low over



Winding of the Bow River, Banff, Alta.

it and wept aloud. But at the grave of her still-born child she forgot her grief and smiled with joy as she placed upon the mound a handful of fresh flowers, a few pretty feathers and some handsome furs. Sitting there in the warm sunshine, she closed her eyes—as she told me afterwards—and fancied she heard the little maid dancing among the rustling leaves and singing to her.

Like all Indian women of the Strong Woods, she believed that her still-born child would never grow larger or older; that it would never leave her; that it would always love her, though she lived to be a great-grandmother; that when sorrow and pain bowed her low, this little maid would laugh and dance and talk and sing to her, and thus change her grief into joy. That is why an Indian mother puts pretty things upon the grave of her still-born child, and that is why she never mourns over it.

As our journey progressed, those enemies of comfort and pleasure, the black flies, appeared and at sunrise and sunset caused much annoyance, especially among the children. Then, too, at night if the breeze subsided, mosquitos swarmed from the leeward side of the bushes and drove slumber away.

The journey to the Post was a delight all the way—save when the flies were busy. One night, those almost invisible little torments, the sand flies, caused us—or rather me—much misery until Granny built such a large fire that it attracted the attention of the little brutes, and into it they all dived, or apparently did—just as she said they would—for in less than half an hour not a single sand fly remained.

### Shooting White-Water

ON OUR way to God's Lake we had considerable sport in the way of shooting white-water. One morning, we landed at the head of a portage, and, as the rapid was not a dangerous one, Oo-koo-hoo and Amik determined to run it, but first went ashore to examine the channel. On their return Oo-koo-hoo instructed the others to follow his lead about four canoe-lengths apart, so that in case of mishap they could help each other. Down the canoes plunged, one after the other. The children wielded their little paddles, screaming with delight as they swiftly glided through the foaming spray past shores still lined here and there with walls of ice.

As the canoes rounded a sharp bend in the rapid, Oo-koo-hoo descried a black bear walking on the ice that overhung the Eastern bank. The animal seemed as much surprised as any of us, and, instead of making off, rose upon its haunches and gazed in amazement at the passing canoes. But as we swept by there was no thought of firing guns.

On the last morning of our trip, there was a flutter of pleasant excitement among our little party; and by the time the sun appeared and breakfast was over, everybody was laughing and talking; for we had made such progress that we expected to reach Fort Consolation by ten o'clock that forenoon. Quickly we loaded the canoes again, and away we paddled. In a few hours the beautiful expanse of God's Lake appeared before us. When we sighted the old Fort, a joyous shout rang out; paddles were waved overhead, and tears of joy rose to the eyes of the women—and some of the men.

### Decking Out In Fine Array

GOING ashore, we quickly made our toilets, donning our very finest in order to make a good appearance on our arrival at the Fort—as is the custom of the Northland. Bear's grease was employed with lavish profusion, even Oo-koo-hoo and Amik and the boys using it on their hair; while the women and girls greased and wove their tresses into a single elongated braid which hung down behind. The men put on their fancy silk-worked moccasins; tied silk handkerchiefs about their necks—the reverse to cow-boy fashion—and beaded garters around their legs; while the women placed many brass rings upon their fingers, bright plaid shawls about their shoulders, gay silk handkerchiefs over their heads, and beaded leggings upon their legs. How I regretted I had not brought along my top-hat—that idiotic symbol of civilization—for if I could have worn it on that occasion, the Indians at Fort Consolation would have been so filled with merriment that they would have in all probability remembered me for many a year as the one white man with a sense of humor.

For in truth, it is just as Ohiyesa (Charles A. Eastman), the full-blooded Sioux, says in his book on Indian boyhood: "There is scarcely anything so exasperating to me as the idea that the natives of this country have no sense of humor and no faculty for mirth. This phase of their character is well understood by those whose fortune or misfortune it has been to live among them day in and day out at their homes. I don't believe I ever heard a real hearty laugh away from the Indians' fireside. I have often spent an entire evening in laughing with them until I could laugh no more."

When we arrived at Fort Consolation, Oo-koo-hoo and his party were greeted by a swarm of their copper-colored friends, among whom were the Little Pine and his father, mother and sister. Making his way through the press, The Owl strode toward the trading-room to shake hands with Factor Mackenzie; but the trader, hearing of Oo-koo-hoo's arrival, hastened from his house to welcome the famous hunter; and The Owl greeted him with: "Quay, quay, Hu-ge-mow." (good day, Master).

On their way to the Indian shop, they passed the canoe shed, where skilled hands were finishing two handsome six-fathom canoes for the use of the Fur Brigade; and they stopped to examine them.

### The Diplomacy of Trading

ON ENTERING the Indian shop or trading room, Oo-koo-hoo was ready to talk about anything under the sun, save business, as he wanted to force the trader to solicit his patronage; but as the Factor was trying to make the hunter do the same thing, they parted company a little later without having mentioned the word trade.

No wonder the Indians are glad to return to their tribal summer camping-grounds; for it is there that they rest and play and spend their summer holidays. It is there, too, that the young people enjoy the most favorable opportunity for doing their courting; as every event—such as the departure or the return of the Fur Brigade—calls for a festival of dancing which not infrequently lasts for several days. Also, in many other ways, the boys and girls have chances of becoming acquainted. Since young hunters often claim their sweethearts during the winter, many "marriages" take place after the Indian fashion. On their return to the Post, however, the young couples are generally married over again, and this time after the white man's custom—"in the face of the Church." The way the young people "keep company" at the summer camping-grounds presents no feature of special interest. It is during the winter season in the forest many miles beyond the Post that the old customs have full sway. The re-marrying the young couples "in the face of the Church" frequently demands extreme vigilance, for in the confusion of the matrimonial busy season when the Indians first come in, the little papoose is apt to be christened—unless the clergyman is very careful—before the parents have had time to arrange for their church wedding.

Meanwhile, the women having erected the canvas lodge and put in order one of their last year's birch-bark wigwams, called upon the Factor's wife and presented her with a handsome work-bag made of beautifully marked skins from the necks of the loons Oo-koo-hoo had shot with his bow and arrows for that purpose.

After leaving the Indian shop, the hunter returned to his camp to talk matters over with Amik and the women. He told them that he intended selling most of his furs to the Company, but that he thought it wise to stay away from the Factor until next day. But as Granny, being a Roman Catholic, wanted to have Father Jois marry Neykia and the Little Pine, she suggested that Oo-koo-hoo go and call upon the priest at once. Notwithstanding that her mother was a Presbyterian, Neykia had joined the Roman Catholic Church, and when asked why she did so, she said it was because she thought the candles looked so pretty burning on the altar.

### Neykia's Wedding

AT TEN o'clock, on the morning of Neykia's wedding, a motley mass of natives clothed in many colors crowded about the little church, which, for lack of


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space, they could not enter. Presently the crowd surged back from the door and formed on either side of the path, leaving an opening down the centre. A tall half-breed with a shock of wavy black hair resting upon his shoulders, stepped from the doorway, raised his violin, and adjusting it into position, struck up a lively tune to the accompaniment of the wailing of a broken concertina played by another half-breed who preceded the newly married couple. Neykia wore a silk handkerchief over her head, a light-colored cotton dress open at the throat, a silk sash over one shoulder, and a short skirt revealing beaded leggings and moccasins. Behind the bride and groom walked Oo-koo-hoo and the fathers of the bridal couple, then the mothers and the rest of the relations, while the clergy and the other guests brought up the rear. As the little procession moved along, the men, lined up on either side of the path, crossed their guns over the heads of the wedding party and discharged a *feu-de-joie*.

On reaching a certain log-house, the procession broke up. The older people went in to partake of the wedding breakfast, while the bride and groom went over to one of the warehouses and amused themselves dancing with their young friends until they were summoned to the second table of the marriage feast. Everybody at the Post had contributed something towards either the feast or the dance. Out of respect for Oo-koo-hoo, the Factor had furnished a liberal stock of groceries and had, in addition, granted the free use of the buildings. The clerk had sent in a quantity of candies and tobacco. The priest had given potatoes; the clergyman had supplied a copy of the Bible in syllabic characters; and the minister had given the silver-plated wedding-ring. The nuns had presented a supply of skim-milk and butter. Mr. Spear provided jam, pickles, and coal-oil for the lamps. The Mounted Police contributed two dollars to pay for the "band"—the fiddle and the concertina—and ammunition enough for the *feu-de-joie*. The friends and relations had given a plentiful store of fresh, dried and pounded fish; and had also furnished a lavish supply of moose, caribou, and bear meat; as well as dainty bits of beaver, lynx, muskrat and skunk.

The bridal party having dined, they and their elders opened the ball officially. The first dance was—as it always is—the Double Jig, then followed in regular order the same dances as those of the New Year's feast. After a frolic of several hours' duration, some of the dancers grew weary and returned to the banquet room for refreshments. And thus for three days and three nights the festivities continued.

During the lull in the dancing on the afternoon of the wedding day, Little Pine's sister, went up to him and said, "Brother, may I kiss you? Are you ashamed?" He answered "No." She kissed him, took his wife's hand, placed it in his with her own over both, and addressed the young wife:

"As you have taken my place, do to him as I have done; listen to him, work for him, and, if need be, die for him."

Then she lowered her head and began to cry.

### Brother-in-law's Advice

NE-GEEK, the Otter, Neykia's oldest brother, then went up to Little Pine and asked,

"Are you man enough to work for her to feed her, and to protect her?"

"Yes," replied the new-made husband.

The Otter put the husband's hand on his sister's hand, and looking him straight in the eyes. . . shook his clenched fist at him and said in a threatening tone. . . . "Beware!"

In the midst of one of the dances, Oo-koo-hoo walked up to the "band" and knocked up the fiddle to command silence. Pulling his capote tightly about him, he assumed a dignified attitude, slowly looked round the room to see that he had the attention of all present, and began to address the assemblage.

"The step which Shing-wauk has taken is a very serious one. Now he will have to think for two. Now he must supply the wants of two. Now he will realize what trouble is. But the One who made us. . . The Great Mystery. . . The Master of Life. . . made us right. The man has his work to do, and the woman has hers. The man must hunt and kill animals, and the woman must skin and dress them. The man must always stand by her and she by him. The two together are strong. . . and there is no need of outside assistance. Remember. . . my grandchildren. . you are starting out together that way. . . ."

To illustrate his meaning, he held up two fingers parallel, and added:

"If your tracks fork. . . they will soon be as far apart as sunrise is from sunset. . . and you will find many ready to come in between. Carry on in the way you have begun. . . for that is the way you should end. And remember. . . if your tracks once fork. . . they will never come together again. . . my grandchildren. . . . I have spoken."

After Little Pine's father as well as several of the guests had made their remarks, Naudin, Neykia's mother, rose to address her daughter. Overcome with nervousness, she pulled her shawl so far over her face as to leave only a tiny peep-hole through which to look. Hesitatingly she began:

"My daughter, you never knew what trouble is, now you will know. You never knew what hard work is, now you will soon learn. Never let your husband want for anything. Never allow another woman to do anything for him; if you do. . . you are lost. When you have children, my daughter, and they grow up, your sons will always be sons to you, even though they be gray-headed. But with your daughters it will not be so; when they marry, they will be lost to you. Once married, they are gone for ever."

She stepped up to her daughter, kissed her, and sank to the floor weeping copiously.

Then Amik rose to speak. He beckoned to his daughter. She advanced and knelt down, holding the fringe of his legging while he addressed her:

"Neykia, my daughter, you have taken this man. Be good to him, work for him. live for him, and if need be, die for him. Kiss me, Neykia, my daughter, kiss me for the last time."

She kissed him, and he added:

"You have kissed me for the last time: henceforth never kiss any man but your husband."

Raising his hand with untutored dignity, he pronounced the words:

"Remember. . . I have spoken."

(*Next and Concluding Instalment June 1.*)

# The Law's Vindication

*Continued from page 27*

the stove he saw her face, the face of the girl he had first known, not that of the broken woman, sweet and tender, with the laughing kindliness and the deep soft eyes that seemed to reach the very heart of him.

And he grew softer toward her. She must have been sorry that she crossed him, hurt him. He felt almost that he could forgive. And as he moved about in the thick woods, in the rooms of the little house, he fancied that she was there, at his shoulder, and that if he turned his head he would see her. Sometimes he talked to her after the fashion one gets, in the solitudes, of communing audibly with self or the people of the memory world.

Then winter fell, and he found his camp no less pleasant. The nights were often bitter, but he was snug and warm. The snows fell and the waters of the lake were clamped down and locked fast. He liked the long evenings, when the lamp shone brightly, the wood in the stove crackled merrily, and outside, in the blackness, the snow beat upon the little house, and the winds roared through the trees. He liked the long-drawn out clanking sound, when the contracting ice cracked, and the note of its music travelled from shore to shore. There were birds in the bush for his gun, and with the sharp weather the duck and geese came down from the farther North and gave him sport. He got his deer, and many an hour he spent on the lake, ice-fishing, but, best of all were the evenings with his books and papers and his vast content with life as it was and would be. At irregular intervals one of the woodsmen, passing down the rough trail to the distant village would halt his team, plunge through

the bush to Shalor's camp to ask if he could do any errand for the city man. Shalor's drinks were excellent, his smoking stuff of the best, and the woodsman was a neighborly chap. Coming back the man would bring the lawyer's mail and papers from the post-office.

THE man had not called for nearly three weeks, and when he appeared, on his return trip, late one afternoon, Shalor was unusually glad to see him. To be nearly three weeks out of the world was more than he desired, and he welcomed the great pile of papers the man dumped on the table. The drinks absorbed, the handful of cigars and package of real-stuff tobacco shoved into his pockets, the woodsman went off. Shalor prepared an early supper, ate it, washed the dishes, then sat down before the stove, under the lamplight, for a long agreeable night. He admitted to himself that now and again, lately, he had felt the least bit lonely; books and magazines were all right, but seeing no one for such long periods—no flesh and blood people—he had desire to know what was doing in his live world, the Bridgeton world, among the people he knew—his townsfolks.

He was a methodical man, so carefully arranged his papers for the journalistic feast, the oldest one at the top so that he might read local history in chronological order. With pipe drawing admirably he opened the first paper, its date was three weeks before. His eye swept the headlines, then one in heavy type arrested his attention. He put down his pipe, and read it again, as if scarce believing the testimony of his eyes.

**"Frank Hardy Escapes From Jail!—No trace discovered of the dangerous prisoner!"**

Eagerly Shalor read the account of the escape. There was a recapitulation of the case; the offence, the home troubles, the wife's death, the popular sympathy with the man, the exemplary sentence demanded by the prosecuting authorities.

"Slush!" said Shalor irritably, reading it.

What interested him more was the story of Hardy in jail. It said that his misfortunes had changed him into a morose, vindictive man; a difficult prisoner. What interested Shalor still more was the mention of a rumor that Hardy had been seen in Bridgeton the night of his escape. The paper assumed he had taken the risk in desperate need of clothes and money, and knew he had friends there who would supply him with what he wanted to make his get-away. Shalor knew better. He knew what Hardy had gone to Bridgeton for, taking the big risk in a town where everybody knew him. He remembered the threat in the jail. He flung down the paper and turned to the later ones, eagerly turning the pages till he found news of the escape. The man, he thought, would certainly be caught, but paper after paper gave no tidings of this, and then, apparently, the matter had ceased to be of live interest and had been almost dropped. In the very latest was a short reference to the escape; Hardy had not been found, and it was assumed that he had got away into the States, and that would be the last Bridgeton would hear of him.

"The fools—the stupid, incompetent fools!" spat Shalor, thinking of the prison authorities, and then he began to brood, leaning toward the stove, for the night was very cold and wild.

He knew that Hardy had not gone to the States; it was not freedom he was pining for, nor escape from prison life. The fiery hate that Shalor had seen in his eyes had burst its bounds; Hardy could not wait two years, he had gone straight to Bridgeton to find his enemy, his persecutor, the killer of his wife. He had gone to vindicate the law as he saw it. Not finding his man at home, he would surely learn his whereabouts. And that was full three weeks ago! Where was Hardy now—this night—this moment? he might be outside there in the storm and the screening blackness of the woods—watching with those hate-flaming eyes, waiting, waiting, for the appearance of the man he sought.

The sharp coldness roused Shalor; the fire was nearly out. He rose and went to the chip-box back of the stove where he usually kept pine chips and cones for fire kindling or reviving; there was not a chip in the box. He cursed irritably. There were plenty of chips in a bigger store-box on the verandah, and he went to the door, but paused, his hand on the latch. He wondered where Hardy was this night. He turned back to the stove and tried to revive it with the bigger wood, the result was to quite extinguish it, and the cold was biting. The wind had risen, snow flurries beat sharply on the windows. He must have fire. As one shaking off a physical incubus he braced his shoulders, opened the door and went out. The night was pitchy black to his eyes at first, then a dim ghostly white where the snow lay, with the black shadows of the forest behind it. He stood there for some minutes, despite the storm, the beating, sleety snow. The woods, this night, were full of sounds, and ordinarily they were so still. The wind in the branches of the trees whined and moaned like human creatures in sore pain and buffeted weariness. Deeper in the forest one heard the crash as some weakling tree broke and was borne tumultuously to the ground by the tempest. And the stillness of the lulls, when the wind, as a shrill virago momentarily breathless, dropped its vehemence until it could fill its lungs again, was even worse than the clamor. Shalor peered into the gloom; there were instants when he was sure he could see some dark moving shadow stealing in the grim blackness across the snow patches from tree to tree, someone on deadly errand waiting—watching. Then he snatched up a handful of chips and went inside. He barred the door, a precaution he had never taken before. In a few moments the fire was burning cheerily; Shalor picked up a magazine and tried to read. Three minutes later he pitched the book into a far corner of the room.

"Bah! all mush and slush!" he said impatiently. Did the magazines never print live man-stuff these days? Nothing but love tales, or tales of some fellow who'd come a cropper, and had got right again; sentimental trash about slipping and seeming to lose out, and then helped to his feet and making good. The world was getting backboneless; the parsons no more preached hell. Justice even was getting sloppy, with all this yap about giving a fellow another chance, and punishment having amendment of the wrong-doer as its real purpose instead of making his back smart.

He looked at his watch, and found that it was only eight o'clock. Still—he'd go to bed, he'd be in better mood when the daylight came. He put out the light and got into his bed in a corner of the room. For half an hour he watched the rays of firelight that escaped the joints in the stove dancing on the ceiling, then they died out and left him in the blackness.

The wind seemed stiller, the blizzard had stopped; he wished it would begin again. He never remembered stillness so profound, so palpable. It seemed to weigh down on one like a suffocating pall. He could see on the blackness the face of Ethel Millman. Her eyes looked down on him, soft and deep and wistful as they had looked at him in Jordan's office, and in the courtroom. He wondered where Hardy was this night. And then he slept.

HE COULD not have told whether he had been asleep hours or minutes when he woke with a start that drove him to his feet.

What it was he did not know—he could not be sure it was anything but this wretched new nervousness of his. He stood for minutes, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, and he trying to summon all his power of will and intelligence to calm it. The wind now had ceased altogether. The thought of returning to bed was dismissed. Anything was better than that still darkness, with harassing, nervous, fretful thoughts. He lit the fire and lamp, and again tried to read. The hour, he discovered, was between twelve and one. He fought to rouse interest in what he was reading, and the minutes dragged along. At two o'clock he felt he was master of himself, but—he was not going to put up with another night of it. If his thoughts regarding Hardy were right, and not for an instant did he doubt them, this isolated spot was one of supreme danger. Safety was among his own kind, in the office and busy streets. Here—why a man might be shot from behind a tree, through the window there, and no one know he was dead, perhaps, for weeks. He rose from his chair and began hurriedly to pack his possessions. When he had finished he wrote a note for the woodsman, when he should come along, and laid it on top of the baggage. The note was dated, said that


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Shalor had gone back, and gave directions for the baggage to be shipped to Bridgeton. This done, and feeling better, Shalor put out the light, and, fully dressed, lay on the bed and drew the rugs over him.

Again he slept and again was waked by terror. He listened with an intensity that gave actual pain. It was no illusion—no fancy of a stillness-racked mind—this time. He could hear the step, stealthy, almost noiseless, in the soft new-fallen snow.

It came nearer—nearer—soft, horribly menacing as the foot of death itself. Now it was at the verandah edge, now a board creaked under the heavy but muffled foot. A shadow passed the window, dimly seen. The man was at the door. Shalor heard him try it carefully, firmly, almost silently. He was unutterably glad that he had barred it securely. Then the man turned away, took one step, and paused outside the window. And Shalor, in the blackness, saw a fur-hooded head indistinctly, and a face pressed against the pane. Then the man turned away again, and Shalor heard the soft crunch! crunch! of his feet on the snow.

The man on the bed waited—waited—waited, then summoning up courage desperately, crept out of bed, and on hands and knees crawled to the window; it was not so dark now, for a late bit of moon was up, though mists obscured the light itself. So misty was it that Shalor was able to see but a hundred yards or so. There was the spot where he had cut the holes for ice-fishing. He had cut a hole in the ice one cold day for fresh water, and then had placed bushes about it lest the unwary, crossing the lake, should fall into it. It had seemed rather foolish at the time, for no one but himself went near it.

In the dim, hazy light the bushed place looked like a lone grave in some vast white-shrouded cemetery.

He turned from the window. What should he do? Out there in the bush, somewhere near-by, was Hardy, waiting, watching for daylight to come. Hitherto Shalor had longed for the light; now he dreaded it as Hardy's aid.

Again he looked out; the mists were thicker, the ice-holes were no longer visible, twenty steps from the door he would be in safety, hidden by the fog. Instead of travelling the trail where death lurked, he would cross the lake and work his way round to the station—back to living things.

At the door he hesitated again. His appearance might be greeted by a shot from the shadows, but—it was the lesser risk. He unbarred the door with infinite care, then paused again, and on the curtain of the gloom before him he seemed to see the woman's face; it had always been at his shoulder before as he moved about. Now it was before him, as one beckoning him forth from this place of peril. He opened the door—stopped and listened intently. The world was very still. He stepped out. A board creaked, and he halted—listened again, then swiftly and silently darted toward the deeper gloom of the dark mists. A score of steps, and he was within the shadows, free from the peril, exultant. And on and on he went—on and on into the thicker mists.

A WOODSMAN, reaching the lumber camp, had a dismal tale to tell his friend.

"I called at the shack of the city fellow going down, but it was early in the morning, and pretty dark. I tried the door, but everything was quiet, and I was ashamed to get the man up at that hour, so I went on down. I looked in again, with his mail, coming back, but he'd gone, his stuff was packed up, and a note on it asking for his traps to be taken down. I was one sore man, for I'd been banking on a drink or two, and some smoke stuff."

"Tough luck!" commented his pal.

But Shalor never reached Bridgeton alive. There was search for him, but not until spring unlocked the ice fetters on the lake was he found. He had slipped into the ice-hole while crossing on his projected way to the station.

What the world did not know was that a few hours after he had gone another man, haggard and weary, came through the bush, with murder, that he called vindication of the law, in his heart, and when he found his quarry gone, he cursed the ill-luck that had balked him so narrowly. And as he raged, there came to him the loved face of the woman he had lost—as he had thought—and it seemed to him there was in it a great peace and gladness, the gladness of one whose love has passed through sharp perils, and has escaped them. And there came a great peace to the heart of Hardy. Later he returned to jail, after spending weeks in a distant lumber camp. He wanted to get square with the law, and after that go back to Bridgeton, where the body of his wife lay, and there rebuild life where her spirit lived.

# PAWNED

*Continued from page 31*

cabin written on them—Mr. John Bruce; Cabin H-14. There is a steamer trunk, and two brown alligator leather—which I do not guarantee to be genuine in spite of the price—suit-cases, and a hat box."

"Very good, sir," said the steward again, and hurried from the cabin.

Crang got up and went to the window. The tug alongside seemed to furnish him with engrossing reflections, for he sat there, smiling queerly, until he swung around in answer to a knock upon his door.

A man in ship's uniform entered ahead of the steward.

"The steward here, sir," said the man, "was speaking about your baggage."

"Speaking about it!" murmured Crang helplessly. "I told him to get it."

"Yes sir," said the man; "but I am sorry to say that no such baggage as you describe has come aboard the ship. There has been no baggage at all for Mr. Bruce, sir."

"Not aboard!" gasped Crang. "Then—then where is it?"

"I can't say, sir, of course," said the other sympathetically. "I am only stating a fact to you."

"But—but I sent it down to the dock early this morning." Crang's voice was rising in well-affected excitement. "It must be here! I tell you it must be here!"

The man shook his head.

"It's my job, sir. I'm sorry, Mr. Bruce, but I know positively your baggage is not aboard this ship."

"Then what's to be done?" Crang's voice rose louder. "You've left it on the dock, that's what — fools, thundering idiots!"

The man with the baggage job looked uncomfortable.

Crang danced up and down on the floor of the cabin.

"On the way to South America to stay six months," he yelled insanely, "and my baggage left behind! I can't go on without my baggage, do you hear?"

There was a whispered conference between the two men. The steward vanished through the doorway.

"I've sent for the purser, sir," volunteered the other.

Crang stormed up and down the floor.

PRESENTLY the purser appeared. Crang swung on him on the instant.

"You've left my baggage behind!" he shouted. "My papers, plans, everything! I can't go on without them." He shook his fist. "You'll either get that baggage here, or get me ashore."

The purser eyed Crang's fist, and stiffened perceptibly.

"I'm not a magician, Mr. Bruce," he said quietly, "I am very sorry indeed that this should have happened; but it is quite impossible, of course, to get your baggage here."

"Then get me ashore," Crang snatched up his coat and put it on. "There's a tug, or something, out there, isn't there?"

"Yes," said the purser, "that's the company's tug, and I suppose you could go back on her, if you think you—"

"Think!" howled Crang. "I don't think anything about it. I know that—" His eye suddenly caught the envelope on the couch containing the ticket. "And what about this?" He picked it up, jerked out the ticket, and waved it in the purser's face.

The purser refused the document.

"You'll have to see the New York office, sir, about that," he said.

"I will, will I?" snapped Crang. "Well, that isn't all I'll see them about!"

"I am sure they will do what they can, sir, to make things right—if they are to blame," said the purser a little sharply. "But it might have been your teamster, you know, who made the mistake." He turned to the door. "I will arrange about your going ashore, Mr. Bruce."

"Yes!" growled Crang savagely, and five minutes later, swearing volubly for the benefit of those within hearing, he wriggled his way down a rope ladder to the tug's deck.

A deck hand led him to the pilot house.

"The captain'll be along as soon as we start," the man informed him.

Crang made himself comfortable in a cushioned chair. He sat chuckling maliciously, as he stared up at the towering hull that twinkled with lights above him—and then the chuckle died away, and little red spots came and burned in his sallow cheeks, and his lips worked, and his hands curled until the nails bit into the palms.

He lost track of time.

A man came into the pilot house, and gave the wheel a spin.

"We're off," said the man heartily. "You've had tough luck, I hear."

Crang's fingers caressed his bruised and swollen throat.

"Yes," said Crang with a thin smile; "but I think somebody is going to pay the bill in full."

The tug was heading toward New York.

## CHAPTER XX

### Outside the Door

HAWKINS very cautiously got out of bed, and consulted his watch. It was five minutes after nine. He stole to the door and listened. There was no sound from below. Mrs. Hedges, who had been his jailer all day, had now, he was fairly certain, finally retired for the night.

The old blue eyes blinked in perplexity and he scratched at the fringe of hair behind his ear in a perturbed way, as he began, still cautiously, to dress. It had been a very dreary day, during which he had suffered not a little physical discomfort. Mrs. Hedges had been assiduous in her attentions; more than that, even motherly.

"God bless her!" said Hawkins to one of his boots, as he laced it up, "only she wouldn't let me out."

He stopped lacing the boot suddenly, and sat staring in front of him. Mrs. Hedges had been more than even motherly; she had been—been—yes, that was it—been puzzling. If she had said Paul Veniza wanted to see him, why had she insisted that Paul Veniza didn't want to see him? Hawkins' gaze at the blank wall in front of him became a little more bewildered. He tried to reconstruct certain fragments of conversation that had taken place between Mrs. Hedges and himself.

"Now, you just lie still," Mrs. Hedges had insisted during the afternoon, when he had wanted to get up, "Claire told me—"

He remembered the sinking of his heart as he had interrupted her.

"Claire," he had said anxiously, "Claire aint—she don't know about this, does she?"

"Certainly not!" Mrs. Hedges had assured him.

"But you said she told you something"—Hawkins continued to reconstruct the conversation—"so she must have been here."

"Law!" Mrs. Hedges had returned. "I nearly put my foot in it, didn't I—I—I mean starting you in to worry. Certainly she don't know anything about it. She just came over to say her father wanted to see you, and I says to her you aint feeling very well, and she says it's all right."

Hawkins resumed his dressing. His mind continued to mull over the afternoon. Later on he had made another attempt to get up. He was feeling quite well enough to go over and find out what Paul Veniza wanted. And then Mrs. Hedges, as though she had quite forgotten what she had said before, said that Paul Veniza didn't want to see him, or else he'd send word.

Hawkins scratched behind his ear again. His head wasn't quite clear. Maybe he had not got it all quite straight. Suddenly he smiled. Of course! There wasn't anything to be bewildered about. Mrs. Hedges was just simply determined that he would not go out—and he was equally determined that he would. Paul Veniza or not, he had been long enough in bed!

"Yes," said Hawkins; "God bless her, that's it."

Hawkins completed his toilet, and picking up his old felt hat, reconnoitered the hallway. Thereafter he descended the stairs with amazing stealth.

"God bless her!" said Hawkins softly again, as he gained the front door without raising any alarm, and stepped outside, and then Hawkins halted as though his feet had been suddenly rooted to the spot.

AT THE curb in front of the house was an old closed motor car. Hawkins stared at it. Then he rubbed his eyes. Then he stared again. He stared for a time. No; there was no doubt about it—it was the travelling pawnshop.

Hawkins' mind harked back to the preceding evening. He had met two men in the saloon around the corner, whom he had seen there once or twice before. He had had several drinks with them, and then at some one's suggestion, he could not recollect whose, there had followed the purchase of a few bottles, and an adjournment to his room for a convivial evening. After that his mind was quite blank. He could not even remember having taken out the car.

"I—I must have been bad," said Hawkins to himself, with a rueful countenance.

He descended the steps, and approached the car with the intention of running it into the shed that served as garage behind the house. But again he halted.

"No," said Hawkins, with a furtive glance over his shoulder at the front door; "if I started it up, Mrs. Hedges would hear me. I guess I'll wait till I come back."

Hawkins went on down the street and turned the corner. He had grown a little dejected.

"I'm just an old bum," said Hawkins, "who aint ever going to swear off any more 'cause it don't do any good."

He spoke aloud to himself again as he approached the door of Paul Veniza's house.

"But I am her daddy," whispered the old man fiercely; "and she is my little girl. It don't change nothing her not knowing, except—except she aint hiding her face in shame, and"—Hawkins' voice broke a little—"and that I aint never had her in these arms like I'd ought to have." A gleam of anger came suddenly into the watery blue eyes under the shaggy brows. "But he aint going to kill the soul of my little girl—somehow old Hawkins'll—"

Hawkins' soliloquy ended abruptly. He was startled to find himself in the act of opening the front door of the one-time pawnshop. He even hesitated, holding the door ajar—and then suddenly he pushed the door wider open and stepped softly inside, as the sound of a voice, angry and threatening in its tones, though strangely low and muffled, reached him. He knew that voice; it was Doctor Crang's.

It was dark in the room that had once been the office of the pawnshop, and upon which the front door opened directly; but from under the door leading into the rear room there showed a thread of light, and it was from there that Hawkins now placed the voice.

HE STOOD irresolute. He stared around him. Upstairs it was dark. Paul Veniza, because he had not been well, had probably gone to bed early—unless it was Paul in there with Crang. No! He caught the sound of Claire's voice now, and it seemed to come to him brokenly, in a strangely tired, dreary way. And then Crang's voice again, and an ugly laugh.

The wrinkled skin of Hawkins' old weather-beaten hands grew taut and white across the knuckles as his fists clenched. He tiptoed toward the door. He could hear distinctly now. It was Crang speaking.

". . . . I'm not a fool! I did not speak about it to make you lie again. I don't care where you met him, or how long you had been lovers before he crawled in here. That's nothing to do with it. It's enough that I know you were lovers before that because the sooner you realize that you are the one who is the cause of the trouble between Bruce and me, the better—for him! I wasn't crowding you before, but I'm through fooling with you now for keeps. I let you go too long as it is. Today, for just a little while, he won out—yes, by God, if you want the truth, he nearly killed me. He got me tied in a cabin of a ship that sailed this afternoon for South America; but the engines broke down in the harbor, and damn him, I'm back! You know what for. I've told you. There's one way to save him. I've told you what that is, too. I'm waiting for your answer."

"Why should it be me?" Claire's voice

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was dull and colorless. "Why cannot you leave me alone—I who hate and loathe you? Do you look for happiness with me? There will be none."

"Why should it be you?" Crang's voice was suddenly hoarse with passion. "Because you have set my brain on fire, because you have filled me with a madness that would mock God himself if He stood between us. Do you understand—Claire? Claire! Do you understand? Because I want you, because I'm going to have you, because I'm going to own you—yes, own you, one way or another—by marriage, or—"

A low cry came from Claire. It tore at Hawkins' heart in its bitter shame and anguish. His face blanched.

"Well, you asked for it, and you got it!" Crang snarled. "Now I'm waiting for your answer."

There was a long pause, then Claire spoke with an obvious effort to steady her voice:

"Have I got to buy him twice?"

"You haven't bought him once yet." Crang answered swiftly. "I performed my part of the bargain. I haven't been paid."

And Hawkins, standing there, listening, heard nothing for a long time; and then he distinguished Claire's voice, but it was so low that he could not catch the words. But he heard Crang's reply because it was loud with what seemed like passionate savagery and triumph.

"You're wise, my dear! At eight o'clock to-morrow morning, then. And since Mr. John Bruce's skin is involved in this, you quite understand that he is not to be communicated with in any way?"

"I understand." Hawkins this time caught the almost inaudible reply.

"All right!" Crang said. "There's a padre I know, who's down on Station Island now. We'll go down there and be married without any fuss. I'll be here at eight o'clock. Your father isn't fit to ride in that rattle-trap old bus of yours. I'll have a comfortable limousine for him, and you can go with him. Hawkins can drive me, and"—he was laughing softly—"and be my best man. I'll see that he knows about it in time to—"

Like a blind man, Hawkins was groping his way toward the front door. Married. They were to be married to-morrow morning.

He found himself on the street. He hurried. Impulse drove him along. He did not reason. His mind was a tortured thing. And yet he laughed as he scurried around the corner, laughed in an unhinged way, and raised both hands above his head and pounded at the air with his doubled fists. They were to be married, to-morrow morning, and he—he was to be best man. And as he laughed, his once ruddy, weather-beaten face was white as a winding sheet, and in the whiteness there was stamped a look that it was good on no man's face to see.

And then suddenly two great tears rolled down his cheeks, opening the flood gates of his soul.

"My little girl!" he sobbed. "Daddy's little girl!"

And reason and a strange calmness came.

"John Bruce," he said. "He loves her too."

And in front of Mrs. Hedges' roominghouse he climbed into the driver's seat of the old travelling pawnshop.

It didn't matter now how much noise he made.

*(To be Continued).*

# Have Faith in Our Nationals

*Continued from page 24*

They were not saints. Thank God for that. If they had been, they would not have been such builders. They had to use the instruments next to their hands; and sometimes the instruments were politicians, who would not put through a charter without a greased palm and then gave away what belonged to the people and not to them; but we—the people—elected them.

And sometimes, the instruments were contractors, who were rogues. Well of the contractors, who were rogues, I don't know one who isn't "broke" to-day. I know some who are serving in the penitentiary. And some of the instruments were labor agitators, who drew a salary to stir up trouble and preach "don't work."

But the point is—those builders left us something that stands for plus; and that is what counts. And the politicians, who were rogues, whom we elected, and the contractors, who were thieves whom we sent to the penitentiary, and the labor agitators, who were simply drawing salaries for wind instead of work—didn't leave us anything but minus and a grouch. I don't like such gentry and they like me less.

I have already touched on the possibility of the National Lines from the prairies to the Pacific. On the Pacific, the Nationals, have not yet remotely begun to develop their possibilities. Take the Inside Passage Way down from Prince Rupert to Vancouver and American points. As a scenic route, it is the most beautiful thing in the world. There is nothing in Norway to approach it in beauty. I shall not try to describe that beauty. I shall do it elsewhere in another place. There is nothing in the East Coast or the West Coast of America to approach that beauty. It is a sea calm as a mill pond, with a Rocky Mountain panorama of moving pictures in color on both sides. It is a Grand Canyon of Colorado with the sea between.

I suppose you know that the Grand Canyon of the Colorado is what has made tourist traffic the great source of income to the Santa Fe. Well, here is a Grand Canyon for two days and a night with a sea calm as a mill pond! Do you know how many steamships our Nationals have for tourists? Two! They could fill twenty to the roof.

I was told the rains would fall on me so continuously in this region that I would begin to sprout shoulder feathers like a duck, or fins like a fish. I was on this coast for fourteen days in the transition period from summer to autumn, when the rains are supposed to deluge your soul with gray blankets of mist and depression. There was exactly one shower and it was at night. I suppose people who hope for the very worst, will say that was a Satanic pre-arrangement to delude me

Well, I was deluded. I was deluded into thinking it the most beautiful coastal trip in the world; and I know the coastal trips of America from Labrador to Vera Cruz, and from California to Alaska. There is nothing else like it in the world. It is warm in winter and cool in summer, and beautiful as a dream; and our Nationals have exactly two steamers to handle the tourist traffic.

Again it is to laugh!

That is as to tourist traffic, in a region bound to become a great winter resort for the Inland North, and a great summer resort for the Inland South. There is practically no National steamship service to get the Oriental traffic, no steamship service to get the Alaskan traffic; and this coast is bound to become the head of navigation for the great No-Man's Land of mines at the headwaters of the Yukon and the Pelly and the Liard.

Again, it is to laugh!

How about freight traffic?

I am afraid to set the figures down here without quoting verbatim from the lumber companies and official forest men in Government service. I would be told the scenery had gone to my head. It has. So have the facts as to freight traffic. The most heavily timbered areas in the world are on this coast. They have been barely scratched by development.

Here is an official forest survey for British Columbia of four acres an average on Queen Charlotte Islands:

First acre, 142 thousand feet of spruce.
Second acre, 137 thousand feet of spruce.
Third acre, 147 thousand feet of spruce.
Fourth acre, 132 thousand feet of spruce.
Besides are 30 thousand feet in hemlock.

This lumber is going on eastern cars at $35 to $38 a thousand. Will you please estimate the value of those four acres for yourself?

And so I repeat—stop knocking our National railways. Back them to a finish. You have to back them, or lose out on one of the best possibilities Canada owns; and this is without reference to another area of timber and of mines and of scenery up the Thompson on the Great Divide.

# The Gates of Wu

*Continued from page 15*

spector MacNish, Mr. Craig," he said, "I should have had no fear of speaking out before you. As it is, I think it would be best now for me to tell you what I have already told him, in order that there may be full confidence between us at the outset. Only two days before his death Patrick Leverton requested my permission to ask my daughter to marry him. I gave it willingly, but unfortunately my daughter did not see with my eyes and she refused him. I'm afraid the poor fellow took it badly, and there is no doubt in my mind that this unfortunate incident was the cause of his act and the explanation of that last word which he uttered—'woman.'"

Don nodded.

"Perhaps," he said, "I do know that Leverton was always starving for affection, but"—he stopped for a moment—"but I interrupted you," he finished.

"Not at all." Sir Trevor waved aside the apology with a queer old-fashioned gesture. "However," he went on, "it was not to discuss this that I troubled you to spare me your time. This is the real matter. Leverton, as of course you know, was deeply interested in Chinese Tongs; we had very many discussions on the subject, and as a result of what I was able to tell him he planned to write a series of newspaper articles on the subject of 'Unseen China.' Mr. Craig, I believe most strongly in the Chinaman; he has sterling qualities, and it remains only for us of the West to show him how to adapt himself to modern conditions for him to have a great future before him. I welcomed Leverton's idea, for I felt that properly handled it would tend to bring about that very necessary preliminary step—a better understanding by the European of the Chinese point of view. Now Leverton's tragic end has put a stop to the whole scheme, but from him I learnt that you were interested in the same topic. Cannot we, together, carry on what he planned?"

For a moment Don was silent. One or two points rose to trouble him: he voiced one of them.

"Before we go further," he said, "can you tell me how it was that Leverton knew I was interested in China? Certainly I *was* interested, but two years ago I dropped the subject and I scarcely thought of it again until Leverton's death brought it back to me. I never even mentioned the country to him, nor did I know till this morning that his interest lay that way."

"Leverton knew a great many things, Mr. Craig," Sir Trevor returned, "and I think no one but he knew how he knew them. But you implied that your interest in China was revived by Leverton's death; may I ask how, since you were ignorant of his interest?"

DON hesitated for a moment, then he sat forward.

"Sir Trevor," he said, "it's my firm belief that Leverton was murdered."

For a moment the other stared at him incredulously.

"Murdered!" he exclaimed; "but, my dear sir, the evidence."

"Damn the evidence! If you'll pardon me saying so," Don returned; "the evidence fits into my story as well. Sir Trevor, have you ever heard of Tien T'ze?"

Sir Trevor shook his head.

"No," he answered.

"Or H'si An Men?"

"Yes; it's a gateway in Peking leading from the Tartar City to the Imperial City."

"And Wu Men?"

"A similar gateway opening into the Imperial City from the south."

Don nodded.

"And in addition to that they are two names closely associated with Tien T'ze. Incidentally, Leverton's last word was 'Wu Men,' and not 'Woman.'"

Sir Trevor lay back in his chair and, folding his hands before him, pushed his fingers thoughtfully up his sleeves.

"Most interesting," he said, "but what proof have you of this? What, my dear sir, has led you to a conclusion which appears at first glance to be so extravagant?"

Don thrust his hand into his jacket pocket for Leverton's note-book, but even as his fingers touched the cloth binding a sudden blinding flash of revelation struck him like a physical blow. He rose to his feet. He remembered having seen a telephone on a small table in the hall as he had come into the house.

"Sir Trevor," he said, "I have just remembered a most important piece of business; may I use your telephone for one moment?"

Sir Trevor rose also.

"By all means," he answered. He moved to the door and opened it. "You will find one in the hall."

Don crossed the hall quickly, and gave his own number to the exchange; in a moment he was answered by one of his servants, and in response to his enquiry was told that Kyrle had not yet returned. With an exclamation of annoyance he hooked up the receiver. Chin on breast, he moved a few paces away from the instrument and halted again, deep in thought. Abstractedly his eyes wandered over the front door, which stood but a few yards from him. He took another step forward, then with a sudden spring he leapt to it and twisted savagely at the Yale knob. It turned in his fingers, but the door refused to open. Without warning, as he twisted at the milled head, a violent pain shot up his arm, a vivid light flashed before his eyes, and he felt himself falling into a bottomless. black void.

## CHAPTER III

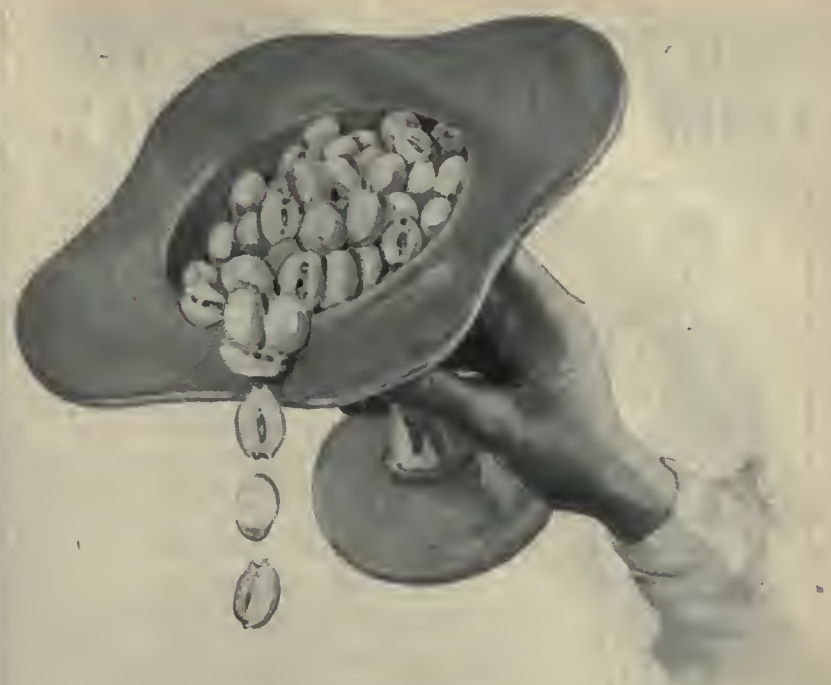
### The Man in the First-Tier Box

WHEN, in response to Don Craig's request, Kyrle Durande had visited Patrick Leverton's house, she had found Inspector John MacNish to all intents and purposes in charge of the case; true, MacNish was nominally working under his senior, Toleman, but to Kyrle's delight the latter was absent from the house when she arrived.

Now, Kyrle Durande had a very useful little knack of getting her own way, and as she had had former opportunities of testing the strength of MacNish's defences, she felt very little fear as to which way the victory would fall. MacNish was duly reconnoitred, attacked, and carried by assault, with the result that about two minutes after her arrival at the house Kyrle found herself in Patrick Leverton's study. Once within the room, however, her inspection of it had been cut short by the arrival of MacNish's senior, Toleman, and she had been stealthily and unceremoniously ejected by MacNish himself, carrying away with her, as the sole fruits of her victory, the proof of Patrick Leverton's interest in things Chinese.

It was a little disappointing, but it might have been worse; at any rate she had found the principal clue which Don had hoped for. She passed out of the gates, and was in the act of turning in the direction of Don's house when she abruptly changed her mind and mingled with the little crowd which had collected hours ago on the footpath before the gates. Approaching the house was a big grey touring-car which on many occasions had aroused a flicker of envy in her heart, and which she had long since discovered to belong to Sir Trevor Warrington. Now, Kyrle knew that Sir Trevor Warrington was accounted the greatest living authority in Europe on China and the Chinese, and it was therefore impossible that she could miss the possibility of the existence of some connecting-link between his presence here at such a moment and the discovery she had just made in Leverton's study.

The car was approaching slowly, and it was closed so that she could not see the occupant; but that did not worry her, for she could very well wait in the little crowd until the car should stop outside the gates and the occupant should descend. Strangely, it did not occur to her that the car might not stop at the house, that it might do nothing more than glide slowly past and away up the straight stretch of road, yet this latter was precisely what happened. The car continued on its way past the house without so much as slowing down, and Kyrle gazed at it with a surprise which was as deep as it was unreasonable. For some reason, she did not know what, she had been absolutely sure that Sir Trever was coming to Leverton's house, and even now, when the natural and perfectly sane conclusion was that he knew no more of Leverton than any other man in

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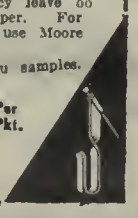
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London, she still found herself persisting in trying to find another solution to her self-made mystery.

THE car had proceeded some yards past the house now, and she had turned to watch it. Quite suddenly, without any slowing down on the part of the car, its off-side door opened and a man dropped lightly to the roadway.

Kyrle's heart bounded, and she turned hurriedly back into the little crowd. The man who had dropped from the car was not Sir Trevor Warrington. In a moment the man came up close beside her, and she was able to make a closer study of him. He was of middle height, well dressed, and bore about him nothing which seemed to excite the interest which she found herself taking in him — nothing, save the fact that he had ridden in the car of the greatest living authority on China, and had descended from the car while it was in motion, by that door which was farthest from the pavement. Why had he done that? If nothing more than curiosity had prompted him to gain a closer view of the house, why had he not stopped the car?

The man spoke.

"What's the trouble?" he asked of a grocer's boy who stood by him.

"Bloke shot hissel," the boy replied; "don't know why. Blew 'is 'ead pretty near orf, 'e did. The cops is inside the 'ouse now."

The man shrugged, and for a moment his eyes met Kyrle's with a partially humorous gleam.

"Thanks," he replied, pressing a coin into the unprepared but far from unwilling palm of the grocer's boy. For a moment his gaze wandered over the group, then he turned away in the direction from which the car had come.

Kyrle allowed him a moment's start, then she followed.

The man went steadily on without so much as a backward glance,and presently turned the corner of the street. Kyrle quickened her pace; she was only a few yards behind him, yet when, in her turn, she rounded the corner, the man was nowhere in sight. She glanced around her carefully. There were a few smallish shops in the street, but none seemed of a character to attract the man she sought; then a telephone call office sign caught her eye. Here, possibly, lay the explanation of his disappearance.

SHE crossed the road and entered the shop which displayed the sign. The shop was deserted save for a girl assistant behind the counter. For a moment Kyrle hesitated, then she crossed to the 'phone-box and gave Don's number. Scarcely had she begun her conversation with him, however, when out of the corner of her eye she caught sight of the man she had been trailing. He entered the shop leisurely, spoke a word to the girl assistant, and then sauntered over to the 'phone-box which Kyrle was occupying.

Then it was that Kyrle abruptly turned the subject of her conversation with Don, and proceeded to make her imaginary appointment for that afternoon at Daly's Theatre. That done, she hung up the receiver and left the box. Immediately the man entered it, closing the door carefully behind him.

Kyrle lingered near the box as long as she dared on the pretence of searching for something in her handbag, but fate was playing against her. The man took up the telephone directory and began a leisurely search through its pages. Kyrle was compelled to move away. She left the shop, moved slowly up the street for a few yards, and then made a movement to turn into a convenient doorway; but the movement was unnecessary, for a backward glance told her that the man had also left the shop and was walking slowly towards her. She stopped and made believe to study the contents of a stationer's window, but a glance out of the corner of her eye told that the man had stopped also.

Their relative positions were different from what she had supposed; she was not shadowing him, he was shadowing her. This was distinctly unfortunate, for it meant that in order to remove the suspicion which evidently rested upon her she must actually keep the appointment at Daly's Theatre which she had pretended to make. Certainly there was a chance that she might throw the man off her track, but she dared not risk it; even if she succeeded she would have no means of being sure that she had done so, and to become marked early in the game by the parties concerned in the crime, if crime there had been, would be a distinct disadvantage.

SHE turned suddenly from the shop-window, hurried to a Tube station, and booked to Leicester Square. As she entered the elevator she saw the man approach the booking-window. The lift man waited for him. The result was inevitable; they travelled to Leicester Square together. Outside the Hippodrome she paused, ostensibly to look at the photographs. The man had disappeared; at least, she was unable to locate him. This, however, did not help materially; she had decided upon her course of action. The man had followed her so openly that it seemed he could have very little suspicion that he himself was an object of interest to her; it therefore seemed unlikely that once he had seen her enter the theatre he would trouble further about her—at any rate until after the performance. Soothed by this process of reasoning, she entered the foyer of Daly's, bought two stall seats, left one at the box-office for a purely imaginary "Mrs. Harrington," and made her way into the auditorium. She was early, and all the reserved parts of the house were as yet practically deserted. She had decided that in order to throw the man completely off the scent she must remain until after the play had started, and therefore, as she took her seat, she resigned herself to a full three-quarters of an hour of wasted time.

The big auditorium began to fill; from the region of the orchestra came that strange discordant jumbling of notes as the players "tuned up"—a necessary proceeding which surely should be carried out out of earshot of the audience, but never is—then a rotund gentleman with black hair and a red moustache climbed magnificently into the conductor's chair, glanced once disdainfully at the audience, presented the bald portion of his head to their gaze, and, poising a baton for an instant, launched the orchestra into an overture which in spite of its real beauty seemed only to compel the audience to talk the louder in order to effectually drown it.

And now Kyrle came quite suddenly to an annoying realization; she had made no mention of a time over the 'phone when she had made her appointment with "Mrs. Harrington," and therefore it could hardly have strengthened the suspicion against her if she had not come to the theatre that afternoon; for all the man who had followed her could know to the contrary—supposing he had overheard her conversation, of which she had no doubt—the appointment might have been made for that night. She had needlessly wasted all this time, and shut herself up in a place where she could not watch him, to no purpose. For a moment she abused herself roundly for her foolishness, but quickly she realized that perhaps, after all, she had taken the wisest course, since her action in visiting a theatre would seem to indicate that she was far from having any pressing business on her hands.

THE act-drop rose, and Kyrle's glance moved in the direction of the stage, but it was arrested halfway. In a first-tier box sat the man who was shadowing her.

The performance was excellent, or presumably so, since it was attracting all London, but to Kyrle it was a meaningless jumble of color and sound. Why was this man following her so persistently? The answer seemed obvious: Don's suspicions were well founded; Tien T'ze was indeed concerned in the Patrick Leverton affair, and therefore she and Don had actually been marked persons even before the event. If that were so, her visit to Leverton's house would have quickly become known, and the man who now sat in the first-tier box had been specially detailed to watch her. When he had driven past the Leverton house he had seen her leaving, and had descended without stopping the car, and on the off-side of it, in order to prevent being remarked by her. If she had not happened to know to whom the car belonged and to have been watching it at that precise moment, his plan of action might have succeeded. But she had recognized the car—it was Sir Trevor Warrington's! The greatest living authority on China; a journalist about to embark on a series of articles on "Unseen China;" a criminal organization with a Chinese name! What was the link?

Sir Trevor Warrington and Pat Leverton might have been drawn into friendly

relations by their mutual interest in the subject. The cause of Tien T'ze's interest in Pat Leverton seemed obvious. But what was the link between Tien T'ze and Sir Trevor Warrington? How came it that the man in the first tier box had ridden in Sir Trevor's car? Sir Trevor Warrington was an English baronet; true, he had been elevated to that dignity from the standing of a plain Mr., yet his name was as respected as any in the country. His assistance in establishing friendly relations between England and China had gained him first his knighthood and later his baronetcy, and bid fair to raise him to the peerage. What relations could he have with Tien T'ze unless it be hostile ones?

The act-drop fell on the first act. The man in the first-tier box was still there.

For a time Kyrle turned over in her mind the advisability of leaving the theatre without further delay and returning to Don. The process of her reasoning during the first act had furnished her with a theory which she longed to put before Don; and if her reasoning were correct and she and Don were already regarded with suspicion by Tien T'ze—she had already accepted the conviction that the man in the box was an agent of that organization—she could help matters very little by playing out the farce which she was now engaged in, more particularly as "Mrs. Harrington's" seat next to hers, of course, still remained empty, and to the astute mind seemed likely to cry aloud the truth. On the other hand, to leave now would serve to stamp her former actions undeniably as a blind, and she decided that that she could not afford to do.

THE play ended. Kyrle rose with the earliest and hurried to an exit. A hasty glance showed that the man in the box had left also. In the corridor just beyond the exit Kyrle drew to one side and allowed the crowd to stream past her, then she turned and made her way back into the now partially emptied auditorium. The first-tier box was still empty. Hastily Kyrle crossed to the opposite side of the auditorium and went out by another exit. This brought her out into a side-street. A careful reconnaissance failed to reveal any sign of her shadow, and she set out to walk to Tottenham Court Road, since the nearer station of Leicester Square appeared risky under the circumstances; but when, in due course, she alighted at Hampstead, still without having sighted her man again, she began to feel justified in believing that she had successfully thrown him off her trail.

It was dark when she arrived home, though it was but little after six o'clock, and, on learning that Don had not yet returned, her first act was to ring up the Leverton house in the hopes that MacNish might still be there, and might be in a position to tell her where she could find Don. MacNish was not there; indeed, the constable with whom she spoke thought that he had been taken off the case suddenly that afternoon in order to take up a new and, it was considered, a more important one. The constable could not say where Mr. Craig was; he had left that afternoon in company with Sir Trevor Warrington, and had not returned. Mr. Craig's motor-cycle was still at the Leverton house; if Mr. Craig could not find it convenient to send for it, should the constable send it round?

For a moment Kyrle hesitated. Should she give this man her news? She decided that she would gain nothing by it, and contented herself by announcing her intention of calling herself for the motor-cycle that evening. Then she hung up the receiver.

What had happened? In view of the various links in the chain which she had picked up, Don's absence, coupled with the fact that he had left the Leverton house in the company of Sir Trevor, seemed to hold an ominous significance. Nor was there much time to be wasted in inaction. Without further hesitation she set out.

A BRISK walk carried her, in due course, to the Leverton house. Here she retrieved Don's motor-cycle, and with a word of thanks and a wholly unofficial five shillings presented to the constable, took her departure again. Now she drove the motor-cycle straight to Sir Trevor's place. The big house was in complete darkness; not a sign of life showed about it, and yet it wanted some half an hour to eight o'clock. She stopped the cycle outside the wall of the grounds and approached the house cautiously. Certainly


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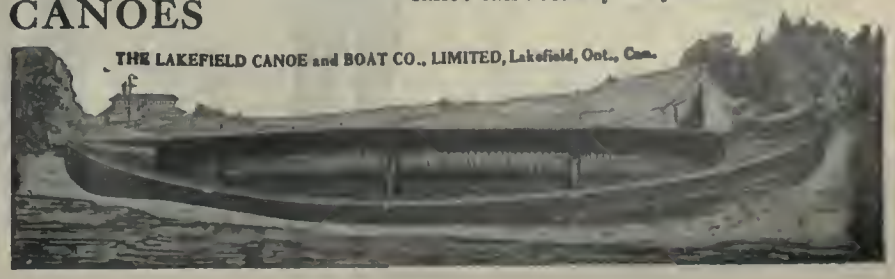
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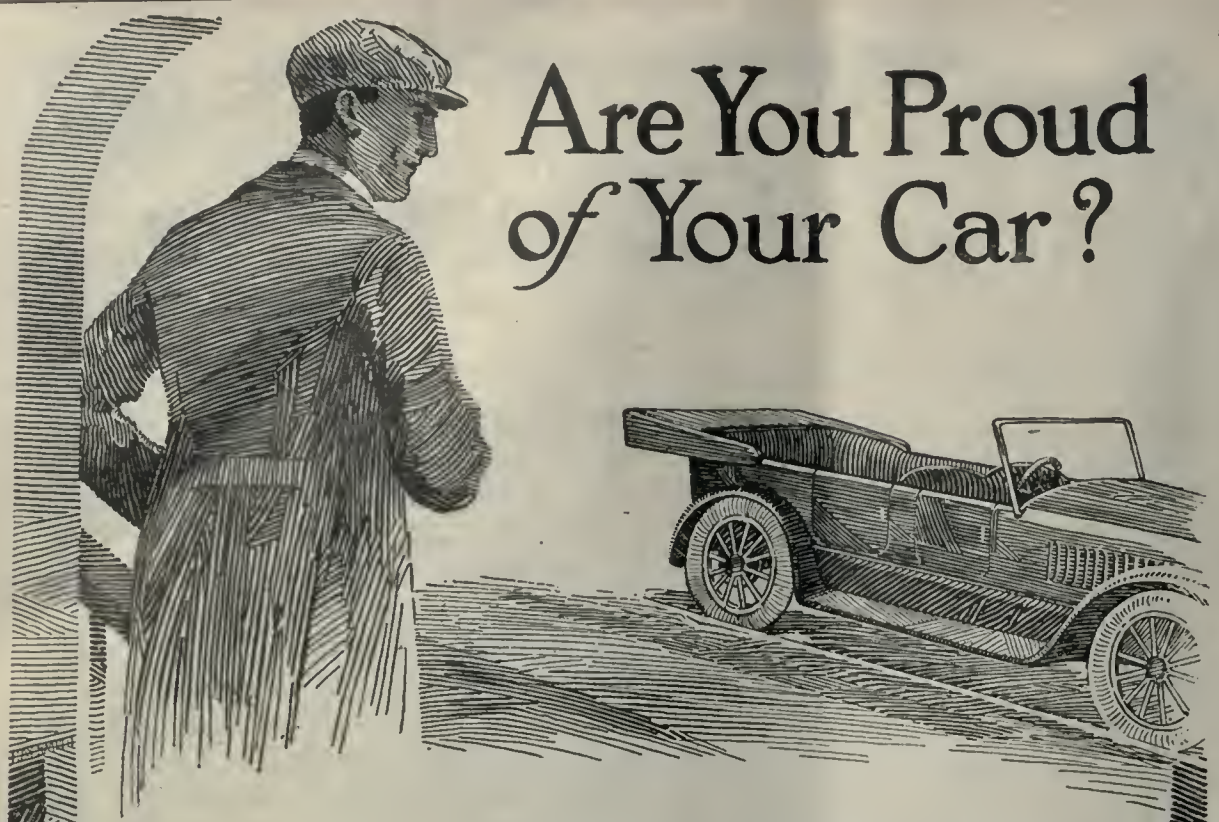


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no one was stirring within. A moment longer she hesitated, then she flung away caution and acted. She levered back the catch of a ground-floor window and climbed silently into the room within. Close by the window she stood quite still and listened intently; there was no sound. She moved forward a few steps and then came to another sudden halt; across the room there glowed a red point of light—a cigar-end. It was perfectly dark in the room; what lay behind that single glowing point? Her eyes fixed upon the red point, she held her breath in an effort to catch any sound which should tell her whether the cigar had been left there to smoulder, or whether it burnt between motionless fingers. At last she moved forward again, straight towards the glowing point. Still it did not move; then, with a snap of her taut nerves, her thigh came into contact with a table-edge. The little point of light moved; it turned slowly and rolled to the floor. The room was unoccupied save for herself. She whipped out the electric torch, the carrying of which had become a habit with her, and studied her surroundings. She was in a library. Guided by her torch, she crossed to the door of the room and stepped out into the big hall. Once again the circle of white light from her torch played about her; then she made a discovery. The front door which faced her across the hall was open slightly. She moved towards it, and as she went something on the floor crunched beneath her heel. She turned her light upon the object, and made out what looked to be a small square of ivory. At the same moment the sound of footsteps crunching on the gravel of the driveway without reached her ears; the occupants were returning.

SWIFTLY she snatched up the little broken ivory square and retreated to the library again. She heard several persons enter the hall by the front door, and for a moment the mutter of voices drifted guardedly in to her, then came the sound of a man's footfalls approaching the library door. She backed towards the window by which she had entered. To remain meant certain discovery, and in the light of what she suspected certain discovery meant equally certainly her subsequent inability to help Don should he need her help, which she felt convinced he did. She hated to leave the house with no discovery to her credit, but that was the only course open to her under the circumstances.

She moved silently backwards to the window, and, as the handle of the door turned, she slipped quietly to the garden. It could not be long, she reasoned before the open window of the room would attract attention, and therefore it followed that her first care must be to find some place of concealment for herself and the motor-cycle. She hurried back to the machine, and, not daring to start up the engine so close to the house, commenced to push it farther up the road to where she knew there lay a plantation of trees. There, she decided, she would conceal the cycle and steal quietly back to the house.

A few yards before she reached the plantation she came to an abrupt halt; the front wheel of the cycle had come into contact with some object in the roadway. She turned her torch on it, since she had as a matter of precaution extinguished the headlight of the machine, and then she uttered a little gasp. Stretched across the roadway lay Don Craig.

## CHAPTER IV

### The Passing of Sir Trevor

DONALD CRAIG, struggling back to consciousness, became gradually aware of a clear sensation of speed and rushing air. He opened his eyes and tried to look about him; simultaneously he made two discoveries: it was night, with a clear star-dusted sky above him, and the quick throbbing sound which he had dimly imagined to be in his own head proceeded from a motor-bicycle, in the side-car of which he lay. For some moments he turned this over in his mind while he lay motionless, idly watching the bounding cone of light from the machine's headlight and noting without much interest the dark shadowy boles of trees as they shot away to the rear. Quite clearly he recalled every incident of his interview with Sir Trevor Warrington. It seemed that the attack which had been made upon him must have been through the medium of an electrified door-knob. So far, so good, but where was he and where

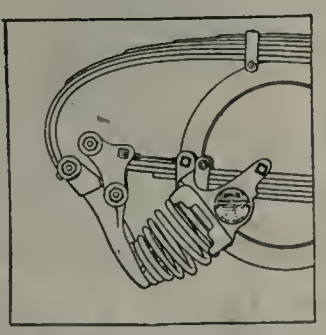


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was he being taken? Very stealthily he turned his head until he could look up at the rider of the bicycle, but the manoeuvre achieved no useful purpose; he saw only a figure muffled entirely in a khaki motor-coat, a racing motorist's helmet, and goggles. The cycle was travelling at incredible speed, and by means of that it was plain that an attempt on his part to tackle the driver could only result in disaster; there was nothing for it but to feign unconsciousness and await their arrival at their destination. He had not long to wait. Almost as he made up his mind on his course of action, the bicycle slowed down and, swerving sharply to the right, entered the gates of a house. He looked curiously at the building before him as they moved slowly up the drive, and then he sat up abruptly, all thought of his intended subterfuge at an end. The house before him was his own; he had been brought home.

The bicycle came to a stop; the driver dismounted and came round to him.

"Feeling better?" a voice asked.

Don jumped again.

"Kyrle, what the devil is all this?" he demanded.

KYRLE pulled off her goggles.

"It might have been that funeral you prophesied," she answered. "I can't quite make out why it wasn't. How do you feel?"

"Dying," he answered—"dying to get back to Sir Trevor." He leapt out of the side-car, and together they hurried up the steps to the front door. "Tell me your end of the yarn," he said as they moved, "as swiftly as it'll go; we've got a big job on, and I suspect very little time. Where have you been?"

"To a matinée at Daly's," she answered.

In spite of his haste, he stopped with his latch-key half in the lock.

"In Heaven's name what for?" he demanded.

"I had to," she answered as he flung open the door and they made for the study. "I was sort of taken there against my will."

"Well, quick," he prompted her as he crossed the room to his desk and laid his hand on the receiver of the telephone.

"MacNish allowed me to nose around in Leverton's study," she went on; "I found this on his desk". She whipped a small sheet of writing-paper from the pocket of her motor-coat and held it towards him. It was a leaf of pencil memoranda in Leverton's handwriting. Her finger pointed to a particular paragraph:

"Article II. will contain first reference to Tien T'ze. Article III. will treat of Tien T'ze at length."

"It was all I had time to find," she continued; "Mac's chief sent for him, and Mac bundled me off. As I left the house I ran into Sir Trevor's car; there was a man inside who wasn't Sir Trevor. I went straight to a call office and rang you up, and while I was talking to you the same man strolled up to the box as though he was waiting to use the 'phone. That's when I talked about Daly's. When I left the box he went in, but a few moments later I caught a glimpse of him following me. There was nothing for it but to go to Daly's. I bought two stalls, left one at the box office for a fictitious Mrs. Harrington, and went in. I meant to come out again as soon as he had had time to clear, but just as I was thinking about leaving I caught sight of the brute in one of the boxes. I had to stay right through the performance. When it was over I came back here, and I don't think he followed me. I found you had not returned, so I 'phoned the Leverton house. The constable told me you were lunching with Sir Trevor. I went to Leverton's house, collected your motor-bike, and rode round to Sir Trevor's house. It was like a tomb, not a sign of a soul about, so I broke in; there wasn't a person in the place, but in the library was a still smouldering cigar, so I decided I hadn't much time. I went into the hall and found the front door open. It was quite dark, and I stepped on something which cracked. Just then I heard people coming up the driveway. I snatched up the thing which I had trodden on and bolted back into the library. Someone started to come into the room, so I hopped out of the window and made for the motor-cycle, meaning to hide it and return, but as I was wheeling it up the road I found you. Luckily, I didn't dare start the engine of the bike so near the house. If I had, I'd most likely have run over you, for I found you about five yards from the gate, lying across the road. That's all."

"It's enough," he answered. "What was it you picked up in the hall?"

SHE held it out to him, and he took it. It was a small square of ivory, and cracked across, but the design carved on it was perfectly clear—an ellipse surrounding an irregular St. Andrew's Cross, while against the bottom right-hand extremity of the cross was cut a small star.

Like a flash, Don felt for Leverton's note-book in his pocket. It was gone. Swiftly he drew on the blotting-pad a memory picture of the dead journalist's diagram.

The name which in the diagram coincided in position with the star on the ivory square was "Wu Men."

"Kyrle," he ejaculated, "we've got him. Leverton was murdered because of what he knew of Tien T'ze."

She nodded.

"Quite," she agreed, "but by whom?"

"Sir Trevor Warrington."

"I thought you'd say that, but it's difficult to believe. What connection would an English baronet have with Tien T'ze?"

Don laughed shortly.

"In the middle of our conversation in the library," he answered, "Sir Trevor lay back in his chair, and, folding his hands, thrust them up his sleeves. That gave me a line on him. I made a mental picture of his face as it would appear if he were clean-shaven. It's not a difficult thing to do—just a knack. Sir Trevor Warrington is a Chinaman."

"Wu Men!" she exclaimed.

"Exactly," he answered; "pretty obvious isn't it, when you once get the idea—the broad nose, the small eyes, and the Mongolian cheekbones and shape of face hidden by that heavy beard and tangled hair?" Then, picking up the receiver, he got through to MacNish at Scotland Yard.

SIX hours later MacNish of Scotland Yard got through to Donald Craig.

"You were right," he said over the wire; "the supposed Trevor Warrington was a Chinaman; his hair, beard, and moustache were in part his own and in part false. We've got the members of his household. Well, no, Mr. Craig, we haven't exactly got Warrington. He stabbed himself."

Thoughtfully Don hung up the receiver.

"But it seems incredible that he could have bluffed the English public all these years!" Kyrle said when Don told her of MacNish's news.

"It does," he admitted, "but you can bet your life it's not the only incredible thing we'll tumble on while we're up against Tien T'ze. Remember, if Pat Leverton's diagram goes for anything, this Wu Men fellow is only one of the gang. Presumably there are three other 'Gates,' and we can feel pretty certain that our activities have not escaped the notice of the gang. We'll be in it up to our necks any moment now."

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

"I don't know," he replied. "I chased Tien T'ze for so long without result that I rather favor lying low for their next move against us."

"A case of wait and see," she smiled.

"That's about it," he confessed, with a grin. "Once they start on us things will move, you can depend upon it. Feel scared?"

"Not yet." Her smile broadened. "I feel like that little Mexican guerilla we found hiding in Matamoras about two miles from where the battle was going on; I'm not scared, but I need a little time to think it over!"

"You'll not get tired waiting," he prophesied pleasantly.

*(Another story in this series will appear in our next issue.)*

## Our Own Mediterranean

*Continued from page 18*

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## The Cage of Iron

*Continued from page 23*

ceased to go out by night and the mid-week prayer meeting, where he had been in the habit of testifying regularly as to his aalvation, knew him no more. His lean face became leaner still as he felt that the villagers with quick instinct had perceived his fear.

Days passed and it gradually came about that Lemway's increasing fear turned to hate; and that hatred centered upon Adam Hagar. As the aituation in the village grew more tense the merchant nourished the belief that all of his troubles could be laid at the door of the blacksmith. Had not things been running smoothly as usual, when the old fool started up with his tale of a ruined daughter? Perhaps he had turned the village by sly hints.

Never once did Lemway think of Amy Hagar who had clutched his knees and pleaded with him not to desert her. His thought was all for what might happen to him because of Amy Hagar. In the darkness of night he remembered the cage of iron that her father was building, and in the daytime it was hardly ever out of his mind. So it was that Ira Lemway began to plot murder. A desperate way out, he told himself, but the only one left. He devised a plan, the very boldness of which promised safety.

THROUGH all these days while fear was taking hold of Lemway, and Ossawgna was simmering with suppressed rage, old Adam Hagar kept steadily to his task. With every blow that he struck the conviction that he did right was driven deeper into his soul. He had renounced the old God that he had feared and worshipped through all his years and set up in His place a king of stern ideal as a deity. This ideal was a superman, although Hagar did not know the word, and it took its own revenge, meted out its own justice and answered to nothing in the Heavens above or in the earth beneath. Each man, the blacksmith now believed, had his own ideal. Lemway's ideal had given him power to take Amy from her home and ruin her; murder her, in fact. Now Hagar's ideal was giving him power to punish Lemway, for the old man did not doubt that he would succeed. From his own religion he had carried over the doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. So it was with a quiet joy that he forged sharp spikes and welded them inside the cage of iron.

There came a day when the thing was finished. Dusk was falling when Adam Hagar stood back and looked at his work, hideously complete, as it swung down from the roof-tree of the shop. It hung from an iron ring, and the ring was on a wire cable running out through the rear wall of the building and to a great elm tree on the opposite side of the gorge. Hagar held himself outwardly calm but he throbbed in a sort of keen anticipation. It was time to go after Amy's murderer.

While the old man considered his handiwork there came a step behind him and he turned to see Tommy Parkin timidly holding out a white envelope. Tommy had been the last of all the children to desert Adam; but now he remained away, or approached the shop with hesitation and eyes that questioned and wondered.

"Hello, sonny!" Hagar tried to make his growl sound natural for he had felt the desertion of the children, and it hurt him.

"What you got there?"

"I got a letter for you," replied the boy. "Mr. Lemway said not to tell nobody but you about it."

"Lemway!" Hagar's voice was sharp as he seized the envelope. Tommy backed out of the door and went away unheeded. The blacksmith held a single sheet of plain paper in his hand.

"Come to the side door of my office at 7:30 to-night, promptly," ran the note, "I will be able to set your mind at rest."

Adam Hagar read the words and smiled grimly. They seemed to convey a threat, in spite of their pacific tenor, but that made no difference to him. He had intended to go to Ira Lemway that night and 7:30 was as good as any other time, for it was already growing darker. Hagar gave a last look at the cage of iron, took off his apron, and went out of the shop.


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HE HAD not gone half a dozen rods before he realised that Ossawgna was in a turmoil. Excited voices came through open doors and many men and women were in the streets. Hagar noticed that the steps of Lemway's store were entirely deserted while a throng had gathered about Avery's, the other general store. He stopped there.

Ira Lemway's decrepit saw had done its worst, short of killing. A long splinter had been driven into the throat of John Parkin, father of little Tommy, as he stood at his post beside the saw. Only the chance that the village doctor was at home had saved Parkin's life, and Mrs. Parkin, standing above him as he lay on the bloody sawdust, had called upon the men of Ossawgna to do something. How much longer were they going to let their blood make Ira P. Lemway rich, she had asked. And now the group in front of the post office was talking of tar and feathers, or worse. They talked in low tones, without much boasting, and Hagar felt with a sudden shock that they might take Lemway away from him. He hurried on.

The front of Lemway's store was dark but there was a light in the window of the office at the rear. Hagar walked slowly up to the side door and opened without knocking. He swung the door back the length of his arm before he stepped over the threshold, but this was a needless precaution, for his enemy sat at the neat desk, now pulled around so that it faced the side entrance. The man's countenance was deadly white in the yellow lamplight as he sat hunched forward in his chair, with hands under the desk. Hagar closed the door and stood with his back against it.

"I've come," he said.

For a long moment Lemway looked steadily at him and then his lips curled back from the even white teeth in a sneer. Slowly he raised one hand over the edge of the desk, and pointed a pistol at Hagar.

"I'm going to set your mind at rest!"

The old man grasped the full meaning of that note and cursed himself for a fool. He had expected some kind of a trick, but not open murder. He saw revenge slipping away from him. The strength of his hate might carry him over the half dozen feet to Lemway, even with two or three bullets in his body, and it might enable him to crush the life out of that sneering face; but this was not the revenge for which he had planned and dreamed.

While the two men faced each other in silence there came a sound from without. Like a low, faint moan at first, it swelled to a cry that was half howl, half scream, and then died away. Lemway's nostrils quivered and his eyes widened; and within Hagar there dawned a hope that was almost certainty. He knew that sound.

"John Parkin's friends are coming!"

The blacksmith actually smiled into the fear-stricken face before him. Again that cry rose and fell. It was nearer; and this time it did not die away but resolved itself into a menacing roar, like the rush of a strong wind. It was more terrible than wind for it was personal—the cry of blood hunger.

"My God!" whispered Lemway. His pistol hand sagged down.

"He aint going to do nothing for you," Hagar spoke with calmness. "You had better pray to me."

THE roar of the mob surged closer and there was a rush of steps on the store porch. The merchant jumped to his feet, and wavered, irresolute.

"Come!" Hagar struck the pistol from his hand and shoved him through the side entrance just as fists sounded on the door leading from the store into the office. The two men leaped through the darkness to the shelter of a horse shed. The office was filled, instantly, with cursing villagers. Others ran stumbling about the building on the outside.

"They's somebody with him!" yelled a voice. "I saw 'em run!"

Hagar seized his prisoner by the shoulder and fled, half dragging him, through back yards and along obscure lanes until they came to the edge of the village. Then, with Lemway panting and sometimes struggling in his grasp, he skirted the town toward his blacksmith shop. It seemed that his revenge had not escaped him after all.

Adam Hagar flung his enemy sprawling into a heap of scrap iron and barred the great front doors. While Lemway sat trembling on the floor, the smith worked his bellows until the forge fire blazed high and threw a flickering red light into the most remote corners of the shop. Slowly the prisoner's head turned so that his gaze fell on the cage of iron, hanging down from the roof-tree.

Hagar, thrusting some bars of iron into the coals, was exalted almost to the point of ecstasy, for he felt that he was judgment. So it was somewhat with the impersonal feeling of the executioner that he reached out and laid hold of Ira Lemway. The man squealed and flung himself backward. The blacksmith's grip merely closed a little tighter and he was dragged toward the hanging cage. He tried to shriek and a great hand shut down over his mouth. Lemway became quiet.

The blacksmith put his foot against an iron band running around the long, conical bottom of the cage, and pushed. The whole bottom of the frame-work dropped to the floor and lurched over on its side. Then Hagar thrust his prisoner up under the body of the cage, the bars of which curved inward and were armed at intervals with pointed spikes.

"Climb!" he demanded. "Hang on if you don't want to die harder than you'll have to later on!"

Whimpering, Lemway lifted himself into the narrow prison and hung by his hands. The smith lifted the bottom and fitted it again to the body, the rods of which set into cunningly made clamps of the rods of the lower part. The man in the cage had become inarticulate with fear. Hagar stood back and watched him impassively.

"Lemway," he began, after many seconds had passed, "my little gal was caged away from everything good and sweet in the world for *ten* years. You done it. Now I got you caged. I done the best I could to make it like her cage. You can't neither set down, nor stand up, nor lay down in there. That's the way she must of felt, not having any peace of mind. Mebbe you can find a foothold on that bottom, but if you put more'n fifty pounds weight on it you'll go tumbling into Hell! I'm going to leave you die slow and hard, like Amy."

ADAM HAGAR had pronounced doom on the murderer of his daughter. There was no reply. Lemway, hanging by his hands from two of the spikes, stared with glassy eyes. Already he was feeling with his feet for a resting-place.

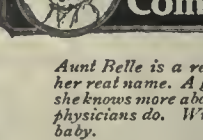
The old man picked up a sledge and walked to the rear of the shop. With strokes that ripped and tore through the board sheathing, he struck out a section of the wall between two beams. It was here the wire cable had been run out through a hole. Now, the hole was the height of the shop and twice as broad as the cage. Hagar released a rope. The next instant the cable ground against its pulleys and the cage dropped slowly out into the darkness of the gorge where, fifty feet below, the Little Bear river foamed and drove among the rocks.

Suddenly the blacksmith lifted his head and listened. From somewhere outside had come the cry of the mob, again on the trail of the enemy. Hagar fastened the rope by which he had run out the cage and leaped back to his forge. Working rapidly from the top of a short ladder he clamped the cables and cut one of them through. Then he welded the ends firmly, with a band of red hot iron, to the other cable. As he dropped back to the floor the noise of the mob became deafening and many voices cried out for him to open.

Now Hagar ceased to hurry. While blows thundered on the doors, he paused to blow up the fire before he walked deliberately across the shop and lifted from its place the long oak bar. He flung it down and backed into the glare of the forge. A score of men broke over the threshold like a wave, and stopped as abruptly as they had come. Their faces were twisted in the red light; their eyes glistened with hatred and the lust of the hunt. One of the foremost carried a rope. Two or three had rails over their shoulders and from somewhere came the smell of tar. A big mill hand stepped forth out of the press.

"We want Lemway!" he growled, in the silence that had fallen.

Adam Hagar felt a strange revulsion as

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Yet I know mothers who actually profane baby's body with highly scented powders which were meant only for adult use.

If it were only a question of good taste, I suppose it wouldn't matter much, but strong scents in baby powder are really objectionable for a more serious reason.

They often give Baby a very unpleasant headache—and the fretfulness that follows is apt to give you a headache, too.

I don't know that these strong perfumes are actually dangerous, but an unbroken rule of mine is never to take chances or experiment on a baby's sensitive skin. There is one talcum that I *know* is safe and that is the kind I use.

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he looked into the mass of passion-wrung faces before him. It turned the soul of him sick, all at once, to see so many men torn and driven by the fierce desire to man-handle one of their kind. He felt aloof from them, disgusted, superior; and yet he knew that their provocation was great and that their enemy was his enemy.

"Come on," he said. "Ira Lemway aint far off."

They flowed into the shop. Hagar stepped quickly to a corner and lifted out a big oil lamp, with a powerful reflector spreading behind it. He lighted the lamp and raised it in his arms as he walked to the rear of the building. A broad band of light struck out through the great hole in the wall, glinted on the cable, and fell on the cage of iron. There, hanging above the blackness out of which came the hungry voice of the river, was Ira P. Lemway, clutching the bars that were his hold on life. A spike, caught in his clothing, helped to support him. He looked up into the light without blinking and his black beard stuck out between the bars.

NO MAN spoke, but after a time there was a low murmur. Hagar, who had been gazing steadily down into the face of his enemy, turned. The crowd that had been a mob was backing away and now its eyes were not on the caged man, dangling out in the gorge, but on his executioner. And in the many eyes the old man read a sort of incredulous horror, as though they had looked into another world and seen some more than human punishment. They moved away, backing off. The man with the rope dropped it. Another threw down a pail. There was a pail of tar left in the wake of the crowd.

Quickly they were gone into the night. Hagar saw them as shadows flitting rapidly away as he walked to the front of the shop. His eyes fell on a smaller shadow, hovering behind the others. It was little Tommy Parkin, his friend of other days. Suddenly Hagar felt a great longing to speak in kindliness to some human being; to hear another's voice ring pleasantly in his ear.

"Tommy!" he called. "Oh, Tommy!"

Without a word the boy turned and ran and the blacksmith felt as though one of his own hammers had struck upon his heart. He closed the great doors and again put up the oaken bar. He paced back and forth across the littered floor.

It was done at last. Amy's murderer was hanging in the gorge with his soul tortured by the fear of death; if he had not already dropped into the rock-filled river. No man could take him down without great labor and the rigging of elaborate tackle. Yes, he would undoubtedly die miserably. That was what Adam Hagar had wanted, and he tried to believe that he was satisfied. He had put aside the sleeping God of his former faith, he told himself, and accomplished his justice with his own hands. But into his heart there crept a feeling that grew and spread through his being until he could no longer ignore it. At first he could not name it, although he knew it was the same thing that had hurt him when Tommy Parkin ran away. It was the same hurt that had come when his wife died and when Amy disappeared that day so many years ago.

Yes, Ira Lemway would suffer something as Amy had suffered. His muscles would crack and the blood would start from the ends of his fingers, the while death roared from below. By and by the last remnants of his strength would go, like sand running through an hour-glass, and his feet would search miserably for a resting-place. And, at last his hands would slip and he would fall, entangled in the conical bottom of the cage of iron, to a shrieking, clawing, suffocating death. To the very end he would be alone with whatever God he owned!

*"You was kind to everybody—not much like Lemway."*

Out of Amy's letter that sentence suddenly leaped into his mind. He staggered physically. A mental picture of her gentle face came to him and he tried not to think how it would look at the sight of what he had done. He knew how she would feel. Men of the mob had felt the same way. Their hurt, and Amy's, and all of his own hurts were of the same thing; a thing that was in the heart of every man, woman and child in the world. Probably it was shriveled and hidden somewhere down in the soul of even Ira P. Lemway. For now Hagar had understood what this thing was that had hurt him in the midst of his triumph of vengeance. It was outraged love—not the love that centered upon one thing or individual, but the spirit of love that coursed through the veins of the world, and made men what they should be, brothers. Adam Hagar raised his hands to the shadowy rafters.

"Lord God Almighty," he prayed, "I didn't figger out Your ways at all! Help me!"

THE old man dropped his hands and stood with bowed head for a moment. Then he flung himself into action. He threw the light from the great lamp again out into the gorge. Lemway was still there, clinging and looking with unblinking eyes. Hagar stripped off his coat and pulled on a pair of winter gloves. He had done his work of revenge so well that there was but one way to bring his victim in from death. That way was to go after him, and no less a man than Adam Hagar would have dared to try it.

An instant later the blacksmith's hands grasped one of the now immovable cables and he was swinging rapidly out over the rushing water. Hand over hand he went until his fingers touched the ring from which the cage hung. Resting his knees against the sloping bars at the top, he peered down.

"Can you hang on for a few minutes longer? I'm a-going to take you back!"

Lemway's breath whistled out of his lungs and in again before he could speak. His body, strained taut, shook violently.

"Yes," he said.

Hagar went down the side of the cage. It swayed and trembled and lurched, and he summoned all the strength that was in him as he reached the bottom. There was no hold for his legs at this point. The old man braced himself. The supreme moment had come.

With his hands gripped around two of the spikes, he made a silent prayer that the welding would hold, braced his feet against the bottom of the cage, and shoved. The lightly fastened bottom went downward; the sound of its fall came back out of the night. Hagar looked up.

"Climb down!" he commanded. "I'm going to pull you out from under!" Lemway let go with one trembling hand and sagged dangerously. He fumbled at the spike that had caught in his clothing and then slowly worked down the bars. He had begun to breathe in sobs that racked him from head to foot. Suddenly his hand slipped as he reached for a new hold, and he fell.

IN THAT instant Hagar's left arm was thrust under the cage. For seconds that seemed hours long they hung above the river, while one of the blacksmith's hands held to a spike and the other clutched Lemway, dangling like prey from an eagle's claw. Slowly, with the blood pounding against his temples, Hagar raised his burden up, higher and higher, until he felt the desperate grip of the other's hands about his neck. Then he worked his way up over the cage and to the cable.

His arms ached and throbbed. The bones of his shoulders, it seemed, were being crushed and broken by red hot millstones. The air rasped like sand against his lungs.

But Adam Hagar went on, slowly and more slowly, with the weight of his enemy upon his back, until he saw the black rafters of the shop above him.

The men lay together on the floor, where they had fallen, for minutes. At last Hagar stirred and got up. Painfully he dragged himself to the water pail, and threw a dipperful into the face of the man whose life he had saved. Lemway struggled to his feet and stood swaying. He coughed and choked in the effort to speak until Hagar gave him a drink of water. His eyes were searching, suspicious.

"What are you going to do with me now?" he asked, huskily.

"I'm a-going to help you to get away from here," answered Adam Hagar, "like the Lord has helped me to get away from myself."


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# Making Good on Four Ambitions

*Continued from page 19*

the real basis of his rise in the industrial world.

By this time his father had re-stocked the farm, and in the Fall of 1881, after the harvest, Mr. Bullock went back to the United States to work in the factory which manufactured dentists' and watchmakers' tools. Returning in March to Canada, he worked on the farm during the Summer season, and he left for Springfield again in the Fall. He continued alternating maple sugar and farm-work in the summer with tool-making in the United States, until he reached the age of nineteen, when he decided to study for the ministry at Grande Ligne mission, and started out to realize the first of his four youthful ambitions.

From the age of seven to thirteen years, Bullock had been a great dreamer and planned four careers for himself; those of a preacher, a manufacturer, a railroad owner and a politician. It was a toss-up which he would take first, but being a good boy he decided on the ministry.

His desire to become a preacher had become very strong. In his early boyhood he had dressed up in gowns and with his brothers and sisters as a congregation he had conducted funeral services for blue-jays and other departed beasts and birds. During the smallpox epidemic he had a bird funeral for every human funeral that took place in the parish.

His desire to be a developer of natural resources was indicated by his instinct to build a dam in a ditch on his father's farm, and to construct a small water-wheel and saw mill. This ditch has been dry since the forest was cut down, but it used to be a stream about six feet wide and provided water-power sufficient to run a small saw-mill on a miniature scale.

The same latent instinct caused him to construct a small railway with wooden rails about 1,000 feet in length with a two-foot gauge across his father's farm. He even had to dig a cutting through his bird cemetery in order to get a proper grade for his toy railway and toy trucks.

His political ambitions were partly aroused in 1878 when he was thirteen years of age. At this time a vigorous campaign was being waged in the locality with many meetings. But at the age of nineteen his ambition to be a minister predominated under the influence of the Baptist mission at Grande Ligne, and he simply told his father that he was going to leave him and go to school to prepare himself for the ministry.

### Ambitious for Education

IMAGINE an undisciplined youth from the country appearing at the school dressed in green pants, red stockings, and carpet slippers to attend classes with young children. His dress was striking, and caused amusement among some of the girls, one of whom was later to influence the rest of his life. Owing to his age and previous attainments, Mr. Bullock was placed in the second lowest class and began to study grammar and the multiplication table, and to learn geography and history for the first time. He easily mastered the multiplication table and did not have to work hard to excel.

Next fall he again entered Grande Ligne for his second term there, and in the following spring easily succeeded in reaching the highest class in arithmetic, the same class which contained one of the girls who had laughed so heartily at his appearance the previous year. He is thus in his own person an open violation of all the laws of pedagogy which say "Learn young, learn fair." At the age of twenty-one he was then engaged to take charge of a small mission containing four small preaching stations in the County of Laprairie, Province of Quebec. During the week he visited the people on foot, and on Sundays drove with a team to hold services at all the four places. For two years he alternated school in winter and preaching stations in summer, until, making up his mind to go to McGill normal school, Montreal, for the purpose of improving his education, he entered the model school class in 1887. As during that year the churches of Marieville and Grande Ligne were pastorless, he hoped to pay his way through the normal school by preaching alternately at these two places every Sunday but his studies and work undermined his health, and he was taken ill in the


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pulpit, in February at Grande Ligne. This illness terminated his career as a normal school student and lasted for two months. So he remained all summer at Grande Ligne for convalescence, studying privately for matriculation to McGill University, Montreal.

In the fall of 1888 he succeeded in entering McGill although he only completed his matriculation at Christmas. In March, 1889, he again fell ill, and gave up his university work, coming to Marieville to stay with the pastor there until April. On the removal of the pastor in April, Mr. Bullock assumed charge of the church until July when the Baptist Church at Quebec fell vacant. He was sent there to take charge of that congregation and had a successful ministry.

The question of his future, however, was still disturbing him. He was not content to be an untrained Baptist minister, and deliberated in his mind for many weeks whether to finish his degree or to enter a theological institution. Discussing the advisability of going to McMaster University, Toronto, or to Newton Centre Theological Institution near Boston, Mass., he finally decided on Newton Centre for two reasons—first because there was an opening in the French work in connection with the Tremont Temple, which faces Boston Commons. He learned that he could have charge of this French work, which was held in the basement of the Temple, and that bursary arrangements of $120 a year would be available for him. As board would cost him on an average about $3.00 a week, and as he was to obtain $50 a month and the collection for his services in the Temple, he calculated that he would be able to support himself during his theological training. The second reason, and the one which possibly decided him, was that the young girl who had laughed at his green pants and red stockings when he first went to school at the age of nineteen was now a French teacher in Boston, and he had made up his mind to be near her.

### Marries Girl Who Laughed at Him

AFTER finishing his first year at college, and providing for summer supply, he went back to Marieville. There he married the Boston teacher, who seems to have had sufficient confidence in his ability to give up her good position and take chances with a theological student who would forfeit his scholarship of $120 because he was married. However, in 1890, nothing daunted, the two of them took a small apartment and set up housekeeping in Newton Centre. In various ways Mr. Bullock earned $821 that winter, but his expenses were $936, so he was therefore in debt to the amount of $115. Still, he was second in the order of merit of his year in spite of the fact that his daughter was born six weeks before his examinations and graduation. Graduating in 1891 he came to Montreal with his wife and child and was offered charge of a mission in Ottawa.

He was going to start building in Ottawa when the Maskinonge incident occurred between two rival factions of the Roman Catholic population in that parish. Two churches had been built, of which one had been gone on with in opposition to the desires of the curé and the bishop. This church on the east side was refused recognition by the bishop in 1892, but the people broke away from their curé and stayed by their church. Mr. Bullock was sent down to Maskinonge to take charge of the mission of these 120 familes. He remained in that field five years and during that time organized a fairly strong Baptist church, built a new church and parsonage, having collected all the funds for the buildings in Ontario and Quebec. In 1897 Mr. Bullock gladly accepted the care of his old home church at Roxton, although he found the parsonage, church, graveyard and school in a dilapidated condition. Here his salary was $700 a year and he started in with his usual energy to repair the fences and buildings. Fences were built around nine acres of land and the outhouses were repaired and painted. During the first year he succeeded in completing the renovation of the church.

### A Man of Restless Energy

AS MR. BULLOCK had been a sugar-maker in his youth, he started to tap the three hundred maple trees and built a cabin on the nine acres of church land. In 1902 eighty acres of rock land covered with hardwood located at the back and side of the church property in the village limits were for sale. The owner had placed a saw-mill in the woods to cut the trees down and the result would have been to spoil the appearance of the village. So Mr. Bullock decided to buy the property for himself for $500. This was a very low price at the time, but he had to borrow money from a deacon in his church, as he had no money of his own. However, he cleared about twenty acres and re-sold the cleared part to a member of his congregation to get funds to pay for the whole property and for the cutting of the wood. Thus he was left with 12,000 maple trees, some of them still very small, but 4,000 of them large enough to be tapped.

In addition to the work of his church, he now commenced a sugar industry and built a sugar plant thirty feet by fifty feet, which is the largest of its kind in the Province of Quebec. In the following year, 1903, he bought an additional farm of ninety acres, forty acres of which contained a very fine grove of about 3,000 mature trees. These two sugar bushes—one on the west side and one on the east side of the village—were united, and a large sugar and syrup business was carried on in his sugar plant. Although sugar was very cheap at the time and only sold for four cents a pound because the whole of Roxton was covered with maple forests, Mr. Bullock thought that there would be a profitable outlet for his product in Winnipeg. After some enquiries he succeeded in securing an order for eight carloads of sugar. Having assurance that he could buy the raw product at a reasonable price, the Eastern Townships Bank in Granby lent him $10,000 to finance this deal, with the result that Mr. Bullock made a profit of $2,100. This sugar enterprise of his continued to be successful and has been managed separately until the present year, when it was merged with another group of producers to form the United Maple Producers' Association of Quebec, with a capitalization of one million dollars. The headquarters of the association are in Granby and the amalgamation handles 12,000,000 pounds of sugar annually. Maple sugar is indeed one of the chief products of Quebec.

This was really Mr. Bullock's first start on a commercial career, the basis of which was fundamental knowledge of maple sugar gained through his boyhood's experience on the farm.

In 1904, while still holding the pastorate at Roxton, Mr. Bullock's mind had been constantly devising schemes for manufacturing and business operations. Near Roxton there was a round lake about a mile in diameter, the water of which had been used for years to operate a saw-mill and grist-mill, and at the end of the village a small, old-fashioned factory for wood planes. In that year the whole saw-mill, the grist-mill, a store and a private dwelling were burned to the ground, with the result that the mill was forced into bankruptcy. A few months afterwards the remaining property, including the site and water rights up to the lake for a distance of 1,600 feet, were sold by auction at a sheriff's sale to the highest bidder. Through curiosity Mr. Bullock had gone to the sale, and as bidding for the property was lagging, he himself added a bid of $200 to the $7,000 which was the last bid. To the surprise of himself and everyone else, the property was knocked down to him. He tried to argue that he had only bid to help the owner out. He insisted that he did not have money enough to purchase the property, and that he had no use for it even if he were required to keep it. However, he was persuaded to keep the property; $1,200 in the bank made up his total assets, and he had only received this money through profits of his sugar enterprise, after paying for the extra land he added to his first purchase. He had never had more than $700 a year salary, and so had little hope of saving enough to make much use of his newly-acquired water rights.

### Makes "White Elephant" Work for Him

THE proprietor agreed to accept $1,200 in cash, and give the deed of the property on which he would hold a mortgage for the remaining $6,000 at five per cent. interest. Having become suddenly the proprietor of this property, he was obliged to find a use for it, and decided to go across the continent, especially the western part, to discover an industry that ought to be profitable if it were operated by the water power at his disposal which then was small and unreliable in summer. After a four weeks' trip he returned and decided to erect a plane factory and establish a business to manufacture iron, steel, and wood planes, because at this time no tools of this character were made in Canada, except small wood planes which had been made in Roxton for sixty years at a small plant adjoining his present property.

He put his project before the manager of the Eastern Townships Bank at Granby, who had previously financed his sugar deal with a loan of $10,000. Encouraged by promises of financial help through the bank and by financial backing from friends who had confidence in such an enterprise, Mr. Bullock resolved to unite the two water powers between the lake and his new plant site into one large reservoir, 200 feet from the location of his future factory. The dam was to be sixteen feet high. Its construction included 70,000 feet of lumber and 3,230 double team-loads of stone which were readily obtained near the site of the dam. This new dam gave the water a heading of 37 feet, sufficient to develop about forty horsepower during nine months of the year. An auxiliary steam plant was added and then the construction of a plane factory was begun.

At the same time he obtained a sample of the tools he wished to make and visited Montreal and Toronto to make arrangements to obtain the necessary machines, and jigs for his factory.

Financial difficulties were now met with. $18,000 had been lent by the Eastern Townships Bank for construction purposes during the first year. This sum was obtained on the recommendation of the manager, together with endorsation from personal friends, but as in all enterprises, the time came after the first year when the necessary finances began to be difficult to lay hands on. So Mr. Bullock visited S. H. C. Miner, of Granby, who was an enterprising man with a far-seeing spirit of courage and optimism. Mr. Miner agreed to invest $40,000 dollars in the undertaking, and later, when further capital was necessary, he promised to cover every dollar Mr. Bullock could raise among his friends with another dollar.

This challenge roused Mr. Bullock's fighting blood, and he spent the time from the 15th of November till Christmas Eve canvassing his friends in Quebec and Ontario for financial help. His persuasive powers were such that he obtained $40,000 in subscriptions, most of them in cash. This was a genuine surprise, and Mr. Bullock was highly gratified, because now he had $40,000 from Mr. Miner in addition to the $40,000 subscribed by his friends. This enabled him to pay off $18,000 in obligations to the bank, and left $22,000 with which to continue the work.

A Dominion charter was applied for and the company was incorporated on Februrary 7th, 1907, with Mr. Miner as first president of the company and Mr. Bullock as secretary-treasurer. This completed the struggle to put the business on its feet and launch the factory well on its industrial and financial career.

In the spring of 1907, while paying a visit to Montreal for the purpose of negotiating a contract with a hardware firm for the handling of their entire output, Mr. Bullock learned that the Stanley Rule and Level Company, New Britain, Connecticut, the largest manufacturers of carpenter's tools in the United States, were coming to locate a Canadian plant at Lachine, near Montreal. After learning this disturbing information, he talked the matter over with Mr. Miner, the president, who decided that they should rather amalgamate with the American firm than compete against it. So the two of them decided on that course of action, and proceeded to get in touch with the Stanley people, with the result that in June, 1907, Mr. Stanley and his two leading executives, the president and the vice-president, went to Roxton, saw a fine working plant in good order, and in a few hours made an agreement which resulted in the Roxton tool and mill factory becoming the Canadian plant of the Stanley Rule and Level Company, which through further amalgamation has become the Stanley Works, one of the largest steel tool organizations in the United States. The conditions of sale required that Mr. Bullock should approach the stock subscribers and buy back all the shares he had sold to his friends, giving them in addition seven per cent. interest for all the time that their money had been used. These shares were transferred to the Stanley Rule and Level Company, which then assumed control, leaving Mr. Miner and Mr. Bullock the sole Canadian shareholders. Under the new organization, Mr. Bullock became secretary-treasurer and

managing director of the Canadian plant, which position he still holds. The old Roxton plant, which was built of wood, was demolished, and a new plant constructed with modern granite stone buildings and up-to-date machines supplied by the Stanley Rule and Level Company. Since then the progress of the factory has been very rapid, and to-day tools of 371 kinds and sizes formerly made at New Britain, Conn., are manufactured at Roxton.

The plant has been improved. The water has been raised five feet in the lake, and develops 100 horse power for twelve months in the year instead of 40 horse power for nine months. The investments and working capital total $300,000, and the profits are such that the company is obliged to pay a large sum in business profits and excess profits to the Canadian government.

### Bullock Enters Politics

HIS manner of entering the political field was accidental, for he became a politician because circumstances forced the choice upon him. He was first drawn into politics in 1911, when the St. Jean Baptiste society picnic was held in a field belonging to him under a group of pines on his property in the County of Shefford. Being asked for the loan of the field, he cheerfully consented to give it for the occasion. The organizers of the picnic naturally requested him to make a speech of welcome to the French-Canadian holiday-makers on the occasion of this their national fête. This was Mr. Bullock's first public address on general national topics delivered out of the pulpit. He spoke in French, and this made the French-Canadian leaders of the county realize that he was a man who could unite French and English sentiments and worthily represent the people of Shefford county if opportunity arose. It should be mentioned here that when he organized the company, he still retained the church, and preached constantly until 1907, when his increased responsibilities in the factory became so great that he was obliged to insist on his resignation being accepted. His resignation had been refused two years previously, but was accepted perforce on this occasion.

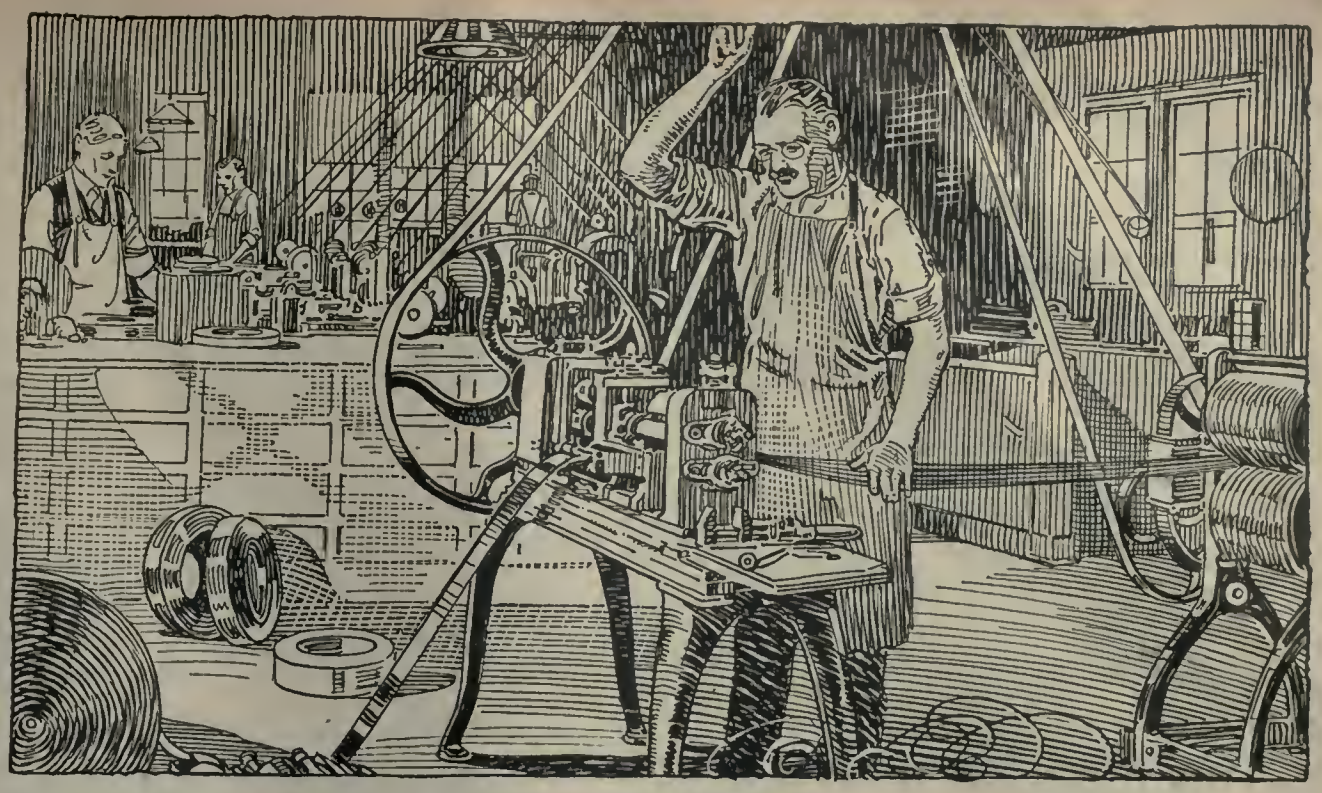
So successful had this address of welcome proved that a great many people present were convinced that Mr. Bullock would make a good representative of the county in the Quebec parliament. The county had been represented by a strong member of the Opposition who had led the county in two elections by a large majority, and was considered invincible. But at the Liberal county convention in May, 1912, Mr. Bullock's name was proposed with two other strong candidates, and on the second ballot he secured the nomination and became the official Liberal candidate for the county.

His English-speaking Liberal friends and various members of the government, fearing the defeat of Bullock on account of his religion and profession, and believing that he could not carry the constituency against the sitting member, advised him not to accept the candidacy. But he decided to give it a trial, and to the surprise of the government was elected after a very strenuous but clean election fight, with a majority of 261 votes over his opponent. He then took his seat in parliament and started his career in public life. Two years later, in 1914, he was elected a member of the council of public instruction for the Province of Quebec. This council consists of two sections—a Roman Catholic and a Protestant committee. These two committees make regulations regarding the two separate systems of schools in the province. Bullock, who had little opportunity of receiving an education himself, and who struggled to give himself an education after he had entered manhood, was now a member of the highest educational board governing public education in the province. Highly worthy of this high post he has proved to be, taking the keenest interest in seeing that all children should get the best education available.

### Carries the Election Every Time

MR. BULLOCK had consolidated his position with his constituents so thoroughly and had succeeded in getting so much done for his county, that when a new election took place in 1916 he was re-elected by acclamation. When the third election came round in 1919, he was opposed at the last moment hy a strong candidate who thought he could win; but after

*Continued on page 66*

WALTHAM THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH





"COLONIAL"

*Ask your jeweler to show you this thin model.*

# *The Main Spring*



THE mainspring is the power of a watch. It is a piece of specially hardened and tempered steel, about twenty inches long, coiled in a barrel between the upper and lower plates of the movement.

It is subjected to varying conditions of service in temperature and tension. The variation in thickness of two one-thousandths of an inch, or lack or uniformity in hardening, and tempering will decide the time-keeping quality of your watch.

The Waltham Watch Company produces fourteen tons of mainsprings every year. It is the largest mainspring maker in the world. The Waltham mainspring is cut from long rolls of steel of uniform and special quality, then tempered *in resilient form* by a secret process, and is placed in the watch coiled into a hardened and tempered steel barrel. This is exclusively a Waltham practice.

An inferior mainspring means an inferior watch — no matter how much you pay for it.

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WALTHAM

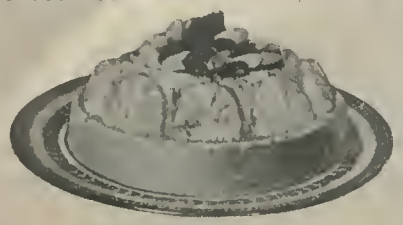
THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

# Mrs. Knox's Corner

## Crowning a Heavy Dinner

A WOMAN recently asked me what was the most appropriate and pleasing dessert to serve with corned beef and cabbage, or any heavy dinner. This sounds like a simple question, but it is not very easy to answer. As corned beef and cabbage are heavy, you want a light dessert in contrast—one that is neither too sweet nor insipid.

Here are two desserts which are delightful with either corned beef and cabbage or any other heavy meat dinner. Try them—they are real discoveries.



### SNOW PUDDING

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — 1 cup boiling water
¾ cup sugar — ¼ cup lemon juice
Whites of two eggs

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain, and set aside to cool; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Chill and serve with boiled custard. A very attractive dish may be prepared by coloring half the mixture red.

*When making a gelatine vegetable salad, in place of part of the liquid called for in the recipe, use the vinegar from a jar of pickled beets. Fruit juices may be used the same way in making desserts. The added flavor and the brighter color will delight you.*

### ORANGE JELLY

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water — 2 cups boiling water
1 cup sugar — 1 cup orange juice
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes; dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved; then add lemon and orange juice. Strain into molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. If desired, fresh or canned fruit may be added. Note: If fruit is added, this may be used for a salad course by serving it on lettuce leaves with a salad dressing.

### MENU PLANNING BOOKS FREE

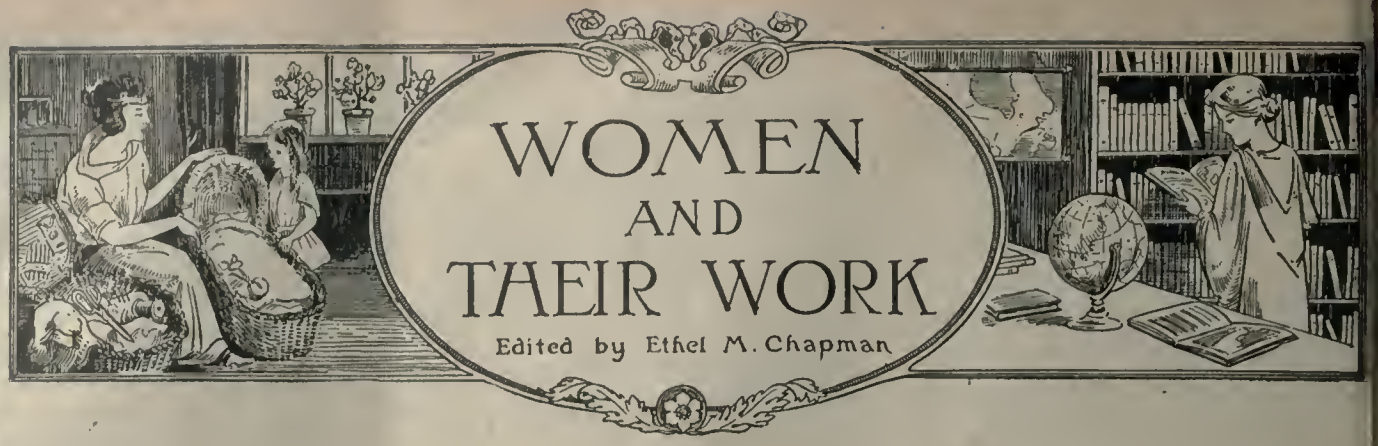
My booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" will help you to plan delightful and varied home menus. Write for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name. Address

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
**KNOX GELATINE**
Dept. C., 180 St. Paul Street W., Montreal




*"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"*

*This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife.*




# She Wasn't a "Type," so She Became a Directress

*By* EDITH M. CUPPAGE

APART from the sumptuously-clad stardom, or the bare-backed fame of "movie-land" to which we have long been accustomed, there are other interesting positions for women in the film picture world. Women's achievement in the realm of the moving picture will not be confined in the future merely to the display of physical charms, histrionic talent, or even writing and producing. To be a directress of a government educational film service is a distinction as yet quite unique, but Mrs. May Watkis, of Vancouver, holds this important position in the B.C. Educational and Patriotic Film Service Department.

Hundreds of thousands of feet of film have been made under the direction of Mrs. Watkis for the British Columbia Picture Service, for exhibition in the United States, the British Isles and dominions and in the Orient requests for the loan of films have been received from the United States extra-territorial possessions and Japan, showing that educational pictures of Canada's resources have a widespread interest.

A blond-haired woman with brown eyes, plainly but stylishly attired, seated at her desk in the Court House building at Vancouver—you are in the presence of the assistant directress upon whom most of the practical work of the department falls. A widely travelled woman of superior education, with a valuable knowledge of western conditions, Mrs. Watkis is able to fulfill her duties with good judgment and discretion.

How this clever film directress came into her present position is an unusual story of woman's victory against the odds of sex prejudice, for she lined herself up for this job some years before the Educational and Patriotic Film Service Department was created by becoming one of the first, and probably the only, woman moving picture projector in Canada at a time when women were still unwelcome in occupations monopolized by men. Women didn't have the suffrage eight years ago in British Columbia, and the government of the day was strenuously opposed to any extension of the franchise. This attitude was frequently reflected by a marked disinclination to give women positions which might reasonably be considered strictly as "men's jobs."

How Mrs. Watkis "put one over" on the ungallant officials of the British Columbia cabinet is a tit-bit to her friends to this day.

"HOW did I break into the business? Well, it was chiefly through determination to get the job I'd set my heart on," replied the film service directress. "It took considerable nerve, but there was no other way. I'd always wanted to have something to do with the 'movies', but I knew I wasn't a type, and would have little chance as an actress. I wasn't a writer and couldn't produce scenarios, so for a while it looked as if my chances were nil."

Most women would have given up all thoughts of the film picture world under these circumstances, but not Mrs. Watkis. She kept her eyes open, and her ears alert, and when one day a bill was brought down in the Legislature providing for a government censor of moving pictures, she saw her opportunity.

"There's nothing like going right after the big thing while you're about it," said Mrs. Watkis to herself, and she applied at once for the position of moving picture censor.

But the attorney-general, under whose department the new position was created, flatly declined to entertain the suggestion, and the position went in due course to a man.



MRS. MAY WATKIS,
Directress of the British Columbia Educational and Patriotic Film Service.

Even this set-back did not deter Mrs. Watkis from her ambition, so she interviewed the new censor on the subject.

"Look here," she said, "you've got the job I wanted, so now you've got to want me for your assistant."

"Fine, fine," was the reply, "and it's a go if you can project the pictures, for that's the only kind of assistant I'll need."

Striking snags seems to spur some people on rather than scare them, and Mrs. Watkis must be one of these, for she went right back to the attorney-general and applied for the position of projector for the new censor.

"Now I had no more idea of what a moving picture projector looked like than a sea serpent," said Mrs. Watkis, telling the story, "but when the attorney-general asked me if I could operate, being a bit of a politician myself, I boldly answered in the affirmative and secured the position."

There is more in projecting a film than meets the eye, and there were more difficulties in the way of a woman learning the art than Mrs. Watkis had ever dreamed of. In the first place the enterprising novice quickly found that moving picture operators had a very close corporation—for men only. They positively refused to teach her anything about it. When she dashed across the line to Seattle she encountered the same opposition.

"Now can women be blamed for being deceitful?" Mrs. Watkis asked. "Having tried to learn by fair means, I was now determined to learn by any means at all."

AND so it happened that knowing an operator at a local theatre, Mrs. Watkis artfully persuaded him to show her "how it worked."

"He little knew what he was doing, or he never would have had anything to do with me, or let me into the secret," said the lady operator. "He really became quite interested in me, and under his tutelage I projected successfuly for several shows, with him beside me of course. I began to feel quite confident of myself, and sure that there was little I didn't know about a moving picture machine."

The new censor was justified in wondering what sort of an operator had been handed out to him, but he was a good enough sport to see the humor of the situation and take off his hat to enterprise. It was not long before things were adjusted in a satisfactory manner, and the new operator held down her job.

But matters didn't end there, and the fun began again when the unions found out that a woman had "put it over" on them, and was encroaching on their territory. Angry deputations of union men, non-union, and others who thought they wished to become operators, and believed themselves entitled to a government position, joined in the protest. But they accomplished nothing, and after a furious three or four weeks' agitation they gave it up and decided that they did not want the job anyway.

Her duties as operator for the censor proved rather monotonous for a woman as mentally alert as Mrs. Watkis, and she was not sorry to relinquish them for the important office of inspector under the amusement tax act, followed later by a sojourn in California, where she was engaged in the scenario departments of leading producing companies. On her return to British Columbia Mrs. Watkis accepted her present position for which she has proved eminently qualified.

*THERE will be an exceptionally interesting article in the May 15 issue, in this department, entitled "Music and Our Children." Forthcoming issues will also include a timely article on "Home Decorating," and a very powerful article on the "Milk Propaganda."*

# "A Cup of Cocoa"

*is good at any hour of the day*




**Baker's Cocoa**

is especially good in the evening a short time before retiring. Its flavor is delicious, its aroma most attractive, and it is conducive to restful sleep without being in any sense of the word, a narcotic. Absolutely pure and wholesome.

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**Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.**

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MONTREAL, CANADA DORCHESTER, MASS.


# Heads $1,000,000 Corporation

By DOROTHY G. BELL

HOW a Canadian girl made good in the New York business world to the extent of organizing and becoming one of the heads of a million and a half dollar corporation, is told in an interesting interview with Miss Ethel M. Vance, who only three years ago was pounding out an existence as a stenographer in Vancouver, British Columbia. The story of how she went to New York to enter the stage as a dancer, of how she sought and found opportunity to earn a living while taking dancing lessons, of how in the interest of her work she forgot even her appointments with Alviene, the great dancing master; of her ambition, her perseverance, hard work and energy, and of how, through her indomitable courage and spirit, she worked and fought her way in open competition with live-wire business men, to the position she now holds as secretary and sales-manager of the Peerless Mortgage Corporation, is one that will interest and encourage every keen-minded and advanced woman who has entered, or who has thoughts of entering, upon a business career.



MISS ETHEL M. VANCE,
whose perseverance and enthusiasm won a rare business success.

Miss Vance was born in Cedarville, Ontario, and after a public and high school education in a neighboring town, she went to Vancouver and there took up a business course. The fact that she finished the course in the shortest possible period of time, and that in little more than six months from the time she arrived in Vancouver she had established herself in an office of her own, where for more than two years she enjoyed a successful business as a public stenographer, proved early her business abilities and her keen determination to succeed. Opportunity has never come knocking at her door; during the whole of her short but successful career she has never given it a chance, but has always gone forth in search of it, and realizing that she was gaining no further experience as a public stenographer, she seized the first chance to enter the employ of the Vancouver court stenographer. This she found a strenuous life, often working far into the night after a hard and tiring day. Always learning, however, and increasing her knowledge of things generally, as well as her speed on the typewriter, she was content to stay, the only respite from her labors being her summer vacations of two months which she spent at her old home near Toronto, Ontario, and at the Y.W. C.A. camp at Whytecliff, close to Vancouver.

A keen athlete and enthusiastic sportswoman always, she soon had charge of a junior athletic and dancing class at the camp. Anxious always to learn all there is to know of a thing in which she has once interested herself, she began to practise toe dancing and before long had mastered





*Your 1921 Vacation*

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO SPEND IT?

Plan a trip to new fields. Get away from the beaten paths. Hear the call of the great West.

Take the transcontinental trip to

**VANCOUVER**

See the wonderful natural beauties of British Columbia. Meet your old Eastern Canadian friends now residing in the West.

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describing the interesting trips about this great Pacific Coast City—the thousand and one natural beauties such as can be found nowhere else in Canada.

**Wonderful summer climate —no extreme heat—nights always cool**

Folder and any desired information sent on request to Vancouver Publicity Bureau (J. R. Davison, Mgr.), Suite 10, 330 Seymour St., Vancouver, B.C.

VISIT VANCOUVER THIS SUMMER.






# Is Your Sink 36 Inches High?

Most kitchen sinks are so *low* that they cause endless discomfort and back strain. "Standard" kitchen sinks have adjustable legs, so that they can be set from 32 to 36 inches high, as desired. Measure height of sink from top of rim to floor, as shown in this picture.

**Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.**
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General Office and Factory: Royce and Lansdowne Aves. Toronto, Ont.

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Calgary: 325 Eighth Avenue West
Vancouver: 847 Beatty Street

"MADE IN CANADA"



# National Advertising and Household Budgets

We are hearing a lot these days about Budgets. They affect every household in Canada. They call for intelligent and scientific distribution of expenditures. They call for the purchase of merchandise of dependable and uniform high quality at lowest possible prices.

Canadian housewives are greatly interested in Budgets—in keeping household expenses at low level—without sacrificing the quality of the food they eat, the clothes they wear, the musical instruments they use, and the household furnishings and labor-saving devices they buy.

National advertising takes the guesswork out of buying. It is the advertiser's expression of faith in his merchandise. It is a guarantee of quality. Advertising keeps the quality up. Inferior merchandise cannot masquerade in the quality clothes of advertising. National advertising increases demand and production and lowers the selling price to you. Advertisements show you how to buy most efficiently and economically. Read the advertisements.

# YOU are Editors of MacLean's—

Sometimes a complaint—protest—kick—(call it what you like)—comes in to an editor's office which it is a delight to answer—because it's so easy! Then there are those others, where the reader may have the editor "dead to rights" as it were, and the subscriber in question may be the direct or indirect cause of some much-to-be-desired change in editorial policy. After all, a magazine's **readers** are really, in a way, its **editors,** you know.

But a few days ago a complaint came in to the editor of MACLEAN'S, which was so unjustified—so easy for the editor to "establish an alibi"—that he chortled for pure joy when he found out what a good case he really had. Here is an extract from a letter from P.D.S., Toronto:

*"As a loyal Canadian,*
*"I reserve the right*
*"To criticize you a little . . . .*
*"I think everybody who knows you*
*"Agrees that you are*
*"Our only magazine worthy*
*"The name. But—*
*"We would like to see you*
*"Bringing to the fore*
*"More new writers.*
*"To get copy after copy*
*"In which nothing but the work*
*"Of Americanized and Anglicised writers*
*"Is most awfully monotonous . . . . But*
*"This is not being Canadian! . . . .*
*"It looks to me*
*"As if you were*
*"Making it not worth while*
*"To write in Canada."*

So, to make sure of his facts, the editor hunted up his fyles, and, conning over the first eight issues for 1921, discovered:

## 100% Canadian

So far this year (eight issues) MacLean's has run seventy-five articles, short stories and instalments of serials. Of this total number, sixty-one have been written by Canadians, all of whom are resident in Canada, except three. Of the remaining fourteen features, nine are from the pens of citizens of the British Empire, and only five are the work of writers in the United States. Of these five (which are fiction), all but one are located in Canada, and that one story is located (in its action), several thousand years before Canada was discovered!

So that's that!

Now, as to encouraging young Canadian writers:

Within a period of four months MacLean's ran short stories by:

Charles G. Booth, Vancouver.

Guy Morton, Toronto.

Leslie Gordon Barnard, Montreal.

R. T. M. Scott, Ottawa (temporarily in New York, after returning from C.E. Forces).

MacLean's Accepted:

Mr. Booth's first fiction;

Mr. Guy Morton's first short story;

Mr. Barnard's first short story (it ran in 1919);

Major Scott's—not his first, but one of his early stories.

Is, or is not, MacLean's living up to its title of "Canada's National Magazine?" Does it, or does it not, merit your continuous support?

## Co-operate---Renew Promptly

*BY RENEWING PROMPTLY, and giving this tangible evidence of your interest in Canadian writers—and their development, you will be doing your duty. We will continue to try to do ours—both our duty by you and by the young writer! Don't wait until your subscription expires—renew well in advance of that date. It makes for better service all 'round.*

MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"


the art. Among her friends were two girls who taught dancing, and during long winter evenings when Miss Vance was not working she practised with them, and they often talked of life on the stage, and its attractions. With no other backing than that of an invincible spirit, plenty of pluck and an ability to pound out one hundred words a minute on the typewriter, she left Vancouver for New York, and the Great White Way, in company with her two friends, three years ago.

The fact that she arrived on the first day of New York's worst month, February (1918), she chose to interpret as a good omen, and she fought bravely and cheerfully on through months of heatless Mondays, meatless Tuesdays, lightless Wednesdays, and what would have been hopeless every-days to any girl with less courage, faith and cheerfulness than she possessed.

"Those first few weeks were terrible," she confessed, "and we spent our time trying to keep warm." She obtained a position as stenographer with an insurance firm, and then it was that she began to realize that her heart was in her head—not her toes. She became interested in the selling end of the business, and after a fruitless attempt to lend her services to the United States Government, she became attached to the firm of a mortgage company, and broke into the selling game with a vim and enthusiasm which was not long in bringing her promotion. After several months of successful selling she became head saleslady of the company, and then it was that the many staunch friends she had made during her stock and bond campaigns began to urge her to go into business for herself. She obtained the interest of a salesman of the same firm, went into partnership with him and inside of a few months after their first plans had been made they had successfully incorporated a mortgage company for one and a half million dollars. Their main office is in Brooklyn, and their firm is now a well-established and flourishing concern, and growing every day under the guidance and direction of its very capable head.

MISS VANCE has a great deal to be proud of, but the only fact that she seems to think worthy of mention is that she is the only woman on the Board of Directors of twenty-four men. "I am very proud of that," she said, and well she might be, for it is an honor that does not come to many girls of her age, and proves more than anything else her standing among business men. She also has the honor to be Chairman of the Business and Finance Committee of the Central Business Women's Club of New York City.

She is possessed of a perplexing personality with a charm all its own and when in her office one is almost afraid of her so abrupt and sharp is she and so intent and keen on business and business only. She has the gift of instant decision and never hesitates at choosing the hardest way if she deems it the right one, nor spares herself or others in the accomplishment of any task. At a moment's notice her blue grey eyes can harden into pin points of glinting steel and flash forth blue flame at the cause of her annoyance, and once that change has taken place there is no altering the course upon which the mind behind them has determined. When at home however and away from the office and her work, those same steely gray eyes are soft and sparkling with fun and the joy of living, the love of her companions and surroundings, and she is ready for anything in the way of a lark.

Her keenest interest is in the insurance department. "I'm crazy about insurance," she stated, "but I'm studying banking and business law now. In order to make small loans the business has to be brought under the banking laws, so I am taking a course—not that I will use it much, but I just want to master any little difficulties that may crop up." There in a nutshell is the secret of her success, "her determination to master little difficulties." Just what big difficulties Miss Vance has had to master probably no one will ever know, for she insists upon making light of her achievements. The hard knockdown blows of fate that are bound to come to women in competition with men in the New York business world seemed only to have a tendency to make her smile the harder. She believes that any girl can succeed in business or anything else if she will work hard enough and stick to it. She has just signed a ten years' contract with the directors of the Peerless Mortgage Corporation which will net her a yearly income that many a successful man might envy, and her faith in her own sex is such that a great deal of that salary will be spent in setting girls up in business, and giving them the start which she fought and won for herself.

## Making Good on Four Ambitions

*Continued from page 63*

the hottest fight in the history of Shefford county, he won easily by the large majority of 1,127. And so in Shefford County, a Baptist missionary, maintaining Protestantism in the middle of a French community for twenty years, has three times been elected for his county, and there is every likelihood of his remaining a member as long as he cares to remain in public life.

It will be remembered that Bullock had four ambitions—to be a preacher, a manufacturer, to enter politics, and to be a railroad owner. The ambition to build a railway began to take hold of Bullock after he had accomplished the other objectives, and in 1914 he conceived the idea of linking one of the United States railways with Quebec City by the shortest route possible. The opening of the Quebec bridge rendered this scheme feasible. He obtained a charter from the provincial government to build a railway from the United States border to the Quebec bridge. Although this enterprise was delayed on account of the war, the charter has been amended, and the time for beginning and completion of construction has been extended to 1929. To encourage the construction of this road a government subsidy of 2,000 acres of freehold timber lands per mile of railway has been granted.

Bullock now owns 75 per cent. of the paid-up capital of this proposed railway, which road has been surveyed. He expects that by the end of 1921 the construction will be begun, and that soon after American trains will travel directly from New York over the shortest route to Quebec and thus open up the way for products of the country north of the St. Lawrence to be shipped directly to American centres. This railway, called the "Shefford, Bagot and Missisquoi Railway," will be a fitting consummation of the youthful instinct which prompted W. S. Bullock to build a small narrow gauge wooden railway on his father's farm.

### His Pulp and Paper Enterprise

MR. BULLOCK'S career has been a series of successful attempts to overcome difficulties. His theory of success involves the presence of handicaps. He believes that his energy is only aroused by opposition and difficulties and finding a profitable use for resources that have come into his possession. It is probably the possible possession of large timber lands obtained through the construction of this railway that has led Bullock and several associates to incorporate the Standard Pulp and Paper Company Limited.

Feeling the importance of the industrial situation in Quebec at the present time for the reconstruction and development of Canada, Bullock thought the time had arrived when, considering the great demand from United States and Europe for news-print and book-paper, this product should be manufactured in Quebec for the benefit of Quebec. With this intention, Bullock in the spring of 1920, along with others intimately concerned in the pulp and paper business, conceived the idea of establishing a modern and well equipped pulp and paper mill at the City of Quebec very near the Quebec bridge. The site selected has access to a frontage of deep water on the River St. Lawrence, has rail accommodation to every part of Canada and the United States, is adjacent to a large labor market, and is located in the centre of an area covered with pulp-wood.

There is no better field in the world for a paper industry than the Province of Quebec with its forest areas and vast water-power, extensive rail and water transportation facilities and stable labor conditions. The increasing demand for paper and the unprecedented high price of newsprint, together with the constant upward trend of




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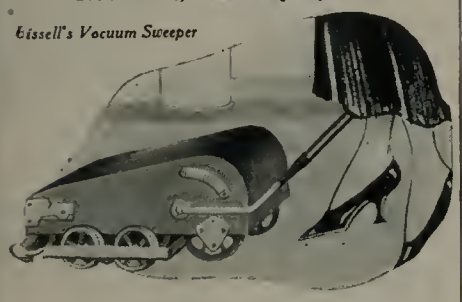
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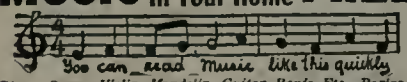
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paper stocks in the stock market, rendered this latest enterprise a successful one almost from the beginning. The Standard Pulp and Paper Company, which has secured some of the most experienced paper men in Canada and the United States, will be managed by a former manager of one of the largest and most successful paper and lumber companies in Canada. The new organization will erect a modern, efficient pulp and paper plant on the north shore of the St. Lawrence with a capacity of not less than seventy thousand tons. The site selected with a deep water frontage facilitates shipping and transportation to and from all parts of the world. It is located at the junction of practically all Canadian railroads, Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, Quebec Central, Canadian National, Intercolonial, Grand Trunk Pacific and Transcontinental railways. It is also within reach of several American railways—the Delaware and Hudson which is now within fifteen miles of the end of the Quebec bridge, the New York, New Haven and Hartford systems, including the Boston and Maine, which enters Quebec at present over the Quebec Central tracks, and the New York Central which will shortly enter over Mr. Bullock's projected railroad.

Supplies of all kinds can be brought to the plant by rail and water, and finished products can be shipped directly by either of these routes, to any part of the world. The company is in a position to secure 1,500 square miles of the best timber lands, but the selected site brings it within reach of raw material from the crown lands, which can be bought even cheaper than it can be got from private grounds.

Mr. Bullock is the vice-president of the Standard Pulp and Paper Company and with the success he has obtained in his previous undertakings, will no doubt be a large factor in the building up of this new concern.

### How He Picked Up Knowledge

WHEN asked how he got his notions of business and finance, Mr. Bullock replied: "By coming into contact with business men in Ontario while I was a collector for funds to build the Grande Ligne school."

"But how did that teach you financial methods?"

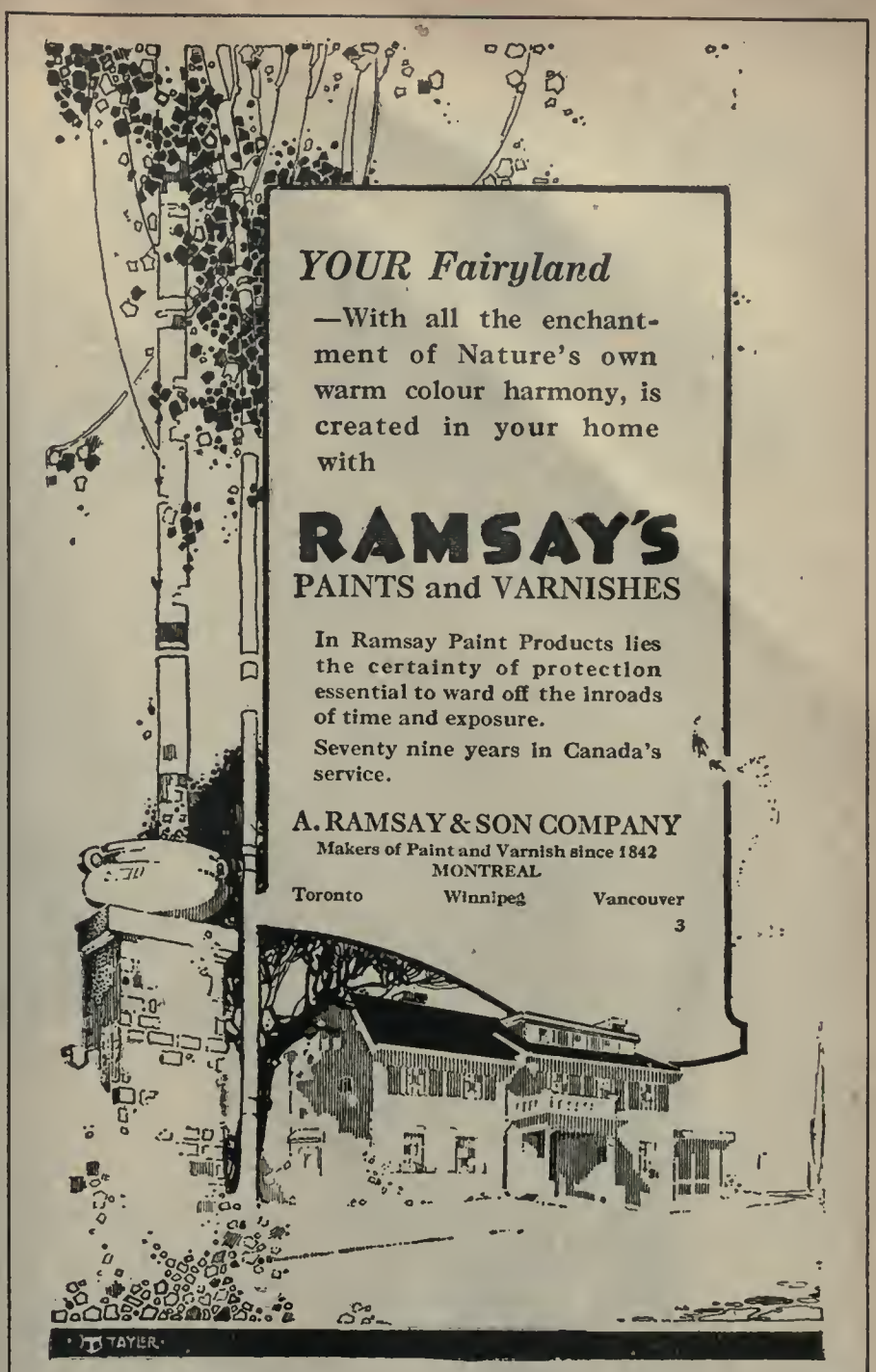
"Several well known business men in Toronto entertained me for a week or more and showed me their factory management and explained their difficulties in financing their industries. It was from them that I learned how to operate on a large scale and get support from the banks. I always found the banks willing to lend money on any sound, well-considered proposition."

"How far do your operations extend in the tool business?"

"Well I'll give you an example. A large wholesale hardware dealer in Montreal refused to buy my tools. He thought he would buy from another firm and ordered his supply from Hamilton, Ont. He paid the freight to Montreal, and though he did not know it, was still buying my tools which had previously travelled to Hamilton. After finding out his mistake, he now buys from me direct and saves money. Our firm makes all the carpenters' braces sold in Canada."

For a man fifty-five years of age, such a record as a preacher, a manufacturer, a politician, and a railway man, stamps Mr. Bullock as a man of great foresight, enterprise and initiative. In spite of lack of education, in spite of poverty, in spite of ill-health in youth, he has overcome all handicaps and has established himself as one of the prominent successful men in the Province of Quebec, popular with both French and English elements. He has no labor difficulties, probably because he has been a workman himself and understands labor. His perseverance in the face of overwhelming difficulties, which have never depressed him but merely strengthened his determination, will continue to carry him to success.

His education has been a violation of all the laws of pedagogy and he has triumphed through it all. One of his friends has suggested that it was a good thing for Canada that he did not learn the multiplication table when he was seven years of age because if he had he would have been the owner and operator of nearly all the industries in Quebec. Such a career should be an inspiration to Canadian youth and it shows that there is still equal opportunity for all, and that pioneer days are not altogether abolished on the North American continent.


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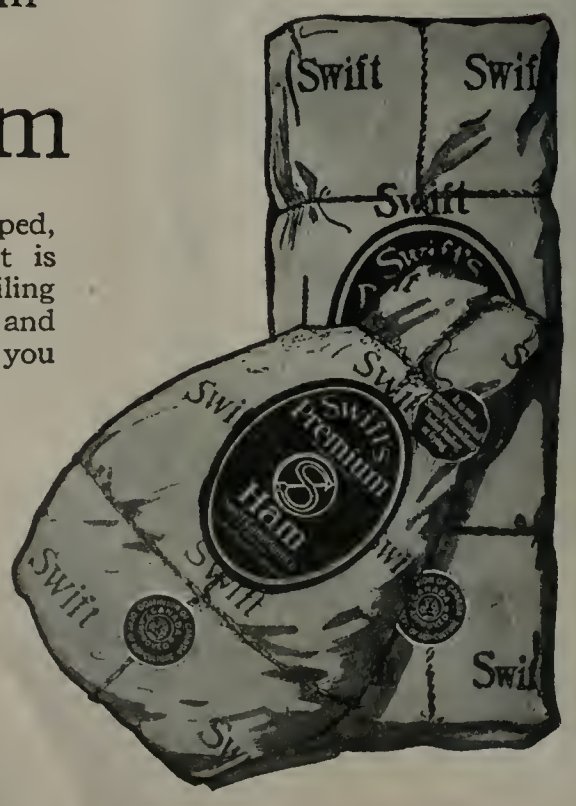
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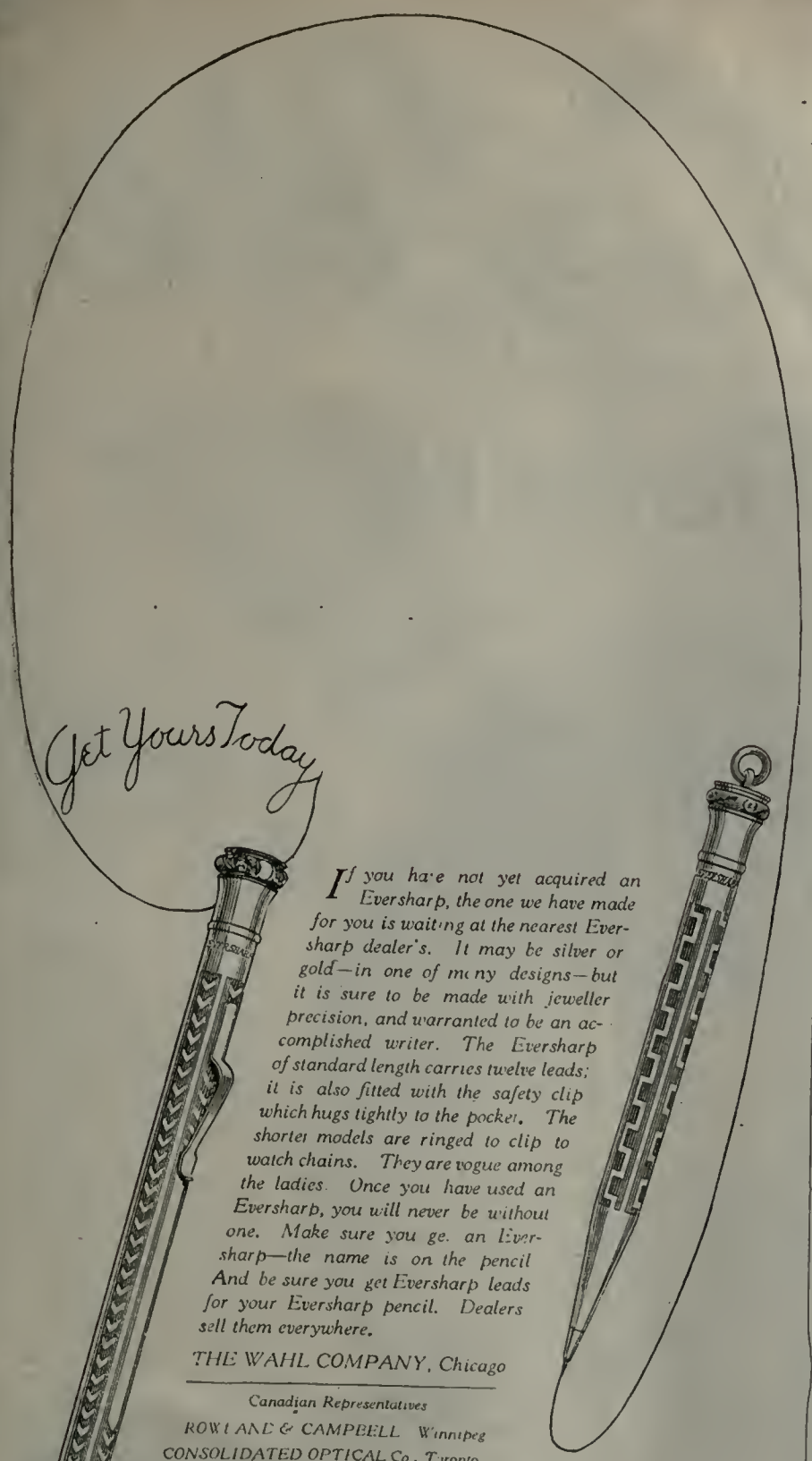


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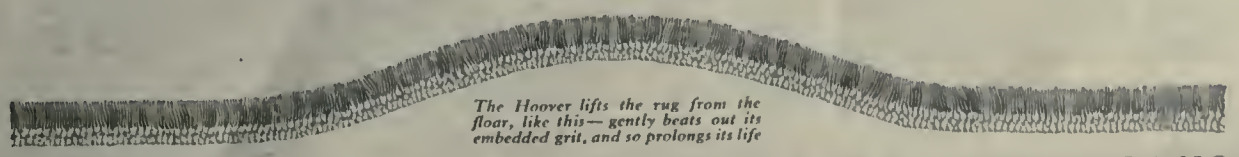

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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Moving Toward Business Recovery

HOW far must reaction go before stability sets in? Every month prosperity seems to be just around the corner and hope has continued that depression in business cannot last much longer. Yet there has been little change in any fundamental condition. People are beginning to realize the extent of the world's economic sickness and the necessity for an extended convalescence. Preparations are made for a longer period of recovery than had been thought necessary. Industrial conditions have not picked up as rapidly as retail trade, because the replacement of stock has been carried out cautiously to avoid large accumulations at high prices. The revival in retail business first most evident at Easter has continued on a moderate scale, but has not extended in any important degree to wholesale and manufacturing. Apparel trades have been active, especially for women's wear, and conditions are slightly improved in building. Unemployment, however, does not lessen as a whole, and Government authorities might well lay plans for meeting the situation next winter should a business revival not develop in the meantime. Since the discontinuance of unemployment relief, when spring opened, the men still out of work have shown more restiveness and the radicals have seized their chance to talk sedition to a class already discontented through hunger.

### Agriculture Our Safeguard

THE relation of agriculture to the solution of the immediate future's problems is an important one. Canadian cities have been overbuilt for years through the lure of high wages, comforts and bright lights. It is a reasonable hope that the economic stress of this year will start the current in the other direction. There should be no permanent distress in a country that has so much unoccupied land. Compare Canada with pent-up populations of Europe or Asia, and the advantage of this country in its open spaces will be readily seen. Already there are instances of city men actually giving up employment to go on the land because they realize that they are at least certain of subsistence when they grow their own food. A thoughtful Canadian who had gone back to the land wrote to a friend at the beginning of the great war in 1914 that, if the worst happened, he had enough food put away to last him about a year, and if necessary he could get along with little purchasing that required real money. No one suggests any such crisis ahead of us now, but those whose future in the cities is uncertain might well turn to bountiful Mother Earth and assist in restoring an equilibrium between city and country life which should never have been so far disturbed. Fortunately an early spring is giving promise of favorable agricultural conditions. This should make for good harvests, and Canada is never badly off if the land does its part in production. There is a temporary depression in the paper industry, another foundation stone of the national structure, and lumber is not back to its normal activity. Gold-mining is enjoying a boom, with indications of the largest production this year in the country's history. It remains, therefore, for the average Canadian to avoid pessimism, work hard in his own field and shun waste and extravagance until the corner is rounded and normal prices and normal times return.

## Answers to Inquiries

I KNOW a place where I think there is gas. It has been burning for two years; I suppose this might be very valuable. Kindly advise me whom to apply to and how to proceed.

T.G.L., *Meadow Lake, Sask.*

*Answer.*—Would suggest you write to the Department of Mines, Ottawa, for information regarding staking a claim, with a view to securing the gas flow which you think you could locate in Saskatchewan. The natural resources of Saskatchewan have not yet been turned over to the Provincial Government.

Is the National Union Fire Insurance Company of Pittsburg, Pa., a reliable company? Would you advise a young man just starting out to become their agent?

L.M.B., *Tugaske, Sask.*

*Answer.*—We are informed that the National Union Fire Insurance Co. of Pittsburg has been licensed to carry on an insurance business in Canada since 1911, and its standing is favorably reported on.

Do you consider British American Oil shares a good and safe investment at $32.00? What do you think of Winnipeg Electric Railway, 7 per cent. preferred?

F.A.K., *Killarney, Man.*

*Answer.*—British American Oil Co. is one of the solid companies of its kind in Canada. It has a refining plant at Toronto, and has important western connections which are valuable for marketing purposes and may lead to important developments later on in the oil fields of the far north. Winnipeg Electric Railway Co. has steadily improved its position in the past few months, and with the increased fares recently allowed its chances for further improvement appear good. The preferred at 32 should be a fair speculation.

I have some Abitibi Common stock bought at 50½. Would you advise holding or selling? I'm not in immediate need o money.

X.Y.Z., *Sherbrooke, Que.*

*Answer.*—Abitibi Power and Paper has suffered some of the depression current in paper circles of late, but we believe this is temporary. If you bought at 50½, you would make a considerable loss in selling at present prices. We cannot think the paper industry in Canada can suffer any lengthy depression, though the multiplication of shares by such a company as Abitibi may keep the stock below last year's boom prices for some time. Production has been decreased, but President Anson told the shareholders at the annual meeting of Abitibi a few weeks ago that the output of newsprint for the whole year had been sold. Even if prices of newsprint decline materially from the 6½ cents per pound charged for the first quarter of this year, there should still be a good profit, as production costs are bound to decline also.

Kindly advise re the following stock:—

Ames-Holden, preferred, is there any prospect of it in time resuming dividend? Are Ames Tire Co. bonds sound?

Ottawa L. H. & P. common—Is there prospect of an increase in value? What is the general position of the company?

Mississippi Power common—Is this stock quoted now? Will it improve in value?

Brazilian common.—Does position of company warrant a dividend and increase in value when exchange is better?

Shawinigan.—Is there a prospect of increase in dividend?

Riordon, Whalen deb. stock.—Would you advise holding, or disposing any or all at the present time.?

W.M.C., *Millerton, Nfld.*

*Answer.*—(1) Ames-Holden-McCready Co. had a heavy deficit in its operations





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for 1920, suffering in common with other leather footwear manufacturers. It would be impossible to predict its future. The position of its subsidiary, the Ames-Holden Tire Co., was similar, it having a deficit also. The tire company is new, and did not get fully established before business depression overtook it.

(2) Ottawa Light, Heat & Power Co. is one of the few Canadian corporations of its kind to maintain its dividend, the usual 6 per cent. being paid last year. The stock is selling around 70, which seems in line with the return by way of dividend. In view of the high interest yield expected in present uncertain conditions, it might not be wise to expect any material advance in the stock's value in the near future.

(3) Mississippi Power common is quoted at 11 to 13, Canada, or 10 to 12 in the United States. This company has been depressed along with other public utilities in the United States. We understand, however, that the market value of the common stock has been fairly steady, and that those who received it as a bonus with bonds have little complaint to make. The tendency in utility stocks is slightly upward at present.

(4) There seems no question but that Brazilian Traction is doing well, and is earning enough to pay a dividend on common, when exchange improves to justify it. We understand the weakness of Rio exchange is now the only barrier to the resumption of dividends, but exchange cannot improve until the economic position of Brazil picks up materially.

(5) Shawinigan Power is well regarded n financial circles. The company is enterprising and has done a big work in the hydro-electric power field in Quebec. Its earnings in 1920 showed a good increase over the previous year. Its dividend-paying possibilities are bound to be affected by the course of industry generally because great industries are its main sources of revenue in the sale of power, and industry at present is passing through a difficult stage.

(6) Since your letter was written, Riordon stocks have crashed severely in the stock market. At this writing, the company's position is uncertain because of the apparent urgent necessity for new money. It is probable, however, that time and adjustment will see some recovery, as the enterprise is too great to be allowed to be endangered.

(7) Whalen Pulp & Paper is one of the newer companies and operates several large plants in British Columbia. At present the company has a good market in the Orient for its sulphite, with orders for several months ahead. The company has certain advantages also in being located on tide-water. We believe the worst will soon be over in regard to paper securities, and it would seem that Whalen should have a good future in this important Canadian industry.

Would you advise increasing my holdings of Whalen bonds? If not what investments, payable in United States funds, would you suggest?

R.L.C., *Winnipeg, Man.*

*Answer.*—We would not advise you to increase your holdings of Whalen bonds, although there is no reason to question the quality of those you now hold. Would suggest you try to pick up any of the following from bond dealers, all of which are payable in the United States, and would appear to meet the needs of repaying your advance in Chicago. They all have the merit also of maturing in a short time. City of London, Ont., 5½'s due August, 1922; City of London, Ont., 6's, due March, 1923; Winnipeg Water District, 5 or 6 per cent., of several different dates; Province of Ontario, 4½'s, due May, 1925; Province of Ontario 4's, due March, 1926; City of Vancouver, 4½'s, due 1923; Province of Alberta, 5's, due August, 1922.

What do you think of the safety of Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Bonds? Are bank and railway bonds subject to income tax? What do you think of C.P.R. as an investment? When are the dividends on the preferred paid?

J.W.D., *North Bay, Ont.*

*Answer.*—There should be no question of the safety of Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific railway bonds, guaranteed by the Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan or British Columbia. These obligations are being taken over by the Dominion Government, and, while the situation is possibly a little more complicated than in the case of the straight Provincial issues, such bonds should be only a shade under Government securities in merit.

(2) Bank and railway dividends are liable to Dominion income tax.

(3) Canadian Pacific dividends on preferred are paid semi-annually, April 1 and October 1, and common quarterly on Jan. 1, April 1, July 1 and October 1. Almost any broker could give you information on Canadian Pacific.

What do you think of the following stocks.—Loew's Inc., Eastern Cafeteria, Studebaker, Famous Players?

J.H.L., *Galt, Ont.*

(1) Loew's Inc., meaning the American company, has had under construction theatres and office buildings costing from $12,000,000 to $15,000,000. This has been an expensive undertaking at a time when theatre receipts have suffered some shrinkage. It is expected this work will be finished by next autumn, when large revenues are anticipated from rentals and a good income from the theatres if business revives. There has been some decrease in theatre revenues of late, but it is believed that houses with higher-priced admissions have suffered more than Loew's. The company pays 2 per cent. on common, and the stock is now selling around 19.

(2) Eastern Cafeteria has a large business in Montreal, and is said to be in capable hands. Its stock was subdivided three for one last year, and now sells at about 7½ bid, with $10 par. The dividend is 5 per cent., or equal to 15 per cent. on the old organization.

(3) Studebaker is one of the best of the motor stocks, but, in view of a pool which is understood to operate in its stock, it should probably be regarded as a speculation. There is said to have been $83.36 per share behind the common stock as at December 31st last. The earnings on common were 15.18 per cent. per share in 1920, against 14.27 in 1919.

(4) Famous Players is a large film corporation operating in the United States. In view of the slight depression in the moving picture business at present, such a stock might be regarded as a speculation rather than as an investment.

Can you give me some information in regard to the National Securities Corporation? W.S.B., *Port Elgin, Ont.*

*Answer.*—National Securities Corporation, of Toronto, has been suspended since 1916, but still has nominal offices in Confederation Life Building, Toronto. No payments have been made on bonds since that time. The company was organized to carry on a hardwood flooring business. Promise is made by those in charge of the office that the promoters will do everything to meet their obligations. They are now engaged in handling a farm tractor enterprise, with headquarters at Buffalo. It is apparently a case for patience—and hope.

T.L., *Killarney, Man.*—Allen's Theatres, Winnipeg, offering of preferred stock is favorably regarded by those familiar with the Allen enterprises. It is said that the Winnipeg Theatre has been one of the most successful in the chain, as the position of the movies in the West is improved by the lack of counter-attractions, because of remoteness from ordinary dramatic entertainment. Would suggest you write to Edward Brown & Co., Winnipeg, for further information.

E.C.C., *Irricana, Alta.*—Have no means of checking up the oil company you mention. If it proposes to operate in Southern Alberta, it is in a field which has not made good after several years of trial, and, if its operations are in the north, the future of that section is yet to be determined. Would advise you to be very careful about oil stocks, as it is to be feared there will be many duds among them.

## ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

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VOLUME XXXIV. NUMBER TEN

# "HE WHO LAUGHS LAST----!"

## A Yarn of the Deep-sea Fishermen; First of a Series of Stories

By FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

*Author of "Blue Water," "The Viking Blood," Etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

CAPTAIN DENMAN MITCHELL, of the Bank fishing schooner *Artimon*, was a high-line fisherman but a hard citizen. He loved two things—rum and money—and he hated peddlers—especially Tony Anderson.

Mitchell's fishing schooner *Artimon* was lying out in the bay with her mainsail up awaiting her skipper ere swinging off on a halibuting trip to Green Bank. The gang were all aboard and mostly congregated in the cabin looking critically over the bargains which Tony Anderson, a local peddler, was displaying for their purchase. Tony was small, mean-looking and red-haired, and came of a family that never was known to do manual labor of any kind but trucking and trading with the farmers and fishermen of the coast settlements. The plain-talking trawlers of East Harbor treated him with undisguised contempt, yet they willingly purchased the shoddy goods he had to sell and cursed him and their foolishness afterwards.

Tony had his gasoline motor-boat alongside and kept a weather eye lifting for Skipper Mitchell's coming. Tony didn't want to meet Mitchell for various reasons, but he felt that he had a good half-hour for business ere the hard-case Denman came aboard his vessel. "Now jest look at this shirt," he was saying as he held up a purple colored piece of flannelette decorated with embroidered flowers and pearl buttons. "There's a real bargain for a man as wants a dressy piece o' goods to go ashore and sport the girls in. Stout and strong enough for workin' in the dory too. Real flannel and hand embroidered. All wool but the buttons. What'll ye gimme for this beautiful, beautiful shirt?"

"Thirty cents," offered a man.

"Aw, come off, Boss! You're jokin' with me. I aint out here for me health. A dollar'n half takes it. I aint got another one like it and I can't get no more of them. Who wants this elegant shirt?"

"I'll give ye a dollar for it," said a fisherman, busy seizing on halibut hooks.

"A dollar?" Tony's face puckered up in disgust. "Gorry! I got to make a livin' somehow with me old father and mother and a wife and ten kids to home —"

"Jest listen to the little runt," cried the prospective purchaser. "Why yer ol' man has more dough than he knows what to do with and you aint got no wife and kids——"

"Here—take the shirt," barked Tony. "Everybody cheats me. I'm makin' no money at that price — " He paused with ears straining. Then he blanched visibly and began to buckle his pack in agitated haste. A fisherman laughed. "By Golly, Tony, th' skipper's jest come aboard. Ef he catches you here. . . . . there'll be the devil to pay an' no pitch hot!"

HE HAD hardly spoken when the huge bulk of Skipper Mitchell blocked the cabin gangway and he roared a command to get under way. Clattering down into the cabin with two rum bottles protruding from his coat pockets, Captain Denny halted in surprise at the foot of the ladder and stared at the perturbed Tony with a saturnine smile on his hard-bitten visage.

"Say, you!" he rumbled slowly, addressing Tony. "You're the guinney that done me on that pair of rubber boots. Ye sold me a spavvy horse. Ye foisted a bar'l o' vinegar on me for a bar'l o' rum and a few other things. Didn't I tell ye to keep clear of this here vessel and never set foot on her again?"

"Aw, Cap'en, don't be hard on a man," pleaded Tony, nervously buckling a pack strap and hunting for a means of escape with a roving eye. "It was legit'mate tradin'. You bought with yer eyes open. 'Sides Cap'en, you got back at me with that old mains'l ye sold me. Ye had it all wet inside when it was weighed and I paid ye for two hundred pound o' water. I lost—"

"That aint here or there," growled Mitchell thickly and favoring Tony with a baleful stare. "I told you to keep clear of this here vessel and now I find ye aboard in spite of what I said. Well, now, seein' you're so fond of hangin' around, I'll keep you aboard for a spell—"

"Aw, quit foolin', Cap'en," pleaded the peddler as he made a move to ascend the ladder. "I'll go now—"

Mitchell grabbed him with one of his ham-like hands and yanked him back. "You'll go when it pleases me to let ye go!" he barked decisively. "I'll carry you out to sea and give you a long drift home." To the grinning trawlers, he said, "Heave short the anchor, boys, an' git the fores'l on her. Mister Anderson's agoin' to take a little trip with us."



"What in blazes d'ye mean by tryin' to commit soo-aside?" the skipper roared.

The peddler squirmed and struggled to get free but Mitchell held him with a grip of steel. "Be quiet now or I'll spank ye," he threatened with a grim laugh. "I'll set you adrift outside the Heads—"

"Don't, Cap'en," wailed Tony, still wriggling. "I aint got enough gasoline to take me home——"

"Then pull home, consarn ye!" bellowed the skipper. "It'll give you an idear of how we trawlers have to earn the money you git from us for yer dog's-wool-an'-oakum trash. A ten mile buck again th' tide 'ull do you good. Here, you rat! Git inside thar' an' keep quiet!" He hauled Anderson towards his berth, hove him, none too gently, inside, and slammed the sliding door.

"Now, me bully-boy," he growled as he snapped the padlock. "You can't git out 'less you eat through the bulkhead. Now, boys, we'll git away to sea!"

WITH Tony's little power dory towing astern, the *Artimon* swung out past East Harbor Heads with sheets off and all the patch of four lowers and the light sails hung. It was blowing a strong breeze offshore and when the schooner hauled away from the lee of the hills she began to feel the heft of the wind. Skipper Mitchell pawed the wheel and laughed to himself. "I sh'd let the little joker go now," he murmured, "but I've a mind to give him a trip. Yes, sink me ef I aint got half a mind to take him down to the Cape and turn him adrift there. It'll cost the little rat somethin' in gas to git home."

"Aint you goin' to let Tony go, Skipper?" enquired a fisherman lounging on the house. "Gittin' kinder rough out here."

The skipper chuckled hoarsely and glanced at the straining tops'ls before replying. "'Deed, John, I have a good notion to fetch him down to the Cape with us. Yes, I will! I'll turn him adrift down off the Cape. Take the wheel! South by East!" And handing over the charge of the vessel, Mitchell went below to indulge in an outwardbound "nip" of rum. Unfortunately for Tony,

the skipper did not stop at a single nip. If he had, Tony would have been released and allowed to depart. But rum always raised the devil in Mitchell, and by the time he had absorbed the best part of a bottle of "chain-lightning and barb-wire" he was all devil and ready for anything. "I won't set him ashore at all," he confided to the gang assembled below. "Swamp me, but I'll take him to Green Bank as spare hand and make a fisherman out of him. Ha! ha! Aint that a good one, boys? Jest think of what the folks'll say? Shanghai-ing Tony Anderson an' makin' an honest fisherman outa him! Lord Harry, that's a good one, and to Green Bank he'll go as spare hand. H'ist that dory of his aboard an' stow it on the quarter. Ha! ha! That's some joke an' deserves a drink all round."

This was in the days before Scott Act and prohibition and the *Artimon* had a hard-drinking gang aboard—a reckless, jovial crowd who lived hard and worked hard and who believed in getting all the fun there was to be got out of Life—usually via the rum bottle route. As each man had brought aboard enough "wet oilskins" to float a ship and had broached their "life-savers" soon after sailing, the skipper found the crowd in the humor to back up his practical joke. The unfortunate peddler's pack was opened and the cabin gang helped themselves to the assorted contents and in liquorish good temper arrayed their persons in the flaring shoddy and cheap trash.

When the nauseated and indignant Anderson was released late that night, he rushed on deck to find the schooner slugging along to a strong breeze and a lonely light was blinking out of the darkness on the starboard quarter.

"What's light's that? Where are we?" he asked of the grinning fisherman at the wheel.

"That's Pine Island—"

"Pine Island! Pine Island!" screamed Tony. "Jumpin' Jupiter! We're eighty miles from East Harbor—"

Mitchell's head and broad shoulders appeared in the companion-way and he boomed out with a hoarse laugh, "Aye, my bully, and it won't be eighty but seven hundred an' eighty miles from East Harbor ye'll be afore we weather up the jumbo."

"You big sweep!" yelled Tony, shaking his fist at the laughing skipper. "You think this is a joke, you overgrown bully? Wait 'til I get back to East Harbor. I'll sue you! I'll bleed you! I'll have your hide on my barn door for this—"

Mitchell lumbered heavily out of the gangway and advanced on the angry little peddler. "Gimme any sass and I'll turn you adrift right now. You come aboard agin my orders. Now you'll stay aboard an' work yer passage. I'm agoin' to make a trawler out of you and by the time you git back home you'll be thankin' me for l'arnin' you a good honest trade 'stead of talkin' about bleedin' an' suein' me. Now, there aint no law outside the three-mile-limit but Denny Mitchell on this hooker, so git away for'ad and pick out a bunk for yerself afore I lift you up in my teeth and jump overboard with you. You're a trawler now—not a blame guff-slingin', dollar-grabbin' peddler deceivin' honest men with yer pack of bull-wool and brown-paper trash."

SEA-SICK and afraid of the big skipper's mood, Anderson crawled along the spray-drenched deck towards the forecastle. As he stumbled for'ad he found his little motor-dory securely lashed and stowed on the quarter and felt a little better at the discovery. Then, with many misgivings, he clambered down into the fo'c'sle where he was uproariously welcomed by the crowd bunking there. Like a mob of schoolboys on holiday, they chaffed and teased him good-humoredly until, observing his distress occasioned by the motion of the vessel, they knocked off and assisted him into a spare berth.

"Never mind, old sock," laughed big Bill Jennings. "You'll be all right in the mornin'. Then a good guzzle of pea soup and fat pork'll fix your stomach up and you'n me will go dory-mates afore the trip's over." And they left him to his mental and physical misery.

The next day was one of bitter travail for Tony Anderson. It started at the breakfast table where the skipper chaffed him unmercifully and prophesied all manner of unpleasant happenings for Tony when the vessel made the Banks. Unable to stand Mitchell's rough humor, the little peddler fled to the deck and sat between the dories feeling very miserable. He felt still more miserable when he noticed the men lounging around clad in shirts, hats and trousers which they did not pay for.

"Sufferin' cats!" he exploded savagely. "I'll make that hog of a Mitchell pay for this. I'll akin him alive and use his hide for a door mat! I'll squeeze him until he yells for mercy! I'll tie him up in knots! I'll tie—" He was so vociferous in his threats that he did not hear the skipper coming along the deck until Mitchell's great paw smacked him on the shoulder. "And I'll give you some practice in tyin'," he boomed with a jeering smile. "Aloft ye go, now, and tie up that main gaff-tops'l!"

Tony jumped up as if he had been shot. "No, no, Cap'en," he pleaded abjectly with a frightened glance aloft. "I was only jokin'. I can't climb up there. I get dizzy. I aint no sailor—"

"Then I'll make a sailor out of you, or else dog-fish bait. Up ye go!"

"I can't! I won't! I'll fall an' break my neck, sure!" shrieked the peddler. "Oh, don't be hard on a man, Cap'en. Ye've ruined me already by takin' me away from business—"

Mitchell sung out to some of the men loafing around. "For'ad here—some of youse! Tony's agoin' to tie that there tops'l up, but he's too darn lazy to climb. Send him up on the stays'l halliards!"

Four of the grinning fishermen grabbed Tony, and knotting a bow-line out of an old dory-painter, they placed their struggling victim in it; hooked on the stays'l halliard block, and swayed him up. When clear of the deck and swinging, pendulum-wise, between the masts, Anderson ceased struggling but yelled and screamed in genuine terror.

"Sway him up!" growled the skipper's deep bass. "Up he goes! Hand over hand! Jumpin' Jupiter—!" There came a terrified howl from Tony; the men hauling on the halliard rolled into the lee scuppers in a heap as the bow-line snapped and the peddler plunged headlong from aloft into the sea.

"Hard down! Out dories!" roared Mitchell as he leaped for the lee nest and cut the gripes adrift with a bait-knife. In less time than it takes to relate, the gang tumbled for'ad and the top dory was over the rail and in the water ere the *Artimon's* headsails began to flap.

"Where is he? Kin ye see him?" bawled the men in the dory as they shipped their oars.



"Jump, naow!" rasped a voice in his ear. "There's yer dory."

"Dead aft—in the wake. His red nut's ashowin'!" barked the anxious Mitchell. "Hurry, for God's sake, or I'll have murder on me soul!" And with the perspiration breaking out on his hard visage the skipper watched the rescuing dory in frightened hopefulness.

Red hair is often regarded as an unwelcome inheritance by those who possess it, but it was the salvation of Tony Anderson, for, like a vermilion trawl-buoy, it could be discerned a mile away against the blue-green of sea. It wasn't long before the dory came up to him and strong hands grasped the sputtering and exhausted man and pulled him in. Little the worse for his dip, Tony scrambled over the schooner's rail, valiant with excess of rage.

NOTING the fury in the little peddler's eyes, Mitchell forestalled an outburst of vituperation by starting in himself. "What in blazes d'ye mean by trying to commit soo-aside?" he roared. "Did ye think ye c'd swim ashore from here? Lord Harry! ye'll be the death o' me yet—" Tony recovered his breath, and, not to be intimidated, for two minutes he and the skipper had it out.

"You tried to murder me," yelped the little man, "and I'll have it in for you soon as we get in port. These men are all witnesses."

Mitchell's face grew serious. He was really alarmed and felt that his joking would land him in jail if he didn't placate the dripping fury threatening him with dire penalties.

"Now, now, man, be reasonable," he growled soothingly. "'Twas only a joke an' maybe I kin square things up with ye—"

"Nawthin' will square me but five hundred dollars and puttin' me on th' land somewheres," howled Tony. "Do that and I'll say nawthin'—"

"Is there anythin' more y'd like?" enquired the other sarcastically. "You might mention it."

"Yes—you can give me some dry clothes. Your men tore my shirt to pieces pullin' me into the dory."

Mitchell had recovered from his fright by this time and his quick brain was working double-tides. His imagination suggested a plan which tickled his sense of humor and, at the same time, offered to get him out of the penalties threatened by his victim. He made a gesture of resignation and said glumly, "All right, Tony. You've got me clinched. Come down in th' cabin and we'll fix things up. Come along, boys, and see fair play 'twixt me an' Mister Tony!" And followed by the wondering gang, the skipper and the bedraggled peddler led the way aft.

"FIRST of all," said Mitchell mildly, as he sat on a locker, "ye want some dry clothes. Unfortunately, none of my duds 'ull fit ye or I'd be only too pleased to rig ye out. But I cal'late some of the boys 'ull oblige. Jake! Jest gimme that shirt ye bought off Mister Anderson the other day. That's it! Now, Tony, here's a shirt that'll fit ye. How'll that do?"

"That'll do fine, Cap'en," said the other as he hugged the stove.

"Good!" rumbled Mitchell, examining the shirt. "That's a beautiful, beautiful shirt. All wool but the buttons. Real flannel and hand embroidered. How much is it worth, Jake?"

"I paid a dollar for it," replied Jake, "but Tony says it's worth a dollar'n a half."

"Well then, Jake, if Mister Anderson says it's worth a dollar'n half, he shall have it for a dollar'n a half. Give Jake a dollar'n fifty cents, Tony, and you shall have the shirt."

Anderson's eyes opened wide in consternation. "D'ye mean I've gotter pay for that shirt, Cap'en?" he cried in amazement. "A dollar'n a half—?"

"Why, sartinly," boomed Mitchell indignantly. "Didn't Jake pay you for it? D'ye think Jake's a millionaire to be givin' his hard-earned shirts away for nawthin' and you able to pay for them? The idea! Give th' man a dollar'n a half."

"He only paid me a dollar for it," protested Tony.

"That don't matter. You said it's worth a dollar'n a half and it sure is. Ye couldn't buy another like that out here for five hundred dollars'n a half. This is sea-price, m'lad, and dirt cheap." And after an almost tearful argument on the peddler's part, Jake received the money.

"Now," continued Mitchell when that transaction was completed, "ye'll need a good pair of trousers. A good pair

*Continued on page 55*

# CANADA COUNTS NOSES

*By*

NICHOLAS NORTH



R. H. COATS.
**Dominion Statistician, under whose jurisdiction the Sixth Decennial Census of Canada is being taken.**

EARLY on the morning of June first next, Johnny Canuck will set forth with an indelible pencil over his ear and a bundle of crinkling blue printed forms under his arm. He will transform himself into a walking question-mark, knocking loudly at every door in his huge domain and politely demanding information of an intimate nature regarding every human being who slept under each and every roof the night before, even to the ruddy babe whose birth-cry has but barely announced the arrival of a new Canadian.

As a matter of official supposition, Johnny Canuck will count every living nose in the Dominion of Canada between sunrise and sunset on the day of June first, because all tabulations will be entered as matters existed in Canada on that date. As a matter of official fact, the Dominion bureau of statistics hopes to have the sixth census of Canada completed in one month from June 1st. Two weeks is the time allotted for gathering and turning in all data from cities and towns. Rural sections and unorganized districts will take twice the time allowed in the urban centers.

Public interest centers in one definite quest of the census-takers: *How many people will the census show to be living in Canada on June 1st; 1921?*

This is a question in whose answer every Canadian man, woman and school child will take a leading interest, though the matter of enumerating the people is but one of many national details included in the coming census.

### Expect to Count 9,000,000

AN UNOFFICIAL surmise, based on certain official indications, is that the population of the Dominion of Canada will be found to be somewhere around 9,000,000, more or less. The last Dominion census, taken in 1911, discovered 7,206,643 inhabitants. Even the best informed hesitate about making predictions. Old, experienced statisticians have seen distinct surprises uncovered in this work, the most unexpected on record following the census-taking of 1901. In that year, previous to the compilation of the returns it was generally conceded at Ottawa that the total enumeration would disclose a population well in excess of the 6,000,000 mark. But when every living human was counted, even to the dog-eating citizens of the Arctic fringe, it was found they totalled 5,371,000, and no more.

It is very difficult to maintain anything like an accurate estimate of the population of the Dominion between federal censuses, so statisticians state, principally on account of Canada keeping no official record of emigration—that is of people permanently leaving this country for the United States and elsewhere. A tragic incidental which must be taken into account in any forecast of present population is that between the year 1914 and 1918 fifty-five thousand of Canada's native and adopted sons marched off into the fog of war and never returned.

Census-taking in Canada is a tremendous task when the area to be covered is taken into consideration. In no other country on the face of the globe is the situation quite the same as in this Dominion with its centers of denser population strung along a southerly fringe 3,772 miles long and its whole nine million or more inhabitants scattered over an area of 3,729,665 square miles—slightly less than three persons to the square mile of territory.

But Johnny Canuck is not interested solely in counting the members of his family. He is as well curious to know what their aggregate wealth amounts to; not wealth in paper bank notes and metal coins, but the real and potential wealth that those things merely symbolize, such as land, implements, machinery, live stock, etc., and the various products brought forth from or through them. Details which the sixth census will incorporate are population: general agricultural schedules, records of garden production and live-stock in cities and towns and records of trading establishments in the Dominion, including stores, factories and all kinds of businesses.

If the plans of the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Sir George E. Foster, and Dominion Statistician R. H. Coats are carried out successfully this will be the most rapid and accurate census ever taken in the Dominion. As stated previously, it is expected the sixth census of Canada will be completed in one month's time; whereas in 1911 only ninety-seven per cent. of the whole work was finished at the end of August—three months after the work was initiated.

Several departures from the old system largely contribute toward making census-taking less intricate than formerly, not to mention the fact that the staff will be more efficiently manned. While the census commissioners will be less in number this time, the number of enumerators employed will be greater. In 1911 the government appointed 264 commissioners and 9,703 enumerators were employed by the latter; whereas, this year 240 commissioners have been appointed and these are empowered to employ 11,500 enumerators. In all but ten electoral districts a single commissioner is in charge and the ten larger districts have been divided, and apportioned each to two commissioners, there being 230 electoral districts all told in Canada. All the commissioners are appointed by the Department of Trade and Commerce and each commissioner is held responsible to the department for the work of the enumerators employed under him.

### New Department In Charge

THIS will be the first census taken in Canada under the jurisdiction of the Department of Trade and Commerce. Previous censuses were carried out under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture; in 1901 and 1911 with the late Hon. Sidney Fisher as minister and Dr. A. Blue as chief of the census department. With the change in departments came several other changes which will considerably lessen the amount of work each enumerator has to do. In the first place it was formerly the custom to take the whole census of the Dominion every ten years, including the industrial, fisheries, mining and general census. Now a great bulk of this work is attended to yearly by the provincial authorities in co-operation with the federal department. The result is that this time all that has to be taken care of is the population data and general agricultural schedules.

Mortality statistics are no longer included in the decennial census. These are now taken care of annually by the various provinces in co-operation with the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The Dominion bureau prints the forms and supplies them free to the provincial departments and the provincial authorities collect the information and supply a copy of the original forms with the blanks filled in to the bureau. Another feature of the old-time census removed from decennial work is the gathering of statistics with regard to national fisheries. Fisheries statistics are now collected annually in co-operation with the Department of Marine and Fisheries, the officials of the latter collecting the information and the Bureau of Statistics compiling the data for filing and reference purposes. The official reports on fisheries are printed by the bureau in collaboration with the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

The bureau has also entered into a co-operative agreement with the provincial departments of mines and a separate section of the bureau deals exclusively with data relating to mines and chemicals. Most of these co-operative arrangements between the federal authorities and the provincial departments were completed in the year 1918, so that they were brought into a state of efficiency before the actual labors on the sixth decennial census of Canada was begun. The removal of all this intricate detail from the hands of the federal census-takers is expected to make a considerable difference in the time and expense involved and to promote a higher degree of efficiency in gathering the facts and insure greater accuracy in tabulating them.

### Police and Factors to Help

CENSUS statistics in the hinterlands and unorganized territories of the Dominion are also taken care of on the co-operative basis. Members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Hudson's Bay factors and missionaries of the various denominations have been officially appointed by the Department of Trade and Commerce to take the census in the far-flung sections of the Dominion. Indian agents will take the census on the Indian reserves, a co-operative arrangement being entered into by the Bureau of Statistics with the Department of Indian Affairs similar in nature to that existing between the bureau and the Department of Marine and Fisheries.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics possesses inquisitorial powers in its quest for official information from the public in general, and the co-operating departments, census commissioners and enumerators, during the performance of their duties in connection with gathering statistics, are clothed with the same powers to compel answers; a refusal therefore on the part of any citizen of Canada to answer legitimate questions asked by a qualified enumerator would constitute an offence against the state. The enumerators, however, are only empowered to ask such questions as appear on the census forms they carry with them and every bona fide enumerator is supplied with a credential card bearing the signature of R. H. Coats, Dominion Statistician.

Six official forms are being used in the sixth census, and they are entitled, "Population," "Animal, Animal Products, Fruits, Etc., Not on Farms," "Census of Agriculture," "Individual Form—Population," "Census of Manufacturing, Trading and Business Establishments," and "Supplemental Schedule for the Blind and for Deaf-Mutes." Every enumerator is also supplied with two forms of postal card; the "Closed House Card" and the "Absentee Family Card," the first-named to be used in reporting closed houses or dwellings in cities and towns and the latter in reporting families occupying temporary homes or lodgings in the enumerator's sub-district. In each case the enumerator fills in the blanks on the back of the postal card, giving the name of the head of the family, number of persons in the family and their permanent post office address. After filling in the information he mails the card to the Bureau of Statistics at Ottawa, where the cards are filed for future attention.

THE form entitled "Population" demands the name of every person in the household, place of abode, tenure and class of home, personal description, nativity, citizen-

*Continued on page 53*

## CANADA WAS FIRST

*GETTING an approximate idea of the number of inhabitants in the country—in ancient times principally for military purposes—is a system that is as old as civilization itself. Nations whose glory rose and faded before the birth of Christ left behind records which show that they divided their territory up into military districts and made an official count of the men of military age in each district. Almost every succeeding civilization practised a similar method.*

*But in the northern half of this continent, now our own Dominion of Canada, the first systematic census of the people, later copied by other world nations, was taken, according to historians. An Australian authority says the first systematic enumeration was taken in what is now the province of Quebec in the year 1666. The details are told in this article on the Sixth Decennial Census of Canada.*



The premonition of unknown disaster strong upon him he seized her arm roughly. "Hey, what's the matter?"

# "Neighbor's" Wooing

*By* FRANCIS DICKIE

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE monikers, or nicknames, that men of the turf give to each other are at all times descriptive. From some caprice in dress, as "Silk Clad;" oddity of action, as the "Jiggles Kid;" or through geographic connection, as "Alabam;" or methods of dealing, as "Square Cut;" are these appellatives bestowed on men of the racing fraternity by each other.

So, not without reason, had the movers in that world invested George Thomas Harkness with the nomenclature of "Neighbor," for during that worthy's fifteen years of touting around the little and the great tracks of the American continent there was scarcely a jockey, bookmaker, owner, trainer or tout who had not at some time succumbed to Neighbor's wheedling story of need and handed out a loan. The amounts of these ranged from a two-bit piece to a finif note, and were never by any chance repaid. Yet Neighbor, persuasive, always convincing, continued to secure loans when needed, his creditors either forgetting past contributions, or giving up again out of sheer admiration for the Neighbor's histrionic powers.

Still a week distant was the opening date of the Pacific coast's biggest race meet—sixty days racing at Vancouver's Minoru Park. With this date and city large in mind, but separated therefrom by six hundred mountain miles, Neighbor sat in a soft chair in the big rotunda of the Empire Hotel, Calgary, playing idly with three two-bit pieces—all his capital. The last meet of the "bush" circuit ending disastrously for him two days previously in a little western town, he had come to the near prairie metropolis of Calgary by way of a horse car, through the indulgence of its owner. Even the box car route would have been acceptable to Neighbor the rest of the way to the coast city of Vancouver, but what horses had finished out the "bush" circuit were now in Calgary to stay; the better strings from here for entry at Vancouver having left long before.

PRESENTLY Neighbor looked up from his aimless fingering of the three silver pieces to the big rotunda clock. It was just 3.15, and the Oriental Limited left for the coast at nine that night.

He pondered the fact several moments; evolving from it a number of varied thoughts. The "short" for that six hundred mountain miles at four cents the mile was twelve dollars. Neighbor knew this from many former trips. Then there were the conductors to be considered; they were always an unknown quantity, more elusive than the algebraical X. Two passenger divisions must of necessity be covered, and, should one or other of the conductors not prove amenable to the "short"—a half fare payment made surreptitiously, which the conductor pocketed if he happened to be "right," which in the language of Neighbor meant dishonest—much more than this number of dollars would have to be given up. Too, the tout remembered there was the "hotel stakes," in which he was, to use his own expression, entered, to the extent of five whole dollars for board and lodging. In this matter, at least at this hotel, he did not care to shirk his obligations, it having been long a favorite though temporary home. While the clock ticked off fifteen precious minutes he pondered, going carefully over his long list of acquaintances in the city — bartenders, pool room proprietors, horse owners, and all the motley crew which circumstance and environment had brought him to know.

As the big timepiece tolled the half hour he rose; decision in his eyes, alert, he started on the rounds, mind fixed on that nine o'clock westbound train.

* * * *

At nine that evening, hotel bill paid, at peace with all the world, Neighbor swung on the platform of one of the first-class coaches of the Oriental Limited. In one pocket reposed sixteen folded one dollar bills. In the other, ten more under a wrapper which would have passed ordinary scrutiny as a hundred dollar note.

Long ago Neighbor had learned the potency of a "flash" bankroll in chance-come card games so common to railway journeys. But the precarious mode of living he followed, an extreme and mad extravagance when flush, tended to keep him in a financial state where even a "flash" bankroll was difficult of maintaining.

Necessity rowelling invention, however, had brought out the wonderful possibilities which lay in a one dollar bill when carefully supplemented by two cigar box customs stamps of the century denomination.

Leaving the hotel at three-thirty that afternoon, and never receiving more than fifty cents in one place, he had completed his tour of the town at exactly seven o'clock, thirty-two dollars richer, an ample proof of the wideness of his acquaintance, persuasive abilities and the fittingness of his name.

SUPPLIED with a surplus of cash, the card game possibilities had come quickly to his mind, causing him to devote the remaining time before his departure to changing the silver pieces he had collected into bills mostly of one dollar denomination, and the preparation of an opulent looking bankroll with part of them, one of the bills, the outer one, having been subjected to the before-mentioned treatment of two customs stamps off a cigar box containing one hundred cigars.

Thus fortified, Neighbor watched the lights of Calgary fade, his spirits close approaching ecstasy.

With still four days to spare Neighbor alighted from the Oriental Limited at Vancouver early in the afternoon. Neatly folded in one trouser pocket reposed two hundred odd dollars, the winnings from a card game which, hoped and prepared for, had materialized upon the trip. Some crisply new, others limply old, but all reassuring were these bills, making triumphant this entry into a desired city, and strengthening once more his conviction—which in months past had begun to weaken through a series of unfortunate happenings—that the battle goes not to the strong but to the crafty.

Unhampered with baggage he walked briskly down the platform and climbed the ascending side street leading to the main thoroughfare. Reaching this he stood on a corner waiting for a street car to carry him to Minoru Park, the city's justly famous mile track.

A jockey himself in the distant past, Neighbor recognized full well that jockeys were the real powers of turfdom; and since age and weight had turned him tout had always cultivated with care their acquaintance so that many times in the past a friendly word from one of them had notified him as to whether a certain horse was "trying" or in the "kan."

The value of such acquaintance still in mind, he now straightway following arrival was trackward bound. Presently a car came roaring down the street, and, with loud squeaking of brakes on wheels, jerked to a stop before him.

What Neighbor found out that afternoon by loitering around the orderly row of stables along the back stretch, and from crouching, stop-watch in hand, close to the finishing wire in the misty light of the next morning's dawn until a horse and rider had dashed past, was of much importance.

FOLLOWING this vigil, satisfied nothing necessitated further hanging around, and amply supplied with funds, making a bed in some extra stall unnecessary, Neighbor repaired to the city and to the Winters Hotel, long a home of the racing fraternity. Here, provided with luxury of a room with bath, in recent times denied him through a series of unfortunate endeavors, he remained in a state of saving and strict sobriety awaiting the opening of the race meet, his usual Indian-like nature restrained from blowing the late-come bankroll by the possibilities it contained if saved and used later in conjunction with his information gained at the track on the day following his arrival.

Early in the evening previous to the opening of the meet, as he was standing at the cigar stand in the rotunda scanning a yellow slip containing the overnight entries, the rustling of skirts caused him to look up. In his years of wandering around the continent, Neighbor had seen thousands of beautiful women from various stations of life without being unduly moved. But now, as he looked upon this one passing from the hotel entrance to the elevator, a strange unknown feeling crept over him; one he could neither define nor understand. The girl was of medium height, lithe, perfectly proportioned, quietly garbed in a plain tailor-made suit of blue, and a black sailor equally simple of design. To reach the elevator she had to pass quite near him, and he glimpsed momentarily a pair of big, soft brown eyes, clear, innocent, as was the face that held them; a face a perfect oval, clear-skinned, small of feature, delicate and refined.

UNASHAMED, Neighbor stared after her in open admiration. Even after she passed out of sight in the ascending elevator his eyes lingered with oddly preoccupied look upon the iron gratings of the shaft. Presently, gathering his wits, he made enquiry regarding her; but the night clerk, an old friend of the Neighbor, could tell him nothing other than her name was Lulu Brown and that she had registered three days previously from a little inland town.

The night was still young; the town held many allurements, yet Neighbor could not tear himself away from the hotel. Filled with hope that the girl might again come down he strolled aimlessly about the rotunda, turning anxious eyes toward the elevator on its each descending trip.

However, after an hour of this watching had proven fruitless, he gave it up and went slowly down into the heart of the city, in search of entertainment. But somehow tonight the endlessly moving people made him lonesome. He passed the picture-adorned lobby of a vaudeville house and the gaudy fronts of half a dozen picture theatres; and as he passed each one the coming desire to enter was overpowered by a restless something he could not understand: it was as though some unseen hand was moving him on. It irritated him, so strongly did it make itself felt upon him; yet, before he realized it he found himself turning his steps in the direction of the hotel which, though of good reputation, was but one block removed from the waterfront, and up and down the streets near it were wont to pass drunken, stake-spending sailors.

Turning the corner on to the street that led to the hotel he was startled by a woman's cry, and looking in the direc-

tion saw, fifty yards ahead, a feminine form backing into the doorway of an office building, while, close following, was a man drunkenly swaying, whose outstretched arms strove to embrace her.

WITH leaping strides Neighbor covered the distance intervening. Hearing his approach the intoxicated man turned from his quarry to meet suspected attack, but not quickly enough. Neighbor's short swung fist shot to the man's jaw, sending him spinning half around to fall to the pavement with the heaviness of a frozen log, his head striking the pavement with sound faintly audible.

Without a second glance, Neighbor turned from the fallen one to greet the distressed woman, who now stepped from the semi-darkness of the doorway into the light from the street lamp, half a block away. One glance at her and Neighbor's hat came off; but for a moment he could not speak, so joyful was his amazement. He had rescued Lulu Brown.

Then at last he managed to command his voice. "Say, you oughtn't to be out alone like this." He spoke actually with roughness; and neither words nor the tone were what he had wished to utter. The girl was about to answer when Neighbor, seeing signs of approaching life on the part of the fallen one, said: "Let's get on to the hotel!"

"Why, how do you know I am at a hotel?" There was an odd something of nervous startlement in her voice and manner; a suggestion of fear that even the knowledge that an unknown man was aware of her whereabouts hardly warranted.

But Neighbor was soaring to empyrean heights of ecstasy and did not notice. "Aw, I saw you." His tone was fatuous as a country bumpkin. For the first time in his life he failed to be captain of himself; was very awkward and embarrassed in the presence of a woman.

"All right; put on your hat and we'll go." There was a gentle raillery in her voice, though her eyes were steady, unsmiling; a guarded something and strange reserve filling them.

NOT until she spoke was Neighbor conscious he was standing twiddling his hat. He slammed it on almost angrily, and, falling into step, went on by her side in the direction of the hotel. But Neighbor, with fifteen years of living about a race track, was quick to regain his poise, a calm assurance that comes with depending on wits rather than work for a living.

"My name's Nei—" he caught himself just in time—"Harkness, G. T. Harkness." He said the words slowly, as one speaking of something unfamiliar. Even to him, who rightly claimed name and initials, they sounded strange, so long was it since he had heard them.

"And mine is. . . "

"Lulu Brown." Neighbor took the words out of her mouth. She turned on him a sharp and questioning glance; her eyes suspicious, appraising. "How do you know?"

"Why, I asked the clerk." Neighbor was at his ease now. The old calm effrontery that had carried him safely through many a dangerous encounter in the past, was his again, aiding him in this new game of love-making.

"But why did you ask the clerk?" Her tone was puzzled, but the suspicion and fear no longer was in evidence. Her whole manner was subtly as one who, coming upon a coiling snake believes it to he a rattler, but in the next moment, through closer inspection sees it as only a harmless garter.

"Well, I saw you, and I liked you; that's reason enough, isn't it? And that drunk back there deserves my thanks. I had to hit him, but just the same I think a whole lot of him."

"Oh!" The exclamation breathed volumes of a queer relief only absolute certainty brings.

THEY had almost reached the hotel entrance and Neighbor, suddenly confronted with the possibility of the acquaintance ending, rose nobly to the occasion.

"Say, are you working in town?"

"No, I just came in from the country. I'm a stenographer; but there doesn't seem to be much work here. At least I can't find any. I'm going to start out tomorrow and get a cheaper place to stay."

"Oh, put it off another day and come with me tomorrow and see the races."

"I don't think I should," there was that delicious indecision in her voice that invites urging. Then she added: "I shouldn't spare the time, and, and, well, I never was at a horse race in my life. My father is an elder in the church and he's very much opposed to such things. So, I guess I'd better not go."

The entrance door gleamed before them. But Neighbor, refusing to be robbed thus quickly of his prize, and, lacking the finer training common to men of higher society which would have forbidden such action, as he swung open the portal, ventured boldly: "It's not late yet, let's go up to the parlor and talk it over." She did not immediately answer, so, interpreting her silence to suit himself, he stepped into the elevator with her, bidding the boy to stop at the first floor. "The parlor is right at the end of the hall," he said as the car came to a stop, and gently took her arm. Unprotesting she allowed herself to be guided down the the hall to the big parlor.

The parlor, like all such sanctuaries allotted to Madame Grundy, was big, bare, lone, depressing in spite of the elegance and grandeur of the furniture. They are always so the world over; whether situate in the newest of great city hostelries or in boarding houses conducted by that lady relic of ancient Southern family, their chilling air is the same. But the tout under the spell of two big brown eyes saw nothing but the eyes and face and form before him; the room and its appointments were inconsequential, passing unnoticed.



Hardly breathing, Neighbor clutched the pickets. Could she make it first? Then, the question still unanswered, they swept past him. And Egret's nose was in front.

They talked of many things, but not until Lulu had given her promise to attend with him the opening day of the race meeting. And then, many minutes later after they had talked the usual empty nothings common to people meeting for the first time; there came suddenly to Neighbor the great idea. It flashed into his mind apropos of nothing, and with compelling force. With this uppermost in his mind this chance meeting with the girl took on strange significance. Superstitious to a degree, like all track followers, he now read into this occurrence the direct working of Destiny for his benefit.

Working on a hint dropped by a friendly jockey he had followed this up and learned something big with possibilities in his short sojourn at the track. He had "clocked" Egret, an unknown two-year-old, in an early morning tryout. In this she had done a mile in the fast time of 1.39. She was one of the entries for the big race of the meeting on the second day, the Fraser River Cup race, the purse a thousand dollars. With a speed like this she came as near being a certain winner as it is possible for a certainty to be in the racing game. Neighbor knew all the other horses entered, and not one of them had ever done a mile within a second and a half of this time. And Neighbor—arguing that being an unknown, sure to be at a long price in the books, and in a race where the purse alone was well worth winning, her owner would undoubtedly send the horse out to win—was willing to take a chance her running would be on the square. He had thought out many plans of procedure during the past days as to how to place his two hundred dollars upon the mare, but without success. The mare was bound to be at a long price. Of this he was certain—perhaps thirty or forty to one. But he was known

*Continued on page 59*



"All you got to do is lay the money on Egret in the last race the second day."

# THE SLANT-EYED MAN



The second Chinaman stooped and lifted her . . . and carried her close to the trap-door through which she had come.

BEING THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF STORIES OF

## The GATES of TIEN T'ZE

By LESLIE HOWARD GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

DON'S prophecy was not strictly fulfilled, however. One whole month elapsed before anything occurred to remind them that the organization of Tien T'ze still existed.

During that month the case of the police against the household of the deceased Sir Trevor Warrington collapsed, suddenly, mysteriously. The hearing was adjourned, leaving the Press and public with a moral certainty of sensational developments when it should be resumed again, yet when it was resumed the case against the accused persons was withdrawn. Further, though this, of course, was a side which the public knew nothing of, Don and Kyrle, who had been warned as witnesses for the prosecution, were never called.

The mystery of the breakdown in the case remained so for some days; then the solution fairly hurled itself upon Don and Kyrle.

The assassination of Patrick Leverton had revived in Donald Craig's brain the dangerous and fascinating lust to hunt down the solution of the queer organization of Tien T'ze, and, as was ever the case, Don's enthusiasm had communicated itself to Kyrle Durande. It was therefore an evening of joyous triumph for both of them when Donald Craig returned to his house in Hampstead after replying in person to a courteously worded note from Bruce McIvor, Superintendent of the Criminal Investigation Department; for Bruce McIvor had put forward the unique proposal that Don should place himself at the disposal of the Superintendent for the very purpose of smashing that same Tien T'ze, and, of course, what Don undertook Kyrle undertook also. Expectantly, therefore, the two sat in Don's study at eight-thirty in the evening awaiting the promised visit from the Superintendent himself. The time set for the visit was eight forty-five, and at two minutes to that time Kyrle was set agoggle with excitement by the sound of a panting automobile engine on the drive, and a moment later the whirring of the front-door bell.

BRUCE McIVOR, when he was shown into the study, proved to be a tallish man of perhaps thirty-five, well groomed, and with just a hint of the army officer in his clipped toothbrush moustache and upright carriage. He acknowledged Don's introduction of Kyrle with a quiet bow, and having been ensconced in an arm-chair and fortified with a really excellent cigar, plunged into the business in hand.

"It is not necessary for us," he said, "to discuss again the hypothetical details of the organization. You, Mr. Craig, were the first to introduce the matter to our notice, and our own subsequent enquiries all point to the assumption that the organization only differs from a hundred other such criminal bodies in two material details: in its scope it is apparently world-wide, and its members seem for the most part to be Chinamen. Sufficient, then, to say that as a criminal body it is considered so important a menace that I have received instructions from the highest authority to handle personally all matters connected with it. Now, you believe, do you not, that the executive part of Tien T'ze's work is in the hands of four lieutenants, named after the four principal gates to the Imperial City in Peking—namely, 'Wu Men,' 'Tung An Men,' 'Hou Men,' and 'H'si An Men'?" Don nodded, and the Superintendent continued. "In that case," he said, "perhaps this may interest you." He took from his pocket-book a short strip of kinematograph negative and handed it to Don.

Don held the little strip up to the light and squinted through it, while Kyrle ran from her seat and looked over his shoulder. The strip contained three complete pictures and part of a fourth; each picture showed a large head and shoulder portrait of a man—technically known as a "close up"—and the man was presumably a Chinaman, but that which focused the attention was not so much the head as the background. This background was presumably a light-colored wall, and sketched upon it appeared in greyish lines a rough St. Andrew's Cross encircled by an irregular ellipse, while against the lower left-hand arm of the cross stood a rough star.

Don handed the negative back.

"Undoubtedly it is the sign of Tien T'ze," he said; "it is an exact duplicate of one drawn by poor old Pat Leverton before they got him, and if Pat was right that star represents the 'H'si An Men' branch of the organization."

"Exactly," McIvor replied. "A fire occurred last night under rather suspicious circumstances at the studio of the Diamond Motion Picture Company, who had just finished filming a picture of which this is a portion; the rest of the picture is completely destroyed, but fortunately this portion was found beneath a fallen piece of masonry."

"You think that it's because of this picture the studio caught fire?" Kyrle questioned.

McIvor smiled.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I'm not very interested in the fire, except that it seems to have furnished us with this clue to a possible meeting-place or headquarters of a branch of Tien T'ze. The fire may have been an accident; the fact that the body of the night watchman was found with the head badly smashed at some little distance from the fire rather suggests that it wasn't, but, after all, he may have been hit by a falling beam and crawled to the point where he was found. The point which immediately concerns us is the diagram on the wall. Unfortunately, the affair is rather complicated for us by the fact that no fewer than five separate spots around Limehouse were used for this particular portion of the picture; it seems that the producer was trying for a certain light effect, and whenever he happened to be near a suitably colored wall at a time when the light was just as he wanted it, he put his actor in position and took a few feet of exposure. The whole five sections were shown to him at the same time; he selected one and destroyed the others, but he has no means of telling at which precise spot the selected negative was taken. Further, he swears that on none of the walls which he photographed was there any mark; he needed a perfectly plain wall, and he felt certain that he had got it until this piece of negative was shown him. Incidentally this is one of the discarded portions, and therefore if Tien T'ze fired the studio in order to prevent it from going to the public, they had their trouble for nothing, and brought to our notice a clue which otherwise we should never have got hold of. However, as I say, the fire and its causes are of no immediate importance; what I came here for to-night was first of all to ask you two whether, after further consideration, you are prepared to undertake the dangerous mission of hunting down this Tien T'ze?"

Don smiled quietly.

"Mr. McIvor," he answered, "you are at the moment appearing to us in the light of a fairy godmother. You are putting us in the way of realizing a dream of our lives."

McIvor nodded solemnly.

"I'm glad you look at it like that," he replied. "I've got an idea that we shall need all the enthusiasm we can work up before we finish with the job." He stopped for a moment, and his eyes rested speculatively on Kyrle. "I rather hesitate in drawing you into this, Miss Durande," he added.

KYRLE'S eyes twinkled.

"You'll hesitate a great deal more if you don't," she said. "You've no idea how useful I can be when I want."

"You fully realize that you will be exposed to very formidable dangers from the moment that you undertake this work?" he pointed out.

"Mr. McIvor,"—Kyrle spoke very seriously now—"I have shared very formidable dangers with Don in almost every part of the map which is left blank. Call it ignorance if you like, but really I'm not scared of Tien T'ze."

McIvor nodded with energetic satisfaction.

"Then," he said, "we'll confirm the compact. We start work to-morrow morning exploring for some sign of that diagram. We'll meet at Stepney Station at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Come dressed in a way that will enable us to go anywhere."

Don grinned.

"That'll be easy," he answered; "we've done it before. Kyrle becomes a lady just hovering on the verge of respectability, and I become a certain Mr. Chip Hamel, a down-east Yankee sailor, who is in town to dispose of a doubtful cargo."

"Splendid!" McIvor rose to his feet. "Then look out for Mr. Harry Todd, who buys just such cargoes. Good-night."

As far as Don and Kyrle were concerned the search in Limehouse was a frost, but Bruce McIvor manifested a lively interest in a certain little tobacco-shop which stood at the entrance to a blind alley, and the two accepted his judgment.

THE little tobacco-shop stood at the corner of a main thoroughfare and a blind alley. Viewed by day, it was just a dingy little shop, and now—at nine-thirty in the evening—it was a dimly-lit, frowsy hole, breathing an atmosphere of squalor and dejection rather than of vice and crime. Occasionally a hunched figure crept from its dim doorway into the rather better illumination of the main road, hovered for a moment in the yellow light of street lamps, and then dissolved into some black gash of a doorway or a passage.

In the main thoroughfare, some hundred yards from the shop, a taxi drew up at the curb beneath the arc light of a public-house and disgorged two men and a girl. One of the two men, a flashily-dressed individual resplendent in much cheap jewellery and a rolled-gold watch-chain, paid the taxi-man and passed through the swing-doors into the bar, leaving for a moment the second man and the girl still on the pavement. This latter couple took, perhaps, a trifle more placing than he who was obviously their leader. Of the two, the man, perhaps, was the easier to locate; the chances were that he was a seafaring man; his clothing was rough, and his face, though showing some faint trace of good looks, was seamed into lines which had never been set

there by the clean things of life. Now he caught the girl by the arm, and with a little jerk checked the momentary hesitation which she had shown in following in the wake of him who had gone before.

"Say, you aint scared of this hop-joint, kid?" the man questioned, with an accent which would have revealed his nationality without the aid of his words.

The girl glanced at him from under her brows a trifle doubtfully, then she twisted her arms from his grasp.

"Scared, no," she answered tersely; then, with a movement betokening either desperation or an abandonment to fate, she dashed open the doors and passed into the stale atmosphere within. Close behind her lounged the seafaring man, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes sharp and quick-moving.

IN THE glaring light of the saloon the seafaring man lolled back against the bar and studied the company dispassionately; each person in turn he subjected to a slow, insolent glance. Starting with the girl beside him, his gaze moved slowly over her close-knit, clean-cut figure clad in the short skirt and grey, close-fitting sweater which her flung-back coat revealed, and perhaps his eyes rested on her a trifle longer than on the rest of the company; from her, however, his scrutiny passed at last to the flashily-dressed individual on the other side of her, and then over the others.

For the most part, they were not a pretty lot, these others—wharf-rats, water-rats, all rats, he decided—rats, and some not even such clean vermin, the crushed, the dejected, the cowed, the vicious, the slugger, and the poisonous kind of reptile who slithered nastily through the dark places and struck savagely from unseen corners; they were all here, mixed, perhaps, with a smattering of desperately poor but fairly honest drifters, but only a smattering.

The flashily-dressed individual had ordered drinks and immediately entered into a discussion with his companion, while the girl leaned her shoulders against the bar so that she was facing the door. For perhaps half an hour the discussion between the two proceeded in a kind of rapidly-increasing crescendo of tensity. It was an obscure discussion touching cargoes and commissions, and very soon it grew obvious that a breach of the peace was imminent; already the bar-tender was glancing frequently and anxiously in the direction of the two; then the swing-doors parted and a man entered.

He was a tall man, above the average, and his clothing was just a trifle cleaner than that of the other occupants of the bar. Yet at first glance it was difficult to say why he caught and held the attention as he undoubtedly did. To the girl standing between the two disputants, his entrance appeared to have no special interest; she glanced at him casually, and then—she looked again. He was abreast of her now and passing up the long bar-room; his movements had a certain dignity about them, and at the same time a certain lithe grace; he was a youngish man, black-haired and sallow-complexioned; then suddenly she placed him—he was a Chinaman. His features were finely cut for an Oriental, his skin only faintly yellow, yet there was no mistaking the eyes with their upward tilt of the outer corners. She turned to watch him up the room, and in doing so she trod on the flashily-dressed man's foot, but that latter was too engaged in his argument to notice her. The Chinaman passed on and up to a small door labelled "Smoking-Room;" through this door he disappeared.

THE discussion now reached its climax, abruptly words ceased between them, the flashily-dressed man brushed the girl out of his way and stepped close to the seafaring man; for a moment they stood glaring into each other's eyes, then with a sudden movement the flashily-dressed man turned away and moved higher up the bar. The other laughed wickedly.

"Wisest thing you could 'a' done, Todd, my son," he remarked to the retreating figure; "you can't start no rough-house with Chip Hamel an' get away with it, not by one hell of a long way." Then he turned back to the bar and ordered another drink.

Todd moved up the long room until he was as far from Chip as he could get, then he sauntered in at the smoke-room door. As the door closed behind him, Todd glanced around the room; its only other occupant was the yellow-faced man, who sat in a corner drinking something from a wine-glass. Todd nodded to him cheerily.

"Evening, mister," he said; "hope I don't intrude."

The sallow-faced man gave a little indefinable gesture.

"Not in the least," he answered politely.

Todd sank into a chair beside him.

"Fairly warm in here, aint it?" he remarked conversationally.

The sallow-faced man admitted that it was.

"Lot more comfortable than sitting in the public bar," Todd pursued.

The sallow-faced man agreed.

Chip had been drinking deeply, and Todd had kept pace with him, though the fact was a little less apparent in Todd. Now he made one last desperate appeal to engage his new-found companion in conversation.

"Have a drink?" he asked.

The sallow-faced man was obliged; he already had one.

TODD rose to his feet, and, moving to the little window which gave into the bar, he demanded a large whisky and splash. With the glass in his hand he returned to his seat and sat down heavily, so heavily that the whisky lopped over the rim of the glass and splashed on to his clothing. Todd swore uncertainly, and pulling out his handkerchief proceeded to rub his trouser leg; but with the handkerchief came something else—a small light-colored object which fell on to the polished floor with a little rattle. At the sound Todd ceased his rubbing and looked around for the object, but he failed to find it until, raising his eyes a little, he discovered that the sallow-faced man was holding it out to him. It was a small rectangle of ivory, and bore, carved on one face, a St. Andrew's Cross surrounded by an ellipse. Hastily Todd recovered his property and thrust it into a waistcoat pocket, then he looked at the sallow man's face.

The slant eyes were fixed on his expressionlessly.

Todd laughed uncomfortably.

"A charm," he explained, "brings me luck. Silly idea, isn't it? Wouldn't have lost it for worlds. Given me by an old friend, dead now, poor chap. Sentiment, silly idea." He laughed again, took a deep drink, and looked at the sallow-faced man once more. Still the slant eyes were on him, and still they were expressionless, the face a blank.

"Have a drink?" Todd suggested again hurriedly.

For a full minute longer the slant eyes never wavered. Then the sallow-faced man spoke.

"Sentiment is not foolish," he said, "but superstition is. How can luck affect our lives when all gates lead to. . . . ."

Came just the suspicion of a pause, and in that fractional pause Todd saw daylight.

"Tien T'ze," Todd whispered quickly, —"all gates lead to Tien T'ze."

Still with his face expressionless the sallow-faced man nodded.

"Which gate do you go by?" he asked.

"Tung An Men," Todd replied; "and you?"

"H'si An Men," the sallow-faced man answered.

"Good!" Todd hitched his chair forward, all signs of drunkenness gone from him now. "I thought you might be when I saw you come in. Now, see here, I need help: can I have it?"

Came again that indefinable gesture from the sallow-faced man.

"Perhaps," he said—"for what purpose?"

TODD leaned closer still.

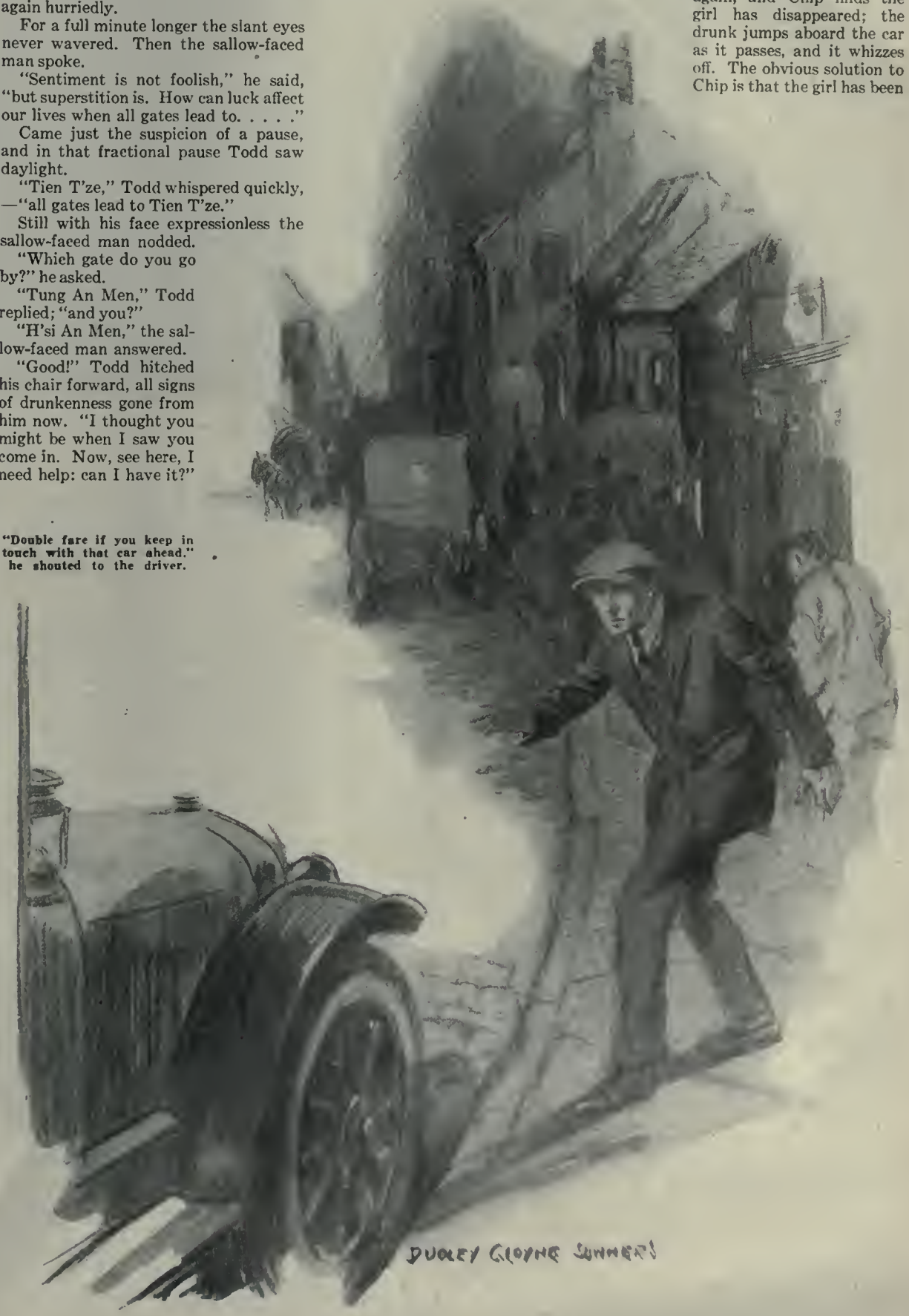
"There is not room for you and me and that man out in the bar there, the tall fellow who looks like a seafaring man and calls himself Chip Hamel," he explained. "He got into touch with me this evening—Lord knows how—over a supply of opium he said he's just landed. And with credentials from a trusted source, too, but they were forged most likely. Anyhow, I'm telling you he's no more a 'hop-dealer' than the King of England; he's a 'tec,' that's what he is, and he's got to be got out of the locality."

Very faintly the sallow-faced man smiled.

"Violence so near home is not good policy," he remarked.

Todd nodded energetically.

"I'm with you there," he agreed; "the disappearance of a detective around here would just about put the lid on it, but there's another way.. Suppose things happened like this; when he and the girl leave here an automobile runs up and stops a few steps behind them; a fellow who seems to be pretty drunk comes along and cannons into this so-called Chip Hamel, there's a little scrummage, the drunken fellow breaks away, at the same moment the car starts again, and Chip finds the girl has disappeared; the drunk jumps aboard the car as it passes, and it whizzes off. The obvious solution to Chip is that the girl has been




"Double fare if you keep in touch with that car ahead," he shouted to the driver.

carried off in the car; he'll follow it; we'll contrive that he shan't lose the trail, and we'll lead him somewhere out of harm's way."

"And the girl?" the sallow-faced man questioned.

"She stays," Todd replied, "here, right in the heart of things for a time."

Slowly the slant eyes took on just the vestige of an expression, just the feeblest ghost of amusement.

"It is terrible to contemplate how readily Tung An Men sheds blood," the sallow-faced man remarked; then he rose to his feet. "Detain Chip Hamel for ten minutes," he said, and passed out into the bar.

Ten minutes later Todd gave over his further attempt to renew friendly relations with Chip Hamel, and that latter, accompanied by the girl, passed out into the street.

CONTRARY to what is usually the case, the transition from the warm atmosphere of the bar to the cool of the night appeared to sober Chip, for he moved beside the girl with a steady step. Thirty seconds of walking brought them to the little tobacco-shop at the mouth of the blind alley. And here it happened. A closed automobile snorted up to the curb behind them, and at the same time a filthily clad individual cannoned right into Chip; in less than a second the seafaring man found himself embroiled in a scrap which terminated as suddenly as it had begun. His adversary broke away from him, the closed automobile roared into activity again, shot past them, and in passing received Chip's attacker on its step as neatly as if he had been placed there. Then Chip made the discovery; the girl was gone. He wasted no breath in shouting for assistance; the attack and the retreating car told their own tale. He whirled in his tracks and looked about him. Crawling opportunely towards him out of the gloom was a taxi. He hailed it and leapt aboard.

"Double fare if you keep in touch with that car ahead," he shouted to the driver, "and a fiver for yourself."

The unclean lines had smoothed out of "Chip Hamel's" face now, and he had lost his strong American accent, but in place his mouth had taken on a firm set, and behind the grey of his eyes lurked a light the nature of which it was difficult to determine.

KYRLE DURANDE lay face downwards in the cellar of a house in the alley at the rear of the tobacco-shop, with a gag between her teeth and her wrists bound behind her back.

The part she had to play was a difficult one. McIvor had decided that someone must enter the tobacco-shop and collect information, and his scheme had been to gain admittance for Kyrle under the guise of using her as a means for removing Don. Now that she was here it remained for her to escape from her cellar and explore the house in which she was, before the police raid, which McIvor had arranged, should take place. To do this she had exactly two hours, and she realized that she must do just the right thing at just the right time if disaster was not to overtake McIvor's daring campaign and incidentally herself. She knew McIvor's time-table by heart, and therefore she was able to time her own actions, but the danger lay either in her miscalculation of time or in McIvor's time-table being thrown out of gear. The latter was beyond her control, but the former she tried to render as unlikely as possible by a careful and monotonous counting of seconds. Her aim must be to keep quiet until the last possible moment, and then, allowing herself a narrow margin before the police raid, to escape from her place of confinement, to make as complete a survey of the house as possible, and to avoid being caught, as eventually she must be caught, until such time as the speedy arrival of the police should save her from the resentment of H'si An Men's confederates. To this end she lay still on the cellar floor and carefully counted away one hour and a half, then she acted.

When she had been seized a cloth had been thrown over her head, so that she had not seen by what route she had been conveyed to the cellar. Once in the cellar, however, the cloth had been removed. She had been gagged and her wrists had been bound behind her back with a short length of stout cord, otherwise she was not secured in any way, and therefore to free her hands was a simple matter, more especially as she had concealed in the pocket of her coat,



Kyrle drew back hurriedly . . . from the two huddled bodies.

as a precaution against just such a situation, a long-bladed hunting-knife. With a little manipulation she extracted the knife from her pocket and sawed at the rope; in a moment it gave. She climbed to her feet, freed her mouth of the gag, and then began a careful exploration of the cellar, aided by an electric torch, without which she never allowed herself to embark on anything.

THE rays of the torch established nothing of interest. She was in a very ordinary-looking cellar, from which a short flight of stone steps led up to a trap-door. Propping her torch in a corner so that its rays were away from the trap-door, she swiftly divested herself of her coat. It might be necessary at any moment now for her to resort to very quick movement, which the heavy coat would hamper. Then, holding her torch in one hand, she slowly mounted the stone steps until her head was brushing the trap-door. Here she halted, and thrusting the torch into the pocket of her skirt she listened intently. From the room above came not a breath of sound. Raising her hands, she pressed gently on the trap-door; it was heavy, but not secured in any way, and it gave upwards to her pressure. Very slowly she raised it until one edge was an inch above the flooring, then she stopped and listened again. The crack around the edge of the trap revealed that no light burned in the room above. Quietly she raised the trap until the aperture was sufficiently wide for her to squeeze through. Once in the dark room, she closed the trap again and strained her eyes through the darkness. On one side she could make out the faint rectangle of a window. Cautiously she felt her way towards it and looked out. The immediate foreground was in deep gloom, but she decided that she was looking out on to a small square yard at the end of which a low wall obscured all but a narrow strip of the river which flowed beyond it. On the far bank of the river a lone pinpoint of light sent a little pencil of gold across the water. She turned from the window, and taking out the electric torch she carefully covered the lens with her hand and then switched on the light; very cautiously she allowed a tiny beam to play round the room. It was empty, and looked to have been so for generations; the rotting wallpaper was hanging in strips and corners from the walls, a fall of soot and plaster choked the fireplace and had blown in across the floor until it had completely carpeted it with a coating which showed her own footprints clearly. Certainly, she decided, this room had remained undisturbed for some considerable period, but even as she came to this decision she altered it. The prying gleam of the torch had picked up something which took her swiftly and quietly across the room. As she had stood, with her back to the window, she had been facing a door set in the opposite wall; now, by the aid of the torch, she discovered that from this door, across the corner of the room, ran a narrow strip of flooring which had been swept clean, as a crossing is swept across a muddy road.

Two conclusions seemed possible to account for this: a heavy package might have been dragged across the floor, or the dust might have been deliberately cleared in order that people might pass and repass without leaving footmarks; the former was perhaps the more nearly probable of the two, yet both seemed to be fairly improbable, since while one end of the swept path terminated by the door, the other fetched up short against one wall. She crossed to this point and examined the wall with the utmost care, and when she had finished she was prepared to swear that there was no concealed door there. Yet someone had walked along that strip of swept floor very recently, for a closer examination of it revealed a single track of footsteps, the wet mud of which had not yet dried.

Recklessly now she flashed the torch about her. The room was entirely empty, the walls were solid, the floor also, except for the one trap-door through which she had come, and which was in the opposite corner of the room to the swept path. There seemed only one explanation: whoever had owned the muddy boots had gone upwards, through a concealed trap in the ceiling. Yet how? Possibly by means of a ladder lowered from above. She turned the torch on the ceiling, and this idea took stronger possession of her. The ceiling was papered, and the design on the paper took the form of large squares; also, the paper on the ceiling was intact, while that of the walls was coming away in strips. She determined that she must find some means of examining that ceiling. The easiest way seemed to be to go outside the room and ascend the stairs to the room above.

SHE tiptoed softly to the door, listened for a moment, and then pushed it open. The narrow hall was in darkness, and once again her torch revealed the extreme of dilapidation. She turned towards the stairs and then stopped in her tracks. From the fifth step to the top of the flight the whole lot had collapsed in a jumble of rotten wood, bricks, and plaster; it was impossible to reach the first floor of the house that way.

She thought swiftly for a moment, then she went back to the room and once more examined the swept path across the floor. Foot by foot she went over it until she came to a point where the man with the muddy boots had stopped, the toes of his boots actually touching the wainscoting. Then she got another brain-wave. She placed her feet directly over the last two footprints and exerted a steadily increasing pressure of her toes; the effect was almost instantaneous. A short section of boarding right against the wainscoting gave beneath her pressure, while simultaneously one of the square sections of the ceiling hinged back and a rope ladder descended, yet through this aperture no glimmer of light showed. Unhesitatingly, Kyrle stepped on to the bottom rung of the ladder and ascended, having first once more extinguished her torch. She went steadily up until with her hand she felt the edge of the aperture in the ceiling; then she stopped for a moment to listen.

Perhaps the thing about the house which was most trying to her nerves was the absolute silence; the atmosphere of death and decay seemed to pervade every corner, and was in no wise relieved by the smoothly-working piece of mechanism which she was making use of; not a breath of sound entered from the outside. Even this person whose footprints she had found had moved above her head so silently that she had heard no whisper of the sound of his passing. And now, when every law of probability told her

*Continued on page 49*

# PEACOCK'S PINNACLE:

By M. O. Hammond

RESPONSIBILITY has dogged every footstep in the lifetime of E. R. Peacock, and, because he was not fearful of it, but accepted it, he has risen from a poor boy in a Glengarry County parsonage to be a director of the Bank of England. This is the highest honor that can be conferred upon any Canadian in the active financial life of the Empire, and it is the consensus of opinion of Mr. Peacock's friends that he has achieved it by his integrity, his business acumen and by his sense of the responsibility attaching to a man in a position of trust. Such a directorship is at the top of financial honors in old London, for the Bank of England is the greatest financial institution in the world, one whose policies and decisions are still scrutinized in all countries, no matter what nation may for the time possess the most gold.



E. R. PEACOCK,

**A Canadian who has risen from a bare-foot boy in a Glengarry county parsonage to a director of the Bank of England. He reached this final financial pinnacle a few days ago.**

Every Thursday a silk-hatted procession of directors, finding their way into Threadneedle Street, past red-coated commissionaires, file into the ancient room overlooking the old graves in St. Christopher's churchyard, and hold a "court," as their regular meetings are called. One of their first duties is to consider the Money Rate, and, when this has been settled, it is written out and posted on the outside of the door of the "court" room, and immediately flashed to the ends of the earth by the correspondents who have been waiting.

The Bank of England, although not a state institution in ownership, dates from 1694, when it was formed to help William III finance his war with France. Its great duty consists in handling the colossal fiscal operations of the Government: managing the public debt, receiving Government revenues, and making various payments, and in operating mainly as a bankers' bank. No bankers sit on its Board, which is composed largely of merchants and business men of the highest standing. Its duty has been lightly rhymed by a London poet, who in lines to "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," as the Bank is often called, said:

"I help in making ends to meet; I take the British balance-sheet
And hem its ragged edges;
I stitch and stitch, nor ever sleep, my busy needle fain to keep
The word that England pledges."

All this is a long way from the struggles of a fatherless boy in a remote village of eastern Ontario. It was E. R. Peacock's fate to be left the head of his family at the age of ten, and the responsibility which came to him then was shouldered and borne, like an infinity of other duties in the years that followed. The hamlet of Indian Lands was the scene of his father's laborious duties as a Congregational minister, but the father, a brilliant preacher, but often careless of his own health, became at forty-one the victim of an earlier accident, and left his wife and four small children to battle their way through the world. It was not until Edward was twelve that he entered a public school, though he had already begun serious reading. In those days no mothers' allowances were provided by a kindly State, and it was a rough road for any bereaved family with self-respect and ambition. Shepherded and encouraged by a remarkable mother, who still lives in Toronto, the little flock was moved to Almonte, where began the education and home study which was to lead to such better things. "Aunt Jane," as Mrs. Peacock was known far and wide in Glengarry, moved to Almonte and proceeded to make her way and educate her small flock, and it fell to young Eddie to help round the house when his chums would fain have him on the playground.

### "When a Feller Needs a Friend"

A HUMORIST might picture this scene as, "When a feller needs a friend," but Edward Peacock accepted it as one of the obligations of his serious life, and went ahead. He threw himself into earning as much as he could in the time that could be spared from school, in order to lighten his mother's burden in educating the family. During this period of small revenues and increasing requirements, young Peacock undertook many humble tasks, the doing of which made possible his own education at Queen's University, where he graduated a double gold-medallist, and enabled his family to grow up in moderate comfort. Now we see him acting as secretary of the country fair, at another time he edited the Almonte *Gazette*, again he shovelled peas in an elevator, and perhaps most unique experience of all he worked as a motorman on a Montreal street car. After this work had proceeded for three weeks, the line ceased operation, and the green motorman, who so badly needed the money, was not even paid for his services. Such an experience, far from embittering the youth, was cherished in later years, through a sense of humor, as one of his most precious episodes for the close contact it gave him with an unfamiliar element of life.

Before the present variety of employments for the college man opened up in Canada, the transfer to school-teaching was the usual experience, and E. R. Peacock on leaving Queen's at 24, and after a course in pedagogy, took a position as a master at Upper Canada College, Toronto, in 1895. He remained there for seven years, and during the last five was senior house-master. Here he showed his understanding of boys, as he later revealed his discernment of men. It was not a case of strict discipline, except when discipline was essential and the senior boys were charged with certain duties in keeping the juniors in order. If a young boy wanted to smoke, the chances were he was invited to the master's room and presented with a green cigar to be smoked in the master's presence, and the incident immediately lost its glamor. When the master was chosen captain of the college rifle corps, he entered into its duties with the same zeal that he put into everything else, and devoted a summer's holiday to a course at Stanley Barracks. Spare time while at Upper Canada was fully employed, and in 1898 Mr. Peacock published a book, "Trusts, Combines and Monopolies," followed two years later by a text-book on Canada, half a million copies of which were taken by the British Government for use in Old Country schools. These ventures into research and economics apparently were paving the way for a new field, and by 1902 young Peacock had concluded that for family reasons he ought to enter the field of finance.

### Six Months Before He Sold a Bond

WITHOUT pull, without wide acquaintance in finance, he discussed it with his friends, and then personally sought E. R. Wood, told him his story and was taken on at once as private secretary by the head of Dominion Securities Corporation. Mr. Wood has started many young financiers on successful careers, and doubtless Mr. Peacock's achievements stand high among his causes for pride. It is said that the young recruit entered the bond business at a lower salary than he was receiving as a teacher at Upper Canada, but he was prepared to take his chances in learning the business and pursuing it to a profitable result.

It was not long before he had a chance to go "on the road" as a bond salesman, and truthful contemporaries say that it was six months before he sold his first bond. All this time, however, he was studying his new business, mastering the facts regarding various securities, and learning the greatest lesson of all, the study of mankind. His business took him all over Canada, and to many parts of the United States; everywhere he made fast friends and held them. The salesman of a rival bond house entering an Ontario town the other day canvassed a certain local investor only to learn that that man had been tied up to Dominion Securities ten years ago by E. R. Peacock, and he would not change now.

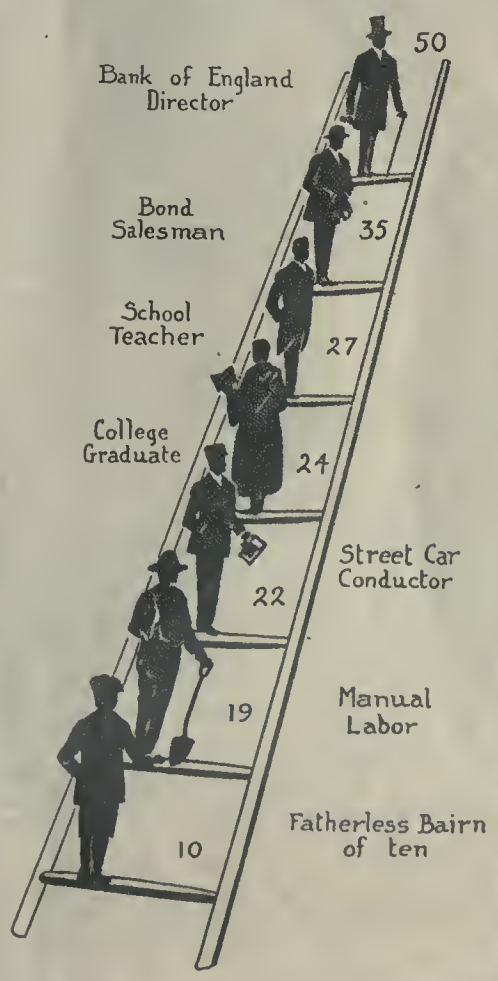
We may picture the serious-minded, energetic young bond salesman as he travelled his great "beat," sought out the conservative investors and told them the merits of certain chosen securities, and incidentally admitted drawbacks in some in his desire to be frank. We can picture him also as he waited between trains, sometimes visiting his clients, and talking intimately with them, and sometimes buried in a prospectus or a book of economics which would contribute to his own mental upbuilding. Years later he confided to another young bond man, entering upon the same career, a bit of healthy advice, when he said:

"You already know the principles of salesmanship generally. In the case of the sale of bonds, you will understand that confidence is of even greater importance than in most selling operations, because the amounts involved are usually fairly large, and they relate in many cases to the private affairs of an investor, which he will not disclose to anyone whom he does not trust thoroughly. It is important, therefore, that you should get to know your clients fairly well, and inspire their confidence. How to do that is something which cannot be put down in words. It arises largely out of personality and knowledge of men and affairs. To be a really good bond salesman, you must know the essentials of the bond you are selling, the security behind it, the strong points and the weak points."

It is not to be inferred from this letter that Mr. Peacock was a financier and nothing more. He had little time for recreation, but he thoroughly believed in athletics, and was himself devoted to golf, walking and sailing, when opportunity offered. For some years he was owner with Frank M. Gray of the yacht *Zelma*, in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club fleet at Toronto. On one occasion in a cruise to Oakville, the *Zelma* was overtaken by a half gale, and when others were taking in their spinakers he was asked if the *Zelma* crew should not do the same.

"I'll let it rip to pieces first," he replied. Later in taking the spinaker off her, the boom suddenly swung out and left Peacock and a professional dangling at the end of it immersed to their necks in the icy waters of Lake Ontario. When someone offered to rescue him, he said: "Never mind us; we'll work in. Go on." They went on, and won the race.

Should you have encountered Mr. Peacock on one of his recent visits to Canada, you would have found a genial, approachable man, free from "side," and snobbery. "Sit down and let us talk it over," seems to be his mental introduction, and in a peculiarly unhurried way the conversation might proceed as the ins and outs of Barcelona Traction are discussed. Some presidents secrete their affairs; this one is free and communicative, even if it may be a long and sometimes unfavorable story. For the most part his talk is serious, but the humor of a situation sometimes finds expression in a joke or a laugh. His language is fluent, and could be printed with scarcely the change of a comma, so well-chosen and balanced are the words.




It was not long until E. R. Peacock became Toronto manager for Dominion Securities, and with a few others gave that city its ascendency in Canada's bond business. In 1908 he became manager of the London office, whence he drifted into the larger field of old world finance, though still a director of the corporation. When he became president of the Canadian Club of Toronto in 1905, he sought and secured the best possible speakers, and that became a banner year, with addresses by such men as

*Continued on page 48*

# STRANGLING OUR OIL GOOSE

NO. X. IN THE SERIES "CANADA REVISITED"

*By* AGNES C. LAUT

IN THE month of May, 1920, I set down the opinion of the great fuel experts of the world—that the next great oil find, the next great oil fields, the next great oil stampede—would be in Canada; and that great oil find would be worth to Canada $300,000,000 in yearly royalties and would make Canada the great fuel base of America for the Imperial and American Navies, as well as merchant marines of the world; for the simple reason that the United States is to-day using from 90,000,000 barrels to 100,000,000 barrels a year more than the wells of the United States are producing; and Mexico can no longer be regarded as an exhaustless reservoir of oil.

Mexican producers are being harassed by too much confiscatory legislation; and the big wells in Mexico are not held in storage sands but are basins of pure oil that exhaust in ten years. With confiscatory legislation and taxes that take 33 per cent. of proceeds, and revolutions that threaten new confiscatory forms of decrees every year—the days of Mexican oil fields as liquid seas of exhaustless gold are over. The next big oil field would be Canada. Big American oil operators did not say "If" we find oil in Canada. They said "When the oil, which we know is there, is found."



The Fort Norman Gusher.

I know the editor of *MacLean's* wanted to believe the big fuel engineers were right; but it seemed too fantastically good to be true, or to be within the realm of the immediately probable. As one of the biggest men in the Canadian Northwest said to me: "We've got to have a boom. Unless we have a boom in oils, in coal, in mines, our backs will crack under the weight; but to expect one in oil seems too good to be true."

In the spring of 1920, one of the greatest Government oil experts said to me: "Oh, now, it's all very well for your American experts to be so cocksure we've got the oil in Northern Canada; but if we have, why don't they find it? We've been trying to find it since 1888. We don't let ourselves bolster up rainbow hopes till we are sure. We need it too badly. It would be too good to be true. I grant you geologically the oil has been there at some time, but what if it has seeped away, or evaporated?"

### Don't Knock — Boost!

IN MY soul, I groaned! O, my country, my country, why do you always put your wrong foot foremost? Why do you always piously and resignedly hope for the very worst? Why do you knock instead of boost? Please note—I said boost not boom!

The editor prefaced my article with a saving clause "if," "perhaps," "maybe"—true to the Canadian form of being cautious always, safe rather than sorry. "If it were only true; but then, you know," and so on. We have had some boom hopes ditched in Canada; and the coming down was hard. The point of contact was sore. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The war and the aftermath of the war had been deferring some of our hopes till our optimism resembled slightly the reflection of a face on the wrong side of a tablespoon.

Well, I would recommend the turning up of the other side of that spoon.

I wrote those predictions in May, 1920. By late in August, 1920, of six outfits drilling in the North, three or four had struck oil—at Fort Norman.

It does not matter much whether the drillers follow the wave of the coast line East of the Rockies, West of the Rockies, North of the Arctic Divide, South of the Hinterland. The point is—they expected the find of oil along the wave of the Coast Line and they found it as they expected it; and where six drilling outfits have operated this year more will operate next year.

The point is—they have found the oil, which science—and the old trappers—all knew was there.

Get that fact hard! Canada has the oil. Canada holds the naval and merchant marine key of America. Edmonton in your generation and in mine will be a second Pittsburg. Great tankers will float out from Prince Rupert to supply the Orient. Tank cars will become as common across our prairies as grain cars. Our National Railways will become oil burners at a saving of three to one, in wages and fuel, and will not set fire to adjoining forests with sparks from lignite and bituminous coals. Lignite can be utilized for colloidal coal and oil processes, that will reduce the cost of fuel to the prairie householders. To ten million fuel users in the Middle Western States, the cost of fuel and light fell from $200 and $300 a year to $35 a year after the discovery and utilization of fuel oils and gases through community pipe lines. If you want to know the details of this, write to Dr. McDowell of Pittsburg, or the Bureau of Standards, Washington. They will send you a graph that will look quite incredible to fuel users on our prairies now paying $20 a ton for coal.

### Building Railroads on Frozen Rock

WITH oil in the North, you have the oil for engine power to haul the tank cars out; and building railroads in the North on a tie bed that is adamant frozen rock seven months a year is an easy proposition compared to building switchbacks up 10,000 feet of mountains in South America and down 10,000 feet of mountains to the sea. Storage isn't going to be such an expensive thing in the North, nor haulage either. Arctic tankers will do the job in the summer, rail haul over frozen roadbeds in the winter. Alberta can laugh now at her heavy municipal and provincial indebtedness. The men, who thought they were "broke" putting in Northern railroads that began somewhere and ended nowhere, will find they are not "broke," "only bent."

If all this is true—and if it isn't, throw the facts at me—why won't our North boom ahead at express train speed? Because our fool laws throw a monkey wrench in our national development. They lock our national resources up so tightly that nobody is getting the benefit of them.

Before going on with that, I want to take up "only 25 barrels a day." I know another well in Peace River that "gave only 20 for only a few days at only 700 feet" and then spewed up several barrels of 12 gravity tar in sheer disgust; for the well ought to have gone on down to 2,000; and the company hadn't the capital to go. I know another well near Wainwright that witnessed similar results. No, I don't refer to the well down which some scoundrel promoters poured gasoline and then sold a million and a half dollars of worthless oil stocks to the gullible investors, for which the said gentry are now serving time in a Canadian penitentiary. I refer to honest made-in-God's-laboratory oil.



The famous Imperial Oil "Hay Wire" outfit which crossed Slave Lake and made the trip from Fort Smith to Fort Norman in five days. The scow was loaded with sixteen tons of freight (twice the amount it should carry across Slave Lake) and was pushed by the small "Red Wing" motor boat.

Don't be discouraged by all these reports "only 25 barrels a day." The average for the best wells in Pennsylvania to-day is nearer 9 than 25, and the average for all the wells in the United States for 1920 was 4½ barrels. It is the big wells bring the wealth to a nation; and here is the way the big wells have been found. Cecil Rhodes spent $450,000 drilling for oil in Mexico and didn't find it. Mexico was so sure there was no oil that her geologists were furious when Doheny and Canfield of California went in and proved there was. They said it would hurt Mexico's credit to have a false boom and then a boomerang. Doheny and Canfield went into Mexico. They saw the pitch beds. They stuck a rail into them and stirred the foetid muskegs up. The lower end of the pole stank of petroleum, which science said had seeped away and didn't exist, just as certain specimens I have from our North emanate such an oil smell you can scent it across a room. Doheny and Canfield smiled. They got a lawyer to buy up a lot of old Spanish land titles, subsoil products included. The Spanish seignors thought "the gringoes crazy" and said so. Mexico's oil experts put their condemnation of Doheny and Canfield in State Reports. But Doheny and Canfield went ahead and bought up worthless jungle lands at $2.50 to $1.00 an acre; and the hacienda owners chuckled how they were "putting one over on the gringoes." (They have since called those "gringoes" "predatory interests"); and I believe one Bolshevik bishop in the United States has ascribed every revolution in Mexico for ten years to oil; and though each revolution as it has come up on top has enacted worse and worse decrees against those "predatory gringoes." There is nothing like hoping for the worst and being good about it and unctuous and obstinate, especially in oil.

Doheny bought up first 450,000 acres, then 150,000 acres before they had produced a barrel of oil. Both men were past fifty years of age. Each had cleaned up two or three millions in oil in California. If I had done that and were past fifty years of age, I don't think I would have had the courage to throw it in a jungle, where everybody said there was no oil. But they did. Then they began to drill; and the jungle climate was worse than the Arctic. Men died of tropical pests like flies. Ideal housing conditions for workers had to be created in a jungle of tropical diseases. It didn't take long for those California millions to evaporate, or rather to disappear down the drilling shafts. Motor roads had to be built from one hundred to two hundred miles in a tangle that resembles the Orinoco. "I'll have a motor road through here in four years," said Doheny; and the natives thought he had been touched by a sun stroke.

The lawyer who got the title deeds through warned the Americans they were throwing away their money.

Then they began drilling. I think it was 4 barrels they got the first whack; but being Americans, they didn't say "only 4." Then they got 25.

Then a few thousand barrels a day, when finally—I think it was the fourth year—came the gushers.

Now the point to observe is this. If Doheny and Canfield had not had areas of 450,000 and 150,000 acres, they could not have afforded to go on throwing millions in black tar holes; for it cost the most of their California millions before they struck the gushers of 100,000 a day, and 250,000 barrels a day; and the gushers were not worth a cent without pipe lines to convey the oil; and the pipe lines necessitated right of way through the jungle and motor roads. And the pipe lines costing two and three millions were not worth a cent without storage tanks and storage tanks were not worth a cent without sea terminals, and tank cars, and tank steamers. They had to go ahead and develop as fast as the gushers came in, before one barrel of oil had been marketed, and one partner wrote to Doheny: "a little more of such prosperity will bankrupt us." Long before the oil reached seaboard, Doheny and Canfield had to form a stock company and assess friends to keep providing funds. Then they had to go to banks and to float bonds—to keep providing funds, but when they went to the banks, they had collateral security of 600,000 acres to put up to get the money; so they got it, though stock of a cash par value of $100 fell to $37. It has since sold for $260. What if they had only a few thousand acres to offer as collateral security to float bonds? They would have

been stalled at "only 25 barrels" a day; and all the good people, who had been devoutly hoping for the worst, would have smiled that superior smile and said "I told you so: four-flushers: boomsters: nothing doing. Didn't Rhodes say so? He knew."

Now come back to Canada's laws.

Canada's oil regulations have recently been changed; but the essential mistake of the principle remains the same. Instead of 1,900 acres, a filer can now cover 4 square miles, or 2,500 acres. Instead of 12,000 acres being the limit of a syndicate group, as I read the law a syndicate can group up to 20,000 and 30,000 acres as in Oklahoma, where the



Shooting rock-strewn rapids under difficulties.

absolute stoppage of development in one oil area compelled an expansion of the groupings.

The point is 20,000 acres does not give collateral security to a bank floating bonds up to not less than $14,000,000 and it may be as high as $50,000,000 as in the case of Colombia and Bolivia fields. Please get a petroleum directory. Look up the capitalization of the active producers—not companies exclusively devoted to refineries. You will find scarcely any capitalized under $10,000,000. You will find the most capitalized over $30,000,000; and you will find the strongest companies capitalized over $100,000,000. And note well—that capital is cash, not water.

Look up the capitalization of Mexican Petroleum; of Pan-American; of Sinclair Consolidated; of the International; of the Transcontinental; of the Gulf; of the Texas. Some of these are Standard subsidiaries; some are Hays Hammond properties; some are the Doheny groups.

The point is—look at the capitalization and don't butt your head into impossible fancies and waste time over arguments. Arguments don't cut any ice in oil.

Please contemplate these facts!

Not counting tanker-cars, terminals, tank steamers,—American producers had put $300,000,000 cash in Mexican oil fields before they got a cent of profit. Counting tank cars, terminals, refineries, tank steamers, their cash investment in Mexico totals to-day $750,000,000. Two companies alone count the value of their tankers and terminals at over $50,000,000 each.

The oil game is not a boy's play in shooting marbles. It requires more outlay before there is any income than any form of investment in the world.

### What is Good Security?

NOW face the question—do you consider 25,000 acres in a group collateral security for bonds to the value of $14,000,000 to $50,000,000? If you do, the banks don't; and all the argument under heaven will not modify that fact.

While you are arguing, progress and development are stalling. Do you want Canada to stall on her oil development? Don't fly off into personalities and say "this fool writer doesn't know what she is talking about." This fool writer had worked to protect the oil producers of Mexico off and on for three years, before going to Canada. During the war, this fool writer worked with the Fuel Board for the Allies continuously. Before the war, this fool writer worked off and on with the oil and gas producers of the Middle West again and again—for six years, this fool writer has worked off and on with the Washington Bureau of Standards as a mentor; and the Bureau of Standards is the greatest authority on fuels in the scientific world. What she does *not* know about fuels would fill the Encyclopaedia Britannica; but what she does know is this simple little fact that 20,000 acres, yes, 100,000 acres, do not afford sufficient collateral on which to float $50,000,000 of bonds.

### Ten Cent Shares in Gushers—Maybe

BUT that is not the worst feature of Canada's regulations. After finding oil in one of the four square miles filed by the wildcatter, or promoter, the other three-quarters of the claim revert back to the Crown as a Government Reserve. Fine! See how Canada is saving her natural resources for national uses! But wait! Probe deeper! What will it cost to find that oil? The well of the latest big gusher brought in, in Mexico, cost $250,000. Wells in Southern Alberta cost $40,000; but Southern Alberta is not the Arctic Circle. You must average costs there plus terrific freights, the staff of drillers dispersed for the winter and brought back in spring, housing put up at great overhead cost owing to the distance—1,500 miles—from settlement. I venture to say no gusher can be brought in at Fort Norman under a preliminary cost of $1,000,000. Now do you think any big company is going to bring a gusher in at a cost of a million and see three-quarters of the benefit of its find revert to nationalization?

I leave that question unanswered.

When I brought these facts to the attention of a Peace River promoter, who wanted to sell paper shares to the public at 10c to raise money to continue drilling, he flew up in mid-air and called me everything from Ananias to Billy Sunday. But wait! Let us get at facts again!

If you sell 10c shares to the public before you have found your oil, you are selling a gamble, with the chances bigger against the buyer than a lottery. If you sell the 10c shares after you have found your oil, you are still selling shares in a lottery. Why?

Well, suppose you find your oil, as Peace River has—equal to Mexico's in basic fuels—what are you going to do with it? Sell it! To whom? To the big companies, who have pipe lines and tank cars to bring it to market. Looks simple, doesn't it, on paper? But right here is one of the bitter tragedies of the oil world. Unless there are competing big companies bidding against one another for that oil, as in Texas and the Middle West, they will pay you just what they sweet please; and they may sweet please to pay you from 1c to 10c a barrel. Or they may freeze you out, so you may have to sell to them your claim at their price. Find out what happened in Mexico and the Middle West in the early days if you want to know that early tragedy of oil development. Doheny's first big gusher in Mexico nearly bankrupted him because he couldn't find a market for it; and his bitterest enemies in Mexico to-day arise from the fact that his companies have so much oil of their own they cannot buy all the output of the little independents to run it through his pipe lines.

"Then," demanded my Peace River protagonist, "do you mean to tell me this is purely a rich man's game? Is there no chance for the little independents, for the prospector, for the finder, for the 'wildcatter,' who risks his all and first finds the oil?"

He seemed to think I was personally offensive, or hostile to Peace River, for telling him the facts of the oil world. "Can you raise $50,000,000 by selling 10c shares to the public?" I asked.

"Then how have the little independents made such fortunes in Texas?" he asked belligerently.

"By getting in a lot of competing big companies with pipe lines to bid for the oil. When that happens, the big companies prefer to let the prospector and "wildcatter" do the preliminary work. Then the big companies either buy the oil at so much a barrel, or buy the claims outright at all they have to pay, or pay the little fellow a royalty of a sixth, an eighth, a tenth of gross oil output; and it is the last way that the little fellows have made their big fortunes. That is the way Osage Indians to-day are individually drawing royalties of $25,000 to $50,000 a year — Indians, who are still going round in moccasins."



The log shack where the Imperial Oil crew wintered during 1919-20 season.

Take the cost of pipe lines alone. In Colombia and Mexico, pipe lines and the right of way cost $2,500 a mile. A pipe line from Fort Norman to Edmonton would cost more than $10,000 a mile, but it would pay the Government to put in such pipe lines itself. But the pipe lines are not there yet; and the big companies will not put them in till they know how many wells they will have as feeders; and the big companies are not going to hurt themselves with exploratory work till they know they will get back 100 per cent. of their outlay, and not just 25 per cent. of the benefits. And that is human nature as well as corporate nature.

It is right for Canada to refuse to deed away her heritage for nothing to big foreign corporations, that might blanket vast claims and leave them undeveloped for years. It was natural to want to preserve for Canada a big slice of profit from her seas of liquid gold; but has she done it in the best way? If you strangle a goose, how do you purpose getting its golden eggs?

We'll suppose the companies grouped in Canada have spent a million on wells, of small production, hoping for the big gushers. They can't sell stock to the public yet. Till they find a gusher, such sale would be a gamble and a swindle; so they go to the banks to issue bonds, or borrow. What security have they to offer? A small area not yet producing in pay quantities, on which they are paying big royalties because they have small producers. The banks say "Nothing doing." The small developer is stalled. Only the big corporation can go ahead; *and Canada's laws, which were designed to keep oil areas for small independent producers, are hindering that very class and making it impossible for any group to go ahead, but the big powerful groups, who are in a position to go ahead anyway.* The largest co-ordination of groups I know of in Canada is 9,000 acres, and the largest individual ownership of a big company through groups is rumored to total 60,000 acres, though promoters are now going round getting oil leases from farmers on the basis of a future royalty if oil is found; and the land sold by one big company from henceforth reserves oil rights, which any buyer is a fool to permit. If he buys the land and pays its price, he ought to have all there is in it. And I think the farmers, who are signing away sub-soil bases for a song, are splitting a probable future profit with middlemen, who are not paying them figures commensurate with returns if oil is found. Now is the time to waken up, not afterwards; for a lot of things are happening under the surface of promoters' operations as well as under the surface of the driller's point; *and Canadian farmers should know that if oil is struck in their locality, it might mean on a sixth and on an eighth returns, incomes of $100,000 a year to them for life. I see no reason for Canadian farmers signing away half that income to middlemen, who are doing nothing as to drilling or anything else but fastening themselves like parasites to the real owners of the land and the real developers of the oil.*

We have had too much of that sort of thing in our land booms. Don't let us get "touched" again in oil.

"We would rather any day float bonds for a $14,000,000 oil project than a million project," said one of the great oil experts of the United States to me, a man, who has launched five million acre projects in Bolivia and six million acre projects in Peru. "It is purely a banking problem in figures. A million will not finance an oil project through to a finish; and the banks know it. If there isn't collateral for $10,000,000 to $14,000,000, the banks are scared of it; and so are we."

How is Canada to give collateral for $10,000,000 to $14,000,000, and not blanket her resources, or see them gobbled up?

I wish I could give the name of a very big Western man; but it might be used against him politically; and I can't. He is a provincial man, not a federal leader; and he is a farmer. "This is the way it frames up to me," he said. "Take Alberta. She has millions and millions of acres of so-called oil lands undeveloped and doing nobody any good. She has known there was oil there for almost a century. Has it done her any good? Now let a big company take to-day a million acres. Do you suppose any sane company is going to spend a million dollars finding oil and then let an interloper come in and sink a drill next to his pool and pump out of it? No! Let the big company take its million acres. Let them go in for nothing. Charge them nothing while they search and develop. Then when they find the oil and begin to ship, let us charge them a stiff but fair royalty on output, not on acreage. British Columbia laws do this now on Crown Lands. Suppose Alberta were shipping $300,000,000 of oil a year, either from oil wells, or tar sands, and were getting a royalty of a sixth, wouldn't $50,000,000 a year pay her better than the Dominion subsidy of $640,000 a year? Give us local con-

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# THE LEGION OF THE LOST

*By* J. L. RUTLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"DO YOU know," said the lawyer, "during the past two weeks three men have come to me to ask how they could best arrange their affairs so that they could disappear."

The two men were sitting in a luxurious hotel lobby in Ottawa, enjoying an after-dinner cigar.

"What did they want to disappear for?" asked the other.

"Well, what *do* men want to disappear for? Sometimes to escape the law. Might have been that here, though I do not think so. Sometimes to escape their wives, or themselves or their mode of life; sometimes just to get away without any very definite why or wherefore.

"It's funny," continued the lawyer, "I fancy it is an idea that has come to a lot of people. Not criminal people. I don't mean that sort, because their reasons are too obvious, but just ordinary everyday people like you and me, who have nothing much to hide, and who have a good deal to tie us here. We just get tired,and it looks as though it would be so easy if we could step out of the existence we have made for ourselves for a while.

"Why, I remember I was in a home in the Border Cities one day. I don't believe either that we were talking along this line, when the wife remarked, 'I have often thought how easy it would be for me to run across to Detroit and disappear.

" 'Yes,' she continued in answer to her husband's look of surprise, 'I could get a place as a waitress in one of the outlying restaurants, and no one would ever think of looking for me there. I could live there for months, years perhaps, without anyone suspecting me.'

" 'You couldn't *now*,' retorted her husband.

" 'Oh, well, I wasn't really thinking of it, you know. You and the kids are a good deal of trouble, still I guess I would be sort of lonesome without you. But all the same I have often thought that it would be less work, and oh, such an easy thing to do.' "

### How About You?

IT IS probable that there are very few people who have not at one time or another faced this thought. Sometimes it is a half-understood desire to get away from something tangible, from the endless demands of the small family tugging at the skirts, to have time for rest, for the kind of rest that comes from the lack of all responsibilities, for the chance to grasp opportunities that seem lacking in the present sphere. Sometimes the desire springs from a very different cause, from the very lack of these tangible things.

A few years ago there was a young third-year student at Toronto University. He was a clever student, and not one you would have thought of an over-imaginative nature, yet one night he returned home and informed his mother that he hated their house and he was going to get out. Probably everyone has had some such sudden prejudice and it is not surprising that his parents paid little attention to this outburst. It did not seem to suggest anything but a moment's petulance. But that night he disappeared, and though many efforts have been made to find him, his whereabouts after a number of years remain still in doubt.

Now what impulse was it that pushed this young fellow out of the accustomed round of his daily life? Not an easier life surely, for he was living at home, his expenses were being met. Everything, in fact, was running smoothly, and the path of least resistance was the path he was travelling. Perhaps this was the very thing that decided his course. Anyway, he stepped out into a course of life that was far from smooth, for he started with certain defined tastes and needs, and it was known that at the time he left he had twenty-five cents in his pocket. Yet it evidently satisfied him, for he never returned. He hated the snug ease of settled things.

There was evidently a touch of human psychology in this instance. The occurrence is surprising, but at least there is enough in it to suggest a possible motive. But what can be said of these instances?

There was a young woman employed in a department store in Winnipeg. She lived with her parents in North Winnipeg, a quiet, unassuming girl. One afternoon she left her counter, mentioning casually to one of the other girls that she was going to the basement to get a drink, and would be back in ten minutes. That was in 1910, and from that day to this no word of her whereabouts has come to her family and friends, nor any suggestion as to the cause of her disappearance.

There was a man living in Elmwood, Winnipeg. He told his wife one night that he was going down town to a Turkish bath. She thought nothing of it at the time, but she has had plenty of time to think of it since, for he has been gone eight years and still no word of him. In neither of these cases was there a suggestion of foul play nor any logical reason for the disappearance. What was the reason then? Can you think of one that would fit both cases?

Just as a possible solution consider two other cases where the answer is known:

There was a young captain just returned from the war. He was apparently in good health and spirits. He was living in Hamilton, Ontario, and one day, for no explicable reason, he went down to a boat-house on the city side of the bay and rented a boat. The boat was later found near the opposite shore of the bay, but the man had disappeared. To the somewhat prosaic minds of the police it appeared a clear case of suicide, and certainly there did seem to be a certain basis for the belief in the fact that for no apparent reason he had hired a boat.

Some months later a friend of the young captain happened to be down in Nashville, Tennessee, and there, walking about the street, was the lost captain. It turned out that the man had lost his memory, a result of shell-shock that had, up to the morning on which he hired the boat, remained dormant. How he had spent the intervening months he could not tell. There is a possible explanation of the case of the girl reported above. In the case of the captain it is authenticated; in the case of the girl it is only a conjecture.

IN THE newspaper office of a small city there was a young reporter, who was unfortunately given, as were reporters of old, to looking upon the bottle. On this particular occasion he had looked with rather more frequency than wisdom. He was slated for a night assignment of not too great importance. Before going he had emptied his pockets to prove that he really did need a small temporary loan to provide one small item of moisture on the arid road that separated him from that story. This he was refused, and he left on his quest unquestionably with a lower opinion of human kindliness and generosity. That "story" needless to say never appeared.

Some three weeks later a penitential collect wire "news rate" was received at the newspaper office, announcing the fact that a sobering reporter was to be found down in Missouri, and that all the prodigal needed in the way of an inducement to return was not a fatted calf, but a railroad ticket. It looked as though there ought to be enough interest in his story to warrant that expense so the ticket was sent, but there was no story. He went away without a cent in his pocket, he returned the same way. During the interval he had travelled several hundreds of miles, had dined more or less regularly, and had been provided with enough liquid refreshment in the interval to keep him in a state of pleasant intoxication in which the thought of home had no part. Now somebody —probably many somebodys—must have played the part of rather questionable good Samaritans, but who and why? The only man who was there was too blissfully unconscious to know.



"He didn't come back."

To return to the case of the man at the Turkish bath. Stranger things have been known than that a man should get something more than a bath at a Turkish bath. Besides, is there not perhaps a subtle suggestion in this very hankering for the Turkish bath? Perhaps, to all intents and purposes, he followed the same program as the newspaper chap. But he didn't come back, somebody remarks. Quite so, but that does not necessarily mean that something terrible had happened to him. Perhaps following out this suggestion, he came to himself and thought the matter over, and decided that things were very well as they were.

"I'll tell you what I think is behind most of these cases of disappearance," said a gentleman, whose age warranted the assumption that he has acquired some wisdom, "I think in the bulk of these cases, you'll find a nagging wife."

Now it is not the intention of the writer to say that this is the explanation of the case of the man and the Turkish bath. It is a possible explanation and, granting a nagging wife, a probable one.

### The Missed Christmas Dinner

THERE are many such instances that, on the face of things, seem tragic and inexplicable, but following the course of these mysterious disappearances, as heralded by the daily newspapers, tends to give one a remarkably tranquil viewpoint of even the most harrowing.

Some months ago, in the heart of the early Northern Winter, two men left Haileybury to visit certain mining claims in the mountains. When they did not return at Christmas their relatives became alarmed; they had been gone a month, quite long enough to make the trip and return with ease. A search party of friends was organized that followed their trail to the banks of the frozen Montreal river. Here the trail ended. There seemed no question of doubt that in some way the travellers had broken through the ice and been drowned. As the days passed this assurance became doubly sure. The details of the tragedy were still fresh in the minds of the citizens of Haileybury when the two travellers turned up. They had been snowbound in the camp, and quite unaware of the sorrow occasioned by their long absence.

Some little time ago Toronto papers displayed the surprising story of the sudden and complete disappearance of a young lady living in the eastern part of the city. She was not feeling well, and went out for a walk, thinking that the fresh air would do her good. Evening came and she failed to return. Her parents became anxious and notified the police, but they were unable to find any trace of the young woman or to account for her complete disappearance. When the story appeared in the newspapers, almost a week after the date of her disappearance, a week filled with eager searchings and grim forebodings, the answer was promptly forthcoming.

Immediately a doctor 'phoned the mother to state that the girl was in hospital under his care. She had come to the hospital in a very weak state, and a complete rest was advised by the hospital doctors. They had no idea that her whereabouts were not well known. so that a very ordinary occurrence became for a time a matter of mystery.

Of course the war, with its titanic eruptions, has been responsible for many instances of the straining of the delicate nerve processes, and brought about the condition that generally goes under the name of shock, a condition responsible for many cases of amnesia, or loss of memory.

There came to the Finley Hospital in Dubuque, Iowa, recently a young man, who has completely lost his identity. In most ways he is quite normal, but while his age is estimated at twenty-five years he remembers nothing of his early years. There are flashes where memory shines through the curtain. He remembers, for instance, that he was discharged from the Canadian Army in Toronto in July, 1919, and he remembers a railway wreck that occurred near Amherst, N.S., two days previous. He remembers distinctly the overland trail from the Yukon to Alaska. He is well educated and speaks French as fluently as English and with the idioms only acquired in childhood. Now, who is this man, how did he get to Dubuque, and why? Who is waiting for him and what forebodings are darkening some home? All the time, the man is physically well and comfortable, waiting eagerly for some chance hint that will open the door back to his old life again.

One day recently in Toronto a soldier's discharge papers were found tacked to a post at a busy street intersection; underneath the discharge the following words appeared:

"One day it was an honor to wear. To-day I pull it off to forget the years I was away. Soldier's farewell."

What is the end of the story? We do not know. Someone evidently in that tangled state of mind wherein the road into obscurity has its great appeal.

There was a man drowned in Midland, Ont., and word went out that it was C. F. Knight. Months later his mother received a letter from him stating that he had joined the American Army months previously and had not been able to go home. How he became identified with the drowned body found in Midland, or who that drowned body really was, will probably always remain a secret, one of those secrets that leave those dregs of bitterness and loss in the history of the Legion of the Lost.

### The Famous Small Case

THERE is of course a grimmer side to the story, a side that may be represented in the disappearance of Ambrose J. Small, the millionaire theatrical man seen one moment walking down one of Toronto's main streets, and melting into thin air almost before the faces of the passers-by. More than a year has gone by and no hint as to his whereabouts, no hint either of the probable end that had overtaken him. The annals of crime record many such instances of men hurried out of life leaving no single trace behind them to tell of their fate.

But there is still another and somewhat less grim side to the story; for instance there is the case of John Doughty who is also a factor in the Small case, who disappeared a week or so after Mr. Small, and whose fate for a year was shrouded in almost as much mystery. He was eagerly sought because of the belief that he could throw some light on the mystery of the strange disappearance of his principal. Yet, for all that large rewards were offered, and his picture spread broadcast, it was more than a year before the definite clue that led to his arrest was received. He had gone to Oregon City, on the Pacific Coast, changed his name and as far as possible his appearance. He had obtained work in a paper mill, and despite the novelty of the work had been successful enough to be promoted foreman. He was rapidly building up a circle of friends, and a condition of life that would have, in time, developed into a difficult alibi to overthrow. But somebody saw him and recognized him as the wanted man.

### "Somebody Always Sees"

WILLIAM J. BURNS, the great detective, has this theory of crime detection. It is this: "Somebody always sees." Of course, the someone who sees may not appreciate the significance of what he sees, but the whole art of detection, according to Mr. Burns, is to locate this one who has actual knowledge of the event.

Some years ago there was an adventurous young fellow living in Montreal. He went to Australia, where he amassed quite a modest fortune, and, returning to Montreal, lived there some time renewing his old friendships and living a quiet and respectable life. Then one day, for no apparent reason, he simply faded out of the view of his friends. The man had simply disappeared, leaving no shadow of reason for his actions, nor even a single clue as to his whereabouts.

Several years later one of these friends happened to be in Vancouver. He was looking for a certain house, and losing his direction, it being a quiet, sparsely settled neighborhood, he made his way to the nearest house and knocked at the front door. Nobody answered, so after a few minutes playing on the doorbell he judged that the spark was dead, and went around to what seemed likely to be the most generally habited part of the house, the kitchen. Knocking at the door he had not long to wait. A man answered it and



He appeared again, walked in on his relatives.

that man was his lost friend of years before. Had he grown discouraged with his performance on the bell, and failed to attack the back door, the fate of this friend might forever have remained a secret.

Now there isn't much of a moral to this tale because there was no particular reason why this young man should have wanted to disappear, except that perhaps he was "fed up" on his one-time life. He had been to Australia and Japan, and his movements had gone unnoticed. Nobody had any particular reason for noticing them so there really is no moral unless it be that of Mr. Burns' "Somebody always sees." In this case it happened to be a man who knew.

### The Missing Book-keeper

BACK in 1884 there occurred a mysterious disappearance in Winnipeg, that sent a shiver of horror down the spines of those who heard of the occurrence. One morning the night watchman of a flour mill, making his final rounds at 8 a.m., looked into the office of the mill, to discover a scene of wild disorder. Evidently a fierce struggle had taken place, for tables were overturned, chairs broken, and papers scattered everywhere, and the door of the safe was open. But what caught the watchman's gaze was not so much these evidences of a struggle as the slowly drying pool of blood behind the chair where the book-keeper usually sat. Hurrying out to give the alarm, he soon had the police on the case. The news spread like wild-fire. Soon the ominous suspicion that something had happened to the book-keeper, a young man, was verified. Straight from that pool of blood led a trail, crimsoning the snow down to the river; there, at the very edge of a hole newly cut in the ice, the blood-stains ended. The covering of snow made the trail easy to follow, the more easy, indeed, because of the evident signs that someone had been dragging a heavy weight over the snow.

With the discovery of a blood stained knife the last link in the evidence of a ghastly murder seemed to have been discovered. Gangs of men were set to work cutting away the ice on the river in the hope of recovering the body of the unfortunate man, but though the men worked feverishly their efforts were not rewarded, and it was believed that the body must have been carried down under the ice. It could not be discovered till the spring, if even then.

It seemed on the evidence that there never had been a clearer case of murder, and the police sent out circulars giving details of the crime to the whole countryside. Strangely enough, one of these circulars found its way to Grand Forks, North Dakota, and into the hands of a man who had known this young book-keeper years before. Perhaps it was this fillip to his attention that made him unconsciously scan the faces of the passers-by with a greater care. Anyway as he walked there leaped out at him a face that was to him oddly reminiscent of that of the dead man. Such an effect did this have upon him that he communicated his suspicion to the police. The man was apprehended, and after a false beard had been removed, and after the arm in a sling was discovered to be merely a subterfuge, and the scar on his face merely paint, he stood out from his disguises as the "murdered" book-keeper, and a tribute to the proposition that "Somebody always sees."

In this case, however, there was a definite reason. The young man had gone behind in his accounts and, failing to see a way out of his difficulties, had taken this unusual method of covering his tracks. There was considerable artistry used in the machinery of his disappearance that might well have been used in a better cause. He had provided all the properties of a first-class murder, and had it not been for the fact of the man who saw it might have gone down as a record of undiscovered crime. The struggle scene had been carefully planned in every detail the night of the discovery. Three chickens gave up their lives to facilitate his escape, their bodies dragged over the short road to the river left a telling evidence of crime that was heightened by the discovery of the dirk. The young man's ingenuity did achieve an end, for his employers were so relieved to be free from the actual fact of that tragedy, that they refused to prosecute the young man.

### Told By An Insurance Policy

NOT so very many years ago the city of Toronto was the scene of a somewhat similar occurrence. A young business man failed to appear at the office one morning. There was nothing so very unusual in that, but his associates remembered that he had appeared nervous and unsettled for some days past. They had commented on it at the time and, fearing that he might be ill, they phoned his house only to hear from his wife that he had not been home that night. This fact put a serious complexion on the matter and an investigation was at once started.

The young man had been a keen sportsman, and especially interested in ice-boating so that the trail naturally led to Toronto Bay. Here a diligent search resulted in the discovery of the man's coat and hat close to a section of broken ice. The inference seemed obvious: the man had come down to indulge in his favorite sport and, either deliberately or through accident, had fallen into the water and been drowned. Not unnaturally the fact of his uncertain spirits of the preceding days led to a careful investigation of his business affairs. But it was definitely discovered that as far as could be learned he was in no financial difficulties. It looked to the casual observer as though the evidence pointed to suicide.

Then, some weeks later, when his story had been almost

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# OUR LOWER PRICES BOGEY

*By* CHARLES C. JENKINS

NEARLY ninety years ago, in a series of articles he was contributing to *Fraser's Magazine*, under the title of "Sartor Resartus," Thomas Carlyle wrote: "I say, there is not a red Indian, hunting by Lake Winnipic, can quarrel with his squaw but the whole world must smart for it—will not the price of beaver rise?"

Carlyle's subtle inference as to the direct effect of the mood of Labor on the cost of life's necessities has surely been made plain by the experience of the past few years when industrial unrest was inevitably followed by higher and higher prices. It is nevertheless philosophy that seems to have escaped the discernment of the erstwhile demagogue who preached a doctrine of higher labor costs with shorter hours of production and in the same breath demanded that the cost of what Labor produced be lowered when it reached the consumer. It was this same quack economist who fashioned a double-bladed axe that is now busy slashing both ways. He goaded the public into a mood that demanded a lowering of prices all round, and when he referred to the H. C. of L., he overlooked the coincidence that the initials for High Cost of Living are the same as those for High Cost of Labor—that Labor was the commodity having undoubtedly the greatest bearing on the cost of everything one has to buy; for without Labor, as everyone must know, nothing essential or worth while could be produced.

### A Rule that Works Both Ways

LET US use an illustration to show a little more clearly in what an intimate way the High Cost of Labor figures in the High Cost of Living and thereby note the inevitable circle in which the effect of a movement works:

We'll say a plumber and a carpenter are looking in a tailor's show-window. "Prices are still too high," remarks the plumber. "I'd like to have a spring suit made up of that goods, but I'm hanged if I'm going to pay $65.00 for it. Clothes have got to come down before I buy."

"Same here," agrees the carpenter. "I'm going to make my old clothes hang out till prices get somewhere within reason."

That same day the master tailor goes to his workmen. "Men," he announces, "there are two courses open to you; either you accept a reduction in wages or we close up the shop indefinitely."

The men naturally want to know the reason for such a sudden ultimatum. "Well," explains the master tailor, "trade's falling off at a remarkable rate and I've had my ear to the ground to find out the reason. The plumber, the carpenter, the butcher, the baker and others of our leading customers are holding off for lower prices. To get their business back, I've got to slash the price of clothes twenty to thirty per cent., and that means I've got to cut the cost of production or go out of business."

Taken into their employer's confidence and shown that reductions are absolutely essential all around, the men agree to a cut in wages and the little business is saved from the red flag of the sheriff.

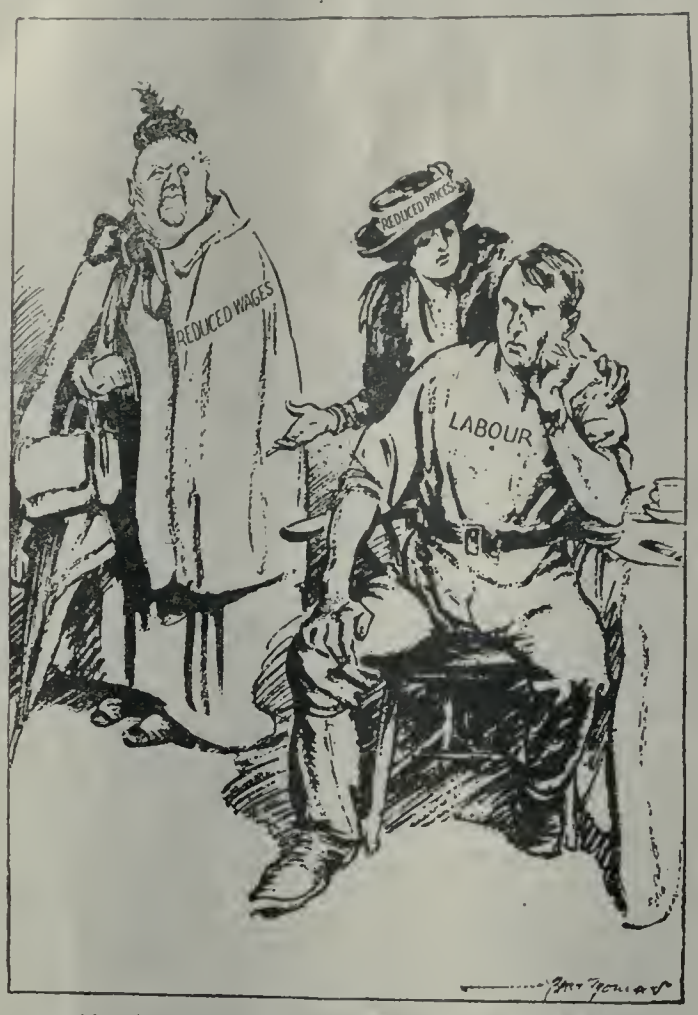
But wait. It doesn't all end there; the price-slashing movement completes its deadly circle with the precision of Fate. About this time the building contractor drops in to see the master tailor, who, by the way, is one of those progressive citizens who believes in keeping his money in circulation.

"How about that row of houses you were talking of building up on the hill, Jim?" the contractor inquires casually.

"Absolutely nothing doing," declines the tailor. "I'm not going to build till the cost of building comes down. We've had to reduce our prices, and what's fair for one is fair for another. You contractors are highway robbers. Why, a little plumbing job I had done at my home cost me fifteen dollars a day for the men's time alone, and—"

Thus the tailor continues to provide instances showing that the cost of everything in the construction line is away too high. The contractor, after seeing several other good prospects fade in thin air for the same reasons voiced by the tailor, finally calls in the representatives of his men. "Boys," he tells them, "there are mighty few contracts in sight unless I can get the cost down. That means we've got to reduce the cost of labor and materials or remain comparatively idle for the season."

There is only one answer: the plumber and the carpenter, who wouldn't buy the tailor's goods until the tailor had readjusted his business so that he could sell a suit of clothes at twenty to thirty per cent. less and had to cut the cost of labor to accomplish that end, find that the wave of protest to force lower prices which they helped set in motion has traveled the fateful circle and returned to smite their own pocket-books. It is only an illustration of what has really been happening and goes to show that the man who demands that the world serve him at lower cost must be prepared to serve the world at lower cost himself.




**The New Bride.—"You must remember, dear, it was always understood that mother should come and live with us when we were married."**

—Thomas in "World Wide."

### The Ripple Goes On and On

THIS circle of readjustment and many others like it start even more disastrous circles of readjustment in motion that are country-wide in their scope. Thousands of tailors and building contractors throughout the land find themselves in the same position as the tailor and the contractor in the little story. They become panicky over a situation that had an artificial beginning. They decline to order new materials on the supposition, originated by the ultimate consumer, that prices will come down. Traveling salesmen return to headquarters with blank order-books, the wholesalers become over-stocked—and in turn the manufacturer, the producer of the raw material and the transportation organizations suffer. Factories close down for readjustments, railway freight earnings drop and thousands of men are thrown out of employment. One could go on tracing the dire effects almost indefinitely.

The demand for lower prices so insistently put forward by the public at large has, in fact, become a sort of commercial Frankenstein, a monster machine automatically operating a thousand slashing knives on the cost of everything. And the man on the street, witnessing its work, cries out in savage glee, "Hit 'em again—and again!" until in consternation he sees the wicked blade poised over his own pay-envelope.

The lower prices Frankenstein has been in operation in deadly earnest for somewhat over a year, but it has been within the past six months that Labor has suffered most acutely from its swiftly succeeding blows. From coast to coast newspapers have borne testimony to this in reports of factories closing and of wage reductions in most every line of endeavor—and in some cases reductions of wages with extension of working hours per day. This deflation of labor costs has not been uniform in many lines throughout the country, but it has occurred where the pressure proved great enough to force it. Readjustments of this nature have taken place in mining work at Cobalt, building trade reductions at Ottawa and elsewhere, a new scale of wages and a 49 to 50-hour week for Montreal plumbers, decrease of ten per cent. in elevator workers' wages in some plants at the Head of the Lakes, a proposal to cut wages by ten per cent. in furniture factories at Stratford, reductions in big implement and meat packing plants, and other similar incidents. Meanwhile, armies of the workless grew in the larger centres of population, unemployment in Canada reaching its peak in March.

### Employers Put Cards on Table

IN SOME instances there have been voluntary acceptance of wage cuts, notably where the employees have been taken into the confidence of the firm for which they work and shown that a cutting down in labor costs was absolutely necessary. But, unless the observations of leading labor students of this phase of the situation are misinterpreted, these same men who have accepted a lower price for the product of their toil will demand lower prices for the necessities which they must buy. That mood is but fair and to be expected. Lowering of rents will possibly present the greatest problem until such time as construction under reduced costs supplies sufficient dwellings to take care of the urban populations. The rent problem also applies to the retail merchant, who finds he has the same overhead—and in some cases a higher one—to carry in this respect than he had to carry during the wartime carnival of high prices.

What do employer and employee individually think about the situation? Naturally, there is a conflict of opinion as to how reductions should take place and how much of a reduction is necessary. After several weeks of mixing with representatives of both in the larger Canadian cities, I think the composite opinions of employer and employee might be individually condensed to the following:

"It ought to be all very simple to reason out," says the employer. "Before the cost to the consumer of manufactured goods is reduced to meet public demand the cost of raw material and of the principal commodity utilized in production, namely labor, must be reduced. Surely the financial difficulties many manufacturing firms are facing through lowered prices for goods produced on the former high peak of production costs ought to teach us that. It's up to Labor to save the situation by accepting the inevitable."

"There is nothing complicated about it," argues the employee. "The cost of the necessities of life should come down before the working-man is asked to take a reduction in his pay. A reduction of wages means a reduction of the spending power of the nation. Will rents come down? Will taxes come down? Will our national debt be reduced? These things were incurred during the period of inflated values and part of them seem bound to remain as they were. How are we to meet these obligations with a lowered earning power?"

### Workmen Offer Co-operation

IF THESE attitudes were to continue inflexible a national crisis would sooner or later be the result. Happily, however, there appears to be a new spirit of co-operation springing up between employer and employee in this crisis in Canada. A notable instance is that of the International Harvester Limited. At the Hamilton branch of this concern a reduction in wages and piece-work was declared necessary by the executives. The Works Council of the plant dealt with the matter and five of the representatives of the men spent five days investigating the records of the company upon which the proposed reduction in wages had been based. They were given the *open sesame* to the books of the firm, and at the end of the investigation made a frank announcement that they found the company was quite justified in making the reductions called for and that in all fairness the same should be accepted by the men. Here was a case of commendable co-operation. The company, faced with either reducing wages or closing shop, put it up to their men and supplied proof of conditions; the men, after discovering the allegations of the company to be facts, in a reciprocal spirit of fairness accepted the reductions called for. There have been a number of similar instances of co-operation. A firm, whose name I am not at liberty to disclose, told a committee representing the workmen that there was a choice of three alternatives; reduction in wages, increase in production or close up shop. The men asked time to put in recommendations to the company and later declared that they could considerably increase production per day if certain suggestions on their part were put into service. The company in turn saw the wisdom of the suggestions made by the men, put them into effect and the result has been that they so far have found it unnecessary to make the wage reductions proposed. As an instance, one of the numerous suggestions made by the men was the removal of an oil-house in the yards which necessitated a wide détour on the part of a gang of men engaged in transporting material by hand from one building to another. The acceptance of this suggestion alone resulted in a considerable saving of time and labor.

Co-operation between employers and employees during

the present ticklish industrial situation is generally hailed as the readiest and most satisfactory solution of the greatest problem Canada has on her hands at the present time—that is the problem of readjusting values. A former official of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, in a public statement made recently, predicted a general impetus to business all over the Dominion once building operations, now held up by excessive costs, were got under way. He advised building material manufacturers, the builders and Labor to get together at a round-table conference. He was confident Canadian Labor would be ready to do the square and the fair thing under such circumstances. "We all have to play our part to bring back better conditions," said he. "It seems to me that above all else we ought to give our attention to the question of housing. Architects' offices are crammed full of plans held back simply on account of the high cost of building."

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, in an address in Montreal, recently, took for the keynote of his remarks on the present situation, "Keep your eye on the ball," implying that employer and employee must gauge the value they placed on their product and their efforts on the trend of the times. "What we want to-day," declared Sir Frederick, "are lessened importations and greater production. But if you cut down importations you lessen national revenue. The answer to this is to increase the population by immigration, and to do this you must make this a cheap country to live in."

### What Workmen Fear Most

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED is a firm in which co-operation of employer and employee has flourished to as great an extent as anywhere in the country. The pay-roll of this company is somewhere between $10,000,000 and $11,000,000 a year, and, I am told, every second man in the employ of the company is a shareholder in its stock. There is a board in every plant in Canada, composed of representatives of the company and its men, whose business it is to consider wages, hours of labor, environment, grievances and all other matters appertaining to the welfare of the workmen as well as the company. Victor Ross, vice-president of Imperial Oil Limited, expresses the opinion that the same co-operation which has made for success in that company's dealings with its employees might be more widely copied by employers and employees all over the Dominion. On the other hand, Mr. Ross was free to admit that building and development work had not opened up this spring in the volume that it should have and there must be a cause. This cause was no doubt the cost of labor and material. Thus the housing situation was being made more vexed. "However," remarked Mr. Ross during the course of our interview, "I am not inclined to think that many strikes are caused by a mere desire on the part of the workman for high wages. It is the fear of wages insufficient to take care of the needs of himself and family and the fear of unemployment or oppression that in the main brings about the desire to strike.

"It seems to me," Mr. Ross continued, "that this would be a very good time for manufacturers and employers of labor in general to show that there isn't really any disposition on the part of employers to wreck labor institutions—and indeed that there hasn't been any such desire in the backs of their minds. I have no doubt that there are other firms who, like ourselves, could get along at the present time with less men than they are employing, and did they have any wish to put up a fight against Labor have an opportune time to wage it. Our answer to any intimation of that sort is that we have kept on our men. There was a great deal of unity between all classes of Canadians during the war. The workmen declared they were willing to 'carry on'—and they did magnificently. There was no individual claim to patriotism in those days when we were all inspired by a common ideal. That fine spirit and the team work which it brought about on the part of employer and employee should be maintained. Now, if any time, it is particularly needed in this country."

That labor costs are definitely to blame for the semi-stagnation of building operations at a time when building operations should be booming was, on the other hand, an opinion expressed by James G. Merrick, secretary of the Employers' Association. Mr. Merrick is a lawyer and a student of economics.

"Excessive labor costs, shortened hours of labor, strikes and the like are all checks on production that tend to add to the cost of the finished article," said Mr. Merrick. "And prices were so forced up by these means that the mass of the people decided they didn't want the articles, irrespective of the urgent need, because of the undue cost of any and everything offered. Now the demand for manufactured goods has not fallen off one iota. It is probably greater by twenty-five per cent. than it was in 1914 for manufactured goods in general and greater by one hundred per cent. in connection with building demands. But people will only be forced by the greatest necessity to buy on what they believe is a declining market. That, my dear sir, is the principle at issue. The reason is that people are not anxious to put their money in investments that have not some certainty of success. The war-time level for wages has remained in vogue with railwaymen and construction men, though the public has long since demanded reductions in all other lines. People will not pay war-time levels for goods; then how can Labor persist in demanding war-time prices for its product? Before building construction can be started on the scale it should by now be operating there will have to be a shrinkage in building trades costs of not less than twenty-five cents an hour and in labor of not less than twenty cents an hour. General industry is fairly free from the long-term agreements fastened on railway and construction organizations and that is the reason labor costs are decreasing elsewhere in keeping with the trend of the times. Building and transportation rates are therefore still at the peak and present a distinct obstruction to the readjustment under way.

"Now," concluded Mr. Merrick, "if the Labor organizations in the two last mentioned fields would accommodate themselves to reasonable reductions from war-level wages, normal conditions would be established in Canada within a few months."

The Montreal *Gazette* in a recent editorial put forward somewhat the same contentions as those of Mr. Merrick in this terse language: "If wages are decreased proportionately to the cost of living, the factors will act and react one upon the other, deflation will be brought about, and an orderly readjustment to more moderate prices occur."

TOM MOORE, President of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, however, sees matters from a somewhat different angle. "They all seem to be willing to let someone else take the initiative in the deflation," Mr. Moore observed during a chat recently with him in Ottawa. "Manufacturers and merchants each seem anxious to pass the burden along. It is quite natural for the employer who has goods on his shelves on which he cannot derive his former profits to ask his employees to share his losses with him, but it is a question as to whether, from an economic standpoint, this is not a mistaken policy. A lowering of the prices of commodities without any lowering of money wages of the laborers would be equivalent to increasing the buying power in the safest market we have—the home market."

Mr. Moore pointed out that the largest part of our national debt was contracted on a basis of money interest in 1917-18, interest rates being fixed by taking into consideration the purchasing value of the money interest to be paid. "We are now told by financial experts that the problem to-day is to produce sufficient goods to meet the interest on that debt," argued Mr Moore. "The remedy they would apply is to go back as nearly as possible to 1914 labor and farm produce prices, which would mean that the holders of the bonds for the debt would receive double the quantity of goods they would otherwise receive; in other words, the burdens of this debt would be doubled on the country. That's what it would mean if we went back to 1914 cost of production. The interest on this debt is *actually* paid in goods produced and only *nominally* in currency."

Mr. Moore attributed the quieter tone of business generally to the reduction made in wages in many lines and the large number of men thrown out of employment. "Men have not sufficient money coming in in wages to meet present high prices, and they cannot buy," argued Mr. Moore. "Now the remedy generally suggested is that of reducing wages further so that the purchasing power of the masses will be still lower than at the present time. There should be no surplus of goods on the shelves of manufacturers or merchants. All the goods that are manufactured are needed by the people, and the remedy for the present semi-stagnation is not reduction of wages but reduction of margins between actual cost of production and the selling price. During the period of inflation many industrial concerns diverted their war time profits to the increasing of the size and capacity of their plants, and the volume of business in normal times is not sufficient to carry the overhead burden of such capitalization—except by placing an unwarranted amount for overhead charges on the cost of every article turned out by the plant."

"A lowering of the wages of labor should not precede a fall in the cost of living," concluded Mr. Moore, "and further it should not of necessity follow down the scale with any such decreases. Improvements in machine production should be reflected in improved standards of living for the workers. The workers know, and do not need any teaching, that they can only share in that which they produce. They are not foolish enough to participate in any policies that would lead to the destruction of necessary capital to maintain and develop industrial enterprises."

RAILWAYMEN'S wages have been perhaps more in the limelight of late than any other. "The McAdoo award," said D'Arcy Scott, a former member of the Dominion Railway Board, in an address before the Canadian Club at Toronto, "meant an immediate increase of $77,800,000 in wages to be paid by Canadian railways. The result of the McAdoo award and the award of the Chicago conference was an application from the railways for power to increase their rates forty per cent., which the Dominion Board granted. The high railway wages keep up wages in other industries, and retard a return to normal conditions." The Government, he said, should deal with railway wages on their own merits.

Speaking of the McAdoo and Chicago award at Calgary, Hon. F. B. Carvell said the real iniquity of the rulings was not the amount of wages to be paid for work, but the conditions that allowed overtime. The chairman of the Dominion Railway Board struck a unique chord when he declared in the same address that he would like to see the day when Canadian business men, railway men and railway officials could gather around a table in Canada and settle their own differences, instead of adopting awards made in the United States.

On the other hand, Hon. Gideon Robertson, Minister of Labor, declares that railway wages in this country, considering the responsibilities railway men carry and the character of their work, are not too high. He added that railway engineers, entrusted every day with the care of life and property and subject to call of duty at all hours of the day or night, received but 89 cents an hour, or $7.12 for a hundred miles. Incidentally, at the other end of the division on their runs they had to pay for their lodging and meals out of their own pockets. Senator Robertson did not believe there was a locomotive engineer making over $300 a month.




The Modern Rip Van Winkle.

—Brown in Chicago "Daily News."

### Are Women Cause of Class Strife?

L. L. PELTIER, Canadian deputy president, Order of Railway Conductors, seen at Ottawa, frankly commended the efforts of the Minister of Labor in arranging conferences between employers and employees. Mr. Peltier was of the opinion that such conferences should not only take up the question of wages and conditions of labor but should discuss economic issues, such as the international

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"I dare you to meet Slicker in the ring," she defies, "with him to take the entire purse if you don't knock him out in ten rounds, and you to win it all if you do."

# SON *of the* CLACKMANNAN GIANT

*By* STANLEY R. HOFFLUND

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

THIS lad with the never-say-die mug comes breezin' into the Star Sporting Club Arena one afternoon while I was watching Bearcat Jimmy Journegan in a training workout against Sizzler McCarty. He was a rangy young fellow, with big bones and a muscular-looking Adam's apple.

"Got a place on the program in any of your preliminary bouts this week?" he asks. In his eyes was a glint that says, "I'll land a job on the fight card of this arena if it kills me."

Now I haven't been in the fight-promoting business these fifteen years for my health.

"What name did you say?" I asks.

"I didn't say," the lad replies; "but it's Sticker MacPherson."

That was a new *nom de guerre* to me. It was one I had overlooked in a business where new material is constantly knocking for baptism under properly pugnacious titles.

"Who named you?" says I.

The young fellow grinned, and it was a nice grin.

"It's not a ring moniker," says he. "Sticker is an old family name in our clan."

"What do you do for a livin'?" says I.

"I'm a laundryman, a fighting laundryman," says he. "I drive a delivery car for the Excelsior Laundry when I'm not fighting—or rather, I fight when I'm not delivering laundry. I've been in a couple of hundred pork-and-bean mills before small clubs around the country, and"—grinning almost boastfully—"I've never been knocked out."

"Ever knock any of your opponents out?" I asks, expecting an earful of the sort of boastful bunk most pork-and-beaners give a manager when they are applying for work. I was due for a surprise.

"No," says he, his voice full of honest pride, "I never knocked out a man in my life. But"—folding his arms in a crown-me-hero manner—"I'm here to tell you there aint a bird of my weight in the business, including the welterweight champion himself, who can make me quit or put me where a referee will count ten over me."

Some boast, that.

"Are you busy right now?" I asks.

STICKER MACPHERSON had come to get what he was after, and he had come heeled. He turned loose that nice grin of his again as he reached into a rear pocket and fished out a pair of fighting trunks that sure deserved the first-prize, pink-enameled, diamond-studded sawbuck for originality. Those trunks were Scotch plaid! Red, yellow, and green, done into a pattern so loud you could have heard them all the way to Loch Lomond.

"I'm Scotch descent," Sticker explains. "My father was the Clackmannan heavyweight Sandy MacMasters himself couldn't knock out in Edinburgh, back in seventy-four. Sandy slugged father for eighty-two rounds, then fainted in the eighty-third from having worn himself out delivering the mighty blows that didn't even dent the Clackmannan Giant, as father was called. The fight was awarded to father, though he hadn't landed half a dozen solid punches during the entire eighty-three rounds."

I was so overcome I pointed to the Scotch-plaid trunks and asked:

"Was them your father's kilties?"

"No," says Sticker regretfully. "Father couldn't have got one of his great legs into these. But"—swelling his chest with family pride—"I inherited all father's heavyweight staying qualities, even if I am only a welterweight. Father used to wear a pair of this same pattern, in fact Mary Smith copied these—"

He stopped suddenly and blushed the color of a healthy apple, as if is tongue had skidded on to private affairs.

"Mary who?" says I.

Sticker could have fixed up an alibi for Mary, or said she was his grandmother. But he seemed to be without guile.

"Smith, Mary Smith," he confesses, still blushing. "She's not exactly my wife—that is, she's not my wife yet, but—"

"But will be as soon as you get to making enough money out of the fighting business so you can take her joyriding in a limousine instead of a laundry wagon," I finishes for him.

"Exactly," says Sticker, much relieved. I never did meet such an innocent, boyish boy for a pork-and-bean pugilist.

"If you knew her," he goes on, his eyes glowing, "you wouldn't be surprised at my wanting to connect up with a fighting arena where they pay more than they do in the third-rate clubs. Of course, Mary objects to my being a fighter at all; but then, it will only be for a little while, only until I can make a big stake and marry her."

I liked the young fellow, and I hated to see him regarding matrimony from what I consider the wrong point of view. And then, he seemed unduly optimistic about fighting his way to a big stake.

"Why don't you take a chance marrying her now, and sticking to the laundry business?" I asked.

"Can't be done," says Sticker gravely. "You see there's my mother with six children younger than me, mostly girls, and my laundry salary—"

"Is stretched pretty tight," I interrupts, "paying the bills for such a populous ménage. If Mary was added to your responsibilities, I suppose the breaking point would be reached."

STICKER grinned. He had a nice, honest, homely, Scotch phiz, and it was a pleasure to watch it perform in a place where most of the mugs are either callous or just plain tough. But I had my doubts, on account of that face of his, over his ability as a fighter.

"Do you think you've got class enough to fight in a show like mine?" I asks.

He comes back at me with all the cocksureness of an Airedale pup.

"There aint a welterweight in the business can knock me out."

"We'll see about that directly," says I, not being a man who lets a bluff wither from lack of a call. "Go put on your kilties and I will introduce you to a scrapper who hates the sight of Scotch plaid like a bull hates a red parasol."

While Sticker was in the dressing-room getting into his fighting togs, I instructed Sizzler McCarty to take him on and finish him off in about two seconds. Sizzler is a tough mug, and I had no doubt about his ability to carry out my instructions. When they got going, I couldn't help feeling sorry for the son of the Clackmannan Giant. But it was plainly my duty to find out just how much of a fighter he was, and if he was building up his plans for happiness on false hopes or not.

From the start it was plain that Sticker was too awkward to ever be a great fighter. He used his arms as though they were waterproof and Sizzler a rainstorm. Sticker didn't return a solid punch during three full rounds of milling.

BUT at the end of it he was fresh as though he had just gone through three rounds of cribbage instead of standing up under punishment from a hard-hitting, experienced pug. It was Sizzler who showed signs of wear and tear, not Sticker. Sizzler had damaged both his hands and exhausted all his strength slugging a lad whose powers of resistance were so amazing they had more than offset his lack of boxing ability. Sticker wasn't fast and clever enough to do any damage himself, but as far as being damaged was concerned, he might have been a cement sack on legs, with a jaw of chilled-steel. Even his nose and ears were tough as walrus hide.

"You aint got class enough to down the son of the Clackmannan Giant," Sticker says with a grin when Sizzler sank panting against the ropes.

I ordered Sizzler to the dressing room, then instructed Bearcat Jimmy Journegan to tackle Sticker. Bearcat might just as well have tried to knock out a telephone pole.

"Trot out a scrapper with a punch," Sticker invites after Bearcat had gone back to the dressing-room to borrow the arnica from Sizzler McCarty, to apply upon his badly-sprained hands. "None of these second-raters can down me; I'm a sticker."

I accommodated the boy by matching him against the best second-rate welter in the city in a preliminary bout the following Wednesday night. Sticker took six rounds of mauling with a grin, and landed a few awkward ones himself. It kind of took the fancy of the audience to see a lad, whose only real fighting qualification was a boiler-plate hide, take everything a real fighter could give and grin for more. Sticker's Scotch-plaid trunks were also something new to the fans, and they got a lot of mob joy ragging him about them.

But it wasn't freak fighting pants and constitutional indestructibility that won Sticker a regular berth on the Star Sporting Club's regular Wednesday night boxing shows. It was something far more interesting to the fans than Sticker himself. The helper who followed him in through the ropes to be his second in the ring was the real attraction. She was something entirely new in the professional pugilistic business.

When Mary Smith, dressed in a natty tailored suit, entered the ring with a towel over one arm and carrying a bucket of water, the crowd fairly stood up in the seats to get a good view. Pretty? Say, that girl's face would have brought a smile to the lips of a crabbed old millionaire who has just paid his income tax. Her beauty was of that fair-haired, blue-eyed type that sends a man's thoughts to country lanes and blooming daisies and everything fresh and wholesome and far removed from the atmosphere of a prize-fighting arena. The girl's appearance in that ring was as unexpected as would be that of some fairy from a fanciful play for children into a sordid scene of cheap melodrama.

I DIDN'T know what to make of the situation at first, Sticker having sprung his lady second as a surprise on me as well as the fans. He had said he would bring a friend to go into the ring with him, but had not mentioned that the friend would be Miss Mary Smith. From the way the fans took to the girl, however, I could see possibilities in the novelty.

During the fight Sticker took some mean blows from Knockout Lanny, his opponent. When the first one landed on his chilled-steel jaw, the girl put her hand up to her own pretty, uninjured little chin, and sympathetically exclaimed "Ouch!" Her pretty face had shown unmistakable evidence of nervous dread from the moment the fighters squared off. But she had kept it well under control until Sticker received that awful wallop on the chin.

At her exclamation the fans started to laugh, but even the hardest veteran of them put a lot of sympathy into his laughter. Her "Ouch!" had come so spontaneously, as though she, instead of Sticker, had been hit. Sticker grinned across the ring at her reassuringly, and as the fight progressed and she saw him take dozens of wallops with no apparent physical suffering, she regained her composure and was soon smiling confidently.

The girl was strong and capable as she was dainty and alluring. The way she took care of Sticker between rounds, bathing his face with her tender hands—though the most conspicuous mark on it was his grin—added an unfamiliar touch of sentiment to the prizefight scene, that went well with the fans. She and Sticker whispered together confidentially between rounds, and it was easy to see that Sticker was encouraging his second instead of the usual ring procedure of second encouraging fighter.

Mary came into the office with Sticker after the fights were over that night. I was glad to get better acquainted with the girl. She admitted she had been frightfully nervous, but excused herself by saying, with a soft little smile at Sticker, that it was no wonder she felt that way the very first time she ever watched anybody strike him. She admitted, with a blush, that she was in a big hurry to see Sticker make a lot of money, and that she was ready to do anything she could to help him at it. She seemed to be as optimistic as Sticker over his ability to get rich in the fighting business, and I didn't have the heart to put a wet blanket over their youthful optimism by airing my own private opinion on the subject.

"It seems to be the only way," she sighed as she took Sticker's arm before leaving. "Of course it's dreadful. But I guess poor people like us have to do unpleasant things to get ahead of this wicked old world."

I NEVER met a young couple I thought more of than those two kids. There was something mighty fine about the way they had started out to face a big problem together. I couldn't help thinking how different things might have been in my own life if I had met a girl like Mary when I was a young man, a girl who would wait and play the game with me.

I decided to give Sticker every chance I could. It wasn't bad business on my part, at that, for "The Human Punching-Bag and His Lady Second," as I billed them, became a great drawing-card. And box-office receipts are something I have never learned to overlook.

I imported good welters from other cities to come down and try to put a k. o. on Sticker, publishing in the sporting pages his boast that no welterweight in the business could down the son of the Clackmannan Giant. But all the satisfaction Sticker's opponents got was the decision on points at the end of the fight, a lot of booing from the crowd, and badly-sprained wrists and hands. Sticker himself didn't come off without damage, for he took some awful punishment from hard-hitting lads who had placed big bets on their ability to floor him. Often I saw him grin at Mary after a blow that must have created a lot of suffering inside his plucky system.

"I'm going to stay with it until we make the stake we need, sweetheart," he would say when Mary started to raise objections, on account of bruises that would show up and an ear that threatened to become an incurable physical blemish. "Just a few more fights and I will be able to take a little rest."

It was Mary who told me Sticker had just paid two thousand dollars to have an operation performed on his little sister, who would have grown up to womanhood with a deformity had her fine brother not come to her rescue with the money he endured so much to earn.

I did my best to teach Sticker how to hit, so he would have a show to return some of the maulings he was receiving every week. But the boy, while strong and rugged as a young bullock, couldn't seem to develop enough speed in his muscles for quick action.

"Us MacPhersons have always been just plain stickers," he would say apologetically when I tried to urge him to more speed.

"But you can't go on being a human punching-bag forever," I argued once.

Sticker grinned his never-say-die grin.

"A fellow can stand a lot for the sake of a girl and a family like mine," he retorted.

ONE evening the welterweight champion of the world himself came down to watch a big main event I had billed, and Sticker was on the card in a preliminary bout. The champion grinned sarcastically when he saw an ambitious young welter fail to stow Sticker away. But the grin the champ had for Mary Smith had no sarcasm in it. He was smitten with her charms the moment she entered the ring, and with all the money he had it wasn't hard for him to offer her attractive inducements for striking up an intimate acquaintance.

That a girl like Mary Smith fell for the champ's sporty automobile and extravagant entertainments was as big a worry to me as it must have been to Sticker. It was inconceivable that such a sweet little specimen of decent young womanhood should become the victim of the wiles of a cheap, flashy fellow whose motives any thoughtful person must mistrust—but then, the poor girl had endured a lot of poverty and self-denial in her life. The contrast between an expensive, high-powered car and a dinky, rattling, jolting laundry wagon is something any girl would be likely to appreciate, should the choice be put up to her. The week during which Mary saw a lot too much of the champ, and much too little of Sticker, was too painful a period for me to dwell upon.

"I'd like to get a crack at that lowbrow," Sticker said to me one day. He grinned as he said it—but then, I had seen Sticker grin after a blow over the heart that would have killed the average man. I happened to know that Mary was somewhere off on a joyride that afternoon with the champ, in his big machine.

"I'd like to accommodate you, Sticker," says I; "but it takes more money than I can put up to get a champion into a ring. Those birds, you know, are spoiled by conceit and the easy money they have picked up."

"Yes," says Sticker, grinning stubbornly, "I know."

I was all for the lad, and couldn't control myself as he did.

"Why don't you take a crack at him in some alley?" I whispered. "You don't have to wait to get him into a roped arena."

"I've thought about that," says Sticker; "but I'm afraid Mary wouldn't like it."

Can you beat that? And Mary was throwing him over for a cheap sport whose only attractive quality was money.

STICKER started to leave my office, but was stopped by Mary Smith herself, who rushed in and threw her arms around his neck. The boy found it easy to grin then, and the way he hugged her did my heart good. But when Mary started to cry, Sticker's face grew black with anger.

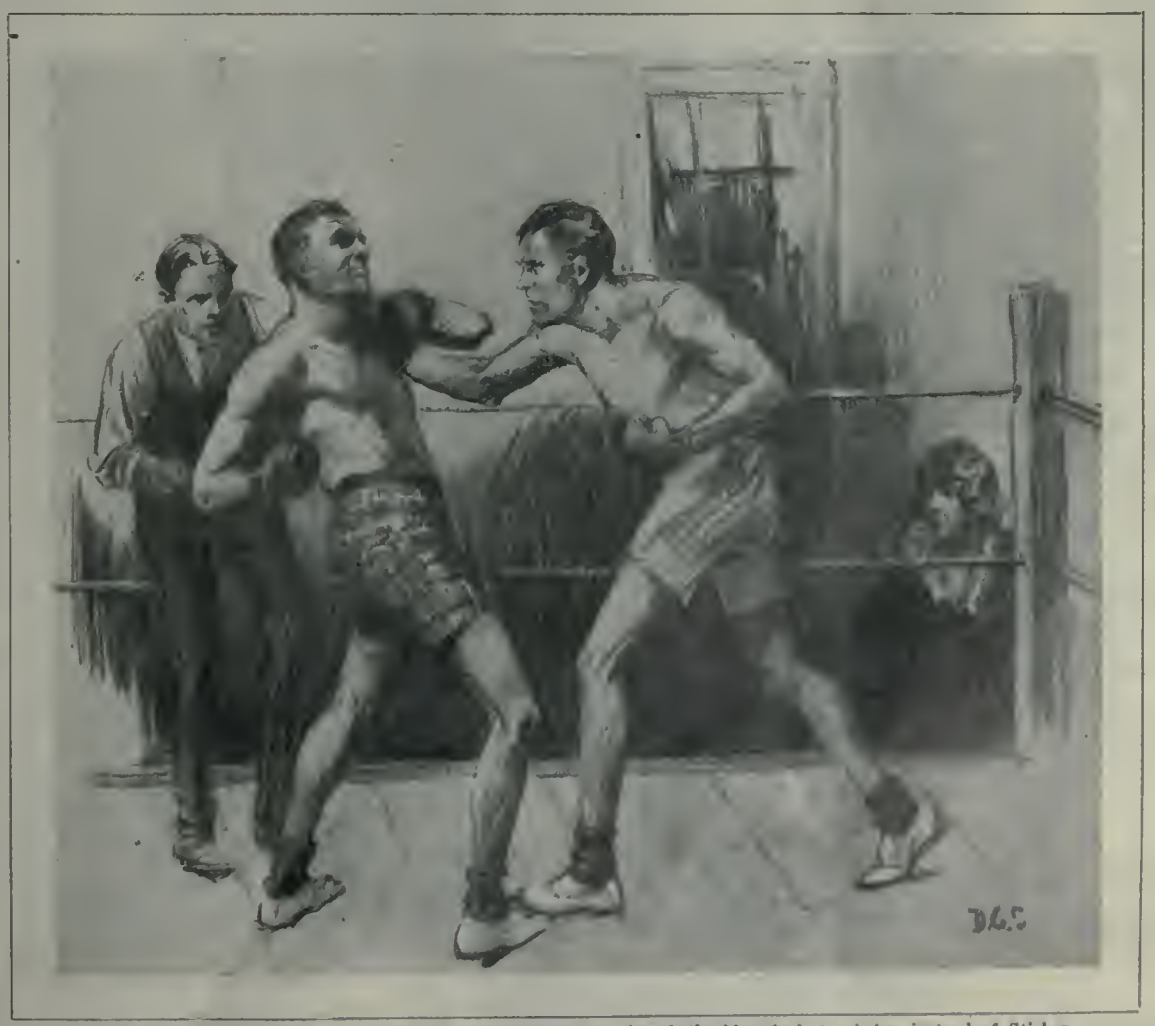
"Who has been bothering my little sweetheart?" he asks, his voice choking. I thought it mighty fine of him to call her that after the way she had been carrying on for a week with the champ.

Mary whispered something in his ear, and Sticker turned to me.

"The champ and I are going to mix," says he.

"You said it, bo," says a

*Continued on page 42*



Then again Mary exclaimed, "Ouch!" as spontaneously as though the blow had struck her instead of Sticker.

# PAWNED

*By* FRANK L. PACKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN



John Bruce pushed Hawkins almost roughly back into his chair.

## CHAPTER XXI

### The Last Chance

JOHN BRUCE closed the door of Larmon's suite, and taking the elevator went up to his own room in the Bayne-Miloy Hotel, two floors above. Here he flung himself almost wearily into a chair. Larmon had gone to bed; but bed offered no appeal to him, John Bruce, in spite of the fact that he was conscious of great mental fatigue. Bed without sleep was a horror, and his spirits were too depressed to make sleep even a possibility.

From a purely selfish standpoint, and he admitted to utter selfishness now, it had been a hollow victory. Crang was gone, disposed of, and as far as Larmon was concerned the man no longer existed, for if Crang had held a certain intimate knowledge of Larmon's life over Larmon's head, Larmon was now in exactly the same position in respect of Crang. And Crang, too, for the time being at least, was no longer a factor in Claire's life.

He smiled grimly to himself. Hollow! The victory had been sweeping, complete, conclusive—for every one but himself! He had not even waited to leave the dock before he had telephoned Claire. And Claire had— He rose suddenly and began to walk feverishly up and down the room. Hollow! He laughed out shortly. She had curtly refused to talk to him. He had only meant to telephone to say that he was on the way up to her house, and he had managed to say that much — and she had coldly, contemptuously informed him that she would not be at home, and had hung up the receiver. She had given him no opportunity to say any more.

It was not like Claire. It had been so unexpected that he had left the dock mentally dazed. The sight of the liner out in the stream had seemed to mock him ironically. After that, until now, he had followed the line of least resistance. He had come back here to the hotel, and dined with Larmon.

He stood still in the middle of the room. Larmon! It had been a singular evening that he had just spent with Larmon.

He had got a new viewpoint of Larmon—a strange, grave sympathetic Larmon. He had given Larmon the details of everything that had happened; and Larmon had led him on to talk—of everything, and anything, it seemed now, as he looked back upon it. And somehow, he could not tell why, even while he felt that Larmon was drawing him out, urging him even to speak of Claire and the most intimate things of the last few weeks, he had been glad to respond. It was only when Larmon for a little while had discussed his great chain of gambling houses that he, John Bruce, had felt curiously detached from it all and estranged from the other, as though he were masquerading as some one else, as some one whom Larmon believed to be John Bruce, and as though he in his true self had no interest in these matters any longer in a personal sense, as though his connection with them had automatically ceased with the climax of Crang's removal. It was queer! But then his mind had been obsessed, elsewhere. And yet here, too, he had been frank with Larmon—frank enough to admit the feelings that had prompted him to refrain from actual play only two nights before. He remembered the quick little tattoo of Larmon's quill toothpick at this admission, and Larmon's tight little smile.

YES, it had been a singular evening! In those few hours he seemed to have grown to know Larmon as though he had known the man all his life, to be drawn in a personal way, to admire Larmon as a man. There was something of debonair sang-froid about Larmon. He had made no fuss over his escape that day, and much less been effusive in any thanks. In fact, that seemed to be about the only subject that had not been mentioned. Larmon's philosophy of life was apparently definitely fixed and settled; and, in so far as Larmon was concerned was a gamble—and, consistently enough, his own activities in that respect were on as vast a scale as possible.

Larmon with his unemotional face and his quill toothpick! No; not unemotional! When Larmon had finally pleaded fatigue and a desire to go to bed there had been something in Larmon's face and Larmon's "good-night," that still lingered with him, John Bruce, and which even now he could not define.

John Bruce's brows gathered into tight furrows. His mind had flown off at a tangent. There was Claire! It had not been like Claire. Nor had he meant nor did he intend now to accept her dismissal as final. But what was it that had happened? What was it? He could think only of one thing—the letter he had written to Larmon. It was a certainty that Crang's hand was in this somewhere, and Crang had said that he had shown the letter to Claire, but . . .

The telephone rang.

John Bruce stepped to the desk, and picked up the instrument.

"Yes? Hello," he said.

The clerk's voice from the office answered him:

"There's a man down here, Mr. Bruce, who insists on seeing you. He's pretty seedy, and looks as though he had been on a bat for a week. I'm sorry to bother you, but we can't get rid of him. He says his name is Hawkins."

"Send him up at once!" said John Bruce sharply.

"Yes, sir." The clerk coughed deprecatingly. "Very well, Mr. Bruce. Thank you."

Hawkins! John Bruce walked to the door of his suite, and opened it. He looked at his watch. It was getting on now to eleven o'clock. What on earth had brought Hawkins up here to the Bayne-Miloy at this hour? He smiled a little grimly as he stood waiting on the threshold, and the recollection of the night before last came back to him. Well, at least, he was safe to-night from any kidnapping through the medium of Hawkins.

The elevator door clanged a little way down the corridor, and Hawkins, followed by a bell boy, stepped out.

"This way, Hawkins!" John Bruce called—and dismissed the bell-boy with a wave of his hand.

And then, as Hawkins reached the door, John Bruce stared in amazement, and for a moment absolved the clerk for his diagnosis. Hawkins' face was like parchment, devoid of color; his hands, twisting at the old felt hat, trembled as with the ague; and the blue eyes, fever-burned they seemed, stared out in a fixed way from under the shaggy brows.

John Bruce pulled the old man inside the apartment and closed the door.

"Good Lord, Hawkins!" he exclaimed anxiously. "What's the matter with you?"

Hawkins caught at John Bruce's arm.

"It's to-morrow morning," he said hoarsely. "To-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

"What is?" inquired John Bruce. He forced the old cabman gently into a chair. "You're upset, Hawkins. Here—wait! I'll get you something."

But Hawkins held him back.

"I don't want a drink." There was misery, bitterness, in Hawkins' voice. "I don't want a drink—for once. It's come! It—it's come to the end now. Crang and—and my little girl are going to be married to-morrow morning."

And then John Bruce laughed quietly, and laid his hand assuringly on the old cabman's shoulder.

"No, Hawkins," he said. "I don't know where you got that idea; but it won't be to-morrow morning, nor for a good many to-morrow mornings either. Crang at the present moment is on board a ship on his way to South America."

"I know," said Hawkins dully. "But half an hour ago I left him with Claire in Paul Veniza's house."

John Bruce's hand tightened on Hawkins' shoulder until the old man winced.

"You what?" John Bruce cried out.

"Yes," said Hawkins. "I heard him talking about it in the back room. They didn't know I was there. He said there was something the matter with the engines."

Crang back! John Bruce's face was set as chiselled marble.

"Do you know what you are saying, Hawkins?" he demanded fiercely, as though to trample down and sweep aside by the brute force of his own incredulity the other's assertion. "Do you know what you are saying—*do you*?"

"Yes, I know," said Hawkins helplessly. "He said you nearly killed him to-day, and—"

John Bruce's laugh, with a savagery that had him now at its mercy and in its grip, rang suddenly through the room.

"Then, for once, he told the truth!" he cried. "He tricked me cold with that old bus last night, and trapped me in the rats' hole where his gang holds out, but—"

Hawkins stumbled to his feet. His face seemed to have grown grayer still, more haggard and full of abject misery.

"That's it, then!" he whispered. "I—I understand now. I was drunk last night. Oh, my God, I'm to blame for this too!"

John Bruce pushed Hawkins almost roughly back into his chair. Last night was gone. It was of no significance any more.

"Never mind about that!" he said between his teeth. "It doesn't matter now. Nothing matters now except Claire. Go on, tell me! What does it mean? To-morrow morning, you said. Why this sudden decision about to-morrow morning?"

HAWKINS' lips seemed dry. He circled them again and again with his tongue.

"He said you nearly killed him to-day, as I—I told you," said Hawkins, fumbling for his words.

"And he said that you had been lovers before that night when you were stabbed and that he wasn't going to stand for it any longer, and—and"—Hawkins' voice broke—"and that she belonged to him. And he said she was the only one who could stop this trouble between you and him before it was too late, and that was by marrying him at once. And—and Claire said she would."

Hawkins stopped. His old felt hat was on his knees, and he twisted at it aimlessly with shaking fingers.

John Bruce stood motionless.

"Go on," he bit off his words.

"That's all," said Hawkins, "except he made her promise not to let you know anything about it. They're going to

leave the house to-morrow morning, and are going down to Station Island to get married because there's some minister down there he knows, Crang said. And I'm to take Crang, and—and"—the old man turned away his face—"I—I'm to be best man. That—that's what he said—best man."

John Bruce walked abruptly to the window, and stared blindly out into the night. His brain seemed afire.

For a time neither man spoke.

"You said you loved her," said Hawkins at last. "I came to you. There wasn't any other place to go. Paul Veniza can't do anything."

John Bruce turned from the window, and walking to Hawkins laid his two hands on the other's shoulders. He was calmer now.

"Yes, I love her," he said huskily, "and I think—I am not sure—but I think now there is a chance she can be made to change her mind even now at the last minute. But that means I must see her, or rather, that she must see me."

Hawkins paused in the twisting of his felt hat to raise bewildered eyes.

"I've got the car here," he said. "I'll take you down."

"The car!" exclaimed John Bruce quickly. "Yes, I never thought of that! Listen, Hawkins! Claire refused to see me this afternoon, or even to talk to me over the telephone. I am not quite sure why. But no matter what her reason was, I must see her now at once. I have something to tell her that I hope will persuade her not to go on with this to-morrow morning—or ever." His voice was growing grave and hard. "I hope you understand, Hawkins. I believe it may succeed. If it fails, then neither you now, I nor any soul on earth can alter her decision. That's all that I can tell you now."

Hawkins nodded his head. A little color, eagerness, hope, had come into his face.

"That's enough," he said tremulously, "as long as you—you think there is a chance even yet. And—and you do, don't you?"

"Yes," said John Bruce, "I think there is more than a chance— If I can see her alone and make her listen to me. The car will be just the thing. But she would refuse to come out, if she knew I were in it. I depend on you for that. We'll drive down there, and you will have to make some excuse to get her to come with you. After that you can keep on driving us around the block until I either win or lose."

HAWKINS rose hurriedly to his feet.

"Let us go, John Bruce! For God's sake, let us go!" he cried eagerly. "I'll—I'll tell her Mrs. Hedges—that's my landlady—has got to see her at once. She'll come quick enough."

John Bruce put on his hat and coat, and without a word led the way to the door—but at the door paused for an instant. There was Larmon—and Crang was back. And then he shook his head in quick decision. There was time enough later. It would serve no purpose to tell Larmon now other than the thankless one of giving Larmon a restless night.

John Bruce went on. He did not speak again until, outside the hotel, he stepped into the travelling pawnshop as Hawkins opened the car door for him.

"You will have to make sure that Crang has gone," he said quietly. "Don't stop in front of the house, Hawkins."

"I'll make sure," whispered Hawkins, as he climbed to his seat. "Oh, my God, my little girl!"

The old car jolted forward. John Bruce's face was set again in hard, chiselled lines. He tried to think—but now his brain seemed curiously impotent, as though it groped through chaos and through turmoil only to stagger back bewildered, defeated, a wounded thing. And for a time it was like that, as he sat there swaying with the lurch of the speeding car, one thought impinging fast upon another only to be swallowed up so quickly in turn by still another that he could correlate no one of them.

And then, after a little time again, out of this strange mental strife images began to take form, as sharply defined and distinct one from the other as before they had been mingled in hopeless confusion—and he cried out aloud in sudden agony of soul. It was to save his life that this had happened. He had wrung that knowledge from Crang. That was the lever he meant to use with Claire now, and it must succeed. He must make it succeed! It seemed to drive him mad now, that thought — that to-morrow morning she should die for him. Not physical death—worse than that! God! It was unthinkable, horrible, abominable.

He dropped back on the seat. He battled for calmness. In a little while Claire would be here beside him—for a little while. He shook his head. This was not real, nothing of his life had been real since that moon-mad night on the sands of Apia. No; that was not true! Soul, mind and body rose up in fierce denial. His love was real, a living, breathing, actual reality. Claire—

JOHN BRUCE sank his face in his hands. Hours seemed to pass. And then he was conscious that the car had stopped. He roused himself, and drawing the window curtain slightly, looked out. Hawkins had stopped a few houses down past the one-time pawnshop.

John Bruce rose suddenly and changed his seat to the one in the far opposite corner, his back to the front of the car. The time seemed interminable. Then he heard a light footstep ring on the pavement, and he heard Hawkins' voice. The car door was opened, a dark form entered, sat down, the door closed, and the car started forward.

It was strange! It was like that here in this car, that he had stepped in one night and found Claire—as she would now find him. That was so long ago. And it seemed so long since even he had last seen her—since that night when, piqued so unwarrantably, he had left Paul Veniza's house. He felt his hands tremble. He steadied himself. He did not want to frighten or startle her now. "Claire," he said softly.

He heard a slight, quick rustle of garments—and then the light in the car was flashed on.

She was leaning tensely forward, a little figure with loose cloak flung over her shoulders, without hat, a wondrous sheen from the light on the dark, silken hair, her eyes wide, her finger still on the electric-light button.

"You!" she cried sharply. "And Hawkins too in this!"

She reached for the door handle; but John Bruce caught her hand.

"Claire!" he pleaded hoarsely. "Wait! If it is a trick, at least you know that with Hawkins and me you will come to no harm. What else could I do? You would not speak to me this afternoon, you would not let me see you, and I must talk to you to-night."

She looked at him steadily.

"Must?" she repeated coldly. "And to-night? Why to-night?"

"Because," John Bruce answered quickly, "to-morrow would be too late. I know about to-morrow morning. Hawkins told me. He was outside the door of that room when Crang was talking to you to-night."

She sank back in her seat with a little cry. Her face had gone white—but again she steadied herself.

"And—and do you think that is any reason why you should have inveigled me into this car?" she asked dully. "Do you think that anything you can say will alter—to-morrow morning?"

"Yes; I do;" said John Bruce earnestly. "But"—he smiled a little bitterly—"I am afraid, too, that it will be hopeless enough if first you will not tell me what has so suddenly come between us. Claire, what is it?"

The dark eyes lighted with a glint, half angry, half ironical.

"Is that what you brought me here for?"

"No," he said quietly.

"Then," she said coolly, "if you do not know, I will tell you. I read a letter that you wrote to a certain Mr. Larmon."

It was a long minute before he spoke.

"I—I thought it might be that," he said slowly. "I knew you had seen it. Crang told me so. And—and I was afraid you might believe it—Claire."

"Believe it!" She returned monotonously. "Had I any choice? Have I any now? I knew you were in danger. I knew it was written to save your life. I knew it was your handwriting. I knew you wrote it," she turned away her head. "It was so miserable a lie, so cowardly a betrayal—to save your life."

"But so hard to believe, so bitter to believe,"

*Continued on page 46*

*THE STORY SO FAR:—Hawkins, New York cab driver, inveterate drunkard, permits Paul Veniza, pawnbroker, to adopt his motherless baby girl, Claire. Twenty years later, Urlin P. Neyret, proprietor of gambling houses, meets in Honolulu John Bruce, of good family, but down and out temporarily, and offers him a big income to do his bidding in anything. Bruce returns to a life of luxury, meets Claire in a travelling pawnshop (a taxi driven by Hawkins), is injured in a fight, and takes refuge in the girl's room, falling unconscious. Dr. Crang, cocaine addict, as price for saving Bruce's life, extracts a promise of marriage from Claire. Bruce, recovering slowly, witnesses robbery by Crang and accomplices of Veniza's safe. Bruce declares his love to Claire. He then meets Hawkins again and learns the latter is Claire's father. Hawkins renews to Bruce and Veniza his pledge that he will drink no more. Will he keep it? Bruce discloses to Veniza his love for Claire. Crang attacks Claire brutally, in a drugged frenzy, and is severely handled by Bruce, who rescues the girl after a terrific fight. Crang threatens Bruce's life. Bruce returns to his life of luxury, is tricked by a ruse into Crang's den of scoundrels, and is threatened with death unless he lures Neyret (alias Larmon) by a trick letter into Crang's power for blackmail. Claire learns of the plot, is led to believe Bruce has been guilty of a dastardly betrayal, and Crang used the trick letter to get Larmon into his den. By a ruse, Bruce turns the tables on Crang, and threatens to wring the doctor's neck unless he discloses the whole truth of his infamous plot. Bruce then puts him aboard a ship bound for South America. Crang escapes and gets ashore the same night and seeks revenge by wringing a promise from Claire to marry him next morning at eight. Hawkins overhears and goes to warn John Bruce of Crang's intentions.*



Then suddenly she clung to him with all her strength and drew his head down until his lips met hers.

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## A British Spy in Soviet Russia

*The Striking Experiences of Sir Paul Dukes, Once a Member of the Russian Extraordinary Commission*

JOSEPH SHAPLEN

AMONG the romantic stories of the war is that of Sir Paul Dukes of the British Secret Service, who for eighteen months in Petrograd, Moscow and other Russian centres posed as an official of the Extraordinary Commission, worked in munition factories, joined the "Red" army and ran an extensive intelligence service for the British Government. Joseph Shaplen, writing in the New York *Tribune*, gives a picture of the work of this young Englishman, still in his early thirties, under the almost daily menace of death.

"Dukes has been outlawed by the Bolshevik Government, and the agents of the notorious Extraordinary Commission, maddened by their inability to effect his capture, have finally issued a decree permitting any Russian citizen catching Dukes on Soviet territory to shoot him on the spot. He was accused by the Bolshevik authorities of being personally responsible for many disorders and uprisings in Soviet Russia and of being the head of the counter-revolutionary conspiracies which have given the Bolsheviki so much trouble within the last two years.

"Dukes denies emphatically that he ever engaged in any conspiracies against the Bolshevik Government and says that his entire activity in Russia was confined to gathering information.

"A member of a distinguished British family, Dukes was virtually brought up in Russia. He lived there for twelve years, studied at one of the Russian universities, and after a course in the Petrograd Conservatoire became assistant to the director of the celebrated Marinsky Theatre. He speaks and writes Russian fluently.

"After the outbreak of the war in 1914, Dukes was appointed a member of the Anglo-Russian commission and served with great credit during the war. On the outbreak of the revolution in 1917, Dukes, who had close connections with revolutionary circles in the Russian capital, joined the rebellion and participated in the street-fighting which resulted in the overthrow of the Czar.

"Bitterly opposed to the Bolsheviki and regarding them as the real counter-revolutionists, Dukes volunteered to go into Soviet Russia in November, 1918, after he had already left the country, and take charge of the British Intelligence Service. This was soon after the murder of Captain Cromje, the naval attaché of the British Embassy in Petrograd, by the Bolsheviki. His offer was accepted by the authorities in London."

Entering Russia by way of the Finnish frontier in November, 1918, he found many Russians of all qualities, from high officials in the Government and officers in the army to boarding-house keepers and munitions-workers, who believed as he did about the Bolsheviki and were glad to help him. A friend and colleague of his was captured and shot. Dukes himself had a multitude of hairbreadth escapes.

"In an emergency I sometimes produced a 'fit.' I practised 'fits' and became quite expert.

"On one occasion, overtaken by a search, I had such a 'fit' that the investigator from *Gorochovaya Dva* (Extraordinary Commission), who was conducting operations, would not have let his men touch me with a ten-foot pole. My host was arrested on the charge of having had an interview with an Englishman masquerading as a Russian three months before. I often wondered what the investigator would have said had he been told subsequently that while he was searching the study the 'Englishman' was in the next room burning a couple of passports with different names, but with the same photographs, and hiding the ashes up the chimney.

"A brazen show of self-confidence was the best security at such moments. The person just mentioned as arrested on my account got off a few days later by an extraordinary display of audacity, outwitting even *Gorochovaya Dva*. I confess I am not one of those who love to plunge into any hazardous enterprise just for the fun of it. In many a tight corner I was really shaking in my boots, although I managed to keep those articles firmly on the ground and maintain an attitude of self-possession. A laugh at such moments serves well. A look of imbecility is at times an aid, too.

"I once entered a house the door of which was unguarded, intending to let myself in by a key to a flat on the first floor. In the hall I heard a curious commotion and jingling of keys just above. I knew the flat was empty and realized at once that a search was on. The guard had not yet been placed at the front entrance. I tiptoed out of that hall about as quickly as I ever tiptoed in my life. But the floor tiling was loose and rattled. A pair of heavy boots came charging down the stairs after me like a ton of bricks, and just as I emerged into the street a big, brutal-looking fellow held me up with a revolver.

"'Stop!' he shouted. 'Whom do you want?'

"I looked up innocently at the lintel.

"'Ah!' I said, 'all right. This, I see, is No. 19. I am looking for No. 17.'

"My long, straggling hair, shaggy beard, blue spectacles, and face contorted in a nervous grin must have given me the appearance of an utter imbecile. I limped off like a cripple. The man glared at me very hard, lowered his revolver, and let me go."

A great deal of his time was devoted by Dukes to the study of the machinery and operations of the Extraordinary Commission. He found conditions as to terrorism rather worse than they had been under the Czar. "Investigators" are everywhere, we are told:

"The general public class these investigators quite simply as good or bad, the first being those who are human enough to take a bribe and let their victim go, and the second being those who show no mercy. When any one is arrested the first thing his friends do is to find out which investigator is entrusted with the case. If he is of the second class hope is given up at once. If the investigator in question is found to be 'good' the victim is considered lucky, and means are taken to find out what the investigator's price is. The usual procedure of such an investigator is to put the victim through the usual interrogation, but to ask only such questions as the victim is certain to answer satisfactorily. The investigator then reports to the council that he had found no incriminating evidence, and it is up to the council to render a final verdict."

Often where the authorities felt that the victim was guilty, torture was applied to gain evidence.

"When I was in the Communist party," he says, "I made the acquaintance of a commissar who boasted of his connection with *Gorochovaya Dva*, where he was an investigator. Two of my assistants, having obtained a bottle of vodka one day, got him drunk and persuaded him to tell some of the methods of the *Gorochovaya Dva*. He said that in case the authorities felt that a victim was concealing something from them they would apply methods of torture. The torture consisted in the rapid and consistent firing of revolvers in the vicinity of the place of interrogation, the feeding of a prisoner for days on nothing but salt herrings, but refusing to give him water to drink, flogging, and the application of red-hot needles to the quick of the fingers."

The Red army is not a strong, well-moulded whole as we are often led to believe but an unwilling body of men, only eager to go home and till the land and only restrained by terror.

"At the beginning of May, 1919," Dukes says, "I enlisted as a volunteer in a regiment of a friend of the manager of my works, who, although strongly opposed to the Bolsheviki, gained their favor by blowing up the wrong bridges when Udenitch advanced on Petrograd. My commander intended to blow up the retreat of the 'Reds,' but by an error blew up the retreat of their opponents. Thinking that he had done so purposely, the Communists extended to him an invitation to join the Communist party and gave him a command. As a private in this regiment, stationed close to the Polish lines, my commander delegated me to Moscow and Petrograd in various duties, such as purchase of books, motor tires, etc.

"When I traveled to Moscow as a 'Red' soldier, I traveled in state. Thus, in making frequent trips to Moscow and Petrograd—and my commander saw to it that they be as frequent as possible—I was able to obtain valuable information bearing on the army at the important official sources and to gather such information on conditions in general as I thought interesting and valuable.

"Once my commander sent me to Moscow to obtain a complete set of Bolshevik decrees for the year 1919 to be used for propaganda purposes in the army. The request was genuine enough, but I obtained two sets of the decrees, one for the army and another for the Foreign Office in London.

"While in the 'Red' army I made detailed observations of the organization. In 1918, the first so-called 'Red' Army was nothing more than a disorderly rabble, officered by such as incited the soldiers to the destruction of anything and everything that could be termed *bourgeois* and capitalistic. But as soon as the counter-revolution of Krassnoff, Denikin, and others commenced Trotzky realized immediately that an efficient army with trained officers was necessary. At the present a very large number of former and influential officers of the Czar are serving the Bolsheviki, the majority of them doing so under compulsion.

"The first means taken to enforce compulsory service by Czarist officers was a declaration which every officer was compelled to sign, stating that he was aware that in case of his infidelity to the Soviet Government his wife, child, and other relatives would be deported to concentration camps. This threat was an exceedingly potent factor.

"Terror, however, was not the only means utilized. As the Soviet Government realized the necessity of experts it changed its attitude toward that class. Despite the inclination of the lower Soviet officials to treat the officers and experts in the usual style—that is, jail them, kill them, and starve them—Lenine and Trotzky endeavored to conciliate this class and addressed them in a tone of consideration.

"The rank and file of the army is kept in line by terroristic measures and constant propaganda. The necessity of conducting constant propaganda in the army is the best indication of how strongly 'Red' the 'Red' Army really is. It is composed—80 per cent. of it—of peasants, whose attitude to-day is very similar to the attitude of the Russian Army on the eve of the Bolshevik revolution. They want to go home. That's all. They don't care what happens. They just want to go home and till the land. Only this time there is iron discipline and merciless terror to hold them back. Despite these, however, the number of deserters is growing enormously. Rela-

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tives of the deserters, however, whenever possible, are taken as hostages and held until the delinquents' return. There are special Communist 'cells' in every military unit whose duty it is to spy on the rest of the soldiers and report all conversations. These cells also act as agents of propaganda. Russia is deluged with propaganda, and it certainly does not speak very much for the Bolshevik régime if despite this huge propaganda the Bolshevik party has been unable to rally more than 500,000 members out of a population of 130,000,000 under Soviet control."

# Shall We Trade With Russia?

*One Who Knows Soviet Russia From the Inside Advises Prompt Resumption of Relations in Order to Defeat Bolshevism.*

SIR PAUL DUKES

IN AN article appearing in the *World's Work*, Sir Paul Dukes, late chief of the British Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia, deals with the attitude of the Russian people to Bolshevism. The fundamental principle of Communism, as interpreted by the Bolsheviki, is the forced suppression of private enterprise, individual initiative, and personal ambition based on hope of profit and he goes on to show that it has singularly failed to achieve this end. It is true that the Administration did suppress the outward manifestations of private trading but could not suppress the trading itself. He continues:

"The most marked effect of the forced closing down of private business houses has been merely to transfer trade from the stores and shops to the sidewalks, streets, and market-places. It is estimated that tens of thousands of people daily turn out into the streets to dispose of wares in exchange for money or food, or to buy up food and goods, especially jewelry and other valuables, for purposes of speculation. While the workers in the factories were starving I have purchased on the market-places of Moscow the finest white flour, butter, sugar, eggs, tea, and even candy. Sellers and buyers alike are denounced by the Government as 'counter-revolutionaries' and 'enemies of the people,' and periodically the market-places are raided by armed bands who seize the goods and arrest a few dozens of the thousands of traders. None the less this private commerce has continued on such a scale that only a small percentage of the 'sack-carriers' (as private traders are called, carrying their goods in sacks) are arrested daily at the stations. The majority storm the platforms *en masse* regularly every morning, and despite their speculative prices they are regarded as heroes and benefactors by the harassed citizens.

"The motives of the Bolshevist Government in suppressing free co-operation were obvious. Despite many defects, due to its mushroom growth, Russian co-operation represented a wide-spread popular democratic movement, under popular control, and embracing all classes without distinction. It was thus the antithesis of Bolshevism. It was obvious that if Bolshevist propaganda was to have any success the field must be kept absolutely clear of competition."

Nor does he fear the machinations of Lenin. His change of policy he contends is only in accord with his accustomed practice and is an opportunity to be seized; not that we should think that Lenin has actually changed; his policy is now as always a world revolution, but Sir Paul Dukes sees him powerless to achieve his aim, his whole government a huge miscalculation.

"After four years of fulmination against society in general, of denunciation of capitalist and bourgeois 'dictatorship,' and advocation of a bloody world-revolution which shall open the sluices of lawlessness, pillage, and crime, Lenin suddenly appears in the guise of a peacemaker, extending an olive branch to the 'vicious bloodsuckers' of the foreign capitalist class! 'Communism,' he says in effect, 'cannot restore Russia. So we will get foreign capitalists to reconstruct Russian industry and make of Soviet Russia a garden.'

"We must not be misled by Lenin's strategical acrobatics. Lenin may swerve as regards tactics, but not in his goal. Indeed, he has constantly swerved in his tactics.

"We will not be deceived by his efforts to scrape off his red paint. The Bolsheviki have prophesied the world revolution daily since they came into power. I personally participated in huge demonstrations in Petrograd celebrating the outbreak of the world revolution on July 20, 1919. No one was so bewildered as the Bolshevist demonstrators when it was subsequently discovered that the world revolution had not broken out! I do not believe we need fear the world revolution. I believe it to have been as huge a miscalculation as Lenin's belief in the possibility of establishing Communism in Russia.

"At the present moment Russia is separated from the rest of the world by artificial barriers, erected both by ourselves and by the Bolsheviki. To undermine the Bolshevist Government, let light into Russia! Force a breath of fresh atmosphere into a country polluted by pernicious propaganda and the calculated incubation of class hatred and malice!

"Encourage anybody and everybody, therefore, to enter Russian territory for whatsoever purpose, be it for trade, journalism, investigation of conditions, study of economics, or any other motive! Not only should people of every class, especially labor representatives, not be dissuaded from traveling to the 'Socialist paradise,' but I should like to see the editors of every pro-Bolshevist paper and the entire class of faddist 'parlor Bolsheviki' granted a free passage and all facilities. *Skaterti doroga!*—as the Russians say. It is not so much the Bolshevist Government that should cry 'Welcome to Russia,' it is *our* Governments.

"But what about 'dealings' with the Soviet Government? What are the pros and cons of trading?

"I do not believe that under present conditions in Russia any trade will be successful. The ruthless suppression of individual enterprise and commercial ambition has reduced Russian industry to almost complete stagnation. But one other thing is equally certain, we shall never get anything out of Russia until we begin trying.

"It is universally maintained by every business man competent to judge of Russian affairs that the first essential for the restoration of normal conditions in Russia and the resumption of commerce is the re-establishment of the principle of free trading between individuals, and between the towns and villages within Russia. This is a condition which any trade commission to Russia is bound to insist upon. Personal ambition, individual enterprise based on the hope of profit and advantage—in other words, human nature—must again be allowed play. At present the vitality of the intellectual classes has sunk so low as to affect them not only physically but mentally, but is it likely that a convalescent Russia will expel her foreign benefactors and prefer at some future date to be replunged into barbarism?

"Moreover, the re-establishment of free trading will inevitably be followed by the revival of the co-operative organizations, in whose hands the trade of Russia was rapidly becoming concentrated up to the time of the revolution. The memory of the co-operatives has always lived in the hearts of the people.

"'But the Bolsheviki will pay at first with gold,' it is objected, '—stolen gold.' Yes, the gold is stolen. But, stolen or not, I personally would rather see it safely put away in western European banks than distributed to hooligans, malcontents, and professional agitators, glad to get a well-paid talking job in foreign countries. There is not much of this gold anyway, and it can never be restored to the rightful owners until Russia is re-established and its Government is changed. One step toward achieving that end is to deprive the Bolsheviki of the gold wherewith to pay for foreign propaganda.

"For some time past it has been observable that the Bolshevist Party is segregating on the question of intercourse with 'bourgeois-capitalist' Europe into two opposing camps. The one section, led by Krassin and Lenin, favors this hateful but inevitable compromise. The other section, led by Apfelbaum-Zinoviev (of the so-called Third International), Trotzky (War Minister), and Dzerzhinsky (of the Inquisitorial Extraordinary Commission) advocates world-revolution first and foremost. 'No truck with bourgeois-capitalism!' they cry. These are the people who only 'see red.' They 'see red' on a world-wide scale. To them Russia is nothing. They would rather have Russia torn asunder and utterly laid waste than see her weaned back to health and strength through the re-infusion of the 'capitalist' spirit, by which they mean personal enterprise, industry, and ambition. How, I would ask, may we best combat the designs of these desperadoes: by the example of our own tried and tested methods, or by the artificial barrier which has kept the opposing factions together for more than three years and united them in a common bond of self-defence?

"There are a number of territories, formerly integral parts of the Russian Empire, which have thrown off the yoke of revolution and established separate independent republics. These states seek to re-establish normal relations with Russia because they realize that Bolshevist tyranny is consolidated by being warred against and by being dammed up by artificial barriers. Russia may well be healed gradually from the periphery toward the centre as knowledge of the western world percolates into the interior. That this is so has been demonstrated already by delegations of Russian peasants from the regions lying adjacent to the Baltic States, appealing to be annexed by or taken under the protection of the latter.

"It may well be that the Bolshevist Government, which seized power by violence, which rules by violence, and which preaches violence, must also come to an end by violence. Personally, knowing the Bolsheviki as I do from prolonged experience, I believe this ultimately to be the case. Events, however, have proved that this must be a matter for the Russian people alone, without our intervention or participation. But if such a débâcle were suddenly to occur, will not Russia's welfare be best served and our own interests promoted by having representatives on the spot to set in immediate motion along free and unfettered lines the economic apparatus that is to develop Russia's limitless natural resources?

"Many people are misled by the offer of trade originating from Moscow. They conclude that it must therefore be of advantage solely to the Bolsheviki. Besides they protest that the Soviet Government will use the facilities of intercourse for intensified propaganda. Yes, of course they will! But they won't get much more propaganda across than they do already. What will their efforts to maintain this fiction avail them when free intercourse permits the whole world to see for itself? If Lenin really believes the capitalists are going to reconstruct Russia in order to accelerate the world revolution it is only one more gigantic miscalculation on his part. The surest way to dissipate darkness is by introducing light. The greatest compliment we can pay to Lenin is to fear him. If we on our part believe that the antidote to vicious revolutionary ideas lies in the truth of our own principles, if we believe in democracy, good-will, and free co-operation between free individuals, then let us thrust these ideas on the Russian people through natural channels, confident that these principles cannot be controverted or withstood by a petty group of fanatical and violent doctrinaires."

# Drastic Remedies

*A Striking Method of Ending the War Which Is Not Yet Ended. An Idea With Which Most People Will Disagree.*

G. BERNARD SHAW

THE war is not over, is the contention of Bernard Shaw in *Leslie's Magazine*. For him there is one remedy, the throwing overboard of all the men who have come to the top during the years of war. While it is true that very few people will agree with his viewpoint, and will attribute it to Mr. Shaw's well known penchant for saying something striking, yet the viewpoint is interesting.

"The conditions here in Europe are very bad", he says, "and the prospects are worse. When a war is over, the first thing to be done is to get rid of all the men who have come on top by pushing it through. A war needs for its successful prosecution men of one idea: the idea of winning at all costs. This is a soldier's business; and the soldier must be backed by statesmen—on whom Nature has imposed the limits that are imposed on the soldier by his profession. But the moment the war is over, this limitation becomes disastrous. The one idea of victory is replaced by the one idea of security: the dread of defeat, instead of being removed by victory, is merely transferred to the next war.

"When the order was given to cease firing in 1918 it should have been followed instantly by an order for the transportation of MM. Clemenceau, Poincaré, Lloyd George, and Marshal Foch to some pleasant island in the South Seas or the Mediterranean, and the cutting off of all communication with that favored spot for three years at least.

"Instead they were left in charge of the affairs of Europe. Of course, they simply continued the war against enemies who had surrendered on President Wilson's terms, which were promptly treated as scraps of paper. As there were no longer soldiers in the field to be killed, they killed children by starvation. As there were no more blockhouses and wire entanglements to be battered down, they battered down international trade, by which alone Europe could be restored after four years' devastation. They are doing it still. The war is not over: it has only become a one-sided war: that is, a massacre. If the massacre were being conducted by soldiers, at least the soldiers would be fed and clothed. But it is being conducted without them; and the result is that there are 200,000 unemployed men, *ci-devant* heroes, starving because they won the war. Even the profiteers are beginning to starve now, because their customers are ruined, at home and abroad.

"That is the most cheerful news I have to offer. The remedy is, of course, to stop the war, and organize peace at all costs, just as the war was organized; but nobody seems to have the slightest intention of doing it. So much the worse for civilization!"

# Digging for the Missing Link

*The Search in Central Asia for Fossilized Bones*

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

IN THE course of an article on the Third Asiatic Expedition which has lately started for Central Asia under his guidance to search for remains which may throw further light on the origin of man, Mr. Andrews tells in *Asia* of the methods employed to discover the bones and bodies of fossilized animals:

"I have often been asked, 'How shall you begin work in so vast a country? Do you stick a spade into the earth and say, "Here I will dig for primitive man"?'

# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

**Habit.**—Don't swear to give up a bad habit and then keep on swearing.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**Defined.**—A pessimist has been defined as one who of two evils chooses both.—Owen Sound *Advertiser.*

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**? ? ? ?**—We read where a film actress took a drink of lysol by mistake. By mistake for what?—Vancouver *Province.*

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**Not Missing any Bets.**—Most of us keep at least one eye on the temptation we pray not to be led into.—*Border Cities Star.*

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**And We Who are Left?**—Probably the greatest confession is that ancient adage, "The good die young."—Peterboro *Examiner.*

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**A Hidden Preference.**—Isn't it strange that sometimes the world never knew a man had a favorite hymn till he died.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Heavy Excavating.**—"Fatty" Arbuckle is to be operated on for appendicitis. We should think they would blast.—Sudbury *Star.*

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**Busy Days for the Buzzers.**—The mosquitos will have a very prosperous season judging from the present fashions.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**The Interesting Furnace.**—A friend is a man who always invites you down cellar to see how his furnace works.—Nelson, B.C., *News.*

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**A Plenty.**—With the present trend of styles it is difficult to find good cause for remarking woman's lack of backbone.—Peterboro *Examiner.*

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**What We Must Have Missed.**—The movies that get past the censor make us shudder to think what he must have deleted.—Belleville *Ontario.*

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**The Land of Promise.**—President Harding has bought a cow. Now let him buy a bee and have both milk and honey.—Kingston *Standard.*

**That Manly Virtue.**—Self-control is the quality that keeps you from uncorking the brew on the second day instead of the seventh.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**"The Old Order Changeth."**—In the old days the young fellow who went courting turned down the gas. Now he steps on it.—Nelson, B.C., *News.*

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**A Bit Tricky Alright.**—Lady George Cholmondeley has secured a divorce from Lord C. Maybe she got tired trying to pronounce herself.—Toronto *Star.*

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**A Pleasant Passing.**—As a sentimental concession to pedestrians, why not make radiators resemble the entrance to the Pearly Gates?—*Border Cities Star.*

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**Most Likely Not.**—You can't escape the inevitable. But don't quit running on that account. It may be something else that's after you.—Toronto *Star.*

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**When Doctors Disagree.**—It is pretty tough when your doctor advises you to buy a case of whiskey to have your lawyer advise you not to.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Wasted.**—Perhaps you have noticed that the only nation that isn't on good terms with the stork is the one where men kiss one another.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Wise and Otherwise.**—There are business men who have sound judgment and then there are business men who list their cars as assets.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Hardly Fair to Fido.**—Many woman will tolerate a growling man in the house and keep a perfectly respectable, pleasant-faced dog outside.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**"Gone are the Days."**—There was a time when a fortune might have been made out of corkscrews, but that was before they lost their pull.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**The Helpful Congressman.**—A Kansas farmer, having heard of a man who successfully raised $2 bills, wrote to his congressman for some of the seed.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**Verbum Sap.**—Chief Donald warns citizens not to zigzag across the streets. If you do you will sometimes zig when you should zag, then—"napoo!"—Saskatoon *Star.*

**Too Busy.**—Observe the way many men stop to look now, and you will understand why the world made little progress before clothes were invented.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Feminine Gender.**—Some business men can operate a typewriter a little bit, but few of them are able to make any speed when they hold a typewriter on their knee.—Guelph *Herald.*

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**The Danger is Past.**—War between Costa Rica and Panama has been averted by the surrender of the Costa Rican army, who gave up his sword and gratefully accepted a cigarette.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**Seems Fair Enough.**—Hamilton man who ordered a case from Montreal found seven bottles of dirty water in it. Those Montreal dealers are doing their best to share it up evenly.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**Modernized.**—Water having accumulated in the legs of the statue of William Penn in Philadelphia, a dropsy specialist was engaged to "tap" the reservoir before it became a fountain Penn.—Vancouver *Province.*

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**Guessed Wrong.**—Economical young Ottawan sent his best girl a $1 umbrella as a birthday gift and the engagement is now off to stay off, proving conclusively that you can't say it with showers.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

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**These are the Days.**—These are the days in which a man hoes his little garden patch, harrows his soul, cultivates curvature of the spine, sows radish and remorse and raises blisters.—Vancouver *Province.*

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**Yet Judging from Some Shows.**—Things have come to a pretty pass in England. A well known London theatre has felt it necessary to post the following notice—"The management reserves to itself the right to refuse admission to any lady it may think proper."—Calgary *Herald.*

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**Scrambled Geography.**—Friend rings us up to ask if we are not surprised at the report that a Black Minorca has just laid an egg measuring 8¼ inches from tip to tip and 6¾ inches with chest unexpanded. We certainly are. We were always under the impression that the Black Minorcas were a group of islands.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

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Hardly that way! There are very definite methods of procedure, which have been developed through years of scientific work and experience.

"In the first place it is necessary to determine the kind of rocks that compose a region. If they are volcanic, it is useless to look there for fossils and that district can be eliminated so far as paleontology is concerned. Then the age of the deposits must be determined; for if they are older than the Tertiary, say about three million years, we know that they will not contain mammalian fossils or fall within the province of our investigation. This question of age our geologist and paleontologist will decide for us. When a region composed of rocks of the proper kind and age has been located, a careful survey of it is made. Ancient stream-beds and lake-basins are charted, for a million years ago rivers were doing exactly what they are doing to-day. Into them was washed débris of all sorts, including the bones and bodies of animals, some of which were fossilized. The paleontologist not only examines the courses of these ancient rivers, but searches for regions that have been deeply eroded or cut into ravines and gullies by the knives of wind and frost and rain. Here he has a cross section of rock or earth that it has required perhaps a hundred thousand years to form. By long experience his eye is trained to catch the slightest indication of fossil bones. It may be only a tooth or the fragment of a jaw, but to him it is as plainly visible, and just as significant, as are the street signs on Broadway to the dwellers in New York.

"The newspaper reporters seem to be very much disappointed because I tell them that we do not expect to encounter great dangers, or have many 'adventures.' Apparently they feel that dangers are a necessary part of any well-run expedition of exploration. The public expects them, and we ought to furnish the thrills. My friend Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, says, 'Adventures are a mark of incompetence,' and he is entirely right. If a man goes into the field with a thorough knowledge of the country that he is to visit and with a proper equipment, he will probably have very few 'adventures.'

"It never ceases to amuse me that the insurance companies always cancel my accident policies as soon as I leave for the field. The excuse is that I am not a 'good risk.' They are ready enough to renew my policies when I return to New York, and yet the average person has a hundred times more chance of being robbed, killed or injured right on Fifth Avenue than do we who live in the open, breathing God's fresh air and sleeping under the stars. New York in fact is about the most dangerous place I know of, just at present. We don't have 'crime waves' on the Gobi Desert and, when native dangers do come, they usually give warning far enough in advance so that we can be sufficiently prepared. My experience is that 'wild 'natives are about the safest people in the world to be with; that if trouble arises, it can usually be settled by the exercise of tact and patience; that a man should never draw a gun until he intends to use it and that, if he has to use it, he should shoot fast and straight.

"On leaving New York for the Orient, on one occasion, I just missed being killed by an enormous icicle that dropped from a fifteen-story building as I turned the corner at Thirty-third Street and Broadway. We don't have to look for icicles in the Gobi desert! After all, it makes very little difference whether one is in 'civilization' or out of it—there are dangers everywhere."

# The Little Entente

*Alliance That Prevented Hungary Again Becoming Monarchy.*

WALTER LITTLEFIELD

"WHEN a few days ago Emperor Charles made his ill-advised trip to Budapest with the idea of recovering the Iron Crown of Saint Stephen, possibly the most powerful influence brought to bear upon the Hungarian Government in order to convince him of his mistake was the threat of invasion made by Rumania, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia," so writes Walter Littlefield in the New York *Times.* "This triune obstruction was known as the 'Little Entente,' and although Rumania was not a member of it the action gave expression to one phase of a policy long ago formulated at Bucharest.

"Hence, the successful performance of the 'Little Entente' invited an examination of what for the last few months has been going on in the chancellories of Central and Southeastern Europe while the attention of the world has been chiefly concentrated—at Paris and London—on the delinquency of the Germans and on the real state of health of the Russian Soviets as interpreted at these capitals.

"The 'Little Entente' is only one of several more or less binding or moral agreements between the emancipated States of the old Dual Monarchy and the neighboring States which have chiefly profited by its partition. The execution of these agreements was calculated, on the one hand, to prevent the return of the Hapsburgs and any attempt of Austria and Hungary to restore the old territorial or political hegemony, and, on the other hand, to establish a formidable barrier, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, against the flow of militant Bolshevism westward and to stamp out Bolshevist propaganda as it developed in the same direction.

"Often working at cross-purposes but generally with identical objects in view, these agreements have been mainly direct-



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# Olive Oil Makes Glossy Hair

SILKY texture and satiny gloss are attractions you need not envy. You can acquire these qualities very easily. Stop the careless washing, which makes your hair rough, dull and brittle and use Palmolive Shampoo, which cleanses more thoroughly without drying out the hair.

After a Palmolive Shampoo your hair is beautifully soft. It is silky and it has that well-groomed look. Brush it carefully, massage it gently once a day and shampoo every two weeks and everyone will admire your glorious, glossy hair.

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Palmolive Shampoo is rich in olive oil, the great hair beautifier used by scalp specialists to revitalize thin, lifeless, falling, unhealthy hair.

It gives the all-desired gloss and a beautiful, silky quality. It keeps your hair soft and makes it seem abundant.

This olive oil is blended with palm oil, another oriental oil of beneficial action, and coconut oil is added for the sake of its lathering qualities.

### *Send for trial-size bottle*

It is sent absolutely free, accompanied by a booklet which explains home treatment of the hair and scalp to help make it grow thick and beautiful.

Acquaintance bottle and book together introduce you to the secret of glorious, glossy hair, beautiful with health and the well-groomed look women envy and men admire.

**The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited**
**Toronto, Ont.**



### *Follow these directions*

Comb your hair over your face, freeing it from tangles. Wet thoroughly, for the wetter your hair the more profuse the lather.

Dip your fingers into the shampoo (previously poured into a cup or glass) and massage it into the scalp. You will find a profuse, fragrant lather follows your fingers, which soon envelops your head like a cap.

This lather penetrates roots and hair cells, dislodging dandruff and dissolving dirt and oil accumulations.

Wash the length in this thick lather and then begin rinsing. This is easy, as water dissolves Palmolive Shampoo instantly without any danger of leaving soap traces. Use two or three waters, or, far better, use a bath spray. Let the final rinsing be cold.

Two lathers are required—the trial bottle contains ample quantity. Then dry by fanning and shaking.

Brush thoroughly (with a clean brush) and then examine the quality of your hair.

Its softness, its silky abundance, its shiny. attractive gloss, will delight you.



## *Are You Hitting the Sunset Trail?*

You *are*, if you have passed your fortieth birthday, for that is the half-way mark in life's span of years. Now is the time for special vigilance in regard to your health. Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, may have established itself in your mouth.

Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums, but medical science proves that its germs invade the body and cause many of the ills of middle age. These germs may deplete vitality, or impair the functions of the heart and other organs, and often result in such ailments as rheumatism and anaemia.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums, then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in little pockets about them.

To avoid Pyorrhea, visit your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

### How to Use Forhan's

***Use it twice daily, year in and year out.*** Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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ed by France and Italy, who have more or less shaped the initial programs of Take Jonescu, the Rumanian statesman, and Dr. Edouard Benes, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, and the interesting scheme of Alexander Stambulisky, the peasant Premier of Bulgaria, for a 'Green Internationale'—a farmers' alliance, which should oppose the 'White Internationale' or reactionism, on the one hand, and the 'Red Internationale' of anarchy and Bolshevism, on the other.

"Although Take Jonescu may be considered as the architect of the 'Little Entente,' he was not its artificer. It is, first of all, a defensive alliance against the rise of Hungary, and neither Jugoslavia nor Czechoslovakia would subscribe to the anti-Bolshevist measures he would have imposed, so the work of bringing it into being was left to Dr. Benes. But what the 'Little Entente' denied Jonescu on Aug. 14, he found Poland, with the French support obtained on Feb. 3, ready to subscribe to on March 2nd, and Czechoslovakia ready to subscribe to sixteen days later.

"In this last arrangement Hungary was to have had the place of Czechoslovakia. But while Rumania's measures against Bolshevism had been unacceptable at Belgrade and Prague, in the first instance, Rumania's stipulations against the return of the Hapsburgs had been found too drastic at Budapest. Nevertheless, a rational way had been paved for the entrance of Hungary into the combination when the adventure of Charles postponed all direct negotiations. It is possible, however, that Porto Rosa may see their accomplishment.

"During the course of the pilgrimage of Jonescu, Benes and Stambulisky to Western and Central European chancellories, with the idea of making the politics of the Government better understood by near neighbors and remote, formidable friends, a serious line of cleavage was unearthed between what was believed to be the policy at Paris and that at Rome. Fortunately the episode of Charles brought the truth to the surface, with France cordially joining hands with Italy against the return of the Hapsburgs. Nevertheless this is what took place a few weeks before Charles made his trip through Austria to Budapest.

"Dr. Benes was received by the King of Italy at Rome on Feb. 5, on the following day he told his story to Premier Giolitti; it was that Charles, under the influence of Count Berchtold, the former Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, was meditating a return to Budapest and possibly to Vienna, to resume the dual throne; that such a contingency was likely to have the approval of France, who had advised Rumania from entering the 'Little Entente' for that very reason, and for that reason, rather than because her anti-Bolshevist measures had not found acceptance at Belgrade and Prague, Rumania had remained aloof. Dr. Benes is authoritatively reported to have described the French formula as follows:

"In order to prevent the threatened adhesion of Austria to Germany, which would constitute a serious peril for France, Austria would be allowed to unite with Hungary, who would keep her from gravitating toward Germany; such an arrangement would bring about the economic rehabilitation of Austria, who, in gratitude would unite with Hungary in inviting Charles to return to the throne.

"This was, of course, before the Supreme Council had taken measures at London to relieve the distress of Austria.

"It will be interesting at this point to view the original scheme of Take Jonescu for the 'Little Entente' and subsequent alliances in the light of the events which have followed its inception. On the eve of the deflection of Greece to what amounts to an absolute monarchy—for the power given the present National Assembly at Athens by King Constantine he can at any moment recover and reduce the Assembly to its former status as a Bule, a debating Parliament—a Rumanian diplomat outlined the aspirations of an expanded 'Little Entente' as follows:

"'A signed treaty of alliance exists only between Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, having in view especially eventual attacks from the side of Hungary. Rumania agreed orally to this treaty, but up to this day (Nov. 18) she refrained from signing it, as she insists on bringing into the alliance also Poland and Greece. This is what the Rumanian statesmen, especially Take Jonescu, are presently working on. The explanation is not difficult.

"'To Rumania, Hungary is no more a great danger. Rumania can be threatened in the future only from the east; in this case the only country which could form one front with her would be Poland. On the other hand, Rumania's interests require that the Dardanelles be opened for Rumanian vessels; hence the necessity of an understanding with Greece. Certainly Rumania is extending in exchange to both of these countries a protection equal to their services.

"'We are insisting on forming this Central European alliance, extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea and to the Mediterranean on the one hand, in order to stop the sweeping westward of the Russian anarchy, and on the other hand in order to establish order and keep peace in Central and Southeastern Europe and to prevent in the future the interferences of some greater powers with these countries' interests. There is little doubt that Poland and Greece will agree with the point of view of the other three and the alliance will be completed.

"'Although the treaty is not signed yet, Rumania considers herself a member of the 'Little Entente,' and it is certain that she will sign. Take Jonescu, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, in all his statements in Rome, London, Paris and Prague, considered the alliance as an accomplished fact. Probably Bulgaria also will join in. With the present Hungarian régime an understanding will be difficult.'"

# Interesting View of Canada

*Forbes' Magazine*

FEW Americans realize the extraordinary commercial attainments of Canada.

"No country comes anywhere near equalling the per capita average shown by the foreign trade figures of Canada. With a population averaging only 2.42 persons to the square mile, compared with about 31 in the United States, Canada has immense untouched resources in metals, lumber, water power, fisheries, furs, farm lands, and possibly oil. No limit can be set to the ultimate business. The figures below show the forceful and intelligent way the Canadians organize production and distribution of goods.

"The Canadians are a people accustomed to meeting difficulties, and overcoming them. Their importance to us as a market, as well as a source of raw materials, is apparent. In 1920, the Dominion stood second among the list of nations exporting to as well as importing from the United States. As a buyer of American goods, she was surpassed only by the United Kingdom, and, as a seller to us, only by Cuba.

"There are many indications that our northern neighbors have learned the lesson that to buy labor-saving machinery is the surest means of increasing wages and profits. A railroad is a primary kind of labor-saving device, and Canada, considering her small population, is by far the most progressive country in the world in land transportation. Brazil, for example, whose area compares with Canada's as 9 to 10, and whose population is twenty-two millions, possesses less than one-half as much railroad mileage.

"Development of water power has been extensive. At the present time 2,000,000 h.p. of electrical energy is generated in Canada, 90 per cent. of it being produced by hydro-electric generating plants. Manufacturing industries have attracted a large total of investment capital.

"Foreign capital plays an important part. The United States investors have shown foresight in this respect. They have purchased Canadian government,

provincial and municipal securities, as well as bonds and stock of private enterprises.

*"Some six hundred American-owned plants are said to be in Canada, and it is estimated that nearly one and a quarter billion dollars is the present total of American investment in Canada, compared with about one-fifth that amount seven years ago.*

"From such investments flows a stream of interest and profits which go to form in part the so-called 'invisible balance of trade,' that would normally have the effect of keeping Canadian exports in excess of imports.

"Thus from all points of view the future of Canada seems bright and hopeful. With the immigration into Canada of many of our own western farmers and the well-organized system the Dominion has installed in England and elsewhere to promote desirable immigration, the character of the future population bids fair to continue high. Everything indicates growth and prosperity for the future."

# The Monk who Imperils India

GEO. F. AUTHIER

AT THE very centre of the seething discontent that is present in India to-day stands one man, an ascetic with a fixed idea. About his person is concentrated the largest part of Britain's problem of governing the Eastern Empire. So much so that Britain has sent Lord Reading, who is regarded as one of her cleverest men, to try to find a solution for the problem.

"While the troubles of the British Empire appear to be centered in Ireland at the present moment," writes George F. Authier, in the New York *Herald*, "India presents a problem which is probably more far-reaching in its effect on the fortunes of the British Empire.

"India is a small world in itself, with a background of history which promises little success for an experiment in democracy. With a population of approximately 313,000,000, the prevailing popular element is Brahman, which in itself is divided into a number of castes from which escape or withdrawal is impossible. Its lowest rung is the large class of Pariahs, or 'untouchables,' who to the high-caste Hindu are all that the description implies. The Moslem is a comparatively small portion of the population, but he exerts an influence greater than his numbers would warrant. The Moslems of India are approximately 60,000,000 in number, comprising one-sixth of the entire population.

"Heretofore, nationalistic movements have been opposed by the Moslem and by the low-caste Hindus, who have not relished the prospect of being subjected to the harsh and arbitrary rule of the high-caste Hindu. It was from this rule that British control rescued them.

"The appeal to religious prejudice has jarred a portion of the Moslem leaders from their opposition to nationalism, while the influence of Gandhi, leader in the movement against the British, has succeeded in developing a nationalistic sentiment among a portion of the low-caste Hindus.

"It is this strange influence which Gandhi exerts which makes him so dangerous an element, from the British viewpoint. Gandhi is fifty-one years old and is described as an extreme religionist with a sweetly beguiling tongue. Although he walks about like a mendicant, with bare feet and clothing of the humblest, his influence extends from the bottom strata of society upward.

"His philosophy prompts him to believe that modern civilization is a curse. In modern appliances, in modern machinery, in railroads and telegraphs he professes to see nothing but the works of an evil one. In the industrial city in which he makes his home he has developed a social cult which professes to find its chief satisfaction in primitive agriculture and in the simplest forms of industry. The machine is discarded and the hand is exalted in their ideal of industry.

"Gandhi, the man of mystery in dreaming India, describes himself in this sentence:

"'Most religious men I have met are politicians in disguise; I, however, who wear the guise of a politician, am at heart a religious man.'

"While scorning modern inventions, Gandhi is understood to utilize railroad trains and automobiles in traveling about India, spreading his doctrines wherever he can, with the result that his popularity appears to have attained almost Messianic proportions.

"At a congress held in Nagpur at the close of last year Gandhi, while pleading for non-violence, called for the destruction of the British Empire and declared that success of the movement might involve 'wading through oceans of blood.' This was but a sample of the utterances that were made at this congress, which declared loyalty to Great Britain optional and constitutional methods matters of expedience. The congress declared for non-co-operation with the British Government in the establishment of its new system and for non-co-operation with the British under any form, except in the case of schoolboys under sixteen years of age.

"This attitude suggests a resemblance to the Irish movement which is startling.

"Ferment in India commenced before the world-war and there were disturbances during the war. In spite of this the British, with the aid of its vassal princes, 112 in number, succeeded in quieting most disturbances. Indian troops were taken to Europe, resulting in another complaint on the part of the Indians on the ground that their soldiers should not be asked to serve outside of India.

"In an effort to solve the situation, the Montague-Chelmsford report was submitted to Parliament, providing a limited degree of self-government and envisaging home rule as an eventual goal. This measure became law in 1919, eighteen months after the report had been submitted. During this period unrest broke out again, resulting in rioting and disturbances of various kinds, until the British Government was moved to adopt a stern repressive measure, known as the Rowlatt Bill in England, but described in India as the 'Black Cobra' Bill.

"These repressive measures were vigorously enforced, finally culminating in the so-called massacre at Amritsar, where several natives were shot down by order of General Dyer and many more wounded. The Amritsar episode is described as 'revolution' by certain authorities, and the British press have generally shown a disposition to commend General Dyer for the course taken. Possibly yielding to expediency, the Government censured General Dyer severely and recalled him.

"In the meantime, the Indian Nationalist movement appears to be growing rather than diminishing, and the activities of Gandhi and his successes in creating unrest are increasing. With Russian Bolshevik influence pressing from the north and with revolutionary activities working from within, the British authorities are confronted with a problem of tremendous difficulties."

"In spite of the 'non-resistance' preached by Gandhi," says an Indian correspondent of the Manchester (England) *Guardian*, his methods mean trouble:

"That they are fraught with grave danger to peace and order should be obvious. Even Mr. Gandhi himself seems to entertain some misgivings on the point, or he would hardly have gone out of his way to declare that 'before this great battle ended they might have to pass through a sea of blood.' Lala Lajpat Rai, too, hinted plainly at the possibility of a recrudescence of the Punjab disturbances, and though he said that 'under present circumstances armed rebellion was out of the question,' he did not attempt to conceal his belief in 'the right of armed rebellion against a repressive Government.'

"It is idle, of course, to proclaim in one breath the necessity of abstaining from violence and in the next to indulge in inflammatory utterances of this kind. Already there have been plain indications that the more disorderly elements in the Extremist ranks are getting out of hand.

"A policy of conciliation, sympathy, and good feeling is the only right course to be followed by the Government, the press, and the British people as an antidote to the growing influence of Mr. Gandhi over the masses."





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# A Raid in Dublin

*Description of Methods Employed to Round Up Offenders.*

*Sunday Express* CORRESPONDENT

THE ingenuity and thoroughness with which the military work on a large scale Dublin raid is described in the *Sunday Express*:

"Whom are they hunting in Dublin? Five square miles of the city has twice been cordoned by troops, and the wanted men are known to be inside the area.

"The mechanism of the investment is simple. There is a curfew hour in Dublin. At ten every one must be off the streets and indoors. Government agents watch the area that has been selected for overhaul, and mark down known malefactors entering it.

"The authorities have their barrage plans made beforehand for every section of Dublin. The news comes to the Castle, cipher orders are sent out, and in the dead of night, when none may be abroad, cordons of troops are flung round the invested area. They carry barbed wire and posts. A vast steel spider's web is spun, which effectively seals every door, window and bolt hole along the edges of the area. The cross streets and roads within the area are also wired, so that when dawn breaks every block of houses stands in its own little sentry-guarded enclosure of barbed wire.

"There is a sentry every ten yards, and inside the area there are sand-bagged machine gun posts, small garrison stations, tanks, armoured cars, and the great searchlight lorries which prevent any one creeping unseen through the wire in the night.

"At dawn the search begins. The field troops, assisted by specially picked men from the Royal Irish Constabulary—who know the wanted men—have each their allotted area and the detail of their work laid down for them An officer examines every room in every house; all suspicious young men are hauled out, closely examined, and compared with the photographs and descriptions of the wanted men.

"Most of the houses are occupied, but some, mainly business premises, may be empty and locked. It does not matter, for the orders are that all are to be searched. If the butt-ends of rifles are inadequate and a pickaxe fails to prevail on the bolts, a tank will kindly lean against a doorway —no other 'open sesame' is quite as effective.

"A common lodging-house is entered. The inhabitants are manifestly ill at ease, because the consciences of the lodgers are charged with many small delinquencies. None of the names in the register corresponds with any of those given by the guests. An orderly is sent off to return with two R.I.C. constables. They understand the job, and the accents of Kerry men and people from County Mayo or Cork are open books to them. The lying gets intense, and the giant bulk of the R.I.C. seems to fill the room.

"'Yer name's Crowley, and ye are from Clonakilty,' says one of them suddenly. There is silence, and the stricken one twists his fingers.

"'Ye will be takin' me, then?' is all he says. He is duly taken and is marched off between two little Lancashire fusiliers for he is badly wanted for his share in the ambush and murder of a police patrol.

"As darkness falls a shot or two rings out from a block of houses. The soldiers fire in reply and an armored car dashes up. There is considerable confusion, but two keen-eyed lads had marked the flashes at a window. The house is promptly raided and every one protests innocence.

"Two youths, shop assistants, are extraordinarily willing to help in every way. The sergeant bends down suddenly and picks a small object off the floor. It is a recently fired automatic pistol cartridge. There is a tense moment; the convicted family shrink together while they try to think of a lie.

"'Where is it?' says the officer. Men come up, and the hunt for the arms begins. Soon the room looks like a haystack, still no pistol is found. Then comes a cunning corporal, who tests the wainscoting and the window frame. Then he touches the lintel above the door. 'Here with that bay'nit,' he says. There is a click, and the panelling falls out, showing a rag bundle. He reaches up and takes out the lot—two automatic pistols and some rounds of ammunition in a tin.

"The officer examines them carefully. 'Both loaded, and both recently fired.' The youths are pale; one moistens his lips with his tongue, for his mouth is too dry for speech; the other has the dew of fear standing in beads upon his brow. The men they have fired on take them none too ceremoniously out. Police come in to sort over every scrap of paper in the place which may lead to the arrest of others. As we leave eyes glance at us from behind every window, doors ajar swing silently to and a black-coated priest flutters to the house of sorrow."

# France's Bid for Air Traffic

*Competes With Britain and Causes Reduction in Rates.*

*Daily Mail*

FRANCE recently inaugurated a Paris-London aeroplane service in competition with that of Britain. They reduced the passenger rate to $26 and the charge for goods from 25c to 15c per lb. The French Government policy is thus explained in the *Daily Mail* article:—

"Frenchmen are busy at present spinning an aerial web of passenger and mail-carrying routes across Europe in every direction. They compete on the Paris-London route with the English companies, but elsewhere in Southern and Central Europe they practically hold the field alone.

"Passengers wishing to travel by air to Spain or Portugal, to Italy, or even farther afield to Morocco, can buy their tickets in the Paris boulevards and start next day. The aerial post to Casablanca has begun to work, and it is hoped soon to take the flying post right into the interior of Morocco.

"Paris-Brussels, compared with this, is quite an easy flight, and every day business men not only entrust their letters and urgent parcels to this service but often themselves rush over from one city to the other for that heart-to-heart personal talk with partner or client which is so valuable.

"Antwerp is soon to be the next link which will carry the system on towards Holland, and then Denmark and the Scandinavian peninsula.

"But it is in the new Central European States that the French airman is making his really great effort. The French aeroplane, with its daily arrival and departure with its fresh packet of daily newspapers and its business letters, forms, it is realised, one of the best types of French propaganda. Every morning an aeroplane leaves Paris for Strasbourg. Thence the aerial route crosses Nuremberg and South Germany over the rugged peaks of the Bohmer Wald to Prague, the capital of Czecho-Slovakia.

"The relaying aeroplane starts from Prague and flies north over disputed Silesia to Warsaw.

"Dotted red lines on the great map of Europe in the various flying companies' offices show how these flying expresses are to be multiplied in the future. They will reach Belgrade and Sofia, Bucharest and Constantinople. Sturdy optimism is the great characteristic of the directors of flying companies in France, and so they never even refer to the difficulties of organizing services across the Carpathians and the Balkan States, but merely say that the Bucharest mail will begin next spring and that early summer will see it reach Constantinople.

"And how is it all done? Merely because of the intelligent co-operation of the French Government. Money is very scarce in the French Treasury, but there is always some to spare for any new and intelligent effort to promote French aerial prestige in Europe.

"Aerial transport companies are paid subsidies for the carrying of passengers and mails. Otherwise with the huge initial costs they would be forced to abandon their longer flights and cramp their services.

"French airmen are encouraged by the Government to remain as pilots. They are given special consideration as regards their military duties. Young men whose time to serve in the Army has arrived and who have a desire to become airmen are helped in every way.

"All over France engineers are setting out to solve different difficulties which now beset flying men, and all the time bright young army officers with a knowledge of mechanics and the air are travelling about visiting these inventors, testing their work and encouraging them to proceed."

# Revival of Thuggism in India

R. G. B., in *Daily Mail.*

"MR. JOHN FORTESCUE, in the course of a lecture at the Royal Institution the other night, said that 'thuggism' is reviving in India. This would be 'reaction' with a vengeance! For this form of organized assassination and robbery was thought to have been wiped out more than eighty years ago.

"Over thirty years ago I resided in the house at Ellichpore where Colonel Meadows Taylor wrote his famous book, 'Confessions of a Thug,' and I knew well many of the localities he described.

"Nearly thirty years ago I visited Umarkhed, where some of the most atrocious murders described by Meadows Taylor took place.

"A party of travellers had been strangled by thugs in the vicinity, and one of the oldest inhabitants related how the thugs mixed as fellow-travellers with the party, who were conveying merchandise from Hyderabad to Nagpore.

"Each thug singled out a victim; at a given signal each man fell on his selected quarry, and in a moment the whole twenty or thirty people were strangled to death with knotted handkerchiefs.

"The corpses were buried in a dry watercourse by the roadside and the crime was exposed when the rain brought down the stream in flood and washed away the earth with which they were covered.

"It may at least be doubted whether a revival of organized 'thugee' is possible, but there has always been a suspicion that murder by poison, which was also practised by the thugs, is very prevalent in India.

"Every year five or six thousand deaths from snake-bite are reported, and it is probable that many of these may be murder by poison. At any rate, one seldom meets with a case of snake-bite, notwithstanding the great number of deaths ascribed to this cause in the Government returns.

"Talking of snake-bite, a sovereign remedy used at one time to be the best part of a bottle of whisky poured down the sufferer's throat. One day a soldier was bitten in the thumb near barracks by a snake and this treatment was applied.

"There was at once an astonishing epidemic of snake-bite, soldiers being brought in one after another exhibiting punctured wounds in the thumbs or fingers. But a change of treatment, involving less pleasant remedies, soon put a stop to the epidemic.

"Imitation snake-bites are easily made with a thorn or pin!"

# Causes of Trade Stagnation

*Money Formerly Invested Now Taken by Government.*

By HON. WALTER RUNCIMAN

WRITING in the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail* on the subject of the stagnation in trade, Mr. Runciman says:

"Buyers in Great Britain and abroad are on strike. They are not only refusing to buy household goods, but machinery, engines, partly finished and, to a remarkable degree, raw material. Hence our present serious trade position.

"A great many manufacturers overestimated the desire and capacity of the world to replenish stocks when the war was over, and went on turning out goods, by mass production or otherwise, as though the demand would never stop. With almost dramatic suddenness the demand at home was withheld at the beginning of this winter.

"That was not a decision of caprice or temper, but of necessity, for purchasers' incomes have been reduced, not only by high prices—double pre-war prices—but by the taking of, speaking broadly, about one-half of their average income in taxation; and what is taken in that direction cannot be used for private purchases.

"But others were unable to pay—the foreign purchaser in Europe. All payment must be made by goods or by services, and up to the present they have not had goods for export, nor could they perform services in exchange for what we sold them. This is, has been, and still is the case with all our biggest customers, whether Allies or ex-enemies. They are all exhausted by the war in a greater or lesser degree, and their nationals are suffering, like ours, from the terrible inroads made on incomes by the tax collectors.

"Every year in former peace times there has been a large amount of money saved—running in Great Britain into hundreds of millions. It has been used in two ways. One use was for the promotion or expansion of producing concerns at home—coal, iron, textile, dock, ship, and so on—all of which went to provide increasing employment for our growing population.

"This latter growth continues, but the expansion of our industries has become impossible owing to the tremendous toll taken by the revenue departments. By absorbing the private citizen's savings the Imperial and local tax and rate collectors have swallowed up the very capital which ought to have enabled our industries to keep pace with the growing needs and numbers of our people.

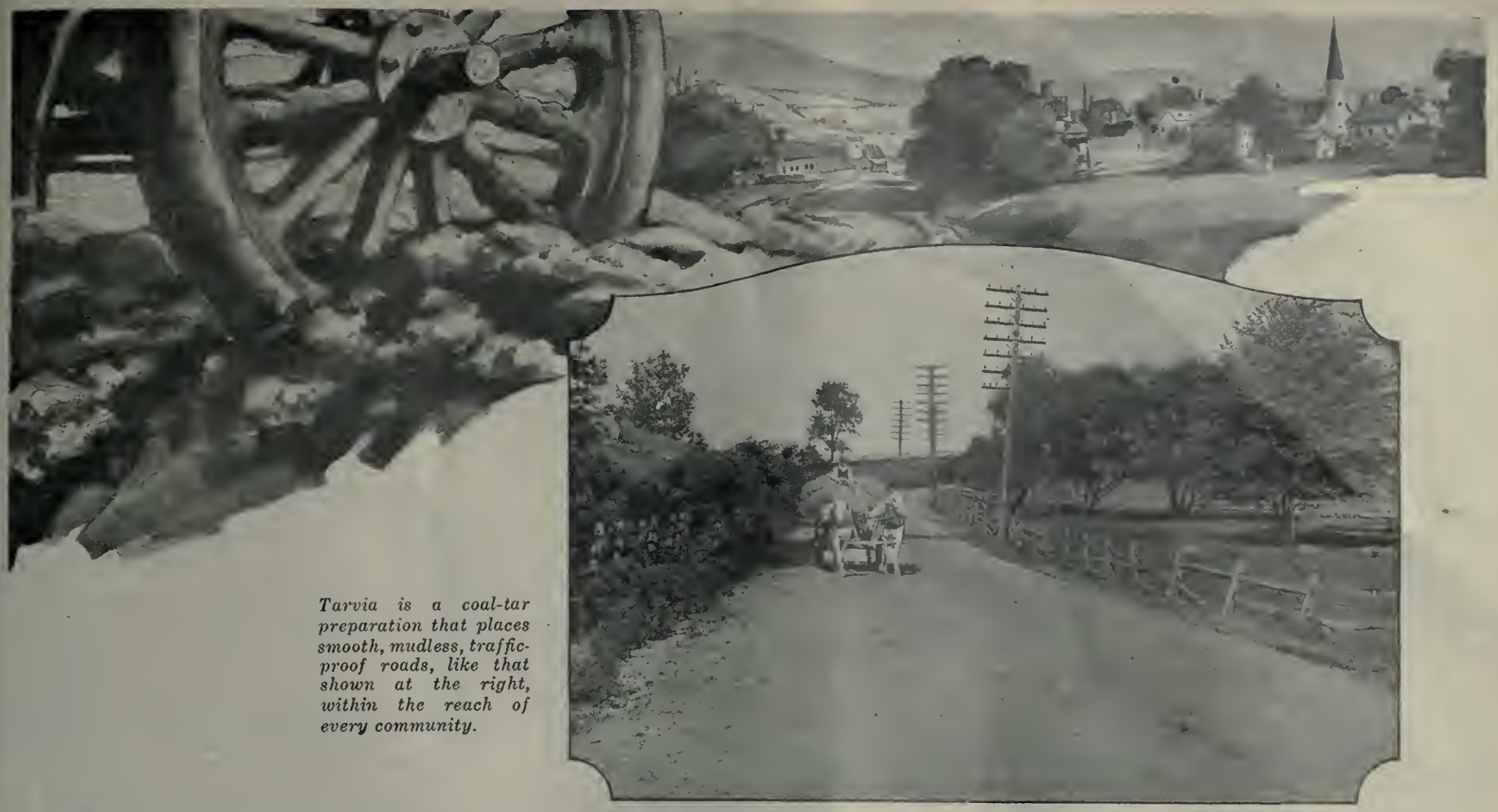
"In the other case, in every year since the Napoleonic wars Great Britain has invested a large portion of the annual savings of its people in corporations, companies, and Governments, which were developing foreign lands, whether in mines or railways, cities or factories. All that has now been checked. During the war we were selling our foreign securities instead of increasing our investments, and this was right and necessary. Since the war, however, the Government has been appropriating—by taking over nearly half of its citizens' incomes—the sums which would have been available for investment abroad.

"There are two objects to be attained before healthy business can be resumed. They are both simple and both difficult. A purchaser at home must be able to buy what he desires or needs at a price within the possibility of his depleted income.

"How is this to be reached? First by leaving the purchaser more of his income than is the case under our present scale of taxation, and secondly by an all-round reduction in prices.

"Profits will have to be cut down to the bone, perhaps for a time disappear altogether, in order that concerns may be kept going. But this can be only a temporary alleviation and at the most will not make a revolutionary change in prices.

"There must be an all-round reduction in costs as well as in profits. The prices of raw materials must drop drastically. If you ask me what effect this has on wages, I would say that wages must be reconsidered and readjusted; but if I were a wage-earner I would insist on absolute proof that commensurate and simultaneously with any fall in wages there should be an equivalent fall in prices of the commodities which I must buy for the feeding, clothing, and comfort of my household."



*Tarvia is a coal-tar preparation that places smooth, mudless, traffic-proof roads, like that shown at the right, within the reach of every community.*

# How Woodlot County Hoisted Itself Out of the Mud—

WOODLOT County was poor. Taxes were high and the roads—nothing but mud-holes. The schools were of the one-room, cross-roads variety with one weary teacher apiece. In the winter the children were unable to get to school regularly.

In stormy weather Woodlot County was *dead*.

The $200,000 bond proposal for new roads was a bursting bomb in the calm of a peaceful night.

Woodlot County awoke; but not all at once. For two years they had been trying to settle the good roads plan. It was a conversation between John Wright and Daniel Summers that started the ball rolling.

"How much would you sell your farm for to-day, Daniel?" his neighbor asked.

"Four thousand cash," said the farmer.

"I'll give you fifty dollars now for a two-year option at that price," came the answer quick as a wink.

"You will not," replied Summers, after a moment's thought. "You'd take it up if the bond issue went through—why, with a hard road out through here, you'd clear a fine profit! If that road went through, I wouldn't take——"

Wright began to laugh and left his neighbor to think it out.

In less than two years the county had some fine Tarvia roads open to traffic every day in the year—dustless, mudless and traffic-proof.

Woodlot became a busy, prosperous county.

A central graded school had been established.

Farmers saved enough in *hauling costs alone* to pay off the bond issue and in maintenance cost the Tarvia roads paid for themselves.

Thus did Woodlot County hoist itself out of the mud and stagnation.




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Millions of people leave a film-coat when they brush their teeth at night. And in a short time the acids formed in it may attack the tooth enamel.

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Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people, young or old, escape these film attacks. Despite the tooth brush, these tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

### You can combat it

Now you can combat that film. Dental science, after diligent research, has found effective methods. Clinical tests have amply proved them. And now leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Millions of people now know its effects. And a ten-day test will be sent to you to show them, if you ask.

## Watch these five effects

Pepsodent attacks film in two efficient ways. It also brings other much-desired effects with every application.

It multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which otherwise cling and may form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. It leaves the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

---

These are studied effects, desired by the highest modern dental authorities. The chief of them are simply aids to Nature.

See these results. Learn the reason for them. Compare for a few days this new way with the old. Then judge for yourself which method your home should adopt.

Cut out the coupon now.

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**Some effects are seen and felt**

**Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. It will be a revelation.**


# Paying to Sit in the Dark

*This is What You Do When Visiting the Movies.*

*Power Plant Engineering*

"WHAT would you do," asks a writer in *Power Plant Engineering*, "if after going into a store and paying for a dozen oranges you found they had given you only eight."

Then he goes on:

"And now for the sake of further illustration, suppose that you went into a motion-picture theater and were forced to sit in absolute darkness (with a dark screen) for about twenty to thirty minutes. Would you register a complaint? You say you would? Well, we guess you wouldn't. Because that's just exactly what happens every time one goes to the movies. From fifteen to twenty minutes of every hour that we spend there, we sit in absolute darkness, but we don't complain in the least—because we do not realize it. This is due to a defect of the eye—a fortunate defect, however, for upon it is built the success of the entire motion-picture industry. When we look at an object and then suddenly have that object drawn away from our field of vision, the picture of the object persists in our eye for a very short time afterward. This peculiar property of the eye is known as the persistence of vision. In the motion-picture projector, approximately sixteen separate pictures pass behind the lens every second. These, however, do not pass through smoothly but rather in a series of jerks. Each picture occupies a position in the field of the lens for a short interval of time while the shutter is open. Then as the shutter closes, the film is suddenly jerked down so as to bring the next picture into the field of the lens. The interval of darkness (when the shutter is closed), however, is very much shorter than the time during which the picture is shown. It is so short, in fact, that the image of one picture has not died away in our eyes before the next succeeding picture appears. Thus, we see it as a continuous picture, endowed with motion due to the progressive translation of the objects on the film. Since the dark periods are about one-third as long as the periods of illumination, twenty minutes out of every hour we look at the pictures are spent in total darkness. Since we can't detect it, however, we don't mind and let it go at that. Ignorance is bliss."

# Science Produces Smokeless Coal

*Current Opinion*

"COAL that does not smoke is the newest contribution of science to industry, according to an announcement made at a convention of the American Chemical Society in Chicago. Carbocoal, as the new fuel is called, is a bituminous coal which has been transformed into a smokeless substance resembling anthracite. It is prepared by crushing the soft coal and carbonizing it at the relatively low temperature of nine hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

"We read that carbonization of the coal in this manner yields about twice as much tar as is obtained from the ordinary cooking process, the semi-coke thus obtained being quite soft and friable. While it can be used directly under the boiler of a power plant or put into a gas producer, as yet the new fuel is not being marketed for general domestic and industrial use. By next winter, however, it is expected that smokeless coal will have become a staple household fuel.

"It comes in the form of briquets, the ground semi-coke and pitch being carbonized at eighteen hundred degrees Fahrenheit. The effect of this high temperature carbonization is to render the briquets hard, dense and smokeless, quite unlike any fuel on the market. A further substantial yield of by-products is obtained during the second carbonization so that, it is said, the carbocoal process represents a very economical method of producing a smokeless fuel from bituminous coal. The high yield of oils obtained, as an instance, is of special importance in view of the rapidly diminishing supplies of petroleum in this country and the enormous growth of industries dependent upon gasoline, motor spirits, lubricating and fuel oils. The factory at Clinchfield, Virginia, with a capacity of five hundred tons of coal a day, from which three hundred and fifty tons of the fuel are made, was established as a Government war project after five years of experimental work."

# Head Hunters of Borneo

*Ghastly Practice Now Being Suppressed by the Dutch*

CARL LUMHOLTZ

FROM a book entitled "Through Central Borneo," *Current Opinion* gives the following account of the practice of head hunting as engaged in by some of the native tribes of Borneo:

"The Penihings of Borneo live in dread of the head-hunting raids of the Ibans of Sarawak, and the Dutch government has had to establish a garrison for suppression of the practice—with what result is yet to be ascertained.

"These head-hunting raids may include assaults on kampongs but very often they are cowardly attacks on small groups of unsuspecting people, men, women, and children. The heads thus secured appear to be as highly valued as those acquired under more heroic conditions. The heads of Malays are appreciated, but, with few exceptions, not those of white people. The head is severed by one stroke.

"As a typical case of head-hunting, Professor Lumholtz gives a description of a raid by ten Bukats upon a small party of Saputans who were on a hunt. Among certain tribes a woman may accompany her husband or another man on a chase, carry a spear and assist in killing pig or deer. Bear she does not tackle. She also carries her own parang, or short sword, with which she may kill small pigs and cut down obstacles in her path. The hunting party had been successful and there were women in it. The Bukats attacked the party and only one woman escaped.

"The slayers hurried off with three heads being afraid of the people of the kampong which was not far away. As usual the heads were tied by the hair to the handle of the shield, and were thus carried to the place where the rattan bags had been left, inside of which they were then placed.

"After taking heads the men are on the run for two or three days, travelling at night with torches, and in the evening they make a big fire to dry the heads. The brains, because of the weight, may have been taken out the first evening. The hair has first been cut off and taken care of, to be tied as ornaments to shields or plaited round the handle of the sword.

"The head hunters must take their food apart from their associates and in the presence of the heads. They bring water from the river to boil rice, in bamboo. When the cooking is finished, the heads are brought to take part in the meal, being hung near the place where the men are to eat and a little distance from the floor to b out of reach of the dogs. A pinch of rice is put into a hole made with a spear point in the top of the skull and the head is addressed in certain words: 'Eat this rice first. Don't be angry. Take care of me. Make this body of mine well.' During the period of restrictions imposed upon the hunters the heads remain at the same place

sharing the meals in this style. After twelve days no more food is given to the heads, which are hung on the beam again, three to five being placed together in a basket. At a festival food will be offered to the heads.

"These head-hunting raids are sometimes carried far away into distant regions and may occupy several months. After such an expedition has been determined upon, the preparations occupy usually about three months. When all is ready for a start, a delay of from one to four days may be caused by unfavorable interference of an omen bird. Should a bird chance to repeat the omen when another start is made, the party must return to the kampong and wait a long time. The Dayaks are very much guided in their actions by omens taken not only from birds but also from incidents. Merely to hear a certain bird is sufficient reason to change all plans. If a head-hunting party sees a large tree fall, the expedition is abandoned and no young man who took part can ever join another venture of the same kind. Old and experienced men, after the lapse of a year, may resume operations. In case of encountering a centipede a head-hunting expedition must return immediately to the kampong and for four years no such enterprise may be undertaken.

"The man who has taken a head is considered a hero by the women, and, if unmarried, is certain to secure a desirable wife."

# Finds of the Trawlers

*Relics Recovered From the Floor of the Ocean*

A TRAWLER HAND

"RELICS of tragedies, such as the aeroplane engine recently recovered by a North Sea trawler, are seldom brought up in the nets," says a writer in the *Daily Mail*.

"It is a curious fact that although parts of the floor of the North Sea must be veritable graveyards, yet human bones are very rarely found in the trawls.

"It is true that during the war bodies of drowned sailors were sometimes drawn up, but bones of any sort are rare. Trawling, so long as the weather is fairly fine, is a somewhat monotonous occupation. The big otter trawl is dragged very slowly across the sea floor, and it is only when it is got in that there is any excitement aboard.

"This at any rate was the case before the war. Since 1914 there has always been the unpleasant chance of recovering a mine, which may or may not explode as it is got aboard.

"Curiously enough, it is almost impossible to tell if a mine is in the trawl, especially when one is got at night. It is hidden among the mass of weed and fish.

'One trawler pulled three mines on to her deck during 1920 and is still above water; but, on the other hand, about twenty trawlers of various nationalities have disappeared with all hands since November 1918.

"Pieces of amber are often found among the contents of the big bag net. Seven thousand years ago the bed of the North Sea was a forest, mainly composed of black pine. Amber is the fossilised gum of this tree.

"In the museum at Lowestoft is a fine mammoth tusk which came up in a trawl. Its original owner no doubt roamed the glades of that ancient forest.

"Another curiosity in the same museum is a glass flagon of the eighteenth century which was trawled up on the Dogger. Glass, you see, is practically indestructible, even by sea-water.

"Pieces of waterlogged timber, too heavy to float, old anchors, and twisted scraps of rusted ironwork are commonly found in the trawls, but these are all from wrecks. The stumps of the ancient forest seem to be pretty thoroughly covered up.

"Wrecks go to pieces very quickly, and so far as the trawlers are concerned this is all to the good, for when a net does foul a recent wreck the result is usually the loss of all the gear. And seeing that the big trawl and its gears are to-day worth nearly fifteen hundred pounds, this is a most serious misfortune, and one that cuts heavily into the profits of the owners."

# Airship or Battleship, Which?

*Two Opposite Views of the Problem—Both by Experts*

BRIG.-GEN. WM. MITCHELL, and LT.-COM. LEE P. WARREN

THAT the airplane is now an offensive weapon against which the battleship has no adequate defence is the contention of Brig.-Gen Mitchell, of the United States Air Service, as given in *World's Work*. Here are a few of the reasons he gives for this opinion:—

"The anti-aircraft defence on a ship can not be as efficient as it is on land because on land the guns are concealed under trees, holes in the ground, or artificial hiding places; whereas on seacraft they must be contained on the decks of ships, thus forming a well-defined target on the surface of the water, which is easy to see, easy to find, and easy to approach.

"Battleships, as at present constructed, have very heavy side armor, which can be pierced with difficulty by large cannon. They have excellent under-water protection from torpedo attack, as they have a great many compartments so placed as to guard most effectively against mines and torpedoes. In fact, their sides are almost like a honey-comb of air chambers. Over their decks they are weak. Our battleships of the Pennsylvania class have only a 3-inch protective deck. It is estimated that this can be pierced by a small air bomb dropped from an altitude of 7,000 feet.

"Direct hits on decks and superstructures will break every electric light globe on the ship, throwing her into absolute darkness below-decks, disrupt telephone, radio, and interior communication systems, fill fire-rooms, engine-rooms, and all compartments ventilated by a forced draught system with noxious gases, cause shell-shock to persons within a radius of 300 feet, disrupt ammunition hoists, dislodge or jam turrets, dish upper decks at least, kill all persons on upper decks—anti-aircraft guns' crews, fire-control parties in tops—cause fire to break out, explode all anti-aircraft ammunition on upper decks, and sink or disable the battleship.

"It is safe to assume that the large bombs dropped either on or in the vicinity of a modern battleship are sufficient to put it out of action. As a basis for comparison of costs, a modern battleship costs more than $40,000,000, and requires 800 or more men to handle it; one bombardment airplane costs about $40,000 and requires three men to handle it. Therefore, 1,000 bombardment airplanes can be built for the cost of one battleship.

"The only answer to an efficient development of aviation, military, civil, and commercial, in this country is a united air service, with a responsible head to it who will be held absolutely responsible for the development of aviation in this country. Aeronautics should be organized into a department co-equal with the Army and the Navy. Under these conditions—dollar for dollar as a means of coast defense and as a means of controlling traffic over the water or through the air against us—more benefit will be obtained to the United States from an air force than from any other one thing."

Now let us hear the other side. Lt.-Com. Warren, of the Navy Department, gives the following as some of his reasons for holding that neither aircraft nor submarine has yet replaced the battleship in its mastery of the sea:—

"The record of torpedo-carrying air-



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planes was not a particularly good one during the World War. The Germans have a record of sinking only two merchantmen by this means. It was evidently found impracticable to use them against the British fleet. Future development of the torpedo plane is to be watched with great interest. As the torpedo plane is a large and comparatively slow plane, its attack may be countered by fighting planes, by anti-aircraft guns, and by protective devices in the design of the battleship. In addition, the torpedo plane, if used from a carrier, cannot operateexcept in fairly good weather and is destroyed by gales and storms that do not trouble the battleship.

"The bomb carried by aircraft is now brought forward as the weapon which will destroy the battleship. As it has thus far been impracticable to propel a bomb dropped from aircraft, its velocity is dependent upon gravity, and therefore, cannot be greater than about 700 foot seconds. This velocity is insufficient to cause the bomb to penetrate an armored deck of a modern ship. The explosive effect of the bomb will, therefore, be expended above the vital parts of the ship, and while its destructive effect will undoubtedly be great in the immediate vicinity, it will not affect the fighting value of a battleship to the extent that a 16-inch projectile from a modern gun would."

After quoting the opinions of Admiral Jellicoe, Admiral Scheer, Admiral Von Tirpitz, the British Admiralty and the United States-Navy General Board in favor of the battleship, the writer gives the following as the principal general conclusions to be drawn:—

"1. The modern battleship contains the maximum power, both offensive and protective, which can be concentrated in one hull, and has adequate radius of action, seaworthiness, and reliability to ensure effective operations in any theatre of war. It is essential to naval power.

"2. The development of new weapons requires the modification of hull construction to furnish protection, but so far this protection has been obtained at the cost of increase in displacement.

"3. The destroyer, submarine, and aircraft carry projectiles which are dangerous to a battleship if sufficient projectiles can be made to hit. Subsidiary types are therefore required to assist the battleship in protection against these types.

"4. Destroyers, submarines, and aircraft are useful and necessary subsidiaries to the battleship, and should be provided in adequate numbers.

"5. Until transportation of stores and armies can be effected by submarines or aircraft, the control of the surface of the sea is necessary for the successful conduct of naval warfare.

"6. Aircraft must operate from bases on shore or from carriers. Submarines must come to the surface. Control of the surface of the sea will prevent the successful operation of submarines or aircraft.

"7. The advocates of the submarine and aircraft neglect to state how war is to be conducted away from one's own coast. They neglect the limitations of radius of action of aircraft and the necessity for bases for both aircraft and submarines. They forget that the effectiveness of aircraft and submarines is decreased by bad weather and darkness. They fail to mention that submarines must come to the surface, and that aircraft must land on shore or on aircraft carriers. They avoid stating that as aircraft and submarines increase in size, they become more vulnerable to the action of protective types. They accept at once the defensive rôle. Has any one suggested transporting an army with submarines or aircraft only to guard the convoy?

"8. The arguments of the submarines and aviation enthusiasts are confined to how they can demolish battleships, thus admitting at once that the battleship is to-day the controlling type."

# Cannibals Watch the Movies

*South Sea Islanders at First Terrified at Their Own Pictures.*

MARTIN JOHNSON

MANY readers of *Maclean's* will have seen Mr. Johnson's moving pictures taken at the risk of his life of the cannibals of the Malekula tribe of the New Hebrides natives. In the current number of *Asia* he describes his return visit to these islands and tells how he exhibited to this wild tribe pictures of themselves.

"The beach was already crowded with savages. I had thought they would be curious about my machinery. But they scarcely looked at it. They just squatted on the sands with their guns clutched tight in their hands. In spite of my promise of tobacco, they had not quite trusted my invitation and they were on the lookout for foul play. By dark they were restless. They had received no tobacco. They did not understand all this preparation that culminated in nothing. They wanted action.

"I saw that the show must begin at once; so I tested everything once more. Since I had no idea how the pictures would be received, I stationed armed guards at each side of the screen and around the projector, at points from which they could cover the audience. Then I tried to persuade my visitors to sit in front of the projector, where they would get a good view of the screen. They were now thoroughly suspicious and would not stay where I put them. They wanted to keep an eye on me. They were so uneasy that I expected to see them disappear into the bush at any moment. But Osa (Mrs. Johnson) saved the situation. She took Nagapate (chief of the tribe) by the arm and made him sit down beside her. The rest of the savages gathered about them. Then the show began.

"First, a great bright square flashed on the screen. Then came a hundred feet of titles. The attention of the natives was divided between the strange letters and the rays of white light that passed above their heads. They looked forward and up and back toward me, jabbering all the time. Then slowly, out of nothing, a familiar form took shape on the screen. It was Osa, standing with bent head. The savages were silent with amazement. Here was Osa sitting at Nagapate's side—and there she was on the screen. The pic ture-Osa raised her head and winked at them. Pandemonium broke loose. 'Osa-Osa-Osa-Osa,' shouted the savages. They roared with laughter and screamed like rowdy children.

"I had been afraid that my guests would be frightened and bolt at the first demonstration of my 'magic,' but they had been reassured by the familiar sight of Osa. Now they were ready for anything. I showed them a picture of Osa and me as we left the Astor Hotel in New York. Then I showed them the crazy thousands that had crowded New York streets on Armistice Day. I followed this picture with glimpses of Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Tokyo and Sydney. Nagapate told me afterwards that he had not known there were so many white people in all the world and asked me if the island I came from was much larger than Malekula. I showed in quick succession steamers, racing automobiles, airplanes, elephants, ostriches, giraffes. The savages were silent: they could not comprehend these things. So I brought them nearer home, with pictures taken on Vao, Santo and other islands of the New Hebrides.

"Now it was time for the great scene A hundred feet of titles—then Nagapate's face appeared suddenly on the screen. A great roar of 'Nagapate' went up. At that instant the radium lights flashed on and I, at my camera, ground out the picture of the cannibals at the 'movies.' True, about two-thirds of the audience, terrified by the flares, made precipitately for the bush. But Nagapate and the savages around him sat pat and registered fear and amazement for my camera. In about two minutes the flares burned out. Then we coaxed back to their places the savages that had fled. I started the reel all over and ran it to the end amid an uproar that made it impossible for me to make myself heard when I wanted to speak to Osa. Practically every savage pictured on the screen was in the audience.

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OVER eighteen months ago we determined to produce a Violet Ray High Frequency Generator to sell at $15.00 or less. Since then our Experts have devoted their whole efforts to this end. The result is BRANSTON JUNIOR at $14.75.

A small, handy, reliable Violet Ray Generator, with the same absolute Guarantee behind it, as our larger models. Remember, this is not an experiment, but a new model, manufactured by one of the oldest manufacturers of Violet Ray High Frequency Generators in the world, whose Generators have long been recognized as the "Standard of the World."

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## What It Is

The Branston Junior is a light, strong, serviceable and practical Violet Ray Generator, with all coils and working parts complete in the handle. Easily adjusted to any strength, and put up in a neat seal grain keratol leather covered box complete with one General or Surface Electrode and full direction book.

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Absolutely safe for use by the youngest child or the most delicate invalid—Simply attach to any electric light socket, and it is ready for use.

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| Baldness | Facial Paralysis | Neuralgia | Rheumatism |
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| Dandruff | Influenza | Pimples | Stiff Joints or Neck |
| Deafness and Ear Noises | Insomnia | Piles | Weak Eyes |

and many other diseases

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In two years they had not changed at all, except, as Osa said, for additional layers of dirt. As each man appeared, they called out his name and laughed and shouted with joy. Among the figures that came and went on the screen was that of a man who had been dead a year. The natives were awe-struck. My magic could bring back the dead! Midway in the performance I turned the projection handle over to Mazouyer and joined the audience. Osa was crying with excitement. And there was a lump in my own throat. We had looked forward a long time to this.

"When the show was over, a great shout went up. The savages gathered into groups and discussed the performance, for all the world as people do 'back home.' Then they crowded about us, demanding their pay for looking at my pictures! As I gave them their sticks of tobacco, each grunted out the same phrase—whether it meant 'Fine' or 'Thank you' or just 'Good-by,' I do not know."

# Bolshevism's Most Powerful Foe

*The Sunday School Our Chief Potential Defence Against the "Red" Peril.*

Philadelphia *North American*

A STRENUOUS campaign has recently been started by the *North American* "to develop the latent resources of the Sunday School and to try it to its utmost fighting strength against the forces menacing civilization. Men prominent in all walks of life have joined it in advocating that the Sunday School be strengthened as an educational agency, and declare that the main defence we possess against the now open approach of Bolshevism and other destructive forces of radicalism lies in a few institutions which have declared relentless war on the new philosophy of despotism.

"These institutions," says the writer of one article, "comprise the public school, the parochial school, the church, and the American Sunday school. Still another institution with heroic possibilities in this respect is found in the rabbinical schools of the Jewish faith. But, notwithstanding the large Jewish population in urban communities, the Jews are so small a fraction of the entire American people that it is not necessary for our present purpose to make a survey of their distinctive work against the Bolshevik propaganda.

"The Roman Catholic parochial schools have behind them the tremendous force of that highly organized church, the very corner-stone of whose philosophy is individualism as opposed to the various socialistic cults. Under the fostering care of a vast ecclesiastical system the parochial schools are well marshalled, and their resources will be utilized to the utmost in the fight against the menace of Bolshevism.

"The Sunday school is more democratic than the public school not only in administration but also in its social side. The difference arises from the very nature of the work of the two institutions.

"The public school is for children of legal school age. The Sunday school admits every member of the family, young and old. It is to a vast population the chief agency through which acquaintance, friendships, and social relations may be safely formed. It is the center of that social contact which unites large numbers of families and individuals, gives them a common interest, and inspires in them fidelity to American democracy and Christian civilization.

"The Sunday school is the only great institution in the country whose possibilities are not fully utilized in the defence of democracy against those forces which have declared implacable war on the democratic ideal. . . .

"In this important work we ask the earnest support and co-operation of those who regard the Sunday school as the normal gateway to church affiliation.

"But with equal earnestness we plead for the cordial help of those who are without church relationship, but who agree with us that the Sunday school is a prodigious factor for the promotion of social health and democracy, a factor which should be employed to the utmost in meeting the attacks of those evil forces bent upon the destruction of democracy, the American ideal, and Christian civilization."

# The Black Moses

*Who Plans an Exodus of Black Millions to a New Promised Land*

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

WHAT is to be the future of the black millions of the American continent? Stephen Grohm in his recent book gave a very grim answer to that question, but there is another answer that might end as grimly or merely as a tragic comedy of mistaken effort. It is outlined by Rollin Lynde Hartt in the New York *Independent*, in his study of Marcus Garvey, president general of the Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League.

"Fifteen pioneers of African independence," he writes, "—negro surveyors, negro architects, negro builders, negro chemists, negro physicians—sailed recently from New York aboard Black Star liners, owned and operated by negroes.

"It is true that the Black Star line consists of two infinitesimal steamers and an excursion boat. It is likewise true that Liberty Hall, where a World Congress of negroes drew up a Bill of Rights last August and proclaimed Africa a nation—free and independent and all that sort of thing—is by no means an imposing edifice. It is true that the Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League, which promotes the enterprise, makes its headquarters in a pair of rather dowdy former dwelling houses in Harlem, New York. And it is true that Marcus Garvey—'His Excellency, the Honorable Marcus Garvey,' to give him his full and gloriously resounding designation—is something of a showman. Ushered in by a brass band, a pseudo-military cohort, and a troop of Black Cross nurses, he appears upon the platform in green and crimson robes.

"Yet this thirty-four-year-old Jamaican, who counted hardly more than a score of followers three and a half years ago, now counts four million, two million of whom are black citizens of the United States. Thanks to his daily harangues and to weekly appeals through his newspaper, he is adding to them wholesale despite the opposition of two of the foremost negro leaders in the United States, Dr. Du Bois on the one hand and Major Martin on the other. No matter what one's attitude, whether satirical, apprehensive, sympathetic, or merely curious, he is at least interesting.

"He is black. Splendidly, bituminously black. A full-blooded, low-browed, heavy-jawed, woolly-pated African—the real thing. He glories in it. He rebukes his people for bleaching their skins, straightening their hair, and aping the white man.

"President of the Black Star Line, President of the Negro Factories Corporation, President-General of the Universal Negro Improvement Association and African Communities League, and Provisional President of Africa, Garvey tells his followers: 'I am the equal of any white man: I want you to feel the same way. No one need think we are still the servile, bending, cringing people we were up to fifty odd years ago in this country. We are a new

people, born out of a new day in this country. We are born out of the bloody war of 1914-18. A new spirit, a new courage has come to us.'

"His manner is modest and unassuming. His dark eyes burned, it was with an intellectual light. He seems strangely unemotional, perhaps because he has implicit faith in the rationality of his ideal and in its justice. 'When the Jew said, "We shall have Palestine," we said, "We shall have Africa".'

"But on the platform he can be fiery.

" 'During the world war, nations were vying with each other in proclaiming lofty concepts of humanity. "Make the world safe for democracy," "self-determination for smaller peoples" reverberated in the capitals of warring nations opposed to Germany. Now that the war is over, we find these same nations making every effort by word and deed to convince us that their blatant professions were mere meaningless platitudes never intended to apply to earth's darker millions. We find the minor part of humanity—the white people—constituting themselves Lords of the Universe and arrogating to themselves the power to control the destiny of the larger part of humanity. Such an attitude is indeed a curse. In Africa it takes the form of suppression of the right of the African to enjoy the fruits of his ancestral lands. In America it takes the form of lynching, disfranchisement, burnings, and the thousand and one petty insults born of arrogance and prejudice. So now comes the negro through the medium of the Universal Negro Improvement Association demanding the right and taking unto himself the power to control his own destiny. We are too large and great in numbers not to be a great people, a great race and a great nation. I cannot recall one single race of people as strong numerically as we are who have remained so long under the tutelage of other races. The time has now come when we must seek our place in the sun.'

"That place is Africa, declares Garvey. 'Without Africa, the negro is doomed even as without America the North American Indian was lost. We are not preaching any doctrines to ask all the negroes of Harlem and of the United States to leave for Africa. The majority of us may remain here, but we must send our scientists, our mechanics, and our artizans, and let them build railroads, let them build the great educational and other institutions necessary, and, when they are constructed, the time will come for the command to be given; "Come home!"'

"So it is to Africa that the fifteen pioneers of negro nationalism have gone—surveyors to plan railroads, architects to plan buildings, physicians to direct sanitation, chemists to test water supply. 'When will they arrive?' I asked. 'I can't tell you,' said Garvey. 'The steamers are to call at British ports en route, and if I were to publish their schedule I might expose them to interference and delays.'

"He sets great store by this merchant marine of his. It is a commercial venture, granted; but it is at the same time a means to a much larger end. 'Africa must be linked to the United States, to South and Central America, to the West Indies by vessels which will unite in fraternal ties the ebony-hued sons of Ethiopia in the Western Hemisphere with their brothers across the sea.' Meanwhile he entertains a hope that Africa, once developed, will attract a wholesale migration. He says to his followers:

" 'If you cannot live alongside the white man in peace, if you cannot get the same chance and opportunity alongside the white man, even though you are his fellow citizen; if he claims that you are not entitled to this chance or opportunity because the country is his by force of numbers, then find a country of your own and rise to the highest position within that country.'

"In Liberia, whither the fifteen pioneers are sailing, Garvey plans to lay the cornerstone of African independence. From Liberia his propaganda is to spread throughout the Dark Continent. 'What the fathers of American independence did one hundred and forty-five years ago,' he said in a recent address, 'is just what the Universal Negro Improvement Association is endeavoring to do for the 400,000,000 negroes of the world and for succeeding generations of the race. It is a dream now; but do you not know that we can make this dream, this vision, a reality?'

"A very prominent Garveyite showed me the other day a tabulation of British, Belgian, French, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish holdings in Africa. How does Garvey expect to oust these rather lusty and rather tenacious Powers? It would seem to be something of a job. But what if those Powers had their hands full elsewhere at the time?

" 'We cannot tell how far distant is that day when the bugle call will be heard, the bugle call to another great world conflict. We can see discord brooding every day among the nations of the world. We can hear the rumbling of forthcoming wars. Methinks I can see the war clouds of Europe—I give them ten years from now. Oh, I believe in time! I believe in time and I give them ten years to send up that war smoke again. We are waiting for it. When it comes we young men are going to try what virtues there are in the materials they gave us to use in France, Flanders and Mesopotamia. The life I could give in France and Flanders and Mesopotamia I can give on the battle plains of Africa to raise the colors of the red, the black and the green forever. Whether they desire to salute the flag to-day we do not care, but we will make them salute it to-morrow.'

"Just here lies the actuating principle of Garveyism. It is not merely a Back-to-Africa movement. It is not merely an Africa-for-the-Africans movement. It is a movement to win respect and to defend black men in white men's countries throughout the world. Garvey says to negroes: 'Not until you can make your race so strong as to strike fear into the breast of that man that has been hounding you for fifty years will black men be safe in any community in which they live. The white man will only respect your rights constitutionally as a citizen of this country, or as a resident of this country, when you have some government behind you. When you can compel a nation to respect your rights because of your connection with some government that is sufficiently strong to support you, then and only then will you be respected. Even as the Frenchman who makes up his mind to live always in America can get the protection of his government when he needs it, so must you.'

"It is not easy to determine what negroes in general think of Garvey. One gets such responses as 'He is very idealistic,' 'He builds his mountains too high,' or, 'I think he's going to waste all that money. What does a colored man know about running steamship lines?' But you notice that invariably the reply is preceded by a moment or two of hesitation and you wonder if perhaps the negro is not giving you the answer he imagines you would like to hear. At all events, every American negro seems to know about Garvey, and when the Garveyites held high carnival in Madison Square Garden one night last summer the building was thronged to capacity with an all-black audience.

"Meanwhile I find it a little difficult to determine what I myself think of Garvey. I laughed at first. Then I felt a sharp pang of sympathy. 'A shame,' I said, 'that this rainbow-hued hope should have obsessed a poor, misguided, fanatical dreamer of a black man!' Hear how he speaks of it:

" 'While in Washington I went to Mount Vernon to pay my homage and respect to the father of American independence. On my way to Mount Vernon I saw automobiles and carriages and pedestrians all wending their way toward that place and when I got to the gate I saw great crowds of people going in and out. I followed the crowd and was shown the resting place of the great hero of right. And as I gazed at that hallowed shrine a new thought, a new inspiration, came to me. It was the vision of a day—near, probably—when hundreds of other men and women will be worshipping at a shrine. This time the vision leads me to the shrine of some black man, the father of African independence.'

" 'The hour has come for the negro to take his own initiative. It is obvious, according to the commonest principles of human action, that no man will do as much for you as you will do for yourself. Any race that has lost hope, lost pride and self-respect, lost confidence in self in an age like this, such a race ought not to survive. Two hundred and fifty years we have been a race of slaves; for fifty years we have been a race of parasites. Now we propose to end all that. No more fear, no more cringing, no more sycophantic begging and pleading; the negro must


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*---an Adams product, particularly prepared*

atrike straight from the shoulder for manhood rights and for full liberty. Destiny leads us to liberty, to freedom; that freedom that Victoria of England never gave; that liberty that Lincoln never meant; that freedom, that liberty that will see us men among men; that will make us a great and powerful people.'

"Coming from a representative of any other race, such utterances would command instant admiration. Must the negro alone cringe and cower? If not, then what will come of all this? Something splendid? Something tragic? Something ominous? Or possibly—nothing? For my own part I see in Garveyism two elements of large significance. It means that the negro is drawing away from the white race.

"In the next place, it means that negroes are learning the practicality of united action. What course will that action next take? Thus far no harm has come of it, yet it is a new thing, quite; and, without a more than pardonable exaggeration Garvey observes, 'It has been said that the negro has never yet found cause to engage himself in anything in common with his brother; but the dawn of a new day is upon us and we see things differently. We see now, not as individuals, but as a collective whole, having one common interest."

# Pigeon Slaughter at Monte Carlo

The *Nation*

THE heartless slaughter of pigeons by trap-shooting on the terrace at Monte Carlo is the subject of protest in an editorial in the *Nation*.

"But no man or woman of feeling ever (save on Sunday) visits the Terrace in peace (and many avoid it for that reason) because eyes and ears are shocked by the sight of dead or dying birds, and by the noise of their execution. For the small oval green where this slaughter is done lies just beneath the great promenade; so that as you pass it you cannot but feel yourself an accomplice. You see it and cannot stop it. And unless you can get these murders out of your head, they help to spoil Monte Carlo for you.

"And what kind of slaughter? There is the sportsman, standing in a covered gallery. There are the birds, forced up from a trap, and docked of their tail feathers so that they cannot steer, and fly in a straight horizontal line. Thus mutilated for his ease, he kills, wounds, or misses them. Though his injured prey is released a few feet from the muzzle of his gun, he often does the first and the second. The killed or the half-killed are dragged off the green by the little dogs, who look as wicked and mean as doubtless do their hidden masters. Sometimes the bird does not start at all, and lights in a fearful or a bewildered mind on the trap. Then balls are thrown at him, and he becomes a slow starter in the race which is meant to end a few inches from his momentary perch. This is the thing which you and I are manoeuvred into seeing if we go to Monte Carlo. Who will say a word for it? But the great visiting colonies, who disapprove, have only to act together, and the Press, which has denounced its filthiness over and over again, has only to organize their disapproval, and the hideous little green, and the dying birds, and the little black dogs, and the thought that in such a thing can lie the pleasure of men will cease to be."

# Mexico's Returning Civilization

*Inspiring Address to Mexican Congress by President Obregon.*

*Mexican Review*

MEXICO, since the days of Porfirio Diaz, has presented to the world such a scene of revolution, counter-revolution and bloodshed, that her regeneration appeared almost hopeless. The temperate and pacific address of the President as quoted in the *Mexican Review* will therefore be welcomed by the whole world. President Obregon said in part:

" 'Poor, indeed, would be the conduct of a government conscious of its duties and obligations, if it did not take advantage of this opportunity, the only one in the history of Mexico since 1910, to respond to the exigencies of public opinion and to the dictates of the well-meaning and the high-spirited, by bringing about the realization, within the constitutional powers invested in it, of the reforms that it is necessary to put into practice, and by elevating, as far as possible, the level of the culture of the people.

" 'The great difficulties that the country has experienced due to the lack of a solidly established banking system, through which the country from one end to the other may receive the benefits of a credit system, are so much in evidence and they have given rise to such a critical situation, that I need not try to demonstrate to you the supreme necessity of applying a remedy to the chaotic condition which in this respect prevails in the Republic. It is for these reasons, therefore, that the first matter to which the call refers is the enactment of a law that will settle the banking problem.

" 'Labor laws are measures of protection for the working classes, and their necessity and opportuneness no one will deny. The tendency of modern thought in matters pertaining to labor is so unmistakably marked, that any government that would dare oppose humanitarian measures of such an importance as are labor laws not only would fail in its opposition, but it would fail in its duty. Therefore, it has been the desire of the Executive to bring the realization of one of the most beautiful ideals of the Revolution by giving to Article 123 of the Constitution immediate practical effect. This is, consequently, the second point of the call.

" 'As for the Agrarian Law, its object is to solve as far as possible the already old but none the less important land problem. In the revolutionary program mention is made at the very first of the fair distribution of the land amongst the working class, and it is the duty of the Executive to see that this promise be not relegated to the sphere of political dreams, but, at the same time, it should not be understood that the present agrarian system is to be disturbed, nor the fundamental basis of agricultural life of the country attacked. Although the Agrarian Bill which I submit to the Legislative Power is inspired from the most advanced revolutionary principles, it is also based on a deep knowledge of the necessities of the country and on the obstacles and difficulties that a law of this nature will encounter in its practical realization.

" 'Around the oil question there are revolving grave problems of an internal and international character which will have no little bearing on the future progress of the country. On the one side there is the principle of national autonomy which the Revolution proclaimed as indispensable for the economic progress of the Republic, and for the development of its energies and of its natural resources. On the other side, the interests, the owners of the oil lands, are opposing, either through the tribunals of Mexico or through diplomatic channels, the application of Article 27 of the Constitution. The result of all this has been to make of the oil question a matter of world-wide interest, and to create for Mexico grave difficulties which can only be settled by a careful study of the manner in which the interests of the nation can be safeguarded, without harm to the property of natives and foreigners, provided it has been acquired fairly and legally.

" 'Gentlemen of the Congress: At the present moment the Nation demands of its representatives an ample and high spirit of reform and a firm determination to work for the reconstruction of the country, for




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Each bale of bedding contains complete outfit for full-sized bed.

2 Blankets—Guaranteed 100% all wool, Scotch blankets, full double bed size, white, with colored borders and stroogly whipped edges. Store price, $18.50.
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2 Pillow Cases—Large, fine quality, pure white. Store price, $3.00.
2 Bath Towels—Large size heavy Turkish toweling. Store price, $2.75.
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$16.85 (REGULAR OVER $30)

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12 Irish Damask Table Napkins—Large size to match cloth, same quality.
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the restoration of our national credit, and the abolition of the traditional evils that have brought the paralyzation of the energies of the Republic. The welfare of millions of human beings depends from the action of the Legislative Branch, so it is not a cause for surprise therefore if public opinion is demanding honest, persistent and co-ordinated efforts in the solution of the problems that are confronting the Nation. The future of the country depends from their solution, and it is hoped that the Honorable Congress of the Union will bring about the realization of the hopes and the aspirations of the Mexican people.' "

# Son of the Clackmannan Giant

*Continued from page 23*

voice at my office door, and in steps the champ. His face had a cruel, vicious set to it, and he eyed Sticker, whose arms were still around Mary, with the murderous hatred of a jealous man.

Sticker started for him, but Mary and I stepped between.

"Let him start something," the champ snorts. "Let the poor hick loose. I'll show him how much of a sticker he is."

He scowled at Mary.

"You little fool," he mutters; "do you mean to say you prefer that rube to a man of my class?" He didn't know, poor conceited ass, how clearly those words of his betrayed his true class.

Mary's face went white with anger. That little girl was nobody's coward. Her eyes flashed and her bosom heaved as she stepped toward the champ, who was a little taken aback for all his conceit.

"You are too ignorant and underbred for me to argue with," says Mary, a different Mary entirely from the one I had always known. She pointed a dainty, trembling finger at the champ's ugly face.

"I dare you to meet Sticker in the ring," she defies; "with him to take the entire purse if you don't knock him out in ten rounds, and you to win it all if you do."

THE champ's blood was up. He accepted the challenge and had signed up an agreement to fight before he had time to cool down enough to realize that even a big percentage of the receipts my arena could produce was no kind of a purse for the champion welterweight of the world.

"I'll kill you, you awkward pork-and-beaner!" he threatens wildly against Sticker as he leaves my office. I never saw more dangerously jealous eyes than his as he took a farewell shot at Mary.

"And when I'm through with him," says he, "I'll come around and show you how hard it is to get in again with a real live guy after you have once thrown him over." Then he stalked out.

Mary just threw back her pretty head and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. But she grew suddenly as sober as she had been merry. She turned to Sticker.

"Will he be too much for you, sweetheart?" she asks nervously.

"I'll make him think he's struck a rock wall," says Sticker with the old confidence beaming radiantly from his face.

Mary turned to me with a happy little smile.

"Then I'm a pretty good schemer," she confesses without a blush.

THE champ did a lot of bragging about what he would do to humble Sticker. He was a wonderful fighter, so far ahead of any contenders for his crown that I felt almost sick with apprehension as the night of the fight approached. Mary too was in a pitiable state of worry, and I knew she regretted having engineered the match, rich as the purse would be could Sticker but survive the ten rounds of terrible punishment he was sure to receive. That it was a grudge fight quickly spread, and on the big night the house was packed.

Sticker sat in his corner with Mary, for whom he always insisted upon an extra chair. The girl's face was pale, but she was gamely controlling herself. Sticker grinned confidently as he counted customers and tried to roughly estimate for Mary what their percentage of the gate receipts would be. When the champ came in he sprang like a tiger over the ropes, his handlers crawling through after him. He looked physically fit to fight the battle of his life, and in his eyes was a glint that spelled danger. He laughed sarcastically as he made a remark to one of his seconds about Sticker's Scotch-plaid trunks, and sent over a message, when the second went across to examine Sticker's bandages, that when the fight was over, the only remnant of Sticker in the ring would be a Scotch-plaid rag.

Mary trembled at that, and Sticker was too busy reassuring her to pay further attention to insults. Right there in the public gaze of that packed arena, the son of the Clackmannan Giant kissed the girl to quiet her. He did it as naturally as though he had been alone with her; and the house rang with the cheers of the fans who knew the situation and appreciated its full import. If there was a man in that audience who did not earnestly hope to see Sticker survive the fight and win the purse, the dissenting one wisely kept his mouth shut tight.

CONCEIT stuck out all over the champ when the fighters stood up for the preliminary handshake. What he said I do not know, but the grin left Sticker's face for a moment, not to return until he received a terrific uppercut on the jaw. Then again Mary exclaimed "Ouch!" as spontaneously as though the blow had struck her instead of Sticker.

Sticker grinned at her and went into a clinch. He should have known better; the champ was the meanest infighter in the business, and he got in a volley of short jabs, before the referee broke them, that brought tears to Mary's eyes. But Sticker grinned again and called to her across the ring.

"They don't even tickle, sweetheart."

Those first blows, delivered with the added steam of jealous hatred, hurt the champ's hands so badly he was forced to stall during the next two rounds. Could it be possible, I wondered, that Sticker would survive the fight? It seemed incredible that any human being could withstand such a mauling. And yet, there was the easy grin on Sticker's face, and he seemed almost as fresh as when the fight had started. But if the champ should make another attack like that first one—I felt sure I would have to help poor Mary out of the arena. Sticker, I felt confident, would go out on his own legs, even if they should fail to support him during a brief count of ten. I could not picture that game, rugged lad laid out at all permanently, even by such a hard hitter as the champ.

Round after round the fight progressed and Sticker stuck. Round after round the champ bored in and slugged as hard as he dared with his sore hands. Round after round Mary suffered unutterable anguish while Sticker grinned through the blood that was smearing his face. Between rounds Mary worked with heroic tenderness to refresh her boy. While she sponged him and mothered him—it was for all the world like mothering—Sticker grinned and spoke encouraging, endearing words to her.

TOWARDS the last rounds of the fight, before the disastrous finish, Sticker uncorked a few wild swings that started the fans laughing over their sheer awkwardness. They missed the nimble champ a good two feet, and he made a big show of laughing scornfully at them. That got the fans sore, for after all the champ had not yet made good his boasts and won the money. They booed him unmercifully when the gong sounded for the tenth and last round.

That public idol went crazy from damaged conceit. Hisses and jeers were something new to his conceited ears. He forgot his injured hands, and tore in to finish Sticker with a knockout. The blows he rained in through Sticker's awkward guard would have wrecked a breakwater.

It happened about the middle of the last round. Maybe the champ had been stalling before, unwilling to risk too much damage to his injured fists. Or maybe he was as fagged out from slugging through the freak fight as he had seemed to be. Or maybe something loosened up inside Sticker, for the lad had been on the receiving end of enough terrific blows to have loosened the structure of a battleship. Anyway it happened, and happened so quickly it took the crowd some time to figure out the entire wonderful strategy which had accomplished it.

Sticker had been forced, covering up, against the ropes. The champ clinched out of what seemed to be sheer weariness from the rush and rain of blows he had just delivered, though he may have been merely stalling to put Sticker off his guard.

Sticker gave an awkward push that sent the champ into the middle of the ring. The champ started back like a springing tiger, his muscles rippling under the effort of the tremendous leap he gave to add force to his final blows.

He leapt right into the only hard punch Sticker had delivered during that fight, or any other I had ever seen him in. Nobody had dreamed Sticker could hit a piledriver blow like that. The son of the Clackmannan Giant must have been nursing that mighty punch ever since he and Mary Smith had gotten their two young business heads together and figured Sticker could never make, over the ordinary route of aggressiveness and boxing ability, the big money that comes only to a champion in the prize-fighting business. They had figured it all out, Mary and her awkward, gritty, fine-hearted boy, that strategy was justified if it could gain for them the money so badly needed in a cause far nobler than that to which pugilistic championship money is ordinarily devoted.

THE champ took Sticker's mulish drive on the point of his jaw. He leapt into it with his surprised eyes wide open. The disastrous finish of the fight was his own disaster, not the one he had threatened, in his vast conceit, against Sticker MacPherson, to be followed by further insult to Mary Smith. His defeat was doubly humiliating because it was the girl herself who had trapped him into it.

As he hit the canvas with a resounding thud, a girlish voice, filled with boundless relief and gladness, broke the deathly stillness of the stupefied arena.

"Oh, thank goodness!" exclaimed pretty Mary Smith.

When the referee finished counting ten over the fallen one, he wasn't the welterweight champion any more. Sticker MacPherson was. And in the eyes of the new champ was a canny twinkle that seemed to harmonize with the Scotch plaid of his fighting trunks.

That twinkle had become a soft glow when Sticker led Mary out of my office after the show, to enter a taxicab he had ordered.

"We don't need to be so confoundedly economical now," Sticker said as he shook my hand. "There'll be lots of moving-picture money coming in, to say nothing of the vaudeville engagements I'll make at my own price before I step inside a ring again."

He winked at me, and Mary Smith laughed delightedly.

"Mary and I have already figured out the total cash returns in sight," says he, "and they're enough."

# The Legion of the Lost

*Continued from page 19*

forgotten it was brought sharply to the attention of the public by the fact that a year or more ago this man had placed a policy for $100,000 on his life. Now, of course, there is no reason why anyone should not set such a value on his life, provided he can back the valuation with the necessary premium payments. In the case of one of this man's financial standing it was unusual, however, and the insurance company was quite within its rights in demanding proof of death. The only actual atom of proof lay in the one item of the coat and hat found at the edge of the ice. That was proof in implication rather than in fact.

The news of this insurance policy raised the whole question again. In the end the man was discovered by a newspaper reporter, living quietly in a second-rate Detroit hotel. He had changed his name and his appearance as far as possible, and was employed in the produce business, the business he followed in Toronto. Now had it not been for that large insurance policy the question of his possible disappearance rather than death might never have been raised, and he might indeed have stepped out into an entirely new life.

The reason for his decision to disappear has never, as far as the writer knows, come to light. The man was ready to talk freely on any subject but this. The only thing he would say was that his wife was in no way implicated. Nor was it suggested that he had tried to collect the insurance for himself. What then was the reason for his decision to exchange his old life for a new? Materially, he apparently profited not at all. It is still possible, however, that this same curious mental slant that led to his carefully planned act did suggest to him a justification, a compensation for the change. And perhaps it was the same suggestion that might come to any one tired with the daily grind, with no abiding interest, no glimmer of romance to lighten the daily round of apparently purposeless tasks. The suggestion is, that had conditions been different, the whole tenor of life might have been more engrossing, more vibrant, more full of a certain absorbing suggestion of expectancy. Ponder this idea, for certainly it is in essence the same idea that has made for all great achievement, the divine unrest, misdirected here beyond a doubt, but still having in it some element of potential nobility. Certainly it is one of the reasons for some almost inexplicable disappearances.

Of course it is not wise to set a consideration of such occurrences in too high a key. In most instances the solution is probably prosaic, more solid ground on which to walk, with no more romantic background than the nagging wife or husband of our sophisticated friend.

There is one case, however, that throws an interesting sidelight on such occurrences, though the man was blameless of any wrong against the law or against his kith and kin. Some thirty odd years ago, a man of some prominence in the city of Toronto disappeared. His family heard no word of him for thirty years, then as mysteriously as he had disappeared he appeared again, walked in on his relatives, and apparently took up the old life. He seemed neither poor nor unduly affluent, and said little of his past. He had been in their midst two weeks and looked like a permanency, when once again he disappeared. That second disappearance is some years ago now. Evidently this man at least had found his second life more alluring than his first, or else there was a tug from these thirty years that was beyond resisting.

There are, of course, instances where the reason for the desire for anonymity is obvious. Such was the case of a merchant in a small town adjoining Toronto. This merchant had met with business reverses, and came to Toronto at the request of his creditors to arrange a settlement. He had with him a small club bag that he took with him everywhere. When he went into the assignee's office the bag went with him. He offered fifty cents on the dollar, and offered to pay in cash, declaring that this was the last possible cent available, and offering his books in evidence of his statement. The creditors however thought differently and demanded sixty cents. He would not go up and they would not come down, and the merchant left the office with his black bag, and simply faded out of human ken. Investigations were started but they led nowhere, as far as establishing his whereabouts was concerned. They did, however, establish the fact that before coming to Toronto he had had a sale, and the proceeds of this sale, in good coin of the realm, were in the little black bag at his side as he spoke. He was quite correct, he could not offer a cent more and when they spurned his offer he took it as final. He had offered to pay them what he could. They had refused, so much the worse for them.

### Cherchez la Femme

THE Frenchman has his own explanation of many of the strange disappearances that occur from time to time. With a shrug of his shoulders he remarks, "*cherchez la femme*," and in many instances he would no doubt be right. Find the woman, and in many cases you will find the answer to some of the most puzzling enigmas.

About seven years ago there was an automobile salesman living in Winnipeg, apparently a normal everyday man, with the normal man's regard for home ties, and the normal man's love for his home. One fine Sunday evening in the Spring, he drove his wife and family home from church,

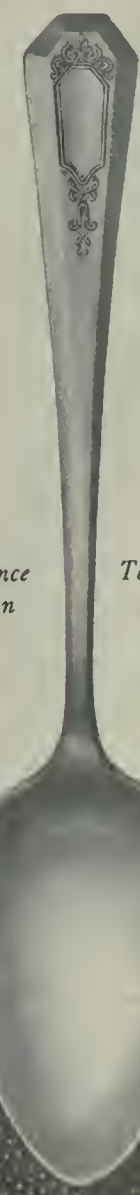


## The Bridal Month

JUNE is also the *anniversary* month of all the brides of the years gone by.

A charming remembrance for these occasions that is always deeply appreciated — first for its beauty and then for its long wearing quality — is Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate.

The small chest of 26 pieces makes a delightful gift. It is very economically priced and the pattern can always be matched.



*La France Pattern*

*Teaspoons:— $4.00 per doz.*

"THE BEST AT THE PRICE"

# Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate

Made and Guaranteed by Wm. Rogers Mfg. Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

# Famous Actress Tells How She Uses Derwillo To Beautify Her Complexion




New York. — Miss Ethel Clayton, the clever young actress, is famous for her beautiful complexion. When her friends inquired about it she said: "It's all due to a toilet preparation called Derwillo which I use twice daily. The experience I have had prompta me to make my secret public. This wonderful Derwillo instantly beautified my skin and its continued use has made the results permanent." When May Edna Wilder, the well-known beauty specialist, was interviewed in reference to Miss Clayton's remarkable complexion, she stated: "Any woman can have a beautiful complexion when she knows how. It's a very simple process. I use the same article in my work, and until you try it you have no idea of the marvelous results. The very first application will astonish you. Go to the toilet counter of any drug or department store and get a bottle of Derwillo, then make the following test: Examine your skin critically before your mirror, note carefully its appearance, then apply Derwillo as directed. After you have made the first application look in your mirror again and note the surprising change. A peachlike color mounts the cheeks; a baby softness comes to the skin; it makes the skin rosy-white, velvety and radiantly beautiful. It is wonderful for a dark, sallow skin, shiny nose, freckles, tan, oily skin, sun spots, coarse pores, pimples, blackheads, chapped rough skin, ruddiness, wrinkles and many other facial blemishes. Derwillo method is absolutely harmless and will not produce or stimulate a growth of hair. It is superior to face powder, as perspiration does not affect it, therefore it stays on better. Thousands who have used it have had the same results as Miss Clayton, and I am aure if you will give it a fair trial you will become just as enthusiastic as I am and always use it in preference to any other powder or beautifier." For permanent results the skin should be cleansed night and morning with a good cleansing cream. For this purpose I have found nothing superior to Liska Cold Cream.

NOTE.—When asked about Derwillo and Liska Cold Cream, one of our leading druggists said: "They are truly wonderful beautifiers, away ahead of anything we have ever sold before. We are authorized by the manufacturers to refund the money to anyone who is dissatisfied, and we would not permit the use of our name unless these products possessed unusual merit." They are sold under an ironclad, money-back guarantee by department stores and up-to-date druggists.



# The First Selling Job of any Manufacturer

Obviously the first selling job of the manufacturer is to get his product into the hands of the public at the lowest possible retail price. He must make sure that his brand gets to the consumer at a just and fair cost.

To do this the manufacturer must take the public into his confidence. He must gain their confidence and belief in the sincerity of the factory behind the goods, in the integrity of the institution, and in the value of the brand.

In other words, he must carry on consistent advertising addressed to the ultimate buyers of his goods.

(3)


then, telling his wife that he would take the car to a garage and return, he left her. The fact that he did not return that night caused a good deal of uneasiness. Finally the car was found overturned in the Assiniboine river near the old Agricultural College. The police who investigated the case believed that the man had been drowned, and the river was systematically dragged, but no body was recovered. Then it was discovered that a young woman stenographer was also missing and, piece by piece, the whole plan was made plain, even to the final act where he had headed his car for the river and then jumped out. He had been eager to give his family the impression that he was dead. Perhaps even the mad impulse to change the old romance for the new was not without its chastening sense of remorse. He had staged his departure to leave his memory clean, but unfortunately the fact that "somebody always sees," was his undoing. He has never come back, and has never been definitely located from that day to this.

There was a young Montrealer, well-known, popular, well-to-do, prominent in sporting and financial circles. He left the city one Friday night, leaving wife and children at home, to attend an important athletic event in a neighboring city. On Monday, with two long, anxious days intervening, his wife received a message that he had left for good with another man's wife. There is nothing very new in this story and nothing to make it worth the recounting except the one fact that the man left with virtually no money, a tooth brush and a safety razor as his whole equipment for beginning the new life, while the lady took from the old life several trunks of dresses and other belongings to aid in commencing the new.

### The Lidderdale Case

SOMETIMES the evidence in these cases seems to becloud the issue rather than explain it.

There is a striking case for instance that has not a Canadian setting. A man named Lidderdale was the hero, if such he may be called, of this occurrence. He was the manager of a branch bank, a man of considerable importance, and highly respected in the neighborhood for years. He was engaged to be married to a well-known and beautiful young lady of the same neighborhood, and the date for their marriage had actually been set for a few months ahead. Lidderdale had known the lady for some years, and there seems no reason to doubt that he was deeply attached to her.

One week before the wedding was to take place, he drew $5,000 from his own account and went to the city to see his solicitor, to arrange for the purchase of some property for a client. He had arranged to meet his solicitor at a certain hotel. Lidderdale was seen to enter this hotel, but for some unexplained reason the solicitor did not keep the appointment. Lidderdale was again seen leaving the hotel, and from that moment he disappeared from human ken.

Strangely enough, the day after his disappearance, his fiancée received a letter from him stating that he had arrived safely and that the first person he met on the platform had been Miss Vining. He went on to say, "Her old love is dead, I was soon told what she wanted and got rid of her." Now it would seem that we have found the lady in the case. For the consideration of this lady for these facts we have to take the evidence of Lidderdale's own confidences as related to his friends from time to time.

One day at a railroad station he had seen a young lady vainly trying to open a carriage door, and he had assisted her. Later he was walking along the street, and the hat of a lady driving in a carriage was blown off. He retrieved it and was surprised to see that it was the same lady. What more natural than this sequence of events should take the place of a formal introduction. Be that as it may, Lidderdale, on his own statement, became well acquainted with this young lady, Miss Beatrice Vining, and her mother. He even informed his friends that the young lady had developed an affection for him.

According to his story, the young lady was a Spanish Creole of considerable wealth. She had a pretentious house in the city and a summer home at a well known watering-place. She had carriages and horses; later she purchased a yacht. Now one interesting thing regarding this matter is that the yacht that figured prominently in some of Lidderdale's statements was not recorded in Lloyd's register. It is true that the investigation of his disappearance brought forward one coastguard officer who swore that he had seen the yacht. But his was the only statement of the kind, and stood absolutely unsupported, though thousands of people might have been supposed to be more or less familiar with the existence of such a vessel.

Lidderdale's contention was that Miss Vining wanted to marry him, but again according to his own statement he had no answering desire, for he was already happily engaged. Now the question is: What happened to Lidderdale? It is a question still unsettled though he disappeared nearly thirty years ago. Moreover it is not unsettled because it has lost the public interest, for it has been in the courts a number of times during the course of the settlement of his estate. Its last appearance in court was in 1918, but neither judges nor any other person have been able to arrive at a conclusion.

There are one or two stray clues, however, the stranger because they seem to have been definitely provided. On the 10th of February, 1892, there appeared in a city newspaper the following item:

> "Lidderdale—On 30th January, on Miss B. A. H. Vining's yacht *Foresight*, William Robertson Lidderdale, of Ilminster, the result of an accident on the 8th January, alighting from a carriage while in motion."

The other clue is this: some time after Lidderdale's disappearance his fiancée received a package addressed in an unknown feminine handwriting. It contained, in addition to some little personal trinkets, $2,500 in banknotes, and some of Miss Vining's visiting cards with the address cut off, on one of these was written in what was believed to be Lidderdale's handwriting the words, "Was true to you." That was the last ever heard of Lidderdale.

The first bit of evidence might suggest the possibility of foul play, were it not for the fact that it is not usual for murderers to show such marked consideration for their victims as to insert death notices, nor were they likely to be so well informed as to his friends. Nor is it likely that, had such a tragedy occurred, these relics, that might very well offer a clue, would have been returned.

Even the popular *"cherchez la femme"* viewpoint falls down in one particular. Surely more than in any other case the evidence pointed to Miss Vining, but the question arises did Miss Vining ever have an existence outside the mind of Lidderdale? It is true that he had shown people photographs purporting to be her picture. It is true that a book was produced wherein his name was written, in Miss Vining's handwriting, he said, but the amazing fact is that the whole evidence of her existence rested on the evidence of one man. All we know of Miss Vining we know through the lips of Lidderdale and the various investigations failed to find a trace of the house in the city, or the cottage at the watering-place, or the carriages and horses. No one could be produced who had seen either her or her mother.

Yet, six days before he was to have been married, the man deliberately walked out of the life he had been leading and in which he was popular and respected, gave up the woman he was engaged to and to whom he appeared devoted, abandoned his position, his money and his friends. And why? There was no suspicion of his sanity, and there is little on which to base a suspicion of violence. Yet the man did actually disappear, and no one knows why.

Without any solid basis of fact to work on it is impossible to give a definite reason, but we can conceive a hypothetical case that will in a measure at least provide an explanation. Let us begin then with the assumption that there was a large measure of self-conceit in the man Lidderdale. The fact that he had stressed the point of Miss Vining's liking for himself suggests this possibility. There was in him, too, a certain romantic strain evidenced in his account of the meeting with Miss Vining. Now starting with these assumptions, let us raise the suggestion that Miss Vining was the mere figment of the mind of Lidderdale, a story built up in a moment of idleness to catch the attention of his friends. Coming to the time fixed for his marriage when he faces the fact that it is "Till death do us part," — words that have frightened more than one timid person — there is this possible explanation:

Suppose he saw in the life that lay before him a certain dull monotony, that seemed a horror to a man of active imagination. Suppose, for all his affection for his fiancée, he was fearful of the step, and yet more fearful of the obloquy that would follow any unreasonable break. Granting all these propositions—and they are all at least within the bounds of reason—what more likely than that this figment of his imagination should be invoked to get him out of his difficulty, to spare his fiancée's feelings, and to protect his reputation with his friends, while at the same time affording a new world of experience for the man himself? He may, it is true, be dead, but may it not be that he is merely following a new road of life?

So much, then, for these histories of The Legion of the Lost. They are of interest to us all, for we venture to state that it is only the wholly unimaginative mind that has not at some time or other suggested to itself the possibility of disappearance, as the easy and possible outlet from some difficulty, or the road away from the apparent commonplace of our every day existence.

# Our Lower Prices Bogey

*Continued from page 21*

exchange, foreign trade, the national debt and other matters of national scope having a bearing on the sale and distribution of what labor produces.

Mr. Peltier did not think it was so much a question of high wages with the Canadian workman as it was of insisting that he receive reward for his toil that is sufficient to maintain himself and his family in a manner befitting a self-respecting Canadian citizen. It was the attempt to set up class that caused bitterness leading to industrial strife in this country, he said. "Let me tell you a story to illustrate the point," urged Mr. Peltier. "I was riding one day in a beautiful big motor car with a well-known and successful Canadian manufacturer—a charming gentleman it is a delight to talk to—when he turned to me and said: 'Peltier, these workmen are getting too much money.' Then he laughed whimsically as the beautiful roadster took a graded curve with velvety ease. 'Do you know, Mrs. Blank and I were out for a spin last Sunday when my foreman and his family came whirling along in a new car and gave us their dust. Now what do you think of that for modern audacity?' The circumstances and the way this owner of a six thousand dollar car took it amused me. 'Well,' I replied, 'the preachers used to be preaching against the poor man envying the rich. And the newspapers indulged in similar didactics. Now everything is becoming reversed; the rich man is actually envying the working-man.' That struck Mr. Blank as so unique that he begged: 'Do come to the house and tell that to Mrs. Blank.' Though I did not then see his drift, I consented. Wine and cigarettes were brought in on a wheeled curate. Mr. Blank artfully brought the conversation around to motor cars, when Mr. Blank let it drop that they owned no less than three. Blank referred to the incident of his foreman passing them in his car on the Sunday previous and asked me to repeat what I had said to him about the rich now envying the working-man. I did so. 'The preachers used to warn the poor against the sin of envying the rich,' said I. 'Now the shoe seems to be on the other foot; the rich actually envy the poor man.' Mrs. Blank stared at me in consternation and she let her lighted cigarette fall heedlessly into the fold of her expensive gown where it did irreparable damage before the fire was smothered. Nevertheless, when Blank was driving me back to my hotel, I heard him chuckling to himself. Then it began to dawn on me why he wanted me to repeat what I had said to him to his wife. Blank didn't in the least mind his foreman having a car nor his running along in front of him or behind him on the road—but his wife, Mrs. Blank, did mind—most decidedly! Therein lies the root of most of our industrial troubles. On the other hand, the womenfolk of the workingmen will never consent to going back to pre-war standards of living. If you want trouble, make the women of the nation discontented. Our friend, Kipling, was right about the female of the species."

J. A. Woodward, of Montreal, who is often described as a coming national leader of Labor and the publisher of *The Railroader*, insists that the present situation cannot heal itself. "What will grow out of it, if it is allowed to work out its own salvation, is perilous to contemplate," he declared. The crying need of the country, Mr. Woodward added, is for politicians who can visualize the future and devise means of averting an industrial and financial crisis. From the standpoint of national welfare Mr. Woodward does not agree with those labor leaders who have been endeavoring to stem the tide of immigration to Canada. "Immigration in large numbers to our unpeopled West and North would be our salvation," he declared. "'Every new man who goes into our hinterlands with an axe to cut down the trees is an asset and another unit in establishing the most valuable of markets—the home market. Every such man must be clothed and fed while he is helping to hew the raw materials into saleable products."

Mr. Woodward is a decided believer in co-operation between employer and employee, "but," he points out, "if a lowering of costs has to be effected the employer must be prepared to shoulder some of the inconveniences that retrenchment brings with it; he cannot expect the workman to stint himself and his family while he sees his boss and family carrying on their old-time extravagances in home and social life. The boss must be prepared to pool some of his accumulated wealth with the workman's toil to meet deflation, or let me tell you there may be a day when he will have it all taken from him."

### Why Railway Wages Remained Up

A FEATURE of the railway wage situation that has not been generally commented on is that ninety-two per cent. of the membership of the railway Brotherhoods concerned is located in the United States. It has been pointed out that the remaining eight per cent. of the members working on roads in Canada could not secure a lowering of the scale even if they wanted to. One authority stated that it was inevitable that the McAdoo award would govern till a change is accepted by the Brotherhoods. Another feature is that the McAdoo award was not simply a gift handed out; it was a concession the United States felt compelled to allow in order to retain railway labor at the time it was brought into vogue. The same demands were being made by railway labor in Canada with the result that the Canadian Railway War Board, which was empowered to act by the Canadian railways, advanced concessions somewhat similar under the same pressure as was felt in the States, and it was felt advisable to make the conditions uniform rather than run the risk of being compelled to grant something even more onerous.

S. J. Hungerford, Vice-President of the Canadian National Railways in charge of Operation and Maintenance, could not see that railway labor is particularly better or particularly worse than any other branch of labor in holding out for high wages or that it differs in its methods except that it is more strongly organized and therefore in a better position to enforce its demands.

In Manitoba and the Western Provinces, organized labor has not yet recovered from the effects of the disastrous sympathetic strike of 1919. There are still two sets of labor units in the West—the international union and the O.B.U.—resulting in divided forces. Leaders are now trying to obviate this division to some extent by securing a working agreement between the governing forces of the two bodies. The situation in the meantime has resolved itself into an effort on the part of Labor to hold what it has, with the employer generally willing to consent to maintenance of wage scales providing no other concessions are demanded. Contractors report an increase in individual production on the part of their workmen, owing principally to the lack of construction work this season and the consequent shortage of employment. J. W. Mitchell, Director of Employment for Alberta, recently reported an improvement in conditions in that province. The demand for farm-hands was largely responsible for this, 926 men being placed on agricultural jobs during the month of March alone. The United Farmers'


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**$250 for the best letter from a commercial traveller.**
**$250 for the best letter from a farmer.**

If a woman wins the $1,000 prize then the special award of $250 will go to the woman writing the second best letter in this class—similarly with other classes.

This competition is open to any Canadian motor car owner except those in the automobile business. Contestants must fill in an entry form. It obligates you in no way.

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People are just beginning to realize what a wonderful car the new Overland is—so if you would like the 1921 Overland Catalogue, just mention it when writing for contest booklet and entry blank.

*If there is no Overland dealer in your town, address:*

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If a manufacturer were to spend one-quarter of a cent per person per year in Canada, his expenditure for the year would be about $20,000.

In the United States the average total expenditure for advertising space (in fifty-six leading magazines) is less than $55,000.

In other words, the average National Advertiser in that country spends less than one-twentieth of a cent per person in the year.

The largest user of advertising space in the United States expends about a million per year in National Publications—less than one cent per person. This advertiser does a business of about One Hundred and Twenty Millions of Dollars—or an average return of One Dollar and Twenty Cents in sales for every One Cent piece that he puts into his advertising. (6).


Associations have decreed a twenty-five per cent. reduction in farm wages. Fifty and sixty dollars a month is the amount being paid farm-hands in comparison with last year's standard wage of eighty dollars a month.

### Good Times are Just Ahead

ALL IN ALL, the lower prices bogey need have no terrors for either employer or employee if both decide to accept the facts as they are and decide to meet the situation fairly. The danger lies in subterfuge on both sides or either side. Readjustment of the prices of life's necessities must be completed and the sooner it is completed the sooner will there be a return of public confidence, a rehabilitation of retail business, a reopening of factories, an increased building program, lower rents, and employment for everyone.

Leaders of thought seem all agreed that there is a real period of reconstruction just ahead—not the reconstruction many visionaries conceived would follow immediately on the conclusion of peace, but a reconstruction made imperative by world-wide exhaustion following the war period.

What matters it, say, if there are only half as many dollars in circulation, provided one can obtain twice the value or more for every dollar he spends?

## Strangling Our Oil Goose

*Continued from page 17*

trol over our Western provincial resources; and I venture to say Alberta electors would vote for that policy to a man."

There is the case in a nutshell. That is what is holding Canada's oil development back.

Or take the case of potash deposits.

### Potash Deposits

THE same rumors exist of those deposits on the Liard as of oil in Mackenzie River areas. Trappers and engineers have brought out the reports. Canada's potash deposits are supposed to be on the Liard. The Liard is hundreds—I might almost say thousands—of miles from trunk line transportation. What company is going to build a line to get it out? No line unless it has big enough guarantee to get its railroad financed at the banks.

Since 1871 (read Selwyn's Report), it has been known there was an enormous body of low grade gold ore on Selwyn Mountain, a bed of low grade ore similar to the iron ores of Lake Superior; but Selwyn is also hundreds of miles from a railroad; and this is a smelting ore. What company is going to put in smelters and a railroad unless it has big enough areas and long enough lease on the ore beds to finance railroad and smelter? The same thing might happen to it as at Phoenix. If it paid royalty on acreage instead of output, the vein might peter out; and a town of 3,700 dwindle overnight to 1,000 or 200.

It would be laughable if it were not so stupid as to be pathetic to think that one of Canada's largest single items of imports is anthracite coal, while prairie provinces pay $20 a ton for it, when they can get it at all. Canada has a huge bed of anthracite between Peace River and Prince George on Bear Creek, which would make her independent of all foreign anthracite. Lack of railroads again. Capital doesn't know where it would be at if it began spending millions to get that coal out. Would it be "nationalized?" Would soap box orators say: "We'll take it back. It's ours." Well, like the gold on Mt. Selwyn, the pulp wood in British Columbia, the oil on Mackenzie, the potash on the Liard, it is all Canada's now. It is nationalized now to the dearest nationalizer's heart's content, and what good is it all doing him; and what good is it doing Canada?

Will it pay Canada better to lock her natural resources up so tightly nobody can develop them? (She has been doing that for a century now.) Or will it pay her to throw the doors wide open to capital, then take such a stiff royalty out of the production that the nation gets a revenue, while the country gets the benefit of production? Which is best for Canada?

## PAWNED

*Continued from page 25*

—there was a sudden eager thrill in John Bruce's voice—"that you wept upon it. Look, Claire," he cried. "I have that letter here—and this, that I took from Crang to-day when I turned the tables on him. See! Read them both!" He took from his pocket the letter and the slip cut from the bottom of the sheet, and laid them in her lap. "The bottom was written in invisible ink—the way I always communicated privately with Larmon. Salt brings it out. I knew Larmon would subject it to the test, so I was willing to write anything that Crang dictated. I wrote that secret message on the bottom of the paper while Crang was out of the room where he had me a prisoner. Oh, don't you see now, Claire? When your tears fell on the paper faint traces of the secret writing began to appear. That gave Crang the clue, and he worked at it until he had brought out the message, and then he cut off the bottom before delivering the letter to Larmon, and—"

JOHN BRUCE stopped. Claire's face was buried in the cushions, and, huddled in the corner of the car, she was sobbing bitterly.

"Don't! Don't cry, Claire!" John Bruce whispered, and laid his hand over hers where it crushed the letter in her lap.

"I believed it," she said. "I did you that wrong. There is no forgiveness for such meanness of soul as that."

"No," John Bruce answered gently, "there is no forgiveness—because there is nothing to forgive. It was only another piece of that miserable hound's cunning that tricked us both. I did not appreciate what he was after in that reference to you; I thought he was only trying to make the letter bullet proof in its plausibility for Larmon's benefit—I never thought that he would show it to you."

She had drawn her hand away, but her face was still hidden; and for a moment there was silence between them.

"Claire," John Bruce said in a low voice, "the night I left your house you said that rather than regretting your promise to marry Crang, you had come to be glad you had made it. Can you still say that?"

She lifted her face now, tear-stained, the brown eyes strangely radiant through the wet lashes.

"Yes," she said. "I am glad. So glad—because I know now that it was worth it all so many, many times over."

"Claire"—his voice was lower still—"I left your house then angry, jealous, misjudging you because you had said that. You asked for forgiveness a minute ago when there was nothing to forgive; I asked for forgiveness from you after that night, but even then I did not know how far beyond the right to forgiveness I had gone."

She stared at him in a startled way.

"What—what do you mean?" she breathed.

And now John Bruce's face was alight.

"You have confessed your love, Claire," he cried passionately. "It was not fair perhaps, but I am past all that now—and you would not have confessed it in any other way. Glad! I was a stranger that night when you bought my life—and to-night you are glad, not because my life is now or ever could be worth such a sacrifice as yours, but because love has come to make you think so, sweetheart, and you care—you care for me."

"You know!" Her face was deathly white. "You know about—about that night?" she faltered.

John Bruce had both her hands imprisoned now.

"Yes; I know!" He laughed with a strange buoyancy; passion, triumph were vibrant in his voice. "Did Crang not tell you how near to death he came to-day? I choked the truth out of him. Yes; I know! I know that it was to save my life you made that promise, that you sold

everything you held dear in life for me—but it is over now."

HE WAS beside her. He raised her two hands to draw her arms around his neck. She struggled back.

"No, no!" she cried wildly. "Oh, you must not—you must not!"

"Must not!" His voice rang his challenge to the world. The blood was pounding in mad abandon through his veins. His soul itself seemed aflame. Closer, closer he drew her to him. "Must not! There is only you and me—and our love—on all the earth."

But still she struggled—and then suddenly the tears came.

"Oh, you are so strong—so strong," she sobbed—and like some weary child finding rest her head dropped upon his shoulder and lay hidden there.

"Claire! Claire!" It was his soul that spoke.

He kissed the silken hair, and fondled it; and kissed the tear-wet eyes and his cheek lay against hers; and she was in his arms, and he held her there tight-clasped so that she might never go again.

And after a time she sobbed no more; and her hand, lifting, found his face and touched it gently, and creeping upward brushed the hair back from his forehead—and then suddenly she clung to him with all her strength, and drew his head down until her lips met his.

And there was no world about them. And time was non-existent, and only they two lived.

It was Claire at last who put his arms from her in a wistful, lingering way.

"We have been mad for a little while," she whispered. "Take me back home now, John—and—and you must never try to see me again."

And something seemed to grow chill and cold within John Bruce's heart.

"Not that, Claire!" he cried out. "You do not mean that—that, after this, you will go on with—with to-morrow morning."

A brave little effort at a smile quivered on her lips.

"We had our hour, John," she said; "yours and mine. It can never be taken from us, and I shall live in it all my life; but it is over now. Yes; I shall go through with to-morrow morning. There is no other way. I must keep my promise."

"No!" he cried out again. "It shall never be! Claire, you cannot mean what you are saying! A promise like that! It was forced upon you inhumanly, horribly. He would have murdered me."

"But to-night you are alive," she answered quietly.

"Alive! yes!" he said fiercely. "I am alive, and—"

"It is because you are alive that I promised," she broke in gently. "He kept his word. I cannot break mine."

"Alive!" John Bruce laughed now in sudden, bitter agony. "Alive—yes! And do you think that I can walk about the streets and talk, and smile, and suck the honey out of life, while you have paid for it with a tortured soul? Claire, you shall not! That man is—No, wait! There is myself. He called me a snivelling hypocrite. You shall know the worst of me before you know the worst of him. There is not much to tell—because he had told you. I am a gambler. All my life I've gambled. As far back as I can remember I've been a rolling stone. My life has been useless, utterly worthless. But I was never ashamed of it; I never saw any reason to be ashamed until you came into my life. It hasn't been the same since then—and it will never be the same again. You have given me something to live for now, Claire!"

SHE shook her head.

"You do not argue well," she said softly. "If I have brought this to you, John, I am so glad—so glad for this, too. Oh, I cannot tell you how glad I am, for, because I loved you, the knowledge of what your life was hurt me. But I had faith in you, John, as I always shall have. So don't you see"—the brave little smile came again—"that this is a reward, something tangible and great, to make still more worth while the promise that I made?"

He stared at her. He swept his hand across his eyes. She seemed to be slipping away from him—beyond—beyond his reach.

"That man!" he said desperately. "You said you knew him—hut you do not know him. He is the head and front and brains of a gang of crooks. I know! He held me a


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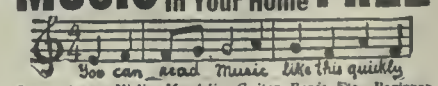
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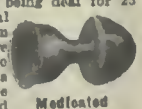



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prisoner in their dirty lair, a hidden place, a cellar over in the slums—like rats they were. He is a criminal, and a dangerous one—while he masquerades with his medicines. God alone knows the crimes, if there are any, that he has not committed. He is a foul, unclean and filthy thing, debauched and dissolute, a moral leper. Claire, do you understand all this—that his life is pollution and defilement, that love to him is lust, that your innocence—"

With a broken, piteous cry, Claire stopped him.

And again he stared at her. She did not speak, but in her eyes he read the torment of a far greater and fuller appreciation of the price than he, he knew, though it turned his soul sick within him, could ever have.

And suddenly he covered his face with his hands.

"Bought!" he said brokenly in his agony. "Oh, my God, this has bought me!"

He felt his hands drawn away, and her two palms laid upon his cheeks. He looked at her. How white she was!

"Help me, John," she said steadily. "Don't make it harder."

She reached out and touched the bell button beside the seat.

In a subconscious way he remembered that was the signal for Hawkins to bring the travelling pawnshop to the end of its circuit around the block in its oldtime trips to Persia. He made no effort to stop her. There was something of ultimate finality in her face and eyes that answered, before it was uttered, the question that stumbled on his lips.

"Claire! Claire," he pleaded wildly. "Will nothing change you?"

"There is no other way," she said.

He stretched out his arms to draw her to him again, to lay her head once more upon his shoulder—but now she held him back.

"No!" she whispered. "Be merciful now, John—my strength is almost gone."

And there was something in her voice that held him back.

The car stopped.

And then, as the door was opened and she stood up, suddenly she leaned swiftly forward and pressed her lips to his—and springing from the car was gone.

John Bruce groped his way out of the car. Across the sidewalk the door of Paul Veniza's house closed. Hawkins, standing by the car door, clutched at his arm. And Hawkins' hand was trembling violently. Slowly his eyes met Hawkins'.

He shook his head.

The old lined face seemed to grey even in the murky light of a distant street lamp.

"I'd rather see her dead," said the old cab driver brokenly.

John Bruce made no answer.

Then Hawkins, gulping his words, spoke again:

"I—where'll I drive you?"

John Bruce started blindly on past Hawkins down the street.

"Nowhere," he said.

### CHAPTER XXII

#### Through the Night

A GAUNT and haggard figure stalked through the night; around him only shuttered windows, darkened houses, and deserted streets. The pavements rang hollow to the impact of his boot heels. Where the way lay open he went. But always he walked, walked incessantly, without pause, hurrying—nowhere.

There was a raw, biting chill in the air, and his hands, ungloved, as they swung at his sides, were blue with cold. But sweat in great beads stood out upon his forehead. At times his lips moved and he spoke aloud. It was a hoarse sound.

"Or him!" he said. "Or him!"

On! Always on! There was no rest. It was ceaseless. The gray came into the East.

And then at last the figure halted.

There was a large window with wire grating, and a light burned within. In the window was a plate mirror, and a timepiece. It was a jeweller's window.

The man looked at the time-piece. It was five o'clock. He looked at the mirror. It reflected the face of a young man grown old. The eyes burned deep in their sockets; the lines were hard, without softness; the skin was tightly drawn across the cheek bones, and was colorless. And he stared at the face, stared for a time without recognition. And then as he smiled and the face in the mirror smiled with him in a distorted movement of the lips, he swept his hand across his eyes.

"John Brùce," he said.

It seemed to arouse him from some mental absorption in which his physical entity had been lost. It was five o'clock, and he was John Bruce. At eleven o'clock —or was it twelve—last night he had left Hawkins standing by the door of the travelling pawnshop, and since then—

He stared around him. He was somewhere downtown. He did not know where. He began to walk in an uptown direction.

Something had been born in those hours. Something cataclysmic. What was it?

"Or him!" The words came again—aloud—without apparent volition.

What did that mean? It had something to do with Hawkins; with what Hawkins had said, standing there by the travelling pawnshop. What was it Hawkins had said? Yes; he remembered: "I'd rather see her dead."

"Or him!"

With cold judicial precision now the hours unrolled themselves before him.

"Or him!"

He was going to kill Crang.

*To Be Concluded.*

## Peacock's Pinnacle

*Continued from page 15*

Jerome K. Jerome, C. M. Hays, Booker Washington, E. C. Drury, Stephen Leacock, and Andrew Carnegie.

#### "Wind and Brains" Club

GROWING out of this connection was Mr. Peacock's membership in the famous "Wind and Brains Club," which was comprised mainly of past Presidents of the Toronto Canadian Club. Its very name is a recommendation for the lighthearted approach of the members to their own somewhat serious-minded debates. The club included such men as Eric Armour, Casey Wood, George Wilkie, George A. Howell, Home Smith, Mark Irish, J. T. Clarke, John A. Cooper, W. E. Rundle and the late Morley Wickett. It got its name through a facetious remark by Home Smith at one of the meetings, when he suggested that title, and said that Mark Irish was the wind and he was the brains. Serious subjects of national and international importance were discussed, and, though Mr. Peacock took little part in the promotion of ideas for one side or the other, it was usually his custom to sum up the various arguments in a judicial manner towards the close of the meeting. The club has persisted to this day, although latterly its meetings have been infrequent.

This judicial temperament, coupled with the sincerity and love of hard work with which he was born, have carried Mr. Peacock far in his London financial life. He was the sort of man in whom the conservative financial leaders of old London naturally had confidence. When Dr. F. S. Pearson lost his life through the sinking of the *Lusitania* by a German submarine in 1915, Mr. Peacock, who had been associated with some of the undertakings affected, was at once chosen for responsible work in connection with the companies promoted by the late financier. He became President of the Barcelona Traction, Light & Power Company, a corporation with stock and bonds outstanding of $115,000,000, Vice-president of the Brazilian Traction, Light & Power Company, and Chairman of the Bondholders' Committee of Mexican Tramways. All these companies have faced serious troubles, whether from labor or politicial disturbances in Barcelona, government interference in Mexico, or construction obstacles in Brazil, and to his duties in each case Mr. Peacock applied the same plodding, sincere efforts that he required as the child-head of a family in Almonte, or as the young man entering a new business in Toronto. He has nursed the Barcelona Company to a greatly improved position, and, now that his honestly won success is recognized, he can bring a wide knowledge of the affairs of Canada, Spain, Mexico and Brazil to the "court" room of the Bank of England, when the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street seeks to extend British world trade and to "keep the word that England pledges."

# The Slant-Eyed Man

*Continued from page 14*

that she should be close to the inhabitants of the place, the baffling silence still reigned. Then suddenly, as she stood there, there swept over her for the first time the thought that perhaps these people had received warning of the coming of the police and decamped. The thought was vastly discouraging, for it meant, if it were correct, that she had spent two hours of personal discomfort and mental strain to no purpose, to say nothing of the shattering of Bruce McIvor's plans.

NOW that the thought had been born it gathered force every second. A little less cautiously, she felt around her in the space, a few inches deep, between the ceiling of the one room and the floor of the other; then she ascended another step of the ladder and allowed her fingers to stray over the under surface of the floor above; here in a moment she felt indications of another trap-door which rose easily at her touch, and a second later she stepped out into another room, also in pitch darkness, while the ladder, relieved of her weight, wound back on a spring roller—or so she judged from the slight sound.

Once again she stood still and listened intently; then she stooped to close the trap behind her, but even as she bent to reach it the first faint sound set her heart beating at a slightly increased pace. It was a soft pattering sound, rather like the footfalls of an animal on a hard surface, and it was quite impossible to locate it. She straightened up and waited. The sound stopped abruptly.

For just three minutes she stood motionless in the pitch blackness, every nerve of her strained to the uttermost to catch that sound again and place it, but the silence remained undisturbed.

At last she cautiously drew her electric torch from her pocket. She realized fully the danger of showing a light, but she realized equally the futility of standing in this utter darkness. After all, she was not there to preserve her own safety, but to make some very definite discoveries, discoveries which could only be made by the aid of a light. She pressed forward the button of the torch and swung the cone of light about the room. It was a smallish square room, and one glance revealed that whoever the occupant might be he was a man with a keen eye to the maximum of comfort. The wall was papered in deep red, the floor was uncarpeted save for one large Turkey rug, and the boards were highly polished; one wall was almost wholly taken up by a great book-case, beautifully carved and well stocked; in a corner stood a tall smoking-cabinet; before the fireplace, in which stood an electric radiator, was a low divan completely covered by a black and gold rug of embroidered silk and of unusual beauty; for the rest, a carved ebony table, a few red-seated chairs of the "Ahbot" variety, and, at one side of the room, a heavy ebony writing-table, completed the furnishings. All this she took in in the first sweep of her torch—this and the fact that there was no one save herself in the room.

AND then, even as she made the first movement to cross to the writing-table, the torch was suddenly jerked from her hand—jerked forward as though someone had been standing before her and snatched it away.

With a sharp rattle it fell on the polished floor, the bulb smashed, and its light went out.

Confident of an attack, she swiftly altered her position; but if her sense of hearing could be relied upon, no attack was attempted. After that rattling fall of her torch the silence had closed in again as completely as ever.

Now her nerves began to trouble her. It seemed that invisible eyes were watching her through the blackness, that out in the heavy gloom weird terrors were mouthing silently and vindictively at her, mocking her futile efforts to see them, lying in wait and deliberately delaying the moment when they should spring upon her; her fancy suggested cold, invisible hands reaching out to seize her; her ears tricked her into believing that she heard stealthy movements behind her; her eyes tricked her into seeing in the pitch blackness unusual, terror-breeding shapes of still greater blackness. Now she was certain someone was breathing close to her face; she shot out her arm in the darkness and encountered nothing; then it seemed something stirred against the bottom of her skirt; came a moment when she was almost prepared to swear that over her right shoulder an invisible face was held close to her own, that a soft breathing was stirring the hair at her temple. Again she struck savagely at the fancied presence, and again she encountered nothing.

Suddenly, with an unexpectedness which clutched at her heart, a voice spoke out of the darkness—a soft, slightly sibilant voice which sounded to be a few feet away and directly in front of her.

"Is it not indiscreet of a young lady to penetrate into the private sanctum of an unknown man?" the voice questioned.

But for one breathless gasp at the first sound of the voice, she remained silent, and the voice continued:

"From your silence I must take it that you disagree with me. Indiscretion is not a term suited to your actions. Perhaps you are right in that; shall we put it this way, then? Is it not extremely ill-advised for a young lady of your age and charm to enter the private apartment of such a one as H'si An Men, the Gate of Tien T'ze?"

FOR a moment the voice ceased again, and in that moment Kyrle recovered her nerve; thrusting her hands out before her, she crept quietly in the direction of the voice. Five complete steps forward she took, then she pulled up short; her hands had come in contact with the wall of the room.

At the same moment the voice spoke again, and now it was away to her right.

"The Machiavellian scheme of tracking down H'si An Men by means of a woman," it said, "is almost as diverting to contemplate as the refreshing artlessness which has characterized several other actions of Mr. Bruce McIvor."

She turned swiftly and groped for the speaker, and still she encountered nothing. Almost immediately the voice resumed behind her.

"You came here, my dear young lady, to catch a glimpse of H'si An Men. Then carry in your memory the knowledge that for some minutes you have already conversed with that august individual, for I am he. This thought may perhaps help to brighten your old age, if your somewhat unladylike and inquisitive habits and my personal welfare admit of your reaching that honorable estate."

The instant the voice had sounded behind her Kyrle had swung round and advanced on it for a third time, and now, as it ceased speaking, she walked right against a human body. For a fraction of a second she delayed to act. Twice she had felt for this man where she was certain he stood, and twice she had failed to touch him; now that she had done so, her momentary surprise caused just that fractional delay. Two arms shot round her, crushing her own to her sides and holding her like a steel hoop; behind her sounded twice that padding sound, her arms were seized from behind, drawn firmly back, and a thin cord bit viciously into the flesh of her wrists.

Suddenly, very faintly, and from some distance, it seemed, there rose a shrill whirring sound—a police whistle.

The arms about her stiffened, the hands at work at her wrists jerked the thin cord a degree tighter and made a swift knot, and a second later a pad of something was thrust between her teeth. From H'si An Men, whose arms were still about her, came a whispered sibilant, which was replied to by the man behind her. Two hands stole softly up her arms, passed the cord around them, and drew her elbows together in the small of her back; next the hands drew that vicious thin cord around her ankles and bound them; then the encircling arms of H'si An Men lowered her to the ground.

Throughout the proceedings she had not struggled; the fact that they were binding her so thoroughly had proved that for the moment they did not contemplate her death, and therefore it followed that by remaining passive she stood a chance of being able to catch at least a glimpse of H'si An Men.

The whirring of the police whistle sounded again, and this time it was appreciably louder. From the darkness around her came again that sibilant whis-




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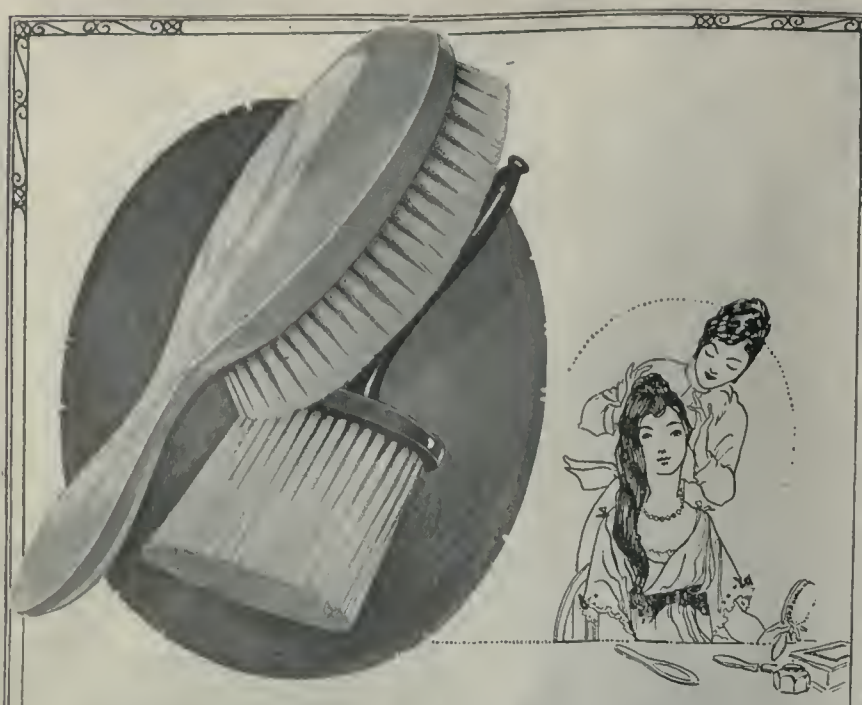
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per; again came the soft padding sound, then a metallic snap which sounded like an electric-light switch, but no light disturbed the blackness. The padding sound seemed to hover about her incessantly now: once a foot struck against her, and a soft ejaculation was followed by a sharp kick in her side.

SUDDENLY from below came a fresh sound, a dull boom, followed by the heavy tread of men in the room below, and then the mutter of voices.

In a flash it came to her that all trace of her own footprints and that swept path in the room below had been obliterated by the action of that switch which she had heard manipulated. The room below would contain abundant proof of long disuse, and well might the astute Bruce McIvor be pardoned for not subjecting it to a close examination. Yet McIvor had to be warned that the room above his head was occupied; there was only one way to warn him, and that was by striking her feet sharply on the floor. Swiftly she rolled on to her face, bent her legs at the knee, and then struck downwards with the toes of her shoes, but her feet never reached the floor. An invisible hand caught the loose end of the cord about her ankles and drew it powerfully upwards, upwards, until the lower part of her body was clear of the ground and her weight rested on the upper part of her chest. In this position she was robbed completely of all power of movement.

The silence had closed in about her now, the soft padding had ceased; from below came the sound of footsteps crossing the room and entering the hall; voices, a trifle more muffled now, growled for a moment; then followed the noise of shooting bolts, and finally the boom of the front door. Bruce McIvor had drawn off his men. Feebly she worked her fingers, savagely she tried to get an inch of movement out of her arms, then her ankles were lowered to the floor again.

And now, for the first time, genuine panic began to threaten her. McIvor had failed to find her; it appeared that he had failed even to suspect the upper floor of the house; no doubt the appearance of the hall and the room below, added to the broken-down staircase, had looked conclusive enough. She was abandoned into the hands of these invisible people who, it seemed, moved in the dark with the ease of cats. Apparently her captors did not mean to kill her at once, but there was a terrifying possibility that they meant to do infinitely worse; that quiet, soft-toned voice which had spoken to her out of the darkness had contained in it the very essence of abysmal cruelty.

Came a sharp metallic click, and the light of an electric globe flooded the room. She turned her head and discovered herself to be lying at the very feet of an immaculately clad man in European dress. He was a small, rather elderly individual, possessed of a yellow skin, a thin pencilled moustache, and evil little slant eyes. He was seated in a heavy carved chair, his gaze fixed ironically upon her.

For a long time he gazed fixedly at her, while a smile slowly twisted his unpleasant mouth; then he stretched out one patent-leather-clad foot and tapped her gently on the shoulder.

"Is it not the height of folly," he said, "when you have destroyed the tiger's lair to place yourself amongst the ruins until the tiger returns? That is not intended to be a question, since I realize your inability to reply. It is intended, my dear young lady, merely to give you food for reflection during what, I fear, will be a long and uncomfortable journey and a still longer and more uncomfortable—eh, may we say captivity? During that captivity it is extremely unlikely that you will find occasion to think of any matter other than yourself, but should you do so, you may find it instructive to consider that the painful end to which your life has been brought is entirely due to your impolitic desire to look too closely upon a lieutenant of Tien T'ze."

HE ROSE to his feet, and simultaneously another figure moved into Kyrle's range of vision, another Chinaman, clad this time in the blue smock of his race. H'si An Men issued an order, and the second Chinaman disappeared from the room; in less than a minute he was back again, carrying an overcoat, silk hat, and ebony stick. Expeditiously he helped H'si An Men into the overcoat, and then handed him the hat and stick. Again H'si An Men issued an order, accompanied this time with a careless rap with his stick on Kyrle's body, as though she had been an article of luggage.

The second Chinaman stooped and lifted her; without effort he carried her across the room and laid her on the floor close to the trap-door through which she had come. This trap he next proceeded to open, and then to lower the rope ladder; that done, he shot one glance at his chief, and in response to a mere lowering of H'si An Men's eyelids descended the ladder. H'si An Men laid his hat and stick on the floor, and seizing Kyrle's ankles drew her to the edge of the trap. For a moment he straightened up and took one final look around the room; then he stepped close to the edge of the trap and, bending, sent one sentence down to the hearer in the room below.

And then it was that inspiration came to Kyrle. Quick as a flash she swung her legs forcibly against H'si An Men's. The result was instantaneous: the lieutenant of Tien T'ze lost his balance, pitched forward through the square aperture in the floor and crashed on to the head and shoulders of his retainer beneath.

Slowly and painfully Kyrle worked her body round until her face was over the open trap; below, the room was in utter darkness save for one irregular patch where the light from the room above shone down through the square hole.

In this patch of light two faces, sallow and unreal, gazed up at the girl with fixed eyes staring from heads which lolled clumsily on their shoulders.

KYRLE DURANDE squirmed back from the open trap with difficulty. Each moment now was reducing the narrow margin of possible movement which her bonds allowed her. The light still burned, and anxiously she took in every detail of her surroundings.

She had given up hope of help from the outside now. Bruce McIvor had, without doubt, decided that she had made her escape, and some considerable time must elapse before her continued absence would cause sufficient alarm to give rise to a search being made for her.

Her eyes came to rest on a partially open door at the far end of the room; beyond this door no light burned, nor could she detect the slightest sound within the house. She drew some little encouragement from this, but not a great deal; if the house was actually empty at the moment, it seemed likely to remain so for some hours to come, since any member of the H'si An Men branch who had chanced to escape McIvor's raid would be likely to keep clear of the locality for a space. At the same time, the chances were greatly in favor of Tien T'ze agents arriving before any search party which McIvor would send out. Further, she could not be sure whether H'si An Men himself or his retainer were dead or merely stunned.

Her safety, it seemed, depended entirely upon her own efforts. Yet what effort could she make? She was bound firmly and scientifically; by dint of rolling across the floor, or possible hitching herself forward a few inches at a time, she could change her position and perhaps escape from the room itself by the dark doorway, but that seemed to mark the maximum of her liberty.

She twisted her head desperately; the gag was choking her; it seemed to be stifling her brain as well as her voice. The first thing, she decided, must be to try every plan of getting rid of it.

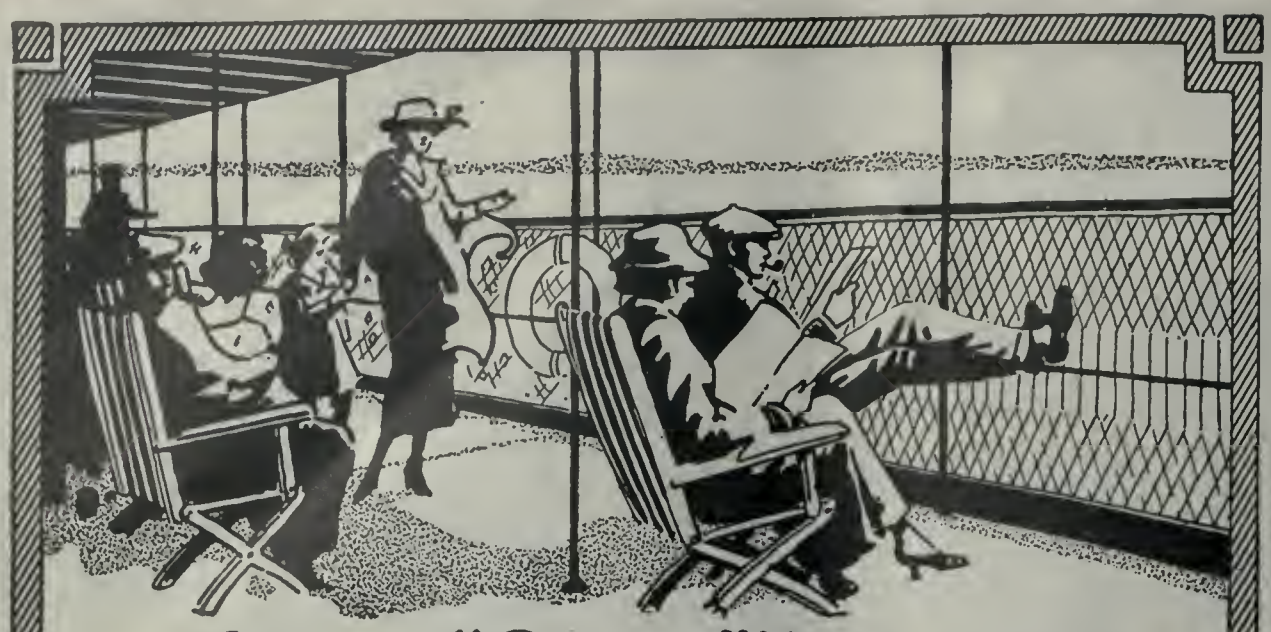
At the cost of more than one painful movement, she twisted on to her knees and managed to cross to a corner of the great book-case. Here, using a projecting ledge as a lever, she succeeded at last in forcing the bandage down under her chin, and that once accomplished it was a simple matter to get rid of the pad between her teeth. This successfully achieved, her spirits revived a little, but her efforts had been exhausting and she was compelled to rest a while.

Now her principal trouble lay in the pain which her bonds were causing her; the thin cord was biting into her flesh. Her arms were practically helpless, but she found that by sitting back on her heels she could reach the knot of the cord around her ankles. For ten minutes she worked patiently, and at the end of that time she had no more than loosened the skilfully-tied knot. It was going to be a long job, yet she had proved it possible of accom-

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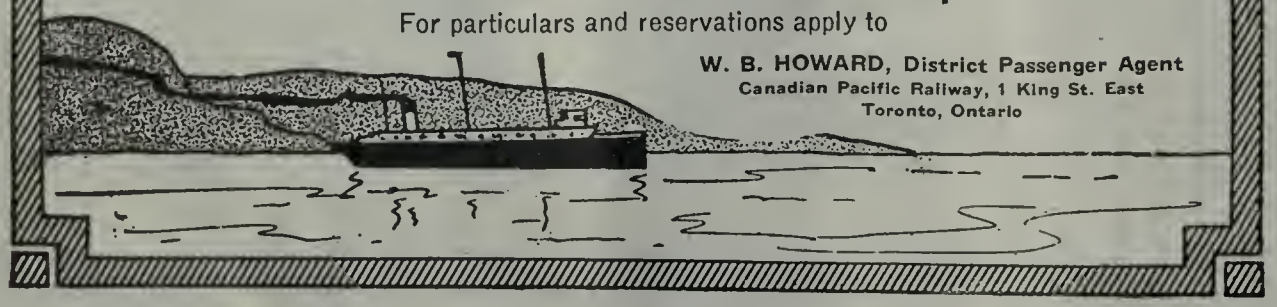
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plishment and the advantage of having her feet free was sufficiently apparent to hold her at the task.

SHE rested her fast-numbing fingers for a moment, then she attacked the knot again. It was a desperately painful operation, for the cord, gripping her wrists and elbows, cut off the circulation from her hands completely and turned every movement of her hands into an agony, and warned her that she must hurry if she were to achieve her object before her hands became completely helpless.

Suddenly she ceased her efforts. From where she was kneeling she faced the partially open door, and now she had caught a glimpse of something stirring in the darkness beyond. With widening eyes she stared at the narrow opening, striving to recognize the nature of the thing which stirred. It was a dim grey shape, rendered but barely visible by the light from the room in which she was—a thin, formless something which rose and fell and swayed gently.

Abruptly she placed it, and the realization sent her furiously again at the task of freeing her ankles. That grey, formless thing was smoke; the house was on fire!

In the first moment of her realization she came near to losing her grip upon herself, but with a mighty mental effort she checked the panic which threatened to overcome her. Now, more than ever, there was need for haste and a freeness from that fumbling which panic brings.

That swaying smoke-cloud seemed to promise her immunity from a further meeting with the Tien T'ze men, but it offered as an alternative a more terrible ending to the episode. It appeared that H'si An Men, having decided that, since it had once been marked by the police, the house was now useless for his purpose, had fired the place a few moments before the time arranged for his departure, and had his calculations gone without a hitch he and his retainer, together with Kyrle, would have got clear of the place with a comfortable margin. Yet now. . . ?

Ever the smoke-cloud beyond the dark door-way was thickening; already it was waving wispy tentacles into the room where Kyrle was. Now the smell of burning wood reached her nostrils unmistakably—and the knot at her ankles still held.

WITH a tightening at her breast, she realized, too, that even with her feet free she was far from out of danger. Apart from the smoke-filled room beyond the open door there was only one way to escape for her—down through the trap in the floor, and how was it possible that with arms helplessly bound behind her she could descend the dangling rope ladder? And, further, she would have to discover and operate the mechanism which controlled the ladder, since H'si An Men's retainer had relinquished his hold on it when she had sent his chief crashing on to him, and it had to a certainty been drawn up around its spring roller, though she did not remember its ascent.

The panic which she had held in check with a desperate determination surged up again. What was the use? What possible chance had she? Then, even as her last shred of courage threatened to snap, the knot gave and her ankles were free. Instantly hope surged up again. She scrambled to her feet and, lashed by the whip of her fear and the drive of self-preservation, forced her numbed feet to carry her to the partially-open door.

The atmosphere of the room in which she was was thickening rapidly; already she could feel the first indication of the heavy smoke in her lungs, but even as she reached it a little spear-head of flame stabbed viciously through the smoke-packed darkness—at her very feet, it seemed.

She backed away from the door and looked wildly around her. Where were the windows? It appeared that the room did not contain any, for not the slightest indication of them was visible. A moment longer she stood motionless, and in that moment a multitude of impressions and emotions crowded her brain almost to madness.

Why had H'si An Men fired the house? There must be something here to hide, something which could not be carried away. What chances lay almost within her grasp? What information to be gathered, not merely of H'si An Men, but of that wider organization, Tien T'ze? Here,

while she stood helpless, a weapon which at one blow, perhaps, would destroy Tien T'ze was in all probability being consumed by the fire.

IT WAS a maddening thought, but it served a useful purpose: it drew her mind, panic-ridden but a moment ago, into a more ordered course. Useless now to regret chances beyond her reach, useless to contemplate anything save her own chance of escape, in whatever direction that might lie.

She crossed to the still open trap and went on her knees again; then a little exclamation escaped her—the ladder, for some reason, had not reascended. For a moment this seemed like a Heaven-sent blessing, but quickly she realized its uselessness. Her arms were helpless, and without their aid she could not maintain her balance on the ladder.

A sound like the soft rushing of wind brought her eyes round to the door behind her. The room beyond was no longer in darkness; now the grey fog of smoke was lit by a leaping orange glow. Then, with a suddenness which drew a cry from her, the electric light went out.

The failure of the light seemed to act like a talisman on the fire. The orange glow increased, great leaping blades of flame stabbed through the open doorway, seemed to linger for a moment around its woodwork, and then fell back, leaving behind them little fresh flames which writhed like snakes.

Kyrle turned once more to the trap. There was but one course open to her; from the first she had seen it, but from the first she had shrunk from it. Remained now no room for shrinking; it was the sole alternative to death in the midst of those hurrying flames behind her. She must drop through the trap, guiding her fall as best she might, so as to land upon those huddled bodies below. Yet once again she had been dangerously long in reaching a decision, for now she had not even the advantage of the shaft of light which had streamed down through the trap to guide her. She thrust her feet down through the trap, balanced herself for an instant, and then shot downwards.

Suppose she should miss her mark? Suppose she broke a leg? She would be compelled to lie there and watch the fire gain in the room above until the burning floor showered blazing timbers on to her. The drop seemed like a mile. Then she landed, landed on something which felt sickeningly soft, but in landing she struck her head and slipped into a stunned unconsciousness.

Slowly she struggled back to a knowledge of her surroundings. It seemed she had been unhurt save for that one blow on the head. With a shuddering movement she recoiled from that which had broken her fall; then she glanced up at the trap-door. Apparently her spell of unconsciousness had not been long, for the swaying light in the room above seemed no brighter.

She scrambled to her feet and dashed for that point where she knew the door of the room to be, but in the darkness she miscalculated her distance from the door and ran full against it. The door slammed to, and she heard the latch click home. Quickly she swung round, and, seizing the handle with her bound hands, turned it. It turned easily, too easily, and in a flash she realized that the violent closing of the door had broken the time-worn lock. Escape that way was barred. There remained the window, that little dust-curtained window which she had peered through when she had first emerged from the cellar beneath, and which she knew gave into a yard and then to the river. She turned towards it, made a movement to cross to it, and then stopped abruptly. Silhouetted dimly against the night without were the head and shoulders of a man.

Kyrle drew back hurriedly into the corner by the door. Who was he? Quite possibly he was one of McIvor's men, but equally possibly he might be a member of Tien T'ze. With breathless anxiety she watched. She saw him raise his arm and lift the sash; then she saw him swing one leg over the sill. And now, sitting astraddle of the window-sill, he stopped. To Kyrle, watching anxiously for his next movement, it seemed that he sat motionless for an unnaturally long time; then her ears gave her the reaon.

FROM away in the distance came the insistent clanging of a bell. Somewhere the fire brigade was hurrying to a call. Where? Where but here?

Then the man seated astride of the window-sill moved. He swung quietly into the room, and immediately crouched out of sight below the line of the panes.

Kyrle's heart quickened its beats. The man's movements were significant; he too had heard the fire-bell, he too had realized that this house was the point for which the brigade was headed, and—he was concealing himself until he could make sure of that. That seemed to stamp him. If he were one of McIvor's men, what need of concealment from the crowd which the fire and the arrival of the brigade would collect?

The bell, clanging in the night, grew louder, then muted suddenly, to burst out again the next instant from somewhere not very far away.

From the direction of the window Kyrle caught the rustle of a movement. Came a sharp click, and the light from an electric torch stabbed into the gloom, to throw its white circle directly on to the two huddled bodies beneath the trap. For an instant the shaft of light remained motionless, then it began to slowly circle the room.

Fascinated, Kyrle remained without power of movement, watching the circle of light from the torch move slowly, relentlessly, towards her; in a moment it would reach her, and then. . . .?

The clanging of the fire-bell was swelling nearer, but it seemed to her that the engine must be crawling at a snail's pace. The door behind her was locked firmly; the distance to the window was too great to be crossed before the man would reach her. The light was approaching. She shrank from it as though it had been a white-hot iron, and with the instinctive movement there leapt into her brain an idea, one solitary chance.

SHE took a step away from that groping finger of light, away in the direction of the window. Every law of probability cried aloud that the attempt was hopeless that the chance was so narrow as to have no existence, yet nothing else remained. Her first step towards the window had apparently passed unheard, for the light continued to move steadily and without any increase in its pace. She took another step, a piece of fallen plaster cracked under her heel, and the light leapt at her, enveloping her in its white circle.

She sprang wildly for the window, and as she sprang she heard the sound of the man's hurried movement. She gained the open sash, but even as she made the reckless spring which was to have precipitated her into the blackness without two arms closed around her.

It seemed that the house spun round beneath her; then through the muffling cloud which was closing down on her brain a voice bored keenly:

"Keep quiet! Steady now!"

For a moment she stood motionless, then her limbs trembled beneath her.

"McIvor!" she gasped.

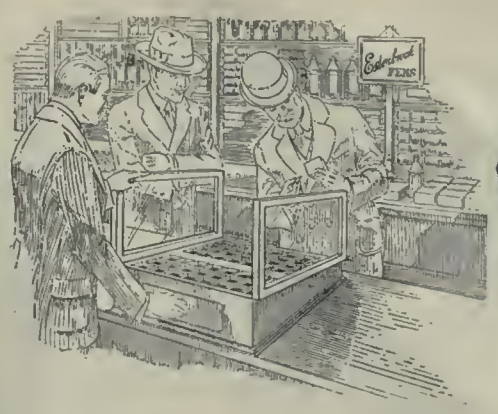
"Yes," the superintendent replied. "Steady now! Keep that grip on yourself. Good! You're great!"

*(Another story in this series will appear in our next issue.)*

## Canada Counts Noses

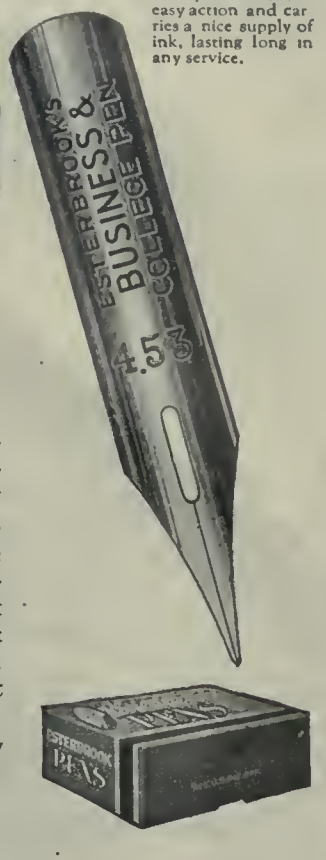
*Continued from page 9*

ship, race, language, religion, education, profession, occupation and employment. The head of the house must tell whether he owns or rents the home, and, if rented, what rent he pays a month, the materials of construction in the house and the number of rooms in the house occupied by the family. The ages of every member of the household on their last birthday must be given as well as a statement as to whether married or single. Under the head of citizenship, the country to which the individual owes allegiance is demanded as well as his or her racial origin and the languages which he or she can speak. Citizens of Canada born in other countries must tell the year they immigrated and the year they naturalized. The enumerator will demand to know in each case whether the individual can read and write, and, in


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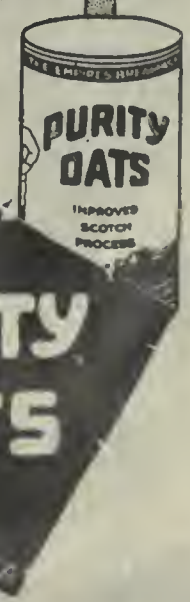
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Esterbrook PENS




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PURITY OATS

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# Guaranteed!

NOT only did the proprietors of Rubberset Company *originate and perfect* the process of gripping brush bristles *everlastingly* in hard vulcanized rubber, but they originated the policy of *guaranteeing* brushes against bristle shedding, to the end that the manufacturer and not the individual brush buyer must bear the cost of any shortcomings in their goods.

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"RUBBERSET must make good—or WE WILL!" is not an advertising slogan. It is a straightforward statement of the principle which made and *maintains* RUBBERSET brushes as the world's standard article of their kind.

Imitations of the process, the trademark, or the principle, can be viewed only as an attempt on the part of those practising such imitations to profit by the standing and esteem accruing *rightfully* to the originators of all three.

Identify the brushes made by this company by the presence of the trade name RUBBERSET as shown below.

**RUBBERSET COMPANY LTD.**
*FACTORIES*
**TORONTO AND GRAVENHURST, CANADA**
***"Makers of the STANDARD brush for every use to which a bristle brush is put"***

*Be guided by our trade mark*




*Be guarded by our guarantee*

**RUBBERSET**

*Brushes bearing this trade mark*

*Are made in CANADA*

22

*every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!*



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the case of children of school age, as to the number of months that they attended school since September, 1920. Besides enlightening the enumerator as to the occupation from which he gains his livelihood, the individual must tell how many weeks he or she was unemployed during the twelve months prior to June 1st and his or her total earnings in the same twelve months.

The form coming under the title of "Animals, Animal Products, Fruit, Etc., Not on Farms," demands very definite information regarding stock of all kinds owned by the individual, including horses, mules, cattle, swine, poultry and bees, and the total products in the way of milk, butter, eggs, honey and wax produced during the year. Ages of the stock must also be given. Areas of gardens and hot-houses, value of flowers and flowering plants, number of fruit trees and fruit produced are among the questions asked, while grapes, strawberries and other small fruits are taken up similarly under a separate head.

### "Catechism" for Farmers

BUT it is the farmer, under the head of "Census of Agriculture," who has the longest list of questions to answer when the enumerator comes around. Every agriculturist in the land must reply as truthfully as he can to no less than two hundred and twenty questions on this form alone besides giving the information asked for regarding himself and the members of his family in the "Population Form." It is, however, explicitly set forth on the "Census of Agriculture" form that all information reported on that schedule will be treated as absolutely confidential and that such information will not be used as a basis for taxation nor communicated to any assessor or other government department.

The farmer must tell how he operates his farm, whether he owns or rents it, and in the latter case, how much rent he pays a year. Among other things, he must disclose how much land he has improved and brought under cultivation, the amount of unbroken land, waste land, value of farm buildings and machinery, how much has been expended on fertilizer, cost of farm labor, area and value of individual crops sown and harvested in 1920, farm garden and market garden statistics, number of fruit trees of divers kinds on the farm, small fruits, area of green-houses and hot-houses and value of their products for 1920, maple syrup production, number and value of all domestic animals, poultry and bees and the value of their products, number and description of all young animals raised on the farm, pure-bred animals owned on June 1st, animals slaughtered on the farm and animals sold alive off the farm, a full list of tractors, automobiles, gasoline engines, telephones and other facilities such as lighting and waterworks, all products sold during the year through co-operative markets and descriptions of drainage and irrigation employed on the farm.

The "Individual Form—Population" is merely a repetition of what appears on the "Population" form, condensed on folders which are to be left with boarding-house keepers, mining superintendents, construction foremen, etc., for the use of individuals in their care or employ who may happen to be absent when the enumerator calls. Refusal or neglect on the part of any such individual to fill in the form left for him by the enumerator is punishable by a fine not to exceed one hundred dollars and not less than twenty dollars, or imprisonment for from thirty days to three months.

The "Census of Manufacturing, Trading and Business Establishments" is the simplest of all the forms. It merely calls for the firm name, address, class and kind or nature of business.

The "Supplemental Schedule for the Blind and for Deaf-Mutes" is designed to obtain official and accurate records of the age and post office address of every person in Canada who is blind and of every person who is a deaf mute. All that is demanded of the individual in this case is his or her name, sex, age, post office address and the defect from which he or she suffers.

### Canada Pioneered Census-Taking

OFFICIAL efforts to ascertain the number of people making up various nations and tribes are as old as the history of civilization itself, but a fact that is not generally known is that the credit for taking the first census of modern times belongs to the Dominion of Canada. This was taken under French rule. Records show that censuses were taken of Port Royal in 1605 and of Quebec in 1608, the records still being extant. The first systematic "nominal" enumeration of the people of what then comprised "white Canada," recording each individual by name, showing age, sex, occupation and conjugal and family condition, however, took place under the French régime in "New France," as Canada was at that time known, in the year 1666. The results of this official inquiry occupy 154 pages of manuscript deposited in the archives of Paris, France, with a transcript of the same at Ottawa. According to this, our earliest census of a comprehensive nature, there were living in Canada on that date, 3,215 souls, exclusive of Indians. Two years later a supplementary inquiry was instituted to gather data as to the areas under cultivation and the numbers of live stock in the possession of settlers. A similar census was taken of Acadia (Nova Scotia) in the year 1671. Such was the satisfaction over the first official census-taking that the process was repeated several times during the subsequent hundred years and it was extended to cover all the French colonies in America.

Later, under British rule, following the British conquest in 1763, censuses of different sections of Canada were taken at frequent but irregular periods. The policy of desultory census-taking ended in Canada in 1847 and a decennial census was provided for by act of parliament. In 1865, however, the minister of agriculture, Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee, made a withering attack on the mode of census-taking in vogue, insisting that it "abounded in inaccuracies and inconsistencies" as well as "absurdities of the most ridiculous character," notwithstanding that over $260,000 had been expended on the preparation of the two first attempts at a decennial census. The report of Hon. Mr. McGee concluded with a plea for "real Canadian statistics," to be achieved under nine recommendations, and those nine recommendations largely form the basis for the census-taking used in the Dominion to-day. Dr. J. C. Tache, secretary of the board of registration and statistics, who appended a memorial to Hon. Mr. McGee's report and to whom no doubt the minister was indebted for the most of his official information, was made commissioner of the census of 1871, taken under a special act passed in 1870. But from a legislative point of view, the statistical system which existed until 1918 may be said to date from the "Census and Statistics Act" of 1879, an act that required a census to be taken in 1881 and at the beginning of every tenth year thereafter.

### The "First" and "Second" Censuses

WHAT are officially known as the first and second censuses of Canada were taken in 1871 and 1881 by Dr. Tache, the third in 1891 by the late George Johnson, the fourth and fifth in 1901 and 1911 by the late Dr. Archibald Blue; while the sixth or present census, considerably revised in system by reason of the provinces and other departments taking over the gathering of certain statistics annually, is being prosecuted under the supervision of Dominion Statistician R. H. Coats.

Thus Johnny Canuck, soon to be busy counting his people and making an approximation of their collective wealth, is engaged in a businesslike undertaking which he really pioneered and was first to establish among modern nations. For while our historical records show that Canada started census-taking in the early part of the seventeenth century, the first European censuses—those of certain of the Teutonic kingdoms—date only from an early period in the eighteenth century. Those of France and England date from the first year of the nineteenth century. For those who may doubt that the first actual census was evolved and brought into practice in Canada a note by no less an authority than H. G. Knibbs, C.M.G., F.S.S., Commonwealth Statistician of Australia, may prove illuminating. An actual quotation in part from the note should suffice:

"Though the practice of census-taking, in some form or other, is probably as old as any form of civilization, the institution now known as the census may be said, in so far as its scope and application are concerned, to have been evolved during the nineteenth century. . . . A form of census taken every quinquennium for fiscal and

military purposes, was a regular Roman institution and lasted from 435 B.C. until the sacking of Rome (A.D. 410). After the latter date. . . . we have no record of any further census having been taken until the seventeenth century. *The credit for the revival of systematic enumeration belongs to the Canadian province of Quebec,* or La Nouvelle France, as it was then called. There a census was taken in 1666, and at a somewhat later date censuses were also taken in Nova Scotia (then Acadia) and Newfoundland."

## "He Who Laughs Last - - - -"

*Continued from page 8*

of trousers—bull-wool and jute—same's John got from ye. John! Fetch them pants out—"

"I don't want them!" yelled the victim. "You're bleeding me. You're a pack of thieves an' murderers. You men have stolen all the things that was in my pack. Gimme—"

"Hold yer tongue!" bawled the skipper amidst the laughter of the gang. "Them poor fellers has got to pay for the grub you're eatin' aboard here. Aint they agoin' to git some return for feedin' ye? Aint I seen ye stuffin' yerself on pork an' beans an' fried sassiges an' doughnuts an' coffee this mornin'? Lord Harry! 'twas a wonder ye didn't sink with th' heft o' grub ye loaded into yer stummick. Give John three dollars for the pants and then we'll talk business." . . .

Tony submitted calmly and looked forward to a future reckoning. Five hundred dollars from Mitchell would amply repay him for all he had suffered.

"And, now, havin' fitted you out shipshape and trawler fashion," observed the skipper, "we'll discuss the landin' business. Ye want to leave us, I cal'clate?"

"Yes!" growled the other sullenly. Mitchell reached into the back of his bunk; pulled out a chart and studied it for a minute.

"Umph!" he grunted finally. "Suppose I put you in yer dory within a few hundred feet o' th' land, d'ye think ye c'd make yer way ashore? That oughter be close enough."

"That'll do," said Tony. "But how about the five hundred dollars I want for compensation?"

MITCHELL nodded gravely and knit his brows. "Aye, I near forgot that. Well, then, I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll put ye within two or three hundred feet o' th' land in yer own dory, ef you're of the same mind about leaving us, and I'll give you my check for five hundred dollars to say nawthin' more about this business. Is that square?"

"When will you land me?" enquired the peddler cautiously.

"Day after to-morrow ef all goes well," answered the other.

"It may be too rough," said Anderson suspiciously. "Maybe it won't be safe for me to risk it—"

"Then I'll heave-to ontil it moderates," replied the skipper. "I'll give you a fair chanst. I aint a tough guy—not near as hard as what you think. I've a soft heart I have, and—and I'm kinder sorry for my foolishness. 'Twas the rum what did it, and I trust ye'll not say anythin' 'bout this affair when ye git ashore, for 'tis a dear joke. Five hunder' dollars is a lot o' money. Won't ye let me off easier'n that, Mister?"

"Not a cent less," said the peddler decisively.

"Then it'll have to be," rumbled Mitchell with a sigh.

The gang were looking at one another questioningly and the business instinct in Tony predominated at the skipper's strange change in attitude. He was suspicious, but did not care to say so. "Excuse me, Cap'en," he said respectfully, "Would you mind statin' them conditions again and have the men witness yer statement?"

"They've all h'ard what I said," rasped the other.

"Ye-e-s! But I'd like ye to say it again."

"All right! Here's what I say. Within the next two or three days I'll put you in yer own dory within two or three hundred feet of the land—"

"What land?" queried Tony sharply.

"Canada or Newf'nland," snapped Mitchell. "I dunno what particular spot o'





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CANADA

THIS ANNOUNCEMENT *is issued by the Canadian Save the Surface Campaign Committee, for the purpose of educating the public in the Preservative and Protective value of Paint, Varnish and Allied Products for the Conservation of property, and has received the approval of the Canadian Trade Commission in the following words:*

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THE CANADIAN TRADE COMMISSION.

Commissioner. 55

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*One Varnish For All Uses*
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CQ-329

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land it'll be. Whatever's handiest. So long's it's land you don't need to care. It won't be a rock or an island—I aint no bluffer—so don't git so blame suspicious. I'll give you my check for five hundred dollars on the Bank of East Harbor afore you go. Is that fair? You'll witness them words, boys. That'll go in any court o' law. Here's my bank-book, Mister. Aint that right?"

Tony examined the pass book, noted the last amount, and nodded his head. "All right, Cap'en. That's a go! But what'll I do with my motor-boat 'way up here?"

"Sell it, consarn ye, sell it!" barked Mitchell, and with a string of oaths, he left the dumbfounded occupants of the cabin and retired to his berth.

"Waal, by th' Great Trawl Hook!" ejaculated a man. "That's th' limit! I never knew Denny Mitchell to do a thing like that afore. I cal'late Tony's fallin' overboard has got him scared that he'll be hauled up for 'tempted murder when he gits ashore. That's th' reason beyond a doubt." And the others agreed with him.

Two days later, Captain Denman Mitchell squinted through his old quadrant at the sun; made some calculations with a nail upon the wheel-box, and jumped below for a glance at the Nautical Almanac and the chart.

"Shoot her up and take a cast!" he bawled from the interior of the cabin, and a few minutes later, the leadsman sung out the depth. "Forty-four faddom and sand and shells on th' butter!"

Mitchell came up on deck. "All right, John. Weather up yer jumbo! Start yer mainsheet an' put yer helm down. Git th' gang out and bait th' gear. We've made the grounds, but, first of all, send Mister Anderson aft."

When the peddler came up to where the skipper was pacing, the latter handed him a signed check for five hundred dollars. "Thar's my check. The boy's 'ull put yer dory over. We're square—aint we?" Turning to the men trooping aft, Mitchell said, "Git Mister Anderson's dory over. He's leavin' us now—"

"But—but—but where's th' land?" stuttered Tony fearfully. "I—I don't see it—"

"Of course ye don't," rumbled the big skipper, "but it aint far off."

"Then where is it?" enquired the other peering around at the blank horizon.

"Forty-four faddom beneath us," cried Mitchell with a grin. "Six times forty-four is two hunder an' sixty-four feet. That's th' nearest land hereabouts. Go easy with Mister Anderson's dory, John! Use the stays'l halliards and th' dory-tackles. That's the idea. Now, Mister, ye have my check and there's yer dory over th' side. Two hunder an' sixty-four feet from here ye'll find land—"

"But it aint dry land!" protested Tony in visible agitation.

"I niver said dry land," answered the skipper. "Land was what I said and th' boys ull bear me witness."

"And where is th' nearest dry land?" whimpered the peddler.

"Cape Pine, Newf'nland, lies 'bout a hunder miles no'the-east of here. Cape Breton's a sight furder. Over ye go, now."

ADVANCING on the shrinking Anderson, the big skipper grasped him by the collar, and despite his kicks and howls swung him over the rail and into his dory.

"Beat it now!" he thundered viciously. "Ye've got my five hunder dollars and ye're within three hunder feet o' solid earth. Pull the plug out of yer dory and ye'll be on the bottom in the shake of a mains'l. Cast him adrift—"

"Oh, don't do that, Cap'en Mitchell!" wailed Tony pitifully. "Lemme stay aboard. I won't say nawthin'—honest I won't. Don't turn me adrift to starve or drown out here—"

"Naw!" bawled the other. "I don't want ye. When you git back ye'll raise all kinds of trouble for me. Take yer chanst. Th' sea's smooth and there's dry land a hunder miles no'the-east. Ef you come aboard here ye'll need to keep yer mouth shut and turn to and work for yer grub—"

"I'll do that, Cap'en," cried the peddler eagerly.

"Shut yer trap and don't interrupt yer superiors!" growled Mitchell. "As I was asayin'—ye'll need to keep a shut mouth and work yer passage and pay yer passage as well."

"How much d'ye want?"

"Five hunder dollars!" boomed the skipper with a grim smile on his hard face. "Gimme my check back and ye kin come aboard. Refuse, and I'll turn ye adrift and let th' gulls and Carey chickens have a feed on ye. Speak quick! I aint agoin' to waste all day bargainin' with you."

Tearfully the little peddler produced the slip of paper and handed it up to Mitchell. "There it is, Cap'en," he said with a quaver in his voice. "You're makin' game of me and I can't do nawthin'. I kin come aboard now, can't I?"

"No, ye can't," returned the other. "Not until ye promise to say nawthin' 'bout what's happened aboard here. D'ye promise?"

"I promise!"

"Then come aboard," growled the skipper. "Ye'll work yer passage from now on, and as we're on the grounds we'll git th' light sails stowed away. Mister, you kin git that maintops'l tied up. You started the other day but ye didn't finish yer job. Spare hand's work is tyin' up tops'ls, so git busy."

Tony glanced apprehensively aloft to where the clewed-up gaff-tops'l bulged, balloon-like, half-way up the topmast a hundred and ten feet from the deck. Shrinking back to the cabin house with terror in his eyes, he stared around at the hard, sea-bronzed faces of the assembled fishermen and in their countenances he detected no sign of pity. They were a hard-bitten crowd and any sign of squeamishness or cowardice awoke contempt instead of sympathy in their minds.

"Will I have to prod ye aloft with a trawl-splicer?" came Mitchell's raucous bellow. "Move, damn ye, or I'll—"

While the little man was whimpering in fright and backing away from the skipper, the big, good-humored fisherman, Bill Jennings, elbowed his way through the mob and faced Mitchell.

"Say, Skip," he drawled, "go easy on th' poor l'il beggar. It aint everyone as can go aloft first time and tie up tops'ls. I couldn't do it myself when I first went vessel fishin'. Give him a rest. I'll tie it up—ef you really want it tied up—"

The other growled resentfully. "Suppose you mind yer own blame business." Jennings turned to the men. "Boys," he said calmly. "This aint man's fun stringin' a poor l'il minim like that. It's a swab's game. We're a rough bunch o' skates, I know, but I cal'late we aint downright brutes. Let him alone!"

The hard-case features relaxed into sheepish grins and an apologetic murmur arose from the crowd. "Sure, Skip," they said. "Bill's right. Give the little runt a chanst."

With a lowering glance at Jennings, the skipper felt the pulse of the mob, and, being a diplomat, he burst into a loud guffaw and slapped Tony heartily on the back. "Don't git scared, old timer," he rumbled. "I was only stringin' you. Now, boys, git yer gear out. We'll bait up and make a night set."

While Jennings was baiting up his trawls on the booby-hatch, a figure sneaked out from behind the dories and grasped his hand. "I'm only a poor devil of a peddler," he said in heartfelt tones, "but I'll remember you. You—you're a man, Mister Jennings!"

"Tcha!" said the big fisherman with a laugh. "Run away or I'll bite ye!"

WITH his usual luck, Denman Mitchell worked Green Bank and scoffed nearly every halibut within the vicinity of his baited trawls. For eight days it was "oars up"; half-swamped dories and big "jags" on the *Artimon's* checkered deck. They made two sets a day, and in the evening, while the schooner jogged to the lighted watch-buoy marking the weather end of the fishing gear in the water, the men worked like slaves, blooding, gutting, and icing the catch of fish.

With sixty thousand pounds of fresh halibut and twenty-five thousand of cod, Mitchell shot into Canso for a few tons of ice to top off the pens of fish in the holds below. Though they dropped anchor inside the harbor, Tony made no attempt to escape. If he wished, he could easily have done so as Mitchell used the peddler's gasoline dory to ferry the ice out to the vessel and it was left, tied astern, during the time the *Artimon* lay in the port. The use of his dory for trucking ice was another injury which Anderson chalked up against Denny Mitchell.

Close to the *Artimon* lay a St. Servan fishing brig, and after stowing the ice below, Mitchell and a number of his gang went over to visit the Frenchman ere swinging off for East Harbor. Fraternizing with French members of the piscatorial community is commendable, but when North American trawlers pay visits to Breton brigs, it is not altogether with the spirit of *entente cordiale*, but rather with intent to procure cordial spirits. The plug tobacco, mittens, hooks, trawl becket lines and canned provisions which went with the *Artimon's* crowd were exchanged for sundry bottles of a peculiarly fiery brand of tangle-foot which is distilled in France for the delectation of palates able to relish anything in the liquor line from pain-killer to sulphuric acid.

When Mitchell and his crowd tumbled aboard hugging their bottles, all were the worse for their fraternal potations. It was a clear night with a strong breeze from the northwest, and after hoisting the dories aboard, Mitchell sung out to get under way. Under four lowers and dragging the starboard anchor under her fore-foot, the *Artimon*, with the skipper to the wheel, blundered through the fleet of Lunenburgers and Gloucestermen in the harbor, and swung out to sea.

With drunken sagacity, the big skipper pulled out a chart when they hauled clear of Cranberry Island, and laying his parallels on a crack which ran across its face, he bellowed out the course to the fisherman who relieved the wheel. Having completed all that he thought was necessary in the way of navigation, he and the majority of the crowd commenced broaching the *eau de vie* they had procured from the Frenchman.

It was blowing very hard and with all four lowers set, the *Artimon* dragged her lee rail through the smother at a fourteen knot clip. In a forepeak bunk, Tony kept himself in obscurity and frightened wakefulness, while aft in the cabin the gang passed the bottle and sang maudlin songs to the roaring and swashing of the sea.

At three in the morning, Jennings and his dory-mate came off watch and down into the forecastle. The good humored fisherman was practically sober but his dory-mate had to be trundled into his bunk the worse for wear. Then Jennings spied the peddler's frightened face peering at him from behind the pawl-post.

"I cal'late you're agoin' to lose that there dory of your'n," said the fisherman as he opened the quick-lunch cupboard. "It's towin' astern—Lord Harry, man, but you're as white as a ghost! Come out and have a mug-up."

TONY crawled out. "They're all drunk, Bill," he stuttered, "and it's blowin' a gale—"

"Gale nawthin'," laughed the other, burying his face in a mug of coffee. "Don't worry, son. It aint the fust time we've gone to sea with all hands pickled. I've seen this one pluggin' along with everythin' on her in a winter's blow an' devil a man able to stand on his feet. Let me give you a mug of coffee. 'Twill brace you up." He handed a steaming mug over to the nervous Anderson.

"Aint the wind awful, Mister Jennings? Look how the vessel's tumblin' about."

"Nawthin' at all," replied the other. "Wait 'til ye're lyin'-to in a winter's breeze on some shoal water and ye'll know what tumblin' about is. I've seen 'em spill the coals out the stove sometimes. Aye, I've bin able to walk along the sides of the bunks—she was over so far—Crawlin' Christopher! What's happened?'

The scalding coffee shot up in his face; Tony was catapulted into his stomach, and both men were hove down to leeward as the vessel fetched up in her headlong storming with a series of violent shocks. "She's struck!" roared Jennings, jumping to his feet and making for the ladder. A deluge of water poured down through the opening and he was hurled back, gasping and spluttering. The four or five men bunking in the forecastle tumbled out of their pews, and with the sleep still in their eyes they rushed for the companion while the vessel lifted and pounded in the sea-way.

"'Tis Sable Island Nor'west Bar!" shouted someone, and Tony was conscious of being hauled out on a sea-swept deck and dragged bodily aft. In the gloom, a cursing mob labored getting the dories out, and above the thunderous flapping of the sails and the roaring of the white-water which surrounded the schooner, came the skipper's voice, "Stand by the vessel, boys! Git th' sail off her—"

"Stand by and be damned!" shouted a man leaping over the rail into a dory.





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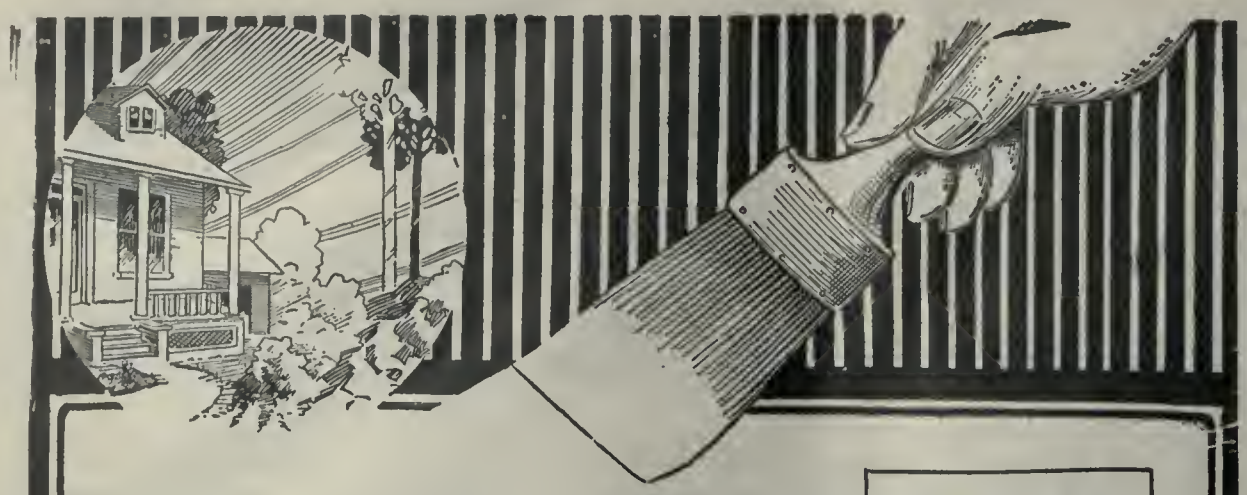
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"Git out of this blazin' surf or we'll be swamped or washed away!" And the others followed him.

Clutching the coamings of the cabin slide, Tony stood almost petrified with terror, and he only came to his senses when a rough hand grabbed him by the shoulder and dragged him over to the lee quarter. "Jump naow!" rasped a voice in his ear. "There's yer dory. Wake up and crank yer engine while I fend her off! Hurry, naow, for th' love o' Mike!" It was Jennings, and like a man in a trance, the other turned on the switch and gave the fly-wheel a pull. Put! put! put! "Is she started?" roared the fisherman, fending off with an oar.

"Yes, she's started—"

"Then git out th' way an' gimme th' tiller!"

BUILT for sailing in a chop, the peddler's gasoline dory drew out of the inferno of surf into the smoother sea in deep water. Tony, scarce knowing what had happened, sat on the floor boards clutching the risings with both hands until Jennings snarled him into action again with a string of biting oaths.

"Bail her out, blast you! She's half full of water! Show some life, you runt!" And the peddler bailed as he never bailed in his life before.

"How much gas have you got?" came the fisherman's snapping voice.

"Gas? Oh, enough for a day anyway. Filled the tank at Canso to carry the ice."

"Darn lucky for us. 'Vast bailin' and watch that engine."

"Are we safe, Mr. Jennings?" Anderson dared not look over the gunwale at the welter of sea in which they were tumbling.

"Safe enough ef you keep that engine agoin'. Gone coons ef you don't!"

For over an hour, Jennings manoeuvered the dory among the heaving combers, and when the dawn came, he could see five of the *Artimon's* dories far to leeward when they rose on the crest of a sea.

"They're a mile to loo-ard," he growled to Tony, who, with his head inside the little hatch, was jealously watching the chugging motor. "We'll run down to them."

Running before the sea and wind, they speedily came up to the first of the dories with the skipper and four others in it. Mitchell was standing in the bow waving his arms and shouting something.

"What's th' racket?" bawled Jennings as he rounded up by the skipper's dory.

"Th' vessel," shouted Mitchell. "Th' vessel! Look! She's come off th' Bar!"

Jennings glanced in the direction indicated by the skipper and was astonished to see the *Artimon* standing out to the northward again with her sails drawing, and to all appearance sailing as if she had a crew aboard.

"Git after her!" roared Mitchell. "We've only got one oar in this dory and the others are lyin' to their buoy anchors."

For over an hour, the gasoline dory pursued the crewless schooner, and if the jib sheet had not carried away, it is doubtful if they ever would have caught her. When the sheet parted, the jib lighted up, and the mains'l jammed her up in the wind.

When they came alongside, Jennings leaped over the rail and hove the wheel hard down. Then he helped Tony aboard, and making the dory painter fast, swung off and picked up the others.

"Did ye ever know the like?" ejaculated Mitchell when he got aboard again. "Came off Sable Island Bar herself. Shift o' wind and rise o' tide. Lord! but I'm th' lucky man. Thar's nawthin' can bust me. Is she makin' much water, boys?"

"Over the floors aft an' for'ad," answered a man.

"Aye, aye," said the skipper, "but she'll float to Canso, no doubt. Man th' pumps and git busy with th' draw-buckets in cabin an' fo'c'sle. We'll work her in and I'll give you fellers twenty-five dollars a man extry for salvagin' her—" He grinned and continued. "That is—all 'cept Tony here. He's a millionaire an' don't need th' money." Tony said nothing but picked up a bucket.

OF THE passage to Canso a great deal might be written. Of the weary hours of bailing and pumping the schooner to keep her afloat, a chapter teeming with incidents of endurance and perseverance on the part of tired men could easily be penned. But suffice it to say, the *Artimon* was picked up off Cranberry Head and towed into harbor by the Fishery cruiser. Until










a place could be got ready for her on the marine railway, a tug with a powerful pump relieved the *Artimon's* crew, and the halibut and cod were transferred to another vessel.

Mitchell was busy, very busy—much too busy to bother about Tony Anderson. Tony and his motor-dory had vanished soon after the schooner towed in and the crowd calculated that the little peddler had had enough of seafaring to last him the rest of his natural life. Denman had dismissed Tony as a mere incident and he was telling a couple of newspaper men about the miraculous happening on Sable Island Bar when a pompous-looking person swung a leg over the rail and proceeded to tack a paper upon the schooner's main-mast.

"Say, you!" boomed Mitchell anxiously. "What th' blazes are you up to?"

The pompous person stared coolly at the truculent skipper. "You are Captain Mitchell, I presume?" he said calmly.

"Aye, that's me. What's th' game?"

"Your vessel is libelled for salvage."

"But there aint no salvage in this case, Mister," growled the other with a confident smile on his hard visage. "I'm too wise for that. I made a dicker with the boys to bring her in for twenty-five bucks a head and they did it. You aint got nawthin' on me, Mister Sheriff, so haul yer darned paper off'n my main-mast!"

"Here's a letter for you which may put a different complexion on the matter," said the official, handing Mitchell a legal blue envelope.

"Read it out!" snapped the big skipper. "I aint no scholard." The other opened the missive and cleared his throat. "Ahem! This is from Skinnem and Taxem—a legal firm ashore here. It reads as follows:—'Captain Denman Mitchell, schooner *Artimon*. Dear Sir: We are instructed by our client, Mr. Anthony Anderson, to attach your vessel for the sum of Four Thousand Dollars for services rendered to the fishing schooner *Artimon* by the said Anthony Anderson. We find the value of the vessel, gear, etc., to be in the neighborhood of Nine Thousand Dollars and a rough estimate of her stock, which we have also attached, is approximately Three Thousand Dollars—making a total value of Twelve Thousand Dollars. As our client was not a member of your crew, nor upon Articles, and as you had abandoned the vessel on Sable Island Bar, our client, using his own motor-boat, picked up the abandoned schooner. You also failed to include our client in the salvage agreement which you made with your own crew. In view of these facts, our client has a just and valid claim for the amount mentioned and suit is being entered against you for the amount aforestated. A statement attested to by Mr. William Jennings has been made before the authorized officials in this port. Awaiting your reply, we remain, yours truly, Skinnem and Taxem, per J. H. Skinnem.' That's the letter, sir."

For ten minutes, by any clock, Denman Mitchell gave vent to his feelings without repeating the same oath. Finally, he gazed sorrowfully at the letter and passed his hand over his head. "Oh, I'm a funny bird, I am! I'm the great lad for practical jokes! He's got me poke-hooked, by cripes! Yes, poke-hooked! And as I'm the owner of this onlucky, consarned hooker, I'll have to pay! In future, there's two things Denny Mitchell 'ull steer clear of—and that's rum and shanghaied peddlers. Swamp me!"

Anderson runs a fisherman's outfitting store in East Harbor now, and the East Harbor *Echo* notes that "Mr. William Jennings has gone into the clam business with a new motor boat which he recently purchased." Captain Denman Mitchell, of the fishing schooner *Artimon*, invariably loses his temper when the names of Anderson or Jennings are mentioned.

# Neighbor's Wooing

*Continued from page 11*

as a wise better to every bookmaker in the ring and to the handbook men with grandstand privileges. And Neighbor knew there was not a blockman in front of any of the twenty books who would accept two hundred dollars from him on a forty to one shot; instead would cut the price, and, the other books watching prices like hawks, would too bring their odds scurrying down, for turf odds are more sensitive than any stock on 'change. Even by spreading his two hundred around in small bets of ten and twenty dollars Neighbor had known the risk would be great of him getting ever shorter prices, each succeeding book cutting the price a little after accepting his money. Yet, until now, this latter course had seemed the only thing to do, for Neighbor was too old a hand to trust any second party with a share in his discovery. Then, with this girl before him, had come the big idea.

CAREFULLY, with many explanations to make it clear to her untrained mind, he told his story, beginning with his arrival at the track until the present moment. Then he outlined the idea generated by her meeting.

"It's very simple," he concluded, "they don't know you. And, besides, you're a woman, and a woman is nearly always looked upon as a sucker better by most bookmakers. So all you have got to do is lay this money on Egret in the last race the second day. Just to make sure you can make four bets of fifty dollars each with the different handbook men in the grandstand. There's four of them have the privilege. I'll take you out to-morrow so you can kind of get used to things. Of course, we'll have to separate out there, for I must'nt take any chances. I dunno as we can even ride in the same seat on the car. You've no idea how race track fellows watch each other."

Lulu heard him out, and, after much persuasion, finally consented.

The following day Neighbor escorted Lulu to and from the track. In the evening a trip to the theatre and a late supper afterward cut into nearly the last dollar of his money remaining over and above the two hundred he had set aside to play on Egret.

THE last race of the second day was at hand. Up in the grandstand Lulu sat, in her mesh purse Neighbor's two hundred dollars. Down below, Neighbor had spent the afternoon in wandering aimlessly around the betting ring and pacing up and down in front of the stand. The time had dragged horribly. To him, a veteran of a thousand tracks and races, the earlier events were of no interest.

But at last the fifth race had ended. The entries for the Fraser River Cup were flashed upon the big board in the infield opposite the stand.

Nervously Neighbor strolled into the betting ring. A little disappointed, but still with a faint thrill, he noticed that Egret was only twenty, eight and four. He had hoped for better odds against her winning. However, this was not so bad.

The bugle blew. Some prancing restively, some quiet and sedate, the five slim runners walked out upon the track. The race being a mile they broke from the barrier directly in front of the stand.

Tightly pressed against the picket fence directly opposite the finishing wire, Neighbor watched the runners leap away.

LEAVING it the two favorites, Dr. White and Presumption, beat the rest of the field away by two jumps. At the first eighth pole, and all the way to the half, their positions remained unchanged; if anything the two leaders had increased their lead on the other three, all running bunched a full length behind.

Clutching the pickets hard, Neighbor watched the scarcely distinguishable blur of dust and horses with heart that pounded madly. The race was jolting his stoicism; it meant the biggest winning in all his reckless, gambling life.

The horses were at the three-quarters now; and out of the ruck of the three rear racing runners he saw a gleam of yellow and gold draw clear and shorten the distance on Dr. White and Presumption.

Neighbor breathed a little clucking gasp of relief. Egret was forging to the front. Into the stretch they rounded, and, coming directly toward him as they now were, Neighbor saw something that for a moment atrophied him, killed all hope. Egret lay right on the heels of Dr. White and Presumption, now running neck and neck; but, realizing the value of their position, the leaders' riders hugged close the rail, defying a passage. Then suddenly Neighbor drew himself up; straining, leaning far over, till the pickets pressed his chest so

*Continued on page 62*

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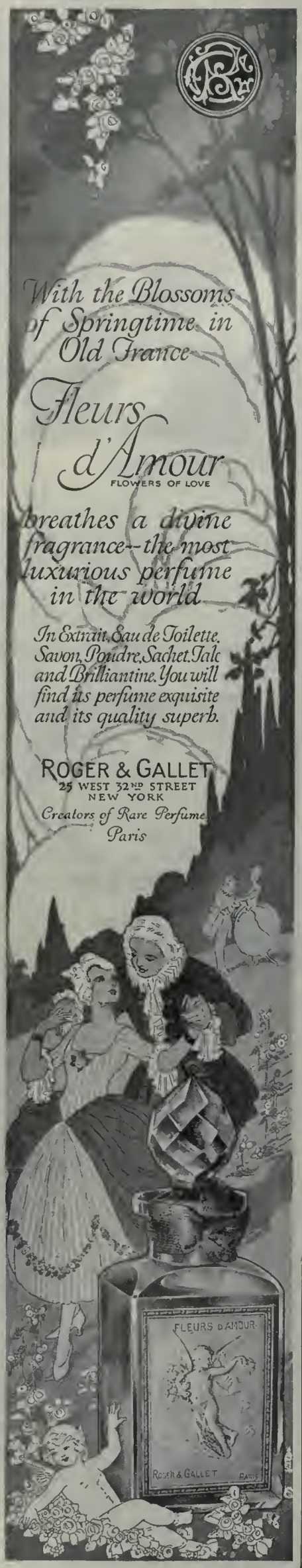
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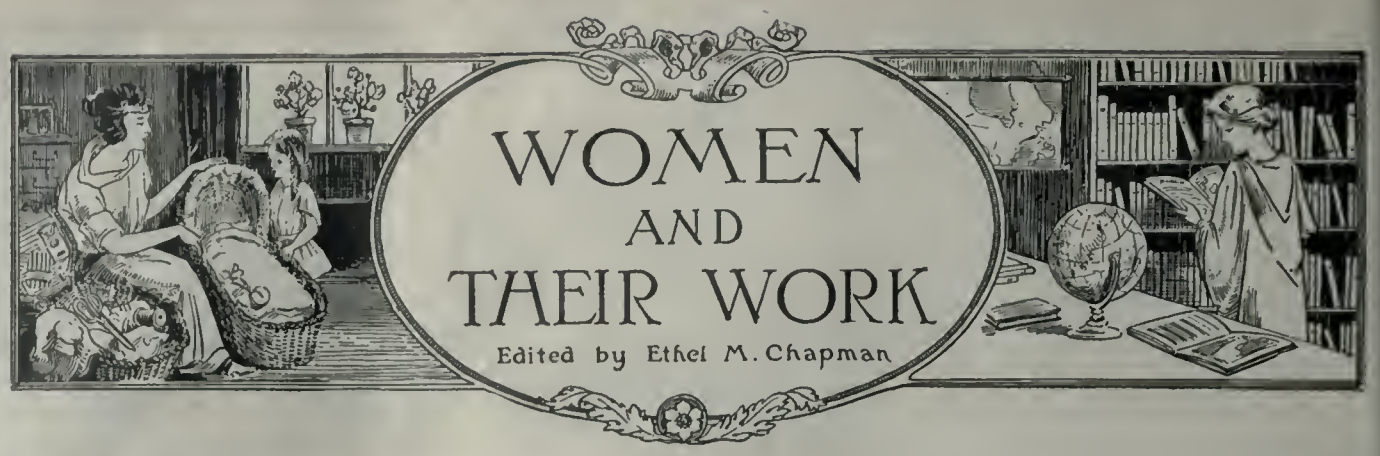
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# The First Offensive in the Milk Campaign

*By* ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

A FAR-REACHING child-welfare movement is being staged in Canada under the plebeian title of a "Milk Campaign." The plan originated with the National Dairy Council, frankly and unapologetically for the purpose of advertising its product, but in the lengths to which it has travelled the advertising idea has been rather lost sight of. Doctors, nurses, health departments, ordinary citizens who have no interest whatever in the dairy industry have taken it up as a practical thing for the community good. And the results are worth recording.

The experimental venture was made in the city of Toronto. The next will be in Calgary, and from there, judging from the growing interest, the work will probably spread to every sizable city in the Dominion so long as the country's milk supply will stand it. In Toronto, the campaign was launched under the auspices of the Child Welfare Council, the Canadian Public Health Association and the National Dairy Council. It was a new thing, and while the Dairy Council naturally had faith in it, the local associations wanted to have unquestionable warrant for their action. So they went to Dr. Allan Brown, a specialist whose last word in child-feeding is accepted without question throughout the city and farther, and they asked him what he thought of it. He assured them that anything they could do to educate people, both children and adults, to drink a right quantity of milk every day would be perhaps the greatest thing they would ever have an opportunity of doing in the interests of public health, and he supported his assertions with facts about metabolism and vitamines and proteins until they were quite ready to believe him. They decided to go on with the demonstration and to organize a working committee. They called a meeting in the City Hall with representatives from the Boards of the Public and Separate Schools, the Home and School Clubs, the Local Council of Women, the Daughters of the Empire, the Women's Institutes, the clergy of all denominations, the Health Department of the city, the Inspector of Factories, the Board of Trade, the Household Science Departments of Schools, the Salvation Army and all the charitable and welfare organizations in the city. There has seldom been a more formidable company gathered in the interests of the baby's bottle, but it had their unmixed sympathy.

THE committee wanted, first of all, to bring their educative campaign direct to the children themselves. It had been found that the reason a lot of children in well-to-do homes didn't get milk was because they didn't like it, or were at least indifferent. It seemed that considerable might be done to popularize milk if milk lunches could be served in the schools every day for a week. And with this once started, school boards or parents or mothers' clubs might keep it up and poor children would get milk at school whether they had it at home or not. At the same time an effort would be made to stir an interest in better health habits among the children in every direction, and buttons bearing the inscription "I drink milk" would be distributed to those who would drink milk and no tea or coffee. All that remained was to get the permission of the Board of Education to go ahead with the scheme.

To the amazement of everyone interested, the Board turned it down. They



MISS OLIVE HAYES,
Organizer of Educational Work under the National Dairy Council.

would not use the schools for advertising purposes. They knew and they believed that most intelligent people knew all there was to know about milk. Anyway the children didn't buy the milk; the committee had better go and educate the parents. Furthermore, the average citizen couldn't afford a quart of milk a day for every child and a pint a day for every adult in his household as the Health Department advised. It was useless to explain that the campaign would not increase the price of milk—the Dairy Council knew then that prices were to drop at the end of the month. It was useless to repeat what physicians had said about milk being essential to the health and development of growing children. And it seemed to carry no weight that the city's own statistics showed over twenty-one thousand undernourished children in the public schools. So far as a milk campaign was concerned the Board would have none of it.

The Separate Schools however, took the matter up with enthusiasm. The Inspector, Brother Rogation, in his school work in the United States had learned what milk lunches meant to a child in both his physical and mental progress, and the Separate Schools now are busy weighing and measuring their pupils and compiling statistics concerning their tea and coffee drinking habits, in preparation for a month of milk lunches.

But it was the action of the Public Schools Board that staggered the committee for the moment. The possibility of being refused admittance to the schools was something that had not entered into their plans at all. They held another meeting—not to consider dropping the enterprise but to decide on some other means of reaching the children. They decided that if they could not go to the schools they would bring the schools to them by holding "milking demonstrations" in the city parks—a performance novel enough to attract any city child. If sufficiently interesting people could be got to do the milking, the attraction might extend even to grown ups.

They first approached the Hon. Manning Doherty, Minister of Agriculture for the province, and asked him if he would open the campaign by milking a cow in the public view in front of the Parliament Buildings. He said he would do anything to show that his sympathies were with the movement. Mr. Stonehouse, the president of the National Dairy Council, gave a demonstration in another park, and to show that women also could appreciate the dignity of the practical side of the dairy industry, Dr. Margaret Patterson, a woman prominent in the social welfare work of the city, and Mrs. Ferguson, Vice-President of the Home and School Council, each volunteered to milk a cow. The demonstrations were held at four-thirty in the afternoon and children and parents and park loiterers and press people thronged to the scene of action. At the close of the demonstrations a procession of milk waggons trailed in and bottles of milk, fresh off the ice, were distributed among the children. No pedlar of ice-cream cones was ever welcomed more eagerly. People who had even believed that children weren't naturally particularly fond of milk found that when it is available the average youngster is a veritable little human sponge.



Where milk is available the average youngster is a veritable human sponge.

DURING the entire week of the campaign, the three leading department stores gave their co-operation by putting on special demonstrations. In one of these there was exhibited a day's set of meals for children through the various stages from one to seven years with lantern slides showing the hapless fate of young rats deprived of the milk vitamines in their food. A feature in connection with this demonstration which especially appealed to the thrifty housewife was an array of foods set out to show how a pint of milk compared in energy value with the same money value's worth invested in cabbage, honey, beefsteak, eggs and the common foods considered either necessities or luxuries in the average household.

One store put on a "Fountain of Health" exhibit —a steady flow of white fluid splashing in a marble bowl, and playing about it, in a miniature park, a number of mannikins representing Protein, Fat, Calcium and the various other essential milk elements.

*Continued on page 62*

# Music and Our Children

AT A teachers' training school some years ago, one of the students, a girl of nineteen, told the instructors that she could never teach music—she had no "ear for music," nor the slightest musical appreciation. She had heard music all her life at home and had attended musical concerts with her family occasionally—but not because she enjoyed them. Music of any kind, the good and the common alike, was just so much noise to her.

The music teacher didn't believe her. He had always held that a certain degree of musical appreciation could be cultivated in any one, unless—there was just one possibility. He had the organist strike a chord on the organ and asked her just what sensation the sound gave her. She didn't like it at all. Then he had her cover one ear and listen. It was the most beautiful sound she had ever heard. For the first time in her life she realized something of what people had heard and liked in music. The next test was to cover the other ear and listen; again the sound was pleasant. But when both ears heard the sound together it was the same painful jargon. The trouble, as scientists explain it, was that just as some people suffer from astigmatism of the eye, this girl was afflicted with "astigmatism of the ear." When this condition exists nothing can be done. The sweetest music produced will never be anything but so much noise.

But cases of auditory astigmatism are happily rare. The observations of music teachers in schools alone prove that there is scarcely one child in a thousand who cannot acquire at least a certain degree of musical appreciation. If he cannot sing at the beginning the teachers spend considerable time teaching him *how to listen*. With this, and with more or less practice in trying to sing himself, there is scarcely a child who will not begin to sing within a year. One listening exercise that gives excellent results is following an orchestra selection on the gramophone and picking out the different instruments.

Another happy discovery made in schools where the children have a chance to hear good music is that they invariably prefer the good to the rag-time. In one school where they sing such things as *Carry Me Back to Old Virginia, Sweet and Low, Annie Laurie, Bonny Doon*, etc., as well as some of the classical selections, when the children are asked what they want to sing, the universal favorite for the past several weeks has been *Lift Up Thine Eyes*, from the oratorio, Elijah.

This winter the teacher introduced *My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land*, by Elgar. The introduction was as minor as it could be and rather difficult. At first when the pupils were asked whether they liked it or not some of them said they didn't, but after the first few lessons they were as enthusiastic over it as one of Elgar's own choirs might have been and they sing it with a correctness and expression worthy of more mature voices.

### That Harmonizing Influence

BUT why worry about it, someone asks. Aren't there a thousand other sources of refining influence in the world? A thousand equally fine accomplishments? Perhaps, but in schools where music has been "tried out," it has been found to have a humanizing, harmonizing influence all its own—an effect most noticeable of course in cases where the children have few cultural advantages in other directions. We have a striking case of this in a foreign settlement in the West.

"When I first came to the school," said the teacher, "I realized that no easy task was before me, but as I scanned the faces of the boys and girls who stood before me on that first school day, I made up my mind that, come what might, no other teacher or visitor should ever see those faces as I saw them then. My heart ached to think that anywhere in Canada one could see such a picture of listless, hopeless stolidity, tinged with suspicion, in the faces of children who ought to have been radiating joyous youth.

"Of the thirty-four pupils enrolled, twenty-three were boys and eleven were girls. Their ages ranged from five to seventeen years; not one could speak or understand any English, but all spoke in the Ruthenian or Polish tongue when they could be induced to talk at all, which was seldom. None of them could read or write in the language of their fathers; nor could the majority of the older members of the community. They had retained the manners and customs as well as the speech of their native land almost entirely; and everywhere the poverty and listlessness, the ignorance and indifference to all things Canadian were appalling.

"If you were to visit the school to-day, you would notice a remarkable change; the listlessness is gone; the dullness of eye has been replaced by the light of laughter; the apathy, by joyous activity; and English is the only language spoken, written or sung on the school site. I think I can truthfully say that the change is due, most of all, to the introduction of the 'Sunshine for the Soul'—music. It enters into almost every lesson in one form or another. In Canadianizing our foreigners the greatest help can be rendered by musical instruments, more especially by the piano and the gramophone. I have always believed in singing as a help in teaching, and although my 'vocal' powers are very limited I have always contrived to teach some of the best patriotic songs and old-time favorites, and have used the singing of them to assist in writing lessons, drill and marching."

### Music in the Home

BUT however well and wisely the school may function in a child's musical training, there is an equally or more important influence possible in the home. Of all the reminiscences of a life-time, there is nothing that so haunts one as the songs to which we were accustomed in childhood—and that there may be no music-less homes in the future it is eminently important that our children growing up now have an opportunity to study not only vocal music but the piano and the violin or some other instrument that especially appeals. A great actress who is an equal success as a mother sends this message to girls:

"If you have a voice, whether remarkable for strength or sweetness, or neither, strive to cultivate it. I do not mean that you must sing scales and trills by the hour; these notions have left me long ago. Learn operatic wonders if you like, only be sure to learn them correctly; but they are easily forgotten, rest assured. Learn a hundred or more beautiful little ballads—not the kind that take a town by storm and die out in one season, but real songs that never grow old, whose tunes are melody and whose words are poetry. And there may come a time when all the accomplishments of your girlhood are as nothing compared with one simple song that lulls a tired baby to sleep."

There are modern songs of course that are worthy a place along with the best classical music in the average home. Do you know Ethelbert Nevin's melodies for Eugene Field's and James Whitcomb Riley's words, or the songs of Coleridge Taylor, Margaret Ruthven Lang, Carrie Jacobs Bond and others of their kind? We could well have more of these among the popular, semi-classic and classic numbers that go to make up a balanced music library.


# Columbia Grafonola



## Fill Your Home with Sunshine Smiles and Song

**—at our new prices, every child can romp to the world's best music**

Wherever there are children there should be Columbia Grafonolas, with Columbia records.

Columbia makes it possible.

In bringing its prices to the pre-war level Columbia has led the way.

Its price readjustment has been the most radical in the history of the phonograph industry.

In looking over the new range of prices shown below, keep this big, important fact in mind: you buy at these prices grafonolas of the latest improved type. These new models are equipped with the automatic non-set stop and all the other exclusive Columbia features.

## Here are the figures:

| | Old Prices | NEW PRICES |
|---|---|---|
| Model—L-2 | $360.00 | $250.00 |
| " K-2 | 285.00 | 200.00 |
| " H-2 | 230.00 | 185.00 |
| " G-2 | 210.00 | 165.00 |
| " F-2 | 175.00 | 135.00 |
| " E-2 | 160.00 | 115.00 |
| " X-2 | 135.00 | 95.00 |
| " D-2 | 110.00 | 75.00 |
| " C-2 | 82.50 | 60.00 |
| " A-2 | 37.50 | 37.50 |

For Columbia lists of Special Children's Records, write to our Educational Department, or ask your Columbia dealer.

*New Columbia Records out the 20th of Every Month*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO.
TORONTO

# Here Is Indeed Good News!

IF YOU could come behind the scenes in MacLean's editorial office and have a peep at the far-reaching plans of the editors—if you could see what is in store for the readers of MacLean's—the impressive array of wonderful pictures, fiction and news events of compelling interest to every member of the family—then you would commend your judgment in selecting MacLean's as **your** magazine. And you wouldn't hesitate one minute about renewing promptly.

If you were to peep at the editors' plans you would find this, for instance:

A number of artists and writers representing MacLean's Magazine left recently for a long trip through the Canadian West. The group includes—

Arthur Stringer, who is perhaps Canada's best known writer of fiction and who has been doing a large proportion of his work for MacLean's; H. Weston Taylor, a noted illustrator now living in Philadelphia, who has spent a great deal of his holiday time in Ottawa Valley and Temagami region. Wilson V. Chambers, cousin and studio mate of Taylor's, who has done three or four stories for MacLean's recently and is one of the younger generation's most promising "comers"; and the Editor of MacLean's.



Mr. H. Weston Taylor

*This is one of the most extensive and adventurous trips taken by a coterie of magazine workers—and certainly the most extensive trip ever taken in behalf of a Canadian magazine.*

During this trip, H. Weston Taylor will do a series of fifteen illustrations for David Howarth's

## "Valley of Gold"

serial, which will start in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE July 1st. To get the best local color and atmosphere for this serial, Mr. Taylor and certain other members of the party will meet Mr. Howarth at Melville or Wolseley, Sask., and motor for fifty miles through the Qu'Appelle Valley and visit a number of places where the scene of action is located.

During this trip a large number of features will be procured for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, and every endeavor will be made to comb the country from the U.S. border north almost to the Arctic Circle, and from the head of the Great Lakes to the Island of Vancouver, for interesting, fascinating, informative material about this great, wonderful portion of our Dominion.

And this is just one of the elements that help to make MACLEAN'S so intensely interesting and entertaining.

The editorial program is chock full of features that are amazingly good.

RENEW PROMPTLY

*Now, then, don't you think the editors have opened a veritable treasure chest for your benefit? Of course you do, and it is just as obvious that you will want to show your appreciation of the untiring efforts of the management and contributors to give you a magazine worthy of the name "Canada's National Magazine" by renewing your subscription promptly. It is a factor of co-operation that makes for better service.*

MACLEAN'S
"CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE"


# The First Offensive in the Milk Campaign

*Continued from page 61*

The third store offered to open a booth in its infants' clothing section and to furnish free milk for every child who visited it, if the Department of Health would put two nurses in charge to carry on a sort of standardization clinic. The place was equipped with scales and charts and a supply of health pamphlets and the children and their mothers thronged the place. It was a rather funny circumstance too that about a dozen times a day a mother, after listening to the nurse's discourse on the importance of milk in a child's diet, would remark, "Yes, I know it's a good food but Johnny doesn't like it. I never liked it either, so I don't urge him." And all the time Johnny would be appropriating the little paper cups handed out to him and drinking a pint of milk right under her eyes.

This shortcoming of the kindly, but weak-minded mother, who knows what is good for a child but doesn't take any special trouble to see that he gets it was pictured very cleverly in a play, "The Milk Fairies," given by fifty local children on the last day of the campaign. The "Undernourished Child" in the play leaves his breakfast and runs off to watch the parade. He comes in tired but still doesn't want to eat and he has a mother who doesn't insist. Tired and miserable he goes to sleep and has a dream in which the Guardian of Health sends fairies to make him strong and well and happy—and they all come out of a huge white milk bottle. At the same gathering "The Jolly Jester," a ventriloquist with a monkey, carried the children completely away with him as he made not only the bottle of milk, but the carrot and every other wholesome health-building vegetable talk, and tell just what it would do for them if they would only give it a chance. During the week a film, "The White Bottle," was shown in one of the leading moving picture theatres of the city. The whole campaign has been a rather practical piece of educational work for both children and grown people, and the enthusiasm at every gathering would indicate that there will be at least a few thousand of the younger generation ardent followers of the new gospel of nutrition.

Nor was the effort limited to the school children. There are forty or more orphanages in the city, and during the campaign week the dairy council sent a quart of milk a day to each child in these institutions. They got permission to have a doctor speak to the employees in factories on the health value of milk and in some cases the factories tried out the milk lunch for a week—an innovation which factory managers who have tried it claim to increase the efficiency of the workers remarkably. And to make the whole scheme go as far as possible in the interests of public health, the city and provincial health departments held free clinics throughout the week.

Altogether this initial offensive in the national milk campaign has stirred things as its originators could scarcely have hoped for. No one seemed to think of it as a welfare move for the poorer population of the city. It was made known in the beginning that the school records showed as many undernourished children in the Rosedale section as in the "Ward"; that malnutrition did not depend so much on wealth or poverty as on education—and the women in the well-to-do homes were just as anxious to learn as their less fortunate neighbors, perhaps a little more so.

Of course, there was the inevitable occasional "questioner." One woman in a letter to an evening paper said:

"I have noted carefully throughout this whole campaign there has not been one word said about trying to bring down the price of this precious food. Our friends advocate that each child should drink at least one quart of milk per day. Now if they will just figure how much one quart of milk each day costs for my family of only three, to say nothing of the milk which the parents need to keep fit for the children, they can readily see what a hole it makes in the average pay envelope. Certainly we mothers want to give our children every drop of milk they will take but if the price were lowered a large increase in the consumption of milk would surely result."

This mother was no doubt trying to see things straightly, but not knowing the comparative nutritive values of foods she thought of milk only as an addition to the regular food supply—not as a substitute for some of the other things she gave her children daily. Many a mother would give a child an egg when eggs cost sixty cents a dozen, but the egg according to the latest food authorities would probably not be worth as much to the child in actual nutritive value as half a cup of milk.

Regarding the fear that the general popularizing of milk might lead to an increase in the prices even the casual student of economics knows that a decrease in price would immediately cause farmers to decrease their herds with an inevitable scarcity of milk and consequently increased prices in a few weeks. The same result will follow a low demand for milk. Since Canada is denied a market for dairy products outside her own country, there is a danger of an overflow of milk on the home market and a sharp falling off of the dairy industry—an industry which is most essential to the whole nation, town and country alike, in paying off the national debt. If, however, the people of Canada can be educated to drink as much milk as they should drink for their own well-being, the dairy industry should find an adequate market at home.

And the campaign in Toronto was not just a week's hysteria. The families who have tried the milk habit have evidently found it good for a number of grocers testify that their milk sales have been increasing ever since. One grocer has had to increase his daily stock from fifteen to forty bottles.

# Neighbor's Wooing

*Continued from page 59*

hard they hurt, he gazed in hopeless yet admiring wonder at what he saw. It was madness; yet it offered a chance to a horse with such a speed as Egret. It appealed to the gambling hope of him, thrilled him afresh.

EGRET'S jockey, shut off absolutely from passing his competitors on the rail, now took the little mare out and around. . . .was taking the overland for it.

Now scarce a hundred yards away sounded the pounding hoofs' beating, a rapid staccato like the explosion of distant musketry. Losing a little in her outward swing the little mare was now making up for it.

With a hundred feet still to go, Egret ran neck and neck with Dr. White.

Hardly breathing, Neighbor clutched the pickets. Could she make it first? Then the question still unanswered, they swept past him. And Egret's nose was in front. It was an "eye-lash finish," but Egret was in front. Neighbor relaxed and stepped away from the fence. He was too old in the racing game though to rest satisfied until the judges' pronouncement had been given. It came. And as he heard the little mare's name boomed out he turned away.

THE crowd began to file out. For several minutes he stood at the bottom of the steps of one of the stairs leading upwards, watching the ebbing people. Not until the stand was almost empty did he ascend to the first aisle. Standing here he searched among the few scattered groups and solitary people still moving downwards. But one by one, in twos and trios they descended closer without revealing her familiar form. Then ranging his eye again over the great reach of the now almost empty seats he saw far up in one corner a woman still sitting. Thinking perhaps she had chosen here to wait and let him pick her out, he went up the broad stairs two at a time. As he came nearer he saw her face was buried in her handkerchief. The premonition of unknown disaster strong upon him, he seized her arm roughly. "Hey, what's the matter?"

Two eyes that were hopeless pools of shame looked up a moment to meet his eyes, then dropped again.

"Why . . . why, everything is," she



## Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

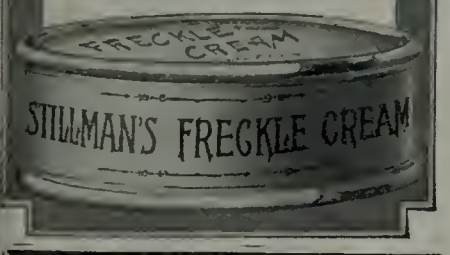
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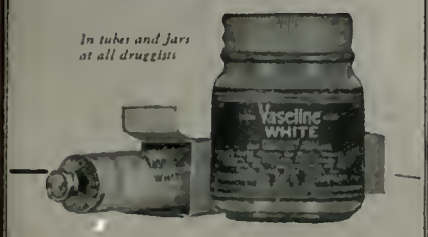



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gasped out between sobs. "Oh, can you ever forgive me?" Her sobs choked her. Then growing calmer, she went on: "You see, it was this way. I heard so much talk about the race up here and everybody said Dr. White was going to win. And. . well . . . I. . . I . . I bet on Dr. White." She gasped the last words out with a desperate rush, and then fell to crying again with heart-broken sobs.

For a long moment, Neighbor stood straight and rigid, for the time seeming as one dead, as insensate as the uprearing pillars about him. And standing thus, out of the past the hard memories of a thousand penniless times came back to burn and sear his soul. Life had always been a hard struggle; the racing game a hard game to play. And this girl had let a little fortune slip through her hands. Grimly he recollected that Adam too had lost paradise. But Neighbor was not of forgiving soul. A flooding bitterness welled up within him, sweeping away the homey dreams and the love that had been so quickly horn. He did not even glance at the girl again. With head turned half away he started to descend, as he did blurting out all his full heart in five contemptuous words: "Of all the fool muffs!" Then he went slowly down the steps and into the betting ring, and leaning against a post absently rolled a cigarette which he did not light.

"Oh, lord, what a fool I was to trust it to a woman!" Ending his soliloquy, he crossed the track into the centre field, headed for the stables beyond. A bed in some kind owner's feed room must now suffice him.

* * * *

Down town a little later Lulu Brown sat in a softly lighted box in one of the city's most expensive cafés. Across from her was a keen-faced, perfectly dressed young man, engaged in explaining his unexpected arrival. "I fixed it with the chief so you can come back. But it was awful tough. You see the guy we took stands awful strong with one of the aldermen, and of course the chief just had to make good. So I blew back with all the money. Of course he didn't want to prosecute, him being so prominent and married at that, so the chief's say so that he let you go for kick'in in with the dough sounded all right. So it's a case of welcome when you want to come back to your home town. And we are free to trim all possible suckers, on the same old percentage basis for the chief. Gee, it's nice to be a copper, always sure of your bit, with never a worry over a beef, and able to make someone else the fall guy when things get real tough." He paused to smile on her fondly. "I missed you so much, I came myself rather than wire you to come back alone. I'll bet you been bored to death in this strange Canadian town."

LULU BROWN—better known in certain circles as "The Crier"—skilled performer of the badger and various forms of high class confidence games—smiled demurely. "Say," she said, apropos of nothing of their conversation, "who was the poet gink who pulled them lines about a destiny that shapes our ends?"

"Search me," he answered wonderingly

"Well, he sure was there with the right idea. Count that, hubby, dear." She drew forth from her bulged mesh purse a thick roll of bills of large denominations.

"Awful simple," she continued, in answer to his questioning. "Sure tip with another man's money; then told him I'd laid it on a horse that come second. Then my usual storm of tears. It was the softest thing ever. He was kinda a half smart guy himself, so I looked for an awful holler. You know generally wise people squawk the loudest when somebody wiser gets to them. But not him. Just walked away cold. He was standing in the betting ring still as a statue when I slipped out to the car stand. But the funny part of it is how I met him. He saved me from a drunk right near the hotel the third night I was in town. Then right off the reel he pulls my name. Say, for a minute, I was scared stiff. I thought the Old Man had sent one of his pets after me sure. But, then in the next second, I figured that couldn't hardly be. But it was funny, and I was scared till he explained it all. He'd seen me in the hotel and got stuck right off. Real thing love at first sight. Yes, sure as you know, there's a destiny that shapes our ends." The entrance of the waiter interrupted her. When she had given her order she leaned back languidly. "Really, I almost feel I could afford a whole bottle of wine," she said. "I think I've earned it."





## Why "61" FLOOR VARNISH *is the* BALANCED VARNISH

BECAUSE "61" Floor Varnish is made to possess *wear*-resistance as well as water-resistance it is known as the "balanced" varnish. *Both* qualities are seldom found in one varnish.

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For 1921 we have some new features that cannot be illustrated to advantage here, but will appeal to you if you want to own the neatest and most comfortable craft on the water.



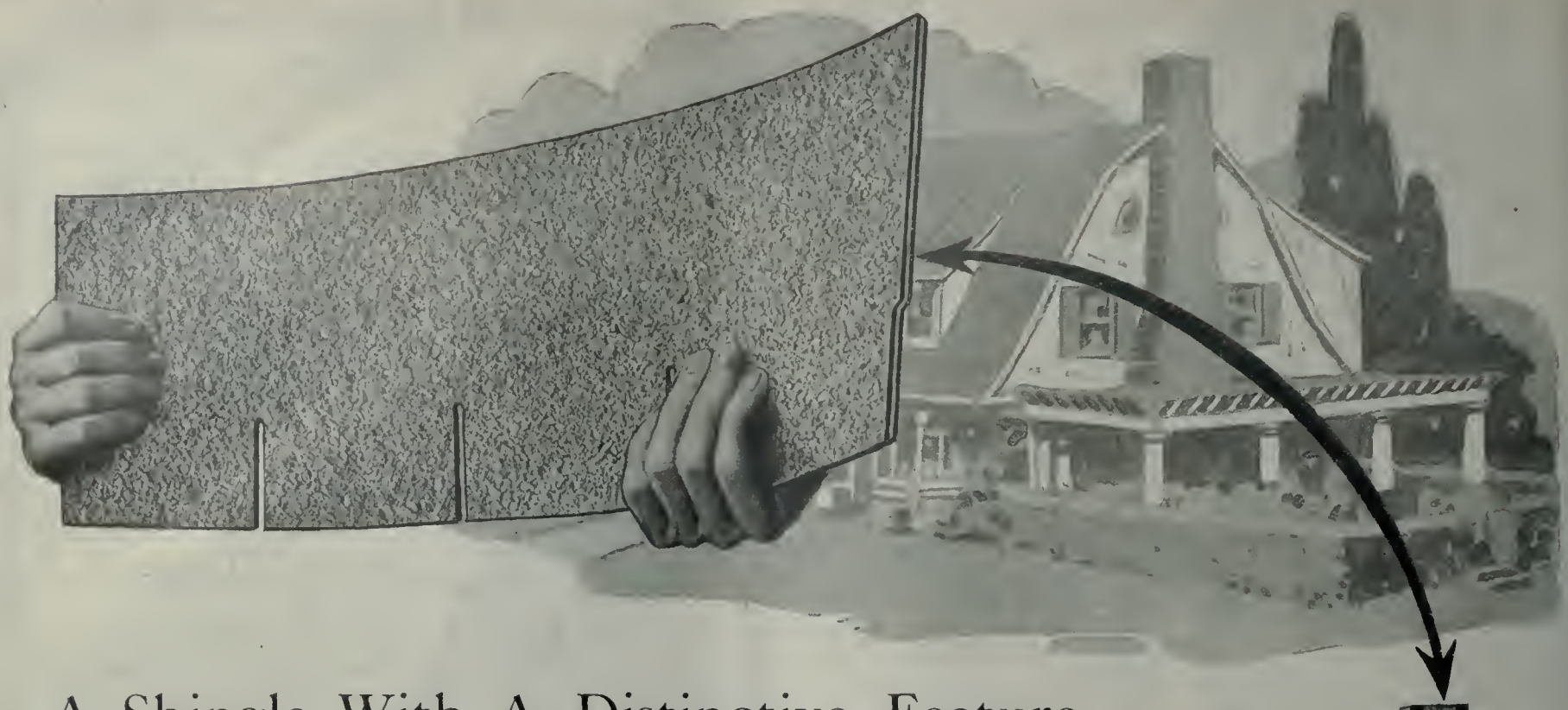

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If the trade of the readers of MacLean's Magazine is worth having, it is worth advertising for.

An advertisement is an invitation to buy. Readers of MacLean's Magazine know that the advertisements in these columns are invitations addressed particularly to them.

Manufacturers who want the interest, the influence and the trade of the 80,000 Canadian families who are regular readers of MacLean's Magazine — the "leadership" families in practically every community from coast to coast — know that this is the logical place for their advertisements.—(1)



# A Shingle With A Distinctive Feature

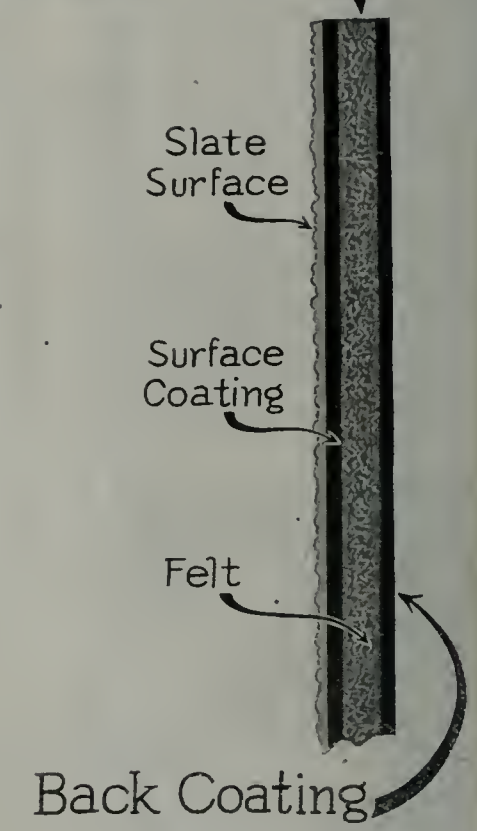
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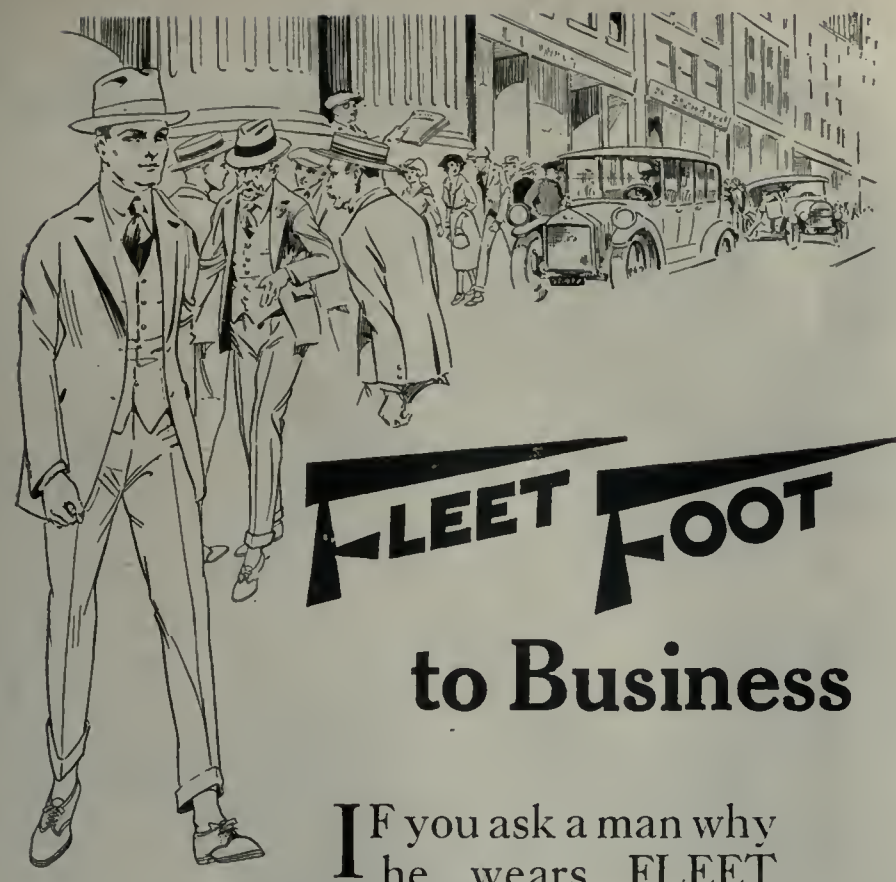

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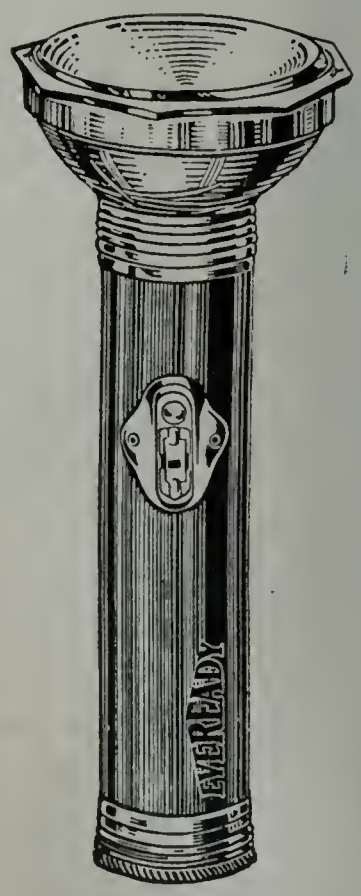
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Production Costs Must Decrease

BUSINESS is being conducted along restricted lines. Retail prices are still regarded as high in comparison with the cost of all basic commodities. The work of deflation must be still more evenly and equitably distributed. The consumer is still required to pay what appears to him as a high price for his goods, and he wonders why this should be when he reads that prices for farm produce and raw materials generally have slumped on the whole well down to pre-war levels. He criticizes the retailer on the ground that he is unduly bolstering up prices, and is making a tidy profit at the public expense.

While the criticism may in some cases be warranted, as the situation now stands the retailer is not in a position to cut his prices immediately to correspond with the decline in the cost of basic or raw materials. There are many and important factors which enter into the process of production which must be reckoned with when he is adjusting his prices for the public. Production costs are still excessively high, and there must be an extensive readjustment here before retail prices can come back to a more normal level.

The immediate duty of the manufacturer is to reduce to the limit the cost factor in production. Prices cannot come down until production costs are reduced, and business cannot revive until some definite basis has been established for the cost schedule, when commodity prices will no longer be subject to fluctuation from day to day or week to week.

When prices are unstable the buyer cannot be encouraged to enter the market readily. He pursues a conservative policy, and buys in small quantities only. The general policy of the moment, therefore, is to buy sparingly, for immediate needs only. When however, some degree of stability has entered the market buying will be more free and this tendency followed in every branch of trade will materially stimulate industry and business on the whole.

### Production Costs too High

AT THE moment the cost of production is out of proportion to the cost of raw materials, and the consumer has to bear the burden. There are various devices open to the manufacturer for reducing the expenses of production and operation in his particular plant. As labor is probably the more expensive item, labor can assist by displaying more industry, by increasing output per man. Of late, however, employers in a number of lines have entered seriously upon the task of cutting costs, and to this end have required their employees to accept a lower scale of wages. Labor naturally resents this movement, and holds out the argument that as the cost of living is still high his wages should not be interfered with.

Present conditions, however, scarcely hold out convincing support of his contention. Thousands of men are out of work. Industry is running at part time. The factory that is now running overtime, or even full time, is the exception rather than the rule. The manufacturer has suffered heavily during late months, and from present indications is due for a further period of adversity before the turn has been reached. Lower wages do not necessarily mean permanent hardship or inconvenience for the workman. A general lowering of production costs whether through increased efficiency of labor or machinery or by a reduction of wages, cannot but have the effect of hastening the reduction of retail prices and living costs to normal, and the workman will thereby be enabled to maintain the standard of living adopted when wages were at the peak, and commodity prices correspondingly high.

A GENERAL reduction of wages, amounting to 20 per cent. has been introduced by the United States Steel Corporation, and some 150,000 employees are affected. This corporation is the largest single employing institution on this continent, and the move will have widespread influence. The reduction in wages follows a cut in the prices of steel products.

On the whole the business horizon is clouded with uncertainty. The road to normal activity promises to be beset with many obstacles. The individual will be faced with many problems, the solution of which will call forth all his surplus ingenuity and resourcefulness. There is little doubt that we have now entered upon a long era of declining prices. For years before and during the war, prices continually ascended. It is evident that the peak was reached a year or two after the close of the war. However, experience of history has definitely shown that a country may enjoy a period of prosperity during a period of falling prices. The immediate turn is proving difficult, but the readjustment may be reasonably expected to be followed by a period of industrial activity and prosperity.

### Keen World Competition

COMPETITION will without doubt be keener than ever before. Both the workman and his employer will have to display the highest type of efficiency to keep in the race. The firm which produces the highest type of goods will lead its field. There is the possibility and very likely prospect of keen foreign competition, too, particularly from German sources. Charles M. Schwab, former director-general of the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation, and a keen student of economic and business conditions, commented on his return from Europe recently upon the spirit of industry manifest in Germany. Germany had gone back to work, he stated, as had no other nation in Europe. Her working people were economizing, sacrificing and throwing themselves into real production. At this rate of progress Germany will without doubt in time become a potent force in the commerce of the world, when through industry she has rehabilitated her tottering finances.

### No Immediate Improvement in Credits

THE credit situation in Canada at the moment does not hold out any prospect of immediate improvement. There is a dearth of funds for industrial as well as investment purposes.

The building situation throughout Canada has proven a disappointment to the early optimists who predicted a revival of construction on a large scale when the spring months arrived. The promised development has not materialized in any conspicuous degree, and the prospective builders are still pursuing a waiting game. There is a fair volume of residential construction under way at the moment, due largely to the abnormal housing shortage in practically every important centre in Canada, but the supply of houses thus made available will be entirely incommensurate with the demand.

Builders are receiving many inquiries, but the actual building undertaken is on the whole of disappointing volume. Industrial construction is practically at a standstill. This is the natural outcome, however, as a result of the unfavorable turn of business. With many firms running on part time only there is not the same need for additional factory accommodation as was felt a year ago. In fact many firms have more factory and warehouse space than they require. A large boot manufacturing industry in Eastern Ontario added extensively to its plant a year


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ago when the boom in the boot and shoe industry was at its height. This year the plant has been practically shut down, and the manager made the statement that more space was available than would be used for years to come. Business at the close of the war had a false perspective, and in many instances, judging that the era of prosperity would last for years, expanded rapidly in preparation. There is, however, a large volume of legitimate building held up, and the delay can be conveniently made at the present time, when the need is not so pressing. The reduction of building costs, both in the matter of materials and wages, will have a stimulating effect, and there has been a decided improvement in these factors of late.

### Retailers' Turnover

THE retail trade on the whole gives peculiar cause for reflection. The retailer is selling more than he is buying. His turnover is keeping well up to the normal of the past year, and in some cases is even greater. His margin of profits has been reduced, however, by the lower prices which he has been required to take for his commodities. But the fact that he is able to unload his goods is a favorable feature. The retailer on the other hand is buying sparingly, as is the wholesaler, and the manufacturer bears the brunt of the burden.

At the beginning of the turn of trade the volume of cancellations was heavy, many retailers and even wholesalers resorting to this avenue of escape which was open to them.

A buyer for a large Toronto retail dry-goods store reports extreme difficulty in purchasing high priced goods. There is an abundance of the cheaper grades, but the manufacturer is content to follow a policy of prudence in the production of the high-priced goods rather than run the risk of overloading the market. The problem of buying for the fall trade is calling for some careful consideration. The markets are unsettled, with prospects of lower prices. The dealer is called upon to decide between the problem of making commitments for goods now in the expectation that he would not be able to purchase at a lower price in the fall, or wait, and run the risk of getting ample goods in the markets later at the prices then prevailing.

While many lines of industry have been fairly well adjusted, is evidence that additional and radical steps are under consideration in many instances. A Canadian firm engaged in the manufacture of farm implements has followed the practice, for a number of years, of closing down for a week or so in the midsummer, for the purpose of checking up on inventories. This year it is reported on reliable authority that this firm will close as usual but will not reopen until two or three months have elapsed. During the interval active steps will be taken to dispose of the now accumulating stocks. There is the possibility, too, of the markets for raw materials becoming adjusted upon a normal basis.

Reports from implement dealers in various parts of the country indicate that sales have fallen off in recent weeks. The farmer, too, is looking for lower prices. He has been forced to accept heavy reductions on his produce, and therefore he feels justified in expecting reductions in the prices of equipment for his farm. There is evidence, however, especially in Eastern Canada, that it is not for want of funds that he is keeping out of the market, dealers reporting that the farmer is buying freely of automobiles, pianos, etc., articles which in no sense could be designated as necessaries. The explanation is probably found in the fact that in the case of the average individual his own inclinations are strengthened by the fact that he has the moral support of the entire family upon this venture, whereas, when purchase of equipment for the farm is under consideration he alone is the interested party, and if opportunity affords, he will put off the purchase until the need becomes acute.

### Some Bright Spots

THERE are a few bright spots in industry at the moment. The automobile trade has picked up within the past few weeks, and a number of companies are gradually increasing output. This condition is being reflected upon the tire industry. The clothing trade offers some cause for optimism. It will be recalled that firms engaged in the manufacture of clothing were among the first affected, and the reaction as it applied to them was of a drastic nature. Stocks were liquidated at heavy loss, but now such firms are able to approach the market with goods priced at the lower replacement values, and for this reason are getting orders.

## Answers to Inquiries

*Question.*—Last fall I bought two one thousand dollar bonds of the Western Canada Pulp and Paper Co., of British Columbia. These are first mortgage bonds 7 per cent., payable in New York funds. I would like your opinion as to whether my money is safe in these bonds.—M.P.T., *Hamilton, Ont.*

*Answer.*—So far as information available can disclose the situation, your investment in Western Canada Pulp and Paper 7 per cent. bonds, should be safe. Paper securities have depreciated a good deal in recent months, but there is nothing on the surface to indicate that the bonds of this company are prejudiced. The company has large timber limits apart from its pulp enterprise, which should give it a good revenue when conditions in business revive. Besides, its location in British Columbia gives it proximity to the Oriental market for pulp, which is considered an important one.

*Question.*—Would you give me your opinion regarding the security of first mortgage bonds of the Western Quebec Power Co., Ltd., 6½ per cent., due 1931, selling at 88.23 to yield 8¼ per cent.—J. J. F., *Coleman, Alberta.*

*Answer.*—The character of the men in control of Western Quebec Power Co. is a recommendation for it as a security. The company operates as a distributor of power, which it purchases from the Cedar Rapids Co. It is claimed that the earnings in the last year or two have been sufficient to pay bond interest and dividend on preferred and leave something over. A purchaser of this security, however, might not find it as readily marketable as one that regularly appears on the stock exchanges.

*Question.*—Would you please advise me:
1. What dividends has Canada Cement Common paid in the last two years and is it a good investment at present prices.

2. Can you advise if the Brighton Black Fox Co., Ltd., Charlottetown, is in sound condition or not?

3. Is Brompton Pulp and Paper a good investment?—H.C.N., *Sherbrooke, Que.*

*Answer.*—1. Canada Cement has paid 7 per cent. on preferred since 1911 and 6 per cent. on common since 1916. The company has suffered from depression in business for some months past, and during a part of 1920 was handicapped by coal shortage. It has not yet picked up to a normal state of operation, and its prosperity waits on a return of building activity. It should be all right for a long hold.

2. We have no information on Brighton Black Fox Co., Ltd.

3. Like other paper companies, Brompton has had a good shake-out, its price having dropped nearly 50 points from the high of 85 last year. The company has a diversity of products, and, while it was one of the first to suffer when dullness reached the kraft paper makers last fall, it is now reported to be experiencing a freshened demand. The paper industry in Canada should make a good recovery in a few months, but it does not follow that the stock will not go still lower.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.*


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# The Man Who Knew Too Much

## V.—*The Fad of the Fisherman*

*By* G. K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HATHERELL, R. I.

A THING can sometimes be too extraordinary to be remembered. If it is clean out of the course of things, and has apparently no causes and no consequences, subsequent events do not recall it; and it remains only a subconscious thing, to be stirred by some accident long after. It drifts apart like a forgotten dream; and it was in the hour of many dreams, at daybreak and very soon after the end of dark that such a strange sight was given to a man sculling a boat down a river in the West Country. The man was awake; indeed he considered himself rather wide-awake, being a rising political journalist named Harold March, on his way to interview various political celebrities in their country seats. But the thing he saw was so inconsequent that it might have been imaginary. It simply slipped past his mind and was lost in later and utterly different events; nor did he even recover the memory till he had long afterwards discovered the meaning.

Pale mists of morning lay on the fields and the rushes along one margin of the river; along the other side ran a wall of dark red brick almost overhanging the water. He had shipped his oars and was drifting for a moment with the stream, when he turned his head and saw that the monotony of the long brick wall was broken by a bridge; rather an elegant eighteenth century sort of bridge, with little columns of white stone turning grey. There had been floods and the river still stood very high, with dwarfish trees waist deep in it, and rather a narrow arc of white dawn gleamed under the curve of the bridge.

As his own boat went under the dark archway, he saw another boat coming towards him, rowed by a man as solitary as himself. His posture prevented much being seen of him; but as he neared the bridge he stood up in the boat and turned round. He was already so close to the dark entry, however, that his whole figure was black against the morning light; and March could see nothing of his face except the ends of two long whiskers or moustaches that gave something sinister to the silhouette, like horns in the wrong place.

Even these details March would never have noticed but for what happened in the same instant. As the man came under the low bridge, he made a leap at it and hung, with his legs dangling, letting the boat float away from under him. March had a momentary vision of two black kicking legs; then of one black kicking leg; and then of nothing except the eddying stream and the long perspective of the wall. But whenever he thought of it again, long afterwards when he understood the story in which it figured, it was always fixed in that one fantastic shape; as if those wild legs were a grotesque graven ornament of the bridge itself, in the manner of a gargoyle. At the moment he merely passed staring down the stream; he could see no flying figure on the bridge, so it must have already fled; but he was half-conscious of some faint significance in the fact that among the trees round the bridgehead opposite the wall he saw a lamp-post and, beside the lamp-post, the broad blue back of an unconscious policeman.



There were several fish in his basket and he was in a good temper.

EVEN before reaching the shrine of his political pilgrimage he had many other things to think of besides the odd incident of the bridge; for the management of a boat by a solitary man was not always easy even on such a solitary stream. And indeed it was only by an unforeseen accident that he was solitary. The boat had been purchased and the whole expedition planned in conjunction with a friend, who had at the last moment been forced to alter all his arrangements. Harold March was to have travelled with his friend Horne Fisher on that inland voyage to Willowood Place, where the Prime Minister was a guest at the moment. More and more people were hearing of Harold March; for his striking political articles were opening to him the doors of larger and larger salons; but he had never met the Prime Minister yet. Scarcely anybody among the general public had ever heard of Horne Fisher; but he had known the Prime Minister all his life. For these reasons, had the two taken the projected journey together, March might have been slightly disposed to hasten it and Fisher vaguely content to lengthen it out.

For Fisher was one of those people who are born knowing the Prime Minister. The knowledge seemed to have no very exhilarant effect; and in his case bore some resemblance to being born tired. Horne Fisher was a tall, pale, fair man, with a bald brow and a listless manner; and it was seldom that he expressed irritation in any warmer form than that of weariness. But he was distinctly annoyed to receive, just as he was doing a little light packing of fishing tackle and cigars for the journey, a telegram from Willowood asking him to come down at once by train, as the Prime Minister had to leave that night. Fisher knew that his friend the journalist could not possibly start till the next day; and he liked his friend the journalist and had looked forward to a few days on the river. He did not particularly like or dislike the Prime Minister; but he intensely disliked the alternative of a few hours in the train.

Nevertheless he accepted prime ministers as he accepted railway

trains; as part of a system which he at least was not the revolutionist sent on earth to destroy. So he telephoned to March asking him, with many apologetic curses and faint damns, to take the boat down the river as arranged that they might meet at Willowood by the time arranged; then he went outside and hailed a taxi-cab to take him to the railway station. There he paused at the book-stall to add to his light luggage a number of cheap murder stories, which he read with great pleasure, and without any premonition that he was about to walk into as strange a story in real life.

A little before sunset he arrived with his light suit-case in his hand before the gate of the long river-side gardens of Willowood Place, one of the smaller seats of Sir Isaac Hook, the master of much shipping and many newspapers. He entered by the gate giving on the road, at the opposite side to the river; but there was a mixed quality in all that watery landscape which perpetually reminded a traveller that the river was near. White gleams of water would shine suddenly like swords or spears in the green thickets; and even in the garden itself, divided into courts and curtained with hedges and high garden trees, there hung everywhere in the air the music of water.

THE first of the green courts which he entered appeared to be a somewhat neglected croquet lawn; in which was a solitary young man playing croquet against himself. Yet he was no enthusiast for the game thus revisiting the garden like a ghost; and his sallow but well-featured face looked rather sullen than otherwise. He was only one of those young men who cannot support the burden of consciousness unless they are doing something; and whose conceptions of doing something are limited to a game of some kind. He was dark and well dressed in a light holiday fashion; and Fisher recognized him at once as a young man named James Bullen, called for some unknown reason Bunker. He was the nephew of Sir Isaac; but, what was much more important at the moment, he was also the private secretary of the Prime Minister.

"Hullo, Bunker," observed Horne Fisher. "You're the sort of man I wanted to see. Has your chief come down yet?"

"He's only staying for dinner," replied Bunker, with his eye on the yellow ball. "He's got a great speech to-morrow at Birmingham and he's going straight through to-night. He's motoring himself there; driving the car, I mean. It's the one thing he's really proud of."

"You mean you're staying here with your uncle, like a good boy," replied Fisher. "But what will he do at Birmingham without the epigrams whispered to him by his brilliant secretary?"

"Don't you start ragging me," said the young man called Bunker. "I'm only too glad not to go trailing after him. He doesn't know a thing about maps or money or hotels or anything; and I have to dance about like a courier. As for my uncle, as I'm supposed to come into the estate it's only decent to be here sometimes."

"Very proper," replied the other. "Well, I shall see you later on;" and crossing the lawn he passed out through a gap in the hedge.

He walking across the lawn towards the landing stage on the river; and still felt all around him, under the dome of golden evening, an old-world savor and reverberation in that green, river-haunted garden. The next square of turf which he crossed seemed at first sight quite deserted till he saw in the twilight of trees in one corner of it a hammock, and in the hammock a man reading a newspaper and carelessly swinging one leg over the edge of the net.

Him also he hailed by name; and the man slipped to the ground and strolled forward. It seemed fated that he should feel something of the past in the accidents of that place; for the figure might well have been an Early Victorian ghost re-visiting the ghosts of the croquet hoop and mallets. It was the figure of an elderly man with long whiskers that looked almost fantastic; and a quaint and careful cut of collar and cravat. Having been a fashionable dandy forty years ago, he had managed to preserve the dandyism while ignoring the fashions. A white top hat lay beside the *Morning Post* in the hammock behind him.

This was the Duke of Westmoreland, the relic of a family really some centuries old; and the antiquity was not heraldry but history. Nobody knew better than Fisher how rare such noblemen are in fact and how numerous in fiction. But whether the duke owed the general respect he enjoyed to the genuineness of his pedigree or to the fact that he owned a vast amount of very valuable property was a point about which Mr. Fisher's opinion might have been more interesting to discover.

"You were looking so comfortable," said Fisher, "that I thought you must be one of the servants. I'm looking for somebody to take this bag of mine; I haven't brought a man down, as I came away in a hurry."

"Nor have I, for that matter," replied the Duke with some pride. "I never do. If there's one animal alive I loathe, it's a valet. I learnt to dress myself at an early age, and was supposed to do it decently. I may be in my second childhood, but I've not got so far as being dressed like a child."

"The Prime Minister hasn't brought a valet, he's brought a secretary instead," observed Fisher. "Devilish inferior job. Didn't I hear that Harker was down here?"

"He's over there on the landing-stage," replied the Duke indifferently, and resumed the study of the *Morning Post*.

FISHER made his way beyond the last green wall of the garden on to a sort of towing-path looking on the river and a wooded island opposite. There indeed he saw a lean, dark figure with a stoop almost like that of a vulture; a posture well-known in the law-courts as that of Sir John Harker, the attorney-general. His face was lined with head-work, for, alone among the three idlers in the garden, he was a man who had made his own way; and round his bald brow and hollow temples clung dull red hair quite flat, like plates of copper.

"I haven't seen my host yet," said Horne Fisher, in a slightly more serious tone than he had used to the others. "But I suppose I shall meet him at dinner."

"You can see him now; but you can't meet him," answered Harker.

He nodded his head towards one end of the island opposite; and looking steadily in the same direction, the other guest could see the gleam of a bald head and the top of a fishing rod, both equally motionless, rising out of the tall undergrowth against the background of the stream beyond. The fisherman seemed to be seated against the stump of a tree and facing towards the other bank, so that his face could not be seen, but the shape of his head was unmistakable.

"He doesn't like to be disturbed when he's fishing," continued Harker. "It's a sort of fad of his to eat nothing but fish; and he's very proud of catching his own. Of course he's all for simplicity, like so many of these millionaires. He likes to come in saying he's worked for his daily food like a laborer."

"Does he explain how he blows all the glass and stuffs all the upholstery," asked Fisher, "and makes all the silver forks and grows all the grapes and peaches and designs all the patterns on the carpets? I've always heard he was a busy man."

"I don't think he mentioned it," answered the lawyer, "what is the meaning of this social satire?"

"Well, I am a trifle tired," said Fisher, "of the Simple Life and the Strenuous Life as lived by our little set. We're all really dependent in nearly everything, and we all make a fuss about being independent in something. The Prime Minister prides himself on doing without a chauffeur, but he can't do without a factotum and jack-of-all-trades; and poor old Bunker has to play the part of a universal genius, which God knows he was never meant for. The Duke prides himself on doing without a valet; but for all that, he must give a lot of people an infernal lot of trouble to collect such extraordinary old clothes as he wears. He must have them looked up in the British Museum or excavated out of the tombs. That white hat alone must require a sort of expedition fitted out to find it, like the North Pole. And here we have old Hook pretending to produce his own fish when he couldn't produce his own fish knives or fish forks to eat it with. He may be simple about simple things like food; but you bet he's luxurious about luxurious things, especially little things. I don't include you; you've worked too hard to enjoy playing at work."

"I sometimes think," said Harker, "that you conceal a horrid secret of being useful sometimes. Haven't you come down here to see Number One before he goes on to Birmingham?"

Horne Fisher answered in a lower voice. "Yes; and I hope to be lucky enough to catch him before dinner. He's got to see Sir Isaac about something just afterwards."

"Hullo," exclaimed Harker, "Sir Isaac's finished his fishing. I know he prides himself on getting up at sunrise and going in at sunset."

THE old man on the island had indeed risen to his feet, facing round and showing a bush of grey beard with rather small sunken features but fierce eyebrows and keen cholerie eyes. Carefully carrying his fishing tackle, he was already making his way back to the mainland across a bridge of flat stepping stones a little way down the shallow stream; then he veered round, coming towards his guests and civilly saluting them. There were several fish in his basket, and he was in a good temper.

"Yes," he said in response to Fisher's polite expression of surprise, "I get up before anybody else in the house, I think. The early bird catches the worm."

"Unfortunately," said Harker, "it is the early fish that catches the worm."

"But the early man catches the fish," replied the old man gruffly.

"But from what I hear, Sir Isaac, you are often the late man too," interposed Fisher. "You must do with very little sleep."

"I never had much

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March had a momentary vision of two black, kicking legs.

# THE YELLOW MAN

BEING THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF STORIES

## THE GATES OF TIEN T'ZE

*By* LESLIE HOWARD GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

DON CRAIG had had occasion many a time during those two years when he and Kyrle had wandered in the unmapped portions of the globe to remark wonderingly on the apparently inexhaustible fund of vitality which Kyrle possessed, and which enabled her to pass gaily through sufferings and privations which would have come near to killing the average city-bred girl, and he therefore forbore to remark upon the girl's decision when, two hours after her release from the burning building in Limehouse, she refused to quit the "den" in Don's house and go to bed until she had heard in full McIvor's end of the story.

"Unfortunately there's not much of any sort at my end of the story," the superintendent told her, in response to her insistent demand for information. "We bagged six Chinks in the little tobacco-shop, but as they were doing nothing more heinous than playing we don't look like having much of a case against them. Certainly we discovered a tunnel leading from the yard of the tobacco-shop to the yard of the house where they took you, but we've got no proof that the fellows we've caught knew of its existence, though we may have a moral certainty that they did. No, Miss Durande, *we* haven't done a lot to-night; the bag's yours. You got H'si An Men and we got a part of his gang, that's as sure as sitting down, but you come out on top because your men have got what I may call a life sentence, whereas the most we can do with ours is to jug them for gambling, and pray that while they're doing time for that we'll hit up something else to strike them with. And now I'm going. Good-night, or rather good-morning."

HE ROSE to his feet, but Kyrle manoeuvred for a strategic position between him and the door.

"Oh no, you're not," she assured him; "I want to know some more."

McIvor sighed plaintively.

"It's all right for you," he pointed out; 'you seem to thrive and grow fat on this sort of thing, but I tell you I'm most devilish tired."

"Just two questions," Kyrle bargained, "and then you shall go."

"What are they?" he smiled.

"Well, then, firstly," she said, "how did you know that that innocent little tobacco-shop was worth investigating?"

"By the diagram on its wall," he answered.

"I thought you'd say that," she returned, "but, though I admit that its walls were of a light color, there was no diagram on them."

"Pardon me," McIvor corrected her, "there was. If you didn't see it it must have been because you were looking for black lines on a white wall, but remember this: in non-orthochromatic sensitizing solutions such as are used in most cases in kinematography, because they are more rapid in action, blue photographs white and yellow photographs black; the wall of the shop is blue-grey, and on it in faint yellow lines is the diagram."

Kyrle laughed.

"I wish I hadn't asked you now," she said.

"Why?" he demanded.

"Because it's so simple, and I've been thinking you such a genius," she pouted.

"*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" sighed McIvor.

Don grinned.

"Well," he said, "if you will go home to-night, I'll run you back to your place in the side-car." He rose to his feet. "Kyrle," he added, "you'd better go to bed. I shan't be away more than half an hour."

He moved out into the hall, and McIvor, having taken his leave of Kyrle, followed him. Don led the way out by the front door and round to the little garage which stood on one side of the house.

"What's the next move, McIvor?" he questioned as he swung open the garage door and switched on the electric light within.

"I'm not at all sure I know," McIvor replied as he followed Don into the building; "it's not too easy to decide. You see, it's practically impossible for us to take the initiative in this job, because we simply don't know where to look for these fellows. Just think a minute how this gang works. We may be morally certain, you and I, that the fellows we come in contact with are simply members of the subdivisions of one big gang, and we are confirmed in the belief by what H'si An Men said to Miss Durande when he imagined that she was no longer a danger to him, but that is as far as we've got. These subgangs work so independently of each other that there doesn't appear to be any connecting-link by which the capture of one would lead us to the others. We hoped when we withdrew the charge against Sir Trevor Warrington's daughter and household that when once they believed themselves free from suspicion they would lead us to the others. What happened? Sonia Warrington retired to her late father's country house in Devonshire with the whole of her father's staff. She is apparently crushed by the tragedy of her father's real life and the suddenness of his death, and she's living a life as blameless as a babe. Not a solitary action of hers or of those around her has offered the smallest loophole for suspicion to creep in. What can we do? Mere suspicion is not a sufficient reason for holding people indefinitely. There was some doubt from the start whether we could have made much of a case against them, and, having withdrawn our charge, it's obvious that we can't renew it without some additional evidence. Incidentally there seems, on the face of it, a fairly good probability that Sonia Warrington and her household are actually innocent."



Following the direction of his gaze, they saw her. She was half reclining with her legs stretched out along a broad beam which ran across under the roof. Her ankles and knees were lashed to the beam.

Don nodded.

"It's a devil of a tangle, isn't it?" he remarked ruefully, as he prepared to light the big headlight of the bicycle. "What about this H'si An Men bunch?"

McIvor shrugged none too hopefully.

"That looks a pretty slim chance, too," he confessed. "As I said before, we can hold these fellows on a few trivial charges for a week or so, but it doesn't do us a lot of good. Even if Tien T'ze gets busy again right now, you can bet your boots the job won't reflect back on to these fellows. That's the strong point of their organization! If the whole gang is split into four subgangs, as we suspect, we'll have to make four separate campaigns to get them, and then, mark you, unless we absolutely annihilate each subgang as we find it, we're leaving behind us the risk of finding when we have done in subgang number four that subgang number one, and possibly numbers two and three also, have sprung into life again. For all the guarantee we've got to the contrary this kind of thing may go on in a kind of endless chain."

"What's the answer?" Don asked.

McIVOR tugged contemplatively at his moustache.

"The only answer is this," he replied; "all these subgangs must have a head, a focus, and it's that head or focus we've got to find. Sounds easy, doesn't it? But how? How, when we only come into contact with the subgangs; when we don't know where to look for the head, and we can't find the connecting-link which joins the gangs to it? What is Tien T'ze? A person, a council, a kind of abstract idea which holds all these fellows together like a religion? We've got to find it, and we don't know what to look for. If it's a person he must have some means of communication between himself and his lieutenants, but what method? There has been no sign of it so far. Someone killed Patrick Leverton, presumably it was Sir Trevor Warrington, but presumably, also, Sir Trevor Warrington was only the instrument of Tien T'ze. Now, what kind of an organization can this be which numbers amongst its instruments such names as Warrington's? Again, Sir Trevor Warrington is dead; he died, you may say, a few hours after Leverton; we excluded all chances of publicity from the affair, yet H'si An Men is sufficiently well informed on the subject to be able to refer to it in detail to Miss Durande. Nor did he get that information, as far as we can judge, from Sonia Warrington or any other member of the Warrington household, since they have been under our surveillance from the moment of Sir Trevor's death. The suggestion is that Sir Trevor and H'si An Men—both subgang leaders, we presume—have no means of mutual communication other than through the head of the thing itself. In other words, the subgangs are like the radii of a circle from which the periphery has been removed. It's therefore no kind of good our making wholesale arrests of members of the various subgangs unless we've actually got a real case against them as individuals, since no act on the part of one group will incriminate the members of another. Do you see the proportions which the thing has stretched to? We're not fighting individuals, we're fighting the links in an invisible chain."

"It does look pretty hopeless, doesn't it?" Don agreed.

"It does look like a long job," McIvor admitted, "and I can see only one hope of shortening it just a little. We've got to make ourselves such an infernal nuisance to Tien

T'ze that Tien T'ze will be forced to try and out us right away. In that way, if we can put up a big fight, we can possibly draw the whole gang on to our track, and if we can do that we shall have them just about where we want them. Only. . . ." He hesitated. "It's a big risk. I don't mind the risk personally—it's my job; but with you and Miss Durande it's different. Craig, I'd advise you two to keep out of this; it's not your job, you've nothing to gain by smashing this gang, and devotion to the public good is—well, perhaps I as a police officer shouldn't say it, but, Craig, the public is a mighty forgetful kind of bird sometimes."

Don shrugged.

"To some extent I'm in this on principle, certainly," he returned, "but I'm also in it because—well, because I went in some years ago and it beat me. Now I want to make an end of it."

"That's well enough," McIvor agreed, "but there's Miss Durande. You owe her protection, I believe, and, believe me, you'll have your hands full in protecting yourself."

"WELL," Don smiled, "you can take it from me that Kyrle doesn't look too kindly upon people who try to protect her. I may *owe* her plenty of protection, but she's mighty careful I never pay. Seriously, though, I don't believe it's any kind of good your trying to keep her out of this; she's tasted it, and you won't be able to hold her from it. I'll put it up to her as strongly as I can, but I don't think, if I were you, I'd bank on the result." He turned back to the motor-bicycle, which in his interest in the discussion he had almost forgotten, and wheeled it out of the garage. "Now," he said, "jump aboard."

McIvor approached the side-car and swung open the little door. Then it seemed to Don as though an invisible hand had reached out and struck the superintendent a staggering blow. There was no audible sound, no visible movement, yet even as McIvor made the first movement to step into the side-car he recoiled, swung half round, and fell on to one knee.

Like a flash, Don Craig was off the bicycle and at McIvor's side.

"What is it?" he demanded.

McIvor, supporting himself by his left arm, took his right hand from his side and stared at it dazedly for a moment in the light which reached them from the front door of the house.

"I'm hit," he muttered with a puzzled inflection, "but I didn't hear a gun and I don't seem to be bleeding." Then quite suddenly his supporting arm bent and he collapsed on to the ground.

For a fraction of time Don hesitated, while two conflicting impulses clamored through his mind. The assailant must be near at hand, since from any great distance the dim light from the front door would have precluded any chance of his hitting his mark. Therefore, if Don acted quickly the man might be captured. This is what McIvor would have ordered had he retained consciousness. But McIvor might be seriously hurt, dying even; a moment's delay might very well mean the finish of the superintendent.

SWIFTLY Don caught up the unconscious man and ran for the house. His latch-key saved him the necessity of waiting until someone within should open the door, and in a moment he had carried his burden into the "den."

Kyrle had not gone to bed, and at Don's appearance she acted with a promptitude and a presence of mind which even in the whirl of the moment Don found himself applauding. One swift glance she allowed herself, then she caught up the telephone, gave a number to the exchange and in under a minute was saying:

"Dr. Peyton? Kyrle Durande speaking. Come quickly, can you? Thanks. Now, please."

Then she hurried to a large cabinet in one corner of the room, took from it a black first-aid case, and carried it to where Don, having laid the superintendent on a couch, was rapidly removing the clothing from the upper part of the unconscious man's body. Two years in the unmapped lands had not been without their effect on Kyrle.

"What's happened?" she asked, as she opened the case.

While he worked Don told her, and as he finished the



"Dr. Peyton? Kyrle Durande speaking. Come quickly, can you? Thanks. Now, please."

account he laid bare McIvor's chest; then a troubled frown creased his forehead. He had expected a bullet wound, but he found something very different, and the difference made him uneasy. Over McIvor's right breast was a small slit-like wound such as no bullet ever made, and which was bleeding but little. Don was something of an amateur surgeon; he probed the wound, found the missile which had caused it, and extracted it neatly. It was a miniature arrowhead no more than half an inch wide across the shoulders and beautifully modelled in steel, but Don had little time at the moment to study it. The nature of the missile had raised grim fears that it might have been poisoned, and he took what immediate steps he could. Quickly he caught up a narrow-bladed hunting-knife, heated the blade in the flame of a smoking-lamp, and cauterized the wound.

As he finished, a double knock on the front door announced the arrival of the doctor, and Kyrle hastened to admit him. Then, as he passed into the "den," she slipped out of the front door.

Immediately before the garage, some few yards to the right, Don's motor-bicycle still stood with engine throbbing. Don's account of the affair, though brief, had been admirably clear, and she found little difficulty in taking up a position which came quite close enough to the one which McIvor had assumed at the moment when the missile was discharged. Then she took her bearings.

IMMEDIATELY in front of her was a fairly large clump of rhododendrons, set in the centre of a wedge-shaped grass plot which lay between the left-hand wall of the garden and the carriage sweep from the gates to the front door; along the line of the left-hand wall itself stood six great poplar trees; away to the right front, on the opposite side of the carriage sweep, an ancient and twisted oak offered the sole other point of cover which could have screened McIvor's assailant. It seemed that there should be no need to look farther than the rhododendron clump, and in fact there was not. The loose earth of the bed in which the shrub was set held clearly as damp sand the imprint of footmarks, and showed, too, where the assailant had rested on one knee while he had trained his weapon on McIvor. So much was instantly visible by the aid of an electric torch which she had caught up when she had left the house. So much, but no more; there was no clue which might lead to the identification of the would-be assassin.

SHE returned to the motor-bicycle and made a careful examination of the ground around it, and now she was looking for something other than footmarks. After a moment she found what she sought. On the ground, close to the spot where McIvor must have fallen, there lay what at first glance appeared to be an ordinary lead pencil, but which on closer scrutiny turned out to be a miniature arrow-shaft, some eight inches long and something under half an inch in diameter.

Kyrle pounced upon her find and examined it eagerly by the light of her torch. Stamped upon the shaft, in exactly the same way as the maker's name is stamped upon a lead pencil, was a familiar design, the cross in the ellipse, and the minute star which stood against one arm of the cross showed the weapon to have belonged to that sub-branch known as H'si An Men.

A little frown puckered Kyrle's forehead. It seemed that the blow which they had struck against H'si An Men had not been severe enough to prevent H'si An Men from striking back, and that with disconcerting promptitude.

McIvor's fears were finding justification. Tien T'ze was proving a problem every bit as big as they had feared it to be.

Bruce McIvor was recovering, slowly, it is true, but to the complete satisfaction of his doctor and the unbounded relief of Don Craig, whose prompt action in cauterizing the wound had alone made recovery possible.

NEVERTHELESS, recovering though he was, McIvor had been placed *hors de combat* more completely than he had hoped would be the case. The irritation which had been set up by the poison in the few minutes which had elapsed between the infliction of the wound and the application of Don's improvised cautery had sufficed to react badly on even such an iron system as the superintendent's, and his doctor had imperiously ordered a somewhat imposing period of sick leave.

McIvor had resisted valiantly, but he had been defeated at last by the commissioner himself going over to the enemy. There had followed an interview in the commissioner's own office, short and heated, and the commissioner had emerged victorious, for he had commanded troops.

McIvor had been conveyed, to all intents and purposes by force, to a small house which he possessed on the Sussex Downs just five miles east of Cocking, and there he had been delivered into the hands of an ancient retainer who had once belonged to his mother. That accomplished, Don and Kyrle, who, needless to say, had formed part of the escort, had returned to Hampstead.

For a fortnight all had gone smoothly, and Tien T'ze had, with commendable consideration, lain low. It seemed, however, that this consideration was less real than apparent for at the end of that fortnight Tien T'ze sat up and, stretching its rested limbs, looked around for a little diversion.

It chanced that the Red Crescent Shipping Company chose this precise moment to make a transition from a paying concern into complete bankruptcy, in a manner which seemed more consistent with a meteor than with a crescent. At the same moment, too, Spencer Thornton, Lord Invercairn, moved into Tien T'ze's range of vision, though he was in no way connected with the shipping company.

He was a man who, strange as it may seem, did not hold his title on account of any infantile aptitude for brass-polishing, nor as a reward for any revolution in the art of soap-making, but purely by right of direct descent from the first Lord Invercairn, who had received his at the hands of James IV. of Scotland. It chanced also, which under the circumstances was still stranger, that Lord Invercairn was a wealthy man.

THEREFORE it came about that at eight-thirty one morning, just two weeks after McIvor had gone to Sussex, Spencer Thornton, Lord Invercairn, was arrested suddenly, in the act of drawing on his bath-robe, by a cry which echoed along the corridor of the big house in Portland Place. The cry was followed by the crash of breaking china, and then by the sound of the hurried footsteps of a man-servant as he dashed up from the floor below to the scene of the outcry. The fact that in the ordinary course of events the women of Lord Invercairn's household did not scream and smash things, and, moreover, the fact that the cry came from the direction of his daughter's room and was undoubtedly in a woman's voice, brought Lord Invercairn out of his own room with mingled feelings of apprehension for what might have happened and annoyance at the disturbance, but half a dozen steps along the corridor sufficed to fill him with a vastly deeper emotion. Headlong from the Hon. Deborah Thornton's room, and almost into his master's arms, dashed his lordship's valet, André. For a fraction of a second the man stared blankly at Invercairn; his face was ghastly pale, and in his eyes flamed the essence of fright; then he started to gibber unintelligibly.

Roughly, by reason of his own fear, Lord Invercairn jostled the man aside and entered his daughter's room. Just within the doorway he came to an abrupt stop.

The room was perfectly orderly, not an article of furniture was displaced, but stretched face downwards on the floor at the foot of the bed lay the body of a man. For one motionless second Lord Invercairn stood, then he acted. Quickly he crossed to the prostrate body and rolled it on to its back. The man was a Chinaman; he was clad in full evening dress, and he was quite dead. Lord Invercairn allowed his eyes to roam around the room, and then he noticed something else; across the bottom rail of the bed hung the evening wrap which his daughter had worn, but the bed had not been slept in; one corner of the clothes was turned back just as the maid had left it the previous night, but the silk bedcover was disarranged, and there was a slight tear in it. From the bed his eyes moved to where, over by the door, leaning weakly against the wall and staring, panic-stricken, at the body of the dead Chinaman, stood Josette, Deborah Thornton's maid; at her feet a small tray and the litter of broken china where the tray had fallen from her hands, but of Deborah Thornton herself there was no sign. The various articles on the dressing-table had evidently not been touched since the maid had arranged them on the previous evening after her mistress's departure for Lady Daynton's dance.

Lord Invercairn moved close to Josette.

"Where's your mistress?" he demanded.

The girl stared at him blankly; her lips trembled, but she seemed incapable of speech, and it was some moments before he got her story out of her. She had brought her mistress's tea at the usual time; she had almost fallen over the body of the dead man; it seemed that after that she had had no eyes for anything else, even she had failed to notice the absence of her mistress. She knew nothing; she had nothing to tell.

A thorough search of the house revealed nothing that was out of order, and a careful cross-examination of the servants elicited only the information that Smithson, the butler, had sat up for Deborah Thornton, and admitted her to the house. He had then bolted the front door in the usual way and gone to bed; in the morning the under-butler had reported having found the front door bolts drawn back and the door only held shut by its Yale lock.

IT SEEMED that the Hon. Deborah had walked out of her father's house in the small, dark hours, clad only in the thin evening clothes which she had worn at the dance. But as young girls of eighteen years who come of good families do not commonly indulge such nocturnal tendencies, Lord Invercairn found himself faced with an anxious and doubly-trying situation. The absence of all signs of a struggle seemed to hint at certain reasons for his daughter's disappearance which the good name of the Thornton family might justly wish should not be made public, yet the presence of the dead Chinaman in Deborah's bedroom seemed to point to a forcible abduction, and, moreover, removed any chance which might otherwise have existed of Lord Invercairn handling the matter in a way to preclude publicity. There was no alternative, therefore, to communicating with the police, and it was as a result of this communication that Inspector John MacNish called on Donald Craig at twelve-thirty the same morning at the latter's house in Hampstead.

"I'm not drinking to-day, Mr. Craig," MacNish announced in reply to Don's offer of refreshment. "I'm having all the stimulant I want just now with this business at Portland Place, you understand, what with Superintendent McIvor being away in Sussex on sick leave, and the doctor's order that he is not to be troubled with any kind of business for two months! You see this affair has a Chinaman in it, though he is a dead one, and the superintendent always took charge personally of all cases which had Chinamen in them, since we had orders to keep our eyes open for some sign of their Chinese organization, Tien T'ze. The superintendent has been as close as an oyster of late on the subject. It's little I know of Tien T'ze except what you've told me, Mr. Craig, and I'm hard put to it to get the hang of this case, so I've come to you; for I understand the superintendent has asked you to work with him to clear up the mystery of Tien T'ze, and already you've bested two of the leading men of the organization."

"I don't think anyone knows much about Tien T'ze, MacNish," Don returned, "except that it does exist for some unknown purpose. Is there any reason for supposing that the Portland Place affair is an exploit of Tien T'ze?"

"I'm not saying that there is," MacNish replied, "but it has that look to me. However, I'll tell you the details in their proper sequence. You may know that Lord Invercairn is a widower with one son at Sandhurst and a daughter. It's the daughter we're concerned with at the moment. Only two months ago she made her début into society at the Duke of Carcaster's affair. Just eighteen she is, and as pretty a lassie—if one may speak so of a lord's daughter—as ever walked the earth; the papers were full of her portrait at the time. Well, only last night the Hon. Deborah—that's her name, you understand—went to a little affair at Lady Daynton's place in Cavendish Square. She returned to her house at one-thirty this morning, and went straight to her room. Her maid Josette went to assist her, but the

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Kyrle snatched the revolver from his weakened grip, and held him covered.

# The Drama of Our Great Forests

## BUSINESS *and* ROMANCE

### *By* ARTHUR HEMING

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

THOUGH Wawe Pesim—the Egg Moon—or June, had already brought summer to the Great Northern Forest, the beautiful Athabasca still waited in vain. Son-in-law had not yet appeared. After all—was he but a fond parents' dream? I wondered.

Soon the picturesque and romantic Fur Brigade would be sweeping southward on its voyage from the last entrenchments of the Red Gods to the newest outposts of civilization—a civilization that has debauched, infected, plundered and murdered the Red man ever since its first onset upon the eastern shores of North America. If you don't believe this, read history, especially the history of the American fur trade.

Meanwhile canoes laden with furs and in charge of Hudson's Bay traders or clerks from outlying "Flying Stations," had arrived; and among the voyageurs was that amusing character, old Billy Brass. A little later, too, Chief Factor Thompson arrived from the north. Now in the fur-loft many hands were busily engaged in sorting, folding and packing in collapsible moulds—that determined the size and shape of the fur-packs—a great variety of skins. Also they were energetically weighing, cording and covering the fur-packs with burlap—leaving two ears of that material at each end, to facilitate in handling them, as each pack weighed eighty pounds.

A fur-pack of one hundred pounds—for the weight varies according to the difficulty of transportation in certain regions—contains on an average fourteen bear, sixty otter, seventy beaver, one hundred and ten fox skins, or six hundred muskrat skins. A pack of assorted furs contains about eighty skins and the most valuable ones are placed in the center.

During the next few days the great "North" or six-fathom canoes—made of birch-bark and capable of carrying three to four tons of freight in addition to their crews of from eight to twelve men—were brought out of the canoe house, and together with the two new ones had their bows and sterns painted white in readiness for their finishing touch of decoration in the way of some symbol of the fur-trade.

#### Oo-koo-hoo's Choice

AS THE principal Indian canoemen, who were to join the Fur Brigade, were already familiar with my ability as an artist, they waited upon the factor and requested him to solicit my help in the final decorating of those beautiful canoes. So it came to pass that on the bow of one a leaping otter appeared, and on the bows of others a rearing bear, a flying goose, a rampant caribou, a galloping fox, a leaping lynx, a kingly moose, and on still another the coat-of-arms of the Hudson's Bay Company. Each in turn had its admirers, but Oo-koo-hoo, who was to have charge of all the voyageurs, sidled up to Factor Mackenzie and whispered that if Hu-ge-mow—Master—would let him take his choice of the canoes, he would not only give the factor a dollar in return for the privilege, but he would promise to keep that particular canoe at the very head of the whole brigade, and never once allow another canoe to pass it during the voyage.

The factor was not only interested in the Indian's appreciation of art, as well as amused over the idea that he would accept a bribe of a dollar, but he was curious to know which canoe the Indian most favored. It was the one that displayed the Great Company's coat-of-arms; so Oo-koo-hoo, the famous white-water-man, not only won his choice and retained his dollar, but furthermore, he and his crew actually did keep the bow of that canoe ahead of all others—no matter where or when the other crews contested for the honor of leading the Fur Brigade.

To-morrow morning, at sunrise, the Fur Brigade was to take its departure. Now it was time I visited Spearhead, to thank my friends, the free trader and his family, for their kindness to me, and to bid them farewell; so I borrowed a small canoe and paddled across the lake. When I arrived they invited me to dine with them. At the table, that day, there was less talking—everyone seemed to be in a thoughtful mood.

The windows and doors were open and the baggy mosquito netting sagged away from the hot sun as the cool breeze whispered through its close-knit mesh. Outside, I could see the heifer and her mother lying in the shade of a tree, on the far side of the stump lot, and near the doorway the ducks and geese were sauntering about the grass and every now and then making sudden little rushes—as though they were trying to catch something. There, too, in the pathway, the chickens were scratching about and ruffling their feathers in little dust holes—as though they were trying to get rid of something. An unexpected grunt at the doorway attracted my attention and I saw a pig leering at me from the corners of its half-closed eyes—the very same pig the free trader and his wife had chosen to add to their daughter's wedding dowry—then it gave a familiar little nod, as though it recognized me; and I fancied too, that its ugly chops broke into an insolent smile. What was it thinking about? . . . Was it Son-in-law? I wondered.




Factor Mackenzie, who dickers with Oo-koo-hoo for his skins.

#### The Flies, They Hummed a Vulgar Tune

I GLANCED at Athabasca. How beautiful she looked! The reflected sunlight in the room cast a delightful sheen over her lustrous brown hair, and seemed to enhance the beauty of her charmingly sun-browned skin, that added so much to the whiteness of her even teeth, and to the brilliancy of her soft brown eyes. In a dreamy way she was looking far out through the window and away off toward the distant hills. She, too, set me wondering, was she thinking of Son-in-law?

At that moment, however, the pig gave another impatient grunt which startled Athabasca and caused her to look directly at me. . . . I blushed scarlet; then, so did she—but, of course, only out of sympathy.

"Yes, we'll send her to that finishing school in Toronto," her mother mused, while Free Trader Spear scratched his head once more, and three house flies lazily sat on the sugar bowl and hummed a vulgar tune.

After dinner, Mr. Spear invited me into the trading room to see some of the furs he had secured; among them were four silver-fox skins as well as the black one he had bought from Oo-koo-hoo. They were indeed fine skins.

It was now time for me to take my departure, so I returned to the living room, but found no one there. Presently, however, Mrs. Spear entered, and though she sat down opposite me, she never once looked my way. She seemed agitated about something. Clasping her fingers together, she twirled her thumbs about one another, then she twirled them back the other way; later she took to tapping her moccasined toe upon the bare floor. I wondered what was coming. I couldn't make it out. For all the while she was looking at a certain crack in the floor. Once more she renewed the twirling action of her thumbs, and even increased the action of her toe upon the floor.

What did it all mean? Had I done anything to displease her? No, I could think of nothing of the sort, so I felt a little easier. Suddenly, however, she glanced up and looking straight at me, began:

"Mr. Heming. . . we have only one child . . . . and we love her dearly. . . . ."

But the pause that followed was so long drawn out that I began to lose interest, especially as the flies were once more humming the same old tune. A little later, however, I was almost startled when Mrs. Spear exclaimed:

"But I'll lend you a photograph of Athabasca for six weeks!"

Thereupon Mrs. Spear left her chair and going upstairs presently returned with a photograph wrapped in a silk handkerchief; and, as at the very moment, the free trader and his daughter entered the room, I, without comment, slipped the photograph into my inside pocket, and wished them all good-bye; though they insisted upon walking down to the landing to wave me farewell on my way to Fort Consolation.

#### Mustering the Fur Brigade

NEXT morning, soon after dawn, the church bells were ringing and everyone was up and astir; and presently all were on their way to one or another of the little log chapels on the hill; where a little later they saw the stalwart men of the Fur Brigade kneeling before the altar as they partook of the holy sacrament before starting upon their voyage to the frontier of civilization.

Strange, isn't it, that the writers of northern novels never depict a scene like that? Probably because they have never been inside a northern church.

Next, breakfasts were hurriedly eaten, then the voyageurs assembled upon the beach placed those big, beautifully formed, six-fathom canoes upon the water, and paddled them to the landing. Chief Factor Thompson and Factor Mackenzie joined the throng; and that veteran voyageur, Oo-koo-hoo, who was to command the Fur Brigade, touched his hat and conversed with the officers. A few moments later the old guide waved his swarthy men into line. From them he chose the bowmen, calling each by name, and motioning them to rank beside him; then in turn, each bowman selected a man for his crew; until, for each of the eight canoes, eight men were chosen. Then work began.

Some went off with tump-line in hand to the warehouse, ascended the massive stairs, and entered the fur-loft. Tiers of empty shelves circled the room, where the furs were stored during the winter; but upon the floor were stacked packs of valuable pelts—the harvest of the fur trade. The old-fashioned scales, the collapsible mould and the giant fur press told of the work that had been done. Every pack weighed eighty pounds. Loading up, they rapidly carried the fur to the landing. In the storeroom the voyageurs gathered up the "tripping" kit of paddles, tents, axes, tarpaulins, sponges; and a box for each crew containing frying-pans, tea-pails, tin plates and tea-dishes. In the trading room the crews were supplied with provisions of flour, pork and tea, at the rate of three pounds a day for each man. They were also given tobacco. Most of the voyageurs received "advances" from the clerk, in the way of clothing, knives, pipes and things deemed essential for the voyage. Birchbark, spruce roots and gum were supplied for repairing the canoes.

All was now in readiness. The loading of freight began, and when each canoe had received its allotted cargo the voyageurs indulged in much hand-shaking with their friends, a little quiet talking and affectionate kissing with their families and sweethearts. Then, paddle in hand, they boarded their canoes and took their places.

In manning a six-fathom canoe the bowman is always the most important; the steersman comes next in rank, while the others are called "midmen."

Factor Mackenzie and his senior officer, sitting in the guide's or chief voyageur's canoe, which, of course, was Oo-koo-hoo's, gave the word; and all together the paddle

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blades dipped, the water swirled, and on the gunwales the paddle-handles thudded as the canoes heaved away.

The going and coming of the Fur Brigade was the one great event of the year to those nomadic people who stood watching and waving to the fast-vanishing flotilla. Were they not bidding farewell to fathers, husbands, brothers, sons or lovers, chosen as the best men from their village? Had they not lent a hand in the winning of the treasure that was floating away? If only the pelts in those packs could speak, what tales they would unfold!

As I looked back the animated picture of the little settlement wherein we figured but a moment ago gradually faded into distance. The wild-looking assembly was blotted from the shore. But still, above the rapidly dwindling buildings, waved the flag of the oldest chartered trading association in the world—the Hudson's Bay Company.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the brigade went ashore for a "snack." The canoes were snubbed to overhanging trees, and upon a rocky flat the fires burned. Hurriedly drinking the hot tea, the men seized pieces of frying pork and, placing them upon their broken bannock, ravenously devoured both as they returned to the canoes. No time was lost. Away we went again. Then the brigade would paddle incessantly for about two hours; then they would "spell," and paddles were laid aside "one smoke." As the way slackened the steersmen bunched the canoes. The soft, rich voices of the crews blended as they quietly chatted and joked and laughed together.

Later, a stern wind came along. Nearing an island, some of the men went ashore and cut a mast and sprit-sail boom for each canoe. They lashed the masts to the thwarts with tump-lines, and rigged the tarpaulins, used to cover the packs, into sails. Again the paddles were shipped, save those of the steersmen; and the crews lounged about, either smoking or drowsing. The men were weary. Last night they had danced both hard and long, with dusky maids—as all true voyageurs do on the eve of their departure. To voyageurs stern winds are blessings. Mile after mile the wild flotilla swept along. Sunshine danced upon the rippling waves that gurgled and lapped as the bows overreached them. Rugged islands of moss-covered rock and evergreen trees rose on every side. The wind favored us for about five miles, then shifted. Reluctantly the sails were let down, and masts and booms tossed overboard. At four o'clock the brigade landed on a pretty island, and a hurried afternoon tea was taken; after which we again paddled on, and at sundown halted to pitch camp for the night.

### Masterpieces of Voracity

THE canoes—held off shore so as not to damage them by touching the beach—were unloaded by men wading in the water. The fur-packs were neatly piled and covered with tarpaulins. Then the canoes were lifted off the water, and carried ashore, and turned upside down for the night. Tents were erected and camp-fires lit. Upon a thick carpet of evergreen brush, the blankets were spread in the tents. The tired men sat in the smoke at the fires and at their suppers, round which black flies and mosquitoes hovered.

Canadian voyageurs, being well used to both fasting and feasting, display great appetites when savory food is plentiful, and though I have seen much feasting and heard astonishing tales of great eating, I feel I cannot do better than quote the following, as told by Charles Mair, one of the co-authors of that reliable book, "Through the Mackenzie Basin."

"I have already hinted at those masterpieces of voracity for which the region is renowned; yet the undoubted facts related around our camp-fires, and otherwise, a few of which follow, almost beggar belief. Mr. Young, of our party, an old Hudson's Bay officer, knew of sixteen trackers who, in a few days, consumed eight bears, two moose, two bags of pemmican, two sacks of flour, and three sacks of potatoes. Bishop Grouard vouched for four men eating a reindeer at a sitting. Our friend, Mr. d'Eschambault, once gave Oskinnegu — "The Young Man"— six pounds of pemmican. He ate it all at a meal, washing it down with a gallon of tea, and then complained that he had not had enough. Sir George Simpson states that at Athabasca Lake, in 1820, he was one of a party of twelve who ate twenty-two geese and three ducks at a single meal. But, as he says, they had been three whole days without food. The Saskatchewan folk, however, known of old as the Gens de Blaireaux—"The People of the Badger Holes"—were not behind others of their race. That man of weight and might, our old friend Chief Factor Belanger, once served out to thirteen men a sack of pemmican weighing ninety pounds. It was enough for three days; but there and then, they sat down and consumed it all at a single meal, not, it must be added, without some subsequent and just pangs of indigestion. Mr. B. having occasion to pass the place of eating, and finding the sack of pemmican, as he supposed, in his path, gave it a kick; but, to his amazement, it soared aloft several yards, and then lit. It was empty! When it is remembered that, in the old buffalo days, the daily ration per head at the Company's prairie posts was eight pounds of fresh meat, which was all eaten, its equivalent being two pounds of pemmican, the enormity of this Gargantuan feast may be imagined. But we ourselves were not bad hands at the trencher. In fact, we were always hungry. So I do not reproduce the foregoing facts as a reproach, but rather as a meagre tribute to the prowess of the great of old—the men of unbounded stomach!"

And yet, strange as it may seem, fat men are seldom seen in the northern wilderness. That is something movie directors should remember.

### Something about Pemmican

PEMMICAN, though little used now-a-days, was formerly the mainstay of the voyageurs. It was made of the flesh of buffalo, musk-ox, moose, caribou, wapiti, beaver, rabbit or ptarmigan; and for ordinary use was composed of 66 per cent. of dried meat pounded fine, to 34 per cent. of hard fat, boiled and strained. A finer quality of pemmican for officers or travellers was composed of 60 per cent. of dried meat pounded extra fine and sifted; 33 per cent. of grease taken from marrow bones, boiled and strained; 5 per cent. of dried Saskatoon berries; 2 per cent. of dried choke cherries; and sugar according to taste. The pounded meat was placed in a large wooden trough and, being spread out, hot grease was poured over it and then stirred until thoroughly mixed with the meat. Then, after first letting it cool somewhat, the whole was packed into leather bags, and, with the aid of wooden mallets, driven down into a solid mass, when the bags were sewn up and flattened out and left to cool; during the cooling precaution was taken to turn the bags every five minutes to prevent the grease settling too much to one side. Pemmican was packed in bags that weighed 50, 80, or 100 lbs. each—according to the difficulty of transporting it through the country in which it was to be used. The best pemmican was made from buffalo meat, and 2 lbs. of buffalo pemmican was considered equal to 2½ lbs. of moose or 3 lbs. of caribou pemmican.

Later a cool sunset breeze from over the water blew the black flies and mosquitoes away, and then it was that those swarthy men enjoyed their rest. After supper some made bannock batter in the mouths of flour-sacks, adding water, salt, and baking powder. This they worked into balls and spread out in sizzling pans arranged obliquely before the fire, with a bed of coals at the back of each. It was an enlivening scene. Great roaring fires sent glowing sparks high into the still night air, lighting up the trees with their intense glare, and casting weird shadows upon the surrounding tents and bushes. Picturesque, wild-looking men laughed, talked, and gesticulated at one another. A few with *capotes* off were sitting close to the fires, and flipping into the air the browning flap-jacks that were to be eaten the following day. Others, with hoods over their heads, lolled back from the fire smoking their pipes—and by-the-way, novelists and movie directors and actors should know that the natives of the northern wilderness, either white or red, do not smoke cigarettes, they smoke pipes and nothing else. Some held their moccasins before the fire to dry, or arranged their blankets for turning in. Others slipped away under cover of darkness to rub pork rinds on the bottom of their canoes, for there was much rivalry as to the speed of the crews. Still more beautiful grows the scene, when the June moon rises above the trees and tips with flickering light the running waves.

Sauntering from one crew's fire to another, I listened for a while to the talking and laughing of the voyageurs, but hearing no thrilling tales or even a humorous story by that noted romancer, old Billy Brass, I went over and sat down at the officers' fire, where Chief Factor Thompson was discussing old days and ways with his brother trader.

### The Longest Brigade Routes

AFTER a little while I asked:

"What was the longest route of the old time canoe and boat brigades?"

"There were several very long ones," replied Mr. Thompson, "for instance, the one from Montreal to Vancouver, a distance of about three thousand miles; also the one from York Factory on Hudson Bay to the Queen Charlotte Islands, and another from York Factory to the Mackenzie River posts. Some of the portages on the main highway of canoe travel were rather long, for instance the one at Portage La Loche was twelve miles in length and over it everything had to be carried on man-back.

"In winter time travel was by way of snowshoes, dog-sled or jumper. A jumper is a low, short, strong sleigh set upon heavy wooden runners and hauled by ox, horse, men, or dogs. The freight load per dog—as you know—is a hundred pounds; per man, one to two hundred pounds; per horse four to six hundred pounds; and per ox five to seven hundred pounds. In summer there were the canoe, York boat, sturgeon-head scow, and Red River cart brigades. A six-fathom canoe carries from twenty to thirty packages; a York boat seventy-five packages; a sturgeon head scow one hundred packages; and a Red River cart six hundred pounds. The carts were made entirely of wood and leather and were hauled by horse or ox. With every brigade went the wife of one of the voyageurs to attend to the mending of the voyageurs' clothing and to look after the comfort of the officer in charge. But the voyageurs always had to do their own cooking and washing.

"In the old days, too, much of their food had to be procured from the country through which they travelled and therefore they relied upon buffalo, moose, wapiti, deer, bear, beaver, rabbit, fish and water-fowl to keep them in plenty.

"Perhaps it may interest you to know that the Company always issued rations to men, women, children and dogs on the following scale per diem. Fresh meat: for a man, eight pounds; for a woman or a dog, four pounds; for a child, two pounds. Whitefish: for a man, four; for a woman or a dog, two; for a child, one. Pemmican: for a man, two pounds; for a woman or a dog, one pound; for a child, half a pound. Rabbits or ptarmigan: for a man, four; for a woman or a dog, two; for a child, one. Flour or meal; for a man, two pounds; for a woman or a dog, one pound; for a child, half a pound."

Then for a while the factors sat smoking in silence. The moon had mounted higher and was now out of sight behind the tops of the neighboring trees, but its reflection was brilliantly rippled upon the water. At one of the fires a French half-breed was singing in a rich baritone one of the old *chansons* so much in vogue among the voyageurs of by-gone days—*A la Claire Fontaine.* After an encore, silence again held sway, until at another fire laughter was heard.



The deer-hunter.

"The boys over there must be yarning again," remarked the Chief Factor, as he pointed with his pipe, "let's go over and listen a while."

### Billy Brass Tells Another Story

IT WAS Oo-koo-hoo's fire and among his men was seated that ever welcome member of another crew—old Billy Brass. Evidently he had just finished telling one of his mirth-provoking stories, as the men were good naturedly questioning him about it; for, as we sat down, he continued:

"Yes, sir, it's true; fire attraks 'em. Why, I've knowed 'em come from miles round when they catched a glimpse of it, an' as long as there's danger o' white bears bein' round you'll never again find old Billy Brass tryin' to sleep beside a big fire. No, sir, not even if His Royal Highness the Commissioner or His Lordship the Bishop gives the word."

Then he sat there slowly drawing upon his pipe with apparently no intention of adding a single word to what he had already said. Lest something interesting should be lost, I ventured:

"Was it the Bishop or the Commissioner that made the trouble?"

"No, sir, neither; 'twas the Archdeacon," replied the old man as he withdrew his pipe and rubbed his smarting eyes clear of the smoke from the blazing logs. Taking a few short draws at the tobacco, he continued:

"There was three of us, me an' Archdeacon Lofty an' Captin Hawser, who was commandin' one of the Company's boats that was a-goin' to winter in Hudson Bay. It happened in September. The three of us was hoofin' it along the great, barren shore o' the bay. In some places the shore was that flat that every time the tide came in she flooded 'bout all the country we could see, an' we had a devil of a time tryin' to keep clear o' the mud. We had a few dogs along to help pack our beddin', but, nevertheless, it was hard work; for we were carryin' most of our outfit on our backs.

"One evenin' just before sundown we stumbled upon a lot o' driftwood scattered all about the flats. As so much wood was lyin' around handy, we decided to spend the night on a little knoll that rose above high water mark. For the last few days we had seen so little wood that any of our fires could a been built in a hat. But that night the sight o' so much wood fairly set the Archdeacon crazy with delight, an' nothin' would do but we must have a great, roarin' fire to sleep by. I would have enjoyed a good warmin' as well as any one, but I was mighty leary about havin' a big fire. So I cautioned the Archdeacon not to use much wood as there was likely to be bears about, an' that no matter how far off they was, if they saw that fire they would make for it—even if they was five or six miles out on the ice floes. He wouldn't listen to me. The Captin backed him up, an' they both set to an' built a fire as big as a tepee.

"We was pretty well tuckered out from the day's walkin', so after supper we dried our moccasins an' was about to turn in early when—lo' an' behold!—the Archdeacon got up an' piled more wood upon the fire. That made me mad; for unless he was huntin' for trouble he couldn't a-done a thing more foolish, an' I says something to that effect. He comes back at me as though I was afraid o' me own shadder, an' says:

" 'Billy Brass, I'm sprised that a man like you doesn't put more faith in prayin' an' trustin' hisself in the hands o' the Almighty.'

"I was so hot over the foolishness of havin' such a big fire that I ups an' says:

" 'That may be all right for you, sir, but I prefer to use my wits first, an' trust in Providence afterwards.'

### Just to Teach the Archdeacon a Lesson

"NOTHIN' more was said, an' we all turns in. I didn't like the idea of every one goin' to sleep with a fire so big that it was showin' itself for miles aroun', so I kep' myself awake. I wasn't exactly thinkin' that somethin' really serious was goin' to happen, but I was just wishin' it would, just to teach the Archdeacon a lesson. As time went on I must have done a little dozin'; for when I looks up at the Dipper again, I learns from its angle with the North Star that it was already after midnight. An'—would you believe it?—that fire was still blazin' away nearly as big as ever. The heat seemed to make me drowsy; for I began to doze once more. All at once I heard the dogs blowin' so hard. . . . "

"Blowing?"

"Yes, that's right; they were blowin'; for 'geddies' don't bark like other dogs when they're frightened. Well, I was sayin', they were blowin' so hard that my hair ly stood on end. Like a shot, I throws off me blanket mps to me feet; for I knowed what was comin'. The n an' the Archdeacon heard them too, an' we all grabbed at once for the only gun, a single-barrelled muzzle-loader.

"As ill luck would have it, the Archdeacon was nearest to that gun an' grabbed it, an' by the time we was straightened up we sees a great, big white bear rushin' at us. Quick as thought the Archdeacon points the gun at the bear an' pulls the trigger, but the hammer only snaps upon the bare nipple; for the cap had tumbled off in the scramble. There was no time for re-cappin'; so, bein' the nearest to the chargin' bear, the Archdeacon just drops the old gun an' runs for dear life around that fire with me an' the Captin followin' close behind him.

"When I seen the way the Archdeacon an' the Captin went a sailin' round that fire, it fairly took me breath away; for somehow I never had any idea that them two old cripples had so much speed left in 'em. An' you can bet it kep' me unusually busy bringin' up the rear; an', anyway, the feelin' that the bear was forever snappin' at me coattails kep' me from takin' things too easy.

"Well, we tore round an' round an' round that fire so dang many times that we was not only rapidly losin' our wind but we was beginnin' to get dizzy into the bargain. All the time we could hear the great beast thunderin' after us, yet we daren't slacken our pace; no, sir, not even enough to take a single glance behind just to see which was gainin'. It was a sure case of life or death, but principally death; an' you can depend on it we wasn't takin' any chances.

"Me an' the Captin was crowdin' so close upon the Archdeacon's heels that in his terror lest we should pass him by he ups an' sets the pace at such a tremendous speed that the whole three of us actually catches up to the bear without the brute's knowin' it. If it hadn't been for the Archdeacon steppin' on the sole of the bear's upturned left hind foot as the hungry beast was gallopin' round the fire, we'd have been runnin' a good deal longer.

### Tables are Turned on the Bear

"WELL, sir, if you had just seen how foolish that bear looked when he discovered that we was chasin' him instead of him chasin' us, you'd have died laughin'. Why, he was the most bewildered an' crest-fallen animal I ever did see. But he soon regained his wits an'—evidently calculatin' that his only salvation layed in his overhaulin' us—lit out at a saprisin' gait in a grand effort to leave us far enough behind for him to catch up to us. But it didn't work; for by that time we had all got our second wind an' he soon realised that we was determined not to be overhauled from the rear. So he set to ponderin' what was really the best thing for him to do; an' then he did it.

"You must understand that we was so close upon his heels that there wasn't room for him to stop an' turn around without us all fallin' on top of him. So what do you think the cunnin' brute did? Why he just hauled off an' kicked out behind with his right hind foot, an' hit the Archdeacon a smashing blow square on his stomach, an' knocked him bang against the Captin an' the Captin against me, an' me against the dogs; an' we all went down in a heap beside the fire.

"Well, sir, that old brute had put so much glad an' earnest energy into its kick that it knocked the wind plum out of every one of us, an' for the next few seconds there was a mess of arms an' legs an' tails frantically tryin' to disentangle themselves. But, as good luck would have it, I went down upon the gun. As I rose to my feet, I slipped a cap on the nipple just as the bear comes chargin' around the fire facing us. I ups an' lets him have it full in the mouth. The shot nearly stunned him. While he was clawin' the pain in his face, I had time to re-load, an' lets him have it behind the ear, an' he drops dead without a whimper.

"Then—would you believe it?—the Archdeacon goes up to the shaggy carcass, puts his foot on the bear's head, an' stands there lookin' for all the world like British Columbia discoverin' America, an' says:

" 'There now, Billy Brass, I hope you have learned a lesson. Next time you will know where to place your trust.'

"Well, sir, the way he was lettin' on that he had saved the whole outfit made me mad. So I ups an' says:

" 'Yes, sir, an' if I hadn't put me trust in me gun, there would have been another Archdeacon in heaven'."

### The Truth About Woodsmen

IT WAS now growing late. For a while the smiling Indians, half-breeds and white men smoked in silence; then, one after another, each knocked the ashes from his pipe, arose, stretched himself and sauntered off to his bed, whether in a tent, under a canoe, or in the open. Walking down to the water's edge I watched the moonlight for a while, then passed quietly from one smouldering fire to another. Some of the men were still talking together in low tones so as not to disturb those who were already seeking slumber; while others were arranging their bedding; and still others were devoutly kneeling in prayer to the Master of Life.

Thus during the four seasons of the year I had lived with and observed the men of the northern wilderness; and not only had I learned to like and respect them, but to admire their generosity and honesty, their simplicity and skill, their gentleness and prowess; and, above all, to honor their spiritual attitude toward this world and the next. How different they were from the city dwellers' conception of them! But still you may want further proof. You may want first-hand knowledge of those northern men. You may want to study their minds and to look into their hearts. Then may I ask you to read the following letter, written a few years ago by an old Canadian woodsman—Mr. A. B. Carleton—who was born and bred in the northern wilderness. Then you may become better acquainted with at least one of the men I have been trying to picture to you.

"I was born in the heart of the northern forest, and in my wanderings my steps have ever gone most willingly back toward the pine-covered hills and the grassy glades that slope down to cool, deep waters. The wanderlust has carried me far, but the lakes and waterfalls, the bluffs and the bays of the great northern No-Man's Land are my home, and with Mukwa, the bear, Mah-engin, the wolf, Washgish, the red deer, and Ah-Meek, the beaver, I have much consorted and have found their company quite to my liking.

"But the fates have so dealt with me that for two years I have not been able to see the smile of Springtime breaking forth upon the rugged face of my northern No-Man's Land. I have had glimpses of it, merely, among crowded houses, out of hospital windows. Still, my mind is native to the forest, and my thoughts and fancies, breaking captivity, go back, like the free wild things they are, on bright days of springtime to the wild land where the change of season means what it never can mean in the town.

"What does Spring mean to you town folk, anyway? I will tell you. It means lighter clothing, dust instead of sleet, the transfer of patronage from fuel man to ice man, a few days of slushy streets and baseball instead of hockey.

### The Glory of Spring in the Woods

"WHAT does it mean to the man of the woods? That I will try to tell. It means that the deep snow which has mantled hill and valley for five months has melted into brooks and rivulets which are plunging and splashing away to find the ocean from whence they came. It means that the thick ice, which, throughout the long winter has imprisoned the waters of the lakes, is now broken, and the waves, incited by the south wind, are wreaking vengeance by beating it upon the rocks of the northern shore, until, subdued and melted, it returns to be a mere part of the waves again. Instead of the hungry winter howl of the wolf or the whining snarl of the sneaking lynx the air is now filled with happier sounds; the ducks are quacking; geese are honking; waveys are cackling as they fly northward; squirrels among the spruce trees chatter noisily; on sandy ridges woodchucks whistle excitedly; back deep in the birch thicket partridges are drumming, and all the woodland is musical with the song of birds.

"The trees, through whose bare branches the wind all winter has whistled and shrieked, are now sending forth leaves of tender green and the voice of the wind caressing them is softened to a tone as musical as the song of birds. Flowers are springing up, not in the rigid rows or precise squares of a mechanically inclined horticulturist, but surprising one by elbowing themselves out of the narrowest crevices, or peeping bashfully out from behind fallen trees, or clinging almost upside-down to the side of an overhanging cliff. (*Continued on page 58*)

## Our Cover

"SPELLING *One Smoke.*"—*The crew of this six-fathom canoe is resting, or "spelling one smoke," on a little, foliage-covered river near the Height-of-land, while the bow-man (the head man) tells a story. A six-fathom canoe is manned by a crew of from eight to twelve, and carries from three to four tons of freight. They usually travel in a flotilla, called "The Goods Brigade," or "The Fur Brigade"—according to the freight carried.*

# PAWNED

*By* FRANK L. PACKARD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

THE hours of mental strife, of torment through which he had just passed were as the memory of some rack upon which his soul had been put to torture. They came back vividly now, those hours—every minute of them a living eternity. His soul had shrunk back aghast at first, and called it murder; but it was not murder, or, if it was, it was imperative. It was the life of a foul viper—or Claire's. It was the life of an unclean thing that mocked and desecrated all decency, that flung its sordid challenge at every law both human and divine—or the life of a pure, clean soul made the plaything of this beast, and dragged into a mire of unutterable abomination to suffocate and strangle in its noxious surroundings and die.

And that soul was in jeopardy because at this moment he, John Bruce, had the power of movement in his limbs, the sense of sight, the ability to stretch out his hand and feel it touch that lamp-post there, and, if he would, to speak aloud and designate that object for what it was—a lamp-post. She had bought him these things with her life. Should she die—and he live?

And he remembered back through these hours since midnight, when his soul had still faltered before the taking of human life, how it had sought some other way, some alternative, any alternative. A jail sentence for Crang. There was enough, more than enough now with the evidence of Crang's double life, to convict the man for the robbery of that safe. But Claire had answered that in the long ago: "I will marry him when he comes out." Or, then, to get Crang away again like this afternoon—no, yesterday afternoon. It was this morning, in a few hours, that they were to be married. There was no time left in which to attempt anything like that; but, even if there were, he knew now that it but postponed the day of reckoning. Claire would wait. Crang would come back.

He was going to kill Crang.

If he didn't, Crang would kill him. He knew that, too. But his decision was not actuated, or even swayed, by any consideration of self-preservation. He had no thought of his future or his safety. That was already settled. With his decision was irrevocably coupled the forfeiting of his own life. Not his own life! It belonged to Claire. Claire had bought it. He was only giving it back that the abysmal price she had agreed to pay should not be extorted from her. Once he had accomplished his purpose, he would give himself up to the police.

He was going to kill Crang.

THAT was what had been born out of the travail of those hours of the night. But there were other things to do first. He walked briskly now. The decision in itself no longer occupied his thoughts. The decision was absolute. it was final. It was those "other things" that he must consider now. There was Larmon. He could not tell Larmon what he, John Bruce, was going to do, but he must warn Larmon to be on his guard against any past or present connection with John Bruce coming to light. Fortunately, Larmon had come to New York and registered as Peters. He must make Larmon understand that Larmon and John Bruce had never met, even if he could not give Larmon any specific reason or explanation. Larmon would probably refuse at first, and attribute it as an attempt to break, for some ulterior reason, the bond they had signed together that night on the beach at Apia.

John Bruce smiled gravely. The bond would be broken in any case. Faustus was at the end of the play. A few months in prison, the electric chair—how apt had been his whistling of that aria in his youth! Youth! Yes, he was old now; he had been young that night on the beach at Apia.

He took off his hat and let the sharp air sweep his head. He was not thinking clearly. All this did not express what he meant. There was Larmon's safety. He must take care of that; see to it, first of all, that Larmon could not be implicated, held by law as an accomplice through foreknowledge of what was to happen; then, almost of as great importance for Larmon's sake and future, the intimacy between them, their business relations of the past, must never be subjected to the probe of the trial that was to come.

John Bruce nodded his head sharply. Yes, that was better! But there was still something else—that bond. He knew to-night, even if prison walls and a death penalty were not about to nullify that bond far more effectively than either he or Larmon ever could, that the one thing he wanted now, while yet he was a free agent, while yet it was not arbitrarily his choice, was to cancel that agreement which was so typical of what his life up to the present time had always stood for; and in its cancellation, for what little time was left, to have to typify, instead, a finer manhood. The future, premonitive, grim in its promise, seemed to hold up before him as in a mirror where no lines were softened, where only the blunt, brutal truth was reflected, the waste and worthlessness of the past. He had no wish to evade it, or temporize with it, or seek to palliate it. He knew only a vain and bitter regret; knew only the desire now at the end, in so far as he could, to face death a changed man.

HE WALKED on and on. He was getting into the uptown section now. How many miles he must have covered since he had left Hawkins, and since the door of the one-time pawnshop had closed on that little bare-headed figure with the loose cloak clutched about her throat—the last sight he had had of Claire! How many miles? He did not know. It must have been many, very many. But he felt no weariness. It was strange! It was as though his vitality and energy flowed into him from some wholly extraneous source; and as though physically he were non-existent.

He wondered what Larmon would say. Larmon alone had the right to cancel the bond. That was the way it had been written. Would Larmon refuse? He hoped not because he wanted to part with Larmon as a friend. He hoped not, though in the final analysis, in a practical way Larmon's refusal must be so futile a thing. Would Larmon laugh at him, and, not knowing, call him a fool? He shook his head. He did not know. At least Larmon would not be surprised. The conversation of last evening—

John Bruce looked up. He was at the entrance to the Bayne-Miloy Hotel. He entered, nodded mechanically to the night clerk, stepped into the elevator, and went up to his room. There was his revolver to be got. Afterward he would go down to Larmon's room. Somehow, even in the face of that other thing which he was to do, this interview which was to come with Larmon obsessed him. It seemed to signify some vital line of demarcation between the old life and the new.

The new! He smiled grimly, without mirth, as, entering his room, he switched on the light, stepped quickly to his desk, pulled open a drawer, and took out his revolver. The new! There would be very little of the new! He laughed now in a low, raucous way, as he slipped the weapon into his pocket. The new! A few weeks, a few months of a prison cell, and then— His laugh died away, and a half startled, half perplexed look settled on his face. For the first time he noticed that a letter, most obviously placed to attract his attention, lay on the center of the desk pad. Strange, he had not seen it instantly!

He stared at it now. It was a plain envelope, unstamped, and addressed to him. The writing was familiar too! Larmon's! He picked it up, opened it—and from the folds of the letter, as he drew it from the envelope four torn pieces of paper fluttered to the desk. And for a long time, in a dazed way, he gazed at them. The letter dropped from his hand. Then mechanically he pieced the four scraps together. It was one of the leaves torn from Larmon's notebook that night in Apia—and here was the heavy scrawl where he, John Bruce, had signed with the quill toothpick. It was Larmon's copy of the bond.

And again for a long time he stared at it, then he picked up the letter again. He read it slowly, for somehow his brain seemed only able to absorb the words in a stunned way. Then he read it again:

Dear Bruce:—

Something has come into your life that was not there on a night you will remember in the Southern Seas, and I know of no other way to repay you for what you did for me to-day than to hand you this. I knew from what you said to-night, or perhaps, from what you did not say, that this was in your heart. And if I were young again, and the love of a good woman had come to me, I too should try—and fail, I fear, where you will succeed—to play a man's part in life.

And so I bid you good-by, for when you read this I shall be on my way back West. What I lose another will gain. Amongst even my friends are men of honorable callings and wide interests who need a John Bruce. You will hear from one of them. God speed to you, for you are too good and clean a man to end your days as I shall end mine—a gambler.

Yours,

GILBERT LARMON.

The love of a good woman—and young again! John Bruce's face was white. A thousand conflicting emotions seemed to surge upon him. There was something fine and big in what Larmon had done, like Larmon whose real self he had come to glimpse for the first time last night; and something that was almost ghastly in the unconscious irony that lay behind it all. And for a little while he stood there motionless, holding the letter in his hand; then with a quick abrupt return to action, he began to tear the letter into little shreds, and from his pocket he took his own copy of the bond and tore that up, and the four pieces of Larmon's copy he tore into still smaller fragments, and gathering all these in his hands he walked to the window and let them flutter out into the night.

THE way was clear. There was nothing to connect Gilbert Larmon with the man who to-morrow—no to-day—would be in the hands of the police charged with murder. Nothing to bring to light Larmon's private affairs, for nothing bearing Larmon's signature had ever been kept; it was always destroyed. Larmon was safe—for, at least, they could never make John Bruce talk.



He could scarcely see in the murky water . . . floating within his reach was a woman's form.

There was a strange relief upon him, a strange uplift; not only for Larmon's sake, but for his own. The link that had bound him to the past was gone, broken, dissolved. He stood free—for the little time that was left; he stood free—to make a fresh start in the narrow confines of a prison cell. He smiled grimly. There was no irony here where it seemed all of irony. It meant everything—all. It was the only atonement he could make.

He switched off the light, left his room, and went down to the desk. Here he consulted the directory. He requested the clerk to procure a taxi for him.

It was five minutes after six by the clock over the desk.

He entered the taxi and gave the chauffeur theaddress. He was unconscious of emotion now. He knew only a cold, fixed, merciless purpose.

He was going to kill Crang.

The taxi stopped in front of a frame house that bore a dirty brass name-plate. He dismissed the taxi, and mounted the steps. His right hand was in the pocket of his coat. He rang the bell, and, obtaining no response, rang again—and after that insistently.

The door was opened by an old woman, evidently aroused from bed, for she clutched tightly at a dressing gown that was flung around her shoulders.

"I want to see Doctor Crang," said John Bruce.

She shook her head.

"The doctor isn't in," she answered.

"I will wait for him," said John Bruce.

Again she shook her head.

"I don't know when he will be back. He hasn't been here since yesterday morning."

"I will wait for him," said John Bruce monotonously.

"But—"

John Bruce brushed his way past her into the hall.

"I will wait for him," he repeated.

A door was open off the hallway. John Bruce looked in. It was obviously Crang's office. He went in and sat down by the window.

The woman stood for a long time in the doorway watching him. Finally she went away.

John Bruce's mind was coldly logical. Crang was not aware that his escape was known to any one except Claire, and he had been cunning enough to keep under cover. That was why he had not been home. But he would be home before he went out to be married. Even a man like Crang would have a few preparations to make.

John Bruce sat by the window. Occasionally the old woman came and stood in the doorway—and went away again.

There was no sign of Crang.

At fifteen minutes of eight John Bruce rose from his chair and left the house.

"He was to be at Paul Veniza's at eight," said John Bruce to himself with cool precision.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### The Best Man

HAWKINS sat at the table in his room, and twined and twined one old storm-beaten hand over the other. For hours he had sat like that. It was light in the room now, for it was long after seven o'clock. His bed had not been slept in. He was dressed in his shiny best suit; he wore his frayed black cravat. He had been dressed like that since midnight; since he had returned home after Claire had fled into her house, and John Bruce had strode by him on the sidewalk with set, stony face and unseeing eyes; since, on reaching his room here, he had found a note whose signature was false because it read "Paul Veniza," when he knew that it came from Crang. Crang was taking precautions that his return should not leak out! The note only corroborated what he had heard through the door. He was to be at Paul Veniza's at eight o'clock with the travelling pawnshop. The note had said nothing about any marriage; but, then, he knew! He was to be the best man. And so he had dressed himself. After that he had waited. He was waiting now.

"The first," said Hawkins, with grave confidence to the cracked mirror. "Yes, that's it—the first in line, because I am her old father, and there aint nothing can change that."



**And then, as his hand grasped the lower rung, she opened her eyes slowly and a tremor ran through her frame. She lived!**

His own voice seemed to arouse him. He stared around the shabby room that was his home, his eyes lingering with strange wistfulness on each old battered, and long familiar object—and then suddenly, with a choking cry, his head went down, buried in his arms outflung across the table.

"Pawned!" the old man cried brokenly. "It's twenty years ago I pawned her—twenty years ago. And it's come to this because—because I aint never redeemed her—but, oh God, I love her—I love my little girl—and—and she aint never going to know how much."

The asthmatic gas jet spat venomous defiance at the daylight that was so contumaciously deriding its puny flame.

And after a little while, Hawkins raised his head. He looked at his watch.

"It's time to go," said Hawkins and cleared his throat.

Hawkins picked up his hat and brushed it carefully with his coat sleeve; his shoulders, and such of his attire as he could reach, he brushed with his hands; he re-adjusted his frayed black cravat before the cracked mirror.

"I'm the best man," said Hawkins.

Oblivious to the chattering gas jet, he descended the stairs and went out to the shed in the rear that housed the travelling pawnshop.

"The first in line," said the old cab driver, as he climbed into the seat.

Five minutes later, he drew up in front of the one-time pawnshop. He consulted his watch as he got down from his seat and entered the house. It was 7.35.

HE TWISTED his hat awkwardly in his hands as he entered the rear room. He felt a sudden wild rush of hope spring up within him because there was no sign of Crang. And then the hope died. He was early; and, besides, Claire had her hat on and was dressed to go out. Paul Veniza, also dressed, lay on the cot.

No one spoke.

Then Paul Veniza's frame was racked with a fit of coughing, and out of a face ashen in pallor his eyes met Hawkins' in silent agony—and then he turned his head away.

Hawkins twisted his hat.

"I came a little early," he said wistfully, "because I thought mebbe you might—mebbe there might be some change — that mebbe you might not—"

He stopped. He was looking at Claire. Her face was very white too. Her smile seemed to cut at his heart like a knife.

"No, Hawkins," she said in a low voice; "there is no change. We are going to Station Island. You will drive Doctor Crang. There is a limousine coming for father and me that will be more comfortable for father."

Hawkins' eyes went to the floor.

"I—I didn't mean that kind of a change," he said.

"I know you didn't, Hawkins. But—but I am trying to be practical." Her voice broke a little in spite of herself. "Doctor Crang doesn't know that you overheard anything last night, or that you know anything about the arrangements, so—so I am explaining them to you now."

Hawkins' eyes were still on the floor.

"Aint there nothing"—his voice was thick and husky—"aint there nothing in all the world that any of us can do to make you change your mind? Claire, aint there nothing, nothing at all? John Bruce said there wasn't, and you love John Bruce, but—"

"Don't, Hawkins!" she cried pitifully.

The old shoulders came slowly up, and the old head; and the old blue eyes were of a sudden strangely flint-like.

"I've got to know," said Hawkins, in a dead, stubborn way.

"There is nothing," she answered.

Hawkins' eyes reverted to the floor. He spoke now without lifting them.

"Then—then it's—it's like saying good-by," he said, and the broken note was again in his voice. "It's—it's so many years that mebbe you've forgotten, but when you were a little girl, and before you grew up, and—and were too big for that, I—I used to hold you in my arms, and you used to put your little arms around my neck, and kiss me, and—and you used to say that—Hawkins would never let the bugaboos get you, and—and I wonder if—if—"

"Oh, Hawkins!" Claire's eyes were full of tears. "I remember. Dear, dear Hawkins! and I used to call you Daddy Hawkins. Do you remember?"

A TEAR found a furrow and trickled down the old weather-beaten face, unchecked, as Hawkins raised his head.

"Claire! Claire!" His voice trembled in its yearning. "Will—will you say that again, Claire?"

"Dear Daddy Hawkins," she whispered.

His arms stretched out to her, and she came to them smiling through her tears.

"You've been so good to me," she whispered again. "You are so good to me—dear, dear Daddy Hawkins."

A wondrous light was in the old cabman's face. He held the slight form to him, trying to be so tenderly careful that he should not hurt her in his strength. He kissed her, and patted her head, and his fingers lingered as they smoothed the hair back from where it made a tiny curl about her ear.

And then he felt her drawing him toward the couch—

*Continued on page 46*

# JUST AVERAGE

*By* ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

*Author of "Love of the Wild," "Willow, the Wisp," "A Son of Courage," etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

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Hartley was standing before him.

HORATIO WILLIAMS twisted contemptuously, drawing a squeak of protest from the wicker-seated chair upon which he had deposited his two hundred and ten pounds. His stubby fingers crotched the oily cigar he was dry-smoking. His eyes, small, black, boring, were as hard as jade as they gazed into the light blue ones of the man seated on the opposite side of the office table.

"You're a good enough lawyer, Hartley," he admitted, "and I aint begrudgin' you what you've soaked me off and on for advice, understand. But when you say lawyer, you say it all. You don't know anythin' like you think you know about oil; if you did, you'd be huntin' with the pack out in some derrick-jungle and lettin' some average feller hold down that chair of yours."

He paused, as though hoping the other man might challenge his statement. Horatio Williams, oil king, had for Arnold Hartley, barrister, all the contempt that an aggressive chance-taker has for a timid marker of time. He used him as did other moguls and corporations, paid him well for his legal services, and forgot him until he was needed again.

Somehow, Hartley, with his light hair, light eyes, colorlessness and furtiveness, had always reminded him of a ferret—a ferret in a cage, to be plucked therefrom at intervals by a sure, rough hand and shown the mouth of a burrow in which some quarry lay hidden, and safely caged again after his work was done. Supposing the ferret should slip his cage some day, and become a weasel? The thought was not at all comforting to Williams.

"Not," he continued, as Hartley smiled cynically, "that I'm knockin' this little Millbury field either. It's all right as far as it goes, only I'm sayin' it don't go far enough.

"JUST once let these wells ease off in their production and watch her sag back to nothin' again. She's the same as any other oil-boom town. Me, I'm oil man enough to know what I'm talkin' about, and I'm tellin' you that this big gusher up somewhere near the Arctic Circle is goin' to draw the oil men up there like a magnet draws steel. Say, if I could glimpse one shadow of a possible look in on that territory, you could have everything else."

With a gesture of disgust, he pushed back his chair.

"I'm goin' now to feed these new leases to the Hoverton mossbacks. And," his black eyes bored Hartley, "if you haven't inserted a trick clause in 'em that spells safe to Horatio Williams, you needn't ever expect any more business from me, mind that."

He stamped out, banging the door behind him.

There was something sinisterly suggestive of the weasel, to which his visitor had likened him, in Hartley's attitude as, head lifted and slightly turned to one side, he listened to the heavy footsteps receding down the hall.

He waited until he heard the outer door open and close. Then he pressed a button beneath his desk.

"Trumble," he addressed the young man, who, pencil and note book in hand, appeared from an inner room, "you remember placing a package of papers, marked Langman, in the safe some months ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get them."

The young man turned to execute the order, and Hartley arose and paced slowly up and down the room, hands locked behind his back.

"That's all," he said shortly, as the stenographer returning laid a bulky blue envelope on the table. "Continue typing the Wilton brief. I don't wish to be disturbed."

AS HARTLEY resumed his seat beside the table, a low knock fell on the door. He looked up irritably.

"Come in," he called sharply, as he pushed the blue envelope from view beneath some loose sheets of letter paper.

Then his pale blue eyes opened wide as a girl entered, a tall girl with grave face lit by wide eyes of grey and a mass of red-gold hair looped loosely beneath tweed auto-cap.

"Are you Mr. Arnold Hartley?" she asked in a low, softly modulated voice.

He bowed.

"I have come a long distance to meet you, Mr. Hartley," she said. "You are a cousin of Mr. David Langman's, I understand?"

His light eyes left her face to flash to the pile of papers on the table.

His tones were a trifle constrained as he answered. "I have a cousin of that name, yes."

She leaned forward eagerly. "And might I ask have you any idea of his whereabouts at the present time, Mr. Hartley?"

"Not the slightest," he answered. "I'm afraid, if it's information you seek, I can be of but little assistance to you, madam. You see, I have never met David Langman personally, despite the fact that I am his only living relative. He was a queer chap, I understand, and a noted geologist. He spent most of his time prospecting in the northern wilds. We corresponded regularly, however. In August of 1914 I received a letter from him to the effect that he was joining up with the Princess Pats, at Edmonton, and was going to the front."

"And that," she faltered, "was the last you heard of him?"

He gave her a keen look; but she was sitting eyes gazing into space, white fingers smoothing the soft leather of her gauntlets.

"PARDON me," said Hartley coldly, "but before we discuss my cousin further, you must tell me who you are, and why you wish to know."

"David Langman is my husband," she answered clearly.

"Your husband?" repeated the lawyer in amazement.

"Yes. We were married in France. There—there was a misunderstanding. We parted before I could explain. And then—then—"

"And then he was wounded, lost his memory and disappeared," Hartley finished for her.

He drew forward a chair and sat down. The expression on his colorless face was as unreadable as when first she glimpsed it, as he said,

"If, as you say, you are his wife, you have, of course, some proof; a marriage certificate, perhaps?"

The grey eyes sought his appealingly.

"I have no proof. There was a fire—"

"I see." Hartley's thin lips curved in a smile. "That was indeed unfortunate."

"Then you do not believe me?" she murmured.

"You see," he evaded her direct question, "you are an entire stranger to me, madam. I received several letters from my cousin, from France. He did not mention anything about having married."

Her face flushed and her eyes darkened.

"Mr. Hartley," she said earnestly, "I did not come to you with the purpose in mind you surmise. I knew, quite well, that you and my husband were—in a sense—strangers. I did not expect that you could give me any inkling as to his present whereabouts. Rather, I came to you hoping that in you I would find a man—"

She paused, and as he lifted his head quickly, added, "capable of undertaking a sacred mission for me."

"Then I am to infer you do not consider me such a man, madam?"

She gazed at him appraisingly.

"Frankly, I do not," she answered. "The man who would successfully carry out my mission must be essentially brave—"

"And in that quality, I am lacking, in your eyes?" he interrupted.

"Pardon me, I had not quite finished. I was about to add—that this man must also be above the average."

He recoiled as though a whip had lashed him across the face.

"PLEASE realize that I am under a terrific strain," she continued. "I must find my husband, who, something tells me, has gone back to the Peace River wilderness. He may be suffering, destitute. There is nobody to help. Oh, don't you see," she broke off, "how terribly hopeless it all is? I cannot seek him alone, and you are not sufficiently interested—"

She paused, biting her lip.

Hartley sat drooped before the table. The girl's eyes were on his face. It was a weak face, she believed, colorless, like his personality, and she had learned to read faces pretty accurately during three years hospital work in France.

"Mr. Hartley," she said dejectedly, "I am going now. Had I found in you one willing to undertake and capable of executing my mission, I would gladly have placed sufficient funds at your disposal to finance the undertaking. In addition, I would have been glad to pay you, in advance, any amount you cared to name for your services in my behalf. I have plenty of money at my disposal."

Hartley lifted his head, like a weasel who, following dead spoor, comes suddenly upon something promising a meal. Immediately his manner changed from cynical indifference to suave amenity and respect.

"Mrs. Langman," he said, "you have aroused my sympathy. I shall be glad to undertake your mission with a full realization of its hardships and dangers."

"I AM grateful to you, Mr. Hartley," she replied simply, "and I thank you. But it has come to me, during the few moments, that the one who finds my husband must have some great incentive, must be driven by some great motive. Only such a one could hope to succeed."

"Meaning?" he asked, his cynical self once more.

"Myself."

She turned toward the door. He stepped before her and opened it.

He stood listening to her light steps down the hall. He walked to the window and looked out.

Something vital, colorful, urging had touched him, rocking him to a realization of his mediocrity; a girl with drooping lips and sure-reading eyes had placed him for himself. She had told him that he was just average.

AVERAGE; that was the word which described him to a nicety. Average in intellect, looks, in everything he did; average, which meant that he was no cleverer, no more outstanding than those other units who made up nine-tenths of the world's many millions of units.

He was merely a puppet. Average! Would he, he asked himself, continue to fight the battles of crooks and schemers? Continue to watch men to whom he pointed the way amass millions from undertakings okeyed by him as—within the law?

No.

He walked back to the table and threw himself into his chair. No more, he decided, would he play the part of a servant to others.

He reached for the telephone and called up Horatio Williams.

HALF an hour later, Williams projected his huge bulk along the narrow hall and into Hartley's office. His heavy face was scowling, and his uneven teeth showed in a snarl like that of a dog disturbed at a meal.

"See here, Hartley," he began. "What the devil do you mean by buttin' in on me this way? I wanta tell you—"

He bit off the utterance, shrinking against the door-jamb, his big hands flattened against the wall.

Hartley was standing before him. Hartley's voice came to his astounded ears, crisp, commanding.

"I'll do the talking, Williams. Go over there and sit down!"

Williams slouched to the table and dropped into a chair.

"Well, I'll be shot," he murmured, his beady eyes, wide with amazement, fixed on the lawyer's face.

Hartley resumed his seat. He reached beneath the papers on his table, and drew out the envelope labelled Langman. There was, the oil-man discerned, a poise and assurance hitherto lacking in the man. What had happened to change him, he wondered. And, damn the fellow's fish eyes! would he never take them from him?

He shook himself, straightened in his seat. "See here," he growled, with an assumption of his old bullying self, "What's the matter? Are you crazy?"

"I'm simply awake." Hartley tapped the blue envelope before him. "Awake to opportunity. I'm through playing on the fringe of things, Williams; through being the servant of men like you. Hereafter I'm going to do a little whistling myself and watch a few of you money-gods dance to it."

Williams' oily face beaded. The hair on the back of the hands gripping the arms of his chair stood up like the spines on a startled dog's back. There was that in the sinister words of the lawyer which froze him into fear.

'You can't make capital out of what you know about me," he spluttered. "You daren't. It would kill your professional career if you tried it; and I've got the money to stack against any game you pull."

Hartley shrugged, as from a silver case he produced a cigarette. He lit it and smoked it through in silence. Williams, his snakey eyes on the lawyer's face, waited.

At last Hartley spoke.

"This morning, Williams, you remarked that a fortune awaited the man who could secure a fair holding in this newly discovered oil field in the Peace River district. I wonder if you are reasonably sure of that?"

Williams, his apprehension dispelled, leaned eagerly forward across the table.

"I'll go further than that," he said. "I'll say that fortunes have already been made by those who held claims there, and you can't buy a foot of the stuff at any price."

"How do you know?"

"Because I've tried."

"Supposing then, I were to tell you that I hold 1,920 acres of land unquestionably rich in oil, and in direct line with this Norman gusher, but as yet unknown to any of of the big prospecting interests up in that new field, what would you say?"

Williams laughed shortly. "I'd say you was coco."

Hartley tapped the blue envelope.

"See this?"

"Dogone it," grated Williams. "Haven't you been doin' your best to make me see it? What is it?"

"It's something that's going to pry you loose from some of your cherished American money," Hartley told him. "It's a description and map of a 1,920 acre claim staked some six years ago by a cousin of mine, near the mouth of the Mackenzie."

Williams' huge form slowly stiffened.

"No!" he said incredulously.

"Yes. And it's safe as a church, because nobody can possibly find it without this map of location which I hold."

"And it's in this Norman belt, you say?"

"Directly. It's west of Norman and well out of all prospecting lines."

"But how do you know the stuff's there?" Williams' tones were flat, doubtful.

"Because my cousin, in his letters to me, claims it is there."

Williams bit savagely at a cigar, lit it and leaned back in his seat, leering up at the lawyer. "Not good enough, Hartley; not near good enough to pry kale from the pile of yours truly."

"It's time enough for you to talk that way when you know I need your money," flashed Hartley. "And—I'm not so sure that I do need it."

"Oh come now." Williams' tones were conciliatory. "If you've really got somethin'—I don't say that you have, remember—but if so, I'm with you. I was only jokin' about the money. Just you show me oil-color and I'll show you all the lucre you need; but right here, before we go any further—tell me one thing. Who's this know-it-all cousin of yours?"

Hartley's pale eyes sought the black ones. "His name is David Langman," he answered.

"What?"

Williams' mouth fell open so that his cigar sagged. "Not David Langman, the geologist?"

"The same."

"Why, man alive!" cried Williams excitedly, "I've heard of him. That fellow knows oil-signs if anybody knows 'em. Where's he now?" he asked eagerly.

"He's dead, or as good as dead," said Hartley. "He was wounded in France and lost his memory. Nobody knows where he disappeared to. He made these papers and map over to me. They are legally mine, so set your mind at rest there."

"And how long have you been in possession of these papers?"

"For over a year," Hartley answered. "I didn't consider them of any special value until word came of this big find at Fort Norman. Then I sat up and took notice.

"First of all, I got in touch with the Northwest Regulation Department at Edmonton. From them I received authentic proof that this northern field has not been overestimated. Of course, I couldn't determine whether or no the claim had been recorded without giving its location, and this, naturally, I couldn't do."

"And there is nothing in those papers to indicate that the claim has been recorded?"

"Nothing. The only way to find out is to visit the recording office at Edmonton."

"Umph!" mused Williams, squinting through heavy smoke rings. "Simply stakin' a claim isn't goin' to hold it. If it hasn't been recorded, no tellin' who has his clutches on it now."

"Nobody else has ever found it," said Hartley. "Of that I am sure. The claim is too far away from what is conceded to be oil territory to make that even a possibility."

Williams stood up.

"All right," he said shortly. "Now then, what do you propose?"

"I propose starting for Fort Norman at once, relocate that claim, and record it, if necessary, as soon as possible."

"And where do I come in?"

Hartley smiled. "Perhaps you don't come in," he replied. "But I am willing to give you a quarter interest in the claim, providing you will accompany me North, help locate it, and finance the undertaking."

Williams shook his head. "It's halves or nothin'," he said. "It's not a sure win, as it stands, and it's goin' to take a bucketful of money. Say fifty-fifty and I'm game to nose in, though. Understan'." He twisted about and bored the lawyer with hard eyes. "I'm not any too anxious to take it on at that."

"All right," Hartley agreed. "We'll say a half interest, then. You know, of course, what you'll be facing in a trip up into that snow-bound wilderness at this season?"

Williams frowned. "I reckon I know a darned sight better than you do," he said. "I've been up in that Peace River district after big game. It's goin' to be some hike that. Fifteen hundred miles by dog team, through rough country, and with the mercury around fifty, won't be exactly no spring mornin' stroll, I'm thinkin'. When do we start?" he asked.

Hartley considered. "I'll have to arrange with some lawyer in Windover to come down here and look after my business," he replied. "Could you be ready to leave, say, Monday week?"

"Suits me fine," nodded Williams. "Let's see. Straight from here to Edmonton. That right?"

"That's right."

"Well, then, I'll look after the transportation, and if you need any money for anythin' in the meantime, just let me know."



Danton pointed to a white speck high in the air. "There's the first plane now," he said.

FROM his cabin window Danton saw dogs and men creeping northward on the frozen breast of the Athabaska, like black ants across a bank of spilled sugar, and guessed that they were prospectors on their venturous way to the newly discovered oil-field at Fort Norman. Grimly he watched that straggling line until it melted in the frost-silvered dusk of twilight.

He was not interested. He had ceased to wonder why men became fools when Nature, as though in retaliation of past sacrilege, flashed a rainbow. He had seen more than one new trail broken in search of the fabled pot of gold, and with it hearts and fortunes. But it was nothing to him. So long had he been a part of this world of forest and granite that his soul had become grafted to and interwoven with it.

He ate his supper, fed the dogs, and, pipe alight, sat down before his fire. He did not light the lamp. Usually he sat through the first hour's darkness watching from the little window the

big stars glow out above the tree-tops, or the Aurora Borealis flame up the Arctic sky.

The cabin was wrapped in inky blackness when he aroused himself and lit the lamp.

As he turned from the stove, he paused, listening. Up from the river sounded the grinding slide of snow-shoes on brittle crust. A moment later came voices. He frowned, and stepping to the door, opened it.

Three men, one an Indian, the other two strangers to him, stumbled into the cabin, and approached the fire, shivering.

"Ugh! Very cold night."

The Algonquin's black eyes flashed up at Danton. "I bring these men. They wish talk."

Danton pushed forward stools, and seated himself on the edge of the bunk. He was quite sure that these were two of the three men he had seen mushing forward toward Chipewyan late that afternoon.

It was the younger of the strangers who spoke first. He had pulled off mitts and cap and unbuttoned his fur-lined mackinaw at the throat.

"Your name's Danton, I understand? Well, mine's Hartley and that of my friend here is Williams."

He stood up, hand half extended, then as though sensing the unfriendliness in the level look of the other, shrugged and resumed his seat.

WILLIAMS had swung about on his stool to acknowledge the introduction. His face, heavy, expressionless, was turned toward Danton.

A faint smile crossed the latter's lips. What was it these men wished him to do?

As though reading the unspoken question, Hartley spoke:

"Mr. Danton," he said, "you are doubtless wondering why we are here. I'll explain. As you are doubtless aware, a rich oil field has been discovered at Fort Norman. We are on our way to that place. Unfortunately, the guide secured by us at Edmonton was taken ill this afternoon and is unable to accompany us further. We find ourselves in a most unenviable predicament, and it is very necessary that we push on at once. The sergeant of police at Chipewyan suggested that we see you. Mr. Danton, we wish to engage your services as guide, if possible."

He paused, and receiving no reply from Danton, added, "Of course, you will be allowed to set a high value on your services. We are willing to pay you almost any amount you ask. We've simply got to go on without further loss of time."

Danton crossed to the stove and put more wood on the fire. Then he folded his arms and looked down at Hartley.

"Sorry," he said, "but I'm not a guide."

"We know that," spoke up Williams gruffly. "It's easy enough to get a guide's license, though, and we're willin' to come through right for your work."

He subsided before a warning glance from Hartley. "Mr. Danton," said the latter earnestly, "we're not going to disguise from you the fact that we are in rather a serious position. Briefly, the situation is this. Mr. Williams here is an American, with large oil holdings in the State of Texas, and the Millbury field of Western Ontario. You may, or may not, be aware that during the years of the late war and up until now the competition between oil-companies has been of the keenest. The natural result has been that the smaller companies have been gradually forced by the larger into a tight corner, the extrication from which depends largely if not wholly on one thing—new territory."

"And money to work it," interposed Williams, hunching forward on his stool.

Hartley's light brows arched ever so slightly. It was plain to Danton that the older man was not playing according to Hoyle; that by pre-arranged plan he was supposed to keep quiet and let Hartley do the talking.

"Then," he asked, "your purpose is to secure, if you can, holdings in the Norman field?"

"Yes—and no," Hartley answered. "Of course, we realize that a great portion of the field has already been staked, but we already have a claim, and it was staked before this new Government ordinance came into effect."

"You mean to say that you have 1,920 acres of land, adjacent to Fort Norman, under your control?" Danton asked.

"No, I don't. This claim is neither adjacent to the Norman field nor under our control—yet. It's location, however, is known only to ourselves, and the sooner we refile and record the better."

"But surely," said Danton, "this claim has been recorded?"

"Not to our knowledge, it hasn't." There was an edge of irritation in the tones. "That's why we can't afford to lose any time. Spring will find a big influx into this new territory. We've got to beat the others in, refile, and get back to Edmonton and record."

"But why—" commenced Danton, then catching the intent look in Williams' beady eyes, he became silent.

"Look here," spoke up Williams, "it don't strike me we're gettin' down to cases proper on this thing, Hartley. What we want to know is, will this man undertake to guide us to Fort Norman? Your line of talk isn't as interestin' to him, I take it, as the soothin' crinklin' whisper of the long green."

From an inside pocket he drew a leather wallet and from it extracted two one-thousand dollar bills.

"Danton," he said, a pudgy finger tapping the notes, "despite the fact that I've always dabbled in oil, I'm no smooth talker, like my partner here, who's more at home with gushin' than with a 'gusher'. But I'll say I've found this stuff under my fingers the greatest little lubricant in the world when a wheel in the mechanism of any enterprise I've undertook started squeakin'. Now, my cards, to wit, this money, are on the table. You're the fly wheel in this undertakin' now, Danton, and I'm engineer enough to know you're axle-bound. Here's oil, and if there aint enough in these two yellow backs to set you in motion, say when the can's out."

He lifted the wallet and smiled a smile as expressionless as a slit in a mask.

"Have you ever been over this route before?" Danton asked.

"No." Hartley roused himself and lit a cigarette. "I was about to explain how we came into possession of this claim when I was interrupted. This claim whose location we hold was staked by a cousin of mine, some five years ago, long before the big gusher was discovered. This cousin, I might say, was a very clever geologist with a passion for prospecting. He had no ties, I being his sole relative, and drifted up to this Peace River district believing that it offered possibilities for study and research. During the two years he spent here—1912 and 1913—to be exact, I received some interesting letters from him, each a glowing tribute to this country as a land of hidden wealth and resources.

"However, in spite of my cousin's optimism, and his suggestion that I advance sufficient money to record his claim, for which he offered me a half interest, I was not greatly interested. I wish now that I had listened to him."

He paused and glanced at his listener.

"Your cousin?" asked Danton. "He is one of your party?"

"No," Hartley answered, "neither is he in any sense a factor in the enterprise. He fought in the late war, was wounded and lost his memory. Where he is now I don't know. Before leaving for France, he wrote to me, telling me that he needed money badly. I was glad to advance him the amount of the loan he requested. Later, he wrote again, saying that as in all probability he would never be able to repay me, he was sending me location and map of his claim. I was to consider it mine. I treated the matter as a joke, placed the papers and map away and promptly forgot all about them until word came down of this big find at Norman.

"Now, Danton," he concluded, "we feel that we have a big thing in this claim, and we're going to push through until we reach it."

Danton stood, gazing into distance.

*Continued on page 40*

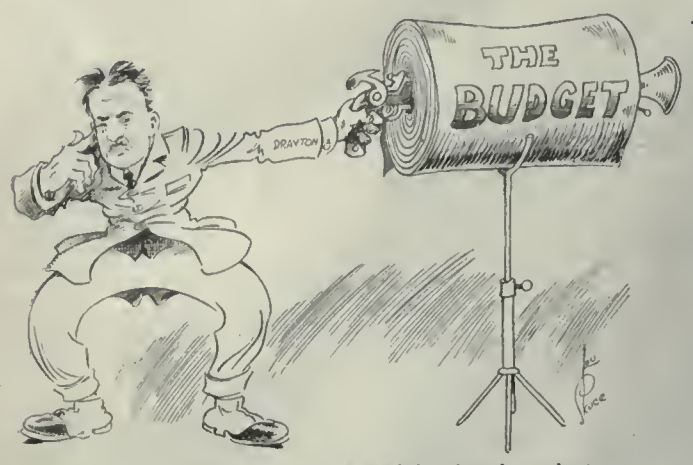



**"Neither of you are going back in that airplane. I'm going in it."**

# PARLIAMENT IS DEATH ON PRECEDENTS

*By* J. K. MUNRO

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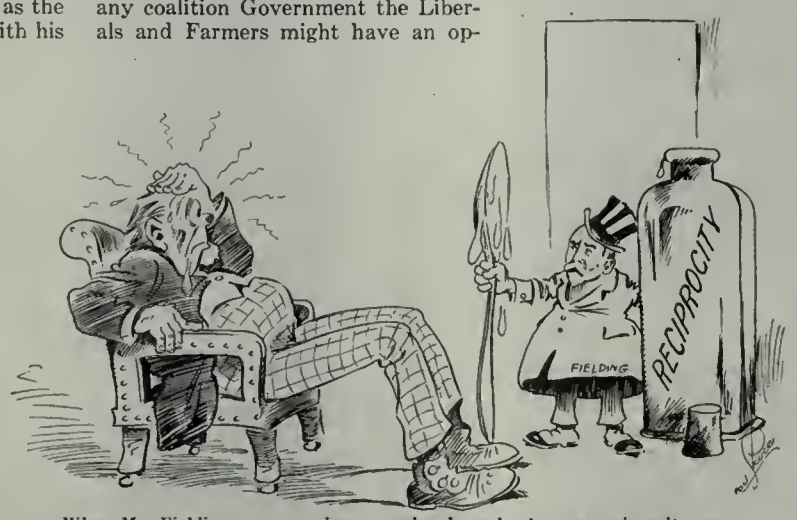

At last Sir Henry was loaded and ready to shoot.

THIS Parliament of ours is a law unto itself. It counts that day lost in which it does not smash a precedent. Not that it is a rip-roaring body filled with the abundant energy of a young and growing nation—as a matter of fact smashing precedents is about the only thing it does and does well. Its feature performance was preparing to prorogue before it got the session's business started. You'll remember the motto blazoned over ten Parliamentary Portals was "This is a tariff session." It was, but it isn't. The session dragged, the delegations poured in and argued, and the budget that was to revise the tariff failed to appear. The Premier's approaching visit to England proceeded to take precedence over all else as the objective to be reached. Sir Henry Drayton as the arbiter of tariffs continued to beam on the House with his famous but fatuous smile. And that was all he did do. It began to look like a budgetless session. In sheer desperation Premier Meighen abolished the Saturday holiday, the abolition thereof being the first symptoms of prorogation. Still the budgeteer failed to budget, and all the time parliament was being educated to the view that this was no time to monkey with tariffs. Probably the word was passed that until Uncle Sam had declared his intentions Canada should remain discreetly silent. Still more secretly it was whispered that until the manufacturers came through with a campaign fund it would be political foolishness to give them what they asked. Of course the latter is a libel. Great statesmen with international ideals scorn the filthy dollar, and this cabinet of ours assays higher in international statesmen than any similar body ever entrusted with the future of the Dominion.

Anyway the session drowsed along. June, leafy June, approached, when the Premier must cross the seas to confer with the truly great of the Empire and the Premiers of the other Dominions. A "pair" was secured for the Finance Minister in order that he might give his undivided attention to the hefty document around which each parliamentary session revolves, and at last, at long last, Sir Henry was loaded and ready to shoot. Even at the last moment time was taken to smash one more precedent. For delivery of the earth-shaking speech was moved back from the afternoon sitting and delivered after the shades of even fell. In hushed whispers it was told that secrets might be told that would cause the markets to turn somersaults. But nobody believed it. They just naturally gathered that Sir Henry the Unready needed another breathing spell. And when, at long, long last, that budget came under the publisher's glare there was little in it that might cause any kind of a market to sit up and bark. To be sure it breathed the spirit of the protection it feared to proclaim. It made Quebec wetter by taking the luxury tax off beer and the other provinces drier by raising the tax on spirits. It trifled with the exchange as affecting duties and it boldly grabbed with the sales tax and doubled its revenue-producing power. But on the whole it was a hardy Union Government budget. It followed the lines of least resistance. It got the most money in the easiest way. It prayed for the present and breathed a prayer that the future would take care of itself. Sir Henry Drayton is a great chairman of a tariff commission but if he is a statesman it is not so written in his budgets and both of them have been of the makeshift variety.

But if the budget sounded like the fag end of a campaign speech the Fielding amendment was not of heavier calibre. In that it clearly marked the issue between the Liberals and the Government. Even as the budget breathed protection, so the amendment declared for tariff for revenue. Nay, more, it denied the principle of protection, and in doing so it brought no joy to various and sundry Liberal hearts. Can Ernest Lapointe campaign among the shoe factories in Quebec on the cry that protection is a vicious thing? Will Hon. Jacques Bureau carry the same glad tidings to the infant industries of Three Rivers? Can Euler of Kitchener who declared for protection before the Reform club in Montreal admit that he is not capable of doing his own thinking?

When Mr. Fielding on a previous occasion brought down a reciprocity resolution there was a small riot in the Federal ranks and some of the faithful dodged the vote. Others swallowed the nauseous dose with a don't-do-it-again look in their eyes. But back comes the cat blacker than ever. There is reason to doubt that the little grey Nova Scotian consulted his own party before presenting the amendment. But everybody agrees that he took the Farmers into his confidence. In fact the amendment is a straight bid for Farmer support. And as you look back on the recent weeks you realize that though Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King defeated Hon. W. S. Fielding in the race for the Liberal leadership the latter has found a sweet revenge in leading the Liberal leader. And there are those who whisper that Mr. Fielding has not yet lost hope of becoming premier of Canada; that should young Mr. King get lost in the storms of a general election the Nova Scotian might prove an acceptable leader of any coalition Government the Liberals and Farmers might have an opportunity to form. The agrarians led by a little aristocrat who is imperial to the point that he is colonial would be rather a peculiar spectacle. It is just possible that Hon. T. A. Crerar carries an entirely different set of views. But it was a wise man who said that politics make strange bedfellows.




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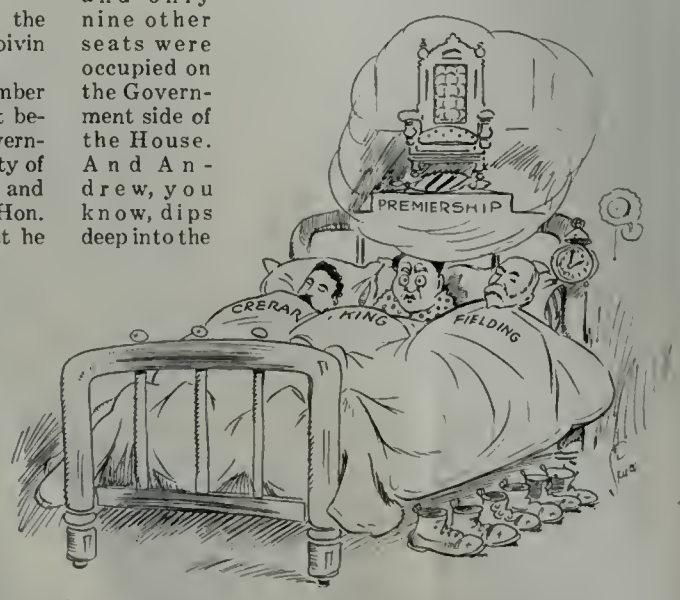
### Another Attempt Fails

NEITHER can even statesmen always choose the political bedfellows they want. Take the Boivin incident as an example.

Mr. Boivin is a rather intelligent young French member from Shefford who with Sir Wilfrid Laurier's consent became deputy speaker of the House when the Union Government took office. He was selected because of a scarcity of French-speaking Unionists. He is entirely inoffensive and not without a certain ability. But for the fact that Hon. Arthur Meighen became obsessed with the idea that he needs Frenchmen in his cabinet Mr. Boivin might have grown up to be a perfectly good speaker. But Hon. Arthur must reconcile Quebec even if he dies in the attempt. So after the Gauthier fiasco had passed into history Hon. Geo. Boivin was selected as the next victim. Just what he was promised if he attempted to jump from the Opposition ranks to the Treasury benches varies according to who is telling the story. But it was plenty to make Mr. Boivin waver. The report "Boivin is going to be sworn in to-morrow" became a by-word in the Press Galleries till a wag amended it by adding the words "and the next day." Finally Hon. Willie King took a hand in the negotiations. He interviewed Boivin and issued a statement that though his wavering playmate had been sorely tempted he was going to stay put in the Liberal ranks. On the evening of the same day Mr. Boivin denied that he had given authority for such a statement. But the fat was in the fire. The old Tories and more especially the Orange Tories discovered that Mr. Boivin was leading actor in the Knights of Columbus. Also that by-elections were coming on in two of the strongest Orange constituencies in Canada—York and Sunbury, N.B., and West York, Ont.—and, well, the conferences between the Cabinet and the deputy speaker suddenly ceased. Another attempt to conciliate Quebec had fizzled. Incidentally it might be mentioned that such attempts will continue to fizzle. Each and every one of them binds the Frenchmen more closely together. They're going to stay that way till after election. They'll come back to Ottawa in a solid block. But will they stay that way? Not if the closest students of Quebec politics know what they are talking about. If Hon. Arthur Meighen can come out of an election with enough followers so that a score of French protectionists would enable him to form a government he won't even have to snap fingers to have them at his bids. If Hon. T. A. Crerar and his Progressives can finish first by the smallest margin in the three-cornered political race enough "Tariff for revenue" members from down the St. Lawrence will flock to his standard to make him Premier of Canada. If Hon. W. L. M. King can—but what is the use? Some folks think I am actuated by prejudice against the boy leader. If they could live in Ottawa and get "stable information" they would learn that Mr. King's alleged followers are just as anxious to get rid of him as his opponents are anxious to keep him in the leadership of the Liberal party. Mr. King has flivvered and he is not a leader in any sense of the word. There is no discipline in the Liberal party to-day. There never will be while Mr. King remains at its head. The National Liberal and Conservative Party, be they Liberal, Conservative or Nationalist, look up to Hon. Arthur Meighen and obey his slightest nod and the Farmers turn to Hon. T. A. Crerar naturally for advice, comfort and command, but the Liberals laugh at this alleged leader in secret and do as they blame please in public. As a leader Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King is hopeless and no amount of camouflage can make him otherwise and no deluge of criticism can hurt him. That's all.

### Going Through the Motions

BUT to get back to that budget and the debate that is raging or rather drowsing at the time of writing. The statesmen are simply going through the motions. They are taking far more interest in the neighboring golf clubs and the euchre league than they are in the various forms of tariff. Why, on the first day of the argument when the financial sharps were deluging *Hansard* with cloudbursts of figures the house thinned down till Andrew McMaster, of Brome, called it six o'clock with a heartfelt, "It is hard talking to empty benches." At one time Hon. C. C. Ballantyne was the only Minister to come under the spell of his eloquence and only nine other seats were occupied on the Government side of the House. And Andrew, you know, dips deep into the




It was a wise man who said that politics make strange bedfellows.

fountain of financial knowledge in order that his fellow statesmen may not go uninformed. He probably took weeks to prepare the speech that nobody would listen to. Discouraging, isn't it?

But if the House refuses to get interested in this innocuous budget with its useless amendment it does wake up and take notice when the Yamaska election is mentioned. Those Frenchmen, roused by Government efforts to induce certain of their friends to join the Meighen cabinet, are evidently fearful of the power of money in the big election. Lemieux closed a brilliant and rather bitter speech with the words, "Quebec cannot be bought and neither can Yamaska" and the Grits pounded their desks as if a doubt had been turned into a great and burning truth. Earlier in the day Lapointe had drawn from Ballantyne a statement that Moncton was the Government candidate in Yamaska. The statement was received with howls and jeers by the Frenchmen. For it appears that Mr. Moncton while receiving the Government support had been representing himself as an independent candidate. Lemieux supplemented by reading an interview with Moncton given last July in which he referred to Premier Meighen as the "high executioner" and "hangman." Then turning to Ballantyne he inquired almost sweetly, "Is Mr. Moncton still the Government candidate?"

Ballantyne, who never knows enough to keep quiet, replied that he was, and would explain at the proper time. Whereat those wicked Grits again howled with glee. They've been long enough in politics to know that he who explains is lost.

### Camping on Ballantyne's Trail

ANYWAY those Quebec Liberals are camped on the trail of Hon. C. C. Ballantyne. The latter professed the Liberal faith ere the call of country lured him into the cabinet to become First Lord of the Admiralty. Thus Mr. Ballantyne is blamed for the attempts to alienate the affections of Gauthier and Boivin. So they never lose an opportunity to prove that the heart that rises above the crowd must stop an occasional rock. Truth to tell the First Lord is not worried. He thinks well of himself as a successful business man, fancies himself as an orator and is convinced that as a politician there are few like him. Rude remarks bounce off his personality as if it were India rubber. He may occasionally lose his smile but his jaunty air is never even jarred. Consciousness of his own worth makes him impervious to the sneers and insults of minor mortals. If he was as popular with the House as he is with himself you wouldn't need to take a vote to discover who is the greatest living Canadian. But those Frenchmen refuse to be impressed.




Those white satin knee breeches may look ridiculous to the man in overalls, but he who has worn them once never appears to get over the longing to wear them some more.

### The Wigmore Incident

THEN there's that Wigmore letter that the Opposition declare will play a part in making yet more doubtful the result in the good old Orange Tory constituency of York and Sunbury, N.B. Now, as said once before, Wigmore is a decent sort of chap who does what he thinks is right. But things that are all right in the land of "patriotic potatoes" are viewed with a certain suspicion in this snobbery-veneered lumber camp on the banks of the Ottawa. So when "Wig" tried to use New Brunswick methods in Federal affairs he furnished the national capital with a week end's gossip. It appears that when the new minister of customs entered the cabinet he was still a member of the St. John firm of Nagle & Wigmore, ship brokers. Now when the French purchasing commission revealed its intention of sending ships to gather goods at the "winter port" what more natural than that the firm of Nagle & Wigmore should reach out for the business? So Mr. Wigmore wrote the commission. Like an economical New Brunswicker he used the paper of the Customs Department which carries the Royal arms at the masthead. Also being a frank straight-forward chap he coupled his appreciation for the business with the statement "as you probably know I am Minister of Customs" and went on to say that "my old friend, Sir George Foster, who is just home from the League of Nations Conference" had advised him to write. Whether or not the firm got the business is beside the question. The point is that the letter or a copy of it by some strange trick of the mails fell into the hands of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux. Of course the latter "seen his duty and done it." He read the letters to the House one drowsy spring Saturday afternoon. He did it with a large display of virtuous indignation and a certain gusto. And as he read the Government members poured into the Chamber from the upper warrens of the Parliamentary rock pile and also from Room 16. The Premier appeared almost on a dog trot. All the peace and joy and sleepiness had gone out of the week-end. Mr. Wigmore protested that he had written the letter as he would write for any firm, as he would for the Hon. Rodolphe himself. He had received no aid of any kind from the firm of Nagle & Wigmore since he had entered the Government. Premier Meighen, loyal to his colleague in the hour of his need, failed to perceive anything penal in Mr. Wigmore's mentioning the fact that he was a member of the Government in writing a private letter.

But Hon. Rodolphe did not see eye to eye with either of them. Reaching for the rafters and striking that oratorical attitude that fits him so well he declared that parliamentary history portrays no such hideous example of a man mixing public and private affairs.

Of course the incident caused a lot of talk. Nobody charged that the offence was criminal. It was worse, it was stupid. And stupidity is a political crime for which no penalty is too severe. However, Mr. Wigmore looks likely to live it down. Being from New Brunswick he is probably still wondering what all the bother was about.




Mr. King's followers are just as anxious to get rid of him as his opponents are anxious to keep him in the leadership of the Liberal party.

But if this session of Parliament does nothing you have to admit it does it industriously. Not only is the House talking six days a week and Saturday night but no less than seven committees are threshing out great national problems—and let the straw fall where it may. These problems run all the way from the railway deficit to the return of patronage and of the lot it may be said the last named figures much the largest in the Parliamentary mind. Indeed it might be remarked that of the seven, the one that labors for the return to the private member of a tithe of his former power is the only one that is taken seriously. For as a tigress robbed of her young is the statesman bereft of the power to appoint the rural postmaster and patient mail-carrier. There was a near riot in that committee one night. The chief inspector who rejoices in the name of Coolican was giving evidence as to how postmasters in the bush league were selected.

"The ministers and parish priests are asked to make recommendations," he volunteered.

"Do you ever ask the member of Parliament?"

"Not necessarily. I never have," calmly replied the witness. And the only thing that prevented bloodshed was the fact that the statesmen were so dazed at the thought of the parish priest and Methodist minister dispensing this loved patronage that they didn't recover even speech till further along in the evening. But that committee appears likely to bring results. It was thrown to the discontents in the back benches as something to play with; something to keep them quiet and voting straight till the session was back and the Premier safely away to England. But the evidence it brought out was rather surprising. Deputy ministers told of unsatisfactory results from the reformed system of hiring Government help and officials described appointing postmasters by correspondence school methods. If the old ways were bad the new are not much better, if any, and it will not be surprising if the ordinary M.P. goes home restored to some of the privileges which made him a man of influence in his old home town.

Speaking of the Premier's visit to the Conference of Premiers it has occasioned quite a few heart-burnings. Of course every cabinet minister who had a new Windsor uniform wanted to go along. Those white satin knee breeches may look ridiculous to the man in overalls but he who has worn them once never appears to get over the longing to wear them some more. So all the boys wanted to go along and not caring to create more jealousies in his cabinet the Premier decided to go alone—that is as lonesome as a Premier could be surrounded by a retinue of secretaries and journalists of approved mentality. It is said Hon. Hugh Guthrie did not smile for a week after this decision was arrived at. But Hon. C. C. Ballantyne who is a man of action refused to be discouraged, then booked his passage "for 'ome" on an early June steamer and announced that he was going "across" on private business. And it is a good guess that a part of his personal baggage is those nice new satin knickers that make him look so much like a part of a carnival in the village skating rink. The longer you live among the great and the near great the more you agree with that poet chap who rose to remark: "Men are but children of a larger growth." Also at time of writing it is understood that the Premier will hurry to England and hurry right back again. But those wise in the ways of Premiers slowly shake their heads and as slowly smile. "Wait till Hon. Arthur gets over there," they say, "and the great of the Empire start to wine and dine him. Wait till he spends a week-end at Windsor and bows the knee to kiss the royal hand. He'll learn to like it. He will also learn, as have all his predecessors, to do as the truly great desire.

"His truculent attitude towards an extended program for the Conference will vanish. For thus it is, was, and always shall be, world without end, Amen!" So we shall see what we shall see and you gentle readers are invited to do your share of the looking on.

### The Hired Man's Hero

BUT what of the Farmers and the hired man's hero? Truth to tell they're toiling on in a rather unobtrusive way. It may be that they are studying methods of Government with a view to taking hold after the general election. It is more likely that the hard-headed Crerar realizes that with the Liberals going to pieces under King and the Unionists being steadily thinned out by death, disease, and the by-elections, all he has to do is wait and hold the basket. Anyway he's plodding along in the House voting his following now with one side and now with the other and keeping steadily clear of entanglements with either. He smiles confidently when mention is made of the Grain Growers' investigation that is meant to destroy him and appears to know just which way he is headed all the time. He'll be ready for the election when it comes. Will it come this Fall or Winter? Well, hardly. But before this article is in print the by-elections in Yamaska and York and Sunbury will be over. They may go as this




With the Liberals going to pieces under King and the Unionists being thinned out by death, disease and the by-elections, all he has to do is wait and hold the basket.

*Continued on page 40*

# THE BRENTON COMPANY COMES THROUGH

*By* JOSEPH LISTER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

THE youthful sales manager of the James Brenton Company, James Ernest Shannon, faced his smoothly polished desk with gloom upon his brow. On the wall before him neatly framed maps were hung; maps that were supposed to represent the potentialities that faced him as head salesman and interim manager of the company. As he gazed at them he felt somewhat as the average Israelite must have felt when a snickering overseer passed the word that hereafter there was to be no docile Ethiopian to provide straw wherewith to make his daily toll of bricks.

James Brenton, the kindly free-enter, who was the head and the heels of the James Brenton Manufacturing Company, had gone to England to keep a belated business engagement. He had according to his own way of thinking made things shipshape before his departure. In other words he had gathered the directors of the company about him, and had warned them in sober tones that the fair sailing was over. He was a wily mariner on the business seas, and he sensed the meaning of the little cloud on the horizon.

"We're in for heavy going," he announced. The directors, whose combined interests did not equal his, nodded a gloomy assent. Some of them had businesses of their own, and this was the kind of talk that they had been adopting in their own case, and therefore not unnaturally they were confident of its wisdom.

"Time to go cautiously," the booming voice continued. "The part of wisdom, as I see it, is to curtail our costs to the last possible cent. We have had our good days, now we will have to be content with less. By judiciously limiting expenses at this time we should be able to hold what we have made. I have given some considerable thought to the problem with this end in view, and these are my suggestions:

"First, the closing of the new plant that we opened a year ago." He looked over his glasses and continued, "Of course I appreciate the fact that this will decrease our production about 20 per cent., but I believe that will save a considerable item in wages and at the same time protect ourselves against having to carry a heavy stock of fabricated materials on a declining market. Say with the incidental reductions in our office staff that the reduction will permit, we ought, in this item, to show a saving of roughly a hundred thousand. My next proposition is that we should summarily discontinue the elaborate advertising campaign that we were planning as a follow up on our last year's campaign. I mean by this not merely our publicity to reach the consumer, but our trade advertising as well. I foresee a disturbed state of public opinion in the near future that would prevent us getting the best results from this publicity, and I believe the trade is so well stocked that our advertising efforts in that direction would not materially stimulate business. These reasons I believe are worth considering, but of perhaps more importance is the fact that such action would result in the saving of another fifty thousand dollars. We would of course make a small appropriation for direct circularization of the trade which I think would meet our needs.

"I would suggest, too, reducing our selling staff. I believe we could manage with about half the number of travellers during the coming stress. That, gentlemen, is the policy that I would suggest. A sound policy, I believe. A policy of taking in sail and riding out the gale. Does anyone question any item that I have mentioned?"

James Brenton gazed sternly about the table. He was a glutton for fights when he felt himself in the right, and he was perhaps showing his kinship with all humanity in the fact that he seldom felt otherwise. He was almost hopeful that someone would arise to question his decision, he was so certain of his ability to summarily dispose of him. But he looked around on a gathering heavy with gloom, and it was in this atmosphere of pervading gloom that the directors endorsed his policy; endorsed too his suggestion that "young Shannon," carefully tied hand and foot in a business sense, should be left in charge of the business during his absence.

* * * *

YOUNG Shannon had faced a month or more of his tenure of office and this period had not added anything to his self-esteem. There was no questioning the fact that "the Old Man" as everyone called him, though in reality James Brenton was not so very old, had judged the situation wisely. Even the matter of a comparatively few weeks was ample time to demonstrate that fact. They had not been rosy weeks for young Shannon. He struggled manfully to stem the tide of cancellations that had begun to drift into the office, but it did not take him long to realize that his efforts were doing little to that end. Plans conceived in the stilly watches of the night, or worked out with care in conferences with other members of the executive, all seemed to come to grief on some outcropping reef of prohibition left by the Board of Directors. Young Shannon was not dull, and it did not take him many weeks to discover that his so-called position of honor as acting head of the plant meant precisely nothing, that the restrictions that hedged him round made it impossible to develop any of the ideas with which his brain was bubbling, that in fact, about all he could do was to ride out the storm.



Jill leaned forward and looked at him, her face softening. "And, Jimmie," she said, "I would rather go to Miami with a man than stay here with an office-holder."

SHANNON was only thirty-two, and at thirty-two affections are apt to be divided. In Shannon's case they were split two ways. The bulk of them were unquestionably fixed, as were the affections of a variety of other young men, on Jill, the only daughter of James Brenton. Young Shannon would have been a very sad young man indeed had not the cheering picture of Jill obtruded itself in his darker moments with a sense of relief. Therefore when leaving the office one day, after a peculiarly trying afternoon he heard a cheerful "Hullo, Jimmie," as a pale green roadster pulled up at the curb, gloom dropped from him like a discarded mantle.

"I'm off to the club," continued the cheerful voice. "Do you think that the tired business man could limp through a round of golf before supper?"

"He'll try," Shannon replied inanely and tumbled into the vacant seat as the roadster started forward with a jump.

They drove the few miles to the country club at a breakneck speed that gave little opportunity for conversation. Shannon remembered his first ride, a ride that at the time he had confidently expected to be his last. But he had come to realize that though she seemed so young and appealing, the young shoulders carried a very wise little head. He had come to realize, too, that Jill was capable of sizing up a situation swiftly and accurately, not perhaps by an accepted method of reasoning, but by an intuitive process that most women seem to prefer, and which it must be admitted more often than not leads them to a satisfactory conclusion.

ARRIVING at the club, however, his dreams were dispelled by the bustling young person, who, despite his gallant effort, was out of the roadster ahead of him and already headed for the clubhouse before he had quite decided whether it would be better to marry her to-day or prolong the delightful period of anticipation for another week. Once on the course, however, Young Shannon was compelled to come to himself. However much devotion a young man may render to the lady of his choice, primitive instincts demand that he shall not let her outdo him in his manly pursuits. Therefore for the next couple of hours he devoted himself to the world-old idea of being the conquering male, which left him little time to think either of the coming Mrs. Shannon or the business that stood next in his affections. In the end he nosed out a victory.

It was on the way home, while Shannon was sitting back lazily in his seat watching the fair young profile beside him, that the girl raised a point of importance to both of them.

"How is business going, Jimmie?" she asked.

It was of particular interest to both of them, because they had mutually decided that the successful termination of Shannon's brief term of management would present a propitious moment for breaking to James Brenton the suggestion that having been successful in handling his business, young Shannon had reason to hope

to be equally successful in managing the home affairs that were to centre around James Brenton's daughter.

They had both pinned a good deal of faith on this propitious moment, for James Brenton was one of those truculent old fathers who are inclined to treat the man who happens to want to marry their daughter as though he had come with a suggestion to remove the safe. James Brenton idolized his daughter. She wasn't afraid of his ill-humors. She knew how to handle him, and she knew moreover a good deal about his business and he could talk to her about it and be assured of an intelligent and appreciative hearing. He knew, too, that the most of his peace and pleasure in life centred around his daughter Jill. He didn't admit it, of course, save in a tacit way by shooing off any male intruders in somewhat the same hearty fashion that the grizzly bear protects its young.

"You've got a good home here, Jill," he was wont to say, "and it and everything in it is yours, and if there is anything you want that isn't in it, it's yours too; so you had better let those young whippersnappers be on their way," and Jill would laugh her happy heart-free laugh that was balm to him

"All right, old bear," she had said to him more than once, as she sat on his knee rumpling his iron-grey locks, "I'm satisfied with my cave, and when I'm not I'll tell you."

And James Brenton, strong in the confidence that money can buy all that the heart desires, was satisfied, and even compromised enough to treat with easy-going, half amused contempt such whipper-snappers as happened to drift in. He saw Jimmie drop in on odd occasions, and it must be admitted that the sight was not reassuring. Not that he had anything against Jimmie. Indeed in his own gruff way he liked him very much, and took rather a pleasure in the boy's ability, took a pleasure, too, in facing him with new responsibilities to see how he would handle himself under difficulties. Beyond a question there was a soft place in the heart of James Brenton for young Shannon, but this did not go so far as to imply that he looked with any measure of favor at his frequent appearance, as a matter of fact he didn't. When it came to hanging around, and becoming more or less one of the fixtures of the place, Shannon was grouped in with the others as an undesirable. So it was that the simple little family arrangement that Jill and Jimmy Shannon had been contemplating ecstatically for some time had never been brought to the attention of James Brenton himself. No question of a doubt they had pinned a good deal of faith on this propitious moment.



There, while she perched precariously on a log, her hands locked about her knees, he told her of the human tornado, and the six solemn directors, and of his own anger, and of the result of it all.

IT WAS a soberer Jill who faced the suggestion that all was not going as well as might be.

"Suppose you come in and talk it over," she remarked hopefully, with a woman's unfailing confidence that granted enough conversation things are bound to come out all right. Jimmy was not so sure that talk was going to materially improve the situation, but not for the world would he have breathed such a suspicion. Sufficient for him that it was Jill who was going to do the talking. Whether it arrived anywhere or not, he felt that the evening would be a pleasant memory.

"Now tell me all about it," she said as she tucked her feet under her and snuggled comfortably into the farthest corner of the chesterfield.

"There's nothing much to tell," he replied, "business is rotten, and it seems to be getting rottener every day," and with that his other enthusiasm found voice, and for almost an hour he talked about the business, urged on now and then by a question from the girl that showed a real appreciation of the situation.

"Your father saw it coming," he concluded, "but I fancy even he didn't see it coming quite so thick. But he prepared for it in his own way."

"How do you mean, prepared for it?" she asked.

"Oh, by double bolting the doors and nailing down the windows, and all that sort of thing," he replied, "so that nothing can get out. I suppose that's good business even if it does stop anything getting in just as surely as it stops anything going out."

"Isn't there anything you can do to keep things going?" she asked. "Haven't you any bright ideas?"

"Why, Jill dear, I have probably produced more ideas in the last few weeks than were originated in all the world's previous history. But you really don't appreciate your father's ability in the little matter of looking up. Every one of those ideas died inside the house because they simply could not get beyond those barred doors."

Jill was very thoughtful for a while, but after a pause she asked: "Were they good ideas?"

"Oh, an average lot; good, fair and indifferent. But there were some ideas that I am sure would have helped if I could have got them outside. But your father had done his work too well and there wasn't a chance. Well, I suppose he was right. He knows this business from the ground up, so I suppose he was."

"There are times," Jill commenced, "when I wish that you didn't have quite such absolute faith in father."

Shannon gasped with astonishment.

"When I was a little girl," she continued irrelevantly, "I remember that dad bought mother a purple dress. I was only very small then, but even so I knew that it was terrible, but dad liked it. He thought that mother looked beautiful in it. And mother wore it because he liked it, and the rest of the people who knew better didn't so much matter, but she knew it was terrible all the time and I knew too. But dad thought it was beautiful. You see his judgment was wrong. And if it was wrong for a dress isn't it possible that it might be just a little bit wrong for a business? I wish sometimes that you would look at it that way."

"Do you really mean to say that you want your father to be wrong, that you want me to believe it?"

"No I don't know that I want father to be wrong. But you see father thinks one thing, and you think the other, and you can't both be right, and so I would rather have you right. You see," she added with a nervous laugh, "he's lived longer than you have and he's had more chances to be right."

THE glow of Jill's belief and enthusiasm did not last long after Shannon found himself on the street. It was all very well to be right, but the evidence of the past weeks made it very clear that something else was needed. Nor did things take on a more rosy hue when on reaching the office in the morning he found his desk piled high with letters. Young Shannon looked at them with disfavor. In other days there was a certain element of pleasant expectancy in the mail. It might bring almost anything, stimulating things, like appreciations, or complaints, or bumper orders. But of late there had been a dispiriting sameness to it. The letters mostly began:

"We regret that owing to unforeseen circumstances, we are compelled to request the cancellation of our order of such and such a date."

There was a certain amount of variety in the way the bad news was delivered, but it all carried the same burden, and young Shannon had a rebellious feeling that they were piling it on him personally.

This morning however, there was one letter that caught his attention. It was from Norris and Smithers, a firm that had been one of the standbys of the James Brenton Company, when young Shannon was frisking around in short trousers.

This letter too began with an apologetic cancellation. It was not this so much that caught his attention, for it had ceased to be a novelty, but the letter went on to say: "We are very sorry to have to take this course, and we have delayed doing so as long as possible. We believe in the quality of your goods because we have had a long experience with them, but we are finding such a demand for the "B" line that we are compelled to stock it. We have done our best to convince our customers that this company's goods are in no way superior to yours, but we have found that the demand is very definitely for their goods. We could possibly stand out against it and sell your goods, but we do not see that we gain anything thereby, and under present circumstances we believe that this policy would react against us unfavorably, and we do not feel warranted under existing conditions in taking this stand."

The letter continued in somewhat the same tone and at some length. Young Shannon read it a second time. There wasn't a word of criticism in it, yet he seemed to sense a complaint. After pondering it for some time he touched the bell on his desk.

"Henry will be in off the road to-morrow, won't he, Miss Smith?" he asked.

"He's in now, Mr. Shannon."

"But this is only Friday morning, isn't it? Well, ask him to come in, will you, please."

Some few minutes later Bill Henry breezed into the office. Bill was wide and comfortable. He took adversity as he took his meals, just as they happened to come. He might rail bitterly at the meals, but he always ate them with seeming satisfaction. Just so with adversity. He didn't like it particularly. It made him strain himself a little more, but it did not trouble him greatly. He was one of the company's star salesmen and he knew it. There would be a lot of heads to fall before his tumbled into the basket. He was on good terms with everyone on his territory, and that was an asset.

"So long as you can chin with them over the counter and call them by their cradle names," he was wont to say, "you're bound to leave with the little old order tucked away on your person." That was Bill Henry's philosophy of life, a genial, friendly and unaspiring philosophy, that had made "the road" more or less of a primrose path for him.

"Well, how's business?" Shannon asked, as Bill with his hat perched at a precarious angle slouched down into a chair.

"Rotten, rotten with a large R," replied Bill cheerfully.

"Hm, what brought you in Friday?"

"Nothing doing, thought I might as well save the firm a hotel bill."

"Very considerate," murmured young Shannon. "What exactly seems to be the matter with business?"

"Nobody buying, loaded up with stocks, public generally living on its own fat, and there you have it," Bill replied.

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# GREASING THE SERVICE

*By* CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

"THE taking of tips," observed a wag as he scanned a reproduction of Egyptian plaques, "is evidently a practice as old as civilization itself."

"How's that?" his friend asked innocently.

"Look at those pictures," the first speaker indicated. "Notice the mute eloquence in the gestures of the ancient Egyptians? The graceful insinuation of their outstretched hands always sends me scurrying through my pockets to make sure I haven't neglected to get some small change. See how the ladies have both palms extended, and in some cases they're equipped with a few extra pair of hands, obviously to make rapid collections while the tipping was good.

"No doubt," he cogitated, "no douht Egypt is the place where the tipping evil originated and the ancient Gyps were pastmasters of the Gentle Touch."

The wag may have had a "true hunch." At any rate, the practice of tipping appears to date back as far as our understandable literature. In mediaeval times, gay knights made a charming indoor pastime of tossing their purses to inn-keepers and serving-people. Those deeds of generosity always read very prettily in the story-books, though a mean curiosity keeps one wondering where the knights picked up all the purses of gold they flung around so carelessly.

To-day, common, everyday Man, shorn of his plumed hat, his buff coat, sword, bell-top boots, jingling spurs and lastly—alas—his drinking-mug, never has enough of old-time pep to do anything so spectacular as tossing his purse around. Instead, on the road he falls into the current habit of delving into the money pocket for small change at every turn where he expects to get the full benefit of the service he has to all intents and purposes already paid in full for. So has the wretched male of the species latterly fallen on prosaic ways.

Just the same, quite a bulging purse could be made up of the tips a traveler is expected to dole out during a trip from Vancouver to Halifax and back. As a matter of fact, seasoned travelers who contemplate a more or less extended journey in Canada include in their estimate of expenditures a round sum to be devoted to "greasing the wheels of service"—in other words, payment of tips to sleeping-car porters, red-cap hand-bag boys, hotel waiters and incidentals. Incidentals may mean anything from bribing a highway robber in the guise of a taxi-driver to get you somewhere in a hurry down to rewarding a newsboy for giving you directions in a strange locality.

Most people practise tipping when traveling. Furthermore, most people tip with considerable *eclat* and in an offhand manner that would lead the unlearned in the ways of this mundane sphere to believe they actually enjoyed the melancholy business of parting with money. The same people will roundly condemn tipping as a cursed nuisance when they are talking to you privately. That happens to be human nature and people do dearly love to have something to kick about. The average man and woman pretend to enjoy paying out tips where tipping is supposed to be proper, or better—fashionable.

Is tipping absolutely necessary in this country? Heads of railways and big hotels throughout the land emphatically reply: "No, it is not. Our help is paid to deliver service; if the traveler or guest insists on supplementing our help's wages with gifts in the way of tips it is none of our affair."

I asked a railway executive if the porter in a Pullman sleeper was not entitled to his tip for shining shoes, whisking clothes, carrying out luggage and other attentions he gave to passengers, to which he replied: "Not a bit of it. All those details are duties the porter is expected to perform for the patrons of the road, who in buying their tickets for travel and sleeping accommodation paid in full for the inclusion of the porter's services. Tipping is an unnecessary expense and a practice wholly established and maintained by the travellers themselves."

'But," I challenged this railwayman, "when you are traveling yourself do you practise what you were preaching just now?"

He smiled broadly at that. "No," he admitted, "I do not. I cheerfully do what the rest of you do; I tip where it is customary to tip."

So there you are! They all do it. Until tipping becomes unfashionable there's little else one can do except "do as the Romans do"—that is standardize the tip to an amount within one's means. Men constantly on the road for business or pleasure learn to do that. The costly little errors which novices fall into are those of tipping too high and tipping where there is no necessity for it. There is nothing that stamps an individual as new to the traveling game so much as over-tipping. The recipient of an over-tip will thank you profusely and smile pityingly at your back when it is turned. Mentally he has catalogued your status as that of a boob. Sane men of means do not tip lavishly except when inebriated, on their honeymoon or otherwise irresponsible for the time being. It is only the inexperienced who do not standardize their tips.

### You Can't Dodge the Tip

WHAT then is a standard tip? Railway and hotel executives say the tip is unnecessary. Taking their word for it, it should be nil.

Ah, but you say: "The point is that I don't want to be different from the crowd. Of the two things I'd rather tip than have to complain to the management of poor service. It is obvious that the man who does not tip fails to get the service that is coming to him," all of which is pretty close to the truth. The answer then is: If you feel you must tip, tip within your means. There's a tremendous lot of self-satisfaction in the after-feeling that you have not made an ass of yourself just to make a display of pretended wealth.

In some cases the possibilities are that the recipient of your tip is considerably better off financially than you are. A Pullman porter on an eastern division of a Canadian road was pointed out to me as a man who owned three houses in Westmount, Montreal. He's a colored diplomat, and he has a way of making every passenger in his care feel that he, the porter, is the original genie that Aladdin called up with his magic lamp. There are few desires on the part of his charges that this particular porter cannot satisfy. That's how he earned the money that paid for the three houses.

On the other hand, it is better not to tip at all than to proffer a mean tip. A porter in making change for me on a transcontinental displayed a handful of copper cent pieces. "Do you often get coppers for tips?" I asked. "Oh, yas, sah, yas, sah," he replied. "Sometime gent'emen don't have other change. Dat old lady in number ten gave me three coppers this mawnin'."

A business man who travels across Canada twice and sometimes three times a year told me the money he paid out in tips never averaged less than a dollar a day. Frequently, he said, the amount was higher. "If you're on the train," he pointed out, "there's twenty-five cents a day for your porter and seventy-five cents for the waiters in the dining-car. If you're stopping at a hotel there's the same in tips for your meals and the bell-boy or some other incidental is sure to take another quarter or two from you. You can't get service any more unless you tip; if you don't believe that try putting up for a couple of days at a big hotel without tipping the help and I'll guarantee you'll get something to write about."

### What Happens When You Don't Tip

A MAN in the writing profession learns best from first-hand experience. I *did* try it once, and once was enough. I had an excellent chance to put my business friend's contentions to the test, as on a subsequent journey I was to stop at two first-class hotels for three days each in different cities, both hotels being conducted on the American plan. At the first hotel I placed a quarter of a dollar under my plate after every meal. I received wonderful attention. The waitress never failed to inquire if such and such a thing were to my taste, and "is there anything else you wish for, sir?" My food was brought to me in a manner that would lead you to believe human hands had not dared to touch the plates that it rested on. No Oriental panjandrum was ever more solicitously cared for. On the third day when I casually remarked that I would not be in my accustomed place on the following morning there came genuine grief into the face of my waitress. She expressed a hope that I would soon return and even went so far as to say that the weather had been beautiful since I had been in town. No wonder; I had been a paying silver mine while I lasted.

But alas for what happened me at the next hotel where it was ordained that the waiters who took care of me should go tipless. I had, however, stopped there before and had found the service fine on the former occasion. And I received satisfactory service this time up till about the third meal when the word seemed to have gone abroad among the waiters that I was in the "cheap-john" class. The second day I was looked after in a lackadaisical fashion, and the third day's experiences are painful to ponder over. The waitress would half-pass and half-toss my serviette to me instead of delicately placing it in my lap with a Mona Lisa smile thrown in as had my well-tipped waitress in the other hotel. Invariably she brought me things I did not order and forgot all about something she deemed I was particular about having. Then she would busy herself elsewhere and pretend she did not hear my complaint till I fairly shouted at her.

She had rather a pretty face, that girl, but the more I studied her the more I was convinced she had the soul of a mule. She stared into space and blinked just like one, and when I addressed her and she pretended not to hear I could imagine she wagged her ears just ever so little.

The last meal I had in that hotel was a nightmare. I had to ask for even a serviette, a knife and a spoon. The waitress let me sigh for dessert while she lavished smiles and attention on a he-vampire who sat opposite me. That mulish girl bumped my chair in some manner or other every time she passed. I had really intended leaving a tip after this last dinner, but she treated me so very badly I almost enjoyed the thought that a cheap kind of hate was consuming her while she outwardly affected such a sombre indifference. All this too simply because I had consistently refused to put the customary tribute under my plate. Of course I could have complained to the management of the hotel, but I was out to prove a thing one way or the other, and having proved it was quite satisfied to let it go at that.

### The Kicker Scares Waiters

THERE are, however, some travelers who get through with scarcely any tipping. They make it a point to insist on service. On the first sign of inattention or incivility on the part of help, porters, waiters or bell-hops, they complain vigorously to the management and they keep up their kicks till they get action. They soon become known for the manner of men they are and are set down as grouches from one end of the country to the other. But, *do they get service*? Most of the time they get as good if not better service than the average man who tips. Waiters and the like have a wholesome respect for the chronic kicker.

Then again there are those who tip in a conservative way. For instance, there's a professional man who also happens to be a member of parliament and travels considerably. He told me once that in ordinary travel he standardizes his tip at a maximum of fifteen cents for waiters, porters and the like and at ten cents for bell-hops and messenger-boys. He says this system has always proved quite satisfactory.

The average tip of the seasoned traveling man seems to be about as follows: 15 to 25 cents for sleeping-car porters, 10 to 15 cents for bell-hops and messenger boys and 15 to 25 cents for cafe and diner waiters.

In some establishments the waiters pool their tips, all the silver so taken in being dropped into a common receptacle by the waiters as they pass into the kitchen. It is divided equally among them afterwards.

### The Tyranny of Big Names

BUT it isn't always tips or severity with those catering to your wants that brings the cream of service. A big name has sometimes a tremendous influence with a porter or waiter. As an illustration, the following story

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*SOME sixteen years or more ago a Western representative at Ottawa attempted to put through a bill to prohibit the giving or taking of tips.*

*After the proposed bill was announced its sponsor received letters from all over the Dominion congratulating him and wishing his bill success. But in the restaurants, hotels, cafes and dining-cars the representative became a marked man. Everywhere he had to wait for service and table help was just as incivil as it dared be to him. Being the father of the bill to abolish tipping he dared not tip himself—at least not when there was anyone about who knew him. The unkindest cut of all was that his brother solons and his friends who had professed to admire his courage actually seemed to take a cruel enjoyment out of his predicament, and he was constantly twitted about it in and out of the House.*

*Its author breathed a deep sigh of relief when the bill died a natural death.*

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Can the White Man Retain His Supremacy?

*Artificial Restrictions on Asiatics Will Not Enable Him to Do So.*

VERY REV. THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S

WHETHER the white man will be able to maintain his present position of superiority vis-à-vis the Asiatic races is the query propounded by Dean Inge in the *Quarterly Review*. He first shows that the Russo-Japanese war proved that:

"An Asiatic army, with equally good weapons and training, is a match for the same number of Europeans; and there is no part of European military or naval science which the Asiatic cannot readily master. In these facts an observer might well recognise the fate of white ascendancy in Asia."

He then goes on to say:—

"The result of the European, American, and Australian labor movement has been to produce a type of working-man who has no survival value, and who but for protection in its extremest form, the prohibition of immigration, would soon be swept out of existence. And this protection rests entirely on armed force; in the last resort, on war. It is useless to turn away from the facts, however unwelcome they may be to our socialists and pacificists. The abolition of war, and the establishment of a League to secure justice and equality of treatment for all nations, would seal the doom of the white laborer, such as he has made himself. There was a time when we went to war to compel the Chinese to trade with us, and when we ruined a flourishing Indian trade by the competition of Lancashire cotton. That was the period which it is the fashion to decry as a period of ruthless greed and exploitation. The working-man has brought that period to an end. To-day he is dreaming of fresh rewards, doles, and privileges which are to make the white countries a paradise for his class. And all the time he is living on sufferance, behind an artificial dyke of ironclads and bayonets, on the other side of which is a mass of far more efficient labor, which would swallow him up in a generation if the barriers were removed.

"American writers urge a policy of absolute exclusion. This is the remedy, and the only remedy, which finds favor in the United States, in British Columbia, in Australia, and in South Africa. There is probably no question on which the people of those countries are so nearly unanimous. 'The White Australia doctrine,' says one Australian writer, 'is based on the necessity for choosing between national existence and suicide.' Another says, 'Australians of all classes and political affiliations regard the (exclusion) policy much as Americans regard the Constitution.' 'Take down the barriers on the Pacific Coast, and there would be ten million Hindus in Canada in ten years.' A Californian echoes this Canadian protest: 'The multitudes of Asia are awake after their long sleep, as the multitudes of Europe were when our present flood of immigration began. We know what would happen on the Asiatic side, by what did happen on the European side. Against Asiatic immigration we could not survive.' And so a policy, which is rather time-discredited than time-honored, is to be adopted, to preserve the white man in his half-empty Garden of Eden. As the Babylonians built the so-called Median Wall to keep out the roving nomads from the North, as the Chinese built their wonderful Great Wall to keep out the Tartars, as the Romans carried a line of fortifications from Newcastle to the Solway, so the white man is to erect a permanent barrier to exclude the Asiatic. All the under-populated countries are in the hands of the whites, and the overflow of China, Japan, and India is never to be allowed to reach them.

"Is it likely that this policy will be successful? To begin with, it has all the well-known drawbacks of a protective system. In the protected countries the cost of living is forced up, and the consumer is deprived of the advantage which he might have gained from competition, in all trades where the home laborer can determine prices. Under this system the cost of labor has become so high that much of the wealth in the protected countries remains undeveloped. In the State of New York, and in other parts of the Union, the visitor is surprised to see many derelict farms. The explanation is that the cost of labor is so great that it pays to cultivate only the best land. Further west, magnificent crops of fruit rot on the trees; there is no one to pick them. The slow growth of Australia and New Zealand is the result of the absence of cheap labor. In our own country an impasse has plainly been reached. Unemployment is increasing, and must increase much further. No houses can be built for rents which the occupants could pay. The high cost of coal impoverishes the population and cripples all industries. The Government has no remedy except to endow the unemployed out of the taxes and to build houses out of the rates.

"By a well-known law of nature, a nation shielded from healthy competition becomes more and more inefficient, and less able to stand against its rivals when the protecting barriers fail. As the conditions in the white countries become more and more unfavorable to enterprise, we may be sure that both capital and business ability will be transferred to the economically strong countries. Asia will be industrialised; India and China and Japan will be full of factories, equipped with all the latest improvements, and under skilled management, which at first will be frequently white. Wealth will be so abundant in Asia that the Governments will be able without difficulty to maintain fleets and armies large enough to protect their own interests, and to exact reparation for any transgressions of international law by the whites. Only a wealthy country can be powerful by sea; and a nation which has lost most of its foreign trade will not think it worth while to bid for naval supremacy. The policy of exclusion will, therefore, be powerless to prevent those races which possess economic superiority from increasing in wealth and then in military power.

"To simplify life by abolishing irrational and unnecessary expenditure would increase our health and happiness, and would perhaps enable us to hold our own against the races of the East, who in truth have as much to teach us as they have learnt from us. A gradual assimilation in the modes of life of all civilised countries is to be expected. There will be no more hermit kingdoms. The Asiatic will have more wants; the European and American must be content with fewer. The chief danger to the white man arises from his arrogant contempt for other races, a contempt which in America is mixed with fear and hatred, and which has provoked fear and hatred in return. Europeans have recently enjoyed an unfair advantage over their rivals, which they have abused without the slightest regard for justice and fair play. This advantage will not be theirs in the future: they will have to compete on equal terms with nations schooled by adversity and winnowed by the hard struggle for existence. Victory will go to the races which are best equipped for that kind of competition; and it may well be that a modified caste system, such as prevails in India and prevailed till lately in Europe, may prove to have a greater survival value than either democracy, which pulverises society into individuals and collects them again into mobs, or socialism, which in its present form desires to keep the whole population as nearly as possible on the same level."

## The Movies and National Life

*Is the Photoplay Americanizing the World?*

ARTHUR WEIGALL

THAT the character and code of ethics of our neighbors to the south of us are likely to become those of the world in general owing to the influence of the moving picture play upon national life is the contention of Mr. Weigall in this article in the *Nineteenth Century*.

"It is to be remembered," he says, "that a popular photo-play is seen by scores of millions of persons throughout the globe: there has never before been such a means of publicity. The newspaper with the largest circulation on earth is a mere mouse in the presence of this mammoth, and the 'best seller' in the book-world is, by comparison, something still smaller.

"Now, as things stand at present, the great majority of photoplays are produced at a single centre, and represent the point of view of a single community. The numberless multitudes of the patrons of the kinema, therefore, come under one predominating influence; and whether that influence be for good or for bad, it will undoubtedly stamp itself in greater or lesser degree upon the world. The code of ethics prevailing amongst those who supply the great bulk of these films will presently influence the code of those who, week by week, drink the stories in all over the earth: and we, the unconscious public, will reap the harvest sown by this seed.

"It will be necessary to open the argument by a digression, in order to establish an important point, namely that the national character and code of ethics of any one race is always liable to change.

"Let us consider, then, the best features of the present code of ethics particularly prevailing in this country, and, knowing them to be liable to alteration, let us ask ourselves whether they be worth preserving.

"Perhaps the highest quality which we now possess is our peculiar point of view in regard to fair play. We are, at present, what we call a 'sporting' people in the slang sense of the word: that is to say, we play a game for the game's sake, regarding it as a trial of strength and skill and endurance, not a contest in cunning and trickery. We are ready always to applaud our opponents, and it is the custom to give a cheer for the other side. Sir Thomas Lipton's phrase, 'May the best boat win,' is banal to our ears because it expresses a sentiment which, to us, goes without saying. We hate trickery and scorn to take a mean advantage; we would rather lose a race than hustle or 'rattle' an opponent.

"Another quality which we possess, and by which we are distinguished from most other nations, is our unforced love of law and order. We do not accept laws and regulations as a sort of necessary tyranny:

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# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R

**These We Have.**—The poor we have always with us—especially poor excuses.—Kitchener, Ont., *Record.*

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**That's Experience.**—Many a man enters the stock market as a bull and comes out bare.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**Unencumbered.**—Praises be, there is no graft connected with the building of mansions in the skies.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Nine.**—According to our figuring there are just enough ex-kings in Europe to form a baseball team.—Kingston *Standard.*

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**Another Thought.**—And sometimes when you cast your bread upon the waters it comes back buttered.—Winnipeg *Tribune.*

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**Have Their Virtues.**—Vamps may be unfaithful and mercenary, but at that they usually outlast the soles.—Nelson, B.C. *News.*,

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**Too Much Gas.**—The trouble with the concert of nations is the disproportion of wind instruments.—*Border Cities Star.*

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**Wisdom Shall Die with These.**—You can always tell a sixteen-year-old vamp, but you can't tell her much.—Nelson, B.C., *News.*

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**Crime Wave Spreads.**—"Butchering has been quite common about here this past week or two."—Bruce *Herald-Times.*

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**A Suggestion.**—All things considered, good, rich cow milk is about the most satisfactory heir tonic.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Their Method.**—Mixed farming is being urged for the prairies. Some farmers just naturally farm that way.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**The Vicious Circle.**—It looks at times as if one-half the world was under arms and the other half under heels.—St. Mary's *Journal-Argus.*

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**Another Come Back.**—Once more you can ask for a dime's worth of something without being considered a humorist.—Sydney *Record.*

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**Quite True.**—There is nothing in common between free love and the kind that prompts one to get married and pay rent.—Kingston *British Whig.*

**The Reason.**—"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and that explains why the jury is impressed by a plea of insanity.—Regina *Post.*

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**Verbum Sap.**—If you are starting out to beat the other fellow at his own game, better put all you own in your wife's name.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**Departed Days.**—It seems impossible, but just a few years ago there were girls who didn't even know how to pronounce rouge.—Guelph *Herald.*

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**It's A Hard Life.**—Here the fighting is hardly over about getting wages up when the battle commences about getting them down.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**Cruelty to Children.**—The latest craze is for mother and child to be dressed exactly alike. Aren't they afraid of the little ones catching cold?—Lindsay *Post.*

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**No Doubt.**—"Calves higher," says a newspaper headline. But as it was a farm paper it is more likely to be a market report than a fashion note.—Orillia *Packet.*

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**Organization.**—You can swat the fly with impunity. But it's different if you go to swat a wasp. That's where organization counts.—Owen Sound *Advertiser.*

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**Can't Take Precautions.**—A fool may be born every minute but at the time of birth it's impossible to tell which are the fools and which are not.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Preparedness.**—Having smelled powder, the former Russian general who has opened a beauty parlor in New York ought to feel quite at home.—Belleville *Ontario.*

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**This Party Getting Rough.**—From the woman's page; a festive touch may be imparted to rice croquettes by hiding a big raisin in the heart of each.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**A Thought on Bread.**—When some people cast their bread upon the water they keep a string on the bread and demand a mortgage on the water.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**That's the Spirit, Boys.**—Notice—The husbands of Alsask desire to notify the public that they will not be responsible for their wives' bridge debts.—Alsask, Sask., *News.*

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**Can This be Revenge?**—Instead of committing suicide because his sweetheart jilts him, many a man marries another girl for spite and dies a lingering death.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

**Misguided.**—A New York paper publishes a story to the effect that a man walked for days on Fifth Avenue looking for work. He was on the wrong street.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Can't all Be.**—"Loose talk is dangerous," says the Halifax *Herald.* Sometimes it is. But there is so much of it that, thank goodness, all of it isn't always dangerous.—Toronto *Star.*

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**Careless Frank.**—While cleaning up his backyard last night, Frank Lord moved a pile of dead leaves and found his flivver, which had been missing since last October.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**Modernity.**—Turkish women are now showing their faces, and they may adopt short skirts next. Whoever it was that defined life as a fleeting show had vision.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

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**Maybe Not.**—When a girl looks as though she had fallen face downwards in a flour barrel, it is not safe to conclude that she has been helping mother with the baking.—Walkerton, Ont. *Telescope.*

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**Sitting on her Thumbs.**—A news story tells of a dominating woman who sat on a jury and "held it under her thumb." Sounds like a stunt for a contortionist.—Kingston, Ont., *British Whig.*

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**Vexed Questions.**—The effect of high rents on matrimony is being discussed. Many a young man complains that while he can get a bride that suits him, he can not get a suite that suits her.—Vancouver *Province.*

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**Observation.**—Nine out of ten women who have just watched another woman pass will be able to tell you what kind of hat she wore. Nine men out of ten will be able to tell you what kind of shoes.—*Border Cities Star.*

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**The Grim Necessity.**—Life in Tipperary is hard. Civilians "with hands in their pockets" are liable to arrest, and those with their hands in others' pockets are certain of arrest. The only thing left is to work.—Toronto *Globe.*

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**Susceptible.**—An enterprising genius in New Orleans sold a considerable number of shares in the League of Nations to credulous citizens. Who said that Americans did not take any stock in that much mentioned corporation?—Vancouver *Province.*

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we are law-abiding without the policeman's truncheon. Where else but in England will you find the traffic so easily controlled? Where but in our own country can a traveller by train put his baggage in the van and claim it, simply upon his word, at his destination, without any fear of loss and without any system of registration? In what other land are the police regarded as the helpers of the public, and not as despots?

"In regard to honesty, we have a very particular theory which is so deep-rooted in us that we do not always realise how different it is from that prevailing in many other countries. Honesty is regarded in England as inherent; it is taken for granted; it is not a thing which has to be encouraged by fulsome praise or high reward; it goes without saying. By English law a man has to be proved guilty of a crime, not innocent: his innocence is accepted unless the court can show beyond reasonable doubt that the contrary is the case.

"Another of our peculiar national virtues is our comparative freedom from heroics. We like to make fun of the undoubted bravery of the race, and every hero who is worth his salt will tell you that he was 'in the devil of a funk' at the time of his gallantry. We do not like showing off; we detest boasting; and we generally prefer to confine the theatrical to the playhouse.

"We need not, however, for the purpose of this argument, discuss at any further length the characteristics of the present phase of our national life. These four virtues—those of fair play, orderliness, honesty, and modesty—will suffice as examples of the British ethical standard; and it will readily be admitted that they deserve to be maintained.

"But what is happening in regard to the kinema? The photoplays which are being presented to British audiences are, for the most part, written and produced in Western America by a comparatively small group of persons amongst whom there are many fine men, but also many who are in no way exponents of the above-mentioned virtues. In regard to fair play several of the smaller producers hold the views of the less reputable elements in the sporting circles of the States: that is to say, they maintain that the player or competitor may attempt to win by any form of trickery: a runner may hustle another runner, the onlookers may 'rattle' a player by a sudden shout, and so forth. And in regard to fair play in everyday life, there are those who hold that a piece of cunning or a trick is to be applauded as a mark of intelligence. As to law and order, some of them have the standards made notorious in the past by the American police force. They frequently submit crime to us, not as a horror and a taint, but as an exigency or a mere scrape; and they negate the idea of the police being the servants of the public. As to honesty, they hold that no man is above suspicion, and that a thief may be received back into society as soon as he shall express regret at his misdemeanour, while, if in a mildly exacting situation he follow the path of rectitude, he shall be entitled to the loudest applause and be regarded as an outstanding figure. And in regard to modesty or the suppression of the more blatant forms of heroics, they very frequently offend against the laws of good taste.

"Let it be understood at once, there is no very definite indictment of these American photo-plays to be made. Very many of them are elevating and touching, and make a strong appeal to the good that is in us. Nevertheless there is in certain of them an insidious and quite unintentional suggestion of a code of lower standing than our own. Their atmosphere is vaguely corrupt; their standpoint is not quite that of an Englishman nor yet of a true American.

"A criminal who, to our way of thinking, has committed some peculiarly mean act which ought for ever to brand him, is at length shown in some heroic light by reason of which we are made to feel that in the first instance he had merely fallen foul of a tyrannical set of cutthroats known as the police. A young man forges the name of his friend upon a document, but in the sequel we find that he did it solely to save his sister's honor; and thus we are left wondering whether, after all, there are not circumstances in which a dirty trick is justifiable.

"In many of these plays business men are shown to be appallingly unscrupulous, and a favorite character is that of the stern, silent financier who sets himself to the ruthless task of destroying his rivals. Our sympathies are enlisted in behalf of such a man by the fact that he is the devoted father, let us say, of the heroine, and is but striving to amass a fortune for her benefit. In these plays the police are usually shown as infernal bullies, and the detective-superintendent is a man with a bull neck and a palaeolithic jaw, who thrusts his face into that of his victim, and attempts to intimidate him by the method known as the Third Degree; so that our sympathies are always hotly on the side of the law-breaker.

"There is nothing very tangible in all this to which one may take exception; but the impression left upon the mind is that in some undefined and elusive manner the ethics of these otherwise fine productions do not always conform to the best standards. In play after play one may find these traits, and their influence upon the regular frequenter of the Picture Palace must in time be felt. To the remotest towns of England, as to those of America and other countries, these films penetrate, carrying with them this mild but ultimately dangerous poison; and gradually the world, from end to end, is being trained to see life as it is seen by a certain group of kinema producers and writers congregated in a corner of the United States. The world is being Americanized by the photo-play; but the trouble is that this Americanisation does not represent the best element of that nation, or even the most popular; it represents in the main the limited outlook of a body of men, some of them very second-rate, whose wealth depends on their ability, by means fair or foul, to play upon the emotions and to excite the interest of the average man and woman by giving them what they call 'heart-throbs' and 'sob-stuff' and 'human-passion,' and situations with a 'kick' or a 'punch' in them.

"It may be asked how it has come about that America has almost a monopoly of the business of photo-play production. The answer is twofold. Firstly, the United States has a population of over a hundred millions, and there is therefore so huge a market for a film within the nation's own borders that the profits to be obtained are immense, and thus more money can be spent on the production than is the case elsewhere. And secondly the climate of

California permits photographs to be made all the year round, whereas in northern Europe there is a long off-season, and even in the south of France and Italy there are atmospheric difficulties in winter. America has at hand the market, the money, the facilities, and the climate; and during the war the trade forged ahead in that country, developing its organization to a very high state of efficiency. British kinema companies are now fairly numerous, but, though they are generally excellent financial investments, they are handicapped in many directions. It is difficult for one of our photo-plays to push its way into the congested American market, and therefore the profits from that side of the Atlantic are speculative. We are notoriously behind-hand in theatrical arts in this country; and, moreover, when a genius appears in the kinema studio he is quickly carried off to California by the offer of a far larger salary than that which our own smaller market makes it possible for him to be offered over here. Our variable atmospheric conditions necessitate very expert and highly paid photographic operators; and as salaries have to be paid all round, whether the day be suitable for photography or not, the expenses incurred in bad weather are large. Moreover much work has always to be done by artificial light; but in England the companies cannot usually afford the splendid electric installations which are to be found in American studios.

"But what can be done over here to better this state of affairs? In the first place a far stricter and more subtly discriminating censorship of films is needed. The censor must not be satisfied to look out for indecency and let the rest go hang. The staff should consist of men who are competent to express an opinion on what constitutes the best in the national character; and whenever films appear to them to advance another and a lower code of ethics in such a way that it might be expected to take hold of the imagination, the veto should be used with vigor. In every case the censor should state to the kinema company the reason for the rejection—'The hero, under stress of poverty, enlists his mother-in-law's financial support by reminding her that he could reveal rather awkward secrets,' 'The heroine's father promotes fraudulent companies, and his actions appear to be accepted without repulsion,' 'The ideal of a gentleman so alluringly displayed in this picture is not that of the average Anglo-Saxon,' 'The business integrity of the leading character appears to be regarded as a rare phenomenon,' and so forth. Such a censorship, of course, would have to be handled with the utmost tact, and with a freedom from old-maidish captiousness; but there can be little doubt that some such proposition is practical.

"The importance of moving pictures as a means of familiarising the people of one nation with those of another is inestimable. We of this age do not realise the power of the instrument which modern invention has placed in our hands; and at the present time we are permitting a single small and sometimes irresponsible section of the human community to dominate the output, and impose its peculiar ideas upon the world. We of this country in particular are allowing the instrument to be turned against ourselves, for an Englishman is the recognized buffoon of the American photo-play. The ignorance of the kinema-producers in California as to our customs is amazing, and it is not likely that they will go to the trouble of employing British advisers to 'put them wise,' as they term it, in regard to the ordinary habits and manners of the Englishman. There ought to be a much wider distribution of good British films in the States, for by this means the misunderstandings between these two English-speaking nations would be very greatly lessened. Properly handled, the kinema could be made to endear the two races to one another by the bonds of mutual admiration and fellow-feeling."

# What is Happening in Palestine

*Danger of Zionists Acquiring Supreme Power.*

LORD SYDENHAM OF COMBE

DO THE British people understand whither Mr. Balfour's Palestine policy is leading us? asks Lord Sydenham in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, and he goes on to give a pessimistic view of the results which he fears will accrue from allowing the Zionists to gain too much control in the administration of the country.

"News from Palestine," he continues, "is strangely meagre. The postal service is largely in Zionist hands. An unofficial spy system exists, and private letters are now couched in carefully guarded terms.

"After General Allenby's brilliant campaign, Palestine fell into British hands, and we were welcomed as deliverers by Arabs, both Moslem and Christian, and by hereditary Palestinian Jews.

"The population, as we found it, embraced, roughly speaking, 515,000 Moslems, 62,500 Christians, 65,300 Jews, and 5,000 others; but, as I stated in the House of Lords:

"The percentage of each of the communities employed in agriculture was, Moslems, 69; Christians, 46; and Jews, 19. Thus the Jews in Palestine at the end of the war were playing an infinitesimal part in what is the only industry of that country.

"Under the rule of the Turks the three religions lived in harmony and mutual tolerance. The garrison was very small, and the administration was largely in the hands of Palestinians, with a few Turkish officials.

"On November 14, 1918, a declaration which had been agreed to by the French and British Governments was published in Palestine, informing the people that the aim of the two Powers in waging war in the East was to ensure the complete and final emancipation of all these people so long oppressed by the Turks, to establish national governments and administrations which shall derive their authority from the initiative and freewill of the people themselves, and to assure, by their support and practical aid, the normal workings of such governments and administrations as the peoples themselves have adopted.

"This announcement was well received by all classes of Palestinians, and the obvious first step to a settlement was to ascertain their views. As nothing was done, anti-British propaganda soon began, and the proceedings of the Zionists, who established a self-constituted Commission at Jerusalem, and were able to hamper the British administration, quickly gave rise to distrust and suspicion of British motives and policy. The difficulties with which Major-General Sir A. Wigram Money, the head of the administration, was confronted were many and embarrassing. Over Palestine hung darkly the Balfour declaration of November, 1917, with its dubious implications. True that it was to be 'clearly understood that nothing should be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine;' but how was this salutary provision to be reconciled with the creation of a Jewish 'National Home'? General Money and his ablest colleagues had been trained in the school of India, where absolute impartiality towards all classes and creeds is an article of faith. To them the idea of conferring special privileges upon the Zionists—a little exotic minority, whose presence was resented by orthodox Palestinian Jews—and ignoring the manifest claims of the overwhelming Moslem-Christian majority was naturally abhorrent. They found themselves in an impossible position in view of the growing arrogance and power of the Zionist Commission, which eventually routed them.

"No clear statement of policy could be obtained from the Government, and the Zionists were permitted to intrigue with success behind the back of the British administrator.

"I can only give a few instances out of many indicating the successes of the Zionist Commission. The cultivators, many of whom had been ruined by the war, were in urgent need of loans. Turkish law, under which Palestine was still administered, provided for such a case. The administration made a most favorable arrangement with the Anglo-Egyptian Bank. Instantly the Zionist agents in London protested, and orders were sent to hold up the arrangement from which Palestinian Jews would have benefited. Dr. Weizmann, however, proceeded to Palestine, and, discovering that his friends had gone a little too far, he graciously withdrew the embargo.

"The development of the port of Haifa was one of the projects of the British administration, and British firms offered to tender for this important work. Again the Zionists interfered, and raised objections. Similarly the proposal to utilize the labor of Maltese ex-Service men as a temporary expedient to relieve unemployment in Malta was vetoed on the ground that only Jewish labor ought to be employed.

"This was not all. The financial adviser of the Palestine Government, a most capable Indian Civil Servant, was suddenly dismissed, because it was alleged that he was not *persona grata* to the Zionist Junta in Jerusalem. An atmosphere hostile to the military administration was skilfully diffused, and General Money found it necessary to resign, his example being subsequently followed by the best of his colleagues who could not bow the knee to the new Baal. There is no place for the fearless and honorable British officer, who recognizes the rights of the Palestinians and is determined to be impartial, in the administration to-day. Subservience to the Zionists, who already appear to exercise powers of domination, is the road to advancement. A steamship company was recently asked not to allow its vessels to call at Palestinian ports on a Saturday because of inconvenience to Jewish officials.

"At an early period the self-appointed Commission appears to have claimed the right to supervise immigration. In July, 1920, an order was issued to the Governors of ports directing them to admit Jews arriving by sea without passports, provided that they had Zionist sanction, and although I believe this amazing decision was rescinded, the Commission has been constituted the selecting body for all immigrants. Dr. Max Nordau has stated that the influx of Jews may reach eight or nine millions, and that half a million will be settled in Palestine in the next few years. Replying to me, Lord Curzon said on the 29th of June last:

"'Our general policy is that no man or woman shall be admitted whom the country is incapable of supporting, and that indiscriminate mass immigration, whether of Jews or non-Jews, whether of Jews from Russia or from other parts of the world, will most certainly not be permitted.'

"I am informed that a stream of Jews, including Polish Bolsheviks, is arriving, some of them being impecunious and attracted by the golden prospects held out by the leaders of Zion. Before long there will be a strong affluent from Russia, and, unless immigration is sternly regulated in the interests of the Palestinian peoples, grave troubles are certain.

"Before the unjustly maligned military administration had been rendered impossible, there were many signs of grave unrest in Palestine. The menace of Zionism drew the non-Jewish elements of the population together, and a Moslem-Christian League was formed in the land which saw the Crusades, while the Christian churches at Jerusalem, whose quarrels ushered in the Crimean War, recognised that they were in the presence of a common danger. The League addressed a touching appeal 'to the loyal members of the British Parliament, to the ardent members of the House of Lords, to the British Liberal-Labor Party, to the Anglo-Saxon Churches, to the Professors and students of British Universities and Colleges, to the noble and just British nation.' It complained bitterly of the arrogant assumptions of the Zionists promoted by 'the money pouring on them from outside and the privileges given to them.'

"The Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, Dr. McInnes, spoke out boldly, and was reported in the *Guardian* and *Church Times*. He said that there were extremists who 'in ordinary conversation' had asked: 'What shall be done with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre? Shall it be razed to the ground or burned?' And he added that:

"'The emigrants so far brought in (under the auspices of the Commission) did not include many respectable English Jews; but they did include a great number of Russians, Poles, and Roumanians, many of them thoroughly Bolshevik in their attitude to the Government.'

"A veil has since fallen between the British people and the rightful owners of Palestine, for whose welfare they have become responsible. The Moslem-Christian League has been reduced to silence. Local disturbances still apparently occur; but we do not hear of them. A Jew has been made Chief of the Judicial Branch; another is Assistant-Governor of Jerusalem, and Zionists are evidently winning their way into the administration. They have already succeeded in imposing Hebrew as a third official language upon this little country, with objects that are evident. Neither Moslems nor Christians are likely to learn a dead language, and the result will be to create a number of posts which can be held only by Jews. Jewish children are being forced into schools where Hebrew is taught, and as textbooks of modern science cannot well be rendered in the language of the Talmud, education—complications apart—will receive a setback. The resignations of experienced British officers is an even more serious matter.

"Turning to the economic question, it is clear that Palestine is not well suited to colonization. Some of the Jewish colonies established in recent years are able to pay their way. Others, together with a considerable mendicant Jewish population in Jerusalem, are dependent upon subsidies. If the Zionists were prepared to put down their money without return, to develop the country for the advantage of its proper inhabitants, and only to admit selected immigrants, Jewish and Gentile, as the development proceeded, I can imagine that a more prosperous future would dawn upon Palestine. This, however, is not their object, and if they succeed in converting the small Jewish minority at the date of the conquest into a majority which will proceed to set up a 'Jewish Commonwealth' under a successor to David and Solomon, with a Sanhedrim and a Soviet system, there will be a great disaster for which we shall be entirely responsible.

"If now a Zionist Commonwealth is permitted to be set up in Palestine, which occupies a most important geographical position, political and strategic, between the East and West, what must happen? The Government at Jerusalem, presumably an autocracy, will be manipulated by and co-operate with its powerful associates in all Gentile countries, and the foundations of world control foreshadowed by the Hebrew prophets and indicated in the Protocols will be securely laid.

"In many countries, some Gentiles are beginning to be aware of the fate that is being prepared for them, and to ask 'Can these things be?' It is therefore most natural that many Jews, who are loyal citizens of the lands of their adoption, should strongly resent and see danger in the projects of the Zionists. They perfectly understand that the plan of world dominion by a small minority, to which the submergence of the Palestinians is a first step, may lead to a great catastrophe. Meanwhile, the policy which His Majesty's Government appears to be pursuing in Palestine not only concerns the vital interests of the British Empire—military and political—but may imperil the future peace of the world."

# Meaning of Psycho-Analysis

*An Article For the Beginner by a Beginner.*

E. W. in the *Spectator*.

WE HAVE heard much of late of Psycho-Analysis but how many of us have any clear idea as to the meaning of the word? The writer of this article offers it to those who want to read and know more about it but do not know where to begin. He says in part:

"First of all, what is meant by the word psycho-analysis? The definition of a word should be a report on the facts. The word seems, at present, to be generally loosely used to signify the application of ordinary scientific methods to mental phenomena. After the Dark Ages, people ceased, once more, to think

of ordinary mental experience or mental disease as the work of inscrutable supernatural creatures, demons, incubi, witches, or, on the other hand, angels and guardian spirits. They then began to wonder what were the causes of the more striking mental oddities such as genius, madness, dreams, prophecies, or even such things as aesthetic pleasures.

"The psycho-analyst takes conduct as his data. He regards the facts and circumstances of the hallucination, or the loss of memory, or of the ability to repeat *Paradise Lost* at first reading as the facts to be studied.

"Psycho-analysts, then, are applying the ordinary methods of science to the facts of behavior. First, that is, they are observing and recording facts of conduct in both normal and abnormal people. Secondly, they are trying to discover which, among these phenomena, are related to one another, and to group them accordingly;—thirdly, to devise a hypothesis to explain as many as possible of the facts that have been found out, and by means of which further facts (that for some reason cannot be demonstrated) can be inferred.

"For convenience of dissection, then, psycho-analysts regard the personality as divided, primarily, into *consciousness* and *subconsciousness*. They give the name of subconsciousness to that part of the personality which is chiefly concerned with instinct. If the reader wishes to assure himself of the existence of this subconsciousness, let him try the following experiment, which will show him how easily his own conscious mind may be cheated. Take a piece of paper, draw a circle on it, then draw a cross within the circle. Mark the ends of the cross A, B and C, D, then take a long pencil, a piece of stick or a knitting needle and tie on to the end of it a piece of string about eighteen inches long. On the other end of the string tie some small, fairly heavy object—if possible something bright—a small glass lustre off a chandelier, a locket, or a small brass ornament will do very well. Sit down with the piece of paper in front of you on a table, hold the pencil as if it were a fishing-rod, and let the little bright object dangle over the centre of the cross. When he is in position, the experimenter, without making any particular mental effort, must let his eye travel from A to B and from B to A, meanwhile holding the rod quite still. After about a minute, with most people, the little weight begins to swing from A to B and back again. When he is satisfied of this, if the experimenter lets his eye follow the line C, D, the little plumb-line will be found also to change its direction; again, if he let his eye travel round the circle it will follow the direction of his eyes again.

"There is, of course, nothing occult in the whole affair, but it is a rather striking proof of the way in which a perfectly normal, honest, well-intentioned person can be made to cheat by his subconsciousness, for the experimenter will be ready to swear that he did not move his arm.

"But psycho-analysts have already proved fairly conclusively that a great many actions for which we can afterwards give perfectly rational explanations are in reality prompted by these instincts. The reasons we give for them are thought of afterwards, and represent what is called *rationalization*—that is to say, the process of doing a thing and explaining it afterwards.

"Freud, the great Viennese pioneer of psycho-analysis, refers back nearly all such instinctive actions to sex impulse, but Jung, the Swiss professor, and most of the French and English research workers disagree with him in this respect. It is, of course, possible, as they point out, to say that when a man instinctively tries to prevent himself from falling over a precipice he is actuated by sex impulse—the desire to continue the race. It is also possible to say that a mother's instinctive passionate protection of her child is sex instinct; but if such cases as these are attributed to sex impulse, the expression loses all the special sense in which we usually understand it. It is much simpler to say in such cases that the man and woman are actuated by the instinct of self-preservation and maternal instinct.

"The subconscious is then, roughly speaking, the primitive part of our nature, and in the ordinary civilized being the primitive part, though retaining its strong desire for the self-expression of action, stands, as it were, in fear of the conscious mind which controls it and which can sometimes be a very stern master. The subconsciousness is very often obliged to disguise its manifestations, for they are frequently such as the moral, or it may be, over-sophisticated conscious mind would by no means approve. For instance, in the books on shell-shock published during the war we see cases cited in which a soldier was found to be suffering from, say, a watering of his right eye, or a tremor of one of his arms or fingers which effectually prevented his using a rifle. When, by some means or other, these afflictions were cured, he would be found to have become deaf, or to suffer from fits of vomiting, or some such trouble. When such cases were treated by a psychologist, one of his first steps was, generally, to try to discover the nature of the patient's dreams.

"A case of this sort was reported from a hospital at Malta, where it was found that the soldier dreamed nearly every night, with every conceivable elaboration of setting and story, dreams in which he figured as a Chinaman. Afterwards he dreamed stories in which he was a priest in some temple. The psycho-analyst diagnosed this state of things as a conflict between his conscious and subconscious mind. The conscious mind was quite courageous and accepted as a matter of course that he should 'do his bit' in the war. Not so the subconscious. The subconscious, being in fear of the censorship of the conscious, did not dare, as it were, to express its primitive abhorrence of danger quite directly: instead, it managed to get partial control of the body, so as to produce the so-called functional symptoms, and of the mind, at night, in such a way as to hint to the top consciousness that he was really in a position which made it unnecessary for him to run into danger. In the stories it told him at night, he was invariably a Chinese mandarin or a priest, persons who would be exempt from going to war. These dreams might also have, the physician thought, a further significance. They were intended to hint, as a sort of concealed *double entendre*, that the man was really a woman, for in both cases the long dresses were particularly clearly visualized and insisted upon. When the psycho-analyst informed the patient of what he believed was at the bottom of his trouble, the man was extremely worried and much hurt, because he feared the doctor took him for a coward, and thereafter, being on his guard, was able more effectively to censor the troublesome subconscious.

"It was, as the reader will have perceived, just because the man was not a coward that the conflict arose. Had his consciousness been as determined as his subconsciousness to get out of the war, he would almost certainly have been able, by hook or by crook, to find some work which kept him well out of danger. There were many jobs, at the base or as a cook, which provided a refuge for the man 'who knew his own mind'—a pregnant popular phrase, by-the-by. In the case of the shell-shocked soldier which we have outlined, we have also a good example of the very simple curative methods often—or is it not too much to say nearly always? — employed by the psycho-analysts.

"Apparently, once the machinations of the subconscious are brought to light, we can generally deal with them ourselves. It is only when the plots of that Machiavelli are concealed from us that he can harm us. Once the gaff is blown, we are masters again in our own house. In the case of children, especially, a great deal can also be done to educate the primitive subconsciousness and to make its desires less Neolithic. This is one of the functions of pedagogics and psycho-analysis in alliance."

# Why France Insisted

*Germany Quit War With Factories Intact—France in Ruins.*

RENE VIVIANI

"I AM here to inform you and to inform myself," was one of the first statements of Viviani, ex-premier of France, after his recent arrival in United States. In the *Outlook*, he is quoted in support of France's contentions that Germany must pay all that has been demanded of her. After pointing out that in the war United States as well as the Entente Allies supported her, he asks,

"Has she changed? Is she no longer herself? Has she forfeited your gratitude and friendly feeling and loyalty? . . . Look at her now that the war is over. Look at her, having lost a million five hundred thousand men killed. She is recultivating the soil where she has shed her blood. She has bravely taken up the burden of reconstruction. . . .

"What does she want? She wants nothing but justice. What she asks is not to be repaid the huge expense of the war. But she does ask from Germany reparations—above all, what is needed for her widows, orphans, and maimed. She does ask the amount required for the economic rehabilitation of. . . her territory destroyed. . . .

"And she asks this because, looking beyond her frontier, she sees the German soldiers picking up the working tools they had left, the manufacturers finding their factories intact, every German going back to a home that is still standing.

"Look at the other side of the picture. Look at our six hundred thousand houses destroyed, at our mines made useless for five years, at our factories whose equipment has been carried into Germany. . . .

"We want peace. We want the nations to become reconciled. But how can we help feeling bitter when at the end of two years and a half of peace we have received no payment for reparation? The world cannot be in a condition of equilibrium while there is a wrecked France."

# From Dickens to To-day

*Octogenarian Statesman Relates His Reminiscences.*

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, the eminent United States diplomatist, was 87 years old a few weeks back. In the New York *Sunday Times*, Marie de Montaloo gives the account of an interview with him in which he recounted his recollections of old times:

"'And when I say old times,' explained Mr. Depew, 'I mean the past seventy years.

"'I used to come down from Peekskill in those days and stay at the Astor House. The Astor was the "only place" to stay—and it had the added attraction of being near P. T. Barnum's Museum at Ann Street.

"'Barnum put on a play every afternoon, and he exhibited everything from a curious idiot, that was examined by many alleged scientists and finally pronounced to be the missing link, to the original participants in a terrible Indian massacre, which was then going on out West between the Pawnees and the Sioux.

"'These bloodthirsty warriors enacted their hair-raising deeds every day, and one year in the month of August I was so thrilled by a combination of terror and admiration for their prowess that I hung about in corners to get a closer view after the performance was over. And it was in this way that I overheard the following remark:

"'Pawnee Chief, addressing Sioux Chief: "Shure an' bedad, an' if this turble heat kapes up Oi'll be nothin' but a grease spot!"

"'That,' said Mr. Depew, 'was the first time my heart was ever broken.'

* * *

"'But one thing that has been destroyed in modern times is fame. Opera-singers are a matter of course—but when Jenny Lind came to sing at Castle Garden in the '50s she was met by the mayor, and she had an imposing escort for her carriage as she drove uptown. Dickens and Thackeray, too, when they came to deliver public lectures—they were really famous. Everybody in the world had read their books; one was an ignoramus if one didn't know their characters in fiction as well as one knew the public characters in one's own town. There is no author in these days that everybody reads!

"'Dickens did not lecture: he read from his books with a dramatic power that made each character alive. He was a real actor and a mimic.

"'I took a very fashionable young lady to hear him once, and I was so fascinated by him that I forgot all about her! When the reading was over and I came to, I turned to ask her, in a sort of gasp, whether she didn't think he was wonderful.

"'"Not at all," said the young lady, crisply, "I was bored blue!"

"'I expressed my amazement and asked her why.

"'"Because," said she, "I never met any one like the people Mr. Dickens writes about, and I never expect to."

"'She demonstrated her discrimination in later life by getting three divorces—none of which, I may say, was obtained from me!

"'Few Americans were "bored blue" by Dickens, but he was rather cordially resented when he went back to England and wrote "Martin Chuzzlewit." He was quite right when he wrote it, but I am glad to say that the bombastic, bragging, boastful, lick-the-world American he showed there has since been laughed out of existence. The general standard of education and intelligence, you see, is higher now—although we have no celebrities who are a match for the men who were celebrities then. We have never had another Dickens nor another Thackeray—H. G. Wells is not in their class—and no modern has ever written a "Vanity Fair" or a "David Copperfield." Kipling is not read nearly so widely as these men were even during their lifetimes.

"'Take even our local favorites—the speakers and lawyers who were known on the streets of New York by everybody whom they met: Joseph H. Choate, Henry Ward Beecher, Robert Ingersoll, Ogden Hoffman, James T. Brady, George William Curtis, William M. Evarts—they have no duplicates to-day. There are no after-dinner speakers, men famous for their wit as these men were. And lawyers are slipshod, and debating in colleges is abandoned.

"'Among writers, no one now has the vogue of Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, whom everybody knew when they passed them on the street. You know—this is the same old New York that it always was, but it is so big that the camaraderie is gone, and famous people pass unnoticed.

"'Then, a few men commanded the attention and the respect of the entire nation: Webster was the greatest orator we ever had, and people waited to act upon his words; Clay was the most popular statesman, and the whole country read every word he said. What they did will live.

"'McKinley was a great speaker, and so were Garfield and Roosevelt—but it seems to me that the men who went before them had a literary quality and an eternal truth in what they said that will be good for all time, while modern leaders speak of the moment and for the moment, and last no longer than the moment in which they speak.

"'Lincoln—of course he is the greatest of them all, because he differed from them in having a heart as big as his brain.

"'Lincoln talked to me once for two hours—and he told me eleven stories. I could have listened to him all day and never tired, because of his infinite variety—his singularly keen analysis of character, his bubbling humor and the curious cadence of his voice in casual conversation that emphasized the keynote of every idea and made his sen-



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tences so effective. I remember word for word one thing that he said:

"'"I am charged with telling a great many stories; but I have found that plain people—plain people, take them as you find them—are more easily and permanently influenced by broad and human illustrations than in any other way. And what the hypercritical few may say, I don't care!"

"'And he repeated "I don't care!" with that singular cadence in his voice that was so agreeable.

"'Lincoln was never the kind of orator that Wendell Phillips was. Audiences listen to most people attentively, but at the same time a little casually. To Wendell Phillips they listened leaning forward in their chairs, with their mouths open, and he repeatedly converted a hostile audience by sheer magnetism.

"'Lincoln lacked this magnetism. He won his people because he told them things so clearly, and clinched his arguments with humor. He was the greatest humorist of his time.

"'And he had the biggest heart, the most intense sympathy. He could not sign a death warrant—and yet it must not be held against him that he was a sentimentalist. He was too shrewd to be caught in the net of too easy sympathy. The cases that were brought to him of men about to be executed were invariably those of very young boys, and Lincoln felt that there was something better to be done with them than to shoot them!

* * *

"'Fashions change, but women don't. We have no women now who are in the same class with Julia Ward Howe and Harriet Beecher Stowe—but woman as woman does not change.

"'I have a distinct recollection of seventy-five years of public opinion of the young; and every decade has regularly been alarmed at the deterioration of their minds and their morals and the fearful effect it will have upon the future of the country.

"'And every decade in my opinion, has marked an improvement in the minds and the morals of the young, because they have been getting an increasingly better education. This brings about more independence, which is what frightens people—but at the same time it creates a better armor of protection against the possible dangers of independence.

"'Everybody wants womankind to be as beautiful as possible, and this beauty is regarded by all right-minded men as the proper adornment to set off the real charms of her mind.'"

# Alliance Prevents Disarmament

*Japanese Paper Against Renewal of Anglo-Japanese Treaty.*

Japan *Weekly Chronicle.*

WHILE convinced that friendship with Britain should be an important feature in Japan's diplomacy the *Osaka Asahi*, a Japanese paper, urges in the interest of the peace of the world that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should be discontinued. The reasons given for this attitude show the question in a somewhat remarkable and novel light. The article, in part, says:

"In its editorial on the 30th ultimo the *Times* explains that it is a great mistake to think, as do many Americans, that Britain is bound by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance to come to Japan's assistance in the event of hostilities breaking out between Japan and America. In the opinion of the *Times*, the Peace Conference Treaty, which was concluded between Britain and America in September, 1914, is a substitute for a general Arbitration Treaty, and consequently by virtue of that treaty Britain is absolved from the duty of assisting Japan in such a contingency. We have repeatedly pointed out that the friendly feeling of Britain towards Japan has cooled since about the time of the conclusion of the war, that in shaping its policy towards the United States the British Government has been actuated by the sole desire to meet that country's wishes, and that in no circumstances can the assistance of Britain be counted upon in the event of hostilities breaking out between Japan and America. Our conviction has always been that since there was no prospect of Britain coming to the aid of Japan against America's menace, there is no occasion for the continuance of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It is regrettable that many Japanese fail to perceive the fact of this changed situation in international politics, and still endeavor to maintain Japan's position internationally by blindly clinging to the Alliance.

"The efforts of British diplomats are concentrated on the realization of the so-called Anglo-Saxon Alliance. It seems that British diplomats are determined to go all lengths for the attainment of this object. This policy of the British Government became more apparent when, about 1910, Britain began to feel the increasing pressure from Germany. The revision of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1911, proposed and carried out by Lord Grey, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the great concessions made to Britain in Mexico, where British capitalists now possess extensive oil-fields and other rights and interests, and finally Britain's recognition of the Monroe doctrine in spite of her traditional policy against it, all go to confirm the view that the guiding policy of the British Government consists in retaining the good feeling of America, in order to be relieved of the anxieties which Britain might otherwise feel.

"In any case, so long as the British Government pursues the policy of promoting friendship with America at all costs, it is well for Japan to realize the futility of expecting anything from Britain.

"Far be it from us to entertain any hostile feelings towards Britain. We have the firm conviction that friendship with Britain is as important to Japan's diplomacy as friendship with America. But we hold that the existence of the Alliance merely in name is not only useless but a positive danger. The idea of the League of Nations and the principle of the balance of power animating the idea of alliances are not compatible with each other. Mr. Hara, the Premier, believes in the subsistence of these two ideas side by side, but where there is an alliance, suspicion and caution are created among nations outside the alliance. Lord Northcliffe opines that it is out of the question that Britain should go to the aid of Japan against America, and dismisses such a notion as betraying ignorance of the history of the relations between Great Britain and the United States. Even putting on one side the history before 1812, relations between the two countries since that year have been none of the most cordial. War was barely avoided on more than one occasion. Such being the case, the only way to give effect to Lord Northcliffe's argument is to discontinue the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which creates in American minds the fear of attacks from the combined naval forces of Britain and Japan. Seeing that there always exists a possibility of the Japanese and British naval forces being combined for a common object, so long as Japan and Britain remain in a special relation more intimate than the League of Nations warrants, it is quite natural that America should be prepared for such a contingency. If, therefore, Japan and Britain are really desirous of putting an end to the evil practice of the rivalry of naval expansion, nothing can be more urgent than to remove the cause of America's misgivings. There is no nation on earth which is more candid in expressing its ideas and feelings than the Americans. Just as presumptuousness and rudeness are the faults of the Americans, openheartedness is their strong quality. The wisest course for Japan to follow in dealing with America is first to cancel the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which will also have the effect of putting a stop to the needless competition of naval expansion, and then to consult with the American people direct, frankly and candidly, on matters affecting the two countries. If there are any people who may think that the maintenance of friendly relations with Britain is impossible without the continuance of the Alliance, we can but laugh at their unfounded apprehension."



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# Jan Christian Smuts

*Life Sketch of the Brilliant South African Leader.*

*Stead's Magazine* (Melbourne.)

WITH a reputation already established but considerably enhanced by his conduct during the Great War, Smuts is back in South Africa, where he has just won a fight for political life against Afrikander Nationalists, who regard him as "a traitor to his race," and Labor politicians who can never forget his use of troops against strikers and of the weapon of deportation against their leaders. He fought to preserve the Union with the Empire against which he waged war twenty years ago with the ardor and endurance of a Mahommedan.

The Melbourne *Liberal Fortnightly* recently gave a sketch of his career from which we quote:

"Is there any man among all the nations more clearly marked for greatness in the international sphere than Smuts? His faults work with his virtues to that end. He has at times used 'force without stint,' power without mercy, against those who have challenged him to violence; at the same time, he has been ever willing to let bygones be bygones, to forget personal feuds, and to unite with old foes for the attainment of new ideals. His intellect has always been of the clearest and most active; he beat all his competitors in his studies in South Africa, and at Cambridge. His brain is overkeen, some say; he will often lose a friend for the sake of an epigram. However that may be, it is a brain that impels forward thought. And with it there is that power of swift decision, developed in all great military leaders, that may be used for good or ill, but that inevitably makes for strength.

"The circumstances of his life have given him, along with strength, world-vision. He was reared in a community of mingled race—French, Dutch, and German; in the British territory of Cape Colony; with the racial problem of the aboriginals always present. During his early manhood, the influx of Asiatics became a leading political issue. He was inclined in his student days to make the brotherhood of humanity his ideal, but he has since shown himself an intense racialist. And the fact that he makes no attempt to break down barriers of color puts him into sympathy with the great majority of the white race.

"He is only fifty. He was born on a farm in the Western Province of Cape Colony, his father being a politician as well as a ranchman, representing Malmesbury electorate in the Assembly at Capetown. As a toddler, he worked in the fields, leading a team of draught horses by a rope. Later, he tended in turn geese, pigs, goats, sheep, and cattle and, still a boy, was entrusted with the care of the farm horses. On the veldt, he learned to rough it, often having to cook his own food. He was given elementary teaching at home, until, at the age of twelve, he was sent to a small school at the village of Riebeek. At sixteen, he went to Victoria College at Stellenbosch, and five years later won a scholarship that took him to Cambridge. His success in his studies was unique. At Cambridge he took both parts of the Law Tripos at once and was placed first in the first class in each, besides winning a special prize.

"After his brilliant success at Cambridge, Mr. Smuts returned at the age of twenty-five to South Africa. He took up law practice at Capetown, but he was soon busy in political writing and work, with a strong pro-British bent. In his speech at Kimberley, since famous, he acclaimed Britain's unselfish protection: 'She guards our coasts, but she is wisely leaving us more and more to ourselves.' He defended Rhodes from charges of corruption and opportunism, and made it clear that he had great faith in the British empire-maker.

"Immediately afterward, the Jameson raid came like a thunder-clap. Rhodes' attitude seemed to Smuts, and. to all who shared his hopes, nothing less than treachery. The Kimberley speech was made ridiculous. What could the young Dutch advocate of Anglo-Dutch union do but retire from politics and keep his mouth closed? When he did speak in public again, it was to declare Mr. Rhodes to be a permanent barrier between English and Dutch.

"Young Smuts moved from the Cape to the Transvaal. He had time, however, to think of a friend of his college days—Miss Sybilla Margaretha Krige, a lady who had rivalled his success in scholarship. He made a flying visit in 1897 to her home in Stellenbosch, and brought her back as his bride.

"In the following year, at the age of twenty-eight, he was appointed state attorney for the Transvaal by Oom Paul Kruger.

"But destiny was hurrying upon the Transvaal. By the middle of 1899, the differences with Britain had become acute. Smuts accompanied Kruger to his interview with Milner at Bloemfontein. He played a leading part in the final negotiations with the British agent at Pretoria. Of course, the jingo writers of Britain at the time found his conduct anything but noble. However, they have come to know him better.

"The war came. Smuts began his part by wielding the pen-weapon, having a large share in the vigorous Dutch manifesto, 'A Century of Wrong.' He still aimed at the establishment of a united South Africa—but under a Dutch flag. He went into the field, and was given a command. He distinguished himself in guerilla strategy. He had exceedingly narrow escapes, being surrounded on one occasion by the khaki troops while he was sleeping. Once, too, he was poisoned. He and his men were near starvation, and they ate a vegetable substance called 'Hottentot's bread.'

"Those who used to read the vituperation of the Boers in the British press may remember the hideous conduct of which Smuts was alleged to have been guilty while besieging O'okiep. The reports were false, like most of their kind, and it is now admitted that Smuts merited rather the praise given him by an English officer who had been his prisoner: 'No Bayard ever behaved better to an enemy.'

"At the Vereeniging conference, Smuts stood with Botha for peace. He urged the Boer leaders to consider not the glories of war, but the fate of the whole people. It needed more courage, he said, to yield than to go on fighting. He accepted the inevitable, and could only hope for the reconstruction of South Africa under the Union Jack.

"But Smuts could not stay inactive. A couple of months later he was taking part in the conference that led to the formation of the People's Party—*Het Volk*. Botha became the chief of the party, and Smuts his lieutenant, and the two worked in double harness till the time of Botha's death. Their early battles were naturally for self-government, and the right of the Boers to have their own language taught to their children. But it was the issue of the Chinese indentures that brought them into sympathy with a large section of the British community. The official Unionist Party at that time represented not the British people but British financial imperialism. One of its essential policies was that Asiatic laborers should be imported to work the mines cheaply. Smuts declared the introduction of the Chinese had been a crime, and insisted that he would not rest till they had all left the shores of South Africa. At the same time, he spoke of the menace of the blacks as an additional reason for co-operation among the whites.

"In winning the support of some of the Britons, both Botha and Smuts offended some of their own countrymen, and ever since that time there have been Boers to denounce them as traitors.

"The difficulties in the Transvaal were becoming serious, but Botha and Smuts were men of wide vision, and their local troubles did not hinder them from working for a united South Africa The Union was formed in 1909. Botha and Smuts continued in power.

"Labor agitation, however, has most seriously threatened Smuts's power. The Johannesburg riots of 1913, and the calling out of troops on that occasion, probably ended all possibility of reconciliation between the Botha-Smuts government and the organized workers. The troops actually fired into the crowd, causing considerable bloodshed. Again in 1914, there was a labor rising, almost a revolt. The government met it by deporting nine of the ringleaders, without any legal authority. Again, the military were called out, and one of their commanders ordered: 'Do not hesitate to shoot.'

"Could Botha and Smuts continue to meet the united opposition of labor and the nationalists? It seemed unlikely. But the Great War came. It left the question unanswered.

"Smuts first campaign was against the rebels in his own country, under General de Wet. His operations were rapid and uniformly successful. The campaign probably strengthened Smuts's authority, but one incident remains to rankle in the minds of nationalists. After de Wet had surrendered, one of his subordinates, Jopie Fourie, continued to resist, and killed twelve of the government's troops at Nooitgedacht. Fourie was captured and sentenced by a court-martial to death. Smuts signed the death warrant. Since then, the name of Jopie Fourie has been often on the lips of Smuts's opponents.

"We need not trace General Smuts's victorious campaigns in German South West Africa. We need not prophesy his political future in South Africa. Perhaps he will eventually go back to watering his orange trees. He has a delightful farm home, and a family of six.

"But will the veldt ever hold Jan Smut's for long? Will South Africa hold him? Has he not shown himself the type of man to whom the white race looks for leadership?"

# Auto Competitors Co-operate

*Rival Firms Grant Each Other Free Use of Patents.*

JOHN K. BARNES.

A STRIKING account of the benefits to be derived from co-operative competition is given in *World's Work* by Mr. Barnes, who tells how the automobile industry was formerly handicapped owing to expensive and lengthy lawsuits over patent rights for various parts and how the idea occurred to Mr. Charles Hanch of overcoming these difficulties by forming an organization of auto manufacturing firms and pooling rights to all patents affecting them.

After relating how, at first, Mr. Hanch's plans were coldly received, Mr. Barnes continues:—

"Mr. Hanch's hopes were checked, but he did not abandon his idea. That was in 1909. In 1915, practically all the companies in the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the successor of all the earlier organizations of manufacturers, which includes all the leading automobile producers, except the Ford Motor Company, agreed to a plan of cross-licensing their patents which permits of their use by every other member *free of charge*. In the six years between the birth of the idea in his mind and 1915 he had not been idle. Upon every suitable occasion he had advocated a scheme that would eliminate patent litigation. But even he never dreamed at first that a plan could be effected that would permit of the free interchange of patents. It was when the committee started work on a definite plan and the difficulties of appraising the value of patents and fixing royalties for their use became apparent that it was suggested that no charge at all be made. As no manufacturer had patents worth as much as the aggregate value of the patents of all the others, there was a sound basis of fairness in this proposal. It was this argument that finally convinced the automobile manufacturers in the N.A.C.C. and induced them to adopt the plan. Each one had much more to gain from it than he was asked to contribute.

"This cross-licensing agreement does not cover radical patents, for it was felt that any company making inventions of a striking character, involving a radical departure from what is known, should be entitled to special compensation if such inventions proved valuable. At present there are no patents owned by the members of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce that have been determined to be of this class. Nor are design patents which apply to the outward appearance of a car—its shape and lines—included in this agreement. But all other patents, such as improvements on the engine or on other parts of the car, come under the cross-licensing agreements and can be used by all the parties of this agreement free of charge. There are about eight hundred such patents owned by the members of the N.A.C.C.

"The practicability of this agreement is clearly evident when one stops to realize that a patent of this kind does not give the holder the right to manufacture a car. If it is an improvement on an engine, for instance, the holder of the patent must get licenses from the holders of all other patents on that engine before he can manufacture it. And none of these holders of other patents could make use of his improvement, which might be highly valuable, until they had gotten the right to do so from him. It is obvious that the development of an industry can be seriously retarded by patent conflict and litigation.

"The nearest thing to this cross-licensing agreement that had existed up to that time was an agreement between the General Electric and the Westinghouse Electric companies covering an interchange of certain of their patents. But there a compensation was paid. The scheme has since been adopted by the aircraft industry, but never before had it been contemplated for an entire industry.

"Thus did the automobile makers solve in a new and sensible way one of the most difficult problems that faces young manufacturing industries. It was the principal rock on which most of the companies in the flour milling machinery industry were wrecked. It was the rock that split the agricultural implement concerns into bitter competitors. The solution in that latter case was the old method of combining the companies. That was not brought about, however, until the bankers had given warning that they would no longer supply money unless the companies stopped their costly patent litigation. There is an interesting story of how the bitter antagonists in that field were brought on to New York, lodged in separate hotels—while the plans for the formation of the combination were being completed—and how each one signed the agreement for the formation of the combination not knowing whether he was the first to sign or not. There has never been keener competition than in the automobile field, and yet there is wholesome co-operation. A phrase has been coined to describe this situation: 'co-operative competition.' By eliminating the rock on which manufacturers in other industries had been wrecked, or had been forced to combine for their own salvation, the automobile makers reaped some of the advantages of combination without losing any of the benefits of competition. The life of this agreement was fixed for its trial at ten years, but it has operated so successfully for the past six years that there is little doubt that when it expires in 1925 it will be extended.

"Differences and misunderstandings arise among the members of the N.A.C.C. just as they do in every other industry, but four times a year representatives of the member companies are brought together in a general meeting—the Chamber pays the traveling and hotel expenses of these men—and their differences are brought out into the light of day and subjected to the views of all the members. The inevitable result is the correction of misunderstandings and usually the composition of differences. Friendly co-operation is thus maintained.

"Much could be learned by other industries from the 'co-operative competition' in the automobile field."




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# The Brenton Company Comes Through

*Continued from page 23*

"Know Norris and Smithers, of Barrington?"

"Do I know George and Dan?" Bill exploded. "Why they call us the triplets up in Barrington."

"Look something like me," he commented, regarding his expansive waistcoat. "Why I've dandled their two kids on my knee every month for five years back. Spend most of my time there."

"Well, as far as those kids go, you might as well give up dandling. It isn't getting you anywhere. Norris and Smithers are buying, and they're not buying from you."

"Hell!" said Bill, "and after all the jazz parties I have put up for those boys."

"Speaking of jazz," remarked young Shannon.

"Yes?" said Bill hopefully.

"I was only going to suggest that you might spare a little of it from the parties and put it into your business."

"Hell!" said Bill again as he closed the door softly after him.

* * *

IN ADDITION to everything else, young Shannon couldn't get away from the thought that business quite apart from being bad was getting away from him. That very element of jazz that he had spoken of was entirely lacking in the sales force. Sometimes he thought it was due to the fact that the cutting down of the staff had given the remaining men more than they could do. A short trip of a few days on the road, in which he had discovered a number of his men not too toilsomely employed, disabused his mind of that idea.

No, there was distinctly something wrong with the organization. He took this problem to Jill, and they spent a pleasant evening, part of which was devoted to the solving of this problem. The net result was a conference of all the salesmen who could be gathered together at the plant, and an inspiring letter to all the others.

Young Shannon spoke with enthusiasm to the men. Explained to them that business was there if the men went at it with a will. He pointed out that in carrying on aggressively they were doing something to carry the country over some very troublesome times. It was not a bad effort for one not given to speech making, but he could not but admit that the reception was not over enthusiastic.

"What's the House going to do to help out in this policy?" one of the salesmen asked and young Shannon had to go into a long explanation on the need for a conservative policy. He did his best with the argument, but withal he could not avoid the impression that he was not putting it across.

"We're up against it," remarked Bill Henry. "We know it, and you know it. The market's dead, and it's no use blinking that fact. Of course we'll dig our toes in. But I don't think it will make much difference, and you don't either, if you would admit it."

"But there are some firms right on our own grounds who are getting business by going after it," urged young Shannon with just a shade of asperity in his voice.

"Yes, and spending a lot of money to do it, taking a long-shot, win or lose. Looks as though they're winning, but you never can tell. Anyway we don't do business that way. Good sound conservative business, that's us. And darned good thing it is too."

* * *

FOR a few days business showed signs of picking up. The week end returns of salesmen showed, or at least so it seemed to young Shannon, that there was business to be found if it was sought in the right way. But the spurt did not last long. And again a spirit of lethargy settled over the salesmen as it had apparently settled over the business.

"If I don't look out," young Shannon muttered to himself, "this business is going to be dead as a tub of salt herring."

But if the business was dead, young Shannon wasn't. He fought every inch of the way. There never was a time in the firm's history when the product that it sent out could have better atood scrutiny.

"We're depending on the quality of our product, our old well-known reliability, to hold our business," he said to his production manager, "and we have to come through." And come through they did. There was a certain melancholy satisfaction that in the cancellation orders that had become part of the daily routine the matter of quality was never broached.

Young Shannon too did what he could to keep his depleted sales staff on their toes. He sent them encouraging letters from day to day, filled with helpful information about conditions in general, and their field in particular, but he realized only too well from the results that his was a lone voice crying in the wilderness, while hundreds were barking calamity in their ears.

He had circularized the trade too, urging them to keep the James Brenton Company goods to the fore in their selling campaign. One of these letters in particular he felt was a real message. Into it he had put all his young enthusiasm, his belief in his product, his knowledge of its assured quality, and his confidence in the future. It was a good letter, terse, strong and convincing. It was attractively presented, and its cost almost overstepped the meagre amount apportioned for such purposes. He believed that it would get business, and Jill to whom he had read the letter had been equally confident. To them the arguments looked unanswerable.

A few days after the letter had been posted, a trickle of orders began to come in. Some of them mentioned the letter, some did not, but the association was obvious. Then almost as suddenly as this little stimulation had begun, it seemed to lose its power. The business resulting, young Shannon figured, would pay for the circular, and leave a little nest egg to the good, but the egg would be pretty small.

Then in the afternoon mail some days later, when he had forgotten all about this circular in a feverish preparation of some other scheme, there came a letter from a firm that they had been cultivating with indifferent success for some years. It was written on the back of the attractive circular.

"Can you tell us," it asked, "why we should sell your goods? The goods are everything that can be desired. We are ready to admit that. But so are the goods of other firms we could mention. You are the oldest firm in the business. That's true, too, but you began once, and as we remember it, your product was as good then as now. Age isn't necessarily a virtue, it may be only necessity. Loyalty to an old friend? Well, yes, but these are days of necessity for us both. Loyalty should work both ways. These other firms we have mentioned have tried to help us, you haven't. We are ready to admit your statement, that we can sell goods if we put our shoulder to it. We are doing it. But, we ask you frankly, can you tell us why we should sell yours?"

Young Shannon leaned back in his chair, and gazed at the letter with knit brows for some minutes.

"No, I can't," he finally admitted as though he were addressing the writer.

While he was still pondering this question, the telephone rang. He picked up the receiver with a frown that quickly disappeared as a voice that sounded serene and summery greeted him.

"I just rang you up," said Jill, "to see if I could lure you away from your work for an hour or so. I'm out for a drive. I have to take the big car and I want some company. It's too big for just me, and company seems awfully scarce this afternoon for some reason."

"I'm just afraid—" young Shannon was beginning, then changed his mind suddenly. "All right. I'm with you. I'll be ready in fifteen minutes if you will come round this way."

SHANNON gathered his papers together, making a terse notation here and there and turned them over to his secretary. Then he picked up the letter, glanced through it again with a frown, and was about to file it away, when he thought better of it and put it in his pocket.

He was standing at the curb when the big limousine pulled up, and a laughing face looking out at him from the back seat made his business troubles for a time seem of little moment. They whirled away through grimy streets and were soon in the open country. But even the great outdoors and the presence of Jill could not quite drive the frown of worry from Shannon's brow. His heart was heavy, and she was quick to see it and to respond to his mood.

"I had to let out more men to-day," he said in a pause that followed some desultory conversation.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"By the way," he continued, "here's a letter I received to-day. I brought it because I thought it might interest you."

The girl took it and read it with evident attention.

"It's not a very nice letter, is it?" she asked, as she laid it down on her lap. "It seems rather to suggest that you, that is the business, have been disloyal. I don't see that it has, do you?"

"I didn't at first, but since I have been thinking it over, I have somehow got this fellow's slant on the matter. When I thought of it before it always struck me that the conduct of a business was a purely business matter, that what we chose to do couldn't be of any particular importance to anyone else. I thought that this shutting down part of the works and cutting off the selling staff, and withdrawing advertising, and all these little precautionary measures we had been adopting, was bad policy, because it seemed to me that it must react on the business. I only thought so then, but I am confident of it now. But what I didn't see was it wasn't playing quite fair to the other fellow. We saw the thing coming, or your father did, and set about making everything snug and tight. We're losing money of course, quite a lot of it, but it is only the normal damage of the storm. No ship can hope to ride out a storm without suffering some damage. But it seems to me now, that in making things so safe for ourselves, we have forgotten that others not so well prepared for the storm will be trying to weather it too, and we are sitting tight and not doing anything to help them."

"Do you think that is what this man means?" she said, lightly touching the letter.

"I'm sure of it, and the worst of it is, I think he's right. There is no reason why they should help sell our goods. No reason in the world, when we definitely sit back and refuse to help them.

"Of course a lot of people might say that bad times and bad management are responsible for us having to let out more men to-day. And I'm not saying that things have been going as well as they might have if your father had been at the helm at the present time. But I do believe that the policy that we are working under is wrong, as wrong as can be.

"The public thinks that we are afraid of the future, why shouldn't they? Doesn't it look like it, considering the policy we have adopted? They don't see our advertisements, and they naturally reason that we are hauling in sail, if they think of it at all; and if they don't think they go and buy the goods of one of our competitors because they read about them, and because these men are not inculcating a doctrine of fear of the future.

"You can see it in our travellers. They haven't backbone any more. And they are all good men. But they hear this calamity talk all the time, and they see us letting out men, and cancelling our advertising, and they would be more than human if they didn't feel that we here, back in the office, didn't expect much business. So that when a man says 'there's nothing doing,' why there *is* nothing doing; when a few months ago they would have only laughed at him, and would have come away with a good order. That's the way it affects us. And the way it affects the other fellow is that it makes the hard times just a little harder for everyone. There are men who have been dealing with us for years, and have been more or less depending on our support and we have just cut loose and let them sink or swim by themselves. But I'm afraid I am spoiling the sunshine and the fresh air for you with my lugubrious wailings. Anyway, I suppose it's your father's business and he knows best what to do with it."

Jill turned on him almost fiercely. "I don't mind a bit your lugubrious wailings as you call them. They don't spoil the sunshine at all. But, when you talk about it being father's business to do what he likes with it despite anything that may result, then it does spoil the sunshine, it spoils everything. If you think that way you should tell him so, and make him see and understand as you have made me."

Young Shannon was looking straight before him, his face set rather grimly.

"I suppose you know what would happen, your father would be looking for another sales manager, and I would be banished to Siam or somewhere else, where I could not possibly see your father's daughter."

Jill leaned forward and looked at him, her face softening. "And Jimmie," she said, "I would rather go to Siam with a man than stay here with an office holder."

"Of course you're right, dear," he said; "to Siam it is, and let's forget all about the bally old business for a while."

* * *

THE return of James Brenton did not perhaps mean that the business immediately took on more life, but certainly more of it showed on the surface. It was generally admitted among the lesser fry on the staff that with his return there would be something doing, and there was a certain amount of interest and eagerness in what the doings might be. As a matter of fact, for the first day or so at least there was nothing doing. James Brenton retired to his office, and from that safe retreat he studied the progress of the business since his departure. What he thought was not apparent. In the three or four interviews that young Shannon had with him, he was non-committal. However, the general impression that the lesser fry gained was that joy did not hover about him, therefore they hastened their steps lest displeasure should fall upon them.

Four or five days after his return Shannon happened to meet Jill.

"Well," he said, "I am gathering my resources together preparatory to leaving for Siam. In other words I have been notified to appear before the Board of Directors to-morrow. After which," he waved his hand ruefully, "napoo!"

"Don't be so sure," Jill laughed, and remember what I told you of father and the purple dress. That's important, because it will help you to remember that a man can talk very loud, and still be wrong."

* * *

THE directors' meeting did not indeed promise anything spectacular. Young Shannon sat a little in the background and outside the group of black coated directors, watching the proceedings with interest. They listened dismally as the president outlined the story of the general business decline. But young Shannon did not sense any particular animosity to himself, which led him to the rather comforting conclusion that the same tactics adopted in other businesses must have led to somewhat similar results. There was certainly no praise for his months of management but on the other hand there was only a very tempered blame.

Shannon hesitated in what he had determined to do. He felt that the course he proposed was sure to arouse opposition, and imperil his position; that meant much to him not because of the position itself, but because the position carried with it a certain nearness to Jill. But his word was pledged, and in his heart of hearts he believed the course he had planned was right.

When he was called upon to speak he outlined carefully the course of his tenure of office, and the causes that he believed had resulted in its lack of success. A frigid silence greeted his words. James Brenton sat at the head of the table, his face a stony mask. Shannon had prepared his case with care. He was ready to defend it. He had a vision of what a change in policy might mean to the business and of how much of a factor its widening influence might be in the country. It was a straight talk bearing a ring of confidence, not at all the sort of talk the president and directors were prepared for, in view of the recent history of the company.

For a brief while, James Brenton listened in silence, then rising heavily to his feet, he broke the spell of silence that had held him. His words when they came had a bite like an acid. They had dealt, he said, with the last few months' business in a spirit of fairness considering the situation and the heavy burden that had been imposed on young shoulders. They had given large responsibilities, which, he regretted to say, the young manager had singularly failed to handle in a business-like manner. Young Shannon sitting there with a dozen pair of eyes upon him had a fleeting memory of the incident of the purple dress. Then of a sudden the restraint that had held James Brenton to a certain measure of calm was lifted bodily. In a torrent of words that rattled the office windows, he gave vent to his real opinion of the interim management. "A man may talk very loud," young Shannon reflected as he

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The Briscoe **has** the appearance—surpassing in this respect many of the expensive cars alongside which it is driven and parked. But the real pride of the Briscoe makers and dealers is centred in the unique design of motor and chassis, whereby great speed is attained, great stamina ensured, real service rendered, and big savings effected on tires and on gas.

## *NEW* BRISCOE

## Some Notable Features of the 1921 Model

### Distinctive Appearance

Sweeping body lines accentuated by slightly Tilted Radiator, give that smart individuality that marks it instantly as a quality car. Tipping the radiator at this slight angle also makes possible the placing of the fan so as to increase its cooling efficiency to the maximum.

### Comfortable Roominess

There is a generous roominess to the front compartment that every driver will appreciate. Those who ride in the rear seat will find that luxurious ease of motoring which is secured by strong, flexible buoyant springs, seats well upholstered and with genuine leather trimmings

### The Marvellous Motor

The Briscoe motor is world-famous for its marvellous flexibility, stamina, power and low gasoline consumption. The transmission is a unit with the motor—selective type, with the usual three speeds forward and reverse—wide gears that shift with ease—shafts of heat-treated chrome alloy steel. The motor is the L-head type—four cylinders; bore 3⅜ in., stroke 5 in.

### Other Features

The crank-shaft is of unusually heavy design—scientifically balanced on three-bearing suspension with extra large bearings—assuring minimum vibration.

The springs are over-size semi-elliptic, 54" rear, 36" front.

The drive is genuine Hotchkiss type, with flexible universal joints—the power being transmitted direct from motor to rear axle through a propeller shaft with universal fabric joints.

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bowed his head to the blast, "and still be wrong." But as the torrent of words continued, words that pilloried him as a hopeless incompetent, the fine aloofness of his viewpoint left him, to be replaced by a cold bitter anger. All thought of expediency was swept away, and there was only the white hot passion remaining, a passion that for all its heat left him quiet and master of himself. So when the human tornado, that was James Brenton, had blown itself out, young James Shannon rose again to his feet.

"I think what you have said entitles me to a reply. You have talked about the great responsibility and the great opportunity with which I was entrusted; I am here to say that you entrusted me with the responsibility and withheld from me the opportunity. You saw the storm coming, and you gathered up all the means I might have of fighting it, and went away and left me to face it out and to shoulder the responsibility."

"You believe," continued young Shannon in an even voice, "that you did a very wise thing when you sewed up this business as you did. You believe that you made it safe for yourselves. Perhaps you did. But I tell you that your action in this business, and the actions of other men like you in other businesses, who could only see the expediency of the moment, has been one of the large factors in bringing about the situation that exists to-day. The steps that you adopted to strengthen your own confidence in the seaworthiness of this concern have been the very steps that have helped to destroy the confidence of others. You have sent out your travellers to make bricks without straw. You have expected them to bring to their work an enthusiasm that you withheld. You have demanded that they should have a deeper faith in this business and in the future than you yourself possess."

Young Shannon stopped for a moment for breath, and then continued in quieter tones. "The retailer, on whom you depend, has always looked to you for help and guidance. You were unsparing in this help in the good years that have passed. You told him about your goods, gave him confidence in their quality, gave him confidence in your fair dealing. You went to his customers, and introduced yourselves to them, and made friends with them. You encouraged his business, and gave him every reason to believe that you would always be behind him. All during the past months I have been receiving letters from these men that state, by inference, if not in so many words, that they feel that in their hour of dire need you have forsaken them. Is that nothing to you? Do you doubt that it is the one who stands beside you in the time of difficulties that you admire and remember?

"You say that this policy of yours is good business. In the course of the past months I have come to see that it is costing you good business. There are two or three firms whose competition we used to laugh at who are taking our trade away from us. And that because they have leaped into the breach at this critical time and shown themselves friendly." James Brenton made as though he would speak. "I know what you are going to say," young Shannon interposed. "You are going to say that they are taking long chances and in the long run will lose out. You needn't say it. One of your own travellers said the same thing to me months ago, so I checked it up. Here is a partial list of the accounts we have lost," he said, laying a paper on the table, "and here are the little firms that have taken their business from us. Look it over. Does that business look dangerous? Is there a single firm there that we haven't spent months or years in cultivating? We've lost them now, and it may be a long time before we get them back. And the conclusion is gentlemen, that to all your charges I reply 'you tied my hands'—and to save you the unpleasant task of asking for my resignation," he said, turning to the president, "I give it to you now."

"Put your resignation in your pocket, young man," roared James Brenton, pulling himself to his feet.

"You've said some pretty hard things. There may be a little truth in some of them but there is one thing you did say that stuck in my throat. You said that we had not been loyal to our friends. Now you talked well and you almost convinced me, but not quite. Now I am going to put it up to you. I am going to give you your head. You made a pretty mess of this business in the past months. I say you did, you say *we* did." Anyway, it cost us money. Now I can't expect these gentlemen to pay for any fad of mine, but I am going to give you your head. If we don't lose any more in the next few months than we have in the past, I presume you gentlemen will be satisfied. There was a gloomy but unanimous nod. 'If we do lose more I will do the losing and charge it to experience. But remember, young man, if you don't make good," here the voice soared into the tempest strain, "I'll call your bluff of resignation, and call it so fast that it will joggle you in your shoes."

"You mean I have a free hand to carry out my ideas."

"Within bounds," retorted the president testily.

"Within what bounds? If I am to be tied up again, I would rather you would accept my offered resignation."

"You suggested what you wanted to do. Well, those are the bounds. You made them, that ought to satisfy you. If I find that they are leading us to destruction, I'll pull them in later. And just one word more, young man. Better not be dangling that resignation in front of my nose, or I might accept it."

Young Shannon left the room with a smile on his face.

"Get me the Dunklin Advertising Agency, at once," he said, as he passed through into his office.

"That you, Mr. Gibbs?" he said, as the telephone rang. "Shannon, of the James Brenton Company speaking. You remember the copy you were preparing for us some months ago that we decided to withhold. Is it still on hand, or have you destroyed it? That's good. Then it's available immediately. Very well get it out. Get it out to-day to the list we decided on.

"What territory? Why our idea is to cover the whole field, everywhere that our goods are sold, both trade and consumer mediums.

"Yes," he added, with a cheerful laugh. "A change of heart. A change of vision, at least I hope so.

"And, say, Gibbs, I wish you could drop over here some time early to-morrow. I've got some ideas and I need your help to whip them into shape. New copy. Not all about our goods. Something of the helping hand idea too. That's not exactly it, but anyway we'll talk it over later—but shoot that other copy fast."

TWO hours later, all unknown to the stormy tornado, Jill and young Shannon were speeding out to the Country Club. Passing across the course they sought a secluded corner overlooking a small lake. There, while she perched precariously on a log, her hands locked about her knees, he told her of the human tornado, and the six solemn directors, and of his own anger, and of the result of it all and he told it with a laugh, for his heart was light.

"Now," he said, "it is certainly up to me to make good, or I'll have to get a long way farther off than Siam."

"Of course you'll make good," she retorted happily, and right there, before the very face of an inquisitive robin, she kissed young James Shannon.

* * *

BILL HENRY lolled back in the wooden arm chair, strategically posted in the front window of the Queen's Hotel, his feet resting on the window sill. It was a perilous posture, yet long practice had robbed it of its terrors for Bill. Between the points of his two well polished shoes he could catch a vista of Main Street, and those who walked thereon. A pleasant occupation this looking out on Main Street, one that required activity of eye rather than of brain. Bill had just succeeded in convincing himself that there was no use calling on Brown Brothers down the street, because the last time he had called they had quite a stock of goods, and anyway, he would be around again. That point settled his mind was at rest. Tom, the nondescript Maltese that lorded it over the rodent visitors at the Queen's, leaped softly on to Bill's ample waist, as the most prominent looking object in that locality. Bill, grunting a mild protest, stroked Tom idly till a hum of content filled the air, while Bill, his eyes half closed, squinted lazily at the sun drenched perspective of the street before him.

Bill had received a letter from young Shannon a week ago. It was still in the breast pocket of his coat. It sort of itched him now and then, when he happened to think of it. It had told him that the firm was going to start a strong campaign of advertising. "Pshaw!" said Bill, "he's been talking that sort of inspirational stuff for months. Sending proofs—hum; believe it when I see it."

The truth of it was that Bill's senses were pretty well dormant. A mere announcement meant little to him. As he said he'd believe it when he saw it. Meanwhile, it was a long while to train time, and the day was hot, and he had read the week old newspapers, and there wasn't any business anyway, so why worry?

Bill was in that pleasant realm between sleeping and waking when a heavy hand on his shoulder almost upset his delicate balance. With a convulsive heave that sent Tom scuttling across the floor his tail angrily aloft, Bill gained his feet.

"Your people must have a pot of money to throw away," said he of the heavy hand.

"How so?" countered Bill brilliantly.

"Well look at this," said the other, thrusting a magazine under Bill's surprised nose.

Bill took the magazine over to a chair by the window, and sat down to study it. It showed his line, the line that was so snugly tucked away in his trunks in the sample room, it talked of the goods in a simple and straightforward way, and it bore the imprint of his house. It got Bill. He believed in sticking to his friends. His friends were his customers, and this looked like helping them too. It made him feel like old times. He reached up and straightened his tie.

"Well what do you think of it?" his friend demanded. "Your old man off his bean or anything?"

"Off his bean nothing, you weasel!" retorted Bill, "why don't you work for a live house anyway?"

It might have been fifteen minutes, or perhaps half an hour that he sat still in his chair thinking the thing out something he hadn't done for weeks. He was recalled at the sound of his name.

"Letter for you, Bill," remarked the clerk, tossing the missive dexterously.

The letter was terse, and to the point.

"Dear Bill," it said. "We advised you last week that we have changed our policy and that we expected you to do likewise. You don't seem to have the idea yet. There is business on your territory that you are not getting. We know it, and you know it. That's the policy we want you to change. You can do it if you want to; now go to it."

"Right-o," said Bill reflectively to himself.

Bill ate his dinner in ruminative silence, refused a pressing invitation to play a game of pool in words less innocent than the game, and strolled down Main Street to Brown Brothers' store. Abner Brown, the survivor of the Brown Brothers, was languidly leaning against the counter.

"'Ullo, Bill," he remarked undemonstratively.

"Got a moment to spare?" asked Bill.

"They aint any more time than I got," Abner retorted genially.

"All right, I've got something to say to you."

"Wait till I fill my pipe," said Abner.

"Never mind the pipe. This little scenario is short and sweet and there's lots of action to it."

"Remember what I said to you once about sitting tight, and getting your price for your goods, and letting business find its own level?"

"Yep," said Abner, "Worked all right for me."

"Well, I just came here to tell you, that idea is all cat's meat. If you don't look out for business it's going to walk right by your door, and I know because I let it walk by mine. And now just because I'm a friend of yours, I'm going to set to work to help you fix this thing up."

Abner wore a look of pained surprise. "I don't rightly get you," he said.

"Well, this is it. What are you asking for these goods?" he asked picking up a sample. "Never mind. I don't need to know. It's too high. We'll just remark 'em down ten per cent. all round." Abner groaned a feeble protest.

"Where's our line?" demanded Bill.

"There's some of your stuff in the back somewhere."

"In the back!" wailed Bill. "Get it out, you pirate, and just for that we'll fill the window with it."

"Not enough," Abner grinned, as he brought out a meagre lot.

"Will be next time," Bill said. "I'm

going to fill out that line for you, and you keep it up here and sell it."

"Why should I?"

"Why should you?" roared Bill. "Here's why," and he jammed the colored advertisement against Abner's astonished nose. "Our firm is helping you out. Now you get to work and help back."

* * *

BILL smiled cheerily to himself, as he left Abner chewing the end of a dead pipe, and evidently ruminating on this new viewpoint with a kind of pained surprise. Abner was one of those who took naturally to dull times. Didn't cause him so much work, he would probably have admitted if he had been asked. But L. R. Sharpe was another type, and there was a song in Bill's heart as he thought of dropping in on the ever aggressive Sharpe, and giving him a lesson. The first thing he saw, however, when he entered the store, was his own line. There were gaps in it to be sure, but still it was some display.

"Thought you'd be in, Bill," grinned Sharpe from behind the display, "so I prepared a little reception for you. Probably you notice that line needs filling out too."

"I don't just get this!" said Bill weakly. "I haven't seen anything like that for eight or nine months, I should think."

"And I haven't seen anything like this for about the same time," retorted Sharpe. He opened a drawer near the cash register and, taking out a copy of a trade paper, opened it at a dog-eared page and handed it to Bill.

"There is business for you and us," he read, "and we are going to help you get yours."

Bill's eyes travelled down to the foot of the page, and there was the old familiar name.

"Then I guess you don't need me here this time," he remarked.

"Only to fill up that line," said Sharpe. "And shoot it along fast. I think I can sell it out fast, and I'll probably be wanting more next trip. So long!"

Bill continued his pilgrimage up Main Street, bringing a little added breath of optimism with him. He made other calls, varying his tactics as the case required, but always pointing with a measure of pride to the fact that his firm was helping out. Bill got into town Saturday morning and went direct to the office. He dropped into Shannon's office.

"How's business this week?" asked young Shannon.

"Nothing to brag about," Bill admitted. "But it's the best week I've had in five months' time. I didn't come in to blow about that though. I just came in to say that I like working better than loafing, and that you can count on me. You're dead right. The business is there, if we go after it," and he held out his hand.

"Good boy," said Shannon cheerfully. "I knew you would see it that way."

YOUNG Shannon had been favored with an invitation to dinner with the president. It suggested itself to both Jill and himself as another of those propitious moments to which they had been looking. As a result young Shannon went with a certain sense of trepidation.

James Brenton was in the height of good humor. Business was picking up. There could be no doubt of that. Not by leaps and bounds, but with a solid, steady growth. The late unpleasantness was entirely forgotten, and James Brenton was rather preening himself on his sound judgment in adopting aggressive policy ahead of most other businesses.

"I was going to ask you something," said young Shannon when he and James Brenton found themselves alone together.

"Well," said Brenton suspiciously.

"It's about Jill," young Shannon hesitated. Not so Brenton.

"If you mean you want to take her away from me," he said fiercely, "I say no. Do you understand?"

Jill crossed the room and seated herself on the arm of his chair. "Father," she said, "don't you remember, years and years ago when you were younger, a good deal younger than Jimmy, how you wanted mother and she wanted you?" She caught at the top button of his waistcoat and twisted it nervously. "That's about the way it is with Jimmy and me. Don't you remember, daddy dear?"

He sat for some moment looking into the fire, while no one spoke.




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THE hairspring is the brain of the watch. It is the most delicate tension spring made. For use in the small sized watch, 84,000 springs are made from one pound of steel.

Waltham hairspring steel is drawn through diamond surfaces, and for the smaller watches, to a third of the thickness of a human hair. The Breguet, or over-coil (named after its inventor, a famous old French watchmaker), is used on every Waltham watch. The most important part of the complete operation in making a hairspring is the forming and tempering of the Breguet over-coil.

At Waltham, instead of being formed or bent by hand as a *separate* operation, the entire *completed* hairspring is *formed at one and the same time,* after which it is hardened and tempered *in form*—the invention of John Logan, a genius who was a part of Waltham leadership in watchmaking. Waltham is the only watchmaker using this perfect method of making the Breguet hairspring.

Hand-made watch movements have hairsprings that are first formed *in the flat,* then hardened and tempered *in the flat.* Then the outer coil is bent to form the Breguet over-coil, which, if the flat spring were *as hard as the Waltham,* and *properly* tempered like the Waltham hairspring, it could not be bent to *correct* form, and would be liable to break in the attempt.

Waltham superiority is in original method, secret process, unvarying quality of every important part of the watch—a quality that cannot be equaled by any "hand" method of manufacture. That is why Waltham leads the world in standardized watchmaking, and why your watch selection should be a Waltham.

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189 St. James St. - Montreal

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THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



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## The Reason That Is Back Of The Advertising

The Manufacturer to-day must make the consumer believe in his brand.

Live jobbers and retailers buy only the brands that they know are known to the consumer.

Only known brands turn over quickly. The known brand is always the first to leave the dealers' shelves. Quick turnover, quick sales, quick profits—that's what the trade channels are looking for. They don't want a manufacturer's stuff unless its sale is insured by *user confidence and good will.*

It is not the jobber or the retailer who holds the destiny of the manufacturer in his hands: it is the consumer. Manufacturers who have caught this idea, and who have the good sense to apply it are treading the path of success. (5)

"Yes, I remember," he said softly,—"and I understand."

"And if you don't pull that button off," he continued testily, "you can have him. I always said you could have anything in the house you wanted."

Hours later James Brenton reappeared. "I was just thinking," he said, "if there is to be a wedding that I will give Jill a purple dress."

"A purple dress. For a wedding! It isn't possible, dad."

"Well, have it your own way, my dear. I thought you would look well in it. You were probably too young to remember, but I bought your mother a purple dress once, and she looked better in it than in anything else."

## Dr. Simons an Apostle of Gloom

*Current Opinion.*

FROM various European journals *Current Opinion* has pieced together a description of the life and characteristics of Dr. Walter Simons, Germany's Minister of Foreign Affairs.

"This temperamentally tragical creature," we are told, "has established the diplomacy of his native land upon a foundation of gloom which is not merely an inevitable and spontaneous exposure of his own dark soul, but a most baffling obstacle to the allied and associated powers. They are saturated in the Simons atmosphere of despair, desolation, defeat and death, partakers of his own cup of bitterness.

"Inoculation of the soul of western civilization with financial sorrow is the specialty of Simons. The simplicity of the remedy is equalled only by the artlessness of Simons in revealing it—let Germany off. In the skill with which he can use statistics to demonstrate the futility of any other hope for an insolvent world lies the secret of his power, which extends to the remotest confines of South America and inclines to suicide investors who do not even suspect his responsibility for their pain. Simons has immortalized himself as the creator of a German diplomacy of gloom already more successful among mankind than was ever the exploded Bismarckian diplomacy of blood and iron.

"He had his affinities for catastrophe as a mere law student in his teens when, as the child of impecunious parents springing from a family which in origin was Jewish and wealthy and from a branch of it that had become unorthodox and impoverished he got a professional education on a little borrowed money and gifts of clothes. In those days his favorite author was Schopenhauer and he was heard to affirm that he would yet supersede all philosophies of pessimism with an immortal achievement of his own in that line.

"Twenty years later Simons was practising the law actively at Kiel before the highest court there—not too successfully. He orated then, as he does now, in clear-cut definite German, the style caught from his close studies of Latin literature, which he loves. He specialized in commercial law, in the political economy that remains faithful to Adam Smith, in everything, that afforded expression to the darkness of an aggressive pessimism.

"The woes of this world, according to the gloomy philosophy of Simons, spring from the lack of respect for experts, which has become the peril of civilization. It is quite a monomania of his, it seems from the impressions of the foreign journalists. To this very day he will lift his sorrowing eyes to the ceiling of the Reichstag chamber and extinguish a Socialist with his fluted repetition of a favorite phrase: 'All the experts contradict you.' Simons never says this defiantly. He is only gloomy over it.

"His distinction prior to the war was won in that bureau of the Wilhelmstrasse which had charge of Germany's commercial relations with Turkey.

"Having won over the Moslems with his diagrams, Simons turned his attention to Brazil, mastering the details of her commerce so completely that he can yet reel off statistics concerning it at a rate that would amaze the coffee planters. Simons was the originator of the policy of raiding Brazil commercially by 'dumping' German exports upon her coast. He had through his




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DEAFNESS

*Its Causes and Treatment*

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mastery of statistics thought out a scheme of subsidies that made good to the exporters of the fatherland whatever they lost by underselling their rivals. If any awkward question arose in the Reichstag on the score of expense, Simons got up an official report full of diagrams for an explanation of which the deputies were referred to an unintelligible text. He was held in reserve by the Wilhelmstrasse whenever it became necessary to overawe a suspicious committee of the Reichstag with tragical intimations of a catastrophe to come if deputies persisted in asking questions.

"This equipment of Simons as an expert in the field of international commerce combined with his genius for gloomy expositions of the situation of the world financially must account to any one, for the greatness thrust upon him by the deadlock over the indemnity. The aspect no less than the deportment of the man is a precious asset to a wrecked Wilhelmstrasse in a storm. Simons lets all his hearers down gently through circles of insolvency in the manner of Virgil leading the Florentine through that Inferno. Explaining it all to the experts of every land at Brussels or Spa, in Berlin or London, Simons lets his eyes droop heavily like a tired man who never loses patience. That long line from his nose to the corner of his mouth creases obviously, the Parisian paragrapher reveals, the nostrils of Simons dilate, his hands are clasped convulsively, the well defined brows come together and the wide forehead puckers. The staring experts seem fascinated by the expression of gloom on the open face, surmounted by its line of thin hair around the lofty forehead, by the flash from the tired eye when its droop relaxes sufficiently and the lid is lifted at a question. Even the plain standing collar that sits so badly about that scrawny neck and the simple shine of the worn coat are elements in the net impression of gloom conveyed by what Simons says in that depressing and powerful voice. When he is not talking, Simons likes to bury his large head in his large hands, a picture of desolation in the style of Spanish art."

## Parliament is Death on Precedents

*Continued from page 21*

Government desires. They may not. And if they do not, watch out for a special session of the House about the end of October or the first of November. By that time the census figures will be in and a redistribution bill will be in order. A recess to entertain Santa Claus may be necessary. But that will be followed by voting enough supply to keep the civil servants from starving to death while the preparations for the general election are on. Then on to the Country. When? Need you ask? Why, when seeding is in full swing and the farmers are too busy to give much heed to politics.

## Just Average

*Continued from page 18*

"There's a man, a returned soldier, up at Burke's cabin, thirty miles north of here," he said absently. "It's queer, but this chap, like your cousin, lost his memory in some way. The past is all a blank to him."

His eyes sought Hartley's. "Your cousin's name isn't by any chance Langman, is it?"

Hartley started. "Why, yes," he cried. "That is his name. You mean—?"

"Then I guess I know where he is. This man who Burke is taking care of must be he. I've met him several times. Your cousin's a slender, short-sighted chap with black curly hair, isn't he?"

Hartley squirmed uncomfortably. "I believe so," he stammered. "You see, I have never met him. I knew him only through his letters."

"And now," he asked, "will you, Danton, agree to act as our guide to Norman, we paying you four thousand dollars for your services?"

Williams slapped the fat wallet before him. "You can do a lot with four thousand, in the lease-line, up yonder, son," he urged. "There'll be big chances for you."

Danton walked to the window and stood gazing out across the frozen world. For perhaps five minutes he stood motionless, and he turned and, coming back, stood before Hartley.

"I am tempted to accept your offer," he said, "because I am in pressing need of the money. But before I agree to guide you, I must know that it is your intention to take care of Langman. This find is really his, don't you think? If you will give me your word to give him a fair share of whatever profits this claim may yield, I'll guide you to the desired spot. Otherwise I refuse."

Blank silence followed Danton's edict.

Williams and Hartley looked at one another, and in the lawyer's eyes the oil man saw a flash of subtle cunning.

"That's all right, Danton," spoke up Hartley. "As a matter of fact, we had already decided to look after my cousin, if he could be found. The fact that he is here simplifies matters. We will allot him a just portion of the claim's earnings, and be glad to do it. There's just one little favor I ask, though," he added, "and that is to be shown this cousin of mine. Only he mustn't guess who I am, understand?

"You see," as Danton's level gaze met his, "when he made this claim over to me there was no big gusher in the North country. He might recover his memory sufficiently to feel that he had traded a fortune for a mess of pottage. Not that he could do anything, of course, but it's just as well he shouldn't know anything. As I've told you, I have my own reason for wanting to look him over. It can be arranged, I suppose?"

"Quite easily," Danton answered. "We should make Burke's cabin by to-morrow night."

"Good! We count on you then. Understand, it is absolutely necessary that we make record time. We should, barring accidents, make Norman in from six to seven weeks, I'm told. In two months' time the Tecumseh Aero-Navigation Company will be in operation between Edmonton and Norman. You know what that means, Danton. They're going to pile in there like hungry bees to a clover field, those who can afford the trip. If we make it anything on schedule, we'll have two weeks in which to relocate this claim."

"Very well," Danton agreed. "I'll be at Fort Chipewyan at four to-morrow morning. We'll cut out two of Dawson's dogs and put these two of mine in. You'll have to let me overhaul your pack," he added. "We've got to cut things down to mere essentials."

"That's all right, son," spoke up Williams. "You're captain of this little expedition from now on." He chuckled, plainly pleased at the turn things had taken, and wetting his thumb, leafed two yellow bills from the package on the table.

"Yours," he said, handing them to Danton. "Two thousand more when we get there."

Danton folded the bills and put them in his pocket. Then he crossed to the bunk and shook the sleeping Indian awake.

IT WAS snowing hard when, in the dense dark of the morning, Danton stood at the head of his dog-team awaiting the appearance of the men he had undertaken to guide along the far-reaching trail. In the barracks lights were beginning to show dully through the snow curtain.

A shadow detached itself from the white wall.

"That you, Wiski?" Danton asked guardedly.

"Ugh!"

The Algonquin, snowshoed, dog-whip in hand, stood before him.

"Look," said Danton drawing a slip of paper from his pocket, "you are to go on ahead of us to Burke's cabin and give this letter to Nough-Nough."

"Ugh," grunted the Indian. "Me go, give."

"Yes. Better start at once, Wiski. We'll be there by sundown maybe, you, one hour before. You give Nough-Nough this?"

"Ugh. No wait. Dogs down in valley."

The Indian removed his mitt and tucked the note in a pocket of his mackinaw. "Now, go," he grunted, and bending slid down the slope to the river.

Hartley and Williams appeared, blurred shapes in the falling snow.

"All set?" asked Williams gruffly.

"All set," said Danton. "One of you can ride, if you like."

Both Williams and Hartley declined.

Danton smiled grimly as he cracked his whip and gave the order to mush.

They swept down the bank and out upon the river, the dogs wheeling intuitively northward.

At noon they paused, and in a wooded nook along the Athabaska ate their noonday meal, drinking with satisfying relish the strong tea Danton brewed over a small fire.

It was still snowing. The fifteen miles balance of the day's journey would be hard going, Danton reasoned.

Three o'clock found them toiling across a stretch of rough ice, in frost that seeped through their fur-lined clothing into the very marrow of their bones.

Half an hour after dusk they rounded a curve in the river, and Danton gave the dogs their heads. They twisted across to the right bank and shot upward among a small forest of poplars. Down into a wide valley they dashed, threatening destruction to pack and sled. As the dogs came to a halt Danton pointed to a small cabin just in front, from whose small window a welcome light was gleaming.

As he bent to uncouple the dogs, Hartley touched him on the arm.

"Remember," he warned, "Langman mustn't guess anything."

He turned and followed Williams into the cabin.

Danton finished freeing the dogs, all of which, with the exception of his own two, immediately sought the lee of the cabin and proceeded to dig themselves snow-nests for the night. The St. Bernards followed him inside.

"Hello, Danton!"

A slender, full-bearded man, standing beside the stove, strode forward, hand outstretched.

"Hello, Dave."

Danton's eyes rested searchingly on the other's face. "How's every little thing?"

"Fine, Danton, fine, thanks to Burke here, who takes the best care of me."

He nodded toward a thick-set man who was greasing traps before the fire. The latter grinned and, reaching up, gripped the hand Danton extended.

"Langman," said Danton, shedding his mackinaw, "meet Mr. Williams and Mr.—Smith."

"Glad to know you, gents," said Langman heartily. "The Esquimau beside the Noble Red Man yonder, is Burke, my guardian pro-tem. Make yourselves at home."

Hartley, smiling his fishy smile, sighed relievedly. After all, Danton was no fool. He had too much at stake to attempt any double-crossing.

Williams, having thrown off his coat, sat hunched before the fire. His heavy face was purple-veined with cold and weariness. Neither he nor Hartley had evinced any surprise at seeing Wiski present. Perhaps they did not recognize in him their guide of the night before.

Langman placed a platter of meat on the table and poured boiling water on the tea. "Sit up, friends," he invited. "Supper's ready."

Danton, returning from feeding the dogs, found the others eating.

Williams, heavy shoulders hunched, was ravenously devouring his food; Hartley, his pale face showing lines of weariness, was pre-occupied with his own thoughts. The Indian and Burke were eating in stolid silence as was their wont. Langman alone seemed wide-awake and cheerful, as he stood beside the stove whistling as he fried flap-jacks.

"And to what remote ends of the frozen waste is the old trekker bound now?" he asked, as Danton took his place at the table.

"Fort Norman," Danton answered.

Langman stared. "Good lord, man!" he exclaimed, "you don't mean it!"

His eyes, serious now, dwelt on Williams' face, sweeping from it to Hartley's.

Hartley was leaning back in his chair, his cigarette case in his hands.

He selected a cigarette and handed the case to Langman.

"Have a fag," he invited, his eyes narrowing.




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Langman frowned perplexedly. "Fag," he repeated, "funny word, what? I've heard it before, I know. But then," with a mirthless laugh, "I've heard lots of things I just can't remember now."

He lit a cigarette and passed the case back to Hartley.

"Danton has informed us about your unfortunate loss of memory, Mr. Langman," said the lawyer. "He tells us that your past is a blank to you."

"It is," Langman confessed. "There are times when I have a hazy recollection of past events, but it is all as vague as a dream."

"Your memory dates back—how far?" questioned Hartley.

"From the time I was operated on for shrapnel wound in the head in France."

"And do you think you have ever been in this here country before?" asked Williams, utterly ignoring Hartley's frown.

"Yes," the other answered hesitatingly, "I'm sure I've been here before."

"Humph!" Williams felt for a cigar. "And what makes you feel so sure?"

"Why, I don't know." Langman's face had clouded. "I can't just explain it. I seemed to know where to come. That's all."

Hartley flicked the grey ash from his cigarette.

"I should very much like to help you, if it's possible, Mr. Langman," he said. "I mean," he added, as the other looked at him queerly, "in the matter of getting you in touch with your relatives; for, of course, you must have relatives—a wife perhaps—who would welcome news of you?"

Langman shook his head. "I don't know," he sighed. "I'm sure I don't know."

Hartley flashed Williams a look of triumph. "At least you know your name," he returned, smiling encouragement.

"Yes, thanks to my identification tag, I know that."

"If only you knew what your vocation had been previous to your loss of memory now, it would help, don't you think?"

"Undoubtedly. But you see I don't know that. I was a prospector, perhaps, or a geologist, more likely. I find myself straying off to the rockiest corners of this strip of wilderness, spying out this and prying out that, tasting and smelling gummy earth and behaving in all like a crazy man."

Hartley did not reply to this. Slowly his purple-veined eyelids were closing. The 230 miles he had already covered had taxed him greatly. Williams was already sound asleep in his chair.

Langman pointed to a low bunk on the left side of the cabin. "You and your friend better turn in there," he advised. "Danton will be having you out before daylight to-morrow, and if indications speak truly, it's going to be a straight into the wind hike, with the mercury below fifty."

LANGMAN was right. When in the blue-white dawn the travellers took the river bed, the thin frost bored into them, burning the throat and congealing the breath. The dogs shivered and whined, as they tightened the traces.

As they rounded the first curve, a four-dog team attached to a tobaggan-sled shot from the wooded bank into the river and took up the lead.

"Who the devil's that now?" Williams wanted to know.

Danton answered over his shoulder, "Wiski."

"Humph, that damned Injin? And where's he goin', d'ye s'pose?"

"He's going with us."

Hartley, slightly in the lead, turned.

"No," he said crisply. "He's not."

Danton brought the dogs to a halt. He had anticipated some such opposition as this, and was prepared to meet it.

"See here," he said quietly. "You've paid me to guide you to Fort Norman, and I'm going to do my best. But unless I'm to be given a free hand in the matter, I quit right now."

"But this Injin's a friend of Langman's," protested Williams. "How do we know what the cunnin' beggar'll be up to?"

"You'll have to take that chance," returned Danton. "We've got to have another team, and Wiski has the best dogs and is the only man beside myself who can make the grade."

"But why another team?" asked Hartley. "We made good enough time, yesterday, didn't we?"

Danton shrugged. "From now on we've got to make at least forty miles a day," he replied. "You men can't do it, you're not fit. You'll have to ride most of the way."

"But I'm tellin' you," cried Williams, with an oath, "I won't pay another guide one cent."

"And I," cried Hartley, "refuse to be coerced into accepting your absurd view of things, Danton. We've too much at stake to take any chance with that Indian. I'll not have Langman's spy in our party. What do you take me for, anyway," he flared, "a child?"

Danton smiled grimly. "No, I take you for what you are. An average man who has over-estimated his powers."

Hartley winced. Unwittingly Danton had cut him on the raw.

"CALL that man in, and send him back," he demanded.

Danton turned to Williams.

"I back my partner's say-so there," growled the oil-man. "Send the lousy Injin runnin'."

Danton removed his mitten, and placing his fingers in his mouth, whistled shrilly.

Almost instantly the team ahead curved, swung back and speeded toward them.

The Indian stepped from his toboggan. His face was passive, his eyes unreadable, as, folding his arms across his breast, he waited.

"Wiski," Danton addressed him. "These men have changed their minds about going through. You will take them back to McMurray."

Hartley stared, unable to believe his ears. Williams stood the picture of stupefied amazement.

"No you don't," he managed to stutter. "You've accepted my money, Mr. Man, and you're goin' to earn it, see?"

"I'm willing to do that," Danton answered, "or I'm quite as willing to return it now and call the trip off. If we continue, though, it's going to be in my way. It's necessary for us to use this man and team. Give the word and we'll go on. Otherwise, Wiski will guide you back to the railroad."

"Well, by thunder!" commenced Williams, but Hartley cut him short.

"Shut up," he commanded. "Perhaps he is right, after all. He ought to know what's best, I suppose," he added grudgingly.

Danton turned to Hartley. "One of you will go with Wiski," he said.

Hartley advanced to the Indian's sled, grasped its tail-rope and they were away. Danton, with a crack of his whip, swung his team into line.

* * *

Noon found them thirty-eight miles from Fitzgerald. On the bank of the river, in a sheltered grove of poplars, they built a fire and made a hasty meal of bacon, bread and tea.

They had made good time. The snow which had fallen the day before had hardened into the consistency of ice. The cold was intense, but the track good.

They sped on, and just as the quick darkness was falling, the lights of Fitzgerald swam up before them.

"How far have we come to-day?" Williams asked, as he rolled from the sled and strove to get the circulation back into his benumbed limbs.

"Fifty-five miles," Danton informed him.

"And how far altogether?"

"You're three hundred from McMurray, now."

"And more than a thousand yet to go!" groaned the man, "O Lord!"

* * *

DAY succeeded day, each a replica of the other, each a living nightmare for Hartley, and little less so for Williams; but while the latter cursed the bitter cold, the dreary, heart-breaking trail and the men who forced them forward and on so relentlessly, the former became more sullen and taciturn, speaking scarcely a word even to Williams.

Danton, too, was silent, paying no heed to the one's revilings or the other's moods of morbid depression. The Indian did his day's work with stolid indifference alike to its hardships and the suspicious looks cast on him by Hartley.

But one night—they had been four weeks on the trail now and were within a day's journey of Fort Simpson—on the Mackenzie River—as they camped beneath a sheltering bluff, Danton was aroused from his thoughts, as he sat before the fire, by a touch on his arm. It was Wiski. The

Indian walked straight off into the shadows, and presently Danton followed.

"What is it?" he asked, when they were out of earshot of the others.

"You watch," grunted the Algonquin. "Big man with pig face tell other man no pay more."

Danton deliberated. "When was this, Wiski?"

"Some day, two three march back. To-day some more. Him say, no pay more."

"All right," said Danton shortly. "We'll see about that."

"Ugh! Big man pack um gun, so." The Indian opened his mackinaw and touched its lining. "You watch."

"I know about the gun," said Danton. "It might be well for you to do a little watching on your own account, Wiski."

"Me watch, too, yes. Few days more me watch pretty good. Not yet. Soon. Two three days. Me fix um gun."

Danton nodded and went on up the grove. He collected some dry wood and carried it back to the fire.

Hartley was sitting before the blaze, an unlit cigarette between his lips. His face was scrubby with a month's growth of beard. His lips blackened and cracked by wind and cold marked a thin line across a face which had become thinner and whiter with the wearing fatigue of his journey.

He motioned to Danton, and the latter went over and squatted beside him. Hartley had a map spread on his knee.

"Just about where are we now?" he asked.

"Some thirty-five miles this side of Fort Simpson," Danton informed him. "We should be able to make the Fort tomorrow."

"Then how much farther?"

"It's two hundred and eighty miles from Simpson to Fort Norman."

Hartley's head drooped and he sat silent.

Williams, who was dressing a frosted toe before the fire, turned on him savagely.

"I wish I'd seen you in hell before I undertook this wild goose chase," he flared. "I've had my fingers, toes and nose frost-bitten, and now I'm a sick man."

Hartley looked up at him slowly.

"It's a pity that tongue of yours wouldn't freeze to the roof of your mouth," he sneered. "I might then get some opportunity to do a little thinking. As it is, I have to listen to your whining tirade all day."

"See here—" commenced Williams, but Hartley turned his back upon him.

"I want you to take a look at this map, Danton," he said. "According to it, we're due to swing to the right some ten miles this side of Norman."

Danton examined the map in the firelight. It appeared to be well drawn and clearly delineated.

"I see," he said, "this says we're to go west from Little Turtle Creek for twenty miles. That should bring us well into the Bear Rock Hills."

"Right," replied Hartley. "You think we'll have no trouble in locating that claim?"

"I think not. At least, I can lead you to the spot as indicated here." Danton touched a square on the paper with his finger. "That's the claim, I presume?"

"That's the claim," nodded Hartley. "We should make it in a week, don't you think?" he asked eagerly.

Danton considered. "Yes," he answered. "We can make it in a week, I think, providing we leave the river at Little Turtle."

"Well," Hartley almost snarled, "isn't that understood?"

"I thought you might wish to go through to Norman, and secure another copy of the new N.W.T. regulations. You say those you got hold of at Fort Providence have been destroyed?"

"Yes," cried Hartley resentfully, "by Williams, and before I had a chance to read them. The fool burned them trying to kindle a fire. Do you think there's anything in those new regulations which we should know, Danton?" he asked.

"Possibly," the guide replied. "At any rate, I advise securing a new set."

Hartley frowned. "I guess we'll take a chance," he said at length. "Something tells me you have your own reason for wanting to go to Fort Norman; and," he added, "I'm damned sure that Indian has. There's not going to be any double-crossing, understand."

Danton's brown skin flushed. "All right," he said shortly. "We'll strike west from Little Turtle."

"We'll say Bear Rock Hills in one week then," said Hartley. "Spring will be on us before we know it. We've got to push through faster than we've been going."

* * *

However, Fate had decreed that they should not reach that much desired goal in one week, or in two, or in three.

Next morning found Williams unable to proceed on the journey. The man, Danton saw, was really ill. He lay groaning, writhed in torture, cursing his companions, his surroundings, and the salt pork and sour-dough bread to which he laid his overthrow.

Hartley fumed at the delay. "He's only a big calf," he told Danton, hotly. "We'll strap him on a sled, and push on."

Danton shook his head. While he believed in the application of heroic treatment to common maladies of the trail, such as snow-shoe sickness and frost-bite, he knew that Williams was shaping for a real illness.

Finally, he decided to take the sick man on to Simpson. At the Fort perhaps some remedy might be obtained to allay his sufferings.

IT TOOK them two days to make the thirty-five miles. The going was difficult on account of heavy drifts; it was fifty-five below, and at every jolt of the sled, the sick man groaned.

At Fort Simpson, Williams was put to bed in the M.P. Barracks, and given in charge of a "lunger"—ranger who held a doctor's diploma.

There was nothing for Hartley to do but stoically accept fate's decree, while he inwardly fumed and fretted at the enforced delay.

"This man," the young doctor informed him, "won't be able to go on for at least four weeks."

So Hartley waited, watching the days lengthen, the snows sink and the blue river-ice take on the gray tinge of decay.

Six weeks after the time he had been put to bed, Williams, reduced in flesh and strength, but not in spirit, was supported to the door by Danton and Hartley and given a glimpse of a swiftly changing world.

One week later he lay on a sled, making the last long lap of a journey he would always remember.

Spring held the northern world in her clasp when at last they reached Little Turtle Creek, the point at which they were to turn westward.

On the south shore of the creek stood a dilapidated cabin of logs, apparently long discarded by its owner. They took possession of it. They would, Danton decided, sleep in the cabin and cook their meals outside.

It was mid-afternoon when they arrived. Williams, still far from being a well man, immediately took to the bunk upon which Danton had spread a blanket.

Hartley's pale eyes followed him belligerently. Then he went out to where Danton and Wiski were building a fire and ordered the Indian away.

"Williams acts as though he were caving under again," he said disgustedly.

Danton glanced up. "The doctor advised against his coming, as you know," he returned.

"Well, what's the sense of reminding me of that?" flared the lawyer. "The question is, what's the thing to do. What do you advise?"

Danton's eyes swept his surroundings. "I am sure that with a few days' rest-up, Williams will be all right," he answered. "I suggest that we remain here for a week. You, yourself, are pretty well frayed, and the dogs are about used up."

"But Lord, man!" Hartley burst out, "a week will see prospectors pouring down here like flies after sugar. The Tecumseh Aero-Navigation Company will be shooting a lot of claim-seekers up any day now by airplane. Every minute lost at this time spells danger."

Even as he spoke, a low humming grew up in the south.

Danton pointed to a white speck high in the air.

"There's the first plane, now," he said.

"Damnation!" murmured the lawyer.

The big plane swept closer, holding, apparently, to the course of the river. It passed high over them, speeding northward.

They watched it until it was but a faint speck in the distance.

"Bound for Fort Norman," said Danton.




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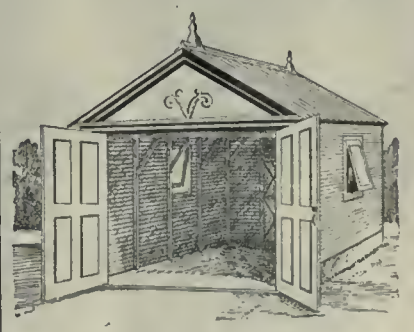
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Hartley grasped his arm.

"I have it!" he cried excitedly. "You will go on to Norman and engage transportation for Williams and myself, by plane, back to Athabaska. You can easily fix it with the chap who aviates that craft. Tell him we'll pay him anything he asks—but get us passage back, understand? He'll not be returning for three or four days, likely. We'll let Williams rest up while you're gone. You'll return here tomorrow, and next day we'll push up into Bear Rock Valley and stake our claim. The plane can pick us up there."

Danton considered.

"Very well," he agreed finally. "Wiski can cook for you while I'm gone. I'd better start at once. It's a ten mile trek over a rough trail."

THE hum of the swiftly speeding plane had been heard at Fort Norman. As the big machine circled high and dipped, volplaning gracefully to the level, greening valley of the Mackenzie like a white gull against the orange sunset, cheers greeted it. On either shore of the river men waved a welcome to the intrepid voyagers.

As the plane glided to rest on the wide table-land, two people alighted from it; one a tall young man in regulation aviator-garb, the other a mere boy, apparently, dressed in a Sidcot suit.

Sergeant Mooney, of the R.C.M.P., was the first to greet them. With difficulty he piloted the new arrivals through the crowd and led them into a comfortable, airy room of the barracks.

"I suppose you gents are hungry," he said. "I'll just step out and interview the cook."

He left the room and the boyish-looking one of the two fliers looked at the other in consternation.

"Billie," a faint voice gasped, "he thinks I'm a man. What—what will he—"

Her voice trailed off into silence as the measured step of the sergeant was heard returning.

"Everything is all right—" he commenced, then paused, his eyes wide with wonder. The boyish flier had pulled off the clumsy aviation cap. He was gazing into the face of a young woman, a lovely, pathetic, weary-looking face, pale beneath its halo of golden hair.

"Well, I'll be—"

He checked himself, and saluted.

"Permit me, Sergeant," the aviator spoke. "This is my sister, Mrs. Langman."

The officer's eyes were twinkling, and the stern mouth beneath its short moustache twitched, as he again saluted and held out his hand. "A brave woman," he murmured, as he gave the little one she placed in it a sincere pressure. He turned questioningly to the man who had given the introduction.

"I am William Rodgers," the aviator enlightened him. "Late Flight-Lieutenant with the Canadian Army."

"Not Ace Billy Rodgers, surely?" the Sergeant exclaimed.

The other nodded. "I'm afraid I'll have to plead guilty to that," he said with an embarrassed laugh.

The Mountie wrung his hand. "Why, we've got an old bunkie of yours in our squad," he cried. "We've heard all about you, Lieutenant Rodgers."

He stood erect and his heels clicked together. "Of course, you're aware, sir, of the new law restricting airplanes from attempting what you appear to have successfully accomplished?"

Rodgers nodded. "Quite, Sergeant. I think this will prove that we have broken that law in no particular."

He unbuttoned his coat and produced from his pocket a paper bearing a red seal.

"A permit from the Dominion Government to establish petrol and supply stations between Forts McMurray and Norman," he explained.

Sergeant Mooney examined the paper. "I see. You are one of the Tecumseh Aero-Navigation Company, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. This permit lets you clear. Glad you're to be our guests instead of our prisoners."

Sergeant Mooney smiled again. "You, madam," he said, turning to the girl, "will find it rather—well, rough going here, I fear."

She flashed him a grateful smile. "Oh, I'll get along splendidly," she said. "We won't be stopping but a day or two, and I've everything I require in the way of clothes in the car."

"You see, Sergeant," interposed Rodgers, "the 'Aux' is rather a sizeable craft. It was necessary that we carry a ten days' supply of petrol—and we may have to carry back a passenger," he added, his eyes seeking his sister's face.

Mooney nodded and turned away. "If you'll excuse me," he said, "I'll step out and see if that meal's ready."

* * *

THAT night, Sergeant Mooney and Rodgers sat smoking in the little room which the officer called his own particular retreat. Rodgers had just finished explaining his sister's reason for undertaking the trip with him.

"You see, Sergeant," he concluded, "it was all such a scurvy trick of Fate. I had never met Lieutenant Langman, and on the very night he and my sister were married, I was taken to the hospital in which my sister was doing duty. A Hun had managed to wing-tip me, and when I crashed—

"Well, anyway, Langman found her with her arms about my neck. You see, I was dead to the world. Didn't know anything about anything until too late. And neither did she. Langman left a note for her. Two days later he was wounded. My sister is proud. She stayed away from him—and cried her heart out. Langman was operated on for shrapnel in the head. When at length I was able, I tried to find him. The doctors who had operated told me that the wound had destroyed his memory. At headquarters I learned that he had secured his honorable discharge—and had disappeared.

"Then the war ended—and we came home to Montreal. That's all except that we've tried every way we know to find him. My sister believes he has come back to this country. As I've told you, he spent a good many years up here. He was a clever geologist, I understand. Well, anyway, she would come. We've made inquiries at several points along the river, but without result. Nobody seems to know anything about Langman."

Mooney sat thinking. His cigar had gone out. He arose and laid a hand on the aviator's shoulder.

"We'll do all we can to help," he said. "You might tell her that. And now, if you'll pardon me, I've work to do. Your sister will occupy my room; you and I will take the two bunks in the other apartment. You may have your choice; and better turn in, old man; you're dead tired."

He went out, and Rodgers lit another cigar and smoked it dreamily, half asleep.

He stirred awake suddenly, and obeying some inner urge, leaped to his feet. The door behind him had opened noiselessly. Framed in the doorway was the tall, gaunt form of a man. His face was wan and frost-blistered.

But Rodgers, reading so much with fleeting glance, was arrested by the gleam in the man's eyes. Those eyes, hard, unforgiving, were boring him, holding him.

It seemed hours that he was held spellbound beneath the compelling influence of that look.

Then, slowly, the man backed from the room, and closed the door behind him.

Rodgers came out from his stupor. Snatching up his cap, he leaped after the man who had so mysteriously come and gone.

NEXT day Danton rejoined his party at the make-shift cabin on the bank of Little Turtle.

He found Williams greatly recovered, Hartley nervous and irritable.

The lawyer's first words to him were, "Did you arrange for our passage back?"

"Yes," Danton answered. "It's all arranged."

"Where's Wiski?" he asked, glancing about him.

Williams turned upon him with an oath. "Where's Wiski?" he mimicked. "We don't know and we don't care either. We sent that damned spy packin'."

"You mean," asked Danton, "that you sent him away?"

"Now, see here, Danton," broke out Hartley. "We've stood for that Indian right up until to-day. And we've stood for your high-handed piffle about having him along, too. What we want you to understand now is this. We prefer to handle our own little show from this time forward."

"You mean, then," said Danton, quietly, "that you wish to go on to the claim without me; is that it?"

"No," burst out Williams. "You know damned well that isn't it. You guide us up there, see?"

"And supposing I refuse?"

"You won't," chuckled Williams. "If you do, we'll try the same argument on you we tried on Wiski, to wit, this here."

He drew a wicked-looking automatic from his pocket and held it up to view.

Danton's jaw squared. "Oh, that's your play, is it?" he said levelly. "Well, seeing you have all the argument on your side, I'm willing to go through."

Hartley's pale eyes were watching him. He was thinking that Danton wasn't nearly the man he had at first thought him. His thin lips drooped in a cynical smile.

"In two days," he sneered, "we'll be through with you, my man, and I, for one, won't be sorry."

Danton made no reply. He turned to the fire and began preparing his supper.

The following night found them well up in the hills. They made camp, and early next morning continued on their way. A little before noon, Danton guided them into a long, wide valley, already taking on a tinge of green.

"This is the spot," he informed Hartley.

Hartley was scanning the map, and now he grunted approval.

"This is the spot all right," he said. "Now then, let's get busy measuring and staking. Hope that air-plane comes today. The quicker we get out of this place, the better I'll be pleased."

Danton folded his arms.

"My work is done," he said quietly. "You and Williams will have to do your own staking; but before you begin, I'd like a settlement."

Hartley stared. Williams blustered forward.

"See here," he growled. "You've got all the money from me you're goin' to get. I'm tellin' you that now."

"The agreement," Danton reminded him, "was that you were to pay me another two thousand dollars upon my guiding you to this place."

"I don't remember promisin' anythin' of the kind," bluffed the oil-man.

"Did you hear me say anythin' about payin' this man more than I gave him that night we hired him?" he asked, turning to Hartley.

"No," said Hartley. "The fellow's dreaming. He's been well paid as it is."

Danton shrugged. "All right," he said. "We'll let that pass. There's something I'd like to know though. You intend, I understand, to re-stake the claim formerly located by David Langman?"

"You're whistlin' there, son," grinned Williams. "We intend to do just that; and we intend to record it just as soon as we can get down to Edmonton."

"Is that right, Hartley?"

"Of course it's right," flashed Hartley. "Do you think we came up here for our health?"

"And what provision, may I ask, do you intend to make for Langman?"

"None whatever," answered Hartley unhesitatingly. "In simple American slang, we've got Langman where the hair's short."

"Then the promise you made me, that night in my cabin, to look after Langman, was a deliberate lie framed to enlist my aid in your undertaking?"

Williams swaggered forward.

"Oh, cut it out, Danton," he growled. "You needn't pretend to be so damned honest. Why didn't you warn your friend Langman? You had a chance to, didn't you?"

Hartley laughed.

"Danton would have had to sacrifice two thousand dollars, by doing that," he sneered.

"Four thousand," Danton corrected him, "for, of course, I expect you men to hold to our bargain."

"Listen," said Williams. "Maybe you think you've been guidin' just two plain, average people, Danton. If so, it goes to prove that you're a darned poor judge of humans. Hartley there is no average gent, and neither am I. I reckon I'm worth nigh four millions, most of which I've earned by lettin' people think I'm not just what I really am, see? Same with Hartley there. He's just an ordinary lookin' cuss, but, oh boy! when it comes to cleanin' up the griddle, watch him scramble.

"Now, we've got you, Danton, and you might as well own we have. If you're a good sport and get busy stakin' out this claim for us, maybe we'll give you another hundred dollars or so.

"You can go on to Norman, or beat it back where you started from. Just as you like. That's your own funeral. Me and my friend's goin' back pullman-aero, ninety miles an hour. We've got the money to travel how we please, and it's not goin' to be over no God-forsaken trail neither. You can bank on that."

Danton stood looking away. "All right," he finally agreed. "I'll get tape and stakes and measure off the claim. One of you will have to help me, though."

Williams grinned. "Now you're talkin', Danton. For a plain, simple, darn fool you're showin' uncommon good sense."

By three o'clock the claim was duly staked. Danton, as he prepared their dinner over a fire of dried balsam boughs, was silent.

Hartley was almost cheerful. He hummed a tune, as with a pencil he made certain notations on the margins of his map. Williams had grown bullying and abusive. He cursed Danton for scorching the bacon, and insultingly ordered him to do this and that.

Apparently, he thought he had the guide square under his heel, but he was to learn different.

Following one of his more vitriolic explosions, Danton suddenly turned on him and, with an open-handed slap, sent him reeling.

Williams righted himself, and his hand ducked to his mackinaw pocket. Hartley sprang upon him.

"None of that, now!" he ordered. "Give me that pistol."

Williams shook him off.

Danton watching, muscles tense, spoke. "Let him have the pistol, Hartley, if he wants it. It's not loaded."

Williams, with a muttered curse, drew out the clip from the breech.

"That damned Wiski's work," he blurted.

He dropped the pistol and began fumbling frantically in his inner pocket. "And that Injin's got my wad, too," he groaned.

"No," said Danton, "I've got it, Williams."

From a pocket he produced a thick leather wallet, and tossed it across to the owner.

"You'll find it all there, I think, less the two thousand you promised me."

"Thief!"

Hartley, a snarl drawn back from his teeth, shook his fist in Danton's face.

"No," said Danton, "I didn't steal the wallet. I picked it up this morning beside the bunk in the Little Turtle cabin. You believe that, of course?"

One sinewy hand reached out and gripped the lawyer's shoulder.

"You'd better answer my question, Hartley."

"Oh, all right. I suppose you did—find it."

Hartley gulped and turned frightened eyes on Williams.

But whatever that highly incensed gentleman was about to say was interrupted by a humming sound which grew faintly up from the northward.

THE three men raised their eyes, searching the sky.

"There she is," cried Williams. "There's our little home-carrier, Hartley. We've done our work, and now we'll soon be on the way back to God's country."

Far up and far away, the aeroplane flashed into view, swiftly speeding toward the valley.

Hartley sighed his relief. He turned to Danton.

"We'll soon be away from here," he said, "and before we go, I want to tell you something. At the first Mounted Police Station we touch, I intend to lay information against you for theft. I'm going to get you, and get you right."

"And I'll spend a million, if necessary, to put you away," Williams snarled. "You're not dealing with any average—"

Danton cut him short.

"Listen, you two," he said crisply. "It's pretty nearly time we understood each other. Neither of you are going back in that aeroplane. I'm going in it. Wiski will be here in an hour, two at most. He will take you back to Athabaska or on to Fort Norman. You needn't worry about paying him. I've already done that."

Stark amazement held his hearers speechless.

Above, the big airship curved and took the valley in a beautiful slope.

Danton ran forward. Williams and Hartley, still numb with wonder and alarm, followed.

They reached the plane just in time to


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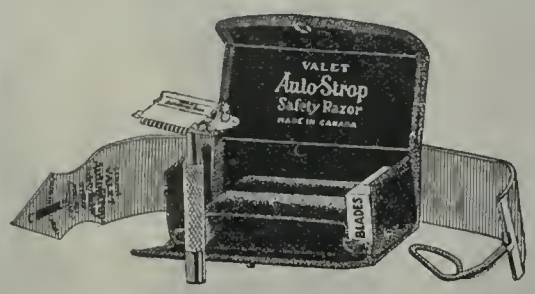
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see Danton reach for the form of one of its occupants, and fold it in his arms.

Hartley, staring, caught his breath. Over Danton's shoulder a flushed, laughing face was revealed to him, the face of the woman who had called at his office, the woman who claimed to be Langman's wife. As he stood spellbound, she saw him and her eyes opened wide.

"David," she gasped, "it's—why it's your cousin, Hartley, from Millbury."

Danton nodded, "I know," he said. "We've been getting acquainted for quite some time, sweetheart."

He kissed her again and relinquished her.

He stepped back and confronted Hartley and Williams.

"So you're Langman?" Hartley managed to gasp.

"Yes, I'm Langman; and that woman in the airplane is my wife."

He paused, smiling as he noted the droop in Williams' beefy shoulders and the sheer terror in his cousin's eyes.

"Just one thing before I go," he said. "You needn't bother trying to record this claim; it's already done. If you hadn't destroyed your new N.W.T. regulations, you would have learned that a claim may be recorded at any R.C.M.P. headquarters. You'll remember I said I was in pressing need of money? You know what I needed it for now. I recorded my claim yesterday. Perhaps you're wondering who the man is who played the part of Langman. I'll tell you. He's a good friend of mine, and a good actor. I might say I gave him the cue through Wiski, whom I sent on ahead of us to Burke's cabin."

He bowed, and running to the car, leaped in beside his wife.

The powerful engine roared, the plane swept forward, taking the air on a gradual sweep, then up, up, and turning south, sped on the long homeward track.

Williams and Hartley watched it, fascinated.

Then Williams, breathing heavily, turned on the lawyer.

"Do you know what I think you are?" he panted. "Do you?"

Hartley made no reply. He was not interested in what Williams might think he was. He was facing the realization that at last he himself knew beyond all possible doubt what he was. *He was just average.*

## Greasing the Service

*Continued from page 24*

is told of a sleeping-car porter on a Government transcontinental:

One night recently when the train was on its way from Ottawa for the Northwest, this particular porter was busy gathering up the shoes of the passengers to give them the conventional "shine." He picked up a pair of new shoes outside the stateroom door and hurried down to his seat of shining operations near the smoker. When the porter turned one of the shoes over under the light he suddenly straightened with a gasp. Cautiously he looked at the sole of the other shoe. Then with a mumbled exclamation he went to work on those shoes with a vengeance. Never was he known to put so much time and energy into shining a passenger's shoes.

Next day the porter put in most of his time hanging around the stateroom door to make sure there was no further service he could perform for the passenger, a gruff old fellow who neither tipped him nor thanked him for his trouble. Finally, the porter became so obsequious that the passenger complained to the conductor that the black man was either crazy or drunk. The conductor went quietly to the porter and asked him why he was wasting his time on the stateroom passenger.

"Good Lawd, Boss," exclaimed the darkey, "doan' yo' know who dat gent'eman is? Why, Boss, he's da honohable at Ottawa who got charge ob all the railways in the kentry."

"What—Honorable Dr. Reid, Minister of Railways? Why, George, I'm beginning to think you *are* crazy. That isn't Dr. Reid nor anything like him."

The porter scratched his kinky head. "Den, Boss," he insisted, "this gent'eman musta done swipe Hon'able Doc. Reid's shoes, 'cause last night when I was a-shining of them, I see writ on both of dem plain as the nose on ma face, 'Dr. Reid's Cushion Soles'."

## PAWNED

*Continued from page 16*

and he became conscious that Paul Veniza was holding out his hands to them both.

And Claire knelt at the side of the couch and took one of Paul Veniza's hands, and Hawkins took the other. And no one of them looked into the other's face.

The outer door opened, and Doctor Crang came in. He stood for an instant surveying the scene, a half angry, half sarcastic smile spreading over his sallow face, and then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, you're here, like me, ahead of time, Hawkins, I see!" he said shortly. "You're going to drive me to Station Island where—"

Claire rose to her feet.

"I have told Hawkins," she said quietly.

Hawkins' hand tightened over Paul Veniza's for a moment, and then he turned away.

"I—I'll wait outside," said Hawkins—and brushed his hand across his eyes as he went through the doorway.

Paul Veniza was racked with a sudden fit of coughing again. Doctor Crang walked quickly to the couch and looked at the other sharply. After a moment he turned to Claire.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked crisply.

"Yes; I am ready," she answered steadily.

"Very well, then," said Crang, "you had better go out and get into the old bus. "You can go with Hawkins and me."

"But"—Claire looked in a bewildered way at Paul Veniza—"but you said—"

"I know I did," Crang interrupted brusquely, "but we're all here a little early and there's lots of time to countermand the other car."

He indicated Paul Veniza with a jerk of his hand. "He's far from as well as he was last night. At least you'll admit that I'm a good doctor, and when I tell you he is not fit to go this morning that ought to be enough for both of you. I'll 'phone and tell them not to send the limousine."

Still Claire hesitated. Paul Veniza had closed his eyes.

Crang shrugged his shoulders.

"You can do as you like, but I don't imagine"—a snarl crept into his voice—"that it will give him any joy to witness the ceremony, or you to have him. Suit yourselves; but I won't answer for the consequences."

"I'll go," said Claire simply—and as Paul Veniza lifted himself up suddenly in protest, she forced him gently back upon the couch again. "It's better that way," she said, and for a moment talked to him in low earnest tones, then kissed him, and rose, and walked out from the room.

Crang, with a grunt of approval, started toward the telephone.

"Wait!" Paul Veniza had raised himself on his elbow. Crang turned and faced the other with darkened face.

"It is not too late even now at the last moment!" Paul Veniza's face showed his agony. "I know you for what you are, and in the name of God I charge you not to do this thing. It is foul and loathsome, the basest passion—and whatever crimes lay at your door, even if murder be among them, no one of them is comparable with this, for you do more than take a human life, you desecrate a soul pure as the day God gave it life, and—"

The red surged into Crang's face, and changed to mottled purple.

"Damn you!" he flung out hoarsely. "Hold your cackling tongue! This is my wedding morning—understand?" He laughed out raucously. "My wedding morning—and I'm hungry!"

Paul Veniza raised himself a little higher. White his face was, white as death.

"Then God have mercy on your soul!" he cried.

And Crang stared for a moment, then turned on his heel—and laughed.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### The Ride

JOHN BRUCE turned the corner, and, on the opposite side of the street, drew back under the shelter of a door porch where he could command a view of the entrance to Paul Veniza's house. And now he stood motionless, waiting with cold patience, his eyes fixed on the doorway across the street. He was there because Crang was either at the present moment within the house or presently would come to the house. It was nearly eight o'clock. The old travelling pawnshop was drawn up before the door.

He had no definite plan now. No plan was needed. He was simply waiting for Crang.

His eyes had not left the doorway. Suddenly, tense, he leaned a little forward. The door opened. No; it was only Hawkins. He relaxed again.

Only Hawkins! John Bruce's face grew a little sterner, his lips a little more tightly compressed. Only Hawkins—only an old man who swayed there outside the door, and whose face was covered with his hands.

He watched Hawkins. The old cabman moved blindly along the sidewalk for the few steps that took him to the corner, and turning the corner, out of sight of the house, sat down on the edge of the curb, and with his shoulders sunk forward, buried his face in his hands again.

And John Bruce understood; and his fingers, in his pocket, snuggled curiously around the revolver that was hidden there. He wanted to go to that old bent figure there in its misery and despair, who was fighting now so obviously to get a grip upon himself. But he did not move. He could not tell Hawkins what he meant to do.

Were they minutes or were they hours that passed? Again the front door of Paul Veniza's house opened, and again John Bruce leaned tensely forward. But this time he did not relax. Claire! His eyes drank in the slim, little dark-garbed figure, greedy that no smallest gesture, no movement, no single line of face or form should escape him. It was perhaps the last time that he would see her. He would not see her in his prison cell—he would not let her go there.

A queer sound issued from his throat, a strange and broken little cry. She was gone now. She had crossed the sidewalk and entered the travelling pawnshop. The curtains were down, and she was hidden from sight. And for a moment there seemed a blur and mist before John Bruce's eyes—then Hawkins, still around the corner, still with crouched shoulders, still with his face hidden in his hands, took form and grew distinct again. And then after a little while, Hawkins rose slowly and came back along the street, and climbed into the driver's seat of the travelling pawnshop, and sat fumbling at the wheel with his hands.

The door of Paul Veniza's house opened for the third time—and now John Bruce laughed in a low, grim way, and his hand, hugging the revolver in his pocket, tightened and grew vise-like in its grip upon the weapon. It was Crang at last!

And then John Bruce's hand came out from his pocket—empty.

Not in front of Claire!

He swept his hand across his forehead. It was as though a sudden shock had aroused him to some stark reality to which he had been strangely oblivious. Not in front of Claire! Claire was in the car there. He felt himself bewildered for a moment. Hawkins had said nothing about driving Claire too.

Crang's voice reached him from across the street!

"All right, Hawkins! Go ahead!"

WHERE was Paul Veniza? Crang had got into the car, and the car was moving forward. Wasn't Paul Veniza going too?

Well, it did not matter, did it? Crang was there. And it was a long way to Station Island, and before then a chance would come, must come, he would make one somehow, and—

John Bruce ran swiftly out into the street, and, as the car turned the corner, swung himself lightly and silently in beside Hawkins. Crang would not know. The curtained panel at the back of the driver's seat hid the interior of the car from view.

Hawkins turned his head, stared into John Bruce's face for an instant, half in a startled, half in a curiously perplexed way, made as though to speak—and then, without a word, gave his attention to the wheel again.

The car rattled on down the block.

John Bruce, as silent as Hawkins, stared ahead. On the ferry! Yes, that was it! It was a long way to Station Island. Claire would not stay cooped up in a closed car below; she would go up on deck to get the air. And even if Crang accompanied her, it would not prove very difficult to separate them.

He looked around suddenly and intercepted a furtive, puzzled glance cast at him by Hawkins.

And then Hawkins spoke for the first time.

"You'd better get off, John Bruce," he said in a choked voice. "You've done all you could, and God bless you over and over again for it, but you can't do anything more now, and it won't do you any good to come any further."

"No," said John Bruce, "I'm going all the way, Hawkins."

Hawkins relapsed into silence. They were near the Battery when he spoke again.

"All the way," Hawkins repeated then, as though it were but a moment gone since John Bruce had spoken. "All the way. Yes, that's it—after twenty years. That's when I pawned her—twenty years ago. And I couldn't never redeem her the way Paul Veniza said. And she ain't never known, and thank God she ain't never going to know, that I—that I—" A tear trickled down the old face, and splashed upon the wrinkled skin of the hand upon the wheel. And then old Hawkins smiled suddenly, and nodded toward the clock on the cowl-board—and the speed of the car increased. "I looked up the ferry time," said Hawkins.

They swung out in front of the ferry house, and the car stopped. A ferry just berthing was beginning to disgorge its stream of motors and pedestrians.

"We're first in line," said Hawkins nodding his head. "We'll have to wait a minute or two."

John Bruce nodded back indifferently. His eyes were fixed on the ferry that he could just see through the ferry house. Certainly, Claire would not stay down in the confined space of the ferry's run-way all the trip! or if she did, Crang wouldn't. His face set. Quite unconsciously his hand had gone to his pocket, and he found his fingers now snuggling again around the weapon that lay there.

AND then he looked at Hawkins—and stared again at the other, startled. Strange, he had not noticed it before! The smile on Hawkins' face did not hide it. The man seemed to have aged a thousand years; the old face was pinched and worn, and deep in the faded, watery blue eyes was hurt and agony. And a great sympathy for the man surged upon John Bruce. He could not tell Hawkins but— He reached out, and laid his hand on the other's arm.

"Don't take it too hard, Hawkins," he said gently. "I—perhaps—perhaps, well, there's always a last chance that something may happen."

"Me?" said Hawkins, and bent down over his gears as he got the signal to move forward. "Do I look like that? I—I thought it all out last night, and I don't feel that way. I'll tell you what I was thinking about. I was just thinking that I did something to-day when I left my room that I haven't done before—in twenty years. I've left the light burning."

John Bruce stared a little helplessly.

"Yes," said Hawkins. He smiled at John Bruce. "Don't you worry about me. Mebbe you don't understand, but that's all I've been thinking about since we've been waiting here. I've left the light burning."

Sick at heart, John Bruce turned his head away. He made no response.

Hawkins paid the fare, ran the car through the ferry house, and aboard the ferry itself. He was fumbling with a catch of some kind behind his seat as he proceeded slowly up the run-way.

"He'll want a little air in there," said Hawkins, "because it's close down here. Opens back, you know—the whole panel. I had it made that way when the car was turned into a travelling pawnshop—didn't




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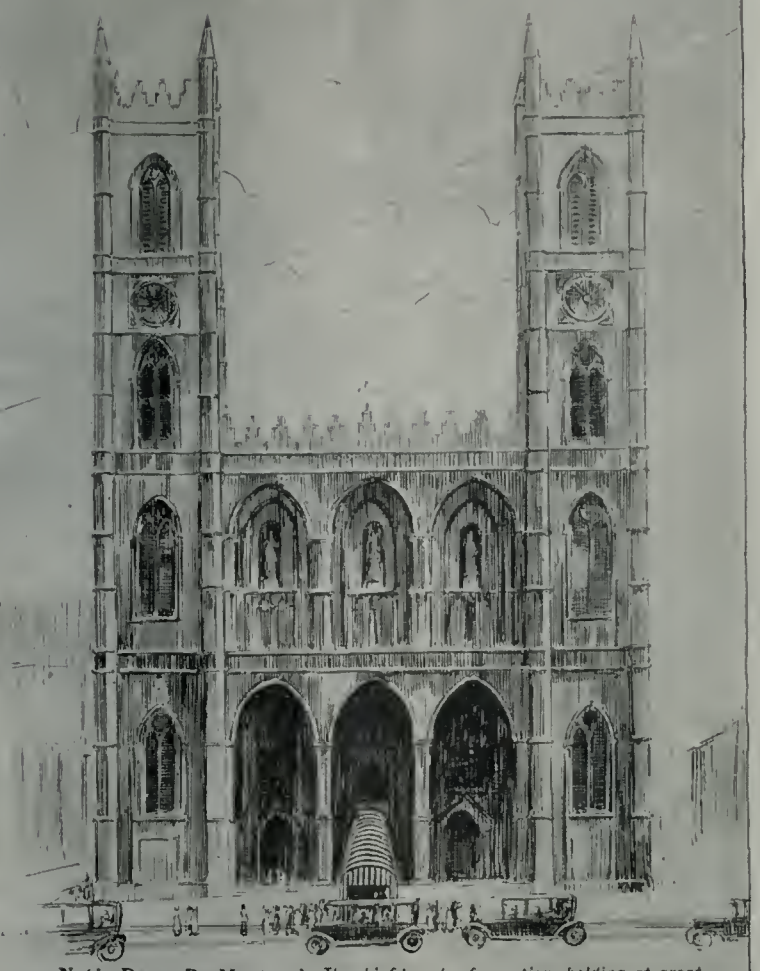
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know what tough kind of a customer Paul might run into sometimes, and I'd want to get in beside him quick to help, and I—" The old cabman straightened up. The car was at the extreme forward end of the ferry—and suddenly it leaped forward. "Jump, John Bruce! Jump clear," old Hawkins cried. "There's only two of us going all the way—and that's Crang and me! Claire and Paul'll be along in another car—tell them it was an accident, and—"

John Bruce was on his feet—too late. There was a crash, and the collapsible steel gates went down before the plunging car, and the guard chain beyond was swept from its sockets. He reeled and lost his balance as something, a piece of wreckage from the gates or chain posts, struck him. He felt the hot blood spurt from shoulder and arm. And then, as the car shot out in mid-air, diving madly for the water below, and he was thrown from his feet, he found himself clinging to the footboard, fighting wildly to reach the door handle. Claire was in there! Claire was in there!

There was a terrific splash. A mighty rush of water closed over him. Horror, fear, madness possessed his soul. Claire was in there! Claire was in there!—and somehow Hawkins had not known! Yes, he had the door handle now! He wrenched and tore at the door. The pressure of the water seemed to fight against his strength. He worked like a maniac. It opened. He had it now! It opened. He could scarcely see in the murky water—only the indistinct outlines of two forms undulating grotesquely, the hands of one gripped around the throat of the other—only that, and floating within his reach a woman's form. He snatched at the dress. His lungs were bursting. Claire! It was Claire! She was in his arms—then blackness—then sunlight again—and then faintly, he heard a cheer.

He held her head above the water. She was motionless, inert.

"Claire! Claire!" he cried. Fear, cold, horrible, seized upon him. He swam in mad haste for the iron ladder rungs at the side of the ship.

FACES, a multitude of them, seemed to peer at him from above, from the brink of this abyss in which he was struggling. He heard a cheer again. Why were they cheering? Were they cheering because two men were locked in a death grip deep down there in the water below?

"Claire!" he cried out again.

And then, as his hand grasped the lower rung, she opened her eyes slowly and a tremor ran through her frame.

She lived! Was he weak with the sudden revulsion that swept upon him now? Was that it? He tried to carry her up—and found that it was beyond his strength. And he could only cling there and wait for assistance from above, thankful even for the support the water gave his weight. It was strange! What were those red stains that spread out and tinged the water around him? His arm! Yes, he remembered now. His shoulder and arm! It was the loss of blood that must have sapped his strength, that must be sapping it now so that—

"John!" Claire whispered. "You—John!"

He buried his face in the great wet masses of hair that fell around her. Weak? No, he was not weak! He could hold her here always—always.

He felt her clutch spasmodically at his arm.

"And—and Hawkins, John?" she faltered.

He lifted his head and stared at the water. Little waves rippled across its surface, gambolling inconsequentially—at play. There wasn't anything else there. There never would be. He made no answer.

A sob shook her shoulders.

"How—how did it happen?" she whispered again.

"I think a—a gear jammed, or something," he said huskily.

He heard her speak again, but her voice was very low. He bent his head until it rested upon hers to catch the words.

She was crying softly.

"Dear, dear Hawkins—dear Daddy Hawkins," she said.

A great mist seemed to gather before John Bruce's eyes. A voice seemed to come again, Hawkins' voice; and words that he understood now, Hawkins' words:

"I've left the light burning."

*The End*

# The Yellow Man

*Continued from page 11*

lassie told her to get to bed and that she could manage for herself. That's the last that was seen of the Hon. Deborah, Mr. Craig. This morning, when the maid went into the lassie's bedroom, the first thing she found was the body of a dead Chinaman lying on the floor at the foot of the bed, but the Hon. Deborah was gone.

"Now, Mr. Craig, I've examined every foot of space in that house; there's not a sign of an entry having been forced, and there is nothing in the girl's room to suggest that any violence took place save the body of the Chinaman and the fact that the bed-cover—the bed hadn't been slept in, you understand—was a little disarranged and had a slight tear in it. The girl's evening wrap was hanging over the rail of the bed just as she might have thrown it off, and from the look of things you'd say she had just walked out of her own accord—but for the body of that Chinaman, and the only help he gives is to deepen the mystery. He's been identified as Mr. Huan Tung, of the Chinese Embassy; he was at Lady Daynton's dance last night, and he left about an hour before the Hon. Deborah, as near as Lady Daynton can remember. Now, Mr. Craig, I have discovered that about half an hour before Lord Invercairn's daughter arrived back at her home a police constable called at the house and told the butler that their kitchen window was open; the butler left the constable at the door for a moment while he fetched him a drink. That being against the regulations, I reported it, and it appears that the constable who called at Lord Invercairn's house doesn't tally in description with the constable who was on duty at that point. It's my belief that the kitchen-window business was a plant, and that while the butler went to get the supposed constable a drink—leaving the door open, you understand—the people whose accomplice the constable was just slipped into the house. So far so good; but now we come to the real trouble. This Mr. Huan Tung is a well-known man; and though he's a young man, he held an influential position at the Chinese Embassy, yet in his waistcoat pocket we found this."

He produced from his pocket an ordinary envelope, and shook the contents on to the little table by Don's chair. Don bent over the table and gently fingered several small pieces of broken ivory. Under MacNish's hand the pieces quickly took shape as a flat rectangle of ivory which bore carved upon it a rough St. Andrew's Cross surrounded by an irregular ellipse. The rectangle was complete save for one small wedge-shaped fragment which left a small gap extending from one edge of the ivory to part way down one arm of the cross.

"It's the sign of Tien T'ze all right," Don nodded; "but go on."

"WELL," MacNish continued, "as far as we've been able to discover, Mr. Huan Tung had never met Lord Invercairn's daughter until last night at Lady Daynton's dance. Now, from the statement which Lady Daynton has made, we know that he seemed deeply interested in the Hon. Deborah. He asked to be presented to her, and he followed her about so much that Lady Daynton was glad when he went, for fear the other guests would notice.

"One of two things must be the case, then; either Mr. Huan Tung was actively connected with the girl's disappearance or he was not. If he was not, how did he come to be in her room; and, if he was, who killed him? There's a queer point, too, about the way he was killed. He was just pricked in the right wrist by some sharp instrument which had been poisoned; the puncture is no bigger than a pin-prick."

"Doesn't it look as if Mr. Huan Tung had made some kind of attack on the girl, and she had killed him?" Don suggested; "then, seeing what she had done, grew scared and bolted?"

Inspector MacNish shook his head.

"It does not to me," he answered bluntly. "In the first place, a girl, being suddenly confronted by a strange man in her own bedroom, would naturally scream, and as her aunt, who accompanied her to the dance, slept in the next room, the cry would certainly have been heard. Then there is the manner of the killing. Now, I ask you Mr. Craig, do young ladies in the position of Deborah Thornton keep within reach a small poisoned pin or stiletto such as must have been used?"

Don smiled faintly.

"I believe you've got me," he admitted; "it doesn't seem probable. How about this aunt you mentioned; can't she throw any light on the affair?"

"None in the least," MacNish replied gloomily. "She has a long tale to tell about it, but there's never a word in it of interest, except that the girl seemed depressed on the way home; she never spoke a word except to answer 'Yes' or 'No' to the aunt's questions. Moreover, the lady's not a young woman, and is so nearsighted she can't even be relied upon when she says that she is sure no one was hanging about either when they left Lady Daynton's house or when they arrived home. As a witness, Mr. Craig, she's a bad egg."

DON CRAIG rose from his chair and fell to pacing the room, as was his habit when his thoughts were working at high pressure.

"Have you got any notion, Mac," he asked after a moment, "why the girl should have been carried off, supposing this to be a case of abduction?"

"Not the slightest," MacNish admitted, "unless it's just a vulgar case of ransom."

"Hardly likely, do you think?" Don objected; "any sane person would be able to visualize the hornet's nest which they would raise in attacking a girl in her position."

MacNish tugged at his moustache reflectively.

"Yet there doesn't seem any other explanation," he replied. "His lordship maintains that he hasn't an enemy in the world that he knows of, and he can't think of any reason why his daughter should run away."

"No love affair which did not find favor in his eyes, I suppose?"

"He has never heard a mention of one."

"And there is no clue in the house?"

"Not a sign of one."

The telephone-bell over Don's desk whirred stridently, and Don picked up the receiver; the next moment he turned to MacNish.

"They want to speak to you from the Yard," he said.

MacNish took the instrument and growled into the mouthpiece, and for some seconds Don was forced to listen to a series of nasal grunts in rapidly-changing key from the inspector. At last, with a cautioning "Stand by" into the mouthpiece, MacNish cut off and turned towards him.

"Peterson on the other end," he announced, his brows drawn low and a grimness around his mouth, "and with a yarn that would make a body doubt his sanity. He's got on the trail of the girl—or so he says. Report just come through from Cocking, in West Sussex. Someone's told the police that a car went through there this morning early, containing two men and a girl; girl seemed ill; she was leaning against one of the men's shoulder, head lolling, eyes closed; she was in evening dress, and answers to the description of Deborah Thornton."

In Don's eyes interest gleamed.

"Do they know in which direction the car was going?" he questioned.

MacNish nodded sharply.

"They know more than that," he answered; "the fellow who noticed the girl followed the car on a bicycle. It went right through Cocking and along a road on the Downs; five miles east of Cocking it stopped at a house, and the two men carried the girl in."

"Good!" Don leapt up from the chair into which he had thrown himself while MacNish had been on the 'phone. "It only remains to find the owner of that house, and we're on a hot trail."

"We know him," MacNish announced.

"Splendid! Who is he?" Don's interest showed just a suspicion of flagging now the case seemed so near completion, but MacNish's answer caused it to leap into a flame again.

"The house belongs to Superintendent McIvor," he replied grimly; "he's spending his sick leave there."

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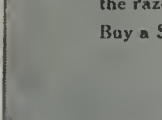
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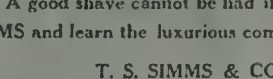
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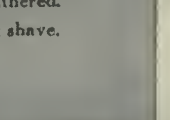
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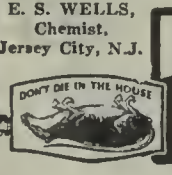

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from that moment onwards it was Don Craig who took the lead. Inspector MacNish seemed content to act in a subordinate capacity, so great was his respect for the judgment which had prevailed upon Superintendent McIvor to accept Don's collaboration in matters pertaining to Tien T'ze.

Don's first action, therefore, was to call Kyrle Durande into conference, and explain fully to her all that was known of the case.

"And now, Kyrle," Don finished his statement of the case, "you must handle the London end of this job for the time being. Call upon Lord Invercairn, examine the girl's room, and make sure that no clue has been missed; then call on Lady Daynton, get her version of what happened at the dance, and search for clues there. Two points might bear keeping in mind:

"1. Does Lady Daynton remember any of her guests wearing a similar dress to Deborah Thornton's?

"2. What were the movements of this man Huan Tung after he left Lady Daynton's dance?"

"The police would probably be able to supply information on the second part more quickly than you could collect it. Perhaps MacNish will get into touch with the Yard and ask them to give you every assistance."

MacNish nodded silently, and, crossing to the 'phone, spoke a few terse words to his subordinate, Peterson. This done, Don rapidly sketched in their own probable movements.

"We'll have to go down to McIvor," he said; "it seems impossible that he should be ignorant of what's going on, but if he isn't I don't understand his silence. I can't credit. . . ."

He broke off again as the telephone-bell interrupted him. Once more the call was for MacNish.

FOR a moment the inspector listened in silence to the voice at the other end of the line, and then suddenly his self-control broke.

"What!" he roared into the mouthpiece. "Say that again, man; it's damn daft you're talking! Who says so? Bring it round here now." He clicked the receiver up smartly, but remained for a moment staring vacantly at the instrument; then abruptly he swung round on Don.

"Mr. Craig," he said slowly, "could you by any stretch of imagination come to think of Superintendent McIvor as a wrong 'un?"

Don's brows came together sharply.

"Not by any stretch of imagination, Mac. Why?"

For a long time MacNish gnawed his thumb-nail in gloomy silence.

"Peterson reports," he said at length, "that he has just received a letter forwarded from Lord Invercairn which demands five thousand pounds of his lordship for the safe return of his daughter. Boughley, the handwriting expert at the Yard, says that he can detect no sign of the letter being a forgery, and that it is in the handwriting of Superintendent McIvor."

The muscles round Don's jaw tightened a trifle, but he answered immediately.

"It's a fake, Mac," he said. "My lord, man, it's—it's got to be a fake."

"There's another point," MacNish pursued heavily: "there's a thumb-print on the paper. It's McIvor's thumb-print."

Instantly Don's face cleared, and he leapt to his feet.

"Then it is a fake!" he almost shouted. "Why, Mac, you dear old ass, don't you see it can't be anything else? McIvor, honest man or crook, is at least a clever man. Would he make two such mistakes? Two? No, three! Supposing he had carried off this girl, would he take her to his own house in the country, where the slightest miscarriage of his plans would immediately stamp him as the criminal? Or supposing he did so far forget himself, would he make a second blunder and write the letter demanding ransom with his own hand, instead of typing it, and then cap the whole affair by allowing his thumb-print to appear on the writing-paper? Why, man, he's Superintendent of the C.I.D.! He knows the methods employed in the detection of crime backwards. Don't you see that the evidence is too conclusive? It's not accidental—it's planned. Why, damn it, man, it sticks out a mile!"

MacNish's scowl lightened at this, and he ceased his gastronomic foray on the thumb-nail.

"Yes," he admitted, "maybe you're right. My land, Mr. Craig, I hope you are!"

Don turned to Kyrle.

"Go on, Kyrle, my dear," he said, "get busy. Mac is suffering from temporary paralysis of the grey matter; he'll be all right in a minute, but we've got to get a hustle on."

"Right," the girl replied. "Where'll I get you if I need you?"

"Better wire me at McIvor's place," he answered; "if I'm not there, he'll know how to get me."

Kyrle took her departure, and some five minutes after she had left, Peterson arrived with the letter. For some moments Don and MacNish pored over the small sheet of note-paper; but if the handwriting experts at New Scotland Yard had been unable to discover any sign of forgery about it, it was hopeless for these two to try, while both realized that a forged finger-print could defy the most expert examination. Barely ten minutes elapsed, therefore, between the arrival of Peterson and the departure of Don and MacNish on the former's big red Indian and side-car for McIvor's house in Sussex.

PACING restlessly before the window in his den in the little house in Sussex, Superintendent Bruce McIvor paused for a moment and gazed unseeingly across the roll and dip of the Downs to where the Channel gleamed a snow-flecked blue strip to the south.

McIvor had just listened to a clear statement of the case against him from Don Craig, who now sat in a deep armchair chewing perplexedly on the unlit butt of a cigar, and glancing from time to time at the knit-browed face of Inspector John MacNish, who sat near him.

At last McIvor turned from the window.

"Of course," he said, with a slight smile, "it isn't necessary for me to tell you two that this whole business is a plant. All the same, it is one which may have very serious consequences for me. Just recently I have lost four thousand pounds by the failure of the Red Crescent Shipping Company. That provides an additional motive for my supposed crime. Secondly, although I wasn't actually in London last night, I certainly was away from this house from three o'clock in the afternoon to five o'clock this morning, and I can't prove where I was."

MacNish sat up in his chair as though he had been electrocuted.

"My land, chief," he ejaculated, "the thing's getting worse and worse! What were you doing away from here last night of all nights?"

McIvor's smile broadened a trifle.

"I understand some things now which I didn't get the hang of last night," he replied. "It was this way: After lunch yesterday I was prowling over the Downs, as I generally do, when I became conscious of being followed. I didn't appear to notice the fact, but first opportunity I got I lay low and waited. Sure enough, my shadow hove in sight. He was a Chinaman in European dress. Of course, my mind instantly flew to Tien T'ze, so I continued in hiding until he got sick of looking for me, then I followed him. I should think I walked nearly a hundred miles, but I wasn't going to lose him if I could help it. Eventually, however, I did lose him; he headed for Worthing, and in Worthing he disappeared. Finally I caught an early morning train to Midhurst and walked home. Oh, yes; unless we can produce the real criminal in a very short time, Mr. Tien T'ze has got me in pretty deep."

DON CRAIG rose abruptly.

"Look here, McIvor," he said, "we shan't do any good stopping here and admiring the strength of the case against you. Surely the first thing to be done is to go through the house and see whether the girl has actually been hidden here. If she is hidden here, it's better that we should find her than that the police should."

McIvor nodded.

"We'll search the place, certainly," he agreed, "but I can tell you now she's not in the house. You see, the presence of that Chinaman suggested to me that some attack might be made upon me, so when I got in this morning I went all through the place. True, I was looking for a concealed assassin or an infernal machine, but I'd hardly have missed her if she had been here."

"All the same," Don shrugged, "we'd better look."

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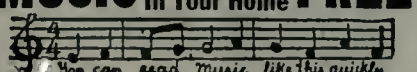
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rooms and a kitchen, and these five rooms they searched thoroughly, but without result.

When their search was over, they gathered in a little group in the hall, and for a moment no one spoke. It was MacNish who at last broke the silence.

"The body who followed that car out from Cocking this morning," he ruminated, "says he saw it stop by the gate of this house and the girl lifted out; then he rode back to Cocking. He didn't say anything about the girl being carried into the house." He stalked across to the window and studied the prospect. Situated at the back of the house, the outlook from the room gave on to a square, picturesque garden surrounded by a light-colored stone wall barely three feet high; there was nowhere in the garden where the girl might have been concealed, but beyond the wall, directly facing the window, at a distance of some ten yards from it, what looked to be an old barn reared its black-tarred wooden bulk. On this building MacNish's gaze focused.

"What's that shed yonder?" he questioned abruptly.

McIvor came up behind him, and, looking over the other's shoulder, instantly sensed the thought behind the question.

"It's disused," the superintendent replied. "I don't know how it came there; it doesn't belong to me. We'll look inside now. I haven't searched there."

THE door of the structure was unfastened and the three trooped in; but at first glance the place appeared empty, and then MacNish, running his eyes to the roof, grunted suddenly.

Following the direction of his gaze, they saw her. She was half reclining with her legs stretched out along a broad beam which ran across under the roof. Her ankles and knees were lashed to the beam, while cords around her waist and arms and across her breast held the upper part of her body securely against a short upright rising from the beam to the sloping roof. She was dressed in her thin evening clothes, her head was lolling on one shoulder, and across her mouth ran a broad band of some dark material.

It was none too easy a matter to get her to the ground, and when at last they had her lying on the couch in McIvor's den it was an anxious trio who bent over her and worked to restore that consciousness which had been driven out of her, first by an anaesthetic and later by her painful captivity in the barn. The hope lay in the possibility that when Deborah Thornton should be able to tell of her experiences she might reveal something which would smash the case against McIvor; but when at last she was able to talk in a dazed way, the hope was shattered. She could tell very little.

At Lady Daynton's she had felt a little faint, and had gone into the conservatory, where she had asked to be left alone. The moment after her wish had been granted an arm had shot over her shoulder and a saturated pad of something pressed over her nose and mouth. She had struggled, but she had been overpowered, and had lost consciousness without seeing her assailant, though she knew the arm had been a woman's. Next she remembered being in an automobile; but here, again, she had seen nothing, for she had found her hands bound behind her, a gag covering her mouth, and a band of something over her eyes. For a long time the car had continued to run at what she judged to be a high speed; then the pad had been pressed again over her nose, and again she had lost consciousness. Once or twice, while she had remained lashed to the beam close under the roof of the barn, she had regained her senses, but that part of her experiences had resolved itself into short flashes of consciousness alternating with long periods of black emptiness.

AS FAR as Deborah Thornton's story went, the case against McIvor still stood. And then Kyrle's wire to Don Craig arrived.

"Come now," the telegram read, "all of you. Meet me Victoria Station tea-room. I shall await you. Very important."

Deborah Thornton they turned over to the care of McIvor's housekeeper, and then, leaving MacNish on guard, the superintendent and Don Craig set out in the red Indian and the side-car.

Don Craig had for many years suffered from a gnawing propensity to rend the speed laws into shreds; now he had the opportunity and he took it. The red Indian became a lurid streak on the road, and its passage sounded like a machine-gun nest. The distance from McIvor's house to Victoria was close on forty-eight miles; they accomplished the journey in an hour and a half.

In the tea-room at Victoria Station Kyrle met them.

"We've got some of them if we're quick," she said by way of greeting. "This is a 'Hou Men' job. I'll tell you all about it on our way up. Shall we go now?"

"Where to?" Don asked.

"Zeisman's Hotel, Pepper Street, just off Tottenham Court Road," she replied.

Don Craig garaged the Indian, and the three piled into a taxi. On the way Kyrle told of her discoveries.

"First of all," she said, "I went to Lady Daynton's house and made a thorough search. The result of that was that I fixed three points. I found first of all a tassel from an evening wrap exactly similar to the one that was left behind in the girl's room at Lord Invercairn's, and which I had examined very closely, but in the case of Deborah Thornton's wrap no tassel was missing. This seemed to suggest that someone had been present at Lady Daynton's dance who might have been dressed exactly like Lord Invercairn's daughter, and that in its turn suggested that possibly Deborah Thornton had been seized while she was actually in Lady Daynton's house. Some other girl, dressed in an identical manner, might have returned with Deborah's aunt, who, you remember, is fearfully short-sighted, and probably would not notice the change if the substitute was a sufficiently good actress and kept quiet during the ride home—which is presumably what she did according to the aunt's story. I sensed that was your idea, Don, when you told me to be particularly careful to find out whether anyone wearing a dress similar to Deborah's was at Lady Daynton's place.

"WELL, working along these lines, I took the evidence of the tassel to be sufficiently significant to bear following up. Someone would have to be in a position to know, some little time beforehand, all details of the dress which the girl intended wearing. That didn't seem possible unless Deborah happened to be having a new dress made especially for this dance, in which case the first place to look for a suspect was with her dressmakers. Fortunately, Lady Daynton knew who the dressmakers were, and I posted round there. Amongst the employees there was one girl who, with a little careful make-up, would have passed for Deborah provided one had no time to study her too closely. I found that this particular girl, whose name is Margery Wakely, had received permission to-day to go off duty at five o'clock. When she left I followed her; she went straight to Zeisman's Hotel. I telephoned Peterson at New Scotland Yard, told him what progress I had made, and asked him if he could put two men on to watching the main and back entrances. He said he would. I waited there for the men. A few moments after the girl had gone in someone switched on a light in a room on the second floor, and then came to the window to pull the blind down. It was a Chinaman. Presently Peterson's men arrived, and I wired you.

"After that I filled in the time I knew must elapse before you could arrive by visiting the lodging-house where Margery Wakely lives—I had got the address from her employers. I'm afraid, to all intents, I burgled that house, Mr. McIvor, but I learnt one or two useful things. In the first place, the girl is leaving there tomorrow; and in the second, there is at the bottom of her trunk an evening frock which corresponds exactly with the description of Deborah's, and an evening wrap with one tassel missing.

"Now about another thread. At Lady Daynton's I found the missing fragment from the broken sign of Tien T'ze which was found on the body of Huan Tung. It had worked deep into the carpet in the cloak-room. Here it is."

SHE passed the tiny wedge of ivory across, and the two men examined it closely by the light of her electric torch.

"As you see," she went on, "it bears a small star carved on it, and from the position of that star in the design it stands for Hou Men, doesn't it? Well, now, wait a minute—there's more! The girl who looked after the cloak-room remembers that




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when she took the coat of one of the men guests she thought something fell out of it. She looked, but could see nothing. Mr. Huan Tung was standing a little way off, and she saw him pick up something and look at it. She told him she had thought something had fallen from the other man's coat, and asked him what he had found; but he showed her a little broken piece of ivory, and said he had dropped it himself. It was soon after that, it appears, that he took such a sudden interest in Deborah. I discovered that he left Lady Daynton's at one o'clock and took a taxi, although, mind you, his own car was waiting outside. I think there could have been only one reason for that; he must have been in a great hurry, and as there happened to be a taxi on the rank close at hand, he took it rather than wait until his own chauffeur could be brought up from the servants' quarters, where refreshments had been provided for the guests' servants. The same taximan was on the rank when I left Lady Daynton's, and I had a long talk with him. Huan Tung stopped him by a call office and used the telephone, and then he told the man to drop him at Portland Place. When the taxi stopped Huan Tung gave the man a pound note, and hurried away without waiting for any change."

She stopped, and for a moment no one spoke.

"So that as things stand now," McIvor said at last, "we have pretty strong evidence against this girl, Margery Wakely, but we still have no light on the reason for the murder of Huan Tung."

"The likely suggestion seems to be that he knew of the existence of Tien T'ze," Don remarked; "that he recognized the ivory token which he picked up; and, discovering something was on foot against Deborah Thornton, he dashed to her house in hopes of upsetting the plot, was found there by Margery Wakely, and done in. But how about this policeman accomplice of MacNish's discovery, and who presumably played his part to enable Huan Tung to enter the house?"

"Not much difficulty about that," McIvor replied; "after all, every embassy is a kind of detective force. He would have arranged that when he had that 'phone call." Then he turned to Kyrle. "We'll need a search-warrant to enter this hotel," he said, "and some authority to make arrests."

"Peterson has arranged all that," she nodded; "one of the plain-clothes men will have them waiting for us."

ZEISMAN'S HOTEL was a dingy double-fronted affair in a still more dingy thoroughfare off the Tottenham Court Road. The taxi, under Kyrle's direction, drew up at the corner of Pepper Street and the three walked slowly up to the hotel. Against a lamp-post facing the hotel's main entrance a seedy-looking individual reclined ungracefully, the glowing stump of a cigarette failing by some miracle to set light to his ragged moustache, an evening contents bill draped apron-like around his lean hips, and a bundle of papers tucked under one arm.

"Pyper, sir?" he questioned. "Mysterious disappearance of a peer's daughter. *News*, sir? Yes, sir." And as he handed the paper to McIvor he added in a different tone: "They're still inside, sir. The warrants are inside the paper. 086 L Division is watching the back entrance. Nothing to report, sir."

"Keep here," McIvor replied as he felt for a penny. "If you hear my whistle, raise Cain on your own, and send the constable who answers the call in to us. Tell 086."

In the hotel front hall they ran directly into a big, prosperous-looking individual in a bowler hat and pink tie. For a moment he and McIvor eyed each other with mutual suspicion.

"Now, see, Pug," McIvor said quietly, "we've got nothing against you this journey. You'll just lie low if you're wise."

Pug Fischer, fence and safe-breaker, also proprietor of Zeisman's Hotel, grinned pleasantly.

"Sure as you're alive, superintendent," he replied, "aint any of my shindy, but it must be a pretty big feller to fetch you out. Who is it?"

"No friend of yours," McIvor replied; "the job's not in your line. Now mind what I say, keep out, and keep your hoarders out too, or your licence is gone for good. What room has the Chinaman got?"

"Forty-three, first floor," Pug replied promptly. "So he's the pigeon, is he? Don't know him. He's got a bird with him now."

BEFORE the door of room No. 43 the trio stood for a moment listening intently to the sound of a girl's voice which came from within; then McIvor tried the door gently; it was locked. He stepped back, and then, raising his foot, struck sharply with the sole of his boot just above the lock. Came a sharp snap, and the door flew open.

For one brief instant Don Craig caught a glimpse of a tall, sallow-faced man in a dark lounge suit standing behind a table, and the pretty, scared face of a girl; the next he found himself entangled with that girl, and compelled to use considerably more force than he cared about to retain his grip on her subtly twisting body. She was strong, active, and clever in her efforts to escape him, but after a moment his strength prevailed and he was able to give more notice to the other events which were in progress.

Over by the window a battle royal raged between McIvor and the Chinaman. By far the more powerful man of the two, the superintendent found, nevertheless, that the advantage which should have accrued from this was more than neutralized by his opponent's unusual science and abnormal agility. The Chinaman broke—apparently with ease—every hold which McIvor got, and yet up to the moment when Don gave them his attention he had never succeeded in getting completely free. The two twisted and wrestled, whirling and doubling like a pair of crazy Apache dancers, and still the struggle remained undecided.

Don Craig longed to take a hand, but the sudden, spasmodic efforts of his own prisoner condemned him to the rôle of spectator.

Suddenly, with a ducking twist which seemed to ridicule the idea that he could have a single bone in his body of more than one inch in length, the Chinaman broke from McIvor completely, at the same time whirling the superintendent half across the room. Once free, the Chinaman straightened up, his hand flashed to his jacket pocket, and came away grasping a .38 automatic.

For Don it seemed as if that evil blue barrel covered the superintendent for an eternity, yet in reality barely a fraction of time elapsed before something whizzed through the air and caught the Chinaman fairly between the eyes. He staggered back under the blow, and before he could recover, Kyrle had leapt from an overlooked corner, snatched the revolver from his weakened grip, and held him covered.

McIvor picked himself up from the floor.

"Umph!" he grunted; "what in heaven did you hit him with?" Then his eyes fell on Kyrle's heavy electric torch, which lay at the Chinaman's feet, and he smiled. "Who taught you to throw things with an aim like that?" he questioned.

"A certain little Mexican in Villa's army," she answered. "It's just one of those useful things I've picked up travelling with Don. Are you going to handcuff this gentleman; he'd be safer."

MARGERY WAKELY, believing firmly in the axiom "Safety first," was obliging enough to save the police a great deal of trouble and tell them the full story of Deborah Thornton's abduction. The story differed hardly at all from that outlined by Kyrle's deduction. She had worked for the accused Chinaman—whom she spoke of as Mr. Hou Men—for some considerable time. It was he who, acting under orders, she believed, had arranged the whole affair. He who had got her a job with Deborah Thornton's dressmakers so that she might make an identical copy of the evening frock; he who had provided plans of Lady Daynton's house which had enabled her to gain an entrance on the night of the dance, conceal herself in the conservatory, drug Deborah Thornton, hide her unconscious body, to be picked up by other agents of his and conveyed to McIvor's place in Sussex. And then at this point her story ran from merely confirming what the superintendent already believed to be the case to explaining the mystery of Huan Tung.

During the time she had been in hiding in the conservatory a man—presumably one of Lady Daynton's guests—had entered and stood near her, while in a low tone he told her that Huan Tung was one of Tien T'ze's most dangerous enemies, that he had got wind of this job, and that if she ran up against him she must strike quickly, for it would be her life or his. Her informant then gave her a stiletto no thicker in blade than a hat-pin, and told her that a mere scratch with it would be sufficient. Her whole plan had gone through smoothly and she had seen nothing of Huan Tung until she was in Deborah Thornton's room, where he had suddenly entered shortly after she had sent the maid to bed. She had kept her back to him at first, and he, mistaking her for Deborah, had warned her of Tien T'ze's plot; then she had turned and struck quickly.

IT HAD certainly not been Hou Men's intention that Huan Tung should be murdered in Lord Invercairn's house, but, the deed once committed, it had, of course, been impossible to remove the body. It seemed, too, that Huan Tung, who had for years sought the secret of Tien T'ze, was considered well out of the way under any circumstances.

For a long time McIvor questioned and cross-examined the girl, but at last he was convinced that she knew nothing more of Tien T'ze, nor did she know who had been employed to assist her in the abduction of Deborah Thornton; the man in the conservatory she had never seen before.

It seemed, therefore, that to all intents and purposes they had advanced hardly at all in their fight against Tien T'ze. Certainly another subgang leader had been accounted for, but if McIvor's theory went for anything, the loss of Hou Men would mean no more to Tien T'ze than the loss of one individual, and on the whole it was rather a disappointed trio which gathered in the "den" of the house at Hampstead pretty late that evening.

Nevertheless, disappointed though they were, Don and Kyrle found themselves under the necessity of dissembling the fact before McIvor for that evening at least. The superintendent was still little better than convalescent, and the activities of the last few hours seemed unlikely to prove wholly beneficial. By means of strategy, therefore, McIvor was inveigled into turning-in in the room which Don had placed at his disposal at an hour considerably earlier than the superintendent had counted on.

Next morning the council of war took place.

"I needn't tell you two how I feel about all this," McIvor said as they rose from the breakfast-table. "We'll jug Mr. Hou Men for quite a lengthy period, but I've got a notion to stretch a point on Margery Wakely's account and put in a strong case for her release. She has turned King's Evidence, and we owe her something for that. Certainly she murdered Huan Tung, but she's more likely to be useful to society if we set her free than if we send her up for that. If I can get the Home Secretary's consent I'll promise her to lie low about her turning King's Evidence and set her free. She seems to be almost without money, and it's on the cards that she'll try and hunt up some of her old Tien T'ze friends again just as soon as she believes she's free from police observation—which, of course, she never will be; also, having pulled off her part of the job rather well, it seems likely that they'll be glad enough to get her back again, and if they do that we've made a step in the right direction.

"NOW another point! Tien T'ze has staged this last stunt purely in my honor; true, if Lord Invercairn had paid out the ransom which they demanded for his daughter in my name, they would have been five thousand pounds to the good, but that was more or less on the side; their object obviously was to entangle me so closely that I'd be eliminated from the game. And so right now I'm going to make myself a kind of bait for these fellows. Just as soon as I've cleared up this case and made sure that the watching of Margery Wakely is in good hands, I'm going to put in for the remainder of my sick leave, with some arrears of annual leave tacked on to the end of it, and I'm going back to Sussex, just as if I believed that by the removal of Hou Men I'd got clear of the danger. That's my new scheme, and it seems to me to be a likely one. I've got a notion it'll work out."

"I've got a notion it'll work too well," Kyrle objected; "you're such a tempting bait, it seems likely they'll swallow you."

McIvor smiled.

"That wouldn't fit in with my ideas at all," he confessed; "but after all, one's got to take some kind of risk."

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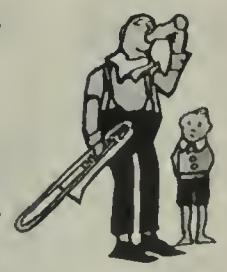
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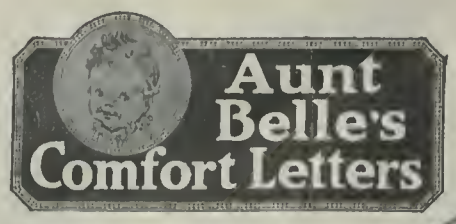
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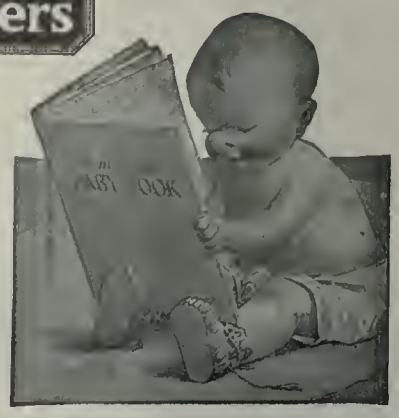

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"I suppose we have," Kyrle nodded.

McIvor glanced at her quickly.

"I said 'one,' not 'we,'" he corrected her.

But now Don entered the firing-line.

"McIvor," he remarked, "for a real live sleuth you're guileless as a babe. Do you think you're going down to Sussex to hog all the limelight, while we stay here in London and call you a hero? Oh no, my son; if you're going to qualify for a halo, so are we."

"I'd rather like my portrait in the illustrated dailies with 'She died defending Society' underneath it," Kyrle put in. "I've got a fine photograph of myself somewhere, with draped shoulders and my hair down; it only wants a halo printed in to make it complete; I'll find it before we start."

McIVOR was perplexed. In the short time during which he had known them he had come to look upon these two with something like affection, and for that reason he regretted more deeply day by day their share in his danger; he was a man whose work absorbed him at times to the exclusion of all else, and it could not be denied that the three of them together would offer a more tempting bait by far. Also it occurred to him that by remaining together they did not run any greater risk than by separating, since Tien T'ze had demonstrated that it could strike with equal power in Sussex or in London. By remaining apart they would only necessitate two blows being struck, and by keeping together the chance of warding off the blows might be the greater. This last thought decided him.

"All right," he agreed; "we're in this together; let's stick together. It may be safer, and it will certainly be a great deal more pleasant."

So it came about that something under three weeks after the arrest of Hou Men, Don and Kyrle found themselves installed in a small grey stone house on the Downs, something under a mile from McIvor's place, where the narrow, dusty road wound past and away into the green dip of a hollow, and where the wind whipped in from the Channel.

There they waited, alert and watchful, for the attack of Tien T'ze; waited and watched while the sunlit days, slipping drowsily away without event, blunted their alertness and dimmed the keenness of their watch.

Tien T'ze was waiting, and they knew it, but familiarity with that knowledge had bred the inevitable contempt of it. True, they still talked of Tien T'ze, still spent their evenings pushing their way experimentally into the darkness of its secret, but they discussed it more impersonally, as something which would make itself manifest in due course, but which might be allowed to sleep until it did.

Meanwhile Tien T'ze waited.

*(Another story will appear in the next issue)*

# The Man Who Knew Too Much

*Continued from page 8*

time for sleeping," answered Hook, "and I shall have to be the late man to-night anyhow. The Prime Minister wants to have a talk, he tells me. And all things considered I think we'd better be dressing for dinner."

Dinner passed off that evening without a word of politics and little enough but ceremonial trifles. The Prime Minister, Lord Merivale, who was a long, slim man with curly grey hair, was gravely complimentary to his host about his success as a fisherman, and the skill and patience he displayed; the conversation flowed like the shallow stream through the stepping stones.

"It wants patience to wait for fish, no doubt," said Sir Isaac, "and skill to play them, but I'm generally pretty lucky with them."

"Does a big fish ever break the line and get away?" enquired the politician with respectful interest.

"Not the sort of line I use," answered Hook with satisfaction, "I rather specialise in tackle, as a matter of fact. If he were strong enough to do that he'd be strong enough to pull me into the river."

"A great loss to the community," said the Prime Minister, bowing.

Fisher had listened to all these futilities with inward impatience, waiting for his own opportunity; and when their host rose, he sprang to his feet with an alertness he rarely showed. He managed to catch Lord Merivale before Sir Isaac bore him off for the final interview. He had only a few words to say; but he wanted to get them said.

He said in a low voice as he opened the door for the Premier, "I have seen Montmirail; he says that unless we protest immediately on behalf of Denmark, Sweden will certainly seize the ports."

Lord Merivale nodded, "I'm just going to hear what Hook has to say about it," he said.

"I imagine," said Fisher with a faint smile, "that there is very little doubt what he will say about it."

Merivale did not answer, but lounged gracefully towards the library, whither his host had already preceded him. The rest drifted towards the billiard room; Fisher merely remarking to the lawyer, "They won't be long. We know they're practically in agreement."

"Hook entirely supports the Prime Minister," assented Harker.

"Or the Prime Minister entirely supports Hook," said Horne Fisher; and began idly to knock the balls about on the billiard table.

Horne Fisher came down next morning in a late and leisurely fashion, as was his reprehensible habit; he had evidently no appetite for catching worms. But the other guests seemed to have felt a similar indifference; and they helped themselves to breakfast from the sideboard at intervals during the hours verging upon lunch.

SO THAT it was not many hours later when the first sensation of that strange day came upon them. It came in the form of a young man with light hair and a candid expression, who came sculling down the river and disembarked at the landing-stage. It was in fact no other than Mr. Harold March, the journalistic friend of Mr. Fisher, whose journey had begun far away up the river in the earliest hours of that day. He arrived late in the afternoon, having stopped for tea in a large river-side town, and he had a pink evening paper sticking out of his pocket. He fell on the riverside garden like a quiet and well-behaved thunderbolt; but he was a thunderbolt without knowing it.

The first exchange of salutations and introductions was commonplace enough; and consisted indeed of the inevitable repetition of excuses for the eccentric seclusion of the host. He had gone fishing again, of course, and must not be disturbed till the appointed hour, though he sat within a stone's throw of where they stood.

"You see it's his only hobby," observed Harker apologetically, "and after all it's his own house; and he's very hospitable in other ways."

"I'm rather afraid," said Fisher in a lower voice, "that it's becoming more of a mania than a hobby. I know how it is when a man of that age begins to collect things, if it's only collecting those rotten little river fish. You remember Talbot's uncle with his tooth-picks, and poor old Buzzy and the waste of cigar ashes. Hook has done a lot of big things in his time; the great deal in the Swedish timber trade and the Peace Conference at Chicago; but I doubt whether he cares now for any of those big things as he cares for those little fish."

"Oh, come, come," protested the attorney-general. "You'll make Mr. March think he has come to call on a lunatic. Believe me, Hook only does it for fun like any other sport; only he's of the kind that takes his fun sadly. But I bet if there were big news about timber or shipping, he would drop his fun and his fish all right."

"Well, I wonder," said Horne Fisher, looking sleepily at the island in the river.

"By the way, is there any news of anything?" asked Harper of Harold March. "I see you've got an evening paper; one of those enterprising evening papers that come out in the morning."

"The beginning of Lord Merivale's Birmingham speech," replied March, handing him the paper. "It's only a paragraph, but it seems to me rather good."

Harker took the paper, flapped and re-

folded it and looked at the *Stop Press* news. It was, as March had said, only a paragraph. But it was a paragraph that had a peculiar effect on Sir John Harker. His lowering brows lifted with a flicker and his eyes blinked, and for a moment his leathery jaw was loosened. He looked in some odd fashion like a very old man. Then, hardening his voice and handing the paper to Fisher without a tremor, he simply said:

"Well here's a chance for the bet. You've got your big news to disturb the old man's fishing."

Horne Fisher was looking at the paper, and over his more languid and less expressive features a change also seemed to pass. Even that little paragraph had two or three large headlines, and his eye encountered "Sensational Warning to Sweden" and "We Shall Protest."

"What the devil—" he said; and his words softened first to a whisper and then a whistle.

"We must tell old Hook at once, or he'll never forgive us," said Harker. "He'll probably want to see Number One instantly, though it may be too late now. I'm going across to him at once, I bet I'll make him forget his fish, anyhow." And turning his back he made his way hurriedly along the riverside to the causeway of flat stones.

MARCH was staring at Fisher, in amazement at the effect his pink paper had produced.

"What does it all mean?" he cried. "I always supposed we should protest in defence of the Danish ports, for their sakes and our own. What is all this botheration about Sir Isaac and the rest of you? Do you think it bad news?"

"Bad news!" repeated Fisher, with a sort of soft emphasis beyond expression.

"Is it as bad as all that?" asked his friend at last.

"As bad as all that," repeated Fisher. "Why, of course it's as good as it can be. It's great news. It's glorious news. That's where the devil of it comes in, to knock us all silly. It's admirable. It's inestimable. It is also quite incredible."

He gazed again at the grey and green colors of the island and the river, and his rather dreary eye travelled slowly round to the hedges and the lawns.

"I felt this garden was a sort of dream," he said, "and I suppose I must be dreaming. But there is grass growing and water moving; and something impossible has happened."

Even as he spoke the dark figure with a stoop like a vulture appeared in the gap of the hedge just above him.

"You have won your bet," said Harker in a harsh and almost croaking voice. "The old fool cares for nothing but fishing. He cursed me and told me he would talk no politics."

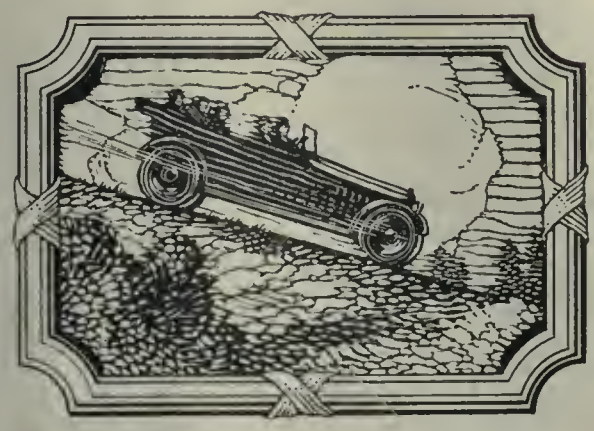
"I thought it might be so," said Fisher modestly. "What are you going to do next?"

"I shall use the old idiot's telephone anyhow," replied the lawyer, "I must find out exactly what has happened. I've got to speak for the government myself to-morrow." And he hurried away towards the house.

In the silence that followed, a very bewildering silence so far as March was concerned, they saw the quaint figure of the Duke of Westmoreland, with his white hat and whiskers, approaching them across the garden. Fisher instantly stepped towards him with the pink paper in his hand, and with a few words pointed out the apocalyptic paragraph. The Duke, who had been walking slowly, stood quite still; and for some seconds he looked like a tailor's dummy standing and staring outside some antiquated shop. Then March heard his voice, and it was high and almost hysterical, "But he must see it, he must be made to understand. It cannot have been put to him properly." Then, with a certain recovery of fullness and even pomposity in the voice, "I shall go and tell him myself."

Among the queer incidents of that afternoon, March always remembered something almost comical about the clear picture of the old gentleman in his wonderful white hat carefully stepping from stone to stone across the river, like a figure crossing the traffic in Piccadilly. Then he disappeared behind the trees of the island, and March and Fisher turned to meet the attorney-general, who was coming out of the house with a visage of grim assurance.

"Everybody is saying," he said, "that the Prime Minister has made the greatest

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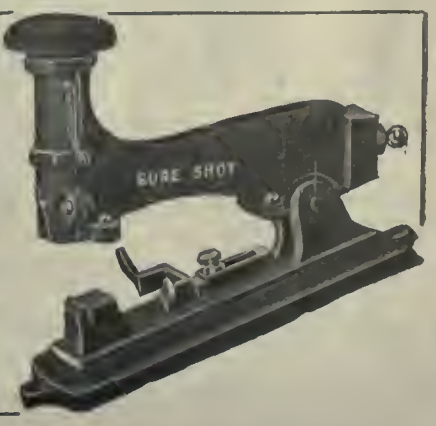
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speech of his life. Peroration and loud and prolonged cheers. Corrupt financiers and heroic peasants. We will not desert Denmark again."

FISHER nodded and turned away towards the towing path, where he saw the Duke returning with a rather dazed expression. In answer to question he said in a husky and confidential voice,

"I really think our poor friend cannot be himself. He refused to listen; he—ah—suggested that I might frighten the fish."

A keen ear might have detected a murmur from Mr. Fisher on the subject of a white hat; but Sir John Harker struck in more decisively.

"Fisher was quite right. I didn't believe it myself but it's quite clear that the old fellow is fixed on this fishing notion by now. If the house caught fire behind him he would hardly move till sunset."

Fisher had continued his stroll towards the higher embanked ground of the towing path; and he now swept a long and searching gaze, not towards the island but towards the distant wooded heights that were the walls of the valley. An evening sky as clear as that of the previous day was settling down all over the dim landscape; but towards the west it was now red rather than gold; there was scarcely any sound but the monotonous music of the river. Then came the sound of a half stifled exclamation from Horne Fisher; and Harold March looked up at him in wonder.

"You spoke of bad news," said Fisher. "Well, there is really bad news now. I am afraid this is a bad business."

"What bad news do you mean?" asked his friend, conscious of something strange and sinister in his voice.

"The sun has set," answered Fisher.

He went on with the air of one conscious of having said something fatal. "We must get somebody to go across whom he will really listen to. He may be mad, but there's method in his madness. There nearly always is method in madness. It's what drives me mad, being methodical. And he never goes on sitting there after sunset, with the whole place getting dark. Where's his nephew? I believe he's really fond of his nephew."

"Look," cried March abruptly, "why, he's been across already. There he is coming back."

And looking up the river once more, they saw dark against the sunset reflections the figure of James Bullen stepping hastily and rather clumsily from stone to stone. Once he slipped on a stone with a slight splash. When he rejoined the group on the bank his olive face was unnaturally pale.

The other four men had already gathered on the same spot and almost simultaneously were calling out to him, "What does he say now?"

"Nothing. He says—nothing."

Fisher looked at the young man steadily for a moment; then he started from his immobility and, making a motion to March to follow him, himself strode down to the river crossing. In a few moments they were on the little beaten track that ran round the wooded island to the other side of it where the fisherman sat. Then they stood and looked at him without a word.

Sir Isaac Hook was still sitting propped up against the stump of the tree, and that for the best of reasons. A length of his own infallible fishing line was twisted and tightened twice round his throat and then twice round the wooden prop behind him. The leading investigator ran forward and touched the fisherman's hand; and it was as cold as a fish.

"The sun has set," said Horne Fisher in the same terrible tones, "and he will never see it rise again."

TEN minutes afterwards the five men, shaken by such a shock, were again together in the garden, looking at each other with white but watchful faces. The lawyer seemed the most alert of the group; he was articulate if somewhat abrupt.

"We must leave the body as it is and telephone for the police," he said. "I think my own authority will stretch to examining the servants and the poor fellow's papers, to see if there is anything that concerns them. Of course none of you gentlemen must leave this place."

Perhaps there was something in his rapid and rigorous legality that suggested the closing of a net or trap. Anyhow young Bullen suddenly broke down, or perhaps blew up; for his voice was like an explosion in the silent garden.

"I never touched him," he cried, "I swear I had nothing to do with it!"

"Who said you had?" demanded Harker, with a hard eye. "Why do you cry out before you're hurt?"

"Because you all look at me like that," cried the young man angrily. "Do you think I don't know you're always talking about my damned debts and expectations?"

Rather to March's surprise, Fisher had drawn away from this first collision, leading the duke with him to another part of the garden. When he was out of earshot of the others, he said with a curious simplicity of manner,

"Westmoreland, I am going straight to the point."

"Well?" said the other, staring at him stolidly.

"You had a motive for killing him," said Fisher.

The duke continued to stare, but he seemed unable to speak.

"I hope you had a motive for killing him," continued Fisher mildly, "you see it's rather a curious situation. If you had a motive for murdering, you probably didn't murder. But if you hadn't any motive, why then perhaps you did."

"What on earth are you talking about?" demanded the Duke violently.

"It's quite simple," said Fisher, "when you went across he was either alive or dead. If he was alive, it might be you who killed him, or why should you have held your tongue about his death? But if he was dead, and you had a reason for killing him, you might have held your tongue for fear of being accused." Then after a silence he added abstractedly,

"Cyprus is a beautiful place, I believe. Romantic scenery and romantic people. Very intoxicating for a young man."

The Duke suddenly clenched his hands and said thickly, "Well, I had a motive."

"Then you're all right," said Fisher holding out his hand with an air of huge relief. "I was pretty sure you wouldn't really do it; you had a fright when you saw it done, as was only natural. Like a bad dream come true, wasn't it?"

While this curious conversation was passing, Harker had gone into the house, disregarding the demonstrations of the sulky nephew, and come back presently with a new air of animation and a sheaf of papers in his hand.

"I've telephoned for the police," he said, stopping to speak to Fisher, "but I think I've done most of their work for them. I believe I've found out the truth. There's a paper here—" He stopped, for Fisher was looking at him with a singular expression; and it was Fisher who spoke next,

"Are there any papers that are not there, I wonder. I mean that are not there now."

After a pause he added, "Let us have the cards on the table. When you went through his papers in such a hurry, Harker, weren't you looking for something to—to make sure it shouldn't be found?"

Harker did not turn a red hair on his hard head, but he looked at the other out of the corners of his eyes.

"And I suppose," went on Fisher smoothly, "that is why you too told us lies about having found Hook alive. You knew there was something to show that you might have killed him, and you didn't dare tell us he was killed. But, believe me, it's much better to be honest now."

HARKER'S haggard face suddenly lit up as if with infernal flames.

"Honest," he cried, "it's not so damned fine of you fellows to be honest! You're all born with silver spoons in your mouths, and then you swagger about with everlasting virtue because you haven't got other people's spoons in your pockets. But I was born in a Pimlico lodging house and I had to make my spoon, and there'd be plenty to say I only spoilt a horn or an honest man. And if a struggling man staggers a bit over the line in his youth, in the lower parts of the law which are pretty dingy anyhow, there's always some old vampire to hang on to him all his life for it."

"Guatemalan Golcondas, wasn't it?" said Fisher sympathetically.

Harker suddenly shuddered. Then he said,

"I believe you must know everything like God Almighty."

"I know too much," said Horne Fisher, "and all the wrong things."

The other three men were drawing nearer to them, but before they came too

near, Harker said in a voice that had recovered all its firmness:

"Yes, I did destroy a paper, but I really did find a paper too; and I believe that it clears us all."

"Very well," said Fisher in a louder and more cheerful tone, "let us all have the benefit of it."

"On the very top of Sir Isaac's papers," explained Harker, "there was a threatening letter from a man named Hugo. It threatens to kill our unfortunate friend very much in the way that he was actually killed. It is a wild letter, full of taunts, you can see it for yourselves; but it makes a particular point of poor Hook's habit of fishing from the island. Above all, the man professes to be writing from a boat. And since we alone went across to him," and he smiled in a rather ugly fashion, "the crime must have been committed by a man passing in a boat."

"Why, dear me," cried the Duke, with something almost amounting to animation. "Why, I remember the man called Hugo quite well. He was a sort of body-servant and body-guard of Sir Isaac; you see Sir Isaac was in some fear of assault. He was —he was not very popular with several people. Hugo was discharged after some row or other; but I remember him well. He was a great big Hungarian fellow with great moustaches that stood out on each side of his face."

A DOOR opened in the darkness of Harold March's memory, or rather oblivion, and showed a shining landscape, like that of a lost dream. It was rather a waterscape than a landscape, a thing of flooded meadows and low trees and the dark archway of a bridge. And for one instant he saw again the man with moustaches like dark horns leap up on to the bridge and disappear.

"Good heaven," he cried, "why, I met the murderer this morning."

Horne Fisher and Harold March had their day on the river after all; for the little group broke up when the police arrived. They declared that the coincidence of March's evidence had cleared the whole company, and clinched the case against the flying Hugo. Whether that Hungarian fugitive would ever be caught appeared to Horne Fisher to be highly doubtful; nor can it be pretended that he displayed any very demoniac detective energy in the matter; as he leaned back in the boat cushions smoking, and watching the swaying reeds slide past.

"It was a very good notion to hop up on to the bridge," he said. "An empty boat means very little; he hasn't been seen to land on either bank; and he's walked off the bridge without walking on to it, so to speak. He's got twenty-four hours start; his moustaches will disappear, and then he will disappear. I think there is every hope of his escape."

"Hope," repeated March, and stopped sculling for an instant.

"Yes, hope," repeated the other. "To begin with, I'm not going to be exactly consumed with Corsican revenge because somebody has killed Hook. Perhaps you may guess by this time what Hook was. A damned, blood-sucking blackmailer was that simple, strenuous, self-made captain of industry. He had secrets against nearly everybody; one against poor old Westmoreland about an early marriage in Cyprus, that might have put the duchess in a queer position; and one against Harker about some flutter with his client's money when he was a young solicitor. That's why they went to pieces when they found him murdered, of course. They felt as if they'd done it in a dream. But I admit I have another reason for not wanting our Hungarian friend actually hanged for the murder."

"And what is that?" asked his friend.

"Only that he didn't commit the murder," answered Fisher.

Harold March laid down the oars and let the boat drift for a moment.

"Do you know, I was half expecting something like that," he said. "It was quite irrational, but it was hanging about in the atmosphere, like thunder in the air."

"On the contrary, it's finding Hugo guilty that's irrational," replied Fisher. "Don't you see that they're condemning him for the very reason for which they acquit everybody else? Harker and Westmoreland were silent because they found him murdered, and knew there were papers that made them look like the murderers. Well, so did Hugo find him murdered, and




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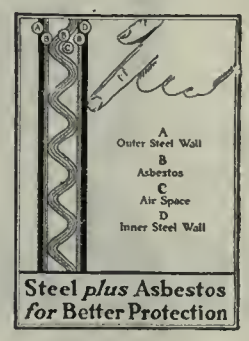
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so did Hugo know there was a paper that would make him look like the murderer. He had written it himself the day before."

"But in that case," said March frowning, "at what sort of unearthly hour in the morning was the murder really committed? It was barely daylight when I met him at the bridge, and that's some way above the island."

"The answer is very simple," replied Fisher. "The crime was not committed in the morning. The crime was not committed on the island."

March stared at the shining water without replying, but Fisher resumed like one who had been asked a question.

"Every intelligent murder involves taking advantage of some one uncommon feature in a common situation. The feature here was the fancy of old Hook for being the first man up every morning, his fixed routine as an angler and his annoyance at being disturbed. The murderer strangled him in his own house after dinner on the night before, carried his corpse with all his fishing tackle across the stream in the dead of night, tied him to the tree and left him there under the stars. It was a dead man who sat fishing there all day. Then the murderer went back to the house, or rather to the garage, and went off in his motor-car. The murderer drove his own motor-car."

Fisher glanced at his friend's face and went on. "You look horrified; and the thing is horrible. But other things are horrible too. If some obscure man had been hag-ridden by a blackmailer, and had his family life ruined, you wouldn't think the murder of his persecutor the most inexcusable of murders. Is it any worse when a whole great nation is set free as well as a family? By this warning to Sweden we shall probably prevent war and not precipitate it; and save many thousand lives rather more valuable than the life of that viper. Oh, I'm not talking sophistry or seriously justifying the thing; but the slavery that held him and his country was a thousand times less justifiable. If I'd really been sharp I should have guessed it from his smooth deadly smiling at dinner that night. Do you remember that silly talk about how old Isaac could always play his fish? In a pretty hellish sense he was a fisher of men."

Harold March took the oars and began to row again.

"I remember," he said, "and about how a big fish might break the line and get away."

## The Drama of Our Great Forests

*Continued from page 14*

"My camp on Rainy Lake faces the south and in front is a little stunted black ash tree, so dwarfed, gnarled, twisted and homely that it is almost pretty. I refrained from cutting it dow because of its attractive deformity. In the spring time, a few years ago, a pair of robins chose it as their nesting place. One bright Sunday morning as the nest was in course of construction, I was sitting in my doorway watching the pair. The brisk little husband was hurrying toward the nest with a bit of moss, but the mild sun, the crisp air, the sweet breathing earth, the gently whispering trees, seemed to make him so very happy he could not but tell of it. Alighting on a twig he dropped the moss, opened his beak, and poured forth in song the joy his little body could no longer contain. That is the joy of a northern No-Man's Land in the month of May.

"We are so happy in our woodland home that we wish every one might share it with us. But perhaps some would not enjoy what we enjoy, or see what we see, and some are prevented from coming by the duties of other callings, and each must follow the pathway his feet are most fitted to tread. For myself, I only want my little log cabin with the wild vines climbing over its walls and clinging to the mud-chinked crevices, where I can hear the song of wild birds, mingled with the sleepy hum of bees moving from blossom to blossom about the doorway, where I can see the timid red deer, as, peeping out of the brush, it hesitates between the fear of man and the temptation of the white clover growing in front of my home, and where I can watch the endless procession of waves following each other up the bay. Give me the necessity of working for my daily bread so that I will not feel as though I were a useless cumbrance upon the earth; allow me an opportunity now and then of doing a kindly act, even if it be no more than restoring to the shelter of its mother's breast a fledgling that has fallen from its nest in a tree top. If I may have these I will be happy, and happier still if I could know that when the time comes for me to travel the trail, the sands of which show no imprint of returning footsteps, that I might be put to rest on the southern slope of the ridge beside my camp, where the sunshine chases the shadows around the birch tree, where the murmur of the waves comes in rhythm to the robin's song and where the red deer play on moonlight nights. Neither will I fear the snows of winter that come drifting over the bay, driven by the wind that whines through the naked tree tops, nor the howl of the hungry wolf, for what had no terror for me in life need not have afterward. And if the lessons that I learned at my mother's knee be true; if there be that within me that lives on I am sure that it will be happier in its eternal home if it may look back and know that the body which I had tried to guide through its earthly career was having its long rest in the spot it loved best."

Did you ever meet a character like that in northern fiction? No, of course not, how could you?. . . when the books were written by city-dwelling men. Then, too, is not any production of the creative arts—a poem, a story, a play, a painting, or a statue—but a reflection of the composer's soul? So. . . .when you read a book filled with inhuman characters, you have taken the measure of the man who wrote it, you have seen a reflection of the author's soul. Furthermore, when people exclaim: "What's the matter with the movies?" The answer is: Nothing. . . save that the screens too often reflect the degenerate souls of the movie directors.

But the Indian—how he has been slandered for centuries! When in reality it is just as Warren, the historian of the Ojibways, proclaimed: "There was consequently less theft and lying, more devotion to the Great Spirit, more obedience to their parents, and more chastity in man and woman than exists at the present day, since their baneful intercourse with the white race." And Hearne, the northern traveller, ended a similar contention—more than a hundred years ago—by saying: "It being well known that those who have the least intercourse with white men are by far the happiest."

That night, as I turned in, I had occasion to look through my kit bag, and there I found, wrapped in a silk handkerchief, the photograph—lent to me for six weeks—of the charming Athabasca. Being alone in my tent, I carefully unfolded its wrapper, and drawing the candle a little nearer, I gazed at her beautiful face. Again I wondered about Son-in-law. . . .

### A Race for the Portage

AT THREE o'clock next morning the camp was astir. In the half light of early day, and while breakfast was being prepared, the men "gummed" afresh the big canoes. Whittling handles to dry pine-sticks, they split the butts half-way down, and placed that end in the fire. After a little burning, the stick opened like a fork; and, placing it over the broken seam, the voyageur blew upon the crotch, thus melting the hardened "gum;" then, spitting upon his palm, he rounded it off and smoothed it down. By the time breakfast was ready the tents were again stowed away in the canoes along with the valuable cargoes of furs.

Paddling up the mist-enshrouded river the canoes rounded a bend. There the eddying of muddy water told that a moose had just left a water-lily bed. The leaves of the forest hid his fleeing form; but, on the soft bank the water slowly trickled into his deep hoof-prints, so late was his departure. The tracks of bear and deer continuously marked the shores, for the woods were full of game. From the rushes startled ducks rose up and whirled away. How varied was the scenery! Island-dotted lakes, timber-covered mountains, winding streams and marshy places; bold rocky gorges and mighty cataracts; dense

forests of spruce, tamarack, poplar, birch and pine—a region well worthy to be the home of either Nimrod or Diana.

Later in the day, when all the canoes were ranged side by side, their gracefully curved bows came in line; dip, swirl, thud, dip, swirl, thud, sounded all the paddles together. The time was faultless. Then it was that the picturesque brigade appeared in wild perfection. Nearing a portage, spontaneously a race began for the best landing place. Like contending chargers, forward they bounded at every stroke. Vigorously the voyageurs plied their paddles. Stiffening their arms and curving their backs, they bent the blades. Every muscle was strained. The sharp bows cleared the lumpy water, sending it gurgling to the paddles that slashed it, and whirled it aside. On they went. Now Oo-koo-hoo's canoe was gaining. As that gaudily-painted craft gradually forged ahead, its swiftly-running wake crept steadily along the sides of the other canoes. Presently the wavelets were sounding whiff, whiff, whiff, as the white bows crushed them down. Then at last his canoe broke free and lunged away, leaving all the brigade to follow in its broadening trail. The pace was too exhausting; the canoes strung out; but still the narrow blades slashed away; for the portage was at hand. With dangerous speed the first canoe rushed abreast of the landing, and, just as one expected disaster, the bowman gave the word. Instantly the crew, with their utmost strength, backed water. As the canoe came to a standstill, the voyageurs rolled their paddle-handles along the gunwales, twirling the dripping blades and enveloping the canoe in a veil of whirling spray. Then jumping into the shallow water, they lined up and quickly passed the packs ashore. The moment the cargo was transferred to the bank, the crew lifted the great canoe off the water and turned it bottom up, while four of them placed their heads beneath and rested the gunwales upon their *capote*-bepadded shoulders. As they carried it off, one was reminded of some immense antediluvian reptile crawling slowly over the portage trail.

There was now much excitement. Other crews had arrived, and were rapidly unloading. As the landing was overcrowded, the portaging began. Each man tied the thin, tapering ends of his tumpline—a fifteen foot leather strap with a broad center—about a pack, swung it upon his back, and, bending forward, rested its broad loop over his head. Upon the first his companion placed two more packs; then, stooping beneath the weight of 240 pounds, the packers at a jog-trot set off up hill and down; over rugged rocks and fallen timber; through fern-covered marsh and dense underbrush. Coming to an opening in the wood at the far end of the portage, they quickly tossed their burdens aside, and back again they ran. Nowhere could one see more willing workers. You heard no swearing or grumbling about the exceedingly hard task before them. On the contrary, every man vied with the rest as to which could carry the greatest load and most swiftly cross the portage. Rivalry sped the work along. Shirts and trousers reeked with perspiration. The voyageurs puffed and panted as they went by, and no wonder. The portage was three-quarters of a mile in length.

Then away we went again, and up, up, up, we mounted day by day, toward the height-of-land, where a long portage over low-lying, marshy ground brought us to the place where our descent began; then for days we ran with the current until it entered a larger river, and soon we found that endless rapids interrupted our work, and down many of them the canoes were run. The Hudson's Bay Company, however, never allow their men to shoot rapids with fur-laden canoes; so it was on that wild stretch of our trip that the skill of the voyageurs was tested most.

### Fighting with Death

AT THE head of one of the great rapids, Oo-koo-hoo, seeing that I mated well with one of his crew, invited me to take a paddle and help them through. Tossing in an extra paddle for each canoeman we stepped aboard, and with a gentle shove the current caught the light canoe and carried us out to mid-stream. Long before we sighted white water the roar of the cataract was humming in our ears. We midmen sat upon dunnage sacks and braced our moccasined feet against the ribbing. Presently the bowman stood up

*Continued on page 62*





## How Wise the Hippopotamus Would be if Weight were a Measure of Intelligence—

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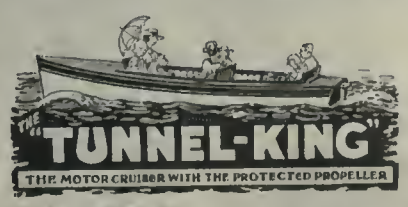
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# Mrs. Knox's Corner

## What is your Favorite Dessert?

WHAT is your favorite gelatine dessert? Which of the one hundred desserts given in the Knox booklet "Dainty Desserts" is most popular in your home? I imagine it will be one of three recipes given here, each so delicious it is hard to select the best one.

Make them up for different luncheons or dinners—(less than one package of Knox Gelatine is needed to make the entire three desserts, each one of which will serve six persons)—and write me your vote so that I may present to the women of the land the nation's most popular Knox Gelatine dessert.

I believe every woman will be interested in the result of this test which I will publish in this column. Here are the recipes:

### STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup strawberry juice and pulp
½ cup sugar
1½ cups heavy cream beaten until stiff

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into strawberry juice mixed with lemon juice. Add sugar and when sugar is dissolved, set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in cream. Turn into wet mold lined with strawberries cut in halves, and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries, and leaves. A delicious cream may also be made with canned strawberries.

### LEMON SPONGE or SNOW PUDDING

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup lemon juice
¾ cup sugar
Whites of two eggs
1 cup boiling water

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water; add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon, strain and set aside; occasionally stir mixture and when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk, until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile by spoonfuls on glass dish. Chill and serve with boiled custard.

### RICE PARFAIT

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups hot boiled rice
1 cup sugar
1½ cups milk
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup cream
1 cup chopped nut meats
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in milk ten minutes and dissolve in hot rice. Add sugar and salt, and when cool, fold in cream beaten until stiff. Add nuts and flavoring. Turn into a mold, and pack in ice and salt.

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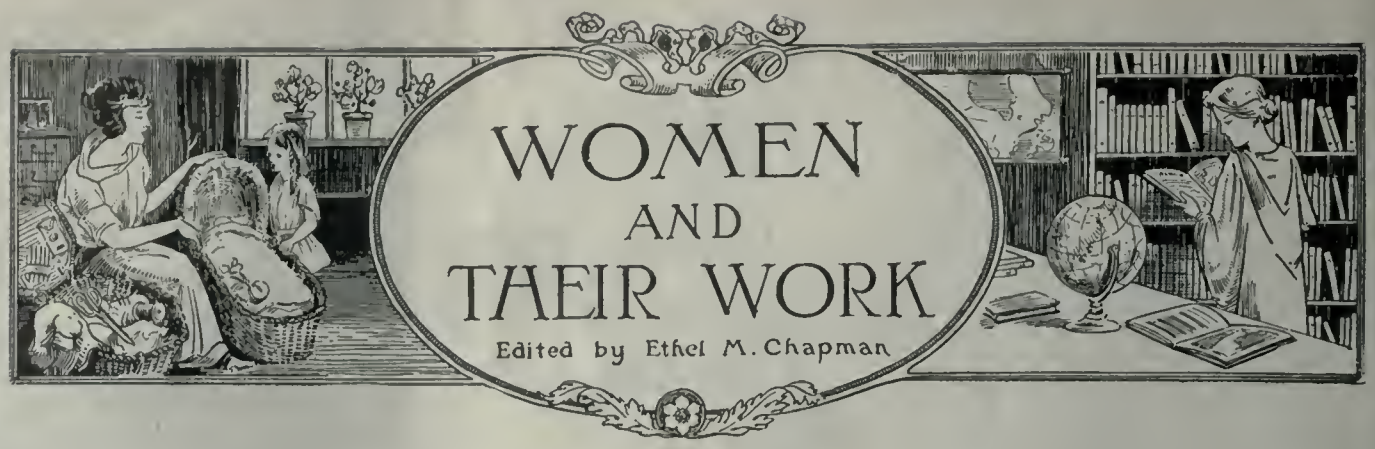
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# The Woman Who Might Have Been Speaker

By N. de BERTRAND LUGRIN

I REMEMBER the first time I met the Hon. Mary Ellen Smith in her official capacity. It was just after she had been elected to Parliament three years ago. The House was in session, but there were no sittings during the morning, and I had made an appointment to call at eleven o'clock.

Just as I entered the roomy office which is Mrs. Smith's sanctum, I met a woman going out. She had an infant in her arms, and she had been weeping. There were tears in Mrs. Smith's kind eyes as she greeted me:

"The poor thing," she said, "hers is one of the tragic cases which simply defy remedy. The father of her baby is a Chinaman, and has left her without any support. Something must be done to help her, my dear, and yet what—"

Perhaps there could be no better illustration of just the sort of problems the West presents, and of the way the woman member goes about to deal with them. For no doubt the case above was one of kindred cases which were responsible for the inception of one of the most merciful Acts on record, and which, known as "The Mother's Pensions Act" means the amelioration of otherwise hopeless conditions, and the saving of valuable human lives. Under its administration aid is given, not only to widows and to wives whose husbands are incapacitated, but to all indigent mothers with children under the age of sixteen years.

The first measure which Mrs. Smith introduced into the House, and which won for her the most unbounded affection and respect from all classes of women workers was the Minimum Wage Act, in force for two years now. Mrs. Smith is an earnest student of sociology, and she brings to bear upon all of her investigations that keen insight which belongs to a woman who has been wife and mother, and who can appreciate every phase of the questions laid before her, from all standpoints. Employers may have various opinions about the Minimum Wage Act; but the women workers themselves are of one mind concerning it. It has meant shorter hours, a living wage, and has made for greater efficacy in all cases.

PROBABLY there is no man or woman in British Columbia to-day who is better or more thoroughly qualified to hold a cabinet position in the Provincial House than Mrs. Smith. Throughout her husband's long political career she was his constant inspiration and coadjutor, and Ralph Smith's name will long be remembered as that of one of the most brilliant members whom this Province sent to the Federal House. Many people claim that Mrs. Smith was in no small measure responsible for her husband's success, and that her own career is the proof positive of this. But Mrs. Smith would be the first to deny such a statement.

"Ever since our marriage in 1883, thirty-eight years ago, we worked together, my husband and I, and we are still working together," she said one day, her earnest eyes, with the vision behind their direct glance, dimming a little. "I am carrying on, because, after my husband died, the place seemed to open for me, and it was my duty to step into it."

When she was asked if she thought that there ought to be an equal proportion of men and women in Parliament, she qualified her acquiescence by saying that no woman ought to enter public life to the neglect of other duties.

"Not until she has set her house in order," said Mrs. Smith. "No woman can make a success of political life, who can not make a success of housekeeping. For both, one needs the same qualifications—tact, sympathy, system, thriftiness and breadth of vision. "I believe myself," she went on, "in a waiting policy. I think every woman should prepare herself for what she is convinced—after prayer and self-communion—she is most eminently fitted. And then, instead of trying to thrust herself forward, she should hold herself in readiness until opportunity offers. It will offer. There is no manner of doubt about that."



The Honorable MARY ELLEN SMITH.

Mrs. Smith is a broadly religious woman, with a faith in the eventual realization of all of our ideals which is beautiful and compelling. And she has a courage born of unshakable convictions. I have seen her face an audience more than once which was largely antagonistic, but nothing and no one could daunt her. She carried the people, not because she is a woman and makes an appeal for sympathy, but because she is fighting for the right, and does not try to make a personal appeal at all. Many differ with her in politics, but very few can quarrel with the principles she upholds. It is no wonder that she has a confidence in herself which carries her bravely over the most difficult situations.

I remember one particular occasion when a public meeting had been called at one of the theatres in Victoria to discuss a question which deeply concerned the interests of the returned men. This was two years ago, and feeling was very warm. Mrs. Smith had just been elected, after a gruelling contest, in which some very bitter and malicious things had been said about her, among them several accusations which denounced her as being opposed to certain legitimate claims of our soldiers. The latter, a hundred or two of whom were in the audience and on the platform, set up an outcry when Mrs. Smith was called upon to speak, and one of the returned men, on the stage, sprang to his feet and launched forth into a tirade against her.

It was a dramatic moment. There was immediately so much noise and confusion as to intimidate the most hardened politician. Mrs. Smith turned to the chairman and said something, and holding up his hand for silence he told the house that Mrs. Smith wished to make an explanation, and then if they would not hear her, she would sit down. "Fair play" was called out by one of the soldiers themselves, and Mrs. Smith made her explanation. It was brief and to the point. It refuted every charge that had been made against her, and showed conclusively that she stood shoulder to shoulder with the returned men.

"Now," she cried out in a ringing voice, "do you want to hear me, or don't you?"

A roar of acquiescence sounded from every part of the hall.

"All right," said Mrs. Smith curtly, and she took off her furs and her coat, and flung them on a chair; then, walking to the edge of the platform, as though ready for any emergency, and unafraid of anything that might arise, she began to talk, and her speech was interspersed with cheers and ended in an ovation.

As she is the only woman in the local House, there have arisen occasions which might have tried the aplomb and dignity of the most ready-witted. There have been incidents — regrettable enough, which might have ruffled the most serene temper. But Mrs. Smith has invariably surmounted all such trying contretemps with a supreme sangfroid which compelled universal admiration.

ALTHOUGH born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in England, Mrs. Smith is as typically a western Canadian woman as one can find, in her accent, her breezy heartiness of manner, her quick adaptability and ready resourcefulness. She even adopts the vernacular at times, which, as may be supposed, in no sense diminishes her popularity. In her home life, before she began to take an active part in public affairs, and while her children were still at school, she was the loving conscientious mother, a charming mistress of a delightful house, a tender counsellor to her four sons and daughter, wrapped up in their welfare, as in that of her husband; and yet at all times taking an intense interest in what was happening in the world outside the home, all problems, great and small, whether of local, provincial or of world-wide importance.

If we were asked to name the quality most apparent in Mrs. Smith, we would

*Continued on page 62*

# Is Your Living Room Livable?

By HAZEL E. HOWE

PROBABLY the most difficult point in decoration or rather re-decoration, is adding what will work in satisfactorily with what you already possess. Few people re-decorate thoroughly for the reason, no doubt, that they cannot afford to dispose of the furnishings they have unless they have arrived at the place where they need to be renewed because they are worn out. If it were always possible to begin from the bottom up, the maximum effect would doubtless be more certain. However there are usually some articles in a house or a room which are worth keeping, and if a careful selection of these is made, then the result, while more difficult to arrive at, may nevertheless be quite satisfactory.



As an illustration of such a case the writer will take the living room in a house she recently decorated in Ottawa; the lady in question moved from an apartment into a bungalow she had recently built, her furniture was practically new, so that none could be eliminated because of old age. However, we disposed of some of it, at that, and took only the most desirable to the new home. To begin with there was a grey rug, with a faint suggestion of rose and blue in the border, a chesterfield and two overstuffed chairs, which had been upholstered in a muddy, uninteresting looking tapestry, a side chair covered in a bright rose silk, a floor lamp with a rose shade, a piano, a gate leg table and some rose hangings. While in the apartment this furniture appeared to have no proper relation, one piece to the other. The room would have had just as much character had it been a corner in a furniture store; it was not comfortable and there was no unity of color or arrangement. The furniture had been moved around in every conceivable position to overcome this very apparent lack of interest, and finally upon moving into her new home, the lady of the house asked the writer to help her solve her problem.

The living room was about fourteen feet by eighteen feet. This we consider is a very ordinary room and for this reason most useful for our purpose. The first thing we did was to choose the wall paper which turned out to be a warm looking grey, a shade lighter than the carpet; this of course, any one will understand is necessary, otherwise the effect would be top-heavy. The chesterfield and one large chair were slip-covered in a grey chintz with a blue and orange design, the side chair was upholstered in this material, and the other overstuffed chair was upholstered in black silk velvet, and it became the most striking looking piece of furniture in the room. The windows, which were a group of three casement windows, were hung with plain cream marquisette, as glass curtains, and just one pair of side curtains, of the same chintz as the chesterfield covering. The portières were dyed from a vivid rose to a very dull red orange, and they turned out very successfully.

The chesterfield was placed between the hall door and the windows, on the hall side of the room, flat against the wall. Avoid placing furniture cornerwise as far as possible. The piano, which was an upright, and consequently not a thing of beauty, was placed flat against the wall, on the opposite side of the hall door, on the hall side of the wall, the oval-topped gate-legged table was placed in the corner opposite the chesterfield, between the fireplace and the outside front wall, while the large, grey overstuffed chair occupied a place on the other side of the fireplace accompanied by an antique book trough. The black velvet chair stands or rather sits with its back half towards the window, gazing pensively at the fireplace, and there is a small table with a reading lamp between it and the chesterfield which affords reading light for either. The side chair is placed beside the gate leg table, in inviting style.

This arrangement will show that it is possible to group furniture in small or medium-sized rooms, which is after all the keynote to that homelike, livable quality, the charm of so many English homes. Each grouping has an individuality, a meaning, it is not merely furniture, it is furniture with associations and an atmosphere; the tea table has its tea cups, its vase of flowers and its attending chair, everything is ready for the afternoon cup of tea; the large grey chair has its trough of books. The piano lamp stands beside the piano, and the chesterfield is on pleasantly familiar terms with the black velvet chair.

Regarding the details of this room, the electric light fixtures on either side of the mantel are dull silver. There is no central lighting; this is being omitted in many of the new houses, except in the dining-room, and in many cases it is not used even there. The candle shades on the side wall fixtures are of bright orange georgette edged in black, the shade on the floor lamp is the same, while the reading lamp between the chesterfield and the black chair is shaded in bright green and violet, combined in a very striking manner. There is a black bolster pillow, with a large orange tassel, on the chesterfield, a picture over the piano, in which some wood nymphs dance mistily, and another over the chesterfield called the "Harp of the Winds." Over the mantel there is a French print in a dull gilt, oval frame, and this with two vases on the mantel completes the picture. The colors used in this room are grey, orange, black, green and violet. Theoretically black and grey are not colors, but practically they are, in any event they form a very safe background for any intense color you may care to use. Orange provides the light giving color, and has much more virility than rose, which has been done to death. Violet contrasts very well with orange, and green has the same effect on a room that it has on a bunch of flowers; of all colors green is the best mixer.

One thing more might be said about this room. There are no photographs on the mantel or the piano. People seem to pick on these two places to display the picture of their newest baby, or their son who was a commissioned officer in the war, to the great detriment of their living-room as an artistic unit. If there is one thing more than another that will ruin a room it is to clutter it up with a lot of things, such as photographs and doilies. These destroy the dignity of a room. If, for instance, you take a perfectly empty room, which is clean and has a suitably papered wall, you will notice a certain feeling of calm about it which is seldom found in furnished rooms; the reason being that so many rooms are furnished to destroy just this quality; they are cluttered up with this and that and when finished lack that dignity which filled the room before anything was put in it at all. What we want in this age is not stimulation, but rest, and a room should be planned to express a livable, comfortable, refined personality, rather than being a dressed up menagerie for all the family birthday presents and Christmas boxes for the last twenty years.

In conclusion we should not be afraid of color, good color, nor allow the period idea to get into our heads to the exclusion of everything else. It takes several years to become thoroughly acquainted with periods in furniture, and even then opinions differ, where everything else seems equal. The best guide to a successful house or room is to use the best taste and the best common sense you possess. Few of us are devoid of either.


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LEE WELLS MILLARD, President
The North-Western School, 2397 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.


# Woman Who Might Have Been Speaker

*Continued from page 60*

mention that which most endears her to all who know her—her ready and warm sympathy. She knows no narrowness of creed, of class, or color, and no prejudice. Those seeking her help may be certain of unbiased judgment and sane advice. But she admits that the problems of her own sex are those which interest her most.

During the session just closed she introduced a resolution for the mending of the Divorce Laws in this Province, with a view to removing the inequality which exists between the rights of the husband and the wife in these matters. The same divorce laws are in force here to-day as were in force in England in 1858, and are recognized as being both inadequate and unjust to women. Action will be taken on this resolution next session.

Mrs. Smith ran and won her first election as an Independent; but, during the last election, came out as a Liberal, the same party to which her husband belonged. As such, she headed the polls in Vancouver by a very handsome majority over all other contestants. In view of this fact, she was offered the position of Speaker in the House, the first time in the history of our country that such an honor has been proffered to a woman. She declined it, on the grounds that she could much better serve the women of the Province by remaining as an active member on the floor of the House. Shortly before the adjournment of Parliament she was made a cabinet minister, and her position at present is that of President of the Council.

# The Drama of Our Great Forests

*Continued from page 59*

and scanned the river. Dark, ominous water raced ahead for a hundred yards, then disappeared, leaving nothing but a great, surging mass of white that leaped high and dropped out of sight in the apparently forsaken river-bed. Then the steersman stood up too, and Indian words passed between the two. Every moment we were gaining impetus, and always heading for the highest crest of foam. Waiting for the word to paddle was even worse than waiting for the starter's gun in a sculling race. At last it came, just as we were twenty-five yards from the end of dark water. With a wild shout from the bowman, we drove our paddles home. The great canoe trembled a little at first as our work was somewhat ragged, but a moment later we settled into an even stroke and swept buoyantly among the tossing billows. Now before us ran a strange wild river of seething white, lashing among great, gray-capped, dark greenish boulders that blocked the way. High, rocky banks standing close together, squeezed the mighty river into a tumult of fury.

Swiftly we glide down the racing torrent and plunge through the boiling waters. Sharp rocks rear above the flying spray, while others are barely covered by the foaming flood. It is dangerous work. We midmen paddle hard to force the canoe ahead of the current. The steersmen in bow and stern ply and bend their great seven-foot paddles. The bowman with eyes alert keenly watches the whirling waters and signs of hidden rocks below. The roar of seething waters drowns the bowman's orders. The steersman closely watches and follows every move his companion makes. Down we go, riding upon the very back of the river; for here the water forms a great ridge, rising four or five feet above the water-line on either shore. To swerve to either side means sure destruction. With terrific speed we reach the brink of a violent descent. For a moment the canoe pauses, steadies herself, then dips her head as the stern upheaves, and down we plunge among more rocks than ever. Right in our path the angry stream is waging battle with a hoary boulder that disputes the way. With all its might and fury the frantic river hisses and roars and lashes it. Yet it never moves—it only frowns destruction upon all that dare approach it.

How the bowman is working! See his paddle bend! With lightning movements he jabs his great paddle deep into the water and close under the left side of the bow; then with a mighty heave he lifts her head around. The great canoe swings as though upon a pivot; for is not the steersman doing exactly the very opposite at this precise moment? We sheer off. But the next instant the paddles are working on the opposite sides, for the bowman sees signs of a water-covered rock not three yards from the very bow. With a wild lunge he strives to lift the bow around; but the paddle snaps like a rotten twig. Instantly he grabs for another, and a grating sound runs the length of the heaving bottom. The next moment he is working the new paddle. A little water is coming in but she is running true. The rocks now grow fewer, but still there is another pitch ahead. Again the bow dips as we rush down the incline. Spray rises in clouds that drench us to the skin, as we plunge through the "great swell" and then shoot out among a multitude of tumbling billows that threaten to engulf us. The canoe rides upon the backs of the "white horses" and we rise and fall, rise and fall, as they fight beneath us. At last we leave their wild arena, and entering calmer water paddle away to the end of the portage trail.

### Athabasca and Son-in-law

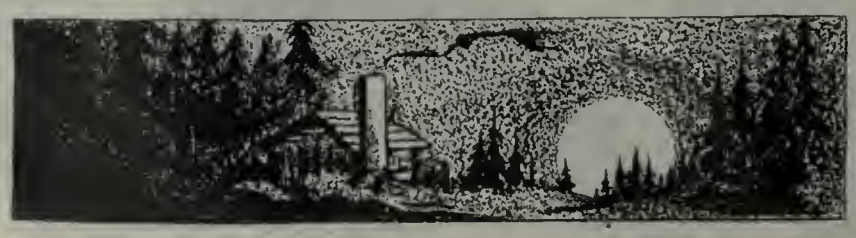
ONE morning, soon after sunrise, the brigade came to the end of its journey as it rounded a point and headed for a smoking steamboat that rested upon a shimmering lake; and so entirely did the rising mist envelop the craft that it suggested the silhouette of a distant mountain in volcanic eruption. Then the canoes, each in turn, lay alongside the steamer; the fur packs were loaded aboard, and thence by steamboat and railroad they continued their journey to Montreal; where together with the "returns" from many another of the Hudson's Bay Company's twenty-one districts, they were reshipped in ocean-going craft for England where eventually they were sold by auction in London.

A hundred years ago, as many as ten brigades, each numbering twenty six-fathom canoes, sometimes swept along those northern highways and awoke those wild solitudes with the rollicking songs and laughter of fifteen or sixteen hundred voyageurs; but alas for those wonderfully picturesque days of bygone times! The steamboats and the railroads have driven them away.

In my youth, however, I was fortunate enough to have travelled with the last of those once-famous fur brigades; and also to have learned from personal experience the daily life of the northern woods—the drama of the forests—of which in my still earlier youth I had had so many day-dreams; and now if in describing and depicting it to you I have succeeded in imparting at least a fraction of the pleasure it gave me to witness it, I am well repaid.

But perhaps you are wondering about the beautiful Athabasca?

Some years later, while on my second visit to Fort Consolation, I not only found a flourishing town of some four or five thousand inhabitants, built on Free






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Trader Spear's original freehold, but in the handsome brick city hall—standing in the original stump-lot—I met the old Free Trader himself, now holding office as the mayor of Spearhead City. Not only had he become wealthy—rumor said he was already a millionaire—but he had taken another man into partnership, for now over his big brick storehouse read a huge sign in golden letters "Spear and ——" For like all day-dreams—if only dreamed often enough—the ever present dream of the Free Trader and his wife had really come true.

It was then that I learned that soon after my departure, Prince Charming had come up out of the East, fallen in love with the beautiful Athabasca, become the actual son-in-law, had been taken into partnership by her father, and together the lucky groom and his blushing bride had moved into their newly built log cabin, furnished with the long promised bed, table and chairs, the cooking stove, blankets, crockery, cutlery and cooking utensils. Round about their simple little home a heifer, a pig, and some ducks and geese stood guard while their beautiful mistress lived happy ever after—at least she did until prosperity drove her into a grand, new, brick mansion; and then, of course, her troubles began, as happiness always prefers a cabin to a castle.

So now some may sing:

GOD SAVE THE KING,

but,

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE

I sing—

O CANADA!

## Maybe Adam Laughed at These?



**Between Girls.**—*The Flapper*: "Do you like Maybelle?"

*Her Friend*: "Well she has a good heart."

*The Flapper*: "Neither do I!"—*London Opinion.*

---

**Going Strong.**—"What sort of game did you have with your wife this morning?"

"Oh, pretty fair—she was twenty-four thousand words up at the eighth hole!"—London *Mail.*

---

**Small But Efficient.**—The Central Aircraft Company is producing the smallest motor-car ever made, but with very powerful engines. It is said that these cars can climb the steepest pedestrians.—*Punch* (London).

---

**Subtle.**—According to a Chicago message the world's record for long-distance crowing is claimed by Rock Island, Ill., for a cock whose crow can be heard six hundred miles away. This is something like the America we used to know before the war.—*Punch* (London).

---

**A Knotty Problem.**—*Pupil*—"What keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?"

*Prof.*—"The law of gravity."

*Pupil*—"How did the people stay on before that law was passed?"—*Minnesota Techno-log.*

---

**A Bit Tricky.**—"I simply can't understand the combination of my wife's clothes."

"What puzzles you?"

"Well, when she wants to hide anything, she pokes it down her neck, but when she want to get it again, it's always in her stocking."—*Leigh Burr.*

---

**He Explains.**—*He*—"I found this hairpin in my pocket. Is it yours?"

*She* (severely)—"No, I use brown hairpins. This is black."

*He* (brightly) —"Hm. Guess my fountain pen's been leaking again.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

---

**Spreading the News.**—One day little Mary had been very naughty and her mother said to her:

"Mary, you must go upstairs and pray for forgiveness for your sins."

When the little girl came down after some time, her mother asked: "Did you tell God all about it?"

"No," replied the child, "but I told Mrs. God, and I guess it's all over heaven by this time."—*Virginia Reel.*

**No Open Season.**—Champ Clark tells the story of an old Southern colonel who, returning home after a considerable absence, asked a friend, "What's the news?"

"Well, the Legislature has passed a law makin' it a crime to shoot a nigger," the friend answered.

"You don't say!" exclaimed the colonel, in some amazement. "In what month?"—*People's Home Journal.*

---

**Made Him Nervous.**—A very nervous man visited a famous nerve specialist for treatment.

"Do you drink much coffee?" asked the doctor.

"About four saucers full," answered the patient.

"Why don't you drink out of a cup?"

"Because when I do the spoon gets in my eye."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

---

**Finality.**—"John, I hear burglars."

The dutiful husband arose and tiptoed bravely out. After an undue delay he returned.

"Oh, John," said the wife, "what kept you so long? I was so afraid they had overpowered you."

"No, no, dearie, they were stealing the victrola from the people across the hall and I just made sure that they got all the records."—*Life.*

---

**The Fish Had the Advantage.**—A Scotchman bought a pound of sausages and, taking them to his landlady, he asked her to serve them for his breakfast.

"How'll I cook 'em?" she asked.

"Fry 'em like fish," said Scot.

Next morning the landlady comes in wi' 'em and as she lay 'em down, she says: "I hope ye'll enjoy yer breakfast this mornin', but there's no much in these things when they're all cleaned out."—Boston *Transcript.*

---

**Be Still.**—They were on a honeymoon trip. The bridegroom felt indisposed and the bride slipped out to do a little shopping. In due time she returned and tripped blithely up to her room, a little awed by the number of doors that all looked alike. But she was sure of her own and tapped gently on the panel.

"I'm back, boney, let me in."

No answer.

"Honey, honey, let me in!" she called again, rapping louder, still no answer.

"Honey, honey, it's me. Let me in."

There was silence for several seconds; then a man's voice, cold and full of dignity, came from the other side of the door.

"Madame, this is not a beehive; it's a bathroom."—*Cartoons.*





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So smooth" says Winthrop Wise.
"Your walls take on new brightness
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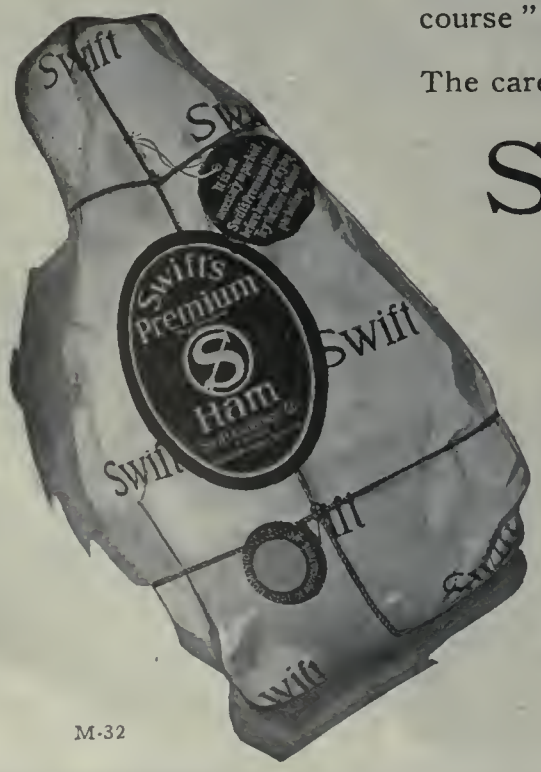




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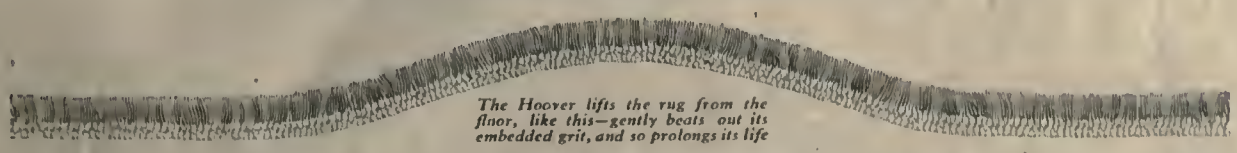

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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Drayton Budget Gives General Satisfaction

AS A revenue measure Sir Henry Drayton's budget is receiving general commendation from the business community. The Minister of Finance has made several suggestions of altered taxation measures which should have an important bearing on business and industry generally. The efficacy of the sales tax as a vehicle for producing adequate revenue remains to be proven in practice, but it becomes more and more apparent from an examination of the underlying principles that its application as at present devised will be less likely to injuriously affect trade than almost any other form of tax so far conceived.

The system to be followed in 1921 largely exempts food stuffs as in the past. Original raw material products of forest, fisheries, mines and agriculture remain free from a Sales Tax, as also are initial sales of farm produce. Sir Henry evidently recognized that the intricacies and cost of collecting taxes on such products by means of a Sales Tax would in all probability be excessive to the point of defeating the revenue producing purpose of such tax. The same applies to sales by retailers and the truth of this is found in the operation of the Luxury Taxes, which cost 62 per cent. to collect.

The new—or rather the enlarged—Sales Tax is collected from importers, manufacturers and wholesalers. It will not unduly increase the price of commodities, nor increase the cost of living. The fact must be remembered that the Business Profits Tax was proved to have been directly responsible for a large portion of the recent high level of prices. While the removal of this tax is not looked on as likely to provide a very substantial benefit for the majority of industries during the present year owing to the decline in profits and hence in the demand for government taxation yet the measure is viewed as one of the most solid steps that has been taken for getting industry on a normal and substantial basis once again.

The magnitude of the task with which Sir Henry was confronted in framing his budget will be recognized from a survey of the following figures. The national debt of Canada is now $2,350,236,700 or over $261 for every man, woman and child in the Dominion on the basis of the estimate of the Census Department that Canada has a population of nine millions. To make ends meet during the coming year there is required the enormous sum of $591,347,697. or over $65 per head. By refunding or renewing maturing obligations on the National Railways and capitalizing an expenditure of $47,491,953 for housing loans, soldiers' settlements and sinking funds, the total amount to be raised by taxation is reduced to $435,360,971, or $48 per head of population.

The great question, however, remains as to whether the percentage and application of the Sales Tax is wide enough to raise the required revenue. This will be evident in the course of the next few months, as returns from this system are almost instantaneous. If the volume does not meet requirements a higher percentage can be imposed or the application can be broadened to embrace certain other branches of trade. This process being gradual will have little or no disturbing effect on commerce. Judged by the returns recorded for the Sales Tax during the nine months of 1920 in which it was operative, the new Sales Tax—being an increase of 50 per cent.—may well be expected to produce $185,000,000 including the manufacturers' tax of 1 per cent.

### Tariff Revision Delayed

THE decision of the Minister of Finance to delay revision of the tariff pending action by the American Government on their own tariff problems is doubtless a good move, and will place Canada in the position of having something to bargain with.

There is a growing appreciation of the fact that to-day the most important national issue is that of thrift and efficient management in public affairs if the enormous burden which has been the legacy of the war is to be successfully financed. The business world looks to Ottawa for inspiration and guidance in this respect. The Drayton budget may be regarded as a reasonable effort to meet the situation. With such an enormous revenue to be obtained at this time and such unfavorable balance of trade, agitations for anything like a general reduction of the tariff would hardly be taken seriously. Nor was it to be expected that the income taxes, burdensome as they are, would be abolished at such a time.

A broad survey of the business conditions in various parts of the Dominion leads to the conclusion that the problems of the adjustment period have not yet been fully solved. Industry is depressed, and with the exception of rare glimmerings of improvement gives little ground for the hope of an immediate return to normal activity. The markets for agricultural products and basic materials have slumped to low levels during the course of the past three or four months, and the fact that the production cost factor was held up has been responsible in large measure for the high cost to the consumer.

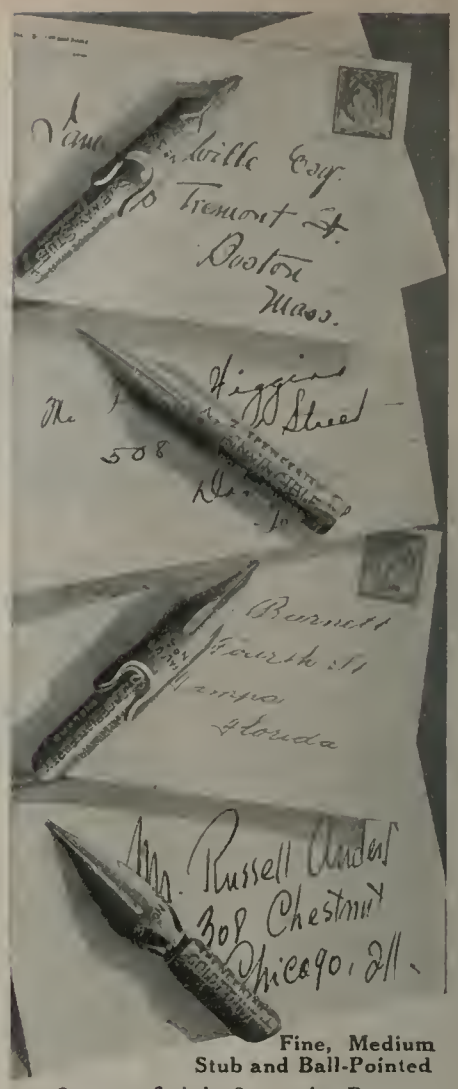
### The Business Situation

A SPECIAL investigation of business conditions throughout Canada has recently been undertaken, and some hundred or more bank managers across the Dominion have outlined conditions in their respective districts.

Several phases of the situation are discussed, particularly applying to industry, to retail trade, to building and to agriculture. From a careful analysis of these replies it may be stated definitely that business on the whole throughout Canada is being conducted along restricted lines. The retailer is meeting altered conditions and is marking his goods down to conform more closely with replacement values. The extent of this reduction of course varies, but on the whole substantial progress has been made. One hopeful feature of the situation is the fact that the retail trade has not suffered to the same extent as industrial lines of enterprise. The reports indicate that retail sales are continuing in practically as large a volume as for the corresponding period a year ago. In a number of instances a reduction is reported but when it is considered that the prices have been reduced since a year ago it is quite probable that the volume of goods actually handled is as large or larger. This condition removes from the consumer the onus of responsibility for the "buyer's strike." There is no strike among the consuming public although there is no doubt that the individual is buying more carefully, and in smaller quantities, but he comes back to the market oftener. The retailers are, however, adopting a conservative policy and are strictly limiting purchases to meet immediate needs only. Stocks in retailers' and wholesalers' hands must be cleaned up before manufacturers will again find anything like a normal demand.

There is a very decided depression in the building trades throughout Canada. Very little building is in sight for the immediate future in the majority of Canadian cities and towns. In every case the lack of activity in this line is attributed to the high costs of labor, and in a lesser degree to the high cost of materials.

The farmer too has suffered with the rest of the community. He has been forced to sell his season's produce at reduced prices. A large quantity of grain has been held in store to await a return of higher prices, but the opinion now prevails that the era of high prices for farm products is definitely past for the time being.



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Stocks have been fairly well reduced in consequence.

The West has been under a handicap owing to the very broad decline in the prices for grains, and this condition has been reflected in business throughout this district. Not only has the western farmer been required to accept less than the anticipated prices for his crops, but the crop yield was hardly up to expectations. There has been a decided improvement in sentiment in recent weeks, although it is difficult to trace any tangible benefit to business. The crop outlook has been brightened by the fact that abundant showers have fallen recently, thereby ensuring a favorable impetus at the beginning of the season.

There is undoubtedly a large quantity of grain still in store in the West, and farmers will probably have to dispose of their holdings to less advantage than under the market conditions prevailing last fall. In many districts collections are being made with difficulty, due to the fact that the farmers entered heavy commitments last fall in anticipation of large crops and high prices. They have been disappointed in both respects, and in consequence have in many instances been required to ask for an extension of credit.

### Retail Business

THE most hopeful phase of the situation in Ontario and throughout Canada is the fact that the retailers are doing a comparatively large volume of business.

At no time since the adverse turn in trade materialized last fall has the turnover of the retailer suffered any drastic decline. The turnover is without doubt above the average of the previous year. Profits have suffered, but in the fact that the dealer is able to sell his goods freely lies the solution of the present situation. With the distributing agencies rapidly depleting their own stocks, they must come into the market more and more for new goods and this will in time be reflected upon the industrial field.

The industrial situation has not shown the improvement hoped for with the return of spring. Almost without exception the reports indicate that industry is still stagnant with the volume of unemployment large.

High production costs are at the moment the chief obstacle encountered by industry and business as a whole. Production costs must come down, and manufacturers are giving serious attention to this matter. This may be brought about through the introduction of new and better equipment, of labor saving devices or through the greater efficiency of labor, or through a lowering of the wages of labor. Reductions in wages have been introduced in a number of lines of industry, but it is evident that the movement is only just beginning.

A comparison of the wholesale prices of a number of the basic food commodities indicates a substantial decline in prices at the beginning of May of the present year compared with prices a year ago. From the table appended below it will be seen that in many cases the reduction has been of very substantial proportions, and reflects a corresponding decline in the cost of living.

| | 1920 | 1921 |
|---|---|---|
| Sugar | $19.00 | $10.50 |
| Rolled Oats, bag | 5.75 | 3.15 |
| Salmon | 2.40 | 1.45 |
| Canned Corn | 2.00 | 1.50 |
| Jam | 1.40 | .80 |
| Rice | .20 | .06½ |
| Flour | 13.60 | 10.00 |
| Butter | 68 | .50 |
| Eggs | .55 | .32 |

### The Railway Problem

THE Canadian National Railways present a problem of vital importance to every Canadian citizen. Last year the operations of these lines resulted in a huge deficit of some $70,000,000, and it is quite evident that the returns for the present year will show a still greater deficit. Not only is the financing of this enterprise a huge drain on the taxpayer but he is rewarded in return with inefficient service at exorbitant rates. The Royal Securities Corporation, Limited, of Montreal, discusses the situation in the current issue of *Investment Items*, and offers some suggestions which should prove helpful. The discussion in part follows:

If that competition between equals, which tends to the maximum efficiency of both, is impossible, there are two other options. One is the continuance of separate operation with such a great disparity between the two systems that none of the real benefits of competition will be realized. The other is amalgamation.

If the Canadian National Railways are worth anything to any owner they are worth that much and more to the Canadian Pacific Railway. If they represent a source of loss to any owner, they would represent a somewhat less loss if operated by the C.P.R. All bargains are a matter of terms and we believe that terms could be devised which would make it better business for the C.P.R. to take over these roads than to refuse to do so. And it must not be forgotten that the C.P.R. is a very large taxpayer, in addition to being perhaps the most direct gainer by general Canadian prosperity and the most direct loser by Canadian depression.

We believe very strongly that the highest degree of efficiency can only be obtained for the railways of Canada by placing the present Canadian National system under the control of the best railway executives to be found in the Dominion. The view recently expressed, that competition between the Canadian Pacific and the National system is in itself desirable as a stimulus to efficiency, seems to us to be due merely to a desire to be as cheerful as possible about the existing situation, and to have no basis in railroading science. It involves two assumptions: (1) that competition between two systems covering the same territory is desirable, and more desirable than unified operation, and (2) that the National system can be provided with a body of operators as expert and with as much *esprit de corps* as those in charge of the Canadian Pacific Railway, so as to be able to compete on approximately equal terms in spite of the deficiencies of the National Railway plant. The first of these assumptions is extremely uncertain, and the second is absolutely false.

The question of how to obtain that best possible management of the national railway lines—and indeed of the whole railway system of the Dominion, regarded as a unit—is incomparably the most important question which Canadians have to face. Efficient inland transportation is the very breath of Canada's economic life. A country whose chief staple industry is the production for export of wheat, a commodity which must be carried over a thousand miles to seaboard, and must compete in its ultimate market with similar products raised far nearer to the ocean, is as dependent on efficient transportation as on spring rains and summer sun. And the lack of efficient transportation threatens not only our economic prosperity, but our national unity.

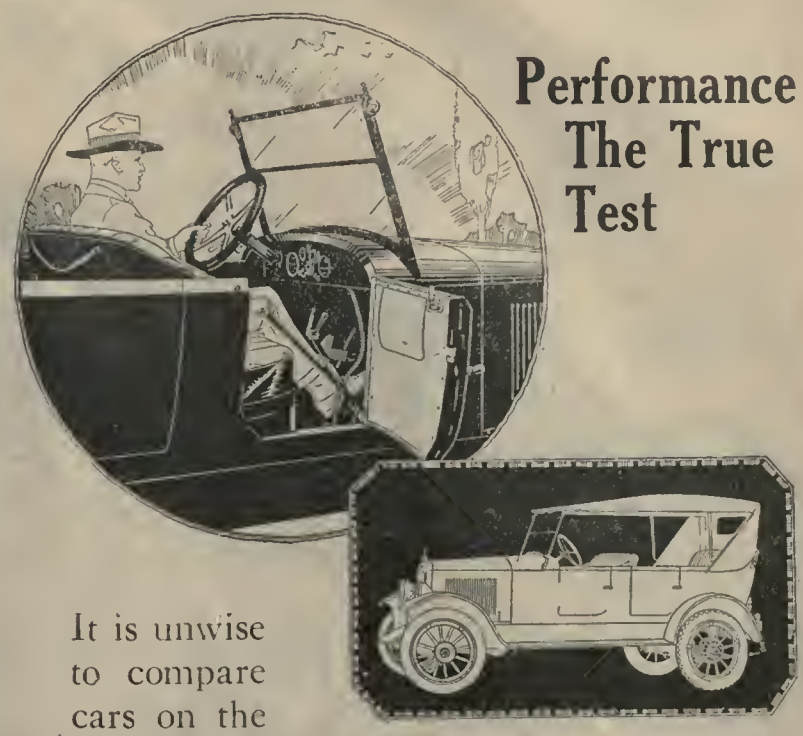
There remains to be considered the disposition of the third system—the Grand Trunk Railway. Its inclusion with the other units of the Canadian National system either for operation by the Government or the C.P.R. appears to us to be undesirable. The Grand Trunk Railway if divested of the Grand Trunk Pacific and of that equally disastrous handicap, long distance control, will, we believe, be able to stand on its own feet. Its inclusion with the Canadian National system and its ownership and operation by the Canadian Government would possibly develop serious international questions and would almost certainly accentuate competition with parallel American-owned lines, for 46 per cent. of its traffic is from one point in the United States to another point in that country. Its inclusion with the combined C.P.R. and Canadian National system is undesirable because it is not an essential part of such a system and because its independent operation in the most thickly populated portions of Canada (where there is room for two independent systems) would afford some measure of competition for the new system.

If, however, the people of Canada are prepared to relieve the Grand Trunk of its expensive child, the Grand Trunk Pacific, they should also relieve it of the obvious burden of management by a Board of Directors whose policies are directed from London and not from Canada. The essential of any government aid to the Grand Trunk must be the provision that control will be held not by a British or United States Board, but by the most efficient body of Canadian business men that can be found. Without this provision, success will be impossible.

It goes without saying that the C.P.R. stockholders must have the voting control of the company. We question, indeed,

*Continued on page 63*


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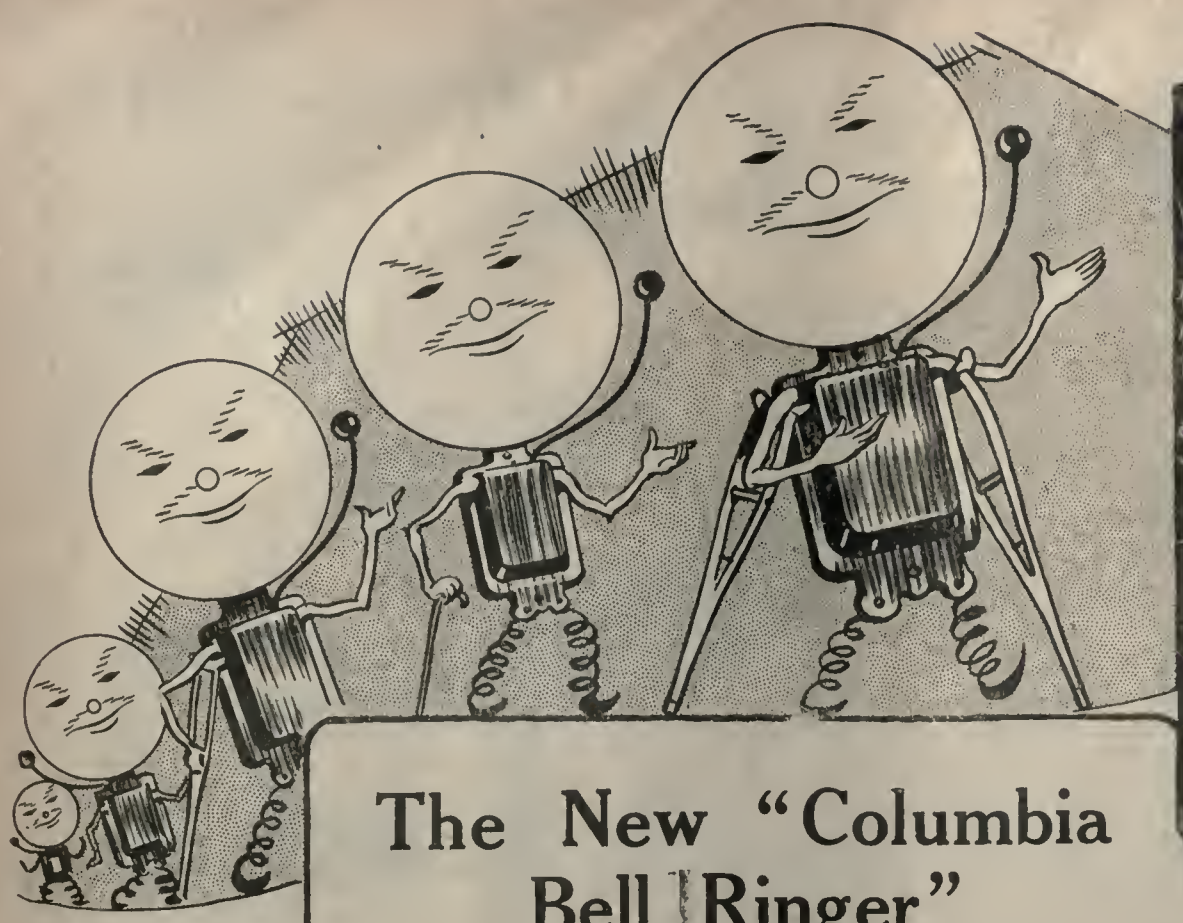
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VOLUME XXXIV.
NUMBER ELEVEN

# *The* Temptation *of* Jimmy Lethbridge

*By* "Sapper" H. C. McNEILE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ESSEX

"WHAT a queer little place, Jimmy!" The girl glanced round the tiny restaurant with frank interest, and the man looked up from the menu he was studying with a grin.

"Don't let Francois hear you say that, or you'll be asked to leave." The head-waiter was already bearing down on them, his face wreathed in an expansive smile of welcome. "To him it is the only restaurant in London."

"Ah! m'sieur: it is long days since you were here." The little Frenchman rubbed his hands together delightedly. "And mam'selle—it is your first visit to Les Coquelins, n'est-ce-pas?"

"But not the last I hope, Francois," said the girl with a gentle smile.

"Ah! mais non." Outraged horror at such an impossible idea shone all over the head-waiter's face. "My guests, mam'selle, they come here once to see what it is like—and they return because they know what it is like."

Jimmy Lethbridge laughed.

"There you are, Sybil," he cried. "Now you know what's expected of you. Nothing less than once a week—eh! Francois?"

"Mais oui, m'sieur. There are some who come every night." He produced his pencil, and stood waiting. "A few oysters," he murmured. "They are good, ce soir: real Whitstables. And a bird, M'sieur Lethbridge—with an omelette aux fines herbes. . . ."

"Sounds excellent, Francois," laughed the man. "Anyway I know that once you have decided argument is futile."

"It is my work," answered the waiter, shrugging his shoulders. "And a bottle of Corton—with the chill just off. Toute de suite."

Francois bustled away, and the girl looked across the table with a faintly amused smile in her big grey eyes.

"He fits the place, Jimmy. You must bring me here again."

"Just as often as you like, Sybil." answered the man quietly, and after a moment the girl looked away. "You know," he went on steadily, "how much sooner I'd bring you to a spot like this than go to the Ritz or one of those big places. Only I was afraid it might bore you. I love it: it's so much more intimate."

"Why should you think it would bore me?" she asked, drawing off her gloves, and resting her hands on the table in front of her. They were beautiful hands, ringless save for one plain signet ring on the little finger of her left hand. And, almost against his will, the man found himself staring at it as he answered.

"Because I can't trust myself, dear: I can't trust myself to amuse you," he answered slowly. "I can't trust myself not to make love to you—and it's so much easier here than in the middle of a crowd whom one knows."

The girl sighed a little sadly.

"Oh! Jimmy, I wish I could. You've been such an absolute dear. Give me a little longer, old man, and then—perhaps. . . ."

"My dear," said the man hoarsely. "I don't want to hurry you. I'm willing to wait years for you—years. At least—" he smiled whimsically. "I'm not a little bit willing to wait years—really. But if it's that or nothing—then, believe me, I'm more than willing."

"I've argued it out with myself, Jimmy." And now she was staring at the signet ring on her finger. "And when I've finished the argument, I know that I'm not a bit further on. You can't argue over things like that. I've told myself times out of number that it isn't fair to you. . . ."

He started to speak, but she stopped him with a smile.

"No, dear man, it is not fair to you—whatever you like to say. It isn't fair to you even though you may agree to go on waiting. No one has a right to ask another person to wait indefinitely, though I'm thinking that is exactly what I've been doing Which is rather like a woman," —and once again she smiled half sadly.

"But I'm willing to wait, dear," he repeated gently. "And then I'm willing to take just as much as you care to give. I won't worry you, Sybil: I won't ask you for anything you don't feel like granting me. You see, I know now that Peter must always come first. I had hoped that you'd forget him: I still hope dear, that in time you will. . ."

She shook her head, and the man bit his lip.

"Well, even if you don't, Sybil," he went on steadily, "is it fair to yourself to go on when you know it's hopeless. There can be no doubt now that he's dead: you know it yourself—you've taken off your engagement ring—and is it fair to—you? Don't worry about me for the moment—but what is the use? Isn't it better to face facts?"

The girl gave a little laugh that was half a sob.

"Of course it is, Jimmy. Much better. I always tell myself that in my arguments." Then she looked at him steadily across the table. "You'd be content Jimmy, would you—with friendship at first? . . "

"Yes," he answered quietly. "I would be content with friendship."

"And you wouldn't bother me—ah! no, forgive me, I know you wouldn't. Because, Jimmy, I don't want there to be any mistake. People think I've got over it because I go about: in some ways I have. But I seem to have lost something—some part of me. I don't think I shall ever be able to *love* a man again. I like you, Jimmy, like you most frightfully—but I don't know whether I'll ever be able to love you in the way I loved Peter."

"I know that," muttered the man. "And I'll risk it . . "

"You dear," said the girl—and her eyes were shining. "That's where the unfairness comes in. You're worth the very best—and I can't promise to give it to you. . ."

"You are the very best whatever you give me," answered the man quietly. "I'd sooner have anything from you than everything from another woman. Oh! my dear," he burst out. "I didn't mean to worry you to-night—though I knew this damned restaurant would be dangerous—but can't you say yes? I swear you'll never regret it, dear—and I—I'll be quite content to know that you care just a bit. . ."

For a while the girl was silent: then with a faint smile on her face she looked at him across the table.

"All right, Jimmy," she said.

"You mean you will, Syb," he cried a little breathlessly.

And the girl nodded.

"Yes, old man," she answered steadily. "I mean I will."

* * *

It was two hours later when Sybil Daventry went slowly upstairs to her room and shut the door. Jimmy Lethbridge had just gone: she had just kissed him. And the echo of his last whispered words—"My dear! my very dear girl." was still sounding in her ears.



"What was 'is regiment, Mister?" The girl swung round on Jimmy. "Was 'e in the Guards?"

For a while she stood by the fireplace smiling a little sadly. Then she crossed the room and switched on a special light. It was so placed that it shone directly on the photograph of an officer in the full dress of the Ninth Hussars. And at length she knelt down in front of the table on which the photograph stood, so that the light fell on her own face also—glinting through the red gold of her hair, glistening in the mistiness of her eyes. For maybe five minutes she knelt there till it seemed to her as if a smile twitched round the lips of the officer—a human smile, an understanding smile.

"Oh! Peter," she whispered, "he was your pal. Forgive me, my love—forgive me. He's been such a dear."

And once again the photograph seemed to smile at her tenderly.

"It's only you, Peter, till Journey's End—but I must give him the next best, mustn't I? It's only fair, isn't it—and you hated unfairness. . But dear God! it's hard."

Slowly she stretched out her left hand, so that the signet ring touched the big silver frame.

"Your ring, Peter," she whispered, "your dear ring."

And with a sudden little choking gasp she raised it to her lips. . . .

IT WAS in a side street close to High Street, Kensington, that it happened—the unbelievable thing. Fate decided to give Jimmy two months of happiness: cynically allowed him to come within a fortnight of his wedding, and then

For a few seconds he couldn't believe his eyes: he stood staring like a man bereft of his senses. There on the opposite side of the road, playing a barrel organ, was Peter himself—Peter, who had been reported missing, believed killed, three years before—Peter, whom a sergeant had categorically said he had seen killed with his own eyes. And there he was playing a barrel organ in the streets of London.

Like a man, partially dazed Jimmy Lethbridge went over towards him. As he approached the player smiled genially, and touched his cap with his free hand. Then after a while the smile faded, and he stared at Jimmy suspiciously.

"My God! Peter," Lethbridge heard himself say, "what are you doing this for?"

And as he spoke he saw a girl approaching—a girl who placed herself aggressively beside Peter.

"Why shouldn't I?" demanded the player. "And who the hell are you calling Peter?"

"But," stammered Jimmy, "don't you know me, man?"

"No," returned the other truculently. "And I don't want to, neither."

"A ruddy torf, 'e is, Bill," chimed in the girl.

"Good God!" muttered Lethbridge, even then failing to understand the situation. "You playing a barrel-organ!"

"Look here, 'op it, guvnor." Peter spoke with dangerous calmness. "I don't want no blinking scenes 'ere. The police aint too friendly as it is, and this is my best pitch."

"But why didn't you let your pals know you were back, old man?" said Jimmy feebly. "Your governor, and all of us?"

"See 'ere, mister," the girl stepped forward, "'e aint got no pals—only me. Aint that so, Billy?" She turned to the man, who nodded.

"I looks after him, I do, d'yer see," went on the girl. "And I don't want no one coming butting their ugly heads in. It worries 'im—it does."

"But do you mean to say," began Jimmy dazedly, and then he broke off. At last he understood something if not all. In some miraculous way Peter had not been killed: Peter was there in front of him—but a new Peter: a Peter whose memory of the past had completely gone, whose mind was as blank as a clean-washed slate.

"How long have you been doing this?" he asked quietly.

"Never you mind," said the girl sharply. "He aint nothing to you. . . . I look after 'im, I do."

NOT for a second did Jimmy hesitate, though deep down inside him there came a voice that whispered—"Don't be a fool. Pretend it's a mistake. Clear off. Sybil will never know." And if for a moment his hands clenched with the strength of the sudden hideous temptation his voice was calm and quiet as he spoke.

"That's where you're wrong." He looked at her gently. "He is something to me—my greatest friend, whom I thought was dead."

And now Peter was staring at him fixedly, forgetting even to turn the handle of the machine.

"I don't remember yer, guvnor," he said, and Jimmy flinched at the appalling accent. "I've kind o' lost me memory, yer see, and Lizzie here looks after me. . . ."



Passers-by eyed him strangely, though he was supremely unaware of the fact. But when all the demons of hell are fighting inside a man, his face is apt to look grey and haggard.

"I know she does," continued Jimmy quietly. "Thank you, Lizzie, thank you a thousand times. But I want you both to come to this house to-night." He scribbled the address of his rooms on a slip of paper. "We must think what is best to be done. . . . You see, Lizzie, it's not quite fair to him, is it? I want to get a good doctor to see him."

"I'm quite 'appy as I am, sir," said Peter. "I don't want no doctors messing about with me."

"Yer'd better go, Bill." The girl turned to him. "The gentleman seems kind. But—" she swung round on Jimmy fiercely—"you aint going to take 'im away from me, guvnor. 'E's mine, yer see—mine—"

"I want you to come with him to-night, Lizzie," said Lethbridge gravely. "I'm not going to try and take him away from you. I promise that. But will you promise to come? It's for his sake I ask you to bring him."

For a while she looked at him half fearfully; then she glanced at Peter, who had apparently lost interest in the matter. And at last she muttered under her breath—"Orl rite—I'll bring him. But 'e's mine—mine. An' don't yer go forgetting it."

And Jimmy, walking slowly into the main street, carried with him the remembrance of a small determined face with the look on it of a mother fighting for her young. That and Peter: poor dazed memory-lost Peter—his greatest pal. . .

At first as he turned towards Piccadilly he grasped nothing save the one stupendous fact that Peter was not dead. Then as he walked on gradually the realization of what it meant to him personally came to his mind. And with that realization there returned with redoubled force the insidious tempting voice that had first whispered—"Sybil will never know . . ." She would never know—could never know unless he told her. And Peter was happy: he'd said so. And the girl was happy—Lizzie. And perhaps—in fact most likely—Peter would never recover his memory. So what was the use: why say anything about it? Why not say it was a mistake when they came that evening? And Jimmy put his hand to his forehead and found it was wet with sweat. . . .

After all if Peter didn't recover, it would only mean fearful unhappiness for everyone. He wouldn't know Sybil, and it would break her heart, and the girl's, and but of course, he didn't count. It was the others he was thinking of—not himself. . . .

He turned into the Park opposite the Albert Hall, and passers-by eyed him strangely, though he was supremely unaware of the fact. But when all the demons of Hell are fighting inside a man, his face is apt to look grey and haggard. And as he walked slowly towards Hyde Park Corner, Jimmy Lethbridge went through his Gethsemane. They thronged him; pressing in on him from all sides, and he cursed the devils out loud. But still they came back, again and again, and the worst and most devilish of them all was the insidious temptation that by keeping silent he would be doing the greatest good to the greatest number. Everyone was happy now—why run the risk of altering things?

AND then because it is not good that man should be tempted till he breaks, the Fate that had led him to Peter led him gently out of the Grim Garden into peace once more. He gave a short hard laugh which was almost a sob, and turning into Knightsbridge he hailed a taxi. It was as it drew up at the door of Sybil's house that he laughed again—a laugh that had lost its hardness. And the driver thought his fare's "Thank you," was addressed to him. Perhaps it was. Perhaps it was the first time Jimmy had prayed for ten years. . . .

"Why, Jimmy, old man—you're early. I'm not dressed yet." Sybil met him in the hall and he smiled at her gravely.

"Do you mind, dear," he said, "if I cry off to-night. I've got a very important engagement—even more important than taking you to dinner, if possible."

The smile grew whimsical, and he put both his hands on her shoulders.

"It concerns my wedding present for you," he added.

"From the bridegroom to the bride," she laughed.

"Something like that," he said, turning away abruptly.

"Of course, dear," she answered. "As a matter of fact, I've got a bit of a head. Though what present you can be getting at this time of day, I can't think."

"You mustn't try to," said Jimmy. "It's a surprise, Sybil. Pray God! you like it, and it will be a success."

He spoke low under his breath, and the girl looked at him curiously.

"What's the matter, dear?" she cried. "Has something happened?"

Jimmy Lethbridge pulled himself together: he didn't want her to suspect anything yet.

"Good Heavens! no," he laughed. "What should have? But I want to borrow something from you, Sybil dear, and I don't want you to ask any questions. I want you to lend me that photograph of Peter, that you've got—the one in full dress."

And now she was staring at him wonderingly.

"Jimmy," she said breathlessly, "does it concern the present?"

"Yes; it concerns the present."

"You're going to have a picture of him painted for me?"

"Something like that," he answered quietly.

"Oh! you dear," she whispered, "you dear I've been thinking about it for months. I'll get it for you."

SHE went upstairs, and the man stood still in the hall staring after her. And he was still standing motionless as she came down again, the precious frame clasped in her hands.

"You'll take care of it, Jimmy," she said, and he nodded.

Then for a moment she laid her hand on his arm.

"I don't think, old man," she said quietly, "that you'll have to wait very long with friendship only."

The next moment she was alone with the slam of the front door echoing in her ears. It was like Fate to reserve its most deadly arrow till the end. . . . .

* * * *

"You say he has completely lost his memory?"

Mainwaring, one of the most brilliant of London's younger surgeons, leaned back in his chair and looked thoughtfully at his host.

"Well, he didn't know me, and I was his greatest friend," said Lethbridge.

*Continued on page 58*

# THE LION AND THE CUBS CONFER

## Who's Who and What's What at the London Conference of Prime Ministers

*By* M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

TO GET a clear understanding of the Conference of Empire Prime Ministers making history in London these days, it is necessary to detach and distinguish it from various gatherings of Imperial statesmen that have been held in past years. To begin with, the present gathering is not what is commonly known as the Imperial Conference. The Imperial Conference has been meeting periodically for upwards of a quarter of a century. It is a conference of the representative ministers of the constituent parts of the Empire, called by the Colonial Secretary, who supervises its secretariat and usually presides over its deliberations, and concerning itself solely with Imperial domestic affairs. With questions of foreign policy it has nothing whatever to do. Then—and here again confusion must be avoided—there is what has been termed the Committee on Imperial Defence. This body is distinguished from the Imperial Conference by the fact that inasmuch as it deals with Empire defence, it embraces consideration of foreign affairs, and also because its membership includes representatives of the British Government, such as the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary for War. Finally, there developed during the war what, in constitutional terminology, became known as the Imperial War Cabinet. The Imperial War Cabinet was a meeting of selected ministers of the British Government and of ministers of the other governments of the Empire. In respect of composition, it was virtually the same as the Imperial Conference itself. Where it differed, and differed vitally, was that whereas the Imperial Conference was called by the Colonial Secretary and dealt solely with Empire affairs, the Imperial War Cabinet was called by the British Prime Minister and dealt with world affairs. Up to the outbreak of the war the Overseas Dominions, generally speaking, had no voice in foreign policy. This was not because a voice was denied; it was chiefly because nobody cared. Thus, in 1911, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who represented Canada in London so often and with so much authority and distinction, was asked for his opinion regarding the Japanese Alliance, he declined to give it, advancing the view that even consultation involved a responsibility which Canada would not take. Foreign policy, in Sir Wilfrid's mind—and, unquestionably, he faithfully interpreted Canadian opinion at that time—was the exclusive field of the British Foreign Office.

The war brought a change. Canadian blood and Canadian treasure could not be spilled in Europe without realization that the Empire's foreign policy was, after all, a matter for our concern; and so the Imperial War Cabinet came into being. It was not, perhaps, a cabinet in the strict meaning of that term, but it discussed matters of high policy, achieved co-operation and unity in prosecution of the war, and, beyond question, gave the Dominions their first real influence in the shaping of world affairs.

### The Widening Scope of the Conference

THE present Conference of Prime Ministers differs from all past conferences, yet embraces the functions of all. The first of its kind to be held, it had its genesis in a resolution passed by the Imperial Conference of 1917. At that conference the statesmen of the Empire, and particularly the representatives of the Dominions, partly anxious to avoid the distraction of purely Imperial questions during the war, and partly anxious to snub the Round Table group, then striving desperately to promote their imperialistic schemes, adopted a resolution declaring that the readjustment of the constitutional relations of the Empire was too important and intricate a question to be dealt with then, and that it should form the subject of a special Imperial Conference to be summoned as soon as possible after peace. At the Peace Conference at Paris, the ministers from the various Dominions, probably overestimating the importance of this proposed Constitutional Conference, decided that it would be necessary to have a preliminary gathering at which the foundation could be laid for the work with which the Conference would deal. In other words, the gathering now in progress was originally merely intended as a preparatory work for the greater assembly to be. Its promoters clearly reckoned without Mr. Winston Churchill as Secretary for Colonial affairs. If there be one thing more than any other that Mr. Churchill loves, it is the pomp and circumstance of power. To his brilliant, audacious and imaginative mind, a conference of the Prime Ministers of the Empire in London that would not arrest the world's attention by grappling with problems mighty and many was unthinkable, and he had hardly taken his desk in the old Colonial Office before plans were under way to have the scope of the gathering enlarged. The first hint of this came when, early in the spring, the cables carried the following:

"Mr. Lloyd George speaking in the House last evening declared that it was too much to ask of these small islands that they undertake the whole burden of the defence of a gigantic Empire in every sea, and that at the forthcoming conference of Prime Ministers of the Dominions in London the whole problem of Imperial Defence must be considered."

This statement, backed by an almost similar utterance from Lord Lee, of the Admiralty, and, strangely enough, synchronizing with a strong navalist speech by Premier Hughes, of Australia, came as a surprise to Ottawa. It came as a surprise because the agenda of the Conference, already in Mr. Meighen's hands, and really constituting the conditions upon which he agreed to attend the Conference, made no mention of either naval or military defence. Nor was the surprise decreased when, a few weeks later, the Colonial Office forwarded a new agenda adding no less than ten new proposals for discussion, and including among them "Naval, military and air defence."

The result was that some plain talk took place between Ottawa and London. Mr. Meighen does not desire to discuss, or deal with, the question of naval defence. He believes that quite apart from the fact that a blurred international situation and a failure of naval experts to agree upon the most valuable type of naval striking power prohibits embarkation upon any extensive naval programme at this time, Canada's financial position makes it impossible for her to do anything of an adequate naval character for some years. And with a courage, for which even his worst foes give him credit, he indulged in some plain speaking for the benefit of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George. In the House of Commons on April 25, after disclosing the whole of the agenda, (the British Government had declined to submit it to the British House of Commons) and pointing out that ten new subjects, including naval and military defence, had been added to the original agenda he went on to say:



THE HON. ARTHUR MEIGHEN.



"These subjects, however, would seem to belong to the agenda of the Imperial Conference proper; and since it is very desirable that the special meeting of Prime Ministers in June should not be of a prolonged character, it seems unlikely that any considerable attention can be given to such questions, which represent an extension to the original programme."

The Commons did not grasp the significance of these remarks, but to those who were aware of the acute difference of opinion that had developed between Ottawa and Downing Street, they were clearly the plainest kind of warning to Mr. Churchill and his friends that, so far as Canada was concerned, the question of naval defence would not come before the Conference.

This view, strangely enough, does not appear to have been shared by all of the Prime Minister's colleagues. There is reason to believe that it was particularly distasteful to Mr. Ballantyne, the head of our navy, and to Mr. Guthrie, our Minister of War. The former gentleman, in particular, possessing all of Mr. Churchill's love of pomp and circumstance, but without his imagination or his audacity of mind, would probably have liked nothing better than the chance to play a part on the Imperial stage, to pose and be hailed as the father of a Canadian war marine. At all events, circumstantial evidence had it that Mr. Ballantyne was all ready to proceed to the Conference accompanied by Commander Hose, Director of Naval Service, and that Mr. Guthrie stood in the offing equally willing to serve and sail, when both received firm notice from the Prime Minister that their services were more needed at home.

This, of course, may not mean that the Conference will not deal with naval defence. Mr. Churchill, once described as an "unsinkable politician," may be unsinkable in more ways than one; and in advocating discussion of the naval problem he will have the strong support of Mr. Massey, of New Zealand, as well as of that lively Australian politician, Mr. Hughes. Whether such a triumvirate can prevail over Mr. Meighen and General Smuts, remains to be seen.

### The Anglo-Japanese Alliance

THE advisability of renewing the Anglo-Japanese treaty (this question was placed on the original agenda) will be the most momentous matter to come before the Conference. It is a question which few Canadians know anything about, yet it is a matter of the deepest concern to the future of this country. It is of deep concern because Canada is a Pacific power, and, therefore, cannot be indifferent to diplomatic engagements which, whether she underwrites them or not, commit Great Britain to certain policies in Eastern Asia.

Let us see what the alliance involves.

The treaty of 1902, it was more in the nature of an understanding, recognized the "special interests" of Japan in Korea, and the "special interests" of Great Britain in China; provided for respective interventions in these countries for the protection of their interests; provided also that if either of the parties "in defence of their respective interests" should become involved in war with another Power, "the other high contracting party will maintain a strict neutrality;" adding that if while one of the parties was engaged in war, any other power "should join in hostilities" against the party engaged, the other party "will come to the assistance and will conduct the war in common." This agreement was inspired by a mutual desire on the part of Great Britain and Japan to discourage German and Russian influence in the Far East. During its continuance the Russo-Japanese war was fought; and the provisions of the agreement gave Japan a free hand by safeguarding her against the intervention of Germany or of France which had a quasi-military alliance with Russia. A more formal Anglo-Japanese alliance was made in 1905. Under it the scope of the 1902 agreement was extended to India and Eastern Asia generally. The signatories pledged themselves to preserve the common interests of all powers in China by insuring the integrity and independence of that country as well as the principle of equal opportunity to all nations desirous of engaging in trade and commerce in China. The two countries also agreed to assist one another in maintaining their own territorial rights in Eastern Asia and India and to come to each other's armed assistance in the event of those rights being assailed by any other power or powers. Japan's position in Korea was recognized but, curiously enough, Britain's "special interests" in China, mentioned in the 1902 agreement, were omitted. Although the treaty of 1905 was to last for ten years, it was superseded by the agreement of July, 1911, at a time when Germany and France were at grips over the second of the famous Moroccan incidents. This treaty terminates on July 13th, and, unless renewed, is terminable upon one year's notice.

Japan, it is known, is straining every nerve to secure a renewal, and with better terms. Some of her statesmen have already expressed hostility to the treaty in its present form; and in official circles it is hinted that the real object of the visit of the Japanese Crown Prince to Great Britain was to deal with this phase of the question. Under the

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"My lord! It's the girl who helped kidnap Lord Invercairn's daughter," he ejaculated.

# WHISTLING DEATH

BEING THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF STORIES

## THE GATES OF TIEN T'ZE

*By* LESLIE HOWARD GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

ON A particular afternoon Don lay almost at full length in a deck-chair in the garden before the grey house, gazing out across the rounded, sun-baked billows of the Downs to where a cloud of variegated butterflies seethed like winged jewels against the dark background of a small plantation.

A shepherd's dog yapped shrilly from somewhere in the distance, and a flock of sheep gave voice in reply, the sounds barely rippling the sun-drenched silence of the Downs; a great black-and-gold bee was humming busily around the bed of snapdragons by the wooden gate; overhead a lark rose, hovering, a minute speck against the unbroken blue, his rapid notes falling like pattering drops of liquid sound. Once from the sapphire streak away to the south, which was the Channel, the voice of a ship's siren, muted and vague, crept fearfully through the silence and was stilled.

Don raised himself a few inches and felt for his pipe, but the sudden clatter of crockery from the direction of the house caused him to change his mind. Tea was imminent, and that meant that Kyrle was imminent also, for it seemed that no alluring ramble on the Downs could keep her from that important function. He clambered to his feet and stretched mightily. The yapping of the shepherd's dog had drawn nearer now, and the voice of the flock was close by. He strolled to the garden gate, and down the white strip of road he saw them; presently they were abreast of him, and the ancient shepherd greeted him pleasantly.

"Good-day, sur," he said with a queer, old-world gesture towards his forelock; "weather doan seem like breakin' up!"

"It's beautiful," Don agreed.

"Ay, it be that," the other replied, pausing a moment by the gate, with a watchful eye on his flock. "Doan seem as we shall have no rain yet awhile. Most as dry as last summer, surelye. Grass won't be fit feeding for ship without a drop o' rain soon. Good-day, sur." He moved off in the dusty wake of his charges, and Don watched his progress with a whimsical puckering of his brow. Was he a real shepherd? Yes, he decided that he certainly was. Here at last he felt he could meet strangers—though there were mighty few of them to meet — without need of suspecting some move of Tien T'ze. And yet the fact that for the moment that question had crossed his mind troubled him a little. It was sheer, unadulterated lunacy to imagine the old man was anything but what he seemed, and it proved that Tien T'ze was becoming what he intended it never should become — an obsession.

He returned once more to his seat, but he paused before it, staring vacantly at it. In his brain an idea still lurked which seemed only to have been born that morning: what a setting this peaceful south country would make, by reason of its very contrast, for some grim deed of Tien T'ze!

There was no particular reason why he should fear the organization. The three cases which he, Kyrle, and McIvor had tackled in the last six months had all ended with the defeat of Tien T'ze and the elimination of one of its lieutenants. This seemed to suggest that the organization, energetically attacked, was not so very formidable. And yet. . . . He glanced at his watch; it was five-fifteen. Kyrle was late for tea. Already Mrs. Tomsett, the housekeeper, had opened the door of the house and glanced out to see if the girl had arrived. He turned abruptly and went back to the gate. He was surprised and not a little troubled at the surge of relief which went through him as he caught sight of the girl, accompanied by McIvor, approaching up the road; it spoke with ominous plainness of the state of his mind.

McIvor was in the best of spirits; it seemed that no subtle feeling of impending danger troubled his nerves.

"Craig," he remarked as they sat at tea in the garden, "this is the greatest spot in all England. Why, man, I walked ten miles this morning and didn't meet a soul. Just think of those poor devils in town crowding around in the heat, dodging taxis and motor-buses, all perspiration and dirt and bad temper! I tell you one thing, just as soon as we've landed Tien T'ze I'm going to retire from the force and take a farm right here."

Kyrle laughed.

"As soon as we've landed Tien T'ze," she repeated. "Shall we land him? He's been very quiet lately; it's over three months since we heard of him. I wonder if we've hit him a fatal blow?"

Don shook his head.

"I doubt it," he replied. "If, as we seem to have every reason for believing, the executive part of Tien T'ze is in the hands of four individuals, named after the four gates of the Imperial City in Peking, it seems only natural that these men would be subordinate to one head—Tien T'ze himself. Now, by our combined efforts we have eliminated, either by death or a life sentence, three of their 'Gates,' but there is still one left, and then—Tien T'ze. No; we shall hear from them again, even if it's to get their own back on us."

And then the old discussion started again. Who and what was Tien T'ze? What significance was there, if any, in the selection of the names of the Imperial City gates as *noms de guerre* for the four lieutenants? And so on through the endless chain of questions which surrounded the ill-omened organization.

The daylight had long since departed, and the white light of the moon was flooding the elf-haunted Downs when Kyrle switched off the subject.

"What's the time, Don?" she questioned; "it seems to me that Mrs. Tomsett is late with supper."

Don glanced at his watch by the light of a match.

"Great centipedes!" he ejaculated, "I should say she was late; it's nearly ten o'clock."

Kyrle rose to her feet.

"I'll go and stir her up," she laughed. "I expect the poor old soul has learned from experience what our conferences on Tien T'ze mean."

She moved towards the house, and a moment later they heard the front door shut. It was perhaps thirty seconds after the sound of the closing door reached them that another and totally different sound brought both the men to their feet. Muffled, and as though it came from the back of the house where the kitchen was situated, a woman's cry rang for a fraction of time and was abruptly silenced.

Don was the first to move; half a dozen leaping strides took him to the door of the house, with McIvor at his heels, and together they plunged into the lamp-lit hall. Here all was in order, and they headed for the kitchen. In the doorway Don brought up sharp for an instant. On the table in the centre of the floor an oil lamp was burning, the crockery for the evening meal stood upon a large tray near it, the fire in the little range was almost out, while in a high-backed wooden armchair Mrs. Tomsett lay huddled, breathing heavily. Of Kyrle there was no sign. Quickly McIvor crossed to the unconscious housekeeper, while Don, having assured himself that Kyrle was not in the room, spun round and, dashing back into the hall, commenced a frantic search for the girl through the small house. In every cupboard, in every possible corner he looked, but without result, and when in desperation he returned to McIvor in the kitchen he found the superintendent standing before the old round-faced clock on the wall, staring fixedly at it.

As Don returned, McIvor held up a warning hand.

"Hush! listen!" he said sharply.

DON stood motionless, but except for the loud ticking of the clock he heard nothing.

"I don't hear anything. . . ." he began, but McIvor waved him into silence.

"Listen!" he commanded.

And then something else made itself noticed. Slowly the ticking of the clock seemed to change: it seemed that each tick grew longer, that the sound continued beyond its normal time. By degrees the change grew more marked, until instead of two beats to each complete swing of the pendulum there sounded four.

McIvor flashed round.

"Where's Miss Durande?" he demanded.

"She's not in the house," Don answered. "I've. . ."

"Quick, then," McIvor cut in; "get out. That's not the clock ticking." He sprang to the unconscious housekeeper, and, lifting her on to his shoulder, leaped to the door and across the hall. The front door was still open, and he plunged out into the garden, nor did he stop until he was across

the road and halfway to the plantation, with Don close behind him. Then he laid Mrs. Tomsett gently on the grass and turned to face the house.

"You're absolutely sure Miss Durande was not in that house?" he questioned sharply.

"Absolutely," Don returned; "there's not a spot a rat could hide in that I've not searched. But what the devil is all this?"

McIvor laughed shortly and without humor.

"That house will blow sky high at any moment now," he said; "there's a mechanical time fuse set somewhere in the kitchen. Its ticking was evidently intended to synchronize with the clock, but it wasn't set perfectly enough."

"But Kyrle," Don snapped—"where in heaven has Kyrle got to? I'll swear it was she we heard cry out."

McIVOR opened his mouth to reply, but the words remained unuttered, for at that moment a sharp whistling sound caught the attention of both. Their eyes met in the moonlight.

"What the devil. . . . !" McIvor began, but he got no farther. Like a flash Don had seized the superintendent and dragged him to the ground in such a position that their bodies shielded the unconscious Mrs. Tomsett.

"Lie flat!" he ordered; "we're being fired at from somewhere. Someone's using a gun with a Maxim silencer. That was the whistle of a bullet."

Even as he spoke the sound was repeated, and then the air seemed to grow thick with the whistling lead death; it screamed in the air above them and thumped into the sun-baked earth around them until it became apparent that more than one gun was being used. Either they were faced by a small army or some half-dozen men were using automatic pistols against them.

For some moments they lay like logs; the light was bad for revolver shooting, and so far their assailants had not got their range. Yet every moment the infinitesimal margin of any doubtful safety was disappearing; the whistling arc of death was closing in on them. The brain of each was working at frantic speed; their position could hardly be more perilous. It seemed pretty certain that their assailants were concealed in the plantation ahead of them, though the absence of any flashes or noise of discharge made the actual location of them a practical impossibility. Remained only the knowledge that an advance towards the plantation would be suicidal, while a retreat towards the house, with its ticking mechanical fuse, would be equally so. Yet within a very few moments their present position would become untenable through a complete absence of cover.

Don Craig was the first to move; he reached into his hip pocket and produced a Colt .38 automatic.

"Got a gun, McIvor?" he questioned.

McIvor grunted.

"Yes," he answered; "it's got just five shots in it, and the nearest reserve ammunition is in my house."

Don grinned. The sudden appearance of concrete danger acted like a sedative to his nerves; here was the justification of those grim forebodings of earlier in the day, and here, too, by winning this fight which they were in lay the means of aiding Kyrle.

"I'm better than you," he said; "I've got an automatic and three spare chargers. What's your gun?"

"Smith and Wesson .38," McIvor replied.

DON whooped softly and passed across two of his chargers.

"Same calibre," he remarked; "catch hold of them. Now we're quits. Bet you five bob I bag the first Chink."

McIvor's habit was to go grimly and silently into a fight, but Don's manner was infectious.

"We'd better get off this particular section of the United Kingdom," he smiled, "or my heirs won't be able to collect that five bob unless you've mentioned it in your will."

"Yes," Don admitted, "I quite agree; but perhaps you'll be good enough to point out just where we're to go, and also to request our friends to shut off their artillery until we get there."

"Why not hitch off to the left or right and try to flank them?"

"Because that's just about what they want," Don returned; "take a look behind you. We're backed by the house, and therefore more difficult to see than if we were against open country. You can take it from me, these fellows were banking on our running right up to that plantation when the ticking fuse started us going. We're costing them a lot of ammunition by staying here. That house is saving us. And by-the-by," he added, "why hasn't the house blown up? It's a good five minutes since we left it."

For a moment McIvor did not reply, then he swore softly.

"Craig," he said, "we're a couple of kids. We oughtn't to be out without our nurse. That damned house isn't going to blow up! Come on; we've got to get back. But how the devil are we going to do it with Mrs. Tomsett?"

It was now Don's turn to fall silent for a moment. After that one burst of fire the whistling around them had died down. Now it seemed that only one of their assailants was keeping up a slow deliberate placing of shots, and the change was even more disquieting. The burst of fire had been the wild shooting of uncontrolled men, dangerous certainly, but not so dangerous as a carefully-applied fire, carefully controlled. The range to the plantation was close on fifty yards—long-distance shooting with a revolver at night—yet each shot was falling closer and closer to them. Someone, Don decided, was controlling that fire with night-glasses. At last he spoke.

"If you've got a hunch that the house is safe," he said, "we'd better make a break for it and chance our luck. Our marksman friend will be right on us in two minutes."

McIvor grunted.

"I'm game," he replied, "but just hold on one minute."

DON glanced at him in some surprise. The superintendent was digging into the turf beside him with his pocket-knife. After a second McIvor stopped digging, picked something out of the earth, and, placing it in his pocket, put away his knife.

"Now," he said, "come on. I'll take Mrs. Tomsett. You cover the retreat when they try and reach us. Ready?"

"Yes," Don answered.

McIvor leapt to his feet, and with a dexterous movement slung the unconscious form of Mrs. Tomsett across his shoulder. Simultaneously Don sent a scattering burst of fire from his automatic along the narrow edge of the plantation which faced them, under cover of which McIvor ran for the house.

His charger exhausted, Don's fire ceased perforce until he could thrust a new one into the handle of his weapon; there was a momentary silence, then with the suddenness of a hailstorm the whistling death swept over them; half a dozen times Don felt the back draught of the speeding bullets, and once a sharp numbing blow in his left shoulder.

He swore crisply; first blood had gone to Tien T'ze, but, the gods and his wounded shoulder permitting, the account should be balanced.

A shout from behind told that McIvor had reached the shelter of the house, yet Don did not move; for the moment that hit in the shoulder had jarred out of him his sense of expression. All he wanted now was a sight of his adversaries—just a glimpse long enough to bring the blue, evil barrel of his automatic to bear.

He got his wish.

From the darker mass of the plantation shapes which looked like lumps of detached shadow broke away and started towards him. The enemy were making a sortie.

Don lay like a log and held his fire. The advancing men were coming quickly; already the shapes had taken a definite form. They came in a single line, spread out fanwise. Either they believed he had been placed *hors de combat* or they were indifferent to death, for they made no attempt at caution. Right up to within twenty yards of

*Continued on page 52*



He caught sight of the girl, accompanied by McIvor, approaching up the road.



Mrs. Tomsett lay huddled, breathing heavily. . . . "Hush! Listen!" he said sharply.



WINSTON CHURCHILL,
A photograph taken about the time of the South African War.

# The Right Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill

*By*

## GEN. SIR IAN HAMILTON, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O.

THE exact tick of the second has been phonographed, no doubt, by my recording angel, but all I can recall of my first meeting with Lieutenant Churchill is a vision of an eager, chubby-faced boy who was my shipmate coming home from India in May, 1897, when a state of war existed between Turkey and Greece. We were both burning to fight, but in opposite camps, he proposing to join the Turks, I laying my plans to see service with the Greeks. When we got to Brindisi we found our offers had been rejected, so instead of deciding the argument by ordeal by battle we signed a treaty of friendship.

Next time I heard of Winston Churchill I was lying at Kohat on the frontier with a broken leg and amongst my visitors were several officers who had been eye-witnesses of the gallantry with which he had fought as a private sepoy, rifle in hand, shoulder to shoulder with the stalwart warriors of the 35th Sikhs on the Malakand. That autumn of 1897 was the moment when he first won his spurs for personal bravery and made a real hit.

By January, 1898, my broken limb was mended enough to enable me to resume my command of a brigade across the border, and about the beginning of February, I think it was, I got an urgent message from Churchill who had rejoined his regiment and had now come up to Amballa from far Madras to play polo for the inter-regimental cup. He only had leave until the end of the tournament but as the 4th Hussars happened to be knocked out before the finals there was a margin of several days at his disposal, and he wanted to know how best he could work the oracle so as to see some fighting.

In reply I wired him that his only possible plan was to spend the balance of his leave travelling up to Peshawar to see Sir William Lockhart, the commander of the expeditionary force and to chance what might happen thereafter. Clearly, if nothing could be done for him at Peshawar he would be unable to get back to Madras before the expiration of his leave: he would be, in other words, absent without leave. Still, nothing venture, nothing win. The next thing I heard was that owing to the good offices of Captain Haldane, of my regiment, my young friend had penetrated the impenetrable precincts; had been made an extra A.D.C. and was coming to pay me a visit in my camp. This camp was pitched at the bottom of a dark and narrow ravine from which the beetling crags rose up into huge mountains; the place was called in the Pushto language Gala Kadai. From this vantage point Lieutenant Churchill commenced a lively campaign of his own. All day he was out stalking the enemy snipers or relieving some picket whose position seemed to open an opportunity for bloodshed. At night he wrote copiously, vindicating no doubt his appointment. Eventually, to my grief, he left me but he has never forgotten that my wicked advice turned, in his competent hands, into trumps. He has the gracious faculty of only forgetting injuries; benefits never. When he got back to his regiment he wrote me a long letter winding up:

"Au revoir, my dear General. May we meet again when rifles are loaded and swords sharp-ended — if possible before an audience which will include 40 centuries.

"Yours very truly,
"WINSTON S. CHURCHILL."

### Attaining the Unattainable

THOUGH young Churchill was adventurous to a fault, that fault was balanced even in boyish days by forethought. By April, 1898 (when this letter was written) Kitchener's slow advance was drawing to its climax. The machines of a machine-made civilization were closing in upon the last survivors of the epoch of Richard Coeur de Lion and Saladin. Khartoum was doomed, and Churchill was already planning out his next hold leap for the moon. The letter, the end of which I have just quoted, began thus:

"My dear General,

"I have just got X—'s letter. It says that Y— told him to tell me that if I got leave in August he would see that I got to the front. That is of course good enough. I must, however, forego England, which is painful. How painful you on the verge of starting home will appreciate."

Ever since 1884 the Army in Egypt had been a very close preserve. Trespassers were warned off with threats of courts-martial. Sir Herbert Kitchener meant business; and the medal-hunters had resigned themselves to the fact that Egypt was impossible except by invitation. A special bar had been raised against a certain Winston Churchill, I imagine because he was already something of a challenge to authority; already becoming remarkable for his audacity and success. So what was next door to impossible for the crowd became the door beyond impossibility for him. Yet upon a certain cornet of horse this word, this "impossible," acted as a challenge and a spur. He brought off the *coup*. Whether faith, hope, charity or love rushed to his assistance there is no need at this time of day to enquire; the main thing is that he appeared. He appeared to the astonishment of the Expeditionary Force, who knew that Churchill had been invited by their chief to stay away and, appearing, he took the leading part in the most picturesque episode of a battle which stands out in its tragedy and grandeur an epoch in the history of our world.

HERE is an extract from a letter of his to me:

"In the train,
Sudan Military Ry.,
16th Sept., 1898.

"My dear General,

". . . . Well, all is over and the words Khalifa and Khartoum may now be handed over to the historian—soldiers having no further use for them. I hope you may have seen the *Morning Post* and have recognized my handiwork therein. I will not repeat what I have written there. Purely personal—will that bore you? I hope not.



WINSTON CHURCHILL,
A present day photograph of the most striking figure in British politics.

"I had a patrol on 2nd Sept. and was, I think, the first to see the enemy—certainly the first to hear their bullets. Never shall I see such a sight again. At the very least there were 40,000 men—five miles long in lines with great humps and squares at intervals—and I can assure you that when I heard them all shouting their war songs from my coign of vantage on the ridge of Heliograph Hill I and my little patrol felt very lonely, and though I never doubted the issue I was in great awe.

"Then they advanced and I watched them, fascinated and of course scribbling messages perpetually to the Sirdar, and O. C. 21st Lancers. Their cavalry patrols which consisted of five or six horsemen each made no attempt to drive me back and I waited until one great brigade of perhaps 2,000 men got to within 400 yards. I didn't realise they could shoot and thought they were all spearmen. Then they halted for a quarter of an hour and treated me and my 7 lancers with complete disdain. Foolishly I dismounted 4 and opened magazine into the brown of them. Thereat they sent out 20 riflemen and began to make very close practice. Finally I had to gallop.

"Beyond were thousands of dervishes as I thought fugitives—'meet to be cut up.' I made use of the expression 'supine apathy' here At 8.40 we mounted and rode slowly towards these crowds. I was confident that we should spear them till we could not sit on our horses. But between us and the distant fugitives was a single line of 150 men. We all thought these spearmen They let us get within 250 yards in silence. We proposed—at least I think this was the idea—to move round their flank and slip a squadron at them and then on to the better things beyond. The ground looked all right and besides we did not intend doing anything from that direction.

"We trotted in column of troops across their front from right to left. As we did so the enemy got down on their knees and opened a very sharp fire. There was a loud brisk crackle of musketry. The distance was too short for it to be harmless on so big a target and I realized that there were only two courses open, viz., left wheel into line and gallop off, coming back for wounded a bad business—and right wheel into line and charge. I think everybody made his own decision. At any rate while the trumpet was still jerking we were all at the gallop towards them. The fire was too hot to allow of second lines, flank squadrons or anything like that being arranged. The only order given was right wheel into line. Gallop and charge were understood.

"I went through the first 100 looking over my left shoulder to see what sort of effect the fire was producing. It seemed small. I drew my Mauser pistol, a ripper, and cocked it. Then I looked to my front. Instead of the 150 riflemen who were still blazing, I saw a line nearly (in the middle) 12 deep and a little less than our own front

of closely jammed spearmen, all in a nullah with steep sloping sides, say 6 foot wide and 20 foot broad.

"After the frontier I thought, capital, the more the merrier. I must explain my position. I was right troop leader but one. I saw we overlapped. I was afraid we would charge into air. I shouted to Wormald, 7th Hussars (an excellent officer) to shoulder, and he actually struck the enemy in a crescent formation. Result of our shoulder was that my troop struck nullah diagonally and this descending slope enabled us to gallop through, not jump it. Result, we struck faster and more formed than the centre troops.

"Opposite me they were about 4 deep. But they all fell, knocked A.O.T., and we passed through without any sort of shock. One man in my troop fell. He was cut to pieces. Five or six horses were wounded by backhanders, etc. But otherwise unscathed. Then we emerged into a region of scattered men and personal combats. The troop broke up and disappeared. I pulled into a trot and rode up to individuals, firing my pistol in their faces and killing several—three for certain, two doubtful, one very doubtful. Then I looked round and saw the dervish mass was about twenty yards away and I looked at them stupidly for what may have been two seconds. Then I saw two men get down on their knees and take aim with rifles—and for the first time the danger and peril came home to me. I turned and galloped. The squadron was reforming nearly 150 yards away. As I turned both shots were fired and at that close range I was grievously anxious. But I heard none of their bullets, which went Heaven knows where. So I pulled into a canter and rejoined my troop, having fired exactly ten shots and emptied my pistol, but without a hair of my horse or a stitch of my clothing being touched. Very few can say the same.

"I am glad to have added the experience of a cavalry charge to my military repertoire. But really though dangerous it was not in the least exciting and it did not look dangerous—at least not to me. You see I was so confident we should spear them and hunt them and the realization of our loss did not come to me until we reformed and I saw the wounded, etc. It was, I suppose, the most dangerous two minutes I shall live to see. Out of 310 officers and men we lost one officer and twenty men killed; four officers and forty-five men wounded and 119 horses, of which fifty-six were bullet wounds. All this in 120 seconds!

"I never saw better men than the 21st Lancers. I don't mean to say I admired their discipline or their general training; both I thought inferior. But they were the six-year British soldier type, and every man was an intelligent human being that knew his own mind My faith in our race and blood was much strengthened. . . .

"I asked my second sergeant if he had enjoyed himself. He replied, 'Well I don't exactly say I enjoyed it, sir, but I think I'll get more used to it next time.' This, mind you, was at 9.15 a.m. and looking out on the possibilities of the day I thought he should have lots more.

"I was very anxious for the regiment to charge back because it would have been a very fine performance and men and officers could easily have done it while they were warm. But the dismounted fire was more useful though I would have liked the charge '*pour la gloire*'—and to buck up British cavalry.

"We all got a little cold an hour afterwards and I was quite relieved to see that 'heroics' were 'off' for the day at least.

"I send you a rough sketch which may interest you. I did not distinguish myself in any way—although as my composure was undisturbed my vanity is of course increased. I informed the attached officers on the way up that there was only one part of the despatch in which they could hope to be mentioned. They asked what part. I replied 'The casualty list.' And the words were nearly prophetic because out of eight we had one killed and two badly wounded.

"I am in great disfavor with the authorities here. Kitchener was furious with Sir E. Wood for sending me out, and expressed himself freely. My remarks on the treatment of the wounded—again disgraceful—were repeated to him and generally things have been a little unpleasant.

"It is hard to throw stones at the rising sun and my personal dislike may have warped my judgment, but, if I am not blinded, he has been on a certainty from start to finish and has had the devil's luck to help him beside."

### Churchill's Capture

THE next time these two met Churchill's name had been written down into Lord Kitchener's blackest books. The reason may be found in that fine and convincing piece of literature, "The River War." Buller's star was sinking; Kitchener stood second to Lord Roberts; his frown was accounted fatal and yet, somehow, even from this uncongenial South African soil, Winston was to contrive to reap laurels.

The armoured train adventure took place when I was besieged in Ladysmith; so did the captivity and the escape. The pertinent point about this affair is that it illustrates the friendly and grateful nature of Winston. Haldane, the same officer who had got Churchill on to Sir William Lockhart's staff, was ordered to take the armoured train out. Churchill would never have become involved in this dangerous reconnaissance had it not been for that old Peshawar business. How gallantly, capably, he behaved in the fight between the train and the Boers is related in history books. As to the escape from captivity Churchill has received less than fair play in some of the versions of that thrilling piece of work which have gone the rounds both in the army and in the Dominions. The story is simply that he, Haldane and a South African officer, who spoke both Kaffir and Dutch, agreed to seize the first good chance of doing a bolt by climbing a ten foot wall at a spot where some projections gave a foothold. It was not to be a combined move; each was to seize his own moment but the first over the wall was to wait on the far side for his pals.

The first evening all three went out to the spot from which the attempt was to be made but the sentries were alert and the nerve of all three failed them. Upon Winston this failure produced its usual reaction and when he said to his confederates, "I will do it to-morrow at all costs," he meant business. Unlike Robert the Bruce, Winston has nothing to learn from spiders in the matter of perseverance. The spider in the cave tried seven times but I say unto you that Winston will try seventy times seven, so it saves trouble to give way to him at once. Next evening came. Churchill was seated at dinner when the others, having had try number two and having failed, came back and muttered something as they passed to their places.* Churchill understood that their try number two had failed. He went out and at once saw a chance. It was a sudden occasion swiftly seized. One semi-instinctive effort, a scramble, and he was crouching in a garden at the foot of the ten foot wall which, from without, gave no foot hold. There he crouched. He couldn't run away. First he had arranged to hold on; secondly, his whole plan hung on the help of the South African officer who knew the country and had the language. So there he lay for one mortal hour! At last he heard voices from the prison—his own name, Latin words; and by degrees he tumbles to it that the other two can't bring it off, that the sentries are suspicious, and that his associates wish him to come back. But the only way he could come back was by going round to the front entrance and there giving himself up; the wall from the outside was unclimbable. If the other prisoners were going to suffer, he reasoned, the mischief was already done, whether he came back at once or had a run for it first. So he ran. If there are any inaccuracies in this story they are the fault of my memory. I have never heard him tell the story in the sense that he was giving me "his side" of a vexed question. The night of the last day of February of that year 1900 he had ridden with Lord Dundonald "first in" to besieged Ladysmith and I had come down off my outpost line on Caesar's Camp and Waggon Hill for the first time for weeks to meet these welcome harbingers of victory. But the relief and reaction after four months' tension had given me a go of fever so sharp that I could neither discuss the food nor the siege. In revenge, Winston gave me his adventures and I am sure I have not forgotten their gist. I am sure, also, that he told me nothing that was not true for he is absolutely and determinedly truthful always. Later on, when I was Chief Staff Officer to Lord Kitchener, I spoke to many Dutchmen about the escape and saw the ground for myself. My belief is that Churchill was entitled to make his try and that having succeeded he was right not to go back. I sympathise with the vexation of his fellow-prisoners, especially when, as a result of his bold stroke for freedom, their gaolers became doubly strict. But let them put themselves in his shoes.



GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.



Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill taken recently at Paris.

*I have heard since that the words used were, "It's off for to-day," but he did not hear them.

IF I have seemed to dwell upon the escape it is not so much because it illustrates Churchill's flashlight decision as because to me, as a soldier, the issues are vital, whilst to me, as a friend, the insinuation that my friend left a friend in the lurch would be wounding did I not know how far politics and prejudice had given it a bias. For whatever Churchill's faults he is affectionate in his friendships, enduring in his gratitude, loyal in his *camaraderie*, punctilious in his execution of an agreement and, above everything, first class company in a tiger shoot.

Three months later, April 30th, this escaped prisoner was far enough from my thoughts. It was in the crisis of our heavy fight at Houtnek that a heliogram from Lord Roberts was put into my hand. Anxiously I tore it open hoping it might spell reinforcements. The message ran. "What post with your column could you suggest for the Duke of Marlborough?" Maximoff had just launched his foreign legion in regular attack against a plateau overhanging my left which was held by some Kitchener's Horse and a handful of Gordons. When that struggle passed, I answered, "Assistant press censor or a captain in a mounted infantry battalion." The battle went on. In the evening I was seeing Captain Towse, of the Gordons, into an ambulance and hoping against hope that his eyesight might be saved when this rejoinder came in: "You are not entitled to a press censor; captaincy in mounted infantry unsuitable; can you not take the Duke upon your personal staff?" Two days later a little buggy drove up to my tent door and you might have knocked me down with a feather when out of it hopped—Winston! How he got there I did not enquire too closely. There he was, with his cousin the Duke, and both of them worked hard and did their level soldierly best.

*Continued on page 49*



Before she was aware of his purpose, Pat suddenly reached forward and switched on the small electric lamp over their heads.

# A WOMAN INTERVENES

## By A. MONTAGU SANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD S. ROSS

IT ALL happened with startling suddenness.

He had been standing on the corner of the Avenue de l'Opera and the Boulevard des Capucines, idly watching the crowds surging up and down the Boulevard and into the Opera opposite. He longed for the sight of a friendly, familiar face among that gay throng and wondered why he had imagined Paris a wonder city just because he had enjoyed so immensely the one leave spent there during the war. Then he had been one of "our so gallant Allies," and a party of comrades in arms had made pleasant company. Now the glamour of khaki was gone as were also the jolly comrades, and—well thank Heaven his passage was booked and to-morrow he would be on his way home to Montreal—Pat Maynard was bored and very lonely.

. Then, as I say, things happened with startling suddenness.

A man pushed his way through the crowd, hurriedly thrust a document into Pat's hand, murmured: "Beware a dark woman!" and as suddenly disappeared again in the shifting throng.

Dazed by the suddenness with which he had been thus recalled from his somewhat gloomy thoughts, Pat stared stupidly at the crumpled, official-looking envelope which had been thrust upon him. He had just time to see that it was sealed with the seal of the French Republic before another hand reached out and attempted to snatch the paper from him. Pat's fingers closed about the bulky envelope just in time and looking up he found himself confronted by a large man, bearded and swarthy of countenance, whose small, pig-like eyes glared evilly into his own.

Pat's faculties were now all alert and his nerves tingled pleasantly with excitement. He returned the other's belligerent stare with a smile both provocative and challenging. They stood thus for a moment. Then the pig-like eyes were buried in folds of fat as the other essayed a conciliatory grin.

"Munsur," he whispered in execrable French, "I gif you a towsan franc for dat envelope. Queek! What you say?"

Pat felt an instinctive loathing of the creature.

"I say that if your money is as dirty as your person, I want none of either!" he replied.

Without further parley the bulky individual bellowed: "Tieves! Help! Police" at the top of his voice as he rushed at Pat, both fat arms waving about like flails. Pat stepped nimbly back, and a moment later his fist, backed by his six feet odd of brawn and muscle, landed fairly on the point of the other's jaw. The blow sent his assailant reeling but the cry for help had aroused the passing crowds. A gendarme, seeing the big man thus struck, took Pat for the aggressor and elbowed his way menacingly toward him. Foreseeing difficulties, Pat looked about him for an avenue of escape.

It was then that Romance made her entrance.

Up the Avenue de l'Opera glided a luxuriously appointed limousine. As it approached Pat it slowed down, the door flew open and a small, white-gloved hand beckoned him imperatively.

Pat glanced quickly over his shoulder. The gendarme's hand was extended to seize him Ducking, he sprang for the running board of the still moving car, entered, slammed the door in the officer's outraged face, and sank, laughing quietly, on to the soft upholstery beside his mysterious rescuer.

Immediately, and with incredible rapidity, the powerful car gathered speed, turned into the Boulevard and raced down that thoroughfare in the direction of the Madeleine.

Pat sank back on the softly upholstered seat with a chuckle. Paris a wonder city! Adventure had waved her magic wand, and, in thirty seconds, transformed it. Life was once more worth the living.

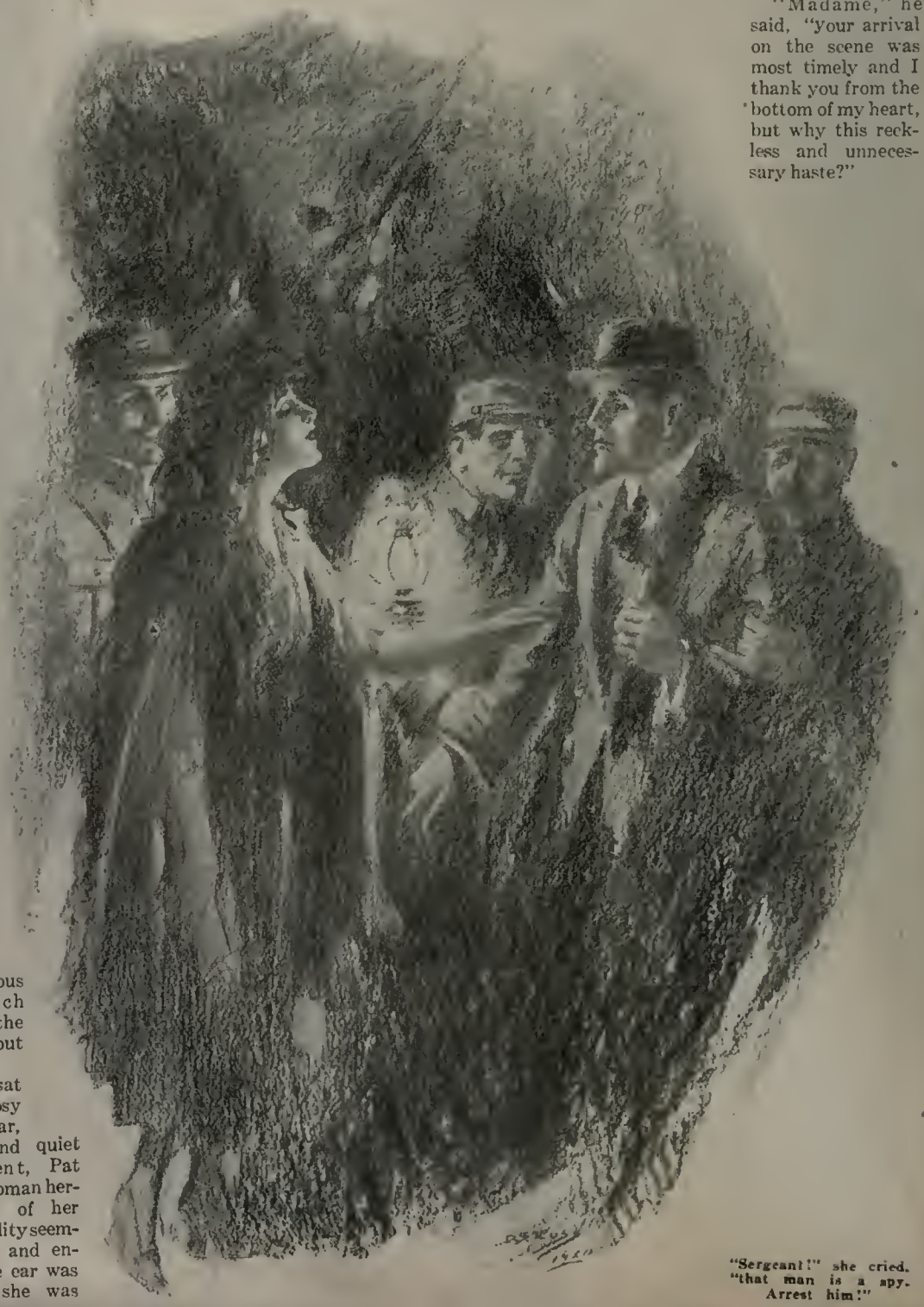
In the meantime his companion was peering out of the small window in the back of the car. The action necessitated her closer propinquity to Maynard and for just a moment her body touched his shoulder. The soft contact broke his absorption and recalled him to a sense of his surroundings. He became conscious of the subtle and delicious fragrance which faintly pervaded the atmosphere about him.

Next, as he sat there in the cosy intimacy of her car, its daintiness and quiet elegance redolent, Pat guessed, of the woman herself, the charm of her magnetic personality seemed to reach out and envelope him. The car was unlighted, and she was veiled, but he sensed her beauty by the elegance of her person, and becoming acutely conscious of her, he sat very still, his warm heart beating as no physical danger had ever made it beat, until she resumed her seat.

Finally she sank back into her corner, and Pat felt her gaze upon him through her veil. He knew she was trying to determine what type of man she had to deal with and he felt he should address some remark, some word of thanks for her timely rescue. But for the first time in his life he found himself at a loss for words. The most ordinary, common-place phrases seemed denied him. He felt like a fool and the consciousness of the poor light in which he was presenting himself in her eyes added to his embarrassment.

Finally they swept past the Madeleine and turned sharply into the Rue Royale. For the first time Pat became conscious of the terrific pace at which they were travelling. It was just about the theatre hour and all thoroughfares were crowded. It seemed that they were in imminent danger of losing life or limb and in more imminent danger of depriving others of the same desirable perquisites. Pat was not averse to taking desperate risks where necessary, but this seemed wanton recklessness. He turned to his companion:

"Madame," he said, "your arrival on the scene was most timely and I thank you from the bottom of my heart, but why this reckless and unnecessary haste?"



"Sergeant!" she cried. "that man is a spy. Arrest him!"

"We are pursued, monsieur!" she answered in a calm, matter of fact tone of voice.

"Pursued! But why!" asked Pat. "Surely not because I struck our bearded friend in self defence?"

"Monsieur chooses to be stupid!" she answered dispassionately. "Has he not the paper?"

The paper! He had sat there all this time like a fool unconsciously clutching that mysterious document. So her appearance on the scene had not been an accident after all? Indeed, he knew himself an idiot to have entertained the thought for a moment. Even in Paris, women of her kind did not pick up strange men and spirit them away without some strong motive. He blessed the mysterious paper, and was about to give it to her when the warning of the man from whom he had received it flashed into his mind:

"Beware a dark woman!"

He could not see her coloring through her veil. Was she dark? He wondered.

Her small hand was now extended to receive the envelope but Pat drew back.

"On second thought, Madame," he said, stuffing the papers into an inside pocket, "I believe I will retain this document for further investigation."

She made a gesture of annoyance and a note of steel chilled the natural sweetness of her voice as she said:

"Monsieur, do not be facetious! I warn you it is dangerous. I and those associated with me are not to be trifled with. You are at my mercy. Be warned, monsieur, the first suspicious move on your part will be your last. Now the papers, please!"

To make her meaning clear she suddenly pressed the muzzle of a small but businesslike revolver against his ribs.

Pat whistled softly. So that was the situation. Speaking in general, he hated revolvers in other people's hands. Speaking in particular, a revolver in a woman's hand was his pet aversion. They were so likely to act on impulse. He decided that the situation did not call for revolvers.

"Quite after the most approved melodrama," he said, smiling down at her, "but our respective roles are rather vague. Am I the heavy villain or are you the unscrupulous adventuress?"

"Let us say, monsieur, that you are a super upon whom an important and dangerous role has been thrust for want of a more experienced actor," she answered.

"Um! a super! You are not flattering, Madame! '

"The truth, monsieur, is seldom flattering. Through a combination of unforeseen circumstances you have been thrust into the midst of an affair, the magnitude of which would make the sacrifice of a human life or so of no importance whatever. Come, monsieur!" she added in a kinder voice, "be sensible! Time presses. Give me that document, accept my gratitude, and forget that this rather dramatic episode ever took place. Believe me it is the safest—the only course as far as you are concerned."



Pat reached up and took the slender fingers in his own. Neither seemed to notice that he continued to hold them.

PAT reflected. He did not believe this dainty, cultured woman capable of using her weapon in cold blood, in spite of the determination expressed in her voice. On the other hand the papers were of undoubted importance and should be delivered to the proper authorities in the shortest possible time. He remembered that they were sealed with the seal of the French Republic and presumed them to contain important state secrets. He was also predisposed to trust his companion—longed to earn her gratitude. Yet the papers were a trust thrust upon him and he had been warned against a dark woman. He cursed the veil that hid her features from him, but determined to see the matter through.

They were now travelling along the Champs Elysees but at that moment their driver made a hairpin turn and dashed on two wheels into the Avenue de L'Alma.

"My God!" shrieked Pat.

Startled, she turned to look for trouble ahead. In an instant he had her wrist imprisoned in his strong hand. It was an old trick. Pat grinned shamelessly at the ease with which it had worked. He held the delicate wrist in front of him in such a manner that the revolver's muzzle was pointed at the back of their chauffeur. He was taking no chances on her pulling the trigger to attract attention.

"Madame," he then said, "as I very much dislike the idea of hurting you, do you not think you had better give that now harmless weapon to me?"

"You—you—brute!" she exclaimed, unable to find another word on the spur of the moment to express her mortification at this humiliating and unforeseen turn of affairs.

Pat smiled.

"You have all the delightful inconsistency of your sex," he commented. "If exercising the first law of nature is brutality I plead guilty. But come, madame, we can discuss matters with less constraint on a footing of equality. Drop the revolver, please!"

His voice was imperative and accompanied by a pressure on her wrist which, if not sufficient to hurt her, was enough to convince her of the uselessness of struggling against his strength.

He was wholeheartedly thankful that she did realize it and sensibly released her hold on the revolver which Pat caught deftly with his disengaged hand before it fell to the floor of the car.

"Now," he then said, releasing her wrist and slipping the small gun into his pocket, "let us talk sanely. I have accidentally come into possession of a document to regain which two people have threatened my life within a few minutes. I, therefore, judge it to be of considerable importance, and look upon it as a trust which, although thrust upon me, I must discharge to the best of my ability. Please believe that my one desire is to be of service to you, but before surrendering this paper I must know your motive in wishing to obtain possession of it. Surely, madame, you would respect me less if I followed my inclinations and surrendered these papers to you without a thought to the possible consequences?"

HIS voice had more of pleading than masterfulness in it now. He had become desperately anxious that she should understand the conscientious scruples which made it necessary for him to treat her thus. Besides, she now seemed so helpless; her dainty figure, so alert but a few minutes before, now drooped with such pathetic and unconscious appeal. Her plans, whatever they were had evidently sadly miscarried, Pat's warm heart went out to her in sympathy and every ounce of manhood in him longed to comfort her. Again the temptation to surrender the papers to her almost conquered him, but again the warning made him hesitate.

She did not immediately respond but sat as if weighing his words. Pat, however, again felt her steady gaze upon him and knew she was studying him once more—making up her mind what action to pursue. Finally she asked:

"Who are you, monsieur?"

"My name is Maynard, Patrick Maynard, late Captain of the — Squadron, Royal Flying Corps?" he replied.

The information seemed to surprise her.

"You speak excellent French for an Englishman!" she stated.

"I am not English, madame. I am a Canadian. My home is in Montreal and my mother was French."

For another few seconds she sat in thought. Then her figure again assumed its alert confidence and she once more bent towards him to look out of the little back window.

Resuming her seat after a careful scrutiny of the road behind, she raised her veil and picked up the speaking tube connected with the driver's seat in front.

"We have shaken them off, I think," she said therein. "Make with all speed to Versailles! Now, monsieur," she continued, dropping the tube and turning to Pat, "I have decided to trust you. Know then, monsieur, that for months France has been secretly working to bring about a counter-revolution in Russia. She has sought to establish there a stable government which will lift that country from its present degradation to the level of free nations. When these plans were all perfected, were in fact, about to be put into execution, certain papers of vital importance were found to have been stolen. Not only the success of the whole undertaking, but also the lives of hundreds of Russians who looked to France for deliverance depended on these papers. Owing to the fact that their absence was discovered very shortly after their theft, and that the whole machinery of the French Secret Service was immediately put into motion, we have succeeded in recovering them before copies could be taken."

Pat remained silent for a moment, digesting this surprising information. Then:

"And am I to understand that I am at the present moment in possession of those plans?" he asked.

"Yes, monsieur! But I am hoping you will now surrender them to me like the gallant gentleman I am sure you are."

"Thank you, madame, but first tell me this: If these papers are of such vital importance why were they thrust upon me, a perfect stranger?"

She hesitated before replying. Then she laughed softly.

"Do you know, monsieur, I was hoping you would not ask me that question. My reply must sound so improbable that I fear you will imagine I am inventing."

"Supposing you test my credulity," he suggested.

"I intend to," she replied. "In order to avoid any further hitch in the proceedings, those who have this matter in hand decided to keep their place of meeting a secret. On the other hand, it was imperative that these papers be conveyed to them immediately on their recovery, which was planned for to-night. To this end, a certain person, high in their confidence, was to meet our agent on the corner opposite the Place de l'Opera to-night, secure from him the stolen plans and convey them immediately to those who awaited them. Unfortunately, shortly before the time appointed, this person was seriously hurt in an accident and I was sent at the eleventh hour to take his place.

"Now it happens that you and he are much the same build. It also happened that of all the corners in Paris you should be standing on that particular one at that particular hour. I was delayed but a few seconds yet our agent, closely pursued, and seeing only a man who answered the description which had been given him, had time to thrust the papers into your hand, and—here we are Does it not sound too ridiculous?"

*Continued on page 50*

# THE DORMY MAN

*By* C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. L. WRENN

"THEY tell us that love is blind," mused Algernor, flicking the ashes from his cigarette and exhaling a thin cloud of smoke. "That is demonstrably not so, since the blind see nothing. Love is Argus-eyed and wears pink spectacles, which accounts for its amazing discernment. It enables the afflicted person to perceive in one man or one woman, as the case may be, what the rest of the world would never suspect."

We sat on the verandah of the Country Club, the fair-green of the golf links bathed in the evening sunlight, and, beyond, the gray-blue of the gently heaving sea. I was a stranger to Riverton, and Algernon's guest. We had dined at the club in solitary state and were enjoying the sybaritic joys of the well-fed—lounge chairs, good tobacco, the music of the more or less wild waves in our ears. Algernon, whose other name is Marjoribanks (which for some inscrutable reason you have to pronounce Marchbank), is an admirable companion under such conditions. He is a lawyer of some eminence, a golfer of enthusiasm, a bachelor of necessity—as he explains it. In a world so full of charming women how he demands—is frail and feeble man to set about the task of plucking just one flower from this radiant garden?

As between the rival estates of bachelor and bigamist he has chosen the former. Women combine to respect his neutrality; he is a kind of elder brother at large to all sorts and conditions of them, and in the matter of sisters and cousins and aunts he has the late Sir Joseph Porter, of Pinafore fame, lashed to the mast. Now the nearest approach to the topic of love made this evening had been the observation of George, the affable club steward, regarding the marriage of two popular members of the golfing fraternity that had occurred that very morning. George had commented upon it in respectfully admiring way, suggesting that the union had been delightful and astonishing. Possibly this had been in Algernon's mind when he delivered his dictum about love.

Clearly there was a story imminent so I smoked and waited. Presently he resumed:

IT WAS a day something like this one has been, one of those rare June days that poets make the subject of their weird conundrums.

I sauntered along the road, hither-bound, in a not very agreeable frame of mind. The man Lister and his affairs interfered with my meditations; I was sorry for him and exasperated with young Fred Tempest. Lister, I may explain, was one of Riverton's mechanical geniuses, and, as is usually the case—the Lord not giving the same man brains and money—he was rather out-at-elbows. Luck had been against him; some of his inventions that ought to have made him comfortable were buying furs and diamonds, limousines and Pekingese, for the wives and daughters of craftier chaps. He might have been working for a snug salary but had the independent spirit that plays for the big stake and is willing to pay the price in hardships. He had made a motor that for power, economy, and cheapness was somewhat revolutionary in its world. He could have sold it, but he was in middle life, felt that this was probably his last big chance, and planned to launch out into the manufacturing of motor trucks. The promotion work had been taken in hand by Goshawk and Tempest, they were to engineer the financial end. The thing had not gone off with anything like a blare of trumpets, indeed Fred Tempest, to my way of thinking, had tackled the job in a half-hearted way. There had been some local interest at the start, the iron seemed to be heating, and there was promise that presently the merry anvil chorus would be rendered, but Fred backed and filled, dallied and dawdled, till the iron grew cold, interest petered out, and I became dubious as to the outcome. You know how it is with these affairs—people have open minds, the thing may be good and it may not, but if it is good they want a bit of it. That is the time when the project needs the friendly shove of an energetic shoulder, the application of the match of enthusiasm, the booster with pep and punch to ram the thing through with a rush and a hurrah. Fred had gone round like a doped cat with walnut shells on its paws. If he had been a struggling young chap with his bread to earn he'd have gone into the thing like a young whirlwind, but he had been in luck—as people said—in that a pile of money had been left to him, and he didn't seem to care whether school kept or not. His fortune may have been luck, but I doubted it since it had made a likely lad something like the fat wheezy things that dowagers nurse on their laps and martyrized footmen tow round for exercise at the end of a string.

LISTER had been in to see me that morning, very glum and despondent, his confidence in Fred had about vanished.

"He's almost as good as said that he's going to throw up the sponge," he had told me. "Can't make a go of it; folks aren't interested; I'd better sell out and get what I can. But I won't sell out, I'll swim or sink." And he banged my desk till he made the ink-bottles shimmy. Then he went on with his pathetically dismal story—the time he'd spent on the motor, the money it had eaten up, the privations his family and he had gone through, all the drab drudgery that falls to the unsuccessful man. Fifty years old, poor as a crow, and hope about dying out. There was something mighty appealing about this game, brainy chap, a good thing on his hands, and failing for lack of the money to give him a start. You can't wonder that thought of him this gay June afternoon interfered with my meditations upon the sublimities of Nature; the rottenness of the luck that feeds sharks and lets honest fish starve was much more in my mind. Thus mentally engaged I was entrancingly roused by a small hand being thrust through my arm, a laughing face looking up into mine, and the intoxicating sense of a charming personality at my side. Hand, smile, intoxicating personality belonged to Agatha Maxwell.

"Algy, you darling meditative old duck!" she said.

I looked down upon her with great sternness, retaining her hand firmly.

"Agatha, at this moment I am precisely three and twenty years old; it is the leafy month of June and a livelier iris is about to change on the burnished dove, if you recognize me in that guise. I therefore warn you be extremely careful."

It was a necessary warning, for Agatha, that June day, would have brought that mouldy old chap, St. Simon Stylites, down from his pillar roost on the dead slide. She was small, elegantly exquisite, with provokingly *piquante* face, frivolously gay, seductively wise; an infinitely charming compendium in skirts of the fine arts, the culture of the centuries, subtlest delight of fine femininity, keen intellect of the modern woman of affairs. All this was not merely my opinion. I shared it with about a million other chaps, all the way from callow sixteen to senile seventy-six. They swarmed about her, waylaid her on streets, cumbered her verandah and sitting-room, badgered her to golf, dance, take walks through leafy lanes and along the solitary sea-strand, called her up on the telephone asking banal questions, sent books, flowers, candies by the barrowful. To do her justice, she played no favorites.

Her family was one of Riverton's best, though its finances did not match its history. It was necessary, when Agatha left college, that she earn her livelihood. Many likely lads wished to relieve her of the necessity chivalrously, fatuously dreaming of rose-creepered houses with Agatha as interior decoration, but she did not see things in their light. It was supposed that she would employ her talents in teaching the young female idea how to shoot, or perhaps go into the hat, gown, lingerie, or tea-room business, but not so. She entered the sordid world of man-affairs. It did seem rather appalling that so ethereal a creature should take her iridescent wings into the hurly-burly of a downtown office, but such was her determination.

OLD JIM MUNRO got over the shock first. Jim has made his pile of the sunny-hued stuff by being a jump or so ahead of the herd. He deals in stocks and bonds and promotions—he is a natural philanthropist who buys something at a couple of hundred thousand, does some sleight of hand tricks with it, and bestows it upon the public at a price that uses up the better part of seven figures. When people were wondering whether Agatha intended to earn her bread by playing sonatas on the typewriter, old Jim horns through the guessing bunch, and the next news was she was installed in his offices, with private room, telephone, ticker, and was doing amazing stunts with facts and figures, stocks and bonds, engineer's apocrypha and promotion prophecies. Within the month she could tell you more about Podunk Common, Slabtown Municipal Bonds, Podger Cereals, than the inventors of the things ever dreamed of. It was as easy for Agatha to talk stocks as for another girl to describe what the bride wore and how much the groom's presents had set him back.

Jim went up and down the street just as Stanley must have done when he discovered Living-



I glanced at Agatha, confident that she would flatten out the proposition.

stone. Agatha could sell bonds as easily as another girl could make doughnuts. Of course the personal equation counts in business, especially when it is a delightful feminine equation. If Dick Smith looked in on you with a neat little proposition he was peddling, in the shape of Stickemwell bonds, giving you a song and dance about a tide in the affairs of man, and so forth, you'd naturally give him the metaphorical boot, say something nasty about Stickemwell, and bid him sing his lullabys in another alley. It was quite different in the case of Agatha. Five minutes after she started after you, ten thousand dollars' worth of the stuff would be in your name, and you would feel that she had done you the chummiest favor that ever was. She was about the livest little live wire that Riverton owned. In a word, if you get me, Agatha Maxwell could sell bonds when her rivals were down to cornflakes for supper. It wasn't merely the woman influence in her, but the go-get-'em ginger of her.

SO, THIS June afternoon, she and I sauntered clubwards. She had seen something of the "pale cast of thought" cloud on my brow doubtless, and being the sympathetic soul she was—and a woman—she wanted to know all about it, so we fell to talk of Lister. Being in the financial business she knew all about the motor project.

"A wretched hundred thousand dollars!" I said. "A business that looks almost as sound as a bank, a local industry from which the town would derive benefit, a local genius! If it was a project for selling ice to the Eskimos, foot warmers in Timbuctoo, the thing would go like chain-lightning. If the man was a stranger, living three thousand miles off, there would be nothing to it but counting up the subscriptions, but because they know him, have been brought up with him, the thing won't move. Indeed a prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

"And you mean to tell me that Fred Tempest is quitting?" she demanded in unconcealed disgust.

"I would not go so far as that, at this moment," I replied. "But Fred does not seem to favor the Marathon course, or the hurdles and water-jumps. He seems to have palpitation, a stitch in his side, blisters on most of his toes, Charley-horse, and about fourteen other things; apart from them he is all right. In other words, at the age of seven and twenty Freddie appears to be rather out of it; Capuan ease, and so forth."

At this point we reached the club house, and Agatha was immediately surrounded by a flock of male persons with suggestions of singles and even—in their desperation—foursomes. She repelled them firmly.

"We'll have a cosy little single all by ourselves presently," she said with a delicious graciousness.

There is a creeper-screened corner over yonder on the south side of the house, two persons filling it amply, and thither we turned. George brought cooling drinks and left us in a paradise that had old Omar's faded to nothingness.

"The beauty of golf," I observed, "is that you can find supreme pleasure occasionally in not playing it," and we settled down to a restful half-hour or so, but we were not to be undisturbed. Not five minutes later a carriage drove up, drawn by two fat horses which were driven by an even fatter coachman. To have been quite in keeping, the young man who descended from the miniature hearse should have worn knee-breeches, swallow-tail coat, high stock, and curly-brimmed tall hat, but he was quite modernly attired, a tall, husky, good-looking chap with a not at all disagreeable face. It was Fred Tempest, rather an old-fashioned young man. There were times when Fred suggested—lately—that the birth bureau had made a mistake with him; that really he ought to have been born in 1790 instead of 1890. It was as if the boss of the bureau, ahelf-cleaning one day in 1890, had come across a left-over in some corner.

"Great Jehoshephat!" he exclaimed. "Here's one of the 1790 vintage that ought to have been sent out a hundred years back—just put up here and forgotten—whiz him down to earth express."



"You're backing me?" he asked.

Fred hadn't always looked that way, only the last two years or so. At college he had been quite a fellow, only a bit slower than ten seconds for the hundred dash, a quarterback of parts, more than useful with the gloves, and at the club he still was on the scratch mark in the golf handicapping. Out of college he dropped into a partnership all ready made for him in the sound old financial firm of Goshawk and Tempest.

ALL HE had to do was to walk right in, hang up his hat, and gather in the coin. Then, as if this wasn't luck enough, old Tom Tempest, his bachelor uncle, took his final departure for Abraham's bosom, leaving Fred scads of money and slabs of real estate. Old Tom had been a funny old bird, conservative wasn't the name for him. He believed that the world had gone to the dogs about the time when women stopped wearing crinolines and pantalettes, and Fred had been brought up with him, imbibing—so to speak—his uncle's notions. When Tom's estate was settled up there was a neat gold nugget of half a million dollars for Fred, some choice real estate in Riverton's best quarters, and the fine old Tempest establishment, these last two also going to Fred. The house was rather funereal—sombre, serious, solid; oak and mahogany furniture that Noah made in the Ararat shops; stodgy portraits of the Tempest men and women going back to Shem and Japheth; no telephone, gas, or electricity about the place; no car or garage, but fat horses and hearselike carriages; open fires but no steam heat; quill pens, and aand for blotting paper on the writing tables. People had said that when Fred got hold of the place he'd jazz things up somewhat, but, instead of that, ease and comfort seemed to dope him off. He rolled down to the office in the morning behind the fat trio; at home a fat footman opened the door for him, and a fatter butler wheezed round the table at dinner. Fred just snuggled down into that cosy nest as if it had been specially made to suit his peculiar bumps, hollows, angles, and excrescences, and he remained a bachelor. He had started in to business when he left college with something like a hustle: the thing was new to him and another kind of sport, but when he came into the scads and slabs, the general fatness of the land seemed to get him. He was one of the best ever in the way of fellows, and when you saw him, big and husky and full of life but turning easy and soft and sleepy, you questioned seriously whether he wasn't the outstanding hard-luck specimen in the whole of Riverton. Business meant nothing to him, he had piles of money, his real estate was worth more than the gold nugget he had inherited, and his share in the steady old Goshawk and Tempest firm was a fine livelihood. All he had to do was to lie on his back, metaphorically speaking, in the sun, open his mouth and let the plums drop in, and that was just what he was doing. No use running after the car when you've caught it—what's the use of straining to win a prize when you don't care a dime's worth for it? —let those sweat that have to—all that kind of thing.

He grinned pleasantly at Agatha, perhaps a bit doubtfully, he had never been in the circle of her professed admirers, and had his mind been explored there doubtless would have been found something condemnatory of a woman who earned her living in an office, doing man's work.

"Hello, Algy! Thundering hot isn't it! Too hot for a single, what about a foursome? Prudence Langley will be coming along directly, and she and I would tackle Miss Maxwell and you," he said.

I glanced at Agatha, certain that she would flatten out the proposition, firstly, because she was pledged to me for a single, secondly, because I had reasons for suspecting that she liked Fred as much as the toothache. These reasons being conclusive for rejection, she indicated acceptance.

"I think a foursome would be rather nice, Algy," she said, so I yielded with what grace I could. She went indoors to prepare for the battle, and Fred and I were left alone. His coming had revived the Lister matter in my mind, and I determined to drive at him.

"LISTER was in to see me this morning, Fred," I said. "In a low old state of the regal dumps. Seems to think the outlook blue."

I thought he seemed the least bit conscience-stricken as he applied match to cigarette with deliberateness.

"Too fine and hot for shop, Algy boy," he said.

"Not half as hot as it is for poor old Lister who has nothing else but shop," I replied a bit pepperily.

"Yes, I suppose that's so. It's too bad; I'm sorry for Lister, good chap and all that, with a good proposition too, but you know what a conservative bunch our investors hereabouts are. They know Lister, that he's out at elbows all the time, hard work to make ends meet, and you know also, absurd as it is, that these things count. People like to jump in with a guaranteed winner, and they haven't a lot of confidence in Lister. Nothing against his character, mind you, fine straight chap, and all that, but just darn unlucky, and there's a psychological side to that kind of thing."

"Then you've dropped it?" I asked.

"Not positively, but—well, I'm afraid that's what it is coming to," he replied not at all cheerily. "No good flogging a dead horse. He'd better sell for what he can get, or go off to one of the bigger cities where the individual doesn't count for so much as here. It's pretty rotten, I know, but nothing can be done with it here, of that I'm quite convinced, so why waste breath over it; when a thing won't gee well—naturally it won't."

"What were drivers made for?" I wanted to know. "You don't expect the investing public to come running with their pocketbooks open; you've got to get after them, put pep and punch into your campaign, show 'em."

I knew Fred well enough to be able to say these things to him, but he was plainly a bit nettled, and got on his dignity nag.

*Continued on page 39*



"Oh, Hello, Stephen," she greeted that gentleman airily. "How awfully nice of you to come and see me."

# STEPHEN SURPRISES EVERYBODY

By MARGARET HILDA WISE
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. WRENN

AT TEN MINUTES to five Stephen went into the Martins' living-room for the first time in his life. The curtains were drawn, and a brisk log fire beckoned him cheerily. At the far end of the room, at a writing table, with her back towards him, was a slender youthful figure silhouetted against the glow from a little lamp on the table.

"Hello, Molly," he greeted, "I didn't suppose you ever wrote letters."

Then he stopped short with a puzzled frown. The youthful person, on hearing his voice, had risen abruptly and faced him. She appeared, for a second, almost as astonished at Stephen's sudden appearance as he was to discover that she was not Molly, after all.

"Oh," said Stephen, hurriedly, "I beg your pardon. I could have sworn you were Molly. I must be in the wrong house."

She smiled. It impressed Stephen as being the loveliest smile he had ever seen—and he was somewhat of a connoisseur of smiles, well launched into his thirties, still single, and never averse to encouraging feminine wiles.

"Molly lives here," she explained. "That is to say, if it's my young sister, Molly Martin, you're looking for."

"It is," replied Stephen briefly, and hesitated.

"Do sit down and be comfortable while you wait," she suggested. "At least—I suppose she won't be long. She's like all the debutantes; rather uncertain in her comings and goings. Perhaps you would rather not wait for her?"

She sat down in a low chair by the fire, and Stephen, with somewhat more alacrity than he usually displayed, seated himself opposite her.

"Tell me—er—I had no idea Molly had a sister," he managed to say.

"She didn't have one here during the war. I was married in England, early in the war, and I stayed over there so as to see my husband as often as possible—until he was killed. Then I came home. So for a year or so now Molly has had a sister once again."

She spoke simply, in a low voice, and Stephen felt suddenly and deeply touched by this, yet another tragedy of the Great War. He was silent for a bit, watching her long and earnestly, as she looked into the fire.

"I wonder," he asked at last, gently, "if you'd mind if I asked who your husband was."

She glanced at him and smiled, and her eyes were like two clear stars. "He was Dick Christy," she replied, "Major Dick Christy, of the Engineers."

Stephen leaned forward in his chair. "I knew him," he said, quietly. "He was a very brave man."

"Yes, he was," she echoed, a wealth of pride in her voice. "You knew him . . . ?"

"I knew him in France. I never met an officer or private who didn't think Dick Christy was the best ever."

She looked back into the fire, and when she spoke it was so softly he could hardly catch it.

"Thank you," she said, "I am glad."

At this point the tension was broken by the arrival of tea. Mrs. Christy rose and switched on the lights. "I can't think what's keeping Molly," she remarked. "She expected to be back before now, because she wanted a long time to dress—as usual—for a party tonight."

"Molly's a lively little person," Stephen remarked to his teacup. "She keeps old bachelors like me—not to mention sundry younger ones—up far too late at night, or rather, morning." Then aloud: "May I smoke?"

"Indeed, yes! That's another of Molly's recent accomplishments, much to our mother's horror. Molly announced that simply nobody comes out these days who doesn't smoke. Father laughed just at that moment, so Molly carried her point. Have another of these wee cakes and keep me company."

AT HALF-PAST five, Stephen had just reached the overwhelming decision that he really wasn't missing Molly one little bit. Then the door-bell rang and in walked Molly.

Molly was one of those capricious damsels described in the social columns as "young society buds." As a "bud", Molly was not at all displeasing; as a person, she was rather exasperating, a bit conceited, and exceedingly extravagant. She had light brown hair that waved distractingly over her ears, mischievous blue eyes, a fresh color, and a dimple close to the right corner of her mouth. Slim like her sister, though not so tall, she had yet to acquire all the easy grace of the older girl.

"Oh, hello, Stephen," she greeted that gentleman airily. "How awfully nice of you to come and see me, even though I kept you waiting."

Stephen pulled up a chair for her. Then he carried her a cup of tea and the muffins, smiling all the while, but saying nothing. He knew he was not expected to contribute much to the conversation when Molly was present.

"It's awfully chilly out," she continued. "I nearly perished coming in from the Country Club just now. Windy, too, and raw. Bad for one's complexion. Don't I look a fright!"

She tilted her chin at Stephen, and he did as he was expected, and assured her that her appear-

ance was charming. Stephen never failed to respond exactly to the mood of whatever bit of femininity he was for the moment thrown with. At the same time he was wont to exhibit sudden signs of independence, and while he was docile up to a certain point, beyond that he was somewhat inscrutable, and so quite of interest to his feminine acquaintances.

Molly, being busy with a host of younger admirers, had not noticed Stephen early in her first season. They were introduced at a party soon after her coming-out ball. They subsequently danced together several times at various affairs, and Molly, whose eyes missed nothing, caught Stephen watching her intently more than once. She did not really decide to capture him for one of her followers until one day soon after the New Year, she heard him discussed at a tea by a number of older girls. It seemed that Stephen was rather a hard person to capture; he admired and was admired; he danced and flirted, and was charmingly attractive, but not one of them could honestly claim to have won him, and the calm state of his affections was an interesting subject for discussion at teas and other centres of gossip. This was sufficient challenge for Molly. She determined to step in where older and more experienced ones had failed, and win Stephen to her side, even if she decided to have nothing to do with him later.

So the next time Stephen stood in a corner watching Molly as she danced, she threw him her most charming smile over her partner's shoulder, and awaited results. They were not long coming, and before the end of that evening Molly had cut two promised dances and given them to Stephen. They danced the first one; it was a slow, dreamy waltz, and Molly was light on her feet. Stephen was enchanted. Their next dance, which happened to be the last on the program, they, at Molly's suggestion, sat out. She chattered to him, playing with her huge feather fan, and was her most delightful self, and the dimple in her cheeks came and went distractingly. Altogether Stephen found himself unusually interested, and the sensation was not unpleasant.

AFTER THAT, the friendship ripened—not too fast. Molly was determined to stalk her quarry cautiously. They had supper together at two or three parties, and Stephen began taking her home. This was a good sign, for he usually preferred to leave dances as soon after supper as he conveniently could, taking a congenial crony with him to share a smoke before turning in.

Once, as he deposited her at her door at three in the morning, he said: "May I run in and see you some day when you're not busy, Molly?"

"Oh, do," insisted Molly. "Drop in some Sunday at tea-time. It's about the only receiving day one has these days."

Stephen took her out to lunch first, and then, unexpectedly, he had appeared on this Saturday afternoon. Molly was not sorry he had been compelled to wait. She considered that waiting was one of men's duties, and that it did them good. So she was always just a few minutes late for engagements, and if she noticed a gathering frown upon the brow of her swain, it was so easy to dispel it with a little of the well-concealed flattery which oils the wheels wherever men are concerned. Stephen, however, did not in the least look as if he had been bored waiting. Molly felt she could trust Cicely Anne to entertain her beaux nicely for her when she was unavoidably detained.

"By the way, Cicely Anne," she exclaimed, "I suppose since I wasn't on the spot when Stephen arrived, you two really haven't been introduced. Mr. Stephen Roblinn, my sister, Mrs. Christy."

Mrs. Christy smiled over the tea-tray. "Mr. Roblinn and I were getting along famously waiting for you, Molly. As a matter of fact, I was on the point of asking him his name when you came in."

Stephen chuckled. "You see," he explained, "I astonished her so, by rushing in and calling her Molly before I had time to see my mistake. You never told me you had a sister, and we both quite forgot to mention my name at all."

Molly affected a pained expression. "Cicely Anne," she said, "I'm positively shocked to come in and find you having tea with a perfectly strange man, whose name you don't even know."

She laughed and glanced at Stephen, but he was not looking at her. If she had known it, he was drinking in with his eyes the lovely coloring of Mrs. Christy's dark hair, which made so charming a setting for the clear whiteness of her face and throat, and of her deep grey eyes which were the color of the soft dress she was wearing. Stephen adored good taste in womenkind.

"You two are very unlike for sisters, if you don't mind my commenting upon it," he said before he was aware.

"Meaning what?" asked Molly, saucily.

"Meaning—oh—er nothing in particular," floundered Stephen, avoiding her eye. "Just unusual to find sisters such different types, that's all."

"Bouquet for you, Cicely Anne," concluded Molly, throwing a kiss to her sister. For once, Stephen did not rise to the occasion.

After that, Mrs. Christy contrived to conduct the conversation into less personal channels, and Molly, who was not particularly keen about hearing some of Stephen's war tales, tucked herself up in the corner of the chesterfield, and demanded one of Stephen's cigarettes.

He gave her one, lit it for her, and said, looking solemn, "Were you sick the first time you smoked, Molly?"

Mrs. Christy could not repress a laugh, and Molly assumed her most sophisticated air. "No, of course not, Stephen. Why do you ask?"

Stephen sat down again, and smiled enigmatically. "Nothing, Molly. I was just wondering if you really enjoy smoking." Molly's chin took an offended tilt, but she said nothing, and the war tales were resumed. Shortly after six, Molly explained that she hated to hurry away, but as she was going out to dinner, she simply had to go and dress. Would Stephen excuse her? she asked, smiling sweetly. After that the obvious thing for him to do seemed to be to depart.

Mrs. Christy held out her hand. "Do come again," she said, "some time when Molly has a little more time to be sociable," adding with a little wistful expression in her eyes, "and tell us more about your experiences in the army, and—and—the people you knew—in France."

"I should like to come again very much," he acknowledged. "I shall try not to startle you so next time."

THE FOLLOWING Tuesday evening Molly departed for the theatre, accompanied by a young man whose appearance was much smarter than his conversational ability, only Molly was not particular in that respect. After they had gone Mrs. Christy settled down with a book for a quiet evening. Her father and mother were dining out, and she had no company but her own thoughts, which were not always as cheerful as her face would lead one to suppose. She did not read more than a page or two when the door-bell rang, and in came Stephen.

He looked very big and nice and cheery, and Mrs. Christy realized all of a sudden that she had been feeling a bit lonely, and that Stephen was very welcome.

"Don't get up," he began, advancing with outstretched hand, "you look so cosy by the fire."

Then came one of the smiles that Stephen so appreciated, and she exclaimed, "Oh, what a pity, Mr. Roblinn. You're always out of luck in timing your visits. Molly just left a few minutes ago for the theatre." Stephen stood in front of the fire, and smiled into it, and the smile crept into his eyes, too, and seated itself mischievously in them. "Yes," he said. "I saw her going."

Mrs. Christy made an involuntary little movement, exclaimed, "Oh!" and stopped, watching his amused expression until he moved. Then: "You'll have to put up with me for entertainment, as even father and mother are out to dinner."

Stephen laughed. "I didn't see them go," he said, "but it wouldn't have made any difference. You see, I was feeling a bit stupid so I thought you wouldn't mind if I came over to see you and be amused."

Mrs. Christy affected great incredulity. "Lonely! You!" she exclaimed, "why, I thought you were always too busy to be."

Stephen lit a cigarette for her, one for himself, and sat down. "Your sister," he remarked, reflectively, "keeps me quite busy—she and a lot of other young butterflies—but once in a while I take time to stop and think, and to collect my senses. Tonight is one of those times." After a moment's pause he added, "I was getting a bit out of my depth, so I'm wading back."

She said nothing, awaiting his explanation. "Now," he continued, leaning back comfortably, while the smoke from his cigarette wound upwards in a thin, grey spiral, "tell me something about Molly's sister."

She glanced at him a little shyly. "Oh, there isn't much to tell," she continued. "Molly's sister leads a very quiet life since she—came home. You see being away from here so long I rather lost touch with my old friends; it's hard to pick up the threads after—let me see—five years."

"Well." There was a little upward quirk of the corners of Stephen's mouth, "leave the old ones alone, then, and make new ones. I'm willing," he concluded, with smiling candor.

So the conversation drifted on; mutual friends were discovered, places in England which both had known during the war were re-visited in recollection, various war incidents were recounted by Stephen, though only the most amusing of his experiences. She did not ask him to tell her further about her husband. He seemed to understand that she was completely satisfied when he had said that Dick Christy was a brave man. That was the sum total of his war record, and it needed no details.

Most of the time, when Stephen was talking, she looked into the heart of the glowing fire, and at such times Stephen's eyes never left her face, and he found himself longing to stop the clock, so that they could

(Continued on page 34)



Once as the lights went up, he turned to speak to her, and her grey eyes were soft with tears.

# RESISTING THE INEVITABLE

*By*
## Lt.-Col. John Bayne Maclean

IT WAS NOT my intention, as the result of my own and other investigations in Europe as well as on this side, to write any articles on the world situation as it affects the present and future of business in Canada. Our plan was to continue using that information for the general guidance of my editorial associates and specialists who cover a wide range of Canadian trade, industry and finance in our business papers. This we have been doing for a long period, and with a greater degree of prophetic accuracy than we had hoped for in the face of the very marked difference of opinion in important sections of Canadian trade. One of our earliest articles appeared over two and a half years ago, November 2, 1918. It foretold faithfully the course of events which has followed the war. That is, the temporary elation, then the decline in prices, employment and wages, just as they have since happened; but at that time the views set forth were very strongly resented by some business men. Many misinterpreted it, and in certain lines it upset business right across Canada.

An entirely false impression had been created by unthinking, but well-meaning theorists through the pulpit, press and platform, that the war had made a new world where comfortable profits, high wages, easy living and ideal all-round conditions would prevail. A world safe for democracy was construed to mean less work and more pay, and those who suggested the application of ordinary common-sense, based on experience, had a very unpopular role to fill. The trouble is nearly all of us look at conditions only from our own standpoint,and generally arrive at conclusions agreeable to our own lazy interests. We want to be and live the way we think millionaires live, without going through the long hours and life-long drudgery they went through before they attained a competency. In short, we don't want to work. A competent study from the practical viewpoint both before and just after the war would have indicated that we might have to get away back to worse than pre-war conditions.

How Canadian business could best demobilize after the war occasioned many live discussions in our editorial organization. Some thought we should lead by advocating in our columns immediate, drastic liquidation. This would cause panic or near panic. It would be severe while it lasted. It would certainly bring down many business concerns, and there would be much individual suffering among employees. But the country that liquidated quickly would get back sooner to stable conditions, less unemployment, and better times.

Others on our staff, looking only at surface indications, influenced by mass opinion, were sure that good times and high prices, for Canada at any rate, would prevail for many years.

Working in conjunction with the most able, experienced and far-seeing men in Canadian industry and finance, the consensus of our experienced opinion favored the advocacy in our own papers of immediate, but gradual—not panicky—liquidation of merchandise stocks of all kinds; the accepting of losses on supplies that could be replaced at lower prices; buying only for immediate needs; collecting all our debts; paying all our indebtedness; cutting out wastes, putting our finances on the consequent better basis; and the strengthening of all Canadian organizations for increased production and more aggressive selling.

### Where the Opposition Came From

THIS policy was covered in detail over many months by my associate, H. T. Hunter, in a series of our own office bulletins circulated for their guidance among the members of the editorial staff of our business papers. Strange to say, it was not the theorists and uplifters who opposed us chiefly, but groups of business men who got together and unwisely advanced prices when they should have been reducing them, and by propaganda misled purchasers into overbuying in anticipation of greater shortage in supplies and still higher prices. In several instances trade organizations insistently demanded our support in this maintenance of high prices for their particular commodities. Others, misjudging the outlook, and honestly trying to give the best service to their customers and employes, purchased raw materials and turned them into the finished product at top prices. They are carrying these to-day. It may take two or more years to liquidate them, and they deserve our sympathetic co-operation wherever possible. Their losses will amount to many, many millions in the aggregate.

There has been much unjust criticism of the retail trade for not responding to the lower prices of raw material, but it must not be overlooked that sometimes two years may elapse before the products from raw materials arrive on the shelves of the retail store. Many of them have been put in a very difficult position by the shortsighted representations of a few groups of manufacturers who have overloaded them with merchandise at peak prices. Fortunately, retail trade, excepting in a few lines, and outside the big centres, has been exceptionally good—ahead of last year until quite recently. But in some lines some retail losses will wipe out the work of a life-time.

Since my return from Europe there has been a very insistent demand for a more detailed general review of the situation in our columns, and many calls have come for our editors to address gatherings of business men throughout the country. Hence the following notes, which are not the theories of an expert professor of the economics of the schools, but the common-sense condensations and deductions of a journalist from the mass of information gathered from world leaders in politics, finance, business and labor, based on their own experiences and investigations, rather than his own.

### No Reason for Pessimism

AT THE outset, let me say we can find nothing in the Canadian situation that should cause pessimism, but there is much reason for extreme care for the present, combined with good hope for the future. There is no strong reason in sight for the opinion so freely expressed that the worst is over, and that we are now on the upgrade of business improvement. We have a long way to go yet in Canada in liquidation, that is, in a clearing out of high-priced merchandise, in lowering wages and cost of doing business, and procuring a larger output per unit or man, and particularly in getting lower transportation costs before we bring Canadian selling prices to the basis on which the world can afford to buy for some time to come. Sam Gompers is clear on the lower wages question. In his recent pronouncement he demanded the continuance of the present standard of wages, not the present wages, which he knows cannot be maintained when other costs go down.

Well established businesses, efficiently conducted that have avoided over-expansion, will come through the critical period all right and help Canada to hold domestic, and to regain and develop foreign trade, on which our future depends so much. They will pick up the business the weaker concerns are unable to serve. It is a very important, very interesting and not generally recognized fact that the beginnings of a number of our oldest and most substantial Canadian concerns were established during the most trying panics, particularly 1853, 1873, 1893 and lesser depressions—in which times they laid the foundations for future success. When other concerns were going to the wall, they, by harder work, longer hours and the more intensive study of their production problems and selling markets, built efficient organizations, added to their list of customers from among the best clients of their weak competitors, and made money. This is the time, therefore, to keep to the well-tried methods that have proved successful in past crises.

But there are trying times ahead for badly conducted, under-capitalized concerns, and hardship and suffering for inefficient workers. They will not, and cannot stand up under the keen competition for business and jobs.

We must expect not a few failures; there are going to be fewer concerns and they must work harder to sell their products; but, owing to the splendid co-operation of the chartered banks, failures will be far less numerous than in like times in the past. Never before has our banking system proved itself so helpful to Canadian industry nor have our bankers shown so broad a grasp of industrial problems. The last few years have also developed a higher type of branch banker. He is expected to be a good business man himself, and he can always increase his capacity by appealing to experts at the head offices, who, in turn, have the most experienced men in the country on their directorates or at hand. In short, the branch bank manager, once the social, has now become, or should be, the business leader of his community.

### Leave the Reserves Alone

FORMERLY when a business man or farmer had a temporary difficulty in meeting payments, the tendency of the average manager was to throw him into insolvency. The modern manager makes every effort to help him with advice, extension of credit and, if necessary with more money. It is only when he shows real incapacity that he is forced into bankruptcy and that in consequence of his incapacity. In this way modern Canadian banking will help many a business to carry on and maintain its good workers through depressions. But unfortunately Canadian business now and in the future is going to be more seriously handicapped by the vicious policy, inspired by self-seeking agitators, of taxing unduly the surplus earnings of industry, instead of, in a young country like Canada, leaving them sufficient reserves to carry the concerns and their workers through the lean years. In Canada, industrial capital consists almost entirely of the surplus earnings of the Canadian people and not, as in old countries, of inherited investments and the income thereof. Even so wise and courageous a man as the Premier, Mr. Meighen, boasted the other day in New Brunswick that Capital was more highly taxed in Canada than in any other country, and his propagandists spread it broadcast to increase his own and his party's popularity, although it would only do so with the thoughtless. He might have qualified it, and done his country and himself a great service by expressing regret that this was the case and adding something like this:"Present conditions show me that we have been unjust to industry. We should have left much of that money with the concerns which made it, to enable them to carry their workers, their industries, and their investors through the reconstruction period." Notwithstanding all that may be said, I cannot think of one executive who would not, if he could, carry all his good employees through bad periods. But many of them cannot do so, and continue in business.

"How far must prices of commodities and salaries and the wages of labor go before liquidation is completed?" is the question we are most frequently asked. General opinion is that we will never again get to the basis of 1913-14, but is it not a fact that when the war came we had reached a high point in prosperity and costs, and were about to enter a period of depression and declining prices? We who are in close touch with most industries from the Atlantic to the Pacific, certainly found a marked decline in trade in late 1913. Many of the younger generation of financiers and business men think that prices and labor will not again fall as low as in 1913-14 because of the heavy war costs we must carry. But the older industrial leaders here and abroad think we will go below 1914. They all admit that the pre-war gold standard will not come back for many, many years, and that some industries and groups of workers may by combination withstand for a time the decline, but they will eventually have to face the facts and will find themselves in a worse position than if they had shown more wisdom at the outset. Great Britain might perhaps resume the gold standard at an early date if there were any assurance that the gold she shipped out thereunder would come back in the normal course of international trade, but many countries will keep for a long time all they can get, and that will materially hinder the British resumption of gold payments.

Based on some Canadian records for a number of similar periods as far back as 1853, prices will go below 1914. In two periods we find wages of unskilled labor dropped to about one-third of the maximum of boom times. Lumbering, our oldest great industry, shows that wages rose to $30 a month with board in an expansion period, but within a year and a half the men went into the woods at $8; and cost of living came down to the same equivalent. There was no suffering, but more hard work because the men, thinking for themselves, instead of resisting by refusing to work for lower wages, accepted the then world conditions.

### Many Heavy Declines Recorded

IN THE cost of living, the latest figures in the United States indicate what is coming. There price movements are generally a few months to a year in advance of Canada. On April 1 the U. S. index figure of the prices of farm products was 58.3 per cent lower than a year ago, 48.6 per cent lower than two years ago, and 27.6 per cent lower than the average on April 1 of the past ten years. There have

been heavy declines in other raw materials, or more properly other primary products, but manufactured products, especially at retail, have not yet declined to the same extent. Excessive freight charges have much to do with these. Major-General MacRae gave me an example the other day of a car of grain on which the freight alone to the eastern Canada consumer was over twice what the farmer received for it. Agricultural products and raw materials represent the purchasing power of one-half the population, as a New York banker recently pointed out. When this situation becomes generally understood, pressure from agriculturists and organized labor will become so great that transportation, and therefore living costs, will come down much further.

So far Germany and Japan appear to be the only countries that have got back to pre-war conditions in a way that would give us any indication of what may come here and elsewhere throughout the world. In Germany unskilled wages are now about 8c per hour as compared with 24c, our money, in 1914. There, they have now no unemployment as we have it here. Workers live better than before the war excepting in the occupied areas where German officialdom puts up a camouflage of poverty in the presence of the Allies and other foreigners. Even in bread, theirs is a beautiful white, while France, when I left, still had the black war variety. The only scarcity in Germany seems to be in milk and butter, and there is suffering among the children who are coming into the world in great numbers. So sound is Germany's position today, according to an Englishman who occupies a very high official position, that he would prefer German to any allied bonds. He based his opinion on the unsettled political and industrial conditions in France and Great Britain. Of course German defeat was a great spur to speedy reconstruction.

The next important question constantly asked is: "How long may we expect this period of depression to continue?" The answer: Until costs reach bottom. When that will be is a guessing contest, for present conditions are so entirely different from anything of which we have any experience or records. Apart from an unusual and more generally devastating war we have now great organizations of business and labor putting up an organized resistance to the inevitable lowering of prices, profits and wages. Back of many labor organizations, inspiring them, known only to a few members, is the hidden hand of German propaganda. Apart from these, based on experience, we should now be approaching the bottom, and another year or so should see the turn of the tide.

In Canada at present we have our eyes on three great factors, transportation costs, building costs and crops.

### Next Winter May Be Severe Test

MANY costs are coming down, but it is questionable if they are coming quickly enough to have any material effect on this year's business—whether it may not be necessary to go through another very severe winter before we all realize that this is not a new world and that the war must be paid for by more production at lower costs; that buyers at home and abroad will keep their money until prices of necessities are more reasonable.

Transportation costs cannot come down for some time, and they are a very great factor in delaying readjustments in the building trades and in living costs. Great hopes were laid last winter and this spring on a revival in building which would have given a splendid impetus to all Canada, and helped carry us through the coming winter. Millions of money were available for homes and improvements among persons who had saved for the purpose. The country never had so much money in the aggregate, and certainly never had so much money to spend on building. The money is not in the hands of the few, but of the many. But supply houses, contractors and their workers made a fatal miscalculation of public sentiment and business outlook. They held out for maximum prices for material and labor and for war-time profits. The investors, refusing to be held up, abandoned the building plans and put their money in bonds and other such securities. Instead of having this spring, as was anticipated, the greatest building boom we have ever had, it fell to less than two-thirds of last year. Contracts let in Canada to March 31, were only $37,000,000 against $56,000,000 a year ago. Recently there has been a marked drop in tenders quoted by some contractors. This is due chiefly to labor costs where workers, breaking away from union control, are seeking employment much below the scale, and in some cases, records of which I have seen, are doubling the output. But it is now too late to correct the mistake, for extensive new work will not be undertaken this year and many plans will never be gone on with. The optimistic stories of the sudden great revival published by some newspapers have no foundation, and are very harmful. The wiser men in business and labor saw this situation coming last year and proposed a getting together—in fact did get together in a couple of private conferences—to reduce costs, but were overawed by professional agitators in the unions, and a lack of big leadership in business circles. The outlook as late as December last was most promising, when certain sane labor leaders privately offered to bring about a general reduction of wages if manufacturers, dealers, the national Government, and others would co-operate. This splendid scheme fell through mainly because of two great weaknesses in our industrial situation. That fine old organization, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, has been neglected by the able, far-seeing, broad-minded men in its membership, with the usual result. Its big problems never get to them, and great opportunities are not grasped by the lesser minds. Its executive direction is left to clerks, without successful manufacturing or business experience, with the result that the views of the Association now fail to command the respect they did in the days when the men at the head of our greatest industries directed its affairs. You cannot get the fifty thousand a year executive's leadership from a twenty-five hundred a year clerk. The agriculturists have one of their most capable and successful men, Mr. Crerar, to look after their national interests, a twenty thousand a year man. So also have the Labor Unions in Tom Moore.

The other weakness is in the Government at Ottawa, particularly in the Ministry of Trade and Commerce. Brilliant oratory, and a correspondence school course in business will not make a successful manufacturer or sales manager.

Both leaderships were utterly incapable of grasping the opportunity hinted at by the labor men, nor were they broad enough to bring the matter before, or invite the assistance of the big industrial chiefs.

### The Building That Isn't Done

PERHAPS never before was there such a chance for bringing Canadians together in national team work for the reconstructing of industry. Here, hundreds of men—particularly in the smaller centres and on the farms—with millions of money to put into building on reasonable terms, and thousands of workers in a mood to meet them who failed to get together because we left this big problem to a weak leadership in the C. M. A. and in the Dominion Department of Trade and Commerce. It is an easy problem to follow in detail the far-reaching effects a demand for building material and house furnishings would have on all Canadian industries. It would benefit directly or indirectly nearly every worker to the uttermost corners of the Dominion.

Instead of taking advantage of this opportunity of getting together for reconstructing Canadian industry, things were allowed to drift into discontent and unemployment, and the unnecessary taxing of the country, the provinces and the municipalities a third each, amounting to many millions, to maintain in idleness men and women anxious to work. They are now planning soup-kitchens and non-productive work for the coming winter instead of encouraging legitimate business and employment that would bring money into the country and homes.

The other factor delaying the world's return to normal, German propaganda, will continue until that nation has worked out her own great political and business reconstruction problems to her own satisfaction. This is the opinion of some well-informed international authorities. In the meantime German competition is working along two lines: first, cutting their own costs of production; second, increasing their competitors' costs of doing business by propaganda in competitors' countries to increase wages, shorten working hours and production of output, strikes, etc. This policy is not new, but is only now becoming generally understood. Propaganda in the past has been directed chiefly against the British Empire. It has been going on, it is now known, for at least thirty years. It first showed its strength there in 1897 in a great engineering strike, and has been steadily undermining the workers of the United Kingdom, and in recent years Old Country emigrants carried its policies to Canada. I sometimes wonder if "muddling through" was not "made in Germany" for British consumption. That this propaganda is an old German trick is shown by a reference in the biography, recently published, of a British diplomat at Berlin, who, in discussing the coming Franco-Prussian war with Bismarck, suggested: "But what if Italy comes in on the side of France?"

"No danger," Bismarck answered. "If the Italians show any tendencies to join France some of my agents (propagandists) will start a revolution there and keep them occupied at home."

When Germany concluded that the situation made a great war inevitable, she also began propaganda to weaken the national spirit in Britain. I first got this in 1909 in the back districts in England, when I made a trip round the United Kingdom, gossiping with all classes, to get a line on conditions. Several times in the north-eastern counties I was told there would be no war with Germany because "the British workman would be just as well off under the Kaiser as the King—both German." One of these was a group of fine sturdy English farm laborers as we sat one Sunday morning in the stable yard of a public house on an old hunting centre of former years in a county whose manhood suffered fearfully during the war. Not only did recruiting officers in 1914 meet this same answer continually throughout the United Kingdom, but an old employee in the Royal Gardens gave it as his reason for not joining Kitchener's Army when one of the Princesses spoke to him.

### The Active, Insidious Propagandists

THAT wise old labor leader, Mr. Gompers, understands it thoroughly, for on several occasions he has directed attention to efforts being made to infect U. S. workers with the same short-sighted policies. Lloyd-George recognized its power officially when the British government recently agreed to trade with Russia—which was really Germany—on the conditions that propaganda in Britain should cease. German influence in British Government circles is so strong that the propagandists have not been interfered with. Germans now own some leading newspapers in England. It is safe betting that Germans know more of the coming Imperial Conference than any Colonial Premier, and one need not go to our Secret Service for this information. Though their work is perfectly well known in official circles the facts are suppressed. Hence the condition of British trade to-day. In France they are continually rounding them up, and sending them back to Germany and Russia. Over 4,000 have been arrested already this year. In the United States, under the pressure of an organization of returned soldiers, the Wilson Government was forced to deport many hundreds, and the Harding Government is still more alive to the

*Continued on page 34*

## *An Explanation*

The present issue of MacLean's Magazine has been somewhat delayed owing to the strike of union workers of the Toronto publishing houses and job printing plants for a reduction from 48 to 44 hours per week and an increase in wages, the employers holding that the resulting increase in the cost of production would be impossible at the present time.

We ask the kind indulgence of our readers for the delay and also for the amalgamation should it prove necessary of the two following issues, July 1 and July 15, into one issue.

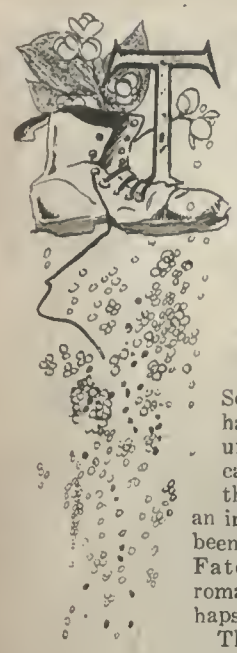
Difficulties of course have to be faced, but we expect within a month to be in a position to resume our normal service without further interruption.

# THE TIE THAT BINDS

## Some Recollections of a Veteran Issuer of Marriage Licenses

*By* CHARLES L. COYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUIS KEENE



THE first fact to be recorded is that I have been an issuer of marriage licenses for over thirty years. During that time I have put the first legal loop in the knot that has tied together something over six thousand couples. So, although my life has been a rather uneventful one, I can't help thinking that I have played an important part and been first assistant to Fate in many rosy romances, countless comedies and, perhaps, not a few tragedies.

There has been a story behind nearly every one of the six thousand bits of paper with their red seals that I have issued but, of course, I have seldom had any inkling of the facts. Sometimes I have had a little peep at them through a bit of information dropped casually by the prospective groom or by subsequent events but, even in such cases, I have seldom seen the end of it. So it has been rather like reading the first few chapters of a book and then missing the rest. Sometimes I have been sufficiently interested to piece it out or even to ascertain the ending, happy or otherwise, by making enquiries.

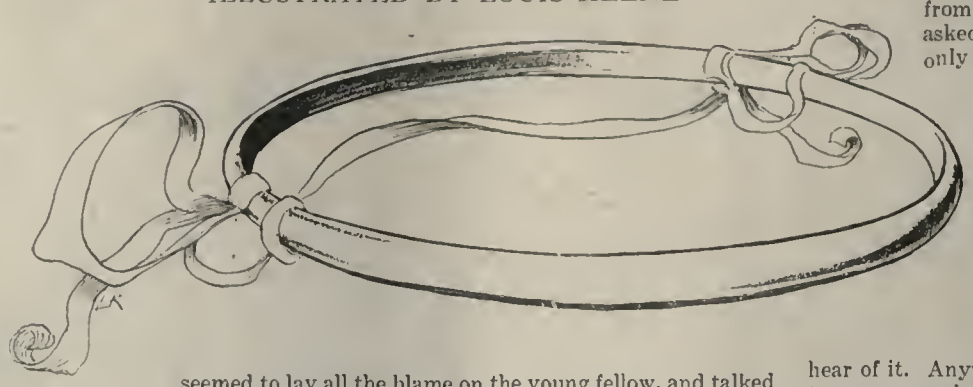
### The Irate Father and the Gun

I REMEMBER about two years ago, I was alone here in the store. It was getting near ten o'clock and I was preparing to close up when two men came in. One was quite a young man and the other much older. The young man asked for a marriage license. I didn't pay much attention to them at first but set about getting my papers. Then I came back and began to ask the usual questions. There was nothing unusual in his replies, but the young man's voice shook so and was so low that sometimes I had to ask him to repeat, and when I looked up I noticed that his face was white as chalk, and that his hands were shaking. So I looked at the tall grey man who was standing beside him, and it seemed to me that old stern face had not much the look of friendship. He stood beside the young man, their coat sleeves touching, and the older man kept his right hand in his coat pocket. I watched and I am sure that now and then when the young fellow seemed to hesitate the hand of the older man moved in his pocket; and the younger would start and go on.

Well, I suppose that I might have suspected something, and perhaps I did, but there was no flaw in the young fellow's answers. He asked for a license and got it, with the old man standing by. Perhaps there was a real story there, for it seemed to me from his look that the old man was following some stern idea of justice. Perhaps that is why I issued that license, perhaps it was just because I couldn't give any real reason why I shouldn't, but I've often wondered what was the end of that story, and what happened in the last chapters, for I am as certain as though I had seen it that the old man was holding a pistol against that young man's side.

YES, there are stories if you look for them and that one happened right here in Toronto. It's funny too what strange ideas people get. I remember once I was making out a license, and both the young man and young lady were there, and while I was writing a terrific thunderstorm sprang up. That finished the whole proceedings. The young lady burst out crying, and nothing in the world would make her go on. We both tried to argue with her, but it wasn't any use. She thought it was an omen. I don't know if they ever got married or not, but I know I didn't issue the license.

Another time almost the same thing happened. The girl and the man were both in the shop with me, and the girl's mother was waiting in a car outside, when suddenly the electric power went off and the lights went out. I found some stumps of candle and, sticking them on the counter, went on making out the license. Then the mother bounced into the store. When she saw the candles she let out a shriek. She said if her daughter married that man after this she wouldn't expect her to live a year. She seemed to lay all the blame on the young fellow, and talked to him as though she had just discovered him burying his wife's body in the cellar. I don't know whether they got married either but I have a very strong impression that they didn't. I judged that the mother hadn't been particularly strong for the young fellow from the start, and the incident of the candles was too much for her.



### The Value of a Wife

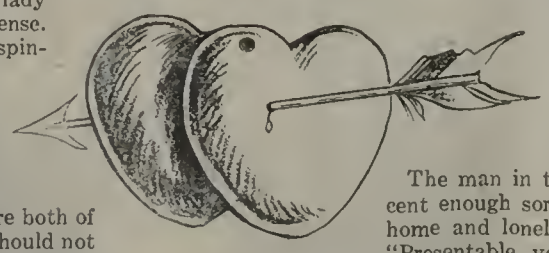
SOMETIMES there is a touch of humor in this business too. I remember a middle-aged Scotchman once who came to get a license. He was marrying a lady of settled years, whom I fancy had been chosen as one who was not likely to dissipate the family fortune. He caught my attention because he was the only applicant that had ever in my memory questioned the fee. Most men behave as though the marriage license bureau was a chamber of horrors from which they would gladly escape at any cost less than their lives. But this one was unquestionably counting the cost. There were real heartburnings marked on his face as he withdrew the bill slowly from the bottom of a small black leather purse.

The minister, who he had told me was to perform the ceremony, was more or less a friend of mine, and so meeting him some months later, I asked about the wedding. The minister was glad to recount the story. It was evidently one that he had told a good many times without it losing its pleasant flavor on his lips.

"When the wedding was over," he said, "your friend asked me what was my charge. They usually do not put it quite so bluntly in the presence of the bride. However I said that I usually liked a man to set a value on his own bride. I must say at that, that your friend looked somewhat relieved, and he gave me a dollar bill. I let it go at that, and thought no more about it. A little while ago I chanced to meet him on the street and stopped to ask after his wife. 'Parson,' he said, 'I'll no' say that ye were to blame. I was over leeberal from lack of experience, but ye fashed me wi' ye'r talk o' setting a value on the wife. I'll no' blame ye. But, Parson, I'd gae ye twice that if you could undae it.' "

But getting back to marriage licenses, sometimes I get a good deal of quiet amusement out of the innocence of the applicants. Especially when they're young, they often come together to apply. One of the questions we are required to ask is "Who is going to marry you?" so that our records will show the officiating clergyman. I don't know how many times I have asked that question of blushing young ladies, and I hardly remember a case where the blushing young lady has not replied, "Why John, of course," or whatever the young man's name happens to be.

Sometimes, but not often, the lady alone, comes to apply for the license. One case I remember was that of a spinster of very uncertain years. The man was a widower and had been boarding at her home for some time. One day she dropped in and bought a ring, and took out a license. She had all the necessary information, and certainly they were both of age, so there was no reason why I should not issue the license. I did ask, however, why the gentleman had not come in person to apply. "Oh! James is so bashful," she simpered.



I have an impression that James had never been consulted on the matter, and that she was contemplating an attack in force, beating down his defence with a weight of evidence. I never heard the end of that story either, but the lady had evidently made up her mind, so I guess what James might have thought didn't really matter.

Sometimes you do happen to learn the end of a story, and perhaps it is commonplace enough, sometimes perhaps it is a little tragic.

There was an old man dropped in one day from a little town just north of Toronto and asked for a license. He was to marry a woman only slightly younger than himself. I issued the license, and he went away. A few days later he dropped in again looking rather dejected. He asked me to take back the license and return him his money I explained to him that I couldn't do that. It was against the law. I couldn't issue a license to my own brother without charging him for it. Then, finally, it came out. He had intended to marry the lady with the wedding ring of his first wife, and the lady's two sons who had returned from the war would not hear of it. Anyway, they urged, their mother was too old to marry again. I advised the old gentleman to wait awhile and see what turned up. Some months later he came back, bought a new ring, and asked if the license was all right. I had to tell him that, being over three months old, it was of no use except as a memento. But he bought another. I didn't learn how he had overcome the objections of the sons. Perhaps they had married themselves. Anyway he got married. Sometime later I met someone from his town and asked about him. He had married and taken his wife home, and three weeks after he had buried her. So ended that little romance.

Sometimes you meet a cheery, optimistic sort of chap, who takes the whole thing as something of a joke. One of them dropped in from Hamilton recently to get a certificate. He was a friendly chap, and before the license was made out I knew pretty well the whole story. He wasn't exactly engaged to the young lady, but he had been keeping company with her for some time, and had spent a goodly sum of money in giving her a good time and she had evidently made the most of him and given him good cause to believe that she was interested. Anyway that is how the young fellow figured it out, and he was so sure that he bought a wedding ring as well as the license, the biggest, fattest ring he could get. Then he strolled off as merry as a cricket to get married. Robbie Burns, wasn't it, who said something about "the best laid plans of mice and men going agley?" Well I guess he was one of those mice, anyway he turned up at the shop about an hour later, and laid the license and the ring on the counter.

"It seems," he remarked in a somewhat more subdued tone, "that there isn't going to be any wedding, at least with these. Now, just what does a chap do when he has a wedding ring and marriage license over?"

I felt kind of sorry for him, for, while he was still trying to be jaunty, there was a limpness about it that suggested the lady had talked to him good and plenty. So I told him, I would gladly take back the wedding ring and refund his money, but that I couldn't do anything about the marriage license.

"Fine," he said, "fine; I was wondering what I would do with that ring, not aiming to have anything for it to do from now on. As for the license I wouldn't part with it. Going to have it framed, so that I can have a look at it any time I feel a trifle wobbly at the knees regarding this marriage business. No, I reckon that part of it was a good investment."

### He Advertised for a Wife

I HAVE sometimes run into a hodge-podge romance, the sort that starts in the personal column of the newspaper and usually ends in the columns for police doings.

There was one case where I had issued the license, that became so interesting to me that I worked back from that point till I had dug up the whole story.

The man in the case was apparently a decent enough sort of young fellow, away from home and lonely, so he started one of those "Presentable young man of good character wishes to meet attractive young lady"—the sort of thing that appears in the personal column of the paper. Finally after squandering quite a little sum in adding to his attractions in print every day or so, he got an answer. For a while things were quite lively in print, and finally it was arranged that the lady in question should be in a certain big store at a certain time and date, and that she should wear a pink rose as a distinguishing mark.

The young man waited at the rendezvous for a long

while but no lady appeared. Finally he sighted a young lady who looked about as he had hoped his enamorata would look. She was wearing a flower, too, only it wasn't a rose. "Still," he argued, "perhaps she couldn't get a pink rose." Anyway he determined to take a chance. The young lady seemed considerably surprised when addressed, but the boy wasn't a bad-looking chap, and I guess she was somewhat interested. She let him talk, until he had uncovered the whole story of the newspaper campaign. She let him take her to dinner and finally even agreed to marry him.

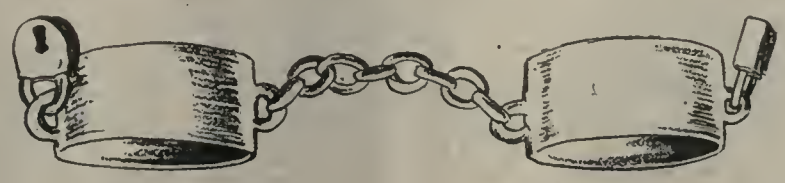


The young fellow was somewhat more prompt than she had imagined, I fancy, for he had a license from me in no time, and almost as soon was at a minister's, where they were married in due form, the girl a trifle breathless perhaps but no more so than many young folks being married. When it was all over and they were driving away, the girl asked him to wait a moment in front of a certain large store while she went in and got a few things. Being in a pleasant frame of mind he suspected nothing and let her go. He waited quite a while. Finally he got out and made a thorough search of the store, but no wife was to be found anywhere. After conducting a little private search, he finally called the police to his assistance. Some weeks later the lady was discovered and the two were brought together. The lady was tearfully indignant. She had just done it for a joke, and had never thought of getting married really. It was good fun for a while, but she wouldn't live with that man for worlds. And she didn't. She disappeared again somehow and has never been seen since. But they were married all right. There was no doubt of that.

OF course the marriage license man is supposed to use his discretion in issuing licenses. He has not only to see that the answers are correct but to be sure that the parties are telling the truth. Of course if they swear their answers, whether they are the truth or not, the license issuer is not legally responsible. It is the youngsters who give most of the trouble. They will drop in at 16 and 17 years of age, and often unblushingly swear that they are years older. That causes you some trouble and unceftainty. There was a young fellow here a little while ago who gave me all the particulars and left me to make out the license, promising to come back and pay for it later. That evening I phoned up to his home to tell him that the license was ready, and his mother answered. I didn't tell her what I was phoning about, but she was very curious. Finally she landed down at the store with the boy, who, it appeared, was only sixteen. He and his lady love had contemplated elopement.

"I guess I didn't want to get married much anyway," he remarked. But it cost him five dollars to find out, and he had the pleasure of watching his mother tear up that five dollars' worth before his eyes.

Of course, we are supposed to use our own discretion, and refuse a license if a man is under the influence of liquor or drugs, but it is pretty difficult to tell sometimes. I lost several licenses when I first started in this business, because the man applying seemed perfectly sober, and only showed that he was under the influence when the license was practically prepared. I have had some pretty hot arguments, too, with these fellows. They cannot see any reason why they should not celebrate the purchase of the license. I make it a point to tell them that I can't sell them a license while in that condition, but that I will serve them if they come back sober in the morning. I remember one young fellow like that. When I came to open the shop door a little before eight in the morning there he was. He had been tramping around all night walking off the spree, and I must say that he didn't look much like wedding festivities. However, he was sober. and he got his license. That, I think was about the only license that I have issued in the morning. Most of them are issued in the late evening and a very few in the late afternoon. We can't issue a license after 10 o'clock at night and it's pretty hard to convince people that there is any good reason for this rule, but it has stopped a lot of run-away marriages and that sort of thing, so I suppose it is a good rule, after all.



### When the Bride Was Lost

I REMEMBER one rather unusual case that happened some years ago. It was one of those whirlwind courtships that happens when the groom is a little mellowed with liquor. Anyway he and the bride-to-be applied for a license. I did not notice that the man was under the influence of liquor so I gave him the license. But it seems that, with the license in his possession, the fellow began to imbibe more freely. Sometime during the evening the woman grew tired of the mellowing process and left him. He didn't worry much till well on into the next day. Then, he dropped into the store to make enquiries. He admitted he was drunk when he got the license, and had been more so during the evening. He had a hazy remembrance of having appeared before a parson shortly after getting the license, but he hadn't the faintest idea how he had mislaid his wife. He didn't even know her name in fact. From the record he was supplied with the name Mary Smith—a good name but not one that lends itself naturally to swift detective work. About the only thing that detective work could do for him was to find out eventually that he actually had married. Somewhere in the land one of the fairly numerous Mary Smiths was his wife; but which one? He had only the vaguest idea what she looked like and a husband looking for a lost wife is naturally supposed to be able to supply some data as to her appearance.

So he is probably still looking, and turning around with an uneasy start every time he hears the name of Smith.

Oh yes, there are some hints of stories in these musty old records. Stories everywhere if you are only quick to catch the hint. Do you remember how O. Henry closed one of his stories about Detroit, with the question: "I wonder what's happening in Buffalo?" When you begin to wonder, they are about you everywhere. I haven't paid much attention as it gets pretty commonplace in this business, but I've seen enough to know that the stories are there if you tried to look for them.

# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R

**They're Glad.**—There's no Pollyanna like a monopoly.—London *Free Press.*

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**Some Crossing.**—One more river to cross—the Donnybrook.—London *Free Press.*

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**Defined.**—"Low Spirits"—things reduced by some kind hibition in or pro.—London *Free Press.*

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**Heedless Verbiage.**—"Thieves disguised as gas officials.—Headline. Why disguised?—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**Methods Vary.**—Some women shoot their husbands to get rid of them, and some fry everything they cook.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**One Viewpoint.**—A college professor says modern styles show nothing but individuality. Well. Perhaps! —Calgary *Herald.*

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**Hers.**— When a husband and wife are both of one mind it isn't a difficult task to figure out which originally owned the mind.—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**Necessary Equipment.**—Shock absorbers would be quite convenient when we hear some people talk.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**A Helpful Suggestion.** —An Ironwood, Mich., man 46 years old, and his wife, 44, are puzzled as to what name to give their new baby their 18th. Why not name it Goodness Gracious?—Kingston *Standard.*

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**A Study in Human Inventiveness.**—When one hears of the many fancy names given to new babies he wonders no more about the queer names bestowed upon Pullman cars. Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

**Protection.**—Your cup of joy will never run over if the bartender is allowed to handle the bottle.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**A Far Cry.**—"Look for peace when Irish agree."—Headline. It is to be hoped the prospects for peace are not so black as all that.—Regina *Post.*

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**The Necessity.**—Every wise girl knows she can get by with last year's hat if she can get a pair of stockings of the right quality.—Nelson, B.C., *News.*

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**Ambiguous.**—The latest fashion news is that the girls aren't going to wear short skirts any longer.—*Border Cities Star.*

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**As it Looks.**—Medicine Hat is all excited about a rainmaker who is operating in that neighborhood. But who in heck wants to drink rain?—Moncton *Free Press.*

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**Fearful Hands.**—Business stagnation is the result of fear. Every man is afraid to take his hand out of the other fellow's pocket.—Fredericton, N.B., *Mail.*

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**Are Saved the Trouble.**—Some men outlive their usefulness, and some others are born without any.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**Our Simple Tastes Permit.**—Now, if they would only start and throw in two coats, as well as two pairs of pants, with each suit, we might be able to mess along somehow with one vest.—Lindsay *Post.*

* * * *

**Another Cause Gone Wrong.**—The one-piece bathing suit may be barred at the beach this year.

And after four years of fighting for the Freedom of the Seas!—Saskatoon *Star.*

**No Marble Stand Pats.**—You won't find any statues about the world representing men who were satisfied with things as they were.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Selection.**—It may soon be necessary to offer to keep the tax and let the government have the income.—*Border Cities Star.*

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**Arboreal.**—Lots of people try to conceal themselves among the branches of their family trees.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**They're Posies Now.**—And now they're paying a lot of attention to dandelions on the lawn and elsewhere. There's a reason.—Galt *Reporter.*

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**A Mistaken Judgment.**—Many a man thinks that he is putting up a strong argument when in reality he is only making a loud noise.—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**Now Nothing is Concealed.**—In the old days a widow could dress her sixteen-year-old daughter in short skirts and thus conceal her own age.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Compensation.**—There are no good people in hell. And that will be a great comfort to those who formerly were annoyed by reformers.—Regina *Post.*

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**Experience.**—There is nothing like experience with which to tackle a job. A young man at Starbuck who has been driving a team of mules all winter is about to be married.—*Manitoba Free Press.*

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**Still off Color.**—Just to show the United States railroads are not back to normal, fewer persons were killed on the railways last year than in any year since the Spanish war. Brockville *Recorder-Times.*

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Why Germany Should Have Upper Silesia

*The Question Discussed from the German Viewpoint — Silesia Separated Politically from Poland for 600 Years*

SIDNEY OSBORNE

A MUCH debated question at the present moment is that as to how far effect should be given to the recent plebiscite in Upper Silesia which in some districts went in favor of Germany and in others in favor of Poland, the votes of the whole country showing a majority for Germany.

Contrary to general belief the Treaty of Versailles does not provide that the vote of the inhabitants shall be treated as decisive. Article 4 provides that the Commission will communicate the result of the voting to the Allied and Associated Powers "with a recommendation as to the line which ought to be adopted as the Frontier of Germany in Upper Silesia."

Mr. Osborne, in the *Cosmopolitan*, places before his readers the arguments in favor of the whole district being granted to Germany. He says:—

"From the historical standpoint, it is sufficient for the purposes of this article to say that politically Upper Silesia has not been attached to Poland for over 600 years. Everyone knows that, and everyone knows how greatly the district has advanced materially under Prussian government. Now, no one has disputed the right of the Germans to the possession of Upper Silesia for over six hundred years, and while there is no right of prescription recognised as between nations, nevertheless it cannot be doubted (following the analogies of the law of real property) that six centuries of uninterrupted and undisputed possession would, if the case were presented before any impartial international tribunal of law, be regarded as conclusive of Germany's superior rights.

"Be that as it may, we have now to consider some of the other grounds for regarding Upper Silesia as rightfully a part of Germany from which it would be unjustifiable to separate it.

"Firstly, then, the unity of Upper Silesia with Germany is deeply founded on the character of the country—its topographical and natural features. The entire Silesian country is linked up with Germany by the River Oder and the system of rivers which are tributary to it. In Upper Silesia alone, which covers only a third of the total area of Silesia proper, no less than ten important rivers empty into the Oder—five from the east and five from the west.

"The natural unity of Upper Silesia with all of Silesia and with Germany as a whole is clearly perceived, firstly, when we approach its natural mountain frontier in the south-west in the direction of the Bohemian basin, where the impassableness of the mountains which separate it from Bohemia and Moravia plainly establish the dividing line, and, secondly, when we approach the north and east, where the protecting mountain wall is wanting, but where the boundaries are distinctly drawn by rivers.

"We have, furthermore, in Upper Silesia four important natural highways that have existed from the earliest times as traffic carriers linking up the East and South with the North and West. The railroads of Upper Silesia have followed the same natural routes, thus establishing that the trade and commerce of the entire region have been and are still controlled by natural laws which cannot be set aside without destroying the entire fabric.

"Having now disposed of the question of the political and natural unity of Upper Silesia with all Silesia and with Germany as a whole, there still remains for us to refer to its economic unity with the Fatherland.

"There may be exceptions to the rule that if a country is politically and naturally a unit it must likewise be an economic unit, but the case of Upper Silesia is not one of them. Indeed, the evidences of that province's economic solidarity with the rest of Germany are so numerous that it would take more space than the length of this paper permits merely to catalogue them, and we are, therefore, obliged to limit ourselves to generalities.

"Silesia first grew to importance in the Middle Ages. In the market towns and cities of Silesia the products of the East were exchanged for the products of the West. The experience, knowledge, and wealth thus gained by Upper Silesian traders in the mere barter and exchange of goods ultimately led to the establishment in Silesia by these same traders or their successors and descendants of business enterprises which now produced in their own country, for export, the same goods which had formerly been imported from abroad. Naturally it was German capital. German thrift, energy and business capacity which effected all this.

"Thus there grew up in Silesia an enormous trade with the rest of German land, not only in the native produce of the field and forest, but likewise in the products of the newly created textile industry, including the manufacture of linen and cotton goods, clothing, woollen goods, underwear, hats, and machinery.

"Every one of these industries is knit by closely woven ties to manufacturing, banking, and financial institutions, and to other forms of industry located elsewhere in Germany. All machines and machine parts are obtained from German sources outside of Upper Silesia. Accordingly, the machine industry of Germany is indispensable to Upper Silesia. On the other hand, the mining districts of Upper Silesia are indispensable to the machine industry and to agriculture of other German provinces by reason of the raw materials furnished to them.

"The writer has searched diligently a mass of Polish propaganda on the Upper Silesian question, in order to discover, if possible, what are the real grounds for the Polish claim to Upper Silesia; and he finds that the Polish claim may be reduced to two propositions, firstly, that Upper Silesia would be very desirable for Poland to possess because its great resources and well developed industries would aid a poor and struggling State to get on its feet, and, secondly, that 'the Polish delegates at Paris, basing their claim on President Wilson's points and on the established fact of the preponderating majority of Poles in Upper Silesia, demanded the natural and complete union of Upper Silesia with Poland.'

"The first proposition we shall concede, as it is obvious that it amounts merely to 'coveting thy neighbor's goods.' The second, however, requires more attention. The idea that has been disseminated that there is a Polish population in Upper Silesia rests upon an historical misconception and a gross misunderstanding of the ethnology of the so-called 'Water-Poles' in Upper Silesia.

"The 'Water-Poles' constitute the bulk of the laboring classes in Upper Silesia, as distinguished from the merchant, manufacturing, teaching, official, land-owning, and other of the more intellectual divisions of society. But the 'Water-Poles' are not Poles. They do not think Polish, act Polish, look Polish, or talk Polish. Their speech is a dialect, and a very rude dialect it is. Their language possesses no literature, and is incapable of expressing many ideas. Hence for the religious teaching of their children the 'Water-Poles' have always preferred German.

"So far as the right of self-determination is concerned, it would be just as logical to demand it for the mass of Italians, Greeks or Russians who over-populate some of the poorer districts of our large cities.

"The German State has given the Pole good schools, freedom of religious worship admirable protective labor provisions. including insurance, old age pensions, and compensation for sickness, accident and disability. He is no longer liable for military service, his wages are high, and he is well-housed in clean and comfortable quarters in a clean and moral community. Imagine him exchanging all this for what he would receive in Poland!"

## Poland's Claims on Silesia

*Polish Reply Deals with Natural Resources*

J. H. HARLEY

THE preceding article has given the German side of the argument. In the same issue of the *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Harley replies to those claims, in part, as follows:

"When the Allies proposed to give the province to Poland outright, the German delegation submitted observations which were a travesty of both history and logic. They began by asserting that 'since 1163 Upper Silesia ceased to have relations with the Kingdom of Poland' but, not content with this, Count Brockdorff-Rantzan added in a covering letter that 'strong ties have united Upper Silesia with Germany for more than 750 years.' The latter assertion was too much for the historical conscience of the Socialist leader, Herr Bernstein, who knew enough history to see what a mistake his chiefs were making, and in an article in the *Vorwarts* on May 15th, 1919, he seriously advised them to give up this line of argument. 'Such tampering with historical veracity,' said he, 'can only do harm to our German cause. The whole of Upper Silesia, which formed part of the Polish state in mediaeval times, passed in the fourteenth century under the sovereignty of Bohemia, and then in the eighteenth century, with all the rest of Silesia, came under the dominion of the Hapsburgs. It was in 1740-1742 that Frederick II. laid hold of it for Prussia. There can be no question here, then, of seven or even of eight centuries.'

"The Prussian Government has had many long centuries in which to nationalise or acclimatise the people of Upper Silesia, and the fact that Polish national feeling now reappears in stronger forms than before is the cogent refutation of the contention that Germany could ever be trusted with the future of Upper Silesia. So far back as 1848, when the movement of nationalities was first making itself felt, Bismarck was struck by the attitude of a

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Polish deputy from the province, who declared openly in the *Landtag* that 'Poles and Germans could never be friends.' In 1886 he was still more closely informed on the situation, for in that year he admitted 'that he was astonished to find to what an extent the Polish element had developed in Upper Silesia.'

"But the question must still be pressed why Germany is so superlatively anxious to retain possession of Upper Silesia.

"Here comes in another consideration which is not often now on the German lips but is nearest the heart of very many who have influence and power in the new Germany of to-day. In September, 1916, during the course of the war, the German Chamber of Commerce at Oppeln sent a memorandum to Dr. Bethmann Hollweg, who was then German Chancellor, in which some significant sentences were embodied. 'With the mines of Upper Silesia,' declared these German commercial magnates, 'the production of munitions, arms and other indispensables for our army' will not be adequate for Germany's need. It is in the interest of our forces that the industrial products of Upper Silesia should remain at all costs at the disposal of Germany.' In other articles, written in the same connection, it was hinted that without the possession of Upper Silesia, Germany would not be able to carry on war on a big scale under the conditions of the Great European War for any long period; and, generally, that the province was of the first importance in the military minds of the Empire. The loss of Upper Silesia to Germany will mean that she must reorganize her whole destructive industries. How could Germany mobilize quickly for any war of revenge if she had first to lay new foundations for her manufacture of munitions?

"The crudest form in which the economic considerations can be stated is, of course, what has been already termed the sordid consideration, that without the possession of Upper Silesia, Germany cannot pay a large or even an adequate Reparation. It is hardly worth while in such a paper as this to devote any share of serious attention to such an argument. Why should the Polish miner be used as the simple instrument of German schemes for an indemnity?

"During the ten or twenty years before the war German officials united their efforts for one dominating purpose, that of exterminating the native Polish population and of replacing it by a population of Germans, or should that fail, of Germanising it as completely and as rapidly as possible. For that purpose, economics had to be made subordinate to politics.

"But is Upper Silesia so absolutely bound up economically with Germany that its rupture would cause a dislocation in the economic arrangements of Europe? The most superficial glance at the map will show that the province is geographically an addition to Germany rather than an integral part of the undivided Fatherland. It forms, in fact, a kind of *cul-de-sac* surrounded by Poland on the north-east and south by Czecho-Slovakia on the south-west. Its natural communications are with the Baltic through Posnania, which is now united with the Baltic, or through the old Congress Poland. If it has to be forced in the future into trade relations with Germany its products must be transported by a circuitous route round Posnania, and this makes the transport of coal to Pomerania and East Prussia as expensive as that of Westphalian or even of British coal. The consequence is that, as can be easily shown from the German official figures, the competition of the other German coal districts proved fatal to the prospects of Upper Silesian coal in the German market. To express this deduction more exactly it can be shown that from 1890 to 1911 the share of Upper Silesia in supplying the local requirements of Berlin fell from 75.5 per cent. to 37.7 per cent., while the consignments of Westphalian coal increased in weight from 84,288 tons to 265,099 tons, or nearly three times as much.

"Furthermore, the vital connection of the economic interests of Upper Silesia and the New Poland is amply evidenced by the fact that before the war the latter was the main source of the Upper Silesian food supplies. In fact, Poland may be regarded as, in a very real sense, the granary of Upper Silesia. Large and increasing as was the import of Polish cereals, potatoes, pork, etc., into the province before the war, it is certain that such imports would have been greatly increased but for the hostile policy of the Prussian Junkers, who instituted quarantines and devised every means in their power in order to raise food prices for the Silesian consumer. In fact, if there is a strong feeling against Prussia among the Polish miners of Upper Silesia to-day, it is due to the selfish and harassing policy which has been followed in the past by the great agricultural and trade interests of Germany.

"A word must be said about the Labor problem before the article comes to an end. There is no doubt about the fact that in this densely populated country of Upper Silesia some 450,000 Polish workmen are laboring together to get coal from the bowels of the earth. In vain it is said that their talk is not pure Polish, that they themselves are only a branch of the Poles, that all their abstract words have been appropriated from the German. The supreme consideration is that linguistically they can be understood of every other Pole, and that they themselves have come to cherish a great and dominating attachment to the Polish name and race. They have felt in the past, as has been evidenced in many different ways, that they have hardly been treated fairly as compared with other parts of the Fatherland. For instance, it was pointed out that in 1914 as many as 75 per cent. of the Upper Silesians worked longer than eight hours per day, from 7 to 10 per cent. from ten to twelve hours. During the time of the war over 50 per cent. of young people from fourteen to sixteen were employed underground. While in the West of Germany women were only employed in the mines in 1916, and that to the extent of from 2 to 4 per cent., it is clear that in Upper Silesia the Polish women were compelled to go underground from the beginning of the war to the extent of from 10 to 12 per cent. Differential treatment like this produced a rankling feeling of indignation, and who can wonder that its influence was felt in decreased figures of production during and in the troubled times immediately after its conclusion? In Dembrowa, the immediately adjacent Polish coalfield, the miners have done splendidly for their country in times of trouble and stress. In 1920 the output amounted to 84 per cent. of the pre-war production, or, if a correction is made to denote the change from a ten hours to an eight hours day, the output amounted to 105 per cent. of the pre-war production. That is to say, the output per hour in the Polish mines is larger than it was before the war. The same cannot be said of the mines of Upper Silesia. There, owing to the political and economic unsettlement, the output has diminished not only in percentages but in absolute figures, and it compares unfavorably with the Polish mines, notwithstanding the great destruction wrought on the latter by the Germans during their period of occupation."




—Sykes in Philadelphia Public Ledger

SPROUTING !

# Capital and Labor; New Aspect

*The Idea of Selling Labor is Wrong; It is a Partner*

DR. A. SHADWELL

IN THE second of two articles on Capitalism in the Edinburgh *Review*, Dr. Shadwell gives us a new viewpoint, both of labor and capital. Labor really, he says, puts capital in the form of labor into a partnership, and great gains, he tells us, do not go to the capitalist because he is a capitalist but to the mental capital put into the business. The great defect of capitalism he considers is its failure to consider the personality of the workman.

After speaking of the advances made by labor in securing greater power in bargaining, he continues:—

"On the personal side the case is different. There has been a great advance in political and legal freedom; but this, together with the higher standard of living, only throws into deeper relief the subjection imposed by the organization of industry, which has rather increased than diminished. A man's personality counts for rather less than ever and is less regarded in the workshop, while it has gained recognition in one field after another outside. The contrast is glaring and is more acutely felt as each generation comes on equipped with better education, and conscious of higher ambitions, with larger opportunities opening before it in public and private life.

"This is the great positive defect of Capitalism. The cry, growing in persistence and urgency, for a 'voice in the management,' is really a demand for the recognition of the rank and file as intelligent human beings with some volition of their own. It is not only a legitimate, but a laudable aspiration, and it is perfectly compatible with private enterprise; more compatible, indeed, than with public ownership and control in which the hierarchy is more rigid and crushing. A hierarchy there must be under any system, but it need not be crushing. What is really amiss is a failure to recognise the true character of industrial concerns and the relation of the several contributory factors, of which labor is one.

"The root of it lies in the conception of labor as something bought by a capitalist. Ricardo, the evil genius of economics, stereotyped this notion, and Marx made it no better by his great discovery that it is not labor but labor power that is bought and sold. The idea of sale is altogether wrong, and Marx's great discovery is a great mare's nest. The essence of a sale is that the thing sold passes entirely out of the possession of the seller into that of the buyer; but labor power is a man's capacity to work, which is inseparable from his person. He cannot sell it or part with it. If he sells anything it is the use of it; and labor power in use, says Marx, is labor. But he does not even sell the use of it, for he only can use it; he must apply it himself, and if he chooses to ca' canny the employer does not get it.

"What he really does is to put his capital into the concern. His capacity is his capital in the proper sense of the word, as explained in the first of these articles. He is actually a partner in a co-operative undertaking or *societas*, as it was called in the Middle Ages. The position is seen most clearly in the simplest form of combination which is that of a private partnership. Each man puts in his capital; it may be money or experience or particular knowledge or business connexions or mere labor. They share the proceeds by agreement, though not equally; there are senior and junior partners. But they are all treated personally as partners.

"It is impossible to follow out this idea in the present essay. It must suffice to suggest that the conception of wage-earners as actually partners in a co-operative concern and entitled to the treatment of partners entirely alters their status and puts the whole problem in a different light. On the economic side of the problem we have said above that great inequality still remains. It is, indeed, too great; there is something repugnant about it. No one can look round and honestly observe the actual contrast without feeling this. But when one comes to look closely into the mechanism of the creation and distribution of wealth it is very difficult to lay one's finger on the point where injustice comes in and an effective remedy can be applied without causing some other injustice or damaging the whole structure to the disadvantage of all. Even the principle of inheritance, whereby a worthless and noxious person, who does nothing but harm to the community, may draw the greatest material benefits from it, is very difficult to deal with. It has its roots in natural affection, which is the bed-rock foundation of the social virtues, and cannot be antagonized without injuring them. To eliminate it is impossible and so great is its tenacity that it will always find a way to assert itself and evade too drastic repression. Its ill effects are best corrected by taxation. Apart from this the distribution of wealth goes far more by the value of services rendered, in the estimation of the community, and is therefore less unjust, than appears on the surface.

"The great gains do not go to the capitalist as such. They go to the mental capital thrown into the enterprise and particularly to the planning, organizing and guiding brain at the head of it, which makes all the difference between success and failure. It is this function that Marx ignored. He makes a few perfunctory references to supervision and inspection, which are subordinate functions, but ignores the supreme faculty which organizes and conducts the whole. It is a creative faculty which cannot work in shackles. To stifle it is to kill life and movement and fall back on routine. That is the direction in which we are moving now; the pendulum is swinging right back."

# What Will Happen in Ireland?

*A Forecast of the Ultimate Settlement of the Present Unrest*

LORD NORTHCLIFFE

LORD NORTHCLIFFE was asked by the *Nineteenth Century* to contribute a forecast of the settlement of the Irish problem and in the current issue he gives his ideas on the question.

"I should have liked," he says, "to find time and space to deal with all the problems which confront us, in Europe and in the Empire, at the moment. But, as one with Irish blood in his veins, I find myself absorbed, to the exclusion of all other interests, in the problem of which the solution, is, to my mind, the key to nearly all the rest, namely the deplorable, but not necessarily insoluble problem of Ireland.

"The Government generally assert that their antagonists in Ireland consist of a relatively small number of 'gunmen,' by whom the population are terrorised; and that, if these can be removed, the Irish people will spontaneously revert to the friendly attitude maintained by Nationalist leaders throughout the war. There could be no greater mistake. The expert 'gunmen' do exist, and, in my opinion, are supported by foreign money. But every Irishman knows that the ultimate demands of his country are unalterable, and that the 'gunmen' are but an incident, if a dreadful one. Although at some periods, such as that which followed the Wyndham Land Purchase Act, these ultimate demands may seem to have fallen below the normal standard, while again, as at the present time, they may rise far above it, they are permanent and endemic; and a lasting settlement in Ireland will come only when the normal demand of the Irish people is satisfied. To my mind, that demand is for complete autonomy within the Four Seas of Ireland. The demand for a Republic seems to me unreal. Ireland does not wish to maintain an Army, still less a Fleet; but Ulster is a problem, disregard of which has shipwrecked many well-meant attempts at a general settlement. Still, that problem is by no means so great as it was. Thinking men, Ulster Unionists and Sinn Feiners alike, must now realize that Ireland cannot remain permanently divided, and that the question is susceptible of solution, though it may be delayed, by Irishmen and in Ireland. Nay, a solution is inevitable once Ulstermen have realized and are prepared to confess their own dependence upon the rest of Ireland, and once the rest of Ireland has realized, as it has not yet, the strength of Ulster and its value as an integral part of the Irish nation.

"There remains the vital question of Ireland's fiscal and financial status under self-government. Englishmen must not forget that the struggles of the seventeenth century, which established the broad basis of their own liberties, centred originally in the control of the nation's purse. Political power which does not include control of finance in its widest sense is and must be unreal. Without such control, Young Ireland cannot begin to realize its aspirations, or to bring into being that specifically Irish civilization which it has already conceived. Till then there can be no contentment.

"It is said, but I cannot think seriously, that the grant of fiscal autonomy to Ireland will prove a menace to the economic position of this country. The Irishman is not a fool; he realizes that Great Britain is the natural market for his goods, and one for which no equivalent alternative could be found elsewhere. If the right of Ireland to control her purse be once recognized, I do not believe that she will prove slow to understand the importance of adjusting her own desires to the inevitable facts of her environment. Sentimental though her demand may appear, its gratification will enable Englishmen and Irishmen, for the first time, to meet and converse as equals, and under mutual obligations.

"But these may seem no more than vain speculations at a time when, one after another, every interest in Southern Ireland is being alienated from this country by a policy of repression which involves in its destruction of life and property the whole social and economic fabric of the country. No settlement can now, I fear, be reached except through a truce, the necessity for which becomes hourly more apparent."




—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

**Paw won't mow the lawn this year until the dandelions cease blooming.**

# The South African Springbok

*Description of Migratory Journeys of Millions of Antelope*

T. B. DAVIE

THE writer of an article in the *Cornhill* is a South African settler now eighty years of age, and he furnishes a valuable contribution to the scanty literature we possess relative to the remarkable phenomenon of the migratory journeys of immense herds of "springbokke" or South African Antelopes, which occurred in former years.

"The immense upland downs, comprising 8,000 or 10,000 square miles and Kaaien Bult," says Mr. Davie, "were the home of myriads of springbok and during certain years and at all sorts of uncertain seasons these antelopes began to assemble in immense herds; these herds, seemingly impelled by some guiding instinct, gathered together in mobs, wandering aimlessly about, first here, then there, having no apparent destination and yet feeling restless and uneasy. At this time the slightest sight or sound would set troops of 10,000 to 20,000 scampering off in as many directions as there are points to the compass, and the slightest thing would turn them back in any given direction. This peculiarity was well known to the Boers, who, immediately they heard that the 'boks' were gathering, began doing the same. The oxen were got together, the wagon cleaned up and well greased, and the sails and tents looked over and patched where required. A trip was made to the nearest store for a supply of coffee, sugar, salt and tobacco, and, most important of all, powder and lead or cartridges for the use of the hunters.

"All being ready, a start was made; often ten to twenty families would make up a party and they would trek away to some 'pan'—a circular depression—or well-known reliable water-hole (of which in those days there were numbers scattered all over the country), pitch their camp in due laager style, generally horse-shoe shape, and make preparations for the hunt. In some cases the boks would be within sight, at other times at a distance of a few miles, but upon the signal being given by the leader of the party it was upsaddle and off. Nearly every man had a led horse and a few native boys. After enjoying a day's good sport, for at first they only shot picked animals, they would return with an average of ten or more boks each, and then the womenfolk had their share of the fun, skinning and cutting up the game, to make biltong (dried strips of meat). This would go on for days, and then the boks would get frightened and begin to move off in some given direction, generally towards the Orange River, but several times they went southwards as far as Graaff Reinet and Cradock.

"From the year 1887 up to 1896 there were four really great trecks over the Prieska district, three with a northern course, and one to the south and west. When the trek was in full move nothing but springboks were to be seen for miles upon miles at a stretch. The writer has seen them in one continuous stream, on the road and on both sides of the road, to the skyline, from the town of Prieska to Draghoender, a distance of forty-seven miles, plodding on, just moving aside far enough to avoid the wheels of the cart.

"On this occasion the boks came right through the town of Prieska, and a worthy magistrate of those days sat down on the steps in front of the court-house and shot a few nice ones as they strolled past, for the sake of their skins and horns. The boks trekked on to the banks of the Orange River, and were drowned by thousands, those behind pushing the front ones into the water. Some few got across, but most were drowned.

"In the course of a few days the trek seems to melt away. They disappear: nobody knows where they have gone to. They seem to get to some given point, stop, and vanish. I've never heard anybody speak of their returning. What the aim of these migrations is, is also a mystery.

"As to the numbers of such a trek, it is a matter of impossibility to make even a guess. The late Dr. Gibbons, who was a born naturalist and lover of animals, and myself were travelling on one occasion, in 1888, from Prieska to Bitter Puts, about seventy miles. At Nels Poortje we were informed by the late Mr. Diederick Danth, the owner, that the trek boks were coming on. In the morning as soon as it was daylight we were out, and there we were, sure enough, in a veritable sea of antelopes. The Doctor saw at once, upon being rallied as to counting them, that it was impossible, but he made a guess after this fashion. Seeing a kraal (a fold for stock, a good large one, he asked how many sheep could stand in it, and Mr. Danth replied 1,500. 'Well,' said the Doctor, 'if 1,500 can stand there, then about 10,000 can stand on an acre, and I can see in front of me 10,000 acres covered with boks; that means at least 100,000,000.' 'Then what about the miles upon miles around on all sides, as far as the eye can reach, covered with them?' He gave it up.

"But now, alas! these are things of the past. The farmer who has a small troop of fifty or a hundred boks now is as jealous of them as if they were thoroughbred cattle. They are a really valuable asset, besides the pleasure of having a little shooting during the season."

# Success Demands Courage

*Must Not be Confounded with Obstinacy*

LORD BEAVERBROOK

IN HIS paper, the *Daily Express*, Lord Beaverbrook, has recently given his ideas on those qualities which lead to success. In a recent issue he points out that stubborn stupidity must not be mistaken for courage, that a happy mean between obstinacy and pliability must be found before success can be attained.

"The evils," he continued, "which pure stubbornness brings in its train are perfectly clear. Men cling to a business indefinitely in the hope that a loss may yet be turned into a profit. They hope on for a better day which their intelligence tells them will never dawn. For this attitude of mind, stupidity is a better word than stubbornness, and a far better word than courage. When reason and judgment bid us give up the immediate battle and start afresh on some new line, it is intellectual cowardice, not moral courage, which bids us persevere. This obstinacy is the reverse of the shield of which courage is the shining emblem—for courage in its very essence can never be divorced from judgment.

"I once had to make a choice of this nature in the days of my youth, when I was forming the Canada Cement Company. One of the concerns offered for sale to the combine was valued at far too high a price. In fact, it was obvious that only by selling it at this over-valuation could its debts be paid. The president of this overvalued concern was connected with the most powerful group of financiers that Canada has ever seen. Their smile would mean fortune to a young man, and their frown ruin to men of lesser position. The loss of including an unproductive concern at an unfair price would have been little to me personally—but it would have saddled the new amalgamated industry and the investors with a liability instead of an asset. It was certainly far easier to be pliable than to be firm. Every kind of private pressure was brought to bear on me to accede to the purchase of the property.

"When this failed all the immense engines for the formation of public opinion which were at the disposal of the opposing forces were directed against me in the form of vulgar abuse. And that attack was very cleverly directed. It made no mention of my refusal to buy a certain mill for the combine at an excessive cost to the shareholding public. On the contrary, those who had failed to induce me to break faith with the investing public attacked me for forming a trust.

"I am prepared now to confess that I was bitterly hurt and injured by the injustice of these attacks. But I regret nothing. Why? Because those early violent criticisms taught me to treat ferocious onslaughts in later life with complete indifference. A certain kind of purely cynical intelligence would hold that I should have been far wiser to adopt the pliable role. But that innate judgment which dwells in the recesses of the mind tells me that my whole capacity for action in affairs would have been destroyed by the moral collapse of yielding to that threat. Pliability would have become a habit rather than a matter of judgment and will, for fortitude only comes by practice.

"Every young man who enters business will at some time or another meet a similar crisis which will determine the bias of his career and dictate his habitual technique in negotiation.

"But he may well exclaim, 'How do you help me? You say that courage may be stubbornness and even stupidity—and compromise a mere form of cowardice or weakness. Where is the true courage, which yet admits of compromise, to be found?'

"It is the old question: How can firmness be combined with adaptability to circumstances? There is no answer except that the two qualities *must* be made to run concurrently in the mind. One must be responsive to the world, and yet sensible of one's own personality. It is only the special circumstance of a grave crisis which will put a young man to this crucial test of judgment. The case will have to be judged on its merits, and yet the final decision will affect the whole of his career. But one practical piece of advice can be given. Never bully, and never talk about the whip hand—it is a word not used in big business.

"The view of the intellect often turns towards compromise when the direction the character is towards battle. Such a conflict of tendencies is most likely to lead to the wise result. The fusion of firmness with a careful weighing of the risks will best attain the real decision which is known as courage. The intellectual judgment will be balanced by the moral side. None the less, it is out of this struggle to combine a sense of proportion with an innate hardihood that true courage is born; and courage is success."

# Seven Soap Superstitions

## Do you know them?

### 1. Do you believe color means quality?

Soap is like a lot of other things. You get out of it just what is put into it. The actual quality that is built into Fels-Naptha is responsible for its remarkable results.

Some good shampoo soaps are black. Some good complexion soaps are green and brown. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of the combination of ingredients of this, the *real* naptha soap.

Fels-Naptha, the golden bar, makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

### 2. Do you believe clothes should be boiled?

A housewife who does *not* boil her clothes may have whiter clothes than her neighbor who *does* boil her clothes. What is the reason?

You boil your clothes to get perfect cleanliness and whiteness. If you were sure of this result *without* going to the bother and expense of boiling wouldn't you welcome the idea?

You *can* be sure. Use Fels-Naptha. Boil your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, but the point is, there is no need for the expense of heat and the discomfort of boiling clothes. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go. It works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Therefore the temperature of the water is simply a matter of your own preference.

### 3. Do you believe hard soap means economy?

*Results* count. A soap that "lasts" may be a slacker as far as cleansing is concerned. It is *dissolved* soap—not the solid bar of soap itself—that does the cleansing work. Hard soap means hard rubbing to get it into action. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes. Worn-out clothes means increased expense.

Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves readily in water, so that you can get the soap into the wash water with the least effort. The perfect combination of naptha, soap, and water loosens the dirt without hard rubbing, thus saving clothes and work.

### 4. Do you believe hard rubbing is necessary?

Some people think so because it seems too good to be true that dirt can be loosened *without* hard rubbing. Others have the idea that anything that will loosen dirt must be "strong" enough to harm the clothes.

Naptha is used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen even the most delicate cloth and finery. Therefore it *must* be both effective and harmless.

Fels-Naptha is *good* soap and *real* naptha combined. Its naptha *makes the dirt let go* with little or no rubbing and without harm to finest fabric.

### 5. Do you believe soap causes aches and irritation of hands?

Keeping hands in cold water for some time and neglecting to dry them thoroughly may redden and roughen the hands, particularly in cold weather. Therefore to keep hands in good condition find a cleanser that saves your hands from being in water so long.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go—*quickly*. Why not soak the dirt out of clothes with this safe soap instead of keeping your hands in water to rub and rub?

### 6. Do you believe in "doping" your clothes?

It is poor economy to use soap that needs something else added to it to help it make good.

Why buy inferior soap and then buy a compound or mysterious something to *help* the soap, when by using Fels-Naptha you get clothes clean quickly and safely without "doping" the wash?

### 7. Do you believe the odor of naptha can stay in clothes?

Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have that delightful clean-clothes smell. The naptha in Fels-Naptha completely deodorizes the wash and entirely evaporates after it has done its work. It makes clothes hygienically clean. A good rinse, and they are fresh and sweet through and through. Prove it yourself.



*Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha*

*Fels-Naptha works so remarkably that for years thousands have found it indispensable in camping and outdoors, where hot water is hard to get. Its uses are so varied! It easily, quickly, and thoroughly cleans dishes, pans, clothes—everything. And astonishingly so in cold water.*

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*Don't let tradition or superstition stand between you and the easier, quicker, better way of washing and cleaning with Fels-Naptha. Get the real naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!*

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



# *He Is Young at Sixty*

"Sound as a bell," says his doctor. Every organ in his body functions with the precision of a well-kept machine. He has a *healthy* mouth.

Contrast him with the man of half his years whose wits are dulled and body prematurely aged by Pyorrhea. Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums, but its infecting germs seep into the system and deplete vitality. They travel in the blood stream and may cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tenderness and bleeding of the gums. Then gums recede, the teeth decay and loosen, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them.

Don't let Pyorrhea become established in your mouth. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

**How to Use Forhan's**

*Use it twice daily, year in and year out.* Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down.* Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in Canada and U. S. If your druggist cannot supply you, send price to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

*Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.*

**Forhan's, Limited, Montreal**





# China Awakening Intellectually

*An Account of the Chinese New Thought Movement*

GLENN FRANK, *The Century*

THERE is going on in China to-day a movement that may finally produce more profound social and political effects than any or all of the social or political movements of which we hear in despatches. Writing on the subject in the *Century*, Mr. Frank says:

"The phrase 'New Thought' is really a misnomer when applied to the intellectual adventure in question. The movement has nothing whatever to do with the body of opinion and the attitude of mind that go by the name of 'New Thought' in the United States. I use it in this connection and in passing only because it occurs frequently in the reports of foreign observers of this Chinese movement. Let us get the movement placed and then try to catch its meaning and assess its probable influence.

"The Movement sounds harmlessly academic. It is an assault upon the archaic style of literary writing in China. This must not be confused with the Phonetic Script Movement, which is a movement to introduce a Chinese alphabet. The Renaissance Movement represents an attempt to substitute a simple conversational style of writing for the archaic style of literary writing. At first thought this seems interesting business for professors and penmen, but hardly a movement loaded with social dynamite. But on second thought its far-reaching social implications begin to suggest themselves. It means the creation of a usable and effective medium for the propaganda of modern ideas among the Chinese people. It means in time a great increase in the Chinese reading public. It means a marked increase in the number and circulation of periodicals in China. The mere mechanical simplification of writing would do this, but add the almost missionary zeal that seems to attend this Renaissance Movement, and these results seem assured. Much that has hitherto been a sealed book to the many in China will become readable and understandable when translated into a simple conversational style of writing.

"I have before me as I write a letter from one of the professors in the National University of Peking. Discussing this Renaissance Movement, he suggests that it is as if an English-speaking people, whose entire literature had been written in Latin and Greek, should start a movement for the translation of their literature in the English of the period, putting into the hands of the masses, in a form they could understand, that which had hitherto been the exclusive property of priests and scholars. From this movement, then, we may expect some Chinese Wyclif to emerge.

"The secondary results of this reform of literary style are already appearing. Following up their stylistic reforms, the leaders of this Renaissance Movement have begun to apply the modern historical methods of studying history and classical literature to the study of Chinese history and literature. The principles of lower and higher criticism are being applied to the Confucian classics to test and prove the reliability or unreliability of certain portions and details of the utterances of Confucius and his disciples.

"Witness a few of the results of this adventure. Three years ago, I am reliably informed, there was only one journal in China, and it was struggling along in a difficult attempt to gain an interested clientele. To-day there are nearly two hundred periodicals published in various parts of China under various auspices for various purposes, and they are all written in the conversational style of Chinese for which the leaders of the Renaissance Movement are battling. These two hundred journals, with virtual unanimity, stand for democratic ideals. There is a refreshing fearlessness in their expression of views in their tradition-ridden land. The contents pages of these periodicals show a range of subjects from Bolshevism to birth control, from the introduction of a single tax to such a subject as the historical study of Christological ideas before Jesus of Nazareth, the latter subject, by the way, written, not by a missionary or by a Chinese Christian, but by a non-Christian university scholar.

"Some of the articles in these periodicals are merely translations, but many of them are products of original reasearch Some of these periodicals bear the modern names of 'Emancipation,' 'Reconstruction,' 'The New Man,' 'The New Woman,' and 'Humanity.' One of the periodicals published 'A Special Number on Love and Marriage,' and another, 'A Special Number on the Problem of Prostitution,' while still another published 'A Special Number on Modern Poetry.' On Labor Day last year one of the periodicals published a special volume of four hundred pages dedicated to the day.

"Tagore, Ibsen, Hauptmann, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Oscar Wilde, and others may now be read in Chinese. It is not uncommon to see in one number of one of these modern Chinese magazines an entire play of Ibsen or Maupassant translated into an easy conversational Chinese.

"These Renaissance leaders are inviting creative minds to lecture in China John Dewey is enthusiastically received and the National University of Peking confers upon him an honorary degree. Bertrand Russell is asked to speak, and Henri Bergson is invited to their platforms.

"Here is a movement that will repay watching. In a time when the more obvious forms of leadership in politics and in industry seem to have struck a dead center, it is gratifying to know that new intellectual forces are being released in the world to create, perhaps, new leaders."

# King Nikola of Montenegro

*Sketch of the Last of the Mediaeval Chieftains*

M. E. DURHAM

ON MARCH 1st, Nikola, first and last King of Montenegro, died in exile at Antibes. The last ruler in Europe to lead his own armies into battle, he was in fact, the last of the mediæval chieftains and with him closes a whole epoch of history. In a short sketch of his life in the *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Durham says:

"A Russian Tsar is reported to have said there is no such thing as good despotism, but there may be a good despot. And a good despot Nikola honestly tried to be. The Code made his person sacred and gave him complete power of life and death. Nominally a check on the ruler was to be kept by a Soviet or Council of eighteen *voyvodas* (headmen.) But each was obliged only to live three or four months in Cetinje so that the Soviet consisted usually of but four or five. They could propose laws but the final decision remained with the Prince. 'Soviet Government' is spoken of nowadays as a new and wonderful invention. But, in fact, the Montenegrin council of elected headmen dominated by Prince Nikola was but a forerunner of the Russian Soviets dominated by Lenin, and is only a form of autocracy, bound to fall when the people become educated.

"Nikola married, so soon as he became Prince, Milena, daughter of Voyvoda Vukotich of Kchevo, to whom he had been




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betrothed in childhood. And the very young couple began their reign.

"In a wholly illiterate land the minstrel has always been a power. He was the mediaeval forerunner of the cinema—a means by which propaganda may be spread with a minimum of mental exertion on the part of the audience. Nikola and his father, both poets, flooded the land with songs. Voyvoda Mirko detailed in crude verse the very gory details of the fights of the 'fifties and 'sixties, the slaughter and the head-cutting, and encouraged militarism. Prince Nikola sang of patriotism and instilled the Great Serbian Idea. His song. 'Onward, onward, let me see Prizren—For it is mine, I shall come to my home!' has become a national song for all the Serb race.

"Nikola strove not only to develop the land within. He sought powerful alliances without. Most of all he aspired to be father-in-law to a Tsar of Russia and sent his eldest daughter to Petersburg with that hope. The poor girl, however, died there of tuberculosis, to which Montenegrins are peculiarly liable.

"With his eye always on the throne of Serbia, Prince Nikola married his daughter Zorka to Petar Karageorgevitch, the then exiled pretender to the Serbian throne, who was Russia's protege.

"When Nikola, already well on in years, connived in 1903 at the assassination of King Alexander, it was with the full belief that it would lead him nearer his appointed goal. All Montenegro applauded the deed and cried: 'Our Mirko will be King!' But another Tsar was on the throne and Nikola was not his 'only friend.' Russian policy had changed. Montenegro was too badly placed geographically to be a centre for Great Serbia. And Prince Nikola had erred fatally. He had tried to the best of his ability to be father to his country, his love for which was deep and indubitable. But like too many fathers, he had not reckoned on the pace at which children grow up. He clung to the *patria potestas* of former days. True, in 1905, he granted them a constitution and opened a Parliament. But it was on the lines of the old Soviet and had not real power.

"Events hurried on. In 1907 Montenegro growled revolt, and a plot to assassinate Prince Nikola was formed by some Montenegrin students in Belgrade who came armed with Serbian bombs from the Royal arsenal. The plot failed. The Serbian Government denied knowledge of it, and refused either to make arrests or to extradite suspects. Prince Nikola believed Serbia incriminated, and the relations between the two States went from bad to worse. The rising generation forgot that Nikola had made Montenegro and obtained for it European recognition. And their ingratitude hurt the old man bitterly.

"He made a last struggle. The annexation of Bosnia by Austria and the proclamation of Prince Ferdinand as Tsar of Bulgaria gave him, as the oldest Balkan ruler, a claim to Kingship. Europe consented, and at his Jubilee in 1910 he was proclaimed King. Ferdinand of Bulgaria was present at the celebrations. King Petar of Serbia was conspicuously absent. Relations between Montenegro and Bulgaria became close. Provided Ferdinand had the Bulgar districts of Macedonia he was quite ready to see Nikola King of a Great Serbia. The arrangement in fact would have made far juster frontiers than the present ones.

"With this in view King Nikola and his army plunged into the first Balkan war of 1912 with enthusiasm, a fortnight before any other State, hoping and expecting to annex the coveted and disputed districts before Serbia took the field. And when, on the eve of battle, I, the only foreigner present, asked: 'What about the Serb army?' I was told with shouts of laughter: 'They are pig drovers!' We need not retell the disastrous result. In military knowledge and discipline the Serb army hopelessly outpaced the Montenegrins and captured Prizren, the goal at which Nikola aimed.

"He worked for a high ideal—the liberation of a people. His faults were those of his race and his environment. His virtues were his own. He was picturesque, he was kindly, he was courteous. He asked the peasant woman how her pigs were, and at Easter had red eggs in his breeches pockets for the tribesmen. He was brave, and, according to his lights, very religious."



# *When Ed Wetherbee got lost a mile and a half from home--*

"That's funny!" he exclaimed. "There's Bill Preston's old barn, but what's it doing on *this* fine road? It used to be on the bumpy old road that runs past my home.

---

"By George! it *is* our road. No wonder I felt lost—just look at the way they've changed it."

After a long absence, Ed Wetherbee was on his way back home for a visit. He had always looked upon run-down roads that were either dusty or muddy all the time as characteristic of his home town. Now he could hardly believe that he was home.

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# The One Best Way

*There are Many Ways to do a Given Thing, but Only One Best Way*

FRED C. KELLY

"BRICKLAYING is one of the oldest of trades—dating back two or three thousand years prior to the birth of Christ. There are even historical data on which to base a belief that bricklaying is at least seven thousand years old. And yet, in all those seven thousand years, it had improved as to method scarcely at all."

Such was one of the contentions of Frank B. Gilbreth, consulting engineer and efficiency specialist, as reported by Fred C. Kelly in the Popular Science Monthly.

"Gilbreth," Mr. Kelly continues, "studied the methods of various bricklayers—the poor workmen and the best ones, and he stumbled upon an astonishing fact of great importance and significance. He found that he could learn most from the lazy man."

Most of the chance improvements in human motions that eliminate unnecessary movement and reduce fatigue have been hit upon, Gilbreth thinks, by men who were lazy—so lazy that every needless step counted.

Another important thing Gilbreth noted was that the so-called expert factory workers are often the most wasteful of their motions and strength. Because of their energy and ability to work at high speed, such men may be able to produce a large quantity of good work, and thus qualify as experts, but they tire themselves out of all proportion to the amount of work done.

"Men were still working on scaffolds with the bricks and mortar on the same level as their feet," he says, "instead of on scaffolds with an extra row of planks, so that the materials could be level with their hands."

Imagine the waste of energy in bending over to the floor every time one picks up a brick or a trowel of mortar, when the entire operation could be accomplished without moving anything except arms.

Why had there been so little improvement in methods? Simply because of the great inertia of habit.

As an example of how awkward it is to make a slight change of habit or method, suggests Gilbreth, try taking a cup of coffee and a doughnut, with the coffee in the left hand and the doughnut in the right hand. If you think such a revolutionary change in habit will not upset you a bit, just try it! Unless you're careful, you'll find yourself with your hands crossed and your brain in a whirl.

So, Gilbreth worked out an entirely new method of bricklaying, which makes it possible for a man to have bricks served to him at the level of his breast, to avoid the useless bending. A whole book could be written on just this subject of bricklaying and how Gilbreth revolutionized bricklaying practices.

Gilbreth makes a motion-picture of a master mechanic, a handkerchief folder, a tatter, a champion baseball batsman, or an expert fencer, for example. A specially contrived clock, the hands of which record time down to the millionth part of an hour, also appears in the picture to indicate the elapsing time, which is necessary because the crank of the camera or that of the projector cannot be turned at precisely the same rate. Gilbreth has only to study a film to tell you to the hundredth part of a second how long it took to make a motion.

Even in so simple a matter as getting dressed or undressed, there is a wrong way and One Best Way.

"Few persons realize," maintains Gilbreth, "that clothes which are never pressed, but are properly folded, or hung up, each night, will look well longer than clothes which are pressed occasionally, but never folded or hung up."

Gilbreth has proved by actual demonstration that if a man's clothes are laid out in the order in which they are to be put on, he can dress himself in less than half the time it will take if he has to stop and hunt each article as it is needed. In other words, it is economical to hunt up "other" clothes all at once, when the mind is on such a search.

Nearly everybody, by the way, falls into definite habits about getting dressed and undressed. Most of us take off the same shoe first every night—and usually, for some reason, it is the left shoe. Watch yourself and see if this isn't true. We unconsciously follow a regular order in taking off our clothes. One man may take off his collar before removing his shoes, and another may do just the opposite. But the point is that he is almost certain to follow always the same sequence.

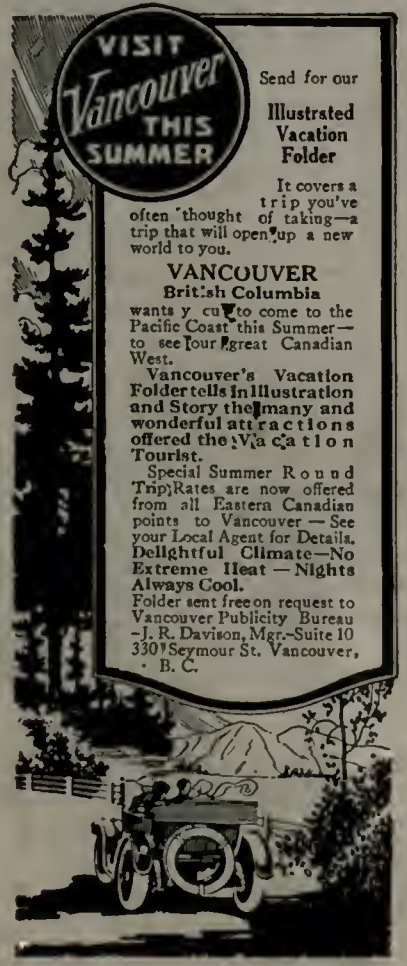
It is interesting to learn just how Gilbreth cut down his shaving and face-washing time from twelve minutes to two. In the first place, he discovered that he can shave more rapidly with one make of safety razor, but more closely with another. So he uses the first razor for "the first time over," and finishes off with the second model better adapted for close work. His most important time-saving method of all is the use of a brush in each hand for applying the lather. "Otherwise," he says, "your left hand is idle at your side. If it is employed in scratching your leg or in any useful purpose whatsoever, well and good; but if it is doing absolutely nothing, why not put it to work?"




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# Self-Torture an Act of Worship

*Malayan Sect Practice Agonizing Feats of Endurance*

London *Daily Mail*

"A RELIGIOUS sect of the Malays have just been keeping a festival as dear to them as Christmas is to us. The feast started with a procession early on Sunday morning, when they carried a costly idol from one temple to another two miles distant.

"A silver chariot, with canopy and dais, on which the idol had been carried was placed at the entrance to an avenue of palms leading into the temple and lined with banners worked with allegorical designs. In the porch were four great hollow statues, grotesque affairs like effigies destined for a bonfire; these had been carried by men walking inside them. Here also were two fine white bullocks adorned with silver anklets—animals kept solely for the purpose of drawing the chariot in the annual procession.

"I followed the tall native right to the foot of the altar; there I saw him place his portion of coco-nut beside many other halfnuts, each holding two bananas and a tender leaf which is eaten as food by the Malays. The priest blessed them and offered them to the idol, which was fully revealed for a few seconds by the light of a torch.

"Each man then claimed his fruit and nut, together with a pinch of powder-like sandal-wood ash. With this he touched his tongue and head, and made three white lines on his forehead and neck. Then he prostrated himself as if for the exercise performed in physical drill in response to the command, 'On the hands down.'

"Many of these men are very wealthy and ordinarily wear European dress, but during the last three days they have been wearing nothing but gold ornaments round neck and arms and a snowy white loincloth thrown into strong relief by their shining black skins and jet black hair.

"The idol was brought back in torchlight procession on Sunday night. On Monday the natives practised the craziest feats of endurance—indeed, I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes.

"In the temple, where the air was foetid with the smell of burning sandal-wood and perspiring humanity, were men with hundreds of little darts sticking into the body, wearing shoes containing spikes which penetrated deep into the foot, and drawing wagons containing offerings of fruit for the idols by cords attached to fish hooks stuck in the flesh of the back. The face of each of these men was the personification of agony."

# Resisting the Inevitable

*Continued from page 21*

situation. In Canada, where they are given a free hand, they continue to work aggressively to cripple Canadian industry by policies that will lead to unemployment. They are extremely active in the machinery, building and printing trades. They are well supplied with money, speakers and literature. There is a great mass of intelligent opinion among our returned soldiers, the older Old Country men, and native-born Canadians, who so far have held them down, and driven them out of some industries like mining. Our weakness is that the real facts are not allowed to reach the workers or the public. There is no counter propaganda from the Government or employers.

In Germany there are no important labor troubles. Sometimes one of their propagandists takes himself seriously and thinks that the Soviet systems that German agents are advocating in foreign countries are good for his own. But when he tries it in Germany the authorities waste no time. He is regarded as an enemy and is shot down instantly without the formality of a trial. The less offensive are sometimes given long jail terms.

National leadership, as an absolute necessity for success in the nation's business, is a condition very generally understood in Germany. In fact it is the only country where I hear this word constantly used. It has the best business and political leadership of any country, as Britain has in finance, yet one hears from Germans that their crying need is leadership. Possibly this is more camouflage, as is the talk of having a "people's" Government, for the same old crowd, more able than ever, is in control. The result of these leaderships is that Germany is beating the world in international politics and commerce and Britain excels in finance only.

Before the war I found an intense and sincere desire among all classes in Germany for a close alliance with the British Empire as a means of protection from Russia, of which they stood in great fear. During the last days of July and as late as August 1, 1914, the Berlin mobs conducting offensive demonstrations before the Russian Embassy, continually moved over to the British and French to cheer and show a kindly feeling. One night I saw M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, come out on his balcony in response to calls from the crowds on the square and he got a tremendous applause.

GERMANY HAVING failed by friendly approaches to bring about an alliance to avoid war, and having her chief enemy, Russia—with her enormous prospective wealth—now under her control, now proposes to force—not invite—the leading nations of the world to work with her. Her most gigantic efforts are directed chiefly against the British Empire and the United States, and she has recently been placing agents among schools in China. She is using Russia to camouflage her efforts. Nearly all the propagandists are Germans with adopted Russian names when advisable. The present campaign, investigators tell me, far exceeds all her former efforts. It is not only directed towards the mass of poorly paid, skilled and unskilled workers, but extends to the inner councils of the great nations. It was very able propaganda in Great Britain and the United States that led them to desert poor, pathetic France, and support a reduction in the reparations payments. It is developing a more friendly understanding among political and press leaders in these countries towards Germany, and France is being forced to resign herself to the injustice of which she is a victim.

Commercially, Germany is the most prosperous of any country I know of to-day. Apart from my inquiries as a journalist I talked to, or have copies of private reports of investigations of British, French and American business men. Two of the latter are establishing plants in Germany, sending American machinery over. One of them, the head of a large concern marketing machines, the original of which was first produced in Canada and by a Canadian, returned to Paris from his second visit on May 22nd, when I saw him. He noticed a very marked improvement in conditions as compared with four months before. Immediately beyond the occupied area he was particularly struck with the large number of buildings going up all along the railway—workers' houses, factories, and here and there expensive palaces and villas. One German-American had bought an estate, and was building a castle. In the public places there was an unusual display of jewelry on the women. Everywhere there was great activity in business. There was a greater feeling of confidence in the Government than before; and no Bolshevism was permitted. Agitators are shot without hesitation. In Berlin he met some of the most important business men of Germany who were very happy over the outlook. They said Germany was recovering faster than the rest of the world by production. They pointed out that skilled German workers put in two hours a day longer than those of any other country which, multiplied by six, is twelve hours a week, and again by fifty-two weeks, and again by the millions of skilled workers on the land, in the mines and shops, gives an enormous total of extra production. Finally, he said the skilled worker in America receives about $1 per hour, the British 3s. 2d. an hour, about sixty cents, but the German skilled worker receives 8 marks or about 13c. per hour. Unskilled labor got much less. Another man who had been studying the shipping situation found that at the present rate of development, the port of Hamburg will, within two years, have greater total tonnage than before the war.

It is not necessary to go into details as to Britain's commanding position as the financial centre, in which she is more strongly entrenched than ever. This makes her investors richer, but her masses no better off. Her unfortunate commercial and political condition is also well known. Our latest authentic news—dated England, May 25—has just come in from a well-known Radical M. P. He tells me that it is not only more serious than ever before, but is alarming. He is fearful of some foolish move on the part of the Government which would mean a revolution. When a man in his position takes this view it is not necessary to add anything further.

### Applying the Lesson

IF WE could find what underlies Germany's political and commercial and Britain's financial success, we might apply it to Canadian problems. That is why I have gone into so much detail to show there can be good conditions for some, when the majority are going through very bad times. It is: simple common-sense. It is the expert national leadership referred to above which, creating confidence and inspiration, gathers about it the best there is in the nation.

We have had some little successes of our own to which we can point. The way in which we raised money, financed the war, and met very difficult situations, attracted world-wide attention. The reason was that we were fortunate in having a trained man, Sir Thomas White, as Minister of Finance when the war came, and chiefly that he knew exactly who were the best financiers of the country, and he called them to his aid. He did not call in second or third-rate men, but he tells us he went at once to the senior of our most able bankers, Sir Vincent Meredith. From then to the end of the war he was never out of touch with the financial leaders. When he had to raise money at home he gave a leadership that gathered about him a great national organization that worked with marvellous confidence, enthusiasm and success. Again, in our Militia, Sam Hughes, a life-long soldier, broke all records by the rapidity with which he organized what turned out to be a corps second only to the wonderful British army that met the first German onslaught.

In England Lloyd-George's first step was to call in Sir George Paish, editor of a financial paper. He asked him who were the ablest financiers in the Empire. Up to that time Lloyd-George had not even a speaking acquaintance with them, and the language some of them had used when expressing their opinions of him is not fit to print. But he gathered them about him, and he has followed their advice ever since. Asquith, on the other hand, positively refused to listen to the best industrial leaders and made theorists and idealists the Government advisers in all business problems. Had he, for example, taken the advice of the experienced cotton men, given in August, 1914, Germany would have been defeated in six months. He refused to do then what public opinion forced on the Government two years later.

The German Government before, and particularly since, the war, has been acting entirely under the direction of her great industrial chiefs, in which the entire nation have confidence.

IN CONCLUSION, do not read into or draw from this the inference that very hard times are coming upon all Canada. I have merely sought to show to what the present conditions, in the light of past experiences and current variations, are likely to lead, and how experience shows they can be turned to our advantage. That is, that costs, profits, salaries, wages, must come away down; that the country, as a whole, is in better position than ever before to pass through a depression; that these are the times when many businesses, by harder work, more efficient management, greater production, more aggressive selling will prosper; and that with good national leadership, and the elimination of propaganda, all business and all Canada can come through vastly better. It is only by national leadership that we can bring all interests together and meet the keenest competition the world ever knew. That it can be done is shown by Britain's position in finance and Germany's position in politics and commerce to-day. In ability, resourcefulness and other essential qualities we far surpass the German; he leaves us a long way behind only in his capacity for continuous hard painstaking work for long hours.

As a final sentence I cannot do better than quote one of the most able of our older industrial and financial leaders, a man who has also been for some time one of our most pessimistic. He expressed deep regret when talking to me the other day that he had not the best of his life ahead; he saw in present conditions opportunities for far greater success in Canadian industry than anything he had accomplished in his more than sixty years in business; and there is no man whose name is associated with more substantial successes in Canadian history.

# Stephen Surprises Everybody

*Continued from Page 19*

sit thus forever, talking in this quiet room, with nothing to disturb them but the occasional falling-apart of a log in the fire.

It was about eleven when Stephen rose to go, and Molly had not returned, but for several reasons, he was not anxious to encounter her just then. Stephen, to tell the truth, was suddenly beginning to regard Molly as a very attractive third party. Only, Molly was blissfully unaware of this decision.

"Molly will be sorry not to have seen you," observed Mrs. Christy, roguishly, as Stephen was leaving.

"Oh, give Molly my love," said he from the door, "and tell her I shall expect her to save me at least three dances and supper at the Layburn's Friday night. If she doesn't, I'll go home and to bed, where I belong."

He laughed and departed. Mrs Christy turned off the lights and sat in the fire-glow—to think.

A little later Molly arrived, threw off her wrap and switched on the lights. "Good gracious, Cicely Anne," she exclaimed, "have you been sitting all evening in this dim religious light?"

Her sister ignored the question. "How was the play?" she asked.

"Not too bad," this was the studied unenthusiasm of eighteen. "but I'm frozen."

She moved over to the fire. Then. "Goodness gracious! What a pile of cigarette butts! Did you smoke all those, or have you had a visitor?"

Mrs. Christy laughed. "Yes," she



*"She had longed to be successful, gay, triumphant"....*

# When failure hurts the most

ARE you having the good times other girls have? Or when you come home from the party you looked forward to so eagerly—where you longed to be successful, gay, triumphant—do you suffer from a feeling of disappointment—defeat?

Many a girl is made awkward and self-conscious merely through the knowledge that she has an unattractive complexion—that her skin is spoiled by blackheads or ugly little blemishes—is dull and colorless, or coarse in texture.

Yet with the right care you can change any of these conditions. As a matter of fact, your skin changes in spite of you—each day old skin dies and new takes its place. By using the right treatment you can give this new skin the clear smoothness and lovely fresh color you have always longed for.

### *What is the matter with your skin?*

Ask yourself just what it is that is wrong with your skin. Perhaps it is spoiled by that most distressing trouble—the continual breaking out of ugly little blemishes.

To free your skin from blemishes, begin, tonight, to use this treatment:

Just before you go to bed, wash in the usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Supplement this treatment with the regular use of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your daily toilet. This will help to keep *the new skin that is constantly forming* free from blemishes.

### *How you can tell that your skin is responding*

The very first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it is an indication that the treatment is doing you good, for it means that your skin is responding *in the right way* to a more thorough and stimulating kind of cleansing. After one or two treatments this drawn feeling will disappear, and your skin will gain a new sense of soft, smooth cleanliness.

Special treatments for each one of the commoner skin troubles—for an oily skin, conspicuous nose pores, blackheads, etc., are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Within a week or ten days you will be astonished at the improvement in your complexion.

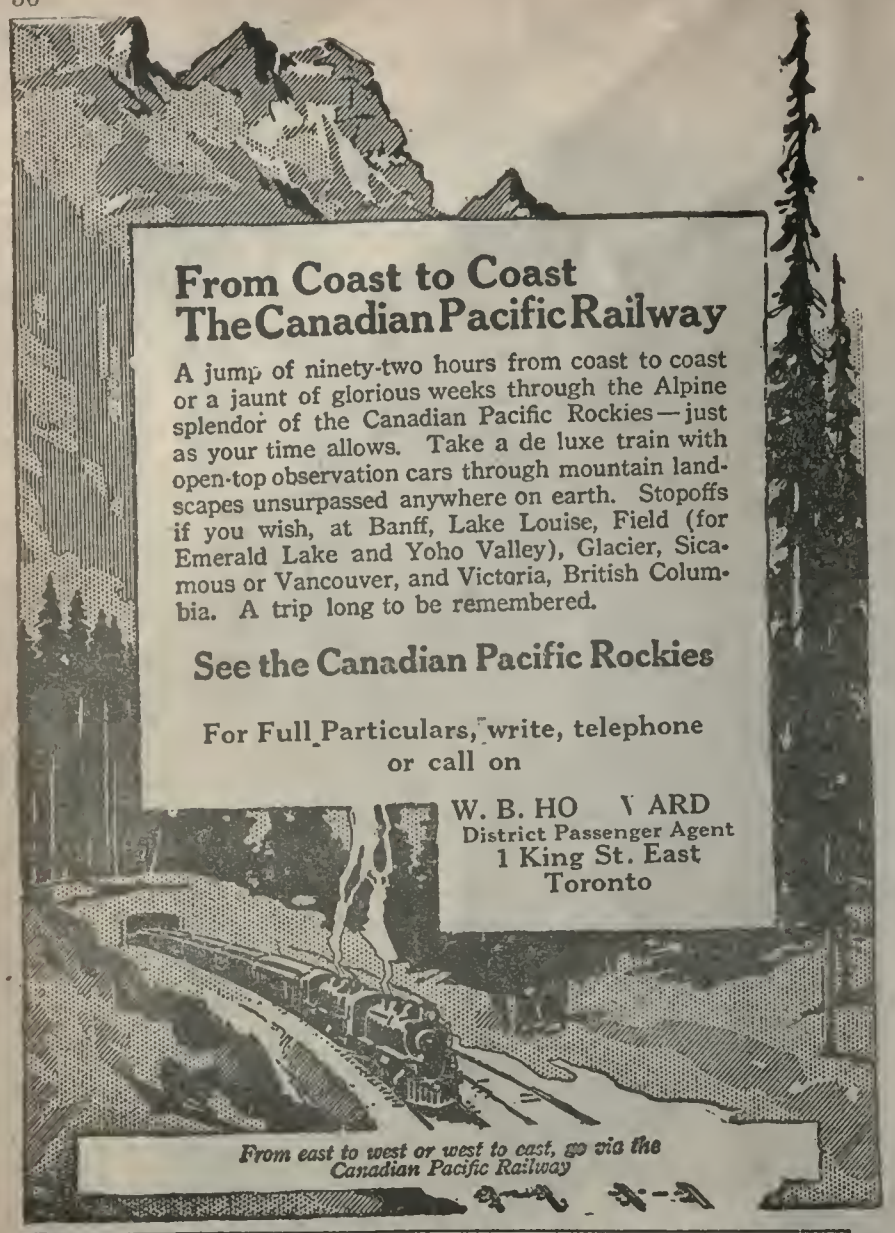
The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect on the skin make it extremely desirable for general use—for *keeping* your skin in good condition. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use—almost twice as long as an ordinary toilet soap of the same size.

### *"Your treatment for one week"*

Send 25 cents for a dainty miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing *your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.* In it you will find the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch;" a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 7008 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

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said, "Mr. Roblinn has been here. He left not long before you came."

Molly turned quickly and faced her sister. "What ! Stephen was here?" she said, incredulously. "Well, of all the exasperating people! I saw him down town this morning, and I told him I was going to the theatre tonight. Really, some people's memories are exactly like a sieve. What did he say when he found I'd gone?"

Mrs. Christy looked away. "Oh, nothing in particular—just said he might as well stay for a chat since he was here."

"Well," Molly shrugged, "I'm awfully sorry he had his trip for nothing, but it is his own fault for forgetting."

Mrs. Christy's face wore quite an innocent expression as she said, "He sent his love to you, Molly dear, and said—let me see— that he counts on your saving him three dances and supper on Friday, otherwise . . . "

"Oh, he does, does he? Well, we shall see. He doesn't deserve any."

Mrs. Christy glanced at Molly, and sighed. "What a little spitfire you are, Molly," she said. "Now go to bed and you'll feel more charitably disposed towards him by tomorrow."

Molly shrugged her shoulders, and went over and kissed her sister. "All right, dear old thing. Just tell me one thing. Did he look sorry he'd missed me?"

"Yes, very, dear," replied Mrs. Christy, quickly, and then wondered if, after all, that had been entirely true. A week later Stephen invited Molly and Mrs. Christy to the opera with him, a younger man completing the party.

"Fancy!" said Molly, as she did up her sister's dress for her. "He seems to think I can't go to the opera unchaperoned. Of course, I think it's lovely—your going," she added hastily, leaving a kiss on her sister's smooth cheek, "but I'd so much rather go alone with him. At least—I mean—"

Mrs. Christy smiled quietly. "Yes, I know," she said. "Well, perhaps you'll find he has arranged it so that we'll sit in pairs on opposite sides of the house. Do hurry, my dear, with my frock."

The evening, Molly decided, was quite a success, in spite of the chaperonage. The opera was, of course, quite incidental, for she was busy being very nice to Stephen, and making an impression on "the other man," Stephen was in a particularly cheerful mood, and his little personal asides to Molly were all that she could desire in complimentary finish. In between these, Molly amused herself prodigiously with a little harmless flirting with "the other man"; and as for Stephen he was really enjoying the music, and was keenly aware of the pleasure Mrs. Christy was finding in it, and of the pleasure he was finding in sitting beside her.

Once, as the lights went up, he turned to speak to her, and her grey eyes were soft with tears. "Oh, it is so very, very beautiful," was all she said.

Later at supper Stephen had Mrs. Christy almost to himself, for Molly danced with "the other man" and was in her element.

"Stephen," she declared, as she sat down at their table after one particularly jazzy fox-trot, "if you ever learn to dance really well, I'll give you seven dances all in a row."

"Thank you," said Stephen solemnly. "I'll be too old by that time."

Before they left, he induced Mrs. Christy to dance with him once.

"You may not believe it, but it's the first time I've danced in two years. I'd almost forgotten how I love it," she said.

She was looking her best, in a simple black gown, with a string of beautiful pearls around her white throat. Stephen's heart repeated so often, "You beautiful, beautiful woman," that he almost said it aloud, and wished that the other two were a thousand miles away.

From that on, Stephen appeared at the house frequently. He came to dinner, discussed politics with Mr. Martin, was charmingly attentive to Mrs. Martin, and made pretty speeches to Molly. And he was the only one who knew how he longed to sit once more before the crackling fire with Mrs. Christy in her low chair near him. For Stephen had been all at once confronted with the astounding fact that the barriers were down, and he was very much in love. This new emotion was most disturbing to him, and he found it necessary to order his proceedings with the utmost care, so as not to ruin his cause by undue haste. Molly, he felt, was his greatest obstacle. If he were to lose her friendship, he felt sure that things would go very much against him.

So, when he once or twice invited Mrs. Christy to lunch or dine with him down-town, he included Molly in the invitation, and wisely paid her all the attention she had grown to expect; and she was quite sure that her sister went along as chaperone, which rather puzzled and considerably annoyed her.

"Stephen," she asked him on one occasion, "do you think I'm not old enough to go out with you without a chaperone?"

Stephen regarded her with a humorously sad expression. "No, Molly," he said, "you see I really need a chaperone, so I thought your sister wouldn't mind keeping her eye on me. I'm really a very wild character, you know, and not quite responsible for my actions. For instance, if I felt disposed to kiss you, which is highly probable, your sister would have a restraining effect upon me."

Still, the achievement of having won Stephen by her charms, was a little robbed of its glory by having the other girls see them always accompanied by Mrs. Christy. Molly would have liked to flaunt her victorious flag unattended by another female.

One evening Stephen dropped in at the Martins' house, casually, hoping to find that Molly had gone to a party. Instead, he found her very much at home, and racking her brains for something to do. She seized upon Stephen the moment he appeared.

"Hurray! You're just the person," she cried. "I was threatening to drag Cicely Anne out to a movie, though she usually embarrasses me horribly when I take her by laughing when she should weep, and the other way around."

Mrs. Christy rose to greet him. She looked a little tired, and her smile seemed to Stephen a little more wistful than usual. "I dare say Molly will make you play dummy-bridge, Mr. Roblinn, since you've come in time to solve her problem," she predicted.

"Exactly," said Molly, going to get the cards. "If you like, Stephen, you can get the table and put it up."

It was the last thing Stephen wanted to do just then, and he guessed that Mrs. Christy was not in a mood to enjoy the game. So he mentally shook his fist at Molly, and proceeded to play a very bad game.

After an hour, Molly threw down her cards, and burst out: "Oh, Stephen, you're simply hopeless tonight. Each game so far you've played a little worse than the last."

Stephen was gazing at Mrs. Christy's slim white fingers; he dared not look in her eyes. "I need to make up lost sleep, Molly, I'll go home and begin now, before you hurl the whole pack of cards and the table at me for my stupidity."

Just then the telephone rang for Molly, and Stephen and Mrs. Christy were left alone for a moment. "Molly will have to go unchaperoned for a while," she remarked. "I'm going away tomorrow."

"Away?" Stephen sat up quickly. "How long? And where to?"

"Not more than a fortnight, I think. But I want a bit of a change, and a cousin of mine in Philadelphia has written and asked me to stay with her. So I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Oh," said Stephen, in a very low voice, "do you have to stay the whole fortnight?"

"Why, that isn't very long, is it?"

"Maybe not. Is Molly going too?"

"No. I've just told you she'll have to do without a chaperone for a while."

Then Stephen got up and stood over her. His mouth was set, and his hands




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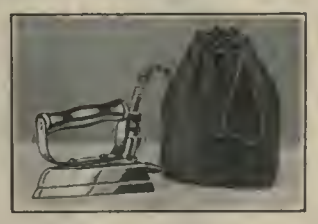
---or suppose it was a toaster; imagine how the thoughts of the bride will flit back to the giver of those frequent days when she serves the delectable crispy toast.

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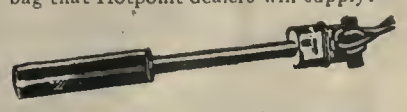
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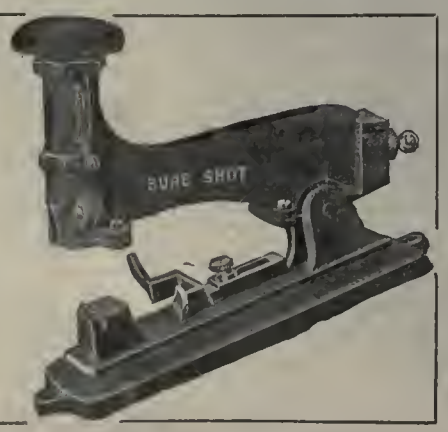
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in his pockets were clenched. "I wonder if you really believe you're chaperoning Molly," he said, slowly. "Maybe it's Molly who is the chaperone. You never can tell."

He stopped abruptly, leaned over, took one of her slim hands, and kissed it gently. Then he went away, leaving her sitting very, very still, and Molly still chattering elsewhere over the telephone.

STEPHEN spent until far into the night walking up and down, up and down, in his room. His hands were clasped behind him, his eyes were troubled, and there were numerous lines across his forehead. The immediate result of this silent communion with himself was that he hurried to his office in the morning and spent most of the day inquiring into business with his Philadelphia agency, and was gratified to find that there was a considerable amount of business there to which he could attend by going to Philadelphia at once. It was not like Stephen to hunt up unusual business.

After he got home he spent nearly an hour, with the aid of a good dinner, trying to remember the name of that young married cousin of Cicely Anne's and Molly's who lived in Philadelphia. Molly, at some time or other, had told him about her; as far as he knew, she was the only cousin they had in Philadelphia. At any rate, it would be a clue whereby to find Cicely Anne while he was there. He hardly liked to call up any of the Martins, and ask point-blank for her address; it would be awkward explaining his interest in it. Thus does love create many imaginary hurdles to be jumped. At length, by concentration, he remembered it; if it hadn't been unusual, he wouldn't have. "Cooke—no! Baker—no! Kitchen—ah, that's it! Mrs. Charlie Kitchin," and he wrote it down at once in his note-book.

During the evening he telephoned Molly, told her he was unexpectedly called away on business, and devoted himself for twenty minutes or so to amusing her.

"Where are you going?" asked Molly.

"Oh—er—I shall have to go to several places before I'm through — New York and so on." He changed the subject quickly.

As far as Molly was concerned, the fortnight rather dragged. She found that she missed Stephen's attentions a good deal as soon as they were removed. It wasn't so much fun receiving the attentions of young men who had been more easily captured. There was always the uncertainty of holding Stephen, even after he was won, which had added zest to the game. To add to her annoyance, no fewer than three swains whom she had persistently scorned, turned up during the fortnight. and clamored for her favor. It was most aggravating, and she longed for Cicely Anne so that she could turn them over to her to dispose of them politely.

ONE AFTERNOON, seventeen days after her sister's departure, Molly came home from a tea at the Country Club and found her mother and Cicely Anne together in her mother's room. Cicely Anne was sitting on a hassock at her mother's feet, just as she used to when a little girl, and she looked very much as if she had been crying.

"By the way," Molly announced, at dinner that same day, "Stephen's home. I saw him on my way home just now."

Cicely Anne opened her mouth quickly, as if to say something, shut it again, but went on after a moment: "I saw him—er—while he was in Philadelphia on business, and he expected to be home yesterday."

"Oh, was he there?" asked Molly. "Well, he might have let me know last night that he was back. How did he know Cousin Ella's address? I never gave it to him. Maybe you ran into him down-town by accident, did you? I'm always doing that with people. It's almost uncanny," she concluded, sparing her sister the trouble of answering.

Immediately after dinner, Molly was called to the telephone. She reappeared in a moment and announced: "That fun-



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ny friend of Stephen's, Mr. Lewis—you know, Cicely Anne—the one who danees so well, is taking me to the movies in exactly ten minutes."

AFTER SHE had gone, the other three went into the library to look for a book which Mr. Martin was sure ought to be among those on the shelves and which could not be found. The hunt had hardly begun, when Stephen arrived, and Cicely Anne went out into the hall to see him.

He looked haggard, and his eyes searched her face, as he held out both hands. "Where's Molly?" was the first thing he asked.

"She's gone out with Mr. Lewis."

"Good. I told him to."

"Oh, Stephen!"

Stephen smiled a grim little smile. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I had to have you to myself tonight, for a little talk. Where can we be alone?"

She raised one hand in a beseeching gesture. "There's nobody in the living-room—but, not now, Stephen, please! I'm very tired."

Stephen put a hand on each of her shoulders and steered her gently into the living room, settled her in her own low chair, and shut the door.

"Please, Stephen! We may be interrupted any minute."

"Your mother," said Stephen, impressively, "is a sensible woman. When she sees the door shut and hears voices behind it, she'll understand. And I hope we won't have to keep her out too long."

He pulled up a chair to the fire, and sat down in it, leaning far forward in his effort to look into her eyes. "Cicely Anne," he began, and his voice was little more than a whisper, "the last time I saw you—in Philadelphia—I tried to tell you how much you mean to me. You—I did it badly—perhaps I—Oh, dear heart," he broke off, and passing his hand over his forehead, went on in a moment, "I hoped that—before I came away from Philadelphia you would answer the question. I—must know soon—now—whether you can care for me enough to marry me!"

He stopped, and she kept her face half-turned from him and in shadow. The elusive perfume of violets hung about her, and her hands, cold as ice, were tightly clasped in her lap.

After several moments, which seemed like a series of eternities to Stephen, he got up, bent over her and took her face between his hands.

"Dear," he pleaded, very slowly, "you must look at me—while I tell you—that I love you—more than I can seem to put into words—and I want you, Cicely Anne. Won't you take me?"

She unclasped her hands, and put them over his, and then she said, in a voice full of happy laughter and tears. "Oh, Stephen! I can't keep it from you any longer—how happy I am—because I love you. Yes, Stephen, I can care for you enough to . . ."

The rest was smothered within the circle of Stephen's arms.

## The Dormy Man

*Continued from page* 17

"Sound general principles," he replied. "But if Goshawk and Tempest can't put Lister over, I don't know who can."

"I do," I replied. "There's a little girl in that club house preparing for battle who'd put it over if Jim Munro would say 'Let's go!' "

I had my back to the door, Fred was facing it; I saw the flush deepen on his face, and, turning, Agatha was there. Whether she had heard any part of the conversation or not I did not know. She looked her bright charming little self, but I fancied I saw something in her eyes that signified that stock in Fred Tempest was low, and a falling market. Then Prudence appeared and we sallied forth.

"I DON'T know why I was called upon to make the sacrifice," I complained mildly as Agatha and I went after our ball going to the first green.

"Neither do I—quite," she replied. "Perhaps it was just a whim. However,




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| Bonds —Dom. Textile Co. Limited | 4,767,500.00 | |
| " —Dom. Cotton Mills Co. | 3,700,000.00 | |
| | | $15,408,100.00 |
| Loans and Exchange | $1,159,752.85 | |
| Deposits | 39,658.55 | |
| Open Accounts (including provision for Business Profits Tax) | 1,021,650.87 | |
| Allowance—Wages | 193,500.00 | |
| " —Interest on Bonds | 79,337.50 | |
| | 33,960.50 | |
| TOTAL LIQUID LIABILITIES | $2,527,860.27 | 2,527,860.27 |
| Reserve—for Pension Fund, Bad Debts and Plant Renewals | | 1,427,141.83 |
| Profit and Loss Account | | 4,636,591.63 |
| | | $23,999,693.73 |

### ASSETS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Land, Buildings and Machinery | | $15,073,361.89 |
| Raw Cotton | $ 357,121.53 | |
| Stock Mfg. and in Process | 860,731.41 | |
| Supplies | 506,709.10 | |
| Cash and Bills Receivable | 550,520.68 | |
| Open Accounts | 2,803,340.91 | |
| Insurance | 140,000.00 | |
| Investments | $3,707,908.21 | |
| TOTAL LIQUID ASSETS | $8,926,331.84 | $8,926,331.84 |
| | | $23,999,693.73 |

Indirect Liabilities ..... } $733,868.54
Bills Receivable under Discount ... }

C. B. GORDON, President.
F. G. DANIELS, Director.

The President and Directors
DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED
Gentlemen :—

We certify that we have audited the financial books and records of the DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, LIMITED, for the year ended March 31st, 1921, and that we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us.

In our opinion the above Balance Sheet and Relative Profit and Loss Statement are properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Company.

(Signed) P. S. ROSS & SONS, Chartered Accountants,
Montreal, May 18th, 1921. Auditors.

### Profit and Loss Account for Twelve Months Ended 31st March, 1921

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Mar. 31st, 1920—Balance at Credit | | $4,053,044.52 |
| Mar. 31st, 1921—Manufacturing Profit | | 1,780,938.92 |
| " —Interest on Investments | | 150,072.82 |
| | | $5,984,056.26 |
| March 31st, 1921—Interest on Dom. Textile Bonds. | $ 283,467.50 | |
| " " Dom. Cotton Bonds... | 222,555.00 | |
| " " Montmorency Bonds .. | 18,337.50 | |
| Rent Account | 31,416.00 | |
| Welfare Account | 45,420.76 | |
| Bad Debts and Reserve | 110,425.87 | |
| Dividend—Preferred Stock | 135,842.00 | |
| " —Common Stock | 500,000.00 | |
| Balance at Credit | 4,636,591.63 | |
| | $5,984,056.26 | |

C. B. GORDON, President
F. G. DANIELS, Director

Audited and Reported on—
P. S. ROSS & SONS.
Chartered Accountants
Montreal, May 18th, 1921.

we needn't bother them much, and they won't bother us. And Fred is amusing, is he not? Outside a museum one doesn't often come across a specimen of the kind—I mean a real fossil; no, he's not a fossil, for that is hard—an ossifying man; no, that wouldn't do—you can't say that a fat man is ossifying."

"Fat!" Fred would have expired in his tracks had he heard it. Fred, who had led the field in an inter-college dash—who had fought like a lusty young battered tiger on the gridiron to the music of the applause of thousands—who had been a brawny fit mixer in the saw dust and resin ring in the college gymnasium! Fred Tempest fat! Yet as I looked over at him I saw that, as usual, Agatha had hit the nail squarely on the head. He was getting fat; he looked out of condition. The casual observer who had not known him in his earlier days would not have noticed it, for there was no grossness about him, but I who had known him in his hard, fit time, could see it. Snug living, rolling round behind the fat horses and coachman, fat feeding at the ministering hand of the fat butler were taking the steel-stuff out of the man almost as surely as downright dissipation would have done. He was slacking at life's training table and in its gymnasium—slipping at seven and twenty—and people said he had been lucky! I could see him—ten years ahead—plump, rotund, soft, wheezy, with doctors warning him not to run for trains or climb stairs too fast.

Now two or three rounds with the gloves would have used him up, and he had the physique of a wrestler. Luck! What luck could a man have that was fat at seven and twenty—fat in appearance, in his sport, in his business? The Old Book has it right as usual; when it wants to use the fitting word for what we call "going to the devil," it calls it "fatness"—fatness of heart and soul, slowness, blindness, taking the count. Fred was positively tragic—the tragedy of a fat man at twenty-seven.

IT WAS not a good game; for my own part I was too pre-occupied with Lister's affairs and Fred's slacking. Agatha played with less than her usual vim and skill. Fred was plodding along in tolerable form, and Prudence the best of the bunch, steady, consistent, and deadly on the green. So much the better were our opponents that they took the lead early and never lost it. When we holed out at the fourteenth the match was as good as over.

"Dormy four!" said Fred complacently, and that was the correct state of the game. As you well know "dormy four" means that with but four holes left to play, the leaders are four up. They could not lose the match if they lost all four holes—in that event it would be a halved battle, and if they managed just to halve one of the holes the match would immediately go to them.

It has always seemed to me that the term "dormy" is one of the most interesting and impressive in the pregnant list of golfing terminology. It signifies, of course, a cosy, drowsy, sleepy state; you have the game so nicely in hand that you don't care much what happens; you can slack off, let events take their own course and trust to the averaging of luck to pull you out a winner, while if the worst comes to the worst you can't be beaten, the battle is drawn. If one were given to over-moralising one might say that in no part of the game of golf is life more faithfully mirrored than in the dormy state. However, back to my story.

"Got you, Algy, old top!" grinned Fred as he and I walked aside while our partners drove. "Isn't it hot, though?"

"A trifle warm," I replied. "The trouble is, Fred, you're getting shamefully beefy. You've puffed round the links like an asthmatic locomotive. I'd like to have the handling of you for a few months."

"I haven't put on ten pounds the last two years," he replied somewhat indignantly.

"What right have you to put on ten ounces?" I demanded.

"Every chap can't be built greyhound way like you," he retorted, mopping his face with his handkerchief. He was red-faced and undeniably puffy; even a year ago he could have gone round the course on such a day at a tidy gallop and scarce have turned a hair. But it wasn't only that—the keenness had gone out of him; it was a relief to have the game practically over and won. We paused to watch the drives, and when Agatha's turn came I perceived a subtle change in her, it was revealed as she addressed the ball; the indifference and lethargy seemed to have gone, and she whipped the ball away with a corking drive that sent it far down the middle of the course.

"Dormy four, Algy," she said, as I joined her and we walked on. Her step was livelier, the lines of her mouth were firmer, the little jaw seemed to be more decisively set. "The game's a real game now. Just step on the gas, we are going to take these four holes from that dormy man."

THERE was a breezy invigorating viciousness about the way she put it that stirred the battling spirit in me. You couldn't crawl or dawdle or quit with such a game little partner, and her enthusiasm jazzed me up like a draught of the forbidden stuff. Agatha's was the gingery-optimistic tone that was noticeable when she fared forth on a big bond drive, and the world of finance seemed to have her dormy. The result of it directly was that I laid my shot within a yard of the pin, and was still more bucked by her crisply expressed approval.

The atmosphere on which I throve seemed to upset Fred, for he made an execrable botch of his approach, and we took the hole.

"Dormy three!" said Agatha with a suspicion of crowing in her announcement. "Now Algy—go to it!"

Though I say it, and am reasonably modest, I drove from that tee with a magnificent fury that Jehu the son of Nimshi never excelled, and reached the green.

"I've half a mind to kiss you for that," whispered Agatha, her eager face glowing.

"I've got the other half," I replied. "Let it bear interest for the next five minutes."

Poor Fred's puffy morale seemed to be going. He made a furious whang at his ball and pulled it miles out of the course, so far that he wouldn't fetch it.

"Dormy two!" chirruped Agatha, this time in my ear, for she was not the girl to gloat unduly.

The seventeenth was just a gift for us, Fred and poor Prudence floundering round as people do flounder when the pep's out of them. With us it was a perfect Agathan drive, an astonishing chip to the vicinity of the hole for me, and a run down for my amazing partner. I admit that I was a bit cocky just as I stood at the tee, with the home stretch before us. It is a tricky hole, a topped drive means the bushes or sand-pit, a pull means the jungle, an over-drive lands into a nice little clayey pond, a slice—and a young quarry gulps you down. Well is it named Hades.

"And the game stands 'Dormy one!'," I intimated to the world at large and Fred in particular, then selected an iron, for it is a short shot. Ordinarily I should have found trouble; in nine cases out of ten my highest hope would have been to fluke into a bit of fair ground. To-day I might have been Ray and Hagen, Taylor, Vardon, and George Duncan rolled into one. Doubts didn't exist: I was going to lay that little white pill somewhere very adjacent to that little narrow hole; there was no other place for it, trouble had ceased to exist—it was the magic of Agatha's eye, the supreme confidence she radiated; the gods and the little goddesses were all rooting for us, I can't tell why, and the stars in their courses were fighting against this Sisera—Fred. Then I smote, there was the clear metallic, musical click, and up and away the ball soared, arched gracefully, fell, bounded a little way, ran, and pulled up. Poor old Fred, he did his best, but it was a rank best, and found the pond.

"Halved match!" he said. "Well, never mind, Prudence, we didn't lose!" And, I don't quite know why but that seemed about the most disastrous remark of all possible remarks he could have made.

Prudence laughed as he apologized for his tameness, but it was not a cheerful laugh. It wasn't that she minded the result, but the show they had made in the pinch was rather humiliating.

"Fine plucky game you put up, Miss Maxwell," he said courteously, but a trifle sheepishly for Fred. Agatha nodded her acknowledgment but there was something in her face that positively made Fred wince.

IT WAS the severest thing I had ever seen in Agatha, words could not have expressed her thought more vividly, it was frigidly polite, indifferent—a sort of

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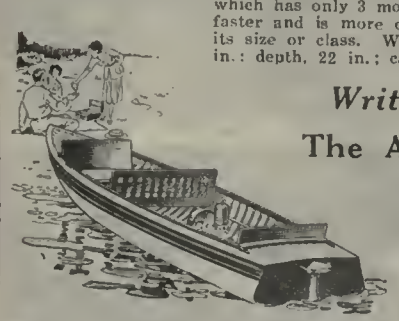
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"weighed in the balances and found wanting" look. Young Mr. Tempest was no fool, and he read what perhaps he was meant to read, he had lain down, rolled over, held up his little paws in passive resistance form, and then got up and been thankful that he hadn't been licked—he just hadn't lost. I think in that moment Fred got the first shock that had suggested waking since he had entered the state of dormy.

"Pretty sloppy show poor old Freddie made," I remarked to Agatha as we wended our way homeward. My purpose was not to crow or revive memories of our triumph, negative as it had been; I did want, however, to get the slant of Agatha on the situation. "Somewhat ghastly to be dormy four and then do no better than halve."

She made no reply for some moments, then after eloquent silence she spoke with quiet deliberateness.

"If there is one man on the face of the earth I despise more than another, it is the 'dormy' man," she said, with a cutting severity quite foreign to her. "A man who folds his hands and drowses over things when the game isn't won as yet—only not lost. What's the use of a halved result that leaves you just where you were at the start? I'd sooner be beaten after a real fight, carried up to the last putt on the last green, than crumple up and crawl in—not having lost."

"Oh, I don't know; a half's a half after all," this to further egg her on.

"You do know," she replied sharply. "It isn't the result in figures or holes that counts, it's the way you play the game, and Fred just quit—I don't mean that he quit in the ordinary cowardly way, but there's loafer's quitting as well as coward's; he stopped making any show of a fight when the pinch came just because he was too fat and lazy in spirit to battle on to a finish—a big, likely man of his age, and just a 'dormy' man! I suppose he'll go home and have nice cosy snooze in his nice comfy armchair, and then have a nice fine dinner with that wheezy old butler feeding him, and then some more dormying."

Agatha spoke rather more loudly than was her wont; it was a rural winding lane we were in, the dust thick on the path. I thought I heard a step, and, turning, saw two or three yards behind us—Fred Tempest.

If he had heard Agatha he gave no sign of it that would ordinarily indicate that he had, but I had my suspicions. In some way he did not seem quite so puffy, certainly he was not so red-faced, and what wobbliness there had been in him had vanished. Perhaps the exercise had done him good, but at any rate he didn't look quite so soft.

"Didn't know you were walking, Fred, or we'd have waited for you," I said.

"My man's on the way, no doubt, so I thought I'd step along and meet him." he replied. Just at the moment the old hearse came rumbling up, stopped and wheeled about for his nibs to enter.

"May I offer you a lift?" he asked politely.

"Thanks, but I'd rather walk," said Agatha. It was perfectly said, in her nicest tones, but there was fun in her eyes as they swept the fat livestock in shafts and on the box, and the funereal equipage.

"I think I prefer the old-fashioned ones with the black plumes at each corner, on the whole," she observed critically looking after the sepulchral affair. "I wonder he doesn't have "R.I.P." painted on the back. I hope the fat butler will have his milk nicely warmed for him the minute he's out of the perambulator."

IT WAS severe—extremely so, but it was another wallop right on the head for the nail. Poor old Fred! I had it in my heart to be sorry for him. A man who had the misfortune to draw down upon him the contempt of a sweet girl like Agatha was ill-starred indeed. Again we lapsed into silence, which was broken a quarter of a mile further on by Agatha.

"Algy!" she said. "I want you to let me know the very minute that 'dormy' man quits Lister Motors. I am going to have a word with Mr. Munro, and the thing shall go through—it shall!" and she stamped her foot impressively. "If I have to canvass Riverton house by house, if I have to gather up the subscriptions in five dollar lots I'll get them—mark my word. I'm sorry for Lister and his poor people I hate to see a good man go down




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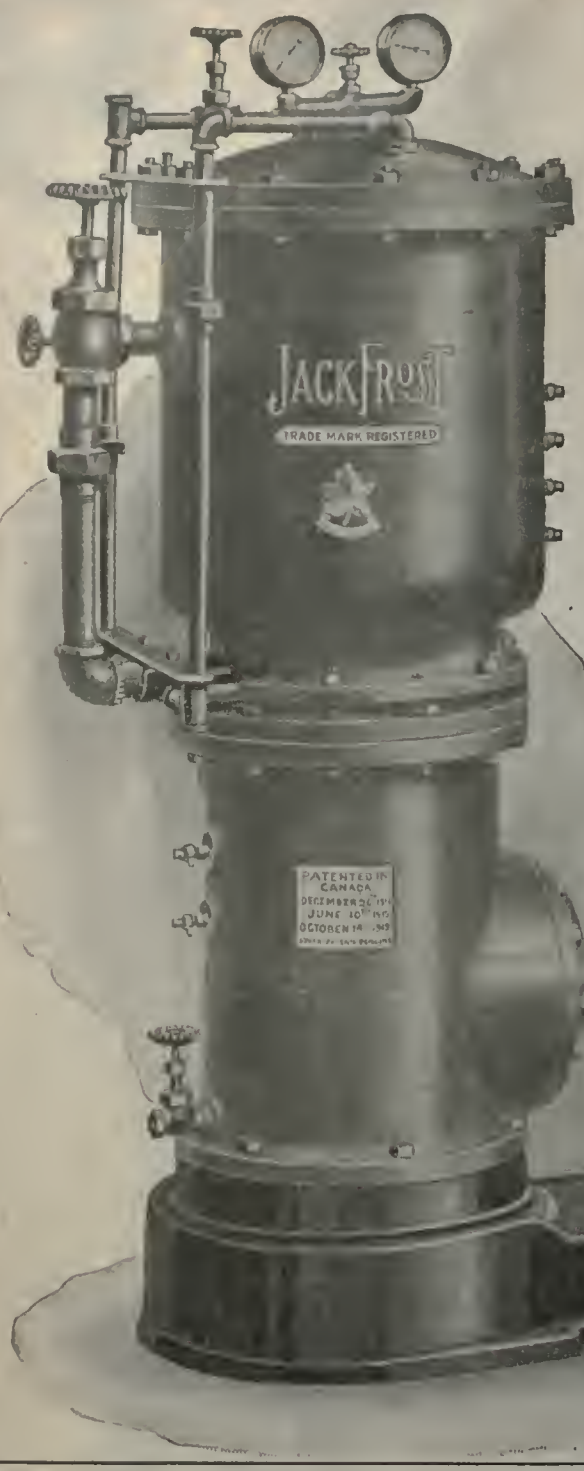
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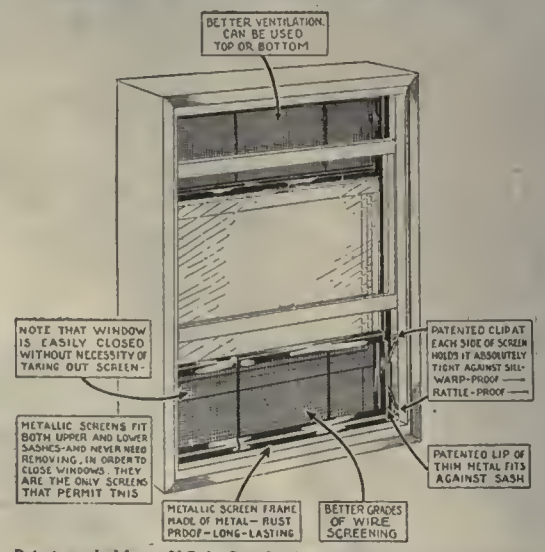
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—and, most of all I detest a 'dormy' man, as I have told you before."

To say that I was bucked up is not to express my sentiments correctly. I knew with the same certainty that I had on those last golf tees and greens that the thing was as good as done, and that there would be no dormy work until it was done.

"That's the grandest and most glorious news I've had these many days," I replied. "I don't think there's any question about your having the chance, but I'll have the thing settled positively between now and Monday evening." I went home in exalted frame of mind, and even stepped so far outside my professional caution as to intimate a "cheerio" message in vague terms over the 'phone to poor old Lister to cheer him over the Sabbath; reinforcements were being rushed up, and that breezy kind of thing. That Agatha had not dallied was soon apparent, for round ten of Monday morning Jim Munro drifted into my office.

"What's about this Lister chap, with the motor bug in his ear?" he greeted me. I sketched the thing for him.

"Sounds kind of plummy to hear you talk," he said. "Agatha's been at me to get into it. Fred Tempest fallen down, eh? What do you know about that? Not much more than a two by four proposition that Fred would have put through any morning before lunch the way he was when he started into business and was keen. I figured him as a fast and strong comer but that estate of old Tom's was just so much soothing syrup to him. Men are queer as horses, some natural runners who like the race and the game, others slugs if they get the chance, needing the whip and spur. Fred on five and twenty a week and a girl in the offing he wanted to build a cage for—there'd be no holding him, but there's nothing he wants and that's about the worst fix a lad can get into. Contentment! it's hell's own dope. A full belly with plenty more in the pantry is bad as booze any day of the week. I'm sorry, for I like Fred."

Jim's philosophy was sound though perhaps a trifle coarse.

"He hasn't pulled out yet, though," I told him. "But I'll find out before the day's through," and there we left the matter.

It was late in the afternoon before I could get over to Fred's office, and I missed him. He was out and nobody knew when he'd get back. There it was again, when he should have been round attending to business he was dormieing somewhere—club or links or fishing. I left a rather insistent verbal message, without going into particulars; he'd guess what I wanted to see him for. It was after dinner when he dropped in at my house.

"YOU called this afternoon," he said. I thought it might perhaps be something urgent."

I'd seen Freddy some forty-eight hours before when he rolled away in the hearse, but in some unaccountable way there was a change in him.

He wasn't just the good-natured, slack-seeming plump young plutocrat; he looked serious almost to grumpiness, if it hadn't been so absurd I'd have thought the bottom had fallen out of his fortune, and he was having to hustle for board and lodging. Of course there couldn't be much physical change in him in those few hours, but—he didn't look either slack or fat. It was something in his eyes, the set of his jaw, the lines of his mouth, that made him look different. The change was mental, moral, instead of physical. The man had had a moral Turkish bath, electric treatment; the spiritual clock had been wound up in some way. There was a kind of fighting challenge on his face as he fronted me and it was pleasant to see it.

"I wanted to know something positively about that Lister matter," I gave him reply.

"What about it?" he demanded.

"If you've quit—I mean if you have decided that you don't care to go any further with it—we want to know," I explained. "Sit down, man, I haven't challenged you to fight." But he didn't sit down.

"I suppose Aga—I mean Jim Munro's wanting to take a fall out of me. I hear he's been doing a bit of talking about what he and Aga—I mean Miss Maxwell—are going to do when I drop it," he said.

"There have been suggestions in the direction you indicate," I admitted.



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**Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited**

Head Offices and Factory: TORONTO

***Branches in All the Leading Cities of the Dominion***



WILLYS-KNIGHT

Distinguished owners in all parts of the motoring world pay tribute to the excellence of the Willys-Knight. Its sleeve-valve motor is known everywhere as the "The Silent Knight" and the motor that "improves with use".

*For a complete description, see the illustrated Willys-Knight catalogue----a copy sent on request.*

## Overland Drops Its Prices

Both Willys-Knight and Overland motor cars were reduced in price on June 1st, when Willys-Overland Limited made an announcement that created wide interest.

This announcement was to the effect that the company had decided upon new, rock-bottom prices on all its models, in anticipation of reduced costs to follow increased production.

The Willys-Knight, a car that is built in keeping with the famous sleeve-valve motor, is quoted at $2900, f.o.b., Toronto, for the touring car and roadster; the coupe at $3900 and the sedan at $4200, with sales tax extra in each case.

The 1921 Overland, that owners have been saying is "easy on gas, easy on tires, easy riding," is now also easy to buy, for the new prices start as low as $985, that being the touring car and roadster price, f.o.b., Toronto, and exclusive of sales tax. The coupe is quoted at $1495, and the sedan at $1695.

People were beginning to realize what a wonderful car the new Overland really is, when the prices were lowered, with the result that in the first two weeks of June sales increased all over Canada.

While there have been numerous improvements in this year's car, the Overland is fundamentally the same Model Four that has proved its merits not only in Canada, but in many parts of the world during the past year. Willys-Overland Limited, have received letters from almost every section of Canada in praise of the new Overland's remarkable stamina. Most owners, in relating their experiences, take occasion to remark on the gas and tire mileage. The average appears to be 25 to 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline; though some owners report as high as 35 miles to the gallon.

Owners, too, testify to the exceptional comfort that it has been possible to combine with light car economy, due chiefly to the use of Triplex Springs.

Back of the Overland is an organization that holds a leading place among the industries of this country; and in addition to the satisfaction of being able to get cars cheaper, the public will be gratified by the new price announcement as an evidence of the continued growth of this Canadian industry.

Barber-Ellis

FRENCH ORGANDIE





"Well, I want to serve notice on Miss Maxwell, on Jim Munro, and on you, to keep your hands off and stand clear," he said, thumping the table with a useful-looking fist. "I'm putting Lister Motors through. You may think because you put it across on the links last Saturday you can do it again. Good-night!" and without another word he was off. There was pepper in the castor this evening all right, I could have sneezed, such was the room's atmosphere.

I thought it advisable to see Agatha, and strolled round to her place.

"Agatha, there is nothing whatever doing—and still there is much doing," I reported. "Fred Tempest appears to have undergone some kind of operation—I don't know what, but he isn't fat, and the wheezy symptoms are gone. He has served notice on me in pungently verbal terms that you and old Jim and I can keep our hands off his affairs, and especially Lister Motor affairs, because what we put across on Saturday afternoon is not to be encored."

"He said that?" she replied, seeming not quite as much disappointed as I had thought she might be.

"Precisely that," I confirmed. "I don't know, but I strongly suspect that he heard some of your observations in the leafy lane."

"I hope he did," she answered impenitently.

THE front page of my newspaper, as I browsed upon it at breakfast next morning, gave me a shock. There was a great advertisement in fat black letters in the middle of it,

LISTER MOTORS!

and the peppiest kind of a story under it — brief — pungent — right-between-the-eyes stuff. The second page had some more, and so on through all the pages. You'd have thought that this Lister was Henry Ford and Edison rolled into one, that if you didn't leave your rolls and coffee, rush over to Tempest's office, and grab a wad of stock, you would forever after repent in sackcloth and ashes. Downtown everybody was talking about Lister and his motor, and just as much about Fred Tempest. What had happened nobody seemed to understand, but Fred had been resurrected.

"Can't make him out," said Jim Munro. "But somebody's been feeding him raw meat; he's Johnny on the spot, hustling round, grim as hell, with blood in his eye, and the tail of his coat trailing challenge."

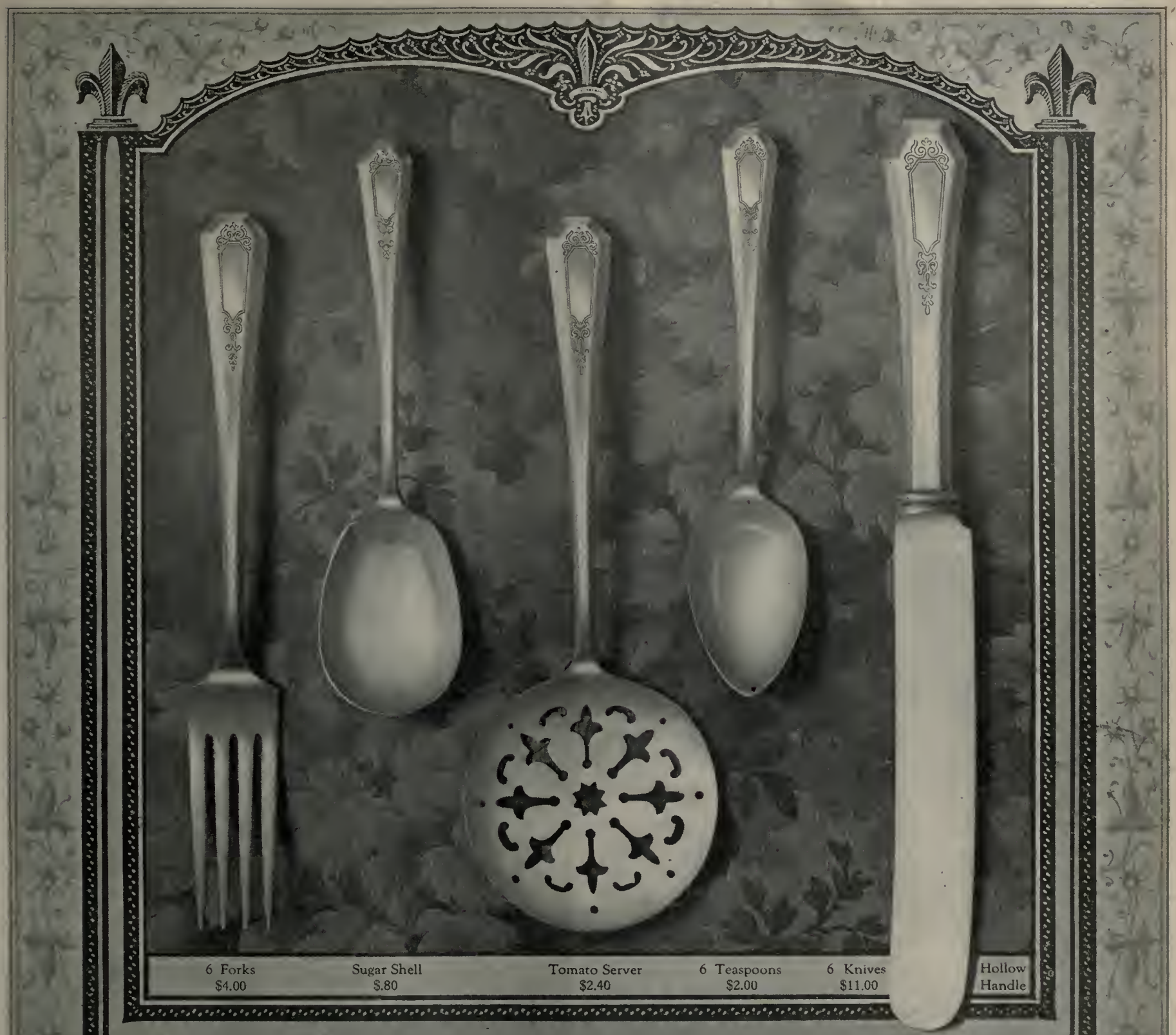
I met Lister, and he was tickled to death.

"Missed my guess with that guy," he said. "He was out to see me Saturday night, and on Sunday, and to-day, and there's nothing to it, he's going over the top like a mad jumping ramping lion fight-crazy. He'll buck the line and be across before the week's out, there's no holding him."

And it was even so. Lister Motors was put across before the next Saturday, and it wasn't only that affair. Fred seemed to have gone into training and was putting up an all-round red-hot game, and all through the summer and fall it was the same story: the old staid Goshawk and Tempest firm was stepping out after a fashion that made Riverton almost gasp, Fred had introduced the jazz stuff, having himself been jazzed. I often spoke to Agatha about it, but she never had much to say; I guessed that perhaps old Jim Munro wasn't having things his own way in business as he formerly had, and perhaps Agatha found the sledding not quite as easy as it had been.

I CALLED for Agatha on Saturday afternoon and drove her out to the Club House; it was quite a great day, for the county men's championship final was down for decision, and the interest much greater than usual, even in that notable event. Fred Tempest had pulled out his old-time golfing form for the tournament, and had run into the final. His adversary was a chap from a rival club, a mighty lad on the links with a national reputation. It was therefore the duty of all loyal Rivertonians to mass and root decorously for the home chap.

There must have been three or four thousand people out when the battlers drove off. The odds were against Fred, but he had been going great guns, and while I didn't think he'd pull out ahead I had



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# FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

## Sir H. Montagu Allan, the President, Draws Attention to the Principal Features of Bank's Progress During Year of Expansion —Bank Now Has 400 Branches and 2,997 Shareholders.

## D. C. Macarow, General Manager, States That a Certain Optimism is Not Only Warrantable and Desirable, But Even Essential—Reports Gain of $7,000,000 in Interest Bearing Deposits For Year.

The fifty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Merchants Bank of Canada marked the close of a satisfactory year for the Bank. The annual report indicated that business had been well maintained during the period of readjustment.

Sir H. Montagu Allan, the President, in his address on behalf of the Board of Directors, dealt particularly with the main features of the progress of the Bank during the past year, and pointed out that there were now 400 branches. In addition, there was a steady increase in the number of shareholders of the Bank, the total number now being 2,997, as against 2,622 a year ago, an increase during the year of 375.

D. C. Macarow, the General Manager, in a constructive address, took the view that at this stage of Canada's development a certain optimism was not only warrantable and desirable, but, indeed, essential, for it begets that stimulating measure of constructive effort, energy and courage through the application of which the obstacles the country now has to face would in due course be more surely and readily overcome.

### Report of Board of Directors.

The President, Sir H. Montagu Allan, in presenting the Annual Report, spoke in part:—

During the year we opened 12 new Branches and established 11 sub-Agencies on regular Branch basis. Three Branches were closed, while 12 sub-Agencies were opened and 8 closed. Our total number of Branches is now 400.

In order to provide for our growing business in the uptown district of Montreal and to prepare for future requirements, it was deemed advisable to acquire another uptown site on St. Catherine street, and we have accordingly purchased the northeast corner of St. Catherine and Drummond streets, a site probably unequalled in point of location. It is the intention to erect thereon a suitable building that will afford every modern banking facility for that busy district.

As mentioned in last year's report, a further issue of $2,100,000 of new stock was made, making the paid-up capital of the Bank $10,500,000, and by the transfer of the premium on the new stock to the Rest Account, the Rest now stands at $9,450,000.

The Shareholders of the Bank now number 2,997, as against 2,622 in 1920. being an increase of 375 during the year.

### The General Manager's Address

The General Manager, Mr. D. C. Macarow, in rising to make his annual address, was received with much applause by the Shareholders. He said in part:

The trend of our interest-bearing deposits has been steadily upward, an increase in that Department of about $7,000,000 being shown, but this gain has been more than offset by the decline in the total ordinary deposits. A year ago, however, under the heading of Demand Deposits a sum of about $8,000,000 stood to the credit of the Government in connection with Victory Loan payments. This amount, which, of course, was of a purely temporary nature, was withdrawn during the year so that, after making allowance for it, the Total Deposits and Total Assets about held their own, a satisfactory achievement we have no doubt you will agree.

Current Loans and Discounts, apart from loans to cities, towns, municipalities and school districts, stand at $109,183,000 as against $113,198,000 last year, a reduction of $4,000,000 in the twelve months' period. It will be seen, therefore, that this Bank continues to extend its ample share of assistance to the industries of the country, including support, in full measure, to our largest individual source of production and wealth—agriculture.

Crop conditions throughout the country are at the present moment exceptionally promising. That this year's actual results may measure up to present expectations is "a consummation devoutly to be wished," for much depends upon it.

If I may say a word as to general conditions it will be one of tempered optimism, having a due comprehension of the many difficulties which require to be met, but having, at the same time, a proper appreciation of the actual and potential riches of this country. At this particular stage in our development a certain optimism is, I venture to think, not only warrantable and desirable, but, indeed, essential, for it begets that stimulating measure of constructive effort, energy and courage through the practical application of which the obstacles we have to face will, in due course, be the more surely and readily overcome.


**Superfluous Hair Roots Now Removed at Home**

Glorious news for women troubled with disfiguring hairy growths! By means of an entirely new and very simple method you can now remove not only the surface hair, but the roots as well! Just get a $1 stick of Phelactine at any drug store or toilet counter, follow the easy instructions—see the hair-roots come out before your very eyes! Yes, you can hardly believe your eyes, it is done so quickly, completely, harmlessly. Phelactine is non-irritating, non-odorous, non-poisonous.

Dearborn Supply Co., 5 N. La Salle Street, Chicago.

**DEAFNESS**

ITS CAUSES AND TREATMENT

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hopes. Alas, they seemed early doomed to disappointment. The alien went off the mark like a shot from the gun, and at the turn he was three up; the next few holes were a nip and tuck affair, Fred neither losing nor winning, and when the fifteenth was holed out the other chap was dormy three—all over but the shouting.

"Tough for a dormy man to have the other chap dormy on him," I whispered to Agatha as we moved toward the sixteenth tee.

"Fred isn't a dormy man," she replied with an odd sharpness. I gazed at her admiringly—the loyal Rivertonian that she was—all enmities and so forth forgotten in presence of a common peril. Fred happened to be quite near us at the moment, he grinned at me then looked rather quizzically at Agatha.

"You've just got to take these three holes," she said in her convincing way, as if all he had to do to pocket them was to go after them.

"You're backing me?" he asked.

"All the way—you can do it," she replied with stout loyalty, and he walked up to the tee. He wasn't puffy-faced or red or plump, but fine and brown and hard, a fighting man in a tight corner. Away his ball sped like a bullet and fetched up a yard from the hole with the invader short of the green. A two won for Fred. On the seventeenth he was down in three to the other chap's four, going like a cavalry charge. He reached the green again with his tee shot at the eighteenth, and ran down another two. Excitement was beyond fever heat. Fred three down and three to play, had done these three in 2—3—2—seven where bogey was ten!

Away the mob streamed to the first tee to see the battle for the decider; my heart was on the giddy jump, Agatha was very quiet but the light in her eyes and the pink of her cheeks showed her emotion.

JUST for an instant Fred's eyes glanced toward her as he took up his stance for the drive. They were clear, cool, determined—he had the conquering look in them—the dormy chap existed no more. Then he drove, putting all the hard vigor of him, into the clean sweep. Straight as a ruled line it sped, within mashie shot. The enemy's drive was almost as good, and playing the odd the invader laid his ball within ten feet of the hole, and he was a deadly putter. Here was where any cracking would settle the business. Fred took his mashie, played, and his ball ran twenty feet past the hole on a lightning-fast green. He advanced to play the odd amid breathless excitement; Agatha's hand sought mine in that fevered moment, and gripped it tightly. Fred studied the putt with care; there was no sign of cracking in him. A moment he hung over the ball, then—click!—it was on its way.

On and on it ran—would it reach?—would it run past? then it just dropped in. The other fellow had no wilt in him, but he was about two inches short; he put out his hand and gripped that of Fred—the battle was over, the laurel on Riverton's brows.

In some way I lost Agatha in the crowd, and when it was time to go home I could not find her. She must have gone with somebody else. I drove away in solitary state. After dinner I was smoking a meditative pipe when there was a ring at the door, and I heard Jim Munro's voice. He burst into my room rather than entered it. There was ferocity in his eyes.

"A febrifuge, Jim?" I suggested, tapping the siphon.

"Look here," he demanded by way of reply," had you a hand in it?"

"Kindly explain yourself, James," I replied.

"She's going to be married," he yelled. "Married! Agatha!" Had the dear girl been going to be guillotined it could not have sounded more appalling. "She's marrying that Fred Tempest. I'd sooner he'd swiped the office safe and the rest of the staff."

"Well, but Jim, you couldn't expect her to waste her fresh young beauty on a noisome den like your office," I remonstrated.

"That's what he's been plotting," he added. "Telephone and electricity and steam heat, and garage and cars. Painting and furnishing and all the rest of it. The wonder is that old Tom Tempest don't bust up through that marble lid of his."

"And if he did she'd have him mewing after her all round the place," I said.

I met Agatha the next morning as we


**Jim Henry's Column**

# Cold Water

I don't suppose there is anything in the world that will make a man fly off the handle and bawl out the world in general, like finding there is no hot water when he wants to shave.

To most men, the idea of shaving with cold water is like catching a train before sunrise on a rainy morning, or rebuilding a furnace fire when you get home from a week-end at midnight with the house down to zero.

That is why I have never made much of an effort to put across the idea that Mennen Shaving Cream works exactly as well with cold water as with hot, and nearly two million men know whether or not it works well with hot. It has been difficult enough to wean men away from hard caustic soap, without advocating anything so cheerless as shaving with cold water.

Yet the funny part of it is that you are likely to prefer cold water with Mennen's, if you will try it a few times—especially in hot weather. Cold water is stimulating—wakes you up—keeps your skin in good condition.

Anyway, there are occasions when you don't have any choice. At summer hotel, boarding house, camp, on yacht or Pullman, it is usually cold water or nothing.

That will be a good time to give Mennen's a tryout. If you can draw a bucket of ordinary pond water and in three minutes build up a lather so firm and moist and marvelous in beard-softening power that shaving is more like a caress than a major operation, the experience will confirm your belief that Mennen Shaving Cream is one of the finest things that ever came into your life.

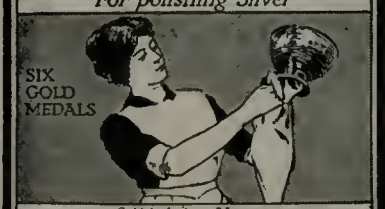
and afterwards Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
MONTREAL, CANADA 262




**Goddard's Plate Powder**
*For polishing Silver*




Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents. in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
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left church. She laughed bewitchingly, and colored prettily.

"Agatha! the desertion was cruel," I reproached.

"Yes, it was a bit mean," she said.

"I was butchered to make a dormy man's holiday," I told her.

"He isn't a dormy man—don't you dare say it," she replied.

"What became of you after the match?"

"The beach was very inviting," she dimpled.

"I would have accompanied you to the beach just as well as another."

"Not as well, Algy—you're a dear, you know—but not as well."

"What about a little saunter before lunch?"

"I'm afraid I can't," she smiled. Then a rakish two-seater drew up, and grinning Fred was at the wheel. I congratulated him.

"Sorry I can't invite you, Algy," said Fred, tucking Agatha in.

"You blessedly shameless son of Ananias," I replied, and watched them drive away into the realms of bliss.

# The Rt. Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill

*Continued from page 13*

### Churchill's Vigor and Accuracy of Vision

IT WAS during that march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria that I first realized the gifts of Churchill and became aware that the qualities of the victor of the battle of Blenheim had been well and truly grafted upon a wild, vigorous stock transplanted from the New World. Quick, audacious, decisive in big things or little, he stood out every time he tried. On a deserted farm some hungry officers were chasing a flock of geese. The geese were no fools and they were easily too much for the cavalry—for all but one of them, who, darting suddenly from his hiding place, landed the finest of the flock a kick which sent it sailing through the air to fall dead at the feet of a very senior officer! Churchill stood the abuse; stuck to the goose and did actually cook that goose. To some, no doubt, this farmyard illustration may appear grotesque but there's more in it than meets the simpleton's eye. His victory over the goose was emblematic of the vigor and accuracy of vision he brought to bear upon stupidity, and it never failed him except in the great war when there were so many military geese about, they became unkickable.

He had a great eye for country; danger made no odds to him at all. During the second day of the Battle of Diamond Hill he sent me a note imploring me to make my way to a certain vantage point whence, he said, the whole tangle of the battle could be unravelled. I had just been bowled over by a spent shrapnel bullet but I did struggle up that hill on to a plateau which was a real magazine fire spot, a sort of spot which turned heroes into flounders, made every living soul lie flat and pray for deliverance from the dimension of height. Winston had been right. I could clearly define, indeed, I was in close touch with, the main position of the enemy, also I could see that there was a weak link between that position and his extreme left and, as a result, Bruce Hamilton sent in his 82nd Field Battery; the intrepid de Lisle struck hard with his famous mounted infantry and, at a late hour in the evening, broke into the enemy's line.

How many battles are like that! Grand generals, staff, galaxies whilst, all the time, unsuspected by the elect, somewhere there is, there really is, a genius acting as god of the machine.

### Churchill's Coat of Blue

WHEN I was still grinding out my soul as chief staff officer to Lord Kitchener in South Africa (a fifteen hours' day every time not to speak of broken nights) my brilliant young friend was playing star turns in the House of Commons as the hope of the Conservative party. I have always felt that Winston's coat of many colors was originally dipped into a vat of blue, a good, fast, natural Tory background; none of your synthetical or analytical dyes. The bedrock of the singular being is conservatism, but his vision sweeps a wider field. His imagination plumbs greater depths and heights than the average Tory can compass. So there are questions, as, for instance, those engendered by the Treaty of Versailles, wherein I should guess he stood much nearer to the Lloyd George of the Boer War than to the Lloyd George who cocks a fierce *kepi* upon a chevelure which is the only thing left to us now of the man who used to swear daily that force was no remedy.* So at least I should surmise seeing that, during the years 1901-1902 Churchill took a line of his own about the Boer indemnities: he was clear for indemnities provided the victors paid them. In a letter I wrote him directly peace was signed, I pressed upon him the idea of granting a constitution to the Boers so soon as their arms were handed over, pointing out that as we held 36,000 prisoners we should get a British majority in the Raad at the same time that our horn would be morally much exalted. I wrote on the same lines to George Wyndham. Winston replied that he agreed; that the idea was brilliant, but that, unluckily, there was only one living soul in the United Kingdom who would support it and his name was Lloyd George. How strange even in a few brief years are the ups and downs and upside downs of history. But although politicians may stand on their heads principles remain upright. History will repeat itself, and as Campbell-Bannerman dished the Tories by being magnanimous to the Boers so will some new, unknown statesman dish the Coalition.

### His Great Decision

AND it came to pass in those days that, in the fullness of time. Churchill was a Liberal and was despitefully treated by many a fair weather friend. For the party system as practised in these islands of the blessed is peculiar. A man may turn his coat as often as ever he likes so long as the party turn theirs too. Yet if, when the party turns, he does dare keep his coat on there is a cat o'nine tails ready to flog him back into line. This is the word RAT. Yet rats leave sinking ships whereas the silly cockroaches stick to them.

That's my way of putting the issue—not Winston's way. The Conservative ship was unseaworthy because her planks were rotten. It was doomed because she had suddenly been switched off the trade wind route to hunt for Treasure Island amidst hurricanes. Winston was neither a rat nor a blackbeetle. He was a human being, conscient of his own motives; cleaving to the views upon which he had been elected; determined not to knuckle under to any personage, however senior or splendid, who had seized upon the helm without a mandate. What looked to others like a change of sides appeared to himself as a farewell to politics. He never dreamed of holding office for many years to come and he began to study for the law. Small wonder! The followers of Sulla are always more savage than the followers of Marius: the white terror more deadly than the red. The story of the escape from Pretoria was revived. Parallels were drawn between the desertion of his comrades in the enemy's prison and his desertion of the Conservatives in their self-made prison.

Fiscals began in '03; Churchill crossed the floor late in '04 and the ship sank in '05. Whenever Churchill spoke it was the Opposition and not the orator who foamed at the mouth. When he supported the grant of a constitution to the Boers his remarks were made the occasion of a special outburst of fury; being held to be a betrayal of the Army of South Africa and a specially bad instance of the mean, turn-coat methods of Campbell-Bannerman. Now mark what follows, for it is not often in life that misrepresentations go so far; or, that they can be so completely refuted

While the peace negotiations were actually going on I wrote Churchill letter after letter urging him to see Mr. Chamberlain and to try and arrange with him, Mr. Brodrick and Lord Roberts that the Boers should receive magnanimous treatment and, more especially, that Louis Botha

*"Since M. Briand came into power . . . he has proceeded as he himself explained, first to re-cement the fabric of the Alliance and then to impose upon the reinforced structure the logical French thesis of force." Times: 30th April, 1921.


# Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends on the Care You Give It



Copyright, 1921 The R. L. W. Co.

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soap soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

## Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

## Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

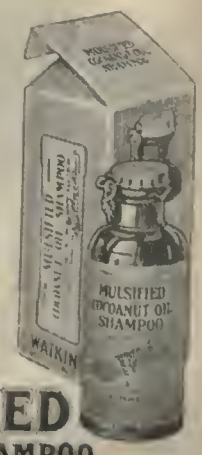
## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.




You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.
Splendid for children. Fine for men.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

*Made in Canada*



It used to require this girl's entire time every day to hand-address 800 envelopes in which a Broker mailed his daily market letter. But last week—with her regular typewriter—she *Stenciled* the 800 addresses into "Addresserpress" address cards. She did this in less than six hours.



She filed the 800 address cards in alphabetical order in this special cabinet. Filed them just like index cards.



And now each day she puts these address cards into the "Addresserpress" and—as fast as she can turn the hand crank—each address is transferred on to an envelope—at a speed of 800 addresses in thirty minutes.

Send for our Booklet "Addresserpressing"

A. S. Hustwitt
44 Adelaide Street, W. Toronto

Office Machinery & Supply Co.
106 Beaver Hall Hill, Montreal

Odilon Bernier
36 De Salaberry Street, Quebec



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WANTS MEN!

There is a wonderful opportunity for ambitious men to join the organization of the Fuller Brush Company, Ltd. Opportunities are open for men who prove their worth to become branch managers and earn even higher positions in our company.

Men who want pleasant, instructive, well-paying work, with an unusual opportunity to learn salesmanship, address

The Fuller Brush Co., Ltd.

General Sales Office, Toronto, Ont.,
309-311 Excelsior Life Bldg.,

or nearest branch office. (See our advertisement on page 59 for list of branches.)


might be given a brigade at Aldershot and that de la Rey and Smuts should each be fitted out with some sort of a commando in South Africa. Here is his answer, the original of which I hold:

"105 Mount Street, W.,
June 25th, 1902.

"My dear General,

"Many thanks for your last three letters, all of which have been most pleasant to read and to receive.

"How thankful you must be at the result which has been achieved, and to think that you yourself were able to exert a powerful and effective influence, not only upon the War but upon the negotiations. I am quite certain that the Boer leaders have been powerfully impressed by the courtesy and respect which is entertained for them by the English commanders. As a nation it seems to me they possess qualities quite different to their individual qualities, and instead of being a matter of fact, secluded, sober, plainly dressed folk, they are, when they get together, as full of military vanity and desire for glory and renown as any nation has ever been; and they have moreover (so it has always seemed to me) a very curious and complete comprehension of the soldier's mind and the soldier's point of view. If this be true, I find myself able at once to understand how beneficent an influence men like Kitchener and yourself must have had upon the course of events.

"We are all very much impressed over here by the loyalty of the Boers in carrying out the spirit of the capitulation, and I hear it on all sides said what an extraordinary people they are. For my part I see nothing in their behaviour which is not perfectly logical and consistent, marked by the same shrewdness and boldness which has characterized all their previous plans. They have fought the British Empire; they have been defeated; they recognise that they cannot beat the British Empire; and they have decided to have it on their side. I am bound to say if they play their cards with their usual skill they will most certainly succeed. They do not mean to be handed over to the tender mercies of the Loyalists of South Africa, and it is in my opinion a shrewd and a practical policy on their part (an act all the more shrewd because it will be evidently sincere) to try to stand of all South African factors nearest the Imperial throne. For my part I think that if henceforward they associate themselves with us, we are absolutely bound to give them every kind of encouragement. . . . I am certain of this, that if we can make the Boers one of the foundations of our position in South Africa, if not the chief foundation, we shall be building upon the rock.

"I envy you very much your dinner with de Wet and the others, and it must have been indeed to you the most interesting event of your life. How very seldom opportunities have been provided in history for distinguished commanders on both sides to fight their battles over again. I wish I had the power to make the appointments* you suggest, but I know that Mr. Chamberlain is fully alive to the value of the help he may receive from the Boer leaders; and you may be quite sure that in politics he will always be a good friend to anyone who can give him the least assistance. Of course, the Government will use the Boers if they find from them a stronger support than from elsewhere."

### Hating Him a Convention

THIS, I think, is conclusive. But in 1906 an angel from Heaven would have been hissed had she dared utter Churchill's name in a drawing room without a swear word in front of it. Abuse of this unconventional figure became a conversational convention. There was only one thing Society could not do; they could not leave him alone. There has been more talk about Winston than about any other politician who, in my day, has existed. Why? Because he is a more interesting topic!

Churchill will always be delighted to fight but he never bears malice. He is one of the very rare public men who has put enemies into appointments and has forgiven ungrateful friends. Some politicians enjoy a sly revenge but there is nothing underhand about Churchill and his face bears me out. He is in every sense courageous and he never gets frightened unless danger is still a long way off: then he does get the wind up but that is because he sees very far ahead and is miserable, wretched, when his colleagues wish to wait-and-see. He sees. He doesn't want to wait: he wants to make all ready for the storm. Yet once let it break and the last thing that will break under it is Winston's nerve.

Is our new Colonial Secretary then perfect? Heavens, no! A genius he is, but wayward and self-absorbed. In company he falls often into a sort of trance during which he is capable of outraging all the conventions. Really he is dreaming with an intense concentration and is clearing the decks for action. In these moods he makes enemies "wherever he goes" as fast as the young lady from Banbury Cross made music. I could illustrate these items by examples but better not. He will be all there when he meets the Dominion Premier and what they will find is the hardest worker in these islands. His native genius never ran to oratory; he got there like Demosthenes by work. In the earlier stages of his political career, for months at a stretch he would write out several long speeches a day and commit them all to memory on the off-chance that the occasion might arise and that he might catch the Speaker's eye. Churchill could not speak then; he is now, to my taste, our best speaker.

After all, the root question about any man must be, "What is he out for?" Money? No! A thousand franc note blows out of the window—well, it has been blown. I once bought a sow from him—a most prolific transaction. Power? He is immune to that microbe. In his own personality he has carried power about with him since childhood. Tradition has it that he overpowered his nurse in the nursery; that within a week of joining at school he had flung a prefect into a canal. Glory? Hardly. It used to dazzle the young Churchill; to Churchill, the statesman, it gilds the object agreeably, nothing more. What then? Creation: not of himself but of ideas, things. Not the making of a great author but of a great book; not of a great artist but of a great picture; not of a great Colonial Secretary but of a great Empire. There we have him!

Of all the men we have he is the most capable of helping the Ministers of the four nations to readjust our Imperial machine after the storm and stress of the war. One of the main causes of the criticism he has inspired, *i.e.*, his many-sidedness, should be an immense asset to him in carrying on the duties of his present great post. His mind, I have explained, is like a diamond that has been dug out of the blue Conservative clay: conservatism was the matrix stuff and nothing can destroy its impress. But Winston is not blue clay himself; he is a diamond. He reflects; he sparkles; he can not only absorb but can illuminate any point of view. Beyond price should be this gift of his to the Empire when he meets the famous statesmen who are coming to us from overseas. Here's luck to him—and to them!

*To give Botha a Brigade at Aldershot, etc.

## A Woman Intervenes

*Continued from page 15*

"I admit," answered Pat, "that your story has decided leanings toward the improbable."

"Yet you believe me. Say you do believe me, monsieur!" she pleaded, laying her small hand impulsively on Pat's arm.

The intimate little action, the contact of that soft, little hand thrilled him, as did also the tone of her voice which implied, it seemed, that it was not her veracity for which she feared, but rather his good opinion of her. He did not reply, but sat in silence until with a sigh she withdrew her hand and settled back into her corner again.

"Before replying to your question," Pat then said, "allow me to ask in my turn: who are you?"

"My name, monsieur, can be of no interest to you!"

"None whatever!" he lied magnificently. "Let me put it another way: what are you?"

"But as I have said, monsieur, an agent of the French Secret Service, is that not sufficient?"




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"Quite! Then the man who gave me this document is also a French agent?"

"But obviously, monsieur!"

"Personally known to you?"

"Yes!"

"I am ignorant in such matters, madame, but I understand that Secret Service people are not always known to one another. Perhaps, although this *confrere* is known to you, you are unknown to him?"

"But no, monsieur! He knows me quite well!" she answered, a little intrigued at this cross-examination.

THEY were now well on their way to Versailles. The road was comparatively dark, all windows but that in front were heavily curtained, and although she had not again let fall her veil, there could no longer be any great danger of recognition if that was what she feared. Before she was aware of his purpose, Pat suddenly reached forward and switched on the small electric lamp over their heads. For just a moment the car was flooded with light and Pat caught the first clear sight of the companion he had had. Beautiful, exquisite, she undoubtedly was, but his heart sank for, alas! dark she undoubtedly was as well. He had just time to note these details before, with a little exclamation of vexation, she again switched off the light.

"You are rude, monsieur," she exclaimed indignantly.

"I am sorry," he replied. "It was necessary."

"Necessary?" she questioned.

"Yes, madame! You say the man who gave me this document knew you. Why, then, did he warn me against you?"

"Warn you against *me*!" she again exclaimed. "I am afraid I fail to understand, monsieur."

"His exact words were: 'Beware a dark woman!' You are undoubtedly dark, and your well timed arrival—"

Her laughter interrupted him; the rich, gurgling laughter he found so charming. Pat was perplexed. He cross-examined this woman suspiciously, yet knew in his heart after this half hour life would be very empty without her. He refused her his faith, yet allowed her to drive him, heaven only knew where, with perfect confidence. His sense of humor asserted itself and he joined in her laughter. Their merriment cleared the atmosphere.

"Monsieur Patrick, you are amusing!" she asserted.

"Madame, you are altogether charming!" he retorted.

On this apparently satisfactory basis of appreciation there is no telling where their subsequent conversation might have led had not some uncanny premonition of danger riveted their attention on the pitch dark road ahead. At the same time, their driver, evidently warned by a like sense, turned on his powerful, but hitherto extinguished, headlights. Almost simultaneously came the sound of grinding brakes as he jammed his foot on the pedal.

Across the road, directly in their path, was a rough, but heavy and effective barrier of stones and logs hastily piled together. Their late pursuers, despairing of effecting their purpose on the well lighted streets of Paris and having somehow learned of their destination, had adopted this desperate means of gaining their ends. Another twenty yards without lights and the heavy car travelling at express speed would have crashed into the barrier and been twisted into scrap iron. As it was they struck with sufficient force to smash their radiator and headlights, and to throw them all violently forward.

At the moment of impact a man rushed from behind a tree, and struck the driver a violent blow over the head, with some blunt instrument, before the latter could recover himself. He remained, limp and apparently lifeless, over his steering wheel. Simultaneously two others rushed the car from opposite sides.

PAT'S companion gave a cry of pain and alarm as the man on her side threw open the door, and, grasping her roughly by the arm, attempted to drag her from the car. The cry aroused all the fighting devil in Pat's nature. By this time he had slipped her little revolver from his pocket. Regardless of the danger from his side of the car, he took quick aim at her assailant and fired. The man crumpled to the pavement without a sound. Dropping the revolver into her lap in case she needed it for further defence, he then turned to meet his own opponent. By this time the man was half way in the car and had launched a blow at Pat's head with a short piece of narrow lead piping he carried. The blow landed before Pat could guard himself, but fortunately owing to the limited space the interior of the car afforded to swing the weapon, it struck with insufficient force to deprive him of consciousness. For a moment, however, all turned black and his knees threatened to give beneath him. Seeing him thus struck his companion again cried out in unselfish alarm for his safety. Her frightened voice acted on him like a douche of ice water. He summoned every atom of will to the task and cleared his reeling brain. By this time his opponent was preparing to strike again and end him. Some instinct told Pat to kick. The man, on guard against a blow, was not prepared for this. The boot at the end of the long leg caught him in the pit of the stomach and with a groan he, too, fell to the pavement writhing and gasping for air.

On the instant Pat leaped dizzily out of the car to meet the gang's third member. As he did so there was a flash, a report, and Pat felt a severe wrench at his shoulder followed by a stinging, red hot pain. He knew he was hit and must act quickly. Launching his big body at the other's knees he effected a tackle that would have delighted the most critical rugby coach. The other, taken by surprise, went down like a log. The next moment there was a frou-frou of skirts, the crack of a solid instrument on the man's skull, and the body to which Pat clung with the desperation of failing strength, relaxed and lay limp in his arms.

With a shudder she dropped the revolver with which she had clubbed his assailant.

"Come, monsieur!" she cried. "Oh! come quickly! Friends are near."

The frightened voice again aroused Pat. It seemed to him that the sound of her voice would drag him from his grave. With an effort he pulled himself together and struggled to his feet. It was very dark and she was intent on the accomplishment of her mission. She did not, therefore, notice his condition, but taking his big hand in her small soft one, she led him forward in the direction they had been travelling before the "accident." The wound in his shoulder was excruciatingly painful and his head ached violently from the blow he had received, yet the touch of that soft, cool hand resting confidently in his thrilled him. He felt he could go on forever if she would continue to lead him thus.

Neither of them spoke. She was anxiously looking for something or someone she expected to meet. His jaws were grimly clinched. How far they walked thus he never knew, but at last, just as it seemed he could go no further, the feeble light of a lantern pierced the darkness ahead and a sharp voice challenged:

"Halt: Who goes there?"

"Friends!" she eagerly replied.

"Advance!" came the order.

As the old familiar formula was repeated, Pat took a new grip on himself and walked forward until he found the point of a long bayonet opposite his breast. Then he stood dizzily and awaited developments.

A sergeant approached him.

"You have a pass, monsieur?" he asked.

Before Pat could reply she stepped forward, and at sound of her voice he again whipped up his failing senses. What was it she was saying?

"Beware a dark woman!"

Instantly the rifles with their long bayonets were grounded. A countersign. Pat could have cried aloud with joy, in spite of his pain, as the last lingering devil of doubt left him. With a supreme effort he called the reserve of his will power to his aid. She must not be distressed by knowledge of his injuries. As she now turned to him, therefore, he presented a serene front.

"And now, monsieur," she said. "Surely, you can have no further doubt of me. May I now have the papers, please?"

He could not trust himself to speak. Luckily the document lay in the inside pocket opposite his good arm. Silently he withdrew it, turning slightly away from her to hide the hole in his shoulder as he did so.

"Thank you, monsieur," she murmured as she bent to examine them by the light of the sergeant's lantern.

Pat stood with closed eyes. So this was the end. Would he ever see her again? He did not even know her name. Could he venture to ask?

At this point his reflections were rudely interrupted. She suddenly stood erect, a




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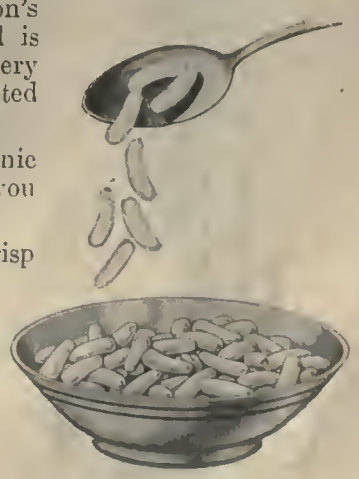
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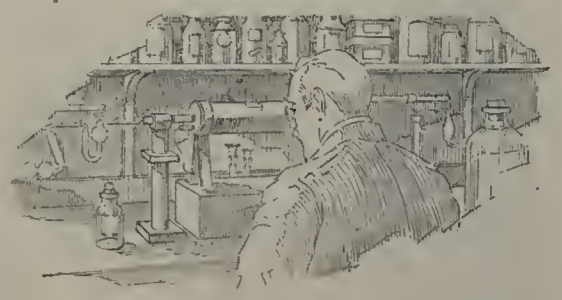
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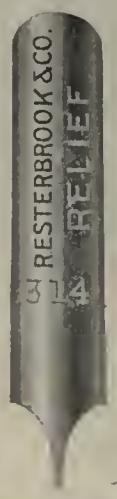
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strange look on her face as she pointed to him.

"Sergeant!" she cried, "that man is a spy. Arrest him!"

On the instant his arms were roughly seized. Pat had no more fight in him. With a groan he collapsed and his body hung limply in the arms of his captors.

WHEN he again became conscious of his terrestrial existence, Pat lay in a canopied bed on the softest of feather mattresses and cool linen sheets. Through the high, partly curtained windows on the opposite side of the room, the late afternoon sunshine poured in a warm, invigorating flood. By his bedside a large bowl of crimson roses spread their fragrance and mingled with a more subtle and elusive scent which seemed strangely familiar.

For a moment Pat thought himself back in his room at the hotel, but even at the Plaza rooms were not furnished with the luxury and eleganee displayed here. Puzzled, he attempted to rise to his elbow, but quickly dropped back to his pillow. A sharp twinge of pain shot through his much bandaged shoulder and with it came recollection of the events of the night before. He laughed bitterly. She had had him arrested. But had she? He once more looked about him, noted the fresh fragrant flowers and the luxury of the room which sheltered him. If this was prison he hoped his was a life sentence. He tried to think but gave up the effort wearily and closed his eyes.

He must have slept for when he again became conscious he knew someone was in the room. He did not open his eyes. He supposed it was a nurse and he did not wish to be disturbed. Suddenly he again became conscious of that delicious, subtle fragrance—the same fragrance he was sure that angels leave in their wake. Then a sigh broke the stillness, a soft, cool, little hand rested for a moment on his forehead and finally softly stroked his hair. Again he felt the thrill engendered by her touch and his heart bounded rapturously as he lay and shamelessly feigned to sleep. At last the caressing hand was still, and after a decent interval, Pat opened his eyes.

She sat by his bedside and even the beauty of the roses seemed faded in comparison to her loveliness.

For a moment neither spoke. He lay delighting in the sight of her, while she struggled to suppress the tenderness that had filled her big eyes while she thought he slept.

Pat was the first to speak.

"Madame—" he began.

But she laid fragrant fingers on his lips.

"You must not talk!" she commanded. "Besides, please do not call me 'madame!' I am unmarried, monsieur. My name is Louise de Longeville."

Pat reached up with his good arm and took the slender fingers from his mouth. Neither seemed to notice that he continued to hold them.

"There is but one de Longeville worthy a daughter like you," he said, "and that is that very gallant officer and gentleman, General de Longeville. Am I right?"

"You are, monsieur!" she said, pleased at the double compliment, "and he will be up-stairs presently to thank you for your very gallant conduct last night. But now you really must not talk. The doctor—"

"Bother the doctor," Pat interrupted, smiling. "The doctor most concerned in my ease is a scantily clad scamp of a boy with two little wings and a mischievous proclivity for shooting golden arrows at people. Tell me why you ordered my arrest!"

"No! No!" she protested, her lovely face flushing in confusion. "You are weak. You must rest. Please, monsieur!"

Pat again possessed himself of the small hand that had escaped him for a moment.

"Will it be easier," he asked, "if I tell you that I love you? Love you as I shall never love another woman?"

She did not answer for a moment but sat very erect, her lovely eyes searching his to their depths. Then she smiled, and her other hand crept into his.

"Yes! It makes it easier—so very, very much easier that I will have no difficulty in telling you—now. You see, when you handed me the plans you also handed me your railway and steamship ticket to Montreal. I did not know you were wounded and it was imperative that I deliver those papers to my father immediately so—so—Oh! Patreek, cheri! I did not want to lose you—so soon—so I—arrested you!"

Now as it happened, it was Pat's good arm that was nearest her, and as she finished—

But that is none of our business.

# Whistling Death

*Continued from page 11*

him Don allowed the advance to continue uncheeked, then he raised his automatic. Deliberately he picked out the centre man of the line and drew a careful aim upon him as well as the bad light would permit. His grip tightened slowly on the gun, exerting on the trigger the squeezing pressure of the good marksman. Came the short bark of a report, and a man fell.

For a fraction of time Don allowed his grip on his gun to relax. He had not fired that shot, and the man who had fallen had been on the extreme left of the advancing line. Even while he paused the bark came again, and another man on the left fell, but this time Don's eye had caught the faint flash of the discharged weapon. It came from a spot almost on a level with him and some fifteen yards to his right. The idea that McIvor might have left the house and taken up the position presented itself, but was almost immediately ruled out by the spiteful snapping of the superintendent's revolver from an upper window of the house, which resulted in a third casualty in the attacking group.

Don's automatic coughed hoarsely, and he who had been the centre man of the now depleted line staggered forward a few steps and then pitched to the ground. Only two of the Tien T'ze men were left now, and these two wheeled abruptly back to the plantation. The three weapons shot almost as one, and it was only a single figure which gained the black shadows of the trees.

For a moment silence settled again, and the white moonlight flooded down on to five black, huddled shapes on the turf. Then Don stood cautiously up.

At the same moment another figure rose from the ground off to his right, and a voice reached him.

"Shall we chase him?" It was Kyrle's voice, and although Don had already decided that the third combatant must be she, her voice seemed to prise a load off his heart.

"Let him run," he called back; "he won't be popular when he gets home."

Then they turned into the house.

In due course Mrs. Tomsett regained consciousness, together with a desire to dislodge some portion of her interior, and had been solicitously put to bed by Kyrle. And later, the three gathered in the little square hall of the grey house.

"This is how I read the affair," McIvor said: "Tien T'ze planned that by mistaking the sound of the metronome in the kitchen for a mechanical time fuse we should dash out of the house—just as we did—but I think they counted also on our running farther than we did; they would then have quietly picked us off with their revolvers, and having discharged a few shots from our weapons they would have disappeared. You see how the affair would have looked to an outsider; two men and a girl shot in a wood, discharged cartridge shells in the men's guns, some love complication, a quarrel, mutual murder! The whole idea substantiated by the fact that we should have died by .38 bullets. Yes, they even appeared to know the calibre of the guns we carried. That's how I see it, only I didn't see it quite quick enough. They wouldn't be such fools as to really blow up the house; you can never depend on individuals being killed by an explosion, and the noise would have attracted people even on the Sussex Downs."

Kyrle nodded emphatically.

"That's just it, you can depend upon it," she said. "When I came in here to hurry Mrs. Tomsett with the supper I was suddenly grabbed and knocked on the head. When I woke up again I was lying in the plantation. I rather think they thought they had killed me, because no one seemed to be on guard over me. I couldn't make out what had happened at first, but after a moment one of the men spoke English and from what he said I got the general hang of events."

"Spoke English?" Don ejaculated; "but when we looked over the fellows' bodies outside they were all Chinamen!"

"I know," she answered, "but one man got away, didn't he?"

"You mean that he was the Englishman?"

Kyrle smiled quietly.

"I mean more than that," she answered, "though it's only just occurred to me. You see, the tall man who was in the middle of the line was called Tung An Men; now, Tung An Men is the last of the Gates, isn't he? Yet he called the man who spoke English 'Excellency.' And this 'Excellency,' if you remember, was at the extreme end of the line, as far from danger as possible."

Don and McIvor swore in unison, and in unison apologized, but Kyrle still smiled.

"Never mind," she said; "I understand your feelings, and I wish I could do the same. But, you see, I thought this 'Excellency' had taken the left of their line—that was the position I heard him decide to take before I crept away—and I didn't know the arrangement had been changed, or I would have gone to the other flank."

Don grinned a little ruefully.

"You're a great fellow, Kyrle," he said; "and anyhow, if we have lost Tien T'ze, we've got the last of his Gates. Perhaps his Excellency's turn will come next. Who knows?"

IT WAS close on eleven-thirty p.m. when the call came through to Donald Craig at his house in Hampstead.

For four months the organization of Tien T'ze had been silent, but the happenings at Don Craig's cottage on the Sussex Downs had proved what he had always felt to be the case—Tien T'ze could utterly efface himself and his organization at any moment he pleased, to reappear and strike swiftly when he so wished.

On this particular evening Don Craig and Kyrle Durande had once more entered into one of those futile and seemingly endless discussions of the Chinese organization with Superintendent Bruce McIvor.

"The side of the business which baffles me," Don pointed out, "is the extraordinary loyalty of Tien T'ze's followers. We have succeeded in completely outing his four lieutenants, and in the process a fair number of the rank and file have fallen into our hands, yet not in a single case have we been able to scare or bribe out of anyone a solitary piece of evidence bearing on Tien T'ze himself."

Bruce McIvor, stretched nearly at full length in one of Don's favorite chairs, rolled his cigar into a corner of his mouth, and chewed it thoughtfully.

"I believe there is only one explanation for that," he said; "it's my idea that the rank and file have no evidence to give; they know nothing about Tien T'ze except that they belong in some way to his organization. He worked through four lieutenants: we established that, didn't we? Very well! those four lieutenants were the only people who knew Tien T'ze and his plans."

From her customary position on the skin hearthrug Kyrle looked up quickly.

"In that case," she remarked, "Tien T'ze is now defunct, actively. If he's unknown to his gang or the remains of it, it seems to follow that with the removal of his lieutenants the whole organization has fallen to pieces."

McIvor nodded.

"That's just my idea of what has happened," he replied. "It's four months since in his attack on us in Sussex Tien T'ze made his last appearance. You remember that only one man escaped alive from our defence, and circumstances pointed pretty clearly to that man being Tien T'ze himself. Now for four months we three have been going about openly and living our normal lives, yet no one has tried to get us. Three big burglaries have been pulled off in that space of time, too, yet in each case, the guilty parties have been arrested, and in no instance has there been even the faintest hint of Tien T'ze. Four months is a fairly long time, when a man has had his organization smashed and has every reason to believe that the whole police force may be on his heels; if he means to strike—and from the Sussex affair it certainly looked as if Tien T'ze meant it all right—he is apt to strike quick under these circumstances."

"Don't agree with you," Don Craig dissented bluntly. "You've got to remember we're dealing with Chinamen—the most patient race in the world. The man who will take up a section of bare rock and systematically cover it with earth which he has to carry up on his own shoulders from the lowlands away beneath, and then set to and make a good thing out of cultivating that section, is not a man who even knows the meaning of the word 'hustle.' Chinamen have done that in more than one corner of the globe. Time simply doesn't exist for them—four months is less than nothing, four years would be nothing, and forty years almost as to-morrow."

McIvor smiled.

"WELL," he said, "if Tien T'ze cares to wait forty years before he tries to get me I'll welcome the arrangement. I imagine in that time I'll take a lot of getting—I'm forty-five now. Anyhow, our point is this: we haven't got a ghost of a line on Tien T'ze, and if he lies low we'll not get him. That means that all our work has been only partially successful, but if he can only be persuaded to. . . ."

It was then that the call came; the strident whirring of the telephone-bell cutting McIvor short.

Don picked up the receiver.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Donald Craig?" came from the other end of the line in hurried tones.

"Yes." Don's brow puckered; the tone sounded urgent and the voice was a woman's—a refined voice, but rendered just a trifle shrill now by reason, it seemed, of some powerful emotion. Her next words hit like a blow.

"For God's sake save me! They'll kill me unless you come now, kill me horribly. Oh! for God's sake come now! It's Tien T'ze! Quick, quick! I. . . ."

The words faded into the faint buzzing of the instrument. He waited a moment, then:

"Hello!" he called, his tone bringing McIvor and Kyrle to their feet. "Hello! I can't hear. Where are you?"

Still the faint crackling buzz of the current over the wire, and then from the other end a sharp metallic click as the receiver went up.

With his own receiver pressed to his ear, Don still waited there.

"Have you finished?" from the exchange operator.

"We have been cut off, I think," he answered; "please put me back in a hurry."

"No," exchange answered; "they've cleared the line. Shall I give it to you again?"

For the fraction of a second he hesitated, then he answered.

"No, never mind," he said; "what number was that ringing?"

There was a momentary pause, then came the reply.

"Greenwich 044."

"Thank you," he replied; "give me 'Inquiry,' please."

Then when Inquiry answered:

"Can you tell me the address of Greenwich 044, please?"

THE ensuing pause seemed endless, though in reality it was but a few moments.

"Greenwich 044, 9, Waterside Street, Greenwich."

"Thank you," he replied as he hung up and turned to face the expectant couple behind him. Briefly he told them what had happened, then his eyes came to rest on McIvor.

"What do you make of it?" he added; "is it a plant?"

"It may very well be," McIvor answered, "else how did this woman know of you? Remember there has been no publicity given to any of the Tien T'ze episodes. If she were really in such a position, surely the obvious thing would be to ring up the nearest police station. There seems to me to be one or two thin spots in the yarn."

Don nodded grimly.

"That's just it," he answered, "those spots are so thin that it makes one doubt that the thing is a plant; all the things she left unexplained would be pretty easy to frame up—the very fact that she did not do so stamps the thing as truth."

"Perhaps," McIvor admitted. "Yes, there's a whole lot in that point of view, certainly. What do you say? Do we go?"

"Supposing we don't go and the affair should prove to be true," Kyrle cut in, "what then?"

McIvor inclined his head gravely.

"Yes," he replied, "I think we've got to


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go. We've got to risk it, plant or no plant."

"I'm with you," Don put in. "But this little job is going through without you, Kyrle. McIvor and I are enough; you'll stay here."

Kyrle smiled quietly.

"I'm sorry to have to say it, Don," she replied, "but your reasoning power has an extraordinary knack of breaking down halfway. Just suppose this is a plant; do you think that Tien T'ze imagines you'll walk into it without the idea crossing your mind? Of course he doesn't. He knows you'll have your suspicions, and having suspicions suggests that you'll leave me behind. Now, please don't lose sight of the fact that I am nearly as important a person from Tien T'ze's point of view as you two are, and I happen to know the inside history of this little affair. Don't you suppose that he has foreseen that you'll do just what you're preparing to do—you'll go to this place in Greenwich in case the business is not a plant, but having your suspicions you'll leave me behind? Why, the very success of his plan may depend on just that. And you can bet he'll have some scheme of dealing with me. Don, I've been in some pretty tight holes with you, but I'll tell you this: I'd be *scared* to remain here while you went."

FOR a moment the eyes of the two men met, and each knew that the girl had won her case. There might be some doubt—was considerable doubt on both their parts—that she believed in her own argument, but the fact remained that the argument was sound.

"You win, Kyrle," Don admitted, "but we won't all go together. McIvor, your car's in the garage; we'd better go by that, hadn't we? You, Kyrle, must go by a different route, at any rate for the start of the journey. McIvor and I will go down to the garage and get under way. You must see us off and go back into the house, but don't wait a minute longer than necessary. Climb out of the stair-case window on to the garage roof, and then walk to the Tube station. We'll go slowly as far as Euston, and pick you up there. Understand?"

Kyrle nodded. The low garage building adjoined the south side of the house, and it was little or no drop from the staircase window to its roof. Ten minutes would take her to the Hampstead Tube station, and another ten by Tube would see her to Euston. The night was pitch dark, with a fine misty drizzle; the plan should go through with perfect smoothness.

Five minutes later the superintendent's big grey car was throbbing away southwards, and just two minutes after the panting of its exhaust had died away in the damp air Kyrle gained the roadway by way of the garage roof with barely a sound to betray her to ears which might be listening.

TWENTY-FIVE minutes after leaving Don's house the grey car pulled up outside the Euston Tube station; but, contrary to Don's expectations, he could make out no sign of Kyrle's waiting figure. Hastily he sprang from the car and entered the station; she was not there. For a further ten minutes he hung about, his mind wavering between anxiety and annoyance. If the 'phone call had been genuine every moment might be of the utmost importance. At last he entered a 'phone box and gave his own number. From the other end of the line the housemaid's voice replied.

"Has Miss Durande gone out?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," came the reply, "though I didn't know it until she 'phoned up a few moments ago. She left a message for you, sir, if you should ring. I was to say you were to go straight on, perhaps she would join you later, but she had some very important business on hand. She said you were to be very careful, sir, and that you'd understand."

Don shot the receiver back on to the hook and hurried out to the car.

"Go ahead, McIvor," he said as he took his seat. "Kyrle's got on to something. I've got a notion it's something good this time, but, McIvor, she told the housemaid to tell us to be very careful. This little stunt gets more like a plant every minute."

WATERSIDE Street, Greenwich, proved to be one of those thoroughfares to which age had given all that is ugly and grim and nothing that is beautiful and venerable. It was a short street, comprised in part of fairly large houses which backed on to the river and had at one time stood in their own grounds, but now newer brick dwellings, squalid and dirty in most cases, linked them up, until only one of the big houses stood gloomy and marooned about a third of the way down the street.

McIvor had shut off his engine at the corner, and as the two moved slowly through the dark mist which hung here like a blanket, stopping every few steps to examine the house numbers, Don began to feel something very akin to relief that Kyrle was not with them. The newer houses seemed to breathe an air of tawdry vice, while the old held grim secrets of the past; in such a street at such a time anything might happen.

Since leaving the car they had proceeded in silence; now McIvor spoke.

"Has it struck you as queer that any of these houses should have a 'phone?" he remarked. "After all, a 'phone is something of a luxury, and these houses are occupied by dock-laborers and the poorest class of artisan."

Don came to a stop before the one house which had retained its seclusion.

"All but this one," he replied, "and this happens to be No. 9."

It stood back a little from the road—a square, solid-built house, aloof, remote in its encircling timbered garden. A high stone wall divided the garden from the street, but they were enabled to make a brief survey of the house through the wrought-iron main gates. In the windows which faced them no glimmer of light showed.

"What do you make of it?" McIvor questioned, instinctively lowering his voice; "not a sign of any inhabitants. This doesn't look like a house where someone is expecting death at any moment. It's a plant."

"Unless,"—Don hesitated a moment—"unless we've come too late."

McIvor shrugged.

"Well, we'll know soon," he answered. He raised his hand and pressed gently on the iron gates, which, to the mild surprise of both, gave way before him, swinging silently back on well-oiled hinges.

THEY stepped through, and found themselves, as nearly as the mist would allow them to estimate, in a broad gravel drive flanked by turf. Instinctively they stepped on to the grass, and then moved slowly forward. Don had taken his automatic from his hip pocket, and now carried it gripped firmly in the deep pocket of his motor coat; once when McIvor inadvertently jostled him a cold contact on Don's hand told that the superintendent already had his .38 out and ready for use.

The distance from the gates to the house was perhaps ten yards; they covered it slowly, stopping at almost every step to strain their sense of hearing to its finest point, but they arrived beneath the square stone porch without having heard the breath of a sound.

Now they halted again, and for two full minutes they stood motionless. From somewhere up the river a siren moaned faintly; once a dog, somewhere not far off, broke into a muted howl and fell silent; but for the house itself, death seemed to have rested on it, silent, heavy, stifling.

Quickly Don crept across the porch to the front door and pressed his ear to it, and as he did so the house voiced its first sound; a clock throbbed twice, dim and muffled.

After a second Don was joined by the superintendent.

"What's your idea of our next move?" the superintendent whispered—"force the door lock, I suppose?"

For the moment Don made no reply; his hand had rested on the big brass door handle, and almost unconsciously he had turned it. The door swung gently inwards; it was unlocked. Neither spoke. Don was the first to step over the threshold. The darkness was impenetrable, only now there became audible the slow, deep-toned ticking of a clock. McIvor closed the front door softly behind them, then Don took an electric torch from his pocket and flashed a cone of light around.

They were standing in a square oak hall with doors opening off to the right and left, the black mouth of a passage in the right-hand corner farthest from them, and almost directly ahead a wide staircase. But the hall was entirely empty; it con-

ained not a single article of furniture; it as only what had been suggested by the xterio of the house; it had breathed an ir of uninhabitation— yet somewhere a lock was ticking.

Cautiously Don moved to the nearest oor on his left; like the hall, the room was ntirely empty, and the same with each of he three other rooms which opened off the all. Still in perfect silence they crossed o whe.e the passage began; it led to the itchen and the servants' quarters, but a w yards along it to the left Don's torch vealed a partially opened door. Together they stepped into the room. It was rnished, certainly, but only in the most anty fashion; against the wall near he door towered a massive grandfather lock; across the room, set on a deal table efore French windows, stood a telephone strument; on the floor by the table an verturned chair and a dingy table-cloth; n ordinary blue-painted kitchen cupoard faced the grandfather clock across he uncarpeted floor.

For a moment Don's light moved slowly ound the room, then it came to rest on he table by the window; the overturned air and the tumbled table-cloth on the oor suggested a struggle. Together they oved closer and made a careful examinaon. Suddenly McIvor uttered a soft xclamation, and Don, following the direcon of his pointing finger, made out on the ble-top, close to the edge nearest the indow, a single tiny dark stain.

"A drop of blood?" Don interrogated.

McIvor nodded.

"Yes," he answered, "I should say so. nd look here." He stretched over Don nd picked something from the edge of the ble near the small dark spot. It was a ng, fair hair. "Lend me the torch a inute," he added.

DON passed it over, and the superintendent directed its rays to the floor neath the table.

"Look here," he ejaculated after a oment, "on the parquet flooring here, just neath the table, a number of fresh marks see, little indentations and scraped tches on the polish. And here again; ere's a fairly thick coating of dust on the or, yet by each table-leg is a narrow ack through it, made obviously by the ble legs themselves. It looks as if the ble had been pushed heavily towards the ndows." He crossed round behind the ble and examined the windows, then he oke again. "Windows open outwards," muttered, half to himself, "and they're fastened." He pushed them open and pped into the garden. "Come here, aig," he whispered; "look here, on the avel path here, those marks as if the es of a pair of small boots had been agged over it. And here"—as he stepped the path on to the lawn—"the same acks leading in this direction—towards river. It all looks as if that 'phone mesge wasn't a plant, doesn't it? Come on!"

With the light directed on to the ground, ey followed the track easily across the ttle downward slope of the lawn until er some seconds the square bulk of a oden building loomed up before them of the almost solid belt of fog which g over the water.

McIvor flashed the light over the build-. It appeared to be an old boathouse, double doors of which were fastened rely by an iron hasp and staple held by ooden plug. McIvor opened the doors, d the two stepped inside.

The building was some fifteen feet long twelve wide, and had evidently been verted from a boathouse into a storaged for garden implements and refuse, a ntity of which latter lay about. Near centre of the floor the black rectangle of mall open trapdoor showed, and to this Ivor crossed after one sweeping glance und.

At the edge of the opening he went on his ees and directed the light of the torch ough it.

'Can't see anything," he said after a ment. "Yes, I can, though I don't ow, it's too deep. There's an iron ladder ding down. I'm going a bit lower." refully, testing each rung of the ladder ore he placed his full weight on it, he cended. After a moment his voice rose Don. "Come down here a minute," he ed; "I believe I've got something."

Don obeyed with alacrity. He stepped to the first rung and started the descent; suddenly, as his hands on the edge of the flooring ceased to take a part of his weight, there came a rending sound as the ladder tore away from its top supports and hurled them down through the darkness.

They fetched up, after what seemed an endless drop, in the muddy river bottom in some four feet of icy water. By a stroke of luck McIvor had retained his hold on the torch; now he switched it on, and they faced each other for one speechless moment then a slow grin spread over Don's face.

"Well, we've arrived," he announced, "but this is the rottenest drink I've ever tasted. I never came down a ladder so fast in all my life, did you?"

McIvor smiled in sympathy, but he made no immediate reply; instead he flashed the light around them; on all sides they were walled in by substantial-looking timbers set about two inches apart—a solid wooden cage.

"Take a look around," McIvor recommended; "how does it strike you we are placed? In about three hours it'll be high tide; this is a pretty steep part of the river-bank; the water'll rise just about to the floor above us."

Don nodded.

"And our chances of keeping afloat until we can get within reach of that trap are about nil when you take into consideration the temperature of this water and the length of time we shall have been in it," he replied. "Oh, yes, I see all that. Got any ideas liable to burst into bud?"

McIVOR shook his head, then a thought seemed to strike him. Wading past Don, he directed the light into one corner of the wooden cage, and simultaneously they both uttered a soft exclamation. Just above the level of the water was the white face of a girl. Her eyes were staring horribly, and a small cut on her chin showed an ugly red smear but there was no sign of life about her.

They crossed to her and strove to raise her, their feet slipping and sinking into the soft mud of the river bottom, but succeeded only in part; it seemed that her feet were fastened down. Don bent low over the water, and thrusting his arm down felt about her feet; then he found the solution; about one ankle had been padlocked a strong chain, and bolted to this chain was a massive bar of iron.

He straightened up.

"It's no use," he said, after explaining what he had discovered; "no two men could raise that bar of iron, and we haven't got a file."

McIvor nodded grimly.

"It doesn't make much difference," he replied, "she's dead—strangled by a fine cord which has left a mark on her neck. You recognize her, don't you?"

Don looked down into the face, which even at first glance had seemed familiar, then he placed her.

"My lord! it's the girl who helped kidnap Lord Invercairn's daughter," he ejaculated, "but she was a member of the Tien T'ze bunch."

"And turned King's Evidence on Hou Men," McIvor supplemented. "Well, she's paid that all." He paused for a moment, then he went on in a different tone: "Look here, Craig, we've got to get out of this somehow. I don't mean just to save our own skins, though that's a pretty good reason, but I believe I've got a line on their plant at last."

"Plant!" Don's laugh was short and completely without humor. "Why man, what further evidence do you want that that 'phone call was a genuine call for help? If we hadn't been so damned careful about our own skins we might have got here earlier and saved that poor little devil."

"Just a minute." McIvor switched off the light from the torch. "We'll need this presently—no need to waste it. Now, look here. It's seven months since this girl gave us the story which sent Mr. Hou Men to gaol for what is going to be the remainder of his life. Why did the gang wait that long before they tried to get her? Because she managed to hide herself from them? Well, that may be so, but I doubt it. Now, somehow or other this girl discovered to-night that Tien T'ze was out after her, so she 'phoned you for help. But why 'phone from here? She didn't live here; I've had her under observation ever since the affair of Lord Invercairn's daughter; she lived in two top-floor rooms in Bloomsbury. Yet the presence of that telephone proves that someone lived here up to a very short time ago at any rate, or else the telephone ser-




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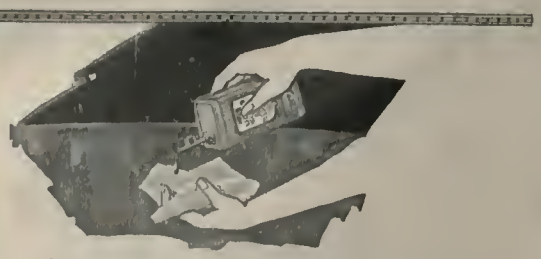
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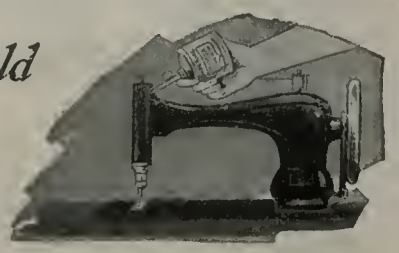
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vice would have noticed the absence of traffic on the line and made enquiries Take a look at these timbers which make a cage of this hole." He switched on the light for a moment. "They're new, do you see?—very little sign on them of the action of the water. What do you think that means? I'll tell you what I think. This house was occupied until very recently by one of the Tien T'ze crowd; this little cage was built for our benefit, for precisely the purpose to which it has been put. The girl was lured here, possibly in such a way that she imagined that Tien T'ze was in ignorance of the story which she told us—you remember her evidence was not given in public. When she arrived she found that the place was practically empty because Tien T'ze, having prepared the trap for us, was anxious to leave nothing behind when the place was searched by those who would follow us here. Now, the girl was conducted into that room with the telephone; then she was seized and chained to this block of iron which lay beneath the table; those marks on the polished floor might have been made by a chain rolling beneath the weight of a foot. Her fate having been told her, she was left alone for some little time, probably with the assurance that they would return at a certain hour. She could not escape, but the telephone stood handy; her mind flew to you and me. You were obviously the easiest to reach at such an hour, since I should probably not be at the Yard, and she most likely didn't know my private 'phone number. She phoned you believing you had time to reach her, but before she finished speaking to you she heard someone in the house. She dare not continue to talk, she waited a moment; the sound grew nearer, so she hastily hung up the receiver. Then they killed her; she had done her part. They flung themselves upon her; she clutched the table-cloth; it slipped to the floor. They forced her down on the table; her chin was cut and bleeding slightly; they strangled her with a thin cord; then they dragged her here, making sure they made a trail we could not miss. Some of the gang carried that iron bar and left her chained to it. When we had fallen into the trap all three of us would be dropped out in the deep water; *our* bodies might be allowed to come to the surface in due course because we had died of drowning, but she must be chained down to prevent the discovery that her death had been different. Tien T'ze aimed at killing two birds with one stone—or rather three. You see, Miss Durande was right; if we had brought her along we shouldn't have been in this hole; for although I believe that ladder was fixed so that it would fall as soon as both our weights were on it—as they would be once we had caught a glimpse of the girl's face down here—Miss Durande would have stayed on the floor above and we'd have been saved. Now we've got to get out of this for two reasons—if I am right, that is, and I believe I am. Those fellows will come back for the rest of the stuff in the house; they'll have to destroy the trail they left for us, and I've also got an idea that we shall find that the telephone wires outside the house are tapped to some other house pretty near—in the first place so that, if anything occurred to delay the programme, calls could still be sent and received over 'Greenwich 044'; and, secondly, so that they could have a means of telling just when she got through to you, what she said, and what you replied. We've certainly got to get out, but how?"

IT WAS Don who found the solution; it flashed on him suddenly, and for a moment left him distrustful of it; it seemed at first glance to be so childishly simple; yet when he examined it more closely he found that much of the simplicity had gone out of it. Nevertheless, there remained in it a fair chance of success.

A few brief words of explanation set McIvor at assisting him in groping for the fallen ladder; it was soon found, since one end of it rested against the wall of the cage about a foot above the water. It was heavy, but they dragged it beneath the open square of the trap and reared it on end; it failed to reach the floor fifteen feet above their heads by about five feet, but this was no more than Don had expected.

"Now," he said, "can you brace yourself, McIvor, and hold this ladder more or less upright while I climb up it? You'll have to cant it over a bit or you won't be able to hold it, and we'll lose a foot or



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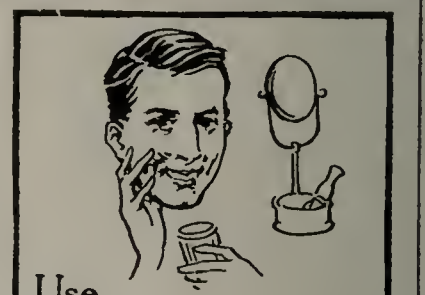
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more that way; then the damn thing'll sink a bit into this mud, but when I get to the top I should be able by balancing myself upright and putting my arms straight above my head to bring my hands within a foot of the edge of that trap. I may fall and break my neck and yours, but I don't see any other way out. Shall I try it?"

McIvor grunted.

"May as well die by a broken neck as by drowning," he said. "Go ahead."

It was a ticklish proceeding, and when Don found himself on the top rung but two he was prepared to lay any odds that it would fail. In the first place, McIvor could not hold the torch and so light him from below, which meant that while he could use the light to fix the exact position of the trap's edge in his mind, the actual leap from the top rung of the ladder must be taken in the dark; added to this was the possibility of the terrific strain on McIvor's muscles proving too great for him to continue supporting the ladder. This last was by far the greater danger; already the ladder was swaying gently, and every second the movement was growing more marked.

Don braced himself one rung from the top and switched on the light. The edge of the trap looked to be a hopelessly unattainable distance off. Another few seconds and the sway would destroy all chance of success. He pocketed the torch and, keeping his eyes fixed on the point in the darkness where he knew the edge of the trap to be he climbed the remaining rung and crouched.

"Now, hold still for your life!" he called.

With a Herculean effort, McIvor managed to bring the now dangerous movement to a brief stop, and in the moment Don leapt upwards.

The next fraction of a second held a fuller stock of emotions than Don had ever known. He was conscious in that flash of time of three distinct and separate sensations, each one of which seemed to occupy minutes; he felt himself rising through the darkness, then he seemed to hold poised in mid-air, and after that the drop—that drop which went on for so long that he began to wonder where the water was which every moment he expected to feel—then the touch of wood against his hands. Instantly with the touch of that wood, which he knew to be the edge of the trap, the leisurely descent changed into a torrential downward plunge. The infinitesimal flash of time between the birth of thought in his brain and the answering clutch of his fingers seemed minutes long; half a dozen times in that space he told himself that his muscles could not reply to the brain's order quickly enough—but they did. His grip tightened; came the wrenching jolt in the shoulder, the slipping of his fingers, the breaking and tearing of the flesh of his finger-tips on the rough boarding, then his hands held. He drew himself up, slipped, recovered, and twisted himself into safety.

And half an hour later Lao Ti Fan, little, old, wizened, and yellow, his back bent, his arms hanging low like a gorilla, walked unsuspectingly into the trap which Don and McIvor set for him in the dark hall of No. 9, Waterside Street. He hardly put up any fight, for he was very old, and though they found on him a noosed silk cord which might have caused the death of the girl they had found in the wooden cage. that was the only piece of evidence they did get out of him, in spite of McIvor's scientific, though directly unofficial, third degree. Lao Ti Fan simply shut his mouth, and refused to open it except to say, "It was the will of the master, Tien T'ze."

It developed that McIvor's long training had pointed unerringly to the truth; they found the extension wire to one of the new houses in the street, but the house was empty; it contained absolutely nothing but a telephone instrument connected to that wire.

The body of the murdered girl was moved by aid of the police; then Don and McIvor returned to the former's house.

Kyrle had not yet put in an appearance, and for a full half-hour Don sat and fumed; then came a 'phone call, and the voice was Kyrle's.

"Don't worry about me," she said; "I'll get on to you when I'm ready. I'm hot on the trail of Tien T'ze."

*(A fifth and concluding story in this series will appear in our next issue.)*

# The Lion and the Cubs Confer

*Continued from page 9*

precedent set by the Treaty of Versailles, the treaty, if renewed, will not apply to Canada unless ratified by the Canadian Parliament; but it has been reported from London that Britain will probably not renew the alliance unless assured that the Dominions will approve. The question, therefore, is one of urgency; and the eyes of more than one nation will be upon this Conference of Empire Premiers as it debates toward a decision.

Arguments against a renewal are powerful. Why, it is asked, should any renewal be necessary? Plainly the causes underlying the treaty of 1905 exist no longer. Japan is not now in danger from Russia or Germany. She is virtually mistress of the Eastern Asiatic coast. The League of Nations, of which she is a member, is struggling toward disarmament; the United States offers no menace. Why, then, should Japan be afraid? And would renewal of the treaty contribute one iota toward preserving the world's peace?

### Canada's Additional Reason

SUCH are the anti-renewal arguments from the standpoint of most any nation; from the standpoint of Canada there is another—the United States. There is a widespread belief in the United States that Great Britain is bound by treaty to support Japan in a war with the United States. It is, of course, a wrong belief, because under the Peace Commission Treaty of 1914, passed by the United States Senate, Great Britain is safeguarded from such a terrible contingency, but it nevertheless exists; and to its existence can be traced whatever success is achieved by anti-British elements in the Republic in sowing distrust between the two peoples. The formal renewal of the alliance will strengthen and deepen this belief, it is argued; and declarations that it does not involve the United States will be met with suspicion and distrust. Mr. Rowell, in a very able speech in the Commons on April last, put the case forcibly, when he said:

"The Government of this country cannot ignore the feeling that exists in the United States in reference to this alliance. I submit for the consideration of the Government the question whether it would not be found, after careful examination, that it is in the interest of good relations between the British Empire and the United States on the one hand and between Japan and the United States on the other, in the interest of good relations all round, that this treaty should not be renewed. . . Not that we love Japan less; but we want to be friends with every nation; we do not want any alliances that will prevent us from playing the rôle of friend to every nation in the world."

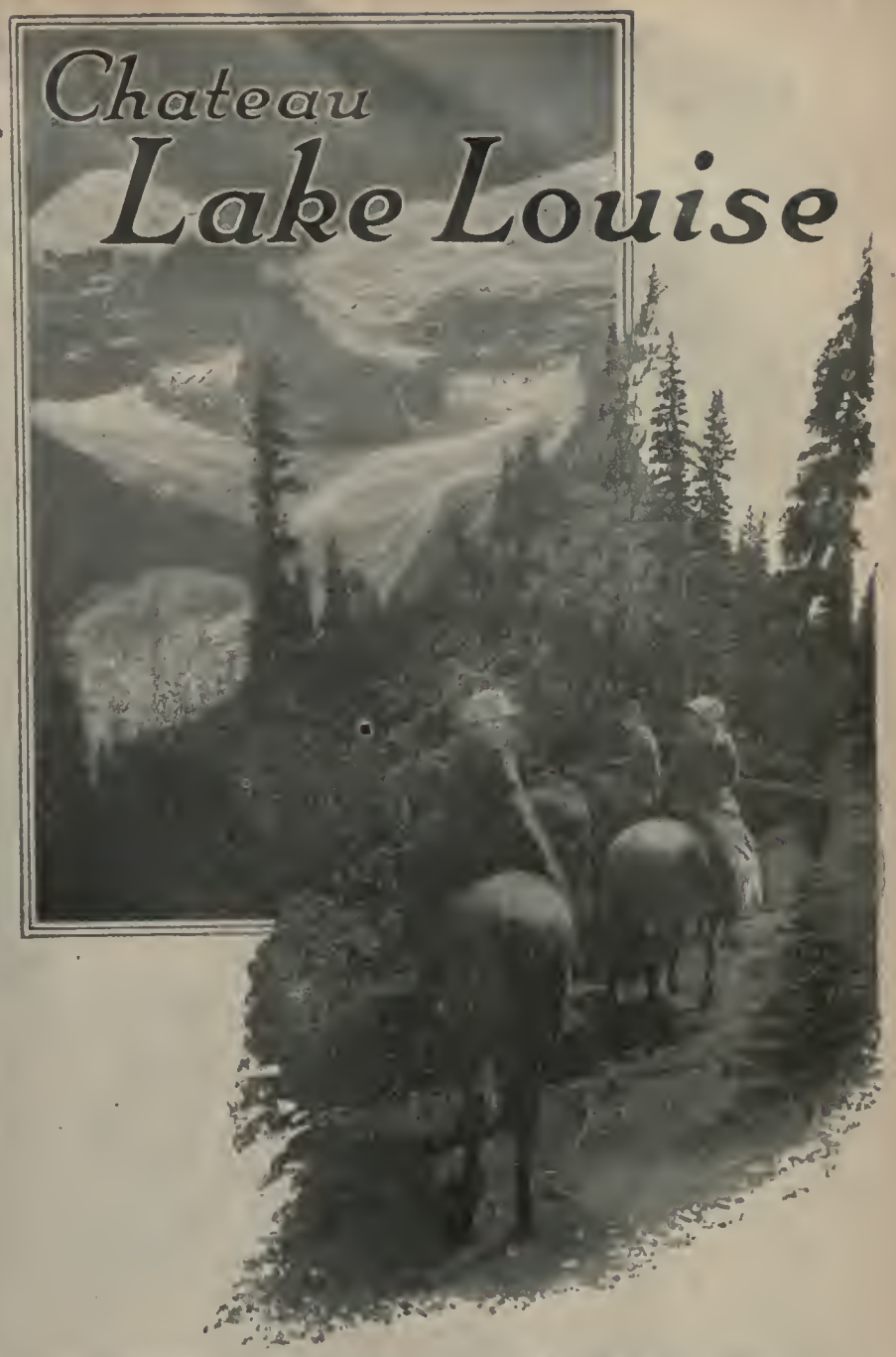
What attitude will be adopted by Premier Meighen, remains to be seen. There is reason for believing, however, that he will stand for renewal only on the ground that the new treaty must be acceptable to the United States. That is the stand that has already been taken by Premier Smuts; it is, in part, the positions of Premiers Massey and Hughes, and there is ground for hoping it is the attitude of Mr. Lloyd George. Unless some unforeseen factor presents itself to alter all the circumstances, it is the view most likely to prevail.

### The Personalities of the Conference

SO MUCH for the main problems of the Conference; what of its personalities?

In Mr. Lloyd George, who will preside over it, and in Mr. Churchill, who, as Colonial Secretary, will be one of its members, the Conference will include perhaps the two most salient figures in British politics. In the British Premier, indeed, the statesmen of the Dominions, including Mr. Meighen, will be pitted against one of the dominating figures on the gigantic stage of Versailles. They will be "matching minds" with a statesman who, in his contact with President Wilson in Paris has thus been pictured by Mr. John Maynard Keynes:

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to every one immediately around him? To see the British Prime Minister watching the company, with six or seven senses not available to ordinary men, judging character, motive, and subconscious impulse, perceiving what each was thinking and even what each was going to say next, and compounding with telepathic instinct the argument or appeal best suited to the vanity, weakness, or self-interest of his immediate auditor, was to realize that the poor President would be playing blind man's buff in that party."

An imposing picture, but who, remembering Mr. George's great career, can say that it is overdone?

Mr. Churchill, with his melodramatic instinct, his love of an heroic part, and his fervid picturesque imagination, will be in his element in such a gathering. One wonders how his portentous gravity, his impressive postures tremendous silences and impetuous temperament will appeal to the Canadian Premier, unschooled in the ways of European politics and intolerant of anything that borders upon the unreal or the heroic. One can imagine Mr. Meighen getting along in a capital way with Mr. Bonar Law, and one can even picture him enjoying the witticisms of Mr. Lloyd George. It is almost impossible to imagine him at ease in the company of Mr. Churchill or Lord Curzon.

Of the Overseas statesmen, the most formidable figure, from the standpoint of background and achievement, will be Premier Smuts. Orator, statesman, soldier and patriot, General Smuts enters the Conference with all the prestige of the man who has just saved South Africa to the Empire. Advocate Smuts in 1895, Boer General Smuts in 1905, Lieutenant General Smuts of the British Empire in 1920, saviour of South Africa for the British Commonwealth in 1921, few living men have had a more wonderful career. There was a time, not long since, when to South Africans "Jannie" Smuts was regarded as self-seeking and merely ambitious, cunning and unscrupulous, a good foil to a stronger personality, but himself without creative powers. That theory has been disproved. In its stead has come the realization of a man singleminded in his love of country, a bold and masterful leader of men equally proficient in the arts of war and diplomacy, devoted to high principle and with a broad and undimmed vision. It has become a common place in South Africa to say: "Watch Jan Smuts." Perhaps it would be well for the whole Empire to watch Jan Smuts at this gathering of her statesmen, for from his clear wisdom she cannot fail to derive innumerable precepts of solid worth and wisdom.

From Australia comes Mr. Hughes. Time was when this little Welshman, with his tireless energy and terrible tongue, was regarded by England, or by a part of England, as a prophet; but not now. Mr. Hughes was over-advertised. He made the mistake of interfering in the Englishman's domestic affairs, became the unconscious tool of partizans who were willing to use him, and, as a consequence, fell from his once high estate. Mr. Maxse, in the *National Review*, still lauds him as one of the master minds of his time, but that is all. In the public mind he is a vanished figure, one of the many personalities to emerge with the war and then disappear. Nor will he speak at the Conference with great authority; for his Ministry holds to office by the thread of a single majority, and it cannot be said that his voice will be the voice of a united Australia.

In such company, Mr. Meighen must win his spurs. It is his first encounter with contemporary statesmen; his first big part off the stage of the House of Commons. The issues, problems and environment will be new to him, the methods and weapons strange. Yet no one who knows Mr. Meighen, who has observed the cavalry-like swiftness of his mind, his capacity for penetration and mastery of subjects, his power of persuasive eloquence, his courage and resourcefulness when in difficulty, can do other than believe that he will succeed; that just as Laurier and Borden spoke for Canada with honor in days gone by, so will the present Prime Minister represent us worthily in these not less testing days.

## The Temptation of Jimmy Lethbridge

*Continued from page 8*

The two men were in Jimmy's rooms, waiting for the arrival of Peter and the girl.

"He looked at me without a trace of recognition," continued Lethbridge. "And he's developed a typical lower class Cockney accent."

"Interesting: very," murmured the surgeon, getting up and examining the photograph on the table. "This is new, isn't it, old boy? I've never seen it before? . . "

"I borrowed it this afternoon," said Jimmy briefly.

"From his people, I suppose. Do they know?"

"No one knows at present, Mainwaring—except you and me. That photograph I got this afternoon from Miss Daventry."

Something in his tone made the surgeon swing round.

"You mean your fiancée," he said slowly.

"Yes—my fiancée. You see, she was—she was engaged to Peter. And she thinks he's dead. That is the only reason she got engaged to me. . . ."

For a moment there was silence, while Mainwaring stared at the other. A look of wonder had come into the doctor's eyes—wonder mixed with a dawning admiration.

"But, my God! old man," he muttered at length, "if the operation is successful. ."

"Can you think of a better wedding-present to give a girl than the man she loves?" said Jimmy slowly, and the doctor turned away. There are times when it is not good to look on another man's face.

"And if it isn't successful?" he said quietly.

"God knows, Bill. I haven't got as far as that yet—."

And it was at that moment that there came a ring at the front door bell. There was a brief altercation: then Jimmy's man appeared.

"Two—er—persons say you told them," he began, when Lethbridge cut him short.

"Show them in at once," he said briefly, and his man went out again.

"You've got to remember, Bill," said Jimmy as they waited, "that Peter Staunton is literally at the moment a low-class Cockney."

Mainwaring nodded, and drew back a little as Peter and the girl came into the room. He wanted to leave the talking to Jimmy while he watched.

"Good-evening, Lizzie," Lethbridge smiled at the girl reassuringly. "I'm glad you came."

"Who's that cove?" demanded the girl suspiciously, staring at Mainwaring.

"A doctor," said Jimmy. "I want him to have a look at Peter later on."

"His name aint Peter," muttered the girl sullenly. "It's Bill."

"Well, at Bill then. Don't be frightened, Lizzie: come farther into the room. I want you to see a photograph I've got here."

LIKE a dog who wonders whether it is safe to go to a stranger, she advanced slowly, one step at a time; while Peter, twirling his cap awkwardly in his hands kept beside her. Once or twice he glanced uneasily round the room, but otherwise his eyes were fixed on Lizzie as a child looks at its mother when it's scared.

"My God! Jimmy," whispered the doctor, "there's going to be as big a sufferer as you if we're successful."

And he was looking as he spoke at the girl, who with a sudden instinctive feeling of protection had put out her hand and taken Peter's.

Like a pair of frightened children they crept on until they came to the photograph: then they stopped in front of it. And the two men came a little closer. It was the girl who spoke first, in a low voice of wondering awe.

"Gawd! it's you, Bill—that there bloke in the fraime. You were a blinking orficer."

With a look of pathetic pride on her face, she stared first at the photograph and then at the man beside her. An orficer! 'Er man—an orficer!

"What was 'is regiment, mister?" The girl swung round on Jimmy. "Was 'e in the Guards?"

"No, Lizzie," said Lethbridge. "Not the

guards. He was in the cavalry. The Ninth Hussars," and the man, who was holding the frame foolishly in his hands, suddenly looked up. "The Devil's Own, Peter," went on Lethbridge quietly. "C Squadron of the Devil's Own."

But the look had faded: Peter's face was blank again.

"I don't remember, guvnor," he muttered. "And it's making me 'ead ache—this."

With a little cry the girl caught his arm, and faced Lethbridge fiercely.

"Wot's the good of all this?" she cried. "All this muckin' abaht? Why the 'ell don't you leave 'im alone, guvnor? 'E's going to 'ave one of 'is 'eads now—and 'e early goes mad, 'e does, when 'e gets em. . . ."

"I think, Lizzie, that perhaps I can cure those heads of his."

It was Mainwaring speaking, and the girl, still holding Peter's arm protectively, walked from Lethbridge to the doctor.

"And I want to examine him in another room where the light is a little better. Just quite alone, where he won't be distracted."

But instantly the girl was up in arms.

"You're taking 'im away from me—that's wot yer doing. And I won't 'ave it. Yer don't want to go, Bill, do yer? Yer don't want to leave yer Liz?"

And Jimmy Lethbridge bit his lip: Mainwaring had been right.

"I'm not going to take him away, Lizzie," said the doctor gently. "I promise you that. You shall see him the very instant I've made my examination. But if you're there—you see, you'll distract his attention. . . ."

She took a step forward, staring at the doctor as if she would read his very soul. And in the infinite pathos of the scene, Jimmy Lethbridge for the moment forgot his own suffering. Lizzie—the little slum girl—fighting for her man against something she couldn't understand: wondering if she should trust these two strangers. . . caught in a net that frightened her: fearful that they were going to harm her Bill. . . . And at the bottom of everything the wild inarticulate terror that she was going to lose him.

"You swear it," she muttered. "I can 'ave 'im after yer've looked at 'im."

"I swear it," said Mainwaring gravely.

She gave a little sob. "Orl rite, I believe you're on the level. You go with 'im, Bill. Mebbaps 'e'll do yer 'ead good."

"E's queer sometimes at night," said Lizzie, as the door closed behind Mainwaring. "Seems all dazed like."

"Is he?" said Jimmy. "How did you get him, Lizzie?"

"E was wandering round—didn't know nothing about 'imself," she answered. "And I took 'im in—and looked after 'im, I did. Saved and pinched a bit, 'ere and there—and then we've the barrel organ. And we've been so 'appy, Mister—so 'appy. Course 'e's a bit queer, and 'e don't remember nuthin—but 'e's orl rite when I don't get 'is 'eadaches. And when 'e gets 'em, I gets rid of them. I jest puts 'is head on me lap, and strokes 'is forehead—and they goes after a while. Sometimes 'e goes to sleep when I'm doing it — and I stops there till 'e wakes again with the 'ead ache. Yer see, I understands 'im. 'E's happy with me."

HE was staring at the photograph—a pathetic little figure in her tawdry finery, and for a moment Jimmy couldn't speak. It had to be done: he had to do it but it felt rather like killing a wounded man with a sledge hammer, except that it wouldn't be so quick.

"He's a great brain surgeon, Lizzie — a gentleman with Bill," he said at length, and the girl turned round and watched him intently. "And he thinks that an operation might cure him, and give him back his memory."

"So that 'e'd know 'e was an orficer," whispered the girl.

"So that he'd know he was an officer," said Jimmy. "So that he'd remember all his past life. You see, Lizzie, your Bill is really Sir Peter Staunton—whom we all thought had been killed in the war."

"Sir Peter Staunton," she repeated wildly. "Gawd!"

"He was engaged, Lizzie," he went on softly, and he heard her breath come quick. "Engaged to that lady." He pointed to a picture of Sybil on the mantelpiece. "No one wouldn't look at me with 'er face," said the girl thoughtfully.

"She loved him very dearly, Lizzie—even as he loved her. I don't think I've ever known two people who loved one another quite so much. And—" for a moment Jimmy faltered, then he went on steadily. "I ought to know in this case because I'm engaged to her now."

And because the Cockney brain is quick she saw—and understood.

"So if yer doctor friend succeeds," she said, "she'll give yer the chuck."

"Yes, Lizzie," answered Jimmy gravely, "she'll give me the chuck."

"And yer love 'er? Orl rite, old sport. I can see it in yer face. Strikes me," and she gave a little laugh that was sadder than any tears—"strikes me you 'anded out the dirty end of the stick to both of us—when you come round that street today."

Strikes me, I did, Lizzie," he agreed. "But you see, I've told you this because I want you to understand that we're both of us in it—we've both of us got to play the game."

"Play the gime!" she muttered. "Wot d'yer want me to do?"

"The doctor doesn't want him excited, Lizzie," explained Lethbridge. "But he wants him to stop here to-night, so that he can operate to-morrow. Will you tell him that you want him to stop here—and stay here with him if you like?"

"And to-morrer she'll taik 'im." The girl was staring at Sybil's photograph. "'E won't look at me—when 'e knows. Gawd! why did yer find 'im—why did yer find 'im? We was 'appy, I tells yer—'appy."

She was crying now—crying as a child cries, weakly and pitifully, and Lethbridge stood watching her in silence.

"Poor Kid," he said at length. "Poor little Kid."

"I don't want yer blarsted pity," she flared up. "I want my man." And then as she saw Jimmy looking at the photograph on the mantelpiece in an instant she was beside him. "Sorry, old sport," she whispered impulsively. "Reckon you've backed a ruddy loser yerself. I'll do it. Shake 'ands. I guess I knew all along that Bill wasn't my style. And I've 'ad my year."

"You're lucky, Lizzie," said Jimmy, gravely, still holding her hand. "Very, very lucky."

"I've 'ad my year," she went on, and for a moment her thoughts seemed far away. "A 'ole year—and. . . ." She pulled herself together and started patting her hair.

"And what, Lizzie," said Jimmy quietly.

"Never you mind, Mister," she answered. "That's my blooming business."

And then the door opened and Mainwaring came in.

"Does Lizzie agree?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, Bill—she agrees," said Jimmy. "What do you think of him?"

"As far as I can see there is every hope that an operation will be completely successful. There is evidently pressure, on the right side of the skull, which can be removed. I'll operate early to-morrow morning. . . .Keep him quiet to-night—and make him sleep, Lizzie, if you can."

"What d'yer think, Mister?" she said scornfully. "Aint I done it fer a year?"

Without another word she left the room, and the two men stood staring at one another.

"Will she play the game, Jimmy?" Mainwaring was lighting a cigarette.

"Yes—she'll play the game," answered Lethbridge slowly. "She'll play the game—poor little Kid."

"What terms are they on—those two?" The doctor looked at him curiously.

"I think," said Lethbridge even more slowly, "that that is a question we had better not enquire into too closely."

IT WAS successful—brilliantly successful—the operation. Lizzie made it so; at any rate she helped considerably. It was she who held his hand as he went under the anaesthetic: it was she who cheered him up in the morning when he awoke dazed and frightened in a strange room. And then she slipped away, and disappeared from the house. It was only later that Lethbridge found a scrawled pencil note strangely smudged on his desk:

"Let me no wot appens. Lizzie."

He didn't know her address, so he couldn't write and tell her that her Bill had come to consciousness again, completely recovered except for one thing. There was another blank in his mind now—the last three years. One of his first questions had been to ask how the fight had gone, and whether we'd broken through properly.

And then for a day or two Lizzie was for-

*Continued on page 65*





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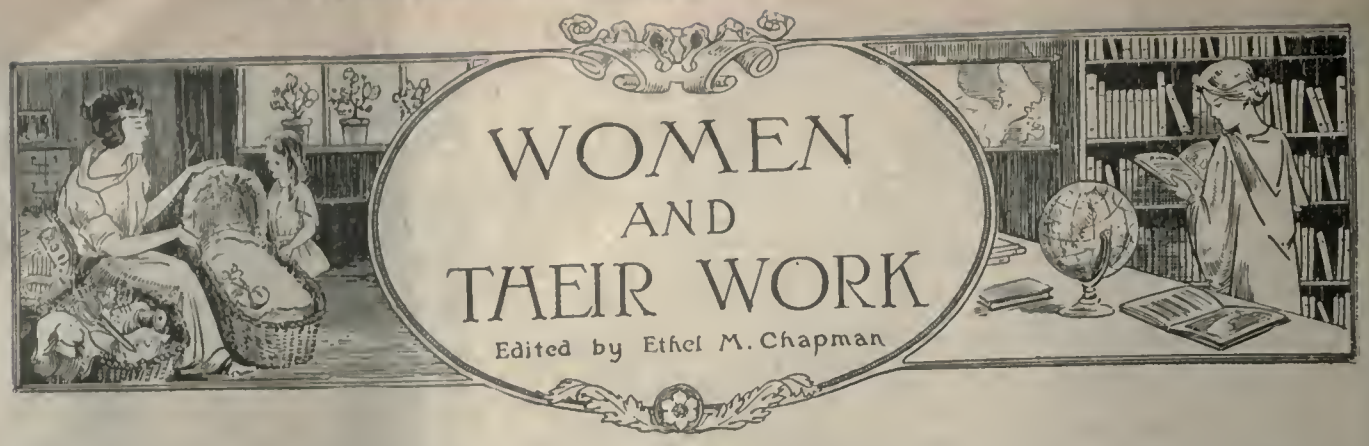
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# College Women Blaze New Trails

IT WOULD seem enough to be the winner of the first scholarship awarded by the Federation of University Women of Canada, but to be the first independent choice of every member of the committee gives the honor an added distinction—and this was how the scholarship came to Isabel Jones. Moreover, as is the case with all scholarships, it recognized something more than mere academic standing. The award according to the original plan was to be based on "evidence of the character and ability of the candidate, and the promise of success in the subject to which she is devoting herself." And this arouses a special interest in the girl herself.

Miss Jones graduated from Toronto in 1917. The outstanding thing about her record here was that she took first class honors in every subject in her special course—Greek, Latin, English and History. The next year she took her M.A. in English, and in the Fall of 1918 she went West to take a position on the staff of the University of Saskatchewan. It was through her teaching here that she discovered that history, not English, was her specialty, and her interest centred particularly in the French-Canadian period. It was natural then that when the scholarship was offered it should seem the rare chance of realizing a long dream—the plan to go to Paris to study the background of early Canadian history—incidentally to try to get the permission of the Paris university to register for the degree of Doctorat de l'Université.

Her interests however are not limited to the acquisition of degrees and book knowledge. Miss Jones is the most natural, widely-interested girl that ever did chores about the house, played out of doors, or took part in community affairs. She has also a rather marked gift of leadership which will be of inestimable value in the application of her new training when she returns. In her fourth year at college she was president of the Women's Literary Society, as well as of a co-educational "Discussion Club"—a little band of college men and women who met twice a month to discuss, informally, questions of more or less weight socially, economically or otherwise. She was an active member of the



MRS. SARAH E. REVELLE.
Who took her M.A. at Queen's this year, graduated in Arts a year later than her two sons.

Women's Dramatic Club, and has taken part in several plays given under the auspices of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Quite as interesting as these accomplishments is the fact that Miss Jones "put herself through college" by working through the summer holidays. Her first position was with the Department of Education and required that she be able to do general office work. She had never used a typewriter, but since typewriting was required she rented a machine and got a friend to give her lessons in the evenings. Before the end of the season she was quite an expert typist. For three summers she worked with the general editor of text books and became proficient as a proof-reader. In 1918 she went fruit picking with the University College girls' camp and "made enough money to go to Buffalo and buy some clothes." She is really a very human type of girl.

On the twenty-seventh of May Miss Jones will sail for Glasgow, where she has a sister studying art at the Slade. The conference of the Universities of the Empire will be going on in London at this time and she hopes to attend the open meetings as a representative of the University of Saskatchewan. She will get to France as early as possible and live with a French family to brush up her conversational French until the university opens in September. Then there will be the coveted year in Paris—but not just for the sake of the experience of living in Paris. The pursuit of the study of history is a serious thing with this young woman, "because," she says, "history is about the broadest thing you can study—it takes in economics, and the history of religion, and philosophy and an endless line of other things." So she has the enthusiasm necessary to get the most from her year. When she returns she hopes to get a position on the staff of some university in Canada.



MISS ISABEL JONES,
Winner of the first scholarship awarded by the Federation of University Women in Canada.

### A Girl Graduate in Agriculture

WHEN Miss Susie Chase, daughter of the orchard lands of the Annapolis Valley, had taken two years at the Agricultural College at Truro and applied to the Ontario Agricultural College to be allowed to enter for the full degree course, the president wrote back, "I have taken a long time to consider your application for the reason that we have never had a woman take any of our long course work up to this time. Professor Cumming gives you such a strong recommendation, however, and so urges me to try the experiment that I now see no reason why you should not be admitted to the course." So another old precedent was broken, and this year the first woman graduate will take her degree from the Ontario Agricultural College. Three other girls have since entered and will graduate next year.

And there's rather a promising and creditable outlook for these pioneers in the agricultural profession for women. Those who follow will have this to thank them for—that they established the precedent in a way so practical and serious and free from affectation that the most prejudiced objector to women in new fields could find nothing to criticise. There is something very gratifying, too, in the college spirit concerning this new feminist departure. Women pioneers in medicine and law and other heretofore "men's" professions have often had rather a hard time so far as the men in their classes were concerned. The men students at the agricultural college have received the girls with their classes and their committees and their general college life in the most whole-hearted way.

There should be many "appropriate" fields open to the woman B.S.A., but Miss Chase does not intend to go into professional agriculture. She came from one of the most beautiful farms in the Annapolis Valley, with fifty acres of apple orchards, where she has picked and packed and sprayed and dusted since the time she could be trusted with "No. 1 Specials," or a spraying machine—and she is going back to it. She loves the picturesque Evangeline country, with its orchards and dykelands, and she is probably the most enthusiastic student of apples who ever entered the college. At the same time she belongs to a family of university people, having two sisters in their third and fourth years in Medicine—and she just naturally wanted a "degree."

*Continued on page 62*



MISS SUSIE CHASE.
The first girl to graduate in Agriculture in Ontario.

# What Shall We Do About Maids?

By A. HERBERT

WHY do young women flee domestic service as they would the plague? Through the length and breadth of the land there is an outcry for domestic help, and close upon the heels of that comes the disturbing wail over the maddening incompetency of such help as is available.

Now the nation that pauperizes itself in domestic servants is the land that impoverishes its home life. And a country without homes means a race without dignity and honor, a mere organized rabble tribe. It is truly appalling to note the growth of apartment houses and flats in the cities of this country. Housekeeping in a flat is the deadliest blow to family life that civic authority can devise. If servants were cheaper and more efficient it would be infinitely nicer and more economical to start life in a real genuine house. And they would be cheaper and better if we recognized them as a class and respected their calling. On the other hand flat rents are exorbitantly high, but the domestic luxury afforded is extraordinary. Somebody must do a laborer's or a servant's work to accomplish this, only they do it for the landlord instead of the tenant, and why? Simply because no self-respecting man or woman is going to work for a family who despise his calling.



Is not this the real reason why we have such a disgracefully inadequate supply of domestic help in Canada? Do not men and women look upon good old-fashioned housekeeping as a degrading and menial occupation? Such good servants as did exist resented this mental attitude of their mistresses and resorted to other tasks. And now their places are frequently taken by girls too indolent to learn anything, and who therefore only succeed in adding opprobrium to the calling. There is something very seriously wrong in Canada's attitude towards labor and the servant problem. If we are going to live in towns and cities we must have men and women who soil their hands and clothes at work, and we must be willing to allow them a certain class distinction and professional status. In ancient days there was a merchant's guild, a tailor's guild and guilds of artisans. And members of each class wore their membership proudly, and struggled for efficiency, and you will find a good footman or a good butler in the Old Land to-day prouder of his office than a brilliant Canadian lawyer of his D.C.L. And Canadians sneer at such pride. Why? Why? Is it not an honorable thing to serve gracefully and loyally within the four walls of a home? Is it as servile a task as the hours at a telephone switchboard, the toil in a restaurant, the waiting behind a counter, the drudgery in a factory or a laundry? It seems to me that Canadians are ten times more snobbish about position even than Europeans. True, girls will decide in favor of a factory rather than an office if there is more money in it, but at the same time they will never cease to covet places at the social gatherings and functions of office people. And when an invitation to a ball, given by the Dames of fashion, is secured, almost any girl will squander many weeks' hard-earned money in order to dress for the occasion. And the distinction attained by such an attendance is colossal in her own eyes, whilst it increases her prestige amongst her fellow workers.

OLD Country people on the contrary are largely untroubled by such ambitions, and their serene content with their own circles argues rather strongly for their belief in the honor of their own social standing. To squander a lot of money going to an entertainment merely to be in the same room as people who can afford to spend it that way strikes them as something akin to foolishness. And is it not in truth the very depth of vulgarity and the very subtlest insult to oneself? I have seen English servants in Canada who have served on large estates, and I have seen servants in the Old Land in homes that have always been accustomed to servants, and I have always been struck by the general attitude of mutual respect existing between them. A gentleman demands courteous efficient servants, and competent servants just as surely demand competent masters. In fact by careful observation you will find that the only people in Canada who can and do keep good servants are not the people who pay big wages, nor live familiarly with their domestics, but the people who affect the dignity and authority of the Old Country masters.

In one large community which I have known from childhood, and where there are dozens of lawyers, doctors, merchants and farmers who keep servants when they can get them, there was only one woman who had the general reputation of being able to keep a servant. In thirty years I never knew her to be without help nor to indulge in a wail over household affairs. She always kept two or three maids who usually stayed with her until they married, and some of the wives of prosperous and well-to-do business men can be picked out here and there in the locality as old servants in her house. But she always played the part of Old Country mistress. And when her servant attended a church fête or picnic she was much more indignant if they were not well treated than she would dream of being on her children's behalf.

Canadian women can assume the rôle of superintendents in hospitals, act as principals in public schools, engineer and organize all sorts of professional and industrial enterprises but they seem to fail utterly and absolutely in the rôle of dignified mistress of servants in their own homes. The truth is that they are so subconsciously persuaded that domestic service is degrading that they try to propitiate the servant by treating her as a familiar friend, and the result is always disastrous to both. If women would take their courage in both hands, and treat servants and charwomen exactly as they would a stenographer whom they employed, the domestic problem might be solved. That, of course, would presuppose recognition of her value, her class, and the necessity for a course of training. A lawyer does not always know how to use the typewriter, but he knows the legitimate results he can demand, and he insists on getting them if he is a successful practitioner.



THERE has been a lot of silly twaddle about servants being allowed to eat with the family and in the dining room, to occupy the parlor or use the piano. Of course if the mistress considers that her maid eats by herself and in the kitchen because she is unfit to eat with the family, then there is abundant cause for riot, and the mistress richly deserves it. Now you employ a servant to attain relief from the too heavy burdens of family care. With help you hope to attain a more perfect ideal of family life. But the home is for the family alone, that is why you bought and furnished a house. If you are going to import strangers who can appropriate your rooms, share your meals, and utilize your furniture you are going to destroy the very essence of family life. The tie of blood calls for intimacies, familiarities, freedom of speech and sacred inter-communion that demands a home for proper consummation. The introduction of outsiders forces certain family rites into abeyance, their permanent introduction would undermine desirable unity. And remember in modern life meal-time is perhaps the only opportunity in some homes for family conclave and communion. The kitchen is really the servants' official headquarters, for it is the official headquarters of all domestic labors in the home. Then why should not the servant eat there? In many cases city


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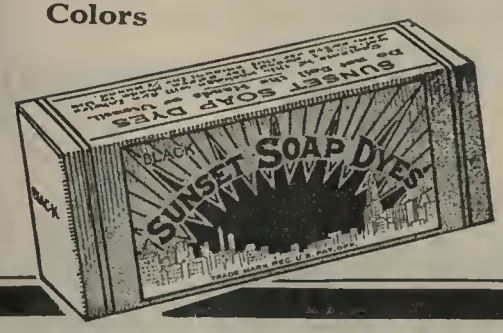
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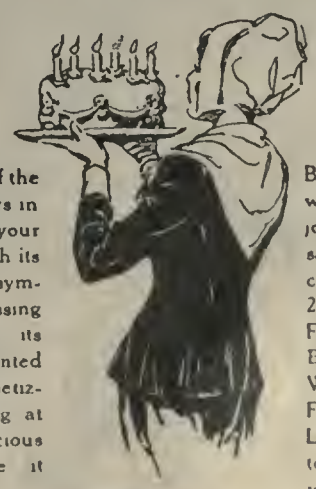



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# Beautiful Actress Attributes Her Wonderful Success to Her Famous Complexion

## Tells How You Also May Have One




New York—When Miss Dorothy Dalton, the beautiful actress who was selected for the leading role in that mammoth New York production, "Aphrodite," was questioned as to the secret of her phenomenal success, she unhesitatingly said, "My complexion." When asked further details she explained: "Every one of my friends always raved about the texture and coloring of my skin, and I have no doubt but that my first engagement was made possible through the reputation I had acquired for a beautiful complexion. Managers are like ordinary mortals, they admire a beautiful skin as much as anyone, and in selecting their casts they naturally prefer those whose complexions are attractive. I think the best asset any girl or woman can have is a beautiful skin and complexion. It is easy to have this if one will spend only a little time in taking care of the skin. A girl may have irregular features, but if she possesses a beautiful complexion she will attract attention anywhere. I am always glad to tell any girl or woman just how she may possess a skin like mine. Here is the recipe: Night and morning cleanse the skin first with warm water, then apply a good cold cream (Liska cold cream I have found to be the best), after massaging it into the skin take off the superfluous cream with a soft cloth. Then before going out during the day or evening I apply Derwillo, a simple toilet preparation which can be purchased at the toilet counter of any up-to-date drug or department store. The first application of this wonderful Derwillo will astonish you. It imparts instant beauty to the skin and makes a rosy-white complexion—every one will talk about it. I find it excellent for my complexion as it protects my skin in all kinds of weather. That's why I prefer it to all other toilet preparations and am never without it. Now that short sleeves are in vogue you will want beautiful hands and arms. There is nothing like Derwillo for this purpose. Many of my professional friends to whom I have recommended Derwillo use it in preference to all other face powders or beautifiers." Just try it once before going to the theatre, dances, parties or an afternoon call and note the favorable comments of your friends. Derwillo instantly puts a life-like tint on your cheeks which defies detection. It takes the place of face powder and stays on until you wash it off. Perspiration does not affect it, nor will it rub off on clothing; it also prevents the nose and face from shining. It's wonderful for a dark, sallow, rough skin, blackheads, coarse pores, oily skin, freckles, tan and for the instant beauty it imparts. Over 500,000 girls and women are using it. It's absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. Just try it once and you will need no further argument to convince you that there is nothing "just as good," "better," or "just like it." Insist on Derwillo, then you will not be disappointed.

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banks provide their clerks with meals and the girls eat in the banks. It would never occur to them to demand that the meal be served in the spacious grill room or at the more elaborate hotel table where the manager dines. As a rule the mistress' kitchen is as nice as the maid's home kitchen, and indeed in too many cases the mistress' family eat in the kitchen themselves when there is no help. Why should a servant expect or covet her employers' dining room any more than a saleswoman the merchant's table? A servant may be compelled to earn her living, but that is no reason why she should be compelled to share the private life of her employer, and sacrifice her own more than is necessary. Generally you will find she prefers the separation. The trouble more generally lies in the mistress assuming that the absence of these intimacies stamps her help as inferior, and this mistaken foolishness engenders friction at once.

To play the part of successful mistress to servants is one of the most difficult positions that falls to the lot of many women. For it demands a reserve, and dignity and gracious authority combined with a genuine good comradeship, and co-operation that is not characteristic of our expansive free and easy Canadian personality. It is useless to try to shirk the rôle of authority, and run the matter on a happy-go-lucky basis. If you employ help you must assume the rôle of master, and according as you show evidence of determination and wisdom, so will be your ability to obtain service.

# College Women Blaze New Trails

*Continued from page 60*

She also has unshakable faith in both the practical and cultural value of an agricultural training for girls. She believes that there is a rather general misconception of what a course in agriculture really means. "Some people seem to think that we spend most of our time milking cows and taking care of stables, doing actual manual labor," she remarked, and she made it plain that actual farm labor had a very minor place in their work. What she emphasized particularly was the breadth of the course in both a practical and a cultural way. Home Economics as taught in the Macdonald Institute branch of the college might be considered a more practical training for girls, she supposed, but she had had considerable experience in cooking at home, and the study of feeds and foods was pretty closely akin to dietetics. Biology and veterinary science gave a good deal that could be applied to physiology and home-nursing. "Even the care of young animals wouldn't be far removed from mothercraft?" we suggested, and she agreed that it wouldn't, "if the young animals didn't grow up so fast."

From the standpoint of its cultural value she felt that the agricultural course compared very well with an Arts course. They get a very good course in English at Guelph—a course that includes something of the appreciation of music and art with a pretty thorough training in public speaking and something along the line of practical journalism. They have a little French and a particularly practical course in political economy. And, of course, any of these subjects in their bearing on agriculture naturally include a great deal of the study of living growing things.

We believe it is this last which primarily appealed to the girl from Acadia. She is, after all, just a "regular girl"—the normal kitchen, drawing-room, class-room, outdoor combination type. She doesn't swagger about in men's garments, nor feel any self-consciousness in the knowledge that she is doing an unusual thing. But she can appreciate the wonder treasured up in a little brown seed; she has the rather unusual gift of seeing the beauty in the commonplace, which is, perhaps, the rarest inheritance of the true agriculturist.

A Mother, M.A.

MUCH has been written about mothers "following their children through school and college," but seldom have we heard of such a striking case in actual practice as has been shown by Mrs. Sarah E. Revelle, a Master of Arts graduate of Queen's this year. Nor does Mrs. Revelle




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believe in merely "following;" her ideal seems to have been to keep right up. Her two sons took the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1915; the next year she graduated with the same degree. And to go one better, this year she took her M.A. The story of how she did it is even more interesting than the climax itself.

Mrs. Revelle must always have been a brilliant student for she took her third class teaching certificate at the age of thirteen, and commenced teaching while she was quite a young girl. It was after her marriage and the birth of her two boys that she attended the Ottawa Normal School and continued teaching. In 1912 she registered at Queen's Summer School, which was then in its infancy, and by attending four summer sessions and studying extramurally during the winter while she taught, she obtained her B.A. in 1916. Then the boys went to the war and she continued teaching and studying for the degree of M.A. The last two winters she has been in the university, graduating this spring with her degree of M.A. It is doubtful, however, if she is as proud of this as of the domestic title of the letters spelled together, for her sons promise careers as brilliant almost as her own. The elder, Adrian I., has just completed his final year at Osgoode Hall with honors; the younger Ian E., is in newspaper work.

Mrs. Revelle is a charming woman with interests and sympathies extending far beyond the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. We take it that she has one of those rare minds to which study is more of a mental recreation than a labor, leaving a good measure of time free for other things. She was for several years president of the Frontenac County Teachers' Association and twice represented that body at the O.E.A. She was secretary-treasurer of Queen's Summer School Association for the years 1913 and 1914. She is convenor of the Committee on Agriculture of the Local Council of Women and a member of the Women's Canadian Club. She has taught Sunday School regularly for many years, sings in the church choir and was a member of the caste of each of the last two annual plays put on at the Kingston Grand Opera House by the Queen's Dramatic Club. It is a record as inspiring as it is unusual.

# The Temptation of Jimmy Lethbridge

*Continued from page 59*

gotten: he had to make his own renunciation.

Sybil came, a little surprised at his unusual invitation, and he left the door open so that she could see Peter in bed from one part of his sitting-room.

"Where have you buried yourself, Jimmy?" she cried. "I've been—" And then her face grew deathly white as she looked into the bedroom. Her lips moved though no sound came from them: her hands were clenching and unclenching.

"But I'm mad," he heard her whisper at length, "quite mad. I'm seeing things, Jimmy—seeing things. Why,—dear God! it's Peter."

She took a step or two forward, and Peter saw her.

"Syb," he cried weakly, "Syb, my darling—"

And Jimmy Lethbridge saw her walk forward slowly and uncertainly to the man who had come back. With a shaking little cry of pure joy she fell on her knees beside the bed, and Peter put a trembling hand on her hair. Then he shut the door, and stared blankly in front of him.

It was Lizzie who roused him—Lizzie coming shyly into the room from the hall.

"I seed her come in," she whispered. "She looked orl rite. 'Ow 'is 'e?"

"He's got his memory back, Lizzie," he said quietly. "But he's forgotten the last three years."

"Forgotten me, as 'e?" Her lips quivered.

"Yes, Lizzie. Forgotten everything—barrel-organ and all. He thinks he's on sick leave from the war. . . ."

"And she's wiv' im now, is she?"

"Yes—she's with him, Lizzie. . . ."

She took a deep breath—then she walked to the glass and arranged her hat—a dreadful hat with feathers in it.

"Well, I reckons I'd better be going. I don't want to see 'im. It would break me 'eart. And I said good-bye to 'im that last night before the operation. So long, Mister. I've 'ad me year—she can't taike that away from me. . . ."

And then she was gone. He watched her from the window walking along the pavement, with the feathers nodding at every step. Once she stopped and looked back—and the feathers seemed to wilt and die. Then she went on again—and this time she didn't stop. She'd 'ad 'er year, had Lizzie: maybe the remembrance of it helped her gallant little soul when she returned the barrel-organ—the useless barrel organ.

* * * *

"SO THIS was your present, Jimmy?" Sybil was speaking just behind him, and her eyes were very bright.

"Yes, Sybil," he smiled. "Do you like it?"

"I don't understand what's happened," she said slowly. "I don't understand anything except the one big fact that Peter has come back. . . ."

"Isn't that enough?" he asked gently. "Isn't that enough, my dear? Peter's come back—funny old Peter. The rest will keep."

And then he took her left hand, and drew off the engagement ring he had given her.

"Not on that finger now,—Sybil, though I'd like you to keep it if you will."

For a while she stared at him wonderingly.

"Jimmy! but you're big," she whispered at length. "I'm so sorry." She turned away, as Peter's voice weak and tremulous came from the other room.

"Come in with me, old man," she said. "Come in and talk to him."

But Jimmy shook his head.

"He doesn't want me, dear: I'm just—just going out for a bit. . . ."

Abruptly he left the room—they didn't want him any more than they wanted Lizzie.

Only she had had her year.

# Business and Investments

*Continued from page 5*

whether the Government as a partial stockholder should have any vote at all except perhaps in certain special circumstances. The interests of the Government, as regards economical operation and improvement of earning power, would be identical with those of the other shareholders. The special interests of the people of Canada, as regards rates and a proper distribution of facilities, are a matter for the Railway Commission and should not be intruded into shareholders' meetings. When once an efficient transportation service is established at a reasonable cost to its users, we have no doubt that the profits accruing will steadily increase. Participation in those increasing profits is the best return that the Government can ever hope to get from its ownership of the present National Railways; and it will not get even that until it has dispossessed itself of the management of those railways, and handed them over to private owners actuated by the one really effective motive for the production of efficiency, namely, the desire for efficiency and consequent profit.

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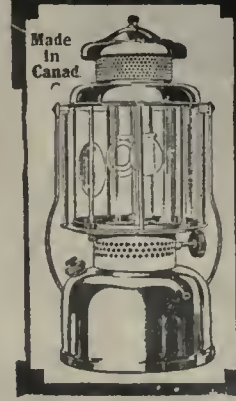
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# Maybe Adam Laughed at These?



**The Whole Story.**—"She wanted to marry him for his money."

"Did she fail?"

"No; he failed, and she married some one else."—*Spare Moments.*

**Subject to Change without Notice.**—North—"Is your wife a friend of Mrs. Jones?"

West.—"I don't know; I haven't seen my wife since morning."—*Life.*

**Demonstration Needed.**—She.—"Do you love me, John?"

He.—"Sure."

She.—"Then why don't your chest go up and down like the man in the movies?"—*Tar Baby.*

**First Glance Deceived Him.**—He (ready for party).—"Doris, the taxi will be here in a minute. Put on your evening gown, quick!"

Wife.—"Don't be funny, Jack, it's on."—Boston *Transcript.*

**By Order of the Court.**—"When the Golightlys' divorce was granted each was given the custody of their infant son half the time."

"Yes, so I heard. And Golightly stipulated that his half be the days."—*Judge.*

**Some Dodger.**—An Oklahoma negro was trying to saddle a fractious mule when a bystander asked: "Does that mule ever kick you, Sam?"

"No, sah," replied Sam, "but he sometime kick whe' I jes' been."—*Judge.*

**With the Car Outside.**—"Yes," said grandma, "I used to wait for my sweetheart's footstep. It is an ecstatic feeling."

"I know," assented the flapper. "Just like waiting for the young man's honk."—Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

**Doubling Up on Hubby.**—Mrs. Eve.—"Does your husband remember the anniversary of your marriage?"

Mrs. Wye.—"Never; so I remind him of it in January and June and get two presents."—Boston *Transcript.*

**A Bid for Sympathy.**—Sinn Feiners wrecked the 'phone exchanges in Dublin. This looks like a strong bid for the sympathy of folk in whom the phrase, "Nobuddy on yuh line now," arouses an intense desire for immediate destruction.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

**No Game.**—"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Did they play baseball in Noah's time?"

"No, my boy, I believe not."

"Why didn't they, Pop?"

"Wet grounds, I guess, Harold."—Yonkers *Statesman.*

**Still There.**—"It is indeed a pleasure," remarked the man who approves of prohibition, "to be able to walk the streets without seeing a saloon on every corner."

"And yet," returned the unregenerate one, "it's a great comfort to know they are there, even if you don't see them."—New York *Sun.*

**Used only for Shaving.**—"Sam, here is an account of a man who has a razor that has seen continuous service for 150 years. It was bought in England by his grandfather."

"Well, all I has to say, boss, is dat he must belong to a powerful peaceful family."—Yonkers *Statesman.*

**Sounds like Einstein's Theory.**—Two gentlemen riding on a train were both very much intoxicated.

First Gent.—"What time is it?"

Second Gent.—(after extracting a matchbox from his pocket with much exertion and gazing at it intently): "Thursday."

First Gent.—"My heavens, I've got to get off here."—*Everybody's.*

**Wrong Target.**—"Brown is a good shot, isn't he?"

"Very good. We were practising with our guns at my country place the other day, and he hit the bull's eye the first time."

"Very clever."

"Yes; but he had to pay for the bull."—*Cartoons.*

**A Logical Deduction.**—"Mr. Smith," a man asked his tailor, "how is it you have not called on me for your account?"

"Oh, I never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed! How, then, do you get on if he doesn't pay?"

"Why," replied the tailor, after a momentary hesitation, "after a certain time I conclude he is not a gentleman, and then I ask him."—*Harper's Magazine.*

**Free as a Bird.**—"Does your wife influence your vote?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Meekton. "Henrietta wants me to vote according to my own ideas; but it is remarkable how thoroughly my views always coincide with hers after she has taken the trouble to express them and to assure me that she is perfectly willing to go on elucidating until I fully comprehend."—Washington *Star.*

**True Politeness.**—Dickie's father was shocked to see his son kick his little playmate.

"Why did you kick John?" he asked severely.

"I am tired of playing with him. I want him to go home," was Dickie's answer.

"Then why didn't you ask him to go home?"

"Oh,"—it was Dickie's turn to be shocked—"why, daddy, that wouldn't be polite."—*Harper's Magazine.*

**Historic Precedent.**—In a chemistry class a student was celebrated for his dullness; but on one occasion, when the professor asked his explanation of an unusual result obtained in the lab., he staggered both the professor and his fellow students by a lucid and accurate reply. He was so pleased with himself that he sought to make capital of it. "You looked surprised, professor," he remarked happily. "So did Balaam," snapped the professor.—*London Opinion.*

**Too Late.**—Bliggins for some years had gone the pace that kills, only it didn't kill him but merely reformed him. Then he joined the church and rose so high in its councils that he was sent to one of the big cities as delegate to a convention.

"How was it?" asked a friend when he returned.

"The convention? Oh, all right," answered Bliggins. "But that town! Some town! If I'd only been a delegate to something there before I got converted!"—*American Legion Weekly.*




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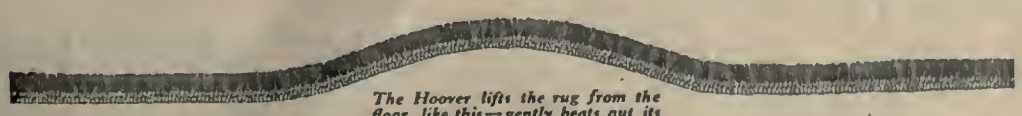

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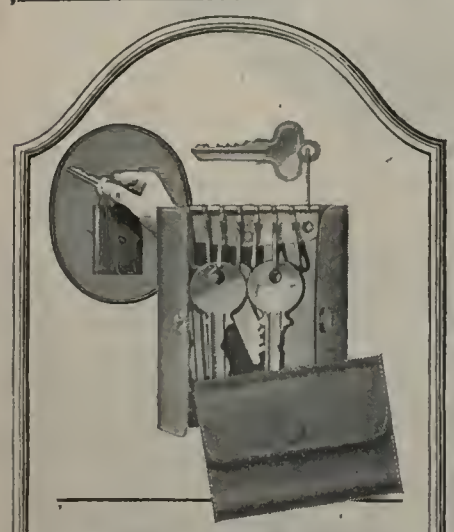
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Price Deflation Continues

THE most promising event in the business world at the time of writing is the settlement of the coal strike in England. So inexorably are we the creatures of international events. Delivery from the "maelstrom of European politics" is a favorite but futile cry. Canada could not escape; the United States could not escape. Some time ago a cry went up from New York and Washington against any further loans to an impoverished Europe. A slump in business in the United States—and Canada—was one result. Europe could not buy. Therefore the United States could not export. And just as in the summer of 1919 the revival of export was the salvation of the business slump that followed the armistice, so the only salvation for the present business slump would appear to be the foreign demand that will tighten the slack in the mills, diminish unemployment and strengthen domestic business confidence. The whole world, for all its multiplicity of individual stalls, has grown into one big integral business mart.

Hence it is that any factor or series of events that works an improvement in the financial and business condition of England reacts favorably on the other side. The increase in the premium on the American dollar; the rise in the discount on the pound sterling; these hurt trade. The rise in the relative position of the pound sterling is a "bull" card on Wall Street; once the American dollar passes a certain point its real financial advantage to its own citizens is a snare and a delusion. Any element that tends to restore a normal condition is a positive factor; hence the virtue of a coal strike settlement in England. And the sooner the United States realizes the role of creditor nation it must continue to play for many years to come: possibly indeed, forevermore, the sooner will there be a readjustment of world conditions, and the sooner will its own factories be working again to capacity, and Canada's as well.

### Builders' Supplies Drop

ONE other illustration may suffice; this time a Canadian. Late in June a number of manufacturers of builders' supplies made a cut of fifteen to twenty per cent. in the existing prices. Back towards normal; a very constructive step. Building will be stimulated, and the reflex influence of this and similar steps that will and must be taken in the next few weeks and months will be profound. It all helps a settlement of the "buyers' strike." And the nearer the terms of that anonymous "world-wide buyer" are realized the sooner the "strike" will be declared off. That strike was necessary in practically every industry. It forced prices down. It is hard to see how otherwise most of those prices would have been forced down without long and painful delays, and with painful results, the more painful and disastrous the longer the drop was delayed. That is a lesson that price-makers still are slow to realize, particularly in their own lines. The cut in building costs, including wages, the last few months—and they are only the earlier instalments—seem to promise big things in construction next year. Just how big they are may be made clear from one illustration: Three or four months ago tenders were asked for the new Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal, and the cost would have exceeded $7,000,000. Late in June tenders had fallen to $6,000,000, a cut of a cool $1,000,000. That is getting back to normal. That cut meant in the case of a single-room basis, a drop from $7,500 to less than $6,000. That cut meant the justification for going on with the building of that hotel this year, instead of "putting it off" as most of the world is doing. The "striker" capitulated to the favorable terms offered.

Therefore the lowering of prices wherever they are still high—for no industry can escape the law—the reopening of export trade, and a bountiful harvest this Fall, with a needy Europe able, as well as willing to buy, should all bring about a marked improvement in business conditions.

### Down Out of the Clouds

SO MANY wondered why business conditions did not show that marked improvement this spring. The answer was simple. For one thing prices had not been deflated. The manufacturers in many lines were only beginning to cut down; wage-earners were only thinking of a reduction; the pivotal steel industry had still to come down out of the clouds; the "buyers'" demands were still far from satisfied, and they still were observing that "strike."

The present situation, just as in the past year or so, continues to offer a difficult problem to the intending investor. Have securities gone far enough down? Is it a good time to buy? And if not all stocks, what should be classed as the more desirable? One principle that should provide one serious test at such a time as this is the answer to the question as to whether the industry represented by any particular security has passed through the process of deflation and appears to be on the upward move once again. Such industries, it would appear, are the boot and shoe, the fur, silk, cotton and woolen, sugar, rubber—to mention a few, particularly in respect to raw materials. The steel industry is not nearly through yet, it is reasonable to assume; the pulp and paper industry has still a good way to go. Public utilities, on the other hand, such as power companies, and electric roads and the transportation companies, look to have reached the end of the hard operating conditions and to be well on the way to recovery. This factor may well serve as a fundamental rule in the consideration of investments, either in bonds or preferred stocks, or the few common





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that may be classed as "investments."

### The Bank Statements

THE bank statements for the months of May and June reflect the process of deflation that has been going on in commercial life. Current loans for May showed a decrease of $77,000,000 as compared with one year ago, and of more than $9,000,000 compared with April. This is a natural result of the liquidation of the heavy stocks of merchandise carried by manufacturers and wholesalers, and more or less among the retailers throughout the country. The situation also reflects a position where industry is marking time rather than expanding. This decline in commercial loans may be expected to continue for a few months yet.

Demand deposits are down $10,000,000 for the month and $93,000,000 for the year, also a natural result, part, however, of this being due to the removal of large sums since one year ago that were on deposit for the Government in the banks in connection with Victory Loan payments. On the other hand, savings deposits showed a gain of $86,000,000 over one year ago. The changes in the chief items over one year ago were as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Circulation | $193,053,999 | — | $33,281,033 |
| Deposits, dem. | 552,868,059 | — | 93,089,170 |
| Do, notice | 1,315,282,372 | + | 86,208,857 |
| Do, abroad | 269,074,397 | — | 76,021,078 |
| Curr. loans | 1,271,619,731 | — | 77,460,250 |
| Do, abroad | 159,087,151 | — | 24,899,071 |
| Call loans | 111,251,183 | — | 7,863,310 |
| Do, abroad | 157,935,965 | — | 56,028,217 |
| Specie | 81,982,000 | + | 783,400 |
| Dom. notes | 155,906,315 | — | 16,162,251 |
| Cent. Gold Res. | 83,902,533 | — | 24,147,467 |
| Total liabs. | 2,584,954,982 | — | 218,522,295 |
| Total assets | 2,871,816,298 | — | 208,866,502 |

Canada's trade returns for the twelve months ending May 31 showed an excess of imports over exports of some $846,000, where the previous year had seen an excess of exports over imports, or a "favorable" balance of trade of over $62,000,000. This past year imports had increased by $11,500,000, while exports had declined $52,000,000. The weak point in our balance of trade continues to be our relation to the United States, for while we imported $812,531,821 during the year our exports across the border were only $525,164,405, a balance against this country of over $287,000,000. To Great Britain exports were $316,104,051, while imports were only $192,452,763, leaving a favorable balance of over $123,000,000. With the drop in buying the last few months imports into Canada have shrunk very considerably. The following figures show the relative position of our trade for the past two years:

| Year ending May 31: | | |
|---|---|---|
| Imports, 1921 | $1,162,160,362 | |
| Imports, 1920 | 1,150,539,512 | |
| Increase, 1921 | | $11,620,850 |
| Exports, 1921 | $1,178,948,956 | |
| Exports, 1920 | 1,259,208,294 | |
| Decrease, 1921 | | $80,259,388 |
| | 1920-21. | 1919-20. |
| Exports | $1,161,313,464 | $1,213,443,216 |
| Imports | 1,162,160,362 | 1,150,539,512 |
| Balance | — 846,898 | + 62,903,704 |

### Answers to Inquiries.

Many subscribers, re Riordon.—These inquiries in several cases called for more than one communication as the proceedings in connection with the effort to finance the company progressed toward the final time allowed. The situation was a very difficult one, as first of all the inquiries arrived after the slump was practically over, and no one knew at any particular moment just what the outcome would be, and this is unknown even at the time of writing. Questions as to the advisability of "averaging up" by the purchase of more stock, common or preferred, were answered by urgent advice in the negative; the value of the security at this stage was too problematical, and it might mean further unnecessary losses. The opinion was expressed in other cases that a transfer from the common to preferred might be advisable as the equity of the preferred securities was certainly greater than either of the common.

A common form of inquiry called for a list of preferred stocks that seemed to be reasonably safe investments. Among those mentioned in re-

ply were Asbestos Corporation, Canadian Cottons, Dominion Textile, Penmans, Lake of the Woods, Ogilvie Flour Mills, Dominion Steel Corporation, Dominion Glass, Steel of Canada.

**Question**—What is your opinion of Winnipeg Electric preferred?—M., St. Peter's Bay, P.E.I.

Answer.—We would look upon Winnipeg Electric preferred as an investment now. The company seems to have passed the worst stage of its career, and with higher fares and lower costs of operation the earnings should continue to improve and enable the preferred dividends to be met regularly.

**Question**—Should I sell Royal Bank Stock bought at 203?—M., Napinka, Man.

Answer.—We would advise you against selling your shares of Royal Bank stock which you bought at 203. The price is a little easier now but this is a failing common to practically every security and the bank stocks as a whole have suffered less probably than the rest. This bank is one of the most progressive in Canada, and generally speaking, the chartered banks in Canada have grown so strong financially that the double liability clause has become almost a negligible quantity.

**Question**—What is your opinion of Quebec bonds around 63, as an investment, giving a return of more than 9 per cent.?—M., Napinka, Man.

Answer.—You also want to know about Quebec bonds around 63 as an investment, giving a return of over nine per cent. These have not yet reached the position of a high grade of bond, and indeed until recently the interest payments were delayed the full ninety days allowed by law before default could be charged. They have been paid promptly for a few months now and the company is gradually improving its position. These bonds are a fairly safe investment, and possess some speculative attraction.

**Question**—I bought Canada Steamships around 85 and it is now about 45. Should I sell and "take the loss," on the assumption that the preferred dividend will be passed?—B., Toronto.

Answer.—The best information we can get is that the preferred dividend will continue to be paid. The company has had great difficulty in financing in London owing to the exchange rate and nothing may be done now before the Fall, but we understand if it is not the banks have agreed to "carry" the company over. The earnings of Canada Steamship Lines should continue sufficient to meet the preferred dividend easily, and there would have been no question of this raised had the working capital not been exhausted by the taking in of other concerns, which may or may not earn a good return on the purchase price. It would seem advisable to hold your stock instead of selling at the low price you could secure to-day.

**Question**—Is Whalen 7 per cent. debenture stock a sound investment?—J., St. Agathe des Monts, Que.

Answer.—Until the pulp market gets back to a more normal basis a purchase of Whalen seven per cent. debenture stock must be considered as involving some speculation. The company will make a pretty fair showing for the past year, but this year's earnings are rather uncertain, as are those of every pulp and paper company.

**Question**—Do you consider the following absolutely safe for investment: Dominion Glass preferred; Cement preferred; Steel of Canada preferred; Penman's preferred?—M., Bala, Ont.

Answer.—As to whether Dominion Glass preferred; Cement preferred; Steel of Canada preferred, and Penman's preferred are "absolutely safe" for investment; that question must be answered in sections. Of all four we prefer the present position from an industrial standpoint of Penman's preferred, and next of Glass preferred. The steel business has a lot of readjusting to do yet, and the Cement Company is not earning enough this year to meet the common dividend as was the case last year as well. Would suggest waiting until the Fall at least in all except Penman's, as conditions in the industry of each may enable you to secure the preferred security at a lower price after liquidation is over both in the industry and the securities.

**Question**—Kindly give me information re investment in "Mackenzie River Oil Co." Supposing the company does strike oil can it transport the oil to a market and make a reasonable profit Is their capital investment large enough to continue drilling for some time, supposing they do not strike oil in the near future?—H. A. T., Indian Head, Sask.

Answer.—Mackenzie River Oil Limited shares offer a reasonable speculative opportunity of sharing in the potential oil developments of Northern Alberta and the Mackenzie River basin. The shares are not an investment, for the development of oil in a new field is so hedged about with uncertainties and difficulties that fair-minded promoters do not offer oil stock as anything but a speculation. This company seems to be well organized with a good board of directors; it has already made definite steps towards oil development, by sending its geographical parties into the field and ordering its equipment which will shortly be in at work, speculative purchase of its shares is justified.

The question of transportation of oil supplies is an important one and may eventually be dealt with in a broader way than from the standpoint of an individual company. Mackenzie River Oil Limited claim to have made all arrangements for transportation of any oil they may produce.

**Question**—Will you kindly let me know what you think of the Canada Steamship Lines preferred stock. Should they discontinue paying the dividends this year what do you think the chances are for the future? Would it be best to hold? —W. F. R., Toronto.

Answer.—We believe you would be well advised to hold your stock for the present as the dividend seems safe for some time to come. When it is felt that payments may be regarded as permanent the price of the stock should appreciate and it may reach the old figure or near it. The prospects of the company for the present year are fairly good with tourist traffic quite up to last year in advance bookings and calls, and a good upper lakes business certain. It seems likely that ocean traffic will fall considerably below last year's. In a few months it may be a simpler matter to determine the company's real position and future prospects.

**Question**—Can you give me an idea of general terms usual in boring for Gas, terms between an owner of farm and a Gas Co? Is the Canboro Gas Co reliable? Canboro Township, Haldimand County? — J. M. R., Hamilton.

Answer.—The gas or oil company is required to secure a lease from the farmer for certain specific territory or a definite number of acres. The length of the term of this lease varies according to the wishes of the farmer or company, for one year or more. In some cases a lease for an indefinite period has been secured. This of course is not as a rule satisfactory to the farmer. The usual term of lease is one year, renewable if desired by both parties. The company usually pays a nominal rental on the land held, from 50 cents an acre per year, up, the rental varying according to the proximity of the land to proven oil or gas bearing territories. In addition the farmer may receive a royalty on output, usually one-tenth or one-eighth. The company is further required to make compensation for space occupied and the farmer may recover damages to crops through the operations of the company.

The gas field of the Niagara Peninsula has been subjected to some rather extensive development during the past few years and we understand that the gas production is beginning to fall off. On the whole the future for the gas companies operating in this field does not appear bright, and for this reason we can see little merit in their securities for investment purposes.

**Question**—What is your opinion of Gifford Cobalt Silver mine? Is there any prospect of the Company ever resuming operations. I am the holder of several thousand shares of this stock but as its present market value is only 1c it is not worth while to sell unless there is absolutely no prospect of the Company resuming operations. — S. D., Toronto.

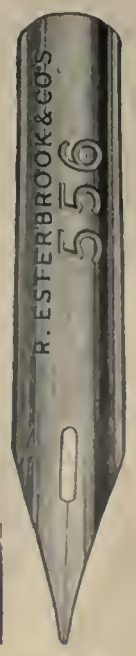
Answer.—If there should be a material improvement in the price of silver in the future there seems a probability that Gifford Mines will again resume operations. Just now the silver







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mining industry is highly depressed because of the slump in silver prices, and a number of the more important mines are closing down. Development work had proceeded to a depth of more than 200 feet on the Gifford properties before work was stopped, and it is said that the showing at the lower depths was even better than on the surface. The stock is of course a gamble but under the circumstances we believe that it would be preferable to retain your holdings rather than sell them at present prices.

**Question** — I am desirous of obtaining information as to the reliability of an investment in "The Tiger Tire and Rubber Co"., head office on Wellington St. Toronto and factory at Belleville. Ont. — H. E. R., Belleville.

Answer.—The Tiger Tire and Rubber Co. has entered a field where competition is very keen and is getting under way at a time when general conditions are highly unsatisfactory. The stock of this company we regard as highly speculative. With good business management, however, this company may make its way successfully.

**Question** — Can you suggest any 8% bonds that you regard as a safe purchase? Would you regard Spanish River and the new Brompton in that class? — D., Middleton, N.S.

Answer.—We consider both Spanish and the new Brompton issue, each paying 8 per cent. interest, as in that class. The Spanish bonds can be secured a little under par and Brompton for 99, so that both give a yield of over 8 per cent. There is a rather interesting and attractive feature about Brompton, that up to May 1, 1931, it can be exchanged for common stock on the basis of two shares of common for $100 par value of bonds. Should the common stock rise much over $50 a share we think the bonds should advance somewhat owing to the immediate profit there would be in converting under those conditions.

**Question** — Please name two or three 7 per cent preferred stocks as safe buys. How do you regard Steel of Canada preferred and Canada Car? Also please give your opinion of Famous Players. — D., Middleton, N.S.

Answer.—Steel of Canada preferred under ordinary circumstances would be recommended for an investment at any time, as it may be regarded as safe. Just now the industry is facing a period of depression with lessened profits and it might pay to wait a while in case the security should decline a few points before business conditions recover. It is one of the few preferred stocks that share with the common in dividend increases.

We would not advise an investment in Canada Car preferred. It seems certain that the earnings of the company this year will be small, and the preferred dividend in the face of a prolonged depression in the car business could not be considered as certain to be continued.

Famous Players, Canadian or American, we would not regard as an investment at all. While the Canadian company has done well since it began operations its earnings seem likely to react to general conditions for the balance of the year. It has good speculative possibilities at the beginning of an upward movement in business.

Some of the preferred stocks (six or seven per cent.) that we feel can be recommended are: Asbestos Corporation, which is "participating" in common dividends like Steel Company of Canada; Dominion Textile, Ogilvie Flour Mills, Lake of the Woods, Dominion Steel Corporation (whose dividend is guaranteed by income bonds); Penman's, Canadian Cottons, Dominion Glass, Winnipeg Electric.

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# THE VALLEY OF GOLD

## A Tale of the Qu'Appelle

*By* DAVID HOWARTH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE east wind blew furiously, beating gray sheets down the streaming panes. Along the village street flowed a turbid torrent, the squalid wash of an "old-timer - three - days'- blow" from the Great Lakes. Threshing was hung up. Every wheel was stopped for a thousand miles across the prairies.

Sparrow's pool - room was a cavern of smoke. Through the blue-ringed mists of tobacco moved the unkempt silhouettes of boisterous threshermen. Suddenly over the hubbub rose a jeering cry.

Ned Pullar leaned down and knocked the ashes out of his briar. His immobile face gave no sign that the cry was an insulting challenge. Opening his knife he slowly scooped out the bowl of his pipe. Tapping the inverted briar on the palm of his hand, he proceeded leisurely to fill in the tobacco. This act duly completed, he turned about and looked McClure in the face. In his eyes was a faint twinkle, but he elected to hold his tongue. His deliberate silence provoked his tormentor. Hitherto McClure had addressed him in a low tone. Now his great voice rose above the chatter of the players and the noise of the crashing balls.

"Come, Pullar!" he sneered. "You're yellow. How about odds?"

Play ceased and all eyes turned on the two men.

"Pull easy, Rob!" adjured some partisan of McClure's. "He's soft in the mouth."

The crowd raised applauding guffaws.

"Naw, it's the blind staggers, pards," cried a smooth voice. "Watch his blinkers."

The immoderate laugh of the crowd had a curiously menacing note.

Pullar's blinkers were not blinking, however. He held McClure's eyes with a level glance.

Thrusting hands to hips akimbo McClure cried insolently:

"S-s-stumped! You quitter!"

Pullar was still silent. His clear eye was taking in the situation. McClure was plainly bent on baiting him and his purpose was beginning to dawn on the Valley boss. A quick survey of the room discovered to him the presence of nine of McClure's men. He could see them moving about into position to cut off all egress from the one door. Not a man of his own gang was in sight and the two or three outsiders were not promising allies. The stench of liquor and the savage flashing of wild eyes warned him of their fell intention. In the swift process of his thought he realized that they were about to pull him down and "jump" him with the unspeakable savagery of drunken fools. He was trapped. With every sense alert he went ahead imperturbably preparing to light up.

Drawing a wad of bills from his pocket, McClure thrust them under Pullar's nose.

"Five hundred bucks!" he challenged. "Five hundred little bucks to lay against you two to one that we can lick the Valley Outfit in a thirty day run any old time you want to take it on. No time like the present, Pullar!"

Ned Pullar stood straight and immense, a muscular figure in overalls and smock. His fresh, youthful face looked almost innocently from under the peak of his cap. His eyes were serious for an instant, then released an amused smile.

"Rob McClure!" he said quietly. "You are developing an interesting humour. Three times to-day you have flaunted this trifling wager in my face. It means nothing to me—nothing more than do you yourself, Robbie, mon, or your engaging gang."

The mocking tone provoked a swift change in McClure. His eyes narrowed to slits that gleamed evilly. The rush of passion rendered him impotently mute. Backing their boss with yells of rage the gang moved menacingly toward the speaker. Suddenly above the foul oaths rang out a voice. It was one of the outsiders who had slipped unnoticed to the door. With his hand on the knob he called out:

"Hold 'em, Ned. I'll fetch the Valley Outfit mighty quick."

There was a rush toward him, but he dashed out of the door and away.

Then followed an instant move toward the solitary and defiant figure of the Valley boss.

"Halt! You drunken dogs!" cried Pullar in a voice that effected his purpose.

Pausing, the crowd eyed their quarry cautiously, warned by the terrible flame leaping from the eyes where but a moment before glimmered a whimsical smile. Holding his pipe to his lips with a match ready to light, he addressed them quietly.

"I was getting ready," said he, "to hit the trail for The Craggs when McClure worked himself up over this bet. I'm not interested in his little gamble. But I am tolerably anxious over the important matter of hiking along home to milk the cows. I'm going to pass out that door and I'd hate to hustle any of you fellows unnecessarily."

He took a step toward them. There was an involuntary movement to retreat. Pullar laughed and the threshers, with wild yells, rushed at their prey. Above the clamour rose the bull-like roar of McClure.

"Throw the big stiff!" he shouted. "Mush him under your boots before his gang get here. Put him out and we'll handle them."

With answering shouts they leaped to the attack. Pullar stepped back lightly, feigning retreat. Drawn by the ruse two sprang after him. Suddenly they felt a clutch like steel. Separating the two assailants he brought them together with a trap-like shutting of his muscular arms. Their heads met with a muffled shock and he sent them reeling to the wall. Hands were grasping for him as he shot out his right fist and his left and two more of his demented foes sank to their knees. Making a lightning side step he sprang away, freeing himself from the gripping tentacles of the gang.

In a flashing glimpse he found that he had dodged the attack *en masse* only to throw himself in the path of Snoopy Bill Baird. The huge slouching form was charging him wickedly. He twisted aside to elude the onset but was unable to avoid the kick of the heavy boot. It caught him along the cheek-bone, ripping the flesh. He closed, clinching his assailant. The big fellows were well matched, but with a confusing speed Pullar had pinned Baird's arms in a girdling grip. Tripping his great, writhing captive over his hip he flung him clean away above his head. Like a flying missile the man shot through the air, crashing down sprawling upon a pool table.

PULLAR was not aware that his huge antagonist lay on the table a groaning heap, for they were dragging him down on all sides. Two of his assailants clung to his arms, robbing him of any means of defense, while a third belaboured him fiercely about the head. Still an-




"Last Thursday as I rode by Sparrow's I was on my way to sign the entangling documents. Bridges were all burned. To-morrow I begin teaching—where do you think?"

other fastened on his throat. This latter clutched Pullar's neck with both hands, gouging his thumbs into the windpipe with vicious design to strangle. The vital grip began to tell and slowly at first, then with a chuck, they went to the floor.

"Hold him! Hold him!" shouted McClure gleefully, as he danced about seeking a chance to strike. But a sudden change came over the battle. The fall had shaken the bulldog clutch. By a prodigious effort Pullar wrenched his right arm free. There was a series of quick, jabbing motions and the four assailants fell magically away. With a bound Pullar was on his feet facing McClure. The latter struck furiously for the face but his blow was swept aside by something rigid. Pullar stood inside his enemy's guard. He had but to strike and it would be over. He did not strike. Instead he smiled through the blood and stepped lightly back.

"No, McClure!" said he, with a grim smile. "I do not need to."

The other looked at him a moment then breathed a low oath of surprise. At that instant there was a great shout and the Valley Gang charged through the door. Turning to the door Ned Pullar lifted his hands and shouted above the tumult:

"Back, men! This fracas is over!"

"Not on yer life!" cried Easy Murphy, angered to fighting-mad pitch by the sight of the bloody face of his boss.

"The fight is over!" cried Ned, holding back his men.

"Begobs! Ye don't know this wan Irish divil, Ned!" screamed Murphy. "I will be afthurr pluggin' the lights uv me frind McClure."

At the words he stepped toward McClure, followed by the others. But he was intercepted by a swift motion of Pullar.

"No, Easy!" cried the young boss firmly. "Stick with me, lad. This is my powwow. We are about to smoke the pipe of peace."

For a fleeting instant he caught the Irishman's eye. The flash of intelligence that passed between them checked the belligerent passion in Murphy's wild heart. With a significant and rueful nod the thresher agreed to Pullar's wish.

"Ah, Ned, darlint!" said he affectionately, taking in the room at a sweeping glance. "For why have ye bin mussin' up Rob's bowld byes? 'Tis a cyclone blower ye are, me hearty. Go ahead wid the show. The Valley Gang's occupyin' the front sates."

With a very bad grace the Valley Outfit followed their spokesman's lead. The eyes of the two gangs turned to Ned.

Aside from the gash along his cheek he was unhurt. Stalking in among McClure's men he picked up his pipe. Repacking the tobacco carefully he lit up. Throwing a series of blue circles to the ceiling he indulged in a moment's reminiscence. Finally he spoke, addressing Easy Murphy in his usual quiet tone.

"A few minutes ago," said he, "Rob McClure was eating his head off over a certain little proposition when—we had a slight interruption. In fact, I was anxious to get home to the milking. I have changed my mind. Rob's proposal will interest you. He wants to stack his huskies up against the Valley Gang on a thirty-day run. He contends laying down a trifle of five hundred dollars that he can lick my gang——"

Here arose a sudden commotion, savage threats and a sinister movement of the Valley Gang. Ned waved his men back with a laugh.

"Just a minute, lads," said he. "Let me have my say. McClure pretends that he can lick the Valley Outfit in a thirty-day put-put. Strange as it may seem I cannot agree with him. If he will make a real bet, make it cash and approve Jack Butte as holder of stakes, we'll be able to start something right off the bat."

On the heels of his words rose a chorus of defies from his men. Hands flew to pockets and wads appeared. Snoopy Bill caught his feet groggily, scenting a gamble. In Rob McClure's eyes shone the gleam of the shark.

"Now you're spunking up!" said he with a sneer. "Butte's our man."

Turning to one of his gang, he said:

"Scoot out, Ford, and get him."



The big fellows were well matched but with a confusing speed Pullar had pinned Baird's arms in a girdling grip. Tripping his great, writhing captive over his hip he flung him clean away above his head.

While the man started off to carry out his bidding he whipped out his check book and filled in a form. As Snoopy Bill spied the amount he let out a low whistle.

"Two thousand!" he exclaimed. "Rob, you're a la-la."

McClure handed the book to Pullar. Ned read it with immobile face. Amid a deep silence the crowd pressed around the bosses. Would Pullar call the bluff?

THE year of which we write was the fall of nineteen hundred. The smoke of the tractor was rarely seen in the land. Of the gas-power machine there was no sign whatever. For five years Ned had swung steadily along the Valley's brow with his twenty-horse, thirty-six inch portable mill, threshing the line of farmers rimming the northern bank of The Qu'Appelle. If a farmer got Pullar's mill it assured him a straight crew, a quick, clean job and all his grain. The Valley Gang was thoroughly workmanlike, the crack outfit of the Pellawa stretches.

This supremacy was not disputed. Some ten years before McClure had come from the East with bags of money and bushels of confidence, not to mention a stock of real ability. He was keen to get and heady and aggressive in the getting. Three years before he had entered the threshing game and pitched in with his usual gusto. One of his first moves was to cross the Valley and make a bold raid on Pullar's run. But his effort failed. Pullar's line of jobs remained intact. He managed to pick up a few farmers thrown on the threshing market through the defunct condition of their syndicate machine. Since Pullar's outfit was full up for a big season the cluster of jobs fell to McClure. The farmers of the Pullar run threw out some banter and an occasional jab resenting the attempt of McClure to cut in. This nettled McClure and was the small beginning of a bitter rivalry. Smothering his chagrin McClure set to work to build up a gang that would lower the colors of the Valley Outfit. At the end of the season it was found that Pullar's bushelage had far exceeded that of the rival machine. The following year repeated their fortunes. Then McClure startled Pellawa by exchanging his portable outfit for an immense forty-inch separator driven by a thirty-horse tractor steam power, of course. The new machine was equipped with self-feeder, self-bagger and cyclone blower. Adding extensively to his run he put on a large gang and began the season with everything in his favor.

Though facing alarming odds, Pullar took up the gauge in his quiet way. Rumors of record days by both machines drifted about the settlement with the result that the annual threshing derby began to show a tendency toward even money. The interested public pricked up its ears, enjoying the come-back of Ned. This popularity, with the complication of a three-day booze-fest, was responsible for McClure's insulting challenge.

Ned was still scanning the check when Jack Butte appeared in the doorway.

"Just in time, Jack!" greeted Ned with a grin. "Hold this money for McClure. We are hooking up for a two-hand game, gang for gang."

There was a roar of applause from the valley threshers. Above the noise rose the voice of Easy Murphy. He was performing the sailor's hornpipe before the shifty form of Snoopy Bill.

"Come across wid yer dust," challenged Murphy. "Fifty till fifty we skin ye aloive!"

"Taken!" was the eager acceptance. "Here, Butte's the dough. You can hand it back when the cows come home."

Butte was deluged with wagers.

"Hold your horses!" cried he, lifting protesting hands. "Two at a time. Come along quietly and we'll fix it all snug."

Taking out his note-book he made punctilious entry of all stakes. His task completed he took the trouble to plainly restate conditions.

"I'll bank this bunch of grass," he concluded. "The game winds up at eight p.m. on the last day of October. We'll meet in Louie Swale's emporium and cash in. Meet me there at ten o'clock. And, gentlemen—"

He paused, reading the faces of the bosses and their men with keen eyes.

"This game's to be run on the square. Do you get me?"

"Right-o!" agreed McClure. "We'll shear these lambs on Hallowe'en."

Ignoring the jibe, Ned Pullar pointed to the checks wedged in the pile of bills. They were McClure's and his own. Speaking quietly to Butte, he said:

"You'll cash those papers and re-bank the whole amount in your own name?"

"Exactly!" replied Butte, flashing sharp eyes at the young boss.

"Good!" was the low response.

Taking a step nearer McClure, Pullar fastened his eyes on the face of his enemy. The lips of the older man were parted about to make some insulting fling when he bit his tongue. Ned's eyes were smiling, but behind the smile glittered an ominous light that made McClure strike an attitude of defence. He retreated a step, watching the other. In an instant the air was electric. There was a shout from the Valley men and they leaped up beside their boss.

"Since this little deal is satisfactorily arranged, McClure," said Ned casually, "it may occur to you that your cows need milking. At any rate, the Valley Gang have taken a sudden whim to be alone. Think it over. We'll give you exactly one minute to get out. If you are here sixty seconds hence we'll maul you a little and—throw you out."

Ned took his watch from his pocket while the Valley Gang let out a defiant and joyful shout.

There was a malignant growl from the belligerent gang across the room at the sudden challenge. Rage swept over them but they made no move to close with their taunting enemies. The Valley men flung jeer and jibe in wild effort to provoke a charge. Hissing a terrible oath McClure turned to his men. What he saw decided him. Pointing to the door he addressed them.

"Cowards!" he snarled. "Get out!"

With a slouching alacrity they obeyed, vanishing

through the door in swift and ignominious retreat. McClure passed after them without a word.

"Tin seconds till spare, the lucky divils!" cried Easy Murphy regretfully.

At his rueful words the Valley Outfit lifted a victorious roar, following McClure and his men with shouts of derision.

Ten minutes later as Ned Pullar stood in the pool-room door a white horse dashed by, cantering along the slushy street. Astride swayed the form of a girl clothed in a slicker. Beneath her quaint hood flashed the light of brown eyes. Their quick glance caught his salute. She acknowledged the greeting by a dainty tip of her head and the faintest of smiles.

The slight recognition sent his blood atingle. In a moment she disappeared about a building. The vision of the girl remained with him and a shadow contended with the pleasure the sudden meeting had brought into his face. Finally the shadow triumphed and a deeply troubled look came into his eyes.

"Ah, Mary!" he reflected. "Where will this day's work lead us?"

The girl was Mary McClure, only child of his avowed enemy.

## II.

## THE VALLEY OF GOLD

THE wind drifted along the valley crisp with the breath of the harvest dawn. It blew gently over the prairies flowing in from the west. Speeding valleyward a horse and rider zigzagged in easy canter through the shrublands. They clung to the deep paths of the buffaloes, dug long years ago by countless droves threading their way to the stream in the great ravine.

It was the girl's delight to "trail" these grass-grown ruts through the dense groves hanging shaggily to the south banks. In a little they ran out on a high shoulder of the Qu'Appelle. Here the bare hill was ribbed with the parallel paths to the number of seven or eight that slipped over the ravine crest, disappearing a few paces below into a thick grove of stunted oak. Halting the eager broncho, the girl let her eyes rest on the valley.

It was a pretty gorge gulfing the prairie for a width of three or four miles and winding out of sight into the blue distance. There was visible the shine of lakes and their linking streams. Under the amber light of the autumnal sunrise the valley was pricked out into a landscape of gold. The bank upon which they stood swept away to the southeast in a forest crescent wonderful with the variegated leafage of the searing year. Paling greens, bright yellows, faint oranges mingled with browns and buffs and the brilliant wines and reds. Falling away from their feet the colourful forest was a charming Joseph's coat, but in the spacious distance its mottled glory blent into the russet-yellow of the prairie autumn.

The north bank rose beyond, walling the ravine in a billowy rank of great, rounded hills bald as the skull of the golden eagle and seamed with dark lines of wooded gulches. On the floor of the valley a lake spread out in a broad, silver ribbon that rose toward the skyline for miles into the west. Grain fields filled the clearings, climbing far up the slopes, their serried lines of stooks casting black battalions of long, deep shadows. The myriads of shocks of wheat and oats kissed by the gilding light studded the fields with a million tiny pyramids turning the Qu'Appelle into a valley of nuggets.

"You beautiful Qu'Appelle!" cried the girl softly. "We love you—Bobs and I."

For many minutes she revelled in the ecstasy of gleaming morning and golden valley, her cheeks bitten to roses by the tanging windrift. At length she granted release to her impatient horse and let him dash down into the trees. Under their branches she drew him to a walk and, leaving the selection of their trail to the petulant Bobs, abandoned herself to the alchemy of the harvest woods.

Passing slowly through the depths of a grove of white-stemmed poplars they ran out into a tiny glade. Here The Willows, a pretty brook, dammed by industrious beavers, gathered itself into a little pond before its last wild rush to the lake. As they cleared the trees Bobs pricked up his ears and quickened his step, giving a low whinny. His rider glanced curiously ahead, surprised to see a horseman in the pool. Her face changed suddenly from surprise to pleasure. The horse was sipping the cool water. The rider was Ned Pullar.

"Mary!" he cried delightedly, sending his horse through the stream. "This is my lucky day. Darkey and I have been haunting Willow Glade for an hour past, hoping just this, but never dreaming that you and Bobs would really show up."

"How did you know I was coming?" demanded the girl happily.

"I did not know," was the reply. "I only knew this to be one of your favorite haunts on a Sunday morning and conceived a long chance of meeting you here. It was necessary to have a personal talk with you. This morning I determined to see you before the day was gone."

"Are you in trouble, Ned?" cried the girl suddenly, a soberness driving the pleasure from her face.

"Very great trouble, Mary," said Ned. "Do you not know?"

Deeply he searched the eyes looking into his. He could tell by the innocence, the solicitude of them that they had not learned the thing he feared. He was greatly relieved.

"What is it, Ned?" was her anxious query. "I have heard of no trouble."

"Perhaps it is only a cloud over the sun," was the reply. "It may pass by. Indeed you have brightened things a lot for me already. Let us breathe our broncs while we talk it all over."

SLIPPING from his saddle he assisted her to dismount. Taking charge of the horses he secured them to adjacent trees and followed to where she had seated herself on a gnarled log at the foot of the little falls.

"I have a little surprise for you," said he, throwing himself on the leaves at her feet. "I am not returning to college this fall."

Her eyes opened wide, expressing incredulity.



"What's the kick?" was his demand. "Smithers is trying to put a crimp in this job," replied Snoopy Bill. "He contends we're throwing over his grain."

"Sad, but true!" was his reiteration.

"But your year, Ned! It is your final. You must finish."

"Sheer foolishness, eh? This smashing of a final year? So it seemed to me for a little. Only a little. I cannot leave Dad."

At the words he averted his eyes.

She studied the downcast face, an expression of pride growing in her eyes.

"You understand, I am sure," said he softly. "It has been worse this vacation than ever before. Dad's at a great disadvantage now and I have to watch him like a lynx. Swale's bar is a powerful lodestone. But he is bracing gamely. He has not touched the stuff for three weeks and if I stay with him now I believe he'll win out. Then I'll not lose the year after all. A steady grind at the homestead should work out an extra-mural pass, and I could pull down my degree with the rest of you."

"You will be missed, Ned."

He looked up quickly into her eyes. They were a peculiar mixture of sympathy and fun.

"Undoubtedly!" agreed Ned disconsolately, though his eyes twinkled. "How the Registrar will grieve at the non-appearance of my hitherto regular fee. And Grimes, sweet janitor! He will drop not a tear, but a diabolic wink at my sudden demise."

"Mercenary Registrar!" sighed Mary. "And unspeakably happy Grimes! Doubtful mourners, I admit. But others will follow the two chiefs. I see the rugby team pacing after slowly and aghast. They mourn captain and star punter at one fell stroke, or rather in the unavailable person of one fellow, Pullar. Methinks there was to have been a great international debate. But now?—How can I go on down the long line? Behold the winged seven, favorites for the hockey cup, now, alas, the wingless six! And the eight-oared crew?—Can you not see that you will be missed ever so little?"

Ned looked up with a rueful grin.

"Grave losses all," replied Ned. "The ironic heartlessness of the small Co-ed notwithstanding. Varsity will gradually recover from her terrible handicap. Infinitely more terrible is it for me. Calculate the unmaterialized wisdom of four hundred priceless lectures. But, after all—it is nothing."

"No-o?" commented Mary slyly in sceptical demur.

Ned glanced into the brown eyes in time to surprise a smile uniquely pleasing in its whimsical delight. Instantly they became mockingly sober.

"Mary!" said he seriously, holding her gaze. "Will *you* miss me?"

The girl's eyes wandered suddenly to tree, sky, brook, finally resting on a log at their feet.

"What a sudden switch from general to particular," said she, absorbed apparently in the task of pecking a hole in the bark with the dainty toe of her riding-boot.

Laughing quietly Ned proceeded.

"If you could peep into my mind, Mary, you would find a seething resentment there. And all because of you. Soon you will be rejoining the old class. There's the rub. I cannot conceive of Pellawa without you."

"Indeed?"

"And a very big 'indeed,'" aggrieved Ned. "To think that Rooter Combes and his rah-rahs will be in clover. This obsession has been actively depressing since last Thursday. Perhaps you remember riding by Sparrow's. You looked quaintly desirable in that chic, brown slicker——"

"With my face all spattered and Bobs a mud tramp!"

"I did not see Bobs at all, just a *chic* hooded girl with peeping curls of brown hair, flashing eyes and a nod adorably imperious but very welcome."

"I should not have recognized you."

"But you did, and at that particular moment the act was doubly precious to me. How can I resign you, Mary, to the too tender solicitude of Combes and those dear fellows?"

Mary tipped her head reflectively while she read his half-serious eyes.

"Is this your trouble, Ned?" said she smiling frankly down at him. "Do you mean that you will miss me—quite a little?"

"Just so. Since you comprise the population of Pellawa—for me. But——"

*Continued on page 51*

# THE PASSING OF BONAR LAW

## By Arthur Beverley Baxter

ON March 13th of this year, Bonar Law, with his daughter, Kitty, and his son, Tony, were spending the day at Cherkeley Court, Lord Beaverbrook's country seat. In the afternoon Edmund Burke, the Canadian baritone, and I motored down for tennis, and for two or three hours we played various combinations against each other.

Lord Beaverbrook was the first to tire and in spite of an urgent challenge on the part of Bonar Law for a set of "singles" he left for the house. As most Canadians know, Bonar Law and Lord Beaverbrook have been inseparable friends for many years and, as the latter retired from the tennis courts, Bonar Law chaffed him good-humoredly for not accepting his challenge. I mention this otherwise trivial incident because, in the many times that I have seen the former leader of the House of Commons, I don't know that I ever knew him to be more full of physical energy than on that day.

But an hour later, when we all had changed and met for tea, a striking change had come over him. His face was haggard and grey and in his eyes there was a look of infinite weariness.

Burke spoke to me about it at the time and although Bonar Law was never vivacious in company, the extreme weariness of his bearing was most evident. It was like that of a man whose mind has passed the borders of fatigue.

After a little music, Bonar Law excused himself and went with Lord Beaverbrook into the library. They were closeted there for an hour, but none of us suspected that it was anything more than one of their usual political chats, and an hour later Bonar Law, with his son and daughter, motored away.

It was just five days later—on the following Friday—when the message came over the tape at the "Daily Express" office: "Bonar Law resigns."

I wonder whether in Canada it is possible to realize the dramatic effect which those words had on the newspaper and the political world of London. Bonar Law had become a stationary, uninspiring, unspectacular figure, seemingly as incapable of change as a great rock by the sea. He was the steadying influence in the Government; his voice was the one to quell clamor; his presence in the Cabinet was the nation's assurance that Lloyd George's virtuosity would be tempered by a nature more fond of facts than effect. In the eyes of the public, Bonar Law could do no wrong and, since virtue is seldom spectacular, the British people were comfortably conscious of his existence, while reserving their personal interest in the antics of Winston Churchill and the versatility of the Prime Minister.



CAPT. JAMES K. LAW. R. F. C.
Killed in action in France Sept. 21, 1917.

And suddenly the nation was confronted with the spectacle of its rock giving way. The man who had been content to leave the applause for others and find his reward in work well done, had suddenly stumbled to the centre of the stage and fallen to his knees.

### Bonar Law—Political Rock

WITH a sincere and genuine emotion that no one could doubt, Lloyd George stood in the House on March 17th and, with a faltering voice, read the letter from his closest associate:

*"The strain of the last few years has pressed very heavily on me and, as indeed you know, I have for more than three years found it very difficult to do my work. Now I am quite worn out and my medical advisers have warned me that my physical condition is such that unless I have an immediate and long rest an early and complete breakdown is inevitable. In these circumstances, I have no choice."*



BONAR LAW.

In the simple poignancy of those words the character of Bonar Law stands revealed.

That day in London the political pot boiled over. Rumor played leap frog with rumor; the Prime Minister sent a secret message to Winston Churchill, who was "doing" the Pyramids, to come home at once; the magic words "General Election" were on thousands of lips; people who were supposed to know spoke openly of a quarrel between Bonar Law and Lloyd George "over the Irish policy," "because of Lloyd George's foreign policy"; Austen Chamberlain polished his monocle and saw himself as leader of the Unionist party after all. There were only two things on which everyone seemed agreed:

First, there had been a violent quarrel between the Prime Minister and the leader of the House. Secondly, that Lloyd George was finished.

Thus, while London seethed and fumed and the newspapers placarded the City with the news, a weary, soft-voiced, Scotch-Canadian sat in his room at No. 11, Downing street, utterly ignorant of the ferment into which he had thrown the whole nation; conscious only that he had toiled until he could toil no more. In his own mind, that was all.

But the great heart of England was gathering the name of Bonar Law to its own. England remembered that this man of Canada had borne the cares of government throughout the war, that two of his sons had given their lives at the front, and that he had carried on month after month, asking neither respite nor reward. England remembered, too, that, when the war was over he had gone on meeting crisis after crisis, upheaval after upheaval, working for victory in peace as he had worked for victory in war. And England remembered that here was a man most loved of England—a man of unassailable honor.

A couple of days later, with a few friends to see him off, he left for a long rest on the continent.

This was the passing of Bonar Law.

### PART II.

### Why Was Bonar Law a Success?

THE success of Andrew Bonar Law in English politics is not as surprising as a superficial observer might suppose.

It is true that he was the reverse of histrionic and possessed little of that animal magnetism usually possessed by leaders of men. One might go further and state that he was not intended by nature to be great, that he did not desire greatness, and to the end of his political career had no understanding of the essential theatricalism of greatness.

Nevertheless, this man with the soft, argumentative, voice of a Scottish family lawyer, and the whole bearing of a thinker on thoroughly respectable subjects, left an imprint on the political sands of his age which will be just as ineffaceable as those left by Gladstone or Disraeli.

What, then, were the contributing factors to his success? In my opinion the principal ones were:—

First, the English public mind.

Second, Lord Beaverbrook.

Third, Bonar Law's sterling character and his capacity for work.

I put the English political mind first in importance, because it is impossible to live in the hub of affars in London without realizing how different is the English political, or public, mind from any other in the world.

Your true Englishman has a deep-rooted distrust of brilliancy. Brilliant men, in his opinion, are a disturbing influence and instinctively he feels that extreme cleverness on the part of the man of affairs might lead the country into an unworthy or unprofitable course. Therefore, he likes his politicians to have their minds well walled by character—and he does not really object if the wall be reinforced by a few sandbags of stupidity.

In Canada we would be inclined to laugh at this attitude, but then the Englishman has a natural feeling for the centuries, where we Canadians have some trouble in visualizing decades. On the whole, the Englishman likes his own country very much and does



LADY G. H. SYKES. nee ISABEL BONAR LAW.

TORONTO JUL 15 1921 CANADA

not want any "damned radical" (and all brilliant men are "damned radicals") to upset the country.

### His Strong Points Brought Out

THERE are no politicians in the world so clean as British politicians: there is no legislative chamber in the world where such a high sense of personal honor exists as in the House of Commons; there is no parliament in the world whose members are so lacking in originality.

Therefore, when Mr. Bonar Law made his maiden speech in the House of Commons in 1900 (after capturing the Blackfriars division of Glasgow in a determined fight) the whole House realized that the back benches had produced a man of logic, common sense and sincerity, a man who inspired both confidence and admiration.

In passing, it is interesting to note that his first speech was a defence of the Government's conduct in the South African war, and was a reply to a harangue by Lloyd George.

When Bonar Law entered politics he followed out his firm intention of giving up all other interests. He had inherited, a short time before, thirty thousand pounds from a relative, so that he was able to give his entire energies to affairs of State.

His first promotion came fairly quickly. Two years after his election he succeeded Lord Dudley as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade. His powers as a convincing speaker, plus his business training gained as a Glasgow metal merchant, made him particularly suited to this work. A few members of the House felt that this was merely a stepping stone to ultimate high position, but the great majority were convinced that he had reached as high an altitude as his unexceptionable gifts could achieve.



LIEUT. CHARLES JOHN LAW, K. O. S. B.
Killed in action in Palestine April 19, 1917.

For the next eight years he remained at the Board of Trade in Mr. Balfour's troubled ministry, when the second great influence of Bonar Law's life drifted into his orbit. I use the word "drifted" to complete the metaphor, but it is a poor method of description for any action of Lord Beaverbrook, then Max Aitken, of New Brunswick.

At the time that Max Aitken first appears on this scene, he was thirty-one years of age—rich, aggressive, shrewd, untamed, Puckish . . . in all an excellent exposition of Oscar Wilde's theory that one should always be a bit improbable.

Aitken had just emerged from a cement war in which the Bank of Montreal and the C.P.R. had both been on the opposite side. He had won, but, like Napoleon after Austerlitz, he felt that he could not afford another such victory for some time. Canada is an unhealthy place for the financier who tilts in the money-lists against the C.P.R. and the Bank of Montreal. Full of energy and armed with confidence begotten of his wealth, he landed at Liverpool and announced his intention of spending a few weeks in discovering England. In the subsequent process of his discoveries, he found Bonar Law and, as they were both from New Brunswick and as each was a son of the Manse, they formed an instantaneous friendship based on the similarity of nationality and the shorter catechism.

"I used to talk to him about finance," Lord Beaverbrook told us last summer at the Arts and Letters Club, Toronto, "but he insisted in talking politics to me, and, since I could not convert him to my topic, I had to take up his. That was how I became interested in English politics."

And that was the beginning of one of the most remarkable and fateful combinations in English parliamentary history.

The friendship of Max Aitken and Bonar Law has been an astonishing one. It was like the wedding of Audacity with Reserve, of the Spectacular with the Drab, of the Improbable with the Undoubted.

### Beaverbrook's Influence.

I HAVE already outlined the character of Bonar Law, and in order to understand how his personality became so influenced by that of Lord Beaverbrook (about whom most Canadians say a great deal and know very little) it is necessary to indicate some of the Cabinet-breaker's characteristics.

In many ways Lord Beaverbrook possesses the most tremendous mental force of any public man in the World. I do not contend that it is the greatest brain, or that his mental horizon is more vast than that of men like Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith, but literally it is a brain incapable of fatigue. Perhaps I may be pardoned if I illustrate this by a personal reminiscence.



RICHARD LAW.

A few months ago I called for Lord Beaverbrook at his rooms in the Hyde Park Hotel, at 10.30 in the morning. After issuing fifty instructions on fifty different subjects to his various secretaries and after keeping two telephones in constant occupation, he adjourned with me for a game of tennis. After the tennis I lunched with him at the hotel, when the department heads of the "Daily Express" were at the table for a conference. After lunch he received a deputation of newsprint manufacturers from Finland. When that was over a committee of cinema producers arrived for a conference. After disposing of them and a hundred odd routine matters besides, he hurried to Downing Street in answer to a summons. At six o'clock he was at the "Daily Express" office and in rapid succession dealt with journalistic affairs, from the angles of policy, finance, advertising and the mechanical. At seven I drove with him to his country place at Weatherhead, and on the way we thrashed out the international oil situation and what attitude the paper would take towards the affairs of the two great Trusts. Lady Beaverbrook was away and we dined alone. At one a.m. he was still talking, just as energetic, just as incisive, just as brutally eloquent, as he was in the morning. Finally he brought some argument to a head and asked me if I understood it.

"No," I answered, "for the last hour I have been listening to you, but though I realize that the words you were using are words I am accustomed to hear, they have no meaning to my brain. I am sorry—but I am finished."

"For heaven's sake," said Lord Beaverbrook, "why don't you go to bed?"—a suggestion which I acted upon with the greatest alacrity.

I realize that this is an unimportant incident to be put into a narrative of this nature, but the readers of "MacLean's" will understand something of the vigor and vitality of the brain which was turned like the burning rays of the sun upon the slumbering, latent, possibilities lying beneath the dull exterior of Bonar Law.

PART III.—The Conspiracy of 1912.

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S decision to remain in England, and his career as a member of Parliament have already been told in this magazine, so I shall pass over the first political vicissitudes experienced by himself and Mr. Bonar Law and will move on to the great conspiracy of 1912 when Arthur Balfour anticipated destiny by resigning his leadership of the Unionist party and how Bonar Law, to his own and the world's astonishment, succeeded to the throne.

To appreciate this achievement at its full value, it is necessary to recall that the Unionist or Conservative party in those days was the embodiment of toryism in its most English sense. It was the party adhering most closely to the divine right of the ruling families; it was inconceivable that any one but a man of distinguished grandparentage could be its leader.

But for a long time feeling had been running high against Mr. Balfour. Three times he had led his supporters to defeat in three general elections and it became more and more apparent that with all his charm and intellectuality and suavity, and with his lack of enthusiasm on the Tariff Reform question, Arthur Balfour did not possess the driving force which would achieve ultimate success for the party.

Besides, Mr. Balfour was bored. Like most men who have absorbed the classic lore of the ages, he could not become greatly agitated over the political biliousness of one generation. To woo music from the piano, to play tennis, to fence with other minds, but never bludgeon them, to be interested in the world but not obsessed by it, to comment brilliantly on events but not to rule them . . . . this was the natural character of the most charming dilettante of English politics.

At first the insurrection was confined to a small cabal, but, like ripples made by a stone tossed on the water, it spread and expanded until finally, seeing that he no longer commanded his own forces, Mr. Balfour surrendered his baton and retired.

Who would succeed him?

In spite of the high value of the stakes, the general supposition was that there would be only two starters:—

Walter Long.
Austen Chamberlain.

Mr. Long had been close to the throne for four years. He was a man of ability, family, energy, and his round, pink, countenance, with its grey moustache, stamped him, physically at least, as just the type for Tory leadership.



HARRINGTON R. LAW.

But there was also Chamberlain-son - of-Chamberlain, and, in the House of Commons, political inheritance is almost an unchallenged succession. Austen was never a popular figure, but his was a name to conjure with and politics were in his veins.

Austen or Walter Long? As the day for nomination drew near, that was the universal question on everyone's lips.

The Unionists, however, had forgotten Max Aitken. The only time that Beaverbrook travels with a crowd is when it happens to be travelling in the direction he wants it to go. He saw that the election of a leader was

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# MR. BROWN, THE NIBLICK

*By* C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

IT was Saturday, the hour shortly after noon, said Algernon, tamping the tobacco in his pipe, and I was busy with a fascinating brief that concerned itself with the iniquity of a corporation that was discharging refuse into a drain pipe with as much legal right as had the Germans in Belgium. So alluring was it—the brief, not the drainpipe—that I was oblivious of the holiday hour, the glories of the day, the call to golf. I was aroused by a tap at the door, which immediately opened to admit Virginia. Before the new charm the brief became a thing negligible.

"Come along, Algy!" she commanded. "Away with melancholy! You may take me to lunch, then we'll go home, pick up Frank, and sally forth to worship at the shrine of Mrs. Peyton-Briggs."

Virginia is my cousin by marriage. Frank Mardon has accomplished one or two notable things in his career, but when he induced Virginia to meet him at the altar and swap promises with him, he rose to the heights of positive greatness. There are pretty women who are not very brainy, and there are brainy women whose attractions end just there, but, when you find the two together in the one girl, sell all you have and buy that pearl of great price. Virginia was such a girl. She wore, this sunny noon, a trim, tailor-made costume, jaunty white stock, a snappy tie, and a Tam-o'-shantery hat, cocked the least bit on one side of her charming head, and her influence was a combination of that of a sunbeam, a pleasant electric thrill, the scudding through wind-whipped seas, and a large legacy from a not too seriously mourned relative—you get my meaning?

Virginia and Frank lived at Bridgeham, eight miles from my office, and I was staying with them. It happened that Mrs. Popple, my housekeeper, had been bitten by a ferocious bug that attacks her once or twice a year; the results combine the features of avalanche, whirlwind and tornado.

The house must be scrubbed, painted, patched, uncarpeted and recarpeted, and remonstrance is vain; better rob a she-bear of her cubs than seek to balk the cleaning fury of Mrs. Popple; the courageous man seeks the cyclone cellar. Virginia dropped in to see me one day, and found me another Alexander Selkirk, feeling with him:

"Better drown in the depths of the sea
Than dwell in this horrible place."

"You poor chivvied Algy!" she said. "I'm going to take you home with me. Why didn't you send him out to me, Mrs. Popple? How you can tolerate a man about at a time like this I can't understand." She's an artful girl, and craftily divided her sympathies. "Now, hurry up, Algy, throw together your toothbrush and — paraphernalia."

"I don't wear them, Virginia," I replied, meekly. "Nothing beats the good old-fashioned nightshirt—spacious, you know, and so forth."

"Well, anyway, chuck it into a bag, or over your arm, since you appear so proud of it, and come along." And for two months thereafter I was Virginia's guest, and she had the joy of dominating two men.

At her bidding I locked my desk up this Saturday noon, abandoned drain-pipy meditations, and escorted Virginia to lunch. Then we boarded the Mardon car and sped homeward, Virginia at the wheel, shaving carts, scooting round corners, disobeying traffic cops and getting away with it by means of smile and wave of the hand.

"Might as well come in for a minute while I dig Frank out," she said, when we arrived at the Mardon door. "Oh, Frank! Where are you and are you ready? Frank! where can that man of mine be?" She flitted along the passage, opened the door of her husband's remote sanctum softly, then beckoned to me, a finger on her lips. Frank at times was a rather absorbed lad, and there he sat at his desk, his back turned to us, unemployed but obviously busy. Virginia tiptoed across the room, and placed her hands over his eyes.




He filled the ample chair and made himself comfortable.

"LAZYBACK!" she said, and touched his forehead with her lips. Lucky man to be so rebuked. He swung about in his chair smilingly.

"Hello, Virginia!" he responded, guilt in his glance.

"You are not ready—it's after two—the car at the door—and even Algy is all ready for cranking up. Hustle—get a swift move on!"

"Must I go, Virgie, honey?" he asked seductively.

"What a question!" she answered. "Of course you must."

"I don't know why." He rose from the chair and faced the pair of us. He and I were like two brothers, moveover I was his legal adviser, acquainted with his affairs. "I can see heaps of reasons why I shouldn't go, and I've been thinking them over. Seriously, Virginia, I don't know that we ought to mix with that high-finance bunch out at the club; financially I am not in their class, and I feel a four-flusher when I'm with them, and fancy that's how they rate me. There's old Peyton-Briggs, whose wife is entertaining this afternoon; he's watching me like a hustling undertaker eyeing a promising case."

"Nonsense!" answered Virginia warmly. "The Mardons were social somebodies when the Peyton-Briggs were just Briggs, and absolute nobodies."

"It isn't what your folks were yesterday, it is what you are to-day," said Frank. "The fact is that they are the big sharks, while I'm a small minnow. If this deal goes through for the absorption of my bank, the Trust Company, with the Woolen Trades Bank, I can see where I've a chance to become much smaller, considering that our host of this afternoon is the head of the absorbing organization, and that he has as much use for me as for a large dose of prussic acid."

Frank's facts were fairly correct. He was a textile manufacturer in a small way, working with inadequate capital. Four years before an opening had come for branching out on his own account; Peyton-Briggs, a local financial magnate, suggested partnership, and they went to it. It soon became evident that the moneyed partner intended to make Mardon little more than a superior hired man, and a row followed, Frank not being the kind to accept the position of animated doormat. Peyton-Briggs lost his head in the "melee," and offered to sell out or buy Frank out; to his astonishment and chagrin Mardon took the first alternative; a deal was made whereby the young man paid so much down and gave notes for the balance, payable in five equal annual sums; up to this time two of the latter had been paid and a third would come due shortly.

"All of which," observed Virginia in graver mood, "instead of furnishing reasons for staying away, form the very best reasons for going. The money it costs us is not much, and if we have to do economizing in the face of the foe, we will do it modestly and without tearful ostentation. I do not believe in advertising my righteousness with trumpets at street corners, nor my troubles. I'll economize on dress, entertainments, my table, I'll wash my floors and clothes, but to economize in the matter of the bunting flying at the masthead, not to the extent of one single solitary stitch. You think, Frank, we can't afford to stay in—I hold that we can't afford to stay out. If we are bunkered, no need to give up the hole till we're forced to; we'll play the game to the finish, and if we have to go down it shall be with sails set, flags flying, guns blazing away till the water chokes them. When you're bunkered, get out the niblick. There!" and she nodded her head to emphasize her decision.

Frank eyed her with pride and admiration, as he had a full right to.

"Some game little bird, Algy!" he said.

"Soundest wisdom," I approved.

"Then we continue to four-flush," continued Frank.

"It isn't four-flushing," objected Virginia briskly. "We are putting up no false front, but just holding on our accustomed way. Now, if you have done your sorrowful stunt, Frankie boy, come along, both of you. If I had just one more man to look after I'd go grey on the spot; I had to dig Algy out of a drain-pipe, and now you, Frank, from the slough of despond."

"All set!" said Frank. "Oh, you niblick!"

## II.

THERE were wheels within wheels at the Bridgeham Country Club, narrowing circles, progressive heavens; in the seventh of the latter dwelt Mrs.

Peyton-Briggs and her satellites. When she entertained, the people of the inferior circles stayed away, so that their inferiority might not be advertised. The Mardons belonged, by ancient right, to the inner ring; there had been Mardons in the vicinity as long as there had been a Bridgeham—Mardon lawyers, parsons, doctors, but few of them money-makers.

We were among the last to arrive at the club house, and no sooner had we joined the small group than Mrs. Peyton-Briggs proceeded to unfold her project for the afternoon's entertainment. She was a woman who liked to be original, unique, enterprising.

"It is quite a new idea," she said. "I heard of it the other day from Sir Badgeworth Tickleby, the English baronet, who was our guest over the week-end—it is team golf. You have half a dozen persons on each side, each person uses one club, and plays just one kind of shot; that is, one person is the driver and does all the driving; another the brassie, and he does the brassie work, and so on through the half dozen clubs; each side has a captain who decides what kind of a club is to be used for the shots as they have to be played." She read off her list of players and then her husband's list, for they were to lead the opposed bands; it happened that Mardon and I were on the lady's side, while Virginia had been allotted to Peyton-Briggs' band. Noses then were counted, and we were about to fare forth, when it was discovered that old Toller was absent from Briggs' side. There was a hue and cry for him, without result; Toller is rather an ass in his brighter moments; forgets appointments, and keeps others he never made. Well, the eleven folks chosen about exhausted the available forces; the other folks were aged dowagers, decrepit spinsters, and doddering old chaps who came out for tea and any scandal they could rake up; there was nothing to do but wait and curse Toller, and we did both. We had been loafing around full fifteen minutes listening or trying not to listen to Mrs. Peyton-Briggs' talk of the purple-nosed old rip, "dear Sir Badgeworth," when someone at the forepeak discerned a craft on the horizon. Doubtless Toller, optimism suggested. But it wasn't Toller; closer observation showed the suggestion's absurdity.

Toller is built on the architectural lines of the gaspipe, but the chap breezing along much resembled a gasometer. Mrs. Peyton-Briggs raised her lorgnette.

"WHAT an extraordinary creature!" she exclaimed. Her characterisation was quite admirable, he did seem extraordinary. Picture to yourself a man over six feet tall, four feet wide and about the same thick, and you have the ground plan of the newcomer; nobody knew him from Adam.

He wasn't fat, but just thick and hugely solid; his face was brick - red, his under jaw was like that of a bulldog, his teeth were tusky, and aggression was in his very mien. His trousers were flappy, he was vestless, his coat and bag of clubs were slung over his shoulder, and on his head was a wide - brimmed straw hat that a middle - class scarecrow would have turned up its nose at. He was the kind of man you'd hate to meet in a lonely lane on a dark night, his appearance near your house would set you to thinking up hiding-places for your silver. He puffed at a nauseous black pipe, leaving a smoky trail behind him. Extraordinary creature was right.

He marched up the creaking steps, doffed his hat in general salute to the amazed throng, and walked to the opposite, untenanted end of the verandah, dropping with a bang into a loudly complaining chair. Virginia Mardon was at my elbow and, turning, I saw her face wreathed in smiles.

"Isn't he the loveliest old thing?" she said. It hadn't occurred to me quite in that light.

"Roberts!" and Mrs. Peyton-Briggs summoned a hovering waiter. "Who is that—individual?"

"Gentleman named Brown, Ma'am; he is here on a week's card; some Western Club he comes from, I believe, Ma'am." The lady shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't see why we should be expected to receive any person who happens to belong to some club in the wilds," she said. "Dear me, where can that Mr. Toller be? Most aggravating person! Can't you find somebody, my dear?" and she turned to her husband. At that moment Roberts reappeared with a telephoned message from Toller, he had gout or housemaid's knee or spinal meningitis or something equally footling; no one had the least sympathy for him. There wasn't a player to be had and it was rather rotten to ask one of the chaps to stand down. The massive person appeared to pick up the drift of the situation, for he rose and approached.

"My name's Brown—Brown of Valeport," he announced in rumbly tones. "If you are short, perhaps I could fill in. I'm no crack—eighteen handicap at Valeport." He addressed Peyton-Briggs, who is a haughty little man on occasion, and it was plain that the dour Colossus hadn't made a hit with him. He is not naturally impressive, and so has to rouse interest by aggressive means. He gazed upon Brown much as a combed and slicked-up Pekingese might regard a burly mastiff that had ventured upon a salute, vouchsafing no reply. The short but pregnant silence was broken by Mardon.

"MIGHTY glad to have you in the game, Mr. Brown," he said, extending his hand. Frank's a gentleman, and an impulsive chap, with a hatred of all kinds of snobbery, especially the cheap brand. Peyton-Briggs turned on him acidly.

"I think I lead this side," he observed. "Let me see, I'll be the driver and" — he went through his list, allocating the clubs; I recollect that Virginia was the iron; then when five clubs had been named he turned to the stranger.

"I fancy the niblick will about suit you, Mr. - er - Brown," he said. Undoubtedly there was something apt in the designation, the man had a niblicky look, but there was discourtesy in both tone and meaning; it was the next thing to a denial of a game to the stranger; he might make the whole round without having a shot to play. A large grin, however, came over the face of Mr. Brown.

"It does a mighty lot of credit to your judgment, brother," he said to Peyton-Briggs. "If there's one job I start at it's niblicking, when I lam into a thing there's bound to be a crack somewhere; all I ask is, give me plenty of business."

"I'm the iron," chirruped Virginia, "and if you don't get into all the grief-spots on the course, it won't be my fault."

"Good!" said Mr. Brown. "Lead me to the bunkers, with three loud cheers for each kind of trouble." He reached for his bag and drew out a niblick that looked like the business section of a steam shovel.

It was not much of a game, the only people who appeared to enjoy it being Virginia Mardon and the large man; she flipped him into sand pits and rock jams and bushes, and his laughter could be heard out of a sand-cloud, a gale of flying twigs, the spray of a water hazard.

"You're flirting with the extraordinary creature!" I accused her right before Frank, and she did not deny it.

"He's a darling!" she replied. "And if you don't invite him to dinner, Frank, I'll do it myself, right before Mrs. Peyton-Briggs."

Whether it was real liking for Brown, or the mischievous desire to run counter to the prevailing Peyton-Briggs sentiment, or just one of the odd whims of a bright and impulsive woman it would be hard to say, but she did get Frank to invite the old man, and when we drove away from the club a little later in the afternoon we had Mr. Brown the Niblick with us. I heard the next day that Mrs. Peyton-Briggs had commented rather severely upon the flirtatiousness of the young married woman of the present day, and the entertainment of strange and unprepossessing men by those who could ill afford to keep open house.

It was, however, a very pleasant evening; Virginia served one of her homey little Saturday night Canadian dinners, unelaborate and inexpensive, and I am quite sure that our friend the Niblick thoroughly enjoyed himself. He was an entertaining man, alert, breezy, western, with an oddly attractive radiating friendliness. When we discussed him afterwards we were astonished to find how little he had told of himself, and how much information he had obtained about us, not by inquisitive means, but in an ingratiating way peculiarly his own. We talked Bridgeham, the bank merger project, the big business of the Consolidated Textile, the little business of Frank Mardon, and we didn't know, when he had gone, whether be was selling snake oil or had a suitcase full of western stock certificates to talk off upon effete easterners. Virginia listened and laughed when we baited her about the attractions of the bull-dog visaged man.

"If I were a gambler," she said presently, "I'd be the biggest hunch-player in the market. Now, listen! I don't know anything about this Mr. Brown except that he's as big other ways as he is physically; however, that's not the point. When we went out to the club this afternoon, we practically decided that the Mardon family was rather badly bunkered. Now when you're in a bunker you want a niblick, and when the gods send along a niblick you figure — oh well, I don't know, it's just woman's fancy, but just now that kind of a club looks good to me, and, I like Mr. Brown, and I don't like — Mr. and Mrs. Peyton-Briggs."



Mr. Brown — vestless, his coat and bag of clubs slung over his shoulder — doffed his hat in general salute to the amazed throng.

III.

THE following Monday I went out of town for a few days to try a case. Picking up a newspaper at my country hotel one morning I saw that the bank deal had gone through; the Trust Company at Bridgeham had been absorbed by the Woolen Trades Bank.

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# TALKING ABOUT LOBSTERS

*By* CHARLES C. JENKINS

SINCE most of us can remember, and undoubtedly long before that, the lobster has been the target for humorists' shafts, and there are, perhaps, more funny stories told about the lobster than any other habitant of the deep. There is for instance, the tale of the two brothers who fell into a life-long feud through a heated dispute as to the color of the lobster. One had seen a lobster before it was boiled and the other after. Both were right but neither knew that the lobster changes his hue in the process. Likewise, there is the old nonsense conundrum: "How many legs has a lobster?" There has been some learned dispute over this problem. A fisherman of Hibernian descent, however, passed the comment that it was not a riddle anyone should try to answer because "a lobster had so many legs that were not legs at all." Another old salt on the Halifax docks contended that the scientific chaps were all wrong; the human race was not descended from the ape but from a lobster. "How's that?" I asked innocently. He looked at me with that blinking of the eyes and close-tightening of the lips so characteristic of salt water rovers, then he replied: "Wasn't Adam a lobster?" And, remembering how the first man had allowed the first woman to lead him into eating the fatal apple, one had to admit it.

Truth of the matter seems to be that the very name and proximity of lobsters is provocative of good-natured cynicism. A veteran lobster handler declared that the hen and the lobster were the world's most stubborn creatures, whereat a wizened old fellow-worker leaned over and giving me a significant nudge in the ribs whispered: "Len. ain't got married to anyone yet—that's why he don't know no better'n to say that."

Nevertheless, the lobster is a very interesting subject for study from a serious angle. For one thing, the lobster is an acknowledged premier among culinary dainties, and for another he's a mighty important factor in Canada. Ninety-five per cent. of the lobster pack supplying the world's tables is caught in Canadian waters and shipped from Canadian ports, almost the entire output being secured in the deep sea off the Maritime provinces, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and southeastern Quebec.

### A Gigantic Maritime Industry.

IT HAS been estimated that the Canadian lobster industry yields an income of $4,000,000 annually and more than $2,000,000 has been invested in lobster factories and equipment. The annual pack is approximately 150,000 to 160,000 cases. Some six hundred factories are engaged in the maritime lobster packing business, each employing an average of thirty hands. Thus about 18,000 people are engaged in the plants and as many again at outside work, so that somewhere about 40,000 Canadians are represented in the industry.

The rush season for lobster packing is of about two months' duration in the year, there being really two seasons, a spring season and a late summer season. The seasons vary at different points along the Canadian Atlantic seaboard. West of Halifax it lasts from March 1 to May 31; east of Halifax to a point in Cape Breton, from April 20 till June; at Cape Breton from May 16 to July 15 and the later seasons in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island extend from May 16 to July 15 and from August 16 till October 15. The seasons are set with the object in view of preventing the catching of lobsters while the female lobster is carrying the spawn on her fins before depositing it in shoal waters.

The annual pack of canned lobsters previously mentioned as about 160,000 cases, represents 8,000,000 pounds or 4,000 tons of lobster meat. As but forty pounds of meat may be extracted from two hundred pounds of lobsters the total yearly catch in Canadian waters would weigh no less than 20,000 tons or 40,000,000 pounds.

And right here is where Canada is open to the accusation of being a waster again. A leading packer puts the total annual pack of lobsters at the conservative figure of 32,000,000 pounds. "Less than 6,500,000 of those 32,000,000 pounds are utilized for food," he pointed out. "The remaining 25,500,000 pounds are wasted." While he did not profess to claim a corresponding value for the elements in this huge discard, there was, he contended, a high food value to a considerable portion of the wastage. He added that there are calcium or phosphate and nitrogen properties in the balance of the discard that should be utilized and could be made a source of revenue to the Dominion.

The salvaging of this waste, however, could only come with a vast initial outlay of capital and more co-ordination than now exists in the lobster trade of our eastern coasts.

### U. S. A. Our Best Customer.

THE QUANTITY of lobsters shipped on shell is given by packers in Halifax as 8,500,000 pounds a year, or thereabouts. The United States has been and still is Canada's one best customer for lobsters in their fresh state. The packers tried for years to break into the markets of England, France and Germany with live and boiled lobsters, but the results of those efforts proved rather unsuccessful, though Europe buys the larger quantity of canned lobsters. Canadian shippers, however, claim that the live lobster branch of the business has not proved as profitable as it might be made. The lobster has been the subject of much legislation both here and across the border. Because of the size limit imposed in the American market and the short seasons on the Canadian side, dealers state, the fresh lobster business has little future to it at the present time. The principal market, as previously stated, is in United States, and Boston, Mass., has always been and remains the center to which the bulk of the product is shipped, and the market prices are largely controlled from there. Being the big buyers the Boston dealers maintain themselves as masters of the situation. Some Maritime dealers claim that the Canadian exporters could control the prices and reap the profits now going to United States middlemen if the Canadian producers could be induced to form a hard and fast association for that purpose—a proposal that has been brought up several times in the past but never launched with any degree of success.

In a paper on the subject, R. H. Williams, of Simpson, Roberts and Company, Limited, of Halifax, states: "The fishermen and dealers in these provinces quarrel among themselves and refuse to be reconciled to each other, leaving the opportunity for the United States dealer to step in and take the profits. They remind one of that picture showing two men disputing about a cow, the one tugging at its tail and the other at its head, while a third party between the two is taking all the milk. If the right sort of united co-operation existed between our Canadian fishermen and dealers they could have ponds and cars like those of Maine where the stocks could be stored and disposed of during the year, in and out of season. They would thus be in a position to furnish buyers with supplies at any and all required dates. They could arrange for transportation facilities and proper accommodations by railways and steamers for carrying lobsters to the best markets, and they would then be in the best position to compete successfully with those points that may be nearer to the larger cities in Canada and the States. Such a course would give us opportunity for developing the trade in our own country and to extend it further west than is possible at present."

For some reason the development of the home market for live lobsters has never been pushed or taken full advantage of, the average Canadian not even realizing that the lobster is a product of his own country. Distant United States markets have only been partially explored and Canadian exporters have not invaded the Latin-American countries. The West Indies is another potential market that lobster fishermen are really only beginning to appreciate.

### Some Tricks of the Lobster Pirate.

STATISTICS go to show that the quantity of lobsters caught in Canadian waters has gradually diminished from year to year. The quantity taken in recent times, it is stated in reports made by executive officials of some of the larger dealers, is actually less than it was away back in 1884. It is the more significant that this decrease in the annual catch has obtained in the face of the facts that more people are now engaged in the industry, more effective gear is used and a greater number of traps set. Public commissions from time to time have made diligent inquiry into this phase of conditions, reporting the urgent need for reforms and restrictions. But although new regulations have been put in force again and again the available supply has gradually diminished.

Greater co-operation among the fishermen and packers would be the most certain method of stamping out contravention of regulations, which, without doubt, is largely responsible for the depletion of the lobster supply. The dishonest fisherman, like the timber-skinners of our north country, has had a huge field pretty much to himself in which to practise his trickery. The taking of spawn lobsters—those carrying seed—for pack and sale, the stretching of under-sized lobsters so as to pass inspection as to length, the mutilation of large and medium-size lobsters when sold by count so as to get the claws and sell them by weight to factories handling smaller lobsters, the injection of pebbles into the joints of under-sized lobsters to bring them up to standard weight and other like frauds make up the devious deep-sea itinerary of the pirate of the lobster grounds—acts which bring petty ill-gotten gains to the crooked fishermen but at the same time permanently injure the business as a whole, and in time, if allowed to go on unchecked, may some day bring to a disastrous end one of Canada's leading seaboard activities. The shipping of female lobsters, which mature their seed en route to the United States markets in the cars and ponds of Massachusetts and Maine, is another evil practice difficult to check.

The lobster pirate has thrived because it has not in the past been possible to put all the department regulations into active operation. Policing with any degree of effectiveness the thousands of miles of coastline and myriads of islands that dot the sea around the Maritimes would present a stupendous task. It is said that it could never be carried out successfully except with the thorough co-operation of a majority of the fishermen themselves.

### The Lobster in Politics.

THE CANADIAN lobster long since "got into politics," and though the lobster, like his cousin, the oyster, is supposed to be mum, his influence has been felt at Ottawa. The forty or fifty thousand votes represented in this Maritime industry form a powerful lever with which to prise legislation into or

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## Lobster a Typically Canadian Product

*THE boiled lobster has no markings on his red armor-plate to show that he is a made-in-Canada product, and lack of publicity is possibly the reason why lobster is not more popular on the tables of central and western Canadians. Relatively few people living west of the Ottawa River know that Canada has the greatest lobster fishing grounds in the world—that somewhere about ninety-five per cent. of the world's supply of lobsters is caught in our Maritime waters and packed ready for shipment in the lobster factories of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and Maritime Quebec. In the accompanying article, Mr. Jenkins tells some of the things he learned about lobsters and the lobster industry during a recent visit to the provinces by the Atlantic seaboard.*



There before her, overcoated and hat in hand, stood Ward.

# Intentions, Not Strictly Honorable

## *By* DOROTHY GAMBER

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ESSEX

WHEN MARCIA WAINRIGHT'S father died, he left her with about $1,000, and a very big idea. Almost his last words to her were, "Marry a man with money, my dear. I could not die happy if I believed you would have to join that great army of working girls, and support yourself for years to come. Marry money!"

After his death, Marcia, with this idea become an obsession, left Wentworth, her home town, and went to Toronto. Here she took a course in a business college, and secured with little difficulty a position as secretary to Mr. William Wayne, sales manager of the Brittan Motors Corporation. This was in October.

Marcia's plan was a simple one: no extravagance, hard work, and the saving of every penny she could earn for about a year. This money she would add to her original capital until she had enough saved to buy a complete outfit of beautiful clothes. Then a month at an expensive Muskoka resort she had once visited with her parents before her father had lost his money, and—a rich husband. And while Marcia Wainright overestimated the charm of her personality by not the slightest degree, neither did she undervalue her appearance. Her small head was well set on firm, straight shoulders, and although slightly above medium height, and slender, she was delicately and well formed, with dark hair and eyes, a nose that was ever so slightly tip-tilted, and a perfectly shaped bow mouth. Given the clothes for which she meant to work and save, she was willing to stake everything on her one month at Lake Windabere.

It is possible that her determination might have weakened had she made friends with the girls she met in business or in the drab Jarvis street boarding house where she had taken a small room. Companionship and good healthy pleasure might have restored a sane viewpoint. But her plan included neither time nor inclination for friends. She would play her game single-handed and alone. Thus living, her plan continually before her, she developed an intensity of purpose that might well have been dedicated to a better cause.

All during winter and spring Marcia worked and saved, keeping always before her the thought of August, and all that month was going to mean to her. Each week she added to her small capital. She must have enough for her clothes, and for her expenses at Lake Windabere.

One day in the beginning of June, she left the office early in the afternoon, and went to Flaute's. Marcia entered the quiet, richly-appointed room, with its soft grey rugs and blue upholstered chairs, with perfect assurance.

"I would like," she said, to the handsomely-gowned woman with black hair piled high and meticulously waved, "to see Mr. Flaute himself, regarding some gowns."

SHE was conducted to a small room, done in bizarre yellow and black. Flaute was writing intently at a yellow table desk and was making elaborate flourishes with a wavy black quill pen. He was a dapper little man, well-groomed, with black hair and moustache carefully waxed.

He beamed with pleasure when Marcia, who had been carefully tutored in French in the days of her parents' affluence, addressed him in his native language.

"Monsieur Flaute," she said, "I am going to Lake Windabere for the month of August, and I want all the gowns I shall need at a place like that. I have about $1,800 to spend. Can you do it for that?"

"For you, Mademoiselle, yes," he exclaimed excitedly. "You have the eyes, the hair, the shoulders. Ah," clasping his long white hands, "it will be my delight to clothe you." There followed an hour's discussion of materials, styles and colors.

On the twenty-fifth of July, then, Marcia left the employ of the Brittan Motors Corporation.

"Your work has been most satisfactory," said Mr. Wayne, as he shook hands with her. "If you ever want to come back, there is a place for you here at any time."

And so came the first of August, and Marcia's arrival at the Royal View, Lake Windabere's fashionable hotel, a large rambling structure with wide porches awninged in green and white, and inviting with low green and white pillowed wicker chairs. She remained in her room all afternoon, and although she was much too excited to sleep, she lay quietly on the bed, glancing through the pages of a current magazine.

"My first night is important," she mused. "I shall go in late, and I shall wear my white with the jade jewelry."

As she entered the door of the long, brightly-lighted dining room that evening, she paused for a moment until the head waiter could approach her and conduct her to a table. Never did her black hair, falling softly back from her face, and coiled in a low knot, appear blacker, nor her skin more perfect, with excitement staining her cheeks to a soft pink. The dead white of her shimmering satin evening gown with its long graceful lines, was unbroken but for the cool green jade of her necklace, and on the slim whiteness of her hand gleamed the jade ring. The Royal View, accustomed as it was to beautiful well-dressed women, paused an instant, and paid her beauty tribute.

When morning came, Marcia awakened early, and decided to swim in cool Lake Muskoka before breakfast. By six o'clock she was in her bathing suit, and at the lake, just a stone's throw from the hotel. The stillness was overwhelming. There was nothing to break the morning peace but the occasional flute-like trill of a bird.

Marcia stood poised for a minute on the diving board, a slim, graceful figure in black, with arms straight above, her delicate white hands held palm to palm. For an instant she paused; then straight as an arrow she made her dive into the soft, cool waters.

SLOWLY and leisurely she swam about, and then lazily turned on her back to rest. She was lying on the water, relaxed, with eyes shut, when suddenly she was startled by the excited barking of a dog. She turned swiftly, and there swimming straight in her direction was a large, lantern-jawed bull-dog.

"Rex," cried a man's voice, "come back this minute!" She saw some one swimming toward her with rapid, powerful strokes.

"Now, now," she soothed, "Aren't you ashamed, sir!" and held out her hand coaxingly to the dog.

He came toward her more slowly, and she turned and swam to a raft some distance away. The dog followed meekly, panting lustily from the exertion of the rather long swim. Marcia reached the raft, and climbed up on it. The dog pulled himself up also, and shook himself industriously, at the same time rapidly wagging a short and very crooked tail.

By this time the man reached the raft, and took hold of the sides.

"I certainly ask your pardon for my dog's bad manners," he said, seriously. "Rex's behavior was very rude."

She looked down at the tanned face with the straight nose, dark blue eyes set far apart, and straight brows that almost met.

"Please," she replied, "don't think anything about it. He really did not alarm me very much."

He smiled, and she noticed his even teeth, white and strong-looking.

"I am glad," he answered. Then, "Oh, Lady of the White and Jade, may I venture upon your boat?"

Marcia laughed. "Oh, Discerning One," she replied, "if you have the acumen to recognize a lady when she changes from evening dress to the disguising costume of the bath, you should indeed be rewarded. Will you walk, or rather climb, into my parlor?"

He pulled himself up from the water, and sat beside her, brown feet and legs dangling in the water.

Rex came up to him with a friendly wriggle, and he looked at the dog severely.

"Aren't you ashamed, sir!" he scolded.

"Rex says," he explained, turning to Marcia, "that

he has never before seen the Lady of the Lake, and certainly never dared hope to find her at such an early hour. Naturally, for a minute he was surprised and did not recognize her. But he hopes he did not startle her too much."

"Your perceptions, sir," she mocked, "are just as keen when it comes to understanding dog language as when discovering the identity of a lady in a bathing suit disguise."

"Lady," he answered, bowing, "my perceptions in both cases are sharpened by my interest in the subject."

"Not so bad," she laughed approvingly. "Will you tell Rex for me that he is quite forgiven?" and she stood up, about to dive into the water.

"But Lady," he objected, as Marcia raised her hands, "you would not leave me thus without a word of encouragement. May I not hope to see you again? Perhaps you would play tennis. Might I hope for a game this morning?"

She turned and regarded him humorously. "Who am I," she replied, "that I can forbid you to hope for a game of tennis this morning. But," as he looked at her hopefully, "said game will not be with me. I am much too lazy to play tennis—and besides, I am going exploring this morning."

"Then surely, you will permit me to go with you," he begged. "As a guide my knowledge and ability are unexcelled. In fact, 'twas as a guide that I made my start in life—in these here same lakes."

"But you forget, sir," she reproved laughingly, "that as yet we have not been formally introduced."

"Of course," he exclaimed. "I forgot that you cannot understand dog language. Rex says, 'Permit me to introduce Ward Pelham. Mr. Pelham, this is Miss—?'" He looked at her questioningly.

"Wainright. Marcia Wainright," she said. "And I am glad to meet Mr. Pelham."

"So, of course, now you will allow me to be your guide, since we are introduced, Miss Wainright," Pelham coaxed.

She looked at the strong, pleasant face, with the close-cropped black moustache, and the black hair with just a suspicion of a wave.

"My objections are overruled, and my love of the conventions satisfied. I accept your kind invitation, Sir Guide, and will be ready to explore at 10.30."

"Until then," he said, "I shall count the minutes."

She waved a laughing good-bye to him as she swam away with clean, strong strokes. "Ward Pelham," she mused. "What a nice name. He looks prosperous, even in a bathing suit. I wonder."

When Marcia came out on the porch about 10.30, she paused a moment, in doubt as to where Pelham would be, and then started toward the steps as he jumped out of a shining red Metz roadster, and ran up the steps to meet her.

"So you didn't change your mind, after all," he exclaimed with pleasure.

"Gracious," laughed Marcia, "what bitter experiences you must have had. Do all your ladies change their minds after they have made engagements with you?"

HE STEPPED in front of her to open the door of the machine, and she noticed the gray Norfolk coat and white flannel trousers. The car started slowly, with a low purring sound, and Marcia glanced approvingly at the lean brown hand on the wheel, and wondered whether the deeply carved design on the heavy gold ring he wore on his little finger could be a coat of arms.

During their ride, Marcia Wainright and Ward Pelham talked of many things. He spoke of himself, and told her he was in the bond business in Toronto. His father and mother were both dead, and he lived in an apartment, with a housekeeper to take care of him. But although Ward spoke freely of himself, Marcia said little about herself except to mention that her parents were dead. Well read, and with a surprising breadth of knowledge due largely to her reading while she was working in Toronto, Marcia talked well and interestingly about a number of subjects. But when Ward broached any matter even the slightest bit personal, her answers became evasive, and as soon as possible she changed the subject.

As they drove up to the hotel, he said "To-night is dance night at the hotel. I wonder if you would think me very presumptuous if I were to ask you to let me look out for you to-night?"

"I think it would be lovely of you," she replied. "You know I am quite alone here, and I know no one. You are being very kind."

As she was carried up in the mirrored elevator, Marcia looked at herself critically, and could find no fault. "It never occurred to me, in deciding on a rich man, that I might find one who would be sort of interesting," she thought. "Things look very bright."

At dinner that night, she wore an evening gown of rich yellow. The bodice of yellow was supported by shoulder straps of large amber colored stones that gleamed against her soft white shoulders. The skirt consisted of ruffle after ruffle of ripply net, shading from yellow to a deep orange, and standing out about her hips in a filmy cloud.

As she left the dining-room and entered the lobby of the hotel, Ward Pelham, looking very straight and distinguished in a gleaming shirt front and well-fitting dinner coat, approached her, and as he reached her side, she smiled at the unspoken delight in her appearance which she read in his eyes.

Together they danced the first dance. Ward Pelham danced faultlessly, in such perfect rhythm and so smoothly, that they became a very part of the music. It seemed as if they were the physical expression of the spirit of the haunting oriental strain. And as the music came to an end, Ward held her to him for just a moment as if he were not sure that the dance was really over. As their eyes met, Marcia caught her breath sharply. He released her, and they walked to the porch without speaking.

When they had sat down in the low wicker chairs, Ward leaned toward Marcia and said earnestly, "Need I give many dances away, Lady of the Flame?"

"You are a wonderful dancer," she laughed, "but aren't you going to let me know some of your friends? And I am sure there are a number of girls here with whom you will want to dance."

Thus reminded of an obvious duty, Ward introduced Marcia to a number of people. She danced with some of the men after that, but there was no one with whom she enjoyed dancing so much as with Ward, and she smiled at him in welcome as he came up to her for their next dance.

FROM the night of that dance Ward Pelham never lost an opportunity to be with Marcia. Early morning rides



She was not insensible to the gossip circulating about the hotel concerning her, but she was totally indifferent.

and swims, trips in his sleek, high-powered car, walks, dances—he was with her practically all the time. And Marcia, utterly free of responsibility for the first time since her father's death, was supremely happy. It is a question as to whether she even thought much about her great plan.

She was not insensible to the gossip circulating about the hotel concerning her, but she was totally indifferent. She was experiencing a complete reaction from her long period of suppression and loneliness. Her mind, disciplined to one obsessing thought for so long, had rebelled at last, and refused to dwell on the hitherto engrossing subject.

Vivacious, high-spirited, in the joyous days which followed one another in rapid succession, Marcia was positively brilliant. Ward found in her a companion of rare understanding, quick sympathy and ready wit. And always he was conscious of her beauty. Her cheeks were now rounder, and their healthy glow was permanent. She seemed never to tire; she was always ready for any ride or walk, no matter how long.

So three of the precious weeks slipped by, and Marcia gave not a thought to them, nor to the rapidly approaching end of her month.

Together she and Ward Pelham spent glorious days. Always he was eager, attentive, considerate of her slightest wish, and doing everything in his power to make her happy. And in her new found joy, Marcia was radiant. It seemed as if each hour had its newly discovered wonder. There was so much to talk about, so much to do! Ward as a playfellow, impulsive and fun-loving, was only eclipsed by the more serious Ward with his sympathetic understanding and deep appreciation of beauty, and the things Marcia had always held most dear.

To see them together, he tall, masterful, sun-tanned, she slight, vivid, and radiating happiness in her every gesture, was a delight. More than one person turned to watch them, with a little sigh of regretful envy; and at the hotel there was needed only the confirmation of their rumored engagemnt. The authentic announcement was expected at any time.

On the night of another dance, as she had just finished a particularly wonderful fox trot with Ward, he bent over her head and whispered, "Will you send for a wrap, Marcia, and ride with me for a while?"

"I think I'll get it myself," she replied, and never realized until he was putting the dark coat with its big soft collar around her that for the first time Ward had called her Marcia.

There was no moon as yet, but the stars brightened the road to a dull silver, and they rode without speaking. When they reached a turn in the road, the sky had become a dull gold, and the mountains rose black and sharply-cut against it. They got out of the machine, and stood quietly as a tiny rim of deep yellow appeared between a depression in the two mountains. Slowly it grew, tipping the mountain tops with high lights, and then gradually drenching tops and sides in a golden flood. The moon, full and round, had risen.

Ward turned to Marcia. Her coat had slipped back from her shoulders, and she stood before him radiant and beautiful in her lustrous dress of white satin. In the moonlight, her dark hair framed a face that seemed white and smooth as the fragrant petals of a gardenia, and her eyes were dark and brilliant as twin lakes under the moon.

He drew her to him, and tilted her flower face so that he could look deep into her eyes.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," he said tenderly, "you are very wonderful! I love you so much that it will take all the rest of our lives to tell you about it."

Slowly he bent his head until his lips met hers. He held her to him as if he could never let her go.

UNTIL he kissed her, Marcia had listened quietly, knowing that Ward Pelham loved her, and very triumphant in the knowledge that she had played her game well—and won. But as his lips sought hers, something seemed to snap in her brain. It was as if a rubber band, stretched too far, had suddenly given way. For the first time she realized what she had done, how she had deliberately planned to bring about this very situation, how she had encouraged Ward Pelham, after making sure that he was rich, how she had finally succeeded in making him fall in love with her. In a flash she saw the unscrupulous thing she had planned in its true light, and realized the great injustice she had done him. Why, she was nothing but an adventuress. What would Ward say if he knew!



As the music came to an end Ward held her to him for just a moment, as if he were not sure that the dance was really over.

And she cared what Ward would say. For she knew now in this moment of self revelation that she loved him, loved him as she had dreamed of loving her Prince of Romance when she was a girl of eighteen. And because of her love for him, she could not do him this great injustice.

So he felt her suddenly stiffen in his arms, and she forced him away from her, putting both slender white hands against him.

"Please, Ward," she begged. "You mustn't—you do not understand. Take me back to the hotel."

"But Marcia," he exclaimed, "I love you, my dear. Don't you love me even a little?"

"Don't ask me to-night, Ward," she answered, "I—I—think I'm not well. Take me back now, and to-morrow I will tell you."

And so, puzzled and hurt, Ward helped her into the machine and they started back. They did not speak until they had reached the hotel drive, and then Marcia laid her hand on his coat sleeve.

"Will you let me go in alone, Ward?" she pleaded. "I'd rather, if you don't mind."

He took her hand to help her out of the car, and as she stepped down, he caught her again to him, and put his face against her cool, smooth cheek. "Sweetheart, sweetheart," he murmured brokenly, "what is it? Don't you understand—I love you. I want you to be my wife. Oh, what is the matter?"

She pressed her face against his for a moment, and smoothed back his hair tenderly. "Oh, Ward," she sobbed. "My dear, forgive me," and then turned from him and started up the steps to the hotel.

All night long, Marcia, between spells of uncontrollable weeping, packed her lovely dresses and made preparations to leave. By the time she had finishd packing, dawn was already streaking the sky, and she sat down at the small desk by the window to write a note to Ward.

What could she say? After all, there was nothing she could tell him. She had been unfair, and that was all there was to it. He would soon forget her. As for her, well, somehow, nothing seemed to matter very much.

So she wrote him just a few lines—

"Ward, I am going away, and you must never see me again. I have done you a great injustice. Forgive me."

She left instructions that the letter be delivered to him after she had gone, and then, arranging to have her trunks sent to Toronto, to an address to be furnished later, she left the Royal View, explaining to the hotel clerk that she had been suddenly called away.

And so, in less than a month after Marcia Wainright had left the dark prison of her boarding house, the routine of her work at the Brittan Motors Corporation, and Toronto, she was back again, resuming her former cheerless existence. Only this time she had no comfortable capital to add to, and no wonderful plan for which to live—nothing to which she could look forward. She had indeed joined the vast army of those girls who work day after day, with no objective and no hope.

EACH day, she dragged herself listlessly to the office; night after night she turned wearily homewards. Now, when there was no reason why she could not have made friends, she had no desire for companionship. She had absolutely no interest in life. Even her trunks with her lovely clothes she had not unpacked. Only the trunk which held a few of the dresses she had worn before she went away was opened.

For days in succession she would not consciously think of Ward, although always he formed a background for all her thoughts. Then would come days when the memory of Ward as he had taken her in his arms in the moonlight and told her he loved her would almost drive her mad. Every look, every gesture, every word he had said would recur to her in redoubled force until it seemed as if the very strength and power of her longing for him must draw him to her from wherever he was. At times she would hurry along the street with furtive glances, afraid that she might meet him. And other days she would walk along eagerly, searchingly, hoping for just a glimpse of him as he passed on the street.

Outwardly there was a marked change in Marcia Wainright. Before, when she had been at the Brittan Motors Corporation she was quiet and detached, it is true, but her face never lacked animation and in her eyes was the steady glow of unfaltering purpose. Now, however, there was a hopelessness about her expression, and a lack lustre about her great dark eyes that was little short of tragic. She lost all the glowing healthiness that she had gained during her weeks at Lake Windabere, and she steadily became thinner.

Even Mr. Wayne, engrossed as he always was in his many affairs, noticed that Marcia looked ill, and spoke to her about it.

"Miss Wainright," he said, quizzically, "I am wondering whether you are working too hard. You don't look quite so well as you did. Are you feeling all right?"

Her eyes filled with tears, and for a moment she could not answer him. For one brief second, she longed to put her head down on Mr. Wayne's desk, and sob out the whole story to him. If only she could talk to some one! But after a supreme effort, she regained control of herself, and replied that she was quite well, except for a case of nerves.

And Mr. Wayne, perceiving that she would tell him nothing, and realizing that after all there was no reason for him to expect her confidence, said no more, except to recommend that she be careful, and take a good tonic.

Thus September slipped into the cool, wine-clear

Continued on page 40.

# *The* EYE IN THE FLAGSTAFF

BEING FIFTH AND CONCLUDING STORY IN SERIES ENTITLED

## THE GATES OF TIEN T'ZE

*By* LESLIE HOWARD GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

IN THE study of the little house in Hampstead, Donald Craig lay stretched in a low armchair, sound asleep, while in a similar chair on the other side of the fireplace Superintendent Bruce McIvor, of the Criminal Investigation Department, lay in a like condition.

Barely six hours had elapsed since those two had escaped death at the hands of the Chinese organization, Tien T'ze, by the narrowest of margins, and though the subsequent 'phone call which Don Craig had received from his cousin Kyrle Durande, stating that she was hot on the trail of Tien T'ze himself and would ring again when she needed their help, had sufficed to prevent either Don or the Superintendent from moving from the room, it had proved unavailing in staving off sleep, for both were pretty well played out.

One after another the four sub-groups of the main organization of Tien T'ze had been broken up and their respective leaders eliminated by the combined efforts of Don, Kyrle, and McIvor. Remained now only the head himself—that unknown individual whom none of them had seen, Tien T'ze.

Don and McIvor awoke simultaneously. The telephone bell was whirring insistently. Don picked up the receiver, and McIvor looked at his watch; it was 8.45 a.m.

"Hello!" Don's voice was expectant, for in the minds of both there was no doubt that this was the promised call from Kyrle Durande, but the voice at the other end of the line was a man's. Don turned to McIvor. "It is for you," he said, disappointment sounding in his tone.

McIvor took the receiver and, beyond making known his identity, sat silently listening to the message which came across the wire for three full minutes. At last, "I'll go myself," he said into the mouthpiece; "tell Inspector MacNish to hold himself in readiness to join me at any moment." He cleared the line and moved slowly back to his chair; for a moment he remained standing gazing at it unseeingly, with his brows drawn low, then he resumed his seat and spoke:

"That 'phone call which has just come through," he said, after a moment, "was from the Yard. Sir Trevor Warrington is now living in his own house here in Hampstead!"

FOR a moment, so fantastic was this statement in the face of what he knew to be the facts, that Don simply stared inanely at the Superintendent.

"What—what the devil are you talking about?" he demanded at last.

"It's a fact," McIvor maintained. "Sir Trevor 'phoned the Yard at seven-thirty this morning and asked that some police official might call upon him at the earliest moment. They sent an Inspector—our friend MacNish—post haste. MacNish has reported that it is actually the real Sir Trevor, that his daughter and all his old servants are with him, having been summoned from Devonshire yesterday. Sir Trevor returned late last night from the interior of China, and now he wishes to have a police report on what occurred at that house a year ago, before the whole beastly tangle is made public. I've got to go there straight away, and you'd better come too."



Kyrle's movement caught Sonia's attention, and elicited a quick exclamation. Instantly Sir Trevor was beside the divan.

Don leapt to his feet.

"Come on," he replied.

It was just on three miles from Don's place to where Sir Trevor Warrington's house stood, high on a quiet part of the Heath, with only its red gables showing above the thick plantation of silver birches which entirely surrounded the grounds, and they made the journey in seven minutes, thanks to Don's possession of the red Indian and its side-car.

Immediately on McIvor's announcement of his identity they were conducted across the wide oak hall and into the big square library.

Sir Trevor shook hands with both, and motioned them courteously into chairs.

"Which of you gentlemen is Superintendent McIvor," he asked.

"I am, Sir Trevor," McIvor replied. "I have been away from the department since yesterday afternoon, and the news of your return has just reached me. I thought it best to call upon you personally, although I understood an Inspector has already visited you in response to your request. You are entitled to the fullest explanation we can give . . . "

But Sir Trevor interrupted him.

"I BEG you to say no more on the subject," he said. "As you say, Inspector MacNish, who appears to me to be a most intelligent and courteous officer, has already been to see me, and he has made the whole matter clear. Of course, the unfortunate notoriety which has been given to my name is not altogether pleasant, but I realize the fault was none of yours. I have been in the interior of China for two years, and I imagine it was the knowledge of how easily one becomes lost to the outside world in such a place which led these gentry to take liberties with my house and name. However, I can assure you that I am not yet a criminal in the eyes of the law, and, more fortunate still, I have not committed suicide. For which small mercies I am thankful, and I am prepared to forget the past. We need not refer to it again unless there is any information you require from me."

McIvor inclined his head.

"Thank you, sir," he said simply; then, "But if you could tell us how it was possible for another man to impersonate you in your own house and before your own daughter, you will naturally help in removing some of my own immediate bewilderment."

Sir Trevor smiled quietly.

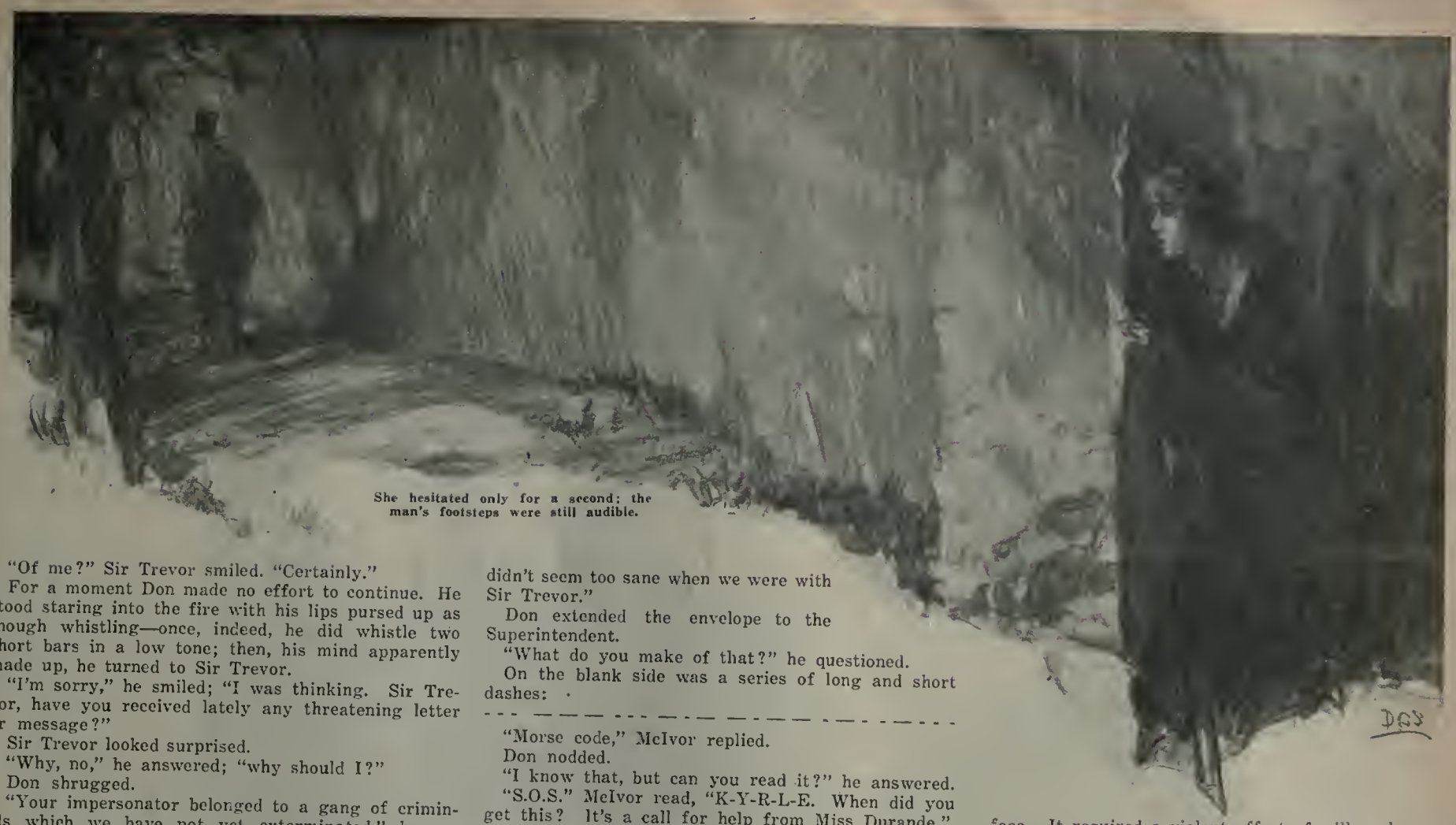
"I'm afraid that would be far easier a task than you imagine," he answered. "I am frequently a very difficult person to live with, Superintendent—at least my daughter tells me so, and I trust her word implicitly. When I am workng hard I have been known to utter no more than a brief 'Yes' or 'No' for weeks at a time, and on such occasions I live entirely in this room, which no one save the butler is allowed to enter while I am in it. All that was necessary was for a man to look like me, to live wholly in this room, and to generally behave like a hibernating bear. The rest was easy."

McIvor rose to his feet.

"That explains a lot," he agreed. "Well, Sir Trevor, I don't think we need trouble you any further. We are deeply obliged to you for the manner in which you have taken this affair."

BUT DON made no move to rise, and McIvor glancing at him, surprised on his face a kind of fixed look, almost as if he were listening to something. Don caught the Superintendent's eyes and stood up abruptly.

"Might I ask a question?" he requested.



She hesitated only for a second; the man's footsteps were still audible.

"Of me?" Sir Trevor smiled. "Certainly."

For a moment Don made no effort to continue. He stood staring into the fire with his lips pursed up as though whistling—once, indeed, he did whistle two short bars in a low tone; then, his mind apparently made up, he turned to Sir Trevor.

"I'm sorry," he smiled; "I was thinking. Sir Trevor, have you received lately any threatening letter or message?"

Sir Trevor looked surprised.

"Why, no," he answered; "why should I?"

Don shrugged.

"Your impersonator belonged to a gang of criminals which we have not yet exterminated," he explained; "having made free with your house and name once, they might try it again. At the very first sign of anything in any way wrong I should strongly recommend you to communicate immediately with either Superintendent McIvor or myself. Now we need not detain you, I think."

Sir Trevor gave the expected promise, and a moment later they were outside the house.

Don and the Superintendent exchanged no word while the red Indian panted down the drive. Some five hundred yards from the house, however, when a dip in the road hid the red gables from view, Don suddenly brought the bicycle to a stop.

"What's up?" McIvor asked.

"Thinking," Don said briefly. He produced an envelope and a stub of pencil from his pocket, and jotted down a series of marks on the white paper.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" McIvor demanded. "You didn't seem too sane when we were with Sir Trevor."

Don extended the envelope to the Superintendent.

"What do you make of that?" he questioned.

On the blank side was a series of long and short dashes:

- - - — — — - - - — - — — - — — - — - - — - - -

"Morse code," McIvor replied.

Don nodded.

"I know that, but can you read it?" he answered.

"S.O.S." McIvor read, "K-Y-R-L-E. When did you get this? It's a call for help from Miss Durande."

Don nodded gravely.

"Let's go home," he said shortly.

IT HAD been precisely eleven forty-five p.m. on the previous night when Kyrle Durande had set out from Don's house for the Hampstead Tube station with the intention of meeting Don and Superintendent McIvor at Euston.

She reached the corner of the Spaniards Road, made a wide detour around the double street lamp, and jostled into a figure which appeared unexpectedly out of the darkness, seemingly engaged in similar tactics. A man's quiet voice apologized politely, and Kyrle glanced at his face. It required a violent effort of will on her part to check back the exclamation which rose to her lips, for the man was Sir Trevor Warrington, whom she, in common with everyone else, believed to be dead; but she made that effort of will, and the face she turned up at him had only a slight smile as, with a little inclination, she acknowledged his apology.



They made the journey in seven minutes, thanks to Don's possession of the red Indian and its side car.

She hesitated only for a second, the man's footsteps were still audible, and the direction in which he had gone led towards Sir Trevor's house. Don and McIvor were waiting for her at Euston, but here was a warm trail. She had moved out of range of the street lamp; now she turned quickly and followed the retreating footsteps. She quickened her pace, thankful that the rubber tips on her heels allowed her to tread almost silently, and presently came close enough to her quarry to dimly discern his figure ahead of her, then she set herself to maintain this distance.

The man continued to keep to the road for about half its length, then he turned off diagonally across the Heath to the left. Kyrle drew a little closer behind him. He had made no movement to look back since she had come within sight of him, and therefore it seemed unlikely that he would suspect her presence now.

Presently a dull glow crept out of the mist ahead. She knew this must be a light from Sir Trevor's house; yet the discovery surprised her, for she believed the place to be uninhabited. She fell back a little and allowed the man to gain a few yards; then she heard the creaking of the drive gate, and voices drifted back to her. She was too far off to hear clearly the words which were uttered, but she caught one, and that one sufficed. It was "Excellency."

SHE stopped abruptly. The warm trail had grown hot, almost red hot. Quickly she made up her mind; she must get inside the house, certainly, but first she must let Don know that she could not join him. The Spaniards Inn being the nearest likely point where she would find a telephone, she repaired thither as fast as her legs would carry her and ruthlessly knocked up the proprietor. A neatly-concocted tale whose only approach to the truth lay in her representation of herself as a female detective procured permission to use the 'phone, and her message to Don's sleepy housemaid stated merely that she was on a hot trail which she could not leave.

Twenty minutes saw her back again before Sir Trevor's house.

The man who invented French windows has placed all housebreakers eternally in his debt. It took Kyrle about five whole seconds to force those windows and enter the room.

*Continued on Page 37*

# MARBLEHEAD MADNESS

*By* C. M. LINDSAY

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD S. ROSS

THE COTTAGE stood a little back from the lane, a somewhat uneven and storm-beaten paling marking the line of demarcation between the public way and the private garden. The rambling morning-glories and larkspur, however, took no account of this ineffectual barrier, growing in equal profusion on either side, though on the outer edge somewhat hampered by the flourishing weeds and grasses.



"I called in regard to buying this cottage," he remarked pleasantly.

Roger Adams, ambling along the quiet byways of Marblehead, came to a point opposite the cottage, and paused. He surveyed the tiny house with its quaint, old-fashioned garden, riotous with color, and drew a deep and appreciative breath in which the tang of the salt air and the fragrance of the flowers commingled; then resolutely pushed open the gate. The path up which he walked was bordered by bright-hued marigolds and petunias, and over by the well was a pansy-covered dory.

The entrance to the cottage was particularly inviting. There was a quaint portico above the door, and on either side—close against the vine-clad lattice-work,—a low bench of such sturdy workmanship as our Maritime forefathers loved to fashion. The door itself, originally a dark green, was weather-stained and scarred; but the large brass knocker in the centre had been polished until it shone resplendently—almost aggressively.

He rapped out a summons such as served to waken the echoes. This vigorous procedure was, of course, quite unnecessary, indeed it was probable that the inmates of the cottage had been curiously regarding him from the chintz-curtained windows of the sitting-room since he first paused at the gate.

At all events, the door was immediately flung wide and the caller found himself confronted by a very graceful and capable-looking young woman, the sleeves of whose gingham gown were rolled up, revealing two very white and perfectly-moulded arms. Her hair was an uncompromising auburn; her eyes a deep and scintillating blue like to the waters of the harbor, and her carriage exceedingly erect. She now inclined her head slightly—almost imperceptibly—and stood awaiting his pleasure.

Though not one easily abashed in the presence of the fair sex, he was for the moment plainly disconcerted by this unexpected vision of youth and beauty; but quickly recovering his equanimity and his manners he removed his hat—rather a shabby affair by contrast with his generally correct attire—and after an affable "Good morning" remarked pleasantly:

"I called in regard to buying this cottage—and the grounds. Pray at what figure do you hold them?"

THE GIRL stared at him in pure amazement as though she half believed him to be one bereft of his senses.

"Why, we haven't the slightest desire to sell!" she declared. "Who told you that we had?"

"No one," he replied cheerfully. "You see, it's this way. I like this place immensely and I've made up my mind I must have it!"

Again she stared, and for a half moment seemed hesitating between yielding to amazement or anger. Finally she assured him with considerable spirit:

"Really, we don't care to dispose of the property! In fact, there isn't enough money in all Marblehead to buy it!"

"No?—Well, maybe not. I don't know very much about Marblehead. Never been here before in my life."

"One can readily see that," she responded with ironic emphasis.

He laughed whimsically. "Nevertheless, as I said before, it's just the place I've been hunting for. I'll give you three thousand dollars for it. What do you say to that?"

"Haven't I just told you it's not for sale?—Why, mother and I have lived here ever since I was born!—We wouldn't part with it for the world!"

"I don't blame you!" he assented with the ghost of a sigh as though he thoroughly understood and sympathized with her attitude and yet couldn't change his own point of view. Shading his eyes he looked off across the bee-haunted garden to where the waters of the harbor glistened in the afternoon sun. Very slowly his gaze returned to the quiet lane, to the flower bordered walk and finally to the trim figure of the girl before him.

"I don't blame you!" he repeated. "But, you see, I've set my heart on this thing!—Suppose we say four thousand?"

A gleam of genuine anger came into the blue eyes, and despite the disarming twinkle in the brown ones of the caller, she would have made a sharp retort had it not been for the opportune appearance of a third party,—a comfortable looking, matronly woman, who beamed good-naturedly at him over the girl's shoulder.

"Mother, did you ever hear of such a thing! He says—"

But she was not allowed to complete the sentence.

"Won't you come in?" invited the elder woman, pleasantly. "It's pretty warm out there in the sun. Might as well come in and sit a while!"

He bowed and followed her into the low-ceilinged living-room. Auburn-Hair giving way rather grudgingly and then slowly entering in their wake. His hostess pointed to a Windsor rocker by the window and into this he dropped with a sigh as soon as the two women had seated themselves. The younger chose a straight-backed chair in which she sat stiffly erect.

"I heard you say suthin' about wantin' to buy the place," began the old lady. "But land's sake! There ain't any use tryin' to bargain for it;—we don't want to sell."

"I've told him so four times!" interjected the girl.

"Pardon me, only three!" he corrected, with a quick side glance.

HOWEVER, she merely sniffed at the quibble and became interested in adjusting a wisp of her tawny hair.

"I can send you to a very good place, if you're lookin' for board," resumed the other. "Nice folk an' good home cookin'."

"I don't want it!" he declared promptly. "I like this house and this garden! The fact of the matter is I've been dreaming of this house and this garden—oh, for twenty years! I like the way"—looking out of the white-curtained window—"those nasturtiums straggle all over the place! I like that old dory out there with the pansies in it!—Though I'd 've filled it with Sweet Williams myself."

"Of all things!" gasped the girl. "Who asked your opinion?"

He made no reply; merely laughed and shot an exploring glance across the narrow hall into the chamber opposite the door of which stood wide. He could glimpse a quaint old mirror on the further wall, surmounted with a gilded eagle.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "That's a wonderful-looking heirloom in there,—isn't it?"

"Yes! it's been in our family for years and years."

"May I go in and look at it?"

"Why, o' course!"

Smilingly the old lady rose and led the way into the other room where, after having appreciatively examined the mirror, the visitor looked about him with increasing enthusiasm. The room was evidently a "company" chamber; an old four-poster stood in one corner, with an elegant spread.

"Awfully cozy here!" he commented.—"I'll wager that that bedstead's a hundred years old, eh?"

"More'n that," nodded his hostess. "Great-great-granther Moulton bought it long before Wolfe defeated Montcalm. He was wounded on the Plains of Abraham and I guess he was glad he had such a comfortable bed to lie on."

Stepping over to the fire-place with its wide hearth, he took the tongs and began poking about the brick work. Then abandoning this he turned and exclaimed with another comprehensive glance about him: "Say, this is great!—That old highboy there,—the genuine thing, by Jove!—And how one could sit and doze in that warm window seat! Why, it's immense!—See here, couldn't you—er—take me in and do for me, for a while, anyhow?"

His enthusiasm was so engaging that the old lady replied, albeit with some hesitation, "Well, I suppose

I could—for a week or two, mebbe; that is, if you're so set on comin'!"

"Mother!" protested Auburn-Hair. She had come to the threshold and stood there with the fingers of one hand spread against the lintel. "You know we've never taken anyone in!"

"No-o", agreed her mother. "We never have, but—"

"Of course not," he broke in. "I quite understand all that!"

"Well, I shan't look after him!" declared the girl.

"I shan't expect you to!" he said promptly. "You'll be too busy with the garden. A garden needs a lot o' looking after;—I don't!—Now as to terms—"

AGAIN the girl protested, addressing her mother. "Why, we don't even know who this person is, and—"

"Here are my references," he went on eagerly. And taking a wallet from his pocket extracted therefrom a goodly number of bills of large denomination, which he laid on the centre-table.

"My land!" exclaimed the old lady, glancing at this display of wealth. "I don't calc'late on keepin' you more'n a couple of weeks!"

He laughed. "Well, you take what you think's right—and I'll put the rest back."

She did so.

"My name's Adams," he informed her when this matter had been duly adjusted. "Roger Adams."

"An' mine's Trumbull. This is my daughter, Susannah."

He bowed elaborately to each in turn, which courtesy however the latter acknowledged by only the merest of nods; then, turning, she went out into the garden.

"Your daughter doesn't take to strangers," he laughed.

"You mustn't mind her!—She's high-spirited and likes to have her own way. Gets her stubbornness from her great-uncle Ebenezer;—nothing could budge him—short of dynamite!"

He nodded appreciatively. "I see.—Well, now I'm going down after my traps. Left 'em at the station."

Making his way out into the sunshine he was at Susannah's side ere she was aware of his approach, being busily engaged in snipping dead leaves from a rose-bush.

"Er—may I have just a single bloom for a boutonniere?" he inquired, pausing to sniff the fragrant blossoms.

"Yes," she replied. "There's plenty of them!" And by a sweep of her arm indicated the surrounding bushes.

But, Mrs. Trumbull, who had followed her guest to the door, overheard his request and the reply.

"Susannah, you might pick one o' those Lady Ursulas for him," she suggested tactfully.

"Let him pick his own Lady Ursulas!" was the tart retort.

Roger, apparently not in the least put out of countenance, proceeded to leisurely select a budding tea-rose of a deep carmine, and having carefully placed it in his coat-lapel, continued on his way. The gate as it closed behind him creaked alarmingly on its hinges.

"Needs oiling!" was the cheerful comment he flung over his shoulder.

Doubtless she caught this remark; and it is equally certain that she vouchsafed no reply. The steady snip-snip of her garden shears was all he heard. With a chuckle and shrug of his broad shoulders he swung easily down the lane while Susannah rising to her full height and gazing after his retreating figure exclaimed:

"Did one ever hear of such impudence!"

Her mother smiled deprecatingly. "Oh, I dunno!" she remonstrated. "I wouldn't say that! He seems a very clever sort of fellow!—Do try an' be a little civil to him while he's here!"

"I shan't feel safe a minute!"

"Land o' Canaan! I should like to know why not!"

"Mother, we don't know anything about him! He comes in from the street and you take him as a lodger! Whoever heard of such a thing?"

MRS. TRUMBULL made no reply. Re-entering the cottage she busied herself with such preparations as were necessary to the end that Mr. Adams' room might be ready for him on his return.

When he did return, his traps proved to consist of a good-sized traveling-bag, a bulging suitcase (apparently brand new) and an umbrella. The umbrella he put in a corner and the contents of the bag he distributed impartially in the drawers of the highboy and upon the closet shelves. But the suitcase remained—at least to all appearances—unpacked.

The following morning Susannah, lifting it that she might sweep the floor beneath, was astonished at its weight. (She had agreed to tidy up the room each day—when Roger was out, but beyond that declined to minister to his needs). Strong as she was she could scarcely lift it. She was equally surprised on the second day and on the third to find that he apparently had no intention of unpacking it. One might think this a trivial matter; but curiosity was a trait shared by Susannah with Eve's daughters in general, and she greatly wondered what the case contained. Roger himself gave no hint, and as she had elected to confine her own remarks at the dining-table to such broad subjects as the weather, old Marblehead and rose-culture, she could not satisfy her curiosity by means of the "conversational exhaust" method. To betray an interest in the affairs of Roger Adams was a thing not to be thought of.



"I think," she remarked, "that we will just finish our work in the garden before dark."

Aside from the mystery of the suitcase there were other peculiarities in connection with their "paying guest" which aroused the wonder of both women. On the afternoon of the day following his arrival he remained shut in his room; and sounds emanating therefrom at intervals indicated that he was engaged in manual labor of some description. Susannah, busying herself about the house, heard the noise of heavy blows being struck, the occasional rattle of tools upon the floor, and now and again sundry "whoofs" and grunts testifying to extraordinary exertions upon the part of their guest.

She discussed the probable nature of these labors with her mother but without reaching any satisfactory conclusion. Mrs. Trumbull, however, hopefully made it an object to fetch some clean towels to his room. But the room in which Susannah had heard the key turned in its lock some hours since, remained closed. He but approached to inquire the nature of her errand and then cheerily requested that she hang the towels on the door-knob. Therefore nothing was gained there.

When the next morning he had departed on an errand of his own, carrying with him a large package. Susannah with commendable zeal lost no time in putting his room to rights; but if she expected to find any clue to the nature of his labors, she was disappointed. The floor was speckless. Clearly he had himself carefully cleaned up any muss before going out. As to the tools she saw no sign of them and was fain to conclude that he had taken them away or that they constituted the contents of the suitcase and had been returned. But why the attempt at concealment?

The afternoon he employed in a manner similar to the one preceding and Susannah who was repairing some trellises in the garden noted that the curtains, which she had carefully looped up in the morning, had been allowed to fall in place again. Of course he saw her; but he made no effort to communicate with her as he might easily have done by stepping to the window. Whereat she was unaccountably vexed—though

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"Yes," he explained, "I dug them up underneath your hearth.....valuable and rare coins."

# The New Nor' Westers

## By A. B. WATT AND VICTOR LAURISTON

"THE Angels have come!" exclaimed the Indians at Hay River trading post on Great Slave Lake when two monoplanes landed there on March 12 last. Their astonishment was probably as great as that manifested in 1883, when the first Hudson's Bay steamer appeared on the northern waterway and the engineer was regarded as a great spirit. But during the present and succeeding seasons the aborigines are likely to become quite familiar with the wonders of the white man and to cease to explain them in terms of the supernatural; for the opening up of the Mackenzie River country has begun in earnest.

It looks as if the process will mean immense additions to the national wealth of Canada and alter entirely the outside world's conception of the Dominion. No longer will it be possible to describe it as a narrow fringe of settlement along the American border with an immense frozen waste beyond, the only resources of which are its furs.

It was between twenty-five to thirty-five degrees below zero when the monoplanes paid their first visit to Great Slave Lake. They had journeyed direct from Peace River, the trip being made in two hours and fifteen minutes. Previously the journey between the two points following the course of the rivers had never been made in less than twenty days.

The lake is a larger body of water than Erie. Oil Creek, where the strike that led to the coming of the aeroplanes to the north was made last summer, is six hundred miles below the point where the Mackenzie River flows out of the lake. While the new field is referred to as that of Fort Norman, the Imperial Company's well is forty-five miles closer to the Arctic than the fort.

The significance of these figures should be clearly grasped, for it is very essential, if what is happening in this part of the dominion is to be appreciated, that one should get his geographical ideas straight. There has been a daily demonstration since the Fort Norman strike of how little close study of maps there has been and how imperfectly understood is the vastness of the country between Edmonton and the Arctic.

### Jennings Has a Real Job

IN traversing it by rail and steamer one travels 2,200 miles, yet for decades to the people throughout this long stretch of territory Edmonton has been "town". It is all still under the jurisdiction of the superintendent of the Canadian Mounted Police, whose headquarters are in Edmonton. This is Major G. L. Jennings, who has a large-sized responsibility on his shoulders as a result of the movement northward of seekers after oil and gold and much else that has set in.

The idea of finding oil along its course has been associated with the Mackenzie River ever since the first white man voyaged down it to the Arctic. When Sir Alexander Mackenzie made his voyage of discovery in 1789, he noted seepages in the vicinity of Fort Norman and elsewhere, but it was not until 1914 that systematic search was commenced. In that year a reconnaissance was made and in 1919 drilling parties were sent north, one to the shores of Great Lake and the second to a point beyond Fort Norman. Other expeditions followed the next year and on August 23, 1920, the strike was made at a depth of 700 feet.

Much has been written about the well with little regard to the facts. According to an official statement by the company, any estimate as to the amount it would produce is a mere guess, as there was no meter available, not even barrels, tanks or other receptacles. After forty minutes of uninterrupted flow, it was capped and so remains, awaiting the installation of storage facilities.

It is certain, however, that the oil is of very superior grade. The problem before the company now is to continue drilling until the extent of the field is demonstrated. If supplies are shown to be available there, which will justify the construction of the pipe line necessary to bring the product out, this will be immediately proceeded with. But as a reliable estimate states that it will cost $40,000,000 to build a pipe line to Edmonton, this project will not be launched until it is made clear that oil resources are available to justify the outlay.

*FRAGMENTARY reports appear almost every day in the daily press about the "oil rush" and the "trek to the Peace River Country" and Fort Norman. The country through which the Peace and Mackenzie rivers flow is an amazing, undeveloped, fertile portion of Canada, which stands in about the same relation to the more settled portions of the Dominion as did the "North-west Territories" less than half a century ago. In this article, by two of the best informed writers on this subject in Canada, the reader will find authoritative, up-to-date, and comprehensive data, showing just what is taking place in the district from Edmonton north to the Arctic Circle.*

There is always the possibility of oil being discovered in large quantities at a point much closer to the established transportation facilities. High hopes are entertained in connection with the drilling at Windy Point on the north shore of Great Slave Lake, which is being actively carried on at the same time as that below Fort Norman. Prof. John A. Allan, of the Department of Geology, of the University of Alberta, is authority for the statement that in Alberta and the North-West Territories there is an area of 300,000 square miles underlaid with rock formation suitable for the accumulation of oil and that it is the general opinion of geologists that it is reasonable to expect reservoirs of oil in many other districts than that around Fort Norman. Speaking before the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy in Winnipeg last November, he declared that "the striking of oil in the Fort Norman country is important, not only in opening up new oil fields, but in that it will stimulate prospecting for oil in places where it is practically known that oil exists."

### What Will 1921 Show?

THE season of 1921 has not up to the present been as active a one as many were expecting at the beginning of the year. There has been much controversy over the regulations which the Dominion Government has adopted for the northern fields and, despite the fact that these have since been amended in accordance with some of the criticisms offered, the belief is general that they have held back development. Despite all this, however, the movement northwards has been large—probably quite as large as one can contemplate with equanimity in view of the remoteness of the territory—and the chances are that before winter sets in much more definite information will be available as to the part the Mackenzie River country will play in meeting the world's oil needs. The geologists who are covering this field are "sitting tight," expecting epoch-making discoveries almost hourly, as it were.

With what determination the Imperial Oil Company was preparing to pursue its programme was shown when, during the early part of January the two monoplanes, which it has since been operating in the north, arrived in Edmonton, having flown from New York. They proceeded to Peace River on February 26, making the journey in three hours. Their trip to Hay River has already been referred to. This first, remarkable trip was in the nature of a trial flight. They returned to Peace River and on March 24 started for the Fort Norman well. Ninety miles down the river they struck a severe blizzard and had to fly for a considerable distance within 500 feet of the ground in order to distinguish the landmarks. They landed at Fort Vermilion in two feet of snow and waited there for two days until the storm was over. Going north to Hay River, they proceeded along it to the post which they had already visited. Two other jumps took them to Fort Simpson, which is about 350 miles from the well. Here, in landing in four feet of snow, the propeller of one of the machines was smashed. A Hudson's Bay cabinet maker manufactured a new one, but then word came that those in charge at the well had not been able to distill the quantity of gasoline that was counted on for the return trip. It was useless to go further and plans were made to go back to the Peace River. But when it came to trying out the new propeller an axle on one of the machines broke and it had to be left behind. On April 25 the other reached Peace River, a straight flying distance of 510 miles being covered in six hours.

This plane was started north again at the end of May, but it was not expected that a flight to Fort Norman would be attempted until late in June, or early July. By the time this issue reaches its readers news of a flight to Norman and return may have been flashed over the wires.

The problem of landing safely has been solved. During the whole distance from Peace River to Fort Simpson hardly one suitable place for landing with wheels was seen. The use of skis proved quite practicable, providing the conditions of landing places were known in advance. But where the snow covered rough ground the airmen met with trouble similar to that which resulted in the smashing of the propeller at Fort Simpson. Previous to the last trip most successful experiments were made at Peace River with pontoons. These, constructed of mahogany and built with watertight compartments, add some 700 lbs. to the weight of the machines. With the planes thus equipped, summer flying along the waterway should, it is thought, be without serious difficulties.



Wada, the sturdy Jap. The sketch is by H. Weston Taylor, who met Wada a few weeks ago in Vancouver.

A pigeon service has been organized, so that in case of an accident word can be sent back to the aerodrome at Peace River. Wireless must eventually come, but not this summer. A gasoline expert has gone forward to Fort Norman with a distillation plant and this is expected to solve the supply problem for the company and enable it to carry on a continuous service. But there are many difficulties yet to be overcome.

DURING the journey to Fort Simpson the aviators passed over the Alexandra Falls on the Hay River and took pictures of them at a height of 2,500 feet. These falls have been visited by only a few white men. They were the ultimate destination of Hulbert Foot-

ner in the trip which he made along the northern rivers in 1911. His experiences are described in his book "New Rivers of the North," the readers of which will remember how arduous was the journey necessary to reach them and how deeply impressed he was with their beauty. They were discovered by Bishop Bompas in 1872, who named them and estimated the main fall as 150 feet high. This was subsequently corrected to eighty-five feet by Mr. McConnell of the geological survey. A mile below is a second fall about fifty feet high.

The vice-president of the Imperial Oil Company, when in Edmonton recently, announced that it had three new drilling rigs on the way north, which would be set up in the Fort Norman field. One of the new wells likely would be on the left bank of the river. While disappointed with the delays in getting the flying service under way, he stated that this was hardly surprising in view of the novelty of the method of traversing a new and most difficult country. The company, however, intended to keep right on with its programme.

The fields referred to are in the North-west Territories. The northern boundary of Alberta lies one degree of latitude south of Great Slave Lake. Fort Smith, on the Slave River, is right on the boundary and constitutes the gateway to the Territories. It is at the lower end of sixteen miles of rapids, Fort Fitzgerald being at the other end. These rapids, around which a portage has to be made, constitute the principal obstable to river traffic and while the aeroplane experiments have been given much attention, it is of course by water that most of those going into the north must proceed.

The portage in the past has been a difficult one. To make it last summer, with the equipment and supplies required at the well, took the Imperial Oil party fifteen days, at a time when the daylight lasted twenty hours. "The land of the midnight sun," it should be remembered, is not far away and will be featured before long in the advertisements attracting tourists to the Mackenzie River route. Caterpillar tractors were put on as an experiment at the portage, but the ground proved too soft for them. The motor trucks now in use are said to be facilitating matters greatly.

There are two routes which converge before Fort Fitzgerald is reached. The one is by way of Peace River and the other by way of Fort McMurray. It is from these two points that most of the clearances for the north are given and they are both busy spots.

Going by way of Peace River, one travels by the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway from Edmonton—now operated by the C. P. R. with a service that is a great improvement on that given in the early days of the line—and then takes a boat down the Peace to the Vermilion chutes, where a four mile portage is necessary, another steamer completing the journey to Fort Fitzgerald.

A RAILWAY was built from Edmonton to within fifteen miles of Fort McMurray on the Athabasca River some years ago. This is the Alberta and Great Waterways line, which, shortly before the war, played a large part in Alberta politics and brought about the fall of the first government of the province. The government, which now controls it, is exerting itself to complete the line early this season into Fort McMurray, from which there is an uninterrupted steamer passage to Fort Fitzgerald, while on the other side of Fort Smith there are no further interruptions until the Arctic is reached. There are three well-organized steamship companies with good accommodation and they state they are in a good position to handle the traffic. Two of the steamers formerly operated on the Fraser River.

Near Fort McMurray are the famous tar sands, the utilization of which is believed to have been brought appreciably nearer as a result of recent experimenting, as well as large deposits of salt. The extent of the latter has been determined within the past year by the Alberta government, which is taking steps to develop them.

Each train from Edmonton to Peace River and to Fort McMurray is crowded. There is scarcely a day but what the Edmonton newspapers announce the floating of some fresh enterprise and preparations for sending new parties to the north.

It is difficult to estimate the actual proportions of the traffic. The navigation season did not open until May, one steamer leaving Peace River on the sixth of that month, while the first departure from Fort McMurray was on May 12. On one day, prior to the opening of navigation, the police inspector at Peace River issued more than fifty permits to prospectors. It is thought that there will be about twenty drilling rigs go into the northern fields during the summer, though some of the late comers are not likely to arrive in time for operations this year. The actual drilling will probably be done by ten or twelve.

While navigation to Fort Fitzgerald opened early in May, as stated, and a little later on the Mackenzie River, it is always held up by the ice on Great Slave Lake until the end of June. This is a large consideration in making transportation plans. If a railway is built from Peace River it will proceed to a point where open water is to be obtained early in the year. In doing so, it will open up a country of proven agricultural value.

The station at Fort Vermilion is three hundred miles downstream from the town of Peace River, the river flowing almost directly north between the two points. The record of the Dominion experimental farm there, seven hundred miles north of the American boundary, is a remarkable one and indicates that in few places in Western Canada is farming a safer calling. As long ago as the centennial exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876 a sample of wheat grown at Fort Vermilion was awarded first prize.

As for the Fort McMurray route, a company was incorporated during the spring which plans the building of a railway in a northwestern direction to strike the waterway again on the other side of Great Slave Lake.

Early in the winter several hardy prospectors made the trip to Fort Norman. At the time of their departure the old regulations were still in force under which it was possible to stake a claim and secure a lease, which could be disposed of as are those taken out on locations within the boundaries of Alberta. Under the new regulations, all that can be obtained is the prospecting permit and it is only after a strike has been made that a lease may be secured.




**Above: One of The Imperial Company's all-metal monoplanes, which flew from Peace River to Fort Simpson and back early in March. In the rear is Lieut. E. G. Fullerton, who was the pilot on that trip, and in front is Major G. A. Thompson, who made the first trans-Rocky Mountain flight in Canada. The monoplane is resting on the surface of the Peace River. This was made possible by equipping it with pontoons of mahogany about 18 ft. in length, divided into water-tight compartments and weighing about 700 lbs. In this way a serious landing difficulty was solved.**

**Left: A view of Hay River in early March, taken at a height of 2500 ft. from an Imperial Oil Company aeroplane. The shadow on the river surface indicates Alexandra Falls—a falls seen by very few white men.**

**Right: G. P. Kells, the gasoline expert of the Imperial Oil Company, hading one of the twenty-six carrier pigeons which are to be used for communication purposes in case of accident to the planes.**

**Centre: This map shows the leading places mentioned in the accompanying article.**

### Pinskys' Adventurous Trip.

NOW and then word of them drifted south—brought, perhaps, by a south-bound mail-carrier, or, as is the way of the north, passed from trapper to trapper. These messages were scant, uncertain, often alarming, even to those who, knowing the hardy nature of the men, knew also the perils they faced.

When word of the oil strike came down from the North. George Pinsky was bartering with the Indians at Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake. Pinsky was a fur-trader, and had been for many years. His life was bound up with the north. He and his brother, William, were typical men of the north country, natives, whose parents live in a north-country "cabin" at Fort Fitzgerald.

While he traded with the Indians at Resolution — the north country, you will notice, drops the "Fort" prefix quite readily—George Pinsky kept in touch with the "outside." In early December his brother William, with Arthur Pantell, S. Noley, and Frank Herring, arrived at Resolution. They brought three dog teams. The day after Christmas the Pinsky party left Resolution for the north.

The party travelled light. Their impedimenta comprised merely blankets, axes and food. Snow lay four feet deep on Great Slave Lake. The mushers went ahead on snow-shoes, breaking trail for the dogs. The trail crossed Great Slave Lake—for reasons that will be made clear, the winter trail in the North, like the summer trail, follows the great waterways.

Twenty-four hours on the ice, a blizzard caught the mushers. They found an island, where they dug from the snow drifts enough dry wood for a camp-fire, and made camp. Making camp was a simple process. The snow was cleared for a space sufficient for the camp fire, supper was cooked, the dogs were fed, and the men rolled themselves in their blankets. As for the dogs, they blanketed themselves in snow.

At four o'clock next morning the Pinsky brothers woke to the fact that "all the world" was heading

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# JUSTICE FOR THE MARITIMES

*By* HON. W. E. FOSTER
PREMIER OF NEW BRUNSWICK

THE relations between the Maritime and other provinces of the Dominion is too important a subject to be dealt with hurriedly. The founders of Confederation attempted to deal with all matters affecting the interest of the four original provinces, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, but even their vision was not keen enough to look ahead fifty years and see nine provinces instead of four, and a Dominion alive to every commercial possibility, each section insisting upon its rights and jealous of encroachment by provincial neighbors or the central government.

The widening of Confederation and the inclusion of Prince Edward Island and British Columbia followed later by the entrance of Manitoba and ultimately Alberta and Saskatchewan, have created new conditions which must be considered in the light of the original compact; and so considered that justice will be rendered to each and all. The political partnership formed in 1867 and enlarged in later years, must continue satisfactory to all the members.

For some years signs have not been lacking that the provincial partnership is not as satisfactory as was hoped. From the time that the prairie provinces were created, Ontario and Quebec began to present their claims. The former, with large virgin areas unoccupied in the north, had its boundaries extended and New Ontario with untold wealth in minerals and forests and natural resources added to the old province. Quebec, not to be outdone by its partner in old Canada, had Ungava added to its large provincial area and these two—the largest and most important members of the original Confederation group—were apparently satisfied for the time being with the additional opportunities for expansion and with rich territory and resources which meant largely increased resources to their provincial coffers.

Their two Maritime partners, however, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, were not so fortunate. Their geographical position prevented either from acquiring more territory. With the State of Maine on the west and Quebec on the north, New Brunswick could not reach out. Nova Scotia, almost surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean, was in an even more awkward position with regard to increased territory.

### The Maritime Protest

BUT, if the people of Canada outside of the Maritimes thought that the undivided and rich areas of the western and northern portions of the Dominion could be given away without protest from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, they were mistaken. The formation of three great western provinces came about in due time. Large tracts of splendid land were given to the Canadian Pacific and other railways to promote the construction of transportation routes and the encouragement of settlement. Again other large areas within the boundaries of the new provinces were reserved by the Federal Government to be controlled and administered from Ottawa. Because of this, the prairie provinces were given federal subsidies every year much in excess and out of all proportion to those paid to the Maritime Provinces. Ontario and Quebec could not object because of the increased territory they expected and apparently New Brunswick and Nova Scotia did not have influence enough to be listened to.

The western provinces are again insisting that all the Dominion lands within their borders shall be handed over to them, and I regret to note that some of their citizens, prominent in politics and business, feel that the eastern provinces have no claims for consideration or increased subsidies when these lands are handed over to them.

If this Dominion expects to remain a harmonious group of federal provinces, prospering through mutual co-operation, the rights of the original maritime members of Confederation must be respected. When lands in the prairie provinces were withheld from the western provinces when they entered the union, they obtained annually large sums of money instead. Now if these lands are handed over to them, they must surrender their claims to the increase in the subsidies and let New Brunswick and Nova Scotia be reimbursed for their interest in those lands.

There is no spirit of antipathy to the West in the East. On the contrary, many of the ties binding the Maritime Provinces to the West are stronger than the bonds of Confederacy. Thousands, yes, tens of thousands of our sons and daughters have lent their energies to populating and building up the West. Many of the leading public men and broad-minded women in the West look back with love and often longing to the eastern hillsides where they were born. Census after census the Maritimes have been simply marking time in population because our sons and daughters with that pioneer and adventure spirit, which has spread the British Empire over the globe, have gone to the prairie provinces and enabled their new Canadian Dominion to retain its Canadianism, keeping alive and uppermost the spirit of the Empire, loyalty to the Crown and the institutions of free



HON. W. E. FOSTER,
Premier of New Brunswick.

government which mean so much to every native subject and which might have found difficulty in surviving and expanding if the large foreign immigration had been left to guide western destinies.

### Grievances Deep-rooted.

THEREFORE, it is not possible for us to have anything but the kindliest feelings for the west, but our friendship must rest upon the sure foundation of esteem which is the offspring of justice and fair dealing and just as the Maritimes were glad to speed the new provinces on their way and to assist them by the loan of their share of the resources of Confederation, as well as the cream of its youth, armed with ability, capital and the spirit which conquers all obstacles, so the people of the Maritime Provinces expect prompt recognition of fair claims not based upon sentiment, but upon the conditions of the partnership pact called Confederation.

Careful readers of the newspapers and particularly that portion of the press which gives prominence to the proceedings in Parliament at Ottawa, as well as what takes place when important delegations wait upon the government there, must have noticed that one of the notable events at the close of the last session was the presence in Ottawa of a large number of business men from the Maritime Provinces protesting against the present freight tariff between this portion of the Dominion and the western provinces.

No such delegation, composed of the most prominent business men and representatives from many commercial bodies and Boards of Trade, would have waited upon the government with regard to this matter unless there was a genuine grievance.

Again we must go back to history and as confederation is only a little more than a half century old, we do not have to go back beyond the memory of very many who are living to-day. Our older men can remember well the story of and the struggle for Confederation. The first time it was submitted to us in New Brunswick, the proposition was rejected and this province, in common with Nova Scotia, only accepted it just prior to 1867, when all of the conditions were apparently satisfactory. Such men as Sir John A. Macdonald, George Brown, D'Arcy Magee and Sir George Etienne Carter, in their frequent speeches at many conferences between 1864 and 1867, pointed out to the Maritime Provinces, what gain there would be to them from a united Canada. They dwelt strongly upon the fact that there could be no political union unless there was commercial union, which would result in the products of the Maritimes seeking the western market and the manufacturers of the West seeking an eastern outlet. They proposed that the Intercolonial Railway should be built to connect Upper Canada with the Maritime Provinces. This Intercolonial Railway was to be the real link of Confederation, it was not to be considered as a business proposition, it was not built to pay dividend. In addition to being the bond of Confederation it was to be a railway over which the soldiers of England could be sent if necessary on Canadian soil to the western part of Canada or en route to the Pacific.

### The Link With the U. S.

BEFORE Confederation the Maritime Provinces were very closely associated with the New England States, commercially and socially. They were closer to Maine, Massachusetts and New York than they were to Quebec and Ontario. When business men wanted to go to Upper Canada they travelled via Portland, Maine, or Boston, Massachusetts. When they wanted to replenish their stocks they bought in Boston or New York and even for some years after Confederation while the Intercolonial Railway was being built around the North Shore of New Brunswick and along the St. Lawrence, the men who represented the Maritime Provinces and sat in Parliament at Ottawa, had to travel to and from their legislative duties via the Grand Trunk at Portland or some connecting railway at Boston.

These facts may give the younger generation of to-day, growing up in the West and taking an active part in the administration of affairs at Ottawa, a better idea of the promises held out to the Maritime Provinces before Confederation, as well as conditions which existed then. The promised freight rates on the Intercolonial Railway were very satisfactory for a long time. They were really provided for by the British North America Act, although not expressly stated, but there could be no doubt whatever that the construction of the Intercolonial Railway was the pivotal point upon which Confederation, as far as the Maritime Provinces were concerned, turned. This is the paragraph in the British North America Act, which refers expressly to this matter and I am sure that all interested in the claims of the Maritime Provinces for consideration in the matter of freight rates, will read it with very much interest and thought:

> "Inasmuch as the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have joined in a declaration that the construction of the Intercolonial Railway is essential to the consolidation of the union of British North America, and to the assent thereto of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and have consequently agreed that provision should be made for its immediate construction by the Government of Canada: Therefore, in order to give effect to that agreement, it shall be the duty of the Government and Parliament of Canada to provide for the commencement within six months after the Union of a railway connecting the River St. Lawrence with the City of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and for the construction thereof without intermission, and the completion thereof with all practicable speed."

It was not until the Intercolonial Railway or Government Railway System was fused with the Canadian Northern System and the present board of management created that there was any trouble with the freight tariffs between the East and the West, but since that time the freight rates have been made almost prohibitive. Nova Scotia's coal which, ever since the Intercolonial Railway was built, found a ready market in the West, is now practically shut out because of the heavy freight rates.

### A Particular Railway Grievance.

IT WILL be apparent to anyone who has followed public opinion in the Maritime Provinces, that there is great insistence at the present time upon the carrying out of the Confederation agreement or pact in the spirit as well as in the letter. The Intercolonial Railway is not the only connecting link between the province of Quebec and the Maritimes at the present time, but as it was promised it was the very pivot of the Confederation agreement. The Maritime Provinces have carried out their part of the contract to the letter and it is only natural that they should expect the business men and politicians of the Upper Provinces and the West to observe all of the conditions and to keep all of the promises which brought about Confederation.

Permit me to refer briefly to a railway situation in New Brunswick that has given the Government of which I am Premier, very much concern and has already been a considerable burden upon the resources of our small province.

I refer to the St. John and Quebec Railway, an agitation for the construction of which began as far back as 1909-10, finally resulting in the Government of Canada and the Government of New Brunswick coming to an agreement, whereby the province undertook to assist in the construction of a railway about two hundred miles in length from a point near St. John to Grand Falls on the Transcontinental, and the Dominion of Canada undertaking, for the Government Railway System, to operate this road when completed on a basis of sixty per cent. to the Intercolonial Railway and forty per cent. to the St. John and Quebec Railway for the payment of the interest upon the bonds.

In the carrying out of that agreement it was understood that this new railway down the valley of the St. John, one of the richest agricultural sections in the province, was to really form a part of the Transcontinental Railway System and that much of the freight from the West would be routed to tide-water at St. John over the new road. If the people of New Brunswick had not been assured of this, which meant an adequate revenue for the payment of interest upon the bonds guaranteed by the province, the railway would not have been constructed. However, after construction was begun in May 1912, the Federal Government of the day, cancelled that part of the subsidy from Andover to Grand Falls and changed the route of the Valley Railway agreed upon in the first instance, making the terminus at Westfield, a point on the Canadian Pacific Railway, from which it was necessary to obtain running rights into St. John, instead of Rothesay, a point on the Intercolonial Railway some nine miles from St. John, which would have afforded an entrance over the new road to that proposed addition to St. John Harbor called Courtenay Bay.

It was about this time that there was a change of railway policy on the part of the Dominion Government and the Transcontinental from Moncton to Winnipeg was taken over as a part of the Government Railway System and the result of this move to New Brunswick was that instead of freight being routed over the Valley Railway—or, rather, instead of there being any prospect of its being diverted to St. John in this way—what through freight has been carried over the Transcontinental has gone via Moncton to Halifax. It readily will be seen therefore that the enlargement of the Canadian Government Railway System, whereby the Transcontinental between Moncton and Winnipeg and the Canadian Northern were taken over, meant practically ruination for the St. John and Quebec Railway.

The road was completed from Centerville to Westfield, a little less than one hundred and sixty miles, and the proceeds from the forty per cent. of the gross earnings has in many years been less than a quarter of the amount of interest upon the guaranteed bonds which now have reached between six and seven millions of dollars.

### Were Western Provinces Favored?

BUT many of the other provinces of the Dominion, particularly the western provinces, guaranteed bonds for the Canadian Northern Railway and Grand Trunk Pacific branch lines according to the railway statistics before these roads were purchased or taken over; British Columbia was responsible for more than sixty million dollars of guaranteed bonds; Alberta for more than forty-five millions; Manitoba for more than twenty-five million, and Saskatchewan for more than twenty-two millions. The taking over of the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific by the Federal Government relieved these provinces from the burdens of their guarantees and of course established their credits more firmly in the money markets of the world. But New Brunswick, with a railway under lease to the Canadian Government Railway System, and with all sorts of broken obligations on the part of the Federal Government with respect to it, was left to struggle alone and pay the interest upon the bonds guaranteed. These amounted to between six and seven millions and might have been and should have been included in the general guarantee amnesty.

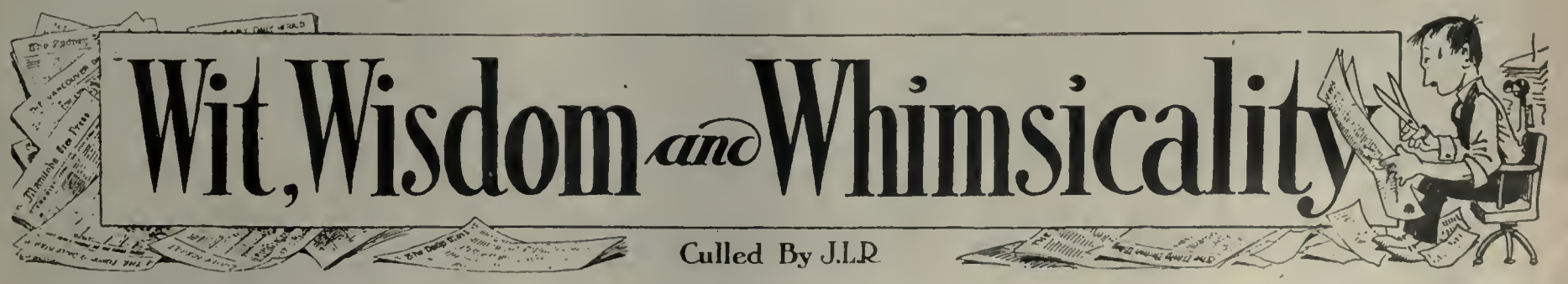
As it is, however, the interest upon these bonds not provided for by the forty per cent, which amounted last year to one quarter of a million dollars, must be paid by or arranged for by the Province of New Brunswick. The legislature at its last session felt so strongly about this matter that a resolution was passed unanimously calling upon the Dominion Government to give careful consideration to the taking over of the St. John and Quebec Railway and the assumption of its liabilities at the earliest possible moment.

The foregoing will naturally suggest that there are important differences between the provinces and the Dominion. From time to time delegations from different provincial governments have met the federal government at Ottawa, sometimes together and sometimes separately, and have discussed many of the questions that are apparently unsettled. Nothing real and tangible has resulted up to this time, and in view of this and also in view of the fact that relations between the provinces and the Dominion must be placed on an absolutely fair footing, I have a suggestion to make, namely: That a federal court of arbitration, consisting perhaps of three persons, should be appointed by the federal government with authority to hear and consider all of the claims and evidences of the different provinces and to make recommendations that would be fair to everybody.

Optimism is the oxygen of our national atmosphere. Without a generous amount of it Canada cannot thrive and prosper. Belief and faith between province and province and implicit reliance in the justice of the federal government are necessary spurs to urge us forward swiftly and victoriously in the national race for supremacy. To lose our optimism is to lose our faith and our courage and the visions of prosperity, and a United Canada will fail to materialize, but with hope and confidence, abundant and assured, that all that was implied in the Confederation pact will be carried out, the Maritime Provinces will go forward and furnish the link between Western Canada and the Atlantic and take their place in the Canadian Circle.

*TWO ISSUES IN ONE.*

*YOUR July 1 and July 15 MACLEAN'S have been amalgamated into one—the July issue. This has been found necessary owing to the fact that the printers' strike has not yet terminated, and it may be necessary to issue only one also in August. But after that, strike or no strike, you may count on the usual two issues per month, as the MacLean Publishing Co's. mechanical force will, within a short time, be fully manned. Readers may be interested to note how the amalgamation of issues gives them a very much larger "slice" of our new serial "The Valley of Gold." The issues missed will be made up to all subscribers by an automatic extension of their subscriptions.*



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R

**Not Worth Planting.**—It's the men not worth burying that fill up the cemetery.—Cobalt Nugget.

* * * *

**Saying It Firmly.**—In Belfast they don't say it with flowers, but with cobblestones.—Cobalt Nugget.

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**Needed a Silencer.**—About now somebody might oblige with inventing a noiseless celery.—Brandon Sun.

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**He Never Can Tell.**—Man reaps what he sows unless he is an amateur gardener.—Kingston British Whig.

* * * *

**The One Best Way.**—One way to remove poverty is to let the babies select their parents.—Kitchener Record.

* * * *

**Tit for Tat.**—For every woman who makes a fool out of a man there is another woman who makes a man out of a fool.—Kingston British Whig.

**We Think So.**—May a piece of scandal going the rounds be termed a "grew some" tale?—London Free Press.

* * * *

**Heredity Counts.**—Our theory is that most of these boy robbers were sired by umpires.—Kingston British Whig.

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**The Added Ex.**—It is not unnatural for a sweet, pensive girl to become ex-pensive as she gets older.—Guelph Herald.

* * * *

**A Long Way To Go.**—It is still a long way to normalcy when a lot of girls who were satisfied with porch swings last year are insisting on automobiles.—Quebec Telegraph.

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**Internal Unrest.**—Some of the unrest of the world would seem to be due to the intense desires of people to eat something that doesn't agree with them.—Guelph Herald.

**Envy.**—Bill says that the other day he saw a horse suffering from the blind staggers. And it made him lonesome.—Manitoba Free Press.

* * * *

**The Optimist.**—A man who can eat limburger cheese and not feel lonesome must have a cheerful nature.—Hanna, Alta., Herald.

* * * *

**Habit.**—Sometimes a man's will leaves everything to his wife, and that's just what a lot of them do during life.—Manitoba Free Press.

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**It Makes a Difference.**—When a man says he feels like a three-year-old, he should explain whether he is thinking of a colt or a motor car.—Palmerston Spectator.

* * * *

**Seems Likely.**—Eleven people fell off the docks at Sarnia into the St. Clair River on Monday. Somebody must have opened a "crock."—Palmerston Spectator.

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Labor Becomes Own Employer

*How Co-operative Labor in Italy Displaces the Middleman Contractor*

LIONEL SMITH-GORDON

LABOR leaders in Italy have inaugurated a system by which labor itself undertakes contracts and shares the profits among its own members. The plan is described by Mr. Smith-Gordon in the *Quarterly Review.*

After speaking of the discontent caused among the workmen by the middlemen whose profit depended upon the extent to which they could victimize the gangs of laborers employed by them, he continues:—

"It is at this point that we have to admire the behavior of the Italian labor leaders. Instead of being content with merely destructive work and settling down to a series of strikes and lock-outs varied by rioting, they turned their minds to definite constructive organization, based on the theory that the contracts in question could be just as well carried out by themselves without the aid of an extortionate middleman. From this theory was born in 1883 the first co-operative labor society at Ravenna. The object of this society was to contract direct with the local authorities and the central government for the carrying out of public works. In spite of many serious difficulties success was soon achieved, and the example was speedily followed by other unions. There are now some 300 of these societies in Italy—mainly in the northern provinces—and they carry out between them, with the aid of local federations, work running into millions of pounds in a year.

"The organization of these societies is simple. They are governed by three bodies: a general committee, elected from the body of the members and composed of workers only, which has charge of general matters of policy; a small supervisory committee responsible directly to the general meeting of the members, which audits the accounts and sees to the proper keeping of the books and observance of the rules and by-laws of the society; finally, a technical committee, which, generally speaking, consists only of an expert engineer and a secretary with legal training, to look after the taking of contracts, the distribution of work, and the fixing of wages and salaries.

"When a piece of work is definitely undertaken, employment is given to the various members of the society in rotation. A maximum working day is fixed in such a way as to spread the work as far as possible while allowing a living wage. If there is more than enough work for the members, outside labor may be taken on. All wages, whether to members or non-members, must be at the rate fixed by the local Trades Council, and are paid weekly. The advantage of members over non-members, besides the fact that they have a prior claim to employment, lies in their right to share in the profits. These profits are put in the first place to the reserve fund for the purpose of building up capital for new enterprises; and any surplus remaining after this provision has been made is divided among the members in proportion both to the capital supplied by them (which as a rule is very small) and to the number of days' work done. The individual society as a rule is composed entirely of members of one particular trade or branch of trade—such as bricklayers, carpenters, brass-workers, etc.—and, for the purpose of carrying out a complete contract, a number of such societies representing allied trades are grouped together in a federation. The federation takes the contract itself and then turns over each separate part of it to the appropriate federated society. Thus in Genoa we find a federation of Ligurian societies representing some sixteen or seventeen different trades. During the early years of the war this federation undertook the building of a very large hospital to the orders of the municipal authorities; and the total amount finally expended upon the contract was the equivalent of $2,500,000, at pre-war rates of exchange. The whole of this work was conducted by co-operative societies affiliated to the federation, from the excavation of the foundations to the erection of the electric light fittings, and the completed buildings are generally acknowledged to be thoroughly satisfactory and exceedingly cheap.

"The two chief difficulties with which societies of this type were met at the outset were the maintenance of discipline and the provision of working capital sufficient to finance undertakings which would keep all the members employed. The way in which discipline has been enforced throughout the movement is a source of amazement to those who hold the traditional idea of the Italian laborer as a volatile and explosive individualist. It is provided that immediate expulsion, with total loss of share capital, shall be the fate of any members 'che con parole sediziose insisteranno a voler mettere il disaccordo nella Societa, che daranno causa ad alterchi o disordini sul lavoro.' And again we find in the provisions with regard to liquidation that, if at any time the number of members falls below twenty, the Society automatically ceases and the survivors divide the funds, whereas, if it dissolves 'in causa di divergenze irreconciliabili,' the whole of the money goes to the Commune—a rule which must have a strong deterrent effect on the schismatic.

"With regard to working capital, a feeling soon sprang up that the societies which had obtained a certain degree of favor and legal concessions from the government in return for the official contracts they undertook were entitled also to state support in regard to credit, pending the payment of their bills.

"The capital is provided mainly by the large public savings banks (which are themselves non-profit-making bodies with state charter), together with a few of the biggest people's banks and the two central workers' insurance societies. Advances are made to labor societies against the certificates issued to them by the public authorities whose contracts they take; and credit is also granted to consumers' stores, farming and building societies. Special grants in aid of these loans are made by government departments; and the rising power of the Socialist party, which is closely identified with the co-operative movement, has brought about an increase in the amounts so allocated. In this way the problem of the provision of working capital has been largely solved, while the exemption from certain taxes and a greater degree of freedom in tendering than is allowed to private companies has put these societies in a specially favored position."

## Four Hundred Millions of Loot

*American Supplies Sold to France are Found to Have Been Stolen and Pillaged.*

EMMANUEL BOURCIER

FOUR hundred million dollars' worth of American goods of every description sent over to France during the Great War has been looted in a manner almost beyond belief. There have been already more than a thousand arrests following the disclosures of Mr. Bourcier, who in *Current Opinion* says:

"There were 158 American camps in France on the day of the armistice. Their contents were sold in July, 1919, to the French Government for four hundred million dollars. They at once became the prey of profiteers, and the last French Assistant Secretary of State responsible for their sale—M. Emmanuel Brousse—stated in the Chamber of Deputies that in less than twelve months he had prosecuted 510 cases of pillage, that 463 verdicts of guilty had been returned by the courts, which had inflicted 91,868 francs in fines, 91,782 francs in taxes, and had awarded 683,203 francs damages to the State. Of persons employed by the Government, 4,207 had been dismissed and 3,488 of them had not been replaced.

"Millions upon millions of dollars' worth of goods have been stolen or allowed to rust and the debate in the Chamber showed that those responsible for the pillage were not always dishonest employees of greedy profiteers, but that many belonged to nearly every French Government Department.

"Entire camps were utterly wasted by the action of the elements—rain, mud and snow. In some cases automobiles have been left in the open air for two years and cannot now be sold, as they have resolved into masses of old iron covered with rust. Other goods, tons of food supplies of all sorts, of tobacco, of army blankets, have suffered the same fate.

"At the time of the transfer the Americans, being no longer owners of the camps, withdrew the 100,000 men that were guarding them, and the French Government detailed 1,500 men to perform the same service. Immediately profiteers flocked to these ill-guarded camps and began to loot them without more ado.

"It is doubtful whether the French Government itself realized the enormous quantity of supplies of all kinds which it had purchased. Certainly no

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preparations had been made for the sale of such huge quantities of goods. As a matter of fact, no one knew exactly who was responsible for their sale.

"The arrests and prosecutions were not confined to Frenchmen alone. In his speech on February 15, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. Emmanuel Brousse named several Americans who have been convicted of looting. He said:

" 'And in July, 1919, after our Service of Liquidation had taken possession of the stocks, there occurred a regular pillage of the goods sold to France. Some of the Americans who remained, in complicity with profiteers who always hang around such organizations, were guilty of such looting that it was necessary to arrest not only a number of American soldiers, but also certain officers, who were sentenced to severe punishment. One of them for his part had stolen from the camp at Montoir 1,500 Cadillac automobiles and thousands upon thousands of tons of other merchandise—two full shiploads, which left St. Nazaire for the United States filled with goods belonging to us. This captain was sentenced to one year's imprisonment by the court at Poitiers. At St. Sulpice a Captain Pepin was prosecuted for the embezzlement of automobiles and at Brest on August 11, 1919, a large and fraudulent sale of canned goods was made to local dealers by a Captain Lohmann. I could cite many other instances.'

"At the outset the goods were sold wholesale to anyone who came to buy, no matter what his position or business and without seeking any financial guarantee or obtaining business references, and without the purchasers even incurring any liability.

"It is a fact that any one could go and buy even without money. Men who had been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary for theft had the audacity to present themselves as purchasers of the entire contents of a camp for fifty million francs. They were supposed to pay ten per cent. of the purchase price as a guarantee and calmly deposited a check for five million francs as security with the Government, which remained gloriously ignorant of the fact that there was not a penny in the bank to meet the check had they decided to present it.

"In the inquiry which I conducted to obtain material for my press campaign I gained personal knowledge of some of the devices used to rob the State.

"In order to make it as difficult as possible for the profiteers, I suggested in my press campaign that all the goods sold from the American stocks should be stamped in such a manner as to show the public at once the source of purchase. That would have been easy. Woollen and cotton goods, khaki, sheeting, socks, boots, etc., could have been given a distinctive stamp and a special mark placed upon hardware. If that had been done one would never have witnessed what I myself saw—army socks bought for one cent and resold to the public for a dollar, oil-stoves bought for fifteen francs and resold for seventy-five, and other goods retailed at similar rates of profit. But I could not get the suggestion adopted and the looting continued."




Rehse in New York World

"Say, Jimmie, how d' ja like ta be sittin' in de seat back of a Scooter Six?"
"Naw, not fer me...Give me de job as chauffeur on an ice wagon."

# Northcliffe, the Interviewer

*The "Big Man" Should be Able to Understand the Viewpoint of His Most Humble Employee*

GEORGE F. KEARNEY

MR. KEARNEY secured an interview with Lord Northcliffe. In *Leslie's* he tells how the interviewer became the interviewed. Here are a few of the questions the owner of the *Times* fired at him before he could get in a question of his own:—

"What was this mix-up over the marriage of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks?

"Why did Edward Bok retire as the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal?*

"How is Congressman J. Hampton Moore making out as Mayor of Philadelphia?

"Has Philadelphia got her art gallery yet?

"Does Mr. Harding write his own editorials?

"How big is the Ambassador Hotel in Atlantic City and did Linnard sell out his Western interests as well?

"Is Billy Sunday still popular?

"What is the reason for the large circulation of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin?*

"How many American Legion men are in Congress?

"Why did the American Legion change its bonus policy?

"Will General Pershing go into business?

"What do you know about the Non-Partisan League Movement?

"How much do they pay newspaper reporters in New York City?

"At first, I was inclined to think he was trotting out his knowledge of my country for the vanity of it. Yet question piled on question until I realized that I was facing the world's star-iest star reporter, who is a perfect fiend for digging information.

"There seemed little prospect of getting an interview from him. Several times I tried to put a question in edgewise—no use, it was flung back at me. My weary mind was beginning to feel all poked over. As time went on the predicament of the interviewer who had been turned into the interviewed amused me, and my grin broadened. Finally he stopped suddenly.

" 'What are you laughing at?' he demanded, screwing up his face.

" 'I am amused at the fate of my interview with you,' I explained. 'I was thinking how it would require a Lord Northcliffe to interview Lord Northcliffe.'

"The idea amused him. 'Oh, yes, you want a story from me,' he grinned. 'Let me see, you're writing for the American public . . . All right, you want me to talk on the secret of success . . . No, I'm not making fun of you. As a matter of fact that desire on the part of every American to know how to achieve success makes you the wonderfully constructive nation that you are.

" 'This is my formula for success. You have flattered me by saying that I am a good reporter. Being a good reporter makes me a good editor, but only in so far as I keep on being a good reporter. Being an editor makes me a good publisher, but only in so far as I keep in mind that a publisher is about as good a publisher as he is an editor. In other words, reducing things, I am only as good a publisher as I am a reporter. You know I still go out on assignments. I covered the Peace Conference, and I was the first man to get an exclusive interview with President Wilson at the Conference.

" 'I would say that this rule applied to success in any line of business. If I wanted to be a good builder I would learn to be a good bricklayer. My employees would have nothing on me, as you Americans say. If you look at your organization, as an executive, from your worker's point of view, with yourself as one of the working men, you are well on the way toward eliminating labor troubles.

" 'A man who heads a big organization is only as big as his ability to understand the work, and the viewpoint, of his most humble employee.' "

# Will This Prove to be a Cure?

*Thirty-four Months' Experiments Give Hope That Long Sought Remedy Is Found*

*Seienee,* (New York)

THAT considerable progress is being made in the search for a remedy for tuberculosis is reported by Professor Calmette, sub-director of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, in an interview obtained with him by the *Petit Journal*:

"Professor Calmette was careful to tell his interviewer not to proclaim too widely that a cure has been found. 'We are only at the dawn,' he said. 'The possibilities are vast, I can assure you, but we have still much work before us . . . in following the pathway which now lies open before us and which will lead us perhaps to a splendid realization of our hopes. Hope is now permissible.' Professor Calmette then gave an account of the results of his researches and those of Dr. Guerin, which proved that cattle and monkeys could be given immunity. A vaccine has been found for cattle. Experiments lasting over many months have given results said to be of importance. Professor Calmette stated that in a certain stable they placed five known tuberculous cows. With them were housed ten heifers, four of which had been given an effective vaccine, the other six had not been vaccinated. The trial lasted 34 months, some of the cattle being vaccinated each year. At the end of the time when the beasts were slaughtered it was found that of the four unvaccinated heifers three showed advanced tuberculosis. Of the six vaccinated beasts the two which had been vaccinated only once had distinct signs of the disease, but the four animals which had been vaccinated three times, although they had been in constant company with the tuberculous companions for thirty-four months, showed no trace of the disease. Further experiments on a large scale are now going on."

# Canine Instincts

*Timidity In "Man's Best Friend" Often Caused By Painful Experience*

L. E. EUBANKS.

TIMIDITY in dogs is often mistaken for dullness, writes L. E. Eubanks, in *Our Dumb Animals.* As with men, the author finds that the rather timid dog possesses exceptional intelligence, which soon responds to the proper treatment. He proceeds as follows:—

"Many dogs that fear nothing else are frightened out of their wits by a thunderstorm. We all know persons similarly susceptible, but we do not call them dense or cowardly. When

raging elements have the power so deeply to impress man with his insignificance, his utter impotence to combat them, why expect perfect equipoise in a dog?

"Often dogs are abused for their fear of fireworks. To me, this is an evidence of good sense in the dog; his head is much nearer the ground than a man's and his eyes in more danger from a sizzling cracker. Further, his hearing is keener and the detonation more of a nervous shock to him. I once saw a Boston terrier actually attack a big fire-cracker when it was about to explode, but I rather have my dogs reasonably afraid of such things. Their instincts are given them for self-protection. To tease a sensitive puppy with fireworks, in the hope of habituating him to them is generally useless—and always cruel. It will usually make him still more afraid, and end by his associating you with the object of his annoyance.

"'Gun-shy' dogs are pronounced worthless by sportsmen. One hunter tried in vain for months to accustom his setter to the gun's report. The dog would run away every time and subsequent discoveries showed that he had once been shot. Is it any wonder he feared a gun? Many times this is the case—that some former experience makes the dog afraid of certain objects.

"Another point: We surely should accord the dog the good sense to know his own weaknesses. As a boy, I owned a bulldog that could hardly walk a log across a stream to save his life. His sense of balance was sub-normal, and he knew it. Unless the log was particularly large he preferred to swim the stream. It must have been the fall he dreaded, because the worst that could have happened was a tumble into the water—to which he took by choice.

"One more instance of the good canine sense too often called cowardice: A friend and I were the joint owners of a canoe, and he had a valuable foxhound. At the beginning my partner knew nothing about paddling, and was particularly clumsy in learning. On the other hand, I had been used to canoes, and handled the little craft with some skill and confidence. The dog seemed to understand conditions, for he absolutely refused to get into the boat with his master; but would go with me any time. On land, he was a 'one man dog,' and would do anything his master ordered. Either observation or some peculiar instinct warned him that his master was no boatsman and might give him a spill."

# Can Australia Be Kept White?

*Colored Races May Be Indispensable to Develop Resources*

*The Straits Times*

WHETHER a White Australia may not after all be a practical impossibility is the question raised by an article in the Singapore *Straits Times*, which points out that the white man can never flourish in the sub-tropical northern territory as a manual laborer, and that without colored labor there is no way in which this territory may be peopled and its potentialities of wealth developed. The writer continues:—

"If colored colonists were welcomed in certain parts of the continent, the Chinese would be fine material. They settle down readily, as they have done in Malaya. They are content that others should govern as long as they get simple justice and liberty to follow their own customs. In a generation or two they might be loyal Australians, ready to fight for their country. One can speak with less knowledge of the Japanese. Like the Chinese they tenaciously preserve their racial identity, but we are not sure that they are as content to live peacefully under a government which gives them justice. We have a great many Chinese in Malaya who have become British subjects in the full sense of the term, but always one wonders whether that may not be explained by the comparative political impotency of China.

"That is one phase of the question that Australia will have to consider in relation both to Chinese and Japanese. They would have less anxiety, perhaps, if they offered great facilities for Indian settlement in the northern territory, yet it would be easy to state obstacles to that also. We have no kind of doubt that parts of Australia will have to be opened to Asiatic immigration, but the sovereign rights of the British founders of the country can never be called in question and will be guarded by the whole Empire, if Australian policy has, in the meantime, done justice to the natural land hunger of other races."

Speaking of the moral aspect of the question, we read further:—

"Australia has a population of about six millions on a continent of nearly three million square miles—or roughly an average of two persons to the square mile. For contrast, Japan, including the islands close to it, has an area of 260,438 square miles and a population of 57,000,000, or substantially over 200 to the square mile. What one realizes is that no force tends more to the production of war than pressure of population upon the means of subsistence. Also, we think, it is necessary to bear in mind that the moral right to possession of any territory is the will and the power to use it advantageously. No race has a right to play dog in the manger at the expense of others. Australians are reminding us that they made great sacrifices and fought most gallantly in the Great War. Their service can never be forgotten, and they have a right to ask whether the Empire they fought for will stand by them if they are in danger. Unquestionably it will if they make fair use of their vast country, but it would be impossible for the Empire to stand permanently in support of three million square miles being jealously held for the use of six million souls, while in other countries hundreds per square mile were gasping for the means of subsistence."

# Motion Pictures in Germany

*Fractional Cost of Production Enables Severe Competition.*

ROLAND C. EDWARDS

PROTECTION of the American film industry has lately been sought on behalf of more than 60,000 workers whose livelihood is said to be threatened by the 300 German pictures on the American market. In the New York *Tribune* Mr. Edwards, who is a producing manager, writes as follows:

"There are at this time 300 German pictures on the American market, and when you figure that each one of these negatives may produce many hundreds of positives for projection, an appreciation of the displacement of this American industry, with great consequent loss to American prestige, will be comprehended.

"Germany has shown the only way to meet this destructive competition. Her motion-picture industry has enjoyed the protection of a limited foreign importation for two years. Only 600,000 feet of film from all other countries has been admitted. This is equal to only 15 per cent. of German production.

"The motion-picture industry is the fifth largest in the world. Since the industry is being fostered in Germany by the government and cost of producing is comparatively much smaller in Germany than here, producers can not compete with it.

"Two widely advertised pictures have been shown here recently. They were made in Germany and cut and titled here for American consumption. One of them cost $7,000. It would have cost $550,000 to produce it here. The other cost $20,000 and would have cost $650,000 to produce here. South-American cinema trade is already German."

An editorial writer in the New York *Times* dealing with the same question, says:

"It is true that German production cost at present is far lower than in this country. It is also true that the German feature films lately shown here are better than anything that ever came out of Los Angeles.

"The motion-picture industry has boasted so much of its size, and of its genius in increasing the cost of production without any particular reason except the desire to surpass all competitors, that, as Mr. Brady says, it can hardly ask for protection as an infant in danger of strangulation by foreign competition. The demand for the protection of American films is really a demand for the protection of bathos and stupidity. The real German menace in the moving-picture field is the menace of superior intelligence. And the men who make the German historical spectacles never seem to have caught the Los Angeles idea that art is chiefly a matter of quantity.

"The motion-picture will almost certainly suffer, both as an industry and as an art, from the operations of State censorship. American producers can not afford to lie down and go to sleep in the serene conviction that they are beyond all need of artistic improvement, merely because a State commission takes over the responsibility for their moral improvement. There is a good deal of talent in the American motion-picture industry, even though the supply of genius is somewhat less enormous than motion-picture believe. If the art is subjected to censorship of ridicule and competition it may lose some of the characteristics which occasionally make sensible observers despair of its future."

# A New Mecca for Pilgrims

*Revival of the Greek Drama at Syracuse, Sicily*

*The Outlook*

BEFORE the war Bayreuth was the objective annually of thousands of pilgrims desirous of hearing the compositions of Wagner. For those who feel the desire to undertake journeys of this nature a new field offers itself in the revival of ancient Greek drama at Syracuse in the great open theatre which was actually visited by the dramatist Aeschylus before the Christian Era. These revivals were begun in 1914 when the "Agamemnon" was given. Speaking of the immense amphitheatre we read in *The Outlook*:—

"It was hewed out of the living rock and was very large, capable of holding some 24,000 persons.

"At that time Magna Graecia was powerful and Syracuse was an important city. When Aeschylus, the hero (for he had fought against the Persians at Marathon and Salamis) and poet, landed in Sicily, he was welcomed by a people who were lovers of art. His dramas were performed in the Syracuse theater. When he died, 456 B.C., at Gela, in Sicily, he was deeply mourned and his remains were buried with almost divine honors.

"In 1914 his 'Agamemnon' was given at Syracuse and with great effect and success. Those who were present can never forget it. The associations, the charm of the place, the color of land and sea, the long look backward into the glories of Greece, combined to make this spectacle unlike any similar attempt elsewhere.

"Those who arranged this revival intended to continue the Syracuse representations and immediately to follow this first performance with 'Choephori' and 'Eumenides,' the other parts of the particular trilogy. (Aeschylus wrote some eighty plays.) But when the great disaster came upon the world there was no time to think of mock tragedies. So seven years have gone and the Syracuse theater has been left to its own silence.

"It is now full of life once more. Greek tragedy has been revived and

# Powerful Solvent Discovered

*One Form of Selenium Will Dissolve Many Products Hitherto Thought Insoluble*

DR. VICTOR LENHER

THE golden dream of the alchemist of old was to discover a solvent which should dissolve metals, stone, wood, earth, minerals, in fact every solid thing. A new liquid with remarkable properties which will partly realize this dream is described in *The American Exporter* by Dr. Lenher, professor of chemistry at the University of Wisconsin:—

"Tests have shown that selenium oxychlorid, as the solvent is called, dissolves rubber, glues, enamels, hydrocarbons and many other substances which hitherto have been regarded as most resistant to all chemical agencies except fire.

"Such products as redmanol, bakelite and condensite, which are used as substitutes for amber in the making of tobacco pipes and for many other industrial purposes and have been until now regarded as insoluble in all known solvents, are readily dissolved by selenium oxychlorid, according to the announcement of Dr. Lenher. By its use ordinary paints, varnishes and shellacs can be removed from furniture and carriages and other objects without injuring the wood, and enamels can be taken from automobiles completely without affecting the steel body.

"'Its solvent powers are so vigorous,' said Dr. Lenher, 'that it will remove the bitumen from soft coal, but will not attack the pure carbon of anthracite. The coconut charcoal in the gas mask,' continued Dr. Lenher, 'can be activated by this new reagent by treatment at ordinary temperatures, which is a considerable advance over the older steam activation at a white heat.'

"The use of activated charcoal in the extraction of gasoline from natural gas is one which is interesting chemists today, as it will tend to increase the supply of fuel for motor vehicles, and still leave the gas available for household and industrial purposes."

in a manner worthy of all admiration and interest. This time the play chosen is 'Choephori.' It has been translated into Italian by Professor Romagnoli. Noted artists and architects are responsible for the necessary rebuilding, the stage setting, and the designing of the costumes. The best actors have been secured and the chorus and minor parts carefully selected. Trains are run from Rome to Syracuse without change, as the carriages are taken over to Sicily on ferryboats. Fair accommodations can be had in Syracuse, though it is necessary to write for them in advance."

# Australian Cotton Prospects

*Australian-Grown Product Equal to the Best American*

CRAWFORD VAUGHAN, (Late Premier South Australia).

AUSTRALIA'S ability to rival the United States as a cotton-growing country is discussed in the current *Contemporary* by Mr. Vaughan. He mentions the search made in many remote parts of the earth by representatives of the Lancashire spinners for unexploited cotton lands, and then goes on to say:

"The one important part of the Empire which seems to have escaped the vigilant eye of the shrewd Lancashire spinner is Australia. Yet here is a continent which offers a latitude and conditions of climate and soil more like that offered by the American cotton zone than any country in the world. The quality of the cotton grown in Australia is equal in staple to the best American. And cotton grows wild in many parts of the Commonwealth. In February last year *The Times* published a cable as follows:

"'Mr. Davis Lindsay, the well known explorer, reports that he has discovered large tracts of new agricultural and pastoral land in the Northern Territory previously marked on the maps as desert land. Water, he says, is freely obtainable at comparatively shallow depths. Mr. Lindsay is convinced that cotton can be grown successfully in the newly-discovered tracts, and says that cotton is now growing there wild over scattered areas, even 200 miles inland, the seeds having been carried by birds and the wind. The cotton-growing industry could, Mr. Lindsay thinks, be successfully run in the district by white labor.'

"Wild cotton is frequently to be met with also in Queensland, and is not unknown in some of the other States. Commercially, cotton has actually been grown in Queensland for many years. Back in 1871 that State exported 2,500,000 pounds of cotton to London, although by 1917-18 the yield had declined to 54,280 pounds. In the peak period of the cotton yield in Australia the farmers did well with cotton at 8 cents a pound, but the fall to 2 cents a pound, and the labor shortage, made them turn their attention to more profitable and less variable crops. So for the time cotton ceased to count amongst Queensland's agricultural output.

"Since the war, however, and following the appreciation of the value of the cotton seed for oil-cake, margarine, and other productions, the area under cotton in Queensland has been steadily increasing.

"The cotton belt of Australia embraces an area as extensive as the cotton belt of America. From Charters Towers to Warwick and westward to Charleville is an immense area of country, the greater part of which will grow cotton which for quality and yield is unexcelled anywhere in the world. The tests so far have been widely scattered, but they have none the less been convincing.

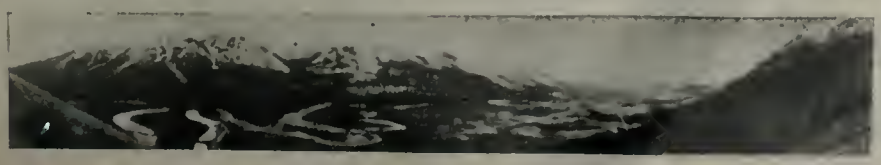
"In an overland journey which I took from Sydney to Adelaide, a distance of 850 miles, we passed through Yanko, and along the Lachlan and Murrumbidgee Rivers, and thence across the plains to the Darling and so on to Adelaide. Here were millions of acres, much of it suited to cotton culture; much of it, of course, too arid for successful cultivation, excepting where irrigation can be applied. The locking of the Murray, which is now being undertaken at a cost, for the whole scheme, of £4,250,000, will add immensely to the irrigated areas of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia. In these irrigated regions cotton grown as a 'help' to horticulture will be invaluable, especially in the early years, when the fruit trees are coming to maturity. As to Western Australia and the Northern Territory as potential cotton fields, one must talk not in acres, but in the terms of a Continent.

"The chief enemy of the settler is drought, but the principal habitation of this visitant to Australia is mainly the 'Never, Never,' the purely pastoral regions of the Australian Hinterland. In any case, periods of drought need not appal the Australian cotton grower. Ordinarily the areas referred to enjoy a bountiful rainfall which, as in the case of the Southern States of America, comes mainly in the summer months.

"The people of Australia have consistently refused to allow colored races to enter their Continent. Thus, whatever labor is to be made available for the harvests of cotton that Australia ultimately must develop, if it is to supply the world's needs, must be the produce of well paid white labor.

"Does this present an *impasse* to the development of cotton growing in Australia? Mr. Jones, (adviser in cotton culture to the Queensland Agricultural Journal), says emphatically it does not. 'I am convinced,' he says, 'that the white man has no peer in the cotton field, and that it is a crop eminently suited for white activities, and, moreover, a very profitable one.' Cotton offers a chance to the raw immigrant unequalled by any other crop, for it gives an immediate and profitable return.

"From whence is the available labor to come? The settlement of returned Australian soldiers on the soil offers a first-rate opportunity for the opening up of country lands in Australia to cotton production. The British ex-service man who intends to emigrate is also likely to look to the Commonwealth as an attractive field for building his new home, and here again cotton should not be without its appeal. Immigration from countries like Italy, the government of which encourages its people to go abroad, must spill over, as it were, from America across the Pacific to Australia, and no white labor could be more suited to the semi-tropical cotton belts than labor from Southern Italy. But one thing the cotton grower must reckon with. He will not find any influx of pauper labor tolerated in the great democracy of Australia. At the same time he need not anticipate any serious objection to immigration even on a large scale, provided the country's natural resources, so long lying dormant in the island continent, are unlocked to the needs of the Empire and the world."






# What Will Tomorrow Bring?

Would you go with full powers and beauties into the coming years? Then, cherish well the powers and the beauties which are yours today. Guard jealously that portal of your body, the mouth. Beware of Pyorrhea.

In its effect upon the body, Pyorrhea is akin to age. It depletes vitality, and weakens organs whose perfect functioning is essential to health. In its blight upon beauty, Pyorrhea is as merciless as Time.

*Watch your gums.* Pyorrhea begins with tenderness and bleeding of the gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay and loosen, or must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea germs which breed in little pockets about them. It is to these infecting germs which seep into the system through the gums that medical science has traced so many serious ills.

End your Pyorrhea troubles before they begin. Visit your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

**How to Use Forhan's**

***Use it twice daily, year in and year out.*** Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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*1—Whiteness*
*2—Fragrance*
*3—Abundant Lather*
*4—Easy Rinsing*
*5—Mildness*
*6—Purity*
*7—"It Floats"*

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DISHES shining in the sun—hands as soft and white as if they never had touched dishwater—these are the rewards of the woman who uses Ivory Soap for the china, silver and glass.

Ivory Soap, delightful for the toilet, is equally so for dishwashing. Everyone likes the thought of its clean sweet whiteness in connection with the dishes from which we eat. You will like its efficiency. Its abundant lather makes the washing easy; its perfect rinsing prevents the formation of the soapy film that dulls the lustre of china and glass.

Ivory soapsuds are as harmless as clear water. Use them for everything, and your daily tasks will take no toll from the beauty of your hands.

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PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS EST. 1837

"Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin, use Ivory"


# THE NEW NOR' WESTERS

*Continued from Page 29*

for Fort Norman. The vanguard of the incoming tide was Tony Neis. Tony and his party blundered on the identical island, and had their camp-fire going when the Pinskys shook the snow off their blankets and prodded the dogs out.

### And the North Seemed "Crowded"

AS FAR as Hay River Post, the Pinsky and Neis parties travelled together. At Hay River came a stop of a few hours, to rest and feed the dogs. The Pinsky party pulled out first, and thereafter kept the lead.

Two days out from Fort Simpson, the Pinskys ran into a novel experience. Just at nightfall the barking of dogs up the bank told them an Indian camp was near. The camp comprised a number of cabins. Everybody turned out to welcome them; the bucks helped them up the steep bank with their teams; and everybody shook hands all round, which is the way of the north country. The chief and his men helped unhitch the dogs, and later entertained the party in his comfortable cabin.

Fort Wrigley was as foodless as the Indians had predicted. No fish were to be had; so the remaining dogs reverted to their old diet of rice and tallow. An Indian woman cooked the men a five days' supply of bannock. She was no Marion Harland, by any means. "The stuff was darned hard chewing," confessed one of the party.

The party had calculated that the five days' supply of leathery bannock cooked by the squaw at Wrigley, would carry them through to Fort Norman. They had calculated, however, on fairly easy going. Now they found the Mackenzie ice once more twisted into hummocks and pinnacles. The going was tragically slow.

### At Last, the Burning Shale.

FOUR days later, with one day's food left, the situation had grown desperate. Fortunately, the next day's going was easier; and dogs and men were kept on the run. That night, however, which should have brought them to Fort Norman, there was no sign of human habitation. The grub supply was down to a few tough bannocks, a pinch of tea and some bacon scraps. The dogs got a limited ration; the men got precious little. They turned in hungry, saving enough for one light meal, the *piece de resistance* being merely a few fragments of sweet biscuit. At noon next day they enjoyed this last meal, such as it was, under the shelter of a spruce clad bank, and searched their grub-sacks diligently but vainly for further crumbs.

As darkness fell, the men on the trail scented smoke ahead. Dogs and men alike were jubilant; but their spirits drooped when, rounding a bend in the crooked river, they found that the smoke came from a burning shale bank. The burning oil-shale, however, at least told them their location. This smoke had continuously ascended to the northern skies for centuries; it was burning when, in 1789, Alexander Mackenzie first visited the great river that bears his name.

And within six miles lay Fort Norman. That was the one thing that mattered to the hungry, weary mushers. The tired dogs were urged on. At ten o'clock two or three distant lights glimmered on the high river bank. The barking of dogs filled the northern silence with a discord that was next-door to heavenly music. Never had lights gleamed so bright to men, or discord sounded so good!

The dog teams, hearing the clamor of their fellows, raced for the flickering lights. Men helped the party up the steep bank to the post. Here was Fort Norman—Fort Norman at last! The starving dogs and starving men were fed, and all made comfortable.

Thirty years and more ago a slim, yellow youth of sixteen from the Flowery Kingdom, landed in San Francisco. Within a few months he went north on an Alaskan sealer. Then the great, mysterious north gripped him, as it has gripped so many. The intervening thirty years, Jugrio Wada, better known as Wada the Jap, has spent practically all his time in Alaska, the Yukon and the Canadian Northwest.

Long before the Mackenzie oil strike, Wada the Jap was a great figure in the north country. Not great in a physical sense; for he is small and slight, tipping the scale at a scant 136 pounds, but 136 pounds of brain, sinew, muscle and trained endurance.

### Wada, the Amazing Musher.

BESIDE some of Wada's amazing journeys, his trip to the Mackenzie seems a holiday excursion. There was, many years ago, a trip from Nome to Herschel Island. With his little bell shaped tent, his nine-dog team and his sled, Wada journeyed from Nome to Cape Prince of Wales, thence along the Arctic Coast to Cape Blossom and Point Barrow, to Herschel Island. The last stage of the journey, from Point Barrow to Herschel, he travelled almost continuously for thirty-two days, his dogs in all that time never being unharnessed or unhooked from the tow-line. On the return trip, six days from Point Barrow, he found himself without food. He cut the seal lashings from his sled and the seal "mukluks" from his feet, and fed them to his dogs.

Such is the North!

Wada on the trail is a veritable insomniac. All he seems to see is his grim purpose to get there and back without waste of time. Out of the 364 hours from McMurray to Fort Norman, the little Jap spent 294 hours in actual travel. Out of 379 hours on the "outbound" journey from Norman to McMurray, he was 265 hours actually on the trail. And this was no pleasant afternoon walk in early spring, but footing it on snow shoes over difficult ground, breaking trail for dogs, beating up against blizzards, at a temperature averaging 25 to 30 below, and falling to 50 below.

That famous trip to Herschel, Wada kept his dogs 32 days in harness. That was grim necessity. He loves his dogs, and believes in using them well. Success on the northern trail is not merely a matter of human endurance; it also depends a great deal on canine stamina.

"Nothing I could buy was too good for the dogs," said Wada afterwards. Instead of rotten fish, he fed his animals tinned salmon, sardines and anything else that could be got at the trading posts. Part of his dog menu at times consisted of canned goods, beef steak, moose meat, butter, and the "Canadian tinned boiler dinner" so frequently used at the northern posts. One meal for his four dogs cost $5. Tony Neis went higher than that in emergency; one meal for nine dogs, with frozen fish the sole item on the bill of fare, cost him $45. Transcontinental dining cars and New York hotels must, after this, look to their laurels.

### Gold the Lure, Too.

WADA declared afterward his trip cost him $3,000. Most of that went for the upkeep of the one good d and three untrained pups. That h mushed through to Fort Norman and back with an outfit of that sort speaks volumes.

Despite the prominence given to the oil discoveries, gold remains the powerful lure with some. There are several gold prospectors at work on the shores of Great Slave Lake, while some have gone to the lower Mackenzie country. On June 1, Tom Williams, an old-time gold hunter of the Yukon, arrived at Peace River and went upstream instead of down. He will prospect for gold in northern British Columbia back from

Fort St. John. He is forty-eight years old, but thinks he has plenty of time to make a strike which will convert him into a wealthy man.

Peace River was all excitement during the first week in June over the reports of a gold strike seventy miles to the east of the town.

It is the far north that is attracting the most attention at the moment, but all the way from the Montana boundary there is oil prospecting going on. South of Calgary is the only field in Alberta that has been absolutely proven. The discoveries there in 1914 led to much excitement and speculation. In 1920 it had a production of 11,718 barrels and in 1919 of 16,000.

SCARCELY a week passes but what reports are circulated about some fresh discovery. Many drillers, according to the geologists, are operating in territory where there is no hope whatever of finding oil, but most of the work is scientifically planned and it is quite a possibility that the summer will see one or more strikes made within or close to the Alberta boundaries.

SUPT. JENNINGS left Edmonton June 16 to spend the summer in the north. He will be accompanied as far as Fort Providence by a judicial party headed by Judge Dubue, who will conduct a murder trial at Fort Providence. This will be the first time for a fully-constituted court, with a judge and jury, to be held at so remote a point in Canada. Up till now a J.P. court has been all that was available in these latitudes. Major Jennings, when an inspector at Herschel Island, in 1909, held the first such court on the Arctic coast. This year the Major is attempting to go to Herschel Island and return, in one season. This has never yet been done.

Hitherto, when murders have been committed in the Arctic or sub-Arctic country, it has been necessary to bring the prisoner down to one of the southern centres for trial. The case of the Eskimos who stood trial in Edmonton some years ago for the murder of two priests attracted world-wide interest, as an example of how far-reaching was the hand of British justice.

The task, however, which the inrush of the oil-seekers has placed upon the Mounted Police is a new one for this part of Canada. The R.C.M.P. has been alert to the needs of the situation and the strictest measures have been adopted to keep out of it all but those who are going into the country for legitimate purposes. Investigation is made in each case before a person is allowed to leave Peace River and Fort McMurray. There will be nothing wild or woolly about the camps on the Mackenzie.

PROVISION is also being made so that no one will enter without adequate supplies for the time he intends to stay. If he expects to winter there, he must have a full year's provisions. Unless special arrangements have been made it will be impossible to buy supplies from the trading posts. Those who report that they are going in for the summer only will be forced to come out at the time fixed for the return journey. Physical fitness will be insisted upon, for the northland is no place for weaklings. The powers of the police are wide. They may prohibit entrance for any of the reasons indicated, or, to quote the government pamphlet, "for any other reasons deemed advisable."

The development of the old Northwest gave us a new Canada. What may not the bringing in of the new Northwest mean?

# THE EYE IN THE FLAGSTAFF

*Continued from Page 25*

She had taken perhaps half a dozen steps across the room when there came a sudden metallic snap and four electric bulbs blazed into light. Kyrle stopped short, and for a moment surprise robbed her of all power of movement, for facing her across the room stood Sonia, Sir Trevor Warrington's daughter. For a brief portion of time Kyrle believed that she had made some puerile mistake in her search here for Tien T'ze, but the next moment that belief vanished.

"Stand still and keep quiet," said a man's voice behind her.

She glanced sharply around. Standing a yard behind her was Sir Trevor Warrington, a big black automatic covering her.

"Is it?" Sir Trevor inquired of his daughter.

The girl nodded.

"IT'S she, certainly," she replied.

"Turn and face me," Sir Trevor commanded.

Kyrle obeyed promptly. No doubt could remain now that the man was a member of Tien T'ze, if, indeed, he were not Tien T'ze himself. She had no desire to die by that automatic, for, alive, escape might always be possible, and by remaining a prisoner for a short time she might learn much.

As a result of this reasoning she made no attempt at resistance. Sonia with deft fingers removed the other's fur coat, rolled the sleeves of her silk blouse nearly to her shoulders, and bound her arms behind her at the wrists and elbows with a vicious thoroughness. When Sonia had finished Sir Trevor spoke.

"I shall not tell you that I am sorry to have to treat you in this manner, Miss Durande," he said, with a faint smile, "for in view of the surprisingly successful war which you have waged against my organization, that would obviously be absurd. At the same time, I do not see any immediate need to persecute you unduly, and I therefore suggest that you give me some little assistance. You will telephone to Mr. Donald Craig and tell him that you are quite safe, that you are on my trail, and that you will ring him again when you need him. You will do this, I assure you, and you will do it without conveying to him where you are, because you will use the telephone in this room, which I have privately connected to one in a certain house, which, should he search it—after tracing the calling number through the exchange—he will find empty. Now, I strongly recommend you to do just as you are told, and no more."

"Call Mr. Craig's number," he ordered.

KYRLE obeyed unhesitatingly. She had learned that the suspicions which she had hardly dared allow herself were correct; this man was Tien T'ze, and not for any consideration on earth would she have risked death at that moment, with such information in her possession.

Apparently Don answered the 'phone himself, for, prompted in a whisper from Sir Trevor, Kyrle said into the mouthpiece:

"Don't worry about me. I'll get on to you when I'm ready. I'm hot on the trail of Tien T'ze."

The instant she finished speaking the other girl pressed down the hook with her finger. Sir Trevor hung up the receiver and pocketed the automatic.

"Thank you," he said. "Sonia, I leave her with you; I am very busy." He turned on his heel and went out.

The moment the door closed behind him, Sonia crossed to a section of the bookcase, there came a sharp click, and the section swung out like a door, disclosing a flight of stone steps leading downwards in the thickness of the wall. She moved on to the top step and called sharply.

"Wong, Wong, Kwai ti!" (Wong, be quick!)

Kyrle pricked up her ears. So Sonia, too, spoke Chinese!

Already soft footsteps were sounding below in response to Sonia's call.

Kyrle laughed quietly.

"Take my advice," she said to Sonia; "break loose from this bluffer . . ." But she got no farther, for Wong neatly slipped a small wedge between her teeth and bound it in position with a thin cord. It was a neat, effective gag, and Kyrle found that an attempt to utter the slightest sound threatened to choke her. Swiftly Wong bound her ankles; then, raising her on his shoulders with no apparent effort, he carried her to the stone steps. There were thirteen of these steps, and then they entered a windowless room situated, evidently beneath the library, and on the same level as the cellars which Kyrle had examined. The room was lit by a single high-power electric globe set behind a dull glass basin in the centre of the ceiling. A heavy carpet covered the floor, Oriental hangings hid the stone walls, the furniture presented an aspect suggestive of the maximum of comfort, a queer square stone fireplace was built out from one wall, a large iron pipe which acted as a chimney disappearing through the ceiling and communicating, apparently, with the library chimney above; this pipe had been coated with some black composition and decorated in gold. Before the fireplace stood a tall fender, its heavy brass-work gleaming brightly. It was quite evident, Kyrle decided, that here was the real den of Tien T'ze.

HOW long she lay there she never knew, for after a time consciousness began to alternate with periods of blank nothingness.

It was on emerging from one of these blank periods that she became conscious of voices, whose clearness amazed her; it sounded as if the speakers were in the room. Distinctly she heard McIvor's voice saying, "You are entitled to the fullest explanation we can give," and the voice of Sir Trevor in reply: "I beg you to say no more on the subject."

For a moment she thought her brain must be going; then she twisted her head slightly, and her heart leapt at what she saw. On the wall in a corner near the fireplace hung a small oblong cabinet, a tiny black trumpet protruding from its bottom edge. The room she lay in was connected to another room by a microphone, and further, by a clever arrangement of lenses, the whole interior of this other room was thrown upon the glass door of the cabinet like a miniature kinema picture. Clearly she saw Don and McIvor seated in Sir Trevor's library, and talking with Sir Trevor himself.

In a flash she realized that the microphone had been set working by Tien T'ze for this very purpose, that she might see how close her friends were and hear them part amicably from her captor.

Yet she was powerless? A sudden idea set her heart pounding again. The iron pipe which ran from the fireplace beside her to the chimney of the library above! If she could reach that pipe and tap upon it there was a chance that the sound might carry along to the room where help lay.

Painfully she hitched herself near the club fender, reached it, and with a sudden effort seated herself on the fender, allowed the upper part of her body to fall backward until her shoulders rested against the pipe, then with a ring on her bound hands she tapped as loudly as she could. From her position she could not see the little glass screen, but she heard what passed in the room above, and presently she heard, too, Don's whistled reply—three long notes followed by a long, a short, and a long—"O.K." For a moment her relief was so great that tears welled into her eyes, but she checked them. She was not free yet. Don and McIvor had still to find her.

KYRLE had no clear remembrance of the precise moment when she began to lose consciousness; dimly she had realized that some moments after she had heard Don's reply to her signal someone had entered the room and that


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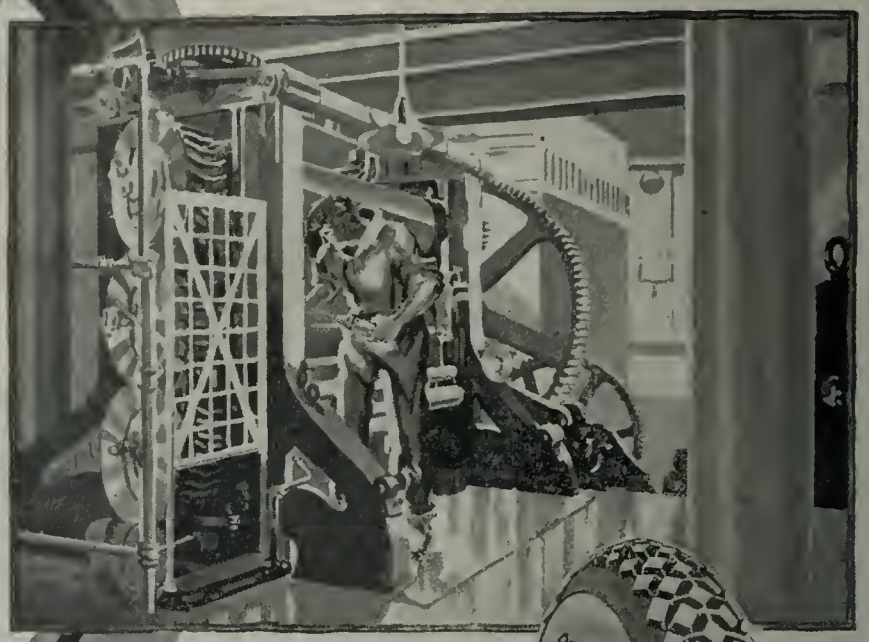
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had been all. Now she struggled slowly back from the blank nothingness without a vestige of an idea as to how long she had remained in the hands of Tien T'ze. She moved a little more, and made out dimly in the reflected light from the table-top the faces of Sir Trevor and Sonia.

Kyrle's movement caught Sonia's attention, and elicited a quick exclamation. Instantly Sir Trevor was beside the divan.

"You have given us a long wait, Miss Durande," he smiled quietly, "but now that you appear to have recaptured your straying senses we will get to business, as the phrase goes. In the first place, I must assure you that there is not the smallest chance of your friends rescuing you, even should they suspect that you are here, as I have some reason for believing they do. This"—he motioned towards the white-topped table—"is a little arrangement on the lines of a periscope; the upper end, or eye, is situated in the extreme top of the flagstaff which rises from the corner of the building, and by an arrangement of lenses, the images of surrounding objects in the outside world are thrown upon this table. We are at present engaged in watching the movements of two tramps, an artist, a gentleman who looks like a City clerk on a holiday and the possessor of a bicycle with a punctured tyre—a particularly elusive puncture, judging by the time he has taken to locate it—all of whom appear to take a keen interest in this particular house. Doubtless we shall presently observe our mutual friends, Superintendent Bruce McIvor and Mr. Donald Craig making a stealthy descent upon us. They are quite welcome to come; the servants have orders to admit them at any moment they may demand it. They will find nothing. Meanwhile we shall remain quietly here until they see fit to withdraw their spies; then we shall all depart peacefully. But while we are waiting for our friends you might care to entertain us with a precise and full account of how much they actually know concerning us."

HE paused for a reply.

Kyrle shook her head.

"You surely must know that I shan't tell you that," she answered. "I know now those parts of your secret which we didn't know before, and I'm not such a fool as to imagine that you won't kill me, no matter what I tell you."

Sir Trevor bent closer over her.

"You are wholly mistaken," he replied. "If you tell me the full story I shall merely hold you in an honorable and perfectly comfortable captivity until my whole work in England is finished—a period of a few weeks only at the longest."

Again Kyrle shook her head.

"No," she said decidedly; "that's definite and final."

Sir Trevor shrugged slightly.

"In that case," he replied, "you force my hand, do you not? I shall extract that story from you, and the amount of pain which is attendant upon that extraction is purely a matter for you. I think, Sonia, we shall have to proceed."

But for a moment Sonia made no reply, then:

"They've gone," she said softly.

Sir Trevor turned quickly and walked to the white-topped table.

"Who?" he asked.

"The watchers," Sonia replied. "I was giving all my attention to the artist; he seemed to be fixing what looked like a tube to his easel, then, when I looked for the others, three of them had gone, and the City clerk was just disappearing down the road yonder."

For a moment Sir Trevor stood deep in thought.

"I wonder if they're in the house," he said at last. Quickly he crossed to the little frame of the microphone; from beneath it he slid back a narrow strip of wall like a tiny sliding-door and displayed a row of electric switches. He snapped one down, and on the screen appeared a portion of the oak hall; the hall was empty. He closed the switch and opened another; on to the screen flashed the interior of the library, and there standing by the window, were Don and McIvor.

In a flash Kyrle had flung herself from the divan, dashed to the iron pipe, and struck savagely on it with the ring on her finger. Almost at the same instant Sir Trevor leapt at her. He caught her by the shoulders and swung her away from the fireplace with such force that she staggered back a few paces and fell across the divan.

"Quick!" he whispered to Sonia; "gag her and tie her feet."

SONIA in her turn leapt like a tigress but, acting on the hint in Sir Trevor's order, Kyrle screamed loudly, "Under the library"; then Sonia forced home the little wedge of wood and swiftly bound her ankles.

"Is Wong coming?" Sir Trevor's voice cut in. "They're examining the bookcase now."

She bent over the trap and listened. Softly there drifted up the sound of footsteps.

"He's coming now," she said. She crossed to Kyrle and quickly tested her bonds as the footsteps grew louder.

Suddenly Kyrle's whole body stiffened. Through the trap-door appeared the head and shoulders of a man, but not Wong—Inspector MacNish, and immediately behind him the dark helmet of a policeman.

If Kyrle had been able she must have cried out, as it was, the sudden stiffening of her muscles brought Sonia's eyes to the trap. At the same moment MacNish sprang into the room.

To Kyrle the next few moments were blurred and indistinct. She saw MacNish seize Sonia and drag her back against the wall. She saw two uniformed policemen leap from the trap and precipitate themselves upon Sir Trevor, and at the same moment, it seemed, a sharp report cracked out, Sir Trevor sagged in the arms of his captors, strove to regain his feet, and then hung limp, a dark, widening blot appearing on the pocket over his left breast. And last of all she had an impression of MacNish snatching a tiny revolver from Sonia's hand, while the girl gasped in a queer choked voice: "You told me to do it if it ever happened! You know you told me to do it!"

THE study in Don's house in Hampstead did not really resemble a little chunk chipped off Paradise in the least, but it looked uncommonly like it to Kyrle as she curled herself on the hearthrug before the blazing fire, with Don in his own special chair on one side of her and McIvor in the chair which had come to be called his special chair on the other side of her, while the smoke from two cigars and a cigarette sailed slowly upwards towards the ceiling.

Kyrle was the first to break the silence.

"I've given you two an account of the mind-workings of Tien T'ze," she said. "I've told you quite a lot you didn't know before, and I haven't asked a single question. I think I've been very good."

Don raised one eyebrow whimsically.

"I think you've been particularly bad," he answered. "You've jolly nearly given me heart disease to-day, and McIvor has been tottering on the brink of apoplexy. If you were just my secretary and not my cousin, instead of being both, I'd fire you this minute. This hobby of yours of falling into the clutches of Tien T'ze may produce valuable information—I admit that it has—but it plays the very devil with one's nerves. We have lived in a constant state of expectation of having you returned to us by instalments, a small piece at a time."

Kyrle laughed pleasantly.

"I didn't mean to do it this time," she said, "but I couldn't foresee the existence of that cellar, and that brings me to what I want to know. How did MacNish manage to get into the tunnel beneath the house?"

"That was our friend the artist," Mc-


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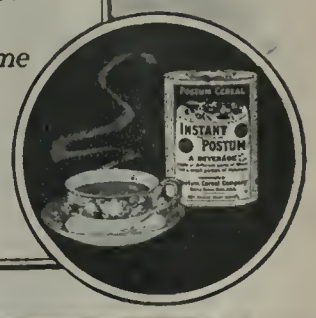


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Ivor explained; "he answered a double purpose. You see, Craig here spotted the lens in the top of that flagstaff by means of binoculars, and it became plain that we couldn't approach the house by daylight without being spotted. At the same time, we dare not leave you in their hands until night. We sent for some of the boys at the Yard, togged them up suitably, and set them in conspicuous places where that periscope arrangement couldn't fail to pick them out. It was dangerous for you, but Craig and I felt that we had to force the attention of Sir Trevor's people on something while we stepped in and tried to locate you. The artist was one of my boys. From where he sat it chanced that he could see Sir Trevor's house and also Copple Hall, which is close to Sir Trevor's place, but hidden from it by a little copse. Presently our artist, to his surprise, saw a Chinaman skip across the narrow slip of grass between the copse and Copple Hall and enter the garden of that house. The artist heliographed MacNish, who was on duty. MacNish searched the copse, and after a little trouble located that tunnel; then he got two constables and explored it. You know what he found at the other end. MacNish did well, he and that artist. Of course, when the artist made all the show of fixing something to his easel it was just a blind to attract the attention of Tien T'ze's watchers until Craig and I had a chance of getting close to that wall of the house and out of range of the periscope. MacNish is going to get something good out of this; he's a smart devil."

KYRLE smiled.

"Is he?" she replied. "Now, do you know, although I never noticed it before, I've got the idea he's more like an angel. Well!" she rose to her feet and stretched experimentally—"I seem all here; there doesn't seem to be any part of my works missing, though they are a bit stiff. I think I'll go to bed. At last we've seen the end of Tien T'ze." She shook hands with McIvor; then she smiled over her shoulder at Don. "Good-night Cousin Don," she said; "I hope your heart'll be better in the morning." Then she was gone.

For a long time there was silence; then McIvor spoke, apparently in answer to Kyrle's parting remark.

"I doubt it," he said, and his eyes wandered to the ceiling. "What a pity they say cousins shouldn't marry!"

Slowly Don's gaze shifted to the other's face; it seemed that in Don's mind an entirely new idea had been born. From McIvor's face his gaze wandered also to the ceiling, and presently he murmured, apparently to himself:

"She's only my second cousin."

# INTENTIONS, NOT STRICTLY HONORABLE

*Continued from page 23.*

days of October, and October, reluctant to leave, was remembered in the early November days. And still Marcia went listlessly about her work, utterly miserable and lonely. The natural buoyancy and hopefulness of her youth had not reasserted their sway, and her apathy and indifference were not abated in the least degree.

CAME the Saturday before Thanksgiving, cold, bleak, and promising a dull holiday. Marcia, as Mr. Wayne interrupted his dictation to her to answer the phone, thought with dread of Sunday and Monday—long, dreary days with nothing to keep her busy, no work to occupy her mind. How she hated week ends and holidays!

Her thoughts were brought up sharply when Mr. Wayne exclaimed in amazement, "By George, send him right in!" and added as he hung up the phone, "Well, I'll be darned."

She glanced at him questioningly, and then turned as the door opened, and Mr. Wayne looked up, a welcoming smile on his face.

"Ward Pelham," he said heartily, "you rascal! Where the devil have you been?"

Marcia caught her breath with a gasp, and half rose from her chair as if to escape. There before her, overcoated and hat in hand, stood Ward, thinner than when she had seen him, and oh, so haggard-looking, but with the same dear eyes and wonderful smile!

He started toward Mr. Wayne, hand outstretched, smiling with pleasure at his friend's patent delight at seeing him. And then halfway to the desk, as Marcia, realizing that it would be impossible to escape, sank back again in her chair, he turned, and caught sight of her as she sat very still and white, one hand involuntarily raised to her throat.

"Marcia," he cried, all the agony and longing of the last three months trying to find expression in that one word. And again, "Oh Marcia!"

He strode towards her, an expression of incredulity and tenderness suffusing his face. "Oh, my dear, my dear, where have you been?" he cried. "I have looked for you everywhere, until it seemed as if I should go mad if I did not find you. Oh, Marcia, sweetheart, why did you go?"

He had reached her, and she rose to meet him, extending her hand in front of her to keep him from coming too close. Distressed, she turned to Mr. Wayne, who stood with the hand he had held out to Ward still extended, a look of amazement on his face. As Marcia turned to him, he raised his hand, and ran his fingers perplexedly through his hair.

Ward, following Marcia's glance, turned to him impulsively, "Bill, Bill," he exclaimed, "you superfluous fool, get out! Don't come back in this office till I send for you"; and turning him about by the shoulders, Ward, who was a head taller than Bill Wayne, fairly pushed him out of the office.

When Mr. Wayne left the office, Marcia spoke for the first time. "Ward, she said, "wait—you do not understand."

He started as if to speak, but she held up her hand. "Let me tell you about it, Ward. When you know, you won't ever want to see me again."

Impressed by her seriousness, Ward sat down in the chair at Mr. Wayne's desk, and Marcia took the chair by him, slender hands clasped, and resting on the side of the desk. Ward leaned forward, and as Marcia commenced speaking, he reached over and took both of her clasped hands in his big brown one.

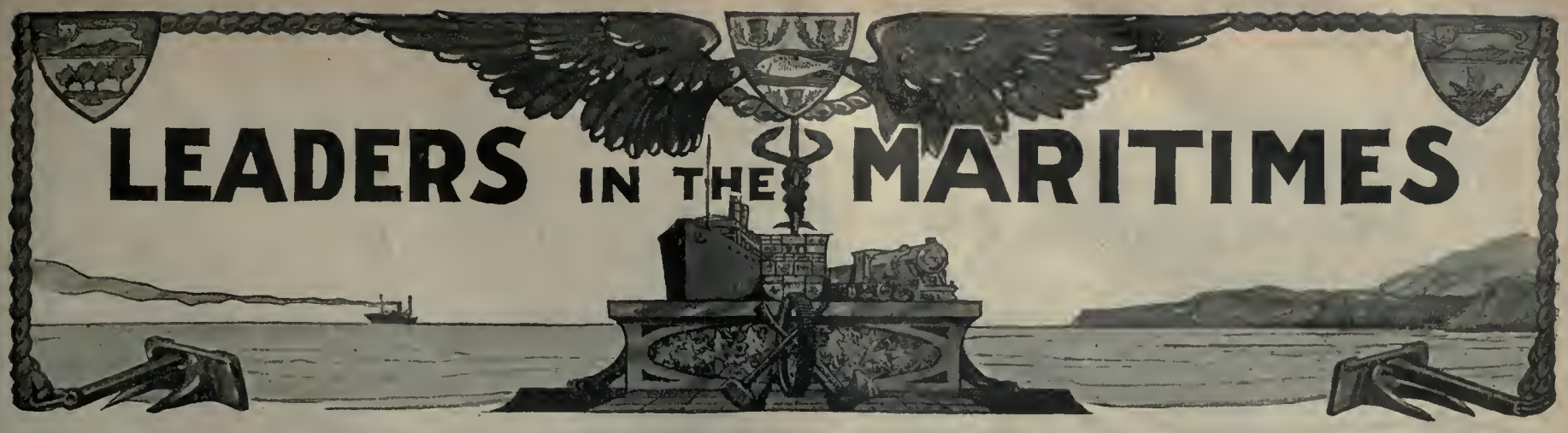
She talked on steadily, until near the conclusion of her story.

Then she paused for a moment, and lowered her eyes, as she mustered all her courage to finish. "It never occurred to me to consider your feelings or what you might think if you knew of my deceit," she continued. "And then came the night you told me that you loved me, and in a flash I realized the enormity of the thing I had done. I was simply overwhelmed, and my one idea was to get away."

"But why, Marcia," asked Ward gently, "did you leave without telling me?"

Her eyes filled with tears, but she looked bravely at him through them. "Because, my dear," she said very softly, "I found that I cared, and I was afraid that you would hate me."

He had waited only for that, and now he arose, and drawing her to her feet, he gathered her to him, and held her very tight and still. He stooped to kiss her, and turned as the door opened, al-




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though he kept his arm protectingly about her.

"If it's all the same to you two," said Mr. Wayne, as he entered and carefully closed the door behind him, "I'd like to come back to my office and do some work."

"Bill, you old spoil sport," said Ward joyously, "get on your hat. We're going to be married, and we need you for a witness!"

"But what am I to do for a secretary?" asked Mr. Wayne in consternation.

"As to that, my dear sir," said Ward, in a condescending tone, "I really could not say. But it's a cinch you're not going to have Marcia another minute. She's going to be much too busy being Mrs. Ward Pelham."

## MARBLEHEAD MADNESS

*Continued from page 27.*

she told herself that really it was a matter of not the slightest consequence to her.

THAT afternoon's work appeared to complete his manual labors; nevertheless during the balance of the week he spent several hours each day in his room and Susannah frequently caught a clinking sound such as might be made by the handling of coins. This so interested her that one day she ventured to quietly approach his door and stand there, listening intently to what went on within. It certainly seemed as if he were engaged in handling money of some description, for every now and then would come a sharp clink as of one coin being tossed upon a pile of its fellows. There were intervening silences of some duration and unfortunately for her it was during one of these that the door was suddenly opened and Susannah almost fell into the arms of Mr. Adams.

"I beg your pardon!" she exclaimed, reddening at this unexpected contretemps. "I—I believe I left my broom in here this morning!"

He released her with some reluctance, chanting gaily: "Broom! Broom! Who's got the broom!" If he doubted the truth of her statement he certainly exhibited no suspicion, but gallantly assisted in looking for the useful household article referred to, which, of course, was not found. But in passing the center-table Susannah joggled it and from a canvas bag which was lying thereon a number of bright coins slid out and went jingling to the floor.

"O, isn't that too bad!" she exclaimed, bending over in search for the runaways.

"Pray don't bother!" said he. And indeed, before she could get a good look at the coins he had recovered and restored them to the bag.

"A fine afternoon for a sail," he suggested. "Suppose you and Mrs. Trumbull come along with me. You see, I've hired a boat in which to take a turn around the harbor and visit the exact spot where that famous old mariner, Captain William Briggs, lost his ship."

"That was on a shoal; you can't get very near."

"Do you believe he was really a pirate?"

"No; he was an ancestor of mine."

"Then he wasn't a pirate. But how about the trip?"

"Really, I don't believe I could.—Mother might."

He looked disappointed. "And why not you?"

"I've got so much to do."

He regarded her quizzically, whereat Susannah reddened but said nothing more. Mrs. Trumbull wouldn't go without her and so he went alone. When he had departed Susannah brought up the matter of the coins.

"It's very queer," said she, "about all that money—and his locking himself in—and the work he was doing! And why is he so secretive about it?"

"Well, it's really none of our affair."

"But—perhaps he's a coiner or—or something like that!"

"My soul, no!"

"Well, we ought to just take a look around his room, oughtn't we? We don't know just what he might be!"

She agreed to this with some hesitation. But Roger left absolutely nothing that wasn't under lock and key to give any clue as to his occupation.

"It's all foolishness!" declared Mrs. Trumbull. "Why, he'd have to have—a—a—die—and oh, all sorts of things; that's certain!"

She didn't know much about coining and such matters, but though she was willing to allow that his actions were a bit peculiar she refused to believe that there was anything out of the way in his doings and took up the cudgels for him stoutly. Susannah, despite an unconfessed liking for Mr. Adams, thereupon became all the more obstinate in her own view of the situation.

THE LAST day of the two weeks arrived, and in the afternoon Susannah allowed Roger to lend a hand in the completion of the repairs to the trellises. He was really quite handy in such matters, and she was grateful for his assistance; then, too, all the time he kept up a running fire of comment and jest which amused her despite the fact that she apparently paid little heed to his remarks.

"You've never been far away from Marblehead, have you?" he queried.

"No,—and I don't wish to go, either!"

He nodded. "I should like to have lived here when there were witches—and smugglers—and pirates!"

"You seem to take a great interest in pirates!"

"More in witches—though I don't care for the old crones! I prefer the modern enchantresses — with blue eyes!"

"Look out!" she exclaimed. "You're ruining that wistaria!"

"It's an ideal place for poets and pirates,—but I'm neither, and yet I feel as if I could never be happy—completely so—unless I lived in a snug little cottage in Marblehead—and had some one to talk to. Do you ever get lonesome?"

"No—never!"

"Oh!—I see! Well, one never can tell! The sky isn't always blue—even here."

"I think," she remarked irrelevantly, "that we shall just get this done before dark."

Very soon the last nail was driven and the last wire adjusted.

"A few moments more," said he, "and we wouldn't be able to see."

"Thank you very much for your help," said Susannah, picking up a hammer and preparing to go in.

"Don't go—yet!" he begged. "I've something I want to ask you!"

"What is it?"

"This, you know, is the end of my fortnight. I've had more reasons than one to enjoy it. Now, I'd like to be allowed to remain for—say a week or two more—if you don't object. Do you?"

"That's for mother to decide."

"I think it is for you to decide!" said he, and looking steadily into her blue eyes, he took her free hand in his own. "May I stay?"

She withdrew her hand and turned away, feeling more disturbed than she cared to own. But remembering that he might be a—oh, nobody knew what he might be!—she made no reply.

"I've offended you!" he said at length.

"No—o!"

"You don't like me!"

"I didn't say so!"

"If you did,—you wouldn't object to my staying—would you?"

"It isn't that!"

"What then?"

"I can't tell you!—I think I'll be going in."

She started again toward the cottage door.




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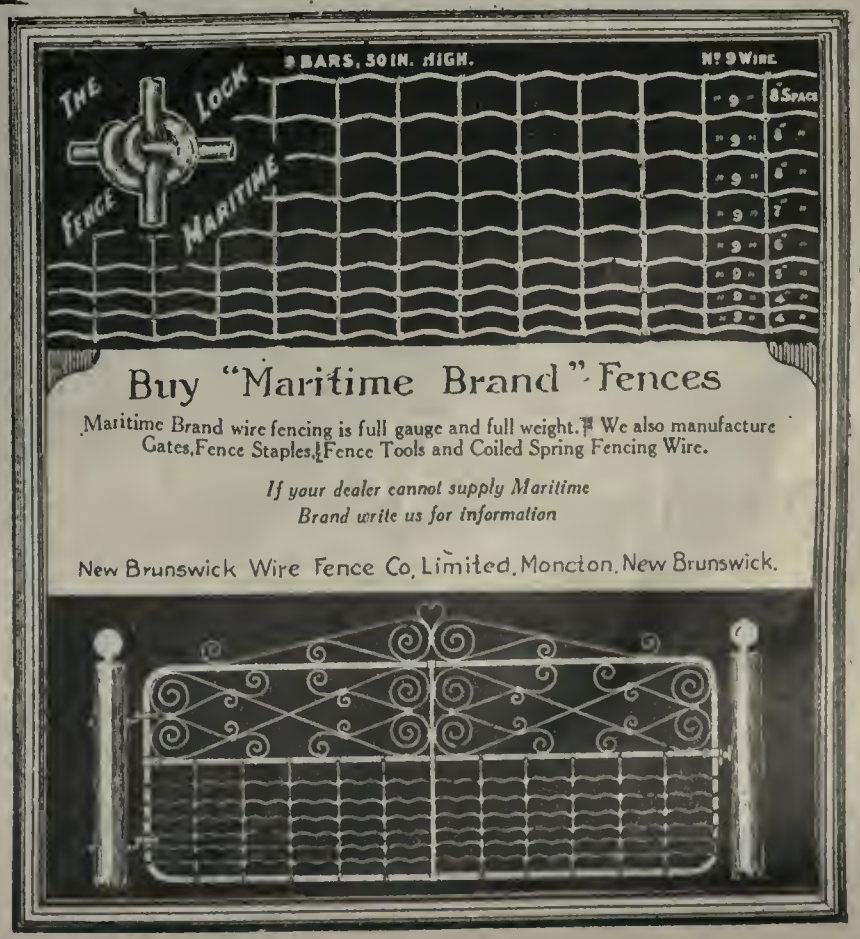
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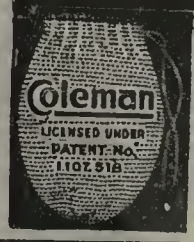
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"Susannah!" he called, "Susannah! I—"

"You mustn't say it!" And with that she fled.

The evening meal that night was a rather gloomy affair. Conversation was maintained with the greatest difficulty and after it was over Roger repaired to his room there to engage in packing his duds. The next day he was prepared to bid goodby to the cottage and its occupants. Susannah had addressed scarcely a single word to him since she had fled from him in the garden.

WHEN he entered the pleasant living-room to say goodby, she was sitting there with her mother. And despite the air of studied indifference which she strove to maintain she really seemed a bit nervous and out-of-sorts. Roger himself looked more than grave; the twinkle which usually lurked in his eyes was quite gone and he bore him himself in a very quiet and dignified manner in contrast with his usual cheery confidence.

"Before I say goodby," he began, "there is something I have to tell you. I fancy you've both been a bit—perturbed—as to what I've been up to here these two weeks. I'll explain."

Here he laid upon the table two bulging canvas bags which he had carried under his arm.

"There; each contains valuable and rare coins—old fellows dating back to the beginnings of British settlement in Canada—and beyond that even. I'm leaving them with you since they really belong to you."

"To us!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull.

"Yes, I dug 'em up underneath your hearth."

"My soul and body!" gasped Mrs. Trumbull. "I don't understand!"

Susannah opened her lips to speak but thought better of it and sat back in her chair.

"You see," went on Roger quietly. "I'm a college professor at Acadia—and incidentally a student of numismatics. The reason I wished to buy this house was that I wanted to dig up these coins."

"But—land o' Canaan! What would you do with the house after you got 'em—and how did you know they were here?"

"I should have considered it a cheap investment as far as the cottage goes," he answered, "even if these coins didn't cover the price. I really did want the house. As to my knowing they were here—well, you see I've read a lot about Captain William Briggs; I knew a deal about his doings and even that he used to stop in this very house. Perhaps you've heard some of the legends regarding the treasure he was reputed to have buried somewhere in Marblehead—but I was the only person who had any clue as to where this place was. I got this clue from an old letter in the archives at Ottawa and which no one else could make either head or tail of."

Mrs. Trumbull stared at him—then at the bags of coin.

"And you dug up under the hearth and found all these?"

"Yes; they're worth a lot, too! I didn't tell you anything about it until now because I wanted to have all the glory of finding them myself—and I wanted the coins, too. But since you wouldn't sell the house, why the treasure's yours, also!"

Susannah still remained silent; Mrs. Trumbull went over to the table and stood examining the coins.

"That's all," remarked Roger, quietly. "Now I'll be going."

"No you won't!—Half o' this stuff belongs to you, anyhow! An' I don't want you to go, Mr. Adams! You stay here jus' as long as you've a mind to!"

"No," he insisted. "I shall make a report of the find,—and perhaps exhibit a few of the rarer specimens if you permit me, for a time. But they're all yours—and Miss Trumbull's!"

"But why not stay? My land! There's so much I want to ask you!"




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He shook his head, whereupon Susannah looked at him rather shyly and remarked: "I think you really ought to take half of the treasure. And—I wish you could stay—longer!"

Again he declined. "No," said he firmly. "There's something a great deal more valuable than these coins here that I want;—It's a treasure not to be mentioned in the same breath with such things,—and if I can't have it, for my own, why I don't wish to stay here where I can see it and know that it can never be mine!"

"Perhaps it isn't really as valuable as you fancy," murmured Susannah.

"It is!" he declared firmly.

"Then I think," she faltered, "that you'd better stay—and continue the search—if you really want it as badly as all that!"

# Talking About Lobsters

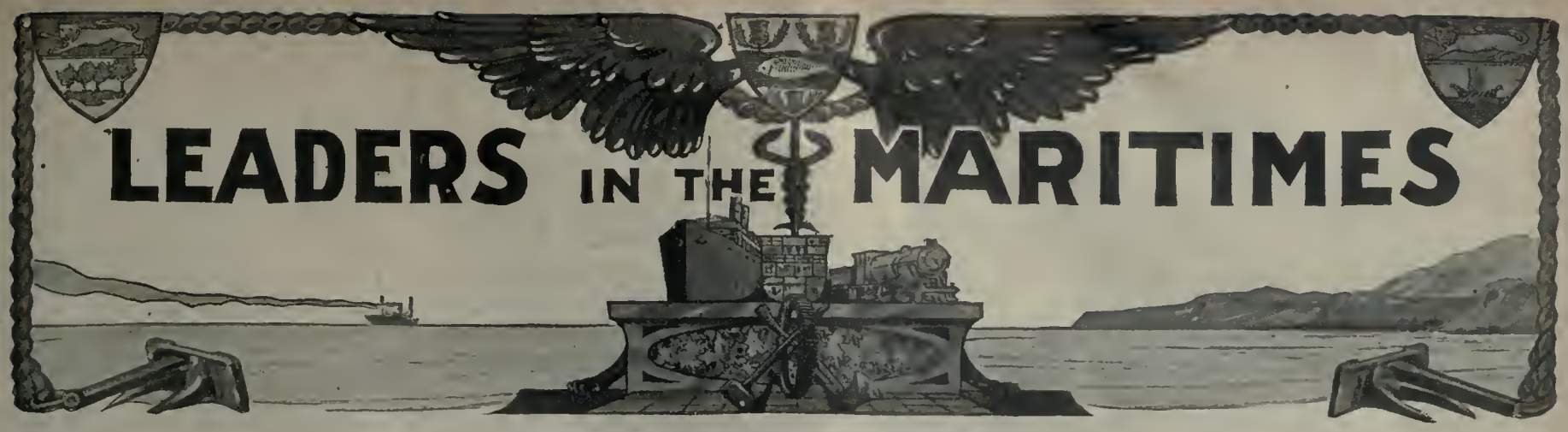
*Continued from page* 20.

out of existence as the desire of the majority may be switched at election time. It is said that this formidable voting power is sufficient to sway about twenty-five seats in the Dominion House and a majority of the seats in the various Maritime Houses of Assembly. At a critical period the votes of the lobster dealers and workers could make or wreck a Dominion political party. But, as one prominent dealer put it, the conservation of Canada's lobster industry is of far greater moment to the people of this Dominion than the gaining or losing of twenty-five seats by any political party. The trials of hatcheries and other means of supplementing the lobster supply have at times been impaired, it is stated, by political intrigue and inefficiency, when party men rather than practical ones have been placed in charge. In other cases government officials have failed because they could not secure the co-operation of powerful branches of the industry.

### Lobster Dearly Loves a "Scrap."

THE NATIVE haunt of the lobster is on the rocky bottom of the sea, where he and his kind congregate in great schools, spending a by no means monotonous existence hunting for prey, keeping out of the way of more powerful enemies and fighting and eating each other, for he lobster is a deep-sea "cannibal." He is a game fighter and a wicked one. With his powerful claws, which look like and act on the same principle as a shears for cutting tin, he can slice a foe in two with little effort. When faced with odds which he deems more than a match for him he goes backwards, tail curled under and face to the foe, his menacing, vise-like claws ready for instant action. With those claws large lobsters have been known to slice fingers from unwary fishermen's hands. Lobsters frequently lose one or both fighting claws in duels with rivals, but if the vanquished lobster gets away in time and survives the combat, Nature supplies him with new fighting equipment to replace that which he lost. That is the reason one occasionally sees boiled lobsters with one claw very much larger than the other, the smaller claw being a partially developed substitute for the weapon which the crustacean lost in some fierce encounter far down below the ocean waves.

Covered with a heavy coat of horn-like substance the lobster is often described as a shell-fish, though he is not technically a fish. Among human higherbrows he enjoys the classic title, "long-tailed, stalk-eyed decapod crustacean of the genus Homarus," which means that he belongs to the same family as the common crab or crayfish of our inland creeks and rivers. The lobster is quite an extravagant chap in the matter of dress during the first years of his life. Before he has become two years old he has worn out and discarded a dozen new shells, but during the third year he only gets four new




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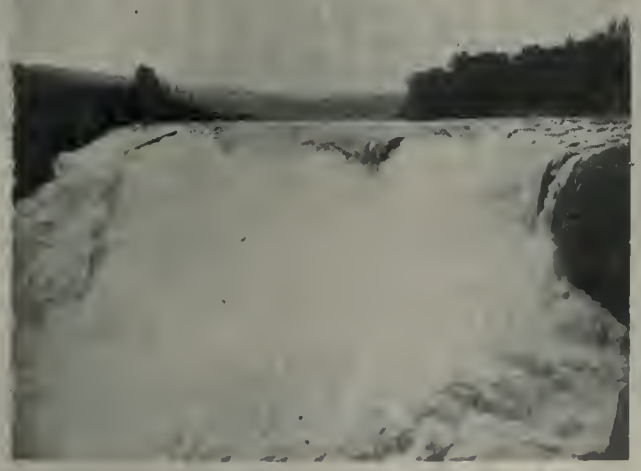
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suits, and after that one change of uniform a year satisfies him. The shell which the lobster carries hardens into armor-plates from a glue-like substance that exudes from the lobster's skin, the process taking about four days.

The lobster is not caught with a net but with a baited trap placed on the floor of the sea. Lobsters are found on rocky bottom, and traps are set in their various haunts at distances of from one-half mile to ten miles from shore. Schools of the crustaceans move about quite a bit, shifting their feeding grounds with changes in the temperature. The traps used are made of wooden laths, about four feet long by two feet wide and two and a half feet deep. They have crescent-shaped tops and are fitted with openings through which the lobster can enter the trap but cannot escape once inside. The traps are baited with the heads of herring, cod, flat-heads and other fish. Leading fishermen use from six to ten boats and upwards, each boat taking care of as many as three hundred traps, traps being raised once a day.

### How Meat Is Extracted

THE LOBSTERS are carried in the boats to the canning factories, where they are transferred to hand-barrows, weighed, while still alive, and finally are dumped in squirming masses into vats of boiling water. After boiling for fifteen minutes they are taken from the tanks and placed on coolers. The tails and claws are pulled from the torsos and taken to the cracking tables where the claws are cracked and the tails split so that the meat may be extracted. The meat is then thoroughly washed and cleansed before being packed in cans and sealed for shipment to the markets of the world. Most of the aforementioned work is done by hand with the exception of the sealing.

When the lobsters are shipped out fresh these operations are, of course, unnecessary. Live lobsters are shipped as far as the western United States, and it is stated that they will live for a week so packed with ice that a uniform temperature of 48 degrees Fahrenheit is maintained. When shipped alive the lobster's claws are usually plugged to prevent him from fighting with his fellows.

A quarter of a century ago lobsters were so plentiful in Maritime waters that there are records of fishermen throwing them up from the beach onto dry land with pitch-forks at Miscou Island, Northern New Brunswick. Competition and the lobster pirate have caused this natural resource of Canada's to dwindle just as the timber pirate has exploited and left barren many of our great forest lands. Like our forests, if not conserved in time with proper measures taken for reproduction, the lobsters once annihilated as a species will take a long time to come back in sufficient numbers and size to be of any value to the country.

## The Passing of Bonar Law

*Continued from Page 17*

to be a battle of two giants—and when giants battle it is the pigmies' opportunity.

I am certain that Lord Beaverbrook believed implicitly in the capacity of Bonar Law and that, with his extraordinary prescience, he foresaw that Law would become a dominating figure among statesmen. But I also believe that Lord Beaverbrook was equally impelled by sheer love of adventure when he conceived the idea of a "dark horse" candidate.

It is a poor party that boasts no buccaneers and by a natural affinity Aitken had gathered the lawless elements among the Unionist party to his own political frigate. To this little band he unfolded his plans. It was to be neither Chamberlain nor Long, but Law.

Why not? Wasn't Law a son of the Manse and a fellow Canadian?

Just before the great public meeting

of the Unionists at White City (in London) the announcement that Bonar Law would be a candidate was made to the Press. Everyone gasped, and synchronizing, as it did, with the meeting, the affair opened in an atmosphere of tense excitement.

The nomination of Walter Long was acclaimed to the roof and it looked for the moment as if his would be the winning colors, but the cheer which greeted Austen Chamberlain's candidature was sufficiently voluminous to show that the race would be a stern one.

### A Band of Pirates!

THEN came the nomination of Bonar Law with an accompanying roar from the buccaneers.

And not to be outdone by a band of pirates, the famous F. E. Smith (now Lord Chancellor) who has always gone on the principle that it is better to anticipate fame than to wait for it, found that a strong portion of the party wanted him as Leader. Subsequently events proved that the strong portion was his brother, but "F. E." was enunciating a new proverb—"A straw in the air may induce the wind to blow."

The meeting broke up and that night the buccaneers met at Max Aitken's order and the tactics to govern the intervening period before the actual election were discussed and adopted.

The next day the political temperature was distinctly feverish. "F. E.," finding that he had failed to induce the necessary gale of support for himself announced that he would back Austen Chamberlain. Having renounced his own claim to the throne, he offered to arrange a similar performance on Bonar Law's part and it is altogether likely that he would have succeeded in this plan if allowed to deal with Bonar Law alone, but Max Aitken was not only running the "dark horse," but guarding the stable as well.

After a momentous interview "F. E." left in a towering passion and Max Aitken smiled that wonderful, boyish, disarming smile of his that is never so completely ingenuous as when he has just exploded a powder mine.

In the meantime the conspiracy of the pirates proceeded according to plan.

The Unionists were "counting noses" every day—in other words, trying to ascertain whether Chamberlain or Long had the greater following, so that when their next public meeting took place they could have arrived at an unanimous decision and merely go through the form of electing their Leader.

But Aitken's buccaneers were proving an elusive proposition.

### And How They Jockeyed!

DID Chamberlain prove to have a majority of the party's support?—then the outlaws were in favor of Walter Long (always assuming that unanimity was possible). Did Walter Long then prove to have the greatest number of noses nodding in his direction? Then the rebels had experienced a change of heart and felt that they would have to stand by the Chamberlain tradition.

Things grew desperate. Though full of supposition, the newspapers were strictly neutral in their attitude—when suddenly the "London Daily Express" came out in a distinct call for Bonar Law as Unionist Leader.

Everybody asked everybody else what had happened. The answer was simplicity itself. Max Aitken had purchased overnight control in the "Daily Express." He had no interest in newspapers then, but was "full out" for Bonar Law and the mere purchase of a London daily was incidental.

For a whole week following, the harassed Unionists tried to secure an unanimous verdict while their party barque tossed rudderless upon the sea of politics.

Finally a desperate attempt to remove Bonar Law was made by a prominent Unionist, who urged him in a letter to sink his own private interests in those of the party. Bonar Law was so moved by this appeal that he prepared his withdrawal in writing—but once more Lord Beaverbrook hove on the scene and succeeded in making him destroy it.

At last it became apparent that to save the party's face to the outside public there would have to be a compromise candidate. The public meeting took place. Walter Long proposed Bonar Law and Austen Chamberlain seconded him. Unanimity had been achieved. Out of chaos had come cosmos.

The next day when Aitken and Bonar Law were driving to the House the former said:

"You are going to make your first speech as Unionist Leader. Remember, Bonar, you are now a great man."

"Max," said the new Leader, "if I am a great man, then all the great men of history are frauds."

And in this manner did the Glasgow metal dealer, formerly of New Brunswick, become Leader of the party in which the blood of noble Normans ran.

### He Grew With Responsibility.

IF Bonar Law allowed others to direct his destiny at the time of his election to the Unionist Leadership, all hesitancy disappeared once he had assumed his great role. From contact with huge and ever-increasing responsibilities the unburnished gold of his character began to be revealed. His temperamental shyness in the presence of such men as Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour gave way before his own fixity of purpose and capacity for decision, qualities of character which he possessed to a far greater degree than either of these two leaders.

He grew in stature until the compromise candidate stood head and shoulders above either Walter Long or Austen Chamberlain.

He was a man of the people—he had lived and worked with ordinary, everyday, working people. When opportunity challenged him he was able to meet it armed with the consciousness that his heritage was not from father to son, but from the people to a son of the people. Great men sometimes have had great fathers, but there is no parentage so much to be envied as the parentage of the people.

Through it all he remained unspectacular. Had he possessed the vividness of Disraeli or the theatricalism of Lloyd George, English political history would have to be written differently. Public clamor would have forced him into the role of Prime Minister.

When Mr. Asquith formed his first Coalition Government in 1915 Mr. Law became Secretary of State for the Colonies, in which capacity he served until the famous Law-Carson-Lloyd George conspiracy (engineered by Beaverbrook) which threw Mr. Asquith out of power and put Mr. Lloyd George in his place. The broad outlines of that plot are already known to readers of "MacLean's" and subsequent events have proved that what might be called the "New Brunswick Anti-Asquith Plot" (for at that time the Empire's political destiny was definitely in the hands of two Canadian sons of the Manse) was comparable to a great victory for the Allies.

And here let it be noted how Bonar Law had grown since the hectic days when he so hesitatingly assumed Mr. Balfour's crown. He was big enough to rebel against Mr. Asquith, his leader in the Government—and to a nature like his, rebellion is an abhorrent thing; and having rebelled he was big enough to realize that the qualities of Lloyd George demanded that the little Welshman rather than himself should take the reins of office.

When the King asked Bonar Law to form a government, following Mr. Asquith's resignation, the ex-metal dealer stepped aside in favor of his superior in imagination, his superior in inspiration, in magnetism and in energy—but he also stepped aside for a man greatly inferior in character to himself. In the new government he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, in succession to Reginald McKenna and subsequently he took the office of Keeper of the Privy Seal,





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assuming the task of Leader of the House of Commons in the Lloyd-George administration.

The almost fanatical devotion of this sombre figure from New Brunswick for his Welsh chieftain will always be a puzzle to psychologists.

### Bonar Law and Lloyd George

IT has been my very great privilege during the last year to be intimately associated with Lord Beaverbrook, not only in journalistic affairs, but in the highways and byways of his ordinary life. Because of this I have had the chance to observe the great men of the day under conditions usually open only to a Cabinet Minister, a newspaper proprietor or a butler.

And among the memories that I have gathered from this association with the outstanding men of the Age is that of a little informal dinner party not long ago, when Lloyd George with his wife and daughter dined at Cherkley Court, Lord Beaverbrook's country place.

In contrast to Bonar Law, who hardly ever ate more than one course at a meal and then became so restless with the oppression of his mental cares that he usually lit a cigar and left the room before the meal was over, Lloyd George was the very embodiment of high spirits. He led the conversation and the laughter, ate heartily of everything, chaffed Beaverbrook about sundry things, offered to lay a wager that his government would last more than six months, and generally charmed us all with the infectious gaiety and extraordinary humanness of his temperament.

He talked of Foch, and Charlie Chaplin, and Mary Pickford, who was visiting England at the time, and if anyone questioned him a little too closely on affairs of state, he put them off with a chuckle like a benevolent uncle refusing to tell his nephews and nieces what he intended buying them for Christmas.

Literally, this extraordinary man showed no apparent signs of having been through a strain under which other men had collapsed like cardboard structures in a gale.

It would be impossible to deny the compelling force of the Premier's personal magnetism. Only a man of the coarsest temperamental fibre could fail to be charmed by those twinkling eyes and that warmth of manner . . . but away from the spell of his personality the germs of doubt fasten on one's brain.

For all his lion-hearted courage and admitting that he did in the war what no other man could have done, I am firmly convinced that it would have been better for the nation if Lloyd George's tenure of office as Prime Minister had ended with the signing of the armistice. It seems to me now that sincerity and consistency of purpose have given way in his nature before sheer love of political excitement. I believe that if a month passed without a political crisis, he would create one just for the joy of surmounting it. Shooting the political rapids has ceased to be an ordeal to him—it has become a passion and there is no one in England who can begin to compete with him at the sport.

### Serve Leader With Devotion

BUT stimulating as the spectacle is to those on shore, an increasing number of his followers are becoming impatient of this adept Welshman who continues to shoot the rapids while his trusty ratepayers carry back the canoe again and again to the starting point for a repetition of the performance. There are smoother waters ahead and it is a great pity that Mr. Lloyd George cannot make up his mind to leave the rapids. It is only by a miracle that his craft has stood the strain so long.

And this is the man whom Bonar Law served with a devotion which was so deep and overwhelming that if Lloyd George had been defeated everyone knows that Bonar Law would have crossed the floor of the House with him to the Opposition benches.

It was a noble devotion, immune from innuendo or any of the insidious poisons that so easily ruin the friendship of public men. Not the least of Bonar Law's great qualities was his capacity for real friendship.

So far I have dealt only with the characteristics of Bonar Law as they were exhibited in public. What of his private life, his daily intercourse with his family?

The Law home was the natural product of Scotch-Canadianism—no swank, no posing, no pomp, but a genuineness that was never altered in the least degree by any of the changing fortunes of its founder.

In 1891 Mr. Law married the daughter of Mr. Harrington Robley, of Glasgow. They had a family of four sons and two daughters.

When Mrs. Law died some years ago, Isobel, the elder daughter, became the "woman of the house" and last year, when she married Sir Frederick Sykes, the Controller General of Civil Aviation (and a great figure in the war) it meant the going away of a daughter who had ministered to her father with a wistful mother-daughter tenderness which had done much to sustain the Leader of the House under the heavy blows of the war.

### Demonstration of Appreciation.

I REMEMBER what a remarkable demonstration Parliament made on the occasion of Isobel Law's marriage. On the terrace of the House of Commons, overlooking the river, while the lumbering traffic moved on and on across Westminster Bridge, the whole membership of the House of Commons met and made her a presentation Mr. Balfour spoke, the Speaker and the Labor members spoke, and even Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George sheathed their knives and joined in the general tribute.

Two of Mr. Bonar Law's sons were killed at the front. They went to their deaths light-heartedly as if war was a sport and they the players. And Bonar Law never ceased his labors. Only his intimate friends knew the agony that aged him more cruelly than time could ever have done. . . . And true to the Law breed, the third son, Anthony, joined the ranks as a ranker as soon as he was of military age, but armistice came before he was ordered to France.

There remain Richard and Kitty, the two youngest. The world will hear from Richard, or Dick, as he is more naturally known. He has character, charm and brains. If he can only conquer a certain shy diffidence that makes him just a little sensitive for this knock-about world, his part in the affairs of men is certain to be a great one. Last summer, during the vacation at Oxford, he joined the literary department of the "Daily Express," and from what I saw of him there I sincerely hope that there were sown the germs that will eventually draw him towards journalism.

And lastly Kitty! Fifteen years of age, dynamic with personality, terrific energy, mentally and humorously always on the "qui vive" and boasts of being Canadian, although she has never seen our shores. A charming youngster.

. . . . . .

This, in a rambling form, is the story of Bonar Law, who lived until he was twelve years of age in the ruggedness of rural New Brunswick; who forsook the new world for the old, but who never renounced his loyalty to the land of his birth. Once, when the House was discussing the menace of naturalized Germans, Bonar Law strengthened his point by stating that the case was parallel to his own; his domicile was in England, but, if anything so extreme as a war between England and Canada could be imagined, he would fight for Canada against the land of his adoption.

As a Canadian whose heart is bound solidly to his own country, I feel a deep sense of honor in placing before Canadians this imperfect but sincere story of a great son of the Dominion.

# THE VALLEY OF GOLD

*Continued from page 15*

"YOU may not be called upon to forego the society of this so immensely necessary person."

Now it was his eyes that opened wide.

"I have a piece of big news for you," continued Mary, shaking her head wisely while she enjoyed his surprise. "I, too, am dropping out. No Varsity for me this term. You see me to-day, Ned, a specially permitted schoolma'am. Last Thursday as I rode to Sparrow's I was on my way to sign the entangling documents. Bridges are all burned. To-morrow I begin teaching—where do you think?"

He shook his head.

"In the school of—The Craggs. I shall be your very close neighbor. Mary McClure is not flitting away from you. Combes and his tender-hearted fellows should worry very considerably, I fancy."

"Mary, Mary!" was the elated cry. "I am sorry for you but riotously happy for myself."

She looked down upon him a moment with eyes brimmingly glad, then a shadow crept into them.

"I am spending this year with Mother and Dad," she said simply.

Looking earnestly at her he caught the shine of tears. Stifling the gay words leaping to his lips he rose and stepping to her drew her head to his breast.

"Mary," said he gently, "our work is planned for a year ahead. Heme is the only place for us just now."

"We'll make it a great year, Ned," was the hopeful reply. "When I was a little girl, everything good for Mother and Dad was described as 'bestest.' This is to he the 'bestest' year for our loved ones that they have ever known. Can we make it so?"

"You are only a little girl yet," said Ned, kissing the face turned up to him. "And this is to be their 'bestest' year. We shall see to that. Now for my trouble, the thing that drove me out to find you. These last moments have made it deepen rather than vanish. On Thursday afternoon, a short time before I saw you, I had an adventure. Have you heard of it?"

"Not even a rumor, Ned. Mother and I are not as intimate with Pellawa life as we should be."

"I am glad you have not heard," said Ned earnestly. "There was an encounter in the poolroom. Your father was involved."

At Ned's words a fear flashed into the girl's eyes.

"Your father and I have made rather slow progress in our mutual acquaintanceship. We got to know each other much better at Sparrow's. I cannot say the event has helped any. We are now enemies publicly acknowledged. At least your father so considers me. The clash was sharp and promises serious trouble ahead for us. It will hamper us not a little in our plans of the last few minutes."

"Ned!" she cried with lips a-tremble. "You did not fight? Not that?"

"No. We did not fight. It was a touch and go, but resulted in nothing more than a sharp brush with your father's gang. That scratch is from the boot of Bill Baird. I was able to restrain the Valley Gang, thanks to Easy Murphy's loyalty. Otherwise the worst would have happened. We did not fight and I am confident I can give you my promise that we never shall."

Immense relief filled the girl's eyes.

"You were in a hard place," said she, her look of strange comprehension searching his face. "You held your hand because—because of our love. I know it."

Her sure intuition astonished him, but before he could speak she continued:

"There is startling cause for cheer in all this, Ned. If you can prevent the terrible possibility I am thinking of, you can win Dad."

"How would you have me do it, Mary?" was his abrupt appeal.

She pondered deeply, her eyes growing in solicitude as the moments passed. At length she looked at him with troubled face, shaking her head.

"I do not know," was her helpless confession. "How would you win him?"

"The only way is to play the man with him," was the slow answer. "He would turn over heaven or hell to break me. Obviously I must break him."

The girl shuddered at the words. Watching the quivering face he was surprised to hear her say:

"I know there is no other way. One of you must conquer. But there is a condition I want to make. You will be right, always, Ned, as well as irresistible. I know you will."

"I shall always have the right with me. I have it now," was the quick reply. "I expect to butt into stone walls at times, but we shall win out. There is only one great, lurking dread. Sometimes I fear your father may strike at me through you, we mean so much to each other."

As he spoke he fancied he saw in her eyes the glimmer of a haunting fear. But it vanished so swiftly he doubted he had ever glimpsed it. The big eyes reading his were heavy with grief. With sudden impulse he crushed her in the shelter of his great arms.

"I should not have breathed the thought," said he penitently. "Nothing conceivable can ever strike our love, Mary. You are not afraid?"

"Not of that," was the reply as she nestled contentedly within the strength of him. "Many things may happen, but not that. Just now Father is obsessed with his new friendship. It is a thousand pities that the friend should he Chesley Sykes. His presence in Pellawa is an ominous mystery to me. So far he has deported himself with desirable aloofness. May he continue to do so. He is completely outside of this beautiful moment. Let us forget him."

"And ride away together," suggested Ned.

"I have an hour yet," calculated Mary.

"We will spend it riding No-trail Gulch," tempted Ned.

"Let us away," laughed the girl gaily. "For the trail is——"

"Is luring," completed Ned, leading her to the horses.

A moment later they clattered over the gravel bed of the brook and into the trees.

### III.
### BOUQUETS.

THE month of October sped swiftly away in one long attack on oceans of stooks amid the blue blaze of cloudless skies. The threshers were having a run of "great weather," as the blank fields and the piles of straw averred. The matter of the McClure - Pullar wager had of course leaked out and become the one thrilling feature of the annual wind-up. Aside from the two gangs there was a keenly interested and, alas, gambling public. The sympathy of the plains went to Ned Pullar; the odds to Rob McClure. Jack Butte had become an inhuman sphinx. Into Jack's elevator had come the steady stream of grain from the contending mills but to no one had he divulged the respective records. No system of tapping his books had yet succeeded. This was due to the fact that Jack Butte was an irreproachable and resourceful stakeholder. As rare evidence of his unique qualifications he had sworn the secrecy of every farmer threshed by the rivals. It was a tribute to the sporting public that with but three days to run only one man knew of the interesting situation.

The Valley Outfit was resting. Ned Pullar was oiling-up and cleaning his engine during the dinner interim. Every bit of brass about her was gleam-




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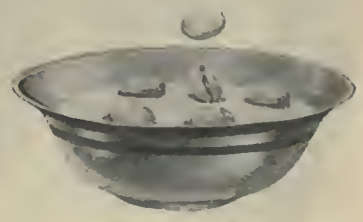
These nut-like morsels are used in candy-making. Chefs use them to garnish ice cream. Think of serving such foods as a breakfast dainty.

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ing gold while the friction surfaces shone clean like new silver. The "Old Lady" had established a personal reputation in the Valley as a "mighty good engine," and her engineer was justly proud of her. To Ned she had become a living thing. Mounting on the footboard he grasped the throttle. During the pounding grind of the past month he had formed the habit of communing with this thing of power that he controlled with so masterful a hand. As his eyes read gauge and water-glass with satisfaction he spoke to the engine, addressing her not by word of mouth but with the voice of his reflection.

"Just a couple of days more and we will ease up on you, old girl. You've been a game old pal and you'll not throw me down now."

The Old Lady made violent protest at even the hint of such infidelity by throwing a hissing cloud of steam from her exhaust. Ned smiled, gripping the throttle with a fond clutch.

"Same old ready bird!" said he. "Eager to get at it are you? Just five minutes, Old Lady, and we'll set you purring again."

With the flames roaring through her flues the thing of steel waited restively for the thing of will that held her levers in sinewy grasp.

At the separator the men resting for a few minutes upon the straw were looking up into the face of Andy Bissett, the separator man, listening to him as he worked away with wire prod and oil can.

"I tell you, lads, we are up against a stiffer proposition than any of you fellows think. Ned's out for blood. He doesn't care a whiff for that wager Butte holds. But he's got to win it."

"Hold on, Andy!" cried Lawrie, the big feeder. "You've got me up in the air. I thought the Valley Outfit was after McClure's long green."

"So they be," agreed Dad Blackford belligerently. "And Ned, 'e's a-goin' to get hit."

But Andy shook his head.

"You don't get me," said he, pausing in his work. "And I can't explain for I'm as much at sea as the rest of you. But we've got to win this little bet. If we put it over McClure it will only be by a thousand or two. Ned says he won't push the Outfit any harder, but I've taken the liberty to put on the squeeze play for a couple of days. Grant's putting on two extra stook wagons and a couple of men. Here they come now. We're going to slam through a couple of thousand above the regular If Grant can bung this old fanning mill I don't know it."

The men leaped to their feet, for the extra wagons had rattled up. There was a fresh determination in every face. They had been working at high pressure for the long run, but they were right on their toes in the face of the challenge. Each man went to his place addressing himself to the struggle in the workmanlike fashion of the Valley Outfit. Jean Benoit, the little French bagger, plucked the tankman's sleeve as the group broke up.

"What Ned hole on hees cheek?" questioned the Frenchman excitedly.

Easy Murphy looked at him a moment deeply puzzled. Suddenly light broke.

"Begobs, 'tis the tongue in his chake yer dappy about. Why, sez you, does not the sly divil be afthur-r showin' the hand uv him? Shure Ned's not wearin' his heart on his lapel, me frind from Montmorenci."

JEAN searched the Irishman's face as it went through the contortion of an excessively wise and secretive wink.

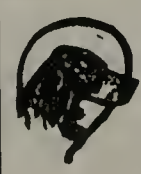
"Mon Gar!" exclaimed the confused fellow. "De boss wan woodhead! Why he de debble not squeal? Eef we know, den lak wan blankety busy bee we work de whole gang. Eef we not know, Ned he ged him on de neck."

"You're right, Jean!" was the emphatic pronouncement. "And yit Ned







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wull not be afthurr tellin' his saycrits till the gintle lugs uv the Valley gang. Can't ye see whut's eggin' him on? 'Tis not the wee wager. 'Tis a man." Tapping the Frenchman wisely on the breast he whispered tragically, "The boss is thrailin' a varmint be the cognomin uv Robbie McClure and he'll be afthurr gittin' his man dead or aloive. Put that intill the poipe uv ye and smoke ut, not forgettin' till wur'rk like hell in the manetoime. Farewell!"

Jean did not understand quite all, but he turned to the bagger with fierce resolution. As he knocked the filling bag with his knee he caught sight of McClure's smoke through the cloud of dust enveloping him. His dark eyes shone.

"We lick heem! We lick heem!" was his low soliloquy. Then he added joyously as he gave the bag a vicious jab, "Ha! Eet will be good!"

The thought energized him mightily. Deftly settling the bag and closing it he seized it adroitly and by united force of arms, knees and back hurled it up into the wagon, remarking ferociously:

"So we give McClure the beeg fall. We give him beeg scare too, eh? And mebbe leetle licking also."

Smiling gleefully he settled to the grind.

Easy Murphy was absorbed in a brown study as he climbed up on his water tank and started his horses over the stubble. Suddenly he came out of the maze of his cogitations and called fiercely at his horses.

"Arrah, me beauties, shake the legs uv ye or I'll be afthurr pokin' yer rumps wid me number tins."

The horses took the hint and broke into a lumbering trot. They were making a trip to the water-hole and at the moment were passing through a field of oats into which they would soon be hauling the Outfit. As he drove through the wire gate out into the road-allowance he saw a buckboard pull up at the fence some distance away. The sole occupant dropped out of the vehicle and passing through the strands of wire walked a considerable distance into the stooks. Pausing for a moment the stranger knelt down beside a stook, then rising walked on to another, where he knelt again. His actions excited a keen curiosity in his observer.

"Begobs, me hearty!" exclaimed Easy. "Ye're not pickin' pansies in an oatfield. Nathur are ye adorin' the Almighty, for ye're almighty loike Snoopy Bill Baird, head foozler of McClure's bums. I'll hail yuh, Bill, till I find out yer tack."

He was about to yell when he checked himself, muttering:

"Howld yer jaw, ye owld fool."

The other had noticed his approach and loitered a few minutes shelling the grain, interested evidently in the yield. This matter duly settled, he climbed back through the fence and re-entering the buckboard drove slowly along toward the tank. It was Snoopy Bill all right. As they drew abreast Easy pulled up his horses. A roguish twinkle played in his eyes as he said:

" 'Tis a foine day wur-r havin', Bill. A pleasant day indade for pluckin' swate bookays."

"Great day! Great day! Murphy!" was the jocular reply.

"Bin pickin' pansies the day," continued Easy naively, curious to discover what he could.

Snoopy Bill looked at him sharply. But no guile could he discover in the face grinning down at him.

"No such luck, Murphy," said he casually. "I was taking a squint at the yield. Pretty dum good, eh?"

"And it's the yield ye're afthurr meddlin' with and not the swate and gowlden daisies. I saw yuh pokin' around among the stooks as I pulled through the gate."

The smile on Snoopy Bill's face ceased to deepen while the whole man became suddenly alert. Easy Murphy caught the change.

"Ye're Snoopy Bill, shure enough," blurted he. "And I'll lay ye a tin-spot ye were up to no godly devowshuns kneeling in the muck by the stooks. Ye're not prominint for religion, are ye, Snoopy?"

SNOOPY BILL'S tone was galling to Easy's inflammable spirit as he replied imperturbably:

"Leaving the matter of the 'swate daisies' aside, Murphy. I was praying for you, honest. I was putting in a lick for the Valley Gang asking the good Lord to have a look to Pullar's Outfit when we clean them up."

Easy's jaw set, a sign that an ultimatum was imminent.

"Ye blatherin' spalpeen!" he cried, his hands opening and shutting convulsively. "I'll be afthurr spilin' yer sassy mug if ye open it agin."

Snoopy Bill opened his "mug" with commendable lack of hesitation. An impudent drawl pointedly accentuated did not tend to reduce Easy's evident irritation.

"Talking about mugs, Murphy," said he confidentially, "it seems to me we have some curious and fine large samples hereabouts gopping wide open for free inspection."

The sardonic grin that accompanied the casual observation touched off a whole magazine of high explosive. Easy's mouth was a generously ample specimen and his posture of attention was to sit with it ajar. The amplitude of that particular area of his facial map was a source of constant regret. Hence the remark rankled.

"Ye've said it!" was his angry utterance as he threw down the lines. With a leap he was off the tank. They dropped to the road together, but Snoopy Bill having a shorter descent recovered first and rushing at his antagonist swung swiftly and struck, planting a powerful blow on the chest, hurling the other against the tank. He followed quickly for the head with his other hand, but Easy's native wit acted with surprising speed and he ducked. Snoopy Bill's closed fist rapped on the hard surface of the tank, skinning the knuckles.

"Thry agin!" yelled the Irishman, mockingly, with a vicious thrust into his enemy's ribs. The blow staggered his opponent. Swiftly he followed it with a jolting up-cut, yelling again, "Take wan yerself and be hanged!"

The blow made Snoopy Bill's head bob back and he dropped to his knees. Easy stood over him furiously triumphant. Stooping he called into the other's ear:

"Git busy at yer devowshuns, me hearty. Put in a wur'rd for McClure and his divils."

With a weak smile Snoopy Bill staggered to his feet.

"You are a hard hitter, Murphy," said he dazedly.

Picking his late antagonist up bodily Easy bundled him into his buckboard and slapping the horse smartly on the hip sent him off at a trot. Placing his hands to his mouth the tankman shouted:

"If ye want anny more forgitmenots come back the morrow, the garden's full."

With this parting shot he climbed up on his tank and resumed his trip to the water-hole.

## IV.

### THE MAN, ROB McCLURE.

ROB McCLURE sat before his roll-top desk, his head resting upon his hands. He was perturbed. Occasionally his head would sink into a posture of dejection. In a moment he would straighten, shrug his shoulders and look out of the window, his face swept by the irony of an uncouth smile.

He was a man of powerful physique, large of frame, possessor of a presence singularly impressive. He was conscious of his power. An habitual, impatient shrug revealed a restive spirit deeply antagonistic to baffling ele-





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ments. A relentless, implacable expression inwrought the face that exhibited even in the act of smiling the dominance of an over-riding will. There was something cruel in the hard lines about the mouth, while the deep little wrinkles about the eyes more than hinted brutal cunning. One felt that given sufficient pressure Rob McClure was capable of the unspeakable. There were, however, relieving features to the hard visage, most prominent of all a high, expansive brow shaped for noble thought and great, volcanic eyes.

Looking out of the window his eyes fell on the yellow stretches of stubble, empty now save for the huge piles of straw thrown up by the blower. In the west the plain was gulfed by the blue depths of the Qu'Appelle Valley. His glance swept over the autumn landscape all unseeing, for his gaze was fixed on two streams of distant smoke that rose for a little in straight columns, then floated off in long parallel lines to the west. Clenching his fist he brought it down on the desk.

"I've got him nailed!" he breathed fiercely, smiling his strange smile.

Then his confidence seemed to shake. The two lines of smoke were streaming over the fields evenly abreast.

"Pullar's a silent devil," he whispered darkly. "He is deep—deep as Old Nick himself, and he cleans up a pile of stuff."

He meditated for a little then added decisively: "But I've got him nailed tight."

The irresolution disappeared and the cruel smile stole out again.

"If he should win," was the jocular reflection, "we'll take a look at the little game proposed by Reddy Sykes. Reddy has a way—a fetching way." The name brought a certain merriness to his face. The humor was not attractive.

With a satisfied shrug he rocked back in his chair. As he did so his eyes rested on a photograph above his desk. Down upon him gazed two beautiful faces. Instantly a tender light softened the hard features. His lips moved, shaping involuntarily the names:

"Helen! Mary!"

The picture held his searching gaze until the sound of approaching footsteps broke the spell. At the sound the tender light vanished and a conflict surged over his face. Gradually his jaw set and the steel of the unyielding will revealed itself. The door opened quietly and in a moment a hand rested gently on his head. The voice that fell on his ear was sympathetic and affectionate. Mary had broken into his sanctum.

"Why, Daddy," she cried, "you are looking very serious. Are you troubled about something?"

The very solicitude of the voice seemed to chafe him.

"No," he exclaimed abruptly.

Nothing daunted, she fondled his hair.

"Is the mill not running well, Daddy?"

The appeal in the voice caused a relenting of his face, but his tone was forbidding as he replied:

"Yes. She's running along fine. I must go out to her right away."

Submitting brusquely to her kiss he rose and snapping the roll-top shut took his departure.

Mary McClure sat down in the vacated chair, resting her head on her hands as her father had done.

"Poor Daddy!" she murmured. "You are so busy, so preoccupied."

There was a trace of pain in the voice, a great wistfulness in the eyes. Once again she was confronted with the tragedy of affection unrequited.

Looking at the father one would expect in his daughter the robust, ample type. But she was small and fragile, a delicate bloom of young womanhood. Out of the bright face looked lustrous brown eyes, a seriousness lying in their playful depths. In appearance only was she fragile, for the small form was well compacted, lithe and wiry, capable of really great endurance. She was more than equal to exhausting rides along the ravine and the trails of the upper country. Sitting by the desk she was a diminutive, disconsolate figure. She had drooped into a pensiveness that of late visited her all too frequently. Nose and chin had the dainty grace of the spirituelle and such was Mary McClure. Yet was she human, fired with an intense passion for people. A quick, light glance of her eyes or the flash of her smile threw the spell that was irresistible. Life opened to her on all sides. The girl was fortunate in her mother. The glory of a great affection enveloped her. In the mother appeared the culture of Old Varsity, giving to the McClure home a distinguishing atmosphere not often found on a western farm. Helen McClure was a fine companion for the vivacious girl, and the two enjoyed a delightful camaraderie.

In her father Mary was presented with the most cruel enigma. Here lay the secret of the solemnness that so often filled her eyes. By him all affectionate approach was resented. He seemed deliberately striving to quench her natural attachment. But Mary's affection knew no repulse. Patiently she pressed the attack, intent on destroying the barrier he would insist on building between them. At times she fancied a relenting had rewarded her efforts.

Rising, she walked to the window and looked out pensively upon the autumn fields. Her heart was conscious of a dearth as great as that of the barren stubble. Her lips trembled as she whispered musingly:

"Daddy doesn't seem to want my love. Why is he so busy—so—so unfriendly? So buried from us in a hundred cares?"

As she pondered she shuddered, for she remembered times when he was well-nigh brutal. Then the fetid odor flowed from his breath. Rapt in the poignant moment her face drew into sad lines and a mist stole over her eyes, blurring the autumn vision.

McCLURE had made all haste and drew near his machine. As he approached the engine slowed up and stopped and the pitchers, jabbing their forks into the sheaves, lay down on the loads. Urging his horse to great speed he rode up to the machine. A lively altercation was in progress. A knot of excited men were gathered about Snoopy Bill Baird and Sid Smithers, the farmer. Smithers' voice rose high in angry tones.

"She stops right now," he cried vehemently. "And you pull your outfit off my farm."

Throwing down the lines McClure strode in among the men. His heavy voice rose above the hubbub.

"What's the kick?" was his demand.

"Smithers is trying to put a crimp in this job," replied Snoopy Bill. "He's ordered the mill off the farm. He contends we're throwing over his grain."

Smithers interposed warmly.

"And you are doing it," said he wrathfully. "It's a cussed shame. I can prove it. Come back to the straw pile."

He promptly led the way and the crowd moved back quickly to the blower. Reaching into the straw pile Smithers drew out a coal shovel. His voice was indignant as he said:

"Here's what I caught in five minutes at the mouth of that blower."

The men crowded round. Cleaning the straws away he disclosed a layer of plump yellow grains covering the bottom of the shovel. As the sight met his eye McClure gave an involuntary start and his face grew dark. His voice was mollifying, however, when he spoke.

"That looks pretty bad, Smithers," said he, quietly. "But you just happened to catch a shoal of grain thrown over on a bunch of straw. I'll bet you ten to one we haven't thrown over five bushels in the last three days."

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But Smithers stood firm.

"You can't pull the wool here, McClure," was the menacing retort. "There is a heap of my stuff going over and you quit. Easy Murphy gave me a line on Grant's yield and he's beating me bad. My crop's as good as Grant's, and you know it. Haul your outfit off my farm."

Smithers was determined. For a moment McClure was silent. Then he spoke in an appeasing tone.

"I don't want to quit this job right now," said he. "I'll tell you what I'll do. Let me finish this run in my own way and if your yield doesn't equal Grant's I'll make up the shortage and not charge you a sou for your threshing. Is that square?"

Smithers turned the matter over deliberately.

"Make it law," said he shrewdly, "and I'll hook up with you."

"Agreed!" was the quick response. "I'll sign the papers to-night. Meet me at Reddy Sykes' at ten and we'll put it through."

"Go ahead on that condition," said Smithers, climbing into his wagon.

Quickly the men were in their places and the machine went roaring into the twilight. As McClure stood by the separator he signalled to Snoopy Bill.

"Let her rip, Bill," was his shout. "Crowd through a couple of thousand extra before to-morrow night."

Snoopy Bill passed the word and the engineer opened the throttle. The gang responded with a will and soon a great stream of straw was gushing from the blower.

AT that moment Mary McClure was standing up in her stirrups with eyes fixed intently on a spur of the north bank of the Valley. As she watched, a yelling scream came over the rounded hilltops. She smiled delightedly. On the tip of the lofty spur she caught sight of a red flash that she knew instantly as the shining coat of a certain bay broncho.

"It is Flash, with Margaret up!" was the pleased exclamation. "I believe she wants me."

Forming a horn with her hands she called back in the cry of the hills. The rider on the spur waved her gauntlet in reply, beckoning to the rider in the Valley. Instantly Mary turned Bobs into the trees, sending him up a steep bridle path to the left. In a few minutes the girls were together and they set out through the stubble to where the Valley Gang was finishing the wheat.

"We are just in time to see the move," said Margaret. "For you, of course, the engineer is the whole gang. You will be able to see Ned in action."

"And you will be absorbed in the rest of the gang, that is in the antics of the separator man," countered Mary.

"At present," laughed Margaret, "I am going to make a raid on your preserves and talk to Ned."

She rode up to the engine.

At that moment there was a boisterously gallant salute from the gang, accompanied by a vigorous waving of caps and the shrill scream of the engine. The girls acknowledged the reception by a gay flourish of gauntlets.

"We are going to time the move, Ned," shouted Margaret above the roar of the engine, showing him her watch. "Let us see what the Valley Outfit can do."

Drawing his watch from his pocket Ned blew the whistle, promptly gaining the attention of the whole gang. Waving his hand toward the site of the new setting, he lifted high his watch and pointed to Margaret. With a ringing cheer they accepted the challenge and addressed themselves to the race against time. One of the feats of a crack outfit is the swift move to a new setting without mishap or confusion.

Already the last stook teams have pulled away from the separator and are careering in wild race to the adjacent field. With the tossing in of the final shovelful of chaff the separator stands clean and naked above the stubble. As the last bit of wheat dribbles into the bag Ned signals the stop and Margaret lifts her watch aloft.

"It is up to the Valley crew now," comes the silvery challenge, and the boys respond with a merry shout and the address that marks the discipline of the gang.

As the fly-wheel slows up the pitchers deftly throw the belt, roll it up and hang it in place. At the same time the carriers are lowered and secured and the two waiting grain-teams hooked to the separator. Leaning well on the lines the drivers give the word. With a sharp gee and a steady pull they haul the mill up on the stubble and head in a curved line for the site of the new setting a quarter of a mile away. There a space has been already cleared and a circle of loaded stook-wagons is beginning to form, awaiting the arrival of the machine.

The feat *par excellence* of all the teaming about a threshing mill is that of pulling the engine out of the holes into which she has settled and over the intervening stubble. Usually two teams are detailed to this duty, but here the big tank team is sufficient. At the drop of the belt Easy Murphy hitched the grays. The two big beasts stand expectant. Seizing the lines Easy gives the inspiration of his invigorating brogue. Thrusting their great shoulders at the collars the team leans steadily forward. Straining with their mighty muscles they sink their toes deep into the turf. The traces stretch into tense, vibrating thongs. Hawing sharply the real pull commences. The mass begins to move. Swaying slightly as his horses' heads go down, Easy heartens them.

"Stiddy now, me beauties, and aisy ut is or the stubble wull be afthurr ticklin' the bellies uv ye."

Suddenly the wheels rise out of the holes and the heavy mass rolls along.

"Aye, 'tis an aisy waltz fer yez, me bantams!" crows the tankman as the big team swings through the soft muck with the weighty Old Lady in tow. At precisely the same instant the separator has made its start. Glancing at her watch Margaret is surprised to observe that barely a minute has elapsed.

Arriving at the cleared area the separator, under the guidance of Andy Bissett, circles to the east, coming up to position in the teeth of the wind. The engine takes a curve to the west, swinging east to meet it. With the separator in place and blocked, every man springs to his task. Carriers are swung into proper elevation, feeder and band-cutter's stands dropped and the belt run out to the engine.

Ned stands on the rear of his engine with eye sighting along the fly-wheel. Now is the critical moment. An inch too much to right or left means the loss of minutes.

"Gee a little!" comes the crisp command. "Steady ahead! Let her swing to gee! Easy now! Hold!"

At the final order Easy Murphy brings his horses to a dead stop. Quickly the belt is slipped on and tauted. Every man stands in his place poised for work. Two short shrieks of the siren and the whole scene leaps into animation. Volumes of smoke belch from the funnel, the big belt speeds flapping along to the separator, starting the whirring of a maze of lesser belts and the spinning of countless pulleys. In a moment the cylinder is devouring an endless flood of sheaves. From the side of the mill the oats gush out while the straw rolls up over the carriers in a golden stream.

The girls ride up to the engine, admiration in their eyes.

"What time did we kill?" inquired Ned, smiling through his layers of grease.

"You made time," corrected Mary, flashing a bright smile down upon him. "That was wonderful work, quite worthy of the Valley Outfit."

"Time," said Margaret with official dignity, "is the surprising record of eight minutes and twenty seconds."


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"I must let the gang know," said Ned in high elation. "That is a pretty decent record." Reaching out he blew eight screeching calls. The threshers paused long enough to respond with a trio of husky cheers. Then back they went with a will to the grind.

"What a furiously busy gang you have, Ned," was Mary's ingenuous observation, her eyes on the lively sight. "You all work as if we are to have a two-foot fall of snow during the night. Why this haste?"

NED smiled peculiarly and was silent. Margaret came quickly to his relief. She was aware of the exact situation and entirely disapproved, but she knew Ned wished to hold the truth from Mary.

"The Valley Outfit have been rushing along at this breakneck speed for the whole of October," said Margaret. "They are gambling, Mary. The boys have a wager that they can pile up a record output for the month. The trial winds up to-morrow night. Ned Pullar and his vaunted Valley Gang are a company of very foolish gentlemen."

"There are exceptions in the case, I suspect," insinuated Mary. "Our little Miss Grant exempts all tall, good-looking separator men. Hum!"

Ned laughed.

"Were it not for the dust," said he, "I would take you girls over for a chat with our rather handsome fellow. I have a hunch, however, that Margaret would scarcely enjoy it."

"What? The handsome fellow?" posed Mary, mischievously.

"No. The dust," replied Ned.

"It is a little matter," agreed Margaret.

"The handsome fellow?" teased Ned.

"No. The dust," prompted Mary archly.

All three laughed.

"Here, White!" called Ned to his fireman. "You handle the throttle while I take the girls to the mill."

In spite of the dust the four-cornered interview though necessarily brief resolved itself into a charming "little matter." Andy was back in his place on top of the mill oiling near the carriers. Ned stood beside the girls, who were sitting their horses just beyond the cloud of dust. They were enjoying a few moments' contemplation of the lively scene before departure for the Grant homestead when suddenly a vivid light flashed red in the twilight, flaring on the sweating face of Lawrie, the big feeder. Instantly followed a loud metallic crashing. With a strange, muffled shout Lawrie threw up his hands and fell on the feed table, pitching forward into the jaws of the machine. An instant more and he must be seized by the deadly teeth of the whizzing cylinder.

At the blare of fire Ned uttered a cry of alarm and rushed toward the separator. Realizing Lawrie's horrible plight he shouted to White at the throttle and taking a lightning leap drew himself up on the separator above the whirring teeth. Already they were fanning the hair of the insensible feeder as his head settled nearer to the blurred shine of the hideous jaws. Reaching over, Ned seized the helpless man and lifted him by the sheer strength of his powerful arms out of the fangs of the machine. But the weight of his inert burden swinging suddenly overbalanced him. Poised over that maw of whirling death the two men hung for an awful instant as Ned fought to recover. But the weight was too much; Lawrie began to sink. It was evident the two men were falling back into the cylinder. A scream of terror leaped from the lips of the horror-stricken band-cutters. Then it was Ned felt his shoulder clutched in a mighty grip and he with his precious burden was dragged back to the roof of the mill.

"Thank God you were there, Andy!" exclaimed the big fellow breathlessly as they composed the huddled form of the unconscious Lawrie.

"A touch and go, Ned!" was the solemn rejoinder. "I did not know anything was amiss—until I heard your shout. It took me an instant to spot you in the dust. Lawrie's badly smashed." And so it seemed, for the man's face was washed with blood.

Meanwhile White had shut down and willing hands helped them move the wounded man to the ground. Water was speedily applied and the blood sopped up, revealing a deep gash along the forehead gouged by some missile thrown out by the rotating cylinder. Under the steady bathing there were soon signs of returning consciousness. Slowly opening his eyes Lawrie was surprised to find Ned bending over him, looking at him with anxious, sober gaze. A gleam of intelligence crept into the man's face and he smiled faintly.

"Oh, yes!" he said reminiscently. "I remember. I felt it slip in and tried to draw it back but it got away." After a moment's pause he added: "I am afraid it has played hob with the cylinder and concave. Have you taken a look, Ned?"

"You Lawrie!" cried Ned, smiling at the game fellow. "It's the man first here, you know. How are you feeling?"

"O.K., Ned, though by gum I seem to have taken the count."

Recovering, he rose on his elbow and looked around curiously. The gang were gathered about him, a circle of solemn faces. Giving a little laugh he said naively:

"What's got your goat, pals?"

"Shure 'tis the lucky, quare divil ye are till be dead wan minute and assistin' at your own post mortim the nixt."

A hearty laugh passed round the circle, relieving the tension. No more was said, but Lawrie understood the grip of Ned's strong hand.

"We must fix that cut, Lawrie," said he, looking helplessly about. "This 'ir will never do."

The moment the girls realized the accident they had dismounted and assumed the official duties of Red Cross first aid. Mary McClure smiled at Ned's words. She had already arrived at a solution. Rising from her place beside Lawrie she spoke.

"Ned," said she curiously, "have you a knife?"

"Here," was the prompt response as he produced a jack-knife.

"Margaret, you take it," said the girl, "and if the Valley Gang will close their eyes for a minute I'll direct you what to do."

At the words she lifted her skirt daintily, revealing the snowy white edge of the petticoat beneath. With dancing eyes the gang made the right about turn and Lawrie decided on an immediate snooze. A few minutes later his brow was bound with a clean bandage and he was making his way shakily to the feed-board. Calling a farewell the fair riders rode away over the stubble, followed by the applause of the grateful fellows.

MEANWHILE at the machine there were interesting developments. Jean Benoit, who was working in on the shakers, gave a sudden shout and popped out of the separator holding something in his hand. It was a heavy wrench. He examined it in a puzzled manner for a moment then handed it to Easy Murphy. The tool was minus one of its jaws. On the remaining jaw some initials had been punched, but they had been almost obliterated through the recent offices of a file.

"Dat no Valley wrench!" exclaimed Jean.

"Probably one of Grant's left on the stook during the binding," said Ned.

Easy Murphy shook his head sceptically.

"Ah!" was his fierce cry as he tipped the tool at a new angle to the light. "So I think. By the Howly St. Paddy! Take a look, Ned. Can you see?"

Ned took a look and there in the bright shine of the filed surface were

good traces of the punch marks forming plainly the letters, R-M. Over him swept an ominous conviction. Without a word he placed the wrench carefully in the tool-box.

"'Tis the hand uv Snoopy Bill," said Easy Murphy darkly. "And 'tis his foul plot near did fer Lawrie and Ned." Clenching his hands he dropped suddenly into a vengeful silence.

A desire for revenge swept through the gang like an electric shock. Even Ned's cool eyes emitted a dangerous glare. Andy Bissett saw the dire change in his companion. Laying his hand on Ned's shoulder he said quietly:

"Ned, it's a dastardly trick but Lawrie will be well in half an hour. It's up to the Valley Outfit to call the bluff and play the winning card. Half a dozen teeth are gone in the concave and several others twisted. The cylinder is about as bad. With fast work it will mean only a two-hour stop. Let us finish strong."

"Very well!" agreed Ned. But his face did not resume its usual imperturbable demeanour.

There was no more threshing that night. Morning found them out an hour earlier, however, pounding grimly ahead, bent on recovering the lost time. As Ned stood at the throttle, a masterful shadow in the gray dawn, he thought over the adventure of the night before. It seemed to hold some sinister portent. Easy Murphy had in the meantime recounted to him the episode with Snoopy Bill Baird. Two more heavy tools had been discovered in one of the loads. Suddenly he became conscious of the malignant nature of the foe with whom he was striving. His jaw set tightly and a mighty resolution shot from his eyes. Unconsciously he opened the throttle and the power throbbed with a fresh leap along the great belt. As he did so a vision flitted unexpectedly before him. He saw Mary McClure standing amid the gang, her eyes alight with laughter while she held her skirt daintily lifted to disclose the snowy fabric for Lawrie's wound. Suddenly his face lost its seriousness and he laughed delightedly.

"Mary!" he cried softly.

Shutting off the throttle he curbed the engine in her impulse to race.

"I guess we have a bunch of pressure left, Old Lady," said he confidently, as he guided her into steadiness. The thing of power steamed on into the strenuous day while the thing of will threw down the challenge of youth.

## V.

### AT THE WATER-HOLE.

EASY MURPHY shaded his eyes from the sun as he gazed eagerly over the prairie. After a prolonged look he remarked:

"Begobs, I belave he's coming!"

A further scanning of the landscape elicited a cry of satisfaction.

"Nick's headin' for the howl all right," said he elatedly.

The Irishman was standing on the tank, his hand on the pump-handle. He had backed the grays into a pool fed by a small creek that here expanded into a miniature pond some dozen yards across. In Western threshing the tankman draws his water from the nearest hole or stream. For some days both Easy and Nick Ford, the McClure tankman, had been filling their tanks at the same pool.

Nick Ford was known familiarly as Boozey Ford, a self-explanatory sobriquet. Whiskey aside, he was one of the most reliable tankers along the Valley. With whiskey by his side his water-wagon was apt to receive a diluted attention.

As the days sped by the struggle between the two outfits became intense. The two tankmen were nearing the point of interpersonal complications in their heated conversations on the issue. Easy Murphy was feeling irrepressibly loquacious on this occasion, for he had not met Boozey since the affair of the R-M wrench. However, as Nick drove up he began a foxy approach, greeting him in a friendly manner.

"Nick! How is the wur-r-rld using you?" was his opening.

"So, so!" was Nick's no less friendly response.

"Ye'll be afthurr faylin' a demi-semi-quaver in yer boots, Nick, since tillnight's the night the Valley Outfit take the candy from the kid."

"There's sure going to be a lark tonight," agreed Nick. "We'll have a howling time putting the kibosh on your little, old Outfit. You mark my words, Murphy, when Jack Butte hands out his estimates you'll freeze stiff. I'll bet you even money we lick you by a thousand."

"Just cover that wee trifle," said Easy, revealing a ten-dollar bill.

"Sorry to rob you, Murphy," said Nick, "but it's awfully decent of you to accommodate me. We'll hand it to Butte just before the curtain goes up."

"'Tis a great pleasure till contribute," agreed Easy light-heartedly. Then he added slyly. "By the way, Nick, did ye miss anny tools from yer tool-chist lately?"

"Not that I know of," was the frank reply.

"Shure we found wan uv Rob McClure's wrenches in our separator yisturr-day."

Nick's interest perceptibly increased.

"'Tis not the act uv a gintleman, but a dirty trick uv Snoopy Bill Baird, and 'tis achin' I am till spile the impudint jaw of the Snoopy wan fer the same foul act."

Nick's blood began to sweep into his animated face. But the other continued.

"Howld yer timper, lad. I'm not afthurr blamin' you, Nick. Yer as innocent as the lambs in the spring."

His voice grew sweet as honey and he made a suspicious motion to his breast pocket.

"We'll just have a wee dthrop as gintlemen together on the head uv the divilment, and part—frinds."

He drew an amber-colored flask from his pocket.

"'Tis the rale Irish, Nick. Be afthurr washin' down a swate swallow."

He extended the bottle convivially.

Nick took in the sight with fascinated and thirsty eyes. All hostility magically vanished and a supreme joy capered shamelessly into his face.

"Don't care if I do," said he, with a too casual unconcern. "Dad, that's prime stuff!" was his genuine approval as he handed back the flask.

"Shure I'm afthurr sayin' the same mesilf. Yer over modest, lad. Take a sip that wull tingle the toes uv ye."

So gracious a pressure was not to be resisted, and Nick responded with a ready acquiescence that left nothing to be desired. Easy emulated in pantomime, tipping the flask adroitly but permitting no drop to pass his lips. Taking another "sensation," Nick scurried off to his own tank and began pumping vigorously. Soon, however, he felt the desire for still another touch and was back at the flask. Easy Murphy kept the bottle supplied from some mysterious source about his person. So the best part of an hour passed and signs began to appear that Nick was rivalling the tanks in the quantity of liquid he was carrying. In the meantime Easy had leisurely filled his own tank. Suddenly The Mogul, McClure's giant engine, sounded the water call. Nick recognized the signal and, dropping the pump-handle, seized the lines and started off, urging his amazed horses in a line of patter that was new to them. As he drove away Easy slipped down off his own wagon and, stealing craftily after, tapped the bung of Nick's tank with a stone. One or two skillful knocks and the peg fell out, letting the water away in a heavy gush. Throwing the bung into the grass, Easy climbed up on his tank and followed.

A HEAD drove Nick, supremely unconscious of the fact that his tank was fast emptying. When they reach-




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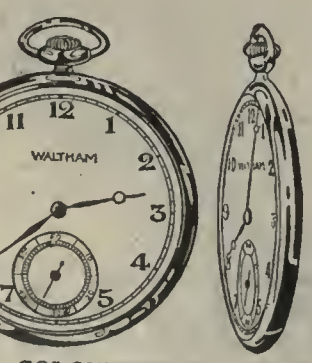
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ed the road-allowance he became suddenly confused. His trail lay directly across the road and into a field. His horses would have taken the right way, but Nick pulled them up sharply. His eyesight was temporarily impaired. He could see only the good road running east and west. Pulling on the left line, he turned into the east. Yet he was not sure, and drew up his horses once more. His tongue was thick as he called back:

"Hello, Eashy! (hic) Ish the trail (hic) all right?"

"Shure and indade it is that," came the wily response. "Go right ahead to yer outfit, Nick, man. It's a foine road, the smoothest in the howl counthry."

With a flourish of his whip Nick sent the unwilling team on down the road. Crossing the road-allowance, Easy entered the oat-field through the wire fence and made straight for his own machine. As he hit the stubble trail he heard the Mogul whistle impatiently for water. A moment later she called again. Turning around, he looked at Nick. He, too, had heard the urgent calls and was standing up driving like Jehu. The tank was now empty and the horses responded by breaking into a smart trot. The sight was hugely entertaining to the watcher. He slapped his thigh, shouting in unholy glee.

"Be the wake uv me grandmother!" he cried exultingly, "it's now we get back the swate and precious minutes they filched by the rascalities uv yisterday."

Away in the distance Nick was driving like mad while the Mogul tattooed her calls for water with an angry insistence that drove him from her at accelerated speed. The circumstance was too much for the delighted Irishman. Laughing till the tears rolled down his cheeks he called after the disappearing Nick:

"Go it, me hearty! Kape it up, and ye'll soon reach the broad Atlantic. Begobs! Call in at Winnipeg. They're shy on water-wagons in the Gateway uv the Gowlden Wist."

Never a word of the matter did he give to his young boss as he emptied his tank in preparation for the next trip. His wickedly radiant face attracted Ned, however, stirring his curiosity.

"What's tickling you, Easy? Been filling your boiler at Louie's tank?"

"Niver the dthrop, Ned. Not wanct since the twilfth uv July have I shined up till the dessentin' crathur. 'Tis the whistle uv the Mogul that's drivin' me tipsy. Somehow the thirsty screamin' uv it tickles me since uv the ridiculous."

"Rob's engine is out of water. She has been calling for over half an hour," observed Ned, looking over the stubble at the rival outfit. "Indeed, Easy, she's hung up. Their blower is stopped."

At an unusual hearty chuckle from the tankman, Ned eyed him sharply, a suspicion leaping into his mind.

"Shtopped's the wurrd!" exclaimed Easy in feigned surprise, shading his eyes the better to study the Mogul. "Rob wull be afthurr havin' a brathin' spell. May it last a wake."

Ned's eyes detected an unusual excitement on his companion's averted face. His suspicion took a sudden definite form.

"Easy," said he seriously, "you are mighty pleased about something and yet not at all surprised. Let me into the secret."

"Shure 'tis plazed I am this minute, Ned, and the most astonished critter on the Valley Gang."

"Steady, lad," cautioned Ned. "You can't fool me. You know more about the water shortage at Rob's outfit than Rob himself. What's keeping Nick?"

Easy found a matter for precipitate occupation in the barrel he was filling and did not reply at once. He was seized with sudden panic, for he had caught sight of Ned's face. The unsmiling eyes filled him with trepidation. When he at length looked up Ned's clear eyes looked through him. For once the garrulous Irishman was

speechless while a blush flamed slowly over his brown face.

"Tell me," said Ned simply.

Hitching his overalls nervously and somewhat forcefully, Easy let a broad, sheepish grin play in his ample face. He attempted jocularity.

"'Tis a lugoobrius confession ye'll be draggin' out uv me wid the third degree uv yer blazin' eye."

"Tell me," repeated Ned.

"Wull," said Easy, scratching his head with obvious regret, "since 'tis implacabul ye are, I'll make it short and swate. Nick and yer humble sarvint meets at the mud puddle. We pass the compliments uv the sayson, git intill a small fracas uv the tongue and out uv it by the bottle. We had a wee dthrop. That is, Nick had. Thin he took another and another, et cetra and so on. Nick was oncommon thirsty. In a wurrd, I filled Nick till the neck and pulled the bunge uv his tank. The one is impty and the other full. 'Tis the Mogul and meself knows which and—yersilf, begobs, since ye tapped me wires. To sum up fer ye, me inquisitive frind, Rob's tank is impty and his tankman full, and the pair uv them is headin' fer salt water at a spankin' trot. 'Tis comin' till the blackguards if ye ask Easy Murphy."

Easy stood before his boss with hanging head. His confession had not stimulated any risible emotions in Ned. Ned, on his part, said nothing, but stood looking for a little at the culprit, a kindly light mingling with the flash of his eyes. Then he stepped over to his engine and, seizing the whistle-cord, gave it a jerk, blowing the one sharp shriek that signals stop. Instantly the work ceased and the outfit slowed to rest. Amid the shouts of the men demanding the cause of the stop, Easy Murphy ran swiftly to Ned.

"Ye're not afthurr killin' the outfit," cried he, a peculiar pleading in his voice.

"Easy," said Ned quietly, "the Valley Outfit is running this little jig on the square. Not a wheel turns on this mill until McClure makes up every minute we've killed for him."

The Irishman looked into Ned's face. There had been a glimmer of an accusing look but it was gone. In its place was something big and honest that hushed the angry protest about to leap forth. Their eyes held for a moment, then the tankman's fell while the flush swept his face once again.

"I'll explain to the boys," said Ned, moving away toward the separator.

"No, lad," cried Easy, impulsively, seizing his arm. "'Tis the hot curse I was nearly givin' ye. Ye're too white, Ned, fer a divil the loikes uv wan Easy Murphy. Shure 'tis right ye are, though I'm hating the idea. I'll hike till the mill and make me diplomatical defence before the gang. Sind me carcase till Belfast whin the boys git through wid ut."

Making a comical grimace, he set off to the separator to do the hardest thing he had ever attempted.

The men listened silently while Easy made his brief and self-accusative explanation. At the abrupt conclusion there resulted a most awkward pause. The gang were dumb at the unexpectedness of it. Each man was torn by several desires. He wanted to laugh, to howl, in fact. But something fine in him rendered him mute. There was a great admiration for their game boss and an even greater admiration for their game and artful culprit. The embarrassment had about reached the explosive point when Jean Benoit let out a scream.

"Ze res' do moche good, I think," said he, shaking with laughter. "Wan, two, tree cheer on de boss an' dees ver bad Irish fellow."

At his words there broke out a jolly shout while the gang lay back on the straw and laughed to their heart's content.

Through the long wait there was not a murmur.

Meanwhile in McClure's gang consternation reigned. The last drop of water had been sucked up by the inspirator and the water was sinking in the glass. The men were perched on all vantage points on the lookout for the delinquent. No sign of him could they discover.

"Get Smithers to haul these barrels filled at the slough," directed McClure to Snoopy Bill, pointing to the barrels about the engine. "They'll keep her going until I can find that blankety Nick."

Nearly two hours after, the Mogul was driving ahead under full pressure, joined shortly by the distant hum of the Valley Gang. Into the dark they raged, fighting ahead until eight, when the defiant whistles of the rival engines told that the great run was over.

VI.

THE THRESHING CHAMPIONS

LOUIE SWALE'S restaurant was full, choked with threshers agog for the result of the great struggle. Almost every individual present had a stake involved. The building was a uniquely composite plant, comprising department store, cafe, bar, club, all under the solitary genius of the rotund and active Swale. He combined the offices of proprietor, manager, floorwalker, bartender, chef, cashier, possessing an innocent smile of friendliest amenity. He had certain periodic fines to meet for the vending of ancient beverages that fell without the code. These he paid promptly with sanguine light-heartedness. Louie Swale was universally liked, as are all good fellows whom careless Nature throws into life incomplete in the entire central osseous system of the vertebrate. He was a fat, juicy, even companionable earthworm.

The store carried a through line from roots to ribbons, occupying the front section of the building. Out of the store one wandered into a long room, low and rectangular, where Louie dispensed the quaffable and edible mysteries of his bar-cafe. The rear apartment was a blind room some twenty feet square, containing a few rough chairs and a round table covered with a green baize cloth. A well-thumbed pack on the centre of the table was the only purposeful article visible. There were two doors, both provided with heavy bars on the inside. One opened into the outshed; the other into the bar. This door was locally renowned as The Green Baize Door, and was believed to secrete behind its baize-covered panels a barrel of mysteries unco', cabalistic and otherwise. Since it was windowless, two dirty lamps did duty night and day. Obviously, when the "Square Room" was occupied seriously the Green Baize Door was to be found shut. At such times a peculiar knock was the "open sesame."

Store and cafe were crowded with men anxious to hear the momentous decision of Jack Butte. Suddenly there arose a stamping and shouting. The stakeholder had climbed up on a table and was calling order. Glasses were set down and cards stacked.

*To be continued.*

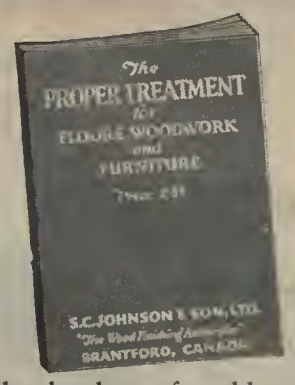
# Mr. Brown, the Niblick

Continued from page 19

Frank had not reached home when I got to the Mardon place the following evening, and Virginia was sedater than usual.

"Frank's pretty much in the dumps," she said. "He had an interview with the manager of the Woolen Bank, and it was not at all reassuring. Trade is bad, money tight, and they are compelled to adopt a conservative policy; they don't see their way to extend the same amount of help to Frank that he had from the Trust Company, and the manager is afraid they'll have to ask him to take up some of his paper; if he has to find five thousand to reduce his indebtedness to the bank, and have


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another five thousand to meet the Peyton-Briggs instalment in a month's time, it will be quite a task for him. Orders are not coming in, stock is piling up instead of turning into cash, and, generally speaking, the bunker seems to be getting deeper, with no niblick handy."

"Seen anything more of our burly friend, Mr. Brown?" I asked.

"Yes, he was up on Monday evening," she smiled. "But to-day we had a kind of revelation. Who do you think Mr. Brown is?"

"I never was good at conundrums," I replied.

"He's the Brown of the Consolidated Textile," she said.

After all, the best incognito is a common name. I had known that the head of the big concern was named Brown, but it never occurred to me to connect him with our niblicking friend.

"Frank is put out over it," she continued. "You remember how freely we spoke on Saturday evening about the skirmishes with the Textile and their attempt to buy him out. Really, we were fearfully garrulous.

"There is a funny side to the revelation, though. The Peyton-Briggs are talking of their friend, who was so delightful a guest at the country club on Saturday afternoon."

"Brown the Niblick's stock has gone down somewhat in this vicinity then?" I said. "Still, Frank told nothing but the truth."

"But it doesn't do to blurt out all the truth," she sighed. "And Frank is awfully worried. All our eggs are in one basket, and he suspects all kinds of plots to harm him. The Consolidated are so closely identified with the Woolen Trades Bank that he sees in the visit of our Niblick friend, just at the time of the merger, some deep inside politics. If anything does go wrong the smash will be pretty complete, and I'm getting afraid for the first time, not for myself, but for the effect it will have on Frank; he's worked himself to a frazzle; do you know I am cowardly enough to think sometimes it would have been better if we had stayed as we were, just small salaried people. I wish he'd come home; he had to see the bank people this afternoon to get a final answer, and he would have 'phoned had the news been good."

We had not long to wait, for presently he appeared. It needed no two guesses to know that he had not met with success.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said. "I only got away from the bank interview at five, and I had some work to do at the office. Nothing much to tell, honey," he said in reply to the question in Virginia's eyes. "I only had the thumbscrew, the rack, and the polite dismissal afterwards. Peyton-Briggs had the time of his life. Our friend Mr. Brown the Niblick strolled in to hear the grand finale; he's one of the new directorate, it seems; guess I did myself no good by going, but I had the satisfaction of turning my battery on Briggs before I came out. Brown sat mum throughout, giving me a nod when they handed out the verdict. I've thirty days to clear off five thousand, and to find as much again for the instalment note, and I don't know where there's a loose five hundred. However, let's eat, drink, and be merry, if we have to die."

When the table was cleared and we sat down for the evening Virginia was unusually silent, so much so that Frank noticed it.

"I'm afraid I've made you dumpy, Virgie," he said. "Things won't look as bleak in the morning; it's so much to the good to know the worst, any change is for the bettter."

"I'm not dumpy," she said, brightening up. "I was thinking about Mr. Brown. I'm not going back on him one inch. When he's quiet he's busy. He can no more follow Peyton-Briggs' lead than you could."

"Well, we won't say anything more about it to-night," replied Frank. "Play something for us, Virginia."

She rose at his request, and was turning toward the piano when her ears caught the sound of footsteps on the gravel path. A tiny frown gathered




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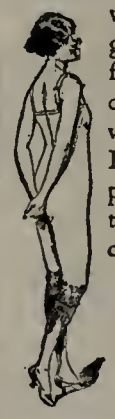
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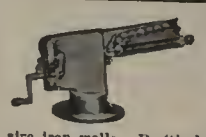


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upon her forehead for an instant, and she halted. The maid was out for the evening.

"Confound visitors!" exclaimed Frank impatiently. "I'll go to the door." Oddly enough all three of us seemed moved in the same direction. Frank opened the door, and there, seeming to fill the squared aperture, was Mr. Brown the Niblick.

"Queer time to come along without notice," he said. "But I took advantage of the general invitation Mrs. Mardon extended to me last Saturday. Seen you before, this afternoon, Mr. Mardon." There was the suspicion of a grin on the broad face. "Guess it was not quite as cosy as this place. I can never go into a banker's room now without a bit of a shiver; they had their innings with me at one time." He filled the ample chair, took out his pipe at Virginia's invitation to smoke, and made himself comfortable.

"Going away on the midnight train, and so wanted to drop in for a chat before I went. Guess I'll be back again in a couple of weeks' time," he said. "I hope we'll have some more niblicking, Mrs. Mardon, when I do get back. Peyton-Briggs was right, that's my weapon, let those who like it have their carpet greens and pancake courses, but give me trouble and a nifty hunk of steel on a stout shaft. By the way, Mardon, I looked in at your office this afternoon, but you'd just gone. I wanted to have a few words with you."

"We can go into the den, then," said Frank. "Though if it's not very private perhaps it would be as comfortable to talk it over here. Virginia's one of the firm, and Algy knows more of my affairs almost than I do myself."

"I'm interested in that bank," proceeded Mr. Brown. "And from the way you flew at Peyton-Briggs I guessed you felt a bit sore."

"Your guess wasn't far off," replied Mardon.

"Too bad!" commented Mr. Brown. "My heart sympathies were with you, but my head told me that Peyton-Briggs was right."

FRANK shifted uneasily in his chair; it was clear he was not in the mood to listen calmly to justifications of Peyton Briggs. Virginia looked up at the speaker with a flash of belligerency in her eyes; Mr. Brown caught it, and his own twinkled.

"I've a hunch that isn't a popular statement," he said. "Let me make it plainer. The Trust Company has been easy—too easy—perhaps if they had been better business folks, paying less attention to the sentimental friendships of a small town community, they would not have been so anxious to sell out. You can't run business on sentiment.

"Whenever I've indulged in it, in my own affairs, I've been royally stuck, and I parted company with it some time back. Times are not over-good just now, and it has to be remembered that a bank's money is not its own, it belongs, to a great extent, to the public, and as such is a public trust. I figure, therefore, that Peyton-Briggs was just about right in what he said, and the accommodation he offered you is all that you are entitled to." And Mr. Brown smiled as cheerily as if he had brought the gladdest kind of news.

"We'll consider that settled," said Frank, a bit stiffly. "I got my answer and that's about all there is to it."

"And Brown can just naturally shut up," grinned the large man in a rather provoking way. "So be it, we'll close that chapter and say Amen."

There was a short, embarrassing silence. Precisely why Mr. Brown had broached the unhappy topic was not apparent; there was something exasperating about it.

"I'm interested in that bank," pursued Brown, as if he were a dog with a meaty bone that he hated to let go. "But I'm a great deal more interested in the Consolidated Textile Company. I'd like to talk about that a bit, if it won't hurt anybody's feelings; it's a sort of hobby with me, like a kind of bigger golf. I believe we made you a bid some time ago for your business, and you turned it down. I'm coming back at it again. You see the cursed malevolence of the big corporation, the wheels within wheels kind of thing, that wants to make capital out of your difficulties—the typical action of the typical soulless aggregation of tyrannical capital. Changed your mind?"

"No!" replied Mardon sharply. "I'll see the thing through to the finish; there are more roads to travel than one."

"That's right," agreed Brown. "And naturally you want to get your feet on the best one, the one that's likely to lead to the most gainful end. As you know we are a mighty big concern, and this is the day of big concerns. I daresay we can get on without your mill; and it isn't unlikely that you could make a success of it ultimately. I'll concede that you have ability and the fighting spirit that coupled with brains and skill makes a success of an enterprise. Still it will be a long pull and a hard pull. The point is, will it land you where you want to get as quickly and as surely as another course would? Is it the best you can do for yourself and your family? I understand and appreciate the desire for independence, for I was a small manufacturer once, and when the Consolidated made its proposition to buy me out, I thought—at first—just as you think, then I took the broader and longer look. I sold out, and so far as I know I sacrificed none of my independence. To-day I am where I never could have been had I stuck to the old road. Of course this wouldn't apply to every man; some are made for the smaller jobs; and others can work best on big ones. Now, listen to me. I'll take your place over at a fair impartial valuation, to be figured by competent outside men, or you can put your own price on it, and if it is reasonable I think we can come to terms."

"And I'll be out on the sidewalk, with little more than I started in with," said Frank.

"So you would," agreed Brown, loading up his evil-looking pipe again. "But I've only got half-way through what I want to say. Don't think we're breaking our hearts to get hold of your little mill, we don't care a whole lot about it."

"THEN why do you urge the matter?" interposed Virginia belligerently at the thought that Frank was being needlessly badgered.

"Because there is something belonging to it that I do want," grinned Mr. Brown. "Oh, I'm selfish, all right, make no mistake about that, Mrs. Mardon. What did you walk up to the altar for one day some years past and surrender a whole lot of your liberty—just answer me that?" and his eyes twinkled. "And what did he meet you there for? You wanted him, and he wanted you, am I right or wrong?"

Virginia nodded brightly.

"We are not bothering so much about getting the mill, but we'd like to make a dicker for Frank Mardon," said Mr. Brown. "Bannerman, our general manager here, is going west to look after our interests there; he wants to go for health and family reasons, and I've been looking round to see where I can find a man to take his place. There's ten thousand a year in it for Frank Mardon if he wants to take it. Whether it is a better or bigger job than doing heavy collar-work in a small way, he ought to know. Once get into the big swim, and I figure that a man's future is in his own hands. Now, you'll want to talk this over with the other member of the firm, so I'll be on my way. Nobody knows of this except Bannerman, and he's as close as the grave; I may tell you, though, that he was the man who first put me on your track."

And Mr. Brown got into his overcoat and went on his way.

A deep stillness fell upon the room; Frank bent forward, his pipe cold in his hands; Virginia pretended to sew, but the pretence was very unconvincing; I glanced from one to the other.

"It was some bunker," reflected Frank, with a heavy sigh of relief.

"You'll take it?" asked Virginia.

"Will a duck swim?" he replied rather flippantly.

"Mr. Peyton-Briggs was right," she said. "The niblick is Mr. Brown's club."


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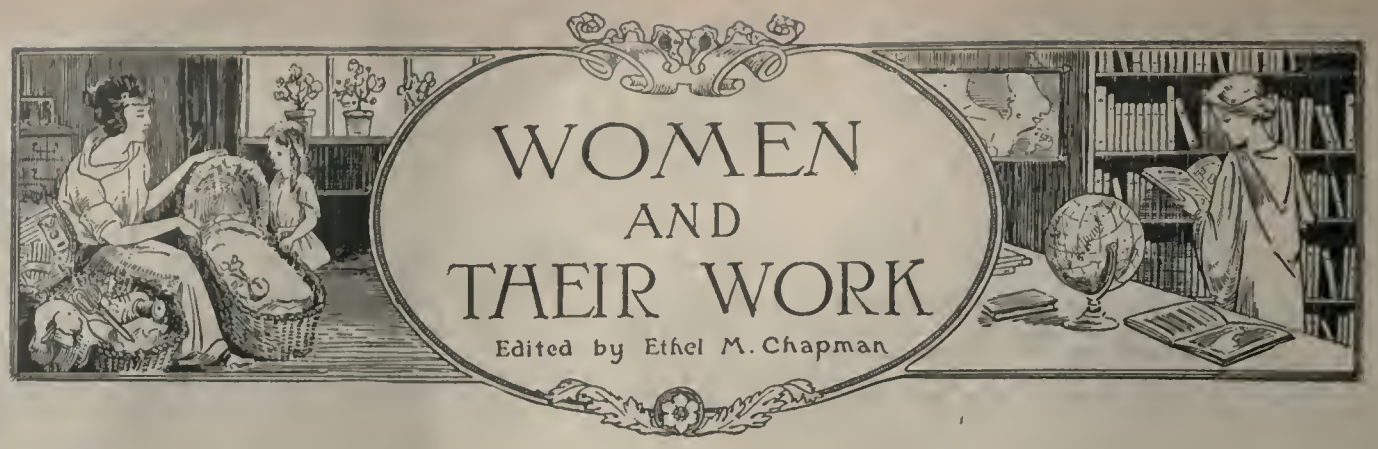
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# WOMEN AND WILLS—*By* A. H. Herbert

IN writing one of his inimitable screeds for the London News some years ago, Gilbert Chesterton said that in spite of all things—revolutions, wars, earthquakes, social reform, crime, scientific discovery, glorious epochs, and transcendent genius—the most vital and interesting facts to the human individual, birth and death, still remained the same. And that is absolutely true. However recurrent the intelligence of such occurrences be, they never lose their grip upon the imagination, nor fail to impress our sensibilities with their mystery and inevitability.

Yet upon death, the most tragic and majestic of all human experience, the grossness of our worldliness has set a regrettable seal of vulgarity in the matter of its attendant ceremonies—wills. What a man has accumulated from birth to death he is justly allowed to hand down to the living, and parliaments and law books and pettifogging lawyers profess to guard these bequests as sacred.

The making of wills is perhaps the chief episode that unveils and betrays the weaknesses and sins of the accredited exponents of our much vaunted halls of justice—the lawyers. In the next place men taunt the fair sex with their enigmatical, illogical and perverse contrariety of disposition, whilst they (creatures of simplicity, steadfastness and sound judgment) arrogate to themselves the virtues of consistency, intelligence, social justice, fair dealing, and perspicacity. Back and forth between the sexes speeds the shuttle of accusation. "A woman never knows a man until she lives with him," accuses the female. "A man never knows a woman however long he lives with her," retorts the male. But to both these very true and pertinent conclusions should be submitted a further established fact, that never by any possible means can you wholly gauge the true inwardness of a man, until he is dead and you have read his will. Also, if you really and truly desire to settle the exact status woman occupies in the esteem, affection and regard of mankind go to the surrogate court and study the probates of men's wills. Throughout a long experience of handling many wills, dictated by men diverse in manners, habit and class, in but one instance alone did I ever read a single document wherein the husband treated his wife as a creature equal in intellectual and moral value with himself. And then, in the last apportionment of an estate somewhere between twenty and thirty thousand dollars, the man provided for his wife and five or six children, after this fashion:

"———— to my beloved wife Jane Jones I leave all my real and personal estate.

"Signed, William Jones.
"Witnesses, Wm. Jones, Jr., H. Wilson, M. D."

The law of Ontario entitles a woman to at least one-third of her husband's estate at death. And most carefully the husband provides that when he specifies certain sums and gifts for her maintenance, it is to be in lieu of dower. But it should always be borne in mind by widows in this province that it lies within their right to reject these special provisions in favor of their legitimate share of the estate, their dower—one-third.

With all due apologies to the farming community, it must be said that nowhere do the wife and daughters of men suffer ranker injustice than from the last testaments of the active and retired farmer. To his sons the rustic will leave farms and mortgages and western lands unrestricted; to his wife and daughters, alas, the bequests are too often only partial or niggardly in the extreme. If the daughter marries she provides for herself; if she does not, she must cling to the religious axiom, "the Lord will provide." To my mind now comes the case of an aristocratic farmer whose brother was well-known in Toronto financial circles as a man of affairs. This pretentious rustic, dressy and pompous in his living, had one son and one daughter. The latter was kept at home to work, was taught to play the piano, and treated to a modest trip to England. The son was left the farms, when the other three retired to town, on condition that the father and mother get so much wood, potatoes and fruit a year along with an annuity of six hundred dollars. But should the husband die, the annuity was to be reduced to three hundred. Fortunately the wife died first. The daughter living at home, accustomed to leisure and country dances and dress, without even the business equipment of a common stenographer, reached the age of twenty-five when the home was broken up. Then her father died, and whilst his will left the farms entirely to her brother, along with a few thousand, more or less in cash, the daughter's legacy reached the munificent sum of three hundred dollars.

Another retired farmer with two sons and four daughters, all well and comfortably settled and married, ended his days with a wife and a fifth unmarried daughter in a small country town. The interest on their meagre capital of $3,000 yielded them a frugal living. Three or four offers of marriage were rejected dutifully by the daughter at home. When she reached the age of 55 her parents died. The father divided his capital amongst his children and even grandchildren and the homekeeper got barely $1,000 all told. She then found herself the half-educated relic of a bygone generation, forced to get out and learn a trade, or sponge on her relations absorbed in their own family cares. The most remarkable feature about these two instances, however, is that they are perhaps the most promising examples in a great and overwhelming sea of injustice.

Now it is generally understood that to make a will lucid, succinct, satisfactory and inexpensive, the services of a lawyer are indispensable. Technically speaking, the services of a lawyer who has brains and honesty and sound judgment, are well worth paying for. But in Ontario a man can quite satisfactorily make his own will. All that is necessary is that he write down his instructions and sign them in the presence of two witnesses, who shall likewise write their names as witnesses at the same time, all three persons in the presence of each other.

It is always advisable, indeed, almost peremptory, where the deceased has property or at any future date might inherit property, to have the will registered in the registry office. In certain cases in Ontario where an estate does not exceed a certain value, some $1,000 or $2,000, it is not necessary to have the will probated. The probate, of course, empowers the executors to administer the estate, but it is not necessary that the will be probated to admit it to registration in the registry office.

The making and probating of wills, however, differs slightly in the different provinces. In the Province of Alberta the same requisites for making a will obtain as in Ontario. There is no dower, but a widow has the same right in lands as in personal property. Manitoba follows suit in the matter of signatures, and witnesses, but in the case of a holograph will, which is entirely written, and signed by the testator himself, there is no need of attesting witnesses.

In New Brunswick, however, a will must be in writing and signed as heretofore by testator and two witnesses. Likewise, Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan demand that a will be written and signed as above.

Nowhere in Canada, I believe, is the will of a person under twenty-one years of age deemed valid, and in Alberta, Ontario, Manitoba and New Brunswick no attesting witness to a will can receive a devise therefrom, whilst in Saskatchewan even the husband or wife of a witness is debarred as beneficiary. In the case of a man dying intestate, in New Brunswick, a widow has dower, and in Alberta, Ontario, Manitoba and Quebec the widow is entitled to a third share in the real estate.

The Province of Quebec differs greatly in its civil code from its federated sisters, though it makes the same provisions for the encompassment of holograph wills. But it provides, also, for notarial testaments and documents under the English form, both of which demand slightly different execution and procedure to the common instrument signed by witnesses and testator.

That a woman should hold a one-third dower interest in her husband's estate whilst he lives has always seemed to me a fairly rational arrangement. But when he dies that she should not immediately become entitled to an entire half interest has always been a puzzling mystery. Some men, of course, emphatically endorse her right to equal share in worldly wealth, and their wills acclaim the fact in no uncertain terms, but a lot of conjugal bequests keep well within the one-third limit, and take care to stipulate for the withdrawal of that, if she marry again.

# Our FOOD and Our FUTURE

*By* WILLIAM FLEMING FRENCH

*FEED RIGHT—THINK RIGHT*

MACLEAN'S *believes in the doctrine of proper food and food habits and to this end plans to do all in its power to co-operate with our educators, both in and out of Governmental service, in this work. So we are planning to run in our pages a series of articles that will teach our readers not only the principles of nutrition, but also a working knowledge of how they may be applied and that will also give us a much clearer understanding of the great food industries of Canada and of the foods that they prepare for us.*

*These articles are being written by William Fleming French, who has made a life-study of nutritional problems, and who has made several tours across Canada gathering specific data for this series. He is an acknowledged authority, with a continent-wide reputation.*

*Article No. 2 will be entitled: "The Story of Macaroni." No. 3, "Eat and Be Healthy." No. 4, "The Story of Canned Foods."*

OF EVERY ten readers of these lines there will be perhaps one who really understands what food means to our future—and in naming this percentage we are crediting the readers of MACLEAN'S with more than average intelligence.

We are all familiar with such slogans as "The Staff of Life," "Food Will Win the War," and "An Army Travels On Its Stomach"—but an acceptance of them, together with a notion that food is something that makes you fat or bilious or strong or dyspeptic constitutes about our philosophy and knowledge of food matters. To the average Canadian, or the average citizen of any other country for that matter, food is simply something to be accepted or rejected strictly upon the merits of its flavor—at least he figures that way until his system registers violent protest. Then he looks at all food with longing and suspicion.

Very likely he knows that there are such things as proteins, fats and carbohydrates, and he has heard a good deal about "vitamines" of late. No doubt he is also familiar with the word "calories," though he doesn't know whether these little mysterious strangers should be measured with an ounce scale or a coal scuttle.

The average housewife knows more concerning the various values and qualities of our different foods than does the usual male, whose observations have been limited to a personal interest in mince pie and an unfortunate association with restaurant foods. But she does not understand the principles of nutrition because the need of such knowledge has never been brought to her attention—or rather, was not brought to her attention until very recently. To-day, however, she faces it wherever she turns.

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Personal Management, W. Johnson Quinn


average parent a clear understanding of the necessity of a knowledge of food values and correct feeding practices.

The great united drive for better nutritional knowledge is occasioned by the realization on the part of the health and public authorities of the country that the status of a race or nation depends upon the status of its foods.

A nation that is not properly nourished cannot be properly governed and a people weakened and impoverished by malnutrition cannot win or hold its place in civilization.

### Feed Right—Think Right

JUST as the school child suffering from under-nourishment presents a problem of backwardness, weakness and uncertainty so too does the race or nation that attempts to sustain itself with insufficient food or to exist in the face of improper food habits.

The smaller countries of Europe prove this. China offers another example, and Russia bears ample proof of the ravages of improper and insufficient food. A nation cannot think right unless it is fed right. A nation that is denied wholesome, nutritious foods of sufficient variety is denied its place in the sun.

We need food more than we need anything else except water (and water really is food); we buy it oftener than we buy anything else and it is more vital to us than is anything else. Yet we actually know less about our foods than we do about almost anything else we buy.

The average man buys the food that is pleasing to his palate whereas the average woman depends largely upon its attractiveness to her eye. Very, very rarely do either seriously consider the subject of actual nourishment in purchasing of foods.

If we selected fuel for our furnaces and fuel for our motor cars in the same way that we select fuel for our bodies Canada's winter population would be an exceedingly small and hardy one and we would have little use for the new highways we propose to spend millions to build. For our homes would be frozen solid and our cars in the junk shop.

But, you argue, conditions in Canada are very different from conditions in Europe. Canadians are healthy and properly nourished. We stand shoulder to shoulder with the United States as the greatest food-producing country in the world and our tables are as well supplied with choice edibles as are those in the States.

All right, let us assume that we stand at par with the States. In that case a glimpse at the situation across the line will be really interesting and instructive.

There are, according to the figures of the United States government, more than six million under-nourished children in the American public schools.

A series of examinations, recorded observations, and the use of corrective feeding methods conducted on more than twenty-five thousand American school children proves conclusively the following facts:

That sickness, under-development, backwardness and general "off-color" of children is usually due to improper nourishment.

That correct feeding can prevent 90 per cent. of these troubles.

That corrective feeding can cure 70 per cent. of the cases that have developed.

Extensive investigations show it to be far easier to prevent such troubles than to cure them, and demonstrate that the right kind of food properly fed affords the child practical immunity from the common ills of childhood.

The balanced ration is the foundation of correct feeding. It is as much the foundation of correct feeding as milk is the foundation of our foods—for milk is the first food we consume and it must supply us with the strength and growth necessary to the digestion and utilization of other foods.

Milk is called the "perfect food" because it is the one food that meets every requirement of the human body. It has, in other words, just the right combination and balance of the various nutritive elements needed by our system for health, strength and growth. And so in the glass of fresh, pure, whole milk we have the original balanced ration—and the one that has never been improved upon.

Balanced ration—a mysterious, scientific something that the average housewife associates with the stock farm, the hospital and the nursery; that she knows only as something to be fed to prize stock, invalids and children and that seems very remote from the practical, everyday problems of the kitchen.

Yet the balanced ration is absolutely necessary to every member of her household and their health is largely dependent upon her skill at balancing the nutritive values of the foods she prepares for them.

Proper feeding really spells balanced rations. When we remember that our physical beings are actually the final net of the foods we eat we can easily understand that to have balanced bodies we must eat balanced foods.

This is not a mere figure of speech—it is an actual fact. The food we eat is composed of fifteen chemical elements—as are also our bodies. Not only do our foods and our bodies contain the same number of chemical elements, but also the identical ones. It is, therefore, plain to see that to keep the body in its proper condition and to enable it to function correctly, we must supply it with all the chemical elements contained in our foods.

The composition of the body is about as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Oxygen | about 65.00 | per cent. |
| Carbon | about 18.00 | per cent. |
| Hydrogen | about 10.00 | per cent. |
| Nitrogen | about 3.00 | per cent. |
| Calcium | about 2.00 | per cent. |
| Phosphorus | about 1.00 | per cent. |
| Potassium | about 0.35 | per cent. |
| Sulphur | about 0.25 | per cent. |
| Sodium | about 0.15 | per cent. |
| Chlorine | about 0.15 | per cent. |
| Magnesium | about 0.05 | per cent. |
| Iron | about 0.04 | per cent. |

The fact that the quantities of the various chemical elements contained in the body vary greatly, indicates, of course, that the amount of each of these various chemical elements furnished by the foods must differ accordingly. The body needs, for example, many times as much oxygen, carbon and hydrogen as it requires calcium or iron. Nevertheless, these last two are absolutely necessary to our physical welfare, and the balanced ration assures us of receiving them.

It will be seen, therefore, that the balanced ration is a ration or combination of foods that supplies all these chemical elements in correct proportion.

These elements are combined into four principal food divisions which are known as protein, fat, carbohydrates and mineral salts, all of which are necessary to the body.

Protein is that part of the food which supplies the "building material" from which the flesh, muscle and tissues are made for the body and is therefore known as the "body builder."

Fats and carbohydrates are utilized to furnish energy and heat to the body and are called "body fuel."

Mineral salts furnish the chemicals from which are formed the solutions needed for the digestive process and other chemical actions of the body. These salts also furnish the chemicals necessary for the making of bone and teeth, and for the renewing of tissues.

### The Value of Milk.

OUR foods are merely combinations of the four principal food divisions described. In milk we have a perfect combination of all, as every nutritive and chemical element needed by the body is contained in this perfect food. In meat we have a combination of protein and fats with no carbohydrates and only a trace of mineral salts. While in vegetables we find a combination in which carbohydrates predominate. Cereals contain but a small percentage of fats, a little more protein and a large percentage of car-

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bohydrates. Fruits are also rich in carbohydrates and generally low in protein and fat. They contain, however, a large quantity of valuable food qualities known as mineral salts and vitamines. Nuts are very rich in fat and protein and, with the exception of chestnuts, are low in carbohydrates.

Inasmuch as starches and sugars are both carbohydrates, and as fats perform practically the same service to the body as do carbohydrates it is easy to see that a meal composed of several foods rich in starch, as are white bread, potatoes and such foods; rich in sugar as are preserves and other sweetened foods and also rich in fats as are fatty meats, oil and nuts, is very much overbalanced in favor of those elements known as body fuel and is weak in the body-building, bone-building and tissue-renewing qualities. A menu of such meals if persisted in will result in a disordered system and a badly handicapped body and if this condition is continued the body becomes diseased and finally fails to function.

This serious condition exists in millions of people to-day and can be remedied in only one way—by dieting—and dieting merely means eating such foods as will restore the lost balance.

Some of us may wonder why we say our future depends upon our foods. The obvious answer is that if we eat improper food to-day we pay the penalty of poor health to-morrow, but there is still another reason. The foods we eat in childhood determine our health in manhood.

There is a certain span of childhood during which feeding becomes so vital that it is called by the food experts the dangerous age. In the few short years included in this time are crowded your children's chances for health and happiness.

So important is the feeding of children that one nutritional expert says: "Let me superintend the feeding of a child during the seven years of its early childhood and the future will take care of itself."

This is simply another way of saying that the nutritional habits formed during the years of from four to ten inclusive are the years that build or destroy the constitution of a child.

Experience, resulting from the studying of thousands of children, proves that the child who has reached the age of ten years with good food habits has developed a power of resistance capable of conquering almost any trouble or disease that might assail him. And, which is more important, his appetite has been attuned to the foods which are good for him thus leaving him less susceptible to the lure of the indigestible and unnourishing.

### Power of Assimilation

CONSEQUENTLY it is generally believed, and with sufficient reason, too, that the child that is properly nourished during the dangerous age has slight chance of becoming malnourished in later years. This does not mean that the child who has safely passed the ten-year mark cannot jump the nutritional track and store up a lot of future trouble through his stomach, but that the temptation to eat undesirable foods is reduced to a minimum and the ability to assimilate such foods increased.

Therefore, the best insurance against mal-nutrition and guarantee of good, sound bodies and bright minds for your children is found in the formation of good food habits during the dangerous age, during the years of from four to ten.

Realizing that a knowledge of correct feeding habits is necessary for the health and future of Canada, MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE desires to lend its shoulder to the great drive for better feeding—to do everything in its power to help bring to the people of Canada a clear understanding of the need of such knowledge.

MACLEAN'S now wants to go on record with an unqualified endorsement of general education along nutritional lines and with a plea for the establishment of nutritional feeding classes in the public schools of the Dominion.


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## Maybe Adam Laughed at These



Room For Doubt.—"Why is May supposed to be the one unlucky month for marriage, Daddie?"

"But is it, my dear? I wasn't married in May!"—Stead's Magazine.

---

Agreed—Ned Graham—I've got the real thing in men's hose.

Student—Why, you chump, the real thing is never found in men's hose.—Washington and Lee Mink.

---

The Reason—Mrs. Lastcry — Your prices are getting awfully high. You're charging twice as much for cleaning this pair of gloves as I paid for cleaning a dinner gown last week.

The Clerk—Yes'm. Y'see, there's two gloves.—Boston Globe.

---

The Vicious Circle—Prisoner.—Your honor, I admit that I was exceeding the speed limit, but I was afraid of being late at court.

Judge—And what was your business at court?

Prisoner—I had to answer the charge of exceeding the speed limit.—Boston Transcript.

---

His Bit.—At a Chamber of Commerce dinner a speaker dwelt at great length upon the suffering people of China. He suggested that all present should give something for them. A small dry-goods merchant arose and said:

"You have made for me a feeling already that something should be given. I move that we give three cheers for China."—Everybody's.

---

Breaking the Solid Drouth.—The Drunk: Good ol' private stock from muh l'il ol' cellar. Whoopee! Home, James!

The Chauffeur—That wasn't your private stock, sir. I saw you buy it from a bootlegger. You've forgotten, sir.

The Drunk—Aw right. Hospital, James!

The Chauffeur—And it was a strange bootlegger—one you didn't know.

The Drunk—Morgue, James, morgue!—Nashville Tennessean.

---

Truthful Copy.—The reporter was sent to write up a charity ball. His story came in late and it was careless. The editor reproved him the next day by quoting an extract:

"Look here, Scribbler, what do you mean by this?—'among the most beautiful girls was Alderman Horatio Dingley.' Old Dingley ain't a girl. He's one of our principal stockholders."

"I can't help that," returned the realistic reporter. "That's where he was."—People's Home Journal.

---

A Matter of Diet.—A negro employed at one of the movie studios in Los Angeles was drafted by a director to do a novel comedy scene with a lion.

"You get into this bed," ordered the director, "and we'll bring the lion in and put him in bed with you. It will be a scream."

"Put a lion in bed with me!" yelled the negro. "No, sah! Not a-tall. I quits right here and now."

"But," protested the director, "this lion won't hurt you. This lion was brought up on milk."

"So was I brung up on milk," wailed the negro, "but I eats meat now."—Saturday Evening Post.





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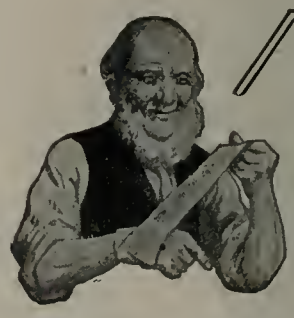
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## German and Austrian Bonds Now "Peddled" About Canada

A RATHER insidious form of "investment," so-called, is being offered to Canadians these days; peddled about, would be the more correct expression. And these "investments" are—German and Austrian bonds! The "profits" are something magnificent: 2000 per cent. or more. The great wonder is that if the offers are really genuine, the multi-millionaires of America and England and France, and Sweden; yea, and of Japan, are not pouring those surplus millions to gobble up these delectable securities and create of each million now possessed, a future nest-egg of twenty or thirty millions. The waning Carnegie millions might thus be replenished, and a library provided for every home; or the modest Rockefeller Foundation Fund be magnified to such proportions as would enable it to present a germ-proof habitation to every one of the billion and a half inhabitants of the earth's surface.

The opportunities for "cashing in" through German and Austrian bonds are being passed up through a negligence that is sad to contemplate. The only consolation is that if the holders of surplus wealth had gone into this get-rich quick scheme, the law of supply and demand might have driven the "bargains" off the market, and the enterprising salesman could not have offered, as he did during July, a $100 value for $1.69; "regular price, $2.00." Think of it! And buy Victory bonds!!

The theory underlying the specious temptation set before the investor is that the German mark and the Austrian kroner are now far below par—the mark being quoted towards the end of July around 1.3 cents compared with a normal price of 23.5 cents. Therefore buying 1000 marks at $13 one stands to receive $235 "if" and "when" the German mark becomes normal.

There are some missing links, however. One does not get the exact equivalent of the low exchange rate in purchasing the "bargain" bonds offered by the average agency to-day; sometimes the price paid works out at an equivalent of at least double the current rate of exchange. Again, much of the stuff that is being offered carries no effective guarantee of interest payments.

The most obvious weakness as an "investment," however, lies in the present fluctuating character of exchange of all European countries, and the absolute uncertainty as to when German and Austrian exchange will regain a normal position. Generations yet unborn may handle, not lovingly, those same securities, and also wonder, When?

But, there is not even a guarantee that the value, that is, the selling price of these "securities," may not slip back, even while you wait. In a single month, between the middle of May and the middle of June, the value of the German mark receded 20 per cent. and another 5 per cent. came off during the next month; it was worth late in July only three-quarters of what it was late in May; the 1000 marks had shrunk to 750, to all intents and purposes, your purchase would have netted you only three-quarters of the cost price—if you could have sold it at all.

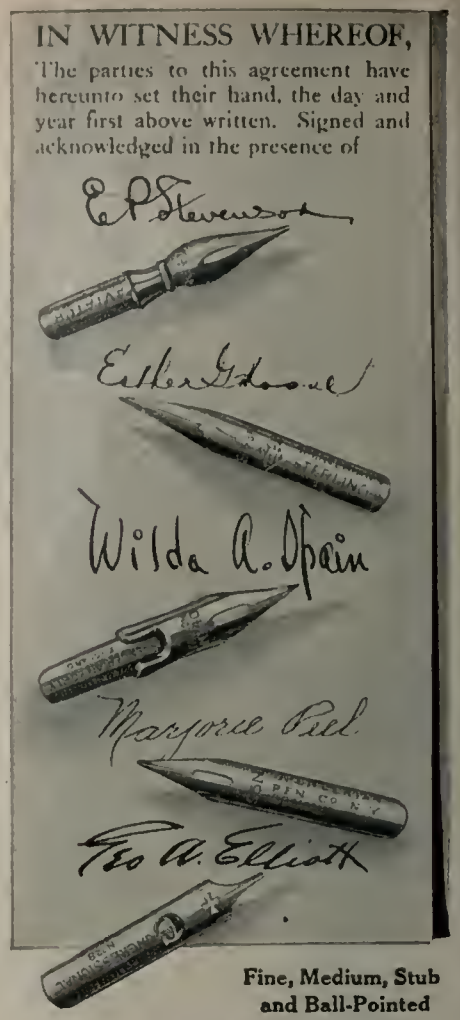
THAT'S another point. One of the main considerations in investment choice is the "convertibility" — the "saleability"—of the security. If an investor needs money and cannot realize on his securities, of what value are they? "Land poor," has become a trite phrase after every land boom. The holders of Austrian or German bonds, if they desired to exchange their holdings for cash, might be in as fortunate a position as a man who might erect a sign, "Builders' Sand for Sale" in the Sahara Desert.

Such a purchase is a gamble, utterly unjustifiable for the average investor.

The "Financial Post," late in July, in a campaign of warning against attempts to induce holders of Victory bonds, to exchange them for these foreign bonds, attacked this scheme as follows:

"There is a possibility that those who purchase bonds of the stronger German and Austrian cities and bonds of those countries will reap a substantial profit on their purchase, but it is only a possibility. The purchase of these securities is nothing more nor less than a gamble. The person with plenty of good securities in his investment reserves and with an excess of funds with which he wishes to speculate may find something attractive in Continental securities but for the small investor—who is about the only person who would be reached in the house to house canvass—there is danger of much disappointment if he buys them."

The warning of the investor who "cannot afford to lose"—as so many express the situation in letters of inquiry—should be extended much more widely. It is only natural when two possible avenues for investment open up—a 6 per cent. and a 9 per cent. yield—to choose the latter as necessarily 50 per cent. better than the former. But the passing of common and even preferred dividends during the last six or eight months should help to destroy that illusion. For not only has the income from the investment frequently been wiped out, but, "ipso facto," the market value of that security is heavily reduced. At the best, the investor has a long wait ahead of him, not only to regain his income, but his original capital expenditure; it is quite possible he may be forced to sell out at the low current market price and thereby lose most of his savings. Therefore, he should scan carefully every investment he contemplates, and particularly be careful as to existing conditions in the industry to which the security is related.




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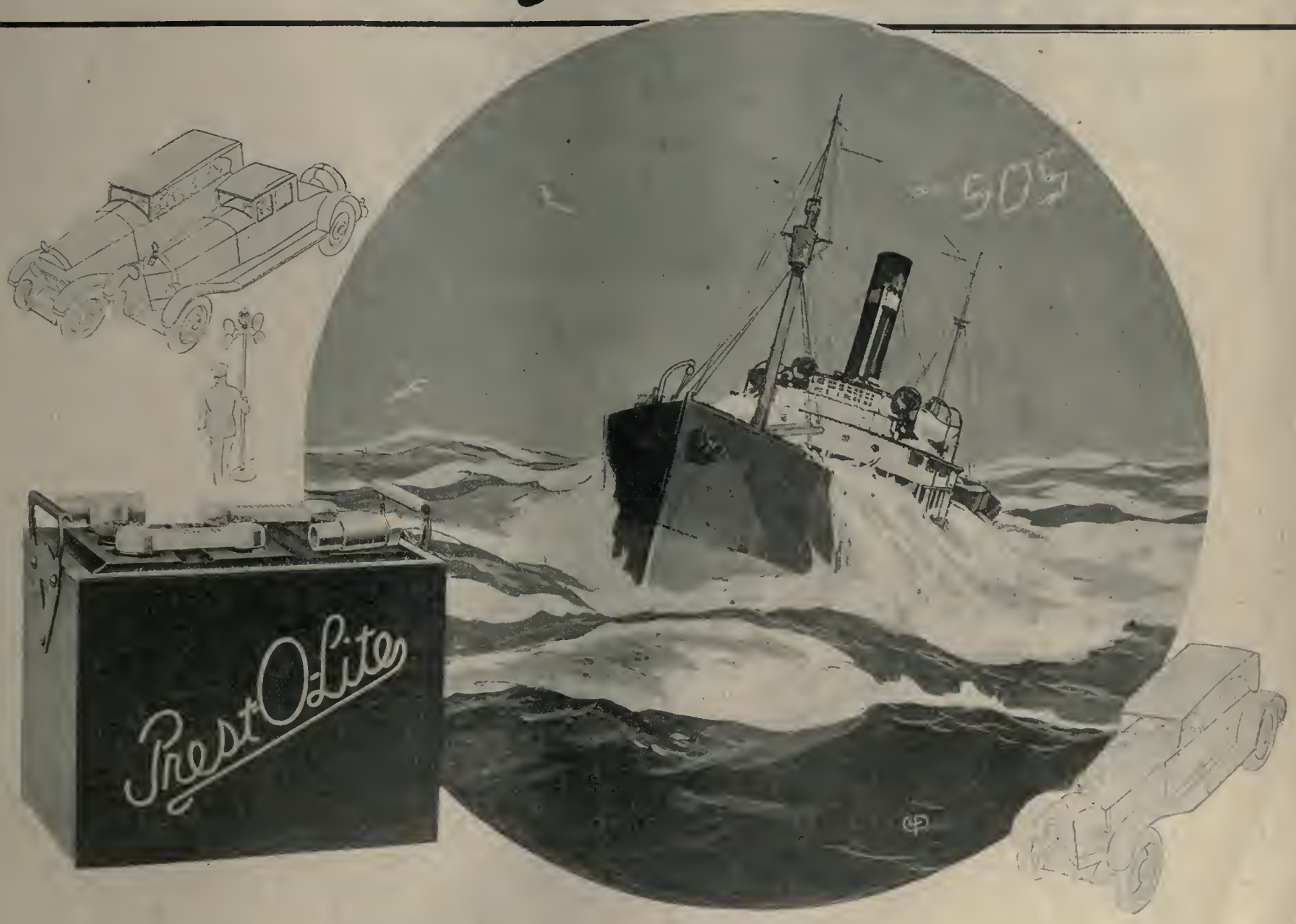
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## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

**Question**—Do you think the United Rubber Company with head office on Bathurst Street a good investment now? I understand it has not been paying until recently but now the outlook is good. Do you think money invested in the Scott Company or Mortgage Discount and Finance, Limited, is a safe and profitable investment?—K., Schomberg.

**Answer:** The United Rubber Company is a comparatively small organization engaged in the manufacture of tires and certain small mechanical goods for the drug and hospital trade.

We understand that they have been operating for a year and a half and have been receiving a fair amount of business, though we cannot make any statement as to the possible profit or loss which has been made thereon. The company was taken over some time ago by Mr. Henry Stanyon, who, we understand, practically controls it, at least so far as its management is concerned.

Mr. Stanyon is spoken of quite highly as a man of wide experience and as being industrious and a hard worker. The impression we were given seemed to be that Mr. Stanyon's management would be successful if any management could be. The difficulties which many rubber companies, even the largest, have experienced in the past year has been that they have been caught with large stocks of raw material on a falling market. We understand that the United Rubber Company has not suffered in this way inasmuch as, due to restricted working capital, they are not believed to have stocked in heavily. If so, they are in a favorable condition.

We would suggest that your correspondent write to the Secretary-Treasurer direct for financial information of an intimate character.

Regarding the E. G. Scott Company—we very much regret that we cannot commend this investment as safe or profitable. The Company may have made some money out of its business lately, but its plans for the future are not sufficiently known for us to be able to commend them.

**Question**—Two years ago I bought 25 shares of Nukol Stock. I bought it on account of the assurance given that they would guarantee a supply of fuel that winter—did not have any idea of making anything on it particularly. Recently representatives of the firm have called on me with a proposition something as follows: A large briquetting company in the States has offered to buy all the Nukol stock at $3.00 per share. They are trying now to give the shareholders a chance to make some money and are giving us a chance to purchase a pro rata amount of stock according to the amount we hold at $2.00 per share that we are guaranteed can be sold at $3.00 per share in thirty days.. What is your opinion? I have refused them twice and they keep coming back.—H. N. W., Newmarket.

**Answer:** We have not seen any quotations recently to indicate the market for Nukol stock. We would doubt, however, if you could get anything like $3.00 a share for it. Of course it may be possible that they have an opportunity to sell their stock at that figure as they say, but we would doubt it very much because the methods they employed of going back to present holders are in keeping with a number of trick schemes being introduced at the present time to get the money of small shareholders. We would be surprised if a further purchase of this stock turned out as successful as the prospects which have been held out to you. We would advise you to have nothing to do with it except as a gamble.

**Question**—I purchased Abitibi stock at 50½ Would you advise me to hold on or to sell? — A. C. S., Sherbrooke, Que.

**Answer.**—In regard to the advisability of holding Abitibi common stock the situation as we see it is about as follows: The earnings of the company have fallen off greatly this year so far, and it seems reasonable to suppose that they will fall below those of last year when the net amounted to over $5,000,000. The demand for newsprint is considerably below that of last year and is likely to be down for some time. Then, again, the price seems certain to fall below $100 a ton for the rest of the year as compared with a present contract price of $110 a ton. It is true that the company in a month or two will have nearly double the capacity it has now, and will be able to produce nearly 500 tons of newsprint a day, and that its costs of production are below those of any newsprint mill in Canada to the best of our knowledge. If the demand picks up and the company can operate these new machines the earnings will stand up well, and will be very high in normal times, so that if you are content to hold your stock for a couple of years we look for a steady improvement in the security after the present rather unfavorable conditions are cleared away. For instance, if the price of newsprint is announced as below $100 a ton for the third quarter of this year—an announcement that may come next week—it is quite conceivable that the stock will fall a little even below the low price of to-day. But for the future of the company we have strong faith, in spite of the fact that we have always felt that the split of five to one was excessive and the market price of the stock will feel this for years to come. If business improves somewhat the company should be able to continue paying four per cent. in spite of the very heavy interest and sinking fund requirements and contractors' payments it must meet each month. If the earnings do not considerably exceed 34,000,000 the four per cent. is in danger temporarily. So you see it is impossible for anyone to guarantee this dividend, or the company's earnings under present uncertain conditions. But for a long hold Abitibi looks an attractive security.

**Question**—Would you consider shares bought below $40 in the Brompton Pulp and Paper Co. a good and safe investment? — C. C. B., Bishop's Crossing, Que.

**Answer.**—There are very few common stocks to-day that could be placed in a category of a "good and safe investment." General business conditions will affect for some time to come the earnings of industrial companies and therefore the amount available for a common dividend, and there may be other cases besides those where action has been already taken where the common dividends may have to be reduced or passed entirely in the next year or so. We could not recommend an investment in any common stock except where the period of deflation appeared to be at an end and where a definite upward movement was in progress. This is not the case with the pulp and paper industry. So far as the common stock of Brompton is concerned the information we receive supports the view that it will be able to continue on the present reduced 4 per cent. basis and in time this dividend should gradually increase as under normal conditions the Brompton concern should work out in a gratifying manner to the shareholders.

If you are looking for an investment and are favorably disposed towards this company, why not invest in the $100 or $500 or $1,000 bonds that have been recently issued in connection with this company? Any investor has the right to exchange these bonds at any time up to May 1st, 1931, for two shares of the common stock of the Company on the basis of $100 par value of bonds. In this way you would be assured of over 8 per cent. yield on your investment in the twenty-year mortgage bonds of the company and at the same time, if in the next few years the prices of the common stock should advance over 50 you would have an appreciation in the value of your investment. These bonds can be bought on the basis of 99 giving a yield of 8.10.

**Question**—I would like your advice on the purchase of stock in the Mutual Finance Corporation of Windsor. Do you consider this stock safe and is it likely to increase in value?—E. H. A., Hamilton.

**Answer.**—The Mutual Finance Corporation, as you may be aware, specializes in financing the sale of houses on the instalment plan in the City of Windsor, Ont. The management appears to be satisfactory and the company is making fair profits. The fiscal agents of this company are the Bankers' Service Corporation of Toronto and this firm has been engaged for some little time in pushing a stock selling campaign. The management of the two institutions are quite distinct. We are not in a position to certify to the stand-

ing of this latter company, but to outward appearances the members appear reliable. The stock appears to have some attraction, although possessing speculative features which would probably render it unattractive to the strictly conservative investor.

**Question** — Will you kindly give me your opinion as to the advisability of investing in stock of Dominion Steel Products Co. Limited of Brantford at the present time?—E. H. S., Burford, Ont.

**Answer.**—If the price of the stock of Dominion Steel Products is satisfactory we believe that it would make a good speculation for a business man, with a view, not of immediate benefit, but of results when the company has emerged from the depression that is now holding up practically every line of industry. We understand that this company is affected by the general slump in trade, and is in need of additional working capital. The management is conservative and capable, and for this reason there is every prospect of ultimate success, This company enjoyed an unusual measure of prosperity during the war years, and was able to pay large dividends as a result of war contracts received, but this branch of the business has of course been wiped out.

**Question** — Would you advise me about the shares now selling of the Zenith Companies Inc. Head Office Winnipeg, and being sold by the Underwriters James J. Craig & Co. Toronto?—J. R. B., Galt.

**Answer.**—The Zenith Companies, Inc., is a holding company, controlling the Merchant's Casualty Co., the Union Fire and Casualty Co., both with head offices in Winnipeg, Man., and the Merchants' Life and Casualty Co., with head office in Minneapolis, Minn. The Canadian companies do business in every province and the Merchants' Life operates in eighteen states on the other side. According to the annual statement covering the operations of the subsidiaries for the year 1920, each company shows a gain in premium income, the Union Fire from $198,621 in 1919, to $304,909; and the Merchants' Life from $204,184 to $481,246. We are informed by the fiscal agents of the company in Toronto that dividends at the rate of 6 per cent. were paid on the company's stock for 1918, 10 per cent. for 1919, and 10 per cent. for 1920. The company has been building up along conservative lines, and with capable management there should be a splendid opportunity in Canada. Until the company has passed the development stage, however, and has become established upon thoroughly stable lines we can only regard the stock as speculative.

**Question** — Would you kindly advise me what are the prospects of and how valuable is stock in the Colonial Realty and Securities Corporation, Limited, Toronto.— J. E. M., Almonte.

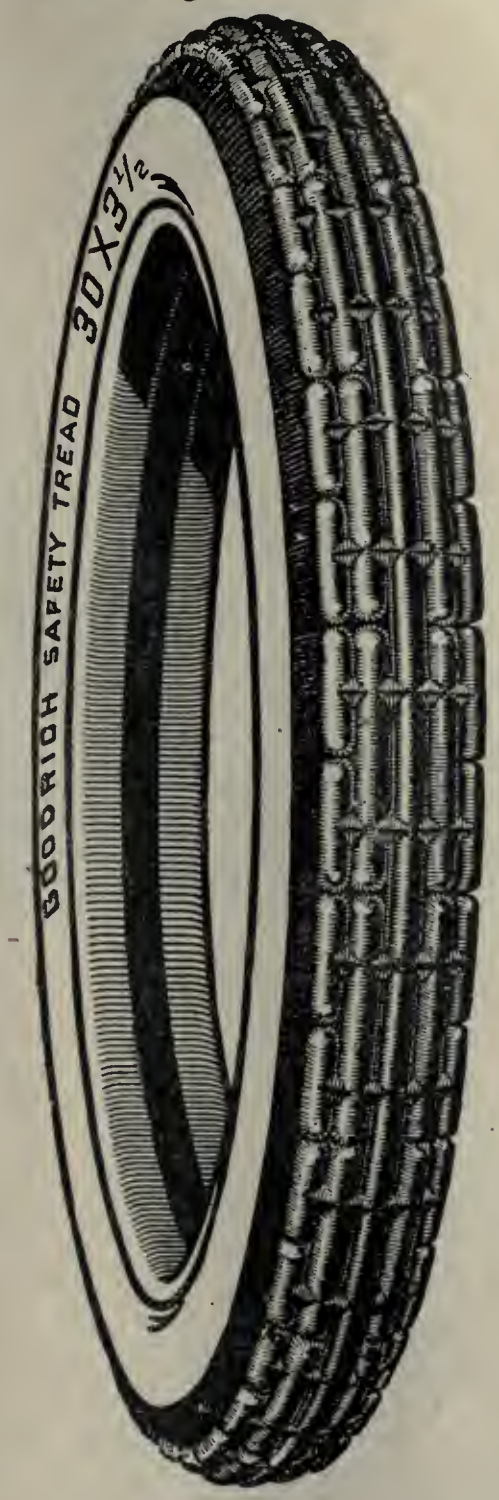
**Answer.**—No sale of Colonial Realty and Securities, Ltd., has been recorded for some time, and it is impossible to estimate the value of the stock in the market at the present time. The company as you are aware does not pay dividends, and during the war suffered extensively from the slump in Western real estate. It is building up, however, and has large holdings on hand upon which it should realize profitably in the near future. There has been no very extensive movement in vacant lands for some time past, but with building costs lowering steadily it would appear that the vacant lands should come once more in demand before long. It will undoubtedly be some little time yet for the company to get back upon a normal basis, or before the stock will be paying dividends.

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.*


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IF your skin has the habit of continually getting oily and shiny—you cannot begin too soon to correct this condition.

A certain amount of oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple. But *too much* oil not only spoils the attractiveness of any girl's complexion by giving it a disagreeable shininess—it actually tends to bring about *an unhealthy condition of the skin itself.*

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# GOUIN, THE SAGACIOUS

*By* "THE MAKE-UP MAN"

A brilliant biographical sketch from "Ottawa in Masquerade," a book to be published shortly. Other pithy, pungent chapters will follow in succeeding issues of MacLean's

EARLY in January, 1917, a remarkable dinner was held in Toronto, the first of its kind ever held in that city of Orange Walks. Protestants and Catholics sat side by side. They applauded the same sentiments. Orator after orator dug into the mines of national idioms. They cracked jokes and told stories and worked up climaxes. The three hundred rose again and again with glasses of orangeade, and Apollinaris, toasting—Quebec, Ontario, and United Canada. They waved napkins and cheered and sang again and again "For he's a jolly good fellow."

A Methodist minister sat at the back of the room next a Congregationalist preacher and pretended to unwrap a de luxe cigar. Orangemen sat at the same table with Catholics. Macs hobnobbed with 'eaus. They autographed one another's menus. The books of songs were bilingual—French and English. "God Save the King" was sung in both languages. "O, Canada" was done in French. Methodist orators vied with French speakers. Col. George Denison sat next Gen. Lessard. They fraternized as soldiers. The Methodist local-preacher Premier of Ontario sat with the Roman Catholic Premier of Quebec. Sentiment ran high.

But no French-Canadian was so emotional as N. W. Rowell, who glorified the heroes of Courcellette, and no Anglo-Canadian was quite so stolid, serious and impressive with homely common sense as Sir Lomer Gouin, the Premier of Quebec. This man spoke slowly, massively, almost gutturally like a Saxon, in fluent but accented English. He was far less excitable than the Premier of Ontario on the same subject: "The Race Unity of Canada Prefigured in the Bonne Entente."

Three hundred public-spirited men, of whom eighty came from Quebec, were as one family on this occasion.

At one in the morning the concomity broke up. Not a drop of *vin* or liqueur in any form had been served. The enthusiasm was, therefore, as natural as the tide of the St. Lawrence, which in the form of the Great Lakes and Niagara does its best to get its arms round the neck of Ontario before it cuts through the heart of Quebec. To the pure imagination it was somewhat as though a procession of St. Jean Baptiste had suddenly dreamed it was an Orange walk.

This unusual *Entente* was held between the rancors of the bilingual dispute of 1916 and the Quebec revolt against conscription in 1917. Those present who doubted the sincerity of passionate speakers anchored a timidly steadfast hope to the practical, broad-angled Premier of Quebec, who, had he sat between Mr. Bourassa and the Premier of Ontario, would have inclined his ear to Ontario.

### Gouin's Influence.

NOTHING is more certain than that four French-Canadian leaders, had they been given or had they asked for the opportunity and had acted together, could have put a different face on Quebec's relation to the war. Four men nameable in that capacity are: Sir Lomer Gouin, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Ernest Lapointe and Cardinal Begin. Of these, Gouin was at that time the most able. For ten years he had been uninterruptedly Premier of Quebec with a moral guarantee that he could occupy the premiership by an overwhelming majority until he should be gathered to his fathers.

Again and again rumor slated Sir Lomer Gouin for Ottawa. He wisely declined. He had a peasant's attachment to *le pays* and its white villages. In Quebec he was the Chief of Ministers, the little elected father of his country. In Ottawa he would have been



SIR LOMER GOUIN, Ex-Premier of Quebec

perhaps a grand Minister of Public Works, building docks in Halifax, customs houses in British Columbia, post-offices on the prairies, armories in Ontario and court-houses in Quebec. Yes, there would surely be armories in Ontario.

I met Sir Lomer but once, in his office in the Parliament Buildings. There was no particular reason for seeing him, except the pleasure of encountering a descendant of the people who so gallantly fought under Montcalm so that posterity could enjoy a city in part exclusively English and for the most part idiomatically French. A few evenings previous I had talked on the Terrace to a glowing Nationalist, a young expert in cynical idealism, who spoke very curtly about the premier. We sipped good ratable Scotch whisky and together gazed out at the blue-hazed domes of the noble hills that mark the valley of St. Lawrence. The roofs of Old Lower Town were sizzling in the heat. Drowsy lumber-laden bateaux and ocean liners crept and smoked about the docks. Beyond the grey scarped citadel the bells of parish after parish clanged a divine discord into the calm of the great river.

"What do you think of Gouin?" I asked him.

A cynical smile flickered over the Nationalist's face. For a moment he did not answer.

"*Pardonnez moi,*" I mumbled. "I am '*Anglo*'."

"Oh!" he said, sharply, laughing. "Have you seen the Montcalm suite in the Chateau here? Do so. The C.P.R. discovered an old bed and some creaky chairs said to have been used by the great general. They placed them in a suite of rooms which they rent to curiosity-hunting Americans who sentimentalize over history at twenty-five dollars a day. Such is Quebec when she is commercialized into a highway for tourists."

"But what has that to do with Sir Lomer Gouin?"

"Directly—nothing. Sir Lomer is not even a director of the C.P.R. or of the Bank of Montreal, though one never knows what he may do with his money and his talents when he gets tired of manipulating elections."

"Oh, you mean that Gouin does not reflect the idealism of Quebec; its love of the land that bore our fathers, its poetic isolation among the provinces——?"

He blew a shaft of cigarette smoke.

"Sir Lomer," he said, "is chairman of the board of directors of the Province of Quebec. His chief duty is to go about inspecting and improving properties and to sit at directors' meetings declaring provincial dividends instead of deficits."

### The Pope and Quebec.

I REMARKED that since Quebec is so prosperous and so large and populous with so many cradles, the Premier need not perhaps vex himself deeply about ideals such as the French language in schools outside the province.

"What!" was the reply, as a glass banged upon the table. "Would you cage us in here like Indians on a reservation? Has the French-Canadian nation no rights outside Quebec?"

"What would you do?" I asked him. "What could you do?"

"Secede!" he exclaimed. "Become the Sinn Fein of Canada."

"What about the Pope of Rome?"

"Has as much to do with Quebec," he laughed icily, "as the President of France. If the Pope should issue instructions to the bishops of Quebec, asking the clergy to educate the people of Quebec on their duty to go to war or to vote for either of the old line parties, the people would openly disregard them. We would as much resent the interference of Rome in our affairs as the American Colonies did the tyranny of George the Third."

Here was the superb inconsistency of the French mind wedded to a single magnificent idea. This nationalist admitting the possibility of secession made sure that it would not be to the United States which puts the French language on a par with Choctaw. When I suggested as a recipe for national unity that French and English be learned by both English and French all over Canada, he flouted the idea of French-Canadians learning more English than they needed in business and of English-Canadians learning French at all. He fervently held to the Celtic notion of making a preserve of the French-

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Canadian race, language, literature and customs whatever may become of the religion; yet he objected to penning the race into a reservation like the Indians. He observed that in 1911 the Nationalists bucked reciprocity with the United States.

"I think we should become an independent republic," he said as he plopped a fresh cigarette. "We have the main part of the St. Lawrence. No, you will not find Gouin say so. Gouin is a Tory prefect. He plays politics, not nationalism."

I observed that the band was about to play.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, stretching his legs with a yawn. "And the concert will conclude with that amiable farce 'O Canada' followed by 'God Save the King'."

**What Sir Lomer Is Not.**

THIS Nationalist interview is given at some length because it illustrates much of what Sir Lomer Gouin is not, and if he were, would not openly say so, because he stands for a majority the watchword of which is "Stop, Look, Listen." I went at once to see the Premier. He was closeted with confiding—perhaps confederate—priests, and with simple habitant folk who stood not in awe but in affection of the premier. He might have been himself a father confessor.

Talking to him I found Gouin peculiarly on his guard; broad-faced, heavy-jawed, slow of speech, almost devoid of gesticulation, he was as unamiably dispassionate as a bank manager. There was no militant passion of the minority in this man; no heroic tilting against windmills; no expression of ideals. He was amazingly practical, with no inclination to discuss freely the native peculiarities of either race. He understood Ontario—as a politician only; England as a democracy and a form of government. He had no delightful idiosyncrasies and made no attempt to pose or even to be interesting.

I felt that Sir Lomer was asking himself—what did the stranger want? He would have been infinitely more at ease discussing with a bishop how to prevent a strike in a cotton mill; or with a political outposter what to do to keep some seat for the administration. If I had made to him such a statement as once I made with such volcanic results to Bourassa, that nine-tenths of the population in a village like Nicolet could speak no *Anglais*, he would have been eloquent. Had I observed that 70 per cent. of the operatives in a great Quebec industry cannot read and write French, that Ontario has a policy of good roads comparable to that of Quebec, that Orangemen do not dominate Toronto, that the Ontario farmer is a better producer than the habitant, or that Protestant clerics do not interfere in politics, he would have bristled with information to set me profoundly right. But he created no atmosphere of free discussion with a stranger. He was coldly aloof, yet earnestly endeavoring to say something worth while.

What I really wanted to tell Gouin was that he was personally very much like the late great Tory, Sir James Whitney. But he did not warm up to personal comment. The bilingual question was too complicated. The atmosphere of the *Bonne Entente* was lacking. Gouin and myself were in different envelopes.

**He Has No Gallic Sparkle.**

FROM what is said of him I am sure most of the fault was my own. I did not understand him. He was too much the premier; the master executive. The Nationalist was almost right; Gouin suggested the dividend and the census. He was the chief executive of a province larger than almost any country in Europe but Russia, and with a population about half that of Roumania, of whom about one-sixth are the Anglo-Saxon minority. He seemed to know Quebec from Montreal to the edge of Labrador almost by telegraph poles. You recall that the French in Canada evolved the modern census with its intimate penetration into the affairs of the people, some time before the Germans did it. The premier of Quebec was a handbook encyclopaedia of Quebec. He knew the precise location by the roads of almost any white village, pulp-mill, water-power, mine, timber limit; knew as much as a man can about the number of horses and cattle and cradles to a township; could talk with enthusiasm about the pioneer arts of the habitant—the rugs, the baskets, the furniture, the handmade churns, the open air bake-ovens. He could give the address and the full name of many and many a priest.

But beyond this there is a Quebec which Sir Lomer Gouin did not know, because he himself with his *bourgeois* excellences and his great good citizenship has not the Gallic sparkle in his mentality. He never deeply knew the soul of Quebec. He was too much concerned with its practical and useful politics to be conscious of its passions. From the shrug of his shoulder, and a certain twinkle in his eye when he mentioned diplomacy with clerics one surmised that among the clergy he was the master among politicians who must walk warily. But he was too stout, too thrifty, too much of a high type of budgeteer to be spiritually informed of the crude but basically beautiful passions that undercurrent all peasant communities. There was no poetry in Gouin. No fire. Little imagination.

"Those Nationalists?" he repeated shrewdly, slowly. "Yes, I know their talk. Oh, they are not so dangerous, but a troublesome minority. I think—— I know Quebec better than they do. You have, I daresay, Nationalists in Ontario?"

What he perhaps expected was a statement about Orangemen, who of course are nearly all Imperialists. Yet these very Orangemen represent an intense phase of Canadian life; the backwoods era, the simple industries, the old villages, the quaint settlements of the U. E. Loyalists as picturesque on the upper as the dormer-windowed villages of the French are on the lower St. Lawrence. To these men the Empire was as visual as to the intense Quebecker it is nebulous. And as the politician in Ontario has to regard carefully the Orange vote, so the Premier of Quebec had to be wary of the franchises of his emotional friends, the Nationalists. He was somewhat afraid of the minority as all masters of majorities are. Clearly—it was Gouin's main business to continue being elected. Had he gone out on behalf of enlistments, to educate his people, even to speak for France, he would have been in danger of converting Gouin Liberals into Nationalists.

**Gouin and Conscription.**

ONTARIO cannot fail to make an asset of Gouin's anti-Nationalism. He was never for any of the violent doctrines propounded by my friend on the Terrace. He would not oppose Quebec going to war. I am sure he God-speeded the 22nd who died at Courcellette. He was the premier of a free province. Those men had freely gone. Others—the majority—had freely stayed. But an election was coming; where everybody would be free to vote.

Then there were the clergy; most of them friends of Gouin. The Cardinal at Quebec had been interviewed by Sir Sam Hughes on aid to enlistments. Gouin could have told Hughes that he would fail; that Begin, though not a Nationalist, was a reactionary. The bilingual controversy was still acute. Gouin could not have gone out or sent emissaries out, to reason with French-Canadians about marching with a province which had denied the French language rights in contrast to the Government's own claim that it had given rights to the "Anglo" minority in Quebec.

Conscription was coming. It was a precarious time. The master of Quebec had to move cautiously. His loyalty to Britain was never questioned. His faith in a United Canada was never doubted. Had Quebec been all for Gouin instead of Gouin all for Quebec the premier's way would have been easier. Better let well enough alone; encourage those to enlist who really wanted to go—because Quebec was a free country.

Then there was the Laurier influence. Had the old man gone in with the Premier to help the Ottawa Government——

Impossible. Neither of them was asked before Coalition came on the heels of conscription. And when conscription came the minority of Nationalists opposed to the war became the majority of Quebeckers who preferred not to comply with the law. From disregarding the law to rebellion, to Nationalism was not far. Gouin had the balance to hold.

The Cardinal's attitude on conscription made Gouin's position still more difficult. His letter to the press bluntly put the Roman Catholic Church above temporal law. One heard of no rebuke from the Premier of Quebec to the Cardinal.

Sir Lomer was playing the game of safety when from his own temperament and position and unbacked by other leaders he could do little more. He stood for the law and did not hinder its operation. But if there was a chief executive in Canada who wished the war were righteously over it was Sir Lomer Gouin. No premier had such a predicament; so much in the end to lose; so much at first to have gained—if only he could have foreseen, as nobody did, that conscription was coming and that law would be more awkward than liberty.

The Premier of Quebec had experience in keeping his government immune from agitators. It was not alone the Nationalists who had made him uneasy. On the other extreme there had been for some time one Godefroi Langlois, former editor of *"La Patrie"* and later founder and editor of *"Le Pays,"* whose platform was compulsory state education away from control of the clergy and in defiance of the archbishops. Gouin did not endorse Langlois. How could he? *"Le Pays"* when it condemned clerical schools attacked the administration. Politically Gouin was right in opposing Langlois. Nationally he was playing provincial. Langlois had a mission, in line with a broader, nationalized Canada; the same mission which is now being reflected in the National Council of Education.

**Gouin's Compromise.**

SO BETWEEN the reactionism of Bourassa and the radicalism of Langlois, Gouin was the compromise; and Langlois was conveniently given an official post in Europe.

Gouin has compromised his whole political career. With the leverage of enormous success in elections and administrations he never had the vision to declare himself in favor of a bigger Quebec than could be got by extending its boundaries to Ungava.

He was too old to begin. Quebec to him was a vast prefecture to be administered; not a vision to be realized. Ontario—except politically—was almost as far away as British Columbia. He was seldom in Toronto. Montreal was as a rule the Last West for this voyageur. He seldom or never went to the Maritimes. He knew the people down there regarded the *"bloc Quebec"* as a denationalizer. He had little or no desire to see the prairies. He wanted Quebec to prosper. He delighted to see pulp mills and cotton factories and power plants and railways and trolleys vibrating along the St. Lawrence. He loved to dream of the great unpeopled hinterland—all Quebec; of the other hinterland—all the rest of Canada; of the transcontinentals converging at Montreal; of the steamship lines terminating there; of a land where there are few empty cradles or idle factories or wasting farms.

All these things Gouin, growing stout and somewhat heavy of face, loved to behold; and out of that grew all the vision he seemed to have. In this enormous prefecture within the Empire he beheld a far more comfortable state than the Nationalist dream

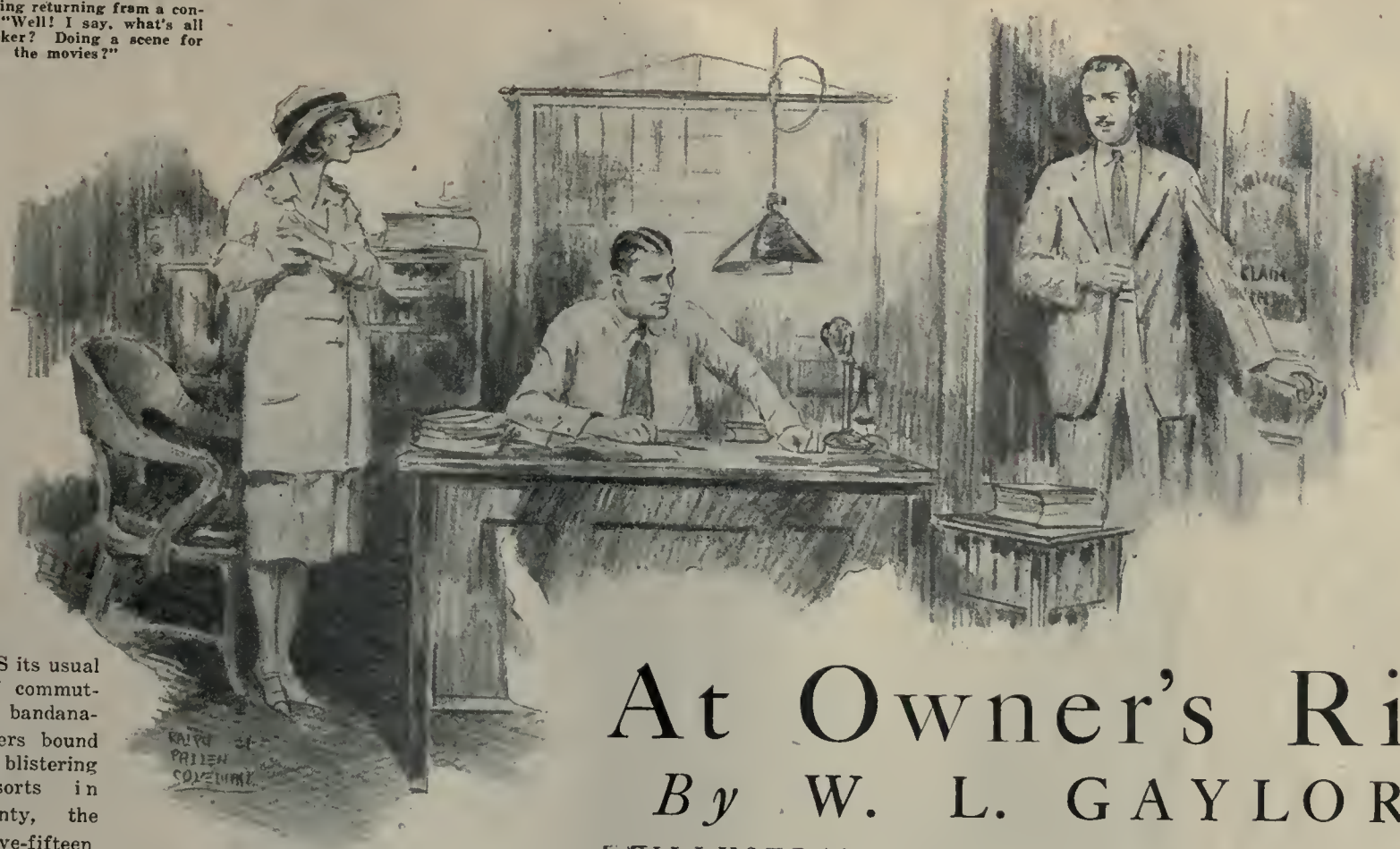
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## *September Issues As Usual*

WE *will resume our two issues per month, beginning with September* 1. *There are two or three features in the September* 1 *issue which are of extraordinary interest to all readers of MACLEAN'S. Ira Stratton, the "Official School Trustee" for Manitoba, who has had some amazing experiences in the past six years "Canadianizing" the children of our foreign population, tells his story. It is chock-full of actual incidents which make fascinating reading.*

*There are two more chapters from "Ottawa in Masquerade," that book by an anonymous author who discusses Canadian public men in a way similar to that done for the statesmen of England by the "Mirrors of Downing Street." This book will be published some time during the autumn, but readers of MACLEAN'S are given some of the very best chapters in advance.*

*There will be several short stories and particularly a most laughable one by "Sapper"—H. C. McNeile—the famous English writer, who entitles his rib-tickler, "Uncle James' Golf Match."*



Upon this touching tableau burst Mr. Starling returning from a conference. "Well! I say, what's all this, Tucker? Doing a scene for the movies?"

# At Owner's Risk

## *By* W. L. GAYLORD

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH P. COLEMAN

BESIDES its usual load of commuters and bandana-turbaned hikers bound for various blistering summer resorts in Fraser County, the asthmatic five-fifteen to Boundary Bay and Point Reyes carried, on the first Friday in August, a plump mattress and a bed-spring billed to "Miss Marian Pomeroy, Boundary Bay." On the way bill which accompanied it, according to the Central B. C. Railway Company's records, was stamped in red unmistakable letters the instructions: "Put off at owner's risk."

The way bill showed that the bed had gone through without mishap; the baggage man at Westminster said so; the harassed conductor and the undersized brakeman of the asthmatic five-fifteen both said so, volubly, passionately, with mouth-twisting anathemas; the tracer that the Second Assistant Adjuster of Claims sent scurrying over the system at Miss Pomeroy's importunity said so, in rigid disinterested type such as official communications of this important nature use. Miss Pomeroy herself denied the delivery of the bed in such fluent and expressive terms that the Second Assistant Adjuster of Claims, himself a master at making words jump to his bidding, was moved to whole-souled admiration.

"Look at this friendly little note, Mr. Starling," he said to his superior, handing him a very correctly typewritten letter on heavy bond paper. Mr. Starling read:

Kayeff Cabin, Boundary Bay,
August 12, 1920.

Mr. G. Cadawalder Tucker,
Claim Department,
Central B. C. Railway,

My dear Mr. Tucker:

Your distressing communication of last Tuesday was forwarded here from my Vancouver address. Please note that I shall be in Boundary Bay the rest of the summer—providing I can get a bed—the bed, I may as well say, for I refuse to sleep in any other! At present my sister and I are spreading our blankets over the highly corrugated floor of our cabin and I must say it reminds me of certain tempestuous portions of your estimable right of way between here and Westminster! Mr. Sangenitto, the post-master, swears that my bed was not put off the five-fifteen train on the fifth. I myself arrived two or three minutes after the train pulled out and I know that the bed was not there when I arrived. Beds of that size don't usually walk off on their own legs! There must, I think, be some light-fingered person in your employ who makes a specialty of beds—drat him!—Won't you please put the President and the General Traffic Manager and the Superintendent on this case at once? If I don't get my bed pretty soon I shall appeal to the Dominion Railway Board.

Sleeplessly yours,
Marian Pomeroy.

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" fervently ejaculated the Adjuster of Claims.

"What do you make of it, Chief? Nervy old bird, isn't she? She sure hit us where we live on that right-of-way business!"

"Quite irrelevant, Mr. Tucker—has no bearing on her case at all. Tell her the bed is gone. Incident's closed."

TUCKER moved toward the door.

"'Nother thing," called Mr. Starling. "Tell her hereafter to be brief!"

"I will, sir."

Of course the Second Assistant Adjuster of Claims had no idea of doing anything of the sort. Second Assistants are paid to keep the road out of trouble. He wrote the thoroughly incensed Miss Pomeroy a letter calculated to soothe her troubled soul; and the next day but one received the following reply without salutation or signature:

"I WANT MY BED."

Not another word met the inquisitive eye of Mr. G. Cadawalder Tucker. "I want my bed!" capitalized and spaced clear across the page. The same impeccable bond, he noted.

"I bet you," he solemnly asseverated, "I bet you she gets her bed! Just the same, if old Starling would let me, I could wring tears of gratitude from that old girl's eyes and not have to buy her another bed either! G. Cadawalder knows all their little tricks. The personal touch—that's what this case needs."

"Old" Starling settled Mr. G. Cadawalder's hopes with a bang.

"Go to Boundary Bay about that fool bed? I should say not! What's eating you, Tucker? This department has other things to do besides calling on distressed damsels with lost beds. We shan't take up the case again."

"I think perhaps I could pacify her if—"

"Pacify rot! Who wants to pacify her? Let her pocket her loss and buy another bed!"

Saturday morning just as G. Cadawalder had begun to clear up his desk preparatory to making his usual noon get-away the door into the outer office swung open. He did not look up. He busied himself running an important finger up and down a purely imaginary column of figures on the back of a blotter which chanced to be handy. Three times he added these visionary figures, tapped his pursed lips with his pencil, frowned, shook his head, and began to trace certain mystic hieroglyphics on the edge of the blotter.

"I beg your pardon."

G. Cadawalder did not respond. Others had begged his pardon in tones as dulcet as these and he had looked up only to be rudely disappointed. He was glad at least that it was not a man with whom he had to deal.

"Do you really have to draw those absurd figures? Because if you do I'll come in some other time!"

G. Cadawalder jumped. Confronting him he beheld a girl dressed in white serge, with a floppy white leghorn hat that somehow reminded one of open fields and orange orchards.

"Certainly. I mean no—that is—well—. Were you looking for some one?"

"I was looking for my bed, but if that is the way you've been tracing it, I don't wonder you haven't found it yet!"

"Your b-bed?" stammered G. Cadawalder, his mental machinery still functioning heavily. "I'm afraid you've come to the wrong place. The freight office is at the other end of the building."

"You are Mr. Tucker, aren't you?"

G. Cadawalder thought it best to acknowledge this honor, although the tone in which the question was put robbed the admission of most of its dignity.

"I thought so. You have a wonderful gift, Mr. Tucker, for putting your personality into your letters!"

G. Cadawalder took heart again. Yet he could not recall—.

"I think you have the advantage of me," he groped. "I don't believe I remember—"

"I'm Marian Pomeroy, and I've come to get that bed!"

"Oh, yes, of course. I remember the incident quite well, now. You—er—lost a bed, I believe?"

"The railroad did! The bed was never put off the train."

"It—er—must be still in the baggage car then. The problem, accordingly, would be to locate that particular car and—"

"Have you more than one? I fancied—"

MISS POMEROY'S voice trailed off into realms whither Mr. G. Cadawalder's clumsier wits could not follow. He realized that she was making fun of him, but the feeling was so thoroughly pleasant that he did not object in the least.

"You remember I wrote you that we could do nothing further."

Miss Pomeroy's face betrayed the ripple of inward laughter.

"I am keeping the correspondence as—as a memento of an incident I shall never forget!"

"You flatter me!"

"Not at all. I'm afraid you didn't quite get my meaning."

G. Cadawalder's heart smote his ribs violently.

"I—I understand you perfectly. Please—please go on, Miss Pomeroy!"

"The case is perfectly clear!"

"Really, Miss Pomeroy, you can hardly expect us in the circumstances—. We have already done all in our power. Our responsibility ceased when—"

"Oh, don't go over that again, please! I've heard it in a million variations! I want action, not words!"

Miss Pomeroy threw out her hands. G. Cadawalder thought he had never in all his twenty-four and a quarter years seen such an appealing gesture. He would have snapped his fingers in Old Starling's face—yes, tweaked the nose of the President himself—just to have her make that appeal to him again. Old Starling was a crabbed brute, and the Central B. C. Railway an unfeeling machine! He, G. Cadawalder Tucker, would find Miss Pomeroy's lost spring and mattress if he had to travel the whole dinky system from Westminster to Cowichan!

Upon this touching tableau burst Mr. Starling, returning from a conference.

"Well! I say, what's all this, Tucker? Doing a scene for the movies?"

G. Cadawalder gulped.

"Miss Pomeroy has lost that bed she wants. I mean she wants that bed again! Or something else in its place. She hasn't been able to sleep since she was last here—I mean—"

"What in blazes do you mean?"

Mr. Starling was looking from one to the other, amused astonishment and admiration written large upon his face.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come in! I think I can explain it better than Mr. Tucker. I'm Marian Pomeroy—the same one that lost that awful bed about a month ago, and I wrote you, and nobody would do anything about it, and—"

"They wouldn't, eh? Why wouldn't they, I'd like to know? Tucker, why the devil didn't you report this matter to me at once? Don't you know we can't have people losing beds right out from under 'em on our trains? Won't do at all—should have told me right away!"

"I did and you said—"

"I'm afraid, Tucker, you'll never be much of a railroad man until you learn that the public must be served at all costs. Your bed, Miss Pomeroy, will be sent out to you without delay. Do you remember what make it was?"

"The spring was just an ordinary three-quarter spring, but the mattress was a new Sleep-Easy mattress, speckled red with green polka dots on it."

"Um—a Sleep-Easy mattress with green speckled poker-chips. I didn't know they made them that way!"

"Green polka dots, please! P-O-L-K-A—and speckled red!"

"Oh, polka! I thought that was a kind of dance! You know, now that you've described it, I believe we have that very bed down in our warehouse now."

"Oh have you? Mr. Tucker told me the bed was lost! Can't we go right down there now?"

"Well—er—no—I wouldn't advise it—pretty busy this time of day, especially Saturday. We'll send the bed out this afternoon. Yes, come to think about it that's just what we'll do. I'll see to it personally!"

"Oh, if you will!"

"Where did you say the bed was to be sent, Boundary Bay?"

"Kayeff Cabin, Boundary Bay."

"Oh yes. Don't happen to know the Staffords, do you? They're cousins of mine."

"Well, I should think I did! They live next door! Isn't that the funniest! Thank you just ever so much!"



"Do you always—er—dismount as neatly as that?"

MISS POMEROY'S floppy hat flopped cordially; she flashed a smile that seemed to be about equally divided between the Adjuster of Claims and the Second Assistant and was gone through the outer office like a vagrant breath of summer. G. Cadawalder looked at his superior and frowned. Mr. Starling returned the look, supplemented by crinkly lines of mirth in the corners of his eyes.

"I've always told you, Tucker, your mind works too slowly for a railroad man!"

"But hang it, Mr. Starling, you know as well as I do that bed is gone! And as for the one down in the warehouse—"

"My dear sir, we can't afford to have people like Miss Pomeroy sore at us, not if it costs us fifty dozen Freeze-Easy mattresses with speckled pink polka dots!"

Mr. Starling struck blithesomely into a yodel and passed on into the inner office, emerging a few moments later with his straw hat set rakishly on his head and his light summer overcoat over his arm.

"Bye-bye, Caddie, see you Monday."

G. Cadawalder watched him dash joyously through the outer office, waving his hand as he went.

"Of all the poor nuts!" he growled, fervently jabbing his pencil into his mutilated blotter. "Of all the poor, white-livered fishes! Fell for her right away—let her wind him around her little finger! Sleep-Easy mattress and a bed spring down in our warehouse! Why, the poor boob is going down to buy one and send it to her. He's a robber, that's what he is—a regular he-vamp!"

G. Cadawalder Tucker sat long and wrathfully after everyone else had left the office. Finally he jammed on his hat, slammed the door and departed.

Monday morning Mr. Starling breezed into the office about ten o'clock in much the same humor he had been in when he had left Saturday noon—rather more so, if anything, G. Cadawalder thought, but he went on with his dictating with only a smug nod.

"'Lo Caddie! Have a good week-end? Great day, isn't it? No more o' this blue Monday stuff for me! I've discovered the antidote. By George, Caddie, I have. The great cure-all, the Fountain of Youth! What'll you give me for a small vial of the essence, Caddie? Want some?"

"Um, what is it?" responded G. Cadawalder, unappreciatively. He was watching his superior out of glum eyes within which glowed a strange new fire.

"The simple life—the rough untutored wilds—back to nature—hew down a redwood before breakfast! Then bacon and eggs and flap-jacks and coffee, oceans of it steaming hot! Oh, I tell you it's great stuff! You better try it if you want to come back ten years younger!"

Starling gave G. Cadawalder a monstrous thwack on the back and went on into his own office, whistling.

"Say," called G. Cadawalder presently, "how do you like sleeping on a corrugated floor?"

He waited for Mr. Starling's reply as a jealous and distrustful lover waits for the words he expects but dreads to hear.

"Har! Har! You're barking up the wrong tree, Caddie! Who said I went up into Fraser County?"

When the mail came Tuesday morning G. Cadawalder was Johnny-on-the-spot, just two seconds ahead of Starling, and had already noted the presence of the plain white envelope in the tell-tale bond that Miss Pomeroy used.

"I'll tend to that correspondence hereafter, Caddie," said the Chief Adjuster, disappearing into his office with the letter. G. Cadawalder waited, a faint mounting flicker of a smile beginning to tickle the corners of his mouth.

"Hey, why do you s'pose that bed didn't go through Saturday afternoon?" Starling came forth, angrily brandishing the letter. "Here's Miss Pomeroy writing about that bed again, and I sent it off in plenty of time for the two-twenty-five! Mitchell must have a deucedly rotten system. He can't locate it anywhere along the line."

G. CADAWALDER was industriously poking his blotter full of jagged holes. He knew all about that bed that Starling had bought, knew that it hadn't gone on the two-twenty-five, knew also that it had cost him a crinkly five-spot to have it cached by an unscrupulous but obliging baggage man in an obscure corner of the baggage room. This knowledge gave him a temporary upper hand that intoxicated him.

"Maybe same thing happened again," he advanced. "Like enough did. Prob'ly stalled somewhere up in the woods like the other one—nice place, I'm told: trees 'n' axes 'n' bacon 'n' everything!"

Starling regarded the Second Assistant rather harder than the remark called for.

"Say, who sold you a joke-license? Better get busy on something more important than that blotter, or you'll get the air!"

"All right, Chief, just hand over that correspondence. I'll——"

"The devil you will! What you'd better do is to beat it right down town and have another one sent over to the baggage room consigned to Miss Pomeroy. In the meantime I'll write her it's coming."

"Huh?"

"I said you'd better order another bed sent up to her. I'll pay for it, of course."

"Say, what the——"

"You're paid to do what I tell you, not to ask fool questions! I do the thinking in this plant."

"Of course, but I couldn't help wondering how the road could afford to send a whole flock of beds where only one grew before!"

Altogether G. Cadawalder was quite well satisfied with himself as he took his way jauntily toward the furniture store.

"Blocking the old boy at every turn—plays right into my hands easy as shooting fish! Thinks I'm going to send up another bed for him, huh? I'll knock him cold there, too! Thing to do is buy it with his money and send it in my name. Hold on though, maybe——"

G. Cadawalder hugged himself. He would purchase two beds, one with his own money for the inimitable, bedless Miss Pomeroy, which he would convey to her with his own hands the following Saturday, and one with Starling's money, to be sent out to Starling's own rooms! He pictured to himself Starling's chagrin when he should discover the awful mistake, apparently committed by the furniture company, his wrath, his utter demolition. Oh, it would be sweet and poetic revenge!

G. Cadawalder regarded his two purchases with the cunning eye of one who is about to commit murder.

"This one," he said, counting out Starling's money painstakingly upon one of the beds; "this one is to go to Mr. Burton P. Starling, 4033 Westwood Avenue." He gave the bed a final parting kick. "But don't send it out till next Monday morning. Please be careful to get this right. You will, won't you?"

THE saleswoman scrawled a flying note on her memorandum of the purchase, smiled, poked her back hair, and shot him a glance of approval.

"We scarcely ever make mistakes like that, sir."

G. Cadawalder graced her with one of his most seductive smiles.

"This one," he said in tones as caressing as the love-song of a turtle-dove long inhibited; "this one you will address to Miss Pomeroy, Kayeff Cabin, Boundary Bay; to be delivered to the Central B.C. Railway Company's station Saturday morning." He laid three ten dollar bills tenderly upon the mattress, as one might strew flowers on the bier of a loved one. "You—it is very important that you send these beds out just as I have directed." G. Cadawalder sighed like a locomotive when the engineer releases the air.

Not until Saturday morning did he bethink himself of that first bed that Starling had sent—the one he had headed off and managed to have cached in a remote corner of the baggage room. He hurriedly called up his accomplice in crime, the obliging but unscrupulous clerk in the baggage room.

"Listen, Bill. This is George. Ya-ah. Uh-uh. Say, what happened to that bed billed to Miss Pomeroy at Boundary Bay? Sure, you know. That's the one. There, is it? Well, let it go. Two of 'em? I know there is. It's O.K. Sure! Ya-ah. Uh-huh."

G. Cadawalder hung up, reassured. Everything was working out as he had planned. By the Great Jehoshophat, he'd fix Starling yet, he would! He left the office, carolling in a high rickety tenor the sentimental strains of "Do you ever think of me?"

Mid-afternoon found him nearing Boundary Bay in the choky asthmatic local that wound its way down the canyon toward Cowichan. He detrained with a hilarious mob of hikers that fairly overran him. He was glad when they scattered in rollicking groups to disappear up the canyon, leaving him to the solitary pursuit of his own vexing problem. The bed, he made sure, had been put off as he had directed. It reposed amongst considerable other miscellaneous baggage against the side of the red three-sided shed that served as a station; the speckled red mattress with green polka dots lay securely rolled up near it. At last Miss Pomeroy was to get her delinquent bed!

"Hick town, I'd say," commented G. Cadawalder disgustedly. "Where the deuce are all the expressmen? Gee, a feller could die here and rot before they'd haul him away! Some town!"

AT LENGTH, despairing of rescue, he made inquiries at the store.

"Ain't no regular expressman. Sometimes carry stuff for customers. Got about all we can do to-day, though. Nope, can't do anything for yer. What was it y' wanted Mis' Emslie? Yes, eggs is high to-day, higher'n a ridge-pole but they're good 'n' fresh."

G. Cadawalder waited fifteen minutes while the proprietor attended to the wants, spiritual, conversational, and edible, of a dozen discursive customers.

"Can you tell me," he asked when the last of the horde had departed, "where a Miss Pomeroy lives?"

"A Miss Pomeroy? Which one do you mean, Marian or Alice?"

"Oh, are there two? I wanted Miss Marian Pomeroy."

"Well, guess it don't make no odds which y'want, seein's both on 'em live together!" The proprietor slapped his thigh in exuberant appreciation of his own scintillant humor. "Yes, they live up the hill a spell. How fur should y' jedge, Hank? Little better'n a half a mile, ain't it? Kayeff Cabin, they call it. Y' go on up the road till y' come to where it forks—no, don't turn off there, jest keep on goin' till y' git to a big white house around the bend; but 'tain't the white house—her place is just t'other side of it, up a long flight o' steps. Y' can't see the cabin from the road, but when y' come t' them steps y're there. An' when y' hoof it up them steps y're there too! Ain't it the truth, Hank? How many be they, anyhow? Hank he counts them steps pretty near ev'ry day—like 'em, don't y', Hank?"

G. Cadawalder nodded.

"Thanks a lot. Sounds like a long way."

"Wagon's goin' up that way little later on, if you want to wait."

"No, guess I'll try to make it myself."

G. Cadawalder went back to the station. The bed was just where he had left it. He sat down on the mattress and smoked a contemplative cigarette.

"If it isn't more than half a mile, bet you I could carry that bed."

He tested his strength upon it, tossing it out at arm's length and balancing the mattress on his opposite shoulder.

"Easy as shooting fish!" he assured himself. "Yes, sir, I'll carry it. That's just what I'll do."

There was something about the idea that thrilled the very cockles of his soul. In town, now, he would not have considered such a thing, but out here in the wilderness men bucked the forces of nature with bare hands and heaving shoulders. What was that line the poet sang? "None but the brave—— None but the brave——something or other—— Oh, yes, None but the brave deserve the fair!"

G. Cadawalder started off valiantly, the bed spring balanced neatly over his right eyebrow, his left hand gripping the corded mattress as a fearful mother grips her fond offspring.

"Simple enough!" he chortled. "Old Starling was right; it is great stuff. But I'll have it on him now, the old corrugated rhinoceros!"

THE road crossed a small creek, ducked into a ravine thicketed with madrones and bays, and presently made sharply upward. About him, invisible but unmistakably audible, the voices of untrammelled hilarity echoed through the woodland. He paused to rest, mopping his forehead.

"Jerusalem, that bed is heavy! Longest half mile I ever travelled! That old crab at the store had some idea of distance!"

His appearance had suffered on the way up, and he took steps to repair it. Presently he moved on, but more slowly. The bed was no longer jauntily perched athwart his right eyebrow but hung sagging from his shoulder. It had developed, he found, an annoying trick of bumping along the ground, swaying sideways until it cracked his shins, and every now and then attacking him unawares from the rear. The mattress had grown as heavy and unwieldy as a mountain of lead. He paused often.

By the time he reached the sign "Kayeff Cabin," done in rustic letters tacked on a tree near the road, he was about done himself and feeling as wobbly and rustic as the letters of the sign. G. Cadawalder's eyes climbed step upon step up the path that reached interminably into the shadows—step upon step until the eye grew sick with climbing and the heart palpitated with the effort. He could never make the top without changing his tactics. He sat down to think.

Below him sounded the long wail of a motor climbing the grade on high. Would somebody catch him there at the foot of the steps in his ignominious plight? He hastily undid the mattress, spread it upon the spring, and tied it with the rope. Then he tilted up one end, backed into the centre of it,

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"My bed came last week, and those—those over there came this morning while we were all up the Ridge trail."

# TELLING 'EM OFF:

*By* GUY MORTON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS




"Bo, what I didn't say to him wasn't worth thinking of."

IN SPITE of the monotonous rattle of the disgruntled car which was freighting its regular cargo of weary-limbed, home-seeking passengers, there was still sufficient dominance in the tall person's tones for his voice to carry clearly for the space of a half-dozen seats or more.

Yet it was the prideful scorn in his laughter, even more than the arrogance of the voice which first compelled my attention. There was a tang of the past in that laughter, particularly in its scorn.

So I shifted my newspaper just a trifle, and peered beyond the edge. This action synchronized with the words:

"Does he know what I think of him?" Laughter, deeply dyed with that decoration of scorn. "Well, what I said to him was a shame. Bo, what I didn't say to him wasn't worth thinking of."

Across the top of the paper, I saw the tall, lanky form of the speaker, or rather, those fragments of him which were not wedged behind sections of humanity. His side was turned, and just now he appeared to be holding forth to an innocuous person at his elbow. But the voice, through which there now ran a familiar strain, was couched in that please-listen-to-me tone which was already causing some of his nearest neighbors to glower. Others appeared to be edging a trifle closer, as though keen to discover to whom their sympathies should be extended.

The pose of the man somehow seemed familiar. It brought a whip to memory, to the same extent that the voice and the laughter sort of harked back to something in the past and left the brain searching.

There was also a vague familiarity in the correctness, or rather in the loud precision, of the man's clothing. Prosperity shimmered from him to such an extent that the first thought was that surely it must be all upon the surface.

Then the face turned and the eyes roved slowly down the line of strap-hangers, as though challenging others to come forth in admiration. The instant the face swerved about, that search in my brain ended.

It was Bud Slippington.

The recognition was mutual. Welcome flamed from Bud's eyes, for here was another person to whom that tale of his could be told.

"And if it ain't Freddie Keene," he exclaimed, still in that incisive tone, and immediately he began to plow his way down the string of strap-holders.

Now, I dislike that name "Freddie." It didn't get into the family Bible in just that way; besides, it is belittling. Some people can use the name in that form without reminding one of its littleness, but not so Bud Slippington. For Bud has the patronizing air, and he always uses it, even towards his seniors. And I am one of them, by two or three years.

"How's old pal Freddie?" he demanded, in a key which served as my personal introduction to at least a score of strap-hangers.

### Why Bud Changed Again

UP TO that moment, I had been feeling fine, but I did not tell him so. Instead, I switched the conversation with remarkable speed, for I knew there was only one topic in the world which Bud really wanted to discuss, and that was Bud.

"How's the job coming, Bud?" I asked.

Bud's face grew straight, and through firm lips he laughed that laugh of prideful scorn.

"It just ain't, Freddie. You didn't think I'd work for that old skinflint for a couple of lifetimes, did you, Freddie?"

"No, but I was beginning to think you were becoming a fixture . . . at last."

For the life of me, I could not avoid putting a little of Bud's own patronage into those two last words. In a woman, it would have been catfish.

"At last?" Laughter again. "Say, Freddie, that old skinflint Grover and me couldn't look through the same doughnut if it's the last one in the world. Now, listen to me, Freddie, I'm telling you something. If you ever meet Grover, you steer around him like he's a bag of poison, for if you don't, it's good-night for yours. He'll get you in the end. He ain't such a bad old skate up to a certain point, but after that . . ."

"The deluge, I suppose?" I inquired, somewhat meekly, I must confess.

Bud laughed, at that remark of mine, which was an unusual thing. Ordinarily he reserves his merriment for his own witticisms, but this time my remark left an opening for some more of Bud's scorn to slip out, and he grasped it.

"The deluge?" Bud exclaimed. "That's just what old man Grover's thinking about now, I'm betting. Say, Freddie, I wised him up to himself alright. And if he believes one quarter of what I told him, he'll have to get his ears stiffened to keep his hat from hitting his shoulders. The old pelican! And I'm some teller. You know me, Freddie. That old parcel of human contrariness sure knows what I think of him."

Bud paused, obviously for some remark of admiration.

"You told him off, I gather?" I asked.

"Did I tell him off? You betcha."

There was a lot more of it, details couched in such an incisive manner that all three of us, Bud Slippington, Grover, and myself, were adequately advertised long before the car reached my regular stop. So I decided that I needed some exercise, slipped off a half dozen blocks ahead of time, and escaped with a vast sigh of relief.

For a block or more my mind toyed idly with the past, wondering how old man Grover must be feeling after Bud's telling off, and sympathizing, perhaps, just a trifle with the both of them. The facts, it appeared, were that Bud, after working for nearly a year with Grover, and after encouraging his friends to think that he might, some day, become a fixture at something, had found it essential to his dignity to tell Grover many things about himself, his business, his personal habits, and goodness only knew how many other things.

For Bud, we all know, is a running starter at that "telling off" business, and he has never yet been known to quit before that part of his work was well done. But the upshot of it was that Bud was now on the list of the unemployed.

The thought of Bud and his special gift at "telling 'em off" clung for a definite number of strides, then it was lost somewhere among the pigeon-holes of memory.

### The "New" Suit Gets Shabby

BUD SLIPPINGTON was a memory so far hidden behind the routine of life that I would probably never have thought of that incident again if he had not himself recalled it.




We afterwards had Bud's word for it that "What I told that old geezer will make his hair stand for a week."

The recalling of it was a simple matter. That was merely a flash-back of the brain some six months later when Bud stepped into my office with his hat cocked on the back of his head and with the dangling end of a cigarette at his lips.

"'Lo Freddie," he greeted. "Know any old boys who've got the welcome sign painted on the front door?"

That requires an interpretation, as it was merely a harping back to our collegiate days when Bud coined the phrase to apply to shopkeepers who wanted a little work done after school hours. So I knew instantly that Bud was still among the workless, and that knowledge flashed my brain back to the affair in which Grover was concerned.

Bud, one could see at first glance, was making a courageous struggle to keep up that prosperous front, but the suit, being of the same loud check, advertised itself as the one he had been wearing when he let Grover in upon many things about himself. It was getting shabby now, and, when one came to look closer, so were the shoes and the hat.

My appraising glance was entirely involuntary, and therefore much more impertinent than I had intended it to be. But Bud merely shrugged his shoulders and pulled his shirt cuffs up beyond vision. That act called my attention to the fact that they were fringed, and once in that train of mind, it becomes difficult to overlook those obvious flaws in Bud's sartorial make-up.

"Sure, Freddie, been hitting the skids a little," Bud confessed freely. "But I'll come back all right, old boy. You'll see me sitting on top of the pile yet. I've had to knock a few of them over, so I've got a pretty big stack ready."

Even in his youth, Bud had talked in that circuitous manner, so I fancied I gathered his meaning.

"You mean you're making a monument of all those bosses you've had to fire?" I asked, and immediately appreciated that the question was none too polite.

"Right you are, Freddie. I've got 'em on my list, and when I get where I can take a good look at them from above," Bud paused with relish. "Say, boy . . . . they're going to hear from me."

"Haven't been adding any to the list since Grover, have you?" It was sheer curiosity which prompted this question.

"Two of them, Freddie. I'm piling them high. They can come fast or slow, straight over the plate or under the hurdles, but they're going to find that little Bud Slippington doesn't have to take any of their dirt."

That was a way Bud had. He possessed the knack of mixing metaphors in weird manner, and it seemed now that he could juggle jobs with the same fatality.

"Let's hear about these last two," I prompted as I handed a fresh cigarette over the desk.

### The Perversities of Employers

BUD GAVE the details, without a second invitation. He was so generous in sketching the perversities of those two definite employers, and he was so eager to paint his dismissal scenes with the exact shades of the sarcasm in his "telling off" that I began to suspect, long before he had finished, that he had come for no other purpose.

At the same time, I was forced to admit that Bud had a way with him, a certain force of invective, which must have made any but the most glib-tongued employer writhe. Grover, I recalled, had run some sort of an advertising sheet, and Bud had done the canvassing. Now these two stray jobs which Bud had picked up since showed considerable descent. For a month he had solicited business for a photographic concern, but had found it necessary to "tell off" the boss because certain orders were a day late.

"That's what's the trouble with some of the rubes in this town," Bud confided to me. "They send a slick chap out to get orders, and when he lands them, they don't give him a chance. But old Finkle was a dub anyway. Say, Freddie, you should have heard what I told him. I bet he'll walk around me for a year. He knows there's one little boy in this burg who won't lie down in the mud and beg Finkle to walk on him. And say, Freddie, do you know old Hopper, over at Bosworth's? You don't? Well, it don't matter." Just here Bud paused long enough to get that scornful laughter of his working again. "Old Hopper thought he could teach me something about book-keeping, but Freddie, I forgot more about book-keeping years ago than that old stiffneck ever knew. You should see the antiques he keeps, and calls them books. I told him a thing or two. It makes me double up and laugh every time I think about it. That old stiff, who got his system out of the ark, thinking he could teach me anything! But from what I told him, Freddie, I bet he'll go straight home and buy a coffin. . . "




The conductor's tongue left him completely foundered and wordless.

One could not deny the fact that Bud had a certain amount of breeziness of manner which lent interest to his experiences, and which, except for the frayed edges of his costume, might have made him something of a character.

Bud helped himself to two more cigarettes and rose to leave.

"Don't know of any more of the old boys who are polishing up the welcome sign?" he asked, with a vague suggestion of wistfulness in his voice.

That wistfulness almost made me weaken.

There was a junior book-keeper's position open right in my own office. Bud, I knew at once, could fill that post to the last letter, that is, up to a certain time. After that? The thought of "the deluge" was too much for me.

So I tossed on hat and coat.

"Take lunch with me, Bud," I suggested.

He nodded gratefully, in a manner which betrayed the fact that even the stray free lunch made a difference to him.

"Now, you're the kind of a gink I'd like to work for," Bud began confidentially, on the way to the lunch-room. "You're the straight sort. You haven't got any kinks in your back, or any cross grains in you anywhere. You'd give a fellow a square deal. . . "

Bud was still talking along that line when I left him after lunch. His remarks were highly flattering. They told me some of the things which I hoped were true about myself. Still, I could not take the chance of putting them to the test. For there was Grover, who had turned out to be a cantankerous individual, meriting some of the most cutting of Bud's epithets, and who, up to that time, I had regarded as being just a trifle more straight and free from kinks than myself.

### So Bud is "Stalled" Again.

SO, INSTEAD of inviting Bud to fill that post, my parting remark was a subterfuge.

"Drop around sometime, Bud."

I said it in just that indefinite way, and when Bud had vanished around the corner I found myself reflecting that he had always been just like that. At least, the streak had been in him ever since I knew him.

Even back in those collegiate days, Bud had worn his patch of tender dignity loosely balanced on his shoulder, with a "Dare" sign tacked in front of it. But that is not the way we looked at it then. For even we older boys regarded him as something of a hero, or as one of those champions who go out to fight the dragons in the cause of humanity.

To the best of my memory, the first dragon who spurred an outcropping of Bud's pet vein of dignity was Plummer, the science master. There can be no doubt of it that Plummer was something of a curmudgeon, but the rest of us stood for his nagging as one of the inalienable punishments of youth. Not so Bud. The provocation is forgotten, but the scene when Bud stepped forth as the doughty knight remains fresh upon the memory.

For Bud opened up with a broadside of invective which was withering, and which left Plummer a palpitating wreck of anger. At least for a few minutes. After that came the second act to the scene when Bud, with a none-too-gentle hand on his collar, was propelled into some inner sanctum. What happened there, none of us really ever knew, though we afterwards had Bud's word for it that "What I told that old geezer will make his hair stand for a week."

I have suspected since that the actual scene was not so complimentary to Bud as his word-painting would indicate, but at the time we were compelled to accept his biased view of it, as that was the only one forthcoming.

There was a corollary, however, but that only added to Bud's heroics. It took the form of a sharp suspension of Bud's educational career. Later, at the gate, when Bud's books were all neatly packed under an arm, he condescended to give us elders a little sage advice.

"'S all right, boys. I wouldn't stay in the same room with that old crawfish for a million dollars a minute, but suit yourselves. You got to learn some time not to take everybody's lip, and if you let old short-horn Plummer run on you after I'm gone, that is your own fault. But take it from me, kids, if you don't let them know you're alive, they'll walk on you every time. . . . "

There was enough more of it, I remember, to tempt revolt even on the part of hero-worshippers, but he left us in time to our own wallowing mire.

### Bud's First Job at Five Per.

NATURALLY, we kept a keen eye on Bud Slippington for some time thereafter. A number of us secretly envied his courage, while others openly

*Continued on page 42*

# The Clutch of Circumstances

## By C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



He filled the portmanteau over, pointing to the letters on it.

TWICE a year the Country Club plays a golf match with the beach fishermen. This was one of the dates and Algernon and I watched the finish at the home hole; the last pair was coming in, upon the issue of this particular fight the match depended, and driving to the eighteenth the men were all square. They got away good shots and advanced for their seconds; the contrast between the two men was notable, our chap had his caddy bag loaded up with the latest devices of artful club-makers, infallible putters, mashies guaranteed to pull a ball up as if Westinghoused, irons that would almost pick up balls and carry them to the hole; the blue-guernseyed fisherman had one club, a cleek that had, from its appearance, been used for hoeing the potato patch and cracking unsizable knobs of coal. Our man was patently nervous as he fussed over his second shot, pulling out one shiny implement, shoving it back and taking out another; finally he played, neatly excavated a small sod and left the ball untouched, smiling up at him. The fisherman walked up to his ball, took a wallop at it, laid it a couple of yards from the pin, and ran it down with his monstrous implement, making it appear that really there was no other place for the ball to go than the hole.

Algernon dropped his monocle, grinned and sauntered with me to the nineteenth hole, where we dropped into chairs and watched the small throng depart.

"And thus it ever was and ever will be, world without end, Amen!" said Algernon. "The heart of things, the man, not the circumstances; the victory to the warrior, not the weapons:

'I am the Master of my Fate,
I am the Captain of my Soul,'

enterprising clubmakers notwithstanding."

He lay back, hands behind his head, closed his eyes apparently wrapped in philosophic meditation, a smile on his somewhat ascetic visage that promised a yarn.

. . . . . .

Plummer, he began, presently, is a constitutional kicker; he was born kicking, he has kicked his prosperous way through life, he will die kicking, and if St. Peter loiters at the upper gate what time Plummer appears there, a heavenly picket or two will be kicked in. We were in London on joint business, had finished it, and stood on the platform of Euston Station about to take train for Liverpool, en route home. The hour was 10.45, the train due to depart at 11, and Grace Semple had not shown up.

Grace was a home-town girl; I had known she was in England, but had not supposed I should have the luck to meet her, when, sauntering idly along the Strand the previous day I had been confronted by a radiant feminine vision that made my heart sing a paean of utmost joy. The vision was Grace, blithe, winsome and heartening as a Canadian June morning with carolling birds in the sky. We found our way into the Park and—but that is a different story; suffice it to say that we arranged to meet at Euston the following morning since she was taking our boat home. Truly, the gods were good this morning. And now the hour of departure approached, and no Grace in sight. Plummer was in a dervish kind of fever as usual in such a crisis.

"Did you ever know a woman catch a train except by accident? Did you ever find her on time for anything? She is contemplating the vision in her mirror, she has seen a hat in a shop window, she is having a few final words with a friend. She'll stroll in when the train's miles off and raise a rumpus with everybody because the railway system wasn't held up for a paltry ten minutes. I know 'em."

"As a bachelor of fifty-two years' standing you ought to," I retorted. "Moreover, Plummer, Grace is not the kind of girl to raise rumpuses. I think her eminently sensible. What there is about Euston to spend fifteen precious minutes upon passes knowledge, but your ideas of the salubrious and picturesque are notoriously quaint."

"I didn't mean Grace so much as women in general," he tried to squirm out. I turned my attention to the throng gathering about the train. Two men near me attracted me particularly. One was rather elderly and reminded me of a figure from one of Leech's old-time cartoons in "Punch"—aristocrat in suggestion, side whiskers, Inverness cape, longish hair, black-green slouch hat, country-made shoes; he might be anything from a dilapidated squire to millionaire miser. The other was a young man—middle-height, leanly but well built, with an air of good-natured gravity about him, and eyes and mouth that bespoke interest; soldierly, too, trimly unobtrusive. The chap had class stamped upon him indubitably. A brown leather portmanteau lay at his feet and on its side were the letters J.A.N.E.B. The elder man was speaking somewhat solemnly, and this is what I caught:

"I see from my 'Morning Post' that over there window cleaners are striking for two pounds a day, milkmen for ten pounds a week; it would seem that the outlook is not altogether cheerless. Do not waste money cabling, in the absence of positive news that you have been drowned we will assume that you have arrived. Good-bye, John, I have a directors' meeting to attend—two guineas you know," and with no further farewell the man turned about and took his departure. The young fellow threw portmanteau into his compartment, lit a pipe, and paced the platform briskly, taking short turns and keeping an eye on his belongings.

"Five minutes!" groaned Plummer from the deeps of his soul, and as he spoke I saw Grace approaching on the swift run, a loaded porter at her heels. She saw me and coming along under full sail collided smartly with the young man who was just making one of his abrupt turns. Grace is a tall girl, wore a wide-brimmed hat, and the brim neatly sheared the bowler from the chap's head, and made a valiant attempt to scalp him with the same stroke.

"I'm awfully sorry—my stupid fault!" the assaulted one apologized earnestly, eyeing Grace not hostilely in any way. There is a vivacious charm about Grace that disarms and leaves the average man childishly helpless; it lies deeper than beauty of feature and coloring, the laughter of deep warm eyes, the enmeshing lure of bright brown hair. Blend the frank friendliness of a boy with the engaging candor of fine womanhood and perhaps in the combination you would discover the secret. For an instant the two regarded each other, eyes meeting eyes, frank, unembarrassed, approving, friendly.

And after all what is time? A thought—the soul in eyes that recognize and acknowledge kinship—a glance that solves all mysteries and furnishes all knowledge immediately requisite—swifter than light, the electric spark, the ethereal wave—and time ceases to be a measuring medium.

"Not at all, it was entirely my fault, I'm very sorry. I was afraid the train would start without me. Where did your hat go?" She was a picture of most charming penitence. A porter retrieved the hat, and I retrieved Grace just as the guard signalled in lordly fashion for departure.

"I nearly missed it," said Grace triumphantly as the train glided out. "But that is the way I like to catch trains; what is the use of hanging round Euston hours and hours?"

"When you get married, Grace, choose a man who has nothing wrong with his heart," I recommended.

"But how can I marry him if there's nothing wrong

with his heart?" she retorted. "I hope I didn't hurt that young man."

"He may get over it," I opined. "He appears strong if not sturdy. The marvel is that his uppermost two inches was not removed by the horizontal buzz-saw you are wearing."

"But isn't it a love?" she asked, removing it from her delightful head for the better inspection of Plummer and myself. "I got it from Louise and it broke into my last ten-pound note. If I have carfare home I'll be lucky."

"Straw — ribbon — feather," I mused critically.

"It's a corker, Grace," chimed in Plummer, all obsequious amiability.

"You had Plummer doing apoplectic stunts on the platform," I got back at him.

"Not at all," lied the chap. "I knew you'd make it all right."

"Well, it really wasn't my fault," she said. "I was coming in heaps of time, but had a telephone call at the last minute."

"Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break," I mused.

"No, it was just Mary Dugdale—a girl I met in Norfolk. She called me up to tell me about somebody who is crossing with us, somebody called Jane. She had told me that when I was cut off—you know what these telephones are like here."

"I know," gloomed Plummer sympathetically. His sufferings at the hands of the London telephone operator would have made Hamlet seem musical comedy.

"All I heard was that someone called Jane was crossing," resumed Grace. "Before I could get the connection again I realized that waiting meant losing the train, so I tore away. I must find out who Jane is."

"Quite a task," I suggested. "You must imitate that Saracen girl who went round London howling for Gilbert à Becket."

"Oh, I'll get to know the captain and the purser, they'll help me," she said.

"Likewise 'the bo'sun tight and the midshipmite and the crew of the captain's gig'," I added.

"Don't be frivolous, Algy," she rebuked. "I shall devote myself to Mr. Plummer and you, especially if you are seasick, as you probably will be. I suppose that young man I battered is going across."

"I should suppose so," I replied. "Probably joining the staff of the Governor-General, or on his way to be ambassador somewhere."

"More probably going to skirt-dance on the American stage, or stalk a Chicago heiress," grunted Plummer, who had eyed the young man without enthusiasm.

"Quite wrong, Plummer," I contradicted. "He has a chin, his forehead does not slope backward, he does not lisp, and talks real English; he wouldn't fill the bally-ass role that the American stage requires and the funny novelists feed to the public; he's real English."

"I think he looks nice," said Grace, nodding approval of my observations, then she began to talk about her holiday. It had been her first trip over and of course everything had been wonderful. Her father was the minister of a large poor parish, living on the slender stipend the faithful pay to those who minister to their higher interests. The holiday had been made feasible by the kindness of a relative, who, visiting Canada, had taken Grace back with him for three months.



"All square?" he grinned resuming coat and badged hat as the other came to.

Plummer, though restored somewhat in mind, was not very talkative on the journey. He and I had known Grace ever since she was born; she was twenty-three, each of us in the fifties. Sometimes I had suspected that Plummer's regard for Grace was more than that of a friend of the family. The gap in age was not unbridgeable, he was younger than his years, a solid, dependable chap, extremely well-off, with the likelihood of being still richer. Of course it might all be guesswork, and mistaken guesswork, on my part, but I had my suspicions. Did she realize something of Plummer's hopes? As we journeyed on, he reserved, she paying most of her attention to me—a buffer state, as it were—I fancied she did. When did the guarding devices about a woman's heart fail to sound the alarm? However, presently we came to Liverpool.

II.

"YOU know how the sea inspires sense and sociability," Algernon proceeded after his pipe was going satisfactorily. "The three of us were leaning upon the rail watching the Welsh coast slip by when the young man whose scalp Grace had menaced appeared. In response to her smiling nod he drew near. We made ourselves known to him and learned that his name was Beaufort. For a few minutes we chatted, then he took himself off. When he had gone, Grace grabbed me by the arm.

"Why, Algy, he's an Honorable," she exclaimed.

"What of it, my dear Grace," I answered. "Probably he has a kind heart and you know the relative values of hearts and coronets—not that I fancy he wears a coronet; anyway it may not be his fault—the sins of the fathers, and so forth."

"But a real Honorable, not a mere justice of the peace or pound-keeper," she said. "Isn't an Honorable the son of a belted Earl or something?"

"I suspect so—speaking without precise knowledge," I replied. "Belted or merely suspendered, I cannot say. But how did you find out?"

"From the passenger list, of course," she replied. "I was hunting for Janes, and saw the name—The Honorable John Beaufort——."

"Do not hold it too severely against him," I advised. "But what of the Jane investigation—any success?"

"Not yet, but the purser, who is most obliging, is making a collection of the Janes on board, then I shall proceed by eliminating process to find Mary's Jane. Why, here is the purser," and surely that amiable official showed up, a large sheet of paper in his hand, a triumphant look on his visage.

"If there is another Jane on board this ship, Miss Semple, she is a stowaway," he said. "There are fourteen Janes in the saloon, nine in the second class, thirty-seven in the steerage, and eleven among the stewardesses—that's all, seventy-one."

"Quite simple," I observed. "Now at the sound of harp, psaltery, dulcimer, sackbut, and other kinds of music let the glorious company of Janes appear; there is light at the horizon's edge." Beaufort, circling the deck on a 'constitutional, paused at the sound of hilarity and I addressed him.

"You are press-ganged, enlisted, conscripted, and you can't conscientiously object, Beaufort," I said to him.

"Where's the war?" he asked cheerily.

"It is a campaign of Miss Semple's," I replied.

"Swear me in!" and he raised his right hand. I explained.

"We are looking for a Jane."



I flatter myself that I created the real sensation when I strolled into the grounds with my friend whose badged hat bore the legend "Pittville Traction Company, Conductor 37."

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# *The* DANCING MONUMENT

*By* JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. V. CHAMBERS

FATE HAS acted unkindly to Peter Mullins, one time truck driver, now private in the "Canadian Cracks" cavalry regiment. Fate made Peter the hero in an unbelievable adventure which he will persist in relating whenever he can find an audience. Peter has told the story on one hundred and thirty-three different occasions, and the recounting has drawn him into one hundred and twenty-seven fights with unimaginative scoffers who were rude enough to scoff openly at the tale.



In the centre was a weather-worn statue of a youth, around which a girl, dressed in white garments, was dancing. Peter crouched behind the pillar.

Peter Mullins was employed by T. Sampson and Co., at the outbreak of the South African War, and as soon as the Canadian offer of a contingent was accepted, he resigned his position and raced to the nearest recruiting station. He was placed in a cavalry squadron and left for South Africa on a transport which went via the Suez Canal. In due course the transport arrived at Malta, Port Said, and Aden, and at the latter place Peter took part in the Big Adventure, the recounting of which has given him much training for the welterweight championship of the Canadian Army.

Peter, with four companions, went ashore at Aden on the evening the transport reached that sun-scorched port. They landed at Steamer Point and walked along the Crescent to the Grand Hotel de l'Europe, a hostelry whose claim to the first and last words in its title is a matter of wonder to all visitors. Here Mullins became separated from his companions and Dame Adventure, taking his calloused hand, led him up the little side streets whose dilapidated hovels were made beautiful by a big moon which rose out of the desert behind the town.

It was a night of magic. Little winds came in from the sand wastes, little scented winds that touched the hot forehead of the erstwhile truck driver as lightly as the moist lips of Zeba touched the cheek of the gallant Feerish. The throb of a dharabooka came from the native quarter, insistent, nerve-tingling. From behind latticed windows came laughter and soft cries that had an intoxicating effect upon Peter Mullins.

Peter drifted into a quiet street, one end of which was walled up. In a half trance he walked along, and he had nearly reached the stone wall at the end when he halted. There came within hearing the sweetest voice that he had ever heard. At the instant he compared it with the voice of Lizzie Doherty, back home in Bleecker Street, and Lizzie lost without a murmur. It was a voice that came out like a soft lariat of purple silk and wound itself around the soul of Peter Mullins so that he rocked backward and forward in a state of emotional drunkenness.

THE UNSEEN songster was singing the Song of Longing which Leela the Beautiful sang to the dead body of her lover. Peter did not know it was Leela's song but people familiar with the verses and who have heard the strange story of Mr. Mullins' have identified them. The words to Peter's ears were like the wine of Galsha to the thirsty soldiers of Saigon and he listened with mouth open and eyes wide.

The song ran:

"Beloved, it is night. The moon so pale
Swings low above the sands. The nightingale
Sings sweetly. Soft desert winds, the breath of Allah, sigh
About my casement as they hurry by
To kiss the severed dunes. Beloved, hear
My voice and come to whisper sweet things in my ear."

It is a remarkable fact that Peter Mullins, who never committed three lines of verse to memory in his quarter century of life, is able to repeat the song without making the slightest blunder. His ability to do so has impressed many who consider the story the most impossible narrative that was ever told. Peter repeated the verses when requested by the captain of the transport on the morning after that memorable night.

To use his own words, he couldn't forget them "if his brain garage was run over by a C.P.R. flyer."

Peter Mullins walked to the brick wall that fenced off the grounds in which was the singer. The song dragged him to the wall. It made him climb it hurriedly. He dropped down behind a stone pillar and peered out at a little lawn whitened by the moonlight, in the centre of which was a weather-worn statue of a youth around which a girl dressed in white garments was dancing, singing as she danced.

Peter, crouched behind the pillar, watched the unusual performance. He could not tear his eyes from the girl. She was the loveliest thing that he had ever seen, and the face of Lizzie Doherty was blotted out by the beauty and grace of the dancer. She was fairer than the seven maids who meet the faithful at the gates of ivory and her movements were the poetry of motion.

Peter's ears drank up the song. He listened as the beautiful words of the "Song of Longing" were poured out into the silence of the night:

"Beloved, little sands from Tarma down to Leel
Whisper thy name when touched so lightly by my slipper heel.
And in the night I hear them tell
My story to the stars they love so well,
They tell of death, by Love of Mine, I see
Your shining eyes and know that you'll come back to me."

Of the one hundred and twenty-seven fights which the telling of the story has brought upon him, ninety-eight have been caused by Peter's description of the happenings which took place immediately after the girl sang the second verse of "The Song of Longing." It is at this part of the narrative that the scoffer always makes his presence known, and to show that the doubter has cause to express his disbelief, we might use the very words which Peter uses in telling the amazing story. He tells it slowly, alert to note the presence of the unbeliever and quick to challenge the laugh which invariably greets this section of the yarn.

"She was hoppin' and singin'," related Peter, "her white dress swishin' round her legs as she bowed to the statoo. Suddenly she stopped an' held out her hands to the thing, held 'em out as if she was going to grab hold of it and then—may I never see Hanlan's Point again, if I ain't tellin' yeh the gospel truth—the statoo moved! It moved, I tell yeh! It moved its stone legs! It moved towards her an' she sprang away from it, dodgin' across the grass an' it after her. It's gospel, an' if there's anyone who says I'm tellin' a lie he can come outside an' we'll see who's the best man."

THE NUMBER of acceptances which Peter Mullins has had to this challenge speaks well for the courage of the Canadian Army, the rank and file of which have constituted his audience on nearly every occasion. Ninety-eight soldiers, at various times, having laughed, were willing to support their right to laugh by their fistic ability although Peter Mullins is a person that the peace lover would not care to jostle on the sidewalk.

"I saw him hoppin' after her," continues Peter, if no scoffer shows an inclination to do battle, "an' I got on me feet an' watched. She didn't seem afraid of him, the statoo, I mean. She just wanted to keep out of his way. She danced an' skipped an' dodged, an' he clumped after her like Paddy the Cop chasin' a kid who's quicker'n a jackrabbit.

"'He'll get her,' I says to meself. 'He'll get her in a corner.'

"But he couldn't. Every time he would round her up in a corner she would dodge away from him. Gee,

it made me blood run cold to watch it! A statoo, mind you, a carved statoo, skippin' after a girl an' shakin' the ground every time he made a sudden hop at her.

"'Look out!' I yelled. 'Look out or he'll jump on yer toes!'

"That's what I yelled out to her but she was that busy dodgin' an' duckin' that she didn't hear me. Jumpin' catamounts, wasn't I the excited kid! I was runnin' thrills up and down me spine at the rate of sixty-three to the second as I watched.

"Stonelegs ran her up the grass patch to where I was hidin' like a second-story man, an' just as she got near me she trips on her muslin draperies an' goes flop on her face. I thought the stone man would be on top of her but he stopped for a minute as if surprised, an' that gave me time to act. I jumped into the open an' swung at his jaw with me right, unhitchin' a left jab for the heart so that both would sort of connect at the same moment.

"Say, did any of yeh hit a stone wall in the face when yeh was real mad? Did yeh? I unloosed a yell that could be heard over in Bombay, an' I cuddled me broken knuckles like a monkey huggin' a burnt finger.

"Sufferin' snakes, didn't I yell? I forgot, mind yeh, forgot that he was stone! Slammed him like as if he was flesh an' blood an' smashed every bone in both my hands.

"The girl gave a scream at the moment I yelled. She screamed at me an' just for a moment I turned me head an' looked at her as she lay on the grass.

"'Don't hurt him!' she shrieked. 'Don't hurt him!'

"'Hurt him?' I roared, swallowin' an oath because she was so pretty. 'Why, you couldn't hurt him with a sledge hammer!'

"I jerked me head around to the spot where Stonelegs was standin' when I swatted him an' then I gave a yelp like a frightened coyote. Do you know why? Yeh don't? I'll tell yeh an' if anyone laughs he can be ready to pull off his tunic. Why, Stonelegs was back in the spot where he was when I first saw him an' he was standin' there as erect as as a brigadier, an' looking as if he never galloped up and down that grass patch after the girl!

"'Shades of the Dook of Wellington!' I said, an' then cautiously, very cautiously I walked over an' examined him. He was as dead as Pharaoh's chariot mules. Yes, sir! He was stone, plain stone, an' he looked as if he had not moved since they put him there.

"'Yeh swine!' I says to him, kickin' him in the shins. 'Yeh swine, I've busted me two hands on yeh!'

"I handed him another kick an' I was that mad that I nearly broke me big toe. I was just goin' to look around for an axe or a hammer to crack Stonelegs into little pieces when the girl caught hold of me by the arm.

"'How did yeh get in here?' she says.

"'Over the wall,' I snapped back at her.

"'But what brought yeh?' she questions.

"'I heard yeh singin'' I says, 'an I climbed over the wall an' watched yeh. When I saw old Mr. Monument here playin' tag with yeh I came into the open an' played the giddy fool by slammin' him one or two on his prehistorical dial, that's what I did.'

"She looked at me hands an' she looked at me face, then she came closer.

"'You saw that?' she said, kind of surprised like.

"'Saw it an' felt it,' I said. 'I've broken five fingers an' a thumb.'

"'Where are yeh from?' she asked.

"'T'ronto,' I growled, because I was a bit mad at her questionin' me after I saved her from that animated quarry. 'An it's lucky I'm not in Canada now or he would have mashed you up with his blue-metal shoes.'

"She stood lookin' at me for a few moments as if she was puzzled, then she caught hold of me arm and started to lead me up the lawn.

"'I must dress yer poor hands,' she said. 'Come into the house an' I'll bandage 'em up.'

"'Thanks,' said I, 'an' when yeh've fixed 'em up I'll get a sledge hammer an' come back to Mr. Monument.'

"'No, no!' she said. 'Yeh musn't touch him! Promise me yeh won't hurt him!'

"When she said that she caught hold of me jacket an' looked up at me. Say, she was the goods! She was little Miss Beautiful with all her headlights burnin'. I forgot old Stoneface an' just grinned at her like a blue-nosed baboob smilin' at a peanut seller.

"'If yeh don't want him hurt,' I said, 'I'll forget him although I'd like to smash him into little bits that they could use in makin' concrete.' Me hands were hurtin' me and then I was mighty mad with old Red Sandstone.

"'No, no,' she said, 'you mustn't touch him with a hammer.'

"'Very well, kiddo,' I said, 'But I hope that a bull or an elephant or somethin' with a hard head, with a very hard head, will climb into this garden an' hurt him.' That's what I said to her.

"She laughed when I said that. Say, did yeh ever hear anyone laugh like as if they was makin' music? She did! When she laughed I got the little thrills like yeh get when the orchestry is playing the creepy stuff on the gentle pedal.

"'Yeh'll feel better when I bathe yeh hands,' she said, an' with that she pulls me through the door of the house.

"Say, that was some camp she lugged me into. It was a palace. When I was truckin' in T'ronto I carried stuff into all the best dumps on St. George St. but that house in Aden was way up over the best of 'em. It was a gorgeous place. Gee, there was things there that was worth their weight in gold. There was gold statoos an' carpets that yeh sunk in like as if they was quicksand. An' there was carpets hangin' on the wall that glittered with gold an' silver threads, an' there was gold swords an' spears an' big cups with sparklers stuck all over 'em, cups that could hold a bucket of wine without bein' full.

"'Holy Moses!' I said, 'why yer dad must be richer than T. Sampson an' Andy Carnegie rolled into one.'

"'I don't know who T. Sampson and Andy Carnegie are,' she says, 'but my father is very wealthy. He's called the Midas of the East.' 'Midas of the East' is the very words she said, an' a lieutenant in the 'Strathcona Horse' told me that she meant her father was as rich as a guy who lived hundreds of years ago an' who could turn a brass door knob into a gold nugget by touchin' it with his mitt.

"'He's either a steel king, or a baseball magnet,' I said, 'an' I take off me hat to him as a simoleon gatherer.

"She laughed again an' then she clapped her hands an' a girl brought her warm water so that she could wash me knuckles that had come up against that bunch of rocks.

"She was scrubbin' away at me knuckles when I heard someone comin' along the passage, someone that was swearin' worse than the skipper of a cattle ship. She stopped like as if she was frightened an' I popped a question at her.

"'Who's the little percussion cap?' I said, noddin' me head towards the passage.

"'It's father,' she whispered.

"'An won't he be pleased to see me here?' I asked.

"'Yes, yes, but yeh mustn't tell how yer got hurt,' she said. 'Yeh mustn't! Dont tell him that yeh hit the statoo. Tell him that yeh saved me from robbers who climbed into the garden.'

"'Don't worry, Brighteyes', I said, 'if yeh wants me to I'll tell him that I got hurt in a fight with a yellow wasp or in a wrestlin' match with a cockchafer.'

"Just as I said that the little bit of verbal dynamite ambled into the room an' the girl starts out to make us acquainted. Say she told him a story that beats anythin' I ever

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"After a while I slipped me arm around her waist."

# QUEBEC'S BUSINESS PREMIER

*By* CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

SOME MEN spring into public prominence through a series of spectacular achievements and their very personalities appear to lend themselves to the picturesque mode of gaining notoriety. Then, again, there are public men who gain their grip on the people without resorting to the strenuous methods that provoke the scream-line headings in the daily newspapers. They seem actually to avoid the spotlight and prefer to win their laurels by steady, consistent effort.

In the latter category is included Hon. Louis Alexandre Taschereau, prime minister of the Province of Quebec.

It is not that Mr. Taschereau is lacking in vigor and combative energy, for the man who seeks the premiership in any of the nine provinces of this Dominion has little chance of gaining his ambition if he cannot first give proof of a fighting spirit. Nor is it outward appearance. L. A. Taschereau is rather distinguished in appearance. But he is decidedly not spectacular. With him it seems to be a matter of mood—a sort of cloak of inconspicuity that he consciously or unconsciously lets fall about him except in those rare moments when his enthusiasm runs high or his fighting blood is stirred.

Though the premiership of Quebec has seated him in the saddle of past political warriors who found it highly to their advantage to be at times picturesque and spectacular, Taschereau seems intent on holding his popularity as he won it—through sheer elegance and vigor of accomplishment. He won his place in the estimation and affection of the people of Quebec through unrelenting effort intelligently directed—in other words, hard work. At the top of the ladder, so far as provincial politics are concerned, he is still a hard worker.

Lest there be any misconception as to what that term "hard worker" means, let me here set down what I discovered Premier Taschereau essays to wade through before he calls it "a day," for I found that he, like most others who have won their way to the top, is obsessed, not by a desire for shorter hours of employment in useful effort, but by an almost fretful regret that the period of his working day passes all too quickly to accomplish what should be accomplished. His standard of duty is not measured in a given number of hours but by the bushel-measure of production, so to speak.

### No Forty-four Hour Week

THE PREMIER of Quebec rises about 7.30 o'clock every morning, breakfasts at 8.30 and spends an hour reading some nine or ten leading newspapers of the Dominion. He arrives at his office in the legislative buildings at 9.45 sharp. If the House is not in session and there are no outside calls on his time he can be found there most of the day. He first thoroughly peruses the more important press clippings with reference to Quebec and its Legislature, these being selected by his secretary from the mass that comes in through the mails.

Premier Taschereau keeps in close touch with current editorial opinion, not only of his own province, but with that in the leading dailies, financial and agricultural weeklies and magazines from coast to coast in the Dominion. One of the important duties of a branch of his office staff is to locate and mark all articles in newspapers and magazines touching on national subjects. He says that this getting into touch with Dominion-wide events and Dominion-wide opinion every morning keeps him alive to what is going on and very often suggests new ideas.

Callers commence to drop in for appointments with the Premier from 10.30 o'clock onward, and sometimes a large portion of his day is taken up with meeting the people. He remains at his desk till 1.20 o'clock, at which period he leaves for lunch, returning to work at 2.30. It is 6.45 in the evening before he goes to dinner. Daylight's departure, however, does not end Premier Taschereau's office hours. "His real work starts in the evening," a close friend of the premier told me. "He often returns to his office immediately after dinner and is there till late, finding that in the evening hours, with less interruption, he can accomplish much more than he can in the same given time through the day."

Mr. Taschereau is not a difficult man to meet. His office is quite a democratic place and the "open sesame" to his private sanctum is being able to state a practical reason for taking up his time. I was dubious about my chances of getting in to see him the morning I walked out on Grande Allée, Quebec City, to the Parliament Buildings, because I had had no opportunity for making an appointment in advance. But his secretary blandly reassured me. "Mr. Taschereau will be pleased to meet you," he announced after taking in my card and a brief statement of my business. "You will have to wait only a few moments."



HON. LOUIS ALEXANDRE TASCHEREAU,
Premier of Quebec.

Candidly, I first accepted the secretary's statement as pure optimism. There were three people ahead of me, one man had just passed into the Premier's office and another man and a woman were waiting on the seats near the door. "Likely a wait of an hour or more," I thought to myself. But in fifteen minutes all three callers ahead of me had been in to see the premier and were out again. Five minutes each!

I was ushered into a large square room, which, being at the corner of the building, is favored with daylight from two sides. Its furnishings reflected something elegant yet essentially practical, bright and cheerful. On the walls hung a number of trophies of the premier's hunting expeditions and in one corner of the room was a large table on which were placed files of current newspapers and magazines. The premier's desk was located almost in the centre of the room.

### His Personal Appearance

HE WAS making marginal notes on some sort of a document when I walked in. "Business Man" was spelled all over the lithe-looking figure at the desk from the modern cut of his clothes to his slow-moving, capable-looking hands.

There is a certain quiet reserve about Premier Taschereau, not exactly a lack of warmth, but something akin to it that puts him in marked contrast with many of the French-Canadian leaders whose geniality and penchant as "mixers" is one of their large personal assets. His is a self-contained reserve —the dignity and poise of mind of a deep thinker. It makes him a bit inscrutable, but one senses it as the inscrutability of a man preoccupied with and under the pressure of numerous plans for the future.

His eyes are the most striking of his facial features including a scholarly head, rather aesthetic lower face, a square jaw and a straight, full mouth. They are large, expressive eyes out of which glow all the eagerness and enthusiasm of a boy. But Taschereau, with his highly-developed legal mind works along practical lines that leave little opportunity for impulsive speech or action. What he does or says is invariably first carefully weighed and considered. Before he went into politics Louis Alexandre Taschereau had earned the name of being one of the most brilliant lawyers in the country.

Evidences are not lacking that he believes in direct action in the open once he has conferred with his cabinet and advisors and has crystallized his plans. When the liquor legislation was brought down in the House a few months ago whereby the Quebec governmental officials were to take over the control and sale of intoxicating liquors in the province, there was much conjecture about the sincerity of the measure. It was quite generally conceded that the Taschereau government would not dare to cancel the privileges of the powerful interests in control of the liquor traffic. The liquor men themselves laughed scornfully at the idea. It was expected that the legislation would be so modified that the private liquor interests would not be driven out of business but merely temporarily suppressed. The proposal to confiscate all liquor held in stock by private dealers after May 1 was too arbitrary to ever come into effect, it was predicted.

Then as time progressed and no modifications were forthcoming the liquor interests began to take things seriously. They sent representatives to see Premier Taschereau. They found the premier adamant. He said their very actions made him realize more than ever that their power should be taken away from them. Then when threats went the rounds as to what would happen any government that attempted to enforce the new legislation, Premier Taschereau put all doubts to flight by his frank announcement in the House. "The Government," he declared, "is prepared to stand or fall by the success or failure of this liquor legislation."

That declaration and the subsequent vote of the House on the bill settled the matter permanently.

He has all the finished legal man's penchant for analytical treatment of a given national or provincial situation, and he has certain fixed convictions as to the methods that should bring Canada prosperity in the future. "The economic and financial power of Canada depends upon its industrial and agricultural activities," he points out. "We can therefore only lighten the burden of our budgets and discharge our foreign debts according as an increased agricultural production, added to a large industrial development, enables us to reduce to value the vast latent resources of our country. The crying need is, how to swell the centres of commerce without fatal depletion of the rural population. In order that a country's industry may develop securely and permanently, it should be based upon agricultural production sufficient for all the needs of the people and should not drain the rural population from the fields. By thus keeping pace with each other, our industrial and agricultural interests could mutually support one another and flourish without injury to either. It is a fact indeed that the abundance and excellence of agricultural produce often gives rise to the most profitable industrial operations."

For all his rather reserved and retiring characteristics he is a keen observer and student of human nature. He is quick to perceive the temper of the people, as the following incident during the unveiling of the Cartier monument in Quebec City on the sixth of September, 1920, illustrates. Premier Meighen was present with Premier Taschereau to address the large concourse of people who assembled at the unveiling. The two premiers were pretty much of the same height and build, which fact was the subject of considerable comment as they walked to the platform together. In the audience were two stalwart French-Canadians from Montmorency county, both organizers for Premier Taschereau during his political campaigns. While Premier Taschereau was speaking these two men listened attentively and applauded normally. But he noted that when Premier Meighen opened his address they became quite animated, nudging each other and nodding heads as though some problem had been solved for them. Every once in a while when Premier Meighen would pause the two men would exchange comments of some sort at the same time gesticulating toward the Dominion Premier.

Rather puzzled to know what it was all about, Premier Taschereau approached his two organizers afterwards. "I see something that the Conservative

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# THE FIBRE EVERLASTING

*By* NICHOLAS NORTH

CHARLEMAGNE, King of the Franks and Emperor of the West, back in the eighth century, was somewhat of a past master in the science of effective advertising. When the celebrated conqueror and champion of the liberal arts and sciences was not busy mopping up rebellions among the Saxons or other warlike races in his numerous dominions, he was usually to be found addressing his talents to the promotion of one or another sort of novelty that would keep his name on history's pages through the ages to come.

It is recorded that Charlemagne, at the onclusion of a wonderful banquet, at which dignitaries representing church and state from all the known corners of the earth were present, ordered the curiously-woven table-covers removed, cleansed and returned to the tables. To the amazement of the guests, the servants held the table-covers over the leaping flames of braziers and, what was more astounding, the covers came out of the fire not only undamaged, but cleansed to a whiteness no amount of washing with water could have accomplished. They were of asbestos texture, the cloth "indestructible, unquenchable, eternal," as its Greek name implies.

Thus, a little more than eleven centuries ago, the greatest ruler of his time took the most effective means in the range of his picturesque imagination to tell the world of the potentialities of a marvellous mineral whose genesis and characteristics present almost as baffling an enigma for science as electricity or radium. Did old Charlemagne live to-day in this Dominion of Canada, whose province of Quebec is the greatest producer of asbestos in the world, he would probably be an asbestos magnate using methods to popularize its use of a spectacular order that would make Barnum turn over in his grave for very envy. There seems to be a dearth of Charlemagnes and Barnums now.

Generally speaking, asbestos is a sort of accepted mystery with the public. In one of his papers, Boyd, the asbestos expert, laments that, after he had written and published several learned volumes on the subject, a friend one day inquired of him as to what part of the world the fish was caught in from which asbestos was extracted and manufactured.

### The Ancients Knew Asbestos.

YET ASBESTOS, of which ninety per cent. of the world's present supply is quarried in the province of Quebec, is by no means a modern discovery. Neither is it because scribes of the past neglected it that so little is known about the grey-white fibrous substance that defies the ravages of air, flame and acids. The ancients quarried and refined it and knew many of its uses. Pliny describes asbestos napkins in vogue in his day and tells how they were placed over a charcoal brazier, emerging therefrom much fairer and whiter than they could have been made by being washed in water and subsequently bleached through exposure to the sun and air. Strabo and Plutarch refer to the perpetual lamps of the vestal virgins whose wicks remained unconsumed though continually in use. That the wicks of those lamps were made of asbestos is borne out by the records left by Pausanias, Pliny, Theophrastus, and other Greek and Roman writers. The famous globe-trotter, Marco Polo, whose sojourn through the empire of Tartary, now Siberia, commanded much attention in the thirteenth century, describes indestructible cloth made of Chinese and Siberian asbestos, as well as the manner of manufacture in those days.



Scene in one of the huge quarries from which the serpentine is taken for the manufacture of asbestos.

Thousands of years have elapsed between the time when the ancients first made use of asbestos and the date on which it became an article of commerce. It remained for the newest among the nations of the earth—Canada—to produce asbestos of such quality and quantity that it finally came into world-wide use for myriad purposes. The modern asbestos industry, in which millions of dollars have been invested and many more millions made in production, is only a little over forty years old. It began in a very quiet manner with the modest investments of Scotch and Anglo-Canadian capitalists in asbestos properties in the eastern townships of Quebec. A. Leonard Summers is one of the authorities for the statement that Canada has supplied each year from eighty-nine to ninety per cent. of the world's total output since she entered the field.



"Hand-cobbing" at the mines. Separating the asbestos fibre from the solid serpentine rock adhering to it

The first specimens of Canadian asbestos were exhibited in London, England, in 1862, but there was no serious attempt at mining till 1878, and even then it was carried on in a desultory manner. The pioneers of the business crushed a considerable amount of rock and produced marketable fibre, but in those first experimental stages the product met with but a tardy sale. The history of the asbestos industry in Canada is just another striking example of what wonders may be attained by human ingenuity when backed by courage and faith. No enterprise ever met with more chilly indifference on the part of the moneyed public at the start—and, unlimited capital is the greatest requisite in developing asbestos properties even when the mineral veins appear right in the surface.

### Quebec's Virtual Monopoly

FIFTY years ago asbestos was scarcely known as a commercial product and barely forty years ago its discovery in large quantities in the province of Quebec awakened only the mildest interest among British capitalists whose money was sought to promote the development of the mines. Another ten years saw sudden strides toward real development. United States millionaires became interested and quarries were opened up in the Thetford and Black Lake districts of Quebec on a pretentious scale. Back in the eighties, 1,500 tons was considered a fine output for a vear. To-day the tonnage mined is creeping closer and closer to the hundred thousand mark. In 1919 the total value of asbestos mineral shipped out of Canada was $10,932,000, and in 1920 it was $11,758,000. The industry gives employment to a considerable amount of labor. Several thousand hands are employed in the Quebec quarries and adjacent mills and this number will continue to increase as new veins are opened up and new factories for the carding, spinning, weaving and mill-boarding of asbestos are established in Canada.

One of the larger and better known companies operating in this country is now erecting an immense new plant at Asbestos, Que., and another company, nationally known through its progressive advertising policy, has had a manufacturing plant at Lachine, Que., since 1909. This company alone supplied over 7,000,000 square feet of asbestos shingles for the devastated regions of France. The bulk of the asbestos mined in Canada is shipped out to other countries for manufacture. Britain and British dominions and colonies take thirty-five to fifty per cent. each year and the United States the balance, the world's largest factories being located in the Old Country and the United States.

Quebec's world supremacy as a producer of asbestos is to-day undisputed. Fritz Cirkel, M. E., in an official report made recently to the Dominion government, declares: "So great are the advantages of the mines in the eastern townships of Quebec, particularly as regards accessibility and the ease with which the extraction of fibre is now accomplished in the mills that, unless fields as yet unknown and as easy of access can be discovered, the province of Quebec will long enjoy the privilege of being the principal source of supply for this particular mineral, not only in the North American continent, but in the world." One of the larger companies operating in Quebec, I am told on first-hand authority, recently refused $5,000,000 for one of its mining areas. The product of the Quebec mines is in constant demand. Recent prices quoted for the finest quality crude asbestos were as high as $2,000 a ton; No. 2 crude was quoted at $1,500 a ton, fibre at from $300 to $700 a ton, and paper stock at $65. High quality asbestos weighs about 169 pounds to the cubic foot.

THE LAURENTIAN serpentines, species of greenish-colored rock which bear the same affinity to asbestos that quartz does to gold, are largely confined to the eastern townships of Quebec, from southern Vermont to Gaspe, the area covering parts of the townships of Bolton, Orford, Brompton, Melbourne and Danville. The famous Thetford-Black Lake belt covers parts of the townships of Ham, Wolfestown, Coleraine, Thetford and Broughton. Most of the big producers in the way of quarries are located in that region, though new territories are constantly being promoted and some bright indications are said to exist in Northern Ontario. The big companies already have such huge areas in Quebec producing No. 1 fibre that only an exceptional find elsewhere would attract capital into new fields. Credit for the discovery of asbestos in Quebec is quite generally given to a French-Canadian named Fecteau, though there are other claimants for the honor.

Though the pits from which asbestos is taken in

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# DRIFTING ON THE ROCKS

## By J. K. MUNRO

CARTOONS BY LOU SKUCE




He packed his trunk and hiked off to London to give Lloyd George a few pointers on diplomacy.

THE political dog days may be upon us, but as political movement in this Dominion is a result of drift rather than action, heat or cold, rain or shine makes no appreciable difference to its trend. Whether the election comes soon or late apparently makes no change in the outlook for the Meighen Government. It is in the same old boat with nothing to lose and nothing to hope for. If there is a change in sentiment at all it is to be found among the closest followers of the young premier. This cry once was "Things are at their worst. Give them time to settle and the people will learn to love a brilliant young leader who has the courage to nail the protectionist flag to his masthead" — now these same optimists moan sadly: "It would have been better had Meighen gone to the country with a reorganized Cabinet the moment he assumed the Premiership. Then he would have come back with a compact minority that could well have waited till the new Government wrecked itself on the rocks that strew the course of the ship of state."

But Premier Meighen elected to wait. And while he waited the country continued to drift. Some of his cabinet colleagues buoyed him up with this hope that Quebec is protectionist and would split on that issue. He angled for the Frenchmen by every device known to the amateur political fisherman. He landed Gauthier and got at least a nibble from Boivin. But the by-election—Yamaska—showed the foolishness of it all. By an overwhelming majority the habitant shouted that he was French, Catholic,—yea, also anti-conscriptionist. After that he may have had a few protectionist ideas concealed about his person. But of what use are even protectionist principles if they don't make a man vote?

### Making a Noise Like a Fact.

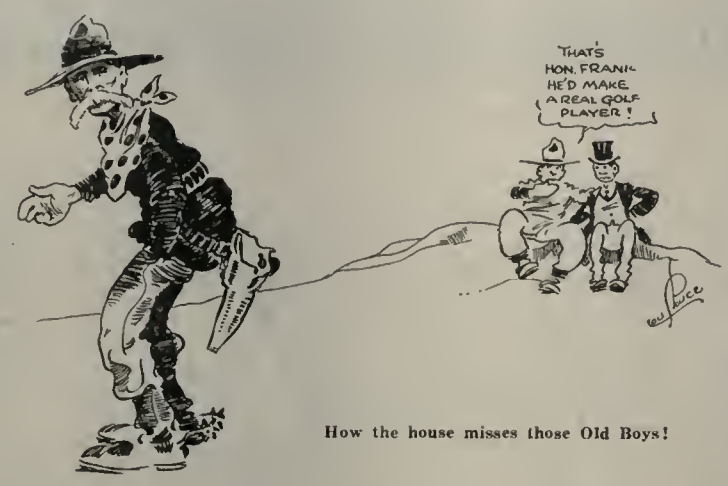
ANYWAY, a lot of people have been repeating "Quebec is protectionist" for so long they have come to look on the noise as a simple statement of fact. But it is open to argument. Just after the Yamaska fight a French leader remarked to me with a quiet smile: "Let them go on believing that Quebec is for protection. As a matter of fact rural Quebec, and that is the greater portion of it, knows little about the tariff and cares less." And that figures out about the truth. Even in the cities protection is not going to be the issue on which the election is fought in Quebec. The tariff is business. Elections are not fought and won on business. Sentiment is the deciding influence in elections. Anyway experience has taught the habitant that whether he is ruled by low-tariffed Liberals or high-tariffed Tories it makes little difference to the size of either his bank account or his family. And it might be worthy of note that while Hon. George Boivin was being importuned to change his politics and enter the Meighen cabinet and encouraged to believe that protection would ensure his election one of the men who came to Ottawa to warn him to keep away from Meighen entanglements was a prominent manufacturer of Granby. And to sum it all up, Quebec will vote as Yamaska voted.

In fact following on the heels of the Quebec reverse Premier Meighen was waited on by some of his political advisers who urged him to get busy with an anti-Quebec campaign. They would have him take that fighting Orangeman, Dr. Edwards of Frontenac, into his cabinet, give him the portfolio now held by Col. Blondin, bring on the Leeds and West York by-elections and make the issue whether a "solid Quebec" was going to be the dominating influence in Canadian Government.

But Premier Meighen shook his head with considerable decision. He does not take kindly to advice; neither does he learn quickly from experience. He packed his trunk and hiked off to London to give Lloyd George a few pointers on diplomacy.

### Bouquets for the Peerless O'Leary

AND according to his Boswell, Grattan O'Leary, the young Premier has been somewhat of a sensation in Major League politics. He appears to have




How the house misses those Old Boys!

accepted all chances and batted about 1,000. To be sure, definite results are not yet to hand, but these are cabled reasons for believing that blundering British diplomacy has been put on a sane basis, the Japanese treaty is on its way to the waste paper basket, the Irish problem has been solved and an astonished world is preparing to turn its swords into pruning hooks and its warships into pleasure crafts. Not a bad month's work for one little Portage lawyer, assisted by a few colonial premiers and one able and industrious press agent, is it now?

But there is always a danger that those slow going Britishers will suffer a relapse. When Premier Meighen has departed and the spell of his eloquence is no longer upon them they may slip back to their old "muddling through" methods. And if they do, will Canada's own little statesman awake to the fact that all he has accomplished is to commit Canada to fuller burdens in connection with Empire defence? Stranger things have happened. The race is not always to the speedy nor the argument to the eloquent.

Anyway, while Hon. Arthur has been busy in the Old Land, Hon. Willie King has not been idle in the New. He has prepared and delivered another speech. Nay, more, he has made a discovery. By earnest industry and careful research he has unearthed the fact that Canada's crying need is more Liberalism.

Just what Wavering Willie means by Liberalism has not yet been explained. But judging by past performances more Liberalism means more speeches. If that is so, then right here and now I nominate Willie for Premier. He can furnish more speeches, or the same one more times, than any infant prodigy who ever tried to convert a minimum of ideas into a maximum of words, and more power to him.

Neither does that hero of the hired man appear to be enjoying the same season of well-earned rest he did a year ago. He drifted away from Ottawa to bump into a by-election in Medicine Hat and a Grain Inquiry that spread over most of his immediate domain. How he handled both is a matter of history. He first claimed that the inquiry was a political move and then tied it up by injunction proceedings when the commission overplayed its hand a bit and called on a little side-show at Port Arthur in order to bring out some evidence that might be thought useful in Medicine Hat.

### "All Hell As Its Bottom"

THEN hurrying on to the Hat, he declared the commission a political movement to destroy the Farmers' movement. Did the Farmers believe him? They appear to have. His candidate carried the constituency by a majority of nearly 10,000, the farmers voting pretty nearly solid while the city of Medicine Hat also gave a majority of about 300 in his favor.

And when you come to think that Medicine Hat with its natural gas and its hopes to become a western manufacturing centre has been called the most protectionist point on the prairies you begin to believe that said West has pinned its faith to Crerar and is practically prepared to "go it behind" when the great showdown comes upon us.

Of course the Unionists are trying to extract a little comfort from the fact that they won in York and Sunbury. But said comfort hardly comes in paying quantities. "Carry York and Sunbury," exclaimed a New Brunswick senator ten days before that election. "We've got to. If we can't carry that old stronghold we're lost in every seat east of the Quebec lines." And a victory from which about three-fourths of the regular majority is lopped off leaves rather a bad taste in the mouth. But the contests in Medicine Hat and York and Sunbury evidence the difference in the feeling in the East and West. In the Hat, Labor voted with the Farmers despite the fact that Hon. Gideon Robertson made the long traverse and tried his rude eloquence on the horny-handed. In the East the Farmers had a majority outside the city of Fredericton but Labor there stayed with the old party and helped to keep down the Farmer uprising.

In both constituencies that fighting young leader, Hon. MacKenzie King, failed to put up a candidate. Does he realize that only in French-speaking constituencies does his party have a chance? Or is he staying out so that the opposition to the Government will not be split? Well, he split the opposition in East Elgin and the Farmer won. He split the opposition in West Peterboro and his own candidate won. He could have split the opposition in about four ways




He angled for the Frenchmen by every device

without helping the Government candidate in Medicine Hat. And as for York and Sunbury, the Liberals, or a large part of them, voted for the Meighen candidate. So it will be seen that Mr. King is hardly holding his hand in order that what Premier Meighen calls "the adjunct" to the Liberal Party may have the right of way. As a matter of fact, Farmer candidates in the East appear to run better with a Liberal in the field. The latter splits the urban vote while the tossers of the tall timothy appear to have forgotten the politics they learned at mother's knee and vote pretty solidly for one of their own kind.

### Guessing Who'll Get the Eighty.

AND THEN there's a new phase of the political situation opening up. Students of the game are now prepared to admit that the group that gets down in front in the next Parliament will have little difficulty in forming a Government and carrying on. There are 235 members in the House at present and though there will be more after a redistribution, you can take this as a basis. If Meighen comes back with eighty, it is held he can draw enough Quebec protectionists and "independents" to his standard to let him keep on premiering. If King has the eighty, he can pull the Farmers to his aid—on their own terms—and become the primmest little premier this country ever knew. If Crerar has the eighty there are enough low tariff Grits ready to break away from their moorings and hurry to his side to form a Government in which Hon. W. L. M. King may not even be offered a portfolio.

Of course all this is based on the supposition that the country will split into just about three equal parts. But a close study of the political map shows that it won't. Unless all signs fail the Liberals and Farmers will run neck and neck well out in front with the Unionists a bad third.

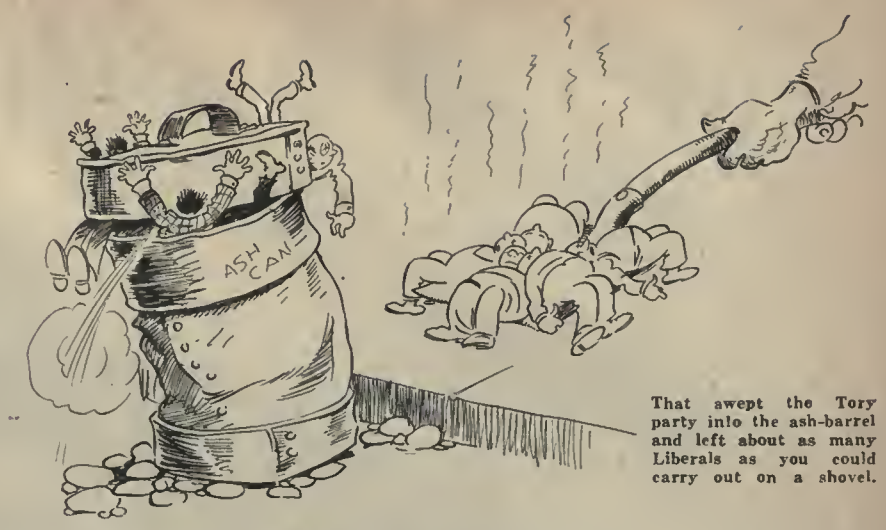
Now you can hardly blame Mr. King if he carries little admiration for a Liberal-Farmer victory that will leave him out of the premiership and probably out in the cold altogether. It may have occurred to the Boy Statesman that it would be just as well to have an occasional Tory elected in place of a Farmer. Too many Farmers, you know, may spoil the game. Better throw a few Farmer seats to Meighen than allow Tom Crerar to come back with too much of the whip hand. "Safety First" is a doctrine that should not be confined to street car signs.

Then, too, some of Mr. King's young French followers are not viewing the forward march of the Farmers with any loud shouts of approval. That Farmer epidemic might spread to Quebec. And if it did, what about the political futures of certain promising young statesmen who practise law in the cities and honor their rural brethren by representing them in Parliament?

For Quebec is going to vote solidly next election. It will pay a last tribute to Laurier and incidentally take revenge on the party that enforced the latest conscription legislation. It is a good guess that not a Quebec seat outside the cities and not more than two or three constituencies in the cities will return supporters of the Meighen Government. But that doesn't mean that Quebec is going to be solidly behind W. L. M. King. Neither does it mean that it is going to be solidly Liberal. It may send an occasional Labor man to Ottawa. An occasional Farmer may be started in the same general direction. For while Quebec is solid for its race, tongue and religion and just as solidly against Arthur Meighen, it has little family quarrels all its own.

### There Are Many Ways to Jump

THESE were evidenced at the Grit convention where the populace headed by Lapointe and Bureau turned on the classes headed by Gouin and rent them limb from limb. It is evidenced in the House of Commons where there are two distinct factions neither of which is overburdened with loyalty to the nominal leader of the Great Liberal Party. And the "solid" Quebec that reaches Ottawa is liable to split two or three different ways when it gets there. It has ambitious men in its ranks. It has men who could travel hand in hand with Crerar without any noticeable change in their principles. It has men who see eye to eye with Meighen on fiscal matters. And, sad to relate, it has men who could jump either way if they could see that their political future might be improved by the jump.




That swept the Tory party into the ash-barrel and left about as many Liberals as you could carry out on a shovel.




Hon. Willie King has not been idle. He has prepared and delivered another speech.

So you see Hon. W. L. M. King's French flock could hardly be called "well in hand." Nor are the few English speaking statesmen who tarry beneath his standard exactly prepared to lay down their lives, political or otherwise, for him. Hon. W. S. Fielding, who more and more towards the end of last session led the Liberal forces in the House, is said to be still harboring a secret ambition to be a compromise Premier of any mixed Government that may follow an election, while as for Hon. Charles Murphy—well, the young leader doesn't need to try the "he loves me, he loves me not" test to discover his exact frame of mind. Certain of the smaller fry, such as Duff of Lunenburg, or Kennedy of Essex, profess a fondness for King that may mean that he may have portfolios to hand out.

So you see the Liberals will come back a rather hard bunch to handle. It has also to be shown that Mr. King has the ability to do the handling. If he can arrive with a good lead on both Crerar and Meighen he should make the grade. But if, as looks likely, he and Crerar come under the tape neck and neck there will be a hundred pitfalls in his path and he may disappear into any of them.

From a strategic standpoint, the Farmer leader will have much the best of it. He won't have to watch his followers. They will have been elected for a purpose and will know exactly where they are at. Moreover, most of them will be new to Parliament—too new to have developed Cabinet ambitions. Crerar can go ahead, knowing that he can deliver, that no section of his group is making another dicker behind his back.

Oh, yes, the days following a general election will be interesting. The available supply of political wires will all be needed and then some. And when it is all over one, and possibly two, of the old parties may have been wiped off the political map.




Liberal and Farmer will run neck and neck well out in front with the Unionist a bad third.

### What Hit Alberta?

IN FACT those old parties are already putting on a disappearing act all their own. There is that Alberta provincial election. A Farmer spasm, largely engendered by the Medicine Hat by-election, resulted in an upheaval that swept the Tory party into the ash-barrel and left about as many Liberals as you could carry out on a shovel. And it wasn't that they didn't like Premier Stewart. As a matter of fact, as this is written, they are still talking of asking him to lead their new Government. It was just that the people appeared to want a new deal.

In Saskatchewan, Premier Martin dodged the inevitable by practically making his Government a Farmer concern. He renounced his Liberalism by resigning from the Liberal advisory committee. He made his Government smell still more of the hayfield by plucking J. A. Maharg frem a seat in the federal Parliament and giving him a portfolio in Regina. And this Maharg happens to be president of the Saskatchewan Cooperative Elevator Company which is the big noise in Farmer circles on the banks of the Sas-Katch-e-wan. Having practically doffed his Liberal uniform and put on overalls, Premier Martin pulled through but it can hardly be argued that his Government is less "truly Agricultooral" than the one opening up business in Alberta.

So there you have it. The West is Farmer; Quebec is French; Ontario is an open guess; while the Maritimes, with the exception of a few rural constituencies and two or three others that may take the bit in their teeth and go Labor, will vote as their followers voted, though returning more than the usual number of Liberals.

It's a sorry mess, isn't it? And sticking out of it all you'll notice that just preceding the Alberta débâcle Hon. Frank Oliver took a Tory partner into the Edmonton "Bulletin." Changed days since Hon. Frank, "Ned" Macdonald and "Sweet William" Pugsley held the Liberal benches on the fighting front at Ottawa Then there was no compromise. Then only party principles held. Then the battle raged on lines laid down by preceding generations and governed by a deep-rooted conviction that nothing that was not Liberal could possibly be right. How the House misses those Old Boys. Hon. Frank's specialty was language. "What a golf player that man would make," once remarked a stranger as a whiff of Hon. Frank's private conversation flashed by. And in the House he was ever ready to pour a stream of vitriol across the floor that made the ungodly Tories tremble for their sins. "Ned" had more bluster, with an occasional burst of almost oratory, while "Sweet William" was ever ready with the merry jest that often carried in its tail a kick that would have done credit to the traditional mule. Will those Old Boys ever come back? Or has the changing political map taken their places for more prosaic politicians whose chief characteristic is deadly dullness and whose stupidity is emphasized to the point of dignity?

But to get down to cases again. What about the election? The Medicine Hat returns coupled with

*Continued on page 38*

# The Valley of Gold

*By* DAVID HOWARTH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR




"Welcome to The Craggs, lassie. The lad, Ned, has been telling me much about you."

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"GENTLEMEN!" he cried. "There is a little preliminary or two I must pull off before I can announce the winner of the threshing bout between Rob McClure and Ned Pullar. Whatever the result, I appeal to the winners and losers to take their medicine. I want the word of both bosses that they will not stand for any sorehead business or rough house. I'll not hand out the totals until I get that word."

Butte paused significantly.

"Go ahead," said Ned, with a grin. "We'll be good."

"Agreed!" exclaimed McClure. "My gang is no bunch of squealers. Spit it out."

"Thank you gentlemen," said Butte. "That is satisfactory. But there is another matter. Before I hand out the stakes I want you to choose two rank outsiders from this crowd who shall go into the Square Room with me and verify my figures. When they have made an audit I will come out and give you the facts."

Speedily the arrangement was effected and the three men went in behind the Green Baize Door.

During the interim Easy Murphy shuffled close to Snoopy Bill Baird. Grinning insolently into his face he addressed him in a cavernous stage whisper.

"How's the buttercups, Snoopy?" said he. "Ye did not consarn yersilf wid a second bokay."

Andy Bissett, standing near, placed his hand deterringly on Easy's shoulder.

"Steady, lad!" he whispered. "Ned's given his word. Keep in line."

Snoopy Bill ruffled instantly at the thrust. With a quick snatch at his breast pocket he drew out a bunch of bills and fluttered them flauntingly in Easy's face.

"How about a bokaa-y of these nice green shamrocks?" said he, with an exasperating laugh. "Have you the eye for a fresh fifty?"

"Indade, and they are the purty flowers," was the quick response. "They're to be had fer the pickin'. I'm wid ye, Snoopy."

Quickly he covered the bet, placing the stake with a bystander. The incident stimulated an emulation in the crowd, and by the time Butte appeared again the excitement had risen to the point of explosion.

"Hold your horses for a little!" he cried, smiling into the glaring eyes of the gamesters. "I'll go right to the point. For a month past these two gangs have been hammering away to roll up a big total, and I want to tell you they have done it. The gangs have worked twenty-seven full days and have made the record runs of the Pellawa country."

Butte's deliberate manner was too slow for his strained audience.

"Cut the talk, Jack! Cough up the totals!" yelled a voice.

"Hear, hear!" came an applauding roar.

"To resume," said Butte, bowing pleasantly, "in estimating the oats I reduced them to a total weight and then dividing by sixty, found the equivalent in weight of wheat. The total is therefore stated in terms of wheat. This was agreed upon by the two bosses. Rob McClure's machine has turned out a total of seventy thousand, eight hundred and twenty-one bushels."

AT THE announcement the McClure gang and their partisans lifted a shout of elation. Above the ensuing hubbub rose the brogue of Easy Murphy:

"Shure, Johnny Butte, 'tis a swell towtal. But ye'll hev till open yer mug wider, begobs, when ye give the Valley count."

In spite of the extreme tension a boisterous roar greeted the defy.

"Against this," said the stakeholder amid a breathless silence, "the Valley Outfit have rolled up the huge total of seventy-one thousand, nine hundred and fifty-five bushels ——"

His words were drowned in a wild ringing cheer. Led by Murphy's deep bass roar, the Valley Outfit let go. As the rumpus died down Andy Bissett lifted his cap and shouted:

"Three cheers for Rob McClure's gang. They made a great run."

Ere they could raise the shout McClure yelled:

"No! Saw off your blankety howl. We want none of it. You doped one of my men or you would never have turned the trick."

Easy Murphy's lips were framing a reply when Ned spoke up.

"I want to state," said he with quiet deliberateness, "that as far as my knowledge goes, the Valley Gang has run this thing as straight as a whip. I appeal to Jack Butte. Do we win on our merits?"

A chorus of applause greeted Ned's words.

"Gentlemen!" replied the stakeholder. "This game has been run on the square. My figures have been verified and are open to the public. The Valley Outfit are the undisputed champions of the Qu'Appelle. Come up to the counter and I'll pay over the cash."

The convivial spirit ran high as the wagers were collected. In the rear of the room McClure and his men held angry concourse. Suddenly they pushed their way to the counter. McClure spoke loudly, his face and eyes aflame.

"Come, Swale," commanded he. "We set up the drinks for the house. Make it hard stuff all round."

His manner was offensive. Ostensibly the host, he was really the bully. The Valley Outfit made no move to accept the proffered treat. Ned Pullar stepped up to his sullen opponent.

"No, Rob McClure!" was his crisp exclamation, accompanied by a flash of indignant eyes. "We don't drink with gentlemen who insult us in the same breath. The Valley Outfit, with their little thirty-six inch mill, beat you to a frazzle. You'll never have a chance like this again, for next fall will find the Qu'Appelle Champions capering about the finest mill on the Pellawa plains. You look, Rob, almost mad enough to fight. Very well. I have given Jack Butte my word to keep quiet. The Valley Outfit is going to get out and leave you the whole house. If you want to mix up with us, don't let us get away. If you are afraid of mussing up Louie's joint we'll wait for you outside. Meanwhile, will you accommodate us, gentlemen, by clearing away from that door?"

AT THE words he brushed past McClure, who stood glowering at him with eyes that streamed a liquid hate. For all his rage McClure was held from battle by a subtle enervation that baffled him.

"The Valley Outfit will leave at once," was Ned's cry as he flung open the door. With his hand on the knob he waited for his men to pass out before him. With surprising promptitude they complied. Easy Murphy was the last to leave. Pausing on the threshold he turned about.

"'Tis a braw bunch ye are, McClure, wid yer blower bunged and yer engine buckin'. Begobs, I cud put the howl gang uv ye till slape on a wathurr wagon. Come out intill the moonlight."

With that he went out, followed by a flying flask and the curses of McClure.

"Good-night, gentlemen!" said Ned, a mocking light in his eye. "We'll hang around outside for ten minutes or so. If you can make it, why—the Valley Outfit would be delighted."

Once out among his men they urged him to go back. But he shook his head.

"No, lads!" he said firmly. "I do not want to fight. If they come out we'll sail in. I think I've something better than even a good fight. I'll put you next when we pull away from Louie's."

The ten minutes passed. The door opened once but shut again. The Valley Gang hooted derisively. They waited five minutes longer. McClure had evidently passed up the challenge. Though his men knew it not, Ned was intensely relieved. He could scarcely understand. The fact was McClure apprised the situation exactly notwithstanding his rage. He was no coward; nor was he a fool. He knew that gang for gang Ned had him beaten in more ways than in the mere threshing. Let the Valley Outfit pull off its bluff. He would nurse his chagrin and strike—later.

When Ned got his men well out of ear-shot he addressed them in a sudden light-heartedness that surprised them.

"I want to thank you, lads, for holding yourselves so wonderfully when I know you were itching to get your hands on McClure and his oary-eyed crew. This is a great night. We've threshed Rob McClure twice to-night. We've out-milled him for a month and gathered in the wager and we've handed him a mighty hard punch by forcing him and his gang to funk. We are now going to pull off a little stunt that will be remembered for many a day along the Qu'Appelle. Easy will come with me. The rest of you get back to the caboose with Andy. He'll put you next. We'll meet you there at eleven o'clock. You will all remember that to-night's Hallowe'en."

By a mighty effort of self-restraint the men acceded to Ned's request to leave the village. Eleven o'clock found them waiting with Andy, all agog for the next move.

VII.

HALLOWE'EN ON THE QU'APPELLE

AT ELEVEN o'clock McClure and his men staggered out of Swale's joint. For half an hour they prowled the streets, alarming the village with their wild whoops. At twelve they scrambled into their grain wagon and tore down the main street at a furious pace. Out to Smithers they raced, a roistering company of drunken fools.

Ned and Easy, posted among the poplars in the grove north of the barn, saw them ride into the barnyard. In the light of the moon the two men could see them tumbling out of the waggon, sprawling over each other, noisy and ill-humored.

"I see Rob at the heads uv the horses," said Easy. "He niver goes home whin he's rale well pickled."

"We've got the whole crew at home, then," whispered Ned. "We are in luck. Come, let us round up the boys."

Slipping quietly away, they arrived at their own caboose.

Andy and the rest were awaiting them. Briefly Ned rehearsed his plans and was gratified to find them primed and ready to the last detail. In a few moments they set out for McClure's caboose. They carried planks, ropes, hammers and spikes, while Easy Murphy brought up the rear with his huge span of grays. The team was shrouded in great dark blankets with black nets covering their light heads. Each man was masked with his bandana handkerchief, giving the marauders the appearance of a gang of bandits or a lynching posse.

At the edge of the grove they paused and listened intently. Not forty yards away stood the caboose with its crew of quarrelsome men. A confusing dialogue of altercations was in progress. After a time the men settled into their bunks, where the bibulous debate was drowsily maintained, finally simmering to the thick-tongued harangue of one persistent individual.

At a signal from Ned the Valley Outfit crept noiselessly upon their unsuspecting prey. Arrived at the caboose they made a swift survey. The farmstead was quiet. Smithers and his men were sound asleep. No interruption from that quarter. The caboose was the usual midget bunkhouse, a rectangular box on truck chassis with a bow roof. At the tongue end was a door. In the other end near the roof was a tiny window, too small for the exit of a man's body. Andy and his men stole around to the rear of the caboose. Striking one end of the plank solidly into the ground, they placed the other against the middle of the door. Two men held it in place while two swung their weight on it, holding the door shut as with a vise. McClure and his men were trapped. Quickly a stout plank was placed across the top of the door and nailed with five-inch spikes to the corner posts. Another plank was nailed similarly across the bottom, perfectly sealing the caboose.

BY THIS time a commotion had arisen within. Snoopy Bill could be heard shaking the men and dragging them out of their bunks. Above the tumult soared McClure's heavy voice, disclosing in the angry vehemence of his curses a swift conclusion as to the identity of the assailants. Outside in the moonlight frollicked the masked figures. The excitement was intense. At Ned's desire all audible speech was to be suppressed. Easy Murphy was in his element and wanted to holler.

"Be the ghost uv me grandfahthurr!" he whispered to Jean Benoit. "'Tis the happiest hour since Oi left Owld Oireland."

Amid ill-suppressed laughter the freak proceeded. Backing his horses to the tongue, Easy speedily hitched on and pulled out of the barnyard. Long before Smithers and his men could wake and realize what had happened the big grays had spirited away the caged crew, surrounded by the triumphant body-guard of Valley threshers.

Urging his horses to a trot, Easy turned into the west road and bowled merrily along over ruts and stones to the fierce accompaniment of the pandemonium from within. Once a head unwisely protruded itself through the small opening only to receive a smart rap and to be instantly drawn in.

"Head across the Northwest Cut," directed Ned. "We'll run them up on Bald Hill, where they can get a good view of the lake."

When the brow of the Cut was reached Easy reined in his horses.

"Shall we cross be the thrail," said he in a loud whisper to Ned, "or shall we bounce sthraight on over the rocky road till Dublin?"

"Give them the rocky road," was Ned's grim response.

"Begobs, yer a darlin'!" cried Easy, with a muffled whoopee as he swung the grays off the prairie down the side of the Cut.

Then began a half-mile of rocking and tossing, pitching over hillocks, boulders, badger holes and stumps, the caboose lurching about like a ship in a heavy sea and thoroughly churning up its human contents. The little bunkhouse became hideously vocal as execrations came forth, vengeful chorus from its tormented interior. Easy's eyes seemed to have uncanny vision for holes and hidden logs and jolting rocks, while the big grays, alarmed by the outrageous tumult, snorted wildly, plunging through everything with irresistible force.

The weird passage of the gulch was at length accomplished, winding up on the windy skull of Bald Hill.

"They'll have a very fine stretch of the Valley to look into from here," said Andy with a grin, as his eyes took in the sweep of the hill.

"Indade, 'tis rale illigint," said Easy. "Rob wull be chargin' a nickel a pape from the bay window above."

"Unhitch the grays, Easy," said Ned, his eyes darting mischief. "We are not going to leave the caboose here. The fun is about to begin."

Ned's remark was cryptic. "If we are not going to leave them here, why unhitch?" was the query in every mind.

"Ah, Ned! 'Tis a darlin' I said ye wuz!" exclaimed Easy, seized by a sudden inspiration. He had tumbled to Ned's dark design. "Ye wull be afthur shootin' the shoot wid our frinds in the packin'-box?" was his sly guess.

"Hats off to our little boss!" cried Andy softly, shaking with laughter.

"By gar, dat cabooze yump on de lake lak beeg eggspress! Ha!" Jean forthwith "went up," venting his ecstasy in a series of handsprings.

WHEN he came down he did what the rest were doing. He took a swift, keen glance at the hill. The slope fell rapidly away, dropping evenly hundreds of feet to the sandy shingle of the beach over a quarter of a mile away. Through a wide gap in the shore bluffs could be seen the silver shimmer of the waves. There could be but one end to the proposed flight of the caboose—the cold, white bosom of the lake.

With deliberate thoroughness the Valley men made their preparations. The horses unhitched, the tongue of the caboose was roped high and locked firmly so that it could have no side swing. Then the men took their places about the wheels and rear.

"Just a minute!" whispered Ned. "One of you lads had better pull a watch on this thing. This old bus is in for her record run."

A chorus of subdued laughs rose above the noise emanating from the interior of the doomed vehicle.

"Shoulders to the wheels!" was Ned's low order. "Now, all together! Send her a-kiting."

Every man got down with a will and a smothered yo-heave started the caboose down the slope. With a final united shove they sent it away from their hands in mad career towards the lake. Down the hill it sped, swaying in its course like a drunken man, but heading straight for the water. In fearfully accelerated speed it shot over the short sand beach and crashed in the gleaming waves. Carried along by its great momentum it charged the lake like a racing motor-boat, throwing a huge prow wave as it ran into the deep water. Weighted with its heavy truck and human freight it sank almost half-way to the roof before coming to a standstill.

While the caboose sped down the hill the perpetrators of the deed watched its flight in breathless interest. As it plunged into the water a cheer roared down the hillside.

Meanwhile in desperate rage and no small alarm McClure with his gigantic strength had torn a hole in the roof and thrusting his shoulders upward broke through and climbed out just as the car came to rest in the bed of the lake. Looking up the moonlit hill he could plainly see the group of men crowning its height and caught the cheer that swept down. No word, however, escaped him. Thoroughly sobered, the full significance of the daring lark burst upon him, sealing his lips. There were times when Rob McClure was unexpectedly silent. Reaching down he helped his men one by one out to safety. Soon the roof was black with men.

"Dey some leetle drown rat!" exclaimed Jean Benoit, shaking with laughter at the sight. "What dey goin' to do?"

Through the quiet air came the answer. It was McClure's voice.

"I guess there is nothing else for it," said he.

Instantly came the sound of a splash. Other splashes followed and then could be seen a straggling line of dark figures plunging through the surf.

"Now let them have it," cried Ned.

With all the vigor of seventeen pairs of powerful lungs they lifted cheer after cheer.

"Enough!" cried Ned at last. "This beats a fight. We have licked the whole gang without anybody getting mussed up. The cold water will help to sober them."

A moment later Bald Hill was bare.



Screened in the low trees crouched the figure of Reddy Sykes.

VIII.

THE RIVAL BOSSES

McCLURE sat in his office nursing his choler, with a face bit-

terly inexorable. The routine of threshing moved on. Looking through the window, as upon a former occasion, he saw the two lines of smoke trailing off together over the fields. The sight caused a tightening of jaws. For an hour he had sat moodily thus, plunged in gloom.

The loss of the heavy wager was not desirable and the defeat galled. But it was not this that caused the baleful smouldering within the eyes. He tossed away the stake with the sang-froid of the gamester. He would get it back when the luck turned. The thing that incensed him was not the utter rout but the manner of it. His shoulders had been pinned to the mat by the swift address of an antagonist he had despised. The conviction sank in upon him that this young and resourceful foe had toyed with him. This levity was the barb that inflamed the wound.

The episode of Hallowe'en was a cup of gall to him. The kidnapping and ducking of himself and gang was a daring act deep and wily in its deliberate insolence. He fancied he caught the mocking laugh on Pullar's face. Ned had used him for a public burlesque. The caboose still lay in the lake. Pellawa was highly amused and —talking. Defeat was complete and bitter. Added to this was the condemnatory voice of an inner and subtle monitor that told him he had been wrong from the start and moreover had not scrupled to foul his man. His opponent on the other hand had played fair. These facts did not trouble the conscience of Rob McClure. They nettled him. He resented the alignment of public opinion with his adversary. He would use the same tactics again. But he would see to it that the camouflage was perfect. The longer he brooded the deeper grew his dour morosity. Vengeance cried loudly within him. He vowed a tenfold reprisal. Some day he would put on a burlesque himself and then ——

Suddenly he was roused from his malignant reveries by a light step outside the door. In a moment it opened quietly, admitting Helen McClure. Her face so compellingly attractive had a tragic weariness in it. A close observer wondered at the acute pain that would glance at times from the clear eyes. Neither the beauty of her fragile person nor the remarkable dignity of her bearing could hide the reality of suffering. Rob McClure, man of steel though he was, secretly acknowledged the noble strength of his wife. In a soft voice she announced:

"Mr. Pullar wishes to see you, Rob." Turning to the newcomer she smiled brightly, inviting him in. Motioning him to a chair she withdrew.

Ned remained standing.

"Sit down," said McClure, coldly.

"No, thank you!" returned Ned courteously. "My business will be brief. Man to man I want to know whether or not you are satisfied with Jack Butte's decision."

McClure darted a swift look into the other's eyes.

"It is a mere trifle," said he with a deprecatory gesture. "Butte is straight. You got the lucky breaks."

"Very good!" said Ned. "It gratifies me to hear you say it. You positively agree that the Valley Outfit win?"

"You got the lucky breaks," repeated McClure.

"That satisfies me," said Ned conclusively as he took a package from his breast pocket. Reaching forward he placed the bundle on the desk before McClure. His eyes flashed and his voice had a ring of steel as he said:

"That is your share of the wager just as it was handed to me by Butte. You will remember, I think, that I did not desire to take up your bet. There is your cash. I will not touch the winnings. Gaming is the expedient of a lazy thief willing to take a chance. You can keep the swag. It is yours. Or—you can burn it. This completes my business. I wish you good-day."

McCLURE was astounded. His eyes dropped amazedly to the package before him. For a full minute he stared at the wad of ragged edged bills. Then into his face flooded a black tide. His hands clenched, clutching in a horrible convulsion of rage.

"You insolent devil!" he cried fiercely, hurling the package to the floor. Turning he flashed angry eyes about, surprised to find that he was alone in the room. He leaped to his feet, non-plussed, baffled. His eye caught a motion outside the window. It was Ned unhitching his horse from the post not thirty yards away. At sight of his enemy a fearful idea came to him. Reaching down swiftly he opened a drawer and snatched out a revolver, broke open its blue chambers. There was a gleam of brass rims. It was loaded. With a menacing cry he stepped to the window and threw up the sash. He was dropping the sight on the tall figure when his ear caught the tripping of light feet along the hall. It was Mary coming to his room. He held the gun on his target for the briefest instant, then dropped the muzzle and thrust it covertly into his pocket. As he whirled about, Mary burst through the door, a lithe, little figure in riding boots, sombrero and habit. She looked at him, her face radiant, her eyes dancing with the joy of living. He seemed hesitant. Could it be that for once her father was inviting? With a happy cry she closed upon him. He smiled a strange, relieved smile.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she cried delightedly. "I have had such a glorious ride. Bobs pranced down the trail a thing of wildest life, making the trip from The Craggs in less than an hour."

Throwing her arms about his neck she drew his head gently to her. Swept off his feet by the swift dénouement of the last few minutes, he submitted to her will. For the first time in years she felt the absence of chilling repulse. Holding him close in her ecstasy she kissed his forehead again and again. With a final caress she laid her cheek against his for one silent, happy moment, then broke away and ran off to her room thrilling with pleasant emotion.

Mary McClure did not know that her glad arrival had held her father's hand from an unspeakable crime. He was indeed grateful to her for the interposition, though his face showed no repentance. There was, though, a regretful pang in the breast. It was caused not by any faint penitence for his evil design but by the memory of Mary's cheek against his. The "feel" of her soft, tender touch was there. For some strange reason the memory of it sank deep. The sound of her footsteps had scarcely died away, however, when the old ruthlessness returned. The relief he now felt was that of one who had been saved from committing a violent inexpediency. Glancing through the window he saw the horseman cantering leisurely down the trail. As he watched, the hard lines drew about his mouth. He began casting about for the package of money, finding it at length near the door. Picking it up he looked at it a moment with bright eyes that acknowledged an enigma. Walking to the window he looked out, smiling secretively and shaking the wad ominously at the Valley boss.

"It will help to break you, Pullar," was his threat.

Going to the desk he opened a large drawer and deposited the money carefully in a tin box.

Above in her room Mary watched Ned ride out of sight into the Valley. She was greatly mystified as to the purpose of his visit. She regretted missing a meeting with him, but reflected with deepest happiness on the friendliness of her father. The moment, she felt, was full of happy augury.



Margaret tipped her head a trifle and looked out over the lake.

## IX.

### A LAND SHARK

REDDY SYKES had drifted into Pellawa during the early weeks of summer. Though at first an anomaly in the little town, the citizens grew used to his presence. It was hard to define Sykes' business. He was not a lawyer, though he had a distinctly legal turn of mind. He had acquired the title of Commissioner. He began work in the village with a command of considerable capital. His most lucrative line was real estate. He bought and sold farms and manipulated the transfer of large acreage blocks. A few city shingles decorated his window but the great urban boom of the West was as yet on the verge and the subdivisional mania had not got properly under way. The ability of the new arrival in his selected field was so surprising and apparent that his presence in Pellawa was a poser to the shrewd minds of the plains. He could have made things hum in a bigger world.

Personally, Sykes was a character that invited scrutiny. He was comparatively young, still in the early thirties, possessing a full-blooded interest in life. His face was unusually hard for so young a man and wore an habitual calculating expression. He was a man of scheme and intrigue. His motion as he moved about was very like that of Reynard as he slunk through the night en route to Mr. Farmer's chicken coop. He lived by his wits, searching the trail closely for tracks of his prey. His nose was always in the wind. He was alert for the lucky cast of the die that should tumble fortune into his lap. Inventive and resourceful, his mind stored a great fund of premises. He could adopt and discard twenty viewpoints in as many minutes. The stolid, commonplace farmers fought shy of Sykes, shunning his speciousness, afraid of a snare. They felt the unrelenting, unscrupulous thing in the man, though unable to detect it in his handsome face.

Notwithstanding the diffidence of the farmers to enter into free commerce with the real estate agent he had become an accepted cog in the social wheel He had made one powerful friend—Rob McClure. The two drew together like steel and magnet. The attraction fused into an implicit partnership from the very start. There was a reason for this, a matter on which Rob McClure was utterly in the dark. Only one person in the settlement had even surmised it. Reddy

Sykes was dominated by the mightiest of human motives in his facile address at fostering a strong friendship with McClure. Ned Pullar alone understood that he was at once lured by the passion of love and urged by the fell ardour of hate. The object of his regard was Mary McClure. The object of his rancour, Ned himself. He had effected his purpose with McClure by an ingratiating cunning assisted by an unusual mutual attraction. His relations with Mary and Ned ran back into the cross currents of their university life. Of that again.

Sykes' friendship with McClure opened to him the McClure home. He availed himself of the hospitality in a wise and restrained use of the privilege. His reception had been cordial. The two women were only too glad to promote goodwill with a friend of Rob's. Helen McClure was always pleased to welcome the gentlemanly guest. Mary in her secret mind was very considerably perturbed, remembering certain advances made by Sykes in the past. She had turned him down on occasion and once had deservedly and effectually snubbed him. She was agreeably surprised, however, at his casual gallantries. He was courteous and companionable, but did not in the faintest degree press his attentions.

SYKES had been moving about his office studying closely certain realty maps of local townships. His search over, he sat down at his desk and picking up a letter read it carefully. This was the third perusal. He was pondering some undoubtedly alluring proposition. In his mouth he held an unlit cigar, rolling it around in unconscious habit, occasionally chewing off the end and throwing it away. Looking through the window out upon the street he saw something that brought sudden resolution into his eyes. Andy Bissett was dashing by with his team of blacks. He pulled up in front of a store and hurriedly tied his horses to a post. He was about to enter the store when Sykes hailed him. Andy walked over and entered the office.

"How's the Valley Outfit?" inquired Sykes pleasantly.

"Laid up with a broken shaft," was the reply.

"I've been looking out for you to-day, Bissett," said Sykes affably, plunging into business. "I want you to read this."

He handed over the letter he had just been reading.

"This," said he, "is a communication from a farmer in Northern Alberta who is anxious to get hold of a farm in this settlement. He owns a section and is welling to swap it for an improved half in the Pellawa district. The full description of the land is there. It is a big snap."

Andy read the letter rapidly then handed it back.

"I have nothing I would care to exchange for that," said he quietly.

"How about the quarters you are renting to the Poles?"

Andy shook his head.

"Not in the market."

"Some of your friends might consider the proposition."

"No," said Andy, decidedly, "I could not recommend the deal to any of my friends. Personally I do not like it."

Sykes looked up sharply with the Reynard-like movement.



Astride was Mary McClure. A signal passed between the girls.

"This is an A-1 chance, a windfall for somebody."

"It may be," agreed Andy dubiously. "It seems to me unusual. Aside from that, however, it is not the snap it appears."

Sykes' voice sounded a shade metallic as he said: "How do you make it?"

Andy noted the change in tone but continued pleasantly:

"In the first place this land about Pellawa is simply wonderful. That other may be good. Then again there is a pretty fast movement up in this Valley land. We are expecting it to sky-rocket. Things are promising hereabouts. I think it will be well to stick.

"Still," objected Sykes, "the difference in acreage is great. It covers all rise."

"That may be. Who can tell? That point would have to be settled by a personal visit to the Dakota farm."

Sykes shifted his cigar impatiently, biting it viciously.

"How about Pullar?" he queried carelessly. "He might swap that home quarter and have a splendid half left. He would then have a full section, half in Canada and half with the Yanks."

"You mean Ned?" said Andy.

"Of course."

"Ned would not consider the matter for a minute."

"Why?"

"That land is his father's. Ned is manager and real head, but the land is still deeded to his father. Although the old man has desired to make all or any part over to the boy, Ned would not agree."

Sykes seemed to muse on the matter for a moment. Andy did not notice the cunning light flash into the other's eyes. His companion's quick mind had gathered something of great interest to him.

"The fact is," said Andy deliberately, "I would not recommend this to any friend of mine, as I have said."

Suddenly a resentful light burned in Sykes' eyes.

"Do you mean to say you will knock this deal?" said he.

"Sure," said Andy smiling. "I'll knock it into a cocked hat if anybody appeals to me."

"Say!" said Sykes, the lash of sarcasm entering into his tone. "You rubes carry some side, eh? A few of you little farmers think you can chin-up to Reddy Sykes. Bah!"

He turned on his heel.

With a cheerful "Good-day!" Andy took his departure.

LOOKING at the figure crossing the street Sykes smiled sardonically.

"Much obliged, Bissett!" was his muttered soliloquy. "You were easy. Ha! It looks pretty good! Pretty good to me!"

Late that night McClure appeared in the office.

Anybody with you?" inquired Sykes, looking up as he entered.

"No. I am alone," was the response. "Took a skip in to get a line on business. Anything new?"

For answer Sykes thrust the letter into his hand. McClure recognized the source instantly.

"He has located another spot, I see."



I haven't let it loose before, Bob, but I have a red hot grudge against your friend, Pullar.

Sykes nodded.

Looking up from the letter McClure ruminated for a moment.

"There's good money in these transfers if we can get them going. That's where good fishing comes in."

"Tried Bissett to-day," observed Sykes ruefully. "It was no go?"

"No."

"Keep away from Bissett," was McClure's low counsel. "There are easier prospects. If not we'll have to chuck it."

"Chuck nothing!" was Sykes' incisive ejaculation. "This community's full of suckers. There are droves of easy rubes hereabouts fairly howling, 'Come touch me up'."

For a moment McClure rubbed his chin reflectively. Sykes eyed him closely.

"I know what you are hunting down," said he, looking McClure full in the eye. "You're on just one trail these days. You are tracking the boss of the Valley Outfit."

McClure looked up surprised.

"I see I've hit it," resumed Sykes with a laugh. "Bissett put me next a little fact that has a whole barrelful of possibilities. He informs me that Pullar's three-quarter sections are all in the old man's name."

McClure shook his head.

"Don't believe it. Ned's too good a head for that."

"It's a fact, just the same," maintained Sykes. "Bissett told me all about it."

"What if it is?"

"I guess you know old Ed. Pullar. Thirsty old guy at times."

McClure laughed wisely.

"That's the point," said Sykes in a whisper. "We have an even chance of getting him there."

McClure said nothing, but Sykes, watching him from the foxy crevices of his half-shut eyes, knew that he had probed a mighty impulse in his companion. The gloating of anticipated revenge looked out of Rob McClure's great eyes. He was roused from his baleful reverie by the voice of Sykes.

"That prospect pleases you, Rob," said he in a significant tone that drew the swift glance of McClure. "And I am with you to the limit provided——"

He paused and looked peculiarly at the other. McClure was puzzled.

"Provided," resumed Sykes, "you do the same with me."

"You have me guessing, Reddy."

"You do not know what I am driving at?"

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# REVIEW of REVIEWS

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## Zionism a Gigantic Fallacy

*America the True Zion of the Enlightened Jews of America.*

HENRY MORGENTHAU
(Former American Ambassador to Turkey)

WRONG in principle, unsound in its economics, fantastic in its politics, and sterile in its spiritual ideals —such is Mr. Morgenthau's condemnation of the Zionist conception of Palestine as the Jews' homeland. In an editorial note in World's Work in which this article appears an account is given of the split which has occurred between the European Zionists and those of America.

The situation arose from the arrival on this side of Dr. Weizmann the head of the world organization of Zionists. The real control of this organization is vested in a compact body of only seven men, and it is dominated by the Jews of Europe. The American Zionists, headed by Judge Mack were expected to find the greater part of the funds of the organization, but were denied representation upon this financial committee which controlled the expenditure. Dr. Weizmann appealed to the Russian-Polish Jews to reject the annual report of the officers. When this motion to reject was carried Judge Mack and his associates resigned. He and his friends have announced that they will continue as Zionists but independently of the international organization.

Mr. Morgenthau is one of the leaders of the American Jews who reject the Zionist theory altogether.

Zionism, he contends, is the most stupendous fallacy of Jewish history. It is a retrogression into the blackest error. It is an eastern European proposal which if it were to succeed would cost the Jews of America most that they have gained of liberty, equality and fraternity.

"I was born," says Mr. Morgenthau, "among the Jews of Germany, and by natural association with German Jews in New York, and by repeated visits to Germany, am familiar with their life and problems. As an American of fifty-five years' residence, as a director of the Educational Alliance and of Mt. Sinai Hospital, as president of the Bronx House and the Free Synagogue for more than ten years, and as one who has traveled on speaking tours from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to New Orleans on behalf of the American Jewish Relief Committee, I am thoroughly familiar with the American Jews. As American Ambassador to Turkey, I came into daily official contact with the Jews from all parts of the Near East.

"Let us examine the pretensions of Zionism from three essential angles: Is it an economic fallacy? Is it a political fantasy? Is it a spiritual will-o'-the wisp?

"First, its economic aspect. I assert positively that it is impossible. Zionists have been working for thirty years with fanatical zeal, and backed by millions of money from philanthropic Jews of great wealth in France, England, Germany and America, and the total result of their operations, at the outbreak of the World War, was the movement of ten thousand Jews from other lands to the soil of Palestine. In the same period a million and a half Jews have migrated to America.

THE truth is that Palestine cannot support a large population in prosperity. It has a lean and niggard soil. It is a land of rocky hills, upon which, for many centuries, a hardy people have survived only with difficulty by cultivating a few patches of soil here and there, with the olive, the fig, citrus fruits, and the grape; or have barely sustained their flocks upon the sparse native vegetation. The streams are few and small, entirely insufficient for the great irrigation systems that would be necessary for the general cultivation of the land. The underground sources of water can only be developed at a prodigious capital expense.

"A great industrial Palestine is equally unthinkable. It lacks the raw materials of coal and iron; it lacks the skill in technical processes and the experience in the arts; and, above all, it is not in the path of modern trade currents. What hope is there for Palestine, as an industrial nation, in competition with America, Great Britain and Germany, with their prodigious resources, their highly organized factories, their great mass-production, and their superb means of transportation? The notion is preposterous.

"I claim that the foregoing analysis demolishes the economic foundation of Zionism.

"What of its political foundations? Is Zionism a political fantasy? I assert most emphatically that it is. The present British mandate over Palestine is a recognition, by the great powers of the world, of the supreme political interest of Great Britain in that region. The notion that Great Britain would for one instant allow any form of government in Palestine, under any name whatever, that was not, in fact, an appanage of the British Crown, and subservient to the paramount interests of British world policy, is too fantastical for serious refutation.

I HAVE just said that it may be politic for the British Government to coddle the aspirations of the Jews. There are, however, profound reasons why this coddling will not take the form of granting to them even the name and surface appearance of a sovereign government ruling Palestine. Remember that Palestine is as much the Holy Land of the Mohammedan as it is the Holy Land of the Jew, or the Holy Land of the Christian. His shrines cluster there as thickly. They are to him as sacredly endeared. In 1914 I visited the famous caves of Macpelah, twenty miles from Jerusalem; and I never shall forget the mutterings of discontent that murmured in my ears, nor the threatening looks that confronted my eyes, from the lips and faces of the devout Mohammedans whom I there encountered. To imagine that the British Government will sanction a scheme for a political control of Palestine which would place in the hands of the Jews the physical guardianship of these shrines of Islam, is to imagine something very foreign to the practical political sense of the most politically practical race on earth. They know too well how deeply they would offend their myriad Mohammedan subjects to the East .

"Exactly the same political issue of religious fanaticism applies to the question of Christian sensibilities. Any one who has seen, as in 1914 I saw at Easter-tide, the tens of thousands of devout Roman Catholics from Poland, Italy, and Spain, and the other tens of thousands of devout Greek Catholics from Russia and the East, who yearly frequent the shrines of Christianity in Palestine, and who thus consummate a lifetime of devotion by a pilgrimage undertaken at, to them, staggering expense and physical privation; and who has observed, as I have observed, the supressed hatred of them all for both the Jew and the Mussulman; and who has noted, further, the bitter jealousies between even Protestant and Catholic, between Greek Catholic and Roman —such an observer, I say, can entertain no illusions that the placing of these sacred shrines of Christian tradition in the hands of the Jews would be tolerated. A Jewish State in Palestine would inevitably arouse their passion. Instead of such a State adding new dignity and consideration to the position of the Jew the world over (as the Zionists claim it would do), I am convinced that it would concentrate, multiply, and give new venom to the hatred which he already endures in Poland and Russia, the very lands in which most of the Jews now dwell, and where their oppressions are the worst.

"The political pretensions of Zionism are fantastic. I think the foregoing paragraphs have demonstrated this.

IS Zionism a spiritual will-o'-the wisp? I assert, with all the vigor of my most profound convictions, that it is. My answer to the spiritual pretensions of Zionism is the positive answer that the solution has already been discovered—the way out has been found. The courageous Jew, the intellectually honest Jew, the forward-looking Jew, the Jew who has been willing to fight for his rights on the spot where they were infringed, has won his battle, and has found all the glorious freedom which Zionism so impractically describes. The brave Jews of England did not surrender their cause. The repeal of the Jewish Disabilities in 1858 gave the Jews every right enjoyed in Britain by the Christians. It made possible the splendid political career of Beaconsfield (for many years Prime Minister of Great Britain), and the brilliant experience of Sir Rufus Isaacs (now Earl Reading) who has progressed through the highest political honors of the nation as Lord Chief Justice, Ambassador to America and Viceroy of India.

"Do not forget that in this victorious struggle the Jew made no compromise whatever with his conscience. He did not abandon his racial, religious, or cultural heritage.

"The courageous and wise Jews of France and Italy have fought this same battle to this same victorious conclusion.

BUT this article will be read chiefly by Americans: such influence as it may wield will be particularly upon American minds. Need I elaborate the argument in its American setting? The facts lie upon the surface for the dullest eyes to see them. Nowhere in the world has so glorious an opportunity been offered to the Jew. Generous America has thrown wide the doors of opportunity to him. The Jew possesses no talents of the mind or spirit that cannot find here a free field for its most complete expression."

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# Assimilating Israel

## Belief Still Exists that Jews Are Revolutionary

PAUL SCOTT MOWRER

THE revival of anti-Semitism in Europe since the close of the war and its curious repercussion even in the United States, are phenomena that can no longer be ignored. The Jews,we are warned, are a secret organization, with branches in every land, whose aim is nothing less than world-domination. To attain their bold ends, they plan on the one hand, to undermine society by sapping its foundations with revolutionary and anti-religious propaganda, and on the other, to crush it from above by attaining control of the great banking and industrial system on which the material power of present-day civilization immediately reposes."

So writes Paul Scott Mowrer in the Atlantic Monthly. He goes on to point out the various causes for the popular belief, and the reasons for his disagreement with the belief.

"The political argument against the Jews is that they are an 'international nation,' more attached to the Jewish cause, in whatever part of the world, than to the ideals and interests of the country in which they live, and from which they claim the privileges of protection without according in return their political allegiance. To this is now frequently added as a corollary, that the Jew is a 'born revolutionist.' We are here, as I have already indicated, at the very heart of the Jewish question; for there is no state, there is no people, so good-natured and so confident of its own strength that it will unprotestingly tolerate in its midst a body persistently and willfully foreign, especially when this body at the same time aspires to take a leading part in the national economic or political life. That the Jews, after their dispersion, were originally such a tenaciously foreign body, in every community where they settled, is beyond dispute. That they remained so, partly of their own will, partly under compulsion, up to the time of the emancipation, fifty or a hundred years ago, is equally incontestable. The point that remains to be determined is to what extent, since the emancipation, a true assimilation of the Jews has been effected in the United States and in the various countries of Western Europe. To this point I shall have occasion to return presently. Meanwhile the corollary, that the Jew is a 'born revolutionist,' is worthy of careful consideration.

"Abstractly, there is certainly something in this assertion—something profound, which reaches to the very centre of the ancient Hebraic religious conception. The sturdy monotheism of Israel teaching that man shall obey Jehovah alone, carries by implication the idea that all merely human authority is unjustified and therefore negligible. This independence of conscience and reason is probably developed further in Judaism than any other religion, for it is considered as binding even on Jehovah himself. The Talmud relates how, in a dispute between rabbis over a point of doctrine, the voice of Jehovah intervened from the void; but no sooner was this divine voice heard to pronounce in favor of Rabbi Eliezir, than Rabbi Josua protested, saying: 'It is not mysterious voices, it is the majority of the sages, who should henceforth decide quesions of doctrine. Reason is no longer hidden away in heaven, the Law is no longer in heaven; it has been given to the earth, and it is for human reason to understand and explain it.'

"Moreover, implicit in Judaism, is a sentiment, quite different from the resignation of Christianity and Mohammedanism, that the joy and satisfaction which are the birthright of every man who keeps the Law should be forthcoming, not in some future existence, but here on earth. Even after they have forsworn their religion completely, a tendency has been remarked among the Jews to cling to the idea, not only that all men are entitled to be happy even in this life, but that all men are equal before God, and that none can be held responsible save to his own mind and conscience. A poor man, imbued with this spirit, and looking about him upon the present world, is inevitably exposed to the temptation of becoming a malcontent, or even an agitator. More important, however, than this vague traditional predilection for revolutionary doctrines is the fact that the Jewish people, for more than twenty centuries, has been very cosmopolitan, bound to no country and to no lasting patriotism save that of Israel. It is no more than natural that the emancipation should have left a large number of them internationalists, in the literal sense of the word. If it were not for this cosmopolitan character of the people as a whole, the revolutionary proclivities of a few individuals would perhaps have passed almost unnoticed. Once more, we are brought face to face with the conclusion that the Jewish problem is, above all, a problem of assimilation.

"That belief that the Jews are involved in a definite conspiracy for world-revolution arose at the time of the French Revolution, simultaneously with the emancipation of the French Jews by the Constituent Assembly. An intimate relation between the Kabbala and Freemasonry had long been suspected; and now the Catholic Royalists were able to remark that not a few Jews seemed to be active members of the various lodges—Masons, Illuminists, Rosicrucians, Martinists—in whose secret conclaves the revolution was supposed to have been planned. The influence of Jewish agitators was again remarked in the uprisings of 1830 and 1848.

"But the great reproach that European conservatives hold against the sons of Israel is that Karl Marx and Ferdinand Lassalle, the founders of modern Socialism, were both of Jewish origin. 'This descendant of the line of rabbis and doctors,' writes Lazare, of Marx, 'inherited all the force of logic of his ancestors; he was a clear-headed and lucid Talmudist . . . a Talmudist who went in for sociology, and who applied his native qualities of exegesis to a critique of political economy. He was animated by the old Hebraic materialism, which dreamed perpetually of an earthly paradise . . . he was also a rebel, an agitator, a bitter polemist, and he got his gift of sarcasm and invective from the same Jewish sources as Heine."

He continues:

So much having been said, a specific explanation of the present revival of anti-Semitism is almost superfluous. In Russia the majority of Jews, for obvious reasons, have rallied to the Soviet government exciting against themselves the always latent hatred of the anti-Bolshevist parties. The Jews of Poland and Roumania, being regarded, not altogether without reason, as foreigners inclining to sympathize with the enemy (Soviet Russia), are subjected to all the consequences that a similar situation provoked in America, during the war, between Americans and Germans. As for the half-assimilated Jews of Hungary, they earned the lasting enmity of the peasants and the administrative caste by flocking in far too considerable numbers to the disastrous red banner of Bela Kun, in the spring of 1919. In Czechoslovakia, the Jews are subjected to the hatred of the otherwise fairly liberal Czechs, because they are suspected of being pro-German, and, in general, anti-Slav.

Coming now to the more prosperous and more completely assimilated Jews of Western Europe and America, one easily perceives that the feeling against the poor ones is an outgrowth of the fear of Bolshevism, while the feeling against the rich ones is a part of the general post-war clamor against profiteers—the feeling in both cases being greatly intensified by the popular nationalistic suspicion that the Jews are willfully resisting assimilation.

We are thus, in the end, brought squarely back again to the surmise from which we started, namely, that the Jewish question is, above all, political, and may indeed be reduced to this one inquiry: Is it, or is it not, possible to assimilate the Jews? If it is, time, and liberal measures, will suffice; if it is not, then, so long as nations continue to be nations, and to abhor the presence within themselves of indigestible foreign bodies, there is seemingly no solution.

Obviously, the possibility of assimilating at least some of the Jews is beyond challenge. Indeed, there is no reason to suppose that a mixture of the so-called Aryan and Semitic races gives a result which is other than excellent in any respect. If the Jews have not heretofore been absorbed more rapidly, the causes are rather religious, social, and political than racial.

How can it reasonably be said, moreover, that this mixture is not desirable? The Jews are one of the most remarkably gifted peoples of all time. They have it is true, the defects of their qualities, but in this they are by no means unique. The Jews are, in fact, generally speaking, sober, adaptable, industrious, and intelligent. For centuries cut off from most forms of handicraft and manual labor, they have been exercising their minds in study and trade. Their achievements in art, letters, and particularly in science and philosophy, if not preeminent, are at least notable. Why any nation should scorn to absorb an element so endowed is difficult to understand.

There is a class of Western Jews, however, who, while approving the theory of assimilation in the abstract, give to the word a meaning quite different from that generally accepted. In the minds of these Jews, it would be a calamity if Israel, by intermarrying with other nationalities, should lose its distinctive character.

But there is in this otherwise fair-seeming comparison a slight misconception. If Israel were merely a religion, then, when a Jew ceased to observe the forms of this religion, he would cease to be a Jew. But Israel is not a religious but a political problem; and to shift it arbitrarily to the religious ground is to distort it from its true relations.

In the present day of intense nationalism, when the forces of interior cohesion are engaged in a silent and bitter struggle with the forces of international dissolution, the Jews, who by their history have become a cosmopolitan race in everything except their devotion to Israel, must make a choice. They cannot give political allegiance to two banners, even though this double allegiance be defended in the name of religion.

# Success of Private Ownership

## *Railways of United States Rapidly Regaining Prosperity*

DANIEL WILLARD,
(President Baltimore & Ohio Railroad)

THAT the Railways of the United States will soon find themselves again upon a sound basis is the opinion of Mr. Willard who discusses the question from an optimistic viewpoint in "World's Work."

Since the termination of Federal control, he says, we have actually seen the railroads, operated by private management under the provisions of the Esch-Cummins Act, move, in 1920, 9,000,000,000 ton miles more than in 1918, employing substantially the same facilities. We have seen the Interstate Commerce Commission, under the terms of the same act, promptly authorize such rate increases as would, in its opinion, fulfill the requirements of the act, and we have also seen one of the most complex labor situations ever developed dealt with in orderly fashion by the agencies created by the act, without interruption of the transportation service. The very fact of the controversy in Chicago speaks volumes for the act. Questions involving wages and working conditions affecting nearly 2,000,000 human beings are certain to bring out points of difference, and if the contestants should sometimes raise their voices above the conventional pitch of polite society, it would not follow that the law had failed—on the contrary it would indicate that the problem was being worked out just as Congress intended it should be, and without interruption of the service. I am inclined to think that under the present law, wages may be somewhat higher in the future than would be the case were there no such law, but even so, if the public is thereby assured freedom from interruptions of service, the immunity so purchased will be well worth the price.

I am glad of this opportunity to say a word concerning the relations which have existed since the termination of Federal control between the railroads, as represented by their Advisory Committee, and the Interstate commerce Commission under the able and constructive Chairmanship of Mr. Clark.

Opportunity has been afforded me to view the situation and I have been convinced that the Commission has taken hold of the difficult problems confronting it under the new act with the desire only of carrying out the clear intent of Congress.

The relationship which has been developed between the Federal Commission and the railroads under the new Transportation Act, to my mind, is most encouraging, and if the relationship already established continues and if the railway managers appreciate that they themselves, as well as the institution of private ownership, are on trial and if they meet the fair and reasonable requirements of the public for transportation, I feel confident that the success of private ownership under the terms of the new act is assured, and that the railroads will presently find themselves on a sound basis.

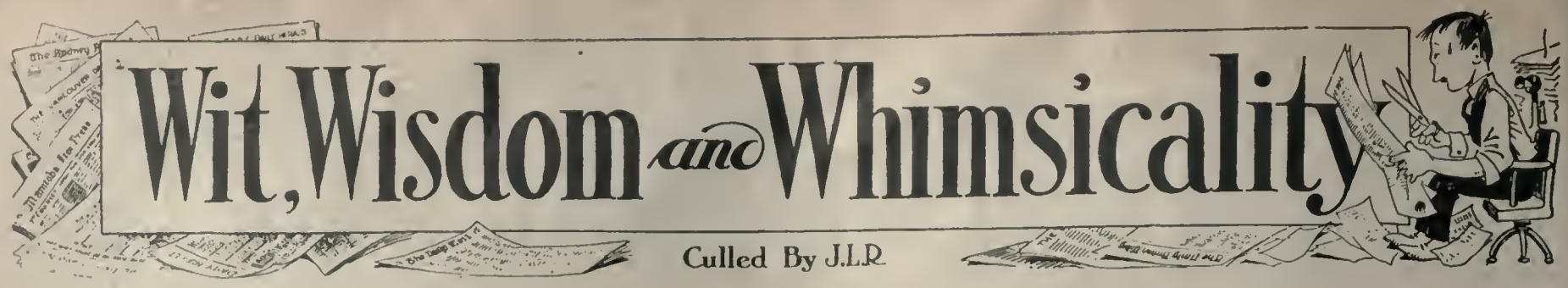
# Europe Reverts to Barter System

London *Statist*

THE British Government purpose arranging to exchange Lancashire cotton for Roumanian wheat and oil.

This the Statist points out furnishes another instance of the manner in which Continental trade is being re-organized on a barter basis; principally between those countries most affected by the unusual conditions of exchange.

"The United States furnishes cotton to the German mills, chiefly in Saxony, to be worked up on a commission basis, the manufacturer being allowed to retain a certain proportion of the cotton for his own business. The same procedure is adopted with hides and wool coming from Holland, but presumably of American origin; and the German engineering industry has been asked to take up business in a similar manner. This system provides the United States with stocks of goods ready to place on the European markets, and at the same time helps the Germans by employing their workmen, keeping their factories running, and placing small stocks at their disposal, besides bringing in a certain amount of American money. It is also stated that the Americans furnish food and coal for the use of concerns which are working for them. Towards these innovations the Germans at first adopted a hostile attitude, but this view-point changed when experience indicated that the operations were not only necessary but profitable. Where honest dealing distinguished both parties to the transaction it is to be presumed that the Americans, supplied with goods manufactured at a comparatively low wages cost, since the internal value of the mark is greater than the external, had no reason to be dissatisfied with their bargain."



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

**Powdered.**—Some sweet-faced girls remind us of powdered sugar.—Calgary Herald.

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**"There's a Reason."**—"Why are you so anxious to play bridge?" "Some one will play the piano if we don't."—Peterboro Examiner.

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**Their Special Sins.**—Sins of transmission worry owners of motor cars more than other people.—Kitchener Record.

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**Busy Bandits.**—Not all the motor bandits run at large; a few of them that I have met run a garage.—Saskatoon Star.

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**Strategy.**—As a rule the man who turns the other cheek is just killing time until he can get his knife open.—British Whig.

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**Mutation.**—The perfume of the lilac coming in the window greets the odor of the moth ball going out.—Vancouver Province.

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**A Henri Fabre Note.**—The idea that two can live as cheaply as one was probably started by a tape worm.—Nelson News.

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**Defined.**—Sammy calls it free love when a fellow has five girls and never spends a cent on any one of them.—Kitchener Record.

**The Modern Method.**—The up-to-date farmer does not beat his ploughshare into a sword. He beats it into a city.—Toronto Telegram.

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**Jonah Bested.**—After one has lived in a modern flat, that Jonah and whale story no longer seems improbable.—Kingston British Whig.

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**Understanding.**—There are two perfectly good reasons why a lot of women should not wear the abbreviated skirt.—London Advertiser.

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**Democracy.**—We shall never believe Democracy is really here till some sporting page refers to a tennis champion as "Bill."—Brandon Sun.

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**Poultry Gossip**—Feathered chickens all gather round the old coop at night. But it's different with the other kind.—Manitoba Free Press.

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**Heedless Hideless Humans.**—The destruction of pedestrians wouldn't seem so wanton if their hides were worth anything.—Kingston British Whig.

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**Indications.**—Judging from some of the underwear exhibits we see in the magazines, this is going to be a very hot summer.—Kingston Standard.

* * * *

**Contentment.**—A happy married man is one who is content to dwell under his own vine and fig tree and his wife's thumb.—Kingston British Whig.

**Enthusiasm.**—A man may wake his first baby just to see it laugh, but he never disturbs the peaceful slumbers of the second one.—Border Cities Star.

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**Change.**—The sight of a woman between two men used to be called "a rose between two thorns." Nowadays it's called a tongue sandwich.—Saskatoon Star.

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**Frank; But Probably True.**—Here's hoping that all wives do not share the view of the one who said, "my husband is as good as they make 'em, but they don't make 'em very good."—Kingston British Whig.

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**The Vital Question.**—Edison predicts that motor cars will in a few years be distilling their own fuel. Interested ones ask if there will be any surplus of distilled product available or will the car require it all.—Toronto Telegram.

* * * *

**Oh, Promise Me!**—"Harry, dear, promise me that if I die you will marry Jane Jones," she said, thoughtfully. "Jane Jones!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, I thought you hated her." "I do."—Border Cities Star.

* * * *

**The Obvious Connection.**—When a hurrying man looks at a pretty girl and gives a violent start, it doesn't mean that he is charmed. It means that he has just remembered to get that paint for the porch furniture.—Kingston British Whig.

# Is the Sun Declining?

*Astronomers Claim That All Giant Stars Are Red In Color Till They Fade*

PROFESSOR EDDINGTON

IT HAS been known for some time that the diameter of the sun is 866,000 miles, that the moon's diameter is 2,160, Jupiter about 90,000 and Mars a little over 4,000. According to an article in *World Wide*, in which Professor Eddington, of Cambridge, is quoted, it is only within recent years that Professor Michelson and latterly Messrs. Pease and Anderson, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, have made experiments on the stars with the "interferometer" method. Professor Eddington thus describes the methods as applied at Mount Wilson:—

"A plane surface, 20 feet long, has been mounted at the top end of the 100-inch telescope. Two mirrors, which can move along the line joining them, are mounted on the surface. Light is reflected from the mirrors on to a second pair of mirrors closer together, which reflect them again on to the 100-inch mirror. Thus two beams are brought together, and allowed to produce interference fringes which can be viewed with an eye-piece. If the star-disc is comparable to the width on the fringes their visibility will alter for the length of the baseline. The length of the baseline at which the fringes disappear determines the angular diameter.

"Using this method on the night of December 13 last, Messrs. Pease and Anderson found the angular diameter of Betelgeux to be 0.045 seconds, or forty-five thousandths of a second of arc. The distance of the star is not known so accurately as that of several other distant suns, but a mean of the various measures makes it about 150 light years—a distance which light requires 150 years to traverse—which is probably not far from the truth. This angular diameter and the distance of Betelgeux being known, it is easy to compute its linear diameter, which comes out as 273,000,000 miles, about 300 times the diameter of the sun.

"This achievement of Messrs. Pease and Anderson is an epoch-making one for several reasons. It is the first measurement of the diameter of a star. It must not be supposed, of course, that the diameters of all the other stars can be similarly measured. Even by the interferometer method only the diameters of the very largest can be measured, and it is not expected that many are large enough to yield appreciable results. Nevertheless, the result for Betelgeux is of the highest importance.

"In October last, Prof. Eddington, in his address to the British Association, remarked that:

"'We believe we know with fair accuracy the apparent surface-brightness corresponding to each spectral type; then, all that is necessary is to divide the total apparent brightness by this surface brightness and the result is the angular area subtended by the star.'

"Incidentally, the measurement of the diameter of Betelgeux confirms Prof. Russell's theory of stellar evolution. According to that theory the giant red stars, such as Betelgeux and Antares, are at an early stage of evolution; they are of enormous size and low density. After passing the red stage a star contracts, the density increases and its temperature rises, and the white and blue stages are reached, provided the mass is great enough to attain the highest possible temperature. A period of decline sets in and the star becomes a cooling dwarf—white, yellow and finally red.

"According to this theory our sun is a dwarf star, on the down grade. The hypothesis may not be true in its entirety—there are, indeed still several serious objections to it—but it has received substantial confirmation in recent years, and the proof of the enormous diameter of a red star adds greatly to its probability."

# Smoking Harms School Boys

*Smokers And Non-Smokers Compared In Mental Tests*

S. R. POWERS

ONE of the students in the University High School, Arkansas, recently made a series of mental tests of smokers and non-smokers. Mr. Powers gives us the interesting results of these tests in *School and Society* (Lancaster, Pa.) He says:

"During the course of the first quarter a question was raised in the biology class about the ability of the boys who smoke to do high school work. In order to answer this question the names of the boys were divided into two groups, consisting of the names of those who smoke and of those who do not smoke. A grade score was assigned for each student by weighting his grades made during the first quarter of the school year. The names in each group of students were then arranged according to classes as freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors, and the student's numerical grade score was placed with his name. Along with this grade score was placed the student's intelligence test scores on each of the tests which he had taken. In the table below are given by classes the average intelligence and grade score of the smoker and non-smoker group. The table also gives the range between the highest and lowest scores. The per cent. difference is the per cent. which the difference between the average scores of the two groups is of the average scores of the non-smokers. In the University High School the intelligence level of the boys who smoke is therefore 15 per cent. lower than that of those who do not smoke. Those who smoke are 30 per cent. lower in ability to do school work than those who do not. All of the boys in the University High School are of normal high school age, not one is over twenty-one. The classification into smoker and non-smoker groups was made by one of the boys, a smoker himself, and wholly unprejudiced. The author has checked his classification and believes it is entirely correct."

Summary of Averages.

| | Army Alpha | Miller Test |
|---|---|---|
| Non-smokers | 112.5 | 68.9 |
| Smokers | 98.6 | 57.5 |
| Difference | 13.9 | 11.4 |
| Per cent. difference | 12.3 | 16.5 |

| | Terman A | Grades |
|---|---|---|
| Non-smokers | 144.2 | 9.6 |
| Smokers | 122.9 | 6.7 |
| Difference | 21.3 | 2.9 |
| Per cent. difference | 14.7 | 30.2 |




# Cool, lukewarm or hot water — Which?

Use water of *any* temperature with Fels-Naptha. *Boil* your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot. The point is, you can use hot water but there is no *need* to with Fels-Naptha. Therefore, so many choose the washing method of greatest comfort—cool or lukewarm water and Fels-Naptha; and the method of greatest ease—soap the clothes well, soak (with light rubbing on extremely soiled places), and rinse.

Fels-Naptha is the perfect combination of *good* soap and *real* naptha. The naptha works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water flushes all the dirt away, leaving the clothes sweet, fresh and bright! And with that delightful clean-clothes smell!

Get the real naptha soap—the good golden bar in the red-and-green wrapper. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

FREE

If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia."




*Thousands have for years found Fels-Naptha indispensable in camping and outdoors where hot water is hard to get. It works so remarkably, even in cold water.*



*Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha!*

*And its uses are so varied! Fels-Naptha easily, quickly, thoroughly cleans dishes, pans, clothes—everything. And astonishingly so in cold water.*

# FELS-NAPTHA

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*Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin, use Ivory.*

THERE are seven desirable qualities that soap can have; seven that soap should have to be entirely satisfactory; seven that soap must have to be suitable for universal use—shampoo, bath, toilet, nursery, fine laundry.

These essentials are: abundant lather, quick rinsing, mildness, purity, whiteness, fragrance, "it floats."

Some soaps have some of these qualities; some soaps have others; Ivory Soap combines all seven. This is why Ivory Soap is preferred for so many uses. This is why it is unsurpassed in everything it does.

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*Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size for every purpose*

IVORY

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For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.

IVORY

*Large Cake*

Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE COMPANY CINCINNATI U.S.A.

# Golf 300 Years Ago

## *In 1592 Devotees Played Game on Ice.*

JUDGE PARRY

THAT what many have considered the "modern game of golf" was indulged in with zest in many parts of Europe in the latter part of the sixteenth century seems amply proved by Judge Parry in a collection of marginalia on the game which has been published in The Cornhill Magazine. Recently, the author tells us he came across several curious allusions to golf which he had for some time been awaiting an opportunity to put together in readable form. He sets them down as follows for the entertainment of those who love golf and letters:

In an interesting but alas! unindexed volume entitled 'Shakespeare's Europe 1903,' which consists of many hitherto unpublished chapters of Fynes Moryson's Itinerary, I find I have two valuable golf marginalia from the historical point of view. There is no reason to suppose that Moryson had ever seen or heard of the game of golf, yet his close powers of observation and graphic accuracy of description leave you in no doubt about the game he is describing.

Moryson was at Leyden in the winter of 1592, and writing a chapter of the pastimes and exercises of the people at this season when all are 'slyding upon yce with Iron in their wooden Pattens,' he goes on to speak of a strange game which he had evidently observed with some curiosity.

'They have,' he writes, 'a Common Pastyme and exercise to dryue a little ball through the fieldes and vypon the Ice, with a sticke of wood turning in at the lowe end like the basting we vse in kichens, saue that they are not made hollowe but are rounde in the end, and this sporte I haue seene frequently vsed not only by boys and young men, but by men of 40 yeares age and vpward.'

It may be said that this adds little to our knowledge of the history of the game since many early Dutch painters have portrayed the scene that interested the observant Moryson. But later on, in 1594, when the traveller was in Italy, he comes across the strange game once again in a most unlikely locality, for he tells us that 'at Naples I haue seene gentlemen play in the playne with a little ball and a sticke like a basting ladell, to driue it before them, which sporte the Hollanders much vse upon the yce in Winter.'

That the game was played by the gentlemen of Southern Italy at this date is not, I think, generally known. It would be interesting to ascertain if other early travellers have reported the game from other parts of Europe.

The early beginnings of golf in different parts of the world seem to be wrapped in unnecessary mystery. One often reads the statement that James I played golf at Blackheath, but is there any authority for it? Did James care about golf, and did he bring his clubs down from Scotland when he became King of England? I have grave doubt about it. But that his son Prince Henry was keen about the game I have no doubt at all. The fact that Sir Simond D'Ewes says in his Autobiography that 'he was a prince rather addicted to martial studies and exercises than to goff or other boy's play,' merely proves how eager that dull pedant and Puritan was to ignore the popular reputation of the Prince as a sportsman. It is the ignorant contempt of a south country high-brow for a game introduced from the North that he can neither play nor appreciate.

Prince Henry was always a keen player of both golf and tennis. Isaac D'Israeli, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' has a pleasant anecdote of the Prince and his tutor, Adam Newton.

'Newton was sometimes severe in his chastisement; for when the Prince was playing at golf and having warned his tutor, who was standing by in conversation, that he was going to strike the ball, and having lifted up the golf-club, someone observing, "Beware, sir, that you hit not Mr. Newton!" the Prince drew back the club, but smilingly observed, "Had I done so, I had but paid my debts."'

Newton who was not a Scotsman and may not have understood the etiquette of the game, became in after years Dean of Durham in spite of his indiscretion of 'standing by in conversation' whilst a prince was striking off. Chattering on the tee is not a nuisance of modern origin, but has probably been a rub of the green since the early days of golf.

That Prince Henry played golf in the neighbourhood of London is very probable, but I have no marginalia locating any links in the suburbs until 1758, when I find in the Autobiography of Alexander Carlyle a curious account of a game played at Molesley Hurst in Surrey.

The Reverend Doctor Alexander Carlyle minister of Inveresk, was a friend of John Home, Smollett, and the best-known men of law, letters and divinity in Edinburgh, and was also well received in similar circles in London. He was a comely man of commanding presence, 'the grandest demi-god I ever saw,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and was commonly called Jupiter Carlyle, from having sat more than once for the king of gods and men to Gavin Hamilton.' He says himself that he excelled at golf and took great pleasure in it, and from his build and physique he may well have been a powerful driver. He seems to have become acquainted with Garrick, probably through his friend John Home, and on a visit to London in 1758 the actor 'gave a dinner to his friends and companions at his home at Hampton which he did but seldom. He had told us to bring golf clubs and balls that we might play at that game on Molesley Hurst.' The fact that Garrick knew there was such a game seems to suggest that there was a regular links at Molesley at this date. The party consisted of Carlyle, John Home, Robertson, Alexander Wedderburn (afterwards Lord Chancellor, then just called to the English Bar), his brother Colonel David Wedderburn, and Robert and James Adam, the architects. They set out in good time, says Carlyle, six of us in a landau. As we passed through Kensington the Coldstream regiment were changing guard, and on seeing our clubs they gave us three cheers in honour of a diversion peculiar to Scotland; so much does the remembrance of one's native country dilate the heart when one has been some time absent. The same sentiment made us open our purses and give our countrymen wherewithal to drink "The Land o' Cakes." Garrick met us by the way, so impatient he seemed to be for his company.

There were only three players, Parson Black, the Vicar of Hampton, an Aberdonian who may have started golf at Molesley, and John Home and Carlyle himself, who tells us that 'immediately after we arrived we crossed the river to the golfing ground which was very good.' After the match, of which, unhappily, there is no description, they returned to Garrick's to dinner, and after dinner Garrick, out of compliment to Home, ordered the wine to be carried out into his temple in the garden where the statue of Shakespeare was erected. This was the statue for which Garrick had sat to Roubillac and recently purchased from the sculptor for three hundred guineas.

Carlyle was perhaps a little peeved at so much attention being shown to Home, and made use of his skill at golf to emphasise his own importance.

'Having observed,' he writes, 'a green mount in the garden opposite the archway, I said to our landlord that while the servants were preparing the collation in the temple I would surprise him with a stroke at the golf as I should drive a ball through his archway into the Thames once in three strokes. I had measured with my eye in walking about the garden, and accordingly at the second stroke made the ball alight in the mouth of the gateway and roll down the green slope into the river.

This was so dexterous that he was quite surprised and begged the club of me by which such a feat had been performed.'

Whether the club was a cleek or a baffy, whether the ball was retrieved or is still rolling along the bed of the river, whether Garrick himself ever took the club out afterwards and had a knock on Molesley Hurst—these are matters upon which diligent research has thrown no light.

I have been puzzled to find in my marginalia so few allusions to golf in the early novelists. The fact seems to be that they did not themselves play games, and wrote for a generation of readers who cared for none of these things.

We turn to the preface of 'The Surgeon's Daughter' and there seems little doubt that Sir Walter had no clear notion of the true inwardness of the game. Mr. Croftangry had lent his MS. to his friend Mr. Fairscribe, and is impatiently waiting for the letter's arrival that he may hear his verdict.

'At last my friend arrived, a little overheated. He had been taking a turn at golf, to prepare him for " colloquy sublime." And wherefore not, since the game, with its variety of odds, lengths, bunkers, tee'd balls, and so on, may be no inadequate representation of the hazards attending literary pursuits. In particular, those formidable buffets, which make one ball spin through the air like a rifle-shot, and strike another down into the very earth it is placed upon, by the maladroitness or the malicious purpose of the player—what are they but parallels to the favorable or depreciating notices of the reviewers, who play at golf with the publications of the season even as Altisidora, in her approach to the gates of the infernal regions, saw the devils playing at racket with the new books of Cervantes' days?"

The idea that a golfer strikes a golf ball into the very earth with malicious intent, as a reviewer slates a book, suggests to my mind that Scott thought that it was part of the game for one golfer to deliberately injure his adversary's lie, and that it was not present to his mind that at golf each player strictly confines his industry to his own ball under the sanction of severe penalties. Novelists, however, are subject to no laws which prevent them writing about matters they do not understand, else would much pleasant literature be lost to the world.

That Edinburgh golfers, like all true followers of the Royal and Ancient Game, knew no class distinction is clear from the fact that among the celebrated judges, ministers and doctors of the eighteenth century caricatured in that interesting volume, 'Kay's Edinburgh Portraits,' you may find an etching of Alexander McKellar, the Cock o' the Green, a retired butler who neglected a small tavern in pursuit of a higher life of golf. Mr. Paterson's memoirs of Alexander and his chapter on Edinburgh golf in the letterpress of the volume contain many interesting marginalia of Scots golf. McKellar was a respected Edinburgh worthy, and his favourite expression as he walked up to a perfect lie: 'By gracious, this won't go for nothing!' became a favourite phrase on the links.

A vivid picture of the golfing community of St Andrews as Lord Cockburn saw it when he went the North Circuit in the spring of 1844 has a very modern ring about it. Cockburn's 'Circuit Journeys' is not a mere record of legal work, but contains interesting pictures of Scots life of the day by a shrewd observer.

'The people of St. Andrews,' he says, 'have a local pleasure of their own, which is as much the staple of the place as old colleges and churches are. This is golfing, which is here not a mere pastime but a business and a passion, and has for ages been so, owing probably to their admirable links. This pursuit actually draws many a middle-aged gentleman whose stomach requires exercise, and his purse cheap pleasure, to reside here with his family; and it is the established recreation of all the learning and all the dignity of the town. There is a pretty large set who do nothing else, who begin in the morning and stop only for dinner; and who, after practising the game in the breeze all day, discuss it all night. Their talk is of holes. The intermixture of these men, or rather the intermixture of this occupation, with its interests, and hazards, and matches, considerably whets the social appetite. And the result is that their meetings are very numerous, and that, on the whole, they are rather a guttling population. However it is all done quietly, innocently, and recreation of the place partakes of what is, and ought to be, its peculiar character and avocation.'

# Colored Cottons Successfully Produced

*Black a Possibility of the Near Future*

Current Opinion

THE QUERY as to whether the color of a material is "fast," so often propounded to salespersons at the dry-goods counter, may soon be answered by some such statement as, "Why, this material is woven with black cotton."

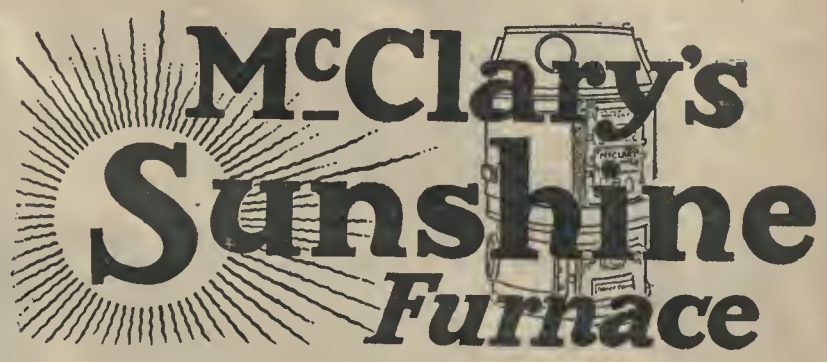
"The dye industry," says a writer in Current Opinion, "at least in so far as it concerns black cotton goods, may find itself in a class with the swinging doors and brass foot rails of olden days. Word comes from Savannah, Georgia, that A. W. Brabham, of Olar, South Carolina, has succeeded after several years of effort in producing cotton of a color other than white.

"On the Savannah Cotton Exchange he has exhibited four samples of cottons in natural colors which sustain his claim that he has successfully planted and raised non-white cotton of extremely fine fiber. The four samples shade from light brown to dark brown and from light green to dark green. He says there has never been a softer or finer fiber than the dark brown sample and that cloth woven from such cotton makes a fabric that rivals in softness any textile material yet developed.

"This planter sent his first specimens of cottons in color to the Savannah Exchange four years ago, but not until the last crop matured was he convinced of his ability to raise black cotton. He is quoted in the New York Evening Sun as saying that he would have been able to exhibit absolutely black cotton at this time had not a package of blue tinted or linted cotton imported from India gone astray. He has a Hindu botanist of Delhi gathering specimens of cottons in color and thus far has received from India cottons of blue, gray and light pink shades. Another consignment of seeds is en route from India and Brabham is also expecting to get the colors found growing in Peru.

"Not content with his experiments with cotton, this Burbank of South Carolina is said to have developed specimens of corn in three colors, a glance at which, he says, should prove that black corn is a 1921 possibility. By crossing, red and blue corn will, in the course of two years, give black corn, we are told. This being so, Mr. Brabham argues that by crossing the blue Indian cotton with the darker shades he has developed from white cotton he is bound to obtain the coveted black cotton."


# Be Forehanded
*with a*




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**(PIPELESS)**

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2



## *Who Pays for Advertising?*

The answer is simple—*advertising pays for itself.* Otherwise it is not good advertising.

Answer this question—who pays for any other kind of automatic, cost-cutting machinery?

Advertising does not increase costs or decrease profits. It costs nobody anything because it is a creative force within itself. In the work of distributing merchandise, it is the most economical factory that has ever been employed. (2)

# Are You a Clairvoyant?

*Second Sight Is a Gift Which Many May Unknowingly Possess*

MAUDE ANNESLEY

OF exceptional interest, and explanatory in a simple manner of an oft-discussed subject is Mrs Annesley's article in the June "Fortnightly" on Clairvoyance

There are those, she says, who, speaking on the subject, say "utter nonsense," and those who say how wonderful! Both these are wrong. Clairvoyance is not nonsense; it is a fact capable of demonstration. It is not wonderful any more than other gifts are wonderful.

I am, personally, convinced that a large number of people have second sight. They may know nothing of this, but the gift is there for them to use or ignore as Fate may decree.

I once came across a very interesting case of budding clairvoyance. A man told me that while he was staying in an hotel he pretended just for fun to be an adept at palmistry. He could not even tell the difference between tne head and life lines, but, he ended, isn't it a curious thing? I told them such a lot that was true: one woman told me that no one in the world knew what I told her. I asked how he had managed this.

Oh, he answered, 'I don't know what made me say the things—they just came to me—I said the first things that came into my head.'

Well he foretold something that was to happen to one of his 'clients,' and months afterwards he heard that It come to pass. This was long after he had told me about the matter.

This is only curious! No, it is not so; one is given second-sight just as one is given any other talent—the power to paint, a voice with which to sing, the gifts of literature or imagination. It is not in the very least 'curious.'

Clairvoyance does not necessarily mean seeing with the physical eye; indeed, in my own case, I never 'see' except with the mental eye.

Possibly it would be more satisfactory to give an account of my first experiences of this second-sight: the beginning tallies almost exactly with my friend's quoted above.

I studied palmistry and used to 'do the hands' of people for amusement. When I was staying in a country house my host gave a fete in the park one day in aid of some local charity, and I was begged to do palmistry, dressed as a gypsy, in a tent. I consented, and, after some little time, I began to be very much puzzled. I realised that I was saying things to my clients which I could not possibly see in their hands, also,more surprising still, what I said was true! Here is an instance: One man, whom I had never seen before, came into my tent. I told him his character and the ordinary episodes of his life from his hand, then I said more or less as follows: 'You are worried just now. You are in a position of great responsibility. I see a great crowd of men round you, and you have been trying to arrange a matter of importance. This matter would have been settled long ago if it were not for one man. I see you soon—and very soon—surrounded by men and talking. It will be a long time, but you will succeed if this man I speak of does not interfere. He is tall and dark, has a beard, and a scar over his right eyebrow. Suppress him and you will succeed.'

I did not know why I was talking like this, the words came to me in a quick flow.

That evening I met my client (Mr. B. we will call him) at dinner; he had been invited by my host. He was the manager of Lord ——'s quarries. I knew that there had been for a long time a strike amongst the men. Mr. B. told me that that very evening at midnight he was to have a great meeting with the men. He added that he knew the man with the scar, who was very troublesome. 'I shall take your advice about him,' he concluded. The next morning I received a telegram saying: 'All you described came to pass. I succeeded. The strike is over.'

Now here was some food for thought. I had always from childhood's days, had "instincts," as I called them, had always known those who were dishonest and so forth, but this was something quite different. I did not even know that it was clairvoyance, it seemed so easy!

I was once doing palmistry for a friend at a garden-party, having a summer-house to work in. I here remark that I had heard discussed a budding scandal, in which a marriad woman (whom I called Lady Z.) and a married man (Captain A.) were concerned. I knew Lady Z. well, but at that time Captain A. was away and I had never seen him, nor his photograph.

A man came in my summer-house and I proceeded to tell him many things that astonished him. Then I said, 'Your whole career is threatened unless you have the strength of mind to break with a woman who is drawing you gradually away from all honour and making you forget your ambitions, your ideals aud everything. Wait, I will describe her.' Here I began a description—height, shape of the face, the mouth, the nose, and, last of all, there came to me the particulars, in words, of her hair and eyes. As I spoke the face I had built up came to my mental vision just as if someone else had described it—it was Lady Z.! I stopped short for a gasp. The man, looking very wretched, asked me to go on. I said: 'No, I can't, because I recognize the woman—therefore I'm afraid I know who you are.'

Soon after he had gone out a friend came to me and said: 'Did you know that Captain A. was back? He came in here just now. What did you say to him? He absolutely implored Lady Z. not to come in to see you; then he made some excuse and has gone home!'

Why one should see utterly trivial things I cannot possibly imagine. Clairvoyance is not an exact science; one may very possibly give a detailed picture of a person or a house that the inquirer knew when a child and leave out altogether the fact that he broke his leg six months ago !

Here, again, is a somewhat amusing case. When I was living in the country a friend came down from town. I told him that I 'saw' a certain number of people with him, and proceeded to paint in words five persons whom he did not know. I was nonplussed. I then went on to the sixth: this, I remember, was a stout woman with some peculiar feather in her bonnet, and she held a large brown-paper parcel tied with green tape. When I got to the parcel my friend roared with laughter—I had given him accurate descriptions of the six people who had travelled down from town in his railway carriage ! He had not even consciously noticed them, but the photograph was in his brain all the same, and I had seen it. I have described a woman's coachman, whom she saw every day of her life, but she declared she did not know the man. She wrote me afterwards. It also appeared that she had never before noticed a mole on his cheek of which I had told her, but naturally she must, subconsciously, have noticed it.

Foretelling of the future is undoubtedly pure clairvoyance. Yet. even here, one can be very deceived as to time and conditions.

Here is an instance of what I mean by conditions: I told a man once that there would be a suicide in his house within three days. I had divined, in a strange way, that it was no one very dear to him, or I should not have told him what I did—I presumed it must be a servant. It was the first time I had met this man and I knew nothing about him. It appeared that he lived in a maisonette, the other part of the house being occupied by another family. The next day a member of this other family killed herself ! Of course this was a suicide in the house, but it had nothing to do with this man. Why did I "see" this?

Another day I said to a friend: "You are going to have another dog. It is very like Jack (a valuable and dear possession) , he has only three legs." My friend laughed and thought it very unlikely—so did I. A little time after Jack was badly injured, the vet. cleverly amputated one of his legs. He was quite happy afterwards and followed my friend about as usual. Now, I was very fond of this dog : why did I not foresee an accident to him instead of seeing another dog (as I thought) with three legs?

Another mystery is this : Sometimes characters of other people and events in their lives will come to one through the person who is sitting. A clairvoyante once gave me a correct resume of my husband's life and character, and told me practically nothing about myself, though my life has been a very eventful one ! I once had a curious instance of this myself when doing palmistry at a village jumble sale. A very low price was charged in the evenings, and I had many servants and small tradesmen as clients (always a different class, I may mention). One girl, with whom I could get no personal impression at all, conveyed to me most clearly a young man whom I described. I had an exceedingly disagreeable impression about him and was most honestly convinced that he was a thief and would soon be in prison. I told the girl this and implored her to have nothing to do with him. The vicar's daughter told me afterwards that the girl confided weepingly in her—the girl and young man were to be married in a month. The fiancee was so impressed by my accurate description of the man that, with some excuse, she put off the calling of the banns for a week or two. In about five weeks, if I remember rightly, the young man was in prison ! He was an employe in a shop and had been robbing the tradesman for over a year. I worried myself horribly before the man was taken up, as, having been told about the matter, I felt miserable in case I had been wrong. I have many times felt this frisson about people connected with my 'client' of the moment : usually it is caused by dishonesty.

If any reader wishes to test his power for himself, I must warn him against one or two things : He must not start with friends. We know, or think we know, too much about our friends and are apt to draw on that knowledge, consciously or unconsciously, instead of allowing thoughts to come in a perfect natural way.

Another thing—do not let your brain conjecture or imagine. Do not say to yourself 'This does not seem likely,' or 'This is impossible.' Make your mind quite empty, and just say the words —not your thoughts, but the words that come to you without thought.

If you have second-sight, you will very soon find it out. I do not for one moment suggest that many will succeed, but some may.

# Lightning's Marvellous Power

*Power Which Produces the Flash Compared With Known Electrical Forces*

A. H. SCOTT

TO gain some accurate idea of the power which produces the lightning flash it is necessary to compare it and the damage it does with certain known values of electrical effects. This is the test Mr. Scott has set himself in the current issue of Science and Invention.

"On transmission lines of the lower class of voltages," he writes, "damage is frequent from this cause, but on systems of 100,000 volts and over there is almost complete freedom from damage by lightning stroke. As high voltage lines are struck relatively as often as those of lower voltage there can be but one conclusion, namely, that the protective devices and insulation provided on these higher voltage lines is sufficient to withstand the voltages induced by lightning strokes. As all disturbances on transmission lines due to lightning are caused by what is known as secondary or induced surges of voltage which induces them has been recently estimated by Dr. Steinmetz to have a value approximating 50,000,000 volts. This voltage, as pointed out above, is but a fraction of the potential, which would be present, if its value could be computed solely on a basis of the length of flash.

"As the actual work done appeals most directly to our senses, let us compare the observed effects of lightning, such as its illuminating power and heating and destructive capacity of similar known values of artificially produced electrical effects. The lighting power of a lightning flash occurring in the daytime is negligible even with the storm clouds obscuring the sun, but at night it will light up a territory of several square miles in extent with a degree of illumination nearly equivalent to the intensity of daylight. To a person sitting in a well lighted room at night a flash will be seen to thoroughly illuminate objects outside, while not materially affecting the light intensity within the room, indicating that the amount of light per unit area inside is about the same as that momentarily present outside.

"Allowing 10 watts, or five candle-power per square meter required to illuminate a room to the intensity of daylight and double this value outside where there are no reflecting walls, it would require 800,000,000 watts to light up two square kilometers. As the lighting effect of the flash apparently persists for one tenth of a second the power would be eight million watt-seconds or eight thousand kilowatt-seconds, but due to the absorption of light by clouds and moisture in the lower atmosphere to the extent of approximately fifty to ninety per cent, the lighting effect finally apparent to the eye would be that produced by an average of 300,000 kilowatt-seconds or ten horse power hours.

"By referring to his monthly light bill, the average householder will discover, that this amount of power, corresponding to seven and one-half kilowatt hours, would light his house for only about ten days during the winter months or for about one month in the summer time.

"The destructive effect of lightning has been observed by nearly everyone and might correspond to that which would be caused by the short-circuiting of the municipal power plant of a city like New York or Chicago. When the power of such a plant gets beyond control momentarily, a huge generator, transformer, or switchboard is usually wrecked or damaged to about the same extent, as when such apparatus suffers from the effect of a lightning stroke. A great many flashes however, although accompanied by great momentary brilliancy and a deafening report, are capable of merely ploughing a narrow furrow in the bark of a tree or of making a few odd looking holes in the ground which could be duplicated by a man with a pickaxe in a short time.

Although a thing to be feared and to which we should not unnecessarily expose ourselves, we should keep in mind when watching a summer evening's electrical storm, that the accompanying lightning is somewhat like the proverbial dog, whose bark is worse than his bite, and that the earth is not actually going to be rent asunder by it."




The annoying dust that so steadily drifts into the home and settles upon upholstery and portières or collects out of convenient reach, may be easily and dustlessly suctioned away by the *new* long-armed air attachments of The Hoover. But to clean rugs with the thoroughness that invariably adds years to their life and beauty, more than air is essential. So The Hoover gently beats rugs to remove all nap-wearing, buried grit. Swiftly it sweeps up stubbornest litter, lifts crushed nap and revives colors. Powerfully it suction cleans. Only The Hoover does all these things; therefore, only The Hoover repeatedly pays for itself by protecting valuable rugs from avoidable wear. And it is the largest-selling electric cleaner in the world.

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THE CONNOISSEUR'S CHOICE


# Giving Presents in Morocco

*You Receive Gifts That Are Useless and Give Away What You Really Need*

WALTER B. HARRIS

TO BE for some months the unwilling guest of the Moorish brigand Raisuli was the experience of Mr. Harris, who has been relating his experience in recent issues of *Blackwood's.* Some of the incidents he relates in connection with the custom of giving presents in Morocco are amusing.

"The giving and taking of presents," he says, "was practised a great deal in the 'old' Morocco, but it is now happily disappearing. It was always a great nuisance. One often gave away something one really wanted—and it was so difficult to replace anything—and got in return some perfectly useless acquisition. I have arrived back in Tangier after a long journey in the interior with half a dozen new horses, most of them neither good nor bad. I couldn't possibly ride them all, and they were only a very irksome expense and luxury. At first, and for a long time, I hesitated to adopt the custom of the country and hand them on as presents to some one else. A feeling possessed me that gifts were 'sacrosanct,' and must be kept at all costs, and that the giver would be hurt in his feelings to learn that his present had been passed on. But in time I found that the donor did not care in the least what became of his presents, or ever give them a second thought.

"One of the Viziers once gave me an amber necklace of transparent cut beads. He said the Sultan had given it to him, and that his Majesty had received it from a high official from the Southern capital. A few years afterwards I gave it to a young European lady about to be married, as a wedding present, to find out that it had been her father who had brought it to Morocco—as looking much more expensive than it really was—and had given it to one of the tribal Governors in return for something else. It had travelled all over Morocco, but got home at last to where it had started from, to meet with no appreciation. We laughed over the history of the necklace, and the damsel got another present in exchange. My amber beads now deck the fair throat—if she ever wears them—of a beautiful and distinguished lady far away from Morocco.

"My stables were often full to overflowing, and were a very great strain upon my resources, until I steeled my heart and gave the horses away as they came in. But, unfortunately, it was not horses the Moorish authorities wanted; they had already too many. No, it was one's watch, or one's shotgun, or a sporting rifle, or a barometer, or field-glasses that they always set their hearts upon—something rare and impossible to procure or replace in the country. Nor were one's troubles over when the exchange of presents was accomplished, for there were the numberless tips that had to be given. A horse would be brought led by a slave, and accompanied by the chief of the stables and two grooms—and they had to be satisfied. Then probably the son of the donor would pay a visit to my camp and express a sudden and intense desire to be possessed of my shotgun or my watch-chain; and when he had left, satisfied perhaps with a less costly present from a box of objects brought for the purpose, the secretary of his father would arrive to apologize for the son's rudeness, and to say that he would be punished by his father for having ventured to ask anything. He would sing the praises of my recently acquired horse. Then a tone of sadness would be adopted. He was a poor man; he had had troubles. He wouldn't have breathed of it to another, not if lion's teeth were tearing his entrails; but he felt that the bond of sympathy between us was so close that—and then came out a long story, perfectly untrue, of course, of the meanness of his employer, and of his unpaid salary, etc., etc. He could keep his secret no longer, he must tell it; and with tears in his eyes he would beg for a sum of money, generally modest enough. However, there was always scope for bargaining, and his demands would diminish till eventually he would go away with a few coins in ecstasy of pretended gratitude."

# Arctic Samaritans

*How the Sick Are Cared For in Land of Eternal Frost.*

HUDSON STUCK, D.D., F.R.G.S.

NEARLY half the deaths among the natives in the far north are due to the Great White Plague, according to Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, of the Yukon, author of "Voyages on the Yukon," "Ten Thousand Miles With a Dog Sled," and other works. In an article in Scribner's Magazine, on St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon, he gives some very interesting information about the country and of the early struggles to get the only hospital in the Arctics under way. He writes, in part:—

"Today St. Stephen's Hospital at Fort Yukon is the only place where medical and nursing care may be had in all the 'arctic sixth' of North America.

"St. Stephen's Hospital is primarily a part of a plan to provide medical care for the natives of interior Alaska, long neglected in this respect by the government of the United States, and owes its establishment to the efforts of Bishop Rowe and his clergy, and its support to the missionary society of the Episcopal Church.

"The hospital at Fort Yukon, which itself cost $25,000, and has a maximum accommodation of twenty beds, receives and cares for sick or injured natives regardless of any consideration except the needs of the individual case; it even sends for them and brings them in by dog team in the winter and a launch in the summer, if there be no other ready means of their coming.

"But while primarily a native hospital, it does not refuse white patients—how could it when there is nowhere else to go? It reserves a room for them, and in the three years in which it has been in operation has received a number from far and near.

"Nine-tenths of the work done by the hospital is native work; and just as soon as one begins to talk about native hospital work, tuberculosis thrusts up its ugly head, above all accidents, above all diseases whatever, for it is the scourge of Alaska, just as it is the scourge of our great cities. Of the ninety deaths recorded since our resident physician, Doctor Grafton Burke, came to Fort Yukon, forty-six are set down as due to tuberculosis in some form or other, with suspicion of the same in other cases, so that we may say that there are more deaths from tuberculosis than from all other causes put together.

"There are great and special difficulties in conducting a hospital in the arctic regions. The difficulty, obvious enough, of the proper steady heating of a large building under such climatic

conditions, with wood as the only fuel, is not the greatest one; the water supply is more onerous and painful. Moreover, this hospital is lighted by an acetylene-gas plant, which in the dead of winter consumes 250 gallons a week. Where every drop of water must be obtained by breaking open afresh a hole in the river ice (which attains a thickness of from four to six feet during the winter), dipping it out into a tank on a sled drawn by dogs, hauling it up a steep bank, and to the hospital door, and then carrying it in buckets to the various receptacles throughout the building, the provision of this prime necessary becomes the heaviest daily task in the conduct of the institution, and has no counterpart at all in hospitals 'outside.'

"Fairly well equipped in a general way though St. Stephen's Hospital is, further provision must be made if it is to work most efficiently for its tuberculous patients. The treatment by fresh air and sunshine which yields such good results elsewhere is equally valuable here, but again the climate interposes special difficulties. In the summer there is continuous sunshine, but there is also such a plague of mosquitoes and flies that much of the time it is impossible to expose any part of the body outdoors without nets and veils; in the spring and fall there are many bright days, but they are commonly attended by a keen wind that equally forbids exposure.

"What is needed is a 'solarium,' a chamber of glass sashes, completely screened from insects, in which advantage may be taken of all the sun of the year."

# Parliamentarians and Labor

*Character Sketch of J. H. Thomas, the British Railwayman's Protagonist*

By a Student of Politics in *The Times*

MR. J. H. THOMAS, at a small conference, was once whirling wild words round his head like a battle-axe, when the Prime Minister interrupted him. "That's all very well for the heathen, Mr. Thomas," he said, "but remember that I'm a Welshman, too."

To be a Welshman usually means that you have the gift of splitting yourself up into several personalities and speaking out of each in turn as though it were your whole self. The Anglo-Saxon, who has not this gift, is apt to call it by hard names, and thereby often does his brother Celt an injustice. Mr. Thomas has suffered from time to time in this way, but in reality he has a simple nature, and his ends are quite straightforward and sincere. Only it must be remembered that whereas the mere Englishman is inflexional in his mental processes, the Celt is agglutinative. The one reaches his conclusions, like a weak verb, without altering his radical vowel, the other passes through half a dozen stems before arriving at his final meaning.

Mr. Thomas has probably a stronger hold over the railwaymen than any other labor leader has over his union. He began work as an errand boy at nine years of age, became an engine-cleaner, and later an engine-driver, and, according to the Great Western Railway Company, a very good one. He entered national politics by way of the municipal affairs of Swindon and by his remarkable work in organizing the various railway trade unions into a single amalgamation. He is a great believer in organization by industry and not by the multifarious trades contained within the industry, and much of Mr. Thomas's reputation in his union is due to the accumulation of thousands of unrecorded feats of tact in smoothing over sectional jealousies. This sort of thing grows the man as the madrepores grow the coral islands, and the recurring concept of Mr. Thomas is of one wiping his brows after some prodigy of tactful persuasion and murmuring, Oh, what a time I have had with my men.

A man who has made a national anything is in danger of becoming a nationalizer, and Mr. Thomas, if not a theoretical Socialist, is a Socialist with regard to railways. But he is quite definitely Fabian and not revolutionary, and he dislikes strikes. His idea of a labor leader is that he should be able to get what he wants without a strike. He does not inflame, he does not bluff, and though his own presentation of himself as one who is always wrestling with beasts at Ephesus is overdrawn, he will oppose the majority when opposition has a fair chance of success; he will stand up for what he considers the best policy for the country, provided that the cost be not too great; and he will leap down from the fence on the dry side if the alternative is falling into the last ditch. He is a wise rather than a heroic counsellor, but it is the better part both for the country and for his union.

Mr. Thomas, at his best, is an impressive speaker, in spite of his Cockneyisms. He always sees an issue in a big sort of way, and when he is seen quaking and trembling at the approaching last day, it is not from affectation but from the natural man's terror and reverential awe before the cosmic processes. His mind is exceedingly quick; he misses no point in an argument; he negotiates with art, and on occasion with directness.

# Educating the Masses

Rt. HON. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

WORK for all and money spent liberally to educate the masses are two of the principal points in the British Labor Party's programme as outlined by Mr. Clynes in the *Sunday Express*.

"The Labor Party," he says, "puts the matter of unemployment first because no other one of our internal problems can be settled until this is settled, and no condition of peace in Britain can be expected until the question is dealt with on comprehensive and satisfactory lines. Every one is against waste. There is no waste greater than the waste represented by idle workers, and this waste is doubled by the fact that great masses of men and women are being given grants of other people's money for remaining idle. Of course, they must have money; they must live, and the demand of Labor is for either work or maintenance. By work we mean productive, necessary, and remunerative labor at reasonable wages, and in the absence of these, some rate of maintenance which would prevent the physical and moral deterioration of great masses of unemployed.

On the question of State economy we do not rule out wise spending. There is no State expenditure more worth incurring than outlay uponeducating the masses of the people, and I hope the Government will revise that part of its plan of economy which falls under the head of education, and turn a deaf ear to the appeals made to save in this direction. After a few years, when, as we hope, a state of peace will be really established, and the world turns to its work, the battle will be between wits, brains, skill, efficiency, and the ability of masses of people to produce. Are we to handicap ourselves in this competition for wealth and life by seeking now to save upon our educational system? We could pay no better premium for the future efficiency and skill of our people than the money which the House only recently resolved should be paid for an improved educational standard. You cannot save by impoverishing the intellect of the people. You cannot gain by the continued ignorance of the people.



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# When is a Man Old?

*Exercise Will Keep Men Young, Says Distinguished Surgeon*

SIR JAMES CANTLIE

THE remarks of one so eminent in his profession as Sir James Cantlie in London Daily Mail anent the value of exercise to the middle aged man in retaining his youth are worth reproducing.

"Old men? Stuff and nonsense!" Says Sir James. "It is perfectly appalling nowadays to hear men of between 40 and 50 complaining of the weight of years and deploring the fact that they cannot indulge in youthful sports and pastimes.

I have no sympathy for such folk. A man is as old as he feels, and ninety per cent. of middle aged men as young as youngsters of 25-30. Their "old age" is merely a pose.

It has come to be the thing now for men when they are nearing their half-century to drop all active work. Tennis, football, cricket, dancing and running, everything in fact that tends to promote bodily fitness, is dropped and they retire with many protestations and groanings that they are not so young as they used to be. All at once they adopt the old man pose and ever afterwards are pleased to loaf and lounge about rather than exercise themselves.

That is the secret of the whole thing. They become old men not because they feel old but for the simple reason that others do the same and their dignity must be preserved. Dignity! It's nothing more or less than this which keeps them down.

Take the London suburbanite. He goes backwards and forwards to the City every day, year in and year out, following the same old routine. Twenty years of this puts an end to out-of-doors exercise, and he reclines in his armchair, folds his arms across his already increasing waistline, and says, "Well, now, I am getting on, I mustn't do this and that. Men of 50 don't do such things." But he might be as fit in wind and limb as a youngster. It is not sheer laziness which first prompts him to say and do this but affectation. Laziness follows as a natural course.

What would such a man say if he saw me doing my Highland reels and other dances before breakfast? And I am in my 70th year. He would probably say it was undignified in a man of my age.

So far is this fetish of "dignity" carried that even a few exercises in the privacy of one's room are taboo to these folk. Let them cut out this rot about dignity and decorum and do as they please and when they please. Then when the barriers of fashion and form are broken down we shall be on the threshold of a new era—the era of eternal youthfulness when the term "old man" will apply only to a centenarian and not to one in his prime."

# Fascista Movement in Italy

*How the Middle Classes Have Organized to Combat the Socialists*

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI

AT THE present day Italian public opinion is centred round the Fascista movement; the press is full of accounts of it and even Parliament is discussing it. In the current Contemporary Review an account written before the recent elections in Italy is given of the movement. The writer describes it as the reaction of the middle classes during the period which followed immediately after the Armistice, more especially under Nitti; it is the reaction against the Socialists' regime of violence to which certain provinces were subjected, Emilia and Romagna in particular.

To understand the movement, one must bear in mind the events of the year 1919 and the first months of 1920. General strikes were a common occurrence, for the most part for political reasons; the public services were paralysed by repeated obstruction in the postal, telegraph and telephone services owing to strikes, which lasted sometimes an hour and sometimes days. Occasionally trams came to a standstill simply because of a quarrel between a tramwayman and a passenger; railwaymen stopped trains which were carrying arms, soldiers or police; electricians plunged cities into darkness.

In Emilia and Romagna, where the bulk of the people are Socialists, a veritable dictatorship of the proletariat had been organised for some years, which after the war assumed a much more threatening attitude. Boycotting had destroyed all personal relationships; proprietors of land, artisans, agents and all who had any connection with them, or who accepted undertakings from them, exposed themselves to unremitting retaliation should they not accept all the conditions laid down by the Socialist Leagues. A boycotted man could no longer live in his own country; the baker refused him bread, the bootmaker boots, the barber would not shave him, and even the doctor, if he were a Socialist, found a thousand excuses for not attending him; it has even happened that in the case of such a man who died his own relatives have had to carry his body to the cemetery because the undertakers refused to do so. To obviate such a state of things, the Leagues required that one should either enter their associations or pay fines ranging from fifty lire to several thousands, according to the seriousness of the charge and the financial position of the victim.

Even the Catholic clergy suffered; in some parts the Socialist communes actually imposed a tax on wealth and on the Church offerings, treating the Church as a shop. In other places priests were subjected to the interdict, and attendance at Mass was prohibited simply because the rector of a country district had cut his hay in a forbidden field or employed a boycotted farmer. In some country districts more serious things happened; priests were debarred by violence from the exercise of their duties, from preaching, and were even refused passage along the village roads.

For nearly two years the middle classes were passive; finally they determined to act on their own initiative, hence the organisation of the Fasci, which developed spontaneously in the north and then spread rapidly through the whole of Italy, assuming characteristic regional peculiarities. It is somewhat difficult to define precisely the characteristics of the Fasci; it is not so much a question of actual societies with central organisations, lists, funds, and all the customary red tape of associations, as with groups or circles of bold young men each with a large circle of more or less active sympathisers.

It is characteristic of the Fasci to have no fixed political opinions but an averred hatred of Socialism. They have, for instance, never undertaken actually to support the monarchy, and at certain times their attitude seemed very uncertain, as, for example, when D'Annunzio's enterprise seemed somewhat republican in character.

The first groups were formed in Trieste and in Venezia Giulia, the most important organisation being in these parts and in Emilia. They consist chiefly of students, ex-officers, and demobilised arditi, who are almost all armed; in this connection one must bear in mind that for a long time whole regions of Italy were full of abandoned arms and explosives, and that every soldier kept as a souvenir some weapon either of his own or of the enemy, in spite of prohibitions, searches and punishments. The deeds of the Fascisti range from the mere pulling down of red flags exhibited on the balconies of communal buildings and the destruction of inscriptions hostile to the war placed on the buildings of Socialist boroughs, to the hooting and thrashing of Socialist deputies and organisers, or fighting with revolvers in the more serious encounters with the Socialists.

In agricultural centres their activities are not confined to the city. Their sorties have quite a military appearance, consisting of 40, 80, or 200 Fascisti in lorries, which arrive at a certain fixed hour in a district notorious for its Socialistic propaganda, which has, perhaps, committed some act against the Fascisti, and a rapid retaliation ensues.

# Japan Bans Movie Kissing

120,000 *Feet of American Films Edited Out by Censor*

NEW YORK TRIBUNE

IN THE opinion of the Japanese moving picture censor, kissing is not only savage and degrading as the Japanese ethical sense holds it, but alas it is unhygienic. In 1919, 120,000 feet of films were struck out of American productions. But with a spice of humor the censor has made up one film for private consumption comprising all the kisses that were found in the offending American films.

In an article in the New York Tribune a writer gives particulars of the progress of the movie industry in Japan. The city of Kobe we are told was one of the first in the Japanese Empire to respond to the lure of the movies.

"In 1919, according to official figures, 4,611 reels of film were shown at various theatres of the port. Of that this number 1,774 were home products. Therefore, there were 2,837 imported reels exhibited—and those had come almost altogether from the United States. The censor cut out 120,000 feet of films in that year, mostly from the impassioned portions of imported films—just 120,000 feet of joy edited out of the life of the good people of Kobe by the mirthless scissors of censorship. The total footage of films shown in that city in the year amounted to quite a respectable total, being 4,135,801. The people who paid their way into ten of the leading motion-picture places of the city in that year totaled 4,969,881. Of this number 708,388 were children.

"Another interesting thing brought out in the official report of Kobe is the tremendous number of animated and 'talking captions' that flourish in the city. They call them 'katsuben' down there. A katsuben is a man or woman who stands in the dark, down by the ever-unfolding drama on the screen, and gives voice to the characters. He also tells the story of the film, for in Japan they do not have captions thrown on the screen. In Kobe, in the year covered by the report, there were no fewer than 311 katsuben.

"Now, the katsuben have quite a good deal to do with the moral atmosphere and the moral influence of the pictures, because they are its interpreters. It comes to pass, naturally, that the censor is particularly interested in the katsuben—his training, mental attitude, moral rectitude, and the purity of his ideals. These katsuben can not get jobs unless they are properly armed with licences from the censor.

"That, precisely, is where the censor is czar. And the good people of Kobe, they say, are about to take up a subscription for a free hospital for victims suffering from an overdose of conscience! They are too polite to come right out in open criticism of the censor. But everyone knows their sentiments.

"According to Mr. Moriyama, in the censor bureau, a tremendous flood of sex films is pouring into Japan from Germany and Italy just now. In fact, he declares that the kissing and clinching cyclone of American films will soon be crowded into the nursery by these Italian and German productions. Censor Moriyama thinks, also, that the American monopoly in 'movie' films is about to be broken by these Italian and German importations—not only in sex dramas, but also in almost every other line as well."

# DRIFTING ON THE ROCKS

*Continued from page 23*

the news from Yamaska has borne in on the cabinet, or certain members of it, the utter hopelessness of the Government's cause. Some shout for an immediate appeal to the country. Others, slower of conviction, would have the Premier reorganize his cabinet and coupling up the resultant elections with the present vacancies bring on a miniature general election that would settle once for all the sentiment of the country. Meanwhile Sir George Foster is casting anxious eyes towards the High Commissionership in England; Hon. C. J. Doherty is counting up his pensions and probably wondering why another doesn't attach to his present job, and Hon. James Calder is marking out a path to that cyclone cellar popularly known as the Senate. Hon. J. D. Reid will willingly go hand and hand with James to that retreat where the responsibilities are few and the rewards are sure. As for the others they'll slip back into the obscurity from which most of them should never have emerged. And probably they'll be happier. For being a big man in your own home town is often preferable to trying to fill a big man's shoes at the nation's capital.

But all this figuring is being done with the chief figures absent. And while the Cabinet proposes Arthur Meighen disposes. As remarked before, the little man is a bit obstinate. He has let it be understood that there will be another session and a redistribution bill. And before there is any change in that programme that requires attention, Premier Meighen must be safely back from England and opening his own mail in his own office.

There are those, too, in the inner councils of the Unionists who predict a September or October session of Parliament to be followed by an appeal to the country. There may be something to this. For with an early appeal in the offing the election law does not insist on the six months vacancy clause being enforced.

But that also must wait for the premier. He lets no man make up his mind for him. And, as Sir Robert Borden is the model after which he generally fashions his statesmanship there is a large possibility that he will wind up by doing nothing. You'll remember that was the best thing Sir Robert did.

Can he hang on if the by-elections go against him? Sure he can. He could carry on with a majority of one. For times are tightening up. Four thousand dollars looks even bigger than it did a year ago, an extra indemnity helps wonderfully with election expenses and there are a lot of opposition members who could find business elsewhere if an adverse vote threatened to interfere with their own and the country's interests.



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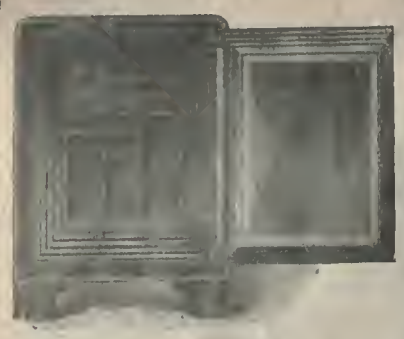
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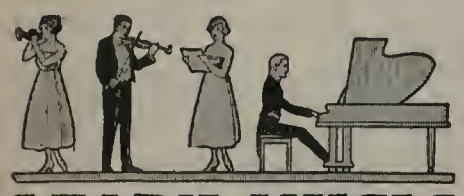
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# THE FIBRE EVERLASTING

*Continued from page 21*

Quebec are usually referred to as mines, they much more resemble gigantic rock quarries, and, as a matter of fact, the garnering of asbestos for commercial purposes is carried on along much the same principles as rock-quarrying. The mineral is blasted from the parent rock in blocks and swung out of its native haunt with derrick and traveling cranes. These blocks are broken up into fragments by machinery and then what is known as the "cobbing" process begins. This consists of breaking the asbestos fibre from the adhering serpentine, work done by hand, usually by juvenile employees at the mines. After being cobbed the crude asbestos is packed for shipment to the factories.

Although some of the Quebec operators have underground workings, following the asbestos veins by means of tunnels or shafts sunk into the mountain, the majority of the quarries are operated on the open-pit system. There are advantages and economies to both systems and each has its individual champions. Veins of asbestos vary in thickness from quite thin strips to about four inches. That from the thicker veins is classed as grade No. 1, whilst the product of the thinner veins is classed as No. 2 and No. 3. The latter grades are valuable for making mill-boards, boiler and pipe coverings.

### Preparing The Finished Product

AFTER its arrival at the factories from the mines the long fibre is put through carding machines and the short fibre is made into pulp from which millboard and sheet asbestos is rolled. The long fibre after coming from the carding and condensing departments in the form of straight threads, passes to the spinning and doubling departments, where the process of twisting takes place. From there it goes to the weaving and braiding departments, where it is made up into cloth, tape and yarn. The cloth is, for certain purposes, proofed with rubber. The yarn spun from asbestos has a textile strength of forty pounds and upwards.

In appearance, a block of crude asbestos resembles a fragment of odd-colored rock with fleecy fibre clinging to it. An executive with one of the big companies operating in Quebec was showing the writer various specimens from the mines as well as prospectors' samples. Picking up a solid-looking chunk, he broke away a sliver about the thickness of a pipe-stem. This he handed to me. "Put it in your mouth and chew it," he suggested. Not without certain misgivings as to the effect on my teeth, I complied. To my surprise the tasteless sliver of rock that had looked so hard and insoluble soon became a pulpy mass of silky fibre that after a few moments rubbing between the fingers fluffed out like a ball of soft wool

"That's how it's done," explained my companion. "In a small way you have just now gone in for the manufacture of asbestos. To complete the process all you'd have to do would be to card and spin the fluffy stuff you hold in your fingers."

Among other samples of the mineral was a strikingly beautiful bit of serpentine rock, in color a golden green with changing lights that flick- ' like many-colored crystals. The ' up in it like sprays of

erly no good," smiled as I stood admiring (t's low-grade asbes- her minerals that it impossible to refine om it. Yet that is erpentine that fools ectors for asbestos e glitter of pyrites e prospecting for gold. Our head office is constantly in receipt of samples of this nature sent us by enthusiasts who are certain they have staked an asbestos bonanza."

The commercial uses to which asbestos is put are so many that leading manufacturers take up huge catalogues in enumerating them. Asbestos in this age plays a leading part in almost every kind of construction, structural and mechanical, from steam-engines and ice-houses to aeroplanes and their hangars. The modern electric lifting magnet whose giant labors convey hundreds and thousands of tons of pig-iron from the holds of our great lakes carriers to the steel docks would never have been possible without asbestos, the only material which could withstand the fearful heat generated by the opposing poles of the magnet. Likewise asbestos is indispensable for the brake lining of automobiles and its use is universal where super-heat or high-voltage electricity have to be harnessed and controlled.

EVEN the flames of the sun and the arc of the lightnings must halt when they come in contact with this mysterious grey mineral fibre whose existence is said to measure back to the beginning of Time.

Nearly everybody knows the uses to which asbestos is put by steam-fitters and plumbers and the part it plays as a non-conductor in lining the boilers of steam engines, insulating electrical installations and covering the pipes in ice-making plants, not to mention the catastrophes it has averted where it has been used as a fire-proof curtain in theatres. Not so many, however, know that shingles and material for building the walls of dwellings are now manufactured from asbestos. The shingles, besides being fire-proof and otherwise indestructible, may be made up in any color or design, while the siding can be wrought into so close an appearance to stucco that only close inspection would reveal the difference.

Whole houses have been built of asbestos. The ex-kaiser of Germany, famous for his safety-first precautions, had built for his own use a portable cottage made exclusively of Canadian asbestos. It contained suites for himself and his staff and was capable of being put up or taken down in a few hours' time, having double walls with hot air circulating between them when the weather was chilly or damp. The ex-kaiser's asbestos house was built before the war when Germany was a heavy importer of Canadian asbestos, and cautious Wilhelm used it whenever he attended military manoeuvres, confident that if the rest of Germany burned up in the night his own skin would escape the scorching.

Incidentally complete suits of asbestos —hood, coat, gloves, trousers and boots —are used by glass-blowers and workers around super-heated furnaces where the human body must be protected from white-hot fluids. Recently, the life of Charles Chaplin, famous motion picture comedian, was saved by an asbestos under-garment. Chaplin, in a scene in "Vanity Fair," was to have been singed with the flame from an acetylene blow-torch, and he wore the asbestos garment to protect himself. By accident, Chaplin stumbled against the torch and immediately his clothing took fire from head to foot. The asbestos under-garment protected him from burns that would possibly have proved fatal, his assistants putting out the flames by wrapping him in wet blankets. At the time this article was being written a newspaper despatch from Mexico City told of an attempt which was being made by firemen to reach one of the burning oil wells at Amatlan to shut off the valve regulating the oil flow, the firemen advancing under the protection of a huge shield made of asbestos.

An imitation leather is among the novelties made from asbestos. It is water-proof and fire-proof and is manufactured under enormous pressure from a combination of pure asbestos and vulcanized rubber. Other little known uses to which asbestos is put are, the making of asbestos powder for mixing fire-proof paints, washers for miners' safety lamps, reinforcement for auto tires, asbestos rope ladders for fire escapes, asbestos putty for fire-proof constructions, asbestos cement for use in chemical works and electrical installations, asbestos filter-cloth for water- filters where the destructive action of acids and alkalies has to be resisted, asbestos trinket and deed boxes and even asbestos writing-paper. In addition, there is the well-known asbestos "fuel" for gas stoves—the familiar, egg-shaped, perforated fire-balls, and asbestos table mats used for protecting the table from scorching by hot dishes placed upon it.

The fire-eating qualities of asbestos immediately suggest its use for manufacturing paper for deeds and important documents, but satisfactory results in that direction are not on record. The chief difficulty is experienced in making the surface of asbestos paper glossy and smooth for writing and printing purposes. The manufacture of asbestos mill-board, however, has become a very important branch of the industry, and that of asbestos paper for structural and insulating purposes is many times larger still. It has a very wide use in electrical machinery, in the construction of dynamos, in tubes and elbows for turning corners, for accumulator casings, in motors, switchboards and a great variety of electrical appliances.

### A Mineral—or A Vegetable?

SCIENTISTS do not appear to be entirely agreed as to the origin of asbestos, but nowadays it is pretty well conceded that asbestos is a mineral and not a vegetable growth on the serpentine. Technically, the serpentine from which asbestos is extracted and manufactured is described as hydrated silicate of magnesia. It contains twelve per cent. of water, with varying proportions of iron, chromium, manganese, alumina and lime. The smaller quantity of destructible mineral asbestos has with it the more valuable it is, because in the manufacture all those foreign elements must be purified from it; otherwise it would become a partial conductor of heat and electricity and be void of the virtues for which it is so highly esteemed by engineers, scientists and master builders.

Looking at a bit of raw asbestos one is amazed at how few of its possibilities are presented and can scarcely realize that it can be woven into cloth. It has been aptly called the "physical paradox," being both fibrous and crystalline, elastic and brittle. It is older than anything in the animal or vegetable kingdoms of this earth; but so little has it been affected by the passing of time that unnumbered centuries, during which mountains have collapsed and crumpled to dust, great seas have evaporated and left deserts and prairies in their places and one human civilization after another has passed into the discard of eternity—these aeons of metamorphoses and decay have had no appreciable effect on asbestos.

They say once it is manufactured it never reverts to its former solid formation like a crystal. Boyd, the British investigator, however, in a geological report on the subject, declares he has witnessed the phenomenon of serpentine rock being transformed into asbestos fibre by the aerial elements. This phenomenon he says is to be seen on the dumps near the mines where the "cobbed" or discarded rock is exposed, the transformation taking a couple of years.

It may have been thus—by Accident, which has brought so many useful discoveries and inventions to mankind—that the fibre in asbestos was first noted and later employed.



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# Telling 'Em Off

*Continued from page 15*

coveted the five a week which he shortly began to draw as extreme junior assistant in a drug-store.

It was not long, however, before Bud disappeared from the drug store. We older boys never quite collected the real facts, but the gist of it which went the rounds was that the head drug clerk turned out to be something of a snob. His penchant, it seemed, was to hurl daggers of sarcasm at Bud's openly-displayed dignity. As the story reached us, there was something about the drug-clerk having "turned pale with fury," and some of us liked the phrase so well that we idolized Bud through another period of puppyism.

Just here comes an hiatus.

Bud, with his cumulative skill at "telling 'em off," passed from the scenes for three or four years. I cannot recall having even thought of him for a long period, when he suddenly turned up in the office where I was getting my training. Bud stepped in as a junior, beneath me, which shows that he was considerably short of being within jumping distance of the first rung of the ladder, and that in spite of the fact that he had started some two years before me in the acquirement of a business career.

I believe it was then that I first began to appreciate that Bud was not a hero. My eyes were opening. I was battling in the hopper with at least a score more employes, and I actually was struggling because I simply could not lose that position. That, doubtless, was the reason I began to fall back upon the ancient art of diplomacy when the corners started to press too closely.

A job to me was a sacred thing. To Bud it was as casual as a passing snowflake.

That is how I came to discover that Bud, with the raw spots of his dignity placed well in the fore, was peering about waiting for the chance attack. Diplomacy? I don't believe Bud ever heard of the word. Or if he did, he was too busy "telling 'em off" to discover the meaning of the term.

Yet, he still possessed the knack of making me feel like a down-trodden mongrel.

"Sort of riding you here, ain't they?" he asked during one rather tortuous noon-day period. "That old half-baked Lester says what he likes to you. But he hadn't better try it on me."

"What would you do?" I asked, with a flash-back to the sheepishness of hero-worship days.

"I ain't saying, Freddie boy, but just you keep your eye cocked. If that old rough-rider Lester thinks this here is a broncho-busting game, I'm telling you he's got something to learn before he hits the ground."

As events showed, Bud was right. In such matters, he nearly always is.

It was not that Lester was a rough-rider, though he did appear to take a keen delight in watching the noses always at the grindstone. But strangely enough the crash came during one of his milder moments. He attempted something facetious at Bud's expense, and the shot was a bull's eye square upon the rawest spot of Bud's dignity.

### Finding the Boss' Weak Spots.

LESTER'S humor, I remember, was one of those hand-me-down repeats which Adam doubtless rejected, and Bud's come-back was a wonder. The first few words of it shocked Lester into amazed silence. They identified him as "you cross-grained old bo-hunk with the saw-toothed ears," and after that they rushed on in their characteristically tangled way, piling up epithet after epithet, and leaving real jabs every inch of the route. That is one of Bud's peculiarities. He will mix his words in glorious abandon, but at the same time they have an uncanny knack of finding the weak holes in the armor and pricking the sore spots with annoying precision.

Just here one simply must give Bud credit for doing his work well. I have never yet heard of him "telling off" a boss in an ineffective manner. There have been times when I have suspected that he makes a study of it, that from the day of his first arrival he looks about for the tender places in the boss' make-up, and then spends time coining phrases to be ready for the inevitable emergency when the boss goes just a bit too far and has to be told off.

On this occasion, he scored on Lester with the frequency of a machine-gun held dead-on. It was a revelation to me to discover what could be done with the mother-tongue, and I think I must confess that there was a little of that old hero-worship in my manner when it was all over.

"Well, s'long Freddie, keep the little back bent for the old buster," Bud honored me with his farewells, and the queer part of it all was that there was no trace of anger or excitement in his manner. To him, it was but an essential part of some day's work: "I got a swell job down the street. No kicking you around in the mud down there. Any time little Freddie wants to get out from under, just slip me the word."

For two months after that, I saw much of Bud Slippington. He actually had the job he boasted about, and when we met daily at the quick lunch he used that glib tongue of his so effectively in painting the merits of Murdison's that there were times when I began to cast the eye longingly at the greenness of distant fields. I was just about to cast out feelers for a change, when Bud dropped into lunch one day with "telling 'em off" written all over him.

"Yep," he agreed readily, "Murdison wasn't the kind of a gink I set him down for. Got to watch them that way, Freddie. They'll play you along for a fish for a month or two, then, biff. Old Murdison's a crab. He's a yellow-backed horned-toad with an ugly streak running right to the end of his nose. But Freddie, you should have heard what I told him."

"I sort of remember hearing what you said to Lester," I interrupted.

"Lester?" Bud inserted some of that scornful laughter, "I handled Lester with kid gloves and didn't even break a stitch. But, Oh Boy, what I said to Murdison!"

Judging from Bud's high-pitched laughter, it must have been rich.

"Old Murdison, the pink-eyed trout, knows by this time that there's one little boy in the world who won't lie down in the muddy spots. You should have heard me, Freddie. It'd a done you good."

By this stage, however, I was fairly well "on" to Bud Slippington, and I have been getting farther on ever since.

That was years ago, but even in that green stage of my business career I was beginning to see that Bud had the searching eye, and that employers would have to be a good deal different from the average run of humanity if Bud ever succeeded in finding one who did not have to be told off some time or other. The fault, I could see, was with Bud's dignity.

It had become such a big thing even in those days that even the chance remark fired in some other direction would be apt to find Bud's dignity in front of it before it reached its target. He has an astonishing facility for getting in front of remarks like that. They may not have so much as a pointed barb when they start on their way, but Bud can jump in front of them, catch them upon that great big raw patch of his dignity, and when he pulls out the darts they come with a ripping sound which shows that they must have grown barbs on the way.

### He Stuck for One Whole Year

BUT IN spite of that carefully-nurtured dignity and that lightning-like, vaudevillian shuffling from one job to another, there was one period in his career when he had a chance to snug-

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gle down, 'way off the ordinary course of those imagined barbs which were forever seeking him out. For Bud has ability, all kinds of it; and his constant circling through jobs of all colors has made him something of a chameleon.

The time when he seemed to have reached harbor and to have buried his dignity at sea was during that year when he stuck with Grover. A more mild-mannered man than Grover never existed, and it is hardly a compliment to him to recall that Bud remained a year.

However, that year marked the peak point in Bud's highway of fortune. He climbed to it through the toil of slain dragons, alias employers, along the lower levels, but the moment he lopped off Grover's head, the path began to dip downward again.

And because I knew that Bud was over the top of the crest and was on the way down, and for the further reason that I still have a sneakish twitting of conscience to think I lacked the courage to give Bud that junior chance in my own office, I have been watching him ever since.

It has been a skidway with Bud Slippington, and with the passing of the years the essential conflict with employers has added more choice words to his over-stocked vocabulary. It is twenty years or more now since Bud took his first step towards finding an employer who was fit to work for. Several times Bud has fancied for a few months that he had made a discovery, but last week when I saw Bud the search was still progressing.

### Bud Tries the "Con." Game

HE IS a changed Bud now, in many ways. But that flaring patch of dignity still stands out before him, bigger and redder and rawer than ever before.

I chanced to discover that the other night on a street car. After a hurried boarding, I found a "thick-skinned cheap skate of a louse-like" passenger getting his telling off from the conductor who was perched behind the P-A-Y-E cage. The passenger was purple-faced, but the familiar flow of words which lashed out from the conductor's tongue left him completely foundered and wordless. He is going to report that conductor, for he got off the car to do it.

But Bud's incisive voice informed me that it didn't matter after all.

"For," as he put it to me, "I nearly had to tell off the inspector the other day. Of all the crab-like bull-finches that ever held down a chair, that inspector is one of the worst. He thinks every man's his dog. But just you wait, Freddie, boy. I'm saving up a few for him, and the next time he opens his trap . . . . "

Having some feeling of sympathy for that inspector whose name I do not even know, I do not care to be present when "it" happens.

But it is coming. I know that. The only thing which can stop it will be the death of Bud or of the inspector. Seeing employers through Bud's eyes, one knows that it cannot be long before that inspector is going to step beyond the bounds, and accordingly have to be told off. And Oh Boy, the things he'll hear!

That is why I am sending out an appeal right now to all you employers who want Bud for a spell. In making applications for Bud's services, you can line up two deep, on the right side of the wicket. Get a book on self-restraint and modesty on the way over, and study it while in the line-up.

Bud, I can guarantee as absolutely reliable and efficient. Never knew him to steal a cent or give a dishonest day's work, and he is a regular handy man. Can do anything, from shouting "Move up to the front, please," to standing around the office with a frock coat, looking like the proprietor.

A useful person, is Bud. But perhaps you know him. There are only a few thousand of him in every city, so perhaps you do know Bud, after all.

If not, try him out. He will be a regular tonic. You will get a good day's service as long as you last. And perhaps, if you are particularly good, you will last a month, or two . . . .

After that, the deluge.

# The Dancing Monument

*Continued from page 19*

heard. She said I saved her from six robbers an' she garnished up that tale so that I thought old Snowy Whiskers' eyes would pop out of his head. It was a peach of a story, an' when she finished it the old Feather Duster fell on me shoulder an' wept seven quarts of liquid all over me jacket.

"'I'll reward yeh,' he sobbed.

"'Don't mention it,' I said.

"'Yeh're a brave man,' he said. 'There is no one in the world like yeh.'

"'I got a twin brother an' yeh could not tell us apart,' I said.

"Well, old whiskers wouldn't leave me go. He kept clutchin' at me arms an' me neck an' presently he made up his mind what he intended to do.

"'I'll reward yeh,' he repeated, an' with that he gallops out of the room an' returns in a few minutes with somethin' in his paw.

"'Hold out yer hand,' he said, 'the hand that yeh hurt in protectin' me daughter.'

"I felt like a big boob, but I put out me mitt an' old Methusaley drops on me palm seven of the biggest pearls that was ever seen. Seven of 'em! Seven pearls that was bigger than the first joint of me thumb an' if anyone says they wasn't I'm ready to break off this little narrative to prove me words.

"SEVEN of the biggest pearls that was ever dug out of the insides of a oyster. He gave 'em to me! Shoved 'em into me flips an' when I kicked about takin' 'em he toddled off an' left Brighteyes an' me alone.

"'Take 'em,' she said, smilin' at me so that I felt wriggly all over. 'Take 'em, he has thousands as big as 'em.'

"We was sittin' side by side on a couch that was softer than anythin' I ever sat on. There was little green and red lamps all over the place, an' a smell of incense an' stuff that made yeh feel all nice an' comfortable. I wanted to stay there forever, stay there with her an' the Midas of the East who could chuck away pearls that was as big as pigeon's eggs.

"After a while I slipped me arm around her waist an' drew her close to me. She didn't mind. Not she. She just took it quietly, an' I started in to tell her about T'ronto an' the electric cars an' Niagara Falls an' Hanlan's Point.

"'But it is better here,' she said. 'Stay here with me.'

"'I'd be tickled to death,' I said, 'But they'd court-martial me an' shoot me as a deserter.'

"'Can't yeh bribe yer captain?' she said, snuggling up close to me. 'If yeh gave him one of the pearls, the biggest one, he might let yeh stay here with me an' me father.'

"Well, I looked at the biggest of the seven pearls, an' I thought how old Captain Lanigan's eyes would bulge if he saw it. An' the girl kept on speakin' to me as I stared at the pearl.

"'Give it to him,' she said. 'Give him two of 'em an' then he will let yeh come back an' live here with father an' me!'

"Well, she kept on tellin' me what to say an' what to do till I got to me feet. 'Kiddo,' says I, holdin' her chin up so that I looked down into her big eyes, 'I'll go an' bribe old Lanigan to let me go. I'm for you, Brighteyes, an' the minute I bribe him I'm going to gallop back here an' sit 'longside yeh for the rest of me life.'




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"'Go,' she said, 'an' hurry back.'

"'Kiss me,' I said, an' she put up her little lips and kissed me on the cheek, then she took me to the door an' whispered that she'd be waitin' till I came back.

"I started to run down the path to the grass where old Stoneface was standing. I had the seven pearls in me right hand because I had a hole in the pocket of me khaki jacket an' I was takin' no chances with them pearls. They was seven of the biggest pearls that was ever growed, you bet they was.

"I came to the grass patch an' I looked at the spot where Mr. Monument was when I went up to the house with the girl. He wasn't there! Not a sign of him! The grass patch was as bare as a billiard table.

"'Wow,' I says to meself, 'the old lump of a stone wall has broken loose again. Peter,' says I, 'keep yer peepers open an' prepare to receive a chargin' tombstone on yer flank.'

"I had no sooner said that to meself than I heard the bushes behind me cracklin' an' next minute the stone man came lumberin' down on me at a gallop.

"'Steady, Peter,' I says, 'keep yer hands down, an' use yer legs a little.'

"THAT amberlatin' monument came at me on the run; I sidestepped like Kid McKoy. It went by me like a steam roller, then it turned an' charged again. I pulled the same tactics on it the second time an' it got mad. It wheeled an' came at me under forced draught an' I couldn't move quick enough to dodge it. Its shoulder hit me right hand that I was carryin' the pearls in, those seven beauties was spilled on the grass!

"'Yeh, swine!' I says, 'Yeh bloomin' prehistorical swine,' an' with that I forgot all about the hardness of his dial an' smashed him one on the nose.

"Shades of Night, that punch jarred me right back to me spinal column! It made the back of me brain-box open an' shut an' I yelled with the pain of it. I funked right there an' then. That gallopin' chunk of sandstone had me nerve and I wanted to get away from it as quick as possible.

"'Peter,' says I, speakin' to meself, 'grab the pearls an' beat it. This is no place for a man unless he got's a crowbar an' a steam drill.'

"The moment I said that to meself the Stone-age guy seemed to understand what I was thinkin' about. He gave a hop an' brought his two feet down on the pearl that I was thinkin' of givin' to old Lanigan an' that pearl just become dust! He made a hop at another an' then at another an' those pearls after he landed on 'em became stuff that dreams is made of.

"I got mad then. I got fightin' fearin' mad. I didn't care what happened. I just wanted to finish that cavorting chunk of cussedness, an' I looked around for somethin' harder than me fists to do it with.

"He was beatin' the seventh pearl into dust when I got what I wanted. I found a pole, a pole that was thicker than me leg an' I gave a whoop an' rushed at the geological specimen that had got off the chain.

"'Now,' says I, 'come on, yer chunk of granite, an' I'll knock pieces off yeh.'

"Did he come on? Yeh bet he did. He came at the charge an' I swatted him over the head as I dodged. Wow! what a terror he was! He was out to tramp me as flat as the pearls an' kept me movin' to keep out of the way of his feet.

"I was playin' on his head an' his body with the pole an' I was scared stiff because I couldn't dent him. Scared? Yer can bet yer last nickel that I was scared. I couldn't knock a chip off him an' me arms was achin' from swingin' the little tree that only seemed to tickle him every time I brought it down on his shoulders.

"I was just wonderin' if I could get to the fence before he could catch me when I got an idea. It came up out of the back of me head an' I laughed with joy. Yeh bet I did. I laughed outright an' then—well, what do yeh think I did? Yeh don't know, do yeh? Why I lowered that pole an' walloped him as hard as I could on his legs. On his legs! Swatted him on his stone ankles an' I howled as I did it.

"DID THEY crack? Yeh bet they did! One of 'em smashed clean off with the first smash an' before he could steady himself I brought him another on the offside leg an' down he went on the grass.

"I stood an' looked at him for a minute while I was gettin' me breath, then I got afraid. I dropped the pole an' ran for the wall, hopped over it like a madman.

"At the first corner I ran into Corporal Hogan an' a guard from the transport who was roundin' up stragglers, an' Hogan grabbed me.

"'Here, what's this?' he said. 'What are yeh wakin' the town for? Are yeh mad?'

"'I ought to be,' I screamed, then I started in to tell him the story of the perambulatin' piece of the pyramids. I told him of the girl dancin' an' how old Mr. Monument woke up an' chased her. I showed him me knuckles that had come up against the statoo's jaw, then I told of Mr. Midas an' the seven pearls. Then I told of the second fight an' how I beat the stone man by breakin' his legs with the pole.

"Hogan had his mouth open like a drownin' porgie when I finished.

"'Holy St. Patrick!' he said. 'We'll go back an' see the place.'

"'Of course we will,' I said. 'She, the girl, she told me that her father had thousands of pearls as big as the ones he gave me.'

"Well, Hogan an' me an' the four other soldiers went back an' climbed over the wall. Right in the middle of the grass patch was Stoneface with his broken legs, an' Hogan an' those four fatheads with him walked around him like as if they thought he might get up an' charge after them.

"'Show us the house,' says Hogan, 'I'm dyin' to have a look at the pearls.'

"Well, I took 'em up the path to the house, the house I had left fifteen minutes before. It was dark, dark as midnight, an' the doors was closed tight.

"'It's empty,' says Hogan. 'Sure no one is livin' here at all.'

"'You're mad,' I said, 'She is livin' here, the girl with eyes as deep as the Pool of Treen an' the laugh that is like the sweetest music that ever was played.'

"'Get in through one of the windows, Lawrence,' says Hogan, turnin' to one of the four. 'Get in an' see what's there.'

"Lawrence got in the window an' struck a match. An' would yeh believe it? Yeh wouldn't, would yeh? What do yeh think? Why, the place was empty! Yes, empty! Empty as Exhibition Park in a snow storm! Not a soul there! Not a scrap! Not one o' those big cups or the carpets or the gold swords or anythin'! There was only dust, dust an inch thick an' cobwebs, that's all.

"Hogan got mad then. 'Come on,' he says, grabbin' me by the shoulder, 'yeh can tell yer pearl story to old Lanigan in the mornin'!'

"Did I tell it to him? To Lanigan? Of course I did! What did he say? He laughed at me, although I sang him the song that she was singin' an' told him everythin'.

"When they was leadin' me to the caboose to do seven days for assaultin' Hogan, I heard the lieutenant ask Lanigan how was it possible for me to make up the story if it didn't happen.

"'How?' says Lanigan. 'Why he's got Irish blood in his veins an' they give yeh some vile stuff to drink at Aden.'

"The old stiff! I only drank three little drinks, an' I had me broken knuckles to show, an' I could sing the song she sang, an' Hogan had to admit that old Stonelegs was lying where I knocked him down. Some guys would not believe their own mother, an' Lanigan an' a few others I know belongs to that breed; that's all I got to say."

# The Clutch of Circumstance

*Continued from page 17*

"A Jane!" he repeated.

"A particular Jane, not a Jane generically speaking. Miss Semple is looking for a Jane." I explained. He eyed her smilingly, as much as to say that if it was a John she was looking for the bill could be filled without any further fuss.

"Rummy!" he grinned, and certainly it did look and sound rummy. A further explanation cleared things up.

"I'll tackle steerage and stewardesses," he volunteered stoutly. "Easier job than the dowagers and gold-bugs in our crowd—the aureaistocracy, so to speak." It was really quite neat, I thought. "Down with the bourgeoisie and hurray for the proletariat."

Grace went below, and Plummer loafed off to cigar and book, so Beaufort and I had things to ourselves. He was a chummy chap, in his quiet way, and one patched up quick acquaintance with him; I was frankly curious about him. I had heard about young sprigs of nobility wobbling over to the Red bunch, but had never met a parlor Bolshevist in real life; if Beaufort was a follower of the festive Lenine I wanted to know. He didn't fit in with my general notions of the Red, for his hair had evidently been cut lately, and he looked as if he bathed; still a chap may not shed his vices immediately he turns Bolshevist.

"That is a strange doctrine for a man who probably is headed for Ottawa and Rideau Hall," I observed. "I mean the proletariat stuff."

"Who do you think I am—a coal-miner, walking delegate, or labor leader?" he asked.

"The Honorable John Beaufort," I replied.

"Exactly," he said. "That's the answer."

And we fell to talking; you know what an Englishman is like, if he does not take a shine to you, he'll live in the same house with you twenty years and never get nearer to you than a nod, but if he does feel that you interest him the bars drop with a bang and you're inside for good.

"Only," he added, "amputate the handle, if you don't mind. If the Governor - General wants a handy man around the house, I'm all that. I am stalking a job, the prey a pay-envelope—a stuffed pay envelope that arrives once a week." I gathered that he had been four years in the army, though he glossed this over, and that he did not care to stay at home bothering relatives and pals to buy wine or cigars or motor cars from him as personal favors. His father, the Earl, who was the old chap I had seen bid farewell to the youngster at Euston, had his hands full and a bit over, what with taxes, insurance for death duties, mortgage interest and upkeep of entailed estates. John consequently wanted—not a position, an appointment, not even a situation, but a plain everyday job.

"What kind of a job?" I asked.

"A pay envelope job—stuffed, you know," he replied.

"There is an infinite variety of pay envelope jobs," I said.

"Then if it isn't greedy I'll take two," he offered cheerily.

"What can you do?"

"And that's the sticker!" he admitted. "I got some kind of a degree at Oxford when the examiners were dozing, soldiered a bit, just missed my cricket blue, made the golf team—I'm plus four at Numbleton—and did well in the


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inter-varsity middleweights. My notion was the prize ring, but the dear old master wept at the idea, though father thought it a bit of all right; the mater thought it might spoil the girls' chances—my sisters, you know. But—when I saw some of the stuff they put up at the National Sporting Club I wept salt tears at the damned traditions of my family; the Limehouse Kid and the Shadwell Chicken getting hundreds of pounds for pawing at one another for a few rounds—it was heartbreaking. However, in a free country without traditional and family fetters I may be able to break in." It really was rather pathetic. Our chat was broken up by the appearance of Grace. It appeared she had been hunting Janes and was a trifle discouraged.

"Perhaps, after all, she is not on the boat," she said. "But Mary Dugdale seemed quite certain."

"Pardon me—but Mary who?" inquired John.

"Mary Dugdale, a friend of mine in Norfolk," Grace responded. "It is her Jane I am hunting."

"Oh!" he said, rather lamely. I don't know quite how it happened but I found myself alone, Grace and the Honorable John had drifted off—Jane hunting, I suppose. I may say that from this time on they did a lot of joint stalking, and the task seemed to require a lot of consultation, morning, afternoon, evening, and in snug corners when the night was dark. However, I am anticipating. Deserted on this particular occasion I drifted to the spot where Plummer sat. He did a lot of sitting these days because he is not at his best and brightest on the rolling wave. I found him in kicking mood and grouchy and when Grace and this John person waltzed by, arm in arm presently, he became kickier and grouchier.

"What's that titled gink going to Canada for?" he demanded.

"A job," I replied. "With a stuffed pay-envelope."

"Job!" he scoffed. "Hanging round the post-office waiting for the quarterly remittance to come in. What's he been doing to have to come out?"

"Soldiering—four years."

"That's all right, but he can't capitalize that; every Canadian lad worth a hill of beans did the same; what can he do?" grunted Plummer.

"He's had no chance—school, college, soldiering, titled family—no earthly show; it isn't as if he'd been chucked into a job at fourteen after a course of paper selling; his education has been frightfully neglected," I replied.

"Tell you, Algy—no earthly good," said Plummer. "I know the breed. They'll fight all right, but work's foreign stuff to them. Stars at cricket and golf and football and hunting in pink, but when it comes down to earning three squares a day, they just don't know how, and are too high and mighty to get down and learn. Drawing-room tea-lappers, stuffed up with muffins and traditions about their own importance; their idea of success in life is marrying a girl whose father has worked hard to gather up a lump of dough and living on the results of another man's work."

It was rather depressing, since I had at the back of my mind a notion of trying to connect the Honorable John with one of the numerous pay envelopes Plummer hands out each week. He had taken a violent dislike to the young man and the fact that Grace did not share his prejudices increased it. By the time we neared Quebec one might have thought that the two young people had known each other long years; still voyaging affairs of the kind often do not extend beyond the days of the trip. I hoped it was nothing serious for neither of them had a dollar in the world, and, so far as earning possibilities were concerned, John's outlook was not cheery. Canada can use men, but it did not seem to me that there was a great demand for men of just the business stamp of the Honorable John Beaufort. Traditions would damn him on this side as well as that, if he let them do it.

We were nearing Quebec, the mystery about Jane had not been cleared up, and Grace had decided that it would not be, when at the last moment light was thrown upon it. The four of us were on deck, waiting for the gangway, and Beaufort had his portmanteau at his feet.

"I have something to tell you that may or may not be gratifying," he said, smiling upon Grace. "Jane is discovered."

"You have found her—where is she?" Grace asked delightedly.

"Here!" and he indicated himself.

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded.

He tilted the portmanteau over, pointing to the letters on it—J.A.N.E.B.

"The persons responsible for my christening named me John Arbuthnot Ninian Evelyn—you see what the initials spell—Jane. The chaps at school fastened on them, and I've been Jane ever since. Mary Dugdale lives quite near our Norfolk place and is a friend of mine. Beastly disappointment I know—I'm sorry." He disappeared very abruptly, after bidding us goodbye, making some facetious remark to me about boot-blacking and prize-fighting jobs. Grace overheard him, and between the remark and the very hasty way in which he had gone off she appeared rather bewildered.

"What did he mean?" she asked, when we were alone for a minute or two.

"That he proposes to edge into the ranks of the sons of Leonidas and Garibaldi—shoe-polishing, you know, or climbing into the squared circle—prize-fighting," I explained.

"Don't be ridiculous," she admonished severely. "You mean he is poor?"

"In purse, but not in purpose," I replied, as Plummer came up.

"Got rid of Jane," he grinned. "Guess they named him right." It was an unjust as well as an undiplomatic remark, for if looks could have slain, we should have had to escort the corpse of one Plummer back home. Grace looked at the unfortunate chap and he wilted perceptibly.

So we got back to the old home town and the good old routine; Grace tackling a teaching job to help out family finances, Plummer plunging into his varied interests—traction, mining, and half a dozen others, while I kept office hours again; listening to squabbles about spite fences, wobbly land titles, and the like that furnish the living of a poor but reasonably honest lawyer. Of the Honorable John Beaufort we heard nothing, to Plummer's joy, my disappointment, and Grace's—well, I didn't know; I did think, however, that deep down in her heart was something of a hope that one day, not very far away, she would see "Jane" again. There were other lads who fluttered about her, and there was Plummer booming round hopefully but she laughed, taught school, looked after the manse, played golf, and carried on generally, very charming but perhaps a thought quieter and more reserved than when she swept so tornadically into Euston Station and bumped against John Beaufort.

## III.

THE STREET car was jammed with a typical Saturday night mining town crowd. Plummer and I had spent the afternoon looking over some properties he was interested in, eaten supper with the local agent, smoked and chatted awhile afterwards, and caught a late car that ran in the direction of the station. Plummer was the president of the company that operated a network of electric cars throughout the region within a thirty mile radius of our home town. Most of the passengers on this particular car were miners, their pockets lined doubtless with their week's pay, and their spirits influenced obviously by the agency of one John de Kuyper. Some were silent, others jovial, and a few ugly; between them the conductor was having a breezy time. I could not see him because of the strap-hangers, but he appeared to be working his way along, collecting fares, diplomatically and successfully. Seated opposite to Plummer and myself was a tough-looking specimen of the "bad man" order, who rejoiced in the role. He was tall and broad, ugly of face as well as of mien, and hungry for trouble. I paid no particular heed to the conductor until Plummer gave me a dig in the ribs.

"Look at the guy in the buttons," he said. I looked, and there was the Honorable John Beaufort on the job. If he had seen us he did not show it but plugged away fare-collecting till he came to the bruiser opposite us. The trouble-seeker licked his lips appreciatively.

"What are you after?" he growled.

"Fare, please," the other responded, and was bidden to go to a place to which travellers are supposed to go without fares.

"Come along—ante up!" said the conductor jigging the money bag. The big fellow looked up at John, sizing him up contemptuously, and held out a dime to him, tightly gripped.

"Take it if you can and dare," he said. The crowd roared its approval of the situation. Plummer leaned forward, a grin on his face.

"Pass him up!" advised one of the pacific passengers; however, Beaufort reached forward, grasped the hand; there was a short struggle, but the conductor emerged with the dime, rang it up, and went on his way. The big chap got to his feet with a bull-like roar, but was pulled back into his seat by companions who bade him wait till the end of the trip. He took the advice and sat glowering until the end of the journey was reached.

"Now!" he said, as he stepped from the car and walked up to the conductor. "You were mighty smart inside there, we'll see if you're as good out here," and he dragged off his coat in grim determination. Somebody suggested sending for the police.

"Oh, get along home," advised Beaufort, with a grin.

"When my job's done," said the other. "Will you take off your coat or have your licking with it on?"

The Honorable John eyed him and saw that business was meant.

"If that's the way of things, perhaps I'd better take it off," smiled he. A ring was formed under the big arc light, the buttoned coat and badged hat was taken off; John's fair hair, neatly parted in the middle, emphasizing the contrast between the two men. The first few minutes saw as wicked a fight as ever I looked upon; the miner fought after his own fashion; fist, feet, gouging, as was apparent from the way he set to work; his furious rushes seemed unescapable, for he was active as well as big, but the other fought coolly and warily—science against rough and tumble bulk. Once it seemed as if all was over, the big fellow getting home a pile driving smash, and sending his smaller antagonist flying; Beaufort managed to scramble to his feet however, as the other poised a foot to let drive, and the battle went on.

THEN the tide began to turn, Beaufort's piston-like drive was having its effect; he was punching diplomatically, one eye of his antagonist was closed, the other looked none too good. The Honorable John had a punch, and the other chap was wincing under it; from now on there was nothing to it; Beaufort went around his man like the well-known cooper round the proverbial barrel, finally finishing a most artistic job by laying the foe sprawled out and utterly done for on the gravel of the yard.

"All square!" he grinned, resuming coat and badged hat, as the other came to and sat up. "Fare paid all right. Shake hands!"

"How did you manage to get down this way?" I asked him as we walked along.

"Pay envelope," he replied. "It about suited me; I tried to sell soap on commission and was a night watchman for a time—good enough jobs but no action to them. There's action here, as you may have observed, twenty a week and this nifty uniform; then board is cheap; the bank owes me money—the first experience of the kind I have ever enjoyed."

"Much action like that to-night?" grunted Plummer.

"No, this has been something special—much tastier," said John.

"Not at all bad, for a starter."

"The old gentleman over the water know about it—the Earl, I mean?" asked Plummer.

"Certainly—sent him my photograph—in uniform yanking the bell at the tail of the car—quite realistic—he thought it wonderful—expects me to be another Strathcona in a week or two or have my biography written for the benefit of the Sunday Schools—you know the kind, chap begins picking up horseshoes in the street and is buried in a coffin with solid gold mountings."

"Some job for an Honorable," scoffed Plummer.

"I shall be obliged if you'll cut that out," said John snappily.

"I'll not squeal," said Plummer. "And remember a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"It's not moss I'm collecting, but bagging for the bank-book."

"How long have you been here?"

"Nearly a year."

"I shall be seeing Miss Semple," I suggested as I had my foot on the car step. "Shall I mention that we've seen you?"

"Certainly—in uniform," he replied. "Please present my compl——I mean my regards."

"And report at the home offices on Wednesday next at eleven-thirty," said Plummer. "Ask for me."

"Very good, sir!" answered Beaufort.

Plummer was silent for some time, then began to chuckle in his maliciously humorous fashion.

"What'll you bet, Algy, that he'll turn up in his uniform? Gosh, I'd like Grace to see him buttoned and badged." There was a malicious edge to Plummer's humor that I scarcely approved of.

"What will you bet that he won't?" I countered.

"Ten dollars that he is decked up as the Honorable John to see Grace," he said.

"Ten that he 's in uniform," I came back at him.

"It's a go—and no funny work, Algy." He had the grace to apologize in response to what he saw in my eyes. Plummer is an odd bird, and sometimes is unduly suspicious of another's good faith—the failure of breeding and manners in him.

"Grace!" I said to Miss Semple, meet-her on the street two days later. "I saw a friend of your's in Pittville on Saturday night, he wished to be remembered to you."

"It wasn't——?" Oh, the wonderful intuitiveness of woman, the delightful color deepened in her cheeks, her smile was very winsome.

"That is exactly who it was," I replied. "He looked very fine and fit, and has run the stuffed pay envelope down—to some extent. He is a quite efficient conductor of a street car." She glanced into my eyes to see whether I spoke truth. Then her own kind'ed with enthusiasm that had tenderness in it.

"I think that is perfectly fine," she said. "I hope you scolded him for not coming over to see any of us."

"Why, no, I didn't." I answered. "You see—just a conductor—bell yanker, you know—he has a proper sense of the seemliness of social distinctions."

Those brown eyes had fire in them, and it scorched as they focussed upon me.

"Algy—I never would have believed you were a—a snob," she said. "And I didn't think that John Beaufort would be ashamed of his position."

"He is coming here on Wednesday—to be carpeted, I believe. Plummer is the big chief, and on Saturday there was some fuss on the car we travelled upon in Pittville; Beaufort committed a very violent assault upon a passenger, so Plummer is going to interview him—Plummer takes strong and often prejudiced views."

"I think Mr. Plummer is a conscienceless beast," she said, which in so charming and proper a girl as Grace was the

# QUEBEC *and its wealth*

*Quebec is the most spacious of all Canada's provinces. Out of 450,000,000 acres only 15,000,000 are under cultivation. Yet from this relatively small acreage much wealth is derived as witness the following figures:---*

| | Field Crops. | Dairy Products. |
|---|---|---|
| 1920 | $330,251,000 | $35,708,621 |
| 1919 | 307,994,000 | 35,041,248 |
| 1918 | 271,750,900 | 30,680,791 |
| 1917 | 154,097,900 | 28,313,658 |
| 1916 | $102,937,000 | $22,875,337 |
| 1915 | 104,683,000 | 17,303,000 |
| 1914 | 99,279,000 | 16,156,022 |
| 1911 | 76,325,000 | 15,656,886 |

In factories only.

## A DAIRY PROVINCE

Dairying in Quebec is a highly developed and specialized industry The last available figures give a total of 1,813 cheese and butter factories with an output for the year of 1920:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Butter | 40,037,692 lbs. | $22,352,146 |
| Cheese | 52,441,504 lbs. | 13,356,475 |

## FOREST PRODUCTS

Quebec surpasses every other province of the Dominion in the matter of her forest areas. These total 130,000,000 acres. or about 30 per cent. of the province's total acreage, and by comparison with the value of the "cut" of other provinces, Quebec's figures are about one-third of the whole. The value of Quebec's forests is reckoned to be:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| White and Red Pine, | 200,000,000 | Hardwood | 25,000,000 |
| Spruce and Balsam, | 250,000,000 | Cedar | 25,000,000 |
| Pulpwood | 100,000,000 | | |

As a producer of pulpwood, and of manufactured pulp, Quebec stands in the forefront of Canadian provinces. In 1919, 46 out of 99 Canadian companies engaged in the manufacture of pulp were located in Quebec, and the consumption of pulpwood amounted to 1,176,134 cords, or about 48 per cent. of Canada's total consumption. In addition to the domestic consumption 661,414 cords of pulpwood were exported.

## MINERAL WEALTH

The vastness of Quebec Province has made it quite impossible up to the present to make any inventory of her mineral wealth; yet this wealth is known to be inconceivably great. The yearly figures for a number of years show the steady progress of mining:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1902 | $2,985,463 | 1916 | $13,287,024 |
| 1905 | 3,750,300 | 1917 | 16,189,179 |
| 1910 | 7,323,281 | 1918 | 18,707,762 |
| 1913 | 13,119,811 | 1919 | 20,813,670 |
| 1914 | 11,732,783 | 1920 | 28,392,939 |
| 1915 | 11,465,873 | | |

## ASBESTOS DEPOSITS

For one highly useful mineral Quebec is the main source of the world's supply—asbestos.. During 1920 the value of the output of her asbestos mines was $14,749,048.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1915 | $3,544,362 | 1918 | $ 9,019,899 |
| 1916 | 5,182,805 | 1919 | 10,932,289 |
| 1917 | 7,198,558 | 1920 | 14,749,048 |

## WATER-POWERS

It has been said that Quebec possesses water-power in abundance, and water-power soon or late spells industry. The estimated power developed from water, according to the last available figures, is given as 875,000 horse-power. From a survey made by the Hydraulic Service of the Province it would appear that 810,000 horse-power are being utilized in plants using over 1,000 horse-power, and when the figures are obtained from the plants using 1,000 horse-power, and less, it is expected that the above figures will be increased to 875,000 horse-power.

## MANUFACTURES.

In 1919 there were 10,524 manufacturing plants in Quebec. The value of the capital invested was $837,-082,228. The number of employees was 208,283, and their wages and salaries amounted to $169,862,422. The cost of raw material used was $460,983,237, and the value of the output about $890,420,023. Representing between $10,000,000 and $26,000,000 output were eleven industries as follows:—log products, boots and shoes, cottons, butter and cheese, railway cars, men's clothes, tobacco products, railway cars building, grist mills, paper and lumber products which stand in the order mentioned.

## TRADE

Largely through its geographical position, Quebec has developed considerable trade outside of the Province and this explains a heavy import and export trade. The imports in 1870 were $32,833,000 and exports $37,807,-000. In 1900 they were $79,508,000 and $76,791,000, respectively; in 1914 they were $185,320,000 and $177,-556,000, respectively, and in 1919 exports amounted to the high figure of $611,636,889, while imports were valued at $248,559,052.

## MONTREAL'S STATUS

Montreal takes rank as being the great inland seaport of the continent. Located on the famous river waterway, the St. Lawrence, the site is strategically as close to the heart of the Dominion as it is possible to bring ocean traffic. From a commercial standpoint the advantages are great; on the one hand the terminus of the transcontinental traffic; on the other the terminus of the trans-Atlantic service. Montreal is destined to be Canada's great commercial centre. The commercial development, coupled with the age of the city, has been responsible for the location of the head offices of a number of the largest of Canada's financial institutions; the headquarters of rail and water shipping interests; banking, insurance, mercantile and varied other institutions, with connections in both the new and the old worlds.

## RAILWAYS

Of the 5,266.59 miles of railroads in the Province on the 30th of June, 1920, there were but 575 miles in existence on the 1st of July, 1867, the date of Confederation. On the 1920 basis, 5,266.59 miles, there were 2.11 miles per 1,000 of population and 14.96 miles to every 1,000 square miles of territory.

## WATERWAYS

From the straits of Belle Isle to Quebec, a distance of 2,200 miles, there is a navigable waterwal divided into sections as between Belle Isle and Quebec, Quebec and Montreal and the inland lakes, according to the character of the traffics. Montreal is reached from Quebec largely as the result of deepening the St. Lawrence, which permits of ocean traffic to come up-stream to the foot of the Lachine Rapids. To the head of Lake Superior the St. Lawrence canals overcome a fall of 551 feet

## FINANCIAL SITUATION

Quebec's financial situation is the best of all the Provinces of Confederation. Her loans are quoted highest on the market. Quebec has this year a surplus exceeding the million mark.

The net debt per capita has decreased from $15.63 in 1901 to $15.11 at the present time.

**A PROGRESSIVE PROVINCE—Quebec aims to lead in every field of endeavour, and nowhere in Canada are relations between capital and labor or between English and French-speaking people more cordial than in the Province of Quebec.**





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equivalent of violent cursing. I did not attempt Plummer's vindication; let him stand on his own kicking legs.

IV.

I WAS about to leave the office for lunch on Wednesday when a messenger arrived with a note from Plummer. I opened it and a ten dollar bill dropped from the envelope.

"Stuck!" said the pencilled note. "Beaufort is coming up to you in a few minutes. You might bring him out to the Golf Club this afternoon; we ought to be civil to the Honorable, but I can't invite him—discipline, you know. You can rig him up in suitable duds, there will be quite a swell mob out there."

That was right—a tournament was on, and many of the social lights of the vicinity would be there. I certainly could fit Beaufort out; in height and figure we were not dissimilar. Presently he hove in sight garbed in full canonicals, cap and all—the minion of the Traction Company. We chatted a few minutes, time was getting on, so I asked him to lunch with me. He looked at me in his frankly appraising fashion, then cast a suggestive glance at the badged cap on the table. I guess he saw that I had invited him, appreciating the situation.

"I'll be glad to," he responded.

WHEN WE got back to the office we had a short talk over cigars. He intimated, with a grin, that Plummer had done the high and mighty stunt, as Plummer was well able to do; the President had informed him that it was his business to punch tickets and not the countenances of the company's patrons. It was like Plummer to let the chap come in with expectations of promotion, and then proceed to flatten him out.

"What about a turn round the links," I said, when we had finished smoking. "There is a tournament on, and you could get into it if you desired. Entries may be made up to the starting hour, and your English Numbleton membership will make you eligible; I shall be glad to hand your name in; it is an all-comer's scratch competition, eighteen holes medal play."

"I'd like a round," he replied. "Plummer gave me the day off, and hinted something about golf going on."

"I think I can fit you out with things," I said eyeing him over. His glance caught mine, and I saw in a flash what Plummer's idea was in sending him on to me, and suggesting the golf. He wanted to find out if the chap would have the sand to present himself to Grace Semple in his bell-yanking uniform; I was to be the tempter to offer to the chap the costume to cover up his job.

"What's the matter with this suit?" he said, looking down over his smart, neatly pressed uniform. Accustomed to soldierly neatness he had given the rig a quite trim appearance. If Plummer thought he could out-manoeuvre this bird, he had one more guess coming.

"Why — nothing," I replied, a bit awkwardly. "I thought perhaps the orthodox rig would be more comfortable."

"Then if the bid still holds good I'll go as I am," he said. "And as a favor, please, no name handles."

Truly we had a mob out, all the beauty and fashion of the vicinity, the girls in their smartest, the lads in their niftiest. I flatter myself that I created the real sensation when I strolled into the grounds with my friend whose badged hat bore the legend "Pittville Traction Company, Conductor 37." The glasses levelled at us reminded one of a file of rifles ready for business. I heard a visitor from a neighboring club inquire if the show was a "bally fancy dress affair." Plummer looked frankly disappointed.

"He is a bona-fide amateur?" asked Potts, the secretary, regarding the visitor with some suspicion.

"Absolutely," I replied, with, I fear, small first-hand information. "Numbleton sounds good enough."

"Your certificate is enough," he said, and so the entry was accepted. "And," added Potts, "if he can manage to wipe the eyes of two or three pot-hunters who haunt these all-comers' events we will chant a solemn Te Deum after the show. But—you won't mind my mentioning it—his garb is somewhat notable."

"C'est la guerre!" I hissed; it was the first time I'd found a chance to fire off the great excuse. I don't think Potts quite knew what it meant, for he replied,

"By all means; I'm sorry I mentioned it."

"Is he any good, Algy?" asked Plummer, strolling up.

"Quite tolerable," I replied. "Plus four at Numbleton."

"You don't say!" he said. "If he can knock Strickland out this afternoon I'll be ready to fall on his neck and kiss him." Strickland was a Liberal, Plummer a Conservative, and in the last campaign Strickland had called Plummer a horse leech, a cut throat, a devourer of the flesh of the common people, a blot on the face of our fair twentieth century civilization, and a few other airy compliments of the kind.

"He's met Grace," Plummer added rather mournfully. "She seems to think he's borrowed King George's Sunday clothes, but she has her little knife into you and me."

"Into me!" I exclaimed.

"Sure—didn't you bring him?" the shirker asked—no wonder he's a successful politician. "Grace thinks we plotted to make a holy show of the Honorable before this gay and snobbish bunch, and we shan't square it off with a pleasant word and a smile; there's war in the girl's eye, and she packs a wallop, if you'd like to know."

"Where is she?" I asked.

He beckoned me to a window, and there they were, blue cloth with brass buttons, hat with the Pittville badge and number—summery white, gauzy, filmy stuff, hat—straw, ribbon, rose, you know. They turned and approached the verandah, and you might have supposed that she had the ranking Admiral of the Grand Fleet as escort. And then the draw was made and the big scrap was on. As luck would have it Strickland and Beaufort came together in the draw, and were the last pair to go out. It was a queer match, the battle between a known champion and an unknown, and the interest that is roused by the presence of the unknown quantity was evident. The chap cut such a funny figure in his conductor's rig—some were disposed to regard it as a practical joke, but others took Plummer's word that he was a bona-fide bell yanker. The game might be an absolute fiasco but Beaufort did not impress one as a fiasco chap, and the mob streamed out after them. There is no need to spin out the story of the battle, but it will go down to history as the most memorable fight the Club tournament ever produced; they were never more than a couple of strokes apart from first to eighteenth green, both going in top form and knocking bogey galley west. When they holed out the eighteenth they were level—72 apiece on a 78 par course, with an 80 the best score outside theirs and the entry just half a dozen of the pick of the locality. Strickland had the long game, but when it came to the scientific part, the mashie work, the crafty put, the other always evened up the swiping advantage.

Beaufort always seemed to be the back man, and yet he was there when the goal was reached.

"Toss or fight for it?" asked Strickland, when they holed out the eighteenth.

"Fight—neck or nothing!" grinned Beaufort, and the eyes of Grace smiled. Parson's girl, but she loved the fighter.

"He's got him," whispered Plummer in my ear. "Golf's applied psychology, it's an admission by Strickland that he may be licked; yon'd never wring that from the other duck; he's got to be licked before he thinks it's possible."

Beaufort had the honor; the ball whizzed through the air, far and sure, and the match was over; Strickland pulled into the rough, was on the green yards away from the hole in five, Beaufort stony dead in three.

V.

"YOU'LL dine with me, Beaufort?" I said as the crowd melted away.

"Awfully good of you," he answered. "But Mr. Semple has invited me to the manse."

"And you are coming too, Algy," said Grace, with something of forgiveness in her eyes.

"I shall be delighted," I answered, and so I was. I wished they had asked Plummer, though; it was like him to vanish as soon as the big show was over, and he had got what he wanted.

The best thing about the manse is its garden, a long rambling rose-grown place that stretches down to the river. Semple and Mrs. Semple are very delightful people, and we chatted out on the lawn till the sun dropped behind the hills and the quiet dusk crept up over the landscape.

Grace and Beaufort had taken the boat and gone up the river. The elder people had gone indoors leaving me to wait for the young people; I smoked and reflected in the scented darkness until I saw them coming up, very slowly, along the winding path, the white figure of the girl, the less distinct one of the man, and they were very near together. They drew near to me, their arms intertwined.

"Algy!" said Grace. "We would like you to know first." And they stood before me like two delicious culprits. I knew what it was to be a father, in that moment, judicious, grave, unsentimental.

"You know very little of each other," I observed, which was quite properly paternal.

"We know enough for our purposes," said John. "That it will be the same in a year, a hundred years, an eternity —just Grace for me, and me for Grace."

"But, my dear children, married people do not live like butterflies, and the ravens no longer feed Elijahs, to say nothing of providing hats and gowns for Mrs. Elijah," I said in my worldliest-wise way.

"I've a pay envelope," he said.

"Not over-heavily stuffed," I reminded him.

"But things will be better. I don't want Grace to marry me, of course, till I can give her a proper home," he said.

"Father and mother married on much less than twenty dollars a week," she said. "I can work in the home just as well as he can out of it; I am not afraid."

"Well, we must consider the situation," I replied in my best heavy father style. So we went indoors and the Semples heard the news; they were a little bewildered; Grace was their only child, and, unworldly as they were, the wife of a street-car conductor did not seem a very brilliant position for a very brilliant girl. I left early and went down to my house meditating on that perplexing problem—love. Grace might have had Plummer, his fine house, his cars, his social position, his money; she might have had her pick of a dozen other likely lads, and she had—a bell-yanker! No, that wasn't right—she had first a man, an Honorable in more senses than one.

In the midst of my cogitations who should drop in but Plummer. He helped himself to a cigar and a drink, and sat down.

"Don't know when I felt happier," he said. "Strickland thought he had that gold medal hanging to his lapel; I'll bet he's sore as a boil. Where's the Honorable Number 37?"

"I left him at the manse just now," I said. "We were there together to dinner."

"Funny he didn't come away with you," Plummer commented.

"Not very," I said. "He and Grace had private affairs to—well, discuss." He stared at me long and earnestly.

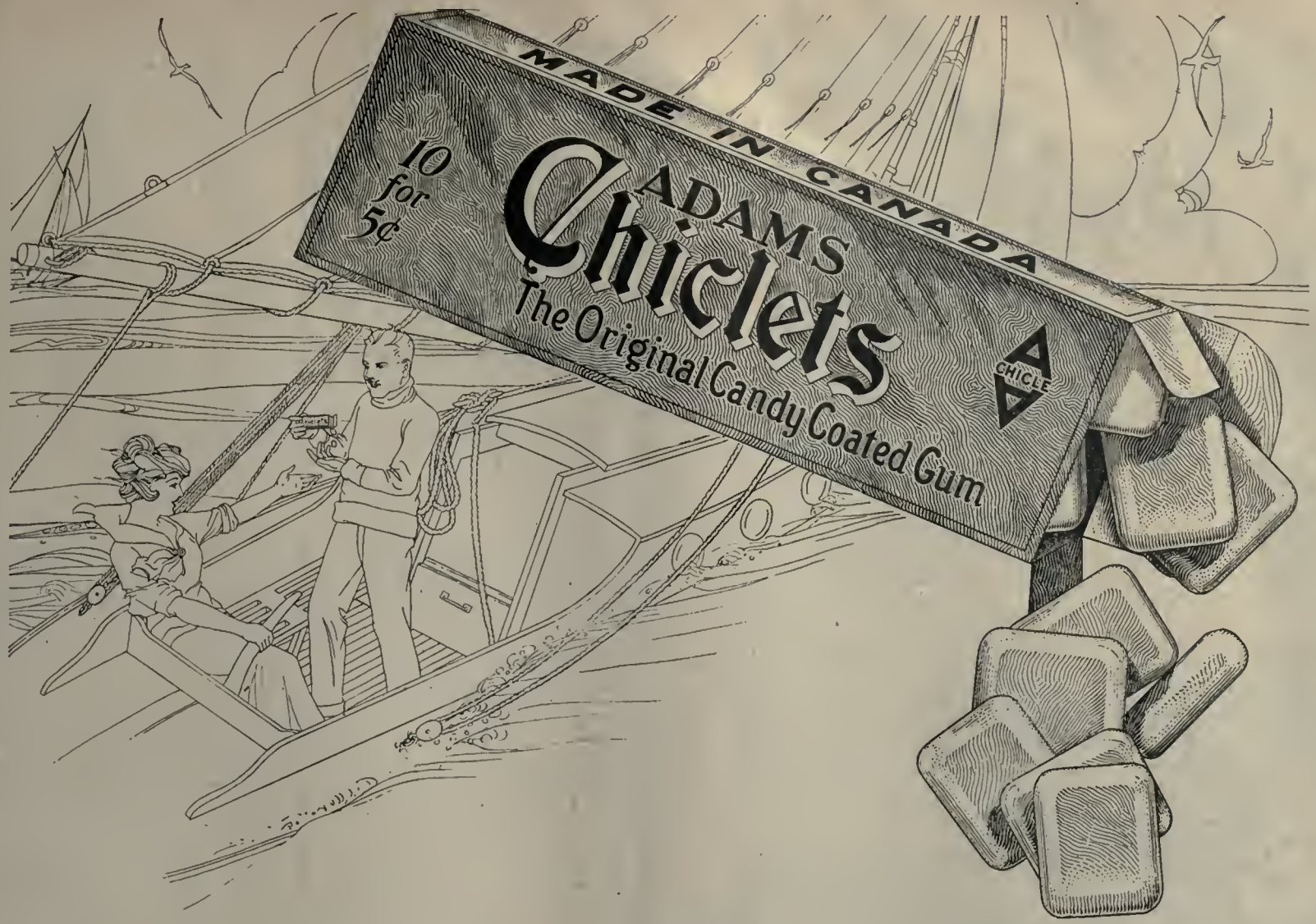
"And that's right?" he asked.

"Absolutely."

"She's going to marry a bell-yanker on a one-horse line—a kind of nickel gathering chucker-out?"

"The portents point that way," I said.

"Then, by Gosh, she ain't!" He did not say "By Gosh," but something much more improper. He was standing, and waving his glass menacingly.




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"Who'll prevent it?" I demanded.

"I will," he said.

"Sit down for a time, and when you get home put a wet cold compress round that heated brain of yours," I said. "If Grace says she'll marry a bell-yanker, she'll marry him."

"She won't," he answered heatedly. "That's one time I licked him. When I got back from that game this afternoon I yanked him into the office as my assistant. He don't know much, but we can teach him, the point is he's got the punch, stands up to the lumps of tallow, fights the big chap to the last hole and trims him there; that's what we want—the man, the rest's easy. There isn't much in it—$2,500 to start with, but money's the last thing that bird will ever have to worry about; he knows the password, remember what he said about getting down to ground level—the muck, he called it. He don't know it yet, but to-morrow he'll have to pull off that uniform he's taken such a shine to, and get into common duds like yours and mine."

## The Valley of Gold

*Continued from page 27*

McClure shook his head.

"Then I'll set you right. For some years I have known the daughter of Rob McClure. All these years I have regarded her as the one thing desirable. That is why I am out among the rubes. She has never been more gracious than since my arrival here. You stand by me there and I'm with you. You can do a lot."

The two men looked long into each other's eyes. Then McClure's gaze became abstract and far away. He was seeing something other than Sykes' glittering eyes. He saw Mary as she burst in upon him the day of his interview with Ned. He felt the soft touch of her cheek. Suddenly he was recalled to the issue.

"Well?" was the crisp challenge.

"Go right in and win," said he with a strange smile. "Do it right and I'm agreeable. So far as I know you have a clear field. You can count on me."

"You think the field is open?" said Sykes.

"There isn't a doubt. I know all about my girl."

Sykes smiled and let it go at that. There was some information he could impart to this cocksure father but it would be more serviceable later. He reflected for a moment on the effect of the disclosure that Ned Pullar was very much in the field. Then he smiled again, conscious of holding a rather high hand.

McClure could see no untoward possibility and was satisfied.

So they made the compact.

THE WATCHER stepped back into the shelter of the maples. She had emerged from them but a moment before and had been on the point of addressing the worker when her capricious will deterred her. She was looking upon the great figure of a man. He was aged, nearing the fullness of the allotted span. His shoulders, however, were square and his back straight. His form rose to a towering height, retaining its lines of strength and crowned by a shapely head with its resplendent glory of long white hair. The face was noble with a touch of gentleness. The intelligent eyes had a masterful light mingling with the dreaminess of them, while his cheeks had the soft rotundity of a child's and the roses of a girl. Before her stood the father of Ned Pullar. Often had she heard of him. This was the first time she had really beheld him. She was very surprised, agreeably so.

The old man was busy flailing a bag of chaff. So absorbed was he in his employment that he was rudely startled when a woman's voice accosted him gently.

"Mr. Pullar, I believe!"

Looking up suddenly he detected a small girlish figure in white. Her face was attractive with a bright friendliness that set him instantly at ease.

"I am highly honoured," was his reply as he set down his stick and

bowed with courtly stateliness. "Is it the little teacher I have the pleasure of greeting?"

"I am Mary McClure!"

The old man walked over and held out his hand with western hospitality.

"Welcome to The Craggs, lassie. The lad, Ned, has been telling me much about you. Will you not sit down?"

He placed a rustic chair before her.

"I have been waiting for you to call on your new neighbour," said Mary with a smile as she accepted the proffered chair. "But you have not favoured us yet. I am afraid you will find me a very impatient and exacting neighbour, Mr Pullar."

His eyes twinkled at her speech.

"Well now, that is a pretty rub," said he amusedly. "I shall have to hunt up my visiting cards and call around."

"Now, see that you do," was the girl's reply as she shook an accusing finger at him. "But you must not entertain now, Mr. Pullar. I came over to watch you at work. I am curious to know why you were belabouring that poor sack so roundly."

The old man laughed delightedly.

"I will tell you all about it," was the reply. "I am threshing the wheat that is in it."

"But why do you have to do that with a stick? Is Ned not the best thresher along the Valley?"

A proud look came into the old man's eyes.

"Do you think so, lass?"

"Indeed I do. And so does the whole settlement."

"It is so, I believe," was the frank agreement. "But Ned does not thresh this. Those bags are filled with rare wheat heads selected from our head-row plots. For them I use the flail."

He had pointed to where a line of a dozen bulging grain sacks swung on a stout rope between posts.

"Mr. Pullar," said she engagingly, "I have heard most interesting rumors of what a wizard you are with seeds. One man told me solemnly that he believed you could grow a good crop in a field of dry dust. Is it true that you have developed a new variety of wheat?"

For a moment the old man did not answer. Instead he read earnestly the beautiful, vivacious face of the girl and the eyes deep in their intelligence.

"I believe, lassie, you would understand," was his satisfied reflection. "Would you like to hear the truth about the Red Knight?"

Mary looked steadily into the eyes above her. She did not comprehend the meaning of his question but she was fascinated by the noble enthusiasm that swept over the fine old face.

"Tell me. Will you?" was her soft voiced reply.

"Come with me," said he. "I will show you something."

The tone of his voice deeply impressed her. She knew that she was about to venture into the sacred recesses of a life. She followed him to the porch where rested a tub. Seizing the handle he pulled it out into the sunlight. Lifting a covering he disclosed to her eyes a mass of grain—beautiful wheat, brown-gold in colour, with the healthy red tinge that tints the peerless milling kernel. The plump, red berries suggested to her heaps of tiny, golden pebbles. She was astonished and silent.

"It is the Red Knight," said he simply, stooping and dipping up a handful. She observed how fondly he held it in the palm of his great hand.

"It is very dear to you," was her gentle remark.

Once again he studied her eyes. They looked up at him with a clear-eyed rapture that provoked his grateful confidence.

"Come, lassie! Rest while I tell you the tale of the finding of the Red Knight.

"It will be forty years, come the Maytime again, since I brought Kitty Belaire from the old East over the Valley of The Qu'Appelle to The Craggs Here we set up a home in the little log hut you can see at the end of the lane. In the log hut was born the first wee bairn. He did not stay with us long and we laid him away in the dip beyond the bluffs. There, too, Ned came to us, filling the sore spot in our hearts left by his little brother. We were happy, the three of us, though we had little to do with, and the work was hard. The years were years of struggle. We fought the winds and the drought, rust, smut, hail and the frost with little success to boast about. One year we had a bumper crop with prices low. Then followed one or two without a harvest. Ned was growing to be a husky little chap when a crop grew on the place that promised us a forty-bushel yield. But one day a black cloud swept over the homestead and in ten minutes it was gone. We had no seed. On the heels of the hail came a drought year. Following it appeared a crop that filled the settlement with hope. We were getting ready to cut when a blight appeared. The rust reduced the yield from forty bushels to five. So passed the years and the battle went against us, with the frost the worst enemy of all. One terrible harvest it came to me that the seed was wrong. It matured too slowly. What we needed was a seed that would come along fast enough to harden before the blight of the rust or the nip of frost. The following harvest I set out on a quest. One day I discovered a patch of ripe heads among the filling grain. Upon shelling them I found a plump kernel fully matured. I plucked the strange heads and carefully preserved the wheat. When seeding time came around again I sowed them on a bit of new ground in the garden. They came up strong and far outstripped the other grain. I had great hopes. Filling time arrived and I watched developments. It was now plain to me that the new variety would ripen fully two weeks ahead of the old type. Then, in the depths of night, a crashing hailstorm and—my precious plot smashed into the earth.

"I had made the fatal mistake of not preserving a few kernels against accident. But that was the beginning. Henceforth I was alert to discover any quickly maturing plants among my fields of grain. By hand selection I began to improve the standard varieties. By use of head-row plots I was able to provide myself with a purer seed. But it took a great deal of time. My neighbors began to surpass me in quantity of yield. Eventually they regarded me as luny. At last only Kitty and Ned believed in me. They never failed me. They became experts in seed selection. They helped me with their sympathy. Together we made thousands of tests. Gradually we caught our feet. One year we started cutting a full week ahead of the settlement. We had escaped the rust and showed a plump sample. We were alone in our good fortune. From that time we were the first into the binding, our yield was at the top, and under Ned's wise management our quantity began to pull ahead, always showing a consistently high sample.

"It is four years this harvest that Kitty and the lad went out on a 'roguing' stalk. Perhaps you do not know that a 'rogue' is a foreign variety of grain that has appeared for some reason in your field. The task of plucking these 'rogues' is called 'roguing.' Upon their return the mother handed to me a headed plant of wheat carefully lifted from the ground. How well I remember it! She gave it into my hands with a smile.

" 'Here, Edward!' she said brightly. 'Here is your Red Knight at last. I found him growing in the twenty acre field on the little knoll.'

"I took the plant and carefully examined it. The straw was strong and erect, the roots the most perfect I had ever looked upon. But it was the head that caught my eye, as it had caught Kitty's and Ned's. It was not exceptionally large but well compacted and heavy, its spikelets packed with wonderful kernels. We were not led into fond hopes by the remarkable heads, as we had tested many another apparently as perfect."

Here the old man paused, lost a moment in reverie.

"That winter the Mother died," re-


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**"More bread and better bread"**


sumed he softly. "But she left a legacy that will forever bless mankind. We carried out our tests. We have put the Red Knight through every conceivable trial and it remains pure, repeating its superior qualities each harvest. It is of the highest milling grade, grows a strong straw and erect, compact head, maturing three full weeks before any other wheat. This tub is filled from our head-row plots with the very purest Red Knight. In addition Ned has already cut and threshed a five acre field. The yield has been true to promise and will astonish the world. Red Knight, the gift to the world of Kitty Belaire, has averaged this year over one hundred bushels to the acre."

As the old man finished a deep silence fell on them, broken at length by Mary. At the first accents of her voice her companion looked up. He was surprised to see tears in her eyes.

"Mr. Pullar!" she said hesitantly, her voice touched with awe. "You and Ned and—his mother—are gracious benefactors. You are bringing a wonderful boon to the West—to the whole world."

Leaning forward the old man looked eagerly into the earnest eyes before him.

"Ah, lassie," he said kindly, "you are a wonderful little soul. 'Tis a vision the three of us have had. The Red Knight will mean a steady and reliable living for the farmers round about us and a sure crop for the struggling pioneer in the new places of the world. It will mean that a million homesteads will spring up in the great Northern plains where men could scarcely live because of the rust and frost. It will fill up the bread-basket of the world and make cheaper food for the hard-pressed masses, for the Red Knight will push the grain belt three hundred miles nearer to the poles the whole world round."

"Just a moment, Mr. Pullar!" exclaimed Mary, seized by a brilliant idea. "I've got it! I believe every word you say. It is true. Gloriously true! But the world will have to hear about it. It will take time to marshall the forces of the Red Knight and start him on his great crusade. You will have to declare him to the world. The discovery and mission of this wonderful new wheat must be placed before the public, and at once."

"Ah," said he, "you speak the truth. Ned and I have thought it over, but we have no gift of the pen whatever."

Another deep silence fell over them. It was Mary who broke it once more.

"Do you think, Mr. Pullar," she said diffidently, "that—that I could help you? I have done a little writing. We could get the facts into shape and some editor could put them in form for presentation to the public."

The old man looked at her with eyes in which glowed a grateful wonder.

"You believe my story enough to do that, lassie?"

"Why, of course! It is simply wonderful! Come over to the school each day at noon and we can work at the tale of the Red Knight while the children are playing. An hour a day will accomplish a great deal in a month. Will you come?"

Her companion reflected deeply before replying.

"It is a noble offer," he said gratefully. "But I will think it over. If I decide it is best I will come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Mr. Pullar!" was the pleased reply. "This has been an amazing hour. But I must be going. You will be sure and come?"

Waving good-bye she vanished through the trees.

For a long time the man reflected on the happy interview. At length he returned to the sack of unthreshed wheat. Picking up the flail he held it poised ready while his gaze grew pathetically reminiscent.

"Ah, Kitty," he whispered. " 'Tis an angel she is. Our dreams will come true after all, dear heart."

XI.

### THE THIRD RIDER

MARGARET GRANT paced the terrace, her black hair flowing. The sun flooded the Valley with a prodigal outpouring of his golden tanks. The girls eyes snapped with the vivacity of life, for the world was streaming with light and the birds were carolling in joyous abandon. Something in the bubbling wildness of the morning lent a nimbleness to her feet, and she would change her sedate walk for a tripping scurry across the lawn. She cast frequent glances over the gorge to the Peak of the Buffalo Trails in evident anticipation of some appearance there. While she waited she let her eyes sweep down the Valley, her heart and ofttimes her feet dancing with the sun.

Margaret was a child of The Qu'Appelle. The gleaming valley had nursed her through childhood, writing the beauty of hill and stream and wind and sun into the little girl, making her skin as brown as that of the metis maiden, her blood warm and red and her soul free with the purity of the flashing light. She loved the cottonwoods and the poplars and the clustering, glistening birch, while the oak and willow folk cast a spell over her. She knew the berry and cherry trees and the sun-steeped slopes where browned the sweetest hazelnuts. Ask her where coquettes the wine-black saskatoon or the wonder berry—and she can tell. As for the flowers, the bees and Margaret were twin possessors. Equally dear were the people of feather and fur.

The lake was a fascinating, joyous mystery, whether it lay under her eyes a thing of shimmering light or frowning shadows. Its magic swept her most powerfully, in the moments of its hush, when it became a great calm silence, rippleless and infinitely deep, a new vastness with its own blue sky and clouds and shapely hills.

Far out in the lake lay a tiny island tufted with cottonwood shrubs and one ragged scrub oak. This tree had grown out of a crevice in the rock. The island was nothing more than a huge boulder and the bower of cottonwoods and bit of turf held precariously to the smoothed surface. Here the girl enjoyed the dulcet music of the waves and the solitude, reaching the island easily by aid of her birch canoe. From its behaviour in time of tempest this lonely spot had received the name of The Storm Rock. Long before the waves had worked into rollers an angry cloud of white spray above the rock portended the fury of the storm.

Suddenly the girl paused in her walk and fastened her eyes on the Peak of the Buffalo Trails. A glimmer of white crowned the Peak. She gave an exclamation of delight as she defined the form of Bobs. Astride was Mary McClure. A signal passed between the girls. Turning slightly, Margaret swept the north bank with a keen glance, emitting another ejaculation as she saw a rider cantering along the shoulder of the hill making his way down into the valley.

"Ned!" she observed, with a droll tip of her head. "You are remarkably punctual, my fine fellow. You need not push Darkey so fast, however, for Flash and I are going to take a very considerable time to saddle up."

Turning about, she glanced up at the Peak again. Bobs and his rider had disappeared. As she continued to look at the empty summit she was surprised to see another rider trot out on the hill. It was a man, and he halted his horse in the identical place where Mary had sat Bobs but a moment before. He looked over the valley toward the Grant homestead, then turning, vanished hurriedly down the hill.

The watcher was at a loss to account for the appearance of the strange rider. She pondered a moment.

"One of Blythes' cow-punchers!" was her conclusion. "He is probably beating up strays."

Satisfied and relieved at her sur-

mise she ran into the house to prepare for the ride to Willow Glade.

Ned rode swiftly along, skirting the lake about the Pellawa end. He had an hour of fast riding before he at length disappeared into the groves near the brook. As he broke into the Glade he saw Bobs tied to a tree and his mistress seated on the log beside the stream.

"Ho, ho! Darkey!" he cried softly. "High fortune is ours!"

Bobs tossed his head in equine friendliness, but the figure on the log was absorbed in a study of the tree-tops. Tying his horse, Ned stole up on the silent one.

"Room for another on the observation car?" called Ned in her ear.

With a casual "Good-day, Ned!" she glanced into his eyes Her face was so irresistibly teasing that he seized her hands.

"I am welcome, Mary?" said he.

Her reply was smothered by his lips. When conditions had become normal once more she announced importantly:

"I came here to-day, Ned, with the deliberate purpose of having an interview with you."

"That is delightfully gratifying," was the reply. "But since I know the lady so well I fear there is another reason forthcoming."

"We are to have a chaperon," resumed Mary. "I signalled Margaret from the Peak of the Buffalo Trails. She will be here—within—an hour or two. Flash has taken to loitering, I fear."

"Yes, we know what a sleepy nag Flash can be when Margaret has so made up her mind."

"You speak as though there is a little plot on foot."

"Rather on four feet, Mary."

Catching his eye Mary laughed.

"But there is another reason?" was his serious question. "Are you in trouble, Mary?"

"No," was her reply. "I am deeply interested in some one other than Mr. Pullar, Jr. And also in a number of things—the Red Knight, for example. Why have you not come over to the school sometimes with your father?"

He looked into her eyes with a frankness that satisfied her. She nodded comprehendingly.

"You did right," said she gently. "We agree that it was best. But I have wanted to consult you about the Red Knight. I think it is such a big, wonderful thing, and it means so much to your father. Do you——"

Further speech was suddenly interrupted by a commotion in the woods. Bobs gave a vigorous whinny to which Darkey responded in a half-frightened way while both horses moved restively about their trees, nostrils distended and ears pricked forward.

"What can be troubling the horses?" said Mary looking about.

A careful scrutiny of the trees and underbrush failed to discover anything unusual.

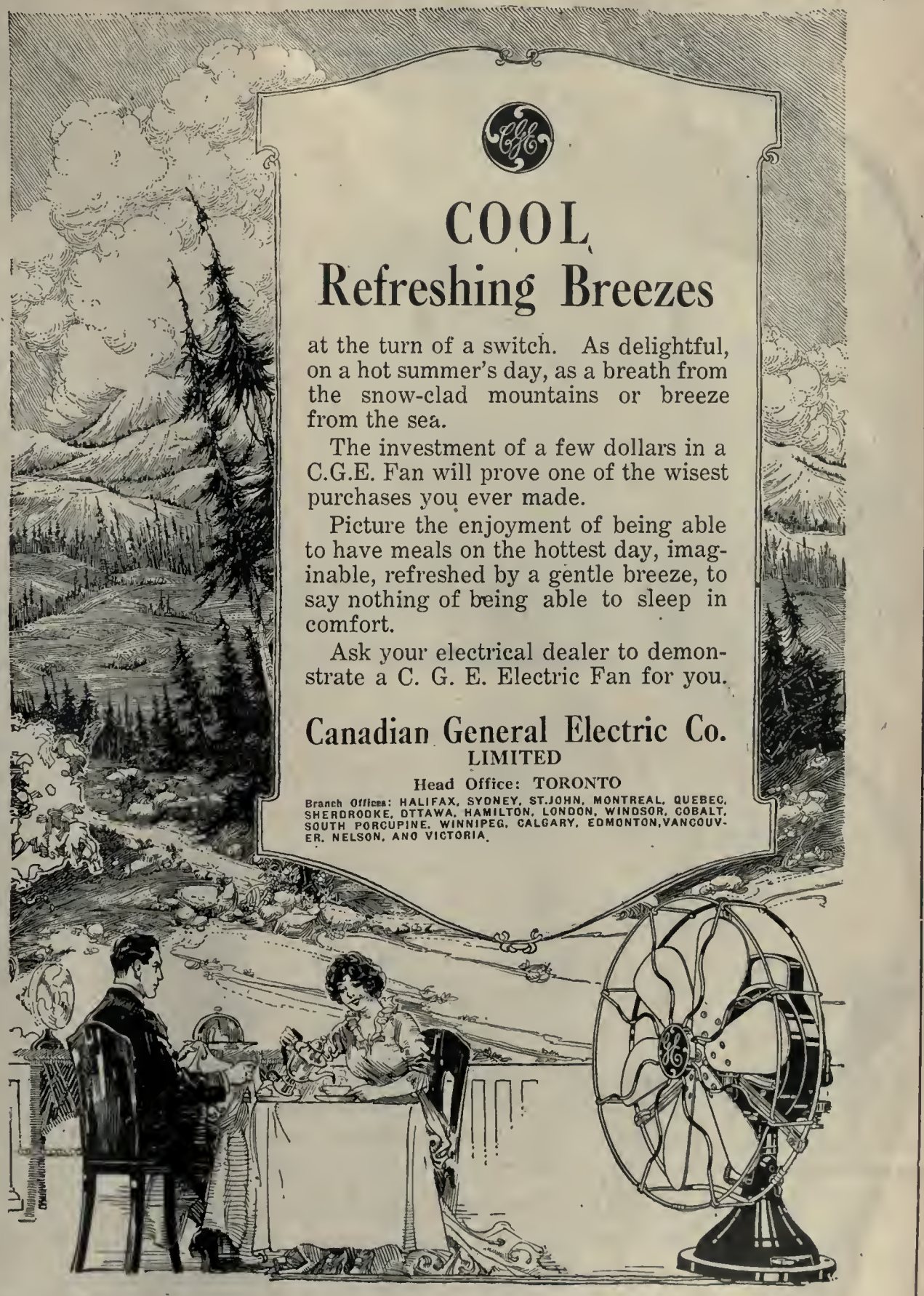
"Probably a fox or a wolf," surmised Ned. "The brute was bold to come so near. The horses have become aware of some marauder."

They let it go at that, little thinking that the horses had a surprising reason for their unrest. For five minutes past a shadow had been slipping through the dense growth running toward the lake and had chanced a flit of a half dozen yards in the open to a clump of willows within a rod of the log on which they sat. Screened in the low trees lurked the crouching figure of Reddy Sykes. It was a fox, indeed, a human fox that had agitated Bobs and his companion. The face of the agent was uncouth in its strange determination and jealousy. Waiting until quiet was restored he parted the leaves and took a glance at the objects of his bold espionage. At sight of the lovers his face went white and a wave of passion swept over him. As Mary resumed the conversation he listened with an eagerness wild and intense.

"I was saying," said Mary, "that the Red Knight has a powerful interest for your father."

"I am sure you discovered that easily," returned Ned.

"Yes. It is dear to him as life it-

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self. No mother could lavish more fondness upon her babe than your father does upon this marvellous new wheat."

"And because it means so much to Dad," said Ned gently, "it means even more to me. Yet I, too, am foolish over the Red Knight. I wonder can any one understand how it is that the roots of this plant go back so deep into the lives of Dad and me? It has grown out of the hard, glorious years. It is the one living thing linking our dear dead to us. Mary! It is my little mother's forget-me-not. The tenderest sentiment gathers about the Red Knight."

Mary laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Ned," she said, looking at him with the shine of dew in her eyes, "you will always foster this dear foolishness, will you not?"

Drawing her to him he kissed lips and cheeks and hair.

"I know you will," was her glad cry.

"But there is the other side," said Ned in a little. "The Red Knight is as astonishing a discovery for the good of the world as was steam in its application to transportation and industry. This is how Dad views it. Like the discovery of a new element it should be retained for the common human good. If controlled by the commercial interests and monopolists it will be lost. The Red Knight needs the care of the keenest and surest cultural science as well as the protection of a wise government. This new variety of wheat is very precious now or will be when the great experts have repeated the tests put through by Dad and myself. By spring, should our own experiments satisfy the competent judges, every bushel of Red Knight would be worth one hundred dollars. Forty thousand dollars! It sounds fabulous to farmers who have spent a lifetime in the fight to catch their feet. Dad, however, will not sell it in that way. He intends to distribute his unique seed in such a way as to insure its preservation and reproduction. Each bushel will go to a source that meets with his entire approval. Some will pay the hundred dollars per bushel, not that a monopolist's price may be realized but that the recipient may be impressed with the rare pricelessness of the Red Knight. Others will pay but a pittance. The great national farms will not be overlooked. It is Dad's purpose that when harvest rolls round again there will be from thirty to forty thousand bushels of Red Knight in the hands of the National Government and a corps of splendid farmers. They will agree to keep Red Knight pure and further improve his singular qualities by faithful selection and experiments."

As Ned finished speaking a deep silence fell on them, broken at length by Mary.

"That four hundred bushels of Red Knight is precious in many ways, Ned," said she. "You have taken precaution to protect it from harm?"

"We are doing our best to avoid misfortune. We have broken the bin up into three. There are two hundred bushels in the house; we have one hundred in the big granary and the balance is isolated in one of our galvanized-iron, portable bins set in the centre of a large ploughed field. This should provide for the preservation of the Red Knight."

They had fully discussed the scheme of launching the astounding fact of the discovered variety when Margaret Grant dashed into the glade with a shout and a clatter of hoofs.

"Greetings, kind friends!" she announced with a swagger. "Permit Flash, four-footed gentleman of the highroad, to join your sweet company with Gooseberry up."

"To horse!" cried Ned, catching the conceit of the girl. "To horse! We ride with the gallant Goose!"

"The very thing!" laughed Mary.

Riding close Margaret struck vengefully. But Ned dodged and assisting Mary into the saddle swung up on Darkey and the laughing cavalcade rode out of the glade.

From his covert Reddy Sykes saw them depart. Waiting until he was sure they were safely away he returned to his horse and mounting rode hastily back to Pellawa.

## XII.

## ANYTHING IS FAIR IN LOVE.

THE TROOP of three were retracing the course followed by Ned in his ride to the Glade. Trotting along the wet sand at the water's edge they had rounded the Pellawa end of the lake and were hugging the north shore, riding into the west at a spanking gait when Ned suddenly pulled Darkey and pointed up the sheer hill. A black speck was moving along the summit far above.

"Margaret! Behold!" was Ned's laughing shout.

The girls reined in abruptly and followed his hand.

"It is Andy!" cried Mary gaily. "I see where we lose our Gooseberry, promptly and automatically."

As she uttered the words a shout floated down from the silhouette above and the rider sent his mount over the bank. The brave brute took the precipice with a sure nonchalance, sliding on all fours or "sitting" the perpendicular slides with swift and perilous drop.

"Lucifer hits the toboggan!" cried Ned.

"The magnificent dare-devils!" exclaimed Mary, thrilled by the sight. In a moment it was over and Andy closed in upon them at a smart trot, reining his horse on his heels but a length before them.

"A mighty fine slide!" applauded Ned.

"Margaret can't peep," teased Mary "Her heart's in her mouth."

Margaret acknowledged the newcomer with a sedate bow. Her voice was severely accusing as she said:

"Why do you find it necessary to skid that horrible hill on poor Night?"

"Just dropping into good company, Margaret," was the bright reply. "Night likes it."

"Very well! You are welcome to—the skidding," was the demure impertinence.

She returned from him to glance over the lake. Had Andy caught her eyes he would have seen deep down in their dark depths a gleam of exquisite pleasure. Good riding and daring at that, could not fail to delight Margaret, and of this the wily Andy was well aware. A moment later he was enjoying her gay sallies as they rode side by side.

The four riders advanced abreast with the girls in the centre, the sound of their voices mingling with the champing of bits and the restless tramping of prancing hoofs. Suddenly, to their right, a gully opened up, winding its way into the hills. Andy caught Ned's eye flashing him some significant message. Ned instantly realized his intention and seizing Bobs' bridle turned abruptly into the gully. In the meantime Andy had adroitly directed Margaret's attention to a big loon basking in the water near the shore. They were well past the gully before she discovered that two of the party were missing. She halted Flash and looked blankly at Andy. With remarkable address he simulated her expression. She searched his nonplussed features critically, passing their fluctuations through her mental sieve.

"Two is company!" ejaculated Andy, shrugging his shoulders and looking back upon the empty trail.

"And three a crowd!" supplemented Margaret.

"And four a multitude!" completed Andy, a tone of satisfaction betraying him.

Margaret tipped her head a trifle haughtily and looked thoughtfully out over the lake.

"We have good company here, at any rate," ventured Andy.

Again Margaret gave him that searching glance. For a moment she studied him, then the glimmers of a whimsical mischief shone in her eyes and throwing back her head she laughed merrily.

"What transparent creatures you men are!" was her naive remark. "Obvious-

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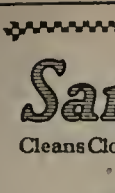
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ly you and Ned arranged this sudden and innocent happening."

"How do you know?" challenged Andy boldly.

"How very like a man!" she cried, laughing quietly. "There you go confessing it. How do I know? Simply because Mary and I did not arrange it It just happened. And Mary. I wonder. Was Mary kidnapped or is she an accomplice deep-dyed in guilt? Never mind. There's a loon on the water and two more on the shore. We'll go ahead to the Big Stone and wait for them."

So came Andy's opportunity, effected by his masterly strategy and the conniving Ned.

Their horses secured, they took seats in comfortable niches of the great stones and let their gaze sweep over the lake. A steady breeze fanned their faces and the water lapped musically about the base of the rock. It set Margaret musing.

"Do you hear it, Andy?" she cried. "I could stay here forever and dream of the sea. The sea is in my blood and —my heart—always in my heart. I have but to shut my eyes and I am a wild, free Norse-girl tossing on the deep, or—a bold pirate."

"Pirate is better," said Andy with a grin. "You are always stealing something from me—secrets and other things. These dead Norse maidens appear to better advantage these days among the zoological collections of infamous old bones in famous old museums."

Margaret looked up severe and shocked.

"Thank you!" said she with dignity. "You have an affectionate regard for my ancient ancestors."

"None whatever!" retorted Andy. "Not a little bit. They are animals of another and stonier age. Give me a nice living girl with plenty of breath in her body and a soft heart—one with a laugh in her eyes and her soul, who can loll comfortably on a rock and revel dreamily in sheer languor and laziness; a girl for instance like Margaret Grant."

"You don't like me when I'm poetic—rapt."

"Don't I? How like a woman! You want me to confess that I am mad about you. But I will not, for I am not—not the very slightest."

Margaret glanced up curiously, a smile playing about her lips.

"The fact is, Margaret," continued Andy, "I do like you—just you, in any mood, at any time and on any condition. It is not a foolish, mad regard; just a cool, composed, deliberate but fatal, tremendously fatal affection."

"Why fatal, Andy? I don't like the word."

'Take a look at me. Can you not see doom written all over me?"

Margaret looked. Their eyes met. She smiled whimsically.

"You look for all the world like a Norseman ready for Valhalla. But you are a very live and hopeful and preposterous Yellow-hair. In what way am I connected with this horrible doom?"

"You are the wild Norse girl that has demented your Norseman."

"Then you are mad after all?"

Again their eyes met. A unique confusion lay behind the light in the man's; something inscrutable behind the humorous banter in the girl's. Yet it was a happy unembarrassed moment. Andy seized it.

"Margaret," he said, rising and stepping toward her. "You guessed my artifice all right. I alone am to blame for sending Ned and Mary up the gully. There was no plot, only on my part. I decided that we must come to a clear understanding. Lately I have had hours of anxious reflection. I wanted to see you alone to-day. Do you think you love me, Margaret?"

The girl turned frank, open eyes upon him, all levity gone. There was something looking out of his eyes that made her tremble. A deep seriousness stole over her face. Slowly, she averted her gaze, looking out into the lake. For a long time she was silent. Then she said gently:

"I love no one else, Andy. But—I—I cannot answer your question. I




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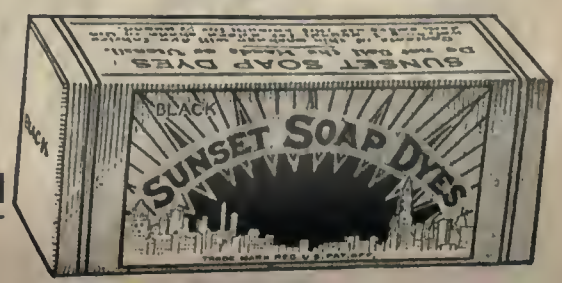
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Ottawa, February, 1921.


know you love me. I am not sure that I love you. Do I love you? I—I cannot say. Perhaps I do. I have always thought I did. It may be true. It may all have come about in a way so gradual, so natural, so ordinary that I am confused. I cannot answer you—now. I do not know. Something will help us."

Looking up she met his eyes. They were full of trouble. A wave of compunction swept over her. Holding out her hands she leaned toward him.

"Come," she said simply, "you may kiss me, Andy. I love your kisses."

"How I would like to," was his quiet return as he fought the temptation. "But I cannot. It would not be right. You have a tender heart, Margaret. I love you ever so much more in the last few moments. I shall wait for the right to kiss you. Perhaps it will come."

The girl looked up surprised, a faint flush dyeing her face. Their attachment had obtained for years and since the engagement two years before they had enjoyed the sweet amenities of true lovers. A pang smote her as she realized that he was right.

Upon riding back they discovered the delinquent couple enjoying the shade of a giant oak just beyond the entrance to the gulley. Joining forces the troop rode homeward.

## XIII.

### THE RED KNIGHT SCORES

THE air was full of the merry laughter of children. It was the hour of noon and Mary McClure was busy placing some afternoon work upon the blackboard. A sound on the porch caused her to hold her flying hand. In a little there was a rap at the door and a giant form stepped in.

"Good-day, lassie," said the deep voice of Ed. Pullar.

"Well, Mr. Pullar!" was the girl's cordial greeting as she turned toward him. "How glad I am to see you. Have you news of the Red Knight?"

The venerable face was wreathed in smiles. The happiness boded good tidings.

Bowing with cavalier grace he replied:

"Here is the communication. I want you to read it, lassie."

Stepping lightly to him she took the sheet and pored over it swiftly. Its contents were of extreme interest to her. It ran:

Dear Sir:

Doubtless you have received my letter acknowledging the safe arrival of your packages of Red Knight. The tests are proceeding apace and already we are able to report results that may be of far-reaching import to the grain growers of the world. They will assuredly be gratifying to you.

Your samples have been subjected to an exhausting series of milling tests, disclosing the presence in Red Knight of astonishing milling properties.

Also, we have studied carefully your very complete history of the discovery and isolation of the new variety and find that throughout the germination tests up to the present stage, our observations have resulted in a remarkable parallel of your own accord.

On the afternoon of the nineteenth we are holding a Staff Conference to consult on the phases of Red Knight, referred to above, with a view to consider the speeding up of test operations. The imminency of the ensuing seed-time demands this if we are to launch comprehensive field tests in all our national farms.

At the close of the Conference an informal luncheon will be tendered to the discoverers of the Red Knight. We request the presence of yourself and your son as the honourable guests of the occasion.

I have the honour to be, sir,
Your obedient servant,
John T. C. Norrgrene,
Minister of Agriculture.

As she finished Mary clasped the letter to her breast, lost in a moment's pensiveness. Then she lifted to the earnest face above her eyes aglow with a brimming pleasure.

"You will go, Mr. Pullar!" she cried delightedly. "You will go, of course, both you and Ned."

"Yes, I will go," was the quiet reply. "I have no desire now to tramp abroad but I am going to do whatever I can to help these great men discover the true character of the Red Knight. Ned is coming with me. Dad Blackford will take care of the farm. It is a great moment for Ned and me."

The gray head lifted with a perceptible pride.

"Mr. Pullar!" she cried, stepping nearer to him. "Do I look pleased?"

He read the girl's face.

"Aye! It is so. lassie. 'Tis the bonny bit you have been with your bright, loyal heart."

"I am more than pleased," returned Mary. "I am elated. It means that your, big noble plans will be realized. There can be no hitch now. The Red Knight is doing splendid work alone, but when you and Ned join forces with him you will be irresistible. I see glorious times ahead."

The old man looked deep into the eyes bright with the magic of a great hope.

"Bonny Mary!" said he gently. "Bonny Mary!—that is what I have called you in my secret mind.—You have been a right wonderful blessing to me for you—you will believe in me. And your beauty and tenderness they have been recalling the past these happy hours in the wee school-house. I cannot thank you——"

"Hush, Mr. Pullar!" was her gentle interruption. "You cannot thank people for their—their regard, for their—love. You—you just do it too. You love them back. Do you not?"

The naive, girlish innocence touched him. Placing a great hand gently on her head he stooped down and brushed her brow ever so lightly with his lips.

"God bless you, lassie!" was the reverent benediction.

She watched him go out, his face beautiful with a new light.

On the edge of the clearing he halted and looked back to the school.

"Aye! God bless you, lassie!" was his whisper. "May He keep the light o' laughter always in your bonny eyes! Always!"

The proud form that vanished into the trees was not unlike the strong young Apollo who wooed the dainty Kitty Belaire. Old Ed. Pullar was putting up a fight, the stress of which was known to only two. Ned realized it by the insight of his great affection; and Mary by the tender intuition of her woman's heart.

## XIV

### BEHIND THE GREEN BAIZE DOOR.

IT WAS December, but the balm of the bright days belied the season. The fall had elongated into a second springhood and save for a crispness in the evening air it might have been April. Then, with the sudden vagary of prairie weather, came a change. It was three days after the reception of the invitation to the luncheon. The morning opened up with the mellow warmth of Indian summer. Ned Pullar and his father carried their light overcoats upon their arms as they boarded the seven-thirty for the long ride to the City. An hour later a chill breath swept down from the north and winter was on. Before their journey was half completed the yellow and black landscape had given place to a truly December white.

Winter assumed the reins of power by the grand inaugural of a considerable blizzard. The wind was not as riotous and gusty as in the dreaded storm but steady and cold, snowing heavily and driving a close, surface blow. Night drew down the curtain with the temperature slightly lower, the breeze unabated in its mild steadiness and the snow falling in a thickening sheet. With the stars blanketed by heavy clouds and the moon stark dead the night was black. The white covering of snow made little difference to the impenetrable pall.

Pellawa was unusually quiet though a few hardy pedestrians braved the deepening drifts. Louie Swale's joint, however, boasted a small and interesting crowd. About the bar were some familiar faces, Snoopy Bill Baird, Nick Ford and other members of McClure's

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Gang. The Green Baize Door was shut. Two men occupied the privacy of the "Square Room," sitting on opposite sides of the table, each with his amber-hued flask. Rob McClure was plainly on the defensive, withstanding some daring proposition being urged by Reddy Sykes. Their frequent swigs were beginning to undermine McClure's scepticism.

"You think this Red Knight wheat, as you call it, is no hoax," said Rob.

"It's the real goods," averred Sykes positively. "Pullar has tested it for years and the experts in the University have pronounced it O. K. That is why Ned and the old man are toting into the City. It is good enough to be valued by Ned at one hundred dollars a bushel. They tell me John T. C. Norrgrene is interested in this thing himself. This wheat is due to cause a sensation with the result that Ned Pullar's stock goes up higher in the community as well as somewhere else. Ned Pullar's a mighty clever gink and I have a hunch that he has nothing on his old man. They've hit it lucky. The Red Knight is a gold mine to them."

McClure scowled.

"Grant that there's anything in it, how do you propose to get hold of the wheat? Four hundred bushels is a big thing to lift."

"Easy when you go about it right. I've got it whittled to a hair trigger. Touch it and away she comes. You want to clap your claws on Pullar. Here is your chance to sink 'em deep. That four hundred bushels of Red Knight means more to old Ed. Pullar than his farm, stock and the whole works. He's doting on it. That makes it mean still more to Ned. Here is your chance to hand Pullar and Son a dizzy one."

Sykes paused a moment while he took a long drink. McClure pondered the proposition with a face that grew craftier the longer he simmered. His cogitations were suspended suddenly, however, by an innovation in the features of his companion. The pull of liquor had provoked immediate result, altering Sykes' countenance and causing a sudden expansion of his confidence. With his face overspread by a secretive leer he leaned closer and whispered:

"I haven't let it loose before, Rob, but I have a red-hot grudge against your friend Pullar. That party has cut into my trail three or four times in as many years. We've locked horns before but the breaks went to him. His luck takes a sag to-night. There are three ways we can beat him up. We can get him through the old man in the way we've been figuring. This would cripple him for fair, but we've got to wait for our chance. It will come. The next best bet is a raid on the Red Knight. This thing is bigger than you are reckoning. Relieve him of this bunch of seed wheat and what have we done? We take forty thousand dollars out of his pocket and smother the one big howl of the old man's life. I am for putting over this surprise right off the bat."

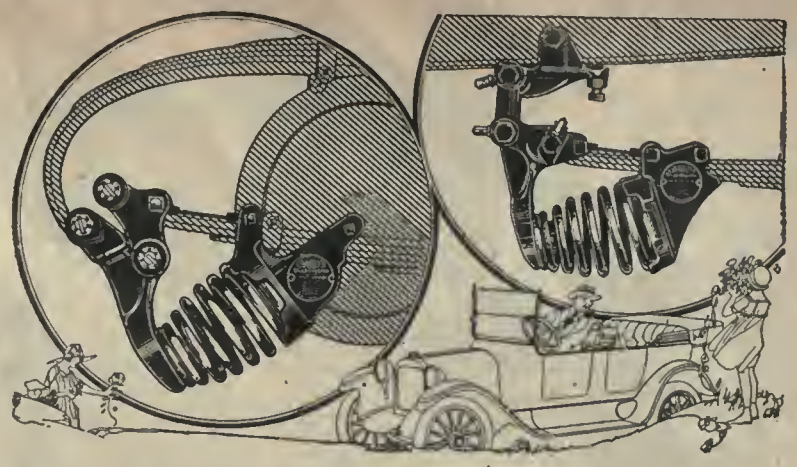
He paused. McClure waited patiently.

"Go on," said Rob. "Give us your third bullet. It may do the trick alone. What is it?"

At the query Sykes' face changed in a manner that surprised even his hardened colleague. The unscrupulous plotter became a fiend repulsively malicious. From his eyes shot a jealous malignity, while upon every muscle of his face outcropped the pure depravity of hate. The mask had inadvertently slipped. Instinctively Sykes caught himself and replaced it. As McClure continued to search his face he realized that his companion was wearing his usual inscrutable smile. He could scarcely believe that the fiendish thing had disclosed itself.

"Never mind number three," said Sykes. "This is not a good time to consider it. It will be useful later."

McClure looked at him askance. The fellow possessed a knowledge that baffled him. A vague uneasiness crept into his mind, a premonition warning him of the man. Sykes realized that he had jeopardized matters not a little and exercised all his congenial graces to destroy the effect on the mind of his companion. He turned adroitly to levity and the flask and very soon they

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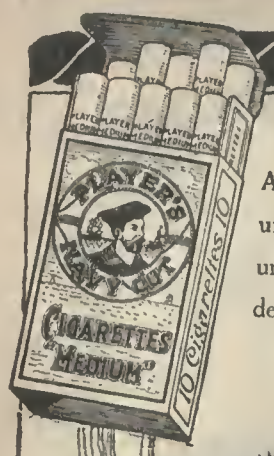


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were on the old footing of boon companionship.

"We must get hold of the Red Knight," said McClure, swinging suddenly in line under the spell of the odorous whiskey. "And the sooner, the better."

"To-night!" announced Sykes with a fierce shutting of his jaws.

McClure looked surprised.

"It's blowing a blizzard," was his objection. "And it's a good ten mile run."

"The kind of night I should select to kill a man," returned the other. "I could slip up to him out of the storm, pass him out and drop into the blizzard again. The snow would obligingly cover all trails. It is now eight o'clock. Bill Baird and his men are ready, six teams all told. They will pull the little raid at twelve. Each man will have a sleigh with double box and no bells. They will slip up the Valley along Pullar's hay trail to his barnyard, coming in from the field instead of road. The wheat is all located—two hundred bushels in the house, a hundred in the granary and the balance in a portable bin in the southeast quarter."

"But Blackford is at the house. He'll put up a scrap. You can't pull Dad's leg. He'll make a mess of it."

"We've arranged to put the old bloke away while the fun is on and it won't need any rough work. Leave Blackford to me."

"But they'll drop on us instantly without a clue. They'll search my farm and the elevators and every building in Pellawa."

Sykes threw back his head in glee.

"You're late coming into the game, Rob. That's the trouble!" And he poked the other playfully on the chest. "We are not bringing the wheat in here. Oh, no. There is Old Hunt's, the Squatter's shack. It is water tight and drift tight and has not been used since the old geezer kicked out two years ago. The boys will drop the stuff there and we can market it by degrees through the winter. We'll hush up the detective stunt with an alibi, an alibi that will cover the honour of eight good men. Here's the how. The gang's with Louie now. When we are ready they come in here for an all-night deal. Louie and the crowd see them enter. We let them out quietly through the rear into the dark. They sneak through the snow and do the job and turn up here in the wee sma' hours. Louie will not disturb the Square Room. But he can swear that we held it for the night. We'll make it worth his while. There you are. But the alibi will not be needed at all. The blizzard will blind the trail and pad the whole event. This storm will cover over any tracks in ten minutes. It is getting late and the men are waiting."

Sykes paused significantly.

"Call them in," said McClure, rubbing his hands in glee. "You are a wonder, Red! We'll send them on the smart hike."

The Green Baize Door opened and closed a few minutes later on the full gang of plotters . After being put through a detailed rehearsal of Sykes' plan they drank a copious draft to the success of the adventure.

"This will be a come-back on that blankety Hallowe'en foul," said Snoopy Bill with an avenging grin. "We'll proceed to tap Pullar a little for his fun."

The remark was followed by a chorus of curses that revealed the rankle of revenge. This motive was the sleeping thing Sykes had roused in his playing of the gang.

"You'll reach Pullar's farm around twelve," concluded Sykes. "A half-hour should see you loaded for the haul to Hunt's. You'll be back here by four. Come in quietly."

Thus adjured, Snoopy Bill and his men, stealing out through the rear, vanished into the darkness and set off on their expedition.

## XV

## ONE BLACK NIGHT

DAD BLACKFORD was late in doing up the chores, for the snow had presented him with some unforeseen problems, hampering greatly the bedding and


## Jim Henry's Column

# Poor Man



Why must a man always get the short end? The family goes to the country and he stews in the city. The kids must have party shoes and he gets his half-soled. The boy goes to college and he goes to his banker.

When we invented Talcum forty odd years ago, why did we have to call it a baby powder? If we had only realized that a man's hide is just as sensitive and irritable as a baby's, we could have sold it for general family use, and generations of men wouldn't have been deprived of skin happiness.

For, of course, a big he-man would be ashamed to sprinkle baby powder all over himself after his bath, even though he knew it would prevent chafing, keep his clothes from sticking to and rubbing his skin and make him feel cool and snappy all day.

You see Talcum is simply what is called a dry or mechanical lubricant —sort of a protective film.

Just to demonstrate this scientific fact and with no idea of adopting so babyish a habit, why not borrow the kid's can of Mennen Borated Talcum, lock the bathroom door and take a talcum shower?

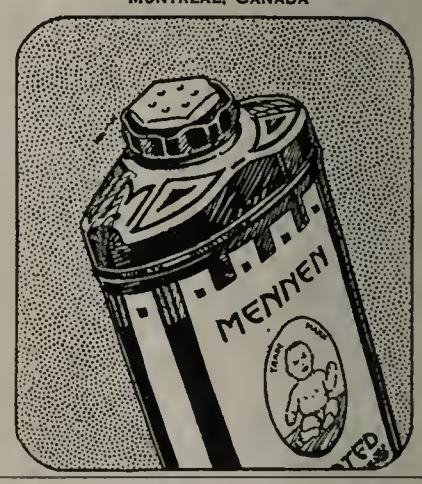
No one will ever know, and you'll enjoy at least one day without an itch.

Of course, a lot of men use Mennen Talcum for Men after shaving, because it doesn't show like a white powder, but Mennen Borated is the kind to use on the body.

263 Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

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feeding. Not until everything was snug from the storm did he begin to indulge in his evening solace. While dreaming amid the blue circles of smoke there came to him Ned's admonition about the Red Knight. It was his last word.

"See that no harm comes to the Red Knight, Dad," was Ned's laughing caution. "It is the one thing on the farm that Dad would not part with."

"Ah!" said the old man with sudden decision, "I maun take a turn hout to the barn. The snow moight 'arm the bonny corn."

Lighting his lantern he went out and was gratified to find that the grain was snugly secure. When he came in he went to his room where lay the two hundred bushels. Opening the door he flashed his lantern about. Here, too, all was weather-tight. At sight of the pile of wonderful wheat he exclaimed in admiration. Picking up a handful he held it close to the light.

"'Ee's wealthy-loike!" said the old man, caressing the plump brown grains with his fingers. "Ee's the fat corn und 'evvy! The old un'll make a pile on un."

Shutting the door he returned to his pipe and dreamed of visions of riches in store for Ned and his father, his innocent old face glowing with pleasure at the contemplation of their good fortune. Rising at length he went to the door, took a long look out into the black night, then shut it carefully and retired to his bed.

It was nearing the hour of midnight when he was aroused from sleep by a thumping upon the door. Rising he threw up the sash and looked down.

"Hello! Is that Mr. Blackford?" called an anxious voice.

"Hit be," was the succinct response.

"I am from Jake McCarragh's. One of his mares is down and he wants you to come over and give us a hand."

"Ah! 'Ee's a 'orse sick. Ah'll coome along," was the response.

"I'm on the hike," said the voice below "I'll foot it back on the double quick and help Jake. You hurry after as fast as you can."

The case was evidently urgent.

"Hal roight, go a'ead. Ah'll be along," replied the old man, hastening to dress.

In a short time he was ready and stepped out into the storm, trudging down the lane and off into the north with the blizzard in his face. He did not hear the muffled beat of galloping hoofs as he emerged into the road-allowance.

As we have mentioned before, there were pedestrians about the drifted streets of Pellawa. One of these venturesome wanderers was the little French bagger of the Valley Outfit, Jean Benoit. He had come to Pellawa in the morning and untoward obstructions had kept him from setting out on his return home. He was still "hung up" and was plunging impatiently through the drifts with determination to make a swift wind up of business when he heard a voice down the lane to his right.

"You are sure Pullar's away?" came clearly through the storm.

"Went in on the morning train with the old man," replied another voice.

Jean halted. The mention of Pullar had awakened his curiosity.

"I'd hate to run into the Valley boss. He's a bang-up hitter."

"No danger. We're squaring with Pullar to-night. He'll never know who pinched his wheat."

At this point a mutual laugh came through the darkness.

"You meet me with the others at Morrison's bluff. That's the line, eh?"

"Righto! We'll slip into Pullar's yard about twelve. So long."

There was no more. The men had passed on. Jean lingered. He had not caught the full significance of the brief dialogue, for he could not hear every word and the English troubled him in places. He pieced enough together, however, to conclude that some foul work was meditated against Ned. He held his counsel and rushed through preparations for departure. As he took the South Cut in his descent into the Valley he saw a light in the Grant home. So agitated had he become in his review of the incident in the village that he decided to lay the matter before Charles Grant.

The farmer was in bed, but at his knock a light step tripped down the stairs and Margaret opened the door. She invited him in. Grant was promptly aroused and evidenced serious perturbation at Jean's story.

"I am afraid there is some devilment afoot," was his comment. "You say there may be a big gang at work?"

"Wan, two, tree, four! Mebbe other! I do not know. I tink many."

"Can it be an attempt to steal Mr. Pullar's new wheat?" ventured Margaret. "Mary has been telling me much about it. I saw her to-day. Ned and his father have gone into the City at the call of John T. C. Norrgrene."

"It may be that, lass," agreed her father. "Jean's tale points that way."

"They are after the Red Knight!" said Margaret with intuitive conviction. "It is a terrible night. What can poor old Dad Blackford do against a gang of daring thieves?"

"We'll take a hand in it ourselves," said Grant grimly. "Jean, you take the south trail and let Easy Murphy know. I'll dress and pick up Lawrie and——"

"I'll saddle Flash, Dad," interrupted Margaret. "I'm all ready. I can ride over and let Andy know."

Grant looked at the girl a second, considering.

"Very well, lass! Do it," said her father with a smile. "Ye're good for it and there is not any time to waste. Be careful, for the night is dark."

Before her father had reached the stable Margaret was in the saddle and away.

Andy was easily aroused and in an incredibly short time was astride Night.

"You ride back home," directed he to Margaret. "I'll push Night through. It is half-past eleven and we have four miles to run. I may be in time to scare them off. Your Dad and the others will be right on my heels."

With a farewell shout he plunged into the storm. The sound of Night's speeding hoofs smote her ears then died away. Reluctantly she turned Flash for home and trotted off. They had proceeded but a few rods when she reined him in and halted abruptly, loitering irresolute.

"Come, Flash! About!" was her sudden command. "We'll be in it, too."

Wheeling her mount she sent him at a gallop after Night and his rider.

(To be Continued)

# Gouin, the Sagacious

*Continued from page 10*

of a separative Quebec; glad when he could find time to motor grandly and amiably out among the villages and be greeted as *le grand seigneur* of politics even when he lacked the grand manners of the patrician.

At any conference of premiers in Ottawa he held himself somewhat aloof studying the lot, respecting them all, cordial with all, anxious to do all that constitutionally in him lay to further co-ordination.

But Gouin always sagaciously knew that there was no premier in the pack who already had so much and so little to ask from federalism as he. His was the pivotal province of Confederation, the grand compromise of Old Macdonald with Cartier; the basic 65 members of Parliament, unchangeable except by ripping up the B.N.A. Act, an instrument of Empire. He could wink the other eye and reflect that from the political concessions of the Act in official bilingualism and a fixed representation, in the outlet of the St. Lawrence, in the possession of the historic city, in the control of ocean navigation,




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8 1-21

# Beautiful Actress Attributes Her Wonderful Success to Her Famous Complexion

## Tells How You Also May Have One




New York—When Miss Dorothy Dalton, the beautiful actress who was selected for the leading role in that mammoth New York production, "Aphrodite," was questioned as to the secret of her phenomenal success, she unhesitatingly said, "My complexion." When asked further details she explained: "Every one of my friends always raved about the texture and coloring of my skin, and I have no doubt but that my first engagement was made possible through the reputation I had acquired for a beautiful complexion. Managers are like ordinary mortals, they admire a beautiful skin as much as anyone, and in selecting their casts they naturally prefer those whose complexions are attractive. I think the best asset any girl or woman can have is a beautiful skin and complexion. It is easy to have this if one will spend only a little time in taking care of the skin. A girl may have irregular features, but if she possesses a beautiful complexion she will attract attention anywhere. I am always glad to tell any girl or woman just how she may possess a skin like mine. Here is the recipe: Night and morning cleanse the skin first with warm water, then apply a good cold cream (Liska cold cream I have found to be the best) after massaging it into the skin take off the superfluous cream with a soft cloth. Then before going out during the day or evening I apply Derwillo, a simple toiet preparation which can be purchased at the toilet counter of any up-to-date drug or department store. The first application of this wonderful Derwillo will astonish you. It imparts instant beauty to the skin and makes a rosy-white complexion—every one will talk about it. I find it excellent for my complexion as it protects my skin in all kinds of weather. Thats why I prefer it to all other toilet preparations and am never without it. Now that short sleeves are in vogue you will want beautiful hands and arms. There is nothing like Derwillo for this purpose. Many of my professional friends to whom I have recommended Derwillo use it in preference to all other face powders or beautifiers." Just try it once before going to the theatre, dances, parties or an afternoon call and note the favorable comments of your friends. Derwillo instantly puts a life-like tint on your cheeks which defies detection. It takes the place of face powder and stays on until you wash it off. Perspiration does not affect it nor will it rub off on clothing; it also prevents the nose and face from shining. It's wonderful for a dark, sallow, rough skin, blackheads, coarse pores, oily skin, freckles, tan and for the instant beauty it imparts. Over 500,000 girls and women are using it. It's absolutely harmless to the most sensitive skin. Just try it once and you will need no further argument to convince you that there is nothing "just as good," "better," or "just like it." Insist on Derwillo, then you will not be disappointed.

NOTE—Druggists and department stores everywhere sell Derwillo with the guarantee that if you don't like it you get your money back. It is the one beautifier that gives satisfaction at all seasons of the year. You can secure it at all toilet counters.


in a solid clergy, in fundamental virtues of thrift and an established peasantry—he and his had more than any of the others could ever ask.

So after all the rumors as to what he would do with himself when retiring from politics, at last Sir Lomer packed his kit bag and went stoutly up to Montreal, to be managing editor of a great French-Canadian daily newspaper.

"Ah!" he said eloquently, with a fine twinkle of his eyes to the interviewer at Quebec, "you have not seen our province? Then you must come down again, when I am not busy, and let me take you to see—all we have down there!"

## At Owner's Risk

*Continued from page 13*

and balancing the whole ungainly load with outstretched arms on his shoulders and head, started upward at top speed.

Just as he hit the steps he heard a voice behind him—a voice that fell upon his ears in harmonious accord with its sylvan surroundings. It was soft and low and bell-like, and it was obviously addressing him.

"Aren't you—aren't you attempting a bit too much?"

G. Cadawalder was indeed. No one knew that lamentable fact better than he. He stopped dead still, halted in his tracks by the compelling music of that nymph-like voice. Unhappily the bed kept on, catapulting over his head and landing bottom upward on the path just in time to receive G. Cadawalder in its exact centre.

"Do you always — er — dismount as neatly as that?"

It was not a nymph upon whom G. Cadawalder's astounded eyes gazed. A slim, khaki-clothed deity of the woods, rather, with trim boots and a rakish little hat. Brown hair, brown eyes that smiled a rakish smile that could not offend, brown lustrous skin through which glowed delicate sun-kissed tints.

G. Cadawalder sprang to his feet.

"Awfully clumsy brute!" he murmured. "Sorry to make such a mess of things. Bit of a climb. Is it much farther?"

"The cabin? Two hundred and sixteen steps straight up."

G. Cadawalder groaned.

"Is it really necessary to carry that awful bed up there? Why don't you get someone to help you? Are you going to Kayeff?" The questions fell imperiously from the lips of the slim goddess into the dark pool of G. Cadawalder's perplexity, and as inevitably as the ripples following thereafter came his replies.

"Yes. I—I—can't very well." How empty and idiotic his explanation sounded! "You see, it's a kind of quest."

"A quest? Why do you have to carry the absurd thing, then?"

"That's part of it. You see I set out——"

"You shouldn't start anything you can't finish!"

"Oh, but I can finish it! Watch me."

G. CADAWALDER made a preliminary movement toward the bed.

"Don't, please! I saw you once. You looked like——"

"Go on!" pleaded G. Cadawalder ruefully. "I know it. I looked like a peddler with a bale of hay for a pack!"

The brown goddess shook her head, laughing.

"No, you looked—— Did you ever see a tiny little ant struggling along with a grasshopper on his back? That's the way you looked, only more so!"

"Thanks! And I feel just the way that ant would feel if a butterfly should trip him up and begin to call him names!"

"I didn't! Besides I'm not and——"

"Neither am I!"

"Well, we're quits anyhow. Still I don't see why you're taking the bed up those steps."

"It belongs to Miss Pomeroy."




**KEYS CAN'T BUNCH OR WEAR POCKET**

CARRY your keys in this neat BUXTON KEYTAINER and prevent bunching of keys and wearing of pocket.
TWO keys may be carried on each hook. Makes keys easy to find even in the dark. KEYTAINER holds naturally in palm of hand when turning key in lock.
CARRY one yourself and present as gifts for birthdays, etc. 9 different leathers; 4, 6 & 8 hook models. Prices from 40c to $4.00. Sold only by dealers. Look for the Buxton carton. If you can't find one, write us.
Dealers: Write for particulars on this money maker: special proposition with self-selling display case. Address Canadian Agents.
BUXTON INC., formerly L. A. W. Novelty Co., Dept. W., Springfield, Mass.
Western Canada Agents. Winnipeg
ROWLAND & CAMPBELL, LTD.
Eastern Canada Agents . . . Toronto
IULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO.

**BUXTON KEYTAINER**

**The original patented Key-Kase**



*TRADE MARK REG.*




*None Genuine Without This Trade Mark*

**MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER**

A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.
Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

*Send for Free Beauty Book listing our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair*
*Write direct to*

**Dr. Margaret Ruppert**
*Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment*
Dept. J, 1112 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.
*Established 22 Years*

**Do You Read the Advertisements?**

THE MAIN thing an advertiser wants to do is to tell you plainly just how and why his goods are worthy of your consideration. You can learn a great deal from that alone, because many things you see advertised are the things you buy and use in your regular daily life. By reading the advertisements you can learn the names and read descriptions of the things that are best and most satisfactory.

**Men and Women Wanted at Once**

The demand for Chiropractors is insistent. The supply inadequate. The calling is a most honorable and noble one. We have on our staff of teachers some of the most prominent exponents of chiropractic art.

Enroll at once and become a doctor of chiropractic.

**Toronto College of Chiropractic**
Dept. M., 847 Broadview Ave., Toronto, Ont.

**Goddard's Plate Powder**
*For polishing Silver*




Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents, in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

"That's funny. Oh, that's awfully funny!"

"What is? Do you know her?"

"A little. Are you—are you sure she wants it?"

"Of course she wants it! Hasn't she been writing us about it for weeks? I'm the Assistant Adjuster of Claims for the Central B. C. Railway Company."

"Oh! Do they usually——?"

"No, they don't! This is a special case—a very special case."

"It seems to be!" The words trilled high and clear with mirth. "You certainly do a good job when you start out to, Mr. Tucker! I suppose it's the excellent example of your chief."

"You know Mr. Starling?" G. Cadawalder's bewildered ears were playing him strange tricks. Could it be that this slim creature——

"Oh my, yes! That is sister does. She knows him rather better than I! He was out last week to adjust the matter of that bed and it turned out that Bob and he—that's my brother, you know—were classmates at college and of course sister being older than I—— I mean—— Really I didn't mean—— Oh, I think I must be going!"

"Hold on!" called G. Cadawalder desperately. "Did old Starling——" G. Cadawalder's castles which he had built so eagerly were crashing about him. And up the path like a startled deer fled the slim, brown-clad girl who had shattered them. Had she? Perhaps, after all, he had been too ready to read into her words a meaning that was not intended. Perhaps his quest was not altogether turned awry. As the slender figure disappeared among the trees G. Cadawalder took up the pursuit, leaving the bed-spring and mattress in the middle of the road.

He charged up the steps at his best speed, as nimbly, he encouraged himself, as that lithe figure he pursued. He had no breath for reflection, but there flashed across his mind as he leaped along the pictures one sees on vases, of agile Greek youths pursuing slender maidens through wooded solitudes such as these. His picture did not include the unwieldy thing of wire and felt that lay at the foot of the trail!

But his speed did not equal that of the girl whom he pursued. She did not come into view again and he presently found himself within eye-shot of the cabin, which marked, he told himself, the end of his quest; but whether it housed also the slim goddess who had fled from him he could not conjecture. On the porch he caught, as he approached, the gay chatter of many voices and he thought he heard his name. Miss Pomeroy met him, advancing a few steps down the path and smiling in a most friendly fashion.

"This is certainly most unexpected, Mr. Tucker."

G. Cadawalder's mercury leaped twenty degrees upward. This was worth while!

"I have brought your bed."

Miss Pomeroy's face betrayed more than astonishment; she seemed to be choking back uncontrollable mirth.

"Not my bed!" she managed after a considerable interval. "My bed came last week, and those—those over there came this morning while we were all up the Ridge trail!"

SHE pointed toward the back of the cabin where two bed-springs and mattresses leaned lonesomely against the wood pile.

"Through Mr. Starling's efforts my own bed was found and I wrote him and—— Oh, Mr. Tucker, you don't mean to say you have brought another bed?"

G. Cadawalder nodded.

"It's down there!" He pointed confusedly in the direction from which he had come. At last the forces set in motion by Starling and himself were working simultaneously to his destruction. If only Starling were there to share his ignominy!

"I—maybe if you—— Good lord!"

His eyes ran wildly over the group on the porch. The centre of that group ——its hub, its star, its very core, was the Chief Adjuster himself, laughing harder than any of them.

"'Lo, Caddie, where'd you raise that crop of beds? Nice little investment for a single man!"

Miss Pomeroy placed a restraining hand on Starling's arm.

"Don't Burt, please!"

She turned to G. Cadawalder.

"I'm sure I don't know who's responsible for all these beds, Mr. Tucker, but they seem to have been brought at owner's risk." A reminiscent twinkle shone in her eyes. "Won't you join us? Sister is just about to dish up one of her famous fried chicken dinners."

He looked up. Miss Pomeroy and the Chief Adjuster were framed in the doorway in a picture that his battered heart told him was destined to be permanently domestic.

G. Cadawalder wanted to flee, but behind that group he caught a glimpse of the slim brown khaki-clad figure, with a rakish little hat and eyes that smiled but did not offend.

"I'll be tickled to death to come—at owner's risk!" he said.

# Quebec's Business Premier

*Continued from page 20*

Premier at Ottawa said made you quite excited," he suggested.

"No, no," one of them hastened to inform him. "It wasn't that. But when Mr. Meighen got up he spoke so fast in English we couldn't tell what he was saying so we got into a little argument as to whether you or he weighed the more."

### A Lover of the Wilds.

PREMIER TASCHEREAU's principal recreation hobbies are big game hunting and fishing. His real vacation is taken in the wilds of his native province, where, clothed in mackinaws and high boots, or in moccasins on snow-shoes, he forgets the cares of office in stalking the giant moose and the nimble red deer.

Louis Alexandre Taschereau was born in 1867, the year in which four Canadian provinces were confederated under a central government. He comes of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in Canada; a family whose history goes back to colonial days and has contributed five judges to the bench of Canada as well as producing the Dominion's first cardinal. His father was Judge Jean-Thomas Taschereau, of the Supreme Court, and his mother was a daughter of a former lieutenant-governor of the province, Hon. R. E. Caron.

Mrs. Taschereau, the premier's wife, is also descended from an old and famous Quebec family—the Dionne family who were seigneurs and legislative councillors in the province. They have three sons and two daughters. Two of the sons are following in the footsteps of their sire as barristers-at-law and are identified with his legal firm known as Taschereau, Roy, Cameron, Parent and Taschereau. The other son is a student of civil engineering at Montreal, one daughter is the wife of Captain Cortlandt Fages and the remaining daughter lives with her parents.

In 1889 the man who is now premier of Quebec was admitted to the bar, and as a legal man was first associated with Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the province. He first came into national as well as provincial prominence when he acted as counsel in the famous case of Gaynor and Greene, pleading for the two Americans who were fighting extradition. He was president of the Quebec province Bar Association for the term 1911-12, and entered Provin-




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Your Plumber can show you the many styles and sizes from which a selection may be made.

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**Your Skin Made Lovely as a Child's**

Your skin has a good foundation. We can remove the blemishes by scientific treatments, and give you the soft, velvety texture so much admired. Our methods are safe and natural; our preparations are proved efficient by 29 years of use. Write us about your trouble and we will show you what to do. If you cannot come for treatments, you can have the correct preparations sent you by mail with instructions.

**Scalp Treatments for Baldness and Falling Hair**

We have improved methods that are very successful. They are scientific and give very gratifying results.

Write or Call. CONSULTATION FREE.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE LIMITED
59F College St., TORONTO, Ont.

**High School Course in 2 Years**

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

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**Real HARRIS, LEWIS and SHETLAND HOMESPUNS**

DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS.
S. A. NEWALL & SONS (Dept. W), Stornoway, Scotland
Ideal Clothing for all Sports and Country Wear
*Patterns and Prices on request, stating shade desired, and if for Ladies or Gents*

# Westclox

*—that's Big Ben's family name*




## Thirty-four years young

THE men who make Westclox speak of the America alarm in terms of real affection. That feeling of respect has been passed along to the younger men by the old timers who helped the factory struggle through the first few years when this clock was the only Westclox made.

Today, after 34 years, it still tops the sales record. More than sixteen million Americas have made good up to date.

Big Ben, Sleep-Meter, Baby Ben and Pocket Ben all owe their success to the lessons learned in perfecting this oldest Westclox. Do you wonder that we take off our hats to this old timer? Thirty-four years young and still true to its original policy of good, dependable service at a reasonable price.

So, wherever honest time-keeping is required, wherever economy is a consideration, you have a job for the America alarm.

Westclox on the dial of a timepiece always means Westclox construction inside the case. The six-sided orange-bordered tag will flag you from any display.

Western Clock Co., Limited, makers of Westclox
Peterborough, Ontario


cial politics in 1900, when he was elected member for Montmorency, which seat he has held ever since. He became a cabinet minister in 1907 as Minister of Public Works and Labor, which portfolio he held till 1919, coming into greater political prominence in the framing of Quebec's Workmen's Compensation Act. It is claimed that three names stand out among Quebec politicians as law-makers and reformers of standing law. They are those of Sir Hyppolite LaFontaine, Sir George Etienne Cartier and Hon. L. A. Taschereau. The latter was principally instrumental in the reorganization of the judiciary administration of the Province of Quebec. In 1919, he became Attorney-General, a portfolio he has since retained with the premiership.

AT PRESENT Premier Taschereau's one ruling passion is to devise ways and means of promoting Quebec Province to a premier position in industrial and agricultural production and to incite his people to ideals of supremacy along these lines.

Has he higher personal aspirations for which the premiership of his native province might prove to be a stepping-stone? It is the question that naturally assails one after meeting him and discovering how indefatigably he labors in his present high post of honor. At any rate, the great Laurier once predicted that a Taschereau would hold a high place in the national affairs of Canada that would lend lustre to a Canadian family whose forbears had in different generations distinguished themselves.

Does the premiership of all Canada beckon as a goal that might be attained at some opportune time in the future? During the interview, I casually remarked that he had gained the highest honors his native province could bestow on him—possibly he might have Dominion aspirations later, whereat he smiled a bit whimsically.

"To serve one's country to the best of one's vigor and ability in the position which the present allots one should be the highest of ambitions," he replied.

I am quite prepared to believe he meant every word of that, for if there is one characteristic more than another about Premier Taschereau which impresses one it is his sincerity.

## Give Your Own People a Chance

EDWARD N. HURLEY

FOR THE ear of the employer who hopes to find a ready-made man, and the ear of the man who dreams of finding a ready-made job, Mr. Hurley in *Collier's* has some good advice:

"If," he says, "you will run over the list of men who are occupying very important positions in this country, you will not find more than half a dozen altogether who have not gone through the sternest possible course of drilling. And, consequently, you will find that, no matter what the strain, they do not crack. You cannot imagine doing anything to them that somebody has not already tried to do to them.

"The Pennsylvania Railroad promotes exclusively from within its own organization. If a man desires to be president, he will have to start as a rodman. I think there has been only one case of a man taken from the outside and put into a high position on the Pennsylvania Railroad. That is the situation nearly everywhere.

"Where we have fallen down rather completely in man-scouting is in this notion that wonders can be sought out and put to work without the bother of training. And I have come to think that there is something very wrong with the company that is always hunting for stars outside—and never developing them inside.

"I have before me a dozen well-written display advertisements. Some




If you suffer from

**RHEUMATISM**

Lumbago, Neuralgia, or eny other pain, epply Minard's Liniment to the aching spot and get quick relief. Minerd's is the remedy your grandmother used. There is nothing to equal it.

On sale everywhere

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Yarmouth, N.S. 2

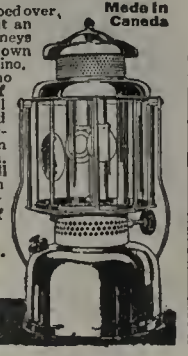
**More Light Than 20 Old Style Oil Lanterns**

THE Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern makes all after-dark work easy. Lights barns, sheds, feed lots, cellars—nny place—with a brilliant, pure white radianca of 300 candle power—the finest, steadiest light yen ever saw. Rain-proof, bug-proof. Woo't blow out in wildest storm.

**Coleman Quick-Lite**

Made in Canada

Can't spill or explode even if tipped over. Cost to use less than half a cent an hour. No wicks to trim. No chimneys to wash. Makes and burns its own gas from common motor gasolino. Lights with common matches—no alcohol torch needed. Built of brass. Has mica globe with metal reflector. Inspected, tested and guaranteed. Take this advertisement to your dealer. Ask him about the Quick-Lite Lantern. If he hasn't it on sale yet, he will gladly order one for you on approval. Free book on request. Shows different styles of Lamps and Lanterns



THE COLEMAN LAMP CO., Ltd.
16 Coleman Bldg.
TORONTO, CANADA

*Remove the Cause of That Tired Feeling*

Restore strength and vitality and relieve mental and nervous exhaustion with

**HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.**

Half a teaspoonful in half a glass of water brings quick relief.

**Cuticura**



**Talcum**

Is so soothing and cooling for baby's tender skin after a bath with Cuticura Soap.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lymans, Limited, 344 St. Paul St., W., Montreal.
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



*For Real Comfort Stop At This Buffalo Hotel*

When you visit Buffalo and Niagara Falls add to your pleasure and comfort by stopping at the Lenox.

Quietly situated, yet very convenient to business, theatre and shopping districts and Niagara Falls Boulevard.

European plan. Fireproof, modern. Exceptional cuisine. Every room an outside room. From $2.50 per day.

C. A. MINER, Managing Director, North Street at Delaware Ave.

HOTEL LENOX BUFFALO. N.Y.

Ethel Hall



*Off to School---*

Plans all made, trunka all packed, clothes all marked with CASH'S WOVEN NAMES

No losing things in the laundry, no mixing them up with your room mate's.

Cash's labels are not printed, they are woven to order in fast colors—red, blue, black, navy on fine white tape. Sewed on with a few stitches; they last longer than the garment. Order through your dealer or write for samples.

3 doz., $1.50 6 doz., $2.00 12 doz., $3.00

J. & J. CASH, Inc.
P.O. Box 930, Brantford, Ontario, Canada.

*Important Notice*

Many people were disappointed last year by not receiving the woven names in time for the boy and girl going to school. Order early and be sure of delivery.

**Clear Out Rats in 3 Nights**

"Rough On Rats" rids your premises of all rats and mice in 3 nights. Change the bait you mix with "Rough On Rats"—that's the secret. Rats won't eat the same food that they know killed others. Varying the bait fools them. Druggists and general stores sell "Rough On Rats"—the most economical, surest exterminator. Write for "Ending Rats and Mice." Mailed free to you.

E.S.WELLS Chemist Jersey City, N.J.




ROUGH ON RATS



**For that smart tailored waist—that separate sport skirt—**

"Viyella" (Reg'd.)

or

"Clydella" (Reg'd.)

*Unshrinkable* **Flannels**

will give the utmost service and satisfaction. These soft, lovely fabrics come in various weights and in many beautiful shades and stripings.

Insist on seeing the name "Viyella" or "Clydella" on the selvedge.

*On sale at all high class stores.*

**Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd.**
*(of England)*
62 Front St. W., Toronto, Canada.
45 East 17th St., New York City, U.S.A. M-5




**STAMMERING**

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

**THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE**
KITCHENER, - CANADA

**HOTEL ST. JAMES**
**TIMES SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY**
**At 109-13 West 45th St., New York City**

An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well conditioned home.

*Much favored by women traveling without escort*

**RATES ON APPLICATION**
**Personal Management, W. Johnson Quinn**


of them were inserted by men asking for jobs—or, rather, for positions—and show that there are at large at least a few men with qualities that would let them take up practically any position that the country has to offer. Then there are some advertisements by companies asking for men. They are very significant. Here is one which requires among other things:

"'He must be recognized by his acquaintances as a man who possesses energy and initiative of the highest order.

"'He must be a man in every sense of the word. One whose public and private life will bear the closest investigation.'

"Another says:

"'The man who is wanted, therefore, is one of more than ordinary vision and capacity—vision to see so great an opportunity—the capacity to turn it into actual accomplishment.'

"Still another insists:

"'He must be able to assume authority and responsibility with modesty and know how to work with and as one of a thoroughly efficient organization.'

"And so they run.

"Probably they are right in their specifications. Probably they need exactly the sort of man for whom they advertise. The error that they make is in using terrestrial media to carry the advertising. For, although there must be a lot of these perfect people on earth, and ready enough to be hired, I have yet to discover one answering an advertisement or even occupying a good position in any one of the larger organizations.

"There are no perfect '100 per cent.' men. There are no supermen. There are no men who, just being given the word, can 'turn vision into actual accomplishment,' or who are 'recognized by their acquaintances as possessing energy and initiative of the highest order,' or who are known to be able, or know themselves that they are able 'to assume authority and responsibility with modesty,' or who are 'masters' at anything. Very satisfactory individuals having an unusual number of these desired qualities, and having them in quite an unusual degree, do hold positions with all of our successful companies, but none of them were hired because they were known to possess these qualities. They develop them in actual practice, and in most cases do not know that they have them. And the people around them do not know that they have them.

"The management asking for some kind of superman is really sending out a distress signal. It says, although not in so many words, that it has completely failed and would like to have somebody salvage the wreck. And I think you can take it practically as fixed that, whenever a management insists upon recruiting solely from experienced people, when it insists that each job has its very plain specifications and that each man hired must have plain specifications, it is passing up through inability or indifference what ought to be one of its largest activities—that is, the development of men.

"But the important thing is this: We do not have to go far afield to search for the men who are above the average. We are surrounded by such men. And the employer who cannot see that at least some of the people around him are above the average is sure to be below the average himself.

"The wide-awake, above-the-average employer will eventually find the above-the-average men. In a large company it may take him some time to do so. Then he loses and so does the man. And I have found that it helps whenever good service is rendered, whenever a man does something above the average, to write a note to the head of the company or to the manager and tell him that he has a good man working for him.

"That helps the employer and helps the man. It makes business better—the more first-class men we have in business, the better for all of us.

"Give your own people a chance."


# The Proper Care of Children's Hair

How to Keep it Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant



THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soap soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.



If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just

## Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. You can easily tell, when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly



THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified Shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

## Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.




You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in afterlife, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

WATKINS
**MULSIFIED**
**COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

Corticelli
MADE IN CANADA
FINGERING
YARNS



"BELAIR"
One of Our Smartest
FALL MODELS

This "Belair" Model is only one of our many new and exclusive designs for Fall and Winter. Send stamp for full knitting directions, together with suggestions for other new and attractive articles.

New introductions in Corticelli Fingering Yarns include:

Corticelli *"Gossamer"* — a chiffon weight yarn of pure wool.

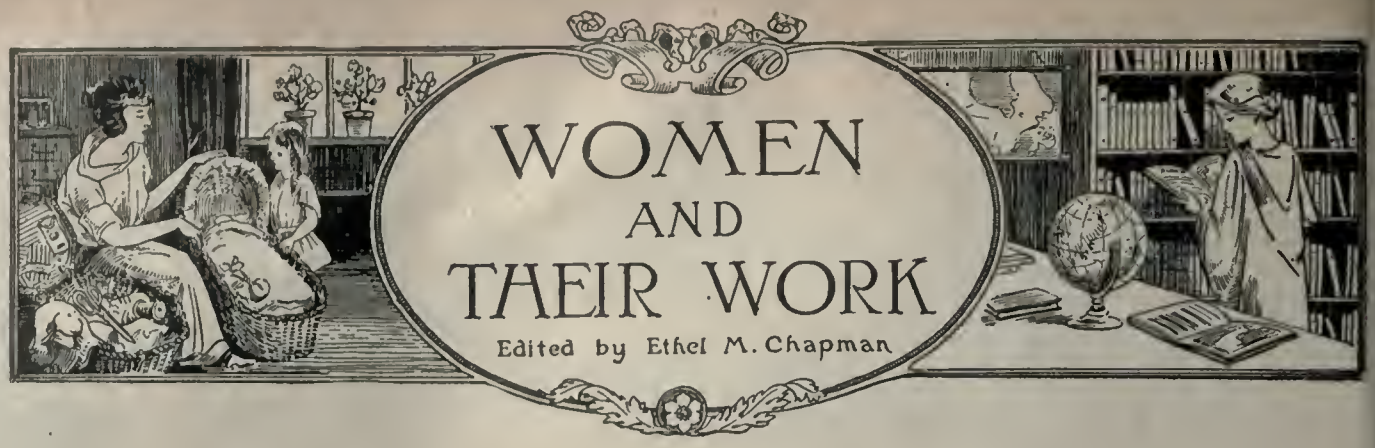
Corticelli *"Sylflake"* — a combination of silk and wool.

Corticelli *"Silvergleam"*—also pure silk and wool—giving the sheen of silk through the wool — a most popular and desirable yarn.

Always remember: — that there is a size and shade of Corticelli Fingering Yarn for every purpose. That each ball contains a full ounce.

And that Corticelli Fingering Yarns are for sale by the best stores everywhere throughout Canada.

Belding-Corticelli Limited
Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg - Vancouver




# Soundest Kind of Prevention

*By* ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

IT WAS a little group of nurses who thought of it. They had seen children who should have been playing out in the sun, bound down to beds for months on end with a hip or a knee or an arm in a plaster cast. They had seen young men and women suddenly arrested in their quest for careers and happiness, and set apart to a life of inactivity because they had been overtaken by an overwhelming tiredness, and all the symptoms that go with it. They had seen mothers go all to pieces directly after the birth of a child or two—just because a germ, held in abeyance for a while, had broken into open hostilities as soon as it found its prey weakened by other conditions. A sanitarium is splendid for its purpose, thought the nurses, but the ideal of service in such enlightened times as these is prevention rather than cure. This is how the tuberculosis Preventorium for children had its beginning.

The nurses belonged to a chapter of The Daughters of the Empire, called the Heather Club, and when they wanted to provide a fresh air summer home for tubercular children, or children who had been exposed to the disease, they took their case to the late John Ross Robertson, who made them a gift of a house on Toronto Island. Hundreds of children were taken to this Lakeside Home for the summer months, and returned greatly benefited, but as the work grew, it became increasingly evident that a permanent, year-round home was needed, and the Chapter appealed to the President of the Order, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, for suggestions as to how the need might be met. They had no idea, however, that their difficulty would be solved so speedily, for Col. Gooderham, in order that they might not be delayed in their work, forthwith bought them a beautiful old property with a good-sized residence already built as a beginning. He has since added a playhouse and gymnasium and between private donations, and funds raised by various Chapters of Daughters of the Empire, out-door sleeping pavilions have been built on, and this year a babies' pavilion was opened. It is a noticeable feature that while the most up-to-date equipment has been provided throughout the house and the housekeeping is a thing which any hospital might be proud of—the home atmosphere and the comfort of the children is not sacrificed to efficiency.



The Preventorium has abundant space for a playground.

The whole south of the house is given to the children's rooms, and the kitchen and grown-ups' apartments are pushed back to the north.

Most of the children brought to the Preventorium come from poor homes—but not all. If their people can afford to pay anything toward their maintenance, they do, but usually the Preventorium meets the whole expense. People of means, sending their children here, pay their board in full, but there are no private rooms, and it is impossible to buy any special attention or privileges. The child salvaged from a hovel in "the ward" receives the same care as the one whose family come to visit him with a limousine and chauffeur—which system, of course, means that a steady and considerable financial support must come from somewhere. A number of beds are endowed and maintained by private subscriptions and by Chapters of the Daughters of the Empire, the city gives a grant of seventy cents, and the provincial government of seventy-five cents per patient per day. Whatever else is needed has to be made up by whatever schemes the Board can devise.



A corner of the garden and infirmary. The children aren't really working.

And what type of cases does the place take in? It is clearly a preventorium—not a sanitarium. A child cannot be admitted if he has any active trouble which might be a danger of infection to other children. In most cases, the children are discovered by the city nurses, who find in their round of visits a family living in one or two rooms with some member, usually the mother, ill with an open case of tuberculosis. There is, of course, every reason to suspect that under such conditions the children may already have been infected. The nurse tries to persuade the parents to let her take the children to the city clinic, and if they are merely run down and under nourished, or not already in the stage of tuberculosis where they would infect other children, they may be admitted to the Preventorium for a course of "building-up" treatment. In the meantime the mother is taken to the sanitarium, and if she can be cured, an effort is made to get the family moved into more healthful quarters by the time she is ready to come back and take care of the children again. Then there are cases of delicate children who have never been directly exposed to the disease but whose vitality is so low that they are in danger of falling a victim without any special provocation. These do not come only from the tenement sections where they have been starved for food and fresh air and rest. The child of the rich and foolish may suffer just as seriously from over excitement,

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*Devonshire Pattern*



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It has the velvety softness and impalpable fineness of the choicest face powders.

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irregular hours and wrong feeding.

Among the histories recorded in the Preventorium books the following are typical of conditions needing attention and eloquent of the work done:

A.—"Mother tubercular, cannot work. House unfinished. Family sleep on bunks in the kitchen. Work done by a boy of thirteen, himself a returned Preventorium case."

B.—"Father, mother, three children, living in one room. Mother tubercular, open case. Very ignorant, very poor. Three children at the Preventorium."

C.—"Mother tubercular, open case. Father dead, tuberculosis. Five children. Eldest a girl, eleven years old at time of entrance. The day she and her brothers and sisters were brought to the Preventorium she put her head down on the table and cried and cried. When they succeeded in getting her to tell what she wanted she sobbed "Nothing but to go to bed." It developed that she had stayed up until two o'clock the night before to wash the clothes of all five children, so that they might be presentable, and had got up at four o'clock to iron them. She weighed only eighty-nine and a half pounds when she entered; when she left after five or six months, she weighed one hundred and twenty and a quarter pounds."

D.—"Ignorant mother. Father dead, tuberculosis. Sister dead, tuberculosis. Girl 'in a decline,' very delicate indeed. On entrance weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds, when she left, a few months later she weighed one hundred and fifty pounds, and was a strong, rosy, healthy girl. Life was saved."

E.—"Father overseas. Mother dies of tuberculosis. Three children at the Preventorium."

After leaving the Preventorium, children are kept under supervision by the Public Health nurses, and if it seems advisable they are readmitted, perhaps two or three times. If the health of the child demands more food than the scanty income of the family can provide, it is often supplied by the Heather Club.

AND THE streets shall be filled with children playing, said an old prophecy. Evidently this institution has set this precept high among the laws that govern its system. There is no apparent evidence of iron discipline. The children have the freedom of the grounds with their fine stretch of grass and trees and odd corners where they can build playhouses or "make up" whatever game they like. The superintendent does not believe in "supervised play" beyond the point that there is always a nurse present to see that there is no rough play—for in the general ignorance of the treatment of tuberculosis, few people seem to realize that one of the first needs of the patient is rest—not absolute rest from exercise, but a constant protection from over tiring. Occasionally one sees a little lad running about with an arm in a sling—telling the pathetic story that a tubercular wrist has developed and the arm must be kept in a sling to give it rest. A little girl with a twisted knee and a boy with a decided limp were among the most active of the group; they had both taken the absolute rest treatment when the trouble was active, the boy having spent three years in bed.

There is a school room in the institution—but the younger children have lessons only for one hour a day, and the older ones for an hour and a half. The first purpose of the plan is to let nothing interfere with keeping the children out of doors as much as possible. They even sleep in an outdoor pavilion and they love it. They have heated dressing rooms right off these dormitories but on the crispest winter mornings if the nurses aren't right on hand to break up the game, every last youngster will be playing leap frog across the beds in his pyjamas.

It is a delight, too, to go through the dining-rooms at meal times. Whatever else may be below par with a child, there's certainly nothing wrong with his appetite after he has been here for a week or two. They are fed with an abundance of the best of bread and butter and milk and eggs and meat and fruit and vegetables. "We put into them all the nourishment we can without making the diet too heavy," said the superintendent. And the children unquestionably give their whole-souled co-operation. The superintendent explained that the keen appetites were due not entirely to the fresh air and play—that the children had no ice-cream cones between meals and that when they had candy they had it at the end of a meal—so they always came to the table ready to eat the things they needed.

Then there is the Babies' Pavilion. It was opened only last October, but it is already comfortably filled—since people are coming to understand more generally that a young child exposed to tuberculosis has little chance of escaping. The baby under two, kept with a mother who has an active case of tuberculosis, is not likely to live to run the whole gamut of pulmonary trouble—he is more likely to fall a quicker victim to meningitis. The Preventorium has one baby who came in when he was a week old, his mother had been suffering from the disease for some time, and never rallied after he was born. They say he has a good chance of growing up with good health.

One poor little gasper came to them at the age of six months, weighing six pounds, and he took bronchial-pneumonia after that. He has got a firm hold on life again, is taking a live interest in it, and the doctor has hopes that he may be quite up to standard by the time he is two years old. Another child who came in at the age of eighteen months couldn't walk or stand; as the nurse explained it "his bones just flopped." He is a little over two years old now, an adorably handsome child, and runs all over.

All the young children are under the care of the best known child specialist in the city, and they are a happy, bright-eyed, colorful lot. Whatever predispositions they may have had to fight, they would now compare very well as a group with the same number of children gathered from house to house in the best residential section of any Canadian city. Lots of people have wanted to adopt a baby from here, but of course they are not for adoption, except in rare cases. Furthermore, it would be almost more difficult to get one of these children away from the Superintendent, Miss Hattie Fraser, than from its own mother. If parents want to take a child back to home conditions that are not what they ought to be, she just naturally fights for it as though it were her own.

There is the case of little Dorothy, for instance. Dorothy is perhaps as winsome and dainty and attractive a little girl as ever reached her eighth months' birthday. When the city nurse found her some months ago the family were living in one room; her mother's bed was in front of the stove, hers was behind the stove and the father was filling her bottles and taking care of them both as best he could. The mother was sent to the sanitarium and Dorothy was brought to the Preventorium. Now the mother is better and wants the baby back and Miss Fraser doesn't want to let her go until they have better living quarters. — Toronto's old housing problem again.

Perhaps the housing problem is at the root of a lot of the trouble—that and the ignorance of the rank and file of parents concerning common health matters, and conditions that bring periods of too little employment, and the lack of transportation to bring laboring men in to their work from a little house and garden patch outside the city, and the lack of initiative to leave the crowds and the picture show and the two-room apartment for a "lonely" place in the country, even if the transportation were good. There may be some thousand other causes, but the one that seems to prevail in the homes of the poor and the well-to-do alike, is a foolish indulgence on the part of parents which they like to attribute to love of their children when it is really a lack of the unselfishness to persevere in any degree of firmness for the child's good.




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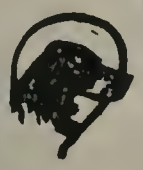


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A mother visiting her little boy after he had been in the Preventorium for a few weeks, marvelled at his happiness. "Do you think he frets for me?' she asked the nurse. The nurse assured her that he did not, and the mother became almost tearful. "If I thought he'd forget me," she trembled, "I would not leave him here one day."

Another father and mother, wealthy people, bringing their fourteen-year-old daughter for a course of treatment told the nurse, in the girl's hearing, how very delicate she was. She was delicate, nervous, worn out, suffering from headaches, a typical product of the fast life of the High School girl who has a party for every evening of the week. Under the regularity of the new system, twelve hours in bed every night, fresh air all the time, wholesome meals and no ice-cream sodas or candy between, she began to build up a constitution that might still serve her womanhood very happily. But her father kept making requests to break the schedule. "Could she not come home to go to the Sunday School picnic?" "Some friends in the country would like to have her out for the week-end." They told him plainly that one trip like this would kill the effects of weeks of their treatment. Finally they sent her home, perfectly well, but with directions to continue the regular programme for some months. A week later the mother called on the Superintendent.

"Frances is so well," she beamed. "We can never tell you how we appreciate what you've done for her."

"I hope she keeps well," said the nurse practically. "Does she go to bed early?"

"Well, no," the mother smiled. "You see, she's been away from us so long, she likes to be around with us."

"And does she keep away from crowds and excitement?"

"Well, of course, that's pretty hard," again the mother smiled, evidently with more satisfaction than regret. "She's been away from her young friends so long, and they're having a lot of parties and things for her. Of course she sleeps in the mornings."

Of course, she would. After all, whatever may be the problems of the poor, the greatest apparent need among the well-to-do and wealthy classes is more sensible mothers.

# Macaroni, Modernized Food--II

*By* WILLIAM FLEMING FRENCH

CANADA is by no means poor in its meat supply—equalling almost any country in the world in per capita meat production and consumption. Nevertheless, the average Canadian to-day faces the problem of finding acceptable foods as meat substitutes. This is because we have unbalanced our diet with a ration containing too much protein.

One of the commonest ills that we are subjected to is protein poisoning. This manifests itself in a score of different ways. According to the great food experts we should not consume more than two ounces of protein a day, as that is all our system can properly utilize. However, the heavy meat eating people, such as the Canadians, consume three or four times this quantity of protein every twenty-four hours. Protein when burned in the furnace of our body is reduced to an acid forming end product, leaving in our systems a heavy surplus of acid. This works havoc throughout the system producing acidosis, rheumatism and a score of other ills.

Another reason for limiting our consumption of meat is that flesh is by no means the cheapest kind of food.

Canada is very fortunate in having a remarkable supply of fish, both fresh and salt water, frozen and fresh, pickled and canned.

Because of Canada's wonderful fish resources a special article on the value of fish as food and on the romance of the remarkable Canadian fisheries will appear shortly in MACLEAN'S.

Fish, of course, is one of the greatest substitutes for meat.

Another is cheese and still another is found in our various vegetables.

There is one food, however, that is a direct substitute for meat, and when properly made is a complete and natural food containing not only a balanced ration of protein, carbohydrates and mineral salts, but also of fat when properly prepared. This food is macaroni, a manufactured cereal product.

Briefly, macaroni is a dry dough made from wheat flour. It is made from several different grades of flour and upon the flour depends the value of the food. A whole wheat macaroni would contain all the required nutritive elements whereas a white flour macaroni would be very similar to bread. Macaroni is favored as a substitute for meat not only because it is well supplied with the "body building" and "fuel furnishing" qualities as well as the mineral salts, but also because it so readily lends itself to savory combination with other foods.

MACARONI may be served creamed to add a sufficient amount of fat to balance a ration; it may be served with tomatoes to furnish mineral salts and vitamines; it may be served with cheese to add protein.

When macaroni is mentioned we mean macaroni and its cousins: spaghetti, vermicelli, etc., all of which are made of the same materials and differ in form only. Noodles also belong to this classification, though they may contain egg and milk as well as the wheat flour and water and sugar of the macaroni.

The flour from which macaroni is made is usually ground from hard winter wheat—durum wheat. It is also known as macaroni wheat.

Macaroni is low only in its fat content, and is therefore often blended with other foods rich in fat——such as creamed macaroni, buttered macaroni, macaroni with bacon or ham, etc.,

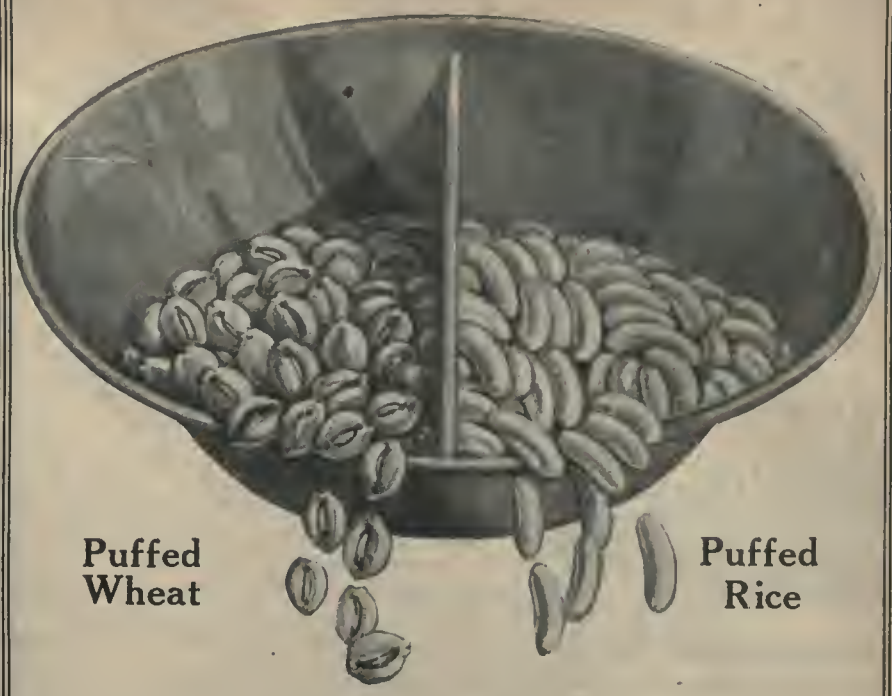
The actual analysis of the food content of macaroni is as follows: Nitrogen 2.43 per cent, protein 13.4 per cent, fats 0.9 per cent, carbohydrates (starches and sugars) 74 per cent. It has a fuel value of approximately 1,250 calories per pound. By the addition of fats, of cream or by being fried in fats macaroni could easily double its caloric or fuel value. So the lack of a high fat content does not materially lessen the value of macaroni as a food, as fat is the easiest food element to add—one that generally adds itself in the combination and cooking of foods.

In all other food values it is exceptionally high, being free from waste of any kind.

Macaroni does not limit itself to substituting for meat alone however, as it can be used in place of potatoes, rice and other foods high in carbohydrate content. As a matter of fact some families are largely supplanting potatoes and rice with macaroni because of the ease with which it blends with other vegetables.

Macaroni offers an interesting story, both in its history and development under modern science. The story of what our neighbors in the States did toward making macaroni a product of the Western hemisphere is interesting to us as our own food manufacturers have followed their lead and are making this cereal food a Canadian product.

Until a few years ago Italy was the one great macaroni manufacturing country, the Italians the one great macaroni eating people. Yet it was known to the ancients, both China and

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

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They are made by Prof. Anderson's process — shot from guns. Over 100 million explosions are caused in every kernel.

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**Premier delights**

Puffed Wheat in milk, at any hour, forms the utmost in a food. Puffed Rice with cream and sugar is a morning food confection.



Mix with your berries

Scatter on ice cream to give a nutty flavor. Use as toasted wafers in your soups. Mix with your berries to give the blend that crust gives to a shortcake.

Use them to make whole grains tempting, so that children will get whole-grain food enough.

## Puffed Wheat

**Wheat grains exploded**

**Douse with butter**

Crisp Puffed Rice and douse with melted butter. Let hungry children eat like peanuts when at play. Or serve at breakfast in this way, with or without the cream.

## Puffed Rice

**8 times normal size**



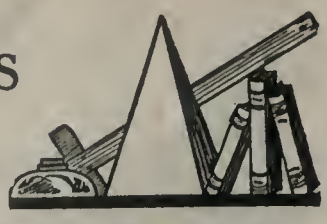
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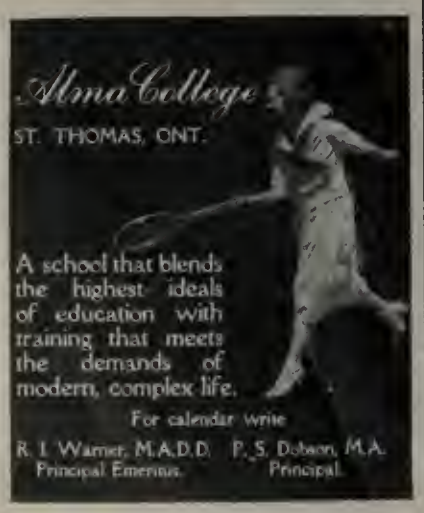
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Japan claiming to have made it before the time of the pyramids.

### Finding a Market Here.

FOR THE last two hundred years, Italy has been recognized as the home of this elongated food. Her people depended largely upon it for their food, yet manufactured enough to export millions of dollars' worth a year. In 1914, for example, they sent to the United States alone five and a half million dollars' worth, or more than a hundred and twenty million pounds, and to Canada in proportion to population.

The thousands of Italians in Canada and the U.S. insisted upon having their macaroni and spaghetti, and merchants imported it solely for their consumption. But soon Canadians sampled it, found it good and created a Canadian market for this food.

Then started one of the most remarkable growths experienced in any food industry. Doubling, and even trebling, its yearly macaroni consumption Canada and the United States soon became so great a market for this food that manufacturers were tempted into the field of macaroni making.

But they did not develop this new industry without encountering difficulties. For one thing, they experienced great trouble in curing their product—receiving faint encouragement from the Italians, who had no intention of surrendering their monopoly and refused to part with the secrets of curing the strings of dough that were to become macaroni sticks. The manufacturers, however, persisted with their experiments. How many thousands of dollars worth of "green" macaroni dough molded and mildewed no one cares to venture, but suffice to say the losses were heavy until the laboratory expert was called in. His job was to create an atmosphere in which the "green" macaroni would dry or cure without molding.

By scientific calculations and experiments air driers and "curers" were finally perfected which permitted manufacturers on this continent not only to equal the natural drying conditions under which the Italian macaroni was made, but to make their results far more certain than were those of the Europeans.

As soon as this great obstacle was overcome the industry of making macaroni in Canada and the U. S. flourished overnight. Not only were drying methods improved and capacities greatly enlarged, but automatic machines were invented to care for every process of macaroni making.

And here an interesting fact may be noted. Canada's per capita consumption of macaroni is equal to that of the States and we are not only importing large quantities of this food from the United States but are also making it ourselves. It is but natural that we should——as the durum wheat of Canada is second to none in the world.

The rapid growth of the macaroni industry in the Dominion is due to two things: we are rapidly learning the true value of this versatile food and the scientific, sanitary, automatic methods of manufacture have assured us of a clean, wholesome, standardized food.

So much for the product—now as to its utilization.

### How to Use it Best.

MACARONI, like rice, is usually utilized as the body of a combination of two or more foods, its own delicate flavor blending perfectly with that of the food with which it is combined. Hence macaroni with tomatoes, macaroni with cheese, macaroni with hot sauce, macaroni with salmon, macaroni fish croquettes, macaroni with bacon, macaroni with butter or cream, spieed macaroni, macaroni with salad dressing, macaroni with soup stocks, meats and meat extracts and curried macaroni.

Macaroni may be prepared in a half hundred different ways, developing as many different flavors and always retaining its own high food value.

An analysis shows macaroni to be exceptionally rich in carbohydrates, or "body fuel." In order to obtain the full value from macaroni we must remember that practically all cereals are high in this same nutritive element and therefore should not serve macaroni with bread, wheat in any form, corn in any form, rice or any cereal food. Potatoes are also rich in this same element, as are likewise peas, turnips, beets, beans and other vegetables of like character.

### RECIPES

#### Macaroni—Egg Bake

Cut one cup of cooked, drained macaroni or spaghetti into fine pieces. Make sauce of two tablespoons butter, melted, with which mix tablespoon flour and one cup of milk. Cook until thick and take from fire. Add yolks of three eggs beaten light.

Pour mixture into dish with macaroni or spaghetti and season. Mix thoroughly. Fold in the whites of three eggs, beaten stiff. Bake in buttered baking dish for twenty-five minutes. Serve hot.

#### Macaroni Rarebit.

Two cups of boiled, drained macaroni cut to two-inch lengths; put in chafing dish. Add cup of grated cheese, two tablespoonfuls butter, half tablespoonful salt, half tablespoonful mustard, dash of red pepper. When boiling add three well beaten eggs and half cupful cream or milk. Serve hot.

#### Macaroni in Tomato Jelly.

Crush and strain one can of tomatoes into saucepan. Add one teaspoon of salt, one dash of cayenne, one slice of onion and a few celery leaves. Bring to boiling point and add half box gelatine soaked in half cup cold water. Mix and add half lemon. Strain into mold and add cooked and strained macaroni. Mix well and let set. Serve cold.

#### Spaghetti Croquettes.

Cut boiled, drained spaghetti very fine. Season. Prepare batter of melted butter and two eggs beaten enough to blend yolks and whites. Moisten cracker or bread crumbs in batter. Form spaghetti into balls and dip into batter and then roll in crumbs.

Drop into deep fry fat for two minutes.

#### Fruit Macaroni.

Cooked and strained macaroni, spaghetti, vermicelli or noodles may be fried in bacon or ham fat to produce a rich flavoring and add a high percentage of fat or fuel food value. Drippings from roasts, soup stock, meat extracts, etc., may also be blended in such frying with the addition of a little lard or vegetable fat or oil.

#### Macaroni and Minced Ham.

Put half cup cooked ham cut into small dice in pan with half cup of water, one tablespoon butter, quarter cup chopped celery with leaves. Bring to boil. Add one cup drained, cooked macaroni, cut into two-inch lengths. Mix well.

Spread with cracker or bread crumbs soaked in melted butter. Put into oven and brown. Serve hot.

### Watch the Boiling.

THE first process in the preparing of macaroni is the boiling. No matter what the final dish is to be, this food is always boiled first. It should never be put in cold water, but always dropped into boiling, salted water and allowed to cook twenty minutes, being stirred frequently to prevent it sticking to the bottom of the pan.

After it is cooked, drain and blanch in cold water for five or ten minutes. Drain again and it is ready for flavoring, or ready to be combined with other foods. In a following issue we will furnish a chart of all foods, showing their nutritive content, together with their caloric value. With this available it will be a simple matter for the readers of MACLEAN'S to balance their rations by studying the composition of the various foods. The chart will show just what foods are similar in quality to macaroni and serve as a barometer in the preparing of meals in which this food is used.

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# Maybe Adam Laughed at These



Particular.—"I understand our new neighbors are strict vegetarians."

"Strict? I should say they are. They won't even let their children eat animal crackers."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

---

The Family Likeness.—"Wot you doin' chile?"

"Nothin', mammy."

"My, but you is gittin' like you father."—Boston Transcript.

---

For Bachelors Only.—It is a safe guess that the man who pokes fun at a woman for shopping all day and not buying anything isn't married.—Boston Transcript.

---

Neat.—She—See that girl at the third table. Don't you think she's awfully young to wear such a décolleté gown?

He—Well, she certainly is a stripling.—Boston Transcript.

---

His Property.—Suspicious Neighbor—Hello, Smith, what are you burying?

Smith—Seeds.

Suspicious Neighbor — Seeds? It looks like one of my hens.

Smith—It is—but my seeds are inside.—London Daily Mail.

---

Careless of Him—Mother. — "Poor Jimmy is so unfortunate."

Caller—"How's that?"

Mother—"During the track meet he broke one of the best records they had in college."—Tar Baby.

---

Too Curious.—Tillie Clinger says the reason she didn't last long as salesgirl at the jewelry counter was because when a man came in and said he wanted something nice for his baby she asked him if his baby was a boy, a girl or a chicken.—Dallas News.

---

The Inevitable.—The man who ran the elevator of the sky-scraper was talking to a passenger.

"The Judge certainly did soak him," he said. "He sentenced him to three years and ten days. Now I understand the three years all right; but what the ten days were for I'd like to know?"

"That was the war tax," said a quiet citizen who got aboard at the tenth floor.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

---

Nothing New.—"You look like an idiot," thundered the disgusted man to his swell son, just returned from college. "You grow more and more like a conceited, hare-brained, helpless idiot." Just then an acquaintance of the old gentleman entered the office and saw the youth.

"Hello, Charlie, back, eh?" exclaimed the visitor. "You're looking more and more like your father every year."

"Yes," said Charlie, "that's just what the governor's been telling me."—Judge.

---

Both in Doubt.—At a dinner on one occasion a professor thought he would ask a colored cloak-room attendant a few questions about his memory.

As the attendant handed him his hat he said: "How do you know this one is mine?"

"I don't know that, suh," was the answer.

"Then why do you give it to me?" queried the professor.

"'Cause you gave it to me, suh."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.








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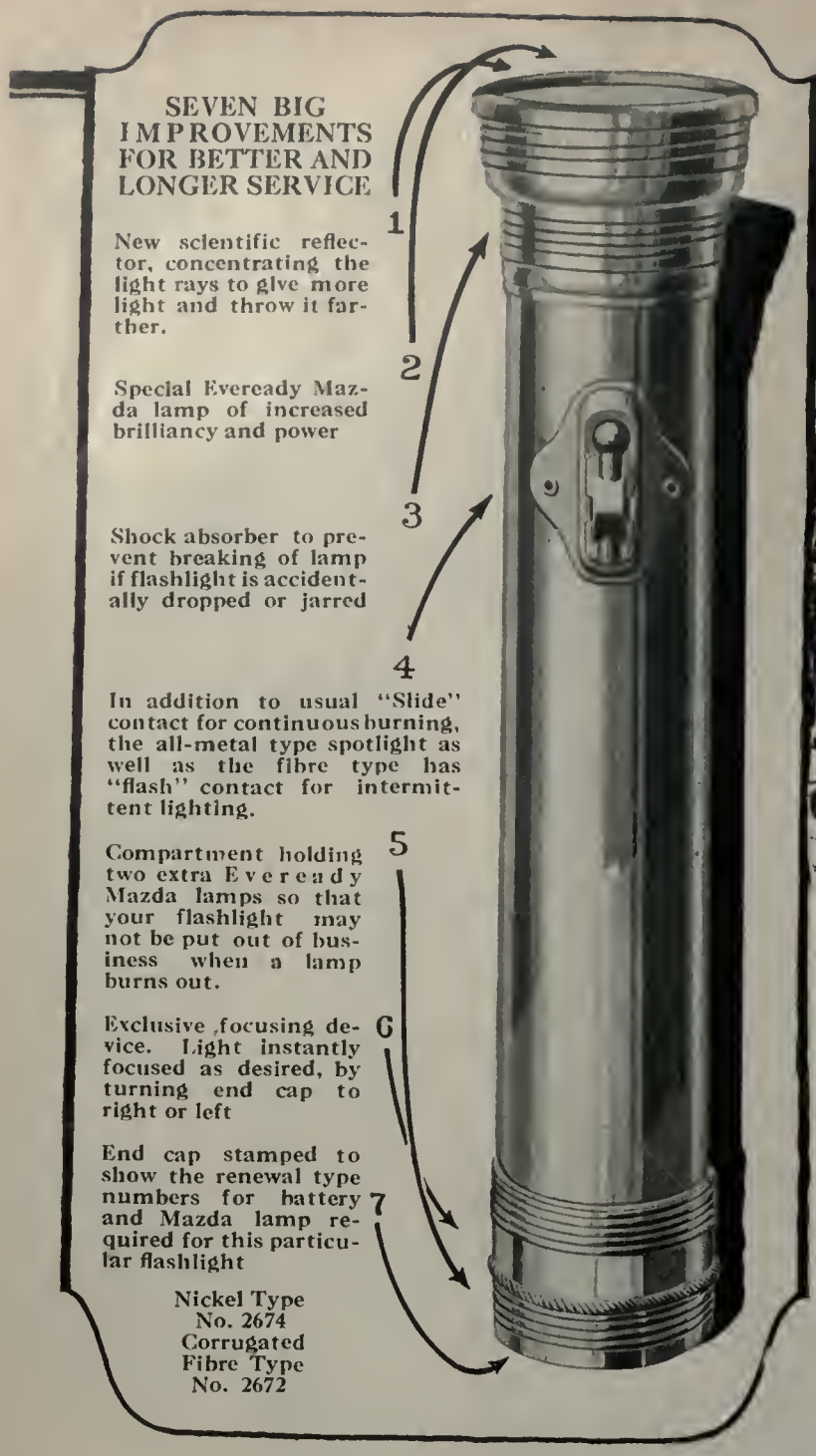
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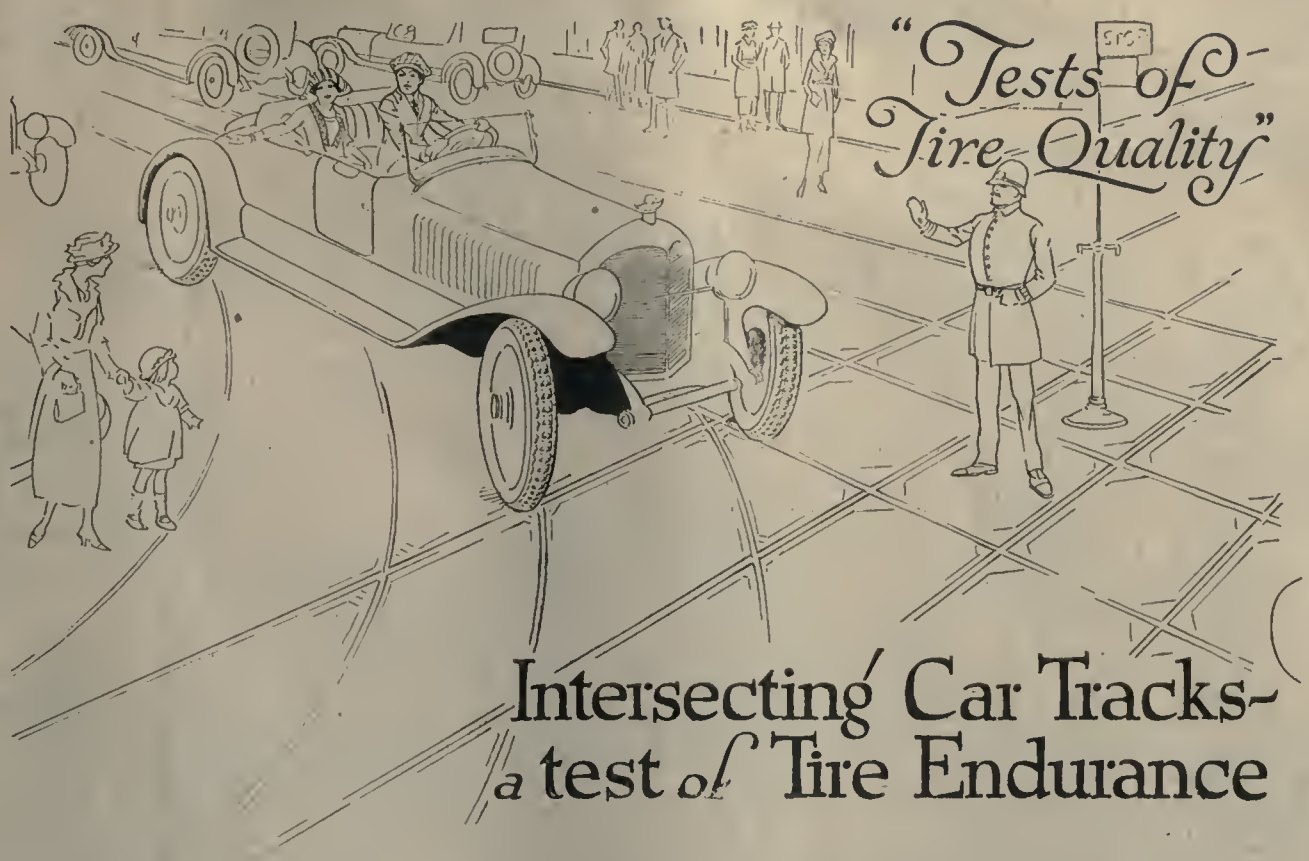
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## When Will "Free Buying" Be Resumed?

THE successful flotation of an offering of $3,000,000 of bonds in New York by the Province of Saskatchewan in August suggests the advisability of further efforts being made to increase United States investments in Canada. The Canadian investing public has been called on to a far greater extent than was wise during the present year. Provincial and municipal debentures have been loaded upon investors here to an extent that must be near the point of "saturation"; tens of millions of dollars more than for the corresponding period of 1920. There is a real danger that if the present pace continues some of the later issues will go begging and falling prices be the result. These in turn would force down the market levels of prior and outstanding issues.

There was some talk during the war, of Canada through her splendid response to Victory Loan appeals having proved her ability to take care of practically all her government, municipal and industrial requirements; such talk may have soothed our pride, but showed little foresight. Canada must be a borrowing nation for many years to come; her development would be stunted seriously if she were forced to depend on herself alone; England and the United States should contribute by far the greater part of her financial needs.

### Figures are Misleading

CONVERSELY, a maximum of exports in relation to imports is a step in the same direction. One can hardly judge however, of present day trade figures as furnishing any dependable criterion as to the trend of a "favorable" or "unfavorable" balance of trade for Canada. It is true that for several months past imports have shown a relatively larger decrease than exports, but the falling off in imports of raw materials and of manufactured goods is probably due simply to the general slackness in buying. The Consumer in Canada has cut down his purchases and the manufacturer has curtailed his buying (importing) of raw materials, and the wholesaler and retailer his importations of manufactured products. But it is probable that the purchasing of Canadian merchandize has fallen off to almost as great an extent. The figures really prove nothing. Only a resumption of comparatively "free" buying will tell the tale. However it carries a sort of superficial comfort to us to read that during the first four months of the new fiscal year ending July 31, 1921, the "unfavorable" balance of trade was reduced from $131,000,000 to $37,000,000, as the following figures show:

| | Exports | Imports. | Bal. of trade |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1921 .. | $215,928,000 | $253,862,000 | $ 37,934,000 |
| 1920 .. | 342,112,000 | 253,862,000 | 131,460,000 |
| 1919 .. | 357,884,000 | 284,897,000 | +72,987,000 |

### Printing Presses Running Wild

IN THE last issue of *MacLean's* reference was made to the fluctuating conditions surrounding the German mark, as one proof of the unreliability of a so-called "investment" in German bonds. It was pointed out that a decline of fully 25 per cent had taken place between the middle of May and two months later. A further decline has been registered and the middle of August showed the lowest price of the present year. A despatch from a financial source in New York declares that "the decline..... has called attention again to the fact that the German Government's attempts to find a rock-bottom price, at which the money can be stabilized, will prove a failure so long as the printing press is permitted to run wild, as now. The decline of the mark not only has had a serious effect abroad, but in this country as well, for literally millions of marks have been showered over the United States. They were hawked from peddlers' carts, at street corners and from small stores..... They have failed to take into consideration that the German printing presses have been working overtime; that probably the very marks they purchased in the open market were printed to fill a speculative demand."

The same game is on in Canada.

### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

**Question** Could you give me any information about the Toronto Finance Corporation, and do you think it is a good investment to buy shares of said company. A. S., Toronto.

Answer: Regarding Toronto Finance Corporation we may say that it is as yet rather soon in the history of this Company for us to be able to advise you to invest your money therein. At the same time from all indications, this company has a good chance to make a success. We understand that they have now some 800 shareholders, and that of these a great number are builders in Toronto, who, by putting their business affairs in the hands of this company would be likely to add to its probable success.

We believe, however, that there are certain organization details as yet uncompleted, such as a general meeting of shareholders and the definite election and acceptation of position by various directors. We believe that you would be well advised to go carefully in this matter for a few weeks, and insist that the salesman who offers you this stock would produce proof of the complete organization and of such subscriptions as have been received.

This stock, as you know, is being offered by the Banking Service Corporation, who, we understand, have been successful in placing issues of similar companies and which companies appear to be making money.

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MACLEAN'S

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VOLUME XXXIV.
NUMBER FIFTEEN.

# *Now* THEY TALK CANADIAN

*By* IRA STRATTON

"OFFICIAL TRUSTEE" FOR MANITOBA

IN MY capacity as "Official Trustee"—a position which I will proceed shortly to explain I have been surprised at the number and variety of things which cause friction and lead our foreign settlers to object to the formation of a proper school district. As Trustee, I do not feel that I am carrying on a form of local self-government, but I take the attitude that I am a State-appointed official looking after the most vital interests of groups of minors. In no instance of the many with which I have had to deal, have I felt more inclined to view the foreigners as "minors," than in the case of School District No. 1735. The whole trouble was caused by "$" and "$".

People who carry on under a load are apt to be pessimistic or suspicious, and with our foreign settlers suspicions are easily aroused.

School District No. 1735 had been organized for some time without tangible results. A non-resident, English-speaking settler had endeavored to assist them, but no school-house had appeared. He felt the call to the colors in the fall of 1915, and a letter had been sent to the rate-payers, informing them that I had been appointed Official Trustee.

A meeting was called to confirm the selection of a school site and to authorize an issue of debentures.

Fearing that the friction over the school site might cause a split in the matter of debentures, I drove to the neighborhood early enough to visit the proposed location, and ultimately persuaded them that it was quite suitable. After some discussion the rate-payers agreed to haul the lumber free of charge, and authorized debentures to the amount of $1,400. The vote on the motion was unanimous, but I could see that all suspicion was not allayed.

The meeting adjourned, but we continued our discussion.

Finally one rate-payer desired to know from me what I proposed doing with the "balance of the money." I explained that there would be no "balance" but there probably would be a deficit. Next time the question was direct:

"What are you going to do with the rest of the money?" And a letter was produced to show that there would be a balance. It was a letter from the Deputy Minister informing them that I had been appointed "Official Trustee for School District No. 1735," but in typing the letter the sign "$" was used instead of the abbreviation "No." for number and they had confused it with the "$" sign and assumed that $1,735 would be raised and that I would spend $1,400. I succeeded in explaining their error, but also increased my familiarity with possible stumbling blocks.

ONE day a well known immigration official, the late "Wes" Spiers, was superintending the demobilization of four carloads of "Galicians" at Regina, when a bystander asked:

"Why do you bring those cattle into this country?"

Spiers promptly replied: "Because there are so many jobs the Anglo-Saxon back will not bend over."

And it is true that we have miles of waggon roads and ditches and whole divisions of railways which would still be waiting for the first sod to be broken had these people not come. The railway system familiarly known as the Canadian Northern may or may not prove a valuable asset to our Government, but it owes its physical existence for the most part to these people and derives most of its traffic from the fruits of "those cattle."



In the center is Ira Stratton, the "Official Trustee" for Manitoba. On the left is Hazel Glen School, opened in 1917, with an enrolment last term of forty-four. On the right is Melrose Cottage, the home of three teachers; in 1916 this district had no other educational instruction than that which could be given by a poorly-trained Polish lad.

Whether their habits and beliefs (for they are very superstitious) should lead one to regard them as an unadulterated menace, or their industry and sturdy constitutions be accepted as a distinct contribution to our national upbuilding, need not be decided at this point. There is just one thing to keep in mind: they are here and here to stay—and here in large numbers. Their number is ever increasing and even Ontario has them by tens of thousands. The registration of June 22, 1918 showed about 30,000 unnaturalized Austro-Hungarians (Galicians) in Ontario, more than in either Manitoba or Saskatchewan.

The older folks sought this land of freedom because of the dream of high wages, farms of their own and civic liberty, rather than because they knew how to function in a democracy. They may be disappointed, and they may disappoint us, but our great menace is found in the possibility of the younger element not being properly trained.

The presence in our midst of a people who would do our rough work faithfully, at a fair wage; would accept sufficient rough treatment to permit our nerves to tingle with a sense of Anglo-Saxon superiority; who would aid our commerce by construction work and by their purchasing power; who would one day become ready purchasers of farms; who would render certain constituencies "safe" for the wily politician; who would improve their homesteads during the slack periods—such a people were surely not an inconvenience but proved to be a factor in that wave of prosperity which made such inroads on our moral fibre and to such a degree stifled our national conscience.

When a people turn aside from one moral standard, not all are found gathered around the same new one. If a national standard be neglected, the varying tendencies will not bring all of the people to the same national ideal—even though it be new.

BEFORE the war, more than a few Manitobans had gripped the idea that the abundance of raw material to be seen on every hand might be utilized in building a strong nation; or it might become food for a conflagration which would mar, if not destroy, the very foundations, which our fathers had labored so strenuously to lay.

The "School Question" of Manitoba has been very much to the fore and has received attention not only in Manitoba and the other provinces of Canada, but has even been much discussed in Great Britain.

What caused all this trouble?

There was first introduced in the 90's a Remedial Bill which precipitated a climax and brought a change to Ottawa. The measure was talked to death, but the electors placed the remains in the morgue.

Then came a rather innocent-looking settlement which gave sanction to bi-lingualism in Manitoba and yet seemed more acceptable than the Remedial Bill. The bi-lingual bill came into force in 1897. Its purpose, of course, was to give equal rights of education to the French settlers, but it led to infinitely more trouble than its sponsors could ever have prophesied.

At this time the cry in the West was for people and still more people. The cry for people was rising persistently. As an answer to this cry and as a result of the efforts of the immigration officials at Ottawa and abroad, there came to our shores those elements which have proven so great a factor in development and construction work and are destined to prove even greater factors in determining just what kind of man the Canadian of the future will be.

At this time there were few Slavic settlers in any parts of Canada. The Scandinavians had proven their value as pioneers and had manifested a ready acquiescence with Canadian customs and laws.

In the summer of 1897 a few small groups of what were termed "Galicians" came and settled in Manitoba. In 1898 they came in thousands; then colonies commenced to dot the prairie landscape, and one of the day dreams of the early settlers gave fair promise of realization.

The general term "Galician" was then applied to all such Slavic nationalities as the Great Russians, Little Russians (Ruthenian or Ukranian), White Russians, Bulgarians, Slovenians, Serbo-Croatians, Bohemians, Slovaks, Polish, etc. They came chiefly from Austria-Hungary, Galicia, Bukowina and Russia. They were not, however, to be confused with the Doukhobors, who also came from Russia about this time, but whose customs, dress and creed were all different.

The influx of Galicians and Doukhobors being almost coincident and of such volume as to be particularly noticeable, their utter strangeness became cause for alarm. While quite dissimilar in manners and dress, the term came to

be used by Canadians in a tone of contempt. The immigration commissioner was dubbed "Doukhobor Bill" or "Galician Bill," according to which type of newcomer was in the mind of the speaker. This was a sobriquet which never roused any resentment in the warm Irish heart of "Big Bill" McCreary.

His many friends joked him about his proteges, but a broad smile was the only evidence of feeling.

IN 1903, when driving with the Commissioner (then the member for Selkirk) through the Pleasant Home and Willow Creek Colonies, I saw an elderly homesteader come up and take "Galician Bill's" hand and kiss it reverently and fervently. McCreary seemed to think that some explanation was in order and he said: "When I had that big bunch under quarantine at Stony Mountain, for Scarlet fever, I could not get anybody to do anything. I drove out one day and called at that old fellow's tent to enquire after his sick child. I found it dead. There was nobody else, so I had to prepare it for burial and carry it out myself. The old chap still remembers it."

One could not witness this evidence of enduring gratitude without feeling that human kindness would prove a powerful factor in dealing with these people.

The Doukhobors went to what was then termed "The Territories." Settlements of "Galicians" formed around Stuartburn, Pleasant Home, Poplar Park, Beausejour, Sandy Lake, Rosshurn, Ethelbert, Gilbert Plains, and in similar sections of what is now Saskatchewan. The settlements grew in number and in population until a new problem was very much in evidence. They were becoming numerous enough to be reckoned with as one of the component parts cast into the great melting-pot of assimilation, which one day will give forth the Canadian race of the future.

Thus far, no person had associated these people with the bi-lingual provisions of the "settlement."

Different schools of thought—if Canada may fairly claim her discussions are fostered by schools of thought—advanced varied opinions concerning the newcomers as their numbers increased and as their natural tendencies came to be partially understood. Their church creeds alarmed some people; their mode of living was condemned in other quarters. Their ignorance of our language led many to the conclusion that the newcomers were scarcely fitted to function as units in a great democracy.

Of all the settlers who came to Western Canada, the nationalities who were friendly to the English language were the Scandinavians, the Hebrews and those from the United States. The others were mostly claiming the protection provided by the "Settlement of '97", and in very many cases were outrageously abusing the privileges accorded them by that arrangement.

Sometimes they had clashes among themselves. The Polish settler had a contempt for the Ruthenian language; the German held both in scorn. All three were wont to regard the French as too strange an innovation; and yet the clause in the Public Schools Act gave the parents of ten children of any nationality the right to employ the services of a teacher acquainted with their mother-tongue, and instruction in such language for their children.

### Confusion Worse Confounded

A SLIGHT digression will show the situation had its grotesque features. One large sized school-room might serve a population of fity or more fairly well until some had reached higher grades; but if the fifty or more chanced to consist of five groups of ten or more each—this actually happened in the case of one or two districts—and the parents of each group made the demand which they were privileged to make, and the trustees complied—as by law they were required to do—the confusion of the Tower of Babel would be re-enacted at the "little red school-house" and a colossal expense bill be incurred.

Feeling ran high in some places. The history of R.... district is the story of early French domination and Ruthenian chafing.

The name of Bill Gryvinski did not read to his father's liking on the fly-leaf of the French primer, but for a time the French were adamant and in the majority. More Ruthenians and Polish appeared on the scene and the trustees provided a second room, and two teachers were employed. The school was divided—not graded.

Slowly, however, the French settlers sold out and the day came when the juvenile French-Canadians numbered less than the statutory ten. There was dismay when the Ruthenians called for the dismissal of one teacher and the discontinuance of the French language. Their early experience had not developed in them any tendency to



The large picture at the top shows the teacher and pupils of Shellbank School. One year after this school opened the inspector reported: "This morning the boys were quarreling in first rate English." At left is Ira Stratton. In the center is John Migras, of Fraserwood, a student showing a well set-up figure. On the right you see bright little Mary Dziawolyk, who is one of the star pupils at Devonshire Schol.

be generous and the Ruthenians insisted on the Ruthenian bi-lingual texts.

In 1915 two petitions were sent in from an outlying district. Parents of twenty-six children of German descent demanded a German bi-lingual teacher. Polish rate-payers, parents of twenty-seven children of school age, asked for a Polish-English teacher. I was assigned the task of adjusting matters with a view to getting along with one school-room. I journeyed thither and met the trustees—two Polanders and one German—with a German secretary.

"What we do, Mister?" they queried.

"Why, hire both teachers, of course," was the reply—as if there were no room for debate.

"Oh, Mister! Only one school-room. What we do?"

"Put both teachers to work in one room until you can build another."

The expressions on their countenances indicated that they thought I lacked sympathy, so I said:

"I can't help it. I can't say one petition good; one petition bad. Both petitions good, you hire both teachers."

"But Mister, people very poor, they not pay," came in almost pleading tones.

"Of course they will pay. They say they want teachers. You hire teachers. They pay taxes all right."

A brief conference followed, in some dialect unknown to me. But they understood each other's words, apparently, and a new light had dawned on the situation. The spokesman addressed me again:

"Say, Mister, we think we hire English teacher."

"All right, Gentlemen; both petitions ask for English."

An English-speaking teacher was engaged and bi-lingualism or multilingualism died a mighty death, so far as H.... School District was concerned. The results of its former use may still be noted in the young men and women. Their speech is so broken. But the young children? They speak as good English as you or I.

But to resume my narrative:

### 110 Children in 105 Square Feet

INVESTIGATION of conditions and much public discussion stirred the people, and in the elections of 1910 and 1914 the "School Question" was to the fore in the form of a demand for plenty of schools which would make the English language supreme. In 1914 the issue became very acute and was very nearly the cause of the wreck of the government of the day. In the spring of 1915 a new regime was established. New men with ther conceptions came to authority under the changing conditions brought about by the war. Dr. R.S. Thornton became Minister of Education and at once set himself to his stupendous task. For five and a half years he has labored incessantly for its accomplishment. Manitoba already had a school system, and in many respects it was an excellent one, but multi-lingualism had proved a drawback and a curse. A high birthrate in non-English communities had brought about overcrowded school conditions which menaced intellect, health and morals. Overcrowding in badly ventilated schools was common. Poor ventilation may yet prove the physical undoing of the central European before as a class he becomes reasonably Canadianized, and the Canadian standard as regards ventilation is still very low.

I once found in I.... a very poor school room heated by an ordinary stove, and huddled within its walls sat 110 children. I use the term "huddled" advisedly, for with a rule I measured a corner 10 ft. by 10½ ft. and counted thirty-five children sitting there. One day during the month in which my visit occurred there were 119 children present.

The teacher was energetic and possessed of some natural ability, but he had lost some time owing to illness. There were indications of a possible tubercular taint.

Pondering over these conditions, I said to myself:

"Manitoba must choose and choose at once, between sanitary schools and better home conditions, on the one hand; the building of numerious sanitariums, on the other. She will lose one great asset which these people have brought—sturdiness of constitution—if we allow them to rot down from impure air."

I am often constrained to say to persons who volunteer as teachers for these districts:

"If you can teach only one of two things and have to choose between ventilation and the multiplication table, teach ventilation. When you climb the Golden Stairs, St. Peter will not ask you or your pupils to repeat the multiplication table, but he may ask you what you did to better human living. Familiarity with the multiplication table is a convenience—fresh air is a necessity. Land is plentiful and cheap; fresh air is equally plentiful and free. Why should Manitoba children be restricted in the use of either?"

I am glad to say that a handsome four-roomed school now adorns the site at I.... and the children are trained by three thorough-paced Canadian teachers who use the fourth part of the building for residence purposes.

Visiting H....once I found a school-house there 20 ft by 30 ft, with 147 names enrolled, the presiding genius being a man of Polish parentage, whose mental attainments and whose physical energy were of a low standard. His father once assured the inspector that "Peter is a bum." The old man's English was reasonably modern—and accurate.

I made a careful survey and discovered that in this district—a strictly rural one comprising an area three miles by three and a half—there were 216 young persons of school age, five to eighteen years, inclusive. There were 296 potential Canadians (of non-English descent) and no other standard bearer save Peter to lead the forces which develop Canadianism.

### Why Ruthenian Teachers Fail

FOR the past three years there have been three school-rooms, and three true Canadian teachers. These reside comfortably in a four-roomed cottage.

Once again to resume the normal trend of my narrative: A considerable attempt had been made to furnish instructors of their own nationality for many of these communities, but it had largely failed. Youths of Ruthenian and

Polish parentage had been assembled at training schools—the chief of which was at Brandon—and moneys had been advanced by the province as loans to be paid when the young men went out to teach.

The scheme appeared quite promising; under the conditions prevailing in the school district it seemed to be absolutely necessary.

After a period, long or short, according to the attainments and circumstances, the young man was licensed. In some cases the faculty of instructing in book knowledge was developed and later brought into full play. But ideas of human development for its own sake, conceptions of true national ideals and the faculty of developing ability to converse in the English language were all largely lacking. Old world prejudices in the minds of the parents, and a tendency on the part of the young men to follow the lines of least resistance, were much in evidence and proved a hindrance.

In the summer of 1908 I met Mike D— and he complained bitterly of this plan of education. When questioned as to its defects, he said: "Take our boys; give them big heads; make damn fools. We get one teach our school. He not teach big class; not got education teach big class. Me one trustee. Me tell teacher he got to get out. I want my boy learn English. Maby by'm by get a job; not work all time with pick and shovel. But people get mad. Goin' to shoot me. I carry revolver six weeks. I say, 'shoot me dead, all right, shoot me here' (pointing to his leg) I shoot too.' We get Irishman named M.... to teach our school, he got more education than other man. He go to school, but somebody mad and lock door. He take stick cordwood and open that door and he teach school, you bet!"

ON enquiry I found the Irishman was no myth. Mike had a sort of intuition that the brief training given to their young men left them still unequal to the task before them in active life. There were many like Mike who were not averse from education and from the beginning had longed to know the English language, but most of the local trustee boards engaged teachers of their own nationality, for two cogent and self-evident reasons: some of the people wanted their own language and could demand a bi-lingual teacher, and neighborhood conditions were such that the English-speaking teachers could scarcely contemplate the task. With many rate-payers it was not a matter of prejudice. They thought it a physical impossibility for an English teacher to instruct their children until that teacher had learned the foreign tongue, or until the children had learned some English. But the old order changed. The manifest unfitness of most of the newcomers for the responsibility of school trusteeship and the tendency of human nature to so often appear at its worst where school differences are concerned, led to the amending of the Act, so that when it proved especially difficult to obtain a local school board which could, or would, function properly as such, the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council might appoint an official trustee who would be clothed with all the powers and burdened with all the responsibilities ordinarily assigned to a local Board.

During the seven years since this became law, some extreme advocates of democracy have questioned the right as well as the advisability of this. Frequent decisions by the Privy Council have established the fact that the right to direct affairs of education in Manitoba is vested in the province. No decision has stated that it is vested in any school district or local group. Authority may be delegated to a group but the province can never free itself from the responsibility of seeing that the work is well done. Nothing less will pay its debt to the child and to the nation. It may have to reassume the authority which it formerly delegated to others. Then it may re-delegate that authority. This it does when it appoints an Official Trustee. That province which delegates its responsibility for the direction of the destinies of educational institutions to men who had no share in self-government in their former homes in Central Europe and who had no part there in the direction of school affairs, and who are unfamiliar with our ideals and our institutions—that province shows a manifest inability to live up to its duties.

At the first session of the legislature following elections of 1915, the Minister of Education gave the House a comprehensive statement of conditions fostered by bi-lingualism, and moved the repeal of the bi-lingual clause. It was expunged from the Act.

With the changed order came my appointment to act as "School Organizer" in lieu of the Polish and Ruthenian officials formerly employed, and to act as Official Trustee in certain cases. It was assumed that nearly half a century lived as student, teacher and trustee, combined with some knowledge of the Slavic settlers, would partially fit me for the work in their colonies.

### Unfortunately, They're "Stung"

TO HARK back for a moment to one of my early experiences with these "Galicians," one Saturday in July 1898 a group of "Galicians", as they were called, were sent to Stonewall (then the terminus of that Branch of the C.P.R.) *en route* to Pleasant Home. They were being sent to homestead just north of Pleasant Home, partly because they had very little money with which to travel to more remote districts, where the land might be better. The government land guide from Pleasant Home met them and arranged for four teams to transport the several families with their baggage, to the colony. Each teamster was to receive $7.50 for the trip. The government official went to Winnipeg and then the newcomers received their first lesson in Canadian "high finance." The four teamsters put their heads together and refused to start the journey until they had each received $10.00 for the trip.

Some time later I learned of this "hold up." I sought out the Immigration Commissioner, and for the balance of the season made reshipment arrangements at fair rates for the incoming settlers, and without paying for my own services.

I found these people hopeful for the future and possessed of a strong desire to know English. Teamsters would tell me that before they were well out of town the men would be asking the "English" for pipe, boots, coat, etc.

As years passed, their contact with the Canadians wrought changes. Tom Sawyer got his fence painted and was several toys to the good, by shrewdly suggesting to his playmates that to paint a portion of that fence was a privilege to be sought after, and, if need be, purchased Some subtle suggestion brought these people to thinking that the use of their own language was a privilege they should contend for. They became less elemental and direct as they came into contact more and more with their Canadian neighbors. In fact, much of the difficulty with the so-called "foreign" problems has been accentuated by short-sighted Canadians who went among these people leaving their citizenship on the mantel-piece at home.

There are four or five classes of persons who prefer that the Slav should not have a thorough command of the English language. Of course, there are exceptions in every class.

There are publishers who realize that their craft will be endangered by a wide-spread knowledge of everyday English. When the public school has discharged its duty, the foreign-language publication will have but limited circulation.

There are merchants who have acquired a working knowledge of English and who might naturally be expected to favor thorough instruction in that language, since they know its value; but they also realize that when men, women and children all speak English, the Canadian merchant competing with them can do business on an equal footing. The mail order business might grow if these foreigners should learn to read and write English easily.

The average non-English teacher wishes to "stand-in" with the Department; he feels that to be the go-between for the settlers in their intercourse with the outside world enhances his position and increases his power.

The municipal or parliamentary politician prefers to handle them *en bloc*, rather than individually, and whether with individuals or with groups his desire is to trade on their prejudices rather than to make an appeal to their real intelligence.

The average cleric is not noticeably different from the others. In some cases he enlists the activities of the other classes to enable him to carry on along the lines of least resistance. Instead of those who have been favored with the greater opportunities espousing the cause of intellectual freedom and human development, it is quite a common thing to see them arrayed in the opposition.

AS SCHOOL Organizer it is my duty to bring into being schools where no schools existed. As a sort of lay school expert it is largely to solve the problem of over-crowding in some of the cases. As Official Trustee I must demonstrate that, despite obstacles, proper public school facilities may be placed within the reach of the Slavic rate-payers. As I have indicated before, I feel that administering in a school is far more a matter of trusteeship for the State and for the children than it is a question of self-government.

I believe that readers of *MacLean's Magazine* will be interested in stories telling some of my experiences with my "wards". Stories of personal contact, which I have told directly to various individuals, seem to have considerable interest. My separation from the ordinary Canadian as it were, and lack of experience in approaching the public through printed communications, make it difficult for me to determine into just what form these stories should be put, as well as hard to select the stories which will best illustrate my work and hold the interest of the magazine reader. But I will try and give readers of *MacLean's* a few typical stories of instances which have actually occurred and will show them some of the vital problems we in Manitoba are trying to solve:

Early in November 1915 I took the train to Elma, on the Transcontinental (eastbound). I found a one-roomed school seriously overcrowded—66 children actually present—with a teacher of Polish descent in charge. He was a faithful worker but badly handicapped. I listened as his Grade 7 read Dickens' "Christmas Carol." They pronounced the words correctly, barring the accent. They could spell them very well. In fact, I was convinced that for the most part they would "recognize the words again in a crowd," but still there was that about the reading which suggested that the best part of Dickens' beautiful story was lost on them. After some cogitation I concluded that the weakness

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## *"Big boy!" -- "Yes, big dad!"*

**THERE is no appeal like the human appeal. Ira Stratton finds in his New-Canadian wards. On one occasion he says: "I was urging the rate-payers at a certain school to provide taxes for an English teacher. I produced a photo of my little son, saying: 'That my boy.' 'How old?' came the query from three or four places. 'Fourteen months,' was the reply. 'Oh, big boy!' they ejaculated. I came back with 'Yes, big dad!'. They laughed.**

**"'I want that boy work hard his hands. I like big, strong men, me. I want that boy work hard his head. Young man work hard his hands work hard his head to get job anywhere.' Then lowering my voice and looking squarely into their eyes, I said: 'I want your boy have good school like that boy.'"**



**Ladywood School, recently opened. At each side of the picture you will see two winsome Canadian teachers who have dressed in Central European costume for a lark. But these costumes really enhance rather than conceal their beauty, don't they?**




"Of course something went wrong."

# Uncle James' Golf Match

## *By* SAPPER H. C. McNEILE

### ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

"UNCLE James should be here soon," said Molly thoughtfully from the other end of the tea-table. "For Heaven's sake be nice to him, Peter."

"When have I ever not been nice to Uncle James?" I demanded. "But I tell you candidly, Molly, that it can't last much longer. He's only fifty-five: he will almost certainly live another forty years. And I cannot stand another forty years of Uncle James."

"In case he'll leave us all his money, old boy," she said, pleadingly.

"I can't help that," I retorted firmly—at least as firmly as I ever can retort to Molly. "A man can buy money at too great a price. And if he brings another of his abominable inventions with him this time, I shall tell him what I think. He ought to know better at his age."

"I know, Peter," she answered gently. "But it's only for the week-end."

"Only!" I echoed bitterly. "Thank God for it."

"I must say I do hope that he hasn't invented anything else for saving work in the house," she conceded. "Servants are so difficult in these days, and the parlour-maid seems to be settling down at last."

"He should confine his atrocities to his own home." I said. "A man who tries to emulate Heath Robinson in real life ought to be locked up."

Molly sighed. "I know, darling," she murmured, "but think of the money."

And they say that women are idealists!

"Take that last week-end he spent here," I began wrathfully, and then Molly stopped me.

"Don't, dear, don't," she begged. "And that reminds me, they've never sent up yet to repair the kitchen ceiling."

Mind you, if the diabolical contrivances conceived in Uncle James' perverted mind were harmless little things like patent match-boxes or unbreakable sock suspenders, I wouldn't mind. He is an excellent judge of wine, and has an excellent cellar—two assets which enable one to slur over small idiosyncrasies in their possessor. But—well take that last week-end.

I feared the worst when he arrived: he was so infernally pleased with himself. He came on Friday, and on Saturday I had to go up to town, so my knowledge of what happened is only second-hand. I was met at the station by Molly—a rather wild-eyed Molly—who poured out the whole hideous story on the way up to the house. Uncle James had waited till I was well away before he sprang it on her, and even she had tried to be firm when she heard what it was.

"It was a patent labor-saving device for me in the kitchen, Peter," she exclaimed weakly. "Little pulleys and things, and bits of string. I explained everything to Martha—told her he was eccentric, and that we could take it down the instant he went—and she seemed to understand."

SHE faltered a little, and my heart sank.

"It took him two hours to put it up with step-ladders while Martha sat sardonically in a corner. Then he explained to us how it worked. Oh! it was awful."

I took her arm: she was rapidly becoming hysterical.

"Of course something went wrong. Uncle James says it was the hook coming out of the ceiling—I know the plaster is all over the floor. But whatever it was, the big saucepan full of potatoes shot into the corner—Martha's corner—and she couldn't get out of the way in time."

Molly gulped. "She got up with potatoes all over her, and threw them one by one at Uncle James."

"Did she hit him ?" I asked eagerly.

"Twice," answered Molly. "Then she left the house."

Well, now that was the last time he stayed with us. Do you wonder that at times I felt I couldn't stand it much longer? Of course, Molly's account of it was a little incoherent—possibly even a trifle exaggerated. But the one salient fact remains that his last visit cost us Martha.

A series of loud explosions outside the front door recalled me from the bitter past, and Molly got up looking alarmed.

"Good gracious, what's that?" she cried.

"Probably he has invented a motor-car," I answered grimly, "which goes sideways with the passengers underneath."

"Do you think it's Uncle James?" she asked uneasily, and at that moment the front door bell rang.

It was Uncle James right enough, and we went out into the hall to greet him.

"Ah! my dear children," he cried as he saw us, "I've arrived."

"Anything wrong with the car?" asked Molly as she kissed him.

"Not going very well," he answered, shaking hands with me. "And now it's stopped altogether. I wish you'd just give me a hand, Peter."

"Certainly." I'm afraid my smile was a trifle strained. With an ordinary car I can compete: not with Uncle James. "What's the trouble?"

"Well—I'll just show you the idea," he cried cheerfully, as he led the way. "I've got a few notions of my own incorporated into the general design—little gadgets, you know. Now, first of all," he gazed pensively at the dashboard, "we'll try that a little farther open. And, Peter, if you just pull that wire by the steering pole she ought to start."

I pulled the wire, and Uncle James tackled the starting handle. There was an alarming report, and a cloud of white smoke which seemed to please him.

"Ah! spark's all right anyway," he murmured. "Once more."

This time she back-fired so violently that only the greatest agility on his part saved him from a broken wrist. In view of what was to come I found myself wishing later that he hadn't been quite so agile.

"Pull harder, Peter," he cried, returning to the assault.

I DID: I pulled the whole damned wire out, and the car promptly started.

"I knew she'd go," he announced complacently. "Just a little patience wanted."

I preserved a discreet silence as we went round to the garage: there are moments when speech is both unwise and tactless. And it was not until we were strolling back to the house, my sin still undiscovered, that I breathed again.

"You must let me run you up to the club house in mine tomorrow morning, Uncle James," I said lightly. "Course in splendid condition."

"Aren't you going to London to-morrow?" he demanded.

"No, I'm taking a holiday, in honour of your visit."

I forbore to tell him that Molly had threatened divorce unless I did.

"What sort of time will suit you," I went on. "Then I can ring up and let them know about caddies."

Uncle James did not immediately reply, and I noticed he looked a little thoughtful.

"To tell you the truth, Peter," he began slowly, "I wasn't particularly anxious to play golf with you to-morrow morning. The fact really is—" he hesitated for a moment—"I wanted to practise a bit before I played you again."

"Well, we won't play a serious round, Uncle James," I said mildly. "We might go up there and knock about a bit; have some lunch, don't you know, and play in the afternoon."

Anything to keep him out of the house: those were Molly's instructions.

"Yes", he agreed. "We might do that. And in the afternoon I shall beat you."

"Why, of course, beat my head off."

"I have cured my slice, Peter," he announced.

"Good," I cried. "You'd have beaten me last time but for that."

"No, not last time. But I shall this."




He answered in the same language.

There was an air of such complete conviction about his tone that I glanced at him in mild surprise. Uncle James may be, and is, an excellent judge of wine: Uncle James may be, and is, a public pest with his inventions: but Uncle James cannot be, and is not, and never will be, a golfer. He is not like anything on this earth that I have ever seen when he gets a golf club in his hands. He is, and I say it advisedly, with due regard to the solemnity of making such a claim for any man, the worst golfer in the world.

"I have—er—turned what little ingenuity I possess, Peter, upon a lengthy and scientific consideration of the game of golf." He spoke as a man does who weighs his words with care, and involuntarily we both paused. "I have read many books on the game—by Vardon and Taylor and others—men doubtless well qualified to write on the subject."

I BOWED silently: speech was beyond me.

"And it seems to me," he went on, "that they evade the real issue. For instance now they unite in saying that the essence of golf lies in the swing. But how am I to know that my swing is like theirs?"

"How indeed!" I murmured chokingly.

"Again, they reiterate the statement, 'Slow back.' But ideas of slowness differ."

"True," I agreed. "Very true."

To see Uncle James take his club back reminds one of a man lunging furiously at a wasp.

"Two points of many you perceive, Peter," he continued, "on which I came to the conclusion that a little ingenuity might be of great assistance. And so, I have—er—perfected, or am in the process of perfecting, a small device, by which the—er—comparative novice like myself can obtain mechanical assistance in carrying out these maxims."

Thank God! Molly joined us at that moment: I was beginning to turn pale. Uncle James encased in pullies on a Saturday morning on the links, was a prospect that made me feel faint. Better a thousand times that the entire domestic staff should resign.

"Is it a very complicated device, Uncle James?" I asked feebly, and I heard Molly catch her breath.

"It takes a little adjustment," he answered, "and I shall require Molly's assistance."

"Uncle James has invented something," I explained, studiously avoiding her eye, "which he thinks will improve his golf."

"What sort of a thing?" enquired Molly.

"It's not so much an original invention," he explained, "as a common sense application of a well-known principle—the principle of elasticity."

I suppose I looked mystified—I certainly felt it, and he beamed at us contentedly. Then he fumbled in his pocket and produced a small parcel.

"It is my firm belief," he continued, as he undid the string, "that with this I shall be able to reduce my handicap to single figures, or even—" he paused for a moment, and his voice shook a little at the thought—"or even to scratch."

At first sight the invention looked like a cross between a young octopus and the tram-lines at the Elephant and Castle. On closer inspection it looked like a nightmare. Streamers of india-rubber flowed in all directions from metal rings, terminating in little clips and loops. Some were short and some were long; some were thick and some were thin; and to each was affixed a label.

"There it is, you see," he remarked proudly "neat and simple. Merely following first principles. Peter."

"But," I stammered, "how does it work, Uncle James?"

"You must surely follow the main idea," he exclaimed, with the genial toleration of the great brain. "Each of these lengths of rubber fulfils a purpose of its own, and the thickness and length have been calculated to enable them to fulfil that purpose scientifically. For instance—this one."

HE INDICATED a short, stocky little fellow, with a loop at the end.

"Now, Duncan lays great stress on the action of the right elbow during the upward swing. He insists that it should be kept close to the body. By the simple process of attaching this loop round the right elbow, the result is obtained."

"I'm afraid I'm still rather dense," I said dazedly.

"The ring—this metal ring," he explained a little wearily, "is attached to the inside of my coat. From it the rubber goes to my right elbow. These others go elsewhere.



The Colonel's caddy sprang into the air with a scream of fear.

Similarly with the remaining rings. Each is securely fastened inside my coat, and from them the rubber cords go to their respective places where they are secured."

Thank Heavens the dressing-bell rang. My brain was reeling: it was incredible to think that any man could have such a mind. And what made it worse was that Molly seemed to be in a splendid temper. I even heard her congratulate her abominable relative on his cleverness.

"Could anything be better, old boy?" she said coming into my dressing-room. "He'll be perfectly happy on the links, with you and his india-rubber." She choked slightly.

"Understand me, Molly," I answered coldly. "I go to London to-morrow, and I do not return till Uncle James has left. I shall have a telephone message in the morning. I utterly and absolutely refuse to take your damned relative up to the links on a Saturday morning, swathed from head to foot in rubber bands."

"But, Peter, darling," she began soothingly.

"Go away," I said firmly. "Go away. I hate your family."

"But, Peter darling," she continued, "he won't do any harm. He can't play any worse with it on than he does with it off."

"That," I agreed, "is an indubitable fact. But—why confound it, Molly—it's against the rules. It must be against the rules. It's absolutely immoral."

"I know, dearest," she answered. "But no one will find out—and it keeps him happy. After all, it's better than letting him loose in the house."

Of course, I gave in finally: I knew I should. I always do with Molly. And, after all, she was quite right. The infernal machine would be hidden underneath his coat, and no one need know. And he *has* got a lot of money.



Completely surrounded by tails.



Uncle James got stuck.

WE GOT off about ten on Saturday morning—Uncle James and I. Molly had sewn the rings into his coat after dinner the night before under his expert eye: she had then superintended the connecting up in the morning after breakfast. And that completed her share of the performance. She flatly refused to accompany us to the links, on the plea of household duties. She equally flatly refused to speak to me alone, or even to meet my eye. So I placed Uncle James's bag of nineteen clubs in the car and we started.

It was a beautiful day for golf—soft, balmy, and without a breath of wind. Moreover Uncle James was in a splendid temper.

"I shall do a good round this afternoon, Peter," he affirmed confidently. "Splendid device this of mine. Tried one or two practice swings while you were getting the car."

"Good," I cried. With the new day had come a certain cheerful optimism, and I let the car out a bit more. "But if I were you, Uncle James, I'd lie low about it. Don't tell anyone, and you might make a bit of money to-morrow."

I could see the pride of the inventor, struggling with the wonderful idea I had suggested. To actually beat somebody at golf! It opened a vista of possibility almost too marvellous for imagination.

"You see," I continued craftily, "people might belittle your game if they knew."

I left it at that, and hoped for the best. There were quite a number of men about when we arrived at the clubhouse, and as Uncle James wanted to try his device, I fixed up a game for the morning. Then I showed him a hole where he could practise approach shots and left him. It was a fatal move on my part: I ought to have known better. To leave Uncle James alone on the links—especially on Saturday morning, is asking for trouble. I got it.

The first man I saw as I came in after my round was Colonel Thresher. He was talking to the secretary who was trying to soothe him.

"I'll look into it, Colonel," he said mildly. "Leave it to me."

"But I tell you there's a madman on the links," roared the irate officer. "He's dug a hole on the seventeenth fairway big enough to bury a cow in."

My heart sank: it was the seventeenth where I had left Uncle James.

"The damned man is a menace to public safety," fumed the Colonel. "He hits the ball backwards and through his legs. And he's using the most appalling language. Here he is, sir, here he is."

I choked and turned round as Uncle James entered. I could see at a glance that he was no longer in a splendid temper. Far from it.

"The lies on this course are atrocious, Peter," he cried as soon as he saw me, "positively atrocious."

I attempted to intervene, but it was too late.

"And they won't be improved, sir," roared the Colonel, "by your exhibition of trench digging. Damn it, a man falling into some of those holes you've made would break his neck."

"Confound your impertinence, sir," began Uncle James, shaking his fist in his rage. And then he paused suddenly: in mid-air so to speak. A spasm of pain passed over his face, and a loud twanging noise came from the region of

*Continued on page 49*




"Oh, Don Jimmie," she whispered, "there is something important I wanted you to do for me. Can I trust you?"

# A CANADIAN LOCHINVAR

*By* ADAM HAROLD BROWN

## A Rollicking Story of Brigands in Mexico, a Beautiful Girl, and a Dare-devil Canadian—In the Days Just Before the United States Declared War

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

BREAKFAST over, Cayley found a native guide, decked out like a comic opera brigand, under whose escort Jimmie McPherson rode off for the Rio del Rey. Jimmie was to determine the electric power potentialities of a water-fall on the stream and report to his employers in Canada.

The Canadian did not like Mexico and its sleepy people, but ahead somewhere was the call of adventure. That made up for a lot of other deficiencies. It was early in the spring of 1917, and one of the prime reasons for Jimmie being just where he was at that date was a piece of German shrapnel that had embedded itself in him one year before and sent him home for repairs. When he got out of hospital, discharged from further army service, the company with whom he was identified before enlisting wanted him to take up this Mexican investigation at once. One thing helped Jimmie to decide—a friend of his from Ontario, a chap named Jud Thompson, had a ranch near the very river he was to look over. He wired Thompson to expect him. Cayley, an English representative for the firm in Mexico, had looked after outfitting him for the expedition.

In the western suburb of Citand, a group of tatterdemalion soldiery lounged around an ugly guard-house. Two shabby sentries, with strained furtive faces, stood nervously with fixed bayonets. An officer advancing, demanded to see the traveller's passport. Fortunately this had been viséd an hour before—thanks to Cayley's foresight—and it was pronounced correct.

"I see you are a Canadian, senor," the officer smiled. "I once knew a man from your country. A brave man, senor. He has gone to Europe! To the war."

The young Captain of the guard seemed friendly, but expressed surprise and a slight anxiety on learning Jimmie's destination. "Beware of the Alfaro *diablos*," he warned. "The insurgente, senor.—But you Canadians—you fear nothing."

Where the trail was sufficiently wide to ride abreast the Canadian urged his horse alongside the guide's. Both riders knew enough of the other's language to at least make themselves understood.

"Those soldiers looked badly frightened," remarked Jimmie pleasantly.

"Si senor," answered the guide. "They are not brave men! They do not wish to fight."

"But what is the reason for this alarm!" was the inquiry.

"It is the revolution, senor. The guerrilla in el Sirera."

"Snappy little country," commented Jimmie. "Tell me about these desperadoes."

"I speak only from hearsay, senor." The speaker deftly rolled a cigarette. "There are many very fierce men in the army of the revolution. When they capture a town, senor, they at once take all the money—every *centavo*." He shrugged his shoulders. "General Alfaro says it is to buy more rifles and cartridges. But who knows what will happen."

AT a village which boasted a ramshackle inn they procured a fairly satisfying midday meal. After a while the road became more rocky and narrow. The sun's glare, deflecting hotly from the over-hued landscape, seemed to Jimmie like a confused mass of fallen star-shells. "No color scheme like this in Canada," he told himself glancing around. "Artistic, maybe—but it lacks the punch."

He could distinguish a herd of steers grazing on a distant rise and a few goats at one side, but in the way of humans the land appeared uninhabited. The tortuous path wound among stubby foothills, like a tangled ribbon cast down by some unkind fate.

"Pedro," the young Canadian addressed his guide, "When do we reach the Falls of your royal river?"

"Have patience, senor," was the reply, "it is not far. Hark!"

Jimmie listened. The rumble of a waterfall was growing perceptibly louder. It must be pretty near.

Suddenly turning a sharp angle of rock there spread before them the little Falls of the Rio del Rey. It was rather an impressive sight, the man from Canada admitted—the swirling dashing water, the exotic vegetation on either bank, and the ever-flowing stream below.

"Certainly some little falls," the investigator murmured. "Nothing on Niagara or Shawinigan of course, but it looks like a good bit of untouched power. The river might be navigable too. I wonder if it ever drops in depth?"

He put a few questions to the guide. That worthy having dismounted in the shade of a large tree, calmly proceeded to roll a cigarette. The sight of the falls left him unimpressed. If the good *Dios* saw fit to cast water over a clif

what business was it of his? This young *gringo* was undoubtedly mad. Who but a *loco* would bother about a *rio's* depth? However, he informed Jimmie that the stream remained normal, save after heavy rains, when "it increased itself."

"Won't need any reservoir or dam then." Jimmie, dismounting, himself, established his madness in the courier's eyes by making a series of pot-hooks in a leather note-book. "Could remember all this," the writer muttered, "but might as well put it down. The company'll make no mistake in closing this deal. A neat little investment."

HAVING absorbed all the details of the little cataract's potentialities, Jimmie bethought himself of looking up his friend, Jud Thompson, whose ranch he knew lay somewhere in this vicinity. After considerable pumping, the guide vouchsafed the information that *"El Senor Tomeson's rancho* lay over yonder."

The term "over yonder" proved to be decidedly elastic. They covered a good many miles before reaching the ranch-house, a verandabed building backed by several fair-sized barns.

Although the visit was somewhat unexpected—Jimmie's wire had been rather indefinite—Jud Thompson was delighted to see his friend.

"You always turn up, Jimmie," was his greeting, "like a bad penny. Even the efficient Hun couldn't finish you. Anyway, come inside and have something to eat. Sorry I haven't any plum-and-apple jam, but I guess you can make out."

Afterwards, seated on the cool verandah, they smoked cigars. The crimson sun sank behind the frowning Cordilleras; the approach of the quick, tropical night was very calm and peace-inspiring.

"You've given me the Canada news," said Thompson at length; "but what's the latest from Washington? Ever since they broke off diplomatic relations, the world's had its eye on the White House. What do you think—will they fight?"

"If the U boats force them to it," Jimmie answered, "they certainly will come in with a punch. It's what the Germans have been asking for."

"I came down with a chap named Cayley," Jimmie remarked after a pause. "He seemed to think there was a war in this blessed land. A *war*—get that! Is it bunk?"

"Not exactly," was the thoughtful reply. "Ever since Madero put up a stiff fight to oust old Diaz, there's been some nasty 'skirmishing' going on. First it was Orozco, then Huerta kicked out Madero, then Carranza started a revolution to kick *him* out. Now that he's 'in' there's generally a fire eating 'General' to start something."

"Who's this General Alfaro?" asked Jimmie. "I was warned not to associate with him."

"He's some mysterious joker in the mountains," Jud said. "May be the wily Villa himself for all I know. But," he added "I hardly think such 'liveliness' will strike this precinct."

"Anyway we're both Britishers," said Jimmie watching the smoke curl upward. "Isn't that as good as a royal flush down here?"

"Not always," murmured his host; "they sometimes 'forget themselves'."

"But we're non-combatants — and the German army isn't in. control."

"Don't count on that. Cayley's wife and child were non-combatants, but they were lost on the *Lusitania*!. . . .Cayley looks at his wife's photo every night; you may have noticed."

AS JIMMIE joined his friend on the verandah after breakfast next morning, the latter pointed to a low ridge about 500 feet away, where a mounted Mexican rode slowly backwards and forwards.

"I can't make out what that fellow's up to. He's not one of my men. He's not travelling or he'd come to the back door and ask for food. Looks as if he was on sentry-go—keeping an eye on us."

Jimmie squinted at the lone figure in the brazen sunlight. "Yes, I wonder what in blazes he's up to?"

Suddenly, the *muchacho* who had been sent for the horses, dashed round the corner of the house. "Fly, senors!" shrilled the lad. "They are upon us. The *diablos*! They creep in by the back. Make speed! Away!"

The words had scarcely died on his lips when a villainous-looking Mexican on a tall black horse swept round the house-corner. He spat out a volley of crisp curses as the *muchacho* fled from under the horse's feet.

"What the dev—" began Jud; his hand dropped to his hip.

Before he could draw his revolver, the horseman threw up his rifle and fired point blank. The ranchman crumpled to the verandah floor.

"The dirty greaser got me," he gasped. "I'm winged in the leg."

Jimmie bent over him. A score of fierce cut-throats, armed to the teeth, had swarmed to the front.

"You better get inside, Jimmie," said the wounded man. "They may fill you full of holes any minute. Don't mind me."

Jimmie darted into the house. In a moment he reappeared with a flask of brandy, which he pressed to his friend's lips.

ANOTHER figure, a red-faced, stockily-built man, mounted on a piebald horse, came on the scene. His dirty soiled uniform looked like a discarded costume in a second-hand shop. His fiery red hair, when he removed his sombrero, outraged the landscape. His face wore a grin of audacious dare-deviltry. Two pistols were stuck in his belt, and a heavy navy cutlass swung at his side.

"Surrender, me bowld bhoys," he shouted in a rasping brogue. "I have yez at me mercy." Dismounting, he stamped up the verandah steps. "This'll tache ye to resist armed authoritay," he continued. "Sthoppin' a man in the pursuit av his duty, ye are."

"Who let you loose, anyway?" said Jimmie boldly.

"Phwat! D'ye insult me to me face? If I didn't have more important business on hand I'd call ye to account. As it is—gimme a sup o' that liquor." Seizing the flask he emptied a long draught.

"Who the devil are you anyway?" Jimmie demanded angrily.

"Me?" said the other pompously. "I am Colonel O'Brien, of the Army of Liberty. These bhoys," he pointed over his shoulder, "are part av me regiment. This felly," he nodded at the wounded Thompson, "was shot by me liftenent in silf-defince. 'Tis the fortune av war-r. I'll now proceed wid me business."

"What're you going to do?" snapped Jimmie.

"Sure, we'll have a little talk later, me lad. At present 'tis work."

He shouted orders in Spanish and two of his men running up, tied Jimmie's hands behind his back. Before he realized it they dragged him away out of earshot. He saw the Irish colonel direct the ranchman to be carried inside the house. Then following, he closed the door.

"No loot there," thought Jimmie; "nothing but old Jud's safe. Gosh!" he ejaculated hearing a muffled explosion from the *hacienda*. "What's up now?"

In a few minutes his captor appeared, lugging a bulging grip-sack. After giving some orders to his lieutenant on the black horse, he mounted and rode over to Jimmie.

"How is he?" the prisoner asked. "My friend—the man you shot?"

"The felly's all right," was the cool reply, "bit of a flesh wound. I'm not burning the house account o' me saft heart. As soon as me bhoys lassoo the farm-hands, and make 'em volunteer for the army, we'll clare out."

"But if you take away all the men," cried Jimmie, "how about Thompson?"

"Oh, there's some owld women looking after him, and I told a *muchacho* to walk to Citaud. He'll bring help by night-time."

"What was the noise inside the house?" inquired the man on foot.

"I just blew open the felly's safe," grinned the horseman. "But he didn't have much, 300 Mexican dollars I will hand to me General, like an honest soldier, a hunder American gold paces I will keep for meself." He winked roguishly.

ALTHOUGH Jimmie's blood boiled, he thought it best to temporize.

"A clever soldier like you," his tone was mildly sarcastic "could squeeze his back pay from a ten-inch shell."

"'Tis the fortune av war-r," the Irishman chuckled. "But, me bhoy, ye'll think better av me when ye see von Ritzer."

"And who's von Ritzer?" inquired Jimmie, noticing a small bunch of livestock driven from the corral by several wild-looking cowboys.

"Sure he's the *jcfe politico* at the town where I hang out. A German civilian he is, appointed by me General's revolutionary junta, to look after the civil business but he's always interfarin' wid military affairs, bad cess to him." Apparently no love was lost between the two contemporaries. "Yet he's a clever enough divil wid the wireless," went on the Colonel. "And he told me if I took any Americans he'd like to have a little talk wid 'em—but I'll not let him try any

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In as few words as possible the Colonel outlined von Ritzer's design.

# Mackenzie's Rise and Decline

## *By* "THE MAKE-UP MAN"

Another brilliant biographical sketch from "Ottawa in Masquerade," a book to be published shortly. Other pithy, pungent chapters will follow in succeeding issues of MacLean's

A FEW years ago the first Eskimo movie ever taken was shown in Toronto to a small audience who waited an hour for the film which did not begin until a thick grizzly man with shrewd, penetrating eyes came in with his party.

"Sir William Mackenzie, late as usual", whispered one. "He never arrives on time at a public function, often sleeps at a play, and sometimes when his family invite musicians to his home he plays bridge in a distant room so as not to hear the music."

"Oh yes," nudged the other. "But Sir William, you see, owns this film. It was taken by his own exploration party."

"Oh! Then the last scene will probably be Eskimos laying railway ties."

"Oh no; digging up mineral deposits. Iron—Sh!"

It was a wonderful film full of epical energy and primitive beauty; one of the few kinds of people in Canada that Mackenzie had never been able to link up to civilization. The room was hung with costumes, curios and weapons of these folk, all of which were afterwards presented to the Royal Ontario Museum by Sir William, who was never enormously interested in ethnology.

There is one man in Germany, something like William Mackenzie, who makes money almost by magic out of utilities and buys up concerns in other countries with money which he made in his own. His name is Hugo Stinnes. Mackenzie is a bigger man than Stinnes and a higher type, but each man regards this country as a commercial asset to be developed. Each is a wizard of a species of applied finance. For years Mackenzie was of speculative interest in Canada to people who had never even seen his photograph. He was the man who had a second head-quarters in Ottawa and a branch office in every provincial legislature except Prince Edward Island. We almost had provincial premiers lullabying to their Cabinets:

"Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Mackenzie shall not get ye."

Mackenzie seemed to arise about twenty-five years ago from some magic mountain and to stride down upon the plains with the momentum of a Goth army. He was a contractor who became for ten years a demigod. People scarcely thought he was human.

### Going After Millions—and Getting Them

SOMETIMES before the war when people saw him on the street they paused to watch him walking as though a black bear had suddenly wandered down from Muskoka.

"By Jove! Mackenzie's back again."

"And is that William Mackenzie?"

"Did you never see him before?"

"No Sir, I never saw him before."

"Well take a good look. He's just going to lunch. That man brought back sixty million dollars this time from Threadneedle Street. A gang of reporters met him at Montreal to get the good news—more money for Canada. Great Game! He got forty millions a year ago or so."

"Who's that benign man with him?"

"That's a provincial premier. His province wants more railways and the Government has to guarantee more bonds—"

"Oh, then he sells bonds with provinces for security?"

"That's the big idea. Why, what's wrong with it?"

"Oh, I guess it's all right."

"Of course it is. Railways can't be built out of earnings of lines built last year. Traffic's too thin; has to be developed. Mackenzie's building lines for a real population. Canada, my boy, is a terrific country to railroad. The C.P.R. got land and cash grants. Mackenzie takes government guaranteed bonds. The whole country is on the same road. We import people to homestead land and we have to borrow money to set the people up so that they'll become real Canadians—"

"Yes, especially at election time. But tell me—who finally owns these railroads?"

"Well, you've got me. Nobody has figured that out yet. Everything is too new. All I know is that governments are behind Mackenzie, and the people elect the governments, and the people want the roads, and if they don't get 'em the government probably goes out. Anyhow I take off my hat to Sir William Mackenzie as a great man."

Nine-tenths of Canada used to think that Mackenzie was a great man. The more he borrowed in England on government-guaranteed bonds and the more he invested in Mexico and South America, and the greater number of street railways, power plants, transmission lines, ore mountains, new towns, smelters, docks, ships, whale fisheries, coal mines and land companies he and his able partner Mann were able to octopize, the greater the country thought these men were—especially Mackenzie.

TORONTO Board of Trade gave a dinner to these men to celebrate the fact that by the building of the new line to Sudbury at a cost of several millions Toronto was at last actually located on a Mackenzie road and had



SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

some right to be made the headquarters of the system. A wildcat in some places could almost have jumped from that line to the new line of the C.P.R. built at the same time. It was about the same year that Mackenzie inaugurated the Canadian Northern line of steamships, the two Royals, and for lack of tidewater was compelled to dock them at Montreal under the shadow of the C.P.R. who of course did not join in the Civic welcome. And in the same year people were talking—as they are now again—about Toronto and Port Arthur becoming ocean ports. The wonder was that Mackenzie did not see to it. But he was fairly busy, tying Halifax to Vancouver by the Yellowhead Pass, and giving provincial cabinets new ideas about government.

Without a doubt William Mackenzie had a mandate from this country to do a great work; and he did it. Ninety-nine Boards of Trade and town councils said that he had. Bankers and other financiers agreed that he had found new ways of investing creative money. Scarcely a teacher of geography but admitted that Mackenzie was changing the map of this country so fast that a new one became necessary every three years. New towns sprang at the rate of a mile a day of new railway built by Mackenzie. And every new town became a monument to this man's faith in the future of Canada. Even the old city of Montreal, preserve of the C.P.R., lent its mountain to Mackenzie for a tunnel and a "Model City" on the hinder side.

### In the Days when London Loaned us Money

THERE was always money to be had. A map of Canada in Mackenzie's satchel when he went to England to see money lenders seemed under his talk as big as the whole British Empire. It was not common Empire patriotism to refuse either the money or the guarantees for the bonds. The whole of Canada backed Mackenzie's notes. It was he, not Sir Thomas White, who invented the principle of Victory Loans whereby the nation becomes your banker. Between building a new line and operating a line built last year there was no system of accounting that could audit his books. The centipede became so vast and complex that no banker could begin to understand it. Mackenzie never made the effort. He was too busy developing Canada.

The Saskatchewan valley was the one great trunk Eldorado, the greatest discovery of natural resources ever made in Canada. The settlers in that valley wanted more people, the people wanted the railways, the government needed the voters, and Mackenzie wanted settlers, people, voters, government and all. If a government was obstreperous Mackenzie might lend a heavy hand to help turn it out at the next election. It was not proper for a government to obstruct him. He was the over-man.

Seldom in any other nation has there ever been a man who could play such a prodigious and prodigal game with the resources of the whole country. Mackenzie mobilized the nation before the war. Millions of people in Canada used to regard him as a sort of magnified Daniel Drew—the father of Wall St. and watered stock and corrupt contract railways. But Mackenzie was a broader man than Drew, with a much higher sense of honor. Drew admitted that he was a wonderful Methodist, that he had been a profiteer of the Civil War, and that he had starved a railway of rails so that it killed a large number of people in an accident. Mackenzie was no Methodist; and he never was a profiteer from any emergency of the people. He wanted Canada to prosper. All his profits must come from greater wealth in Canada which he did much to create.

### Economic—but not Economical—King.

MACKENZIE had more faith in Canada than most of the politicians had. He wanted a big Canada, with himself as its economic king. The best way to conserve a nation's wealth, he said once, is to develop its resources. We never had such a developer. He never was a real railwayman, any more than he was a pure financier. He was a colossal exploiter of national resources by means of borrowed money. In the era before Mackenzie we had Clergue at the Soo. Clergue was a pigmy forerunner of Mackenzie. What Clergue did in Algoma the other man aimed to do for the whole country. And he almost did it.

Asked once why he gave so much leeway to men like Mackenzie and Mann, Sir Wilfred Laurier is quoted as having said:

"Well, what other kind of men could you have to do such wonderful work?"

Beaverbrook said at a dinner in Canada not long ago: "I never was a William Mackenzie. I created nothing as he did."

The debacle of Mackenzie railways was never contemplated by Mackenzie. He did not even imagine that it was possible—except that he was prophetically troubled by the ambition of Laurier to create a third transcontinental. He had the right of way in this. He and Mann had developed the Canadian Northern out of a little stub line in Dauphin, Manitoba. The thing grew because it served the people, and the people lived in a fertile country that needed a road to market. The whole basic idea of the Mackenzie roads was to give more and more people a road to market. The original idea of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the National Transcontinental was to rival the Canadian Pacific monument to John A. Macdonald by erecting a railway monument to Wilfred Laurier.

The race of the railways just about broke the nation's neck. It was not all the fault of Mackenzie that the race ever began, or that it was carried on to insanity. He was a practical philosopher to perceive that a government is an elective corporation capable of being manipulated in the interets of an all-Canada enterprise needed and wanted by the people. He was a master cynic to surmise that when the future came to balance the accounts, Father Time would be a very bewildered assignee.

The war was very ill advised. Mackenzie had no use for war. He never could see in the predicament of a nation any chance to profit for himself. He wanted perpetual prosperity. It never occurred to him perhaps that some day critics would arise to say that the country called Canada had done more for William Mackenzie than he had ever done for the country; and that when the parent utility of the cycle which he had helped to create was declared bankrupt he had no rights in the case whatever and never should have been paid a dollar of indemnity for the common stock.

### Never Another Like Him.

BUT as the country had submitted to Mackenzie's system of building railways, so it was compelled to be content with the Royal Commission method of adjudicating what the builders should get out of the wreck.

Financiers and politicians and common citizens may

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# What Janey Thinks of Nellie

*By* MRS. EMILY F. MURPHY
(JANEY CANUCK)

Mrs. McClung is probably Canada's leading woman orator. She is now en route to England where she will represent Canadian Methodism at the Ecumenical Congress. This study is particularly interesting as it is from the pen of another famous western woman writer

WE WERE travelling through Southern Alberta last Spring,—Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and I—when, having elicited all I knew concerning irrigation, Indian Reserves, tumble-weed, seed grain loans, and other matters pertaining to the district, she proceeded, as a return courtesy, to teach me a new and somewhat intricate game of solitaire.

It was the game she used to play in Holloway Jail while on a hunger strike in order that she might forget her sufferings.

Thinking she was forgetting them altogether too well, the prison officials took the cards from her.

We were getting on nicely with the game when the Conductor, passing through the car, called out the words, "Purple Springs, next station."

Yes! I had heard this name before—the name that carries both a question and a lure. It was the one Mrs. McClung had chosen for her new novel.

Writers had dreamed of "purple cows", but none of "purple springs". "Why are you doing it?" I had asked of her. "Sure an' it isn't fitting for our national exponent of prohibition. People will waggle their heads and say things about you, like as not."

"Read, and see for yourself", said she. But the novel wasn't out, and here I was at Purple Springs itself—a very small station on a very large prairie and not a single clue to the title.

Since then, I have learned the answer, the story being off the press and out and about for itself. To catch the author's thought you will have to read it too, for this reviewer—like the author—has no intention of setting it forth ahead of time. "Purple Springs" is a picturesque prairie idyll with a wonderfully clever political setting.

This setting, which is a true story of how the suffrage was won in Western Canada, is of especial interest at this time when Mrs. McClung has just been elected as one of the members to represent the City of Edmonton in the Legislature of Alberta.

Indeed, she is the fourth woman to be so elected in Alberta, for the world does move, and superior worth is not a matter of sex.

Some of the incidents in "Purple Springs" plainly suggest that, for the material, the author has drawn upon her own life, especially in that chapter wherein she so graphically depicts the famous Mock Parliament of Women, which was held in the Manitoba Capitol in 1914, and immediately afterwards in the towns of that province, and what did more than anything else to break down the prejudice which had so long surrounded women as possible voters.

In the play which was presented in the Walker Theatre by the Political Equality League of Manitoba, Mrs. McClung took the leading part—that of Premier. So ably did she drive home the arguments for her cause by caustic satire and dramatic humor, that the Winnipeg Telegram declared victory was assured the women, the play being described as "the cleverest piece of satire ever heard locally."

Apart from its results politically and socially in the history of the West, the incident is markworthy as showing the potentialities of the stage in the making or marring of any vital movement which may be swaying the minds of the people, even to the extent of unseating a Government, however firmly seated in the saddle.

### Never Long Out of Politics

SHORTLY after the suffrage was won in Manitoba, the McClung family moved to Edmonton, Alberta, where Mrs. McClung was largely instrumental in forming another Political Equality League and where, in 1915, at the head of a large deputation of men and women, she made her famous "Come Across" speech. Shortly afterwards, the Honorable Arthur Sifton, Premier of the Province, introduced a bill placing men and women on an absolute political equality.

It may, therefore, be claimed without risk of refutation that the early enfranchisement of the women of Alberta is largely due to Mrs. McClung, because of her fearless, untiring, and clever advocacy of their cause. This is a fact known and recognized by the women of the province, and one which they did not forget when she stood last July as a candidate for the constituency of Edmonton.

During the period of her struggle for the franchise, many and vitrolic have been the criticisms passed upon her, but chiefly, be it said, by persons whose censure was preferable to their praise.

Having known and loved her for years, I beg to say it isn't true that she has cannibalistic tendencies—indeed, it isn't—and I know for a certainty that she didn't kill Cock Robin, or even sink the *Lusitania*.

Yes! in the clash of conflict, Nellie McClung has had to endure the unfriendly criticism that comes to all leaders and you may have noticed that epithets and brickbats are seldom padded. This has been the history of all women who have assumed leadership, or broken new trails. The laurel wreath and marble bust are the gift of later generations who enjoy the happiness for which the leaders strove.

A modern philosopher has said, "To be famous, is to to hated by people who do not know you", a dictum eminently applicable to the subject of this sketch. Those most severely critical of Mrs. McClung are strangers to her or who for some reason or other, fear her influence. In her personality there is a geniality and open frankness that almost invariably disarm your hostility and which win you to her cause.

This may best be illustrated in the case of the country editor who, incensed at one of her trenchant arguments regarding a certain law relating to women, undertook to say in two columns, and with double-leaded indignation, exactly what he thought of her.

Mrs. McClung could not complain that his opinion was unilluminative, or that it lacked in preciseness, even if his knowledge of the statute left much to be desired.

A gentleman in the town who had known her for years, forwarded the paper to Mrs. McClung, advising that she at once proceed to "eat him alive."

### Is She Overestimated?

AMONG the editor's comments was one that emphatically stated that "This Nellie McClung was a very much over-estimated person."

Mrs. McClung replied agreeing with him about this—absolutely agreeing with him—and saying she never had any illusions about it. At the same time, she ventured to point out how this was the fault of other people and should not be laid upon her as a matter of culpability. She then explained the law more fully and, as a result, the next issue of his paper carried her letter, with a polite editorial declaring her to be a broad-minded, clever, and useful woman, who was doing big things for the province.

There is no doubt that Carlyle was wholly correct when he said that "The right good fighter was oftenest also the right good improver, discerner, doer, and worker of every kind". It is natural, therefore, that Mrs. McClung is an active participant in many movements which make for the weal of Alberta's Capitol.

Sometimes, we find her urging Mother's Pensions, amendments to the Dower Act, the Factory Act, or the Minimum Wage Bill. Or, maybe, she is concerned about the better enforcement of prohibition, the work of the Public Health Nurses, the raising of funds for the Y.W.C.A. the I.O.D.E., or the Red Cross. Her services are being constantly requisitioned by the Young People's Clubs, for a meeting of the Social Service Council, a literary meeting, or for a religious service at the University.

We may not agree with her viewpoint on all or any of these subjects, and some of us may even carry around for her a few of the verbal brickbats above referred to, but, nevertheless, we all turn out to hear her, for her gift of interpreting public situations has almost become a public function. Indeed, since coming to Edmonton in 1913, she has addressed more than four hundred public meetings for various causes, all of which were given without remuneration, except three, the funds from these being used to pay for subscriptions she had made to patriotic endeavors. It may be reasonably doubted if any other Canadian woman has ever given so freely of her time and talents to the use of her continuing city. The record is truly a remarkable one and shows that whatever her objects, they were certainly not for her own personal aggrandizement.

During the war period, Mrs. McClung was one of the first women called to Ottawa to take part in the famous War Conference of 1918, where she was acknowledged to be one of the most out-standing figures. It was no idle comment of the writer who said, in discussing the personnel of the gathering, that "the 'line-up' of Alberta brains at this Conference is pretty formidable."

It is claimed that this conference to formulate plans in the crisis of the nation arose out of an appeal addressed by Mrs. McClung and an Edmonton friend to Sir Robert Borden, urging that women be registered for national service and conservation of food. After considerable correspondence, it was suggested by the Prime Minister, that the movement should be national instead of provincial, as they had first proposed, and that they would hear further from the Hon. N.W. Rowell.

It was Mr. Rowell who ultimately sent out the national call.

Another piece of Empire building engaged in by Mrs. McClung is still fresh in the memory of the people of the city. We refer to her undertaking, as president of the Edmonton Women's Institute, to become responsible for the entertainment of the soldiers' wives from the country who came to attend the Sessions arranged by the Soldiers' Settlement Board last winter.

### Helping the Soldier's Wives.

OTHER organizations in the city, because of the seriousness of the undertaking, had been obliged to turn it down, and for a time it seemed as if the scheme must fail, until it was carefully considered by the institutes and then successfully put through. During the eight days of the conference, 300 women and 105 children were cared for, being given the freedom of the City. Other towns, encouraged by the results in Edmonton, have also undertaken to minister to the wives of the soldier settlers in like manner, and to make them feel that they belong here in the North.

Mrs. McClung has always been a spokesman for the teaching profession, urging practical reforms wherever there has seemed a call. That she was entitled to speak on their behalf is evidenced by the fact that at fifteen years of age she herself started to teach and continued to do so for seven years. Then she reformed and married big splendid "Wes" McClung, perfecting herself by rearing one of the finest and best-looking families in tho Province. (*Continued on page 34*)



MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG,
Canada's leading woman orator; well known also as a contributor to Maclean's.



"Their farm? Is that gen—that man a farmer?"

# The Heirlooms' Clause

## By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

THE manners of the Braddock boys were old-fashioned even to the extent of being early-Victorian. They were elaborately, sometimes painfully, self-conscious and always sincere. They had come to them from their Kentish grandfather, Captain John Braddock, R.N., through the instructions and example of their father Such manners could not have survived the gnawing of time and the blandishments of new styles in any but a rural and secluded community nor under many other combinations of domestic conditions than the circumstances in which the boys had been born and bred. There were traditions to the effect that Captain John's manners and professional actions had been better than his morals and personal habits.

The Braddock boys were the only offspring of Thomas and Eliza Braddock; and at the time of the father's death, which happened within a year of the mother's, Johnny was in his thirty-sixth year and Dick in his thirty-second. Fairly mature boys! Yes, they were old enough, if nothing else.

Now the property belonged to Johnny and Dick, on a fifty-fifty basis of occupation and ownership and but for the absence of the old people, everything was as it had been for years. Johnny continued to open his eyes at half past four every morning in summer and six in winter, just as if he had the wheels of a clock inside him. He continued to leave his bed within a few seconds of opening his eyes and knock on the wall with the heel of a boot until Dick cried, "Thanks, Johnny, I'm wide awake!" and then to descend to the kitchen by the back stairs and beat on the pipe of the kitchen-stove with the lid-lifter until bumps on the floor above told him that Peter and Mary Lunt were astir.

Indoors and out, life for the Braddock boys continued to creep along its old orderly and comfortable grooves, until August of the year Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen.

Ferry Point is an extremely rural locality on the northern shore of the upper river. Here, in summer, a horse-ferry run by Amos Toner keeps the northern and southern shores in touch. Here are a general store and post-office, a blacksmith's forge, a meeting-house, half a dozen undistinguished dwellings and the little yellow school-house. The lower line of the Braddock place touches the river at a point about a quarter of a mile above the village; and there, between the highway and the river, stands a little church of grey stone surrounded by an ancient graveyard. Though officially denominated St. Luke's, this sacred edifice is locally known as Braddock's Church. It was built at the sole charge of Captain John Braddock, R.N., soon after his arrival from England, at a time when the followers of the established church of the Mother Country were numerically strong on the upper river. Now these followers were few; now there were more of them in the little grave-yard than above ground; and St. Luke's was opened and preached in once a month by a parson from a down-river parish.

MISS ALICIA WATSON came to Ferry Point in August of the year of grace already mentioned, to take charge of the school. She was from the city, and this was not her first school. She was ambitious, but not as a teacher. The daughter of a carpenter who could work only in fine weather and of a seamstress who could not sew by artificial light, she had trained for and adopted her profession simply as a means of bettering her worldly condition. For the same reason, and much more eagerly, she would have gone on the stage, or become a movie star, or married. She had a very high opinion of marriage from a materialistic view-point—so high that she had already rejected six matrimonial offers.

"Mother said yes to the first who asked her, but I'll wait and see what the seventh looks like—yes, and perhaps the seventeenth!" she told herself.

She was not a successful teacher. She had taken the school at Ferry Point simply because there was nothing better to be had at the time. Marriage with a farmer or village store-keeper, no matter how prosperous, was not in line with her ambition. She possessed a social instinct, wherever it had come from.

Alicia was fortunate enough to obtain board and lodging with the Davidsons, in the newest and largest house in the village. Davidson owned the general store and Mrs. Davidson was the best and most generous cook for miles around. The family at home consisted of these two and an unmarried daughter who kept the post office in a corner of her father's store. Other daughters had married and gone away and sons had grown up and departed.

AT FIVE o'clock one afternoon within a week of Alicia's arrival, she and Mrs Davidson sat idly in the rocking-chairs on the front verandah. She looked decidedly "lookable" to put it mildly. The fact is, she was a beauty, and knew how to make the most of her luck. She rocked idly back and forth, gazing as idly across the little front garden and dusty, sunlit road at the front of the store opposite; and Mrs. Davidson rocked back and forth and gazed admiringly at Alicia.

Suddenly a man trotted into view on a grey horse and drew rein in front of the store. Both horse and rider were long-legged and lean. The man dismounted, hitched the horse to a gnawed, iron-capped post and entered the store without having shown so much of his face as the profile to the women on the verandah across the road.

"Who's that?" asked Alicia, with a change of lights in her eyes.

"It's one of them Braddock boys, but I can't tell t'other from which without I get a square look at their faces", replied Mrs. Davidson. "They ride the same hosses, an' they're built alike as two skewers, an' the both of 'em wears them queer shaped ridin'-pants an' long yeller boots."

"But who are they?" asked Alicia, who had stopped her rocking and was now sitting forward in her chair. "Where do they come from?"

"Ain't you ever heard of the Braddocks?" returned Mrs Davidson.

ALICIA shook her head uncertainly.

"Now that's real queer", continued the other, "for there was six or seven folks come all the way from the city to the old lady's burial two year ago an' again to the old squire's last year—all relations of the Braddocks or the Kilners. Johnny Braddock an' Dick Braddock belong right here. Their farm is jist up the road a step—the old Braddock place."

"Their farm? Is that gen—that man a farmer?"

"Sure he's a farmer! Both the boys is farmers; an' good ones, too, for all their awkward manners an' the queer pants they put on whenever they climb onto a hoss. That's how they was brought up. Ma used to talk of them as quality, but she was kind of old-fashioned in her talk an' her ways. I don't have to, anyhow, with my son Earle a lawyer out west. The Braddock boys is jist farmers to me."

"Quality," said Alicia to her very own self, deep in her heart. And aloud, she said, "Those are riding-breeches, Mrs Davidson, and they're meant to be that shape. I've seen lots of them."

As a matter of fact, she had not seen lots of riding-breeches, but she had seen them depicted in illustrations of stories about very smart people by Mr Lloyd Osborne and the late Richard Harding Davis.

"They get 'em from London", said Mrs Davidson, "an' from the very same tailor their Pa an' their Gran'pa bought from, that's how old-fashioned they are. An' Mary Lunt says as how they're still cut to the same measure their Gran'pa left behind 'im when he come out to this country the first time. Here he is now—and it's Johnny—with a box of axle-grease. He's the oldest. Now would you believe it?—that a grown man would fuss himself up in them pants an' boots with spurs to 'em jist to fetch a box of axle-grease from the store in the middle of hayin'? Would you believe it?—an' him born an' riz right on the farm!"

Alicia heard but did not answer. She leaned back gracefully in her chair; but her eyes continued to regard the tall man and the high horse beneath drooping lids.

JOHNNY unhitched and mounted in an easy and workmanlike manner, holding the round container of axle-grease in his right hand. The horse wheeled, and the sun glinted on the short, bright spurs which adorned the rider's straight-legged yellow boots; and as it wheeled, Johnny looked up at the verandah across the way, slipped the box of homely lubricant under his bridle-arm and lifted his hat. This was done easily, gracefully, but the expression of the lean, sun-tanned face was embarrassed, even apologetic. Then the horse went away in a long-gaited trot, but not before Alicia had noted a swift change of expression in the rider's eyes.

"There now!" exclaimed Mrs. Davidson. "You'd think I'd pointed a gun at 'im. That's the way with the both of 'em, an' always has been, an' the old squire was almost as bad. Downright dumb, that's what I call it! Hat in hand, like a scared rabbit—but no sand nor sociability. And they're almost as awkward an' dumb with the men as with the women-folk. Can't say how-do without pretty near swallowin' theirselves. You'd ought to of heard my boy Earle laugh at 'em last time he was home, jist after he's finished college. Now *he* has manners, Earle has—free an' easy, but real polite."

"Is he married—that Mr Braddock?" asked Alicia.

"Married! Land's sake! I guess neither of 'em has ever said five words to any girl nor woman except Mary Lunt, for all their flourishin' of the hat. Jean pretends they sometimes talk to her in the post office, but I guess all they say is to ask for their letters; an' the both of 'em says a few words to Tildy Toner whenever they meet up with her on the road, but that's because they drug her out of the river a couple of Springs ago, when she busted through the ice, her an' her horse an' red pung. No, they aint married an' never will be."

Alicia did not ask any more questions just then, but she thought very intently over what she had heard and seen of the Braddocks; and the more she thought, the more did the subject intrigue her. Her early suspicion that the case of the Braddock boys might be well worth investigating developed and solidified almost to a conviction before bed-time.



In the course of the week following her first sight of Johnny Braddock, Alicia Watson contrived to gather a great deal of information concerning the brothers, their affairs and their history, without appearing to be inquisitive or unduly interested. She learned that the "Old Braddock Place" had a frontage on the river of one hundred and eighty rods and a depth of three miles and had never known the burden of a mortgage; that art-dealers and the like came several times a year from distant centres of civilization to offer fabulous prices for certain articles of furniture in the old house, only to go away empty-handed; that the late Thomas Braddock had been offered and had indignantly refused the sum of one thousand dollars for the set of ivory chess men with which his sons now amused themselves laboriously every evening; that Captain John Braddock had left England and the Royal Navy when he was about to be promoted to the rank of admiral owing to a painful misunderstanding with the then Chief of the Admiralty who, in return for a familiar slap on the post-captain's shoulder, had received a scornful and deliberate tweak of the nose; and that old Mary and Peter Lunt were ready to lay down their lives for the "boys" any day; and much more. It was enough for Alicia. She was clever and she had imagination; and, as has been previously stated, she possessed the social instinct. She looked into the future and allowed her ambitions to expand. She believed that Fate had brought her to Ferry Point. She decided to marry one of the Braddock boys.

ALICIA did not hurry matters. It was well along in September when she made her first move. One night at supper, she asked Mr. Davidson if he knew of a safe saddle-horse which she might hire occasionally.

"Wall now, a saddle-hoss," said the storekeeper, who was always eager to try to impress Alicia with his perspicacity. "What you might call a ridin'-hoss. You might think that any sound hoss would do for to ride hoss-back on, if only it wasn't too heavy or too light—but thar you'd be wrong. It's the gait an' the temper an' the trainin' makes the ridin' hoss. Lemme see now. An' you'd want one that wasn't scart of skirts. Tildy Toner rides her little sorrel mare, but she sets acrost like a man an' without no skirts to notice—an' I reckon she wouldn't hire out that mare, anyhow. Wall now, lemme see. Hah! I got it! Thar's the bay Mrs Braddock ust to ride on, an' thar'a all the riggin' for lady-like ridin.' I see him only yesterday, shinin' like silk an' fat as butter."

"But you know them Braddock boys wouldn't hire out any hoss, let alone that one", said Mrs. Davidson. "Guess you ain't forgot what happened when you tried to hire a hoss from 'em for that commercial gent."

"Sure I ain't forgot! Johnny says as how they don't keep no livery stable—says it real polite an' nasty; an' then he ups an' loans me the animal free gratis for nothin'."

"Well, he won't loan you that bay that was his Ma's, anyhow."

"Reckon he won't—but what about loanin' it to Miss Watson? What about that, now? I guess that's a shoe on a different hoof."

"Not him. Most any other man would, but not them Braddock boys. They aint got the sand. A pretty face an' a rail-fence is all one to them."

"Maybe so—but thar's no fool like the fool who pertends he's afeared of skirts an' pretty faces—when once his foolishness busts out in him."

Alicia murmured, "Oh, but I couldn't think of asking a favor of strangers"; and then she retired to the verandah and elaborated her plan.

The next day was Saturday. Alicia set out for a long walk immediately after an early breakfast, appropriately garbed, carrying her luncheon in a little basket. She walked across the fields behind the village and into the pastures and woods beyond, but as soon as the windows of the Davidson house were hidden from her view, she turned to the left.

IT WAS a golden day, a day of promise; and Alicia felt the gold and the promise of it in her blood. She smiled rosily at the thought of how soon the foolishness of one or other of the Braddock boys was to "bust out in him."

She soon reached a flank of the low wall of rough grey field stones that surrounded the grave-yard, and the little church, and instead of skirting it in search of a gate, she skipped lightly over it. She wandered among the graves and studied the inscriptions on the stones, looking for all the world as if pensive reflections on the brevity of this life of vanities and the immortality of the soul alone occupied her mind. She moved very slowly, very gracefully, stooping tenderly over the more lowly slabs and crosses. If a poet had seen her, he would have written something very sad and lovely about youth and beauty resigning themselves, in the person of this one bright creature, to the grim inevitable—and then, after reading it to her, he would have offered to carry her basket. Yes, even a poet would have been fooled. Even a poet would have failed to suspect that she had come among these green mounds and fading inscriptions in the heady pursuit of a worldly design on life.

The fact is, Alicia had come to St. Luke's on the chance of being seen by one or both of the Braddock boys. She knew that the parson from down river was to officiate here on the morrow, and she had been told that it was the custom of Johnny and Dick to prepare for the monthly service with their own hands. And she had not come in vain. Intent as she appeared to be on the graves, she had slanted a number of glances at the little church from the corners of her eyes and had caught a glimpse of a face regarding her from one of the narrow windows of the tiny vestry.

Her tender interest in the headstones of defunct members of the congregation of St. Luke's brought her at last to a point within a yard or so of the little porch and the iron-studded door thereof. Then what more natural than that she should turn her tender inquiry from the exhausted graves to the sacred edifice. The door stood slightly ajar. It opened solidly yet easily at a touch of the hand, and Alicia entered the porch. The inner door stood wide open, and Alicia passed on and in with devotionally bowed head and downcast eyes. Thus she advanced as far as the font, four paces; and then, raising her shy eyes, she beheld a man crouched on hands and knees in front of her.

THE ROSES in Alicia's cheeks paled to white lilies. Her free hand went convulsively to her breast. Her lips parted as if she would cry out, but no sound came from them. And so she stood, all the light action of her graceful form suddenly arrested and her eyes wide and bright with maidenly embarrassment verging on fear.

What was she afraid of anyway! The man on the floor did not look dangerous. It was quite evident that his embarrassment was almost as deep as her own. He stared up at her with startled and apologetic eyes and a flushed face. In his right hand he held a wet scrubbing-brush pressed hard against the stones of the aisle. A folded sack was under his knees. A can of soft-soap and a large bucket full of dirty water stood beside him. His white outing shirt was open at the neck.

"This must be Dick, the younger one", thought Alicia.

"Oh!" she whispered faintly, the roses and lilies battling for place in her smooth cheeks and up and down her round and slender throat. "I—am *so* sorry! I—I'm intruding."

The man on the floor swallowed hard. The color deepened in his sun-tanned face and even his ears grew crimson. His mouth opened and shut several times in quick succession, and without sound. And then he got swiftly and lightly to his feet and bowed profoundly, still gripping the wet brush in his wet right hand.

*Continued on page 37*



"Our fault, absolutely," said Dick, still speaking as if his windpipe had recently been stepped on.

# WILL CANADA BE LEFT OUT?

*By* M. GRATTAN O'LEARY

*Who Represented the Canadian Press at the Recent Conference in London*

ON November 11, anniversary of the fateful day when the Prussian dream of *Weltmacht* culminated in catastrophic defeat, there shall convene in Washington a congress of the statesmen of the great powers of the world. The purpose of the gathering will be two-fold. It will seek to achieve settlement of Pacific problems upon a basis of understanding and good will; and it will endeavor to attain what has been for centuries the dream of humanity's best minds—disarmament and peace in the world.

Of the transcendant importance of such a gathering, it is hardly necessary to speak. Destruction of wealth, inseparable from the war, has left the world impoverished. In Britain, in France, in Japan and even in our own Dominion, the peoples are staggering under taxation and debt. For them, as for most of the rest of the world, the prospect of continued naval and military expenditures holds nothing but misery and ruin. They were willing, even eager, to fight and pay for a mighty war in the hope that it would be the last, that it would make democracy more happy and safe; they abhor—and their abhorrence may conceivably be carried to a point of peril—the prospect of the same crushing yoke of armaments in a future which they hoped would be free. And so, quite apart from the danger that armament rivalry may lead to another and more desolating war, quite apart from the debt which the world owes to the millions who died for peace, the economic position of the nations decrees that such a Conference be held.

The momentous character of the gathering being thus clear, the question arises: Shall Canada have a voice in its deliberations and decisions? To such a question, there can be, for Canadians, but one reply. It is that, judged by any vital test that may be applied, Canada's right to be heard at Washington cannot be denied.

Canada, to begin with, is a Pacific Power. She has a thousand miles of seaboard, and two of her largest ports, on the Pacific; in any important conflict in that part of the world she would be a probable theatre of war. Manifestly, therefore, she has a direct and vital interest in any Pacific settlement or scheme; an interest more direct and vital than that of any other single nation outside of the United States and Japan.

Moreover, as a part of the British Empire, whose interests in the Orient are vast, Canada has an additional right to be heard. Her statesmen, having claimed a voice in the Empire's foreign policy, having laid it down that no step which concerns the whole British Commonwealth shall be taken without the Dominions' advice and consent, cannot now logically forego this claim in a decision of such moment and scope. Not unless the proclamations of national status, made loudly and often in the past two years, were mere pretensions and shams.

### Canada was the Originator.

BUT there is a claim more powerful still. It is that without Canada 's stand at the Imperial Conference, and even at an earlier date, this Pacific-Disarmament conference might never have been held. The simple truth —and this can be substantiated by official and ascertainable facts—is that as early as February 14, 1921, the present government, acting through the Canadian Department of External Affairs, believing that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance ought not to be renewed, communicated its views to the British Government, and suggested that the United States Government be approached as to whether it would be willing to agree to a conference on Pacific affairs with Great Britain and Japan. The suggestion, it is known, was not acted upon at the time. The British Government, although favorable to what was proposed, evidently believed that the difficulties in the way were greater than the Canadian Government supposed; the position of Australia, believed at that time to be strongly in favor of renewing the Japanese Alliance, was cited as an obstacle; and the question was temporarily dropped.

Canada, however, adhered to its view. The debate in the House of Commons in April, indicating hostility to the Alliance, followed by editorials of similiar tone in the press, served to strengthen the Government's position, and when Mr. Meighen reached London in June it was with mind firmly made up against renewal of the Treaty and for a Pacific Conference instead.

It cannot be said that he found London any too sympathetic to his views. Mr. Hughes, of Australia, and Mr. Massey of New Zealand, with opinions shaped—and perhaps pardonably so—by the geographical position of their Dominions, wanted the Alliance renewed. Their position was that the Treaty had worked well, that it had maintained peace in the Pacific, that Japan had been a faithful ally, that the substance of such a fact should not be abandoned for a shadow, and that, above all, Japan, which had stood by the Empire during the war, and which had been faithful to its compact, should not now be "thrown to the dogs." It was an argument not without strength; and it enlisted powerful supporters both in the British Government and press.

Mr. Lloyd George, there is reason to believe, favored the Alliance being renewed, as did Mr. Churchill and Mr. Balfour; practically every powerful British newspaper, including the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Observer*, took the same view (they wanted a treaty in a modified form); and beyond question renewal would have triumphed easily had it not been for Canadian opposition. Mr. Meighen who secured a measure of support from General Smuts, put his case with great force and persistence. He said to the Conference in effect:

### Premier Meighen's Cogent Reasons

"I AM opposed to this Alliance because it has outlived its purpose. It was entered into to curb the Pacific ambitions of Germany and Russia. Today those nations are impotent for evil; no nation menaces British or Japanese interests in the east. Moreover, the spirit of such an Alliance is out of harmony with the times. It is, as you have publicly admitted, out of harmony with at least the letter of the Covenant of the League of Nations and it is calculated to make both parties to it objects of antagonism and distrust. Finally, and most important of all, it is calculated to make more difficult the cultivation of friendship with the people of the United States.

"Today broadly speaking, there are three great Powers in the world—the British Empire, the United States and Japan. If any two of these enter into a separate alliance, then there can be but one result. The third—in this case it would be the United States—will arm, which means we too, will have to arm, the consequence being a race in armaments that can produce only misery, if not ruin.

"It is not that I desire to reject the friendship of Japan: it is that I do not wish to purchase that friendship at the price of making enemies of other nations. What I aim at, and what the British Empire should desire, is that we be friends with all nations. I therefore urge that we have a conference with both the United States and Japan, that the three Governments sit down together and see whether they cannot solve whatever difficulties exist on a basis of understanding and good will."

The logic of this appeal was irresistible, and in the end it triumphed. The devotees of the "Old Diplomacy" could summon little enthusiasm for a step so foreign to the traditions of the European chancellories, and had little faith in its results. Nevertheless, the United States and Japanese embassies were asked to "sour. out" their respective Governments regarding what ' ' eighen proposed; and a week later Presiden arding issued his history-making invitation for a Conference. Thus Canada's position had achieved a signal victory. Mr. Meighen's fight, however, was not over. For reasons not quite clear some of the Dominions' statesmen, not without strong backing from some of their British colleagues in the Conference, at once conceived the idea that it would be a good thing to hold a preliminary conference on Pacific problems in London. Such a conference, of course, would have been fatal to the larger gathering. It would have sent the representatives of the nations to Washington tied up to various schemes; it would have prejudiced the work of the main gathering; and it involved the danger of a dispute or a deadlock before anything of moment could he done. In a word it exposed the entire plan to the gravest peril.

Mr. Meighen realized this, and immediately threw his whole strength against the idea. On this occasion, fortunately, he had the support of the British press, and of the British public, and his view quickly prevailed.

### Will Canada be left Out?

IT IS surely the essence of irony that the nation which thus clearly originated the idea of a Conference, which fought for it and which alone made it possible, should now be excluded from that Conference's deliberations. Yet such, at the time of writing at all events, is the position in which Canada finds herself. President Harding, in issuing his invitations, forgot about this Dominion. Perhaps he was ignorant of what took place at the Imperial Conference. Perhaps he overlooked the fact that we have a vital interest in the Pacific; perhaps he does not know that we claim to be a nation. At all events Canada was not included in the list of those invited, and the reason given, in a semi-official statement, was this:

> "If the British Empire should be represented at the Conference by separate delegations of the Imperial Government and the Governments of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, with five delegates each, these twenty-five representatives would have the power to compel the United States, with five delegates, to accept any proposal advanced by the British contingent."

This, of course, is absurd. It is absurd because it is perfectly certain that nobody ever contemplated five delegates for each portion of the Empire, or anything like that number. On the contrary, it is not probable that the British Government will be represented by more than two or three delegates; and the Dominions would never ask more than one delegate each. However, the myth of the "six British votes" in the League Assembly, is resurrected in another form. Canada, for the moment, is barred.

The situation, therefore is this: that the only way by which Canada can gain admittance to this Conference which she originated, and whose decisions shall mean much to her, is by securing a place on the British delegation. It was by such means, it will be remembered, that Sir Robert Borden, acting as one of the British panel, sat in the Peace Conference at Versailles; and the same plan can be followed again. Direct representation would. of course, be more satisfactory, more in keeping with our part in promoting the Conference and a greater concession to our national pride, but on the international stage, as in other spheres, half a loaf is better than no bread. Hence it is to be hoped that the placing of a Canadian representative on the British delegation has already engaged Mr. Meighen and Mr. Lloyd George.

Nor should this country be kept from Washington by the pressure of problems at home. Nothing that any ministry can do in the way of domestic policy can possibly compare in importance with the decisions that are possible there; not even at Versailles itself was a greater opportunity offered for the promotion of good for the world. Because of this, because of what took place in London, and because Canada would stand at the Conference as an interpreter of British ideas to Americans and of American ideas to Britons, thus soothing the way toward agreement, —in this case so vital to the world—a Canadian voice must be heard at Washington.

WHY must Canada be independently represented at the Washington Conference? Because, as a Pacific Power, with more than a thousand miles of Pacific sea-board, Canada has vital interests at stake, and would be a probable theatre of war in a Pacific conflict. Also, Canada is the author of this Conference idea. Her voice must be heard.

# SHAUGHNESSY, THE EFFICIENT

## *By* "THE MAKE-UP MAN"

"The Mirrors of Downing Street" and "The Mirrors of Washington" Have Created Sensations of International Importance. This Chapter is from the Canadian Equivalent—"Ottawa in Masquerade," a Book Which Will Startle Canada When Published

CANADA has a national habit of veneration for the C.P.R. just as England used to have for Kitchener in Egypt. The travels of H.M. Stanley in Africa were not more wonderful than the everyday lives of Sandford Fleming's engineers routing that great new line through the Rockies; and the legend of Monte Cristo scarcely more fabulous than the exploits of Van Horne in getting the money or the work done without it. The man who bought supplies for Van Horne (when there was money) and wrote letters or sent telegrams when there was none, got a finer preparation for being a great railwayman than most premiers ever get for the duties of public life.

The sensations of the cured Scriptural blind man who saw "men as trees walking" were repeated to Canadians of thirty-five years ago who read about those legendary Scots, Yankees and Canadians who flung that "*chemin de fer*" over Canada to start making a confederacy into a nation. And there was no *Boy's Own Annual* in Canada to tell the tale, as it should have been done, along with the tales of the Northwest Mounted Police and the adventures of the Hudson's Bay Company. George Stephen, Donald A. Smith, R. B. Angus, Sandford Fleming, John A. Macdonald, Van Horne, the young Shaughnessy—all seemed then to be not merely doers of the undoable, but men of mighty imagination and a sort of Old Testament morality. Even the Pacific Scandal seemed as necessary a part of the narrative as the stories of Joseph's coat and of Jacob and Esau were an integral part of the epic of Israel.

Well, admittedly, most of that has faded from the Canadian Pacific. We read the annual address of the C.P.R. President with yawns. More strenuous profits; rumors of lowered dividends; stocks down on the exchanges; commonplace and stodgy things said about the difficulties of keeping up a system, of paying wages, of making ends meet. It all seems considerably like what is said and done at any directors' meeting of a rubber factory or a street railway. You read the names of the directors and few of them strike you with any sense of novelty or of awe. The room in which these magnates meet is—just a room; it used to be thought of as a sort of Doges' palace of finance. You may even note that one of the directors is baggy at the knees, and any two of them may be talking along the corridor about that very ordinary thing the cost living.

Now that is precisely the frame of imagination from which we have to emerge in order to get a real angle on Lord Shaughnessy. He was made what he has since become in just such hardup times—or worse—as those we read about in the newspapers. Of all the men at any directors' meeting he knows most about the steep side of finance. He was the spender when there was nothing to spend. The romantic adversities of those days never left him. From the beginning until he came to the presidency he had felt all the ragged edges of C.P.R. life. He had grimly chuckled to Van Horne, the occasionally helpless wizard, over the hard times. And hard times never really left the road until Van Horne handed the C.P. over to Shaughnessy just at the edge of the era when the system was getting ready to handle phenomenal traffic arising out of stupendous immigration.

The C.P. left the zone of high imagination just about when Shaughnessy stepped into the office of president. From then on till the day that he also went out was the epoch when traffic and travel became vaster than the road, and greater than the men. It was his to operate, and to build as well. But the operations were all of a system which had creaked into through traffic from Yokohama to Montreal as far back as 1889; and the new lines built under Shaughnessy were just branches of the old trunk. Shaughnessy took over bulging receipts after he had spent years at painful expenditures. He took over a despotism and made it an autocracy.

### The Phenomenal Administrator

IT WAS not in his practical, unromantic temperament to play the Gargantuan role. He had not the mentality. Van Horne left the road when the road threatened to become bigger than its creator. Shaughnessy began to work on it when he knew that the bigger he made the system the greater would be his own executive authority, and the bigger the dividends to the holders of stock.

There was a radical contrast between these two men: and as much between the road built by Van Horne and the system operated and magnified by Shaughnessy. The former would not have his shadow dwarfed by the dimensions of his own creation. The latter had created nothing: he would have the shadow of the thing fling itself so vastly over the nation—and the nations—that whenever men spoke of C.P. they thought of Shaughnessy, and when they said his name they mentally took off their hats to the headship of the greatest system of its kind in the world.



BARON SHAUGHNESSY, K.C., V.O.

This may or may not have been Shaughnessy's intention. It was certainly the effect. We have all gone through the era of profound respect for the cold autocrat of the twentieth century, as some of us did that of awesome veneration of the railway giants of the nineteenth. We have read newspaper stories—some of them buncombe—about this man's all-seeing eye as he travelled over the system as we did of the peripatetic omniscience of James J. Hill and the Gargantuan humors of Van Horne. We have consented that the system perfected by Shaughnessy was the most marvellous known of its kind, and therefore the man at its head must be a phenomenal administrator.

Very likely we have been warped by our enthusiasms. Shaughnessy was no miracle man. He was a wonderful maestro of details, a clear-headed organizer of systems and a man to provoke high respect in those who had to deal with him at close range. But he had perhaps less sheer ability for detail than Van Horne who as a rule despised the hotheration of it. I have heard Van Horne dictating to his secretary a mass of intimate instructions to a contractor about how to build a rotunda in a hotel in Cuba at the same time with his left hand on a drawer full of complicated notes on his philosophy of life which with the other lobe of his brain he was traversing in order to engulf an interviewer as soon as the letter was finished. Shaughnessy never could have carried on such an interview, lasting four hours of a busy life. His talks to the press must be curt and comprehensive—or else elliptical. He had no exuding vivacity. When I talked to him—or listened to him—he was cold and exact. He left his chair only to walk erectly to the window. He divagated not a syllable from the subject in hand—The System. He worshipped that: as much as any Mikado ever did his ancestry. He paid passing veneration to Van Horne—when from the slant of his remark I surmised that he was critical even in his admiration for that epic character.

Shaughnessy is essentially a system-man. When he travelled he had his practical jokes and his Irish stories and his fondness for the social side. But he was conventionally as correct as a time table. Had there been a spark of genius in him he would have extinguished it for the sake of betterments to the most conventional Colossus in Canada.

### Born and Cradled in Politics

BUT in the Shaughnessy program betterments were a gigantic affair. I have no idea where they began or whether when he took the chief buzzer from Van Horne there was any sense of a revolution in the anatomy. No doubt there was; a younger man, a steadier man, a man who would never bother quarelling with Goldwin Smith over commercial union or make any speech or hand out any interview not rubber-stamped with a sort of statesmanship.

Policy of course was never in need of resurrection, the C.P. was born in politics. It had craft at its cradle. The new policy was bigger. It had to do less with Asia, with spectacle, with carved gods; more with Europe, with immigration posters, with land settlement. Shaughnessy had taken over a system which could be used ostensibly as the agent of the Immigration Department and of the Interior, effectively as the base of population-supply on its own account.

Actually as Shaughnessy worked it out the C.P. had a scheme of national expansion that acted independently of government. Its own ships, trains, roads, docks, land-offices, immigration agents, poster-advertising—until the average European looking for a way out of economic slavery believed that the C.P.R. was the owner and operator of Canada—a belief which was not contradicted except officially at home.

Under Lord Shaughnessy it was unofficially believed that the head of C.P.R. was somehow overlord to governments. Shaughnessy, the impenetrable, the aloof, was more sacrosanct than the premier of Canada. He was not the agent of a democracy, but an emperor. He had his counterpart in Japan. The Orientalism which Van Horne infused into the system even while he laughed it out of court, was solemnly accepted by the man who came after. But it was the Orientalism of efficiency. Shaughnessy was its symbol. Away from it he was of little consequence except as a benevolent citizen with statesmanlike views upon how governments should govern. Within it he was mighty. He felt himself the apex of a thing that knew no provincial boundaries. He consciously made it the instrument of Empire. He was inordinately proud of its morale. To him it was a complicated army. He felt it assimilating men who lived, moved and had their being in C.P.R.—as he had. He was the great human rubber stamp. He had extra power. He lived on fiats and papal bulls. Men learned to tremble at his nod—not at Shaughnessy but at the man who personalized the infallible system. And as governments came up and capsized in the storms of public sentiment, the great system went on, in its sullen but splendid way a sort of solar system in which parties and governments gravitated.

### Above All Things—People

IT WOULD have needed a greater soul than Shaughnessy to be cynical about C.P.R. It often needed his latent Irish humor to appreciate the larger cynicism which it expressed concerning the country. The papfed infants of Mackenzie and Hays served but to illustrate by contrast the perfection and the well-oiled might of the dynamo operated by Shaughnessy. It became an obsession with him, as it did with Flavelle over a commercial company, that "the king can do no wrong". His annual report bristled with pride over the company's achievements. He insisted upon the inherent morality of the thing and of the men who were its officials. What it had done, was all civilization in a tabloid; the old world flung into the new; a national entity in the north half of North America. Van Horne's Chinese wall buttressed by a tariff which, whether of one party or the other, was always more and more protectionist. The East and the

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# ALL ABOARD THE FISH SPECIAL!

## Prince Rupert is the Largest Halibut Market in the World. What Does This Mean to the Canadian National Railway, to Canada and to You?

*By* SCOTT I. DUTHIE

WHEN I got the first facts for this article, in Prince Rupert, B.C., and while travelling in the caboose of a "fish special" between Prince Rupert and Prince George, I intended to make it more or less polite "muck raking", *a la* Ida Tarbell, Ray Stannard Baker, *et al.*

Owing to the shortage of passenger refrigerator cars on the Canadian National Railways—a shortage which existed until June of this year—the C.N.R. was losing nearly $1,000,000 per annum in express charges on halibut and salmon, which they should have hauled fro m Prince Rupert to the Eastern consumer—and didn't.

Here was a glorious chance to "pan" the G.T.R. and incidentally say a few caustic things about the Hon. J. D. Reid and others in whom the destiny of the Canadian National Railways lies. But, lo and behold! someone "gummed up" the story by delivering at Prince Rupert early in June forty brand new passenger refrigerator cars of the latest type. There are now 102 such cars engaged in this lucrative traffic, and although it is estimated that at least 150 cars could be utilized, yet there is not now the acute and disastrous shortage that has existed for the past seven years.

A few months ago, in Montreal, Frederick William Wallace—whose short fiction appears in *MacLean's Magazine*—wrote a striking article for the paper which he edits, "The Canadian Fisherman". He entitled it "Strangling an Industry!—How the fishing industry of the North Pacific is being bluffed and humbugged by the Canadian Government Railway." I found Mr. Wallace very indignant over the situation, and he told me how the shortage of express refrigerator cars has long been a serious matter with the fish shippers of Prince Rupert. For some years Prince Rupert, he said, suffered from a shortage of refrigerator cars for transporting the immense quantity of halibut and fresh salmon which are landed, or which could be landed, at that port by Canadian and United States fishing vessels exploiting the fishing banks west and north of Prince Rupert.

During the war the fishing interests of Prince Rupert did not press their demands unduly, but during 1919 and 1920 they sent to Ottawa very urgent requests that they be given adequate facilities for marketing fresh fish.

Mr. Wallace's plaint was that these refrigerator cars had been promised and promised but never delivered.

The month of May found me in Prince Rupert and I decided to investigate the facts for myself, and to report them as I found them, to the readers of *MacLean's*.

### World's Largest Halibut Market

PRINCE Rupert—and this is a fact which too many Canadians do not know—is the largest halibut market in the world. On the North Pacific coast west of Prince Rupert and as far as 700 miles north, the most productive halibut banks are situated. Prince Rupert is also a shipping point for a great deal of salmon from northern British Columbia and Alaskan points and is the market for a great variety of small flat fish, including soles. Prince Rupert black cod is one of the delicacies which every epicure is learning to know. Other varieties of cod are neglected, only because the demand is small.

When the boat on which our party was travelling reached Prince Rupert, the first sight which greeted our eyes was a fleet of small fishing vessels which had apparently come in within the previous few hours, and now were engaged in unloading. These sturdy little vessels take ice and bait out to sea with them, and as they make their catches the fish are iced and stored in the hold of the vessel which is always kept cool. When the vessels reach port there is a great race to get the fish marketed as quickly as possible. The quicker the market is reached the greater the value of the product of course.

Here enters the problem which involves the passenger refrigerator cars. If there is an adequate supply of these refrigerator cars in Prince Rupert when a fleet of boats arrives, then several specially constructed cars are attached to passenger or fast freight trains; or, if there is enough traffic to warrant it, and there are enough cars to handle the traffic, a "fish special" is rushed east. So that, under ideal conditions, a load of halibut may be landed at Prince Rupert Monday afternoon and be unloaded, iced and boxed and on its way east the following morning.

It is an extremely interesting sight to watch the experts as they handle these huge fish. Each box of halibut averages about 205 pounds and we saw several fish beheaded, tossed into their boxes, iced, with crushed ice, nailed up and ready for the "fish special," all within a space of less than three minutes. One of the photographs with this article shows an expert wielder of the knife, beheading with dexterity a giant 80 pound halibut.

As the fish are packed, each box load is weighed and checked both by the fish company that is making the shipment and by a representative of the fishermen.

The fishing boats are usually operated on shares, and while the fishing is good and everything "breaks right" the members of the crews make very tidy incomes.



**The train in the centre was the first made up of the new refrigerator cars to pull out of Prince Rupert. Above, a fish fleet unloading. Below, a huge halibut, landed; on the right, the fish being hoisted out of the hold.**

During 1920, 19,675,700 pounds of halibut, or approximately 890 car-loads, were landed at Prince Rupert. Only 500 carloads were shipped out by express by the railways, owing to the scarcity of express refrigerator cars. The balance was sold to thvarious cold storage plants.

On the North Pacific, at points other than Prince Rupert, there were landed about 22,000,000 pounds or 1,000 carloads. Of this it is conservatively estimated at least 65 per cent. would come to Prince Rupert, provided express refrigerator cars were available to take care of the trade. This would amount to 650 carloads, making the total number of carloads of halibut which could be handled approximately 1,540 or an average of more than four cars a day throughout the year.

### Why we Didn't Get Fresh Salmon

DURING 1920 more than 31,000,000 pounds of salmon were landed at Prince Rupert and vicinity. Most of this was canned. Owing to the prevailing shortage of express refrigerator cars none was available for shipping fresh salmon, although it is estimated by the Chairman of the Fisheries Committee of Prince Rupert Board of Trade that about 100 carloads of fresh salmon would have been shipped east had there been an adequate supply of cars.

During 1920 no express refrigerator cars were available for shipment to local points between Prince Rupert and Winnipeg, consequently such shipments had to be made in baggage cars. This injured the business in fresh fish at these points, as frequently the fish did not arrive in good condition.

At least three express refrigerator cars per week would be required to take care of this trade, or 150 cars per year. At many Canadian points mixed carload lots of halibut, salmon and other fish had been ordered, but it usually has been impossible to supply these orders owing to the car shortage. This shortage has now been remedied.

The estimated total shortage of refrigerator cars during 1920 was at least 1,200. As each car has been taking one month to make the round trip—on the average—at least 100 new express refrigerator cars would have been required to take care of the business as it existed in May—without allowing for any increase. The railways are planning to reduce the round trip time to twenty days and when this is accomplished the shortage will not be so acute.

### Faster Than Passenger Trains

A PARTICULARLY good opportunity to get in touch with the fish business, was afforded our party while in Prince Rupert. When we approached the wharf the first sight that met our gaze was a regular flotilla of small fishing vessels, all busily engaged in unloading their perishable freight, after what appeared to have been very profitable voyages. You can see for yourself what the view looked like by glancing at the photograph reproduced on this page.

Not only were we shown over vessels, and one of the largest cold storage and shipping plants there, but the following day we left for Prince George—four of us—aboard the caboose of a "fish special" which left for Chicago and other United States points at 9.20 A.M. on the morning of May 10. This train ran on a schedule considerably faster than the crack passenger trains, and while we sat in the cupola of the caboose, we had during the

afternoon the satisfaction of rushing by the fast westbound passenger train which had been run on a side track to permit us—the "fish special"—to continue our speedy passage east. Thus you can get a glimpse of the importance of this traffic from the railroad's viewpoint.

This train had twelve cars, eleven containing halibut and one with fresh salmon. The estimated value of the fish on this train was slightly less than $30,000 and the express charges which the railways received totalled $11,506.75. made up as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Car No. 1 | - | $1,059.73 |
| Car No. 2 | - | 1,073.30 |
| Car No. 3 | - | 1,029.99 |
| Car No. 4 | - | 816.65 |
| Car No. 5 | - | 999.32 |
| Car No. 6 | - | 998.14 |
| Car No. 7 | - | 998.53 |
| Car No. 8 | - | 1,031.48 |
| Car No. 9 | - | 939.19 |
| Car No. 10 | - | 954.01 |
| Car No. 11 | - | 815.50 |
| Car No. 12 | - | 790.91 |

About $600 on each car accrues to the Canadian Express Co.

"You know", said one of the "fish special" crew, "this fish business is really a wonderful one and is capable of such extraordinary development. During the week of May 2 for example 130,000 pounds of halibut were turned away from Prince Rupert because when the fishermen tied up to the wharf they learned that there were no cars to take their product east.

"You may have heard that some of the crews make 'big' money; they do, but those who make *unusual* amounts work hard for what they get. One crew of four men who were more than usually fortunate had been out four days and sold their catch of 13,000 pounds at the Fish Auction on the morning of their arrival for approximately $1,100. As this is hook and line fishing you can imagine they were a very busy crew and were not confining themselves to an eight hour day."

If it were not for the fish business there would have been very little reason for Prince Rupert being made the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. But Prince Rupert has a geographical advantage here, which makes it the logical port for all the fish from the Northern Pacific coast points to be landed. Fish landed in Prince Rupert are able to reach Chicago, Toronto and New York very much more quickly than if they are taken on down to Vancouver or Seattle. United States fishing vessels generally would prefer—other things being equal—to land their catch at some port in the United States.

### They "Were Wheeling It"

A TEST of relative speed in reaching the market was made in 1915. A large catch of halibut was landed at Prince Rupert, rushed aboard a "fish special" and then commenced a record journey for Chicago. The halibut on this train actually reached Chicago the same day that they would have reached Seattle had their vessel continued on south to the nearest United States port; that is, there is a gain in delivery of the time which would be taken to run a fish train from Seattle to Chicago.

"Of course," interjected one of the crew, in telling this story, "when they made this record time they 'were wheeling it'."

During 1920 about ten carloads of fish per week left Prince Rupert in passenger refrigerator cars for points east and south of Winnipeg. The figures are as follows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| January | - | 29 |
| February | - | 31 |
| March | - | 38 |
| April | - | 21 |
| May | - | 35 |
| June | - | 39 |
| July | - | 40 |
| August | - | 51 |
| September | - | 67 |
| October | - | 57 |
| November | - | 60 |
| December | - | 35 |
| Total | - | 503 |

A very large proportion of these cars went to Atlantic Coast cities, or cities on the Great Lakes, as the fish-eating population seems to be largely concentrated in those sections of the country where the inhabitants have been accustomed to fish as a readily-accessible diet.

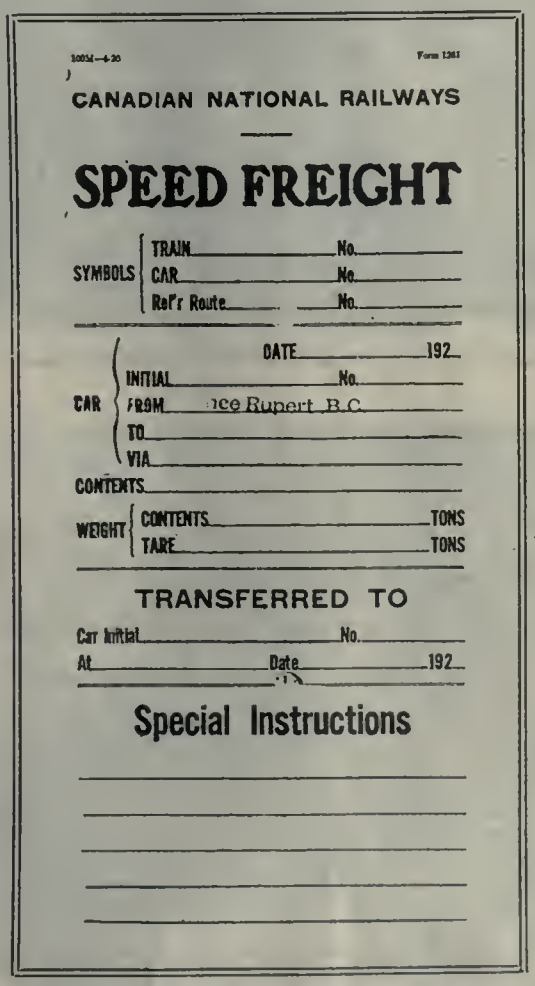
For the first few months of this year the figures are:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| January | - | 33 |
| February | - | 42 |
| March | - | 72 |



Halibut fleet, anchored near the Atlin Fisheries, Ltd. (Courtesy Canadian Fisherman).

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| April | - | 67 |
| May | - | 85 |
| June | - | 86 |
| July | - | 82 |
| Total | - | 467 |



1052—4-20 Form 1261

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

SPEED FREIGHT

SYMBOLS: TRAIN No. / CAR No. / Ref'r Route No.

DATE 192

CAR: INITIAL No. / FROM Prince Rupert, B.C. / TO / VIA

CONTENTS

WEIGHT: CONTENTS TONS / TARE TONS

TRANSFERRED TO

Car Initial No.

At Date 192

Special Instructions

This shows the special "speed freight" envelope.

### There May be 100 "Specials" This Year

IT WILL thus be noted that the season extends throughout the year, but is heaviest from March to November. In 1920 the fresh fish moved mostly on passenger trains and regular fast freights, with a few "fish specials". In 1921, however, there has been a policy of rushing them east on special trains and forty-six special fish trains or "light trains" were sent out on account of fish, during the first seven months of 1921. In addition to this, of course, a number of cars moved on the regular passenger trains and much cured and frozen fish on fast freights.

The immense importance of this business is shown when you consider the cargo values. The retail value of the fish shipped out of Prince Rupert in 1920 was $4,000,000. and the approximate express charges on these shipments aggregated $450,000.

Shipments this year, have been much heavier and more frequent, and the express charges consequently larger.

I was informed that a large number of United States fishing vessels would land their catch at Prince Rupert if there were adequate facilities for getting the product to the East. One resident of Prince Rupert itemized twenty-eight of Uncle Sam's fishing vessels which he felt certain would make their port of destination Prince Rupert, instead of Seattle, when shipping facilities sufficiently improved. This would mean that the majority of these twenty-eight vessels—and the wives and families of many of the members of the crews—would also go to Prince Rupert.

### What Prince Rupert Lost

JOHN Dybhavn, Chairman of the Fisheries Committee of the Prince Rupert Board of Trade, is authority for the statement that 4,000,000 pounds of halibut were lost to Prince Rupert last year and that this cost the city a loss in supplies and provisions of approximately $140,000. He adds that a conservative estimate of the amount lost in supplying vessels that would have made Prince Rupert their headquarters had transportation facilities been available totals between $250,000 and $300,000 annually.

Each vessel carries a crew of from three to thirty-five men.

Another loss to be considered is that which is suffered by the fishermen when they have to sell their fish for freezing purposes. During 1920 there was a loss of about 5 cents per pound on the fish sold for freezing, as compared with the price which the fishermen would have received had the fish been shipped east in their fresh state. In addition to this, each box with a capacity for 205 pounds of halibut costs seventy-five cents. Think of the greatly increased business to the box manufacturers if boxes had been in demand for the 4,000,000 pounds of halibut which actually arrived at Prince Rupert last year and had to be taken to other ports because of car shortage. For this amount of halibut alone, approximately 20,000 additional boxes would have been required, and the box manufacturers would have received an aggregate sum of $15,000.

Despite the complaints made by the Prince Rupert Branch of the Canadian Fisheries Association and the Fisheries Committee of the Prince Rupert Board of Trade, the Canadian National contend the manufacturers made every reasonable speed in delivering the seriously needed passenger refrigerator cars. As has been stated in an earlier paragraph of this article, forty new cars were delivered early in June, and one of the photographs with this article shows the first "fish special" which went east, entirely composed of these brand new cars.

Railway authorities contend that the Canadian National Railways had no need of this particular type of car previous to the taking over of the Grand Trunk Pacific. For a while the Grand Trunk Pacific supply was supplemented by some of the older cars, but as these had the Simplex trucks, they were not acceptable for general interchange between railroads. They were available only for local shipments and were so utilized for shipments to points on the Canadian National.

### One Haul where there's no Deficit.

AT AN early date, after the Grand Trunk Pacific came under the control of the Canadian National, the Government Railway authorities state, an order was placed with the National Steel Car Company of Hamilton for more cars and the result was that forty new cars reached Prince Rupert a few weeks ago and increased the supply of cars of this type by 66 per cent.

There are now 102 cars available, but various estimates show that at least 150 cars could readily be utilized. Of course, these cars almost inevitably have to go back to

*Continued on Page 35.*

# THE VALLEY OF GOLD

*By* DAVID HOWARTH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

ANDY put his horse through at a stiff pace. The homestead was shrouded in blackness, as he approached. Riding through the gate he cantered swiftly down the lane, and pulled up beside the house. He had but halted when he discerned the dim movement of figures on all sides of him. With the consciousness of their presence came the realization that they were men.

"Good-night, gentlemen!" he called.

But there was no reply. Instead he could hear smothered cries of chagrin and savage anger, followed by a rush of the encompassing forms. Night's bridle was seized and strong hands grappled him, dragging him from the saddle. Terrified by the rough handling and mysterious commotion the horse reared and plunged, tearing away from her captors. Leaping free she dashed off down the lane.

As Andy came to earth he clutched one of his assailants and they rolled over. In the darkness the other seizing his foeman by mistake wrenched him away, leaving Andy free. Leaping to his feet, he backed to the wall of the house. Discovering their mistake they rushed him again. He struck out and a shadow staggered and fell. They closed in as another went down. Hands seized him on every side. He was struggling mightily, tossing his assailants about, when he heard a voice shrill out above the smothered tumult. He realized that it was Margaret's cry and conscious that help was near, fought with renewed fury to free his arms. Then something crashed upon his head and he tottered back, falling in a heap against the wall.

Speeding along on the trail behind, Margaret had not spared her horse. She had slowed up and was peering through the darkness for the gate when Flash swerved violently, almost unseating her. At the same time there dashed past her some fleeing thing. All she caught was the dim shadow of an empty saddle and flying stirrups. She knew it was Night. Thrilled by a foreboding of disaster char ged down the lane. She rode up to the house, halting Flash on his haunches at the group of struggling men. She could hear the heavy breathing and knew that Andy was fighting desperately with his back to the wall. She thought of riding Flash upon them but checked him, fearing she might injure Andy himself. A sense of impotence swept over her. Then flashed into her mind an idea. Rising in her stirrups she shouted:

"Father! Men! This way!"



Margaret rode up to the house, halting Flash on his haunches at the group of struggling men.

IMMEDIATELY Andy went down, but at the same instant Snoopy Bill and his men were stampeded. Sure that a rescue party was on them they dropped their victim and bolted for the sleighs. Leaping in they whirled their teams about and lashing them to a run fled out of the yard and back over the fields.

Ten minutes later when Grant galloped up with the others they found Margaret sitting in the snow with Andy's head upon her lap.

"Lassie!" cried the astonished Grant.. "You here?"

"Yes, Father!" was her quiet reply. "I got here too late to save Andy. They've hurt him terribly."

"Be easy, lass!" soothed the man, "it may not be sae serious. The lad will be coming round in a meenit."

They carried him into the house and laid him upon a couch. A quick examination discovered a gash in the head from some heavy implement.

"It is a concussion," said Grant. "But not vera deep. Aye, he is coming out."

Andy opened his eyes. The first object he became conscious of was the face of Margaret bending over him. Smiling faintly he observed in surprise:

"You here, Margaret? I thought I heard you shout just before they got me."

He closed his eyes drowsily.

"You sent me home," she whispered in his ear. "But I changed my mind and followed you."

When she looked up she discovered that they were alone.

"You should not have come," was the gentle reprimand.

"Indeed? I think you were very rude to send me away."

"But I am glad you are here, now," said he contentedly.

"You really are?"

"Really."

"And so am I," said the girl softly. "Because—because Andy that wonderful 'something' has happened. Now I know beyond all doubt that I have always loved you and—I love you now."

"Then," said he, drawing her head down to him, "then——"

"You may kiss me with a clear conscience, Andy."

WHILE Margaret was dispensing her welcome ministrations, Grant and his men were going over the buildings. Their swift search found everything intact. Two of the riders who had gone out to the portable granary reported all well there. Not a grain of The Red Knight had been touched. While this was gratifying, the men's faces were exceedingly grave. Nowhere on the premises could they find Dad Blackford. They were beginning to discuss the probability of foul play when Easy Murphy gave a yell.

"Hist, ladies and gintlemen!" said he. "Take a look. 'Tis the missing link himsilf, disguised as Santa Claus."

They all took a look and there on the porch stood Dad Blackford hatless and dishevelled, with snow-matted beard and a very red and perspiring face. He was blowing like a grampus and looked for all the world like the merry personality of Christmas tide. His eyes were astonished at the sight they met and how they sparkled as they recounted to him the night's adventures. His joy at finding that all was well more than compensated for the shameless treatment he had received at the hands of the artful Sykes.

When Margaret got him alone she surprised him.

"Never mind, Dad," she confided. "After all it's been a delightful adventure. Andy got a sore head but it will soon be better. His heart is well again."

Dad looked at her a moment dumbfounded. Then he tumbled and the laughter of a merry heart twinkled in his eyes.

"Been 'avin' a quarrel with un?" he teased.

"No. Just a little misunderstanding," she whispered back.

This bit of confidence turned the whole affair into a thing of joy for the kind-hearted old Englishman.

WHILE this tete-a-tete was taking place the men were riding down the vandals by the aid of lighted lanterns. The trail was dim to begin with however, and grew dimmer as they swerved to the west out upon the high prairie. Here it vanished altogether and the party returned. The blackness of the night and the heavily drifting snow enabled Snoopy Bill and his men to make a clean getaway.

Following Sykes' plan providing for misadventure they turned into the west instead of the east and recrossed the Valley about the west end of the lake, eventually arriving in the Square Room thoroughly wearied and disgruntled and two hours behind schedule time.

Sykes' face was a picture of blank dismay; McClure's of rage.

"Where is the squealer?" cried Bob McClure as he stalked among the men. Blasphemous and resentful protestations quite evidently sincere came from all parts of the room.

"No, Rob!" said Snoopy Bill deliberately. "You are a liar if you say it. There isn't a squealer in the gang. Not a man laid down. Any squealing that may have taken place was let out by the gents who stayed behind."

Reddy Sykes read the savage light in Baird's eyes.

"You are straight, Bill," he cried soothingly. "Straight as a die and I know it. The boys came through. But somebody outside got wise. We'll find out and when we do somebody's due to get a blankety unpleasant surprise. The whole thing ran out to dope. We should have that wheat in Hunt's shack. It's Pullar's luck. But it will change. Here's to a lucky break."

He held his flask high. The men caught his spirit and responded with a shout. For an hour the crew caroused, drinking heavily as they debated the fiasco, breaking up before dawn.

Dad Blackford made a full report to Ned. Though no trace of the perpetrators of the offense had been obtained, his mind flew instantly to his two enemies. The Red Knight had been their objective. The incident was big with warning to him. It assured him of two things: of their malicious, untiring hate; of their dangerous resource. Thoughts of Mary pressed heavily upon him. He remembered her words:

"There is no other way. But, Ned, you will have to be right, always, as well as irresistible. I know you will be."

"It's a stiff programme, little girl," he reflected ruefully. "But we'll stay with it."

## XVI

### The Spider Weaves

SNOW! Snow! In glistening deserts! Ghastly white blankets of it hung to the sky-rim. The hills, frosted bridal cakes, terrace on terrace! The valleys, rolls and folds and gorges of white! Over all the blue yawn of an empty sky! The air stabs with its invisible, minute Damascus daggers. One's breath floats from the lips in a powdered cloud of whitening mist. It is winter—the snapping, crackling, detonating, hoary-headed winter of the North!

The February sun pours down on the plains in a fierce, garish flow, shedding no warmth from its low-slanting shafts. Pellawa is hushed to sepulchral solitude in the grim embrace of "forty below." An occasional sleigh drifts phantom-like along the street, its runners emitting

a frosty singing. Only the dozens of smoke columns rising straight and high in the air proclaim the village a haunt of the living.

Wrapped in the comfort of an immense buffalo coat, Reddy Sykes stepped into a waiting cutter.

"Rob McClure's!" was his brief direction to the driver.

As the team trotted down the street and out over the white expanse he settled himself snugly among the robes. Sykes was in fine fettle, with eyes unusually bright. His great chest expanded in deep breaths of self-gratification. His elation was somewhat due to the bibber's effervescence. The odour of his habitual elixir exhaled copiously from his breath. But here was another stimulant none the less powerful. The fox was out with his nose in the wind hugging a live trace. There was game in the wind.

He reached McClure's as the sun rolled under the reddened valley in a disk of blood. Leaving the cutter he stepped briskly to the door. While stamping the snow from his feet, preparatory to knocking, a musical voice greeted him, and Mary McClure appeared miraculously at his side, an apple-cheeked, cherry-lipped Venus-in-furs. She had just driven in from The Craggs.

"Pardon me!" said Sykes, in cavalier attentiveness, reaching out for the knob she had already taken. The rare beauty of the girl and her close presence ensnared him. Recklessly obedient to a sudden impulse, he seized her hand and drew her closer to him. For the briefest in tant he looked into her eyes with daring assurance.

"Mary!" he said softly, imprisoning firmly her struggling hand, "what a chic little wench you are! Do you realize that you are maddening in those furs, with your eyes and colour and lips? Your lips!" he repeated, leaning toward her.

The cordial smile faded swiftly from her eyes and the red cheeks blanched.

"Please release my hand, Mr Sykes," she commanded, in a low, distressed tone.

Looking down into her indignant eyes he saw something there that counselled hasty obedience. He let go at once.

"Sorry, Mary!" was his apology in a tone affecting deep penitence. "I am demented over you. You are distracting to-night. Will you let me in? I have come to see your father."

Making no reply she opened the door.

"Mr Sykes is here, Mother," was the quiet announcement. "He drove up just as I came in from stabling Dobs. He wishes to see Father at once."

Mrs McClure cordially welcomed the effusively agreeable guest, guiding him to the office. In a very few minutes he reappeared, accompanied by McClure, who proceeded to make hasty preparations for the trail.

"You go ahead," said he to Sykes. "I'll come along in my own rig."

"Are you leaving before tea?" asked Mrs. McClure in surprise.

"Yes," was the abrupt response. "We have a big deal on. I'll not be back until late."

AS THE men went out the two women looked at each other in silent significance. On the topic of father and husband their lips were sealed. At the moment their minds were exceedingly busy. The burning light in Mary's eyes disturbed her mother.

"You are troubled, daughter?" was the gentle question as she threw her arms about the girl. "Perhaps it will help us both to talk it over. I think it high time that we should resume our little confidences."

Returning the embrace and caress, Mary looked soberly into her mother's eyes.

"It is a fear I have had for weeks, Mother," said she, responding to her mother's question. "Until to-day it was more or less vague. Now it is real. I am convinced there is ground for a little anxiety on my part. Can you surmise it?"

Helen McClure studied the serious eyes so near her. She shook her head.

"No. I do not think it would be wise to guess. Can you not tell me?"

"I shudder at the influence Mr Sykes has over Father," said Mary reminiscently. "It alarms me to see that power grow stronger every day. Candidly, Mother, I am afraid of the deal they are in such haste to arrange. There was something unpleasantly secretive in their manner just now. I did not like the look in Dad's eyes."

"Is this your fear?" pressed the mother gently.

"This is involved," returned Mary. "I have an even more personal anxiety. I am afraid of the man, Chesley Sykes. He is growing too attentive and familiar. Why? I do not know. I have never liked him and he has no right to press his intimacy. He is irrepressible, laughs at my snubs and deports himself with such annoying confidence. This all came about suddenly in the early winter. Why should he insist on a friendship that is detestable to me?"

Mary paused awaiting some response to her appeal. But her mother bazarded no guess.

"You will remember, Mother," resumed Mary reflectively, "that I stopped riding the Valley during those wonderful days in December. I did that because of a wholesome fear of Chesley Sykes. I had a persistent feeling that he was shadowing me. Several times during my rides along the river I 'happened' upon him. One day, seized with an intuition that somebody was trailing me, I slipped into a cowpath and detouring quickly, watched the back trail from a covert. In a few minutes Sykes rode up on that big hunter of his. He pulled up at the cowpath and leaning down studied it a moment. Satisfied, at length, he turned into Bobs' tracks and followed me. As he turned down the path he spoke to his horse. I caught the words and they frightened me.

" 'King!' said he, with that confident laugh, 'nothing our little lady can do will blind our trail. She'll find one Sykes in at the killing. She's a neat little fox but we'll gather her brush.'

"I shook him by sending Bobs into the Willow and upstream. After riding out of sight about a bend we stole into the trees and made all haste for home.

"To-night at the door he was rude and maudlin. He had been drinking and was therefore unwise. He professed to be penitent, yet I could see his audacious assurance cropping out. This is the thing that makes me tremble. He has some reason for his boldness. He has Dad's approval. It is evidently Dad's will that I foster intimate relations with his friend. That I will not do."

LOOKING into her daughter's glowing eyes, Helen McClure was deeply conscious of the trouble there. Her own mind was alarmed and had been for many days. She knew only too well that Mary had plumbed correctly her father's intentions as to her relations with Sykes. She was also sure of something that the girl was only dimly suspicious of. She had long since concluded that the two men had reached some definite agreement that had far-reaching interest for Mary. Their projects seemed to involve her compliance. The mother knew that circumstances were leading to a clash of wills. But she decided that reticence was best for the present.

"I am sorry you are in trouble, Mary," said the mother affectionately. "You have certainly real ground for your distrust of Sykes. Avoid him. And if a swift decision should ever be thrust upon you, follow your heart. That is the only safe way. But we must not grow pessimistic, daughter. There are bright days ahead. We will help them to come quickly."

The reserve with which her mother spoke convinced Mary of grave reasons for caution. Running up to her room she pondered the events of the last hour. As she dwelt upon her experiences and pieced her disturbing reflections she found herself looking into the future with a distinct sense of trepidation.

The night was dark, a night of stars dazzlingly bright. There was a traveller on the Pellawa trail. Ned Pullar was drawing near the homestead upon his return from the village. The air was calm save for the slight drift of a five-mile breeze caused by his ride into the north. Even this faint wind had the biting tang of the extremely low temperature, forcing him to avert his face from its freezing breath. Giving a sudden piercing whistle he sent his horses into a smart trot.

He was the prey to a vague uneasiness. That morning he had set out with his father with their two loads of Red Knight. A great deal of time had been spent at the village making up the shipments to the various national farms. It was late before they were ready to set out for home. Then occurred a hitch. They were taking back with them a power fanning mill. When they drove up to Nick Ford's implement shed they were disappointed to find that the mill had not been completely set up. It would take quite half an hour, so Ford advised them.

"I'll take the engine with me," said Ned. "I can set out ahead and get busy with the chores. You will be along in an hour or so."

"That will be the best plan," agreed the old man.

His father had no sooner agreed to the suggestion than a misgiving swept over Ned. A glance at his father's face reassured him, however, and he let the arrangement stand. Loading the gasoline engine he set off. As he drove along he debated the wisdom of his decision. Three months ago he would not have left his father alone in Pellawa. But these months had seen a remarkable change in Edward Pullar. He had developed a dignity and self-reliance that Ned knew was based in a sudden accretion of strength. His dreams of the Red Knight were ennobling and the achievement of the hopes of long years had rallied him. He felt it safe to trust him alone in the village with its lurking danger, and yet—he wished again and again he had waited with his father. The nearer he drew to the homestead the greater grew his uneasiness.

EDWARD Pullar went into the little office occupying a corner of the implement shed and sat down prepared to patiently await the completion of Ford's task. It was the only place in the village where he could pass he time with safety. Louie Swale's and Sparrow's both toccurred to him as the common rendezvous of travel ers, but he passed them up with a shudder. He well knewl his weakness and wished greatly to vindicate Ned's fait h in him. The business of setting up the mill did not progress continuously. In fact, several times Ford had dropped his tools to visit the Square Room. There he at length met Sykes and McClure. The trio held ominous consultation.

"Old Ed. is in my office," replied Ford to a question from Sykes. "Ned must be nearly home. You did not meet him?"

"No. He slipped down into the Valley just as we drove out of Rob's."

"I've killed about all the time I dare without arousing his suspicion. Let us get him in here."

McClure shook his head emphatically.

"Nothing doing," was his impatient retort. "He's dodged it for months. We'll have to get him without his knowing it."

Sykes sat back watching the others and sipping his glass reflectively. With a laugh of easy assurance he rocked forward in his chair.

"It will be easy," said he with a cryptic smile. "It all depends on you, Ford. If you will take your time and keep your head the thing is done. I've got the paper ready. Old Ed. can hold a tankful and walk as straight as a post. I've seen him drunk as a lord, but to all appearances as quiet and wise as a judge. We'll get Cy Marshall in to witness the deal. Cy's eye-



They sped along at a twelve-mile clip, their nimble hoofs tattooing the dash with a fusillade of snow chips

sight is not what it used to be, but it is all we could desire. Might be lucky later to have the documents O K'd by a magistrate whose record is without blemish. Here is a little secret," said he, drawing a small vial from his pocket.

Opening the tube he dropped a tiny tablet into his palm. Glancing significantly at Ford, he said:

"You are the only one who can use it, Nick."

But Ford shook his head dubiously.

"Perfectly harmless!" urged Sykes. "He'll sleep it down in six hours and—it gets you a couple of hundred now and a share when Foyle comes through."

Ford shifted. Sykes took out a roll of bills. While Ford hung back Sykes opened a flask and dropped in the tablet. The drug dissolved swiftly, leaving the liquor as before. Sykes laughed.

"I repeat, it is perfectly harmless," said he. "I could drink it myself." Then he added with a fiendish glimmer in his eyes Rob McClure had seen there once before, "They got you sloppy drunk last fall, Nick, and put Rob's gang on the hog, then threw you into the lake to cool you off. Here is your chance to hand Pullar a sleeper. Are you afraid to put this easy thing across?"

With a vengeful laugh Nick reached for the flask.

"See what we can do with it," said he grimly. "The laugh's on Ned."

"Rob and I'll meander down to the office," said Sykes casually. "We'll camp there for an hour. Cy is handy any time we want him. I'll stay at the desk. Rob will keep his eye on you and Old Ed. We'll have to work fast, but without any hurry, remember that, without any hurry while Cy is around."

Thrusting the flask in an inner pocket Ford took his departure.

MEANWHILE Edward Pullar waited in the implement office. The room was very small and warmed by a very large air-tight heater. He grew so warm he took off his fur coat. Ford passed in and out, spending a moment in pleasant chat. Alone once more his inactivity and the warmth combined to make him drowsy. His head dropped forward at times in a brief doze. But he would instantly rouse and glance out the window. His throat and lips grew dry and a thirst came over him. He went over to a pail in the corner, but was disappointed to find it contained no water. He resumed his chair.

As he sat by the window looking out into the falling night Ford entered and after shuffling a moment about the little desk went out. The thirst recurred, but as there was no way to slake it, he patiently endured the discomfort. His thoughts followed Ned along the trail or drifted into the fascinating world of The Red Knight. Then the "thing" began to creep upon him. Gradually he became aware of an odour familiar and bibulously gratifying. At first it was but a fleeting inhalation. Then it became continuous, tripling in its pleasing gratefulness. A possibility flashed into his mind. He glanced about. There it was upon the desk within easy reach. He could just discern it in the dim light. It was a flask three parts full. Ford had left it carelessly on the edge of the drop leaf, the cork out. Without any act of volition his hand reached out and his fingers closed on the glass. As he felt the dear familiar form of the flask a mighty thirst welled up. But he halted, and, letting go of the bottle, snatched his hand away as if stung by a serpent. The realization of what he was about to do shook him strangely. Clenching his hands he turned away, lifting his head in proud resolution. He would fight this devil sitting so quietly by him.

Ford came in again and lit the dirty lamp. He picked up the bottle.

"You'll excuse me, Ed.," said he apologetically. "But it's so raw out there I've got to take a warmer. Just a nip. There!"

He had tipped the glass, but none of the liquor had passed his lips. The gurgle was maddening to the old man.

"You're welcome to a swig, Ed.," said Ford in a friendly manner. "But I'll not ask you to indulge, for I know you're on the water-wagon these days. I'll leave the 'wee drap' handy in case you take a notion."

He went out.

Ten minutes passed and the fight against the heat and the terrible thirst went swayingly on. The sight of the yellow liquid coupled with the subtle and odorous fumes from the breath of Bacchus plied him with an exquisite torment. He began to fear the "thing" again. Rising, he put on his coat and prepared for a stroll in the keen night without. With his hand on the door-knob he looked back, pausing irresolute. Slowly his fingers relaxed and he sat down once more.

A PHYSICAL lassitude began to steal over him, due to the excessive heat. The desire to drink became overmasteringly insistent. The smell of the vaporizing whiskey was sweeter than perfumes of Arabia. In a little he became conscious of nothing else. Then he found himself sitting beside the desk, leaning heavily upon it, the empty flask in his hand. His throat was parched and his brain on fire. He looked at the bottle with burning eyes. It was empty! Empty! As he contemplated it wildly Ford entered.

"Your mill is about ready," said he. "How are you making it?"

"Say, Nick!" whispered the old man cunningly, "I've stolen a march on you. The whiskey's all gone. I'd give a hundred dollars for a right good drink. Where can we get it?"


## *Arsene Lupin in Maclean's*

*A SERIES of eight wonderfully thrilling detective-mystery stories by Maurice Le Blanc will appear in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, beginning with the October 1 issue. Each story will be complete in itself, although two central characters will figure in each of the eight stories.*

*The first story will be entitled "On the Top of the Tower" and its swiftly-flowing action will appeal to MACLEAN'S readers.*

*Whenever you think of the famous detectives of fiction, the three which immediately come into your mind are Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes; Gaboriau's Lecocq; and Maurice Le Blanc's Arsene Lupin. None is more ingenious than this master of mystery, Arsene Lupin, who has become during the past twenty years not only an idol of the reading public of France, but also of the civilized world.*


Ford looked at the inebriate, startled at the wild leer and the pitiable obsequiousness of the great figure.

"Too bad she's dry!" was the response. "That was the last drop I had. Come along with me. I'll fix you up."

They went out together, arriving a few minutes later at Sykes' office. Before they entered Ford whispered in his ear:

"Straighten up, Ed. That was strong stuff. It's got you swinging. These fellows will let you have all you want after you sign up."

"How?—how is that?" cried the old man in a half-startled voice, as he forced himself to walk erect.

"Hush!" was the admonitory reply. "It's this way. They have no right to let you have it, and unless you sign three or four little papers, promising not to give them away, why, of course, they don't take the chance. You do the signing and leave the rest to me. Keep straight while we are inside. We'll get a bottle and go back to the shed."

"I understand, Nick," was the solemn response. "I'll protect the boys."

They entered. McClure, Sykes and Cy Marshall were within.

"Here is Ed. Pullar," said Nick. "He's ready to sign up and in an all-fired hurry. It's a long trip to The Craggs."

"We'll let him go quick," responded Sykes in a businesslike tone. "You sign here, Mr Pullar."

Exerting all his power of will Edward Pullar wrote his name on a number of papers. The signature was duly certified by Cy Marshall. They loitered a moment, during which Sykes kept up a casual chat. Stepping near, Ford at length whispered:

"We'll get out. I've got it. Steady and slow, old man."

OBEDIENTLY the old man followed him through the door. As the door shut his fingers closed around the promised flask. Then with a drunken punctiliousness he halted.

"Say, Nick!" was the shocked whisper. "We forgot to settle with the boys!"

Nick laughed.

"It's all right, Ed.," was the soothing response. "I laid down the price. It's my treat."

With a relieved laugh the old man trudged after him.

Ford assisted his victim to hitch up his horses and load the mill, joining him in a last drink before he sent him into the bitter night.

At his office Sykes sat back in his chair rubbing his hands complacently, while Rob McClure stared at the parchments decorated with the clear signature of Edward Pullar.

"It's a tidy little clean-up." was Rob's gratified observation.

"Tidy's the word and tight!" agreed Sykes with acquiescing nods. "We've got Pullar hog-tied with a two-inch rope. The law isn't made that can bust these agreements. When Hank Foyle signs up we wind up a very pleasant and totally regular deal."

Arrived at the homestead, Ned worked swiftly at his tasks. The chores finished, he ran into the house and busied himself preparing their simple meal. This too accomplished, he opened the mail and delved into the pile of letters. He had barely entered upon the perusal of the first letter when he set it down absent-mindedly. He was troubled at the non-appearance of his father. The uneasiness aroused along the trail changed suddenly to a fear that all was not right. He had expected to hear the bells within an hour after his arrival. It was now nearly two. Throwing on cap and coat, he walked down the lane to the road-allowance and peered into the main trail. It was empty as far as the eye could define. With hand to ear he listened. There was no sound in all the frozen stillness. It was a deadly night for the helpless traveller. The temperature was creeping lower every minute. He thought of the white death that steals noiselessly through a night like this. With the thought came a premonition. A depressive fear weighed him down.

Hurrying back to the house he made ready for a drive, leaving the waiting meal untouched. Throwing the driving harness on Darkey and his mate he hitched them to the cutter and set off for the village. They sped along at a twelve-mile clip, their nimble hoofs tattooing the dash with a fusillade of snow chips. The wind of their own motion smote his face with its subtle sting, blanching its exposed surfaces before he realized the frost was at work. Ducking into the warm collar, he avoided a bad bite. Crouching behind the wall of fur, his mind swiftly conjured the fate of an unfortunate numbed by the fancied warmth of liquor. Pathetic cases of terrible exposures and death flitted before his mind. Scarcely aware of it, he urged his flying horses to fifteen miles.

UNCEASINGLY he searched the shadowy twin-ribbon of trail beyond the end of the cutter tongue. At length they dipped into the Northwest Cut and dashed over the Valley to the south climb. There as they were taking the sharp curve about a shoulder of the hill, his horses swerved suddenly in a shying leap. He halted them perilously near the edge of the steep embankment. Coming slowly about the hill was his father's team. They were taking the decline soberly and carefully and apparently on their own initiative. There was no driver in sight. At a sharp command from Ned they halted. Leaping from his cutter, he looked over the edge of the double box. In the bottom of the sleigh lay his father, motionless.

With a poignant cry Ned vaulted into the sleigh. He was shocked with a horrible fear as he discovered cap and gauntlets removed and coat wide open. A quick glance filled him with increased alarm. Hands and face of the sleeper were white with the wax-like colour of the dead. Hastily he thrust on cap and gauntlets and closed the open coat. Arranging the robes in the cutter, he carried the drunken form to the vehicle and placed it upon the seat. Taking the robes and even the empty bags out of the sleigh, he wrapped them about his father and took his place beside him. Whirling his frost-coated drivers about, he sent them furiously down the hill, leaving the heavy team to follow at their own sedate pace.

He did not spare the willing brutes ahead and pulled them up at the door in a cloud of steam. Throwing the robes upon them, he carried his father in and laid him upon the floor. Rushing out, he brought in pails of snow and set to work massaging the frozen face and hands. Circulation once more established, he carried the still inert form to his bed. This accomplished, he went out to his team and stabled them. The dumb brutes wondered at the swift tenderness with which he groomed away the thick coat of frost.

"You are not hurt a whit," said he gratefully, as he watched them happily munching their oats. "And you saved Dad."

The gentle taps with which he bid them good-night were comforting to their faithful equine spirits.

It was a lonely night for Ned Pullar—the loneliest he had ever known.

### XVII

### Hank Foyle, Unexpected Guest

THREE weeks later Edward Pullar was sitting up for the first time since his unfortunate visit to Pellawa. The scars of his terrible exposure were losing their viru-

*Continued on page 45*

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Twilight of Britain's Parliament

*British Critic Avers House of Commons' Influence Has Passed to the Press*

A. G. GARDINER

A. G. GARDINER, whose "Prophets, Priests and Kings" and other studies of contemporary British publicists are admittedly amongst the best of this sort of literature, writes in the *Atlantic* about the transference of actual power from the members of the House of Commons to the men who control the destinies of the big newspapers. He tells the names of England's "paper bosses". His article reads in part:

"It is a fact of universal admission that the prestige of the British Parliament has not been at so low an ebb in living memory as it is to-day. We should have, I think, to go back to the time when George III. in his pursuit of personal government, packed the House of Commons with his creatures, to parallel the disrepute into which the present Parliament has fallen. The House of Commons has lost its authority over the public mind and its influence upon events. The press has largely ceased to report its proceedings, and the scrappy descriptive summary has taken the place of the full-dress verbatim reports with which we were familiar a few years ago. This is no doubt largely due to the revolution in the press which has replaced the sober seriousness of the past by a tendency to keep the public amused with sensation and stunts. But the fact does reflect the public sense of the decadence of Parliament.

"Just at the moment when the representative House is at last based on the broadest possible franchise, when the suffrage is universal and women have the vote, we are confronted with the spectacle of a House of Commons so negligible as to be almost beneath contempt, and so mute and servile that, by comparison, the hereditary Chamber stands out in contrast as the guardian of public liberties and free institutions.

"If we seek to discover the causes of the decline of the Parliamentary institution the most general conclusion will be that it is an incident in the convulsion of the war. There can, of course, be no doubt on this point. It is the war that has shaken the pillars of Westminster and left the governance of England more chaotic and indeterminate than it has been for two centuries. But while this is undoubtedly true, it is also true that for some years before the war there had been tendencies at work which had been undermining confidence in Parliamentary government. The transfer of power from the educated middle classes to the mass of the people, while a just and inevitable development of the democratic idea, was productive of results which were not wholly salutary. The appeal ceased to be to an instructed community, which could be reached by argument, and passed to the millions who had neither the taste nor the time for the consideration of affairs, and became interested in them only when passion was aroused.

"The development enormously enhanced the power of the demagogue in politics. It made the appeal to reason more difficult and the appeal to violent emotion infinitely more profitable. And the change in the seat of power was accompanied by another change, which intensified the demagogic tendency. The press became aware of the big battalions and set out to exploit them. An enterprising youth named Harmsworth, having discovered, by the success of *Answers* and similar erudite publications that what the great public wanted to know was how many acres there were in Yorkshire, how many letters in the Bible, how far the streets of London put end to end would reach across the Atlantic, and so on, determined to apply the spirit of this illuminating gospel to the conduct of the daily press. His triumph was phenomenal. In the course of a few years the whole character of the English press was changed. It passed mainly into the hands of a few great syndicates, with young Mr. Harmsworth, now Viscount Northcliffe, as the head of the new journalistic hierarchy. It fed the public on stunts and sensations. It debased the currency of political controversy to phrases that could be put in a headline and passed from mouth to mouth. The old-fashioned newspaper, which reported speeches and believed in the sanctity of its news-columns, went under or had to join in the *sauve qui peut*. Parliament was treated as a music-hall turn. If it was funny, it was reported; if it was serious, it was ignored. With the exception of a few papers, chiefly in the provinces, like the Manchester *Guardian* and the *Scotsman*, the utterances of serious statesmen other than the Prime Minister were unreported. The Midlothian campaign of Gladstone, which used to fill pages of the newspapers, would today be dismissed in an ill-reported half-column summary devoted, not to the argument, but to the amusing asides and the irrelevant interruptions.

"All this profoundly affected the Parliamentary atmosphere. The power outside the House was no longer a vigilant influence upon events within the House. The statesman ceased to rely upon his reasoned appeal to the facts. He found that the way to dominion over Parliament was not by argument on the floor of the House, but by making terms with the great lords of the press outside, who controlled the machine that manufactured public opinion. Long before the war Mr. Lloyd George had appreciated the changed circumstances and taken advantage of them. A press man was much more important to him than a Parliamentary colleague or a prince of the blood. He might forget to reply to an archbishop, but he would never forget to reply to a journalist. His acquaintance among the craft was more various and peculiar than that of any politician of this day or any other day. There was no newspaper man so poor that he would not do him reverence and entertain him to breakfast. While his former colleague, Mr. Asquith, studiously ignored the press and would no more have thought of bargaining with Northcliffe and Beaverbrook for their support than of asking his butler to write his speeches, Mr. George lived in the press world, knew every leading journalist's vulnerable point, humored his vanity, and gave him a knighthood or a peerage as readily as his breakfast.

"By these ingenious arts, which I have had the pleasure of watching at pretty close quarters for twenty years past, he built up that press legend of himself which has been so invaluable an asset to him. It has not only enabled him to establish his own political fortunes; it has enabled him to destroy the political fortunes of one set of colleagues after another—unhappy gentlemen, who did not know the secret doors of Fleet Street and found themselves frozen out of the public affections by a mysterious wind that emanated from they knew not where.

"It may be worth while to mention the chief figures of the press bodyguard with which Mr. George has displaced the authority of Parliament and made himself more nearly a dictator than the country has seen since the days of Cromwell. They are really very few, but between them they influence the opinion and control the news-supply of nineteen twentieths of the people of the country. They are Lord Northcliffe, whom he made a viscount; his brother, Lord Rothermere, whom also he made a viscount; a third brother, Sir Leicester Harmsworth, whom he made a baronet; Mr. George Riddell of the *News of the World*, whom he made Lord Riddell; the manager of the *Times*, Sir Stuart Campbell, whom he made a knight; the manager of the *Mail*, whom he made a knight; Sir H. Dalziel of the *Daily Chronicle* and *Pall Mall*; Sir William Robertson Nichol (also made a knight), who, as editor of the *British Weekly*, keeps him right with the Nonconformist public; Sir Edward Hulton, the owner of a great group of papers in London and Manchester (a baronetcy for him); Lord Beaverbrook of the *Daily Express*, who was given a peerage for engineering the overthrow of the Asquith ministry.

"There are others, but these are the leaders of the claque through which Mr. George rules England and, in larger degree than any man living, the continent of Europe. It is a great achievement. The press lords have so indoctrinated the public mind with the Lloyd George legend that it is doubtful whether they themselves can destroy their own creation. Lord Northcliffe, disappointed at not being chosen, as part of his contract, to represent England at the Peace Conference, has tried to destroy it, but has found that he did his work too thoroughly to undo it easily. The public has become so attached to the legend that they find it hard to surrender it until the press can agree upon a new legend to put in its place. That will not be easy, for no other man living has anything approaching Mr. George's genius for manipulating the press, and he has had five years of power in which to consolidate his hold upon the machine of government and to establish his friends in all the strategic positions of influence.

"But side by side, with this transfer of real power from Parliament to the press, there has been another tendency operating to discredit the House of Commons. This tendency has no doubt been aggravated by the disrepute of Parliament itself. It is the idea of direct action. The Labor movement, just when it seemed to have the control of Parliament within its grasp, developed a school which aimed at repudiating Parliament altogether, or, at least, at subordinating it to the exercise of direct industrial power outside. The view of the leaders of this movement was that Parliament was an institution which, however democratic its basis, became inevitably the instrument of the capitalist interests, and that the realities of government must pass to the organized industrial classes before Labor could get justice or achieve the aims it had in view. Between the mutually destructive ideas of possessing Parliament and dispossessing Parliament, Labor has temporarily lost its way. The

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rank and file of the movement, I think, is still overwhelmingly in favor of a Parliamentary system; but the intellectual energy is largely behind the new school of thought, and the discredit that has fallen upon the present Parliament has strengthened the motive of direct action. The result has been disastrous both to Labor and to Parliament. The cleavage of politics tends more and more to be between Labor and Capital, with the latter in control of Parliament and the former increasingly disposed to make its power felt outside by the interruption of the processes of industry.

"The insurgent disposition of the advanced section of Labor is aggravated by the subservience of the press to the money interest. The present condition of journalistic production makes it practically impossible for newspapers to be run in the interests of the men; and the conviction that both the press and Parliament are against them gives impetus to the preachings of direct action.

"Another consideration that has helped to make Labor distrust Parliament is its own failure as a Parliamentary factor. There are some seventy Labor members in the present House of Commons; but it is notorious that they are as a whole, the least efficient body in the Chamber. The fact is due to two things. While it is the intellectual who dictates the abstract policy of the party, it is the mass of the party that nominates and elects the members; and it is the practice to send to Westminster trade-union secretaries of third-rate ability and generally without either political training or Parliamentary instinct. Nor is this the only handicap. They are deprived of all independent action, and enter the House committed to a certain collective course on any given issue, regardless of what the debates may reveal. All this has made Labor a singularly negligible influence in the House, and has increased its disposition to distrust an instrument it has failed to use.

"And there is another cause of the decline of the Parliamentary institution. I do not think it can be doubted that it is not to-day attracting the best intellectual and moral material of the country to the extent to which it attracted it a generation or two ago. The pushful and clever lawyer is still there in abundance; but the great public-spirited citizen, who entered Parliament, not for what he could make out of it, but from a disinterested passion for the commonwealth,—the man of the type of Cobden and Bright—has disappeared. No first-rate Parliamentary figure has emerged during the past twenty years, with the exception of Mr. Churchill, a mere swashbuckler of politics."

# Canada's Highest Mountain

*Mount Logan, Second Mountain in Altitude in North America, Has Not Yet Been Climbed*

A. P. COLEMAN

FEW white men have seen Mt. Logan, the second highest mountain on this continent, but it has been photographed by the Abruzzi expedition and by the Yukon Alaska Boundary Survey, and its height has been determined at 19,850 feet.

"It will be climbed some day" says Prof. A.P. Coleman, dean of the Faculty of Arts, University of Toronto, in a contribution to the *Canadian Forum*, "and its first ascent should be made by Canadians and not by Italians or Americans or even Englishmen. This splendid peak should be conquered by a party sent out by the Alpine Club of Canada as Mount Everest is now being attacked by members of the English Alpine Club, the parent of all Alpine clubs.

"Though no white man has been within many miles of its summit the position and character of Mount Logan are fairly well known from photographs made from the St. Elias range, and probably the Boundary Survey has mapped at least part of it accurately by photographic methods, but its maps are not yet available. We know that it is not much more than twenty miles north-west of Mount St. Elias and probably less than fifty miles from the Pacific.

"Let no one suppose, however, that it would be a simple matter to tramp those fifty miles inland and climb the mountain. The well equipped expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi took from the 23rd of June to the 31st of July to reach the summit of Mount St. Elias, and an expedition to Mount Logan from the sea would mean not only crossing the vast Malespina glacier but also crossing the rugged and unexplored St. Elias range.

"A far longer but far easier route is available, from Skagway to Whitehorse by the White Pass railway, followed by about 200 miles of inland travel westward toward the Alaskan Boundary. Some years ago a waggon road of sorts was made to certain placer mines near Kluane lake, which appears from the imperfect maps to lie at no great distance north-east of the Logan range.

"Unless the Boundary Survey has prepared maps showing the exact position of Mount Logan the first duty of any expedition setting out to climb it will be to find the mountain itself. It should stand out, a splendid vision, as the highest peak toward the south-west from the valley of Kluane lake, and one can imagine the joy, not unmingled with fear, of a climbing party on seeing their goal standing before them in its majesty of dark cliffs and snowy summit.

"If the wagon road still exists most of the journey to Mount Logan can be done with wheels. Beyond this pack ponies will be necessary as far as the foothills. Since snow line in the region runs from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above sea level, the last stretch of the journey will be under Arctic conditions with camps high above timber or running water, and all supplies of food and fuel must be transported on sledges or on men's shoulders. The expedition will not be easy and the cost of travel and equipment will be heavy; but there are many hardy climbers in the Alpine Club of Canada and I believe there is enough patriotism and love of adventure among the members of the Club and their friends to finance an expedition of the kind."

# "Normalcy" in Europe

*Well-informed Economist Says German Manufacturers Can Undersell Other Countries.*

CARL W. ACKERMAN

TREMENDOUS progress in the rehabilitation of Central Europe is noted by Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, one of the best-informed men in the world on European economic affairs, in an interview given to Carl W. Ackerman of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*:

"German manufacturers to-day are in a position 'to undersell virtually any manufacturer in any country of the world. The Old World is returning to 'normalcy.' Europe is recovering her economic and agricultural stability.

"That is the substance of a statement given to your correspondent by Alonzo E. Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania and American authority on European conditions, who has returned to England after careful investigations in Germany, France, Italy, Austria, Poland, Hungary, and Czecho-slovakia. Dr. Taylor said that 'compared with other large European countries, Germany seems to have improved more in the last year than the United Kingdom, France, or Italy.'

"Comparing European conditions generally to-day with a year ago and during the war years, Dr. Taylor declared there were distinct signs of progress in agriculture; transportation facilities have improved, coal in every country except England is more plentiful; the labor viewpoint is returning to 'normalcy'; supplies of commodities are more abundant; frontier restrictions which impeded interstate commerce have been lifted, and on the whole there is an upward trend, particularly in Germany. Dr. Taylor added:

" 'Conditions in the labor market seem in most Continental countries to indicate a definite return to pre-war conditions. The cause of the return to 'normalcy' is found in the disillusionment of the rank and file of labor as well as of the leaders in the Russian experiment. From every country and from many trades, leaders have been sent to Russia. Without exception they returned reporting that direct action and Communism led to results worse for labor than the worst conditions of capitalism before the war. Labor unions have recovered their independence from Socialistic parties. This is particularly striking in Germany.' "

# Articles Lost in Patients

*Sponges, Gauze and Forceps Have Been Forgotten by Surgeons.*

*Medical Record* (New York)

THERE seems to be no system by means of which the growing frequency with which lost articles are left by doctors inside their patients can be diminished. There ought to be an intelligent count before and after operation of all sponges, clamps, forceps, drainage tubes and even rings, says a writer in the *Medical Record* (New York). Missing articles of this description tend to turn up more and more in people's intestines after surgical operations. Sometimes the delay in recovering these lost articles is so great that they are capsuled. This was the case with a lady who had a heavy silver wire and a sponge inside of her for eight years after an operation for a tumor.

Sometimes the patient finds the results of an operation worse than the malady for which it was undertaken. We find Dr. Harry J. Hartz writing thus in the medical organ already cited:

"The symptoms that a foreign body produces in the abdomen depend primarily upon whether such body is septic or aseptic. If septic, it at once produces acute disturbances such as abscess or a generalized peritonitis with the consequent clinical syndromes, frequently terminating the life of the individual. If the body is aseptic, the tendency for it is to become encapsulated and manifest no symptoms for months or years. The isolation may still further be strengthened by adhesions between loops of intestines, the omentum, some organ, or the abdominal parietes."

Continuing the article says; "Sponges tend to escape spontaneously through the abdominal wound. If encapsulated, they sooner or later cause symptoms of mechanical irritation or pressure on surrounding organs. Secondary infection or necrosis ensues and the foreign body is extruded into the lumen of the bowel or bladder if adjacent to these hollow viscera. The symptoms at first are obscure abdominal pains with a tendency to intestinal obstruction. There is generally a slight recurrent fever. At variable periods the symptoms become intensified and point to an acute intra-abdominal disturbance which may demand a secondary operation with disclosure of the cause of trouble.

"Although hundreds of cases are reported of foreign bodies left inside patients by doctors who forgot them or lost them, these are but a small proportion of the whole. For the most part, such cases are never reported. Cases are on record of a sponge (gauze) measuring 36x18 inches left inside a woman by oversight. This great mass was expelled through the rectum seventy-five days after the operation. The patient recovered. There is a case of a sponge being passed by the bowel several weeks after a surgical operation. A woman fifty-eight years old turned up in a doctor's office with a foreign metallic body protruding through the abdominal wall. The handle of the instrument was located by means of surgical exploration and finally worked out of the anatomy with manipulation. This person recovered. There was a woman who ten years or more after an operation was found with a forceps in the left iliac fossa, the instrument having caused pain for a long time although the woman did not know what was the matter. The forceps was removed and she is now all right.

"In a list of 150 cases of this class, the mortality was about fifty per cent. In most of these instances, the foreign body inside the patient was a sponge. Frequently it would prove to be an artery clamp. In the rest of the examples in this list the lost articles were drainage tubes, finger rings and miscellany."

# Deadly Drops From Air

*Three Will Be Sufficient to Cause Death.*

GENERAL FRIES

DROPPING gas bombs from high altitudes is only the beginning of the destructive use of gas by air-planes. In the next war, no matter how soon it may occur, a deadly composition called Lewisite will be used, says Brigadier-General Amos A. Fries, chief of the Chemical Warfare Service, of the United States, with far more devastating effect than that of mustard gas. Like mustard gas it produces casualties by burning, but, unlike mustard gas, the burns from a quantity equal to three drops will usually cause death, and it can be manufactured at the rate of thousands of tons per month. As a protection against Lewisite, however, the Chemical Warfare Service is working on a wearing apparel and mask that will keep it out just as clothing has been devised to keep out mustard gas. But this new agent of death is so powerful in its penetrating ability that even if clothing be made that will protect the wearer it must cover every inch of skin from head to foot. Consider, writes General Fries, in the New York *Globe*, the burden put on any army in the field that would have to wear continually such complete protection.

The U.S. navy, we are told, is studying how to make war vessels gas-proof. The toxic smokes may be dropped from airplanes or turned loose from under water by submarines. In either case they will give off smokes over wide areas through which ships must pass. Any defects will let these toxic smokes in and will force every man to wear a mask. Airplane bombs will come raining down on the ship or alongside of it either with toxic smokes or other terrible gases. White phosphorus that burns and cannot be put out wet or dry will be rained on ships.

A program is being arranged by the Chemical Warfare Service for the most important bombing test ever made in the United States. Toxic smokes, phosphorus and a powerful tear gas in great quantity will be used and, General Fries goes on:

"The use of gas against landing parties or to aid landing parties has come up in many ways. Our studies to date indicate that gas is a greater advantage to the defense against landing parties than to the offense. Mustard gas and the like may be sprinkled from airplanes, and while it will not float long on the water,

# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

**Not by a Darn Sight**—Keeping out of jail isn't all there is to honesty.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Cause and Effect**—At times it is difficult to distinguish between piety and loss of appetite.—Nelson *News.*

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**With Discretion**—God give us men, but not too many from Southern Europe.—Palmerston *Spectator.*

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**You Know**—Men don't have to be told how they look in bathing suits. They look just like they feel.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**A Thought**—If men could wear vest pockets without the vests life would be sweeter in hot weather.—Fredericton N.B. *Mail.*

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**Co-operation**—It is possible to kiss a girl while driving an automobile, but it takes a lot of co-operation.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Everyone Satisfied**—The world is full of willing people—some willing to work, the rest willing to let them.—Owen Sound, Ont. *Advertiser.*

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**As Solomon Might have Said**—The best advice to June brides is: "Don't try to make your husbands happy, just let them be."—Brockville *Recorder.*

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**Napoo**—Some marriages turn out all right, and some young people settle down in the neighborhood of his people or her people.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Ample**—When we look at some feet we are forced to the conclusion that the divinity which shapes our ends has its moments of generosity.—Sydney N.S. *Record.*

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**A Neat Comparison**—A stomach is much like a wife. It is much happier if you give it a little more attention and fewer presents.—Kingston *British Whig.*

**The Vital Question**—History tells us how long ancient Tyre lasted but neglects to give the mileage.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Horrors!**—Italian-faced watches are all the rage. Watch yours twenty-four hours and see a dago.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**Eversharp**—The trouble with some laundries is that, instead of cleaning the collars they only sharpen them.—Kingston *Standard.*

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**Where it Excels**—A walking cane has its disadvantages, but you don't have to back it up to a filling station and tell the man to fill 'er up.—Nelson B.C. *News.*

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**Not Only Living**—When the bride looks over the presents, she realizes that the times have lowered the standard of giving.—Nelson B.C. *News.*

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**Nor Ours**—Money is going to be cheaper, according to an Ottawa despatch. Well, we're not excited; we've none to sell.—Manitoba *Free Press.*

**You've Felt This**—A man never realizes what good weight the ice man gives him until he has to empty the pan under the ice box at night.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Her Excuse**—We saw a girl the other day wearing a long skirt, but she explained to the crowd that she was dressed for a masquerade.—Palmerston *Spectator.*

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**Ephemeral**—The ancient widower in quest of a bride reminds us that while wisdom teeth come late in life they don't last long.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Another Speed Maniac.**—We read of a Spanish chess player who made four moves in two hours. After a little more practice, he certainly ought to make a fairly good Brick Layer.—Kingston *Standard.*

**Suggestive**—Among other suggestive things in the movie show is the man in front of you who won't keep his head still. He suggests homicide.—Nelson B.C. *News.*

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**It Makes a Difference**—If a girl cooks for a family at $15. a week, that is drudgery. If she cooks for one man for her board and clothes, that is romance.—Nelson *News.*

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**Precautionary Measures**—Looks as though the bootleggers might find it necessary to again wear badges in order to keep from selling to each other.—Peterboro *Examiner.*

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**This Boy Has Suffered**—The girl who really doesn't care whether she wins the prize at a card party would make an exceptionally agreeable and tractable wife.—Burks Falls' Ont. *Arrow.*

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**Those Tardy Risers**—Some people will welcome the day on which Gabriel blows his trumpet. Others will awaken a few days later, if he blows loudly enough.—Peterboro *Examiner.*

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**Urged to it**—Brockville's robin that lifted the dollar bill from the matutinal milk bottle was not necessarily living up to its name. It was perhaps merely inspired by batteries of phonographs squawking at it "Go Feather Your Nest!"—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**Full of Hope**—Born Monday morning, July 11th 1921, to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth B. Thompson of Peace River, Alta., a dainty cherub of the feminine creation. At last reports, mother and daughter were doing fine, but Kenneth had not descended from the seventh heaven of delight over his renewed daddyship. The happy parents have now a king and queen to draw to.—Peace River *Standard.*

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it will float long enough to smear any small boats attempting to land. It can be sprinkled over all the areas that landing parties must occupy. Mustard gas may be placed in bombs or drums around all areas that are apt to be used as landing places and exploded in the face of advancing troops....

"We have to-day at Edgewood Arsenal, some 1,400 tons of poisonous gases, not including chlorine. Those gases have been manufactured, practically every ounce of them, for three years, and are yet in almost perfect condition. Our chemists believe they can be kept in the future for ten years and perhaps longer. Our gas shells then will have the life almost of the modern battleship, while the cost of a million will be but a fraction of the cost of a battleship.

"Our masks, too, we believe can be kept for at least ten years. Experience to date indicates that rubber deteriorates mainly through the action of sunlight and moisture, that cause oxidation or other change in the crystalline structure of cured rubber. Accordingly we are putting up masks to-day in hermetically sealed boxes. It is thus evident that we can store a reserve of masks and gases in peace the same as other war materials."

As to the effectiveness of phosphorus and thermit against machine-gun nests, there is no recorded instance where the United States gas troops failed to silence German machine-gun nests once they were located. In future, we read, ga troops will be able to put off the majorit of all cloud gas attacks even with toxic smoke candles.

If, says General Fries, a nation has practically no masks when war breaks out it will be nine months before an army of 1,000,000 men can be equipped and trained in its use, and in that nine months the first campaign will be over and the war won or lost or at a stalemate.

# Ears on Their Front Legs

*Amazing Are the Ways Certain Insects Hear and Smell*

DR. ERNEST BADE

SCIENTISTS have sometimes devoted months or years of experimentation to decide some minor habit of a moth or a grasshopper. Dr Ernest Bade, in *Science and Invention*, tells some of the ways insects see, smell and hear:

"Another common sound-producing insect is the harvest-fly, whose song has long been under observation. Even the ancient Greeks have given it some thought When placed upon a harp, it represented the expression of music.

"The harvest-fly's organ of sound is situated on the underside of the abdomen, just beneath a pair of broad leathery plates, whose posterior end is free. It appears as an elastic, longitudinally folded membrane spread over a chitinous ring. With the aid of a powerful muscle this membrane can be loosened or firmly stretched at will; at the base of the leathery plates an air hole is found which amplifies the sound produced.

"But all insects are not provided with music-producing organs, and in fact, very few of the millions of known species are able to make distinctive sounds. But where an insect makes a sound, another must be able to hear it. It has been proven that a great many of the male insects, which are able to make sounds, stimulate the female of that species. Therefore these must have ears.

"In former years it was thought, that the ear must be situated on the head, the antennae functioning as such. Today it is known that the ears need not necessarily be situated there as the grasshoppers and crickets have ears on entirely different parts of their bodies, Green grasshoppers have their ears on their front legs. The same is true of other insects. The grasshoppers, or locusts as they are sometimes called, have their ears on the side of their abdomen, on the first abdominal segment. Such tympanal membranes are definitely separated and marked, and are found on all insects which produce sounds. And this music can be likened to the lovesong of the male, through which it attempts to make its advances, under more favorable circumstances, or to cajole the female to him.

"But, as has been said, the greater part of the insects are silent, like the ants, and these are not susceptible to sound vibrations, but are influenced by various odors. So the grave-digger beetle flies long distances to reach the place of a dead animal. Another beetle which feeds upon a certain fungus growing under the ground, bores a tunnel through the ground to the desired morsel. Such pieces of food are always found with certainty, altho the fungus does not possess an odor perceptible by man.

"It is very difficult to say anything general about the insect's sense of smell. As a rule the organs, for the perception of odors, are situated in the antennae or feelers, where the sense of taste is also often found. Sometimes the palpi are fitted with the organs of smell. These organs consist of rounded cylinders, slightly protruding, and more or less blunted, formed from chitin. At times they are found in slight cavities. A peculiar fact is, that the males are provided with a greater number of such organs than are the females. As the organs of taste are formed in a somewhat similar manner, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between them, but if they are found within the mouth parts, they are undoubtedly organs of taste.

"The more important and common insects, which are attracted through odors, are the butterflies, and the flies. Fabre observed a female moth (Gastropacha quercus), a very rare nocturnal insect of his native country. The third day after the emergence of the moth from the pupa, 60 males were hovering about the window, although the female was in a wire cage, and placed 12 to 15 feet from the window. Fabre was doubtful if the males were brought to the female by its scent, since the nose could not detect the slightest odor. When the female was placed in a tightly closed box, no males made their appearance. They only came when the female was exposed. Next it was attempted to destroy the scent of the moth through naphthalene, carbon disulfid, petroleum, or tobacco smoke. The female was then placed under a bell-jar near the window, and a plate of sand upon which the moth had rested was taken and brought into the room. The males flew over the butterfly into the room, and alighted on the sand.

"Therefore it is impossible to doubt that an odor must be given off by the female which calls the male of this species:

to her. Experiments with other female moths led to the same results. As we cannot detect even the slightest odor, which seems distinctly perceptible to the male, since they are often attracted for more than half a mile radius, some naturalists have come to the conclusion that the odor, which is given off, is not a sending out of tiny particles of a substance, but a wave motion of certain lengths and similar in character to those sent out by light and heat."

# Ali Scorned the Crocodiles

*Native African Swam Safely Through Thickly Infested Waters.*

HANS COUDENHOVE

IN AN unusually informative article in the *Atlantic*, entitled "African Folk," Hans Coudenhove discusses some of the habits of the various African tribes—their superstitions, their courage and cowardice, and the points of contrast which are observed by the trained investigator, or the old resident, between various black tribes. The Masia, for example, is the bravest and most romantic black race, and the Wakingo tribe has aesthetic dances which may have been derived from the Greeks. M. Coudenhove tells a curious story about crocodiles:

"Where crocodiles abound, natives, in accordance with the saying that familiarity breeds contempt, grow exasperatingly foolhardy, women as well as men, and frequently have to pay the penalty of their imprudence. Relations between the natives and the crocodile, however, are of a complicated and even mysterious nature. Some wear charms against the monsters, in which they implicitly believe; and I must admit that I have never heard of any one of them coming to grief. Also, there undoubtedly are crocodiles that are not man-eaters, although the common assertion that crocodiles that get plenty of fish will not eat man falls flat before the many casualties on the great lakes, which teem with fish. A curious phenomenon is, that there are well-defined stretches in several East African rivers where the crocodiles are perfectly harmless, while above and below these sanctuaries no one, except the above-mentioned bearers of charms can enter the water with impunity.

"Some fifteen years ago I accompanied Lieutenant W——, of the battalion of the King's African Rifles stationed in Jubaland, on a trip up the Juba River, in the flat-bottomed government steamer which was then, besides native dugouts, the only means of communication on that river. The steamer had to be made fast to the shore every night; and one morning we stopped near a village called Ali Sungura—Ali the rahbit—after its chief. There was at that time living on the Juba a famous wizard, who was looked upon as a sort of paramount chief of all the crocodiles in Jubaland, the which, so it was said on certain nights of the year, repaired to his hut *en masse*, to hold a Baraza.

"On the morning after our arrival in Ali Sungura, we walked ashore, where we were greeted by the chief, whom we asked if the wizard was there. He said that he was not; and, pointing to a man standing, he added, 'This is his son.'

"My companion asked the young fellow if he, too, was immune against crocodiles.

"Thereupon the chief pointed to a creek, about two hundred yards in width and extending some way inland. 'He swims through here every day,' he said. 'He works on the other side.'

"We looked, and saw, near the opposite shore, the eye-knobs of many crocodiles protruding from the water. We then asked the wizard's son himself if the chief had spoken the truth; and, on his replying in the affirmative, we asked him further if he would swim through now, for a rupee. To this he readily assented, and we asked Ali Sungura if it was really safe.

"Ali Sungura laughed and declared that there was not the slightest danger. So we promised the man his rupee, and he, afttcr fastening tight around his body the white cloth he was wearing, immediately walked into the water, while Lieutenant W—— cocked his rifle and stood ready to shoot.

"The wizard's son soon got out of his depth and took to swimming. He swam toward the opposite side, deliberately, without displaying any hurry and right across the school of crocs, some, but not all, of which dived on his approach. He scrambled ashore, and, after a short rest, came back the same way. He took his rupee with obvious pleasure."

# Storrs, Jerusalem's Ruler

*Governor Enters Thoroughly Into the Life of the People.*

New York *Times*.

ANOTHER man to be ranked with the world-famous Colonel Lawrence of Arabia, is Ronald Storrs, whose work is thus summarized in the New York Times, Literary Supplement:

"One of the several picturesque figures brought into world view on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean during the war was Ronald Storrs. He was 'Brigadier General Storrs' during the later months of his service as Military Governor of Jerusalem. But with the coming of formal peace, he doffed both his military title and khaki and continued uninterruptedly his constructive service as Governor—the first Governor, since the deliverance of the Holy Land by Lord Allenby, of what has been appropriately called the 'City of Cities.'

"Storrs was a highest honor man in his day in Cambridge, and, serving under a succession of pro-consuls in Egypt and in the Near East including Cromer and Kitchener, he came to know intimately all sections of the Oriental public. He spoke not only all the European languages in wide use, but also Arabic and Turkish, had the English scholar's acquaintance with Greek and Latin and was found in the Governorate in Jerusalem one morning composing a greeting in Hebrew to the Jewish community on one of their festival days. His accomplishments as a musician and his appreciation of other arts give him other avenues of appeal to his variegated constituency. He is one of the few Englishmen to have honorary membership in the American Phi Beta Kappa Society.

"At a public reception in his honor in London, upon his return to England on a brief furlough, Lord Northcliffe summarized his unique service as follows:

" 'It is easy to see that among the two-and-seventy jarring sects' which inbabit the Holy Places any new Governor must be regarded with a suspicion, which rapidly matures in the minds of each section, that he is unduly prejudiced in favor of all the others. His success is a high tribute to his tact and administrative skill.

" 'But Mr. Storrs has done more than preserve his neutrality. While we were still at war in the Summer of 1918 he formulated and began to carry out a scheme of town-planning in Jerusalem such as here in English towns had been discussed for years but had ended mainly in discussion. Town planning anywhere means a battle against vested interests, and I do not suppose that anywhere in the world there is a greater congestion of vested interests than within the four walls of Jerusalem. With a real knowledge of Oriental art, he has stimulated the revival of many of its forms, notably in encouraging and making possible the preservation of old buildings, as when he set town-makers to work to renew the tiling of the Mosque of Omar.

" 'These activities, although striking in a time of universal war, are perhaps of minor importance. What is of permanent value is the fact that now, after two years of peace, while the world still seethes with unrest, Palestine, which more than any other country ought to be in the melting pot, is quietly enjoying an unlooked-for prosperity. This, I think, ahows the supreme importance of personality in government, as opposed to mere technical efficiency. Experts can be obtained at a price for any duty, but the man who can enter bodily into the life of a strange community, with a reciprocative sympathy and affection, is harder to find. The Governor of Jerusalem must be a man accustomed to speaking in public, and to speaking in many tongues. In Arabic he answers the Arabs, in Hebrew the Jews, the Franciscans in Italian, the Dominicans in French, the Orthodox Christians in Greek, and the Armenian community in their own tongue.'

"How thoroughly, intimately and effectively Mr. Storrs has entered into the life of Jerusalem this fuller statement of his policy suggests:

" 'Over and above the normal official activities of Government, every effort has been made to get into touch with the people, and to give them interests and recreation tending to bring them into contact with each other and with the governing race. A chess club has been founded and a school of music for both sexes, at which three or four scholarships are open to talent. A salon, or academy of painting, sculpture, textiles, architecture and town planning, will be held next Spring, and every effort is being made to develop the civilized and cultural side of the people. He has found it necessary quite early in the day, with the object of preserving intact the traditional appearance of the city, to forbid by proclamation the use of stucco and corrugated iron with the walls, as also the destruction or erection of any buildings without his permission in writing. This prohibition and other like precautions had necessitated three things: First, a technical adviser to instruct him, and then to carry out his instructions; secondly, the active co-operation of the various heads of communities; and, thirdly, money.

" 'He has formed the Pro-Jerusalem Society, membership in which is open to all, and on whose councils sit next to one another in friendly conclave the Grand Mufti, the orthodox and Catholic Patriarchs, the Grand Rabbi, members of Franciscan and Dominican orders, French and Italian architects, members of the Zionist Commission, and the Mayor of Jerusalem, by whom all projects having to do with the welfare of the city are discussed. The official language found to be most convenient is French, but animated asides are from time to time discharged in Arabic, Hebrew and even Armenian.

" 'With the money collected the weaving industry has been restarted. The famous Mosque of Omar, known by the Arabs as the Dome of the Rock, and built over the summit of Mount Moriah, was covered largely with brilliantly colored tiles, whose date extended over many centuries. Neglect by the Turks and exceptionally severe Winters has damaged both towers so badly that one of the faces of the mosque is now almost denuded. An Armenian expert from Damascus has found near the mosque the original ovens, deserted and buried for centuries in which many of the tiles must have been fired. With money from the society those kilns have been restored, and tiles are now being made in the ancient manner. These, so soon as they reach a sufficiently high standard, will be used, with the approval of the Moslem authorities, to cover the bare spaces of the mosque. The work actually carried out by the society is of importance, but of still more importance is the innovation that round the same table, seated in a German hospice, on chairs stamped or branded with the crown and monogram of Wilhelm II., can be gathered the chiefs of various and opposing sects, sinking their differences and working together for the good of Jerusalem.' "

# "Have You Heard This One?"

*Time and Money Wasted by Telling Stories in Business Hours.*

BRUCE BARTON

THE value of time lost by men in business in telling "good stories" is the subject of an article in the *American*.

"Arriving home last evening at seven-thirty for a seven-o'clock dinner, I was met by my better half with a look that showed no quarter.

"She (severely): You promised faithfully you would be here at five minutes of seven, and the Seagers have been waiting forty minutes, and the soup is spoiled.

"He (apologetically); I know, darling, but there were some things I just had to clean up.

"She: Mr Anderson went by at five-thirty. Why can't you get home early if he can?

"He: But, darling, you don't understand. Business is....

"And of course they don't understand! heaven bless them! Our only danger is that they may sometime visit us unexpectedly in our offices and find out for themselves, whereupon there will be no living with them.

"For the truth is, of course, that I could perfectly well finish my work inside the seven or eight hours allotted and get home to dinner on time, and so could you, if we were only given a chance. The world is being slowed up, homes are being wrecked, and reconstruction halted all along the line by the man who sticks his head inside your office door and says, 'By the way—have you heard this one?'

"He is a very good fellow; we like him immensely; and I hope that when he reads this he will take it in a friendly spirit. But, after all, a man's wife and home come first. And I simply must get home to dinner on time from now on; I must, even though I never hear a good story again as long as I live.

"An incident occurred yesterday in an office where I had gone to transact some business of considerable importance to me.

"It was in the office of a busy man and I was bringing him close to the dotted line when the door opened and a clean-cut young fellow burst in.

" 'Don't let me interrupt,' he cried (they always say that), 'but I just heard a good one'

"At this point four other men drifted in, attracted by the laughter, and the rioting became general. Every man sat nervously in his chair, giving no attention to the story which was being told, but waiting eagerly to burst in with his own. I looked at my prospect. The pen had dropped from his fingers, the order blank was pushed far back on his desk; in his eyes was the contented look of one who will presently rise and say, 'Well I got to get out to lunch. Can you drop in early next week? We ought to sit down and get this thing settled some day when we aren't quite so rushed.'

"Presently, sure enough, he said it; and we all filed out.

"Now, disregarding entirely my own selfish impatience at having lost the order, suppose we were to figure up the cost of the Old Husbands' Tales that were told that busy morning.

"The rent of that particular office is $5 a square foot, and the office is approximately 18 by 22 feet. Will someone kindly do a little mental calculating and tell us what it costs to use that much floor space as a vaudeville stage every day for an hour?

"The annual salaries of the six story-tellers who there gathered aggregate $85,000 a year. How much is that per performance?

"But, worse than that, six men who might have been cleaning up their desks while it was yet day, stayed around until six or six-thirty that evening, keeping six stenographers by their sides, and then rushed home to explain to their wives that there were some matters that they simply had to finish up."

# Makes the dirt let go — all over the house



***Improves every washer***

Fels-Naptha soap makes the washer do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washer starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and through the clothes, quickly flushing away all the dirt.



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The real naptha in Fels-Naptha *makes the dirt let go* and brings back the bright fresh clean appearance to painted surfaces. Be sure to have plenty of Fels-Naptha soap for housecleaning. Order a handy 10-bar carton of your grocer.



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The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves all grease from dishes *then vanishes completely*, and leaves the dishes sweet and glistening. They rinse off instantly, with no trace of clinging soap to be rubbed off the dish upon the towel.



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*Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin—use Ivory.*

THE daily bath is a real pleasure to millions of people because of Ivory Soap, yet they do not think of Ivory as only a "bath" soap.

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Ivory Soap is—Ivory Soap. People think of it as Ivory Soap and use it because it *is* Ivory Soap. No term that puts it in the same group as any other soap does it justice because it includes—not four or five—but every one of the seven essentials that soap can have.

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*Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size for every purpose*

*Small Cake*
For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual use.

*Large Cake*
Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS EST. 1837

## A Canadian Lochinvar

*Continued from page 13*

monkey tricks wid you, me lad. We'll be moving," he added, as half a dozen soldiers fell in behind Jimmie. "Pronto is the word. Like a good officer, I myself'll bring up the rear."

ft was a terrible march that, under the blazing sun. Whenever Jimmie flagged, a bayonet—rusty but certainly not blunt,—pricked him forward.

After marching almost eight hours in a north-west direction they at length reached a small town—evidently the guerillo headquarters—and here Jimmie was thrust into a filthy cell, among ten miserable "Conatitutionalists". During the afternoon a bucket of water and some black bread was pushed through the single window. But the latest prisoner had no appetite.

Nearing sundown he was summoned before O'Brien in the latter's "quarters". On a table stood a bottle of whiskey, a plate of beans, and a heap of tortillas.

"I wouldn't 've kep' ye so long in there," the Colonel apologized, "but I had to kape an eye on me pickets. Ye see we're so near the American line. 'Tis wan good thing though; if anything happened I'd be over the border mesilf in six houra. But von Ritzer'll be here in a few minutes. I'll give ye a bit of advice, Mike my lad, when he asks ye to jine us, don't give him any funny talk. He's a devil when anything riles him. Ye're likely hungry, so just sit down an' fade yer face. Mesilf I'll take a sup o' liquor."

Draining a glass with relish he winked at his prisoner. "From the way ye're ating thim beans, 'tis hungry ye look, me lad. Sorry I am for kaping ye in the calayboose so long—but 'tis war-r, as von Ritzer do be always saying. I hear his voice outside now; he'll probably be pumping all the news out av me liftinent. I'll just step out an' prevint him larning too much. Think over what I've been telling ye."

WHEN alone Jimmie's thoughts worked rapidly. What would be the next move? Evidently the German had some plan on foot. It might be worth while finding out. Therefore, why not become a soldier of fortune like O'Brien? It would bind him to nothing. With the American border so near and a good horse—

"A night in that sweet calaboose," he thought, "would about finish me."

To join the band of outlaws seemed the only way. If he refused, of course, he could expect no mercy. Not from the *jefe politico* anyway. And the young Canadian had a strong desire to live a little longer.

At that moment the door bursting open, O'Brien reappeared, followed by another figure.

"This must be von Ritzer," thought Jimmie glancing up from his plate of beans. The new arrival stood stiffly regarding him through pale piglike eyes. which seemed a trifle too close together. The candlelight left his other features in shadow, but his face had an air of repellent harshness. His whole personality possessed a domineering truculence.

"Your name, I bear is Mick Ferson?"

Jimmie nodded.

"You are an American?"

"Sure," replied the young man. "I was born and bred on the continent of America."

"In what State and in what city?"

"Do you know Detroit, Michigan?" countered the young Canadian. "It's a fine city! We Northerners, you know, are mighty proud of our native towns."

"So," agreed the pale-eyed man. "Then you are a neutral American." He came to the point with efficient abruptness. "Some men like you have a capacity to handle these Mexican swine and are needed. You will therefore take service in our forces; the army of Liberty. But have no fear—we intend not to march on Washington, the home of the accursed schoolmaster."

"Is this an offer," asked Jimmie calmly, "or a command?"

"It is a fair proposition." The German's pale eyes gleamed like points of steel. "If you refuse, at sunrise I will have you shot."

"Well, in that case," was the decision, "I guess it'a The Army of Liberty for me."

"So, I see you are sensible. Yet remember, attempt to escape and I will show no mercy. When the General returns in a day or so you will sign your full name and swear allegiance to our Army; small though it is, it keeps the hands full of perfidious Uncle Sam, while *Grosse Deutschland* vanquishes the hated Allies!" His heels clicked in salute. "Now I will leave you in the Colonel's care. A small legal matter bids me return. Later you will have the honor of meeting a nobleman of this county, a wealthy landowner, who lives in a mansion at the town's edge. He recognises that our army alone can save his lands from the Tyrant government at Mexico City. Also, you may be polite to his handsome daughter. But remember look not twice at her; she belongs to me! We German soldiers," he added "must enjoy ourselves."

The young Canadian ardently longed to kick von Ritzer—kick him painfully. But he forced himself to use diplomacy. "Gee," he said, "You Germans think of everything."

"Yes; our kultur is very efficient," barked the harsh-faced man, as he went through the door.

EVIDENTLY this was one of von Ritzer's taciturn evenings. He seemed to have something on his mind. Once his sharp voice questioned the Irishman: "Do you know if those messages have been relayed from the Georgian mountains yet?"

"I do not." O'Brien winked in Jimmie's direction. "Prob'bly that felly at the White House do be writing another note."

The man addressed glanced sideways at the young Canadian, who considered it best to maintain a thoughtful silence. But what, he wondered, what was the German's game?

Arriving at the comfortable, stone-walled *residencia*, the temporary Major was courteously received by Don Belisario de la Valle. He was a tall, thin upholder of the old regime, making a last and hopeless bid against the rising tide of an illiterate proletariat.

Jimmie's eyes were fixed on the girl who at that moment entered the room. She was wonderful in her black dress; slender and graceful; soft-cheeked and dark-haired, altogether adorable. To Jimmie it seemed marvellous that this wretched war-ridden corner of the earth could contain such a lovely young woman. But for the fresh red rose in her hair and her collar of rare lace, she was costumed like any well-poised Canadian girl.

Meeting her eyes—sometimes they seemed dark as mystery, again bright as stars—the young man felt his late misfortunes were being well recompensed.

The old *hidalgo* introduced them with true Spanish punctilio. The new "volunteer" only remembered the words, "My daughter, Donna Gracia." It sounded like a refreshing draught after a weary day. Hearing himself presented as "Major Don Jimez Mick Ferson," he hoped his low bow was the conventional thing. But another wave of delight swept through him as Donna Gracia held out her hand, like a girl from his own home-land. Fortunately von Ritzer's hard eyes were elsewhere.

Snatching a note from a servant, von Ritzer read it eagerly.

"Gott," he gulped. "See here, O'Brien—Karl tells me the relays are coming in very slowly. He desires my assistance. If we only had a dynamo wherewith to send—I go, but soon I will return."

Showing a crude disregard for his host the German strode from the room and could be heard ascending the stairs.

To Jimmie's delighted surprise, the girl spoke English. Her voice had a deliciously foreign touch.

MEANWHILE the Irishman, seated at the table poured himself a stiff "sup" of liquor. Then, while the old Don expounded some pet theories on the new land policy, Donna Gracia entertained the younger guest. Educated at a New England college, she longed, oh! how she longed, again to visit the North! She frankly hated this deadly place, these nasty unwashed revolutionaries, this petty warfare.

Only once did she mention the German, then with a slight shudder.

"I detest that man," she confessed, lowering her voice. "He is ver' bad. You know. Don Jimmie, he has a wireless in the

# The two secrets of a youthful looking skin

*Every normal skin needs a daytime cream to protect the skin and hold the powder—and a very different cream for the nightly cleansing and to give the skin a tonic rousing*




FOR THE NIGHTLY CLEANSING, *only the cream made with oil will do.*

THE CREAM FOR DAYTIME *and evening use is a dry cream. There is not a drop of oil in it to reappear in an unbecoming shine.* THE CREAM TO USE AT NIGHT *must have an oil base. This oil is essential if the skin is to be kept soft and pliant, and perfectly cleansed.*




IN THE DAYTIME, *use the dry cream made without oil to protect your skin against sun, wind and dust.*

### *For daytime use—the dry cream that will not reappear in a shine*

*When you powder*, do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

*If you need color*, this vanishing cream is again wonderful as a foundation. It is almost impossible to make the color look even and natural on a skin not prepared for it. It catches on all the tiny, telltale irregularities of the skin. Before applying it, smooth them out by lightly touching your skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is based on an ingredient prescribed by a famous physician for its softening effect. Your smoothed skin takes the color evenly, and holds it.

### *At night—the cleansing, nourishing cream made with oil*

*Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night* if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

*To stimulate the play of blood* beneath your skin that keeps it looking young, slap the face very gently, very persistently, with finger tips dipped generously into Pond's Cold Cream. This acts as a tonic to a dull or sluggish skin. Pond's Cold Cream is so soft that it cannot stretch the finest pores as it works into them. This nourishing oil cream rouses and stimulates the skin—notice the way it responds to this toning up.

### *Start using these two creams today*

These two creams are both too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes—50 cents each. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, 204 Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.

**Generous tubes—mail coupon today**

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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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The "Midget" is one of the "Acme Line" Stapling Machines is strong and durable— a real worker. Just what you need for all kinds of stapling and binding of legal documents, policy vouchers, plans, folders, etc. Used to advantage by manufactures and importers for price ticketing, samples, etc. This machine will effect a substantial saving in any modern office. Try one.




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Write for one to-day.

Ernest J. Scott & Co., 59 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Can.
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tower of our house, and always one of his men is there. But my mother was an English lady,"—her head tilted proudly,—"so I am not afraid."

An hour later von Ritzer reappeared. He looked worried, annoyed, almost pale.

"I am sorry, Don Belisario," he said in careful Spanish, "that we must tear ourselves away. Yet a just-come message makes it necessary for me to reach an understanding with the Colonel. Still tomorrow we will again enjoy your hospitality." His leer at the girl made the Canadian clench his itching fists. The ancient aristocrat bade his guests a politely-phrased farewell.

Back in the stuffy hut Jimmie, sitting on his cot, stared at the flickering candle. It made him shudder to think of that Hun looking at the girl the way he did. "After breaking up the evening too," he thought. "I wonder what dirty work he's trying to put over O'Brien? Well, if it's anything to hurt the little girl, they better count on Major Mick Ferson!"

Some time later the Irishman entered and blowing out the candle, stretched himself on his mattress.

"Pleasant dreams, my Colonel," came from his tactful subordinate.

"'Tis not very pleasant they'll be," O'Brien grunted. "Neither will von Ritzer's at his Palley de Justice after me saying I'll not do it. He's a devil, that man."

"I quite agree with you," said Jimmie. "But what—"

"In the morning I'll tell ye, me lad. At prisint, 'tis slape."

DURING the next day the quasi-militarism of the little town merely amused the man who had been in the trenches, while O'Brien's attempted discipline struck him as rather humorous. Yet the callous brutality of the German political chief—especially when a wretched citizen was dragged to the plaza, and publicly flogged till the very whips ran red—aroused the Canadian's anger. "Will you stand for this hellishness?" he demanded of the Irish-American.

"If I interfered," was the gruff reply, "the German wud curse me black in the face! I hear the felly can't pay a court fine—so the divil's taking it out of his hide. Now if 'twas a military case—I'd soon stop it, bedad."

Dinner over—the everlasting tortillas, beans, and some potted meat—O'Brien yawned across the table: "When I was over at the Palley drawing out thim stores, the *jefe* let on he won't be interrupted wid his fiancy this evening. Me? I fancy the old Don's liquor. Come too if ye like."

The other mumbled that he might as well. And thereupon borrowed the Colonel's razor—much to that worthy's surprise.

A few hours later he again was in the thrilling presence of Donna Gracia. Perhaps the German's suspicious nature imagined how the land lay—at all events he seemed determined to prevent any *tete-a-tete*.

Suddenly they heard a horseman clatter up to the door. Next minute the Mexican butler announced: "A messenger rides hastily for Senor el *jefe politico*." Adding "Also for *el Colonel*."

Muttering a German oath the pale-eyed man hurried through the hall.

"It may be me Gineral," was O'Brien's surmise. "An' if so be, the *jefe* will have his own swate will. I'll just step out meself."

As he left the room their host, who was plainly consumed with curiosity, turned to his daughter. "If that is *el General*," he quavered, "I must go to pay my respects. He will demand it. Pardon, but I will return immediately."

They could hear the horseman deliver his message in short gasps. Evidently he had ridden hastily. Von Ritzer's curt interruptions, mingled with the Irishman's brogue rasped the evening air. In the silent room the girl was the first to speak. "Oh, Don Jimmie," she whispered, "there is something important I want you to do for me. Can I trust you?" Her appealing eyes met his.

"Just say it," was his quick reply, "and it's as good as done."

"It is a letter I want you to post—to my college chum—her father is a great Honorable at Washington. He can rescue me. You can't realize what a terrible life I lead. But I can stand it no longer."

"Though how to give you the letter," she pondered.

Then she thought of a way. There was a small door in the garden-wall—on the northern side. The girl had the key. Would Don Jimmie meet her there at 11? Would he?

His earnest answer was husky.

"Count on me, Donna Gracia. Even if I have to murder a few Huns."

"I knew I could trust you. Hush!"

The three men returned at that moment, the character of each showing clearly. The nervous hidalgo listened abstractedly to von Ritzer's steely voice; but the Irishman, entering with a jaunty air, winked, first at Donna Gracia, then at Jimmie.

"SURE ye must be saying 'au-re-vor,'" he grinned. "Me Gineral's stopping at a hacienda two or three miles out; he sent the messenger felly to put us wise. He'll ride in to-night if he feels like it, or maybe early in the morning. That's why we got to get back t' me quarters—be all ready when he comes. See, von Ritzer's saying 'Good-night' to the old Don; he doesn't want to go, but—you don't want to go either, me young blade!"

He winked again at the girl like a complacent and good-natured uncle.

Before the so-called *Palais de Justice*, the German faced the others squarely.

"You wonder, O'Brien, why I did not speak." His voice retained its sharpness, though Jimmie noticed his worried eyes. "but I have been thinking. I have decided I will ride out to meet the general, even if I to the hacienda must go. He shall return with me, and then you will do my will, is it not?"

"If so be 'tis me orders," was the answer. "But what's your hurry anyway?"

"It is important that we act at once—before the cursed schoolmaster can go too far. No messages have been relayed since last night; it is queer. I fear—Therefore we must move at once. See you, Major Ferson." He whirled on that young man like on a Prussian *feldwebel*, "I have seen you look with softness on the daughter of Don Belisario. You are forbidden to look so at her! She is my property, you will understand!"

Without waiting for a reply he jerked himself through the door.

Watching the silvered light filter through the broken shutters Jimmie mentally rehearsed the next act. He had decided to escape that night. With a good horse, such as he knew his to be, he could make the American border by morning. He would thus frustrate the German's plans! That part seemed simple enough.

But another deeper problem was on his mind. At last he definitely solved it—or thought he had. "I'll do it," he inwardly determined. "Poor little girl! She deserves a chance of freedom, if anyone does. When I go to get the letter, I'll put the question to her straight. If I only had the nerve to tell her how I—. Anyway," he smiled, "once aboard the lugger, or across the border—"

WHEN the Irishman's snores resounded, Jimmie, rising softly, tiptoed from the room. Luckily the main entrance to the stable did not face the house; it opened on a short, muddy lane running to the front street. The young man crossed the dirty courtyard, and as he entered the side-door Jose started to his feet. A lighted lantern threw fitful shadows around.

"It's all right," Jimmie whispered, in cautious Spanish. "Special orders from *el Colonel*. He is going to meet *el General*! You're to saddle both our horses and lead them out onto this by-lane. Savvy?"

THROUGH the deserted streets, Jimmie led his two fairly docile charges. The moonlight sifted down like waves of quicksilver. A bon-fire in the plaza, where a group of soldiers had congregated earlier, had now died down to isolated live sparks which glowed like the red eyes of demons from the smoldering heap.

He was soon at the door in the garden wall—having noted it before—but the silent parapet spikes appeared cold, forlorn. "She isn't coming after all," he felt, keenly disappointed. Yet after waiting for nearly ten minutes, his patience was rewarded. A faint swish of skirts. the lock rasped, the wooden panel swung ajar, and Donna Gracia peered out. In her lace mantilla her girlish presence was very appealing. A wave of emotion surged through Jimmie's heart. He took a step forward eagerly. However, "I thought you were never coming," was all he said.

"Why, I said I would come, Don Jimmie," was the girl's gentle answer. "So I did. Here is the letter to my dear Agnes—she will get her father to rescue me surely."

She held out a square white envelope,

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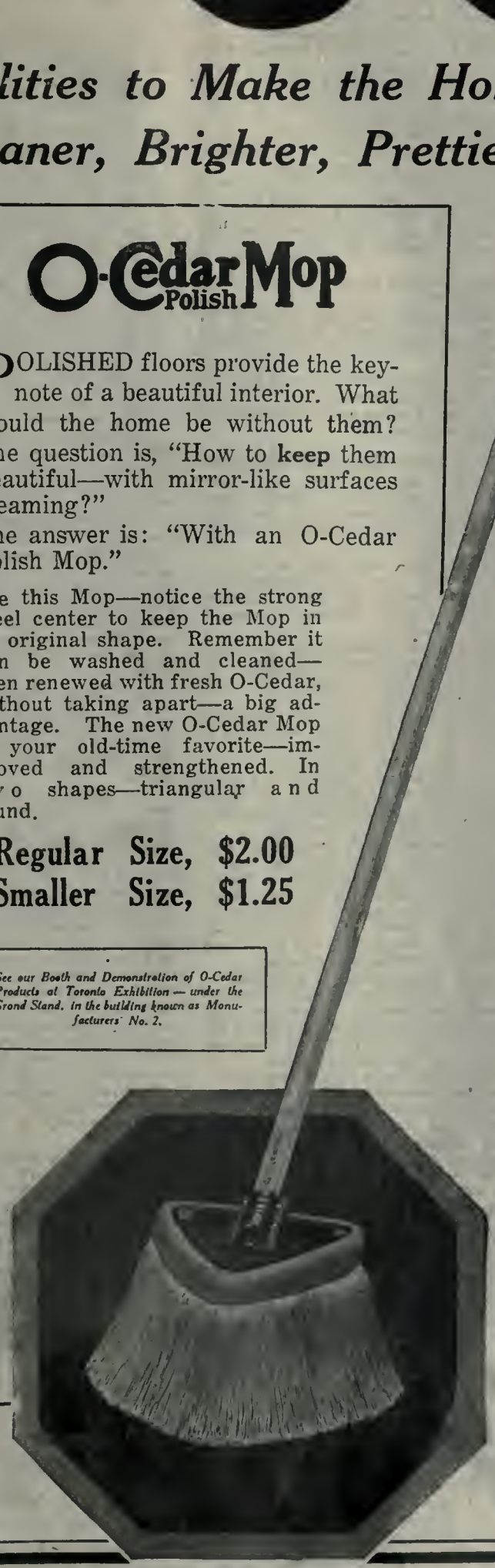
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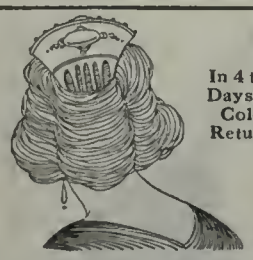
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and Jimmie taking it, glanced at the inscription. He knew that senatorial address. "Yes," he acknowledged abstractedly. He put the letter in his pocket.

"Look here, Donna Gracia," his voice was slow and quavered. "There's something I want to say to you—something I've got to say. When I first heard of you I felt sorry for a girl being in such a place, but when I saw you it made me mad to think of that Hun—All day I've been nearly wild. I know I have no right to tell you—now. But—won't you let me help you."

"It is very wonderful to hear you say, Don Jimmie, for I—it may seem funny for me—a girl to tell you—but you are the most splendid man I have ever met."

The moonlight glinted on a strand of her dark hair. It arched on the smooth curve of her neck. The young man took a step forward. He had a wild desire to disarrange that lace mantilla.

Then he jerked himself together. "If—if you'll let me," he said aloud, "I'll get you out of this. Will you trust me?"

"Can you really save me, Don Jimmie?"

"Sure I can. See, I've brought an extra horse on purpose—a quiet beggar too. We can make one of those border towns in five hours—Douglas I think it is—and then—"

"But my things are not packed. I have no clothes ready!"

"That's easy," was the confident response. "I'll telegraph your friends in Washington, and they'll—will you—will you come?"

The girl leaning forward placed both her hands on Jimmie's shoulders.

"Yes," and her face was very close to his, "I will go with you."

THEIR horses flew along. No sentry loomed up to bar their path in fact the only picket, Jimmie knew, lay in a farm house far to the right. Besides they were probably soundly snoring.

"You certainly know how to stick on that saddle," was his complimentary comment to the girl. He frankly admired her gallant bearing, the sturdy poise of her slim shoulder.

"But I have always loved to ride," she said; "since I was a little girl. But tell me, Don Jimmie, what do you intend to do now?"

"The main thing is to get across the border. As far as I know the town of Douglas is our first stop.

"And then, Don Jimmie?"

"First I'll see you settled at a hotel then I'll wire to your friends in Washington. After you are thoroughly rested we'll —we'll have a little talk."

"About what shall you talk, Don Jimmie?" Her voice was very soft.

He did not at once reply. "Can't decide till we cross the border. Look here, Donna Gracia, the night's kind o' chilly; you better put this overcoat around you. We could rest a bit, too, if you liked, as we're not pursued."

"No, I am not tired. I wish only to cross the border—where you can decide."

Sometimes trotting, sometimes cantering, the star-crusted night slipped by, and at last the darkness gave reluctant place to the first glow of dawn.

"That looks like a town," the ex-soldier of fortune stared into the murky distance. "Tents too. I wonder—Well according to my calculations the line of the screaming eagle should be about a hundred yards further."

"Halt!" the sharp command cut the quiet air. The man levelled his carbine. "Who goes there?"

The sentry repeated his challenge, this time impatiently. Funny he spoke in English. Maybe one of the German's soldiers of fortune. But the fellow might be open to reason—a little—

"Friend," Jimmie replied, hoping against hope. "You see I was going—"

But by now the riders from the left had reached the road. The leader interrupted, calmly impersonal. "What's the greaser want, Smith?" he called in crisp tones. "Doesn't he know this is American territory?"

Jimmie ejaculated, "Good Lord!" Then wheeling to the girl, "It's all right," he cried, "this is a Star-Spangled patrol. We've crossed the border at last!"

"Oh, Don Jimmie, how happy I am," But her delighted response broke off.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the owner of the crisp tones—"I know that man's voice. Good glory, is it you, McPherson? What the mischief are you doing down here?"

Gasping again Jimmie slowly saw light. "When I saw you last in West Point I didn't expect—Say, I'm anxious to talk with your O.C., so won't you kindly lower the bars."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" the American lieutenant stared from one to the other. "I know this party, Smith,"—to the trooper. "But you must tell me what you're trying to do, kind o' strict at our Camp. Isn't this a—"

"I'll give you the story of my life as we ride in," was the reply. "First I want to introduce you to the pluckiest little girl between here and Baffin's Bay!"

The young cavalryman declared himself delighted to meet Donna Gracia; and as they rode through the pale morning light Jimmie briefly explained his present position.

AT THE END his hearer gave a low whistle. "Exciting, I should say so! You're a regular William S. Hart of the tropics. Our Colonel will be mighty pleased to see you. Say McPherson, I'm inclined to envy you." He glanced at the girl, who still sat bravely erect, though she plainly looked worn out. "Our Camp is only pitched around a small border town," went on the lieutenant, "so there're no hotels there. But some of the staff live in houses, and our adjutant's wife is a very fine woman I'm sure she'd be pleased to have you stay the night—or rather the morning—with her, Miss Gracia."

"That will be very nice," the girl smiled. "I confess I am ver' tired."

The adjutant's wife welcomed the girl to her house, as well as to her heart, declaring that a few hours' sleep was the only restorative needed. "I think you need a rest too," she said to Jimmie. "You can come back in twelve hours—mind, not a moment sooner."

"Now then, my young friend," was the request he made to the smiling Lieutenant, "Kindly lead me to the nearest telegraph station. I must wire the Berlin foreign office that one of their star agents won't be married this month! After that inquire if your O.C. will be good enough to see me."

The Colonel commanding at Camp—who had just been answering the telephone, received Jimmie with a thoughtful smile. In as few words as possible the Canadian outlined von Ritzer's design.

"He means to embroil your government with Mexico," the young man concluded. "You see, sir, he wants to keep your army busy down here."

"Very interesting. Mr. McPherson," said the O.C. "I have no doubt that was his intention, but I've just now had a phone from a small post further along the line; the lieutenant in charge reports that at dawn several Mexicans carried in a man with a gunshot wound in his shoulder. He was loudly demanding to see a surgeon, and the Mexicans, knowing there were doctors with our troops, naturally brought him in to us. Yes", proceeded the calm-eyed American, as Jimmie bent forward eagerly; "it was the celebrated von Ritzer. Our secret service have suspected him for some time and now—by the way," he turned to the Lieutenant, "is there an M.O. at that post?"

"No, sir; only a Vet. He's just graduated, and is very anxious to try his hand!"

The commandant nodded. "When the veterinary begins his experiments I don't envy the—a—Prussian gentleman."

"Then he's safe, confound him," broke in Jimmie. "Soon as he's well he can go back to his dirty work. As you're neutral, he can't even be interned."

"Oh yes, he can," smiled the other. "I guess you haven't heard the latest news. We're quite excited about it in the camp. It put us in our right place. Two days ago the President declared war on Germany!"

## What Janey Thinks of Nellie

*Continued from page 15*

By reason of her stories which have been published in America, and by reason of the fact that she has spoken to large audiences in twenty-eight states of the

Union, Mrs. McClung has given great publicity to Canada in general, and to Alberta in particular.

She is vice-president for Alberta of the Canadian Authors' Association, and has held the position of president of the Edmonton Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

Mrs. McClung is a clever *raconteur*, and, above all, delights in telling stories on herself. One of these relates how, last winter, during the Convention of the Soldiers' wives, she assisted Lieutenant-Governor Brett in receiving them at Government House. One of the visitors on saying good-bye, shook her hand warmly and remarked with evident sincerity, "I will certainly have something to tell our people when I go home. I will tell them that I met Nellie McClung, *and there was sure no style about her!*"

Her common sense and keen wit may best be illustrated by an incident which took place on an occasion when Mrs. McClung was advocating the woman's cause in opposition to a certain member of Parliament, who had undertaken to publicly refute her arguments. After drawing a lurid picture of the terrible evils which must inevitably accrue as a result of woman's suffrage, the gentleman concluded with the following ominous words:—"If the time should ever come that women leave their peaceful firesides to vote at the polls, on that day I shall certainly resign my seat. Not one of them shall ever vote for *me*." The audience was with him to a man—and might have stayed with him, had not Mrs. McClung arisen to her feet and, with a twinkle in her eye, begged leave to point out that while, in some quarters, such an event might be considered as untoward, it must nevertheless, be generally construed as an excellent demonstration of the purifying effect of women in politics.

If anyone still doubts that Mrs. McClung is essentially a woman of action, we would point out that during August she sailed for England as one of the delegates to the Ecumenical Council of the Methodist Church, which is convened every ten years, and which will be attended by representatives from all parts of the world. Twelve delegates are being sent by Canada, and Mrs. McClung is the only woman. Indeed, she is the only woman in the world so appointed, an honor which the women of this Dominion will not fail to appreciate.

She is also to be one of the speakers at this great Assemblage in Westminster Hall in London.

## All Aboard the Fish Special

*Continued from page 21*

the Pacific Coast empty, and thus there is the large expense of a non-productive haul. But for the sake of the development of this fish trade from a Canadian port, and for the sake of the future of the City of Prince Rupert, surely every effort should be made to give every possible encouragement to the business. It is one of the hauls on which the Canadian National Railway will not have to show a deficit from year to year. Will the Canadian National Railway make certain that there is no danger of the "Strangling of an Industry"?

## Shaughnessy the Efficient

*Continued from page 19*

West haul—the Hill bogey—was put to rest; but—not to the exclusion of Americans landseeking in Canada. Above all things, people. Next to that the C.P. must build as fast as either Mackenzie or Hays. It was intolerable not to do so. Steamships round the world, C.P. stocks sold abroad—always at a premium. Europe postered with Canadian Pacific Hotels—a chain of them; every one a palace. Imperial Limited, the greatest train system in the world. Princes, potentates and poets rolling in state over the country, at the C.P.'s expense. The contagion of success transcended statistics, and infected every man with a desire to keep C.P. efficiency at the top.

And the older he grew the more Shaughnessy became absorbed in it. He was the president. In his career the office of president reached its climax. It was shorn of much of its aspect of awe as soon as he left it.


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NOTE—Ask your druggist about Derwillo and he will tell you that he has never sold any toilet article which has become so popular in so short a time. This is due to the satisfaction it gives. It is guaranteed by every druggist or department store to give complete satisfaction or they will refund your money. If you don't like it take it back. Could anything be fairer? It is sold at all toilet counters, including all Tamblyn's Stores.


## The Significance of National Advertising

Advertising appearing in a local publication shows the advertiser as appealing for local trade—the smallest store can use the local newspaper, whereas the advertising appearing in Canada's National Magazine stamps the advertiser at once as **doing a national business;** one whose goods and services are available not only to the people of the one locality, but to the people in all parts of the broad Dominion.

National Magazines give to advertised articles a national standing, a prestige and a quality reputation that no other kind of advertising has ever been able to give.


### Pomp—But Efficiency Still

NO POMP however could undo such efficiency, and in the main such national sanity. Shaughnessy always liked to have a voice in national affairs. That was partly tradition. It also kept the public from remembering that the railway after all was a creature of government and of politics. It sometimes deflected public attention from the "melon" patch which in C.P. was the Toronto *World's* sobriquet for "pork barrel," and from the ever potential lobby maintained by the company at Ottawa. Of course lobbies are always repudiated. No self-respecting railway ever knows it by that name. There is no department of lobbyage in head offices. The art is never taught. But it is childish to dodge the public necessity of a great corporation being represented at the centre of national legislation. In fact C.P. has loomed so large in public affairs that a member of Parliament for the company would sometimes have been scarcely ridiculous. Whenever Lord Shaughnessy went to Ottawa, it was public news. He never went for his health, seldom without some issue too big for a subordinate to handle. Had the Minister of Railways gone to Montreal to see Mr. President it would have seemed quite as natural.

The war gave Lord Shaughnessy for a time almost equal prominence with Sir Sam Hughes. His quite sensible speech criticizing the haphazard and costly methods of recruiting made Hughes retort that to raise the First Contingent was as great a chore as building the C.P. R. Lord Shaughnessy earned that absurd retort because of his announcement to the Government that he meant to make the speech; as though the nation would be waiting to hear it. There was room for one super-governmentarian at Ottawa; never for two. It was Hughes vs. Shaughnessy. The government was not amiable over being chidden by the baron, even though the baron had been made the general purchasing agent for the Imperial Government in Canada, and, as such, with the railway and the ships at his disposal, making him the antecedent of both Hughes and Flavelle in getting war supplies. The Railway War Board also derived most of its efficiency from the C.P.R. pooling its equipment with the less efficient roads.

Lord Shaughnessy's retirement from the presidency was not sudden. He had reached his zenith. His eyesight was bad. But he had not lost his grip. The war threw such an unusual load on the system and so changed its complexion that it became necessary to have a younger man. There is reason to believe that the war rudely upset much of the Imperial dignity of the great system. The C.P. was no longer a law unto itself. It was part of the national pool. The president was no longer a sublime autocrat; he was a public agent. The life blood of a globe-girdling system was drained by the war, even while it retained its supremacy as the greatest railway and more than held up its end compared to the railway muddle in the United States. Never again could the C.P. recover its splendid isolation of greatness. Public ownership was being thrust upon the nation by the bankruptcy of the other roads. Shaughnessy had no real fear that it would ever absorb the C.P.R. But he had reason to suspect that a huge government system would be more or less of a menace and something of a muddle to the system which he had spent his life to build up.

There was no better way than to retire, leaving the chief administration to a man of his own choice and retaining the post of Chairman and moving to the room formerly occupied by E.W. Beatty. Even here the old autocrat survives. The proposal made by Baron Shaughnessy to pool all the railways except the Grand Trunk and to put them all under C.P. administration with a guarantee of dividends to C.P. shareholders—was a magnificent play to the gallery. The other roads were undeniably bankrupt, when even the splendid showing made by the management could not make their records palatable to the public. It was a strategic time to advertise once, finally and for all the unequalled efficiency of the old trans-continental, along with a certain apparent national magnanimity in the old autocrat still politically its head.

Suppose the National Progressive Party from the prairie satrapies of the C.P.R. should put that into their platform!





## Hide it from your Wife!

EVERY little while some lady writes to me that I ought to tell women that Mennen Shaving Cream is a marvelous complexion soap.

I refuse to do so, for I believe that if there is anything in this world a man is entitled to call his own, it is his shaving kit.

It's a really serious matter.

Suppose your wife were to learn what a suave, delicious lather she could enjoy with a speck of Mennen's and cold water, leaving her face and hands all soft, freshened up and rosy—how long would your tube of Mennen's last?

So it's my advice to hide Mennen's in a nice dark corner in your bathroom cabinet in behind the kids' castor oil, or some fine morning you'll find an empty tube and have to shave with the stuff your wife calls complexion soap. You'll understand then what women are up against. No wonder they worry about their complexions.

What I started to say, is, that if you've never tried Mennen's, but have conservatively and profanely clung to the caustic shaving soap you learned to shave with, I want to point out three important superiorities of Mennen's:—

1–You positively do not have to rub in the lather to get a gorgeous shave.

2–You can get the same result with cold water as with hot. Even hard water makes no difference.

3–Because the Cream contains no caustic and is rich with soothing balm, it leaves the face feeling fine.

and afterwards Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

255 Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
MONTREAL, CANADA

**STAMMERING**
or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.
THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER, - CANADA

**Kill The Hair Root**
My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write to-day, enclosing 2 stamps. We teach Beauty Culture.
25 Years in Business
D. J. MAHLER
139A Mahler Park - Providence, R. I.

## Mackenzie's Rise and Decline

*Continued from page 14*

wrangle till doomsday about the ethics of this debacle. They will never get anybody to understand it. The thing is an economic outlaw.

The reason of it is the incredible and staggering personality of the man who staged the greatest economic pageant ever known in Canada, and when the show went off the road because it was no longer able to pay its bills, took what he could salvage of the junk and left other men to wrestle with the reconstruction.

We shall never have another Mackenzie. Bigger men may arise. More unusual characters may stalk out of obscurity into places of eminence and power. But there never again can be an era like the Mackenzie epoch, because that kind of experience is suffered and enjoyed but once in a nation's lifetime. He still has big interests, some of them gradually being taken over by governments and municipal corporations. But he has shot his bolt, and it was a Jovian big one. No doubt he is enormously rich. That does not matter. Canada no longer cares whether he is rich or poor. He was once a demi-god in our economics. He is now a grizzled relique of his former energy. He used to be a despot feared by those who had to work under him, admired for his superhuman audacity and power to get what he wanted just because he knew why and when he wanted it, and capable of inspiring an almost insane loyalty to a man-made system that never was anything but an enlargement of the man himself and therefore no system at all but an economic mirage. He is now just William Mackenzie, more or less a citizen, now and then interviewed laconically by a reporter who never can extract anything but arid commonplaces from what he says to the public.

Because to William Mackenzie there never was any real public. What he cared about was the prosperous nation upon which he could build and build without limit till he died. When the nation came to a crisis in the war he did nothing to help it, except to let the Railway War Board pool his lines for traffic and the Government commandeer his ships. The man who years before had been regarded as the greatest doer in Canada, when the country and all Mackenzie's works along with it came to the great test, never so much as lifted a personal finger to help in the work that had to be done. Mackenzie had done his work. In the country's predicament he had no function. The nation paid him his ducats and let him go.

This, if we are concerned about the man value of Canada, is a tragedy. For there was in William Mackenzie somehow with all his ruthlessness and audacity and semi-piratical creed the element of a kind of great man. There is in his uncommon face the look of a man who with less excess of one quality might have become a great citizen. Nature made him vastly selfish on a scale big enough to create wealth in the country for the purpose of doing his work. She denied him the commoner human qualities that make a man a constructive citizen whether his country is in weal or woe.

He had his fling. All he has left is the money he made, the memory of the hero-worship he evoked, and the recollection of a prodigious day in the development of Canada in which he was the demi-god of getting things done.

## The Heirlooms' Clause

*Continued from page 17*

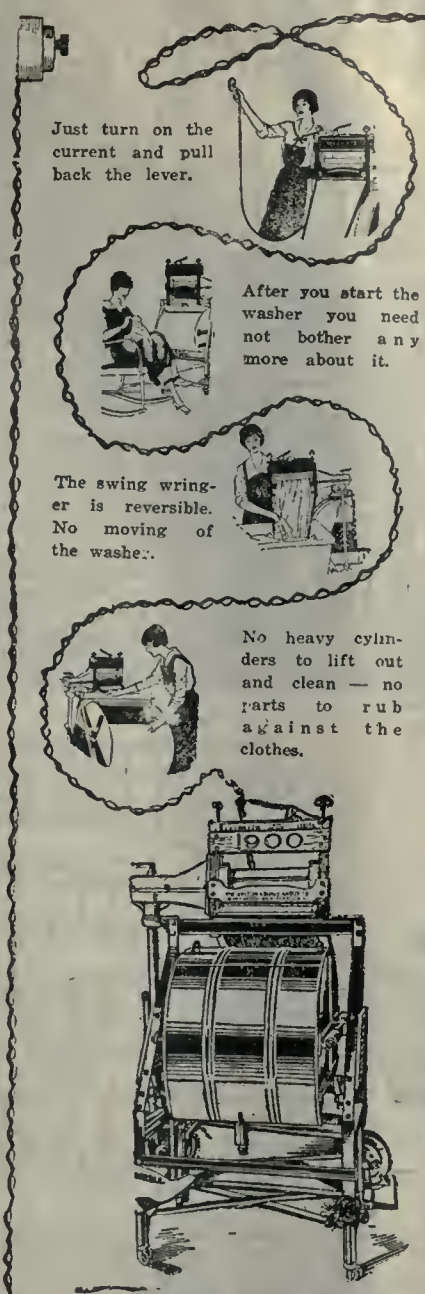
"Not at all", he said breathlessly. "I—we—honored, I'm sure."

"It is very kind of you to say so," she returned softly. "I love to sit in empty churches and think—in beautiful churches, such as this—and of course I did not know that—that anyone was here."

(Oh, Alicia! I'll forgive you that one, hut will the Recording Angel?)

"Our fault, absolutely," said Dick, still speaking as if his windpipe had recently been stepped on. "Unforgivable—such condition—before a lady. Never happened before. You must try not—not to think me quite a boor."

She eyed him with delicious surprise.


# Why You Cannot Afford Not To Afford A 1900 CATARACT Electric Washer

Every time you send your washing to the laundry —every time you have a washwoman—you literally throw money away.

Washday expense, like washday drudgery, is no longer necessary—the "1900" Cataract Electric Washer has abolished both.

Every washday it saves time, work, worry and clothes. One cent an hour pays for current, and in 10 minutes the "1900" washes a tubful of dirty clothes.

The "1900 Cataract" has the only mechanically correct washing motion—the hot, soapy water swirls through the clothes four times as often as in the ordinary washer—thus everything is washed faster and more thoroughly.

And that shiny, copper tub—the inside is as smooth as one's hand. Not a part of it to catch the clothes or to cause wear and tear. No heavy parts to lift out and clean after the wash is finished.

## You can buy a "1900 Cataract" on deferred payments - -

and have the use of it several weeks on approval before you pay any money, or even commit yourself positively to buying it. We believe you will like it so well, you will not want to part with it.

If you will write us and ask for a copy of our interesting booklet "George Brinton's Wife," we will send the name of the "1900" dealer near you.

**"1900" WASHER CO., 365 Yonge St., Toronto**

**Make Free Use of Our Booth Under The Grand Stand**

We are showing at Toronto Exhibition—in addition to the Cataract Washer—our complete line, including all types of Washing Machines, Wringers and Ironing Machines in considerable variety. To see this exhibit is to be brought in touch with the latest and best developments in all types of Washing Machine outfits.

We are located near the West door of the Grand Stand Building (Industrial No.2). A convenient place for the meeting of friends. Arrange that, when separated from the rest of your party, all will meet at the "1900" booth.

1900 Cataract Electric Washer






America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

BOOK ON DOG DISEASES and How to Feed

*Mailed free any address by the Author*

H. Clay Glover Co. Incorporated

118 West 31st Street NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Goddard's Plate Powder

*For polishing Silver*




Sold in boxes—25 cents.
Sample on receipt of 5 cents, in stamps
From F. L. BENEDICT & CO.
45 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
A GRAND CRUISE DE LUXE

*STRICTLY LIMITED TO 350 GUESTS*

Following the unparalled success of the 1921 "Caronia" cruise to the Mediterranean, we have contracted with the Cunard Steam Ship Company for the S. S. "Caronia" to sail on a similar but largely extended cruise from New York.

*On January 28th Next*

UNDER OUR EXCLUSIVE MANAGEMENT

Sixty-one Days of Delightful Travel, Leisurely Sightseeing, Luxurious Recreation.

The Itinerary includes visits to MADEIRA, SPAIN (Cadiz—Seville—Granada) GIBRALTAR, TANGIERS, ALGIERS, MONACO (Nice and Monte Carlo) NAPLES (and environs) ALEXANDRIA (Cairo and Nile) PALESTINE (Jerusalem, Bethlehem, etc. (CONSTANTINOPLE, ATHENS, ITALY (Naples and Rome).

Stop-over privileges in Europe—with return passage by Aquitania, Mauretania, Berengaria or other Cunarders.

THOS. COOK & SON

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver

*150 Offices Throughout the World*









Horlick's
Malted Milk

Used successfully everywhere nearly ⅓ century
Made under sanitary conditions from clean, rich milk, with extract of our specially malted grain.
The Food-Drink is prepared by stirring the powder in water.
*Infants and Children thrive on it. Agrees with the weakest stomach of the Invalid and Aged.*
Invigorating as a Quick Lunch at office or table.

Ask for Horlick's And Get The Original

2519



*TRADE MARK REG.*




*None Genuine Without This Trade Mark*

MI-RITA
SUPERFLUOUS
HAIR REMOVER

A treatment that will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair dust. No electric needle, burning caustics or powders used.

One application of Mi-Rita will quickly and completely remove all undesirable hair without pain, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

Every woman who is troubled with superfluous hair should know that Mi-Rita will permanently destroy the most stubborn growth of hair, and this treatment can be used successfully at home.

*Send for Free Beauty Book telling our exclusive preparations for beautifying the skin and hair*

*Write direct to*

Dr. Margaret Ruppert

*Sole Owner of the Mi-Rita Treatment*

Dept. J, 1112 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

*Established 22 Years*






*Fashion's Decree*

this season is light, filmy fabrics. Delatone enables discriminating women to wear them with perfect freedom.

DEL-A-TONE

is a well-known scientific preparation for removing hair safely and surely from neck, face or under-arms.

Prepared scientifically, it leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth. Easy to apply.

*Druggists sell Delatone, or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of $1.*

LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD.
Dept NF, 71 Front St. E, Toronto


"Your condition?" she queried. "You mean your working clothes. Why, I think you should be proud of them! And you are dressed quite as well as most people are when they play tennis. I think this is wonderful of you—to clean your own church with your own hands."

They heard a dull faint sound, from somewhere in the direction of the little chancel.

"That's Johnny", said the man, with a fleeting flicker of amusement in his grey eyes. "My brother. He has bolted—by way of the vestry."

"Oh, I'm so sorry", she said contritely. "I have chased him away. I am upsetting all your work. I'll go now, and then perhaps he'll come back."

"But—no, please don't go! I—you might like to look around; and if you really aren't offended by—by these rags of mine—I—I shall consider it an honor to be permitted to show you around."

SHE protested. She could not think of troubling him. She would go away and let him get on with his work. She did not go immediately, however, but examined everything of interest in the little church, including a number of memorial tablets on the walls. They reached the porch at last, and here was another tablet. The other memorials were large and verbose, but this one was small and concise. It read as follows:—

To The Memory Of
ABDULAH BEY
An Arabian Gentleman

"An Arabian gentleman," read Alicia. "How interesting! And no dates of his birth or death. May I ask about him? It looks so mysterious."

"I should like to tell you", answered Dick. "It's a family secret—but I should like to tell it to you.

"I should love to hear it, and I promise never to tell."

"But it might shock you, Miss Watson. We've kept it dark, for fear one of the parsons might get hold of it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alicia, blankly. She wondered if this rustic aristocrat dared to imagine for a moment that she would listen to a story admittedly too raw for the clergy.

"Are you very strict?" he asked.

"Strict", she repeated. "I—I really don't think I know what you mean exactly".

She gave him a searching look screened by a puzzled and helpless smile, and failed to detect anything but apologetic admiration and an innocent anxiety to please in his ingenuous countenance. Her eyes warmed—but she was on her guard.

"Ah—as a churchwoman," he explained. "Are you frightfully orthodox?"

"Orthodox!" she cried with a note of relief. "Oh, dear me, no—not frightfully."

Mr Dick Braddock beamed.

"Then I'll tell you the secret," he said. "Abdulah Bey, that Arabian gentleman, was a horse!"

Alicia displayed genuine amazement and interest. A horse! Just think of it. A tablet to the memory of a horse stuck up on the porch of a church! She had never heard of such a thing.

"My paternal grandfather owned him," continued Dick. "That was before grandfather came to this country. He was a very keen sportsman when ashore and owned a place in Bedfordshire—not the family seat, you understand for he was a younger son, but a very good place that he had bought with his prize-money. Abdulah was the best horse he ever owned and won dozens of races—but he broke his neck at last in a steeple-chase. Grandfather tried to bury Abdulah in the churchyard—consecrated ground—but the vicar wouldn't permit it. Then he had this tablet made and tried to put it up in the village church—but the vicar was too much for him. So one of the first things he did after buying this place was to build this little church and nail this tablet to the wall."

"He must have been a very unusual person," said Alicia.

"He was, in many ways; and he had an unusually hot and stubborn temper," replied Dick.

"Which has not been inherited, I am sure," remarked Alicia, with a look which caused her companion to shift his feet slightly so as to keep them fairly under his point of balance. "I have never seen any other two people with such good-natured faces as you and your brother—if you will forgive me for saying so."

HE GASPED and looked uncommonly foolish.

"That's very kind of you", he said at last, in perfect sincerity. "But I am not sure that you are right, Miss Watson. The fact is, I feel suggestions of it often—of a hot temper; and I believe Johnny does, too, for we are very much alike. I believe that we are both afraid to show even the slightest hint of hasty temper because we both fear that we have inherited something of the kind. We never have done so, that's certain—but I don't know why I am talking to you in this way! It's not usual with me, I assure you. You seem to inspire confidence in me."

Before Alicia could say anything to this, a shadow fell across the sunshine on the threshold of the porch and the elder of the brothers stood in the arched doorway. He doffed his hat and bowed profoundly. His hair had been brushed recently. He wore spotless white trousers, a blue flannel coat and a necktie.

Alicia saw and understood. The game was in her hands! Of the two Braddock boys who were so awkward and shy and afraid of women, one had remained to talk to her, in spite of his working-clothes, and the other had run away only to dress up and return!—and all this at the first meeting!

Alicia began her riding lessons that very afternoon.

II

ONE grey afternoon in November, shortly before sunset, Johnny Braddock met Tildy Toner within a few yards of his front gate. He was on foot and she was riding. He halted and bowed, as usual; and then he forgot himself so far as to stare, for Tildy was an astonishing sight. She was sitting astride her flat English saddle, as she always did—but in place of the customary weather-faded jacket, short skirt and leather leggings, she now wore a costume which startled and bewildered Mr. Braddock. And she astonished him again a second later by drawing rein instead of riding by as usual with a shy word of greeting.

"Will you sell me Nixie?" she asked.

Nixie was the bay horse on which Alicia was still learning to ride.

Here was another shock! What was the matter with little Tildy? He looked his astonishment.

"I hate to see that horse lamed", she added. "That Miss Watson never comes down twice in the same place. If she'd sit astride she wouldn't do so much harm to Nixie—but I guess she'll never learn to ride."

Johnny's face grew red. Could this be Matilda Toner, the little girl whom he and Dick had once saved from the river? Could this be Amos Toner's polite and self-effacing little daughter? What had come over her?

"I don't understand you, Tildy," he said.

"I guess that's right", she answered, gravely. "How old do you think I am?"

"How old? Why, I have known you a long time, Tildy. You are grown up now, I suppose. You must be getting on to eighteen."

"And how do you like my new riding costume?"

"Why—ah—it is very striking. I scarcely knew you at first."

"Isn't it. It's the latest thing for ladies in places like London and New York."

"Are you quite sure of that, Tildy?"

"Of course I am. I got the address of your London tailor from Mary Lunt and wrote to him, and he sent me a form to fill out, and I measured myself and filled it out, and this is what he sent me. See, the breeches are buckstrapped just like yours and Mr Dick's."

"It is very becoming, Tildy—but rather startling."

"That's what I wanted it to be. Why shouldn't I be startling, as well as other people? It's easy enough, and I wish I'd thought of it before. I'm not going on eighteen. I'm going on twenty-four."

"Good Lor—goodness, I mean!" exclaimed Braddock. "Twenty-four! I have always thought of you as a child."

"Yes, I know you have, and that's where you've been all wrong", said the girl, leaning forward in her saddle. "I am not a child, and I'm startling, and I'm above the average in brains and looks, and I want to know which of you two your

wonderful Miss Watson intends to leavc for me?" And without waiting for an answer, she sat back and cantered away.

MR. BRADDOCK stood motionless in the road and stared after the sorrel mare for a full half-minute; and then he continued to stand for five minutes and stare along the empty road.

"The girl must be crazy!" he said at last. "Mad! What did she mean?"

Three hours later, after supper, Johnny and Dick sat down by the library fire, drew a small table into place between them and set up the ivory chessmen. The white pieces and the first move fell to Johnny. They played for half an hour in unbroken silence and without so much as an exchange of glances. Then Johnny said,

"I'm sorry to interrupt the game, Dick, but there's something I must say to you."

His voice was unsteady.

"Do you still doubt what I told you yesterday?" asked Dick, glancing up with an unpleasant smile.

"Let me explain", returned the other. "I don't doubt your word, of course—that goes without saying, Dick—but I'm afraid, I suspect, that there has been a misunderstanding. The fact is, I called on Alicia this afternoon, and congratulated her—very sincerely, Dick, but not very cheerfully, as you can imagine; and she seemed puzzled, uncertain."

"Puzzled!" cried Dick. "Uncertain! What do you mean?"

"She did not seem sure that she had promised to marry you."

"Not promised to marry me! Did she say so?"

"Calm yourself, Dick. I believe you. I think she misunderstood you. She said as much. That is, she said that you had misunderstood her."

"Then I'm a fool—and blind and deaf!"

At that moment a door opened and Mary Lunt appeared on the threshold, a large, elderly, capable figure, with a distressed and determined face.

"Boys, I'll tell it to you now, flat-footed, an' you can say an' do what you like about it!" she exclaimed. "I went an' saw that Miss Alicia at noon today, an' took along your copy of the old Squire's will, an' I showed her that there Heirlooms' Clause. I tell you so now because I've been listenin' at the key-hole for the right time to tell it. An' that's when she figgered as how Mr Dick had misunderstood her yesterday—when she read right there as how all the old pictures an' silver an' mahogany an' china an' swords an' rings an' necklaces was the property of the oldest son, whether he liked it or not an' no matter what happened to the land an' the house an' the live-stock. That's what I did!—an' you can kill me for it, or jail me, or drive me out of the house!—but it was my duty I done when I did it!"

SHE stepped back and closed the door with a thud. Johnny and Dick stared at one another across the valuable ivory chessmen with wide eyes and colorless faces.

"Oh, my God!" sighed Dick.

Johnny did not speak, but he swallowed hard and licked his lips.

"She—she wants everything!" whispered Dick. "The heirlooms."

"I've been a cad, Dick", said the elder. "I was bewitched, I think. I—I lost my head this afternoon. Of course I didn't know about this—what Mary did—and I—she said that you had misunderstood her—and she promised to marry me!"

"But—ah! I forgot! That was a misunderstanding! When is the marriage to take place?"

"You heard what Mary said."

"Yes. She'll have you and the gewgaws too."

"Don't be a fool, Dick! There'll be no wedding."

"No wedding! Why not? You're engaged to her, aren't you?"

"Not after Mary's disclosure. Certainly not!"

"You'll break with her?"

"I'll not marry her, that's a certainty!"

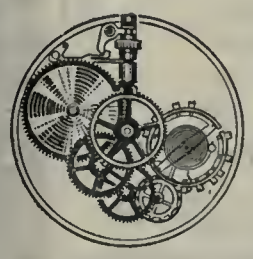
"You will, by the lord! You'll keep your agreement with her, John Braddock, or I'll know the reason why!"

"You know the reason why already, Dick, so don't be a fool."

"A fool! I'd sooner be a fool than a cad, a blackguard! You are a Braddock and the head of the family, and you've got to behave like it, by God! You ask




WALTHAM THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH








"VANGUARD"
*The World's Finest Railroad Watch.*
*Ask your jeweler.*

# The Train

BETWEEN the two supporting plates of a Waltham watch, which together constitute a frame, is mounted a system of gearing, called a Time Train.

At one extremity of the train is a hardened and tempered steel barrel (another Waltham creation) which contains the mainspring. When the thumb and finger wind the mainspring, its stored energy is delivered to the next wheel in the train and from that to the next and so on.

This train consists of four wheels and pinions. The center wheel is in the exact center of the watch, and directly connected through the cannon pinion with the wheels that control the hour and minute hands; and through this center wheel the power of the mainspring is carried onward through the other wheels of the train to the escape wheel pinion, which will be illustrated in a later advertisement.

The train of a Waltham watch—each wheel, each pinion—is cut to the fraction of a human hair—mechanically perfect, interchangeable for the serial watches they are made for—standardized in absolute exactness and quality, made by machines tuned to infinitesimal gauge-fit and untouched by human hands.

The "train" of the hand-made watch is made by the old hand process—not interchangeable, and of varying quality.

This vital part of the Waltham watch is another of those reasons why your watch selection should be a Waltham.

*Made in Canada—Literature on Request*
HOUSE OF WALTHAM
189 St. James St., Montreal, P. Q.

WALTHAM
THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

# Seventy Years' Experience in McClary's Sunshine Furnace

## Pipe or One-Register
(PIPELESS)

A warm home in Canada's winter is a comfort and a joy.

A cold home means discomfort, discontent, and, frequently, sickness.

A good furnace, properly installed, means a warm house and the genial comfort of a home well ventilated and properly humidified, healthful, dustless, balmy air.

A poor furnace, or even a good one poorly installed, is an endless source of annoyance, discomfort, and sometimes, of sickness in the family.

A furnace is either a blessing or an affliction in the home.

The Sunshine Furnace (Pipe or One-Register) is built by McClary's, the largest furnace and stove concern in the British Empire.

The Sunshine Furnace is right—it is the result of seventy years' experience. It is the product of one of the finest industrial plants in Canada.

It is guaranteed in its construction, installation and performance.

*Consult a McClary's dealer, or write for a descriptive booklet to any branch.*

**McClary's**

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver,
St. John, N.B., Hamilton, Calgary,
Saskatoon, Edmonton.

*McClary's—Makers of those "good stoves and cooking utensils".*

3



# ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

Cherokee Lodge is the best furnished and most modern equipped Apartment House in Florida, it is located at 5th Street and 5th Ave., North. It is one block from the Bowling Lawns, so I am making an effort to fill the apartments with Bowlers. Features of Cherokee Lodge are, steam heat, tropically planted court 36x103 feet and the large 27 foot lounging room.

Floor plan of apartments upon application.

Open November 1st.

**W. F. LEWIS, Manager**

BOX 2078


a lady to marry you—and then, when you learn that she likes your spoons and rings you decide to jilt her! That won't go with me! I'm a Braddock too, and I'm her friend, and I won't allow it!"

He got slowly to his feet, and Johnny followed his example.

"It is impossible", said the elder. "Don't you see it, Dick? Keep a grip on yourself, for Heaven's sake! She doesn't care for me. She wants those damn heirlooms. And I didn't know what I was doing, Dick. I was mad this afternoon—and have been for weeks. I—I don't love her, I tell you!"

"You'll marry her—you'll keep faith with her—or you'll fight me!"

"I'll not marry her, and I'll not fight you!"

"Then take that!—for a cad!"

JOHNNY staggered from the blow, and his knee struck against the low table and upset several of the ivory pieces. He stepped back, with his left hand before his face and his right idle at his side. No thought of retaliation came to him. He felt nothing of anger, but only a numbing pity for Dick. He knew now the measure and madness of Dick's love for the beautiful little schemer who had come into their lives. He knew now that his own love for her had been a thing from the outside, a trick of hers, an hypnotic condition, witchcraft. He had first realized this several hours ago.

He lowered his hand and saw that he was alone in the library. He ran across the room and opened the door into the hall. The big hall was dark save for the feeble illumination of a small hand-lamp on the table near the front door. He saw Dick near the table, fumbling for a hat. He ran forward and laid a hand on the other's shoulder.

"Where are you off to, Dick?" he asked.

"Nowhere in particular", said Dick, unsteadily. "What does it matter where I'm off too? Why don't you kick me?"

Johnny wiped blood from his lower lip, patted the shoulder upon which his hand rested and said, "It would be like kicking old Grandfather Braddock."

They heard something outside the big door—a step, and a fumbling at the knob. Johnny stepped forward instantly and pulled the door wide open, discovering a figure in a long raincoat on the threshold. It was Alicia Watson.

Alicia did not look at Johnny, who stood on one side, but gazed at Dick.

"I'm going away", she said. "I'm not fit to be here. I'm a—a—fake!—and a fool! I thought it was —a game—but it wasn't!"

"You were playing with me, Alicia", said Johnny, gently.

"Yes," she answered, without turning her head, still gazing at Dick.

"You care more for the heirlooms than for me", he continued gently, as if reproving a child.

"I don't care for them", she returned, in a faint, flat voice. "I hate them—and the very thought of them."

Johnny laid a hand on her arm and drew her into the hall.

"I understand, Alicia", he said. "But I think you'll have to explain it to Dick."

Then he stepped out into the chilly November dark, closing the big door of Braddock Place behind him.

### III

JOHNNY went around to the back of the house, put on an old hat and coat, lit his pipe and returned to the chilly darkness. He walked slowly down the avenue to the highroad.

"I believe she's sound at heart", he murmured. "I hope Dick will see it. She doesn't care a rap for me, that's certain!"

But for the most part, his thoughts were confused. Now and again he withdrew his pipe from his mouth and touched his lower lip with his handkerchief. Emotionally, he felt at once upset and refreshed. He was conscious of a deep excitement and partially conscious of a yet deeper calm. Suddenly he halted and looked up and saw the wide, black bulk of Amos Toner's house. The sitting-room window showed a light.

"Twenty-four", he said. "And I thought she was still a child. I have been asleep for years, and now it seems that I've suffered a double awakening!"

Then he turned, smiling to himself, and retraced his steps. "I must leave something for tomorrow," he said.


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# Now They Talk Canadian

*Continued from page 9*

had its origin in the fact that neither teacher nor pupils had any real conception of the life which formed the setting for the story.

### Useful Things Come First

AND the question came home to me with force that evening: "What should the school try to give these children?" And then I remembered that our much-cherished Free School System had for its foundation stone the idea that the State should see to it that each prospective citizen should receive sufficient education to render him a self-supporting citizen. Said I: "These children must be trained with a view to self-support. What do they most need?" And then the answer came in very plain terms: "They must have first of all knowledge of the conversational English of the household, the farm and the shop." There were other things, scores of them, but this stood out as the great essential and from that day forward I planned accordingly.

The next day I drove southward from Elma. Ten miles out was W— R— school. A very good building had been erected two years before. As yet it is barren of blackboard, stove or seats. After seven miles driving I called on a settler. I said "You are Secretary for W—R— school?" He replied in gruff tones. "I resign yesterday. They say I crooked. I tell 'em go to h.... I take books to Chairman yesterday." I enquired: "How long were you Secretary?" He replied "Since July." I said "How much money you handle?" "Four dollars! Two political meetings. I get two dollars each time. I gave it yesterday to Chairman."

Then I could understand that his indignation was not assumed. Almost anybody would resent the imputation of going astray for so paltry a sum.

Taking him along I drove to the schoolhouse and sent for the trustees. I asked them why the school was not in use and they said "Our people too poor, not pay taxes." Knowing that many of them had been out in the harvest fields and others on the water-line earning good wages, I replied: "They spend more money on Christmas whiskey than would pay taxes. I know, they pay taxes all right."

The trustees protested that they could not collect the rates. There were two other districts adjacent where schools were standing idle through non-payment of taxes.

I took over the administration of the three, installed equipment in No. 1, engaged teachers for January 1. By July 1. upwards of $1,700 in taxes had been collected without even threatening to enter suit. Two other near-by schools were re-opened in January 1916.

Throughout 1920 there were twelve school rooms in operation in the territory adjacent to Elma and South. Of the twelve teachers, eleven lived in teacherages. The enrolment was 486 and the average attendance 317. A collector, after sending notice, spent three days among six schools, of which W—R— is one, and came back with more than $3,000 in taxes—evidence that they have acquired "the habit."

Another instance of practical illustration was furnished me about the same time.

Rocky Ford District had been unfortunate in its choice of trustees. Teachers went forth to do valiantly only to return shortly filled with bitterness. The dominating trustee was miserly and cantankerous. The school door stood locked. The little feet of the future voter were not passing that way.

### No, Horses Can't Talk Polish

I SAT in my office deeply engrossed in the problem of how to combat the tendency of prices to soar, when Martin Sempowicz was ushered in. Martin had a query for me. "You send us English teacher for our school, Mister?"

To test him, I growled: "You people don't want English teacher."

"Oh, yes, Mister," came back in positive tones.

I tried again: "What are you talking about, man? Rocky Ford does not want English teacher. Your trustees send them away."

Again Martin took on a positive air. "Yes, Mister, nearly all want English. One or two trustees maybe not. Hardly anybody want Polish teacher. You see, Mister, me talk three languages better than English. Me not get job because me speak German, me not get job because me speak Polish. Me get job because me speak English. My boy 22, he speak English better than me. He get job all the time."

Here again was the practical pioneer. Whatever were my inmost thoughts, doubt was written on my features and my visitor tried once more to convince me. "I go down street to employment office. I see notice 'Teamster Wanted, must speak English.' I not any time see notice 'Teamster Wanted—must speak Polish.' "

I smiled and responded "No, Martin, our horses not understand Polish," and he joined in the laugh.

I said: "You tell trustees I send teacher, must treat him good."

He had scarcely reached home when I despatched a fairly promising teacher. The next time we came within hailing distance, he greeted me as enthusiastically as any old friend might do.

Since I got a new school and transformed the old one into a residence, Martin's wish has been religiously complied with. Two of the former trustees still manifest occasional signs of unrest. But I think Martin's reasoning quite as good as "English only" for the reason that the teachers know no other language.

In December 1915 a communication appeared in the daily press to the effect that the Trustees of L——Z—— school had dismissed the English speaking teacher, ostensibly because the treasury was depleted, but really, so the writer alleged, because the teacher was not Ruthenian. Word was sent that the "Trouble man" would be out "along the line" after the Christmas holiday.

January 20 was selected as the date for a meeting. At 4.20 A.M. I dropped off a south-bound mixed train, walked along in the darkness to the baggage car, and noticed a man start away with His Majesty's mail. When he turned to close his store door after taking the mail inside, he met a surprise. My height is 6 ft. 2¾ in., my avoirdupois 250 lbs., and I fancy that to his startled vision I looked to be the largest he had ever seen. When I declared my intention to sleep on the counter beside the stove until day dawned, he gave his consent as readily as if he had gone to the station to welcome me.

It is generally admitted that I am the best sleeper in Manitoba, and I give due attention to my specialty. I slept soundly on that counter and furnished my own accompaniment. I have also been known to turn aside from school matters to eat. When I awoke that morning I started in search of breakfast. I found a very good one, and by the time I had drained my second cup of coffee my host had "wised me" to much local history. As if confirming previous suspicion a Ruthenian teacher had started work on the 17th, in spite of the feeble throb of the financial pulse.

### The Bluffers are Bluffed

AT TEN o'clock I found 43 ratepayers in the schoolhouse. The "made chairman" called on me for a talk. I responded in my best pigeon English: "You got pretty good school here. Pretty good school! I see on street plenty nice children. Good children! You need good teacher. I not know this man. Maybe good man. Maybe good teacher. Must have good teacher.

"Your secretary say you not pay taxes. He say $1,100 taxes not paid. No good. Must pay taxes."

"Here, secretary, show me list," I demanded, and scanned it carefully, my countenance grave as a judge's meanwhile. Gravity slowly gave place to indignation.

"People no good, not pay school taxes. I tell your secretary bring me that list three weeks from today. I be in D—— He bring me list, show me who pay, why




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not pay. I tell him what to do. You understand, Mr. Secretary?"

An interruption occurred. There chanced at the time to be an embargo on wheat. It could not be consigned to either Port Arthur or Fort William. An elderly ratepayer rose with a poser for me. "Mister, you sue a man for not pay his taxes, he not sell his wheat? Not good time now to sell wheat. Can't ship to Port Arthur. Can't ship to Fort William." Convinced that he was bluffing I still must be serious, so I said:

"I not like to sue man for not sell his wheat, but I not want man to say in June, 'Mister, got big slough in road, can't haul wheat'." There was a general laugh at his expense, but I continued: "$1.26½ pretty good price for wheat. Maybe go to Duluth, I don't care. If men who got money, pay taxes, money for school then. I know some men got plenty money in pockets now to pay taxes. I can tell which men. Want me to put hand on shoulder men who got money this morning to pay taxes.?"

Again I spoke of the scrutiny of the list to take place on February 10.

Seven men paid their taxes before the meeting ended and thirty-seven had paid before February 7. The district has never since been threatened with insolvency. It has now two good English-speaking teachers. The collector gave me $1,800. taxes in December last, and in June three daughters of the man who first drew attention to the conditions passed the Entrance to the High School. Surely he has his reward.

On one occasion I tried the effect of the human appeal, urging them to pay taxes and provide schools.

I produced a photo of my little son, saying "That my boy." "How old?" came the query from three or four places. "Fourteen months," was the reply. "Oh, big boy!" they ejaculated. I came back with "Yes, big dad." They laughed. "I want that boy to work hard his hands. I like big strong man, me. I want that boy work hard his head. Young man work hard his hands, work hard his head he get job anywhere."

Then, lowering my voice and looking squarely into their eyes, I said: "I want your boy have good school like that boy."

The look on their faces left no doubt that the appeal had gone home. After events proved it. And yet there is something pathetic in the fact that it would have weakened the appeal at that time if I had included the girls among those who needed a good school with a view to satisfactory employment.

On one occasion I found myself in a comparatively tight place. As already stated, I turn the scale at 250 lbs.

A Non-English ratepayer from a district 200 miles away came into my office and asked: "What you going to do about our school?"

I said: "What's the matter with your school?"

"We got over 100 children," replied my visitor. "Our school no good. Just sink down in ground. We need new school and two teachers."

I had previously planned an itinerary which included schools not far from his. After a little I said, "Oh, I give you meeting ten o'clock, fifteenth February. Got two meetings now, one afternoon, one night, go to your school in morning."

I gave him notices for the secretary to sign and post up. They required to be posted for fourteen days if certain business were to be done. A week later I met my visitor on the railway train and he informed me. "No meeting, Mister, Secretary not put up notices. He say 'Not have a man come from Winnipeg tell us what to do'."

I said "You tell them there will be a meeting anyhow. I'll be there ten o'clock you bet."

### I Don't Always Scold

IN February 15 as the hands of the clock pointed to ten, I drove up to the school door. My friend was waiting for me outside but he was alone and the door was locked. The secretary had persisted in having no meeting.

I looked around. A short distance to the westward was a farm-house but around it all was silent as the grave. No man or woman splitting wood. No children dodging about. Even the hens wore a chastened air.

To the northwest a little farther away was another residence, also without indication of human activity.

I said to myself "The enemy is in hiding."

I found a loose window in full view of the houses. I invited my friend to "give me a leg" and I climbed in the window. I proceeded to examine the register. In about five minutes the key turned in the door and in walked a group of men. A little later another group, and before eleven o'clock I had an audience of fifty, and I felt rewarded for crawling through the window. It is essential that one succeeds when he goes out to do business under such circumstances.

Without any formalities I opened fire. I said, "I not like this. I come all the way from Winnipeg to help you people. I find door locked. Your secretary say he not have meeting. I tell you what I do. I send word again. I come along, I find school-house locked, I fire schoolboard and make my own secretary."

A little prodding of this sort made the secretary undertake to justify himself, but he was soon floundering badly.

I then said, "Oh, I not want to scold all time. Let's talk about something else."

Looking across the room I saw some fifteen white earthen cups wiped clean and hanging in a double row over the water pail. I asked quite abruptly: "What you mean all the cups, eh?"

A self-appointed spokesman said, "Mister, Mister, some people say one cup every child; we say anyway, one cup every family, so not spread disease."

I said approvingly, "Pretty good, pretty good."

Then came a query, "Mister, why not have law so that doctor visit school two or three times every year and examine children for disease?"

I replied, "Pretty good, I think. Not everybody think so yet."

I then asked, "What you got in cupboard?"

"Books, Mister," came the reply.

"How many?" I asked. "Forty-one." somebody shouted. "What you think, Mister. We have twenty-five books; we read twenty-five books; another school have twenty-five books, read twenty-five books. We change, eh?"

"Why sure, change." Circulating library idea.

### Our Plans Were Flouted

THE prosperity of the West has turned largely upon the fact that cereals and vegetables grow rapidly in our virgin soil. In elemental minds such as these the plants of progress develop rapidly if once the idea gets rooted.

After some discussion of the school situation in which it was impressed on


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them that they must have more and better accommodation, I drew attention to the return of my team and said I would have to leave for my next meeting. Almost in a body they rose and the councillor, acting as spokesman, said.

"Now, Mr. Stratton, we want for thank you. Now we know you come for help. You come back again, you send us word, we make big meeting. We make schoolhouse full."

A splendid school (of large dimensions) and a snug four-roomed cottage now adorn the new site near by. But as an indication of how all things human change, let me add that my first assistant in the climbing escapade has not always been pleased with me. It appears that he wanted me to make his neighbors do as he wished and I have not always done so. Only last fall when talking with one of my men he told him of helping me through the window and added: "Me wish now me give him great big push;" at the same time shrugging his shoulders eloquently.

In M——— school district another trouble arose. They would not accept departmental suggestions or work to authorized plans. Their spirit was "we pay, we do as we like."

They resented my appointment as Official Trustee and when notices were sent calling a meeting they did not post the notices properly.

Notices for a second meeting were posted and on the day appointed my representative was on hand to guide them through the maze of authorizing debentures, etc. They assembled, but finally declined to do any business, remarking "Sorry for you Mister, but we not do business. You good man but we not do business without our own men trustees."

The only alternative which would enable us to proceed was to ask the council to levy that autumn for the money. I decided to call another meeting and try ordinary means once more. I met the same determined opposition. I said, "All right now, I build school you bet." They replied "Mister, you make us build school you not give us our trustees, we leave our farms."

I retorted: "All right, boys, I got bunch of men in Winnipeg want these homesteads. One man want farm with good house like this one (indicating the building we were assembled in). They take farms. They glad to build schools."

The assurance of the bluffer gave place to the look of those who are temporarily baffled. They suspected that I meant business. I told them to take no independent action. I required $1,400. and requested the municipal clerk to levy but one half of this amount, intimating that I would want the balance the following year.

I built and opened the school. The tax rate was high. Towards spring I asked my representative who had formerly visited them to see some of them and intimate casually that if they cared to meet and authorize debentures for $1,000. early that year we could make that season's levy quite small.

A meeting was called and the debentures voted with alacrity and unanimity.

For nearly three years they have cheerfully accepted reports and declared, "School good."

### Teacher's Nemesis was Smoke

I HAD advertised for a teacher for the White Oak School. To one applicant giving a city address I wrote: "I fear White Oak School is not the place for you, but if you have time, call in some day and we will talk over other schools."

About 4.30 on Saturday as I ran in from a country trip and was hurrying to catch a car home I met Miss B—— just leaving the office. She said, "I was just leaving a note for you about White Oak School."

Inviting her to be seated I said, "I wrote you the other day telling you that the White Oak School was no place for you." As I addressed my remarks to a fair-haired maiden not more than 5 ft. 3¾ inches tall I felt my conviction deepening, but when she promptly enquired "Why, what is the matter with it?" I tried to think quickly.

"It is fourteen miles from a station," said I . So often do teachers want schools "At or near" a railway station that I felt I should say no more.

But my fair interlocutor came back promptly, "Well, I'll be all right when I get there, won't I?"

So conscious was I that the ground was slipping from under my feet that I for-




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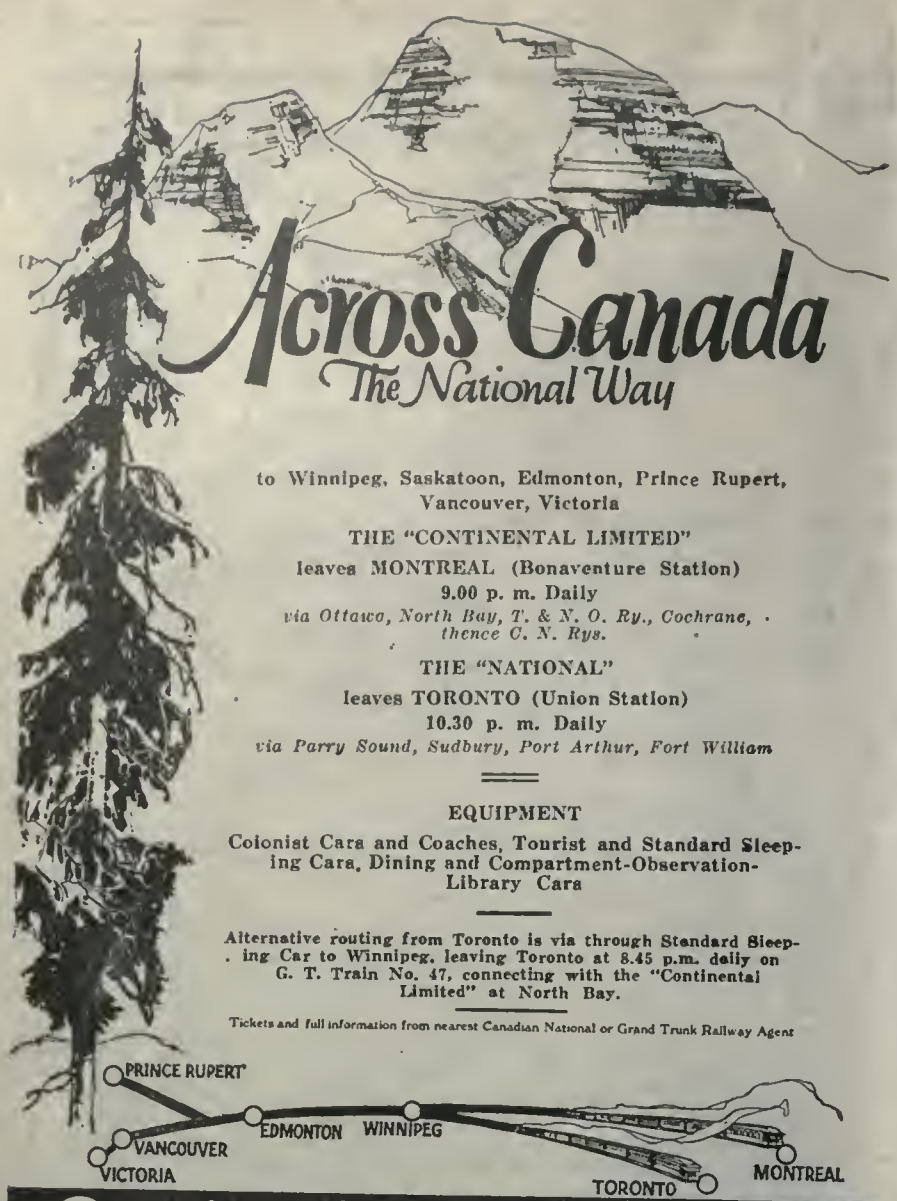
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got to look horrified at her English. I said almost weakly, "You will not get home until Easter."

"I do not expect to come home until July."

"But these people are all Ruthenians," I affirmed, only to be told that she had forty Ruthenians where she was then teaching.

I asked her where she was teaching, and she replied, "In M—— School. I thought when I went there that I would come home every week-end, but the people thought I should stay, so I did."

I said, "The people were quite right. You belong there," and then assured her that she would have to board with Ruthenians. Instead of being nonplussed she said quietly, "Well, it will be all right if they are clean."

I disclaimed any definite knowledge on that point and said, "By the way, there is a pretty good farm house a mile and a half from the school. It is new. The owner seems a decent sort. It might be all right."

Making a rapid mental review of the situation I continued: "There is another house. T—— L——'s house. I never saw it but they tell me he has a good house. He should have. He has been there for a long while. T....'s father was the first Galician murderer hanged in this country."

I virtually surrendered when she retorted: "Look here, Mr. Stratton, you cannot scare me. I have talked with the brothers of murderers and they did not hurt me. Not nearly all the men have been hanged who should have been."

To gain time, I said "Miss B—— I am not going to send you to White Oak School and I am not going to say you shall not go. I need your sort all right. You go home for a week and think it over. Talk it over with your people. In the meantime I shall ask the teacher from the next district to make a survey with a view to ascertaining what sort of board is available."

By the following Saturday I knew of an upper chamber (the whole upstairs) in a small house (frame) about one hundred rods from school.

I told Miss B—— I assured her of her absolute personal safety among these people, extracted a promise not to endure too much and wished her "God speed" on her missionary trip.

In five days she returned, having taught four days. She told me "The people are all right and treated me splendidly. The children are dear little things. The schoolhouse is just fine. I had a very good room. The whole upstairs to myself; but when I shut down the trap door in the ceiling there was no ventilation. There was a small window but it would not open. I spoke to the man about it, but apparently he did not understand me for he put on a storm window and almost hermetically sealed it. The ceiling floor was unmatched lumber. In the evening six or eight neighbors would come in and all start smoking. It would come up through the floor and I couldn't keep my appetite. I am sorry, Mr. Stratton, but I simply couldn't!"

I reminded her of her promise not to allow her pride to lead her to endure too much. She felt relieved and later said, "You know, Mr. Stratton, I was just as safe there as I would be on Main Street in sight of a policeman."

I sent her to another school, but as I thought of the crying need for Miss B—— at White Oak, and of the cause which compelled her to retire from the field—although I seldom moralize on the tobacco habit, I recalled a recitation I heard a young lady give some years ago. It was a parody, and began thus:—

"Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Is there on earth no spot
Where men may smoke no more;
Some lone and pleasant dell
Some valley in the West,
Where free from smoke and quids
Our weary sex may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered "No!"

Apart, of course, from the reminiscence, it was such interviews which kept me firm in the belief that there were among the Manitoba teachers those who would solve the problem before us if only the State would remain awake and true to its responsibility.




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*By* "SAPPER,"

In Sept. 15 MACLEAN'S

# THE VALLEY OF GOLD

*Continued from page 23*

lence and strength was creeping back into the emaciated limbs.

No conversation touching the lamentable adventure had taken place. Once only had the father referred to it in broken and pathetic apology that was instantly hushed by the son. With the gentle assiduity of a mother Ned had nursed his patient and nobody in the settlement was aware of the disgrace of Edward Pullar, or of his narrow escape from the White Death of the northern trails.

For Ned, the lapse was after all only one in many. It was the latest, only a little more disappointing, more unfortunate and with the addition of tragedy barely avoided. To the father it was all this and more, infinitely more. There was a fear at his heart. He was penitent as usual, with an almost childish contrition. The debauch was mysteriously clouded. All he could remember was the fact of draining Nick's flask. This was clear. After that he had faint intimations of a hellish thirst—some effort to satisfy it. Through all his secret musings there ran a fear, a vague foreboding, but he could not define it. Memory would not work. He dwelt in a state of suspense, the victim of an intangible but real Nemesis. He expected something inimical to strike. Ned could see that something unusual was preying upon his father's mind and it troubled him deeply.

One thing that surprised Ned was the fact that his father had never referred to The Red Knight. He seemed to have utterly forgotten this darling of his life. Another week passed and the old man was about. Though correspondence was pouring in relative to the planting and culture of the new wheat, Edward Pullar evinced no interest in the matter. The heavy task of writing fell upon Ned. All efforts to rouse his father failed. He seemed unaware of the existence of the thing that had so lately made life new for him. At times an unspeakable fear swept over him as he realized how hopeless was this condition of disinterest.

Late one afternoon Ned was busy at his desk in diligent effort to reduce the piles of unanswered letters when a knock sounded upon the door. On opening, a strange face presented itself.

"Come in!" said Ned courteously.

"Is this Edward Pullar's ranch?" queried the man as he stepped in.

"It is," said Ned. "Have a chair."

The stranger seated himself and glanced about inquisitively.

"My name is Hank Foyle," said he. "I live up to Athabasca Landing. I was out on a hike in the timber limits when the letter got to me telling me about the deal. That is why I am a month late. I toted along last night and wrote my name into the papers this morning. Thought I'd take a squint at the farm and buildings before moseying back to the Landing. You've shore got a comfy joint here. Buildings first-rate."

Ned looked at his visitor with a puzzled face. Into the old man's eyes leaped a fear, vacillating and furtive, but real.

"I hardly understand," said Ned with an apologetic smile.

The other grinned.

"Naturally you don't know me," said the man, with a series of nods. "I am the guy that made the swap with you. Hank Foyle's my name—Foyle of Athabasca Landing."

The stranger paused, confident that the reiteration of his name would clear up matters. But Ned still looked at him with a nonplussed expression. His father's face had grown white while the nails of the old man's clenched hands dug into the flesh.

"Sorry I'm so dense," said Ned, with a good-natured laugh. "Would you mind going into detail a little?"

Foyle looked at him keenly, studying the firm mouth and chin and the direct eyes. There was something fearless in that face that hinted the possibility of a serious hitch.

"You ain't changed your mind?" said Foyle, with a narrowing of his eyelids. "You're a month late, farmer. The deal's salted away long ago, all regular signed and witnessed. You are no soft come-back, are you?"

Ned still smiled his perplexed smile.

"Very well!" said he affably. "What is the deal to which you refer? I'm open to rather detailed explanation, for I have heard of no such project."

THE man rose and stepped up to Ned, looking curiously into his face.

"Say, Pard,'" said he quizzically, "are you Edward Pullar or just plain hired man?"

"There is Edward Pullar," said Ned, pointing to his father. "He is owner of this farm."

"You mean the man as was owner," corrected Foyle. "This half section belongs to me now."

As he spoke he looked at the old man.

"You're the Edward Pullar what's scratched his name on them agreements?" was his observation as he studied the other contemplatively. "What's eating you now?"

Ned was surprised to see a look of terror dart from his father's eyes. There was a confusion about the manner of the old man that caused a little alarm in Ned himself.

"I—I don't understand," said Edward Pullar helplessly.

At his words an angry flush darkened Foyle's face.

"Like the hired man, here, you ain't wise to the deal, eh?" There was a note of derision in his voice. "Better put it straight," said he, with a shutting of his jaws. "You mean you don't want to understand. Getting foxy, old boy? It won't do, farmer. You can't string Hank Foyle. You'll have to tumble to facts. Hank Foyle shuts up like a clam; sticks like a leech. Noted for it. Your farm's mine and mine's yours, and you are due in Athabasca Landing agin the crops are in. That's what the paper says. You plant the crop here. I plant it at the Landing. Then we swaps farms and hikes for home. You'll have a whole section a scrub to wander through a-lookin' fur the cows."

"You are on the wrong farm," said the old man weakly. "We have not entered any such deal."

"You're Edward Pullar, what owned this place?" quizzed Foyle, with an impudent grin. "You haven't said so yet."

"I am Edward Pullar," was the acknowledgment.

"I reckon there ain't two Edward Pullars. Therefore I conclude there ain't any mistake either."

Deliberately Foyle drew a package from his pocket. Drawing out two papers he opened them carefully, and, stooping held them before the old man.

"Them's the real thing," said Foyle casually. "Take a good, long squint. You'll find everything proper."

Edward Pullar examined the documents. They were, indeed, agreements of surrender and exchange signed by Foyle and a signature that was undoubtedly his own. The transaction was duly witnessed by Silas Marshall, magistrate. The old man stared at the papers, striving to catch the flying tags of mystery. Things seemed to clear a little, resulting, however, in deeper depression.

"I did not sign it," said he dazedly.

"Here, hired man," said Foyle, handing the papers to Ned. "Go right through 'em. You'll find them agreements square as an eight-inch bent."

NED looked. A close study of the documents astonished him. The signature ascribed to his father was clearly his. As to Silas Marshall's there could be no mistake. He had seen it many a time. A seriousness spread over his face, mingling slowly with the amazement in it.

"This seems all right," said he, slowly perusing the papers. "But—but, of course, these papers are simply evidences of some fraud."

The date caught his eye. In a lightning play of thought he associated the mystery with the tragic trip to Pellawa. He straightened up and his chin rounded in a decisive firmness.

"Do you remember having anything to do with Cy Marshall, Dad?" was his quiet question.

"I do not," was the unhesitating reply. "And yet there is something familiar about it all, even those papers. I feel positive I have seen them before."

"Just possible!" commented Foyle insolently. "Probably caught a peep of 'em about the time you scrawled yer name."

"What agent put this through?" demanded Ned of Foyle.

"No kidding," was the fierce response. "You know all right. Sykes is the gent—




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Chesley Sykes—and a hum-dinger of an agent he is!"

Ned's eyes flamed upon the man.

"It is what I feared," said he, smiling the smile with which he faced McClure and his men in Sparrow's pool-room. "Here, take this rubbish, Mr. Foyle. You are either a crook or a dupe. Reddy Sykes has put through a real Sykes' deal. I want to warn you that it is the fraudulent plot of a clever swindler. This farm is my father's. I am Edward Pullar. There are two of us, and we are going to fight you. My father never signed away his homestead voluntarily. You can gain nothing by pressing the matter. For a stranger you have been grossly insulting. Take my advice tear up those papers and hit the trail for Athabasca Landing. You have about two minutes to pack up."

With a savage laugh Foyle folded the papers and deposited them carefully in his pocket.

"Pullar and Son," said he pugnaciously, "you're a pair of dang poor bluffers. But I'll call you. There ain't a flaw in the deal. This farm's mine. Come the time the grain's in you'll find Hank Foyle camping—"

HE DID not finish, for there was a swift motion on the part of Ned.

"Sorry, Hank!" said he with a grin. "But time's precious. Open the door, Dad."

With a wild laugh Foyle swung for the smiling face. Ned ducked and Foyle missed and continued the swing, the force of his empty blow spinning him around. When he had half completed the circle he felt himself seized by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his trousers and lifted high by the powerful derricks of Ned's arms. Through the door he was carried with arms windmilling and legs kicking and dropped ignominiously into the cold receptacle of a melting drift. As he scrambled to his feet he heard the door shut. For a moment he hesitated, savage with rage. But the memory of those steel arms was salutary, and he turned about and walked down the lane. For a mile or more there were mutterings filling the air about him such as would come fittingly from an Athabasca Lander on landing unexpectedly.

For a long time after Foyle's exit there was silence in the room. The two men were thinking hard. The last hour had been one of revelation to them both. Ned looked up about to speak, but desisted, hushed by the sight that met his eyes. His father sat huddled in a rocking-chair, his face buried in his hands. A pang pierced Ned as he realized the pitiable state of his father's mind.

Walking over, he laid his hand gently on the bowed head.

"Never mind, Dad," said he cheerily. "Reddy Sykes is not going to steal the homestead so easily. Of the foul work we are positive. We have only to track it down. We have until June to ferret out the rogues. You made a good fight, Dad. You were drugged. I have known that ever since I found you on the hill."

Raising his head he looked at Ned. Through the misery of grief there was a pathetic eagerness.

"Do—do you believe—I put up a fight, laddie?" was the trembling plea.

"I do, Dad," was the swift response. More Ned could not say, but he enveloped his father in a strong, steady embrace, tenderly holding the gray head that sobbed upon his breast. His eyes were wet. What they wanted just then was Kitty Belaire.

### XVIII

### The Bird of the Coulee

THERE is life on the road—a rush into the April shine; muffled clatter of galloping hoofs; the rhythmic sway of a girlish form to the drum and flute of flying feet and carolling lips. Youth and beauty in the saddle of spring!

Mary McClure was enjoying the leisure of the open trail and halted Bobs on the floor of a coulee, a narrow, stream-like depression with abrupt banks. It was a pretty green dip zigzagging out of sight into east and west, and lined on either bank with rounded clumps of willow. There were gleams of a tiny creek. From the willows near her came the soft twitter of nesting birds. Restraining the impatient Bobs she strove to discern the sweet singers. The cries were familiar—all but one. It was a strange little call with a plaintive, human-like wail and a ventriloquistic quality that led one to think it came from far away. She was positive it was the cry of some rare bird hidden in the leaves.

Swinging Bobs she trotted close to the trees. The birds, alarmed, took flight down the coulee. She followed cautiously and listened again, delighted at length to distinguish the voice of the feathered stranger. A sudden impulsive advance of Bobs, who essayed to crop a mouthful of leaves, put the birds to flight once more. They doubled back in a cloud of whirring wings. She was about to follow when the cry of the strange bird came again out of the tree before her. It alone had remained. She searched the tree, but no sign could she discover of the mysterious creature. Concluding at length that the sound came from a more distant clump, she rode further into the east. The sound now seemed much nearer. Tree after tree was passed, with the strangely recurring result of a growing clearness. She was deeply puzzled and intensely curious as to the enigma. Finally she reached the end of the bluff and still she could hear the call coming with an undoubted increase of volume. Pondering the circumstance she suddenly concluded that her bird was a weird illusion.

"Bobs!" she cried perplexedly, "our bird is not a bird. It is a disembodied voice."

Then as the cry broke clearly from a distance, she said in alarm:

"It is a human voice, Bobs. Somebody is in distress far down the coulee. Let us listen carefully. No champing of that bit please."

The voice came again. It was indeed a human cry, smothered in some inexplicable way. The tone was one of plaintive terror. Urging the horse ahead, she cantered along the creek. Rounding a bend, she realized that the sound came from some point very near. Rising in her stirrups, she searched the coulee. The only unusual object that met her eye was the carcass of a horse. It lay in a sharp curve of the north bank close in. The noise was emanating from the vicinity of the dead animal. Riding toward it, she was thrilled to catch sight of a bit of red clothing.

"Bobs, Bobs! What a terrible thing!" was her horrified cry as she leaped to the ground beside the horse.

CROWDED into a hole between the horse and the bank lay the figure of a little boy, scarcely five years of age. He was stretched upon the ground with his small body half twisted into the bank. His bare limbs, right arm and left leg, were clutched in the steel fangs of a brace of great wolf traps. The dead horse had been used as a bait by some trapper who had set his traps between the horse and bank, at head and feet, in order to catch his wolf as it sought the entrails. Instead they had caught the curious child. Both limbs were torn and bloody from the grip of the biting steel as the boy twisted under the torture. His cry for help had been muffled by the encroaching bank.

The little fellow moaned for release as he caught sight of the girl. Looking up with wild, dazed eyes he cried:

"Take me, Mummie! Take me away!"

"You poor laddie!" comforted the girl. "I will help you, darling. You will be out in a minute. Do just what I say."

The sight of the small unfortunate made a powerful appeal to the sympathies. The little face was streaked with the pitiable wash of tears. The child could scarcely see. At a glance she saw that he was near collapse. She acted swiftly. Placing her foot upon the spring of the trap imprisoning the leg, she rested her whole weight upon it and it sank. With a quick motion of her deft fingers she opened the jaws and took out the limb. A moment later the arm, too, was free. Released, the little form rolled upon its back and lay helpless. Stooping she picked him up gently and carried him to the bank of the creek, laying him upon the grass.

"Lie here quiet, laddie," she enjoined in a soothing voice, "and I'll ride back to the village for a carriage. I'll be back in a few minutes."

But the child clung to her crying fearfully:

"Take me! Take me! Brubbie afraid!"

Kneeling beside him, she gathered the small bundle into her arms.

"I will not leave you, darling," she soothed, hushing his fears. "I will take you with me. Bobs will have to be a very gentle stretcher bearer. You must trust me, little one, and be careful to obey me.

Bobs will carry us back. But first I must cover these poor torn limbs."

Producing clean bandages, with the resource of a former occasion, she wrapped the wounds securely from air and dirt. Then she placed the boy upon Bobs' neck while the intelligent brute stood motionless, obedient to her low voiced commands. Climbing carefully into the saddle she took the child in her arms and guiding Bobs by voice and knee, rode back along the coulee. The child slept almost instantly, lulled by the gentle pace of the horse and endearing cooings of the girl.

AWARE that the surgeon's skill was urgently needed, she made her way to the doctor's office. He discovered her approach and running out to the curb relieved her of her burden. In a few words she informed him of her discovery of the boy and his misfortune.

"Will you come in?" said he. "You can help me with this operation. There is no nurse in the village just now."

"Gladly, if I can be of service," was the quick reply.

"Rest assured you can. With your assistance I shall be able to avoid the anaesthetic, though these wounds are a ragged mess. The poor little kid must have lain in those traps for hours. Pierre Leduc set them out for wolves. These curious little busybodies fall into surprising adventures. Brubbie will not forget this day for the rest of his life."

Swiftly the doctor performed his work, cleaning the frayed lacerations and stitching with nimble address, while Mary beguiled the boy from his pain by the magic of her caress and the soothing touch of her woman's hand.

"There now, Brubbie!" said the doctor at length. "You are fit. Come, we'll take you to your mother. Miss McClure had better come along and take charge of this most difficult phase of the operation. Will you, Miss McClure?"

"Still at your service, Doctor. But who is Brubbie, as you call him?"

"Brubbie? Why, Brubbie is the young scamp of Pellawa, general town favorite and Nick Ford's baby. Brubbie is an incorrigible little vagrant. I'll warrant his mother hasn't even missed him. This will be some shock to her."

It was a very startled and white-faced woman who gathered the small form to her breast.

"Mummie! Mummie!" was the penitent cry. "Brubbie run away. He step on traps and dey bite him. Brubbie think he will die and cry, cry, cry. But the leddy come and take Brubbie out of the traps and bring him home on the nice horse. Oo, oo!"

He encircled the woman's neck with a strangling hug.

Mary smiled, relieved that the explanation had been made.

"Brubbie has given you all the facts, Mrs. Ford," corroborated she. "I heard the cry of a strange bird in the coulee and followed it. The bird turned out to be Brubbie. Bobs carried him to the doctor here, who has fixed him up splendidly. He will soon be around again."

The mother was dumb. For some minutes she could only nestle the child to her breast. Suddenly, as she thought upon the circumstance, a shudder swept her. A gruesome possibility had occurred to her.

"What would have happened to my baby if you had not heard him crying, Miss McClure? Tonight the wolves would have come. God bless you for this."

The woman's eyes filled with tears. Under the impulse of her natural gratitude she seized the girl's hand and kissed it reverently.

"You saved Brubbie! You saved him! You saved him!" she cried again and again, in a quiet grateful voice. "Nick will thank you with all his heart. God bless you!"

As Mary passed through the coulee on her way home, she pulled Bobs again and listened to the birds afresh. This time the strange call was missing and a serious look crept into the girl's eyes as she thought upon it.

"Little birds!" she whispered. "Happy little birds! Your sweet singing saved a dear little life to-day."

The happiest musings attended her as she let Bobs follow the trail of his own sweet will. The mission of the birds was not yet ended.

THE night of the day upon which Mary McClure hunted the bird of the coulee, an interesting council was held in the realty office of Reddy Sykes. The councillors comprised McClure, Foyle and the agent himself. They sat about the flat-topped desk, three shadows in the blue fog of the dim lamplight. There were the usual convivial evidences, Foyle having been the first to arrive at that affable condition, obtaining in the mazy borderlands of sobriety and inebriety.

"Pards!" said he, smashing the desk with his open hand, "I'm taking yer lead and tickled to do it. Yer shore handing me the whole deck. I'll see that Ford gets his little share all right and a bit over."

"You've tumbled, Foyle," replied Sykes. "You have been mighty apt at getting the hang of things. You have nothing to do but sit tight. I give my cheerful and professional guarantee there isn't a flaw in the deal. If Pullar is fool enough to hold you off we'll turn on the screw and evict him. The law is the prettiest, most efficient automatic instrument invented by the genius of that good fellow, man. The law is behind us everywhere. Don't you do any talking. Meanwhile, mosey around and make yourself generally useful. That bunch of scrub out of Athabasca Landing won't need your tender offices any more. Leave it to Pullar and Son. They are mighty good farmers."

"Ha! That's the big noise!" agreed Foyle, with a chuckle. "I've taken to the climate hereabouts. Got to stay. Doctor's orders. Ha, ha! You'll find Hank Foyle sticking around any old time you want him."

"You're a good sort," commended Sykes warmly. "I'll want the help of a reliable man in a day or two. In fact I'll want you bad, Hank."

"Put it here," cried Foyle, springing to his feet with extended hand. "I'm spoiling for exercise. Used to scrubbing, you know. Anything you want done kind of quiet-like just drop a wink."

"Hank, you're a game sport," was the hearty response. Then he added: "You're a marked man. I'll trail you when I want you. And now, this ends our confab for the present. Rob and I have a pile of work to go through before we get out of here to-night. You are overdue at the Dominion House. Bye, bye!"

Foyle laughed good-naturedly.

"I'll scoot," said he. "And don't forget I'm handy when you want a leg up."

For a considerable time after he left there was silence between the partners. Then McClure fixed his eyes curiously on Sykes. There was something in his companion's eyes he had never seen there before. He instantly realized that something momentous was being debated in the mind of the agent.

"Pulling a bluff on Hank just now?" was his quizz.

"Better have an eye-opener, Rob," was the reply, as he pushed a glass and bottle to his companion's elbow. "You are keen enough on some things and mighty dense on others. I have a surprise for you. In a few days I am pulling down my shingle."

McClure knit his eyebrows in perplexity.

"This is one thing you've been hopelessly opaque on, Rob," said he, as he casually filled his own glass. "Did you expect I had come to stay?"

"No-o," was the slow reply. "I knew you had a card up your sleeve. I hold no hand in the game."

Sykes smiled.

A CLEAR case of cobwebs," observed the other to himself. "You are n this game very much and have been all along. There will be nothing obscure in your mind as to my intentions when I'm through with you to-night. Since the onus of revelation is upon me you will maintain a purely receptive attitude. This is coming to me.

"Now to begin. Here are some photographs. You have heard of John Sykes, millionaire broker? Here he is and there is the mater. This is our hang-out on the Crescent. John Sykes is a rather close relative of mine. Here is the prospectus of Sykes and Sykes, the new partnership replacing John Sykes. I hold a third of the stock, the old man the balance."




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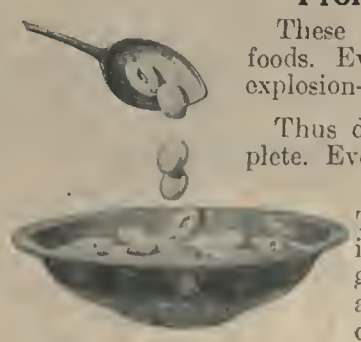
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Sykes paused while the other was examining the photographs. McClure was visibly impressed. The faces looking at him were handsomely autocratic. John Sykes had a set to his jaw that was familiar.

"They have some class," said he, handing back the photographs. "This looks like the firm may have a pretty tidy turnover."

He continued to make a careful perusal of the prospectus.

"Cold figures," agreed Sykes. "We have the best connections, private wires, through to London, New York, etc. all of which means a big place in the financial world. Here are our ratings."

McClure looked them over, his eyes evincing the most intense interest. Before he could speak Sykes thrust into his hand a paper.

"A little bit of Who's Who? Read it over; it will acquaint you with public opinion. It speaks well of us."

As McClure finished he looked up, his eye fascinated by some alluring mental object. Sykes was sitting back nonchalantly in his swivel chair, his partially emptied glass poised in his hand. He observed his companion with a smile.

"What do you make of it all?" was his question.

"It is a great surprise to me and yet—I long ago surmised something like this. I knew of John Sykes as a prominent financier, but had not the faintest idea there was any connection between you."

"There may not be," said Sykes, with a peculiar laugh. "I may be faking. It would be easy to frame up a setting like this."

McClure shook his head.

"You look too much like John Sykes. He is the only man I have ever seen with a jaw like yours."

Sykes laughed silently at the personal allusion as he handed over another photograph.

"Here," said he, "is a picture the mater insisted on having."

It was a likeness of himself and his mother.

NEXT came a set of athletic photographs splendid pictures of an eight-oared crew. In the first a superb figure stood before him holding a long scull. In the second the athlete was seated in a single shell, his sculls poised for the long sweep. There were others of the "Eight" in various poses of rest and action, several with the setting of foreign regattas. One caught the crew sweeping along the Thames. The athlete was Sykes.

"McClure!" said he seriously. "I had a fairly free fling in the younger days. But I kept the going under hand. Do you think the type of physical man you see there would go very far wrong?"

McClure laughed in some embarrassment.

"No use putting such a decision up to me," said he.. "But you shape up prime in your racing stumps."

"That will do," commented Sykes with a grin. "The art display is over. You may think this irrelevant to the business in hand. Perhaps it is. At any rate keep everything you have learned in the back of your head while I spiel a bit.

"You are right in your guess. I am not in Pellawa to push petty finance. I am here hunting the biggest game that runs. We have been associated in some rustic ventures and they have not all come through. Forget it. These have been trivial undertakings. Study that Who's Who? and you'll find that I get every big thing I go after. I am after the biggest thing right now I have ever set out to lift. You probably can tell me what it is."

McClure shook his head.

"I am not guessing to-night," said he, holding Sykes' glance.

"Then prepare for a sweeping away of all cobwebs. My sole object in this visit to Pellawa, Rob, is your daughter, Miss Mary McClure. I have been playing the game for that stake right through. The time has come for a show-down. It is up to us to deal a new hand. I have approached your girl from every conceivable angle. She is obdurate. There is a mighty good reason. She is the victim of a silly infatuation. She has a local rube."

McClure sprang to his feet.

"It's a lie!" was the swift retort.

Sykes smiled darkly, shaking his head. "No, Rob, this is not hearsay. This is personal knowledge. I hold the facts and I will lay them before you—later. There is this infatuation. These youthful attachments seldom result in happy matrimonial alliances. This amour is no more promising than any other. It is not disturbing and need have no undesirable results, if we act quickly. I am willing to accept Mary on any terms and by means of any expedient. I offer her everything a woman could desire. Give me your complete cooperation in my plan to gain my purpose and I promise you unheard-of compensation. A moment!"

HE LIFTED his hand silencing McClure who was about to speak.

"I have told you to listen while I spiel. That is the only thing for you to do yet. I want you to be confident of this. With Mary as my wife, she will gain everything and lose nothing. For yourself it means a chance that does not come to one man in a million.

"I have watched you, Rob McClure, as you went to it in this world of small farmers. You are too big a man for Pellawa. Don't misunderstand me. I do not propose to flatter you. What I am about to propose is frankly my own project to gain my personal purposes. Were it not for this I certainly would not dream of handing out the deal I am going to offer you. But the fact remains. You have the gray matter to come through if you decide to avail yourself of this opportunity. You will be at home in the big financial world. Take a look at that rating."

He handed his companion a certified document.

"A third of that is mine. That gets me into seven figures. What is your own rating, land and all?"

McClure calculated swiftly.

"Roughly, seventy-five thousand."

"Rather a difference! However, it is not your fault. It is your fate. You have done wonderfully well. But you have been playing a small game. I had the luck to be reared in a bigger world. The pater assures me that I have added a million to the total during my university years when I had been supposedly engaged in the serious task of reading law. You may think this egotism or even bluff. Perhaps it is."

McClure read the fellow's face. He was instantly convinced of the truth of his words. He was silent.

"Now, Rob!" said Sykes, levelling at the other a glance at once piercing and calculating. "Take in what I am about to say. It means tremendous things for you. At the same time what may seem remarkable to you is as nothing to me compared with the big thing I am out after. Help me to get this thing and—But wait a minute. My rating upsets yours thirty to one. How would a ratio of fifty-fifty place you? Think in the totals. A million and a quarter! You will never reach that in this little world of Pellawa. Never. Yet that would be commensurate with your sheer ability. Are you ready to take in that dream? Listen, Rob McClure! It is yours now, to-day. I have an immense melon. I will cut that melon exactly in half and give you one half for the hand of Mary McClure. I offer you a partnership on the basis of fifty-fifty. To show that I mean business, I will give half the legal grip even before Mary becomes my wife. The balance after. There shall be this one stipulation only. The partnership is conditioned on the fact that Mary joins hands with me in a legal marriage."

Sykes ceased to talk.

McClure was mute, the great eyes darting flames. Sykes knew that the crucial moment had arrived. For months he had fostered this friendship, spun his web. Would the victim break through the mesh and go free? The farmer looked at him, his face convulsed in conflict. At one instant the eagerness of an overmastering ambition looked out craftily; the next it was swept with a mighty anger. While the fierce debate raged, Sykes addressed him in a low, steadying voice.

"Rob," said he considerately, "this is a fairly sizable proposition. Don't make a snap decision and regret—anything. Keep the lid on a little longer. You have not yet heard all. You have not learned who is the rube that has fascinated Mary. Perhaps you already know or can guess?"

"I will not guess," he flung out fiercely.

"There is nothing in it. If there had been, Mary would have let me know



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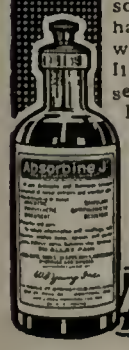
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long ago. She has never hinted such an attachment."

"You are logical, Rob. But you are wrong. You have hit the wrong premise. Sometimes a good girl is induced into a clandestine amour. It has often happened. It has happened now. Unsympathetic parents are not auspicious persons in which to confide the tender sentiments. The parent might have a positive hostility to the dear object of one's regard. This is pointedly true in your own case. I know there is no love lost between you. And now you know the party."

McClure leaned forward, a sudden intelligence flashing a wild light in his eye,

"You don't mean——"?

McClure read Sykes' cold, bright eyes. He understood.

"It is Ned Pullar?"

"Pullar's the man, Ned Pullar," was the deliberate agreement.

SLOWLY the indecision vanished from McClure's face and in its place appeared a black resolution. A malignant light darted from his eyes. Seizing the neck of the black bottle before him, he clutched it menacingly, as if about to hurl it at his companion.

"Rather be excused," said Sykes, lifting a defensive hand. "Remember I am not Pullar."

Banging the bottle on the desk, McClure whirled about and began pacing about the room, muttering vengeful execration, oblivious apparently of the other's presence.

At this moment of his fell triumph, the real Sykes looked forth once more. A repulsive delight played in his eyes and they shut to, in a sort of gloating muse. While the evil light glittered through the lashes, an unsightly grin contorted his face, drawing slowly to a wolfish snarl about the mouth and nose. The face was grotesque and hideous to look upon. Could he have trained one rational, though fleeting glance upon that unspeakable face, McClure would surely have been fore-warned. But he was blind with rage. Out of the fury of that fatal moment flew the foul bird of a pitiless resolution. He chuckled balefully. At the sound Sykes laughed softly. Ripping out an oath McClure whirled about. Thrusting his head forward he searched Sykes' face with blazing eyes. He was too slow, however. The malign thing had hidden itself with swift adroitness. What he saw was the open, sympathetic countenance of a gentleman.

"I want the facts," challenged McClure. "What do you know?"

Dissembling his intensity of interest Sykes divulged what information he deemed expedient to his purpose. The effect on McClure was powerfully cumulative.

"Look here," said the agent finally, picking up a photograph of the eight-oared crew. "You did not detect this party."

McClure looked surprised to recognize the face of Ned Pullar.

"Our coach selected Pullar for number seven to hold my oar," explained Sykes. "Until Pullar caught the place we had trouble holding balance. With his arrival the kink smoothed out magically and we went overseas a wonder crew. He held my stroke. Pullar is the only man who ever did. You have not yet realized what this man Pullar is capable of. He takes the inside every time and sets a killing pace. He'll beat you out now like he faded you in the threshing game unless you take my way to kill him. I'll come across with the specific code any time you want it. You must act swiftly and stick it. The stake is big. For me it means one thing only—Mary McClure. For Mary, it means a brilliant chance. For you it means a flying start in the big world where big men hold the throttle. For both you and me it means the smashing of Pullar."

He paused. The two men eyed each other, McClure with flaming, searching glance, Sykes with steady, persistent gaze and eyes that poured upon the other the mesmeric power of will.

"I have had my say," said Sykes quietly, holding that compelling glance. "I have been straight. It is up to you."

*To be continued*

# UNCLE JAMES' GOLF MATCH

*(Continued from page 11)*

his back. The Colonel started violently, and retreated, while the secretary took two rapid paces to the rear.

"I told you he was mad," muttered the Colonel nervously. "He's got a musical box in his shirt."

IT WAS that remark that finished it, and removed the last vestige of Uncle James' self-control. To have his latest invention alluded to as a musical box turned him temporarily into a raving lunatic. And as other members drew near in awestruck silence a torrent of words in a strange tongue poured from his lips. It turned out to be some Indian dialect, of which my relative knew a smattering. Unfortunately so did the Colonel, and he answered in the same language. I gathered later from an onlooker who also understood the lingo that honours were about even, with the betting slightly on Uncle James. He'd got in first with some of the choicer terms of endearment. And then Uncle still further lost his head. He challenged the Colonel to a game that afternoon for a tenner—a challenge which that warrior immediately accepted with a sardonic laugh.

To everyone else it seemed a most happy termination of the incident: to me it was the last straw. Uncle James had no more chance of beating the Colonel than I should have of beating Abe Mitchell. Not that the Colonel was a good golfer: he wasn't. But he was one of those steady players who can be relied on to go round in two or three over sevens. Which, with Uncle as his opponent, meant a victory for the Colonel by ten and eight.

However, the challenge had been given and accepted; there was nothing for it but to hope for the best. Uncle James had disappeared to wash his hands, the Colonel had been led away breathing hard, when I suddenly thought of Molly. After all, he was *her* relative.

"Is that you, Molly?" I said over the 'phone. "Well, the worst has occurred. Your uncle has challenged old Colonel Thresher to a game this afternoon—after the combined efforts of most of the members just prevented a free fight in the smoking-room."

I heard her choke gently. Then—"Well, that's all right Peter."

"It isn't," I fumed. "He's got no more chance of winning than—than—don't you understand? Thresher called his invention a musical box. It came into action as they were abusing one another and twanged. It's an affair of honour with Uncle James. And if he loses—he'll never forgive us."

"He mustn't lose, Peter." I thought her voice was thoughtful.

"Then I wish to Heaven you'd come up and prevent it," I said peevishly.

"I will," she said, and I gasped. "What ball is he using?"

"Silver Kings. Red dots. But look here, Molly, you mustn't....It's for a tenner... Are you there?"

She wasn't; she'd rung off. And somewhat pensively I joined Uncle James at the bar. I never quite know with Molly: she is capable of doing most peculiar things.

"I'll teach him, Peter," he greeted me with a scowl. "What did he say! Musical box? The infernal scoundrel."

"What was it that made the noise, Uncle James?" I asked soothingly.

"One of the longer rubbers got caught up in my braces," he said. "Incidentally it nipped a bit of my back.... Bah! Musical box! The villain!"

"Is it acting all right?" I led him towards the dining-room.

"I shall adjust it finally after lunch," he stated.

"You don't think," I hazarded, "that, as you haven't actually perfected it yet, it would perhaps be better to play without it?"

"Certainly not." He glared sombrely at the back of his rival, and once again I heard him whisper, "Musical box."




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THEN we sat down to lunch. It was a silent meal, and I was glad when it was over. Uncle James, that genial if eccentric individual, had departed; an infuriated and revengeful man had taken his place. And what would be the result on his disposition when he forked up ten Bradburys to the Colonel was beyond my mental scope. He was never at his best on the golf links; but this time....

He disappeared for a considerable time, after consuming two glasses of our best light port, which he stated was completely unfit for human consumption, and I wandered thoughtfully towards the first tee. There was no sign of Molly, though I thought I saw the flutter of something red in the distance, which might have been her. And then the professional strolled up.

"Hear there's a tenner on Colonel Thresher's game," he said affably.

"There is," I answered grimly. "Did you see his opponent playing this morning?"

"I saw the gentleman doing exercises on the seventeenth," he said guardedly.

"That's my uncle, Jenkins," I cried bitterly. "Or rather my wife's uncle. Can you as a man and a golfer give me the faintest shadow of hope that the match won't end on the tenth green?"

"Your uncle, is he?" he returned diplomatically. "Peculiar style, sir, hasn't he?"

"Peculiar," I groaned. "He'd earn a fortune on the variety stage. By the way you haven't seen my wife, have you?"

"Yes, sir. I thought she was playing with you. She's just bought a couple of old re-makes."

"What brand, Jenkins?" I asked slowly.

"Red-dot silver kings. Seemed very keen on 'em, though she generally uses Dunlops."

I turned away lest he should see my face. I had more or less resigned myself to being cut out of Uncle James's will and to seeing his money go to a home for lost cats; but to be turned out of the club as well for Molly's nefarious scheme, was a bit over the odds. What devilry she contemplated I did not know. I didn't even try to guess. But not for nothing had she invested in two re-make red dots and disappeared into the blue.

"Here they are," said Jenkins. "Odd sort of walk your uncle has got, sir."

Now Uncle James has many peculiarities, but I had never noticed anything strange about his pedestrianism. The shock therefore was all the greater. To what portions of his anatomy he had attached his infernal rubber factory I was in ignorance; but the net result was fierce. He looked like a cross between a King penguin and a trussed fowl suffering from an acute attack of locomotor ataxy. A perfect bevy of members had gathered outside the club house, and were watching him with awed fascination; his caddy, after one fearful convulsion of laughter, had relapsed into his customary after-luncheon hiccoughs. It was a dreadful spectacle—but worse, far worse, was to come.

THE Colonel stalked to the tee in grim silence. His face was a little flushed; in his eyes was the light of battle.

"Ten pounds, you said, sir, I believe?"

"I will make it twenty, if you prefer," said Uncle James loftily.

"Certainly," snapped the Colonel, and addressed his ball.

Usually after lunch the Colonel fails to reach the fairway of the first hole. On this occasion however, the ball flew quite a hundred yards down the middle of the course, and the Colonel stepped magnificently off the tee and proceeded to light a cigar.

The members drew closer as Uncle James advanced, and even the caddy forbore to hiccough. The moment was tense with emotion; it still lives in my memory and ever will.

"Slow back," had said Vardon. "Follow through," had ordered Ray. Merciful Heavens! they should have seen the result of their teaching. Uncle James achieved the most wonderful wind shot of modern times.

He lifted his driver like a professional weight lifter, and at about the same velocity. Then, his face grim with determination, he let it down again. To say that he followed through would be to damn with faint praise. The club itself finished twenty yards in front of the Colonel's ball, and Uncle James fell over backwards.

"Very good," said the Colonel. "But the object of the game is to get your ball into the hole, not your club."

"Another driver, boy," said Uncle James magnificently, when he was again in a vertical position, and at that moment I felt proud of being related to him. Once more Uncle James lifted his club; once more under the combined influence of the "to left wrist for follow through" rubber, and his inflexible determination, the club descended. And this time it hit the ball. In cricket phraseology, point would have got it in the neck. As it was, the Colonel's caddy sprang into the air with a scream of fear, and got it in the stomach, whence the ball rebounded into the tee box.

"Damn it, sir," roared the Colonel. "That's my boy."

"Precisely, sir," returned Uncle James complacently. "It is therefore my hole."

For a moment I feared for Colonel Thresher's reason. Even Jenkins, a most phlegmatic an, retired rapidly behind the star box and laid his head on a cold st In fact only Uncle James seemed nperturbed. He unwound himself, twanged faintly, and started for the second tee.

"I must adjust my 'right elbow in' grip, Peter," he remarked as I trailed weakly behind him. "It prevents me raising my club with the freedom required for a perfect swing."

"Do you mean to say, sir—" the Colonel had at last found his voice—"that you intend to claim that hole?"

"I presume that we are playing under the rules of golf." Uncle James regarded him coldly, "and the point is legislated for. Should a player's ball strike his opponent or his opponent's caddy the player wins the hole."

"That doesn't apply to attempted murder off the tee," howled the Colonel.

"You are not in the least degree funny, sir," returned Uncle James still more coldly. "In fact, I find you rather insulting. If you like, and care to forfeit the stakes, we will call the match off."

"I'll be damned if I do," roared the other. "But before you drive next time, sir, I'll take precautions. I came out to play golf, not to be killed by a brass band."

UNCLE JAMES turned white, but he controlled himself admirably. Even when he reached the second tee, and the Colonel seizing his caddy went to ground in a pot bunker, over the edge of which they both peered fearfully, Uncle James retained his dignity.

"Straight down the middle is the line, I suppose," he remarked to his caddy.

"Yus," said the caddy from a range of twenty yards.

But unfortunately Uncle James did not go straight down the middle. It's a very nice five hole is our second—a drive, a full brassie, and a mashie on to the green over a little hill. But you must get your drive—otherwise....And Uncle was otherwise.

I measured it afterwards. His driver hit the ground exactly eighteen inches behind the ball travelling with all the force of "to left wrist for follow through". The shaft followed through; the head did not. It remained completely imbedded in the turf.

"Have you finished?" demanded the Colonel emerging from his dugout. Then he pointed an outraged finger to the broken head. "This is a tee, sir, not a timber-yard. Would you be good enough to remove that foreign body before I drive?"

I removed it; I was afraid Uncle would twang again if he stooped. And then the Colonel addressed his ball. From there by easy stages, with a fine losing hazard off a tree, it travelled out of bounds.

"Stroke and distance, I presume," murmured Uncle. "Boy, another driver."

And then ensued a spectacle which almost shattered my nerves. Uncle James got stuck. He got his club up, but he couldn't get it down. Both arms were wrapped round his neck, the club lay over his left shoulder pointing at the ground. And there he remained—saying the most dreadful things, and biting his sleeve.

"Posing for a statue?" asked the Colonel, sarcastically.

"Grrr—" said Uncle, and suddenly something snapped. The club came down, like a streak of lightning—there was a sweet clear click, and even Duncan would have been satisfied with the result.

Probably it was the most exquisite moment of Uncle's life. Heaven knows how it happened—certainly the performer didn't. But for the first time and—I feel tolerably confident—the last, Uncle James hit a perfect drive. It was three hundred yards if it was an inch, and the Colonel turned pale.

"That's two I've played," said Uncle calmly. "You play the odd, sir."

It was then that the fighting spirit awoke in all its intensity in his opponent, and Uncle James followed him from bunker to bunker counting audibly until they came up with his drive.

"I'm playing one off ten," he remarked genially.

"And you'll damn well play it," snapped the Colonel.

Uncle James smiled tolerantly. "Certainly. As you please. Boy—the wry-necked mashie."

BUT IT wasn't the wry-necked mashie's day in. Whatever Duncan might have thought about Uncle's drive, I don't think he'd have passed the wry-necked mashie. At the best of times it was a fearsome weapon—on this occasion it became diabolical. Turf and mud flew in all directions—only the ball remained *in statu quo*.

"That's like as we lie," said the Colonel, as Uncle paused for breath.

"Damn you, sir—go away," roared Uncle James, completely losing all vestige of self-control. And at that moment I saw Molly peering over the hill that guarded the green.

"The laid-back niblick, boy," Uncle threw the wry-necked mashie into a neighbouring garden and resumed the attack.

"Fourteen—fifteen — sixteen," boomed the Colonel. "Why not get a spade? Ah! Congratulations. You've hit the ball, even if you have sliced it out of bounds. Perhaps you'd replace some of the turf—or shall I send for a 'Ground under repair' notice?"

"Your shot, sir," said Uncle thickly.

"Let me see—I'm playing one off six," remarked the Colonel. "And you're out of bounds."

"I may not be," Uncle ground his teeth, "I may have hit a tree and bounced back. Damn!"

There was a loud tearing noise, and Uncle James started as if an asp had stung him.

"Confound you, sir," howled the Colonel, as he topped his hall, "will you be silent when I'm playing ?"

But Uncle James was beyond aid.

"My God! Peter," he muttered, "I've come undone."

It was only too true: he was twanging all over like a jazz band. Portions of india-rubber were popping out of his garments like worms on a damp green, and every now and then the back of his coat was convulsed by some internal spasm.

"Can't you take it off altogether?" I asked feverishly.

"No, I can't," he snapped. "The beastly thing is sewn in."

We heard the Colonel's voice from the green.

"I have played sixteen," he began—then he stopped with a strangled snort. And as we topped the hill we saw him staring horror-struck at the hole, his lips moving soundlessly.

"That was a lucky shot of yours, Uncle," came Molly's gentle voice from a shelter where she was knitting. "Hit that log and bounced right back into the hole."

And the brazen woman came across the green towards us literally staring me straight in the face.

"How does the game stand, Colonel Thresher?" she asked sweetly.

"The game, madam," he choked. "This isn't a game. It's an—an epidemic. He's murdered my caddy and dug a grave for him, and supplied the music—and now he's bounced into the hole." He shook his putter in the air, and faced Uncle James.

"You have that for a half," said Uncle, dispassionately regarding a twenty yard putt. Then he looked at the Colonel and frowned. "What are you staring at confound you sir?"

But the Colonel was backing away stealthily, muttering to himself.

"I knew it—I knew it," he said shakingly. "It's a monkey, the damned man's a musical monkey. He's got a tail—he's got two tails. He's got tails all over him. I've got 'em again; must have. What on earth will Maria say?"

"What the devil?" began Uncle James furiously.

"It's all right—quite all right, sir," answered the Colonel. "I'm not very well to-day. Touch of fever. Tails—scores of tails. Completely surrounded by tails. Some long—some short; some loops—and some without. Great Heavens! There's another just popped out of his neck. Must go and see a doctor, at once. Never touch the club port again. I swear it. Never——"

STILL muttering he faded into the distance, leaving Uncle James speechless on the green.

"What the devil is the matter with the fool?" he roared when he had partially recovered his speech.

"I don't think he's very well, Uncle," said Molly chokingly.

"But isn't he going to play any more?" demanded Uncle. "He'd never have holed that putt, and I'd have been two up."

"I know, dear," said Molly, slipping her arm through his and leading him gently from the green. "But I think he's a little upset."

"Of course, if the man's ill," began Uncle doubtfully.

"He is, Uncle James," I said firmly. "A touch of the sun." I warily dodged two long streamers trailing behind him, and took his other arm. "What about going home for tea?"

Uncle brightened.

"That reminds me," he murmured, "I've just perfected a small device for automatically washing dirty cups and saucers."

"Splendid," I remarked, staring grimly at Molly. "You shall try it this afternoon."

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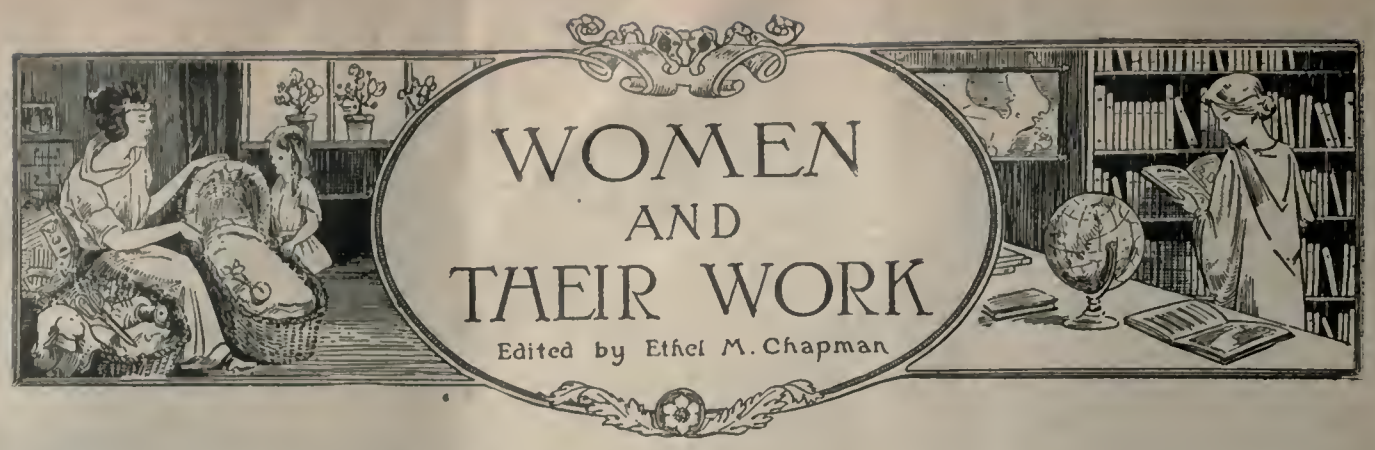






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# Dinner Table Common Sense

No. III IN OUR FOOD SERIES

*By* WILLIAM FLEMING FRENCH

THE TITLE of this article might be "The Science of Feeding", or "Common Sense at the Dinner Table," and not be far off the mark. As a matter of fact, science and common sense are always synonymous, and where we observe these twain good health is inevitable.

We do not have to live on bran, raw vegetables, coddled eggs, dry toast or fruit to be healthy. Far from it. We can pamper our appetities with tempting delicacies and not abuse our stomachs, providing we use a little common sense. There are perhaps fifty different fancy desserts, for example, that are not only not harmful, but which are actually nutritious and good for us.

So you see, the first point to get clear is that in order to adopt scientific, common sense or "natural" food habits we do not have to forego every particularly palatable dish that pleases us. To the contrary we can compile an amazingly formidable menu of fancy, plain and special dishes that will meet every scientific and common sense food requirement which even the most particular food expert may outline. It is rather a peculiar fact that our greatest nutritional mistakes are not in eating the wrong foods but in making the wrong food combinations.

There is nothing harmful in a good cut of roast beef, for example, nor in a dish of home baked beans, nor in a generous serving of good cottage cheese, nor in a luscious cup custard, nor in a cup of cocoa, yet a menu composed of such a combination of wholesome, highly nutritious and pleasing foods if persisted in would guarantee its consumer a rapid trip through the hospital to the morgue. In other words this combination would be so overbalanced in favor of protein that no one could possibly live on it. By the same token, a combination such as nuts, cream-ed foods, fatty meats, oils and other foods rich in fat would play quite as much havoc with the human system as would any other type of poison.



Two children of same family. Girl eats cereals, eggs, milk, fruit and vegetables. Boy prefers sweet cookies, coffee, white bread and meat. Result—girl above normal, boy almost thirty per cent. undernourished. Note expressions.

Also it is possible to eat too much of any food, no matter how wholesome and pleasing it may be.

Therefore, we see that scientific or common sense feeding has to do with the selection, preparation and proportioning of our food. We have finally come to the realization that we cannot persistently abuse our system by incorrect feeding habits without reaping the reward in malnutrition or the troubles arising from the excessive intake of some particular type of food.

You will recall that in the article, "Our Food and Our Future," we discovered a balanced ration was absolutely necessary to our health. There is one other item that we must also consider—the amount of food we are to eat.

### How Much Should We Eat

ALL OF US realize that the man of sedentary occupation cannot assimilate as much food as is required by the man performing hard manual labor. Perhaps, however, this is a mis-statement—I should say all of us should realize this fact, but apparently we do not. I know from personal observation that certain individuals holding down an office chair in a poorly-ventilated room undertake to consume as much heavy food in twenty-four hours as can the brawniest, ham-fisted son of toil. So far as consuming it is concerned he is apparently successful, but in nineteen cases out of twenty when it comes to assimilation his type proves pathetically incompetent.

By observations and examinations conducted by the foremost food and medical authorities in this and other countries upon thousands of people in all classes of life, a schedule of food requirements has been prepared. This schedule shows how much food human beings of different ages and in different conditions of life require.

Fortunately Nature is very flexible and permits us a considerable degree of leeway in respect to how much we eat over how much we require—but even her patience knows a limit. Consequently there are thousands of Canadians today decorating easy chairs, sanitariums, hospitals and cemeteries whose troubles date back to the formation of excessive food consumption and thoughtless food selection.

In order that the readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE may know what foods can be combined into meals without such combinations resulting in an excessive amount of any one nutritive element and a paucity of all others, below is offered a list of our various foods—showing the nutritive elements they contain.

Milk, cheese (especially skim-milk cheese).
Eggs.
Meat (lean meat in particular).
Poultry, game.
Fish.

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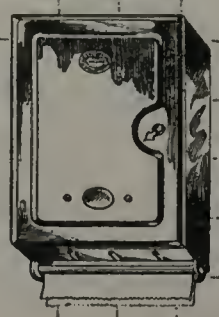
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| | |
|---|---|
| **Proteins.** | Cereals, corn, wheat, rye, oats, etc.<br>Bread and breadstuffs (crackers, pastry, macaroni, cake).<br>Beans, peas, lentils.<br>Cotton seed.<br>Nuts.<br>Gelatine. |
| **Carbohydrates.** | Wheat, products (bread, cake, crackers, pastry, macaroni, spaghetti.<br>Cereal grains, breakfast foods.<br>Corn products, corn meal, green corn.<br>Rice, sago, tapioca, taro.<br>Potatoes (white and sweet).<br>Starchy fruits (bananas).<br>Sweet fruits (oranges, grapes, pineapples).<br>Dried fruits (prunes, dates, raisins, currants).<br>Sugar cane, sorghum cane.<br>Sugar beets, sugar maples.<br>Products made from sugar (candy, jellies, marmalade, preserves.) |
| **Fats.** | Butter, cream, cheese.<br>Olive oil, cotton seed oil, peanut oil, corn oil, almond oil.<br>Soy beans.<br>Corn meal, cotton seed meal, flour, oat meal.<br>Pork (bacon especially) other fat meat.<br>Codfish (and other fatty fish)<br>Eggs (yolk)<br>Cocoanut , chocolate.<br>Brazil nuts, almonds, pecans, and other nuts, rich in fat. |
| **Water.** | All foodstuffs except those which have been put through a drying process. |
| **Mineral Salts (Organic form)** | Nitrogen (in proteins, meat, eggs, milk, fish, gluten of wheat, zein of corn meal, legumen of beans, peas and lentils.<br>Phosphorus (egg-yolk especially), cream, vegetables, whole wheat, cereals, breadstuffs, oatmeal, dried beans and peas.) |
| **Iron (Organic & inorganic form** | Eggs, milk, lean meat, cereal products, whole wheat, dried beans and peas, vegetables (spinach in particular), onions, mushrooms, fruits, port wine. |
| **Calcium (organic and inorganic form)** | Milk.<br>Eggs.<br>Soft tissues and fluids of all animals, skeleton and teeth of animals.<br>Wheat (the entire grain), flour, oatmeal, rice.<br>Dried beans and peas.<br>Green vegetables (beets carrots, parsnips, turnips, potatoes).<br>Fruits (apples, bananas, oranges, pineapples, dried prunes).<br>Nuts (almonds, peanuts walnuts). |
| **Sulphur. (organic and inorganic form.)** | The Proteins<br>Lean beef, eggs, milk.<br>Wheat flour, entire wheat, crackers etc.<br>Oatmeal.<br>Beans, pea<br>Potatoes. |
| **Sodium, Potassium, Magnesium, Iodine, Chlorine.** | These elements are associated with the other mineral salts in foods, and a diet in which they are adequately supplied furnishes sufficient magnesium, potassium chlorine, sodium, and iodine for the general needs of the body. |

One quart of milk contains more calcium than a quart of clear saturated solution of lime water.

The next problem is that of the amount of food we should consume. Because a certain bulk amount of one food may be twenty times as rich in food value as the same bulk amount of another food it is, of course, impossible to determine actual nutritive content by weight or size or the raw food. Consider the case of nuts and vegetables for example. An ounce of peanuts contains twenty-two times the food value of an ounce of cabbage. Hence our measurement must be one of nutritive value and not one of raw food.

It has not been a simple matter to find a unit for measurement for nutritive value but the desired result has been accomplished and the "calory" is the net result.

THE calory is a unit of measurement the same as is an inch, a quart, an ounce or a degree. It is actually a measurement of heat—a measurement of the heat created in the process of our body burning the food that enters it. A calory is the quantity of heat required to raise the temperature of one kilogram of water one degree centigrade.

In other words, if a given amount of food creates sufficient heat in the process of being burned in the body to raise the temperature of a kilogram of water four degrees centigrade, it contains four calories of food value. The calory is the unit that measures the amount of heat, and therefore energy, that food develops in the process of metabolism.

Because the food fed small children not only has to furnish the fuel that develops the energy for their existence but also the necessary qualities for the building of their bodies, we can readily understand that the child needs much more food per pound body weight than does the adult, whose growth has been completed.

The food requirements of the average adult per twenty-four hours is approximately 3400 calories of nutritive value for man and approximately 3000 calories for woman. These requirements, of course, are varied according to the class of work or exercise indulged in. The man of sedentary occupation can well afford to limit his food consumption to 3000 calories whereas the woman fortunate enough to possess servants usually can get along nicely on 2700 calories per day.

On the other hand, the laborer on heavy work often requires as high as 4500 calories a day and tests conducted on the brawny lumbermen of the north showed that they burned almost 6000 calories of food value every twenty-four hours. A man resting burns about 100 calories of food value per hour and at hard labor will consume three times as much.

MACLEAN'S by no means wishes to pose as suggesting that the hardy race of Canadians put themselves on a strictly measured feeding basis or that they be fed from a spoon. The appetite is usually a good index of how much one should eat. But, unfortunately, many of us heed but a single call of the appetite, that to *start* eating. When the appetite is satisfied we carry on just the same, overloading our stomachs and handicapping our systems.

Then, too, there are so many different kinds of foods with such a wide variance of food value that no one unversed in nutrition can know exactly how much of each kind of food to eat.

Still again, with children it is absolutely necessary to feed the correct amount of food. And with the public schools conducting nutrition classes the only way that corrective feeding can be accomplished is by measured feeding. And measured feeding calls for an understanding of caloric values.

Your government bulletins and the prescriptions and feeding instructions given by your doctor will also deal in calories. This because it is the only standard measurement of food value. Hence an understanding of the caloric values of foods is necessary to scientific, which means common sense, food habits.

How to prepare menus and meals of properly balanced foods of correct caloric content will be covered in a following issue, when detailed menus and meals, both showing caloric values, will be offered.

# Maybe Adam Laughed at These



**The Narrow Squeak.**—Mrs. Farmer (just back from the county fair)—"Well Abner, we've all had a narrer escape from being eaten alive! They had a wild cannibal Igorotte at the fair, and if it wasn't the same feller that helped us hay last July and left because we didn't take a newspaper!"—Chicago *Daily News*.

---

**The Flapper Scored.**—Miss Oldbird was airing her views on marriage and men to Miss Flapperette, and it was evident that she was a man-hater.

"I don't care for men, my dear," she said to her young friend. "In fact, I have already said 'No' to several of them."

"Indeed!" said the young thing, with a twinkle in her eye. "What were they selling?"—Toronto Telegram.

---

**Drawing the Line.**—Miss Cora was taking her first trip on the train.

The conductor came through and called for the tickets. Cora readily gave up her ticket.

A few minutes later the butcher-boy coming through called, "Chewing-gum."

"Never!" cried Cora bravely. "You can take my ticket, but not my chewing-gum."—Telegram.

---

**Brothers in Business.**—An advertising manager was going home one night in a tramcar. It was late, and the man who sat next to him began to talk.

"What business are you in?" he asked.

"The advertising business."

"Is that so? I used to be in the advertising business myself. I gave it up, though, and went into the rag-and-old-bottle business. I was a sandwich man for a theatre for six months. Say," and he leaned over confidentially, "ain't it hard work when the wind blows?"—London Tit-Bits.

---

**Never Again.**—John Clay relates the following story:

"I visited the old farm in Scotland, as was my custom each year, and when talking with the old Scotchman who had been a part of the farm organization since my boyhood days, I noted that he was not wearing the big fur cap with the heavy ear-flaps which he had always worn in winter time.

"'Where is your cap, Sandy?" I asked.

"'My cap, mon, why I ha na wore it sunce the accident.'

"'Accident,' I said, 'I had not heard of any accident.'

"'Ah, yes, it was when McGregor came over an' we were oot tagither, an' he asked me to have a drink—an' I didna hear him'."—Foresight.

---

**Entertaining a Gent From 'Frisco.**—Frank Kipp was showing a stranger from San Francisco around the city in a high-powered car, and when pointing out the Auditorium, Frank said:

"That's our big auditorium, and Joe Grieb built the whole thing in six months."

"That's nothing," said the stranger from San Francisco; "we built a bigger one in three months."

Then Frank drove him out and they passed the beautiful water-tower next to General Otto Falk's house.

The stranger said, "What's that?"

"I don't know," said Frank. "That wasn't there day before yesterday."—Hutchinson News.


# Milestones



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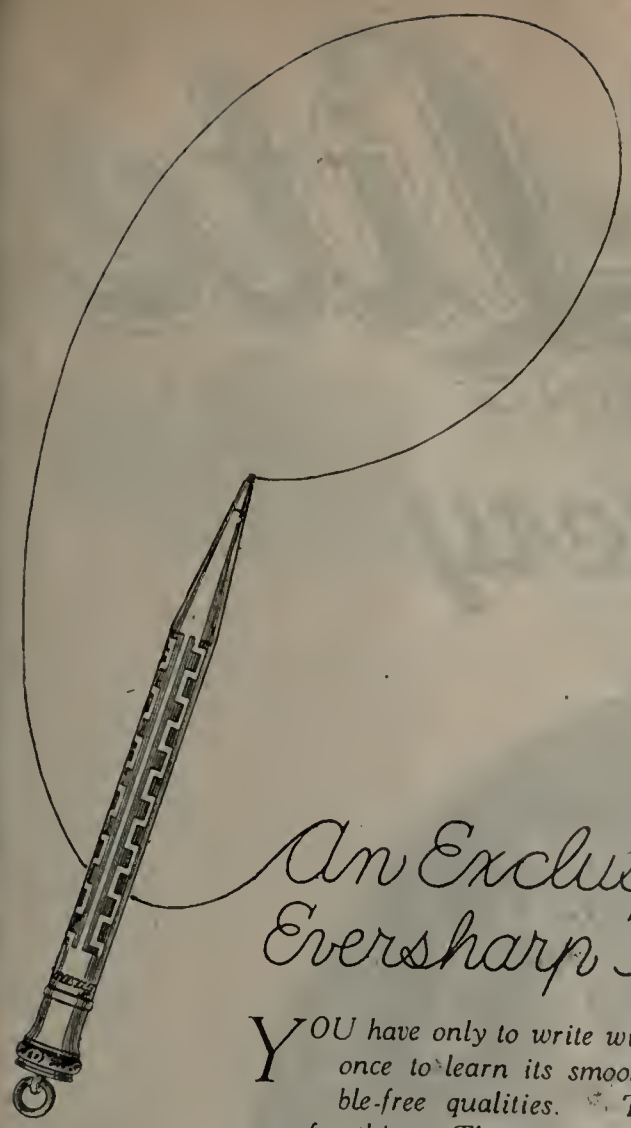


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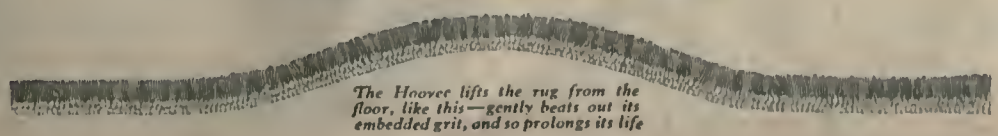

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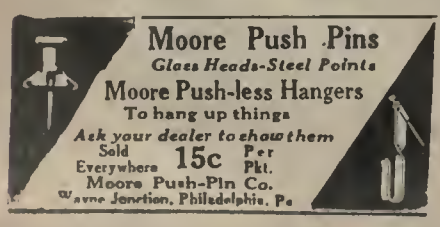
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Don't Be Mulcted by "Wallingford's"

BOTH the gloom dispensers and those who would optimistically create false hopes are wrong. The underlying conditions in Canadian business and investments are sound but the influences that are going to shape the course of business during the next few months are not all 100 per cent favorable. Business will strengthen with returning confidence but nothing like a "boom" need be expected in any line.

Canada's great western crop of wheat, oats, flax and rye is always a mighty influence in the national economic life. This year more than ever will its importance be recognized, for in the East, the value of the agricultural production is going to show a serious decline and the buying power of Eastern farmers is going to be diminished thereby. Oats is the great field crop in Ontario and Quebec. There will hardly be a two thirds crop of oats. The cattle situation has been very unsatisfactory. Farmers have had to draw upon their capital to meet their losses on cattle raising. For the well established farmers this has not been calamitous for the reason that crops have been so good in the East over a term of years that good capital reserves have been built up.

It is up to the West, then, to provide a good crop for the country and the later estimates which disproved the early reports of widespread crop failures on the prairies, are the more welcome for that reason.

Retailers appear to be buying now to replenish stocks that had been impaired to the lowest possible point. This will provide some stimulus to industry but buying by the public has not yet attained to normal. It is very unlikely to attain to normal until further price adjustments are recorded in those lines that have not yet settled to the new price levels. There is no doubt that in the United States price adjustments have gone further than in Canada and across the border evidence that many lines have reached bottom is seen in the upward reaction of both wholesale and retail prices in these lines .Wholesale prices in Canada seem to have declined proportionately more than retail prices but this is to be expected and it is an economically sound feature that the retail prices should be slower to react.

### Stock Markets Dull

THAT the public is not without funds to buy can be seen from the reports of the chartered banks. While there have been monthly declines in savings deposits since the end of May the total amount on savings deposits in Canadian banks is still higher than at any time during 1920 and each month during 1921 has exceeded the total for the same month of the previous year. Against this may be set up the record of another barometer of the people's money. Loans against insurance policies during the first six months of the present year were greatly in advance of loans during a similar period in the previous year.

Viewing the business situation as a whole there seems good ground to believe that the seasonable activity that is bound to come during the next few months will be on a fairly wide scale and that there should be a steady movement upward in the volume of turn over. Let the nation face the conditions as they are, displaying a reasoned optimism, and the way will not be hard.

There has been little change in the investment situation and yields on representative bonds have not varied much from the prices that have ruled all summer. Trading on the stock exchanges has sunk to a low level and disturbing influences such as the prolonged negotiations regarding the Riordon affair, the passing of interest on the income bonds of both the Lake Superior Corporation and the Black Lake Asbestos Corporation had the effect of adding to the hesitancy of the average investor. But the best securities have stood the test and there is but little difference between prices today and prices of a year ago. Such differences as do exist are generally in favor of the prices of today.

Investors need no better proof of the value of purchasing seasoned and safe securities than they have had during the past year. The bottom has dropped out of many speculative issues that eighteen months ago were hailed as the coming profit makers; dozens of little concerns that were financed among the smaller investors have disappeared leaving nothing behind them but shady reputations. At the same time Victory bonds, provincial and municipal debentures and well seasoned bonds of old established companies have stood the test and the investors who have looked first to safety and second to income return have had no cause for regret.

### Various Unscrupulous Schemes

THERE is a study for the psychologist in the mental attitude of Canadian investors towards the dozens of shady schemes that are being perpetrated upon the public at the present time. The "blue sky" laws, now in operation in thirty-eight of the forty-eight American States have had the effect of curbing the activities of the J. Rufus Wallingford's across the border and large numbers of them have come to Canada—or at least to those parts of Canada where legislative restrictions are not such as to annoy them—and some of their schemes would make George Randolph Chester's hero admit that he was a piker.

Several groups of these unscrupulous persons make their profits by the simple plan of buying stocks at a fraction of their value and selling them again at several times their value. To operate on this plan they must choose securities that are unlisted; preferably in old established companies with a wide list of shareholders. They approach a number of the shareholders, having paved the way for their visits with propaganda to indicate that the security has greatly depreciated in value, and buy in as many shares as they can get at a low price. They reverse the process with the remaining shareholders making them believe that exceptional developments are expected in the stock, and then allowing them to participate in a few shares at a price which is arbitrary and fictitious in the extreme.

Questionable methods are being used to sell the treasury stock of companies requiring capital. At first a commission charge of 25 to 40 per cent was customary but so great have been the demands upon these new stock-selling organizations that the charge has in some instances been even higher. There are cases where stocks have been sold at a 50 per cent commission charge. From the investor's standpoint this means one of two things: either that the security must be sold at an inflated price if the company requiring the money is to realize a fair price for the stock or if the stock is sold at a reasonable price the cost to the company of securing the capital is prohibitive. In either case the investor suffers.

Although it borders very closely upon obtaining money under false pretences, and probably would be found to be a criminal offense if there were anyone in authority whose business it were to prosecute such a case, some promoters have gone so far as to declare dividends merely for the purpose of stimulating interest in the stock to be sold and in some cases the money for the dividends has been loaned by the organization undertaking to sell the stock.

THE gullibility of the public is amazing in accepting at their face value the extravagant claims of the smooth stock-peddling fraternity. Something akin to




It used to require this girl's entire time every day to hand-address 800 envelopes in which a Broker mailed his daily market letter. But last week—with her regular typewriter—she *Stenciled* the 800 addresses into "Addresserpress" address cards. She did this in less than six hours.



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it is seen on the English race courses where thousands of workingmen place their "two and six" or an occasional "quid" with a "bookie" whom they have never seen before. When their horse has won—if it does win—and they come around to collect their winnings too often they find that the bookmaker is missing. But year after year they place their money with bookmakers they do not know from Adam and on horses they never heard of before.

The Financial Editor of MacLean's has been endeavoring to seek a solution of the problem of protecting the investor who has not access to such information as would enable him to judge of the soundness of propositions offered to him. To that end investigation has been made of the working of the "blue sky" laws in the United States. The "blue sky" laws are similar in most states, and provide for inspection of new offerings by established central boards who refuse permission for stock selling in the case of promotions that do not appear to offer fair chances of success, and which classify other securities as "A1", or speculative. The weakness of this type of legislation has been that it has interfered to some extent with the operations of the legitimate investment bankers, who have been subjected to considerable delay and annoyance in the flotation of even the soundest of issues and also that the governmental permission to sell securities has been taken by investors to mean that the State endorsed these securities and practically guaranteed their success, which of course was never the intention in any instance.

A better type of law, in the opinion of Howard F. Beebe, chairman of the Legislation Committee of the Investment Bankers Association of America is the New York Fraud Act which gives the district attorneys wide powers in dealing with people offering fraudulent securities.

Some of the schemes that have been thrust upon the Canadian public have seemed perilously near being illegal and probably some of them have actually transgressed the law. But it is an actual fact that no one in authority has seen fit to undertake a campaign to protect the public by taking action against these crooked promoters.

### No Rent Increases, Anyway

FOR the present, eternal watchfulness alone will save the investor from loss. Let him assure himself that the three elements of good investment are present in every security he buys—unless he is frankly out for a speculation or gamble. These elements are: 1. Safety of principal. 2. Assured income return and 3. Salability. If in doubt, buy Victory bonds. There can be no better motto.

The building boom that was promised for the present year has failed to materialize. There never was any reasonable foundation for believing that it would. The costs of building have yet to decline to a level at which building operations can begin on an extended scale. True, there has been a twenty-four per cent decline in building materials since the beginning of the year, but freight rates, labor and builders' hardware are all important factors in building costs and in these three divisions of the cost the decline has not been sufficiently great. There is less building in Canada this year than there was last year, the decline being most noticeable in the West. Next year, there may be more active building but the building boom is not for this fall.

For the first autumn in several years there will be no general increases in rentals, either of dwellings or apartment houses The tendency is more likely to be in the other direction and a nation-wide survey indicates that there is reasonable ground for belief that rents may decline over the course of the winter to some small degree.

### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

**Question**—Would you advise me in connection with shares I bought in the L. R. Steel Corporation? I invested two hundred dollars, having already paid one hundred and sixteen. I thought of paying up the balance and then seeing if they would buy back the shares at a discount as the whole thing worries me. I ought not to have gone into any such scheme and I would be glad to have your opinion in this matter.—Mrs. A. C. Winnipeg.

**Answer:** The L. R. Steel Corporation would seem to have some chance for success. The proposition in itself is on a sound basis, but we are not at all satisfied with the methods being used to sell the stock, believing that altogether too much money is being spent in raising capital. Besides the period is one of very unsettled conditions in retail business and even though the chain store idea is progressing, it would seem to be a question if a new company being launched at this time could be made a success. It would seem to us that it would be much more effective for the company to start in a less pretentious way and develop as warranted by conditions. If you have signed an agreement to take up this stock for $200, you can be called upon for the balance. As to what allowance might be made by the company itself to take the stock off your hands is another matter. It is doubtful if the proposition would be considered on terms anything like satisfactory to yourself.

**Question**—Will you kindly give your opinion in the next issue of MACLEAN'S of the Canadian U. S. Oil and Refining Corporation, Headquarters, Chicago and Toronto? Would stock of this company be safe and profitable as an investment?—J. L. R. Regina.

**Answer:** Canadian United States Oil and Refining Corporation is one of the most unattractive of the oil stocks now being offered on the market. Its prospectus tells a long story of the profits the company is making in the Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana fields but its holdings in Canada are quite small and it looks as if the company got just enough land at Fort Norman to enable it to capitalize the interest in that field that has developed in this country. There is something unsavory, too, in an oil company calling its shares "8% stock" when there is only one class of shares. The company may now be paying 2 per cent. quarterly dividends while it is selling stock but the amount of its future dividends is going to depend entirely upon earnings and calling the shares "8% stock" means absolutely nothing.

**Question**—Kindly advise me re buying shares in the Lion Tire and Rubber Company, Kent Building, Toronto, as an investment.—E. J. W., Lanark.

**Answer:** You could not buy stock in the Lion Tire and Rubber Company, Ltd., except as a gamble. It will certainly be a long time before the stock can safely be put on a dividend basis and in the meantime the shareholders who wish to dispose of their holdings will probably find that there is no market for their shares.

The company is entering a field where competition from strong and efficiently conducted companies is very keen and while there will always be a demand for tires in Canada, the industry is subject to periods of readjustment—such as the present—that are trying to the weaker companies.

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine.*







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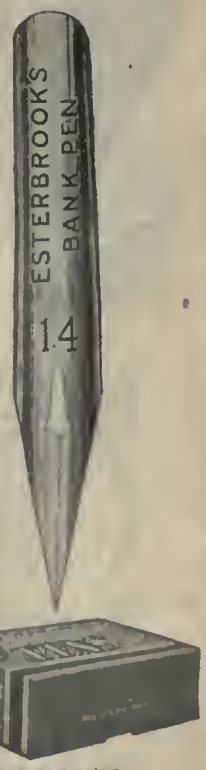
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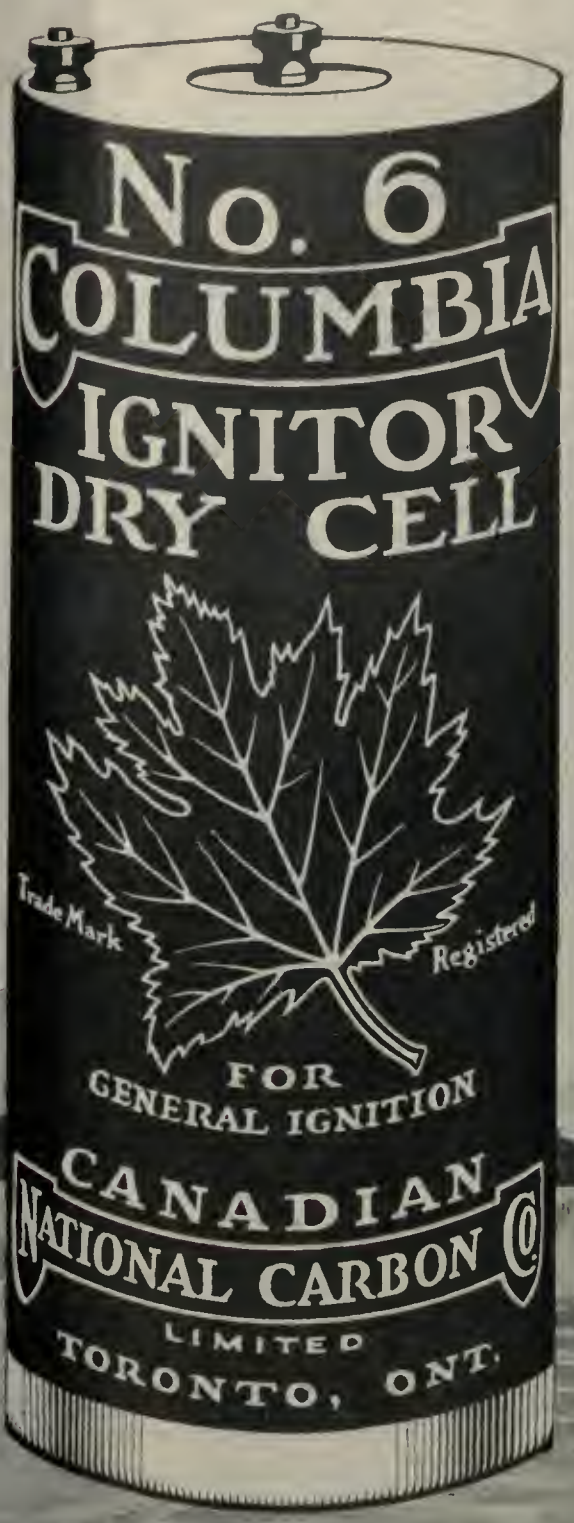
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VOLUME XXXIV.
NUMBER SIXTEEN.

# THE YELLOW STREAK

## By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

*Who Wrote:*

"THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT"

### CHAPTER I

#### The Master of Harkings

OF ALL the luxuries of which Hartley Parrish's sudden rise to wealth gave him possession, Bude, his butler, was the acquisition in which he took the greatest delight and pride. Bude was a large and comfortable looking person, triple-chinned like an archdeacon, bald-headed except for a respectable and saving edging of dark down, clean shaven, benign of countenance with a bold nose which to the physiognomist bespoke both ambition and inborn cleverness. He had a thin, tight mouth which in itself alone was a symbol of discreet reticence, the hall-mark of the trusted family retainer.

Bude had spent his life in the service of the English aristocracy. The Earl of Tipperary, Major-General Lord Bannister, the Dowager Marchioness of Wiltshire and Sir Herbert Marcobrunner Bart. had in turn watched his gradual progress from pantry-boy to butler. Bude was a man whose maxim had been the French saying: "*Je prends mon bien ou je le trouve*".

In his thirty years' service he had always sought to discover and draw from those sources of knowledge which were at his disposal. From MacTavish, who had supervised Lord Tipperary's world-famous gardens, he had learnt a great deal about flowers so that the arrangement of the floral decorations was always one of the features at Hartley Parrish's *soigne* dinner parties. From Brun, the unsurpassed *chef*, whom Lord Bannister had picked up when serving with the Guards in Egypt, he had gathered sufficient knowledge of the higher branches of the *cuisine* to enable Hartley Parrish to leave the arrangement of the menu in his butler's hands.

BUDE would have been the first to admit that, socially speaking, his present situation was not the equal of the positions he had held. There was none of the staid dignity about his present employer which was inborn in men like Lord Tipperary or Lord Bannister and which Sir Herbert Marcobrunner, with the easy assimilative faculty of his race, had very successfully acquired. Below middle height, thick-set and powerfully built, with a big head, narrow eyes and a massive chin, Hartley Parrish, in his absorbed concentration on his business, had no time for the acquisition or practice of the Eton manner.

It was characteristic of Parrish that, seeing Bude at a dinner-party at Marcobrunner's he should have engaged him on the spot. It took Bude a week to get over his shock at the manner in which the offer was made. Parrish had approached him as he was supervising the departure of the guests. Waving aside the footman who offered to help him into his overcoat, Parrish had asked Bude point-blank what wages he was getting. Bude mentioned the generous remuneration he was receiving from Sir Herbert Marcobrunner, whereupon Parish had remarked:

"Come to me and I'll double it. I'll give you a week to think it over. Let my secretary know!"

After a few discreet enquiries Bude, faithful to his maxim, had accepted Parrish's offer. Marcobrunner was furiously angry but, being anxious to interest Parrish in a deal, sagely kept his feelings to himself. And Bude had never regretted the change. He found Parrish an exacting but withal a just and a generous master and he was not long in realising that, as long as he kept Harkings, Parrish's country place where he spent the greater part of his time, running smoothly according to Parrish's schedule, he could count on a life situation.

THE polish of manner, the sober dignity of dress, acquired from years of acute observation in the service of the nobility, were to be seen as, at the hour of five, in the twilight of this bleak autumn afternoon, Bude moved majestically into the lounge hall of Harkings and leisurely pounded the gong for tea.

The muffled notes of the gong swelled out brazenly through the silent house. They echoed down the softly carpeted corridors to the library where the master of the house sat at his desk. For days he had been immersed in the figures of the new issue which Hornaway's, the vast engineering business of his creation, was about to put on the market. They reverberated up the fine old oak staircase to the luxurious Louis XV bedroom where Lady Margaret Trevert lay on her bed idly smiling through an amusing novel.

They crashed through the thickly padded baize doors leading to the servant's hall where, at sixpence a hundred, Parrish's man, Jay, was partnering Lady Margaret's maid against Mrs. Heever, the housekeeper, and Robert, the chauffeur, at a friendly game of bridge. And they even boomed distantly into the far-away billiard-room and broke into the talk which Robin Greve was having with Mary Trevert.

"Damn!" exclaimed Greve savagely, as the distant gonging came to his ears.

"It's the gong for tea," said Mary demurely.

She was sitting in one of the big leather sofas lining the long room. Robin, as he gazed down at her from where he stood with his back against the edge of the billiard table, thought what an attractive picture she made in the half-light.

THE lamps over the table were lit but the rest of the room was almost dark. In that lighting the thickly waving dark hair brought out the fine whiteness of the girl's skin. There was love and a great desire for love in her large dark eyes but the clear-cut features, the well-shaped chin and the firm mouth, the lips a little full, spoke of ambition and the love of power.

"I've been here three whole days, and I've not had two words with you alone, Mary. And hardly have I got you to myself for a quiet game of billiards when that rotten gong goes...."

"I'm sorry you're disappointed at missing your game," the girl replied mischievously, "but I expect you will be able to get a game with Horace or one of the others after *tea*...."

Robin kicked the carpet savagely.

"You know perfectly well I don't want to play billiards...."



"There . . . in the library . . . he's got the door locked.. .. .. there was a shot—"

He looked up and caught the girl's eyes. For a fraction of a second he saw in it the expression which every man at least once in his life looks to see in the eyes of one particular woman. In the girl's dark blue eyes fringed with long black lashes he saw the dumb appeal, the mute surrender, which as surely as the white flag on the battlements in war is the signal of capitulation in woman.

But the expression was gone on the instant. It passed so swiftly that, for a second, Robin, seeing the gently mocking glance that succeeded it, wondered whether he had been mistaken.

But he was a man of action—a glance at his long, well-moulded head, his quick, wide open eye and his square jaw would have told you that—and he spoke.



"Go on," said Robin quickly, "what are you waiting for, man? There's no time to lose!"

"It's no use beating about the bush," he said. "Mary, I've got so fond of you that I'm just miserable when you're away from me...."

"Oh, Robin, please...."

Mary Trevert stood up and remained standing, her head turned a little away from him, a charming silhouette in her heather blue shooting suit.

The young man took her listless hand.

"My dear," he said, "you and I have been pals all our lives. It was only at the front that I began to realise just how much you meant to me. And now I know I can't do without you. I've never met anyone who has been to me just what you are. And, Mary, I must have you as my wife...."

The girl remained motionless. She kept her face averted. The room seemed very still.

"Oh, Robin, please...." she murmured again.

Resolutely the young man put an arm about her and drew her to him. Slowly, reluctantly, she let him have his way. But she would not look at him.

"Oh, my dear," he whispered kissing her hair, "don't you care a little?"

She remained silent.

"Won't you look at me, Mary?"

There was a hint of huskiness in his voice. He raised her face to his.

"I saw in your eyes just now that you cared for me," he whispered, "oh, my Mary, say that you do!"

THEN he bent down and kissed her. For a brief instant their lips met and he felt the caress of the girl's arm about his neck.

"Oh, Robin!" she said.

That was all.

But then she drew away.

Reluctantly the man let her go. The colour had faded from his cheeks when she looked at him again, as he stood facing her in the twilight of the billiard room.

"Robin, dear," she said. "I'm going to hurt you."

The young man seemed to have a premonition of what was coming, for he betrayed no sign of surprise but remained motionless, very erect, very pale.

"Dear," said the girl with a little despairing shrug, "it's hopeless! We can't afford to marry!"

"Not yet, I know," said Robin, "but I'm getting on well, Mary, and in another year or two...."

The girl looked down at the point of her little brogue shoe.

"I don't know what you will think of me," she said. "but I can't accept....I can't face....I...."

"You can't face the idea of being the wife of a man who has his way to make. Is that it?"

His voice was rather stern.

The girl looked up impulsively.

"I can't, Robin. I should never make you happy. Mother and I are as poor as church-mice. All the money in the family goes to keep Horace in the Army and pay for my clothes."

She looked disdainfully at her pretty suit.

"All this," she went on, with a little hopeless gesture indicating her tailormade, "is Mother's investment. No, no, it's true....I can tell you as a friend, Robin dear, we are living on our capital until I have caught a rich husband."

"Oh, my dear," said Robin softly, "don't say things like that...."

The girl laughed a little defiantly.

"But it's true," she answered. "The war has halved Mother's income and there's nothing between us and bankruptcy but a year or so....unless I get married!"

Her voice trembled a little and she turned away.

"Mary," said the young man hoarsely, "for God's sake, don't do that!"

He moved a step toward her but she drew back.

"It's all right," she said with the tears glistening wet on her face and dabbed at her eyes with her tiny handkerchief, "but, oh, Robin boy, why couldn't you have held your tongue?"

"I suppose I had no right to speak...." the young man began.

The girl sighed.

"I oughtn't to say it....now," she said slowly and looked across at Robin with shining eyes, "but, Robin dear, I'm....I'm glad you did!"

She paused a moment as though turning something over in her mind.

"I've....I've got something to tell you, Robin," she began. "No, stay where you are! We must be sensible now."

She paused and looked at him.

"Robin," she said slowly. "I've promised to marry somebody else...."

There was a moment's silence.

"Who is it?" Robin asked in a hard voice.

The girl made no answer.

"Who is it? Do I know him?"

Still the girl was silent but she gave a hardly perceptible nod.

"Not....? No, no, Mary, it isn't true? It can't be true?"

The girl nodded, her eyes to the ground.

"It's a secret still," she said. "No one knows but Mother. Hartley doesn't want it announced yet!"

THE sound of the Christian name suddenly seemed to infuriate Greve.

"By God!" he cried, "it shan't be! You must be mad, Mary, to think of marrying a man like Hartley Parrish. A fellow who's years older than you, who thinks of nothing but money, who stood out of the war and made a fortune while men of his own age were doing the fighting for him! It's unthinkable..it's..it's damnable to think of a gross, ill-bred creature like Parrish...."

"Robin!" the girl cried, "you seem to forget that we're staying in his house. In spite of all you say he seems to be good enough for you to come and stay with..."

"I only came because you were to be here. You know that perfectly well. I admit one oughtn't to blackguard one's host, but, Mary, you must see that this marriage is absolutely out of the question!"

The girl began to bridle up.

"Why?" she asked loftily.

"Because... because Parrish is not the sort of man who will make you happy...."

"And why not, may I ask? He's very kind and very generous and I believe he likes me...."

Robin Greve made a gesture of despair.

"My dear girl," he said, trying to control himself to speak quietly, "what do you know about this man? Nothing. But there are beastly stories circulating about his life...."

Mary Trevert laughed cynically.

"My dear old Robin," she said, "they tell stories about every bachelor. And I hardly think you are an unbiased judge...."

Robin Greve was pacing up and down the floor.

"You're crazy, Mary," he said, stopping in front of her, "to dream you can ever be happy with a man like Hartley Parrish. The man's a ruthless egoist. He thinks of nothing but money and he's out to buy you just exactly as you...."

"As I am ready to sell myself!" the girl echoed. "And I *am* ready, Robin. It's all very well for you to stand there and preach ideals at me but I'm sick and disgusted at the life we've been leading for the past three years, hovering on the verge of ruin all the time, dunned by tradesmen and having to borrow even from servants... yes, from old servants of the family....to pay Mother's bridge debts. Mother's a good sort. Father spent all her money for her and she was brought up in exactly the same helpless way as she brought up me. I can do absolutely nothing except the sort of elementary nursing which we all learnt in the war and if I don't marry well Mother will have to keep a boarding-house or do something ghastly like that. I'm not going to pretend that I'm thinking only of her because I'm not. I can't face a long engagement with



"It's a secret still," she said. "No one knows but Mother. Hartley doesn't want it announced yet."



All eyes turned to Robin. "It's perfectly true," he said. "I went out into the garden for a mouthful of fresh air just before tea."

no prospects except castles in Spain. I don't mean to be callous, Robin, but I expect I am naturally hard. Hartley Parrish is a good sort. He's very fond of me and he will see that Mother lives comfortably for the rest of her life. I've promised to marry him because I like him and he's a suitable match. And I don't see by what right you try and run him down to me behind his back! If it's jealousy, then it shows a very petty spirit!"

ROBIN Greve stepped close up to Mary Trevert. His eyes were very angry and his jaw was set very square.

"If you are determined to sell yourself to the highest bidder," he said, "I suppose there's no stopping you But you're making a mistake. If Parrish were all you claim for him you might not repent of this marriage so long as you did not care for somebody else. But I know you love me and it breaks my heart to see you blundering into everlasting unhappiness...."

"At least Hartley will be able to keep me," the girl flashed out. Directly she had spoken she regretted her words.

A red flush spread slowly over Robin Greve's face.

Then he laughed drily.

"You won't be the first woman he's kept!" he retorted and stamped out of the billiard-room.

The girl gave a little gasp. Then she reddened with anger.

"How dare he?" she cried, stamping her foot, "how dare he?"

She sank on the lounge and burying her face in her hands burst into tears.

"Oh, Robin, Robin, dear!" she sobbed—incomprehensibly for she was a woman.

## CHAPTER II

### At Twilight.

THERE is a delicious snugness, a charming lack of formality, about the ceremony of afternoon tea in an English country house—it is much too indefinite a rite to dignify by the name of meal—which makes it the most pleasant reunion of the day. For English country-house parties consist, for the most part, of a succession of meals to which the guests flock the more congenially as, in the interval, they have contrived to avoid one another's companionship.

And so, scarcely had the last reverberation of Bude's measured gonging died away, than the French window leading from the lounge-hall on to the terrace was pushed open and two of Hartley Parrish's guests emerged from the falling darkness without into the pleasant comfort of the fire-lit room.

They were an oddly-matched pair. The one was a tubby little man with short bristly grey hair and a short bristly grey moustache to match. His stumpy legs looked ridiculous in his baggy golf knickers of rough tweed which he wore with gaiters extending half way up his short, stout calves. As he came in he slung off the heavy tweed shooting cloak he had been wearing and placed it with his Homburg hat on a chair.

This was Dr. Romain whose name thus written seems indecently naked without the string of complementary initials indicative of the honours and degrees which years of bacteriological research had heaped upon him. His companion was a tall, slim, fair-haired young man, about as good a specimen of the young Englishman turned out by the English public school as one could find. He was extremely good-looking with a proud eye and finely chiselled features but the suggestion of youth in his face and figure was countered by a certain poise, a kind of latent seriousness which contrasted strangely with the general cheery insouciance of his type.

A soldier would have spotted the symptoms at once. "Five years of war!" would have been his verdict—that long and strange entry into life of so many thousands of England's manhood which impressed the stamp of premature seriousness on all those who came through. And Captain Sir Horace Trevert, Bart., D.S.O. had gone from his famous school straight into a famous regiment, had won his decoration before he was twenty-one and been twice wounded into the bargain.

"Where's everybody?" queried the doctor rubbing his hands at the blazing log-fire.

"Robin and Mary went off to play billiards," said the young man, "and I left old Parrish after lunch settling down for an afternoon's work in the library....."

He crossed the room to the fire and stood with his back to the flame.

"What a worker that man is!" ejaculated the doctor. "He had one of his secretaries down this morning, with a car full of portfolios, blue prints, specifications and God knows what else. Parrish polished the whole lot off and packed the fellow back to London before mid-day. Some of Hornaway's people who were waiting went in next and he was through with them by lunch time!"

Trevert wagged his head in admiration.

"And he told me he wanted to have a quiet week-end!" he said. "That's why he has no secretary living in the house."

"A quiet week-end!" repeated Romain drily. "Ye gods!"

"He's a marvel for work," said the young man.

"HE CERTAINLY is," replied the doctor. "He's done wonders with Hornaway's. When he took the place over at the beginning of the war, they were telling me, it was a little potty concern making toy air-guns or lead soldiers or something of the sort. And they never stop coining money now, it seems. Parrish must be worth millions....."

"Lucky devil!" said Trevert genially.

"Ah!" observed the doctor sententiously, "but he's had to work for it, mark you! He's had the most extraordinary life they tell me. He was at one period of his career a bar tender on the Rand, a man was saying at the club the other day. But most of his life he's lived in Canada, I gather. He was telling us the other evening, before you and Mary came down, that he was once a brakesman on the Canadian Pacific Railway. He said he invested all his savings in books on engineering and read them in his brakesman's van on his trips across the Dominion. Ah! he's a fine fellow!"

He lowered his voice discreetly.

"And a devilish good match, eh, Horace?"

The young man flushed slightly.

"Yes," he said unwillingly.

"A dam good match for somebody," urged the doctor with a malicious twinkle in his eye.

"Here, Doc." said Horace suddenly turning on him, "you stick to your bugs and germs. What do you know about match-making anyway?"

Dr. Romain chuckled.

"We bacteriologists are trained observers. One learns a lot watching the life and habits of the bacillus, Horace, my boy. And between ourselves Parrish would be a lucky fellow if...."

Trevert turned to him. His face was quite serious and there was a little touch of hauteur in his voice. He was the seventeenth Baronet.

"My dear Doc." he said, "aren't you going a bit fast? Parrish is a very good chap but one knows nothing about him...."

Sagely the doctor nodded his grizzled head.

"That's true," he agreed. "He appears to have no relatives and nobody over here seems to have heard of him before the war. A man was saying at the Athenaeum the other day...."

Trevert touched his elbow. Bude had appeared, portly, imperturbable, bearing a silver tray set out with the appliances for tea.

"Bude," cried Trevert, "don't tell me there are no tea-cakes again!"

"On the contrary, sir," answered the butler in the richly sonorous voice pitched a little below the normal register which he employed above stairs, "the cook has had her attention drawn to it. There are tea-cakes, sir!"

With a certain dramatic effect—for Bude was a trifle theatrical in everything he did—he whipped the cover off a dish and displayed a smoking pile of deliciously browned scones.

"Bude," said Trevert, "when I'm a Field-Marshal, I'll see you get the O.B.E. for this!"

The butler smiled a nicely regulated three-by-one smile, a little deprecatory as was his wont. Then like a tank taking a corner he wheeled majestically and turned to cross the lounge. To reach the green baize door leading to the servants' quarters he had to cross the outer hall from which led corridors on the right and left. That on the right led to the billiard room; that on the left to the big drawing-room with the library beyond.

As Bude reached the great screen of tooled Spanish leather which separated a corner of the lounge from the outer hall Robin Greve came hastily through the glass door of the corridor leading from the billiard room. The butler with a pleasant smile drew back a little to allow the young man to pass, thinking he was going into the lounge for tea.

"Tea is...." he began but abruptly ended the sentence on catching sight of the young man's face. For Robin, habitually so self-possessed, looked positively haggard. His face was set and there was a weary look in his eyes. The young man appeared so utterly different from his wonted self that Bude fairly stared at him.

BUT Robin, without paying the least attention either to the butler or to the sound of voices in the lounge, strode across the outer hall and disappeared through the glass door of the corridor leading to the great drawing-room and the library.

Bude stood an instant gazing after him in perplexity then moved across the hall to the servants' quarters.

In the meantime in the lounge the little doctor snapped the case of his watch and opined that he wanted his tea.

"Where on earth has everybody got to? What's become of Lady Margaret? I haven't seen her since lunch...."

That lady answered his question by appearing in person.

Lady Margaret was tall and hard and glittering. Like so many Englishwomen of good family she was so saturated with the traditions of her class that her manner was almost indistinguishable from that of a man. Well-mannered, broad-minded, wholly cynical and absolutely fearless, she went through life exactly as though she were following a path carefully taped out for her by a suitably instructed Providence. Somewhere beneath the mask of smiling indifference she presented so bravely to a difficult world she had a heart, but so carefully did she hide it that Horace had only discovered it on a certain grey November morning when he had started out for the first time on active service. For ever afterwards a certain weighing machine at Waterloo Station, by which he had had a startling vision of his mother standing with heaving bosom and tear-stained face, possessed in his mind the attributes of some secret and sacred shrine.

But now she was cool and well-gowned and self-contained as ever.

"What a perfectly dreadful day!" she exclaimed in her pleasant well-bred voice. "Horace, you must positively go and see Henry What's-his-name in the Foreign Office and get me a passport for Cannes. The weather in England in th winter is incredibly exaggerated!"

"At least," said the doctor rubbing his back as he warmed himself at the fire, "we have fuel in England. Give me England, climate and all, but don't take away my fire. The sun doesn't shine on the Riviera at night, you know!"

Lady Margaret busied herself at the tea-table with its fine Queen Anne silver and dainty yellow cups. It was the custom at Harkings to serve tea in the winter without other illumination than the light of the great log fire that spat and leaped in the open hearth. Beyond the semi-circle of ruddy light the great lounge was all in darkness and beyond that again was the absolute stillness of the English country on a winter's evening.

AND so with a gentle clatter of teacups and the accompaniment of pleasant modulated voices they sat and chatted—Lady Margaret, who was always surprising in what she said, the doctor who was incredibly opinionated and young Trevert, who like all of the younger generation was daringly flippant. He was airing his views on what he called "Boche music" when he broke off and cried:

"Hullo, here's Mary! Mary, you owe me half a crown. Bude has come up to the scratch and there are tea-cakes after....but, I say, what on earth's the matter?"

The girl had come into the room and was standing in the centre of the lounge in the ruddy glow of the fire. Her face was deathly pale and she was shuddering violently. She held her little cambric handkerchief crushed up into a ball to her lips. Her eyes were fixed, almost glazed, like one who walks in a trance.

She stood like that for an instant surveying the group—Lady Margaret, a silver tea-pot in one hand, looking at her with uplifted brows; Horace, who in his amazement had taken a step forward and the doctor at his side scrutinizing her beneath his shaggy eyebrows.

"My dear Mary,"....it was Lady Margaret's smooth and pleasant voice which broke the silence...."whatever is the matter? Have you seen a ghost!"

The girl swayed a little and opened her lips as if to speak. A log, crashing from the fire into the grate, fell upon the silence of the darkening room. It seemed to break the spell.

"Hartley!"

The name came hoarsely from the girl. Everybody, except Lady Margaret, sprang to their feet. It was the doctor who spoke first.

"Miss Mary," he said, "you seem frightened. What...."

His voice was very soothing.

Mary Trevert made a vague gesture towards the shadows about the staircase.

"There....in the library....he's got the door locked... there was a shot...."

Then she suddenly screamed aloud.

In a stride both the doctor and her brother were by her side. But she motioned them away.

"I'm frightened about Hartley," she said in a low voice, "please go at once and see what....that shot.... and he doesn't answer!"

"Come on, doctor!"

Horace Trevert was halfway to the big screen separating the lounge from the outer hall. As he passed the bell he pressed it.

"Send Bude to us, Mother, when he comes, please!" he called as he and the doctor hurried away.

Lady Margaret had risen and stood, one arm about her daughter, on the Persian rug spread out before the cheerful fire. So the women stood in the firelight in Hartley Parrish's house, surrounded by all the treasures which his wealth had bought, and listened to the footsteps clattering away through the silence.



"Ask me any questions you wish, Inspector. I will tell you everything I can."

## CHAPTER III

### A Discovery

HARKINGS was not a large house. Some three hundred years ago it had been a farm but in the intervening years successive owners had so altered it by pulling down and building on that, when it passed into the possession of Hartley Parrish, little else than the open fireplace in the lounge remained to tell of the original farm. It was a queer rambling house of only two stories whose elongated shape was accentuated by the additional wing which Hartley Parrish had built on.

For the decoration of his country house Parrish had placed himself unreservedly in the hands of the firm entrusted with the work. Their architect was given *carte blanche* to produce a house of character out of the rather dingy, out-of-date country villa which Harkings was when Hartley Parrish, attracted by the view from the gardens, first discovered it.

The architect had gone to his work with a zest. He had ripped up walls and ceilings and torn down irrational matchwood partitions, discovering some fine old oak wainscot and the blackened roof-beams of the original farmstead. In the upshot he transformed Harkings into a very fair semblance of a late Jacobean house, fitted with every modern convenience and extremely comfortable. Furnished throughout with genuine "period" furniture, with fine dark oak panelling and parquet floors, it was altogether picturesque. Neither within nor without, it is true, would a connoisseur have been able to give it a date.

But that did not worry Hartley Parrish. He loved a bargain and he had bought the house cheap. It was situated in beautiful country and was within easy reach by car of his town house in St. James' Square where he lived for the greater part of the week. Last but not least Harkings was the casket enshrining a treasure, the realisation of a lifelong wish. This was the library, Parrish's own room, designed by himself and furnished to his own individual taste.

It stood apart from the rest of the house at the end of the wing which Parrish had constructed. The wing consisted of a single ground floor and contained the drawing room, scarcely ever used as both Parrish and his guests preferred the more congenial surroundings of the lounge, and the library. A long corridor panelled in oak led off the hall to the new wing. On to this corridor both the drawing room and the library opened. Halfway down the corridor a small passage ran off. It separated the drawing room from the library and ended in a door leading into the gardens at the back of the house.

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# Drayton, the Practical: By THE "MAKE-UP" MAN

WERE I a novelist sketching a character for Henry Herbert Drayton I would have him, except in one item, just about all that he is not. He should be unmarried, live with his maiden aunt, most of his time make very little money and depend for his income upon winning about three good criminal prosecutions a year; the rest of his time to be spent reading up criminal psychology and taking his aunt to see pictures. The commonplace scene-shifter who placed behind people the scenery of real life has bungled Sir Henry, thereby robbing him of much interest. What a net a man with his classic patience and enormous ferret instinct for minutiae could have woven about some cunning but once too often unwary murderer.

Instead we have Drayton, K.C. pushing himself methodically through a series of legal metamorphoses, at each change getting one convolution higher, by public corporation solicitorships and county attorneyships, burrowing into hydro-electric affairs for Toronto until he becomes Dominion Railway Commission chairman—seven years at that—and at last steps out into the full glare of undramatic notoriety by taking office as Minister of Finance in 1919.

Well, in that capacity he has rubber-stamped millions of people in the region of their pockets whom he would have missed altogether had he been taking his maiden aunt to the picture galleries between detective cases. Besides he has three or four children, and I'm sure that when some lady writes the cinema of his life she will portray him as a hugely devoted papa with perfect young geniuses of children who yearn to spend papa's money upon the very luxuries against which he is warning the parents of other young people.

Once,—it was something to do with Niagara power,—I heard Mr. Drayton weaving a dull dry web of apparently trivial evidence about some very important people. It seems to me that one William Mackenzie was a particular object; if not he should have been. Once you admit that Drayton belongs to corporation instead of criminal law—though sometimes there's precious little difference—Mackenzie and Adam Beck are just the sort of audacious public-interest performers that a man like him should be after. He seemed to have an insatiable capacity for picking out little filaments of dry-as-dust technique from which on behalf of an impersonal client like the city of Toronto he could deftly manage to get a web of silk about the anti-civic despot who regards a city as a ring to be worked for dividends and people merely a common dots and carry ones.

He impressed me then as a born Englishman. He had the neat, chiseled accents and the imperturbable air of a perfect gentleman, with a touch of nonchalance and the suggestion that if at the time of adjournment he had just got to the up stroke of a small "i" he could leave it there and come back to-morrow beginning precisely where he had left off. But he was not born in England; only educated there—which is something. A few more of our public men would be the better for a little Harrowing.

### Our Bold and Merry Highwaymen

ONCE into public finance, Sir Henry does not propose to be a mere reverberation of Sir Thomas White. Never have we had two such drastic highwayman budgets as those which Drayton flung at the people in 1920 and 1921. From the tone of any supplementary remarks which he feels like making in order to amuse us while he lightens our pockets, it may be worse next year and thereafter unless we have a care. This man has never uttered a soothing phrase since he took office. He has made no attempt to furbelow our finances. He is not even concerned about the precise political effect of his taxes and tariffs. We never had a finance minister who so disregarded the Gladstonian principle, that if figures cannot lie they may at least make romance of the truth. In the two years that he has been budgeteering, this dapper, tailored man with the sailor hat and the truculent jaw and the heavy outskirts to his eyes has treated a budget as though it were a Santa Claus stocking to be talked about a long while in advance so that when it comes it may be all the more significant.

Such budgets as he gives us are not the work of a true Conservative. They bear no interesting bigotries of the party. They deal only secondarily with tariffs. I believe Sir Henry knows that most people regard a tariff as a very oblique way of getting into your pocket. Indirect taxation is like spending money on civic improvements or raising the mayor's salary; nobody feels it coming directly out of his own pocket. People have always had to compute tariffs and argue about them. Only the farmers can make them into frightful realities. Nobody understands a tariff anyway when it comes to the schedule. Its chief use is for winning and losing elections.

But Sir Henry's admonishing finger goes up, and we are hushed to see what is the really cruel thing he intends to show us next, that will hurt just like a thumbscrew. He smiles and flips down a long scroll of—direct and drastic taxes.

"This is going to hurt you all, good people," he says. "But I may as well be honest about it. I am not a financial Christian Scientist .You will all feel better after you are properly hurt."

Thus far we remember chiefly how it hurt. We are still hoping to feel better.

Drayton had some grounding in practical finance long before he took any of the detail jobs that have had so much to do with computations and costs. We are reminded of a little episode of his early youth in Toronto.



SIR HENRY DRAYTON.

Harry Drayton and Frank Baillie were schoolboys together. They lived on the same street. A neighbor was about to have an auction sale of his goods, but looking over the lot he made a present of a punching bag to Harry and Frank, no doubt because he foresaw that they would both have strenuous lives. The boys thanked him and took away the bag. On the way home Harry said to Frank;

"Do you really want a share in that punching bag?"

"Not so keen as I might be," said Frank. "Why?"

"Because he had something else I'd rather have. Remember that little printing press?"

"Oh, what he uses to print calling cards on?"

"How would you like to go snooks with me and get that, Frank?"

"He wants $6.50 for it though."

"Oh. That's different. Here, let me sell the bag anyhow. That'll be a start."

Frank, already budding into finance, sold the bag for $1.25.

"Well, we're still shy $5.25, Frank," said the coming finance minister of Canada.

"Yes, and it's your move, Harry."

"All right, I've got an idea. You wait."

Next day the financiers met and Harry had a fine steel trout rod.

"See that, Frank? Got that from dad. Made me a present of it—at my own suggestion. What is she worth?"

"Don't you want to fish, Harry?"

"Not if you can sell the rod."

Frank took it and looked it over.

"Sure," he said. "I'll sell that for the company."

There being no kinks in either of these young men, the sequel is that Frank sold the trout rod for $5.25 and Harry proudly took the entire $6.50 to the neighbor, paid for the press and had it taken home to his attic where it must be presumed the two of them spent rainy days printing calling cards.

### He Never Splutters Into Print.

CANADA took very little interest in Drayton till he came to be Chairman of the Railway Commission. But by that time the said commission was no longer the grand court it had been in the days of J. Pitt Mabee. It settled more disputes than ever and settled them as well as ever. Drayton had almost twice the mileage to cover as that Mabee had in 1903. He did it with tireless exactitude. He was less concerned with the ethical issues at stake in decisions between railways and communities than with the unethical fact of such a prodigal lot of lines having been built at all to give trouble to the nation. We were just getting to the end of the race of the railroads, when thousands of foreigners had been dumped into the country with shovel and pick, and thousands of miles of new railway built that would shortly be a charge on the country.

An able writer a few years ago wrote a series of articles in a Canadian publication headed, "Is there a Railway Muddle?" Being himself a railwayman he seemed to think that the muddle, if any, was chargeable to conditions over which the railways had little or no control.

Mr. Drayton shrewdly traversing the network of those prodigally-built railways, felt no need of asking any such question. He carried on into the slump in business, and on into the war when the Railway War Board, practising a sort of church union by cutting out competition and rerouting traffic for the sake of getting war haulage done as quickly as possible, left very little for the Drayton court to settle. But there was a bigger settlement to come later and Drayton was to have a hand in it.

As Chairman of the commission he never made a statement that was good for a headline, or coined an epigram, or lost his temper, or spluttered into print. But on a certain occasion before he retired from the Commission Sir Henry put on record a number of things that the people of this country read with acute and sustained interest. This was the report of the Smith-Drayton-Acworth Commission for the purpose of finding out whether the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific could ever manage to pay their own debts, including interest on multi-millions borrowed from abroad, or whether, debts and all, they should be handed over to the people of Canada?

During the war this nation had many commissions. Their very names are mostly forgotten. Most of them committed themselves to nothing. This commission to investigate railroad bankruptcy was fated to be very different. Much of the difference was in Sir Henry Drayton, who, had he been asked the question, would have saved the country the cost of the commission.

But of course he was prejudiced, and against the roads. He knew those roads. The minority report of the chief of the New York Central made no difference to the grim bulldog judgment of the chief railway commissioner—that the two secondary systems of Canadian railways were alike and for much the same causes constitutionally bankrupt and had therefore better be sold out to the nation.

What more disagreeable qualification could a man have for being made Minister of Finance? The air-holes that White had skated around Drayton proposed to go right over and to take the people with him. What the common stock of these roads might be worth was for Sir Thomas to find out. By the time Sir Henry went to the national ledger that matter was all adjusted and the thing left was to raise the money to pay for the roads and the interest.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends even when they do not meet. The little Houdini of calculations was at last into a predicament where it seemed that he never could figure himself out. One fancies him gazing intently over the Finance Department of whose precise technique he knew nothing as yet and saying to himself:

"Well, White did a wonderful turn. I don't believe the audience will like mine half as well—at first. No audiences ever do. I'm bound to be more or less unpopular because I don't know how to act a bit like Tetrazzini."

### Tagging the Money-Bloated Country

THE great organized orgy was over, when the dollars followed the drum and the drum thumped at every cross-road; when a Victory Bond in every top commode drawer was more necessary than a bottle in every cellar. The whole nation, four times tagged for Victory, was once more tagged for reconstruction. Done with credits to England for purchase of war material in Canada, we were invited to extend credits to war-swept nations in Europe who would be sure to want things made in Canada to help put them on President Wilson's new map of self-determination. Even profiteers now admitted that everything was abnormal. The whole country was like a milk-fed pumpkin at the fair. War wages inclined every man to become a profiteer. The land was teeming with war money and denuded of necessary goods. People who used to be content with good wages, a plain rented home and a bottle of beer, went out after short hours, high wages, French heels, $300 coats and motor-cars.

*Continued on page 46*

# An Unconventional Introduction

*By* "SAPPER" H. C. McNEILE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

BARROW'S Department Store presented the appearance of an exit from a football ground after a championship game. One of their periodical sales was in progress, and frenzied women fought furiously over remnants and other things dear to the feminine soul. In odd corners a few unfortunate men who had been lured in, contemplated the scene with terror, while wave after wave of bargain hunters surged past them with the light of battle in their eyes. But it was essentially a female performance, the only function of mere man being to hold the spoils if and when they were obtained.

The tobacco department was a backwater—calm and peaceful, and from it Jim Fairfax surveyed the scene with a faint smile. He had bought the tobacco he wanted, and some cigars for his brother-in-law, and was waiting for his parcel to be done up. And though he was supremely unconscious of the fact, at least two of the girls who assisted in that department were as interested in him as he was in the struggle close at hand.

Sales they had seen often; men like Jim Fairfax very rarely. Brown and tanned with western suns, he had the clear direct look in his eyes which comes only with an open-air life and big spaces. They were very blue and he smiled with them in a way that was wholly charming—at least, so many women had thought and even told the owner—though up to date the information had not affected him greatly. Also he was about thirty-three, which is not a bad age for an unattached bachelor with a certain amount of money. Added to which his clothes fitted him, and he was as well groomed as a man has any right to be. Small wonder then at the interest of the two assistants.

He turned to the man who gave him his parcel.

"Can one get through?" he hazarded, waving a hand at the mob.

The man grinned. "It has been done, sir. Which department do you want?"

"Jewelry," answered Fairfax.

"Third to the left, and straight on, sir."

IT TOOK him five minutes to get there, but at last he arrived gasping. The jewelry department itself was not the scene of much activity, but its position was unfortunate. It lay between the lingerie and the bargains in linen, and two streams of packed humanity were passing ceaselessly through it. And only the fact that a small present to his sister was as invariable a matter of routine on his periodical returns from the West, as cigars for her husband, made him remain at the counter.

"Rings, sir. Certainly."

The man produced a tray, and Jim Fairfax bent over it. He didn't want anything too expensive, but he and his sister had been great pals and he had only arrived that morning after three years in Alberta. Something about $100 would do nicely, he reflected—and at that moment he very distinctly felt a hand come through between his right elbow and his side. In a flash the lazy whimsical look in his eyes had vanished, to be replaced by one that was very different. Behind him the crowd was wedged in a complete block; on the other side of the counter the assistant was bending down for another tray. And in his left hand, gripped tight as a vice was a small wrist.

He swung round and stared over his shoulder—stared into the terrified eyes of a girl. Her face was close to his, and it struck him with a sort of dull amazement that it was one of the loveliest he had ever seen. A thief!

Her breath was coming in little panting gasps, as she struggled for a second or two to free her hand; then with what was almost a sob she gave up trying, and turned her head away.

On the instant he made up his mind. He might be a fool, and he was certainly wrong, but he felt that he could not give this girl away. And so he turned completely round with his back to the counter and faced her. Then he looked down at her right hand.

"Open it, please," he ordered quietly.

Without a word she did so, and he frowned slightly. Lying in the palm was a ring with a big pearl surrounded by a ring of smaller diamonds. He glanced at her face and it was deathly white; then he looked back again at the ring.

"So that is the one you prefer," he said deliberately He drew her forward nearer the counter, and spoke to the assistant.

"Don't bother about any more; the lady likes this one." He held it out, and the man took it to examine the price

And now the girl was staring at him fearfully, as if the thing had got beyond her.

"What are you going to do?" she whirered, at length, while the assistant was placing the ring in a box.

"I am going to ask for the pleasure of —our compan at tea," answered Jim Fairfax quietly. "They supply it, I believe, upstairs—or they did when I was last in the East and I rather want to talk to you."

"But I don't understand," she stammered, and then fell silent, as she watched him pull a roll of bills out of his pocket and hand four "fifties" across the counter. And she was still staring at him half-dazedly five minutes later, as he gave



"Don't spoil it all now, Jim Fairfax, please."

an order to a waitress for tea.

"Well," he said, when they were alone, "would you please explain."

"You wouldn't understand if I told you." She was making a desperate effort to keep her hands from trembling and suddenly Jim Fairfax smiled. She seemed such a pathetic little criminal.

"I might make an attempt anyway," he remarked quietly. "However—leaving that for the moment—might I ask you if you do this sort of thing often?"

HER FACE flamed, and then as she met his imperturbable look, her eyes slowly filled with tears.

"I suppose you won't believe me," she whispered, "but I've never done such a thing before."

"On the contrary," he answered "I believe you absolutely. If you will forgive my saying so, you were so incredibly clumsy, that it was obvious on the face of it. If you intend to specialise in the line, you must get much better at it."

"Don't! for God's sake—don't!" She wrung her hands together, and tears began to well over. "I was mad—utterly mad; I don't know what came over me to do such a thing."

"Pull down your veil over your eyes," he said gently. "The waitress is advancing on us with buttered toast and things."

He watched her as she poured out the tea, and for a moment the humorous side of the situation struck him.

"Did it strike you," he continued, as he took the cup she handed him, "that if you had got away with the swag, as I believe they call it, you'd have left me in a rather awkward position of apparently having taken the ring myself?"

The girl stared at him speechlessly. "Oh! no—no," she said after a little breathless pause. "I didn't think about that; I didn't think about anything—except....."

"Except getting the ring," Jim Fairfax nodded. "I thought that was probably so. "And what did you want the ring for? To wear? Your hands are quite sufficiently beautiful without rings, you know."

The girl looked at him quickly but his tone was quite impersonal.

"I didn't want it to wear; I wanted it to sell."

"To sell!" Jim Fairfax was intent upon his buttered toast. "To steal a ring and sell it implies poverty—great poverty. And if I may say so, your general appearance hardly gives one the impression of that."

"They've gone without meat at home for the last three months to give me this coat and skirt when I came to Toronto," said the girl, in a voice that shook a little.

"It seems a very nice coat and skirt," he remarked.

"But you can't go to a dance in a coat and skirt, can you?"

"Not unless fashions have changed in the last three years," agreed Fairfax. "So you proposed to buy an evening frock with the proceeds. Is that it?"

"Yes," she whispered. "That's it." And then, with a quiet deliberation that seemed oddly at variance with her previous manner, she put both her elbows on the table, and stared at the man opposite. "That's it. And I suppose to a man like you—obviously wealthy—such a thing is incredible. It would have been to me—until quarter of an hour ago. But before you take whatever steps you are going to take—before you finish this game which I suppose is amusing you—I want to tell you one or two things. They aren't excuses; they're facts. My father is the proud possessor of $1,100 a year. On that my mother and I have to be supported. Some time ago, an old school friend of my mother's asked if I might come and stay up with her in Toronto for a few weeks. Quite a normal sort of invitation a man would think—very pleasant. I suppose you've never had to stop at a house, where you've been ashamed of the maid seeing your underclothes."

Jim Fairfax suppressed a smile. "Go on," he said quietly.

The girl bit her lip. "It all sounds so petty—so mean. In my heart I knew what would happen; so did my mother. But a man's different—and my father couldn't understand my hesitation. I wanted to come, though I knew I'd be miserable if I did. But he—he insisted. He wanted me to meet some men—perhaps get engaged—married. And he couldn't understand that in that set, a girl must have lots of clothes if she isn't going to be utterly out of it."

"May I smoke?" he asked thoughtfully, holding out a cigarette case to her.

SHE shook her head. "Not now, thank you. You go on—but I—I want to try and make you understand. I was asked to dances, of course; I went with my hostess—naturally. And I had two evening dresses—both of them two years old. I wonder if you can realise what that means."

"Much the same," said the man gravely, "as it means when a man making $2,000 a year gets in with a set where every man makes $10,000. And there is only one way out for him—to break with the set.

She gave a weary little laugh.

"Oh, I knew it would sound contemptible to you," she cried. "I know there is no excuse. But tomorrow night is the last dance I am going to before I go home. It's not a big one, and all the people I know will be there. I felt I simply couldn't turn up in one of my two old rags, and have all of them pointing and whispering. Of course they don't really point, and they don't say anything—

but I know what they're thinking. Why, even the woman I'm staying with asked me this morning if I hadn't got something else to wear. You see there's a man going who is—who is rather fond of me, I think: and....and...."

"And you don't think he'll come up to the point of telling you the fact, unless you can stagger him with a new frock!" Jim Fairfax smiled gravely. "A poor specimen if that is the case.

"But, don't you understand, I wanted to look my best," said the girl desperately. "And it isn't only that—a new frock gives you confidence in yourself—makes you more sure. You feel that other women aren't—aren't....Oh! I don't know," she finished wearily. "I can't explain. I've tried to—but a man would never understand."

Jim Fairfax pressed out his cigarette.

"Tell me one thing," he said gently. "Do you dress for men, or do you dress for women?"

She looked at him in faint surprise.

"I don't know that I've ever really thought about it," she answered at length. "I think I dress principally for my own pleasure—for the feeling it gives one if one is smart and attractive. A girl wants to be able to stand comparison with other girls...."

"Comparison by whom? Men or women?"

"Both, I suppose," she said slowly. "And if the men don't notice, the women tell them sharp enough."

"I see," said Fairfax. "Well, we'll let that pass. About this man who is rather fond of you. Do you feel the same for him?"

"I quite like him," said the girl slowly.

" 'You quite like him.' Sounds a trifle luke-warm, doesn't it? Do you want to marry him?" He was staring at her thoughtfully, and after a moment or two she faced him defiantly.

"I've got to marry him—or somebody else," she said, "for my father's sake. And I like him as well as anybody. You—and people like you—don't know what life is—what the hopeless, unceasing struggle for mere existence means for people like us—since the war. You simply can't understand...."

"But there is one thing I can understand—there is one thing I do know," he answered gravely. "And that is this. No marriage embarked on under those conditions is going to help the situation. It may—superficially, for a time; but the last state will be worse than the first. Perhaps through long years on the prairies, I see things a little clearer than the dwellers in the cities; but I know that you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick—and it's the rotten dirty end...."

"A thief is pretty rotten." she whispered.

JIM Fairfax laughed. "I wasn't thinking of that little episode at all," he said. "Granted the rest, it isn't very difficult to see why that followed. It's the frame of mind that led up to it, that I'm talking about."

"You mean that you can forgive what I did?" And now she was staring at him with a great wonder in her eyes.

"I feel certain that my sister will approve of your choice, far more than she would have of mine," he said lightly. With a whimsical smile he bent forward, and suddenly the girl looked down on her plate. "Little girl," he said gravely, "it's not actions that count so much—it's motives. It's the motive that made you do it that I hate. When the right man comes along, he won't give a damn what you're rigged out in—not a damn. Won't you wait for him—however hard, however impossible and hopeless it may seem?"

And then, because he saw her lips were trembling, he turned away and beckoned to the waitress for his bill. It was not until they stepped out of the lift on the ground floor, that he spoke again.

"I'm not going to ask you your name—or where you're staying," he said. "But if you would like to meet me again—and I'd awfully like you to like to, Miss Unknown—my name is Fairfax—Jim Fairfax. And the Varsity Club will always find me. God-bye."

Without another word he was gone, and the girl watched his broad figure till it was lost in the crowd. For a while she stood there motionless, and the mob of bargain-hunters jostled ceaselessly past her; then with a faint smile on her face she turned back into the lift.

"The writing room," she said to the attendant, as they shot upwards.

Still with the same faint smile on her lips she sat down at one of the tables, and pulled a piece of paper towards her. For a moment she hesitated; then she wrote:

"Thank you, Jim Fairfax. A very penitent thief thinks you're rather wonderful. I shall go in one of the rags, and I shall refuse him if he asks me."

Then she sealed it up and addressed it. And as she slipped it into the box and left the room a cynical man by the door who had watched her come in turned to his companion.

"A love letter of the proper length," he murmured. "Short and—let us hope—sweet."

"How do you know it was a love-letter," said the other lazily. "Generally in that condition it's written all over the paper too."

THREE days later Jim Fairfax received another letter in the same handwriting. He had spent the intervening time, alternately cursing himself for not having found out the girl's name, and prosecuting an aimless and utterly futile search for her amongst his female acquaintances. His sister, marvelling slightly, had told him of two dances to her knowledge that had taken place on the night in question—and had somewhat brutally pointed out that in all probability there had been at least a dozen more of which she knew nothing.

"You can't even tell me what she's like, Jim," she had said plaintively. "And you won't tell me where you met her—or anything about her—so how on earth you can expect me to help you, I don't know. Besides, the whole thing is absurd."

"Of course it is, my dear girl," her brother had murmured. "That's why it amuses me. Oh! and by the way, here's my arrears of Christmas presents. At first I thought of a ring, and then I thought this might be more useful."

He had listened almost unconsciously to her thanks for the gold vanity-bag, and had departed to buy more tobacco at Barrow's. He already had enough to last him a year, but Barrow's had seemed the only link with the unknown one.

And now he was staring at another letter from her—longing to open it, and yet dreading that it would give him as little information as the first had done. At last he slit open the envelope, after first carefully examining the postmark. Rosedale was about as helpful as the dozen dances.

"You will be pleased to hear, Jim Fairfax—at least I hope you will—that I refused him last night at the dance. As a result of doing so I have got it in the neck from everybody, especially my hostess. He—so everyone says—is very nice. As a matter of fact he is. He, so every one says—has pots of money. As a matter of fact, he has. I—so everyone says—am a very stupid little fool. As a matter of fact, I am—Am I? What do you think. Anyway it doesn't much matter, does it? I'm going back to the country to-day. Good-bye, Jim. Thank you a thousand times. I hope your sister (?) liked the ring."

He read it over three times, and then he began to laugh Finally he stopped laughing and said "Damn". After which he finished his breakfast, and went round to his sister's house. She was nibbling a piece of toast in bed, and regarded him with disfavor.

"My dear Jim", she remarked, "I'm barely conscious. Not this girl again...."

"Tell me, Sylvia," he said eagerly, "about all the men you know who were refused the night before last. At least all the nice men with lots of money."

She stared at him speechlessly. "You haven't a touch of the sun have you or anything? Nice men with lots of money are not refused—ever."

"A nice man with lots of money was refused at a dance the other night," affirmed her brother.

"Good Heavens! What paper did you see it in?"

"Don't be cynical, Sylvia," said Jim Fairfax with a grin. "The girl I am looking for refused a charming man with pots of money. I know it. Therefore it merely resolves itself into finding the charming man. You know all the charming men in Toronto—so it's just like shelling peas."

"Jim, I think you'd better go back to Alberta. It's not safe for you to be at large. Give a shout for Bill. He might know...."

"I thought I heard a masculine voice," said her husband appearing at the door. "Morning, Jim."

"Bill," remarked his wife calmly, "get a specialist. Jim's gone mad."

"Desist, woman," laughed her brother. "Tell me, old boy, do you know of any nice man, with 'pots of money' who was refused at a dance the night before last?"

"WELL that's damned funny," said his brother-in-law coming into the room. "As a matter of fact, I do."

"You do. Why didn't you tell me?" demanded his wife sitting up in bed.

"Young Peter Cardew," continued Bill, ignoring the interruption, "has been trailing after a girl for weeks. Saw him yesterday in the club, gnawing a cutlet. Devilish despondent. Split a bottle with him and all that. Told me that life was finished as far as he was concerned, and that he was going to take to work—or drink. Forget which."

"Did he tell you the name of the girl?" cried Jim breathlessly.

"No. He didn't say, and I didn't ask him. It's about his twentieth. Why—what's all the excitement?"

"The same as before," said Sylvia resignedly; "Jim's unknown charmer. I wish you'd both go away; I want to get up."

"Bill, I shall lunch with you to-day," Jim Fairfax hit his brother-in-law heavily in the chest. "You will also ask your friend, Peter Cardew, and I shall interrogate him."

"But, damn it, man," said Bill weakly, "he's a complete stranger to you....You can't ask a man you've never seen about his love affairs. It's positively indecent."

"Then you shall do it for me, old son," cried the other cheerfully. "And I'll make notes of his answers. One o'clock sharp at your club."

The door closed behind him and Bill turned dazedly to his wife.

"My dear," he muttered, "it's preposterous. Peter is really very cut up about it."

"Handle him with gloves, hubby," she said soothingly, "and you' keep things runr smoothly. But something is done Jim will be ar put into a lu and I shall

*Continued*



Her breath was coming in little panting gasps, as she struggled to free her hand.

# THE PICTORIAL THAT DIED

## By HAROLD B. CROW

*Until July, 1921, the Canadian Government enabled the "Canadian National Pictorial" to "carry on" by making a grant of about $30,000 a year. Hard times have compelled the subsidy's withdrawal Is this wisdom? or folly?*

QUICKLY they gathered around, popping out of unexpected nooks and corners of Vancouver Chinatown's narrow streets and alleys. In a minute or two a motion picture camera-man was almost swallowed up in a knot of staring, muttering, but characteristically impassive, Chinese.

So far everything was according to plan. The camera was pointing at something and the camera-man, William C. Brennan, was intently grinding away at the crank. Suddenly he stopped grinding and, swinging around, resumed cranking in the opposite direction, but with a motive that was at once apparent.

The Vancouver police van was hurtling up the street and had come to a stop but a short distance away. Its uniformed occupants, in business-like fashion, proceeded to carry out one of the most spectacular raids in the recent history of the B.C. Metropolis. The net for the Chinese opium smugglers had been well and truly laid and the cinematographer was on hand by pre-arrangement with detective headquarters to photograph for the "Canadian National Pictorial" the apprehension of the "villains" of a real and startling conspiracy.



Hon. Edgar N. Rhodes, speaker of the Canadian Commons, pointing out to Hon. J. W. Lowther, speaker of the British Commons, some features of interest in the new Parliament Buildings at Ottawa.



W. C. Brennan is on the job to "shoot" Orientals caught in a Vancouver police raid made on opium smugglers

Mr. Brennan, the movie-man who covered British Columbia and Alberta for the "Pictorial" acted well his part. He was by no means a strange figure in Vancouver, but in view of the frailty of human nature it was only "according to Hoyle" that a crowd should collect when he set up his "box" and appeared to be "shooting." Not only did this furnish him the desired setting for his picture but it proved a useful and effective cover for the operations of the custodians of the public weal. Even the look-out of the den about to be raided permitted his curiosity to master his discretion and joined the inquisitive throng about the camera. The police were among them before their presence was suspected and the look-out was the first man taken. Hastily forcing the door the police themselves brought the first warning to the inmates of the dive. They and their wonderful collection of pipes and opium made a notable capture.

What happened to the pictures? The negative came to Toronto in the usual way for developing, printing, editing and titling, so that it could appear across Canada in the well-known Canadian current event film the "Canadian National Pictorial". But the "Pictorial", for reasons to be elaborated later, had peacefully passed into history before the picture of the raid on the opium smugglers' den could be flashed on the screen.

Spread out over half of America lies a Dominion which requires almost a week to traverse at top speed. There are a few Canadians fortunate in being able to study it first hand and at their leisure. The rest of the nine millions of her people however, are busy carving out their individual livelihoods. For them there are other eyes, and these eyes are mechanical.

"Click! Click! Click!" Cranking away as the giant uglas fir crashes to Vancouver Island earth stands a adian National Pictorial" camera-man. What is g? Recording the operation on film for the people e Edward Island to see.

lick! Click!" Forty, fifty, a hundred feet e's negative, and soon the people of the Pacific Slope will see the little silver black fox pups of the Garden of the Gulf, as they romp across the screen with their tabby cat foster-mother.

"Click! Click! Click!" What is going on here? Simply the similar recording in film by "Bill" Berdick of the king of the world's wheat growers, Seager Wheeler, of Saskatchewan, as he drives his team on the drill; or of a thousand and one other operations which are daily performed in this broad Dominion.

### Canada's Daring Cinematographers

In the carrying out of these activities a staff of expert cameramen, properly called cinematographers, have been constantly employed through out the length and breadth of the country. They have spared no expense. They have jumped from Vancouver to Edmonton, from Toronto to Timmins, from Montreal to Tadousa, from St. John to Charlottetown, without hesitation and without stint as regards running up accounts, as long as a picture of value could be filmed. Many trips have been futile, due to adverse weather or other uncontrollable causes, but expenses have kept right on mounting up.



The Ontario Historical Society visits Laura Secord's monument, Niagara Falls South. The clergyman in the picture hastily concealed his cigar behind his back as soon as he noticed the camera man's activities.

As a fitting and by no means infrequent example of the camera-man's sincerity and perseverance, an incident in the experience of E.J. Savage, Maritime "Pictorial" man, is of interest. Receiving a wire from the editor of the "Pictorial" at Toronto that an ocean vessel was on the rocks, Mr. Savage set out to find it. After a railway journey of some hours and a ten-mile motor trip on top of it he found he was still three miles from the wreck. A seventy-five pound outfit would be load enough for most of us to carry on the level while Mr. Savage's way lay over a pathless rock-bound coast. When he reached the scene there was not enough wreckage left, barring the vessel's name plate, to indicate that a good ship and nine liveshad been lost, but what there was Mr. Savage photographed. Then he walked the three rough miles back to the car again. The picture he made appeared before the eyes of Canadians across the Dominion.

Being always on the job is, of course, the camera-man's duty. A convincing example of what this means was furnished by Mr. Savage on two occasions when so unexciting an event as a ship-launching was on the bill. As is commonly known these events are timed to suit the convenience of the "big wigs" participating in the christening ceremonies and the hour is announced in advance. Mr. Savage was in North Sydney, N.S., to film the launching of the "Permanencia", the first all-concrete vessel constructed in the Maritime Provinces. Although the hour was set for 9 o'clock, a.m., Mr. Savage arose early and was on the job by 6.30. He had just ground a few feet of the vessel on the ways when, to his astonishment, she started to move. Recovering from his momentary inaction he continued cranking and obtained a fine picture of a most premature launch.

A parallel case happened some months later when Sir Robert Borden, Hon. C. C. Ballantyne and other notables were to help the Canadian Government Merchant Marine steamer "Canadian Explorer" into the water at Halifax. Again Mr. Savage was on the job early and with equally good results. Twenty-three minutes earlier than scheduled the big freighter started her ocean career by slipping gracefully down the ways. Workmen beneath her and in her path ducked for their lives and fortunately escaped injury.

Tragedy is a matter of perspective. It is unlikely that the plight of the victimized traveller was tragic from the angle of the priest or the Levite; but the importunity of a hapless deer was potent enough for "Samaritan" Savage mentioned above. It was a lonely part of the New Brunswickian coast that the cinematographer found the little fellow drowning in a pool. The rocks were sheer, and the water deepening with the tide. Presently, the juvenile buck lay trembling from exhaustion and fear on the higher rocks—but instinct is a rare teacher and it was fear of the sea and not of man. While he panted himself back to strength Mr. Savage hurried off a mile away for his camera, nor did the wild young thing bid his rescuer adieu until the posing was complete. Mr. Savage jammed the legs of his tripod into the dirt and hurriedly turned the crank without even having opportunity to focus. His picture was next thing to perfect. The distinguished launching party were as flabbergasted as the shipyards' management. They were somewhere around but were lucky to even catch a glimpse of their escaping ocean baby. A mentally alert workman engaged on the ship's deck in the preliminary work of releasing her from her shackles seized the waiting bottle of champagne, as the film plainly showed, and dashed it against her bows as the ship plunged with him off the ways into the sea, thus freeing the "Explorer" from the odium of an un-christened launching.



A substitute for champagne. Note the bottle of milk used in christening the schooner "Peter MacIntyre," at Halifax, N.S.

Taking their lives in one hand and grinding away at the camera crank with the other is not an every-day pastime of camera-men, but it sometimes happens so. Mervin W. LaRue has thrust his camera over the top edge of

twenty-storey Royal Bank skyscraper in Toronto, rested his body on the parapet and, with his legs held by a strong-armed assistant photographed the busy thoroughfare below. Mr. Savage has found himself in the path of stampeding cattle which bowled him over without ceremony and wrecked his valuable camera.

Most camera-men have a thirst for air trips and are as willing as anybody to risk making their wives widows by this means. All the "Pictorial" men took their flips in the air whenever a chance came along. Michael J. Shiels courted danger with a vengeance when he got within uppercut reach of the famous U.S. Navy Balloonists of refreshing memory, who descended from the clouds near Moose Factory. Mr. Shiels had spent a week around Cochrane and Mattice waiting for the Hudson's bay Company's Indians to emerge from the woods with their charges. He did not happen to be present when the fisticuffs were flying but he shot everything else and by wiring his titles in from Mattice made it possible for his all-absorbing film to get to the public twenty-four hours ahead of his competitors.

### He's Not Proud of This Shot

BUT before leaving the aviation adventures of camera-men let it be recounted for the first time why the 1920 International Baseball League opening in Toronto did not work out as advertised. The real fans will remember that the ball to be used in the frilly opening ceremonies on this occasion was to be delivered from the air—a sort of bombing raid was to be the means of effecting this unique programme, and it fell to the lot of a "Pictorial" camera-man, who, for reasons that will be obvious, shall go nameless, to drop the bomb. The air pilot, himself a gallant veteran of the Western front with an elongated strip of ribbons on his breast, was to give the signal to "let 'er go!". The plane hovered and circled and banked and hummed, and the waiting thousands in the ball park eagerly watched for the descending ball. So that it would not bore a hole through some unoffending Baltimore Oriole's cranium or bury itself out of sight in front of the pitcher's box where it was expected to land, and to be in keeping, too, with the gaiety of the occasion, the ball was beautifully dressed up like a banging basket, a mass of flowers and ribbons. Well, the Captain said the word and the camera-man was obedient to the command. But neither of them likes to hear it mentioned now, for the posy-bedecked horsehide did not even hit the Island. If the D.C.M. were awarded for his act of heroism it could appropriately be interpreted to mean "Darn comical miss."

Both danger and humor were combined in the experience of another camera man, F.S. Huffman, in Kingston. He could not very well complete a travelogue of the Limestone City and leave out of it that pile of stone called the penitentiary. So he got a long shot and followed up by setting up at close range. Apparently this was the next thing to a capital crime, at any rate the three-legged machine gun he had dared to set up was viewed with considerable suspicion and alarm. While he was taking aim at the fortifications a guard of ten men descended and toted man, camera and all before the warden. The latter was decidedly ruffled and continued so for a whole hour during which Mr. Huffman, who is really a law-abiding citizen, experienced for the first time the horrors of the third degree and visions of himself in irons and dungeons. The long line of queries was finally interrupted by the appearance of the Governor himself, who, with a smile and a nod, dismissed him with instructions to fire away and shoot what he would.



Hatfield's famous rain-making — or inducing — plant.

Kingston always has been more or less of a hoodoo spot for Mr. Huffman. It was there that he ran foul of the Mayor when Varsity and McGill were having their big Rugby play-off last fall. By taking the usual liberties of advancing close to the sideline to photograph the kick-off, the cinematographer incurred the wrath of His Highness. Now the camera-man knew very well that a motion picture of a crucial rugby match without the kick-off would be like a City Council without a Mayor. It needed only eight or ten feet of film, but it was important. No matter where he set up to shoot the Mayor chased him away and as the kick-off was momentarily expected the camera-man was a bit riled. His Worship finally clinched the argument by deliberately placing his back in front of the camera lens, thus shutting off the view, and causing Mr. Huffman to be ejected when his objections to this obstruction were rather more caustic than polite. While the cinematographer was climbing back into the field over the back fence the kick-off took place, so his film story was made with this formality missing.

Under somewhat similar circumstances, M. W. LaRue, ejected from a lacrosse match at Orangeville, returned to the fray and even got a close up of his "enemy" the Chief of Police as that worthy officer indulged in a snooze on the grass alongside the fence.

The "Pictorial'a" Trade-mark.

CALGARY, ALTA.
Canada's First "PERSIAN LAMB" Ranch
DOAKTOWN, N.B.
FOREST FIRES SWEEP NEW BRUNSWICK
ROSTHERN, SASK.
SASKATCHEWAN'S BETTER FARMING TRAIN
MONTREAL, QUE.
FIRE AND POLICE CHIEFS GET TOGETHER
TORONTO, ONT.
"OH SKINNY! THE WATER'S FINE"
BASSANO, ALTA,
Alberta's Great Dam and Irrigation System
Miles and Miles of Canadian-Made Cotton
MacLean's Magazine
Sense and Nonsense from the Canadian Press

A typical week's program of the "Canadian News Pictorial," showing its national character. This is a reproduction of a huge poster used for advertising purposes on bill-boards, etc.

### Prince of Wales Caught off his Guard

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has a world-wide reputation for good humor. Once during his Canadian tour the movie camera caught him slightly off his guard. A slight frown, a glance behind and a beckon to his watchful aide de camp—these movements consumed but a moment, but the people of Canada saw it all on the screen. It happened at the reception to His Royal Highness at the Ontario Government House. Every handshake, as the long column of guests trooped by, made His Royal Highness wince with pain, and under the circumstances it is not surprising that the "Canadian National Pictorial" man, W. H. Bird, was invited to stop "shooting". The handshakes themselves were dispensed with a moment later and the rest of the line-up received the Royal smile and nod.

Of a different sort of humor was the manner in which a "Pictorial" camera-man caught a clergyman working industriously at the moist end of a long cigar. The incident would not be worth mentioning had it not been for the conduct of the reverend gentleman himself. Now there is no law which makes it a misdemeanor for a divine to be thus detected, and it is no part of motion picture work to catch him at it. All unconsciously was he enjoying the weed, as one of a large group of people, and quite possibly but few movie-goers would have noticed his emulation of Raleigh had his hand not shot to his mouth and the smoking cigar disappeared hastily behind his back. Of course the film recorded it all, and it was too good to cut out.

But the experience of the man who went to cover the big horse race at Windsor had more interesting angles, one of which was the financing of a new pair of trousers by the "office." The picture had to be stolen, if it was to appear immediately on Canadian screens, for the reason that the track authorities had sold the exclusive picture rights to an American promoter, and it was considered that there would be considerable delay before the Canadian public could view it. Paying his five dollar entrance fee the camera-man, Charles G. Roos, boldly entered the gate. Fifteen feet inside he ran into the arms of a waiting "cop", one of a standing army engaged for the day, who invited him to check his camera and amuse himself with the ticket in exchange thereof until the race was over. Instead of complying Mr. Roos bolted back through the gate. Outside he engaged a covered moving van, which, when turned into a movable machine gun emplacement, with a loop-hole, gave his "box" a view of the grounds over the fence. Shortly the exigencies of traffic congestion forced the van to move on, fatally for the undiscovered picture pilferer.



Rainmaker Hatfield, at Medicine Hat, pays his respects to Jupiter Pluvius.

The back stretch was bordered by woods. Walking clear around unobserved, the machine gun man singled out a tree close to the fence and soon, by laborious physical effort, had his "gun" and himself resting in a convenient crotch twenty feet up. The detective-guards were pacing about a short way off unconscious of his presence. Everything seemed bright for the intruder until a patrolling watchman called "Hi, there!" That's where the trousers were sacrificed. The hasty retreat was undignified but without other serious mishap. As the race was due to commence, it looked like defeat. But this proved the turning point in his fortunes, for the guards were compelled to busy themselves clearing the track. Crawling along the ditch and poking his lens through a tuft of weeds and grass, the persistent camera-man was rewarded by finding a clear field and "Man-o' War" and "Sir Barton" at the post. Here again he was spotted by one of the legitimate operators entitled to film the event, but this man had his own worries and dared not divert his attention from the race of a century. The fact that the film exposed did not reach the public is no reflection on the ingenuity of the adventurous sniper. By altered arrangements the authorized film was played in its entirety in Canada very soon after, in the identical theatres regularly presenting the "Pictorial" and the much shorter stolen film was accordingly si' tracked as superfluous.

### Digging up the Dinosaur

WHO of our nine millions of Canadians ha with wonderment as University of Alberti carefully uncovered and examined the petrifi

*Continued on page 40*



"It's the same way with books—you remember how we used to revel in all your favourites."

# *The* Mad Hatter *of* Hart Street

*By* LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES A. MACLELLAN

HE SOLD hats for a living—good hats, too—but the heart of the man was elsewhere. Yet even his business paid tribute to the thing upon which his thoughts centred; every shape and style made its own contribution. There was the "Byron", and the "Browning," and the "Whitman", and the "Keats"—to mention a few off hand—and a score at least of others. Passing down the narrow crookedness of Hart Street any day except Sunday—when the faded green blinds were religiously drawn that the sight of the offerings might not tempt one to think of worldly things like hats—you could see every variety of headgear known to modern man, each style ticketed with a neat hand-made sign. Ten minutes spent before that window came near to being a liberal education. The man, you see, was one of those strange beings who find everywhere poetry in life and life in poetry. Men called him the Mad Hatter of Hart Street.

He knew hats, too, otherwise he would not have dealt in them—for he was a whole-souled little man. He could tell you the latest thing in headgear as accurately as he could the last word in literature. He was as familiar with the heads of men as with the feet of verse, and could advise just what was fitting and right in hats as readily as he could discourse on such things as iambic pentameter, anapestic or trochaic feet; or ramble through a maze of couplets and quatrains and sonnets, not to mention ballads and rondels and triolets and whatnot inherited from the sweet singers of old France. It worried him almost as much if a customer left the store insisting upon an unsuitable hat as if he had detected a favorite poet taking too great liberties with the technique of verse.

So it was that many who would never have turned their feet or their cars down the narrowness of Hart Street, delighted to deal year after year with the Mad Hatter. They always went away laughing a little at the old man's eccentricities and enthusiasms, but the laughter was of a sort that left the heart lighter and more tender toward all men.

THE Mad Hatter's home was a good three miles away. To reach the suburb in which stood his modest cottage with its sun-parlor and tree-shaded garden, others might take the radial, but not so the Mad Hatter. He walked both ways.

"My dear Josephine," he would reply to the remonstrations of Mrs. Blakey, his cherubic little wife, "I would not miss those walks for all the tram-lines in the country. Do I not come home every night and go down every morning in the best of company—the thoughts of great of earth, with which my own dare modestly ..."

"Dear Gideon," the little woman would protest, ...ite too unassuming. I'm perfectly sure your ...e just as great and much finer than those of ...y and Mr. Cranwordle and the others."

At which the Mad Hatter would sigh a little, and smile a little too. What use to again remind this dear old white-haired companion of his life that the company of which he spoke came not from the neighboring cottages, nor yet—like Mr. Peverley—from the great houses up on the hill—but from the very shelves of his own little library, walking out from ancient-smelling tome or padded leather edition of modernity, as real personalities as any to be met with in flesh and blood. In the making of pumpkin pies, or other varieties in season, or performing any one of ninety-nine varieties of housewifely duties Mrs. Blakey was without a peer; as a devoted wife she sanctified the long years of matrimonial union; but as a poetic soul-mate, Gideon had come, after a long struggle, to admit there was a void. If she were able even to distinguish between the poorest and the richest of his own effusions it would have helped—but to her they were all alike.

"Wonderful, my dear, wonderful!" she would murmur after each reading, "I don't know how you do it. I'm sure I couldn't do it."

Once only in all the years, in a fit of bitterness induced by a scandalous attack on Shakesperean lore by Baconian enthusiasts, he had forgotten himself and muttered in response to her statement: "I'm dead sure you're right." Afterwards he endured moments of deep penitence. It broke his record, built by diligent effort, for never speaking sharply to Josephine. Others, looking upon their connubial bliss, spoke of them as "the two cherubs." They looked it. The hoar frost of age had nearly had its way with Josephine's hair, extending, in the case of Gideon, to the queer, old-fashioned mutton-chop whiskers that adorned his round little face. Both maintained, without recourse to art, the pink and white complexions of childhood.

THE second Thursday of each month was the exception to Gideon's rule. On that day of days he not only suffered the tramway company to convey him homewards, but took an early car. He was living in a rarified atmosphere. He would hasten upstairs to spend a painful but happy hour preparing himself laboriously for the evening's event. There are some folk who are simply not born to wear the conventional garb of evening.

"My dear," said Gideon, on the occasion of the second Thursday in March, "tonight will he a gala evening at the Club. Another member has been honored by the acceptance of his work to enrich the world's art."

Mrs. Blakey, struggling to lend aid with a refractory collar button, mumbled an inquiry.

"Ford Branson," responded Gideon, wincing under the ministrations. "His new group of statuary has been secured by the Arts and Crafts Guild for the lobby of their new building. It is a triumph for Branson. As his fellow-members we will pay tribute at the dinner tonight to his successful genius. That makes nineteen out of our twenty members who have been honored with success and so with a club dinner in recognition—leaving only one."

"Oh!" said Josephine Blakey, working diligently to prevent the white tails of the bow tie from making their presence embarrassingly apparent above the collar at the back, and speaking without thought. "And who is the one?"

Gideon looked pained.

"My dear Josephine! Who but myself?"

"Oh," said Josephine.

"You see," said Gideon apologetically, "it's hardly likely after all these years that I could do anything like that—anything I mean that would make me eligible for a dinner. Sometimes I wonder why they ever let me be a member of the Club. They're all young and full of possibilities; I'm getting on, Josephine, getting on."

"I'm sure they ought to be proud to have you. Besides when your book is published—"

"Ah," said Gideon shaking his white head in mournful jocularity, "when it is! I'm afraid 'The Triumph of Poetry in Life' is likely to live simply in the handwriting of Gideon Blakey. Well, well, I'm old-fashioned, and the world is moving on. I'd better stick to hats. If I'd been born clever like Branson now—"

Mrs. Blakey interpolated quietly.

"It isn't everything to be clever, dear—not but what you are." She said after a moment. "Ellise was here today."

Gideon's face brightened. Long before the girl Ellise had ever heard of the name of Branson, she had been almost a daughter to the pair.

"I'm glad for her sake, Josephine, that Branson is getting along so well."

"She didn't even mention that."

"She didn't?"

MRS. BLAKEY shook her head. "Not a word. She left a note for you. Wait, I'll run and fetch it. There, I guess you'll do anyhow, only maybe I should have pressed your trousers for you. Get on your scarf and coat, and I'll fetch it."

In the dim light of the lower hallway whither he followed the woman, Gideon tore open the envelope. It held a note in the well-known handwriting of Ellise, and an enclosure.

> "Dear Daddy Gideon—" he read— "a friend of mine, Mr. Hepwaite, of Hepwaite and Johnston the publishers, was telling me the other day about a manuscript you submitted to him recently. He knows I know you. He thinks rather well of it, and seeing how delighted I was at that—as you may imagine—told me I might have the pleasure of sending you the news. I enclose his own note to you. Hundreds of

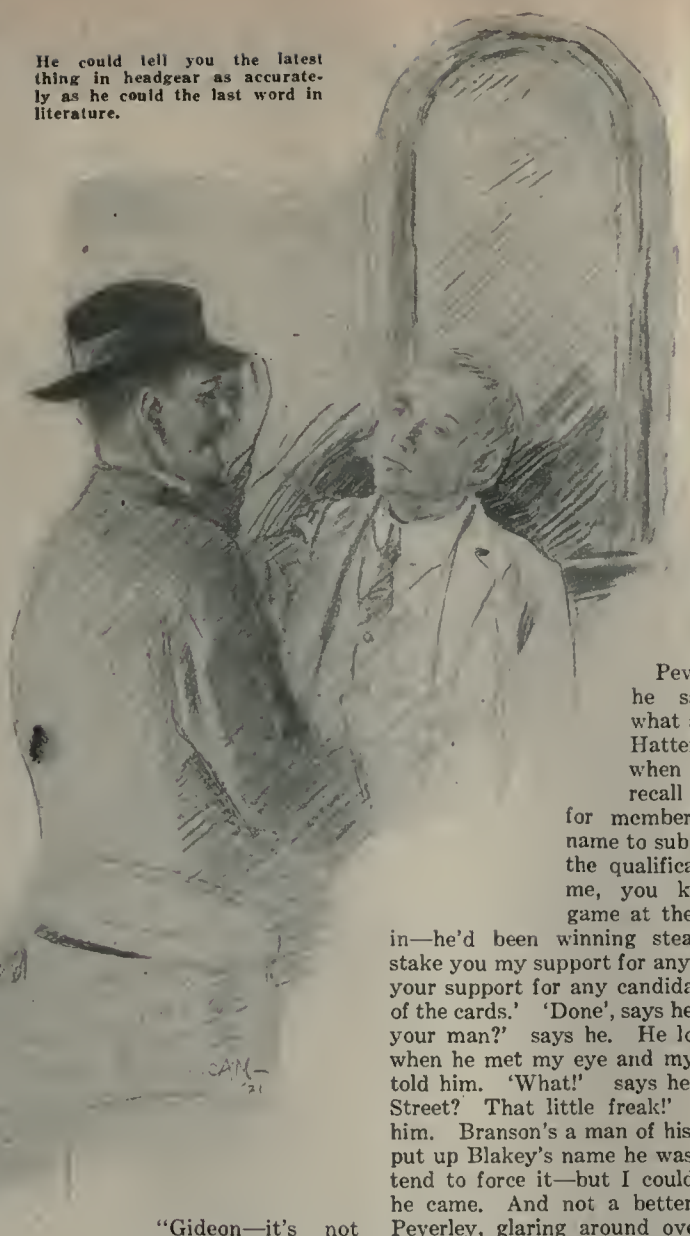
congratulations, dear Daddy Gideon, and kisses to match from

Your delighted

Ellise."

Gideon knocked his best silk hat to the floor unnoticed. He was trembling so he could scarcely read the enclosure.

Mr. Hepwaite had read with interest the manuscript submitted, entitled "The Triumph of Poetry in Life." While it was not entirely in their line, he was willing to handle it on a small royalty basis, which they might talk over at their leisure if Mr. Blakey would drop in at the office. Mr. Hepwaite appended his congratulations and his signature.



He could tell you the latest thing in headgear as accurately as he could the last word in literature.

"Gideon—it's not bad news.... You're white, Gideon..Let me help you to a chair.... You mustn't go—perhaps you'd better stay home."

The Mad Hatter found voice with effort.

"Not go?" he choked. "Not go—tonight? Why, my dear, it's the first time I've really had any right to go. I'm one of 'em now, Josephine, one with the rest. They'll give me a dinner, and you'll be invited as a guest of honor. Josephine, it seems hardly true, I've dreamed of it all these years—and it's taken a lifetime to write the book." He smiled into her eyes. "Just—pinch me—please, Josephine, will you?—to make sure."

But the smile on Josephine's face was a tremulous thing, and somehow matched the moisture of the eyes, through which a proud light shone that all the moisture could not dim.

"I think I'd —rather kiss you, dear," she said. Her voice was very choked.

Gideon went out, sniffing the cold night air with fresh zest. In the steely blue heavens the stars twinkled with a new brightness for him, as though winking friendly at a kindred spirit. Gideon strode bravely on his way towards the hall where the Club dinners were held. What mattered it if his trousers were a trifle baggy at the knees, his bow tie inclining towards one ear, his hat rakishly askew? His spirit was soaring. In his humble, modest way, he had joined the company of the great.

At The Tripleart Club—held in the cosily furnished and finely appointed private suite over Gregham's well-known restaurant—the members were assembling.

CRANWORDLE, the artist, whose picture "Nymphs at Dawn" had captivated the critics at the Academy this year; Gooderham, the author, whose "Friends and Foes", recently published, had made him a marked man; Peverley, who, in an amateur way was a writer on economics and sociology, and whose financial ability was his real qualification for the office of president he held; Durwent, whose voice had been compared not unfavorably with McCormack's; all these and others of the select company were already on hand. Branson had not yet appeared, except as a topic of conversation.

"Bet you five to one he don't bring her."

Cranwordle took up the challenge of Peverley at once.

"Take you," he said.

"Why shouldn't he?" interposed Durwent, blowing smoke rings from the rare cigarette he allowed himself. "Branson's so lost in his sculpture he hasn't time to keep tabs on his wife. Funny fellow Branson, straight as a string too, but cold as his own marbles."

"And nuts on art. He'd shoo half of us out of the club if he could, because he thinks we're just dabblers. He'd give old Peverley a short shrift."

Peverley's rather gross body shook in the silent laughter that never, even in its most hilarious moments, expressed itself in more than throaty chuckles.

"Let him go to it," said Peverley, secure in the power of the dollar sign. "He's never forgiven me getting the Mad Hatter in."

"Or the fact," suggested Cranwordle, guilefully, "that you have to publish your own books."

Peverley grew red for a moment; he said: "Poor old Branson, what a thorn in the flesh the Mad Hatter is. I can still see his face when I sprung my joke. You recall how it was: One vacancy for membership and Branson with a name to submit, and a line of guff about the qualifications. Little sideswipes at me, you know. We were having a game at the time. Branson's luck was in—he'd been winning steadily. I said to him: 'I'll stake you my support for any candidate you name against your support for any candidate I name on the next turn of the cards.' 'Done', says he, grinning. I won. 'Who's your man?' says he. He looked deuced uncomfortable when he met my eye and my grin. 'Gideon Blakey,' I told him. 'What!' says he, 'the Mad Hatter of Hart Street? That little freak!' 'The same', I says. I had him. Branson's a man of his word. He knew if we both put up Blakey's name he was as good as in. I didn't intend to force it—but I couldn't spoil the joke. And in he came. And not a better soul in the club," ended Peverley, glaring around over heavy rimmed glasses.

"Hullo, here he comes! Hullo, there, Blakey! Come over and join the gossip circle."

GIDEON carefully tucked his best white and black scarf into the inner pocket of his overcoat and committed the whole and his hat to the tender mercies of the colored boy. He came forward, his cherubic face lit up in an expansive smile; his tie at a more grotesque angle than ever; his hands rubbing together in satisfaction.

"Well, well, how's everybody? Mr. Peverley, Mr. Cranwordle—" He went around the circle with his recognition. "Well, what's the latest word tonight?" As a matter of fact Gideon knew that the very latest of all late words was reposing inside his pocket. But modesty forbade that it should be exhibited.

"The latest word," said Gooderham, who was inclined to be morose both in his manuscripts and his manners, "is scandal."

"Dear me!" said the Mad Hatter.

"Divorce," added Peverley, with his throaty chuckle, "lifting its hydra-headed self to threaten the sacred circles of the Tripleart Club."

"Divorce? Dear me, dear me!" The word to Gideon was one to be breathed only in a whisper. He looked so genuinely distressed that Durwent hastened to explain: "Don't let them string you, Blakey, it hasn't come to divorce yet."

"Hush," warned Cranwordle. "Here comes Branson. And Mrs. Branson. I'll trouble you for five dollars, Peverley."

The little group broke up, going to welcome the guests of honor, to shower their congratulations. But the Mad Hatter just stood where he was, watching it all with smiling eyes. What a pair they made: Branson tall, clean-cut, sufficiently aquiline to be distinguished, even if the high forehead had not ended in iron-gray hair that put the stamp of maturity upon his youth; Ellise, so erect of carriage that she seemed of more than medium height, fresh-complexioned, starry-eyed, hair the perfection of the dresser's art, curling in dark wisps about ears and forehead in a way that set off the daintiness of the features. And just now, in the sparkle of enthusiasm over the welcome, so like the gay irresponsible little creature who had lived next door in bygone years, when the countryside offered its delights to youth and age alike, and both found common joy in it.

OLD Gideon was far from the present now—back in the past; sitting once more in some leafy arbour, upon an ancient stump, the girl lying upon the mossy bank beside, head uptilted in hands, while he read to her from the "Idylls of the King" or some favorite of both. He gave thanks that in these later years, while their ways had gone far apart, they were not too far for an occasional crossing of paths. To what maturity of womanhood she had grown—maturity of beauty; he wondered a little sometimes, if to maturity of character too. She had been such an impulsive little thing. He watched her now her arm linked in Branson's—and nodded satisfaction.

Gooderham, standing by, spoke his thoughts in a low voice.

"Nothing to show for it on the surface."

"To show what?" Gideon was recalled from his musings.

"To show," returned Gooderham morosely, "that another couple will likely swell the alarming divorce statistics of the country before long. Well, they say he's as blind as a bat, so much immersed in his art his butterfly can flit where it likes." *(Continued on page 43)*



A cold, firm voice said: "You must excuse my intrusion . . . . Why—hullo Ellise!"

# Sailing Ships and Sailor Men

*By* Frederick William Wallace

*Author of* "BLUE WATER", "THE SHACK LOCKER", "THE VIKING BLOOD" Etc.



He wears no uniform or gold-braided cap, but the Bank fishing skipper is a master sailing man.

"SAILORS? grumbles an old salt, casting back to ancient days, "Why, there ain't no sailors now—nor ships either. Steamboats and deck-hands—that's all. And ye talk about the *Aquitannier*? Why, Mister, she ain't a patch on the old clipper ship *Polaris* wot I made three round v'yges in. Sixty-five days to Melb'un, Mister, and the Old Man crackin' on like the devil, out and home, and break-in' stuns'l booms so's we had none left and had to use long-boat oars. Split his fore'n main to 'gans'ls ten times in one week, he did, s'help me, and we never made canvas fast afore it was blowin' a gale o' wind. Runnin' her eastern down she logged sixteen knots steady for three days on end, and, at times, there wasn't knots enough on the log-line to reckon her speed—she was goin' so fast.

"She *was* a ship—not a steam kittle, and she had a crowd aboard that *was* sailors—not deck-hands. Every man of us, in those days, would bet all his pay on the ship agin all comers and it wasn't earned easy. Aye, aye....a *ship*, b'gawd.... and *sailors*." And he trailed off into mumblings of ships and things which no seaman of the old sailing days ever forgets.

The engineer will dispute it with sarcastic jibes, but, nevertheless, all the romance of seafaring is invested in sail. Derricks and funnels have displaced tall spars and canvas-draped yards; steam defies the winds of the world which the old seamen knew and used, and the "sailor of the sail, breed of the oaken heart" is fast becoming a vanished type. The propulsion created by boiling water gradually drove the wind-blown square-rigged clippers into the discard, and when they began to pass away, the "dyed-in-the-wool" wind-jammer shell-back "reckoned he'd give up goin' to sea and voyage in a steamer" for the wherewithal to live. That's how they put it, and there was a heart-throb in the voicing of such a valediction.

It was a tremendously inspiring age when seamen had to spread canvas to carry cargo-laden hulls across the waters of the world. It was an age when seamanship was a high art; when physical hardihood and nerve were invaluable and necessary assets, and the right to call oneself an "Able Bodied Seaman" had to be earned in a hard school, for the rating was jealously guarded from incompetents. To steer a plunging racing ship in wild seas when a false turn of the wheel meant instant destruction; to clamber aloft and lay out on a yard and handle flogging canvas in a black, roaring night of storm; to haul and manipulate braces and sheets when decks are flooded with frigid brine; to heave the lead and log and be master of a hundred knots, bends and hitches and cunning fashionings of rope and canvas; to know every part of a sailing ship's fabric, its place and use, and to toil twenty-four hours a day if necessary—these are but a few of the accomplishments expected of Able Seamen in the age when wind and canvas reigned supreme in ocean propulsion, and to them might be added the stoicism which permitted the old time seaman to live in wretched forecastles and eat miserable food for the mere pittance of from ten to twenty dollars a month.

"Just think of gran'pa and gran'ma coming across to Canada in a slow old thing like that!" ejaculated a fair Canadian on viewing a timber-laden sailing barque from the lofty deck of a twenty-knot liner. "Six weeks it took them to cross when they came over in eighteen fifty-five. Goodness, but travelling in those sail boats must have been deadly dull!"



A typical bank fishing schooner in winter rig.

### The Really Stirring Sea Days of Yore

WAS it though? In grand-father's day, the sailing ship was bucking the steamer on the principal trade routes of the world; the swift American clippers were causing John Bull to lie awake nights worrying over Britannia's right to call herself "Mistress of the Seas," and British and American ship-owners were feverishly rivalling one another in the building and sailing of smart canvas-driven craft. Skilled and successful ship captains were accorded the homage and praise of potentates; the news-sheets devoted columns to the account of a fast passage or a race between rival ships, while the launch, or sailing of a new clipper brought spectators in thousands to view the sight.

Great Britain got her tea from China in sailing ships as late as the year 1881, and the China tea trade is a record of thirty years of ocean racing between fast clippers. What yacht race ever compared with the marvellous contest between the British tea clippers *Ariel*, *Taeping*, *Serica*, *Fiery Cross*, and *Taitsing* in 1866? All five ships left Foochow, China, within a few hours of one another, and, spurred on by the prize of an extra ten shillings per ton on the first cargo of tea landed in London, they stormed down the China seas, threaded the dangerous Java Straits, rushed across the great expanse of the desolate Indian Ocean, rounded the Cape of Good Hope and forged up the two Atlantics, finally racing up the English Channel and reaching London—the last of the racers arriving in dock within 48 hours of the leading ship after passages of 99 and 101 days duration, over 16,000 miles of sea. When it is considered that these vessels were sailing ships solely dependent upon the wind to carry them over thousands of miles of ocean, and that they were only small craft of less than a thousand tons, and that three of them arrived in London simultaneously, one must admit that the seamanship exhibited was little short of wonderful.

But such contests went with the glorious age of sail. American clippers raced around the Horn to and from San Francisco, and for many years, ships were designed and built and placed in command of determined and daring captains in an effort to excel the record of 89 days from New York to San Francisco established by the ships *Andrew Jackson* and *Flying Cloud* in the 'fifties. Americans and Britishers raced from English ports to Melbourne, Australia, endeavouring to beat the 63 days passage accomplished by the Aberdeen clipper *Thermopylae* and the American ships *Lightning* and *James Baines*, while the North Atlantic staged forty years of sailing ship races to equal the voyage made by the Maine ship *Red Jacket*, which, in 1854, arrived in the Mersey after a run of 13 days, 1 hour, from Sandy Hook.

These times of passage may seem futile when compared with the runs of modern steamers, but the sailor of the sail can vision the days of strenuous action attendant upon such speeds under canvas. He can picture the bending of upper masts, the splitting of sails, the constant pulling and hauling on ropes and the curseful exhortations and threats of mates and boatswains impelled to drive the men through the desire for swift voyaging. Fourteen knots an hour in a wind-jammer in a breeze is something to excite a thrill, a rare and exhilarating sensation worth recalling with pleasure many years after. And remember, in the wind-jammer, it was the skilful seamanship of the master and mates and the hardihood and ability of the men before the mast which made the old ships leap to the urge of the wind. They were hounded along by men who carried on until sails burst, spars cracked and ropes snapped, and seamen replaced canvas and splintered gear while the wind howled and the clipper stormed along.

### Record Day's Run Under Canvas

THEY often made better than fourteen knots an hour, and fourteen knots in a steamer today is rated as good steaming. Nautical history records the wonderful day's run of the American clipper *Lightning* during a passage from Boston to Liverpool in the winter of 1854 when she logged 436 miles in 24 hours—a record which stands today as the fastest day's run ever made by a canvas-driven ship. The clipper *Donald McKay* in 1855, on the same route, logged 421 miles in the 24 hours; the *Great Republic* in 1858 made a 24 hour run of 413 miles, and old seamen still yarn of the famous packet ship *Dreadnought*, known as the "Wild Boat of the Atlantic," which, in the 'fifties', made passages between New York and Liverpool with almost steamboat regularity, and which often was seen storming along in a gale of wind under a big spread of canvas and "leaping from wave to wave and showing her keel."

This voyaging was not done by the pulling of a lever and the turning of a propeller. Head-on gales and calms often hindered the sailing craft and devious courses had to be steered in order to pick up the favorable winds, but the wind-jammer captain was a seaman *par excellence*. He was a determined fellow with abundant nerve and energy who saw to it that his sails were set and trimmed to every wind that could be used to coax the ship along. Their voyages



U. S. schooner "Mayflower," a yacht-like schooner; possible cup defender.

were a continual round of activity, day and night, and it is recorded that China clipper captains seldom slept in their bunks during a three months' passage but snatched fitful naps on a chart-room sofa or in a deck-chair. Luck played but little part in their voyaging. Unceasing vigilance and splendid seamanship, quickness to take advantage of the changing winds and the nerve to carry canvas in hard weather made of the master mariners of the clipper ship era a breed of nautical heroes in an age when the art of seamanship was inspiring and profound.

Steam, slowly but surely, thrust the wind-driven ships into obscurity. It no longer paid to build and sail clippers against steamers. The Suez Canal shortened the China and Australian run and excluded the sailer from the high-class freights; railroads crossed America and brought the Pacific to the Atlantic in eight or nine days, and modern progress left but a few humble trades for the sailing vessel to engage in. Steam contemptuously observed, "We'll let you carry coal, deals, timber and low-grade bulk cargoes" and, disdaining to take care of this business, the flying clippers with their lofty spars and great sail-spread, their splendid gear and big crews, their sharp hulls and small cargo capacity, vanished, and the sailer finishes existence as a lubberly warehouse of steel—a "four-posted wind-wagon," not particularly fast but extremely economical, or else retains a place on the seas in the long-bodied, many-masted schooner.

The art of handling canvas shifted, according to the general viewpoint. from the hands of the historical clipper seaman to the yachtsman. Sailing held sway only in the contests of pleasure boats. and the lovers of wind-driven craft gradually grew to regard the America's Cup race as the last existing reminder of the heroic days of sail. Years ago, before the naval architects began pitting science in design and construction against seamanlike skill, the America's Cup contests were worth while, but latterly, even the old shellbacks lost interest in the racing freaks which were evolved and wrote "finis" to the days of sail. "It's all gone," they sighed. "No more sailormen, no more ships!" And they yarned and contented themselves with memories.

Happily, for the lovers of the sea and wind-driven ships, the sailing age is not altogether dead. It has been flourishing for many years in an obscure and little known industry, and within its confines is bred a class of seaman who retains all the skill, hardihood and daring ascribed to the clipper ship sailors, and who has evolved a type of sailing vessel as handsome, as able, and as fast as its wonderful square-rigged predecessor. This survival has had few chronicles; no metropolitan dailies feature their passages or proclaim to the world the unique place they occupy in seafaring. Their actions are shrouded in the mists of an isolation as dense as the fogs in which they toil.

These modern sailing seamen are the Banksmen—the Canadians, Newfoundlanders and Americans who man the deep-sea fishing fleets of Lunenburg, Gloucester, Boston, Provincetown and other ports, and who range the shoal water "Banks" of the Western North Atlantic, winter and summer, in swift-sailing schooners, for the cod, haddock, halibut and other species which they catch and market.

At first impression, the uninformed may consider it somewhat of a drop in his ideals to pass from the glorious clipper ship and the hardy "marlinespike" seamen to the unassuming Bank fishermen and their schooners. Freightings of China teas, Australian wools, spices, sandalwood and gold, savor of the romantic and inspire the imagination more than a hold full of iced fish or salted cod, but the man who is familiar with life in the merchant square-rigged clipper and who knows the Bank fishermen and their craft will find that comparisons favor the fisherman for maintaining tradition in their skill in seamanship and hardihood in carrying on their arduous existence at sea in all weathers.

The big American clipper of 2,000 tons has its modern representative in the Bank fishing schooner of 100 to 150 tons. The clipper ship master, with his Olympian air of unchallenged authority, confident mien, and high social position, loses nothing when reincarnated in the oilskin-clad and rubber-booted fishing skipper who twirls the wheel of his lithe, tall-sparred schooner and shows no concern when a screaming squall rolls his vessel down until half her deck is under water. Captain Richard Van Schuyler of the big clipper, in similar circumstances, might permit himself to cast a warning glance at the quartermaster struggling at his ship's wheel and, mayhap, observe coldly to his chief mate, "I trust, Mister Whittaker, that your gear is in sufficiently good condition to permit of our carrying those fore and main topgallants'ls in these violent squalls"; but Skipper Wesley McDonald of the "Fisherman"— the modern embodiment of Van Schuyler—would probably laugh cheerfully and remark to one of his crew, "Cripes! but that was a hot one, Jim. Another one like that and that ruddy old stays'l will be takin' a flier. But there's a power o' speed in them puffs. I cal'late she's makin' fourteen knots right naow." And he might conclude his observation by borrowing a chew of tobacco.

### Bank Fishermen are Master Sailors.

CLIPPER ship Jack will boast of racing past Cape Horn with the big seas of the Southern Ocean roaring and creaming in mile-long crests behind and the strong westerly wind booming in tbe distended sails aloft and breaking stout chain sheets in the heft of it, but Trawler Bill is not impressed and will murmur something about pounding for harbor over the Banks with a winter's gale blowing and all the four lowers on her, ice making on the decks and rigging and the snow so thick "a feller might's well leave his eyes to home." And he might give vent to a contemptuous snort and voice an odious comparison about a 2,000 ton ship and a 95 ton schooner abroad on a winter's sea a hundred miles off-shore.

Circumstances made a master sailorman of the Bank fisherman. All of them work on shares in the fishing and the comfort of himself and family decrees that no time be wasted in loafing. The crowd on a "fisherman" are losing money when not fishing. They are consuming food which they have to pay for out of the catch; they are paying the wages of a cook who must be paid, fish or no fish; they have their own money tied up in the fishing gear, and some will have a hundred dollars or so invested in the vessel. Who wants to travel easy sailing under such conditions? Fish, too, are highly perishable. Fast sailing gets it to market quicker and in better condition to command a good price; quick passages mean more time on the fishing grounds. So there you are! And above all, fishing is hard, monotonous work with mighty little fun in it. A little bit of sail carrying in a smart and able hooker adds zest to life and, when all is said and done, who wants to go trolloping around the Banks in a square-bowed plug anyway?

Years of experience, keen competition, and the inability to apply steam vessels economically to the Bank fisheries have resulted in the evolution of a fleet of remarkably beautiful and seaworthy fishing schooners capable of being sailed in heavy weather and of making fast speeds at all times. In the Canadian fleet, there are about 150 of these schooner fishing craft, and the United States flotilla numbers as many Newfoundland also owns quite a fleet of the larger type of modern Bankers. In the world's marine today, there are to be found no such speedy and graceful sailing vessels in such numbers employed in commercial activities.



The lofty-sparred clipper has gone.



Canadia, possible cup challenger.

As with the vessels, so with the men who man them. The majority of the Bank fishermen hail from the Maritime Provinces of Canada—Nova Scotians mainly. Newfoundlanders rank next, with Scandinavians and native-born Americans and Portuguese in the minority. The very nature of the fishing—in small dories set out from the parent schooner—is so fraught with hazard that the Bank fisherman's imagination seems dulled to danger, and this quality permits them to drive their schooners all over the Atlantic under all the canvas they can stand in winds well calculated to make a landsman shiver at their daring.

Winter sees the schooners plying their vocation of hunting and catching fish just the same, though some freight dried fish to the West Indies, Mediterranean and Brazil, and the hard gales of that season hound many a vessel to and from market port through seas which will inspire awe in the minds of passengers viewing them from lofty Atlantic leviathans, and during weather cold enough to try the endurance of the hardiest.

One can picture the derisive and contemptuous comments which came from these Banksmen when the America's Cup Racers, *Shamrock* and *Resolute*, were deterred from racing owing to a 25-knot an hour breeze proving too much for their frail fabrics to weather. A 25-knot an hour breeze, be it known, is described on Admiral Beaufort's wind scale as "a moderate wind which will permit a first-class clipper ship to carry all sail." The fishermen, as sailing men pure and simple, were keenly interested in the yacht races, and this inability to compete in a wind which they would class as a fair sailing breeze, brought a howl of contempt from them which found expression in the daily press of Canada and the United States. Out of the obscurity came comments and opinions and strong protests were voiced from these shell-backs at the idea of the seamanship of Britishers and Americans being represented by the ineffectual playthings of millionaires.

"We'll give the Yanks a race!" challenged the Canadian deep-sea fishermen. "If someone will put up a cup and a dollar or two to pay for the time we lose racing, we'll show them yachtsmen what a real honest-to-gawd race is, and there'll be no calling-off for too much wind."

Senator Dennis of the Halifax "Herald" took up the challenge on behalf of the Canadian fishermen and donated a Trophy to he raced for hy *bona-fide* fishing schooners of the United States and Canada. This trophy would stand, not only for the sailing supremacy of the North Atlantic, but also for the championship of the commercial sailing craft of the world.

The first contest was staged off Halifax in October 1920 and the trophy was carried off to Gloucester by Captain "Marty" Welch in the American schooner *Esperanto* (lost in May 1921 off Sable Island while fishing) which defeated the Lunenburg schooner *Delawana*. This initial race was a somewhat hurried affair and there was no time

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"The Honeymoon Corner."

# WHY *IS* A WAITER?

## By CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

AT LAST I had found the Perfect Waiter. He had, I observed, a pleasing appearance combined with trained skill and born aptitude.

Urbane, smiling, obsequious when addressing himself to the work of serving guests at his table in the diner of this fashionable hotel, one was convinced that this man's keenest enjoyment lay in the satisfaction of those whose needs he catered to. During inactive moments, when he stood statue-like a few feet from his table, he assumed the colorless, unobtrusive personality of a shadow. His eyes were fixed on space; even his breathing seemed scarcely perceptible. But at the proper moment or at the slightest indication from a guest that he was needed he was on the spot in a noiseless flash, his face lighting up with humble pleasure.

On this particular day he happened to be serving a honeymooning couple to whom the whole world in general and this popular hotel with its exquisite appointments and smartly-dressed inhabitants in particular presented a heyday of joy and gladness. The waiter's efforts to portray the role just such a couple could wish for did not go unrewarded, for it was not silver but a small green fold that the groom slipped under his plate before he and his shy little bride left table.

Next morning I observed the Perfect Waiter serving a man and his wife who were quite the antithesis of the guests he had had the day before—a couple in the backwash of their sixties, wealthy undoubtedly, but thoroughly disillusioned, robbed of all that golden glamor of youth that in rare instances, in spite of inevitable adversities, is carried into middle and after life. Lightness of spirit was no longer theirs. Existence, one would judge, was no more to them than so much drab routine which it was a stern duty to carry on. They spoke little and then only in grave, monosyllabic undertones.

What of the waiter? At first I could scarcely believe it was the same man. He was going about his work with the soft measured tread of one under the weight of tremendous sorrows. The smile that had wreathed his clean-shaved features when he was addressed by the happy honeymooners of yesterday was absent. Instead, when he smiled at all, it was the scarcely perceptible, lugubrious smile of an undertaker and every now and then he echoed the funereal sighs of the gloomy pair at the table with a gentle tapping of two fingers at his lips.

Again his superb acting captured a tip—this time a silver half-dollar.

What manner of man was this, that he could so supinely transform the color of his personality to conform with the moods of patrons? Could he have any real personality of his own, or was he just a human chameleon—a Perfect Waiter? He was a bright-looking chap with an intelligent forehead and the slightly hanging under-lip of a talker. That promised something, so when the opportunity offered, I asked him: "How long have you been a waiter?"

"Twenty-two years—since I was thirteen," he replied. His shoulders slumped dejectedly quite as one's might who confesses to a prison term.

"You don't like the business?" I pursued.

The Perfect Waiter glimpsed covertly first over one shoulder, then over the other. When he leaned forward a metamorphosis had assailed him. The mask of the waiter was swept away, and, for a fleeting moment, the Man Beneath stood out in his blazing eyes and quivering lips. "I hate it!" He fairly hissed. "It's the meanness of it—of having to depend on the generosity of the people one serves for a large part of one's livelihood. Always playing the role of a supine lackey to some diner—in the hope that he'll toss some silver under his plate as a tip. Lord, how I detest it! Many's and many's the time I've wished I'd never seen the inside of a hotel."

"Yet you stick to it," I reminded him, "and you seem to have made an art of your work."



There is, for instance, the man you simply cannot satisfy.

The Perfect Waiter glowed a bit at the reference to his skill. "One has to stick," contended he, "when there's a wife and a family of little kiddies depending on him. But why am I telling this to you, a perfect stranger—"

"No harm done," I assured him. "It seems quite appropriate that a perfect stranger should learn these very things from a perfect waiter." Before I left him I had his promise to tell me his story in his first period off duty.

He had served time as a waiter in nearly every branch of the calling; in hotels, cafés, railway dining-cars, ordinary eating-houses and on passenger boats. At one time and another he had worked in almost every section of the Dominion from Vancouver to Halifax.

### Hears Life Stories of Others

"WHY AM I a waiter?" He echoed my question with a puzzled grin. "Well, that is rather a tough question to answer. Never having been in any other business, I guess I have to assume the appearance of being contented, although I must admit that away from my table I am engaged in what sixty per cent of my fellow-waiters indulge in—grumbling and wishing I had learned almost any other calling. However like myself, the rest of them stick to it year after year, serving the public. Daily I listen to the enthusiasm which guests manifest when talking of their work and how much pleasure they get out of it. Candidly, there is no such fascination to my calling, though I judge from the comments of others I am up to or a little better than the average waiter in efficiency. I think too that I voice the sentiment of the majority of waiters when I say that our greatest joy is getting out of the place where we work.

"It is a much more fatiguing calling than most people imagine," he continued. "In the first place, the hours are long, and I wonder does the average customer realize that every time a waiter leaves and returns with an order in a hotel diner such as this he has to walk about two hundred yards and when an order comes from a room he has the stairs to climb as well.

"What chance has a waiter to get any pleasure out of life? It seems one long round of work and sleep, because, when our duties are over it is too late to go anywhere. Of course, every other day we get off for a couple of hours in the afternoon, but what is there for a man in the way of recreation then? Usually he's so tired he's glad to go to his room and take a rest. Yet you seldom learn of a waiter becoming anything else during the course of his lifetime. Once a waiter, always a waiter, it seems. If a waiter does save a little money and gets an opportunity to launch into business for himself you will invariably find that business is serving the public—and he has to work harder for himself than he ever did for anyone else.

"Searching my own mind, it seems to me the principal reason why I remain a waiter in spite of the manner in which I detest the business is that I have always made a good living from it and there is nothing else that I can do well. A good waiter in a house such as this can clean up an average of fifty dollars a week out of tips and wages.

### In Youth He Was Courageous

"THERE WAS A time when I used to dream of springing clear of this dreary sea of routine and servility, never to return. I used to ask myself: 'Isn't there something else I could do that would bring me in as much money each week as this job—all clean, crisp wage-money from the banks, not tips left as a sort of scornful tribute by fellow-beings who look upon my social status as little better than the black's?' But I was always swamped by a conviction that there was to be no such opportunity for me. Now I no longer dream—except of big tips and what cunning roles I'll play to win them. I have become a hardened sycophant, a subtle parasite. In moments of repose my whole soul revolts in heaving disgust against the manner of living I glean. But back of it all a grim, intangible Something—I suppose it's Fate—mocks me. 'You can do nothing else,' it warns. 'You must go on as you are, or starve.' "

"But how can a man put the skill and appearance of heart into his work that you do, if he actually detests it?" I demanded. "One cannot understand a man being so efficient at a calling in which he declares there is no fascination."

"There *is* one fascination," the Perfect Waiter amended. "Every day is a gamble and begins with a personal guessing contest as to what financial returns it will bring. Every morning when I go to work the conjecture uppermost in my mind is: 'How much money am I going to make today?' and I fervently hope the house will be filled with guests with bulging purses, for, of course, that

means my living. Waiters are not highly paid, not even the best of them. They depend largely on the tips they receive. How liberal the tips turn out to be rests on the waiter's own efforts, because, as a general rule, the better pleased the guest the larger your tip will be.

"Can I size up a guest and guess pretty accurately what his tip will be? Yes, I pride myself that I can. An experienced waiter becomes a shrewd judge of human nature. But I must confess that the tip, though a mighty important factor, is not everything in life with us. There are people whom it is a pleasure to serve and there are others one cannot help inwardly detesting. So soon as I seat a party at a table I have pretty well determined whether he or she is well-bred and civil to serving-folk or a rough-neck in fine linen who takes a delight out of making those who come under his power feel mean and miserable. Oh, when I think of the 'dirt' we have to take without a whimper, often for something that is not our fault, it makes me very bitter. If a guest complains, there's no argument about it—the waiter is to blame. He gets short shrift if he persists in trying to prove that he isn't. Somebody has to be the goat and usually he is selected for the sacrifice. As a rule it is not really the waiter's fault, because his best efforts are put forward to make the diner enjoy his meal, knowing as he does that it is his only chance to get a tip.

"I make mistakes, but I think I could surprise you with the mental forecasts I make of just how a new patron will act and how big his tip will be. An experienced waiter sizes up a guest pretty well right after he has given his order by the very manner of the man in ordering and what he orders. While I am off to the kitchen with a guest's order I seldom fail to hazard pretty accurately how much in the way of a tip he is going to give me. Of course because I figure that a guest will leave no tip it does not follow that I give him poor service. I owe it to the house to see that he is satisfied. Not only that, but the head waiters and captains are always on the lookout for signs of inattention or incivility on the part of waiters, and there is mighty little they miss.

### Every Type Grist of His Mill

"IN A HOTEL such as this we serve nearly every type of humanity; retired millionaires, active capitalists, captains of industry, business and professional men, politicians, newspapermen, sporting men, judges, lawyers, doctors and the general what-not of the upper and middle classes.

"There is a vast difference in types. There is, for instance, the man you simply cannot satisfy. It makes no particle of difference what pains you take for him—it's useless. You finish your work with a knowledge he's been well served both from the kitchen and by yourself, and you congratulate yourself he has no possible opening for a kick. But when he is paying his check he looks with an ugly frown at the sugar-bowl, lets go his money as though it hurt him and growls. 'Waiter, that was the toughest steak I've ever had offered me.' The waiter knows that statement to be untrue and that the guest prevaricated in order to justify himself in leaving no tip. He need not have degraded himself before the serving-man, who, on lifting the cover, has noted that only a small bit of fat is left on the dish.

"Then there is another fussy type who orders a half chicken. Soon afterward he calls to me: 'Waiter how much longer have I got to hang round here for that chicken? I've been sitting here twenty minutes now.' He pulls out his watch and glances at it to make his statement look good, but I know that it is not the truth; that he has been waiting scarcely ten minutes.

"What do I do in such a case? I smile and try to be pleasant, but make no attempt to contradict him. Possibly he refuses to be humored and says some more ugly things. Under the smart of his sarcasm I turn and hurry to the kitchen—talking to myself. It's self pity trying to camouflage itself as ire against this particular individual, when, as a matter of truth, I know that this is only a sample of the unmerited abuse and ridicule I have to put up with every once in awhile.

### King of all the Hotel Pests

"ONE OF the most irritating pests is the man who, from the time he sits down at table, opens a loud vocal barrage on the high prices prevailing, informing poor, unsophisticated me the choice menu he gets in certain big New York hotels for less money than our bill of fare shows; also how much better the service is in such places. This type, of all the disagreeable ones, represents the guest I hate most to wait on, principally because he actually thinks I believe what he says, while I know from his bearing and certain tell-tale mannerisms that he has not been used to first-class hotel service and probably has never seen the inside of a large New York hotel.



They spoke little, and then only in grave monosyllabic undertones.

"But a waiter's life is not all gloom. There are many, many people whom it is a pleasure to serve. There's the sunny-dispositioned gentleman who seems to radiate good-will. He takes it for granted that I am a fellow-human, even if I am a waiter, and when something goes wrong he is always willing to listen to reason. That gentleman is always sure of the best that is in the waiter when he calls again.

"The most difficult class to serve, you ask? I'll say without hesitation it is the commercial men. They want the best, and they are looking for it at the very lowest rate. At the same time, I must add, there are some very fine men among the travelers, though, taking things all in all, I believe they are the hardest class to please.

"The twelve months I spent in the railway service were the happiest of my experience," continued the Perfect Waiter. "In the ordinary run of this dining-car service in my time we used to go from Montreal to Vancouver. On the way back and forth across two-thirds of the continent I have met some queer people and had some odd experiences. You know the system on the railway diners? The steward goes through and presents each guest with a menu and a writing-tab. On the latter the guest is supposed to jot down his order. Waiters on the trains are forbidden to take verbal orders. Numerous times I have noted some guest fidget with his menu and look about in wild-eyed fashion. When the waiter comes along the uneasy one leans over and requests in a nervous undertone: 'Get me something to eat—anything at all.' The waiter knows at once that the man is illiterate and can't write out his order. To avoid making a show of the guest he usually complies with his request, though he is taking the chance of getting into trouble for breaking the rules.

"Waiting tables on the railway was quite a change for me from hotel life. I had quite a time of it getting used to being bumped and joggled in the aisles while moving about with a tray of dishes above my head. It is surprising the number of people you can serve in a given time in such small space. I have known days in the railway service when we have worked without let-up from six o'clock in the morning till ten at night. Did you ever take a peep into the kitchen of a dining-car? It is so tiny you'd scarcely believe three men could stand in it comfortably, let alone work there for hours on end. Yet three chefs do work there and serve the guests quickly and well."

When the Perfect Waiter paused I said to him: "You have referred to the most difficult people to serve. Now will you tell me what class is the easiest to handle?"

"Blue bloods and men of big affairs," answered the Perfect Waiter without hesitation. "The bigger the man the more natural he acts and the simpler are his tastes, I find. 'Panning a waiter' is too plebeian a pastime for a real aristocrat and too picayune a job for a man of big affairs; they're slow to do it even when they have cause. I refer to men of the type of the Duke of Devonshire, ex-Premier Borden, Premier Meighen, Hon. Mr. King, Sir Herbert Holt and President Beatty of the Canadian Pacific, all of whom I have served in this or other diners. Men of that type have a way of making you feel quite at ease; of letting you see that all they want is simple service and no frills. Often they will ask a waiter to suggest a dinner for them. Notables get exactly the same menu offered them as other guests, but they are usually slower to make a fuss about a real or fancied complaint. Once, when the Duke of Connaught was eating on a railway diner after a round of city luncheons and dinners, the waiter brought him lamb-chops, apologizing for the fact that all other meats had given out at the kitchen. When H.R.H. lifted the cover he said: "It's fine to get back to something plain and substantial to eat, waiter."

"We had Lord and Lady Jellicoe as guests at a hotel where I was a waiter. Lord Jellicoe was then in Canada on business for the British government and he had so many affairs to attend that we did not see much of him. But a little incident occurred one evening that goes to show how simple in their tastes are noted people. Lord and Lady Jellicoe and two of his staff sat down at table. Just after I had taken their orders, I heard Lady Jellicoe say to her husband: 'Isn't it fine to get away from all the fuss and tobe alone again, Jack. Now we can enjoy a meal in peace.

"Well, sir," concluded the Perfect Waiter, "a waiter's life is a hazardous one. He never knows what is going to happen next and he's always in trouble. When something goes wrong he gets the 'gaff' from every direction; they all find a way to prove it was the waiter's fault. That's the way it will always be till the end—and when most waiters come to the end of their tether as waiters they have usually acquired flat feet, an ugly grouch and very little cash. Lots of them are glad to end their days washing dishes or silver to earn the wherewithal to keep body and soul together."

### Sees New Faces Every Day of Life

NOT ALL waiters tell so cynical a story of a waiter's vicissitudes and problems as the one I picked on as the Perfect Waiter. A captain of waiters in the diner of one of Canada's biggest hotels claimed that there was a fascination to the work of a waiter that he could not imagine in any other calling. "It is the scanning of strange faces every day," he explained. "In such a hotel as this we meet and are in close contact with notables of all descriptions and from all parts of the world. I could not follow any other calling and feel satisfied. There is art and skill to this business—and good pay as wages go too. A good waiter must be a born salesman. He sells his smile and his urbanity. One of his greatest assets is an ability to remember names and faces. Guests are always pleased to find out that you remember them and have even memorized their whims. That does not mean that a waiter should ever attempt to get familiar. Familiarity on the part of a waiter with guests is fatal for the waiter. He must know and respect the line which he must under no circumstances step beyond.

"A waiter of average intelligence becomes a shrewd judge of human nature. An old waiter can tell the minute a guest takes up his menu card what the guest has been used to. In a diner such as this waiters protect illiterate guests from the embarrassment attendant upon a display

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# WANTED — A BUSINESS MOSES

*By* LLOYD HARRIS

HOW much are *you* paying because Canada has been governed by poor "business managers"? Several businesses inform MACLEANS that if *their* businesses were run like the Canadian government, they'd be bankrupt in six months. This article is from the authoritative pen of Lloyd Harris, who is a controlling director of several large industries, and was head of the Canadian Trade Mission, in London, England, 1918 - 19.

CANADA'S great need to-day is a true conception by the people of our problems and the need of efficient and comprehensive plans in their solution. After all, is not the management of a huge country a business proposition and does it not require the same handling to produce results? The difficulty in doing this successfully is magnified by the political system we have allowed to be created and the methods resulting from same.

In peace times we in Canada were moving along perfectly satisfied with our system of Government as the country was growing rapidly, population was increasing, trade was expanding, revenues were buoyant and the policy of our political leaders was to keep things humming by initiating policies requiring huge expenditures of money in the belief that money being spent freely meant employment of the people and stimulated immigration and kept a party in power. There apparently never was a thought of using surplus revenues to pay off the national debt and if only a surplus of revenue over expenditures could be shown, the Government was satisfied. Looking back, does it not strike one that, if during a period of ten years, when revenues were buoyant, the national debt had been paid off (which could easily have been done) that the country would be in a much better position to-day and that one of our most serious problems of to-day would be non-existent?

However that would have been good sound business and we were playing politics.

In the very able letter of Sir Joseph Flavelle to Premier Meighen on the Canadian Railway problems recently published, he says, "There would be no acute railway problem in Canada to-day if, in 1903, Parliament had refused the proposal to build the National Transcontinental line from Winnipeg to Moncton; if it had refused to grant a charter to the Grand Trunk Pacific to construct a railway from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast; and had refused the builders of the Canadian Northern further financial assistance, except as for the western division of the Grand Trunk System, carried through to the Pacific Coast. If the Grand Trunk and Canadian Northern Companies had been told they must come together and constitute a second transcontinental line, the country would not have been called upon to face the present gravely serious situation."

Parliament, however, chose to adopt the policy initiated by the Government of the day and voted to support same on the basis of estimated cost given as $13,000,000. The direct outcome of this ill-considered policy is that eighteen years later the people of Canada is burdened with a debt of more than $350,000,000 which we have to pay.

### Mistakes of our "Business Managers".

I COULD name many instances but this is perhaps the best example of what we are called on to pay for the mistakes of those to whom we have entrusted the business management of our affairs. I am not using this example to the detriment of one of our great political parties, as both were equally careless of the trust reposed in them, but to show what we who pay received for our money. This same thing will go on as long as the people will stand for it.

That a truer conception, on the part of our legislators, of the trust reposed in them, is being more appreciated, is evidenced by the recent action of Premier Drury in his stand taken on the hydro-radial question in Ontario. The whole radial problem had been investigated by a commission appointed for the purpose which reported against the feasibility of the scheme. This scheme was rejected by the Ontario Government which backed up the Commission. Premier Drury in this public reference to his Government's decision, is quoted as follows:— "We are being heralded in certain quarters by certain papers as opposed to public ownership. The worst foe is he who encourages unwise public ownership. The worst blow public ownership in Canada has is in the national-owned Canadian railways. And the best friends of public ownership are those who hold up for investigation, in order that they may be sure, public ownership enterprises—until they know that they will be profitable and feasible.

"While the present Hydro-electric radial proposal is confined to a comparatively narrow section, once we entered into it we could scarcely stop, because, if we listen to the demands from Toronto to Bowmanville, why not the demands from Goderich to Sarnia? Why not enter into wholesale onstruction? And have not the people of one section of the Province quite as much right to that sort of thing as the people of another?

"We have been charged with evading responsibility. But we are responsible. The commission has made its recommendation. The Government must be responsible for its policy. In view of the evidence, in view of the various new circumstances, in view of the great obligations of the country in Hydro-electric development in a score of places, the Government must stand firm and refuse to guarantee any bonds for further Hydro-radial enterprise.

"In doing so we may have to face popular clamor. That will make no difference. I have faced popular clamor, and, Mr. Chairman, I am not so much in love with political life that in order to save my political life I would do that which might very seriously handicap the Province in years to come. I certainly am not going to mortgage the future of this Province, as the political parties in the past have mortgaged the future. in order to gain applause or political advantage."

### Commendation for Drury

I HAVE no brief for Premier Drury, but he must command the respect and confidence of those who demand honest, efficient and courageous administration. Those who endorse Premier Drury on his stand in this matter will be accused of being against public ownership which is the fetish of the demagogue at the moment but I have noticed that the people who shout the loudest for public ownership do the least paying and these enterprises must be paid for—and by the people. This is evidenced by the Canadian National Railways which were initiated in 1903 and the account is rendered in 1921, eighteen years later, and it is a tidy sum and must be paid—and by the people. These are our costs for playing politics and I wonder if we will derive any lesson from it or decide to charge it off to experience and then go ahead and buy some more experience.

Perhaps our most serious national problem is our financial position. This must be met with courage and soundness. We have an enormous total of debt piled up, part of it resulting from our cost of the war and a large part from mistakes of our managers in the past. In approaching this problem it is necessary that each individual submerge self and think from a Canada-first viewpoint.

I have been in conferences with various groups of people to consider a well defined and comprehensive plan to submit to the Government with the idea of offering a constructive suggestion as to how the burden could be spread equitably on the shoulders of the whole people so that each individual would bear his proper share. I have never been able to find a group of men agree on any specific proposal as each one at once gets out a pencil to see how any tax will affect him individually. The result is that up to the present no plan has been worked out to comprehensively cover the securing of sufficient revenue to pay expenses of administration and interest and sinking funds on our debt with the result that our financial position is anything but desirable.



LLOYD HARRIS.

### Eliminate Playing of Politics

THERE are difficult problems ahead of us in this respect and they will require exceedingly careful handling as above everything Canada must keep its credit above repreach, otherwise there will be chaos.

This is a problem where politics must be eliminated and the leaders of the various groups, whose ambition is to assume the management of our business, should be forced to be very explicit on the policy they propose to put into effect to meet this problem and we should demand facts and figures and not mere general phrases as after our past experiences of management, we Canadians should all be from Missouri and insist on knowing.

I have been much interested in the figures recently quoted by the Finance Minister, Sir Henry Drayton, in replying to an attack in the *Farmers' Sun* in which the Finance Minister was accused of initiating a spy system to get at incomes of the farmers. The position of a Finance Minister is the most unenviable in the gift of the National Government. Upon him devolves the responsibility of finding the required revenues to keep the ship of state in untroubled waters, and the credit of Canada intact. This requires that he assume the burden of mistakes of former administrations and one of those burdens is to provide for payment of the bill now due and payable in connection with our policy of railroad expansion. This with the debt incurred by the war and for ordinary expenditures to carry on Government, requires the raising of approximately $500,000,000.00 each year.

It has been found necessary to resort to measures of direct taxation, thus the initiation of the Business Profits Tax and Income Tax. It is easy to get at the Business Profits Tax, and it is a popular tax with the masses of the people because comparatively few are required to be taxed and the masses are free so that politically it is a strong card to play but as to the economic soundness of it, is a question. The Income Tax is different however, as it affects a larger number and the editor of the *Farmers' Sun* thinks the farmers are being treated unfairly in the methods employed by the Government to get at their incomes and has so stated in the columns of his paper. Sir Henry Drayton publishes information which gives us some cause for thought. I quote from his letter as follows:—"You are, however, more immediately interested in Ontario. The Ontario total collections were $111,273,-069, made up of $78,616,526 collected under the Business Profits War Tax Act and $32,656,475 under the Income War Tax Act. The total amount paid by farmers was $142,830, representing a fraction of 1-230 or a percentage of .0044 of the year's income tax receipts.

"In the year ended March 31, 1921, Ontario ratepayers paid $20,013,796 in income taxes. The total number of ratepayers was 72,560. In this year the total amount paid by famers of the whole Province was $40,973, and the total of farmer taxpayers was 1,870.

"The estimated population of rural Ontario is 40 per cent. of the whole.

"The result is that only 187 out of every 100,000 of the rural population paid taxes, as against 4,150 out of every 100,000 of the urban population; that while rural Ontario has a population of 2-5 of the whole, it contributes less than one five-hundredth part of the income taxes raised, or in percentages, .002047."

### Group Division Unfortunate

IT is unfortunate if we in Canada divide ourselves into groups as it would undoubtedly result in class legislation, the result of which could only be demoralization and chaos. Do not the figures just cited indicate that one

*Continued on page 39*

# THE VALLEY OF GOLD

*By* DAVID HOWARTH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

FOR a long time there was silence in the room. Then McClure spoke slowly, weighing each word, held from a full committal by some sudden instinct of caution.

"I believe you, Sykes," was his low-voiced admission. "At present I don't see anything against your plan. But it is a big thing, and you have rushed it up to me. I want time to think. I'll not say just now whether I'll hook up with your offer or not. I have a stipulation to hand you before we go ahead. You must see the chit yourself and make her a fair proposition. Put it straight to her and make it as rosy as you can. If she throws you down I'll probably take a hand."

Sykes nodded his head in reluctant acquiescence.

"Very well," said he. "I'll meet you. I'll talk to the little girl, though I know it will do no good. It may stampede her into some decision that will queer our game. She is no fool."

"I insist," said McClure firmly. "Get busy. In the meantime I'll catch my feet. For to-night I have had enough."

Seizing his hat, McClure took his abrupt departure.

As he shut the door Sykes put out the lamp. Taking a cigarette from his pocket he struck a match and proceeded to light it. In the red glow his face seemed to float out of the black pall of the night, an impish thing from the pit. The grin of the wolf snarled off the lips as they opened to emit a soft, chuckling laugh.

## XX

### A Fawn at Bay

THE following afternoon Mary McClure sat pensively at her piano, her spirit awander in the dulcet shadowlands of an improviso. She was pondering a remarkable thing. At that moment her parents were out for a jaunt in the Valley, the first in years. She recalled the pleasure lighting her mother's face as she accepted the unique proposal. Hope of happier relations had stirred in her breast. For all the bright little circumstance there was a query in Mary's mind that drew minor strains from the plaintive piano.

It was some weeks since she had seen Ned Pullar. They had then agreed to terminate their covert meetings, hoping for a turn in the wheel of fate that would be auspicious.

A chat with Margaret Grant had informed her of the presence of the stranger Foyle as inimical to Ned. The old homestead was in some way involved. Shortly after her chat with Margaret she had observed her father in friendly conversation with Foyle before the office of Chesley Sykes. At the sight a shadow had flitted through her mind. Was her father involved in Ned's trouble?

She had abandoned herself to a sombre brooding upon this disquieting theme when a knock sounded upon the door. It startled her, for she was alone. Lifting her hands from the keys, she went to the door. On opening she was confronted with the great figure of Chesley Sykes. A smile lit his handsome face. Touching his hat with graceful courtesy, he greeted her respectfully.

"Good-day, Miss McClure!" was his quiet salute.

At the sound of his voice the episode at the door flashed into her mind. She regretted the absence of her parents.

Hospitality forbade rudeness and she invited him within.

"I have come to see you, yourself," said he, smiling at her formality. "I am heartily glad there is nobody else about. I have been anxious to crave your pardon for my part in the incident at the door. It was inexcusable and foolish, I acknowledge. I am sorry."

THE girl looked away with serious face. Instinct warned her against the man, but his tone and manner were agreeably penitent. She believed him.
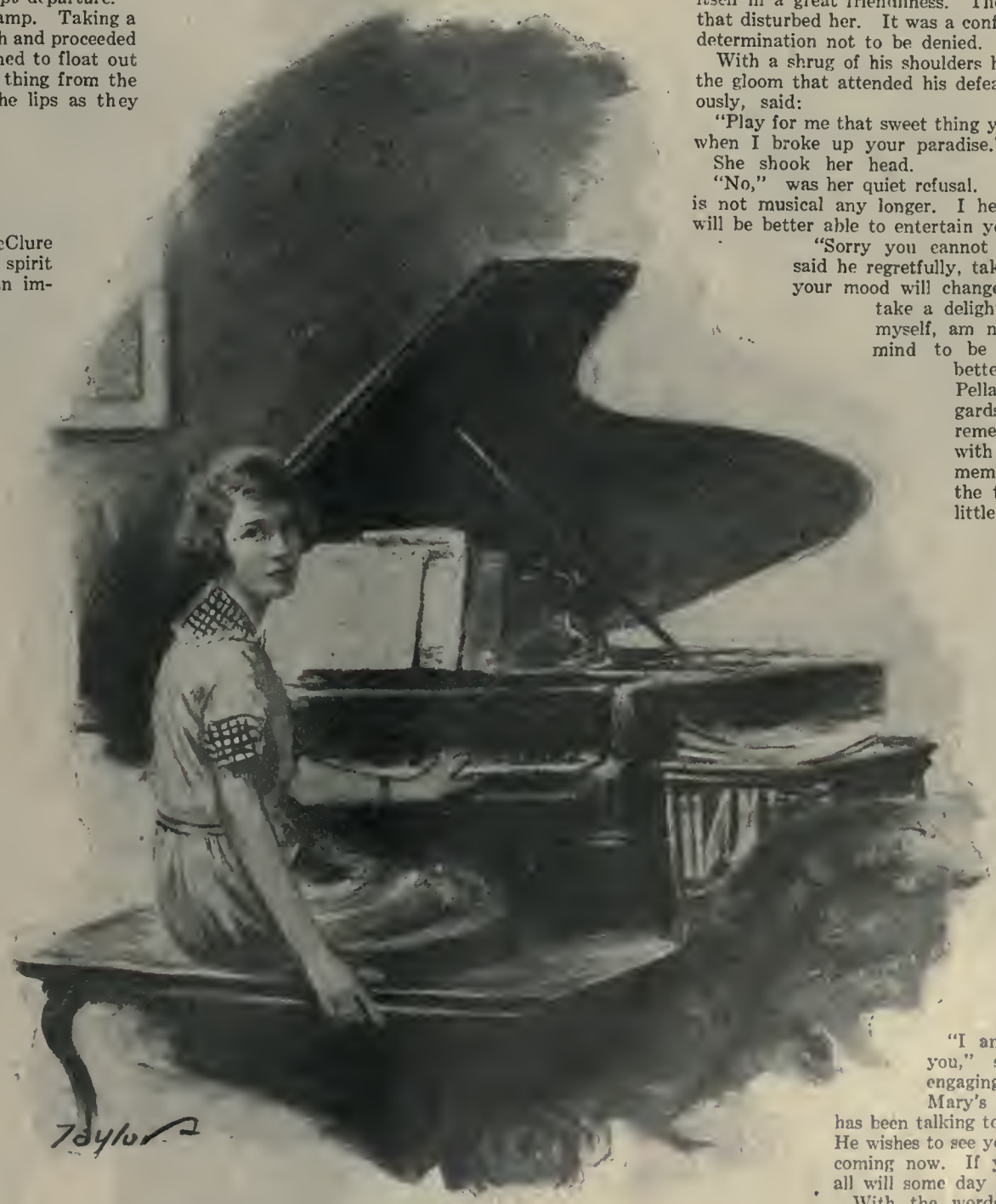
"I do not hold grudges, Mr. Sykes," was her reply. "I remember the matter well and I am glad to forget it, since you desire it."

"That relieves me," was the pleased reply. "I promise to observe the good old conventions in the future. There was something extenuating, had you known it. Have you no suspicion of what a real fact lay behind that silly act? Of that fact I am not ashamed."

Mary offered no surmise and moved to the window, where she became absorbed in the world without.

"I want to talk some things over to-day," said he frankly, moving to her side. "This is probably the last time I shall solicit your forbearance. I am leaving Pellawa.

"You know of the college years and the unswerving interest a certain student at law took in a certain small co-ed. That interest had deepened during these days in Pellawa. You and you alone, Mary McClure, are the reason for my presence here. I have been chasing the gleam. I have been bitterly disappointed. The rustic life has not drawn us any nearer. And yet—I—I have not thrown up the sponge. I am not resigning you, Mary. That is my purpose here to-day. I want to let you know this. I have only one objective, only one dream in the alluring puzzle called life, and that is, Mary McClure. My single ambition is to win you for my wife. Some day, Mary, will you marry me?"



The following afternoon Mary McClure sat pensively at her piano.

The girl turned toward him, astounded at his impudence, a flush rising in her cheeks. At sight of him she could not doubt his sincerity.

"Mr. Sykes," she said quickly, "you have no right to make such an approach to me."

"Only the right of a mighty big regard that keeps on growing without any especial attention from the most desirable quarter."

She remained silent a moment, suddenly reflective.

"Perhaps you are right," she said thoughtfully. "If you are, you already know my answer. I can never become the wife of Chesley Sykes. Never."

She repeated the refusal in so deliberate a manner that the confidence of the man received a jolt. He heard the ring of steel on steel and looked in wonder at the dainty antagonist.

"I am sure you will not approach me again," said she in a manner he realized was imperative. Then she smiled. "You are Daddy's friend," said she, with a pleasant courtesy. "I will not forget that."

There followed a long silence. At length she looked up. His face was a surprise to her. There was no vexation, no displeasure. Instead, the passion of the man expressed itself in a great friendliness. There was something else that disturbed her. It was a confidence, an assurance, a determination not to be denied.

With a shrug of his shoulders he seemed to throw off the gloom that attended his defeat and, smiling ingenuously, said:

"Play for me that sweet thing you were dreaming over when I broke up your paradise."

She shook her head.

"No," was her quiet refusal. "I cannot. My mood is not musical any longer. I hear Father's bells. He will be better able to entertain you."

"Sorry you cannot draw to me to-day," said he regretfully, taking up his hat. "But your mood will change. Some day you will take a delight in delighting me. I, myself, am not now in a frame of mind to be companionable. It is better that I return to Pellawa. Give my regards to your parents. And remember," enjoined he with peculiar emphasis, "remember that I am still on the trail of my distracting little Will-o'-the-wisp."

SYKES had gone but a few minutes when Helen McClure entered. Her face was flushed and unhappy. Gathering Mary into her arms, she kissed her with impulsive tenderness.

"Whatever happens, darling," she whispered hurriedly, "follow your heart. The happiness of us all depends upon it, though it may seem otherwise."

"Mother!" said the girl, excitement welling up in her eyes. "How troubled you are! What is it?"

"I am a little anxious for you," said the mother, disengaging herself gently from Mary's clasp. "Your father has been talking to me of your prospects. He wishes to see you in the office. He is coming now. If you follow your heart all will some day be well."

With the words she bestowed upon Mary a clinging caress.

The girl walked hesitantly to the office and stood looking out of the window as she awaited her father. She was threatened with panic but grew composed as she heard his footsteps in the hall. She turned as he entered and lifted her head, meeting his great eyes with the clear gaze of her own. He, too, was steeling himself to the interview. His unsmiling face distressed her. Passing by her, he seated himself in his office chair and whirled about. Before he could look up to where she stood he was surprised to feel the touch of her hands upon his head. Enfolding him in her arms, she kissed his brow. A thrill swept over him. For an instant he looked with

the inner eye upon his own soul. He knew it to be unnatural, brutal.

"Daddy!" she whispered. "Let me tell you all before you speak."

Gently, but with a steady, rigid motion of his hands, he pressed her back. The tenderness that had betrayed him for but an instant vanished.

"We'll see about that in a moment," was the cold reply. "I want to ask you a few questions before you tell your story. Sykes tells me he had a talk with you this afternoon."

"A diplomatic conversation," corrected Mary, with a faint smile.

"What did he say?"

"A great deal. It was not, after all, very much of a conversation. It was a declaration. I almost fancied he was issuing a veiled ultimatum. He did, however, ask me a pointed question, and I gave him a blunt reply."

"You refused him?"

"Yes."

"Do you know Sykes?"

"Too wisely and too well. His father is a wealthy broker; his mother a delightful aristocrat and a very fashionable lady. They live in a dreamland on The Crescent shut in with exclusive hedges amid the bloom of wonderful flowers. Their well-trimmed terraces run down to the water's edge. Sykes is a fellow-student of some years' duration. He has seemed to take rather more than a mild interest in the lone hope of the McClures. But I do not like him, Dad. I like Ned."

"So they tell me."

"I love Ned, Dad," was the gentle confession.

"But Sykes is a gentleman," said McClure testily.

"Ned is a man. I love a man, a real man, Dad."

McClure rose to his feet, the old passion rising afresh.

"I cannot agree with you. A man would not sneak into the bluffs to be alone with the girl he respects."

The stroke drew blood. A flush swept over the sensitive face.

"I did meet Ned once alone by accident," was the admission, "At all other times Margaret Grant joined us. We have not had even these interviews for weeks."

"How long have you been encouraging Pullar?"

"Ned and I became good friends in our first year at the University."

"Why did you not tell me?"

THE girl looked pleadingly into the eyes that grew each moment more chill. She halted in her reply, irresolute and deeply troubled. Had she the courage to drag the family skeleton into the light? She dropped her eyes and pondered. When she lifted them they were wet with tears.

"Come!" was the brusque command. "Tell me why you and Pullar skulk about the ravines like a pair of coyotes."

"The reason I have not confided in you, Father," said the girl slowly, "is because of your strange enmity for Ned. That, however, would not have been a sufficient reason had it not been for the cruel thing that has robbed Mother and me of our husband and Daddy. You have become a stranger to us. We do not tell these dear tales to—strangers. I could love you, Father, if you did not trample our hearts with your cruel heels."

At her words, McClure shrank back. He scarcely believed his ears. Yet it was little Mary who stood before him self-possessed and unafraid, smiting his conscience with her gentle voice. Her eyes were imploring and beautiful, with a yearning he could not face. With an impatient shrug he turned away.

"What would we have gained," continued the girl, "had I told you of my intimacy with the man you hate? It would have resulted in only deeper misery for our home. It is cruel of me to talk like this, but it is the truth. Mother suffers continuous anguish, hiding it from us as only her wonderful love can devise. This is my only reason for loving Ned in secret. We are not afraid to let the world know of it. It already knows. As you well know, Ned fears nothing, not even the anger of Rob McClure."

The sight of the girl with her earnest eyes and tremulous lips touched the buried ruth of the man. At her frank arraignment he felt the stirrings of a compunction that was new. Her piteous helplessness held off from him by his own chill unrelenting pierced him to a depth she little dreamed. The memory of her suppliant figure haunted him through the after years.

But he resisted. He had been tempered to a triple hardness. A sudden bracing of the unyielding will stiffened his wavering resolution. As is usual when a man stifles the inner voice, Rob McClure swung instantly to the opposite extreme. "Here," he mused, "is this daughter of mine, browbeating me rather than giving me dutiful obedience." He was about to lash her with scandalous insinuation when the ulterior object recurred to him. He forthwith tempered his rage with a wise craftiness.

"You have given a strange reason," said he judicially. "I will not give my consent to your friendship with such a hound. Why not consider a red-blooded man like Chesley Sykes? He is intelligent, educated, wealthy and delightfully congenial.. In addition, he is your father's close friend. Never before have I used my authority. But now I forbid you to have anything to do with Pullar. Turn your attention to something that offers you a future."

"You mean that I must break my engagement with Ned?"

"I do." was the adamant response.

AT THE brutal tone a swift change came over the girl. While an infinite suffering looked out of her eyes she stood erect and proud.

"Do you also command that I shall accept Chesley Sykes in Ned's place?"

Her voice had the ring that had shaken the confidence of Sykes but a short time before. He felt the danger in it and tempered his reply.

"No, Mary! I don't command. I urge you."

"But you have as much right to command me to marry Chesley Sykes as you have to forbid my friendship with Ned Pullar. Why not, then?"

McClure paused a moment, calculating her intention.

"I have the right to do either," was the triumphant reply. There was a threat in his voice.

The girl looked at him a moment, her face aquiver with pain. The anguish of her emotion blanched cheeks and lips. She addressed him in a voice strange for its quality of renunciation.

"Father," said she, "your words are terrible to me. They mean that you would deprive me of your affection—of my home. You have not the right to command me to do a wrong. That is not the prerogative of even a parent. As for Chesley Sykes. I abhor him as unscrupulous and cruel. The more I know of him, the less I can discover to admire. I will never marry him. On the other hand, some day I shall marry Ned. You misunderstand him. He is not your enemy. He would be a real friend. I shall be forced to disobey you, Father."

Reluctantly the girl turned away and walked to the door.

McClure was the victim of an overwhelming rage



A shadow crept up and hung low near the window.

Never had he been so stoutly withstood. It galled him to know that his daughter was right. In logic of brain and ethics she had worsted him. He was eager for savage retort, but the offer of Sykes dangled before him like golden fruit. The venom of his rage would destroy it. So he was cunning and remained silent.

"Just a moment, Mary," said he in a conciliatory voice.

She turned eagerly toward him.

"I would not force you to do anything you do not wish to do," said he. "But do not be rash. Think it all over carefully. Your home is here. It will always be so. Perhaps after a time you will be able to meet my wishes."

Bitterly disappointed, the girl turned away. She was also surprised. Her father, though beyond doubt in a violent rage, had acquiesced to her will. Amid all the turmoil of her distress she recalled the nonchalance of Chesley Sykes as she refused his proposal. As with him, her father seemed not so greatly disappointed. As she pondered the enigma a thought flitted into her mind that caused a cold chill to clutch at her heart.

Without a reply she passed through the door.

## XXI

### The Counterplot

FOLLOWING their interview with Mary, Rob McClure and Sykes concluded it expedient to make a flying visit to the city. Mary found her father in remarkably good humour on his return. So affable was his mood that she was beginning to hope for a reprieve of the fates to avert the calamity she feared. But her hope was short lived. Riding into the stable after a long evening canter through the Valley she was greeted pleasantly by her father.

"Is Bobs going good to-day?" was his interested question.

"Bobs never misses," was the reply. "He danced along in wonderful form, but I could not enter into his gaiety. I bounced around upon his back a most unresponsive dreamer."

He lifted his eyebrows.

"Surely you are not yet worrying over our conversation?"

The kindliness of his tone drew the simple admission:

"Yes, Daddy."

"Have you decided to fall in with your good prospects?"

She studied his eyes with a keenness that alarmed him. He read her answer in the wearied face and, speaking quickly, forestalled her reply.

"I will say no more about Ned Pullar," said he. "I am willing to leave it all with you. I am confident you will see after a while that it is best to forget him. Lest you should act rashly I want you to know that not only your own happiness but my future career rests wholly with you. I am now a partner in the new firm of brokers, Sykes, McClure and Sykes. Nothing but a foolish spurning of your wonderful opportunity with Chesley Sykes can hold back the most astonishing possibilities for us all."

The girl's head drooped. She realized that snares were being skilfully and cruelly laid. To her father she had become a mere chattel.

"Daddy," she said gently, "it grieves me to disobey you, to disappoint you. But once for all you must know that no inducement, however tempting to me or however disappointing to you in my refusal of it, will persuade me to do the thing you urge."

Again to her surprise, he showed no great chagrin. Instead he betrayed an over anxiety in his desire to conciliate her.

THROUGH the long, sleepless hours of the night she brooded, striving to think a way out. The sense of personal peril grew upon her. She remembered the light in her father's eyes as he told her of his good fortune. She shuddered as she recalled it. In the morning, as she rode over the Valley, she decided to see Ned at the earliest moment.

Rob McClure was greatly alarmed at the invulnerable front the girl represented. Arrived in his office, he drew a bundle of documents from a drawer and examined them. The title fascinated him. He rocked back in his chair to con its lure when his eyes caught the vision of the two faces above. Suddenly he realized that upon the inscrutable and inviolable will behind the sweet face of Mary rested his fortune. With Mary, and not with himself rested the decision that should ratify or destroy his arrangement with Sykes. It all depended upon the girl above with the innocent face. Could he leave it to her? A keen study of the pure eye and firm brow shook his confidence in a desirable outcome. Rising, he leaned toward the picture with an

abandon that betrayed his intensity of desire.

"Mary!" he whispered. "You will throw me down. I feel it. Sykes is right. There is no other way. The little chit is blind. I shall be forced to do it. I will see Sykes. She will surrender when there is nothing else to do."

This colloquy with the silent photograph had momentous results for the fair original.

AT NOON there was a clatter of hoofs outside the Pullar homestead and the winding of a silvery halloo. Ned went out.

"To saddle!" cried Mary as Ned appeared. "Get Darkey and come! We'll ride at high noon! We'll brew a tale on the King's Highway."

Aware that some serious matter prompted Mary's visit Ned was up on Darkey in a trice and they rode out on an endless trail of the undulating plain. When deep out in the lonely stretch Mary drew Bobs to a walk.

"Ned," she said, "are you prepared for a most unusual proposition?"

"Anything you propose will meet with my entire support."

"Then hear me. The danger you feared so long ago is imminent. Father has learned of our engagement from the lips of Chesley Sykes. I have talked with Father. You can easily surmise what that interview involved. But a few minutes before Sykes had submitted a personal offer to the present rider of Bobs. The offer was declined respectfully if summarily. Father has backed his friend and forbids me you, Ned. I am to instantly and casually forget you. In the selfsame instant I am to foster the tenderest regard for Sykes. This very interview is a disobedience."

She paused, looking up at Ned, her face a compound of anxiety and mischief. Ned sent Darkey to Bobs' flank and threw his arm about the lithe little rider.

"Mary," said he, "you are a brave girl. Will you marry me to-day! This very day?"

"Hush, Ned!" was her cry as she placed her hand upon his lips. "You are stealing my fire. That is my proposition. Only I put it this way. Will you marry me not to-day or to-morrow but the day after?"

"I'll marry you to-day and to-morrow and the day after," was the happy response. "But why put it off?"

"Now I have broken the ice, Ned, it will be easier. I am a frightened little prairie chicken running for cover. I was going to ask you to do this trifling thing for me the day after to-morrow when you anticipated by two days. It is very good of my big farmer to ask no questions and to be willing even to advance dates, but I have a little to say in justification of this bold visit.

"Since my interview with Father the firm of Sykes and Sykes has become the firm of Sykes, McClure and Sykes. Last night Father informed me that if I throw down Chesley Sykes, I therewith crash to the ground his whole brilliant future—that is Father's."

"You are in a hard place, Mary," said Ned solicitously. "It is troubling you terribly despite your brave front. You are grieving, I know."

"A little worried, Ned," was the simple acknowledgment. "It has been difficult and it will be. It is not Father's anger that has driven me to you. It is abject fear. I am afraid of Sykes—and Father. I turn down Sykes. It does not anger him. He remains congenial. I withstand Father and promise to wreck his whole career. He is scarcely disturbed. Why are they not provoked? Because they are not. They are confident of realizing the thing they want. Ned, I have become such a frightened little goose that I carry this."



When deep out in the lonely stretch Mary drew Bobs to a walk.

SHE drew an automatic gun from some mysterious repository in the breast of her riding habit. At sight of the weapon Ned's eyes flashed their dangerous light.

"You are wise to provide defense," said he soberly, "since your enemy is Sykes. Your intuition has not led you astray. For all his suavity and culture Sykes is a savage. He is the monster our civilization rears in the lap of luxury. He has been trained to expect full satiation of his desires. He has a maxim that he gets what he goes after. He knows utterly nothing of self-mastery. He has never denied himself. He never will. Nor will he yield to fate. You are in great danger and have been for months. Some conspiracy is on foot. Its execution may be a matter of but a few hours. There is but one thing to do, Mary. You must marry me to-day."

The girl looked into his eyes.

"I am glad you understand," said she. "I will marry you, Ned, but at the time I have proposed. They shall lead me into nothing undesirable before then. To-day, to-night I want to myself to think it all out. To-morrow I shall teach and to-morrow night I shall tell all to Mother and consult with her. She will agree to our marriage upon the day after."

Ned demurred but to no purpose.

"Since you insist on your date," said Ned with a smile, "will you grant me the privilege of planning the elopement?"

"Your plans first. This is my escapade."

"Very well. The 'day after' you ride out to The Craggs as usual. I shall meet you at the Peak of the Buffalo Trails and together we shall ride to The Fort. It is only a canter of twenty miles. There we shall be wed in the parsonage of Oliver Darwin. He is our good friend. Father will go over to the school and inform the children that Miss McClure is 'indisposed'."

"My saddle for a bridal coach! Ned! That is an inspiration. We'll ride the winding trail into the mystic West."

She held her lips to him and their kiss was the pure caress of a noble passion.

That night Ned rode to The Fort and made full arrangements, reaching home by the gray light of dawn.

## XXII

### Wolves

THE pastime of draw poker was engaging the energies of Sykes, McClure, Foyle, Snoopy Bill and their gang of familiars. The hour ran long past the closing time of eleven P. M.

Though stakes had flown high the game had failed to catch the interest of Rob McClure. He played his hand with a detachment that threw him open to heavy losses. So far he had escaped. His mind was the battle ground of a struggle he had not calculated on. Sykes watched him covertly all evening, striving to pierce the mask of his unsmiling face. It delighted him to trace the ruthless lines about the mouth. On the other hand it perturbed him not a little to see distinct evidences of indecision. With a deliberate purpose of fostering the reckless mood Sykes kept up a perpetual toasting. He toasted the pot, the queens and the aces all in turn, drinking lightly himself while McClure took copious draughts. With all his apathy McClure won regularly while Sykes lost as steadily. The double-playing of the farmer with the frequently recurring toast and an unswerving success in the game was fast realizing Sykes' purpose. He was growing reckless in his sullen vindictiveness while the inner struggle was evident in strange moments of aberration. A gloominess was gathering in his befuddled brain. This greatly puzzled Sykes and alarmed him as well. He watched like a spider in his lair.

Suddenly he leaned forward. A change had come over the farmer. McClure sat in his place, his head resting heavily upon his left hand. His cards lay upon the table before him face up. The game was forgotten. His eyes were reading the contents of a half-emptied glass with a stare repellent in its fierce amazement. Holding the glass tightly in his right hand he trained bulging eyes on some sight within.

At that moment Rob McClure was a physical wreck rolling helplessly on a rough sea. At best the conscience of the man was atrophied. Now it was incapable as well. The countenance, spacious with a native bigness, was marred by the double bestiality of bibber and rogue. The rudderless mind was mighty with unleashed desire. Amid the wreck of faculties sat the will, an ominous thing living, uncontrolled, with strength unimpaired, ready to strike adder-like in any direction.

Oblivious of the commotion of the game he beheld the figment of his drugged brain rising to view in the glass of drink. His face grew black with an anger horrible to behold. Amid the gleam of the liquor two faces took nebulous shape growing in definition the longer he watched. At length they rose into view through the bubbles and froth. They vanished magically only to reappear with a tripled vividness of shape. They were living faces of beautiful women sorrowful with a gentle reproach that stirred some tender, sleeping thing within him, while at the same instant it bated the savage beast glaring out of his eyes. As he looked, one instant fearful, the next enraged, the tender thing was suddenly crushed and the beast sprang from his lair. A wild vengefulness gleamed in his eyes as he sprang to his feet with a weird cry. Swinging his arm aloft he hurled the glass crashing upon the table before him.

"Ha!" he cried laughing horribly. "That will shut your blankety eyes."

CUNNINGLY he searched the ring of startled faces. As he looked something clicked in the brain and the hallucination passed. His face resumed its normal expression, though an inkling of what he had just done remained dimly with him.

The others sprang to their feet in alarm, striking sudden attitudes of defense. An instant's contemplation disclosed to all his drunken state. His eyes were fixed curiously upon the shivered glass. A chorus of raillery broke out. But McClure did not smile. His face was dark.

"What the——?" jollied Snoopy Bill.

Stepping to the door he stooped down and yelled through the keyhole:

"Hi you, Louie! No more strong stuff for McClure.

*Continued on page 37*

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Lloyd George's Breakfasts

*An Entertaining Meal, Where the Premier Explains Why He "Avoids God."*

DR. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

A VIVID pen-picture of a typical Lloyd George "breakfast"—this is quoted because in the life of the present premier of Great Britain a breakfast is more than a mere meal—is given in the *Atlantic* by Rev Joseph Fort Newton, a New York clergyman who, from 1916 to 1920, was Minister of the City Temple, in London, England. His diary reads:

"*October* 24.—Joined a group of Free Church ministers at a private breakfast given by the Prime Minister at No. 10 Downing Street. It was the most extraordinary function I have ever attended, as much for its guests as for its host. Mr Lloyd George spoke to us for more than an hour, and we saw him at close quarters in the intimacy of a self-revelation most disarming. What a way he has of saying, by the lifting of an eyebrow, by the shrug of the shoulders, by a gesture in a pause, volumes more than his words tell. He feels that his Free Church brethren are estranged, and he wished to explain matters and set himself right. His address was very adroit, but one felt a suggestion of cunning even in his candor, despite a winning smile. He talked like a man in a cage, telling how he was unable to do many things he would like to do. As he spoke, one realized the enormous difficulties of a man in his place, the pull and tug of diverse interests, his incredible burdens, and the vast issues with which he must deal. No wonder time has powdered his hair almost white and cut deep lines in his face. Behind him hung a full-length painting of Pitt, and I thought of the two together, each leading his country in an hour of supreme crisis. I thought him worthy of such company, though hardly in the Gladstone tradition, a man of ideas rather than of principles, with more of the mysterious force of genius than either Pitt or Peel, but lacking something of the eternal fascination of Disraeli. Such men are usually regarded as half-charlatan and half-prophet, and the Prime Minister does not escape that estimate.

"At the close of the address there was a disposition to heckle the Prime Minister, during which he learned that Nonconformity had been estranged to some extent—and he also learned why. One of the urgent questions before the country is an actual choice between Bread and Beer and the Government has been unable, apparently, to decide. The food-hogging brewery interests seem to be sovereign, and the Prime Minister is tied—too willingly, perhaps. When asked why, unlike President Wilson, he avoids the use of the word God in his addresses, I thought his reply neat. It is done deliberately, he said, lest he seem to come into competition with the blasphemous mouthings of the German Emperor. His final plea was that, as Britain must bear the brunt of the war until America is ready,—as Russia bore it until Britain was ready—she must muster all her courage, her patience, and her moral fortitude.

"As I left the house, a group of lynx-eyed, sleuth-like press-men—good fellows all—waylaid and assailed me for some hint of the meaning of such a gathering; but I was dumb. They were disappointed, saying that 'after a minister has had breakfast with the Prime Minister he ought to be a well-primed minister'; but as I declined to be pumped, they let me go. When the supply of truth is not equal to the demand, the temptation to manufacture, and speculations in the afternoon papers as to the significance of the breakfast were amazing. It was called 'A Parson's Peace,' in which the Prime Minister had called a prayer-meeting to patch up a peace with the enemy—which is about as near as some journals ever arrive at the truth."

## Where Witches Reign

*Chile Still Hot-Bed of Dark Ages Sorcery.*

OSWALD H. EVANS, F.G.S.

BELIEF IN witchcraft, which died so hard only a few generations ago among our own forefathers, is still rampant, not only among savages, but among lower forms of the white race in out-of-the-way parts of the globe. In *Chamber's journal*, Oswald H. Evans, F.G.S. tells us that the people of Chile, South America, think humans in league with the Evil One ride the night in the form of various animals and birds, the author incidentally hinting at what may have been the genesis of devil-worship and alleged witchcraft in the first place:

"It is interesting to note that the witchcraft of the past, the witchcraft of Ainsworth's *Lancashire Witches*, as revealed by a considerable number of judicial and ecclesiastical investigations in past centuries has recently been submitted to scientific scrutiny by a lady, Miss Murray, who has published the result in the form of a theory, and has succeeded in throwing light in some very dark corners of human perversity. According to this view briefly stated witchcraft and its allied practices represent the relics of a prehistoric cult that survived in mutilated form, maintaining a struggle for centuries against Christianity. Originally a form of animal worship probably connected with totemism, it retained this central idea, which appears in the animal vehicles assumed at will by the witch and the wizard. In continual conflict with the Church and its ministers, it accepted the conventional Devil, absorbed and travestied its ceremonials, and even imitated its organisation. At no time, probably, were its votaries, most of them poor and ignorant, fully aware of this, and the cult degenerated ultimately into a farrago of meaningless and inane formulae. Like other diseases of an epidemic character, witchcraft gradually lost its malignity as education, the fresh-air and daylight of the mind, penetrated the dark recesses where it for so long maintained a parasitic existence.

"Chile, in spite of its great length extended along the South Pacific seaboard, has to-day less than four million inhabitants; of these the greater proportion are of Spanish descent, though a mere glance into a crowd of the lower orders suffices to reveal evidences of a considerable admixture of the indigenous races. The population is concentrated in a few large towns and in industrial regions—for example in the nitrate district of the north. It follows that the vast rural areas, cultivated valleys, and the central plain, flanked by wildernesses of mountain and forest, are very thinly peopled, and by reason of their isolation have remained unchanged in essentials for centuries.

"It is no exaggeration to say that the rural population of Chile is saturated with superstitions. At every turn these are encountered, operating as potent influences in the daily life of the people. Sometimes they are merely laughable, occasionally serious enough.

"An instance of the first kind occurred no longer ago than yesterday, when the writer innocently broke a taboo. It seems that a woman must not gather figs. As a lazy gardener had neglected to collect the fruit which was wanted for the dinner-table, I sent a servant-girl up the ladder. There was at once a dismal outcry from the gardener and his wife. The tree is doomed; it will bear no more fruit; the figs of this season will wither on the branches.

"A more malevolent manifestation of superstition was reported a short time ago. Two women were found in possession of the head of a newly buried child, which they had disinterred from the public cemetery for use in a way of which they could give only a confused account. In some unexplained way the spoils of the burial-ground were supposed to confer good luck on the ghouls. The instance is by no means a solitary one.

"The belief in buried treasure is very prevalent in Chile, not wholly without justification. The deliberate search for buried treasure is beset with extraordinary difficulties. Times and seasons must be taken into consideration; silence, darkness, and solitude are essential. The searcher must steel his heart against unknown perils; he must be prepared to see and hear terrible things. The determined treasure-hunter, however, may avail himself of certain mechanical aids, if we may so call them. These are varied; but the following, I am informed, was tried, without success, in the locating of a treasure supposed to exist on a hillside within half-an-hour of Valparaiso. The witches who guard the gold can often be seen at night from the public roadway, in the form of flickering lights known as candililos. The midnight hour approaching, the seeker prepares a hollow gourd. Inside this he fixes a candle and a reel of cotton, so arranged as to unroll easily. Arrived at the spot, with his spade and sack to dig up and carry off the gold, he awaits the propitious moment, repeating appropriate formulae, and supporting as best he may the molestations of the guardians and their familiars. Sometimes he hears people coming. But this is all illusion. At midnight he lights the candle in the gourd, takes hold of the end of the string, and flings the gourd so that it rolls along the ground, leaving him with a clue of thread

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with which to track it to its resting-place. At the spot where the gourd lies he must dig. When the treasure is revealed at last, a horrid shape is seated on it, the guardian-witch in person, who abuses him with more than the eloquence of a Chilian market-woman. It is not surprising that the witches generally manage to retain their hoards.

"It will be seen that the account given above falls into line with similar stories in many parts of the world. In certain respects however, Chilian witches differ from those of Europe, thanks, possibly, to their having learned a thing or two from the Araucanian medicine-women. The *Chon-chon*, for instance, seems to be peculiar to the country.

"In its least romantic form the Chon-chon is merely a night-bird with a harsh and bodeful cry, auguring evil. Some of the nocturnal birds of Chile, have lamentable voices, and the popular beliefs, concerning them are widely diffused. This bird, however, is no true bird, but the vehicle of a witch, and is nothing less than the head of the sorceress, using its ears as wings. At Chillan, not long ago, it is recorded, the people turned out nightly to listen to a Chon-chon that flew over the town in the darkness, uttering its doleful cry. The bird is easily brought to earth. A pair of scissors opened till they form an 'Iron Cross' will cause it to fall with a bump when it attempts to fly over-head. A better method still is to trace the figure of the 'seal of Solomon,' the interlaced triangles in the dust.

"In a very interesting Spanish work on the myths of the Chilian people, published in Santiago by Senor Cifuentes, an excellent story about the Chon-chon is to be found. The scene is laid in Limache, a small town situated about an hour's distance by rail from Valparaiso. The date of the happenings is not given, but a mile or two from the railway it might as well be yesterday as a hundred years ago.

"One night some people were gathered together in the room of a farmhouse—one of the low-walled adobe buildings, roofed with large red tiles, that are still found in country places. The winter nights are long in central Chile, the lighting arrangements in the farmhouses of the most primitive kind. The people sit, and often actually squat, Indian fashion, round a *brasero* of glowing charcoal, the noxious fumes of which afflict them with headaches, which they relieve by sticking postage-stamps or plaster on each temple. That, to me, 'discomfortable drink' *mate* circulates in a small gourd-shaped vessel, each person taking a pull at the *bombilla*, a kind of spoon-strainer perforated to let the liquid pass, and handing it to his neighbour. The conditions of semi-darkness and carbon-monoxide fumes would be propitious for the untoward happenings that are to be described. A Chon-chon passed overhead, giving its melancholy cry—*Tue-tue-tue*. They should have thrown burnt salt in the air and said, '*Go thy ways, Chon-chon, and I will go mine.*' One of the company, however, traced the symbol on the mud floor, and a heavy fall was heard on the tiled roof. All rushed out into the *patio*, and found a bird the size of a turkey struggling on the ground, from which it was unable to raise itself. They killed it, and cut off the head, which was red and naked, like that of the vulture. A dog ate the head, and the trunk was flung in harmony with Chilian ideas of sanitation, on the roof. Shortly afterwards a great outcry of mournful sounds told the people that the mates of the dead witch had come for the body. At the same instant the dog that had eaten the head of the bird suddenly swelled up, and all could see that the appearances warranted the belief that the head had reverted to its human shape.

"The following day the grave-digger of the place had a tale to tell. At earliest dawn a great company of unknown people, clothed in black, had buried a headless body in the graveyard.

"One man I know consults a witch from time to time in reference to a lizard that has taken up its abode in his stomach. The authorities are in continual conflict with a class of unlicensed practitioners commonly known as 'meicos' (*medicos*), who cure or kill by means of potent drugs of the country-side that might, if carefully studied, be found to possess properties of real value in medicine. Charms play no small part in the treatment, and if the account be true that appeared in the press lately, the remedial measures adopted are sometimes of the heroic order. In a house searched by the police, an unfortunate old man, suffering from rheumatism was found suspended from the roof by his feet, his shoulders only resting on the bed.

"In the authoritative work of Senor Cifuentes already referred to, we read of a complex organisation among Chilian witches that rivals that of Europe in the Middle Ages. There is a central authority, resident in Santiago, and there are three provinces, north, central, and south. Rivalry exists between the practitioners of the country and those of the town, but all receive their education in certain caves known as *Salamancas*—truly a libel on that ancient university! Their meetings are presided over by 'Muckle-horned Clootie' in person, and a charming assemblage gathers of Calchonas, Chonchons and malformed dwarfs—which last are children stolen from their homes and maimed by the witches in such horrible fashion that they cannot leave the caves in which they are secluded and in which they serve as drudges. The traveller, 'overtaken' by night and strong waters, may awake to find himself a guest, and he should take heed of the gifts they give him.

"In Chile, too, the golden age of witchcraft is over. Slowly, but surely the light penetrates. The schoolmasters and mistresses—a class to whom the Republic owes much and pays very little—spend their lives in an uphill fight against ignorance and alcohol. Slowly the authorities are awakening to their great responsibilities towards their poorer fellow-citizens, and the day cannot be far distant when this small population, the many virtues of which render it worthy to be raised both socially and materially, will receive the blessed gift of compulsory education, and 'witches and other night fears,' robbed of the potent ointment of ignorance, will fly forth like the fabled Calchona."

# Spain's Terrible Social Condition

*Frightful Torture of Suspects a Twentieth Century Fact*

A Madrid Correspondent Of *The Fortnightly Review*

FOUR years of neutrality brought enormous wealth to Spain, but with disastrous results to the country's social fabric according to the abovementioned writer.

"I know," he says, "an illiterate who was able to convert a modest nest-egg of $1,500 into $10,000,000 and an income of $600,000. a year. The big Sugar Trust had no profits at all in 1914; three years later they had nearly 19,000,000 pesetas to distribute.

"But it was the shipping concerns which had the most sensational gains. Thus the Naviera Bachi of Bilbao changed a dividend of 35 pesetas into one of 1775. The grape crop of Spain trebled in value, even with a greatly diminished yield; and oranges worth $10,000,000 in 1913 fetched $45,000,000 a few seasons later.

"But the cost of living continued to soar until Spain became the most expensive country in all Europe, with butter at 10s. a lb., sugar at 1s. 8d., and so on in proportion.

"It will be newa to most people also that there are regions in 'Sunny Spain' where human beings herd like savages in holes and caves—half-atarved, degenerate people without doctors or churches, or schools; clothed in rude skins, and with their fears and hopes preyed upon by witch-doctors, as in Haiti or Nigeria.

"I write of that which I know; I refer to the weird Las Hurdes region of the Estremadura, where forty-three communities of Spaniards live in a state of bestial neglect—though there is to-day in Spanish banks over 3,000,000,000 pesetas more than there was in 1915.

"Organised Labour is to-day a power in the ancient theocracy, and the priests are viewed with real malevolence by an underfed and over-taxed proletariat. This sentiment is not new: I need only recall the "Red Week" of Barcelona in 1909, when convents and churches were burned and "the Jesuits"—as the priests are generically styled—were obliged to flee for their lives.

"Men who know and love Spain feel their hearts sink when they contemplate the misery of the long-suffering medley of races from Galicia to Malaga, and from the Ebro to the Rio Tinto—where I have seen the children of strikers prowling among the garbage-dumps in quest of potato-peelings and rotten fruit.

"It is impossible to convey in a brief space the condition of squalor and neglect in which Spain is plunged in this, her war-rich period. Her death-rate is the highest in Europe; I have counted over 4,000 beggars in the streets of Madrid alone on a summer's day.

"There are elemental cries for bread and water, for a living wage, for schools and roads; simple measures of public health, common justice between man and man, and State aid on intelligent lines tending to lift the people to that "European level" which is the humble aspiration of present-day Spain.

"Whatever may be said of Labour demands elsewhere, it is certain that those of Spain are more than justified. For here the workers face a despotism whose deeds have never been fully explained to foreigners.

"Indeed, it is doubtful whether foreigners would credit them as twentieth-century facts. The automatic suspension of the jury system and the Constitutional guarantees; the arbitrary muzzling of the Press, the employment of spies and *agents provocateurs*, and the calling out of all forces here are some of the drastic measures which in a moment convert Spain into an armed camp.

"It is at such times that terrible things are done in dark places like the notorious Castle of Montjuich at Barcelona, which is the dread Bastille of Spain. Here in turbulent seasons an Inquisition is set up, as in the tragic case of Francisco Ferrer, the founder of the Modern School in Cataluna, who died for his ideals.

"Here in our own day, frightful torture has been inflicted to elicit confessions, or implicate suspects in cases of political crime. The testimony of prisoners is altogether too ghastly for publication, even if space allowed."

# Ten Commandments of Sport

*Principles Which Apply in Business, in Work, in Friendship—in Fact, Everywhere*

HUGH S. FULLERTON

IN the *American*, Mr. Fullerton who is the sporting Editor of the New York *Evening Mail* gives ten principles as constituting the code of the good sport. They apply also to any and every sort of contest in which a human being can take part, and are as follows:—

"1. Thou shalt not quit.

"2. Thou shalt not alibi.

"3. Thou shalt not gloat over winning.

"4. Thou shalt not be a rotten loser.

"5. Thou shalt not take unfair advantage.

"6. Thou shalt not ask odds thou art unwilling to give.

"7. Thou shalt always be ready to give thine opponent the shade.

"8. Thou shalt not under estimate an opponent, nor over estimate thyself.

"9. Remember that the game is the thing, and that he who thinketh otherwise is a mucker and no true sportsman.

"10. Honor the game thou playest for he who playeth the game straight and hard wins even when he loses."

# Life on The Grand Banks

*An Account of the Fishing Industry on Canada's Eastern Coasts*

FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE

THE author of the leading article in The National Geographic Magazine for July, Frederick W. Wallace, will be well known to readers of *MacLean's* as a Canadian writer who has on more than one occasion contributed to Canada's National Magazine. In the article referred to, he gives a description of the sailor fishermen who harvest the shoal waters of our eastern coasts and of their method of working. It forms an exceptionally entertaining account of a virile North American industry. The following is a brief outline of the article:—

"It has been my privilege to sail and steam the oceans in many kinds of crafts ranging from the romantic full-rigged clipper ship to the oil-burning greyhounds of twenty-knot speed, and from the graceful, sea-kindly Grand Bank fishing schooner to the sturdy steam-trawler of North Sea type; but in all my voyaging I am inclined to the belief that the only real sailors we have to-day, in this mechanical age, are to be found in the Bank fishermen of North America's Atlantic Coasts.

"The sailors I refer to are the crews of the beautiful fishing schooners that sail out of the fishing ports of Newfoundland, the Maritime provinces of Canada and the New England States of America, and the ports which claim most of them are Lunenburg, in Nova Scotia, and Gloucester and Boston, in Massachusetts.

"These deep-sea fishermen are a distinctive type peculiar to the North American Atlantic coast. Racially they are from the sturdy pioneer breeds of Highland Scotch, Hanoverian German, West Country English, and West Irish which settled in Newfoundland, Eastern Canada, Maine, and Massachusetts when America was young. In the New England States this type succumbed to the development of other industries; thus it is that when a Gloucester fishing schooner is lost, mothers and widows in Newfoundland remain to mourn the majority of the vessel's dead.

"As most people know, the Banks are vast areas of shoal water lying at various distances off the eastern coasts of the United States and Canada and south and east of Newfoundland. Upon these Banks, in depths ranging from 15 to 200 fathoms, tremendous numbers of certain demersal species of fish are to be found at certain seasons. Cod is the commonest variety caught; haddock ranks second, while hake, pollock, cusk halibut, skate, whiting, catfish, wolf-fish, monk-fish and lumpfish are also marketed.

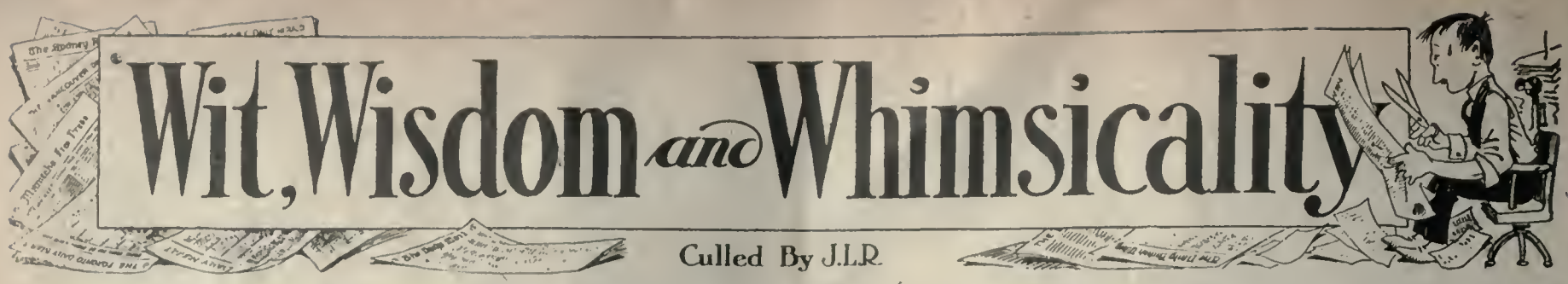
"In the off-shore fisheries upon the Banks, none of these fish are caught by net unless by steam-trawling. In the schooner fishery the long-line, mis-named 'trawl' by fishermen, and hand-line are used exclusively.

"The long-line is, as its name implies, a long line ranging from 2,100 to 2,400 feet in length, and is made of thin, but incredibly strong, tarred cotton. On each line there are from 600 to 800 snoods (thinner lines) and hooks.

"Each long-line is coiled down in a wooden tub and every hook has to be baited before the 'gear' is set.

"On every Bank fishing-schooner, except hand-liners, on which the fishing is done from the deck, a number of flat-bottomed, high-sided boats called 'dories' are carried. These dories are from 18 to 22 feet over all and their thwarts are removable, so as to permit their being 'nested' one within the other upon the schooner's decks when not in use. From six to twelve of these dories are carried by fishing schooners, and it is from the dory that the actual fishing is done.

"Every Bank fishing schooner is a sort



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

**The One Kind Word.**—Poverty is no disgrace, but there is precious little else that can be said for it.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Discrimination Against the Girls.**—I hope some boy has a fine calf to show and win the black robe.—Algoma *Advocate.*

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**A Mouthful.**—"It isn't always a girl's plain face that keeps her from marrying—sometimes it's her good sense."—Orillia *Packet.*

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**A Word of Encouragement.**—Mr. and Mrs. John Livingston are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Both are doing well.—Fort Frances *Times.*

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**A Difference.**—An insurance company's rejection means that you are a poor risk; a girl's rejection means only that you are poor.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Human vs Electric.**—You can buy an electrical dish washer nowadays. But a lot of men will think it cheaper to proceed in the old-fashioned way and marry one.—Manitoba *Free Press.*

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**Doesn't Come Easily**—The craving for drink is supposed to be dying out, but you will notice that when the authorities confiscate any liquor they always "seize" it.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**Nothing Less Than a Flivver Now.**—In the old days a man was knocked down sometimes by a horse and buggy. If that happened to him today his friends would kid him to death.—Manitoba *Free Press.*

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**Cynic and Super-cynic.**—"If the next war is in the air," queries a cynic, "where shall we hide the battleships?" Where for that matter, shall we hide the generals? —Kingston *British Whig.*

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**O Tempora! O Mores!**—'Tis a sad reminder of the change in the times. Once in the glad days of the golden west a man took his life in his hands by refusing to drink with another. Now he takes almost as big a chance trying to get one.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

**The Unfailing Sign**—When she quits calling it 'lingerie,' the honeymoon is over. Calgary *Albertan.*

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**No Wear and Tear.**—Father believes they call it "the society set" because that's all they do.—Kingston *Standard.*

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**Eternal**—"The everlasting hills" is more poetic; but "the everlasting bills" gives a clearer idea of permanency.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Habit**—People are getting so used to jumping when they hear a honk that they are in danger of deteriorating into bullfrogs.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Now It's Different.**—To make a mash has a different meaning than in the days of our youth, although both are done on the quiet.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**Not the Wilsonian Kind.**—Another sort of pitiless publicity is a bow-legged girl, with a soup-bone ankle, wearing a short skirt on a windy day—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Depends on the Recipient.**—A minister propounds the formula that "a kiss a day keeps divorce away." Doesn't it all depend on who gets them?—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**Easily Remedied.**—A western man lost his prospective bride because he kissed too hard. The lady could have got around the difficulty just as well by marrying him, as every married woman would have told her.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**Didn't Like the Home Grown Kind**—A recent news item is to the effect that a certain Chicago attorney and his wife are going to the heart of Africa to hunt gorillas. This is interesting, but why do they leave Chicago?—Vancouver *Province.*

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**The Direct Approach.**—An Ontario pioneer says that when he was a boy, a fellow could get further with a girl by handing her a few conversation lozenges than the modern young man can by giving her twenty dollars' worth of roses.—Manitoba *Free Press.*

**Note to Brides.**—The thing that separates a properly hitched team of horses is the tongue—Border Cities *Star.*

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**Making it Easy**—One suspects at times that it is much easier to be good if you can't see good.—Nelson B.C. *News.*

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**The Unfailing Sign.**—A woman is as old as she looks, and no man is old until he stops looking.—Vancouver *Province.*

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**Take One!**—The Pullman fare there and back wouldn't seem so unreasonable if they would give you the Pullman as a souvenir.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Protect the Innocent.**—If Germany keeps on underselling the world, it may become necessary to lick her again to make the world safe for inefficiency.—Regina *Post.*

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**Their Forte.**—The Greeks may not be able to beat the Turks, but they are the only people on earth who can polish an apple until it looks like ten cents worth.—Nelson B.C. *News.*

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**A Suggestion.**—The banking world should make more profit than they do out of the story of Noah. It moralizes on the duty of providing against the "rainy day."—London *Free Press.*

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**Times Have Changed, Likewise the Manner.**—Samson used the jaw bone of an ass to end a war. In modern times this weapon is used only to start wars.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Eyes Front.**—A lady correspondent remarks that one of the troubles of the country today is that too many young men are watching other people's steps and not watching their own.—Manitoba *Free Press.*

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**A Change of Venue**—A Portland woman writes that the only change she has noticed in her husband since prohibition came in is that he now tells his troubles to her instead of the bartender.—Vancouver *Province.*

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of sea-faring democracy. The crew works the ship on a co-operative basis, with the skipper as sailing and fishing boss. I have been on voyages where the men drew $70 each for a week's work, and on others where they made but $45 in two months.

"The crew, or 'gang' of a Banker runs from sixteen to twenty-five men. A schooner 'running ten dories' would have a crew sufficient to man ten dories with two fishermen in each. All navigating is done by the skipper. The men are primarily fishermen, but they are under the skipper's orders and must help to sail the vessel, to steer and keep a lookout, and to set and furl sail. During the run-off to the 'grounds' the fishermen are busy overhauling their fishing gear. Each man has his dory-mate and his particular dory and they divide the work between them. It is incumbent upon them to have their lines in good shape and their dory properly equipped when the skipper sings out, 'Bait up', the schooner having reached the Bank to be fished and some 2,000 hooks have to be baited with pieces of herring, squid or capelin every time a set is made.

"If the gear has been baited and the weather is favorable, the skipper sings out, 'Dories over'. The dory-mates who hold the two top dories on the port and starboard 'nests' prepare their boats for going overside by shipping the thwarts and jamming the bottom-plugs in. Two fishermen secure their tubs of baited lines and jump into the dory, which is allowed to drift astern. The painter is made fast to a pin in the schooner's taffrail and the dory is towed along by the schooner. As the other dories are launched they are dropped astern, made fast to each other, and towed by the schooner. When all the dories are overside the skipper, at the wheel of the schooner, determines the direction in which he wants to set his lines and the dories are let go, one at a time as the vessel sails along. A schooner 'running' ten dories will have them distributed at equal distances along a four or five-mile line and Number One is often out of sight from the position of Number Ten. In the dories when the skipper has let them go one fisherman ships the oars and pulls the boat in the direction given him by the skipper, while the other prepares the gear for setting.

"The end line of the first 'tub' of baited long-line is made fast to a light iron anchor to which a stout line and buoy-keg is attached. This is thrown into the water and the fisherman heaves the baited gear into the sea by means of a short stick with which he dexterously whirls the coils of line and hooks out of the tub and the long-line goes to the sea bottom, and is prevented from snarling up by the anchors at each end. The fishermen in the dory hang on to the last anchor until it is time to haul the gear, or they may leave it altogether and pull back aboard the schooner again, leaving the location of their lines to be marked by a flag or black-ball thrust into the buoy-keg attached to the anchors at each end.

"The line may be set for periods varying from thirty minutes to half-a-day. When ready to haul the long-line the fishermen insert a lignum-vitae roller in the gunwale of the dory and pull the anchor and buoy up. The end of the line fast to the anchor is detached and the fisherman, standing in the bow of the dory, commences to haul the long-line out of the water. His dory-mate stands immediately behind him and as the line comes in it is his job to coil it back into the tub again after knocking off the untouched bait. The fisherman hauling the line disengages the caught fish by a dexterous turn of the arm.

"Though it is a hard, cold, and hazardous existence, yet the fisherman's life has some compensations. The cooks are masters of the culinary art and the meals provided are of the most luxurious description. There is a certain spirit of independence to the fisherman's life which makes it attractive. He is under no master but the skipper, whose rule is a fairly tolerant one. The men obey his orders without question. It is he who finds the fishing grounds, and the harder he keeps them working, the more money they will draw when the catch is sold.

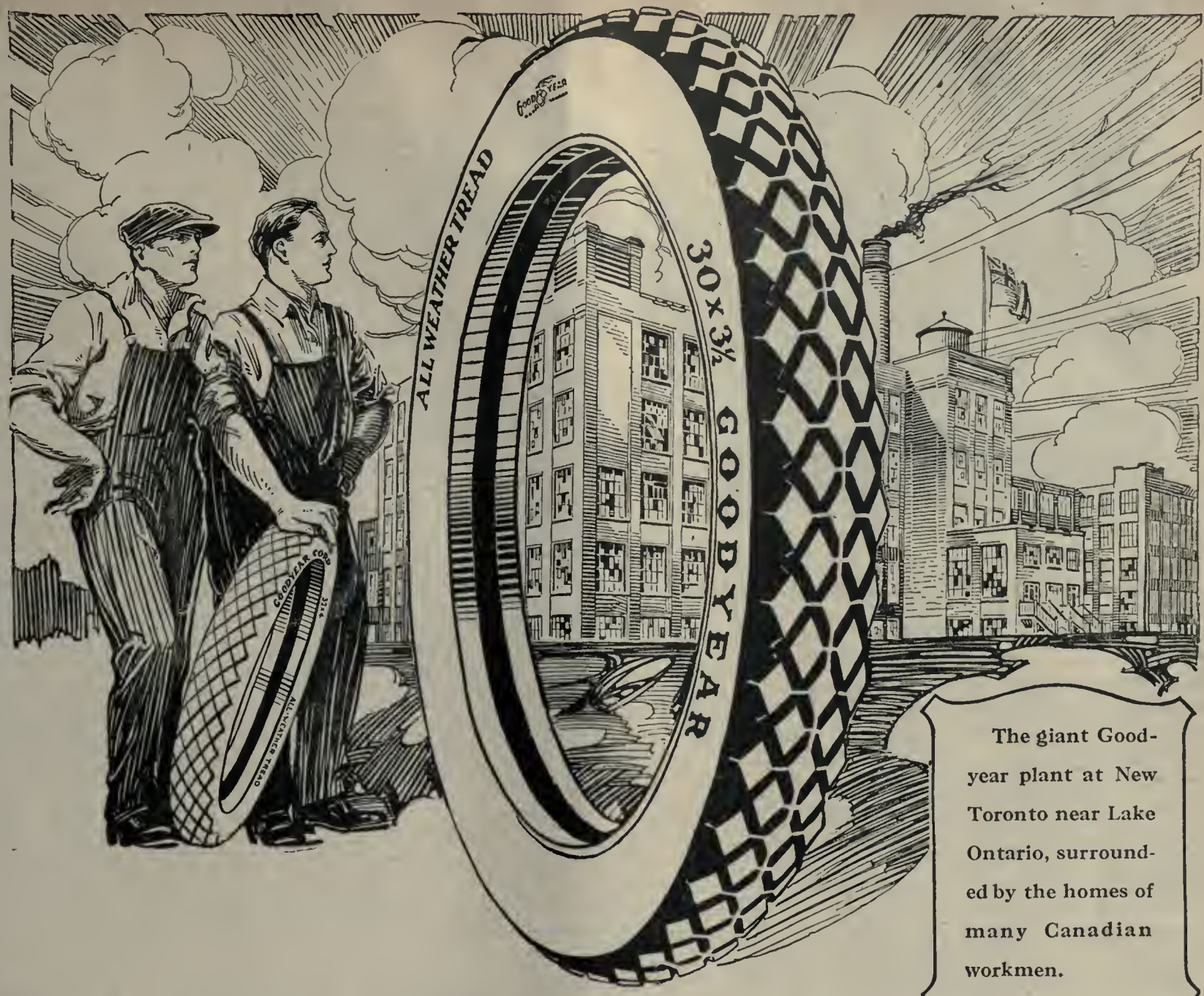
"The American Bank fishing skipper is in a class by himself. He is usually a fisherman of ambition who comes out of the dory and makes a bid for the command of a vessel. The ability to sail and navigate a vessel is secondary to the ability to find and secure fish. The 'high-line' skippers have always been 'hustlers'.

"The successful Bank skipper must be a smart vessel handler to inspire confidence in his gang. They prefer to go out in the dories secure in the knowledge that the skipper can pick them up again if it comes on to blow. He must be an optimist and a diplomat to handle the independent crowd who sail with him. He must never show nervousness or fear in dangerous situations. He must also be something of a business man and keep the expenses of the trip down as much as possible.

"To be at once a navigator, a sailor, a fisherman, a diplomat, and a business man makes of the American Bank skipper an outstanding type and most of them are splendid fellows. They earn good money, but they deserve every penny of it.

"But the steam and motor trawler is coming into the American fisheries and many of the tall-sparred schooners are having their sails and masts cut down and internal-combustion engines installed.

"In a few years from now the schooner fleet will give way to power and the sailor fishermen who drove these smart and able hookers over the seas will have evolved into sea-mechanics."




The giant Goodyear plant at New Toronto near Lake Ontario, surrounded by the homes of many Canadian workmen.

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|---|---|---|---|---|
| 30x3½ Clin. A.W.T. | $ 27.52 | $20.00 | 27.3 | $ 7.52 |
| 31x4 " " | 38.52 | 28.00 | 27.3 | 10.52 |
| 32x4 S.S. Cord. A.W.T. | 72.81 | 52.75 | 27.5 | 20.06 |
| 34x4½ " " " | 86.33 | 63.00 | 27.0 | 23.33 |
| 35x5 " " " | 107.63 | 78.00 | 27.5 | 29.63 |

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Pyorrhea is a disease of the mouth, but its germs invade the body and cause many physical ills. Medical science proves this.

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Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It is a menace to health. If you value health as a business asset, you cannot afford to have Pyorrhea.

So visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection and start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

**How to Use Forhan's**

*Use it twice daily, year in and year out.* Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down.* Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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# World's Greatest Plant Hunter

*Something About a Man Who Knows 40,000 Flowers and Shrubs*

ARTHUR C. BROOKS

A SHORT account of the life work of Ernest H. Wilson, the world's greatest plant explorer, is given by Mr. Brooks in Leslie's. He begins by relating how, after discovering his famous Incandescent Lily in the hinterland of Thibet, Professor Wilson had his leg broken by a boulder rolling from a hillside and had to languish sixteen weeks in hospital before he could return to his precious find.

Then he continues:

He collected ten thousand bulbs from acres of beautiful blooms and shipped them by man, mule and steamer to America. Now they grow as readily in this country as in China. The lily, a lovely flower of white, crimson and yellow, with a delightful perfume, was awarded a gold medal as the finest new plant introduced to cultivation.

Wilson is the Livingstone of horticulture. He is the most redoubtable, audacious and persevering plant-hunter the world has ever seen. There are no flowers or shrubs in civilization with which he is not acquainted. An estimate gives the number as 40,000. It is incumbent on him to be a sure-fire authority in this field lest he devote valuable time on species already located. No one else knows so many varieties of native and foreign flowers, shrubs, and trees, and no other explorer has transported from their habitats the countless strange plants which this unusual man has to his permanent credit.

There is no man outside of western China, for but one instance, who has a greater knowledge of that country. He has spent eleven years in the interior and brought back 1,400 specimens of exotic plant life, which he found in the course of his trip of two thousand miles to the extreme border. And he travels comparatively simply, with luggage, guns and a few coolies.

The vocation of plant-hunter is not so genteel as the name might suggest. It is a man's job, charged with red-blooded adventure. For example, the natives of Formosa are largely head-hunters, and as Mr. Wilson traveled throughout the island, his experiences were many and dangerous. During the expedition in Corea and Formosa, Mr. Wilson was retained by Japan to prepare an outline for forestry improvement in the first-named dependency. Later he was consulted by the British Government about reforesting England and Scotland, and sent them ten thousand pounds of Japanese larch seed. In Formosa he was the second man to climb the precipitous Mount Morrison, which is 600 feet higher than the notable Fujiyama.

Mr. Wilson lately left on a voyage to the Southern Hemisphere which he anticipated will require two years. He will spend six weeks in England, and from there will travel to Australia, thence to New Zealand and Tasmania. His last stop will be India. The fruits of this journey will be mostly autobiographical. He will investigate rare pamphlets and other literature on horticulture and arboriculture which are hidden in botanic museums in Melbourne, Calcutta, Bombay and other cities. Whatever flowers and plants he may be so fortunate as to come across must needs go to England, for our Federal Horticultural Board has enjoined virtually all such importations.

Incidentally, this ruling is a damper to horticultural progress in this country, and has completely crippled activities in transplanting foreign plants and seeds into the Arboretum at Boston, which is the world's greatest museum of living trees and shrubs.

Were conditions favorable Mr. Wilson might bring back from the East botanical discoveries which would thrive in New England or in California and the South, and which would prove extremely valuable to our scientists.

Professor Wilson is an Englishman. He received his early training at the renowned Gardens of Kew, and has devoted the major portion of his life to this incomparable career.

# As Alsace Lorraine Is Today

*As the French for Half a Century Waited Their Day of Deliverance—So Now the German Population Waits in Turn.*

From the London *Outlook*

THE irony of history is evidenced in a remarkable manner by present conditions in Alsace Lorraine. The German population lives now as the French lived for forty-seven years waiting the "day of deliverance" believing that it will dawn, if not upon them, upon their children. A writer in the London *Outlook* who has lately been a resident in the country thus describes the situation:—

"The bulk of the people are neither fanatically German nor French; they grumble against France now as they used to grumble against Prussia, and would again if the Germans came back.

"After a prolonged effort to sift the kernels of truth out of masses of lies and evasions it is possible to present a summary of the actual grievances of the German element, of the complaints of the mass of the people who are not violently pro-German, and of the French answers to these things, and the reasons the French give why things are not better.

"Immediately after the French occupation in 1918 deportations of German residents commenced. Men who had lived with their families for thirty or forty years in the same house were cleared out on forty-eight hours' notice, allowed to take fifty pounds of hand luggage, compelled to sacrifice all their property or to sell it in a few hours for next to nothing.

"German residents claim that by dismissing all the German-trained officials and installing French officials often brought in from outside, who frequently do not know German, the Paris Government has thrown the internal administration into a hopeless muddle. Considering that 85 per cent of the people before the war spoke German as their mother tongue, the outlawing of the German language in the civil service and the courts is pronounced unfair.

"There exists a constant 'sabotage' of the German language in the schools, the Germans claim. But the French have not forbidden the teaching of German, as the Germans in 1872 outlawed French. Daudet's classic short story of the last French class in an Alsatian school, and the old master, who, unable to speak, wrote "Vive la France!" on the blackboard as he left the room, thus has no counterpart to-day.

"Some religious instruction is permitted. French Catholics profess themselves satisfied; German Catholics make constant complaints against restrictions and the 'impious' and 'atheistical' tendencies of the education authorities.

"The health and sanitary conditions of the country are declining rapidly under French rule, German sympathisers declare. The former inspectors and Boards of Health have been dismissed, most of them sent across the Rhine. Their places are unfilled, or filled by incompetents. As a result, diseases which before the war were rife in French villages just across the border, but had been unknown for a generation in Alsace and Lorraine, are creeping back.

"The economic grievance is the one of which the Germans in Lorraine make most. In the iron, coal and salt mines the workers remain, but nearly all the foremen and managers were Germans, and have either lost their jobs or been deported. An orgy of inefficiency in management is said to have resulted, and still continues. What

the Germans lay to French inefficiency the French retort is due to German sabotage. Output is half or less than half that under German rule, and those of the miners who are Germans heartily despise their new French bosses. 'Give us time!' is the burden of the French answer to all complaints and criticisms. They point out, and justly, that in all countries Governments are blamed for unavoidable post war conditions.

"Complaints of the inefficiency of French administration as compared with German are either denied, or else the temporary confusion and a quiet sabotage on the part of German sympathisers are pleaded in palliation. That the French rule is inefficient, by comparison, appears indubitable. But there is fairness in the French request for time before they are too harshly judged.

"Apparently by order, French officials will not discuss the deportations. In such quarters I found a tendency to admit that there had been too many deportations in the early days after the armistice. '*Trop de zele*,' said a leading French resident in Strassburg with a shrug.

"The French case here is that all German officials in Alsace and Lorraine were trained propagandists of the German Government, who if they were left undisturbed would constantly intrigue and plot. So they bad to go.

"A pathetic incident in a village in Lower Alsace will indicate how the economic life of the country was upset at bottom as well as at the top by the deportations. It is the wife of the landlord of a tiny hotel which boasts seven rooms who speaks:—

" 'Schultz was a German and we are French. We never met socially. But Schultz kept the provision store on the corner and we traded there for thirty years. He was a German but he was an honest man. The war came, and then Mrs. Schultz one morning came in here, crying. She had never been inside the door before except to carry goods. This time her two children were with her, and they were crying too.

" 'She told me Schultz had to leave in forty-eight hours. They had to go with him. Just because he was a German. He had to leave everything—the bank offered him only a fifth of what his shop is worth. I ask you, *monsieur*, was it right? And then in a week came a wretched scoundrel from over there—(pointing to France). He sells bad stuff, he gives bad weights, he charges twice, three times what Schultz charged. He is a thief, *monsieur*. Do you not think some day the laws will change and Schultz can come back to us again? It is his shop, monsieur. They stole it from him.'

"That woman is pro-French to the backbone. One of her sons crossed the frontier in 1914 and fought in the French army. She is still pro-French and does not want the Germans back. But she wants Schultz. Alsace and Lorraine were full of Schultzes.

"One of the most important economic grievances held by the liberated provinces against the politicians in Paris has to do with the trade of the Rhine between Strassburg and Antwerp. These grievances are held by French and German factions alike. I was assured there that Strassburg can be made the greatest transshipment point for Central Europe if Paris will adopt a reasonable policy and permit goods to come up the Rhine from Antwerp without levying heavy customs dues on them.

"It appears true that the economic prosperity of Alsace and Lorraine depends greatly upon the free and uninterrupted traffic with Antwerp, and there is much bitterness in Strassburg because of the delays of the French Government in arranging matters with the Belgians. A "Committee Antwerp-Strassburg" has been formed consisting of business men in both ports to try and bring pressure on their respective Governments to open the gates to the waiting trade."

# Two Years of U. S. Prohibition

*Conditions in United States Show General Disregard of the Law*

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

"ON Sale Everywhere" is the heading of an article in *Collier's* in which Mr. Adams gives a concise report of what prohibition has so far accomplished across the border.

"From out the smoke screen of contentious generalizations there stand forth clear, intelligible, and important, a few salient facts which may be summarized as follows:

"There is a tremendous and obvious, though unreckonable, decrease in the total consumption of alcoholic drinks.

"The saloon, as a public institution, is almost extinct.

"The public or police-court type of intoxication has been minimized.

"The price of drinks has risen to a point almost prohibitive to the poor, and the quality has deteriorated to a point of some risk even to the rich.

"But—anyone who wants a drink and can pay for a drink can still get a drink.

"Most of those who drank when it was lawful continue to drink now that it is unlawful, and without any consciousness of moral or ethical deterioration.

"Home brewing or purchase in bulk has succeeded to bar haunting as the source of steady supply, and the pocket flask to the punch bowl for social festivities.

"For obvious reasons of convenience the tendency under prohibition has been away from beer and wine and toward whisky and gin. Quick results are the desideratum, which may go far to explain such a phenomenon as the increased number of cases of alcoholism coming to the large city hospitals for treatment.

"The rural districts, true to tradition, continue to imbibe strongly alcoholized hard cider, generally ignorant and universally indifferent as to whether or not it is illegal.

"A new, large, and highly specialized class of criminals has developed the bootlegging industry, to a great extent ignored by the authorities and to a greater extent patronized and abetted by the class which is generally regarded as 'our best citizens.' Thus it comes about that—

"The law of the land is in present contempt and permanent danger.

"The law was passed in the spirit of the genuine prohibitionists. It is being administered in the spirit of the straddlers. Considering the object lesson afforded in Congress and in State legislatures by those who, having voted for the Volstead Act, are notorious though perfectly respectable violators of it, this is logical enough. And what a niggling, compromising, twilight-zone, hole-and-corner exhibition it is of a great nation's contempt for its own authority! No man who reads the National Prohibition Act with a clear and honest mind can fail to appreciate its intent to abolish the beverage use of alcohol. Yet, as soon as it is put into force, what happens? Some thoughtful politician says:

" 'The farmer must have his hard cider. If we take that away from him, we make him angry, and I lose his vote.'

"Hence the accommodating 'vinegar' fiction. To possess cider containing more than the classic one-half of 1 per cent is against the law unless such cider be in process of becoming vinegar, and to use such cider for beverage purposes after it has developed beyond the one-half of 1 per cent limit is equally illegal. Speaking for my own section of the rural country, the only farmhouses where I could not go to-morrow and get a drink of hard cider are those in which the whole supply has been drunk up since last fall. The honest agriculturist goes right on making his favorite illicit beverage just as he did before prohibition, and for the most part in blissful ignorance that he has not a perfect moral and legal right so to do. If ever the law is honestly enforced against him the American farmer will, in my belief, turn rabid antiprohibitionist.

"Some other politician from the city discovers that the Italian populace must have wine. They are accustomed to it. It does them no harm. To deprive them of it would be a hardship, and they would probably return to their own country when they are needed here. Accordingly the law is thoughtfully interpreted to permit the head of a household to man-




The old swimming hole, with its captivating call to youth and vigor, may be only a memory—yet joyous vigor through advancing years can be aided by right food and drink.

If tea or coffee drinking disturbs your health, as it does with many, change to

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ufacture 200 gallons of wine per year for the use of himself and his family.

"Chicago wishes saloons, therefore Chicago still has saloons, law or no law. The same is true in varying degree of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and of such medium sized cities, supposed to be strong in prohibition sentiment, as Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, Albany, and Troy.

"Now let us look at a city which does not approve the saloon as an institution. When I asked of friends in Jacksonville, Fla., where I could find a bar, I was regarded with surprise and disapproval. They really did not know. Of course there were 'places' in town, just as there were houses of ill fame, with which they ranked about equal in repute; low groggeries in remote alleys, 'nigger gin' joints, or blind tigers patronized by the poorest class of white trash. But if I just wanted a drink that was another matter and simple enough. Private stock was fairly plentiful; there was no disgrace about owning the contraband liquids. I even found that I could purchase 'bottled goods' cheaper than in New York. But the saloon was socially outcast. What the national law had been quite impotent to bring about in the Northern cities, public opinion had pretty effectually accomplished in the Southern municipality.

"Farther south there was a different tale to tell. But Palm Beach is a cosmopolitan rather than a Southern community. At one of the large hotels there the assistant manager appeared quite scandalized at an inquiry as to the feasibility of obtaining a cocktail on the premises. No; no, indeed! Nothing of the sort; they wouldn't think of it. All this without the suggestion of a wink. Below stairs was that relic of long-past license, a 'soft stuff' bar, presided over by a bartender whose appearance somehow failed to suggest lemon pop or ginger ale. It seemed that direct methods might serve with him 'Where can one get a drink in this town?'

The reply was prompt and explicit:

" 'Here.'

" 'What can I get?'

" 'Anything.'

"It proved to be so. And the prices, wonderful to relate of that expensive environment, were moderate. All along the East Coast resorts, conditions were much the same. Florida's winter flock of tourists wanted 'open town' They represented public opinion, and public opinion being more powerful than the law, either of the nation or of the State the places were, with a reasonable allowance for the caution of decent appearances, open.

"The whole matter seems to resolve itself into a question of local prejudice. Where the public approves the law, its penalties can be enforced; where it disapproves, they cannot. This is local option with a vengeance; local option of a new and subversive type. Under the old local-option plan a community decided whether or not it would have liquor. Under the new it decides whether or not it will have law.

"If the law, after nearly two years, is so imperfectly effective against the open violations of the saloon, what can be expected of it in the more obscure realm of bootleggery? That the manufacture, importation, transfer, and sale of booze is carried on as a standardized trade in many parts of the country is a matter of common knowledge. Without having undertaken any special inquiry, and simply by keeping my ears opened to the casual exchange of information, as one might listen in his clubs and among his friends to discussions of politics or finance, I know where I can draw upon a supply of vermuth, manufactured in one city, of gin in three or four others, of wine, either American or foreign, of vintage; while, as for whisky, I can purchase almost any recognized brand.

"No stronger appeal was put forth by the drys at the time of the national campaign than the claim of protection to the young. The abolition of liquor was to give the rising generation a better chance in life. Presumably the abolition of liquor would do so. But, instead of abolition, we have a profound and general alteration in methods of drinking, which might conceivably have quite a different effect. Is the home-brewing and home-drinking habit likely to preserve the children of the household from the fact and thought of liquor, or will it tend rather to familiarize them with it? If the latter is the logical consequence, as it would seem, the fault lies not with the law but with the lawbreakers, which, however, makes the situation none the less serious.

"From the widespread discussion and perturbation over the manners and morals of the young, it would not appear that prohibition, thus far, has raised their standards, and this with due allowance for the fact that every declining generation necessarily views with alarm the antics of the succeeding brood. Lack of sufficient time to prove anything may be argued; but since the dry enactment, another generation has grown up to what may be termed the drinking age (they seem to attain it very young in these progressive days), and it is this very set concerning whi.h there is such painful and express uneasiness.

"Nearly two years of experiment have proved one point definitely: prohibition does not prohibit. The law in its present status is a failure. Its administration is a farce. Its practical showing is an example of law defiance and discriminatory class legislation. Certain commercial phases of alcoholic practice have been modified; no essential phase has been eliminated.

"There are fewer saloons, but the saloon still exists. The larger and licensed distillery is gone, but the small and illegal distillery flourishes sturdily alike in the remote mountain glen and the convenient tenement bathroom. He would be a bold claimant, indeed, who should argue that to-day, apart from the question of how far prohibition may be responsible, the nation is in better condition economically or of higher standards morally, than it was five years ago.

"What would have been the result had the law been fairly enforced? That is, after all, the gist of the whole troublous question. The prohibition law has never had a fair chance, because it has never had the support of those elements of our populace which consider themselves the representative upholders of Americanism. Whether it ever will have is doubtful. But the worst possible outcome of the present indeterminacy, and that to which we seem now to be tending, would be to let the law decay and die gradually, poisoning respect for all law in the process. Better repeal than repudiation through popular contempt. Far better than either, an honest and concerted effort to enforce the law as it now stands.

"The true and only test of legal prohibition is, first, whether it can achieve actual prohibition; second, whether it will survive actual prohibition, if achieved."

# China's "Sword of Damocles"

*Some Account of the Famine That Claims Fifteen Millon Victims*

PAUL JONES

China is held in constant terror by the fear of famine. That of the present year, Mr. Jones tell us in The Independent, will claim no less than 15,000,000 victims. Pitiful are some of the scenes described:

Suppose you walk all the way from New York City to New Haven, and saw only two cows, an occasional donkey and not a pig! You would then have repeated in part the experience of some famine workers trekking from Tehchow to Lintsing in Shantung. Where normally there are horses, mules, donkeys, cattle, goats, sheep and pigs in abundance, one is now impressed and depressed by the striking absence of animal life . Toward the end of January the writer made some investigations in the village of Bei Hsu Chuang. This hamlet of 250 people had sold all its animals except two cows, one calf, one donkey, and one horse.

Here is the story of the Wang family. Two years ago Mr. Wang owned thirty "mou"—ten acres—of Shantung land and was counted well-to-do. Droughts, floods and grasshoppers robbed him of his crops and reduced him to penury. As the fall of 1920 approached the outlook for supporting his family of eight mouths darkened. Bit by bit, for a fraction of its real value, the unhappy farmer sold his land. After this had passed into the hands of profiteers, he disposed of his farm animals, many of whom he virtually gave away. To have kept them would have meant robbing his boys and girls of their daily bread. When the proceeds of these sales had been spent in fighting off the wolves of hunger, the father pawned the family bedding for 600 cash, or about fifteen cents. This last pittance drove him to desperation. To save the lives of his loved ones was impossible; to prolong their living death was unbearable. Arsenic would bring quick relief. With the few coppers given him by a pawnshop shark, Mr. Wang bought a quantity of the fatal drug. Just before a meal he secretly mixed the arsenic with the contents of eight porridge bowls. A few hours later eight corpses convinced the neighbors that poison had brought relief.

Some weeks ago a foreigner stumbled on a cart filled with ten girls, all in their teens. Most of these children came from the province of Chili.and all of them had been sold. They were being carried to a railroad station where they were to entrain for a port city. Their final destinations were, undoubtedly, houses of ill fame. In this case, as so often happens, when virtue had exhausted her resources. vice came to the rescue.

Let no one imagine that the Chinese make use of these extreme measures except as a last resort. The father does not say "unless I can have at least one good meal a day I shall sell my daughter." Nothing but the tormenting, emaciating, devitalizing, terror-inspiring pangs of hunger, day after day, week in and week out, can drive parents to throw their child into a well or to offer it for sale.

A very common article of diet among the famine sufferers is corn-cob flour. The drought kept the corn from maturing, so that the season's yield consisted of short nubbins with an occasional kernel of shrivelled corn. These corn-cob nubbins are ground into flour and used for food. Such a diet, of course, not only lacks nourishment, but also begets various serious intestinal troubles.

But why was Nature so miserly? Why these crop failures? Droughts? Yes,to be sure. However. do not other countries at times suffer from lack of rain without losing whole armies of their peasants? No doubt. In China lack of moisture is only one of the contributing causes, or perhaps more correctly, only the occasion while the remoto and perhaps deeper cause of the famine is the whole background of Chinese life with its low standards of living, industrial inefficiency, agricultural backwardness, inadequacy of transportation facilities and abysmal poverty.

As already indicated, one of the causes of the present disaster is Nature's failure to provide the needed rain. During 1920 the rainfall was uncommonly small, only about 8 per cent of the normal amount. Failure of crops was certain; but this was only the last of the succession of crop failures. In one district the famine is the climax of accumulated misfortunes. In 1917 the crops were ruined by floods; 1918 repeated the story; the year 1919 saw the grain harvested by grasshoppers, and in 1920 droughts wrought havoc.

# More for Booze Than Beef

*Britain Spends as Much for Drinks as for Broth Meat and Bread*

P. W. WILSON

BRITAIN'S expenditure for intoxicating drink was higher in 1919 than the amount she spent upon bread and meat, and in 1920 it went even higher, declares P. W. Wilson during the course of an article appearing in "The Outlook," on "The Liquor Problem in Britain." For the year 1919, British expenditure per head on drink and food compared as follows, according to that author

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Drink | 8 | 8 | 0 |
| Beef and mutton | 4 | 4 | 8 |
| Bread and flour | 3 | 11 | 8 |
| Bacon | 2 | 3 | 5 |
| Butter and margarine | 1 | 17 | 0 |
| Sugar | 1 | 1 | 8 |
| Tea | 0 | 19 | 7 |

And yet, while Britain's drink bill per head was £8 8s. in 1919, it had risen further to £10 in 1920.

Mr. Wilson quotes a namesake — George B. Wilson, leading statistician of the temperance societies in London, as authority for the above figures. Commenting on them and additional statistics, the author goes on to say:

"In 1914—seven years ago—the drink bill for the United Kingdom was £164,-500,000. or, at $5 to the pound sterling, $822,500,000. In 1910 that drink bill was £469,700,000, or nearly three times as great, amounting to $2,348,500,000. Approximately, a sum of £10 a head was spent on drink for every man, woman, and child in the country, or for the average family of five persons £50. Such a household thus pays £1 a week for drink, or, at a normal rate of exchange, nearly $5, which is more than the total average wage oof the agricultural laborer in many English counties before the war

"In the main, this huge drink bill is paid by the poor. Out of £469,713,000, which is the total. only £30,318,000, or one-fifteenth, was spent on wine, the beverage of the rich; and of drink taxes amounting to £133,500,000, wine only furnished a revenue of £2,235,000, or one-sixtieth.

"On the other hand, it is true that much of the drink bill goes to the state. The actual figures are:

| | 1914 | 1920 |
|---|---|---|
| Drink bill .. | £164,500,000 | £469,700,000 |
| Taxation . | £39,900,000 | £197,000,000 |
| | (Includes excess profits tax.) | |
| Net drink bill . . | £124,600,000 | £272,700,000 |

"It will thus be seen that, even after allowing for the excess profits tax, the net expenditure, accruing to the trade, has risen from £124,600,000 to £272,700,000, or has more than doubled. And even of the taxation, it must be said that practically the whole of this revenue is drawn from wages and small salaries.

"I shall next be asked what actual consumption of alcohol this expenditure represents. First, take beer. The United Kingdom drank in recent years as follows:

| | Barrels | Gallons Per Head |
|---|---|---|
| 1914..... | 34,130,000 | 26.66 |
| 1918..... | 12,790,000 | 9.99 |
| 1920..... | 26,917,000 | 20.61 |

"These figures show that in the year 1918 Britain had reduced her consumption of beer from over 26 gallons per head to under 10 gallons. This result was achieved, not by shutting publichouses or saloons, but by stopping manufacture at the source. All the beer brewed was drunk, but there was only about one-third the brewing allowed. Since then there has been a "let up" on brewing, and in two years consumption has doubled. This is despite the fact that the war boom in trade had become in 1920 a slump, now

so serious that more than ten per cent. of wage-earners are to-day, apart from the strike, out of work. England is not so intemperate as she used to be when, a generation ago, 33 gallons of beer were drunk every year per head. But the present allowance of 20.61 gallons is serious. It means 103.05 gallons per household, or fully 2 gallons per week, in addition to wine and spirits as diluted.

"For spirits the figures are similar. Consumption fell from 31,790,000 gallons in 1914 to 15,110 gallons in 1918, but have since risen again to 22,147,000 gallons. As for wines, they have so fluctuated that whereas 10,630,000 gallons were drunk in 1914, no less than 15,159,000 gallons were drunk last year, an increase in the beverage of the rich of fifty per cent.

"In order to illustrate the above figures, I will give the comparison in gallons per head between consumption of liquor in the United States for the year 1917, when this country was wet, and British consumption in 1920:

| | Spirits | Beer | Wine |
|---|---|---|---|
| United States ... | 1.16 | 14.9 | .34 |
| United Kingdom . | .47 | 20.61 | .32 |

"It will thus be seen that before adopting prohibition the United States consumed per head as much wine as the United Kingdom, twice as much spirits, and two-thirds as much beer.

"As to social effects in Britain, we have the plain tale of convictions for drunkenness. The following table is, once more, for the three years 1914, 1918, and 1919. It applies to England and Wales. We have:

| | Convictions for Drunkenness | | Consumption of Absolute Alcohol |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Men | Women | (Gallons) |
| 1914... | 146,517 | 37,311 | 89,000,000 |
| 1918... | 21,853 | 7,222 | 37,000,000 |
| 1919... | 46,767 | 11,180 | 60,000,000 |

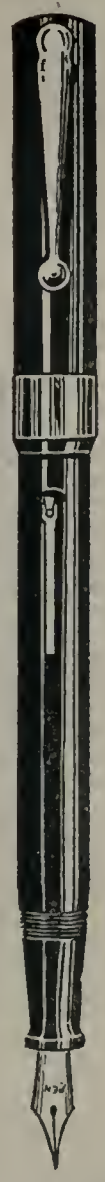
"It will thus be seen that as the drink consumption fell, so did drunkenness among both men and women As the consumption rose again, so again did the evils multiply which follow drink. It is a case of cause and effect, and when the criminal statistics for 1920 are available they will show, I am afraid, a further large increase in proved intemperance.

"The truth about Britain is that she is a country where the liquor trade enjoys exceptional advantages. In the long battle between the Established Church and the Nonconformists liquor supported the Church, and so divided on this issue the religious forces of the nation. Similarly, liquor financed the Conservative party, on which Lloyd George—personally a prohibitionist—depends for power. Not only has he found it impossible to proceed with temperance legislation, but he has been compelled to release the trade from limitations imposed during the war. Six years ago Britain was at least one hundred thousand working-class dwellings in arrears, and she now needs double that number

If there had been no war, the grip of the traffic would still have been severe. Possibly the United States themselves would never have secured prohibition if the decision had been confined to Eastern States like New York and Rhode Island, which were among the last to remain wet. In England the home counties adjacent to London and much of Lancashire, Yorkshire, South Scotland, and the Midlands are continuously urban in character—the most difficult of battlefields against "the trade." Also, it is unfortunately the fact that among women in England there is not as yet the strong etiquette which kept American women out of the saloon. The woman's vote has not been mobilized as yet against the brewers; the excitement of victory over "the Hun," the memory of the slain has prevented a clear vision on the matter.

Also, the full effect of prohibition in the United States has still to be realized in Britain.


# Win $1,000



## ANSWER THIS PUZZLE
### OPEN TO EVERYBODY



## How Many Objects Starting With "S" Can You Find

In the picture shown here you will find a number of objects and parts of objects whose names begin with the letter "S." Pick out these objects like swing, skates, shoes, etc. There are all kinds of objects in the picture. The person who can find the largest and nearest correct list of "S" words will win the first prize. The one who finds the second largest and nearest correct list of "S" words will win second prize, etc. Everything in the picture can be seen. You don't even have to turn the picture upside down. Just look sharply at the picture. **If your answer is awarded first prize and you have bought one of our $6.00 pens during this contest you will win $1000.00.**



### EVERYBODY JOIN IN
### COSTS NOTHING TO TRY

The Picture Puzzle Game is one of the most fascinating, interesting and educational games that has ever been offered to the public. This offer is genuine and we actually pay out the money according to our offer in the list of prizes. You have as good an opportunity to win as anyone. It depends entirely on your ability to find "S" Words.

### OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any person residing in Canada outside of Weston, Ont. who is not an employee, or relative of any employee of the Mayer Co., may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by Oct. 15th 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only, and numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use compound, hyphenated or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. An object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "S" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style, or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. In the event of ties, the full amount of the prize will be paid each tied contestant
Mr. J. J. Kelso, Superintendent of Department of Neglected and Dependent Children.
Major A. E. Nash, M.C.; C.A.
Mr. J. W. Tyson, Editor of Financial Post.
These three well-known Toronto citizens, who are in no way connected with the Mayer Co. will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes. Participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive.
10. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for a Pencraft Fountain Pen has been sent in.
11. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest, and a copy mailed on or before November 25th, 1921, to each person purchasing a Pencraft Fountain Pen.

### HERE IS HOW TO WIN

Of course the object of this Picture Puzzle Game is to sell Fountain Pens, but you do not have to purchase one of our pens unless you want to. If you do not buy one of our pens and your list of "S" Words is awarded first prize by the Judges you will win $20.00. However, if you wish to try for the big Prizes send us an order for one of our Pencraft Fountain Pens. The pen is sure to please you, and if you cannot use it yourself it makes a wonderful gift.

To those who would like to win the big prizes, the purchase of one of our $4.00 Pencraft Pens will qualify your list for the $300.00 Prize. The purchase of one of our $6.00 Pencraft Fountain Pens will qualify your list for the $1,000.00 Prize.

State whether you wish Ladies' or Gentlemen's Pen when ordering.

## PENCRAFT
The Easy Writing Fountain Pen

You will find the Pencraft one of the finest pens you ever used. The ink flows smoothly, and you can't resist the easy way in which it writes. Unless our pens were the very best that money can buy, we could not afford to advertise them the way we do. Thousands of them are now in use. Their popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds. If you need a good pen, or if you would like to make a useful and handsome gift to someone, the Pencraft is just what you have been looking for. The pen speaks for itself. We cannot tell you in words, what five minutes' use of the Pencraft will tell you. When ordering send bank, express or P. O. order.

GET THE BOY OR GIRL A GOOD PENCRAFT FOR SCHOOL.

### Why Not Try to Win The $1,000.00

You can make good use of a Pencraft Fountain Pen, and the purchase of one of our $6.00 Pens will qualify your list of "S" Words for the $1,000.00 Prize. The $6.00 Pencraft is absolutely as good a pen as you can buy, and the price is right. With proper care this pen will last a lifetime.

### START NOW

See how many "S" Words you can find in the picture. If you look closely you will see them. There is no trick to this picture puzzle game. The one who wins first prize will be the one who sends in the nearest correct list. You might as well be the winner. Start working on your list of "S" Words right away.

## THE PRIZES

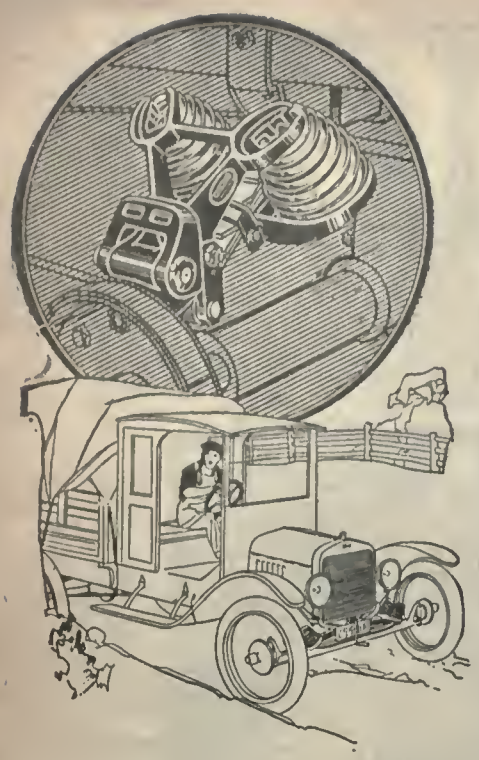
| | If No Pens are Ordered | If One $4 Pen is Ordered | If One $6 Pen is Ordered |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st Prize .... | $20.00 | $300.00 | $1,000.00 |
| 2nd Prize .... | 10.00 | 150.00 | 500.00 |
| 3rd Prize .... | 5.00 | 75.00 | 250.00 |
| 4th Prize .... | 5.00 | 50.00 | 125.00 |
| 5th Prize .... | 5.00 | 30.00 | 75.00 |
| 6th Prize .... | 3.00 | 20.00 | 50.00 |
| 7th Prize .... | 3.00 | 15.00 | 40.00 |
| 8th Prize .... | 3.00 | 10.00 | 30.00 |
| 9th Prize .... | 2.00 | 10.00 | 20.00 |
| 10th to 15th Prize ... ... | 2.00 | 10.00 | 20.00 |

Extra Copies of Puzzle Picture Free on Request.

### GUARANTEE

We Guarantee the Pencraft Fountain Pen to be perfectly satisfactory. If you are not satisfied upon arrival, we will exchange it or refund your money. Positively no money refunded after the names of Prize winners are Published.

## THE MAYER COMPANY
WESTON (Suburb of Toronto) ONTARIO

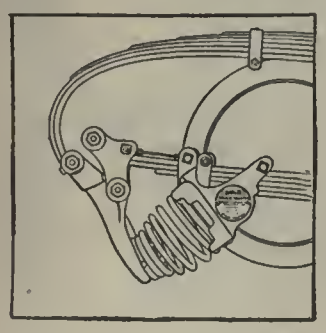


# Ford Trucks Become More Profitable—

when equipped with Hassler Shock Absorbers. They lessen road shocks—give better protection to fragile goods—enable you to make faster time and more deliveries—return their own cost in repair and tire bills saved.

Any Hassler dealer will let you put Hasslers to the test. He'll put a set on your truck—let you see them for ten days — then remove them and refund your money if you're not satisfied with your investment.

There's a special type of Hassler for every model of Ford car and truck.



This is the new Hassler for Dodge Brothers' Cars. It brings the same luxurious comfort to your Dodge as Hasslers first brought to the Ford.

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HASSLER
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Shock Absorbers
PATENTED

# Lord Leverhulme, Evangelist

*Character Sketch of the World's Greatest Soap Manufacturer*

E. T. RAYMOND

AMONG industrial magnates of the present day who have risen by their hard work to positions of power and affluence none, perhaps, can show a more striking career than William Hesketh Lever, first Baron Leverhulme, of whose life and character Mr. Raymond, in World's Work (British edition), gives us an entertaining sketch:

"Lord Leverhulme," he writes, "has none of that self-effacing humility, that shrinking from self-advertisement, which distinguishes so many of the very rich men of the day, here and in America. He admires himself heartily, and finds no reason against doing it in public. He likes to sermonise and the burden of his sermons is that there is nothing like leather—or rather Lever.

"Though he has created much, he is not eminently creative. He did not invent soap. He has not perhaps improved soap to any remarkable degree. His name will not go down to posterity bracketed with those of men who were inventors as well as manufacturers, who enriched mankind by pushing forward the frontiers of knowledge and opening up quite new sources of wealth. He has organized and developed; he has economized and unified; he has not originated. He has made the British soap industry almost one of the Great Powers. Its travellers are on every road, sea and river. Its agents are in every capital. It practically governs large tracts of territory. All land and ocean yield it tribute.

"Of the man who has built up this mighty organization it may be truly said that there is no greater example of the truth that opportunity in England is still for him who has the wit and energy to make it. Lord Leverhulme made all his opportunities. His vast power has been built up on nothing but brains and character .

"Lord Leverhulme started life with few advantages in the accepted sense. His father was a small grocer of Bolton, pious in the old Puritanical way, thoroughly honest, thrifty, unadventurous, intensely respectable. William Hesketh was one of nine children, seven of them daughters. The mother seems to have been one of those gentle, religious-minded women who, without possessing themselves any great force of character, are so often found capable of forming character in their children.

"The lad had thus made a wise choice of parents. But otherwise his handicaps were great. He had no education but that of the local school, and he left at fifteen for the paternal shop at a wage of twenty-five cents a week. His first work, as he delights to recall, brought him into contact with what he was to make and what in return made him. It was cutting up bars of common soap.

"The boy had hardly developed into a youth when he agitated to be put on the road as his father's traveller; and he looks on a certain afternoon at a wayside station as the turning-point in his career. This station had so far represented the ultima Thule of his traveller's round. But it happened that on this particular afternoon he had an hour and a half to spare through the awkwardness of the timetable. Should he waste it? If not, how should he employ it? How could it be put to profit?

"Now it happened that the next place of any importance was Ince, and there was a convenient train going there. Young Lever decided to put in his ninety minutes at Ince. He succeeded alluringly. To Wigan he went; there he did business, then more business, and still more business, until at last the possibilities seemed to justify him in setting up his own establishment there.

"At Wigan, then, he settled as a wholesale grocer in a small way. It was not before he was thirty-five that he decided to make soap as well as sell it. He had always had an interest in soap, had read various works on its manufacture, and had experimented in an amateur way in producing it. It was therefore natural that when a small and badly-managed soap concern came into the market he should be impelled to make the venture which was to lead to such enormous results.

"The business began to prosper, and after a time Mr. Lever felt justified in deserting the grocery trade and entering on a larger soap enterprise at Warrington. In a very short time this began to flourish mightily, and the name of Lever Brothers, cleverly advertised, soon won a more than local fame. There was, however, some danger in his position. The greater Mr. Lever's success the more he was liable to be crushed by competition before he could consolidate it. He eked out his small capital by returning to his business every penny beyond what was necessary to live; denying himself not only luxury but even the comforts to which an ordinary man would think his position fully entitled him. Something he had to borrow for purposes of development, but he could not be easy with overdrafts at the bank, and he would not—to his credit—"float" anything that he could not honestly offer the public as a safe investment.

"At last the business reached a position of solidity, and the next question was expansion. Walking one Sunday along the banks of the Mersey, Mr. Lever, now a man of something over forty, came across some rough fields with a big frontage to the river. Here, he thought, was the ideal place for his extending enterprises to find their final home. There was ample room for any degree of expansion. There was every convenience for water carriage. The rail was not far off. The whole resources of the busiest manufacturing region of England were within easy reach.

"He bought the ground, and on those rough fields rose the vast working hive of Port Sunlight.

"The years went on, and the house of Lever grew into the biggest soap concern in the country. The restless and aspiring spirit which had led the young grocer to Wigan, which had pushed him thence to Warrington, which had urged him to the grandiose design of Port Sunlight now suggested a larger integration. n it, no doubt, the Mr. Lever of those days was encouraged by the instinct of thrifty orderliness which was always a dominating passion.

"His instinct for economy may be judged from the fact that when he was making $250,000 a year at Warrington he still lived in a house rented at less than $4 a week.

"To a man of this disposition the waste involved in the competition of many soap firms, great and small, may well have seemed not merely foolish, but positively immoral. Take advertising, for example. Lever Brothers knew all about advertising. There were never more clever announcements than those which asked plaintively "Why does a woman look older than a man?" By answering that the reason was simply washing-day, and that Sunlight Soap robbed washing-day of its chief terrors, the manufacturers enlisted sentiment on the side of good business. All that was chivalrous in England was ranged on the side of the future Leverhulme peerage.

"Intellectually he belongs to the school which believes in giving the freest possible scope to effort and securing it the utmost possible reward. For nationalisation and State enterprise he nourishes thte sturdiest contempt; 'all that is the most absurd gospel in the world;' 'the English,' he says,'have pushed their fortunes never by the aid of the Government, but, on the contrary, almost always in the teeth of Government opposition.

"He scouts as mere nonsense the notion of the British workman being a wage-slave; opportunity, he says, is open to everybody; and he has the courage to proclaim ceaselessly, in a world given to much vague self-indulence and self-deception, the sturdy old doctrines of thrift, self-help, and self-denial.

"Yet in his own business he has Instituted a paternal form of rule which, by all analogy, should be unfavourable to the reproduction of the types of which he is so shining an example. 'It is a splendid sight' writes an admirer, 'to see him at Port Sunlight, whehe he sits in a glass room, with a thousand clerks on his right hand and a thousand on the left.' He boasts that system such as he has instituted is everything; you get your system, and all goes on then automatically.

"In contriving this great combination Lord Leverhulme had fulfilled two of his chief aims. He had built up his own business on foundations of adamant. He had brought all the other businesses within his influence. His third great aim remained to be realised; it was to achieve full command of the sources of raw material. Soap is dependent on fat or grease of some kind. Lord Leverhulme decided that the supply of fat and grease must not be left to chance. He has devoted the foresight and dexterity of a Richelieu to the great problem of ensuring the constant feeding of his industry, and wherever there is fat or grease, animal, vegetable or mineral, there are his agents at work.

"He has his hands on every available supply of animal fat, from Smithfield to China and Chicago. The Congo, British West Africa, the Solomon Islands supply him with copra and palm oil produced on his own or associated plantations or concessions. He controls the Southern Whaling Company, which fishes the Antarctic Seas. He has cattle ranches and cocoanut groves, dense tropical forests and grassy pampas, depots in northern snows and under the vertical sun. Every kind of black and brown labours to supply the ever-hungry vats.

"The first maxim of Lord Leverhulme is economy and efficiency in manufacture—getting material as cheaply as possible and working it up with a minimum of cost. There is economy and efficiency of salesmanship. Here the training of the grocer counts greatly. Lord Leverhulme has taken over concerns built up on clever advertising, and, while decreasing advertisement, has trebled their turn-over by dexterous and well-organised salesmanship. In the soap world, indeed, competitive advertising has now practically ceased. The chief object of a soap advertisement is now rather to tell people to go on washing than to adjure them to wash with any special soap.

"For the plain fact is that almost any soap they can get is, in some way or other, Lord Leverhulme's. The only way of avoiding paying tribute to Lord Leverhulme is to grow a beard, to eschew linen, and to imitate otherwise that saintly Spanish lady who boasted that for fifty years nothing but the tips of her fingers had touched water, and that only when she crossed herself at the church door.

"In all matters Lord Leverhulme combines a Czaristic temper with the utmost theoretical reverence for the doctrines of a rather old-fashioned Liberalism. Once, when a new road was to be made to his house at Thornton, the surveyor came to him with elaborate plans showing contours and gradients with many windings. Lord Leverhulme took a pencil and ruler and drew a straight line. 'That,' he said, 'is how the road is to be made. And that' is how Port Sunlight was made; the place was the emanation of his will, just as much as that Hampstead bathroom of his furnished with a tap that 'enables the bath to be filled in fifteen seconds'—so that there shall be no waste of time!

"This directness is at the root of the man's character. He would have gone

less far if he had not gone straight in every sense of the term. A hard man in a bargain—" there is no room for philanthropy in business" is one of his favorite sayings—his successes have always been solid and honest successes. He has built up his vast wealth not by stock-manipulating deftness, but by sheer capacity working on a basis of sheer integrity. His morality is a limited thing, no doubt, but within its limits it is absolutely genuine.

"Mr. Lloyd George said of Lord Leverhulme that he could not work with other men; Lord Leverhulme retorted that he had been working with other men all his life. Yet there was some justice in the charge. He had only worked with men as their master, and if a benevolent despot, a despot he certainly is. About him there is room for every talent of the subsidiary kind, but it is he, and he alone, who must do the thinking and the willing. Port Sunlight may be the creation of a theoretical democrat, and in the kindliness and commonsense of its rule it is quite English. But not Krupp or Stinnes rules with a firmer hand, or exercises a more all-pervasive influence.

"Such is the man who, starting at scratch, has found England so rich a land of opportunity. It may be interesting to quote his own view on the chances of making good in a country so often regarded as offering little scope for the ambitions of the poor and unconnected.

" 'In England,' he once said, "there is a ladder by which an office boy can rise to be chairman of the company. But it means innumerable acts of self-denial, the giving up of picture shows and all sorts of allurements, and devotion through a long life to the service of the public and the study of business.' "

# The Valley of Gold

*Continued from page 27*

He's seeing 'em. Bring a tray of lemonade."

McClure was in an unfortunate mood for the jibe. Stung by the roar of applause he leaped at Snoopy Bill in swift reprisal. Gripping him savagely by the throat he applied a strange clutch. Snoopy's head bobbed back and he sank to the floor with blackening face. With shouts of alarm the others sprang toward the two men. Tearing away McClure's deadly grasp they pinned him to the floor. The struggle aided him to recover his mental poise. Looking up at them with a sane glance he said quietly:

"I'm through. Let me up."

Released, he regained his feet and resumed his chair.

Snoopy' Bill's face was livid as he sank panting into his place. Into his eyes crept a vengeful light. He glanced sullenly about. He, too, had imbibed over freely. As he recovered the sense of outrage deepened and he proceeded to wreak immediate revenge. With the slyness of the inebriate he reached out and seized his glass. Fixing direful eyes on McClure he drew back his hand. But the murderous throw was interrupted. His wrist was suddenly seized in the vise-like grip of Sykes' long fingers.

"Better not Bill," he admonished in a low voice. "Rob is dead drunk. Don't even know he fouled you. If you let him have that you'll be up against murder."

"He's a blankety coward—" was the angry retort. "I'll get him yet. Watch me bust up this gang. By the blankety blank I'll tip Pullar himself."

Above the growls this threat produced rose the voice of Sykes roaring blasphemously at Swale who stood in the open door with mouth agape.

"You bottle washing smuggler!" he cried. "Fill up a tray of your dummest swill and hand it out on the double quick. No more poison or we'll blow you up."

Satisfied that the brawl was over Swale disappeared with the desired alacrity.

McClure's assault had tapped a smoldering mine. Though the game was resumed neither McClure nor Snoopy Bill evinced any interest, while the latter continued to breathe vengeance. Beside him sat Ford who, too, was showing little interest in the cards.

"Come, Ford!" challenged Snoopy Bill in a stage whisper. "I'll stump you to split on the hounds. I'm quitting."

"Cut the ragging!" called Sykes appeasingly. "This bad stuff all comes from drinking Swale's rotten whiskey. Here comes the best ever."

Swale appeared with a loaded tray. The glasses were passed around.

"Keep it!" said Snoopy Bill. "I tell you I'm quitting."

"Me too," said Nick Ford, pushing his glass away. "I reckon I'm with Bill," said he rising. "This gang's never been right. But it hit the rocks good and hard about the time Hank Foyle blew in. I know I ain't a Sunday-school teacher but I've felt like a skunk since that steal of Pullar's farm. I've a sneaking idea there's some scurvy game on right now. Rolling an old man is bad enough but I draw the line at fouling a woman. I'm through.

NICK'S words had a startling effect. The drinkers paused in their act of tossing the glass. There was a passage of swift glances between Sykes and McClure. The hush of a deep calm fell on the room, broken by a wild laugh from Snoopy Bill.

"Keep it up, old top!" he shouted, slapping Ford on the back. "Cough it out. Spit up the facts. We'll enjoy 'em."

Ford gave a knowing smirk.

"No, Bill," was his insinuating reply. "I ain't telling all I know. I'll let it off at the regular time"

For McClure and Sykes his words had a disquieting significance. How much did Ford know? Beyond all doubt he had an inkling of the facts.

"None of this little party know what Nick is raving about," said Sykes. "Nick's had a peculiar dream. Louie's poison got him a little differently from Rob. Let us forget the gab and every man hit the bottom of his glass. There's a tankful left. Watch us touch the high spots in this little game."

He pointed to the cards.

There was a roar of app'ause.

"No you don't," said Nick determinedly. "It's bye, bye, boys, for me. I'm taking a walk to myself."

"Take me along," cried Snoopy Bill, rising and joining him.






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# J. K. MUNRO

The political pot is boiling—almost boiling over—not only in Ottawa but throughout every constituency in the Dominion of Canada. Politics will be a prime issue in the Dominion for the next two or three months and MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE will continue to have its regular articles from the pen of Canada's leading political writer —J. K. Munro.

These articles are pungent, witty— and unbiassed. There are a number of readers of MACLEAN'S who claim that these articles have a distinct bias. One man writes in from Peterborough, Ont., to complain that we are extremely unfair to Mackenzie King:

"For Heaven's sake" he writes, "ask Mr. Munro to treat our beloved leader more gently and fairly!"

Another writes in to say that we are extremely unfair to Premier Meighen. Do we not recognize that he was an outstanding figure at the recent Imperial Conference and one of the greatest statesmen that Canada has ever produced, ranking justly with Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier?

A Westerner writes in to ask us why we can't be fair to the farmers. So there you are!

Mr. Munro writes of politics as he sees them. He has no delusions, no axe to grind and lets you see the real human being beneath the political veneer.

A few weeks ago a well-known Edmonton woman, a keen student of politics, said to the editor of MACLEAN'S:

> "I find Mr. Munro's political articles extraordinarily interesting, and next time you see him I wish you would give him a message from me. I think I know 'Jim' Calder" (the Hon. J. A. Calder, Minister of Immigration and Colonization) "as well as anyone and I know exactly how his mind revolves. What I want you to tell Mr. Munro is that from what he writes about Calder I can vouch for the fact that he knows how Calder's brain works just as well as if he could take his brains apart and watch the machine go round. Tell Mr. Munro that no man could know Calder better—not even Calder himself."

It is Mr. Munro's uncanny insight into human beings—particularly political human beings—which makes his articles of such universal interest.

THE gang watched the two delinquents lock arms and pass out into the barroom. No man made a move to obstruct them. Any such attempt would have been organized by either McClure or Sykes and for some reason they were silent.

With the game broken up the party went out.

"Come over to the office," whispered Sykes to McClure and Foyle. "Ford's next our game. We'll have to finish with a spurt if we are to pull off a w n."

The interview lasted a long time. They had barely entered upon it when a shadow crept up and hung low near the window. With surprising temerity the stealthy visitant lighted a cigarette. In the light of the match appeared the dark visage of Nick Ford. He had sprung a bluff on the plotters, basing his charge on a phrase or two he had overheard. His guess had been shrewd. Satisfied that some conspiracy was afoot he decided to shadow the three men with the result that he now sat at the window listening with alert ears to the conversation going on within. He caught significant parts of their talk, enough to discover that some scheme was being concocted against the little school-teacher. He listened breathlessly in effort to learn complete details, but without success.

"Hang my ears!" was his impatient whisper. "Why can't I get it all?"

He had learned enough, however, to present him with a serious challenge.

"They've got me!" he whispered half fearfully. "Sykes has piles of money. If I chuck him he'll break me sure."

Hearing signs of a break-up of the party he stole away to his home debating the momentous demand the facts he had learned now suddenly made upon his conscience. It was easier to threaten to split on the gang than to come through with the threat, for Nick Ford was no squealer. It was dawn before he arrived at a conclusion. Finally he decided.

"Ah, Brubbie!" he breathed softly. "For her sake, I'll do it. She saved you from the wolves. Yes, I'll do it. I'll let Ned Pullar know all.

## XXIII

### The Adventure at the Bridge

THE morning following her interview with Ned, Mary elected to follow the round-about route of the Buffalo paths. She had a desire to flee the highway and sequester herself in the friendly silences. The flashing June morning was zestful with the humours of capricious little winds that pressed refreshingly on cheeks and lips and curled the brown hair about her temples. She was gratefully aware of all this caressing though looking out on the Valley with solemn eyes.

She was deep in the cogitations that pressed her continually when she realized that Bobs had halted of his own accord on the bald peak.

Below her the lake lay a glistening quietude in the verdant lap of the Valley. Vagrant breaths of tiny squalls dimpled the water here and there shadowing it with fleeting frowns. Beneath her the Storm Rock hung on the glassy sheet suspended between two skies. Cottonwoods and ragged oak formed an inviting bower. The island so lonely and silent had an unusual attraction for her.

"You dear little covert," she whispered "How I should like to hide in you today?"

With a sigh she turned Bobs down the hill and into Willow Glade where she must perforce halt again and muse in the precious nook with its haunting memories.

Throughout the day the children of The Craggs wondered at the frequent periods of preoccupation that would creep over their usually attentive teacher. They were deeply touched by the singular gentleness with which she resumed the task. For all their mute sympathy the hours lagged strangely.

Nick Ford wasted no time in addressing himself to the task he had resolved upon. It is hard to travel back over the devious way one has come when that way has been too devious. To carry out his resolution would involve a divulging of most unpleasant facts. He knew of the intimate relations of Mary and Ned and trusted to Ned finding some way of foiling the designs of the plotters once he was acquainted with the fact that there was a plot. Hitching his horse he set out for the homestead with laudable dispatch.

He was bowling along, passing through a bluff not far from his destination when a shadow darted out of the trees ahead and his horse stopped abruptly. His attention was directed to the unusual movements at his horse's head when he felt a strong hand close tightly on his arm. Turning with an exclamation of surprise he looked into the grinning countenance of Reddy Sykes.

"Good day, Nick!" was the quiet greeting. "Making a little morning run, eh?"

"Hello, Sykes?" he replied innocently. "What are you doing here?"

Sykes grinned afresh.

"Let it out, Nick," was the reply. "You're heading for Pullar's. We've been waiting for you. I saw the yellow streak in you last night. We decided to head you off. You spoke about skunks in your little spiel. You're right and we've trapped the same polecat this morning."

At the words he dragged the other from the vehicle. Realizing his helplessness in the powerful hands of Sykes Nick decided to submit quietly to the will of his captor. Taking him into the trees Sykes sought to force a confession. But he found Nick had no particular use for free speech just then.

"Hide his horse and rig in the bluff." directed Sykes addressing Foyle. "We'll gag this scab and hitch him to a tree for the present. If I make the get-away you can send somebody in to let him go."

In the depths of the bluff they gagged him and tying his hands behind his back strapped him to a big tree with his leather lines. Satisfied of the security of their prisoner they slipped quietly out of sight.

DURING the noon hour Ned joined Mary in another ride in which arrangements were perfected for their sudden nuptials. Resting in his arms at parting she looked up into his eyes.

"I am looking forward to our ride tomorrow Ned," said she. "But how I should have delighted to set out on the great adventure from the doorstep of Mother and Dad!"

"Keep them back, Mary!" enjoined Ned cheeringly as he saw the tears shine in her eyes. Wrapping his sheltering arms about her he whispered the optimism of his great heart into her fluttering spirit.

"In our heart of hearts, Mary." said he, "we both deplore this premature wedding. But it is the only sane thing for us to do. Your mother will agree with us when you tell her to-night. She will bless us. It is the only way of assuring your protection. I believe another desirable and most wonderful result will follow. It will break the spell Sykes has cast over your father. A complete severance with Sykes and the crash of his house of cards will restore your father to you clothed and in his right mind."

At the words Ned felt the pressure of dear lips on his.

"Thank you, Ned!" were her happy words. "That is beautiful of you. And you do not hate Father after all his injustice?"

"No, Mary, I pity him. It is after all his greater misfortune."

"Good-bye," said she at last. "It is very hopeful after all. Meet me at the Buffalo Peak in the morning and we'll ride away into the days of our happy dreams."

Ned watched from the edge of the trees until the small white figure disappeared within the schoolhouse. He was troubled as she vanished from sight. It occurred to him that she was very frail and lonely. He had a powerful impression that he should ride through the Valley with her in the evening as she returned to her home. He had proposed accompanying her to the Peak at least, but she had demurred. It was better that they should not be seen together. There were eyes that would draw pertinent conclusions that might wreck everything. Reluctantly he turned Darkey into the trail leading to the homestead.

The last few minutes with Ned greatly lightened Mary's spirits. She felt that a wise providence was guiding them. On the heels of her great depression there followed the ecstasy of a greater hope. Even storm-clouds show a silver edge at times.

Shortly after four Bobs and his rider

set out for home. The day had been bright but as the afternoon sped away a belt of blue clouds appeared in the north. She was riding along immersed in her momentous reflections when the sudden pricking forward of Bobs' ears recalled her to the task of guiding him down the ravine. The cause of his interest she discovered in a vehicle ahead. It was slowly threading the Cut, evidently on its way to Pellawa. The equipage had stopped upon the bridge, crowding close to one side, leaving thus plenty of room for her to pass. Sending Bobs ahead she walked him upon the bridge. As she drew abreast of the vehicle she was startled to recognize Chesley Sykes. An alarm leaped into her breast at meeting him there, for the gulch was deep and thickly wooded. It was a hidden bit of road.

Lifting his hat casually, Sykes addressed her in a friendly voice.

"Good-day, Miss McClure! An unexpected meeting!"

*To be Concluded*

## Wanted—A Business Moses

*Continued from page 24*

class is not doing its share in providing revenue from income taxation? But this is probably due more to the difficulties of collecting a tax of this nature than to the people who are not reached. It has been stated, and I think it is probably true, that if an income tax in Canada reached every individual who properly is subject to it, the cost of collecting would exceed 50 per cent of the amount collected. That would not be good business so it is important that we work out a plan to secure our necessary revenues from all classes on an equitable basis and which could be operated efficiently and at the minimum of expense.

I have dealt with a few matters which have been of public interest in the last few days as they will probably be uppermost in people's mind and it is these that led me to the language employed at the commencement of this article, viz: "Canada's great need to-day is a true conception by the people of our problems and the need of efficient and comprehensive plans in their solution."

This is a matter for the people and if we have poor Government it is the people who are responsible as they elect the men who make up the Government. Now let us first get our problems squarely before us and a full realization of the magnitude of our task and go to the solution as a united people. The men are here but the men who can do the big job are not the men who are hunting jobs. They are the men who have the jobs hunt them. During the war our big men did the big jobs at home, while our heroes were doing their bit at the front.

There was never anything better done than the organization created for the Victory Loan, Patriotic Fund and Red Cross Campaigns, the results compelling the admiration not only of Canadians but of the world. The organization and operation of the Imperial Munitions Board and War Trade Board was an example of what can be done. These were organized and operated by Canadians with vision and ability and resulted in our people finding themselves as their ramifications extended over the whole country and everybody was doing something because they had leadership and the work was assigned to them and when there is a job to do Canadians are no shirkers.

It is not necessary for us to go to the Government as a cure-all for every ache and pain. We should demand that the Government carry on its functions of administering the affairs of the country honestly and efficiently and in the best interests of all classes but we must realize the full responsibility of citizenship and govern ourselves accordingly.

The political situation in Canada at present is very confused. The reactionaries in the old parties are trying to bring the people into line by talking the glories and traditions of the old parties. The people are restless and are not so much interested in old traditions as they are in making new traditions, and refuse to be fooled. This is leading to new parties emerging from the confused situation and such new parties are largely being composed from classes. We may have to pass through a phase of group representation, and a government made up of a combination of groups and if we do it will only postpone the date when we can make a start in getting down to real work in mastering our problems whereby the country can commence the era of a sound and lasting period of development, expansion and prosperity.

In talking to people, I find there is an utter lack of interest in their minds as to the fate of the old political parties but what everybody is interested in is having our would-be leaders tell them what they propose to do, how they propose to do it and the men they propose to call to their assistance in running the organization which will manage our affairs. Canadians are not fools and all we want is to know that our Government can and will handle the affairs of the country with ability, efficiency, honesty and for the best interests of all classes of the people. A new party will emerge from the present chaotic condition and it will represent the new National spirit for which we are groping and for which everybody is looking for leadership.

## Sailing Ships and Sailor Men

*Continued from page 21*

The two Canadian schooners, *Blue*- to make the event more generally known. The Canadian schooner was not the fastest in the fleet, but she was the best available. The main thing, however, was the establishment of the fishing schooner race. Interest and enthusiasm were aroused and the Canadians felt no great chagrin at losing the Cup to the Americans as they felt confident in getting it back is the 1921 contest. The edge was taken off defeat in the fact that the American schooner's skipper was Canadian-born as were most of the crew.

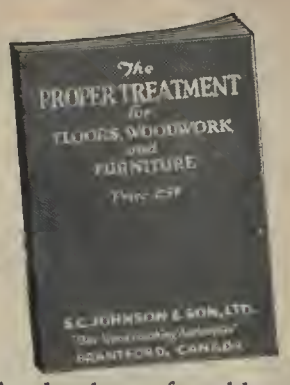
The *Esperanto* had hardly sailed on her triumphant journey to Gloucester before Halifax and Lunenburg fish men commissioned W. J. Roue, a Halifax naval architect, to design a new fishing schooner capable of challenging for the trophy in October, 1921. The keel of this vessel was laid at Lunenburg last winter, and the *Bluenose*, as she was called, is now carrying on her vocation as a Bank fishing schooner under the command of Captain Angus Walters.

Captain Joseph Conrad of Annapolis, N.S., a retired fishing skipper, became exercised over the defeat of the *Delawana* and determined to have a schooner built that would trim anything afloat. Amos Pentz of Shelburne, a veteran schooner designer, drafted the plans and Shelburne shipyards constructed the *Canadia* for Captain Conrad. Both the skipper and his craft are now at sea qualifying as *bona fide* challengers for the Cup.

The Americans, realizing that the Canadians would build new and faster challengers for the trophy, carefully scrutinized their existing fleet for possible defenders. A Boston syndicate eventually decided that the cup would more surely be retained in American hands by building a new defender, and, to this end, W. Starling Burgess, a well-known yacht designer, was instructed to create a fishing schooner that would sail past anything flying canvas. An extreme type of schooner was designed, and the *Mayflower*, built at Essex, Mass., and commanded by Captain J. Henry Larkin, is now on the Banks engaged in fishing.

The deed of gift accompanying the trophy stipulates that the contestants must be *bona fide* fishing schooners and must engage in Bank fishing for at least one season ere being eligible. A fishing season is interpreted as extending from April 30 to September 30. Certain other restrictions are embodied to prevent the possibility of freak craft entering the races and the appointment of Canadian and American committees to pass upon the eligibility of defenders and challengers will further safeguard that only strictly commercial type of craft will be allowed to compete.


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*nose* and *Canadia*, and the American *Mayflower* are much in the lime-light as possible challengers and defender, but the elimination races may bring forth a "dark horse". Lunenburg, La Have, Mahone Bay, Yarmouth, Lockeport, Shelburne and other Nova Scotian ports boast of many clippers—every one of which is a possible challenger, while Gloucester, Portland, Boston, Provincetown and similar fishing ports in the U. S. believe that they can produce vessels to trim the *Mayflower* and latterly the Canadians.

Controversy is rife and the coming race dominates fo'c'sle conversation on the Banks. The Canadians discuss the merits of *Bluenose* and *Canadia* and minutely compare technical variations in their design and gear. The *Mayflower* is regarded by many with suspicion as being a camouflaged yacht built by a Boston syndicate who care nothing for fishing but who are out to get the Cup away from the present holders at Gloucester. Fishermen hailing from the latter American port side with the Canadians in discussing the *Mayflower* and a goodly number of both stand on common ground in declaring that the Boston schooner should be barred from entering the race "as she ain't a real fishing vessel but a yacht what's acting the part."

### What is a "Fishing" Vessel?

NO SUCH criticism can be directed against *Bluenose* or *Canadia*. Both are orthodox fishing schooners in the design of which, good cargo capacity has been embodied in a speedy hull—a shade finer, perhaps, than the usual type of "fisherman". But the *Mayflower* is radically different in her hull design from the orthodox "Banker" and the fineness of her underbody is such, that for her length, beam and depth, she cannot pack as big a cargo of fish as the model extant today.

Upon this fact hinges most of the controversy. Critics insist that a vessel cannot be classed as a fishing schooner unless she can pack enough fish in her hold to pay for her operation and a fair interest on the money invested in her. Others declare that her lines are so fine that she would not dare go to sea in the winter months. To these criticisms, Captain Larkin of the *Mayflower* replies that he will make his schooner pay her way by fishing and, as far as winter voyaging is concerned, he is willing to race the *Mayflower* at any season of the year if sufficient inducement is offered. To the latter challenge, the Captain of the *Bluenose* replies with an offer to race next winter from a port in Newfoundland to Brazil with a cargo of dried fish, and back to Newfoundland or Nova Scotia with a lading of salt. With the racing spirit rising to fever heat, there is every indication that the contest between the American and Canadian schooners will develop into ocean races such as raged during the China and California clipper days.

If the *Mayflower* accomplishes what her skipper believes she can do, then she will become famous as the pioneer in a new era of fishing schooner design. But in addition to being a fast sailer, she must prove that she can stand winter weather and winter seas, as well as show a favorable credit entry in the ledger of her fishing voyages.

In addition to the photographs reproduced, the following principal dimensions of the *Bluenose*, *Canadia*, and *Mayflower* will give the layman an idea of the build of these speedy fishing clippers.

| | Bluenose | Mayflower | Canadia |
|---|---|---|---|
| | Feet | Feet | Feet |
| Total sail area* .. | 10,937 | 10,775 | 10,300 |
| Length over all ... | 141 | 143 | 138.6" |
| Beam .. .. .. .. .. | 27 | 25.9" | 25.2" |
| Depth .. .. .. .. | 11.6" | 11.9" | 12 |
| Bowsprit ... .. .. | 17.5" | 14 | 13½ |
| Mainmast.. .. .. .. | 95 | 100 | 93 |
| Mainmast above deck | 83 | 88 | 81 |
| Foremast .. .. .. .. | 73 | 83 | 71.6" |
| Maintopmast ... .. | 53.6" | 52 | 52 |
| Foretopmast .. .. .. | 48.6" | 42 | 43 |
| Main boom .. .. . | 81 | 72 | 84 |
| Main gaff .. .. .. | 46 | 45 | 50 |
| Foreboom .. .. .. | 36.6" | 34 | 32.6" |
| Foregaff .... .. .. | 32.6" | 34 | 50 |
| Main sail (sq. yds.) . | 4,100 | 4,292 | 4,075 |
| Main gaff top sail* | 756 | 700 | 875 |
| Foresail (sq yds.) . | 1,640 | 1,832 | 1,500 |
| Fore gaff top sail* . | 560 | 520 | 450 |
| Try sail (sq. yds.) | 1,305 | 1,025 | 1,350 |
| Jumbo (sq yds.) .. .. | 775 | 715 | 500 |
| Jib (sq. yds.) .. .. | 835 | 870 | 850 |
| Jib top sail (sq. yds.) | 966 | 750 | 700 |

*Square yards.

The Bank fishing schooner is not a "smack". No fisherman on this side of the Atlantic will tolerate calling his "vessel" such. Tall-sparred, and carrying an immense spread of sail, they are yacht-like in loftiness and general beauty of hull, but the resemblance ends there. Their frames and stanchions are of stout timber; their iron-work is plain and strong and very little brass glitters about them; their masts are well-stayed and all the gear is fashioned for the rough usage and hard weather which they get in plenty. There are no frills, fancy-work or jimcrack gadgets on a "fisherman."

It should be remembered that the crew of a Banker runs from eighteen to twenty-six men. Carrying such an able-bodied crowd permits of the "sail dragging" for which they are famous. Were it not for this fact in conjunction with good gear and plenty of ballast, no fishing skipper would be reckless enough to carry sail the way they do in the stiff breezes of the Western Ocean. But do not let this detract from their daring. Backed by the knowledge that they can take care of their canvas when the time comes they go the limit and it takes all the skill, muscle and tenacity of their big crews to reef or stow a mainsail of 4,000 square yards in area with a boom eighty feet long, when the terrific squalls of early March sweep across the Banks.

The second contest of this new era of sailing vessels and sailormen will take place off Halifax Harbor in October, and the eyes of the world will focus upon it as it has upon the America's Cup races of the past. But this is a combat of men who make their living by sailing vessels and of vessels who make their living also. Let us pray with the fishermen that no calms or summer zephyrs interfere and, like them, in characteristic phrase, request that Boreas "blow his dam'dest!"

## The Pictorial That Died

*Continued from page 17*

of the Dinosaur and Stegosaurus which cavorted over the tropical swamps of the Canadian West from three to six million years ago? True, the Editor of MacLean's happened to be there, but he is a privileged person. For the others the "eye" of the "Canadian National Pictorial," in the hands of Mr. Stennan, recorded every movement of the giant reptile's since its two thousand teeth received their first brushing. By this time, from Cape Race to Nootka Sound the story has been told in film to thousands.

From Britain's Mother of Parliaments comes a distinguished gentleman, Hon. J.W. Lowther who presents to our House of Commons the replica of the chair which he graced as Speaker of that august body for sixteen years. The oak which furnished the wood for the coat of arms on this handsome gift owned British soil two centuries before William the Norman, and, to further sanctify it as a fitting symbol of British freedom and parliamentary authority, it was itself part and parcel of the House of Parliament at Westminster since the year 1357. What Canadian who saw the picture of this bit of oak, this chair, this representative Briton, as all Canada has by this time seen but could feel the thrill of the actual ceremony and could express in words of his own the sentiments which led the poet to pen his immortal lines,

> "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself has said,
> 'This is my own, my native land'!"

Take a sample weekly issue of the "Canadian National Pictorial" say No. 81, one that long ago has finished its run and left its "pictures of memory" impressed on nearly a million Canadians. It contained:

1. The development of hydro-electric power on the Nipigon River at Cameron Falls, Ont.
2. An expert tamer of wild horses, at Strathmore, Alberta.
3. Nova Scotia fishermen harvesting their winter's crop at the fisheries, Canso, N.S.
4. The "Farmerette" dependents and next of kin of fallen, wounded or returned soldiers receiving farming instruction under the Soldier Settlement Board at Point Grey, B.C.
5. The depositing of the colors of the 2nd Battalion, at Bowmanville, Ont.
6. The inauguration of a passenger service on the Canadian Government Merchant Marine steamers, Halifax, N.S.
7. A monoplane sails away from Brandon, Manitoba, for the oil fields of the Northland.
8. The making of a violin in a Canadian factory; one of the interesting and instructive series of pictures under the general title "How it is done in Canada."
9. Two "shots" from England, a unique donkey race at Stamford Bridge, and a cross country run at Roehampton, with Cambridge and Cornell University athletes in competition.
10. "Sense and Nonsense from the Canadian Press"; terse bits of editorial humor which *MacLean's* has selected for the entertainment of Canadian screen patrons.

This programme, it will be seen, covers five different Provinces and the United Kingdom. Many instances could be cited where scenes from seven different Provinces were included in one "weekly"; where pictures of even greater instructional value were used, as well as Motherland or other Empire scenes calculated to awaken the keenest satisfaction among loyal Canadians.

It is worth recording, too, that many of these pictures used in the "Pictorial" have been sent to the Motherland, where they have shown to the British Isles the ways and the methods of Canadians and the fascinations of our land.

How many Canadians have seen their own Parliament open its session, the Governor-General presiding in state, and members of the Privy Council, Senate and Commons in their places in the handsome re-built structure? Well, the answer to that query is a few thousand at Ottawa and close to a million elsewhere in the Dominion, for the "Canadian National Pictorial" men were there in force.

### A Few of the Topics Treated

CONSIDER a few other subjects the "Pictorial" has included in its various weekly releases:

H.R.H. the Empire's future King on his tour of Canada and Australia, and at home.

Smelting British Columbia ore at Trail, B.C.

Trapping Lobsters at Loggieville, N.B.

The Squaw Packing contest at Banff, Alberta.

Unloading British West India grape fruit from Canadian National Ships at Montreal; Oriental silk at Vancouver; West India raw sugar at St John, N.B.

The scenic beauties of Jasper Park in the Northern Rockies.

The golden stream of grain pouring through Port Arthur and Fort William.

Raising Karakul sheep for their "Persian Lamb" fur, at Calgary.

The new Canadian Navy received at Halifax, Victoria and Vancouver.

The operations of "Rainmaker" Hatfield at Medicine Hat, Alberta.

The celebration in French-Canada of the victory of Dollard des Ormeaux over the Iroquois at the Long Sault rapids.

A trip below the sea's surface in a new Canadian submarine.

His Majesty the King as a farmer and as a yachtsman.

The romantic Royal Canadian Mounted Police at their spring training, Macleod, Alberta.

Their Majesties the King and Queen touring Scotland and the Isle of Man.

The loading of Canadian products on Canadian Government Merchant Marine vessels bound to all parts of the world.

The influx of immigration at Canadian ports and the facilities for their comfortable reception.

The rehabilitation of soldier veterans in the re-training centres and on the land.

The sports of Canadians in all longitudes.

The development of Canadian aviation.

Alberta's great irrigation system at Bassano.

The running of the Hudson's Bay Dog Derby at Le Pas, Man.

How the Governments of Manitoba and Saskatchewan fight the Grasshopper plague.

A Good Roads Demonstration at Winnipeg, Man.

Shipyards activities in Quebec, Nova Scotia, etc.

Historic spots in Quebec, Ontario, etc.

This has been the work of the "Canadian National Pictorial" and its achievement has been colossal. Consider the effectiveness of the motion picture. Remember the words of a recent writer, that "it affects the thinking of the people and moulds their character as does no other industry," and dwell particularly upon his remark, "let me make the movies of the country and I care not who makes its laws." Who can gainsay the screen as an influence in this age?

One of the attractive features of the past winter has been the Made-in-Canada series mentioned above. By these pictures many Canadians doubtless learned for the first time how cotton is woven into fabric by Canadians, how a wedding ring, a shaving brush, an automobile tire, a silk ribbon, a briar pipe, a felt hat, a silver spoon or tea-pot, a bi-focal lens, a billiard ball, a fur coat, a club bag, wallpaper, a newspaper, is made in their own country. The screen has told one half of Canada how the other half lives.

For two years an effective, far-reaching and systematic education al programme has been carried on through the medium of the camera, the "Canadian National Pictorial" and the motion picture theatre. In upwards of two hundred theatres, located in every Canadian Province, this picture has been regularly seen.

Depict Canada and Canadian development upon the screen and Canadians will know their Canada better and be better Canadians. Darken these same screens or illuminate them with the scenes and activities of the foreigner, and we encounter "de-Canadianizing" influences.

This has been the attitude of the Dominion Government. This is the knowledge that gave birth to this now widely-known film. For two years the "Canadian News Pictorial" has laid Canada bare to her children, one year sponsored by the Department of Public Information, since disbanded, and one year by the Department of Trade and Commerce, through its Exhibits and Publicity Bureau. The Government and these departments respectively deserve the gratitude of the Canadian people for their financial support and co-operation in producing this education film for Canadians. Incalculable good has resulted.

### Financial Support Withdrawn

BUT what is the position now? To commend the Government for its support in the two past years carries with it the necessity of questioning its wisdom in withdrawing that support at a critical time when various influences, among which the film is by no means the least forceful, have succeeded in fostering and accentuating a national spirit that is as the breath of life to loyal Canadians everywhere. If the nurturing of this new-born national spirit is a worthy task for prosperous times, is it less worthy, less necessary, in times of stress and transformation?

The "Canadian National Pictorial" has been partially financed by the Dominion Government for the whole Canadian people. Government backing undoubtedly gave standing to the film. But it gave still more. The Government's stamp was a guarantee to the Canadian people that these pictures were unbiased and genuine and produced in the interests of a continent-broad Dominion. A misdemeanor of the advertising sort would have brought down a well-merited governmental rebuke. That this was not necessary and that the picture was produced in a public-spirited and efficient manner is testified in a letter written from Ottawa on the expiration of the 1921 contract, which says: "If all our contracts were carried out as well as the 'Canadian National Pictorial' contract our official life would be a bed of roses, frankincense and myrrh."

True, there are other films which carry Canadian scenes. But whereas these

# $5000.00 PRIZE CONTEST

## *You can enter this Contest ~ $5000.00 in Prizes will be awarded for best Letters on Handy Uses of the Perfection Oil Heater.*

HERE is your chance to win a worth-while prize by devoting a little of your spare time to writing a letter.

Over 4,000,000 homes have Perfection Heaters. Thousands of these Heaters are being used in ways we've never heard of. So, to learn more about the ways in which the Perfection is used, and especially to learn *new uses* for it, we are offering $5,000.00 in prizes. First prize is $1,000.00 in cash. And there are 999 other worth-while prizes.

### It's Easy to Write a Perfection Contest Letter

Of course everyone is familiar with the common uses of the Perfection Heater. Chasing chills from any room during cool fall nights and mornings. Helping the furnace or base burner in winter. Bringing cozy comfort into dining room, bedroom, bath, living room and sick room. Reducing fuel bills, and conserving the health of young and old. It's a portable radiator that gives "heat by the roomful."

But there are hundreds of unusual and handy ways to use this Heater, such as drying clothes indoors, or taking the place of the evening fire at the summer camp. It's the unusual or different *ways of using the Perfection Heater* that we want you to tell us about. Uses that you are familiar with may be entirely new to us.

### How to Enter Contest

To enter the Contest it isn't even necessary that you own a Perfection Heater, although experience with it would undoubtedly give you many valuable ideas. This Contest does not close until December 10th, so that you have time, if you wish, to get personally acquainted with the handy Perfection.

It costs you nothing to enter the contest. Simply call on the nearest Perfection dealer (*Hardware, House Furnishing or Department Store*) and get a copy of the Perfection Heater $5,000.00 Contest Folder, or write direct to Contest Department, The Perfection Stove Company Limited, Sarnia, Ontario, for it. Read the few simple rules given in the folder, then write your letter.

Three competent and disinterested Judges will decide the prize winners. The Judges are:

ALLARD SMITH, *Vice President, The Union Trust Co.; President, The Cleveland Advertising Club.*

FRANK G. PHEGLEY, *President, Ohio Chapter, American Society of Heating & Ventilating Engineers.*

HAZEL BLAIR DODD, *Home Economics Editor, The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

***Look for the $5,000.00 Contest Poster in Your Dealer's Window***




# PERFECTION *Oil Heaters*

*Address Contest Dept.*
PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, Limited
SARNIA, ONTARIO

*Made also in the United States by*
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

## LIST OF PRIZES

**First Prize**
**$1000.00 Cash**
**Second Prize**
**$500.00 Cash**
**Third Prize**
**$250.00 Cash**
**Fourth Prize**
**$150.00 Cash**
**Fifth Prize**
**$100.00 Cash**

Sixth Prize ~ $90.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
Seventh Prize ~ $75.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
Eighth Prize ~ $50.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils

*5 Prizes*, Each a $25.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
*12 Prizes*, Each a $10.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils

75 Aladdin Aluminum Percolators, 6 Cup Size
100 Aladdin Aluminum Steam Cookers (5 Qts.)
150 Aladdin Enameled Steel Blue Double Roaster-20 in.
250 Aladdin Enameled Steel Double Boilers (2 Qts.)
400 Aladdin Aluminum Double Lipped Sauce Pans (2 Qts.)

**1000 Prizes ~ Total Value $5000.00**

*NOTE.—Winners of the $90, $75, $50, $25 and the $10 outfits of Aladdin Utensils may choose either Aladdin Aluminum, Aladdin Enameled Steel, or a combination of both.*



### Aladdin Utensils are Popular

Aladdin Utensils are members of the famous family of CMP Household Products. The sterling quality, the beauty and the many conveniences that have made Aladdin Utensils immensely popular, also make them desirable prizes.

Get your copy of the Contest Folder from the Perfection dealer near you or write direct to us. It gives rules of the Contest, tells how prizes will be awarded, and describes Contest fully.

***See Your Dealer To-day and Write Your Letter Tonight***



# STORY WRITING CONTEST

Are you an aspiring writer?
Do you feel that you can write?
Have you an idea that would make an interesting story?
Are you willing to try if we make it worth your while?
**HERE IS AN IDEAL OPPORTUNITY TO TEST YOUR LITERARY ABILITY AND TO WIN A VALUABLE PRIZE.**
Our course in Story Writing is absolutely the most original, practical and authoritative ever written. Its author is the greatest authority on Story Writing technique in America, having personally coached some of America's greatest writers.
Our course is endorsed by the foremost literary critics, authors, editors and educationists in Canada.

**PRIZES**

**First** - - To the contestant who submits the best story we will give our Complete Story Writing Course **absolutely free.**

**Second** - To the contestant who submits the next best story we will give our Complete Story Writing Course **at half price.**

**Third** - - To the contestant who submits the third best story we will give our Course at a **reduction of one-third.**

**Fourth** - To the contestant who submits the fourth best story we will give our Course at a **reduction of 25 per cent.**

**Special** - To the next 10 in order of merit we will allow a **reduction of 15 per cent.**

**CONDITIONS**

1. The contest is open to all.
2. All stories must be written either on typewriter, or legibly in ink.
3. Only one side of paper to be used.
4. Name and full address to be placed in upper left hand corner of first sheet.
5. The story may be any length up to but not over 5000 words.
6. All prize winning stories are to be the property of the school.
7. If stories are to be returned sufficient postage must be enclosed.

**CLOSING DATE**

**All stories must be in our hands not later than October 31st the closing date of the contest. NOTE—Mail your story so it will have sufficient time to reach us by October 31st.**
**Address all stories to—**

**The Shaw Correspondence School**
(Story Writing Contest Dept. M)
**46 Bloor Street West TORONTO**



***Bovril** saves your housekeeping money*

It may be pretty safely said that Bovril pays its own cost by the extra nourishment you get out of the other foods you buy. For Bovril has a remarkable power of enabling you to extract nourishment which would otherwise not be absorbed by the body, and so would be wasted.

But there is an even bigger gain than the money one. The very fact that you are getting more nourishment from your food means that you are stronger, more full of vitality, better in health in every way. There is no better food economy than to use Bovril.

**BOVRIL**


accord a quarter at the best of their film to Canadian scenes, and frequently none at all, the "Canadian National Pictorial" has been truly Canadian with occasionally a subject from elsewhere in the Empire. In addition, considerable care has been exercised in selecting and editing the films included in the "Pictorial". There have always been more subjects filmed than could be used. Those chosen for the public to see have been selected on the principle of their educational or informative value to Canadians, and not because of possible sensational or passing interest.

There is little defence for flooding Canadian screens with news and industrial film depicting foreign enterprise, when equally picturesque and interesting scenes may be secured in Canada. Herein lies one of the chief reasons for regretting the Pictorial's demise. The screens must have their pictures. The well-rounded out cinema program must regularly have something scenic or topical. The insatiable appetite for animated pictures must be fed, and if Canadian scenes and events are not forthcoming, then others will be.

The first and only Canadian topical film produced by Canadians, for Canadians, and depicting exclusively Canadian scenes except when tinged with Empire, is dead. Until it, or an equally Canadian production, is revived, the youth of Canadian cities and the detached population of the more remote sections of the spacious Dominion, to whom the "Canadian National Pictorial" has been the breath of proud patriotism and the recorder of national progress, will lose touch with their land. To them the rest of their country will be "that untravell'd world whose margin fades forever and forever when they move."

When a young nation has just begun to expand its lungs and dilate its vision with the consciousness and exhilaration of a vivifying national spirit, who in all the world would knowingly remove the vitalizing tonic?

Canada has reached this station on her road to nationhood. There are many and there are varied influences urging her on. The leaven has been working these many years and the results are discernible to the nearest-sighted. The proof of the existence of this condition and its desirability we leave to the reader, but to the Motion Picture that brings Canada home to her own people let us pay a sincere and sufficient tribute.

## Why Is a Waiter?

*Continued from page 23*

of their short-comings. A good waiter should be quick to perceive that a guest is unable to read or write and then help him out in such a way that nobody in the neighborhood is any the wiser. When I was 'on the tables' there was a wealthy old fellow who started to take meals here regularly. I happened to be taking care of him the first time he wandered in. He was staring intently at his menu. 'Waiter,' he said in an undertone, his eyes still in mock study of the menu-card, 'I can't read. Would you mind getting me up a good dinner?' I did so, camouflaging all the time as though I were really taking his orders. I won him as a permanent customer for the house for a long period; not only that but he proved quite generous with his tips.

"One day he asked me: 'George, most of the waiters I run across are not as quick to see through a thing as you are. Supposing I happened to run into a lunkhead waiter that I couldn't afford to take a chance on, what would be the safest thing to do?'

" 'Order roast beef,' I replied. "Roast beef is always on the bill of fare. You can safely order mashed potatoes to go with it, tea, coffee, bread or toast, pie or pudding. The waiter is almost sure to ask you which sort of pie or pudding you prefer, naming what's on the menu.'

"The old gentleman seemed very grateful. He was absent from our diner for some months after that, and I began to think he had left town. Then one day in he came peering to right and to left. I knew he was making sure of where my table was located. 'Here comes Roast Beef McGinnis,' whispered a fellow-waiter who had but recently joined us.

" 'Why do you call him Roast Beef?' I asked.

" 'Because he always orders a roast beef dinner. I figure the old gent can't read and he orders roast beef to be safe.'

"So it seemed the old gentleman had adhered strictly to my advice while eating at other hotels and restaurants. He finally searched out my table. I stepped up close to him in order to catch the guarded undertones he invariably used while ordering. 'George, get me a good dinner," he requested; then he almost moaned: "Give me anything on the bill of fare, George—*anything but roast beef.*'

"Evidently he had been quite fed up on the roast beef menu.

### The Doctor Who Fooled a Waiter

"THERE ARE all sorts of diversions in this business for the discerning waiter with a sense of humor. Some years ago I was captain of a squad of waiters at a summer hotel. We had a middle-aged house doctor, a jovial, open-hearted sort of chap you couldn't help feeling attracted toward. Frequently he used to say to me in a jocular sort of way: 'Well, George, one of these times I'm going to bring my wife here to eat. Then you'll have to be real fussy to make good.'

"The doctor went away, on a short vacation, we understood. Then one day he unexpectedly turned up with Mrs. Doctor. She was somewhat younger than he but they seemed an ideal pair.'

"Now we had in the dining-room of that summer hotel a section we called 'honeymoon corner.' It was partially screened off from the rest of the room with palms—just enough isolation to give a sense of privacy to newly-married couples, of which we had many stopping at the hotel. I thought to have a joke on the doctor—one that would give offence to neither him nor his wife, but would still be a 'horse' on the doctor, who was something of a practical joker himself. So without batting an eye and in the best form I knew how to assume I seated them in the heart of 'honeymoon corner.' where they had blushing brides and their grooms all around them.

"I had thought I would hear from the doctor on the subject sooner or later—but never a word did I hear. Imagine my surprise when I learned that the doctor had been married just the day before and was really on his honeymoon. His previous reference about 'bringing his wife to eat at the hotel' was but a bit of his characteristic spoofing. So the 'horse' was on me instead of the doctor."

### An Autocrat of the Dining Car

WAITERS are not all diplomats, nor are they infallible in sizing up the people they come in contact wtih. Following a trip to a small, out-of-the-way town I had to take a suburban train to make connections with a flyer. Most everything on this "local" was in keeping with its speed which was remindful of a snail in distress. As there was a pretty heavy passenger list and the train took most of the day to do its stunt of some sixty miles or so there was a dining-car attached.

The roadbed had evidently got into a bad state of disrepair, and the train lurched in a most threatening manner, making the aged wooden coaches creak and groan as though they'd like to break in two and thus end their monotonous careers. The waiters in the diner were all great, hulking chaps and their captain a truculent giant with hands that flopped about like hams tied to his wrists. He roamed up and down the aisle with an assumption of great dignity, but in reality he was most of the time bumping into passengers or one of his waiters and adding to the general confusion on the lurching coach. Every time the train would sway, as if at a given signal, the waiters would kick out a leg from behind to retain their equilibrium while they held their trays over their heads. The effect was quite as droll as an exhibition of the Teuton goose-step. Nevertheless the service by the waiters was fairly good, which is more than could be said for the cooking.

Across the aisle from me sat a slim young man with a face so mild and innocent-looking one couldn't help looking at him twice. His features would have been insignificant were it not for their extreme meekness. "Such an individual," I was pondering to myself, "must find himself bluffed and imposed upon by every


Dack's

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# Four Generations and Over 100 Years in Business

There are very few firms in Canada that can look back upon over a century of business.

DACK'S of Toronto has been under the control of one family for four generations.

Four generations have directed the policy of making Dack's Shoes, and four generations of men have bought Dack's shoes.

This is one reason why Dack's store is so often spoken of as a Toronto Land-mark.

Dack's reputation has become the family tradition to be handed down from father to son. We are proud and jealous of this reputation.

The name Dack now stands as a symbol of sterling value.

The present and future generations of Canadians will find the same high quality in Dack's shoes and the same courtesy and welcome in dealing with Dack's as their grandfathers found in years past.

While Dack's Shoes will not wear for a generation, you will be surprised at the amount of service — durability, comfort and retention of shape—that you will get from them. "Truth will out," and the superior quality of Dack's Shoes proves itself to the very end.

Dack's SHOES For MEN

*If you live out-of-town, send for "Dack's" latest Style Book and Self Measurement chart. Your order received by mail will receive our best attention.*

**R. DACK & SONS, LIMITED**
MAKERS OF MADE-TO-MEASURE SHOES FOR OVER 100 YEARS
**73 W. KING STREET, TORONTO**

sharper he comes in contact with." Just then the young man swung to peer along the aisle back of him and I had a lightning change of opinion. What I saw on the other side of his head was a telltale "cauliflower" ear.

"Waiter," he called in a pleading sort of way to the big fellow lurching in the aisle.

The man in blue approached. "I'm not a waiter," he informed haughtily. "I am the steward."

"All right then, Steward," conceded the meek-looking youth. "I just wanted to tell you this deep apple pie they brought me is tough as leather. I can't even batter through the crust with my knife."

**He "Told it To Him Right"**

THE STEWARD drew himself up to his full height and swept the other with withering scorn. "Where d' you come from, anyways?" He slurred it out insolently. "Now let me tell you." he continued in a loud voice, "you don't have to pay for that apple-pie, but I want t'let you know I'm onto you and the likes of you. You've never been used to nothin'; that's the reason you try to pan our men-yew. Like as not you're some rube school teacher that's never been on a real train in his life before, but you can't bluff me by bawlin' out the men-yew. In this business I meet all kinds," triumphantly, "and I size 'em up in a minute. I had your number 's soon as you sat down. Get me?"

Certain that he had made a complete job of cowing this passenger "into his place," the steward walked away with a great affectation of official concern. A red-haired young man who sat opposite the meek-looking passenger had once opened his mouth as though to remonstrate but the meek-looking man held up a warning hand. He said never a word himself but he smiled as though something gave him great inward amusement.

Shortly afterwards I bumped into the bumptious steward and the red-haired young man in one of the narrow passages forward of the dining-car. "It was sure too bad to have to bawl out that little shrimp the way I did," the steward was observing, "but it was comin' to him and he was too yellow to even open his yap after I lit into him. I can see his kind comin' every time and see clean through them. Didn't I tell it to him right?"

"You told it to him right," replied the red-haired chap, who, it was easy to see, was boiling over with pent-up rage. "I feel sore at him too that he didn't let you have one of his uppers to the jaw that would have put you to sleep for the next week and a half. Say, fellow, didja know the man you was handin' out all that bluff stuff to was 'Kid'——? I'm his trainer, and I can tell you straight that if the Kid had entertained havin' an argument with you there'd be a room needed in the next hospital we came to and you'd be the patient."

Gradually an expression crept over the steward's face that indicated a certain sensation commonly known as "gooseflesh." As he walked away I thought I heard him murmur to himself: "Well, anyways, he didn't look the part of a prize-fighter."

Fortunately for the public, stewards and waiters of this man's particular type do not last long in the hotel or railway service of Canada.

# The Mad Hatter

*Continued from page 19*

Something cold and hard pressed tight upon Gideon's heart.

He said, in a queer little voice: "You don't mean—her?"

"Sure. Ellise Branson. Who did you think? Say, I wish they would hurry dinner along."

Dumbly, Gideon watched the author walk away. Then he sank down into the nearest chair. After a while quietness came upon all. Some time later the colored boy came to tell Gideon that dinner had been served in the other room, and they were waiting impatiently for him. He went in. He was glad he did not have to sit near nor face the Bransons. He ate mechanically. In his pocket the acceptance of "The Triumph of Poetry in Life." lay, in forgotten seclusion.

It was not until the dinner was concluded and the triumph of her husband fittingly signalized that Gideon had his moment with Ellise.

"My dear, I want to thank you for this." Gideon drew the note with its enclosure from his pocket.

"Oh, Daddy, I'm so glad about it. And—listen—they're going to give you a dinner next month. I spoke to Mr. Peverley about it, as President, and he promised me definitely. And won't Mother Josephine be proud!"

Depression fell from Gideon. Ellise was so bubbling over that the forbodings of the earlier evening, the breath of scandal seemed remote to the point of vanishing, a ridiculous myth.

He said, though: "You haven't been to see me lately, Ellise. I want you to come soon."

She nodded brightly: "I've been coming ever so long, I'll drop in at the store."

Branson came for her just then, bidding her get ready to leave, nodding stiffly to the Mad Hatter. The stiffness did not worry Gideon. His heart was aglow again. He could hardly wait to get home that Josephine might share his triumph. A dinner at the Tripleart Club in honor of Gideon Blakey, Esquire! Gideon rubbed his hands together in satisfaction. After all these years.

He passed on to the door. A group of men stood talking. Branson was waiting for his wife. Peverley seemed to be arguing. Branson was protesting.

"Pooh!—what nonsense, Peverley. That's carrying the joke too far. Bad enough we should have the little fellow in the Club, without making a farce of this Special Dinner idea. I shall resign if you do."

The president said, quickly: "No, you won't, Branson. He's a duly qualified member, and now that his book's to be published he's entitled to his dinner. More power to him I say."

The Mad Hatter went on out into the starlight night. The glow in his heart was so all-pervasive a thing it never occurred to the little man to take in the significance of the words, much less to suppose they could be talking about him.

IN THE back of his tiny shop in Hart Street, the Mad Hatter had a bit of a retreat, cosily furnished. It held furniture upon which an antigue dealer might well have cast envious eyes, and on the walls, rows of the immortals in sepia. To this retreat in rare moments of leisure one might come to seek refreshment and change from the difficult task of persuading customers to accept a mature judgment in hats. To it came, on a certain day not long after the dinner to Branson, Ellise herself.

She brought into it something of the vivacity and freshness of the out-of-doors, and captured the easy chair with a sigh of relief.

"What a rush life is, Daddy. I've been trying to get here for a long time."

"Once upon a time," he chided her gently, "you used to come at least every week. Now it's once in—months. I've missed you, child."

A singular restraint came upon them both. He could not respond to the bubbling chatter that she indulged in, and so the stream of words died up. Gideon had heard things these last few days.

She said at last: "I'm afraid I must be going."

"Not—not until you tell me—everything, Ellise."

"Everything?" Her voice was a little shaky.

"About the trouble between you and Ford."

"There's been no trouble." Her voice held a touch of defiance.

"Is there—likely to be, Ellise?"

His gaze was on her steadily; there was nothing of censure in his face, nothing but the kindliest of lines.

"Not unless he choses to make it." She shot the words out staccato-like in their suddenness. A slim, silk-clad ankle swung impatiently. "Ford makes me tired—positively. I've given him every chance. His precious *art* with a capital A, comes first every time—sometimes I wonder if I come even a poor second. If I were one of the cold figures in his studio I'd be of more interest to him. I've stood it all I'm going to, Daddy. He can live his life; I'll live mine."

Gideon felt and looked very helpless just then; he adjusted the orange tie that Josephine had given him last birthday, and which he suffered with pathetic patience lest she should be grieved in




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spirit. He stammered at last: "But people are talking—"

"Let 'em," snapped Ellise, petulantly. "I don't give a tinker's dam whether they do or not."

"Ellise!"

"It's true."

"My dear girl—what language!"

His distress was very obvious. He took out a large white handkerchief and applied it to the moisture on his forehead. Ellise, watching, broke suddenly into laughter. She slipped over to him, and kissed him squarely on the mouth.

"There", she said contritely, "I'm sorry, Daddy, I'll take that back—even it it is true. I'm shocking more than you these days. I'm shocking myself sometimes." She regarded him soberly. "Daddy," she said at last, "do you remember the long talks we used to have together—in the old days? Perhaps because I was such a little imp you didn't realize how much they meant to me—how much I *felt* the things you taught me. It wasn't a matter of reason simply—it was the heart that said yes to them. It's all different now. I go to church on Sundays just because it's a habit—and feel a hypocrite all the time. Often the things I hear appeal to my reason—but I don't *feel* them. It's the same way with books—you remember how we used to revel in all your favorites, and feel as though the spirits of the great were hovering about to teach us the meaning. Somehow they don't mean anything to me now—nothing except finespun theories and sentimental idealisms that are far removed from actual life. All that part of me is a void now—do you blame me for filling it as best I can?"

OLD Gideon said nothing. He went over to the desk and drew out some papers, carefully tied together with red ribbon, and bearing the close, neat calligraphy that was distinctively his. It was a first copy of "The Triumph of Poetry in Life." He thumbed it through, lovingly. At last he read—read in a very low, rich voice, a single paragraph.

> "The greatest thoughts of understanding souls clothed in most suitable garb—this is true poetry; it speaks only to the best in man—deep calling unto deep. Your true poet is a seer, to whose mind vision lends wings, enabling him to rise above the choking mists of crass materialism. If we cannot follow even distantly the fault lies not with the poet's flight, but with ourselves for being content to find our pleasures and cramp our souls in the miasmatic mists of grosser things."

"You see," said old Gideon gently, "it's just like that. Sometimes we get our noses so close down to—to the mire—we can't see the heavens above—Hullo.. yes, Jimmie?"

The lanky, red-haired assistant thrust the upper part of his body within the doorway.

"A guy out there to see you," he said breathlessly.

"A guy!" said Gideon severely. "Have I not told you, Jimmie—?"

Jimmie's lacklustre eyes betrayed nothing of remorse; he said decisively: "He seems in a terrible hurry about something. He's a tall guy with gray hair and he says—"

Ellise sprang to her feet; her face had gone suddenly white. She gripped the old man's arm.

"Daddy, it's Ford. He—he mustn't see me. I—I can't face him, Daddy."

The freckled face of Jimmie seemed to have gone all to mouth—a great cavernous affair, widely agape. Gideon obscured the vision by a firm closing of the door, and the low instructions: "Tell him I'll be there directly.." He turned to the girl.

"Now speak quickly, Ellise. Why can't you face him?"

She said, fearfully: "He must have seen us, and followed. Why would he come here?"

"Us?"

"Mr. Hepwaite and me. We were lunching together."

"Hepwaite—and you—Ellise, it hasn't come to—that? Look me in the eyes, Ellise—so."

"Daddy, don't look at me that way. I—I can't stand it. I—I was terribly foolish, that's all. I met him at dances and he was so—kind and sympathetic—and I let him take me out—and wrote him letters—"

"Letters?"

"Just silly letters. I told him about Ford and all that—and things. Oh, I can see now when it's too late. You see he won't give them back. He's holding them over me so as I'll do just what he wants. I had lunch with him to-day to try and get them. He just laughs. Ford must have seen us—I—Oh I can't face him, Daddy—he's so cold and austere and—"

A quick knock on the door sent the pallor to her face again.

"The guy says he must see you right away, Mr. Blakey. He's in a hurry. Oh! here he is—"

A COLD, firm voice said: "You must excuse my intrusion, but I have an appointment in my studio in half an hour. Why—hullo, Ellise! I thought you were at a bridge."

"No, I'm here." Her voice was very weak. Relief sometimes leaves one so.

Gideon bridged an awkward moment.

"Your wife may have told you that we used to make hay and poetry in the country together in bygone days. We like to revive old memories." He added dryly. "The wife of such a busy man must find something to fill the moments that her husband cannot spare her."

Ford Branson looked sharply at the Mad Hatter. The little man was smiling benevolently, disarmingly.

"I dropped in to see you about this Club affair, Mr. Blakey." Branson's brow was contracted. "You may have heard, doubtless have, of this proposed dinner. I don't wish to be unkind but the thing is obviously preposterous. You—ah—understand, of course, the dinners are in honor of those who have achieved a real success in some sphere of art or literature or music."

Gideon nodded silently.

"The papers have carried this week full accounts of the dinner given in my honor. The basis of the honor was the placing of what I may consider my masterpiece, the triumph of long years of effort. I hope you will not think me too blunt if I say that I do not consider the publication of some commonplace little monograph on poetry, by a distinct amateur, to merit the same appreciation. I feel it very keenly as an insult to my own art."

Gideon's blue eyes were on him steadily, unblinkingly. Ellise ventured to put her protest into words, but the old man silenced her with a gesture.

"I am sorry if you feel that way about it, Mr. Branson," he said.

Branson went on: "I realize I am asking a great deal from you to withdraw, and refuse to accept this dinner. I am prepared to pay for the withdrawal. If you will mention the remuneration you feel would compensate—"

A sudden blaze lit the mild blue eyes of the Mad Hatter. He said nothing.

"Then if you cannot fix upon a price, here is my own idea of it—a cheque for $300, to your order."

Gideon took the cheque and looked at it. Then, very deliberately, he tore it into little bits.

"Some day, Mr. Branson," he said quietly, "when you have the advantage of as many years as I you may learn something of what Art really is—and that Art becomes debased when it becomes an idol and a thing apart from the throbbing life of the people. I refuse, Mr. Branson, to bow before your marble god."

A tense silence held the little room for a moment. Then Branson laughed coldly.

"Let the farce go on then," he said, "For that is all it is. I shall not attend. Besides, perhaps you don't know that my wife, in using her influence to curry favor in your behalf with this man Hepwaite, has caused the gossips' tongues to wag. I've poured ridicule on them because I knew there was nothing in the talk." A little smile came to touch the wintry coldness of his face. "I know Ellise enough to trust her."

The girl stood silently, biting her lip and wisping her suede gloves with nervous fingers.

"Come, my dear," said Branson, I'll take you home. You mustn't look so distressed about this. You're quite pale."

Ellise went over to Gideon, taking his hand.

"Good-bye, Daddy." Her voice was a thing of numbed tonelessness.

"Courage!" counselled Gideon, in a low tone, and responded to her clasp with a quick pressure of his own chubby pink-and-white hand, with which the portents of age had scarce begun to have their way.

HEPWAITE, senior partner and founder of the publishing house of Hepwaite & Johnston, had the reprehensible habit of keeping seekers of admission to his office waiting on general principles and a hard bench. Hepwaite was a florid man, youngish, well-groomed, fair-haired, self-opinionated, possessing for many women an uncanny fascination and for most men little self-revealing mannerisms that created abhorrence. His business acumen ran rather to the selling end, and a sort of intuitive understanding of public demands; he depended for his knowledge of books—the insides of them, that is—upon the trenchant summaries of his staff of readers. He could discuss modern literature with great éclat until someone undertook to cross-question, when he always contrived to leave the witness stand.

When the card of Gideon Blakey was sent in to him, he put it aside out of sheer habit, and continued to be immersed in pleasant speculation of a social nature. The thing was unfortunate—Gideon, the most patient of little men, began to find his mild blue eyes undergoing a change in favor of the blaze that sometimes drove the mildness from them. He could see through the glass partition, and the longer he looked—and waited—the madder did he become. When finally a boy came to summon him he was a very Mad Hatter indeed. Josephine would scarcely have recognized her husband.

For all that he bowed courteously.

Said Mr. Hepwaite, suavely: "Ah—Mr. Blakey?—oh, yes, about that little book of yours. Glad to meet you, Mr. Blakey."

Gideon went to the point at once.

"It's not about the book I came, Mr. Hepwaite. It's about some—letters you have."

Mr. Hepwaite's two long, fair eyebrows raised themselves higher.

"Letters?"

"From a girl, Mr. Hepwaite—a young woman to whom you, as a gentleman, owe the return of this unfortunate correspondence."

Mr. Hepwaite said easily, with no shade of concern: "She—sent you to me about them?"

"No. Mr. Hepwaite, I came—"

"Indeed. And what business pray—"

GIDEON leaned forward: "Just this, Mr. Hepwaite. Years ago when—when Ellise was a child, Josephine—that's my wife, you know—and I had a little girl of our own. They were very much alike, Mr. Hepwaite, so alike folks used to take them for twins. Our little one died; do you wonder that we came in time to look upon the little neighbor of ours almost as our own? She even called—calls me still—Daddy."

Gideon blew his nose vigorously. Hepwaite whistled tunelessly, staring out the window.

"You'll understand, then, her confidences to me, and my coming—"

Hepwaite turned sharply. "That kind of stuff, Mr. Blakey, doesn't go with me. It's what we call sickly sentimentality. I'm only having a bit of fun out of the girl—she didn't hesitate to take my money or let me spend it on her—it's only fair she should pay for it. I must have value. It's harmless enough—Branson is a blind fool."

"As a gentleman, Mr. Hepwaite, I ask you to do the honorable thing. Mrs. Branson is worrying herself sick about this. Let me take the letters to her."

A little twist curled the corner of Hepwaite's mouth.

"You seem to forget, Blakey, that you're mixed up in this, too. Part of the price I paid for her friendship, to put it crudely, was to take up this manuscript of yours. How about that, eh?"

A sudden trembling shook the form of the little hatter. The blaze in his eyes was a significant thing. He said, forcing the words out: "I'll trouble you for that manuscript back. Mr. Hepwaite."

"You—you mean that?"

"I do."

"I'll just call your bluff on that." Hepwaite summoned a boy. "Tell Mr.

Gresham to let me have that Blakey manuscript."

Very tenderly, when it came, Gideon took the precious manuscript, folding it so that it would tuck inside his pocket.

"It was just a favor to her," said the publisher coldly, "and would not have got by on its merits. Folk don't want that kind of bunk nowadays. Good afternoon."

Gideon said dazedly: "About those letters?"

"Nothing doing."

"You're —a—despicable—cad" The words were out almost before Gideon recognized them as his own. The taunting look in the eyes of the man opposite struck fire from his. He moved forward threateningly. "If I were a younger man I'd—By Jove, I think I will—"

The thing was done so quickly, that no one was more surprised than Gideon himself. Hepwaite staggered back with a livid mark just under his right eye. The rest was a confused nightmare—and then —the awakening.

FOR the first time in a long and varied life Gideon Blakey found himself in the toils of the law, with the charge against him of common "assault and battery." It took the influence of several friends, and the fact that undue publicity would attach to Hepwaite as well if he pressed the charge, to straighten the matter out so that the affair would not reach courthouse publicity. Josephine, after the first terrible shock had been survived, proved a staunch mate to sail the stormy seas. Gideon, the sense of failure upon him, and the disgrace of the affair biting into his sensitive being, shunned his fellowmen. Josephine had no word of reproach; nothing but the tastiest of meals, and the most understanding of companionship. Her good cheer never failed, unless it was the time Ellise dropped over the day after the affair and forced the full story from her lips and saw the rejected manuscript lying on the table in Gideon's study and went over and kissed it reverently.

FOR the first time in three years the Mad Hatter found no pleasure in the second Thursday of the month. Indeed he announced, quite positively, to Josephine that he would not, under any circumstances, go.

"Indeed you will," retorted Josephine with a decision singular for her. "What will they all think if you don't turn up? Call you a coward perhaps—who knows? Besides I have to go out tonight myself and I'll not have you sitting moping about the house eating your heart out."

Gideon went. It seemed that he had exhausted so much of his defiant spirit that none was left to sustain him. In the past two weeks he had been known to let several customers go from the Hart Street store with quite ridiculously inappropriate head-gear.

He walked three times round the block rather than be early. He wanted to just slip into his place at the last moment. When he arrived he was glad to find from the colored boy in the check room that the dinner was just starting. He slipped unobtrusively in. The room echoed to a shout, when he entered, and two stout pairs of arms gathered him and carried him bodily to a chair. He found himself seated on the right of the chairman's seat, and Branson was in the chair. Beyond Branson was Josephine, supremely happy if only her best clothes and manners could have permitted it; beyond her again Ellise, fresh and smiling—and with now no shadow in her eyes.

Branson called for order.

"It is customary," he said, "to postpone the speechmaking to the end. Perhaps this time we may reverse the custom, otherwise we may spoil some appetites. You may be surprised to see me in the chair on this occasion. We come to do honor to one of our most unassuming members tonight. Most of you have heard snatches at least of the story of our friend Blakey's experiences in the past two weeks. It is not my intention to rehash them except to say that, without a word to a soul, he deliberately crushed out the ambition of a lifetime—threw overboard the crowning event of years of study and work—by withdrawing his book, "The Triumph of Poetry in Life" from its chance of publication. Why did he do it? Some of you may have


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guessed; it is a private and personal reason—only two or three can really estimate and appreciate it—it is a thing beyond my words. To him, perhaps, the sacrifice may have seemed useless—except as a sacrifice to honor can never be quite that—but to the two most concerned it has brought a mutual confession and understanding that, I think, could never have come if loving sacrifice had not shown and paved the way. I want you to rise and drink with me to-night a toast to our guest, Gideon Blakey."

THEY drank solemnly, upturning the glasses at the end. Gideon sat as one in a maze. They sang lustily: "For he's a jolly good fellow", until the rafters rang, and throats grew choked and useless not merely because they were forced to such a pitch.

When they sat down. Gideon rose slowly. His cherubic face had gone as white as his old-fashioned side-whiskers. He could hardly find voice.

He said at last: "I wish I could—thank you—gentlemen. I am afraid I don't deserve it. Someday, perhaps—before the end of the journey—I may write something that's worthy of getting into print. It's a little hard to start afresh, but tonight you're making me feel young again." He stopped; no further words would come.

Branson rose once more. Strange how that cold, hard voice had tuned itself to a new and vibrant pitch.

"Friend Blakey," he said, "a little over two weeks ago I paid you what I realize now was a terrible insult, and without even scant justification. Now to add to this I have taken a very great liberty. I have ventured, through the good offices of Mrs. Blakey and my wife, to secure your manuscript from your house. I have shown it to competent critics. They are as one in their commendation of it. More than that, it is now almost ready to go to press—we have been working overtime, you see. Just that we might have a souvenir of this event tonight, proofs have been pulled and made up into this little morocco-covered volume, in which you will also find the names of all your fellow-members inscribed. Allow me, sir, on behalf of this club, to present you with the first copy from the press of your published work."

They cheered again while Gideon took the book—a thing beautifully bound in brown and gold—and opened it.

"I have ventured," Branson went on, "to have printed on a fly-leaf a verse from one of your favorite poets, Mr. Blakey. If no one else understands the significance of it, perhaps you and I will and one other." For the fraction of a second his glance went to Ellise. "You will recognize Browning's lines f om 'Pippa Passes'."

Through a tender mist Gideon read the inscription.

"To our friend the Mad Hatter (Daddy Gideon);

"Shall to produce form out of unshaped stuff
Be Art—and, further, to evoke a soul
From form be nothing?'
Gratefully
F.B. and E.B."

If you should chance to run across a copy of "The Triumph of Poetry in Life" by Gideon Blakey, having read this, you will perhaps understand what may seem at first a rather strange inscription. In two editions no copy has been issued without it in clear-faced type upon the flyleaf.

# Drayton, the Practical

*Continued from page 13*

It was part of the emancipation of people for which soldiers had not died.

"Er—if you need me, telephone, old chap," one fancies Sir Thomas saying as he carried Sir Henry's luggage to his room. "But I'm sure you are the man for the job. I really have to go back to private finance. However, the super-tariff on imports of luxuries is one thing with which you will feel at home I am sure. Quite in your line, Sir Henry."

In one of Scott's novels a gentleman named Front de Boeuf pulls out a Jew's tooth every time he wants more money. Both our national dentists knew that a super-tariff on anything is the very thing that makes a large number of well-to-do people want it. People bought luxuries in this country and growled at the high cost of necessities. Most folk feel rather proud of a big price for a coat or a gown or a Chesterfield, if they can get even by skimping on the price of butter and potatoes. Low-value money and visions of Utopia had played far worse havoc with the people than legalized liquor had ever done. And one of the worst features of the situation was that the bulk of our luxury buying was done in the country which had the only remaining standard of value on the exchanges. Canada had convenient access to the country which alone had a surplus of factory goods. Our tremendous buying average in the American market, was even used as propaganda in the interest of keeping the peace with Britain.

Hence the devil of exchange and Drayton's dilemma. The things Drayton said to this country even before he presented his first budget were about as comfortable as what the doctor prescribes when you are overfed. On went the unpopular luxury tax and sales tax. The general principle was that the more people bought, the more they got out of living, and the more they should pay for the privilege. It was not merely a tax on improvements, but an impost on being alive. Accustomed as we had been to war taxes which never came off, this was a sanctioned way of "passing the buck" such as we had never known. The advantage is that when we pay 13 cents for a box of matches that used to cost 5 cents we can read "5 cents War Excise Tax Paid" on the wrapper.

Sir Henry Drayton had no superb suavity with which to beguile those who made complaints. He heard the howlings of all the babies in the national dormitory and went ahead. He did not impress us as a financier but as a plain doctor of homely common sense. He said in public many things which threw much instructive light upon our buying and selling. He spoke some blunt but kindly truths, even in the United States at whose supremacy in our markets his policy was aimed.

"The men who save the world," says the *Onlooker*, "are those who work by rule of thumb; who do the day's work by the day's light, and advance on chaos and the painful dark by inches; in other words the practical men."

Such a motto might be Drayton's crest. He is very practical; too much so to be an interesting personality to the average man. But by his dull and diligent practicality he has done rather more than his bit in helping to reestablish Canada. He would, if he could, cut our imports from the United States in half in order to rectify exchange. Whenever he dies the Canadian $ par on exchange will be found graven upon his heart.

Drayton's tariff tour was one of the most characteristic things he ever did. In this however there may have been an element of politics. A travelling tariff commission taking evidence in almost every village with a smokestack from coast to coast must have had some real object. But Sir Henry had cleaned up most of the possibilities in direct taxation. it was time he tackled the tariff, even though he knew it was largely a show to satisfy the people that the most patient investigator in the world at the head of a small court had taken evidence on what every Tom Dick had to say for and against in any part of the country outside of the Yukon. Had it been practicable to hold a session on Great Bear Lake to determine the trade relations between the Yellow Knife Indians and the Eskimos, Sir Henry would have done it.

Such vast patience is phenomenal even in Drayton. One almost fears that he is becoming interested in a Federal election. If so, the end is in sight. The day we partyize Sir Henry we shall lose one of the oldest and rarest personal identities we ever had. But if we are to get the biggest out of this man that he has to give we shall have to do it.

# The Yellow Streak

*Continued from page 12*

It was to the new wing that Horace Trevert and Dr. Romain now hastened. They hurried across the hall where the big lamp of dulled glass threw a soft yellow light and entered the corridor, through the heavy oak door which shut it off from the hall. The corridor was wrapt in silence. Half way down, where the small passage ran to the garden door, the electric light was burning.

HORACE Trevert ran down the corridor ahead of the doctor and was the first to reach the library door. He knocked sharply, then turned the handle. The door was locked.

"Hartley!" he cried and rapped again. "Ha-a-artley! Open the door! It's me, Horace!"

Again he knocked and rattled the handle. Not a sound came from the locked room. There was an instant's silence. Horace and the doctor exchanged an interrogatory look. From behind the closed door came the steady ticking of a clock. The silence was so absolute that both men heard it.

Then the door at the end of the corridor was flung open and Bude appeared. He was running at a quick ambling trot, his heavy tread shaking the passage.

"Oh, sir," he cried, "whatever is it? What has happened?"

Horace spoke quickly, incisively.

"Something's happened to Mr. Parrish, Bude," he said, "The door's locked and he doesn't answer. We'll have to break the door down."

Bude shook his head.

"It's solid oak, sir," he began.

Then he raised his hand.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," he said, as though an idea had struck him. "If we were to go out by the garden door here, we might get in through the window. We could break the glass if needs be!"

"That's it!" exclaimed Horace. "Come on, Doctor!"

He dashed down the corridor towards the little passage. The doctor laid a hand on Bude's arm.

"One of us had better stay here," he said, with a meaning glance at the closed door.

The butler raised an affrighted face to his.

"Go with Sir Horace, Bude," said the doctor. "I'll stay!

Outside in the gardens of Harkings it was a raw damp evening, pitch-black now with little gusts of wind which shook the naked bushes of the rosary. The garden door led by a couple of shallow steps to a gravel path which ran all along the back of the house. The path extended right up to the wall of the house. On the other side it flanked the rosary.

The glass door was banging to and fro in the night-wind as Bude, his coat collar turned up, hurried out into the darkness. The library which formed the corner of the new wing had two windows, the one immediately above the gravel path looking out over the rose-garden, the other round the corner of the house giving on the same path beyond which ran a high hedge of clipped box surrounding the so-called Pleasure Ground, a plot of smooth grass with a sun-dial in the centre.

A GLOW of light came from the library window and in its radiance Bude saw silhouetted the tall well-knit figure of young Trevert. As the butler came up the boy raised something in his hand and there was a crash of broken glass.

The curtains were drawn but with the breaking of the window they began to flap about. With the iron grating he had picked up from the drain below the window young Trevert smashed the rest of the glass away, then thrust an arm through the empty window-frame, fumbling for the window-catch.

"The catch is not fastened," he whispered and with a resolute thrust he pushed the window up. The curtain leapt up wildly, revealing a glimpse of the pleasant book-lined room. Both men from the darkness without saw Parrish's desk littered with his papers and his habitual chair beyond it, pushed back empty.

Trevert turned an instant, a hand on the window-sill.

"Bude," he said, "there's no one there!"

"Best look and see, sir," replied the butler, his coat-tails flapping in the wind.

Trevert hoisted himself easily on to the window-sill, knelt there for an instant, then thrust his legs over the sill and dropped into the room. As he did so he stumbled, cried aloud.

Then the heavy grey curtains were flung back and the butler saw the boy's face, rather white, at the open window.

"My God," he said slowly, "he's dead!"

A moment later Dr. Romain, waiting in the corridor, heard the key turn in the lock of the library door. The door was flung open. Horace Trevert stood there silhouetted in a dull glow of light from the room. He was pointing to the open window beneath which Hartley Parrish lay on his back motionless.

## CHAPTER IV

### Between the Desk and the Window.

HARTLEY Parrish's library was a splendid room, square in shape, lofty, and well proportioned. It was lined with books arranged in shelves of dark brown oak running round the four walls but sunk level with them and reaching up to a broad band of perfectly plain white plaster work.

It was a cheerful, comfortable, eminently modern room, half library, half office. The oak was solid but uncompromisingly new. The great leather armchairs were designed on modern lines—for comfort rather than for appearance. There were no pictures; but vases of chrysanthemums stood here and there about the room. A dictaphone in a case was in a corner but beside it was a little table on which were set out some rare bits of old Chelsea. There was also a gramophone but it was enclosed in a superb case of genuine old black and gold lacquer. The very books in their shelves carried on this contrast of business with recreation. For while one set of shelves contained row upon row of technical works, company reports and all manner of business reference books bound in leather, on another were to be found the vellum-bound volumes of the Kelmscott Press.

A sober note of grey or mole colour was the colour scheme of the room. The heavy carpet which stretched right up to the walls was of this quiet neutral shade; so were the easy chairs and the colour of the heavy curtains which hung in front of the two high windows was in harmony with the restful decorative scheme of the room.

The massive oaken door stood opposite the window over-looking the rosary—the window through which Horace Trevert had entered. Parrish's desk was in front of this window, between it and the door in consequence. By the other window, which, as has been stated, looked out on the clipped hedge surrounding the pleasure ground, was the little table with the Chelsea china, the dictaphone and one of the easy chairs. The centre of the room was clear so that nothing lay between the door and the carved mahogany chair at the desk. Here, as they all knew, Parrish was accustomed to sit when working, his back to the door, his face to the window overlooking the rosary.

The desk stood about ten feet from the window. On it was a large brass lamp which cast a brilliant circle of light upon the broad flat top of the desk with its orderly array of letter trays, its handsome silver-edged blotter and silver and tortoiseshell leather writing appurtenances. By the light of this lamp Dr. Romain looking from the doorway saw that Hartley Parrish's chair was vacant, pushed back a little way from the desk. The rest of the room was wrapt in unrevealing half-light.

"He's there by the window!"

Horace was whispering to the doctor. Romain strode over to the desk and picked up the lamp. As he did so his eyes fell upon the pale face of Hartley Parrish. He lay on his back in the space between the desk and the window. His head was flung back, his eyes, blueish grey—the narrow rather expressionless eyes of the successful business man—were wide open


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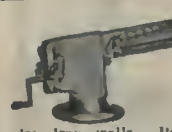
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and fixed in a sightless stare, his rather full mouth with its clean shaven lips was rigid and stern. With the broad forehead, the prominent brows, the bold aggressive nose and the square bony jaw it was a fighter's face, a fine face save for the evil promise of that sensuous mouth. So thought the doctor with the swift psychological process of his trade.

FROM the face his gaze travelled to the body. And then Romain could not repress an involuntary start, albeit he saw what he had half expected to see. The fleshy right hand of Hartley Parrish grasped convulsively an automatic pistol. His clutching index finger was crooked about the trigger, and the barrel was pressed into the yielding pile of the carpet. His other hand with clawing fingers was flung out away from the body on the other side. One leg was stretched out to its fullest extent and the foot just touched the hem of the grey window curtains. The other leg was slightly drawn up.

The doctor raised the lamp from the desk, and, dropping on one knee, placed it on the ground beside the body. With gentle fingers he manipulated the eyes, opened the blue serge coat and waistcoat which Parrish was wearing. As he unbuttoned the waistcoat he laid bare a dark red stain on the breast of the fine silk shirt. He opened shirt and undervest, bent an ear to the still form and then, with a little helpless gesture, rose to his feet.

"Dead?" queried Trevert.

Romain nodded shortly.

"Shot through the heart!" he said.

"He looked so....so limp," the boy said, shrinking back a little. "I thought he was dead. But I never thought old Hartley would have done a thing like that...."

The doctor pursed up his lips as if to speak. But he remained silent for a moment. Then he said:

"Horace, the police must be informed. We can do that on the telephone. This room must be left just as it is until they come. I can do nothing more for poor Hartley. And we shall have to tell the others. I'd better do that myself. I wonder where Greve is? I haven't seen him all the afternoon. As a barrister he should be able to advise us about—er, the technicalities: the police and all that...."

Rapid footsteps reverberated down the corridor. Robin Greve appeared at the door. The fat and frightened face of Bude appeared over his shoulder.

"Good God, doctor!" he cried, "what is this Bude tells me?"

The doctor cleared his throat.

"Our poor friend is dead, Greve," he said.

"But how? How?"

Greve stood opposite the doctor in the centre of the library. He had switched on the light at the door as he had come in and the room was flooded with soft light thrown by concealed lamps set round the cornice of the ceiling.

"Look!" responded the doctor by way of answer and stepped aside to let the young man come up to the desk. "He has a pistol in his hand!"

Robin Greve took a step forward and stopped dead. He gazed for an instant without speaking on the dead face of his host and rival.

"Suicide!"

It was an affirmation rather than a question and the little doctor took it up. He was not a young man and the shock and excitement were beginning to tell on his nerves.

"I am not a police surgeon," he said with some asperity. "In fact, I may say I have not seen a dead body since my hospital days. I..I..know nothing about these things. This is a matter for the police. They must be summoned at once. Where's Bude?"

Robin Greve turned quickly.

"Get on to the police station at Stevenish at once, Bude," he ordered. "Do you know the inspector?"

"Yessir," the butler answered in a hollow voice. His hands were trembling violently and he seemed to control himself with difficulty. "Mr. Humphries, sir!"

"Well, ring him up and tell him that Mr. Parrish....hullo, what do all these people want?"

THERE was a commotion at the door. Frightened faces were framed in the doorway. Outside there was the sound of a woman whimpering. A tall, dark young man in a tail coat came in quickly. He stopped short when he saw the solemn faces of the group at the desk. It was Parrish's man, Jay.

He stepped forward to the desk and in a frightened sort of way peered at the body as it lay on the floor.

"Oh, sir!" said he breathlessly addressing Greve, "whatever has happened to Mr. Parrish? It can't be true...."

Greve put his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"I'm sorry to say it is true, Jay," he answered.

"He was very good to us all," the valet replied in a broken voice. He remained by the desk staring at the body in a dazed fashion.

"Who is that crying outside?" Greve demanded. "This is no place for women....."

"It's Mrs. Heever, the housekeeper," Bude answered.

"Well, she must go back to her room. Send all those servants away. Jay, will you see to it? And take care that Lady Margaret and Miss Trevert don't come in here, either."

"Sir Horace is with them, sir, in the lounge," said Jay and went out.

"I'll go to them. I think I'd better," exclaimed the doctor. "I shall be in the lounge when they want me. A dreadful affair! Dreadful!"

The little doctor bustled out leaving Greve and the butler alone in the room with the mortal remains of Hartley Parrish lying where he had fallen on the soft grey carpet.

"Now, Bude," said Greve incisively "get on to the police at once. You'd better telephone from the servants' hall. I'll have a look round here in the meantime!"

Bude stood for an instant irresolute. He glanced shrewdly at the young man.

"Go on," said Robin quickly. "What are you waiting for, man? There's no time to lose."

Slowly the butler turned and tiptoed away, his ungainly body swaying about as he stole across the heavy pile carpet. He went out of the room, closing the door softly behind him. He left Greve sunk in a reverie at the desk, gazing with unseeing eyes upon the dead face of the master of Harkings.

THAT sprawling corpse, the startled realisation of death stamped for ever in the wide staring eyes, was indeed a subject for meditation. There, in the midst of all the evidences of Hartley Parrish's meteoric rise to affluence and power, Greve pondered for an instant on the strange pranks which Fate plays us poor mortals.

Parrish had risen, as Greve and all the world knew, from the bottom rung of the ladder. He had had a bitter fight for existence, had made his money, as Greve had heard, with a blind and ruthless determination which spoke of the stern struggle of other days. And Robin, who, too, had had his own way to make in the world, knew how the memory of earlier struggles went to sweeten the flavour of ultimate success.

Yet here was Hartley Parrish, with his vast financial undertakings, his soaring political ambitions, his social aims which, Robin realised bitterly, had more than a little to do with his project for marrying Mary Trevert, stricken down suddenly, without warning, in the very heyday of success.

"Why should he have done it?" he whispered to himself, "why, my God, why?"

But the mask-like face at his feet, as he bent to scan it once more, gave no answer to the riddle. Determination, ambition, was portrayed on the keen, eager face even in death.

With a little hopeless gesture the young barrister glanced round the room. His eye fell upon the desk. He saw a neat array of letter trays, costly silver and tortoiseshell writing appointments, a couple of heavy gold fountain pens and an orderly collection of pencils. Lying flat on the great silver-edged blotter was a long brown envelope which had been opened. Propped up against the large crystal ink-well was a letter addressed simply "Miss Mary Trevert" in Hartley Parrish's big, vigorous and sprawling handwriting.

The letter to Mary Trevert Robin did not touch. But he picked up the long brown envelope. On the back it

bore a printed seal. The envelope contained a document and a letter. At the sight of it the young man started. It was Hartley Parrish's will. The letter was merely a covering note from Mr. Bardy, of the firm of Jerringham, Bardy and Company, solicitors, dated the previous evening. Robin replaced letter and document in their envelope without reading them.

"So that's it!" he murmured to himself. "Suicide? But why?"

ALL the letter trays save one were empty. In this was a little heap of papers and letters. Robin glanced through them. There were two or three prospectuses, a notice of a golf match, a couple of notes from West End tradesmen enclosing receipts and an acknowledgement from the bank. There was only one personal letter—a business communication from a Rotterdam firm. Robin glanced at the letter. It was typewritten on paper of a dark slatey-blue shade. It was headed "Elias Van Der Spyck & Co. General Importers, Rotterdam" and dealt with steel shipments.

Robin dropped the letter back into the tray and turned to survey the room. It was in perfect order. Except for the still form lying on the floor and the broken pane of glass in the window there was nothing to tell of the tragedy which had been enacted there that afternoon. There were no papers to hint at a crisis save the prosaic-looking envelope containing the will and Parrish's note for Mary. The waste paper basket, a large and business like affair in white wicker, had been cleared.

Robin walked across to the fireplace. The flames leapt eagerly about a great oak log which hissed fitfully on the top of the glowing coals contained in the big iron fire-basket. The grate was bare and tidy. As the young man looked at the fire a little whirl of blue smoke whisked out of the wide fireplace and eddied into the room. Robin sniffed. The room smelt smoky. Now he remembered he had noticed it as he came in.

He stood an instant gazing thoughtfully at the blazing and leaping fire. He threw a quick glance at the window where the curtains tossed fitfully in the breeze coming through the broken pane. Suddenly he stepped quickly across the room and lifting the reading lamp from the table bore it over to the window which he scrutinised narrowly by its light. Then he dropped on one knee beside the dead body, placing the lamp on the floor beside him.

He lifted the dead man's left hand and narrowly examined the nails. Without touching the right hand which clasped the revolver, he studied its nails too. He rose and took the gold-mounted reading-glass from the desk and scrutinised the nails of both hands through the glass.

Then he rose to his feet again and having replaced lamp and reading-glass on the desk stood there thoughtfully, his brown hands clasped before him. His eyes wandered from the desk to the window and from the window to the corpse. Then he noticed on the carpet between the dead body and the desk a little ball of slatey-blue paper. He bent down and picked it up. He had begun to unroll it when the library door was flung open. Robin thrust the scrap of paper in his pocket and turned to face the door.

### CHAPTER V

**In Which Bude looks at Robin Greve.**

THE library door opened. A large, square-built florid man in the braided uniform of a police inspector stood on the threshold of the room. Beside him was Bude, who, with an air of dignity and respectful mourning suitably blended waved him into the room.

"The—ahem!—the body is in here, Mr. Humphries, sir!"

Inspector Humphries stepped quickly into the room. A little countrified in appearance and accent, he had the careful politeness, the measured restraint and the shrewd eye of the typical police officer. In thirty years' service he had risen from village constable to be Inspector of county police. Slow to anger, rather stolid and with an excellent heart he had a vein of shrewd common sense not uncommonly found in that fast disappearing species, the English peasant.

He nodded shortly to Greve and with a tread that shook the room strode across to where Hartley Parrish was lying dead. In the meantime a harassed looking man with a short grey beard wearing a shabby frock coat had slipped into the room behind the Inspector. He approached Greve.

"Dr. Romain?" he queried peering through his gold spectacles, "the butler said...."

"No, my name is Greve," answered Robin. "I am staying in the house. This is Dr. Romain."

He motioned to the door. Dr. Romain came bustling into the room.

"Glad to see you here so promptly, Inspector," he said. "A shocking business, very. Is this the doctor? I am Dr. Romain...."

Dr. Redstone bowed with alacrity.

"A great privilege, sir," he said staidly. "I have followed your work...."

But the other did not let him finish.

"Shot through the heart....instantaneous death....severe hermorrhage.... the pistol is there....in his hand. A man with everything he wanted in the world....I can't understand it. 'Pon my soul, I can't!"

The Inspector who had been kneeling by the corpse motioned with his head to the village doctor. Dr. Redstone went to him and began a cursory examination of the body. The Inspector rose.

"I understand from the butler, gentlemen," he said, "that it was Miss Trevert, a lady staying in the house, who heard the shot fired. I should like to see her, please. And you, sir, are you a relation of...."

Greve, thus addressed, hastily replied.

"Only a friend, Inspector. I am staying in the house. I am a barrister. Perhaps I may be able to assist you...."

Humphries shot a slow shrewd glance at him from beneath his shaggy blonde eyebrows.

"Thank you, sir, much obliged, I'm sure. Now"—he thrust a hand into his tunic and produced a large leather-bound notebook, "do you know anything as would throw a light on this business."

Greve shook his head.

"He seemed perfectly cheerful at lunch. He left the dining-room directly after he had taken his coffee."

"Where did he go?"

"He came here to work. He told us at lunch that he was going to shut himself up in the library for the whole afternoon as he had a lot of work to get through."

THE Inspector made a note or two in his book. Then he paused thoughtfully tapping the end of his pencil against his teeth.

"It was Miss Trevert, you say, who found the body?"

"No," Greve replied. "Her brother, Sir Horace Trevert. It was Miss Trevert who heard the shot fired."

"The door was locked, I think?"

"On the inside. But here is Sir Horace Trevert. He will tell you how he got through the window and discovered the body."

Horace Trevert gave a brief account of his entry into the library. Again the Inspector scribbled in his notebook.

"One or two more questions, gentlemen, please," he said. "and then I should wish to see Miss Trevert. Firstly, who saw Mr. Hartley Parrish last; and at what time?"

Horace Trevert looked at Greve.

"It would be when he left us after lunch wouldn't it?" he said.

"Certainly, certainly," Dr. Romain broke in. "He left us all together in the dining-room, you, Horace and Robin and Lady Margaret and Mary. Miss Trevert and her mother, you know," he added by way of explanation to the Inspector.

"And he went straight to the library?"

"Straight away, Mr. Humphries, sir," broke in Bude. "Mr. Parrish crossed me in the hall and gave me particular instruction that he was not to be disturbed."

"That was at what time?"

"About two-thirty, sir."

"Then you were the last person to see him before...."

"Why no.....that is, unless...."

The butler hesitated, casting a quick glance round his audience.

"What do you mean?" rapped out the Inspector, looking up from his notebook. "Did anybody else see Mr. Parrish in spite of his orders?"

Bude was silent. He was looking at Greve.


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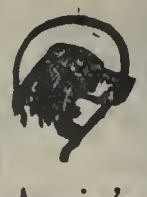
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"Come on," said Humphries sternly. "You heard my question? What makes you think anybody else had access to Mr. Parrish before the shot was heard?"

Bude made a little resigned gesture of the hands.

"Well, sir, I thought....I made sure that Mr. Greve...."

There was a moment's tense silence.

"Well?" snapped Humphries.

"I was going to say I made certain that Mr. Greve was going to Mr. Parrish in the library to tell him tea was ready. Mr. Greve passed me in the hall and went down the library corridor just after I had served the tea."

All eyes turned to Robin.

"It's perfectly true," he said. "I went out into the gardens for a mouthful of fresh air just before tea. I left the house by the side door off the corridor here. I didn't go to the library though. It is an understood thing in this house, that no one ever disturbs Mr. Parrish when he...."

He broke off sharply.

"My God, Mary," he cried, "You mustn't come in here!"

All turned round at his loud exclamation. Mary Trevert stood in the doorway. Dr. Romain darted forward.

"My dear," he said soothingly, "you mustn't be here...."

PASSIVELY she let him lead her into the corridor. The Inspector continued his examination.

"At what time did you come along this corridor, sir?" he asked Robin.

"It was not long after the tea gong went," answered Robin, "about ten minutes past five, I should say...."

"And you heard nothing?"

Robin shook his head.

"Absolutely nothing," he replied. "The corridor was perfectly quiet. I stepped out into the grounds, went for a turn round the house, but it was raining so I came in almost at once."

"At what time was that?"

"When I came in....oh, about two or three minutes later, say about a quarter past five."

Humphries turned to Horace Trevert.

"What time was it when Miss Trevert heard the shot?"

Horace puckered up his brow.

"Well," he said, "I don't quite know. We were having tea. It wasn't much after five—I should say about a quarter past."

"Then the shot that Miss Trevert heard would have been fired just about the time that you, sir," he turned to Robin, "were coming in from your stroll."

"Somewhere about that time, I should say!" Robin answered rather thoughtfully.

"Did you hear it?" queried the Inspector.

"No," said Robin.

"But surely you must have been at or near the side door at the time as you were coming in...."

"I came in by the front door," said Robin, "on the other side of the house.. "

VERY carefully the Inspector closed his note book, thrust the pencil back in its place along the back, fastened the elastic about the book and turned to Horace Trevert.

"And now, sir, if I might speak to Miss Trevert alone for a minute...."

"I say, though," expostulated Horace, "my sister's awfully upset, you know. Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Aye, sir, it is!" said the Inspector. "But there's no need for me to see her in here. Perhaps in some other room."

"The drawing-room is next to this," the butler put in. "They'd be nice and quiet in there, Sir Horace!"

The Inspector acquiesced. Dr. Redstone drew him aside for a whispered colloquy.

The Inspector came back to Robin and Horace.

"The doctor would like to have the body taken up-stairs to Mr. Parrish's room," he said. "He wishes to make a more detailed examination if Dr. Romain would help him. If one of you gentlemen could give orders about this....I have two officers outside who would lend a hand. And this room must then be shut and locked. Sergeant Harris!" he called.

"Sir!"

A stout sergeant appeared at the library door.

"As soon as the body has been removed you will lock the room and bring the key to me. And you will return here and see that no one attempts to get into the room. Understand?"

"Yessir!"

Robin Greve called Inspector Humphries as the latter was preparing to follow Bude to the drawing room.

"Mr. Parrish seems to have written a note for Miss Trevert," he said pointing at the desk. "And in that envelope you will find Mr. Parrish's will. I discovered it there on the desk just before you arrived!"

Again the Inspector shot one of his swift glances at the young man. He went over to the desk, shook the document and letter from their envelope, glanced at them and replaced them.

"I don't rightly know that this concerns me, gentlemen," he said slowly, "I think I'll just take charge of it. And I'll give Miss Trevert her letter."

Taking the two envelopes he tramped heavily out of the room.

Then in a little while Bude and Jay and two bucolic-looking policemen came to the library to move the body of the master of Harkings. Robin stood by and watched the little procession pass slowly with silent feet across the soft pile carpet and out into the corridor. But his thoughts were not with Parrish. He was haunted by the look which Mary Trevert had given him as she stood for an instant at the library door, a look of fear, of suspicion. And it made his heart ache.

### CHAPTER VI

### The Letter

THE great drawing-room of Harkings was ablaze with light. The cluster of lights in the heavy crystal chandelier and the green-shaded electric lamps in their gilt sconces on the plain white-panelled walls coldly lit up the formal, little used room with its gilt furniture, painted piano and huge marble fireplace.

This glittering *Louis Seize* environment seemed altogether too much for the homely Inspector. Whilst waiting for Mary Trevert to come to him he tried several attitudes in turn. The empty hearth frightened him away from the mantelpiece, the fragile appearance of a gilt settee decided him against risking his sixteen stone weight on its silken cushions and the vastness of the room overawed him when he took up his position in the centre of the aubusson carpet. Finally he selected an ornate chair, rather more solid-looking than the rest, which he drew up to a small table on the far side of the room. There he sat down, his large red hands spread out upon his knees in an attitude of singular embarrassment.

But Mary Trevert set him quickly at his ease when presently she came to him. She was pale but quite self-possessed. Indeed, the effort she had made to regain her self-control was so marked that it could scarcely escape the attention of the Inspector even if he had not had a brief vision of her as she had stood for that instant at the library door, pale, distraught and trembling. He was astonished to find her cool, collected, almost business-like in the way she sat down, motioned him to his seat and expressed her readiness to tell him all she knew.

The phrases he had been laboriously preparing:—"this has been a bad shock for you, ma'am"; "you will forgive me, I'm sure, ma'am, for calling upon you at a moment such as this";—died away on his lips as Mary Trevert said:

"Ask me any questions you wish, Inspector. I will tell you everything I can."

"That's very good of you, ma'am, I'm sure," answered the Inspector, unstrapping his notebook, "and I'll try and not detain you long. Now then, tell me what you know of this sad affair."

Mary Trevert plucked an instant nervously at her little cambric handkerchief in her lap. Then she said:

"I went to the library from the billiard room....."

"A moment," interposed the Inspector. "What time was that?"

"A little after five. The tea gong had gone some time. I was going to the library to tell Mr. Parrish that tea was ready....."

Mr. Humphries made a note. He nodded to show he was listening.

"I crossed the hall and went down to the library corridor. I knocked on the library door. There was no reply. Then I heard a shot and a sort of thud."




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Despite her effort to remain calm, the girl's voice shook a little. She made a little helpless gesture of her hands. A diamond ring she was wearing on her finger caught the light and blazed for an instant.

"Then I got frightened. I ran back along the corridor to the lounge where the others were and told them."

"When you knocked at the door you say there was no reply. I suppose, now, you tried the handle first."

"Oh yes...."

"Then Mr. Parrish would have heard the two sounds? The turning of the handle and then knocking on the door? That's so isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so...."

"Yet you say there was no reply?"

"No. None at all."

The Inspector jotted a word or two in his note-book as it lay open flat upon the table.

"The shot, then, was fired immediately after you had knocked? Not while you were knocking?"

"No. I knocked and waited, expecting Mr. Parrish to answer. Instead of him answering there came this shot...."

"I see. And after the shot was fired there was a crash?"

"A sort of thud—like something heavy falling down."

"And you heard no groan or cry?"

The girl knit her brows for a moment.

"I....I....was frightened by the shot. I....I....don't seem able to remember what happened afterwards. Let me think.....let me think...."

"There, there," said the Inspector paternally, "don't upset yourself like this. Just try and think what happened after you heard the shot fired...."

Mary Trevert shuddered, one slim white hand pressed against her cheek.

"I do remember now," she said, "there *was* a cry. It was more like a sharp exclamation....."

"And then you heard this crash?"

"Yes...."

The girl had somewhat regained her self-possession. She dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief quickly as though ashamed of her weakness.

"Now," said Humphries, clearing his throat, as though to indicate that the conversation had changed. "You and Lady Margaret Trevert knew Mr. Parrish pretty well, I believe, Miss Trevert. Have you any idea why he should have done this thing?"

Mary Trevert shook her dark head rather wearily.

"It is inconceivable to me....to all of us," she answered.

"Do you happen to know whether Mr. Parrish had any business worries?"

"He always had a great deal of business on hand and he has had a great deal to do lately over some big deal."

"What was it, do you know?"

"He was raising fresh capital for Hornaway's—that is the big engineering firm he controls."

"Do you know if he was pleased with the way things were shaping?"

"Oh, yes. He told me last night that everything would be finished this week. He seemed quite satisfied."

The Inspector paused to make a note.

Then he thrust a hand into the side pocket of his tunic and produced Hartley Parrish's letter.

"This," he said, eyeing the girl as he handed her the letter, "may throw some light on the affair!"

Open-eyed, a little surprised she took the plain white envelope from his hand and gazed an instant without speaking on the bold sprawling address.

"Miss Mary Trevert."

"Open it, please," said the Inspector. gently.

The girl tore open the envelope. Humphries saw her eyes fill, watched the emotion grip her and shake her in her self-control so that she could not speak when, her reading done, she gave him back the letter.

Without asking permission he took the sheet of fine, expensive paper with its neat engraved heading and postal directions and read Hartley Parrish's last message.

*To be Continued*

# Unconventional Introduction

*Continued from page 15*

vous breakdown, I'm perfectly certain."

At ten to one Bill made a last despairing effort. The waiter had just brought some "two-per cent" and with his brother-in-law he was standing in front of the smoking-room fireplace.

"Supposing it's not the same girl, Jim," he began nervously. "I mean Peter's taste is not at all like yours...."

"Then you'll have to find somebody else who was refused," said Jim, calmly. "And we'll do it all over again...."

"Why the devil you didn't ask the girl at the time beats me," exploded Bill. "In fact the whole thing is completely beyond me."

"Same here," conceded his brother-in-law. "At the time of our—er meeting, my mind was occupied with other things. It was only after I'd left her, that I began to realise that there never could be another...."

"Oh! shut up," grunted Bil'. "Here's Peter Cardew. "Morning Peter My brother-in-law, Fairfax."

Cardew nodded gloomily.

"You look pessimistic," began Jim cheerfully, and the other scowled.

"Peter's come a cropper," Bill plunged heroically. "Haven't you, old man?"

"Absolutely crashed," said Cardew gloomily. "How d'you get to Brampton?"

"Brampton?" cried Jim quickly. "By train, I suppose. But why Brampton.?"

"That's where the girl lives," announced Cardew still more gloomily. "She went there yesterday...."

"Charming old place," said Jim. "I know it well. I'll have another 'Prohibition Brew', Bill,' he continued, and his host meekly complied

"Oh! do you?" Cardew regarded him with increased interest. "Know the local gossip?"

"Every word of it," answered Jim, and his brother-in-law swallowed twice.

"Well then" said Cardew confidentially. "I wonder if you can tell me whether a most charming girl who lives there—a Miss Deering—is engaged or anything like that—I mean, I know she's not actually engaged—but I wondered if any of the lads were buzzing around.."

"There are two families of Deerings," said Jim thoughtfully.

"Her father is a retired surgeon," continued Cardew. "Sybil is her Christian name...."

Jim Fairfax bolted his second cocktail, and beamed at Cardew.

"Can't get near her for the crowd, old boy," he cried cheerfully. "Absolutely like bees round the honey-pot. You haven't an earthly." He smote the outraged suitor heavily on the back, and turned to his brother-in-law. "Completely forgotten till this moment, Bill, that I shan't be able to lunch after all. Got to see a man on business."

"About a dog, I suppose," said Bill ponderously. "I'll bet you it proves a dud."

"Take you on even fives," said Jim from the door.

"Done," answered Bill, as the other disappeared. "Let's go and have some lunch, Peter."

"I say is that beggar quite right in his head?" demanded Cardew, still staring at the door. "What's he go and rush off like that for? I wanted to ask him a lot more questions about Sybil Deering."

"I wouldn't bother, old man," said Bill, diplomatically steering him towards the dining-room. "I don't expect his answers would have been very illuminating."

"GOOD-MORNING, Miss Deering." With a little cry the girl dropped the watering-can and swung round. Then as she saw who it was who had spoken every vestige of color ebbed from her face, leaving it deathly white.

"How did you find me?" she stammered at length.

"With a great amount of trouble, and even a greater amount of luck," said Jim Fairfax with a faint smile. "Why did you run away like that without telling me who you were?" He was staring at her gravely as he spoke, and after a while the color began to come back to her checks, though her lips were still trembling.

"Because I was so ashamed," she faltered at length. "I never wanted you to know who I was."

"I don't think that was very kind," he remarked. "Besides you never thanked me for your tea. Incidentally, I rode off a young gentleman of the name of Peter Cardew a few hours ago. He was on the point of starting for Brampton to see you."

"It was through him, was it? I didn't know you knew him."

"I didn't until yesterday at lunch," said Jim. "I left him with the impression that any attempt to see you here was doomed to failure."

"What on earth do you mean?" said the girl with a puzzled frown.

"I was afraid he might get here first you see—and that you might change your mind, and accept him. And if he had I should have lost a fiver."

"I don't believe you know what you're talking about," cried the girl. "Will you please explain?"

"No—I never explain. Horrible things—explanations. They make things so ordinary. Now, if we don't bother about what's gone before—the present situation has great possibilities."

"But we must bother about what's gone before," she answered and her voice was very low.

"I disagree entirely" said Jim quietly. "In me you behold a stranger, standing on the wrong side of a hedge. Ordinary hospitality insists that you should at once invite me to change from that side to the other...."

For a moment she hesitated; then with her head thrown back a little she picked her way over the intervening flower bed, and faced him steadily.

"Mr. Fairfax," she began, and her eye met his bravely "I'm in your power. If you had wished to, you could have given me in charge the other day, and disgraced—all of us here, as well as me. You didn't; you were very big. I suppose you could still do so, if you wanted to. But from the way you talked to me that afternoon, I'd formed a picture of you—which was rather a wonderful picture. When you went away and left me—and didn't ask my name or anything, I was just longing to tell you. But I couldn't speak; there was such—such a lump in my throat. Don't spoil it all now, Jim Fairfax—please."

"Spoil it," stammered the man. "What are you talking about, little girl?"

"You've found me—I don't quite know how," she went on, not noticing in her absorption the look of blank amazement that had spread over his face. "I suppose Peter Cardew talked, and you put two and two together. But please don't spoil it now—please, please don't."

"You want me to go away," said Jim Fairfax slowly. "You don't want to see me. I understand....I was a bit of a fool to think you would."

"Oh! it's not that," cried the girl. "But after what happened!"

"Which I have completely forgotten," interrupted Jim.

"You can't forget," she answered bitterly; "I can't forget—ever. So won't you leave things as they are; leave me with that remembrance of you at—at Barrow's—upstairs?"

JIM FAIRFAX drew a deep breath; at last he was beginning to understand.

"The ring," he announced gravely, "*was* intended for my sister."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," she answered flushing a little.

"I think it's got everything to do with it," he remarked. "The point is, can I make you agree with me. My dear," he went on, and his voice was very tender, "did you really think that I was such an unutterable blighter as to seek you out, in order to hold that mistake of yours over your head?" She was silent, and after a moment or two he insisted gently. "You didn't think that, did you—Sybil?"

"I don't quite know what I thought," she whispered.

"I've got that ring in my pocket," he said, taking one of her hands in his. "And we are in a supremely ridiculous position here. What about that little summer-house affair over there?"

"You're mad, Jim Fairfax," she said, staring at him with wonder in her eyes.

"Absolutely," he agreed calmly. "So let's go over to it, and sit on the side remote from the house—and see if the bally thing fits...."





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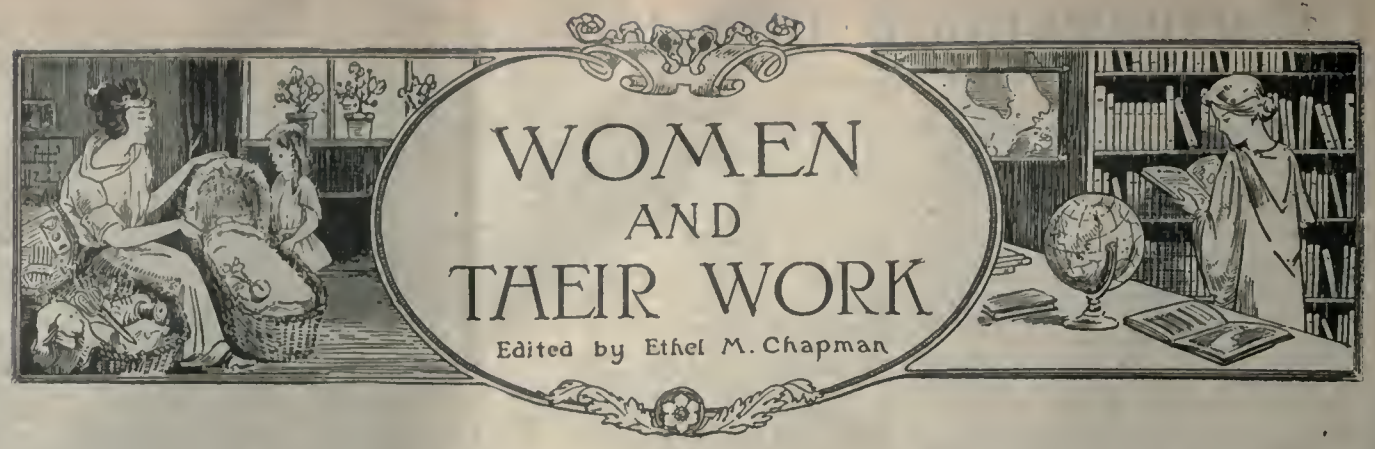
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# THE BALANCED RATION

## *By* William Fleming French

*Article IV in Our Food Series*

IN A previous issue we called attention to the fact that Nature intended us to be healthy and happy and so provided a great variety of foods that would assure us good health, strong bodies and sound sleep. Now we plan to show how these foods should be used, for the most nutritious food may prove absolute poison if consumed without regard to selection, quantity or balance.

Of the three great needs of the human family: food, shelter and raiment, food is far the most vital—for, depending upon its use, it is curative or destructive, healthful or poisonous, protective or debilitating.

It is natural, of course, for a people as hardy as Canadians to discount liberally the warnings of prophets and "specialists" and to have little use for fads or "isms".

"Give me three or four square meals of good solid food a day," says the broad-shouldered son of the Canadian outdoors, "and you can keep your vitamines and proteins and calories for the puny individual at the desk or in the rocking chair."

And it does seem, too, that the native of the Manitoba prairies, the Alberta northland, the British Columbia mountains or of the woods and waters of the Maritime Provinces could digest anything short of scrap iron and thrive thereon—only it does not work that way.

The absence of a single nutritive element from the foods of these huskies trips them as surely and as hard as it does the mild mannered and hollow-chested office worker. The two-fisted buckaroo may worry along without religion or etiquette but when he neglects the modest mineral salt and the elusive vitamine he is due for a sad awakening. Surely one would look far and long for hardier, stronger specimens than those who dare the barren lands and the great still ices of the far north in search of gold—yet they have died in hundreds for the want of a squeeze of orange or lemon juice, for an infinitesimal atom of Vitamine C. That vitamine is the one and only cure for scurvy.

The Japanese fishermen are of sturdy stock—yet until science discovered Vitamine B, the cure for beri-beri, this disease carried them off by the thousands.

Acidosis, caused by excessive acids in the system, which acids, by the way, are controlled and kept in leash by the modest mineral salts found in our common foods, wiped out two thousand healthy laborers at a single stroke in Matto-Grosso, Brazil, and it struck down the crew of the famous German raider Kronprinz Wilhelm and sent the boat limping into an American harbor.

### Value of Good Teeth

THESE are extreme cases, of course, but they indicate that pure strength is not a guarantee against mal-nutrition. During the war the Dominion government made a few startling discoveries—one of which was that almost thirty per cent. of the applicants for military service had poor teeth. The army will not accept applicants with bad teeth. This for more reasons than that poor teeth implies an inability properly to masticate the food with consequent improper digestion. We know now, for example, that bad teeth are almost invariably caused by an improper diet and that where bad teeth are found one may be sure of finding other results of mal-nutrition.



WILLIAM FLEMING FRENCH, Author of These Articles

Although the adult cannot retain health without proper nutrition it is not at the adult that the great drive for nutritional feeding is now aimed. It is at the children. Canadian children of today are Canadian mothers and Canadian fathers of tomorrow. Remembering this we realize that the question of properly feeding our children is the most important problem of the day. The child's health of tomorrow depends upon his food of today. In succeeding issues we will tell what the various countries, communities and cities are doing to assure their children proper nutrition and explain how to correct and balance the diet of adult and child and how to plan diets for individual cases of mal-nutrition and disease. This article, however, must be limited to a discussion of the nutritional requirements of the average, normal child and adult.

**(Mr. French will answer any letters regarding specific dietetic problems addressed to him at this office.)**

As we have said before, the essence of correct feeding is to give the right amount of balanced rations at the right times. A balanced ration is a ration containing the right amount of all the fifteen chemical elements of food—the right amount being the amount needed to permit the system to function properly.

The calorie is the unit of measurement used to determine the amount of food required to nourish the human body. In connection with the following menus, as with all food, observe the following rules of child feeding:

1. Feed only fresh, clean, substantial food.

2. Feed regularly—at definite set intervals. But make these intervals often. The child requires nourishment oftener than does the adult—for its metabolism—the process of turning food into energy and blood, bone and flesh—is unlike the adult's. Nature does not store concentrated nourishment in the child's body in the shape of fat to anything like the extent it does in the body of the grown-up. The child uses up the nourishment received in food almost as fast as the body receives it, storing very little. Therefore, the child should be fed often—if hungry. Do not compel the child to observe the feeding hours of the adult. The child should have a light mid-morning and mid-afternoon lunch—if hungry. In other words, do not deny the child's appetite good wholesome food and never force a youngster to eat against his will.

When lunches are given between regular meals they should consist of bread and butter and milk—never candy, cakes or other sweets.

3. See that the child has plenty of water to drink at all times. Water drinking is a habit—see that your child forms it.

4. Never force a child to eat what is distasteful to him—the appetite is usually a barometer for the digestion. This refers to things that are absolutely distasteful to him—not to foods he at times tires of in order to get the daintier, if less wholesome dishes that he prefers.

5. Keep the child's meal times pleasant. Save criticism, punishment and regulatory methods until another time. Happiness is essential to good digestion.

### No Coffee or Tea

GOOD, fresh whole milk should form a part of every meal. Cocoa is a desirable beverage for children over four years of age. Coffee and tea, no matter how weak, should never be given.

(Figures to the right indicate how much food is required to produce 100 calories of nutritive value.)

**Breakfast**

| | |
|---|---|
| Boiled rice | 4-5 oz. |
| With milk | 6 oz. |
| And sugar | 3 ts. |
| Bread, whole wheat | 1 thick slice. |
| Butter | ½ oz. |
| Oatmeal | 1 oz. |
| With milk | 6 oz. |
| With sugar | 3 ts. |
| Bread, whole wheat | 1 slice. |
| Milk | 6 oz. |
| Butter | ½ oz. |
| Boiled whole wheat | 1 oz. |
| With milk | 6 oz. |
| And sugar | 3 ts. |
| Bread, Graham | 1½ slices. |
| Cocoa | ½ cup. |
| Butter | ½ oz. |

Service for breakfast should be about as follows for child of eight to fourteen; two ounces cooked rice with raisins with four ounces milk and two teaspoons sugar. Slice of bread, glass of whole milk (eight ounces), one-half ounce butter. Total of 675 calories.

The breakfast may well be given variety by the addition of fruits, which are especially valuable for the mineral salts they contain. Many fruits, such as figs, dates and raisins, are rich in sugar content. The others are prepared with sugar. Keeping this in mind the sugar ration for the day should be lowered.

Ideal fruits for children are: oranges (juice only for the youngest children), apple sauce, baked apples (pulp only for the little children); fresh apples (scraped for the little ones); baked pears (pulp and juice only for the smallest children); stewed prunes (pulp and juice only for the small children); grapefruit (juice only for the little tots), and boiled raisins and figs for the older children.

**Dinner**

| | |
|---|---|
| Meat soup | 10 oz. |
| Egg on toast | |
| Egg | 2 oz. |
| Toast | 1 1-4 oz. |
| String beans | 9 oz. |
| *Rice Pudding | 1 oz. |

2

| | |
|---|---|
| Baked potato | 3 oz. |
| With butter | 1-2 oz. |
| Green peas | 4 oz. |
| Stewed prunes | 1½ oz. |
| Glass of milk | 6 oz. |

3

| | |
|---|---|
| Baked Halibut | 3 oz. |
| Or Salmon | 2 oz. |
| Boiled potatoes | 4 oz. |
| Bread, graham | 1½ slices. |
| Butter | ½ oz. |
| Milk | 6 oz. |

(Serve in portions that will give desired caloric value.)

**Supper**

1

| | |
|---|---|
| Baked potatoes | 3 oz. |
| With butter | ½ oz. |
| Asparagus | 6 oz. |
| *Junket,egg | 2.5 oz. |

2

| | |
|---|---|
| *Celery soup | 4 oz. |
| *Twice baked bread | 1½ slices. |
| Butter | ½ ox. |
| Glass milk | 6 oz. |

3

| | |
|---|---|
| Stewed oysters | 6 oz. |
| Bread | 1½ slices. |
| and butter | ½ oz. |
| Milk | 6 oz. |

(Whole milk, from which the cream has not been removed is to be used.)

When the child reaches its third year, its digestive organs are more developed and are better able to digest heavier foods, and at this time the careful mother can add to the diet easily digested vegetables such as baked potatoes with milk or butter, young peas, young green beans, squash, asparagus tips and various greens. Milk, butter and eggs, together with such cereals as oatmeal, ground whole wheat and a small amount of thoroughly cooked rice or barley, should form the backbone of the diet for a child of this age.

**Many Kinds of Soups.**

A LITTLE white meat of chicken or other fowl and a very small amount of finely cut broiled beefsteak or mutton chop, or finely cut roast beef, properly salted, may be given twice or three times a week—but not more often.

All kinds of vegetable and meat soups, from which the fat has been carefully strained, are permissible, as are also milk soups and vegetable purées, and rice or barley may be added to these soups.

A little fish from which the bones have been very carefully removed is not objectionable for an occasional variety of diet. The dessert may be a custard, a junket, a pudding made of rice or tapioca or a fruit gelatine. Orange juice is to be fed children from the age of three months and practically all fruit juices and sauces may be fed children of two years and more.

A child of five may have all these things, plus a greater variety of vegetables, including onions, turnips, cauliflower, stewed tomatoes, celery, cabbage and even young corn—though the last in a limited quantity.

A child of five may have meat four or five times a week and may extend its variety to practically all broiled, stewed or roasted meat—except pork. Broiled fish should substitute for this meat once or twice a week.

A child of this age may have as much boiled rice (preferably natural brown rice) and other cereals as it may wish.

At this age children may also have a more varied selection of desserts, including simple sponge and gingerbread cakes, corn starch pudding, ice creams, and ices.

A good menu for this age would consist of:

**Breakfast**

1—Graham muffin with butter, milk corn meal mush (whole grains), an orange.
2—Corn bread (from corn meal that has been degerminized), porridge made from whole wheat, poached egg, glass of milk, an apple.

The corn meal mush and whole wheat porridge suggested in these menus should be accompanied by whole milk or cream.

The whole wheat can be ground in special family wheat mills or an ordinary coffee grinder and should be cooked for from three to four hours.

**Dinner**

A cup of meat broth accompanied with a little rice, barley or oatmeal, broiled fish, baked potato, whole wheat bread and butter, orange tapioca and cocoa.

Cream of celery soup, broiled lamb chop with green peas, boiled rice, apple sauce and milk.

The desirability of giving children a light supper cannot be too strongly emphasized.

The child's stomach should not be heavily loaded at night, for a child that has eaten lightly before going to bed, invariably sleeps better than a child who has been given a large meal.

**Supper**

1—Toasted whole wheat bread in a bowl of whole milk.
2—Stewed prunes, graham crackers, and glass of milk.

A child of ten is unusually active and its digestive apparatus can take care of almost any natural food, but a child of ten or of twelve or fifteen should not be fed foods soaked in fats or foods over-rich in sweets, or foods highly spiced or seasoned. Fried foods are undesirable, broiled foods acceptable.

**Sample Diet for 10 Years**

THE thing to remember is that the child needs wholesome, coarse, plain foods—not rich concoctions or highly seasoned delicacies. Also, a child of active age usually requires an afternoon lunch and often a glass of milk and a slice of bread in the morning will prove helpful.

Below are sample daily diets for child ten years old.

**Breakfast**

| | | Calories |
|---|---|---|
| Orange | One-half | 50 |
| Cornmeal | 4 tbsp | 65 |
| Sugar | 2 tbsp | 50 |
| Top milk | 4 tbsp | 100 |
| Bread | 2 slices | 150 |
| Butter | 2 level tsp | 70 |
| Plum jam | 1 tbsp | 100 |
| Milk | ½ pint | 160 |
| | | 745 |

**Dinner**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Fish chowder | 8 oz. | 240 |
| Spinach | 2 tbsp | 50 |
| Bread | 2 slices | 150 |
| Butter | 2 level tsp | 70 |
| Cup Custard | 1-3 cup | 100 |
| | | 610 |








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| Afternoon Lunch——3.30 o'clock | | |
|---|---|---|
| Milk | 1-2 pint | 160 |
| Oatmeal cooky | 1 large. | 100 |
| | | 260 |
| **Supper** | | |
| Baked potato | 1 large | 125 |
| Butter | 1 tsp | 35 |
| Cottage cheese | 1 tbsp | 50 |
| Whole wheat bread | 1 slice | 75 |
| Butter | 1 tsp | 35 |
| Stewed peaches | One half | 35 |
| Cocoa | 1 cup | 175 |
| | | 530 |
| Total calories for one day | | 2145 |

And now to consider the balanced diet for an adult. By adult we refer to the man or woman of twenty-five or over—for at that age the body has completed its growth and is an active working machine. The process of growth being complete the food the adult consumes is used only to supply energy and heat and to keep the body tissues fresh.

How much food a man, of say thirty-five for example, requires depends largely upon his activities. At that age food is required merely to keep the human machine repaired and stoked and when more food is consumed than is utilized by the system the surplus is burned into fat and stored about the body, overloading it and interfering with the normal muscle action, besides taxing the digestive and excretory system.

A man of sedentary occupation naturally would require much less food than the man engaged in hard manual labor, as he would not expend as much energy and consequently would not burn up as much food. The average office worker, for instance, requires approximately 2500 calories every twenty-four hours; a man who spends considerable time on his feet and at light exercise needs from 2800 to 3000 calories of food value and a man engaged in hard muscular work must have up to 3500 calories every twenty-four hours. Powerful men engaged in strenuous outdoor labor often require from 4000 to 5000 calories in that period of time. Heavy labor where exposure to the elements, especially to cold, is involved demands as high as 6000 calories to supply the needed heat and energy.

The acceptable diet for such workers is of extremely wide range and includes all kinds of meats, cheese, vegetables, fruits and is rich in protein and fats. Foods rich in mineral salts and vitamines must also be included in the fare of the average man, whether he be a ribbon clerk or a lumber jack and so we find that the steamship companies, the lumber companies, the army, the navy and all other thoughtful employers of men insist that the diets prepared for them shall contain plenty of fresh vegetables and fruits.

# Really Useful Household Hints

### The Vegetable Dinner

NOW is the time to make the most of late summer and early fall vegetables. A complete vegetable dinner served occasionally during the next month while things are at their best, would be a genuine treat to many families. Such a dinner served with a cream soup and fairly substantial dessert, does not require meat, but if meat is desired, broiled chops would be perhaps the most appropriate thing. Combinations suggested for five vegetable dinners in September are: Mashed potatoes, parsnip croquettes, stuffed tomatoes; baked potatoes, buttered squash, creamed cauliflower; French fried potatoes, boiled onions, scalloped cabbage; creamed potatoes, corn fritters, macedoine of carrot, turnip and canned peas; stuffed potatoes, buttered beets, scalloped tomatoes.

### Quick and Tasty Sandwich Filling

A savory and easily prepared sandwich filling is made by creaming peanut butter until it is of the desired consistency for spreading. A few drops of cold water may be added if necessary. Add highly seasoned tomato catsup in the proportions of two tablespoons of catsup to three of peanut butter. Mix thoroughly and spread between very thin slices of white or brown bread. No butter is needed.

### A Use for Old Blankets

When old blankets, either woollen or cotton, become thin and threadbare, they make a fine interlining for comforters. When pieces are used, overlap the edges slightly and baste together so that they will not curl up inside. Cover line and knot the same as any other comforter. Old heavy woollen skirts can be used in the same way. Rip the skirt, reverse every other gore and baste the pieces together. Silkatene is good for tying with as it passes through the material more easily than yarn. Such quilts wash more easily than where batting is used for interlining.

### Methods and Machines

Satisfactory results from the use of any of the approved washing machines is largely a question of the right method. First, fill the machine to the water line and then do not crowd it with clothes. The second essential to success is to use soft water, either natural or softened by the addition of one cupful of a solution of washing soda to a washerful of clothes. Be sure to add this before any of the clothes are put in. Finally, the soap must be dissolved in boiling water, and enough of the soap solution added to make a good suds. Do not put the clothes into too hot water as this has a tendency to set certain stains. After washing, the clothes should be given a scalding hot and then a cold rinse. If these directions are followed, clothes will be washed cleaner, and will be subjected to much less wear in the wash than under the old hand method, because the cleansing in the new way is frictionless, the motion of the machine forcing the cleansing suds through the clothes without any rubbing.

### How to Use Baking Soda

In using soda with sour milk in muffins, biscuits, johnny cake, etc., there is a general tendency either to use too much soda, or not to distribute it thoroughly. Neither of these troubles will occur if the cook will allow only one-half teaspoonful of soda to each cupful of sour milk and add to this from one-fourth to one-half teaspoonful of baking powder. Also sift the soda and baking powder with the flour instead of putting the soda into the sour milk.

### A New Closet Hanger System

Perhaps when your house was built the architect failed to provide as much space as you seem to need for wardrobe purposes, especially for hanging clothes. If your clothes rooms are small, try having a pile run from end to end, along the middle of the room, at the right height to suspend a dress on a hanger without the hem touching the floor, you will have room for almost any number of hangers on this pole and the garments can be hung very close together without crushing each other.



# Economy in Dress

Sometimes the woman with even an unnecessary supply of hats and coats and dresses finds herself in the serious difficulty that her things do not match. She gets a blue hat and a blue dress in the spring, and in the fall a brown suit and a brown dress, and in the winter when she puts on the blue dress it won't go with the brown hat at all. If she could have decided on one color, like navy, or black and white at the beginning of the season, and keyed all her things to this color she would have had no trouble. And by the way it is well to remember that a black hat can be worn with practically any color of costume.

A well-known designer gives us a further word on harmony in clothes, "There are certain things which you simply can't wear together," she says, "though each may be lovely in itself. They clash in color; they are inappropriate in design or fabric, or both. There's your tailored suit for instance, made of jersey or crash. Look out for the hat you wear with it. If you don't, you'll lose all your smart appearance. Perhaps you're set on having one of those lovely new lace hats. I know how becoming the floppy, transparent brim is, and how fascinating the delicately colored ribbons. But if you do buy the hat, don't, I beg of you, wear it with your tailored suit. It's out of place, and you can just believe it will have no qualms about proclaiming it. Just think how much smarter you'd look in one of the new straw sailors with a contrasting colored brim, or one of the new sports hats in brilliant hued suede."

Don't wear an elaborately embroidered georgette blouse with a wool skirt of gay plaid. Such a blouse belongs with a crepe de chine skirt, or one of taffeta or voile. The plaid wool skirt looks its appropriate best with an over-blouse made of jersey sports silk, or just with a good-looking sweater.

Don't wear openwork silk stockings with a thick-soled, low-heeled oxford. Don't wear them during school hours, or in the street, either.

Don't wear fancy hairpins and barrettes ablaze with colored stones in the daytime.

Don't carry an expensive beaded bag with your sports suit. It's out of place, and it won't be a bit convenient, either.

Don't wear a strap pump or a slipper with a high French heel in all kinds of weather and for every occasion. Don't wear it with business clothes or school clothes. I'd like to say, "Don't wear it at all." But if you are bound to, then use it for evening wear only.

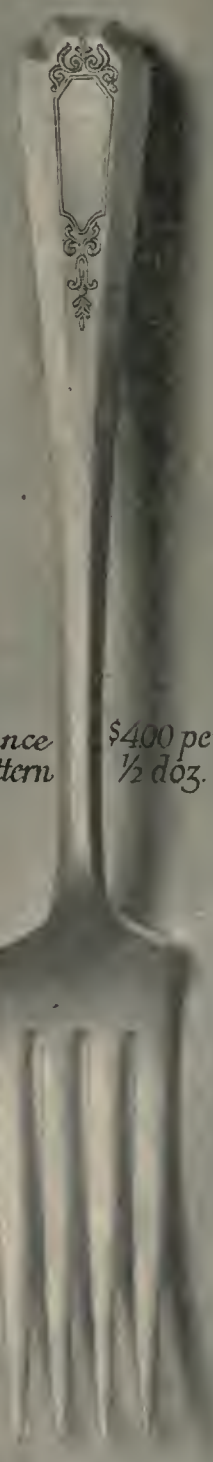
Don't just because it is the vogue right now, persist in wearing the Buster Brown collar with all your blouses and cotton dresses. It's girlish and stylish to be sure, and perhaps it does suit your sister or your chum; but, on the other hand, it may not suit you.

Don't dress like your best friend. You may just love her new ruffled organdie frock, but isn't she tall and thin? Perhaps that's why she selected it, and you may be short and fat. A thin girl and a fat girl were never intended to dress like twins.

The fat girl, the tall girl, the thin girl and the little girl must learn to dress each for herself. Nine cases out of ten, the other girl's clothes, no matter how tempting you find them, are not for you. Individuality is, after all, one of the secrets of correct dress.



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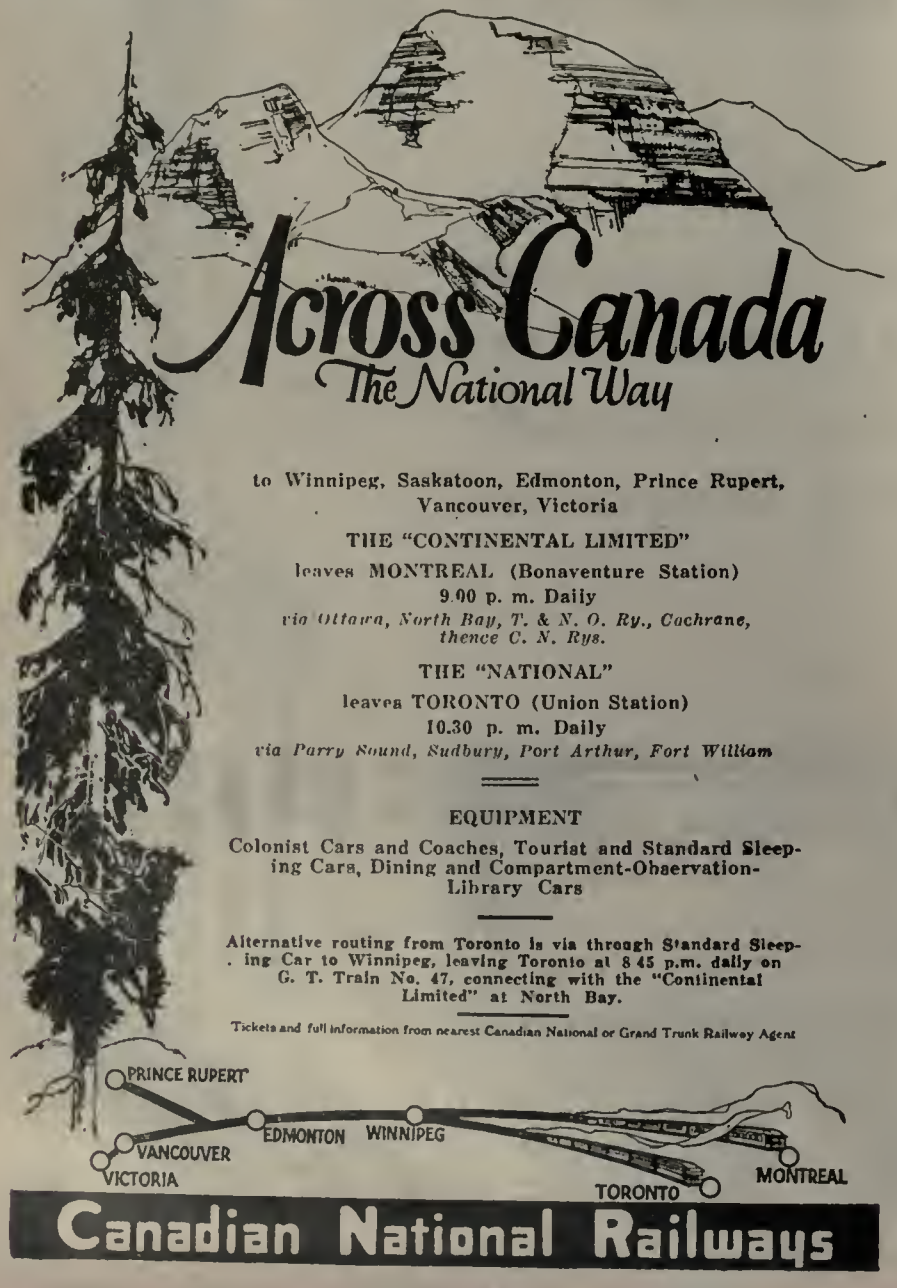
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# Maybe Adam Laughed at These?



**No Objections.**—Irate Boarder—I thought you to'd me I could sleep under blankets here of nights?

Unperturbed Farmer—So ye kin, ef ye want to, and you got the blankets. —*Cartoons.*

**Very Good Reason.**—"This isn't a very good picture of your little baby brother, is it?" said the visitor.

"No ma'am," replied little five-year-old Alice. "But then, he ain't a very good baby."—*New York Post.*

**Both Right**—Canadian—"Shay, is that a Rolls-Roysh over there?"

Home-Brew—"Nope, thash a groshery wagon."

"Then you're not looking in the same plash."

"Hic—neither are you."—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.*

**Bound to Come**—One of the best stories regarding New York liquor is as follows. Customer in bar: "Whiskey." Bartender takes money, serves him and then says: "Get out." "What! I ain't started anythin'," said the man. "You will in a minute," says the barkeep. —*Louisville Times Courier.*

**Not Much Play.**—"Oh, Willie, Willie," exclaimed his mother, shocked and grieved. "How often have I told you not to play with that naughty Johnson boy?"

"Mamma," said William, who appeared in a regrettable state of disorder, and with a bruised face, in utter disgust, "do I look as if I had been playing with anybody?"—*Seattle Post Intelligencer.*

**The Dose that Helped.**—There recently entered the office of a Denver physician a young man, making this announcement: "I want to thank you for your valuable medicine, doctor."

"It helped you, did it," asked the physician, much pleased.

"It helped me wonderfully."

"How many bottles did you find it necessary to take."

"To tell the truth, doctor, I didn't take any. My uncle took one bottle and I am his sole heir".—*Boston Transcript.*

**Not So Much of a Problem**—A Scotsman who was notorious as a skeptic had erected a massive mausoleum for his final rest and one day he observed an elder of the kirk, gazing at it.

"Strong place that, hey, David?" he said. "It'll take a mon some time tae raise up oot o' that at the day o' judgment."

"Hoot, mon," said David. "Ye can gie yersel little fash aboot raisin' when that day comes. They'll take the bottom oot o' it and let you fa' doon." —*Punch.*

**The Only Alternative.**—John and George, small sons of a Baptist minister after listening to one of their father's doctrinal sermons, in which he set forth that baptism by immersion is essential to soul salvation, decided they must baptize their family of cats.

The kittens made no objection, and one by one were soused in the big tub of water, but when it came to the mother-cat, she at once rebelled and fought and scratched until at last in desperation, John remarked:

"Just sprinkle her, George, and let her go to Hell."—*Judge.*

**His Great Opportunity.**—Officer (examining passports)—"Where are your proofs that she's your wife?"

Henpeck—"I haven't any; but if you can prove she's not my wife you're a made man."—*Charleston News and Courier.*

**She Knew**—"Ah, young lady!" solemnly began the horse-faced stranger in front of the movie theater box-office. "Are you acquainted with Shakespeare?"

"Aw, don't try to kid me," replied Daphne, the ticket-seller. "Shakespeare's dead."—*Kansas City Star.*

**Substituting for the Corpse**—Eliza Jane met her mistress just before Christmas with the ominous announcement: "Missus, I'se gotter leave yer."

"Why, 'Liza, what's the matter? Aren't you satisfied with your place?"

"Yessum. I'se satisfied a' right. Tain't dat. mum."

"Well, is it that you want more wages?"

"Naw'm, 'tain't dat, neither."

"Are you sick?"

"Naw'm. I ain't sick, but I'll tell you a fac'. You recollec' you let me git off to a funeral 'bout a mont' back? Well'm Chrismis morn I'se gwine to marry de corpse's husban'."—*Atlanta Georgian.*

**The Average Foreigner's** difficulty in comprehending the huge area of the United States is well illustrated by a story about an Englishman and his valet who had been traveling due west from Boston for five days. The traveler found his servant gazing thoughtfully out of the window He said to him: "William, what are you thinking of?"

"I was just thinking, sir, about the discovery of Hamerica," replied the valet. "Columbus didn't do such a wonderful thing, hafter hall, when he found this country, did 'e, now, sir? Hafter hall's said and done, 'ow could 'e 'elp it?"—*Tit Bits.*

**Questions Asked.**—A small boy of the Jewish persuasion, who was playing at the end of the pier, fell into the sea and was only rescued after great difficulty by an intrepid swimmer, who dived off the end of the pier and succeeded in getting the boy into a rowboat.

Half an hour afterward, much exhausted by his effort, the rescuer was walking off the pier when a man came up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Are you the man who saved my son Ikey's life?" he said.

"Yes," answered the much-exhausted hero.

"Then," said the Hebrew, in indignant tones, "v'ere's his cap?" —*Everybody's.*

**An Ultimatum**—During the reaction in practically all commodities a few months ago the head of a large concern dealing in woolens, the story goes, called on his bank and asked for a further extension of a note already several times extended. The banker refused to consider the request.

"You've got to extend," insisted the debtor.

"I haven't and I won't," replied the banker.

The other pulled out his watch. He said: "It's now ten minutes to three. At 3 o'clock either the notes will have been extended or your bank will be in the wool business." He got the extension.—*Wall Street Journal.*




# Why I prefer the "Sovereign" to other Electric Irons

BECAUSE it has a tapering nose, a cool handle, and is so beautifully balanced, it makes ironing seem a pleasure. Another feature is, it gets hot where the heat is most needed, namely, at the tip.

There is no lost time on ironing day. By the aid of a

## SOVEREIGN ELECTRIC IRON

The pile of clothes, that looked so formidable at the start, is soon a neat orderly array of beautifully ironed garments.

$6

The heavy nickle-plated finish of the "Sovereign" makes it glide over the heaviest linen, requiring practically no exertion.

You owe it to yourself to possess the electric iron that will despatch your week's ironing with the least amount of fatigue to yourself. The "Sovereign" has truly been said to "Smooth the Way on Ironing Day."

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# MACLEAN'S

PUBLISHED SEMI MONTHLY
*On the First and Fifteenth of Each Month.*

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President.
H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President H. V. TYRRELL, General Manager


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# EVEREADY

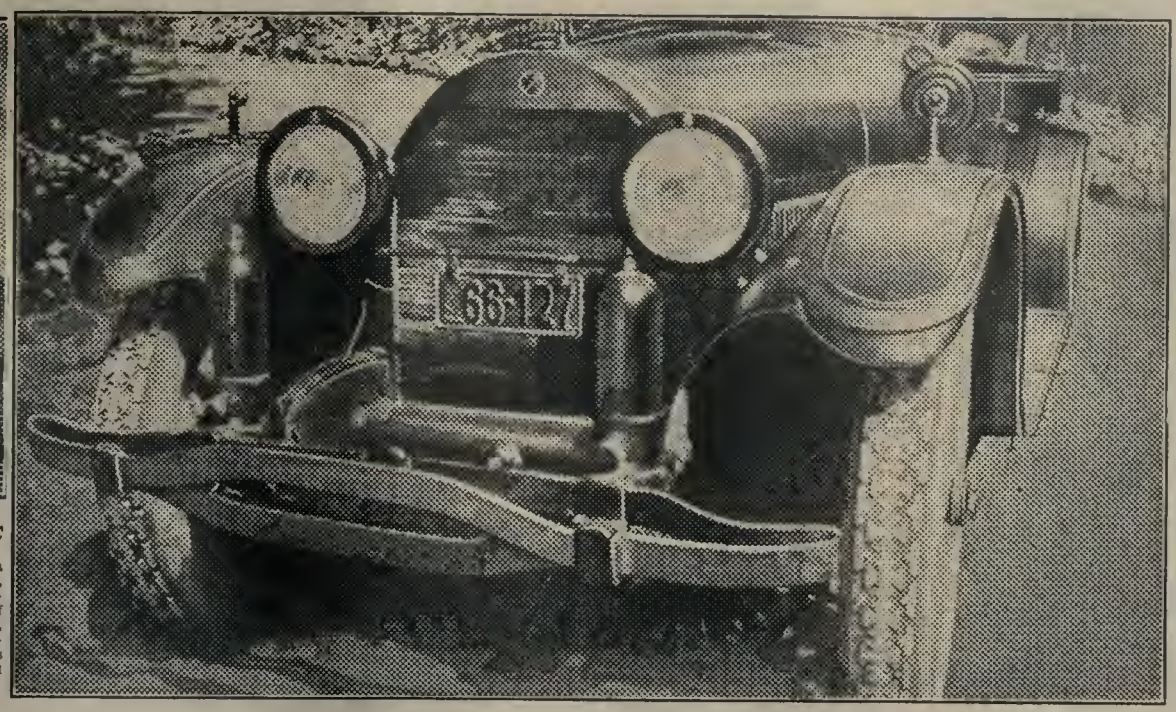
## FLASHLIGHTS and BATTERIES

***The Light that Says: "There it is!"***



*Edward S. Lennox*

Ed. Lennox is chauffeur for a prominent Ottawa business man, and the trip from New York to Ottawa was made under pressure of necessity. That the record time, was made possible by the sturdy dependability of "Gutta Percha" Tires is a fact that Mr. Lennox does not hesitate to assert.




# The Man, the Car, the Tires, that Made a New Record---New York to Ottawa

Edward S. Lennox, Chauffeur to a prominent Business Man of Ottawa, drove his Cadillac Eight, with three passengers and luggage, from New York to Ottawa faster than any car has been known to make the trip before. You can imagine, if you are anything of a speeder, the punishment a tire would receive covering 457 miles in 11 hours and 10 minutes. The terrific bruising against stones, the wrenching at curves, the lacerating in ruts, on such a trip, with the heating of tube and carcass, is a test of tire strength that few tires will endure. Lennox's gruelling trip, however, did not make much impression on "Gutta Percha" Tires. This record bears out the experience of other motorists who have made long tours on

# "GUTTA PERCHA" TIRES

## Here is Ed. Lennox's Letter

Mr. Lennox wrote us a letter regarding his record trip, which we here append:

Messers. Gutta Percha and Rubber, Limited.
219 Sparks Street,
Ottawa, Ontario.

Ottawa, July 29th, 1921.

Gentlemen—

Having been a constant user of "Gutta Percha" Tires for the past five years, no doubt you will be interested to know that I have recently returned from a four-day journey to the United States, during which time we travelled some 1,100 miles, the last lap being the run from NEW YORK to OTTAWA, some 457 miles, which we covered in the record time of 11 hours and 10 minutes.

The car, a 1920 Cadillac 8, Touring Model, carried three passengers, their luggage, etc., and was equipped with your Tires, two of which have been in use since last Fall, and during the whole journey we did not have tire trouble of any kind and the Tires stood up well under the excessive speed.

Your Tires are certainly giving wonderful service, and you, no doubt, are having increased sales as the result of satisfied, enthusiastic motorists. I am able to state as a matter of fact that I have never experienced a blowout in connection with any of your Tires that I have used.

Yours truly,

EDWARD S. LENNOX.

How much is a tire worth? If a tire blows up the first few hundred miles, you would say it was not worth the trouble of putting on. Guaranteed Tires have to be made with such good materials and with such skill and care that they cannot be made to sell for less than a standard price. Tires made to sell at a lower price, "seconds" and experimental products only can be sold at what are mistakenly called "bargain prices." If you "pay the price" for a Standard Tire, you can be sure you are getting full value and a guarantee of good service.

We have records of two transcontinental trips, one from Vancouver to Montreal, and one from Kaslo, B.C., to Toronto, during which "Gutta Percha" Tires were used exclusively and **without any tire trouble.**

*"Gutta Percha" Tires Are Found at Most Garages and on Most Good Cars*

## Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited

Head Offices and Factory, Toronto — Branches in All the Leading Cities of the Dominion

# The Great Cash Payment of the Year

In Canada, during the next two or three months, the great cash payment and distribution of the year will be made. It is estimated that our field crops will bring this year close to $1,250,000,000. This constitutes a great new buying power and will be inevitably reflected throughout the business world. Where surplus funds are available important amounts will, as usual, be directed through investment channels. Canadians invested $104,000,000 in new issues of their own securities in 1920.

This new buying power, added to the good general demand for investment securities and the strong tendency towards higher levels, make it highly advisable for intending purchasers to make selections as early as possible.

*Write for Lists of Investment Recommendations.*

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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## German Mark Now Down at the Lowest Point in History

*FOR three issues of Maclean's Magazine in succession current market prices lend weight to the warning issued in this department of the danger of gambling in German marks, or German securities: in spite of the alluring invitations issued here and in the States.*

*About the middle of September the mark fell below one cent (in place of a normal 23 1-2 cents)—the lowest point on record. Stories come from New York of heavy losses through "investments."*

*The Wall Street Journal gives as one of the causes for the decline: "Sales by German investors who, fearing a further decrease in the value of the mark, rush to place their funds in a more stable form of investment."*

*And readers of Maclean's are urged to place their funds "in a more stable form of investment."*

## "Inevitable" No Longer Resisted

THE significant feature, probably in the business world during September was the rise in cotton, and to some extent, in wheat and other grains. These upward movements came as a distinct surprise to many who had formed the habit of looking for a downward move in everything. The rise was the first real intimation that the war and post-war inflation in commodity prices had completed the necessary reaction in some lines, and that a recovery was in progress.

### Must Recover Gradually

THIS is important, but not because advances in commodity prices are to be welcomed. As such they have no virtue; no constructive bearing on business. They may, for the time being recover too rapidly, and destroy again the buying instinct. In the case of cotton the rise was from less than 11 cents to 21 1-2 ; that was too much, too rapid a recovery, and was stimulated, probably, by the protection furnished the cotton growers by the trillion dollar Agricultural Bill as well as by a threatened shortage in the crop.

The real value of a rise in cotton, wheat, copper, oil, rubber or leather, would be in the effect it would exercise upon the buyer's mind, he is still, more or less, "on strike,"; still waiting for "lower prices"; often far beyond all reasonable bounds. A demonstration such as cotton has made is likely to cause him to realize sharply that in this commodity, and by inference, in others,—prices had reached normal.

More than commodity prices, however, —in raw materials,—the great barrier to activity in buying and hence to a renewed activity in manufacturing, is the fight labor is making in so many directions against bearing its share of the needful decline. The 12 1-2 per cent cut, ordered on the railways is being fought; so are textile mill reductions. Notices have been served by many labor leaders against a single revision in the peak of the wage scale. This is a serious matter.

As the *Bache Review* says:

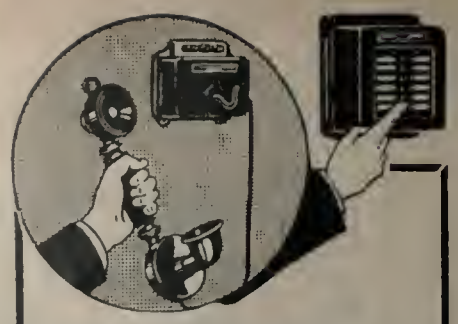
"High wages are the barrier against activity and employment, because they make it impossible to produce goods low enough to induce buying by the public, which has its teeth set against high prices. There is undoubtedly still a tremendous buying power in this country, which is held in check by the determination of the masses not to submit to high prices, which they still attribute to profiteering.

"Consequently, with the present high range of labor cost, manufacturers, unable to make things that can be sold to this great public which is at bay, are curtailing their operations, and abnormal unemployment will probably increase after the harvest."

### Downward Trend Stayed?

FOR months past prospective investors in securities, whether preferred or common stocks, that were listed on the exchanges and subject to some extent to sentimental movements of opinion, or to favorable or unfavorable positions of other stocks, have been advised to withhold investing owing to the uncertainty that has surrounded the whole market. The general advice given in this department of *Maclean's* has been along the line of rejecting those securities where deflation in prices and inventories had not been developed fairly completely. In cases where prices of commodities had a long way still to travel it was felt that it would be unwise to risk an investment lest much lower prices were still in store. The steady fall in the market, intensified among securities of this description, has justified this position.

The time seems to be approaching when the downward movement in general would seem to be stayed. For several months the position of most of the public utility securities has held firm, or even improved. This was due to the feeling among investors that the corporation concerned had passed the crisis that faced nearly all active operating companies and in earning power and general stability of position a gradual improvement should be expected. In this the stock market was reflecting correctly actual conditions as they are working out. Among industrials probably those that acted best were the textiles. No other group in the market, it would seem, has faced with such courage, insight and prudence the sharp reversal from a condition of rising prices and huge profits—as a result of large increases in turnovers,—as the textile mills. Their inventories were literally "slashed" cut to the bone, and the loss was taken from the profits of the current year and the reserves. Not only so but the prices to the jobbers and converting mills were sharply cut, often more

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# Going and Growing

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Head Office: Montreal. Established 1864

399 Branches in Canada, Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

# "MULTIGRAPHed"—

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**THE MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY LTD.**
Executive Offices, Toronto, Canada

October 1st, 1921.

TO EVERY BUSINESS EXECUTIVE:

It is a little unusual for a manufacturing executive to write a general letter on a selling question; but there is a good reason for it in this instance.

There is a condition in our Multigraph market that is very similar to one frequently encountered in the field of production. There will often be a dozen different makes of machines for the performance of the same operation, and all of them may have their good points; but there is nearly always one that is the standard machine for any particular operation, because it combines the good qualities of all of them.

It is very much the same way with the Multigraph in business. The things that make it the success that it is have really made it the standard machine for the quantity production of typewritten letters. That this is a true statement is shown by the fact that all process printed letters are commonly described as "Multigraph-ed" letters, whether they were made on the Multigraph or not. It is true, of course, that the word comes from Latin and Greek words which signify "many" and "write", but the widespread use of the term is undoubtedly due to the success of the Multigraph itself.

Now the facts are that in fidelity to the original, in speed and economy, and in the attractiveness and naturalness of its product, the Multigraph has time and again proven itself to be the best tool obtainable. And that is why we are trying to impress on everyone the truth that you can't get a real Multigraph-ed letter, with its proven effectiveness unless you make it on a Multigraph.

Yours truly,
R. G. A. Phillips
R. G. A. Phillips
First Vice President



First, the Flexo-Typesetter sets the type for you. It is simple, speedy and without mechanical complications. A line at a time, the type are set in a segmental drum.



Third, you place a Multigraph ribbon (same as a typewriter ribbon, but larger) around the segmental drum.



Second, you transfer the segmental drum on which the complete letter has been set up, to the Multigraph, and lock it into place.



Fourth, you fill the automatic feed with letterheads, start the motor, and the Multigraph typewrites the letters.



## There is but one kind of Multigraphed letter—that produced on a MULTIGRAPH TYPEWRITER

**Fill in and Mail This Coupon Now !**

The Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., 84-88 Bay St., Toronto, Canada—

I would like to know how Direct-Mail can pay its way in the_____ business. And I would also like you to fill the requests checked below.

- ☐ Send me the booklet, "How to Compile a Mailing List."
- ☐ Send me the booklet, "Following Through With Follow-Up."
- ☐ Send me the booklet, "How to Sell In a Buyers' Market."
- ☐ Send me the booklet, "Blazing the Trail—The Right Way to Make a Start in Advertising."
- ☐ Send me information about the Multigraph.
- ☐ Send a representative to tell me about Direct-Mail Selling and how the Multigraph makes it so economical.

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Town_____ Province_____ McL. 10-1




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"Save the surface and you save all" Paint & Varnish

DOUGALL UNIVERNISH—the one varnish for all uses, equally good for indoor or outdoor woodwork. So impervious to water and to cleaning fluids that it can be washed time and again, even with hot soapy water, without the least injury to its original lustre

Univernish is supplied as a clear varnish and in a wide variety of transparent wood colors.

You can apply it yourself without difficulty and with excellent results. But if you prefer to have the work done by a professional see to it that he uses Univernish. It is the most satisfactory and the most economical varnish from every point of view.

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Supplied Clear and in six transparent wood colors

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**For More Space Install Steel Shelving**

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Halifax, Montreal, Windsor, Winnipeg.

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS CO. LIMITED
LONDON
CANADA

Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton, Calgary, Vancouver







than fifty per cent. That such action was often accelerated by the fear of United States competition does not reflect from the results as they bear on the solid position in which the companies now find themselves, nor from the adequate measure of protection thus afforded to the shareholders.

### Credit Where It's Deserved

ALONG with these credit must be given the boot and shoe manufacturers, the sugar refineries (although action on their part was a much more simple albeit a most drastic affair), and the fur, woollen and rubber concerns. The steel plants are not yet finished, in spite of some advances in prices recently announced, for the deflation process has not advanced sufficiently. The pulp manufacturers would seem to have met practically the whole of the flattening out of prices that will come; the paper mills are not yet through, although nearly so. A decline in contract prices from $130 a ton to $80 is fairly radical, but there are evidences that at least $10 more and perhaps a final easing down to $60 for a more permanent price may be reached. The recent statements from the paper companies indicate that the management are realizing that hardest lesson of all in times like these,—namely that the process of deflation must be met by one's own industry, as it has been or is being by all the rest. For the strangest feature probably of the whole downward process has been that each industry found it hardest to recognize that heavy losses for itself were inevitable.

Along some such basis as this the prospective investor in the half-investment, half-speculative security of a preferred stock, or the more speculative form of a common stock, should work out his conclusion as to the wisdom of buying under present conditions. There are strong reasons for believing that the New York market is at the end of its long decline, lasting far more than a year. There are reasons, on the other hand, for the belief that the Canadian market will lag some distance behind the upward movement of New York, just as it started long afterwards on the downward trip. That one or both will start shortly is strongly to be desired, if the theory still holds that the "market" anticipates a business revival months ahead. The sooner the "market" gets to work, the sooner the other will arrive in earnest, although not in a real sense as "cause" and "effect."

### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

**Question—Some time ago in looking for an investment for my small savings I was advised by a representative of the R. A. Daly Co. to buy Howard Smith Paper Co. bonds at 91, bearing 7% interest. Since doing so I have been told that this was a very poor buy. Will you kindly give me your opinion?—G., Toronto.**

Answer—We do not agree with the opinion you have given that this was "a very poor buy." That it is not by any means the highest class of bond, of course, is indicated by the very fact that it is giving you a yield of 8 per cent. You need not be alarmed at the drop in the price of these bonds, as this reflects the rather unfavorable condition for the time being of the whole pulp and paper commodity market. Howard Smith Paper Mills will show a big drop in earnings for 1921 as compared with 1920, but next year there should be a considerable improvement. We see no reason why you should be alarmed over your purchase.

**Question—What is your opinion of the stock of Canada Foundries and Forgings?—SUBSCRIBER.**

Answer—All steel companies are having a rather troubled experience these days. This company has disposed of two of its most valuable properties in the Delaney Forge Vo., at Buffalo, and the Smart plant, at Brockville, so that little more than a "shadow" would appear to be left of the former rather ambitious combination. The company's security must be regarded as very speculative.

**Question—As a subscriber to MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, please give me your opinion re investing in stock of L. R. Steel Service Corporation, Ltd., also Steel Realty Development Corporation (Incorporated in State of Delaware). They have executive offices in Toronto, also an office here in Moncton.—M., Moncton, N.B. (and a large number of others).**

Answer—The L. R. Steel Service Corp. has been working out an ambitious plan which involves the establishment of a

chain of stores throughout the Dominion. The project is being financed by means of a broad-scale and prolonged stock selling campaign which involves a house to house canvass. An elaborate and undoubtedly expensive selling organization has been set up.

We have always regarded the stock of this company as highly speculative. In the first place comparatively little is known of the management on this side, although of course we have the company's assurance that it is highly efficient in every way. The success of an organization of this kind is largely dependent upon management, and so far as this company's operations in Canada are concerned, little opportunity has as yet been offered of testing the truth of the claims being made by stock salesmen. And even with efficient and conscientious management the experience of the older and well established companies during this period of depression and re-adjustment would lead us to further discount the value of this stock. The company is endeavoring to establish itself during the course of one of the most critical and difficult eras in the business life of this country, and this fact alone renders it a hazardous undertaking. With many gilt-edged securities on the market we do not see any justification for the man of moderate means gambling with his money on the possible chance of large profits at some remote date.

So far as the Realty Corporation is concerned, this is a subsidiary company whose object is to handle the properties leased to the various stores, and also to purchase adjoining properties on the assumption that these will become more valuable once a business is built up for the stores. This, too, must be regarded as highly speculative.

**Question**—Regarding the R. T. Scott Co., Ltd., fiscal agents for Mortgage, Discount and Finance Limited, would you please advise me as to their standing?—G. L., Toronto.

Answer—We judge that you are seeking an investment where safety is the important consideration. In this event we would certainly advise you against considering the Mortgage Discount and Finance, Ltd. This can be regarded as nothing more than a speculation and hardly an attractive one at that. There is nothing better being offered the small investor to-day than government bonds which can be had to return a very satisfactory rate of interest and are absolutely secure with the additional advantage of always commanding a ready market. If something with a higher return is desired securities listed on the stock market could be considered rather than experimental ventures of the kind you mention.

**Question**—Would you advise me about the Fulton Motors, Ltd.? Do you consider this a safe investment?—A. M. T., Simcoe.

Answer—Fulton Motors could hardly be classed as a safe investment, and we believe that you would be well advised not to place any more money in the stock unless you can afford to gamble with it. You are probably aware that this company has established a factory at Welland, Ontario at which it is proposed to manufacture Fulton trucks. Thus far a small number of trucks has been built and sold but operations have been confined largely to the manufacture of repairs for the machines which are in operation, which including those from the parent plant in the United States number some seven or eight hundred. At the present time the plant is practically closed down for lack of business. It is the intention of the management of the company to defer action in the matter of driving for business until the turn of the year when it is expected that the general situation will have improved and enough business will be forthcoming to warrant the establishment of a large organization. Thus far there has been no opportunity of testing the efficiency of the management. The company has undoubtedly entered business at an inopportune time, but whether it will be able to overcome this handicap we cannot foretell. In any event the stock at the moment is highly speculative.

**Question**—Please give me your opinion as to the advisability of investing in the stock of Chemical Products, Ltd.—SUBSCRIBER.

Answer—Chemical Products, Limited has passed the development stage. Operations are at present at a standstill. A new sulphate mill has been recently completed, and we understand will open up shortly. This company may ultimately prove a paying proposition, but at this moment the stock is highly speculative, and should be avoided by the investor who cannot afford to wait for a return, or to whom a loss would be in the nature of a calamity. There are hazards attached to the great majority of industrials, and particularly in connection with a young enterprise, attempting to get under way at a time of critical business depression. We understand that the prospects for an abundant supply of orders are favorable, and there is talk of extending the sphere of operations to include the manufacture of a product, the name of which has not been divulged, but which is at present being brought into this country in large quantity, and which it is claimed, is a money maker for the producer.

**Question**—Please let me know something of the Smoot Service Corporation.—W. D. D., Toronto.

Answer—We presume you have reference to the stock of the Greater Canada Security Corporation, Ltd., which is now being offered by the Smoot Service Corporation. At the time the Smoot Service Corporation was formed, it offered its shares to the public, and we counselled against the purchase of stock in the company. The Smoot people are now marketing the stock of the Greater Canada Security Corporation, an organization formed for the purpose of buying in second mortgages. The expected profits of the company are to be made by the discount on the mortgages.

This is in effect transferring to a corporation a line of business in which private individuals have been active for many years. It is a business that is attended with many risks, especially in a period of declining property values. We can only class the stock as very speculative and beyond the pale of the average investor. The terms upon which the shares are being offered are $135 per unit of one preferred share and one common share of no par value. Assuming that the preferred share could be bought at $100 by itself you are paying $35 per share for common stock that has no value except that based upon its future prospects. This is not investing; it is speculating.

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto.*




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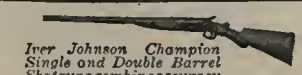
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VOLUME XXXIV.
NUMBER SEVENTEEN

# ON THE TOP OF THE TOWER

*By* MAURICE LE BLANC

*The first of*

## *"The Eight Strokes of the Clock"*

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

*THESE eight adventures were told to me in the old days by Arsene Lupin, as though they had happened to a friend of his named Prince Renine. As for me, considering the way in which they were conducted, the actions, the behavior and the very character of the hero, I find it very difficult not to identify the two friends as one and the same person. Arsene Lupin is gifted with a powerful imagination and is quite capable of attributing to himself adventures which are not his at all and of disowning those which are really his. The reader will judge for himself.—M. L.*

HORTENSE DANIEL pushed her window ajar and whispered:

"Are you there, Rossigny?"

"I am here," replied a voice from the shrubbery at the foot of the house.

Leaning forward, she saw a rather fat man looking up at her out of a gross red face with its cheeks and chin set in unpleasantly fair whiskers.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well, I had a great argument with my uncle and aunt last night. They absolutely refused to sign the document of which my lawyer sent them the draft, or to restore the dowry squandered by my husband."

"But your uncle is responsible by the terms of the marriage-settlement."

"No matter. He refuses."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"Are you still determined to run away with me?" she asked, with a laugh.

"More so than ever."

"Your intentions are strictly honorable, remember!"

"Just as you please. You know that I am madly in love with you."

"Unfortunately I am not madly in love with you!"

"Then what made you choose me?"

"Chance. I was bored. I was growing tired of my humdrum existence. So I'm ready to run risks....! Here's my luggage: catch!"

She let down from the window a couple of large leather kit-bags. Rossigny caught them in his arms.

"The die is cast." she whispered. "Go and wait for me with your car at the If cross-roads. I shall come on horseback."

"Hang it, I can't run off with your horse!"

"He will go home by himself."

"Capital!....Oh, by the way...."

"What is it?"

"Who is this Prince Rénine, who's been here the last three days and whom nobody seems to know?"

"I don't know much about him. My uncle met him at a friend's shoot and asked him here to stay."

"You seem to have made a great impression on him. You went for a long ride with him yesterday. He'a a man I don't care for."

"In two hours I shall have left the house in your company. The scandal will cool him off.....Well, we've talked long enough. We have no time to lose."

For a few minutes she stood watching the fat man bending under the weight of her traps as he moved away in the shelter of an empty avenue. Then she closed the window.

Outside, in the park, the huntsmen's horns were sounding the reveille. The hounds burst into frantic baying. It was the opening day of the hunt that morning at the Chateau de la Maréze, where, every year, in the first week in September, the Comte d'Aigleroche, a mighty hunter before the Lord, and his countess were accustomed to invite a few personal friends and the neighboring landowners.



"Oh!" she cried, turning faint with horror, "how awful! .....it's two scare-crows, isn't it?"

Hortense slowly finished dressing, put on a riding-habit, which revealed the lines of her supple figure and a wide-brimmed felt hat, which encircled her lovely face and auburn hair, and sat down to her writing-desk, at which she wrote to her uncle, M. d'Aigleroche, a farewell letter to be delivered to him that evening. It was a difficult letter to word; and, after beginning it several times, she ended by giving up the idea.

"I will write to him later," she said to herself, "when his anger has cooled down."

And she went downstairs to the dining-room.

Enormous logs were blazing in the hearth of the lofty room. The walls were hung with trophies of rifles and shotguns. The guests were flocking in from every side, shaking hands with the Comte d'Aigleroche, one of those typical country squires, heavily and powerfully built, who live only for hunting and shooting. He was standing before the fire, with a large glass of old brandy in his hand, drinking the health of each new arrival.

Hortense kissed him absently:

"What, uncle! You who are usually so sober!"

"Pooh!" he said. "A man may surely indulge himself a little once a year!...."

"Aunt will give you a scolding!"

"Your aunt has one of her sick headaches and is not coming down. Besides," he added gruffly, "It is not her business....and still less is it yours, my dear child."

Prince Rénine came up to Hortense. He was a young man, very smartly dressed, with a narrow and rather pale face, whose eyes held by turns the gentlest and the harshest, the most friendly and the most satirical expression. He bowed to her, kissed her hand and said:

"May I remind you of your kind promise, dear madame?"

"My promise?"

"Yes, we agreed that we should repeat our delightful excursion of yesterday and try to go over that old boarded-up place the look of which made us so curious. It seems to be known as the Domaine de Halingre."

She answered a little curtly:

"I'm extremely sorry, monsieur, but it would be rather far and I'm feeling a little done up. I shall go for a canter in the park and come indoors again."

There was a pause. Then Serge Rénine said, smiling, with his eyes fixed on hers and in a voice which she alone could hear:

"I am sure that you'll keep your promise and that you'll let me come with you. It would be better."

"For whom? For you, you mean?"

"For you, too, I assure you."

She colored slightly, but did not reply, shook hands with a few people around her and left the room.

A groom was holding the horse at the foot of the steps. She mounted and set off towards the woods beyond the park.

It was a cool, still morning. Through the leaves, which barely quivered, the sky showed crystalline blue. Hortense rode at a walk down winding avenues which in half an hour brought her to a countryside of ravines and bluffs intersected by the highroad.

She stopped. There was not

a sound. Rossigny must have stopped his engine and concealed the car in the thickets around the If cross-roads.

She was five hundred yards at most from that circular apace. After hesitating for a few seconds, she dismounted, tied her horse carelessly, so that he could release himself by the least effort and return to the house, shrouded her face in the long brown veil that hung over her shoulders and walked on.

As she expected, she saw Rossigny directly she reached the first turn in the road. He ran up to her and drew her into the coppice!

"Quick, quick! Oh, I was so afraid that you would be late.... or even change your mind!"

She smiled:

"You appear to be quite happy to do an idiotic thing!"

"I should think I *am* happy! And so will you be, I swear you will! Your life will be one long fairy-tale. You shall have every luxury, and all the money you can wish for."

"I want neither money nor luxuries."

"What then?"

"Happiness."

"You can safely leave your happiness to me."

She replied, jestingly:

"I rather doubt the quality of the happiness which you would give me."

"Wait! You 'll see! You'll see!"

They had reached the motor. Rossigny, still stammering expressions of delight, started the engine. Hortense stepped in and wrapped herself in a wide cloak. The car followed the narrow grassy path which led back to the cross-roads and Rossigny was accelerating the speed, when he was suddenly forced to pull up. A shot had rung out from the neighboring wood, on the right. The car was swerving from side to side.

"A front tire burst," shouted Rossigny, leaping to the ground.

"Not a bit of it!" cried Hortense. "Somebody fired!"

"Impossible, my dear! Don't be so absurd!"

At that moment, two slight shocks were felt and two more reports were heard, one after the other, some way off and still in the wood.

Rossigny snarled: "The back tire's burst now.... both of them....But who, in the devil's name, can the ruffian be?....Just let me get hold of him, that's all!...."

He clambered up the road-side slope. There was no one there. Moreover, the leaves of the coppice blocked the view.

"Damn it! Damn it!" he swore. "You were right: somebody was firing at the car! Oh, this is a bit thick! We shall be held up for hours! Three tires to mend!.... But what are you doing, dear girl?"

Hortense herself had alighted from the car. She ran to him, greatly excited:

"I'm going."

"But why?"

"I want to know. Some one fired. I want to know who it was."

"Don't let us separate, please!"

"Do you think I'm going to wait here for you for hours?"

"What about your running away?....All our plans...?"

"We'll discuss that to-morrow. Go back to the house. Take back my things with you....And good-bye for the present."

She hurried, left him, had the good luck to find her horse, and set off at a gallop in the direction leading away from La Maréze.

There was not the least doubt in her mind that the three shots had been fired by Prince Rénine.

"It was he," she muttered, angrily, "it was he. No one else would be capable of such behavior."

Besides, he had warned her, in his smiling, masterful way, that he would expect her.

She was weeping with rage and humiliation. At that moment, had she found herself face to face with Prince Rénine, she could have struck him with her riding-whip.

Before her was the rugged and picturesque stretch of country which lies between the Orne and the Sarthe, above




Rossigny snarled: "The back tire's burst now . . . . both of them. But who in the devil's name can the ruffian be?"

Alencon, and which is known as Little Switzerland. Steep hills compelled her frequently to moderate her pace, the more so as she had to cover some six miles before reaching her destination. But though the speed at which she rode became less headlong, though her physical effort gradually slackened, she nevertheless persisted, in her indignation against Prince Rénine. She bore him a grudge not only for the unspeakable action of which he had been guilty, but also for his behaviour to her during the last three days, his persistent attentions, his assurance, his air of excessive politeness.

She was nearly there. In the bottom of a valley, an old park-wall, full of cracks and covered with moss and weeds, revealed the bell-turret of a chateau and a few windows with closed shutters. This was the Domaine de Halingre.

She followed the wall and turned a corner. In the middle of the crescent-shaped space before which lay the entrance-gates, Serge Rénine stood waiting beside his horse.

She sprang to the ground, and, as he stepped forward, hat in hand, thanking her for coming, she cried:

"One word, monsieur, to begin with. Something quite inexplicable happened just now. Three shots were fired at a motor-car in which I was sitting. Did you fire those shots?"

"Yes."

She seemed dumfounded:

"Then you confess it?"

"You have asked a question, madame, and I have answered it."

"But how dared you? What gave you the right?"

"I was not exercising a right, madame; I was performing a duty!"

"Indeed! And what duty, pray?'

"The duty of protecting you against a man who is trying to profit by your troubles."

"I forbid you to speak like that. I am responsible for my own actions, and I decided upon them in perfect liberty."

"Madame, I overheard your conversation with M. Rossigny this morning and it did not appear to me that you were accompanying him with a light heart. I admit the ruthlessness and bad taste of my interference and I apologize for it humbly; but I risked being taken for a ruffian in order to give you a few hours for reflection."

"I have reflected fully, monsieur. When I have once made up my mind to a thing, I do not change it."

"Yes, madame, you do, sometimes. If not, why are you here instead of there?"

Hortense was confused for a moment. All her anger had subsided. She looked at Rénine with the surprise which one experiences when confronted with certain persons who are unlike their fellows, more capable of performing unusual actions, more generous and disinterested. She realized perfectly that he was acting without any ulterior motive or calculation, that he was, as he had said, merely fulfilling his duty as a gentleman to a woman who has taken the wrong turning.

Speaking very gently, he said:

"I know very little about you, madame, but enough to make me wish to be of use to you. You are twenty-six years old and have lost both your parents. Seven years ago, you became the wife of the Comte d'Aigleroche's nephew by marriage, who proved to be of unsound mind, half insane indeed, and had to be confined. This made it impossible for you to obtain a divorce and compelled you since your dowry had been squandered, to live with your uncle and at his expense. It's a depressing environment. The count and countess do not agree. Years ago, the count was deserted by his first wife, who ran away with the countess' first husband. The abandoned husband and wife decided out of spite to unite their fortunes, but found nothing but disappointment and ill-will in this second marriage. And you suffer the consequences. They lead a monotonous, narrow, lonely life for eleven months or more out of the year. One day, you met M. Rossigny, who fell in love with you and suggested an elopement. You did not care for him. But you were bored, your youth was being wasted, you longed for the unexpected, for adventure....in a word, you accepted with the very definite intention of keeping your admirer at arms' length, but also with the rather ingenuous hope that the scandal would force your uncle's hand and make him account for his trusteeship and assure you of an independent existence. That is how you stand. At present you have to choose between placing yourself in M. Rossigny's hands....or trusting yourself to me."

She raised her eyes to his. What did he mean? What was the purport of this offer which he made so seriously, like a friend who asks nothing but to prove his devotion?

After a moment's silence, he took the two horses by the bridle and tied them up. Then he examined the heavy gates, each of which was strengthened by two planks nailed cross-wise. An electoral poster, dated twenty years earlier, showed that no one had entered the domain since that time.

Rénine tore up one of the iron posts which supported a railing that ran around the crescent and used it as a lever. The rotten plants gave way. One of them uncovered the lock, which he attacked with a big knife, containing a number of blades and implements. A minute later, the gate opened on a waste of bracken which led up to a long, dilapidated building, with a turret at each corner, and a sort of belvedere, built on a taller tower, in the middle.

The prince turned to Hortense:

"You are in no hurry," he said. "You will form your decision this evening; and if M. Rossigny succeeds in persuading you for the second time, I give you my word of honor that I shall not cross your path. Until then, grant me the privilege of your company. We made up our minds yesterday to inspect the chateau. Let us do so. Will you? It is as good a way as any of passing the time and I have a notion that it will not be uninteresting."

He had a way of talking which compelled obedience.

He seemed to be commanding and entreating at the same time. Hortense did not even seek to shake off the enervation into which her will was slowy sinking. She followed him to a half-demolished flight of steps at the top of which was a door likewise strengthened by planks nailed in the form of a cross.

Rénine went to work in the same way as before. They entered a spacious hall paved with white and black flagstones, furnished with old sideboards and choir-stalls and adorned with a carved escutcheon which displayed the remains of armorial bearings, representing an eagle standing on a block of stone, all half-hidden behind a veil of cobwebs which hung down over a pair of folding doors.

"The door of the drawing-room, evidently," said Rénine.

He found this more difficult to open; and it was only by repeatedly charging it with his shoulder that he was able to move one of the doors.

Hortense had not spoken a word. She watched not without surprise this series of forcible entries, which were accomplished with a really masterly skill. He guessed her thoughts and, turning round, said in a serious voice:

"It's child's-play to me. I was a locksmith once."

She seized his arm and whispered: "Listen!"

"To what?" he asked.

She increased the pressure of her hand, to demand silence. The next moment, he murmured:

"It's really very strange."

"Listen, listen?" Hortense repeated, in bewilderment "Can it be possible?"

They heard, not far from where they were standing a sharp sound, the sound of a light tap recurring at regular intervals; and they had only to listen attentively to recognize the ticking of a clock. Yes, it was this, and nothing else that broke the profound silence of the dark room; it was indeed the deliberate ticking, rhythmical as the beat of a metronome, produced by a heavy brass pendulum. That was it! And nothing could be more impressive than the measured pulsation of this trivial mechanism, which by some miracle, some inexplicable phenomenon, had continued to live in the heart of the dead chateau.

"And yet," stammered Hortense, without daring to raise her voice, "no one has entered the house?"

"No one."

"And it is quite impossible for that clock to have kept going for twenty years without being wound up?"

"Quite impossible."

"Then....?"

Serge Rénine opened the three windows and threw back the shutters.

He and Hortense were in a drawing-room, as he had thought; and the room showed not the least sign of disorder. The chairs were in their places. Not a piece of furniture was missing. The people who had lived there and who had made it the most individual room in their house had gone away leaving everything just as it was, the books which they used to read, the knicknacks on the tables and consoles.

Rénine examined the old grandfather's clock contained in its tall carved case which showed the disk of the pendulum through an oval pane of glass. He opened the door of the clock. The weights hanging from the cords were at their lowest point.

At that moment there was a click. The clock struck eight with a serious note which Hortense was never to forget.

"How extraordinary!" she said.

"Extraordinary indeed," said he, "for the works are exceedingly simple and would hardly keep going for a week."

"And do you see nothing out of the common?"

"No, nothing....or, at least...."

He stooped and, from the back of the case, drew a metal tube which was concealed by the weights. Holding it up to the light:

"A telescope," he said, thoughtfully. "Why did they hide it?....And they left it drawn out to its full length....That's odd.. What does it mean?"

The clock, as is sometimes usual, began to strike a second time, sounding eight strokes. Rénine closed the case and continued his inspection without putting the telescope down. A wide arch led from the drawing-room to a smaller apartment, a sort of smoking-room. This also was furnished, but contained a glass case for guns of which the rack was empty. Hanging on a panel near by was a calendar with the date of the 5th of September.

"Oh," cried Hortense, in astonishment, "the same date as to-day!....They tore off the leaves until the 5th of September....And this is the anniversary! What an astonishing coincidence!"

"Astonishing," he echoed. "It's the anniversary of their departure....twenty years from to-day."

"You must admit," she said, "that all this is incomprehensible."

"Yes, of course.... but, all the same.....perhaps not."

"Have you any idea?"

He waited a few seconds before replying:

"What puzzles me is this telescope hidden, dropped in that corner, at the last moment. I wonder what it was used for....From the ground-floor windows you see nothing but the trees in the garden....and the same, I expect, from all the windows....We are in a valley, without the least open horizon....To use the telescope, one would have to go up to the top of the house....Shall we go up?"

She did not hesitate. The mystery surrounding the whole adventure excited her curiosity so keenly that she could think of nothing but accompanying Rénine and assisting him in his investigations.

They went upstairs accordingly, and, on the second floor, came to a landing where they found the spiral staircase leading to the belvedere.

At the top of this was a platform in the open air, but surrounded by a parapet over six feet high.

"There must have been battlements which have been filled in since," observed Prince Rénine. "Look here there were loopholes at one time. They have been blocked."

"In any case," she said, "the telescope was no use up here either and we may as well go down again."

"I don't agree," he said. "Logic tells us that there must have been some gap through which the country could be seen and that this was the spot where the telescope was used."

He hoisted himself by his wrists to the top of the parapet and then saw that this point of vantage commanded the whole of the valley, including the park, with its tall trees marking the horizon; and, beyond a depression in a wood surmounting a hill, at a distance of some seven or eight hundred yards, stood another tower, squat and in ruins, covered with ivy from top to bottom.

Rénine resumed his inspection. He seemed to consider that the key to the problem lay in the use to which the telescope was put and that the problem would be solved if only they could discover this use.

He studied the loopholes, one after the other. One of them, or rather the place which it had occupied, attracted his attention above the rest. In the middle of the layer of plaster which served to block it, there was a hollow filled with earth in which plants had grown. He pulled out the plants and removed the earth, thus clearing the mouth of a hole some five inches in diameter, which completely penetrated the wall. On bending forward Rénine perceived that this deep and narrow opening inevitably carried the eye, above the dense tops of the trees and through the depression in the hill, to the ivy-clad tower.

At the bottom of this channel, in a sort of groove, which ran through it like a gutter, the telescope fitted so exactly that it was quite impossible to shift it, however little, either to the right or to the left.

Rénine, after wiping the outside of the lenses, while taking care not to disturb the lie of the instrument by a hair's breadth, put his eye to the small end.

He remained for thirty or forty seconds, gazing attentively and silently. Then he drew himself up and said, in a husky voice:

"It's terrible....it's really terrible."

"What is?" she asked, anxiously.

"Look."

She bent down, but the image was not clear to her and the telescope had to be focussed to suit her sight. The next moment she shuddered and said:

"It's two scarecrows, isn't it, both stuck up on the top? But why?"

"Look again," he said. "Look more carefully.... under the hats....the faces...."

"Oh!" she cried, turning faint with horror, "how awful!"

The field of the telescope, like the circular picture shown by a magic lantern, presented this spectacle: the platform of a broken tower, the walls of which were higher in the more distant part and formed as it were a back-drop, over which surged waves of ivy. In front, amid a cluster of bushes, were two human beings, a man and a woman, leaning back against a heap of fallen stones.

But the words man and woman could hardly be applied to these two forms, these two sinister puppets, which, it is true, wore clothes and hats—or rather shreds of clothes and remnants of hats—but had lost their eyes, their cheeks, their chins, every particle of flesh, until they were actually and positively nothing more than two skeletons.

"Two skeletons," stammered Hortense. "Two skeletons with clothes on. Who carried them up there?"

"Nobody."

"But still...."

"That man and that woman must have died at the top of the tower, years and years ago....and their flesh rotted under their clothes and the ravens ate them."

"But it's hideous, hideous!" cried Hortense, pale as death, her face drawn with horror.

Half an hour later, Hortense Daniel and Rénine left the Chateau de Halingre. Before their departure, they had gone, as far as the ivy-grown tower, the remains of an old donjonkeep more than half demolished. The inside was empty. There seemed to have been a way of climbing to the top, at a comparatively recent period, by means of wooden stairs and ladders which now lay broken and scattered over the ground. The tower backed against the wall which marked the end of the park.

A curious fact, which surprised Hortense, was that Prince Rénine had neglected to pursue a more minute inquiry, as though the matter had lost all interest for him. He did not even speak of it any longer; and, in the inn at which they stopped and took a light meal in the nearest village, it was she who asked the landlord about the abandoned chateau. But she learnt nothing from him for the man was new to the district and could give her no particulars. He did not even know the name of the owner.

They turned their horses heads towards La Maréze. Again and again Hortense recalled the squalid sight which had met their eyes. But Rénine, who was in a lively mood and full of attentions to his companion, seemed utterly indifferent to these questions.

"But after all," she exclaimed, "we can't leave the matter there! It calls for a solution."

"As you say," he replied, "a solution is called for. M. Rossigny has to know where he stands and

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M. d'Aigleroche staggered....."Are you going to inform the police?"

# The Man Who Knew Too Much

## VI.—*The Hole in the Wall*

*By* G. K. CHESTERTON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HATHERELL, R. I.

TWO men, the one an architect, and the other an archeologist, met on the steps of the great house at Prior's Park; and their host, Lord Bulmer, in his breezy way, thought it natural to introduce them. It must be confessed that he was hazy as well as breezy; and had no very clear connection in his mind, beyond the sense that an architect and an archeologist begin with the same series of letters. The world must remain in a reverent doubt as to whether he would, on the same principles, have presented a diplomatist to a dipsomaniac or a ratiocinator to a rat-catcher. He was a big, fair, bull-necked young man abounding in outward gestures, unconsciously flapping his gloves and flourishing his stick.

"You two ought to have something to talk about," he said cheerfully, "Old buildings and all that sort of thing; this is rather an old building, by the way, though I say it who shouldn't. I must ask you to excuse me a moment I've got to go and see about the cards for this Christmas romp my sister's arranging. We hope to see you all there, of course. Juliet wants it to be a fancy-dress affair; abbots and crusaders and all that. My ancestors, I suppose, after all."

"I trust the abbot was not an ancestor," said the archeologist gentleman with a smile.

"Only a sort of great-uncle, I imagine," answered the other laughing; then his rather rambling eye rolled round the ordered landscape in front of the house; an artificial sheet of water ornamented with an antiquated nymph in the centre and surrounded by a park of tall trees now grey and black and frosty, for it was in the depth of a severe winter.

"It's getting jolly cold," his lordship continued. "My sister hopes we shall have some skating as well as dancing."

"If the crusaders come in full armour," said the other, "you must be careful not to drown your ancestors."

"Oh, there's no fear of that," answered Bulmer, "this precious lake of ours is not two feet deep anywhere." And with one of his flourishing gestures he stuck his stick into the water to demonstrate its shallowness. They could see the short end bent in the water; so that he seemed for a moment to lean his large weight on a breaking staff.

"The worst you can expect is to see an abbot sit down rather suddenly," he added turning away. "Well, au revoir; I'll let you know about it later."

THE archeologist and the architect were left on the great stone steps smiling at each other; but whatever their common interests, they presented a considerable personal contrast; and the fanciful might even have found some contradiction in each considered individually. The former, a Mr. James Haddow, came from a drowsy den in the Inns of Court, full of leather and parchment; for the law was his profession and history only his hobby; he was indeed, among other things, the solicitor and agent of the Prior's Park estate. But he himself was far from drowsy and seemed remarkably wide-awake, with shrewd and prominent blue eyes and red hair brushed as neatly as his very neat costume. The latter, whose name was Leonard Crane, came straight from a crude and almost cockney office of builders and house-agents in the neighbouring suburb, sunning itself at the end of a new row of jerry-built houses with plans in very bright colours and notices in very large letters. But a serious observer, at a second glance, might have seen in his eyes something of that shining sleep that is called vision; and his yellow hair, while not affectedly long, was unaffectedly tidy. It was a manifest of melancholy truth that the architect was an artist. But the artistic temperament was far from explaining him; there was something else about him that was not definable and which some even felt to be dangerous. Despite his dreaminess he would sometimes surprise his friends with arts and even sports apart from his ordinary life—like memories of some previous existence. On this occasion, nevertheless, he hastened to disclaim any authority on the other man's hobby.

"I mustn't appear on false pretences," he said with a smile. "I hardly even know what an archeologist is; except that a rather rusty remnant of Greek suggests that he is a man who studies old things."

"Yes," replied Haddow grimly. "An archeologist is a man who studies old things and finds they are new."

Crane looked at him steadily for a moment and then smiled again.

"Dare one suggest," he said "that some of the things we have been talking about are among the old things that turn out not to be old."

HIS companion also was silent for a moment; and the smile on his rugged face was fainter as he replied quietly. "The wall round the park is really old. The one gate in it is Gothic, and I cannot find any trace of destruction or restoration. But the house and the estate generally—well the romantic ideas read into these things are often rather recent romances, things almost like fashionable novels. For instance, the very name of this place, Prior's Park, makes everybody think of it as a moonlit medieval abbey; I daresay the Spiritualists by this time have discovered the ghost of a monk here. But according to the only authoritative study of the matter I can find, the place was simply called Prior's as any rural place is called Podger's. It was the house of a Mr. Prior; a farmhouse probably, that stood here at some time or other and was a local landmark. Oh, there are a great many examples of the same thing, here and everywhere else. This suburb of ours used to be a village, and because some of the people slurred the name and pronounced it Holliwell, many a minor poet indulged in fancies about a Holy Well, with spells and fairies and all the rest of it, filling the suburban drawing rooms with the Celtic twilight. Whereas anyone acquainted with the facts knows that "Hollinwall" simply means "the hole in the wall" and probably referred to some quite trivial accident. That's what I mean when I say that we don't so much find old things as we find new ones."

Crane seemed to have grown somewhat inattentive to the little lecture on antiquities and novelties; and the cause of his restlessness was soon apparent and indeed approaching. Lord Bulmer's sister, Juliet Bray was coming slowly across the lawn, accompanied by one gentleman and followed by two others. The young architect was in the illogical condition of mind in which he preferred three to one.

The man walking with the lady was no other than the eminent Prince Borodino, who was at least as famous as a distinguished diplomatist ought to be, in the interests of what is called secret diplomacy. He had been paying a round of visits at various English country houses; and exactly what he was doing for diplomacy at Prior's Park was as much a secret as any diplomatist could desire. The obvious thing to say of his appearance was that he would have been extremely handsome if he had not been entirely bald. But indeed that would itself be a rather bald way of putting it. Fantastic as it sounds, it would fit the case better to say that people would have been surprised to see hair growing on him; as surprised as if they had found hair growing on the bust of a Roman Emperor. His tall figure was buttoned up in a rather tight-waisted fashion that rather accentuated his potential bulk; and he wore a red flower in his button-hole. Of the two men walking behind one also was bald, but in a more partial and also a more premature fashion; for his drooping moustache was still yellow and if his eyes were somewhat heavy it was with languor and not with age. His name was Horne Fisher; and he talked so easily and idly about everything, that nobody had ever discovered his favorite subject. His companion was a more striking and even more sinister figure; and he had the added importance of being Lord Bulmer's oldest and most intimate friend. He was generally known with a severe simplicity as Mr. Brain; but it was understood that he had been a judge and police official in India; and that he had enemies, who had represented his measures against crime as themselves almost criminal. He was a brown skeleton of a man with dark, deep, sunken eyes and a black moustache that hid the meaning of his mouth. Though he had the look of one wasted by some tropical disease, his movements were much more alert than those of his lounging companion.

"It's all settled," announced the lady with great animation when they came within hailing distance. "You've



"Aren't you going to dress up?" asked Juliet.

all got to put on masquerade things and very likely skates as well; though the Prince says they don't go with it; but we don't care about that. It's freezing already, and we don't often get such a chance in England."

"Even in India we don't exactly skate all the year round," observed Mr. Brain.

"And even Italy is not primarily associated with ice," said the Italian.

"Italy is primarily associated with ices," remarked Mr. Horne Fisher, "I mean with ice-cream men. Most people in this country imagine that Italy is entirely populated with ice-cream men and organ grinders. There certainly are a lot of them; perhaps they're an invading army in disguise."

"How do you know they are not the secret emissaries of our diplomacy?" asked the Prince with a slightly scornful smile. "An army of organ-grinders might pick up hints, and their monkeys might pick up all sorts of things."

"The organs are organised in fact," said the flippant Mr. Fisher. "Well, I've known it pretty cold before now in Italy and even in India, up on the Himalayan slopes. The ice on our own little round pond will be quite cosy by comparison."

JULIET Bray was an attractive lady with dark hair and eyebrows and dancing eyes; and there was a geniality and even generosity in her rather imperious ways. In most matters she could command her brother; though that nobleman, like many other men of vague ideas, was not without a touch of the bully when he was at bay. She could certainly command her guests; even to the extent of decking out the most respectable and reluctant of them with her mediaeval masquerade. And it really seemed as if she could command the elements also, like a witch. For the weather steadily hardened and sharpened; that night the ice of the lake, glimmering in the moonlight, was like a marble floor; and they had begun to dance and skate on it before it was dark.

Prior's Park, or more properly the surrounding district of Hollinwall, was a country seat that had become a suburb; having once had only a dependent village at its doors, it now found outside all its doors the signals of the expansion of London. Mr. Haddow, who was engaged in historical researches both in the library and the locality, could find little assistance in the latter. He had already realised from the documents that Prior's Park had, originally been something like Prior's Farm, named after some local figure; but the new social conditions were all against his tracing the story by its traditions. Had any of the real rustics remained, he would probably have found some lingering legend of Mr. Prior, however remote he might be. But the new nomadic population of clerks and artisans, constantly shifting their homes from one suburb to another, or their children from one school to another, could have no corporate continuity. That had all that forgetfulness of history that goes everywhere with the extension of education.

Nevertheless when he came out of the library next morning and saw the wintry trees standing round the frozen pond like a black forest, he felt he might well have been far in the depths of the country. The old wall running round the park kept that enclosure itself still entirely rural and romantic; and one could easily imagine that the depths of that dark forest faded away indefinitely into distant vales and hills. The grey and black and silver of the wintry wood were all the more severe or sombre as a contrast to the coloured carnival groups that already stood on and around the frozen pool. For the house-party had already flung themselves impatiently into fancy-dress; and the lawyer, with his neat black suit and red hair was the only modern figure left among them.

"Aren't you going to dress up?" asked Juliet indignantly shaking at him a horned and towering blue head-dress of the fourteenth century which framed her face very becomingly, fantastic as it was. "Everybody here has to be in the Middle Ages. Even Mr. Brain has put on a sort of brown-dressing gown and says he's a monk; and Mr. Fisher got hold of some old potato-sacks in the kitchen and sewed them together; he's supposed to be a monk too. As to the Prince, he's perfectly glorious, in great crimson robes as a cardinal. He looks as if he could poison everybody. You simply must be something."

"I WILL be something later in the day," he replied, "at present I am nothing but an antiquary and an attorney. I have to see your brother presently, about some legal business and also some local investigations he asked me to make. I must look a little like a steward when I give an account of my stewardship."



He found another figure beside the statue, almost equally motionless.

"Oh, but my brother has dressed up," cried the girl "very much so. No end, if I may say so. Why he's bearing down on you now in all his glory."

The noble lord was indeed marching towards them in a magnificent sixteenth century costume of purple and gold with a gold-hilted sword and a plumed cap, and manners to match. Indeed there was something more than his usual expansiveness of bodily action in his appearance at that moment. It almost seemed, so to speak, that the plumes on his hat had gone to his head. He flapped his great gold-lined cloak like the wings of a fairy king in a pantomine; he even drew his sword with a flourish and waved it about as he did his walking-stick. In the light of after events there seemed to be something monstrous and ominous about that exuberance; something of the spirit that is called *fey*. At the time it merely crossed a few people's minds that he might possibly be drunk.

As he strode towards his sister, the first figure he passed was that of Leonard Crane, clad in Lincoln green with the horn and baldrick and sword appropriate to Robin Hood; for he was standing nearest to the lady, where indeed he might have been found during a disproportionate part of the time. He had displayed one of his buried talents in the matter of skating, and now that the skating was over seemed disposed to prolong the partnership. The boisterous Bulmer playfully made a pass at him with his drawn sword, going forward with the lunge in the proper fencing fashion; and making a somewhat too familiar Shakespearean quotation about a rodent and a Venetian coin.

Probably in Crane also there was a subdued excitement just then; anyhow in one flash he had drawn his own sword and parried; and then suddenly to the surprise of everyone, Bulmer's weapon seemed to spring out of his hand into the air and rolled away on the ringing ice.

"Well I never," said the lady, as if in justifiable indignation, "you never told me you could fence too."

BULMER put up his sword with an air rather bewildered than annoyed, which increased the impression of something irresponsible in his mood at the moment; then he turned rather abruptly to his lawyer saying, "We can settle up about the estate after dinner; I've missed nearly all the skating as it is; and I doubt if the ice will hold till tomorrow night. I think I shall get up early and have a spin by myself."

"You won't be disturbed with my company," said Horne Fisher in his weary fashion. "If I have to begin the day with ice, in the American fashion, I prefer it in smaller quantities. But no early hours for me in December. The early bird catches the cold."

"Oh, I shan't die of catching a cold," answered Bulmer, and laughed.

A considerable group of the skating party had consisted of the guests staying at the house; and the rest had tailed off in twos and threes some time before most of the guests began to retire for the night. Neighbours always invited to Prior's Park on such occasions went back to their own houses in motors or on foot; the legal and archeological gentleman had returned to the Inns of Court by a late train to get a paper called for during his consultation with his client; and most of the other guests were drifting and lingering at various stages on their way up to bed. Horne Fisher, as if to deprive himself of any excuse for his refusal of early rising, had been the first to retire to his room; but, sleepy as he looked, he could not sleep. He had picked up from a table the book of antiquarian topography, in which Haddow had found his first hints about the origin of the local name; and being a man with a quiet and quaint capacity for being interested in anything, he began to read it steadily, making notes now and then of details on which his previous reading left him with a certain doubt about his present conclusions. His room was the one nearest the lake in the centre of the woods, and was therefore the quietest; and none of the last echoes of the evening's festivity could reach him. He had followed carefully the argument which established the derivation from Mr. Prior's farm and the hole in the wall, and disposed of any fashionable fancy about monks and magic wells, when he began to be conscious of a noise audible in the frozen silence of the night. It was not a particularly loud noise; but it seemed to consist of a series of thuds or heavy blows, such as might be struck on a wooden door by a man seeking to enter. They were followed by something like a faint creak or crack, as if the obstacle had either been opened or had given way. He opened his own bedroom door and listened; but as he heard talk and laughter all over the lower floors, he had no reason to fear that a summons would be neglected or the house left without protection. He went to his open window, looking out over the frozen pond and the moonlit statue in the middle of their circle of darkling woods, and listened again. But silence had returned to that silent place; and after straining his ears for a considerable time he could hear nothing but the solitary hoot of a distant departing train. Then he reminded himself how many nameless noises can be heard by the wakeful during the most ordinary night; and, shrugging his shoulders, went wearily to bed.

HE awoke suddenly and sat up in bed with his ears filled, as with thunder, with the throbbing echoes of a rending cry. He remained rigid for a moment; and then sprang out of bed, throwing on the loose gown of sacking he had worn all day. He went first to the window, which was open but covered with a thick curtain, so that his room was still completely dark; but when he tossed the

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# Breaking Into Politics

## *By* HON. ROBERT ROGERS



ROBERT ROGERS.
As he looked at the age of eighteen, when he first went West.

EXACTLY forty years ago this past August, when the Red River territory in Manitoba was just beginning to develop rapidly, and western history was warm in the making, I left Montreal for the West. Sir J. J. C. Abbott, the man who had drawn up the Canadian Pacific Railway contract, and who succeeded Sir John A. Macdonald as Prime Minister of Canada, was an old friend of the Rogers family and it was he who centered my attention on the West. It was therefore under particularly favorable auspices that I made the journey to Manitoba in 1881.

I made the trip by way of St. Paul and carried with me a letter of introduction from Sir John Abbott to the famous railway magnate, J. J. Hill. It was my original intention to buy a block of land in the vicinity of Brandon, but circumstances changed these plans and finally I concluded to settle in Southern Manitoba. This part of the province was at a very interesting phase of its development, as picturesque characters from all parts of the world were pouring through the Red River gateway into the Canadian Northwest.

I did not expect then that at a very early date fortune was to permit me to play a not inconsiderable part in the railway development of this part of the country. Of course, the paramount interest at that time centered in the binding of the East and West by steel rails; the Canadian Pacific Main Line was being rapidly pushed over the plains. The Canadian Pacific South Western branch from Winnipeg to Manitou was then in course of construction. The old South Western Railway had a line extended in a more northwesterly direction to the village of Carman. After considerable investigation I had decided to locate at Clearwater, which was forty miles west of Manitou, the then proposed terminus of the Canadian Pacific South Western. Here I found a very wide stretch of fine farming country rapidly settling up, but suffering as a result of the primitive transportation conditions of that day.

As I have said, railroad extension was the great issue—both political and personal; probably no subject ever excited greater interest than that appertaining to various railway extensions in the 80's. United action was difficult because the settlers came in so rapidly and were mostly strangers to each other. However, in those days there was no standing on ceremony and we very soon became acquainted.

A meeting of all those interested in the all-important question of railway extension west of Manitou was held and I was selected to proceed to Ottawa with a view to securing the extension of the Canadian Pacific South-Western from Manitou to our community. You may imagine that I approached this job with some timidity, as it was a heavy task to lay upon the shoulders of a comparatively inexperienced youth.

### My Job Proves a Big One

WHEN I got to Montreal I found that Sir William Van Horne had a very fixed idea that it was out of the range of possibility to build a railway across the Pembina Valley immediately west of Manitou. There was also another and perhaps a still greater difficulty—the fact that at that time the finances of the Canadian Pacific were not in the very best condition. The C. P. R. was then asking parliament for a loan of $35,000,000 to complete its main line work.

The C. P. R. South Western had no land grant, but the Manitoba South Western, which then had its line built as far as Carman, had a land grant for 314 miles west of Winnipeg.

It occurred to me that it would be the proper thing in the interests of all concerned to divide this land grant and apply a portion of it to the extension of the C. P. R. South Western, from Manitou, west for one hundred miles. I put this proposition up to Sir William Van Horne and he at first stoutly opposed it as he then felt that one line of railway between the international boundary and the main line of the C.P.R. should be sufficient to serve the requirements of that country for at least some time to come.

However, I kept pegging away and after much discussion and many interviews Sir William Van Horne gave his approval to my proposal, but with two conditions: the first was that on me should rest the burden of persuading Sir John Macdonald and his government that the division of the Manitoba South Western land grant would be in the interest of the settlers of that portion of Manitoba. Sir William's second condition was that the C. P. R. was not to be bound by any arrangement until such time as its engineers would have an opportunity of making a thorough survey of the Pembina Valley. To meet Sir William's first condition I had to secure the approval of the Premier and his government to divide the land grant as proposed—and you may believe me when I say that this was no easy matter.

### The Premier and the "Boy"

WHEN I first presented the proposal to Sir John Macdonald he listened to me patiently but gave me little hope of an affirmative answer, saying:

"My boy, I know your section needs better transportation and I am heartily in sympathy with your ambitious plan, but in the present state of public feeling it would be more than my political life is worth to attempt to adopt any proposal to assist any branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway."

Sir John concluded my first interview with him by pointing out that the Opposition in parliament was claiming that Canada was ruined as a result of the action of the government at that time in making a loan of $35,000,000 to the main line; for this reason he felt that it would be suicidal to assist a branch line.

During my three months' sojourn in Ottawa I celebrated my twenty-first birthday. It was while working hard on our project in the capital that I made the acquaintance of Sir Richard Cartwright, who was then one of the foremost figures of the Liberal Opposition. I discussed with Sir Richard the details of my ambition and told him the conditions which had been imposed upon me by Sir William Van Horne. He was deeply interested, particularly because at some time previous he had bought a very large tract of land in the vicinity through which the proposed extension would pass.

After I had told Sir Richard what a disappointing interview I had had with Sir John the former assured me that if I could get the Premier to bring down to the House a measure to legalize the proposals then being made, he would see that there would be no opposition from his side. Armed with this assurance I succeeded in obtaining a second interview with Sir John, who listened to my description of Sir Richard's attitude with deep interest. Fired as I was by my youthful enthusiasm I thought that I was making some impression upon Sir John, but he replied:

"Yes, my boy, that Cartwright is a sly old fox. I distrust him too much to rely upon any such promise; he only wants to get me to bring down such a Bill and then he will tear into me with all the forces at his command. Oh no, he can't trap me so easily, the rascal!"

My hopes for success were badly shattered by this interview, but I felt that I must not—dared not—return until I had met with at least some measure of success, as the development of all South Western Manitoba depended on securing this extension. I determined to remain in Ottawa and had further talks with Sir Richard Cartwright. He convinced me that he was not playing ducks and drakes with my hopes.

### "That Old Fox" Cartwright

AFTER satisfying myself that his assurances were genuine and that insofar as he could control the Opposition, no stumbling block would be placed in my way, I sought and secured another interview with the Premier. I laid my project before him, with some added data, but he still shook his head, saying:

"My boy, you are too young yet to fully appreciate the insincerity of our Opposition in this parliament. You have a good case, full of merit from every point of view. On that account I will go the length of testing out the sincerity of that old fox, Cartwright, and see what he is driving at. I will go as far as I can to serve the people of your community, with whom I so heartily sympathise."

Sir John was as good as his word and a few days later brought down a measure to give effect to the proposal of the division of the South Western Manitoba land grant. Sir Richard Cartwright remained true to our understanding and not only did not oppose, but gave his warm support to the proposal—with the result that I left Ottawa the night of the eighteenth of March, 1885, with a letter in my pocket from Sir George Stephen, President of the C.P.R., pledging his company to proceed with the construction of the desired line just as soon as the government carried out its proposal to divide the land grant.

Now came the time when the second condition imposed by Sir William Van Horne had to be considered. He had told me that all plans were subject to the possibility of being able to get a crossing through the Pembina Valley.

When the engineers arrived in a comparatively short time to make this survey I was so keen to see the thing through to a satisfactory conclusion that I spent ten days in the Valley with Mr. Stewart, the C.P.R. engineer. These were ten of the most strenuous days that I ever spent in my life—as they were both physically exhausting and mentally racking. You can understand how I would feel after working for several months on this project, on which so much depended as I watched the engineers methodically completing their survey foot by foot and rod by rod.

It was a wonderful occasion for me when I was rewarded at the end of the examination by Mr. Stewart's assurance that it was possible to get the railway across this great Valley.

It is interesting to note just here that if Sir George Stephen's letter to me had been delayed even twenty-four hours, the whole project might have been shelved for several years, as it was on the following day, March 19, that the first gun of the Northwest Rebellion was fired. The turmoil of rebellion rapidly extended and the

## *"BOB" ROGERS' SERIES*

MILLIONS *of words have been written about the Hon. Robert Rogers—literally* millions—*but never before has the former Federal Minister of Public Works broken into print in a magazine article. The article contained in this issue is an interesting piece of personal biography—and western history—written by one who had a considerable part in the up-building of Manitoba, particularly. In the popular mind "Bob" Rogers is perhaps best known as a shrewd politician, who held in his hands the destinies of the old-line conservative party. In future articles in MACLEAN'S Mr. Rogers will give interesting and perhaps startling revelations of "inside" politics.*

Northwest was going through one of its most crucial stages. It was difficult to fix men's minds on business projects at that time, as people were very doubtful as to when normal conditions would be resumed, and I believe that no progress in our railway project could possibly have been made until the disturbance incidental to the uprising had subsided.

### I Receive a Civic Welcome.

AN enthusiastic delegation of citizens met me on my return to Southern Manitoba with the good news. The Manitou *Mercury* of that day contains a report of some of these gatherings and pays me some compliments which are very pleasant to recall, on the assiduity with which I had worked in the interests of the community while in Montreal and Ottawa. The paper quotes my letter from Sir George Stephen, assuring our community that as soon as the government would fulfil its promise to apply this land grant in the way requested, the company would be prepared to proceed at once with the construction of a line one hundred miles west from Manitou and thirty miles west from Carman.

On May 8 of the same year, according to report which I have before me in the Manitou *Mercury*, doubt existed in the minds of certain persons that the arrangement could be carried out. It was openly claimed that the government would never fulfil its promise to make the division of the land grant. The *Mercury* then quotes a letter which I received from Sir J. J. C. Abbott, then solicitor for the Canadian Pacific Railway, which reads as follows:

"Ottawa, 14th April, 1885.

"My dear Mr. Rogers:

"I have received a copy of order-in-council approved by His Excellency, the Governor General, appropriating the lands which we desire, so that your matter may now be considered settled.

Very truly yours,

(Signed) J. J. C. Abbott."

The Canadian Pacific Railway then suggested that the Manitoba government, as led by the Hon. John Norquay, should endorse the bonds of the Manitoba South Western to the extent of $1 an acre for each acre of the land grant as secured through the arrangement concluded at Ottawa. I had a conference with Mr. Norquay about this and he agreed to the proposal.

The Hon. John Norquay was a product of Manitoba. In those days big men were the rule in the West, but Norquay stood out among the biggest. He was a fellow of splendid proportions and the idol of all who knew him. He could rise to any occasion and his stories were a feature of any gathering at which he was present, while his classical allusions and his rich flow of oratory were definite contributions to any affairs at which he was present.

Norquay could drive and drive all day, address two or three meetings and then put in the rest of the night dancing. It was all regarded as part of the day's work for him; he was a man of tireless energy. Notwithstanding the fact that he weighed more than three hundred pounds he would dance the Red River Jig by the hour.

In the following year, 1886, the provincial elections were held in Manitoba. I had become an enthusiastic and ardent supporter of the Norquay government and Mr. Norquay pressed me to be a candidate in the Mountain constituency, which had been contested by Mr. Norquay himself in 1883 against the Hon. Thos. Greenway, the leader of the Liberal Opposition, Mr. Norquay being badly defeated. Mr. Greenway was the Liberal candidate in 1886. He was a man very much of the Norquay type, big and handsome and a born campaigner. Unlike Norquay, however, he was of Ontario breeding, from South Huron, and he had had political experience as a member of the Dominion parliament before coming West.



This pen and ink sketch of the Hon. Robt. Rogers was made a few weeks ago in Winnipeg, by H. Weston Taylor, the famous illustrator, at a special sitting accorded MACLEAN'S artist by the former Minister of Public Works.

### My First Nomination

A CONVENTION was held to nominate a candidate to oppose Greenway in his constituency; seventy delegates were in attendance and I was able to secure the votes of sixty-five of them; the other five voting for W. A. Donald, a lawyer of Pilot Mound.

When the result of the ballot was announced Donald and his supporters left the convention.

Organization immediately followed for the contest. There were three towns in the constituency—Pilot Mound (the largest), Crystal City (Greenway's home town and second in size), Clearwater, which was my own home town. Throughout the campaign there was intense rivalry between these three towns, in view of the fact that a registry office was about to be established at one of the three places. Mr. Greenway gave his assurance to the people of Pilot Mound that the registry office would be established at that point. It was then generally regarded that he would get almost the total vote of Pilot Mound and the surrounding district. However, organization work proceeded and I decided to hold my first public meeting of the campaign in Donald's home town.

In those days it was always the custom to invite your political opponent when a public meeting was being held, so I invited Mr. Greenway to attend my first meeting. He accepted, presumably feeling confident that he had almost the solid support of that community. Mr. Norquay promised to attend the meeting to assist me.

The same day Mr. Norquay had to attend a meeting at one o'clock at Glenboro and therefore had to drive across country a distance of more than forty miles, to be present at my meeting to meet his old opponent, Greenway, on the same platform.

This meeting had been widely advertised for miles around and a very large gathering assembled. As the voters thronged in to Pilot Mound from near and remote sections, several minor disturbances occurred and it promised to be rather a stormy affair. It was impossible for more than one-quarter the people who desired to be present to get into the hall. However, the doors and windows were thrown wide open, enabling those outside to get a peep in and hear what was going on.

### A Scrap over the Chairman

IN those days political and public meetings were taken rather seriously. Premier Norquay was late in arriving, owing to the distance which he had to drive. The crowd was turbulent. Greenway had with him G. S. Biggs, a Winnipeg lawyer and a vigorous platform speaker. Owing to the delay occasioned by Mr. Norquay's arrival there was much cheering when Mr. Greenway mounted the platform and remarked with a laugh that the "boy candidate" was evidently afraid to face the music, and called on one of his intimate supporters to take the chair and open the meeting. At this psychological moment Premier Norquay and "the boy candidate" arrived and there was counter-cheering and increasing excitement. Mr. Greenway's chairman was on the platform, standing with his hand on the chair, preparing to preside. The moment I reached the platform I stepped forward and apologized to the sitting assemblage for our late arrival and explained the cause of Mr. Norquay's delay. I pointed out that as it was my meeting I would nominate the chairman and I called on a friend to come forward and occupy the chair.

There was considerable uproar then. Mr. Greenway coming forward to say that the meeting had already started and that if I was going to conduct public meetings in the future I would have to learn to be on time. He concluded by demanding that his, Greenway's nominee should take the chair.



ROBERT ROGERS,
as he looked at the age of thirty-five.

I repeated my apology but it was not accepted by Mr. Greenway, who again indulged in some rather barbed shafts of sarcasm at my expense. I apologized further and my apology seemed to be fairly well accepted by the meeting as a whole. Greenway still insisted that his man should preside. At this point I believe I lost my temper and, turning to Greenway, announced that if he and those who cheered for him wanted to control the meeting there was only one way they could do it and that was by force. As far as I was concerned I announced that I was ready at that moment to contest the strength of Greenway and those who cheered for him.

The atmosphere was explosive for a few minutes, but lasted only a very short time and my nominee took the chair. It is interesting to note now that after the meeting little was mentioned respecting what was discussed by the speakers during the evening. The sole incident which appeared to impress the meeting (the members of the audience were practically strangers to each other) was the disturbance over the chairman and after the speech was concluded Mr. Donald was one of the first to come forwrrd and shake hands with me, pledging me his definite support. In fact, every known conservative who attended the meeting was believed to have declared himself as enthusiastically in favor of my election.

### My Voters Got Held Up By a Trick

THE Norquay government was returned, but I was defeated by the narrow margin of thirteen votes. Just how I lost more than enough votes to have turned the tide of fortune the other way is an interesting little story in itself. The election law in those days permitted a man to vote in as many constituencies as he held property. I had sent a number of my supporters to Morden to vote for Dr. Wilson, who was the Norquay candidate running against R. P. Roblin, who was then a supporter of Greenway. Some iniquitous liberal supporter was able to arrange with the railway conductor to delay the train on its return, so that the voters I sent down from my county to vote for Wilson did not return in time to vote for me in the constituency of the Mountain. It was a sad, sad fact to recall after the election returns had been announced, that there were three times as many voters on that train as the unfortunate thirteen by which I was defeated.

I have heard since that time a story to the effect that my total election expenses in my first contest reached the huge total of $19. To the best of my recollection this is fairly accurate.

Shortly after this contest dissension developed in the government ranks and some of Mr. Norquay's colleagues deserted him. The great issue in those days was railway extension and lower transportation rates. Norquay undertook to get railway competition and granted railway charters—which were promptly disallowed by Sir John MacDonald's government. Then the issue turned to one of provincial rights. However, in the difficulties incident to these conditions Norquay resigned and Dr. Harrison was asked to form a government but failed. Norquay remained in the House and still retained many of his independent views, though never forgetting his allegiance to the conservative party.

After Harrison's failure, the Lieutenant Governor of that day, the Hon. J. V. Aikins, father of the present occupant of that position, Sir James Aikins, called on Mr. Greenway to form a government. This precipitated a provincial general election in 1888. Disallowance was the big issue and Manitoba lined up strong for provincial rights.

(*Continued on page* 30)

# DAFOE, POLITICAL PIVOT

*By* "DOMINO" (The Make-up Man)

FIRST impressions are always tyrants. The first time I heard John Wesley Dafoe talk he was in his large sanctum of the Manitoba *Free Press*, in the summer of 1916. He was without a collar, his shirt loose at the neck, and his hair like a windrow of hay. He reminded me of some superb black-smith hammering out irons of thought, never done mending the political waggons of other people, and from his many talks to the waggoners knowing more about all the roads than any of them. The wheat on a thousand fields was haking that day, and the 'Peg was roasting alive. Since that I have always pictured Dafoe sweltering terribly in earnest, whittling the legs of the *Round Table* and telling somebody how it is that west of the lakes neither of the old Ottawa parties has now any grip on the people.

Dafoe talked that way in 1916. He was beginning to lisp a little along that restless line of thought in 1910. And in 1940 he may be sitting in that same sanctum with walls of heavy books on two sides of him telling somebody just how it came to be that an economic cyclone on the prairies caught up all the Grits and Tories and nothing was ever heard or seen of them again.

When Kipling wrote, "Oh! East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," he had never met Dafoe. Some directive angel planted him at Winnipeg shortly after Clifford Sifton crowded the gate there with people going in that they might choke it again with wheat coming out; and while people went in and wheat came out through this spout of the great prairie hopper Dafoe dug himself a little ship canal which as it grew bigger sluiced the political rivers of the West into his sanctum before he lifted the lock and let them on down to the sea at Ottawa.

The West as he saw it was a place of coming mighty changes. His own party was pushing the transformations. The prairies were due to become the mother of great forces. You could not be always herding people into a land like that from South, East and West and not come within an ace of fostering some revolution.

And of all cities west of the lakes Winnipeg was the clearing-house as much for policies and programmes as for wheat and money and people. No political cloud ever gathered on the prairies that did not get blown into Winnipeg before it burst. Dafoe stood ready for them all. He believed that no change had happened yet to the Liberal party comparable to the changes yet to come. He saw that party chaining itself to tariffs and big interests and he said:

"Believe me, that won't forever do. There's something just short of a revolution going to happen to this party before the West gets done with it; and if the party isn't ready for the West so much the worse for the party."

### That O.B.U. Affair in 1919

JUST to get ahead of mere chronology, the bane of many a good man's life. In 1919 the most complete imitation of a little Moscow ever seen on this continent was set up in Winnipeg. For many weeks it looked as though the Wheat City would reconstruct the whole economic structure of the nation to suit the ideas of a violent minority. The main recorded issue was "collective bargaining." The real issue was direct action by means of which One Big Union was to be formed in the country able at a day's notice to tie up as tight as a drum every nerve centre in Canada. By its expected control of urban centres the Soviet organization aimed to throttle big utilities, finance, shipping, railroads, telegraphs. The United Grain Growers were to be but a helpless giant in the hands of Jack Proletariat. Parliament was to be superseded by Direct Action. The A.F.L. was to become obsolete. Trades unions were to be taken over and painted red. Citizens in starched collars were to become comrades in shirt sleeves, or enemies. Private propery would be either grievously amended or abolished. Political parties would be obsolete. The "workers" would own the country. The British Empire would be shaken into Soviet. The army and the navy would be internationalized. The real Capital of Canada outside of Winnipeg would be, not London, but Moscow. The internationals would supplant national anthems. Public opinion would be exterminated except as revised by the Red Leaders on the Red River at its junction with the Assiniboine. Newspapers——

In the unfolding of this Great Adventure we pause here to observe that it was a newspaper which behind the Citizens' Committee administered a black eye to this attempt to make Winnipeg the Soviet headquarters of North America and 120 millions of people. The name of the paper was the Manitoba *Free Press*. And the *Free Press* was seeing Red. What business had the Red Flag in a city like Winnipeg at all? If anywhere in Canada, why not in the industrial big-interest East—in Montreal or Toronto?

One revolution at a time, please, we almost hear the *Free Press* saying. "Now the war is done the West has to settle the fate of Government at Ottawa in its own way. And the way of the West is not with the Red Flag; not with Direct Action. This city is a headquarters of evolutionaries not of outlaws. You people of the Strike Committee are trying to get the spot-light when you've no business anywhere except right at back stage."

A perfectly straight argument, though not couched in those words. Dafoe and his associates were profoundly busy with what to them was a ten times greater issue than any form of Soviet anywhere in Canada. As a matter of record the paper did admit that the metal workers had a right to strike for collective bargaining.

"But no other union here or elsewhere," it thundered, "has any right to a sympathetic strike to help the metal workers. This city is not going to be throttled by a thug minority who want to exercise gov-



J. W. DAFOE,
Editor Manitoba Free Press.

erning powers as a revolutionary usurpation of authority. Winnipeg has bigger problems of infinitely greater concern to the whole country. This is the headquarters of the new Liberalism which does not include Direct Action in any way, shape or manner."

Again we paraphrase for brevity. The editor of the *Free Press* used much more dignified language and spoke much greater length.

A minority always leads. Majorities follow. The position of the *Free Press* was that it is only a minority able to command a majority that should rule; and the Soviet was no such minority—while the *Free Press* was.

### Calling for Coalition.

A CLEAR grasp of this is necessary in the business of judging Mr. Dafoe and his coming influence upon Canadian affairs. What Dafoe enunciated about the strike will have a strong bearing in the case upon what he thinks about the Agrarians. The judge must get a fair judgment. But of this later.

Dafoe was so far as we know, the first editor in Canada to advocate from the beginning of the war a Coalition government. This was natural. The *Free Press* had no faith in the Borden administraton of Rob Rogers, owner of the Winnipeg *Telegram*. By the summer of 1916 it was into a Coalition campaign. A year later when the premier came back from England declaring for conscription and inviting Laurier to join in a Coalition, the *Free Press* supported him.

Why this anxiety? We must pull off a bit of the make-up to find out. The *Free Press* is a Liberal paper. It supported Laurier in the West. But the older it grew the more clearly Dafoe and his associates saw that the man who had created the two new western provinces could not hold them. Other gods were now arising. Their organ was the *Grain Grower's Guide*; their parliaments were in grain growers' conventions; their policy was radical Liberalism. The Liberal organ of a Wheat City could not consistently antagonize this radical movement. The farmers must be studied. So far as they could strengthen Liberalism by becoming a Radical wing, they must be encouraged. At the point where they developed an extreme left away from the party they must be checked. The *Free Press* which had fought an economic revolution must not itself be revolutionary.

This leads up to policy in Empire. The paper had gone against Borden in 1911. It was against the taxation Navy of Borden even though it could see the danger of war ahead. It was opposed to the whole super-Tory idea of a centralized British commonwealth of nations. It "hung the hide" of Lionel Curtis and his *Round Table* propaganda clubs to the Canadian National fence. It argued for "a progressive development in Canadian self-government to the point of the attainment of sovereign power to be followed by an alliance with the other British nations" who it was assumed would do likewise. For years before the war the *Free Press* had talked of this evolutionary Empire, deeply regretting that Mr. Bourassa had coined the word "Nationalist" and made it obnoxious.

Winnipeg seldom does things one thing at a time. In the summer of 1917 J. W. Dafoe was one of the two most astounded men in Canada. The other one was Sir Wilfrid Laurier. That was the year of the famous Liberal convention. Had such a convention happened in Chicago with such a man as Roosevelt as the centre piece its doings would have been cabled the world over. In its small way the Winnipeg Convention was more sensational than the big Strike two years later. Mr. Dafoe was in Ottawa that summer. He was one of the Conscriptionalist Liberals there who helped to plan the convention. The *Free Press* was not committed to conscription which it had opposed up till the time Congress declared war because of the inevitable exodus of slackers across the border. The conscription Liberal Group in Ottawa now wanted to consider coalition on its merits, independent of Laurier.

No such rally had ever been held in Winnipeg. Some delegates travelled a thousand miles from East and West. Among them were J.A. Calder, the Sphinx from Regina; T.A. Crerar, the Wheat Leader; Arthur Sifton, mystery premier of Alberta; Hon. Frank Oliver, C. W. Cross, from Edmonton; Calder; Crerar; Clifford Sifton, Norris, the premier of Manitoba; and Isaac Pitblado. It was Dafoe's plan in consultation with these and others of the same stripe to form a centre group which should split the convention up the middle and swing both wings for Unionism.

Laurier himself was not there. He was in Ottawa. But there was a machine at the convention, whose maker was Laurier. By the manoeuver of a minority in a spasm of hysteria, by an absolute fluke, the Liberal machine stampeded the convention for Laurier. Dafoe was dumbfounded. His plan of strategy was topsy-turvied. The leaders had lost heart. The *Free Press* tumbled against the stampede declaring that it did not represent western Liberalism at all. And as the South Winnipeg Convention afterwards showed, it was right.

The Coalition-Conscription idea alternately carried. The *Free Press* won on the Union. issue which it had advocated since 1915. It became a temporary organ of the Union Government for the purpose of winning the war.

### Dafoe and the Agrarians

NOW for the larger front stage view; how does Mr. Dafoe's attitude in the defeat of the Winnipeg Soviet idea of government, and his former campaign against Laurier Liberals match with his attitude towards the Farmer Movement as embodied by Mr. Crerar? The leader of the Agrarian movement is a friend of the *Free Press* for much the same reason that the Strike leaders in 1919 were a foe to it. Crerarism in the West looks for the support of that paper in its drive upon Ottawa. From his experience outwardly to the public, and intimately behind the scenes, always concerned with building up a new Liberalism on the wreck of the old, Dafoe endorses Crerar and his movement. When Crerar went into the Government the Free Press favored his going. When he left it on the budget issue, Dafoe decided that Union Goernment was incapable of developing a strong Centre, or compromise, party. Therefore the *Free Press*—following or leading Crerar, or a little of both—moved its guns and took up a detached position, waiting to see what Sir Robert Borden would do about resigning When

*Continued on page 50*

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# THE YELLOW STREAK

## By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

*Who Wrote*

"THE MAN WITH THE CLUB FOOT"

CHAPTER VI (continued)

"MY DEAR," it ran, "I signed my will at Brady's office yesterday and he sent it back to me to-day. Just this line to let you know you are properly provided for should anything happen to me. I wanted to fix things so that you and Lady Margaret would not have to worry any more. I just had to *Write*. I guess you understand why."

There was a long and impressive silence while the Inspector deliberately read the note. Then he looked nterrogatively at the girl.

"We were engaged, Inspector," she said. "We were to have been married very soon."

A deep flush crept slowly over Mr. Humphries' florid face and spread into the roots of his tawny fair hair.

"But what does he mean by 'having to write'?" he asked.

The girl replied hastily, her eyes on the ground.

"Mr. Parrish was under the impression that....that... without his money I should not have cared for him. That is what he means...."

"You knew he had provided for you in his will?"

"He told me several times that he intended to leave me everything. You see, he has no relatives!"

"I see!" said the Inspector in a reflective voice.

"Had he any enemies do you know? Anybody who would drive him to a thing like this?"

The girl shook her head vehemently.

"No!"

The monosyllable came out emphatically. Again the Inspector darted one of his quick, shrewd glances at the girl. She met his scrutiny with her habitual serene and candid gaze. The Inspector dropped his eyes and scribbled in his book.

"Was his health good?"

"He smoked far too much," the girl said, "and it made him rather 'nervy,' But otherwise he never had a day's illness in his life."

Humphries ran his eye over the notes he had made.

"There is just one more question I should like to ask you, Miss Trevert." he said, "rather a personal question."

Mary Trevert's hands twisted the cambric handkerchief into a little ball and slowly unwound it again. But her face remained quite calm.

"About your engagement to Mr. Parrish....when did it take place?"

"Some days ago. It has not yet been announced."

The Inspector coughed.

"I was only wondering whether, perhaps, Mr. Parrish was not quite... whether he was, maybe, a little disturbed in his mind about the engagement...."

The girl hesitated. Then, she said firmly:

"Mr. Parrish was perfectly happy about it. He was looking forward to our being married in the spring."

Mr. Humphries shut his note-book with a snap and rose to his feet

"Thank you very much ma'am." he said with a little formal bow. "If you will excuse me now. I have the doctor to see again and there's the Coroner to be warned..."

He bowed again and tramped towards the door with a tread that made the chandelier tinkle melodiously.

The door closed behind him and his heavy footsteps died away along the corridor. Mary Trevort had risen to her feet calm and impassive. But when he had gone her bosom began to heave and a spasm of pain shot across her face. Again the tears welled up in her eyes, brimmed over and stole down her cheeks.

"If I only *knew*!' she sobbed, "if I only *knew*!"

### CHAPTER VII
### Voices in the Library

THE swift tragedy of the winter afternoon had convulsed the well-organised repose of Hartley Parrish's household.

It was into a house in turmoil that Mary Trevert stepped when she left the drawing room and passed along the corridor to go to her room. In the hall a knot of servants were gossiping in frightened whispers with a couple of large, rather bovine country constables, who, bareheaded, without their helmets, which they held under their arms, looked curiously undressed. Through the half-open green baize door leading to the servants' quarters some unseen person was bawling down the telephone in a heated controversy with the exchange about a long-distance call to London. And but an hour since, the girl reflected sadly as she mounted the oaken staircase, the house had been wrapped in its wonted evening silence in response to that firm and dominating personality who had passed out in the gloom of the winter twilight.

When, about six months before, Mary and her mother had begun to be regular visitors at Harkings, Hartley Parrish had insisted on giving Mary a boudoir to herself. This, in response to a chance remark of Mary's in admiration of a Chinese room she had seen at a friend's house, Parrish had had decorated in the Chinese style with black walls and black and gold lacquer furniture. The room had been transformed from a rather prosaic morning-room with old oak and chintz in the space of three days as a surprise for Mary. She remembered now how Parrish had left her to make the discovery of the change for herself. She loved color and line and the contrast between this quaint and delightful room with her rather shabby bedroom in her mother's small house in Brompton had made this surprise one of the most delightful she had ever experienced.

She rang the bell and sat down listlessly in a charmingly lacquered Louis XVI arm-chair in front of the log-fire blazing brightly in the fireplace. She was conscious that a great disaster had overtaken her but only dimly conscious.

**WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR,**—*Mary Trevert, charming, young, aristocratic, in order to secure a comfortable income for her mother, has agreed to marry Hartley Parrish, a hard, cold man of immense wealth, in preference to Robin Greve, a young man of promise and good looks but slim of purse. Following a quarrel over this, Greve leaves the girl making dark insinuations about Parrish. A few moments later a shot in the library is heard, and, later, Parrish is found on the floor before his desk, clutching an automatic pistol, a bullet-hole through his heart. Though the library door was locked, subsequent investigation proves that Parrish did not shoot himself. During an examination of Mary Trevor, the inspector of detectives produces a sealed letter from Parrish to Miss Trevert.*



The girl gave a little gasp. Then she stretched out her hand and touched his arm. "But Robin," she spoke in quick gasps; "you can't give the police this evidence of Bude's."

ROBIN had always been her hero. She could see him now in the glow of the fire as he had been when in the holidays he had come and snatched her away from a home already drab and difficult for a matinee and an orgie of cream cakes at Gunter's afterwards. He was then a long, slim, handsome boy of irrepressible spirits and impulsive generosity which usually left him after the first few days of his holidays in a state of lamentable impecuniosity. All their lives, it seemed to her, they had been friends, but with no stronger feeling between them until Robin, having joined the Army on the outbreak of war, had come to say good-by on being ordered to France.

But by that time money troubles at home with which as it seemed to her, she had been surrounded all her life had grown so pressing that, apart from Lady Mary's reiterated counsels, she herself had come to recognise that a suitable marriage was the only way out of their ever-increasing embarrassment.

She and Robin, she recalled with a feeling of relief had never discussed the matter. He, too, had understood and had sailed for France without seeking to take advantage of the circumstances.

Outside in the black night a car throbbed. Footsteps crunched the gravel beneath her window. The sounds brought her back to the present with a sudden pang. She began to think of Hartley Parrish. All her life she had been so very poor that, until she had met this big, vigorous, intensely vital man, she had never known what a lavish command of money meant. Hartley Parrish did things in a big way. If he wanted a thing he bought it, as he had bought Bude, as he had bought a car he had seen standing outside a Pall Mall club and admired. He had rooted the owner out, bade him name his price and had paid it, there and then, by cheque and driven Mary off to a lawn-tennis tournament at Queen's, hugely delighted by her bewilderment.

She did not love him. She could never have learnt to love him. There was a gleeful zest in his enjoyment of his money, an ostentatious parade of his riches which repelled her. And there was a look in his face, those narrow eyes, that hard mouth, which revealed to her womanly intuition a ruthlessness which she guessed he kept for his business. But she liked him, especially his reverent and chivalrous devotion to her; and the thought that his dominating and vital personality was extinguished forever made her conscious of a great void in her life.

And now she was rich Hartley Parrish's idea of "proper provision" for her, she knew meant wealth for her beyond anything she had ever dreamed.

SHE stretched her hands out to the blaze. Was she free to love? What had driven Hartley Parrish to suicide? Or who? She went over in her mind her interview with Robin

Greve in the billiard-room. He had spoken of other women in connection with Hartley Parrish. Had he used that knowledge to threaten his rival? What had Robin done after he had left her that afternoon with his final taunt?

Shd felt the blood rise to her cheeks as she thought of it. Mary Trevert had all the pride of her ancient race. The recollection of that taunt galled her. Her loyalty to the man from whom she had received nothing but chivalry, whose fortune was to banish a hideous nightmare from her life, rose up in arms. What had Robin done? She must know the truth....

A tap came at the door. Bude appeared.

"I think you rang, Miss," he said in his quiet, deep voice. "I was with the Inspector, Miss, and I couldn't come before. Was there anything?....."

The girl turned in her chair.

"Come in and shut the door, Bude," she said. "I want to speak to you."

The butler obeyed and came over to where she sat. He seemed ill at ease and rather apprehensive.

"Bude," said the girl, "I want you to tell me why you were certain that Mr. Greve was going to Mr. Parrish in the library when he passed you in the hall this afternoon?"

The butler smoothed his hands down his trousers in embarrassment.

"I thought he....Mr. Greve....would be sure to be going to fetch Mr. Parrish in to tea, Miss.." he replied eyeing the girl anxiously.

Mary Trevert continued gazing into the fire.

"You know it is a rule in this house, Bude," she said, "that Mr. Parrish is never disturbed in the library...."

The butler changed his position uneasily.

"Yes, Miss, but I thought....."

Slowly Mary Trevert turned and looked at the man.

"Bude,"....her voice was very calm...."I want you to tell me the truth. You know that Mr. Greve went in to Mr. Parrish...."

Bude looked uneasily about him.

"Oh, Miss," he answered almost in a whisper, "whatever are you saying?"

"I want your answer, Bude," the girl said coldly.

Bude did not speak. He rubbed his hands up and down his trousers in desperation.

"I wish to know why Mr. Parrish did this thing, Bude. I mean to know. And I think you are keeping something back!"

The challenge resounded clearly, firmly.

"Miss Trevert, ma'am," the butler said in a low voice, "I wouldn't take it upon me to say anything as would get anybody in this house into trouble...."

"You saw Mr. Greve go in to Mr. Parrish?"

The butler raised his hands in a quick gesture of denial

"God forbid, Miss!" he ejaculated in horror.

"What, then, do you know that is likely to get anybody here into trouble?"

The butler hesitated an instant. Then he spoke.

"THAT Inspector Humphries has been asking me questions, Miss, in a nasty suspicious sort o' way. I told him what I told him already, that just after I'd done serving the tea Mr. Greve crossed the hall and went down the library corridor...."

"You didn't tell him everything, Bude?"



"Are you personally satisfied, Mr. Manderton, that Mr. Parrish shot himself?"

The butler took a step nearer.

"Oh, Miss," he said lowering his voice, "if you'll pardon my frankness but I know as how you and Mr Greve are old friends and I wouldn't take it upon me to tell the police any thing as might...."

Mary Trevert stood up and faced the man.

"Bude," said she, "Mr. Parrish was your master, a kind and generous master as he was kind and generous to everyone in this house. We must clear up the mystery of his....of his death. Neither you nor I nor Mr. Greve nor anybody must stand in the way. Now tell me the truth!"

She dropped back into her chair. She gave the order imperiously like the mistress of the house. The butler, trained through life to receive orders, surrendered.

"There's nothing much to tell, Miss. When Mr. Humphries asked me if I were the last person to see Mr. Parrish alive I made sure that Mr. Greve would say he had been in to tell him tea was ready. But Mr. Greve who heard the Inspector's question and my answer said nothing. So I thought, maybe, he had his reasons and I did not see exactly as how it was my place....."

Mary Trevert tapped with her foot impatiently.

"But what grounds have you for saying that Mr. Greve went in to Mr. Parrish? Mr. Greve declared quite positively that he went out by the side door and did not go into the library at all."

"But, Miss, I heard him speaking to Mr. Parrish ...."

The girl turned round and the man saw fear in her wide open eyes.

The butler put his hand on the back of her chair and leaned forward.

"Better leave things where they are, Miss," he said in a low voice. "Mr. Parrish, I daresay, had his reasons. He's gone to his last account now. What does it matter why he done it...."

The man was agitated and in his emotion his carefully studied English was forsaking him.

But the girl broke in incisively.

"Please explain what you mean!" she commanded.

"Why, Miss," replied the butler, "we know that M. Greve had no call to like Mr. Parrish seeing how things were between you and the master...."

"You mean the servants know that Mr. Parrish and I wer engaged...."

Bude made a deprecatory gesture.

"Know, Miss? I wouldn't go so far as to say 'know'. But there has been some talk in the servants' 'all Miss. You know what young female servants are, Miss...."

"And you think that Mr. Greve went to Mr. Parrish to talk about.. me?"

MARY Trevert's voice faltered a little. She looked eagerly at the other's fat, smooth face.

"I presoomed as much, Miss, I must confess!"

"But what did you hear Mr. Greve say?"

"I heard nothing, Miss, except just only the sound of voices. After Mr. Greve had crossed me in the hall I took the salver I was carrying into the butler's pantry. I stayed there a minute or two and then I remembered I had not collected the letters from the box in the hall for the chauffeur to take to the post, the same as he does every evening. I went back to the hall and just as I opened the green baize door I heard voices from the library...."

"Was it Mr. Greve's voice?"

"I cannot say, Miss. It was just the sound of voices, rather loud like. I caught the sound because the door leading from the hall to the library corridor was ajar. Mr. Greve must have forgotten to shut it."

"What did you do?"

"Well, Miss, I closed the corridor door...."

"Why did you do that?"

"Well, Miss, seeing the voices sounded angry-like I thought perhaps it would be better not to let anyone else hear..And Mr. Greve looked upset-like when he passed me. He gave me quite a turn, he did, when I saw his face under the hall lamp...."

"Did you stay there....and listen?"

Bude drew himself up.

"That is not my 'abit, Miss, not 'ere nor in hany of the 'ouses where I 'ave seen service...."

The butler broke off. The 'h's' were too much for him in his indignation.

"I didn't mean to suggest anything underhand," the girl said quickly. "I mean, did you hear any more?"

"No, Miss. I emptied the letter-box and took the letters to the servants' hall."

"But," said Mary in a puzzled way, "why do you say it was Mr. Greve if you didn't hear his voice?"

Bude spread out his hands in bewilderment.

"Who else should it have been, Miss? Sir Horace and the doctor were in the lounge at t a. Jay and Robert were in the servants' hall. It could have been nobody else...."

The girl's head sank slowly on her breast. She was silent. The butler shifted his position.

"Was there anything more, Miss?" he asked after a little while.

"There is nothing further, thank you, Bude," replied Mary. "About Mr. Greve,—I am sure there must be some mistake....he cannot have understood Mr. Humphries' question. I'll ask him about it when I see him. I don't think I shou d say anything to the Inspector about it, at any rate, not until I've seen Mr. Greve. He'll probably speak to you about it himself...."

Bude made a motion as though he were going to say something. Then apparently he thought better of it for he made a little formal bow and in his usual s`ow and dignified manner made his exit from the room.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Robin goes to Mary

THE house telephone, standing on the long and gracefully designed desk with its elaborately lacquered top, whirred. Mary started from her reverie in her chair by the fire. By the clock on the mantel-shelf she saw that it was a quarter past eight. She remembered that once her mother had knocked at her door and bidden her come down to dinner. She had refused the invitation, declined to unlock the door.

She lifted the receiver.

"That you, Mary?"

Robin was speaking.

"May I come up and see you? Or would you rather be left alone?"

His firm, pleasant voice greatly comforted her. Only then she realised how greatly she craved sympathy. But the recollection of Bude's story suddenly interposed itself like a barrier between them.

"Yes, com- up," she said, "I want to peak to you!"

Her voice was dispirited.

"I don't want to see him," she told herself as she replaced the receiver, got up and unlocked the door, "but I must *know*!"

A gentle tap came at the door. Robin came in quickly and crossed to where she stood by the fire.

"My dear!" he said and put out his hands.

Her hands were behind her back, the fingers nervously intertwining. She kept them there and made no sign that she had observed his gesture.

He looked at her in surprise.

"This has been terrible for you, Mary," he said. "I wish to God I could make you realise how very, very much I feel for you in what you must be going through...."

The phrase was formal and he brought it out irresolutely, chilled as he was by her reception. She was looking at him dispassionately, her forehead a little puckered, her eyes a trifle hard.

"Won't you sit down," she said, "there is something I wanted to say!"

He was looking at her now in a puzzled fashion. With rather feigned deliberation he choose a chair and sat down facing the fire. A lamp on the mantelpiece—the only light in the room—th ew its rays on his face. His chin was set rather more squarely than his wont and his eyes were shining.

"Mary,"—he leant forward towards her—"please forget what I said this afternoon. It was beastly of me but I hardly knew what I was doing...."

SHE made a little gesture as if to waive his apology aside. Then, with her hands clasped in front of her, scanning the nails, she asked, almost casually:

"What did you say to Hartley Parrish in the library this afternoon?"

Robin stared at her in amazement.

"But I was not in the library!" he answered

The girl dropped her hands sharply to her side.

"Don't quibble with me, Robin," she said. "What did you say to Hartley Parrish after you left me this afternoon in the billiard-room?"

He was still staring at her bu' now there was a deep furrow between his brows. He was breathing rather hard

"I did not speak to Parrish at all after I 'eft you."

His answer was curt and incisive.

"Do you mean to tell me," Mary said, "that after you left me and went down the corridor towards the library you neither went in to Hartley nor spoke to him?"

"I do!"

"Then how do you account for the fact that almost immediately after you had crossed Bude in the hall, he heard the sound of voices in the library?"

Robin Greve stood up abruptly.

"Bude, you say, makes this statement?"

"Certainly!"

"To whom, may I ask?"

He spoke sharply and there was a challenging ring in his voice. It nettled the girl.

"Only to me," she said quickly, and added: "you needn't think he has told the police!"

Very deliberately Robin plucked his handkerchief from his sleeve, wiped his lips and replaced it. The girl saw that his hands were trembling.

"Why do you say that to me?" he demanded rather fiercely.

Mary Trevert shrugged her shoulders.

"THIS afternoon," she said, "when I told you of my engagement to Hartley you began by abusing him to me, you rushed from the room making straight for the library where we all know that Hartley was working and a few minutes after Bude hears voices raised in anger proceeding from there. The next thing we know is that Hartley has...."

She broke off and looked away.

"Mary,"—Robin's voice was grave and he had mastered all signs of irritation, "you and I have known one another all our lives. You ought to know me well enough by now to understand that I don't tell you lies. When I say I haven't seen or spoken to Hartley Parrish since lunch this afternoon, that is the truth!"

"How can it be the truth?" the girl insisted. "Horace and Dr. Romain were both in the library, Bude was in the hall, the other men servants were in the servants' hall. You are the only man in the house not accounted for and a minute before Bude heard these voices you go down the corridor towards the library. I can understand you wanting to keep it from the police, but why do you want to decieve me?"

"Mary," answered the young man sternly, "I know you're upset but that's no justification for persisting in this stupid charge against me. I tell you I never saw Parrish or spoke to him, either, between lunch and when I saw him lying dead in the library. I am not going to repeat the denial. But you may as well understand now that I am not in the habit of allowing my friends to doubt my word!"

Mary flamed up at his tone.

"If you are my friend," she cried, "why can t you trust me? Why should I find this out from Bude? Why should I be humiliated by hearing from the butler that he kept his evidence from the police in order to please me because you and I are friends? I am only trying to help you, to shield you...."

"That will do, Mary," he said. "No, you must hear what I have to say. If you insist on disbelieving me, you must. But I don't want you to help me. I don't want you to shield me. I shall make it my business to see that Bude's evidence is bro ght before the detective inspector from Scotland Yard who is being brought down here to handle the case...."

"A detective from Scotland Yard?" the girl repeated.

"Yes, a detective. Humphries is puzzled by several points about this case and has asked for assistance from London. He is right. Neither the circumstances of Parrish's death nor the motive of his act are clear. Bude's evidence is sufficient proof that somebody did gain access to the library this afternoon. In that case...."

"Yes...."

"In that case," said Greve slowly, "it may not be suicide...."

Mary put one hand suddenly to her face as women do when they are frightened. She shrank back.

"You mean...."

He nodded.

"Murder!"

The girl gave a little gasp. Then she stretched out her hand and touched his arm.

"But, Robin," she spoke in quick gasps; "you can't give the police this evidence of Bude's. Don't you see it incriminates *you*? Don't you realise that every scrap of evidence points to you as being the man that visited Mr. Parrish in the library this afternoon? You're a lawyer, Robin. You und rstand these things. Don't you see what I mean?"

He nodded curtly.

"Perfectly," he replied coldly.

"Bude will do what I tel' him," the gir hurried on. "There is no need for the police to know...."

"On the contrary," said the other imperturbably, "it is essential they should be told at once."

THE girl grasped the lapels of his coat in her two hands. Her breath came quickly and she trembled all over.

"Are you mad, Robin?" she cried. "Who should have wanted to kill poor Hartley? Why should you put these ideas into the heads of the police? Bude may have imagined everything. Now you'll be sensible and promis me...."

Very gently he detached the two slim hands that held his coat. His mouth was set in a firm line.

'We are going to sift this thing to the bottom, Mary," he said, "no matter what are the consequences. You owe it to Parrish and you owe it to me...."

The telephone trilled suddenly.

Robin picked up th- receiver.

"Yes, Bude," he said.

There was a moment's silence in the room broken as the clock on the mantlepiece chimed nine time-. Then Robin said into the telephone:

"Right! Tell him I'll be down immediately!"

He put down the receiver and turned to Mary.

"A detective Inspector has arrived from London. He is asking to see me. I must go downstairs."

Mary, her elbows on the mantelpiece, was staring into the fire. At the sound of his voice she swung round quickly.

*Continued on page 32*



**Manderton lifted his eyes and looked at the young man. Robin met his gaze unhesitatingly**

# DEAN OF THE TRAILSMEN

*By* CHARLES C. JENKINS

FOR MOST men, red-blooded or aesthetic, the bush has a compelling fascination. There is a something in the very word that smacks of mighty mystery; of an exotic realm of strange sounds and grim stillnesses—the *Bush*. One thinks of it as a place where men go in and are swallowed—swallowed mentally and spiritually as well as physically. For the bush, like the sea, ordains that all and sundry who traverse its fastnesses must conform to its moods. Rich or poor, polished or illiterate, men sink or rise to a common level inside its boundaries through force of necessity and the reaction upon their wills, be they strong or weak. There Man discovers himself for the puny, dependent atom that he is—discovers the real Man that lies beneath all the shoddy and veneer of so-called civilization. He learns more about himself in one week alone in the woods than he might glean through years of reading and self-analysis elsewhere.

The enforced democracy of the wilderness is no doubt the genesis of its tremendous appeal to the primitive in mankind's make-up—perhaps one of the *motifs* of great thinkers in every age who have loved and eulogized the solitudes.

With the majority of everyday men the lure of the bush is of a transitory nature. A week or so spent there during the fishing or hunting season suffices, and they are then quite satisfied to return to their routine tasks in the midst of civilization for the balance of the year. Then again there are but a few to whom the bush life is not a thing apart but their whole existence, and for such men life in densely-populated areas has no attractions compared with that in the trackless wilds.

### The Oldest of White Guides

NEW BRUNSWICK with its vast and picturesque hinterlands, naturally enough, has several such men, the most notable of whom is Henry Alfred Braithwaite—believed to be the oldest white guide in Canada—the oldest undoubtedly in years of service. A remarkable man is Braithwaite entirely aside from his many thrilling adventures. Picture a man slightly over medium height, of medium build, straight as an Indian runner, supple as a youth of twenty, step light and firm like an athlete's and a set of gleaming white teeth, complete all but one. Fancy such a man and you have a mental "close-up" of Henry Braithwaite, guide and trapper, who was born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, eighty years ago, and who, after spending sixty-six years in the bush, says that the lure of the life is as strong upon him as in his boyhood days. He claims that he positively cannot settle down to the ease of civilized life despite his ambition to "go west when he has to in a white man's bed."

Here is an odd paradox in human craving; that a man loving the woods and the life in the open more than any other should prefer to die in the surroundings of the city. It is not an unusual trait, however. I once heard a fur-trader in the Northwest express the same desire.

So strong was this penchant in Henry Braithwaite that three winters ago when he was overcome with pneumonia in the woods, fifty miles from the nearest settlement, he fought the dread malady alone in his shack day after day in excruciating pain and misery with a fixed determination to live—not for what was left of life for him, but to exist long enough to drag himself to his home in Fredericton that he "might die like a white man," for Mr. Braithwaite at the time never expected to recover from the attack.

During the winter of 1919 Mr. Braithwaite was suddenly overtaken in the open woods with alternating chills and fever and a great weakness accompanied by stabbing pains in the back. He knew what that meant, the deadly "flu" and possibly pneumonia. He was half a hundred miles from any other living human being. Medical aid and nursing were therefore out of the question.

### A Period of Keen Torture

SOMEHOW the afflicted man managed to half crawl and walk to his camp. There he made as rapid preparations as possible to withstand the seige of sickness. First of all, he got in a great supply of fire-wood, made up a huge pot of broth and arranged a bunk close enough to the stove to be able to tend the fire and reach the broth without getting up from his couch. This all happened in February, in the depth of a winter that was one of the most severe New Brunswick had experienced in years, the thermometer dropping as low as forty below zero in the woods. What he went through in the following dark days that lengthened into weeks the venerable guide does not like to recall. Memory of it even is torturing. But as he lingered on his bunk, scarcely daring to move for the pain that wracked his system, at times scarcely conscious, when Death's cold shadow seemed hovering over him, he kept before him one fixed prayer—that he might recover sufficiently to reach his home and people in Fredericton before he succumbed.

The strange thing is that he was able to do that very thing. A stranger thing is that he entirely recovered from what his family doctor diagnosed as acute pneumonia. Though he knew the malady still clung to him, his determination to reach home seemed to infuse him with an artificial strength, and one day he got up from his bunk, dressed warmly, and, with his blankets and a small supply of food, set out through the woods to the nearest settlement. Because of his run-down condition he could make but slow progress on his snow-shoes, and he had to sleep in the open by a tended fire at night. According to all precedent, such an expedition should have brought on a relapse of pneumonia with fatal results, but in Henry Braithwaite's case it must have been the triumph of mind over matter. He reached the settlement on the edge of the woods, was driven to the railway station, and, on gaining his home in Fredericton, went immediately to bed expecting the end was near at hand. Instead, however, he made rapid recovery, the medical attendant stating that he had passed the critical stage of pneumonia siege in the woods unattended—a battle for his life which might have ended otherwise, the doctor said, had he been in the city when he was stricken down.



Wild things come out of the woods at his call. 1 moose swimming out from the thicket at Guide Braithwaite's call. 2. The same animal "posing" for its picture in MACLEAN'S at the command of Mr. Braithwaite. 3. A young bull moose called out of the woods by Mr. Braithwaite. This animal is "in velvet," its new horn being only partially grown. Note the great ears of the moose which are said to be the most sensitive of the denizens of the wild.

### A Grand old Man of the Woods

HENRY ALFRED BRAITHWAITE is a grand Old Man of the Bush. He is like a last golden shaft left behind by a day whose sun has set—a last reminder of those sterling ancestors of ours, who, undaunted by the tremendous difficulties and dangers that beset them, vanquished the wilderness and its terrors and made Canada a habitable country for their children and their children's children. "Pioneer" is stamped all over his personality.

Mr. Braithwaite was born in Fredericton eighty years ago last January, and he has lived in his native province all his life. Since the earliest he can remember the deep woods called to him. His parents were pioneers and did not discourage his early desire to roam the wild. When he was fourteen years of age he made his first long expedition into the wilderness, and that fall, with a muzzle-loading musket, brought down his first moose. Since then he has spent the major portion of his life in the woods, hunting, trapping, acting as guide and teaching other guides. Many of New Brunswick's professional guides today took their first lessons in bush-craft under Henry Braithwaite.

Mr. Braithwaite made his first trip into the woods as an understudy of the famous old Indian guide, Gabey, who later was taken overseas to exhibit his prowess before old country audiences, including royalty. It was from Gabey that he learned how to find his way about the seemingly trackless wild, to hunt and trap game and to read the signs of the forest.

Old Gabey was taking into the woods on this particular occasion a party of old Country sportsmen, out to hunt moose and deer, and at the very start, so to speak, young Braithwaite got his first opportunity to prove his courage and initiative. It seems when they reached the camp and had unpacked it was discovered with considerable disappointment that one packing-case was missing. It was surmised that they must have neglected to put it on the hand-sleighs at the end of the wagon-road many miles distant. While they were lamenting the loss young Braithwaite came forward and volunteered to take a hand-sleigh and go back for the missing package. Some of the party doubted the boy's chances of making his way out of the woods and back again successfully, but he was so certain he could do it and begged so hard for the opportunity that they finally agreed to let him go. Alone with his rifle and such provisions as he needed for the trip out and back, the youthful Braithwaite found himself in his element.

He located the packing-case that had been left behind and returned with it successfully.

### Why They Cheered So Lustily

"AS I NEARED the camp pulling the sleigh that carried the package," recounts Mr. Braithwaite in telling of the incident, "they were all standing in a bunch waiting for me. When I drew nearer, they gave three hearty cheers and a 'tiger.' I was quite elated over that, but a few moments later was somewhat puzzled to know whether the cheers were for my feat in bringing the package to camp or for what the package contained. It turned out to be a case of imported whiskey. Finally, with the optimism of boyhood, I concluded that the honors offered in the ovation were fifty per cent for me and fifty per cent for John Barleycorn. They sold pure whiskey in those days."

Since that time Mr. Braithwaite has acted as guide for a great many hunting parties in New Brunswick and tutored many young guides, but of late years he has confined himself to his trapping expeditions, and taking it easy at his camp. Bear-trapping has been one of his chief occupations, and some of the animals captured alive by him are now in the zoos of the large cities. He has had a number of thrilling experiences in the taking of bears in particular.

Most hunters and trappers shoot a trapped bear through the head or some other vital spot. Mr. Braithwaite, however, has never dispatched a trapped bear with a gun. His method is to approach Bruin cautiously and deliver him his quietus with a blow behind the ear with the blunt side of an axe.

*Continued on page 32*

# THE VALLEY OF GOLD

*By* DAVID HOWARTH

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

AS he spoke, Bobs came to an abrupt Mary glanced ahead. Foyle sto stop their path, his hands grasping the bridle rein. Instantly the girl realized an ambuscade. With a low, frightened cry she plunged the spurs into Bobs' flanks. Blocked in front he reared, tossing his head. His wild leap lifted Foyle and threw him over the railing of the bridge. A second leap and he snapped the rein out of Foyle's hands, dropping him into the water beneath. He had shaken one assailant, however, only to be confronted by another.

"Do not be alarmed, Mary," cried Sykes, as he grasped the bridle. "No harm will come to you." With Bobs plunging violently, the girl drew the automatic.

"Let go," was her stern command, "or I'll shoot."

"Blaze away, Mary!" was the cool reply, as he dodged for shelter behind Bobs' head.

Unhesitatingly the girl pulled and the gun spat its stream of lead. In the confusion of the leaping horse and her dodging target with the effort to sit her saddle, the balls went wide. Not all, however, for twice came the soft wheeze of ball piercing flesh. As the balls went home, Sykes cried out, though his vigour remained unimpaired. Aware that the clip was empty she dropped the gun and addressed herself to sitting the saddle and urging Bobs in his furious struggles to free himself.

Snorting in terror, the horse leaped into the ditch, dragging Sykes with him into the trees. Plunging violently the horse galloped up the hillside through the grove. Mary kept her seat, Bobs dodging in wild plunging leaps among the trunks, until a low limb swept across their path. She could not avoid it and it caught her full in the face. sweeping her from the saddle. The powerful rebound of the strong branch flung her to the ground, where she lay quiet, a bit of white in the shrubs.

Relieved of her weight and still further terrorized, Bobs tore free from Sykes and whirling about, dashed down the Cut. Running quickly to where the still figure lay in the underbrush, Sykes picked it up in his arms and carried it into a thicket of great trees. At that instant Foyle ran up.

"Got the girl!" he applauded.

"Catch that horse," directed Sykes. "If he gets away he'll bring a nest of hornets about our ears. Run the carriage out of sight until we are ready. We made some change in our plans this morning. We are crossing the lake to Magee's Cove. The horses are waiting there. I am making a change in our plans. McClure thinks we are taking the Limited for the West. Instead we are making a bee-line for Uncle Sam's the instant we reach the Cove. The plucky chit got me twice in the right arm. Hold the carriage ready. You'll never catch that broncho."

Foyle hastened away to do Sykes' bidding.

As Sykes looked upon the face so cruelly torn he was touched. He passed his hand over his brow irresolute. Only a moment and the compunction vanished. Shutting his jaw he muttered in determination:

"I've got you at last, Mary, and you stay with me. Nothing in God's world will take you from me—and live."




Unhesitatingly the girl pulled and the gun spat its stream of lead.

XXIV

### The Storm Rock

HOUR succeeded hour with snail-footed pace as Nick Ford stood lashed to his tree. He fought with his gag but it was jammed firmly into his mouth and held with tight wrapped bands. The coils of the stout leather reins swathed him securely to the tree. At noon he heard Ned ride by and repass on his way home again. The rider was scarcely thirty yards away. He made a fresh fight to free himself, but without avail. He had ceased to struggle long before Mary cantered by on Bobs as she set out for home. A pang smote the man as he realized that he had failed to warn her of her danger. As the sound of the horse's hoofs died away a strange emotion shook him. Weak from his struggles and the numbing pressure of his lashings, a pathetic sense of guilt crept accusingly over him. Big tears oozed out and rolled down his cheeks. Half crazed he prayed wild prayers that the girl might escape the evil fate lurking on her trail and get safely out of danger

An hour passed and he heard a voice call through the trees. Some urchin was seeking his cows. From the sound of the boy's approach he was coming straight for him. He was very near. Would he penetrate the bluff? The spot was quiet. Evidently the boy listened, but no sound occurring to attract his curiosity, he turned, whistling away; essaying some other quarter. Then happened a surprising thing. He had made but a few steps through the grass when Nick's horse lifted a sonorous whinny. Nick fervently blessed him for the intervention. It sounded like the sweetest music. The boy halted as if shot and whirling about ran into the bluff. He found the horse and vehicle at once and, a moment later, the man. Alarmed at first he retreated, but in a little set busily to work releasing the captive. In a very short time Nick was free.

"You are a good boy," said he gratefully as he made swift preparations for the ride to the homestead. "I was tied to that tree by a couple of scamps. I'll let you know all about it again. Just now I am in a great hurry to let Ned Pullar know, for he is mighty interested. Many thanks, lad. Bye, bye."

The boy gazed with astonished eyes as the man leaped on the bare back of his horse and galloped through the trees.

Nick soon clattered into the Pullar yard. At the sound of the horseman Ned and his father stepped out of the stable. The sight of the rider and his evident excitement filled Ned with foreboding.

"Why the rush, Nick?" said he as he ran up.

"Listen hard, Ned," was the swift reply. "Get your bronc. I can talk while you saddle. I hit out this way this morning to let you know, but Sykes and Foyle copped me in the bluff near the school. You're up against blankety hard luck. That deal of Foyle's was a frame-up. I was in it and helped the gang dope your old man. I'm squealing now because you've got the whitest little girl in the West, and you'll have to burn the trail if you are going to save her from Reddy Sykes. McClure's bloods are waiting somewhere over the lake to run them to Whytewold. There they take the Limited for God knows where. You may be able to overhaul them, for this wind is mussing up the lake something fierce and they'll lose a couple of hours scooting around the west end. Take a look at Grant's Landing on the go-by."

By the time Nick uttered the last words Ned was in the saddle.

"Thank you, Nick," was his grateful cry as he flashed away.

"We'll follow him," cried Edward Pullar, as he watched the flying horseman vanish at the end of the lane. "Sykes is a dangerous man and the lad has nothing but his bare hands."

Leaning low over Darkey's neck, Ned heartened the lithe brute with the courage of his voice. As they flew along, the school gleamed down a vista. The memory of their last moments together, of the small white figure so lonely and beset, swept him with an agony of apprehension. Though his horse was skimming the trail with the speed of a swallow, their pace seemed laggard to the anguished rider and he plunged in his spurs. Smitten with fear, the animal leaped ahead at break-neck speed. Instantly Ned realized the wantonness of the act. Pulling gently he called penitently into the black ears:

"Forgive me, Darkey. I was cruel. I will do it no more. But carry me fast, lad."

THE kind tone soothed the horse and he settled into a steady stride that devoured the miles. Overhead a change had taken place unnoticed by Ned in the hurry-skurry of his start. The belt of blue clouds had spread over the sky. Above was the explosion and flame of the breaking storm, about him the whirl of the wind and en-

veloping clouds of dust. It was a wild race through the hurricane to the brow of the Northwest Cut. Recklessly they dashed down the ravine, the sound of the pounding hoofs lost in the roar of the tempest. The dense cloud masses flung over them the shadow of a deep twilight.

Bursting from the Cut he halted on the crown of the slope. Below was the lake, a frowning gloom, horrible with white fangs of the storm caps. High over the Storm Rock rose an ominous cloud of spray. Above the hiss of the whistling wind he could hear the low moan of writhing waters. Swiftly he read the turbid surface, tracing the short line now scarcely distinguishable in the brown murk. Near at hand was Grant's Landing. He started as he detected upon it a group of people. They were looking out into the lake. At sight of them, there came to him an augury of evil. With a heavy foreboding he sent his horse thundering down the slope. Leaping from the saddle he ran in among the watchers. In the uproar they had not heard him ride up.

"There is something wrong!" cried a fearful voice. "They are drifting. They will strike the rock."

He recognized the voice of Margaret Grant.

Her father was the first to discover his presence.

"Aye, lad! Is it you? 'Tis terrible distress we are in. McClure's bairn is oot on the fell water."

He pointed to the foam-streaked lake.

"Where are they?" shouted Ned.

Margaret heard his voice.

"Ned, Ned!" she cried, running to him. "Mary's out on the lake with Sykes and Foyle. There they are."

Straining his eyes he followed her hand. The boat was far out, visible only in fleeting glimpses when riding the crest of a wave. They were running before the wind, bearing down on the Storm Rock. Should the boat strike, it would be crushed like an egg-shell. They were now so close no escape was possible. It was but a matter of moments.

As the terrible truth came home to Ned, he stood motionless, impotent, looking with blanching face on the impending tragedy. A great sob rolled up his breast. He wanted to scream a warning over the chaos of wind and flood. Suddenly it seemed to him but a little way to Mary after all. Only the threatening chasm of the malignant waters. Should it keep them apart? He smiled that strange, innocent smile that came out somewhere from the indomitable depths of him. He would take up the gauge of the malign thing grinning at him out there in the gloom. He would swim to the rock. Running far up the shore he divested himself of boots, coat and vest and threw himself on the rollers.

Charley Grant had followed him, thinking he had espied some means of rescue. As he saw him plunge into the lake he shouted wildly:

"Come back, mon! Ye're daft to reesk it. Ye'll perish, lad."

But Ned could not hear him.

To the little company upon the landing it was a moment of horror. Their fearful interest alternated between the daring swimmer and the boat careering upon the rock.

"Mother! They are striking!" cried Margaret in a voice of awe.

As she was speaking the boat rose high, poised a moment on the black waters, then vanished.

All eyes were strained to snatch a glimpse of the unfortunate craft. But no vestige of it could they discover.

"They are gone, Mother! Gone!" moaned the girl, hiding her face in her mother's breast.

"Can you see the lad?" called the mother, her vision blurred in tears.

Shading his eyes, Charley Grant searched the waves.

"Aye, aye! I see him yet," was the relieved cry.

For a few minutes they were able to see the head of the swimmer bob about on the tossing flood. Then it, too, vanished in the ominous gloom.

SLUNG high on a hissing breaker, Ned saw the boat strike and go out like the snuffing of a light. For a moment his heart seemed to hold its beat and he lay weak and helpless in the trough of the wave. Then he prayed as men do when they come to grips with death. There came a response. A new vigour flooded his body and with strokes of powerful sweep, he swam on toward the rock. It was now down wind and he made straight for it, taking the chance of being dashed upon its granite face. Watching with eagle eye he bided his time, keeping his course dead upon the rock's centre. As it loomed above a huge swell lifted him. Blinded with spray he lay on the breaker awaiting the onset. It flung him on the rock with the catapult of its snapping crest. Holding out his hands he sought to ward the crash from his head. His strong arms took the impact, the bones of his shoulders creaking under the strain. Withal his head struck a jagged point. Sense reeled and he rolled hither and thither, like a log on the churning wash. By a mighty effort he righted himself and feeling a sharp edge clung to it with all the strength of his powerful clutch. Caught in the lateral flow of the split wave he was carried to the side. Clinging to the jutting ledge by a sort of hand-over-hand movement, he was floated around the rock. So far was he borne that he could see the quieter waters of the lee shelter. Ten feet more and he would be there. Then ensued a fierce struggle. The subsiding wave sought to drag him back into the lake. With hands torn on the ragged edges he fought to retain his precarious hold. A moment's baffling balancing and the wave passed on. Quickly he drew himself into a shielding niche. There he rested, breathing heavily. In a little he would search the rock.



Looking over the bare surface he was amazed to detect the rump stump of the ragged oak. Low at its base lay a clinging shadow —It was Mary. She was clinging to the oak.

Clambering up the side he attempted to scan the upper surface at the same instant lifting a shout. But the wind snatched the cry from his lips and flung him down the rock. The brief glance had disclosed to him an astonishing thing, however. The rock was as bare as the nude surface of a melting berg. The cottonwoods and their patch of clinging turf had been swept away, leaving only the naked contour of the original monolith. The emptiness of the place smote him with a dread fear. Climbing cautiously into the teeth of the storm he shouted again throwing a name into the uproar. But the wind hurled him back once more. As he caught his feet he was thrilled to hear a shout. It came from the spot where he had struck. Shouting with the full power of his throat he clambered to the edge. A heavy billow had dashed upon the reef, flinging aloft a cloud of spray. Something at the base of the cloud held his fascinated gaze. Fighting the buffeting deluge he sought to visualize the thing before him. In the blur of the gray mist he thought he defined a phantom figure balanced on the wave-battered edge of the rock. One arm hung strangely at its side, while the other was lifted in effort to maintain a footing upon the slippery surface. As he looked there was a thunderous roar. An enormous wave had rolled up. Lifting the struggling figure on its foaming crest it whisked it across the rock. In the swift passage it fought to catch its feet, succeeding for the briefest instant only. Upon the lee edge of the rock the figure stood up in the wave and lifted a warding hand. But it could not breast the whelming flow and was swept like a chip into the darkness beyond. As the figure vanished into the mists there broke on Ned's ear a weird shout. It sounded like the mocking laugh of a fiend.

A shudder swept over the hearer. The phantom was Chesley Sykes.

WHILE the horror of the moment was still heavy upon him he heard what seemed like an answering shout. The quality of it thrilled him, for it was a woman's cry. Looking over the bare surface he was amazed to detect the rump stump of the ragged oak. Low at its base lay a clinging shadow. Megaphoning with his hands he shouted with all his might. He was electrified to catch a distinct reply. The voice? He knew it. It was Mary. She was clinging to the oak.

Swamped by the panic of the mad moment he was about to dash over the rock, when there flashed before him the fate of that phantom figure. He restrained the wild desire and studying the rock saw that by a detour of the lee side he could reach to within a few yards of the oak. A swift run over a dangerous buttress and he would be with Mary. Fearful that the tremendous waves might wrench her free, he worked about the rock with furious impatience, making the circuit without mishap. With a sharp flit he was over the buttress.

The girl was plainly nearing the limit of her endurance and looked into his face with a half-fearful wonder as he lifted her in his arms.

"Ned!" she cried, "you are not Sykes? I thought I heard him cry a little ago with such a terrible, screaming laugh."

"It is Ned, dear," was his cry as he placed her more securely against the oak. "Rest a little. You are very weak but you will recover shortly."

Kneeling upon the rock, he took the oak in his hands, and, turning his back to the storm, crouched above her, so shielding her from the pounding waves and the chill of the hurricane. Huge billows continued to deluge the rock and their smashing force soon began to tell. She discovered before he did that his strength was going. After an exhausting struggle with an unusually powerful wave, she called to him.

"Let me go, Ned. You cannot stand much more. That last almost swung you about the tree."

"I will crouch lower," said Ned. "The wind will subside soon. Then I can carry you to that shelter under the ledge."

Thrilled by the magic of her clinging touch he would not acknowledge the fearful inroads the long struggle had made on his strength. Now he knew no terror. True, a dizziness would confuse him at times on the heels of the heavier swells, but he clutched the tree and clung till it passed.

"You cannot stand many more," cried the girl fearfully. "Leave me. You can still make the shelter or swim—"

"Hush, Mary!" was the cheery reply. "You would rob me of the happiest moment I have ever known. We'll stick together, dear. We are good for a lot of roughing yet."

"You will not leave me, Ned?"

"Not ever, Mary."

"Ned, dear heart!" was the caressing cry. "This is a wonderful moment. It is worth all the cruelty of these last, long months and the horror of this terrible day. You are the dearest pal."

"Pal?" cried Ned, looking into the dark eyes. "What pals we'll be!"

That they were tortured with the smiting waves and facing death with each succeeding roller, only enhanced the supreme joy of their confession.

"We are going to get out of this all right," said Ned, as he breathed heavily from a battle with a mighty wave. "You hardly think it possible, little one, you have been so broken by this battering storm. But we'll beat it all water, wind and human guile."

Suddenly he straightened up and placed hand to ear.

"Listen, Mary!" he called. "Can you not hear it? There are voices coming up the wind."

They listened. From the lee of the rock came a faint shout. Together they replied. Again the shout and this time astonishingly close.

"There is a boat near," cried Ned. "I caught a glimpse of it through the spray."

With the sudden prospect of rescue, hope leaped up

afresh. A new courage entered their minds and a strange new strength their bodies. Both were opportune, for now they entered upon a desperate struggle with successions of formidable waves. They had nearly passed when the black dizziness, that of late had been recurring with alarming frequency, fell suddenly upon Ned. Fainting under the exertion he sank. His head hung over the edge of the rock and only the super-human efforts of his companion prevented him from plunging headlong into the lake.

"Mary!" he cried as consciousness came dimly back. "I have been asleep. Did the roller beat me that time?"

"You were nearly gone," cried the girl faintly.

"How did you ever hold me, dear?"

"I don't know, Ned. But you are here. You cannot stand another. Is the boat near?"

The girl's voice had a terror in it that smote Ned with pity.

The boat at that moment rode through the choppy waves, to shelter at the base of the rock. The instant the prow struck a great figure leaped out of her and scrambled up over the ledge. As it straightened up for the dash to the oak, Ned was amazed to behold the face of Rob McClure. It was distorted by a terror born of no sense of physical danger. There was a poignant agony in his voice as he cried:

"Mary, Mary! Are you here?"

"She is here and safe," shouted Ned in reply.

Stooping down Ned exerted all his strength and lifting the small form, placed her in her father's arms.

"Brace against that stump," cried Ned as a billow hit them.

"Daddy! You have come!" cried the girl as she nestled in her father's arms. Upon her face was the look of wonder inexplicable with which she had greeted Ned. In Ned's eyes was a wonder even greater. He was pondering this astounding enigma when a cloud swept over his mind with a horrible enveloping and he fell on the rock. A fresh wave clutched him as two shadows darted to where he lay.

"Just in time!" cried the voice of Andy Bissett, as he fought the wave for possession of the inert form.

"Shure, 'tis full spint is the lad," was the response of Easy Murphy. "There's been a divil of a scrap wid wind and wathurr on this bauld-headed stone."

"It has been a wonderful fight," agreed Andy as they got their burden safely out of the clutch of the breakers.

"Thrue, me hearty! And the swate colleen wuz worth it, begobs."

In the boat were Lawrie and Jean Benoit and another —Foyle. He was haggard and dishevelled and silent.

Securing their precious salvage the crew explored the rock, shouting loudly in hope of another survivor, but the only reply was the uproar of the tempest. Convinced that no living thing remained they shoved off and ran for the southeast shore.

## XXV

### The Empty Saddle

AFTER tearing free from Sykes, Bobs galloped through the woods till with true broncho instinct he circled to the trail and shot post haste for home. After a time his terror passed and he reduced his speed to a comfortable canter, then to a trot and finally to a walk. Loitering leisurely along the way he nibbled choice tufts of grass.

When the hour of Mary's homecoming arrived and there was no sight of her along the Valley trail, Helen McClure grew mildly anxious. With the passage of an hour and still no sign she became alarmed and consulted McClure. He betrayed no evidences of anxiety and endeavoured to calm the agitated woman. It was during the furious outbreak of the storm that she saw the riderless horse trot swiftly down the lane. A dread seized her and she called to Rob.

He was seated in his office, his eye fixed in remarkable tenderness upon the two faces that for the last few days had haunted him. The anguished tone of his wife smote him and a wave of shame passed over his face. He dropped his head upon his hand. A curious enervation sapped his strength. That cry with its tender distress broke something hard within him. He could not lift up his head. The fact of the bribe and its mighty lure were forgotten. In the space of one marvellous instant he became humane. In upon him surged an overwhelming solicitude for Mary's safety. Endearing memories rushed upon him. His dishonour and the pathos of Mary's betrayal cried out in the smitten cry of his wife. Remorse and contrition were strangely confused in the mind that refused to work with its accustomed celerity. Grimly he reflected that the office of the blue automatic was desirable. Opening the drawer he thrust his hand within. The gun was gone. Who could take it? His wife? Mary? Ah, it was Mary. He brushed his brow in a troubled gesture. In upon the deepening gloom burst a disquieting fear.

"Rob!" came the cry again in a low frightened tone. "Bobs has come home without Mary. He must have thrown her. Perhaps she is injured or—killed."

"Tut, tut, Helen!" was his answer. "She is not hurt. Have no fear for Mary. She is too good a rider. She is walking along the trail."

"But it is so late," objected the mother anxiously.

Together they went out to where Bobs was refreshing himself at the trough. A quick examination of the horse aroused in McClure a new uneasiness. The bridle was torn and the rein gone. Suddenly Helen discovered something Rob hoped she would not see.

"Here are marks of the spurs," called his wife, "Mary never uses these terrible things."

She pointed to red dabs along the flank.

Passing about the horse Rob discovered a bloody mark on Bobs' white hip that aroused a panic in his own breast. Beneath the smear of blood there was no wound. His wife detected what he was looking at.

"That cannot be from the spurs," she cried in a stricken voice. "Mary has met with an accident that she made a wild effort to escape."

She sought his eye.

"Listen, Helen!" said he in a low tone, transfixed by her compelling glance. "Do not jump to wild conclusions and believe all I say. You may never forgive me. You must believe me. Mary is not hurt. She has gone with Chesley Sykes. They will come back again. He was to intercept her on her way from school. It was all arranged. I gave my consent and Hank Foyle was to help him out. He will marry our girl."

His confession had come in a slow, passionless voice. As the truth dawned upon her the blood receded from her face, leaving her white and haggard. Old age seemed to have fallen magically upon her. Her lips moved as if to



"This is our mad-moon," laughed Mary, softly.

speak, but no sound issued forth. She reeled as if struck. Rob threw his arms about her. At his touch she stood erect and rigid. Thrusting him gently from her she turned away with a low moan.

With bowed head he led Bobs to the stable and went slowly, dazedly into the house. All within was quiet. The stillness troubled him. His wife had secluded herself. He called her name but no answer came back. Making a swift search he found her at length in Mary's room. She knelt before the bed fondling some trinkets she had spread out upon the counterpane. Her eyes were fixed upon a tiny photograph. It was a likeness of Mary when a babe.

"Ah, poor little baby!" she whispered. "They have broken your poor dear little heart."

As Rob watched the stricken creature an exquisite pain stabbed his own soul. Walking over to her he threw his great arms about her.

"Listen, Helen," said he brokenly. "Before God Almighty I'll bring Mary back to you."

She seemed not to hear him.

Rising he walked out.

HITCHING up his team he pushed them at a terrific pace for Magee's Cove. He arrived at the Cove to find that the bloods were still there. He was ahead of the boat. He soon discovered it out in the lake and in grave peril. Before he could fully realize the situation the boat crashed upon the Storm Rock. In the closing dusk he fancied he saw a gleam of white upon the rock. Obsessed with a wild hope that it was Mary he sent his horses at a gallop to Magee's and got out their gasoline launch just as Andy and his party came up, bent on the same purpose. Supplementing the engine with oars they drove for the rock, picking Foyle up near shore. The tale he gave them impelled them to heroic effort and they fought their way steadily toward the rock. When near they discovered two figures, taking them for Mary and Sykes. Their astonishment knew no bounds when they found out that Mary's companion was Ned.

The return was effected easily and speedily. The boat was cutting through the breakers not far from shore when Lawrie who was in the prow, gave a peculiar cry and signalled the reversal of the engine. It was called forth by an object rocking amid the flotsam. Instantly the boat was halted and backed to where the object lay in the water.

"My God!" cried Easy Murphy, as they rode alongside. "It's Sykes, poor divil!"

At the words a moan came from somebody. Through McClure passed a shudder and he drew Mary close to him. Producing a rope they attached it to the gruesome thing out in the waves and started shoreward once more.

Mary was taken direct to her home. Mrs. Grant insisted on warmth and refreshment, but Rob would hear of no delay.

"Her mother is waiting," said he, with the saddest of smiles.

The drive was accomplished at a speed that brought the bays at rest at the McClure threshold in a reek of sweat.

On that home-coming no eyes must peer. Upon Helen McClure's face lay the ineffaceable scars of her dark vigil. But her heart was healed by the miracle of the storm.

And Ned? The tonic of love and youth more than pulled him through.

## XXVI

### The Red Knight Sings of the Fairies

THE sun was sinking behind a sky of golden fleeces. Through the dazzling cloud-rims streamed the lava of sunny light, flooding the Qu Appelle with its restful glow. Below lay the lake, a rippling basin of molten gold.

Here and there the shadowy greens of the slopes were checkered with square patches of ripe wheat. Some fields were mellow for the sickle. Upon the morrow the binders would hum the overture of the harvest symphony.

Two watchers sat upon the Grant lawn, drinking in the liquid glow of the beautiful west. From the lip of the terrace at their feet a field of Red Knight flowed down over the benches in a succession of great billows to the very bottom of the ravine. The grain was standing thick and erect, its cream-gold surface dappled with pursuing waves of shade and shine. The eyes of the watchers rested on the sea of plumes. They were talking of it.

"Wonderfull Indeed!" exclaimed Margaret softly. "It is as wonderful as Ned and his father think it is."

"Yes!" agreed Andy. "I for one believe it will far surpass their hopes. And yet I am scarcely qualified to judge since the ride of a certain girl to the rescue of the Red Knight. His precious gold kernels were the sesame that opened her eyes. I have a natural bias toward h m but he is a marvel a l the same and the king of cereals. The scientists, the cereal breeders, even the millers agree with the Pullars and the farmers in pronouncing the Red Knight a wonder grain. I believe with old Edward Pullar that it will be the elixir of life to millions of farmers.

*Continued on page 48*

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Germany Menaces World Trade

*Has Already Captured European Motor Car Market From England*

SIR PHILIP GIBBS

SIR PHILIP GIBBS, noted British war correspondent, recently went to Germany to find out what was happening there. One of his chief objects was to discover whether it was true that Germany was neither willing nor in a position to pay her war indemnities. He found that she is not only rapidly getting into condition to carry her financial burdens, but that German leaders are obsessed with the idea that Germany *must* pay. Sir Philip gives an apt comparison of conditions in Germany following the armistice and conditions to-day, in his article appearing in the *Review of Reviews*:—

"When I went first into Germany after the armistice the people seemed rather stupefied by what had befallen them. All their faith had been shattered by the downfall of their armies, and they were afraid of revolution, and hopelessly uncertain of the future. Many of them, especially the women and children, were still suffering from the effects of long underfeeding, prices of food, clothing, and other necessities of life were above the reach of working folk, demobilised soldiers were not yet assimilated into civil life, and the spirit of the people was dejected and despairing.

"Now in Berlin the general appearance of the people is not miserable but cheerful, not dejected but alert and confident.

"I went one evening to Luna park, which is a sort of White City on a large scale of futurist design and decoration, like a bad dream. Around the arena where the band plays and fireworks go up when darkness falls there is an open-air restaurant in terraces with seating capacity for 50,000 people. The night I went there, just an ordinary night without special significance, practically all those seats were filled, by people drinking light beer, eating ices, sipping 'soft' drinks, or coffee. Many were clerks, typists, shop-girls, middle-class fathers and mothers with their elder children, and I reckoned by watching the tables nearest to me that each person was spending from 5 to 15 marks—which roughly, not only in rates of exchange but in German purchasing value is 5d. to 1s. 3d.—on this evening's recreation. Others were spending more in side-shows, on 'flip-flaps' and 'wiggly-woggles,' on lotteries for chocolates and cheap prizes. They were all well-behaved, orderly, good-natured, and cheery. There was nothing wrong with *that* crowd.

" 'How is it,' I asked a German lady, 'that these people are able to spend so much on an evening's amusement, when, from all I hear, their wages are so low?'

"This lady, who had been in America and looks upon her own folk with a detached judgment, answered me candidly.

" 'I often wonder how they manage. It is wonderful! But unless you take away a false impression you must look into the facts of their home life. In the first place there is such great overcrowding in Berlin that young folk, and old folk for that matter, must come out to a place like this to breathe and get elbow room. So they stint and scrape at home to get the evening's pleasure. Then they pool their resources. If there is an elder brother, with perhaps two sisters, all working together, and living with their parents, they manage pretty well. The hard cases are where a girl, or a young man has to live alone on a single salary. Then it is utterly impossible.'

"A somewhat similar crowd I found in Reinhardt's great theatre, the Grossschauspielhaus, which was once a market place, now covered in and made like a rock cavern with stalactites hanging from the roof. The audience, sitting in rapt attention, numbered 5000, and they were rather superior in social standing to those at Luna park. They paid less for their evening's recreation. My seat—one of the best in the house—cost me 1s. 2d. Most of the seats cost no more than 6d. —so that in Berlin, the theatres have not shut up shop like those in London—and in Berlin and all German cities that I know there are far more opportunities of social recreation than in our cities for people of moderate means.

"What I tried next to find was how much people in Germany were being paid for their work, and how their wages correspond with the cost of life. These are simple figures to obtain: as far as the first part of the enquiry goes. The German working man in Krupp's factories, and others, is paid 60 marks a day. At the old value of the mark that would be $3. At the present value, inside Germany itself, I reckon it as 5 shillings. *For an eight hour day it works out at* 7 1-2*d. an hour compared with* 1*s.* 9*d. to* 2*s.* 6*d. an hour of the mechanic in Great Brtiain.*

"Walking down the streets of Berlin and looking in at the shop-windows or visiting a great stores like Wertheim, gives one a fair notion of current prices. A pair of boots of good quality is 180 marks, or (reckoning the mark at 1d.) 15s. A shirt is anything from 60 m. to 120 m., according to quality, or from 5s. to 10s., on this reckoning. In fact, taking many articles of daily use one finds that the mark does actually correspond in purchasing power to 1d., with some margin in favor of the German, as at that reckoning the cost of life is undoubtedly cheaper in Germany than in England, for many classes of manufactured articles.

"Books for instance are astonishingly cheap, and immensely better in quality of production than anything published in England. With splendid paper, strong and well-designed bindings, charming illustrations, the world's classics translated into German are published at 8 1-2d. a volume and new novels are sold at 1s. 6d. a volume. China, metal goods, embroidered work, household utensils, manufactured articles of all kinds are amazingly low in price, not only at rates of exchange between German and English money, but also relative to the internal purchasing value of the mark. The German workingman on 60 marks a day gets almost enough to eat (never enough meat), almost enough to support a wife and small family, almost enough to make him satisfied with his job. By strict attention to economy he can squeeze out a few marks for the simple pleasures of his leisure hours, which consist mostly in light beer and light music in some public garden or beer-hall.

"The professional classes, and the clerical classes (city clerks, typists, etc.) are not so well off relatively as the mechanics and laborers. Whereas the cost of living has increased from 8 to 10 times, the salaries of professors, teachers, civil servants, and others have only risen from 4 to 6 times. It is they who are most pinched, and reduced to desperate straits in order to 'keep up appearances.'

"Now, upon the great mass of cheap labor German capitalists are building up a new and intensive system of industrial organisation, beyond anything the world has previously seen in efficiency and driving power. Hugo Stinnes and his great Trust, controlling a vast monopoly of coal, iron and steel, of whom there has been so much talk, because he represents most powerfully this new phase of German energy, is only one of a score of other magnates who practically control the whole industrial life of Germany, and are the real rulers of the state. Their method is what is described as the creation of 'vertical' trusts. That is to say, by a combination and pooling of many companies in possession of raw material and industrial plant they build up an immense production of manufactured articles which have that raw material as their basis.

"Thus the great munition works of Krupp are now making engines and machinery of all kinds, agricultural implements, cash registers, safety razors, and any kind of article in iron and steel for which there is a world market. The General Electricity Company is also developing its energy with gigantic strides, reaching out to 'neutral' countries and absorbing many industrial concerns of which the basis of activity is coal and iron and electrical power, in Austria, Hungary and other countries.

"These great Trusts are already capturing the world's markets, and have already succeeded in recovering some of the pre-war prosperity of German trade—which is almost a miracle considering the ruin of the German economic system by the exhaustion of a bloody and unsuccessful war, the loss of colonies, shipping, and foreign property, the loss of manpower, and the deterioration of machinery, railways and rolling stock.

"Amazing as all this is, however, one must not exaggerate the actual results. Germany is not rolling in wealth, as some observers have reported. Apart altogether from her international debts—leaving on one side altogether the gigantic payments of the indemnities which she has undertaken—her industry and commerce are about two-thirds normal compared with the pre-war standard. Her imports of cotton amount to nearly half of those in 1913. Her coal output during the first four months of this year was 44 1-2 million tons compared with 57 million tons in the same period of 1913.

"Half the amount of pre-war tonnage—largely under foreign flags—is now coming into the port of Hamburg.

"Steadily German trade is increasing in nearly all countries. In South America her volume of trade increased by 20 per cent in February of this year compared with the same month last year, whereas South American trade with all other countries decreased that month by 50 per cent. In 1919 Germany sent to the United States 10 million dollars worth of goods, in 1920 she sent 88 million dollars worth, and this year the increase is immensely more. In the automobile industry she has knocked Great Britain out of the market in European countries, and her exports to Switzerland alone in motor-cars, cycles and accessories are sixty times more than ours.

"But those German people who have put up such a tremendous fight for their old place in the world are now confronted with the necessity of paying indemnities to the victor nations which will test their power of recovery to the uttermost and demand new and unprecedented efforts. It is not going to be easy for them to pay. If they succeed, it will be the greatest industrial adventure ever undertaken by any people in the world. To succeed they must increase their volume of exports by at least four times, which would be an achievement unrivalled in the industrial history of the world. Can they do that, and if they do what will be the effect upon other nations?

"From what I have written, condensing very briefly the results of my visit to Berlin, it will be seen, that in my opinion Germany will make a serious endeavour to fulfil her pledges, and is in a fair way (if she retains the resources of her raw material in Upper Silesia and elsewhere) to capture the industrial supremacy of Europe. Her people are working harder than any others, at lower wages, and with more efficient organisation. They have, as I said, been braced by defeat, whereas

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the victor nations, and, above all, Great Britain have been slackened by victory.

"But one other question remains. It has already been asked by Mr. Reginald McKenna. What will happen to British trade if Germany pays her indemnities in the only way possible—by an immense increase of exports? The very fulfilment of her pledges will ruin the countries receiving payment by the destruction of their own export trade. So we reach the monstrous paradox that in shouting 'Make Germany pay!' we were insisting upon our own ruin. The only cure for the present sickness of world trade is to return to normal conditions of imports balancing exports, and of a free and natural flow of trade."

# Sacred Writings Ridiculed

*"A New Cult Is Undermining Christianity," Declares "Perennial Candidate"*

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

PEOPLE are drawing further and further away from God, according to William J. Bryan, who claims that old-time love of the Creator is the only salvation for a cynical world. Under the title of "The Sin of Mind Worship," Mr. Bryan writes for the *New Era Magazine* in part as follows:—

"Evolutionists are leading their followers away from their Creator, away from the word of God and away from the Son of God. They teach that man is the lineal descendant of the lower animals—that he has in him, not the breath of the Almighty but the blood of the brute. They tear out of the Old Testament the first chapter of Genesis, and then, having discarded the miracle, they tear out the first chapter of Matthew and deny the virgin birth of the Saviour. They would, in effect, dethrone Jehovah, strip the Bible of its claim to inspiration, and libel the Master. Their creed denudes life of its spiritual elements, and makes man brother to beast.

"Materialism has so paralyzed the mental machinery of the evolutionists that they cannot comprehend spiritual things. They can understand how gravity, though an invisible force, can draw all matter downward toward the earth, but they cannot understand how an invisible God, all-powerful, all-wise, and all-loving, can draw the souls of men upward toward his throne. Their minds are open to the most absurd hypotheses advanced in the name of science, but their hearts are closed to the plainest spiritual truths.

"These exponents of a brutish philosophy have entered our universities with boldness; they have crept into some of our Christian colleges by stealth; they have even wormed their way into a few of our theological seminaries. They make agnostics and atheists of a multitude of trusting students; they turn many young men away from the ministry; they palsy the zeal of some who stand behind the pulpit.

"It is time the Christians of the country should understand the ravages that the groundless hypothesis of Darwin is making. It is depriving the church of the support of young men, and young men who ought to be its leaders; it furnished Nietzsche with a basis for his godless philosophy, a philosophy which led the world into its bloodiest war, and it is bringing chaos into the industrial world. What can be done to combat it and to save church and civilization from its benumbing influence?

"First, those who preach and teach should be called upon to announce their views so that their position may be clearly understood. Every citizen has a right to think as he pleases—to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, or to refuse to worship him. That is an inalienable right that should not under the circumstances be interfered with, but those who employ a minister for themselves or an instructor for their children have a right to know what the preacher is to preach and what the teachers are to teach."

# Horrors of the Next War

*Will Irwin Thinks, However, That Future Wars May Be Avoided*

WILL IRWIN

MOST intellectuals are opposed to war, declares Will Irwin in his new book, "The Next War," reviewed in the *New Republic*. Bankers, he adds, are for peace, even if they make for war. The average worker, man or woman, is against war. The average tax-payer is against it. The farmer is against it. But in spite of a great anti-war sentiment hardly a day goes by without some talk of "the next war." The British "sphere of influence" (that is to say, of trade exclusiveness) in part of China; the American interests in Mexico; the interests of Germany as against France; the interests of Japan in China—all these are regarded as problems of power so provocative and explosive that they make war not merely thinkable but unavoidable. So we have a public at once pacific and fatalistic, desiring peace and seeing war as necessary, subscribing to the ideal of world organization and yet pushing forward on the path to destruction.

Mr. Irwin does not hesitate to dwell on the probabilities of "the next war." He doesn't try to name the combatants. He is content to imagine the implements, and to suggest their consequences. He declares, too conservatively, that "there will be no great improvements in guns and high-explosive projectiles." But he has no such feeling about the possibilities of gas-bombs, germ-bombs, the killing of women, submarine and aeroplane warfare. He shows, quite convincingly, that first-rate civilian intelligence has at last been mobilized by the general staffs, that the problem of destruction has at last been faced imaginatively and fearlessly, and that the sciences have been effectively conscripted. One man like Soddy may decline to help out the military state, but there are practically no laboratories in the civilized world that are not at the service of their army and navy departments, and since the armistice in 1918 research has delivered incredibly greater facilities for destruction to every modern government. "At the time of the Armistice, we were manufacturing for the campaign of 1919 our Lewisite gas. It was invisible; it was a sinking gas, which would search out the refugees of dugouts and cellars; if breathed, it killed at once—and it killed not only through the lungs. Wherever it settled on the skin, it produced a poison which penetrated the system and brought almost certain death. It was inimical to all cell-life, animal or vegetable. Masks alone were of no use against it. Further, it had fifty-five times the "spread" of any poison gas hitherto used in the war. An expert has said that a dozen Lewisite air bombs of the greatest size in use during 1918 might with a favorable wind have eliminated the population of Berlin. Possibly he exaggerated, but probably not greatly....Now we have more than a hint of a gas beyond Lewisite...."

Given such facilities, what will "the next war" be like? To help our imaginations Mr. Irwin sums up the effects of the last war—ten million combatants dead, thirty million non-combatants, the destruction of potent youth in most cases, the destruction in northern France to the full extent of a Greater New York, the national debt amounting in the case of France to forty-six billions—"almost exactly half her total wealth"; in the case of Britain to forty billions as against one hundred and twenty in total wealth; the war-bill and armament bill now amounting in the United States to 93 per cent of federal expenditures. By using simple charts and clear figures Mr. Irwin brings home the appalling facts as to the last war. It is not even in his power to make us realize the repetition of this lunacy.

What then? Mr. Irwin examines all the national "service" talk, the manliness of war, the tonic of war, national honor, the necessity for defence and offensive-defence. He rounds up with the assertion that "two great tasks lie before humanity in the rest of the twentieth century. One is to put under control of true morals and of democracy the great power of human production which came in the nineteenth century. The other is to check, to limit and finally to eliminate the institution of war. This last is the more important."

How can it be done? Mr. Irwin believes in a real citizenship of nations in which nations no more than individuals are allowed to carry a gun; he believes in the end of nations' saying "my country, right or wrong." "Call your organization a League of Nations, an association of nations, a Hague Tribunal 'with teeth in it'—call it what you will, organize it how you will. This is the specific for the disease of war." He believes in disarmament, in the uprooting of "financial imperialism," in the abolition of secret diplomacy. "Some internationalization of export capital seems necessary to permanent peace." "We need the law; we need also personal ethics—international morality.....This does not mean abolishing the sentiment of patriotism. There are two conceptions of that noble old emotion."

# Scientific Traps for Liars

*A Machine Invented Which Registers Inward Emotions of Man*

HEREWARD CARRINGTON, Ph. D.

PREVARICATORS, in future, if they seek to distort the truth and get away with it, must learn how to control their heart action while they are articulating. At any rate, Hereward Carrington, Ph. D., writing for *Leslie's Illustrated Monthly* claims, that after three rather sensational failures, a Boston lawyer named William Moulton Marston, has invented an apparatus that will register whether a witness is telling the truth or lying. It sounds much more like the creation of a fiction writer than an actual, cold-blooded means of testing a man's veracity, but here it is as Mr. Carrington tells us of it:—

"The fourth method devised by Mr Marston, is the 'systolic blood pressure test,' which is claimed to yield correct results in practically 100 per cent of the cases tried. A sphygmomanometer (an instrument for registering the blood pressure) is attached to the upper arm of the subject, and the questions are asked, as before. If the subject tells the truth, no increase in the blood pressure is noted. If, on the contrary, the subject is telling falsehoods, the blood pressure increases, and this is shown on the proper recording instrument.

"The great value of all these instrumental tests is that they record automatically and unfailingly the inner emotions, which, though he may completely conceal them outwardly, the subject cannot otherwise control. These inner emotions are far more reliable than the flushed face, excited manner, etc., which were before held to incriminate or prove the innocence of a certain suspect. For we find here recorded what takes place inside the subject's body, and not only what is upon its surface."

Another new "lie detector" which has lately been devised is the discovery of Dr. W. H. Bates, of New York, an eye specialist of more than thirty years' standing. He has been enabled to tell whether a person is telling the truth by examining the interior of the eye at the moment the question is being answered.

Dr. Bates has discovered that whenever the subject strains the eyes—usually in an effort to see—the eye ball is squeezed out of shape, that is, it becomes elongated in either a front-and-back direction, or in an up-and-down direction. Any interior tension will cause this strain—such as an emotional disturbance—and not only an effort to see.

"Now, if a beam of light be thrown into the eye and moved from side to side, it will be seen—by means of the 'retinoscope,' an instrument with which to examine the interior of the eye—that a *shadow* moves across the retina of the eye if it is in any way strained. If the eye is short-sighted, the shadow will move in a direction *opposite* to the movement of the light-beam. If the eye is long-sighted it will move in the *same* direction. If the eyesight is not strained at the time, *no* shadow at all will be noticed.

"When the subject is being asked questions, therefore, a beam of light is thrown into the eye, and the shadow traced. If the subject is *not* telling the truth, a slight internal strain will be produced, and a shadow will at once be seen. If the subject *is* telling the truth, no strain will be produced, and consequently no shadow will be observed.

"The development of these tests, in which Mr. Marston and Dr. Bates have played so prominent a part, must be looked upon as among the great forward steps in criminology, and one of the surest means yet devised of fixing the crime upon the real criminal, while absolving the innocent. There can be no doubt that in a few years it will be extremely difficult for a criminal to deceive an expert."

# Bolshevik Bridge

*A Variation of "Nullos" is Now an Innovation Being Tried by Paris "Bridge Fiends"*

A. E. MANNING-FOSTER (London *Daily Mail*)

IN PARIS they are playing at the clubs a new and amusing variation in Contract Bridge—Contract, by the way, having largely superseded Auction as the regular club game.

The innovation, the invention of a quick-witted Parisian, is a declaration called "Bolshevik."

It may be made by any player when it comes to his turn to call. And it takes precedence over any other bid of any kind. It does not matter if a grand slam has been called. As soon as any player announces Bolshevik, bidding is at an end.

The bid is the equivalent of misere at solo whist. The contractor undertakes not to make a single trick. He plays "on his own." Every man's hand is against him. His partner becomes, for the time being, his adversary. There is no dummy.

Bolshevik carries no points towards game, but the successful declarer receives 500 points above the line, or if doubled 1,000 points above the line from each of the opponents who have doubled.

Should he fail in the contract he loses at the rate of 500 points a trick, or if doubled 1,000 points to each of his opponents who have doubled.

Anyone or all of the adversaries may double in turn, but only those who have doubled receive the extra bonus.

The player on the left of the dealer makes the first lead.

One word of warning. If you play Bolshevik reduce your stakes. The game runs into very high figures. At some of the Paris clubs the best players are content to play for 5 francs (normally 2s. 6d) a hundred.

# Psychic Force Photographed

*Startling Phenomena Observed in Connection With Table-lifting*

H. CARRINGTON, Ph. D.

SOME extraordinary results have lately been obtained by Dr. W. J. Crawford in connection with a young "psychic" Miss Goligher of Glasgow, Scotland. Dr. Carrington thus describes them in *Leslies'*:

"The subject was placed upon a spring balance—chair and all. Now, when the table was lifted or 'levitated,' it was found that the medium increased in weight by exactly the weight of the table; she weighed, that is, that much more. There was, therefore—*some* connection between her body and the table. What was it? Nothing visible could be seen or felt. Strings, rods, etc., passed between the medium's body and the table discovered nothing solid or tangible. Some *immaterial* structure was evidently operating. What was the nature and structure of this immaterial lever?

"A long time was devoted to this investigation. The result, briefly, was this: That a sort of psychic arm or lever issued from the medium's body and, passing under the table, gripped it from below and, exerting an upward pressure, raised the table.

"Such a structure was subsequently proved to exist, by ingenious tests. At times, it was even *felt* by the hands, and was described as 'slimy' and 'reptilian' to the touch. Nevertheless, several years went by before this psychic structure became even faintly visible in the red light which was admitted in the seance room.

"The material forming these 'psychic arms' issues from various parts of the medium's body, and attaches itself to the underside of the seance table which is subsequently lifted. The substance is white, and looks like thin veiling or chiffon, though it appears at times more like stringy membrane. In this it resembles the 'plasm' observed by Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, in the case of his medium, 'Eva C.' Here, also, a membranous substance is seen to issue from the body and *visibly* form itself into heads, hands, faces and bits of bodies; and then re-dissolve into the body of the medium. Flashlight photographs and even moving pictures have been taken of this process, and small bits of the 'substance' have been obtained and subjected to microscopic analysis, and these micro-photographs have been published. The substance in question presents the appearance of a curious hodge-podge of cells, more resembling a tumor-growth than anything else one can think of.

"Those who may be tempted to believe that this 'substance' is real, material stuff, fraudulently produced, and not 'psychic' in origin, must remember that it took several years before this material became visible at all, and that it then only became so gradually, and the whole process of 'condensation,' as it were, could be seen going on. It has gradually evolved from nothing, through a mist-like consistency, into the solid matter seen in the photographs.

"Furthermore—and this is very striking indeed—the body of the medium seems actually to fall away, as these psychic structures are made or extruded from her! The psychic structures thus appear to be a part of her own body, exteriorized into space. This falling away of the body could be felt very clearly during the progress of the seance. Writing of this in his book, Dr. Crawford says:

" 'The medium was sitting on a chair placed on the platform weighing-machine. I asked the operators to take psychic matter from her in the ordinary way. I put my hand on the lower part of her back just above the buttocks. The rise and fall of her flesh was very apparent, as psychic matter was supposed to be taken from her and put back. I put my hand on her haunches just above the seat of her chair. The flesh seemed to become soft and cave in. The medium did not seem to move bodily, but her flesh seemed to fall in. It could be distinctly felt filling out as the psychic stuff apparently returned to her . . . I then placed my hand across the medium's thighs as she remained in the position just described. I asked the operators to remove and return psychic matter from her body. When this process was going on I could feel a distinct fall and rise of the flesh in the thighs . . . While psychic action was going on, parts of the flesh seemed to cave in. As the psychic stuff came back, little round lumps could be felt filling in on the backs of the thighs. This also is the case on the interior of the thighs.

"These, are, perhaps, the most striking and remarkable phenomena which have ever been observed, under the strict test conditions imposed; and the photography of the "plasm" extruded from the medium's body represents a distinct forward step in psychic investigation. The photographs show us the steps which science could make, if it but deigned to investigate this much-despised and neglected field, and once again emphasize the very great necessity and importance of a properly endowed and equipped "psychical laboratory," for the foundation of which I have been contending for a number of years!' "

# Girl Artist Famous at 14

*An Italian-English Girl Noted Figure on Two Continents*

"CURRENT OPINION"

A FOURTEEN year old girl has lately been showing her pictures at the Anderson Galleries in New York, says a writer in *Current Opinion*. "The international interest that has been aroused in her work, and the enthusiastic appreciations accorded it by art connoisseurs constitute one of the marvels of our age. Her pictures have also been exhibited in Turin and in London. They have been bought by art galleries, by artists, by social leaders and literary men. Her record until now reads like a fairy tale.

"The father of Pamela," says *Current Opinion*, "Captain Francisco Bianco, is an Italian connected with the firm of Zanedos, bookbinders, of London. He was living in England in 1914, and returned to his native country when the war broke out. His wife and children accompanied him. Madame Bianco, though of English birth, was reared in Philadelphia. She published a novel when she was eighteen years old.

"Pamela began to draw at the age of five, but she did not achieve any prominence until, in 1918, the Italian sculptor Bistolfi, conceived the idea of holding in Turin an exhibition of art work of children. Most of the work submitted was commonplace. Pamela's pictures shone out above all the rest.

"The following year an exhibition of Pamela's work was held in the Leicester Galleries in London. The child found herself famous. Old-established galleries, such as the National Gallery of Ireland, the Tate Gallery of London, and the South Kensington Museum, bought her pictures for their permanent collections, and Sir John Lavery and William Nicholson, both Royal Academicians, drew lots for the privilege of possessing one of her studies.

"Then the pictures were brought to America. They have been greeted here no less enthusiastically than they were greeted in Italy and England. They appear in six groups, based on the periods in Pamela's life during which the pictures were made.

"Pamela, it seems, is self-taught. 'She has never,' her father testifies, 'had a teacher in drawing and painting.' The only thing he has ever done regarding her talent is to see that she has not been hampered and to give her the best of working materials. Her natural tendency whets her interest, and the people she meets are cultured people, some of whom have exceptional understanding in art matters. But according to her father there is a real effort made by the family to keep the young artist from preconceived ideas on art. 'We never talk art in the family,' he says. 'Of course, it has not been possible to keep Pamela from seeing anything in the way of art. It is really more difficult to avoid than to let her become intimate with it. But my wife and I believe in guiding, but not forcing, education. We do not want Pamela to lose any of her originality through the influence of others.'

"In most respects Pamela is a normal girl, with a streak of the practical in her. She is said to be almost indifferent to the honors heaped upon her, and she helps her mother in the domestic tasks. She wears her soft, straight hair smoothed close to her head and braided in a tight braid. Her eyes are so heavily shaded with thick, black lashes that they appear to be dark. Her face is round and she has the pure complexion which is so characteristic of English girls. To Pamela, as to most young persons as normal as she, life is very full of a number of things besides art."

# You Forget Intentionally

*Subconscious Mind Causes Forgetfulness of Things You Dislike*

BRUCE BARTON

DR. Brill, a famous psycho-analyst, tells the *American Magazine* how the sub-conscious mind is affected, unknowingly to ourselves by our own personal feelings. Mr. Barton records him as saying:—

"Earlier students of the mind had assumed that forgetting was merely a passive process—the failure to remember. Freud discovered that forgetting is the active effort of the conscious mind to protect the individual from pain and unpleasantness. Unpleasant experiences, and people associated with them, do not merely slip out of mind, they are actively thrust out and kept under control by a mechanism which Freud metaphorically termed the censorship.

"You remember the things you really want to remember. You do the things you really want to do. You recall the people you really like, and want to recall. You will discover that the things or the people you forget, or lose, are associated with something unpleasant, and have been automatically relegated by the censor into the limbo of the unconscious.

"Let me make that clear with one or two examples: A young newspaper man challenged my statement that we forget only those things that have some unpleasant associations.

" 'I was writing a letter to my best friend, John Murphy, the other day,' he said to me, 'and when I came to address the envelope I could not for the life of me recall his name. He and I are intimate pals; there never has been anything unpleasant between us. Surely there was no reason why your so-called censorship should have pushed his name out of my mind.'

"I asked him to try to recall any distasteful memory associated with the name of Murphy. He could recall none. The only other Murphy he could remember was Charles Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall.

" 'To be sure, I am a Republican and disagree with Mr. Murphy politically,' he said, 'but it would be stretching things pretty far to say that his name is unpleasant to me.'

"I urged him to think further. Was there no other Murphy in his experience?

" 'Only one that I can remember,' he answered after a moment. 'There was a fellow by that name who was a reporter on the same paper with me years ago.' His face underwent a quick change; a look of vindictiveness flashed into his eyes. 'By George!' he exclaimed, 'that's the only man in the world I really hate.'

"Unconsciously he had told me and told himself the reason why the name Murphy—even though it be the name of his closest friend—is a name that the censorship keeps constantly thrust out of his mind.

"Or take this instance: A man came to see me yesterday carrying a fine overcoat. As he rose to leave the office he left the coat on the chair. I called his attention to the oversight; he came back, reached for the coat, thought of another question he wanted to ask me, and, when he rose a second time, passed by the coat again.

"I said to him: 'You really don't *want* to remember that coat.'

" 'Hang the coat!' he exclaimed. 'It isn't mine. My father-in-law telephoned me and asked me to bring it down to the country this afternoon, and I have had to carry it with me all over town.' "

I interrupted the doctor at this point. "But I brought a book with me when I came here to-night," I said. "Isn't it possible that I may get so interested in our conversation that I will forget that book when I leave—even though I do not want to lose it, but, on the contrary, want very much to keep it?"

"Exactly!" the doctor exclaimed, his face lighting. "And if you do leave it, you will be paying me a very sincere compliment. It will mean that you have had a pleasant evening here, that you would really *like to come back*.

"Nobody who dislikes a physician on his first visit ever leaves anything in the physician's office. We doctors can measure, in a way, the degree of our success with our patients by the size of the collection of umbrellas, overcoats, and hand bags, that are left in our offices. People who dislike you take their things with them when they go.

"Freud pointed out that in two departments of life there is no such thing as forgetting," the doctor continued, . . . . "in the military service and in the service of love. The army recognizes that forgetting is wholly unnecessary—that a man can remember what he *wants* sufficiently and wholeheartedly to remember. If you forget a military order, your commander does not commiserate with you on your poor memory: he sends you to the guardhouse, or may have you shot.

"As with a general, so with a sweetheart. Women do not analyze; they do not need to. Their finer intuitions taught them long ago what we are teaching about the philosophy of forgetfulness. You explain to your sweetheart in vain that you were engrossed with a problem or overwhelmed with business. Instinctively h-knows that if you had wanted to remember your appointment with her more than anything else in the world, you would have remembered it. And she is psychologically and scientifically right.

"You can multiply instances from your everyday life. You are hurrying to get away to the office, when your wife—to your slight annoyance—asks you to mail some letters for her as you pass the box. A trifle impatiently you thrust them into your pocket—and find them there two or three days afterward. You love your wife; you want to do the things she asks to have done; but there was just enough irritation in the request, coming at that busy hour, so that the censor labeled it 'unpleasant' and thrust it down among the things forgotten.

"Or there comes a slump in business; your mail falls off unaccountably. Fewer men write to you. Moreover, you find yourself, for no apparent reason, putting off the dictation of your letters, contrary to all your principles of business practice. The fact is easily explained: We like to open and answer letters that bring good news; we instinctively draw back from tackling mail that brings unwelcome tidings or requires us to dictate unpleasant refusals. We think we have forgotten to answer; or that we have been too busy; or too preoccupied. But we do not fool our unconscious selves. We have really dodged the duty we *wanted* to forget."



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

**Not So Hard**—These are not hard times, it is the shortage of soft jobs that makes times seem hard.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**The Bloom of '21**—"There are more roses than noses in bloom in 1921." Hurrah, for the gardens!—Winnipeg *Tribune.*

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**The Best Weeder**—An old bachelor says the surest way to destroy weeds is to marry a widow.—Kingston *Standard.*

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**They Die as they Live**—Headline: "Many Die Unnecessarily in Canada." And many live likewise.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**One of Those Things**—One's wife is apt to figure in the things one attributes to circumstances over which one has no control.—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**She Got There First**—The woman who advertised a jackass for sale made all the other women jealous because they had never thought of advertising him.—Prince Rupert *News.*

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**Speedy Reputations**—If you are in a hurry about getting a reputation you'll have to choose a bad one. It takes a lifetime to acquire a good reputation.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**That Sense of Duty**—A woman's idea of a dutiful husband is one who will stay at home and look after the baby while she spends the afternoon shopping.—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**A Penalty in Irish**—Unless more people learn how to spell Dail Eireann, the Gaelic name of the Irish parliament, we don't think the thing is going to get very far.—Manitoba *Free Press.*

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**Where's "Unduly"**—The Clinton *News-Record* hopes women will not be gibed into lengthening their skirts unduly. Quite right, no doubt. But who is to say where "unduly" begins or ends?—Orillia *Packet.*

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**The Uses of Adversity**—"America," says Mr. Chesterton, "began with the Declaration of Independence and ended with prohibition"

"They fought for the freedom of the seas; now they can drink 'em. ".—Vancouver *Province.*

**Not His Den**—A woman who fixes up a den for her husband usually succeeds in putting everything into it except the husband.—Peterboro *Examiner.*

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**Liquid Measure**—Local doctor, when asked how business was going said: "My practice last year increased by some 100 gallons."—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**Her Prerogative**—A Long Island man has been ordered by the court to obey his wife for one week. The other 51 the lady will see to it herself.—Orillia *Packet.*

## Flashes from The British Whig

(Kingston, Ontario)

**In Tabloid**—Brief history of 1920: "Regardless of cost." Brief forecast for 1921: "This account is long overdue."

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**Affection and Business**—If Europe wishes to unite with Uncle Sam she must promise to love, honor and repay.

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**Verbum Sap**—She is a thrifty bride who selects hotel towels as souvenirs of her wedding trip.

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**Experience**—An experienced married woman is one who knows too much to admit a woman boarder to the house.

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**Heads and I's**—Out of the swelling of the head the "I" speaketh.

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**Not Much Chance**—Unless human nature changes, the meek won't stay that way very long after they inherit the earth.

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**A Singleton**—The happiest people are those who are married once, not once in a while.

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**The Vital Question**—That rapt expression she wears when he proposes means that she is trying to decide who to have for bridesmaids.

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**Have you a Little Smoker in your Home**—There are homes in which the floors are always clean, and then there are homes in which the husbands roll their own.

**So What's The Use**—Never tell a man he is a fool; he'll not believe you and you will make an enemy of him.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**Off With the Old Love**—The overall movement seems to have been forgotten in the mad scramble for new cars.—Kingston *Standard.*

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**The Other Viewpoint**—Man may be judged by the company he keeps, but it is tough on the company sometimes.—Palmerston *Spectator.*

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**The First Licks**—Apparently there are physicians who don't care who makes a nation's laws if they can write its prescriptions.—Border Cities *Star.*

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**Should be Satisfied**—The people who were shouting, "No beer, no work!" in 1919 didn't know they would get both in 1921.—Border Cities *Star.*

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**Times Have Changed.**—The day is past when big sister's dresses had to be cut down to fit little sister. Now they have to be let down.—Owen Sound *Advertiser.*

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**A Warning Against Patience.**—News item reports a man found dead in a telephone booth. Sure, it's bound to happen if a man always insists on staying there until he gets his number—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**Not the Feathered Kind.**—A New Hampshire man who has lost his sense of taste says chickens and oatmeal taste alike to him. Some "chickens" we have heard of have left a worse taste than that in the mouths of some men.—Kingston *Standard.*

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**Taking No Chances.**—"The present season is the most productive ever known," says a prominent Westerner. "Anything planted would grow this year. I know a hen-pecked husband, who, having recently lost his spouse, was afraid to bury her body."—Prince Albert *Herald.*

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**Have A Care.**—A great medical scientist is authority for the statement that hiccoughs may be stopped immediately "by placing one's finger on the patient's fifth curvocular nerve and pressing hard." But before you try this on your hiccoughing girl friends, fellows, find out where that fifth curvocular nerve is, and sound your Klaxon.—Kingston *Standard.*

# Where Does Jazz Lead?

## *Woman Author Contends It Arouses Undesirable Instincts*

ANNE SHAW FAULKNER

WHAT is jazz? Most people would define it as a modern name for what we formerly called "ragtime," but Anne Shaw Faulkner in the *Ladies Home Journal*, sets out to prove that it isn't. Ragtime, she uses authorities to prove, is broken rhythm and melody, especially a sort of continuous syncopation, syncopation being the rhythmic method of tying two beats of the same note into one tone in such a way as to displace the accent. Jazz, on the other hand, says Miss Faulkner, does for harmony what the accentuated syncopation of ragtime does for rhythm. In ragtime, the rhythm is thrown out of joint as it were, thus distorting the melody; in jazz exactly the same thing is done to harmony. The combination of syncopation and the use of these inharmonic partial tones produces a strange, weird effect, which has been designated "jazz". The author quotes from a letter she received from Dr. Henry van Dyke on the subject:—

"As I understand it, it is not music at all. It is merely an irritation of the nerves of hearing, a sensual teasing of the strings of physical passion. Its fault lies not in syncopation, for that is a legitimate device when sparingly used. But 'jazz' is an unmitigated cacophony, a combination of disagreeable sounds in complicated discords, a willful ugliness and a deliberate vulgarity."

Proofs of the evil influence of jazz, Miss Faulkner points out, are to be found in new rules set down by the more refined country clubs forbidding the corset check room, the leaving of the hall between dances and the jazz orchestras—three evils which have also been eliminated from some public dance halls.

The author even goes further than this and says that most big industries have discontinued jazz music for their workers' entertainments because "of its demoralizing effects," which made themselves apparent "in an unsteadiness and lack of evenness in the workmanship of the product". This remarkable effect on workers' efficiency, Miss Faulkner says, commences to show itself "after a period when the workmen have indulged in jazz music". What would happen following a continued "spree" of jazz, Miss Faulkner, considerately, does not ask mere readers to contemplate.

Miss Faulkner is inclined to take jazz and the possible disaster it may bring to humanity very seriously, and she commends dancing to Mozart minuets, Strauss waltzes and Sousa two-steps because they never "led to corset check rooms." Girls who go to dances and insist on wearing their corsets would not have to run the risk of being left as wallflowers and called "iron-sides", she points out, if jazz were shown the way out. Jazz, she adds, is a combination of the worst passions represented by ancient barbarism and modern Bolshevism:—

"Jazz originally was the accompaniment of the voodoo dancer stimulating the half-crazed barbarian to the vilest deeds. The weird chant, accompanied by the syncopated rhythm of the voodoo invokers, has also been employed by other barbaric people to stimulate brutality and sensuality. That it has a demoralizing effect upon the human brain has been demonstrated by many scientists.

"There is always a revolutionary period of the breaking down of old conventions and customs which follows after every great war; and this rebellion against existing conditions is to be noticed in all life to-day. Unrest, the desire to break the shackles of old ideas and forms are abroad. So it is no wonder that young people should have become so imbued with this spirit that they should express it in every phase of their daily lives. The question is whether this tendency should be demonstrated in jazz—that expression of protest against law and order, that bolshevik element of license striving for expression in music.

"The human organism responds to musical vibrations. This fact is universally recognized. What instincts then are aroused by jazz? Certainly not deeds of valor or martial courage, for all marches and patriotic hymns are of regular rhythm and simple harmony; decidedly not contentment or serenity, for the songs of home and the love of native land are all of the simplest melody and harmony with noticeably regular rhythm. Jazz disorganizes all regular laws and order; it stimulates to extreme deeds, to a breaking away from all rules and conventions; it is harmful and dangerous, and its influence is wholly bad."

# Tank Power to Rule World

*A New War Monster Can Travel Land and Sea*

J. F. C. FULLER

IMAGINE a fleet of warships, carrying not guns, but deck-loads of amphibious mechanical monsters, which, when an attack is planned on an enemy country, can leap from their places on the parent ship, "swim" across intervening water to shore, crawl up and over rocks and trees and invade countryside, cities and towns with devastating results at a speed of one hundred and fifty miles a day or more. All this is done in a surprise attack. Before the enemy can get his artillery and aerial forces into action the fighting tanks have retreated to seaward, jumped off land to sea, "swum" back to their parent ships and the latter are steaming safely away with the officers preparing reports of the raid for transmission to headquarters at home.

All this is not the dream of a novel-writer but the predictions of J.F.C. Fuller who was G.S.O.1. of the British tank corps from December 1916 to August 1918. In an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, he discusses interestingly the past performances of war tanks, their present development and their possible future:

"It is easy enough to discover that the main factors which gave to the great war its differences when compared with previous wars, were, on land—the tank, at sea—the submarine, and in the air—the aeroplane. It is not so easy to arrive at the true influences of these weapons, or rather means of carrying weapons, neither do I intend to attempt such an analysis except in the case of the first; nevertheless it must not be forgotten that the oldest of these weapons, at least in its modern form, namely the submarine, is scarcely twenty years old, and the youngest—the tank—not yet five; consequently it would take a bold man to assert, and probably a very foolish one, that even the wildest statements at present made regarding these new means of movement are impossible. Nothing is impossible, not even a flying battleship which will walk over the Alps and dive to the bottom of the Atlantic.

"Taking into consideration what the tank accomplished during the recent war and what improvements in design are likely to be effected in the near future, it logically follows that we are to-day confronted by a military problem of the first magnitude—namely, should we continue to adhere to an army based on muscle or should we not re-cast this army and base it on machinery? We are in fact confronted by the same problem which confronted the navy during the first sixty years of the last century, and, in my own opinion, there can be little doubt that, as eventually the navy abandoned sails and took to steam, so will the army abandon muscle as its motive force and take to petrol.

"Accepting air and sea craft limitations which space does not permit our examining, their ideal harmonisation would appear to lie in a submersible battleship which can fly through the air and move over the land. Such a vessel, though not totally impracticable, would, if built to-day, be a worthless monstrosity possessing but the minimum power of each arm represented by it, certainly of sea and air, and so would be easily defeated in these two elements. Let us, however, accept it as an ultimate goal which possibly may some day be reached and see what our immediate steps should be in order to attain it.

"Our first difficulty is one of movement. A fleet which possesses command of the sea can normally steam to any point on an enemy's coast line and effect a surprise before a land force can be assembled to meet it, and this will remain good in spite of the aeroplane; for though the aeroplane may warn the enemy that a fleet is approaching a certain area of the coast it will be difficult to say for certain opposite what point this fleet will anchor.

"On arriving at the point selected the difficulty begins; the ships cannot crawl on to the land, and the military forces to be landed cannot swim to the shore, and because of these limitations the means adopted to transfer a muscularly organised army from mechanically propelled ships is little superior to those used by Julius Caesar, and even more difficult, for his triremes drew very little water. The result of this in the past has frequently been (and in the future will be more so, if the present military organisation be maintained) that all surprise is lost and that before the army landed can move forward it will be confronted by an enemy in superior strength.

"Let us now turn to the tank. I have already mentioned that a floatable machine has been constructed, and though this may still be very imperfect in nature, there is no reason to doubt that, in a few years time, a trustworthy one will be produced. From our floating mechanical base, our ships, we launch our floating mechanical army. This force propels itself ashore, crawls up the beach and in place of converting it into Epsom Downs on a Derby morning, it moves straight inland at a speed of ten miles an hour, and within twenty-four hours of landing is 150 miles within the enemy's territories. Freed from railways, and let us suppose possessing one week's radius of action, it can spread havoc in the enemy's country and, when threatened by a superior force, it can make for the coast line, possibly several hundred miles away from its original point of landing, swim out to the fleet and re-embark.

"Let us visualise three or four such forces operating at different points against an enemy and some picture may be formed of the confusion resulting. Then let us suppose that whilst these raiding forces are disorganising the enemy's army, plans and command, as the Vikings disorganised half Europe, a thousand years ago, a determined invasion is launched at some vital point, it will be a difficult operation for the enemy to collect his disintegrated forces and to meet it, even if these forces be mechanical.

"For us *the whole* of such an operation depends on sea-power, the only difference when compared with the past being, that whilst formerly an army, using muscle as its motive force, could seldom make good what the navy rendered possible, a mechanical army can make it good, it can take advantage of a naval surprise and accentuate this advantage by the speed with which it moves inland.

"Let us now turn to the aeroplane and continue our speculations. To-day, if an army were landed on an enemy's coast, even if it were but slightly opposed, its progress inland would be very slow. From it aeroplanes would operate forward, but being unable to rest in the air or to seek rest on the ground within the enemy's country, they would have to return to their all but static base. Now in place of a static base let us picture a mechanical army moving forward at 100 to 150 miles a day, and we shall at once realise what influence such a possibility will have on the aeroplane. It will possess a moving haven of refuge behind it, it will no longer be necessary for it to return the whole way home, it will be endowed with a greater liberty of action than is possible to-day; in fact, just as a mechanical army can take fuller advantage of naval power than a muscular one, so will the aeroplane be able to take a fuller advantage of the power of a mechanical army than it can possibly take in the case of one which for its movement is dependent on human or horse-power.

"Accepting the above speculations as possible, what have we accomplished? True, we have not reached our ideal—a submarine battleship which can fly and crawl, but by mechanicalising the army, the only remaining service dependent on muscle as a means of movement, we have linked the three services closer together and have enabled co-operation between them to become more effective, not only by increasing the speed of the land forces but by freeing them from the shackles of roads and rails and so endowing them with a two-dimensional power of movement.

"A problem which has constantly perplexed commanders in the field is that of the tactical deployment from column of march. Hitherto marches have, normally, been carried out by road, not so much because roads provide the easiest marching surfaces, but because the fighting troops depend for their sustenance on their supply wagons and lorries, and, as these can seldom leave the roads, where they go the troops must follow or precede. Even in spite of this, all immediate necessities have to be carried on the man himself. The result of this to-day is, that a single division marching on one road will require the best part of a day to deploy and, on account of the 60 lb. of equipment carried on the man, the troops composing it are normally an exhausted force on the completion of this manoeuvre. If, now, we replace the existing wheeled vehicle by cross-country tractors, not only will the length of the road columns be reduced but these vehicles can, when required, move off the roads and so free them to the troops.

"Sixty pounds of equipment is not an economic load for a man to carry, and it can never be made an economic load, because human muscular endurance is constant. Further, as warfare evolves, necessities multiply, so much so that, in the recent war, the total weight carried by an infantryman frequently rose to over 70 lb. in dry weather, increasing to even 100 lb. in wet. Such weights as these limit the effective radius of action of the infantry soldier to a few miles. Besides equipment, the rate of fire of automatic weapons—light and heavy machine-guns—demands vast supplies of ammunition; if carried on the man he ceases to be a fighter and becomes but the supplier of another. For one light machine-gun at least four ammunition carriers are required in action; consequently in place of being a one-man weapon its utility depends on five. If now we supply every platoon of men with one supply tractor and one or two ammunition tractors, not only shall we be able to reduce the weight carried on the foot-soldier by at least 20 lb. when in action and 30 lb. when on the line of march, but we shall be able to increase the number of automatic weapons carried and so vastly increase the fighting power of the infantry.

"The artillery horse will by degrees give way to the tractor, which will not only transport field and heavier guns but will enable greater quantities of ammunition to be carried than is possible at present. The tank from its position amongst the army troops will, I consider, be called upon to work in closer and closer co-operation with the infantry, as these will require all the protection it can afford them on account of the ever increasing number of machine-guns rendered possible by cross-country tractors. From army troops the first step, therefore, is likely to be that of divisional troops and then, as the machine becomes simpler in design, we may expect to see companies of tanks attached to infantry battalions and eventually platoons of tanks to companies. Later on, if the tank follows in the evolutionary footsteps of the arquebus, musket and rifle, these platoons will grow in strength until the infantry personnel in them will become too small to operate effectively with the mechanical elements. Should such an evolution take place we may expect to see the future battalion represented by three or four tank companies, equipped with one or more types of machines, and one company of mechanically transported infantry.

"The above speculations ultimately lead us to an important question which is likely to be hotly debated in the near future. This is the question of man-power and its place in future wars. In the past, man-power has been one of the deciding factors in war, as one man has normally meant one weapon. As it is by means of weapons that blows are given, the more men a nation could put into the field the more weapons could the commander of its army concentrate at the decisive point. Similarly with tanks, it has, quite logically, been urged that, if both sides possess machines of equal power, the side which can maintain the greatest number of tanks in the theatre of war will stand best chance of winning."




**This cover of the Sept. 1 issue of MacLean's, has been autographed, as you will observe, by Canada's new Governor-General, Lord Byng, of Vimy. This copy is to be sold at auction for the benefit of disabled veterans in Montreal.**

# That sweet clean-clothes smell Certain with FELS-NAPTHA!






*An interesting feature of Fels-Naptha is its deodorizing quality. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha does its work, vanishes completely and leaves that delightful clean-clothes smell.*

YOU know the fresh sweet smell of clothes made thoroughly clean! You can tell it the instant you pick up clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way.

And *white!* Their brightness is astonishing!

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than naptha. Together, the soap and the *real* naptha do better work than either one alone can do. The original Fels-Naptha process of combining good soap and *real* naptha has never been duplicated or successfully imitated.

The *real* naptha in Fels-Naptha searches out the dirt and makes it let go, so that only a light rub on extremely soiled places is occasionally necessary. Then a good rinse—and clothes are so fresh, so sweet, so white you are amazed at the ease with which you get perfect cleanliness!

Order Fels-Naptha—the *real* naptha soap—of your grocer. Put it to the test today!

***Fels-Naptha for Washing-machines***

Its *real* naptha churns through and through the clothes and loosens all the dirt.

***Does color mean quality?***

Some good shampoo soaps are black. Some good complexion soaps are green and brown. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of the combination of ingredients of this, the *real* naptha soap. Fels-Naptha makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

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Besides being a wonderful laundry soap Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bathtub, washstand, sink. *Safely* cleans anything cleanable.

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# FELS-NAPTHA

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AT least seventy million hands and thirty-five million faces are washed three or more times every day with Ivory Soap.

A simple matter to be sure,—this keeping the hands and face feeling and looking right—a mere part of the day's routine,—yet when you stop to think of it, how well it proves the all-round excellence of Ivory Soap and its all-round suitability for bath, toilet, shampoo, nursery and fine laundry.

Only a soap that leaves *nothing* to be desired could become so fixed a part of our daily lives. Let just one of Ivory's qualities be lacking and it soon would be classed as simply another soap among the many that may claim the honor of our acquaintance temporarily but not our life-long every-day friendship.

In Ivory is found every one of the seven qualities that soap should have to be safe and efficient—and must have to be *permanently* acceptable for any and all uses. Abundant lather, easy rinsing, mildness, purity, whiteness, fragrance, "it floats"—no one can ask more of soap, no one should be satisfied with less.

IVORY SOAP IVORY IT FLOATS 99 44/100% PURE

MADE IN CANADA

# Rain-in-the-Face's Record Run

*Former Sioux Chief Ran Three Hundred Miles in Three Days*

COL. G. O. SHIELDS

IN A recently published volume, "Blanket Indian of the Northwest," (Vechten Waring Co., New York) Col. Shields tells of a great run made by Rain-in-the-Face, a Sioux Indian, in 1873 or 1874. He had killed two white men (in self-defense, he claimed), was subsequently arrested, and escaped.

"I asked him," writes Colonel Shields, "to tell me the story of his flight across the plains, in the dead of winter, in the midst of that howling blizzard, without food, blankets, a gun, or any way to make a fire. (In fact he would not have dared fire a shot if he had found game, nor made a fire if he had had matches, for he knew he would be hunted, and a fire or the report of a gun might have revealed his whereabouts to his pursuers.)

"He told me the story of this great run, and I will tell it to you in his own words as nearly as I can recall them.

"I asked him, through an interpreter, 'Where did you go when you escaped from the jail at Standing Rock?' He said:

" 'I went to the camp of my friends, at the base of Woody Mountain. in Canada.'

" 'How far is that?' I asked.

" 'Three hundred miles as the crow flies.'

" 'How long did it take you to make that run?'

" 'Three days and nights.'

" 'Do you mean to tell me that a man can run a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, on snow-shoes, and another hundred in the next twenty-four, and another hundred in the next?'

"He said, 'I did it.'

" 'How often did you sleep by the way?

" 'I didn't sleep at all. I knew I dared not sleep. I dared not even sit down to rest, for if I had, under the terrible fatigue and hunger and strain from which I suffered, I would have lost consciousness; a stupor would have overtaken me, and I would have frozen solid in half an hour. I was fleeing from the persecution, the wrongs, the outrages inflicted on me and my people by the white men. I was going to my friends and had determined to reach them. I knew the only way I could do that was to keep going. I ran most of the way. Occasionally I would slow down to a walk to recover my breath and recuperate my strength a little; then I would forge ahead again.'

" 'What did you eat on the way?' I asked. He said:

" 'Browse. When I would cross a dry coulee I would break off a handful of brush, willows, or box-elder, and eat it as I ran across the next plateau maybe ten miles, or twenty miles, or thirty miles. Then when I crossed another coulee I would break off more and eat that as I ran.

" 'After running two days and nights and the greater part of the third day, late in the afternoon the wind lulled, the snow cleared from the air for a few minutes, and I saw the dim outline of Woody Mountain towering away into the sky. That gave me new hope, new courage. I knew the camp was not more than twenty miles away, and I knew I should reach it. I put on a new burst of speed, and after running a few miles more the wind lulled again, the air cleared, and I saw the outline of the great blue forest surrounding the base of the mountain; and I saw three little columns of blue smoke curling up among the trees.

" 'I knew this meant the camp of my friends. I knew there were no other Indians and no white men in the forest at that time of year. Again I was inspired, and again I forged ahead. When I got within three miles of the forest I began to yell, giving first the war-whoop, followed by the wail of distress. At first there was no response, but I kept on shouting as I ran. Finally I heard three shots fired in rapid succession. I knew what that meant. It meant that my friends had heard my call and that they would come to me. I kept on going, and a few minutes later I saw six men break from the cover of the forest and come toward me on a run. And that was the last I did know for two days and nights.

" 'When I regained consciousness I was lying on a buffalo-robe in the tepee of one of my friends. Several of them were sitting about, watching me anxiously. Two of the squaws were rubbing my arms, legs, neck and shoulders, trying to restore the circulation of my blood and revive me. They were giving me frequent spoonfuls of hot soup. I slowly regained my strength and in a few hours was able to sit up; but it was three days more before I was strong enough to stand on my feet.' "

# Breaking Into Politics

*Continued from page 15*

IN THIS contest I was again urged to be the candidate in opposition to Greenway, but notwithstanding the fact that I was pressed, even by Sir John Macdonald, to accept the nomination, I refused to do so. Sir John even went to the length of offering to see that I would become the leader of the Conservative party in Manitoba and did everything within his power to encourage me to run, but I steadfastly refused.

Immediately after this contest I turned my attention to the reorganization of the provincial conservative forces and was made President of the Manitoba Conservative Association, a position I held for many years.

The next year Premier Greenway got into deep water with some of his liberal supporters. In 1889 Roblin and others left him. In 1890 a provincial Conservative convention was held in Winnipeg and it was then that Roblin first made his appearance in a Conservative organization. Then followed a little later the strenuous days of the campaign of 1892—a campaign in which the total financial disbursements of the Conservative party were less than $2,000.

The Northern Pacific had entered Manitoba from the south and Greenway claimed certain credit for having achieved that project. He managed to carry on until 1896, with constantly increasing pressure and difficulties.

The Manitoba School issue by this time had taken form. Greenway later introduced the bi-lingual system, which he regarded then as a popular course of action, and by the help of the federal government of that day he secured an unexpected dissolution which annoyed the Conservatives so much that they offered little or no opposition.

Immediately after this the Conservatives entered on a campaign of organization and selected Sir Hugh John Macdonald as their leader; when the general election came along, 1889, the organization was provincial wide and complete. Again the great issue was railway extension and lower freight rates. It was held that the electors had lost confidence in Greenway's railway policy and after one of the most strenuous campaigns in the history of any province, Greenway was defeated.

Hugh John Macdonald led the forces during the first session in the provincial legislature, then came the Dominion general election and Sir Charles Tupper prevailed on Hugh John to resign his position as Premier of the province and join the Conservative Opposition at Ottawa, where he previously had served with distinction.

Following this, R.P. Roblin became Premier of Manitoba and the fight for reduced transportation tolls and further railway extensions took on new vigor.

*Further Recollections next issue*

# To protect your skin one cream—to cleanse it an entirely different cream

***Every normal skin needs these two: for Daytime use, a dry cream made entirely without oil so that it cannot reappear in a shine—at Night, a cream made with the oil necessary to keep the skin soft and pliant***



*In the daytime, use Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against sun, wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.*

*These two creams are totally different in character and the results they accomplish are separate and distinct. They answer different demands of the skin. Your skin must have both if it is to keep its original loveliness.*



*For the nightly cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream — the cream with an oil base.*

## *For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine*

YOU ***must protect your skin*** from the sun, wind and dust or it will protect itself by developing a tough, florid surface. Then the soft texture of youth is lost forever.

Wind whips the natural moisture out of the skin, drying it so that tiny scales appear. Dust bores deep into the pores, dulling and blemishing the complexion and forming blackheads.

Make a point of always applying Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

There is not a drop of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream to reappear and make your face shiny. Use it regularly to protect the skin during the daytime and evening.

Skin specialists advise the use of a protective cream.

***When you powder,*** do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream — this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on — and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

## *At night—the cleansing cream made with oil*

***Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night*** if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores, and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

***Catch tiny lines before they deepen.*** Every minute time is working against us. Etching fine little lines about the eyes, nose and mouth, under the chin, and in front of the ears. Lines that deepen rapidly into wrinkles. The cream that guards against these is invaluable.

Ward them off by faithful use of Pond's Cold Cream at night. This nourishing cream contains just the amount of oil needed to supplement the natural oil—and natural oil is the skin's most successful opponent of wrinkles. Rub in Pond's Cold Cream where the lines are beginning to form, under and around the eyes, at the corners of the mouth, at the base of the nose, and under the chin. Too vigorous manipulation of the skin often increases instead of lessening wrinkles. Pond's has been made extremely light in texture so that with it only the gentlest stroking is necessary.

## *Start using these two creams today*

These two creams are both too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes. 50 cents each. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, 205 Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.

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*Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream*

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GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
205 Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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# Dean of the Trailsmen

*Continued from page 20*

Usually, he thus finishes the bear's days with one well-directed blow, but on one occasion his aim was not quite so true as it should have been. "It took all my nerve to deliver another blow to finish him." Mr. Braithwaite related. "If he had shown fight it would have been different. Instead, he sat up on his haunches in a dazed sort of a way, rubbed the spot where he had been hit with his free fore-paw and uttered a moan like a man."

One naturally wonders how the trapper can get close enough to an angry bear in a trap to hit him with an axe and not be knocked over by the bear. Mr. Braithwaite first excites the bear's natural curiosity by swinging the axe in front of him, all the time talking in a droning tone to the bear. When the bear has finally fixed his gaze on the gleaming axe-blade, the hunter, who has been slowly approaching him a slow step at a time, lurches forward suddenly and delivers the fatal blow.

### Bear Breaks Loose, And——

A SAVAGE black bear came near finishing Mr. Braithwaite in one of those encounters. The trapper was approaching the animal by the method told of above. He had just got within striking distance and was about to swing his axe when the great bear leaped forward. There came a crunching, rending sound from behind the beast and Mr. Braithwaite noted to his horror that the root under which the clog of the chain-trap was fastened had given way and freed the bear with the trap still clamped on his foot.

"I sprang away just in time to avoid the bear's first smash at me with his sledge-hammer fore-paws, and his muzzle was fairly touching my heels as I ran still clutching my axe. It would be useless for me to attempt to use the axe on him under these conditions, for I knew that before I could bring the axe down he'd knock it out of my hands and immediately close in on me.

"So I raced forward hoping for the unexpected to happen in my favor," the old woodman continued, "if something providential didn't happen I knew my days were numbered. In front of me was a brush-heap over which a tree trunk had fallen. I ran up this trunk. The bear followed. He was so close I was expecting to be swept off my feet by a blow at every step.

"Just when I was certain the end was at hand, the bear with a sudden grunt came to a stop with his breath fanning my heels. The clog of the trap chain had dropped into the crotch of two crossed logs and had been caught there and held. There came over that bear's face such a look of enraged surprise that I stood there and laughed out loud at him.

"And as I laughed, the bear let out a couple of snarling yelps that sounded for all the world like cuss-words. As this bear was by now in a very ugly mood I went back to camp to get my rifle, but when I returned with it decided to finish him as I intended in the first place—with the axe. I did so. So far I've never used a gun on a trapped bear."

Bears have many traits that seem almost human. A mammy-bear will cuff an offending cub just as a cross old woman might. I have seen this happen in the northern wilderness myself, after which the little cub sat up on his haunches and with paws to his face sobbed like a child that had been chastised. But did you know that bears—and the intelligent black bear in particular—stand in deadly fear of thunder and lightning? During forest fires and terrific electrical storms, bears in their terror have been known to seek the company of their most dreaded enemy man.

Mr. Braithwaite tells quite an interesting story of an experience with bears during a thunder storm. He had come upon a she-bear with two cubs. At such times the female bear is extremely dangerous and will attack human beings without any provocation. She seems to take it for granted that every other living thing that comes near wants to steal her audacious and mischievous children. Safety in such an emergency—for the man intruder—lies only in swift flight or shooting the bear in a vital spot.

IT WAS such a situation Mr. Braithwaite faced. He killed the old bear with a single shot from his rifle. Meanwhile her two cubs had climbed up a tree nearby. Mr. Braithwaite went back to his canoe, which was beached on the lake-shore nearby, and procured his axe. With it he chopped down the tree. One of the cubs was stunned by the fall, but the other leaped from the tree branches and made good its escape into the woods. Mr. Braithwaite picked up the stunned cub and carried it down to the canoe where he left it while he went back to skin the old bear. A thunder-storm was coming closer and closer and he was anxious to



HENRY ALFRED BRAITHWAITE,
Of Fredericton, New Brunswick.

**A Grand Old Man of the Bush, who is believed to be the oldest white guide in Canada. He is more than eighty years of age, and after sixty-six years spent in the woods is a living proof of the benefits to be derived from life in the open. He is supple as a boy, retains all his faculties at their best and has all but one of his natural teeth in perfect condition. In the accompanying article a story of his exploits is told.**

get the work completed and paddle across the lake before the storm broke. The first scattered big drops in advance of the storm had commenced to fall before he had the hide entirely off the bear.

When he carried the hide down to the canoe the little cub that he had left unconscious nearby was nowhere to be seen. It had recovered its senses and scampered off to the bush. Mr. Braithwaite deposited the bear skin in the canoe and pushed off. As he did so, there came a blinding flash of red lightning accompanied by a thunder-crash that seemed to set up a wicked crackling and snapping in the air all about.

Immediately after the crash there came from the shore a whimpering wail, for all the world like the cry of a young child in distress or deadly fear. Down the beach raced the little cub that had so recently run away. It leaped into the water and commenced swimming toward the canoe. Mr. Braithwaite paddled back and picked up the tiny animal. There was another flash of lightning and an earsplitting crash. The cub buried its head under the hunter's arm trembling like a frightened child and clinging to him frantically with its little paws. The man took the cub and placed it on the hide of its mother in the bottom of the canoe. He says it was wonderful to note how the smell and feel of the old bear's fur quieted and comforted the whimpering little beast. It snuggled down and remained absolutely quiet during the rest of the storm. He made a pet of this cub till it grew big enough to take care of itself when he set it free in its native wilds.

One of Mr. Braithwaite's most extraordinary accomplishments is his taming of the wild folk in the woods round his camp. Visitors to his cabin in the wilderness have been amazed to see him walk out of a morning and call the moose from their haunts in the thickets. The ponderous and magnificent animals, whose hearing is perhaps the most sensitive of any of the wild creatures, at his low "Moo-oo-k, moo-oo-k," seem to emerge from everywhere in the thickets and come pacing into the clearing, where they circle around him like old friends, as indeed they are all year round—except in the hunting season when the truce is void. The animals eat out his hand and allow him to slap and caress their shaggy coats as he might pet domestic beasts'. Many times Mr. Braithwaite has called moose out of the bush into the shallow water and induced them to pose while photographers took pictures of them. All the time he keeps on talking to them and the animals act as though they really understood. The feat seems almost unbelievable, but the accompanying illustrations of animals that Mr. Braithwaite called out of the woods and commanded to "look pretty while they had their pictures took," supply tangible proof of his skill and the confidence the beasts of the wild place in him.

Near his cabin he at one time had a colony of field mice which not only came at his call, but actually performed a number of tricks at his bidding. These sleek little creatures provided no end of amusement for visitors to the camp, but they could not be induced to enter the cabin unless Mr. Braithwaite himself were there.

### Regards Life as Sacred

THE VETERAN New Brunswick guide and big game hunter is strictly opposed to destroying any wild life unless out of necessity to provide food or fur, or in self-defence. As an instance of his tender feelings towards bird-life, his daughter, Mrs. Harriet Culligan, of Fredericton, who perhaps knows her father's moods and whims better than any other living person, tells the following story:

It happened that during the latter part of one summer, Braithwaite had not been in his camp in the woods for some time. One cool evening after his return, having a tramp to another camp in view, he took from the wall his mackinaw jacket that had been hanging there for over a month. Outside he was puzzled by the antics of a bird which kept fluttering around him uttering plaintive calls and sometimes flying into his face. He had walked about half the distance, when, on putting a hand into a side pocket of the mackinaw, his fingers encountered a mass of dry grass and moss and small, warm moving things in the center of it. He opened the mouth of the pocket and, peeping in, found it was a bird's nest with a couple of unfledged young birds in it.

Most men at the utmost consideration would have taken the nest out of the pocket and left it for the mother bird to make the best of circumstances. But what Henry Braithwaite did was walk all the way back to his cabin, take off his mackinaw with the birds still in the pocket, hang it on the nail where he had taken it from and set out afresh on his journey minus his warm coat. He refused to wear or even disturb the coat again until the mother bird had reared her young to a point where they could fly about and take care of themselves.

### Teeth White As Ivory

IT HAS been mentioned in this article that Mr. Braithwaite has a set of fine white teeth, complete all but one. One's curiosity is naturally aroused as to how he preserved his teeth as he has done into a ripe old age. The startling answer from Mr. Braithwaite is that he never in all his life used a tooth-brush on them. Not that Mr. Braithwaite doesn't believe in cleaning teeth, but in his early days tooth-brushes and tooth-pastes were not so available as today and he believes that proper food and proper use of the teeth have more to do with their preservation than scrubbing them. People use their knives and forks too much, he thinks, when a little natural gnawing at a bone once in a while would give the teeth the sort of exercise that does them good.

The old gentleman does not and never has used tobacco in any form. He is the first woodsman I have ever met who did not smoke. "I guess it was the law of contrariness in human nature," he explains. "When I was a boy I asked my parents if I might smoke and they signified their willingness that I should if I cared to. I never formed the habit, however."

Mr. Braithwaite is not a prohibitionist nor a believer in it. He enjoys a social glass of Scotch and "drops" it like one of the old school. But whiskey with him has its proper uses and its proper place. If all the rest of the race were as careful not to abuse the right to drink what they pleased as Mr. Braithwaite is there'd be no need of prohibition and kindred enactments.

Besides enjoying most of the accomplishments of the white man in general, Mr. Braithwaite can do most things that an Indian can do. He makes his own birch-bark canoes and his snow-shoes and could, if necessary, make as good a moccasin as the red man. In his spare moments he is an inveterate reader. The articles by Arthur Heming in *Maclean's* proved of exceptional interest to him. "Heming knows the bush," he contends, "and that is the reason that among all the writers about the woods I like his stories best."

There is one other accomplishment of which Mr. Braithwaite is exceptionally proud—he is a great grandfather.

# The Yellow Streak

*Continued from page 19*

"Robin!" she cried.
But she spoke too late.
Robin Greve had left the room.

## CHAPTER IX

### Mr. Manderton

A QUALITY which had gone far to lay the foundations of the name which Robin Greve was rapidly making at the bar was his strong intuitive sense. He had the rare ability of correctly "sensing" an atmosphere, an uncanny flair for driving instantly at the heart of a situation, which rendered him in the courts a dexterous advocate and a redoubtable opponent.

Now as he came into the lounge from the big oak staircase he instantly realised that he had entered an unfriendly atmosphere. The concealed lights which were set all round the cornice of the room were turned on, flooding the pleasantly snug room with soft reflected light. A little group stood about the fire, Bude, Jay, Hartley Parrish's man, and a stranger. Jay was engaged in earnest conversation with the stranger. But at the sound of Greve's foot upon the staircase the conversation ceased and a silence fell on the group.

Greve's attention was immediately attracted towards the stranger whom he surmised to be the detective from Scotland Yard. He was a big, burly man with a heavy dark moustache, straight and rather thin black hair and coarse features. He looked a full-blooded, plethoric person with reddish blue veins on his florid face and a heavy jowl, which over-feeding, Robin surmised, had made fullish. He was very neatly dressed in his black overcoat with velvet collar carefully brushed, his natty black tie with its pearl pin and well-polished boots. His black bowler hat with a pair of heavy dogskin gloves, neatly folded, lay on the table.

"This Mr. Greve?"

Bude and Jay fell back as Robin joined the group. The detective bent his gaze on the young barrister as he put his question and Robin for the first time noticed his eyes. Keen and clear, they were ill-suited, he thought, to the rather gross features of the man. By right he should have had either the small and roguish or the pale and expressionless eyes which are habitually found in individuals of the sanguine temperament.

# The loveliest Nails —a matter of knowing how

*The secret of having beautiful hands lies in knowing the difference between the right and the wrong kind of care of the cuticle*



Photo by Baron de Meyer

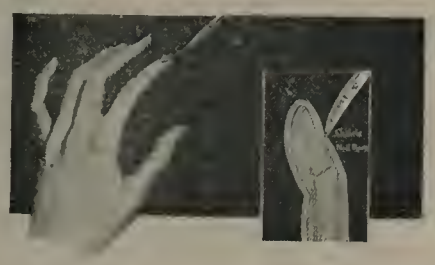
*The hands of Mary Nash are famed for their beauty. Their loveliness is enhanced by the perfect grooming that Cutex gives. Miss Nash says: "I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better. They are really lovely."*

ANYBODY can have lovely nails—because lovely nails are chiefly a matter of grooming. Just a little systematic care *of the right kind* can actually create beauty—even when nature has denied it.

But your treatment must be of the right kind! Just as many people spoil their nails by mistakes as by neglect.

In the first place—you must never clip or trim the cuticle. If you do, you can never have a smooth, even nail rim.

This thin fold of skin that we call the cuticle forms the only protection of the delicate nail root, which lies less than 1/12 of an inch beneath. No matter how careful you are when you cut the cuticle, you can hardly avoid piercing through to this sensitive living part. Then, just because it is so sensitive and important, nature immediately begins to build up new tissue to protect it. This is tougher than the rest of the skin, and so, of course, it gives the nail rim that ragged, uneven look that you are so especially anxious to avoid.



*See how cutting the cuticle injures the delicate nail root*

### *The right way to care for the cuticle*

But when the cuticle grows up over the nails, dries, splits and forms hang-nails, it must be removed some way. You can do it easily, quickly, harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Apply it about the base of the nails with an orange stick, and then rinse the finger tips. When drying them, push back the cuticle with the towel. All the hard dry edges of dry skin will simply wipe away, leaving the fold of new skin beneath thin, even and transparent, as healthy cuticle should be.

Then you want the pearly nail tips that give elegance and distinction to any hand. Use Cutex Nail White, squeezing just the tiny bit of it you require directly under the nails from the delicately pointed tip of the tube.

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The detective had a trick of dropping his eyes to his boots. When he raised them, the effect was to alter his whole expression. His eyes, well-open, keenly observant, in perpetual motion, lent an air of alertness, of shrewdness to his heavy florid countenance.

"That is my name," said Robin, answering his question. "I am a barrister. I have met some of your people at the Yard but I don't think...."

"Detective-Inspector Manderton," interjected the big man and paused as though to say "Let that sink in!"

Robin knew him well by repute. His qualities were those of the bull-dog, slow-moving, obstinately brave and desperately tenacious. His was a name to conjure with among the criminal classes and his career was starred with various sensational tussles with desperate criminals for Detective-Inspector Manderton, when engaged on a case, invariably "took a hand himself" as he phrased it when an arrest was to be made. A bullet hole in his right thigh and an imperfectly knitted right collar-bone remained to remind him of this propensity of his.

His motto, as he was fond of saying, was "What I have I hold!"

"Well, Mr. Greve," said the detective in a loud, hectoring voice, "perhaps you will be good enough to tell me what you know of this affair?"

ROBIN flushed angrily at the man's manner. But there was no trace of resentment in his voice as he replied. He told Manderton what he had already told Humphries, how he had gone from the billiard-room across the hall and down the library corridor to the side-door into the grounds intending to have a stroll before tea, but finding that it was threatening rain had returned to the house by the front door.

The detective scanned the young man's face closely as he spoke. When Robin had finished the other dropped his eyes and seemed to be examining the brilliant polish of his boots. He said nothing and again Robin became aware of the atmosphere of hostility towards him which this man radiated.

"It is dark at five o'clock?"

Manderton turned to Bude.

"Getting on that way, sir," the butler agreed.

"Are you in the habit, sir,"—the detective turned to Robin now, "of going out for walks in the dark?"

Greve shrugged his shoulders.

"I had been sitting in the billiard room. It was rather stuffy so I thought I'd like some air before tea!"

"You left Miss Trevert in the billiard-room?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Greve put a hand to his throat and eased his collar.

"The gong had sounded for tea," the detective went on imperturbably, "surely it would have been more natural for you to have brought Miss Trevert with you?"

"I didn't wish to!"

Mr. Manderton cleared his throat.

"Ah!" he grunted. "You didn't wish to. I should like you to be frank with me, Mr. Greve, please. Was it not a fact that you and Miss Trevert had words?"

He looked up sharply at him with contracted pupils.

"You took a certain interest in this young lady?"

"Mr. Manderton,"—Robin spoke with a certain *hauteur*—"don't you think we might leave Miss Trevert's name out of this?"

"Mr. Greve," said the detective bluntly. "I don't!"

Robin made a little gesture of resignation.

"Before the servants...."

"Come, come, sir," the detective broke in, "with all respect to the young lady and yourself, it was a matter of common knowledge in the house that she and you were....well, old friends. It was remarked, Mr. Greve, I may remind you, that you looked very upset like when you left the billiard-room to," he paused perceptibly, "to go for your stroll in the dark?"

Robin glanced quickly round the group. Jay averted his eyes. As for Bude he was the picture of embarrassment.

"You seem to be singularly well posted in the gossip of the servants' hall, Mr. Manderton!" said Robin hotly.

It was a foolish remark and Robin regretted it the moment the words had left his mouth.

"Well, yes," commented the detective slowly. "I am. I shall be well posted on the whole of this case presently I hope, sir!"

HIS manner was perfectly respectful but reserved almost to a tone of menace.

"In that case," said Robin, "I'll tell you something you don't know, Mr. Manderton. Has Bude told you what he heard after I had passed him in the hall?"

Interest flashed at once into the detective's face. He turned quickly to the butler. Robin felt he had scored.

"What did you hear?" he said sharply.

Bude looked round wildly. His large, fish-like mouth twitched and he made a few feeble gestures with his hands.

"It was only perhaps an idea of mine, sir," he stammered. "Just a sort of idea....I daresay I was mistaken. My hearing ain't what it was, sir...."

"Don't you try to hoodwink me," said Manderton, with sudden ferocity, knitting his brows and frowning at the unfortunate butler. "Come on and tell us what you heard. Mr. Greve knows and I mean to. Out with it!"

Bude cast a reproachful glance at Robin. Then he said:

"Well, sir, a minute or two after Mr. Greve had passed me, I went back to the hall and through the open door of the corridor leading to the library, I heard voices!"

"Voices, eh? Did you recognize them?"

"No, sir. It was just the sound of talking!"

"You told Miss Trevert they were loud voices, Bude!" Robin interrupted.

"Yes, sir," replied the butler, "they were loudish in a manner o'speaking else I sh uldn't have heard them!"

"Why not?"

The detective rapped the question out sharply.

"Why, because the library door was locked, sir!"

"How do you know that?"

"Because Miss Trevert and Dr. Romain both tried the handle and couldn't get in!"

"Ah!" said Manderton, "you mean the door was locked *when the body was found*! Now as to these voices. Were they men's voices?"

"Yes, sir, I should say so."

"Why?"

"Because they were deep like!"

"Was Mr. Hartley Parrish's voice one of them?"

The butler spread out his hands.

"That I couldn't say! I just heard the murmur like, then shut the passage door quickly...."

"Why?"

"Well, sir, I thought....I didn't want to listen...."

"You thought one of the voices was Mr. Greve's eh? Having a row with Mr. Parrish eh? About the lady, isn't that right?"

"Aren't you going rather too fast?" said Robin quietly.

But the detective ignored him.

"Come on and answer my question, my man," he said harshly. "Didn't you think it was Mr. Hartley Parrish and Mr. Greve here having a bit of a dust-up about the young lady being engaged to Mr. Parrish?"

"Well, perhaps I did but...."

Like a flash the detective turned on Robin.

"What do you know about this?" he demanded fiercely.

"Nothing," said Greve. "As I have told you already I did not see Mr.Parrish alive again after lunch nor did I speak to him. What I would suggest to you now is that upon this evidence of Bude's depends the vitally important question of hiw Mr.Parrish met his death. Thou he was found with a revolver in his hand, none of us in this house know of any good motive for his suicide. I put it to you, the man who can furnish us with this motive owns the voice heard by Bude in conversation with Mr. Parrish, since obviously nobody other than Mr. Parrish and possibly this unknown person was in the library block at the time. Moreover, until the bullet has been extracted, we do not know that Mr. Parrish killed himself . . . "

"No," said the detective significantly, we don't!"

He had dropped his eyes to the ground now and was studying the pattern of the hearth-rug.

"You say you heard no shot?" he suddenly asked Robin.

"No!"

"No one other than Miss Trevert, I gather, heard the shot!"

"That is so!"

MR. MANDERTON consulted a slip of paper which he drew from his pocket.

"Inspector Humphries," he said, "has drawn up a rough time-table of events leading up to Mr. Parrish's death, based on the evidence he has taken here this evening. You will tell me if it tallies."

He read from the slip:

"5 p.m. Bude sounds the gong for tea.

"5.10 Mr. Greve passes Bude in the hall and goes down the corridor leading to the library. Mr. Greve states he went straight out by the side-door into the gardens."

The detective looked up from his reading.

"At 5.12, let us say, Bude comes back from the servants' quarters to the hall and hears voices from the library. He closes the passage door. Is that right?"

Bude nodded.

"It would be about two minutes after I saw Mr. Greve the first time," he agreed.

"Very well!"

The detective resumed his reading.

"5.15 p.m. Miss Trevert goes to fetch Mr. Parrish in to tea. She finds the library door locked. Tries the handle and hears a shot.

"5.18 (say). Miss Trevert comes into the lounge-hall and gives the alarm."

"Now, sir," said Mr. Manderton briskly, "I should like to ask you one or two further questions. Firstly, how long were you out on your stroll in the dark?"

"I should think about two or three minutes."

"That is to say, if you left the house by the side door at 5.10 you were back in the house by 5.13."

"Yes, that would be right," Robin agreed.

"And what did you do when you came in?"

"I went up to my room to fetch a letter for the post."

"Miss Trevert heard the shot fired at 5.15. Where were you at that time?"

"In my bedroom, I should say. I was there for a few minutes as I had to write a cheque...."

"And where is your bedroom?"

"In the other wing above the billiard-room."

"Hm! A pistol shot makes a great deal of noise. It seems strange that nobody in the house should have heard it."

Here Bruce interposed.

"Mr. Parrish, sir, was very particular about noise. He had the library door and the door leading from the front hall to the library corridor specially felted so that he should not hear any sounds from the house when he was working in the library. That library wing was absolutely shut off from the rest of the house. It was always uncommon quiet...."

But the detective, ignoring him, turned to Robin again.

"I have been round the house," he said. "It does not seem to me it ought to take you three or even two minutes to walk from the side door to the front door. I should say it would be a matter of about 30 seconds!"

"Excuse me," Robin answered quickly, "I didn't say I went straight from the side to the front door. I went through the gardens following the path that leads to the main drive. Then I turned and came back to the front door."

"And you assert that you heard nothing?"

"I heard nothing."

"Neither the 'loud voices' which the butler heard within two minutes of your leaving the house nor the shot fired five minutes later?"

"I heard nothing."

Mr. Manderton examined the toes of his boots carefully.

"You heard nothing!" he repeated.

The door opened suddenly and Dr. Romain appeared. With him was the village practitioner and Inspector Humphries.

Dr. Redstone carried in his hand a little pad of cotton wool. He bore it over to the fireplace and unwrapping the lint showed a twisted fragment of lead lying on the blood-stained dressing.

"Straight through the heart and lodged in the spine," he said. "Death was absolutely instantaneous."

The detective picked up the bullet and scrutinised it closely.

"Browning pistol ammunition," observed Humphries, "it fits the gun he used. There's half a dozen spare rounds in one of the drawers of his dressing-room upstairs."

Mr. Manderton drew Inspector Humphries and Dr. Redstone into a corner of the room where they conversed in undertones. Bude and Jay had vanished. Dr. Romain turned to Robin Greve who stood lost in a reverie staring into the fire.

"A clear case of suicide," he said. "The medical evidence is conclusive on that point. A most amazing affair. I can't conceive what drove him to it. Why *did* he do it?"

"Ah! why?" said Robin.

## CHAPTER X

### A Smoking Chimney

A RED sun glowed dully through a thin mist when, on the following morning, Robin Greve emerged from the side door into the gardens of Harkings. It was a still, mild day. Moisture from the night's rain yet hung translucent on the black limbs of the bare trees and glistened like diamonds on the closely cropped turf of the lawn. In the air was a pleasant smell of damp earth.

Robin paused an instant outside the door in the library corridor and inhaled the morning air greedily. He had spent a restless, fitful night. His sleep had been haunted by the riddle which, since the previous evening, had cast its shadow over the pleasant house. The mystery of Hartley Parrish's death obsessed him. If suicide it was—and the doctors were both positive on that point—the motive eluded him utterly.

His mind, trained to logical processes of reasoning by his practice of the law, baulked at the theory. When he thought of Hartley Parrish as he had seen him at luncheon on the day before, striding with his quick, vigorous step into the room, boyishly curious to know what the *chef* was giving them to eat, devouring his lunch with obvious, animal enjoyment, brimful of energy, dominating the table with his forceful, eager personality....

The sound of voices in the library broke in upon his thoughts. Robin raised his head and listened. Someone appeared to be talking in a loud voice....no, not talking....rather declaiming.

Stepping quietly on the hard gravel path Robin turned the corner of the house and came into view of the library window. The window pane gaped shattered where Horace Trevert had broken the glass on the previous evening when effecting an entrance into the room. Framed in the ragged outline of the splintered glass bulked the large form of Sergeant Harris. He stood half turned from the window so as to catch the light on the copy of "The Times" which he held in his red and freckled hands. He was reading aloud in stentorian tones from a leading article.

"While this country," he bawled sonorously, "cannot in h'our belief.... hevade....er....responsibil.ty....er ... h'm....disquieting sitwation...."

"Dear me!" thought Robin to himself, "what a very extraordinary morning pursuit for our police!"

Suddenly the reading was interrupted.

Robin heard the library door opened. Then Manderton's voice cried:

"That'll do, thank you, sergeant!"

"Did you 'ear me, sir?" asked the sergeant who seemed very much relieved to be quit of his task.

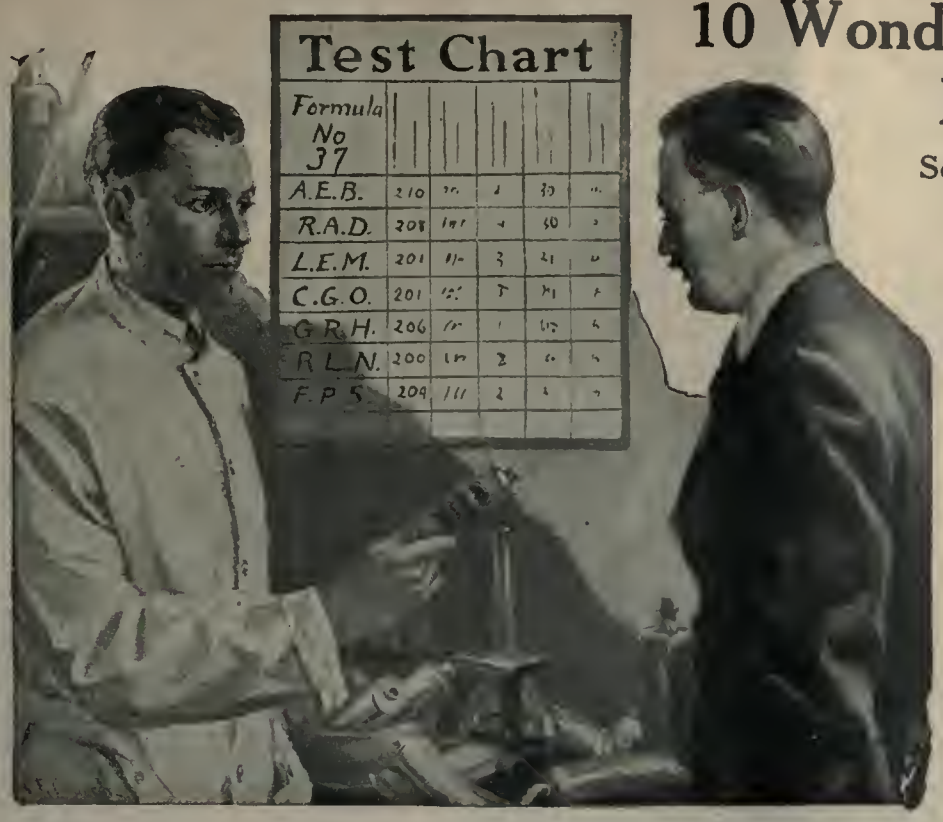
"Not a word!" was the reply. "But we'll try with the library door open! I'll go back to the hall and you start again!"

A THOUGHTFUL look on his face, Robin turned quickly and hurrying round the side of the house, entered by the front door. Standing by the door leading to the library corridor he found Manderton.

The detective did not seem particularly glad to see him.

"Good morning, Inspector," said Robin affably, "you're early to work, I see. Having a little experiment eh?"

Manderton nodded without replying.




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THE DECISION OF SIR EDWARD—the Barrister's Story
THE HOUSE AT APPLEDORE—the Writer's Story
THE PATCH ON THE QUILT—the Actor's Story
AND OTHERS.

Then the stentorian tones of Sergeant Harris proclaiming the views of "The Thunderer" on the Silesian situation rolled down the corridor and struck distinctly on the ears of the listeners in the hall.

Presently Manderton closed the corridor shutting off the sound abruptly.

"I think you said you could not hear the sergeant with the library door shut?" queried Robin suavely.

"With the door shut—no," answered the detective shortly. "But with the door open...."

He broke off significantly and dropped his eyes to his boots.

"Would it be troubling you," Robin struck in, "if we pushed your experiment one step farther?"

Manderton lifted his eyes and looked at the young man. Robin met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Well?"

There was no invitation in his voice but Robin affected to disregard the other's coldness.

"Let the library door be shut," said Robin, "but leave the glass door leading into the garden open. Then give Sergeant Harris another trial at his reading...."

The detective smiled rather condescendingly.

"With the library door shut you'll hear nothing," he remarked.

"The library window is open," Robin retorted, "or rather it is as good as open as one of the two big panes is smashed...."

His voice vibrated with eagerness. The detective looked at him curiously.

"Oh, try if you like," he said carelessly.

Without waiting for his assent Robin had already plucked open the corridor and was half way down the passage as the other replied. He was back again almost at once and motioning the detective to silence, took his place at his side by the open door. Then the sound of the policeman's voice was heard from the corridor. It was muffled and indistinct so that the sense of his words could not be made out. But the voice was audible enough.

Robin turned to the detective.

"Bude could make out no words," he said.

"But how do we know that the glass door was open?" queried the detective sceptically.

"Because I left it open myself," Robin countered promptly, "when I went out for my walk before tea. Sir Horace told me that he found the door banging about in the wind when he went out to get into the library by the window."

MR. MANDERTON allowed his fat, serious face to expand very slowly into a broad, superior smile.

"Doesn't it seem a little curious," he said, "that Mr. Hartley Parrish should choose to sit and work in the library on a gusty and dark winter evening with the window wide open? You'll allow, I think, that the window was not broken until after his death...."

Robin's nerves were ragged. The man's tone nettled him exceedingly. But he confined himself to making a little gesture of impatience.

"No, no, sir," said Mr. Manderton very decidedly, "I prefer to think that the library door was open, left open by the party who went in to speak to Mr. Parrish yesterday afternoon.....and who knows more about the gentleman's suicide than he would have people think..."

Robin boiled over fairly at this.

"Good God, man," he exclaimed, "do you accept this theory of suicide as blandly as all that? Have you examined the body? Don't you use your eyes? I tell you....hah, what's the use? I'm not here to do your work for you!...."

"No, sir," said the detective quite unruffled, "you are not. And I think I'll continue to see about it myself!"

With that he opened the corridor door and vanished down the passage.

With great deliberation Robin selected a cigarette from his case, lit it and walked out through the front door into the fresh air again. More than ever he felt the riddle of Hartley Parrish's death weighing upon his mind.

His intuitive sense rebelled against the theory of suicide, despite the medical evidence, despite the revolver in the dead man's hand, despite the detective's assurance. And floating about in his brain, like the gossamer on the glistening bushes in the gardens, were broken threads of vague suspicions, of half-formed theories leading from his hasty observations in the death chamber....

In itself the death of Hartley Parrish left him cold. Yes, he must admit that. But the look in Mary Trevert's eyes, as she had urged him to shield himself from the suspicion of having driven Hartley Parrish to his death, haunted him. Already dimly he was beginning to realise that Hartley Parrish in death might prove as insuperable a barrier between him and Mary Trevert as ever he had been in life....

She was now a wealthy woman. Hartley Parrish's will had ensured that, he knew. But it was not the barrier of riches that Robin Greve feared. He had asked Mary Trevert to be his wife before there was any thought of her inheriting Parrish's fortune. He derived a little consolation from that reflection. At least he could not appear as a fortune hunter in her eyes. But, until he could clear himself of the suspicion lurking in Mary Trevert's mind that he, Robin Greve, was in some way implicated in Hartley Parrish's death, the dead man, he felt, would always stand between them, And so....

Robin pitched the stump of his cigarette into a rose-bush with a little gesture of resignation. Almost without knowing it he had strolled into the rosary up a shallow flight of steps cut into the bank of green turf which ran along the side of the house facing the library window to the corner of the house where it met the clipped box-hedge of the Pleasure Ground.

THE rosary was a pleasant rectangle framed in a sort of rustic bower which in the summer was covered with superb roses of every hue and variety. Gravel paths intersected rose beds cut into all manner of fantastic shapes where stood the slender shoots of the young rose-trees each with its tag setting forth its kind for Hartley Parrish had been an enthusiastic amateur in this direction.

Robin turned round and faced the house. From his elevation he could look down into the library through the window with its shattered pane. He could see the gleaming polish on Hartley Parrish's big desk and the great arm-chair pushed back as Hartley Parrish had pushed it from him just before his death.

The bare poles of the woodwork festooned with the black arms of the creeping roses, standing out dark in the fast falling winter evening, must, he reflected, have been the last view that Hartley Parrish had had before.....

But then he broke off his meditations abruptly. His eye had fallen on a narrow white patch standing out on one of the uprights supporting the clambering roses. It was a stout young tree, the light brown bark left adhering to its surface. It was a long blaze on the bark on the side of the trunk which had caught his eye. Robin walked round the gravel path until he was within a foot of the pole to get a better view.

The pole stood almost exactly opposite the library window. The scar in the bark was high up and diagonal and quite freshly made for the wood was dead white and much splintered.

The young man put a hand on the upright for support and leant forward, carefully refraining from putting his foot on the soft brown mould of the flower bed which fringed the path between it and the rustic woodwork. Then he ran lightly down the steps until he stood with his back to the library window. From here he carefully surveyed the upright again, then, returning to the rosary, began a careful scrutiny of the gravel paths and the beds.

Apparently his search gave little result for he presently abandoned it and turned his attention to the wooden framework on the other side of the rectangular rose-garden. He plunged boldly in among the rose-bushes and examined each upright in turn. He spent about half an hour in this meticulous investigation and then, his boots covered with mould, his rough shooting coat glistening with moisture, he walked slowly down the steps and re-entered the house.

AS HE was wiping the mud off his boots on the great mat in the front-hall, Bude came out of the lounge-hall with a pile of dishes on a tray.

"Bude," said Robin, "can you tell me if the fire in the library has been smoking of late?"

"Well, sir," replied the butler, "we've always had trouble with that chimney when the wind's in the south-west."

"Has it been smoking lately?" The young man reiterated his question impatiently.

The man looked up in surprise.

"Well, sir, now you come to mention it it has. As a ma ter o'fact, sir, the sweep was ordered for to-day...."

"Why?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Parrish had mentioned it to me...."

"When?"

The question came out like a pistol shot.

"Yesterday, sir," answered the butler blandly. "Just before luncheon, it was, sir. Mr. Parrish told me to have that chimney seen to at once. And I telephoned for the sweep immediately after luncheon, sir...."

"Did Mr. Parrish say anything else, Bude?"

Robin eagerly scanned the butler's fat, unimpressive countenance. Bude, his tray held out stiffly in front of him, contracted his bushy eyebrows in thought.

"I don't know as he did, sir...."

"Think, man, think!" Robin urged.

"Well, sir," said Bude unmoved, "I believe, now I come to think of it, that Mr. Parrish did say something about the wind blowing his papers about...."

"That is to say he had been working with the window open?"

Robin Greve's question rang out sharply. It was an affirmation more than a question.

"Yes, sir, leastways I suppose so, sir.."

"Which window?"

"Why the one Mr. Parrish always liked to have open in the warm weather, sir.... the one opposite the desk. The other window was never opened, sir, because of the dictaphone as stands in front of it. The damp affects the mechanism...."

"Thank you Bude," said the young man.

With his accustomed majesty the butler wheeled to go. In the turn of his head as he moved there was a faint suggestion of a shake....a shake of uncomprehending pity.

## CHAPTER XI

### "....Speed The Parting Guest!"

DR. ROMAIN was just finishing his breakfast as Robin Greve entered the dining-room, a cosy oak-panelled room with a bow window fitted with cushioned window seats. Horace Trevert stood with his back to the fire. There was no sign of either Lady Margaret or of Mary. Silence seemed to fall on both the doctor and his companion as Robin came in. They wore that rather abashed look which people unconsciously assume when they break off a conversation on an unexpected entry.

"Morning, Horace! Morning, Doctor!" said Robin, crossing to the sideboard. "Any sign of Lady Margaret or Mary yet?"

The doctor had risen hastily to his feet.

"I rather think Dr. Redman is expecting me," he said rapidly, "I half promised to go over to Stevenish....think I'll just run over. The walk'll do me good.."

He looked rather wildly about him, then fairly bolted from the room.

Robin, the cover of the porridge dish in his hand, turned and stared at him.

"Why, whatever's the matter with Romain?" he began.

But Horace, who had not spoken a word, was himself halfway to the door.

"Horace!" called out Robin sharply.

The boy stopped with his back towards the other. But he did not turn round.

Robin put the cover back on the porridge dish and crossed the room.

"You all seem in the deuce of a hurry this morning...." he said.

Still the boy made no reply..

"Why, Horace, what's the matter?"

Robin put his hand on young Trevert's shoulder. Horace shook him roughly off.

"I don't care to discuss it with you, Robin!" he said.

Robin deliberately swung the boy round until he faced him.

"My dear old thing," he expostulated. "What does it all mean? *What* won't you discuss with me?"

Horace Trevert looked straight at the speaker. His upper lip was pouted and trembled a little.

"What's the use of talking?" he said. "You know what I mean. Or would you like me to be plainer...."

Robin met his gaze unflinchingly.


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"I certainly would," he said, "if it's going to enlighten me as to why you should suddenly choose to behave like a lunatic. . . "

Horace Trevert leant back and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"After what happened here yesterday," he said, speaking very clearly and deliberately, "I wonder you have the nerve to stay. . . ."

"My dear Horace," said Robin quite impassively, "would you mind being a little more explicit? What precisely are you accusing me of? What have I done?"

"Done?" exclaimed the young man heatedly. "Done? Good God! Don't you realise that you have dragged my sister into this wretched business? Don't you understand that her name will be bandied about before a lot of rotten yokels at the inquest?"

Robin Greve's eyes glittered dangerously.

"I confess," he said with elaborate politeness, "I scarcely understand what it has to do with me that Hartley Parrish should apparently commit suicide within a few days of becoming engaged to your sister. . . ."

"Ha!"

Horace Trevert snorted indignantly. "You don't understand, don't you? We don't understand either. But, I must say, we thought *you* did!"

With that he turned to go. But Robin caught him by the arm.

"LISTEN to me, Horace," he said. "I'm not going to quarrel with you in this house of death. But you're going to tell me here and now what you meant by that remark. Do you understand? I'm going to know!"

Horace Trevert shook himself free.

"Certainly you shall know," he answered with *hauteur*, "but I must say I should have thought that, as a lawyer, and so on, you would have guessed my meaning without my having to explain. What I mean is that now that Hartley Parrish is dead, there is only one man who knows what drove him to his death. And that's yourself! Do you want it plainer than that?"

Robin took a step back and looked at his friend. But he did not speak.

"And now," the boy continued, "perhaps you will realise that your presence here is disagreeable to Mary. . . ."

"Did Mary ask you to tell me this?" Robin broke in.

His voice had lost its hardness. It was almost wistful. The change of tone was so marked that it struck Horace. He hesitated an instant.

"Yes," he blurted out. "She doesn't want to see you again. I don't want to be offensive, Robin. . . ."

"Please don't apologize," said Greve. "I quite understand that this is your sister's house now and, of course, I shall leave at once. I'll ask Jay to pack my things if you could order the car. . . ."

The boy moved towards the door. Before he reached it Robin called him back.

"Horace," he said pleasantly, "before you go I want you to answer me a question. Think before you speak because it's very important. When you got into the library yesterday evening through the window, you smashed the glass, didn't you?"

Horace Trevert nodded.

"Yes," he replied, looking hard at Robin.

"Why?"

"To get into the room, of course!"

"Was the window bolted?"

The boy stopped and thought.

"No," he said slowly, "now I come to think of it, I don't believe it was. No, of course it wasn't. I just put my arm through the broken pane and shoved the window up. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Robin nonchalantly. "I just was curious to know, that's all!"

Horace stood and looked at him for an instant. Then he went out.

A QUARTER of an hour later Hartley Parrish's Rolls-Royce glided through the straggling main street of Stevenish. A chapel bell tinkled unmusically and on the pavements gleaming with wet went a procession of neatly-dressed townsfolk bound, prayer-book in hand, for their respective places of worship. A newsboy, sorting out the Sunday newspapers, which had just come down by train from London was the only figure visible on the little station platform. Robin bought a selection.

"There's all about Mr. Parrish," said the boy, "'im as they found dead up at 'arkings las' night. And the noospapers 'asn't 'arf been sendin' down to-day. . . . reporters and photographers. . . . you oughter seen the crowd as come by the mornin' train. . . "

"I wonder what they'll get out of Manderton," commented Robin rather grimly to himself as his train puffed leisurely, after the habit of Sunday trains, into the quiet little station.

In the solitude of his first-class smoker he unfolded the newspapers. None had more than the brief fact that Hartley Parrish had been found dead with a pistol in his hand but they made up for the briefness of their reports by long accounts of the dead man's "meteoric career." And, Robin noted with relief, hitherto Mary Trevert's name was out of the picture.

He dropped the papers on to the seat and as the train steamed serenely through the Sunday calm of the country towards London's outer suburbs, he reviewed in his mind such facts as he had gleaned regarding the circumstances of his late host's death.

He would, he told himself, accept for the time being as *facts* what, he admitted to himself, so far only seemed to be such. Hartley Parrish, then, had been seated in his library at his desk with the door locked. The fire was smoking and therefore he had opened the window. According to Horace Trevert, the window had not been bolted when he had entered the library, for, after smashing the pane in the assumption that the bolt was shot, he had had no difficulty in pushing up the window. Hartley Parrish had opened the window himself for on the nail of the middle finger of his left hand Robin had seen, with the aid of the magnifying glass, a tiny fragment of white paint.

Who had closed it? He had no answer ready to *that* question.

Now as to the circumstances of the shooting. The suicide theory invited one to believe that Hartley Parrish had got up from his desk, pushing back his chair, had gone round it until he stood between the desk and the window and had there shot himself through the heart. Why should he have done this?

ROBIN had no answer ready to this question either. He passed on again. Bude had heard loud voices a very few minutes before Mary had heard the shot. That morning's experiments had shown that Bude could only have heard these sounds by way of the open window of the library and the open doors of the garden and library corridor. Additional proof, if Bude had heard aright, that the library window was open.

Leaning back in his seat, his fingertips pressed together, Robin Greve resolutely faced the situation to which his deductions were leading him.

"The voice heard at the open window," he told himself, "was the voice of the man who murdered Parrish and who closed the window, that is, of course, if the murder theory proves more conclusive than that of suicide."

This brought him back to his investigations in the rose-garden. The abrasure he had discovered on the timber upright was the mark of a bullet and a mark freshly made at that. Moreover, it had almost certainly been fired from the library window—from the window which Parrish had opened—; the angle at which it had struck and marked the tree showed that almost conclusively.

Yet there had been but one shot? If only he had been able to find that bullet in the rose-garden! Robin thought, ruefully of his long hunt among the sopping rose bushes.

Yes, there had been only one shot. Mary Trevert had stated it definitely. Besides the bullet that had killed Hartley Parrish had been fired from his own revolver and had been found in the body. Robin Greve felt the murder theory collapsing about him. But the suicide theory did not stand up, either. What possible, probable motive had Hartley Parrish for taking his own life?

"He wasn't the man to do it!"

The wheels of the train took up the rhythm of the phrase and dinned it into his ears.

"He wasn't the man to do it!"

The riddle seemed more baffling than ever.

*To be Continued*



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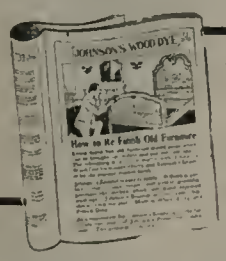
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## The Man Who Knew Too Much

*Continued from page 13*

curtain aside and put his head out, he saw that a grey and silver daybreak had already appeared behind the black woods that surrounded the little lake. And that was all that he did see. Though the sound had certainly come in through the open window from this direction, the whole scene was still and empty under the morning light as under the moonlight. Then the long rather lackadaisical hand he had laid on a window-sill gripped it tighter as if to master a tremor; and his peering blue eyes grew bleak with fear. It may seem that his emotion was exaggerated and needless, considering the effort of common-sense by which he had conquered his nervousness about the noise on the previous night. But that had been a very different sort of noise. It might have been made by half a hundred things, from the chopping of wood to the breaking of bottles. There was only one thing in nature from which could come the sound that echoed through that dark house at daybreak. It was the awful articulate voice of man; and it was something worse; for he knew that man.

He knew also that it had been a shout for help, It seemed to him that he had heard the very word; but the word, short as it was, had been swallowed up, as if the man had been stifled or snatched away even as he spoke. Only the mocking reverberations of it remained even in his memory; but he had no doubt of the original voice. He had no doubt that the great bull's voice of Francis Bray, Baron Bulmer, had been heard for the last time between the darkness and the lifting dawn.

How long he stood there he never knew; but he was startled into life by the first living thing that he saw stirring in that half-frozen landscape. Along the path beside the lake, and immediately under his window, a figure was walking slowly and softly but with great composure; a stately figure in robes of a splendid scarlet; it was the Italian Prince, still in his Cardinal's costume. Most of the company had indeed lived in their costumes for the last day or two, and Fisher himself had assumed his frock of sacking as a convenient dressing-gown; but there seemed nevertheless something unusually finished and formal, in the way of an early bird, about this magnificent red cockatoo. It was as if the early bird had been up all night.

"What is the matter?" he called sharply, leaning out of the window; and the Italian turned up his great yellow face like a mask of brass.

"We had better discuss it downstairs," said Prince Borodino.

FISHER ran downstairs, and encountered the great red-robed figure entering the door-way and blocking the entrance with his bulk.

"Did you hear that cry?" demanded Fisher.

"I heard a noise and I came out," answered the diplomatist, and his face was too dark in the shadow for its expression to be read.

"It was Bulmer's voice," insisted Fisher, "I'll swear it was Bulmer's voice."

"Did you know him well?" asked the other.

The question seemed irrelevant though it was not illogical; and Fisher could only answer in a random fashion that he only knew Lord Bulmer slightly.

"Nobody seems to have known him well," continued the Italian in level tones. "Nobody except that man Brain. Brain is rather older than Bulmer, but I fancy they shared a good many secrets."

Fisher moved abruptly, as if waking from a momentary trance, and said in a new and more vigorous voice, "But look here, hadn't we better get outside and see if anything has happened?"

"The ice seems to be thawing,"




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said the other, almost with indifference.

When they emerged from the house, dark stains and stars in the grey field of ice did indeed indicate that the frost was breaking up, as their host had prophesied the day before; and the very memory of yesterday brought back the mystery of today.

"He knew there would be a thaw," observed the Prince. "He went out skating quite early on purpose. Did he call out because he landed in the water, do you think?"

Fisher looked puzzled. "Bulmer was the last man to bellow like that because he got his boots wet. And that's all he could do here; the water would hardly come up to the calf of a man of his size. You can see the flat weeds on the floor of the lake as if it were through a thin pane of glass. No, if Bulmer had only broken the ice he wouldn't have said much at the moment, though possibly a good deal afterwards. We should have found him stamping and damning up and down this path, and calling for clean boots."

"Let us hope we shall find him as happily employed," remarked the diplomatist. "In that case the voice must have come out of the wood."

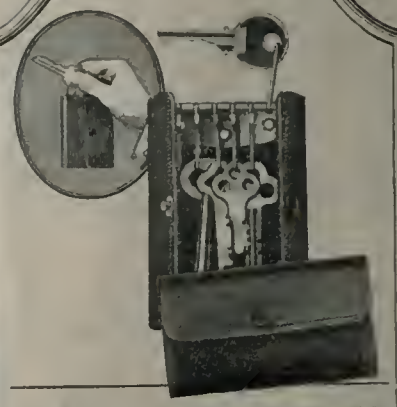
"I'll swear it didn't come out of the house," said Fisher and the two disappeared together into the twilight of wintry trees.

THE plantation stood dark against the fiery colours of sunrise; a black fringe having that feathery appearance which makes trees when they are bare the very reverse of rugged. Hours and hours afterwards, when the same dense but delicate margin was dark against the cool greenish colours opposite the sunset, the search thus begun at sunrise had not come to an end. By successive stages, and to slowly gathering groups of the company, it became apparent that the most extraordinary of all gaps had appeared in the party; the guests could find no trace of their host anywhere. The servants reported that his bed had been slept in and his skates and his fancy costume were gone, as if he had risen early for the purpose he had himself avowed. But from the top of the house to the bottom, from the walls round the park to the pond in the centre, there was no trace of Lord Bulmer, dead or alive. Horne Fisher realised that a chilling premonition had already prevented him from expecting to find the man alive. But his bald brow was wrinkled over an entirely new and unnatural problem, in not finding the man at all.

He considered the possibility of Bulmer having gone off on his own accord, for some reason; but after fully weighing it he finally dismissed it. It was inconsistent with the unmistakable voice heard at daybreak, and with many other practical obstacles. There was only one gateway in the ancient and lofty wall round the small park; the lodge-keeper kept it locked till late in the morning; and the lodge-keeper had seen no one pass. Fisher was fairly sure that he had before him a mathematical problem in an enclosed space. His instinct had been from the first so attuned to the tragedy that it would have been almost a relief to him to find the corpse. He would have been grieved, but not horrified, to come on the nobleman's body dangling from one of his own trees as from a gibbet, or floating in his own pool like a pallid weed. What horrified him was to find nothing.

He soon became conscious that he was not alone even in his most individual and isolated experiments. He often found a figure following him like his shadow, in silent and almost secret clearings in the plantation or outlying nooks and corners of the old wall. The dark-moustached mouth was as mute as the deep eyes were mobile, darting incessantly hither and thither, but it was clear that Brain of the Indian police had taken up the trail like an old hunter after a tiger. Seeing that he was the only personal friend of the vanished man, this seemed natural enough; and Fisher resolved to deal frankly with him.

'This silence is rather a social strain," he said. "May I break the ice by talk-

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ing about the weather; which, by the way, has already broken the ice. I know that breaking the ice might be a rather melancholy metaphor in this case."

"I don't think so," replied Brain shortly. "I don't fancy the ice had much to do with it. I don't see how it could."

"What would you propose doing?" asked Fisher.

"Well, we've sent for the authorities, of course, but I hope to find something out before they come," replied the Anglo-Indian. "I can't say I have much hope from police methods in this country. Too much red tape; Habeas Corpus and that sort of thing. What we want is to see that nobody bolts; the nearest we could get to it would be to collect the company and count them so to speak. Nobody's left lately, except that lawyer who was poking about for antiquities."

"Oh, he's out of it; he left last night," answered the other. "Eight hours after Bulmer's chauffeur saw his lawyer off by the train, I heard Bulmer's own voice as plain as I hear yours now."

"I suppose you don't believe in spirits?" said the man from India. After a pause he added: "There's somebody else I should like to find, before we go after a fellow with an alibi in the Inner Temple. What's become of that fellow in green; the architect dressed up as a forester? I haven't seen him about."

MR. BRAIN managed to secure his assembly of all the distracted company before the arrival of the police. But when he first began to comment once more on the young architect's delay in putting in an appearance, he found himself in the presence of a minor mystery, and a psychological development of an entirely unexpected kind.

Juliet Bray had confronted the catastrophe of her brother's disappearance with a sombre stoicism in which there was perhaps more paralysis than pain; but when the other question came to the surface she was both agitated and angry.

"We don't want to jump to any conclusions about anybody," Brain was saying in his staccato style, "but we should like to know a little more about Mr. Crane. Nobody seems to know much about him, or where he comes from. And it seems a sort of coincidence that yesterday he actually crossed swords with poor Bulmer, and could have stuck him too, since he shewed himself the better swordsman. Of course that may he an accident and couldn't possibly be called a case against anybody; but then we haven't the means to make a real case against anybody. Till the police come, we are only a pack of very amateur sleuth-hounds."

"And I think you're a pack of snobs," said Juliet. "Because Mr. Crane is a genius who's made his own way, you try to suggest he's a murderer without daring to say so. Because he wore a toy sword, and happened to know how to use it, you want us to believe he used it like a blood-thirsty maniac for no reason in the world. And because he could have hit my brother and didn't, you deduce that he did. That's the sort of way you argue. And as for his having disappeared, you're wrong in that as you are in everything else; for here he comes." And indeed, the green figure of the fictitious Robin Hood slowly detached itself from the grey background of the trees, and came towards them as she spoke.

He approached the group slowly but with composure; but he was decidedly pale, and the eyes of Brain and Fisher had already taken in one detail of the green-clad figure more clearly than all the rest. The horn still swung from his baldrick; but the sword was gone.

Rather to the surprise of the company, Brain did not follow up the question thus suggested; but, while retaining an air of leading the enquiry, had also an appearance of changing the subject.

"Now we're all assembled," he observed quietly, "there is a question I want to ask to begin with. Did anybody here actually see Lord Bulmer this morning?"

LEONARD Crane turned his pale face round the circle of faces till he came to Juliet's; then he compressed his lips a little and said, "Yes, I saw him."

"Was he alive and well?" asked Brain quickly. "How was he dressed?"

"He appeared exceedingly well," replied Crane with a curious intonation. "He was dressed as he was yesterday, in that purple costume copied from the portrait of his ancestor in the sixteenth century. He had his skates in his hand."

"And his sword at his side, I suppose," added the questioner. "Where is your own sword, Mr. Crane?"

"I threw it away."

In the singular silence that ensued, the train of thought in many minds became involuntarily a series of coloured pictures.

They had grown used to their fanciful garments looking more gay and gorgeous against the dark grey and streaky silver of the frost; so that the moving figures glowed like stained glass saints walking. The effect had been more fitting because so many of them had idly parodied pontifical or monastic dress. But the most arresting attitude that remained in their memories had been anything but merely monastic; that of the moment when the figure in bright green and the other in vivid violet had for a moment made a silver cross of their crossing swords. Even when it was a jest it had been something of a drama; and it was a strange and sinister thought that, in the grey daybreak, the same figures in the same posture might have been repeated as a tragedy.

"Did you quarrel with him?" asked Brain suddenly.

"Yes," replied the immovable man in green. "Or he quarrelled with me."

"Why did he quarrel with you?" asked the investigator; and Leonard Crane made no reply.

Horne Fisher, curiously enough, had only given half his attention to this crucial cross-examination. His heavy-lidded eyes had languidly followed the figure of Prince Borodino who at this stage had strolled away towards the fringe of the wood; and, after a pause as of meditation, had disappeared into the darkness of the trees.

He was recalled from his irrelevance by the voice of Juliet Bray which rang out with an altogether new note of decision.

"If that is the difficulty, it had best be cleared up. I am engaged to Mr. Crane; and when we told my brother, he did not approve of it, that is all."

Neither Brain nor Fisher exhibited any surprise; but the former added quietly,

"Except, I suppose, that he and your brother went off into the wood to discuss it; where Mr. Crane mislaid his sword, not to mention his companion."

"And may I ask," enquired Crane, with a certain flicker of mockery passing over his pallid features, "what I am supposed to have done with either of them? Let us adopt the cheerful thesis that I am a murderer, it has yet to be shewn that I am a magician. If I ran your unfortunate friend through the body, what did I do with the body? Did I have it carried away by seven flying dragons, or was it merely a trifling matter of turning it into a milk-white hind?"

"It is no occasion for sneering," said the Anglo-Indian judge with abrupt authority. "It doesn't make it look better for you that you can joke about the loss."

FISHER'S dreamy and even dreary eye was still on the edge of the wood behind; and he became conscious of masses of dark red, like a stormy sunset cloud, glowing through the grey net-work of the thin trees; and the Prince in his Cardinal's robes re-emerged on to the pathway. Brain had had half a notion that the Prince might have gone to look for the lost rapier. But when he re-appeared, he was carrying in his hand not a sword but an axe.

The incongruity between the masquerade and the mystery had created a curious psychological atmosphere. At first they had all felt horribly ashamed at being caught in the foolish disguises of a festival, hy an event that had only too much the character of a funeral. Many of them would have already





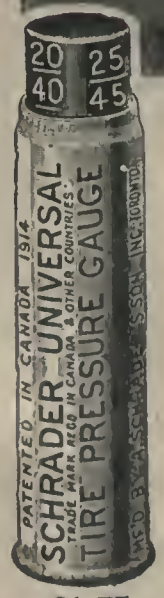


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gone back, and dressed in clothes that were more funereal, or at least more formal. But somehow at the moment this seemed like a second masquerade, more artificial and frivolous than the first. And as they reconciled themselves to their ridiculous trappings, a curious sensation had come over some of them, notably over the more sensitive, like Crane and Fisher and Juliet, but in some degree over everybody except the practical Mr. Brain. It was almost as if they were the ghosts of their own ancestors haunting that dark wood and dismal lake, and playing some old part that they only half remembered. The movements of those coloured figures seemed to mean something that had been settled long before, like a silent heraldry. Acts, attitudes, external objects, were accepted as an allegory even without the key; and they knew when a crisis had come, when they did not know what it was. And somehow they knew subconsciously that the whole tale had taken a new and terrible turn, when they saw the Prince stand in the gap of the gaunt trees, in his robes of angry crimson and with his lowering face of bronze, bearing in his hand a new shape of death. They could have named a reason; but the two swords seemed indeed to have become toy swords, and the whole tale of them broken and tossed away like a toy. Borodino looked like the old world headsman, clad in terrible red, and carrying the axe for the execution of the criminal. And the criminal was not Crane.

MR. Brain of the Indian police was glaring at the new object; and it was a moment or two before he spoke harshly and almost hoarsely.

"What are you doing with that?" he asked. "Seems to be a woodman's chopper."

"A natural association of ideas," observed Horne Fisher. "If you meet a cat in a wood you think it's a wild cat, though it may have just strolled from the drawing-room sofa. As a matter of fact, I happen to know that is not the woodman's chopper. It's the kitchen chopper, or meat axe or something like that, that somebody has thrown away in the wood. I saw it in the kitchen myself, when I was getting the potato sacks with which I reconstructed a medieval hermit."

"All the same, it is not without interest," remarked the Prince, holding out the instrument to Fisher, who took it and examined it carefully. "A butcher's cleaver that has done butcher's work."

"It was certainly the instrument of the crime," assented Fisher in a low voice.

Brain was staring at the dull blue gleam of the axe-head with fierce and fascinated eyes. "I don't understand you," he said, "there is no.....there are no marks on it."

"It has shed no blood," answered Fisher. "But for all that it has committed a crime. This is as near as the criminal came to the crime when he committed it."

"What do you mean?"

"He was not there when he did it," explained Fisher. "It's a poor sort of murderer who can't murder people when he isn't there."

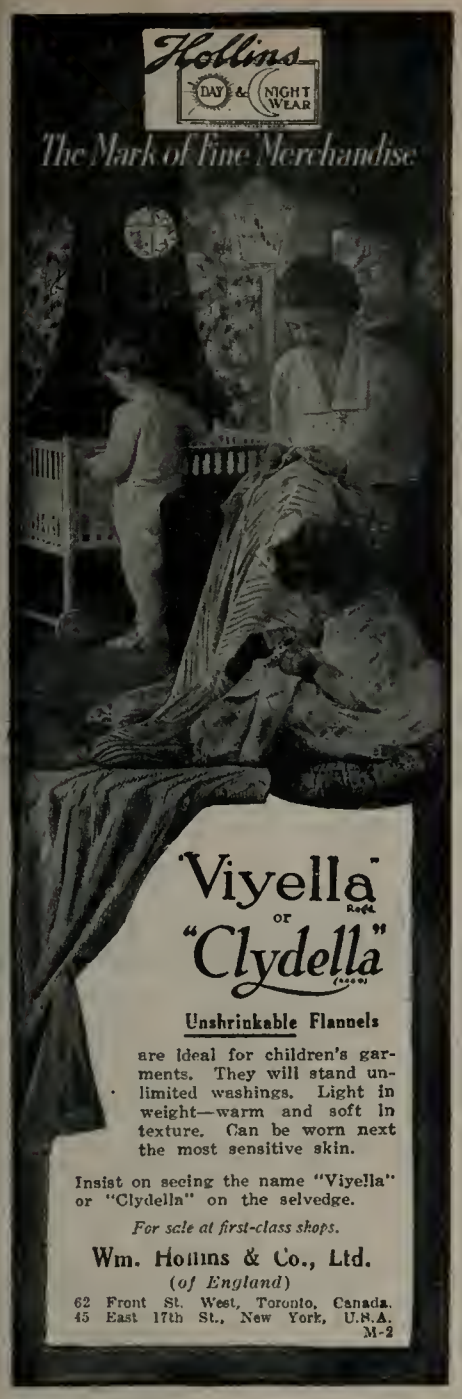
"You seem to be talking merely for the sake of mystification," said Brain. "If you have any practical advice to give, you might as well make it intelligible."

"The only practical advice I can suggest," said Fisher thoughtfully, "is a little research into local topography and nomenclature. They say there used to be a Mr. Prior, who had a farm in this neighbourhood. I think some details about the domestic life of the late Mr. Prior would throw a light on this terrible business."

"And you have nothing more immediate than your topography to offer," said Brain with a sneer, "to help me to avenge my friend."

"Well," said Fisher, "I should find out the truth about the Hole in the Wall."

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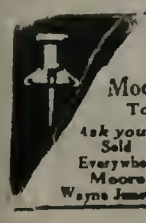
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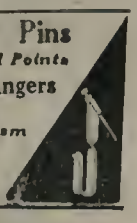
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his way in a wild rotatory walk round and round the high continuous wall that enclosed the little wood. He was driven by a desperate idea of solving for himself the riddle that had clouded his reputation and already even threatened his liberty. The police authorities, now in charge of the enquiry, had not arrested him; but he knew well enough that if he tried to move far afield he would be instantly arrested. Horne Fisher's fragmentary hints, though he had refused to expand them as yet, had stirred the artistic temperament of the architect to a sort of wild analysis; and he was resolved to read the hieroglyph upside down and every way until it made sense. If it was something connected with a hole in the wall he would find the hole in the wall; but as a matter of fact he was unable to find the faintest crack in the wall. His professional knowledge told him that the masonry was all of one workmanship and one date; and except for the regular entrance, which threw no light on the mystery, he found nothing suggesting any sort of hiding place or means of escape. Walking a narrow path between the windy wall and th wild eastward bend and sweep of th grey and feathery trees, seeing shifting gleams of a lost sunset winking almost like lightning as the clouds of tempest scudded across the sky and mingling with the first faint blue light from a slowly strengthened moon behind him, he began to feel his head going round as his heels were going round and round the blind recurrent barrier. He had thoughts on the border of thought; fancies about a fourth dimension which was itself a hole to hide anything, of seeing everything from a new angle out of a new window in the senses; or of some mystical light and transparency, like the new rays of chemistry, in which he could see Bulmer's body, horrible and glaring, floating in a lurid halo over the woods and the wall. He was haunted also with the hint, which somehow seemed to be equally horrifying, that it all had something to do with Mr. Prior. There seemed even to be something creepy in the fact that he was always respectfully referred to as Mr. Prior; and that it was in the domestic life of the dead farmer that he had been bidden to seek the seed of these dreadful things. As a matter of fact, he had found that no local enquiries had revealed anything at all about the Prior family. He dimly imagined Mr. Prior in an old top hat, perhaps with a chin-beard or whiskers. But he had no face.

The moonlight had broadened and brightened, the wind had driven off the clouds and itself died fitfully away, when he came round again to the artificial lake in front of the house. For some reason it looked a very artificial lake; indeed the whole scene was like a classical landscape with a touch of Watteau; the Palladium facade of the house pale in the moon, and the same silver touching the very pagan and naked marble nymph in the middle of the pond. Rather to his surprise he found another figure there beside the statue, sitting almost equally motionless; and the same silver pencil traced the wrinkled brow and patient face of Horne Fisher; still dressed as a hermit and apparently practising something of the solitude of a hermit. Nevertheless he looked up at Leonard Crane and smiled, almost as if he had expected him.

"Look here," said Crane, planting himself in front of him. "Can you tell me anything about this business?"

"I shall soon have to tell everybody everything about it," replied Fisher, "but I've no objection to telling you something first. But, to begin with, will you tell me something? What really happened when you met Bulmer this morning? You did throw away your sword; but you didn't kill him."

"I didn't kill him because I threw away my sword," said the other. "I did it on purpose; or I'm not sure what might have happened."

AFTER a pause he went on quietly, "The late Lord Bulmer was a very breezy gentleman; extremely breezy. He was very genial with his inferiors; and would have his lawyer and his architect staying in his house for all sorts of holidays and amusements. But there was another side to him, which they found out when they tried to be his equal. When I told him that his sister and I were engaged something happened which I simply can't and won't describe. It seemed to me like some monstrous upheaval of madness. But I suppose the truth is painfully simple. There is such a thing as the coarseness of a gentleman. And it is the most horrible thing in humanity."

"I know," said Fisher, "The Renascence nobles of the Tudor time were like that."

"It is odd that you should say that," Crane went on; "for while we were talking there came on me a curious feeling that we were repeating some scene of the past; and that I was really some outlaw, found in the woods like Robin Hood, and that he had really stepped in all his plumes and purple out of the picture-frame of the ancestral portrait. Anyhow, he was the man in possession; and he neither feared God nor regarded man. I defied him, of course, and walked away. I might really have killed him if I had not walked away."

"Yes," said Fisher, nodding. "His ancestor was in possession and he was in possession; and this is the end of the story. It all fits in."

"Fits in with what?" cried his companion with sudden impatience, "I can't made head or tail of it. You tell me to look for the secret in the hole in the wall, but I can't find any hole in the wall."

"There isn't any," said Fisher "that's the secret."

After reflecting a moment, he added: "Unless you call it a hole in the wall of the world. Look here, I'll tell you if you like, but I'm afraid it involves an introduction. You've got to understand one of the tricks of the modern mind, a tendency that most people obey without noticing it."

"In the village or suburb outside there's an inn with the sign of St. George and the Dragon. Now suppose I went about telling everybody that this was only a corruption of King George and the Dragoon. Scores of people would believe it, without any enquiry, from a vague feeling that it's probable because it's prosaic. It turns something romantic and legendary into something recent and ordinary. And that somehow makes it sound rational, though it is unsupported by reason. Of course some people would have the sense to remember having seen St. George in old Italian pictures and French romances; but a good many wouldn't think about it at all. They would just swallow the scepticism because it was scepticism. Modern intelligence won't accept anything on authority. But it will accept anything without authority. That's exactly what has happened here.

"When some critic or other chose to say that Prior's Park was not a Priory but was named after some quite modern man named Prior, nobody really tested the theory at all. It never occurred to anybody repeating the story to ask if there *was* any Mr. Prior, if anybody had ever seen him or heard of him. As a matter of fact it was a Priory, and shared the fate of most Priories; that s, the Tudor gentleman with the plumes simply stole it by brute force and turned it into his own private house; he did worse things, as you shall hear. But the point here is that this is how the trick works; and the trick works in the same way in the other part of the tale. The name of this district is printed Holinwall in all the best maps produced by the scholars; and they allude lightly, not without a smile, to the fact that it was pronounced Holiwell by the most ignorant and old-fashioned of the poor. But it is spelt wrong and pronounced right."

"Do you mean to say," asked Crane quickly, "that there really was a well?"

"There is a well," said Fisher "and the truth lies at the bottom of it."

AS HE spoke, he stretched out his hand and pointed towards the sheet of water in front of him.

"The well is under that water somewhere," he said, "and this is not the first tragedy connected with it. The founder of this house did something which his fellow ruffiana very seldom did: something that had to be hushed




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**OCTOBER 15 MACLEAN'S**


up even in the anarchy of the pillage of the monasteries. The well was connected with the miracles of some saint; and the last Prior that guarded it was something like a saint himself; certainly he was something very like a martyr. He defied the new owner and dared him to pollute the place. till the noble in a fury stabbed him and flung his body into the well; whither after four hundred years it has been followed by an heir of the usurper, clad in the same purple and walking the world with the same pride."

"But how did it happen," demanded Crane, "that for the first time Bulmer fell in at that particular spot?"

"Because the ice was only loosened at that particular spot, by the only man who knew it," answered Horne Fisher: "It was cracked deliberately, with the kitchen chopper, at that special place; and I myself heard the hammering and did not understand it. The place had been covered with an artificial lake, if only because the whole truth had to be covered with an artificial legend. But don't you see that it is exactly what those pagan nobles would have done, to desecrate it with a sort of heathen goddess, as the Roman Emperor built a temple to Venus on the Holy Sepulchre? But the truth could still be traced out, by any scholarly man determined to trace it. And this man was determined to trace it."

"What man?" asked the other, with a shadow of the answer in his mind.

"The only man who has an alibi," replied Fisher. "James Haddow, the antiquarian lawyer, left the night before the fatality; but he left that black star of death on the ice. He left abruptly, having previously proposed to stay; probably I think, after an ugly scene with Bulmer, at their legal interview. As you know yourself, Bulmer could make a man feel pretty murderous; and I rather fancy the lawyer had himself irregularities to confess and was in danger of exposure by his client. But it's my reading of human nature that a man will cheat in his trade, but not in his hobby. Haddow may have been a dishonest lawyer, but he couldn't help being an honest antiquary. When he got on the track of the truth about the Holy Well he had to follow it up; he was not to be bamboozled with newspaper anecdotes about Mr. Prior and a hole in the wall; he found out everything, even to the exact location of the well; and he was rewarded, if being a successful assassin can be regarded as a reward."

"And how did you get on the track of all this hidden history?" asked the young architect.

A cloud came across the brow of Horne Fisher. "I knew only too much about it already," he said, "and after all, it's shameful for me to be speaking of poor Bulmer, who has paid his penalty; when the rest of us haven't. I daresay every cigar I smoke and every liqueur I drink comes directly or indirectly from the harrying of the holy places and the persecution of the poor. After all, it needs very little poking about in the past to find that hole in the wall; that great breach in the defences of English history. It lies just under the surface of a thin sheet of sham information and instruction; just as the black and blood-stained well lies just under the floor of shallow water and flat weeds. Oh, the ice is thin, but it bears; it is strong enough to support us when we dress up as monks and dance on it, in mockery of the dear quaint old Middle Ages. They told me I must put on fancy dress; so I did put on fancy dress, according to my own taste and fancy. You see I do know a little about our national and imperial history; our prosperity and our progress, our commerce and our colonies, our centuries of success or splendour. So I did put on an antiquated sort of costume, when I was asked to do so. I put on the only costume I think fit for a man who has inherited the position of a gentleman, and yet has not entirely lost the feelings of one."

In answer to a look of enquiry, he rose with a sweeping and downward gesture.

"Sackcloth," he said, "and I would wear the ashes as well if they would stay on my bald head when I put them there."




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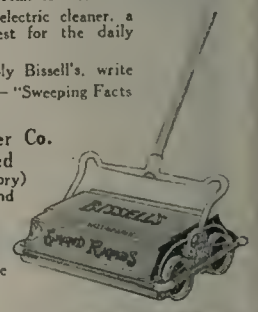
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# On the Top of the Tower

*Continued from page 11*

you have to decide what to do about him."

She shrugged her shoulders:

"He's of no importance for the moment. The thing to-day...."

"Is what?"

"Is to know what those two dead bodies are."

"Still, Rossigny...."

"Rossigny can wait. But I can't. You have shown me a mystery which is now the only thing that matters. What do you intend to do?"

"To do?"

"Yes. There are two bodies..... You'll inform the police, I suppose?"

"Gracious goodness!" he exclaimed, laughing. "What for?"

"Well, there's a riddle that has to be cleared up at all costs, a terrible tragedy."

"We don't need any one to do that."

"What! Do you mean to say that you understand it?"

"Almost as plainly as though I had read it in a book, told in full detail, with explanatory illustrations. It's all so simple!"

She looked at him askance, wondering if he was making fun of her. But he seemed quite serious.

"Well?" she asked, quivering with curiosity.

The light was beginning to wane. They had trotted at a good pace; and the hunt was returning as they neared La Maréze.

"Well," he said, "we shall get the rest of our information from people living round about....from your uncle, for instance; and you will see how logically all the facts fit in. When you hold the first link of a chain, you are bound, whether you like it or not to reach the last. It's the greatest fun in the world."

Once in the house, they separated. On going to her room, Hortense found her luggage and a furious letter from Rossigny in which he bade her good-bye and announced his departure.

Then Rénine knocked at her door:

"Your uncle is in the library," he said. "Will you go down with me? I've sent word that I am coming."

She went with him. He added:

"One word more. This morning when I thwarted your plans and begged you to trust me, I naturally undertook an obligation towards you which I mean to fulfil without delay. I want to give you a positive proof of this."

She laughed.

"The only obligation which you took upon yourself was to satisfy my curiosity."

"It shall be satisfied," he assured her, gravely, "and more fully than you can possibly imagine."

M. d'Aigleroche was alone. He was smoking his pipe and drinking sherry. He offered a glass to Rénine, who refused.

"Well, Hortense!" he said, in a rather thick voice. "You know that it's pretty dull here, except in these September days. You must make the most of them. Have you had a pleasant ride with Rénine?"

"That's just what I wanted to talk about, my dear sir," interrupted the prince.

"You must excuse me, but I have to go to the station in ten minutes, to meet a friend of my wife's."

"Oh, ten minutes will be ample!"

"Just the time to smoke a cigarette?"

"No longer."

He took a cigarette from the case which M. d'Aigleroche handed to him, lit it and said:

"I must tell you that our ride happened to take us to an old domain which you are sure to know, the Domaine de Halingre."

"Certainly I know it. But it has been closed, boarded up for twenty-five years or so. You weren't able to get in, I suppose?"

"Yes, we were."

"Really? Was it interesting?"

"Extremely. We discovered the strangest things."

"What things?" asked the count, looking at his watch.

Rénine described what they had seen:

"On a tower some way from the house there were two dead bodies, two skeletons rather....a man and a woman still wearing the clothes which they had on when they were murdered."

"Come, come, now! Murdered?"

"Yes, and that is what we have come to trouble you about. The tragedy must date back to some twenty years ago. Was nothing known of it at the time?"

"Certainly not," declared the count. "I never heard of any such crime or disappearance."

"Oh, really!" said Rénine, looking a little disappointed. "I hoped to obtain a few particulars."

"I'm sorry."

"In that case, I apologize."

He consulted Hortense with a glance, and moved towards the door. But, on second thoughts:

"Could you not at least, my dear sir, bring me into touch with some persons in the neighborhood, some members of your family, who might know more about it?"

"Of my family? And why?"

"Because the Domaine de Halingre used to belong and no doubt still belongs to the d'Aigleroches. The arms are an eagle on a heap of stones, on a rock. This at once suggested the connection."

This time the count appeared surprised. He pushed back his decanter and his glass of sherry and said:

"What's this you're telling me? I had no idea that we had any such neighbors."

Rénine shook his head and smiled:

"I should be more inclined to believe sir, that you were not very eager to admit any relationship between yourself....and the unknown owner of the property."

"Then he's not a respectable man?"

"The man, to put it plainly, is a murderer."

"What do you mean?"

The count had risen from his chair. Hortense, greatly excited, said:

"Are you really sure that there has been a murder and that the murder was done by some one belonging to the house?"

"Quite sure."

"But why are you so certain?"

"Because I know who the two victims were and what caused them to be killed."

Prince Rénine was making none but positive statements and his method suggested the belief that he was supported by the strongest proofs.

M. d'Aigleroche strode up and down the room, with his hands behind his back. He ended by saying:

"I always had an instinctive feeling that something had happened but I never tried to find out....Now, as a matter of fact, twenty years ago, a relation of mine, a distant cousin, used to live at the Domaine de Halingre. I hoped, because of the name I bear, that this story, which, as I say, I never knew but suspected would remain hidden for ever."

"So this cousin killed somebody?"

"Yes, he was obliged to."

Rénine shook his head:

"I am sorry to have to amend that phrase, my dear sir. The truth, on the contrary, is that your cousin took his victims' lives in cold blood and in a cowardly manner. I never heard of a crime more deliberately and craftily planned."

"What is it that you know?"

The moment had come for Rénine to explain himself, a solemn and anguish-stricken moment, the full gravity of which Hortense understood, though she had not yet divined any part of the tragedy which the prince unfolded step by step.

"It is a very simple story," he said. "There is every reason to believe that M. d'Aigleroche was married and that there was another couple living in the neighborhood with whom the owner of the Domaine de Halingre was on friendly terms. What happened one day, which of these four persons first disturbed the relations between the two households, I am unable to say. But a likely version, which at once occurs to the mind, is that your cousin's wife, Madame d'Aigleroche, was in the habit of meeting the other husband in the ivy covered tower, which had a door opening outside the estate. On discovering the intrigue, your cousin d'Aigleroche resolved to be revenged, but in such a manner that there should be no scandal and that no one ever should know that the guilty pair had been killed. Now he had ascertained—as I did just now—that there was a part of the house, the belvedere, from which you can see, over the trees and the undulations of the park, the tower standing eight hundred




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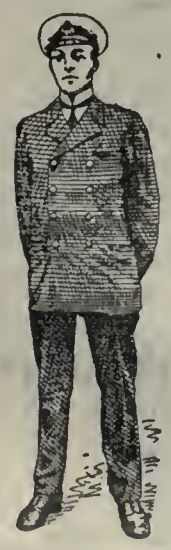
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yards away, and that this was the only place that overlooked the top of the tower. He therefore pierced a hole in the parament, through one of the former loopholes, and from there, by using a telescope which fitted exactly in the groove which he had hollowed out, he watched the meetings of the two lovers. And it was from there, also, that, after carefully taking all his measurements, and calculating all his distances, on a Sunday, the 5th of September, when the house was empty he killed them with two shots."

The truth was becoming apparent. The light of day was breaking. The count muttered:

"Yes, that's what must have happened. I expect, that my cousin d'Aigleroche..."

"The murderer," Rénine continued, "stopped up the loophole neatly with a clod of earth. No one would ever know that two dead bodies were decaying on the top of that tower which was never visited and of which he took the precaution to demolish the wooden stairs. Nothing therefore remained for him to do but to explain the disappearance of his wife and his friend. This presented no difficulty. He accused them of having eloped together."

Hortense gave a start. Suddenly as though the last sentence were a complete and to her an absolutely unexpected revelation, she understood what Rénine was trying to convey:

"Whrt do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that M. d'Aigleroche accused his wife and his friend of eloping together."

"No, no!" she cried. "I can't allow that!....You are speaking of a cousin of my uncle's? Why mix up two stories?"

"Why mix up this story with another which took place at that time?" said the prince. "But I am not mixing them up, my dear madame: there is only one story and I am telling it as it happened."

Hortense turned to her uncle. He sat silent, with his arms folded; and his head remained in the shadow cast by the lamp-shade. Why had he not protested?

Rénine repeated in a firm voice:

"There is only one story. On the evening of that very day, the 5th of September at eight o'clock, M. d'Aigleroche, doubtless alleging as his reason that he was going in pursuit of the runaway couple, left his house after boarding up the entrance. He went away, leaving all the rooms as they were and removing only the firearms from their class case. At the last minute, he had a presentiment which has been justified to-day, that the discovery of the telescope which had played so great a part in the preparation of his crime might serve as a clue to an enquiry; and he threw it into the clock-case, where, as luck would have it, it interrupted the swing of the pendulum. This unreflecting action, one of those which every criminal inevitably commits was to betray him twenty years later. Just now, the blows which I struck to force the door of the drawing room released the pendulum. The clock was set going, struck eight o'clock ...and I possessed the clue of thread which was to lead me through the labryinth."

"Proofs!" stammered Hortense. "Proofs!"

"Proofs?" replied Rénine, in a loud voice. "Why, there are any number of proofs; and you know them as well as I do. Who could have killed at that distance of eight hundred yards, except an expert shot, an ardent sportsman? You agree, M. d'Aigleroche, do you not?.... Proofs? Why was nothing removed from the house, nothing except the guns, those guns which an ardent sportsman cannot afford to leave behind—you agree, M. d'Aigleroche—those guns which we find here, hanging in trophies on the walls!.... Proofs? What about that date, the 5th of September, which was the date of the crime and which has left such a horrible memory in the criminal's mind that every year at this time—at this time alone—he surrounds himself with distractions and that every year, on this same 5th of September, he forgets his habits of temperance? Well, to-day is the 5th of September....Proofs? Why, if there weren't any others, would that not be enough for you?"

And Rénine, flinging out his arm, pointed to the Comte d'Aigleroche, who terrified by this evocation of the past had sunk huddled into a chair and was hiding his head in his hands.

Hortense did not attempt to argue with

him. She had never liked her uncle, or rather her husband's uncle. She now accepted the accusation laid against him.

Sixty seconds passed. Then M. d'Aigleroche walked up to them and said:

"Whether the story be true or not, you can't call a husband a criminal for avenging his honor and killing his faithless wife."

"No," replied Rénine, "but I have told only the first version of the story. There is another which is infinitely more serious....and more probable, one to which a more thorough investigation would be sure to lead."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. It may not be a matter of a husband taking the law into his own hands, as I charitably supposed. It may be a matter of a ruined man who covets his friend's money and his friend's wife and who, with this object in view, to secure his freedom, to get rid of his friend and of his own wife, draws them into a trap, suggests to them that they should visit that lonely tower and kills them by shooting them from a distance safely under cover."

"No, no," the count protested. "No, all that is untrue."

"I don't say it isn't. I am basing my accusation on proofs, but also on intuitions and arguments which up to now have been extremely accurate. All the same I admit that the second version may be incorrect. But, if so, why feel any remorse? One does not feel remorse for punishing guilty people."

"One does for taking life. It is a crushing burden to bear."

"Was it to give himself greater strength to bear this burden that M. d'Aigleroche afterwards married his victim's widow? For that, sir, is the crux of the question. What was the motive of that marriage? Was M. d'Aigleroche penniless? Was the woman he was taking as his second wife rich? Or were they both in love with each other and did M. d'Aigleroche plan with her to kill his first wife and the husband of his second wife? These are problems to which I do not know the answer. They have no interest for the moment; but the police, with all the means at their disposal, would have no difficulty in elucidating them."

M. d'Aigleroche staggered and had to steady himself against the back of a chair. Livid in the face, he spluttered:

"Are you going to inform the police?"

"No, no," said Rénine. "To begin with, there is the statute of limitations. Then there are twenty years of remorse and dread, a memory which will pursue the criminal to his dying hour, accompanied no doubt by domestic discord, hatred, a daily hell....and, in the end, the necessity of returning to the tower and removing the traces of the two murders, the frightful punishment of climbing that tower of touching those skeletons, of undressing them and burying them. That will be enough. We will not ask for more. We will not give it to the public to batten on and create a scandal which would recoil upon M. d'Aigleroche's niece. No, let us leave this disgraceful business alone." The count resumed his seat at the table, with his hands clutching his forehead, and asked:

"Why, why....?"

"Why do I interfere?" said Rénine, "What you mean is that I must have had some object in speaking. That is so. There must indeed be a penalty, however slight, and our interview must lead to some practical result: But have no fear: M d'Aigleroche will be let off lightly."

The contest was ended. The count felt that he had only a small formality to fulfil, a sacrifice to accept; and, recovering some of his self-assurance, he said, in an almost sarcastic tone:

"What's your price?"

Rénine burst out laughing:

"Splendid! You see the position. Only, you make a mistake in drawing me into the business. I'm working for the glory of the thing."

"In that case?"

"You will be called upon at most to make restitution."

"Restitution?"

Rénine leant over the table and said:

"In one of those drawers is a deed awaiting your signature. It is a draft agreement between you and your niece Hortense Daniel, relating to her private fortune, which fortune was squandered and for which you are responsible. Sign the deed."

M. d'Aigleroche gave a start:

"Do you know the amount?"

"I don't wish to know it."

"And if I refuse....?"

"I shall ask to see the Comtesse d'Aigleroche."

Without further hesitation, the count opened a drawer, produced a document, on stamped paper and quickly signed it:

"Here you are," he said, "and I hope...."

"You hope, as I do, that you and I may never have any future dealings? I'm convinced of it. I shall leave this evening; your niece no doubt, to-morrow. Good-bye."

* * * * * *

In the drawing-room, which was still empty, while the guests at the house were dressing for dinner, Rénine handed the deed to Hortense. She seemed dazed by all that she had heard; and the thing that bewildered her even more than the relentless light shed upon her uncle's past was the miraculous insight and amazing lucidity displayed by this man: the man who for some hours had controlled events and conjured up before her eyes the actual scenes of a tragedy which no one had beheld.

"Are you satisfied with me?" he asked.

She gave him both her hands:

"You have saved me from Rossigny. You have given me back my freedom and my independence. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"Oh, that's not what I am asking you to say!" he answered. "My first and main object was to amuse you. Your life seemed so humdrum and lacking in the unexpected. Has it been so to-day?"

"How can you ask such a question? I have had the strangest and most stirring experiences."

"That is life," he said, "when one knows how to use one's eyes. Adventure exists everywhere, in the meanest hovel, under the mask of the wisest of men. Everywhere, if you are only willing you will find an excuse for excitement, for doing good, for saving a victim, for ending an injustice."

Impressed by his power and authority, she murmured:

"Who are you exactly?"

"An adventurer. Nothing more. A lover of adventures. Life is not worth living except in moments of adventure, the adventures of others, or personal adventures. To-day's has upset you because it affected the innermost depths of your being. But those of others a no less stimulating. Would you like make the experiment?"

"How?"

"Become the companion of my adventures. If any one calls on me for help, help him with me. If chance or instinct puts me on the track of a crime or the trace of a sorrow, let us both set out together. Do you consent?"

"Yes," she said, "but...."

She hesitated, as though trying to guess Rénine's secret intentions.

"But," he said, expressing her thoughts for her, with a smile, "you are a trifle sceptical. What you are sayin to yourself is, 'How far does that love r of adventures want to make me go? It is quite obvious that I attract him; and sooner or later he would not be sorry to receive payment for his services.' You are quite right. We must have a formal contract."

"Very formal," said Hortense, preferring to give a jesting tone to the conversation. "Let me hear your proposals."

He reflected for a moment and continued:

"Well, we'll say this. The clock at Halingre gave eight strokes this afternoon, the day of the first adventure. Will you accept its decree and agree to carry out seven more of these delightful enterprises with me, during a period, for instance, of three months? And shall we say that, at the eighth, you will be pledged to grant me...."

"What?"

He deferred his answer:

"Observe that you will always be at liberty to leave me on the road if I do not succeed in interesting you. But, if you accompany me to the end, if you allow me to begin and complete the eighth enterprise with you, in three months, on the 5th of December, at the very moment when the eighth stroke of that clock sounds—and it will sound, you may be sure of that, for the old brass pendulum


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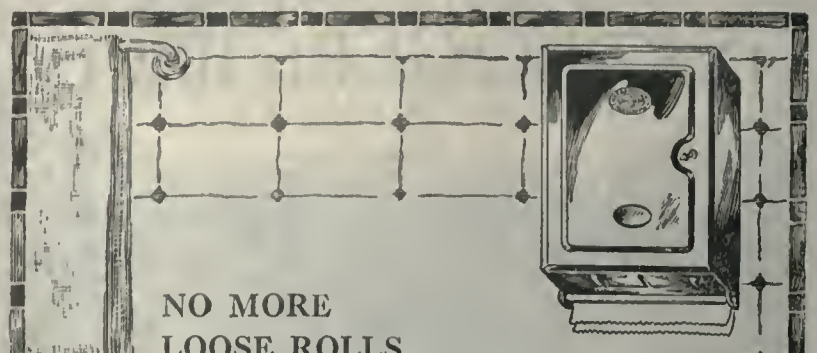
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*The National Way*


will not stop swinging again—you will be pledged to grant me...."

"What?" she repeated, a little unnerved by waiting.

He was silent. He looked at the beautiful lips which he had meant to claim as his reward. He felt perfectly certain that Hortense had understood and he thought it unnecessary to speak more plainly:

"The mere delight of seeing you will be enough to satisfy me. It is not for me but for you to impose conditions. Name them: what do you demand?"

She was grateful for his respect and said, laughingly:

"What do I demand?"

"Yes."

"Can I demand anything I like, however difficult and impossible?"

"Everything is easy and everything is possible to the man who is bent on winning you."

Then she said:

"I demand that you shall restore to me a small, antigue clasp, made of a cornelian set in a silver mount. It came to me from my mother and everyone knew it used to bring her happiness and me too. Since the day when it vanished from my jewelcase, I have had nothing but unhappiness. Restore it to me, my good genius."

"When was the clasp stolen?"

She answered gaily:

"Seven years ago....or eight....or nine; I don't know exactly....I don't know where....I don't know how....I know nothing about it...."

"I will find it," Rénine declared, "and you shall be happy."

## The Valley of Gold

*Continued from page 23*

It is interesting to conjure just what this will mean to the future of our country. Beyond a doubt it will draw the strong of the earth to the virile North."

Andy paused musing for a time. Then he said gently:-

"There is something great, magnificently great in all this, something that dwarfs the Red Knight himself."

At his words the girl sought her companion's eyes. Swiftly she divined his thoughts.

"You mean *somebody* is great, do you?" said she.

Andy nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes. There is Edward Pullar and Ned, himself, and the little mother. These dear neighbours of ours have been great in vision and patience. We have not understood. Most people about Pellawa never will. The old homestead at The Craggs has been a place of unobtrusive but astounding achievement. These quiet farmers are mighty benefactors. What farmers they are!"

"Look!" cried Margaret, suddenly pointing into the west.

Along the distant edge of the wheat were moving three shapes, black shadows of riders suspended in the magic light as they skimmed along the high shoulder of an upper bench. A moment only were they visible. Then they melted into the yellow sea.

"The McClures!" announced Margaret, a reflective light shining in her eyes. "This is Mary's first ride—since the storm. She is happy tonight."

"I am sure she is. But how do you know?" mused Andy.

"The curvetings of Bobs assured me," was the reply. "Mary is in the happy mood that inspires Bobs with a foolish notion that he has wings instead of legs and must fly away."

"Which reminds me," said Andy with a smile, "that I, too, am foolishly happy. Have you observed my grove lately? If not, better take a careful look."

Margaret followed his gesture. She saw a strange white object among the trees. Her eyes brightened, but dissembling with feminine facility, she looked up in naive curiosity.

"It is the gable of our roof," explained Andy, looking deep into the clear eyes. "I cut down that old rotten elm that you might get a glimpse of what is to be expected—of you. Hum!"

Margaret made no reply except a widening of innocent eyes.

"To resume," continued Andy. "It will be plastered before the frost; during the winter we shall finish it. Then, after seeding, some day in June—"




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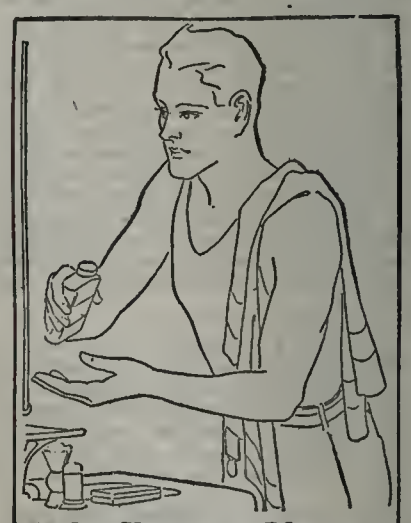



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Andy paused. The gaze of his companion was gratifyingly intent. He waited.

"Well!" came the incurious query.

"Well!" was the deliberate reply. "What so rare as a bride in June?"

Margaret read the face above her, read it deeply, gravely, for a moment, then released an entrancing smile.

"Would you care to really know?" was her arch reply.

"Would I?"

"Then hear! It is the bold fellow who conspires with himself against her."

EDWARD Pullar was passing among his head-row plots, spending a busy hour in the cool of the twilight. His eyes were ashine and a cheerful humming proclaimed a happy worker, deeply in love with his work. And it was so for was not the Red Knight scaling another wall in the grand assault? Already the aged gleaner had harvested a wealth of selected heads and the tub on the kitchen floor was the receptacle of several gallons of the astonishing brown-red kernels. There was a prophetic light on the old man's face as he plucked the wonderful heads. So deep was his self-communion that he was startled when a voice called for the second time:-

"Mr. Pullar!"

The voice was powerful but suppressed, its tone familiar. The old man looked up in surprise.

Before him stood Rob McClure and his wife. With instinctive gentility he doffed his hat and bowed.

"Good-evening to you, friends!" was his cordial greeting.

"Thank you for your kindness, Edward Pullar," was McClure's slow reply. "I have ridden over to see you though you may not desire conversation with me. I would not blame you——"

Edward Pullar raised his hand.

"Hush! My friend!" he entreated gently, a brightness glowing in his eyes. "I understand all. Nick Ford has given me the tale without reserve. The past has been very dark for all of us; the expiation—costly. There are enigmas that remain unexplained but the explanation would merely satiate curiosity. It would not alter anything. We have forgotten the past. Life is new, sacredly new for Ned and me—since the storm. We want no confession, no ceaseless grieving, simply our dear friendship. We are looking ahead into the gloriously happy days. Give me your hands."

The others stepped impulsively to him and seized his hands.

"You mean it! I know you mean it!" said Rob McClure, his great eyes lingering reverently on the old man's face. "Do you know that we attempted to steal your bins of Red Knight? That we sold your farm by a devil's ruse? That we fought Ned, nine to one, with savage design to maim him for life? That we planned a terrible wrong and carry the red brand of crime? Do you...."

"Hush! My friend!" cried the old man, stemming the hot torrent of self-condemnation. "Do not recall it, I implore you. I know it all, but it is cast behind. We hold in our memories only the joys of those dark days, for there was much that was precious. Besides, there are the bairns. For their sakes and for our own I will be having you always for my friends."

"Edward Pullar!" cried the soft, thrilled voice of Helen McClure. "God bless you for those noble words. He will nourish this dear friendship into which you are taking us."

As she spoke the moon rolled up over the prairie edge, throwing over them all a faint, rosy light through the gauzy fringe of a low cloud.

"How wonderful!" cried Helen McClure. "It is the warm light of promise."

Through the shadows of the young night came suddenly the voice of laughter, silvery as the call of a bird to its mate. It was barely audible indeed, but distinct and athrob with joy. It was Mary's voice. At the sound a wave of deep emotion swept over the three people and their hands tightened in a clinging grip.

MARY was in just the fettle Margaret had surmised. Discovering Ned busy at his binders, she had lured him with her call. In a moment he was with her and gathered her into his arms. About them flowed the light of the moon, bathing tree trunks and leaves and the rippling wheat, in its soft red shine.

"See here!" cried the girl, pointing to


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the glowing orb veiled in its tracery of leaves and limbs. "Have you ever seen her so benign?"

"Never!" cried Ned happily. "To-night she is witching. She is painting you with her dainty rouge, face and lips and this soft, brown hair. In your eyes her light of wonderful old rose is the light of dear desire."

"Evidently she holds a spell," teased Mary, "and does not scruple to throw dream stuff into the foolish eyes of young farmers."

"What an occult magician she is!" cried Ned delightedly, abandoning himself to the deceit of the moment. "She has everything about us revelling. The little winds are flirting scandalously with your curls and there is a whispering music out there in the moving grain. There are voices in the wheat that haunt me. Often have I dreamed of them but never have I caught their singing until now. Something tells me you understand—you favourite sorceress of rose-light moons."

"This is our mad-moon, Ned," laughed Mary softly. "I begin to feel the strange thrill of its lunacy. This old-rose light is a glamourous thing. Put your cheek against mine, dear pal, and I'll whisper to you the secret that is throbbing in the heart of our wonderful Knight.

"His voices come sweetly in stealing from very far and in all their singing there is a tender tale they tell of kind eyes that glanced upon him one great day and of a gentle hand that plucked him out of the wilds and set his roots in the wise hearts of men. With a million adoring tongues he is hymning to-night the tender spirit of Kitty Belaire. Hark to the legends he sings of the coming days! One beautiful noon your father, Ned, told me a remarkable thing. 'The Red Knight,' said he, 'will push the grain belt three hundred miles nearer the poles,' It is of this the Red Knight is whispering now. His prophetic voices are winging in from everywhere and they tell of a wondrous host trekking the illimitable plains of this magic North. Listen Ned, and you will hear their tramp through the enchanting glow of our mad rose moon."

"I can hear it, Mary!" was the hushed reply as he nestled the brown head close. "And in all the tramping of the countless feet I hear a fairy patter like the sound of falling leaves. Are they the fragile feet of the fairy children flitting to us out of the infinite?"

"Ned, my Ned!" was the endearing cry. "The Red Knight is singing of the homes he will build in his gardens of wheat, of the tiny fairies, the little children of the plains who shall play in his gardens—in your garden, Ned, and mine."

Ned's answer was the drawing tight of his great arms and the sheltering crush of his mightier love.

A mist crept over Mary's eyes. Looking through the glad tears she whispered:

"It is the 'bestest' year we have ever seen, both for us and for—them."

Over all rose the moon, now white and serene, pouring upon them the silver light of her purity.

THE END

## Dafoe, Political Pivot

(*Continued from page 16*)

Meighen became Premier, and in his programme speech at Stirling outlined his policy, Dafoe definitely declared himself as no longer in support of the Union Government.

If Dafoe was opposed to a Labor Soviet which aimed to make a little Moscow of Winnipeg, what is he going to do about a Farmer Soviet that aims to capture Ottawa?

Already he has begun to answer. He uses a label for the party led by Mr. Crerar and evolved with the aid of Mr. Dafoe:- The National Progressive Party.

A good name, even if not new. What is behind the label? The party so named has now taken over all the Liberal economic traditions in the West and after the next general election will become the real Liberal party of Canada. In the opinion of Dafoe, Mackenzie King should keep out of the West in the coming election in order to let Mr. Crerar romp home


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Let us concede that here is one of the most absorbing problems in Canada. If Dafoe backs Crerar in the effort to get that preponderant majority away from Meighen and King, then Dafoe is afterwards committed to the policy of supporting Crerarism in the country—which is not an obscure issue. The Toronto *Globe* wants Liberalism plus Crerar. The *Free Press* wants Crerar to annex Liberalism. Dafoe cannot afford to take Crerar and abandon the traditions of the *Free Press*. If he is so keen about real "nationalism" in this country as to regret that Bourassa made the word obnoxious, he has surely decided that the policy of the N.P.P. must be to build up a true national life in Canada. And the man who was Canada's press representative at the Peace Conference, with such exceptional facilities for focussing Canadian national sentiment among other nations, will not dare to countenance in Mr. Crerar and his followers any policy that will open the gates for the United States to walk in and walk over this nation as twenty years ago his *Free Press* associate, Clifford Sifton, opened the doors to let Europe inundate us with a polyglot, unnational flood.

No Canadian journalist has shouldered so perilous a responsibility. Dafoe knows that a struggle it is to preserve national identity on a basis of one to twelve against us. Born in Ontario and experienced in the East, he surely knows the value of not surrendering our national birthright for a mess of free trade pottage.

### Dafoe's Hypothetical Answer

US government by a "National Progressive Party" Agrarian Group with a farmer-business premier and a farmer-dominated Cabinet any less of a group government in principle than the One Big Union, even though it does not tie up the nerve centres of the country by a general strike but only by the use of the group minority in voting throttles Parliament which is supposed to be the national brain?

Mr. Dafoe has already begun to answer. Again we see him sweltering in his sanctum, his hair like a windrow of hay, while he dictates something like this to his stenographer.

"Your logic is good except that your major premise is a case of being off to a bad start. The National Progressive Party is not a group; it is a business majority. It contains the people who produce the majority of the nation's wealth for consumption and export and therefore enables the nation to pay its bills. It is Liberal because it is free trade and opposed to big monopolistic interests and there is no other Liberalism in Canada left worthy the name. The N.P.P. is the new Liberalism, not for the West alone but for the whole country. It depends upon the franchise of the people, not upon the strike action of revolutionary groups. Agriculture, not industry, is the basis of Canada's economics. Even labor as embodied in the Trades Unions does not aim at revolution. Only the Reds want that. And the Reds are a hopeless minority. The Farmers are not yet a popular, though they are an economic, majority. But the future of this nation depends upon a voting as well as a producing majority of farmers."

This may not be the exact way in which Mr. Dafoe would state the case. But it expresses the fact that economics are at the root of all ideas which have to do with our government in a democracy. And it suggests that J.W. Dafoe with his *Free Press* has more to do than the Grain Growers' Guide with what the people think about the N.P.P.

For this reason we hope that Mr. Dafoe, the judge and the advocate as well, will always stay "behind the scenes" and keep Mr. Crerar on the right track if ever he gets the right of way.




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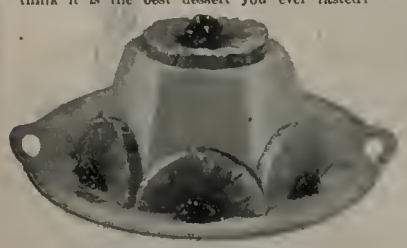



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PINEAPPLE BUTTERFLY PARFAIT

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups hot boiled rice 1 cup sugar
1½ cups milk 1 cup cream ¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup chopped nut meats 1 teaspoon vanilla

Soak gelatine in milk ten minutes, dissolve in hot rice. Add sugar and salt; when cool fold in cream, beaten stiff. Add nut meats and flavoring. Turn into wet mold; pack in ice and salt. Cut round slices of canned pineapple across center; decorate mold with these before serving, placing curved edges together to imitate butterfly wings. If possible decorate wings with cut cherries and pour pineapple juice over all.

White, maple or brown sugar may be used, the latter preferable. Brown rice is delicious and has more nourishment than white.

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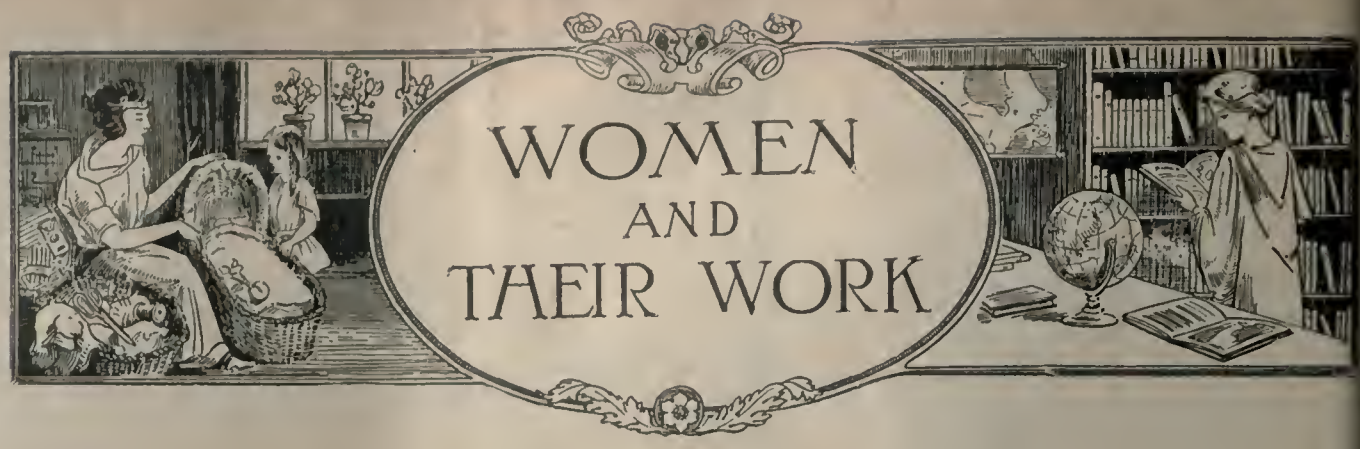
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# Little Theatres of the West

By MARY H. T. ALEXANDER

IT IS true that the "little theatre" movement in Canada has not as yet attained the distinction that pertains to it in U.S. cities but that is the more reason why it should be commended to Canadians deeply interested in the promotion of social welfare. A big field still lies fallow before those with the vision to act as evangelists for the "little theatre" in every town and village in our broad Dominion.

Recently the director of the Y.M.C.A. in Edmonton remarked to me that the best way to combat the delcterious influences of the cheaper class of moving pictures and dancing halls was not merely to pass resolutions condemning them, but to make a strong effort to provide as a substitute a wholesome amusement that would be interesting to young people and at the same time elevating and enlightening. The "little theatre" movement then is just the thing that is needed.

As an educator the little theatre has large possibilities. It offers all that is lacking in the itinerant company method that is the outcome of our existing commercial system. It opens up the way for study of the best in English literature at the same time providing acquaintanceship for us all, with everything that is good in the serious drama.

Companies from the old country and from New York find there are many fair-sized Canadian towns where facilities are not sufficient for their visits; so the inhabitants have to go play hungry. To such communities, the group of community players and the possible little theatre, is to be commended.

In British Columbia the movenent has gained rapid ground. For six years past the Players' Club of the University of British Columbia has put on very successful plays, this year finishing up with a credit balance. Mrs. Nina McVey Maxwell, a Toronto girl, with a strong talent for dramatic interpretation, while resident in Vancouver, has as directress, been able to start an enthusiastic community dramatic club known as the "Nu Beta". St. Mark's Hall, Kitsilano, Vancouver, serves as a little theatre until the club expands. Leaving Vancouver and travelling eastward, we find a most romantic idea embodied in a genuine "little theatre" set in the charming background of a peach ranch at Naramata B.C.

### The Little Theatre at Rekadom

AMID ideal surroundings on one of the hill-sides above the beautiful Okanagan lake in British Columbia, is situated the first little theatre in any inland part of the magnificent Rocky Mountains province. It is built in the midst of the hundred-acre peach ranch of "Rekadom", the property of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Aikens. The theatre is situated above the third floor of a warehouse devoted entirely to crating and shipping peaches. It has a seating capacity of ninety-nine, or more. and it was opened in December, 1920, by Premier Meighen, while on a political tour of the west. Mr. and Mrs. Aikens, who own the building, have high ideals in regard to the standard of plays produced in their playhouse, and, have visited many other similar homes of dramatic effort in the United States and in Britain.

The theatre at "Rekadom" is completely equipped. All requirements, even to work-rooms for the making of costumes, are provided. Scenery is made on the premises, and there is a built-in dome horizon with a permanent plaster sky—said to be the only one in existence in Canada. Every chair is flush with the floor and stage, and the seating is arranged to rise in graduated steps to the back of the building, and they are pews in mission style, stained a beautiful shade of mossy green. The color scheme of decoration is white, subdued into a harmony of greens and soft velvety greys. There is also a complete and sensitive lighting system. At the sides of the stage, the building projects into space allotted to the work rooms and scenery studio, while above are the dressing rooms.



Edmonton Guild Players in "The Chinese Lantern" at the theatre in the "Y" hut.

Mr. and Mrs. Aikens state definitely that their little theatre venture is in no sense a community affair, as they hope during the summer to assemble a working coterie of young people who are keen on the acting, writing and setting of plays and they may come from all parts of Canada.

### To Encourage Canadian Composers

THERE is a crying need for better Canadian plays, by Canadian authors, and with these more Canadian music by Canadian composers.

The cry is strong for original plays of merit, and though in the United States prizes have been offered as a stimulant the generosity of wealthy Canadian citizens has not to any great extent been awakened as yet along this particular line.

In calling attention to such possibilities I do not make the claim that interest in community dramatics is flagging—far from it. On the contrary there is to be found in the province of Alberta a remarkable number of dramatic societies, all displaying different degrees of efficiency. In the capital city of Edmonton alone there are at least five that are well-known.

Several of these are the outcome of the English classes in the high schools and of the literary societies of the University of Alberta, the latter using Convocation Hall for some years past in place of a "little theatre". This year, however, the very evident talent exhibited has warranted the appearance of two of these organizations, in the new Empire theatre, the Dramatic Society of the University of Alberta and the Women's University Club Players. The former society offered George Bernard Shaw's play "You Never Can Tell" with marked success, the Woman's University Club presenting "Belinda," a comedy in three acts by A.A. Milne, and "The Swan Song" by Anton Tcheckov.

As early as 1916—a few years count for much in the mushroom growth of the west—the lead in dramatic matters as part of the educational system, was taken by the department of education in British Columbia, Principal Davis of the Victoria high school being asked at that time to experiment with the dramatic method of teaching English literature. He staged "The Merchant of Venice" in the old Empire theatre with great success. Since then Mr. Davis has personally appeared in many plays with his students and friends, going east to New York during the summer and appearing personally in some Greek plays in college theatres.

Principal Davis, following the experience gained by the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice," has subsequently worked enthusiastically with the Forbes Robertson Dramatic society, of which Ethel Reese Burns is the moving spirit until after the successful production of "The Snug Little Kingdom" in 1919 when he became associated with Tom Dalkin of Edmonton.

Out of the association with Tom Dalkin in the play mentioned has grown the only regular little theatre in Edmonton. So successful and popular was the Davis-Dalkin combination, that last summer it was agreed that they should become partners and that they should go to New

# Heirloom Plate




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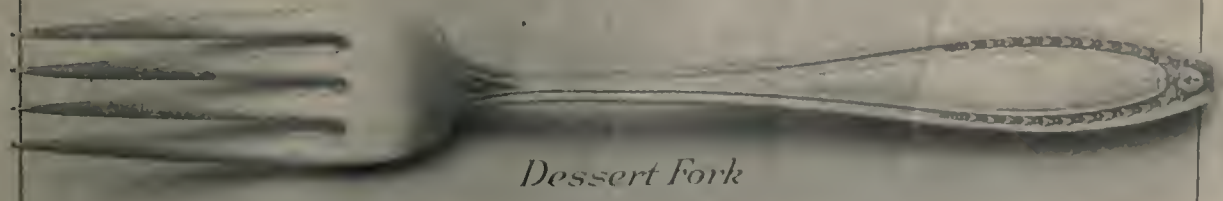
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York, with the idea of perfecting themselves in dramatic technique at the Sargent School of Dramatics.

On their return, the Edmonton Guild Players company was formed and a little theatre established in the Red Triangle hut. No more suitable place could have been found in the city.

### All Community Artists

ALL the players are strictly "community" artists, who have as their object the furtherance of the liking for the drama among their friends, and who have found in its presentation an avenue of expression for themselves. Presentation has been made during the season of such plays as "Bargain Day," a comedy in one act by Cosmo Hamilton: "The Pierrot of the Minute," a dramatic fantasy in one act, by Ernest Dowson: "The Neighbors," a one act comedy by Zona Gale; "The Greatest Gift," a Christmas play by Katherine Lord: "Joint Owners in Spain," by Alice Brown; "The Dumb and the Blind," by Harold Chapin: "Madonna," by George Middleton; and "The Chinese Lantern," by Laurence Houseman.

One of the great difficulties in presenting most of these plays was to secure suitable music until the directors hit on the happy idea of having music specially written for their plays. Excellent results from this idea were obtained when young John Oliver, (son of Hon. Frank Oliver, so long minister of the interior under the Laurier government,) undertook the task of composing suitable music. The young composer did excellent work, securing plaintiveness so charactertistic of the Chinese who live in Canada. You may hear it any day, floating out readily, from the high, jutting, balconies of Chinatown in Vancouver. Introductory to this play, the music is wafted out from behind the scenes, in chimes that might have come at eventide from the tower of a Buddhist temple, or from the sound of the wind as it soughed through the reeds beside a fringed pool.

# War Brides From Abroad Eagerly Making Good Here

By MIRIAM GREEN ELLIS

THOUSANDS of "War Brides" came back with their soldier husbands, and are now distributed all through Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but the greatest number of soldier settlers and their Scotch, English, Irish, French or Belgian brides came to Northern Alberta, this being due to the greater amount of homestead land available there.

Some were married during the war, and little families came back with the soldier husband. Some waited till the close of the war, and came as brides, while a few others waited till their lovers had come back alone and had had a chance to become established again. Now they are nearly all here, in various stages of the process of re-establishment. There were some heart-breaks, but for the most part they have settled down to make homes and become a part of the new country, along with the men of their choice.

As one girl said: "Harry told me he did not have much money, and he could not give me a home like father's, but I told him I would rather be like the robins that choose their mates. and then the two go forth to find a place for the nest and build the home together. Anyway," she went on bravely, "he needed me. Often in the night, he yells right out, as he dreams again of that awful whiz of bullets he can hear so plainly."

But some of the girls came with less understanding of what was ahead. When Johnny Canuck first came around, he talked a lot of homesteads and timber limits and such like, and when he saw the impression he was making by his reference to sections and half sections of free land, he just kept on. Then later, when she had promised to come over to the "homestead", he lacked the ability or the comprehension to make her realize, what it would be like on a farm far away from railway or neighbors.

### A Pathetic Little Figure

ONE girl with a tawdry dress and bedraggled feathers in her hat, I met coming up from Calgary, to Edmonton one day. The English "luggage" attracted my attention, and as I saw a longing expression in her eyes, and an occasional tear drop, I went over to speak to her. Yes, they had been married before Arthur came back on the troop ship and she had followed as soon as she could get transportation. She said that those long days crossing the prairie, when there had been nothing to see but little station houses that all looked alike, and lonely shanties here and there had "got her goat". She said: "Arthur told me there were trees and a great river at Edmonton." I assured her there were and asked her if she were going to live in Edmonton. No, not exactly, it was a little place outside Edmonton, called Peace River? I had to tell her, that she went on nearly three hundred miles from Edmonton, but when I saw the frightened look that came over her face, as I said it, I tried to buck her up a little by saying what a beautiful country it was at Peace River, and that there was a big river there too.

She was a perfect stranger to the country, and almost a stranger to the young husband, she was coming so hopefully to meet. She had lived all her life in the city of London and I felt I should prepare her a little, so I told her of the long distances and the lack of conveniences, but that the opportunities were equally great in compensation, for those willing to work.

"It costs quite a lot to get a start," I warned.

"Oh, well, but Arthur is going to get help from the government. They are giving a start to all the soldiers that take up homesteads," she replied. "Anyway," she said, with the cunning of a girl who had always to look after herself, "I am not afraid, I have my 'tride.'"

"What is that?"

"Making flowers. I was the biggest paid girl in our shop and the boss told me when I left, I was the quickest girl he had."

I suggested gently that they did not have any flower making establishments in Peace River, or even in Edmonton for that matter. She thought for a minute and then she rallied with,

"Oh well, I have another trade anyway. I used to work at it before the war."

"What is that?"

"Rolling cigarettes. I used to do the specials for the biggest firm in London." It was almost useless to try to explain to her that the homesteaders in the Peace River country rolled their own cigarettes.

But as I said, they came and the next thing was to help them adjust themselves. For two years and more they have been going through that period, more or less difficult, of re-adjustment, getting established on their farms, learning the customs of their adopted country, having their first babies, and in some cases getting to know their husbands, for it must be admitted, that in some cases the courtship was short.

### The Government's "party"

LAST year, the Canadian Government, through its Home Department of the Soldier Settlement Board, decided to have a grand party for these wives, who were trying hard to recognise Canada as their home. The party was held at various centres, but the largest was naturally the one at Edmonton. More than 400 attended, many with one or more babies. They were given a "short course" of eight days, and instructed in useful home economics. The women of Edmonton were wonderfully good in offering accomodation.

When it was found that so many were coming, and homes might not be available for all, a few were sent to hotels and boarding houses, but this was not so satisfactory. One little woman, who had been a nurse during the war, said to me a little plaintively:

"I am staying at a hotel, and I do wish it had been my luck to go to a home. I want to meet some of the Edmonton women. I have no neighbors nearer than three miles and I scarcely ever see them. Anyway, they are Russians. However, this is the first time I have been away from the farm since I came, fourteen months ago, and I am enjoying every minute of it. I love the concerts, and it is such a treat to see the shops. I have not much money to spend, but I wanted to get some baby things, and I like to look at the new frocks, even if I cannot buy them."

Needless to say, she was billeted in a nice home that very night, and a splendid friendship grew up between her and her hostess, who had also been overseas during the war.

THEN, of course, there were the other kind; the ones that talked about the way their hostesses kept house, the dust on the piano; one asked for another billet because there was no furnace in the house where she was staying, just stoves. She had no intention, she said, of staying in a house any poorer than where her neighbor, Mrs. Jones, had been billeted. Over there they had elegant furniture, a gramophone and everything. But there were very few of these.

I was sitting one night with the grand organizer of the affair, talking over the auspicious opening of the course, when the telephone rang, and the Travellers' Aid of the Y.W.C.A. informed us, that a little French woman was at the station she had been waiting there, three hours for some one to come for her. She had not sent word of her intended arrival and while all the trains had been met for the first three or four days we thought, that by this time, everyone had arrived. We went immediately to the station, and there she sat, with two babies on her lap. She was certainly French, could hardly speak a word of English and the cerise crown in her hat, and the jaunty bows now a trifle bedraggled, told of Paris.

We took her to a house, and next morning she arrived at the lecture with the two babies; her host had brought her down. The babies went upstairs to the nursery, and she was introduced to a number of women. While she did not get much benefit from the lectures, not understanding English, she at least understood the demonstrations, and she had the wonderful comfort of being with other women, under the same conditions as herself, and some of them could talk a little French.

That afternoon, I drove her with some of the others, to the children's clinic where special arrangements had been made, to examine all these soldiers' children. So many babies came, that they could not be finished, so the doctors stayed every day, till all had been examined. Some had adenoids, some enlarged tonsils, some were getting teeth, and some were undernourished, others were just perfect babies. I watched the doctors going over the little bodies, and then my little French woman came in. With her was a nurse who spoke to her in French and who I found afterwards was from France herself, had nursed all during the war, and then had come to Canada to take a position with the Alberta Public Health staff.

It was like a breath from home, for the young mother to talk to this capable nurse, right from her own country.

The doctor looked over small Marie and the smaller Jean. Marie had been born in France, but Jean would call Canada his native soil. The doctor suggested that eggs should be added to their dairy diet. They did not have any eggs, she told the nurse. He suggested the juice of meat. They only had bacon. But they were going to get some hens this year, she said.

On the way back, I said to the little mother: "Do you like it on the farm?" Their home was about seventy miles from Edmonton.

With a reminiscent look in her eyes she replied rather hesitatingly, "Oh, bien," and then with a sudden brightening "Mais, mon marie, he like it much. Oui I like it too, apres un peu."

"Did you ever live on a farm before."

"Oh, non, Madame, I live toujours en Paris."

But she was brave. With her there was no turning back. Her name was Christiansen, so I asked her if her husband spoke French. She gave a queer little smile, "Oh, Non, Madame, mais I speak Anglais un peu." Verily, love speaks its own language.

# How I Make $18 to $20 a Week -Right at Home—Without "Going to Work"

"I have now given up all idea of going back into an office to work," writes Miss Cummings. "I often wonder why more girls do not stay at home and do this pleasant, profitable work instead of going to business." Read Miss Cumming's remarkable story in her own words.

***By Amy D. Cummings***

AS the train slowed down and stopped at our little country station, I found that I lacked my usual happiness in coming home.

I loathed myself for ever getting sick and having to give up my business position in the city.

Two years work in an office had changed me, and when I got home everyone said, "Why Amy, how thin you are!"

My purse was thin too, but I didn't care—at least I tried to make myself believe I didn't.

Country air and rest soon did their work — built me up and made me well and strong again—but my purse was still very empty. It was necessary for me to earn money, for my father is a farmer and the prices of farm products had dropped very low, leaving other prices still soaring.

I was entertaining very serious intentions of returning to the city and getting another office position.

Then, on coming in one day, I found my mother all smiles. She was absorbed in a magazine article, and as I entered the room she read these words aloud, "How I make money at home."

"By hunting eggs and milking cows," I answered flippantly.

She only smiled and said, "Read this, Amy!"

I took the magazine and read the page. It gave the experience of a woman whose husband's income was insufficient. She felt she just had to make extra money, but could not leave her home and children to work outside. Finally, she heard of a hand-knitting machine called the "Auto Knitter." The company that manufactured it offered to make a contract with each owner of a machine to pay for the woolen socks made with it—and to replace the yarn. The rest of the article told how the "Auto Knitter" helped this woman to make the money she needed.

Well, this sounded as good to me as it had to mother, and the result was that we wrote to the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company for the particulars, and later secured one of the hand-knitting machines.



"The Auto Knitter" justifies the saying, "good goods are done up in small parcels," for it is small and light, easy to clamp on any table and equally easy to run. Many of our neighbors soon called to see it, and the "Auto-Knitter" was quite the topic of conversation for a while.

When we had learned to run the machine, and people saw the splendid socks it made, two or three of our friends began to seriously consider getting Auto Knitters themselves.

The company is always ready to accept and pay for socks made according to their directions, and their wage checks come back very promptly, together with the replacement yarn.

I have now given up all idea of going back into a city office to work, for I am making from eighteen to twenty dollars a week with the Auto Knitter, and I do it without leaving the protection of my home. I have earned all my spring clothes, and a very coveted wrist watch too. Besides I have a fund that is to pay for a trip this summer.

I often wonder why more girls do not stay at home and do this pleasant profitable work instead of going to business. Some girls think, of course, that there is no fun in the country. This idea is largely based on the fact that milking cows and other farm work doesn't appeal very strongly to most girls. At least it didn't to me.

But give those same girls a way to make money and have nice clothes, minus the slavish work, and they would probably think the same as I do—that a home in the country is the best place in the world.

It takes me ten minutes to nake a sock, on the average, and my younger sister can knit with the machine almost as well as I can.

Mamma has never regretted getting the Auto Knitter for me, and I am delighted to have this way of making money at home, for now I am my own manager.

Instead of more than half my wages going for board and carfare, as they used to in the city, I have the cash I make for home comforts and many other things that I have long wished for. Mamma is writing too. She wants to tell you what she thinks of the Auto Knitter.

*Amy D. Cummings, Ontario.*

The following letter was received from Miss Cumming's mother. It gives additional interesting news about what the Auto Knitter means to this Ontario farm home.

* * * *

This is certainly a strenuous time we are living in, especially for those who have daughters who are obliged to enter city life to earn their own living in business offices, factories, or stores--at salaries of $10.00 to $15.00 a week. Out of this a girl has to pay $8.00 a week for board and $2.00 for carfare.

The old saying, "working life out to keep life in" surely came true in the experience of our girl in business, and to make matters worse, she contracted the "flu." This left her rundown in health and she was obliged to come home in the fall for a rest.

How we longed for a way to keep our dear girl at home with us all the time.



Finally, as my daughter has written, we found out about the "Auto-Knitter" and the company's offer to buy socks made on the machine.

We sent for one and our girl was very much pleased with it. With the aid of the splendid instruction book she could knit a pair of socks in an hour the next day after receiving the machine. Of course practice made her more speedy, for now she finds no difficulty in making a pair in twenty minutes.

This means an average of $3.00 a day, or $18.00 to $20.00 a week and that by only working the same hours as required in a city business office.

Instead of paying out all her money for board she can dress nicely, and take her holidays when she wishes. Besides earning clothes, our former business girl and her sister have helped to make the home more beautiful by adding some new articles of furniture, a new rug for the parlor and new window hangings.

Our girls tell their papa they are planning on having a moist-air pipeless furnace installed in our home this coming winter—and that the Auto-Knitter will pay for it.

My husband says a knitting machine like the "Auto Knitter" is more necessary in a home than a sewing machine—and we all know what a sewing machine means to a family.

Just to think—the only expense we had was for the machine and the first supply of yarn, as the company replaces the yarn each time we send them socks. In addition, they pay express charges when we send 10 dozen pairs of socks at a time. We consider the "Auto Knitter" a good investment and a boon—for it keeps our girls at home.

Our own town merchants highly appreciate the work the Auto Knitter does, and we have received several good orders to fill for their winter trade.

*Mrs. W. E. Cummings, Ontario.*

* * * *

## How You Too Can Make Money at Home

Miss Cumming's experience which you have just read in her own words, is only one of many. She has been one of our most successful Auto Knitter workers, for she gives regular business hours to the work, but we have hundreds and hundreds of letters from other women, and men too, telling of their success in varying degrees, according to the time devoted to the work, and how they made the extra money they needed—without leaving their homes or neglecting their families. So why shouldn't you do it too!

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company has helped to solve the "extra money problem" for home women because it offers steady, regular, well-paid home work. There is no expense for materials after the first. There are no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight, out-and-out offer at a fixed wage, on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services.

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## Maybe Adam Laughed at These



**Coal Shovel or Harp**—Crimsonbeak—"What do you think will be the music of the future?"

Yeast—"It depends altogether on where you're going to spend it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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**Not that Kind of Bird**—Countrywoman—"Where can I get a ticket to Chichester?"

Porter—"Through that pigeon hole."

Countrywoman—"Not me! I ain't no pigeon!"—*London Mail.*

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**Sarcasm**—Dad (sternly)—"Where were you last night?"

Son—"Oh, just riding around with some of the boys."

"Well, tell 'em not to leave their hairpins in the car."—*Texas Scalper.*

---

**Subtle**—"I don't want any rubbish—no fine sentimentality—if you please," said the widow who was asked, what kind of epitaph she desired for her late husband. "Let it be short and simple, something like this: 'William Johnston, aged seventy-five years: the good die young.' "—*Life.*

---

**The Realist**—Little Freddy came home one night with his clothes full of holes.

"What in the world has happened to you?" cried his mother.

"Oh, we've just been playin' grocery store, and everybody was something," replied Freddy. "And I was the cheese."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

---

**Quite So**—The members of the church committee were selecting their purchase.

"I don't think this is just the kind of cloth we want," said one.

"What is it to be used for?" asked the salesman.

"For covering the church pews." replied the committeeman.

"Oh, I see," mused the salesman. "You want something with a nap on it."—*Town Topics.*

---

**The Color that Showed**—A Southern family had a coal-black cook named Sarah, and when her husband was killed in an accident Sarah appeared on the day of the funeral dressed in sable outfit except in one respect.

"Why, Sarah," said her mistress, "what made you get white gloves?"

Sarah drew herself up and said in tones of dignity, "Don't you s'pose I wants dem niggahs to see dat I'se got on gloves?"—*Boston Transcript.*

---

**Dog vs. Lobster**—A Scotchman was strolling through the market-place one day with his faithful collie at his heels. Attracted by a fine display of shell and other fish, the Scot stopped to admire, perhaps to purchase. The dog stood by gently wagging its tail while its master engaged the fishmonger in conversation.

Unfortunately for the dog, its tail dropped for a moment over a big basketful of fine live lobsters. Instantly one of the largest lobsters snapped its claws on the tail and the surprised collie dashed off through the market, yelping with pain, while the lobster hung on grimly, though dashed violently from side to side. The fishmonger for a moment was speechless with indignation. Then turning to his prospective customer, he bawled:

"Mon, mon! whustle to yer dog! Whustle to yer dog!"

"Hoot, mon," returned the other complacently, "whustle to yer lobster!"—*New York World.*



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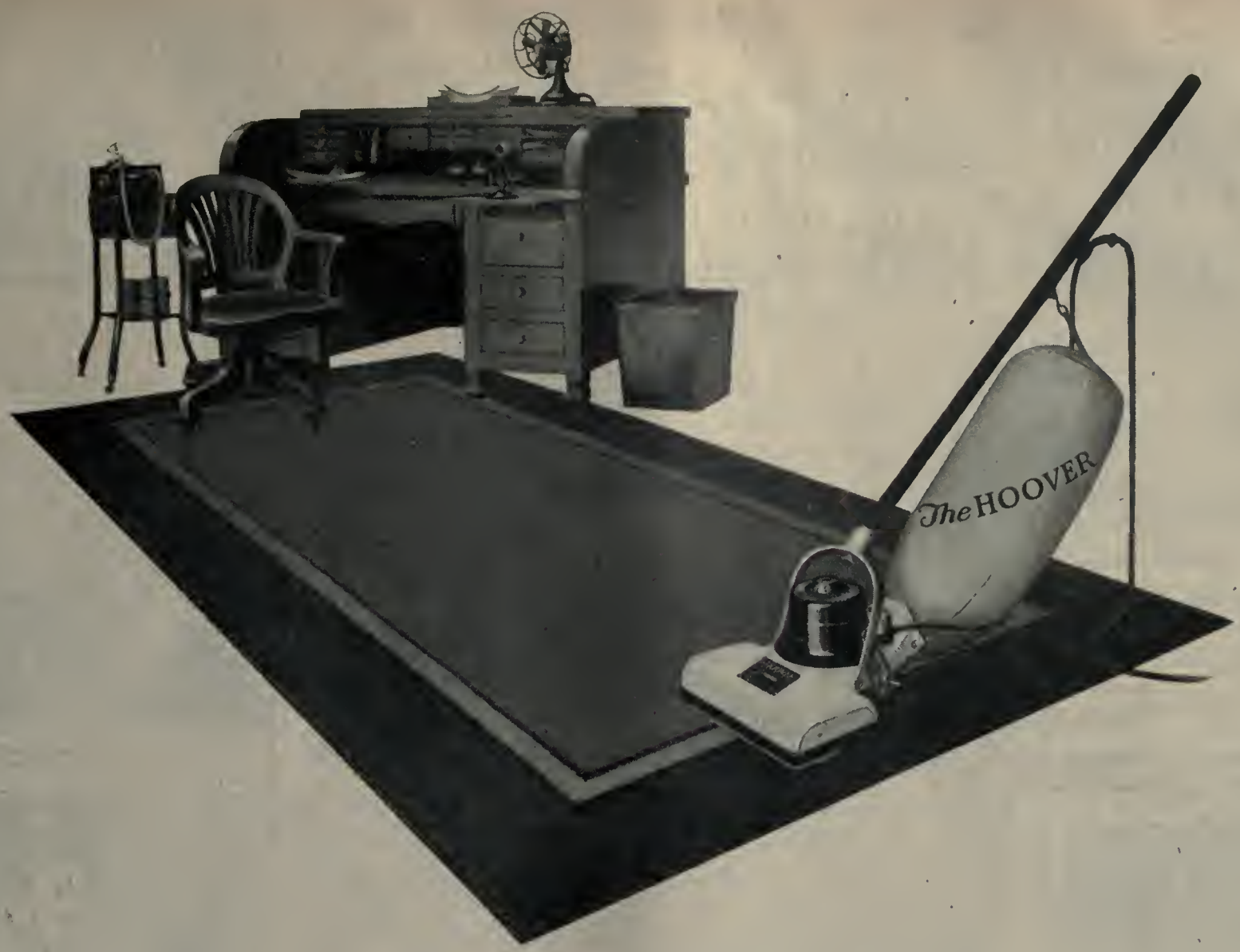
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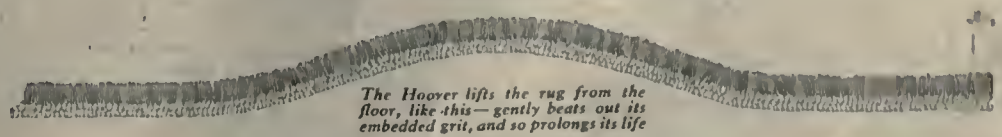

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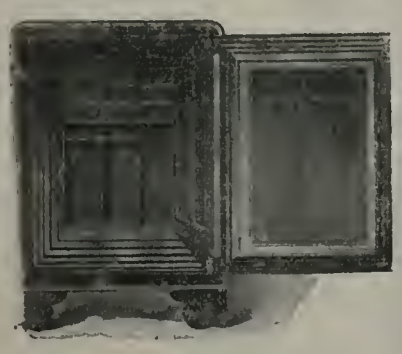
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Cut In Implement Prices Will Hasten Re-adjustment

WITH every passing day there is developing a somewhat more optimistic turn in the general attitude toward the business situation. This is not to say that business conditions at the present time are presenting any very bright features but that over the rim of the business horizon there is beginning to appear a ray of light that promises a return, if not to war time prosperity, at least to a solid measure of business activity.

Henry Ford was recently quoted to the effect that the immediate return to normal conditions was dependent almost entirely on a matter of getting commodities down to a reasonable price basis. Quite apart from the experience of Mr. Ford's own business there seems to be a solid foundation for this contention.

### Drop in Implement Prices

WITHIN the course of the last few days some of the large implement concerns have announced substantial cuts in the selling cost of their product. They have done this in the face of a heavy holding of raw material stocks, and of fabricated materials bought at the peak of the market. Despite this fact however they are announcing reductions of from 15 to 35 per cent. or probably an average reduction of about 20 per cent. This reduction is a definite effort to meet the conditions of the market they serve. The buying power of the farmer in the past year has been very substantially reduced. His commodities have been. and continue to be, well below the average of commodity prices. The result has been that the farmer has definitely refused to buy commodities that in his judgment had not faced the same reductions that he had been compelled to face. These implement manufacturers, then, have fixed their policy to meet this situation. They are enabled to do so in a measure, through some reduction in material costs, though owing to the heavy holdings of raw materials this has not been a large factor. The largest factor in making this action possible is in the expectation of an adjustment with labor. They hope to be able to prove to labor, that some such reduction is imperative if the industry is to be revived, and that they are ready to meet the situation as they are asking labor to meet the situation, by practically eliminating profits until the industry can again be placed on a substantial basis.

### Will Others Follow?

THIS action is indicative of what may be expected in many other industries, where the element of labor cost has become so burdensome as virtually to strangle the industry. It must go hand in hand with reductions in raw material costs, so that this readjustment with labor may not bear unjustly on the laboring classes.

The problem of unemployment both present and potential is presenting a very serious situation. There is a popular feeling that the Government, both federal and provincial, should do something to provide employment during the coming months. Sober judgment, however, demands that any such action shall be a help to readjustment rather than a hindrance. The assistance given to the unemployed must not be in the nature of a hand-out, but must be based on a strict business basis. The wasting of public moneys is the same as giving it away, and the present is no time for thoughtless expenditure either by a person or a government. Unwarranted expenditures must reflect on the circumstances of the taxpayer, and become an added burden to the country at large. More than that, it is imperative that any agency that is endeavoring to help the unemployed, whether it be governmental or municipal, must govern itself by the existing labor market. By setting a false standard of payment for labor, by buying above the prevailing market, it will create a serious situation. The essential element in a return to normal is a reduction in production costs, and any influence that would tend to militate against this effort will have an undeniably serious effect. It is not possible under certain conditions, for private enterprise to compete against a government or a municipality, therefore it is imperative that there should be no element of competition to unsettle the gradually recovering business enterprises.

### Money Not So Tight

IT IS customary at this time of the year to expect a money scarcity owing to the demands made by the financing of the wheat crop. The bank statement for August however just recently made public indicates that this condition does not exist this year. Instead of the usual increase of credits customary at the crop season, the statement shows a decline, an evidence that there is no great demand from business as a whole for money.

As an offset to any possible feeling of depression also, there is the interesting fact that the past few weeks have seen the issuing of a considerable number of bond issues that mount up into substantial figures. It is evident that these substantial industries and municipalities consider that the time is opportune. They have confidence that there is money available for use in sound enterprises. The viewpoint of these executives indicates their belief in the essential soundness of general conditions, their belief that we are, industrially, on the road to recovery. Moreover the public response is an evidence that their belief is well founded.

Altogether, while the trend of events of the past couple of weeks has not varied appreciably from that of the weeks preceding, there is noticeable a growing feeling of relief. In the United States there has been a complete reversion from the profound gloom of some months past. The surprisingly high bids for some of their bond issues is an evidence of this returning wave of optimism. In Canada there is not the same tendency to descend to the depths, and consequently the swing of the pendulum cannot hope to lift us to such heights of optimism, but, in our soberer mood, there is still an underlying sense that the corner has been turned, and the indications, slight as they are, all point to the soundness of this judgment.

(Answers to queries, p. 6.)

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**Question**—Will you kindly give me your opinion on Canadian-American Resources, Limited? I would also like your opinion on the R. T. Scott Company, of Toronto; the Mortgage, Discount and Finance, Ltd.; and Detroit-Windsor bridge bonds.—P. D. Q., Toronto.

Answer—Canadian-American Resources, Limited, is a Canadian company formed some time ago for the purpose of promoting the development of the natural resources of this country and elsewhere, particularly in mining, in oil. Two blocks of property have been acquired including a 60 per cent interest in 4,800 acres in the oil district of Oklahoma and 1,000 acres in Northern Ontario. This latter property has little present value but the oil properties in Oklahoma are stated to be close enough to the Burkburnett field to give good promise of successful development. However, the entire proposition must be treated as pure speculation.

We have consistently advised against purchase of any of the offerings of R.T. Scott and Company as being too speculative for the average investor. Mortgage, Discount and Finance, Ltd., is a company organized for the purpose of buying in second mortgages, a business that is going to become more hazardous as building costs decline. The Detroit to Windsor bridge bonds are equally speculative.

**Question**—As I have four shares with fifty per cent. common in the Canadian Famous Players yielding 8% on preferred, I would like to know your opinion as to whether this stock bears good security and worth me holding.—X. Y. Z., Cochrane, Ont.

Answer—Famous Players Canadian Corporation is a company that controls and operates a large number of high class motion picture theatres from coast to coast in Canada. The company is only a little more than a year old and is probably suffering to some extent at the present time from the depression in the theatrical business but you have not given your investment time to work itself out.

The corporation has very excellent prospects for success, as it is a very important factor in its field in Canada and we would advise you to hold your securities.

**Question**—What do you think of the L. R. Steel Realty Development Corporation?—A Subscriber, St. John, N. B.

Answer—We would advise you not to purchase the shares of the L. R. Steel Realty Development Corporation. The proposition is highly speculative.

You will not lose if you invest your money in good bonds, Victories or provincial and municipal issues. In the Steel propositions you are assuming a great risk of losing all you put in in exchange for possibilities only.

**Question**—I want your advice on the selling of twenty preferred shares of the Canadian Crocker-Wheeler Company, Limited, of St. Catharines.—B. B., St. Catharines, Ont.

Answer—Compared with other preferred stocks it would seem that the offer of $90 for Canadian Crocker Wheeler preferred is reasonable although as the stock is not listed it is difficult to know the present market value. Preferred shareholders are only entitled to what their agreement calls for which is usually a set rate of interest. The sale cannot go through without the consent of the shareholders which I think will be given. It will then be for the new company to make an offer to the preferred shareholders of the old company or to continue paying the interest under the conditions on which the stock was issued.

**Question**—I am a holder of a number of shares of Brazilian Traction and Power Company, for about three years. The stock is just now half the price I have paid. Would you advise me to buy some to average down at the present prices, or not?—R. B., Quebec.

Answer—We would advise you to hold your Brazilian Traction shares. The inability of the security to climb back to former levels is not due to any weakness in the company's earning position, for it has been having a great deal of success in its operation in South America, but to the low rate of Brazilian exchange which means that net earnings when converted into British or Canadian funds are away down. The future of the stock depends more upon exchange than any other factor. It may be a long wait and it has already tried the patience of the shareholders to a great extent but you stand to gain in the end if you can hold your stock.

"Averaging" is a very doubtful way of reducing a loss. View your original purchase of Brazilian Traction and the additional deal you are contemplating now as entirely separate transactions and you will see that the net result to you would be the same whether you buy Brazilian Traction stock or another security of about the same calibre. You should not put too large a percentage of your funds into Brazilian. Hold what you have but seek a security with a more definitely established future for additional investment.

**Question**—In 1919 I invested in Moharch Tractors, Limited, of Brantford, Ont., to the extent of five shares of preferred cumulative and participating stock, and was given one share of common stock. Recently I have been asked if I would accept $150 for my share of common stock. Will you please tell me what this offer signifies and what is your opinion of the investment.—A. A. L., Kitchener, Ont.

Answer—Regarding the common stock of Monarch Tractors, Ltd, Brantford, we are rather surprised that you have received an offer for $150 for your share of common stock and would be inclined to doubt whether this offer was made in good faith. There have been a number of stock selling propositions which have recently been attempted where offers have been made for shares with the idea not of purchasing them but of encouraging the holders to buy more stock. The position of this company at the present time is not very satisfactory and the dividend on the preferred stock has been suspended, the management explaining that this has been for the purpose of conserving funds towards other activities. We cannot believe that common stock is worth $150 a share when the dividend on the preferred stock is not being paid.

**Question**—What is the chance of shareholders getting anything out of the 8% preferred Riordon? What was the cause of such a change in the position of a company so lauded one year ago?—X. Y. Z., Woodville, Ont., (and many others).

Answer—We presume from your letter that you hold some of this stock which you would have purchased at close to $100 a share with the bonus of common stock. May we urge however, if you do not hold this stock, not to think of purchasing it even at the very low price of around $3 a share. We cannot hold out much hope, we are sorry to say, of the shareholders getting much, if anything, from their investment in this stock. The Company needs from six to eight million dollars to keep it going during the next two years in the presence of a rather unfavorable pulp market.

The question that has been bothering those in charge for months past, as you probably are aware, is how this money can be raised. Every plan tried so far has failed and it looks now as if the Company might have to go into liquidation and the bond holders with the banks take charge of the property. In this case it might be divided up into two parts according to the grouping of the bonds. If this is done it seems unlikely that even the preferred shareholders, not to speak of the common, would receive any consideration. There might be an opportunity given them to reinvest in a new company, but so far as their old stock is concerned there does not seem now much chance of their being able to realize upon it. The market price for both the common and the preferred is dragging around two and three dollars a share and seems likely to go even lower.

You ask the cause of such a failure of a concern that "was lauded so highly" a little over one year ago. It is quite true that confidence was felt in this undertaking by some of the shrewdest financial and industrial men in Canada, and the greater bulk of the purchases of preferred stock consisted of genuine investments. So far as we have been able to figure the question, the two main causes for the collapse of this Company must be considered mismanagement of an extreme character, and the adoption a year ago last June of a top heavy reorganization. By that we mean that we do not think that the company was well advised in taking on heavy obligations for the Gatineau timber limits, as these called for large expenditures of money which the company required for the development of its pulp mills, and these limits were not revenue producers to any extent, especially when the lumber market slumped last year, and continued in a very unsatisfactory condition up to the present time. The excessive expenditures on the Kipawa plant make it difficult for it to operate at a profit.


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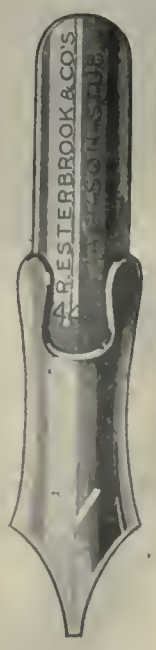
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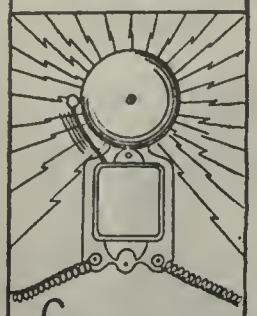



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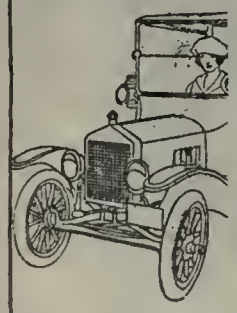


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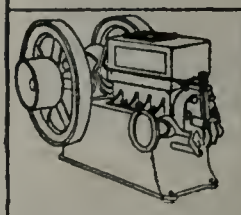
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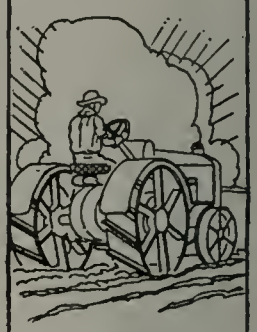
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# MACLEAN'S

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"That name is Sally—Our Sally!"

# MOSTLY SALLY

## *By* PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

SALLY looked contentedly down the long table. She felt happy at last. Everybody was talking and laughing now, and her party, rallying after an uncertain start, was plainly the success she had hoped it would be. The first atmosphere of uncomfortable restraint, caused, she was only too well aware, by her brother Fillmore's white evening waistcoat, had worn off; and the male and female patrons of Mrs. Meecher's select boarding house (transient and residential) were themselves again.

At her end of the table the conversation had turned once more to the great vital topic of Sally's legacy and what she ought to do with it. The next best thing to having money of one's own is to dictate the spending of somebody else's, and Sally's guests were finding a good deal of satisfaction in arranging a budget for her. Rumor having put the sum at their disposal at a high figure, their suggestions had a certain spaciousness.

"Let me tell you," said Augustus Bartlett briskly, "what I'd do if I were you." Augustus Bartlett, who occupied an intensely subordinate position in the firm of Kahn, Morris & Brown, the Wall Street brokers, always affected a brisk, incisive style of speech, as befitted a man in close touch with the great ones of finance. "I'd sink a couple of hundred thousand in some good safe bond issue—we've just put one out which you would do well to consider—and play about with the rest. When I say play about, I mean have a flutter in anything good that crops up. Mu'tiple Steel's worth looking at. They tell me it'll be up to a hundred and fifty before next Saturday."

Elsa Doland, the pretty girl with the big eyes who sat on Mr. Bartlett's left hand, had other views. "Buy a theatre, Sally, and put on good stuff."

"And lose every bean you've got," said a mild young man, with a deep voice, across the table. "If I had a few hundred thousand," said the mild young man, "I'd put every cent of it on Benny Whistler for the heavyweight championship. I've got private information that Battling Tuke has been got at and means to lie down in the seventh—"

"Say, listen," interrupted another voice, "lemme tell you what *I'd* do with four hundred thousand—"

"If I had four hundred thousand," said Elsa Doland, "I know what would be the first thing I'd do."

"What's that?" Sally asked.

"Pay my bill for last week, due this morning."

Sally got up quickly, and, flitting down the table, put her arm around her friend's shoulder and whispered in her ear: "Elsa darling, are you really broke? If you are, you know I'll—"

Elsa Doland laughed.

"You are an angel, Sally. There's no one like you. You'd give your last cent to anyone. Of course I'm not broke. I've just come back from the road, and I've saved a fortune. I only said that to draw you."

SALLY returned to her seat, relieved, and found that the company had now divided itself into two schools of thought. The conservative and prudent element, led by Augustus Bartlett, had definitely decided on three hundred thousand in Liberty Bonds and the rest in some safe real estate; while the smaller, more sporting section, impressed by the mild young man's inside information, had already placed Sally's money on Benny Whistler, doling it out cautiously in small sums so as not to spoil the market. And so solid, it seemed, was Mr. Tuke's reputation with those not in the inner circle of knowledge that the mild young man was confident that, if you went about the matter cannily and without precipitation, three to one might be obtained.

It seemed to Sally that the time had come to correct certain misapprehensions. "I don't know where you got your figures," she said, "but I'm afraid they're wrong. I've just twenty-five thousand dollars."

The statement had a chilling effect. To these jugglers with half millions the amount mentioned seemed for the moment almost too small to bother about. It was the sort of sum which they had been mentally setting aside for the heiress's car fare. Then they managed to adjust their minds to it. After all, one could do something even with a pittance like twenty-five thousand.

"If I had twenty-five thousand," said Augustus Bartlett, the first to rally from the shock, "I'd buy Amalgamated—"

"If I had twenty-five thousand—" began Elsa Doland.

"If I had had twenty-five thousand in the year nineteen hundred," observed a gloomy-looking man with spectacles, "I could have started a revolution in Paraguay."

He brooded somberly on what might have been.

"Well, I'll tell you exactly what I'm going to do," said Sally. "I'm going to start with a trip to Europe—France especially—I've heard France well spoken of—as soon as I can get my passport; and after I've loafed there for a few weeks I'm coming back to look about and find some nice cosy little business which will let me put money into it and keep me in luxury. Are there any complaints?"

"Even a couple of thousand on Benny Whistler—" said the mild young man.

"I don't want your Benny Whistler," said Sally. "I wouldn't have him if you gave him to me. If I want to lose my money, I'll go to Monte Carlo and do it properly."

"Monte Carlo!" said the gloomy man, brightening up at the magic name. "I was in Monte Carlo in the year '97 and if I'd had another fifty dollars—just fifty—I'd have—"

At the far end of the table there was a stir, a cough, and the grating of a chair on the floor; and slowly, with that easy grace which actors of the old school learned in the days when acting was acting, Mr. Maxwell Faucitt, the boarding-house's oldest inhabitant, rose to his feet.

"Ladies," said Mr. Faucitt, bowing courteously, "and—" (ceasing to bow and casting from beneath his white and venerable eyebrows a quelling glance at certain male members of the boarding-house's younger set who were showing a disposition toward restiveness)—"gentlemen: I feel that I cannot allow this occasion to pass without saying a few words."

HIS audience did not seem surprised. It was possible that life, always prolific of incident in a great city like New York, might some day produce an occasion which Mr. Faucitt would feel that he could allow to pass without saying a few words; but nothing of the sort had happened as yet, and they had given up hope. Right from the start of the meal they had felt that it would be optimism run mad to expect the old gentleman to abstain from a speech on the night of Sally Nicholas's farewell dinner party; and, partly because they had braced themselves to it, but principally because Miss Nicholas's hospitality had left them with a genial feeling of repletion, they settled themselves to listen with something resembling equanimity. A movement on the part of the Marvelous Murphys—new arrivals, who had been playing the Bushwick with their equilibristic act during the preceding week—to form a party of the extreme left and heckle the speaker broke down under a cold look from their hostess. Brief though their acquaintance had been, both of these lissom young gentlemen admired Sally intensely.

And it should be set on record that this admiration of

theirs was not misplaced. He would have been hard to please who had not been attracted by Sally. She was a small, trim, wisp of a girl with the tiniest of hands and feet, the friendliest of smiles, and a dimple that came and went in the curve of her rounded chin. Her eyes, which disappeared when she laughed, which was often, were a bright hazel; her hair a soft mass of brown. She had, moreover, a manner, an air of distinction lacking in the majority of Mrs. Meecher's guests. And she carried Youth like a banner. In approving of Sally, the Marvelous Murphys had been guilty of no lapse from their high critical standard.

"I have been asked," proceeded Mr. Faucitt, "though I am aware that there are others here far worthier of such a task—Brutuses compared with whom I, like Marc Antony, am no orator—I have been asked to propose the health—"

"Who asked you?" It was the smaller of the Marvelous Murphys who spoke. He was an unpleasant youth, snub-nosed and spotty. Still, he could balance himself with one hand on an inverted ginger-ale bottle while revolving a barrel on the soles of his feet. There is good in all of us.

"I have been asked," repeated Mr. Faucitt, ignoring the unmannerly interruption—which, indeed he would have found it hard to answer, "to propose the health of our charming hostess (applause), coupled with the name of her brother, our old friend Fillmore Nicholas."

The gentleman referred to, who sat at the speaker's end of the table, acknowledged the tribute with a brief nod of the head. It was a nod of condescension; the nod of one who, conscious of being hedged about by social inferiors, nevertheless does his best to be not unkindly. And Sally, seeing it, debated in her mind for an instant the advisability of throwing an orange at her brother. There was one lying ready to her hand, and his glistening shirt front offered an admirable mark; but she restrained herself. After all, if a hostess yields to her primitive impulses, what happens? Chaos. She had just frowned down the exuberance of the rebellious Murphys, and she felt that if, even with the highest motives, she began throwing fruit, her influence for good in that quarter would be weakened.

She leaned back with a sigh. The temptation had been hard to resist. A democratic girl, pomposity was a quality which she thoroughly disliked; and, though she loved him, she could not disguise it from herself that, ever since affluence had descended upon him some months ago, her brother Fillmore had become insufferably pompous. If there are any young men whom inherited wealth improves, Fillmore Nicholas was not one of them. He seemed to regard himself nowadays as a sort of Man of Destiny. To converse with him was for the ordinary human being like being received in audience by some more than ordinarily standoffish monarch. It had taken Sally over an hour to persuade him to leave his apartment on Riverside Drive and revisit the boarding house for this special occasion; and, when he had come, he had entered wearing such faultless evening dress that he had made the rest of the party look like a gathering of tramp cyclists. His white waistcoat alone was a silent reproach to honest poverty and had caused an awkward constraint right through the soup and fish courses. Most of those present had known Fillmore Nicholas as an impecunious young man who could make a tweed suit last longer than one would have believed possible; they had called him "Fill" and helped him in more than usually lean times with small loans; but to-night they had eyed the waistcoat dumbly and shrunk back abashed.

"Speaking," said Mr. Faucitt, "as an Englishman—for, though I have long since taken out what are technically known as my 'papers', it was as a subject of the island kingdom that I first visited this great country, I may say that the two factors in American life which have always made the profoundest impression upon me have been the lavishness of American hospitality and the charm of the American girl. To-night we have been privileged to witness the American girl in the capacity of hostess, and I think I am right in saying, in asseverating, in committing myself to the statement that this has been a night which none of us present here will ever forget. Miss Nicholas has given us, ladies and gentlemen, a banquet. I repeat, a banquet. There has been alcoholic refreshment. I do not know where it came from; I do not ask how it was procured; but we have had it. Miss Nicholas—"

MR. FAUCITT paused to puff at his cigar. Sally's brother Fillmore suppressed a yawn and glanced at his watch. Sally continued to lean forward raptly.



Ginger was going extremely strong.

She knew how happy it made the old gentleman to deliver a formal speech; and, though she wished the subject had been different, she was prepared to listen indefinitely.

"Miss Nicholas," resumed Mr. Faucitt, lowering his cigar. "But why," he demanded abruptly, "do I call her Miss Nicholas?"

"Because it's her name," hazarded the taller Murphy.

Mr. Faucitt eyed him with disfavor. He disapproved of the marvelous brethren—on general grounds, because, himself a resident of years' standing, he considered that these transients from the vaudeville stage lowered the tone of the boarding house; but particularly because the one who had just spoken had on his first evening in the place addressed him as "grandpa."

"Yes, sir," he said severely. "it *is* her name. But she has another name, sweeter to those who love her, those who worship her, those who have watched her with the eye of sedulous affection through the three years she has spent beneath this roof—though that name," said Mr. Faucitt, lowering the tone of his address and descending to what might almost be termed personalities, "may not be familiar to a couple of bum acrobats who have only been in the place a week-end, and, thank Heaven, are going off to-morrow to infest some other city. That name," said Mr. Faucitt, soaring once more to a loftier plane, "is Sally. Our Sally! For three years our Sally has flitted about this establishment like—I choose the simile advisedly—like a ray of sunshine. For three years she has made life for us a brighter, sweeter thing. And now a sudden access of worldly wealth, happily synchronizing with her twenty-first birthday, is to remove her from our midst. From our midst, ladies and gentlemen, but not from our hearts. And I think I may venture to hope, to prognosticate, that, whatever loftly sphere she may adorn in the future, to whatever heights in the social world she may soar, she will still continue to hold a corner in her own golden heart for the comrades of her Bohemian days. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you our hostess, Miss Sally Nicholas, coupled with the name of our old friend, her brother Fillmore."



She spoke across him with a sob in her voice.

Sally, watching her brother heave himself to his feet as the cheers died away, felt her heart beat a little faster with anticipation. Fillmore was a fluent young man, once a power in his college debating society, and it was for that reason that she had insisted on his coming here to-night. She had guessed that Mr. Faucitt, the old dear, would say all sorts of delightful things about her, and she had mistrusted her ability to make a fitting reply. And it was imperative that a fitting reply should proceed from some one. She knew Mr. Faucitt so well. He looked on these occasions rather in the light of scenes from some play; and, sustaining his own part in them with such polished grace, was certain to be pained by anything in the nature of an anti-climax after he should have ceased to take the stage. Eloquent himself, he must be answered with eloquence, or his whole evening would be spoiled.

Fillmore Nicholas smoothed a wrinkle out of his white waistcoat; and, having rested one podgy hand on the tablecloth and the thumb of the other in his pocket, glanced down the table with eyes so haughtily drooping that Sally's fingers closed automatically about her orange, as she wondered whether even now it might not be a good thing....

It seems to be one of Nature's laws that the most attractive girls shall have the least attractive brothers. Fillmore Nicholas had not worn well. At the age of seven he had been an extraordinarily beautiful child; but after that he had gone all to pieces; and now, at the age of twenty-five, it would be idle to deny that he was something of a mess. For the three years preceding his twenty-fifth birthday restricted means and hard work had kept his figure in check; but with money there had come an ever increasing sleekness. He looked as if he fed too often and too well.

All this, however, Sally was prepared to forgive him, if he would only make a good speech. She could see Mr. Faucitt leaning back in his chair, all courteous attention. Rolling periods were meat and drink to the old gentleman.

Fillmore spoke. "I'm sure," said he, "you don't want a speech. Very good of you to drink our health. Thank you." He sat down.

THE effect of these few simple words on the company was marked, but not in every case identical. To the majority the emotion which they brought was one of unmixed relief. There had been something so menacing, so easy and practised, in Fillmore's attitude as he had stood there that the gloomier-minded had given him at least twenty minutes, and even the optimists had reckoned that they would be lucky if they got off with ten. As far as the bulk of the guests were concerned, there was no grumbling. Fillmore's, to their thinking, had been the ideal after-dinner speech

Far different was it with Mr. Maxwell Faucitt. The poor old man was wearing such an expression of surprise and dismay as he might have worn had somebody unexpectedly pulled the chair from under him. He was feeling the sickness which comes to those who tread on a non-existent last stair. And Sally, catching sight of his face, uttered a sharp, wordless exclamation as if she had seen a child fall down and hurt itself in the street. The next moment she had run round the table and was standing behind him with her arms round his neck. She spoke across him with a sob in her voice.

"My brother," she stammered, directing a malevo-

lent look at the immaculate Fillmore, who, avoiding her gaze, glanced down his nose and smoothed another wrinkle out of his waistcoat, "has not said quite—quite all I hoped he was going to say. I can't make a speech, but"—Sally gulped—"but—I love you all and of course I shall never forget you, and—and—"

Here Sally kissed Mr. Faucitt and burst into tears.

"There, there!" said Mr. Faucitt soothingly.

The kindest critic could not have claimed that Sally had been eloquent; nevertheless Mr. Maxwell Faucitt was conscious of no sense of anticlimax.

SALLY had just finished telling her brother Fillmore what a pig he was. The lecture had taken place in the street outside the boarding house immediately on the conclusion of the festivities, when Fillmore, who had furtively collected his hat and overcoat and stolen forth into the night, had been overtaken and brought to bay by his justly indignant sister. Her remarks, punctuated at intervals by bleating sounds from the accused, had lasted some ten minutes.

As she paused for breath, Fillmore seemed to expand, like an india-rubber ball which has been sat on. Dignified as he was to the world, he had never been able to prevent himself being intimidated by Sally when in one of those moods of hers. He regretted this, for it hurt his self-esteem, but he did not see how the fact could be altered. Sally had always been like that. Even the uncle, who after the death of their parents had become their guardian, had never, though a grim man, been able to cope successfully with Sally. In that last hectic scene three years ago, which had ended in their going out into the world together like a second Adam and Eve, the verbal victory had been hers. And it had been Sally who had achieved triumph in the one battle which Mrs. Meecher, apparently as a matter of duty, always brought about with each of her patrons in the first week of their stay. A sweet-tempered girl, Sally, like most women of a generous spirit, had cyclonic potentialities.

As she seemed to have said her say, Fillmore kept on expanding till he had reached the normal, when he ventured upon a speech for the defense.

"What have *I* done?" demanded Fillmore plaintively.

"Do you want to hear all over again?"

"No, no," said Fillmore hastily. "But listen, Sally, you don't understand my position. You don't seem to realize that all that sort of thing, all that boarding-house stuff, is a thing of the past. One's got beyond it. One wants to drop it. One wants to forget it, darn it! Be fair. Look at it from my view-point. I'm going to be a big man—"

"You're going to be a fat man," said Sally coldly. Fillmore refrained from discussing the point. He was sensitive.

"I'm going to do big things," he substituted. "I've got a deal on at this very moment which— Well, I can't tell you about it, but it's going to be big. Well, what I'm driving at, is about all this sort of thing"—he indicated the lighted front of Mrs. Meecher's home-from-home with a wide gesture—"is that it's over. Finished and done with. Those people were all very well when—"

"—when you'd lost your week's salary at poker and wanted to borrow a few dollars for the rent."

"I always paid them back," protested Fillmore defensively.

"I did."

"Well, *we* did," said Fillmore, accepting the amendment with the air of a man who has no time for chopping straws. "Anyway, what I mean is, I don't see why, just because one has known people at a certain period in one's life when one was practically down and out, one should have them round one's neck forever. One can't prevent people forming an I-knew-him-when club, but, darn it, one needn't attend the meetings."

"One's friends—"

"Oh, *friends*," said Fillmore. "That's just where all this makes me so tired. One's in a position where all these people are entitled to call themselves one's friends, simply because father put it in his will that I wasn't to get the money till I was twenty-five, instead of letting me have it at twenty-one like anybody else. I wonder where I should have been by now if I could have got that money when I was twenty-one."

"In the poorhouse, probably," said Sally.

Fillmore was wounded. "Ah! you don't believe in me," he sighed.

"Oh, you would be all right if you had just one thing," said Sally.

Fillmore passed his qualities in swift review before his mental eye. Brains? Dash? Spaciousness? Initiative? All present and correct. He wondered where Sally imagined the hiatus to exist.

"One thing?" he said. "What's that?"

"A nurse."

Fillmore's sense of injury deepened. He supposed that this was always the way, that those nearest to a man never believed in his ability till he had proved it so masterfully that it no longer required the assistance of faith. Still it was trying; and there was not much consolation to be derived from the thought that Napoleon had had to go through this sort of thing in his day.

"I shall find my place in the world," he said sulkily.

"Oh, you'll find your place all right," said Sally.

"Well then—"

"And I'll come and bring you jelly and read to you on the days when visitors are allowed— Oh, hullo."



He addressd another question to the sufferer.



"And I think it was awfully brave of you to save all our lives."

The last remark was addressed to a young man who had been swinging briskly along the sidewalk from the direction of Broadway and who now, coming abreast of them, stopped.

"Good evening, Mr. Foster."

"Good evening, Miss Nicholas."

"You don't know my brother, do you?"

"I don't believe I do."

"He left the underworld before you came to it," said Sally. "You wouldn't think it to look at him, but he was once a prune-eater among the proletariat even as you and I. Mrs. Meecher looks on him as a son."

THE two men shook hands. Fillmore was not short, but Gerald Foster with his lean, well-built figure seemed to tower over him. He was an Englishman, a man in the middle twenties, clean-shaven, keen-eyed and very good to look at. Fillmore, who had recently been going in for one of those sum-up-your-fellow-man-at-a-glance courses, the better to fit himself for his career of greatness, was rather impressed. It seemed to him that this Mr. Foster, like himself, was one of those who Get There. If you are that kind yourself, you get into the knack of recognizing the others. It is a sort of gift.

There was a few moments' desultory conversation, of the kind that usually follows an introduction, and then Fillmore, by no means sorry to get the chance, took advantage of the coming of this new arrival to remove himself. He had not enjoyed his chat with Sally, and it seemed probable that he would enjoy a continuation of it even less. He was glad that Mr. Foster had happened along at this particular juncture. Excusing himself briefly, he hurried off down the street.

Sally stood for a moment, watching him till he had disappeared round the corner. She had a slightly regretful feeling; for something seemed to tell her that, now that it was too late, she would think of a whole lot more things which it would have been agreeable to say to him. And it had become obvious to her that Fillmore was not getting nearly enough of that kind of thing said to him nowadays. Then she dismissed him from her mind; and turning to Gerald Foster, slipped her arm through his.

"Well, Jerry darling," she said. "What a shame you couldn't come to the party. Tell me all about everything . . ."

IT WAS exactly two months since Sally had become engaged to Gerald Foster; but so rigorously had they kept their secret that nobody at Mrs. Meecher's so much as suspected it. To Sally, who all her life had hated concealing things, secrecy of any kind was objectionable; but in this matter Gerald had shown an odd streak almost of furtiveness in his character. An announced engagement complicated life. People fussed about you and bothered you. People either watched you or avoided you. Such were his arguments, and Sally, who would have glossed over and found excuses for a

disposition on his part toward homicide or arson, put them down to artistic sensitiveness. There is nobody so sensitive as your artist, particularly if he be unsuccessful; and when an artist has so little success that he cannot afford to make a home for the woman he loves, his sensitiveness presumably becomes great indeed. Putting herself in his place, Sally could see that a protracted engagement known by everybody, would be a standing advertisement of Gerald's failure to make good; and she acquiesced in the policy of secrecy, hoping that it would not last long. It seemed absurd to think of Gerald as an unsuccessful man. He had in him, as the recent Fillmore had perceived, something dynamic. He was one of those men of whom one could predict that they would succeed very suddenly and rapidly—overnight, as it were.

"The party," said Sally, "went off splendidly." They had passed the boarding-house door and were walking slowly down the street. "Everybody enjoyed themselves, I think, though that lump Fillmore did his best to spoil things by coming looking like an advertisement of What the Smart Men Will Wear This Season. You didn't see his waistcoat just now. He had covered it up. Conscience, I suppose. It was white and bulgy and gleaming and full of pearl buttons and everything. I saw Augustus Bartlett curl up like a burnt feather when he caught sight of it. Still, time seemed to heal the wound, and everybody relaxed after a bit. Mr. Faucitt made a speech, and I made a speech and cried, and—oh, it was all very festive. It only needed you."

"I wish I could have come. I had to go to that dinner, though. Sally!" Gerald paused, and Sally saw that he was electric with suppressed excitement. "Sally, the play's going to be put on!"

Sally gave a little gasp. She had lived this moment in anticipation for weeks. She had always known that sooner or later this would happen. She had read his plays over and over again, and was convinced that they were wonderful. Of course hers was a biased view; but then Elsa Doland also admired them; and Elsa's opinion was one that carried weight. Elsa was another of those people who were bound to succeed suddenly. Even old Mr. Faucitt who was a stern judge of acting and rather inclined to consider that nowadays there was no such thing, believed that she was a girl with a future who would do something big directly she got her chance.

"Jerry!" She gave his arm a hug. "How simply terrific! Then Goble and Kohn have changed their minds and want it after all? I knew they would."

A SLIGHT cloud seemed to dim for a moment the sunniness of the author's mood. "No, not that one," he said reluctantly. "No hope there, I'm afraid. I saw Goble this morning about that, and he said it didn't add up right. The one that's going to be put on is 'The Primrose Way.' You remember? It's got a big part for a girl in it."

"Of course. The one Elsa liked so much. Well, that's just as good. Who's going to do it? I thought you hadn't sent it out again."

"Well, it happens...." Gerald hesitated once more. "It seems that this man I was dining with to-night—a man named Cracknell...."

"Cracknell? Not *the* Cracknell?"

"The Cracknell?"

"The one people are always talking about. The man they call the Millionaire Kid."

"Yes. Why, do you know him?"

"He was at college with Fillmore. I never saw him, but he must be rather a painful person."

"Oh, he's all right. Not much brains, of course, but—well, he's all right. And, anyway, he wants to put the play on."

"Well, that's splendid," said Sally, but she could not get the right ring of enthusiasm into her voice. She had had ideals for Gerald. She had dreamed of him invading Breadway triumphantly under the banner of one of the big managers whose name carried a prestige, and there seemed something unworthy in this association with a man whose chief claim to eminence lay in the fact that he was credited by metropolitan gossip with possessing the largest private stock in existence.

"I thought you would be pleased," said Gerald.

"Oh, I am," said Sally.

With the buoyant optimism which never deserted her for long, she had already begun to cast off her momentary depression. After all, did it matter who financed a play so long as it obtained a production? A manager was simply a piece of machinery for paying the bills; and if he had money for that purpose, why demand asceticism and the finer sensibilities from him? The real thing that mattered was the question of who was going to play the leading part, that deftly drawn character which had so excited the admiration of Elsa Doland. She sought information on this point.

"Who will play Ruth?" she asked. "You must have somebody wonderful. It needs a tremendously clever woman. Did Mr. Cracknell say anything about that?"

"Oh, yes, we discussed that, of course."

"Well!"

"Well, it seems—" Again Sally noticed that odd, almost stealthy, embarrassment. Gerald appeared unable to begin a sentence to-night without feeling his way into it like a man creeping cautiously down a dark alley. She noticed it the more because it was so different from his usual direct method. Gerald, as a rule, was not one of those who apologize for themselves. He was forthright and masterful, and inclined to talk to her from a height. To-night he seemed different.

He broke off, was silent for a moment, and began again with a question. "Do you know Mabel Hobson?"

"Mabel Hobson? I've seen her in the Follies, of course."

SALLY started. A suspicion had stung her, so monstrous that its absurdity became manifest the moment it had formed. And yet was it absurd? Most Broadway gossip filtered eventually into the boarding house, chiefly through the mild young man who thought so highly of the redoubtable Benny Whistler; and she was aware that the name of Reginald Cracknell which was always getting itself linked with somebody had been coupled with that of Miss Hobson. It seemed likely that in this instance rumor spoke truth, for the lady was of that compellingly blond beauty which attracts the Cracknells of this world. But even so . . .

"It seems that Cracknell—" said Gerald. "Apparently this man Cracknell—" He was finding Sally's bright horrified gaze somewhat trying. "Well, the fact is Cracknell believes in Mabel Hobson—and—well, he thinks this part would suit her."

"Oh, Jerry!"

Could infatuation go to such a length? Could even the spacious heart of a Reginald Cracknell so dominate that gentleman's small size in heads as to make him intrust a part like Ruth in "The Primrose Way" to one who, when desired by the producer of her last revue to carry a bowl of roses across the stage and place it on a table, had rebelled on the plea that she had not been engaged as a dancer? Surely even love-lorn Reginald could perceive that this was not the stuff of which great emotional actresses are made.

"Oh, Jerry!" she said again.

There was an uncomfortable silence. They turned and walked back in the direction of the boarding house. Somehow Gerald's arm had managed to get itself detached from Sally's. She was conscious of a curious dull ache that was almost like a physical pain. "Jerry! Is it worth it?" she burst out vehemently.

The question seemed to sting the young man into something like his usual decisive speech. "Worth it? Of course it's worth it. It's a Broadway production. That's all that matters. Good heavens! I've been trying long enough to get a play on Broadway, and it isn't likely that I'm going to chuck away my chance, when it comes along, just because one might do better in the way of casting."

"But, Jerry! Mabel Hobson! It's....it's murder! Murder in the first degree."

"Nonsense. She'll be all right. The part will play itself. Besides she has a personality and a following, and Cracknell will spend all the money in the world to make the thing a success. And it will be a start, whatever happens. Of course it's worth it."

Fillmore would have been impressed by this speech. He would have recognized and respected in it the unmistakable ring which characterizes even the lightest utterances of those who get there. On Sally it had not immediately that effect. Nevertheless, her habit of making the best of things, working together with that primary article of her creed that the man she loved could do no wrong, succeeded finally in raising her spirits. Of course Jerry was right. It would have been foolish to refuse a contract because all its clauses were not ideal.

"You old darling," she said, affectionately attaching herself to the vacant arm once more and giving it a penitent squeeze, "you're quite right. Of course you are. I can see it now. I was only a little startled at first. Everything's going to be wonderful. Let's get all our chickens out and count 'em. How are you going to spend the money?"

"I know how I'm going to spend a dollar of it," said Gerald, completely restored.

"I mean the big money. What's a dollar?"

"It pays for a marriage license."

Sally gave his arm another squeeze. "Ladies and gentlemen," she said. "Look at this man. Observe him. *My* partner!"

II

SALLY was sitting with her back against a hillock of golden sand, watching with half-closed eyes the denizens of Roville-sur-Mer at their familiar morning occupations. At Roville, as at most French seashore resorts, the morning is the time when the visiting population assemble in force on the beach. Whiskered fathers of families made cheerful patches of color in the foreground. Their female friends and relatives clustered in groups under gay parasols. Dogs roamed to and fro, and children dug industriously with spades, ever and anon suspending their labors in order to smite one another with these handy implements. One of the dogs, a poodle of military aspect, wandered up to Sally, and discovering that she was in possession of a box of candy, decided to remain and await developments.

Few things are so pleasant as the anticipation of them, but Sally's vacation had proved an exception to this rule. It had been a magic month of lazy happiness. She had drifted luxuriously from one French town to another till the charm of Roville, with its blue sky, its Casino, its snow-white hotels along the Promenade, and its general glitter and gayety, had brought her to a halt. Here she could have stayed indefinitely, but the voice of America was calling her back. Gerald had written to say that "The Primrose Way" was to be produced in Detroit preliminary to its New York run, so soon that, if she wished to see the opening, she must return at once. A scrappy, hurried, unsatisfactory letter, the letter of a busy man, but one that Sally could not ignore. She was leaving Roville to-morrow.

To-day, however, was to-day, and she sat and watched the bathers with a familiar feeling of peace, reveling as usual in the still novel sensation of having nothing to do but bask in the warm sunshine and listen to the faint murmur of the little waves.

But if there was one drawback she had discovered to a morning on the Roville *plage*, it was that you had a tendency to fall asleep, and this is a degrading thing to do so soon after breakfast, even if you are on a holiday. Usually Sally fought stoutly against the temptation, but to-day the sun was so warm and the whisper of the waves so insinuating that she had almost dozed off, when she was aroused by voices close at hand. There were many voices on the beach, both near and distant, but these were talking English, a novelty in Roville, and the sound of the familiar tongue jerked Sally back from the borders of sleep. A few feet away two men had seated themselves on the sand.

From the first moment she had set out on her travels it had been one of Sally's principal amusements to examine the strangers whom chance threw in her way and to try by the light of her intuition, to fit them out with characters and occupations; nor had she been discouraged by an almost consistent failure to guess right. Out of the corner of her eye she inspected these two men.

THE first of the pair did not attract her. He was a tall dark man whose tight, precise mouth and rather high cheek bones gave him an appearance vaguely sinister. He had the dusky look of the clean-shaven man whose life is a perpetual struggle with a determined beard. He certainly shaved twice a day, and just as certainly had the self-control not to swear when he cut himself. She could picture him smiling nastily when this happened. "Hard" diagnosed Sally. "I shouldn't like him. A lawyer or something, I think."

She turned to the other and found herself looking into his eyes. This was because he had been staring at Sally with the utmost intentness ever since his arrival. His mouth had opened slightly. He had the air of a man who, after many disappointments, has at last found something worth looking at "Rather a dear," decided Sally.

He was a sturdy, thick-set young man with an amiable freckled face and the reddest hair Sally had ever seen. He had a square chin, and at one angle of the chin a slight cut. And Sally was convinced that, however he had behaved on receipt of that wound it had not been with superior self-control. "A temper, I should think," she meditated. "Very quick, but soon over. Not very clever, I should say, but nice."

She looked away, finding his fascinated gaze a little embarrassing.

The dark man, who in the objectionably competent fashion which, one felt, characterized all his actions had just succeeded in lighting a cigarette in the teeth of a strong breeze, threw away the match and resumed the conversation which had presumably been interrupted by the process of sitting down.

"And how *is* Scrymgeour?" he inquired.

"Oh, all right," replied the young man with red hair absently. Sally was looking straight in front of her, but she felt that his eyes were still busy.

"I was surprised at his being here. He told me he meant to stay in Paris."

There was a slight pause. Sally gave the attentive poodle a piece of nougat.

"I say!" observed the red-haired young man in clear, penetrating tones that vibrated with intense feeling. "That's the prettiest girl I've ever seen in my life!"....

AT THIS frank revelation of the red-haired young man's personal opinions Sally, though considerably startled, was not displeased. A broad-minded girl, the outburst seemed to her a legitimate comment on a matter of public interest. The young man's companion, on the other hand, was unmixedly shocked.

"My dear fellow!" he ejaculated.

"Oh, it's all right," said the red-haired young man unmoved. "She can't understand. There isn't a bally soul in this dashed place that can speak a word of English

*Continued on page 46*

# The Girl in the Place D'Armes

*By* LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

WAS it just a coincidence that some minor accident at the power plant that night threw the village into darkness, leaving to the stars the task of lighting the wayfarer along the roadway? Later in the evening when a drifting wrack of clouds dimmed all but an occasional gleam of starlight, and a fine snow began sifting earthwards, it was difficult to keep to the ways at all—the world being mantled in a ghostly whiteness.

At all events the chance meeting with the girl only yesterday in the Place D'Armes has at last crystallized into action a long deferred intention to put on paper the strange facts of the case as I am in a position to know them. The bright greeting she gave me yesterday seemed at least to exculpate me from any share of blame as the unwitting instrument that helped shape the course of her affairs. Are we, after all, mere puppets of fate, creatures of coincidence, or does some less impersonal power shape our ends, and weave with purpose the seemingly tangled skeins of existence?

Let speculation and opinion, however, give place to the plain statement of facts regarding the singular case of M'sieu Jacques Dumontel, and the incarnation of the Devil.

Often have I tried to put myself in the shoes of Jacques Dumontel as he stood that night outside the old stone house that is my country seat, at St. Zebedee. St Zebedee? —forty-five miles from Montreal, as the crow flies, in a countryside that lures with a score of voices in the hot days of summer, when the city pavements radiate heat and the narrowness of St. James Street offers little coolness; that lures scarcely less when the snow is even with the fencetops, and the sound of sleigh-bells is seldom missing from the ears, and the crackling of resinous logs on the hearth is a magnet for the most congenial company—not forgetting Notary Lachance, and M'sieu le Curé, and Old Paul Laberge, who makes up in accuracy what he lacks in politeness in the disposition of superfluous tobacco juice. Not to mention also friends of my wife, who join us at times, notably Mademoiselle Gabrielle de Rostand, whose aristocratic bearing and gracious manners—for a country girl—are supplemented by a tongue that lacks neither charm nor cleverness. You may look in vain, though, for St. Zebedee—but the name will serve our purpose without indiscreet revelation.

They had been dancing this night—those who were young enough in spirit—dancing to the music of Notary Lachance himself, whose fingers were not the most supple but whose old-fashioned waltzes at least showed a proper appreciation of time. I watched Gabrielle and my young friend Derry, noting the number of their dances together and the manner of them—few words but many glances, the glances of Mademoiselle being things few could withstand, though Derry himself could make a fair exchange at that!

I was not alone in my conclusions.

"How well they dance together." My friend the Curé's English is as irreproachable as his friendship for one not of his tongue. "Since Monsieur Derick visited you for so long last summer Gabrielle has been as one who dreams."



Gabrielle stood there, white as a sheet, the pallor of her skin accentuated by the simple low-cut black frock she wore.



The knitted brows sent my thoughts to possible complications of a religious nature, in which I misinterpreted his Reverence. "I am thinking of Jacques," he added.

OLD Paul Laberge, nodding comfortably on the other side of the blazing hearth, showed that his hearing had not suffered the impairment that might reasonably be looked for at his age.

"Ver' bad t'ing," he said gravely. "I pass Jacques on de road jus' now a while ago. He's legs are not good. I t'ink maybe he's ver' drunk again."

It was just about then that the lights failed, plunging the room into firelit gloom. One couple, continuing to dance knocked over an ornamental vase which put an end to the waltz. The suggestion of candles was rejected in favor of the blazing hearth and darkness. The young people found congenial places. Over against the fireplace, in a tiny alcove with a low, leaded window, Derick Eliotson found a seat for Gabrielle. It did not occur to me then, as I watched with interest their animated faces touched by the soft gleam of firelight, how clearly silhouetted their figures would be against the glow, for one who chanced to pass outside the window.

From personal tête-à-têtes the conversation merged into a thing of general interest. Old Paul was a born raconteur—the spinner of many famous yarns, all tinged with the supernatural, and made vivid by the sincerity of the old man's belief. Had he not himself—many years ago it is true,—once seen the *Loup Garou*.

"Come, Paul," they cried. "Tell us a story."

For a moment of silence the old man stared into the fireplace. Against its glow his beak-like nose and high cheek-bones were grotesque in their ugliness. Finally he spat into the fire as though to rid himself of an unwelcome thing.

"You ask old Paul for somet'ings f tink for mak de hair rise up. I know. De young peoples tink it's ver' good fun. Listen—I tell you truth. To-night I pass along de road by ol' maison of M'sieu Ronaldson. Always it is said to be ha'nted—I tink you call it? Tonight I know it is so."

Someone—I knew it was Derry—ventured a little laugh. Derry did not know how many years this word had persisted. A mile away, across the fields, the house stood passed by the road that one must travel to the schoolhouse that served this village and the next, so that the children, even in the daytime, never dared step inside the thick cedar hedge, or tread its weed-grown walks—once trimly gravelled; much less explore the great square-built house whose masonry was falling away, whose great windows were gaping vacancies, like the vacant

sockets of a death's-head.

It was before my time as a resident, but few of the older villagers, at least, had forgotten the strange home coming of the Scotchman, Ronaldson, who had bought this old place and lived a peaceable existence until his wife died and his son left home. Then he had closed the house suddenly one summer and gone travelling—not for pleasure said those who saw his countenance—to return after eight months, a gaunt-cheeked, hollow-eyed invalid, whose returning health brought more soundness of body than of mind. A single servant—a silent, morose man from whom the curious could pry nothing—cared for him. This led up to that final tragedy—a thing too horrible for utterance; besides might one not conjure up the spirit of the departed? This much was common property; that the man-servant had disappeared, and the master been found one morning a raving maniac, bleeding from wounds, but with no cause that could be assigned, that is until the man-servant—at whose door the crime was laid—was found buried in some bushes nearby, beneath so thin a layer of covering earth the dogs desecrated the place, unearthing the ghastly secret. The master, being pent up in an asylum, and no one being responsible for the property—or caring to become so—the place had lapsed into decay.



She saw the muffled figure on the improvised stretcher we had made.

THESE things I briefly sketched to Derry now, checking a levity that had obviously offended old Paul Laberge, who nodded solemn confirmation of my story.

"Tonight, m'sieu," he said, "I saw a light moving in the place!"

I caught Derry's irreverent whisper to Gabrielle: "They always see lights, you know—quite the thing—blue ones are the most fashionable I believe." But I noticed that she clung to him as though for protection.

"Also," said Paul Laberge, with unusual brevity of speech, "also, m'sieu, I heard great outcry as of a lost soul in torment."

Notary Lachance, who had resumed his seat by the fire stooped to stir the glowing logs into a blaze. The circle of faces in the light made a fascinating study. Some were stamped with plain evidence of terror; some hovered on the borderland between incredulity and superstition; Derry at least was smiling broadly. Old Paul turned on the sceptic, with a talon-like hand outstretched in accusation.

"You tink I speak a lie!" he challenged. "You make a laugh at old Paul. Mon Dieu, some day you shall know I speak truth!"

Derry paused to light a fresh cigarette before replying.

"Sorry," he said, still smiling, "I can't enthuse over it, though. You see, to me, it's just a matter of imagination, and some trivial cause. Probably the wind or an animal shifting some broken bit of timber, and a reflection from a light in the road. I'll stake what you like on it. What's more"—Derry blew a cloud of smoke carelessly into the air—"I'd just as soon go there tonight as not."

"You lie!"

It was not old Paul who made the accusation this time. He, like the rest of us, turned to see a weird figure—at least so he appeared in the half-light—swaying a little just outside the circle gathered about the fire. I remembered then the impression that had come to me a few minutes before of a door banging and some sound in the hallway.

Gabrielle gave a little cry, disengaging herself from the arm of Derry, which had been lending comfortable support. She checked herself with a single word.

"Jacques!"

"You—lie!" said Jacques Dumontel again, sticking to his point with the persistence of the drunken. "I say—you—lie!" Jacques' business often took him to Montreal, and even in his present state he spoke English without difficulty.

"I heard you the first time, old top," Derry assured him evenly, "and if you weren't so—ah—just so—I'd have made proper answer at once. As it is we'll let it pass. It seems to be a favorite word around here tonight."

Jacques pushed further forward into the circle, waving an unsteady hand under Derick's nose. I went to interpose, but Derry motioned me back, smiling still.

"Maybe," said Jacques, "I'm not so drunk as you think, my friend. You say you'll go to that place tonight—go into it—alone? An' I say—you lie—you're afraid to go."

"Rot!" returned Derry, watching him through narrowed lids. "What's more if it weren't such a confounded bad night I'd show you. As it is it's sheer nonsense ploughing through all this snow—"

"Ha!" sneered Jacques, appealing to the wide-eyed circle, "he's afraid, you see. *Sapre*"—he turned again on Derry, fiercely, "I repeat it to your face—you lie—just as you lie when you say Gabrielle de Rostand loves you—when she's mine I tell you"—he hesitated a trifle—"mine before you came with your smooth tongue and little ways to make a fool of her!"

Derry was on his feet in an instant, a blaze growing in his usually mild blue eyes.

"We'll leave the little lady out of it," he said, steel in his voice. For a moment I had thought he was going to strike; Mademoiselle, too, seemed about to interpose. But Derry just stood facing Jacques squarely, and I saw the latter's glance shift to the girl and then fall. The flush in his face was not the aftermath of drink. Then Derry excused himself abruptly and went out. I followed him into the hallway, where he was feeling for his coat.

"Derry," I protested, "what's the idea?"

He turned on me impatiently.

"Let go, Billy," he said, shaking me off. "I may be a blasted fool to notice him, but no man drunk or sober can give me the lie that way. I'll settle the first point now. the other can wait until he's sobered up. No, I won't listen. I know my way there, and I'm going." Sudden lightness of spirits seized him. "I always was one for a lark. Billy—d'ye mind the times we used to have in musty old Oxford?" Derry and I have things in common. I shrugged my shoulders then, knowing the uselessness of further argument, and went back to try and restore cheerfulness to the group, but the evening was spoiled. One by one the guests made their apologies, and took their departure.

Mademoiselle de Rostand alone remained—and Jacques, the uninvited guest. Poor Jacques—somehow as I saw him sitting there, his head sunk forward dejectedly, staring into the dying fire, I felt sorry for him. I had heard, of course, of his life-long devotion to Gabrielle; of her seeming acceptance of it—until Derry came with his cheery good-nature and his happy knack of comradeship to breathe romance into her life. The first danger signals of dissipation were beginning to mar the finely-modelled features of this lad before me.

"You shall stay the night with us, Gabrielle. There—don't worry. Derry will be back presently chuckling over his adventure." Thus my wife, placing an affectionate arm about the girl.

"You are so good to me, Mrs. Trudale," Gabrielle said in a low voice. "Then I must phone down to Bedards' and have them send Alphonse, the boy, over with a message. Maman will worry."

They left the room and I took the opportunity to slip over to Jacques. He looked up as I put a hand on his shoulder.

"M'sieu—he's gone?" I took it that he meant Derry, and nodded. Jacques shivered. The drunken blaze in his eyes had died, leaving only dull smoulderings. He began to murmur apologies for his intrusion. Some compelling force had sent him here tonight. Perhaps I looked my sympathy, for his head went forward into his hands. "Mon Dieu, m'sieu," he said, "I can't—give up Gabrielle. Since we were this high m'sieu..."—he broke off—"Curse him anyhow—what for he should break in, m'sieu, to spoil our lives? M'sieu"—he looked up in sudden appeal—"you know I never drank like this—before. Ask them at the village—anyone will tell it is so. But now—" His gesture was one of hopeless resignation to the inevitable, but it ended in a quick exclamation; "Ah, Gabrielle!"

Following his disturbed glance I turned around. The girl stood there, white as a sheet, the pallor of her skin accentuated by the simple low-cut black frock she wore.

When she spoke it was with the mechanical enunciation of one shaken almost beyond realization of the words.

"Something must be done. At once, m'sieu. They say at the village that the man Ronaldson has escaped—word has come by wire—it is thought he has returned to the old place—lights have been seen. M'sieu—" her reserve broke, bringing a torrent of speech in her native tongue—"they say he is dangerous. He thinks the devil is to appear and he must kill him. M'sieu, in everyone he sees the devil—" She stopped, taking hold of my arm. I looked for my wife, but she had gone upstairs to prepare the spare room. My thoughts ran to Derry on his way up there, to the old ruin, light-heartedly; with this maniac waiting to kill—to kill whoever should come....

I had forgotten the man behind us, until the girl made her sudden accusation.

"Jacques—you knew! You sent him to his death!" This was no question; it was the statement of one who has been seized by a definite conviction.

JACQUES tried to square his big shoulders and meet the situation, but his eyes were evasive.

"I heard," he said dully. "Jean Thibeaudeau told me as he drove by on the road. I was drunk, m'sieu, when I came up here, but when I saw *them* through the window—this stranger in the place where I should be—I saw red, m'sieu. I think, like old Ronaldson, I was mad. Something said, when I came inside: 'Remember Jean's word. Challenge him to go.' I knew m'sieu, they waited for aid at the village." The old fierceness flared into his eyes again. "What right had he to try and take away Jacques Dumontel's girl? I tell you he won't have her—

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# WILL CANADA GO YELLOW?

*By* JOHN NELSON

Formerly Managing Editor of the Vancouver *World*





Before the yellow man came: in the upper picture the reader will see the old sailing fleet at the mouth of the Fraser; whites and Indians, no Asiatics. In the lower picture there is shown a Japanese fishing boat, of the type with which the Oriental has captured the fishing trade of the Fraser and Northern B. C. Rivers.

DO YOU know that in proportion to population, Canada has almost FIVE TIMES as large a Japanese and Chinese population as the United States? Market gardeners in Toronto are complaining of being ousted by Orientals. One person in every eight in B. C. is an Oriental. Will the yellow race ever predominate in Canada, or on this Continent? This is the first of two or more articles by John Nelson, veteran journalist, formerly editor and part owner of the Vancouver *World*, who has been studying for more than a decade this vital question, and who has been investigating from all angles, exclusively for MacLean's, for several months past. This question must not be made a FOOTBALL for politicians.

WE HAD been cruising for a week in the Gulf of Georgia, British Columbia, and ran one evening, for supper, into Secret Cove. Inside its narrow entrance a fishing launch rode at anchor while its owner mended his nets. As we passed, a brown hand waved a cheery salute and behind it beamed the smiling face of a son of Nippon.

Outside in rough water, another Japanese in a smaller craft was combing the beach for stray shingle bolts and laboriously booming them to be towed later to the mills at Vancouver. A tug passed, slowly towing a boom of logs and a white-aproned Chinese cook threw some potato peelings into the sea from his galley door. These were the only signs of labor about the Cove. On the rocks a merry p icnic party of a score or more from a near-by summer resort were enjoying a luxurious meal while others were gaily surf-riding, in the wake of their launch, on the secluded waters.

We anchored, took our supplies and utensils ashore, lighted a fire and regaled ourselves on a four-course dinner. Five of us had started out to "rough it" for a week—the judge and myself contributing age, and avoirdupois, and three young university men furnishing the necessary navigation knowledge and culinary skill. The repast, in both quantity and quality, belied the frugal plans of our itinerary, and over our pipes the Science scholarship man chuckled:

"This reminds me of the idea the American millionaires had of roughing it", he remarked. "Their conception of bitter hardship was to drink their champagne out of tin cups!"

The talk drifted to the little brown men, who, while we played, were laboriously, but cheerfully, wresting a living from the surface and the depths of the sea. Incident and moral, argument and comment, followed until a late hour. Among a group of British Columbians, such a topic is not lightly dismissed, and the moon rode high before the young skipper called us on board.

"You see," concluded the judge, who had been giving us the benefit of both his reading and his experience on the magistrate's bench, "it resolves itself into a question of efficiency. The Oriental accepts work as a condition of life. The Occidental seeks to escape from it. If you can reconcile those two attitudes without eliminating the white man you have solved the whole Oriental problem."

And knocking the ashes from his pipe, he turned into his berth.

### Indians Ousted by Japs

THE next night we anchored further north in Pender Harbor. The courtly old Portuguese store keeper and landlord, Senor Gonzales, a pioneer of 1874, whose hospitality we had frequently experienced, gave us dignified welcome.

Sitting on his verandah in the summer twilight, we discussed business conditions. The Senor reported a rather poor summer—fishing slack, logging camps closed, produce prices poor.

Some one pointed to the deserted shacks on the Indian rancherie, further up the harbor, and asked whither the red men had gone.

"Only two Siwashes there—" explained our host "gone to the lumber camps and up coast."

"But the Indians should be out fishing now?"

"Oh, the Indians can't compete with the Japs. Nearly all salmon and cod fishing now is done by the Japanese."

"Are they better fishermen than the natives?"

"No, but they work harder, and they follow the markets and know how to take advantage of them—something the Indian never mastered. And the government telegraph line to the city has been a great advantage to the Orientals," he added.

"In what way?"

"They 'live' crate their cod, hold them for a proper market, and ship their catch only when notified by their countrymen that the market is favorable."

"Then the Indian," he went on, "as he got money—and he made big wages during the season—spent it like a white. He bought the best goods. The Japanese live on what we will not eat. Now watch that fellow!"

As he spoke a Japanese fishing power boat puffed up to the float. Hardly was it secured before a couple of baited hooks were thrown overside, while smoke from a bark fire in the galley showed that the evening meal was being prepared.

A few perch were quickly caught



Ambassador Chu Chi Kien and party, in the big tree, Stanley Park, Vancouver. Three detectives stand at the back.

and fried for supper; the refuse from them served as bait for a couple of crabs to be used the next day; while a few mussels scraped from the piles of the wharf made a savory soup. With the exception of a little rice and tea, the whole meal had been taken at no cost while the water was being boiled, and little of it was of a character that a white man would pause to catch or care to eat.

"First the red man, then the white, finally the yellow," mused the Senor.

### The Jap is the Key Factor

THE summer night came down. As we cleared from the wharf, an old Siwash—one of the few left on the island rancherie—paddled past us so noiselessly in his frail dug-out, that we almost missed him. To our hail of "klawhoyah, tillicum!" he turned for a moment, poised his paddle, and a flicker of acknowledgment passed over the pathetic old face. Then he paddled silently on, and vanished like a wraith, in the smother that lay upon the water, in search of a piece of driftwood for his fire or of a fish for his meal.

At the same moment the Japanese fisherman threw over his engine, pulled in his mooring lines, tossed us a friendly farewell, and seizing the tiller with an air of blithe self-confidence, and efficiency, headed his boat for the fishing banks, and followed us out to sea.



Hon. Koliang Ylh, Chinese Consul at Vancouver. He is a graduate of Cornell and a graceful and humorous speaker in English, a past master even of intricate idioms.

These simple, and seemingly trivial incidents, bear directly upon the problem which provoked the Judge's gloomy comment. Any study of the question of Oriental immigration in Canada must take initial cognizance of the facts these incidents reveal, and of their economic significance. And that study must recognize the Japanese as the key of the problem if not the principal factor that creates it. For the large immigration of Japanese women, and consequent high birth rate, Japanese independence and initiative in industrial development, Japanese racial pride and national self-consciousness, and Japanese insistence upon race equality and demand for political rights, these have done more in one decade to render the Oriental question acute than half a century of economic pressure from the bland and passive Chinese.

These facts cannot be ignored in any attempt to adjust the relationship of the races concerned or to solve the most difficult and insistent problem in our national life.

If, in what follows, the reference is persistently to the subjects of the Mikado rather than to other Orientals, it is because the former embody the aggressive Pan-Asiatic spirit, now stirring the East and are giving it expression and leadership on this continent.

The question is none the less of national concern because for the moment it obtrudes itself mainly in one province. It is more grave because of that fact. It is in British Columbia that the pressure is felt, and the danger evident. But British Columbia is so remote from the populous centres of Canada, and its representation at Ottawa is so small, that protests seem of little avail. The great bulk of the Canadian people have little interest or concern in the matter, because its incidence rarely comes under their notice. When in the West a few weeks ago, Lord Northcliffe was not only startled by the facts, but amazed at the absence of interest in them, or comment thereon, among eastern Canadian publicists. (In Toronto market gardeners have recently protested against Oriental "encroachments" in their field—Ed.)

The purpose of this article being neither to make political capital nor to foster propaganda what follows will be a simple narration of facts, and a description of conditions of which every Canadian should be in possession, especially in view of the growing interest in the Pacific, and the trend of its peoples and trade. The facts are serious. They may become menacing if neglected or misunderstood. The problems they suggest should on the other hand prove quite soluble as a result of precise information, and under the invincible influence of good faith and good will.

HISTORICALLY, the story of Oriental immigration in Canada differs sharply from that of the trek of Europeans to this country. The government frankly sought and paid for Slav and Swede, Mennonite and Muscovite. It bonused agents to secure him; it subsidized steamship companies to transport him. It endowed him with free land. It was even forced to care for him when, deserting the land for the city, he became a victim of industrial stress.

The Caucasian immigrant was very costly. From the year 1901 to 1905 inclusive, Canada spent $1,662,000 on United States immigrants, and $1,445,000 on United Kingdom immigrants or $4.98 and $3.22 respectively. From these classes about 72 per cent of the total immigration came.

In contrast with this costly bill for Europeans, no money was used to secure Asiatics. On the contrary a head tax of $50 was imposed on Chinese in 1885, was increased to $100 in 1901 and to $500 in 1904. In 1886 to 1919 inclusive Canada derived from this tax the enormous sum of $20,537,961. The year before last more than $2,000,000 was taken and $500,000 last year. It is perhaps to be expected that a traffic which brings to the Federal authorities such substantial revenues renders the government less sensitive to its perils.

### Attempted to Evade the Law

THE Japanese, being covered by special treaty, of course contribute nothing under this head; and that fact undoubtedly is resented by the Chinese and explains in part their sleepless resource in circumventing the law. The Chinese are dealt with under the Chinese immigration act, as from time to time amended. The original measure was passed about 1906, and the changes in the statute, though frequent, have not been sufficiently so to keep pace with the ingenuity of would-be immigrants. A certain facility in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, first noted by Bret Harte, continues as a racial gift.

These subterfuges, take various forms. In 1913 for instance, a Canadian Order-in-Council was passed prohibiting the immigration of all laborers. This helped to curb for a time the inflow from the East. But by 1915 the departmental officials began to note a great increase in Chinese boys coming to attend school. On investigation it was found that many of these drifted into coast restaurants and laundries. This class is now limited to those less than sixteen year of age, whose parents reside in this country, who actually propose to attend school, and who, of course, pay their tax.

A more formidable test of the Act arose some time ago under the exemptions clause. This permits free entry to merchants, students, tourists, men of science, etc., "who shall substantiate their status to the satisfaction of the controller, subject to the approval of the Minister, or *who are bearers of certificates of identity or other similar documents issued by the government or by a recognized official or representative of the government whose subjects they are, specifying their occupations and their object in coming to Canada.*"

"Every such document shall be in the English or French language and shall be examined and endorsed (vise) by a British consul or *charge d' affaires* or other accredited representative of His Majesty at the place where it was granted, or at the port or place of departure."

This provision led to no abuse until recently. Then its possibilities dawned on some bright Asiatic and the merchant inundation started with a rush. Half Asia seemed to have turned trader. There was no time to investigate the *bona fides* of the original certificate or the diligence of the consul. The officials appealed to the courts, but the bench rejected summarily the attempt of the worried officers to question some of these passports. Then parliament took a hand, and made the Minister's decision final. Incidentally it relieved some easy-going consuls in China of the exertion of examining these passports and wasting time on them, which could be more congenially employed at tennis and tea.

But this did not terminate the tribulations of the perplexed officials. To the ordinary man all Chinamen look alike, and even experienced experts require accurate aids and data in identifying the returning Mongolians. Each year their identification cards, used by the department, have grown more comprehensive and complete, until now they would seem to be bomb-proof. On departing for China the Celestial delivers up his registration card with his photo and elaborate data attached, including at least three distinctive physical marks, usually facial. It may be a gold tooth or a deformed finger. It is never a pock-marked face for the officials find a pock-marked face to be as common to Chinese as the sentry found the itch to be to the 495 Macphads in his regiment. Woe betide the returning son of Cathay if he cannot produce his interim card, or if, on comparison with his registration slip, the two do not agree. He gets a long and unexpected return trip across the Pacific.

The western nations regard the Chinaman as rather comprehensive in his family life. But when John wants to get into Canada he becomes positively promiscuous. Nearly 40 per cent of the rejections of merchants are on account of alleged members of their families who fail to satisfy the department regarding their *bona fides*. It may be a wife for whom identification is lacking, or a wistful son whose relationship is in question. By dint of hard practice and long experience the Canadian officer has developed an astuteness which is often too much for even his wily wards. Not long since a Chinaman with his alleged son presented himself with a return certificate at the landing stage in Vancouver. The boy, now nine years of age, he declared, had been born in China after the father's return from Canada. The original registration certificate was unearthed and although the boy was admittedly nine years of age, it was found that the father had been but five years in China. The spurious son was promptly deported.



A lumbering gang of Japanese, in the B.C. woods, around and on a giant cedar which they have just felled.

### Relations With Japan

CANADA'S immigration relations with Japan do not hinge, as many suppose, upon the Treaty of Alliance between Great Britain and Japan made on July 13, 1911, and which has been the subject of recent discussions at London. They depend instead upon the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation between Great Britain and Japan signed in London, April 3, 1911. This treaty provides for reciprocal rights of travel, residence, and the carrying on of business between the two countries. The subjects of each Empire are placed on exactly the same footing with regard to travel, residence, the carrying on of commerce and manufacture, or trading in all kinds of merchandise or lawful commerce. In all that relates to the pursuit of their industries, callings, professions, and educational studies they are placed on the same footing as the citizens or the subjects of the most favored nation. They may own or lease property. They have the same protection and security for their persons and property as natives and shall not be exposed to fees or charges in excess of the subjects of the other nations. They are exempt from military service in their adopted country.

Under Article 26 of the treaty in question its stipulations are not applicable to any of the British Dominions unless such Dominions give notice of their adhesion. Canada has so subscribed to the treaty by proclamation effective on May 1 of the same year it was made.

This treaty has been modified only in so far as the voluntary undertaking of Japan, to Hon. Mr. Lemieux, to restrict emigration to Canada to 400 yearly, constitutes a limitation of its provisions.

### How the Yellow Man Came

THE circumstances under which Asiatics first came to Canada are of interest. If they did not come originally by volition of any government they performed a service, and filled a need. The first Chinese drifted northward after the gold rush in California. The oldest Canadian-born Chinaman is Cumyow, a well-known local Vancouver merchant, notary and interpreter. He was born sixty-one years ago at Fort Douglas, above New Westminster, where his father, a California merchant, started a store, and traded with white and Chinese alike on their way to the diggings of Cariboo.

But the great influx came in the early eighties, with the building of the C.P.R. All the circumstances are recalled by H.J. Cambie, the octogenarian railway engineer, who, hale and hearty, is still in the C.P.R. service. He was engineer under Alexander Mackenzie in his projected system of railways and "Magnificent water stretches" across Canada. When the C.P.R. project was taken over by a private company Mr. Cambie became divisional engineer, and thus he saw the almost frantic efforts of Andrew Onderdonk to build the line across British Columbia within his stipulated five years. There were few laborers, white, red, or yellow, in the country, and Onderdonk turned to California hoping to recruit his gangs from the navvies now known as "bohunks" who had been working on railway construction there.

"It was terrible!" Mr. Cambie recalls. "Onderdonk paid good wages, but what fish came to his net! In the cuts and fills between Vancouver and Yale you would see bar-tenders and other riff-raff from San Francisco, often in dancing pumps, vainly trying to extricate themselves from the mud. They knew nothing of that kind of work and were perfectly useless."



As you like it: A Japanese bride in conventional dress, and two young Japanese beauties of Vancouver—one in native the other in Canadian costume.

The next year Onderdonk tried again with as little success. But in April, 1882, he brought two sailing ships across from China with 2000 Oriental laborers. The ships were more than a month at sea and, the passage being rough, the men were battened down much of the time. The inevitable followed. Scarcely had they been established in the huge camps provided for them at Spuzzem than scurvy broke out. The terrified Chinese fled from the care of their sick, and even from assisting in their burial. The unfortunates died by hundreds. Those whom disease spared paid terrible toll in the tunnels and on the grade. In the main it was coolie labor and in the 'eighties human life in that form was not accounted valuable, much less sacred. By premature explosion and kindred causes many of them died on the work, and the bones of both—victims of scourge and accident alike—lie littered along the line of the great highway they helped to make possible. For Onderdonk finished on time.

The Chinese who are in British Columbia today are partly the aftermath of that first great yellow wave.

### The Arrival of the Japs

THE Japanese were later comers. They date from about thirty years ago. They quietly appropriated the silk and lacquer trade which Chinese merchants had built up with Japan. They were already in considerable numbers at Steveston when riots broke out among the fishermen of the Fraser, and the Japanese, knowing neither union card, nor union obligation, took the places of the strikers. More of them followed, and many fishermen from the best fishing district of Japan, namely Wakayama, soon found their way to British Columbia. How speedily they orientalized Steveston will appear subsequently. Introduced to solve one economic problem they remained to create another. But it is fair to remember that both the Asiatic races against which an outcry is now directed have made a striking physical contribution to the development work of this country.

What has been stated with respect to the two Mongolian races applies in a limited way to the Hindus. This has been a comparatively recent, and somewhat spasmodic, tide. It first appeared in 1905 and most of the Sikhs now living in British Columbia came in the years 1907 and 1908 when nearly 5000 landed in Canada. Here again the principal impelling motive seems to have been the promise of work at wages dazzling enough to an East Indian but below the current wages then in force in British Columbia. A wily Brahman was the principal agent, and his representations were supported naturally enough by interested transportation companies.

The Hindu invasion reached its most acute stage in July and August 1914 when the Komogata Maru brought a ship-load of them to Vancouver where they were refused a landing and where very serious trouble ensued before they could be returned to their native land. With that exception however, there has been no serious attempt to flood the country with Hindus, and immigration from that source is now practically nil, largely because of the application of section 38 of the Immigration Act which provides that any immigrants who have come to Canada, otherwise than by continuous journey from countries of which they were citizens or natives, and on through tickets purchased in that country, may be excluded. Transportation facilities at present do not make this possible, hence travel from India to Canada has fallen off. The Hindu population of Canada is a little over 5000. With this in mind the conditions herein stated will, in the main, relate only to Chinese and Japanese.



Chen Shu Yen, head of the Chinese Nationalist League in Canada. He and his league support Sun Yat Sen.

### Increase of Immigrants

DURING the last twenty years the influx of Chinese into Canada has far exceeded that of the other two eastern races under consideration. From 1900 to 1907 it practically ceased. It reached its peak between the years 1910 and 1914 when more than 30,000 came to Canada. It fell to small numbers again until 1918-19, when more than 4,300 came in. Last year 544 arrived. The total for the twenty-seven years mentioned was 37,913.

All these Chinese did not pay head tax. The exempted classes include merchants, their wives and children, consular agents, their families, and suites; teachers; and men of science. There is a still more numerous class which is exempt under what is known departmentally as C19 registrations. This registration is filled out by any Chinese returning to China for a period of twelve months or less, and entitles him or her to re-enter Canada free of headtax. To show how rapidly this form of travel has expanded it may be mentioned that last year only 363 Chinese paid head tax while 5,519 came in under C19 and 181 as exempt admissions (merchants, consuls, etc.)

It is not hard to understand the groundless alarm of many who on seeing one of the giant *Empresses* disgorging thousands of Chinese from her capacious hold at Pier A in Vancouver conclude that a yellow invasion is in progress. The large number who travel under return registration certificates, and the equally large number who often come in on bond for transhipment to Cuba and Mexico are frequently responsible for misapprehension on the part of the onlooker.

### One Sikh in Six Years

IN THE case of the Hindu there has been no immigration whatever for the last four years, (excepting 12 during the last fiscal year for which the returns are not yet published). Indeed, so far as published official figures are concerned, only one Sikh has arrived in the last six years, while the total for the last score of years is 5297.

The Japanese figures do not disclose the same tendencies. The immigration has continued since the year 1904-05 at a fairly even figure, with, of late, a disquieting tendency to increase. In 1916-17, 648 came in; the next year 883; and the following year 1,178. Last year there was a falling off although the total stood at 711. The total for the twenty years under review is almost 20,000—to be accurate, exactly 19,886.

In 1908, 7601 Japanese landed in Canada—the largest number coming in any one year. As a direct result of the Federal Royal Commission of 1908, and the visit of Hon. Mr. Lemieux to the Orient, came the so-called "gentleman's agreement" whereby the Japanese authorities

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# Plunged Into the Political Maelstrom

*By* J. K. MUNRO

CARTOONS BY LOU SKUCE




Canada has plunged into the horrors of a general election.

PREMIER MEIGHEN has pulled the unexpected and Canada has plunged into the horrors of a general election. The question that is uppermost in the minds of his countrymen is "why did he do it?"

His followers in Parliament couple the rising inflection with a note of anguish. Did they not leave Ottawa early in June with a calm assurance that they could spend the session's wages and depend on yet another indemnity to pay election expenses? Why then are they asked to turn with empty pockets to face the people they have served so well? Why? and again why? they ask, has the premier they elected turned on them and thrown them to the hungry wolves yclept the electors, without the wherewithal even to partially satisfy the pangs of the general hunger?

And the answer would appear to be divided into two parts.

(1) The Medicine Hat Election.

(2) The demands of certain influential people living in or about Montreal.

There is every reason to believe that when the young premier was placing the imprint of his eloquence on the assembled diplomats of our British Empire, he fully expected to favor Canada and help the Empire by holding the reins of government for yet another year. Nobody will gainsay the fact that when he was sowing the seed of the Disarmament Conference he expected to lend a hand to the harvest at Washington. No one will venture to doubt that, while he was giving those stolid old British Statesmen some easy lessons in the new diplomacy, he was prepared to hold on to the handles of the Canadian plow for long enough to see some of the fruits of those labours that had raised a boy politician to the heights of statesmanship enjoyed by Sir Robert Borden, Sir George Foster and Hon. Charles Doherty.

Then the blow fell. The West that had given a Meighen to the Empire arose to smite him in the hour of his triumph. Medicine Hat spoke in tones of thunder. And 'tis whispered that as his voice echoed across the seas a certain little premier wilted and withered like a flower in full bloom that has been visited by an early frost.

### That Crerar Virus

NOW the Medicine Hat election did not create any great surprise in Canada. People who had given even passing attention to the political probabilities some how felt it in their bones that the Great West had been inoculated with the Crerar virus. Also they knew that the rude Westerners rarely do things by halves. But premiers work under certain disadvantages. Most people they meet want something. And people who want something have learned that a good way to not get it is to start out by telling unpleasant truths to the person who must do the giving.

Premier Meighen's intelligence department played him false. His alleged political machine filled him full of false hopes and—well the news from the Far West played merry Hades with everything.

Now you'll probably have noticed that Mr. Meighen is subject to panics. You remember the West Peterboro set-back, which was a political muddle rather than the repudiation of any policies the premier may have concealed about his person, brought on an attack of heart failure from which he did not recover till the vote on the address had reassured him that one vote taken from a good working majority does not mean political disaster. But some inability to count or figure or reason, or something kept him in a blue funk for a matter of six weeks. So it was only to be expected that when the next blow fell he would relapse into one of those fits of despondency that are part of the paraphernalia attached to a pessimistic nature.

Anyway the voyage home was scarcely enjoyable. The same sun was not glinted back from the wavelets, the air had taken on a chilliness no heating apparatus could dispel; and there was a gloom over the waters of the deep that no Newfoundland fog could hope to rival.

"Whisper," answered the reporter, "about forty!"



The pessimistic premier arrived home to find the two Tory papers in Montreal echoing MacKenzie King's appeal for an election and he mistook them for the voice of the people. A vast yearning for the peace that camps over the Opposition benches entered his soul.

### The M. P.'s Rancorous Roar

NOR was there lack of counsel from among his cabinet colleagues to the effect that a general election was something that would clear the air and bring peace and prosperity to a once smiling land. He was all for an election.

But the roar that came from the common M.P.'s who had made him premier stayed his hand. They pointed out that Quebec which would give him all the way from three to one seats out of a total of sixty-five was hardly the locality in which to look for political advice. They reminded him that Calder, Reid, et al who shouted "go to the country" to him intended to hie them to the Senate for theirs. They reminded him of his promises re redistribution. And incidentally they hinted that another little $4,000 wouldn't do them any harm.

This gave the premier halt. For days and days he stood like the oft-mentioned hen on a hot griddle, whatever that is. He was first on one foot and then on the other. Finally a wave of glad content spread over his faithful M.P.'s. It was decided that a redistribution session should precede the deluge. And they settled away to figure how to make that session long enough to add $4,000 to each of 235 individual bank accounts.

But just as they had it all nicely figured the census man dropped in to say that the figures on which any redistribution must be based could not be ready till well on in the Winter—and the dam went out with a roar.

This time little Arthur did not give himself time to change his mind. He had worried and wavered till he could stand it no longer. He grabbed his hat, pulled it down over his ears, climbed aboard his private car and hurried to London, Ontario, where he blurted right out in meeting that his hands were in the air and a general election was in the offing.

With his mind at ease the premier settled away to pick a new Cabinet. With no by-elections to look forward to the job was apparently simplified wonderfully. But picking up Cabinet material is never easy. And when the material is needed to bolster up a lost cause it is infinitely more difficult. There were long nights of work and worry ere Hon. Arthur delighted his countrymen with a list of statesmen of his own choosing. Incidentally he was not slow to shunt Hons. Reid and Calder and Sir George Foster off to the Senate. And you can almost hear him exclaim: "Thank goodness they're gone, anyway," as the three cast-offs pocketed their Senatorships and struck gleefully for the door.

### Is the Cabinet Any Better?

BUT is the Cabinet any richer because of their absence? In place of the Old Schoolmaster we have Hon. Harry Stevens of Vancouver as Minister of Trade and Commerce. Hon. Harry does not round off his periods as did the old Knight. In fact it is said that he is a graduate of the Soap-box School of Oratory. But he goes after an opponent tooth and nail and is withal a pretty effective rough and tumble debater. He may not know much about trade and commerce but then good old Sir George did not know anything at all. On the whole it looks as if you could label Hon. Harry as a slight improvement.

Hon. Dr. Edwards takes the place of smooth James Calder. Time was that when the Frontenac doctor rose in the House every French-Canadian would see red and the press gallery would spend an enjoyable half-hour

The three cast-offs pocketed their senatorships and gleefully struck for the door.



Then the pugnacious "Doc" fixed his eye on a Senatorship and the game chicken became a turtle-dove. All the venom had been extracted from his remarks. And when a venomous speaker puts the soft pedal on he generally becomes a bore. The new Minister of Immigration and Colonization was no exception to the rule. Perhaps with the Senatorship beyond his grasp he'll revert to form. Here's hoping!

Stewart, of Lanark, who takes up the railway burden that has dropped from the shoulders of Hon. J.D. Reid, is a really clever young man of whom something might be expected if he enjoyed better health. He spent most of last session in the South and nothing that can be seen from here should interfere with a similar trip this winter. Of course the railway job is a rather hefty one, especially for a sick man. But Mr. Stewart has sufficient intelligence to realize that his tenure of office will be brief and, like his predecessor, his knowledge of railroading is limited.

There are a host of other new faces in that Cabinet, among them three or is it four Frenchmen from Quebec? Now I confess to some slight acquaintance with politics and politicians but I confess here and now that I never heard of those two Cabinet Ministers from Quebec till they were mentioned in connection with the Patchwork Cabinet,knowing too something of the love Quebec holds for Hon. A. Meighen I have a feeling that I never will hear of them again after a certain fixed date this fall. So why bother even about their names.

### A Bouquet for Doherty

BUT there is good old Charlie Doherty who, to make room for one of the unknowns, goes back to Montreal to live on his pensions. Never again will the House know such an "elucidator". He could explain the simplest question so that even he himself would be muddled. As for the assembled statesmen, they would simply hike for the corridors long before the elucidation had reached its most tangled stages.

But he was a lovable Irishman was Hon. Charlie. And when his own sunny smile seeped out of his eyes and trickled into every bone of his kindly face you forgave him every thing.

But he's gone and Hon. R. B. Bennett takes his place as Minister of Justice. R. B. is a very wealthy man. But his bank roll is a mere trifle compared to his vocabulary. If they could have hitched the Bennett delivery on to a rapid fire gun the war would have been shortened by months if not years. Also R. B. is credited with having brains. But somehow he does not fit in with your idea of what a Minister of Justice should be. He has a legal rather than a judicial mind and if the milk of human kindness courses through his veins it does its coursing on a covered track. However, R. B. thinks pretty well of himself and will continue to think that way long after the Hansard reporters and a few others have thanked their stars that his tenure of the justice portfolio did not extend into a session of Parliament.

Then there is Hon. Dr. Manion who also talks fast and often. He did his bit overseas and has worked his way into a considerable popularity in the House. He's got brains and adaptability. Mr. Meighen could make and has made many worse choices. Dr. Manion has charge of Soldiers' Civil Reestablishment and at least knows something of the work that has been opportioned to him, *pro tem.*

As to the new ministers without portfolio little is expected of them and they won't disappoint. Wilson, of Saskatoon, is a former mayor of his own home town and the chances are he made a good mayor. That no one has ever suspected that he was of Cabinet calibre is perhaps not so much their fault as his misfortune. He is a good Tory anyway and there is nothing against him.

But why the Hon. Edmund Bristol of Toronto? Prominent Toronto people when asked the question have answered in the words of the poet: "Search me!" He used to visit Ottawa at such infrequent intervals that he attained the distinction of being the only member Deputy Clerk *Buchesne* failed to recognize on a division. Last session Mr. Bristol reformed. He became an almost habitual attendant and emphasized his change of heart by giving a series of dinners. Perhaps the dinners did it.




The talking contest is on.

Of the old Ministers who remain in harness Hon. Hugh Guthrie is probably the most disconsolate. There is a vacant judgeship in Ontario he feels would just fit him. But he must go over the jumps yet again. Once before Hugh almost made his escape into the judiciary. That was in 1911 when reciprocity swept the Laurier regime into the coal scuttle—and Hugh's judgeship went with it. Now here it comes again. Can you blame Hugh if he looks a bit blue? Hon. C. C. Ballantyne threatened to get out and really did it. But a suffering country called and he returned. Anyway he has a Windsor uniform that is a beauty—and it is not nearly worn out.



For days and days Meighen stood like the oft-mentioned hen on a hot griddle.




He could explain the simplest question so that even he himself was muddled. But he's gone .... .

### A Patch-Work Cabinet

BUT, come to think of it, that Patch-work Cabinet is not causing Tory hats to fill the air. It bears the trade-mark of its maker. It is meant to please everybody. It is composed of protectionists and low tariff men, Grits and Tories, Catholics and Protestants, Frenchmen and French-haters. And if there is outstanding ability anywhere in its make up will somebody please point it out?

Unless, by the way, that aforementioned ability crops out of the person of Col. J. B. M. Baxter, of St. John, the new Minister of Customs who takes the place of that famous man of letters, Hon. Mr. Wigmore. Down where the politicians grow the colonel is credited with knowing a heap about politics. He is a quiet-spoken man who might rise from among the congregation and utter a few earnest words perhaps taking "patriotic potatoes" as his text. And though he has passed through the fire of political scandal he apparently emerges unscathed, still holding his head high and his place in the hearts of his people. He is a lawyer and a good one. If he bumps into Hon William Pugsley in his fight for a seat in the House that fight will be a championship fixture and seats at the ringside will be worth something. And no matter which wins there will come to Ottawa a man who will be worthy of more than a passing glance.

Well, there you are and Hon. Arthur has the election for which he yearns and a Cabinet of his own selection to fight it with. What odds do I bear on his chances of winning?

Truth to tell, even among the closest friends and greatest admirers of the little lawyer from the Portage, there has been little of what might be called optimism. As the fight gets warm and the blood gets hot you may see the wish fathering the thought that the embers of the old party of Sir John Macdonald may be gathered together and formed into a flame that will start a conflagration. But sitting down in cold blood and with a nicely sharpened lead pencil you can't figure Hon Arthur as anything except an also-ran. Everybody admits that the West from the Lakes to the Mountains will go Farmer. Everybody knows that Quebec is going to vote Liberal whether it feels that way or not. This starts both Crerar and King with leads that Meighen cannot hope to overcome. The Maritimes will only lengthen the King lead. British Columbia may help Meighen a little but its power for good or ill is limited. Only in Ontario can the Premier look for the seats he needs so badly. And there, despite the sins of omission and commission of the Drury Government, the Farmers are still strong—so strong that they are confident they can carry a plurality of the seats. At the least Ontario sends only 82 members to the Federal House. To cut a real figure in the next Parliament the Government would have to carry practically them all. It can't be done. There are the French seats that will go to King and one or two others besides. The Farmers have lost little, if any, of their strength and it must be remembered that they were strong enough at the provincial elections to get control of the Government.

How many seats will Meighen get in all this broad Dominion?

That question was asked of a political reporter by a former Unionist Cabinet minister who keeps pretty closely in touch with the political situation.

"Whisper," answered the reporter, "about forty."

"That's what I've been figuring," the minister whispered back, "but I've been afraid to say it to anyone but myself."

Of course you know how elections are. When the boys get together and hard at work they talk themselves and each other into a confidence that the circumstances don't warrant. A few months ago MacKenzie King was wooing T. A. Crerar and coyly suggesting that a union would be Canada's salvation. Already in Quebec an impression is spreading that the Liberals will have a majority over all and denunciation of Crerar as a conscriptionist is becoming part of the platform program.

Also at Ottawa things are changing a bit. The leaders of the forlorn hope sometimes called the National Liberal and Conservative party can see the skies brightening. And as for the Farmers they have the West safe in the locker while as wise a man as Premier Drury is credited with the prediction that Farmers and Labor will carry fifty of the eighty-two Ontario seats. Pretty early isn't it for all these parties to have the election won? However neither King nor Crerar have so far wasted any valuable time picking cabinets. And every student of politics realizes that the real political game will be played after and not before the election.

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# Are the Old Line Parties Dying?

## "THE VITAL QUESTION"

SELDOM has a Dominion election progressed in this country with as little "din of battle" as the present one. There seems to be a remarkable indifference to party politics, a dearth of party slogans, and a greater concern as to what the various parties actually stand for than previously. This attitude is considerably reflected in our national daily press, leaders among the papers being more perturbed about the effect of the tariff or the lack of tariff on the Dominion's future than they are about factionism or old-time faction principles.

The premier's native initiative and resolute action, once an election was decided upon, in the immediate reorganization and reinforcement of his cabinet, are features stressed by the leading Canadian newspaper advocate of Conservative traditions. The Toronto *Mail and Empire*, in two editorials, takes occasion to contrast the performances of Mr. Meighen with those of the Liberal leader, William Lyon McKenzie King, whom it accuses of "scandal-sniffing and scandal-suggesting", for lack of better campaign ammunition, while the premier was busy gathering together a cabinet of Canadians whom the *Mail* points out "are not feather-bed politicians," but are "stalwart supporter's of their party's policy." Premier Meighen's now much-discussed speech at Portage la Prairie, his home riding, in which he came out flat-footedly for a protective Canadian tariff, declaring it to be the only real issue in the campaign, and his suggested system of a new government policy to promote the interests of the western grain-grower, are given an immense amount of space in Canada's newspapers, and the *Mail* took opportunity by the forelock and thumped the Tory drum. That speech, proudly declared the *Mail*, stamped the premier as one of "the most eminent of the statesmen who have served the Dominion." The *Mail* continued:—

"In that speech, as in all Mr. Meighen's public deliverances, there is the note of greatness—greatness of vision, greatness of political imagination, greatness of character. From first to last it was a fighting speech, a speech whose lightning-like flashes showed up the policies and performances of the two opposition leaders in all the shame of exposed sham."

The Toronto *Globe*, leading champion of Canadian Liberalism, takes what some have been inclined to view as a very guarded stand on the tariff issue. *The Globe* of September 24 says editorially:—

"Government and parliament must make a careful study of conditions and of the bearing of the tariff on industry, and, what is of not less importance, on the home, which, as Mr. King says, is the basis of national prosperity. They will start with the assumption that the present tariff is not a sacred thing, but a tariff that has outlived its usefulness and needs to be thoroughly overhauled."

"Canada's interests demand that Canadian industry should live on the certainties of protection instead of being talked to death by the jargon of free trade theory or done to death by the fanaticism of free trade legislation."

The Calgary *Herald* infers that Western Canada has been slighted by Mr. Meighen in his new cabinet selection:-

"If Mr. Meighen cannot be credited with paramo unt wisdom as a cabinet maker, at least he cannot be said to lack courage. It is something to give two portfolios to one western province; it is still more to give two to one city in that province, and still more again to give them to two members of one firm in that city. Neither Manitoba nor Saskatchewan have a portfolio in the new Meighen government."

On the other hand, the Montreal *Gazette* believes a marked advance has been made in the reconstruction of the cabinet which Mr. Meighen has accomplished:—

"The prime minister has acted with energy and, on the whole, with wisdom, and the cabinet as now constituted should commend itself to the public. It includes in its personnel a number of liberal unionists, but it stands for the traditional conservative policy, and may be trusted to apply that policy in the best interests, not of any one section of the country, but of all."

The Montreal *Star* hopes for the best but says that Mr. Meighen's new cabinet has yet to be tried by fire:—

"Under the circumstances, the personnel of the 'war' Cabinet promises a 'bonnie' fight. Some of the old ministers have stayed under conditions which called for courage and forbearance, and their steadiness and devotion to principle will undoubtedly improve the chances of the government. Much of the new blood is very 'new'. Its capacity for service and its power of popular appeal remain to be proven."

The Kingston *Standard* thinks Mr. Meighen goes to the country with a cabinet "gratifyingly and unexpectedly strengthened," and adds that:

"It means not only the introduction of younger and more virile men into the cabinet—men of clear vision and of large ideas—but it means also a considerable accession to the debating strength of the cabinet, which heretofore has been weak in this respect."

The "upper heavens" of the Hamilton *Herald* thus chortle over the cabinet selection:—

"Anyhow, the fact that Mr. Meighen has got three French-Canadians from Quebec in his cabinet goes to show that there are at least three French-speaking Quebeckers who are not dead set upon getting revenge upon Meighen for having supported conscription as a war measure. Perhaps there are some more."

Several Canadian contemporaries have taken a similar view of the coming election results to that expressed by *Toronto Saturday Night*:—

"From this distance it would seem that the best Canada can obtain will be group government. Of course, the paramount issue will be the tariff. That there is a large element in this country, particularly in the west among the wheat growers, prepared to go the limit to open our markets to world competition there is no denying. Just how strong this movement is it will take an election to determine. And it was this phase of the situation which decided the premier to no longer withhold the mandate from the people. With a courage which has always been the chief characteristic of the man, he is prepared to face the worst and face it at once, knowing full well that an election before re-distribution means that he is playing against a stacked deck."

Dr. Michael Clark's refusal to "hitch his political wagon to Crerar's out-and-out free trade star" inspires the St. John *Standard* to pay its respects to Leader Crerar's progressive party in the west:—

"Under the domination of one Henry W. Wood, an American importation into western Canada, the National Progressive party has become a class organization, which seeks to impose its will upon al others. Its idea seems to be to exto! the idea of class, and to overturn all the recognized principles of Government to which British ideas have become accustomed. This kind of thing of course will not suit any man brought up to respect British traditions, least of all one of such staunch Liberal principles, as Dr. Clark."

The Moncton *Times* thinks that the government "with a policy that had triumphed in the past, with consciousness that it battles for the right, and with a leader of whom any nation or party might feel proud, can go right into this fight with flags flying and unafraid."

The Belleville *Daily Intelligencer* warns its readers that a monster is coming to destroy them i' they do not first take steps to destroy it:—

"This fre trade heresy must be crushed or Canada will suffer. The return of the Meighen government will mean that Canadians place the interests of Canada first, last and all the time, that the farms and factories will he protected against the dumpers of other nations, that industry will take on new life, inspired by renewed financial confidence and prosperity will return in ample form."

The Picton, P.E.I. *Gazette* points out that Premier Meighen could have retained office for his government for another year had he cared to so decide, and it finds that:

"The premier is to be congratulated upon his straight-forward announcement as to an election. It clears the air, ends uncertainty and a three months' notice gives plenty of time for the public questions of the day to be intelligently presented and fully discussed."

The Grimsby *Independent* takes this double-barrelled pot-shot at Messrs. King and Crerar:—

"If the government is composed of free trader farmers from the West, and the western farmers receive their implements free of duty from the United States, it means the destruction not only of the manufacturers of the East but of the railways which were built for the benefit of the West and were used to carry the manufactured goods to the West and to carry the products of the West to the East and to the sea board.

"MacKenzie King, the leader of the out and out Liberals, is on the fence—he is neither fish, fowl nor good salt pork—if he was talking to the farmers of the West and had any hope of securing their votes, he would be a worse free trader than Drury, who is the most hide-bound free trader in Canada to-day."

The Montreal *Standard* is another journal that sees a great national menace in the policies of Mr. Crerar, leader of the farmers' party. It is quite frank in stating just what it thinks Crerarism would lead to:—

"Leader Crerar's gospel is that he will tamper with the tariff as much and as soon as possible, but that while an election campaign is on he prefers not to say too much about it."

The Woodstock, N.B. *Press* says:—

"The party system is the only system for a democratic people. The representatives of the Conservative or Liberal party should fully represent all classes and acknowledge their responsibility to work for the best interests of all the people. The men who fought for all Canada have no use for the so-called coalition governments for the individual—straight party government is their ideal, and the elected members to represent all the people, religions and classes in Canada."




Fitzmaurice, in Vancouver *Province*.

**Too busy to stop for anything.**

# OUR STAKE AT WASHINGTON

## By GRATTAN O'LEARY

CANADA is to be heard at the Washington Conference. Overlooked by President Harding, we have, after some nervous signalling been singled out by Lloyd George; and when on November 11th the epoch-making gathering convenes, the Dominion, through representation on the British delegation—almost certainly ex-premier Sir Robert Borden—will have a voice in its deliberations and decisions. A far-reaching event, both for the privilege which it affords and for the recognition which it implies, it is at the same time but the concession of a claim of which justice prohibited a denial.

For Canada, quite apart from a general interest in disarmament, has a special, direct and compelling concern in this Conference and its consequences. We are, to begin with, a Pacific Power. Three thousand miles of our coastline and two of our greatest harbors are on the Pacific; our trade, carried by our own marine, extends rapidly to the Orient; Canadian financiers are extending loans to China; and as the centre of world gravity shifts to the Pacific, as Japan emerges as a mighty naval and military Power, and "Eyes East!" becomes the command of the times, Canada, with vital interests at stake, and as a possible cockpit in a Pacific-made Armageddon, must have a voice in Far Eastern policy.

At the heart of the Pacific problem is China. To the average Canadian the fate of China may seem a thing remote, distant, something with which he is but dimly concerned. Alas, we used to think in similiar terms of the Balkans. Before 1914 Serbia was but a name in Canada, yet it saw the beginning of the conflagration which consumed billions of Canadian treasure and sixty thousand of Canadian lives. And so, today, with China. That historic, ancient, mysterious country overshadows the entire Pacific problem.



SIR ROBERT BORDEN
An unconventional photo of Canada's representative at the Washington conference.

Why is it that Japan and the United States are engaged in a mad race of naval rivalry? Why is it that we hear so much of Britain's Far Eastern naval problem, of the need of an all-Empire naval squadron on the Pacific? It is not because any of these countries fear attack or the seizure of their possessions. It is simply because of trade rivalry in China, because they talk about the "Open Door" and suspect each other of wanting to close it, because they have commercial interests in a country which, torn by dissension and civil strife, is at the mercy of other and richer peoples.

In the past twelve months the position has become serious. Rivalry has reached a point of peril and within the past few weeks the writer has been privileged to witness evidence which appeared to indicate with all too much impressiveness that unless the Washington Conference can find a way out a war of the greatest magnitude is coming in the Pacific.

### Far Eastern Door only "Ajar"

BECAUSE she wants peace in the Pacific, because she looks askance at any condition that might in the future compel her to contribute to the maintenance of a powerful Imperial Pacific squadron, because—as Mr. Meighen demonstrated at the Imperial Conference—she favors settlement of Pacific problems by conferences and understanding instead of by force and alliances, Canada at Washington will raise her voice for a unified, unexploited and commercially and politically independent China. In other words, she will stand for the "Open Door" in the best and fullest meaning of the phrase.

For years past, the "Open Door" in China has been to most nations but slightly ajar. Propounded in ancient, musty treaties, expounded and defined in the famous notes which John Hay addressed to the European Powers and to Japan in 1899 and in 1900, interpreted as "spheres of interest" in the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, the policy, examined in its only proper meaning, has all but ceased to function. In its place there have been intrigues and struggles for advantages, concessions won by the right of force, discrimination and exploitation. Against all of such evils Canada will press. Fortified by the fact that she has an economic interest in China that cannot be ignored, that she is a partner in the larger interests and responsibilities of the British Empire, and with a voice made more authoritative because a century-old agreement on her own Lakes provides a model for peace on the Pacific, she may well say to the Conference:

"The world as a whole needs a unified China: wants to trade with her, helping her to develop her resources, her labor, her minerals, her raw products. There is an immense demand for it all, for imports and exports—room for every nation to contribute and to receive. Instead of individual activities and intrigues among the Great Powers, let our efforts be welded into a desire and an attempt to put China where she ought to be, to make her strong, prosperous, peaceful and self-reliant, thus removing a great peril to the peace of the world and making possible the limitation of armaments we all profess to desire."

Whether such an attitude will harmonize with the views of the representatives of Great Britain, remains to be seen. Britain, it must be remembered, has vast interests in China; also an alliance with Japan. It may well be that her interests as well as her Alliance will either make it difficult or entirely prohibit her from taking the more altruistic view that Canada will or ought to press; it would not be the first time that the opinions of the Dominion failed to blend with the position of the statesmen of the Motherland. One of the glories of the Empire indeed, is that its constitution permits its component parts the diversity of disagreement. The Imperial Conference debates on the Japanese Alliance were a striking example of that truth.

### Canada, the Originator

THERE is an added reason for Canadian interests in this Pacific Conference. It is that—and this can be supported by official and ascertainable facts—without Canada's stand at the Imperial Conference the gathering at Washington would never have been held. Months before, as early as February, 1921, the Government of Canada, in an official communication to the Government of Great Britain, proposed such a Conference as is now being held. The proposal was not acted upon, but Mr. Meighen, realizing that an unmodified Anglo-Japanese Treaty stood as an obstacle to the adjustment of Pacific problems, and, consequently, as a menace to the continuance of peace, carried the fight to London. What he did there, how he opposed the Alliance, how he won the support of British statesmen and British journals who at first favored the Treaty being renewed, and how his demand for a Pacific Conference carried the Empire Congress and resulted in President Harding's epochal invitation, are matters of history.

Hence it is Mr. Meighen's, it is Canada's policy that will be on trial in Washington in November. If failure should be its lot, which Heaven forbid, then we in Canada can at least have the consciousness that failure was in a splendid cause. If, on the other hand, the Conference succeeds, if, (in the words of Lloyd George) the Pacific Ocean is really made pacific, if a China, united, prosperous and happy is substituted for a China the prey of exploiters, the centre of intrigues and the breeding place of war, then Canada can with just pride claim credit for one of the finest achievements on behalf of humanity since statecraft became the hope of enlightened men.

So much for the Pacific; what of disarmament? Canada's concern in disarmament, or, to be more precise, in the limitation of armaments, while not as vital as the concern of some other nations, is nevertheless very great.



The Prince of Wales and Sir Robert Borden.

There are many who will disagree with this statement. They will say, as Mr. Meighen has recently said, that Canada is paying less for naval and military defence than any other nation in the world, and that, therefore she has nothing to disarm. It is a narrow, superficial view. It is a superficial view, because it takes no account of the future, nor of a change that has taken place in our relationship to the rest of the Empire. Let us see what that change is, and what are its implications. At the Imperial Conference, this year, as, indeed, since 1918, we have insisted on a voice in British foreign policy. We have demanded the right to be consulted and heard upon all questions which, conceivably, might involve the Empire in war. We have carried our point to the extent of being consulted about the Japanese Alliance, about Silesia, about matters in question with France; and Mr. Meighen joined, at the Imperial Conference, in the expression of—"a deep conviction that the whole weight of the Empire should be concentrated behind a united understanding and common action in foreign affairs."

Now the meaning of this is clear. It is simply this: that if Canada is going to insist on having a voice in British foreign policy, insist on giving advice and expect to have it taken, then she must be prepared to back up the consequences of that advice to the full extent of her power. It will not be enough for her to say that she will be willing to fight; she must be able to demonstrate that she has force to employ. She must be in a position to say to Downing Street: "If my advice gets you into trouble, here are men and ships in readiness to get you out of it." There is no other course, with honor.

Hence our interest in disarmament. If this Conference should fail, and the suspicions excited by failure should result in the nations that met to disarm parting to arm, the meaning for Canada would be clear. To play our promised part in "concentrating the whole weight of the Empire" behind "common action in foreign affairs," as well as to prepare for the possibility of a great conflict in the Pacific, we should have to commit ourselves to a gigantic expenditure on naval defence.

### What a Further Burden Would Mean

IT IS NOT necessary to pause here to explain what this would mean. In five years we have seen our National Debt grow from $350,000,000 to $2,500,000,000. We have seen our inescapable, obligatory annual expenditures grow from $150,000,000 to $400,000,000 or more. We have seen our railways pass into a position where their losses represent a tax upon the Canadian taxpayer almost as great as the cost the British navy imposes upon the taxpayer of Britain. If, therefore, a situation arose whereby Canada was called upon to engage in the construction of armaments, whence would come the money? The truth is that, having regard to our present position, having regard to our crowding deficits, to our prodigious railway losses, the prospect of an additional fifty or seventy-five millions for naval and military defence simply appals. Such will be our fate, if the Conference fails.

Hence it is that Canada goes to this Conference with a hope and a yearning for peace. With her undefended boundary line, and her Great Lakes without ship or cannon as examples of what good-will can achieve, with her high mission as interpreter of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race to inspire and sustain her, she will weigh in the balance for peace.

*Continued on page 38*

# THE YELLOW STREAK

## By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR.—*Mary Trevert, charming, young, aristocratic, in order to secure a comfortable income for her mother, has agreed to marry Hartley Parrish, a hard, cold man of immense wealth, in preference to Robin Greve, a young man of promise and good looks but slim of purse. Following a quarrel, Greve leaves girl, making dark insinuations about Parrish—a shot in the library is heard, and later, Parrish is found on the floor before his desk, a bullet hole through his heart. Subsequent investigation proves that Parrish did not shoot himself. During an examination of Mary Trevert, the inspector of detectives produces a sealed letter from Parrish to Miss Trevert in which the millionaire stated that he had made provision for her future should anything happen to him. The investigations of Inspector-Detective Manderton make things look blacker than ever for Greve, who, the butler tells the distracted Miss Trevert, was seen to enter the library just before the shot was heard. Greve claims he did not go into the library, but out the side door into the gardens. Greve starts an investigation on his own account in the course of which he discovers that Parrish's window was unbolted the day he was shot. Horace, Mary's brother, requests Robin to leave the house. Mary tells her mother and brother that Robin had asked her to marry him, a few minutes before the tragedy, and when he was informed of her engagement to Parrish, left her, hot-foot for the library. Lady Margaret suggests Mary might as well marry Robin now, but Mary vigorously demurs, till his name is cleared, at least. Manderton surprises Lady Margaret and Mary by suggesting that a verdict of "suicide whilst of unsound mind" can be returned if no further evidence is adduced.*



"Miss Trevert," he cried, "the door.....I shut it a little while back..... look, it's ajar!"

CHAPTER XII (Continued)

"AND are you personally satisfied,"—Mary's voice broke in clear and unimpassioned, "are you personally satisfied Mr. Manderton, that Mr. Parrish shot himself?"

The detective cast an appealing glance at the tops of his well-burnished boots.

"Yes, Miss, I think I may say I am...."

"And what about the evidence of Bude, who said he heard voices in the library...."

Mr. Manderton gave his shoulders the merest suspicion of a shrug. He raised his hands and dropped them to his sides.

"I had hoped, my lady," he said throwing a glance at Lady Margaret, "and you, Miss, that I had made it clear that in the circumstances we need not pursue that matter any further...."

Lady Margaret bowed to signify that the interview was at an end. But Mary Trevert left her side and walked to the door.

"Will you come downstairs with me, Mr. Manderton," she said. "I should like to speak to you alone for a minute!"

She led the way downstairs through the hall and out into the drive. They took a dozen steps in silence. Then she said:

"Who was it speaking to Mr. Parrish in the library?"

"Undoubtedly Mr. Greve," replied the man without hesitation.

"Why undoubtedly?" asked the girl.

"It could have been no one else. We know that he left you hot to get at Mr. Parrish and have words with him. Bude heard them talking with voices raised aloud."

"But if the door were locked?"

"Mr. Parrish may have opened it and locked it again, Mr. Greve getting out by the window. But there are no traces of that....one would look to find marks on the paint on the inside. Besides, a little test we made this morning suggests that Mr. Greve spoke to Mr. Parrish through the window...."

"Was the window open?"

"Yes, Miss, it probably was. The fire had been smoking in the library. Mr. Parrish had complained to Bude about it. Besides we have found Mr. Parrish's finger-prints on the inside of the window-frame. Outside we found other finger-prints....Sir Horace's. Sir Horace was good enough to allow his to be taken."

Mary Trevert stopped. She put her hand on the detective's arm.

"Mr. Manderton," she said, "if you are satisfied, then believe me, I am!"

The detective bowed.

"Miss Trevert," he said—and he spoke perfectly respectfully though his words were blunt—"I can well believe that!"

The girl looked up quickly. She scanned his face rather apprehensively.

"What do you mean?" she asked, "I don't understand...."

"I mean," was the detective's answer given in his quiet level voice, "that when you attempted to mislead Inspector Humphries you did nobody any good!"

The girl bent her head without replying and in silence they regained the house. At the house door they parted, Mary going indoors while the detective remained standing on the drive. Very deliberately he produced a short briar pipe, cut a stub of dark plug tobacco from a flat piece he carried in his pocket, crammed the tobacco into his pipe and lit it.

"*He* told me about that fat butler's evidence," he said to himself, "*he* put me wise about that window being open; *he* gave me the office about the paint on the finger-nails of Mr. H. P."

He ticked off each point on his fingers with the stem of his pipe.

"Why?" said Mr. Manderton aloud, addressing a laurel-bush.

CHAPTER XIII

Jeekes

MR. ALBERT EDWARD JEEKES, Parrish's principal private secretary, lunched with Lady Margaret, Mary and Horace. Dr. Romain seemed not to have got over his embarrassment of the morning for he did not put in an appearance.

"When I heard the news at the club, Miss Trevert," said Jeekes, "you could have knocked me down with a feather. Mr. Parrish, as all of us knew, worked himself a great deal too hard, sometimes not knocking off for his tea, even, and wore his nerves all to pieces. But I never dreamed it would come to this. Ah! he's a great loss and what we shall do without him I don't know. There was a piece in one of the papers about him to-day—perhaps you saw it?—it called him 'one of the captains of industry of modern England'."

"You were always a great help to him, Mr. Jeekes," said Mary, who was touched by the little man's hero-worship, "I am sure you realised that he appreciated you."

"Well," replied Mr. Jeekes rubbing the palms of his hands together, "he did a great deal for *me*. Took me out of a City office where I was getting two pound five a week. That's what he did. It was a shipping firm. I tell you this because it has a bearing, Miss Trevert, on what is to follow. Why did he pick me? I'll tell you." He was passing through the front office with one of our principals when he asked him, just casually, what Union Pacific stood at. The boss didn't know.

"'A hundred and eighty seven London parity' says I. He turned round and looked at me. 'How do you know that?' says he, rather surprised, this being in a shipping office, you understand.

"'I take an interest in the markets,' I replied.

"'Do you?' he says, 'then you might do for me,' and tells me to come and see him.

"I went. He made me an offer. When I heard the figure....my word!" Mr. Jeekes paused. Then added sadly:

"And I had meant to work for him to my dying day!"

THEY were in the billiard-room seated on the self-same settee, Mary reflected, on which she and Robin had sat—how long ago it seemed! though only yesterday. Mary had carried the secretary off after luncheon in order to unfold to him a plan which she had been turning over in her mind ever since her conversation with the detective.

"And what are you going to do now, Mr. Jeekes?" she asked.

The little man pursed up his lips.

"Well," he said, "I'll have to get something else, I expect. I'm not expecting to find anything so good as I had with Mr. Parrish. And things are pretty crowded in the City, Miss Trevert, what with all the boys back from the war, God bless 'em, and glad we are to see them, I'm sure. I hope you'll realise, Miss Trevert, that anything I can do to help to put Mr. Parrish's affairs straight...."

"I was just about to say," Mary broke in, "that I hope you will not contemplate any change, Mr. Jeekes. You know more about Mr. Parrish's affairs than anybody else and I shall be very glad if you will stay on and help me. You know I have been left sole executrix...."

"Miss Trevert," the little man stammered in his embarrassment, "this is handsome of you. I surely thought you would have wished to make your own arrangements, appoint your own secretaries...."

Mr. Jeekes broke off and looked at her, blinking hard.

"Not at all," said Mary. "Everything shall be as it was. I am sure that Mr. Bardy will approve. Besides Mr. Jeekes, I want your assistance in something else...."

"Anything in my power...." began Jeekes.

"Listen," said Mary.

She was all her old self-composed self now, a charming figure in her plain blue serge suit with a white silken shirt and black tie—the best approach to mourning her wardrobe could afford. Already the short winter afternoon was drawing in. Mysterious shadows lurked in the corners of the long narrow room.

"Listen," said Mary, leaning forward. "I want to know why Mr. Parrish killed himself. I mean to know. And I want you, Mr. Jeekes, to help me to find out."

Something stirred ever so faintly in the remote recesses of the billiard-room. A loose board or something creaked softly and was silent.

"What was that?" the girl called out sharply. "Who's there?"

MR. JEEKES got up and walked over to the door. It was ajar. He closed it.

"Just a board creaking," he said, as he resumed his seat.

"I want your aid in finding out the motive for this terrible deed,"—Mary Trevert was speaking again—"I can't understand....I don't see clear...."

"Miss Trevert," said Mr. Jeekes, clearing his throat fussily, "I fear we must look for the motive in the state of poor Mr. Parrish's nerves. An uncommonly high-strung man he always was and he smoked those long black strong cigars of his from morning till night. Sir Winterton Maire told him flatly—Mr. Parrish, I recollect, repeated his very words to me after Sir Winterton had examined him—that if he did not take a complete rest and give up smoking, he would not be answerable for the consequences. Therefore, Miss Trevert...."

"Mr. Jeekes," answered the girl, "I knew Mr. Parrish pretty well. A woman, you know, gets to the heart of a man's character very often quicker than his daily associates in business. And I know that Mr. Parrish was the last man in the world to have done a thing like that. He was so....so undaunted. He made nothing of difficulties. He relied wholly on himself. That was the secret of his success. For him to have killed himself like this makes me feel convinced that there was same hidden reason, far stronger, far more terrible, than any question of nerves...."

Leaning forward, her hands clasped tightly in front of

her, Mary Trevert raised her dark eyes to the little secretary's face.

"Many men have a secret in their lives," she said in a low voice. "Do you know of anything in Mr. Parrish's life which an enemy might have made use of to drive him to his death?"

Her manner was so intense that Mr. Jeekes quite lost his self-composure. He clutched at his pince-nez and readjusted them upon his nose to cover his embarrassment. The secretary was not used to gazing at beautiful women whose expressive features showed as clearly as this the play of the emotions.

"Miss Trevert," he said presently, "I know of no such secret. But then what do I—what does anyone—know of Mr. Parrish's former life?"

"We might make enquiries in *South Africa*?" ventured the girl.

"I doubt if we should learn anything much through that," said the secretary. "Of course, Mr. Parrish had great responsibilities and responsibility means worry...."

A SILENCE fell on them both. From somewhere in the dark shadows above the fire glowing red through the falling twilight a clock chimed once. There was a faint rustling from the neighbourhood of the door. Mr. Jeekes started violently. A coal dropped noisily into the fireplace.

"There was something else," said Mary, ignoring the interruption and paused. She did not look up when she spoke again.

"There is often a woman in cases like this," she began reluctantly.

Mr. Jeekes looked extremely uncomfortable.

"Miss Trevert," he said, "I beg you will not press me on that score...."

"Why?" asked the girl bluntly.

"Because....because,"—Mr. Jeekes stumbled sadly over his words—"because, dear me, there are some things which really I couldn't possibly discuss....if you'll excuse me...."

"Oh, but you can discuss everything, Mr. Jeekes," replied Mary Trevert composedly. "I am not a child, you know. I am perfectly well aware that there is a woman somewhere in the life of every man, very often two or three. I haven't got any illusions on the subject, I assure you. I never supposed for a moment that I was the first woman in Mr. Parrish's life...."

This candour seemed to administer a knock-out blow to the little secretary's Victorian mind. He was speechless. He took off his pince-nez, blindly polished them with his pocket-handkerchief and replaced them upon his nose. His fingers trembled violently.

"I have no wish to appear vulgarly curious," the girl went on—Mr. Jeekes made a quick gesture of dissent—"but I am anxious to know whether Mr. Parrish was being blackmailed....or anything like that.."

"Oh no, Miss Trevert, I do assure you," the little man expostulated in hasty denial. "Nothing like that, I am convinced. At least, that is to say..."

He rose to his feet, clutching the little attaché case which he invariably carried with him as a kind of emblem of office.

"And now, if you'll excuse me, Miss Trevert," he said mutteringly, "I should really be going. I am due at Mr. Bardy's office at five o'clock. He is coming up from the country specially to meet me. There is so much to discuss with regard to this terrible affair."

He glanced at his watch.

"With the roads as greasy as they are," he added, "it will take me all my time in the car to...."

HE CAST a panic-stricken glance around him. But Mary Trevert held him fast.

"You didn't finish what you were saying about Mr. Parrish, Mr. Jeekes," she said impassively. The secretary made no sign, but he looked a trifle sullen.

"I don't think you realise, Mr. Jeekes," she said, "that other people besides myself are keenly interested in the motives for Mr. Parrish's suicide. The police profess to be willing to accept the testimony of the specialists as satisfactory medical evidence about his state of mind. But I distrust that man, Manderton. He is not satisfied, Mr. Jeekes. He won't rest until he knows the truth."

The secretary cast her a frightened glance.

"But Mr. Manderton told me himself, Miss Trevert," he affirmed, "that the verdict would be 'Suicide while temporarily insane' on Sir Winterton Maire's evidence alone .."

Mary Trevert tapped the ground impatiently with her foot.

"Manderton will get at the truth, I tell you," she said. "He's that kind of man. Do you want me to find out from them? At the inquest perhaps?"

The secretary put his attaché case down on the lounge again.

"Of course, that would be most improper, Miss Trevert," he said. "But your question embarrasses me. It embarrasses me very much...."

"What are you keeping back from me, Mr. Jeekes?" the girl demanded imperiously.

The secretary mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. Then, as though with an effort, he spoke.

"There is a lady, a French lady, who draws an income from Mr. Parrish...."

The girl remained impassive but her eyes grew rather hard.

"These payments are still going on?" she asked.

Jeekes hesitated. Then he nodded.

"Yes," he said.

"Well? Was she blackmailing....him?"

"No, no," Mr. Jeekes averred hastily. "But there was some unpleasantness some months ago....er....a county court action, to be precise, about some bills she owed. Mr. Parrish was very angry about it and settled to prevent it coming into court. But there was some talk about it....in legal circles...."

He threw a rather scared glance at the girl.

"Please explain yourself, Mr. Jeekes," she said coldly. "I don't understand...."

"Her lawyer was Le Hagen—it's a shady firm with a big criminal practice. They sometimes brief Mr. Greve ...."

Mary Trevert clasped and unclasped her hands quickly.

"I quite understand, Mr. Jeekes," she said. "You needn't say any more...."

SHE turned away in a manner that implied dismissal. It was as though she had forgotten the secretary's existence. He picked up his attaché case and walked slowly to the door.

A sharp exclamation broke from his lips.

"Miss Trevert," he cried, "the door....I shut it a little while back....look, it's ajar!"

The girl who stood at the fire switched on the electric light by the mantelpiece.

"Is....is....the door defective? Doesn't it shut properly?"

The little secretary forced out the questions in an agitated voice.

The girl walked across the room and shut the door. It closed perfectly, a piece of solid, well-fitting oak.

"What does it mean?" said Mr. Jeekes in a whisper. "You understand, I should not wish what I told you just now about Mr. Parrish to be overheard...."

They opened the door again. The dusky corridor was empty.

## CHAPTER XIV

### A Sheet of Blue Paper

THE sight of that crumpled ball of dark blue paper brought back to Robin's mind with astonishing vividness every detail of the scene in the library. Once more he looked into Hartley Parrish's staring, unseeing eyes, saw the firelight gleam again on the heavy gold signet ring on the dead man's hand, the tag of the dead man's bootlace as it trailed from one sprawling foot across the carpet. Once more he felt the dark cloud of the mystery envelope him as a mist and with a little sigh he smoothed out the crumpled paper.

It was an ordinary quarto sheet of stoutish paper, with a glazed surface, of an unusual shade of blue, darker than what the stationers call "azure" yet lighter than legal blue. At the top right-hand corner was typewritten a date:—"Nov. 25". Otherwise the sheet was blank.

The curious thing about it was that a number of rectangular slits had been cut in the paper. Robin counted them. There were seven. They were of varying sizes, the largest a little over an inch, the smallest not more than a quarter of an inch in length. In depth they measured about an eighth of an inch.

Robin stared at the paper uncomprehendingly. He remembered perfectly where he had found it on the floor of the library at Harkings, between the dead body and the waste paper basket. The basket, he recalled, stood out in the open just clear of the desk on the left hand side. From the position in which it was lying the ball of paper might have been aimed for the waste paper basket and, missing it, have fallen on the carpet.

Robin turned the sheet over. The back was blank. Then he held the paper up to the light. Yes, there was a water-mark. Now it was easily discernible. "EGMONT FF. QU". he made out.

The train was slowing down. Robin glanced out of the window and saw that they were crossing the river in the murky gloom of a London winter Sunday. He balanced the sheet of paper in his hands for a moment. Then he folded it carefully into four and stowed it away in his cigarette-case.

The next moment the train thumped



"Here Bruce, just come here. But take care not to show yourself."

its way slowly and noisily into Charing Cross.

A taxi deposited him at the Middle Temple Gate. He walked the short distance to the set of chambers he occupied. On his front door a piece of paper was pinned. By the rambling caligraphy and the phonetic English he recognised the hand of his "laundress."

"Dere sir," it ran, "mr. rite call he want to see u pertikler i tole im as you was in country & give im ur adress hope i dun rite mrs bragg."

ROBIN had scarcely got his key in the door of his "oak" when there was a step on the stair. A nice-looking young man with close-cropped fair hair appeared round the turn of the staircase.

"Hullo, Robin," he exclaimed impetuously, "I *am* glad to have caught you like this. Your woman gave me your address so I rang up Harkings at once and they told me you had just gone back to town. So I came straight here. You remember me, don't you? Bruce Wright.... But perhaps I'm butting in. If you'd rather see me some other time....."

"My dear boy," said Robin, motioning him into the flat, "of course, I remember you. Only I didn't recognise you just for the minute. Shove your hat down here in the hall. And as for butting in," he threw open the door of the living room, "why! I think there is no other man in England I would so gladly see at this very moment as yourself."

The living-room was a bright and cheery place, tastefully furnished in old oak with gay chintz curtains. It looked out on an old-world paved court in the centre of which stood a solitary soot-laden plane tree.

"What's this rot about Parrish having committed suicide?" demanded the boy abruptly.

Robin gave him in the briefest terms an outline of the tragedy.

"Poor old H.P., eh?" mused young Wright, "who'd have thought it?"

"But the idea of suicide is preposterous," he broke out suddenly, "I knew Parrish probably better than anybody. He would never have done a thing like that. It must have been an accident.."

Robin shook his head.

"That possibility is ruled out by the medical evidence," he said and stoppedshort.

BRUCE WRIGHT, who had been pacing up and down the room, halted in front of the barrister.

"I tell you that Parrish was not the man to commit suicide. Nothing would have ever forced him to take his own life. You know I was working with him as his personal secretary every day for more than two years and I am sure!"

He resumed his pacing up and down the room.

"Has it ever occurred to you, Robin," he said presently, "that practically nothing is known of H.P.'s antecedents? For instance, do you know where he was born?"

"I understood he was a Canadian," replied Robin with a shrewd glance at the flushed face of the boy.

"He's lived in Canada," said Wright, "but originally he was a Cockney, from the London slums. And I believe I am the only person who knows that...."

Robin pushed an armchair at his companion.

"Sit down and tell me about it," he commanded.

The boy dropped into the chair.

"It was after I had been only a few months with him," he began, "shortly afterI was discharged from the army with that lung wound of mine. We were driving back in the car from some munition works near Ealing and the chauffeur took a wrong turning near Wormwood Scrubs and got into a maze of dirty streets round there...."

"I know," commented Robin, "Notting Dale, they call it...."

"H.P. wasn't noticing much," Wright went on, "as he was dictating letters to me—we used to do a lot of work in the Rolls-Royce in those rush days—but directly he noticed that the chauffeur was uncertain of the road, he shoved his head out of the window and put him right at once. I suppose I seemed surprised at him knowing his way about those parts for he laughed at me and said: 'I was born and brought up down here, Bruce, in a little greengrocer's shop just off the Latimer Road.' I said nothing because I didn't want to interrupt his train of thought. He had never talked to me or Jeekes or any of us like that before.

'By Gad,' he went on, 'how the smell of the place brings back those days to me—the smell of decayed fruit, of stale fish, of dirt! Why, it seems like yesterday that Victor Marbran and I used to drive round uncle's cart with vegetables and coal. What a life to escape from, Bruce my boy! Gad, you can count yourself lucky!'

"He was like a man talking to himself. I asked him how he had broken away from it all. At that he laughed, a bitter hard sort of laugh. 'By having the guts to break away from it, boy,' he said. 'It was I who made Victor Marbran come away with me. We worked our passages out to the Cape and made our way up country to Matabeleland. That was in the early days of Rhodes and Barney Barnato—long before I went to Canada. I made Victor's fortune for him and mine as well. But I made more than Victor and he never forgave me. He'd do me a bad turn if he could....'

"Then he broke off short and went on with his dictating....."

"Did he ever come back to this phase of his life?"

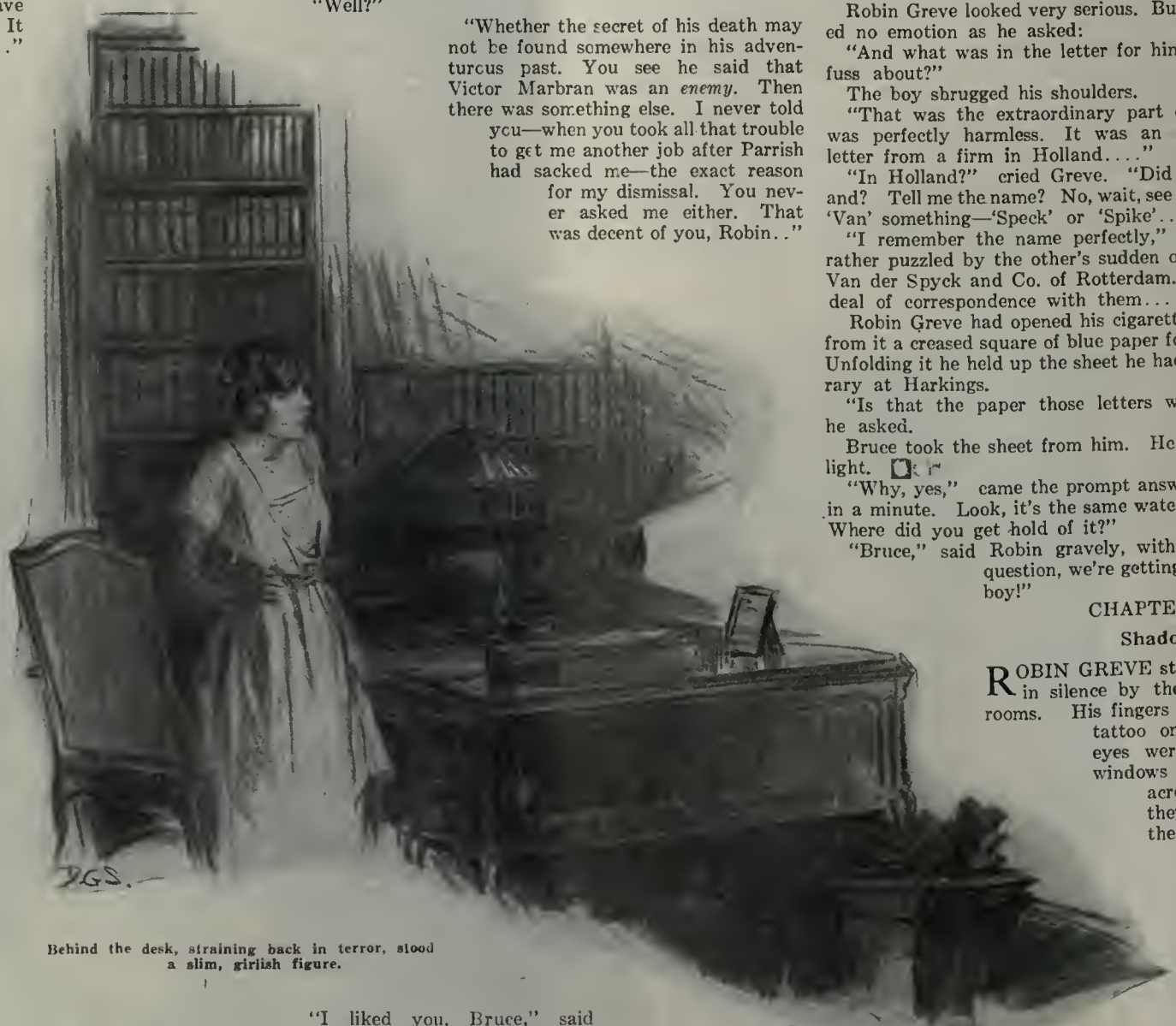
"Only when he got out of the car that morning. He said to me 'Forget what I told you to-day, young fellow. Never rake up a man's past!' And he never mentioned the subject again. Of course, I didn't either...."

STRETCHED full length in his chair, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, Robin remained lost in thought.

"The conversation came back to me to-day," said the boy, "when I read of Parrish's death. And I wondered."

"Well?"

"Whether the secret of his death may not be found somewhere in his adventurous past. You see he said that Victor Marbran was an *enemy*. Then there was something else. I never told you—when you took all that trouble to get me another job after Parrish had sacked me—the exact reason for my dismissal. You never asked me either. That was decent of you, Robin.."



Behind the desk, straining back in terror, stood a slim, girlish figure.

"I liked you, Bruce," said Robin shortly.

"Well, I'll tell you now," he said. "When I joined H.P.'s staff after I got out of the army I was put under old Jeekes, of course, to learn the work. One of the first injunctions he gave me was with regards to Mr. Parrish's letters. I suppose you know more or less how secretaries of a big business man like Hartley Parrish work. They open all letters, lay the important ones before the big man for him to deal with personally, make a digest of the others or deal with them direct...."

Robin nodded.

"Well," the boy resumed, "the first thing old Jekees told me was that letters arriving in a blue envelope and marked 'Personal' were never to be opened...."

"In a blue envelope?" echoed Robin quickly.

"Yes, a particular kind of blue—Jeekes showed me one as a guide. Well, these letters were to be handed to Mr. Parrish unopened."

Robin had stood up.

"That's odd," he said, diving in his pocket.

"I say, hold on a bit," protested the boy, "this is really rather important what I am telling you. I'll never finish if you keep on interrupting."

"Sorry, Bruce," said Robin, and sat down again.

BUT he began to play restlessly with his cigarette-case which he had drawn from his pocket.

"Well, of course," Bruce resumed, "I wasn't much of a private secretary really and one day I forgot all about this injunction. Some days old H.P. got as many as three hundred letters. I was alone at Harkings with him, I remember. Jeekes was up at Sheffield and the other secretaries were away ill or something, and in the rush of dealing with this enormous mail I slit one of these blue envelopes open with the rest. I only discovered what I had done after I had got all the letters sorted out, this one with the rest. So I went straight to Old H.P. and told him. By Jove!"

"What happened?" said Robin.

"He got into the most paralytic rage," said Bruce, "I have never seen a man in such an absolute frenzy of passion. He went right off the hooks, just like that! He fairly put the wind up me. For a minute I thought he was going to kill me. He snatched the letter out of my hand, called me every name under the sun and finally shouted: 'You're fired, d'ye hear? I won't employ men who disobey my orders! Get out of this before I do you mischief! I went straight off. And I never saw him again...."

Robin Greve looked very serious. But his face displayed no emotion as he asked:

"And what was in the letter for him to make such a fuss about?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders.

"That was the extraordinary part of it. The letter was perfectly harmless. It was an ordinary business letter from a firm in Holland...."

"In Holland?" cried Greve. "Did you say in Holland? Tell me the name? No, wait, see if I can remember. 'Van' something—'Speck' or 'Spike'...."

"I remember the name perfectly," answered Bruce, rather puzzled by the other's sudden outburst, "it was Van der Spyck and Co. of Rotterdam. We had a good deal of correspondence with them...."

Robin Greve had opened his cigarette case and drawn from it a creased square of blue paper folded twice across. Unfolding it he held up the sheet he had found in the library at Harkings.

"Is that the paper those letters were written on?" he asked.

Bruce took the sheet from him. He held it up to the light.

"Why, yes," came the prompt answer. "I'd know it in a minute. Look, it's the same watermark—'Egmont'. Where did you get hold of it?"

"Bruce," said Robin gravely, without answering the question, we're getting into deep water, boy!"

## CHAPTER XV

### Shadows

ROBIN GREVE stood for an instant in silence by the window of his rooms. His fingers hammered out a tattoo on the pane. His eyes were fixed on the windows of the chambers across the court. But they did not take in the pleasant prospect of the tall, ivy-frame casements in their mellow setting of warm red brick. He was trying to fix a mental photograph of a letter— typewritten on paper of dark slatey blue—which he had seen on Hartley Parrish's desk in the library at Harkings on the previous afternoon.

Prompted by Bruce Wright, he could now recall the heading clearly: "ELIAS VAN DER SPYCK & CO. GENERAL IMPORTERS, ROTTERDAM" stood printed before his eyes as plainly as though he still held the typewritten sheet in front of him. But the mind

plays curious tricks. Robin's brain had registered the name; yet it recorded no impression of the contents of the letter. Beyond the fact that it dealt in plain commercial fashion with some shipments or other he could recall no particular whatever of it.

"But where did you get hold of this sheet of paper?" Bruce Wright's voice broke in impatiently behind him. "I'm most frightfully interested to know...."

"Found it on the floor beside Parrish's body," answered Robin briefly. "There was a letter, too, on the same paper...."

"By Gad!" exclaimed the boy eagerly, "have you got that too?"

Robin shook his head.

"It was only your story that made me think of it. I had the letter. But I left it where I found it—on Parrish's desk in the library...."

"But you read it....you know what was in it?"

Robin shrugged his shoulders.

"It was a perfectly straightforward business letter.... something about steel shipments....I don't remember any more...."

"A straightforward business letter," commented the boy. "Like the letter I read, eh?...."

"Tell me, Bruce," said Robin after a moment's silence, "during the time you were with Hartley Parrish I suppose these blue letters came pretty often?"

Young Wright wrinkled his brow in thought.

"It's rather difficult to say. You see, there were three of us besides old Jeekes and of course, these letters might have come without my knowing anything about it. But during the seven months I worked with H.P. I suppose about half a dozen of these letters passed through my hands They used to worry H.P., you know, Robin...."

"Worry him?" exclaimed Robin sharply, "how do you mean?"

"Well," said Bruce, "Parrish was a very easy-going fellow, you know. He worked everyone—himself included—like the devil, of course. But he was hardly ever nervy or grumpy. And so I was a bit surprised to find—after I had been with him for a time—that every now and then he sort of shrivelled up. He used to look.... well, careworn and.... haggard. And at these times he was pretty short with all of us. It was such an extraordinary change from his usual cheery, optimistic self that sometimes I suspected him of dope or some horror like that.."



At the sight of her he stepped boldly forth from his hiding place, shielding his eyes from the light with his hand.

ROBIN shook his head. He had a sudden vision of Hartley Parrish, one of his long, black Partagas thrust at an aggressive angle from a corner of his mouth, virile, battling, strong.

"Oh, no," he said, "not dope.."

"No, no, I know," the boy went on quickly. "It wasn't dope. It was fear...."

Robin swung round from the window.

"Fear? Fear of what?"

The boy cast a frightened glance over his shoulder rather as if he fancied he might be overheard.

"Of those letters," he replied. "I am sure it was that. I watched him and....and I *know*. Every time he got one of those letters in the blueish envelopes these curious fits of gloom came over him. Robin...."

"What, Bruce?"

"I think he was being blackmailed!"

The barrister nodded thoughtfully.

"Don't you agree?"

The boy awaited his answer eagerly.

"Something very like that," replied the other.

Then suddenly he smashed his fist into the open palm of his other hand.

"But he wouldn't have taken it lying down," he cried "Hartley Parrish was a fighter, Bruce. Did you ever know a man who could best him? No, no, it won't fit! Besides...."

He broke off and thought for an instant.

"We must get that letter from Harkings," he said presently. "Jeekes will have it. We can do nothing until...."

His voice died away. Bruce, sunk in one of the big leather armchairs, was astonished to see him slip quickly away from the window and ensconce himself behind one of the chintz curtains.

"Here, Bruce," Robin called softly across the room. "Just come here. But take care not to show yourself. Look out, keep behind the curtain and here....peep out through this chink!"

Young Wright peered through a narrow slit between the curtain and the window-frame. In the far corner of the court-yard beneath the windows where a short round iron post marked a narrow passage leading to the adjoining court a man was standing. He wore a shabby suit and a blue handkerchief knotted about his neck served him as substitute for the more conventional collar and tie. His body was more than half concealed by the side of the house along which the passage ran. But his face was clearly distinguishable—a peaky, thin face, the upper part in the shadow of the peak of a discoloured tweed cap.

"He's been there on and off all the time we've been talking," said Robin. "I wasn't sure at first. But now I'm certain. He's watching these windows! Look!"

BRISKLY the watcher's head was withdrawn to emerge again, slowly and cautiously, in a little while.

"But who is he? What does he want?" asked Bruce.

"I haven't an idea," retorted Robin Greve. "But I could guess. Tell me, Bruce," he went on, stepping back from the window and motioning the boy to do the same, "did you notice anybody following you when you came here?"

Bruce shook his head.

"I'm pretty sure nobody did. You see, I came in from the Strand, down Middle Temple Lane. Once service has started at Temple Church there's not a mouse stirring in the Inn till the church is out. I think I should have noticed if anyone had followed me up to your chambers".

Robin set his chin squarely.

"Then he came after *me*!" he said. "Bruce, you'll have to go to Harkings and get that letter!"

"By all means," answered the boy. "But, I say, they won't much like me butting in, will they?"

"You'll have to say you came down to offer your sympathy....volunteer your services....oh, anything. But you must get that letter! Do you understand, Bruce? *You must get that letter*—if you have to steal it!"

The boy gave a long whistle.

"That's rather a tall order, isn't it?" he said.

Robin nodded. His face was very grave.

"Yes," he said presently, "I suppose it is. But there is something.....something horrible behind this case, Bruce, something dark and....and mysterious. And I mean to get to the bottom of it. With your help. Or alone!"

Bruce put his hand impulsively on the other's arm.

"You can count on me, you know," he said. "But don't you think...."

He broke off shyly.

"What?"

"Don't you think you'd better tell me what you know. And what you suspect!"

Robin hesitated.

"Yes," he said, "that's fair. I suppose I ought. But there's not much to tell, Bruce. Just before Hartley Parrish was found dead I asked Miss Trevert to marry me. I was too late. She was already engaged to Hartley Parrish. I was horrified.. I know some things about Parrish....we had words and I went off. Five minutes later Miss Trevert went to fetch Parrish in to tea and heard a shot behind the locked door of the library. Horace Trevert got in through the window and found Parrish dead. Everyone down at Harkings believes that I went in and threatened Parrish so that he committed suicide.."

"Whom do you mean by everyone?"

Robin laughed drily.

"Mary Trevert, her mother, Horace Trevert...."

"The police, too?"

"Certainly. The police more than anybody?"

"By Jove!" commented the boy.

"You ask me what I suspect," Robin continued. "I admit I have no positive proof. But I suspect that Hartley Parrish did not die by his own hand!"

Bruce Wright looked up with a startled expression on his face.

"You mean that he was murdered?"

"I do!"

"But how? Why?"

THEN Robin told him of the experiment in the library, of the open window and of the bullet mark he had discovered in the rosary.

"What I want to know," he said, "and what I am determined to find out beyond any possible doubt is whether the bullet found in Hartley Parrish's body was fired from *his* pistol. But before we reach that point we have to explain how it happened that only one shot was heard and how a bullet which *apparently* came from Parrish's pistol, was found in his body...."

"If Mr. Parrish was murdered, the murderer, might have turned the gun round in Parrish's hand and forced him to shoot himself...."

"Hardly," said Robin, "Remember, Mary Trevert was at the door when the shot was fired. Your theory presupposes the employment of force, in other words a struggle. Miss Trevert heard no scuffling. No, I've thought of that....it won't do...."

"Have you any suspicion of who the murderer might be?"

Robin shook his head decidedly.

"Not a shadow of an idea," he affirmed positively. "But I have a notion that we shall find a clue in this letter which, like a blithering fool, I left on Parrish's desk. It's the first glimmer of hope I've yet seen...."

Bruce Wright squared his shoulders and threw his head back.

"I'll get it for you," he said.

"Good boy," said Robin, "But Bruce," he went on, "you'll have to go carefully. My name is mud in that house. You mustn't say you come from me. And if you ask boldly for the letter, they won't give it to you. Jeekes might, if he's there and you approach him cautiously. But for Heaven's sake, don't try any diplomacy on Manderton....that's the Scotland Yard man. He's as wary as a fox and sharp as needles."

Bruce Wright buttoned up his coat with an air of finality.

"Leave it to me," he said. "I know Harkings like my pocket. Besides I've got a friend there...."

"Who might that be?" queried the barrister.

"Bude," answered the boy and laid a finger on his lips.

"But," he pursued, jerking his head in the direction of the window, "what are we going to do about him out there?"

Robin laughed.

"Him?" he said. "Oh, I'm going to take him out for an airing."

ROBIN stepped out into the hall. He returned wearing his hat and overcoat. In his hand were two Yale keys strung on a wisp of pink tape.

"Listen, Bruce," he said. "Give me ten minutes' start to get rid of this jackal. Then clear out. There's a train to Stevenish at 3.23. If you get on the Underground at the Temple you ought to be able to make it easily. Here are the keys of the chambers. I can put you up here to-night if you like. I'll expect you when I see you....with that letter. Savvy?"

The boy stood up.

"You'll have that letter to-night," he answered. "But in the meantime," he waved the blue sheet with its mysterious slots at Robin, "what do you make of this?"

Robin took the sheet of paper from him and replaced it in his cigarette case.

"Perhaps, when we have the letter," he replied, "I shall be able to answer that question!"

Then he lit a cigarette, gave the boy his hand and a minute later Bruce Wright, watching through the chink of the curtain from the window of Robin Greve's chambers saw a lanky form shuffle quickly across the court and follow Robin round the angle of the house.

Robin strode quickly through the maze of narrow passages and tranquil, echoing courts into the Sabbath stillness of the Strand. An occasional halt at a shop window was sufficient to assure him that the watcher of the Temple was still on his heels. The man, he was interested to see, played his part very unobtrusively, shambling along in nonchalant fashion, mostly hugging the sides of the houses, ready to dart out of sight into a doorway or down a side turning, should he by any mischance arrive too close on the heels of his quarry.

As he walked along Robin turned over in his mind the means for getting rid of his shadow. Should he dive into a Tube station and plunge headlong down the steps

*Continued on page 39*

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Night Riders Come to Canada

*American Writer Denounces Ku Klux Klan as Outlawry*

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

IN VIEW of news items that have recently appeared in the daily papers relative to the establishment of Dominion jurisdictions of the Ku Klux Klan of the United States, Canadians will no doubt be interested in learning just what this secret organization is and what its record has been in the neighboring republic. The truth of the matter appears to be that the press of the United States is not favorably impressed, and though writers point out that many of the midnight outrages laid at the door of the Klan over there were contrary to the ethics of the society, they were nevertheless committed in its name and a lawless element has taken advantage of the Klan's existence to carry on organized persecution and brutality, even to tarring and feathering defenceless women who came under their ban.

William G. Shepherd, writing in *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, points out that the Ku Klux Klan in existence to-day, and of which William Joseph Simmons is "grand wizard," is merely a modern imitation of the old Ku Klux Klan of the South, which after a short reign of terror, was legislated out of business in the United States in 1871. "But now, after half a century," continues Mr. Shepherd, "we have the white-robed men with us again." He continues:—

"This twentieth century Ku Klux Klan has its headquarters in Atlanta, Ga. The Grand Wizard, at this writing, is William Joseph Simmons. Simmons makes no secrecy of his position or authority. He often gives statements to the press. Not long ago, at great expense, he sent a one-thousand word telegram to half a hundred newspapers in Southern States, declaring that any illegal acts done by alleged Klansmen could not be laid at the door of the Ku Klux Klan. He deplored, in this statement, the criticism which the press of the country was directing toward the Ku Klux Klan, and insisted that all the aims of the Klan were honorable and patriotic and legal. In fact, his statement read exactly like statements which were issued by the real Ku Klux Klan leaders fifty years and more ago, when they discovered that the Klan had run away from them and that they could no longer control its activities or keep its members or pseudo-members from terrifying the countryside. Shortly after issuing statements like Simmons, the leaders disbanded the order in 1869.

"The objects of this twentieth-century Ku Klux Klan, as stated in an application blank which I secured during investigation in southern States, are far different from those of the original Klan. The creed of the old organization, for instance, provided that members should recognize the 'Divine Being.' The application blank of to-day's order has drawn a creed, as well as a color line; the applicant, it has been specified, must be a 'white, male, Gentile,' a 'believer in the tenets of the Christian religion.' While the old order, in other words, admitted all white men, the new order has admitted only American-born, white male Occidentals. Simmons has recently announced that the Ku Klux Klan will shortly admit white women to membership and that he is drawing up a plan for the initiation of members of the gentler sex.

"The aims and objects of the new order resound with fine declarations of Americanism. These, if carried out in legal fashion, would undoubtedly make the United States a better place in which to live. But it is the difficulty of forcing the Klansmen to act in legal fashion which gives the new movement a sinister aspect.

The Grand Wizard recently declared: 'In the face of these great objects and purposes, to which every American should and does subscribe, it is ridiculous for anyone to imagine that I, as Imperial Wizard, would allow this organization to degenerate into a lawless institution of any kind.

" 'We are increasing, at the present time, at the rate of 5,000 members a week. The increase is double north of the Mason-and-Dixon line.'

"The only punishment which the Imperial Wizard can mete out to an organization which tends to bring about degeneration of the Ku Klux Klan is dismissal or withdrawal of the charter. This dismissal cannot in any way prevent the former members from clothing themselves in white robes, covering their automobiles in white drapery, hiding their automobile license numbers and proceeding to acts of lawlessness as before.

"A trip through the south discloses that the average citizen has no faith in the ability of the Atlanta Chieftains to control the activities of the Klan members.

"In Pensacola, Fla., recently, Klansmen entered a store where a man was selling bootleg liquor and after manhandling him, ordered him to leave town. The Florida newspapers generally condemned this manner of enforcing prohibition, and in the face of a blast of criticism the Imperial Wizard, at Atlanta, Ga., canceled the charter of the Pensacola organization. It does not follow, however, that the disbarred members of the Pensacola Klan will cease to see the civic evils which they believe infest their community, or will cease to endeavor to correct them, because they have been read out of the national organization. If these evils were sufficiently great to arouse their activities as Klansmen they will, in all probability, be the more likely to arouse their activities as outraged citizens.

" 'I don't think anybody in Atlanta,' a Pensacola citizen said to me, 'can prevent Pensacola citizens from dressing up in white and putting the fear of God into evil-doers.'

"A list of the activities of the men in white robes in the State of Texas for six months brings to light a situation which not even the state laws of Texas, much less the 'Ku Klux Klan' law of the federal government. have been able to prevent. If the officers of the law find themselves unable to control such a condition as exists in Texas, how can a private citizen, member of a weird society, having no power except that of striking from a book the name of an offending local chapter of his order, expect to do so? The Texas record for half a year runs something like this:

" 'February 5.—B. I. Hobbs, lawyer, Houston, Tex, hair clipped, ordered to leave town because of large negro practice. February 8.—Lawyer Hobbs run out of Alvin, Tex. March 13.—A. V. Hopkins, merchant, Houston, Tex., tarred and feathered for annoying girls. March 15.—J. Lafayette, Cockrell, Houston, negro dentist, 'punished' by white men for alleged association with white women. April 1.—Alexander Johnson, Dallas, negro bellboy; whipped and branded for alleged association with white women. April 10.—August Beck, cattleman, Webster; tied to pole and beaten. April 26.—J. W. McGee, auto salesman; whipped by masked men at Houston for attempted flirting; fined in police court. May 1.—Red Kemp, jitney driver, Goose Creek; whipped, tarred and feathered; supposed bootlegger. May 4.—Town Marshall Samuel King; tarred and feathered; resigned office. May 7.—Dr. J. S. Paul, Beaumont; tarred and feathered for alleged malpractice. May 21.—Justice of the Peace Joseph J. Devere, Sour Lake; tarred and feathered. May 24.—John Parks, Dallas, flogged; charged with aggravated assault. June 8.—Dr. R. H. Lenert, Brenham; whipped, tarred and feathered; charged with speaking German and with disloyalty during the war. June 14.—Attorney J. W. Boyd taken from office and whipped on charges of annoying girls. June 17—Negro James Collins, Belton; whipped and branded, after grand jury had failed to indict him on charges of annoying white women. June 18.—E. L. Bloodsworth and Olan Jones, oil field workers; tarred and feathered and driven out of town. June 20.—Henry Schulz, Wharton; alleged German; tarred and feathered. June 27.—Ku Klux Klan at Austin, Tex., posted placards warning against violations of the moral law. July 5.—Benjamin Pinto, found in automobile with woman, tarred and feathered; woman taken to her home. July 8.—Harry Adams, gardener, San Antonio; beaten and choked; released when 'avengers' found they had the wrong man. July 9.—Citizens of Beeville met and passed resolutions against Ku Klux Klan offering $100 reward for apprehension of Klan. July 9.—Representative Rountree, of Brazos county, proposed anti-Ku Klux Klan legislation in Texas legislature. July 16.—Judge Hamilton, at Austin, announced that no members of Ku Klux Klan could sit on jury in his court. July 16.—Mrs. Beula Johnson, white woman; taken from hotel porch at Tenaha stripped, tarred and feathered, July 16.—W. H. Houpengarner, banker; tarred and feathered and beaten on charges of infidelity. July 18.—E. H. Peters, Chandler; dragged from his room to automobile, robbed of $200 after severe beating, and thrown from the car, gravely injured.'"

"There were ten parades of local Ku Klux Klan organizations in Texas during the first six months of the year. In some cases donations of money were given to worthy causes. The Houston Y.W.C.A. received $600 after their home had burned. The San Antonio Orphans' Home received $100 from the Ku Klux Klan. The Klan at Wharton. Tex., gave a widow $50. A county judge at Cuero was given $60 to present to a tuberculosis sufferer. The Dallas Orphans' Home received $100 from the local Klan.

"I have chosen these examples in Texas because the newspapers there have been actively and aggressively opposed to the Ku Klux Klan, and have kept a careful record of the Klan's activities in the state. Analysis of the cases given above will show that, at the beginning of the

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year, the Klan directed its attention mostly toward correcting questions of color. They finally worked their way toward settling domestic difficulties, and trying to direct private and public morals by means of force. This means that they turned their attentions to whites rather than to negroes. After half a year of activity one branch of the Klan does not find itself able to stop at the punishment of men, but subjects a white American woman to the most disgusting 'punishment.' And shortly thereafter, when the Texas courts and Texas citizens are opposing the activities of the Klan, we find robbers using the Klan's costumes and methods to remove a man from a hotel and rob him.

Records of the Klan's activities in other States will show the same tendency of white-robed men—whether they be true Klansmen or not—toward criminal interference with individuals or toward actual robbery and murder. Worthy as are the motives of the leaders of this twentieth-century Ku Klux Klan, it begins to appear, after an existence of about two years, that they can no more keep the new Klan to its high ideals than could the fine old Southern General Forrest, when he disbanded it then.

"Any careful investigator of the new Ku Klux Klan, who works on the scene and analyzes the deeds of the men in the white robes, must come to the conclusion that the new Klan is a dangerous and unmanageable thing and that citizens who attempt to put it down in their own communities are seeking to protect themselves from dangers that are very real.

"In many parts of the South, notably Florida, Texas, Oklahoma, North Carolina and Georgia, citizens and officials both are beginning a strong campaign against the Klan. In North Carolina the State Dragon has ordered the State organization disbanded. The society is too dangerous and, in spite of its fine American platform , too un-American in its plans and operations, to be endured."

# Japanese Courtesy Lauded

*Striking Contrasts Between Oriental and American Hospitality*

JULIAN STREET

MR. STREET has lately been on a visit to Japan. In the *Century* he gives an account of the impressions he gained of Japanese politeness. Contrasting the treatment of the stranger there with that meted out to the stranger in New York, he states that in New York the visitor may, if there is no room to be had in the hotels, for all New York cares, step outside and die of sunstroke or perish in a snowdrift.

"In the West" he continues "it is different. And, again, it is different in Japan. Those who go well introduced to Japan meet there an experience such as is hardly to be encountered in any other land. Japanese courtesy and hospitality are fairly stupefying to the average Anglo-Saxon. The Occidental mind is staggered by the mere externals.

"You see two Japanese meet—two gentlemen, two ladies, or a lady and a gentlemen. They face each other at fairly close range. Then, as though at some signal unperceived by the foreigner, they bow deeply from the waist, their heads passing with so small a space between that the beholder fears a collision. Three times in succession they bow in this way, simultaneously, their palms sliding up and down the leg, from hip to knee, like piston-rods attached to the walking-beam of a side-wheeler.

"In conjunction with this profound and protracted bowing, especially when the bowers are Japanese of the old school or are unaccustomed to associate with foreigners, the bystander will oftentimes hear a sibilant sound, made by the drawing in of air through the lips. According to the Japanese idea, such sounds denote appreciation, as of some delicious spiritual flavor. This ancient form of politeness is, however, being discarded by sophisticated young Japan for the reason that foreigners find it peculiar; and the practice of audibly sucking in food as an expression of gustatory ectasy is also going out of fashion for the same reason. The old ways are, nevertheless held to by many an aristocrat of middle age or older.

"The American, accustomed to regard hissing as a sign of disapproval, and noisy eating as ill bred, is naturally startled on first encountering these manifestations. Japanese bowing, when directed at him, he finds disconcerting. He may wish to be as polite as the politest, but he has in his repertory nothing adequate to offer in return for such obeisance.

"In this country we have never taken to bowing as practised in some other lands. Our men look askance at Latin males when they lift their hats to one another in salutation, and it may be observed that some of us tend to slight the lifting of the hat a little bit even when saluting ladies, clutching furtively at the brim and perhaps loosening the hat upon the head, then hastily jamming it back into place.

"The truth is that few American men have polished manners. We rebel at anything resembling courtliness. In these matters, then, as in many others, we find ourselves at the opposite pole from the Japanese; and though Americans of the class willing to appreciate merits other than those characteristic of the United States feel nothing but admiration for Japanese courtesy in its perfection, it sometimes happens lamentably that others, less intelligent going to the Orient, utterly misread the meaning of Japanese politeness, mistaking it for servility, which it most emphatically is not. Far from being servile, it is a proud politeness—a politeness grounded upon custom, sensitiveness of nature, delicacy of feeling, which causes the possessor to expect in others a like sensitiveness and delicacy, and to make him wish to outdo them in tact and consideration."

# Chinese Business Reforms

*Bankers Rapidly Changing Chinese Into Nation of Business Men.*

London (*Daily Telegraph*)

THE GENERAL impression gathered from reports of Europeans in China is that the country is in a condition of financial and business chaos. This however the correspondent of the *Telegraph* claims is only superficial:

"Underneath one will find the great solid mass of the Chinese population steady, hard-working, and producing well and cheaply. Even now the forces of order are consolidating themselves, and are patiently endeavoring to find ways and means to place the state on a more solid and sane foundation. In the face of every handicap conceivable, Chinese trade has proved its vitality, and the exchange value of the dollar exhibits a persistent upward tendency. The reform of the currency is taken in hand and promises good results, and military expenditure is being steadily pressed down. All advanced Chinese are agreed that the first and principal step on the road to redemption is to put the finances in order. The main lines of a sensible program have been decided upon and have begun to be realized. The remarkable thing about these reforms is that they are not being pressed by the impotent Central Government or by the rapacious Tuchuns (military governors), but by private citizens, the Chinese Bankers' Association.

"This association was formed in 1916, and is a remarkable proof of the great latent organizing forces of the nation. Originally it was established to protect the interests of a few Chinese bankers in Shanghai, but, with characteristic Chinese caution and systematic expansion, it has gradually come to include all the leading banks in the country. Excluding, perhaps, Canton, there is not a single banking institution of any importance which has not joined the association.

"Up to 1920 the united bankers refrained from appearing much in the public eye, but all the time they were strengthening their position with the various governments in the provinces by financial transactions. But in the year mentioned above the association made its first public move by declaring a program of national reconstruction. The main points of this program are the following: (1) The association demands a reduction of military expenditure; (2) also the reorganization of the internal loans by the formation of a consolidated loan service, which is to be placed under the control of the Inspector of Imperial Customs; (3) the currency must be stabilized by the creation of a central mint in Shanghai, the indiscriminate coining of copper money must cease, as well as the unlimited issue of paper; (4) the association to have control over the issue of new loans.

"Gradually the Central Government and the Tuchuns were made to feel the power of the Chinese Bankers' Association, we are told, and the first trial of strength occurred when the Chinese railways needed a loan of $6,000,000 for rolling stock. The association found the money, but on stringent conditions of control. All orders had to be placed through it, it is related, and its representatives received permission to inspect the railways themselves. The next step of the association was taken in financing the Central Government in Peking.

"Against all custom, the bankers refused to supply even the smallest sum until all the debt had been adequately secured on the salt revenue. The bankers made a new advance to the Government only after the agreement had been accepted by the British Associate Inspector-General of the Salt Administration. But the association has made it quite clear that further loans will be refused unless the whole system of the public debt is adequately guaranteed and honestly administered. The reform of the currency is also proceeding. Under pressure from the association, the Peking Government has redeemed the depreciated notes of its bank. A great central mint is in the process of erection at Shanghai, and it looks as though the association has obtained a firm control of the financial situation. This will inevitably bring about enhanced political influence which will certainly grow very swiftly."

# Surveying Our Forests By Air

*Canada Sets Pace in Mapping Her Forests From Clouds*

STANLEY FROST

CRUISING lumber limits—that is making an approximation of the amount of standing timber in a given area—may in the future be done in a preliminary way, largely from the air, in aeroplanes and hydro-aeroplanes, judging by the information given out by Stanley Frost in an article in *American Forestry* on what is being done in that direction by the Dominion of Canada. The remarkable thing about the air-patrols used in this country to skim over our immense forests is the limited number of accidents. Writing of the work of Lieut. Stuart Graham, Mr. Frost proceeds:—

"Lieutenant Graham has found few difficulties connected with the use of the planes themselves. In his work over the forests Lieutenant Graham has made observations both visually and by means of photographs. The shape of the crown cover and the color of the trees make possible very accurate observation of the nature of the forest beneath and to a considerable extent of the thickness and value of the stand of timber. For work particularly in connection with the pulpwood industry it is possible to detect with the utmost accuracy the difference between soft and hard woods. The shape of the crown cover differs sharply. The softwood crowns, from the air, present the appearance of rather small, perfectly rounded objects with an effect of depth, while the hardwood tops are softer, irregular and flatter. The observer, after a very little experience, can thus tell not only the kind of wood but approximately the percentage of mixture of the two.

"Photographic observation is less accurate because of the failure of photographic plates to react to the different shades of green. The observer, judging by shades, can tell the species of softwood, but the photograph merely distinguishes between soft and hard. Although it is possible to use ray filters, which would give the color shades accurately, these are so slow that photographs can not be made with them from a moving plane, and Lieutenant Graham has found no hope that the process can be speeded up to a point where this will be possible.

"The company has not found it desirable, as a general rule, to operate directly on the information furnished by these maps, and a forester or timber cruiser is usually sent to make a detailed estimate of the stand of timber before a cut is begun. But as a result of these maps it can determine accurately the physical features of the country in their relation to getting out logs, and it can also send its ground parties into the exact points where more detailed work is needed, and avoid any chance that they will spend days or weeks wandering about in unprofitable territory.

"The cost of maps on this scale has so far figured to about six dollars a square mile, if the airplane is used only for mapping purposes. In practice the work is usually done in conjunction with some other duty. so that the cost is considerably reduced. A further reduction is expected during the coming summer, when smaller planes, which can be operated at lower expense, will be used for the work.

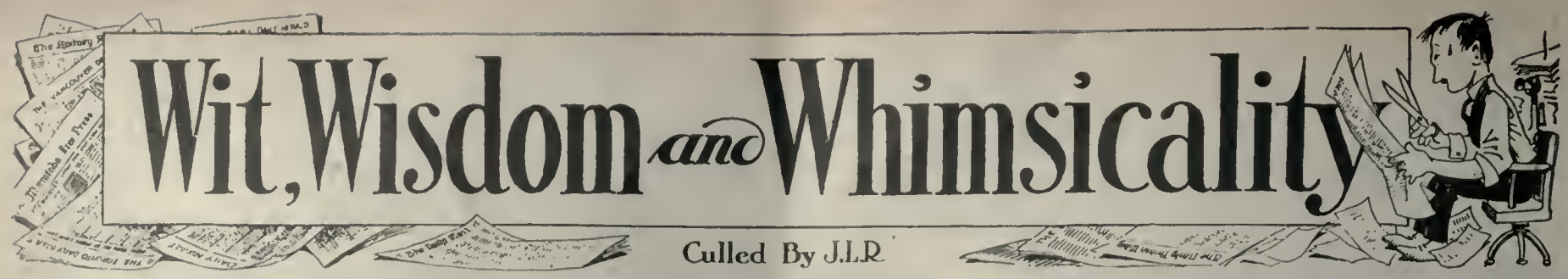
"One of the great advantages of this form of survey is the speed at which it can be accomplished. The time required is only about a tenth of that necessary for ground work, while the results are far more accurate than anything except detailed surveys could be.

"An instance of the value of this service to the company occurred during the summer of 1920 when word was suddenly received that there would arrive on the same day a man with whom the company was negotiating for the purchase of a large timber area, but who had not been expected for several weeks. An official of the company was rushed over to the airdrome and taken out over the territory. Five hours later, when the owner arrived, the company officials were able to meet him with a map of the country and far more accurate information about it than he himself possessed.

"Another valuable service, similar to that of mapping, has been rendered in taking logging bosses and company officials over territories with which they wish to become familiar. A three hours' trip in the air would give them more information than they could have acquired in many weeks spent on the ground, and has greatly facilitated the laying out of plans for future work.

"The value of the airplane in fire patrol has been very great. In this territory the danger period occurs in the early spring, when the woods dry out quickly and fires are likely to gain headway during the period before the hardwoods put on leaves and serve as a blanket. The airplane on fire patrol is able to observe a strip between forty and eighty miles wide and to report very promptly.

"Further, the fact that the planes were in the air, and likely to come down to investigate any suspicious circumstances has had a splendid moral effect on the few inhabitants of the district who have feared that they could be detected in case of any carelessness. It has also had a deterring effect on criminals, who realize that pursuit by airplane would make escape almost impossible."



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R

**Merry Widows.**—Too many widows act like they are relieved instead of bereaved.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**His Narrow Squeak.**—It is a good thing for George Washington's reputation that he never had to keep a golf score.—Border Cities *Star.*

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**The Circle.**—Just about the time a man's son gets to the long pants stage the old man has to buy himself some short ones to play golf.—Brandon *Sun.*

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**Saved Their Worry.**—Some of these people who are always so bitter in denouncing uplifters are heading for a place where there won't be any.—Toronto *Star.*

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**Dry Measure.**—Rye is reported twenty-nine inches high in Manitoba. But the trouble is they will be selling it by the bushel instead of by the quart.—Manitoba *Free Press.*

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**Where Better Breeding Doesn't Tell.**—It is no great consolation to the gardener to know that the neighbor's chickens that scratch up his plots are pure breds.—Goderich *Signal.*

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**The Open Sesame.**—To be popular, all in the world you need to remember is that every woman loves to be looked at, and every man loves to be listened to.—Border Cities *Star.*

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**The Versatile Lizzie.**—When Henry Ford gets through with plans for a tin cow, he'll confer a further boon on the world by teaching the short-billed flivver to lay eggs.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**Perhaps the Printer Owned One.**—It may not be a printer's error at all when you read that one of your friends who just bought an automobile drove a new care home.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**Achievement.**—"Every normal boy of the 80's wished to be a pirate," says a writer. The record of war profiteering indicates that many of them achieved the ambition.—Kingston *British Whig.*

**Prenez Garde.**—Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands jump when a horn sounds.—Nelson, B.C., *News.*

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**That Sort of Minds.**—Senators who say it is "rot" to call Canada a nation, no doubt express what is in their minds.—Toronto *Globe.*

## Flashes from The British Whig

(Kingston, Ontario)

**Springs Eternal**—While there's hops there's hopes.

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**Revised Version**—The female equipped with specie is more extravagant than the male.

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**Out of Tune**—It is easier to understand what happened at Babel after one listens to the concert of nations.

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**Local Pride**—And yet the citizens of Sodom doubtless felt vastly superior to the hicks from the adjacent country.

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**More Ups Than Downs**—When they readjust taxes, they always put the accent on the "ad" instead of the "just."

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**Rara Avis**—Once in a while you can find a man who can view his reflection after a shave and not think himself handsome.

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**Where the Cities Lead**—The only things raised more easily in the city than in the country are skirts and what Sherman said war is.

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**Privileged Information**—When the magistrate asks the intoxicated individual where he got it, the question always has a wistful sound.

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**Not Far Enough**—When Britain meditates concerning her far-flung Empire, she doubtless wishes that portions of it had been flung a little farther.

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**Methods**—Some insects use their legs to catch prey, and the cynic observes modern styles and reflects that the insects have no monopoly of the plan.

**Taboo.**—Home brew will often cure the drinking habit when nothing else short of wood alcohol will do the trick. Brockville *Recorder-Times.*

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**The Simple Way**—A woman never makes a fool of a man. She merely tells him he is a wonder and lets Nature take its course.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Romance and Reality.**—In order to encourage the idea of peace, histories of the war might use a cootie instead of a general as a frontispiece.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**No Time to Worry**—Some folks are too busy to worry about prices. Have you ever heard the potato beetle clamoring for cheaper Paris green?—Orillia *Packet.*

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**A Far Country**—We had some eggs the other day which the waitress said were from the country. Next time we see that girl we're going to ask what country?—Sydney N.S. *Record.*

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**But to Glory.**—There are about forty-seven things to think of before you try to pass the car ahead. If you forget one you may find yourself all speeded up with no place to go.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**The Incurable Collector**—Surgeons removed five spoons from the stomach of a Kentucky woman. The patient was indignant at being interrupted before completing the set.—Vancouver *Province.*

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**What Happens to the Balance.**—A Melita, Man., farmer sent two hides to Brandon for sale and received 16 cents in stamps in return. This is one cent more than we are charged for bootlaces.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

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**Signs and Portents.**—When a man's wife says, "Now, you listen to me!" the proverb is about to be exemplified that "listeners never hear any good of themselves."—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**According to Caesar**—Society, like ancient Gaul, is divided into three parts:

The fellow who makes it.
The fellow who bootlegs it.
The fellow who drinks it.—Manitoba *Free Press.*

# Jekyll-Hyde Reformers

*Noted Psychiatrist Believes Reformers Mixtures of Good and Evil*

DR. A. A. BRILL

"BEWARE the man with an abnormal penchant for assuming the appearance of moral motives," is the warning of Doctor A. A. Brill. New York psychiatrist, one of the leaders in his speciality of mind analysis, in an article in the New York *Times Book Review and Magazine.* In other words, Doctor Brill contends that the too-zealous reformer is a man or woman well worth watching; the very vices which they condemn so roundly in the open may be the grisly skeleton in their own family closet of immorality. He insists that the man who is always outwardly painfully good is likely to be at heart very bad. One who is forever looking after the moral welfare of others and trying to make sure they commit no sins, is himself likely to have secret emotions that would disgust the normal man.

Intense reformers are Jekyll-Hyde creatures, in the eyes of Doctor Brill, who supports his views by citing cases from his own medical experience, and to his first-hand knowledge he has added news-items clipped from day to day from the papers. A psycho-analysis of some professional reformers, he infers, would make a story of fascinating ugliness—but no publication would dare to print it! Prohibitionists will find a motive for Doctor Brill's rather drastic views in his confession that he is a teetotaler, but doesn't think that alcohol is "nearly the demon it is painted, but on the contrary it is a good thing—even for those who have apparently ruined it." He proceeds:—

"Alcohol does supply a genuine and healthy want in people. It is an admirable counterpoise to the stress of civilization. Life—modern life in the cities particularly—is difficult. We live under a constant strain in our efforts to make a livelihood and in our relations with other members of society. It is necessary to break this strain sometimes, to allow our inhibitions to relax, to be ourselves. Alcohol, in moderate amounts, provides this relaxation. Nerves which are kept taut too long will snap. Already, imperfect as is the enforcement of prohibition you see one result of these unrelieved nerves in the increase in suicides."

He pays his respects to reformers as follows:—

"There is a marked trace, too, of pathological aggression in the make-up of many professional reformers. They actually obtain morbid pleasure in dominating others, in making others do their bidding and in building up a barrier of thou-shalt-nots against everything they find pleasant to people not like themselves. On the other hand, their own unconscious guilt stimulates them to do penance and compel others to do penance likewise. This is illustrated clearly in a certain type of super-virtuous person who gloats over his own self-denial. This type is analogous to the 'holy men' of the middle ages who flagellated themselves and were revered for their godliness. They were not godly at all. They were simply perverted, victims of masochism.

"It can be set down as almost a certainty that the abnormally good person, the self-righteous person, is pursuing virtue so madly because, instinctively or unconsciously, he is the reverse of good. He is constantly imbued with the feeling of sin, and in self-protection he throws his tendencies to evil in the opposite path, which is all very well if he does not go too far with it. I am compelled to look with suspicion on any one, other than those training for some definite religious calling, who devotes over-much study to religion. It is an indication that he is conscious of great sin in himself.

"And as to the man or woman who is trying to reform everybody else—look out! Not only is it almost perfect proof that he is unhealthily anxious to do the same things that he seeks to prevent others from doing—it shows traces of other ugly traits as well. The man who sees evil in pictures of nudes, who is distressed by every reference to sex in books and on the stage, and who rails at short skirts and scanty bathing suits, is showing a decided trend toward ponophilia—the love of the libidinous. The man who is constantly finding indecency in people and things about him is convicting himself of perversion. If he were not strongly attracted by the unclean, for the very sake of the uncleanness itself, he would notice little of the things that now shock him. I have been much interested to learn that two conspicuous professional reformers have large collections of obscene pictures, to which they are adding constantly, and which they exhibit occasionally to those they think sufficiently pure in heart not to be harmed. That seems to me strikingly significant."



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THE architectural triumphs in marble achieved by the Ancient Greeks have been described as "frozen music." Beauty of line and form, and beauty of tone and rhythm are alike subject to the laws of harmony.

*The* McLagan *Phonograph*

is an object of two-fold art--the art of Music and the art of Design. It is, in itself, a harmony of the two. The McLagan is beautiful to the ear, it is beautiful to the eye.

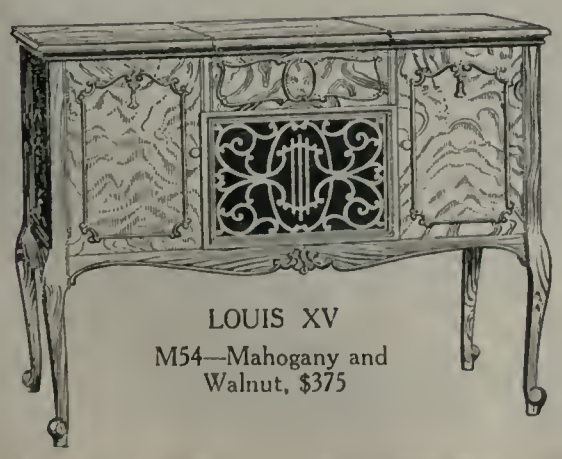
The tone of the McLagan is pure, natural, life-like and resonant. The McLagan-Fletcher Reproducer and the heavy, solid hexagonal Tone Arm, both patented features, are chiefly responsible for the life-like McLagan tone. The Suspended All-wood Tone Amplifier develops full volume and resonance. No false, extraneous vibrations in the tone-chambers and passages can occur in the McLagan. You hear all that the artist recorded on the disc and nothing more.

Ask to see and hear the McLagan. While you listen to its tone of flawless clearness, note also its exquisite beauty of form.

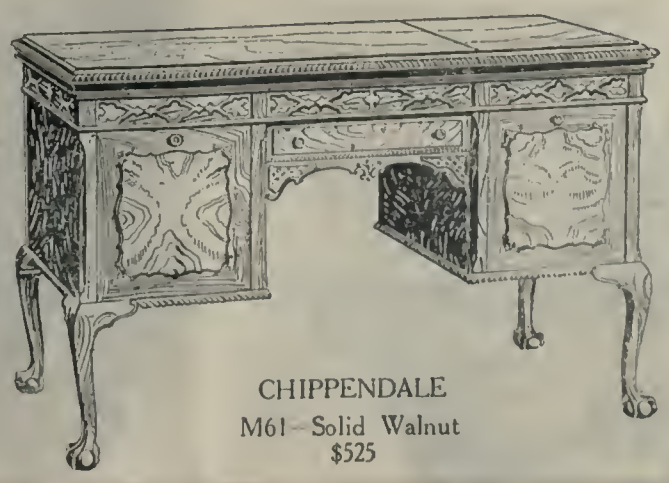
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CHIPPENDALE
M61—Solid Walnut
$525



ITALIAN
M59—Oak and Walnut $250



# He Is Prematurely Old

Still young in years, but in his body has begun the deterioration that comes with Age. It is thus that Pyorrhea affects thousands of men and women.

Pyorrhea is a disease of the gums, but its germs invade the body and deplete vitality. They often weaken essential organs, such as the heart or kidneys—and may cause rheumatism, anaemia, or other disorders. Medical science has proved this in the greatest clinics in the world.

If you would retain your vigor of body and mind, avoid Pyorrhea. Four out of five people over forty have this disease. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then, the gums recede, the teeth decay and loosen, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them.

End your Pyorrhea troubles before they begin. See your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection, and start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

### How to Use Forhan's

*Use it twice daily, year in and year out.* Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and U.S. If your druggist cannot supply you, send price to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

**Forhan's, Limited, Montreal**




# Eyes Radiate Physical Force

*English Scientist Claims He Can Measure Actual Power Exerted.*

DR. HEREWARD CARRINGTON

A STARTLING announcement was recently made at a meeting of eye-specialists at Oxford, England, by Dr. Charles Russ, says the above named writer in Leslies *Weekly*.

"Dr. Russ claimed that after three years of patient research, he had proved, by means of a delicate instrument, that the human eye radiates a form of power or energy, which can be measured upon his instrument. The operation of the instrument in question was proved in the Congress, and a sensation was created by the announcement of his remarkable discovery.

"For several years Dr. Russ worked upon an instrument which would be sufficiently delicate to register this pressure, if exerted. His researches culminated in the idea of a brass cylinder in which he hung a delicate spiral of fine copper wire. This solenoid (coil) was wound upon a cylinder of celluloid and was suspended by a fiber of unspun silk, contained within a long glass tube. A small magnet held the solenoid in position, and the apparatus was electrically earthed by a connective wire.

"Dr. Russ proved that if he concentrated his gaze upon one end of the suspended body, through the window-slot, it would sway away from him; when he looked at the opposite end, it swayed towards him; and when he looked directly at the center of the body it was stationary.

"This apparatus, therefore, seems to show us that there *is* a definite force radiated from the human eye, and that, when one person looks at another, a real form of power is thereby transferred. This force Dr. Russ believes to be physical in character, probably akin to heat or the electric rays, through its nature has not so far been determined.

"This discovery by Dr. Russ offers a possible solution of many psychic phenomena—such as telepathy, influence at a distance, etc., which have hitherto remained unexplained. The detailed working-out of all this will doubtless require years; but the discovery of Dr. Russ will unquestionably serve to show us that while science has so far discovered much concerning the *gross* energies of the body, we are only now beginning to discover and explore the subtle, *finer* energies which we possess and unconsciously utilize, and the reality of which has been asserted for years past by students of this field of research."

# Spanking the Prince of Wales

*Intimate and Amusing Anecdotes of the Royal Family*

ERNEST BROOKS, O. B. E.

MR BROOKS, official photographer to the King, Queen and Prince of Wales has passed the greater part of his life in close contact with various members of the Royal Family. He started as "donkey boy" with Queen Victoria and afterwards took up photography at first as a hobby and then as a means of making a livelihood. His opportunities for gathering material for an article such as that which he contributes to the *Strand Magazine* were thus unique. The following are a few of the incidents he relates:

"Once whilst I was wandering from point to point taking photographs of the Royal Household a gentleman approached me and asked if I was taking pictures for a hobby or for the Press. I informed him that I was taking them for a newspaper and that I could obtain 10s. 6d. each for them.

"Then, feeling rather communicative, I added: 'There's one man here for whose photograph I could get at least five guineas.'

" 'Oh! Who's that?' he asked.

" 'The Duke of Richmond,' I replied, whereupon, after expressing surprise at the Duke's presence in the vicinity, he walked away. About ten minutes later he came back again and asked if I had been successful in obtaining a photograph of the Duke. Upon my replying in the negative he asked me if I would know the Duke when I saw him, to which I replied 'Yes', with the utmost self-assurance. As he walked away I noticed a smile flickering upon his lips, and soon afterwards he returned for the third time accompanied by two ladies, and asked me at what distance my camera was focused.

" 'Seven yards, sir,' I said.

" 'Very well, then, stand seven yards away and take that photograph of the Duke of Richmond' he replied.....

"I call to mind an incident which occurred at Frogmore House just before I commenced my photographic activities there. The postman was on his rounds of the Castle one morning and happened to leave his hand-cart for a few moments. On returning he discovered, to his dismay, that a highly important mail-bag was missing. He searched high and low, but no trace of it could be found, and finally he was obliged to report the matter at the house. A systematic investigation was organized, and the missing bag was eventually discovered hidden in the laurels close by the spot where the hand-cart had stood. Further inquiry revealed the fact that the whole affair had been a boyish prank on the part of the young Princes, and to this day I still have a clear recollection of the noise which the present Prince of Wales made when he was "spanked" in his bath as a punishment!

"Not long after this I was appointed to proceed with the Prince of Wales (now King) to South Africa, but owing to the death of King Edward, Prince George came to the throne, and the Duke of Connaught went instead.

"We left England in the *Balmoral Castle*, and when we reached the Equator the ceremony of 'crossing the line' afforded me an exceptional opportunity to obtain some unique photographs. The Duke received the Order of the Bloater, the Duchess the Tin-opener, and the Princess had the Bell-push, I was busily at work with my camera when the Duchess 'spotted' me, and insisted that sentence should be passed upon me—this, by the way, after dozens of others had passed through the bath, and the water was somewhat thick! Instead of taking my ducking quietly I was foolish enough to attempt to pull one of Neptune's assistants into the bath, for which I was ducked six times instead of three, and the more I tried to yell for breathing space the longer they held me under. Great amusement was caused by my rapid evacuation of the scene of operations when I wa eventually released.

"Princess Mary is exceptionally pleasing to photograph. Besides possessing a natural grace of pose, she always seems so anxious to help the photographer in every possible way, and her speaking voice is as sweet as her disposition. Incidentally, I do not think it is generally known that Her Royal Highness is a very accomplished pianist.

"I have had the honour of photographing Princess Mary on several occasions, among the most momentous of which was the day of her confirmation, when I took my camera into her private room immediately before she proceeded to the Buckingham Palace chapel.

"In private life the Royal Family live very simply, and when he is out of the public eye His Majesty often sacrifices appearance for comfort. Indeed, whilst in conversation with him not long ago I noticed that one of the shoes he was wearing was adorned with a patch. Another point of interest is that His Majesty attributes his good health large-

# COMMUNITY PLATE

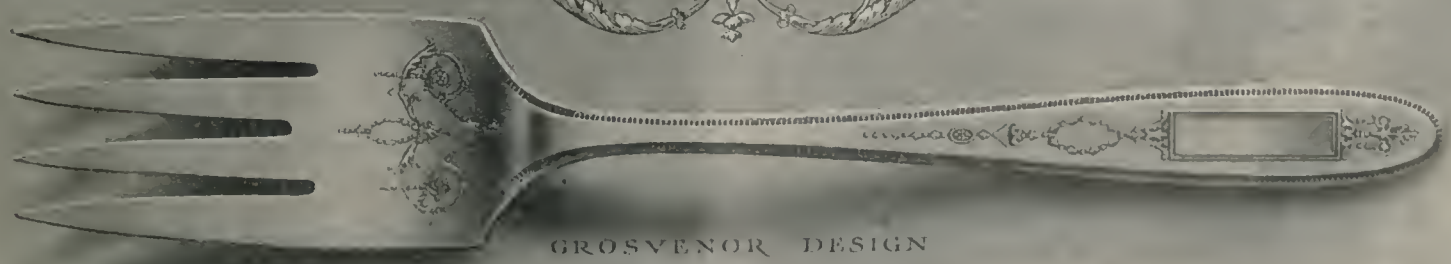



## The Midnight Supper

*Perhaps* it is in these formally informal little affairs that the charm of *Community Plate* is most distinctly felt—for instance, the *Cold Meat Fork*, for serving delicate *Sliced White Meat*, or the *Jellied Chicken* made by the hostess from her own favored recipe.

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*For Serving*
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GROSVENOR DESIGN

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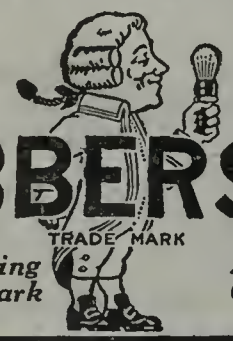
TO have *originated* some great and permanent thing is to have done something truly worth while in which a deep and abiding pride may safely be displayed.

Consequently, it is with a feeling of genuine satisfaction that we remind you that the world's standard "quality way" of brush making — the process of gripping every bristle *everlastingly* in hard vulcanized rubber—was *originated and perfected* by the proprietors of Rubberset Company.

The trade name RUBBERSET identifies all brushes, *and the only brushes*, made under these methods as perfected in the factories of the *originators*.

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*FACTORIES*
TORONTO AND GRAVENHURST, CANADA
*"Makers of the STANDARD brush for every use to which a bristle brush is put"*



*Be guided by our trade mark*

*Be guarded by our guarantee*

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

*Brushes bearing this trade mark*

*Are made in CANADA*

21

*every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!*



# The First Selling Job of any Manufacturer

Obviously the first selling job of the manufacturer is to get his product into the hands of the public at the lowest possible retail price. He must make sure that his brand gets to the consumer at a just and fair cost.

To do this the manufacturer must take the public into his confidence. He must gain their confidence and belief in the sincerity of the factory behind the goods, in the integrity of the institution, and in the value of the brand.

In other words, he must carry on consistent advertising addressed to the ultimate buyers of his goods.


ly to his partiality to cocoa and Benger's Food.

"Next came the war, and after a certain amount of service at home I volunteered to go on the *Queen Elisabeth* as Official Photographer in the Dardanelles. Later I proceeded to Gallipoli and Salonica, and thence to France, and it need hardly be said that I had sufficient experiences to fill a book.

"I did not get many opportunities to photograph the Prince of Wales whilst in France, and I am afraid I cannot tell any new anecdotes regarding His Royal Highness in the trenches. It may, however come as a surprise to some people, to learn that upon more than one occasion the Prince has flown over the Austrian lines and poured machine-gun fire into the enemy's trenches.

"After the war, my next official appointment was to accompany His Royal Highness on his Colonial tour, my pictorial records of which were published all over the world. The history of the tour itself is also well known, so that I need only confine myself to a few more intimate details which may enable readers to view events and personalities from a new angle.

"Whilst travelling in the Royal train the Prince was very fond of organizing 'rags' and His Royal Highness's own private jazz band (in which the Prince was a highly skilled head-drummer and Admiral Halsey played the tin whistle) had to be heard to be believed.

"The Prince, by the way, is also an able player on the bagpipes, and, on occasions, has even gone so far as to write poetry.

"On occasions free from the fetters of formality the Prince becomes an over-grown schoolboy, full of fun and mischief, and ever smiling. When he attended a dance the conductors of the various orchestras would almost invariably seem to understand the Prince's mood, making the 'duty' dances as brief as possible, and increasing the length of those His Royal Highness seemed to be enjoying. The Prince always chose his own partners, and cared nothing about their social position so long as they were pleasant girls and —in this he was more particular—about his own height. At one 'jazz' dance at which I was present the Prince caused considerable amusement by suddenly leaving the floor and joining the orchestra, where he changed places with the head-drummer and gave a truly remarkable performance on the rattles, cymbals, squeakers, and other impedimenta which go to the making of jazz.

"I call to mind that on crossing the line, when the Prince had to go through the usual 'initiation' ceremony and ducking, he threatened me that I should have to go through it as well, as he contended that nobody would take my word that I had crossed the line before unless I could show some proof. Right up to the last minute I feared that the Prince would play some prank upon me and arrange for me to be 'ducked' also, but I managed to escape after all.

"Whilst on board the *Renown* I took a photograph of the Prince in his bath, which was published in the London papers. Some time later His Royal Highness sent for me and in a very kindly way explained that the King had objected to its publication, and had considered it an indiscretion on my part. I greatly appreciated the sympathetic manner in which I was reprimanded, and it made me feel all the more regretful that I had caused the King displeasure.

"I do not know whether it is generally known how the famous 'Smiling Prince' picture was taken. We had just entered a prohibition area, and I was ready to take a photograph of the Prince signing the visitors' book, when I said to a man who was standing beside me. 'Say something to make him laugh.'

"The later immediately called out, 'Be careful sir,—you're signing the pledge! At which the Prince lifted his head and revealed a beautiful smile. My shutter clicked and I had taken the most popular picture of the Prince ever published.

"One of the greatest difficulties we had to contend with on tour was the number of people who attempted to associate themselves with the Prince in some way or another for the sake of self-advertisement. A well-known film star offered me the sum of a thousand dollars if I would take a picture of her talking to the Prince. She planned to meet him on his return from golf, to speak to him without introduction, and to walk alongside him—at which moment I was to jump out with my camera. The monetary offer was very tempting, and I must admit that I nearly gave in, but when the actual moment arrived for the taking of the picture I realized how offended the Prince might be, so I backed out."

# The Wonderful Galeodes

*This Blood-thirsty Insect Has a Distinctive Method of Killing*

HEBERT MACE

THE Galeodes is a super-spider armed with two pairs of curved nippers with cruelly sharp points and a row of saw like teeth on the inner edge of each nipper. In *Chambers's Journal* Mr. Mace describes the fighting propensities of the insects, which he witnessed in the Macedonian Hall.

"It was horribly, fascinatingly uncanny," he says, "to see the pincers at work, and if ever I want to try to outdo the worst tortures of the Inquisition, I shall invent an apparatus of this sort. The spider had been seized by the leg. and it could not get away. I even doubt whether the Galeodes could have let it go had it wanted to. The pincers were working all the time, and as one pair opened when the other shut, the victim was always held firmly while being cut. One leg after another was severed and discarded, and from the end where the last limb was cut off the pincers went on remorselessly, chew, chew, chew, until the spider was absorbed in the Galeodes.

"With great caution I transferred the creature to a tobacco-tin, and spent much time in finding the biggest spiders I could. Galeodes chewed them up one after the other, never hesitating the moment one was put in the tin, to dash forward and seize it. The tin was soon littered with the rejected legs. A grasshopper much larger than the prisoner shared the same fate, the wings and legs being first cut off, and the soft body consumed.

"The climax came when another Galeodes was discovered. By this time the first was swollen and bloated with high living, and its appetite showed distinct signs of dropping off. The second specimen was, therefore, kept in a separate tin for a day, and the first had its rations cut off for the same period. With much eagerness the members of the Mess watched the introduction of the two.

"There was a moment's horrified pause as they faced each other in astonishment. They then flew at each other furiously. Round and round they careered, each trying to seize the other by a leg with the terrible pincers, and cleverly turning and evading them. Over the slippery bottom of the tin and among the scattered limbs of the slain they scrambled and slithered, one or the other occasionally making a sudden and violent lunge at his adversary. At the end of ten minutes neither had gained any advantage, and time was called both combatants being obviously tired and breathless. We might have witnessed another fight, but after waiting a few minutes and seeing no disposition to renew hostilities, we put the lid on. If only we had separated them! In a couple of hours' time some one went to inspect. Only one was left—the new arrival. The legs, the palpi, and the enormous pincers of the first lay in the bottom of the tin.

"My natural instinct to kill this fearsome beast was evidently sound, for since my return I have learned that Galeodes is particularly poisonous, its bite producing temporary paralysis, headache, and fainting, in addition to severe local inflammation.

"I gather that farther east there are species even larger than this, which are dreaded alike by sheep, camels, and man, to whom they sometimes prove fatal."

# Cannibalism

MARTIN JOHNSON

THE author of this article in *Asia* is the explorer who on a previous journey secured at the risk of his life some extraordinary pictures of the native tribes of the New Hebrides. He here describes how he secured evidence of the practice of Cannibalism among them. After describing the early part of his journey he continues:

"We walked for about three hours without seeing any signs of a village. Then we heard, faint in the distance, the sound of a tom-tom. Soon we were within hearing of a chanted song. We advanced with caution, until we reached the edge of a village clearing. From behind a clump of bushes we could watch the natives who danced there. The dance was just the ordinary native hay-foot, straw-foot around the devil-devils in the center of the clearing, now slow, now gradually increasing in tempo until it was a run.

"What interested me was the feast that was in preparation. On a long stick over the fire, were a dozen pieces of meat. More meat was grilling on the embers of another fire. On leaves near by were the entrails of the animal that was cooking. I do not know what it was that made me suspect the nature of this meat. It certainly was not much different in appearance from pork. But some sixth sense whispered to me that it was not pork.

"The savages had no suspicion of our nearness. As a matter of fact the keenness of sight and hearing that primitive peoples are generally credited with are entirely lacking in the New Hebrideans. Many a time Osa and I have quietly crept up to a native village and stolen away again without being detected. Often on the trail we have literally run into blacks before they realized that we were approaching. Even the half-starved native dogs have lost their alertness. More than once I have come suddenly on a cur and laughed at him as he rolled over backward in an attempt to escape. With the natives lost in a dance we were quite safe.

"For an hour we watched and took long-range photographs. The dance continued monotonously. The meat sizzled slowly over the fire—and nothing happened. Then I gave one of the Tongoa boys who accompanied us a radium flare and told him to go into the clearing, drop the flare into the fire and run to one side out of the picture. He did as I asked him. The natives stopped dancing and watched him as he approached. He threw the flare into the fire and jumped aside. As they stooped down close to the flame to see what he had thrown there the flare took fire and sent its blinding white light into their faces. With a yell they sprang back and ran in terror directly toward us. When they saw us, they stopped so quickly that they almost tumbled backward. Then they turned and ran in the opposite direction. The half-minute flare had burned out; so they grabbed the meat from the fire and carried it with them into the bush.

"My boys sprang into the clearing. I, with my camera on my shoulder, was just behind them. When I came up to them they were standing by the fire, looking at the only remnant of the feast that was left on the embers. It was a charred human head, with rolled leaves plugging the eye-sockets.

"I had proved what I had set out to prove—that cannibalism is still practised in the South Seas. I was so happy that I yelled. After photographing the evidence, I wrapped the head carefully in leaves to take away with me. We picked the fire over, but could find no other remainder of the gruesome feast. In one of the huts, however, we discovered a quantity of human hair, laid out on a green leaf, to be made into ornaments.

"In seven months in the New Hebrides I had exposed twenty-five thousand feet of film, and had, besides, about a thousand 'stills'. I was well satisfied with my work; for I knew my pictures would help the western world to realize the life lived by the fast-disappearing primitive races of the earth; and I had actual evidence—my long-range photographs and the charred head that I so carefully cherished—that cannibalism is still practised in the islands of the South Seas."


Consider the hardy Scot!



He knows that as long as he keeps his body good and warm, his exposed limbs can withstand almost any degree of cold.

This was proved by the gallant Highlanders in the late war.

Pure wool next the skin, the woollen-cloth kilt covering the vital organs; thus is the whole body protected and the health safeguarded.

In damp mist or driving sleet, the hardy Scot, clad with wool, braves the elements.

"CEETEE"
THE PURE WOOL
UNDERCLOTHING
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*"The Woollen Underwear without the itch."*

is made of pure, cleansed, Australian-merino long fibred wool, pliant, graceful and absolutely comfortable.

The wool-burrs that cause the itch and scratch in ordinary wool garments are all removed from Turnbull's "CEETEE" by a special and infinitely careful process.

Ceetee is the only Underclothing made in Canada that is reinforced at all the wearing parts.




**Made in all sizes and weights for man, woman or child.**

*Sold at the best shops* *Worn by the best people*

*All pure wool—re-inforced at all wearing parts and full fashioned.*

Sole Makers
Turnbull's
of Galt, Ont.



What Colonel J. B. Maclean

thinks of the political situation. A striking article from this writer's trenchant pen will appear in the

NOVEMBER FIRST
MACLEAN'S



The Reason That Is Back Of the Advertising

The manufacturer to-day must make the consumer believe in his brand.

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Only known brands turn over quickly. The known brand is always the first to leave the dealers' shelves. Quick turnover, quick sales, quick profits—that's what the trade channels are looking for. They don't want a manufacturer's stuff unless its sale is insured by **user confidence and good will.**

It is not the jobber or the retailer who holds the destiny of the manufacturer in his hands: it is the consumer. Manufacturers who have caught this idea, and who have the good sense to apply it are treading the path of success.

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# "Blood Drinker" Lures Germans

## *U. S. Writer Disgusted With Teuton Love for Exotic Films*

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

EVERY film producer in Germany is bending his full energies toward capturing the American market, declares William G. Shepherd in an article in *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*. He says that American producers have no reason to fear German competition for the reason that German scenario writers and German picture actors have no conception of the likes and dislikes of American audiences. The German notion of American customs and characteristics was so awry as to disgust him, and the un-American facial appearance and mannerisms of German actors very much perturbed the keen native consciousness of Mr. Shepherd, who predicts that American audiences would pelt the screen with bricks if anybody dared show such films "over home." Furthermore, the German notion of morality would be sadly out of tune in Canada or the land of Uncle Sam:—

"The average German film which I saw in the projection rooms of Berlin would not pass the average American censor, and, if it did, the average American movie fan would get up and, as the movie theater owners say, 'walk out on it.'

"I have in mind one recent opening night in Berlin. There were several prospective American buyers in the theater. The audience was really distinguished. The acting was good, the hero and heroine were quite acceptable. The plot held the audience mystified until the very last minute. During this last minute it developed that the heroine, with whom the audience had sympathized the entire evening in her successful solution of a murder mystery which saved her fiancé from conviction, was herself as immoral and degenerate as the courtesan who had been murdered.

"There is no censorship in Germany these days, as there was under the Kaiser, and the scenario writers and producers seem to have cut loose. The writers, indeed, form a 'shock battalion,' and if 'film shock' does not become a common ailment among German movie fans it will be a sign that they are built of different stuff from most mortals. To make light of matrimony, of the home, and even of common decency, seems to be the German film mode.

"It was this desire to obtain 'shock' which turned the German producers toward the cubist films.

"In looking at the latest sensational film in Berlin, I tried to put myself in the place of an American audience. The scenery was all made in futurist or cubist style. The heroine, Fern Andra, was surpassingly beautiful and if her costumes bespoke future fashions, near nakedness will be our lot in the days to come. She had been a slave in her childhood and one scene showed her, tied to a throne with negro slaves forcing her, with whips, to drink a cup of nothing more or less than plain, simple human blood!

"The first scene of the film was effective in a manner of speaking. It was a close-up. It showed a live pheasant in a pair of beautiful hands. The slender, bejewelled fingers groped about in the feathers of the bird's neck; it was impossible to divine their purpose, the audience sat almost paralyzed, while the fingers moved. Suddenly the two hands clenched the neck and wrung it. Blood spurted forth!

"The scene shifted. On a couch, amid palatial surroundings, lay our heroine, beautiful no doubt, but engaged in violating that first rule of table etiquette which provides that one shall not wipe one's lips with the back of the hand after eating or drinking. The dead bird lay beside her. She smiled with epletion, and sank back to ladylike repose.

"During the remainder of the play, in the course of which she was confined in a cubist conservatory surrounded by cubits jungle things, she was making love to every man who came her way, including the barber's son and the servants.

"Throughout an evening we watched the passionless and loveless lady wooing men because of her thirst for her favorite beverage. A big black slave played the rôle of soda-fountain clerk for her, with a big knife and a silver goblet.

"She wound up the evening by dying, whether of thirst or because the author got tired of his 'continuity' I could not make out. Whether the fire department or the police department or the aerial police reserve, with bombs, would have been called out on the occasion of such a showing in New York or Chicago, or Winfield, Kansas, is a question which an American audience would probably have solved by calling out all three, and helping them in their work.

"And at that, because of its beauty and art, more than one American buyer in Berlin has spent a sleepless night in the Hotel Adlon wondering whether or not he ought to take a chance on the 'Blood-Drinker.' Mayhap, one of them will fall one of these days. And, mayhap, with very good luck and the right kind of audiences he will make a killing.

"There is no great chance of German producers putting over on us as American films many films which are successes in Germany. The viewpoints and the demands of the two publics are too divergent. Only a very few films can be made that would suit a German and an American audience in common.

"The historical film, as done by the Germans, is undoubtedly excellent. Pageantry, historical costuming, historical settings, as they have been rendered by German producers since the war, are done about as well as they can possibly be done.

"German films are cheap. For $10,000 or $12,000 an American producer can obtain in Germany these days a great spectacular film which would have cost twenty times as much to produce in the United States. In addition to this there are hundreds of six-reel films in Germany which can be bought for $2,000 each. They are the average run of German films with stories of German life, and the producer who could persuade the average American audience to like them would become a millionaire over night.

"But there is another angle that is even more attractive to some American producers. American storehouses are chock jam full of American films which would bring fortunes in Germany. The German has no such feeling against pictures of American life as the American has against film stories of German life. This fact was shown when the German border contained several leak holes during the recent military occupation by France. Smugglers got American films into Germany then and reaped rich rewards.

"In Coblenz, now and then, an American film finds its way into German channels and is used until it is literally worn out.

"The Germans who have seen our film stars immediately become their devoted followers. Our comedians please them immensely. Our Wild West plays captivate them. For several years the German market has been practically closed to American films and if the barrier could be let down our American producers could almost swamp Germany with films that were old and passé in America half a decade ago, but which would be as good as new to German audiences.

"German producers know that American films would capture Germany; they are now protected by a German law which provides that imported films in Germany shall never exceed fifteen per cent. of the films in use at any certain time.

"Truth to tell, the German is far more afraid of American films than Americans are of German films. American producers have imported German films at a loss, occasionally, within recent months, with the hope that by so doing they would be able to have the bars let down in Germany and give them a chance to reach the German market.

"As it looks to an American movie fan in Germany, we, in the United States, are pretty safe from any devastating invasion. 'Twill be many a day before we shall have a chance to rave over a German Mary Pickford, thrill over the heroics of a Herr Fairbanks or laugh at a Karl Chaplin.

"American movie kings and queens are on their thrones tighter than ever the Kaiser was."

# Fifty Miles of Locusts

*In Fifteen Minutes Not a Green Leaf Remained*

H. J. FLEMMING

LOCUST plagues were common in ancient times, and have also worried English and French agriculturists during the summer just past. How South Africa met—and conquered—this plague is told in the London *Daily Mail* by Mr. Flemming:—

"It is a clear, bright sunny day in the Orange Free State. Good rains have fallen—the pasture is knee-deep, green and luxuriant; thousands of acres of wheat and oats up to one's waist extend on all sides.

"To the man on the land—the man who has toiled for this crop—it means much. Hundreds of pounds—possibly a trip to Britain for a holiday.

"And then, over the hills in the distance—hills one hundred miles away—appears a long, thin, faint line, not unlike yellow smoke. *That is a locust swarm as you first see it.*

"An hour goes by. The faint yellow cloud has spread higher into the sky; the hills have become blurred; the cloud a little darker.

"The grim irony of it all is that you can see this disaster approaching *for hours* and yet you can do nothing to avoid it.

"The swarm sweeps past overhead—millions and billions of millions of locusts fly past; millions and billions of them settle on every green blade.

"The swarm may be 50 miles in length—in depth it is sufficient to hide the sun.

"The noise of the swishing wings sounds like an electric power station at work—every square inch of ground is covered with locusts. Every blade o wheat and grass is covered with locusts and you know that this is happening to every green blade in a hundred miles or more. *In fifteen minutes there is not a single blade of wheat or grass left!*

"And hour after hour the locusts fly on and on and settle and settle in millions of millions. And always the incessant "whirr" of the wings and the racing, patchy shadows of the swarm moving across the earth.

"Sometimes this lasted for two or three days without a break.

"And I have gone to bed at night and tried to read, and seen only—locusts; tried to sleep and seen only—locusts. Locusts, locusts, locusts—for ever flying across the retina of the eye. It is an appalling experience for man to go through.

"But the South African Government got to work to exterminate the pest. Spray pumps, arsenate of soda, and treacle were given out to every farmer. Postcards were issued and reports of swarms were sent to the head office, where on a large map every swarm in the country was located and marked down for destruction. The young locusts in their hopping stage ate the sweetened, poisoned grass on every farm in the country and died. *And since 1905 we have been without locusts!*

"It is one of the greatest achievements of any Government in the world."

# Shall Mexico Tax or Confiscate?

*Taxation of National Resources Is Only Fair and Equitable*

DR. E. J. DILLON

THE writer of this article in *The Nation* is an eminent European journalist whose words will carry weight in all civilized countries. His estimate of the present difficulties under which Mexico is laboring is therefore well worthy of reproduction.

"Hampered by a heavy foreign debt for the settlement of which creditors and politicians are daily clamoring, the Obregon Cabinet is at its wits' end to find the wherewithal to pay the interest. And unless it can hit upon some happy device, the country will soon fall under an international financial as well as an American moral tutelage. Usually necessitous governments have the choice between taxation and a loan. But Mexico is an exception. Not yet recognized by the only country able to lend her money her rulers are obliged to obtain a contribution to the service of the foreign debt by taxing what will bear taxation. And that is oil. There is no other way. Accordingly General Obregon has recently increased the tax on oil produced in the country by an average, it is computed, of 25 per cent and decreed that the proceeds shall not be swept into the bottomless pit of wasteful expenditure, but shall be applied exclusively to making payments on the foreign debt. This measure is gall and wormwood to the companies which will have to pay the augmented impost. Their representatives in Washington are said to have immediately made preparations to call the attention of the State Department to the decree which they regard as "virtual confiscation," and therefore a crime in international law. It is even reported that its effect on Mexico's outlook in the negotiations now going forward between the two governments will be distinctly prejudicial.

"President Obregon, with whom I exchanged views on the general as well as the concrete question, contemplates it from the same angle of vision as did Russia's eminent financier, the late Count Witte. His opinion may be summarized as follows. Taxation is an essentially democratic measure. It furthers the interest of labor which has a right to demand that as large a share as is safely possible of indispensable public expenditure shall be defrayed by taxes on capital. Today this is eminently true of the Mexican state which sorely needs money wherewith to heal the wounds inflicted by ten years of anarchy and to undertake reforms without which the state cannot long subsist. And at present money can be had only within the boundaries of the Republic. None of the ordinary devices are of avail. Economy presupposes a fairly well-filled exchequer—a boon which Mexico has not enjoyed since the days of Limantour. Moreover thrift, however stringently practised, would contribute nothing toward the service of the foreign debt, seeing that the pinch of penury is felt in all departments. And at the moment when more money is required than ever before all hopes of a foreign loan are coincidently barred by what may be termed the triple alliance of American, British, and French bankers, which has imposed on Mexico a politico-financial boycott.

"The only way to ease even partially a situation like this which is as painful as it is dangerous is taxation, and to this expedient every country in the world is having abundant recourse today. Indeed in some progressive states taxation has been raised to a level not far removed from confiscation. In others, as in Germany and Sweden, the governments have compelled the great industries to admit them as partners with a right to a share of the profits. Against these innovations private corporations and individuals have murmured but in no case have their respective governments ventured to protest on their behalf. For they are all in the same boat. Necessity knows no law but that of justice, and it is recognized as a principle that if all the industries of a class are equally liable to a tax the demands of justice are satisfied. And if it be objected that in the case under consideration the industries in question are all owned by English-speaking foreigners who regard it as an unfriendly act, Mexicans would retort that the possession of one privilege does not entitle the holder to claim another. Natives and foreigners are alike subjected to the new tax.

"Today statesmen vainly deplore the shortsightedness of their predecessors who allowed the most precious resources with




# Prettier Teeth

## To millions of all races

This is to offer a ten-day test, of a tooth paste whose results will surprise and delight you.

To millions of people, half the world over, it is bringing prettier teeth. It is bringing cleaner, safer teeth. And leading dentists everywhere are advising its adoption.

Make this free test. Learn what this new method means to you and yours. Watch how your teeth change in a week.

### Film dims the teeth

That viscous film you feel on teeth is the coat that clouds their luster. And most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. So countless teeth brushed daily are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many internal diseases.

### Must be removed

Dental science has long sought a daily film combatant. Without it, the tooth brush is sadly inadequate. The best-brushed teeth, if film remains, discolor and decay.

Now two methods have been found to effectively fight film. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. In Europe and America, leading dentists now advise them.

For daily use they are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. This tooth paste complies with all modern requirements. To people all around you it is bringing results never obtained before.

### What Pepsodent does

Pepsodent combats the film wherever it appears. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

It also multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling and may form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every use brings five effects, all of them important. Together they mean a new dental era. You will realize that fact in a week.



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The results are both quick and apparent. You can feel them in cleaner teeth, see them in whiter teeth.

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Compare the new way with the old. Let the clear results decide you. This is too important to forget. Cut out the coupon now.

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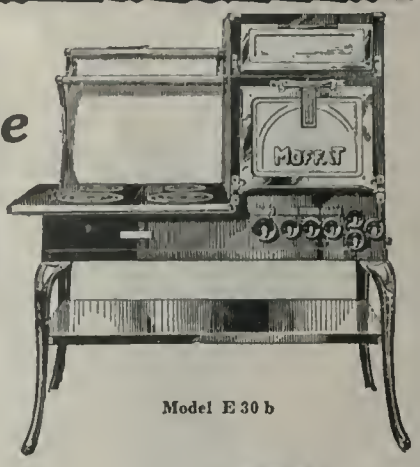
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# Our Next Premier

This will be a specially attractive feature of the pre-election issue of MACLEAN'S, in which one of Canada's leading journalists will describe frankly and accurately the real character of our next Premier--whether he be Meighen, King or Crerar. Each sketch will be short but amazing in the penetrating information conveyed.


which nature had endowed their country to be brought to market and disposed of, so to say, for a mess of pottage to the foreigner who built fleets, railways, and established lucrative industries with the proceeds of the transaction. If an importing country is earning, say, a 1,000 per cent profit on a product, is it meet that the country which owns it should be forced to do with 10 or 20 per cent? In favor of such contention there is nothing to be urged.

"Examples are many and instructive. For nearly half a century Great Britain squandered the coal on which her world status depended, selling it at absurdly low rates to foreign peoples who were thus enabled to establish new industries or to renovate old ones and to compete with her successfully in the markets of the world.

"The United States dealt and is still dealing in a like thriftless way with certain of her natural resources, such for instance as her forests. Estimates made by the American Paper and Pulp Association, which are admittedly somewhat crude, compute the forests still existing in the United States at between 500,000,000 and 550,000,000 acres. Originally, however, the country possessed a forest area of no less than from 850,000,000 to 900,000,000 acres.

"Similar remarks are applicable to the low prices which ruled for oil, iron and copper. Again the United States sold its crude oil for $1 a barrel, out of which the producer received from fifty to eighty cents. The average price for some forty years hardly exceeded $1 a barrel. Today it has risen to nearly $3. And according to the most competent geologists half of the oil in the United States is already exhausted.

"Now, is it unreasonable in itself or tantamount to an unfriendly act towards foreigners for the President of Mexico, who has the interests of his country at heart, to profit by the mistakes of the British and the Yankees? He does not think so, nor does he believe that the great English-speaking nations entertain any such opinion. Mexico's oil, mines, and forests constitute her greatest economic asset and also, unluckily, her heaviest political curse. And to allow these resources to be carried out of the country in the improvident way in which England and the United States permitted them to be exported would today be a crime and a disaster.

"Mexicans urge that today oil is being extracted and exported at a rate calculated to alarm the nation's trustees. It is a repetition of what England did with her coal and iron ore and the United States with its timber. Immense fortunes have been and are being made and taken away by foreigners, few abiding traces of which are left in the land. So considerable are the quantities of Mexican oil at present imported into the United States that voices have been uplifted here calling for an import duty on it.

"General Obregon's exposé of the cause for the increase of taxation is masterly and convincing. The tax, he argues, is not discriminating against the foreigner in favor of the native. The Constitution of Mexico, against which so much has been written, is the foreigners' best protection, for it forbids both exemption and discrimination. Mexico, he further argues, has been aptly termed the treasure house of the world. Incalculable wealth lies hidden in its mountains, plains, and valleys. Enormous fortunes have been made by foreigners in extracting part of that wealth. Yet 90 per cent of the native population is vegetating in poverty, squalor, disease, and ignorance because this stream of riches flows by without touching them. 'Common humanity dictated a change and it is this change that Mexico has made. We stand today on the principle that the natural resources of a nation belong to the nation.'

"Those are the words of a man whose love of justice is a passion and for whom the service of humanity is a cult. I traveled through most states of the Republic with him and I can bear out what he advances respecting the piteous condition of the nation whose mineral wealth is fabulous. That condition is a blot on humanity. It is intolerable, and no man capable of enduring it, whether on principle or expediency, deserves to stand at the head of the unhappy Mexican people."

# Evolving Corn from Grass

*Luther Burbank Adds Another Chapter to His Botanical Industry*

R. H. MOULTON.

AFTER eighteen years' assiduous application Luther Burbank has succeeded in breeding corn from grass. The wild ancestor of Indian corn is a grass called teosinte, which, in its wild state, has no cob to hold its grains, but which in eighteen years of selection and growth in the Burbank Nurseries has developed a perfect cob such as characterizes cultivated corn.

Mr. Moulton in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* goes on to say:

"It was the savage Indian, says Burbank, who gave us, here in America, the most important crop we have. It was the Indian who found the wild grass, teosinte, covering the plains and developed it into corn. Or, to turn it the other way around, it was the desire of the Indian for a food plant like this which led the teosinte grass, by gradual adaptation, to produce maize. On Burbank's farm there grows, to-day, this same teosinte which the Indian found. It bears tiny ears, with two rows of corn-like kernels, on a cob the thickness of a lead pencil and from two to four inches long—slightly less in length than an average head of wheat.

"From its earlier stages of 'pod' corn, in which each kernel was encased in a separate sheath or husk, teosinte represented, no doubt, a hard-fought survival and adaptation like that of the flowering violet. And, we read, when the Indians came into its environment it responded to their influence as the pansy responded to care and cultivation in its new dooryard home. Where teosinte had formerly relied upon the frosts to loosen up the ground for the seed, it found in the Indian a friend who crudely but effectively scratched the soil and doubled the chance for its baby plant to grow. When it had been choked by plant enemies and starved for air and sunlight by weeds it found in the Indian a friend who cut down and kept off its competitors.

"Planted in patches instead of struggling here and there as best it could before, the teosinte grass found its multiplication problem made easier through the multitude of fallen grains now floating in the air. So, by slow degrees, it responded to its new environment by bearing more and bigger seed. As the seed kernels increased in numbers and size, the cob that bore them grew in length. From two, the rows of kernels increased to four, to six, to eight, to fourteen. Here again the selfish motives of the savages served to help the plant in its adaptation—for only the largest ears and those with the best kernels were saved for seed. Under cultivation the wild grass almost disappeared and in its place there came, through adaptation, the transformed Indian corn.

"In brief, this summarizes the Burbank theory of the original evolution of teosinte into corn. How many centuries were required to bring about the development can only be conjectured, for when white settlers came to America, they found Indian corn, or maize, bearing eight-inch ears, with fourteen rows of improved kernels to the ear.

"It was nature's scheme of producing variations—her apparent unalterable will to create no duplicates—that opened up to Burbank his opportunity to carry forward the evolution of teosinte into corn in a comparatively few seasons. In his experiments with the plant he produced more than 10,000 specimens on his grounds. Among these thousands he found some offspring which were an improvement over the parent plants. It was then simply a matter of continued and intensive application of scientific methods of selection, from season to season, until the final result was achieved."




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## ---*and such Flavors*

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And such flavors! A refreshing Spearmint, more delicious than you had imagined possible. Adams superfine Peppermint---smooth as silk but full of life. And old-time Tutti-Frutti, favorite of our fathers and mothers and best-loved flavor of our childhood.

Sold everywhere, ten Chiclets for 5 cents in the famous Chiclet cardboard packet.

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**Spearmint**
*In the GREEN cardboard packet*

**Tutti Frutti**
*In the PINK cardboard packet*

**Peppermint**
*In the YELLOW cardboard packet*



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in his ALL WOOL BARRY SPORTS COAT.
*An actual photograph.*

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# Our Stake at Washington

*Continued from page 21*

Well may Canadians pause in their electioneering strife to wish the Conference well. Not that we should desire that all force should be wiped out, that the nations of peaceful motives should render themselves impotent to sustain justice and right, but because the condition of the peoples, and the terrible consequences that would ensue from another war, decree that military and naval rivalry cease. Finally, and greater than all else, there is the debt that we owe to our dead. The sixty thousand Canadians who lie in God's acre in Europe died for something better than that their descendants should be crushed under armaments or that they should suffer a more dreadful war. They died for the ideal of peace. If this Conference fails, as fail it must if it be not fortified by the public opinion of the world, then Armageddon was for naught, and there is no hope. If, however, it succeeds, as please God it will, then, in the mighty words of Jan Christian Smuts, humanity will have struck its tents and will be on the march once more.

# Plunged Into the Political Maelstrom

*Continued from page 19*

NOW it may not have occurred to you that Montreal is pulling the strings on both the Liberals and Conservatives in the present argument. It has already been pointed out that Montreal brought on the election. You may have noticed too that when Mackenzie King had a nice easy seat in P.E.I. picked out for himself he dropped off at Montreal and the wise man there made up his mind for him that duty called him to North York, Ont.

Now Mr. King made the announcement at the Lemieux banquet in Montreal that he would run in the Ontario constituency. At that banquet gathered together under the same big top were such sworn political enemies as Ernest Lapointe and Sir Lomer Gouin. The growing belief down in that neighborhood that the Liberals will make a sweep of the country had drawn them together. Also at that dinner Premier Taschereau points out to young Mr. King what a valuable ally Sir Lomer would make. And it is whispered that when the boy leader announced that he would run in North York the smile that broke over the usually expressionless face of Sir Lomer Gouin was a thing of beauty.

For you know before the Quebec Liberals got carried away by over-confidence a pretty little scheme was in the hatching. The financial men are said to have been behind it and it provided for the hitching up of the protectionists of Ontario and Quebec against the Farmers. Of course all this was to take place after the elections. Now those financial men knew that young Mr. King was not big enough to do the uniting. Also they knew that no Quebec man dare serve under Meighen. So the pretty little plan provided for the ditching of both King and Meighen and the placing of Sir Lomer Gouin in charge of the united forces. Sounds kind of crazy, doesn't it? But business men are always a bit crazy when they dip into politics. They're even more at sea than the politicians are when they tackle business.

But, after all, circumstances seemed to play into their hands. King is hardly conceded a chance to carry North York while Premier Meighen is none too sure of election in Portage la Prairie. And, under the new law, a man, even if he is a premier, cannot run in two constituencies. With both the leaders of the house and big business pushing behind who knows what might have happened? But all that is off now. Quebec has the bit in her teeth and her own Liberal party is going to rule Canada without having to say "by your leave." to either Farmer free trade or Tory protectionist. Also the Tories can see victory hovering in the offing and they'll stick by Little Arthur so long as he has a senatorship to hand out or a judgesbip in his inside pocket.


# The Vital Reason for the Internal Bath

In Chicago recently, there was held a gigantic political meeting that attracted a crowd of some 15,000 men and women of varying ages. On the outskirts of the assembly stood a physician with a friend. Turning to his friend, the medical man said, "I'll wager that in this vast throng there aren't 100 persons who are in anything like normal health."

Much as we dislike unpleasant truths, there is significance in that physician's remark for all of us. Few of us can honestly say that we are over 50 per cent. efficient.

We all want to be free from disease or ailment of any kind. We all want to have pure blood, normal heart and sound nerves. We all want to enjoy restful nights and active, vigorous days. Yet many of us are half the time blue and worried, all the time nervous, and much of the time actually incapacitated by illness.

And why? Largely because we do not follow a few simple rules in the care of our physical condition. How many of us, for instance, practice internal bathing. True it is that this means of improving the physical condition is growing in use every day, but there are thousands of us yet who are strangers to the benefits of the Internal Bath.

The need for internal bathing arises from the functioning of the large intestine, or colon. Accumulating waste as it does, the colon is the bane of our health The waste is toxious, which means poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation. That's what causes Auto-Intoxication—which in plain English means "Self-Poisoning,"a condition which pulls down our powers of resistance and renders us subject to almost any serious ailment that may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that few of us know when we are suffering from "Auto-Intoxication."

The proper kind of Internal Bath is Nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the correct way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet and pure.

The effect on your physical condition is little short of marvelous. Your eyes take on a new sparkle, your step a new vigor. Your nerves relax, your appetite improves, and your sleep becomes more restful, more refreshing. You feel re-made.

To understand the Internal Bath and all it accomplishes, one should read the very interesting booklet by Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade." Dr. Tyrrell's own life was saved and prolonged by Internal Bathing and he wrote on the subject with the broad knowledge of an eminent authority. The booklet, which is entitled "The What, The Why, and The Way of Internal Bathing," will interest every man and woman. All that is necessary to obtain this booklet is to write to Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, 243 Tyrrell Building, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this article in MacLean's Magazine. The booklet will be mailed to you free of cost or obligation. advt.



**Horlick's**
**Malted Milk for Infants**
A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.

Of course the Liberals will send Sir Lomer to Ottawa just the same. If Hon. Willie is going to become Premier he'll need a business manager. And, make no mistake, Sir Lomer knows business, whether political or of the ordinary variety.

Meantime Crerar has been attending the meetings of the council of Agriculture and laughing at Meighen's latest attempt to steal his farmer following by the wheat-pool method. By the time this is in print the Hired Man's Hero will have broken into speech, and so will King, and so will Meighen. And the talking contest will be on.

But admit for the sake of argument that they can't all win. Then you have to get busy and figure which is the likely one. And you have admitted that East of the Ottawa river it looks like King and nobody but King. Quebec Liberals count on carrying from 63 to 65 of the 65 seats in the Lower Province and that canny Scot, Premier Murray of Nova Scotia, is quoted to the effect that Quebec will elect more supporters of Union Government than will Nova Scotia. Nor can the Meighen forces expect heavy reinforcements from New Brunswick.

### Some Figures for the Dopesters

THE West will go Farmer with mighty few exceptions. Premier Meighen has a fighting chance in the Portage and Bob Rogers thinks he can carry Lisgar and R. B. Bennett may scrape through in Calgary. But that is about all—perhaps more than all. British Columbia may come through with half a dozen seats, with the rest scattering. But Ontario is really the only province the Government can look to for substantial support. As said before, the Farmers claim that with the help of Labor they will carry fifty seats and if they do, hats off to Premier Crerar. But they're claiming a whole lot.

To boil it all down and average the figures of the various claimants you must conclude that W.L.M. King will have the largest group in the House but that he will still be considerably short of a majority. The figures should possibly read:

| | |
|---|---|
| King | 90 to 100 |
| Crerar | 80 to 90 |
| Meighen | 50 to 55 |

These figures, of course, are not final. They are subject to revision after the returns are all in. And don't forget for a moment that when those returns are all in the real fight will begin. Those Quebec Liberals won't be near as friendly when they find they don't control Parliament. The different factions only need an excuse to fly at each other's throats—and the excuse will surely follow in the train of the coming election. Then who knows but that Farmer Crerar with his smaller but more compact followers may become premier of Canada.

## The Yellow Streak

*Continued from page 25*

He rejected this idea as calculated to let the tracker know that his presence was suspected. Then he reviewed in his mind the various establishments he knew of in London with double entrances thinking that he might slip in by the one entrance and emerge by the other.

IN Pall Mall he came upon Tony Grandell, whom he had last seen playing bridge in the company dug-out on the Flesquières Ridge. Then he had been in 'battle order,' camouflaged as a private soldier, as officers were ordered to go over the top in the latter phases of the war. Now he was resplendent in what the invitation cards call 'Morning Dress' crowned by what must certainly have been the most relucent top-hat in London.

"Hullo, hullo, hullo!" cried Tony on catching sight of him, "stand to your kits and so forth. And how is my merry company commander? Robin, dear, come and relieve the medieval gloom of lunch with my aunt at Mart's!"

He linked his arm affectionately in Robin's.

Mart's! Robin's brain snatched at the word. Mart's most respectable of 'family hotels', wedged in between two quiet streets off Piccadilly with an entrance from both. If ever a man wanted to dodge a sleuth, especially a grimy tatterdermalion like the one sidling up Pall Mall behind them....

"Tony, old son," said Robin, "I won't lunch with you even to set the board in a roar at your aunt's luncheon-party. But I'll walk up to Mart's with you for I'm going there myself...."

They entered Mart's together and parted in the vestibule where Tony gravely informed his 'dear old scream' that he must fly to his 'avuncular luncheon.' Robin walked quickly through the hotel and left by the other entrance. The street was almost deserted. Of the man with the dingy neckerchief there was no sign. Robin hurried into Piccadilly and hopped on a 'bus which put him down at his club facing the Green Park.

He had a late lunch there and afterwards took a taxi back to the Temple. The day-light was falling as he crossed the courtyard in front of his chambers. In the centre the smoke-blackened plane tree throned it in unchallenged solitude. But as Robin's footsteps echoed across the flags something more substantial than a shadow seemed to melt into the gathering dusk in the corner where the narrow passage ran. Robin stopped to listen at the entrance of his chambers. As he stood there he heard a heavy tread on the stone steps within. He turned to face a solidly built swarthy-looking man who emerged from the building.

He favoured Robin with a leisurely, searching stare then strode heavily across the courtyard to the little passage, where he disappeared from view.

Robin looked after him. The man was a stranger—the occupants of the other chambers were all known to him. With a thoughtful expression on his face Robin entered the house and mounted to his rooms.

### CHAPTER XVI

### The Intruder.

DA——!" exclaimed Bruce Wright. He stood in the great porch at Harkings, his finger on the electric bell. No sound came in response to the pressure, nor anyone to open the door. Thus he had stood for fully ten minutes listening in vain for any sound within the house. All was still as death. He began to think the bell was out of order. He had forgotten Hartley Parrish's insistence on quiet. All bells at Harkings rang, discreetly muted, in the servants' hall.

He stepped out of the porch on to the drive. The weather had improved and under a freshening wind, the country was drying up. As he reached the hard gravel, he heard footsteps. Bude appeared, his collar turned up, his swallow-tails floating in the wind.

"Now be off with you!" he cried as soon as he caught sight of the trim figure in the grey overcoat, "how many more of ye have I to tell there's nothing for you to get here! Go on, get out before I put the dog on you!"

He waved an imperious hand at Bruce.

"Hullo, Bude," said the boy, "you've grown very inhospitable all of a sudden!"

"God bless my soul, if it isn't young Mr. Wright!" exclaimed the butler. "And I thought it was another of those dratted reporters. It's been ring, ring, ring the whole blessed morning, sir, you can be-




# Why Men and Women Need Pelmanism

## *Sir William Robertson Nicoll, M. A., LL. D.*

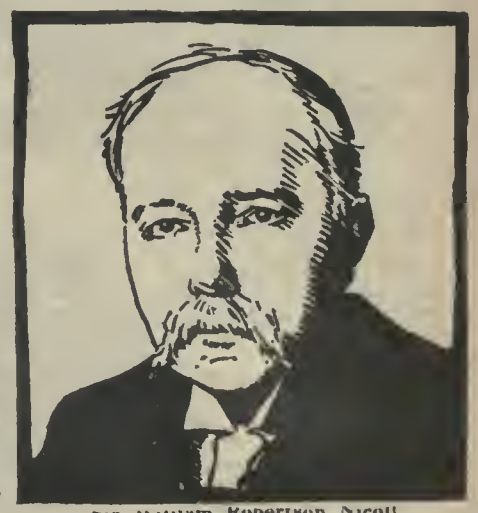
*NOTE:*

*In the fyles of the Pelman Institute there are some 3,000,000 inquiries from men and women the world over who have been anxious to receive information regarding the Pelman system of Mind and Memory Training.*

*From these letters there are apparently, certain questions common to every enquirer—questions that seem to come up naturally and instantly in the mind of every man and woman upon reading a Pelman announcement or when hearing a tribute to Pelmanism from the lips of a graduate.*

*Every Canadian who is really trying to make a success of his life will be interested in these questions: What is Pelmanism? What are its actual results? What are its aims and objects? Are its methods scientifically correct? Will it increase one's earning Power?*

*And in seeking to answer them we naturally turned to the field where Pelmanism has been longest in operation, and where its worth has been most fully proved. It is the British field we refer to. And there, perhaps no name is better known than that of Sir William Robertson Nicoll.*



Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

*In reading his report of the achievements of the Course in England, we find that he goes a long way to answer these questions that are likely being asked here in the Dominion.*

For instance, he says:—

"I am frequently receiving inquiries about Pelmanism, and in view of the growing public interest in this movement, I have decided to set down briefly the conclusions I have arrived at from a careful weighing of the evidence, both internal and external. In the public interest, it is obviously important to know whether the far reaching claims made on behalf of Pelmanism are, or are not justified. If true, then the movement presents boundless possibilities in the directions of progress, both for the individual and for the nation. And I may as well say at once that the available evidence disposes me strongly to this view.

"That Pelmanism should have been received at first with a certain amount of scepticism is, on the whole, natural and understandable. Great innovations call for an attitude of cautious reserve; one does not like to risk being stampeded into action.

"Sufficient time has, however, elapsed to furnish us with trustworthy data to arrive at a proper estimate of the worth of Pelmanism. Its case no longer rests merely upon the assertions of its founders; it stands upon the more substantial ground of things done. It is the accomplished results which must in the end be the criterion of value. Theory is one thing; practical attainment is another. Pelmanism is vindicated handsomely, in my view, by the astonishing record of its performances."

## *Unsolicited Praise*

"And these performances are recorded, not in the Pelman Institute itself, but by those who have taken a Pelman Course, and have applied its principles to their own personal needs. Moreover, much of this evidence is incidental, i.e., it is not addressed to the Pelman Institute, but is communicated independently to the Institute."

When Sir Hugh JohnMacdonald--a member of Canada's most illustrious families,and a prominent lawyer whose name is known from coast to coast will write and say:

> "I send you herewith my Answers to the questions asked in Lesson 12. And now as I have finished the Course, I wish to tell you how much pleased and how thoroughly satisfied I am with it and with the results it has produced. I can truthfully say that I have been both surprised and pleased by what I have learned from it, which far more than repays me for the time I have devoted to its study. And I am confident that any younger man who takes it up and faithfully follows its teaching, will not only never regret having done so, but will gain immensely in many ways, and will find many stumbling blocks, which appear almost unsurmountable, removed. It would be hard to over-estimate the benefit I have derived from your teaching."

## *How to Become a Pelmanist*

"Mind and Memory" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it. In its pages will be found the comment and experience of men and women of every trade, profession and calling, telling how Pelmanism works, how it brings about astonishing increases in salary—the observations of scientists with respect to such vital questions as age, sex and circumstances in their bearing on success—"stories from the life" and little essays on personality, opportunity, etc.,--all drawn from facts. So great has been the demand that "Mind and Memory" has already gone into its 49th Edition.

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lieve me, as if they owned the place, wanting to interview me and Mr. Jeekes and Miss Trevert and the Lord knows who else. Lot of interfering busybodies, I call 'em! I'd shut up all noospapers by law if I had my way...."

"Is Mr. Jeekes here, Bude?" asked Bruce.

"He's gone off to London in the car, sir.....But won't you come in, Mr. Wright? If you wouldn't mind coming in by the side door. I have to keep the front door closed to shut them scribbling fellows out. One of them had the face to ask me to let him into the library to take a photograph...."

HE LED the way round the side of the house to the glass door in the library corridor.

"This is a sad business, Bude!" said Bruce.

"Ah, indeed it is, sir," he sighed. "He had his faults had Mr. Parrish, as well *you* know, Mr. Wright. But he was an open-handed gentleman, that I will say, and we'll all miss him at Harkings...."

They were now in the corridor. Bude jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"It was in there they found him," he said in a low voice, "with a hole plumb over the heart." His voice sank to a whisper.

"There's blood on the carpet," he added impressively.

"I should like just to take a peep at the room, Bude," ventured the boy casting a sidelong glance at the butler.

"Can't be done, sir," said Bude shaking his head, "orders of Detective-Inspector Manderton. The police is very strict, Mr. Wright, sir!"

"There seems to be no one around just now, Bude," the young man wheedled. "There can't be any harm in my just going in for a second?...."

"Go in you should, Mr. Wright, sir," said the butler genially, "if I had my way. But the door's locked. And what's more the police have the key."

"Is the detective anywhere about?" asked Bruce.

"No, sir," answered Bude. "He's gone off to town, too! And he don't expect to be back before the inquest. That's for Topsday!"

"But isn't there another key anywhere?" persisted the boy.

"No, sir," said Bude positively. "there isn't but the one. And that's in Mr. Manderton's vest pocket!"

Young Wright wrinkled his brow in perplexity. He was very young but he had a fine strain of perseverance in him. He was not nearly at the end of his resources, he told himself.

"Well then," he said suddenly, "I'm going outside to have a look through the window. I remember you can see into the library from the path round the house!"

He darted out, the butler, protesting, lumbering along behind him.

"Mr. Wright," he panted as he ran, "you didn't really ought....if anyone should come...."

BUT Bruce Wright was already at the window. The butler found him leaning on the sill, peering with an air of frightened curiosity into the empty room.

"The glazier from Stevenish,"—Bude's voice breathed the words hoarsely in Wright's ear—"is coming to-morrow morning to put the window in. He wouldn't come to-day, him being a chapelgoer and religious. It was there we found poor Mr. Parrish—d'you see, sir, just between the window and the desk!...."

But Bruce Wright did not heed him. His eyes were fixed on the big writing-desk, on the line of black japanned letter-trays set out in orderly array. Outside the short winter afternoon was drawing in fast and the light was failing. Dusky shadows within the library made it difficult to distinguish objects clearly.

A voice close at hand cried out sharply:

"Mr. Bude! Mr. Bu-u-ude!"

"They're calling me!" whispered the butler in his ear with a tug at his sleeve, "come away, sir!"

But Bruce shook him off. He heard the man's heavy tread on the gravel, then a door slam.

How dark the room was growing to be sure! Strain his eyes as he might, he could not get a clear view of the contents of the letter-trays on the desk. But their high backs hid their contents from his eyes. Even when he hoisted himself on to the window-sill he could not get a better view.

He dropped back on to the gravel path and listened. The wind soughed sadly in the bare tree-tops, somewhere in the distance a dog barked hoarsely, insistently; otherwise not a sound was to be heard. He cast a cautious glance round the side of the house. The glass door was shut; the lamp in the corridor had not been lit.

Hoisting himself up to the window-sill again, he crooked one knee on the rough edge and thrusting one arm through the broken pane of glass, unbolted the window. Then steadying himself with one hand, with the other he very gently pushed up the window, threw his legs across the sill and dropped into the library. Very deliberately, he turned and pushed the window softly down behind him.

Some unconscious prompting, perhaps an unfamiliar surface beneath his feet, made him look down. Where his feet rested on the mole-grey carpet a wide dark patch stood out from the delicate shade of the rug. For a moment a spasm of physical nausea caught him.

"How beastly!" he whispered to himself and took a step towards the desk.

EVERYTHING was arranged just as he always remembered it to have been. All the letter-trays save one were empty. In that was a little pile of papers held down by a massive marble paper-weight. Quickly he stepped round the desk.

He had put out his hand to lift the weight when there was a gentle rattle at the door.

Bruce Wright wheeled instantly round, back to the desk to face the door, which, in the gathering dusk, was now but a square patch of darkness among the shadows at the far end of the library. He stood absolutely still, rooted to the spot, his heart thumping so fast that, in that silent room, he could hear the rapid beats.

Someone was unlocking the library door. As realization came to the boy, he tiptoed rapidly round the desk, the sound of his feet muffled by the heavy pile carpet, and reached the window. There was a click as the lock of the door was shot back. Without further hesitation Bruce stepped behind the long curtains which fell from the top of the window to the floor.

The curtains, of some heavy gray material, were quite opaque. Bruce realised, with a sinking heart, that he must depend on his ears to discover the identity of this mysterious interloper. He dared not look out from his hiding-place—at least not until he could be sure that the newcomer had his back to the window. He remained, rigid and vigilant, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound, scarcely daring to breathe.

He heard the door open, heard it softly close again. Then....silence. Not another sound. The boy remembered the heavy pile carpet and cursed his luck. He would have to risk a peep round the curtains. But not yet! He must wait...

A very slight rustling, a faint prolonged rustling, caught his ear. It came nearer, then stopped. There was a little rattling noise from somewhere close at hand, a small clinking sound.

Then silence fell again.

THE wind whooshed sadly round the house, the window clattered dismally in its frame, the curtains tugged fretfully before the cold breeze which blew in at the broken pane. But the silence in the room was absolute.

It began to oppress the boy. Frightened him. He felt an uncontrollable desire to look out into the room and establish the identity of the mysterious entrant. He glided his hand towards the window-frame in the hope that he might find a chink between curtain and wall through which he might risk a peep into the room. But the curtain was fastened to the wall.

The room was almost entirely dark now. Only behind him was a patch of grey light where the lowering evening sky was framed in the window. He began to draw the curtain very slowly towards him, at the same time leaning to the right. Very cautiously he applied one eye to the edge of the curtain.

As he did so a bright light struck him full in the face. It streamed from a lamp on the desk and almost blinded him. It was a reading-lamp and the bulb had been turned up so as to throw a beam on the curtain behind which the boy was sheltering.

Behind the desk, straining back in terror, stood a slim, girlish figure. The details of her dress were lost in the gathering shadows but her face stood out in the gloom, a pale oval. Bruce could see the dark line made by the lashes on her cheek.

At the sight of her he stepped boldly forth from his hiding-place, shielding his eyes from the light with his hand.

"It's Bruce Wright, Miss Trevert," he said, "don't you remember me?"

*To be Continued*

# Will Canada Go Yellow?

*Continued from page 17*

undertook to limit the number of laborers going each year to Canada to 400. The entry figures already quoted, and which are official, show that in only one or two years was the influx of Japanese kept within the prescribed limits.

Consul Saito firmly insists that there is no inconsistency between the undertaking of his government and the immigration returns. "My country," he claims, "agreed to limit the number of laborer-emigrants to 400 yearly. We have kept within that number. It is not the wish of our government to exceed the number mentioned, and we have scrupulously observed the compact."

In passing it may be mentioned that the agreement in question is not available in the offices of the consuls. They have never seen it. It is not expressed in statute or order-in-council at Ottawa. It is on file in the department of External Affairs, under the immediate custody of the Prime Minister. It has been seen by a few members of parliament and Ministers, but it is not a public document, and hence the difficulty of deciding whether or not its terms are being observed.

### A Domestic and External Problem

UP TO THIS point we have been studying what may be termed the external aspects of Oriental immigration, those which arise upon the advent of the immigrants to these shores. It is upon these that anti-Asiatic leagues and agitators usually fasten in their periodical outbursts of protest. But the lapse of time, and the steady flow of the new-comers to Canada, have resulted in an internal problem as well. It is the domestic rather than the foreign which is today probably the more perplexing of the two. Negotiations and arrangements with other lands and governments are likely to be less difficult than the adjustments of our own national affairs because of the unknown quantity in our national problem which the native-born and the naturalized foreigner presents.

The two difficulties interlock. But any attempt at the solution of one will be futile unless some logical, fair, and permanent adjustment is found for the other. This is the task before Canadian statesmen, and it is one of the most delicate with which they have to deal. For apart from a desire to deal justly, they have the whole future of this nation to safeguard, the sensitiveness of a proud ally to consider, and the resentment of a sleeping, but potential, national giant to forestall.

What political and citizen rights should the native-born Oriental receive? How far may these be extended to naturalized Asiatics? The answer to these two urgent questions can be given more authoritatively if several others are first forthcoming. How far, for instance, has the presence of the Oriental in British Columbia impinged upon existing industries? How far has it affected the social state? To what extent does it complicate and compromise our future? Perhaps a passing glance at a few localities in the province where Asiatics have secured a foothold will best illustrate the essential facts.

### In the Gardens and Orchards

THE transcontinental traveller will recall Ashcroft. He comes to it bound west, down the beautiful valley of the North Thompson not long before that river pours its limpid waters into the torrent of the turbid Fraser. A sage-brush capital in the old days, it broiled during the long summer surrounded by brick-brown hills except where touched here and there into vivid green by the magic of water. But Ashcroft was more famous as the base for the trade of the Cariboo—the terminus of the longest stage line in the world, the home of picturesque and daring "whips", whose exploits and skill carried their fame into more than one continent.

The building of a couple of railway lines far to the North explains the discarded stages and freight vans which lie rotting in the back streets of Ashcroft. But it does not explain the departure of other glories. Some years ago a fire wiped out the business section of the little town. It was rebuilt by Chinese. Today half the population of the town is Chinese. Its two hotels are Chinese. Its stores are Chinese. Pierce back into the hills where Bonaparte Creek, Cache Creek, and other fine streams are used to irrigate valleys of incredible fertility and you will find Chinese owners in possession, and Chinese helpers planting, sowing, reaping. The census of the provincial department of agriculture shows that in this section 2500 acres are owned by Chinese and almost as much more is under lease. But that is but part of the story. Each owner has many helpers, living as no white man will live, working longer than any white man will work, and creating conditions against which no white man can compete.

Go back along the line of the P.G.E. Railway. Stop at old Lillooet, drowsy, hot, dry, but, where water is applied, productive as few lands are productive. On the benches above the river it is Chinese who till; in the town the biggest store trade is that of a Chinaman.

Travel to what was until recently the end of steel at Williams Lake on the same line, and you will find the theory that the Oriental is no pioneer rudely dispelled. He keeps the hotel here, and runs other businesses as well.

Go down the Okanagan valley—in blossom and harvest time, fairest of all Canadian vales. It is still a land of lovely homes, of people of station, of culture and means—above all of those qualities of loyalty most difficult for any nation to secure in settlers, and yet indispensable to any nation's permanency. From one end to the other of Okanagan Lake, a distance of eighty miles, there are perhaps 20,000 souls. Of that number 3,300 went to the war without hesitation and without counting the cost. Whole hamlets were deserted. While they were away a danger which had long menaced, became acute. Labor was lacking, crops had to be harvested. In many instances payments had to be met, in others, the strain proved too heavy and lands had to be sold.

The ready cash buyer, and the available hired hand, were almost invariably the Chinaman and the Japanese. Today the situation is painfully acute. In towns like Kelowna, it is of first concern. Public sentiment is alert and vigilant, but gold talks. Some declare that the Japanese government financed its people in many of the British Columbia enterprises. This may be dismissed on its face as very improbable. Their leading men deny it, and logic does not sustain the theory. But the ability of Orientals to secure money shows that many of their colony not only have ample means but are willing to lend it to their countrymen (doubtless with ample security).

### Kelowna's Vital Problem

THE Chinaman knows irrigation perfectly. He fits in naturally and competently to any place where water has to be brought by the ground route, instead of from the sky supply to the thirsty plant and tree. But the people of Kelowna had misgivings and when the soldiers returned, and employment was lacking, murmurs arose, Chinese were working in the packing houses, sometimes as bosses, or straw bosses, over white men and white girls. Japanese were working orchards on the well-known fifty per cent. tenant basis—an arrangement whereby the lessee does the work, cultivates and irrigates the land, markets the crop and divides half and half with the owner.

A public indignation meeting was called. Iwashita was there. A mere lad in appearance, he is the mouthpiece, and champion of his race in Kelowna. He reminded his

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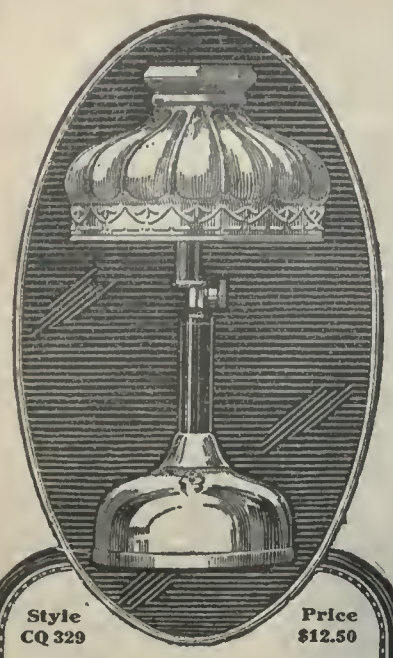
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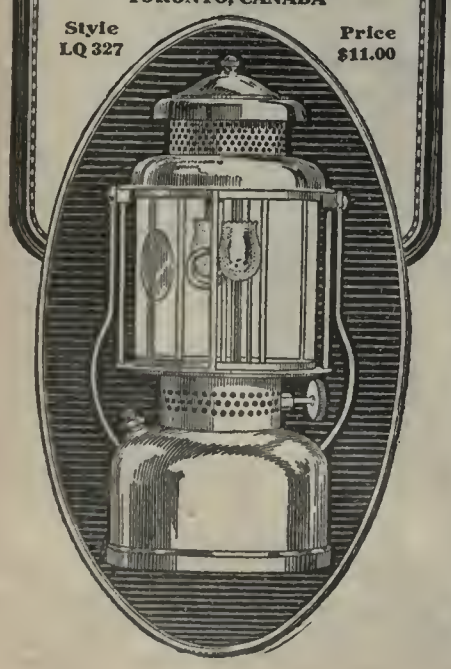
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hearers of the war, and of Japan's aid to Britain. He also recalled that he had bought for his countrymen the 40 acres which he now cultivates within city limits when no white man would bid for it. He almost persuaded his hearers, for Iwashita has a fine English vocabulary with a plausible and insidious style calculated to disarm the most hostile.

The factories weeded out their Oriental help. But the aliens didn't leave town. There are between 200 and 300 there today. On Iwashita's place they bend their tireless backs over forty acres of as fine a garden as can be seen in Canada. Onions, potatoes, green peppers, tomatoes, egg plant, canteloupe and cucumbers in abundance testify to their industry and skill. Some of the Chinese own orchards. They and the Japanese market under a separate organization. Managers of local factories say the Oriental has not yet learned co-operation in the white man's sense. If they were sufficiently numerous, say the white packers, they would be a demoralizing influence in the market, for the Oriental, to secure a customer for everything from labor to vegetables, must undersell his white competitor.

Across the lake at Summerland there is another Japanese colony. Its head is George Tada. Tada started working for white fruit men six or seven years ago. Today he owns six acres of full bearing orchard—a white man's competence at present prices. Tada is the son of a Japanese professor. He holds several degrees from a Japanese university. One he secured for a thesis on the silkworm. His wife was a teacher in a Japanese college. Another prominent Japanese grower is Frank Agno. He worked for Manager Logie of the land company for six years. When the fruit was off each year he would disappear and work in the wood camps and otherwise augment his earnings. He paid more than any white would pay for the ten acres he owns. He leases another ten acres. He owns his own motor and motor truck. There is a considerable colony of Asiatics at Summerland. They work hard, save, and attend English classes in big numbers every Sunday afternoon, when one of the young Sunday School workers undertakes their instruction gratuitously.

### Among the Small Fruit

IN THE small fruit districts, the Oriental is securing a foothold even more rapidly than in the orchard areas. From a point below Hope, where the Fraser river emerges from its long race through the mountain canyons, it pursues its leisurely course for seventy or eighty miles to the sea. In an earlier geological age, the river entered the ocean at this point. The long, and singularly rich alluvial valley which the river sluggishly traverses is the sedimentary deposit which year by year has been left there after high water by the receding stream. By reason of proximity to Vancouver, character of soil, and ample transportation facilities,—it has railroad, steamer and tramcar—it is peculiarly adapted for the growing of strawberries, raspberries, rhubarb, currants, and gooseberries. Of recent years, that form of farming has made quick progress. But in the last decade the Japanese have shown a lively interest in this district. The rapidity with which they have displaced white growers, or have developed lands of their own, is a matter of surprise to every visitor. In strawberry season, wife and children take their places as pickers. Even a white woman may find it profitable for wages to help garner the crop of the Japanese. Each Japanese grower has many helpers, where a white man has few. These cheerful, industrious little folk swarm over the fruitful patches in a manner disquieting to those who think that our future composite nationality should be limited as much as possible to Caucasian stock.

In the Mission-Hatzic district and in other valley communities a comparison of the land holdings in the last five years shows how rapidly the process of penetration goes on. In 1915 there were 115 small fruit growers in this district, of whom ten were Japanese. In 1920 the total had grown to 250 but 55 were Japanese.

The change is even more marked in the Pitt-Meadows-Hammond-Haney district. Here a total of forty-two growers in 1915, of whom sixteen were Japanese, has grown in 1920 to a total of 248 of whom no less than 120 are Japanese On that basis, with a birth rate such as will presently be seen, and with the expulsive effect of Japanese intrusion on white settlement which is one of the important factors in the situation, the small fruit industry in the lower Fraser valley must pass, and pass soon, into other than white hands.

A survey of this entire district shows the following conditions.

| | Total Growers | Japanese Growers |
|---|---|---|
| Mission-Hatzic | 250 | 55 |
| Pitt-Meadows-Hammond-Haney | 248 | 120 |
| Mount Lehman-Dennison-Bradner-Milner-Langley Prairie, Aldergrove New Westminster Districts | 50 | 17 |
| Whonnock-Ruskin | 30 | 25 |
| Total number of growers | 578 | |
| Total Japanese Growers | | 217 |

Immediately about Vancouver the Chinese have acquired under ownership about 1,000 acres. Every foot of this area with the exception of about thirteen acres is devoted to intensive truck gardening. Seventy-five per cent of this splendidly tilled land lies along the north arm of the Fraser River in South Vancouver, and southward over the rich deltas which form estuaries between the main channel and the different arms of the river. More than 3600 acres in addition are held under lease, and with the exception of about twenty acres all for the purposes of truck gardening. For this land they pay $40. per acre annually.

### The Well-Tilled Ridges

THESE areas are easy to locate. Following the river drive from Vancouver to New Westminster, the traveller's eyes at once identify the home of the Oriental. The long, well-tilled ridges of celery, of lettuce, of onions, of spinach, of broceli and cabbage—without a weed—none but an Oriental would so diligently cultivate. In the centre of the tract a group of hovels marks where the patient fellows sleep and eat, while squatted here and there between the drills, shaded by ample straw hats, the gardeners may be seen at work from morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve—and later. For if the white will not live like the yellow man, neither will he toil as does the Asiatic.

While the Chinese have favored the south side of the river because of the rich bottom lands favorable to vegetable growing, the Japanese have given more attention to the higher banks of the north side of the Fraser where the rich red loam with its southern exposure attracts the fruit growers. Here they have in a very few years entrenched themselves in a remarkable way. Nearly 7000 acres are already owned by them in the territory from Vancouver to the entrance to the mountains; roughly about 70 miles. Only about 300 acres is under lease—a fair indication of the intentions of the men from Japan. It must of course be remembered that land for truck gardening lends itself to leasehold while for fruit growing the disposition is to own and develop.

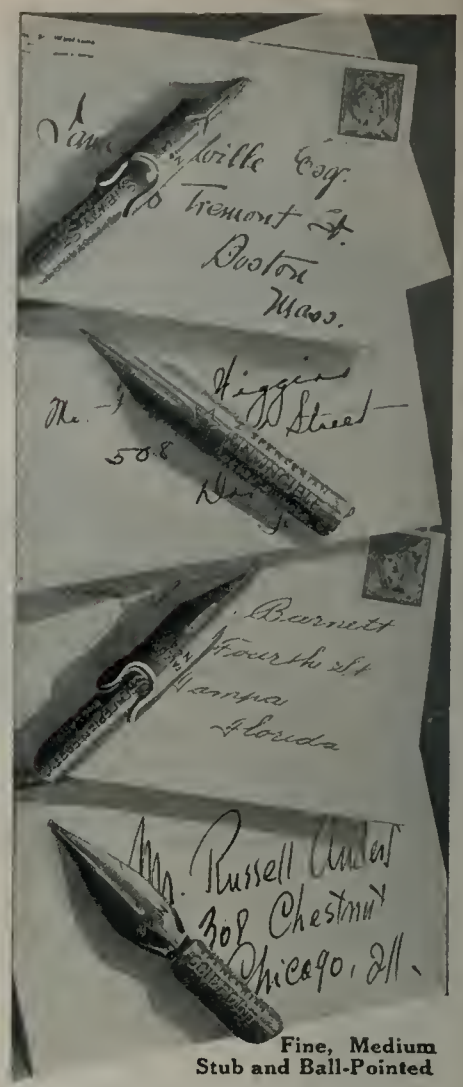
On Vancouver Island in the vicinity of Victoria the Chinese own about 700 acres and lease more than 800. The Japanese in the same district lease about 100 acres and own practically none. Here again the bulk of the Chinese holdings are for truck purposes, and of the Japanese for orchard, although there is a considerable amount of small fruit and greenhouse work carried on by the Chinese in the vicinity of the Capital.

At Enderby and Armstrong, where the finest celery in Canada is grown, the Chinese own 2,500 acres and lease 703. The Japanese lease sixty acres in this valley.

In the Okanagan the Chinese own about 100 acres and lease about 1230. This does not include the celery fields of Armstrong and Enderby already mentioned. The Japanese holdings are not large amounting to about 250 acres freehold and 600 leasehold.

The largest holdings in the interior by Chinese are at Ashcroft, already referred to, where title to 2,500 acres has already passed to them, and where they operate another 1905. Indeed the "penetration" of Ashcroft by the Chinese is almost as complete as that of Steveston by the Japanese.

The whole land situation in British Columbia reflects the danger which the Occidental instinctively feels when con-

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fronted with the massed competition of the Asiatic. Hon. E. D. Barrow, the Provincial Minister of Agriculture, stated recently that 90 per cent of the produce supplied to the markets of Vancouver, locally, was from Chinese. More than half the potatoes grown in the province are produced by Chinese. In Victoria maximum sunshine throughout the year stimulated, nearly a score of years ago, the erection of greenhouses, whose products went as far east as Winnipeg, and as far north as Sawson. Today there remain but two that are not under Mongolian control.

A recent survey made by the department of agriculture for the province shows that there are 1,080 Asiatics controlling 26,918 acres, in British Columbia. Of this acreage 367 are orchard lands, 2341 are in small fruits, 10,659 are truck farms, 515 dairy farms, and 3677 acres are used for mixed farming.

### The Oriental Evolution

IN THE cities a certain evolution is noticed. For more than half a century Victoria has had its Chinatown where suave and slippered salesmen did a thriving trade in everything from silks to opium among white and yellow alike. But these foreign traders kept to their own quarters. Today in all the coast cities under the impulse of some Pan-Asiatic urge they are expanding everywhere. Thirty years ago Alexander Street, Gore Avenue and lower Main streets in Vancouver were the district of select homes and of old families—the Bell-Irvings, the Beechers, the Alexanders. Today it is a section of solid business blocks where you may see no names that are not Oriental.

At a meeting in Vancouver a few weeks ago to form an Anti-Asiatic League the president of the Trades and Labor Council made some statements with respect to the inroads which the yellow men had made on industries in which white labor is primarily affected. He claimed that in the city of Vancouver alone there were fifty-six boss Chinese or Japanese tailor shops each employing at least three persons; that there were over 700 Mongolians employed in restaurants and hotels; and that there were fifteen Chinese and sixty Japanese barber shops each with two or more assistants. Many of the latter were women.

### Asiatic Methods Contrasted with European

TO APPRECIATE the full effect of the foregoing, it is necessary to remember an important distinction between Europeans and Asiatics, in their method of settlement. The former usually seek ands and areas where they can maintain their insularity. This they seem to fear will not survive contact with the predominant races. One of the chief anxieties of the government is to combat and overcome this tendency, and to inoculate with western ideas and ultimately assimilate the new-comers. Education and intermarriage among the younger generations, in time, complete the flux.

The Oriental works on an entirely different plan. He knows his white man, has evidently appraised his capacity or lack of it for competitive labor against the Asiatic, and has no fear of the outcome. He also knows that racial instincts and prejudices make assimilation of his people through intermarriage with whites, practically out of the question. So he boldly buys the most fertile lands, the most advantageous business stands and the most lucrative businesses from his white neighbor and settles down to a policy of "freeze-out" which rarely if ever fails. Ostracism by his white neighbors has no terrors for him. But the alarm of the white settlers who some fine morning find Chinese or Japanese children playing in the yard next door, may be readily understood. If he waits long enough he will probably shortly find another Mongolian on the other side of him. He becomes panicky. Where the first alien probably was forced to pay a long price for his holdings, the next is able to buy much cheaper, and in the end property is so depreciated by the yellow that the remaining whites are glad to sell for whatever their foreign competitors care to pay. German penetration was never more effective than is that of the Mongolian when he elects to establish a community at any point, in either city or country. It is this quiet relentlessness which has created the suspicion so common in British Columbia that the whole system of land lease and purchase is guided and financed by officialdom across the Pacific. Certainly it can be ruthless and if any doubt exists on the matter ample proof is found at Steveston.

### The Story of Steveston

STEVESTON deserves a chapter by itself. Here in little more than a quarter of a century the whole salmon industry—on what was once the most famous of all salmon rivers, the Fraser—has passed absolutely under Oriental control.

Steveston lies at the mouth of the river. It was never an attractive spot. It huddles behind the great dykes which shut out the sea from the rich delta on which it stands. A row of frame canneries extends along the main channel of the mighty Fraser which here becomes a tidal estuary of the Pacific. It smells of fish and of fish offal. Inside the great canneries, before the advent of the labor-saving machinery with which they are not equipped, squaws (called k'ootcheen in the vernacular of the coast) and Chinks gutted, decapitated, and cleaned the millions of fish that the boats brought in. A recent premier of British Columbia in his boyhood days, discharged that homely, redolent, but not unprofitable task, as did many another British Columbia boy. Outside where the river mingled its turbid waters with the blue brine of the Gulf, a great fleet of fishing smacks manned by hardy white or red fishermen harvested their profitable crop from the sea. This fleet under sail, against a background of mountain and setting sun, was one of the most striking and beautiful spectacles to be seen on any ocean in the world.

The yellow man came. Older residents of Steveston will tell the visitor of how awkward the new-comers were, how inefficient in comparison with the sturdy fisher folk whom they sought to displace. Some had to be taught boat pulling. Then they taught their wives, and the smiling little brown women soon became expert as assistants to their husbands. Labor stormed and protested that licenses should go only to Canadian citizens. That proved no obstacle. Applications for naturalization papers for Japanese poured in upon the authorities. Soon all disqualification on that score was removed. The race pressure became too much. The whites abandoned the lower river. The Indians too withdrew. Contracts with Japanese bosses soon followed. White merchants sold out. In a quarter of a century a fishing town of about two thousand souls became thoroughly and irretrievably orientalized.

The Japanese evolved a one-man power boat much the best of its class. They borrowed capital from the canners, who finding them industrious and reliable were ready to assist. The Japanese built their own boats and paid for them out of their catch. For they are daring and tireless fishermen. Not content with the rivers they put out far to sea, and passengers on inbound liners from the Orient have marvelled to see twenty-five or thirty miles off the wild west coast of Vancouver Island, exposed to the full sweep of an ocean which often belies its name, the plucky little brown men fishing deep with huge 30 pound sinkers which carry their lines many fathoms deep to the marine recesses where the great spring salmon lurks. Unlike the white fishermen, they fished the year round, and while no more expert, their persistence and their sobriety soon brought them the favor of the cannerymen.

A visit to Steveston today is a depressing experience. It is reached in less than an hour by tram car from Vancouver. Little homes, surrounded by smiling gardens, flash by the windows, as you traverse the Delta. But as you approach Steveston a change is noted. The gardens are still productive. But they are worked by Chinese or Japanese, male and female. The children, where old enough, assist in the field. The latest addition reposes in the shade of a hay coil, or is borne on the back of the patient mother.

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ed by the grateful laughter and shouts of happy children. Investigation however, shows that the school is one for Japanese and Japanese only. It is a three roomed school with three Japanese and one English teacher. The walls of the principal's room are hung with Japanese scenes, and pictures of Japanese heroes. The curriculum is Japanese, geography taught in Japanese terms, and Japanese history taught with a Japanese angle to world events. There is no instruction in British or Canadian history. The English teacher instructs in primary English only.

The school is maintained by the Japanese Fishermen's Benefit Society which for twenty years has carried on the excellent hospital which it adjoins. This latter is maintained and equipped on western medical lines with a Japanese doctor although nominally under the control of an English doctor whose office is situated a few miles away.

Across the road from the larger Japanese school is a smaller one maintained in the same way but falling more particularly under the care of the Japanese Women's Society which is a sort of auxiliary to the Fishermen's Union. Here a white lady teacher attempts to carry on a kindergarten. Her efforts to instruct young Nippon in the musical mysteries of "gathering nuts in May" while well meaning, are not such as to evoke enthusiasm.

These children start at a tender age, but their somewhat clumsy performance is in marked contrast with the military-like precision with which the larger Japanese children across the road render, in the open air, their own folk songs and dances.

The Japanese consul comes down occasionally. His sole inquiry of the teacher is "Are they strong?" and "Do they learn English?"

There is a fine English school near by, which some of the foreign children attend and more would, had they the opportunity. The white tax-payers are rather set against the mixed education involved. Offers of a per capita grant from the Japanese organization to the school are refused.

A few figures will show how thoroughly the process of absorption by the new comers has been accomplished. There are more than 2,000 Japanese in Steveston. Judging by what one observes on the streets, and who one meets on the dykes, there are few others. The doctor and the druggist are both of that nationality. So are many of the store-keepers. Lesser lines of trade are marked by the same characteristics. The great river is now temporarily fished out, but here the aliens remain, and from here they visit the West coast and the northern rivers. For they are great seamen. Gone are the white sails from the river mouth, gone the simple jargon of the aborigine, gone the ready song and rugged speech of the Saxon fisherman. Instead a thousand power boats, each with a son of Nippon in charge leave the river mouth to fish from Steveston to Alaska.

### A Nursery of Alien Sailors

IN THIS connection it should be remembered that Canada has only a few hundred miles of sea coast on the Pacific; that it is all in British Columbia; and that it is almost solely to the fishing population here, as it is in the eastern maritime provinces, that she must look for the backbone of her navy, when she gets one. With the rapidly growing importance of the Pacific in world affairs, there is a touch of the tragic in this quiet, but effective banishment of Canadian and British sailors from a great coastal and river trade.

Canada, for instance, can scarcely regard with equanimity a situation which today gives 873 out of a total of 1376 of the gill net salmon licenses on the Fraser to Orientals and only 133 to Canadians, thirty-seven to Englishmen, and twenty-eight to Scotchmen. Even Scandinavians have but 138 of these licenses and Newfoundlanders fourteen.

On the Skeena the Asiatics hold 642 out of a total of 1098 and on the Naas 201 out of 338. On Vancouver Island they have twenty-three out of a total of fifty-four.

There is a Dominion Government regulation which limits these Asiatic licenses to the number issued in 1920 but the dwindling catch robs this provision of much of its value. The economic folly of allowing such a high proportion of an industry worth $25,000,000 annually to drift into non-Canadian channels need not be emphasized.

Legislative action, drastic and thorough, has protected the metalliferous mining of the province from the penetration which is proceeding in the case of agriculture and fishing. But it has been less effective in the case of the timber industry. Here, first by resolution of the legislature, and latterly by specific legislation, the province has debarred these people from the crown lands of the province. But pending an appeal to the highest courts to decide the real powers of the province, the latter is not pressing action against the brown-law-breakers, and Ottawa is suspending any veto of the measure such as is being urged by the Japanese through their consul and other officials.

In the meantime logging camps are multiplying apace, manned and operated by Japanese. Perhaps a thousand men are now so employed, and the rapid extension of the industry in their hands is certain whether the legislation in question is rendered valid or not, because many of them are operating under arrangements with white owners. The logging and timber industry may be fairly described therefore as one of the threatened trades in British Columbia.

*Concluded in our next issue*

## The Girl in the Place d'Armes

*Continued from page 14*

he won't—"

Gabrielle had sunk into a chair; his gaze wandered to her; he went over, asking with what I could only think of as gentle fierceness: "Tell me—why should you care so much? What is he to you?"

She covered her face with her hands, as though she could not bear to look upon him. I have since thought there were two reasons for this.

"Jacques—Jacques! Derry and I are engaged—and now you—you have sent him to his death!"

For me surprise was swallowed up by other emotions. The memory of the look in the man's eyes at that moment lingered with me long afterwards. It was the look of a man who, having refused to believe in its existence, has suddenly seized a bitter cup and drunk it to the dregs. I was busy with the fainting girl, and so it happened that I did not see him leave, and only knew by the harsh bang of the closing door that he had gone out to face his tragedy alone.

By road, the old Ronaldson place is, as I have said, more than a mile distant from my house. Less than half a mile away the road turns sharply to the left, stretching beyond in a long, straight incline to a tree-topped crest, upon which the crumbling square of masonry can be seen in gray desolation in the winter time, though in summer the foliage gives a kindly burial of green.

Through the stark branches of the leafless trees we could ordinarily have seen the light long before we reached the top of the hill. I say we, for I roused our hired man to get the cutter out and accompany me. He grumbled not a little, but was disinclined to quarrel with his bread and butter. As it was, the drifting snow obscured familiar landmarks, making progress difficult, and the road so beyond recognition that I simply let the mare have her head. So it was that we came to the place suddenly, and saw a flicker of light through a gaping opening that had once been a window.

I drew rein, telling the man to tie up the mare and follow me.

"M'sieu!" he pleaded.

"Well?"

"The mare cannot be left. See how she trembles. She will run, m'sieu."



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"Then see that she doesn't and that you don't," I told him curtly, little liking the task ahead at best, and not relishing going on alone. Only the thought of Derry sustained me.

The ghostly whiteness of the night impressed me with a sense of unreality. I experienced a feeling of detached loneliness such as might come to one in winter in a graveyard. Better some noise, I thought, than this deathly stillness. Imagination pictured Derry—but why particularize?

I STEPPED forward through the knee-deep snow. The light gleamed from the front of the house; I decided that the side door offered the most favorable means of entry. I touched against a bush and its frozen shaking set my nerves jangling. By the steps at the side, broken and worn in places so that the covering of snow was a source of danger to one's limbs, I crouched a moment listening. From within came the sound of something that might have been human—the low moaning, perhaps of Paul Laberge's "lost soul in torment."

"Good God!" I said aloud, and at the same moment was blinded by a glare of light. In my state of nerves I almost fired a shot. Then my heart leaped at the sound of a familiar voice.

"Bless my imagination," said Derry quite casually, "if it isn't his nibs! What in the name of commonsense—"

I could have slain him for joy, but instead welcomed him as one from the dead.

"Killed?" said Derry in answer to my question. "Bless you, I've just arrived. Tried to take that confounded 'short' cut—and lost the way. So here I am—full of snow and burrs and wrath. If I had that silly ass Dumontel I'd—? Hist ye—what's that? No ghost about that, lad, but human voices. Here, give me a lift—I think the window's safer than those steps."

He waved aside my attempted explanation of the situation.

"Maniac nothing. I'm going to have a look. Besides I said I'd enter the house alone, so I suppose I'm still within my technical rights at that. Up we go."

He made the ledge easily with my help, and dropped down lightly to the floor. With some trepidation I waited, but in a moment I could make out his big, snow-caked form framed in the window.

"Reach up," he said in a low tone, "and I'll give you a lift. There's something here needs explaining."

There are times when I still think of the thing as something akin to a dream—this thing that Derry and I saw as we crouched there watching, through a break in the mouldering partition, the drama in the next room.

Upon a couch that still withstood the passing of the years lay a recumbent form, deathly still, bleeding apparently from a great gash above the temple. The lower part of the face was shadowed by the strange figure between it and the guttering end of candle. For kneeling beside the couch was a man who had once been of more than ordinary size, now shrunk into a semblance of humanity—a monstrosity of skin and bone; a framework illy-covered with wrinkled parchment, surmounted by a grizzled face in which alone we caught the gleam that linked him with humanity. The man was crooning over the deathlike figure—crooning as a mother over her babe.

"Laddie—laddie—they thought to kill you, thought to do ye to death, but they've got to kill your father first. I promised your mother, boy, I'd go out and look for you and I kept my promise—after she'd gone on. It's all just a bad dream, son. They thought they'd killed ye—you who loved to teach them an' help them.... they thought you were a devil—you a devil, boy, with a face so like your mother's ...." He fell to crooning inarticulately, and, shifting his position, revealed the face of the man on the couch. I clutched Derry's arm at the same time as he made a grab for mine.

"Derry," I cried, half aloud, "it's Jacques Dumontel!"

Like a flash the old man was on his feet, facing towards us, alarmed at the sound, his eyes roving the wall with a wild light.

"It's the devil," he cried. "The devil—I tell you! He's coming. I'll kill him—torture him—like they did my son—and devils they were and sons of the devil."

Derry had my shoulder in a tense grip.

"We've got to fix him some way, poor old chap. Don't fancy it'll be an easy job even for two, but that fellow's bleeding to death."

HE ROSE to act, but a rotten board gave way, and the noise sent the madman into another frenzy. A terrible thing to look upon—this wild figure, armed with an iron rod he had seized from somewhere, as he stood there facing the door-way, swinging the weapon rhythmically, chanting some wild strain the while.

Then it was we heard the sound of the party coming to take him. The authorities had reached their man. I had a momentary feeling of siding with this wild creature—a mental outcast from his kind. Derry slipped noiselessly out to apprise them of the situation.

An exultant strain sounded in the old voice. The old man evidently sensed the coming of many enemies. His rod swung gleaming in the dim light of the candles.

There came to my mind like a flash, then, the remembrance of a story I had heard or read of a lad named Ronaldson—a young man who had gone out to some far-off islands—my memory failed at this point—and, desirous of spreading the message of light to every part, had gone to an obscure island, with none but his native helpers. The story gripped my mind at the time because of its unusual sequel. Native prophets or "medicine-men" had been predicting the appearance of the Devil on this island. And so the "Bringer of Light"—as his own people called him—went to his death at the hands of fanatics, two only of his party escaping to carry the news. Not hard then, surely, to fill in the details of the elder Ronaldson, wrapped up in the son, and, under promise to the dead mother, weakening mentally under the strain of visiting the grave, most likely, in that far-off isle, and learning the terrible details of the death.

The story reconstructed itself in the present drama. The old man's mind seemed to swing from one delusion to the other—at one time the devil himself was coming and must be killed, at another the figure on the sofa was his own son and must be protected. Perhaps some likeness in Dumontel to the dead son had meant the saving of a life. For a moment now he relaxed his menacing aspect, dropping beside the insensible lad to mutter:

"They're coming, lad, coming—but they'll not get you—they'll never get you." He swung into place again, on guard.

Figures appeared in the doorway; one or two flashlights and a lantern played upon the quarry. A man in some sort of uniform—I afterwards learned he was Ronaldson's personal attendant at the asylum—stepped forward, allowing the light to play on his own features. I saw the old man raise his terrible weapon—then falter before the steady gaze of this keeper whose word had been law all these years, whose influence seemed compelling. The rod fell from his grasp; enfeeblement came to his limbs; his tense muscles relaxed; he fell backward. When we reached him his eyes were glazing fast, but the human thing within him triumphed in this hour. His last words were calm and gentle.

"I'm coming, son, coming. They'll—never—separate us—again."

Derry and I carried Jacques Dumontel, still insensible but with his wounds cared for as best we could, to the cutter, and so to the house. The journey to his own home in the village was out of the question; we could take no chances on loosing the final cord. A fractured skull, was the Doctor's verdict, with the terse comment: "He has a chance."

Mademoiselle de Rostand had come out to meet us, an awed, lovely figure clad in some wrapper of my wife's. At sight of Derry she cried out with pleasure, but when she saw the muffled figure on the improvised stretcher we had made, she ran forward with a little cry of pity and fear. Derry stood aside as she stooped quickly to kiss the bandaged brow, content for once to have her go to him afterwards

After that none of us saw much of the girl. Mademoiselle was installed as nurse, and never was a more faithful attendant.

Those were trying days for old Derry. Business took him back to town, as it did myself, but he always returned week-ends with me. I reproached him for his failing appetite, his long silences. He passed it off with some reference to Jacques' condition. He walked miles, trudging tirelessly through the snow, but always alone.





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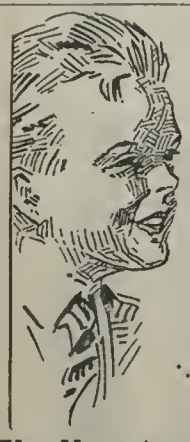
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by Ethel Penman Hope,

in the

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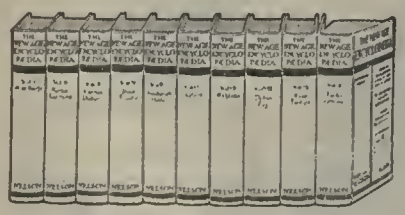
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JACQUES Dumontel lingered long between life and death, but there came at last an abatement of the symptoms, and so a lessening of anxiety in the household. Even Derry tried to assume a more cheery attitude. Only Mademoiselle remained aloof—a soft-footed wraith of classic beauty, holding herself apart, busy with a thousand tender ministrations. The weeks had told on her.

I shall never forget that day Derry came to me as I stood in the sunporch, watching the first touch of really warm sunshine honeycombing a snowbank, as though trying to delude itself into a belief that spring had come.

"Billy," he said, "I want to talk with you." I knew then what was coming; had been expecting him to speak, but respecting his silence. "I've had a letter from home." Home for Derry was somewhere in Surrey. "They want me to go back again. The mater's not so young as she used to be, you know. I want your advice."

"Of course," I said; "you mean Gabrielle?"

He nodded. Then he told me:

"I've my own opinion of an eavesdropper, Billy, and I fancy you have, but I happened to be passing the room, and—well, I listened. I'm not strong on my French, you know, but I understood enough. He was speaking—Jacques, I mean—he said he wanted to thank her, for saving his life; but he wanted nothing that had happened to make any difference. He went up that night not for my sake—he was perfectly frank about that—but because he saw she loved *me*. Old Ronaldson attacked him, but a curious switch of fancy made him take the crumpled figure for his son. That saved his life. He told Gabrielle, Billy, told her something then that kind of—got me."

Derry went over and looked out the long low window to where the haze of distance lent beauty to the far end of the valley.

"He said he'd never forgotten the curé one night telling the story—years ago when they were quite kids—about Sidney Carton. That was when first Jacques came to look upon Gabrielle as something—more than a comrade, you know. He felt then that Carton's was the real standard and measure of love. It came to him again that night—after she told him she was engaged to me, Billy. You can see how it worked on him—how in himself he saw the dissolute young lover, giving, in his loyalty which rejection could not shake, the final gift of devotion. Nothing heroic about the way he told her, Billy—just that he tried in a small way to measure up."

Derry paced the little room, whistling tunelessly.

"He wished her every happiness then, Billy, and shook hands on it and smiled up at her bravely, but when she looked away I saw him—for I could see through the crack in the open door—I saw him turn his face to the wall. I shouldn't have done it, Billy, but perhaps you'll understand why."

"And Mademoiselle?" I asked, finding voice with difficulty.

"Sat there with a face that might have been chiselled by a Rodin. I couldn't bear it, Billy, so I slipped away, wondering. You see, Billy, I've sometimes wondered if I'm just her kind. She's such a little home body, and I'm a restless bird of passage. Then she's not my religion—although that's not a final reason." He spoke quickly as though his reasons would lose weight if given due consideration. "So I've decided to go to-day. I've written a letter—explaining everything, and enclosed a telegraph form ready filled out. If she wants—me back—she can send it."

I turned away from the thing I saw in his eyes. It was too sacred and sublime to look upon.

AS I write I have before me a yellow form. On it I can decipher the words in Derry's now almost illegible scrawl, "Come back on conditions named." The telegram has never been filed, but on it I can mark the traces of a woman's tears.

In my desk is a letter from Derry. England called and claimed him again. He sends a picture of a dream cottage, with great clumps of rhododendrons in a profusion of beauty by the door, and in the distance the purpling loveliness of the Surrey moors. Derry was always handy with his brushes. Another picture—this time a photograph—shows, against the same background, a happy-faced youngster in the arms of a woman whose features a man could look upon as a source of constant inspiration. Underneath, in familiar handwriting: "Derry Junior, and the Best of All."

Yesterday, as I have said, I met a young woman in the Place D'Armes, coming out from the shadow of Notre Dame. I fancy, from her face, she must have been giving thanks for happiness before the shrine of her patron saint. She was on the way, she told me, to meet young Jacques Dumontel at the train.

Facing me, on the wall, two portraits hang side by side. In one I seem to see the type that has made the Anglo-Saxon race so potent in the world; in the other I find, beneath a less polished exterior, something of the chivalry of ancient France. Underneath each I can think of no more fitting inscription than the familiar one to be found frequently in all well-ordered Art Gallery catalogues.

I have even ventured to place under each, in small, clear type, this inscription: "Portrait of a gentleman."

## Mostly Sally

*Continued from page 12*

If I didn't happen to remember a few odd bits of my French, I should have starved by this time. That girl," he went on returning to the subject most imperatively occupying his mind, "is an absolute topper! I give you my solemn word. I've never seen anybody to touch her. Look at those hands and feet. You don't get them outside France. Of course her mouth is a bit wide," he said reluctantly.

Sally's immobility, added to the other's assurance concerning the linguistic deficiencies of the inhabitants of Roville, seemed to reassure the dark man. He breathed again. At no period of his life had he ever behaved with anything but the most scrupulous correctness himself, but he had quailed at the idea of being associated even remotely with incorrectness in another. It had been a black moment for him when the red-haired young man had uttered those few kind words. "Still you ought to be careful," he said austerely.

He looked at Sally, who was now dividing her attention between the poodle and a raffish-looking mongrel who had joined the party, and returned to the topic of the mysterious Scrymgeour.

"How is Scrymgeour's dyspepsia?"

The red-haired young man seemed but faintly interested in the vicissitudes of Scrymgeour's interior.

"Do you notice the way her hair sort of curls over her ears?" he said. "Eh? Oh, pretty much the same, I think."

"What hotel are you staying at?"

"The Normandie."

Sally, dipping into the box for another chocolate cream, gave an imperceptible start. She, too, was staying at the Normandie. She presumed that her admirer was a recent arrival, for she had seen nothing of him at the hotel.

"The Normandie!" The dark man looked puzzled. "I know Roville pretty well by report, but I've never heard of any Hotel Normandie. Where is it?"

"It's a little shanty down near the station. Not much of a place. Still it's cheap, and the cooking's all right."

His companion's bewilderment increased. "What on earth is a man like Scrymgeour doing there?" he said. Sally was conscious of an urgent desire to know more and more about the absent Scrymgeour. Constant repetition of his name had made him seem almost like an old friend. "If there's one thing he's fussy about—"

"There are at least eleven thousand things he's fussy about," interrupted the red-haired young man disapprovingly. "Jumpy old blighter!"




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Only known brands turn over quickly. The known brand is always first to leave the dealers' shelves. Quick turnover, quick sales, quick profits—that's what the trade channels are looking for. They don't want a manufacturer's stuff unless its sale is insured by **user confidence and good will**

It is not the jobber or the retailer who holds the destiny of the manufacturer in his hands: it is the consumer. Manufacturers who have caught this idea, and who have the good sense to apply it are treading the path of success.

"If there's one thing he's particular about, it's the sort of hotel he goes to. Ever since I've known him he has always wanted the best. I should have thought he would have gone to the Splendide." He mused on this problem in a dissatisfied sort of way for a moment, then seemed to reconcile himself to the fact that a rich man's eccentricities must be humored. "I'd like to see him again. Ask him if he will dine with me at the Splendide tonight. Say, eight sharp."

Sally occupied with her dogs, whose numbers had now been augmented by a white terrier with a black patch over its left eye, could not see the young man's face; but his voice, when he replied, told her that something was wrong. There was a false airiness in it.

"Oh, Scrymgeour isn't in Roville."

"No? Where is he?"

"Paris, I believe."

"What!" The dark man's voice sharpened. He sounded as though he were cross-examining a reluctant witness. "Then why aren't you there? What are you doing here? Did he give you a holiday?"

"Yes, he did!"

"When do you rejoin him?"

"I don't!"

"What!"

The red-haired young man's manner was now unmistakably dogged.

"Well, if you want to know," he said, "the old blighter fired me the day before yesterday...."

THERE was a shuffling of sand as the dark man sprang up. Sally, intent on the drama which was unfolding itself beside her, absent-mindedly gave the poodle a piece of candy which should by rights have gone to the terrier. She shot a swift glance sideways, and saw the dark man standing in an attitude rather reminiscent of the stern father of melodrama about to drive his erring daughter out into the snow. The red-haired young man, outwardly stolid, was gazing before him down the beach at a fat bather in an orange suit who, after six false starts, was now actually in the water, floating with the dignity of a wrecked balloon.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded the dark man, "that after all the trouble the family took to get you what was practically a sinecure with endless possibilities if you only behaved yourself you have deliberately thrown away...." A despairing gesture completed the sentence. "Good God! You're hopeless!"

The red-haired young man made no reply. He continued to gaze down the beach. Of all outdoor sports, few are more stimulating than watching middle-aged Frenchmen bathe. Drama, action, suspense—all are here. From the first stealthy testing of the water with an apprehensive toe to the final seal-like plunge, there is never a dull moment. And apart from the excitement of the thing, judging it from a purely esthetic standpoint, his must be a dull soul who can fail to be uplifted by the spectacle of a series of very stout men with whiskers, seen in tight bathing suits against a background of brightest blue. Yet the young man with red hair, recently in the employment of Mr. Scrymgeour, eyed this free circus without any enjoyment whatever.

"It's maddening! What are you going to do! What do you expect us to do? Are we to spend our whole lives getting you positions which you won't keep? I can tell you we're....it's monstrous! it's sickening! Good God!"

And with these words the dark man, apparently feeling, as Sally had sometimes felt in the society of her brother Fillmore, the futility of mere language, turned sharply and stalked away up the beach, the dignity of his exit somewhat marred a moment later by the fact of his straw hat blowing off and being trodden on by a passing child.

He left behind him the sort of electric calm which follows the falling of a thunderbolt; that stunned calm through which the air seems still to quiver protestingly. How long this would have lasted one cannot say, for towards the end of the first minute it was shattered by a purely terrestrial uproar. With an abruptness heralded only by one short, low, gurgling snarl there sprang into being the prettiest dog fight that Roville had seen that season.

IT WAS the terrier with the black patch who began it. That was Sally's opinion, and such, one feels, will be the verdict of History. His best friend, anxious to make out a case for him, could not have denied that he fired the first gun of the campaign. But we must be just. The fault was really Sally's. Absorbed in the scene which had just concluded, and acutely inquisitive as to why the shadowy Scrymgeour had seen fit to dispense with the red-haired young man's services, she had thrice in succession helped the poodle out of his turn. The third occasion was too much for the terrier.

There is about any dog fight a wild, gusty fury which affects the average mortal with something of the helplessness induced by some vast clashing of the elements. It seems so outside one's jurisdiction. One is oppressed with a sense of the futility of interference. And this was no ordinary dog fight. It was a bird of a mêlée, which would have excited favorable comment even among the blasé residents of a negro quarter or the not easily pleased critics of a Lancashire mining village. From all over the beach dogs of every size, breed and color were racing to the scene; and while some of these merely remained in the ringside seats and barked, a considerable proportion immediately started fighting one another on general principles, well content to be in action without bothering about first causes. The terrier had got the poodle by the left hind leg and was restating his war aims. The raffish mongrel was apparently endeavoring to fletcherize a complete stranger of the Sealyham family.

Sally was frankly unequal to the situation, as were the entire crowd of spectators who had come galloping up from the water's edge. She had been paralyzed from the start. Snarling bundles bumped against her legs and bounced away again. but she made no move. Advice in fluent French rent the air. Arms waved, and well-filled bathing suits leaped up and down. But nobody did anything practical until in the center of the theatre of war there suddenly appeared the red-haired young man.

The only reason why dog fights do not go on forever is that Providence has decided that on such occasions there shall always be among those present one Master Mind; one wizard who, whatever his shortcomings in the other battles of life, is in this single particular sphere competent and dominating. At Roville-sur-Mer it was the red-haired young man. His dark companion might have turned from him in disgust; his services might not have seemed worth retaining by the haughty Scrymgeour; he might be a pain in the neck to "the family"; but he did know how to stop a dog fight. From the first moment of his intervention calm began to steal over the scene. He had the same effect on the almost inextricably entwined belligerents as, in medieval legend, the Holy Grail, sliding down the sunbeam, used to have on battling knights. He did not look like a Dove of Peace, but the most captious could not have denied that he brought home the bacon. There was a magic in his soothing hands, a spell in his voice; and in a shorter time than one would have believed possible, dog after dog had been sorted out and calmed down; until presently all that was left of Armageddon was one solitary small Scotch terrier, thoughtfully licking a chewed leg. The rest of the combatants, once more in their right mind and wondering what all the fuss was about, had been captured and haled away in a whirl of recrimination by voluble owners.

Having achieved this miracle, the young man turned to Sally. Gallant, one might say reckless, as he had been a moment before, he now gave indications of a rather pleasing shyness. He braced himself with that painful air of effort which announces to the world that an Englishman is about to speak a language other than his own.

"*J'espere,*" he said, having swallowed once or twice to brace himself up for the journey through the jungle of a foreign tongue. "*J'espere que vous n'etes pas*—oh, dammit, what's the word? —*J'esp re que vous n'etes pas blessee.*"

"*Blessee.*"

"Yes, *blessee.* Wounded, Hurt, don't you know. Bitten. Oh, dash it. *J'espere*—"

"Oh, bitten!" said Sally, dimpling. "Oh, no, thanks very much. I wasn't bitten. And I think it was awfully brave of you to have saved all our lives."

The compliment seemed to pass over


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## Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified. Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

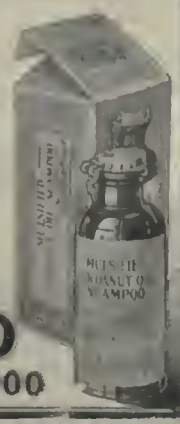
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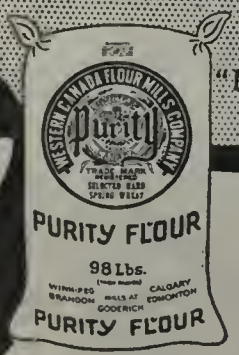

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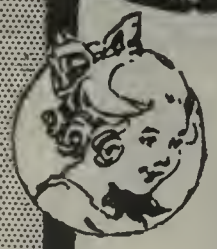
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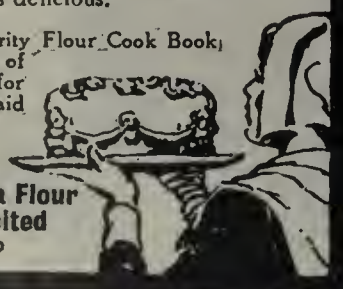



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the young man's head. He stared at Sally with horrified eyes. Over his amiable face there swept a vivid blush. His jaw dropped.

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" he ejaculated.

Then, as if the situation was too much for him and flight the only possible solution, he spun round and disappeared at a walk so rapid that it was almost a run. Sally watched him go and was sorry that he had torn himself away. She still wanted to know why Scrymgeour had fired him.

BEDTIME at Roville is an hour that seems to vary according to one's proximity to the sea. The gilded palaces along the front keep deplorable hours, polluting the night air till dawn with indefatigable jazz; but at the pensions of the economical like the Normandie early to bed is the rule. True, Jules, the stout young native who combined the offices of night clerk and elevator boy at that establishment, was on duty in the hall throughout the night, but few of the Normandie's patrons made use of his services. Sally entering shortly before twelve o'clock on the night of the day on which the dark man, the red-haired young man, and their friend Scrymgeour had come into her life, found the little hall dim and silent. Through the iron cage of the elevator one faint bulb glowed; another, over a desk in the far corner, illuminated the upper half of Jules, slumbering in a chair. Jules seemed to Sally to be on duty in some capacity or other all the time. His work, like woman's, was never done. He was now restoring his tissues with a few winks of much-needed beauty sleep. Sally, who had been to the Casino to hear the band and afterward had strolled on the moonlit promenade, had a guilty sense of intrusion.

As she stood there, reluctant to break in on Jules' rest—for her sympathetic heart, always at the disposal of the oppressed, had long ached for this overworked peon—she was relieved to hear footsteps in the street outside, followed by the opening of the front door. If Jules would have had to wake up anyway, she felt her sense of responsibility lessened. The door, having opened, closed again with a bang. Jules stirred, gurgled, blinked, and sat up; and Sally, turning, perceived that the new arrival was the red-haired young man.

"Oh, good evening," said Sally welcomingly.

The young man stopped and shuffled uncomfortably. The morning's happenings were obviously still green in his memory. He had either not ceased blushing since their last meeting or he was celebrating their reunion by beginning to blush again, for his face was a familiar scarlet.

"Er—good evening," he said, disentangling his feet, which in the embarrassment of the moment had somehow got coiled up together.

"Or *bon soir*, I suppose *you* would say," murmured Sally.

The young man acknowledged receipt of this thrust by dropping his hat and tripping over it as he stooped to pick it up.

Jules, meanwhile, who had been navigating in a sort of somnambulistic trance in the neighborhood of the elevator, now threw back the cage with a rattle .

"It's a shame to have woken you up," said Sally commiseratingly, stepping in.

Jules did not reply for the excellent reason that he had not been "woken up." Constant practice enabled him to do this sort of work without breaking his slumber. His brain, if you could call it that, was working automatically. He had shut the gate with a clang and was tugging sluggishly at the correct rope, so that the elevator was going slowly up instead of retiring down into the basement, but he was not awake.

Sally and the red-haired young man sat side by side on the small seat, watching their conductor's efforts. After the first spurt, conversation had languished. Sally had nothing of immediate interest to say, and her companion seemed to be one of these strong, silent men you read about. Only a slight snore from Jules broke the silence.

At the third floor Sally leaned forward and prodded Jules in the lower ribs. All through her stay at Roville she had found in dealing with the native population, that actions spoke louder than words. If she wanted anything in a restaurant or a store, she pointed, and when she wished the elevator to stop she prodded the man in charge. It was a system worth a dozen French conversation books.

JULES brought the machine to a halt, and it was at this point that he should have done the one thing connected with his professional activities which he did really well—the opening, to wit, of the iron cage. There are ways of doing this. Jules' was the right way. He was accustomed to do it with a flourish, and generally remarked "V'la!" in a modest but self-congratulatory voice as though he would have liked to see another man who could have put through a job like that. Jules' opinion was that he might not be much to look at but that he could open an elevator door.

To-night, however, it seemed as if even this not very exacting feat was beyond his powers. Instead of inserting his key in the lock, he stood staring in an attitude of frozen horror. He was a man who took most things in life pretty seriously, and whatever was the little difficulty just now seemed to have broken him all up.

"There appears," said Sally, turning to her companion, "to be a hitch. Would you mind asking what's the matter. I don't know any French myself except 'oo la la!' "

The young man, thus appealed to, nerved himself to the task. He eyed the melancholy Jules doubtfully and coughed in a strangled sort of way. "Oh, *esker—esker vous*—"

"Don't weaken," said Sally. "I think you've got him going."

"*Esker vous—Pourquoi vous ne*—I mean *ne vous*—that's to say, *quel est le raison*—"

He broke off here because at this point Jules began to explain. He explained very rapidly and at considerable length. The fact that neither of his hearers understood a word of what he was saying appeared not to have impressed itself upon him. Or, if he gave a thought to it, he dismissed the objection as trifling. He wanted to explain and he explained. Words rushed from him like water from a geyser. Sounds, which you felt you would have been able to put a meaning to if he had detached them from the main body and repeated them slowly, went swirling down the stream and were lost forever.

"Stop him!" said Sally firmly.

The red-haired young man looked as a native of Johnstown might have looked on being requested to stop that city's celebrated flood.

"Stop him?"

"Yes. Blow a whistle or something."

Out of the depths of the young man's memory there swam to the surface a single word—a word which he must have heard somewhere or read somewhere; a legacy, perhaps from long-vanished school days. He examined the word, and it was a pippin.

"*Zut!*" he barked, and instantaneously Jules turned himself off at the main. There was a moment of dazed silence, such as might occur in a boiler factory if the works suddenly shut down.

"Quick! Now you've got him!" cried Sally. "Ask him what he's talking about—if he knows, which I doubt—and tell him to speak slowly. Then we shall get somewhere."

The young man nodded intelligently. The advice was good.

"*Lentement*," he said. "*Parlez lentement. Pas si—you* know what I mean—*pas si* dashed *vite*!"

"A-a-ah!" cried Jules, catching the idea on the fly. "*Lentement. Ah, oui, lentement.*"

There followed a lengthy conversation which, while conveying nothing to Sally, seemed intelligilbe to the red-haired linguist.

"The silly ass," he was able to announce some few minutes later, "has made a bloomer. Apparently he was half asleep when we came in, and he shoved us into the lift and slammed the door, forgetting that he had left the keys on the desk."

"I see," said Sally. "So we're shut in?"

"I'm afraid so. I wish to goodness," said the young man, "I knew French really well. I'd curse him with some vim and not a little animation, the chump! I wonder what 'blighter' is in French?" he said meditatively.

"It's the merest suggestion," said Sally, "but oughtn't we to *do* something?"

"What could we do?"

"Well, for one thing, we might all utter a loud yell. It would scare most of the

people in the hotel to death, but there might be a survivor or two who would come and investigate and let us out."

"What a ripping idea!" said the young man, impressed.

"I'm glad you like it. Now tell him the main outlines, or he'll think we've gone mad."

The young man searched for words, and eventualy found some which expressed his meaning lamely, but well enough to cause Jules to nod in a depressed sort of way.

"Fine!" said Sally. "Now, all together at the word 'Three.' One-two—Oh, poor darling!" she broke off. "Look at him."

In the corner of the elevator the emotional Jules was sobbing silently into the bunch of cotton waste which served him in the office of a pocket handkerchief. His broken-hearted gulps echoed hollowly down the shaft....

IN THESE days of cheap books of instruction on every subject under the sun, we most of us know how to behave in the majority of life's little crises. We have only ourselves to blame if we are ignorant of what to do before the doctor comes, of how to make a dainty winter coat for baby out of father's last year's undervest, and of the best method of coping with the cold mutton. But nobody yet has come forward with practical advice as to the correct method of behavior to be adopted when the elevator man starts crying. And Sally and her companion, as a consequence, for a few moments merely stared at each other helplessly.

"Poor darling!" said Sally, finding speech. "Ask him what's the matter."

The young man looked at her doubtfully. "You know," he said, "I don't *enjoy* chatting with this blighter. I mean to say, it's a bit of an effort. I don't know why it is, but talking French always makes me feel as if my nose were coming off. Couldn't we just leave him to have his cry out by himself?"

"The idea!" said Sally. "Have you no heart? Are you one of those fiends in human shape?"

"Oh well, if you put it that way!"

He turned reluctantly to Jules, and paused to overhaul his vocabulary.

"You ought to be thankful for this chance," said Sally. "It's the only real way of learning French, and you're getting a lesson for nothing. What did he say then?"

"Something about losing something. it seemed to me. I thought I caught the word *perdu*."

"But that means a partridge, doesn't it? I'm sure I've seen it on menus."

"Would he talk about partridges at a time like this?"

"He might. The French are extraordinary people."

"Well, I'll have another go at him. But he's a difficult chap to chat with. If you give him the least encouragement, he sort of goes off like a rocket." He addressed another question to the sufferer, and listened attentively to the voluble reply. "Oh!" he said, with sudden enlightenment. "Your *job*." He turned to Sally. "I got it that time," he said. "The trouble is, he says, that if we yell and rouse the house, we'll get out all right, but he will lose his job, because this is the second time this sort of thing has happened, and they warned him last time that once more would mean the push."

"Then we mustn't dream of yelling," said Sally decidedly.

"It means a pretty long wait, you know. As far as I can gather, there's just a chance of somebody else coming in later, in which case he could let us out. But it's doubtful. He rather thinks that everybody has gone to roost."

"Well, we must try it. I wouldn't think of losing the poor man his job. Tell him to take the car down to the ground floor, and then we'll just sit and amuse ourselves till something happens. We've lots to talk about. We can tell each other the story of our lives."

Jules, cheered by his victims' kindly forbearance, lowered the car to the ground floor, where, after a glance of infinite longing at the keys on the distant desk, he sagged down in a heap and resumed his slumbers.

Sally settled herself as comfortably as possible in her corner. "You'd better smoke," she said. "It will be something to do."

"Thanks, awfully."

"And now," said Sally, "tell me why Scrymgeour fired you."

LITTLE by little, under the stimulating influence of this nocturnal adventure, the red-haired young man had lost that shy confusion which had rendered him so ill at ease when he encountered Sally in the hall of the hotel, but at this question embarrassment gripped him once more. Another of those comprehensive blushes of his raced over his face, and he stammered: "I say, I'm—I'm fearfully sorry about that, you know!"

"About Scrymgeour?"

"You know what I mean. I mean about making such a most ghastly ass of myself this morning. I—I never dreamed you understood English."

"Why, I didn't object. I thought you were very nice and complimentary. Of course I don't know how many girls you've seen in your life, but—"

"No, I say, you know, don't! It makes me feel such a chump."

"And I'm sorry about my mouth. It *is* wide. But I know you're a fair-minded man and realize that it isn't my fault."

"Don't rub it in," pleaded the young man. "As a matter of fact, if you want to know, I think your mouth is absolutely perfect. I think," he proceeded a little feverishly, "that you are the most indescribable topper that ever—"

"You were going to tell me about Scrymgeour," said Sally.

The young man blinked as if he had collided with some hard object while sleepwalking. Eloquence had carried him away.

"Scrymgeour?" he said. "Oh, that would bore you."

"Don't be silly," said Sally reprovingly. "Can't you realize that we're practically castaways on a desert island? There's nothing to do till tomorrow but talk about ourselves. I want to hear all about you, and then I'll tell you all about myself. If you feel diffident about starting the revelations, I'll begin. Better start with names. Mine is Sally Nicholas. What's yours?"

"Mine? Oh, ah, yes, I see what you mean."

"I thought you would. I put it as clearly as I could. Well, what is it?"

"Kemp."

"And the first name?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," said the young man, "I've always rather hushed up my first name, because when I was christened they worked a low-down trick on me!"

"You can't shock *me*," said Sally encouragingly. "My father's name was Ezekiel, and I've a brother who was christened Fillmore."

Mr. Kemp brightened. "Well, mine isn't as bad as that.... No, I don't mean that," he broke off apologetically. "Both awfully jolly names, of course, and—"

"Get on," said Sally.

"Well, they called me Lancelot. And, of course, the thing is that I don't look like a Lancelot and never shall. My pals," he added in a more cheerful strain, "call me Ginger."

"I don't blame them," said Sally.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind thinking of me as Ginger?" suggested the young man diffidently.

"Certainly."

"That's awfully good of you."

"Not at all."

JULES stirred in his sleep and grunted. No other sound came to disturb the stillness of the night.

"You were going to tell me about yourself?" said Mr. Lancelot (Ginger) Kemp.

"I'm going to tell you *all* about myself," said Sally, "not because I think it will interest you—"

"Oh, it will!"

"Not, I say, because I think it will interest you—"

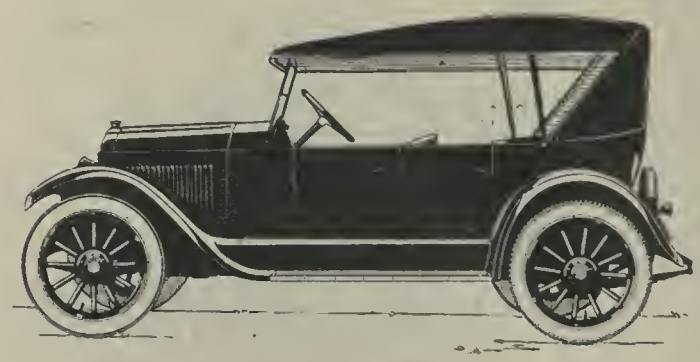
"It will really!"

Sally looked at him coldly. "Is this a duet?" she inquired. "Or have I the floor?"

"I'm awfully sorry."

"Not, I repeat for the third time, because I think it will interest you, but because if I do you won't have any excuse for not telling me your life history and you wouldn't believe how inquisitive I am. Well, in the first place, I live in America. I'm over here on a


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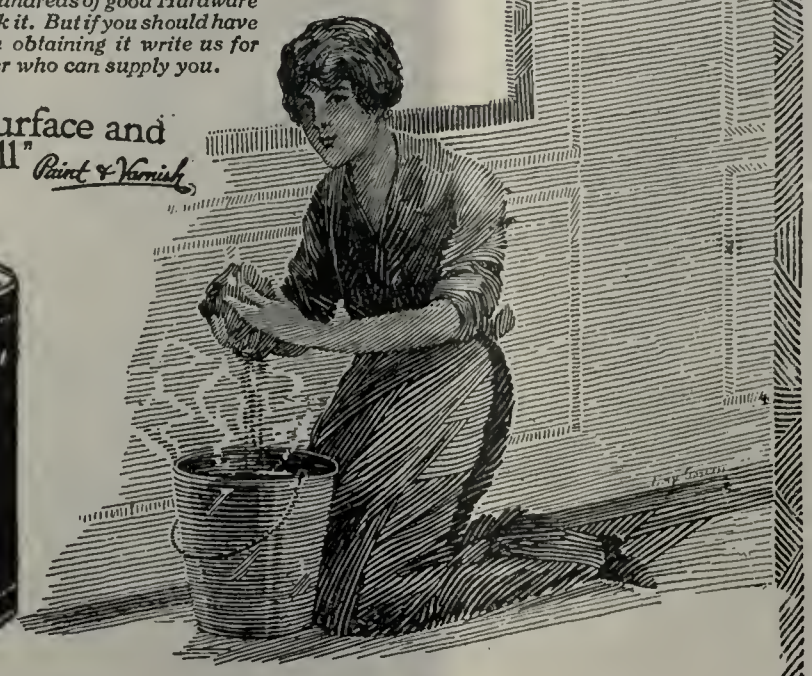
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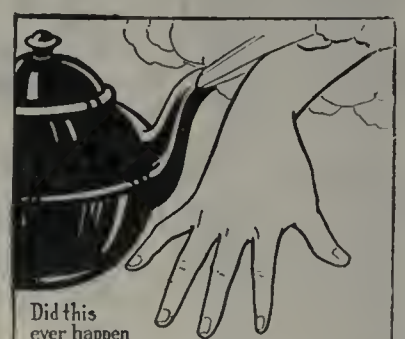
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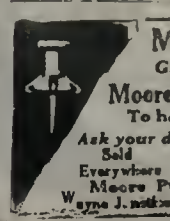




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holiday. And it's the first real holiday I've had in three years—since I left home, in fact." Sally paused. "I ran away from home," she said.

"Good egg!" said Ginger Kemp.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I mean, quite right. I bet you were quite right."

"When I say home," Sally went on, "it was only a sort of imitation home, you know. One of those just-as-good homes which are never as satisfactory as the real kind. My father and mother both died a good many years ago. My brother and I were dumped down on the reluctant doorstep of an uncle."

"Uncles," said Ginger Kemp feelingly, "are the devil. I've got an—but I'm interrupting you."

"My uncle was our trustee. He had control of all my brother's money and mine till I was twenty-one. My brother was to get his when he was twenty-five. My poor father trusted him blindly, and what do you think happened?"

"Good Lord! The blighter embezzled the lot?"

"No, not a cent. Wasn't it extraordinary? Have you ever heard of a blindly trusted uncle who was perfectly honest? Well, mine was. But the trouble was that, while an excellent man to have looking after our money he wasn't a very lovable character. He was very hard. Hard! He was as hard as—well, nearly as hard as this seat. He hated poor Fill—"

"Phil?"

"I broke it to you just now that my brother's name was Fillmore."

"Oh, your brother. Oh, ah, yes."

HE WAS always picking on poor Fill. And I'm bound to say that Fill rather laid himself out as what you might call a pickee. He was always getting into trouble. One day, about three years ago, he was expelled from Harvard, and my uncle vowed he would have nothing more to do with him. So I said, if Fill left, I would leave. And as this seemed to be my uncle's idea of a large evening, no objection was raised, and Fill and I departed. We went to New York, and there we've been ever since. About six months ago Fill passed the twenty-five mark and collected his money, and last month I marched past the given point and got mine. So it's all ended happily, you see. Now tell me about yourself."

"But, I say, you know, dash it, you've skipped a lot. I mean to say, you must have had an awful time in New York, didn't you? How on earth did you get along?"

"Oh, we found work. My brother tried one or two things and finally became an assistant stage manager with some theatre people. The only thing I could do, having been raised in enervating luxury, was ballroom dancing, so I ballroom-danced. I got a job at a place on Broadway called 'The Flower Garden' as an 'instructress'; as if anybody could 'instruct' the men who came there! One was lucky if one saved one's life and wasn't squashed to death."

"How perfectly foul!"

"Oh, I don't know. It was rather fun for a while. Still," said Sally meditatively, "I'm not saying I could have held out much longer. I was beginning to give. I suppose I've been trampled underfoot by more fat men than any other girl of my age in America. I don't know why it was, but every man who came in who was a bit overweight seemed to make for me by instinct. That's why I like to sit on the sands here and watch these Frenchmen bathing. It's just heavenly to lie back and watch a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound man coming along and feel that he isn't going to dance with me."

"But I say! How absolutely rotten it must have been for you!"

"Well, I'll tell you one thing. It's going to make me a very domesticated wife one of these days. You won't find *me* gadding about in gilded jazz palaces. For me, a little place in the country somewhere, with my knitting and an Elsie book and bed at half past nine. . . . And now tell me the story of *your* life. And make it long because I'm perfectly certain there's going to be no relief expedition. I'm sure the last dweller under this roof came in hours ago. We shall be here till morning."

"I really think we had better shout, you know."

"And lose Jules his job? Never!"

"Well, of course, I'm sorry for poor old Jules's troubles, but I hate to think of you having to—"

"Now get on with the story," said Sally....

GINGER KEMP exhibited some of the symptoms of a young bridegroom called upon at a wedding breakfast to respond to the toast. He moved his feet restlessly and twisted his fingers.

"I hate talking about myself, you know," he said.

"So I supposed," said Sally. "That's why I gave you my autobiography first, to give you no chance of backing out. Don't be such a shrinking violet. We're all shipwrecked mariners here. I am intensely interested in your narrative. And, even if I wasn't, I'd much rather listen to it than to Jules's snoring."

"He *is* snoring a bit, what? Does it annoy you? Shall I stir him up?"

"You seem to have an extraordinarily brutal streak in your nature," said Sally. "You appear to think of nothing else but schemes for harassing poor Jules. Leave him alone for a second, and start telling me about yourself."

"Where shall I start?"

"Well, not with your childhood, I think. We'll skip that."

"Well...." Ginger Kemp knitted his brow, searching for a dramatic opening. "Well, I'm more or less what you might call an orphan like you. I mean to say, both my people are dead, and all that sort of thing."

"Thanks for explaining. That has made it quite clear."

"I can't remember my mother. My father died when I was in my last year at Cambridge. I'd been having a most awfully good time at the varsity," said Ginger, warming to his theme. "Not thick, you know, but good. I'd got my Rugger and Boxing blues and I'd just been picked for scrum half for England against the North in the first trial match, and, between ourselves, it really did look as if I was more or less of a snip for my international."

Sally gazed at him wide-eyed. "Is that good or bad?" she asked.

"Eh?"

"Are you reciting a catalogue of your crimes, or do you expect me to get up and cheer? What is a Rugger blue, to start with?"

"Well, it's—it's a Rugger blue, you know."

"Oh, I see," said Sally. "You mean a Rugger blue."

"I mean to say, I played Rugger—footer—that's to say, football—Rugby football—for Cambridge against Oxford. I was scrum half, you know."

"And what is a scrum half?" asked Sally patiently. "Yes, I know you're going to say it's a scrum half, but can't you make it still easier?"

"The scrum half," said Ginger, "is the half who works the scrum. He slings the pill out to the fly half, who starts the three-quarters going. I don't know if you understand?"

"I don't."

"It's dashed hard to explain," said Ginger Kemp unhappily. "I mean, I don't think I've ever met anyone before who didn't know what a scrum half was."

"Well, I can see that it has something to do with football, so we'll leave it at that. I suppose it's something like our quarter back. And what's an international?"

"It's called getting your international when you play for England, you know. England plays Wales, France, Ireland, and Scotland. If it hadn't been for the smash, I think I should have played for England against Wales."

"I see at last. What you're trying to tell me is that you were very good at football."

GINGER KEMP blushed warmly. "Oh, I don't say that. England was pretty short of scrum halves that year."

"What a horrible thing to happen to a country! Still you were likely to be picked on the All-England team when the smash came? What was the smash?"

"Well, it turned out that the poor old pater hadn't left a penny. I never understood the process exactly, but I'd always supposed that we were pretty well off, and then it turned out that I hadn't anything at all. I'm bound to say it was a bit of a jar. I had to come down from Cambridge and go to work in my uncle's office. Of course I made an absolute hash of it."

"Why of course?"

"Well, I'm not a very clever sort of chap, you see. I somehow didn't seem able to grasp the workings. After about a year my uncle, getting a bit fed, hoofed me out and got me a mastership at a school, and I made a hash of that. He got me one or two other jobs, and I made a hash of those."

"You certainly do seem to be one of our most prominent young hashers!" gasped Sally.

"I am," said Ginger modestly.

There was a silence.

"And what about Scrymgeour?" Sally asked.

"That was the last of the jobs," said Ginger. "Scrymgeour is a pompous old ass who thinks he's going to be prime minister some day. He's a big bug at the bar and has just got into Parliament. My cousin used to devil for him. That's how I got mixed up with the blighter."

"Your cousin used—? I wish you would talk English."

"That was my cousin who was with me on the beach this morning."

"And what did you say that he used to do for Mr. Scrymgeour?"

"Oh, it's called deviling. My cousin's at the bar too—one of our rising nibs, as a matter of fact...."

"I thought he was a lawyer of some kind."

"He's got a long way beyond it now, but when he started he used to devil for Scrymgeour—assist him, don't you know. His name's Carmyle. Bruce Carmyle, you know. Perhaps you've heard of him? He's rather a prominent Johnny in his way."

"I haven't."

"Well, he got me this job of secretary to Scrymgeour."

"And why did Mr. Scrymgeour fire you?"

Ginger Kemp's face darkened. He frowned. Sally, watching him, felt that she had been right when she had guessed that he had a temper. She liked him none the worse for it. Mild men did not greatly appeal to her.

"I don't know if you're fond of dogs?" said Ginger.

"I used to be before this morning," said Sally. "And I suppose I shall be again in time. For the moment I've had what you might call rather a surfeit of dogs. But aren't you straying from the point? I asked you why Mr. Scrymgeour dismissed you."

"I'm telling you."

"I'm glad of that. I didn't know."

"The old brute," said Ginger, frowning again, "has a dog. A very jolly little spaniel. Great pal of mine. And Scrymgeour is the sort of fool who oughtn't to be allowed to own a dog. He's one of those asses who isn't fit to own a dog. As a matter of fact of all the blighted, pompous, bullying, shriveled-souled old devils—"

"One moment," said Sally. "I'm getting an impression that you don't like Mr. Scrymgeour. Am I right?"

"Yes!"

"I thought so. Womanly intuition! Go on."

"He used to insist on the poor animal doing tricks. I hate seeing a dog do tricks. Dogs loathe it, you know. They're frightfully sensitive. Well, Scrymgeour used to make this spaniel of his do tricks—fool things that no self-respecting dog would do—and eventually poor old Billy got fed up and jibbed. He was too polite to bite, but he sort of shook his head and crawled under a chair. You'd have thought anyone would have let it go at that, but would old Scrymgeour? Not a bit of it! Of all the poisonous—"

"Yes, I know. Go on."

"Well, the thing ended in the blighter hauling him out from under the chair and getting more and more shirty, until finally he laid into him with a stick. That is to say," said Ginger, coldly accurate, "he *started* laying into him with a stick." He brooded for a moment with knit brows. "A spaniel, mind you! Can you imagine anyone beating a spaniel? It's like hitting a little girl. Well, he's a fairly oldish man, you know, and that hampered me a bit, but I got hold of the stick and broke it into about eleven pieces, and by great good luck it was a stick he happened to value rather highly. It


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had a gold knob and had been presented to him by his constituents or something. I minced it up a goodish bit, and then I told him a fair amount about himself. And then—well, after that he shot me out, and I came here."

SALLY did not speak for a moment. "You were quite right," she said at last in a sober voice that had nothing in it of her customary flippancy. She paused again, "And what are you going to do now?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"You'll get something?"

"Oh, yes, I shall get something. I suppose. The family will be pretty sick, of course."

"For goodness' sake! Why do you bother about the family?" Sally burst out. She could not reconcile this young man's flabby dependence on his family with the enterprise and vigor which he had shown in his dealings with the unspeakable Scrymgeour. Of course he had been brought up to look on himself as a rich man's son, and appeared to have drifted as such young men are wont to do, but even so— "The whole trouble with you," she said, embarking on a subject on which she held strong views, "is that—"

Her harangue was interrupted by what—at the Normandie at one o'clock in the morning—practically amounted to a miracle. The front door of the hotel opened, and there entered a young man in evening dress. Such persons were sufficiently rare at the Normandie, which catered principally for the staid and middle-aged, and this youth's presence was due, if one must pause to explain it, to the fact that, in the middle of his stay at Roville, a disastrous evening at the Casino had so diminished his funds that he had been obliged to make a hurried shift from the Hotel Splendide to the humbler Normandie. His late appearance to-night was caused by the fact that he had been attending a dance at the Splendide, principally in the hope of finding there some kind-hearted friend of his prosperity from whom he might borrow.

A rapid-fire dialogue having taken place between Jules and the newcomer, the keys were handed through the cage, the door opened and the elevator set once more in motion. And a few minutes later Sally, suddenly aware of an overpowering sleepiness, had switched off her light and jumped into bed. Her last waking thought was a regret that she had not been able to speak at length to Mr. Ginger Kemp on the subject of enterprise and a resolve that the address should be delivered at the earliest opportunity.

III

BY SIX o'clock on the following evening, however, Sally had been forced to the conclusion that Ginger would have to struggle through life as best he could without the assistance of her contemplated remarks, for she had seen nothing of him all day and in another hour she would have left Roville on the 7.15 express, which was to take her to Paris, en route for Cherbourg and the liner whereon she had booked her passage for New York.

It was in the faint hope of finding him even now that, at half past six having conveyed her baggage to the station and left it in charge of an amiable porter, she paid a last visit to the Casino Municipale. She disliked the thought of leaving Ginger without having uplifted him. Like so many alert and active-minded girls, she possessed in a great degree the quality of interesting herself in—or, as her brother Fillmore, preferred to put it, messing about with—the private affairs of others. Ginger had impressed her as a man to whom it was worth while to give a friendly shove on the right path, and it was with much gratification, therefore, that, having entered the Casino, she perceived a flaming head shining through the crowd which had gathered at one of the long roulette tables.

There are two casinos at Roville-sur-Mer. The one on the Promenade goes in mostly for sea air and a mild game called *boule*. It is the big Casino Municipale, down in the Palace Massena near the railway station, which is the haunt of the earnest gambler who means business; and it was plain to Sally, directly she arrived, that Ginger Kemp not only meant business but was getting results. Ginger was going extremely strong. He was entrenched behind an opulent-looking mound of square counters; and, even as Sally looked, a wooden-faced croupier shoved a further installment across the table to him at the end of his long rake.

"*Epatant*!" murmured a wistful man at Sally's side, removing an elbow from her ribs in order the better to gesticulate. Sally, though no French scholar, gathered that he was startled and gratified. The entire crowd appeared to be startled and gratified. There is undoubtedly a certain altruism in the make-up of the spectators at a Continental roulette table. They seem to derive a spiritual pleasure from seeing somebody else win.

The croupier gave his mustache a twist with his left hand and the wheel a twist with his right, and silence fell again. Sally, who had shifted to a spot where the pressure of the crowd was less acute, was now able to see Ginger's face, and as she saw it she gave an involuntary laugh. He looked exactly like a dog at a rat hole. His hair seemed to bristle with excitement. One could almost fancy that his ears were pricked up.

IN THE tense hush which had fallen on the crowd at the restarting of the wheel, Sally's laugh rang out with an embarrassing clearness. It had a marked effect on all those within hearing. There is something almost of religious ecstasy in the deportment of the spectators at a table where anyone is having a run of luck at roulette, and if she had guffawed in a cathedral she could not have caused a more pained consternation. The earnest worshippers gazed at her with shocked eyes, and Ginger, turning with a start, saw her and jumped up. As he did so the ball fell with a rattling click into a red compartment of the wheel, and, as it ceased to revolve and it was seen that at last the big winner had picked the wrong color, a shuddering groan ran through the congregation like that which convulses the penitents' bench at a negro revival meeting. More glances of reproach were cast at Sally. It was generally felt that her injudicious behavior had changed Ginger's luck.

The only person who did not appear to be concerned was Ginger himself. He gathered up his loot, thrust it into his pocket, and elbowed his way to where Sally stood, now definitely established in the eyes of the crowd as a pariah. There was universal regret that he had decided to call it a day. It was to the spectators as though a star had suddenly walked off the stage in the middle of his big scene, and not even a loud and violent quarrel, which sprang up at this moment between two excitable gamblers over a disputed five-franc counter, could wholly console them.

"I say," said Ginger, dexterously plucking Sally out of the crowd, 'this is topping, meeting you like this. I've been looking for you everywhere."

"It's funny you didn't find me then, for that's where I've been. I was looking for you."

"No, really?" Ginger seemed pleased. He led the way to the quiet anteroom outside the gambling hall, and they sat down in a corner. It was pleasant here, with nobody near except the gorgeously uniformed attendant over by the door. "That was awfully good of you."

"I felt I must have a talk with you before my train went."

Ginger started violently. "Your train? What do you mean, train?"

"The puff-puff," exclaimed Sally. "I'm leaving to-night, you know."

"Leaving?" Ginger looked as horrified as the devoutest of the congregation of which Sally had just ceased to be a member. "You don't mean *leaving*. You're not going away from Roville?"

"I'm afraid so."

"But why? Where are you going?"

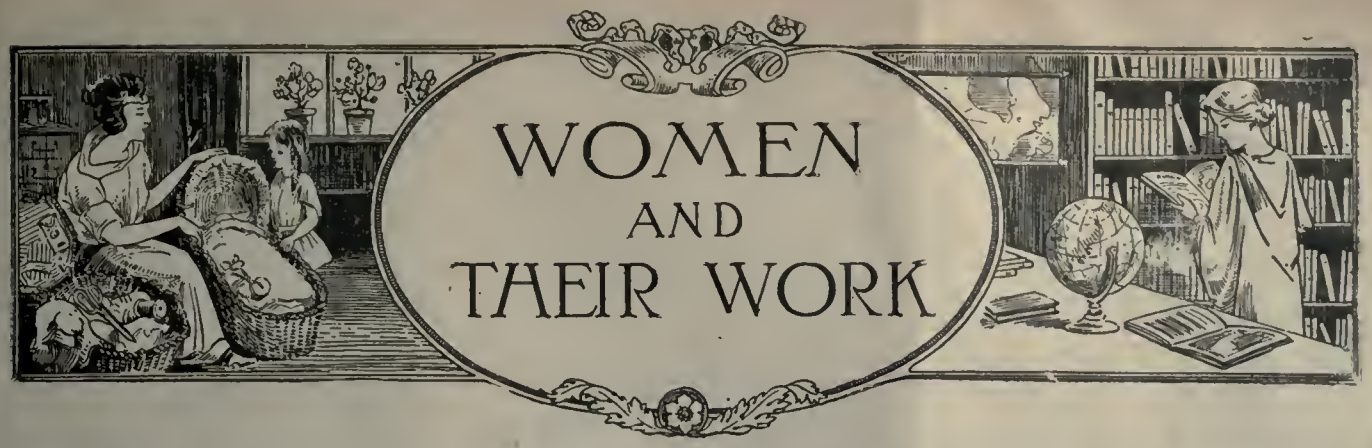
"Back to America. My boat sails from Cherbourg to-morrow."

"Oh, my aunt!"

"I'm sorry," said Sally, touched by his concern. She was a warm-hearted girl, and liked being appreciated. "But—"

"I say—" Ginger Kemp turned bright scarlet and glared before him at the uniformed official who was regarding their tête-à-tête with the indulgent eye of one who has been through this sort of thing himself. "I say, look here, will you marry me?"

*To be Continued*




# MAKING CHILDREN HEALTHY

By WILLIAM FLEMING FRENCH

*Article V in Our Food Series*

PERHAPS you drive a car. If so you can realize, without a great stretch of imagination, that gasoline isn't everything—that if the engine is not fit to deliver power the finest motor fuel in the world cannot inspire it to function.

And so it is with the human body. Food alone cannot make the man, and the mere process of ingesting nourishment will not prove a magic cure-all. The human system is a trifle more complicated than that, and there is little to be gained by eating if we are not in a position to utilize the food we consume. In other words, the first step to be taken in the correcting of a diet is to determine whether the person to be fed is able to benefit from the form and quantity of nutriment supplied. If not the cause must be located and removed.

Thousands of people in the Dominion today are suffering malnutrition, not because of insufficient foods but because their systems cannot utilize the nourishment furnished them. In the words of the nutrition expert "these people are not 'free to gain'."

By "free to gain" we mean physically and mentally fit to digest and assimilate properly the foods given, therefore being unready to gain weight and health, despite the food afforded them.

The excellent work being done by those conducting nutrition classes, nutrition research and feeding clinics proves that there are five reasons or causes responsible for the condition of those who are not "free to gain."

These reasons are—physical defects, lack of discipline, over fatigue, improper food habits and improper health habits. At first glance it may seem that too little importance is laid on food selection and preparation—but that vital subject is considered under the heading of improper food habits.

The most active agent against proper nutrition is found in the first reason: physical defects. Of these there are legion, and their existence and treatment is a subject for a physician, not a food expert. The nutrition worker can carry on where the physician stops—when the mal-nourished one is able to utilize the foods that are selected for him.

Before diets are prescribed physical examinations are necessary. Often physical defects harmful to our health and fatal to proper nutrition are found.

INASMUCH as the best results from nutritional feeding seem to occur in the treatment of children, and inasmuch as it is in infancy and youth that we must build our bodies, for the purposes of this article we will deal with the child of school age.

Those who are expert in the examining of school children have learned to distinguish one defect from another at a glance, and it is not at all out of the ordinary to see a doctor run his eye over a class of perhaps thirty children and pick out at least a dozen suffering from one of the more common physical defects that do so much to cause malnutrition.

The writer was fortunate enough recently to share the desk at which one of these experts was "reviewing" a class of children that had been brought before him.

A little girl of perhaps twelve sidled shyly up to the desk at which this physician's assistant sat—record open before him.

The little girl presented a card. It was the teacher's report. The doctor's assistant handed it to me for inspection. I read:

"Age 13-4, Weight 65 lbs, Height 58 in. Health—good, Conduct—good. Underweight 24 per cent, Overweight, none.

Name—Elizabeth Sears.

"General Remarks. Seems happy and healthy—but is very finicky and uncertain about her meals. Mother reports she will not drink milk unless compelled to do so. Appetite irregular."

"All right, Elizabeth," said the doctor at my side, "that will do."

Across the school record, opposite her name the assistant wrote "Lack of discipline." The doctor nodded and signaled the next child—a boy of perhaps twelve.

While the assistant was studying this boy's card the doctor turned to me, and said in an undertone: "See, that boy is a mouth breather. Bad tonsils and adenoids there. Let me show you."

Calling the boy to him he flashed his light into the lad's mouth. The tonsils were enormous.

"Adenoids and tonsils," he told the assistant. Then again to me—"Notice his card. It will tell a story."

And it did, for under general remarks I read that this boy's parents had followed the best feeding advice possible and that the boy had co-operated faithfully. But still he remained thirty per cent. underweight.

"As long as those diseased tonsils consume his vitality and those adenoids prevent natural breathing that lad will remain underweight and mal-nourished. Four thousand Calories a day couldn't put him over the top."

"Over the top," in the parlance of the nutrition worker, means reaching the point of normal health and weight.

### Some Radical Diagnoses

AS THE stream of children passed the desk their various troubles were quickly located and action taken to eliminate them. After that the problem would be merely one of correct feeding.

Not all the cases were as simple as those just mentioned. There was one little girl, for example, who presented a puzzling problem She was subject to violent pains in her stomach, especially after she had eaten heartily. They were severe enough to keep her away from school two and three days at a time. The particular foods that caused them could not be isolated.

The mother was almost frantic—and the little girl had grown thin from suffering. The doctor at the desk heard the details of this strange malady and gave his diagnosis with a single word:

"Appendicitis."

The child had been suffering for months, ever in danger of an acute attack. Within six weeks after her operation she was gaining weight and health with great strides.

Then there was the little boy who couldn't take on weight and who didn't seem interested in anything. He was listless—and unhappy. Nothing could bring him out of the lethargy that seemed to have enveloped him.

The doctor pronounced his trouble tuberculosis—and set about to make the cure. In a year, the doctor promised, right living and right eating would bring him over the top.

We have not sufficient space to tell of the many troubles that may affect our physical beings and of the manner in which they put obstacles in the way of health and happiness. Suffice to say that we must locate and conquer a child's physical defects before we can expect to secure results from corrective feeding.

Next to physical defects we find that lack of discipline is the greatest enemy of proper nutrition. Lack of discipline may express itself in any one of a hundred ways: the man or woman overweight may lack the discipline of will necessary to make her deny the appetite the sweets or over-rich foods it craves; lack of discipline causes the child to demand sweets between meals, to refuse to eat this or that and to develop an antipathy for the foods that are good for him. Lack of discipline causes us to fail to keep regular hours, to remember to drink water regularly, to masticate properly and to do the many other things necessary to our welfare.

### Children Work Too Hard

OVERFATIGUE is more common among children than with adults. It is caused by late hours, by too strenuous play or exercise, by too much work and by worry.

The writer is personally acquainted with at least a dozen children whose malnutrition was entirely due to over-fatigue. One little lad was almost thirty per cent. underweight and was failing steadily. He was falling farther and farther behind, both physically and in his school work. No matter how hard he worked and no matter how carefully he observed the rules of correct eating he could find no relief. Tearfully he came to the physician in charge of that particular school. He didn't know what to do—he worked as hard as he could and he did everything he could, but somehow his brain wouldn't work, and somehow his little body would not gain strength.

He studied after school and at nights, and he studied Saturdays and Sundays—but still his mind seemed heavy and wouldn't work for him.

The answer to his problem was plain over-fatigue. Sickness had put him behind and in his efforts to catch up he had overtaxed his already depleted store of vitality and had over-tried and over-tired himself. In consequence his system could not perform its functions and the foods he ate were only half assimilated. The harder he worked the more fatigued he became, and the more fatigued he became the more his system suffered. And, of course, the more his system suffered the farther he fell behind. And so he was caught in a vicious circle.

Rest and light food was the answer for him. Within a month his appetite again demanded the normal amount of food and





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Over-fatigue is a relentless enemy and a destroyer of health. Do not permit your child, or yourself, to become over-fatigued. If your child falls behind do not attempt to force him forward by extra work—only harm can result from this. He needs rest, not work.

Improper food habits are the next faults to consider. Regarding the selection and preparation of food several articles will appear in *MacLean's*. Fast eating, insufficient mastication, etc. etc., compose the various angles of this fault.

Improper health habits is the last classification. Lack of attention to cleanliness; of body, of home, of foods, of teeth and of play conditions form part of these improper habits. The clothing we wear and put on our children also are vital factors in the matter of health habits.

The way our children play and the manner in which they conduct themselves when out of our sight are all matters to be considered in this respect.

### Fresh Air a Vital Factor

FRESH air is a vital factor in our health habits—and this, together with water, will be the subject of a special article to appear in these columns shortly.

Without going into detail regarding these five reasons for our children's failure to be "free to gain," we can readily realize how necessary it is to correct such faults before expecting great results from corrective feeding. To attempt to feed a child back to health in spite of tonsils and adenoids, in spite of bad health habits and lack of discipline; to attempt to force enough food into a child suffering from some disease or defect, is, to put it mildly, the essence of folly.

It is so easy to guarantee against physical defect. A careful examination by a competent physician is all that is required. Surely it is little enough to pay for an assurance of his future health.

If your child is undernourished or displays any of the signs of malnutrition go first to your physician. Then, when you know the child is free to gain, plan your corrective feeding campaign and live up to it.

In an early issue we will run charts showing the correct weight for children of various ages and heights, also maps showing how records are kept to show the curve of progress under correct feeding.

These charts will enable you to determine whether or not your child is receiving proper nourishment.

# Preparing Women for the Greatest of Professions

By DR. W. W. CHIPMAN

IN AN address on "The Infant Soldier," Dr. W. W. Chipman, a noted Canadian specialist, after citing all the enemies a baby has to fight in the battle for his life, gives the following views of the education a girl should have to fit her for the responsibilities of mothering:

"It is generally conceded by all thinking women that the one big event in any woman's life is her motherhood; that the world before the event is quite a different place from the world after the event; the fact of the child changes entirely, unconsciously, and inevitably the whole point of view. It is also true, I think, that no power of imagination on the part of women who have no children can succeed in placing them in the same position as the mothers. In spite of all their efforts their language is, and must be, always, a different speech. It is true, of course, that women without children can do very much to help, but it must always be remembered that this help is only second-rate, given at second-hand, as it were, and is never direct or immediate.

"So this question of motherhood is, after all, the one great question in every woman's life. No matter how she may answer this question, yea or nay,—destiny often answers it for her,—it still remains the great question. And so it is of the first importance that the training and education of the young girl should be always directed,—wisely, tacitly, with no fuss or protestation,—toward this one great fact.

"And in this training for potential motherhood the first essential is a good physique, a good physique and a well-balanced nervous system. And by this I mean that she should possess as nearly as may be a sound mind in a sound body. True it is that her constitution in both these respects is a heritage from her forbears. She may be possessed in this regard of five talents or of only one: but if it be only one she must make the most of this talent, be more assiduous in its care, and above all things not abuse it, not bury it in a napkin. Much indeed comes back to a wise training and education in her early years. And the training here should be like the training anywhere else, or for any other event. It should be not only physical, but mental and moral. For it is the mind and the conscience that always drive and direct the physical machine. A body without a mind, or a conscience, without character, is a ship without a rudder; and is of just about as much value. And nothing should be allowed to interfere with this. It is a good thing, I think, for the young girl to be much with her father or her brothers, just as it is a good thing for the young boy to be much with his mother and his sisters. By so doing the girl and the boy acquire some thing from each other. They secure a broader and a healthier outlook upon life, become as it were less specialized as men and women, and so throughout their lives they come to understand each other better.

### The Father and the Girl

"I REPEAT that the girl, the young girl, should be a great deal with her father. His influence with her is always good.

"So much for the *training*, and now for the *education*. How should the girl be educated to meet at an advantage, and not at a disadvantage this large maternal problem that confronts her. And first, let me say that the girl should be allowed always her choice in the matter. With the coming of her years of discretion—which so often are the years of indiscretion—she may be surely permitted, even as the boy, to make her choice of the future.

"Of course the adventitious aids of an academic education must of necessity be called in, but please remember that this academic education is the least important factor in the whole business. There is no worse preparation, I think, for actual life than that the adolescent years, the years of physical growth, should be spent for ever in a class-room. Too much classroom saps the young vitality, dwarfs the growing body, and stacks the mind with unrealities. It is really a question of mistaking the shadow for the substance. Of course, if the girl be very strong, be blessed with a robust body and mind, she may undertake a good deal of the so-called higher education. But unless she chooses to make this education the sole aim and object of her life, she is to remember that it is only a preparation for the actual living, the actual life, which comes later. It is not only in a sporting or athletic sense that it is foolish to waste your energy, run yourself out, before the actual race begins. We cannot do everything—at least to do everything is given only to the blessed few. In my experience it is indeed few who are blessed.

### The Pace that Kills

INTO the details of this academic education I shall not enter, because it is after all not so important. I would suggest that the girl be taught to speak correctly and pleasantly, that she acquire the art and habit of reading, and that her tastes therein be attended to; that she be enabled to write a letter that can be read by the average individual, and under-




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stood; that she be taught something of her physiological self and of the great plant and animal world about her; that she know something of the history and present condition and aspirations of the city and country in which she lives. If she be musical she may study music, but not otherwise. A language other than her own she should undertake; and she should travel as her father's purse permits, if only to Quebec. In other words, she should know as much of actual things as it is possible for her to know. And she is to do this for her own sake, to make her own life full, on behalf of her own soul.

"You may gather from all this that I am a believer in the equality of the sexes, but not in the equality of sex; for here the advantages are all with the women. For has she not almost exclusively in her keeping the world's future,—the Infant Soldier?

"And now the social education is to be included here. The demands of so-called 'society' are inexorable, and so the young girl must as it is called 'come out'. This coming-out process in many cities is really a strenuous business, a serious tax upon the health of the average girl. She really must be fairly strong to stand it at all, and many there are who break down under the excitement, the glamour, and the furious pace. Large and elaborate meals at all hours, fantastic clothing, and late nights demand great courage and immense staying-power; and there are very many who fall by the wayside here. It is the extreme of the thing, its intensity and its extravagance that deform and kill. In such extremes it is a preparation for nothing that I know of save the nervous break-down and the Sanatoria; and the Sanatoria the country over are all full of these social victims. It is true, of course, that such social extravagance pertains chiefly to the so-called higher walks of life; yet its influence is felt, I think, among the simpler, poorer, and more humble folk. They all would do it if they could, and to the measure of their sixpence they attempt it.

"This is a great social evil, and there is no mistake about it. A year or two of this social whirlwind, even in summer there is no holiday, and the girl is tired out and old before her time. Satiety writes its wrinkles upon her blasé and discontented face, and it is often in just this attitude of mind and body, that the Infant Soldier comes first into her consideration. And these supreme days of her womanhood, when her life and vitality should be at its highest level, find her jaded, out of sorts, and in desrepair. For such a one, there is ordained failure from the very first. And the outlook for the Infant Soldier is dark indeed.

"The remedy of all these things is generally considered an economic question. But in my opinion it is much more fundamental and much more simple than this. For it is simply a matter of altering our standards, of changing for many things our point of view. I firmly believe that if the social leaders in any city simply lived themselves a simpler life, and lived it because they really not only approved of it, but enjoyed it, and with no propaganda of any sort, continued so to live the result would be a surprise even to themselves. After all, 'What you are thunders so loud I can't hear what you say,' and there is no need whatever of any amateur or professional declamation. By this simpler life, I simply mean the life that is fuller of general interests, and that is closer to the actual realities of things. They must live this life because they really thoroughly like it; if they do it from any other reason the result is foreordained failure. There is to be no reformation about this save the reformation in themselves and us, and such a standard once set, all the others would follow the example. In any transit of men and women, of beasts of the field or fowls of the air, it is the direction of the few in the van that counts. It is always a case of follow my leader. So when the lady on Fifth Avenue changes her mode of dress, her way of thinking, and living, it affects at once the sister who lives in New Jersey or Brooklyn. Things are as they are because we are satisfied with them, and because we like them so to be. And so it is that things are as they are with our friend the Infant Soldier in each and every walk of life. To a large extent the remedy is in our hands—in the hands of our own women—and we can answer or not the appeal of the Infant Soldier,—*the cry of the children.*"


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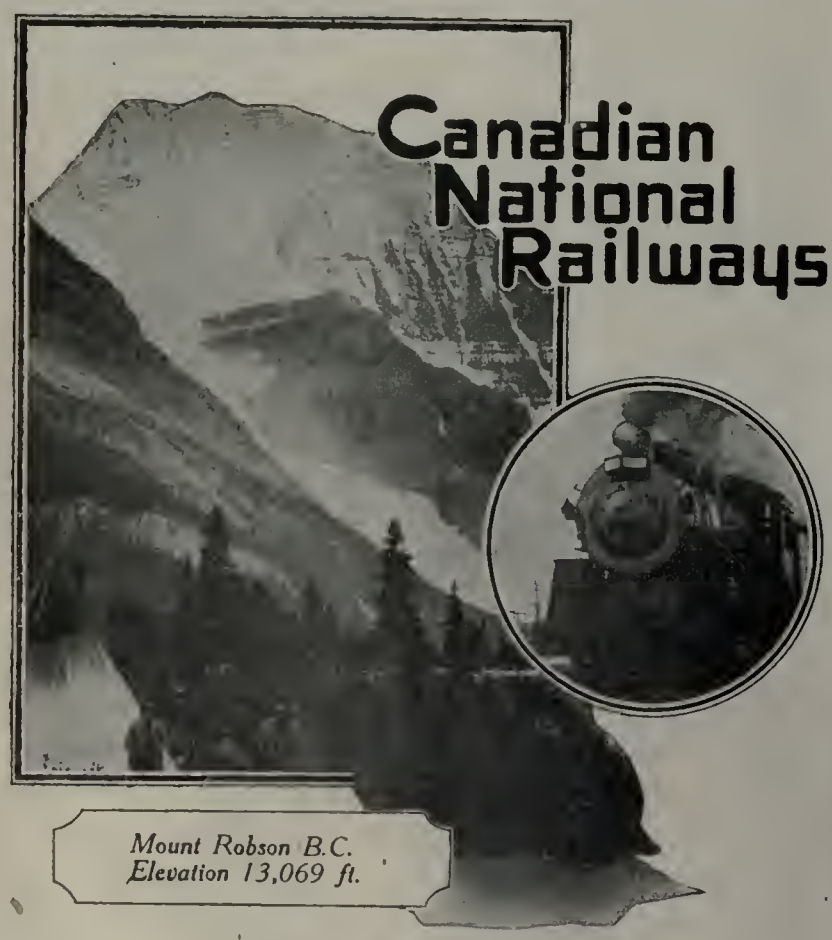
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## Maybe Adam Laughed at These



**Back to Nature.**—"Polly—I hide my head in shame every time I see the family wash out in the back yard."

Dolly—"Oh, do they?"—*Lampoon.*

**Bereavement**—Coster (to parish visitor, who has been commiserating with him on the loss of his father): "Yes, Mum, 'e were a splendid father to us and no mistake. Yer see, Mum, there was eleven of us, and I never knowed 'im to raise 'is 'and to one of us—'cept as it might be in self-defense."—*Punch.*

**No Doubt About It.**—The woman asked the negro his name when he applied for a job. "Mah name is Poe, ma'am."

"Poe? Perhaps some of your family worked for Edgar Allen Poe."

The negro's eyes opened in surprise. "Why," he gasped, "why, Ah am Edgar Allen Poe."—*Everybody's.*

**Too Short A Time**—Magistrate (to Scotsman charged with assault)—"The most brutal attack I ever heard of. I've a good mind to send you to prison for six months!"

The Prisoner—"You canna dae it. I told ye, mon, I'm only down to London for the week."—*Passing Show* (*London*).

**Modesty.**—A very little girl was about to be bathed by her mother. The window of the bathroom looked out on a court in which was a flock of chickens.

"Mamma," said the little one, "I don't want to take my bath here where all the chickens can look in!"

"Oh, foolishness!" replied mamma. "You needn't worry about the chickens."

"Well, mamma, won't you go and drive the old rooster away, at least?"
—*People's Home Companion.*

**Romance.**—He had been reading knightly romances and grew dissatisfied with the present sordidness of the world, and believed it his duty to inject romance in his daily grind.

On a rainy day, therefore, he sallied forth to perform some knightly errand. He beheld a beautiful princess about to step from her limousine to the muddy pavement. Hastening toward her, he spread his fur coat under her dainty feet. She gazed upon him in surprise, "Well, of all the d—n foo!s!" she exclaimed.—*Toronto Goblin.*

**Monkey Business.**—An auto tourist was travelling through the great Northwest, when he met with a slight accident to his machine. In some way he had mislaid his monkey-wrench so he stopped at a nearby farmhouse, where the following conversation took place between him and the Swede farmer:

"Have you a monkey-wrench here?"

"Naw, my brother he got a cattle rench over there; my cousin he got a sheep rench further down this road, but too cold here for monkey rench."—*Vancouver Province.*

**How It Happened.**—A philanthropist has given this version by an East-End child of the story of Eden. She was sitting with other children on the curb outside a public house in Shoreditch and her version of the story proceeded;

"Eve ses: 'Adam, 'ave a bite?' 'No,' ses Adam, 'I don't want a bite!' 'Garn!' ses Eve; 'go on, 'ave a bite!' 'I don't want a bite!' ses Adam."

The child repeated this dialog, her voice rising to a shrill shriek. "An' then Adam took a bite," she finished up. "An' the flamin' angel come along with 'is sword, an' 'e ses to 'em both: 'Nah, then —ahtside!' "—*Evening News* (*London*).



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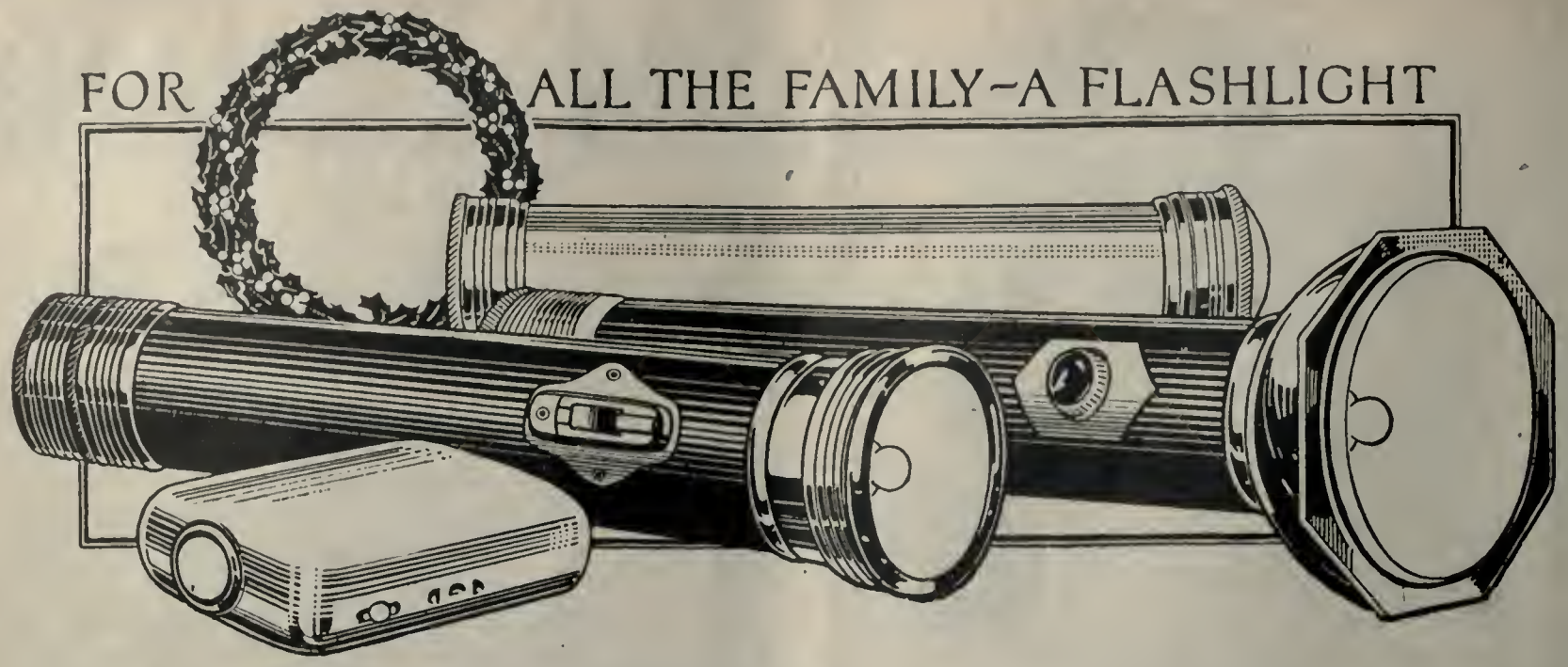
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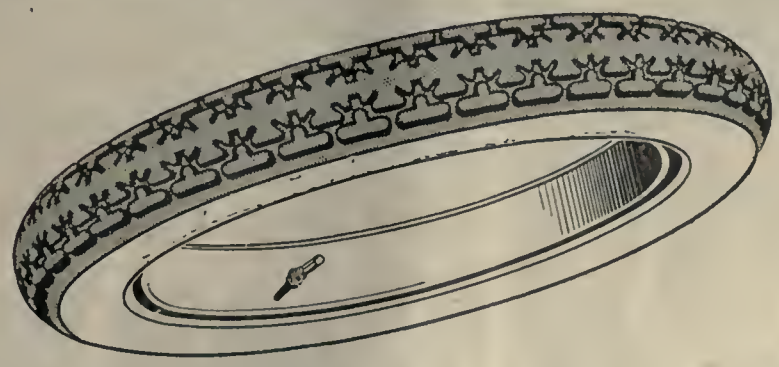
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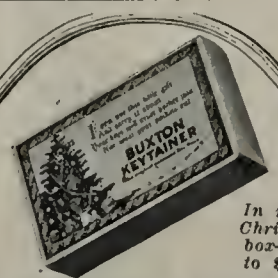
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Raw Materials Deflation Has Apparently Reached Bottom

THE investment market during the past fortnight has shown definit signs of having reached at last a more stable position. During the past year little more than one general tendency has been manifest at any one time, a general movement up, or a movement down, with practically all securities heading in the same direction. Prices advanced or declined as if by one common motive: it mattered little as to the intrinsic strength or weakness of the individual security. It seemed to be carried along in a wave that ebbed or flowed. In general, of course, the movement was downwards in an effort to complete the necessary liquidation as soon as possible, and as completely as possible.

This common tendency naturally worked many an injustice in the case of individual securities, and prices often puzzled investors in cases where no real inherent weakness could be recognized. A change however in the general situation appears to be in progress. There is more irregularity manifest with certain groups advancing at the same time that others show declines. This is of course, as it should be, and as it is in normal times, and it is the clearest indication that liquidation in the main has ceased, and a positive force has entered into the investment situation. From now on it may be expected that a reasonable discrimination will be shown by the investor and illustrated in the course of the market.

Now that this position has been reached there will be more encouragement for the investor to make his choice on the real merits of the security in which he is interested, feeling that it is no longer a prey to unfavorable external conditions as it has been for almost a year past. Looking over the field one is forced to credit a stronger public sentiment towards public utility securities. Without exception these are finding themselves able to show a decline in operating expenses, even with a much larger volume of business, which makes the vital factor, the net earnings, doubly improved. This applies alike to the railways, the power companies, street railways and other public services. In the case of power companies the depression in industrial activity has lessened the gross output, it is true, but in most cases there is a compensating element in the renewal of expiring contracts at much higher figures. All along the line in connection with the generation of power it is recognized that the long term contracts which had been in force were taken at far too low figures, particularly considering the heavy advance that took place in the competing element, coal. Customers have been found quite willing to renew these contracts often at double the former figures, and for further long-term periods. For this year and a portion of next when the output may remain somewhat under that of the year 1920, these increases in rates should easily compensate for the loss on the gross output, and leave these power companies in good financial condition with net earnings well up to the average.

### Operating Expenses Less

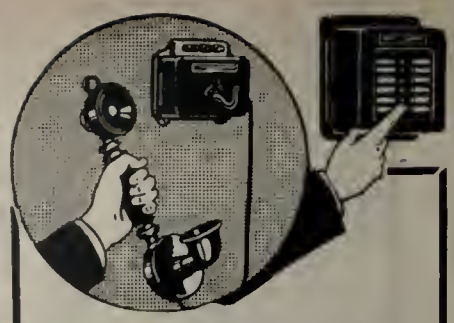
IN THE case of the railways, where operating expenses ran in excess ninety per cent. of gross earnings, there has been a steady decline in the percentage evident in the recent statements issued. This has been due not only to the definite reduction in wages and all materials, but also to the recognized improvement in the efficiency of the employees. This last factor can hardly be over-estimated. The result has been that even with general business conditions cutting down the volume of traffic, the net earnings are running well ahead of the corresponding periods of last year, although they have not yet recovered the level even of the years, 1918 and 1919.

For those who are interested in the milling industry the current reports of the larger companies are proving much more satisfactory than had been anticipated. The fiscal years of these concerns run usually between September 1 and August 31. The earlier portion of the year showed a sharp drop in export business, but a marked improvement took place in the last six months with the result that earnings are holding up well as compared with those of one year ago. The prospects appear to be that these export orders will continue in large volume and thus the mills will be on a firm footing for the new fiscal year. It is noticeable, too, that careful buying, reinforced by a shrewd dealing in options, has saved the companies from the inventory losses that have brought disaster to a number of industrial concerns since the slump in commodity prices began.

In the pulp and paper industry the liquidation in prices is still incomplete, although it has been more drastic, and therefore is much nearer the end for the pulp mills. Most of the companies are finding their net earnings falling much below those of the record year of 1920, and it may be assumed that they must be content with a lower average profit per ton until such time as the industry reaches a more normal basis, and the "distress" stocks both of pulp and of paper, coming over from Europe, are exhausted. In the main the recent extensions made to various plants, aggregating in the case of the newsprint mills alone 157,000 tons per annum or seventeen per cent. of the former capacity, should prove to have been justified through the demand overtaking the capacity within a period of two years. It is difficult to see, however, how some of the stock-splitting operations that have forced heavy overhead charges can be other than injurious to the shareholders, where the increased capitalization and liabilities assumed have not a sufficient compensation in increased earning powers.

### The Turn in Steel

IN THE steel business, including construction activities, there would appear to be a definite turn for the better. The most unfavorable factor to a resumption of construction on a fairly large scale next year is the unwillingness, so far, of the laboring element to respond even to the partial decline in prices of building mater-

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ials, or to the undoubted insistence on the part of prospective builders for a sharp decline in the cost of both labor and materials, before they will consent to advance beyond mere paper plans. There are indications, however, that in both directions good progress will be made towards an adjustment of the cost factor on a basis where the contractor and builder will be in a position to settle upon terms on a basis agreeable to both parties, and which will lead to activity.

In the steel industry there has been a revision of prices, and the main tendency of the moment is toward higher levels. Higher prices for a number of other basic commodities in addition to steel, lead to the conclusion that the process of deflation insofar as it applies to raw materials has pretty well worked itself toward bottom, if a definite turn has not already materialized. This situation will be beneficial to trade in general, for prices for this class of materials were in the main well below a level which may be regarded as normal. The upward price movements will doubtless infuse a degree of stability into the markets which should stimulate buying on a larger scale. The steel mills are reported to have increased production of late to care for new orders, and are now operating to sixty-five per cent. of capacity.

AT THIS season of the year the reports of the western crops exercise a powerful sentimental influence in business circles apart altogether from their real effect upon the liquidation of indebtedness and the building up of a purchasing power among the farming community. After a series of widely divergent views on the real situation the Dominion Department of Agriculture found itself in a position to make an estimate about the middle of October of a total crop of 294,000,000 bushels of wheat. Taking the worst view this is about 100,000,000 bushels short of the record crop of 1915 which reached 393,000,000 bushels but that was abnormal. The 1921 figures are 31,000,000 ahead of last year, and 100,000,000 ahead of the years 1919 and 1918, and 40,000,000 in excess of the average for the five years between 1915 and 1919. Thus the present year shows up relatively in a very satisfactory position. Naturally the average price realized by the farmer will fall far below that of 1920 or 1919, but when the actual results are supplemented by the large yields in other field crops, the situation on the whole is much more favorable than had been expected a month or two ago.

### Our Bond Market in U.S.

THE VIEW urged in this department some months ago that, so far as possible, Canadian Provincial and Municipal financing should be carried on in the United States, is backed up by recent experiences. At the end of September the City of Toronto was successful in disposing of $10,000,000 in bonds on a basis of 5.52 per cent., the premium on United States exchange drawing the bid up to 105.195 in Canadian or 96.179 in New York funds. It is gratifying to note that some of the leading bankers in New York, Boston and Chicago were eager for the issue. These were serials, maturing year by year up to 1951, and it is not impossible that both the city and province of Ontario in its recent twenty-two-year issue, sold in the United States also, will be able to meet interest payments, and the principal when it is due, out of the premium received (over 105 per cent), and maintain the loan at the 5.55 per cent and 5.52 per cent. basis respectively.

The position taken here that the Canadian bond market was being over-taxed and that unless some relief were felt, the effect would be injurious on Victory bonds and all high grade Municipals and Provincials, is borne out by figures covering the relative source of Canadian borrowings for the eight months to the end of August. The amount of bonds sold in Canada was $105,176,810, compared with $48,049,558 in the corresponding period of last year, while only $17,381,000 had been disposed of in the United States, as compared with $64,781,303 in 1920. During September, however, more than $30,000,000,—or nearly double the total up to that time—had been placed in the United States, bringing the total for the year close to $50,000,000. The figures and percentages would compare thus:

| 8 months to Aug. 31 | 1921 | 1920 |
|---|---|---|
| Sold in Canada | 105,176,810 | 48,049,558 |
| Sold in U.S. | 17,381,000 | 64,781,303 |
| Canada's p.c. of total | 85.8 | 42.9 |
| U. S. p.c. of Total | 14.2 | 57.1 |

Once again let it be impressed for all the huge amounts subscribed in Canada during the war, this country for many years to come must be considered as a borrowing country. At present from the most favorable market, the United States, and later on it may be surmised, to an increasing extent from Great Britain.

### The Deflation of Labor Costs

THE struggle of organized labor against reductions in wages shows little diminution, and insofar as the opposition stays a reasonable deflation, just to that extent is it working as its own worst enemy, as well as working a universal harm: holding back a return to more normal buying and, hence, to more active manufacturing operations, and the resultant increase in employment.

In the City of Montreal the other day the local Tramways Company announced a cut of twelve and one half per cent in wages, which still left the scale about double that of 1916-17. The organized employees refused to agree and had an arbitration board appointed. In spite of the fact that the company refused to present its case, the majority of the board presented an award holding that the decrease in wages was a "reasonable" one.

The railway employees of Canada and the United States voted in large numbers, through their international unions, in favor of a strike as a protest against a similar cut:—in the face of railway wages and conditions that were, in some instances, of a rather amazing character, and nearly forced many roads into bankruptcy. In the meantime industry is dislocated, and freight rates must hold up to a point where they are injuring business, until a saving in the labor end of "operating expenses" makes it fair, and possible to bring in a reduction.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

**Question.**—Can you tell me what dividends the Northern Life Assurance Co. of London has paid the last ten years or so.—A. L. S., Lashburn, Sask.

**Answer**—We find that the Northern Life has been paying dividends on their twenty-year endowment policies at the rate of approximately $70 per $1,000 for the past few years, and the dividend awarded you would seem therefore to be even slightly above the average for this company. The loan you mention would scarcely be a factor here.

**Question**—Will you please give me information regarding Saskatchewan General Trusts Corporation?—A. C. R., Saskatchewan.

**Answer**—The Saskatchewan General Trusts Corporation is one of the younger companies in Western Canada, but, like some of the other trust companies organized in the West in recent years, has made a very satisfactory showing and is evidently in a condition to encourage healthy growth. The development of Western Canada, and the increasingly wide recognition of the advantages of employing a trust company instead of the old-fashioned executor result in a comparatively rapid growth of this class of business. The Saskatchewan General Trusts is under the control of sound business men with a thorough understanding of Western conditions and, in our opinion, its continued success is reasonably assured. The stock can be regarded as a speculative investment of the better class. As these shares are not listed we do not know their market value. You might inquire of investment houses in Winnipeg or Regina.

**Question.**—Would you please give me information on the purchase of Goodyear tire 7% preferred shares and also the United Drug Co., commonly known as the Rexall Drug Co. What are the latter shares selling at now?—S. A., Hartney, Man.

**Answer**—The experience of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company earlier this year, when it became so involved through the adverse turn of business that it was required among other protective measures to pass the dividends on the preferred stock, indicates that this stock can hardly be regarded as a "conservative" investment. The company has, however, undergone a thorough adjustment, to meet the new cost standards, and we understand that production is generally increasing; the company is gradually improving its position.

The Rexall Stores are the selling agents of Liggett's International Limited, a subsidiary of the United Drug Company. Stock transactions are listed under the name of the parent company. United Drug Common is now selling at 58 1-2 and better prices are looked for to conform with the improved sentiment in business circles. According to the last dividend distribution of which we have any record, that of April 1, last, the common was paying dividends at the rate of 2 per cent per quarter, or 8 per cent per annum.

**Question.**—Could you give me some information about the transaction by which the English Electric Co. of Canada has taken over the Canadian Crocker-Wheeler Company?—B. B., Niagara Falls, Ont.

**Answer**—The transaction by which the English Electric Co. of Canada purchased the stock of the Canadian Crocker-Wheeler Co has been duly authorized by the shareholders of the latter company. If the English Electric Company had purchased the assests of the latter company the preferred shareholders would undoubtedly be entitled to 100 cents on the dollar on their holdings, but since merely a stock transfer has taken place the purchasing company is justified in allowing a market price for the stock, and we believe that $90 for a 7 per cent. stock is a reasonable price.

If you so desire you can retain your holdings in the Crocker-Wheeler Co., and continue to draw your 7 per cent. dividend, but an exchange of Securities for the stock of the English Electric Co., of Canada, would we believe be in your interest. You not only get an 8 per cent. stock at par, but in addition equivalent to 40 per cent. The new company will be assured of capable management, and we believe that it will be only a matter of time when the common will be on a paying basis.

**Question.**—Please give me some information regarding The American Molybdenite.—C. A. S., Midland, Ont.

**Answer**—We fail to see how even under the most flourishing conditions it is possible for this company to make more than an extremely moderate return on investment. The ore on the Wilberforce property is low grade, yielding only about 8 pounds to the ton. This fact would entail heavy overhead charges in comparison with the value of the product. We cannot recommend this company's stock even as a fair speculation.

**Question.**—Regarding the Northwestern Life Assurance Co. I should like your opinion of the standing of this company from an insurance expert's point of view.—G. N. R., Saskatoon, Sask.

**Answer**—The Northwestern Life is a sound company and one that is not only safe to insure with but which may offer excellent prospects for shareholders as it develops further. We would advise you to complete your payment for the ten shares you have purchased.

You realize, undoubtedly, that the $375 you are paying on each share is merely the extent of the intital call. You have of course assumed a contingent liability for the total purchase price—probably $125 a share in your case—and whether or not this will ever be called is a matter for the directors to rule upon as the financial needs of the company are studied.

**Question.**—Can you give me any information concerning La Paz Oil Corporation?—F. B. W., Vancouver, B. C.

There has been no new development in connection with the La Paz Oil Corporation which would affect the position of stock-holders. Producing operations have not yet been commenced, the company being engaged in overcoming certain difficulties arising out of Blue Sky Legislation in the United States. We are informed at the company's offices here in Toronto that adjustment on this difficulty has been almost completed, and it is expected that operations will be commenced upon the company's properties within a month or six weeks.

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine.*



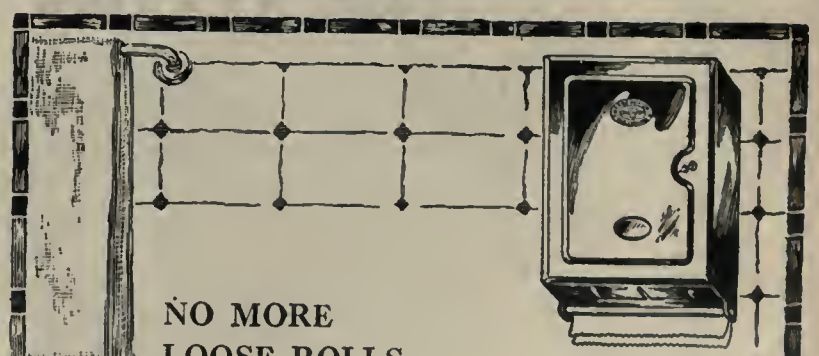

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HAVE you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with a naturally lovely complexion, brilliant in color—fine in texture?

The truth is that you, too, can have a beautiful skin.

For every day your skin is changing—old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. This is your opportunity to make it what you will. If you begin, now, to give this *new skin* the special care it needs, you will find that within a week or ten days you can bring about an astonishing improvement.

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THE first time you use this treatment it will leave your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. Do not regard this as a disadvantage—it means that your skin is responding, as it should, to a more stimulating kind of cleansing. After a few nights this drawn sensation will disappear, and your skin will emerge so smooth and soft to the touch you will never again want to use any other method of cleansing your face.

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# THE PEBBLE

*By* M. L. C. PICKTHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

MAYBE something like this happened.

Two angels leaned on the wall of heaven, looking down on the Clearwater country. They were strong angels. One seemed especially capable and quick on the wing. He had need to be. He looked after Bernard and Francis Carr.

The first angel, the one sheathed in copper-red wings, tapped his fingers thoughtfully on the coping. He said, "Have they always been like this?"

"Yes." The angel in the dark blue plumes pointed with silver spoke wearily. "From the time they could walk, if either of them wanted a thing from the other, he didn't care what he did to get it."

The first angel gazed down to where, a tiny darkness on a tiny wrinkled star, the rolling universe heaved up the great fir forests of the Clearwater. His eyebrows were raised. He said, "Have they ever done anything as bad as this before?"

"No," answered the second. "They haven't. And they won't again, if I can help it. This has got to stop."

"How will you stop it? Drop something on them?"

The experienced angel shook his head and smiled. Then he heaved himself over the wall and sank until his wings took the air and spread; over the hills of the Clearwater he swung, smiling again to see their littleness; and near the top of Tyee Kamosuk, hung with the great blue beads of glaciers, with the tip of his wing he loosened a common pebble. Then he went back to heaven.

On the beach of a stream fed from a glacier-lake on Tyee Kamosuk, Bernard Carr sat idly, building little walls of those same pebbles. He built them four-square, without doors or windows; they were prison walls. He built them about a black thought.

Behind him on the river flats was a deserted logging camp. Shacks and bunkhouses still stood, but all awry, tilting, settling into the soil. They were straddled by a tottering flume. All about the whitened wreckage of trees gleamed like bones.

When the sun shone into the canyon, Bernard got up. He took food from a box nailed to a standing tree, set it on a shingle, and carried it to an old bunkhouse that had a door. He set the door open with his shoulder and entered. He stood, looking down on his brother.

Frank Carr was sitting on a heap of spruce boughs against the log wall. His hands and feet were free. But around his waist passed a band of leather. This was rivetted behind his back by a nail, driven through and flattened, and the two ends were then taken through the cracks of the logs and fastened outside the wall. Without knife or tools, a man held thus was helpless to free himself.

For nine days, Bernard Carr had held Frank a prisoner in the deserted camp. He held him there because he wanted something which Frank would not give. What had commenced as a conflict of obstinate unlicensed wills was now darkening to a possibility of tragedy. Each man lived only to defeat and break the implacable spirit in which each so resembled the other.

FRANK did not stir when Bernard came in. He sat and stared past him as if he did not exist. Bernard set the food down beside him. He said, "Is there anything else you want?"

Silence.

"Is your arm paining you?"

Silence.

Men said the Carrs had dark blood in them; and it was a darkness rather than a flush which now stained Bernard's face. Frank's silence was an outrage on his tormented nerves. But he mastered himself. His brother's arm was bound in a sling of handkerchiefs. These Bernard now unfastened, and Frank suffered it. His arm la in Bernard's hold like a dead man's, and his face showed no consciousness of the other's presence.

Bernard rolled back the sleeve. The arm had been nearly broken. It was Bernard who had given the in-



Bernard considered her. He saw that she could not believe him, though she was longing to be able to.

jury, in pursuit of what he wanted....He bathed the bruise and rebound it. His lightest touch must have given Frank keen suffering, but he did not betray it even by quickened breath.

When this was done, Bernard stood up. He said quietly, "Will you tell her?"

Silence.

Bernard went out and shut the door.

When he was gone, Frank began to shiver. He shivered intolerably from pain and strain. He had only to give Bernard what, in a sense, was his by right; but he would not; he preferred to wreck Bernard against the rock of his own silence. He drew up his knees, rested his head on them, and sat waiting for the next battle; stripped from head to foot with the free sunlight entering the unstopped logs.

Down on the river beach, Bernard was staring haggardly at the hills; he said, "I won't lose you, Honor. I swear I'll keep him here till he tells you the truth, or till he....."

Here his thoughts stepped back, as a man steps back from the edge of a pit. He too rested his head on his knees; prisoner in the free sunlight to his own resolve.

For it all began with Honor Maitland and a story she had been told.

It was not the story of any great evil, as men count such things. But Honor had just given to Bernard Carr her own singularly sensitive and unstained heart. And she had faced him with a mortal hurt in her eyes, saying wistfully, "Did you do this, Bernard?"

"No," said Bernard Carr. Then, meeting her look, "You don't believe me?"

"Dear, I can't! I can't...."

The story had been well and truly told, you see; with just this error; it had attributed to one brother the doing of the other. Bernard considered her. He saw that she could not believe him, though she was longing to be able to. He knew that he was in danger of losing what, in his fierce secret way, he wanted even more than her love. He said, "I'll bring you the man who did it. He shall tell you he did it. And then you'll believe me."

He had trailed Frank all through the Clearwater country, run him down at last, and told his need. And Frank had laughed at him. And Bernard had struck Frank's laughing face, beaten him down, dragged him half-insensible across the hills to the deserted camp, and held him a prisoner there until he should promise to tell Honor the truth. And from that hour Frank had refused to speak one single word. Bernard thought much less of Honor now. He thought of nothing but making Frank tell. Just as Frank thought of nothing but keeping silence, though two lives were hurt for it.



"You can stay here," said Bernard in the same strange voice, "until you speak, or until you're *dead*. Understand?"

Silence. The man among the boughs lay as if he was dead already. For a second Bernard hesitated. Then he went out and shut the door.

"You can stay here," said Bernard in the same strange voice, "until you speak, or until you're dead. Understand?"

WHEN the canyon was in shadow Bernard again carried food to the bunkhouse. Again he stood looking down at his brother.

He saw that the food he had brought in the morning was not touched; and that Frank lay flat among the scattered branches at the very end of the straps. Bernard asked monotonously, "Are you going to tell her?"

Silence.

To Bernard, it seemed a heavier silence than usual. Something in the attitude of the other struck, from old kindness, a sudden spark of fear. His hardness softened. He leaned over his brother, a hand on his shoulder, saying in a changed voice, "Frank....?"

Instantly Frank had turned, caught him savagely round the neck with his sound arm, while with the hurt hand he groped feverishly in Bernard's belt for the strong knife he generally carried there.

Bernard's fear chilled, became a strange horror; for there was little less than murder in that gripping arm, that searching hand; then everything went out in anger the blacker for that momentary softening. He flung back, but could not get free. He toppled and fell, and they both rolled, struggling among the boughs in fierce silence, while woodrot rained on them like dust from the shaken roof.

It was not a struggle that could last long. Bernard got his hand free and grasped Frank's wrist. It was the injured wrist. Almost instantly Frank's body went slack and weak. The pain nearly made him faint. But he said nothing. Bernard got up and stood again, looking down on him.

Presently he said in a thick, drunk voice, "I left the knife outside. And anyway, do you think you'll get the better of me this way?"

Frank said nothing.

He would not have left Frank so four days ago; five days ago, he would have looked to see if he was hurt; six, seven days back, that white face of pain among the branches might have broken his bitter resolution....

But now he went out. Striding along the beaches under the earliest stars, he had a feeling of utter solitude. He was shut off from the eyes, the opinions, the laws and manners of men. No one watched them. No one knew they were there. Unbidden as a snake, the thought slid into Bernard's mind that he could do *anything*, and it would never be found out....

He turned and ran from the thought. It persisted. He was afraid of himself, of his brother. Above all, of this strange isolation in which they were together. Most of all, he was afraid of losing Honor.

He looked up at the night. "I'll do *anything*," he said, "but he shall speak! Honor, I won't lose you!"

His words and his resolve seemed to vanish into utter space. He shivered, and went to the shack where he slept. He slept heavily as a sick man, with black dreams. He thought Frank was outside, pattering with his fingers on the door, on the walls, trying to get in. He woke with a cry. It was only the pattering of rain, falling on the deserted camp that in its decay housed such hate and passion, on the forest: on the high slopes of Tyee.

With the morning, Bernard went again to the bunkhouse carrying food and water. His voice was a little unsteady as he asked, "Are you willing to tell her?"

Silence. Frank's face, so like his own, was set like stone; a stone face, grown somewhat haggard about the eyes and lips. A feeling that shook him swept over Bernard. He hated that stone face. He wanted to see it scared, hurt, asking for pity and freedom.

He caught himself back again. He repeated, almost with appeal, "Frank, won't you speak today?"

Silence.

AFTER a long minute, Bernard said thickly, "There won't be many more days...." As he went out, he himself did not just know what he meant by this. He ran from the bunkhouse into the rain as if he was crazy. He wished there had been someone else with them. The sense that they were all alone with their own passions, unwatched, unjudged, solitary as if they were marooned on a bare star adrift in space, unloosed queer things in a man's soul. All alone. And no one would know....

Bernard began to pace the wet beach rapidly, saying, "Honor, Honor, Honor...." Once he stopped, staring into the mist of rain above Tyee. He had heard a dull thunder. In a moment, he had forgotten it. It was only a pebble, loosened by the rain, that had slipped, and gathered other pebbles, and paused, and rolled again; a scrap of the commonest stuff of the world, such as he ground underfoot, slipping from the heights of Tyee; plunging, gathering stones, trees, rubble; finally sinking, under a few tons of assorted rubbish, into the mouth of the glacier lake which fed the river by which Bernard paced.

Back in the bunkhouse, Frank was holding something that Bernard had dropped. It was a single match.

He nursed it a long while in his hands, sending quick glances at the door. A sudden creak, a twig tapping, made him start. But there was no sound of Bernard. Only of the rain.

Having made sure that Bernard was not near, Frank began to hunt for the dryest twigs of the boughs which had, for ten unimaginable days and nights, made his bed. He picked out the dead slivers, the frayings of bark, the golden beads of resin. He gathered everything that might be dry enough to burn into a small heap close beside him. His hands shook as he kindled the heap with his one match. He hardly dared breathe. But the small flame grew and mounted. A flame rose in him with the fire among the twigs. A heat which blotted out clear thought, but left him the picture of himself, standing over Bernard and laughing....

When the flame held a little core of heat like a coal, Frank leaned over it. He thrust a handkerchief stripped from his arm between his body and the strap round his waist. With set fierce lips, he waited for the flame to crack and shrivel the leather. He did not care if it cracked or shrivelled his own flesh, so long as he got free.

He only wanted to get free so that he might break Bernard.

The leather blackened and shrivelled in the flame, with a strong smell. Frank watched. It was only superficially charred. He set his teeth and leaned lower. His shirt scorched, points of fire burned his side. He did not care.

Suddenly he heard a step. Bernard was coming back. He was opening the door.

Frank instantly dropped so that he lay right on the little fire. He hoped it might burn through the leather before Bernard found out.

But the bunkhouse was full of the smell. Bernard went to Frank at once and pulled him back. Frank flung both arms round Bernard, striving to get him down. He could not. There was a black hole burned in his shirt, and he was weak with what he had suffered. He struck Bernard once, with all his strength remaining, across the mouth. Then Bernard laughed and beat him down and trod out the fire.

The strap was sound yet. Frank's side was burned worse. Bernard looked at both, wiping the blood from his mouth. He stood as usual, looking down at Frank. And for the first time Frank looked full at him. What was in their eyes was not good to see. Cut off from mankind for just a few days, alone with their own passions, they had become something different to men; different to beasts too, since their battle was not with their bodies only. For a minute Bernard waited. Then he said, "Will you speak?"

Frank was silent, staring at him with eyes like stones.

"All right." Bernard's voice rocked a little, he rocked a little on his feet as he stood. "You persist in being silent. Well, I'll be silent too." He glanced at the empty plate and water-can, the wrapped wrist, the burned hole in the shirt. "If you want anything," he said, in that strange voice he hardly knew for his own, "you can *ask* for it."

The silence held. Bernard had the feeling that it would hold forever and ever. That nothing would ever break that silence of hate between them. He went again out very quickly and shut the door.

*Continued on page 47*

# WILL CANADA GO YELLOW?

Second article dealing with this important and interesting topic

*By* JOHN NELSON

Formerly Managing Editor of Vancouver *World*



Top, P. Kubara, of Steveston, interpreter, general agent and secretary Japanese Fishermen's Union. Left, Japanese hospital and school at Steveston; hospital in foreground, school in rear of right of picture. Right, School sports of the Japanese colony at Steveston. The lower picture is another view in same school yard.

ANY survey such as that under discussion should recognize that while Chinese and Japanese are both Oriental, there is a great difference in their methods.

Perhaps because China remains without national solidarity or unity being nominally governed from Pekin, by central authority, but in reality controlled by dominant men and groups in each province, its people have always lacked self-assertion, both officially and individually. In fifty years of Chinese British Columbia heard less of alien rights than in ten of Japanese. In the main the Chinaman was willing either to confine himself to trades and callings which whites neglected, or to work in a more or less servile or menial relationship. If he aspired, it was in activities within his own land.

McGill students of a few years ago well remember Peter Hing. Peter was a native of Victoria and I first met him coming out of a mission in the city mentioned. He said he was going to school and when I inquired how far on he was, he replied in perfectly good English: "Third year, High." He added that he proposed going to McGill and completing a course in law. To the suggestion that a qualified Chinese lawyer would do well on the Canadian coast he shook his head positively. He would not practise in this country where a Chinese lawyer would be more or less of an anomaly, and where he could not gain the recognition he sought. He talked of China's need, and of the recognition she was giving young men who took university training abroad. He seemed to look to the consular service for promotion.

Peter attended McGill where his happy genial ways made of him a great favorite. He graduated and returned to China. Soon he became Chief Justice of one of the Chinese provinces. If a McGill man in his year visits Hong Kong he is fairly sure of a banquet at the jurist's expense. Peter is reputed to be amassing wealth by commercial operations.

Peter's name is mentioned as typical, but there are many young Chinese who reflected the same spirit. Of these there occurs to memory the name of Lim Bang, who with his brothers and father conducted a large commercial business in British Columbia and China and amassed great wealth without coming under the notice of more than a limited few. Lee Mong Kow was for a quarter of a century the cleverest man in the Canadian Custom Service at Victoria.

Japanese, of aimilar talent or wealth, would have left a distinct impress on the province—doubtless would have insisted on much in the form of recognition that the Chinese never asked.

A distinct difference appears in the official representation of the two countries. A majority of Japanese consuls graduate from the High Commercial College at Kobe and at Tokio. The present consul at Vancouver, Hon. Kadsu Saito, is a graduate of the agricultural college at Satporo. His predecessor left the service to take the management of an iron mine in his native country. Though not unaccomplished these Japanese gentlemen are primarily interested in trade. On the other hand, Hon. Koliang Yih, the Chinese consul, is a Cornell man, a charming conversationalist, with a mastery of English forms and idioms that is amazing. Many capital stories of his readiness in our involved tongue, are told, but none better than his retort on a railroad train to a smart New Englander's inquiry: "Which 'ese, Chinese or Japanese?" Mr. Yih's suave smile disarmed his interlocutor, when after admitting his nationality the consul countered with "Which key—Yankee or monkey?"

### The Case for Political Rights

THE difference in the two races finds illustration in a demand from the Japanese that full citizenship rights be accorded them. They build up an ingenious case. Starting with the Anglo-Saxon dictum that there shall be no taxation without representation, they point to a discrimination between the European and the Asiatic immigrant in this particular, inasmuch as the latter is given only partial naturalization in British Columbia, being allowed to own property, to do business, and to pay taxes—but not to enjoy political rights.

They complain of British Columbia legislation, permitting its government to insert as a term of its contracts and leases, conferring rights and concessions in respect of public land belonging to the province, including the timber and water thereon and the mineral therein, a provision that no Japanese shall be employed in or about such premises.

Supplementary to this fundamental claim our new citizens present a case establishing their right to be regarded as good citizens. They insist that they have kept within the terms of the gentleman's agreement restricting immigration to not more than 400 yearly. They remind Canadians generally of their part in the Great War, and British Columbians in particular of the protection their warships gave our western coasts at a critical period in that struggle. They recall that they formed, drilled, financed, and maintained a battalion of 250 men in Vancouver for five months when, recognition being denied them at Ottawa, many enlisted privately. They point with pardonable pride to the fact that of 200 who went overseas 131 were wounded in action and 54 were killed or died of wounds. Those who saw this wonderful battalion drill need not to be assured of either their valor or their proficiency.



Hon. Kadsu Saito, Japanese Consul at Vancouver

The astute Japanese at the last session of the legislature, sought the franchise for these soldiers:—a preliminary move to the present agitation. Their women's associations vied with their white sisters in sewing and knitting, in tag days for Red Cross and kindred objects. When the fifth Victory Loan was being raised in Vancouver the Canadian Japanese Association on being told they would receive the Prince of Wales flag if they raised $100,000 and a crown for $25,000 over that amount raised more than $170,000 and secured the flag and three crowns.

They further urge as proof of their right to full citizenship, the frugality and industry of their people and the indisputable fact that they rarely become a charge on the state.

This latter claim can be fairly made for both Japanese and Chinese. If the latter cannot point to a local battalion, they can at least claim that their nation was not idle in the war, and that the men it sent were no inferior specimens. Vancouver and Victoria saw something of these coolie battalions which passed through the cities en route to France as working corps, and on returning spent a few days at the coast. Wonderful, strapping men, most of them were, in sharp contrast to the rather undersized Cantonese with whom most Canadians are familiar.

How many of these there were is hinted at in the reports of A. L. Jolliffe, commissioner of immigration at Vancouver. He passed more than 70,000 of these through his hands on their way to France during 1917-18 and 49,000 during 1919-20, when on their return trip to China. Four thousand died in France.

Most of them were from northern China and many came from and returned to conditions of starvation. While they lay on their return trip at Williams Head, where forty of them died of disease, or wounds, Consul Yih made an impassioned speech, imploring British Columbia to draft them for five years at military wages to clear the lands of the pioneer.

"Their pay can be kept as security for their ultimate departure from the province," he declared, "and they will change the whole face of your country."

### Startling Birth Returns

UNLIKE every other form of immigration Oriental settlers have practically concentrated in one province, British Columbia, and that one of the least populous in the Dominion. The present census may give British Columbia 500,000 people. Of the Japanese total in the Dominion of about 25,000; the Chinese of more than 40,000, and the Hindu of 5,000—or 70,000 in all—probably 90 per cent, or 63,000, reside in British Columbia. One-eighth of the population already Oriental—and prosperous! That itself is serious, whether that population remain a placid and quiescent entity, abstaining from all claim to political or civil rights, or whether it seeks that larger and natural recognition. California became hysterical in 1919 when it found every thirteenth child to be a Japanese.

But birth records indicate that the proportions between white and yellow are changing with increasing rapidity. A Vancouver daily paper carried on its front page in June a statement that in the municipality of Richmond, adjoining the city, out of twelve births registered only one was that of a white child. A form prepared by the government of the province covering the vital statiatics of the last ten years is more disquieting still.

It shows the birth regiatration for Japanese and Chinese since 1910 to be as follows:

| Year | Chinese | Japanese |
|---|---|---|
| 1910 | 114 | 20 |
| 1911 | 126 | 30 |
| 1912 | 147 | 43 |
| 1913 | 158 | 80 |
| 1914 | 157 | 172 |
| 1915 | 134 | 303 |
| 1916 | 136 | 280 |
| 1917 | 134 | 321 |
| 1918 | 131 | 393 |
| 1919 | 123 | 386 |
| 1920 | 260 | 657 |

During the first four months of this year, 307 Japanese and 104 Chinese births were registered, and provincial authorities anticipate the registration of 900 Japanese births in British Columbia this year. Official figures furnished the government by Japanese Consul Ukita before his return to Japan showed that there were 15,000 Japanese in the province, 4,000 of them, 2,500 males and 1,500 females, being in Vancouver.

Oriental families are not excessively large. But they maintain high averages. The English family of five is now an exception. Among Japanese it is the rule. If the Chinese venerate their forefathers, the Japanese idolize their offspring. The Canadian mother, deliberately evading her maternal privileges, is an enigma to the little lady from geisha land. To the latter, childlessness is a deep disgrace, a burden of sorrow. It is a simple task in elementary mathematics to estimate the birth increase of Orientals for the next decade in the light of the records of the last. The Pacific ocean must ultimately become a Japanese lake.

This sudden access in the Japanese birth rate relative to the Chinese is puzzling until immigration figures for recent years is scrutinized. It will be discovered that while the number of Chinese females coming to Canada has been negligible, the Japanese are bringing in their women folk in almost equal numbers with their men. The figures for the last three years are as followed:

| | Chinese. | | | Japanese | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Year | Male. | Female. | Children. | Male. | Female. | Children |
| 1918 . . . . | 695 | 26 | 48 | 459 | 370 | 54 |
| 1919 . . . . | 4095 | 63 | 175 | 584 | 530 | 64 |
| 1920 . . . . | 389 | 67 | 88 | 280 | 389 | 42 |
| Totals . . | 5179 | 156 | 311 | 1325 | 1289 | 160 |

In three years, it will be seen only 2 per cent of the Chinese immigrants have been females. During the same period almost 50 per cent of the Japanese immigrants have been women.

Because it is regarded by many Canadians as unnatural and immoral to debar the wives of any immigrating race from migrating with their husbands, the tendency is not to discriminate. But if there be no discrimination and the ratio of male and female among the Japanese immigrants continues, and Japanese immunity from race suicide persists, the problem of today is mild and easy compared with its form a few years hence. Rev. G. Kuburagi, a resident of Vancouver for more than thirty years, avers that a strong agitation for birth control is now fostered by the Japanese government. It seems of little avail in British Columbia. Indeed, viewing the lusty families to be found in the Asiatic quarter, it is easy to conclude that the province is having the same experience as California, where the Japanese birth rate is sixty-two per thousand instead of between thirty and forty per thousand as in Japan itself. In spite of this increased birth rate, Prof. Inui, of the University of Southern California, finds that the average California-born Japanese on attaining the age of twelve is four and seven-tenths pounds heavier and one and three-tenths inches taller than a child of the same age in Japan.



After half a century in Canada. Yip Wyng of Vancouver, and his family. Yip was a blacksmith and came, when a youth, to B.C.

### A Broken Undertaking

IT IS ONE of the boasts of the Japanese that they have scrupulously kept their agreements, and they ask that the British peoples keep theirs. Premier Massie, of New Zealand, speaking in Vancouver the other day, paid a fine trbute to his Pacific neighbors when he described how promptly, when required, their warships steamed to the Antipodean Dominion to convoy New Zealand troops to the seat of war. Yet it is a fact that one of the reasons why today, Japanese are not paying a poll tax the same as the Chinese is an undertaking made by their government which has been broken. Speaking on January 15, 1906, in the House of Commons, the premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, used this language:

"Some few years ago when we increased to $500 the poll tax which had been in existence for many years against Chinese immigration, we persistently refused to extend the same prohibition against Japanese immigration. The reason we then gave was that Japan was an ally of Great Britain and we could not treat the Japanese as we had the



This chaste and stately white marble shaft has been erected in Stanley Park, Vancouver, in honor of Japanese soldiers who fell in the Great War.

Chinese population....and I may say that our task in that respect was made easy because the Japanese government has restricted the immigration of their own people. At the present time the Japanese government does not allow immigration from its own provinces, with the exception of a very few from each province. I think it is not more than three or four from each province."

Sir Wilfrid's reference here was to a tacit understanding which has been in force for years between Canada and Japan. It came first in the form of instructions to the governors of the Japanese prefectures issued by Viscount Aoki, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in August 1900, prohibiting entirely the emigration of laborers to Canada or the United States. In 1894 Japan executed her first treaty with Great Britain as a first rate power, but to this treaty Canada did not become a party till 1905, action being ratified by parliament in 1907.

Two things, according to Hon. R. Lemieux, led parliament to ratify that treaty unanimously. One was the assurance of the prime minister just quoted. The other was an undertaking given by Consul General Nosse to Hon. Sydney Fisher, then Minister of Agriculture in the Laurier cabinet, and communicated by him to Council. This letter written by Consul General Nossein September 1905 was as follows:

"The *emigration will always be restricted voluntarily by Japan* and I do hope very much that Canada will depend on our good faith and will not try to put any restrictions by right of treaty."

Some time before, in 1903, the Consul-General had written the government as follows:

"I have the honor of assuring you once again that the Japanese government is not disposed to issue the passports any more than necessary. Any number of new permits under 200 per annum cannot be said to be very large considering the fact that in this number not only the wives and children of the old residents but also merchants and students and even the consul and his family are included." Thus assured, even the British Columbia members, strongly anti-Asiatic as they were, withdrew their opposition.

Notwithstanding this, however, "no sooner had the treaty passed," according to Hon. Mr. Lemieux, "no sooner had it been mooted in public that Canada had adhered unreservedly and unconditionally to the treaty, than suddenly the flood gates were thrown wide open and Oriental immigration began to pour into the province of British Columbia."

He absolves the government of Japan from complicity in that abuse of the treaty. But it occurred, and it required a mission to Japan, and a second "gentleman's agreement" to adjust the situation. And again that agreement, the terms of which are secret, has failed to meet the problem, or to justify Mr. Nosse's undertaking: "Whilst trusting in the Canadian government's policy of justice and good faith the Japanese government *will always adhere to their policy of voluntary restriction on their people emigrating to British Columbia.*"



A section of the Vancouver Japanese battalion, which when denied recognition as a corps went over with the 175th and 191st battalions from Alberta.

### Subjects of Two States?

ANOTHER weakness of Japan's position is that her Expatriation Law of 1916 provides that subjects becoming naturalized become expatriated, but a male over seventeen years of age will not be allowed to expatriate himself until he has completed active military service in the Japanese army or navy, or is known to be free from military duty (on account of physical disability, long residence in a foreign country, etc.) Likewise a foreign-born Japanese child must obtain permission through his parent to expatriate.

*Continued on page 45*

### IS ALBERTA TOO HOT?

WILL *the Japs, or some dark-skinned race, be the ultimate population of Sunny Alberta and the sunnier parts of the Canadian West in general?*

*This query is raised by an article written in the "Hospital World" for August, 1921, by Charles H. Huestis, M.A., B.D., in which he says*

*"Only in cloudy lands do we find white men at home. This fact may be formulated into a law of whiteness, namely: 'the whiteness of a people is in proportion to the cloudiness of the skies under which they live.' Cloudy and foggy lands are and have ever been, inhabited by big blondes; sunny lands by little dark men. . . .*

*"It is not hard work that breaks down people who live in Western America and Western Canada. Hard work is wholesome—most people do not do enough of it. It is nerve exhaustion due to over-stimulation from sunlight. . . . .*

*"Personally, I have come to the conclusion that white men will not be able permanently to colonize the West of Canada, outside British Columbia, west of the mountains. In two or three generations they will have learned their lesson."*

# HIS FEET ARE ON THE GROUND

*By* AGNES C. LAUT

ALWAYS, when people are discussing the impetus of the farm movement as a new political factor in Canada, the tenor of the conversation drifts round somewhat in this fashion:

"Yes, but no matter how many constituencies they sweep, where is their leader? Without a leader, the thing will just vaporize off like the Populist movement, or the Non-Partisan League! Drury won't take the federal leadership; for he has his hands full in Ontario just now; and he is serving that province at a loss to his own farm and a loss to his own income.

"Crerar does not want the federal premiership; for he is more powerful as an organizer and leader out of the traces, than he would be as a premier. Besides, MacKenzie King would not subordinate himself to Crerar. Wood of Calgary is not eligible; because they would raise the cry that he is American-born. Besides, if he had wanted the job of premier, he could have had Alberta's leadership; but he refused it.

"Just wait till the federal fight lines up; and you will see it will be the old parties, the old cries, and the old crews in charge; for these farmers lack a leader; and when it comes to a show-down, they will vote the old line of party cleavage—straight Grit, straight Tory; dyed-in-the-wool, bred-in-the-bone Free Trade, or dyed-in-the-wool, bred-in-the-bone Protection."

And the Farmers have answered very quietly, like the man of peace, who was determined to keep harmony with a shrewish wife, who broke dishes over his head at breakfast—"Probably you are right, my dear! We'll wait and see! When the Farmers have won their victory and the time is ready for the leader, the leader will arise;" and it looks as if that assurance were being justified in the choice of Herbert Greenfield, the new premier of Alberta.

First of all, get your mind clear of a lot of misapprehensions about the Farm movement in the West. It isn't anti-Grit; and it isn't anti-Tory. It isn't anti-free trade; and it isn't anti-protection. Any politician, who goes to the country with the idea that the farmer is "pro" or "anti" any of these rallying cries, is simply wasting his eloquence on empty air. Nor is the Farmer for class legislation. Get that still clearer! He is not after power "as a club" to get special favors to his class.

In fact, if you listen to his arguments and press him closer and closer for explanations, you will find out that he considers his movement arose as a protest *against* class legislation. He considers—whether accurately or not, I am not saying, I am simply recording the impressions farmers have given me—that there was too much class lobbying, class legislation, class representation in the Dominion, and too little Canada.



HERBERT GREENFIELD,
New Premier of Alberta. Is he federal timber?

### Getting an Efficient Cabinet

ONE of the first things the Farmers of Alberta did, when a caucus of U.F.A. chose Greenfield, was to pledge him an absolutely free hand in choosing his Cabinet. Wood of Calgary could have had the job if he had wanted it, but he deliberately chose to retain his $4,000 a year position as organizer; and he at once left town so no one could accuse Greenfield of being influenced by any party, or personal pull. All the Farmers demanded of Greenfield was an efficient business executive for the province; and Greenfield was told to go off by himself and lock himself up, so he chose his executive independent of race, creed, class, party pull. Because times are hard, the new premier was besieged for political jobs. To date he has chosen only three men from the U.F.A. His aim has been to get an efficient business executive; and wherever he could find what he wanted, he picked his man independent of party pull.

He could not have done this if the U. F. A. had been under indebtedness to any power for party contributions to win the elections; but the U.F.A. were under no obligations. They financed the election expenses, by each U.F.A. voter contributing fifty cents, neither more, nor less. The average election expenses of the constituencies, travelling, printing, hall rent, cars—did not equal $500 a candidate; and Premier Greenfield contends "the last election was the most intelligent vote ever cast in Alberta;" for the local U.F.A.'s meet every two weeks—men and women organizers—to get the views of all classes in the constituency and to formulate policies for the needs. The U.F.A.'s have conducted their campaign as an open forum every two weeks year in and year out to educate electors, get facts, facts down to brass tacks, and to answer the needs of each community. This was why Greenfield had an army of volunteer free workers, where the old time parties could get nothing done from an editorial to the use of a motor car without a *quid pro quo*.

Greenfield believes that democracy will stand or fall by an organized cohesive vote rather than organized adhesive dollars, adhesive especially for sticky palms.

What puzzled the East in the victory of the U.F.A's in Alberta was why farmers rejected Premier Stewart, a farm premier, one of the best, most efficient and absolutely upright the province had ever known. It was not Stewart, the man, beloved of all, that the U.F.A's set themselves to defeat. It was what Stewart represented—the old party system. If Stewart would have thrown that overboard, he could have been *a* leader if not *the* leader of the U.F.A's He was a man known lovingly by his first name to half the farmers of Alberta; but he stood for the old school, Liberal *versus* Conservative; and the U.F.A'a have discarded that old division. They say frankly they can see no difference in the platforms of the two parties as applied to practical affairs. Of course, the Liberals stand theoretically for free trade, and the Conservatives theoretically for protection; but how does the Liberal purpose paying the war debt if free trade is adopted; and in spite of the Conservatives standing theoretically for protection, Canada's protective tariff—according to Premier Meighen's declaration—is lower today than in the days of Sir John MacDonald, the high priest of protection.

"So there you are," say the Farmers. "Why pretend to be fooled by those old cries! What we stand for is 100 per cent Canadianism. What helps Canada in whole and Canada in part is our policy. What helps any one part at the expense of any other part—that we condemn and oppose."

Do the U.F.A'a oppose party government?

They do not. They oppose only the old party lines, which they consider obsolete. What they are feeling their way cautiously towards is group Government, such group government as Harding embodied in his Cabinet Family, or such group government as enabled Norris to function in Manitoba, though, in that case, there was practically no old party lines.

AND to the fore of the U.F.A's comes Premier Greenfield at this critical period in the farmers' party progress. The new farm premier knows farming from A to Izzard. He was born in Winchester, England, in 1869 and came to Canada in 1892, when Canada was in the midst of an industrial depression similar to present conditions. Greenfield had a background of culture, education and good birth; but he wanted to learn farming from the ground up and began by hiring out in Ontario. It was in Ontario he married Miss Harrison of Adelaide Township. He has two sons age seventeen and nineteen. Both are farmers. He was caught in the wave of migration westward and settled at Westlock, Alberta.

Greenfield bases his hopes for the stabilizing of Canada on two factors.

First, the farmer is an essential producer. He takes from the soil and robs no man. He creates wealth by work, and not by bleeding the wealth or work of other men; and if given a fair field and no favors, he builds up capital by force of brawn and brain. Therefore, he is essentially a vested righter; and Canada's population must always be a nation of vested righters in the soil; for Canada is an agricultural country. Therefore the prosperity of the country depends essentially on the prosperity of the farmer; and that is a cardinal plank in the U.F.A's platform.

Second, the woman's vote. Woman will always be a stabilizer, whether in political life or in home life, for she is the creator and conservator of the human race. What makes for racial well being, she will advance; and such being the case, her influence must be embodied in every government, so he not only gave a place in his Cabinet to Mrs. Parlby, an Englishwoman farmer, but went into her constituency before he knew he was to be called to be premier, and spoke for her from end to end of her constituency.

In a province ninety per cent. populated by people who have come from outside in the last twenty years. Greenfield has another important plank in his platform—every man, woman and child in the province must stand four square and squarely for 100 per cent Canadian; and the man of American ancestry or birth, who is 100 per cent Canadian, or of Russian, or of Galician—will receive as square a deal as the man of Canadian birth and ancestry.

Physically, Greenfield is big, muscular, powerful and weathered as to complexion. His mental make up is a counterpart of his physical. He is big in vision, powerful in speech and thought, though slow like nearly all men in expression.

### Is He Federal Timber?

TIMES are hard in the West just now. The slump in farm prices and the prospect of the American tariff have not helped the farmers of the West. When I asked him if under the circumstances of hard pressure, the victorious farmers would tend to be radical in their legislation, he answered: "No fear of that! The farmer has his feet anchored on the ground. His calling holds him down to facts. He is not going to be carried away by untried theories."

At the same time he did not fail to see that preaching "back to the farm" was not the evangel to keep boys and girls on the farm. The evangel to keep farmers on the farms was to get the conditions that would make farmers prosperous: and prosperous farmers meant prosperous towns and prosperous banks.

Greenfield is one of the leaders of the U.F.A., looming big enough for federal timber; but he has big provincial tasks before he can cross the bridge to the federal arena.

He must finance schools where the farmers cannot pay taxes owing to drought. He must aid the droughted-out farmers quickly to prevent the exodus of a large population and the skidding in land values, which would result; and he must do this without any hurt to the general reputation of the province; for the drought belt is only one belt out of five good and moist belts in the province.

He must press for the taking over of the provincial resources. He is not against the eastern manufacturer, or after him with a club, but like all westerners, he realizes, the manufacturers must sooner or later centre more of their plants in the midst of the farming community, that uses most of the output. Then there is the development

*Continued on page 32*



"The fire burnt only half the tissue paper and the hat box.....Oh, you're done for, done for, my beauty."

# THE WATER BOTTLE

## By MAURICE LE BLANC

THE SECOND OF

## *"The Eight Strokes of the Clock"*

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

*THESE eight adventures were told to me in the old days by Arsene Lupin as though they had happened to a friend of his named Prince Renine. As for me, considering the way in which they were conducted, the actions, the behaviour and the very character of the hero, I find it very difficult not to identify the two friends as one and the same person. Arsene Lupin is gifted with a powerful imagination and is quite capable of attributing to himself adventures which are not his at all and of disowning those which are really his. The reader will judge for himself.—M. L.*

FOUR days after she had settled down in Paris, Hortense Daniel agreed to meet Prince Renine in the Bois. It was a glorious morning and they sat down on the terrace of the Restaurant Impérial a little to one side.

Hortense, feeling glad to be alive, was in a playful mood, full of attractive grace. Renine, lest he startle her, refrained from alluding to the compact into which they had entered at his suggestion. She told him how she had left La Maréze and said that she had not heard from Rossigny.

"I have," said Renine. "I've heard of him."

"Oh?"

"Yes, he sent me a challenge. We fought a duel this morning. Rossigny got a scratch in the shoulder. That finished the duel. Let's talk of something else."

There was no further mention of Rossigny. Renine at once expounded to Hortense the plan of two enterprises which he had in view and in which he offered, with no great enthusiasm, to let her share.

The terrace was beginning to fill up around them. At the next table sat a young man reading a newspaper. They were able to see his insignificant profile and his long, dark moustache.

As Renine was paying for the refreshments, the young man with the long moustache stifled a cry and, in a choking voice, called one of the waiters.

Renine, without a moment's hesitation, had picked up the paper. After casting a swift glance down the page, he read, under his breath:

"Maitre Dourdens, the counsel for the defence in the trial of Jacques Aubrieux, has been received at the Elysée. We are informed that the President of the Republic has refused to reprieve the condemned man and that the execution will take place tomorrow morning."

After crossing the terrace, the young man found himself faced, at the entrance to the garden, by a lady and gentleman who blocked his way, and the latter said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I noticed your agitation. It's about Jacques Aubrieux, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, Jacques Aubrieux," the young man stammered. "Jacques, the friend of my childhood. I'm hurrying to see his wife. She must be beside herself with grief."

"Can I offer you my assistance? I am Prince Renine. This lady and I would be happy to call on Madame Aubrieux and to place our services at her disposal."

THE young man, upset by the news which he had read, seemed not to understand. He introduced himself awkwardly:

"My name is Dutreuil, Gaston Dutreuil."

Renine beckoned to his chauffeur, who was waiting at some little distance, and pushed Gaston Dutreuil into the car, asking:

"What address? Where does Madame Aubrieux live?"

"23 *bis*, Avenue du Roule."

After helping Hortense in, Renine repeated the address to the chauffeur, and, as soon as they drove off, tried to question Gaston Dutreuil.

"I know very little of the case," he said. "Tell it me as briefly as you can. Jacques Aubrieux killed one of his near relations, didn't he?"

"He is innocent, sir," replied the young man, who seemed incapable of giving the least explanation. "Innocent, I swear it. I've been Jacques' friend for twenty years.... He is innocent....and it would be monstrous...."

There was nothing to be got out of him. They entered Neuilly through the Porte des Sablons and stopped before a small, one-storied house.

Gaston Dutreuil rang.

"Madame is in the drawing-room, with her mother," said the maid who opened the door.

"I'll go in to the ladies," he said, taking Renine and Hortense with him.

It was a fair-sized, prettily-furnished room, which, in ordinary times, must have been used also as a study. Two women sat weeping, one of whom, elderly and grey-haired, came up to Gaston Dutreuil. He explained the reason for Renine's presence and she at once cried, amid her sobs:

"My daughter's husband is innocent, sir. Jacques? A better man never lived. He was so good-hearted! Murder his cousin? But he worshipped his cousin! I swear that he's not guilty, sir! And they are going to commit the infamy of putting him to death! Oh, sir, it will kill my daughter!"

Renine realized that all these people had been living for months under the obsession of that innocence and in the certainty that an innocent man could never be executed. The news of the execution, which was now inevitable, was driving them mad.

HE WENT up to a poor creature bent in two whose face, a quite young face, framed in pretty flaxen hair, was convulsed with desperate grief. Hortense, who had already taken a seat beside her, gently drew her head against her shoulder. Renine said to her:

"Madame, I do not know what I can do for you. But I give you my word of honour that, if anyone in this world can be of use to you, it is myself. I therefore implore you to answer my questions as though the clear and definite wording of your replies were able to alter the aspect of things and as though you wished to make me share your opinion of Jacques Aubrieux. For he is innocent, is he not?"

"Oh, sir, indeed he is!" she exclaimed; and the woman's whole soul was in the words.

"You are certain of it. But you were unable to communicate your certainty to the court. Well, you must now compel me to share it. I am not asking you to go into details and to live again through the hideous torment which you have suffered, but merely to answer certain questions. Will you do this?"

"I will."

Renine's influence over her was complete. With a few sentences Renine had succeeded in subduing her and inspiring her with the will to obey. And once more Hortense realized all the man's power, authority and persuasion.

"What was your husband?" he asked, after begging the mother and Gaston Dutreuil to preserve absolute silence.

"An insurance broker."

"Lucky in business?"

"Until last year, yes."

"So there have been financial difficulties during the past few months?"

"Yes."

"And the murder was committed when?"

"Last March, on a Sunday."

"Who was the victim?"

"A distant cousin, M. Guillaume, who lived at Suresnes."

"What was the sum stolen?"

"Sixty thousand-franc notes, which this cousin had received the day before, in payment of a long-outstanding debt."

"Did your husband know that?"

"Yes. His cousin told him of it on the Sunday, in the course of a conversation on the telephone, and Jacques insisted that his cousin ought not to keep so large a sum in the house, and that he ought to pay it into a bank next day."

"Was this in the morning?"

"At one o'clock in the afternoon. Jacques was to have gone to M. Guillaume on his motor-cycle. But he felt tired and told him that he would not go out. So he re-

mained here all day and never moved from the house."

"Alone?"

"Yes. The two servants were out. I went to the Cinema des Ternes with my mother and our friend Dutreuil. In the evening, we learnt that M. Guillaume had been murdered. Next morning, Jacques was arrested."

"On what evidence?"

THE poor creature hesitated to reply: the evidence of guilt had evidently been overwhelming. Then, obeying a sign from Renine, she answered without a pause:

"The murderer went to Suresnes on a motor-cycle and the tracks discovered were those of my husband's machine. They found a handkerchief with my husband's initials; and the revolver which was used belonged to him. Lastly, one of our neighbours maintains that he saw my husband go out on his bicycle at three o'clock and another that he saw him come in at half-past four. The murder was committed at four o'clock."

"And what does Jacques Aubrieux say in his defence?"

"He declares that he slept all the afternoon. During that time, someone came who managed to unlock the cycle-shed and take the motor-cycle to go to Suresnes. As for the handkerchief and the revolver, they were in the tool-bag. There would be nothing surprising in the murderer's using them."

"It seems a plausible explanation."

"Yes, but the prosecution raised two objections. In the first place, nobody, absolutely nobody, knew that my husband was going to stay at home all day, because, on the contrary, it was his habit to go out on his motor-cycle every Sunday afternon."

"And the second objection?"

She flushed and murmured:

"The murderer went to the pantry at M. Guillaume's and drank half a bottle of wine straight out of the bottle, which shows my husband's finger-prints."

It seemed as though her strength was exhausted and as though, at the same time, the unconscious hope which Renine's intervention had awakened in her had suddenly vanished before the accumulation of adverse facts. Again she collapsed, withdrawn into a sort of silent meditation from which Hortense's affectionate attentions were unable to distract her.

The mother stammered:

"He's not guilty, is he, air? And they can't punish an innocent man. They haven't the right to kill my daughter. Oh dear, oh dear, what have we done to be tortured like this? My poor little Madeleine?"

"She will kill herself," said Dutreuil, in a scared voice. "She will never be able to endure the idea that they are guillotining Jacques. She will kill herself presently....this very night...."

Renine was striding up and down the room.

"You can do nothing for her, can you?" asked Hortense.

"It's half-past eleven now," he replied, in an anxious tone, "and it's to happen tomorrow morning."

"Do you think he's guilty?"

"I don't know....I don't know....The poor woman's conviction is too impressive to be neglected. When two people have lived together for years, they can hardly be mistaken about each other to that degree. And yet...."

HE stretched himself out on a sofa and lit a cigarette. He smoked three in succession, without a word from any one to interrupt his train of thought. From time to time he looked at his watch. Every minute was of such importance!

At last he went back to Madeleine Aubrieux, took her hands and said, very gently:

"You must not kill yourself. There is hope left until the last minute has come; and I promise you that, for my part, I will not be disheartened until that last minute. But I need your calmness and your confidence."

"I will be calm," she said, with a pitiable air.

"And confident?"

"And confident."

"Well, wait for me. I shall be back in two hours from now. Will you come with us, M. Dutreuil?"

As they were stepping into his car, he asked the young man:

"Do you know any small, unfrequented restaurant, not too far inside Paris?"

"There's the Brasserie Lutetia, on the ground-floor of the house in which I live, on the Place des Ternes."

"Capital. That will be very handy."

They scarcely spoke on the way. Renine, however, said to Gaston Dutreuil:

"So far as I remember, the numbers of the notes are known, aren't they?"

"Yes. M. Guillaume had entered the sixty numbers in his pocket-book.

Renine muttered, a moment later:

"That's where the whole problem lies. Where are the notes? If we could lay our hands on them, we should know everything."

At the Brasserie Lutetia there was a telephone in the private room where he asked to have lunch served. When the waiter had left him alone with Hortense and Dutreuil, he took down the receiver with a resolute air:

"Hullo!....Prefecture of police, please....Hullo! Hullo!....Is that the Prefecture of police? Please put me on to the criminal investigation department. I have a very important communication to make. You can say it's Prince Renine."

Holding the receiver in his hand, he turned to Gaston Dutreuil.

"I can ask some one to come here, I suppose? We shall be quite undisturbed?"

"Quite."

He listened again:

"The secretary to the head of the criminal investigation department? Oh, excellent! Mr. Secretary, I have on several occasions been in communication with M. Dudouis and have given him information which has been of great use to him. He is sure to remember Prince Renine. I may be able today to show him where the sixty thousand-franc notes are hidden which Aubrieux the murderer stole from his cousin. If he's interested in the proposal beg him to send an inspector to the Brasserie Lutetia, Place des Ternes. I shall be there with a lady and M. Dutreuil, Aubrieux's friend. Good day, Mr. Secretary."

WHEN Renine hung up the instrument, he saw the amazed faces of Hortense and of Gaston Dutreuil confronting him.

Hortense whispered:

"Then you know? You've discovered....?"

"Nothing," he said, laughing.

"Well?"

"Well, I'm acting as though I knew. It's not a bad method. Let's have some lunch, shall we?"

The clock marked a quarter to one.

"The man from the prefecture will be here," he said, "in twenty minutes at latest."

"And if no one comes?" Hortense objected.

"That would surprise me. Of course, if I had sent a message to M. Dudouis saying, 'Aubrieux is innocent,' I should have failed to make any impression. It's not the least use, on the eve of an execution, to attempt to convince the gentry of the police or of the law that a man condemned to death is innocent. No. From henceforth Jacques Aubrieux belongs to the executioner. But the prospect of securing the sixty bank-notes is a windfall worth taking a little trouble over. Just think: that was the weak point in the indictment, those sixty notes which they were unable to trace."



He took her hands and said, very gently: "You must not kill yourself."

"But, as you know nothing of their whereabouts...."

"My dear girl—I hope you don't mind my calling you so?—my dear girl, when a man can't explain this or that physical phenomenon, he adopts some sort of theory which explains the various manifestations of the phenomenon and says that everything happened as though the theory were correct. That's what I am doing."

"That amounts to saying that you are going upon a supposition?"

RENINE did not reply. Not until some time later, when lunch was over, did he say:

"Obviously I am going upon a supposition. If I had several days before me, I should take the trouble of first verifying my theory, which is based upon intuition quite as much as upon a few scattered facts. But I have only two hours; and I am embarking on the unknown path as though I were certain that it would lead me to the truth."

"And suppose you are wrong?"

"I have no choice. Besides, it is too late. There's a knock. Oh, one word more! Whatever I may say, don't contradict me. Nor you, M. Dutreuil."

He opened the door. A thin man, with a red imperial, entered.

"Prince Renine?"

"Yes, sir. You, of course, are from M. Dudouis?"

"Yes."

And the newcomer gave his name:

"Chief-inspector Morisseau."

"I am obliged to you for coming so promptly, Mr. Chief-inspector," said Prince Renine, "and I hope that M. Dudouis will not regret having placed you at my disposal."

"At your entire dispoaal, in addition to two inspectors whom I have left in the square outside and who have been in the case, with me, from the first."

"I shall not detain you for any length of time," said Renine, "and I will not even ask you to sit down. We have only a few minutes in which to settle everything. You know what it'a all about?"

"The sixty thousand-franc notes stolen from M. Guillaume. I have the numbers here."

Renine ran his eyes down the slip of paper which the chief-inspector handed him and said:

"That's right. The two lists agree."

Inspector Morisseau seemed greatly excited:

"The chief attaches the greatest importance to your discovery. So you will be able to show me?...."

Renine was silent for a moment and then declared:

"Mr. Chief-inspector, a personal investigation—and a most exhaustive investigation it was, as I will explain to you presently—has revealed the fact that, on his return from Suresnes, the murderer, after replacing the motor-cycle in the shed in the Avenue du Roule, ran to the Ternes and entered this house."

"This house?"

"Yes."

"But what did he come here for?"

"To hide the proceeds of his theft, the sixty bank-notes."

"How do you mean? Where?"

"In a flat of which he had the key, on the fifth floor."

Gaston Dutreuil exclaimed, in amazement:

"But there's only one flat on the fifth floor and that's the one I live in!"

"Exactly; and, as you were at the cinema with Madame Aubrieux and her mother, advantage was taken of your absence...."

"Impossible! No one has the key except myself."

"One can get in without a key."

"But I have seen no marks of any kind."

Morisseau intervened:

"Come, let us understand one another. You say the bank-notes were hidden in M. Dutreuil's flat?"

"Yes."

"Then, as Jacques Aubrieux was arrested the next morning, the notes ought to be there still?"

"That's my opinion."

Gaston Dutreuil could not help laughing:

"But that's absurd! I should have found them!"

"Did you look for them?"

"No. But I should have come across them at any moment. The place isn't big enough to swing a cat in. Would you care to see it?"

"However small it may be, it's large enough to hold sixty bits of paper."

"Of course, everything is possible," said Dutreuil. "Still I must repeat that nobody, to my knowledge, has been to my rooms; that there is only one key; that I am my own housekeeper; and that I can't quite understand...."

HORTENSE too could not understand. With her eyes fixed on Prince Renine's

she was trying to read his innermost thoughts. What game was he playing? Was it her duty to support his statements? She ended by saying:

"Mr. Chief-inspector, since Prince Renine maintains that the notes have been put away upstairs, wouldn't the simplest thing be to go and look? M. Dutreuil will take us up, won't you?"

"This minute," said the young man. "As you say, that will be simplest."

They all four climbed the five stories of the house and, after Dutreuil had opened the door, entered a tiny set of chambers consisting of a sitting-room, bedroom, kitchen and bathroom, all arranged with fastidious neatness. It was easy to see that every chair in the sitting-room occupied a definite place. The pipes had a rack to themselves; so had the matches. Three walking-sticks, arranged according to their length, hung from three nails. On a little table before the window a hat-box, filled with tissue-paper, awaited the felt hat which Dutreuil carefully placed in it. He laid his gloves beside it, on the lid.

He did all this with sedate and mechanical movements, like a man who loves to see things in the places which he has chosen for them. Indeed, no sooner did Renine shift something than Dutreuil made a slight gesture of protest, took out his hat again, stuck it on his head, opened the window and rested his elbows on the sill, with his back turned to the room, as though he were unable to bear the sight of such vandalism.

"You're positive, are you not?" the inspector asked Renine.

"Yes, yes, I'm positive that the sixty notes were brought here after the murder."

"Let's look for them."

This was easy and soon done. In half an hour, not a corner remained unexplored, not a knick-knack unlifted.

"Nothing," said Inspector Morisseau. "Shall we continue?"

"No," replied Renine, "The notes are no longer here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that they have been removed."

"By whom? Can't you make a more definite accusation?"

Renine did not reply. But Gaston Dutreuil wheeled round. He was choking and spluttered:

"Mr. Inspector, would you like *me* to make the accusation more definite, as conveyed by this gentleman's remarks? It all means that there's a dishonest man here, that the notes hidden by the murderer were discovered and stolen by that dishonest man and deposited in another and safer place. That is your idea, sir, is it not? And you accuse me of committing this theft, don't you?"

He came forward,drumming his chest with his fists'

"Me! Me! I found the notes, did I, and kept them for myself? You dare to suggest that!"

Renine still made no reply. Dutreuil flew into a rage and, taking Inspector Morisseau aside, exclaimed:

"Mr. Inspector, I strongly protest against all this farce and against the part which you are unconsciously playing in it. Before your arrival, Prince Renine told this lady and myself that he knew nothing, that he was venturing into this affair at random and that he was following the first road that offered, trusting to luck. Do you deny it, sir?"

Renine did not open his lips.

"Answer me, will you? Explain yourself; for, really, you are putting forward the most improbable facts without any proof whatever. It's easy enough to say that I stole the notes. And how were you to know that they were here at all? Who brought them here? Why should the murderer choose this flat to hide them in? It's all so stupid, so illogical and absurd!... Give us your proofs, sir....one single proof!"

Inspector Morisseau seemed perplexed. He questioned Renine with a glance. Renine said:

"Since you want specific details, we will get them from Madame Aubrieux herself. She's on the telephone. Let's go downstairs. We shall know all about it in a minute."

Dutreuil shrugged his shoulders:

"As you please; but what a waste of time!"

He seemed greatly irritated. His long wait at the window, under a blazing sun, had thrown him into a sweat. He went to his bedroom and returned with a bottle of water, of which he took a few sips, afterwards placing the bottle on the window-sill:

"Come along," he said.

Prince Renine chuckled.

"You seem to be in a hurry to leave the place."

"I'm in a hurry to show you up," retorted Dutreuil, slamming the door.

THEY went downstairs to the private room containing the telephone. The room was empty. Renine asked Gaston Dutreuil for the Aubrieux's number, took down the instrument and was put through.

The maid who came to the telephone answered that Madame Aubrieux had fainted, after giving way to an excess of despair, and that she was now asleep.

"Fetch her mother, please. Prince Renine speaking. It's urgent."

He handed the second receiver to Morisseau. For that matter the voices were so distinct that Dutreuil and Hortense were able to hear every word exchanged.

"Is that you, madame?"

"Yes. Prince Renine, I believe?"

"Prince Renine."

"Oh, sir, what news have you for me? Is there any hope?" asked the old lady, in a tone of entreaty.

"The enquiry is proceeding very satisfactorily," said Renine, "and you may hope for the best. For the moment, I want you to give me some very important particulars. On the day of the murder, did Gaston Dutreuil come to your house?"

"Yes, he came to fetch my daughter and myself, after lunch."

"Did he know at the time that M. Guillaume had sixty thousand francs at his place?"

"Yes, I told him."



After crossing the terrace the young man found himself faced at the entrance to the garden by a lady and gentleman who blocked his way.

"And that Jacques Aubrieux was not feeling very well and was proposing not to take his usual cycle-ride but to stay at home and sleep?"

"Yes."

"You are sure?"

"Absolutely certain."

"And you all three went to the cinema together?"

"Yes."

"And you were all sitting together?"

"Oh, no! There was no room. He took a seat farther away."

"A seat where you could see him?"

"No."

"But he came to you during the interval?"

"No, we did not see him until we were going out."

"There is no doubt of that?"

"None at all."

"Very, well, madame. I will tell you the result of my efforts in an hour's time. But above all, don't wake up Madame Aubrieux."

"And suppose she wakes of her own accord?"

"Reassure her and give her confidence. Everything is going well, very well indeed."

He hung up the receiver and turned to Dutreuil, laughing:

"Ha, ha, my boy! Things are beginning to look clearer. What do you say?"

It was difficult to tell what these words meant or what conclusions Renine had drawn from his conversation. The silence was painful and oppressive.

"Mr. Chief-inspector, you have some of your men outside, haven't you?"

"Two detective-sergeants."

"It's important that they should be there. Please also to ask the manager not to disturb us on any account."

AND, when Morisseau returned, Renine closed the door, took his stand in front of Dutreuil and, speaking in a good-humoured but emphatic tone, said,

"It amounts to this, young man, that the ladies saw nothing of you between three and five o'clock on that Sunday. That's rather a curious detail."

"A perfectly natural detail," Dutreuil retorted, "and one, moreover, which proves nothing at all."

Renine brought down his hand on Dutreuil's shoulder:

"No more talk! Facts! Gaston Dutreuil you are the only person who on that day knew two essential things: first, that Cousin Guillaume had sixty thousand francs in his house; secondly, that Jacques Aubrieux was not going out. You at once saw your chance. The motor-cycle was available. You slipped out during the performance. You went to Suresnes. You killed Cousin Guillaume. You took the sixty-bank-notes and left them at your rooms. And at five o'clock you went back to fetch the ladies."

Dutreuil had listened with an expression at once mocking and flurried, casting an occasional glance at Inspector Morisseau as though to enlist him as a witness:

"The man's mad," it seemed to say. "It's no use being angry with him."

When Renine had finished, he began to laugh:

"Very funny!....A capital joke!.... So it was I whom the neighbors saw going and returning on the motor-cycle?"

"It was you disguised in Jacques Aubrieux's clothes."

"And it was my finger-prints that were found on the bottle in M. Guillaume's pantry?"

"The bottle had been opened by Jacques Aubrieux at lunch, in his own house, and it was you who took it with you to serve as evidence."

"Funnier and funnier!" cried Dutreuil, who had the air of being frankly amused. "Then I contrived the whole affair so that Jacques Aubrieux might be accused of the crime?"

"It was the safest means of not being accused yourself."

"Yes, but Jacques is a friend whom I have known from childhood."

"You're in love with his wife."

The young man gave a sudden, infuriated start:

"You dare!....What! You dare make such an infamous suggestion?"

"I have proof of it."

"That's a lie? I have always respected Madeleine Aubrieux and revered her...."

*Continued on page 34*




"There ain't nothing doin', ye lazy dago!" interrupted Donovan. "Mister Levy has laid a complaint against ye an' I'm tellin' ye to can the monkey shines! Get me?"

# MARCO

*By* A. Montague Sanderson

Illustrated by
Dudley Gloyne Summers

HE was a murderer! Twelve good men and true, his peers in the eyes of the law, had so decided, and the judge had solemnly condemned him to death.

The young lawyer appointed to defend him had fought hard to save his grotesque little client, but the evidence against him had been too strong. The prisoner had been found bending over the body of his victim, the knife still in his hand. He had neither denied nor admitted his guilt, but had sat through his trial with an apathetic indifference which only the intense glow of his intelligent eyes had belied.

So the jury had found him guilty, and the judge had solemnly condemned him to death. Now, having made his peace with God, he sat under the unsympathetic eyes of the Death Watch, listening with quickly beating heart and straining ears for the footsteps of those who would lead him to execution.

HIS NAME was Marco, but he was generally called "Monkey" Marc. Two large and intelligent brown eyes, set deep in his head, were shaded with bushy eyebrows. His nose was flat, and his teeth were large, yellow and fang-like. His short legs were bowed, and his toes turned in when he walked. He was five feet tall, a slight hump on his back gave him a stooped appearance, and his arms almost touched the ground when he stood upright. Only the intelligence of his eyes indicated that he was human.

No one knew whence they had come, he and Antonio, his master. They had appeared one day, taken up their residence over Umfredo's cafe, and from then on became familiar figures in the neighborhood. At an early hour each morning, the dwarf, his beloved violin under his arm, waddled awkwardly along the street on his long tramp uptown to the corner on which he played until dark, when he tramped wearily back again. Long after Marco had left, Antonio made his appearance. Handsome, smiling, jovial, his hat stuck jauntily on the side of his sleek head, he would walk in state up one side of Mulberry street and then down the other. With genial condescension he greeted all and sundry, stopping here and there for a chat, or to fondle a bambino, or to enquire for some relative or friend of those he met. When this daily pilgrimage was finished it was time for the mid-day meal. He would then repair to the restaurant of his friend, Patronni, where he would spend the rest of the afternoon telling funny stories or performing feats of strength for the amusement of Patronni and his customers.

All agreed that Antonio was a splendid fellow, a droll, jolly cuss and a mighty man. Straightening horseshoes with his bare hands was a favorite trick. A blow from his huge fist would split the head of an ox. Many a blow from the same fist had Marco received since the day his mother deserted him, a defenceless infant, on Antonio's doorstep, and one such blow had knocked him across the length of their room and left him unconscious for an hour. After that Antonio was more careful. He did not lessen the blows, but restrained their force only because he feared to kill a valuable slave.

AH, yes! A fine, handsome fellow was Antonio! After the dwarf had finished his long day's work, and the money he had earned had been taken by his master and counted, Antonio would drag him off to Patronni's or down to Umfredo's, or into some other of his haunts, but to a different one each night that the performance might not grow stale. But wherever he went a crowd was sure to follow, for it was inexpressibly funny when Antonio would command, "Marco, play dog!" to see the dwarf drop on all fours and run about growling and barking. He became famous for the natural canine ferocity with which he attacked the bone Antonio usually threw him after this performance. But his ferocity was not always acting. It was more often his dinner he attacked thus. He and Antonio were the only ones who knew this, however.

But if the dwarf provoked howls of mirth when he played dog, his antics when Antonio ordered "Marco, be a monkey!" were side-splitting. In this role his long arms and short body served him to good purpose. He climbed into the most unexpected places, chattered, scratched, and hopped about in approved monkey fashion. If, as was generally the case, the day's work had been fatiguing, and the patient brown eyes pleaded dumbly for release, Antonio's doubled-up fist unostentatiously displayed, sent the dwarf cavorting again until the deformed little body dropped with exhaustion.

What a droll fellow this Antonio was, to be sure! After each performance they would crowd about him slap him good-naturedly on the back, fill with small coins the hat he always placed suggestively upside down on the table, and order drinks for him.

"Tut! tut! It is nothing!" he would modestly disclaim "I am the Master! I teach him to play the violin like an angel. Bah! If he were not so ugly he would be a great musician and make me famous. As it is....." Antonio always shrugged his shoulders at this point to denote that he was doing his best for his fellow men under difficult circumstances.

In time the habit of seeing Marco play monkey and his grotesque figure made those about him forget that he was human, and not an intelligent animal whose sole purpose in life was to work and be amusing. The children, with thoughtless cruelty, jeered at him as he shuffled along the street, called him "Monkey Face" and "Baboon" pulled at his ragged coat, tripped him and threw dirt at him, until he turned on them striking right and left with his long arms. This earned him the reputation of being vicious, and mothers laid a stick over his back whenever he approached their children.

Friendless, his very humanity denied, worked and beaten like a beast and half starved, the big heart beneath the ugly little body began to harden. Unable to express the storm of protest which arose within him, the injustice of it all turned tears to curses, and the vicious reputation thrust upon him threatened to become fact.

Then a miracle happened, and the corrosion was stayed.

AT HER insistence, the good sisters of the convent of Santa Maria sent home to her father, Antonio's blind daughter, Marzia. The girl had reached her eighteenth birthday, although her sickly, thin, little body made her look younger, and she felt her place was by her father's side. But her devotion met with poor reward. The good Antonio was enraged at the advent of his motherless offspring, and only because her love and admiration fed his vanity was she suffered to remain.

But with Marzia's coming a new life began for Monkey Marc. He found in the blind girl something more helpless than himself; someone on whom he could lavish the flood of affection until then dammed up within his

heart. The knowledge that the large, soft brown eyes which gazed so naturally into his were unable to see the hideous misshapeliness of his body, gave him courage. He spent every minute he could by her side; timidly petting her, anticipating her every want, and comforting her when she was in pain. These things done, he would shuffle about her in pathetic eagerness to do more. He was like a great, faithful dog whose eyes alone spoke the adoration his lips could not utter, and when her thin hand fluttered to pat his cheek or to stroke his hair, he would rush from the room, forgetting she was blind and could not see the tears that filled his eyes.

Marco now threw himself with wholehearted enthusiasm into the rôles of dog and monkey. He grew to love the tricks he had formerly loathed because with improvement more money flowed into Antonio's hat, which meant better food and more comforts for Marzia. He took pride in improving each nightly performance, and in thinking out new tricks that the show might not grow stale. Antonio's popularity was never so great. Umfredo's, Patronni's and the other places did a thriving business on the nights he and his dwarf visited them. They began to compete for his attendance, and prosperity smiled upon him.

But over Bernstein's pawn-shop in Hester Street there lived an old man of patriarchal appearance and studious habits. Because he kept so much to himself and did not live by the sweat of his brow, they said he spent the night pawing over his hoarded gold. His name was Levy, but they called him The Miser.

One night before Marzia came, The Miser, attracted by the crowd and the peals of laughter which issued from Patronni's, stopped, in passing, to see what occasioned such merriment. He looked, unstirred by mirth, but moved to pity, on the pathetic efforts of Monkey Marc to sustain his rôle in spite of the fatigue which possessed him. He noted the dumb appeal in the dwarf's eyes, and happened to see and understand the significance of Antonio's doubled up fist. He walked home thoughtfully, but immersed in his books the incident slipped his mind until he again passed Patronni's on a night when Antonio and his dwarf were there. Now the crowd and the laughter were greater than ever, and again he stopped and looked upon the performance with pitying eyes. Marco's antics were now a labor of love, but The Miser did not know that. He only saw the little body drop with exhaustion, and not knowing that the exhaustion was caused by an effort of the spirit stronger than the flesh could sustain, he determined on a step destined to alter the lives of four people, including his own.

THE following night, when the performance was in progress at Umfredo's, The Miser sought the big, good-hearted policeman, Tim Donovan, who patrolled that beat. A friendship based on mutual appreciation, and as strong as it was strange, had sprung up between these two.

"Timothy," said The Miser, "I have something to show you. Will you come with me?"

"Sure, an' I will that!" replied the big cop. "'Tis not ivery night I have a walk wid ye, Mister Levy, for it's a regular hermit ye are. Wat are ye goin' to show me?"

"A crime!" answered The Miser, as he led the wondering policeman toward Umfredo's.

Standing on two boxes in a lane at the side of the place, they had an unobstructed view, through the side window, of what went on within. They watched the performance through in silence. Then The Miser turned to Donovan.

"Slavery is supposed to be abolished on this Continent," he said, "but that miserable little creature is as much a slave as any negro sold in the States before the Civil War. All day long he stands in the street and plays his violin, and night after night he goes through the performance you have just witnessed until he drops. And for what? In order that the great, hulking brute, his master, may strut like a peacock in idleness and the empty adulation of his fellows! I don't know the law on the matter, but if you allow this to continue on your beat you are not the fine, big hearted man I take you for."

Then, being a wise old gentleman, he left Donovan, and returned to his garret and his books.

Nor had he miscalculated the effect of his speech on the big constable. Donovan had known what was going on for some time, but in this neighborhood of strange customs he had given no thought to the matter. But The Miser's words had shown him a new aspect of the situation and his heart was touched. Being a staunch believer in direct action, he strode into Umfredo's and cleared a way for himself through the crowd that packed the place. The Italian's inborn dread of the law silenced their chatter, and Donovan's words were clearly heard in the crowded room as he confronted Antonio.

"Me friend, it's yerself ye'll be gettin' into truble if ye pull this dog an' monkey game again!" he stated. "From tonight it's nix on the funny stuff! Understand?"

Antonio understood too well. He saw the biggest part of his income and all his popularity crumbling about him like a house of cards.

"Buta Meester Polesman, you no underastan', " he found courage to protest, "I ama da Maestro! I teacha hem play da violin lika one angel! Ef he nota so ugly . . "

"There ain't nothin' doin', ye lazy dago!" interrupted Donovan. "Mister Levy has laid a complaint against ye, an' I'm tellin' ye to can the monkey shines! Get me?"

"Da Miser, he make dis complain'?" asked Antonio.

"Sure!" replied Donovan, "an' if ye don't want a spell in the cooler ye'll be cannin' this game like I tell ye."



"Marco, mio, why do they call you 'monkey' and 'baboon'?"

DUMBFOUNDED by this catastrophe, the crowd watched Donovan's departure in silence. But when he had gone they broke forth in vociferous sympathy. By the time Antonio was ready to grope his way upstairs to bed he was convinced that a gross injustice had been done him, and his brain was filled with evil thoughts.

The nights were insufferably hot, and Marco had longed for some time to take Marzia to the little park at the foot of Mulberry street, where she could get a breath of air which passed for fresh in that fetid atmosphere. Antonio had never allowed him time for this, but on the night following Donovan's edict he found himself with hours of glorious, unaccustomed freedom facing him. As Antonio was nowhere to be seen he stole into Marzia's room with heart beating fast in joyful anticipation.

"Marzia, it is so hot. Will you come to the park with me?" he asked hopefully.

She consented eagerly, and laughing like two happy children at this unusual treat, he led her gently down the dark stairs and into the fetid teeming oven called a street.

Slowly they made their way toward the park, the shuffling, whimsical, little man trying with pathetic impotence to protect from the jostling human tide, the sightless girl, whose hand rested confidently in his. She did not realize—how could she?—that the cries of "Monkey Face", "Baboon" and other jeering epithets, were addressed to her small protector.

But finally someone tripped him, and amidst a louder burst of laughter from those about them, he fell and almost dragged her with him. Then she understood and her heart melted in sympathy. Sobbing in fear and anger,

she stooped and helped him to his feet, and they stood, two helpless creatures, surrounded by the taunts of those who sought amusement at his expense. She clung to him in terror, unseeing, not knowing from whence to expect the next attack; he stood with clenched fists, impotent anger blazing from his eyes, and faced his tormentors bravely.

"You cowards!" he cried.. "She is blind and helpless, and you treat us like this! You filthy cowards!"

Another burst of laughter answered him, but it quickly died as the venerable figure of The Miser suddenly appeared in their midst.

"Who is blind and helpless?" he asked, in a voice to which Marzia, with the keen intuition of the blind, instinctively turned.

Marco looked up into the old man's benevolent face.

"She is blind!" he cried, pointing to Marzia and sobbing in his rage. "For myself I do not care, but for her...."

THE Miser laid a soothing hand on Marco's head as he looked into Marzia's open eyes.

"Blind! Poor child! Poor children!" he sadly soliloquized. Then "Come," he said, "I will see that they do not molest you. Where are you going?"

"To the park!" answered Marco.

The Miser saw them safely ensconced on a bench as secluded as the little park afforded. Here he left them amidst their profuse thanks which he did not hear. He was ruminating on the pathos of the blind trying to lead the blind.

They sat thoughtfully, watching the old man until he was out of sight. Then Marzia asked:

"Marco, mio, why do they call you 'monkey' and 'baboon'?"

Marco's heart sank. He had dreaded this question which must, he felt, end all happiness for him. Accustomed to the disgust he inspired in those around him, her blindness, in his fear of her aversion, lost its significance to him, and for a moment he was tempted to lie to her. But as he looked into the beautiful, sightless eyes which turned to him so trustfully, he knew he could not do it.

"Oh!" he cried, hopelessly, "because I—I look like a monkey, a beast! I am deformed and—and hideous!"

He expected her to draw away from him. Instead her hand stole in ready sympathy to his cheek, and caressed him.

"Hideous!" she exclaimed, "You! No, No! They see only the body, they who have sight, while I...." she paused.

"While you, Marzia?" he queried breathlessly.

"I—I see the real you, the beautiful soul within the body."

For a moment his heart ceased to beat, so great was the joy inspired by her simple words, but only for a moment. Then the consciousness of his terrible misshapeliness again crushed his spirits. Bravely he tried to defend her against himself.

"No! No!" he sighed, "you do not know what you say I am what they call me—a baboon—a beastly thing."

"To me you are beautiful, and I love you, love you above all things, Marco mio," she replied, with unaffected simplicity.

Hardly daring to believe that he had heard correctly he looked into her lovely face, and there he saw a holy thing—the light which only the man she loves can call into a woman's eyes.

"Marzia," he sobbed, "Oh, Marzia!" and as she leaned toward him he gathered her frail, unresisting little form reverently into his long arms.

IT NEEDED but the inspiration of love and a measure of happiness to awaken the genius which lay dormant in Marco. It was no longer the dull, hopeless drudge, half dead with fatigue, who played on his corner the next day, but a musician whose instrument bespoke the wonders of life and love, and the beauty of all things, in a peaon of divine melody.

No wonder the big, dark man with the long hair, stopped and listened with amazement and ever growing enthusiasm to the marvel of such playing by a grotesque, little street fiddler. Marco was playing the "Meditation" from "Thais", and not until the last plaintive strains had ceased did the big man move from the spot on which he stood. Then he rushed upon the astonished dwarf and embraced him with all the warmth of the Latin who recognizes a worthy fellow craftsman.

"At last—I have found one worthy of me!" he cried. "You are an artiste, a genius. I, Guido, the greatest violinist of them all, I say so! You will do great things! I shall train you! You shall be my son! Embrace me!"

Too astonished to do anything but gape at his famous but excited compatriot, Marco found himself in a taxi and on his way uptown to Guido's home before he realized what had happened to him.

It was late when he got back to Mulberry street, flushed and bursting with glad tidings. Guido had promised wonderful things. He was to be educated and trained, and when he was famous he and Marzia....

He burst into her room, Guido's card in his hand, his face aglow and almost as beautiful in its enthusiasm as Marzia imagined it. But at sight of her the light died and was succeeded by a look of terrible anxiety. Her face, naturally pale, was now ghastly, her eyes bulged in terror, and she wrung her hands despairingly.

"Marco, Marco, my father!" she gasped at his entrance. "He is drunk, and has gone to The Miser swearing a terrible vengeance. Follow him! Save him from himself! Oh! go—go quickly!"

For the moment he stood, too dazed by this sudden tragedy to move. Then, dropping Guido's card at her feet, he turned and dashed from the room as fast as his little legs would carry him. As he turned into Hester street he bumped into Donovan's big form, but without apology he continued his mad race toward Bernstein's pawn-shop.

Wondering, Donovan turned and followed him leisurely, but when he saw the dwarf dive into the passageway in which the stairs led to The Miser's garret, he quickened his pace. Marco, fearing he had aroused Donovan's suspicions shut and locked the street door and then mounted the dark stairs rapidly. Antonio in his drunken haste had not locked the garret door. Marco pushed it open and entered, but at the sight confronting him he recoiled in horror.

Stretched on the floor in a pool of blood lay the body of the old man, while over him, sobered and terrified by what he had done, crouched Antonio, a bloody knife in his hand.

For a moment only Marco hesitated. The longing to see justice done Antonio, at whose hands he had suffered so much, was strong, and he was tempted to let events take their course. A moment's thought told him it could not be. Marzia had sent him to save her father, and for her sake he must do it somehow. Below he could hear Donovan's big boot kicking in the door. Without stopping to think that Marzia, under the circumstances, might care more for the preservation of his life than even that of her father, he crossed to Antonio and shook the dazed, cowardly brute to the consciousness of what was being said to him.

"Quick, the police are coming!" he cried. "Give me the knife and hide in the next room! They will not look for you when they find me! Go quickly!"

There was a crash of splintered wood below. With a cry of terror, Antonio dropped the knife and sprang for the shelter of The Miser's bedroom. Marco picked up the knife and knelt over the lifeless body just as Donovan rushed into the room.



"Marco, Marco, my father!" she gasped at his entrance. "He is drunk and has gone to The Miser, swearing a terrible vengeance."

SO THE jury had found him guilty, and the judge had solemnly condemned him to death. Now, having made his peace with God, he sat with quickly beating heart and straining ears, listening to the approaching footsteps of those who would lead him to execution.

There was a rattle of bars, the door of his cell swung open, and a warden motioned him to follow. Rising, Marco left the cell accompanied by a priest, and followed by the watch who had guarded him through this last long night. In silence they traversed several gloomy, cell-bordered corridors. From these cells many a rough voice bad him farewell and spoke kind words of encouragement. Marco prayed they would reach the gallows before these kindly meant words, and the bitter sweet thoughts of Marzia, broke down his already strained fortitude.

At last they descended several flights of stairs. The warden opened a door and motioned Marco to enter. Bracing himself, Marco passed the man and entered—not the prison court-yard, but a room in which to his amazement stood Guido, Donovan, Antonio and—Marzia. She groped her way to him and threw her arms around his neck.

"Marco! Oh, Marco mio!" she sobbed. "I have been so ill. I feared I would be too late, but with Signore Guido's help I made him confess! Oh, Marco, I made him confess!"

THERE *will be a feast of good things in the Christmas issue of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE—on the stands December 1. Here are a few of the authors whose work you have learned to appreciate and whom you will see, with more or less regularity, in the table of contents of Canada's National Periodical: Stephen Leacock, R. G. MacBeth, Alan Sullivan, Vilhjalmur Stefjanson, Archie McKishnie, Agnes Laut, P. G. Wodehouse, Valentine Williams. Frederick Niven, Joseph Gollomb, Zoe Beckley, A. M. Talling, Frances Beatrice Taylor. There will be illustrations by C. W. Jefferys, Dudley Gloyne Summers, E. J. Dinsmore, Fergus Kyle, Charles A. MacLellan and other favorites. There are three short stories of outstanding merit which can be heartily recommended to all readers: Alan Sullivan's, "The Ladies' Chain"; "Pipes O'er the Water." by Frances Beatrice Taylor, a brilliant gem by a Canadian girl destined to make her mark; and "The Efficiency Christmas," a business-Christmas story, by Joseph Gollomb and Zoe Beckley.*

# Heming, Dramatist of the Forest

## By CHARLES CHRISTOPHER JENKINS

*"IT WAS in childhood that the primitive spirit first came whispering to me. It was then I had my first day-dreams of the Northland—of its forests, its rivers and lakes, its hunters and trappers and traders, its fur-runners and mounted police, its voyageurs and packeteers, its missionaries and Indians and prospectors, its animals, its birds and its fishes, its trees, its flowers and its seasons. I was forever wondering..... and what is daily going on in the Great Northern Forest.....not just this week, this month or this season, but what is actually occurring day by day throughout the cycle of an entire year. It was that thought which fascinated me. With the years this ever-present wonder grew, until it possessed me.*

*"So, to make my life-dream come true, to contemplate in all its thrilling action and undying splendor the drama of the great forests, I travelled twenty-three times through various parts of the vast northern woods, from New Brunswick to the Yukon, and covered thousands upon thousands of miles by canoe, pack-train, snowshoes, bebateau, dog-train, buckboard, timber-raft, prairie-schooner, lumber-wagon and 'alligator.' It has taken me twenty-three years to gather my information."*

Thus Arthur Heming opens his wonderful story, "The Drama of the Forests," just off the presses of Doubleday, Page and Company, (S. B. Gundy, Canadian publisher) in book form—a story which all except the newest readers of *MacLean's* will remember first ran serially in this magazine.

If by chance you didn't read the two opening paragraphs quoted above so that you noted their simplicity and clarity, read them again. They are very much like Heming himself and the character of the man—in fact, as Plato might have said, they are full of "Hemingness." Furthermore, they deliver a complete message. No Canadian contemporary of Heming's could better interpret what follows in the four hundred and six pages of interest-holding reading matter and the fourteen pages devoted to page-size reproductions in color of his paintings of the north country than Heming's own introductory words interpret it.

That introduction, and, in fact, the whole book, seem a bit of the mild-mannered, blue-eyed paragon of patience and modesty who wrote it.

A book is like a river; it may be tumultuous, foam-maddened and vehement, or it may be slow-flowing, placid—but of great depth and limpid clearness That all depends on its plot and its characters. But in the undercurrents of any powerful book one can usually sense something of the personality of the author. That is what is known as tone. Be the work sensational or esthetic, its permanent claim upon life depends much on its tone—and tone it can draw from no amount of experienc or craftsmanship on the part of its creator. That quality can be contributed only by the imperial mind of the author in its interpretation of his own finer emotions and reactions. I have called it "tone" because I can think of no better technical word, though "charm of manner" strikes me as a better definition.



Other things being equal, a writer's greatness and popularity are largely measured by his or her charm of manner in story telling or fact-relating. Heming is one of those fortunate ones who can do both well. His directness, his sincerity, his quiet but sustained enthusiasm over the pristine wonders and majesty of Nature, his camp-fire *camaraderie* all lend to his writings the thing called glamor—or charm, or tone, as you happen to prefer to designate it.

"The Drama of the Forests" is a work of fictionized fact—a hybrid form of literary expression that has become quite popular with leading writers of the present age. Heming's book reads with all the suspense and undiminishing interest of a great novel. Its author, has, in fact, compressed into this book the experiences of twenty-three years in a magic country few literary men of our time know intimately enough to write of. Heming wrote and painted for his book out of his experiences with a faithfulness that has made none admire him more than the intelligentsia among northern dwellers themselves.



**Arthur Heming has made a ten-strike with "The Drama of Our Great Forests" but he is not content to rest on his laurels. He is already busily engaged on another work, to be lavishly illustrated, for the readers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. His book appeared serially in MACLEAN'S as one of the most fascinating features ever published in any periodical on this continent. Mr. Heming, in his usual modest way, says: "I don't know just what to think of my book. I asked a well known author and he said the illustrations were fine; I asked one of my artist friends and he said he thought the text was wonderful: I thought I would get an impartial opinion from George H. Locke, the Toronto Public Librarian—as he is neither artist nor much of an author—and he said that the engravings were splendid."**

### No Need for Fiction

CANADA badly needed just such an interpreter of her northern wonders. There is perhaps no part of the globe which has been more widely misrepresented by writers of the car-window observer type than our own Canada North—and yet it is a country of so many, many wonderful sights and sounds, of such majesties, grandeurs, extravagances—such riots of colorings at dawn and at sunset—such a storehouse of magic and mystery with its roaring, thundering rivers, whispering silences, magnified wilderness stars and shimmering, rainbow-hued night-lights—that one wonders how a man can come away from it deliberately to misrepresent a land where Nature herself had squandered novelty beyond possible scope of human description.

Let me tell a story that illustrates the point and as well discloses a typical attitude of Heming. Some friends were discussing that startling painting of his depicting the "mock suns" of a sub-arctic sunset. One other of the party had spent a considerable number of years up in the Land of the Winking Night, and the latter's assertion that he had seen a weird sunset effect similar to that shown in the painting brought exclamations of surprise from the others, who confessed they had thought the picture of the "mock-suns" was but a bit of clever fiction with the brushes.

"Fiction!" Heming exclaimed in that quiet but forceful tone of his. "Why should one need to harness up his imagination in a country which provided scenic novelties of such weird effect that the task was to repress rather than heighten their true colorings in order to give them verisimilitude?"

It would be a difficult thing to decide whether Heming excels at painting word pictures in a manuscript or with his brush on the canvas. He has made a remarkable success of both undertakings, though Art was his first love and the thing that led him into literary pursuits. Heming told me once how it happened.

Heming at the time occupied a studio in Lawrence Park, Bronxville, N. Y., with William Henry Howe, the famous cattle painter. One day while Heming was busy upon certain illustrations for a series of stories by the Canadian author, Charles G. D. Roberts, which were to appear in *McClure's* an idea which had been obsessing the artist for some time suddenly took definite hold of him. He dropped his brushes and put on his coat and hat.

"Hello, where are you off to, Heming?" called Howe.

"New York," replied the other.

"What's the big idea now?"

"I am going to write a book."

Howe therefore was the first man to whom Heming disclosed his intentions. Arriving in New York, he went direct to the editorial offices of *The Outlook* Publishing Company, with a view to making arrangements for the publication of the book. He there told the editor-in-chief, Dr. Lyman Abbott, that he had an idea he could write a very interesting long story on how the Indians live in the North throughout the year.

Dr. Abbott seemed impressed, but all he said was, "What do you want us to do for you?"

Heming considered. "I want an advance of one thousand dollars," he decided. "I want fifteen per cent. royalty on the retail price of the book and to retain the serial rights."

"Give us three days to think it over," returned the great American editor. On the third day when Heming went to *The Outlook* offices he espied two agreements on Dr. Abbott's table. After the deal was closed, Dr. Abbott said, "Heming, if the book is as good as your signature it will be a great success." Then he passed Heming the cheque for one thousand dollars that he had asked for in advance. Dr. Abbott had never met Heming before and the only literary work of his he had ever come across was an article Heming had written for *Scribner's*.

Heming went from *The Outlook* to the offices of *The Metropolitan Magazine*. There he met R. H. Russell, the proprietor, to whom he related the plan of his book.

"What do you want me to pay you for the serial rights?" Russell asked when his visitor had finished. Heming replied that he wanted four cents a word and one hundred dollars a drawing for the United States serial rights alone.

"All right, I'll write you a letter this afternoon confirming that," promised the magazine owner.

### Free "P. K."

AN outfit for his trip north was the artist's next care. He secured one for half price big enough to accommodate eight men. Next a sporting rifle firm presented him with the finest rifle in their place, had his name engraved on it and gave him one hundred

*Continued on page 49*



# MOSTLY SALLY

*By* Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR: *Sally Nicholas, encumbered by an overfed, snobbish brother, and engaged to a struggling playwright, Gerald Foster, falls heir to a legacy on her 21st birthday. She is enjoying herself at Roville, France, when word comes from Gerald that his play is to have a preliminary run at Detroit, Mich., the play being "taken up" by a man named Cracknell, known to Broadway as the "Millionaire Kid," the latter insisting that a flame of his, Mabel Hobson, whom Sally detests, shall play a leading role. The evening previous to her departure, Sally is accidentally locked in the elevator of the hotel with a young English adventurer known as Lancelot (Ginger) Kemp. Next day she discovers Ginger winning big stakes. Ginger asks her to marry him.*

SALLY stared at Ginger Kemp's vermilion profile in frank amazement. Ginger, she had realized by this time, was in many ways a surprising young man, but she had not expected him to be so surprising as this.

"Marry you!"

"You know what I mean."

"Well, yes, I suppose I do. You allude to the holy state. Yes, I know what you mean."

"Then how about it?"

Sally began to regain her composure. Her sense of humor was tickled. She looked at Ginger gravely. He did not meet her eye, but continued to drink in the uniformed official, who was by now so carried away by the romance of it all that he had begun to hum a love ballad under his breath. The official could not hear what they were saying, and would not have been able to understand it even if he could have heard, but he was an expert in the language of the eyes.

"But isn't this—don't think I'm trying to make difficulties—isn't this a little sudden?"

"It's got to be sudden," said Ginger Kemp complainingly. "I thought you were going to be here for weeks."

"But, my infant, my babe, has it occurred to you that we are practically strangers?" She patted his hand tolerantly, causing the uniformed official to heave a tender sigh. "I see what has happened," she said. "You're mistaking me for some other girl, some girl you know really well and were properly introduced to. Take a good look at me and you'll see."

"If I take a good look at you," said Ginger, feverishly, "I'm dashed if I'll answer for the consequences."

"And this is the man I was going to lecture on Enterprise!"

"You're the most wonderful girl I've ever met, dash it!" said Ginger, his gaze still riveted on the official by the door. "I dare say it is sudden. I can't help that. I fell in love with you the moment I saw you, and there you are!"

"But—"

"Now, look here. I know I'm not much of a chap and all that, but—well, I've just won the deuce of a lot of money in there."

"Would you buy me with your gold?"

"I mean to say, we should have enough to start on, and—of course I've made an infernal hash of everything I've tried up till now, but there must be something I can do and you can jolly well bet I'd have a goodish stab at it. I mean to say, with you to buck me up and so forth, don't you know. Well, I mean—"

"Has it struck you that I may already be engaged to someone else?"

"Oh, golly! Are you?"

For the first time he turned and faced her, and there was a look in his eyes which touched Sally and drove all sense of the ludicrous out of her. Absurd as it was, this man was really serious.

"Well, yes, as a matter of fact, I am," she said soberly.

Ginger Kemp bit his lip, and for a moment was silent. "Oh, well, that's torn it!" he said at last.

SALLY was aware of an emotion too complex for analysis. There was pity in it, but amusement too. The emotion, though she did not recognize it, was maternal. Mothers, listening to their children pleading with engaging absurdity for something wholly out of their power to bestow, feel that same wavering between tears and laughter. Sally wanted to pick Ginger up and kiss him. The one thing she could not do was to look on him, sorry as she was for him, as a reasonable, grown-up man.

"You don't really mean it, you know."

"Don't I!" said Ginger hollowly. "Oh, don't I!"

"You can't! There isn't such a thing in real life as love at first sight. Love's a thing that comes when you know a person well and—" She paused. It had just occurred to her that she was hardly the girl to lecture in this strain. Her own love for Gerald Foster had been sufficiently sudden, even instantaneous. What did she know of Gerald except that she loved him! They had become engaged within two weeks of their first meeting. She found this recollection damping to her eloquence, and ended by saying tamely: "It's ridiculous."

Ginger had simmered down to a mood of melancholy resignation. "I couldn't have expected you to care for me, I suppose, anyway," he said somberly. "I'm not much of a chap."

It was just the diversion from the theme under discussion which Sally had been longing to find. She welcomed the chance of continuing the conversation on a less intimate and sentimental note.

"That's exactly what I wanted to talk to you about," she said, seizing the opportunity offered by this display of humility. "I've been looking for you all day to go on with what I was starting to say in the elevator last night when we were interrupted. Do you mind if I talk to you like an aunt—or a sister, suppose we say? Really, the best plan would be for you to adopt me as an honorary sister. What do you think?"

Ginger did not appear noticeably elated at the suggested relationship.

"Because I really do take a tremendous interest in you."

Ginger brightened. "That's awfully good of you."

"I'm going to speak words of wisdom. Ginger, why don't you brace up?"

"Brace up?"

"Yes, stiffen your backbone and stick out your chin and square your elbows and really amount to something? Why do you simply flop about and do nothing and leave everything to what you call 'the family'? Why do you have to be helped all the time? Why don't you help yourself? Why do you have to have jobs found for you? Why don't you rush out and get one? Why do you have to worry about what 'the family' thinks of you? Why don't you make yourself independent of them... By the way I hope you're fond of conundrums? Because I'm asking a good many, aren't I!——I know you had hard luck, suddenly finding yourself without money, and all that, but, good heavens, everybody else in the world who has ever done anything has been broke at one time or another. It's part of the fun. You'll never get anywhere by letting yourself be picked up by the family like—like a floppy Newfoundland puppy—and dumped down in any old place that happens to suit them. A job's a thing you've got to choose for yourself and get for yourself. Think what you can do—there must be something—and then go at it with a snort and grab it and hold it down and teach it to take a joke."

GINGER KEMP did not reply for a moment. He seemed greatly impressed. "When you talk quick," he said at length in a serious, meditative voice, "your nose sort of goes all squiggly. Ripping it looks!"

Sally uttered an indignant cry. "Do you mean to say you haven't been listening to a word I've been saying?" she demanded.

"Oh, rather! Oh, by Jove, yes."

"Well, what did I say?"

"You—er....And your eyes sort of shine too."

"Never mind my eyes. What did I say?"

"You told me," said Ginger on reflection, "to get a job."

"Well, yes. I put it much better than that, but that's what it amounted to, I suppose. All right, then. I'm glad you—"

Ginger was eyeing her with mournful devotion. "I say," he interrupted, "I wish you'd let me write to you. Letters, I mean, and all that. I have an idea it would kind of buck me up."

"You won't have time for writing letters."

"I'll have time to write them to you. You haven't an address or anything of that sort in America, have you, by any chance? I mean, so that I'd know where to write to."

"I can give you an address which will always find me." She told him the number and street of Mrs. Meecher's boarding house, and he wrote them down reverently on




"What's that? I took it? I never did anything of the sort."

his shirt cuff. "Yes, on second thoughts, do write," she sa d "Of course I shall want to know how you've got on. I—oh, my goodness! That clock's not right?"

"Just about. What time does your train go?"

"Go! It's gone! Or at least it goes in about two seconds." She made a rush for the swing door, to the confusion of the uniformed official who had not been expecting this sudden activity. "Good-by, Ginger. Write to me and remember what I said."

Ginger alert after his unexpected fashion when it became a question of physical action, had followed her through the swing door, and they emerged together and started running down the Square.

"Stick it!" said Ginger encouragingly. He was running easily and well, as becomes a man who in his day has been a snip for his international as scrum half.

Sally saved her breath. The train was beginning to move slowly out of the station as they sprinted abreast on to the platform. Ginger dived for the nearest door, wrenched it open, gathered Sally neatly in his arms, and flung her in. She landed squarely on the toes of a man who occupied the corner seat, and, bounding off again, made for the window. Ginger, faithful to the last, was trotting beside the train as it gathered speed.

"Ginger! My poor porter! Tip him. I forgot."

"Right-ho!"

"And don't forget what I've been saying."

"Right-ho!"

"Look after yourself and—Death to the Family!"

"Right-ho!"

The train passed smoothly out of the station. Sally cast one last look back at her red-haired friend, who had now halted, and was waving a handkerchief. Then she turned to apologize to the other occupant of the carriage.

"I'm so sorry," she said breathlessly. "I hope I didn't hurt you."

She found herself facing Ginger's cousin, the dark man of yesterday's episode on the beach, Bruce Carmyle....

MR. CARMYLE was not a man who readily allowed himself to be disturbed by life's little surprises, but at the present moment he could not help fee ing slightly dazed. He recognized Sally now as the French girl who had attracted his cousin Lancelot's notice on the beach. At least, he had assumed that she was French, and it was startling to be addressed by her now in fluent English. How had she suddenly acquired this gift of tongues? And how on earth had she had time since yesterday when he had been a total stranger to her, to become sufficiently intimate with Cousin Lancelot to be sprinting with him down station platforms and addressing him out of railway-carriage windows as Ginger? Bruce Carmyle was aware that most members of that subspecies of humanity, his cousin's personal friends, called him by that familiar—and, so Carmyle held, vulgar —nickname, but how had this girl got hold of it?

If Sally had been less pretty, Mr. Carmyle would undoubtedly have looked disapprovingly at her for she had given his rather rigid sense of the proprieties a nasty jar. But as, panting and flushed from her run, she was prettier than any girl he had yet met, he contrived to smile.

"Not at all," he said in answer to her question, though it was far from the truth. His left big toe was aching confoundedly. Even a girl with a foot as small as Sally's can make her presence felt on a man's toe if the scrum half who is handling her aims well and uses plenty of vigor.

"If you don't mind," said Sally, sitting down, "I think I'll breathe a little."

She breathed. The train sped on.

"Quite a close thing," said Bruce Carmyle affably. The pain in his toe was diminishing. "You nearly missed it."

"Yes. It was lucky Mr. Kemp was with me. He throws very straight, doesn't he?"

"Tell me," said Carmyle, "how do you come to know my cousin? On the beach yesterday morning—"

"Oh, we didn't know each other then. But we were staying at the same hotel, and we spent an hour or so shut up in an elevator together. That was when we really got acquainted."

A waiter entered the compartment, announcing in unexpected English that dinner was served in the restaurant car.

"Would you care for dinner?"

"I'm starving," said Sally.

She reproved herself, as they made their way down the corridor, for being so foolish as to judge anyone by his appearance. This man was perfectly pleasant in spite of his grim exterior. She had decided, by the time they had seated themselves at the table, that she liked him.

At the table, however, Mr. Carmyle's manner changed for the worse. He lost his amiability. He was evidently a man who took his meals seriously and believed in treating waiters with severity. He shuddered austerely at a stain on the tablecloth, and then concentrated himself frowningly on the bill of fare. Sally, meanwhile, was establishing cozy relations with the much-too-friendly waiter, a cheerful old man who from the start seemed to have made up his mind to regard her as a favorite daughter. The waiter talked no English and Sally no French, but they were getting along capitally when Mr. Carmyle, who had been irritab'y waving aside the servitor's light-hearted advice—at the Hotel Splendide the waiters never bent over you and breathed cordial suggestions down the side of your face—gave his order crisply in the Anglo-Gallic dialect of the traveling Briton. The waiter remarked "Boum"! in a pleased sort of way and vanished.

"Nice old man!" said Sally.

"Infernally familiar!" said Mr. Carmyle.

SALLY perceived that on the topic of the waiter she and her host did not see eye to eye and that little pleasure or profit could be derived from any discussion center-

*REAL "MOUNTIE" STORIES.*

*Probably more manuscripts, both fact and fiction, devoted to some aspect of the world-famous Canadian Mounted Police, are submitted to MACLEAN'S than on any other subject.*

*It is an interesting, though perhaps not really surprising, point of literary and national interest that usually the fact articles are considerably better than the fiction contributions. Within the past week the Editor has turned down two mounted police stories of novel length, which misrepresent Canada and its famous police force. It is amazing what some writers DO NOT know about Canada and its inhabitants. It is therefore with very great pleasure and satisfaction that the Editor is able to announce for the November 15 issue of MACLEAN'S the first article from the pen of Rev. R. G. MacBeth, that veteran Western historian. This is entitled "Policing the Prairies" and is one of the most interesting chapters of Mr. MacBeth's best book, entitled "Policing the Plains," which will be published next Spring.*

ing about him. She changed the subject. She was not liking Mr. Carmyle quite so much as she had done a few minutes ago, but it was courteous of him to give her dinner, and she tried to like him as much as she could. "By the way," she said, "my name is Nicholas. I always think it's a good thing to start with names, don't you?"

"Mine—"

"Oh, I know yours. Ginger—Mr. Kemp told me."

Mr. Carmyle who since the waiter's departure had been thawing, stiffened again at the mention of Ginger.

"Indeed?" he said coldly. "Apparently you got intimate."

Sally did not like his tone. He seemed to be criticizing her, and she resented criticism from a stranger. Her eyes opened wide and she looked dangerously across the table.

"Why 'apparently'? I told you that we had got intimate, and I explained how. You can't stay shut up in an elevator half the night with anybody without getting to know him. I found Mr. Kemp very pleasant."

"Really?"

"And very interesting."

Mr. Carmyle raised his eyebrows. "Would you call him interesting?"

"I *did* call him interesting." Sally was beginning to feel the exhilaration of battle. Men usually made themselves extremely agreeable to her, and she reacted belligerently under the stiff unfriendliness which had come over her companion in the last few minutes. "He told me all about himself."

"And you found that interesting?"

"Why not?"

"Well...." A frigid half smile came and went on Bruce Carmyle's dark face. "My cousin has many excellent qualities, no doubt—he used to play football well, and I understand that he is a capable amateur pugilist—but I should not have supposed him entertaining. We find him a little dull."

"I thought it was only royalty that called themselves 'we'."

"I meant myself—and the rest of the family."

The mention of the Family was too much for Sally. She had to stop talking in order to allow her mind to clear itself of rude thoughts.

"Mr. Kemp was telling me about Mr. Scrymgeour," she went on at length.

Bruce Carmyle stared for a moment at the yard or so of French bread which the waiter had placed on the table.

"Indeed?" he said. "He has an engaging lack of reticence."

The waiter returned, bearing soup, and dumped it down.

"V'la!" he observed with the satisfied air of a man who has successfully performed a difficult conjuring trick. He smiled at Sally expectantly, as though confident of applause from this section of his audience at least. But Sally's face was set and rigid. She had been snubbed, and the sensation was not as pleasant as it was novel.

Snubbed! And by a blue-chinned Englishman! She found herself now disliking Mr. Carmyle with an almost Gingerian intensity. Was it for this that her fathers had bled? Did he suppose that the Spirit of '76 was in Cain's Storehouse? If she wanted to talk about Ginger, she was going to talk about Ginger—yes, if the whole British Empire raised its eyebrows.

"I think Mr. Kemp had hard luck."

"If you will excuse me, I would prefer not to discuss the matter."

MR. CARMYLE'S attitude was that Sally might be a pretty girl, but she was a stranger, and the intimate affairs of the Family were not to be discussed with strangers, however prepossessing.

"He was quite in the right. Mr. Scrymgeour was beating a dog...."

"I have heard the details."

"Oh, I didn't know that. Well, don't you agree with me then?"

"I do not. A man who would throw away an excellent position simply because—"

"Oh, well, if that's your view, I suppose it *is* useless to talk about it."

"Quite."

"Still, there's no harm in asking what you propose to do about Gin—about Mr. Kemp."

Mr. Carmyle became more glacial. "I'm afraid I cannot discuss—"

Sally's quick impatience, nobly restrained till now, finally got the better of her. "Oh, for goodness sake!" she snapped. "Do try to be human, and don't always be snubbing people. You remind me of one of those portraits of men in the eighteenth century, with wooden faces, who look out of heavy gold frames at you with fishy eyes as if you were a regrettable incident."

"Rosbif," said the waiter genially, manifesting himself suddenly beside them as if he had popped out of a trap.

Bruce Carmyle attacked his roast beef morosely. Sally, who was in the mood when she knew that she would be ashamed of herself later on, but was full of battle at the moment, sat in silence.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Carmyle ponderously, "if my eyes are fishy. The fact has not been called to my attention before."

"I suppose you never had any sisters." said Sally. "They would have told you."

Mr. Carmyle relapsed into an offended dumbness which lasted till the waiter had brought the coffee.

"I think," said Sally, getting up, "I'll be going now. I don't seem to want my coffee, and if I stay on I may say something rude. I thought I might be able to put in a good word for Mr. Kemp and save him from being massacred, but apparently it's no use. Good-by, Mr. Carmyle and thank you for giving me dinner."

She made cer way down the har, followed by Bruce Carmyle's indignant, yet fascinated gaze. Strange emotions were stirring in Mr. Carmyle's bosom.

IV

SOME few days later, owing to the fact that the latter, being preoccupied, did not see him first, Bruce Carmyle met his cousin Lancelot in Piccadilly. They had returned by different routes from Roville, and Ginger would have preferred the separation to continue. He was hurrying on with a nod when Carmyle stopped him.

"Just the man I wanted to see," he observed.

"Oh, hullo!" said Ginger without joy.

"I was thinking of calling at your club."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Cigarette?"

Ginger peered at the proffered case with the vague suspicion of the man who has allowed himself to be lured on to the platform and is accepting a card from the conjurer. He felt bewildered. In all the years of their acquaintance he could not recall another such exhibition of geniality on his cousin's part. He was surprised, indeed, at Mr. Carmyle's speaking to him at all, for the Affaire Scrymgeou remained an unhealed wound, and the Family, Ginger knew, were even now in session upon it.

"Been back in London long?"

"Day or two."

"I heard quite by accident that you had returned and that you were staying at the club. By the way, thank you for introducing me to Miss Nicholas."

Ginger started violently. "What!"

"I was in that compartment, you know, at Roville Station. You threw her right on top of me. We agreed to consider that an introduction. An attractive girl."

Bruce Carmyle had not entirely made up his mind regarding Sally, but on one point he was clear, that she should not, if he could help it, pass out of his life. Her abrupt departure had left him with that baffled and dissatisfied feeling which, though it has little in common with love at first sight, frequently produces the same effects. She had had, he could not disguise it from himself, the better of their late encounter, and he was conscious of a desire to meet her again and show her that there was more in him than she apparently supposed. Bruce Carmyle, in a word, was piqued; and, though he could not quite decide whether he liked or disliked Sally, he was very sure that a future without her would have an element of flatness.

"A very attractive girl. We had a very pleasant talk."

"I bet you did," said Ginger enviously.

"By the way, she did not give you her address by any chance?"

"Why?" said Ginger, suspiciously. His attitude toward Sally's address resembled somewhat that of a connoisseur who has acquired an unique work of art. He wanted to have it to himself and gloat over it.

"Well, I—er—I promised to send her some books she was anxious to read...."

"I shouldn't think she gets time for reading."

"Books which are not published in America."

"Oh, pretty nearly everything is published in America, what? Bound to be, I mean."

"Well, these particular books are not," said Mr. Carmyle shortly. He was finding Ginger's reserve a little trying, and wished that he had been more inventive.

"Give them to me and I'll send them to her," suggested Ginger.

"Good Lord, man!" snapped Mr. Carmyle. "I'm capable of sending a few books to America. Where does she live?"

GINGER revealed the sacred number of the holy street which had the luck to be Sally's headquarters. He did it because with a persistent devil like his cousin there seemed no way of getting out of it, but he did it grudgingly.

"Thanks." Bruce Carmyle wrote the information down with a gold pencil in a dapper little morocco-bound notebook. He was the sort of man who always has a pencil, and the backs of old envelopes never entered into his life.

There was a pause. Bruce Carmyle coughed. "I saw Uncle Donald this morning," he said.

His manner had lost its geniality. There was no need for it now, and he was a man who objected to waste. He spoke coldly, and in his voice there was a familiar subtinkle of reproof.

"Yes?" said Ginger moodily. This was the uncle in whose office he had made his début as a hasher—a worthy man, highly respected in the National Liberal Club, but never a favorite of Ginger's. There were other minor uncles and a few subsidiary aunts who went to make up the family, but Uncle Donald was unquestionably the managing director of that body, and it was Ginger's considered opinion that in this capacity he approximated to a human blister.

"He wants you to dine with him tonight at Bleke's."

Ginger'a depression deepened. A dinner with Uncle Donald would hardly have been a cheery function even in the surroundings of a banquet in the Arabian Nights. There was that about Uncle Donald's personality which would have cast a sobering influence over the orgies of the Emperor Tiberius at Capri. To dine with him at a morgue like that relic of Old London, Bleke's Coffee House which confined its custom principally to regular patrons who had not missed an evening there in half a century, was to touch something very near bedrock. Ginger was extremely doubtful whether flesh and blood were equal to it.

"To-night?" he said. "Oh, you mean to-night? Well...."

"Don't be a fool. You know as well as I do that you've got to go." Uncle Donald's invitations were royal commands in the Family. "If you've another engagement you must put it off."

"Oh, all right."

"Seven-thirty sharp."

"All right," said Ginger gloomily.

The two men went their ways, Bruce Carmyle eastward because he had clients to see in his chambers at the Temple; Ginger westward because Mr. Carmyle had gone east. There was little sympathy between these cousins; yet, oddly enough, their thoughts as they walked were centered on the same object. Bruce Carmyle, threading his way briskly through the crowds of Piccadilly Circus, was thinking of Sally, and so was Ginger as he loafed aimlessly toward Hyde Park Corner, bumping in a sort of coma from pedestrian to pedestrian.




The train was beginning to move slowly out of the station as they sprinted abreast onto the platform.

SINCE his return to London Ginger had been in bad shape. He mooned through the days and slept poorly at night. If there is one thing rottener than another in a pretty blighted world, one thing which gives a fellow the pip and reduces him to the condition of an absolute onion, it is hopeless love. Hopeless love had got Ginger all stirred up. His had been hitherto a placid soul. Even the financial crash which had so altered his life had not bruised him very deeply. His temperament had enabled him to bear the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune with a philosophic "Right-ho!" But now everything seemed different. Things irritated him acutely which before he had accepted as inevitable—his Uncle Donald's mustache, for instance, and its owner's habit of employing it during meals as a sort of zareba or earthwork against the assaults of soup.

"By gad!" thought Ginger, stopping suddenly opposite Devonshire House, "if he uses that damned shrubbery as a soup strainer to-night, I'll slosh him with a fork!"

Hard thoughts....hard thoughts! And getting harder all the time, for nothing grows more quickly than a mood of rebellion. Rebellion is a forest fire that flames across the soul. The spark had been lighted in Ginger, and long before he reached Hyde Park Corner he was ablaze and crackling. By the time he returned to his club he was practically a menace to society—to that section of it, at any rate, which embraced his uncle Donald, his minor uncles George and William, and his aunts Mary, Geraldine, and Louise.

Nor had the mood passed when he began to dress for the dismal festivities of Bleke's Coffee House. He scowled as he struggled morosely with an obstinate tie. One cannot disguise the fact—Ginger was warming up. And it was just at this moment that Fate, as though it had been waiting for the psychological instant, applied the finishing touch. There was a knock at the door, and a waiter came in with a telegram.

Ginger looked at the envelope. It had been readdressed and forwarded on from the Hotel Normandie. It was a wireless, handed in on board the White Star liner Olympic, and it ran as follows:

*Remember. Death to the Family.* . . . *S.*

Ginger sat down heavily on the bed.

The driver of the taxicab which at twenty-five minutes past seven drew up at the dingy door of the Bleke's Coffee House in the Strand was rather struck by his fare's manner and appearance. A determined-looking sort of young bloke, was the taxi-driver's verdict.

V

IT HAD been Sally's intention, on arriving in New York, to take a room at the St. Regis and revel in the gilded luxury to which her wealth entitled her before moving into the small but comfortable apartment which, as soon as she had time, she intended to find, and make her permanent abode. But when the moment came and she was giving directions to the taxi-driver at the dock, there seemed to her something revoltingly Fillmorian about the scheme. It would be time enough to sever herself from the boarding house which had been her home for three years when she had found the apartment. Meanwhile, the decent thing to do, if she did not want to brand herself in the sight of her conscience as a female Fillmore, was to go back temporarily to Mrs. Meecher's admirable establishment and foregather with her old friends. After all, home is where the heart is, even if there are more prunes there than the gourmet would consider judicious.

Perhaps it was the unavoidable complacency induced by the thought that she was doing the right thing, or possibly it was the tingling expectation of meeting Gerald Foster again after all these weeks of separation, that made the familiar streets seem wonderfully bright as she drove through them. It was a perfect crisp New York morning, all blue sky and amber sunshine, and even the ash cans had a stimulating look about them. The street cars were full of happy people rollicking off to work, policemen directed the traffic with jaunty affability, and the white-clad street cleaners went about their poetic tasks with a quiet but none the less noticeable relish. It was improbable that any of these people knew that she was back, but somehow they all seemed to be behaving as though this were a special day.

The first discordant note in this overture of happiness was struck by Mrs. Meecher, who informed Sally, after expressing her gratification at the news that she required her old room, that Gerald Foster had left town that morning.

"Gone to Detroit he has," said Mrs. Meecher. "Miss Doland too." She broke off to speak a caustic word to the boarding-house handy man who, with Sally's trunk as a weapon, was depreciating the value of the wall paper in the hall. "There's that play of his being tried out there, you know, Monday," resumed Mrs. Meecher, after the handy man had bumped his way up the staircase. "They been rehearsing ever since you left."




"Good bye, Mr. Carmyle, and thank you for giving me dinner."

SALLY was disappointed. New York was so wonderful after the dull voyage in the liner that she was not going to allow herself to be depressed without good reason. After all, she could go on to Detroit to-morrow. It was nice to have something to which she could look forward.

"Oh, is Elsa in the company?" she said.

"Sure. And very good too, Mrs. Meecher was an ex-member of the profession, having been in the first production of "Florodora," though, unlike everybody else, not one of the original Sextette. "Mr. Faucitt was down to see a rehearsal, and he said Miss

*Continued on page 41*

# Union Labor at the Cross-roads

*By* ROLAND LAMBERTH

ONE of the greatest difficulties in the way of closer and more friendly relations between Capital and Labor in Canada is the fact that the great bulk of our organized labor has its membership in American unions. These unions are described as "international" organizations, but the term international is a misnomer. There is nothing international about them. The great majority of their membership is American, their central officers are all American, their funds are paid into, and are controlled from, American head offices, and these same American head offices control the policies of the Canadian minority members when difficulties arise in this country between employee and employer.

It is right here that Canadian labor bodies must take a decisive initial step before there can be any real, honest-to-goodness cooperation with capital. How can there be any advancement toward mutual, sympathetic understanding between the two great factors of our industrial activities as long as the employer is compelled to procure what labor he requires from the ranks of the membership of a foreign union?

That in a nut shell is the present situation.

Such an arrangement may have been tolerable twenty-five years ago; it may even have been justifiable at that time, but it is so no longer, and it is becoming more and more obnoxious to all thinking Canadians as time moves forward. It is entirely incompatible with our national development and out of joint with every phase of our existence that the major portion of the great mass of organized labor in Canada should be submerged in the trades unions of a foreign country. This fact is strongly emphasized when the organized labor of that country shows an inclination to not only participate in domestic politics, but to meddle with the internal affairs of the British Empire as well. American labor has no intimate knowledge of, or sympathy with, or part in, our natural schemes of nationhood or empire building and should have no voice in our industrial life.

### I. T. U. and the Irish

THE American Federation of Labor, with which the majority of our Canadian unions are affiliated under the present system, on August 29 at Atlantic City, through its executive, went on record as binding itself to the instructions of the convention at Denver to support the Irish people in "their struggle for the recognition of the Irish republic."

Besides calling on President Harding and his cabinet to take steps to bring about recognition of the "republic of Ireland," and urging the government to "protest to Great Britain against the brutal and uncivilized warfare in Ireland," the council was instructed by the Denver convention to send a special communication to Lloyd George, his cabinet and members of Parliament, setting forth the views of United States labor (which includes Canadian labor) and protesting against the "campaign of violence and destruction in Ireland."

All local unions were instructed to write to the president and vice-president, members of the cabinet and members of Congress, urging immediate recognition of the Irish republic.

The British trades unions, and the trades unions of all British colonies and dominions, are also to be asked to support the Irish republic.

United States fraternal delegates to the British trades union congress will visit Ireland to convey personally to the Irish trades unionists "*our* sincere wishes for success."

Officers of the federation are also instructed to take up with the trades unions of Great Britain a proposal to "inaugurate a campaign for the trial and punishment of officers and men of the British regular and auxiliary forces guilty of atrocities in Ireland in a manner similar to that in which German officers are now being tried and punished for violation of the rules of warfare in France and Belgium."

### A Canadian Union Expelled

OF COURSE Canadians well understand that the above does not represent the feeling or sympathy of the great bulk of sensible Americans, but it should also be well understood that it *does* represent the emphatic opinion of the American Federation of Labor under whose parental wing is gathered no less than 2,455 Canadian local unions, with a membership of just about 300,000 and is a fair indication of just how badly that great organization is at variance in its sympathies with things Canadian.

Obviously Canadian capital cannot do very much to bring about the desired cooperation with labor until the latter severs the apron-strings and breaks away from its American foster parent. Labor must take the initiative.

One Canadian union has been expelled from the Trades Congress of Canada because it insisted on maintaining its Canadian identity and refused to merge—or be submerged—in an international organization. This will probably sound somewhat anomalous to Canadians generally, but it serves to indicate the extent to which Canadian labor is controlled by foreign influence. The incident is likely to have one very beneficial effect on our organized labor bodies, however. That there has been dissatisfaction in Canada for some time now with the present form of internationalism is well known, and the expulsion of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees, from what is ostensibly a Canadian labor federation, for the sole reason that the brotherhood insisted on remaining a Canadian organization, will bring this discontent to a head and make the question of nationalism a definite one in Canadian labor organizations.

Here I have endeavored to outline to you an outstanding and vital disadvantage of the present system of internationalism. Nor do there appear to be any compensating features to the arrangement. As evidence of this fact a resume of the character of organization and the methods of the International Typographical Union, which is admittedly one of the highest types of trades unionism on the continent—strong numerically and exceedingly so financially—and a glance at what internationalism costs the Canadian printer and how little he receives in return from his many dollars sent to Indianapolis, will be interesting, particularly so at this time when a sporadic strike is under way over the convenient for a forty-four hour week.

> THE AUTHOR *of this article writes: "I am not a 'Red.' I believe in the principle of collective bargaining and wish to give the I.T.U. full credit for the splendid organization (in many respects) which it has built up. But I am very strongly of the opinion that the idea of an American organization controlling through labor, the Canadian publishing industry is entirely incompatible with our ideals of real Canadianism. How can the publishers negotiate intelligently with a group of men in their own cities who are under the absolute control of a group of four or five autocrats living in Indianapolis? I use the I.T.U. as an example of the evils of internationalism."*

### Growth of the I T. U.

THIS union was organized in 1852 in Cincinnati, and some seventeen years later its scope was broadened and the International Typographical Union was brought into existence. Since that date it has made marked and rapid progress and grown to large proportions in point of membership and finances. It now boasts a membership of about 75,000, and maintains a reserve fund of more than $2,000,000 in connection with its old age pension and mortuary benefit features.

Obviously the nature of the work of the printer has a strong tendency to keep the standard of the I.T.U. membership above the average of trades unionists as regards education and general intelligence, and it would seem quite fitting that this union should be regarded by many as the premier organization of its kind in America.

The status of the Canadian printer in his union may be regarded as quite typical and a fair example of how meagre are the benefits accruing to the Canadian worker from his internationalism.

One of the most laudable branches of its activities has been the establishment by the I.T.U. of a magnificant home at Colorado Springs for its aged and infirm dependent members. Here the printer who is too old to work, or who has suffered from the ravages of disease until he is unable to earn a livelihood, may spend his last days in comfort, and the printers' home, which has become one of the most attractive and valuable pieces of property in the state of Colorado, has proved a genuine boon to scores of worthy "old timers" of the stick and rule. The union provides also certain mortuary benefits.

A correspondence course for the benefit of apprentices is also in operation and is very largely patronized. In addition to the technical instruction given this department also provides thorough information on such matters as punctuation, spelling, etc. The tuition thus available is considered so well worth while that many experienced journeyman printers avail themselves of the opportunity to improve their work along these lines.

As far as the aims and objects of the union are concerned, therefore, and the work it is designed to accomplish, the International Typographical Union is a very praiseworthy organization and it would seem that the printers have some grounds for their claim that their union benefits the employer about as much as it does its membership because it strives to raise the standard of efficiency among its members.

In recent years, however, the International Typographical Union as an organization has developed into a seething political tempest and at the present time is hopelessly split into two factions—administrationists and anti-administrationists. The former, being in control of the affairs of the union, are strongly entrenched and have built around themselves a defence work of political machinery that is practically impregnable, and which costs great sums of money to maintain. A goodly portion of this fund is put up by Canadian printers who have no part in the perpetual warfare that is being waged between the two parties and certainly derive no benefit from it.

This political machine includes an army of some nineteen or twenty organizers, who are supposed to devote their time to furthering the interests of the union as a whole throughout the district in which they are employed. but as President McParland himself stated at the recent convention held in the city of Quebec: "the organizers are a part and parcel of the political machine that for twenty-five years has controlled the International Typographical Union and their ability to achieve political results is not the least among the qualification that led to their appointment."

> THIS WRITER *knows what he is talking about. He has been a member of the I. T. U. for a dozen or two years, and has studied the problem from many angles. He says:*
>
> *"If the Canadian worker wants to avoid a reversal to open shop conditions, and wants to hold what he has already attained through this Union, he must break away from United States organizations and stand on his own feet . . At present we are members of an American organization, with actually no more say about affairs than the employing printers have. . . I feel that your readers will appreciate a frank discussion of this vital problem."*

And it costs money—a lot of it—to keep these organizers in the field. Each man is allowed $12 a day expense money, and it is noted that for the month of July one of the apparently necessary cogs in the political machine cost the union $718; another required $641 for the month; still another $790, one organizer found it impossible to struggle along on less than $808 for the thirty days. If space permitted, an itimized statement covering some of these expense accounts would be illuminating. Taxi hire and laundry bills are frequently included and one man charged up ten dollars for cigars.

If the Canadian printer has any doubt at all that these expense accounts are excessive he can quickly disillusion himself by making a comparison with the "swindle sheets" turned in by some commercial travellers.

Just here the question naturally intrudes itself: Why do the printers stand for this sort of thing?

The answer is a very simple one: They cannot help themselves.

*Continued on page 30*

# THE YELLOW STREAK

*By* VALENTINE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

"OH!" CRIED the girl, "you frightened me! You frightened me! What do you want here.....in this horrible room?"

She was trembling. One slim hand plucked nervously at her dress. Her breath came and went quickly.

"I saw the curtain move. I thought it was the wind at first. But then I saw the outline of your fingers. And I imagined it was he....come back...."

"Miss Trevert," said the boy abashed, "I must have frightened you terribly. I had no idea it was you!"

"But why are you hiding here? How did you get in? What do you want in this house?"

She spoke quickly, nervously. Some papers she held in her hand shook with her emotion. Bruce Wright stepped to the desk and turned the bulb of the reading-lamp down into its normal position.

"I must apologise most sincerely for the fright I gave you," he said. "But, believe me, Miss Trevert, I had no idea that anybody could gain access to this room. I climbed in through the window. Bude told me that the police had taken away the key." The girl made an impatient gesture.

"But why have you come here?" she said. "What do you want?"

The boy measured her with a narrow glance. He was young but he was shrewd. He saw her frank eyes, her candid, open mien and he took a rapid decision.

"I think I have come," he answered slowly, "for the same purpose as yourself!"

And he looked at the papers in her hand.

"I used to be Mr. Parrish's secretary, you know," he said.

The girl sighed—a little fluttering sigh—and looked earnestly at him.

"I remember," she said. "Hartley liked you. He was sorry that he sent you away. He often spoke of you to me. But why have you come back? What do you mean by saying you have come for the same purpose as myself?"

Bruce Wright looked at the array of letter-trays. The marble paperweight had been displaced. The tray in which it had lain was empty. He looked at the sheaf of papers in the girl's hand.

"I wanted to see," he replied. "whether there was anything here....on his desk....which would explain the mystery of his death...."

The girl spread out the papers in her hand on the big blotter.

SHE LAID the papers out in a row and leant forward, her white arms resting on the desk. From the other side of the desk the boy leant eagerly forward and scanned the line of papers.

At the first glimpse his face fell. The girl, eyeing him closely, marked the change which came over his features.

There were seven papers of various kinds, both printed and written, and they were all on white paper.

The boy shook his head and swept the papers together into a heap.

"It's not there?" queried the girl eagerly.

"No!" said Bruce absent-mindedly, glancing round the desk.

"What isn't?" flashed back the girl.

Bruce Wright felt his face redden with vexation. What sort of a confidential emissary was he to fall into a simple trap like this?

The girl smiled rather wanly.

"Now I know what you meant by saying you had come for the same purpose as myself," she said. "I suppose we both thought we might find something, a letter, perhaps, which would explain why Mr. Parrish did this dreadful thing, something to relieve this awful uncertainty about....about his motive. Well, I've searched the desk ...and there's nothing! Nothing but just these prospectuses and receipts which were in the letter tray here. They must have come by the post yesterday morning. And there's nothing of any importance in the drawers.... only household receipts and wage books and a few odd things like that! You can see for yourself...."

The lower part of the desk consisted of three drawers flanked on either side by cupboards. Mary Trevert pulled out the drawers and opened the cupboards. Two of the drawers were entirely empty and one of the cupboards contained nothing but a stack of cigar boxes. One drawer held various papers appertaining to the house. There was no sign of any letter written on the slatey-blue paper.

The boy looked very hard at Mary.

"You say there was nothing in the letter-tray but these papers here?" he asked.

"Nothing but these," replied the girl.

"You didn't notice any official-looking letter on blueish paper?" he ventured to ask.

"No," answered the girl. "I found nothing but these."

The boy thought for a moment.

"Do you know," he asked, "whether the police or anybody have been through the desk?"



"You hear what Mr. Wright says, Jay," said Mary. "I don't want you to say anything about this matter just yet. Do you understand?"

"I don't know at all," said Mary, "the first thing he did on arriving last night was to go to the library."

"I suppose Jeekes is coming back here tonight?"

No, she told him. Mr. Jeekes did not expect to return to Harkings until the inquest on Tuesday.

Bruce Wright picked up his hat.

"I must apologise again, Miss Trevert," he said, "for making such an unconventional entrance and giving you such a fright. But I felt I could not rest until I had investigated matters for myself. I would have presented myself in the ordinary way, but, as I told you, Bude told me the police had locked up the room and taken away the key ....."

Mary Trevert smiled forgivingly.

"So they did," she said. "But Jay, Mr. Parrish's man, you know, had another key. He brought it to me."

She looked at Bruce with a whimsical little smile.

"You must have been very uncomfortable behind those curtains," she said. "I believe you were just as frightened as I was."

She walked round the desk to the window.

"It was a good hiding place," she remarked, "but not much good as an observation post. Why! you could see nothing of the room. The curtains are much too thick!"

"Not a thing," Bruce agreed rather ruefully. "I thought you were the detective!"

He held out his hand to take his leave with a smile. He was a charming-looking boy with a remarkably serene expression which went well with his close-cropped golden hair.

Mary Trevert did not take his hand for an instant. Looking down at the point of her small black suede shoe she said shyly:

"Mr. Wright, you are a friend of Mr. Greve, aren't you?"

"Rather!" was the enthusiastic answer.

"Do you see him often?"

The boy's eyes narrowed suddenly. Was this a cross-examination?

"Oh, yes," he replied, "every now and then!"

Mary Trevert raised her eyes to his.

"Will you do something for me?" she said. "Tell Mr. Greve not to trust Manderton. He will know whom I mean. Tell him to be on his guard against that man. Say he means mischief. Tell him, above all things, to be careful. Make him go away....go abroad until this thing has blown over...."

SHE SPOKE with intense earnestness, her dark eyes fixed on Bruce Wright's face.

"But promise me you won't say this comes from me! Do you understand? There are reasons, very strong reasons, for this. Will you promise?"

"Of course!"

She took Bruce's outstretched hand.

"I promise," he said.

"You mustn't go without tea," said the girl. "Besides," she glanced at a little platinum watch on her wrist, —"there's not another train until six. There is no need for you to start yet. Besides, I don't like being left alone. Mother has one of her headaches and Horace and Dr. Romain have gone to Stevenish. Come up to my sitting-room!"

She led the way out of the library, locking the door behind them, and together they went up to the Chinese boudoir where tea was laid on a low table before a bright fire. In the dainty room with its bright colours they seemed far removed from the tragedy which had darkened Harkings.

They had finished tea when a tap came at the door. Bude appeared. He cast a reproachful look at Bruce.

"Jay would be glad to have a word with you, Miss," he said.

The girl excused herself and left the room. She was absent for about ten minutes. When she returned she had a little furrow of perplexity between her brows. She walked over to the open fireplace and stood silent for an instant her foot tapping the hearthrug.

"Mr. Wright," she said presently, "I'm going to tell you something that Jay has just told me. I want your advice...."

The boy looked at her interrogatively. But he did not speak.

"I think this is rather important," the girl went on, "but I don't quite understand in what way it is. Jay tells

WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR—*Mary Trevert, charming, young, aristocratic, to secure a comfortable income for her mother, agrees to marry Hartley Parrish, a soulless millionaire, though she loves Robin Greve, a promising young barrister. Parrish is killed by a mysterious pistol-shot in his library just after Greve parted with Mary during a quarrel. Circumstantial evidence would seem to prove that Greve was in the library at the moment Parrish met his death, and it is subsequently discovered that Parrish had made provision in his will that all his property was to pass to Mary in event of his demise. Inspector-Detective Manderton, who personally takes up the case, finally tells Mary he is satisfied that Parrish shot himself, but hints that Greve's presence in the library had something to do with driving him to the act. Jeekes, a shifty-eyed, nervous chief secretary for the dead man, discloses to Mary that Parrish kept a mysterious woman in France, and he drops a dark hint about Greve being engaged to handle the "legal" end of the blackmail. Greve, continually shadowed by detectives, starts to work on a dim theory of his own, based on mysterious blue envelopes Parrish received through the mails periodically. Wright, a former assistant secretary in Parrish's office, for whom Greve once did a favor, agrees to enter Parrish's library to secure another of those letters. While searching Parrish's desk he is surprised by Mary Trevert.*

me that Mr. Parrish had on his pistol a sort of steel fitting attached to the end.. you know, the part you shoot out of. Mr. Parrish used to keep his automatic in a drawer in his dressing-room and Jay has often seen it there with this attachment fitted on. Well, when Mr. Parrish was discovered in the library yesterday, this thing was no longer on the pistol. And Jay says it's not to be found!...."

"That's rather strange!" commented Bruce. "But what was this steel contraption for, do you know? Was it a patent sight or something?"

"Jay doesn't know," answered the girl.

"Would you mind if I spoke to Jay myself?" asked the young man.

IN REPLY the girl touched the bell beside the fireplace. Bude answered the summons and was despatched to find Jay. He appeared in due course, a tall, dark, sleek young man wearing a swallow-tail coat and striped trousers.

"How are you, Jay?" said Bruce affably.

"Very well, thank you, sir," replied the valet.

"Miss Trevert was telling me about this appliance which you say Mr. Parrish had on his automatic. Could you describe it to me?"

"Well, sir," answered the man rather haltingly, "it was a little sort of cup made of steel or gun-metal, fitting closely over the barrel...."

"And you don't know what it was for?"

"No, sir!"

"Was it a sight, do you think?"

"I can't say, I'm sure, sir!"

"You know what a sight looks like, I suppose. Was there a bead on it or anything like that?"

"I can't say I'm sure, sir. I never gave any particular heed to it. I used to see the automatic lying in the drawer of the wardrobe in Mr. Parrish's room in a wash-leather case. I noticed this steel appliance, sir, because the case wouldn't shut over the pistol with it on, and the butt used to stick out."

"When did you last notice Mr. Parrish's automatic?"

"It would be Thursday or Friday, sir. I went to that drawer to get Mr. Parrish an old stock to go riding in as some new ones he had bought were stiff and hurt him."

"And this steel cup was on the pistol then?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"And you say it was not on the pistol when Mr. Parrish's body was found?"

"No sir!"

"Are you sure of this?"

"Yes, sir. I was one of the first in the room and I saw the pistol in Mr. Parrish's hand and there was no sign of the cup, sir. So I've had a good look among his things and I can't find it anywhere!"

Bruce Wright pondered a minute.

"Try and think, Jay," he said, "if you can't remember anything more about this steel cup, as you call it. Where did Mr. Parrish buy it?"

"Can't say I'm sure, sir. He had it before ever I took service with him!"

"NOW I come to think of it," he said, "there was the name of the shop or the maker on it, stamped on the steel. 'Maxim,' that was the name, now I put my mind back, with a number...."

"Maxim?" echoed Bruce Wright. "Did you say Maxim?"



**He heard the heavy oaken door swing open, a murmur of voices in the hall. The next moment Detective-Inspector Manderton entered the sitting-room.**

"Yes, sir! That was the name!" replied the valet.

"By Jove!" said the boy half to himself. Then he said aloud to Jay:

"Did you tell the police about this?"

Jay looked somewhat uncomfortable.

"No, sir!"

"Why not?"

"Well, sir, I thought perhaps I'd better tell Miss Trevert first. Bude thought so, too. That there Manderton has made so much unpleasantness in the house with his prying ways that I said to myself, sir...."

Bruce Wright looked at Mary.

"Would you mind if I asked Jay not to say anything about this to anybody just for the present?" he asked.

"You hear what Mr. Wright says, Jay," said Mary. "I don't want you to say anything about this matter just yet. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss. Will that be all, Miss?"

"Yes, thank you, Jay."

"Thanks very much, Jay," said the boy. "This may be important. Mum's the word, though!"

"I *quite* understand, sir," answered the valet and left the room.

Hardly had the door closed on him than the girl turned eagerly to Bruce.

"It *is* important?" she asked.

"It may be," was the guarded reply.

"Don't leave me in the dark like this," the girl pleaded. "This horrible affair goes on growing and growing and at every step it seems more bewildering....more ghastly. Tell me where it is leading, Mr. Wright!"

Her voice broke and she turned her face away.

"You must be brave, Miss Trevert," said the boy putting his hand on her shoulder. "Don't ask me to tell you more now. Your friends are working to get at the truth....."

"The truth!" cried the girl, "God knows where the truth will lead us!"

Bruce Wright hesitated a moment.

"I don't think you have any need to fear the truth!" he said presently.

The girl took her handkerchief from her face and looked at him with brimming eyes.

"You know more than you let me think you did," she said brokenly. "But you are a friend of mine, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Bruce boldly:

"And of his, too!"

She did not speak again but gave him her hand. He clasped it and went out hurriedly to catch his train back to London.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### The Clue

THAT faithful servitor of Fleet Street, the Law Courts clock, had just finished striking seven. It boomed out the hour, stroke by stroke, solemnly, inexorably, like a grim old judge summing up and driving home, point by point, an irrefutable charge. The heavy strokes broke in upon the fitful doze into which Robin Greve, stretched out in an arm-chair in his living-room, had dropped.

He roused up with a start. There was the click of a key in the lock of his front door. Bruce Wright burst into the room.

The boy shut the door quickly and locked it. He was rather pale and seemed perturbed. On seeing Robin he jerked his head in the direction of the courtyard.

"I suppose you know they're still outside?" he said.

Robin nodded nonchalantly.

"There are three of them now," the boy went on. "Robin, I don't like it. Something's going to happen. You'll want to mind yourself....if it's not too late."

He stepped across to the window and bending down peered cautiously round the curtain.

Robin Greve laughed.

"Bah!" he said, "they can't touch me!"

"You're wrong," Bruce retorted without changing his position. "They can and they will. Don't think Manderton is a fool, Robin. He means mischief...."

Robin raised his eyebrows.

"Does he?" he said. "Now I wonder who told you that ....."

"Friends of yours at Harkings asked me to warn you ...." began Bruce awkwardly.

"My friends are scarcely in the majority there," retorted Robin. "Whom do you mean exactly?"

But the boy ignored the question.

"Three men watching the house!" he exclaimed, "don't you think *this* looks as though Manderton meant business?"

He returned to his post of observation at the curtain.

Robin laughed cynically.

"Manderton doesn't worry me any," he said cheerfully. "The man's the victim of an *idee fixe*. He believes Parrish killed himself just as firmly as he believes that I frightened or bullied Parrish into doing it...."

"Don't be too sure about that, Robin," said the boy dropping the curtain and coming back to Robin's chair. "He may want you to think that. But how can we tell how much he knows?"

Robin flicked the ash off his cigarette disdainfully.

"These promoted policemen make me tired," he said.

Bruce Wright shook his head quickly with a little gesture of exasperation.

"You don't understand," he said. "There's fresh evidence....."

ROBIN GREVE looked up with real interest in his eyes. His bantering manner had vanished.

"You've got that letter?" he asked eagerly.

Bruce shook his head.

"No, not that," he said. Then leaning forward he added in a low voice:

"Have you ever heard of the Maxim silencer?"

"I believe I have, vaguely," replied Robin. "Isn't it something to do with a motor engine?"

"No," said Bruce. "It's an extraordinary invention which absolutely suppresses the noise of the discharge of a gun."

Robin shot a quick glance at the speaker.

"Go on," he said.

"It's a marvellous thing, really," the boy continued, warming to his theme. "A man at Havre had one when I was at the base there, during the war. It's a little cup-shaped steel fitting that goes over the barrel. You can fire a rifle fitted with one of these silencers in a small room and it makes no more noise than a fairly loud sneeze...."

"Ah!"

Robin was listening intently now.

"Parrish had a Maxim silencer," Bruce went on impressively.

"*Parrish* had?"

"It was fitted on his automatic pistol, the one he had in his hand when they found him...."

"There was no attachment of any kind on the gun Parrish was holding when he was discovered yesterday afternoon," declared Robin positively. "I can vouch for that. I was there almost immediately after they found him. And if there had been anything of the kind Horace Trevert would certainly have mentioned it...."

"I know. Jay, who came in soon after you, was surprised to see that the silencer was not on the pistol And he made a point of looking for it...."

"But how do you know that Parrish had it on the pistol?"

"Well, we don't know for certain. But we do know that it was permanently fitted to his automatic. Jay has often seen it. And if Parrish did remove it he didn't leave it lying about anywhere. Jay has looked all through his things without finding it...."

"When did Jay see it last?"

"On Thursday!"

"But are you sure that this is the same pistol as the one which Jay has been in the habit of seeing?"

"Jay is absolutely sure. He says that Parrish only had the one automatic which he always kept in the same drawer in his dressing-room...."

Robin was silent for a moment.

VERY deliberately he filled his pipe, lit it and drew it until it burned comfortably. Then he said slowly:

"This means that Hartley Parrish was murdered, Bruce, old man. All through I've been puzzling my mind to reconcile the unquestionable circumstance that two bullets were fired—I told you of the bullet mark I found on the upright in the rosary—with the undoubted fact that only one report was heard. We can therefore presume either that Hartley Parrish first fired one shot from his pistol with the silencer fitted and then removed the silencer and fired another shot without it, thereby killing himself, or that the second shot was fired by the person whose interest it was to get rid of the silencer. There is no possible or plausible reason why Parrish should have fired first one shot with the silencer and then one without. Therefore I find myself irresistibly compelled to the conclusion that the shot heard by Mary Trevert was fired by the person who killed Parrish. Do I make myself clear?"

"Perfectly," answered Bruce.

"Now then," the barrister proceeded, thoughtfully puffing at his pipe, "one weak point about my deductions is that they all hang on the question as to whether, at the time of the tragedy, Parrish actually had the silencer on his pistol or not. That is really the acid test of Manderton's suicide theory. You said, I think, that a rifle fired with the silencer attachment makes no more noise than the sound of a loud sneeze."

"That's right," agreed Bruce, "a sort of harsh, spluttering noise. Not so loud either, Robin. Ph—t-t-t! Like that!"

"Loud enough to be heard through a door, would you say?"

"Oh, I think so!"

Robin thought intently for a moment.

"Then Mary is the only one who can put us right on that point. Assuming that two shots were fired—and that bullet mark in the rosary is, I think, conclusive on that head—and knowing that she heard the loud report of the one, presumably, if Parrish had the silencer on his automatic, Mary must have heard the *muffled* report of the other. What it comes to is this, Mary heard the shot fired that killed Parrish. Did she hear the shot he fired at his murderer?"

"By Gad!" exclaimed Bruce Wright impressively. "I believe you've got it, Robin! Parrish fired at somebody at the window—a silent shot—and the other fellow fired back the shot that Mary Trevert heard, the shot that killed Parrish. Isn't that the way you figure it out?"

"Not so fast, young man," remarked Robin. "Let's first find out whether Mary actually heard the muffled shot and if so, *when*....*before* or *after* the loud report."

He glanced across at the window and then at Bruce.

"I suppose this discovery about the silencer is responsible for the deputation waiting in the courtyard," he said drily.

"The police don't know about it yet," replied Bruce, "at least they didn't when I left."

Robin shook his head dubiously.

"If the servants know it, Manderton will worm it out of them. Has'nt he cross-examined Jay?"

"Yes," said Bruce. "But he got nothing out of him about this. Manderton seems to have put everybody's back up. He gets nothing out of the servants...."

"If Parrish had had this silencer for some time, you may be sure that other people know about it. These silencers must be pretty rare in England. You see an average person like myself didn't know what it was. By the way, another point which we haven't yet cleared up is this: Supposing we are right in believing Parrish to have been murdered, how do you explain the fact that the bullet removed from his body fitted his pistol?"

"That's a puzzler, I must say!" said Bruce.

"There's only one possible explanation, I think," Robin went on, "and that is that Parrish was shot by a pistol of exactly the same calibre as his own. For the murderer to have killed Parrish with his own weapon would have been difficult without a struggle. But Miss Trevert heard no struggle. For a murderer and his victim to have pistols of the same calibre argues a rather remarkable coincidence, I grant you. But then life is full of coincidences! We meet them every day in the law. Though I admit, this is a coincidence which requires some explaining....."

HE fell into a brown study which Bruce interrupted by suddenly remembering that he had had no lunch.

For answer Robin pointed at the sideboard.

"There's a cloth in there," he said, "also the whiskey, if my laundress has left any, and a siphon and there should be some claret—Mrs. Bragg doesn't care about red wine. Set the table and I'll take a root round in the kitchen and dig up some tinned stuff."

They supped off a tinned tongue and some *pate de foie gras*. Over their meal Bruce told Robin of his adventure in the library at Harkings.

"Jeekes must have collected that letter," Bruce said. "Before I came to you, I went to Lincoln's Inn Fields to see if he was still at Bardy's—Parrish's solicitor, you know.

*Continued on page 36*




Dulkington cast a glance at it, swiftly removed the letter and held it for an instant up to the electric light.

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Has Open Diplomacy Failed?

*Diplomat Says Trouble in Europe Result of Hyper-Democratic Errors*

JULES CAMBON

WAS absence of old-time diplomatic procedure at the drawing-up of the treaties of Versailles, St. Germain and Sèvres largely responsible for the general dissatisfaction that has followed their conclusion in Europe? Jules Cambon, formerly French ambassador at Washington and Berlin, does not exactly say that, but he does frankly declare that the rough-shod system of modern democracy has proved a failure as an antidote for war. Direct representatives of the people attending world conferences are too vulnerable in the matter of the petty prejudices and ambitions of their own particular people to have the free hand that diplomatists should have. On this phase of the question in a recent article in the *New York Times*, M. Cambon proceeds:—

"In any case, it is natural that diplomacy should not be popular. It lives and has its being in an atmosphere that is far removed from the preoccupations of everyday politics. The development of democratic institutions has necessarily had the effect of causing more importance to be attributed, in the public life of every nation, to domestic difficulties than to those connected with foreign policy.

"In the mind of the peasant, the question of the parish pump dominates all others, and in that of the workman everything is subordinated to the question of wages; both are ignorant in regard to questions dealing with the relations of one nation with another. A high degree of culture is necessary, of course, in order to appreciate the interrelation of the various social factors, and, notably, to comprehend that everything is really directly related to the question of government; that the rate of wages paid to a workman, for instance, is not fixed merely at the will and caprice of the employer, but depends on a whole mass of factors which determine the establishment of prices and which have, in the majority of cases, an international character.

"In all democratic countries people have a natural and perfectly understandable tendency to consider the methods used by the diplomatists of the past as old-fashioned and out of date. In days gone by diplomatists did not always take into account, perhaps, the state of mind of the masses. Faithful to the traditions of their profession, they endeavored to maintain in Europe that 'balance of power' which has always been regarded as the surest means for securing the maintenance of peace. They often, too, adopted the practice of making use of antiquated methods and formulae.

"Now that every country is in close touch with the others by means of the telegraph and the railway, 'the man in the street,' if we may so describe the great mass of the public, appears to be under the impression that governments are in a position to communicate directly with each other, and that intermediaries—that is to say, diplomatists—are no longer necessary. This is precisely the sentiment that inspired the methods adopted at the recent peace conference, which resulted in the treaties of Versailles, St. Germain and Sèvres. It may be questioned whether other methods would not have been found preferable.

"The negotiators of the treaty of Westphalia (which organized the Europe of the last 300 years), the authors of that previous Treaty of Versailles which gave the United States its place in the concert of nations, and the signatories of the treaties of 1815 had to solve problems as difficult as those which came before the recent Peace Conference. Those problems of 1815 were solved to the universal profit, and there is no reason to suppose, now that their work has undergone the test of time, that the methods adopted by the diplomatists of that period were really so very bad as some people would have us think.

"Diplomatists are reproached for two things—for their preference for secrecy and for their respect for tradition. Secrecy appears to be no longer in conformity with the taste of the day. Public affairs are given such a large amount of publicity in the newspapers that it has become the rule to condemn secret treaties, and for the same reason diplomacy is accused of being a thing of mystery.

"Obviously, treaties cannot be negotiated in public, for no nation is so void of susceptibility as to consent to discuss in public questions that closely concern its vital interests and that may place its honor at risk. National honor, it must be remembered, is not a mere form of words, and it would be absurd, in view of the terrible consequences that might follow, to attempt to deal with matters affecting the interests of a nation without taking at least as much precaution as would be employed by any private individuals when discussing their own personal affairs.

"To disdain respect for tradition would be to show an equal lack of the sense of gravity. Diplomatists who conduct themselves as if they were the custodians of some supreme and mysterious truth may be both wrong and ridiculouf in so acting; but neither the laughter sc fools nor the arrogant self-sufficienoy of such members of the diplomatic profession as may suffer from the weakness to which I have alluded can alter the nature of things. In the nature of things the foreign policy of every nation is the outcome of its past history and of its geographical situation. Diplomatic tradition is nothing other than the continuation of the efforts that have been made during perhaps several centuries by the successive governments of a country for the purpose of co-ordinating its relations with the outside world with the necessities that arise from its situation in the world as a whole.

"These necessities are consequently always of the same kind. From the Middle Ages down to our own day England has frequently been drawn into war; but I know of no single instance in which the situation of the Netherlands (which in this case, of course, must be interpreted as including both Belgium and Holland) was not an important factor.

"When Napoleon asserted that Antwerp was a pistol leveled at the heart of England, he condensed into half-a-dozen words the reasons why he was able to make peace with the whole of the world with the exception of England. For the same reason the invasion of Belgium by the Germans in 1914 was bound to be followed immediately by the entrance of England into the conflict. That Germany failed to understand this is inexplicable.

"The same may be said in regard to France. Since the beginning of her existence, France has had to keep a close watch on her eastern frontier and to mount guard there for the purpose of defending herself against the perpetual menace of a German invasion. Her men-at-arms who fought at Bouvines were the ancestors of the poilus who fought at the Marne. France has always had to fight the same battle.

"Whether during the reigns of the Capets, the Valois or the Bourbons, whether under the National Convention or the Empire, every Government that has succeeded to power in France since the country had its origin has had the same anxiety. From the moment when France ceases to interest herself in the defense of her eastern frontiers she will no longer be France.

"The traditions of both French and British policy, therefore, are the expression of an assemblage of facts that has been imposed upon them by the very nature of things. No matter what may be asserted by the shallow-minded who would like to remake the world according to their apriori conceptions, Nature is supreme, and the greatest statesmen have been those who have been able to bring their conceptions into accord with realities. Professional diplomatists are of service precisely because it is of value that there should exist a class of men who have reflected on these permanent laws of history and have practised them.

"An enlightened diplomacy, faithful to its traditions but imbued with the liberal-mindedness of modern democracies, may do much in every country to foster the pacific development of the relations between the civilized nations. In so doing it would fulfill its essential function, which is to maintain peace. While serving the particular interests which it is its duty to defend, diplomacy will contribute to the general progress. It will assure the definite triumph of the free nations, and will thus render impossible the return of such catastrophes as that which recently overwhelmed humanity."

## Germany's Air Transport

*Aeroplanes Running on Schedule Almost Every Hour of the Day*

London (*Daily Chronicle*)

THE remarkable progress Germany is making in her air transportation is the subject of an article in the *Chronicle* by its Berlin correspondent who calls attention to a guide of air-routes which is a substantial booklet of nearly one hundred pages. Fourteen pages are filled with details of regular daily or twice daily services to places within the borders of Germany, we are told, and they give "to a minute" the time of departures and arrivals. There isn't even a saving clause about "wind and weather permitting," so that it requires a mental effort to realize that "these are the pathless tracks of the air and not the steel railroads." By arrangements with Holland and other neighboring countries, long-distance services are linked up with England and Scandinavia, and the accompanying map shows how these connections are made. To this regular passenger transportation all sorts of subsidiary services are being added, says this informant, who admires the rapid development of the "Flying Post" which "isn't burdened with any special regulations apart from its slightly higher tariff." All one has to do to insure this speedy delivery is to mark the letter "By Flying Post" and drop it in any letter-box in the ordinary way. In this matter, too, international arrangements have been made, so that a letter posted in Berlin at 7.30 in the morning, for example, reaches London at 5.30 the same evening; and this correspondent adds:

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"One interesting use of the aeroplane, to which special attention is directed, is for keeping the rest of Germany in swift touch with the lost territories, such as Danzig, or areas like Memel, whose fate is not yet determined.

"So that the populations of these districts shall not cease to imbibe the true gospel of *Deutschtum*, aeroplanes leave Berlin early every morning loaded with newspapers.

"Hydroplanes serve the same purpose for the island of Sylt, off the coast of Schleswig, leaving Hamburg immediately on the arrival of the Berlin journals by train.

"Reverting to the 'Aerial *Bradshaw*' a glance at the advertisements reveals still further enterprise. Here, for example, is the Hamburg-Amerika Line offering its own services. To any town in Germany it will send passengers or goods by special aeroplanes, available to start at the shortest of notices.

"Another firm supplies 'aerial photographs,' suggesting their particular desirability for enterprising financiers on the lookout for suitable sites for establishing new settlements and 'spas.'

"Still another advertisement discloses a new little subsidiary industry. It reads 'First special business for flying costumes. Leather clothes for ladies and gentlemen.'

"On the opposite page is the photograph of a leather-clad pioneer. His expression suggests that he feels as uncomfortable as he looks and leaves one wondering whether, after all, the conquest of the air was worth while!"

# Paris Street Sails on Deep

*French Merchants Use Unique "Shipshop" to Advertise Goods*

New York *Times*

FLOATING stores carrying all manner of goods intelligently and artistically displayed from world's port to world's port is the latest venture in French commercial propaganda. The *New York Times* tells of the new "shipshop" as it is called:—

"Some days ago the shipshop began its adventures and according to the results the French government and the merchants involved will decide whether they should fit out more shipshops to tour the ports and countries of the world.

"Its name is the *Raoul Briguet*, as trim a craft as was ever built in the old yards at Nantes. But no ship ever sailed with a stranger cargo. Instead of having its hold stowed tight with goods, it carries along its decks and in its cabins complete shops over which are the names of many of the most famous firms in Paris.

"On board the *Raoul Broquet* there is, in short, a miniature Paris for shoppers. At one store they can get all the choicest groceries and wines of a famous firm. At another, they can buy lingerie; at another, drugs and medicines; at still another combs and articles of toilet, and so on.

"From Nantes the start was made last week and the shipshop has arrived at Libau in Lettonia, for her first tour is to be of the Baltic seaports. There is an opportunity there not only for good propaganda, but for good commerce and, according to the telegrams from Libau, the shipshop no sooner opened its doors than the whole population, hearing that Paris had come to town, flocked down to see and to buy.

"The ship has been chartered by the French government for the venture, but all the shops on board are private ventures, paying deck rent and out to advertise their Paris emporiums and to do direct business. Like the bagman of old with his wares, the ship will go from port to port all round the Baltic sea—Riga, Danzig, Reval, Helsingfors and Petrograd, if possible selling its goods and advertising in these new countries the names of all the shopkeepers represented on board.

"As much as anything, the shipshop keepers who have formed themselves into this company, called Societe Transbaltique, hope from this initial voyage to find out what people want most to buy from Paris. By taking their shops with them and exhibiting their wares aboard, they claim they can do it better than by any other way now being used.

# Where Fools and Money Part

*Beaverbrook Tells How Deauville Gambling Houses Make Fortunes*

LORD BEAVERBROOK

IF THE ranks of amateur gamblers were not continually drawing recruits from inexperienced and adventurous, the professional gambler would soon cease to make an easy living at the gaming table. The lesson that one may learn from an article by Lord Beaverbrook in the London *Sunday Express* on "Gambling at Deauville," is the old lesson that you "can't beat the game," because the men who operate the game are doing so on a business basis, and not depending on the fickle element of chance. Describing the Casino at Deauville Lord Beaverbrook remarks that there are thirty-seven chemin de fer tables and only three devoted to baccarat. He tells why:—

"The syndicate which runs the Casino depends for its earning on the cagnotte—that is, the automatic levy exacted by the proprietors on the wins of gamblers. Such a levy is obviously a permanent drain on the resources of the players. But it operates in a very different proportion in the case of baccarat and chemin de fer. In baccarat, when the dealer makes the bank he pays 5 per cent. of the amount for which he makes it to the cagnotte. If the dealer puts 100,000 francs down he pays the proprietors 5,000 francs. But his liability ends there. Until the bank is broken or replenished no further demand can be made of him by the cagnotte. Why, it will be asked at once, should any one be anxious to take the bank with this tax upon it? The answer is that the dealer has the immense advantage of the last word on the draw. He can judge from seeing the cards drawn by his opponent whether the argument is in favor of drawing himself another card or not. The odds on the dealer are generally estimated, ability being equal, as six to four. In the case of a player of nerve and experience they are greater. He can, therefore, afford to pay his 5 per cent. and yet stand a good chance of winning.

"In chemin de fer, in contradistinction to baccarat, the deal passes round the players automatically, and the dealer pays 5 per cent. to the cagnotte on every one of his wins. He has, of course, the advantage, as dealer, of seeing his opponents draw, an advantage which may be reckoned, as stated before, as one of 6 to 4 on the chances. At the same time it is practically certain that he will be played to the full value of his bank—that is to say, the amount of money he has on the table—by the players surrounding the table.

"Given equal luck and equal skill over a sufficient number of coups, all the players are bound to lose rapidly. The best calculation is that if a party of twelve sat down to play chemin de fer under these conditions with a hundred louis apiece every penny of this original capital would be in the hands of the cagnotte within two hours. This fact explains why a casino can take thirty million francs a month—that is a million franc a day.

"But if a casino proprietor can take an immense sum out of chemin de fer and a very moderate one out of baccarat, why does he bother to have baccarat tables on his premises at all? The answer is that the baccarat tables serve the purpose of advertisement.

"The principal victims are women with a certain amount of independence and a limited knowledge of the world. One might say that there they were mostly middle-aged or even elderly, but there are plenty of young ones among them. The male gull exists, but he is rarer, or has come merely to see a little sport for which he is prepared to pay. But the women are a sad sight, for they can ill afford their losses, and are pitifully convinced, that they will win.

"The occupants of the baccarat tables are very different. There are the men who know life. A bank in the private room may total 300,000 to 500,000 francs. Last year one totalled a million, but today spells moderation. Most of the players, I should say, were strictly honest professonal gamblers, with a fair sprinkling of wealthy men ready to make a big coup and clear out if the chance offers, and not averse from losing some money, if the goddess frowns. The men who look like professionals are always described or describe themselves as millionaires, generally of Greek and Levantine origin. Yet my experience is that the amount a man stakes at a gaming table is in inverse ratio to the actual amount of his fortune. For instance, S. B. Joel, Otto Kahn, and Sir John Lee, all of whom were at Deauville, never went to the tables.

"What is the moral? The world of Deauville is divided into three classes. The fools play at chemin de fer and lose their money. The wise professional gamblers deal at baccarat and earn their living. The third class, to which I attach myself, for I never played at Deauville, gets his interest out of the observations of life. He amuses himself by watching the acuteness of the wise, and he pities the follies of the foolish whom the inhuman and relentless system of the casino lures to their loss."

# No Peace While U. S. Arms

*Japan Convinced She Is To Be Forced Into New War.*

German and Italian Newspapers

WRITERS in both the *Vossische*, of Berlin, and the *Tribune*, of Rome, fail to see how harmonious relationships can ever be set up between United States and Japan. Japan is becoming so alarmed at the growth of the United States navy and the tendency of that country to convert Hawaii and the Philippines into arsenals that even the democratic Japanese prime minister, Mr. Hara, who all along has preached friendship with the States, is changing his views. At least he is so reported in the foreign newspapers mentioned. American troops show up unexpectedly at Asiatic ports corroborating the notion that the jingoists have gained control and Washington is preparing for a new war. The Japs take it for granted they are to be the goat.

According to reports of recent meetings of the deputies, the Japanese harbor no delusions as to what might happen should United States declare war on them while they are yet unprepared for it. Japan is an island empire, and, though her coasts do not lend themselves to the landing of hostile armies and her rivers cannot readily be ascended by a fleet of any size, her statesmen know that a powerful fleet could starve her into submission with a blockade. United States has in the Pacific to-day a squadron that could seal up the Japanese empire as if it were a corked bottle. The consequences may be foreseen in view of what happened in Germany when Britain undertook to shut her in from the outside world. America is in a position to reduce Japan's women and children to starvation in six months. Britain alone could intervene and, in view of recent tendencies in British foreign policy, it is inconseivable to the Japanese that any London ministry would help Japan out of the dire results of a United States blockade.

"There are other reasons why, in the event of a war with America, Japan must go under. She is poor in raw materials. She is peculiarly destitute of iron, notwithstanding some impressions that she could work a mine here and there. To make good this deficiency, Japan has been establishing blast furnaces in Manchuria and elsewhere on the Asiatic mainland. Her longing for Shantung grew out of this inadequacy of her raw materials. Unfortunately for Japan, the mere suggestion that she set up a railway terminal at a blast furnace in China fills the United States with alarm and there is certain to ensue a note from Washington on the subject of China as an independent power. Nor does it help Japan much to make experiments with blast furnaces in Korea. Apart from the chronic state of rebellion there—stimulated by American missionaries, according to the inspired Tokyo press, Korea is not the place to supply a deficiency in steel. Formosa is not to be thought of.

"These difficulties in the matter of steel of iron, of raw material generally, are created for Japan by the policy of the United States or at least the Clansmen tell Mr. Hara so. Mr. Hara could pooh-pooh these suggestions until recently. He was disillusioned by the tenor of the communications to Viscount Uchida when Harding became president. Japan is completely mis-represented in the U.S. according to a recent speech in her diet"

# Replant Our Denuded Bush

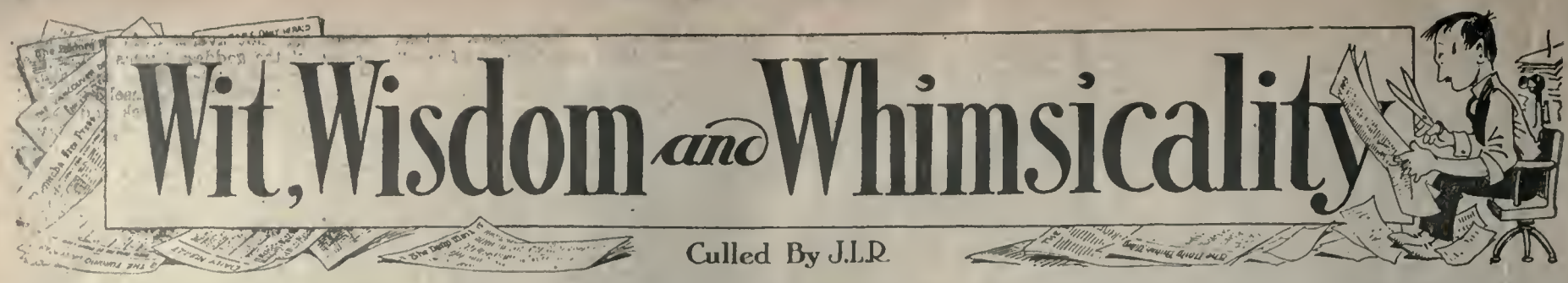
*Forests Take Anywhere From Twenty to Fifty Years to Grop Up*

ELLWOOD WILSON

POINTING out that it would cost not more than from $1.25 to $5.29 per acre to replant wilderness spaces denuded of their timber by the lumbermen and pulp pole dealers, and that such replanted forests would mature in the course of from twenty to fifty-five years, Ellwood Wilson, manager of the forestry branch of the Laurentide company, writing to *The Financial Post* insists that the time has come when Canada must begin to plant trees in order to prevent her timber wealth from becoming exhausted in a number of years. Mr. Wilson cites the experience of the United States which failed to heed in time the same danger:—

"New England was once self-supporting in the matter of timber, now it must import nearly all that is required for every purpose, and its pulpwood supplies, it is said, will be exhausted in ten or fifteen years. The middle states, especially Pennsylvania once exported timber, now they are large importers; the lake states once supplied the world with white pine, and now have hardly a stick left, and they have a most acute situation in regard to their cut-over lands; the south for years has been a very large exporter, and now, it is creditably believed, has only twenty years' more supply at the present rate of consumption. The last great stand of virgin timber is in the northwest, which still exports largely. Alaska is beginning to be drawn on for pulpwood. The eastern paper and pulp mills are already drawing largely on eastern Canada for pulpwood, over a million cords annually are now being exported, besides quantities of pulp and paper representing very large quantities of pulpwood.

"The Canadian exports have risen 50 per cent in ten years and the home consumption of pulpwood in the United States has risen since 1890 over twelve hundred per cent."



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

**As Well as Deadly**—The female of the species is more curious about the mail.—Nelson B.C. *News.*

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**Signs of the Times**—Winter is at hand. The wome are laying away their furs.—Winnipeg *Free Press.*

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**Defined**—Appointments to the Senate seem to be a matter of shelf-determination.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**Its Advantages**—The reason some men like to dictate their letters is because you can dictate without knowing how to spell.—Nelson B.C. *News.*

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**Costly Courtship**—A Detroit judge has recommended longer courtships, but that doesn't go here with gasoline at thirty-eight cents a gallon.—Brockville *Recorder and Times.*

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**One Regrettable Condition**—It's too bad that Lloyd George has to make it a condition of Irish independence that Sinn Fein must remain within the Empire.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**Subject to Change without Notice**—"There are fourteen reigning sovereigns in Europe," says a weekly newspaper. That, of course, was up to the time of going to press.—Welland, Ont., *Tribune.*

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**The Dangerous Party Line**—A Chicago woman obtained a divorce because her husband kissed another woman over the phone. On a party line a husband like that would be little better than a Mormon.—Border Cities *Star.*

**The Guelph Idea**—Never send a man on a fool's errand. Go yourself.—Guelph *Herald.*

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**Sad Thought for the Day**—'Twill take bobbed hair longer to go out than it took to come in.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**A Serious Thought**—If they don't stop killing the Irishmen across the pond, we'll have to raise our own policemen.—Toronto *Star.*

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**Figure this out for Yourself**—Price of f'ds has been reduced again and is almost equal to that of a sardine kimona now.—Ottawa *Citizen.*

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**Knock and Knocks**—The difference between an automobile engine and opportunity is that the latter knocks only once.—Border *Cities Star.*

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**Giving the Devil His Due**—Those who blame the papers for everything should look at Morocco. It has a war and never had a newspaper.—Brockville *Recorder and Times.*

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**The Japanese Call**—"Cards on the table," is the Japanese call to the diplomatic world. As long as it can be done without having wigs on the green it would be a good plan to follow.—London *Free Press.*

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**The Cant's and the Cans**—The chap who "can't" do the little things that crop up in the course of his work and are not prescribed in the routine of work, eventually discovers that "can't" and "canned" are synonymous.—Brantford *Expositor.*

**Hopeful**—There were fifty babies at the Barrie Baby Show. But wait till you see Orillia's show next year—Orillia *Packet.*

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**Many too Many**—All this talk about a hard winter indicates that we are not yet relieved of excess prophets.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Exactly—Why?**—With a New York gunman confessing he killed three men for $30 apiece, why spend billions on the next war?—Brockville *Recorder and Times.*

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**Human Nature**—One of the rules in Ontario, as it is all the world over, is that the smaller the official the greater the officiousness.—London *Advertiser.*

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**Luckless London**—London, Ontario, citizens have called in experts to help them search for water. It isn't that bad yet in Toronto.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**One Result**—It's distressing to think that, if peace comes in Ireland, a lot of Sinn Fein "patriots" may take their places among the unemployed.—Border *Cities Star.*

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**Presidential Problems**—Even an adaptable man like President Harding will have difficulty in saying "mother" to a step-mother three years younger than himself.—Toronto *Star.*

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**The Helpful Word**—The man who invented and got away with the expression, "Guaranteed all wool" did a lot to encourage the cotton industry.—Kingston *British Whig.*

# Accident, Mother of Invention

*Large Number of Inventions Result of Accident Rather Than of Necessity*

H. W. HORWILL

IF WE base our opinions on the data given by Mr. Horwill in an article in *Discovery* (London) we shall have to revise our ideas with regard to the parentage of invention. Louis Brennan the inventor of the torpedo is said to have claimed that accident is the mother of invention in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

"Mr. Brennan's generalization," writes Mr. Horwill, "no doubt, was largely inspired by his own experience in the matter of his torpedo. He did not start by saying: 'Go to! Let us find out how to make a torpedo that will beat anything of the kind now on the market!' Through his observation, in an engineering workshop, of the behavior of a frayed driving belt that was working a planing machine, he stumbled upon the mechanical paradox that it was possible to make a machine travel forward by pulling it backward. Having discovered the principle, he cast about for some object in connection with which it could be practically utilized, and it was not until he had thought of almost everything else that the idea of a torpedo entered his head. Once the idea did enter his head, the thing was as good as done.

"The history of the Brennan torpedo might be paralleled in the career of numerous inventors. First there was the observation of something that was either unusual or commonly over-looked, and then the illuminating flash that revealed how it might be turned to practical account. Often the accident itself is in the nature of a blunder or a misfortune. Careless workmen in a paper-mill omit to add any size to the pulp, and the result is a parcel of paper that is thrown aside as waste. Some one, happening to use a scrap of this 'waste' to write a note, discovers its absorbent character, and traightway blotting-paper is invented. The feeder of a lithographic machine fails to place a sheet of paper in position at the right moment, and consequently it does not pass through the machine. But the work on the printing surface leaves its full impression upon the covering of the printing cylinder, and when the next sheet passes through it receives the direct impression from the printing surface, while an indirect or set-off print is made from the back upon the paper. Mr. Ira W. Rubel happens to be standing by, and the accident starts him on experiments which lead to the invention of the offset method of printing.

"The burning of a starch-factory on the banks of the Liffey reveals the adhesive qualitles of scorched starch mixed with water, and introduces to the world a new and cheap gum. A glass-cutter at Nuremberg accidentally lets some aquafortis drop in his spectacles, and etching on glass soon follows. While researches are being carried out in a German laboratory, a thermometer breaks, and the mercury runs out into a heated mixture of naphthalene. The oxidation completed by catalytic action of the sulphate of mercury resulting, shows a method of overcoming the one hindrance in the way of making the manufacture of synthetic indigo a commercial success. A laboratory attendant supplies antifebrin in place of naphthalene, and his blunder leads to the discovery of the antipyretic properties of the former substance.

"The history of photography is full of examples of the fruitfulness of chance oversights. Daguerre is careless enough to lay down a silver spoon upon a plate that he has treated with iodine. He notices that the image of the spoon is retained, and thus learns that a plate so treated is sensitive to light. Through putting aside one of his silver plates in a cupboard overnight, he discovers the effect of vapor of mercury on a sensitive plate. Mr. Fox Talbot accidentally lets one of his exposed papers come in contact with a solution of nutgals, and thus ascertains the virtue of gallic acid. That uranium gives off invisible rays is discovered by Becquerel through putting some of it by in a drawer with a photographic plate, and finding an image formed upon the plate though it has not been exposed to sunlight."

# Union Labor at the Cross-roads

*Continued from page 24*

THE statement has frequently been made of late that the affairs of the I.T.U. are under the absolute control of a group of five men—and it is a fact. The executive council at Indianapolis hold complete sway over the affairs of the organized printers of America and *no matter how amicable may be the relations between the printers of a Canadian city and their employers, no agreement between them is worth the paper it is written on until these five autocrats pass judgment on it* and the official signature of the executive council is attached.

Any statement of this sort invariably elicits a vitriolic denial from Indianapolis, but it is noteworthy that these oft-repeated denials never contain anything in the way of an attempt to disprove the allegations made, but are simply a volley of invective and denunciation. However, abuse is a poor argument, and if the statement is not correct it should be a very easy matter for the executive of the union to prove it false in a logical way.

But, however vociferous may be their denial, one thing is quite certain. The executive does exactly as it pleases and if there was any feasible method of checkmating many of their decisions it may be taken for granted the anti-administrationists would have applied it long ago.

It is also a somewhat curious fact that previous to the election of President McParland—who is an anti—the president always enjoyed the privilege of appointing the organizers above referred to. When the administration discovered, however, that they had to deal in future with a president who was far from being in sympathy with their political steam roller, they promptly took steps to obtain for themselves control of the most important cog, and the result of their immediate and somewhat hurried activities was that the organizers no longer are responsible to the president and are not now appointed by that official. The executive now takes care of that little detail.

Thus the executive council is now composed of a president and four other officers who are absolutely out of sympathy with him and oppose him at every opportunity. His plans are blocked at every turn, his propositions are voted down and the internal political warfare is being waged more bitterly and more *expensively* than ever before. Two-thirds of the time occupied by the recent convention at Quebec was entirely wasted by petty squabbling—and every Canadian printer will have to dig up his share of the cost of that convention.

Of course there are methods provided for the control of the executive. One of these is the referendum. If any local of the I.T.U. wants to get action on any particular matter it can force a referendum of the entire membership of the union by merely getting ninety-nine other locals to join in the demand that such referendum be taken. As there are about fifty-six locals in Canada, including mailers and news-writers, the probability of getting results in this way on any matter of special or peculiar interest to Canadian members would be rather slim.

Nor is this the only feature that renders the referendum useless, or at least robs it of its effectiveness. As stated previously, the I.T.U. has a total membership of approximately 75,000. The membership of the New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Albany and Indianapolis locals totals nearly a third of the entire membership, and as a member of the executive recently



*The Doctor:* Perfect health for baby and for grown-ups, too, requites clothes that not only *look* clean but are *hygienically* clean.

# What have clean clothes to do with health?



***What is Naptha?***

It is that powerful yet harmless dirt-loosener used by professional dry-cleaners to cleanse safely and to freshen dainty fabrics and delicate colors. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses; and thoroughly clean clothes last longer. *Smell* the real naptha in Fels-Naptha.




More, perhaps, than you realize! Consider the health-value of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha. They not only *look* clean, but they *are* clean through and through.

Because—The clothes are given a *double* cleansing; they are naptha-cleaned and soap-and-water cleaned.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves the body oils that hold the dirt fast to clothes. Thus the naptha makes the dirt let go by soaking it loose, with only a light rub on extremely soiled places. All the poisons and oils of perspiration in the clothes are completely taken out. The naptha having done its work vanishes completely, carrying away all odors. Then the soapy water flushes away the dirt.

Wash all your clothes, even the fine dainty baby garments, with Fels-Naptha—the perfect combination of *good* soap and *real* naptha. Then your clothes will be *doubly* clean—*hygienically* clean. The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia."

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



*Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin—use Ivory.*

THE charm of fine underthings depends as much upon the suggestion of sweet immaculate cleanliness as upon exquisite texture and painstaking needlework—every woman of refinement will acknowledge this.

So, it is quite natural for the mind to travel from the admiration of such garments to thoughts of Ivory Soap. Fabrics and handwork that leave nothing to be desired call for the soap that leaves nothing to be desired.

Likewisewith beautiful faces, delicate hands, vigorous bodies and luxuriant hair—the more nearly perfect they are, the more appropriate it seems to care for them with Ivory Soap.

Since 1879, Ivory has been giving this complete satisfaction for the daily bath, for the toilet, in the nursery and for fine laundry, because it offers every quality necessary for harmless, thorough, agreeable, convenient cleansing. In it are combined abundant lather, easy rinsing, mildness, purity, whiteness, fragrance, and "it floats." These are the seven essentials of perfect soap. No soap can offer more. What other soap offers so much?

IVORY SOAP IVORY 99 44/100 % PURE

IT FLOATS

MADE IN CANADA

*Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size for every purpose*

IVORY *Small Cake* For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo fine laundry Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.

IVORY *Large Cake* Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS EST. 1837


put it, when it is known how these cities are going to vote on any proposition it can be taken for granted the majority vote will go the same way. These locals are administration strongholds, and, sure of an avalanche of favorable votes from these points, the executive does not need to worry very much over the probable outcome of any referendum. The average Canadian printer has probably never stopped to figure out just how it happens that practically every referendum vote goes the way the administration wants it to go.

### Why Do They Stand For It?

WONDERMENT as to why Canadian printers remain in the I.T.U. in the face of the above facts is probably natural, but there are several reasons why secession has not up to the present been definitely considered.

In the first place, the printer living north of the forty-ninth parallel would have to give up his mortuary and pension benefits if he broke away from the international. Then, too, it is presumed he has a certain interest in the huge reserve funds that have been piled up and in the printers' home property at Colorado Springs which he is naturally loath to toss to the winds. But apart from all this—which is more imaginary than real—there is an underlying reason and one which administrationists do not fail to use as a club when occasion arises in order to keep the Canadian in line.

When a Canadian printer feels at all dissatisfied with existing conditions and indulges in anything approaching secession talk, some ardent administrationist organizer is sure to point out to him that the Canadian Manufacturer's Association is just waiting for the Canadian printers to take some such foolish step in order that they may be the more easily gobbled up—and that is usually sufficient for the time being. It's—

Hush, ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
Or the Manufacturers will get ye.

In the case of the present strike for a forty-four hour week, Canadian printers who, as a whole, are far from being enthusiastic over the scheme—as most of them get their Saturday afternoons off anyway—are being told that an organized movement is on foot with all employers of labor lined up to crush unionism and establish open shop conditions in America; that printers are called upon to bear the brunt of the fight which, if lost, will mean nothing less than the semi-slavery conditions of fifty years ago.

All of which is just so much propaganda. During the past two months I have made it my business to question a large number of employers of union labor of one kind and another and not one of these men had ever heard of such a movement and only five in the two score interviewed really knew that there was a printers' strike on at all.

### Paying Through The Nose

HOWEVER, it is when one gets down to terms of dollars and cents that the ridiculous phase of the so-called internationalism is most striking, for the Canadian printers actually pay into the coffers of the International Typographical Uuion more than two dollars for every dollar's benefit they receive. In other words, they could establish and maintain their own national union, with equal benefits to that provided by the I.T.U., and build up reserves of their own if they were so minded, on the same assessment they are now paying.

During the year ending May 31, 1921, the printers of this country paid into the I.T.U. mortuary benefit fund a little more than $44,000 and received from that fund benefits amounting to $16,500. In the same period they paid into the old age pension fund just a trifle less than $44,000 and received back approximately $26.000. Practically the same ratio holds good as regards their special strike fund. Canadians are paying their own way, and providing a lot of cash in addition, to help the American typo. For this there is no return whatever.

Furthermore, it is quite certain that Canadian printers would not now be on strike were it not for their membership in an American union. The idea of a shorter work-week did not originate on this side of the line, and no matter what differences of opinion there may be as to the merits of the case, no group of Canadians, be they printers, brick-layers, coal-heavers or laborers, would show such glaring lack of business acumen or such utter lack of judgment as was shown when a strike was called for a shorter work-week at a time when all commercial enterprises were showing a decline and when unemployment was so prevalent throughout the country.

The printers will not win the strike but admitting for the sake of argument, that they may receive some benefits from it they will be in a similar predicament to the salesman who so far forgot himself as to get into a heated argument with one of his prospects. The salesman won the argument, but lost the sale.

Public sentiment is most certainly not with them this time as on former occasions. They have lost in the way of prestige with the public, and in that final court, which makes and unmakes individuals, which builds up and likewise overthrows governments and nations—which gives men freedom or condemns them to death—in the court of public sentiment the printers of this country at present stand condemned.

That Canadian printers must sooner or later cut loose from the American organization is inevitable. The whole trend of public thought and sympathy is pointing that way. The Brotherhood of Railway Employees has set a precedent and other labor organizations are thinking pretty seriously along these lines since the meeting of the Dominion Trades Congress at Winnipeg in August last.

### Secession Need Not Mean a Quarrel

SECESSION of this sort does not necessarily involve any quarrel with the American unions. It simply means that the Canadian wage-earners have ceased to creep; they have thrown off their swaddling clothes and are now strong enough to walk alone. As far as being gobbled up by the Manufacturers' Association is concerned, that is mere bug-a-boo. What with business taxes, foreign tariff laws which mitigate against Canadian export trade, with farmer governments cropping up all over the country and prospects of more to come, that concern is likely to be as busy as a one-eyed boy at a three-ring circus, looking after its own affairs for some time to come.

To sum up, therefore, the Canadian printers could maintain their own national union for less money that the I.T.U. now costs them; they would be just as potent a force in safeguarding the interests of their membership as they are at present.

It is unthinkable that Canadian employers in practically every line of industry should much longer be compelled to engage workers from the ranks of American unions, and until labor organizations themselves take steps to alter this situation there can be no possible hope of lasting amity between Capital and Labor in this country. The desired cooperation between these two great potential factors of our industrial life will never be realized to any appreciable degree until Canadian workers assert their right and determination to govern their own affairs.

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## His Feet on the Ground

*Continued from page 13*

of Alberta's huge coal areas: and that means the standardizing of grades, the finding of markets and year round work for labor. Then there is the question of how to carry the farmer past his present hard wears without increasing his debts; in other words, how to extend his credit and not his debts.

If Greenfield solves but half these problems of Alberta, whether he will or no. he will be pulled by the shoulders into the federal arena. Years ago, the late President Vleveland was taking stock of his friend. "the enemy" the Republican forces. "There is a young man in New York," he is reported saying. "His name is Theodore Roosevelt. Watch that young man! He is coming on."

Those with political horoscopes in hand would do well to watch Greenfield. He isn't a middle of the road man; but he is a man, who will always get the support of the independents on both sides of the road.

# To stay youthful looking your skin needs two creams

***Every normal skin needs these two: a daytime cream to protect the skin and hold the powder—and at night an entirely different cream to cleanse the pores and ward off wrinkles***

*The daytime cream must be dry—oil would reappear and make the face shiny. For night use, only the oil cream can really cleanse the pores or keep the skin soft and pliant. The regular use of these two creams makes steadily for a lovelier skin.*



*In the daytime, use Pond's Vanishing Cream to protect your skin against wind and dust. It will not reappear in a shine.*




*For the nightly cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream—the cream with an oil base.*

## *For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine*

YOU *must protect your skin* from wind and dust, or it will protect itself by developing a tough, florid surface. Then the soft texture of youth is lost forever.

Wind whips the natural moisture out of the skin, drying it so that tiny scales appear. Dust bores deep into the pores, dulling and blemishing the complexion and forming blackheads.

Make a point of always applying Pond's Vanishing Cream before you go out. It is based on an ingredient famous for its softening effect on the skin. The cream disappears at once, affording your skin an invisible protection. No matter how much you are out of doors, it will keep your skin smooth and soft.

There is not a drop of oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream to reappear and make your face shiny. Use it regularly to protect the skin.

Skin specialists advise the use of a protective cream.

*When you powder,* do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on: First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this dry cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores, and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

## *At night—the cleansing cream made with oil*

*Catch tiny lines before they deepen.* Every minute time is working against us, etching fine little lines about the eyes, nose and mouth, under the chin, and in front of the ears—lines that deepen rapidly into wrinkles. The cream that guards against these is invaluable.

Ward them off by faithful use of Pond's Cold Cream at night. This rich cream contains just the amount of oil needed to supplement the natural oil—and natural oil is the skin's most successful opponent of wrinkles. Rub in Pond's Cold Cream where the lines are beginning to form, under and around the eyes, at the corners of the mouth, at the base of the nose, and under the chin. Too vigorous manipulation of the skin often increases instead of lessening wrinkles. Pond's has been made extremely light in texture, so that with it only gentlest stroking is necessary.

*Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night* if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that here too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

## *Start using these two creams today*

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair.

They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes, at fifty cents each. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, 206 Brock Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

# POND'S

MADE IN CANADA

## Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream




THE POND'S EXTRACT CO.,
206 Brock Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

# The Water Bottle

*Continued from page 16*

"Apparently. But you're in love with her. You desire her. Don't contradict me. I have abundant proof of it."

"That's a lie, I tell you! You have only known me a few hours!"

"Come, come! I've been quietly watching you for days, waiting for the moment to pounce upon you."

He took the young man by the shoulders and shook him:

"Come, Dutreuil, confess! I hold all the proofs in my hand. I have witnesses whom we shall meet presently at the criminal investigation department, Confess, can't you? In spite of everything. you're tortured by remorse. Remember your dismay, at the restaurant, when you had seen the newspapers. What? Jacques Aubrieux condemned to die? That's more than you bargained for! Penal servitude would have suited your book; but the scaffold!.... Jacques Aubrieux executed tomorrow, an innocent man!.. Confess, won't you? Confess to save your own skin! Own up!"

BENDING over the other, he was trying with all his might to extort a confession from him. But Dutreuil drew himself up and coldly, with a sort of scorn in his voice, said:

"Sir, you are a madman. Not a word that you have said has any sense in it. All your accusations are false. What about the bank-notes? Did you find them at my place as you said you would!"

Renine, exasperated, clenched his fist in his face:

"Oh, you swine, I'll dish you yet, I swear I will!"

He drew the inspector aside:

"Well, what do you say to it? An arrant rogue, isn't he?"

The inspector nodded his head:

"It may be....But, all the same....so far there's no real evidence."

"Wait, M. Morisseau," said Renine. "Wait until we've had our interview with M. Dudouis. For we shall see M. Dudouis at the prefecture, shall we not?"

"Yes, he'll be there at three o'clock."

"Well, you'll be convinced, Mr. Inspector! I tell you here and now that you will be convinced."

Renine was chuckling like a man who feels certain of the course of events. Hortense, who was standing near him and was able to speak to him without being heard by the others, asked, in a low voice:

"You've got him, haven't you?"

He nodded his head in assent:

"Got him! I should think I have! All the same, I'm no farther forward than I was at the beginning."

"And this is awful! And your proofs?"

"Not a shadow of a proof....I was hoping to trip him up. But he's kept his feet, the rascal!"

"Still, you're certain it's he?"

"It can't be anyone else. I had an intuition at the very outset; and I've not taken my eyes off him since. I have seen his anxiety increasing as my investigations seemed to centre on him and concern him more closely. Now I know."

"And he's in love with Madame Aubrieux?"

"In logic, he's bound to be. But so far we have only hypothetical suppositions, or rather certainties which are personal to myself. We shall never intercept the guillotine with those. Ah, if we could only find the bank-notes! Given the bank-notes, M. Dudouis would act. Without them he will laugh in my face."

"What then?" murmured Hortense, in anguished accents.

He did not reply. He walked up and down the room, assuming an air of gaiety and rubbing his hands. All was going so well! It was really a treat to take up a case which, so to speak, worked itself out automatically.

"Suppose we went on to the prefecture, M. Morisseau? The chief must be there by now. And, having gone so far, we may as well finish. Will M. Dutreuil come with us?"

"Why not?" said Dutreuil, arrogantly.

But, just as Renine was opening the door, there was a noise in the passage and the manager ran up, waving his arms:

"Is M. Dutreuil still here? ....M. Dutreuil, your flat is on fire!....A man outside told us. He saw it from the square."

THE young man's eyes lit up. For perhaps half a second his mouth was twisted by a smile which Renine noticed.

"Oh, you ruffian!" he cried. "You've given yourself away, my beauty! It was you who set fire to the place upstairs; and now the notes are burning."

He blocked his exlt.

"Let me pass," shouted Dutreuil.

Renine snatched the key from his hand and, holding him by the collar of his coat:

"Don't you move, my fine fellow! The game's up! You precious blackguard!"

He hurried up the stairs, followed by Hortense and the chief inspector, who was protesting rather peevishly:

"But, I say, look here, it wasn't he who set the place on fire! How do you make out that he set it on fire, seeing that he never left us?"

"Why, he set it on fire beforehand, to be sure!"

They heard a commotion upstairs. It was the waiters of the restaurant trying to burst the door open. An acrid smell filled the well of the staircase.

Renine reached the top floor:

"By your leave, friends. I have the key."

He inserted it in the lock and opened the door.

He was met by a gust of smoke so dense that one might well have supposed the whole floor to be ablaze. Renine at once saw that the fire had gone out of its own accord, for lack of fuel, and that there were no more flames:

"M. Morisseau, you won't let any one come in with us, will you? An intruder might spoil everything. Bolt the door, that will be best."

HE stepped into the front room, where the fire had obviously had its chief centre. The furniture, the walls, and the ceiling, though blackened by the smoke, had not been touched. As a matter of fact, the fire was confined to a blaze of papers which were still burning in the middle of the room, in front of the window.

Renine struck his forehead:

"What a fool I am! What an unspeakable ass!"

"Why?" asked the Inspector.

"The hat-box, of course! The cardboard hat-box which was standing on the table. That's where he hid the notes. They were there all through our search."

"Impossible!"

"Why, yes, we always overlook that particular hiding-place, the one just under our eyes, within reach of our hands! How could one imagine that a thief would leave sixty thousand francs in an open cardboard box, in which he places his hat when he comes in, with an absent-minded air? That's just the one place we don't look in....Well played, M. Dutreuil!

"Everything was prepared beforehand on the supposition that there might be an alarm....The hat-box....the tissue paper....the bank-notes: they must all have been steeped in some inflammable liquid. He must have thrown a match, a chemical preparation or what not into it, as we were leaving."

"But we should have seen him, hang it all! And then is it credible that a man who has committed a murder for the sake of sixty thousand francs should do away with the money in this way? If the hiding-place was such a good one—and it was, because we never discovered it—why this useless destruction?"

"He got frightened, M.Morisseau. Remember that his head is at stake and he knows it. Anything rather than the guillotine; and they—the bank-notes—were the only proof which we had against him. How could he have left them where they were?"

Morisseau was flabbergasted:

"What! The only proof?"

"Why, obviously!"

"But your witnesses? Your evidence? All that you were going to tell the chief?"

"Mere bluff."

"Well, upon my word," growled the bewildered Inspector, "you're a cool customer!"

"Would you have taken action without my bluff?"

"No."

"Then what more do you want?"

Renine stooped to stir the ashes. But there was nothing left, not even those remnants of stiff paper which still retain their shape.

"Nothing," he said. "It's queer, all the same! How the deuce did he manage to set the thing alight?"

He stood up, looking attentively about him. Hortense had a feeling that he was making his supreme effort and that,after this last struggle in the dark, he would either have devised his plan of victory or admit that he was heaten.

Faltering with anxiety, she asked:

"It's all up, isn't it?"

"No, no," he said, thoughtfully, "it's not all up. It was, a few seconds ago. But now there is a gleam of light....and one that gives me hope."

"God grant that it may be justified!"

"We must go slowly," he said. "It is only an attempt, but a fine, a very fine attempt; and it may succeed."

He was silent for a moment; then, with an amused smile and a click of the tongue, he said:

"An infernally clever fellow, that Dutreuil! His trick of burning the notes: what a fertile imagination! And what coolness! A pretty dance the beggar has led me! He's a master!"

HE fetched a broom from the kitchen and swept a part of the ashes into the next room, returning with a hat-box of the same size and appearance as the one which had been burnt. After crumpling the tissue paper with which it was filled, he placed the hat-box on the little table and set fire to it with a match.

It burst into flames, which he extinguished when they had consumed half the cardboard and nearly all the paper. Then he took from an inner pocket of his waistcoat a bundle of bank-notes and selected six, which he burnt almost completely, arranging the remains and hiding the rest of the notes at the bottom of the box, among the ashes and the blackened bits of paper.

"M. Morisseau," he said, when he had done, "I am asking for your assistance for the last time. Go and fetch Dutreuil. Tell him just this: 'You are unmasked. The notes did not catch fire. Come with me.' And bring him up here."

Despite his hesitation and his fear of exceeding his instructions from the head of the detective service, the chief-inspector was powerless to throw off the ascendancy which Renine had acquired over him. He left the room.

Renine turned to Hortense:

"Do you understand my plan of battle?"

"Yes," she said, "but it's a dangerous experiment. Do you think that Dutreuil will fall into the trap?"

"Everything depends on the state of his nerves and the degree of demoralization to which he is reduced. A surprise attack may very well do for him."

"Nevertheless, suppose he recognizes by some sign that the box has been changed?"

'Oh, of course, he has a few chances in his favour! The fellow is much more cunning than I thought and quite capable of wriggling out of the trap. On the other hand, however, how uneasy he must be! How the blood must be buzzing in his ears and obscuring his sight! No, I don't think that he will avoid the trap....He will give in....He will give in...."

THEY exchanged no more words. Renine did not move. Hortense was stirred to the very depths of her being. The life of an innocent man hung trembling in the balance. An error of judgment, a little bad luck.....and, twelve hours later, Jacques Aubrieux would be put to death. And together with a horrible anguish she experienced, in spite of all, a feeling of eager curiosity. What was Prince Renine going to do? What would be the outcome of the experiment on which he was venturing? What resistance would Gaston Dutreuil offer? She lived through one of those minutes of superhuman tension in which life becomes intensified until it reached its utmost value.

They heard footsteps on the stairs, the footsteps of men in a hurry. The sound drew nearer. They were reaching the top floor.

Hortense looked at her companion. He had stood up and was listening, his features already transfigured by action. The footsteps were now echoing in the passage. Then, suddenly, he ran to the door and cried,

"Quick! Let's make an end of it!"

Two or three detectives and a couple of waiters entered. He caught hold of Dutreuil in the midst of the detectives and pulled him by the arm, gaily exclaiming:

"Well done, old man! That trick of yours with the table and the water-bottle was really splendid! A masterpiece, on my word! Only, it didn't come off!"

"What do you mean? What's the matter?" mumbled Gaston Dutreuil, staggering.

"What I say: the fire burnt only half the tissue-paper and the hat-box; and, though some of the bank-notes were destroyed, like the tissue-paper, the others are there, at the bottom....You understand? The long-sought notes, the great proof of the murder—they're there, where you hid them....As chance would have it, they've escaped burning....Here, look: there are the numbers: you can check them....Oh, you're done for, done for, my beauty!"

The young man drew himself up stiffly. His eyelids quivered. He did not accept Renine's invitation to look; he examined neither the hat-box nor the bank-notes. From the first moment, without taking the time to reflect and before his instinct could warn him, he believed what he was told and collapsed heavily into a chair, weeping.

THE surprise attack, to use Renine's expression, had succeeded. On seeing all his plans baffled and the enemy master of his secrets, the wretched man had neither the strength nor the perspicacity necessary to defend himself. He threw up the sponge.

Renine gave him no time to breathe.

"Capital! You're saving your head; and that's all, my good youth! Write down your confession and get it off your chest. Here's a fountain-pen....The luck has been against you, I admit. It was devilishly well thought out, your trick of the last moment. You had bank-notes which were in your way and which you wanted to destroy. Nothing simpler. You take a big, round-bellied water-bottle and stand it on the window-sill. It acts as a burning-glass, concentrating the rays of the sun on the cardboard and tissue-paper, all nicely prepared. Ten minutes later, it bursts into flames. A splendid idea! And, like all great discoveries, it came quite by chance, what? It reminds one of Newton's apple....One day, the sun, passing through the water in that bottle, must have set fire to a scrap of cotton or the head of a match; and, as you had the sun at your disposal just now, you said to yourself, 'Now's the time,' and stood the bottle in the right position. My congratulations, Gaston!....Look, here's a sheet of paper. Write down: 'It was I who murdered M. Guillaume,' Write, I tell you!"

Leaning over the young man, with all his implacable force of will he compelled him to write, guiding his hand and dictating the sentences. Dutreuil, exhausted, at the end of his strength, wrote as he was told.

"Here's the confession, Mr. Chief-Inspector," said Renine. "You will be good enough to take it to M. Dudouis. These gentlemen," turning to the waiters, from the restaurant, "will, I am sure, consent to serve as witnesses."

And, seeing that Dutreuil, overwhelmed by what had happened, did not move, he gave him a shake:

"Hi, you, look alive! Now that you've been fool enough to confess, make an end of the job, my gentle idiot!"

The other watched him, standing in front of him.

"Obviously," Renine continued. "you're only a simpleton. The hat-box was fairly burnt to ashes; so were the notes. That hat-box, my dear fellow, is a different one; and those notes belong to me. I even burnt six of them to make you swallow the stunt. And you couldn't make out what had happened. What an owl you must be! To furnish me with evidence at the last moment, when I hadn't a single proof of my own! And such evidence! A written confession! Written before witnesses!....Look here, my man, if they do cut off your head—as I sincerely hope they will—upon my word, you'll have jolly well deserved it! Goodbye, Dutreuil!"

DOWNSTAIRS, in the street, Renine asked Hortense Daniel to take the car, go to Madelaine Aubrieux and tell her what had happened.



*Cutting the cuticle makes it coarse and unsightly.*



*Olive Tell—one of the loveliest of the famous Selznick stars—using Cutex. As a professional woman Miss Tell knows the value of getting results with the least time and effort. To the millions who follow her work on the screen her fastidious taste and well-groomed appearance are a constant delight.*

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

# The more you cut the cuticle the uglier it grows

WHEN you attempt to cut off the hard, dry edges about the base of the nail, you cannot help snipping through, in places, to the living skin.

You know what always happens to a cut. Immediately over the wound there forms a hard, tough little ridge. These ridges make the nail rim uneven. And if the practice of cutting is continued, the cuticle will soon be composed entirely of this coarse, unsightly tissue.

Of course surplus cuticle has to be removed; and this can be done easily, quickly and harmlessly with Cutex Cuticle Remover.

Your first Cutex manicure will seem like a miracle to you. It does look positively like magic to see the hard, dry cuticle that you used to have to clip away with such pain and difficulty, disappearing as dirt melts before soap and water. It is a delightful surprise, also, to find that you can give your nails that really professional touch of grooming that you get from Cutex Nail White and any one of the Cutex Polishes.

Each Cutex preparation comes separately at 35c; or in sets—the Compact set 60c; the Traveling set $1.50; and the Boudoir set $3.00. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemist shops in England.

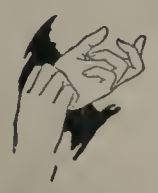
## The right way to manicure



***First, the Cuticle Remover.*** *After filing, shaping and smoothing the nail, dip the orange stick wrapped in cotton in Cutex Cuticle Remover and work carefully around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly, dead cuticle will simply wipe off, leaving a smooth, shapely rim.*



***Then the Nail White.*** *The Cutex Nail White will remove all stains and give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails, directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.*



***Finally the Polish.*** *A jewel-like shine of just the right brightness is obtained by using first the Cutex Paste Polish and then the Powder, and burnishing by brushing the nails lightly across the palm of the hand. Or you can get an equally lovely lustre, instantaneously and without burnishing, by giving them a light coat of Cutex Liquid Polish.*

### *Introductory Set—now only 15c*

Contains samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White and Cutex Powder Polish, and the instantaneous Liquid Polish—enough for six complete manicures, with orange stick and emery board. Fill out coupon and mail it with 15 cents today to Northam Warren, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.





The marvelous new Cutex Liquid Polish

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*Mail this coupon with 15c today*

# ANSWER THIS PUZZLE
# WIN $1,000




## How Many Objects Beginning With "B" Can You Find in This Picture?

**Open to All Everybody Join In**

The picture above contains a number of objects beginning with the letter "B." See how many you can find. There are all sorts of things in the picture that begin with "B"—such as boy, broom, basket, etc. Nothing is hidden; you don't have to turn the picture upside-down or sidewise; all objects are in plain view. You'll be surprised to find how large a list of words you can get after a few minutes study. Sit down NOW and try it—then, send in your list and try for the big prizes offered by the Mayer Company, for the best anawers to thia Picture Puzzle. Fifteen cash prizes will be given for the fifteen best lists of words submitted, in answer to thia puzzle. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of words will be awarded 1at prize; the aecond best, 2nd prize, etc.

**It Costs Nothing to Try**




## A Game for All—Fun for Old or Young

This Prize Winning Offer is another one of our Publicity Campaigns for the purpose of popularizing Mayer's Famous LAYMORE. All can participate in this great Fun-Game, from the tiniest children to Pa and Ma, and even Grandpa and Grandma. It is not a trick puzzle and all objects are clearly shown. You can't help enjoying this Picture Puzzle Game—much more fun than the old-fashioned spelling bee. Your ability to find "B-words" determines the prize you win. It is a test of skill. Skill in ferreting out "B-words." It costs nothing to take part, and you do not have to send in a single order for Laymore to win a prize. If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, you will win $20, but if you would like to win more than $20, we are making some dandy cash prize offers during this Big Advertising and Booster Campaign, whereby you can win bigger cash prizes by sending in an order for our famous Laymore.

**Laymore**
MAKES THE LAZY HEN LAY

This scientific discovery tones up your hens and makes them lay. Thousands of poultry raisers are making more money today than they ever thought possible. The reason is Laymore. We want every one who has chickens to know the benefits to be derived from this wonderful compound. Mayer's Famous Laymore is offered at half price during this big advertising campaign.

5 PACKAGES, $3.00: 15 PACKAGES, $6.00

## THE PRIZES

Winning aoswers will receive prizes as follows:

| | If No LAYMORE is Ordered | If $3 Worth of LAYMORE is Ordered | If $6 Worth of LAYMORE is Ordered |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st Prize | $20.00 | $300.00 | $1,000.00 |
| 2nd Prize | 10.00 | 150.00 | 500.00 |
| 3rd Prize | 5.00 | 75.00 | 250.00 |
| 4th Prize | 5.00 | 50.00 | 125.00 |
| 5th Prize | 5.00 | 30.00 | 75.00 |
| 6th Prize | 3.00 | 20.00 | 50.00 |
| 7th Prize | 3.00 | 15.00 | 40.00 |
| 8th Prize | 3.00 | 10.00 | 30.00 |
| 9th Prize | 2.00 | 10.00 | 20.00 |
| 10th to 15th | 2.00 | 10.00 | 20.00 |

(In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be given)

## OBSERVE THESE RULES

1. Any man, woman, girl or boy living in Canada but residing outside of Weston, Ontario, who is not an employee or relative of an employee of the Mayer Company may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.
2. All answers must be mailed by December 10, 1921.
3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and words numbered consecutively, 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.
4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use compound, hyphenated, or obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural, but where the plural is used the singular can not be counted, and vice versa.
5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. The same object can be named only once; however, any part of the object may also be named.
6. The answer having the largest and nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "B" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.
7. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle, but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.
8. There will be three independent judges, having no connection with the Mayer Company, who will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest, and participants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive. The following well-known people have agreed to act as judges of this unique competition:

Mr. H. V. Tyrrell, General Manager
MacLean Publishing Company, Ltd.
Mr. J. V. McKenzie, Editor
MacLean's Magazine
Mr. J. C. Neale, Associate Editor
Farmers' Magazine

All of the above are residents of Toronto.

9. All answers will receive the same consideration regardless of whether or not an order for Mayer's Laymore is sent in.
10. The announcement of the prize winners and the correct list of words will be printed at the close of the contest and a copy mailed to each person sending in an order for Laymore.

(Extra copies of Puzzle Picture free on request)

## YOU CAN WIN $1,000

HERE'S HOW: If your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, and you have ordered $3 worth of Laymore, you will receive $300 as your prize, instead of $20; second prize, $150; third prize, $75, etc. (See 2nd column in prize list).

Or, if your answer is awarded first prize by the judges, and you have ordered $6 worth of Laymore, you will receive $1,000 as your prize, instead of $20, second prize, $500, third prize, $250, etc. (See 3rd column in prize list).

Although it is not necessary to order Laymore to win a prize, a trial order will convince you that it is the biggest prize after all in the increased egg production it will bring you.

It takes only a $6 order of Laymore for you to qualify your answer for the BIG $1,000 REWARD. Absolutely $6 worth is all. Of course, you can order two or three times this amount at one time, if you care to, but $6 worth is the maximum necessary to qualify your answer for the BIG $1,000 CASH PRIZE.

## MAYER COMPANY
WESTON, ONTARIO, CANADA
(Suburb of Toronto)


"And you?" asked Hortense.

"I have a lot to do....urgent appointments...."

"And you deny yourself the pleasure of bringing the good news?"

"It's one of the pleasures that pall upon one. The only pleasure that never flags is that of the fight itself Afterwards things cease to be intere.ting."

She took his hand for a moment and held it in both her own. She would have liked to express all her admiration to that strange man, who seemed to do good as a sort of game and who did it with something like genius. But she was unable to speak. All these rapid incidents had upset her. Emotion constricted her throat and brought the tears to her eyes.

Renine bowed his head, saying,

"Thank you. I have my reward."

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# The Yellow Streak

*Continued from page 27*

But the office was closed and the place in darkness. I went on to the Junior Pantheon, that's Jeekes' club, but he wasn't in. He hadn't been there all day, the porter told me. So I left a note asking him to ring you up here...."

"The case reeks of blackmail," said Robin thoughtfully, "but I'm wondering how much we shall glean from this precious letter when we do see it. I am glad you asked Jeekes to ring me up, though. He should be able to tell us something about these mysterious letters on the blue paper that used to put Parrish in such a stew—hullo, who can that be?"

An electric bell trilled through the flat. It rang once....twice....and .then a third time, a long, insistent peal.

"See who's there, will you, Bruce?" said Robin.

"Suppose it's the police...." began the boy.

Robin shrugged his shoulders.

"You can say I'm at home and ask them in," he said.

He heard the heavy oaken door swing open, a murmur of voices in the hall. The next moment Detective-Inspector Manderton entered the sitting-room.

### CHAPTER XIX

### Mr. Manderton Lays His Cards on the Table

THE detective's manner had undergone some subtle change which Robin, watching him closely as he came into the room, was quick to note. Mr. Manderton made an effort to retain his old air of rather patronising swagger; but he seemed less sure of himself than was his won't. In fact, he appeared to be a little anxious.

He walked briskly into the sitting-room and looked quickly from Bruce to Robin.

"Mr. Greve," he said, "you can help me if you will by answering a few questions...."

With another glance at Bruce Wright he added:

".....in private."

Bruce, obedient to a sign from Robin, said he would ring up in the morning and prepared to take his leave. Robin turned to the detective.

"There are some of your men, I believe," he said coldly, "watching this house. Would it be asking too much to request that my friend here might be permitted to return home unescorted?"

"He needn't worry," replied Manderton with a significant smile; "there's no one outside now...."

They watched Bruce Wright pass into the hall and collect his hat and coat. As the front door slammed behind him the detective added:

"I took 'em off myself soon after seven o'clock!"

"Why?" asked Robin bluntly.

Mr. Manderton dropped his heavy form into a chair.

"I'm a plain man, Mr. Greve," he said, "and I'm not above owning to it, I hope, when I'm wrong. For some little time now it has struck me that our lines of investigation run parallel...."

"Instead of crossing!"

"Instead of crossing—exactly!"

"It's a pity you did not grasp that very obvious fact earlier," observed Robin pointedly.

Mr. Manderton crossed one leg over the



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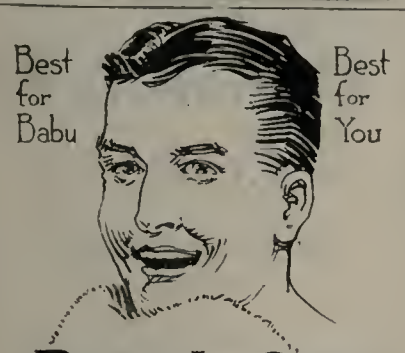
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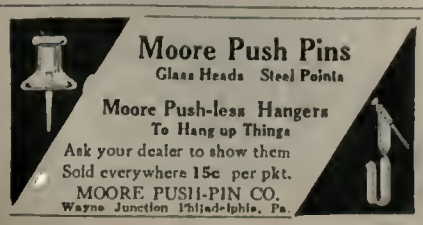
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other and, his finger-tips pressed together, looked at Robin.

"Will you help me?" he asked simply.

"Do you want my help?"

Mr. Manderton nodded.

"Allies then?"

"Allies it is!"

Robin pointed to the table.

"It's dry work talking," he said. "Won't you take a drink?"

"Thanks, I don't drink. But I'll have a cigar if I may. Thank you!"

THE DETECTIVE helped himself to a cheroot from a box on the table and lit up. Then, affecting to scan the end of his cigar with great attention, he asked abruptly:

"What do you know of the woman calling herself Madame de Malpas?"

Robin pursed up his lips rather disdainfully.

"One of the late Mr. Parrish's lady friends," he replied. "I expect you know that!"

"Do you know where she lives?" pursued the detective, ignoring the implied question.

"She's dead."

A flicker of interest appeared for an instant in Mr. Manderton's keen eyes.

"You're sure of that?"

"Certainly," answered Robin.

"Who told you?"

"Le Hagen—the solicitor, you know. He acted for this Malpas woman on one or two occasions."

"When did she die?"

"Six or seven months ago...."

"Did Jeekes know about it?"

"Jeekes? Do you mean Parrish's secretary? It's funny your asking that. As a matter of fact it was through Jeekes that I heard the lady was dead. I was in Le Hagen's office one day when Jeekes came in and Le Hagen told me Jeekes had come to pay in a cheque for the cost of the funeral and the transport of the body to France."

"This was six or seven months ago, you say? I take it, then, that any allowance that Parrish was in the habit of making to this woman has ceased?"

"I tell you the lady is dead!"

"Then what would you say if I informed you that Mr. Jeekes had declared that these payments were still going on...."

Robin shrugged his shoulders.

"I should say he was lying...."

"I agree. But why?"

"Whom did he tell this to?"

"Miss Trevert!"

"Miss Trevert?"

Robin repeated the name in amazement.

"I don't understand," he said. "Why on earth should Jeekes blacken his employer's character to Miss Trevert? What conceivable motive could he have had? Did she tell you this?"

"No," said Manderton. "I heard him tell her myself."

"DO YOU mean to tell me," persisted Robin, growing more and more puzzled, "that Jeekes told Miss Trevert this offensive and deliberate lie in your presence!"

"Well," remarked Mr. Manderton slowly, "I don't know about his saying this in my presence exactly. But I heard him tell her for all that. Walls have ears you know—particularly if the door is ajar!"

He looked shrewdly at Robin, then dropped his eyes to the floor.

"He also told her that Le Hagen and you were in business relations...."

Robin sat up at this.

"Ah!" he said shortly. "I see what you're getting at now. Our friend has been trying to set Miss Trevert against me eh? But why? I don't even know this man Jeekes except to have nodded 'Good morning' to him a few times. Why on earth should he of all men go out of his way to slander me to Miss Trevert, to throw suspicion...."

He broke off short and looked at the detective.

Mr. Manderton caressed his big black moustache.

"Yes," he repeated suavely, "you were saying 'to cast suspicion'...."

The eyes of the two men met. Then the detective leaned back in his chair and blowing a cloud of smoke from his lips, said:

"Mr. Greve, you've been thinking ahead of me on this case. What you've told me so far I've checked. And you're right. Dead right. And since you're, in a manner of speaking, one of the parties interested in getting things cleared up, I'd like you to tell me just simply what idea you've formed about it...."

"Gladly," answered the barrister. "And to start with let me tell you that the case stinks of blackmail...."

"Steady on," interposed the detective. "I thought so, too, at first. I've been into all that. Mr. Parrish made a clean break with the last of his lady friends about two months since; and, as far as our investigations go, there has been no blackmail in connection with any of his women pals. Vine Street knew all about Master Parrish. There were complaints about some of his little parties up in town. But I don't believe there's a woman in this case...."

"I didn't say there was," retorted Robin. "The blackmail is probably being levied from Holland. A threat of violence was finally carried into effect on Saturday evening between 5 and 5.15 p.m. by someone conversant with the lie of the land at Harkings. This individual, armed with an automatic Browning of the same calibre as Mr. Parrish's, shot at Parrish through the open window of the library and killed him—probably in self-defence, after Parrish had had a shot at him....."

"STEADY there, whoa!" said Mr. Manderton in a jocular way clearly expressive of his incredulity, "there was only one shot...."

"There were *two*," was Robin's dispassionate reply. "Though maybe only one was heard. Parrish had a Maxim silencer on his gun....."

Mr. Manderton was now thoroughly alert.

"How did you find that out?" he asked.

"Jay, Parrish's man, came forward and volunteered this evidence....."

"He said nothing about it when I questioned him," grumbled the detective.

Robin laughed.

"You're a terror to the confirmed criminal, they tell me, Manderton," he said, "but you obviously don't understand that complicated mechanism known as the domestic servant. No servant at Harkings will voluntarily tell *you* anything.."

Mr. Manderton, who had stood up, shook his big frame impatiently.

"Explain the rest of your theories," he said harshly. "What's all this about blackmail being levied from Holland?"

Then Robin Greve told him of the letters written on the slatey-blue paper and of their effect upon Parrish and of the letter headed "Elias van der Spyck & Co., General Importers, Rotterdam" which had lain on the desk in the library when Parrish's dead body had been found.

Manderton nodded gloomily.

"It was there right enough," he remarked. "I saw it. A letter about steel shipments and the dockers' strike, wasn't it? As there seemed nothing to it, I left it with the other papers for Jeekes, the Secretary chap. But what evidence is there that this was blackmail?"

"This," said Robin, and showed the detective the sheet of blue paper with its series of slits. "Manderton," he said, "these letters written on this blue paper were in code, I feel sure. Why should not this be the key? You see it bears a date. Nov. 25. May it not refer to that letter? I found it by Parrish's body on the carpet in the library. I would have given it to you at Harkings but I shoved it in my pocket and forgot all about it until I was in the train coming up to town this morning."

MR. MANDERTON took the sheet of paper, turned it over and held it up to the light. Then, without comment, he put it away in the pocket of his jacket.

"If Parrish killed himself," Robin went on earnestly, "that letter drove him to it. If, on the other hand, he was murdered, may not that letter have contained a warning?"

"I should prefer to suspend judgment until we've seen the letter, Mr. Greve," said the detective bluntly, "we must get it from Jeekes. In the meantime, what makes you think that the murderer (to follow up your theory) was conversant with the lay of the land at Harkings?"

"Because," answered Robin, "the murderer left no tracks on the grass or flower-beds. He stuck to the hard gravel path throughout. That path, which runs from the drive through the Rosary to the gravel path round the house just under the library window, is precious hard




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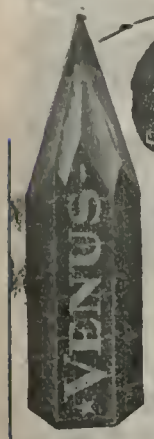
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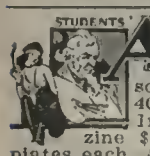
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to find in the dark especially where it leaves the drive as at the outset it is a mere thread between the rhododendron bushes. And, as I know from experience, unless you are acquainted with the turns in the path, it is very easy to get off it in the dark, especially in the rosary, and go blundering onto the flower-beds. And I'll tell you something else about the murderer. He—or she—was of small stature—not much above five foot six in height. The upward diagonal course of the bullet through Parrish's heart shows that...."

Mr. Manderton shook his head dubiously.

"Very ingenious," he commented. "But you go rather fast, Mr. Greve. We must test your theory link by link. There may be an explanation for Jeekes' apparently inexplicable lie to the young lady. Let's see him and hear what he says. The grounds at Harkings must be searched for this second bullet, if second bullet there is, the mark on the tree examined by an expert. And since two bullets argue two pistols in this case, let us see what result we get from our enquiries as to where Mr. Parrish bought his pistol. He may have had two pistols..."

"If Parrish used a silencer," remarked Robin, quite undisconcerted by the other's lack of enthusiasm, "and my theory that two shots were fired is correct, there must have been two reports, a loud one and a muffled one. Miss Trevert heard one report, as we know. Did she hear a second?"

"She said nothing about it," remarked the detective.

"She was probably asked nothing about it. But we can get this point cleared up at once. There's the telephone. Ring up Harkings and ask her now."

"Why not?" said Mr. Manderton and moved to the telephone.

THERE is little delay on the long-distance lines on a Sunday evening and the call to Harkings came through almost at once. Bude answered the telephone at Harkings. Manderton asked for Miss Trevert. The butler replied that Miss Trevert was no longer at Harkings. She had gone to the Continent for a few days.

This plain statement, retailed in the fortissimo voice which Bude reserved for use on the telephone, produced a remarkable effect on the detective. He grew red in the face.

"What's that?" he cried assertively. "Gone to the Continent? I should have been told about this. Why wasn't I informed? What part of the Continent has she gone to?"

Mr. Manderton's questions, rapped out with a rasping vigour that recalled a machine-gun firing, brought Robin to his feet in an instant. He crossed over to the desk on which the telephone stood.

Manderton placed one big palm over the transmitter and turned to Robin.

"She's gone to the Continent and left no address," he said quickly.

"Ask him if Lady Margaret is there," suggested Robin.

Mr. Manderton spoke into the telephone again. Lady Margaret had gone to bed, Bude answered, and her ladyship was much put out by Miss Trevert gallivanting off like that by herself with only a scribbled note left to say that she had gone.

Had Bude got the note?

No, Mr. Manderton, Sir, he had not. But Lady Margaret had shown it to him. It had simply stated that Miss Trevert had gone off to the Continent and would be back in a few days.

Again the detective turned to Robin at his elbow.

"These country bumpkins!" he said savagely. "I must go to the Yard and get Humphries on the 'phone. He may have telegraphed me about it. You stay here and I'll ring you later if there's any news. What do you make of it, Mr. Greve?"

"It beats me," was Robin's rueful comment. 'And what about the inquest? It's for Tuesday, isn't it? Miss Trevert will have to give evidence, I take it?.."

"Oh," said Mr. Manderton, picking up his hat and speaking in an offhand way, "I am getting *that* adjourned for a week!"

"The inquest adjourned! Why?"

THERE was a twinkle in the detective's eye as he replied: "I thought, maybe, I might get further evidence...."

Robin caught the expression and smiled.

"And when did you come to this decision, may I ask?"

"After our little experiment in the garden this morning," was the detectives' prompt reply.

Robin looked at him fixedly.

"But, see here," he said, "apparently it was to the deductions you formed from the result of that experiment that I owe the attentions of your colleagues who have been hanging round the house all day. And yet you now come to me and invite my assistance. Mr. Manderton, I don't get it at all!"

"Mr. Greve," replied the detective, "Miss Trevert tried to shield you. That made me suspicious. You tried to force my investigations into an entirely new path. That deepened my suspicions. I believed it to be my duty to ascertain your movements after leaving Harkings. But then I heard Jeekes make an apparently gratuitously false statement to Miss Trevert with an implication against you. That, to some extent, cleared you in my eyes. I say 'to some extent' because I will not deny that I thought I might be taking a risk in coming to you like this. You see I am frank!...."

The smile had left Greve's face and he looked rather grim.

"You're pretty deep, aren't you?" was his brief comment.

## CHAPTER XX

### The Code King

MAJOR EUAN MACTAVISH was packing. A heavy and well-worn leather portmanteau, much adorned with foreign luggage labels, stood in the centre of the floor. From a litter of objects piled up on a side table the Major was transferring to it various brown paper packages which he checked by a list in his hand.

The Major always packed for himself. He packed with the neatness and rapidity derived from long experience of travel. As a matter of fact he could not afford a man servant any more than he could allow himself quarters more luxurious than the rather grimy bedroom in Bury Street which housed him during his transient appearances in town. The remuneration doled out by the Foreign Office to the quiet and unobtrusive gentlemen known as King's Messengers is, in point of fact, out of all proportion to the prestige and glamour surrounding the silver greyhound badge, an example of which was tucked away in a pocket of the Major's blue serge jacket hanging over the back of a chair.

"Let's see," said the Major addressing a large brown-paper covered package standing in the corner of the room, "you're the bird-cage for Lady Sylvia at The Hague. Two pounds of candles for Mrs. Harry Deepdale at Berlin: the razor-blades for Sir Archibald at Prague: the Teddy bear for Marjorie: polo-balls for the Hussars at Constantinople—there! I think that's the lot! Hullo, hullo, who the devil's that?"

With a groaning of wires a jangling bell tinkled through the hall (the Major's bedroom was on the ground floor.) Sims, the aged ex-butler, who, with his wife, 'did for' his lodgers in more ways than one, was out and the single servant maid had her Sunday off. Euan MacTavish glanced at his wrist-watch. It showed the hour to be ten minutes past nine. A flowered silk smoking coat over his evening clothes and a briar pipe in his mouth he went out into the hall and opened the front door.

It was a drenching night. The lamps from a taxi which throbbed dully in the street outside the house threw a gleaming band of light on the shining pavement. At the door stood a taxi driver.

"There's a lady asking for Major MacTavish," he said, pointing at the cab. The Major stepped across to the cab and opened the door.

"Oh, Euan," said a girl's voice, "how lucky I am to catch you!"

"Why, Mary," exclaimed the Major, "what on earth brings you round to me on a night like this? I only came up from the country this afternoon and I'm off for Constantinople in the morning!"

"Euan," said Mary Trevert, "I want to talk to you. Where can we talk?"

The Major raised his eyebrows. He was a little man with grizzled hair and finely cut, rather sharp features.

"Well," he remarked, "there's not a soul in the house and I've only got a bedroom here. Though we're cousins, Mary,

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Zoe Beckley
Fergus Kyle

my dear, I don't know that you ought to ....."

"You're a silly old-fashioned old dear," exclaimed the girl, "and I'm coming in. No, I'll keep the cab. We shall want it!"

"All right," snid the Major helping her to alight. "I tell you what. We'll go into Harry Prankhurst's sitting-room. He's away for the week-end anyway!"

HE TOOK Mary Trevert into a room off the hall and switched on the electric light. Then for the first time he saw how pale she looked.

"My dear," he said, "I know what an awful shock you've had...."

"You've heard about it?"

"I saw it in the Sunday papers. I was going to write to you."

"Euan," the girl began in a nervous hasty way, "I have to go to Holland at once. There is not a moment to lose. I want you to help me get my passport viséd."

"But my dear girl," exclaimed the Major nghast, "you can't go to Holland like this nlone. Does your mother know about it?"

The girl shook her head.

"It's no good trying to stop me, Euan," she declared. "I mean to go anyway. As a matter of fact Mother doesn't know. I merely left word that I had gone to the Continent for a few days. Nobody knows about Holland except you, and if you won't help me I suppose I shall have to go to Harry Tadworth at the Foreign Office. I came to you first because he's always so stuffy...."

Euan MacTavish pushed the girl into a chair and gave her a cigarette. He lit it for her and took one himself. His pipe had vanished into his pocket.

"Of course I'll help you," he said. "Now tell me all about it!"

"Before....this happened I'd promised Hartley Parrish to marry him," began the girl. "The doctors say his nerves were wrong. I don't believe a word of it. He was full of the joy of life. He was very fond of me. He was always talking of what we should do when we were married. He never would have killed himself without some tremendously powerful motive. Even then I can't believe it possible...."

She made a little nervous gesture.

"After he....did it," she went on, "I found this letter on his desk. It came to him from Holland. I mean to see the people who wrote it and discover if they can throw any light on....on.... the affair...."

She had taken from her muff a letter folded in four, written on paper of a curious dark slatey-blue colour.

"Won't you show me the letter?"

"You promise to say nothing about it to anyone?"

He nodded. "Of course."

WITHOUT a word the girl gave the letter. With slow deliberation he unfolded it. The letter was typewritten and headed:

"Elias van der Spyck & Co. General Importers, Rotterdam."

This was the letter:—

"ELIAS VAN DER SPYCK & CO.
"GENERAL IMPORTERS
"ROTTERDAM
"Codes
"A.B.C. Rotterdam,
"Liebler's 25 Nov.
"Personal.
"Dear Mr. Parrish,

"Your favour of even date to hand "and contents noted. The last delivery "of steel was to time but we have had "warning from the railway authorities "that labor troubles at the docks are like-"ly to delay future consignments. If you "don't mind we should prefer to settle the "question of future delivery by Nov. "27. as we have a board meeting on the "30th inst. While we fully appreciate "your own difficulties with labour at "home, you will understand that this is a "question which we cannot afford to "adjourn *sine die*.

Yours faithfully
pro ELIAS VAN DER SPYCK & CO."

The signature was illegible.

Euan MacTavish folded the letter again and handed it back to Mary.

"That doesn't take me any farther," he said. "What do the police think of it?"

"They haven't seen it," was the girl's reply. "I took it without them knowing. I mean to make my own investigations about this...."

"But my dear Mary," exclaimed the little Major in a shocked voice, "you can't do things that way. Don't you see you may be hindering the course of justice? The police may attach the greatest importance to this letter...."

"You're quite right," retorted the girl, "they do!"

"Then why have you kept it from them?'

Mary Trevert dropped her eyes and a little band of crimson flushed into her cheeks.

"Because," she commenced, "because....well, because they are trying to implicate a friend of mine...."

The Major took the girl's hand.

"Mary," he said, "I've known you all your life. I've knocked about a good bit and know something of the world, I believe. Suppose you tell me all about it...."

Mary Trevert hesitated. Then she said, her hands nervously toying with her muff:

"We believe that Robin Greve—you know whom I mean—had a conversation with Hartley just before he....he shot himself. That very afternoon Robin had asked me to marry him but I told him about my engagement. He said some awful things about Hartley and rushed away. Ten minutes later Hartley Parrish committed suicide. And there *was* someone talking to him in the library. Bude, the butler, heard the voices. This afternoon I went down to the library alone....to see if I could discover anything likely to throw any light on poor Hartley's death. This was the only letter I could find. It was tucked away between two letter-trays. One tray fitted into the other and this letter had slipped between. It seems to have been overlooked both by Mr. Parrish's secretary and the police...."

"But I confess," argued the Major, "that I don't see how this letter, which appears to be a very ordinary business communication, implicates anybody at all. Why shouldn't the police see it?.."

"Because," said Mary, "directly after discovering it I found Bruce Wright, who used to be one of Mr. Parrish's private secretaries, hiding behind the curtains in the library. Now Bruce Wright is a great friend of Robin Greve's and I immediately suspected that Robin had sent him to Harkings particularly as...."

"As what?...."

"As he practically admitted to me that he had come for a letter written on slatey-blue official looking paper."

The girl held up the letter from Rotterdam.

"All this," the girl continued, "made me think that this letter must have had something to do with Hartley's death.."

"Surely an additional reason for giving it to the police!...."

Mary Trevert set her mouth in an obstinate line.

"No!" she affirmed uncompromisingly. "The police believe that, as the result of a scene between Hartley and Robin, Hartley killed himself. Until I've found out for certain whether this letter implicates Robin or not I shan't give it to the police."

"But, if Greve really had nothing to do with this shocking tragedy, the police can very easily clear him. Surely they are the best judges of his guilt...."

AGAIN a touch of warm colour suffused the girl's cheeks. Euan MacTavish remarked it and looked at her wistfully.

"Well, well," he observed gently, "perhaps they're not after all!"

The girl looked up at him.

"Euan, dear," she said impulsively, "I knew you'd understand. Robin and Hartley may have had a row but it was nothing worse. Robin is incapable of having threatened—blackmailed—Hartley, as the police seem to imagine. I am greatly upset by it all. I can't see things clear at all: but I'm determined not to give the police a weapon like this to use against Robin until I know whether it is sharp or blunt, until I have found out what bearing, if any, this letter had on Hartley Parrish's death...."

Euan MacTavish leant back in his chair and said nothing. He finished his cigarette, pitched the butt into the fender and turned to Mary. He asked her to let him see the letter again. Once more he read it over. Then, handing it back to her, he said,—


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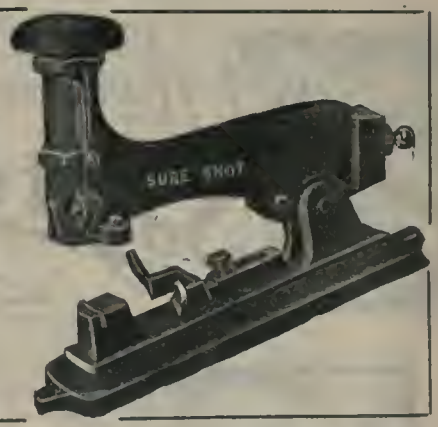
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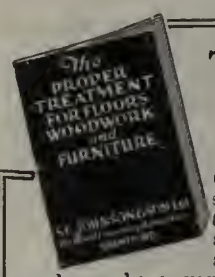
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"It's all so simple-looking that there may well be something behind it. But, if you do go to Holland, how are you going to set about your enquiries?"

"That's where you can help me, Euan dear," answered the girl. "I want to find somebody at Rotterdam who will help me to make some confidential enquiries about this firm? Do you know anyone? An Englishman would be best, of course...."

But Euan MacTavish was halfway to the door.

"Wait there," he commanded, "till I telephone the one man in the world who can help us."

He vanished into the hall where Mary heard him at the instrument.

"We are going round to the Albany," he said, "to see my friend, Ernest Dulkinghorn, of the War Office. He can help us if anyone can. But, Mary, you must promise me one thing before we go....you must agree to do what old Ernest tells you. You needn't be afraid. He is the most unconventional of men, capable of even approving this madcap scheme of yours!"

"I agree," said Mary, "but how you waste time, Euan! We could have been at the Albany by this time!"

In a first-floor oak-panelled suite at the Albany overlooking the covered walk that runs from Piccadilly to Burlington Gardens, they found an excessively fair, loose-limbed man whose air of rather helpless timidity was heightened by a pair of large tortoiseshell spectacles. He appeared excessively embarrassed at the sight of MacTavish's extremely good-looking companion.

"You never told me you were bringing a lady, Euan," he said, reproachfully, "or I should have attempted to have made myself more presentable."

HE looked down at his old flannel suit and made an apologetic gesture which took in the table littered with books and papers and the sofa on which lay a number of heavy tomes with marked slips sticking out between the pages.

"I am working at a code," he explained.

"Ernest here," said MacTavish, turning to Mary, "is the code king. Your pals in the Intelligence tell me, Ernest, that you've never been beaten by a code."

The fair man laughed nervously.

"They've been pulling your leg, Euan," he said.

"Don't you believe him, Mary," retorted her cousin. "This is the man who probably did more than any one man to beat the Boche. Whenever the brother Hun changed his code, Brother Ernest was called in and he produced a key in one, two, three!"

"What rot you talk, Euan!" said Dulkinghorn. "Working out a code is a combination of mathematics, perseverance and inspiration with a good slice of luck thrown in! But isn't Miss Trevert going to sit down?"

He cleared the sofa with a sweep of his arm which sent the books flying on to the floor.

"Ernest," said MacTavish, "I want you to give Miss Trevert here a letter to some reliable fellow in Rotterdam who can assist her in making a few enquiries of a very delicate nature!"

"What sort of enquiries?" asked Dulkinghorn bluntly.

"About a firm called Elias van der Spyck," replied Euan.

"Of Rotterdam?" enquired the other sharply.

"That's right! Do you know them?"

"I've heard the name. They do a big business. But hadn't Miss Trevert better tell her story herself?"

MARY told him of the death of Hartley Parrish and of the letter she had found upon his desk. She said nothing of the part played by Robin Greve.

"Humph!" said Dulkinghorn. "You think it might be blackmail, eh? Well, well, it might be. Have you got this letter about you? Hand it over and let's have a look at it".

His nervous manner had vanished. His face seemed to take on a much keener expression. He took the letter from Mary and read it through. Then he crossed the room to a wall cupboard which he unlocked with a key on a chain, produced a small tray on which stood a number of small bottles, some paintbrushes and pens and several little open dishes such as are used for developing photographs. He bore the tray to the table, cleared a space on a corner by knocking a pile of books and papers on the floor and set it down.

"Just poke the fire!" he said to Euan

From a drawer in the table he produced a board on which he pinned down the letter with a drawing-pin at each corner Then he dipped a paint brush into one of the bottles and carefully painted the whole surface of the sheet with some invisible fluid.

"So!" he said, "we'll leave that to dry and see if we can find out any little secrets, eh? That little tray'll do the trick if there's any monkey business to this letter of yours, Miss Trevert. That'll do the trick, eh, what?"

He paced the room as he talked, not waiting for an answer but running on as though he were soliloquising. Presently he turned and swooped down on the board.

"Nothing," he ejaculated. "Now for the acids!"

With a little piece of sponge he carefully wiped the surface of the letter and painted it again with a substance from another bottle.

"Just hold that to the fire, would you, Euan?" he said, and gave MacTavish the board. He resumed his pacing but this time he hummed in the most unmelodious voice imaginable:

"She was bright as a butterfly, as fair as a queen
"Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green."

"It's dry!"

MacTavish's voice broke in upon the pacing and the discordant song.

"Well?"

Dulkinghorn snapped out the question.

"No result!" said Euan. He handed him the board.

Dulkinghorn cast a glance at it, swiftly removed the letter, held it for an instant to the electric light, fingered the paper for a moment and handed the letter back to Mary.

"If it's code," he said, "it's a conventional code, and that always beats the expert.....at first. Go to Rotterdam and call on my friend, Mr. William Schulz. I'll give you a letter for him and he'll place himself entirely at your disposal. Euan will take you over. Holland is on your beat, ain't it, Euan? When do you go next?"

"Tomorrow," said the King's Messenger. "The boat train leaves Liverpool Street at ten o'clock."

"You'll want a passport," said Dulkinghorn, turning to the girl. "You've got it there? Good. Leave it with me. You shall have it back properly vised by 9 o'clock tomorrow morning. Where are you stayin'? Almond's Hotel. Good. I'll send the letter for Mr. William Schulz with it!"

"But," Euan interjected mildly, after making several ineffectual efforts to stem the torrent of speech, "do you really think that Miss Trevert will be well advised to risk this trip to Holland alone? Hadn't the police better take the matter in hand?"

"Police be damned!" replied Dulkinghorn heartily. "Miss Trevert will be better than a dozen heavy-handed, heavy-footed plain clothes men. When you get to Rotterdam, Miss Trevert, you trot along and call on William Schulz. He'll see you through."

THEN, to indicate without any possibility of misunderstanding, that his work had been interrupted long enough, Dulkinghorn got up and, opening the sitting-room door, led the way into the hall. As he stood with his hand on the latch of the front door Mary Trevert asked him,

"Is this Mr. Schulz an Englishman?"

"I'll let you into a secret," answered Dulkinghorn, "he *was*. But he isn't now! No, no, I can't say anything more. You must work it out for yourself. But I will give you a piece of advice. The less you say about Mr. William Schulz and about your private affairs generally when you are on the other side, the better it will be for you! Good night—and good luck!"

Euan MacTavish escorted Mary to Almond's Hotel.

"I'm very much afraid," he said to her as they walked along, "that you're butting that pretty head of yours into a wasps' nest, Mary!"

"Nonsense!" retorted the girl decisively. "I can take care of myself!"

"If I consent to let you go off like this," said Euan, "it is only on one condition....

you must tell Lady Margaret where you are going....."

"That'll spoil everything," answered Mary pouting, "Mother will want to come with me!"

"No, she won't," urged her cousin, "not if I tell her. She'll worry herself to death, Mary, if she doesn't know what has become of you. You'd better let me ring her up from the club and tell her you're running over to Rotterdam for a few days. Look here, I'll tell her you're going with me. She'll be perfectly happy if she thinks I'm to be with you...."

On that Mary surrendered.

"Have it your own way, "she said.

"I'll pick you up here at a quarter past nine in the morning," said Euan as he bade the girl good-night at her hotel, "then we'll run down to the F.O. and collect my bags and go on to the station!"

"Euan," the girl asked as she gave him her hand, "who is this man Schulz, do you think?"

The King's Messenger leant over and whispered:

"Secret Service!"

"Secret Service!"

The girl repeated the words in a hushed voice.

"Then Mr. Dulkinghorn....is he.... that....too?"

Euan nodded shortly.

"One of their leadin' lights!" he answered.

"But, Euan,"—the girl was very serious now—"what has the secret service to do with Hartley Parrish's clients in Holland?"

The King's Messenger laid a lean finger along his nose.

"Ah!" he said, "what? That's what is beginning to interest me!"

*To be Continued*

## Mostly Sally

*Continued from page 23*

Donald was fine. And he's not easy to please, as you know."

"How is Mr. Faucitt?"

Mrs. Meecher, not unwillingly, for she was a woman who enjoyed the tragedies of life, made her second essay in the direction of lowering Sally's uplifted mood.

"Poor old gentleman, he ain't over and above well. Went to bed early last night with a headache, and this morning I been to see him and he *don't* look well. There's a lot of this Spanish influenza about. It might be that. Lots o' people been dying of it, if you believe what you see in the papers," said Mrs. Meecher buoyantly.

"Good gracious! You don't think—"

"Well, he ain't turned black," admitted Mrs. Meecher with regret. "They say they turn black. If you believe what you see in the papers, that is. Of course that may come later," she added with the air of one confident that all will come right in the future. "The doctor'll be in to see him pretty soon. He's quite happy. Toto's sitting with him."

"I must go up and see him," cried Sally. "Poor old dear!"

"Sure. You know his room. You can hear Toto talking to him now," said Mrs. Meecher complacently. "He wants a cracker, that's what he wants. Toto likes a cracker after breakfast."

THE invalid's eyes, as Sally entered the room, turned wearily to the door.

"Sally!"

"I've only just arrived in my hired barouche from the pier."

"And you came to see your old friend without delay? I am grateful and flattered, Sally, my dear."

"Of course I came to see you. Do you suppose that, when Mrs. Meecher told me you were sick, I just said 'Is that so?' and went on talking about the weather? Well, what do you mean by it? Frightening everybody. Poor old darling, do you feel very bad?"

"One thousand individual mice are nibbling the base of my spine, and I am conscious of a constant need of cooling refreshment. But what of that? Your presence is a tonic. Tell me, how did our Sally enjoy foreign travel?"

"Our Sally had the time of her life."

"Did you visit England?"

"Only passing through."

"How did it look?" asked Mr. Faucitt eagerly.


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"Moist. Very moist."

"It would," said Mr. Faucitt, indulgently. "I confess that, happy as I have been in this country, there are times when I miss those wonderful London days when a sort of cozy brown mist hangs over the streets and the pavements ooze with a perspiration of mud and water, and you see through the haze the yellow glow of the Bodega lamps shining in the distance like harbor lights. Not," said Mr. Faucitt, "that I specify the Bodega to the exclusion of other and equally worthy hostelries. I have passed just as pleasant hours in Rule's and Short's. You missed something by not lingering in England, Sally."

"I know I did—pneumonia."

MR. FAUCITT shook his head reproachfully. "You are prejudiced, my dear. You would have enjoyed London if you had had the courage to brave its superficial gloom. Where did you spend your holiday? Paris?"

"Part of the time. And the rest of the while I was down by the sea. It was glorious. I don't think I would ever have come back if I hadn't had to. But, of course, I wanted to see you all again. And I wanted to be at the opening of Mr. Foster's play. Mrs. Meecher tells me you went to one of the rehearsals."

"I attended a dog fight which I was informed was a rehearsal," said Mr. Faucitt severely. "There is no rehearsing nowadays."

"Oh, dear! Was it as bad as all that?"

"The play is good. The play—I will go further—is excellent. It has fat. But the acting!...."

"Mrs. Meecher said you told her that Elsa was good."

"Our worthy hostess did not misreport me. Miss Doland has great possibilities. She reminds me somewhat of Matilda Devine, under whose banner I played a season at the old Royalty in London many years ago. She has the seeds of greatness in her, but she is wasted in the present case on an insignificant part. There is only one part in the play. I allude to the one murdered by Miss Mabel Hobson."

"Murdered!" Sally's heart sank. She had been afraid of this, and it was no satisfaction to feel that she had warned Gerald. "Is she very terrible?"

"She has the face of an angel and the histrionic ability of that curious suet pudding which our estimable Mrs. Meecher is apt to give us on Fridays."

"Oh, poor Ger—poor Mr. Foster!"

"I do not share your commiseration for that young man," said Mr. Faucitt austerely. "You probably are almost a stranger to him, but he and I have been thrown together a good deal of late. A young man upon whom, mark my words, success, if it ever comes, will have the worst effects. I dislike him, Sally. He is, I think, without exception the most selfish and self-centered young man of my acquaintance. He reminds me very much of old Billy Fothergill, with whom I toured a good deal in the later eighties. Did I ever tell you the story of Billy and the amateur who—"

Sally was in no mood to listen to the adventure of Mr. Fothergill. The old man's innocent criticism of Gerald had stabbed her deeply. A momentary impulse to speak hotly in his defense died away as she saw Mr. Faucitt's pale, worn old face. He had meant no harm, after all. How could he know what Gerald was to her?

SHE changed the conversation abruptly. "Have you seen anything of Fillmore while I've been away?"

"Fillmore? Why yes, my dear, curiously enough I happened to run into him on Broadway only a few days ago. He seemed changed—less stiff and aloof than he had been for some time past. I may be wronging him, but there have been times of late when one might almost have fancied him a trifle upstage. All that was done at our last encounter. He appeared glad to see me and was most cordial."

Sally found her composure restored. Her lecture on the night of the party had evidently, she thought, not been wasted. Mr. Faucitt, however, advanced another theory to account for the change in the Man of Destiny.

"I rather fancy," he said, "that the softening influence has been the young man's fiancée."

"What! Fillmore's not engaged?"

"Did he not write and tell you? I suppose he was waiting to inform you when you returned. Yes, Fillmore is betrothed. The lady was with him when we met. A Miss Winch. In the profession, I understand. He introduced me. A very charming and sensible young lady I thought."

Sally shook her head: "She can't be. Fillmore would never have got engaged to anyone like that. Was her hair crimson?"

"Brown, if I recollect rightly."

"Very loud, I suppose, and over-dressed?"

"On the contrary, neat and quiet."

"You've made a mistake," said Sally decidedly. "She can't have been like that. I shall have to look into this. It does seem hard that I can't go away for a few weeks without all my friends taking to beds of sickness and all my brothers getting ensnared by vampires."

IT WAS not till the following Friday that Sally was able to start for Detroit. She arrived on the Saturday morning and drove to the Hotel Statler. Having ascertained that Gerald was stopping in the hotel and having phoned up to his room to tell him to join her, she went into the dining room and ordered breakfast.

She was pouring out her second cup of coffee when a stout young man of whom she had caught a glimpse as he moved about that section of the hotel lobby which was visible through the open door of the dining room, came in and stood peering about as though in search of someone. The momentary sight she had had of this young man had interested Sally. She had thought how extraordinarily like he was to her brother Fillmore. Now she perceived that it was Fillmore himself.

"Why, Sally!" His manner, she thought, was nervous—one might almost have said embarrassed. She attributed this to a guilty conscience. Presently he would have to break to her the news that he had become engaged to be married without her sisterly sanction, and no doubt he was wondering how to begin. "What are you doing here? I thought you were in Europe."

"I got back a week ago, but I've been nursing poor old Mr. Faucitt ever since then. He's been ill, poor old dear. I've come here to see Mr. Foster's play. 'The Primrose Way,' you know. Is it a success?"

"It hasn't opened yet."

"Don't be silly, Fill. Do pull yourself together. It opened last Monday."

"No, it didn't. Haven't you heard? They've closed all the theatres because of this infernal Spanish influenza. Nothing has been playing this week. You must have seen it in the papers."

"I haven't had time to read the papers. Oh, Fill, what an awful shame!"

"Yes, it's pretty tough. Makes the company all on edge. I've had the darndest time, I can tell you."

"Why, what have you got to do with it?"

FILLMORE coughed. "I —er—oh, I didn't tell you that. I'm sort of—er—mixed up in the show. Cracknell—you remember he was at college with me—suggested that I should come down and look at it. I shouldn't wonder if he wants me to put money into it, and so on."

"I thought he had all the money in the world."

"Yes, he has a lot, but these fellows like to let a pal in on a good thing."

"Is it a good thing?"

"The play's fine."

"That's what Mr. Faucitt said. But Mabel Hobson!...."

Fillmore's ample face registered emotion.

"She's an awful woman, Sally! She can't act, and she throws her weight about all the time. The other day there was a fuss about a paper knife—"

"How do you mean, a fuss about a paper knife?"

"One of the props, you know. It got mislaid. I'm certain it wasn't my fault—"

"How could it have been your fault?" asked Sally wonderingly. Love seemed to have had the worst effect on Fillmore's mentality.

"Well—er—you know how it is. Angry woman—blames the first person she sees.. This paper knife...."

Fillmore's voice trailed off into pained silence.

"Mr. Faucitt said Elsa Doland was good."

"Oh, she's all right," said Fillmore indifferently. "But"—his face brightened and animation crept into his voice—"but the girl you want to watch is Miss Winch. Gladys Winch. She plays the maid! She's only on in the first act, and hasn't much to say except 'Did you ring, madam?' and things like that. But it's the way she says 'em. Sally, that girl's a genius! The greatest character actress in a dozen years! You mark my words, in a darned little while you'll see her name up on Broadway in electric lights. Personality? Ask me! Charm? She wrote the words and music! Looks?"

"All right! All right! I know all about it, Fill. And will you kindly inform me how you dared to get engaged without consulting me?"

Fillmore blushed richly. "Oh, do you know?"

"Yes. Mr. Faucitt told me."

"Well—"

"Well?"

"Well, I'm only human," argued Fillmore.

"I call that a very handsome admission. You've got quite modest, Fill."

He had certainly changed for the better since their last meeting. It was as if some one had punctured him and let out all the pomposity. If this was due, as Mr. Faucitt had suggested, to the influence of Miss Winch, Sally felt she could not but approve of the romance.

"I'll introduce you some time," said Fillmore.

"I want to meet her very much."

"I'll have to be going now. I've got to see Bunbury. I thought he might be in here."

"Who's Bunbury?"

"The producer. I suppose he's breakfasting in his room. I'd better go up."

"You *are* busy, aren't you! Little marvel! It's lucky they've got you to look after them!"

FILLMORE retired, and Sally settled down to wait for Gerald, no longer hurt by his manner over the telephone. Poor Gerald! No wonder he had seemed upset.

A few minutes later he came in.

"Oh, Jerry darling," said Sally, as he reached the table. "I'm so sorry. I've just been hearing about it."

Gerald did not seem interested either by the news of Mr. Faucitt's illness or by the fact that Sally, after delay, had at last arrived. He dug a spoon somberly into his grape-fruit.

"We've been hanging about here day after day, getting bored to death all the time. The company's going all to pieces. They're sick of rehearsing and rehearsing when nobody knows if we'll ever open. They were all keyed up a week ago, and they've been sagging ever since. It will ruin the play, of course. My first chance! Just chucked away."

Sally was listening with a growing feeling of desolation. She tried to be fair, to remember that he had had a terrible disappointment and was under a great strain. And yet—it was unfortunate that self-pity was a thing she particularly disliked in a man. Her vanity, too, was hurt. It was obvious that her arrival, so far from acting as a magic restorative, had effected nothing. She could not help remembering, though it made her feel disloyal, what Mr. Faucitt had said about Gerald. She had never noticed before that he was remarkably self-centered, but he was thrusting the fact upon her attention now.

"That Hobson woman is beginning to make trouble," went on Gerald, prodding in a despairing sort of way at scrambled eggs. "She ought never to have had the part; never. She can't handle it. Elsa Doland could play it a thousand times better. I wrote Elsa in a few lines the other day, and the Hobson went right up in the air. You don't know what a star is till you've seen one of these promoted clothes props from the Follies trying to be one. It took me an hour to talk her round and keep her from throwing up her part."

"Why not let her throw up her part?"

"For Heaven's sake talk sense," said Gerald querulously. "Do you suppose that man Cracknell would keep the play on if she wasn't in it? He would close the show in a second, and where would I be then? You don't seem to realize that this is a big chance for me. I'd look a fool throwing it away."

"I SEE," said Sally shortly. She had never felt so wretched in her life.

"By the way," said Gerald, "there's one thing. I have to keep jollying her along all the time, so for goodness' sake don't go letting it out that we're engaged."

Sally's chin went up with a jerk. This was too much. "If you find it a handicap being engaged to me—"

"Don't be silly." Gerald took refuge in pathos. "Good God! It's tough! Here am I, worried to death and you—"

"I know, I know. But you never told me you were glad to see me."

"Of course I'm glad to see you."

"Why didn't you say so, then, you poor fish? And why didn't you ask me if I had enjoyed myself in Europe?"

"Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Yes, except that I missed you so much. There! Now we can consider my lecture on foreign travel finished, and you can go on telling me your troubles."

Gerald accepted the invitation. He spoke at considerable length, though with little variety. It appeared definitely established in his mind that Providence had invented Spanish influenza purely with a view to wrecking his future. But now he seemed less aloof, more open to sympathy. The brief thunderstorm had cleared the air. Sally lost that sense of detachment, and exclusion which had weighed upon her.

"Well," said Gerald at length, looking at his watch, "I suppose I had better be off."

"Rehearsal?"

"Yes, confound it. It's the only way of getting through the day. Are you coming along?"

"I'll come directly I've unpacked and tidied myself up."

"See you at the theatre, then."

Sally went out and rang for the elevator to take her to her room....

THE rehearsal had started when she reached the theatre. On the stage Elsa Doland, looking very attractive, was playing a scene with a man in a derby hat. She was speaking a line as Sally came in:

"Why, what do you mean, father?"

"Tiddly-omty-om," was the derby-hatted one's surprising reply. "Tiddly-omty-om;...long speech ending in 'find me in the library.' *And* exit," said the man in the derby hat, starting to do so.

For the first time Sally became aware of the atmosphere of nerves. Mr. Bunbury, who seemed to be a man of temperament, picked up his walking stick, which was leaning against the next seat, and flung it with some violence across the house. "For God's sake!" said Mr. Bunbury.

"Now what?" inquired the derby hat, interested, pausing halfway across the stage.

"Do speak the lines, Teddy," exclaimed Gerald. "Don't skip them in that sloppy way."

"You don't want me to go over the whole thing?" asked the derby hat amazed.

"Yes!"

"Not the whole d—— thing?" queried the derby hat, fighting with incredulity.

"This is a rehears_l!" snapped Mr. Bunbury. "If we are not going to do it properly, what's the use of doing it at all?"

This seemed to strike the erring Teddy, if not as reasonable, at any rate as one way of looking at it. He delivered the speech in an injured tone and shuffled off. The atmosphere of tenseness was unmistakable now. Sally could feel it.

Elsa Doland now moved to the door, pressed a bell, and, taking a magazine from the table, sat down in a chair near the footlights. A moment later, in answer to the ring, a young woman entered, to be greeted instantly by an impassioned bellow from Mr. Bunbury: "Miss Winch!"

THE new arrival stopped and looked out over the footlights.

"Hello!" said Miss Winch amiably.

Mr. Bunbury was profoundly moved. "Miss Winch, did I or did I not ask you to refrain from chewing gum during rehearsal?"

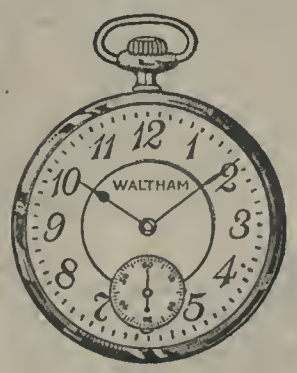
"That's right. So you did," admitted Miss Winch chummily.

"Then why are you doing it?"




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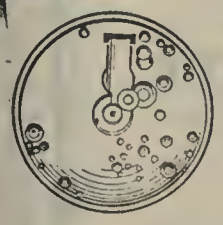





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"SHALL I say my big speech now?" inquired Miss Winch over the footlights.

"Yes, yes! Get on with the rehearsal. We've wasted half the morning."

"Did you ring, madam?" said Miss Winch to Elsa, who had been reading her magazine placidly through the late scene.

The rehearsal proceeded, and Sally watched it with a sinking heart. It was all wrong. Novice as she was in things theatrical, she could see that.

A shrill, passionate cry from the front row, and Mr. Bunbury was on his feet again. Sally could not help wondering whether things were going particularly wrong to-day or whether this was one of Mr. Bunbury's ordinary mornings.

"Miss Hobson!"

"Oh, gee!" said Miss Hobson, ceasing to be the distressed wife and becoming the offended star. "What's it this time?"

"I suggested at the last rehearsal, and at the rehearsal before that and the rehearsal before that, that on that line you should pick up the paper knife and toy negligently with it. You did it yesterday, and to-day you've forgotten it again."

"My God!" cried Miss Hobson, wounded to the quick. "If this don't beat everything! How the heck can I toy negligently with a paper knife when there's no paper knife for me to toy negligently with?"

"The paper knife is on the desk."

"It's not on the desk."

"No paper knife?"

"No paper knife. And it's no good picking on me. I'm the star, not the assistant stage manager. If you're going to pick on anybody, pick on him."

The advice appeared to strike Mr. Bunbury as good. He threw back his head and bayed like a bloodhound.

There was a momentary pause, and then from the wings on the prompt side there shambled out a stout and shrinking figure, in whose hand was a script of the play and on whose face, lit up by the footlights, there shone a look of apprehension. It was Fillmore, the Man of Destiny....

ALAS, poor Fillmore! He stood in the middle of the stage with the lightning of Mr. Bunbury's wrath playing about his defenseless head, and Sally, recovering from her first astonishment, sent a wave of sisterly commiseration floating across the theatre to him.

And as she listened to the fervid eloquence of Mr. Bunbury, she perceived that she had every reason to be. Fillmore was having a bad time.

"I assure you, Mr. Bunbury," bleated the unhappy Fillmore obsequiously, "I placed it with the rest of the properties after the last rehearsal."

"You couldn't have done."

"I assure you I did."

"And it walked away, I suppose," said Miss Hobson with cold scorn, pausing in the operation of brightening up her lower lip with a lip stick.

A calm, clear voice spoke. "It was taken away," said the calm, clear voice. Miss Winch had added herself to the symposium. She stood beside Fillmore, chewing placidly. It took more than raised voices and gesticulating hands to disturb Miss Winch. "Miss Hobson took it," she went on in her cozy, drawling voice. "I saw her."

SENSATION in court. The prisoner, who seemed to feel his position deeply cast a pop-eyed glance full of gratitude at his advocate. Mr. Bunbury, in his capacity of prosecuting attorney, ran his fingers through his hair in some embarrassment, for he was regretting now that he had made such a fuss. Miss Hobson, thus assailed by an underling, spun around and dropped the lip stick, which was neatly retrieved by the assiduous Mr. Cracknell. Mr. Cracknell had his limitations, but he was rather good at picking up lip sticks.

"What's this? *I took* it? I never did anything of the sort."

"Miss Hobson took it after the rehearsal yesterday," drawled Gladys Winch, addressing the world in general, "and threw it negligently at the theatre cat."

Miss Hobson seemed taken aback. Her composure was not restored by Mr. Bunbury's next remark.

"In future, Miss Hobson, I should be glad if, when you wish to throw anything at the cat, you would not select a missile from the property box. Good Heavens!" he cried, stung by the way fate was maltreating him, "I have never experienced anything like this before. I have been producing plays all my life, and this is the first time this has happened. I have produced Nazimova. Nazimova never threw paper knives at cats."

"Well, I hate cats," said Miss Hobson as though that settled it.

"I," murmured Miss Winch, "love little pussy; her fur is so warm, and if I don't hurt her she'll do me no—"

"Oh, my heavens!" shouted Gerald Foster, bounding from his seat and for the first time taking a share in the debate. "Are we going to spend the whole day arguing about cats and paper knives? For goodness' sake, clear the stage and stop wasting time."

Miss Hobson chose to regard this intervention as an affront. "Don't shout at me, Mr. Foster!"

"I wasn't shouting at you."

"If you have anything to say to me, lower your voice."

"He can't," observed Miss Winch. "He's a tenor."

"Nazimova never—" began Mr. Bunbury.

Miss Hobson was not to be diverted from her theme by reminiscences of Nazimova. She had not finished dealing with Gerald. "In the shows I've been in," she said mordantly, "the author wasn't allowed to go about the place getting fresh with the leading lady. In the shows I've been in the author sat at the back and spoke when he was spoken to. In the shows I've been in—"

SALLY was tingling all over. This reminded her of the dog fight on the Roville sands. She wanted to be in it, and only the recognition that it was a private fight, and that she would be intruding, kept her silent. The lure of the fray, however, was too strong for her wholly to resist it. Almost unconsciously she had risen from her place and drifted down the aisle so as to be nearer the white-hot center of things. She was now standing in the lighted space by the orchestra pit, and her presence attracted the roving attention of Miss Hobson who, having concluded her remarks on authors and their legitimate sphere of activity, was looking about for some other object of attack.

"Who the devil," inquired Miss Hobson, "is that?"

Sally found herself an object of universal scrutiny, and wished that she had remained in the obscurity of the back rows. "I am Mr. Nicholas's sister," was the best method of identification that she could find.

"Who's Mr. Nicholas?"

"I'm through!" announced Miss Hobson. It appeared that Sally's presence had in some mysterious fashion fulfilled the function of the last straw.

"Hello, Sally," said Elsa Doland, looking up from her magazine. The battle, raging all round her, had failed to disturb her detachment. "When did you get back?"

Sally trotted up the steps which had been propped against the stage to form a bridge over the orchestra pit.

"Hello, Elsa."

The late debaters had split into groups. Mr. Bunbury and Gerald were pacing up and down the central aisle, talking earnestly. Fillmore had subsided onto a chair.

"Do you know Gladys Winch?" asked Elsa.

Sally shook hands with the placid lodestar of her brother's affections. Miss Winch on closer inspection proved to have deep gray eyes and freckles. Sally's liking for her increased.

"Thank you for saving Fillmore from the wolves," she said. "They would have torn him in pieces but for you."

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Winch. "It was noble."

"Oh, well!"

"I think," said Sally, "I'll go and have a talk with Fillmore. He looks as though he wanted consoling."

She made her way to that picturesque ruin..

*To be Continued*

# Will Canada Go Yellow?

*Continued from page 12*

"The Turk," he tells you, "was Mongolian. He is now European." And if he is reminded that the difficulty is not only that the two races will not fuse but that we do not want them to do so, he will still shake his head in unconvinced protest.

Consul Saito is not so sure, but Kaburagi points to the happy marriage of a Vancouver Japanese dentist and an American college girl as one of many instances to disprove the predictions of the pessimists.

Cumyow's views were sought.

"I am a Canadian, but I married a Chinese woman," he said. "I do not think intermarriage is wise, although the offspring of such marriages, which I have seen, especially in China, are good. They are vigorous and intelligent.

The consul Yik shares Cumyow's views but he sees in failure to mix in marriage no barrier to Canadian nationality for his people.

Yet it is hard to forecast what long years of close association, of propinquity, of co-education, of similar problems and of difficulties shared in common, may accomplish. A Japanese baseball team headed the local league in Vancouver; a Chinese ball team is now touring their native land teaching young China to "play the game." The first Chinese girl to receive an appointment as teacher in a Canadian school has just been installed in Victoria. Her father, a Methodist missionary, came to this country thirty years ago, and lives in Nanaimo. His daughter was born in that city twenty-one years ago. She has received her education here, and there is little in the appearance, manners, education, or even the name of Miss Lavina Frances Dickman to indicate that she belongs to a race so distinct from Canadians.

### Ownership of Land

IT IS frequently stated that foreigners cannot own land in Japan, and this is cited as a reason why such a privilege should be with-held from Orientals here. It is true that in Japan aliens cannot own land, but this does not impose such a handicap as may at first appear. Any incorporated company, not necessarily including Japanese, can secure title to lands in Japan. Even individuals are given fairly wide privileges under what is known as the rights of superficies, which, insuring leases in perpetuity, creates what is tantamount to ownership.

The Civil code of Japan provides; "A superficiary has the right to lease another person's land for the purpose of owning thereon structures, or bamboos or trees." Aliens have of course full private rights. To limit aliens in the province to leaseholds would not completely remove the danger as ninety-nine year leases would doubtless be employed. It would however, prevent a harassed white from parting with his property to an alien through the lure of a substantial price in excess of what his property would bring in the white market.

Labor, which has dreaded and hated the Asiatic because as a workman he was impossible to affiliate among organized white workers, is discreetly reassured in the manifesto which the Canadian Japanese association has issued and to which reference has already been made. Among the claims for consideration as citizens being set forward by the Canadian Japanese Association is the following statement:

"On the 2nd of August 1920 the Japanese workers organized themselves into a union called: "The Japanese Workers' Union of Canada," covering all trades and their desire is to work in cooperation with other unions in the province. They do not wish to work at a lower rate of pay than the Canadian workmen receive but are *demanding similar conditions of work and wages.*"

Generally speaking the Oriental is as law-abiding as his white neighbor. In the list of court convictions, he appears at no disadvantage, especially as many so called crimes like gambling have no such significance to him. "I would far rather see the Japs here than the Italians," said an official at Steveston. "They rarely start any trouble, but the Italians frequently do."

True some of the foreigner's recreations we affect to despise. But is fan tan less elevating than poker, or a Chinese lottery than a coupon contest? And even in his moral lapses the racial pride of the Japanese is a rather worthy trait.

"The prisoner asks me to tell you," said the interpreter to the judge in a Vancouver court, "how ashamed he is that by his act he has brought disgrace upon his country." Would a Saxon in a Tokio dock behave as well?

It is that very national pride which constitutes one of the most formidable obstacles to the assimilation of the Japanese. Herein he differs from the European.

Each year in Japan a draft of young men is called up for two years' service and it is from this duty that the law refuses to excuse even foreign born or naturalized Japanese. Consul Saito states that this law is a dead letter so far as Japanese on this side of the Pacific are concerned, and cites as proof the absence of any objection to the battalion raised by his countrymen for overseas service, and the way in which those who returned to Japan were feted. This, however, still leaves a doubt as to what might have happened had Britain on that occasion not been Japan's ally. Iwashita, of Kelowna, states that this law is the subject of constant protest and representation to the Japanese government by their subjects in Canada. As long as it remains on the statute book it constitutes the kind of menace within the state with which Germany shocked us during the war, and its removal might fairly be made a condition preceding the granting of any Canadian rights.

### The Law of Bushido

IT IS frankly admitted by the Japanese themselves that the rush for naturalization papers of their people was due to no zeal for Canadian citizenship, but from a knowledge that otherwise they could not secure fishing licenses. Yet they insist that they wish to become real Canadians. "We come to Canada," says Iwashita, "because of opportunity, of liberty, of absence of caste. After a few years we cannot live in Japan, conditions are so different. We would be good Canadians—if you would let us."

Consul Saito illustrates the readiness of even a patriotic Japanese to change his flag whole-heartedly by the fidelity with which under the ancient creed of Bushido (the soul of a Samurai knight), a Japanese youth will change his family allegiance. By Japanese custom when, on the death of the father, the eldest son succeeds to the headship of the family, his younger brother or brothers is frequently adopted by some sonless parent, and becomes his heir. It is alleged that there has never been an instance where the adopted son failed to observe his new obligation, even at the expense of his blood relations. This was more noticeable more than half a century ago, when feudalism prevailed and when family feuds were often bitter and sometimes bloody. Even under those conditions when the natural and the adopted family came into conflict, so it is claimed, the full allegiance of the adopted son went to his new brethren.

### Shall Education Precede Franchise

CLOSELY interwoven with this is the question of the franchise. Most of the intelligent aliens agree that they cannot expect this right, until they have by education qualified themselves for proper understanding of our public affairs. There are evidences that they are anticipating that event. The school conditions at Steveston, for instance, are not paralleled in Vancouver. Here a few years ago Rev. Mr. Kaburagi, M. A., who has been thirty-five years in the country, led a fight among his countrymen which resulted in the curriculum of the Japanese primary schools being limited to the English and Japanese languages, so that the students might as quickly as possible pass on into the English schools.

Cumyow, the doyen of native-born Chinamen, would make a thorough knowledge of Canadian history a qualification for the vote. He himself passed through all our schools and exhausted our scholastic facilities. He is a keen, alert, cultured man with offices above a city bank, and




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is and has been for years a close student of Canadian affairs.

"The vote? Certainly," he says, "where the alien has been born in this country and has been familiar with Canadian ways and customs. To Orientals, not so privileged—no, I think not."

"Do you regard yourself as Canadian or Chinese?"

"Oh, Canadian, of eourse." This without any hesitation.

"I registered as a voter," he says, "and for many years exercised my franchise. I have never voted for years," he added quietly—"not sinee the Tomihama case.

The Tomihama case was a test by a Japanese of his right to register and vote in the face of provineial statute which deprived Chinese, Japanese, and Indians of that privilege. All the Canadian eourts ruled the provineial statute *ultra vires*, but the Privy Council upheld the right of the province and validated the law.

### The Prospects of Intermarriage

WILL the two raees ultimately fuse into a common stock? Most observers think the offspring of sueh intermarriage is inferior to either of the parents. Herbert Speneer long ago deelared them incompatible, protested against an ethnological impossibility, and decried any attempt to bridge the racial gulf as leading the way to soeial chaos.

P. E. Kuwbara, interpreter and seeretary of the Fishermen's Union at Steveston, combats this vigorously. He talks as fluently as Lenine of the international trend, of the brotherhood of man, of the gradual fusion of all raees—and with the more authority because he is Christian. Many, perhaps most, eontinental Europeans do not love their forms of government mueh less take pride in them. They welcome a change of flag. The British immigrant need ehange neither his language nor his flag; the American only the latter. Even the Chinaman has no national solidarity; or self-conscious-ness. But when a group of Japanese—naval officers, merehants, or laborers,—stand under the picture of their Emperor and sing their national anthem, it is with rigid bodies, tense faces and with reverenee and rapt devotion in every motion and syllable. When Iwashita told me that in some things Canada was superior to Japan and in others Japan superior to Canada I pressed him to be specific. He at onee instanced the points of Japanese supremacy. But when I asked for the Canadian features of exeellenee he wrinkled his forehead, pressed his hands in deep eoneern across his puzzled brow and finally after a pause, eonfessed that he could not, for the moment, tell.

### Settlement of Question Urgent

IT IS not the purpose of these articles to suggest the pathway out of this vexed situation. Two or three things, however, emerge eonspieuously. Some perhaps are oeeasion for alarm, some, it is to be feared, of humiliation.

In spite of the fact that the Oriental belongs to a civilization whieh we know is aneient, whieh we often regard as effete, and which he himself admits is pagan, he has preserved in large measure eertain primary virtues whieh the Caueasian has nearly, if not utterly, lost. Frugality is one. Industry is another. To a degree, sobriety is a third. If the Oriental is a menaee it is not because of his viees. It is rather beeause of his virtues.

He lives on what a white will reject. His standard of living is not necessarily lower than ours. It is different. perhaps it is only less wasteful.

He neither hates, nor fears work. The gospel which a Vaneouver labor-socialist preaehed to an applauding audience reeently would bewilder him. "Brothers," eried the reformer. "what we must get rid of is this areh enemy of us all—WORK" Ira Stratton in a reeent issue of *MacLean's* put it thus: "The foreigner is here, partly beeause there are so many jobs over whieh Anglo-Saxon backs will not bend."

He expeets his wife to share his toil, and to bear many children for did not Confueius teaeh that it was a erime to die ehildless, and thus laek progeny to visit the graves of their ancestors? And if for any reason, she fail—well, he will have children, for he adores them. Hence judicious polygamy—legally banned but generally praetised.


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If he be a Japanese, he will be fairly honest, and spotlessly clean. If a Chinaman, more honest, and not so clean.

He will work while daylight lasts, and longer. He will eat rice while he must, and the white man's meat and flour when he may. He likes both. He cannot always afford more than the first. But whatever betide he will smile.

For he is a cheerful, as well as a helpful neighbor, a clever imitator and adapter. He plays much, but doesn't make play his master.

But he remains an Oriental—sometimes Buddhist, sometimes Shintoist, sometimes Christian. But (and this is the opinion of one of the most intelligent of his race) nearly always a free thinker.

May he be entrusted with the vote? Will his grand-children marry ours? Can East and West ever, racially, meet? Let the reader answer according to his own lights. But in the meantime the Asiatic stands one in eight of the population of our only Pacific province and is increasing mightily.

It is for our statesmen to find speedily a solution of this problem. One of them, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, after visiting their land, after being fêted and feasted, after learning to appreciate their many graces and virtues, and after praising their better traits (as has been done in these articles), moralized as follows:

"It is a truism in political economy that men who can work for fourteen or fifteen hours a day, who live with a frugality of which we have no conception, must prove formidable competitors in the field of labor.

"Be that as it may, the fact remains that British Columbia objects to a vast alien colony (exclusive, inscrutable, unassimilative, with fewer wants, and maintaining intact their peculiar customs and characteristics, ideals of home, and family life, with neither the wish nor the capacity to amalgamate), which gradually by the mere pressure of numbers, may undermine the very foundations of their province.

"They have to safeguard the future and the distinctiveness of their race and civilization and in their passionate and unalterable conviction they cannot be protected unless the free ingress of Orientals is restricted and regulated, as in every Anglo-Saxon community there exists a deep-seated popular determination to exclude from even the sparsely settled territories the concentrated masses of the Orient,

"Such are the economic factors coupled with race antipathy and incompatibility of ideals, that are at the bottom of all agitation against the influx of Oriental labor."

---

# The Pebble

*Continued from page 10*

He did not go near Frank the rest of the day. Nor that night. There was no sound from the bunkhouse. He listened. He never stopped listening. But Frank never spoke once.

The rain kept on. Bernard, pacing the river beach, was wet through. He wondered if Frank was very thirsty. It was queer, with all that rain, that the water in the river should have shrunk. The next morning, there was only a small thread trickling over rain-wet shingle, pebbles brought down from the hills. But Bernard never noticed.

Softly as a cat, he crept to the bunkhouse door. He was afraid to open it.

In the gray, wet dawn light, he stood and listened.

He was quite alone in the world. No one heard or saw him. No one knew....

"Frank," he whispered under his breath, "Frank, ask me for it! Speak to me, Frank! Say you'll tell!"

Everything was very still. Even the voice of the river was silenced. There was no voice from the bunkhouse. Only the rain fell heavily, heavily.

The strong man who was all alone in the universe put out his hand and touched the door. But he was afraid. He shrank away and ran to the river again. He was scared because he heard nothing.

Silence met him here too. The channel was nearly dry.

Then he knew he must get away at all costs from this silence he had made.

HE STOLE back, and with trembling hands snatched together part of his camp outfit. A dozen times, as he loaded himself, he thought he heard a sound, and stopped, gasping. But there was none. The bunkhouse was voiceless under the mournful rain.

He climbed to the rim of the canyon. He looked back. The little rotten buildings were there beneath him, black in the wet, and the tottering flume. He went on, and they were hidden, gone as if they didn't exist. He was cut off from the old camp and what it held as if he was on another world.

He went on in furious haste, travelling blindly, back into the hills. Direction didn't matter to a man that the universe had forgotten.

Silence still followed him. Beneath, in the canyon whose course he followed, the river should have sung in a hundred happy rapids and deep-noted pools. But the channel was nearly empty.

Bernard Carr climbed with the silence all day. He climbed until, with the night, he dropped. He slept where he lay.

He woke to light and sound.

And for a soul's instant, as he woke, he knew he was not forgotten; that in some way, the light and the sound were for him; that some vast working had stayed in its business because of him and that every force of the universe was a little changed because of himself and Frank.

The flash of revelation passed. The light was only a stormy sunrise. The sound....

He leaped to his feet and crashed through the wet bush till he looked down into the canyon.

Beneath him roared a frothing torrent of flood-water, fretting against the canyon walls. The slide, started by the one pebble on Tyee, dammed the mountain lake that fed the river; the pressure of the water, rising in the rain, presently burst the dam. That was all.

But Bernard; Bernard stood on the edge of the canyon and was wrenched by an agony more than physical. He saw all that he had done in one stripped and burning second. It came to him in a picture,—a picture of the flood, speading over the narrow flats on which stood the deserted logging camp.

He turned and began to run.

He ran back the way he had heavily climbed the day previous. He had reached the exact psychological limit. He could abuse Frank himself, with all the queer savagery hidden in his wild soul. He could not leave him to the river....

He hurled himself down the steep trail. He was racing the river,—the river whose voice seemed already a beast's roar of triumph. Bernard groaned and cried as he ran. He did not know it. He hurled himself from rock to rock. Avoiding detours, he swung himself from ledge to ledge by the roots and boughs of trees. He went through the bush on one fierce direct line, as if he was of steel, not flesh. He was ripped and torn, bruised and fouled. He only felt the released flood in his own spirit, the dam gone down; and the thunder of the released stream beneath was as his own voice, crying him on.

He came out by the camp at last, after hours, panting and reeling. He swept the sweat from his eyes and looked.

The flood was over the flats from wall to canyon-wall. It was whirling tree-stumps with it, ancient wreck of forests. It was fingering and pushing the small decayed buildings; the roofs of some were partly submerged. The old flume stood gaunt over all. The bunkhouse....

Bernard pitched himself anyhow down the rocks, clinging to slippery madrono roots with bleeding fingers. He lowered himself into the water and began to wade towards the bunkhouse. The flood took him off his feet. He found them again. A log came down on him. He ducked, the old roots entangled him. When he rose he was half-drowned. He struck out, swam a few strokes, got his feet again, staggered on, pitched against the bunkhouse door.

THE bunkhouse stood on a little rise of ground. The brown flood was barely to his thigh. He rested against the post a moment, his hands weak, with-


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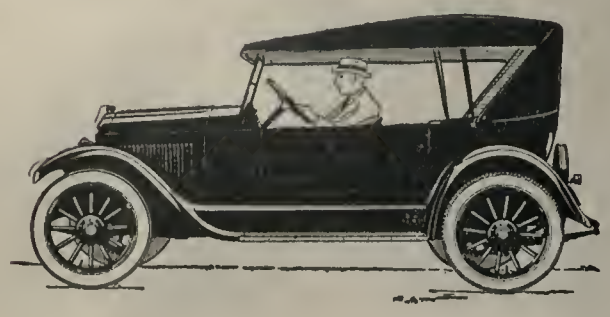
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out strength to open . . . He felt the old post quiver. He set the door wide with his shoulder and entered.

He stood, looking down on his brother.

Frank was sitting as Bernard had left him, strapped to the wall. As he sat, the water was nearly to his throat.

Bernard splashed forward. He said quite quietly, "Frank."

Frank's eyes opened. He looked at Bernard. Presently his lips moved. He whispered, "I knew you'd come back. . "

Bernard, down beside Frank in the deepening water, was slashing at the wet leather with his knife. The blade turned, or his hand was weak. He could not cut it. He tore fiercely at the fastening. The riveting nail yielded. Frank was free. Bernard got an arm round him, raised him to his shoulder, and staggered to the door. He plunged into the deeper water, carrying his brother.

Frank's head had fallen. Now he raised it. He said faintly, "Set me down. You can't carry me. . . ."

Bernard did not reply, but he would not have set Frank down then, for anything the world could offer. In all life, there was no possible combination of circumstances that could make him quit Frank again.

Down the river came a fresh wave of flood-water, the rain and ruin of the hills, crested with torn wood-stuff. Bernard was taken off his feet again. He struggled. He could make no head against the torrent. The earth was running with the water. He saw a shack crumple and melt away into sticks, which swung down the canyon.

He looked round. There was a chance. The current was sweeping them down on the low end of the old flume, which was now not three feet from the level of the water.

He said in Frank's ear, "Can you use your hands?"

He said it twice. Then Frank said, "Yes."

"Be ready to catch hold, then, when I yell at you."

He ceased his efforts. He let the flood do its will with them. They were swept down on the flume. Gaunt and crazy, it was coming,—near,—straddling right over them. . . . .

"Now!" yelled Bernard.

He gathered all his strength, and heaved Frank up as high as he could. Frank caught at the raw ends of the old timbers and clung on. The whole structure swayed. Frank did not let go. Inch by painful inch Bernard, holding a strut with one hand, raised him with the other. At last Frank dragged himself up on the rotten planks that still in places floored the flume.

In a little while Frank whispered. "Help me up, and I can walk now."

"No," answered Bernard with a kind of sob. "I'm goin' to carry you. . . ."

Along the tottering pathway of the flume, sometimes on a single timber, sometimes striding from cross-piece to swaying cross-piece, Bernard Carr carried his brother to the shore.

THEY pitched down together among the rocks, one as weak as the other, and had no count for awhile, of time or place. Then Bernard drew himself up slowly, and looked at the river, and looked at Frank, and covered his face with his hands.

Frank said weakly, "I started it. I was wrong to begin with. . . ."

"Will you ever forgive me?" said Bernard.

"Berny," said Frank in a shaking voice. For fierce Bernard Carr was down on his face, crying like a girl.

"It's—all—right," he said hoarsely, "I'll be—all right—in a minute. Then I'll—fix a camp—where I can—nurse you up—till you're fit to—lick the bones out of me. . . . . "

It was nearly a month later that the Carrs,—very lean, very quiet of eye, and curiously gentle of each other,—came out of the wilds to Springvalley, where Honor Maitland was waiting. And to Honor Maitland, Frank Carr, quietly and gravely, told the truth.

So they were happy, all three, after the happiness of people who have, each one of them, something to be sorry for and something to forgive. And miles away, in a nameless glacier lake, a pebble lay under the weeds and gravel and stirring of waters; a worn scrap of the commonest substance of the earth, which had redeemed them all.




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# Heming, Dramatist of the Forest

*Continued from page 20*

as well as fifty rounds of ammunition.

He was on his way back to Lawrence Park when the man sitting beside him on the train, happening to notice a creek as they passed it, said something about wishing it were spring so that he could get out in the woods to fish. Then Heming told him he was himself planning a trip into the north woods of his native land.

"Up to Canada, eh?" sighed the other. "What sort of provisions do you take along?"

"Flour, tea and pork—and Pain-Killer," replied Heming.

The stranger looked interested. "What do you take Pain-Killer for?" he asked.

Heming replied: "Because the Indians like to drink it as a cocktail."

The stranger laughed heartily. "That's the best thing I ever heard about Pain-Killer," he declared, then added: "It happens I am a director of the Perry-Davis Pain-Killer Company."

The next day Heming received a case of one dollar bottles of Pain-Killer, one thousand tablets of compressed tea, each tablet good for one cup of tea, and five hundred tablets of saccharine to sweeten the tea, all being gifts of the Perry-Davis director the literary adventurer had accidentally fallen in with on the train.

The young author's original contract was to write a descriptive tale. During a three months' sojourn in the North, he conceived the idea that it would have a greater grip on the reading public, if he fictionized it in style and language. On his return south in the spring, he consulted his publishers, and, as they seemed to like the idea, he wrote the first chapter as a short story. The actual writing of his initial chapter was done in Hamilton, Ont., that summer. Later he set out for England, where he was to have Frank Brangwyn, the famous British artist, criticize the drawings he had made for the book. As he was passing through New York, Heming took the manuscript and drawings up to R. H. Russell, of the *Metropolitan*. When the latter discovered that the first chapter was 7,500 words long he exclaimed: "This won't do, Heming; each chapter was to be 5,000 words in length. We can't possibly give you that much extra space—not as a new writer. If you were a Kipling, it would be different, but we have to arrange for so many articles and illustrations for each issue. Take your manuscript over with you and cut it down to 5,000 words."

Heming replied: "I'm sorry, but I can't do that. I have read my story over and over again, and I don't see how I can cut a word out, being so sparing of my language."

The upshot of it was that Heming finally agreed to leave the manuscript with Russell and his editors to read over and cut down as they saw fit. "Two weeks after I arrived in London," relates Heming in telling of the incident, "I received a letter from Mr. Russell saying, 'The editor and I have both read your manuscript over and have decided not to cut out a single word of it.' That, it struck me, was something of a compliment to the first story I ever attempted to write."

That first book of Heming's was entitled "Spirit Lake." The whole book with its illustrations was published serially in three English-speaking countries without a single word being changed or eliminated, but of course, it had to be translated for the French magazines.

"It was Canadian magazine enterprise that induced me to write my second book, 'The Drama of the Forests,' he insists. "The principals behind *MacLean's Magazine* get the entire credit from me, for it was through *MacLean's* contracting for the text of the serial before I had written it that decided me about writing the book."

Let's see, what else is there the reading public should know of the author of "The Drama of the Forests?"

He is very much a typical Johnny Canuck in accent and mannerism as well as by birth, the latter happy circumstance taking place in Paris, Ontario, somewhere about fifty-one years ago. Honest to goodness, Heming looks younger than most chaps at thirty. He has at one time and another been a contributor of illustrated articles and stories to leading magazines and newspapers in England, France, Germany, United States and Canada. He is represented by three pictures in the Canadian National Gallery, a fellow of the Society of American Illustrators, honorary life member of the Canadian Club, Hamilton, Ontario, member of the Authors' Club, London, member of the Canadian Authors' Association and of the Arts and Letters Club, of Toronto, the latter city being his home.

### His Boyhood Predilections

FROM the earliest he can remember, Heming has had a strong penchant for utilizing the pencil to express images and pictures that in fancy occurred to him. As a boy he was a hard worker in his chosen fields. He sketched and wrote notes about everything that appealed to him as extraordinary and beautiful in nature, and when he had exhausted the scenic novelties of his native surroundings in Old Ontario something called to him from the great beyond. Tales of the North and the Northwest, of the Indians and the white pioneers always had a tremendous fascination for him.

He left Paris, Ontario, for Hamilton, Ontario, when he was ten years of age, and, after finishing his public school education, devoted his attention to art exclusively. He taught in a Hamilton art school for three years and made illustrations for Canadian publications for a long period. Later, he studied at the Art Students' League, New York, and under Frank Brangwyn, R. A., of London, one of the most famous of British artists.

Heming's ability as an artist was bound to gain him recognition beyond the borders of his own country. From the first, his work was of that original type that today lends to his paintings an individuality that none have been successful in imitating. All true artists have a special inclination for certain forms of expression. There are those who excel at indoor work, commercial and business life; others cling to the sea, the rivers and ships; pastoral landscapes appeal to others and so on—but to Heming the hinterlands of the North and its wild life ever presented a world of wonderful possibilities for pencil and brush.

His sudden decision, told of at the beginning of this sketch, when he dropped his brushes in the Lawrence Park studio with his mind made up to make an immediate start for the land of his boyhood fancy, was but the culmination of years of thrilling expectation. What happened afterwards is another proof of the old adage to the effect that all obstacles move out of the way of a determined man. The publishers and others whom Heming sought out to back him in his enterprise really seemed to him like men who had been expecting someone of his calibre to drop around and suggest the very thing that he suggested. Their editorial instinct seemed to grasp in a flash that their quiet-mannered young Canadian visitor had something on his mind that was big and worth-while, something that had not been done before. Somehow the potential turning-points in the lives of the ambitious come that way—there are always big men who quietly wait around the corner, so to speak, to lend their influence and their wealth to bring out industrious genius and give it "a chance for its money." In memory, every successful artist cherishes some fairy god-father of his genius; some man or men, who, after years of seemingly futile struggle and adversity, seemed to come out of the nowhere to seize him by the hand and swing him into the pathway of his dreams. Genius, yes, even near-genius, need never worry about not being "discovered" in good time—if it works hard and patiently enough. Heming was a "plugger" who never for a moment doubted that his hour would come. To-day as an author-illustrator of the North he is known in almost every nook and corner of the world where good books are appreciated.

Heming is, by nature, more inclined to be reserved and diffident than he is to be talkative— but in the company of old friends at the club or his home he can be what most of the tribe of authors are not —outside the pages of their books and stories—and that is, interesting.

Incidentally, Friend Heming is atill unmarried and fancy free.





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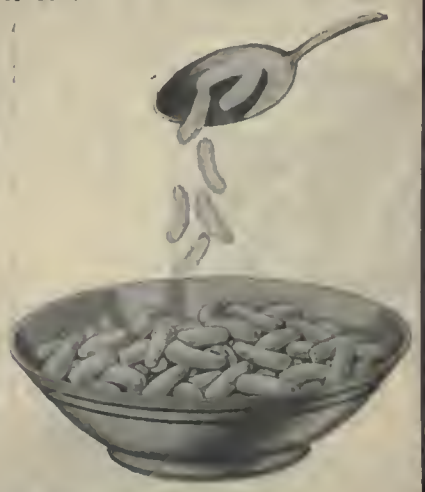
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# Mrs. Knox's Corner

## HOUSEHOLD DISCOVERIES WITH GELATINE

HOUSEKEEPERS everywhere are constantly sending me new and unusual uses for gelatine. These hints are so interesting that I am giving as many as possible here, together with one of my own gelatine specialties. If you, too, have discovered some new use for Knox Gelatine, send it to me that I may publish it in this corner.

### A DELICIOUS THANKSGIVING DESSERT

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1-2 cup cold water. 1 cup maple syrup
White of 1 egg 2 cups cream
1 teaspoon vanilla 1-8 teaspoon salt
1-4 pound nut meats, chopped

Soften the gelatine in the cold water ten minutes and dissolve over hot water. Heat the maple syrup and pour on the beaten white of the egg, beating until very light. Beat in the gelatine and when cool, fold in the cream, beating well, and add vanilla, salt and nut meats. Line mold with lady fingers or slices of stale sponge cake. Turn in the cream and chill.

*For after-dinner candies, try Knox Gelatine Mints*

Fruit juices, from canned or "put up" fruits, need not be served with the fruit but poured off, saved and made into Knox Gelatine desserts and salads. The juice from canned strawberries, loganberries, or blackberries makes a most delicious jelly when combined with Knox Gelatine, or with nuts, cheese and lettuce, a delightful fruit salad.

Canned apricot juice, jellied with spices and grated orange rind, makes an appetizing relish for meat or fish.

Canned pineapple juice, molded with sliced tomatoes or cucumbers, makes a most unusual jellied salad.

In these fruit juice desserts and salads, use one level tablespoon Knox Gelatine for every 2 cups of juice, or 2 level teaspoons to a cup of liquid. First soften gelatine in cold water and add fruit juice heated sufficiently to dissolve gelatine. Pour into wet molds and chill.

Bread crumbs, rice and nuts combined with Knox Gelatine, make a nutritious "Vegetarian Nut Loaf." This may be used in place of meat and is appropriate for a simple home luncheon or dinner. See detailed recipe page 5 of the Knox booklet "Food Economy."

### Many Gelatine Discoveries in Knox Booklets

There are many additional uses for gelatine in my recipe booklets "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" which contain recipes for salads, desserts, meat and fish molds, relishes, candies and invalid dishes. They will be sent free for 4c in stamps and your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

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# There's Amazing Food Value in Dried Fruits

By WILLIAM FLEMING FRENCH

*Article VI in Our Food Series*

IT SEEMS strange that the most common of our foods are the ones most universally neglected—yet such is the fact. Consider the dried apple, the prune, the raisin, the apricot and the various other dried fruits. How often do they appear on your table? Once a week?

Yet you like them. Everyone likes them. It would be a strange palate that did not welcome at least one or two of these fruits. They are delicious, they are cheap, they are convenient to keep and to prepare and they are nutritious.

When you eat a dish of stewed prunes with cream or taste a delicious apricot tart or cut a substantial wedge of raisin pie don't you promise yourself that these tempting delicacies will thereafter be more frequent visitors at your board? Of course you do—we all do!

And then what happens? We forget about them until we are hard set for a dessert, when we call them into service again and repeat the promise and the habit of pushing them out of sight again. That is, we do if we are in the city where we can drop into the delicatessen or bakery for a more fancy, if less healthful, dish. Of course there are thousands of Canadians who have not the corner store always ready to meet their whims and whose very location makes them look to the dried fruit almost every day. For, as you know, the dried fruit can go anywhere, requires no attention and is ever ready for instant use.

Because of its marvelous keeping qualities, its convenience and low cost many of us have come to regard it as a substitute food, something to be used when nothing else is available.

This is ridiculous—for many reasons. First: because dried fruits are very wholesome and nourishing; second: because dried fruits offer so wide a variety of foods and methods of preparation to choose from; third: because dried fruits bring to us those fruits that we could not otherwise have; fourth: because dried fruits are so easy to keep; fifth: because climatic conditions do not affect them and, sixth: because they are so reasonable in price.

To the adult dried fruits offer a generous variety of delicious, health-giving foods that have not been robbed of their natural goodness by the process of drying. Far from it, in fact. The sun has an opportunity to mellow the fruits and to enrich them by improving and increasing their carbohydrate content and by making their proteins and salts more easily digestible.

The process of drying takes nothing from a fruit but a portion of its moisture—its nourishing qualities are left intact. Its proteins, carbohydrates, fats and mineral salts remain unharmed.



Acres and acres of seedless grapes, sun-drying.

### Value of the Humble Prune

TO THE child the dried fruit is of inestimable value, for it can be made into sauces and stews that form an important part of its diet, the pulp of the boiled dried prune, for instance, being one of the standard dainties and desserts to offer the child of any age, from its first days in the high chair through adolescence.

The raisin is another dried fruit that now plays an important part in the feeding of children, for it not only acts as a food but also substitutes as a confection, thus eliminating the undesirable candy and other sweets and giving in its place a food of high nutritional value.

And now, as to the reason for dried fruits. First of all, drying widens a fruit's use. If the prune could be had only fresh, canned or as a preserve, it would probably be little known outside the localities close about the districts in which it is grown. Certainly this is true of the fig and the date and, to a large extent, of the grape. It also lengthens the time of service of such fruits. If it were not for the raisin the grape would be known to us only during the late summer and early winter months. If it were not for the process of drying, apricots, peaches, pears, figs and many other fruits would be unknown in many communities and seen on any of our tables only a few short months each year.

Drying also gives fruits wider distribution—it prevents waste and brings these valuable foods within the reach of even the most modest purses. Millions upon millions of dollars' worth of fruit would rot on the ground every year if it were not saved by drying, for while the larger part of our immense volume of dried fruit is made from crops raised especially for that purpose, growers many times resort to drying in order to save the surplus of an unusually heavy fruit crop. This is probably done more often with peaches and apples than with any other fruits.

Suppose the peach trees in California—for it is from that state that nearly all the dried peaches come—are loaded with a bumper crop, and suppose, as is often the case, that sugar and cans and labor are high. This naturally tends to limit canning activities, and unless some other method of preserving the fruit is found millions of dollars' worth of waste will result.

The answer is simple, dry them.

The drying of fruit is not a new process. It has been done in Canada and in the United States from aboriginal times. The Indians of the Great Lakes region were drying apples and berries when the white man came to the great land of the West. Of course their way of doing this was crude, as was also their way of drying meat—but the product was an important addition to their meagre food supply.

And so, too, are the dried fruits of today a valuable addition to our food supply, limitless though it seems.

### Import Mainly from California

THE GREAT fruit drying industry is in the United States—principally in California. It used to be in Spain, and from Spain we would receive great shipments of raisins and other dried fruits. But our imports are largely from the States now, seven hundred million pounds of dried fruit being produced there every year.

# Heirloom Plate




## Silver and Sentiment

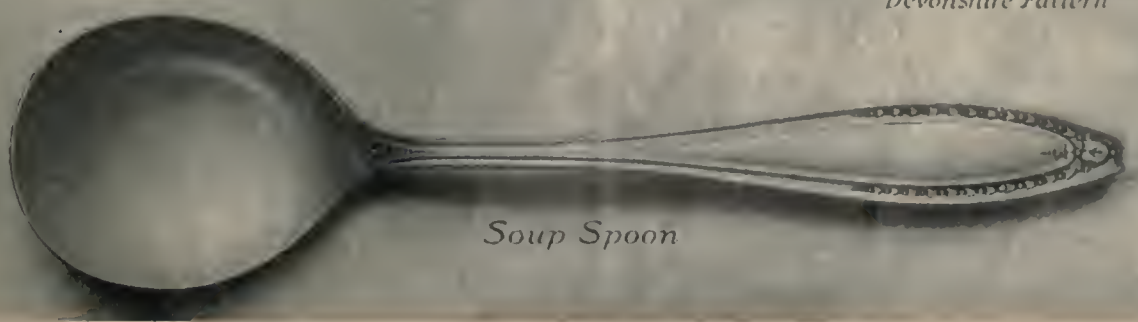
What a world of mystery, romance and sentiment lies in old silverware! If only the knives, forks and spoons our great grandmothers treasured so tenderly could *talk* what stories they could tell of their journeys down through the generations!

Heirloom Plate is silverware that kindles pride of possession. It combines character and simplicity with true dignity—and whether it be used for the cosy little "dinner for two" or for the more elaborate social occasion, Heirloom Plate has a quiet elegance that lends refinement and charm to any table.

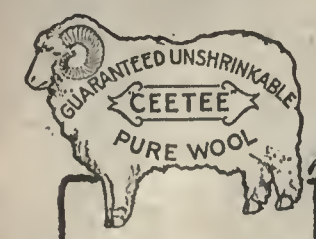
Almost any high-class jeweler will show you Heirloom Plate—teaware, serving platters, entree dishes, etc., as well as knives, forks and spoons, as a complete service or in single pieces. Write for address of nearest dealer and copy of illustrated booklet.

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And almost eighty-five per cent. of that comes from California. California is the home of the dried fruits because of its wonderful orchards and its glorious cloudless days of golden sunshine.

When we think of more than five hundred million pounds, more than sixty pounds of dried fruit to every man, woman and child in the entire Dominion, we realize something of the immensity of the dried fruit business of California.

A few years ago Spain was world famous for its raisins. Today California produces three pounds of raisins to every pound raised in Spain.

Gradually we are coming to a realization of the value of this sun-sweetened grape, the raisin. We recognize it now, as a substantial food, as substantial a food, in fact, as a cut of beefsteak or a plate of vegetables. We recognize it, too, as a dessert, a dessert that can be prepared in



A splendid cluster of seedless grapes.

a hundred different ways. And still again we recognize it as a confection, a confection infinitely more pleasing to the taste and healthful to the system than candy. A cluster of raisins is not only a satisfactory confection for an adult but is a safe and sane confection for the child. It builds while it pleases, it nourishes while it satisfies that craving for sweets.

The raisin is a food that may well be added to any diet because of one particular quality it possesses. That quality is "iron." The raisin contains more "iron" than does any other fruit. And iron, as you know, is one of the important chemical elements of our bodies.

While the body of the average healthy person contains only one-tenth of an ounce of iron this almost infinitesimal quantity is so necessary to the maintenance of health that the lack of sufficient iron in the system almost instantly makes itself evident by lack of ambition in the individual so deficient, by pale cheeks and flabby muscles and by a general run-down condition of the body.

### Value of Iron to Us

THE WORK of iron within the body is peculiar, and vitally important. First of all it is the coloring agent, giving color to our blood and to vegetable life, which likewise cannot exist without it. Iron acts as the carrier of oxygen within the body and a deficiency of iron means improper metabolism—as metabolism, or the turning of our food into flesh, blood, bone and living, pulsing creatures, cannot continue without oxygen.

The benefits the body derives from iron are many, as it acts directly upon the blood, purifying and enriching it, giving it a vitality that it can draw from no other source. As the blood acts as the purifying agent for the entire system it is easy to understand why iron exerts a stimulating and cleansing influence upon the whole body.

Another dried fruit that is rich in iron is the prune. This valuable chemical element is also found in dried apples, dried apricots, figs, dates and other dried fruits.

The richest source of iron however is spinach and other greens. Asparagus, Brussels sprouts, cabbage and chard are also rich in this valuable quality.

But we must not think of dried fruits, and especially the raisin, as an iron conveyor only. It is far from that. It is a hearty food, a sweet and a medicine all in one.

The raisin is a food of high energy-producing value, a single ounce of raisins (about ten good zed raisins) producing one hundred calo. es of food value. (The calorie, by the way, is merely a unit of measurement, being the unit that measures the amount of heat a food creates within the human body. As we have said before heat and energy are synonomous within the human body and those foods, such as carbohydrates and fats, that create heat also create energy and are known as the body fuels. Therefore the calorie is a unit used to measure the fuel value of a food.)

The fuel requirements, or requirements of energy and heat producing foods, of the human being, are listed below, according to age, sex and activity. (In a subsequent article full explanation of the food requirements of the body will be given).

| Age. | Sex. | Activity | Fuel requirements per 24 hours. Calories. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1- 2 yrs. | | | 900 to 1200 |
| 2- 5 yrs. | | | 1200 to 1500 |
| 6- 9 yrs. | | | 1400 to 2000 |
| 10-13 yrs. | | | 1800 to 2000 |
| 14-17 yrs. | girls | | 2200 to 2600 |
| 14-17 yrs. | boys | | 2500 to 3000 |
| Adult | woman | normal | 2800 to 3000 |
| Adult | man | normal | 3200 to 3600 |
| Adult | woman | active | 3000 to 3200 |
| Adult | man | active | 3400 to 3800 |
| Adult | man | heavy labor | 3800 to 4200 |

Thus we see that the average man or woman at normal work—such as office work or light housework—requires less than the equivalent in food value of two pounds of ra sin every twenty-four hours. And thus we see, too, why it is that healthy children hard at play and adults engaged in heavy work, often find it helpful to eat a light mid-morning or mid-afternoon lunch, often accompanied by a glass of milk.

If we would realize that children are forever craving candy because they need nourishment during the day we would do much toward solving the problem of improper feeding, for we would then give them nourishing food instead of sweets. Substitute fruit for undesirable sweets.

Raisins are tasty and sweet for the same reason that they are high in food value—because they are seventy-five per cent carbohydrate. Sugar is carbohydrate and carbohydrate is a pure energy and heat producing element. When the sun sets to work on the luscious grape he does some marvelous things. First of all he instils into that fruit a supply of oxygen—then he sets about to turn the juice and pulp into a delicious sweet—raisin sugar. Raisin sugar is hydrolyzed grape fluid and is technically known as fructose and levulose—a type of sugar found in honey. It is partly digested, so to speak, and does not require the same work by the system as is necessary to convert other forms of sugar into glycogen—which is the form



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in which carbohydrates are stored in the body.

### Eat More Dried Fruits

THE raisin is valuable for other reasons than its percentage of carbohydrate and iron—as it is well supplied with other elements so essential to our health—calcium, the most important of all chemical elements entering the human body, potassium, phosphorous, magnesium, sodium and chlorine.

The other dried fruits contain the same valuable properties as the raisin, but in a rather lesser extent. However, they have their use in the diet, and it should be a wide and frequent one.

In Canada the consumption of dried fruits is not what it should be—not by one half. Canadians eat on the average about six pounds of dried fruits a year. Fifteen pounds per capita would not be excessive. A dish of a half dozen large stewed prunes with a liberal helping of cream is enough to furnish half a breakfast. Remember that! Dried fruits are hearty food—and they are valuable food, too.

Before leaving the subject of raisins it may be well to call attention to the fact that as with many other economical and delicious foods, the Europeans are far wiser with regard to the use of dried fruits than are the Canadians or their neighbors south of the line. In England, as many of us will recall, the average family consumes five pounds of raisins per capita, while here and in the States two pounds per capita is the average consumption. But this fault is being remedied as we learn what our European cousins already know—the real value of dried fruits.

There are two ways of drying fruit—in the sun and by the use of artificial evaporators. Sun-drying on a commercial scale is possible only where there is a long season without rainfall or heavy dews. This condition automatically points out California as Nature's chosen spot for this work, and consequently practically all the sun-dried fruit that reaches us is from the golden state.

The growth of the dried fruit industry in California is therefore natural and one can understand how, within a score of years, this single state has developed from a small follower of Spain in the production of raisins to the colossus of this industry, today producing almost ten times as many raisins as its European competitor. Raisin production throughout the world indicates where California stands in this industry. The figures listed below are official:

**Raisin Production in Different Countries During a Normal Year**

| | |
|---|---|
| Spain | 31,350,000 lbs |
| Australia | 18,000,000 lbs |
| Turkey (Sultanas) | 11,000,000 lbs |
| California | 250,000,000 lbs |

There are thousands upon thousands of acres of wonderfully-productive grape orchards in California whose product in the past has gone into the making of wine. This industry has been wiped out. Thousands of acres of these vineyards will be turned to the production of raisins, and thousands of others will be replanted to other fruits. This means greatly increased production of dried fruits—a desirable development when one realizes the value of these foods.

Dried fruits are not recommended to replace the use of fresh fruits. Nothing can do that—nothing would be more foolish to attempt. But dried fruits can be given a wider use in our diets with beneficial results and they can, and should, be substituted for candies and other sweets.

A knowledge of the value of dried fruits will help us improve our diet, add many delicious dishes to our menus and cheapen the cost of our food.

# Getting Seven Children Off to a Good Start

By ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

THIS is a true story. There may be little unusual in it, but it stands a living contradiction to the claim occasionally heard across bridge-tables and elsewhere, that "people simply can't raise a family now on a working man's wages—not and give them a chance."

The seven young Hodgins—which isn't their name—might reasonably be called a family, and the father is a working man—a master-printer of outstanding ability it is true, and having worked up to superintendent in a fairly large printing plant, but always drawing a salary as salaries for such work go, and the young Hodgins are having a "chance." They are happy and healthy, they have a good home, they are well advanced at school—very creditable specimens of the four-square development standard, and looking ahead to worth-while careers of their own, which their father attributes to their mother's ambition for them. She was a school-teacher before she was married. Perhaps a general education means more to a woman in her mothering than is usually appreciated.

When he was married, Mr. Hodgin's salary was thirteen dollars and twenty-five cents a week, and they opened a system of bookkeeping to take care of it. So much went for housekeeping, so much towards payments on the house, so much for savings. They had a savings account even then. It was a modest enough little house, that first one, but it was their own. They have had four different homes in the eighteen years since, each time turning the increase in value of the old house into the first payment on a better new one, and as the children grew up paying special attention to the locality. They have a fine, substantial, roomy place now, with a broad lawn in front and spireas in the back yard, and in a section near enough to the country that the children can take a run out any Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Hodgin is almost a fanatic on the question of home-buying. When one of his men gets married, he doesn't finish shaking hands with him over the event until he advises: "Now you'll want to buy a house, first thing," and he has some philosophy of his own as to what makes a good investment. He believes that the woman is usually led astray by false standards of value more easily than her husband.

"Years ago when electric wiring was a new thing," he says, "a bride would see the lights and nothing else. She would say, 'Oh yes, John, let's take this house, it's wired,' and what else could he do? A little later when builders began putting in cheap mantels the mantel would sell the house nine times out of ten. It didn't matter whether it was in a locality where anyone would want to live, or whether it would ever sell for the price again, the woman wanted a mantel. The next fad was building cement wash-tubs in the basement; a woman liked to tell her friends that she had 'stationary tubs'. And so on through all the devices of architects and builders."

### Doctor's Bills no Terrors

OF COURSE, with a family of seven, there were other expenses such as doctor's bills and food and clothes and boots and school supplies. No effort seems to have been made to keep these down to a minimum; the idea seems rather, to



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# Beautiful Carmel Myers Selected to Try Popular Beauty Method




Los Angeles, Cal.,—When the favorite actress and well-known beauty, Carmel Myers, was selected to try out and report on a beauty combination which has created a furore among discriminating girls and women the choice was an admirable one. Here is her report: "I have given the beautifier, Derwillo, and Liska cold cream a thorough trial and beg to say that I have found both delightful I gladly recommend them to those who wish to beautify and preserve the skin and complexion. I have also had many favorable reports from in and out of the profession who have used this combination, and they are just as enthusiastic over it as I am. I advise every girl and woman to add Derwillo and Liska cold cream to their morning and evening toilet."

Over one million girls and women use and recommend Derwillo in place of face powder. It truly is a wonderful beautifier. There is nothing like DERWILLO and Liska cold cream for dark, sallow skin, sunburn, windburn, freckles, tan, wrinkles, roughness and poor complexions. There is nothing better to beautify the hands and arms. Use flesh Derwillo, on the face and white on the neck, chest, hands and arms. Since Derwillo has made such a phenomenal success it has many imitators, but don't be fooled by such well-known promises of "just as good," "better," or "just like it." You know that counterfeits are never as good as the genuine article, some even go so far as to give twice the quantity as we do in Derwillo. So could we, if we used cheap substitutes. Only the purest and harmless ingredients enter into it. Insist on Derwillo and Liska cold cream—then you won't be disappointed.

NOTE.—Remember you get a free trial of Derwillo and Liska cold cream; because if you are not pleased with them you can get your money back at any toilet counter of department stores or druggist from whom you made the purchase. This is certainly fair, so it's your fault if you go through life with a poor complexion.

have been to arrange their financing so that they might meet them well. Whether Mrs. Hodgin picked up her knowledge of household science at school or through reading, or whether she is guided by a natural housewifely instinct, she seems to manage her cuisine with the forethought of a dietitian as well as the skill of a cook. She does not try to save on quality, but she buys a lot of her food in quantities—the winter's supply of potatoes direct from the country, butter by the crock and eggs by the case. Her greatest economy, she considers, comes from doing the family sewing herself. She makes all the children's clothes except the boys' suits after they come to the age for tailor-mades and she has become an artist at cutting-down and making-over. In fact she always buys a good quality of material with this object in view.

"My third little girl came to me this summer," she laughed, "and said, 'Mother, I'd like to have a dress of my own, that no one else has ever worn.' "

The child had always seemed pleased with her made-over things, and the mother had not thought of the possibility of this viewpoint. It was characteristic of her sympathetic understanding that she went out that day and got the material for two new dresses, that Mary might know the experience of having "a dress of her own." And it is just as characteristic of the fine spirit of co-operation of the children that they like to "give and take" in the matter of clothes as in other things. If there had been only one or two young Hodgins they might have missed this unconscious discipline with all it should mean in the way of character building.

To see Mrs. Hodgin sit down to her sewing of an afternoon, her house set in order, the whole place quiet except for the chattering of the last little-four-year old, a bit lost since all the rest have gone to school, one might wonder how she managed to make time for these respites from the regular housekeeping and cooking for a family of nine, for her house is "kept" and she does not patronize the delicatessen stores.

"The girls help some on holidays and before they go to school," she told me, "but we do not make drudges of them. If I have one dream more than another for the children, it is that they will always look back on the time they had at home as the happiest time a child could have."

She makes her greatest saving of work by sending the washing out, getting rid of a heavy mechanical task and making time for the sewing which probably saves each week more than the cost of the laundering.

And every week, still, on the evening of Friday, which is pay-day at the printing-plant, the firm of Hodgin and Hodgin get their heads together under the living-room lamp and go over their books. On Saturday morning young Jack takes the savings to the bank. Here again the mother has method in her plan. "Jack takes a keen interest in seeing the amount in the book creep up a little each week," she said. "He says he's going to follow the same plan when he begins to earn money."

Another department of the family financing. When each baby was a year old, the mother took a twenty-year endowment insurance policy for it. "That just means twenty-five cents a week," she explained. "If it didn't go for that it would probably be spent for something else and the money may mean a lot to them when they're twenty-one."

### The Humorous Suite

OF COURSE they haven't always had everything they wanted. Even on a master tradesman's salary you don't raise a family of seven and give them the things they need and still have a surplus for certain little luxuries that appeal to the normal man's and woman's fancy—but they seem to see a certain humor in this.

"We've always wanted a parlor suite," Mr. Hodgin told me. I couldn't see anything funny about that, but between the man and woman who had wanted it there flashed a smile which indicated that they had had more amusement over wanting a parlor suite than a lot of people get from more expensive entertainment.

"The styles have changed five or six times since we first wanted one, and we haven't got it yet," he went on. "We nearly had one once. My wife and I were walking out one evening, and in a store window we saw one that we fancied, so we went in and paid a deposit on it. The next day neither of us mentioned it, nor the next, but we were both doing some thinking. The oldest girl was just starting to High School and Jack had been going to orchestra classes and wanted a violin. At last she came to me and said she thought we'd better wait for the parlor suite, which was what I had been thinking too. We'll get one sometime. It's nice having something to look ahead to."

I found, however, that they hadn't hesitated about replacing the little parlor organ with a piano as soon as the children were old enough to take lessons. It had been rather a strain too, to give up the old organ. Mrs. Hodgin had brought it from home where she had been organist in the little country church, and the children had sung hymns around it on Sunday afternoons since almost before they could talk, but it had to go. A growing family keeps its parents progressing.

Perhaps the reason why the Hodgins can laugh so whole-heartedly over the things they cannot have is that they have their children. Anyone would be proud of them, of course. The oldest daughter, sixteen years old, is in her third year in the High School of Commerce, and her fourth year of music. The next girl is attending collegiate with the idea of being a



Everyone has promise of a bright, useful future.




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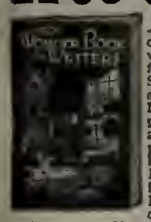
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*Established 22 Years*

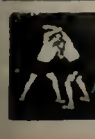


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teacher. She is rather a specialist in Domestic Science. If you drop in to see her mother of an afternoon, when she comes home from school, she will probably bring in a cup of cocoa and cake of her own making, such as might delight the gods. The oldest boy wants to be a printer like his father. His parents have no objection to that, but it is thoroughly understood that he must have his matriculation before he settles on any vocation.—And we have heard somewhere, that if people have a large family they can't afford to educate them!

### Seven Off to a Good Start

SO THEY go, seven of them, each well started in the way of a promising future. If the ambitious young printer had some objective in his own career, which circumstances prevented him reaching, or if the girl school teacher had dreams of doing some creative work on her own account, their hopes must be just as fresh as ever. There are seven good chances of their being realized in their children. If home ties have cut them off from some clubs and current hobbies and amusements, they have an unfailing source of interest in the monthly school reports, a pride worth having in the four bronze medals won last year.

Even this may mean no more than their way of enjoying their children from the time they were babies. Friends have condoled with Mrs. Hodgin over her large family, when everyone meant a treasure of wonder to the mother. Once a comforter, in an effort to be practically optimistic, remarked: "They'll pay you back for all your trouble when they grow up."

"They pay me back a hundred times every day now," replied the Mother. "It pays me just to see them happy. It will be the greatest reward I could want, if they grow up good, and live lives worth while."
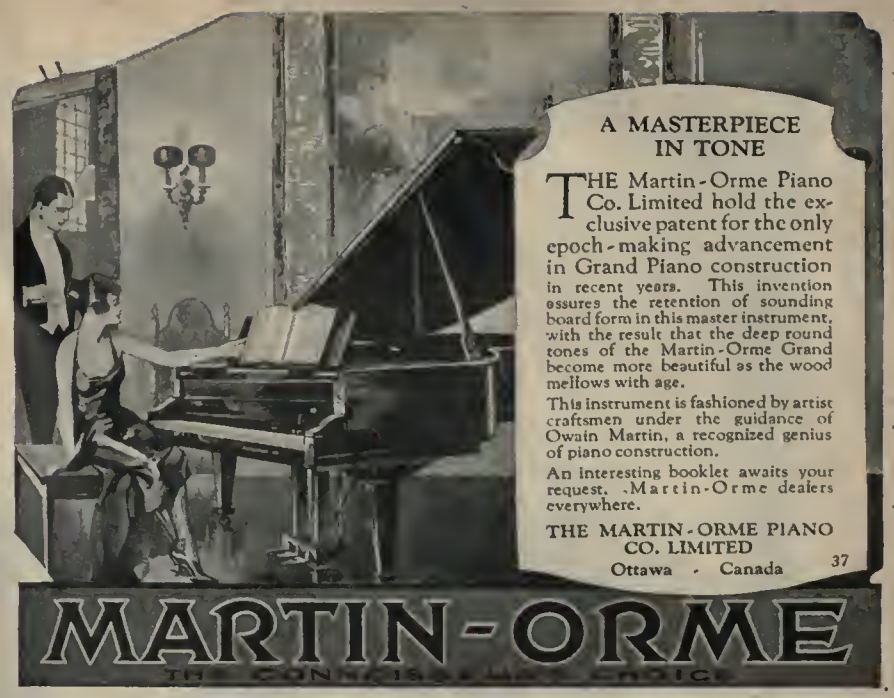
Mrs. Hodgin has made a profession of her mothering. She has given it her own intelligence and whatever she could learn from the scientific progress of the times. For instance, her children have never had cradles or comforts neither have they had adenoids nor throat troubles. When they were babies their bath-time every morning varied scarcely a half-hour for the first year. Their bedtime was as regular as twilight. She never trailed them down town on shopping expeditions or out to picture-shows. Her husband remarked one day that it was too bad the children kept her at home so much.

"I'd rather stay at home and attend to my own business," she told him.

He took a new survey of the situation. "Well you have quite a business right here," he admitted.

All this doesn't mean that the Hodgins have lived to themselves. Their home has been a haven of hospitality to many a lonely boy or girl coming from a small town to work or study in the city. Mr. Hodgin has probably turned more apprentices into journeymen around his kitchen table in the evenings than in his composing-room. When a young man from the plant went to the war, leaving a wife alone at home, the Hodgins' house was as open to her on weekends and holidays as though she belonged to the family. Their social life has not become narrow or self-centered.

And now with the baby four years old and the older members of the family naturally falling into taking the responsibility of the younger ones, as they do under the group system, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgin are entering upon a time when they can go out for an evening as "free" as they were twenty years ago. They do go too, about once a week to a movie or a concert or a visit, and they enjoy it; but they possibly don't enjoy it any more than they did the stay-at-home evenings of those sixteen years when there was always a baby to bathe and put to bed, and all the other details of carrying drinks and hearing prayers and telling stories. It's largely a matter of viewpoint.







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When you find that the stomach, liver, bowels or kidneys are not acting naturally, a dose or two of Beecham's Pills will give the needed assistance to renew the healthy activity of these important organs. These dependable family pills are prompt, safe and effective, and to all who need guidance, they point the way to renewed

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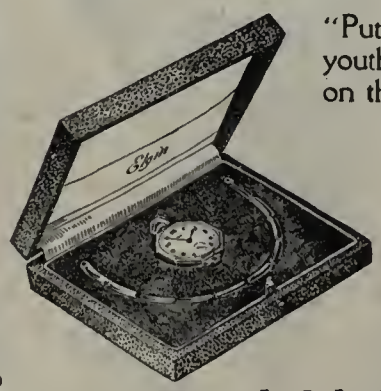
# Milestones



"OH CHILDREN! For me! But it s—it's lovely enough for a girl of twenty."

"Huh! You're heaps nicer'n any silly girl," scoffed the youngest son with the unshaken loyalty of fourteen years.

Hitherto mother's gifts had been purely practical—middle-aged. But this birthday was different. "I'd love to be young again, just to have a wrist watch," mother had chanced to say one day. She had forgotten, but her children had remembered, and the best and loveliest wrist watch they could buy was now their tribute of love.



"Put it on, mother," and a happy light shone in youthful eyes as they saw the beautiful little Elgin on the wrist of the dearest mother in the world.

53

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## Maybe Adam Laughed at These



**Obliging.**—"She screamed for help when I kissed her."

"What did you do then?"

"I gave her a second helping."—Kansas City *Star*.

---

**Why Hide It.**—Wrathful Recruit: "'Ere, wot did yer call me a thick-'eaded idiot in front o' the colonel for?"

Astonished Sergeant: "Why, it ain't a secret, is it?"—The *Tatler*.

---

**Great Discovery.**—First Professor (in high-powered motor car): We've got it at last!

Second Professor: G-got w-what?

First Professor: Perpetual motion—I can't stop.—*Queenslander* (Brisbane).

---

**Advance Bookings.**—Vera was light-hearted and merry over everything. Nothing appealed to her seriously. So one day her mother decided to invite a very serious young parson to dinner, and he was placed next to her daughter.

Everything went well until she said to him: "You speak of everybody having a mission. What is yours?"

"My mission," said the parson, "is to save young men."

"Good," replied the girl; "I'm glad to hear that. I wish you'd save one for me."—*Windsor*.

---

**Suspicious.**—The train drew up with a mighty crash and shock between stations. "Is it an accident?" inquired a worried-looking individual of the conductor.

"Some one pulled the bell cord!" shouted the conductor. "The express knocked our last car off the track! Take us four hours before the track is clear!"

"Great Scott! Four hours! Why, man, I am to be married to-day!" groaned the passenger.

The conductor, a bigoted bachelor, raised his eyebrows suspiciously.

"Look here!" he demanded. "I suppose you aint the chap that pulled the cord?"—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

---

**He Knew Himself.**—Two boys, one a Jew, and the other Irish, both received a dollar bill for Christmas.

They started out the next day together and little Mike spent some of his dollar in the first store they came to.

Levi, however, simply asked to have his dollar changed into nickles and dimes.

Going to another store, Levi had a clerk change his money back into a dollar bill.

"What makes you keep changing your money, Levi?" asked Mike.

"Sooner or later some von is going to make a mistake," replied Levi, "und it ain't going to be me."—London *Daily Mail*.

---

**Too Inquisitive Son.**—A most promising youth recently sought information from his father touching family affairs:

"Dad," said he, "do you like mother?"

"Why, what a question! Of course, I do!"

"And she likes you?"

"I am certain she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Thousands of times, my son."

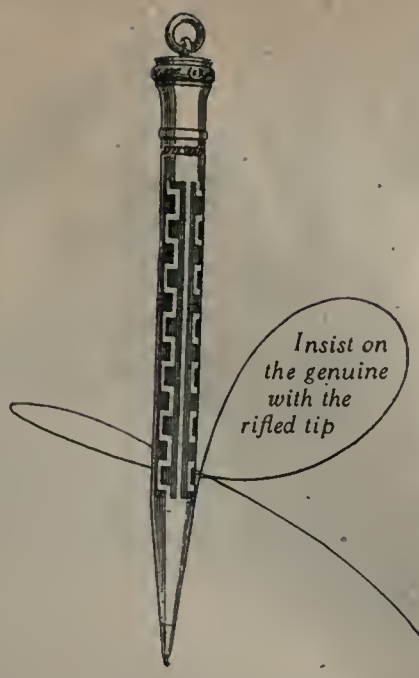
"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

Whereupon dad became angry, and said:

"See here, young man, you're getting entirely too personal. But I don't mind telling you that she did."

The boy scrutinized his parent closely, and after a pause added:

"Tell me this, dad: Was ma as near-sighted then as she is now?"—Philadelphia *Ledger*.




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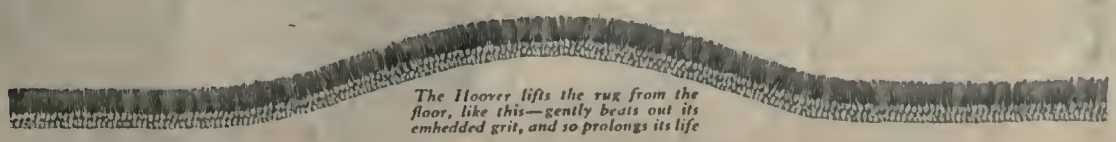

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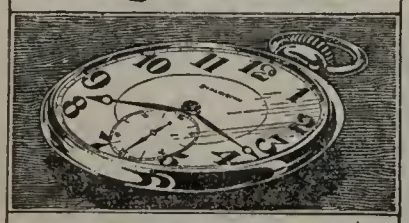
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Retail Liquidation Not Yet Fully Accomplished

THERE is an undoubted improvemen in sentiment in business circles, and insofar as this is the result of a real improvement in conditions, or as it exerts a beneficial influence on the mind of the buyer, which in turn reacts favorably upon the whole situation, it is to be welcomed. It should be recognized, however, that the business world is still far removed from any sudden "boom." The belief that a boom period is at hand, or will arrive in the near future, is based on a misapprehension, and is liable to bring a heavy disappointment and loss both to business men and investors. Such a belief tends to promote a feeling of recklessness in assuming liabilities, in stocking up, in investments on a large scale. It tends to hinder that orderly resumption of normal conditions, for which all are looking; to start speculative up-jerks with the certain downward slump that must follow, whether the subject be commodities, or investment securities. The world is still a long way from normal, and the most of it must move pretty well together before any permanent equilibrium can be established.

### Forcing Pace of Labor Deflation

THERE is a tendency in some industrial quarters to force the pace of the process of liquidation in labor. The president of the British Empire Steel Corporation announced toward the end of October that if the employees of the Dominion Coal Company failed to agree to a reduction in wages that had been submitted, the great plant would be closed down. He pointed out that the coal business of Canada, faced with the keen competition of the United States, and with industries dependent upon it for a price that would enable them in turn to face the competition of outside manufacturers, could not afford to stand in an isolated position with abnormally high wages. If the workers did not realize this, there was only one course to take.

In the case of a number of other industries, works have been shut down to enforce a similar policy of a reduced wage scale, and the workers have been found ready to accept the new scale. It is a drastic course to pursue, but in the main the employers have shown themselves patient in awaiting a compromise between the scale of wages and the slow descent in the prices of retail commodities. In the case of the railway men, a pivotal group, and among the most strongly organized in the country, an almost unanimous vote to strike failed to induce a universal strike, and revealed a recognition among the leaders,—and the knowledge that in this they were backed up practically by the men,—that a liquidation in the wage scale was due. All this is a most promising sign.

### No "Boom" Due in Securities

THE INVESTOR on his part must be content to see his favorite securities reveal net earnings on a lower scale for some years to come, if indeed the loss on inventories does not wipe out net profits from manufacturing altogether. Bonuses to shareholders will be rare; increases in dividends equally rare. The present year should see the worst passed in the case of the great majority of the manufacturing concerns; indeed the most of them probably are on a safe footing already. The retailer, however, has still a period of several months at least to face, as his process of liquidation of merchandise both in volume and prices has still some distance to go. This, in turn, will delay the resumption of buying from the manufacturer and wholesaler on any large scale for seasonal requirements for some time to come. A policy of "Go Easy" will be enforced universally.

### Sudden Advances with Reactions

NOR SHOULD the investor be too eager to follow sudden advances in the investment or speculative stock market, for reactions seem certain to follow. There is nothing to indicate that any investment buying to any great extent has started, nor that the speculator even has entered in largely to reap a sudden harvest while he may. The whole attitude of the investor, even more than in normal conditions, should be determined by the attractiveness of the security as viewed in the light of a long-term investment, based on the intrinsic soundness of the industry that lies behind as its guarantee.

### Decline of $177,000,000 in Current Loans

THE CONSOLIDATED statement of the chartered banks of Canada for the month of September provides, as usual, a fair index to general conditions. The commercial loans, while slightly increased for seasonal reasons over the month of August by $13,000,000, show a marked decline in comparison with the total for September, 1920—$1,239,637,351 and $1,417,207,756 respectively—a decrease of $177,000,000. This is a favorable showing, indicating a substantial progress in the liquidation of merchandise, although an even greater decrease might have been approved. The very extent of the total, however, meets the objection that has been raised that the banks have been unduly severe in pressing their customers to dispose of their stocks and reduce their banking indebtedness. It is the opinion of bankers that the commercial loans should continue to decline for some time to come, as stocks are cleared out, and no sudden resumption of industrial activity is in sight.

The total of savings deposits also shows a decline, about $16,000,000 below the figures for August and $6,000,000 less than those of September, 1920, standing now at $1,263,763,000. This undoubtedly is a reflection both of a lowered scale of wages and the volume of unemployment that is fairly considerable. A policy of thrift will be lacking, however, if the savings deposits do not begin to pick up again, now that our extravagant habits, inflated with a world-wide inflation, are being put in leash.

### Piecemeal Deflation Scored

AT A RECENT conference in Washington on the unemployment question of captains of industry, employers, and government officials, the following resolution was submitted and carried unanimously: "Resolved that all manufacturers and retailers who have not already done so are urged to take the inflation out of their prices all at once, not by piecemeal, and to get more trade by selling at a price the consumers will pay. It is essential that retail prices shall promptly and fairly reflect the price adjustment of the producer, manufacturer and the wholesaler."

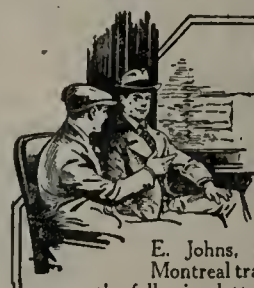
The resolution touches on one of the vital points of the present situation. The unwillingness of the average retail dealer to accept his share of the burdens of the adjustment era by reducing prices to correspond to replacement values, has been one of the most important factors in prolonging the present period of industrial stagnation. Prices have been bolstered up at levels which do not conform in any degree with the purchasing


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"Now I am going to give you an unsolicited testimonial. Heretofore I have had a profound contempt for patent medicines, particularly so-called liniments. One day last fall after a hard day's tramp in the slush, I developed a severe pain in my legs and like a man who has never had anything wrong with him physically, I complained rather boisterously. The good little wife says: 'I will rub them with some liniment.' 'Go ahead,' I said, just to humor her. We'll, in she comes with a bottle of MINARD'S and gets busy The pain disappeared in a few minutes, and you can tell the world I said so." 18

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT



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STRONGFORTISM.—The Modern Science of Health Promotion will rebuild and restore every part of your body and aid Nature in forever banishing Catarrh and all other ailments. I guarantee it.

Mention the subjects on which you want special information and send with 10c. for postage on my "Practical Talk on Catarrh" and my free book "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." Send for it Right Now.

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power of the public or with the lower prices for the basic commodities. Such price reductions as have been introduced have been in the nature of bait to the consumer to induce him to buy in quantity, rather than any genuine attempt to meet the situation.

The buying power of the public has been seriously affected because of several reasons; the large volume of unemployment in all the industrial centres of the Dominion; the relatively high prices of manufactured goods, the certainty that price adjustment has not yet reached bottom, and to the fact that the farmers as a class are suffering through drastic reductions in commodity prices, and to the lower grain yields of the present season. In the West the situation has been aggravated by the fact that while crop yields were well up to normal despite the earlier "blue-ruin" reports the grade of the grain has been materially reduced through the heavy rains of the latter part of September, which delayed threshing by two or three weeks. Prices for livestock, too, have slumped drastically, and on the whole the return to the farmer will be considerably less than revenue accruing during the previous year. There is a general disposition therefore in this broad market to restrain buying to the barest necessities, and there is little likelihood that the fresh capital in circulation owing to the marketing of the crops will be of material influence in stimulating a return of industrial activity. The farmer has suffered through the radical price deflation for the goods that he has to sell, and he is not disposed to buy freely of goods for which the price adjustment has proceeded on a comparatively small margin.

### Building Returns Grow

AT THE moment the business situation is somewhat beclouded by the threatened strike of employees of the American railroads. A strike even if it does materialize will not directly affect Canada, but the disposition of the employees but serves to indicate the unsettlement of the times. Lower transportation costs and lower wages must go hand in hand, and the public will reap the benefit.

The latest building figures available indicate a slight improvement in the amount of construction under way throughout the Dominion of Canada. There is one significant feature of all building reports, the small amount of construction that is under way or that has been undertaken this year. But one conclusion is possible—that the need for additional factory accommodation does not now exist—that the expansion undertaken during and following the war period has been more than sufficient to provide for present needs. There is a fairly large amount of residential construction under way, however, but the volume is wholly incommensurate with the present needs. There is litt'e or no building for speculative purposes. The majority of the houses under construction will be occupied by the builders, and thus little progress is being made in relieving the housing congestion. There is no inducement toward speculative building at the moment, and not until the cost of money, and wages and materia'e, have been thoroughly deflated will broadscale construction campaigns be resumed. Material prices show a substantial decline from the peak range of a year ago, but are still well above the base that is regarded as normal.

### Dry-Goods Trade Brisk

AUTUMN buying is reflected at the moment in an improved retail dry goods trade. This betterment is more conspicuous in rural than in urban or industrial centres. Wholesale prices of a number of raw or basic commodities have advanced within the past few weeks, indicating that for the present at least no serious price deflation may be expected. A number of clothing manufacturers report a large volume of business on hand, mostly for immediate delivery, however, as there has been comparatively little placing of orders for spring goods as yet. The utmost conservatism is still being observed in buying, and this policy followed in practically every line of trade, cannot exert other than a depressing influence upon business. The acme of conservatism, however, is reported by a prominent stove manufacturer, who states


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COL. F. S. MEIGHEN, C.M.G.
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THE HON. W. J. SHAUGHNESSY, K.C.
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FRANK A. DUDLEY, ESQ.
President, United Hotels Co. of America.

A. D. MACTIER, ESQ.
Vice-President, Canadian Pacific Railway.

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Director, Canadian Pacific Railway.
Director, Laurentide Co., Limited.

W. A. MACKENZIE, ESQ.
President, W. A. Mackenzie & Co., Limited.

IF you were being asked to invest in The Mount Royal Hotel Company, Limited, and had no other facts to base your decision upon than the character, reputation and financial responsibility of the Board of Directors, you could, with complete confidence, invest your money in this enterprise.

Consider these men individually, and their associations. Canada's greatest Banking, Railroad, Insurance and Industrial Corporations have no greater directorate.

Is it reasonable, then, to suppose that so able and so far-sighted a group of men would personally invest in this Company and go upon its Board of Directors if there was the slightest suspicion that the enterprise was not well founded?

Certainly not.

They know, as does every other big business man, that Montreal is on the threshold of a great business destiny. It is our greatest City—our greatest seaport—our largest Transcontinental Terminal—and a Financial and Jobbing Headquarters.

Yet, for so large a city, it has the smallest modern hotel accommodation on the North American Continent.

The Mount Royal Hotel cannot fail of success. We have investigated every phase of it, and have backed our faith in it by underwriting its securities.

In short, you may invest in the 8% convertible Debentures of The Mount Royal Hotel Company, Limited, with the assurance that your money is safe—your 8% interest certain, and your prospects good for a profit from your Common Stock bonus.

For remember, King Edward Hotel common stock, (Another United Hotels enterprise) is now paying dividends at the rate of 10% per annum, although it too was given away as a bonus three years ago.

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## To W. A. MacKenzie & Company, Limited

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Dear Sirs: Please send me a copy of the circular describing the 8% Convertible Debentures of The Mount Royal Hotel Company, Limited, and oblige.

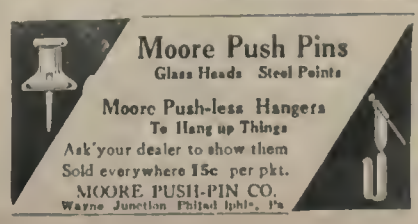
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"RUBBERSET must make good—or WE WILL!" is not an advertising slogan. It is a straightforward statement of the principle which made and *maintains* RUBBERSET brushes as the world's standard article of their kind.

Imitations of the process, the trademark, or the principle, can be viewed only as an attempt on the part of those practising such imitations to profit by the standing and esteem accruing *rightfully* to the originators of all three.

Identify the brushes made by this company by the presence of the trade name RUBBERSET as shown below.

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*FACTORIES*
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*"Makers of the STANDARD brush for every use to which a bristle brush is put"*

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*Be guarded by our guarantee*

RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK

*Brushes bearing this trade mark* *Are made in CANADA*

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*every bristle gripped EVERLASTINGLY in hard rubber!*

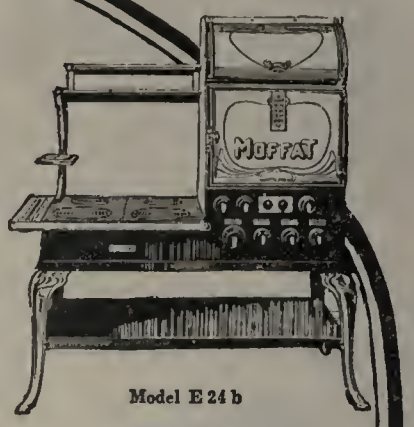


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Moffats, Limited
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Model E 24 b

11

**MOFFATS** *ELECTRIC RANGES*


that he had received ten separate orders for stoves from a single individual within one week. In this case the dealer did not wish to assume the risk of being forced to the necessity of taking a loss on goods that he might have in hand, and therefore ordered only as the necessity arose, thereby running up a considerable bill for handling and transportation charges.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

**Question.**—I would be glad if you could let me know the standing of the Monarch Tractors, Ltd., of Brantford, Ont.—Subscriber.

Answer—The Monarch Tractor Company, Limited, of Brantford, Ontario, cannot be regarded as a satisfactory investment at the present time. The company's activities are limited and we understand that recently little more than operations on the shares have been conducted. The dividend on the preferred stock has been suspended, the management explaining that this has been for the purpose of conserving funds towards other activities.

**Question.**—Would you be good enough to give me your opinion as to the financial standing and prospects of the Canadian Farm Implement Co., Ltd.?—G. L., Armstrong, B.C.

Answer—J. E. McLellan, manager of the Canadian Farm Implement Association, when interviewed recently would not divulge any information concerning the financial standing of his company. He pointed out, that there was no intention of selling credit accommodation and proposed to finance operations through the proceeds of a stock selling campaign. It is the company's intention to operate a factory for the manufacture of a mower improvement to be known as the "Wonder Shearing Sickle." With such meagre information on hand it is impossible to estimate the strength of the company, or the value of the stock, or accurately to judge of its merit from an investment standpoint. The attitude of the manager, however, and his unwillingness to give any information as to his previous occupation or that of his associates would tend to make us doubt the advisability of buying the company's stock. The channels for safe investment are too numerous to leave much attraction for an offering with whose position we are not able to acquaint ourselves.

**Question.**—Do you consider the stock of the Northwestern Life Assurance Company and also of the Northwestern Trust Company a safe investment?—H. W. G., Vancouver, B.C.

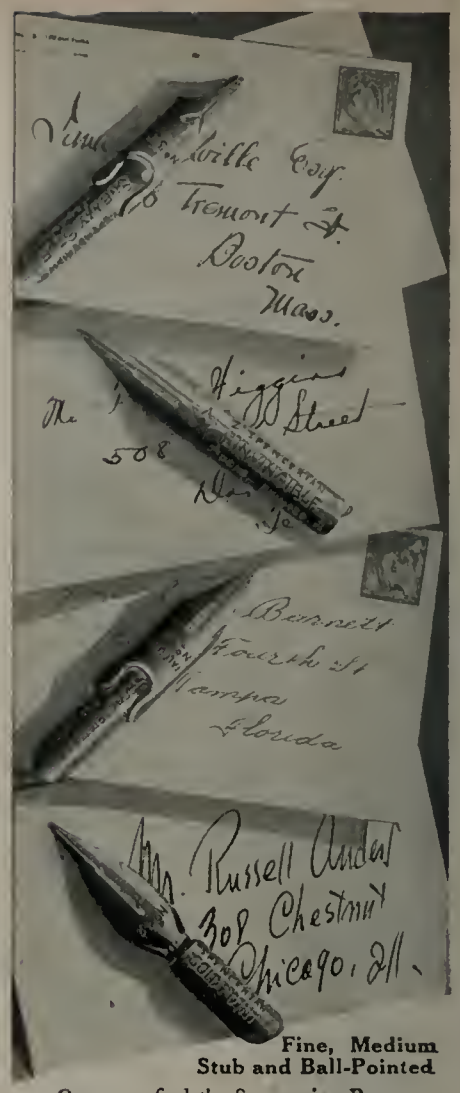
Answer—The Northwestern Life is a sound little company and one that is not only safe to insure with but which may offer excellent prospects for shareholders as it develops further.

The agent who told you that only $37.50 would be called on each share was only justified in saying that $37.50 is the extent of the payment being asked from shareholders at the present time. You will always have a contingent liability for the full amount of your subscription, although it is possible that no further calls may be made. This is entirely a matter that is up to the directors to rule upon according to their opinion of the financial needs of the company.

The Northwestern Trust Company is a comparatively new concern, and as is generally the case with companies of this class its growth will of necessity be slow. It is capably managed, but we are of the opinion that it may be some years yet before the shareholder will be able to derive profit from his purchase. In view of these circumstances the security does not offer particular attraction, especially at a time when there are numerous securities of undoubted merit available on the market, which will yield an almost immediate return.

**Question.**—Would you kindly advise the present status of the Zenith Co. Inc. and whether or not an investment in some of their stock would be a good proposition? — M. H., Sherbrooke, Que.

Answer—The Zenith Companies Inc. is a holding company, controlling the Merchant Casualty Company, the Union Fire & Casualty Company, both with head offices in Winnipeg, Man., and the Merchants Life & Casualty Company with head office in Minneapolis, Minn. The Canadian companies do business in every province and the Merchants Life operates in eighteen states on the other side. According to the annual statement covering the operations of the subsidiaries for the year 1920, each company shows a gain in premium income, the Union Fire from $198,621 in 1919 to $304,762 in 1920; the Merchants Casualty from $[illegible]20 to $495,909, and the Merchants

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or nearest branch office. (See our advertisement on page 50 for list of branches).

Life from $204,184 to $281,246. We are informed by the fiscal agents of the company in Toronto that dividends at the rate of 6 per cent, were paid on the company's stock for 1918, 10 per cent for 1919, and 10 per cent for 1920. The company has been building up along conservative lines, and with capable management there should be a splendid field of opportunity in Canada. Until the company has passed the development stage, however, and has become established upon thoroughly stable lines we can only regard the stock as speculative.

**Question.**—The writer has $4,000 in British 5% War Loan purchased at 85. In view of the present unsettled conditions in the Old Country would you advise me to leave it where it is or to bring it over here for investment in Canadian securities?—J. F., Coleman, Alta.

**Answer**—British War Loan fives are selling at around 88 in London which works out at about 71 to 72 at current rates of exchange in Canada. If you were to sell now you would lose a considerable proportion of your original principal and as the future trend of these bonds is more likely to be upward than in the other direction we would advise your holding your bonds for possibly another year when you may be able to market them to better advantage.

**Question.**—Please give me your opinion as to an investment in the stock of the Renfrew Electric Products, Limited.—S. M., Cobden, Ont.

**Answer**—We are not in a position to make any definite statement concerning the strength underlying your investment in the Renfrew Electric Products Limited, the management not having made public any statement dealing with the company's financial position. All we know is the fact that the management appears capable. The prospects for successful operation appear reasonably bright. The business is of large volume and is steadily increasing. We understand too that the company's resources are being augmented.

**Question.**—Will you kindly give me your opinion of the present standing of Dominion Iron & Steel Company 7% preferred stock. Do you think it is advisable to exchange it for British Empire Steel preferred, or to hold it as it is?—M. B., Montreal.

**Answer**—We believe it would be to your advantage to exchange this security for the preferred stock of the British Empire Steel Corporation, rather than to hold it. According to an explanation made to us by the president, Roy Wolvin, the policy hereafter is to treat the two companies, Dominion Iron and Steel Company, and the Dominion Coal Company, separately so far as dividend payments are concerned. That is if the coal company earns enough to pay its preferred dividend, that will be paid; and if it does not, it will not be paid. Of the two it is expected that the coal company will be the better earner for some time to come, so that it is conceivable that the preferred dividend might be paid by the coal company and not by Iron & Steel. On the other hand the surplus of earnings from both companies after meeting the preferred dividends goes into the general treasury of the British Empire Steel Corporation to pay preferred dividends to those who hold the British Empire stock, and also common dividends when found advisable. If the coal end of the business runs far ahead of the steel plant's, there might be sufficient surplus to pay the preferred dividends for holders of British Empire Steel Corporation (including the dividends of those who will have transferred their shares in the Iron & Steel Company) while the old preferred shareholders of Iron & Steel,—dependent as they are on the Iron & Steel earnings alone,—might receive nothing. In other words, by transferring into the British Empire Steel you would share in the coal as well as the steel activities of the merger. Obviously we would advise a holder of the preferred stock of the Dominion Coal Company not to make the exchange, nor the preferred shareholders of Dominion Steel Corporation, as the security each holds now appears the better.

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine.*





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VOLUME XXXIV.
NUMBER TWENTY

# THE THUMB PRINT

*By* W. A. FRASER

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

OF COURSE Charter P. Thomas had taken a suite at the hotel. On the centre table of the sitting room stood a vase of luxuriant roses; they had been charged to the room account.

Charter P. touched the petals of a rose with his slim, girl-like fingers, drew an attenuated roll of bills from his pocket, looked at the money derisively, and then grinned like a mischievous boy into the pale gambler face of his companion, Jack Conway.

Conway watched this pantomime sardonically. He took a cigar from between his lips and growled: "Devilish funny, no doubt, but I don't quite get the humor of it."

"If you were dealing, Jack, you would."

"Yes, you're dealing, Charter P.. I've got the man, and the horse, and you're in if you make good on the capital—that's all we're shy of."

"Cheer up, Jack," and Charter P. clapped his open palms together and wrung his fingers blithely. "Toronto is a sport town. Time of the Porcupine gold boom I took twenty-one thousand out of here on a pasteboard front, and if a chap I'd known in the West hadn't blown in to town I'd have got away with a quarter of a million."

"A case of save me from my friends," Conway commented.

"I wired Bill Kennedy in New York to wi e me a hundred."

"You're out the price of a telegram."

But Charter P. objected: "He'll send it; I gave him a tip on Amalgamated, and he cleaned up good and plenty—he'll send it."

They presented a remarkable contrast, these two *chevaliers d'Industrie*. Charter P. was a boy—a Peter Pan, dressed in exquisite taste; his round boyish face suggested an impossibility of guile; while Conway had written in large type across his forehead the word Beware. He, too, was clothed with simple taste; but his face was hard, merciless, blanched of all human compassion.

"Let's go down, Jack," Charter P. suggested, "and sort over the offerings in the rotunda. I dreamt last night that a rainbow finished up there, and beneath the tesselated floor was a pot of gold." Then Charter P. clapped his palms merrily together and grinned.

The two men had not taken six steps after their debouch from the elevator when Charter P. came full upon the babe in the bulrushes. He fairly gasped, for he had last seen Stewart Owen six years ago in Butte.

Charter P. indulged in a quick, furtive reconnaissance. The big white diamond in Owen's tie, its brother in purity of water in a masonic emblem, the glittering blue-white star on a finger, were reassuring: the gods had dealt Charter P. four aces, cold.

"Old Timer!" and Charter P. swept a little hand in front of Owen, a happy, eager recognition in his eyes.

"Great alkali!" and Owen's powerful grip had crumpled the slim hand into a pansy leaf.

"My friend, Jack Conway, Stewart— Mr. Owen, Jack."

"Glad to know you," and the gambler's fingers were squeezed.

A twitch of Charter P.'s right eye telegraphed to Conway that the dream had come true—they had found the pot of gold.

"This is my wife, Mr. Thomas; and Mr. Conway, Delilah," Owen reciprocated.

CHARTER P.'s babe eyes brightened in appreciation of the well-gowned, beautiful Delilah. Inwardly he murmured, "Gee! what a stunner!" And he also fell in love with Delilah's diamonds.

"When d'you blow in, Charter P.?" Owen asked.

"This morning. Just up from old New York for a flutter. Mr. Conway has a few gallopers and we took a run up to dribble some jack into the iron-man to-morrow."

Owen showed his strong white teeth in a smile. "Minin' too slow, Charter?"

"Not on your life, Stewart; I'm in deeper than ever. I married a niece of old Kran, of Kran, Loeder—you know what they stand for in the mining world—and I'm Secretary-Treasurer of an exploitation company that's ready to buy up the Sahara Desert or any old place that's got ore."

"I can load you up," Owen declared. "I've got the biggest thing in a gold proposition on earth: I've got it by the tail pullin' it down hill."

"What's it called?"

"The Shining Tree, an' it's a bird. A vein thirty-nine feet wide—stringers, of course—assays run as high as two thousand dollars to the ton, but an average assay clean across of seventy-three dollars."

Charter P. clapped Owen on the shoulder. "Great Scott! just what we're looking for; you give me your engineer's report, and a typed proposition, and I'll put it through in thirty days—I don't want any option. You come back to New York with me, Stewart; I'll pay all your expenses. What's the price?"

"A million."

"Good heavens! have you lost your nerve, boy? *A million*! Are you trying to beat out Rockefeller on giving away money? What's come over you?" Charter P. almost cried in his grief over his friend's foolish lack of thrift.

"Now, Stewart," he added, when he had recovered from his sorrow, "I'm going to be deuced busy to-day with Mr. Conway, because we've got to feed the bird we're going to kill to-morrow. Suppose you come to my room to-night, after dinner, and we'll go into this thing. By that time, I fancy, I'll have a prescription from a doctor, and if we can't do any business we can talk over old times."

"I'll do that little thing, Charter P." Owen acquiesced.

"Oh, by the way, Stewart, I've got a wired draft coming through from New York for fifty-one hundred dollars: do you know the telegraph people here—could you identify me?" Charter P. asked. "All you'd need to do is phone the manager that I'm here, and really am Charter P. Thomas."

"Sure thing! I'll phone the manager, Howard, that Charter P. Thomas is here in the hotel and I know him. That'll be all you need in the way of identification unless you want—"

"No, no; don't want any endorsing, just identification, that's all, Stewart," and Charter P. clapped his little hands together and wrung his fingers, as if he washed out the whole matter.

As Stewart and Delilah moved away Conway turned his cold eyes on his companion commendingly. Fifty-one hundred, boy—not so bad. Rather quick on the trigger, I must say."

CHARTER P. grinned. "That bird Owen belongs. He's been stung so often before he cut his eye teeth that he's gun-shy of a touch. I don't want him to avoid us—see, Jack. That's why I suggested the phone for identification."

"There are your two friends—they're at the fourth table down," Delilah said, as she sat down at dinner with her husband that evening. "And I'll tell you candidly, Stewart, I don't like either of them."

"That suits me, Lilah. I don't want you to like any man."

"No chance—I never did."

"Never?"

"Stewart, you're tiring. An inquisitive man is impossible. I mean that Mr. Charter P. is too too, if you can understand that. And Conway—his eyes make me shiver."

"As to Conway, girl, he carries the danger signal so manifestly that anybody that falls



"Momma love Pappa?," and Stewart laughed. "Perhaps, but don't get into trouble, boy."

for him ought to; but Charter P. is one of those good-natured, good hearted misplacements that a fellow can't help but like. And he's clever, too—clever as a whip. His people are really good people, rich. And Charter P. has done some awfully clever things."

"What has he done that's very clever. I wouldn't—"

"Well, he's kept out of jail, and considering everything, I think that was pretty smart of Charter P. But if he is married into the Kran, Loeder group he might be able to place the Shining Tree in New York. I'm going to see what he's got. If either Charter P. or Conway slip a cold deck on me I'll know it, and just tear up the cards. See, girl?"

Charter P. and Conway finished their dinner, and as they passed the table at which Owen sat, the little man asked:

"How would you like to come up to the room when you've finished your dinner, Stewart. Will you excuse him, Mrs. Owen?"

"I was going to stick around a bit to wait for a friend." Owen answered.

"Leave word for him to come up," Charter P. suggested. "I've got *that*—" and he smiled.

"All right, boys," Owen agreed; "I'll be up soon."

"Right-o! 234 is the room."

When the two friends had passed on Owen said, "I'll leave a note in Jack Andrews' box, Lilah, but if you see him, or he calls up the room, tell him to come up to 234. The old gent likes a snifter, he likes the smell of it on his whiskers. You see, Jack's got Red Devil in a race to-morrow, an' Yellow Tail's in the same race. Of course, as you know, Yellow Tail runs in the name of his trainer, Hank Armour, though he belongs to the old man. So far the idea is that Red Devil's to win, because Yellow Tail will be backed by the public on the strength of his last race. The old man, even with me, is pretty canny 'bout what he says, but I know that's the idea. I guess Yellow Tail could win if he didn't eat too big a breakfast or somethin'. That's what I want to see Andrews about to-night—he was goin' to let me know definite."

"I'll tell you something, Stewart," Delilah said thoughtfully, "I know that Mr. Andrews is worried about Armour. It seems that Hank is sore over the division of the winnings on Yellow Tail; he thinks he didn't get enough."

"I guess that's why the old man said he'd let me know to-night—he wanted to get that straightened out," Owen said thoughtfully. "But Jack 'll get it right; that mud-head's no match for the old man if it comes to a question of dog eat dog."

HALF an hour later Charter P. Thomas was saying as he tipped the Roderick Dhu bottle to dribble amber liquid into three glasses: "Stewart, if the Shining Tree mine is what you say it is, I can place it in New York for two millions."

"I was wondering if you'd dropped out of the minin' game, Charter P. I hadn't heard of you in that line for three or four years," Owen commented.

"Dropped out, is good, Stewart," and the little man's round face lighted up like a laughing moon. "That's what happened six years ago, wasn't it. I had a four-thousand-foot fall with a parachute."

"I thought you went farther," and Owen laughed "I thought you'd gone clean through to China. That was over the Lucky Mike mine, wasn't it?"

"The *Unlucky* Mike—you almost got it. Some people make money out of their business to race horses, but I hooked up with Conway over the ponies and get enough out of the game to play the mines. What d'you know about that, Stewart?"

"Damn funny! if you'll pardon the profanity."

"We've made some real old time killings, haven't we, Jack?" Charter P. appealed to his somber friend.

Conway nodded.

"I've been playin' the ponies a bit myself," Owen admitted; "not too much a loser at that."

Charter P. laid a hand of remonstrance on Owen's arm. "You stick to your mining, Stewart; you played that game like a lucky bettor, and unless a man's away on the inside with the thorough-breds, he'd better give his money to his mother-in-law for safe keeping. Your best bet, from what you say, is the Shining Tree; you play it for a winner."

"Ting-a-ling, zing-h-h-h!" It was the phone.

Charter P. jerked the receiver from the hook, and Owen heard him say, "Just a minute—hold the line!"

He put a hand over the mouthpiece and turned a troubled face toward Conway, saying: "Jack, it's that chap, Hank Armour, about that horse for to-morrow—he's down stairs there now, waiting."

"Tell him to come up," Conway answered casually.

"If it's business, boys, I'll pull my freight," Owen suggested.

"It's business, brother," Charter P. declared, "but as to your pulling your freight, nothin' doin'! I haven't seen you for six years."

"No, Mr. Owen, don't go," Conway added. "This chap's got a horse that can win to-morrow, and from what Charter P. told me about you I don't mind your knowin' it."

"Come on up," Thomas called up into the phone; and coming over to the table he added, "I'll just tell him that you're of our party, see! It's a pretty good thing, but you don't have to chip in. You see, this chap




Charter P. and Conway had finished their dinner, and as they passed the table at which Owen sat, the little man asked: "How would you like to come up to the room when you've finished your dinner, Stewart?"

used to train for Conway; he wrote Jack to come up and that he'd make it worth while. To-day we saw him, and he says that if we'll put down a big bet he'll shoot this horse over. He's kind of sore on somebody that welched on the last win they had—didn't divvy up proper."

The name, Hank Armour, had been zig-zagging through Owen's brain as lightning tickles the sky; now surely he must be in on this, must sit it out. Hank wouldn't know him by sight, but had probably heard his name from Jack Andrews, so he said:

"Just one thing, Charter; the father of money that's got this Shinin' Tree mine under option is a good man; he roosts on the top rung of the golden stairs, and if he knew I was mixed up in a horse play he'd bawl me out; he'd say, 'Man of sin, you're excused from this deal'. Introduce me under another moniker to this Johnnie—call me Daly, George Daly."

KNUVKLES softly touched the room door, and Charter P. flung it open, admitting Hank Armour.

Owen looked at the man curiously; he had never seen him. And now, scrutinizing the heavy sullen face, he wondered why Jack Andrews had trusted Armour. Of course it had been as the Man from the Desert had explained, because Armour was a veritable clam in his economy of speech. But Stewart could see that Hank, like many secretive men, was a man in subdued rebellion.

Owen was introduced as Mr. Daly, one who bet 'em up high, the sky his limit. Owen saw the suspicious look of hesitancy that drew the lids down over Hank's solid eyes, so he said:

"If you boys've got some little private deal on I'll slip away."

"No," Charter P. objected. He laid a baby hand on Owen's shoulder, and turned to Armour: "You don't mind Mr. Daly, Hank. He's been in with us in New York on a couple of killings. He's all right; I stand for him, and I don't burn up any good money giving things away."

"That's all right," Armour said, slipping into a chair, and lifting to his lips the glass Conway had half filled with the liquor of optimism.

"Now then," Charter P. said, "if you'll just give us the lay-out, Hank, put the proposition on the table, and let Jack here size it up—cause he's our expert in this game."

The shell of Hank's casket of secretiveness had been cracked slightly by the heating force of half a glass of raw Scotch, and with a sudden suspicious side shoot of the eyes towards Owen, he plunged into his verbal dissipation.

"I got a hoss that broke his maiden just a few days ago, an' he broke it good, he spread-eagled his field; he come home on the bit yellin', 'I'm hungry, where's 'em oats!' "

"Good stuff," Charter P. commented; "winners for mine every time."

"An' I didn't get nothin' out of it!" and Hank looked as if he were going to cry.

"The old game, Hank," Conway commented; "the man that bet the money said he'd been paid out in green goods, eh."

"The old son-of-a-gun cleaned up fifty thousan', an' hands me two thousan', sayin' it wasn't his money was bet an' he couldn't collect."

There was a little silence save for a tinkle of glass as Conway proffered Armour more of the encourager.

"An' now to-morrer my hoss's in a race, an' this ol' cuss 's got a hoss in too. He figgers that we'll make a boat-race of it, with his hoss, Red Devil, takin' down the long end of the purse."

"He's got his nerve with him, Hank, after throwing you down once," Charter P. commented bitterly.

"Nerve!—his nerve'd make a good web for the starting gate, there wouldn't no hosses break through it."

"And Hank, you want us to upset the boat, eh?" Conway queried, his poker face as placid, his gray eyes as stony as if he had said "Let us pray."

"I'll tell you what I want, gentlemen—I'm goin' to talk turkey. I've got to get mine this time. An' if the ol' cuss makes any kick I'll interduce him to the stewards for a cup of tea—an' he'll get it. I've got somethin' on him."

"Go to it, Hank; the sky's our limit," Charter P. declared.

THE whiskey had suffused Hank's surly face with an angry red gloom; his eyes were defiant, like the pig eyes of a bear at bay.

"I got to have five thousan' bet for me, an' I got to have a thousan' put in my hand to-night, leavin' four thousan' to bet."

"Doesn't seem enough," Charter P. chirped blithely; "haven't you forgotten something, Hank?"

"I ain't forgot nothin'; I ain't forgot I was declared out of the last winnin's. My hoss, Yellow Tail—" Hank checked, the horse's name had slipped through the whiskey oiled machinery of his secretiveness.

"Yellow Tail," Owen murmured thoughtfully; "didn't he win somewhere this summer?"

"He won a week ago, an' he's right on top another race now—fit as any hoss ever was," Hank answered.

"Has he got much to beat in this race to-morrow?" Conway asked.

"Red Devil can outrun the others, an' Yellow Tail can beat Red Devil doin' anythin'; the ol' man knows it. He thinks the public'll back my hoss an' give him a better price on Red Devil. An' if I take Yellow Tail, which he calc'lates I'm goin' to, then his hoss'll be a certainty."

Again there was a little silence; Conway and Charter P. putting up a hesitating bluff to impress Owen, for their delicious scheme was to profit, and Owen to furnish the capital.

If they could have shot a ray of mental fluorescence through Owen's mind they would have been startled. If the horse had been any horse but Yellow Tail, if the man had been any man but Hank Armour, Owen would have come blithely into the scheme and gambled—on the level. Now he was about to double-cross these double-crossers. They were clever, and he also must put up a front. Apparently he was all they fancied, a rich happy-go-lucky,

an easy mark for such experienced men as themselves.

"It's up to you, Jack," Charter P. broke the silence; "how does it assay?"

"Cut out that thousand, Armour—" Conway commanded.

"Nothin' doin'!" Hank answered sullenly.

"But men don't carry a thousand dollars around in their pockets," Charter P. objected. "We'll get it for you to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" Hank sneered; "that's the way I was settled with last time."

"Before the race this time, Hank."

"I got to get it to-night; I got to whisper my hoss fust thing in the mornin' whether he's to win or not. He's on a diet. When he's goin' to win you can't get that hoss to eat too much or drink two or three pails of water; an' if he knows he's not needed he jus' enjoys hisself at the feed box, 'cause he's a good doer."

Charter P. coughed, lighted a cigarette, and ran a baby hand over the smooth glossy black hair that lay so flat against his little round skull.

"We put through a draft on New York to-day," Conway advised, "and the money'll be here in the morning."

"That'll be too late," Hank declared. "If I get a thousan' to-night I'll know you're talkin' turkey; if I don't get a thousan' with a guarantee of four thousan' bet, it's off—you fellers can guess about the race."

CHARTER P. turned impulsively toward Owen. "How about you, Stewart—could you get my cheque for a thousand cashed here in the hotel to-night?"

"I'd cash it myself for you, Charter, but I use the bank! The hotel wouldn't have that much spare cash at ten o'clock at night."

Charter P. switched to Armour. "Will you take a cheque?"

"No. I ain't sayin' it ain't good, but cheques gets stopped."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, boys," Owen said; "I'll come in on this."

He addressed Armour. "I've got a bunch of coin over at the Royal Bank, but I can't get that to-night. I'll see if I can dig up a thousand to-night, but if I can't you can depend on me bein' in on this to-morrow."

"There's another little thing," Conway interrupted, for he saw that Hank, obdurate, set in his ideas, was about to object, "and that is, that we've got to bet this money in the morning in New York. I'm in touch with my man there, and he'll put the bet down just before race time so it can't come back to the track. If we're going to bet five thousand for Mr. Armour we've got to bet about thirty thousand for ourselves to make anything. It's too good a chance to pike over. My man in New York has got a ten thousand dollar credit on my account with Joe Urder—"

"I'll chip in a third in the morning," Charter P. asserted.

"And you can count on me for my third; I'm in this to a finish," Owen declared. Inwardly he muttered, "to a finish!"

Hank had placidly listened to this financial debate; now he said; "Mr. Daly said somethin 'bout diggin' up a thousan'. There's a racin' picture on here; I'll go an' take that in, I want to see it, an' I'll come back in an hour-an'-a-half That thousan' 'd make all the rest of it look good to me."

"I'll get busy right away," Owen declared, shoving his chair back.

Charter P. said, "We'll pull this off, boys; we've just got to have confidence in each other; we ought to clean up a hundred thousand."

"If I don't get the money to-night what's your address, Armour, so that I can ring you up early in the mornin'?" Owen asked.

"I'm stoppin ' at the Douglas House, ' Armour answered; "King East, 'bout half way to the Grapevine Track."

"Will you be there after the picture?" Owen asked.

"Yes, I'll go back home to go to bed. I've got to get up at five in the mornin' to work my hosses."

Owen had wanted this little bit of information, his idea being to find Andrews, and accompany the old gentleman to interview Mister Hank as soon as possible.

At that instant Conway held up his hand to command silence, his gray eyes fastened on the door in a gesture of intense listening; then he rose silently, tip-toed across the room, and threw the door open, darting into the hall. Then he came back into the room closing the door behind him; pointing a thumb at the open transom, he said, "I could have sworn I heard somebody smother a cough, I heard it twice."

"Did you see anybody?" Charter P. queried.

"I thought I caught a glimpse of a man turning down the side hall, but I missed him."

Owen grinned. "Every room on this floor's occupied," he said; "somebody's been passin', that's all."

"We should have closed the transom," Charter P. growled.

A FRIGHTENED look hovered in Armour's eyes He rose uneasily, saying: "I don't want none of this to leak till after the race, then I don't give a damn. It's the surest thing I ever had in my life, an' if I can clean up fifteen or twenty thousan' I'll buy a couple of horses of my own an' that ol' cuss can go back to the desert where he come from for all I care."

"Oh, you needn't worry none," Owen soothed; "there wasn't anybody there—just somebody passin'; there won't be any leak."

"No," Charter P. agreed, "there's too much money in sight for any of us to take a chance on it getting out. You do your part, Armour, and we'll do ours; you get your horse tightened up and win the race. We'll put the money down; we've all got lots of jack, and we're all gamblers. You've got a sure thing, and we're sure-thing players."

"Well," Owen said, rising, "I'll take a scoot around an' see if I can make a touch for a thousand. If I can find a certain man he'll cash my cheque because he runs a night game and they have the jack there. If I don't come back you'll know I didn't get it; but I'll fix things in the morning, sure."

Owen's first move, was, not to find the man to cash his cheque, but to find the Man from the Desert, Jack Andrews.

Andrews wasn't in his room, so Owen shot down the elevator and searched the ground floor of the hotel for a gray clothed, gray whiskered, gaunt individual wearing a slouch hat. None of the bell boys had seen him about.

He got on the patriarch's trail at the side entrance. The porter had called a taxi for him. The gray whiskered gentleman had come to him in a great hurry, saying that his jockey was sick and he was going to see him; he had heard him say some hotel but didn't know what one it was.

Owen hovered about the rotunda for an hour, but Andrews did not return. He left a note in the patriarch's box for the latter to call up his room when he came in. Then he went up to his own room and related to Delilah the particulars of this first chop bit of double-crossing on the part of Hank.

"Well, Tootie," she said, "it's the first time you ever struck a piece of luck by stringing with crooks. You have a passion for the company of snide gentlemen, and you general y get the hook."

"How come this is luck, Lilah?" Owen asked.

"'Because you've seen their cards Now Mr. Andrews can do just what he wants to with that race. If the little cherub that sit up above watching your juvenile career hadn't been on the job they'd have picked up some other easy mark and got away with it. We'd have bet our money on Red Devil, and they'd have won out on Yellow Tail."

"That's right, girl, it was a bit of luck, though I was pretty danged sore over it."

"'And that baby crook, Charter P. is four-flushing, and the man with him, Conway, is a three-card man. Their game is to get your ten thousand to bet on Yellow Tail—"

"I said five thousand, girl."

"YOU SAID Conway planned for you to bet thirty thousand among the three of you, and they would get your ten thousand in the morning, to send to New York. They might even give a thousand of it to Armour—if they had to, but you'd never see a bit of your ten thousand, because they wouldn't bet a dollar of their own, they haven't got it"

"How d'you know they haven't got it—you a mind reader?"

"When you told me about the suite of rooms and the vase of roses on the table I knew he was four-flushing, Tootie; from your gorgeous reminiscences of Charter P. in the West I knew that he was doing what you call a wealth-play."

"Ah, Lilah, you were guessin'; Charter P. is like a kid with candy when he's got money, you were guessin'—the woman's intuition stuff," and Owen frowned.

"Howard of the telegraph company was here in the evening," Delilah remarked with the air of a bored dismissal of the discussion.

"What did he want—to see me?'

"Yes, but not very particularly; I chatted with him."

"I suppose he didn't mind—not if you levelled on him with 'em lamps."

But Delilah was brushing her rich mass of coal-black hair, and seemingly addressing the mirror, said: "Howard wanted to tell you something about that draft of Charter P.'s."

"Gone flooey, has it?"

"No; it came through all right, but Howard thought you ought to know that there's a little coon hiding in the fence somewhere. You said to Howard, over the phone, when you identified Charter P. that he expected a wired remittance of fifty-one hundred, didn't you?"

"Yes. '

"Well, the remittance was fifty-one hundred—minus the fifty."

"Holy Moses! Just a hundred dollars!" Owen gasped.

"Yes. But don't worry, Toots; with a hundred to stave off the hotel, bright-boy Charter P. will land you or some other easy mark. I suppose that rich wife sent it to him."

"Holy smoke! if that isn't Charter P. all over; looks like a babe and 's got a gall that would win a war. Dang little cuss! that's why I always liked him."

"But stringing you, Tootie, what about that?"

"Yes, by dang! I've got to get hold of Jack Andrews and block this before they do anything."

But getting hold of the Man from the Desert was some contract. Half-a-dozen times Owen called up the patriarch's room—there was no answer; half-a-dozen times he went down to the lower floor, but nobody had seen the man who looked like Father Time—nobody.

Delilah had gone to bed; and at last Owen turned in, saying, "I'll read for a while; he's sure to call up when he comes in; I've left a note for him."

It was past twelve o'clock when the phone buzzed.

*Continued on page 47*



Suddenly the brakes screeched, and Owen's broad shoulders hit the window frame . . . There was the ding-dong clamor of a bell . . .

# POLICING THE PRAIRIES

*By* REV. R. G. MACBETH

PERHAPS the startling story of "The Massacre Ground" at Cypress Hills, some forty miles north of the American boundary line, and kindred stories were the last straws which, added to the weight of evidence for the necessity of an armed force in the west, moved the Dominion government to active organization work in forming the Mounted Police. This Cypress Hills event is a gruesome enough story but it is part of the setting for the entrance of the Mounted Police on the stage of western life.

It appears that a party of men—we call them men by courtesy as they were human beings of the male persuasion—crossed over from Montana on a trading expedition. They were white men but perhaps of various races for they were mostly adventurers who had served in the American civil war and had not much regard for human life. These men deluged an Assiniboine Indian camp with deadly whisky in return for every valuable thing the Indians had to trade. And when the Indian camp was ablaze with the light of campfires and was a mad whirl of dancing drunkenness the miscreant traders from the south, in a spirit of utter wanton deviltry, got under cover of a cut bank by the creek where the camp was, and proceeded o shoot the Indians who were defenceless in their orgy. A volley or two accounted for two score killed and many wounded, only a few escaping to the hills. And this carnival of bloodshed was witnessed by an American trader, Abe Farwell, who, being alone, was helpless to prevent it, but he testified as to the frightful occurrence.

Nor was this very far from the general order of the day. Bloods, Piegans, Blackfeet, Crees, Assiniboines and the other tribes maddened with doped liquor from outlaw traders fought each other whenever they met. And some cases were known where Blackfeet and Crees, implacable enemies, happening to meet at some trading post, struggled with fierce brutality while the Hudson's Bay trader in the fort had to barricade his gate and let them fight it out amongst themselves. I have myself seen Indian braves with half a score of scalps dangling from their belts and others with no end of nicks in their rifle stocks to indicate the number they had slain. Buffalo hunters from the white and half-breed settlements by the Red and the Assiniboine rivers only ventured westward in large companies heavily armed. Explorers ran great risks and the famous Captain Palliser had to hunt one whole winter with Old Sun, chief of the Blackfeet, that he might become as one of that fighting tribe and get leave to draw his maps.

### First Mobilization of the Mounties

COMMUNICATION was difficult but the news of these events of frightfulness percolated through to Ottawa and the order went out in September 1873 that officers already appointed should proceed to recruit in the eastern provinces and rush some part of the force to the far west so as to be on the ground by the next spring. The principal recruiting officer seems to have been Inspector James Morrow Walsh, who became one of the noted men of the force in later years. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence and a decided testimony to the directness with which the mounted police when organized struck at the very heart of the lawlessness in the West, that Fort Walsh, called after this recruiting inspector, was built as a police post not many months later, practically on the massacre ground, in the Cypress Hills country. That fort was a direct and visible challenge to every outlaw, white or red, who expected to have his own way in British territory.

There was no difficulty in getting men to enlist in the Mounted Police. In fact, Colonel George A. French, a royal artillery officer, then at the head of the school of gunnery at Kingston, who was early given command of the Mounted Police with the title of commissioner, saw the danger of a rush for places on the new force and took steps to weed out undesirables.

There was an intangible but real atmosphere in the corps which in some quiet but quite definite fashion, eliminated any man who did not measure up to the mark which the members felt they ought to reach. Charles Mair, the author and frontiersman, says finely, "the average mounted policeman was an idealist regarding the honor of his corps; and if, as sometimes happened, a hard character crept into it, physically fit, a good rider or a good shot, but coarse, cruel and immoral, he fared ill with his fellows, and speedily betook himself to other employment."



Type of Canadian manhood that responded to the call for volunteers for the Mounted Police when the force was first organized.

The men who first enlisted in the east, mainly in Ontario, in September 1873, were sent away westward by the great lakes and the difficult Dawson route to the Red river country in order to be on the ground and get down to work preparatory to the trek towards the setting sun. They duly landed at Lower Fort Garry, the old Hudson's Bay post still romantically standing on the banks of the Red river some twenty miles north of the present city of Winnipeg. They came in three troops or divisions, "A", "B", and "C" of fifty men each, which was the number of the Force which the law-makers at Ottawa thought would be sufficient to patrol three hundred thousand square miles of territory where lawlessness was beginning to be rampant.



Supt. Sam. B. Steele—later Major-General Steele—one of the "originals" of the Canadian mounted forces.

### The First Man Sworn In

IT IS interesting to note in connection with this oath which pledges faithful performance of duty and the protection and due care of their equipment and other public property that the first signature is that of Arthur Henry Griesbach, who was then regimental sergeant-major but who later on became one of the ablest superintendents. He has been referred to as the special adviser of Sir John A. Macdonald in Ottawa for some months prior to the organization of the police, and on this account shares with Sir John the designation of the "Father of the Force." Griesbach's signature was witnessed by Samuel B. Steele who was then troop sergeant-major and who after very notable service in the police and the militia was promoted to a major-generalship and knighted. Amongst other well-known signatures is that of John Henry McIllree then a sergeant who, with much excellent work in the force to his credit, became assistant commissioner and is now retired with the rank of colonel and the imperial service order.

That winter in the old stone-walled fort was a busy one for the new recruits. After they were sworn in by Col. Osborne Smith, that officer returned to his duties at Upper Fort Garry. On his leaving, Supt. W. D. Jarvis, who had seen service in Africa and became a very popular officer, took over the duties of Adjutant and riding master, Griesbach took charge of discipline and foot-drill, while S. B. Steele, popularly known in the west to the close of his days as Sam. Steele, looked after the breaking of the bronchos and gave instruction in riding, which latter proved to be highly neeessary. There were no eight hour days, the only limit being the daylight each way. Steele drilled five rides a day in the open and the orders were that unless the thermometer dropped beneath 36 below zero, a rather cool temperature, the riding and breaking were to proceed. The bronchos were of the usual exuberant type, given to every device to throw a rider, and falls on the frozen ground were not infrequent, but by spring the men knew how to handle bronchos so as to become the pioneers of fine horsemanship amongst the riders of the plains.

Lt. Col. French came in November 1873 and assumed his command. It did not take him long to see that a handful of 150 men, however gallant, would be totally inadequate for the gigantic undertaking ahead of them. The force has always been too small in numbers but at the outset the proposed strength was absurdly below the mark. Fortunately the news of the lawlessness that was abroad in the far West made it possible for Col. French to get the proposed number doubled and brought up to the 300 which Constable T. A. Boys made famous in his well known poem, "The Riders of the Plains."

Meanwhile down in eastern Canada the left wing of the force was being recruited and permission being obtained from the United States, three divisions, rather over strength, left Toronto on June 6th 1874 and came west via Chicago and St. Paul to the end of steel at Fargo in North Dakota. Col. French had gone back east to come out with them. It was a motley outfit that dumped itself out of the train on that Dakota plain. The men were a carefully selected and fine appearing lot and the horses were of the handsome eastern type, but the wagons in pieces to be assembled and the saddles shipped from England in parts, were strewn over the ground for acres. The Fargo people rather enjoyed the idea of these men with their interesting mission being amongst them for a week or so getting ready for the trail. But to the amazement of those townsfolk the police, starting at 4 o'clock in the morning and working

in four hour relays, "hit the trail" within twenty-four hours and pulled out their cavalcade for the trip to Canadian territory.

Just before leaving Lower Fort Garry with the original divisions Inspector James Farquharson McLeod had been appointed assistant commissioner of the force. Thus one of the noted figures in the after history of Western Canada came upon the scene of his future work and triumphs. His absolute reliability and fearless fairness gave him an influence over the Indians in later days that can only be described as extraordinary, and the time came when that commanding power over the warlike Blackfeet stood Canada in good stead.

### A Terrific Night on The Open Prairie

COMMISSIONER FRENCH lost no time in getting his men into shape at the rendezvous. From the divisions he brought with him he drafted fifty men to bring the original divisions up to strength. He arranged the night camp with the eastern horses inside the zareba of wagons and the western horses, mostly bronchos, on the outside—an arrangement that turned out well in view of a stampede that took place. The occasion of the stampede—and there is nothing more fearful than a stampede of maddened animals—was a terrific thunderstorm which transformed the prairie into a sea of electric flame and sent blazing bolts crashing into the zareba amidst the horses that were tied to the wagons. Sergeant-Major Sam. B. Steele who was riding near this enclosure, thus vividly described the scene: "A thunder-bolt fell in the midst of the horses. Terrified they broke their fastenings and made for the side of the corral. The six men on guard were trampled under foot as they tried to stop them. The maddened beasts overturned the huge wagons, dashed through a row of tents, scattered everything and made for the gate of the large field in which we were encamped. In their mad efforts to pass they climbed over one another. I had full view of the stampede, being not more than fifty yards from the horses as they rushed at the gate and attempted to pass it, scrambling and rolling over one another in one huge mass. Inspector Walker leaped on a passing horse and went out with them into the night. He thus pursued the frightened animals for some fifty miles across the boundary and helped to round them up and bring them back twenty-four hours after they had stampeded." Col. Walker says "The horses did not get over their fright all summer and had to be watched closely as any unusual noise would stampede them."

This was truly an exciting introduction to prairie life for both horses and men.



Superintendent A. R. Macdonnell, pioneer among Canadian plainsmen and a well-known officer of the R. N. W. M. P. in the early days.

### On the Long, Long Trail

THAT thunderstorm with the resultant stampede at Dufferin along with some blood-curdling prophecies of attacks by the scalp-gathering Sioux Indians, had the good effect of weeding out the few non-adventurous spirits who up to now had thought that the hardships and dangers of the expedition had been painted in too lurid a color. This suited Col. French as he had no desire to venture into the wilderness with any but the very best of men. A very necessary part of police equipment, namely their revolvers, did not arrive from England till early in July, but once they had come, French, who was impatient of delay, in beginning so tremendous a trek, gave orders on the 8th of July for a "pull out" or what the old traders called "a Hudson's Bay start." The idea of a "pull out" before the real journey began was to shake the line of the caravan into shape, take out any kinks that might need straightening and generally see that everything was working satisfactorily. With field guns and mortars, 73 wagons and 114 of the wooden prairie conveyances known as Red River carts, new harness and other equipment that needed testing the "pull out" in this case was highly desirable.

The prairie had witnessed many a remarkable outfit striking out over the plains with dog-trains in winter and carts and buffalo runners in summer, but it had never seen anything so businesslike and highly picturesque as this police marching-out state. The six divisions or troops of the mounted men, with the convenient alphabetical designation from A to F had been given horses of distinctive color, so in that order there came for the start, dark bays, dark browns, light chestnuts, with the guns, greys, blacks and light bays. After these came wagons, carts, cows and calves, beef cattle and a general assortment of farming implements. Meat would be necessary when the buffalo were not available, and it would keep better "on the hoof." Posts would have to be supplied with food, and haying, ploughing and reaping would be necessary if men and horses were to live at some of the remote points. So they took the necessaries along as far as they could. Of course the impressive order of march at the beginning could not be maintained throughout the gruelling expedition. A thousand miles across swamp and coulees and rivers, over areas of waste and desolate prairie where fires had swept every vestige of grass away, through sections where flies and drought and excessive heat turning into cold as the autumn approached played the inevitable havoc. All these elements combined to throw that ordered line into confusion at times. Here and there cattle died, oxen gave out and quit, horses broke down through lack of food and water; men, hardy as they were, took ill sometimes, but none succumbed, and as Col. French observed in concluding his first report to Ottawa, "The broad fact is apparent that a Canadian force, hastily raised, armed and equipped, and not under martial law, in a few months marched vast distances through a country for the most part as unknown as it proved bare of pasture and scanty in the supply of water. Of such a march, under such adverse circumstances, all true Canadians may well be proud."

The officers who led in that remarkable march in Canadian history were: Lieut. Col. George A. French, commissioner; Major James F. McLeod, C.M.G., assistant commissioner; Staff Dr. J. G. Kittson, surgeon; Dr. R. B. Nevitt, assistant surgeon; W. G. Griffiths, paymaster; G. Dalrymple, clerk; Adjutant John L. Poet, veterinary surgeon; Charles Nicolle, quarter master. Division A—W. D. Jarvis, inspector; Severe Gagnon, sub-inspector. Division B—G. A. Brisebois, inspector; J. B. Allan, sub-inspector. Division C. W. Winder, inspector; T. R. Jackson, sub-inspector. Division D—Staff division—J. M. Walsh, inspector; J. Walker and J. French, sub-inspectors. Division E—J. Carvell, inspector; J. H. McIllree and H. J. N. LeCaine, sub-inspectors. Division F—L. F. N. Crozier, inspector; V. Welsh and C. R. Denny, sub-inspectors.

These were the originals amongst the officers and the originals always attract our special notice.

### To Uphold Canada's Laws

BROADLY speaking, the aim of the Police expedition was to strike at the lawlessness which was specially defiant and open in the foot-hills of the Rockies where the proximity of the international boundary line made it easy for outlaws of all types to evade the consequences of their crimes and depredations on both sides in turn. Besides that it was proposed by a sort of triangular distribution of the three hundred police to cover the whole north-western territory and in that way give visibility to authority in all localities. To fulfill these aims and reach these objectives the main body of the police was to be sent on this march out to the Bow and Belly rivers near the Cypress hills made infamous by a massacre. Another detachment, separating from the main body was to go northward to Edmonton by way of Forts Ellice and Carlton, while a third under charge of the commissioner was to return to the proposed headquarters at Fort Pelly or Swan river on the north-west boundary of Manitoba. These objectives were all reached after many serious hardships, the only modification in the places being in regard to the Swan river. On returning to that point in the beginning of winter, Col. French found that the barracks were not rady for occupation, some wise-acre having estarted to build them amid granite boulders on a hill. Moreover, prairie fires had burned the hay intended for the police and the Hudson's Bay Company, having lost their supply also, could not assist. Consequently, the commissioner left only one division there under that very competent officer, Inspector Carvell, and with the rest he pushed on to Winnipeg and the original starting point at Dufferin where he arrived in 30 below zero November weather after a total march for his contingent of nearly 2000 miles.

The third party already mentioned as leaving La Roche Percee was a small detachment under Inspectors Jarvis and Gagnon. With sick and played out horses, a lot of cattle and not much general provision and hardly enough men to keep up the rounds of duty the lot of this detachment starting out on a march of 850 miles was not very enticing. The detachment left La Roche Percee on August 3rd and reached Edmonton by way of Fort Ellice and Carlton on the 27th of October. However, the detachment got through finally and were warmly welcomed by Factor Hardisty, of the Hudson's Bay post, who, in addition to his own open hearted nature, had joy in exercising to the full that generous hospitality for which the old Hudson's Bay men have been famous for two and a half centuries.

It is highly interesting to find emerging occasionally in these reports the names of men who afterwards became outstanding figures in the force. Constable Labelle is specially singled out for mention by Inspector Jarvis because of his special attention to the horses which were pulled through largely by his assiduous care. And Inspector Jarvis mentions another in his first report from Edmonton when he says, "Sergeant-Major Steele has been undeviating in his efforts to assist me, and he has also done the manual labor of at least two men."

That Steele could do the manual labor of aat least two men we can well believe. Years after the date on which t is tribute was written by Jarvis, I met Steele in the foot-hills of the Rockies and in his tall, powerful figure, deepchested proportions and massive shoulders, he suggested prodigious strength to the onlooker. And that Steele not only could but would do two men's work if it seemed his duty goes without saying to those who knew him.

And thus we have seen the mounted police come upon the stage and take their positions at the end of extraordinary marches.

### Ousting the "Bad Men"

ORDERS from Ottawa had disposed the mounted police into four different locations, although as we have seen the fourth had become only necessary at Dufferin because there was neither shelter nor adequate provision for headquarters at Fort Pelly. But when we look back into the situation, we can readily see that the assistant Commissioner, Col. MacLeod had the most difficult and dangerous situation of all. The three detachments, namely, those at Edmonton under Jarvis, Fort Pelly under Carvell and Dufferin had shelter and reasonable provision. But MacLeod was out in the open with the winter coming on and no shelter from the blizzards that blow at times even across that foothill country. He was hundreds of miles away from any possibility of help in men or substance from Canadian sources and he had only three troops of 50 men each in the midst of a turbulent gang of outlaw whiskey-peddlers and horse-thieves. He was completely surrounded by thousands of the most warlike of western Indians with some thousands still more warlike just over the line. Col. MacLeod decided that he could not hope to pull the horses and cattle through the winter in the locality where he was making his headquarters, so he despatched Inspector Walsh and the weakest of the horses

*Continued on page 45*

*( Selected, by permission of the author, from his forthcoming book, "Policing the Plains."*



They stole out on the lawn in the evening.

# Whose Bride Was Mary?

*By* ETHEL PENMAN HOPE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ESSEX

THOUGH it was Boyd Anderson's wedding day, he was taking it calmly. Why worry? Why flurry? "Keep cool," he advised himself—and others; yet there was not an hour left in which to meet the train, and dress for the wedding.

"Loads of time," he assured his mother as, anxious-eyed, she waved him off at the gate.

"You should have been ready," she told him, "for I fear as usual, you have left too much to crowd into the last few moments. The ceremony begins at a quarter past four, sharp, on the minute. This is one occasion in your life, Boyd, when you must not be late. Your clothes are laid out on the bed for you—buttons ready—everything just so. Nothing to do but step into them. Now be off, for you have only one hour to meet Lloyd, dress, and get to the Church."

"Mother— mother!" he laughed back as his car sped out on the street. "Don't fear, trust me, I'll be there, waiting at the church."

LLOYD his twin brother whom he had not seen for some years, was to arrive that day just in time for the wedding. The town was situated two miles from the station, but with a motor car that had never failed him during five years of pretty constant use, Boyd considered the little jaunt to the station and back a matter of half an hour at most—even allowing for a few moments delay. Boyd loved his motor car, as some men love their horses. To him there was not another to equal it. His neighbors were constantly changing theirs, buying new ones or trading the old, for modern makes. But not Boyd—what was good enough for him five years ago was good enough for him now, and that settled the matter.

As children, he and Lloyd had been exactly alike. So much so that even their mother found difficulty in telling them apart. However, when the puzzle became too much for her, she resorted to the one and only mark of identification—a little brown mole under Boyd's right arm. The one with the mole was Boyd—the other Lloyd. That settled it.

THE TRAIN was ten minutes late but Boyd didn't worry—what was ten minutes? It might easily have been half an hour. Yet, as it whistled beyond the bend, he confessed to feeling a bit relieved.

In a moment he was shaking Lloyd's hand and looking into his brother's face, which was exactly like his own.

"Say, can you believe it?" said Boyd, after their first greeting. "Lloyd made in the image of Boyd—Boyd made in the image of Lloyd. We've grown up the same—and I'll bet we'll die the same." Then, observing his brother's dress–"Same duster too, by jove—same taste in everything."

"Alike as two peas," agreed Lloyd, "no doubt about that. We look alike—we dress alike—same taste in everything except perhaps girls—eh, Boyd? And that remains to be seen. Perhaps when I appear she'll choose me instead of you."

"No,—she's mine—and mine alone," said Boyd laughing, "that is, if she doesn't get us mixed."

"What if she did?" laughed Lloyd. "Say—what a howling joke."

"Not as I see it," the prospective groom replied somewhat seriously. "But it's great to see you Lloyd—great to have you back. Mother's all stirred up with joy about it—but I say, we'll have to be off. This your luggage? that's easy—we've just time to make it nicely, and a few minutes to spare."

They were both tall—same height—thin—same figure—same dark hair and blue eyes. Even to the dimple in each square chin—as God made them—exactly alike.

Lloyd had left the town ten years before to seek his fortune in the city, and was now president of the Ogden Chocolate Company, an old, well-established concern. At twenty-nine he was still unmarried—though not so much from choice as circumstance He had loved unwisely or, at least, so said rumour.

Although alike in appearance, in character they were quite opposite. Lloyd knew how to live and considered that Boyd merely existed. Lloyd plucked from the vine—Boyd waited till the fruit fell. Naturally Lloyd had spirit and according to him Boyd was entirely without it.

"Yes," answered Boyd in reply to Lloyd's question. "Same old car I wrote you about—good enough for me. Same old town—same old home—same old car. All first quality—nothing better."

"'Tis well to be content," remarked Lloyd. "I've too much spirit for it sometimes."

"Yes," said Boyd. "you always were restless."

BANG!!! It was the front tire. "What rotten luck!" deplored Boyd, "it will only take a minute to fix. However, keep cool, I've everything right at hand—can mend a puncture in quicker time than most men. Watch me."

Out he scrambled. Lloyd watched—and was glad that he had not promised to be best man and had dressed for the wedding on board train, or there might have been a fevered scamper awaiting him.

"The dickens is in it," muttered Boyd, his fingers mostly thumbs, and something the matter with the rubber. "Keep cool," said he to Lloyd, who showed little sign of agitation.

"I'm all right—it's you I am thinking of."

"I'll make it," declared Boyd. "Luck's always with me."

"Well to be you," replied the other, more to himself than aloud.

"Now," said Boyd, "everything's O.K. we'll be off in a minute—trouble's over. It just takes a minute to fill the tire." Then springing in, he pressed the button. No spark—again—still no answer from the "good old engine—none better made."

"Well now," ruminated Boyd, attempting to smile, "what the devil's the matter with it?" He considered a moment—then: "I've got it—just a jiffy."

Out he tumbled again, took down the engine hood and worked away for a moment—then relieved: "I told you so. Now we're off."

In he climbed—pressed the button—"What!!!"

"Well I'll be blowed," he looked behind—no sign of life. He stared in front—empty road.

"What's the time Lloyd?"

"Four o'clock, Say man—haven't you to be at the church at 4.15?"

"I have."

"You'll have to get away from here then."

"I will," Boyd was paralyzed—he seemed to have lost the power of action.. "The first time she ever failed me like this," he lamented.

"Oh," laughed Lloyd, "this girl will be allright with a little overhauling, but what about the other one?"

"Say, don't rub it in?" Boyd was desperate.

"What can we do!" asked Lloyd. "Man—this is awful."

"See that house—down yonder," answered Boyd talking fast, "at the fork in the roads? They have a 'phone. Ring up West 98. Ask them to send for me at once. I'll perhaps get her to spark before you come back—and if so I'll go ahead. It can't be helped."

But Lloyd was off without taking time to reply. Down the road he flew. In a moment the house would be reached—then to 'phone for a car—and Boyd might yet be there on time. He knew not that the prospective groom must yet don wedding attire—that point had slipped his notice.

Just as he reached the bend a car coming from the other direction bore down upon him. His coat-tails were flying to the wind, and he waved frantically to it.

What luck—it stopped at his side.

"JUMP IN" a voice called. "I'll get you there all-right old man." Off it flew, into the ruts, over the bumps at break-neck speed towards the town.

"But,—I say—" yelled Lloyd, "Go back—say, stop—go back—the car."

"That's all right." yelled the Good Samaritan at the wheel, "Don't worry about that. Bad day for a break down—if it hadn't been for me, eh?" the man laughed.

They were in the town.

"Say," called Lloyd, truly panic-stricken, leaning and shouting into the man's ear, "I want to 'phone."

"You won't have to," answered the jovial one. "You'll be there in time, thanks to a new car—new engine—improved model—old one's bound to trip you—when a hold-up means something—"

He drew up at the Anderson home.

"Now bolt," said he, "and keep cool—you'll need to."

Lloyd had barely strength to step out. "Go back please at once," he said in a broken voice, "go back—and get him."

But the jovial one was off—waving his hand,—all unconscious of the terrible tragedy he was helping to bring about.

Lloyd stumbled hurriedly up the steps, grasping at the last ray of hope. The door opened—a neat little maid met him with an anxious face.

"Oh you are late, Mr. Boyd," she exclaimed breathlessly. "Did your brother not come? Your mother was almost in tears, she just left five minutes ago with the best man. They were afraid the people in the church and the bride would wonder what was the matter. But they are sending a car back for you in five minutes and if you were not here I was to tell the boy at once so that they could go out and look for you—Oh, won't you hurry—fast—please?" She looked at him appealingly.

He stammered out something that sounded like, "But—I—he—" She was excitedly pinning on her hat and would not listen.

"Please don't wait to explain," she urged, turning her back on him, "Everything is in your room, your mother said—I'm going to steal out the back now—perhaps I won't be too late to see the bride arrive if I hurry—" And with this off she flew, leaving him alone.

This was embarrassing—what would he do? What was left to do? He thought of the phone—rushed around till he found it and 'phoned 98 to go at once for Mr. Anderson who was stalled on the way from the station.

This done, he sat down on the stairs to think.

He must compose himself. There was nothing to be gained by losing his head. Boyd was a fool, but some one must be wise. The man on the road, the maid, everyone, took him for Boyd. That was why they did not listen or heed.

A car shrieked at the door. By jove!—it was back for him. What would he do?

In a moment it all came to him.

Let them think he was Boyd!

It was the only way to save him. He would go to the church, find something to delay them there—hold off the ceremony, without letting the cat out of the bag—until Boyd turned up. He'd be sure to be along soon. That was the thing to do. Then he and Boyd would just exchange places, and things would go on smoothly. It would be far ahead of letting everyone think Boyd late.

The car horn wailed again. His mind was made up. In a moment he had his duster off. He mopped his face with his handkerchief, tugged down his vest, straightened his hat, and opened the door.

"Thought you'd never come," said a friendly voice, some youngster he probably had known years ago, and had forgotten.

"I'm alright," He stepped into the car with as much dignity as possible.

"Drive slow," he requested. That would give Boyd a little extra time.

"Drive slow," repeated the youngster, in comic bewilderment. Then his expression brightening: "Oh, that's you all over again Boyd. I'll bet you never hurried in your life—and ain't agoin' to now."

Lloyd had nothing with which to answer this small-town impudence, and so remained silent. An idea came to him. His wits were beginning to work. Quickly he turned the hands of his watch back, ten—fifteen minutes—to precisely a quarter past four. That gave him confidence He felt better. After all, was he not merely acting a part to relieve what might have been without him a most embarrassing situation?

Of late years, he had taken part in private theatricals in the city and enjoyed it—in fact, his friends still dubbed him "Sir Hugh," a role he had given much prominence to, because of his clever acting in the last comedy, the small dramatic club to which he belonged had staged a few months previous.

ON REACHING the church he mounted the steps calmly—or at least apparently so—pulled out his watch, and seemed satisfied.

But this state of affairs lasted only a moment. At the door the ushers seized him. "Say, Boyd, another minute and I'd be a dead man. Mary's almost in tears."—"For two cents I'd have married her myself."—"Face the music man"—"We're all ready for the hospital"—"Your mother fainted twice"—"You're a cool one," and other like pleasantries were flung at him from figures which seemed a bit blurred, as they mopped their faces, and seemed to stagger towards him.

"Just a minute," he said, making for a door somewhere—in pretence.

"No you don't," said a voice in his ear, while his arm was seized and he felt himself led towards another door.

Great Scott!!!

What could he do? If only the floor would open and swallow him up—an earth-quake—a fire—anything to bring about delay. Boyd might even now be mounting the steps outside. But what were they doing?

This was awful!

The door had opened—and in a muddle, like a Chinese puzzle, without form or substance, the waiting congregation appeared before his swimming vision.

His feet moved automatically—his hair seemed standing on all ends—his heart was a ceaseless drum-beat. The aisle swayed before him. He had the presence of mind to look back at the door—Boyd might even yet walk up the aisle to relieve him.

But he walked on and on.

The aisle seemed endless—the church a limitless cavern.

He came to a halt, before a pair of faded blue eyes, arched above spectacles, and they seemed to pierce him through and through. The hand that held the prayer-book trembled. There was still a moment left.

He thought as he stood and waited—waited for the bride—that all would yet be well. Boyd would rush in, relieve him—and everyone would laugh, thinking it a good joke—a clever piece of acting.

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"Please don't wait to explain," she said, turning her back on him. "Everything is in your room."

# Funny Thing, That Tariff

## By J. K. MUNRO

CARTOONS BY LOU SKUCE




King keeps on repeating his speech with one eye on the dictionary to assure himself that the available supply of words does not near exhaustion.

THE feast of oratory is on! From every little red school house, from every "rostrum"—whatever that is—from every town hall and every "opera house" comes the frenzied eloquence of the political spell-binder. The refined product goes howling up the city streets, tears along the highways and echoes through the sideroads and concessions. All Canada is up to its neck, it's the national sport,—and making more or less prejudiced guesses as to what the harvest will be. For a political campaign in this fair Dominion is nothing more nor less than a national talking match. It is run on the same old lines on which our fathers fought it out a generation—or two or three—back. The subject is the same, the argument differs little, if any, and the ratio of misrepresentation to the ton of talk varies scarcely at all.

Yes, the general election is with us yet again and the "Tariff" which for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze is being tossed hither and yon, while a worried electorate makes up its mind whether 'tis better to suffer the Government we have or fly to other governments we know not of.

Funny thing, that Tariff. In the form given by the Meighenites it is hailed as protection for Canadian industries. In the form perpetrated on a Conservative country by the late lamented, but also Liberal, Laurier, it is charged with resembling free trade. And this, despite the fact that the average Laurier tariff was higher than is the average Meighen tariff.

It has also to be decided how much of the tariff is pure patriotism and how much hard business. For verily the man who would lower the tariff beneath a certain point, which has never yet been fixed, is a traitor to his country as well as an annexationist and several other things which are seldom mentioned in polite society.

### The Omnipresent Tariff

FOR the tariff we are assured is the one great issue even if some cynic has hinted that it is not an issue but an institution. For around it all or nearly all great political battles are fought. For it political parties have bled and died. Its roots have been fertilized with oceans of eloquence, and its leaves have been watered by the tearful pleadings of those who vainly grasped its branches to help hoist themselves into positions of political prominence.

And the Tariff has come through it all with few if any marks that cannot be charged to legitimate wear and tear. Sometimes its friends triumphed, sometimes its enemies won the day—Governments came and Governments went, but like the brook the Tariff goes on and on forever. It may be slightly lower than it was when good old Sir John A. floated into power on his National policy. But who shall say that it suffered more in stature under the Liberal Laurier than it did under the Tory Borden or the Protectionist Meighen?

Your pardon, gentle reader, for wasting so much space on the greatest space-eater the world has ever known. But it is fashionable to talk tariff in Canada at least once in every five years—and every political writer must follow the political fashions. But why waste more time over the tariff? It has played leads in many a past election and will hold the spotlight in many a political battle yet to come. And while all eyes are fixed on the spotlight, the real objects of the election are covered by the gloom that surrounds it.

It is the same old magician's game. They keep your eyed centred on a selected spot while the rabbit is slipped into the hat. So for the nonce let us take our eyes off that shining spot, fix them on the men who are playing the game and hazard a guess as to the probable goal they are aiming at.

### All But Me and Thee

AND at this stage of the proceedings it might be well to remember that all men are human and—except yourself and myself—can you recall any single human being who has not a slight trace of selfishness somewhere in his make-up? So look even on the great leaders as human. You'll find some of the greatest men are mighty human in some respects and mighty small in others. So when you see a King, a Meighen or a Crerar, surrounded by cheering multitudes and braying bands, shouting great truths for hours on end, don't think they're super-human. Remember they have encyclopaedias, blue books and private secretaries. In fact, it is whispered that some of them even have volumes of speeches of the great orators of other ages from which they borrow an occasional slice. That, of course, is only hearsay and cannot be accepted as evidence. But the libraries and hired help are there before us. And we know that the man who attains oratorical eminence usually has 'em both.

Glancing back over Canadian history you also hazard a guess that the men who make the speeches will carry on the country's business. Goldsmith once rose to remark that "He who thinks must govern him who toils." But Goldsmith was only a poet. He did not know politicians. Else would he have been more alliterative and made it "He who talks must govern him who toils."

For it's the man who mounts the rostrum and in rhetorical spasms spreads prosperity o'er the smiling land who carries Canada's money.




The Feast of Oratory is on.

So here you have them, ladies and gentlemen—the three great Canadians who are all loaded and ready to talk their way into the hearts of their countrymen—Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, who by grace of the Unionist M.P. is Premier of Canada; Hon. William Lyon Mackenzie King, picked by a Grit Convention to lead His Majesty's loyal opposition; and Hon. T. Alexander Crerar whom the Fighting Farmers of the West have backed to beat the both of them. You've met them all before. But in this hour of contest and competition better look them over once again so that you may answer the great question: "What manner of men are those that open their lips but to utter great wisdom?"

### He Has Not Waxed Fat

THE Premier first, you say? Step up, Right Honorable Sir. You haven't waxed fat physically since Hon. Bob Rogers first took you by the hand, led you from your prairie home and thrust you on parliament as his infant prodigy. Your face is still thin and sharp so is the tongue that made you the champion hair-splitter of your party; that made you the idol of the hard-boiled Tories and in turn made you Premier.

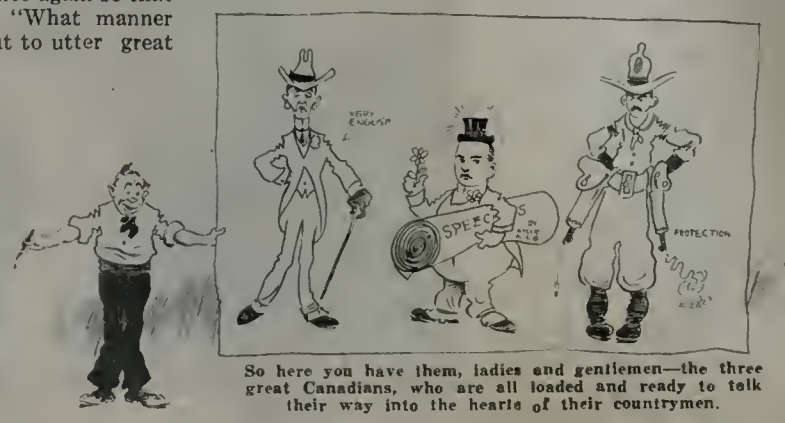
Of course the atmosphere at Ottawa hasn't broadened you much—it never does. But it has developed you into what your friends are pleased to call "an intellectual aristocrat." It has taught you that "the mob" doesn't know what is best for it and that the majority is not necessarily right. It has taught you that it is better to win an argument than to assert a principle and that a counter-attack covers a multitude of sins. Otherwise, Hon. Arthur, you are a pretty decent fellow. Where mentality doesn't count you are a pretty good democrat. Your enemies hate you and your friends love you. You may or may not be a statesman—the decision on that does not come till after you're dead—but even your worst enemy never accused you of being a politician. You don't know men, you can't handle men and you can't work with men. But you can talk—and nothing else matters.

### Bouquets for Mackenzie King

AND you, Hon. W. L. M. King, elect of the Liberals, grandson of your grandfather! Of you a wise and eloquent old Grit once said: "If Willie would quit fussing with the ladies and marry one of them he'd get a chance to grow up." Hon. Mr. King, you are still unmarried. Some of your enemies go so far as to say you have never grown up. That even some of your friends believe it, is evidenced by the fact that they are providing you with a guardian in the person of Sir Lomer Gouin But you can talk. Given a subject you can shoot more words at it in an afternoon than either of your opponents. And that little outburst of elocutionary pyrotechnics you pulled at the Grit Convention materially helped Jacques Bureau and Ernest Lapointe to put you over on Sir Lomer Gouin on that hot August afternoon at Ottawa. Funny turn of the cards, isn't it, that makes Sir Lomer your new guardian? It was Bureau and Lapointe's anxiety to swat Sir Lomer that made you a possibility as Liberal Leader. But keep on talking, William. You may never say anything but you may attain the prestige of being Premier even if Sir Lomer gathers in the power. And then all must admit—that you got further by talking than your Grandfather ever did by fighting.

### Not a Talker By Trade

YOU'RE next, Hon. T. Alexander Crerar. A lot of people call you "Tom" but they're wrong. That "T" was just stuck on in front of your name to distinguish you from the mill-run of Alex. Crerars. You labor under a handicap. Unlike your opponents you are not a talker by trade. You don't know as they do just when you're due to holler and just where your voice should sink to a more impressive whisper. You seem to think that a country's politics is a country's business and should be talked out over a table just as any other kind of business is talked. You're wrong. Honest John Oliver, premier of B.C., told me once that a man who tried to run public business on the same lines as private business would be out of it in six months. Barnum said that the public liked to be fooled. Barnum applied the principle of politics to his show business and became rich and famous. You'll never become either if you gather your audience around you and talk to them as if they were your partners in this National stuff. You must learn to talk—learn to holler—in rounded periods—learn to leave the impression with the throng that a Solomon has come to judgment. You may be a business man and have a business grasp of public affairs. Such is not any part of the equipment of a Canadian politician. Talk is the armor he must gird on; talk is the sword he must unsheath; talk is the buckler he




So here you have them, ladies and gentlemen—the three great Canadians, who are all loaded and ready to talk their way into the hearts of their countrymen.

must ever carry. For thus it was in the beginning is now and—perhaps that is one reason the country finds itself in its present deplorable financial condition.

### A "Made-in-Montreal" Election

THERE you have what the spotlight shows of the present campaign. What of the things hidden by the surrounding gloom? You'll remember of course that this election was "made in Montreal." It was the howling of the Montreal press added to the plaintive plea of Hon. Willie King, that stampeded Premier Meighen into an election despite the protests of many of his best friends. It is also a bit significant that since the campaign was started the Montreal *Star* has rebuked Hon. Arthur Meighen for calling the Liberals free traders while the Montreal *Gazette* has thrown its hat in the air and loudly cheered the entrance of Sir Lomer Gouin into the Federal Arena. That these two papers, both Tory, both working hand in hand to bring on the election should applaud Liberal leaders and defend Liberal policies has a significance all its own. It surely indicates that the centre of business politics is concerned over some things besides the tariff. Of course it feels the growing menace of the farmer uprising and fain would line up the protectionists of the East to isolate the farmers of the West.

It also goes without saying that in a business sense the railway centre is a bit agitated over the future of our Canadian National Railways. Baron Shaughnessy has told the country on what conditions the C.P.R. would take the National system in hand. At that historic function the Lemieux banquet, Hon. Rodolphe, who generally knows what big business wants, came out flat-footed for the Shaughnessy proposition. Now Hon. Mr. King was at that banquet. So was Sir Lomer Gouin. Also Ernest Lapointe. Everybody who aspired to Government leadership was there except Hon. W. S. Fielding who never was too popular with the Quebec Liberals. And not one voice was raised against the Shaughnessy proposal. It was practically allowed to filter through to the country as a new plank in the Liberal platform. Not till some weeks later did an ominous rumbling from other parts of Canada break it to young Mr. King that the voice of Quebec was not the voice of Canada. Then he came out with a declaration that Hon. Mr. Lemieux was simply voicing his personal opinions and that National Railways must be given a fair chance as a publicly-owned concern.

### The Political Wind Veers

BUT that is only one straw that shows which way the wind blows. There are others. And the net result is a conclusion by the wise ones that the early election was brought on for a double purpose:

(1) The protectionists of Quebec and Ontario were, after election, to be brought together to isolate the West.

(2) The National Railways were to be taken over by the C.P.R. on conditions to be fixed and for which the Shaughnessy proposition was to form the basis.

But the political winds don't always blow from the same direction. And a mistake in details sometimes warps the whole scheme. Now, to carry the Quebec plans to a successful finish, a short sharp campaign winding up with waving flags and wild bursts of patriotism was the proper caper. Premier Meighen, showing his usual political astuteness decided on a long, educative campaign. It was in vain that his followers pleaded: "Here you've turned us out on a cold world without a cent in our clothes. The last indemnity has been spent as we felt we were sure of another session to provide the necessary for election expenses. Make it as short and painless as possible." Grimly the young Premier shook his head. What this young country needs is education and his the privilege to see that it gets it. So the longest-drawn campaign in our political history is still dragging its weary lengths along. Campaign funds may be exhausted and campaign speeches may listen like extracts from last year's almanac but the electorate is being educated.




Hon. T. A. Crerar is the most carefully watched man in Canada.

But meantime things have been happening that may change the trend of current history. First Quebec got carried away by its own enthusiasm and decided that it could handle the situation without outside assistance. "From isolation to domination" became its slogan and not a habitant from the Ottawa River to the Gulf but could see the entire Dominion goose-stepping to French commands. And that enthusiasm in turn produced still another menace. For Henri Bourassa, the long silent chief of the Nationalists roused by the clamor, raised his head above the political bushes and took a look to see if his old following couldn't find a place on the program. He's a sick man, is Henri, but he still controls an influential paper and holds a place in the hearts of numerous of his countrymen. Also he knows how to catch the ears of his habitant followers. "Gouin and his followers intend to tie up Meighen," he whispered. "I prefer the Progressives, but failing them swear your Liberal candidates that they will have nothing to do with the Tory

### Those Hated Alliances

WAS that whisper heard all over Quebec? Chances are! For less than a week later Ernest Lapointe found a platform and his voice and proceeded to declare that no Quebec Liberal would ever form an alliance with the hated Meighen. And if there is one man in Quebec who knows what its people are thinking and when it is time to think with them that man is Ernest Lapointe. Gouin leads the corporation forces who take their orders from Montreal. Ernest Lapointe leads the common people of the province. And one cannot help wondering whether it has not remained for Henri Bourassa to raise the cry on which the Quebec "bloc" is to split? Some wonder whether, when the pinch comes after the election is over, Gouin and his following will not tie up with Meighen and protection while Lapointe draws off and




It has played leads in many a past election and will hold the spotlight in many a political battle to come.

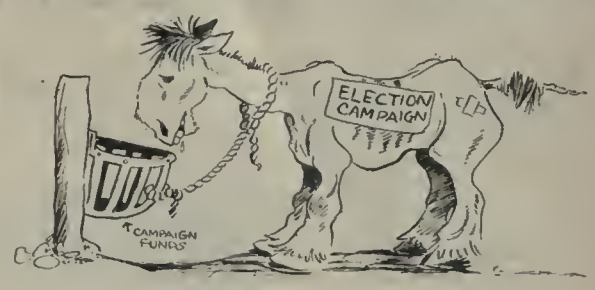
lines up with Crerar to form a new Liberal party. Verily it would seem that the parting of the ways is at hand.

Meanwhile Hon. T. A. Crerar is the most carefully watched man in Canada. He has manifestoed from the West and done a talking tour through Ontario. Then hopping carefully over Quebec he has hied himself to the Maritime Provinces. That the farmer virus is working in Quebec matters nothing to him. Bourassa may espouse his cause, promises he may have that if he will only raise his standard on the banks of the lower St. Lawrence and provide some kind of a commissariat at least ten or fifteen seats will be added to his following, he keeps plodding along the path he has mapped out for himself.

With a wisdom surprising in one so young to the political game he appears to have decided that the time to dip into Quebec is not now. Does he expect that after the election the solid Quebec will fly to pieces and that if he stands clear he will be in a position to salvage some of the wreck? Or does he realize that Quebec prepared to pay a last tribute to Laurier; Quebec crazed with the idea of taking revenge for its cherished wrongs of the War period; Quebec enthusiastic over its delusion that it is about to sweep from isolation to domination, is in no condition to listen to outsiders? Has he a political instinct that is a surer guide than Premier Meighen's experience? Is he determined to cultivate the political fields that promise the best crops of supporters, play for tactical position in the new Parliament and when the time comes be ready to dominate the situation by reason of a compact following that cannot be coaxed from his heels?

### The End Draws Nigh

ANYWAY the Farmer leader is the most unconcerned of the three. Meighen is vitriolic and explanatory by turn. He cannot conceal a certain contempt he feels for his opponents. Nor can he, the intellectual aristocrat, understand why




Why the old nag is not so frisky as she used to be.

either of the others should be considered for a moment while he is available. King keeps on repeating his speeches with one eye on the dictionary to assure himself that the available supply of words does not near exhaustion. Occasionally he turns aside for a moment to tilt with a windmill as in the case of the shells he discovered at Levis. And through it all he maintains an owl-like solemnity that may be mistaken for either stupidity or dignity.

Crerar never loses his boyish laugh—never apes the statesman nor imitates the orators. He met large audiences on his Ontario tour and stood up and talked to and with them like men and brothers. He didn't wring any whirlwinds of applause from his hearers but he seemed somehow to give satisfaction. And somehow one cannot help wondering if the Hired Man's Hero is going to be able to take some of the humbug out of politics—if he is going to allow Meighen and King to reap the applause while he happens along behind and harvests the votes.

Anyway there you have the campaign as it stands in the second month of its run. It has about as much kick in it as two per cent beer. Campaign funds are reported at about as low an ebb as campaign enthusiasm and though the Meighenites hope to close with an approach to the wave of almost religious fervor that carried the Unionists into power in 1917 you can't for the life of you figure what is going to start it.

MEANWHILE reports from various quarters don't show much changes of sentiment. The Meighen forces claim to be confident of carrying seventy-five seats—an occasional optimist puts it as high as ninety. The farmers count on a solid West from the Lakes to the Mountains, forty in Ontario and seven or eight in the Maritime Provinces and probably a couple in British Columbia. Nothing will satisfy the Liberals but a majority over all.

But these changed figures are not the result of changed conditions. They are simply the effervescence caused by Tories mingling one with the other, Grits getting together in bunches and Farmers telling each other what a mighty force they have become in the political world. King should still be first under the wire and Crerar a good second with Meighen driving hard to escape the distance flag. The wire-pulling at Ottawa will decide who pulls down the prize.

But Dr. Clarke, "Red Michael of Red Deer" has gone out ere the race is fairly started. He will be missed. He found out that the Farmers' movement meant class Government. At the same time and place he discovered that he couldn't get the farmer nomination in Red Deer. But "Sweet William" Pugsley is coming from the East partially to fill Red Michael's place. He resigns a Lieutenant-Governorship to become a candidate—a new record in New Brunswick politics. And—Phew! Won't there be a lot of missing faces when that new parliament meets at Ottawa!

SOME PEOPLE *think Arthur Stringer is a good novelist; others think that he excels as a poet, and there are many who consider that he can write plays; but as one of Canada's humorists he has not yet been prominent. But—wait until you see what he has to say in an article which will appear in an early issue of* MACLEAN'S, *under caption "Stringer and the Cow-Catcher!" If you don't think this is one of the funniest, most comical of rib-ticklers ever printed in Canada you will be a sobersides, indeed. Three persons have had the opportunity of reading it in manuscript form: two of these laughed until the tears rolled down their faces; the third chuckled continuously but managed to remain dry-eyed.*

# Our Election Enigma—Woman!

*By* AGNES C. LAUT

NOW that women are in Canadian public life, now that they have a voice in Canada's destiny, which means their sons' and daughters' destiny, which means their sons' and their daughters' success or failure—*how are they going to vote?*

A are they going to vote at all?

Are they going to turn out at the polls?

Are they going to realize that citizenship carries with it, responsibilities and sacred duties as well as rights and privileges?

Are they going to act as the fifth wheel to a cart and advocate impracticable fool-theories, with the best intentions in the world?

Are they going to platform on moral reforms? They are strong on moral reforms. But if they are, you must acknowledge that man being the son of woman and the realization in the flesh of woman's love aspirations, is just as strong on moral reforms as woman is—with this difference. From an experience in representative government dating from Magna Charta and Runnymede, *man knows that moral reforms expressed in the law are just as strong and no stronger than the spirit in the human soul that embodied those reforms in formal law.* Christ expressed this when he spoke of the outside of the cup. To change the metaphor—*prohibitions* are important but *inhibitions* are more important. If this passion for righteousness in the soul flames clear and pure, the embodiment of that passion for righteousness in formal law will be carried out; and the creation of the passion for righteousness is peculiarly the woman's job as creator and trainer of the children.

In brutally frank words, are the women voters going to chase after legislating moral reforms, or legislating conditions which will create moral reforms?

Are they going to realize, for instance, that a great deal of alimony—especially so when there are no children and the union has been only for a few months—and a great many breach of promise cases, are simply legalized blackmail? As long as woman was a ward of the law and not a creator of the law, she could claim special privileges, the privilege of the minor; but as a creator of the law, her equality wipes out privilege with all its blatant hypocrisies and places on her shoulders—praise God!—not only equality but responsibility for the same rights to the man as to the woman, the same rights to the woman as to the man.



Mrs. Mary Ellen Smith, B.C.'s feminine M.P.P., who was offered the speakership and turned it down because she thought she could be freer as a private member.

### Sane Politics? Or Wild Antics?

I AM not stating these things as my own theories but as the questions that are in people's souls as the world enters this new era of woman citizenship, for which I may add I stand from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet and the tips of my fingers. Only I know full well—with the end of wardship and privilege comes equality of responsibility, equality of physical fitness, equality of work delivered for equality of pay; and I see a great many women, who are claiming equality of liberty in conduct before the law, who are not assuming equality of responsibility—the wild antics, for instance, of the young London generation, who demand a latch-key for after midnight return to their lodging houses, but who howl to High Heaven if their new found liberties, which they abuse, bring them disasters, from which the lack of wisdom has not *yet* taught them to protect themselves. In other words if boys dance wild jazz on the edge of moral precipices, a certain proportion of them will go over and always have gone over, and broken their necks. If girls do the same with less experience and less knowledge, they, too, will break their necks; and great will be the clatter of some very fine china broken.

I do not say that such breakage of fine china will be any greater than under the old régime, when a conspiracy of muffled silence concealed the casualty list. If you are sceptical of this, go into some old churchyard of forty years back, and look at the death list and ages of some men's wives. Then enquire from some of the oldest settlers, what that succession of wives of one man—Mormons chronologically rather than contemporaneously—died of. Not a pleasant subject! Hush! So I do not say that the breakage of fine china will be any greater under the new liberty than under the old—I won't say bondage—but I do say régime of fences; but I do say with all the conviction my being is capable of, that what the *new liberty needs is more ducation in responsibility and less vociferation on rights; more innocence of knowledge, less innocence of ignorance.*

With extraordinary examples of feminine psychology before them, is it any wonder the politicians are rubbing their heads?

How will women vote?

Will they vote independent of their husbands; or as they are told?

Will they vote in terms of their heads; or of their emotions?

Will they line up with old parties; or be a big independent factor, on which no side can assuredly count?

The preponderance of women are in the home contented, happy wives, mothers, sisters. Will they bother to vote at all?

Especially, will the older generation, who were not militant suffragists, vote? If they don't, and the screaming sisterhood of discontent do, won't we have a disturbing, disruptive factor, which men cannot afford to ignore?

Will the silk stockings and kid gloves vote? And if they don't, and the agitators do—especially the foreign agitators—haven't we introduced a terribly dangerous element into our electorate? How far-reaching will be the effect of this element?

### Influence of Personality

AGAIN, women are terribly prone to act according to personalities both in business and in elections, instead of according to facts. Witness the proverbial woman investor, who buys into worthless investments, just because some one she knew told her, instead of investigating facts for herself and acting on those facts. "The sucker lists" of all fake promotion companies have a preponderance of names of women, preachers, teachers. Are women going to vote in terms of personal likes and dislikes, or in terms of national issues?

I am not referring to men standing for election, whose private lives and relationships in business are shady. Man is a unity in his character. His personality is good, or it is bad, or it is a medley of both; but we all know the man shady in his personal relationship will be shady in his public relationship. The man dishonest in his personal business will be dishonest in his public business if he can be. The man incompetent in his private business will be just as incompetent in his public business. What I am trying to get at is this—with the men of equally good private relationship, are the women going to vote according to their likes and dislikes, or according to the national issues at hazard?

And in voicing these questions, I am not voicing my own questions, but the questions in the minds of the politicians.

And I purpose to answer those questions in terms of facts on record and not of opinions.

Canada's male electorate will run anywhere from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000, according to estimate of adults, age twenty-one and over. Canada's woman vote will be a similar total if they turn out.

The question how that woman vote will swing and what proportion will come out is a mighty vital one to Canada to-day.

It is vital enough to determine our national destiny.

Now for facts in the chaos of predictions and opinions.

It was said even should the naturalized foreign women turn out, the kid-glove, silk-stocking, contented home women would not.

In Winnipeg, they had a strike, which became somewhat famous, or infamous, as you like to call it. The kid-gloves and silk-stockings turned out and elected Mrs. McTavish Rogers, a representative of one of the oldest Canadian families in the North-West, dating back to the Hudson's Bay and North-West fur traders.

Will women turn out proportionately to men?

### Crowd to Polls in West

IN MANITOBA and Alberta, the women crowded to the polls; and the proportion of those with the right to vote—both men and women—was much larger than in any previous election. As high as 95 per cent of the possible women voters recorded their ballot in many constituencies.

These are facts that don't admit of discussion.

Very well, then, admit the kid-gloves and silk-stockings vote, how about the foreign-born, particularly of those nationalities, which regard women as the chattel and property of the man, not as valuable as a cow or mare because as wives they can be replaced more cheaply. Apropos of which, I recall one old fellow's remark. His wife was dying at a premature age. "Yon, Yon," she said consolingly to him, "y' bant grieve for me so mooch!"

"Never fear, Christina," he answered tenderly, "I baint grieve for thee—there be many more where thee comes from."

How about these foreign-born women, who hardly regard themselves as more than cheap pawns in the game of life?

Facts again! In the Alberta elections, of those who had to secure certificates and papers of citizenship to vote, in one foreign electoral district, eighteen of them motored all night long to reach the necessary offices to get their papers in time to vote. It was acknowledged after the Alberta contest was over, one of the deciding factors had been the farm woman's vote.

After all when hard stress comes, it is on the woman in the home the big burden falls; for she has to make ends meet whether they will or not. She is in exactly the position of the manufacturer. She has to make income and overhead balance. The man brings in the raw material, wheat, beef, pork, milk. These she has to convert into flour, meat, butter, cheese, food, clothes, books for the children at school, and when the income doesn't equal outlay, she wants to know why in terms of the breakfast table.

One of the most powerful factors in the Farm Movement of the West has been the fortnightly forum of discussion in every farm organization, where the women take part freely as the men and the women have their group of organizers actively organized as the men. In Mrs. Parlby's constituency—I think it is Lacombe—some of the old line fellows "weren't going to vote for no woman as their representative". Greenfield went into that constituency—and Greenfield is English by birth—and told them the suicidal reaction of such a policy on the Farmers' Party; and Mrs. Parlby, herself a farmer, was elected and went into Greenfield's Cabinet. The reaction of *that* on the Farm Woman's vote doesn't need predicting. It was one of the examples of the fair and square thing being always the wise and judicious thing.

### Labor and the Woman Vote

AS TO Labor, will Labor stand for the woman vote, when the woman wage-earner is the competitor of the man wage-earner and in many quarters resented by the man labor vote? British Columbia is the best answer to that. When Ralph Smith, Labor member, died, Mrs. Ralph Smith went into the Labor constituency and "carried on" and "the Hon. Mary Ellen" was elected and offered the speaker's chair.

One of the funniest examples I witnessed of the Labor woman's attitude was in Nanaimo, a very radical Labor centre, where big strikes and half time have injected peculiar bitterness into the dispute between mine owners and mine workers. I was trying to show in a lecture how the pulling apart of capital and labor would injure both, how pulling together would help both, when some half dozen Radical "Reds" stalked out of the audience and began singing revolutionary "Red" songs to distract attention from an argument based on facts. Sitting right under my nose was a big Welsh woman, the wife of a striking "Red." Now I have nothing to say about the merits or demerits of this particular quarrel, but as I went on to show the loss to miners and mine owners from strikes an

half time, no matter how high or low the wage level, the big Welsh woman began to grunt under her breath with a very red, angry face. What she was saying at the end of every sentence of mine was, "Make 'em work!"

"Make 'em work!"

"Make 'em work!"

I can't predict, of course, but it is a safe bet that woman's vote will be her own private judgment and not as her husband tells her to vote.

How about women as independents? Will they vote independent? Won't they just double the old vote? Won't they neglect home life for politics?

Nellie McClung's election in Alberta is the best answer in terms of fact to these questions that I know. Her home life is also one of the most beautiful things that I know; and I know it intimately; and I have known Mrs. McClung since she was a student in the Winnipeg Collegiate and so was I. Her home is one of the happiest and most domestic circles to which I have ever been admitted. Home is her first consideration. She has probably made more enemies in her prohibition campaigns than any woman in Canada; and while I don't always agree with her in detail, I agree with her utterly in essentials. The saloon had become too dangerous a factor in politics, too doubly dangerous a factor in the menace to youth and family life, and most damnably dangerous in economic life, when workmen getting $10 and $11 a day during the War worked double time Sunday for double pay and came back soused on Mondays and Tuesdays to handle T.N.T. and blow themselves and the factories up by being only about fifty per cent. efficient. The saloon had to go; but the fact remains in the going out of the saloon to which no one contributed more than Mrs. McClung, she made some terribly active enemies.

### Why She Stays in Edmonton

I SAID that I did not always agree with her in details. One of the details was when I heard she was likely to go into political life, I wanted her to go into the federal arena rather than the provincial. I considered she was needed more in the federal arena than the provincial; and I did not want to see any fiasco in the Canadian federal arena such as we had witnessed when Miss Rankin went to Washington. Mrs. McClung is very sympathetic with Labor. Labor trusts her implicitly; but she would never lose her head for fear of constituents back home. She would never hang back from a righteous vote for fear of what the electors might say. Whether that is what upset Miss Rankin or not, I don't know; but I know that was the only way one could account for her erratic collapse, when the War vote and the Conscription thing came up.

I talked all this over with Mrs. McClung. She would not hear of going into the federal arena. Do you know why? Because she said her first duty was to her home and she could serve in Alberta and not leave her home, when she could not so serve in Ottawa. She did not want to leave home while her youngest boy still needed a mother's constant care and love. He is now of an age, when old-type mothers often bundle their boys off to a boy's school and see little of them till they are grown men.

But that is not the whole story of Mrs. McClung's election.

Though independent, she ran as a quasi-supporter of the Stewart Government, which everybody knew had no chance of winning; not because of lack of faith in Stewart but because the farmer insisted on a farm party instead of an old party.

She did not ask one living soul for a vote.

She did not ask for the nomination.

She did not spend one dime in getting elected; and she ran on what she knew would be the losing side; and she had a huge majority. It is no secret, the women elected Mrs. McClung.

I can only infer that looks as if women would vote according to their own convictions, rather than according as they are told to vote.

Will the older non-militants come out and vote?

Facts again, this time from the American side of the Line; for women are women independent of boundaries.

I was passing the polls last November, when a motor load came up to the booth. In the car was a dear old aunty aged nine-two, ultra-reactionary, ultra-non-militant, very Victorian in all her ideas, a descendant of the old county families who, in all lands, truly believe moderns are headed straight for destruction; her sister age seventy; her sister's daughter age fifty; her sister's daughter's daughter, age twenty-one—three generations with the points of view of three generations—in the traces, half out of the traces, altogether out of the traces; early Victorian, when they put frills on piano legs and forbade a woman to cross her knees for fear of revealing the fact she had two limbs; (and I say *limbs* advisedly—there were no legs in those days;) mid-Victorian, when you could cross your limbs but wore trains on the street to conceal them; and modern, when you don't wear trains—no, you don't. I'll let it go at that.

First Aunty climbed out of the car and voted.

Then Grandmother climbed out and voted.

Then Mother climbed out and voted.

Then Daughter climbed out and voted.

Did they all vote the same? Only on one or two names. The rest they voted according to their individual conviction.



MRS. IRENE PARLBY,
who is minister without portfolio in Premier Greenfield's U. F. A. cabinet in Alberta.

### Why Miss Laut Didn't Vote

AND I know that car load was typical of what happened in all similar communities in New England—which is ultra-conservative—in a community about evenly composed of old county families, of city summer commuters with country homes, and of factory operatives I know only one family that did not vote; and that family was my own because we had not taken out American papers.

Go back now and attempt an answer to the questions convulsing the politicians' minds:—

Will the Canadian woman voter set herself to national problems, rather than sectional issues?

I should say the Canadian woman voter is thinking in terms of a nation, rather than a section, with her eyes wide open to practical problems rather than blind with impracticable, unworkable theories.

Are Canadian women going to vote at all?

That question has been answered by a 95 per cent vote in many constituencies of Alberta and Manitoba and British Columbia.

Are they going to turn out at the polls?

They have done so.

Are they going to realize the responsibilities of citizenship as well as the rights?

Mrs. Rogers' election, Mrs. Parlby's, Mrs. Smith's, Mrs. McClung's—answer that.

Are they going to act as the fifth wheel to a cart?

As I make out Mrs. McClung's election, she was all four wheels of the cart, and her opponents were hardly fifth and sixth wheels.

Are they going to platform on moral reforms?

Only where moral reforms can be embodied in law as the expression of a majority vote. In other words, no fads, nor frills, but vital essentials. Please look at the women now elected. Each came in on a clear cut national issue. One on Labor, another on Farm, another Temperance and Labor and Farm, another on anti-Red.

Are they going to educate themselves for the new responsibility of citizenship?

Ask the Farm Women's Institutes about their open forums:

Are they going to vote as husband votes?

The Welsh collier's wife didn't sound like it to me in Nanaimo.

Will they vote in terms of their heads, or their emotions?

Up to the present, they have voted in terms of their heads to a degree that has nonplused politicians; but behind their heads they have gently put the punch of emotions that put the saloon out of business.

Will they line up with the old parties?



MRS. NELLIE McCLUNG,
author, orator, stalesman, who headed the poll in Edmonton.

### Will They Line up With Old Parties?

SO FAR they haven't but for that matter, are the men voters lining up behind old parties? Are not five provincial governments out of nine functioning as group governments? And hasn't every woman elected so far come in as representative of a group?

Will the silk-stockings and the kid-gloves vote?

They have done so.

Will the foreign-born women turn out?

You have the record of what they did in Manitoba and Alberta.

Will the old guard of anti-militants turn out?

They did in the United States, from aunty, grandmother and mother to daughter.

Will personalities count more with women than men?

I can only answer that the personal attacks on Mrs. McClung added to her majority.

In the present mayoralty contest in New York, women are registering proportionately to men.

Granted from one million to one million five hundred thousand Canadian women go to the polls in December, *not with which party will they stand but for what nationality will they stand.*

It has always seemed to me a heresy that a good mother cares more for her children than a good father. Emphasize the word 'good' please! But there is one sense in which a mother's love strikes deeper into the very vitals of life and love than a father's. It is the mother, who has given of her very life physically to the child. It is the mother, who watches for and sees the first blind motions of the tiny hands attain sensible conscious direct actions, the first smile of conscious recognition come to the eyes. It is the mother, who remembers the touch of hands and lips from the child in caresses and kisses no matter how big a man the child may grow, how far away the daughter may drift. It is the mother, who notices the first blind physical processes merge to thought and conscious mental direction; and to the day she, herself, passes into a future life, it is the mother heart treasures the memory of these things and feels the pressure of those little hands; and with the most of grown people, it is the mother's presence that abides a living memory and guide forever, whether absent, or present, separated by distances, or by death. I don't think the most of people will gainsay these facts.

### Our Canadian Mothers!

NOW while Canadian soldiers fought the war to victory on the firing line, Canadian mothers fought the War to victory in their souls with these memories tearing at their souls day and night for four years. You know, and so do I, mothers, whose hair turned snow white in those four years and who never uttered one whimper of loss or fear in those years.

The price paid was too great for that sense of national consciousness and national unity to be lost after the war; so I am constrained to believe the new electorate of womanhood will not vote in terms of race, class; party, province, sex. *They will vote for the first time in Canada's history nationally.* It won't be personality; and it won't be party. If it be in groups, it will be on the pledge that the groups merge in a national unity of aim, action and destiny to carry forward as a nation in the victory of peace the victories won in war; and considering Canada's problems, there will have to be a lot of give and take, East for West and West for East, capital for labor and labor for capital manufacturer for farmer and farmer for manufacturer, to carry forward that unity conceived and born in the war. Far as I can judge, party and personality are going down before that aim: and more than that I do not think facts justify any prophecy.

# THEY'RE ALL GOOD MEN

*By* Lieut.-Col. John Bayne Maclean

MODESTY and generosity are traits in Hon. Mr. Crerar's character. He has been generous enough to say that J. K. Munro's brilliant national political reviews in *MacLean's Magazine* were responsible for his selection for the leadership of the National Progressive Party with the Premiership of Canada in the horizon. He was modest enough to doubt Mr. Munro's estimate of him. He was public-spirited enough to accept the burden when his private inclinations were against it.

Fate made Mr. Crerar's most violent opponent, and critic, Colonel Currie, M.P., the leader of the extreme Tory wing in the House of Commons, primarily responsible. I had been looking for a long time for a man at Ottawa who could give our readers an honest, fearless review of the national political situation. One day I was talking to Colonel Currie in the lobby of the House when a member of the Press Gallery stopped to pass him the latest gossip. Currie himself is an old journalist. He came to me at The Toronto *Mail* fresh from High School—a rosy-faced country boy with a great head of jet black hair and a Celtic accent. We took him on. He was unusually successful. He grew up imbibing staunch old Tory principles. Like myself he left soon after the then editorial director deserted Sir John Macdonald. Sir John was our hero, we worshipped and loved him. Currie should have remained in journalism. He had an instinct for being the only writer on the spot for some big happenings. Sometimes he helped to stage them. One of the latter was witnessed by more foreign correspondents, police and secret service men than ever assembled before or since for any show in Canada. That night some of the leading participants were severely injured. Probably all of them would have been killed but for a friendly alleyway into which we rushed them from the mob.

The Colonel introduced the correspondent—J. K. Munro, who handled the political news for the Toronto *Telegram*. Some months before there appeared in that paper one of the best reports of a meeting I had ever read. Only an expert on the subject could have written it. It was unusual because it occupied the editorial column, but it was not the editor's style. In the course of conversation Mr. Munro admitted he had written it and explained how it got there. He also admitted that he was The *Telegram's* chief specialist on public ownership—to which, based on all experience, I am opposed. We also differed strongly on some other public policies but there seemed to be no question as to his courage and sincerity, entire absence of self-seeking or personal vanity, and an unusual knowledge of current politics and politicians.



The new tower for the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa—now in course of erection. The photograph is from a model.

### J. K. Munro's Free Hand

HERE was the man who could give *MacLean's* readers what they wanted. But Managing Editors do not always agree with their Presidents—which is a very good quality—and it was some months before I could convince our Managing Editor that the man who wrote for a local evening daily like his had the training to meet the demands of a great national audience. The Toronto *Telegram* is written exclusively for a narrow-minded insular uplifted Toronto. It refuses outside circulation. It champions mediocrity and persecutes success, particularly in business. It appeals to the masses, often to their prejudices. It has the largest local circulation. It is the best edited, most fearless, honest, sincere, narrow, petty daily in all Canada. That same policy has been very injurious to the welfare of its city. It has driven great industries to other centres.

Could a man who spent his life-time for that petty audience think nationally in Canadian affairs as we have to? I believed that Mr. Munro could. He was started and worked with persistently by the editor. He has succeeded very well. That is not to say that I agree with him. I certainly do not. He has played up favorites—often not mine. But he was on the spot—often on the inside. He tells us about the national characters, national happenings as they impress him at the time. Canada never knew in so much detail the real story of our public men and their doings.

How Mr. Munro came to pick and play up Crerar as a national leader and Lapointe of Quebec as his chief associate—I do not know. But it seems quite a natural development. Borden was breaking down and wanted to retire. There must soon be a new Prime Minister. The country was dissatisfied with the Government. The farmers were in the ascendancy. They were well organized. They represented the most substantial conservative interests in the country. But they had no leadership. Based on his history as the public knew it, Crerar had shown unusual business and administrative ability. He was not nationally well known and though very retiring in private life was an outstanding man in the House. Probably no one was more surprised than he to find himself suggested for leadership.

The impression has been given across Canada on the platform and elsewhere by the Progressives that because of Mr. Munro's articles, *MacLean's Magazine*, and therefore myself, a Tory, was supporting that party. This article is written first to correct this statement and next to size up for our readers the present political situation as we find it—a situation, which is very clear as to what the public want, but very complicated as to what the professional politicians are trying to make it think it wants.

### All Publications Not Propagandist

BECAUSE some newspapers are started for, or are associated with, and always carrying on propaganda for various interests, party, business, personal or financial, the general impression is that all publications are of this type. This is seldom the case where papers are under capable ownership-management as are the great majority of rural weeklies and the dailies in the smaller centres in Canada. The policy of practically all of these owners is to do what is right in the public interest though it may conflict with their private affairs. Sometimes they may support a political leader or party as a necessity because they agree with him on some big questions while strongly differing on the general policy.

Very few of us in a large and complicated organization know or see what is to be published, or read much of it after it is published. Sometimes our writers bring us into conflict with our personal friends and business clients. The public gives the general newspaper, and very properly, a good deal of license in the matter of accuracy, and important details are usually verified. But with specialized newspapers like ours they are more exacting. Recently an item in a U. S. technical weekly caused the loss in a great industry of several hundred thousand dollars because the editor made careless deductions from an economic condition. It cost him a ten thousand dollar a year position.

We get the best writers and experts and investigators available to give the facts, and interpret them in the light of experience and the application of common-sense for you readers whom we serve, that you may form your own conclusions. As a rule it is only when great issues or principles are involved like the 1911 Reciprocity, Conscription, and so on, do we lay down a definite policy. Mr. Munro is one of these writers to whom we have given a free hand, and in selecting Mr. Crerar I think he showed unusually good judgment. A recent investigation among groups of our readers in town and country indicates that his articles have put Mr. Crerar in a strong position among them. They respect him for his record and for his capacity, though they may not express it in applause. His enemies criticize him but they have so far brought no evidence. Until they do Mr. Munro's estimate must stand.

### Pampering Hogs, Persecuting Men

SEVERAL times I have told Mr. Munro he was not generous to the Premier that I thought his racy comments were weakening him but the same investigation showed a surprising and extraordinary friendliness for him among our Liberal as well as our Conservative readers; among farmers as well as town people. The constant answer came: "He himself is all right but his Government!" He suffers for the derelicts he had wished upon him. Some of the clever things Mr. Munro made him do or say and the funny attitudes in which Mr. Skuce, the cartoonist, placed him were constantly referred to. He has become a great popular, lovable hero. Some think when he grows older, finds himself, develops more tact and broadens his vision he will become the Sir John of this period. I am not intruding my own view but telling you what we found among our readers. Trying to analyze the reason, I conclude that there are some kinds of human weaknesses we like and extreme virtues we abhor. Some of our public men are so good we cannot hope to approach them. None of us can ever be as serious or as good as Mr. Munro says Hon. Mr. Rowell wants to make us. I think we would all like to be as brilliant and human as Mr. Munro makes Mr. Meighen. We found that Mr. Meighen's troubles and weaknesses as described by Mr. Munro and cartooned by Mr. Skuce had awakened a good-natured sympathy for him, such as the one over the words "Day after day came reports of Unionist after Unionist sick or dying, till in his agony the Premier moaned, 'I'm not leader of a Government, I'm head of a hospital' " which the Liberal mayor of an Ontario town had cut from MacLean's and pinned on the wall of his office.

To Mr. King, Mr. Munro has been very unjust and has helped to create an entirely wrong impression. As I see it, Mr. Munro has given a superficial view—the view of the Press Gallery accustomed to record happenings only: I made the same mistake and cheered King's personal defeat in 1911. Even in his own party the Liberal leader is much misunderstood. He sees too far in advance of public opinion to be personally popular. We belittled him for the radical policies he promoted in the Liberal Cabinet but they were very conservative compared with the more advanced social and labor legislation since adopted. Mr. King is perhaps the best-informed publicist and the poorest petty politician in the House. The opinion seems to prevail among our readers that he would have been in a strong position if he had followed his own inclinations and concentrated on the big questions which he understands and had ignored the advice of the pin-headed Grits about him—to nag the Government on trifles. As a Conservative reader put it: Are we Canadians as ignorant, uneducated, unintelligent as all political leaders, big and little, by their petty appeals think we are; so unthinking that we will vote on prejudice instead of common-sense?

### Who and What Canadians Will Vote For

THE strongest evidence that King is an able man is his continuous employment by Mr. Rockefeller. No man is more insistent upon getting full value for his money than the founder of Standard Oil and other great activities. Would a stickler for results like Rockefeller, with the world of able men to select from, give Mr. King $25,000 a year, which was the salary he is said to have thrown up to accept the Liberal leadership? Not likely. He must be worth it. But that type of man, unless he be a Schwab, has little appeal to public fancy until his real worth is known. Why do we pamper our prize hogs and persecute our prize men, particularly at this time when we need our best men to plan and to direct our work?

These enquiries covered only a small portion of our field, mainly in Ontario with a few excursions into the other provinces. There are well over a quarter million more of you—the subscription department say twice that—and you can tell how accurately the above personally represents your own view.

*Continued on page 33*

# MOSTLY SALLY

*By* Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

FILLMORE had the air of a man who thought it wasn't loaded. A wild, startled expression had settled itself upon his face, and he was breathing heavily.

"Cheer up!" said Sally. Fillmore jumped like stricken jelly. "Tell me all," said Sally, sitting down beside him. "I leave you a gentleman of large and independent means, and I come back and find you one of the wage slaves again. How did it all happen?"

"Sally," said Fillmore, "I will be frank with you. Can you lend me ten dollars?"

"I don't see how you make that out an answer to my question, but here you are."

"Thanks," Fillmore pocketed the bill. "I'll let you have it back next week. I want to take Miss Winch out to lunch."

"If that's what you want it for, don't look on it as a loan; take it as a gift with my blessing thrown in" She looked over her shoulder at Miss Winch, who, the cases of rehearsal being temporarily suspended, was practising golf shots with an umbrella at the other side of the stage. "How ever did you have the sense to fall in love with her, Fill?"

"Do you like her?" asked Fillmore, brightening.

"I love her."

"I knew you would. She's just the right girl for me, isn't she?"

"She certainly is."

"So sympathetic."

"Yes."

"So kind."

"Yes. And she's got brains enough for two, which is the exact quantity the girl who marries you will need."

Fillmore drew himself up with as much hauteur as a stout man sitting in a low chair can achieve. "Some day I will make you believe in me, Sally."

"You've lost all your money?"

"I have suffered certain reverses."

"How?"

"Well....." Fillmore hesitated. "I've had bad luck, you know. First I bought Consolidated Rails for the rise, and they fell. So that went wrong."

"Yes?"

"And then I bought Russian rubles for the fall, and they rose. So that went wrong."

"Good gracious! Why, I've heard all this before."

"Who told you?"

"No, I remember now. It's just that you remind me of a man I met at Roville. He was telling me the story of his life and how he had made a hash of everything. Well, that took all you had, I suppose?"

"Not quite. I had a few thousands left, and I went into a deal that really did look cast iron."

"And that went wrong!"

"IT WASN'T my fault," said Fillmore querulously. "It was just my poisonous luck. A man I knew got me to join a syndicate which had bought up a lot of whisky. The idea was to ship it into Chicago in herring barrels. We should have cleaned up big only a mutt of a detective took it into his darned head to go fooling about with a crowbar. Officious ass! It wasn't as if the barrels weren't labeled 'Herrings' as plainly as they could be," said Fillmore with honest indignation. He shuddered. "I nearly got arrested."

"But *went* wrong? Well, that's something to be thankful for. Stripes wouldn't suit your figure." Sally gave his arm a squeeze. "Fill, I'll tell you what I'll do. They all say it's the first of money that counts in building a vast fortune. I'll lend you some of mine."

"You will? Sally, I always said you were an ace."

"I never heard you. You ought'nt to mumble so."

"Will you lend me twenty thousand dollars?"

Sally patted his hand soothingly. "Come slowly down to earth," she said. "Two hundred was the sum I had in mind."

"I want twenty thousand."

"You'd better rob a bank. Any policeman will direct you to a good bank."



"Some day I will make you believe in me, Sally."

WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR: *Sally Nicholas, pretty, vivacious, engaged to Gerald Foster, a struggling playwright, falls heir to a fortune on her 21st birthday. Later enjoying herself at Roville, France, she receives word Gerald's play is to have a trial run at Detroit, Mich., the play being "taken up" by an eccentric New York millionaire to supply a leading role for Mabel Hobson, a flame of the magnate's whom Sally detests. Sally leaves for home, but just before her departure meets in the casmo, a red-haired English adventurer, Lancelot (Ginger) Kemp, in a rare run of luck at the wheel. Ginger in his enthusiasm proposes, greatly amusing the girl. Later, he introduces her to his cousin, Bruce Carmyle, an odd stick of the stiff-necked aristocratic school. Sally reaches Detroit to find Gerold's production hung up through an outbreak of Spanish influenza, overhead expenses running high and the troupe demoralized.*

"I'll tell you *why* I want twenty thousand."

"You might just mention it."

"If I had twenty thousand, I'd buy this production from Cracknell. He'll be back in a few minutes to tell us that the Hobson woman has quit, and if she really has you take it from me that he will close the show. And even if he manages to jolly her along this time, and she comes back, it's going to happen sooner or later. It's a shame to let a show like this close. I believe in it, Sally. It's a darned good play. With Elsa Doland in the big part, it couldn't fail."

SALLY started. "He'd sell for less than that, of course, but one would need a bit on hand. You have to face a loss on the road before coming into New York. I'd give you 10 per cent on your money, Sally."

Sally found herself wavering. He had touched her imagination.

"It's a gold mine!"

Sally's prudent side stirred in its sleep. Fillmore had chosen an unfortunate expression. To the novice in finance the term gold mine has repellent associations.

At this moment however two things happened. Gerald and Mr. Bunbury, in the course of their perambulations, came into the glow of the footlights, and she was able to see Gerald's face; and at the same time Mr. Reginald Cracknell hurried on to the stage, his whole demeanor that of the bearer of evil tidings.

The sight of Gerald's face annihilated Sally's prudence at a single stroke. Gerald was miserable, and she had it in her power to make him happy. He was sullenly awaiting disaster, and she with a word could avert it. She wondered that she had ever hesitated.

"All right," she said simply.

Fillmore quivered from head to foot.

"You'll do it?" he whispered, and held his breath After all, he might not have heard correctly.

"Yes."

All the complex emotions in Fillmore's soul found expression in one vast whoop. It rang through the empty theatre like the last trump, beating against the back wall and rising in hollow echoes to the very gallery. Mr. Bunbury, conversing in low undertones with Mr. Cracknell across the footlights, shied like a startled mule. There was reproach and menace in the look he cast at Fillmore, and a minute earlier it would have reduced that financial magnate to apologetic pulp. But Fillmore was not to be intimidated now by a look. He strode down to the group at the footlights.

"Cracknell," he said importantly, "one moment. I should like a word with you."



Mrs. Meecher

## VII

IF ACTORS and actresses are like children in that they are readily depressed by disaster, they have the child's compensating gift of being easily uplifted by good fortune. It amazed Sally that any one mortal should have been able to spread such universal happiness as she had done by the simple act of lending her brother Fillmore twenty thousand dollars. If the millennium had arrived, the members of "The Primrose Way" company could not have been on better terms with themselves. The lethargy and dispiritedness caused by their week of inaction, fell from them like a cloak. The sudden elevation of that creature of the abyss, the assistant stage manager, to the dizzy height of proprietor of the show appealed to their sense of drama. Most of them had played in pieces where much the same thing had happened to the persecuted heroine round about eleven o'clock, and the situation struck them as theatrically sound. Also, now that she had gone, the extent to which Miss Hobson had acted as a blight was universally recognized.

Fillmore was himself again. As a manager he blossomed out into soft billowy curves, and when he stood on the sidewalk in front of the theatre, gloating over the new posters which bore the legend

FILLMORE NICHOLAS
*presents*

the populace had to make a détour to get round him.

IN THIS era of bubbling joy it was hard that Sally, the fairy godmother responsible for it all, should not have been completely happy too; and it puzzled her why she was not. It was not till she was out driving in a hired car with Gerald one afternoon on Belle Isle that enlightenment came.

Gerald was cheerful and talkative. He, at any rate, found nothing wrong with life. He held forth spaciously on the big things he intended to do.

"If this play gets over—and it's going to—I'll show 'em!" His jaw was squared, and his eyes glowed as they stared into the inviting future. "One success—that's all I need—then watch me! I haven't had a chance yet, but—"

His voice rolled on, but Sally had ceased to listen. It was the time of year when the chill of evening follows swiftly on the mellow warmth of afternoon. The sun had gone behind the trees, and a cold wind was blowing up from the river. And quite suddenly, as though it was the wind that had cleared her mind, she understood what it was that had been lurking at the back of her thoughts. For an instant it stood out nakedly without concealment, and the world became a forlorn place. She had realized the fundamental difference between man's outlook on life and woman's.

Success! How men worshipped it and how little of themselves they had to spare for anything else. Ironically, it was

the theme of this very play of Gerald's which she had saved from destruction. Of all the men she knew, how many had any view of life except as a race which they must strain every nerve to win, regardless of what they missed by the wayside in their haste? Fillmore—Gerald—all of them.....There might be a woman in each of their lives, but she came second—an afterthought—a thing for their spare time. Gerald was everything to her. His success would never be more than a side issue so far as she was concerned. He himself, without any of the trappings of success, was enough for her. But she was not enough for him. A spasm of futile jealousy shook her. She shivered.

"Cold?" said Gerald. "I'll tell the man to drive back.... I don't see any reason why this play shouldn't run a year in New York. Everybody says it's good....If it does get over, they'll all be after me. I—"

Sally stared out into a bleak world. The sky was a leaden gray, and the wind from the river blew with a dismal chill.

VIII

WHEN Sally left Detroit on the following Saturday, accompanied by Fillmore, who was returning to the metropolis for a few days in order to secure offices and generally make his presence felt along Broadway, her spirits had completely recovered. She felt guilty that she had been fanciful, even morbid. Naturally men wanted to get on in the world. It was their job. She told herself that she was bound up with Gerald's success, and that the last thing of which she ought to complain was the energy he put into efforts of which she as well as he would reap the reward.

To this happier frame of mind the excitement of the last few days had contributed. Detroit, that city of amiable audiences, had liked "The Primrose Way." The theatre, in fulfillment of Teddy's prophecy, had been allowed to open on the Tuesday, and a full house, hungry for entertainment after its enforced abstinence, had welcomed the play whole-heartedly. The papers, not always in agreement with the applause of a first-night audience, had on this occasion endorsed the verdict, with agreeable unanimity hailing Gerald as the coming author and Elsa Doland as the coming star. There had even been a brief mention of Fillmore as the coming manager. But there is always some trifle that jars in our greatest moments, and Fillmore's triumph had been almost spoiled by the fact that the only notice taken of Gladys Winch was by the critic who printed her name—spelled Wunch—in the list of those whom the cast "also included."

"One of the greatest character actresses on the stage," said Fillmore bitterly, talking over this outrage with Sally on the morning after the production.

FROM this blow, however, his buoyant nature had soon enabled him to rally. Life contained so much that was bright that it would have been churlish to concentrate the attention on the one dark spot. Business had been excellent all through the week. Elsa Doland had got better at every performance. The receipt of a long and agitated telegram from Mr. Cracknell pleading to be allowed to buy the piece back, the passage of time having apparently softened Miss Hobson, was a pleasant incident and, best of all, the great Ike Grossman, who owned half the theatres in New York and had been in Detroit superintending one of his musical productions, had looked in one evening and stamped "The Primrose Way" with the seal of his approval. As Fillmore sat opposite Sally on the train, he radiated contentment and importance.

"Yes, do," said Sally, breaking a long silence.

Fillmore awoke from happy dreams. "Eh?"

"I said 'Yes, do.' I think you owe it to your position."

"Do what?"

"Buy a fur coat. Wasn't that what you were meditating about?"

"Don't be a chump," said Fillmore, blushing nevertheless. It was true that once or twice during the past week he had toyed negligently, as Mr. Bunbury would have said, with the notion. And why not? A fellow must keep warm.

"With an astrakhan collar," insisted Sally.

"As a matter of fact," said Fillmore loftily, his great soul ill attuned to this badinage, "what I was really thinking about at that moment was something Ike said."

"Ike?"

"Ike Grossman, the producer. He's on the train. I met him just now."

"We call him Ike!"

"Of course I call him Ike," said Fillmore heatedly. "Everyone calls him Ike."

"*He* wears a fur coat," Sally murmured.

Fillmore registered annoyance. "I wish you wouldn't keep harping on that damned coat. And, anyway, why shouldn't I have a fur coat?"

"Fill! How can you be so brutal as to suggest that I ever said you shouldn't? Why, I'm one of the strongest supporters of the fur coat. With big cuffs. And you must roll up Fifth Avenue in your car, and I'll point and say: 'That's my brother!'....'Your brother? No!' 'He is really.'....'You're joking. Why that's the great Fillmore Nicholas.'....'I know. But he really is my brother. And I was with him when he bought that coat.' "

"Do leave off about the coat!"




"If I don't sweat about a bit and help you....."

" 'And it isn't only the coat,' I shall say. 'It's what's underneath. Tucked away inside that mass of fur, dodging about behind that dollar cigar, is one to whom we point with pride....' "

FILLMORE looked coldly at his watch. "I've got to go and see Ike Grossman."

"We are in hourly consultation with Ike."

"He wants to see me about the show. He suggests putting it into Chicago before opening in New York."

"Oh, no!" cried Sally, dismayed.

"Why not?"

Sally recovered herself. Identifying Gerald so closely with his play, she had supposed for a moment that if the piece opened in Chicago it would mean a further prolonged separation from him. But of course there would be no need, she realized, for him to stay with the company after the first day or two.

"You're thinking that we ought to have a New York reputation before tackling Chicago. There's a lot to be said for that. Still it works both ways. A Chicago run would help us in New York. Well, I'll have to think it over," said Fillmore importantly. "I'll have to think it over."

He mused with drawn brows.

"All wrong," said Sally.

"Eh?"

"Not a bit like it. The lips should be compressed and the forefinger of the right hand laid in a careworn way against the right temple. You've a lot to learn, Fill."

"Oh, stop it!"

"Fillmore Nicholas," said Sally, "if you knew what pain it gives me to josh my only brother you'd be sorry for me. But you know it's for your good....Now run along and put Ike out of his misery. I know he's waiting for you with his watch out. 'You *do* think he'll come, Miss Nicholas?' were his last words to me as he stepped on the train—and, oh, Fill, the yearning in his voice! 'Why, of *course* he will, Mr. Grossman,' I said. 'For all his exalted position, my brother is kindliness itself. Of course he'll come.'....'If I could only think so!' he said with a gulp. 'If I could only think so! But you know what these managers are. A thousand calls on their time. They get brooding on their fur coats and forget everything else.'....'Have no fear, Mr. Grossman,' I said. 'Fillmore Nicholas is a man of his word.' "

She would have been willing, for she was a girl who never believed in sparing herself where it was a question of entertaining her nearest and dearest, to continue the dialogue, but Fillmore was already moving down the car, his rigid back a silent protest against sisterly levity. Sally watched him disappear, then picked up a magazine and began to read.

She had just finished tracking a story of gripping interest through a jungle of advertisements, only to find that it was in two parts, of which the one she was reading was the first, when a voice spoke. "How do you do, Miss Nicholas?"

Into the seat before her, recently released from the weight of the coming manager, Bruce Carmyle, of all people in the world, insinuated himself with that well-bred air of deferential restraint which never left him.

SALLY was considerably startled.

"Mr. Carmyle!" she cried.

If Sally had been constantly in Mr. Carmyle's thoughts since they had parted on the Paris express, Mr. Carmyle had been very little in Sally's—so little, indeed, that she had had to search her memory for a monent before she identified him.

"We're always meeting on trains, aren't we?" she went on, her composure returning. "I never expected to see you in America."

"I came over."

She was never rude to anyone without subsequent remorse. She contented herself with a tame "Yes?"

"Yes," said Mr. Carmyle, "it is a good many years since I have taken a real holiday. My doctor seemed to think I was a trifle run down. It seemed a good opportunity to visit America."

"And what are your impressions of our glorious country?" said Sally, rallying.

"I have been visiting Chicago," he said, after a brief travelogue.

"Oh!"

"A wonderful city."

"I've never seen it. I've come from Detroit."

"Yes, I heard you were in Detroit."

Sally's eyes opened. "You heard I was in Detroit? Good gracious! How?"

"I—ah—called at your New York address and made inquiries," said Mr. Carmyle a little awkwardly.

"But how did you know where I lived?"

"My cousin—er—Lancelot told me."

Sally was silent for a moment. She had much the same feeling that comes to the man in the detective story who realizes that he is being shadowed. She seized on the mention of Ginger as a lever for diverting the conversation from its present too intimate course. "How is Mr. Kemp?" she asked.

Mr. Carmyle's dark face seemed to become a trifle darker. "We have had no news of him," he said shortly.

"No news? How do you mean? You speak as though he had disappeared."

"He has disappeared!"

"Good heavens! When?"

"Shortly after I saw you last."

"Disappeared!"

Mr. Carmyle frowned. Sally, watching him, found her antipathy stirring again. There was something about this man which she had disliked instinctively from the first, a sort of hardness.

"But where has he gone to?"

"I don't know." Mr. Carmyle frowned again. The subject of Ginger was plainly a sore one. "And I don't want to know," he went on heatedly, a dull flush rising in the cheeks which Sally was sure he had to shave twice a day. "I don't care to know. The family have washed their hands of him. For the future he may look after himself as best he can. I believe he is off his head."

SALLY'S rebellious temper was well ablaze now, but she fought it down.

"But what happened? What was all the trouble about?"

Mr. Carmyle's eyebrows met. "He—insulted his uncle. His uncle Donald. He insulted him—grossly. The one man in the world he should have made a point of—er—of—"

"Keeping in with?"

"Yes. His future depended on him."

"But what did he do?" cried Sally, trying hard to keep a thoroughly reprehensible joy out of her voice.

"I have heard no details. My uncle is reticent as to what actually took place. He invited Lancelot to dinner to discuss his plans, and it appears that Lancelot—defied him. Defied him! He was rude and insulting. My uncle refuses to have anything more to do with him. Apparently the young fool managed to win some money at the tables at Roville and this seems to have turned his head completely. My uncle insists that he is mad. I agree with him. Since the night of that dinner nothing has been heard of Lancelot."

Mr. Carmyle broke off to brood once more, and before Sally could speak the impressive bulk of Fillmore loomed

up in the aisle beside them. Explanations seemed to Fillmore to be in order. He cast a questioning glance at the mysterious stranger, who, in addition to being in conversation with his sister, had collared his seat.

"Oh, hullo, Fill," said Sally. "Fillmore, this is Mr. Carmyle. We met abroad. My brother Fillmore, Mr. Carmyle."

Proper introductions having been thus effected, Fillmore approved of Mr. Carmyle. His air of being someone in particular appealed to him.

"Strange, your meeting again like this," he said affably.

The porter, who had been making up berths along the car, was now hovering expectantly in the offing.

"You two had better go into the smoking room," suggested Sally. "I'm going to bed."

She wanted to be alone, to think. Mr. Carmyle's tale of a roused and revolting Ginger had stirred her.

The two men went off to the smoking car, and Sally found an empty seat and sat down to wait for her berth to be made up. She was aglow with a curious exhilaration. So Ginger had taken her advice! Excellent, Ginger! She felt proud of him. She also had that feeling of complacency, amounting almost to sinful pride, which comes to those who give advice and find it acted upon.

It was a feat, there was no denying it. Yet Sally, jolted by the train, which toward the small hours seemed to be trying out some new buck-and-wing steps of its own invention, slept ill, and presently, as she lay awake, there came to her bedside the Spectre of Doubt, gaunt and questioning. Had she, after all, wrought so well? Had she been wise in tampering with this young man's life?

"What about it?" said the Spectre of Doubt.

DAYLIGHT brought no comforting answer to the question about Ginger Kemp. Breakfast failed to manufacture an easy mind. Sally got off the train at the Grand Central Terminal in a state of remorseful concern.

She wondered now how she could ever have looked with approval on her rash act. She wondered what demon of interference and meddling had possessed her, to make her blunder into people's lives, upsetting them. Here was an estimable young man, obviously the sort of young man who would always have to be assisted through life by his relatives and she had deliberately egged him on to wreck his prospects. She blushed hotly as she remembered that mad wireless she had sent him from the boat.

Miserable Ginger! She pictured him, his little stock of money gone, wandering footsore about London, seeking in vain for work; forcing himself to call on Uncle Donald; being thrown down front steps by haughty footmen; sleeping on the Embankment; gazing into the dark waters of the Thames with the stare of hopelessness; climbing onto the parapet and....

"Ugh!" said Sally.

She had arrived at the door of the boarding house, and Mrs. Meecher was regarding her with welcoming eyes, little knowing that to all practical intents and purposes she had slain in his prime a red-headed young man of amiable manners and—when not ill-advised by meddling, muddling females—of excellent behavior.

Mrs. Meecher was friendly and garrulous. "Variety," the journal which, next to the dog Toto, was the thing she loved best in the world, had informed her on the Friday morning that Mr. Foster's play had got over big in Detroit and that Miss Doland had made every kind of a hit.

AND was it true that Mr. Fillmore had bought the piece? A great man, was Mrs. Meecher's verdict. Mr. Faucitt had always said so.

"Oh, how is Mr. Faucitt?" Sally said, reproaching herself for having allowed the pressure of other matters to drive all thoughts of her late patient from her mind.

"He's gone," said Mrs. Meecher with such relish that to Sally in her morbid condition the words had only one meaning. She turned white and clutched at the banisters.

"Gone!"

"To England," added Mrs. Meecher.

Sally was vastly relieved.

"Oh, I thought you meant—"

"Oh, no, not that." Mrs. Meecher sighed for she had been a little disappointed in the old gentleman, who had started out as such a promising invalid, only to fall away into the dullness of robust health once more. "He's well enough. I never seen anybody better. You'd think," said Mrs. Meecher, bearing up with difficulty under her grievance—"you'd think this here new Spanish influenza was a sort of a tonic or somep'n, the way he looks now. Of course," she added, trying to find justification for a respected lodger, "he's had good news. His brother's dead."

"What!"

"Not, I don't mean, that that was good news, far from it, though, come to think of it, all flesh is as grass and we all got to be prepared for somep'n of the sort breaking loose....but it seems this here new brother of his—I didn't know he'd a brother, and I don't suppose *you* knew he had a brother; men are secretive, ain't they?—this brother of his has left him a parcel of money, and Mr. Faucitt he had to get on the Wednesday boat quick as he could and go right over to the other side to look after things. Wind up the estate, I believe they call it. Left in a awful hurry, he did. Sent his love to you and said he'd write. Funny him having a brother now, wasn't it? Not," said Mrs. Meecher, at heart a reasonable woman, "that folks *don't* have brothers. I got two myself, one in Portland, Ore., and the other goodness knows where he is. But what I'm trying to say—"

SALLY disengaged herself, and went up to her rooms. For a brief while the excitement which comes of hearing good news about those of whom we are fond acted as a stimulant, and she felt almost cheerful.

Presently, however, she found her thoughts wandering back into their melancholy groove. She threw herself wearily on the bed. She was tired after her bad night.

But she could not sleep. Remorse kept her wakeful. Besides, she could hear Mrs. Meecher prowling disturbingly about the house, apparently in search of someone, her progress indicated by creaking boards and the strenuous yapping of Toto.

Sally turned restlessly and, having turned, remained for a long instant transfixed and rigid. She had seen something, and what she had seen was enough to surprise any girl in the privacy of her bedroom. From underneath the bed there peeped coyly forth an undeniably masculine shoe and six inches of a gray trouser leg.

Sally bounded to the floor. She was a girl of courage, and she meant to probe this matter thoroughly.

"What are you doing under my bed?"

The question was a reasonable one, and evidently seemed to the intruder to deserve an answer. There was a muffled sneeze, and he began to crawl out.

The shoe came first. Then the legs. Then a sturdy body in a dusty coat. And finally there flashed on Sally's fascinated gaze a head of so nearly the maximum redness that it could only belong to one person in the world.

"Ginger!"

Mr. Lancelot Kemp, on all fours, blinked up at her.

"Oh, hullo!" he said.

## IX

IT WAS not till she saw him actually standing there before her with his hair rumpled and a large smut on the tip of his nose that Sally really understood how profoundly troubled she had been about this young man and how vivid had been that vision of him bobbing about on the waters of the Thames, a cold and unappreciated corpse. Never before in her life had she experienced such an overwhelming rush of exhilaration. She flung herself into a chair and burst into a screech of laughter which even to her own ears sounded strange. It struck Ginger as hysterical.

"I say, you know," said Ginger as the merriment showed no signs of abating. "Oh, I say you know!"

Sally sat up, gurgling, and wiped her eyes.

"Oh, I *am* glad to see you!" she gasped.

"No, really?" said Ginger, gratified. "That's fine!" It occurred to him that some sort of apology would be a graceful act. "I say, you know, awfully sorry. About barging in here, I mean. Never dreamed it was your room. Unoccupied, I thought."

"Don't mention it. I ought not to have disturbed you. You were having a nice sleep, of course. Do you always sleep on the floor?"

"It was like this—"

"What *were* you doing under my bed?"

"Oh, under your bed?"

"Yes. Under my bed. This. It's a bed, you know. Mine. My bed. You were under it. Why? Or, putting it another way, why were you under my bed?"

"I was hiding."

"Playing hide-and-seek? That explains it."

"Mrs. What's-her-name—Beecher—Meecher was after me."

SALLY shook her head disapprovingly. "You mustn't encourage Mrs. Meecher in these childish pastimes It unsettles her."

Ginger passed an agitated hand over his forehead.

"It's like this—"

"I hate to keep criticizing your appearance," said Sally, "and personally I like it; but, when you clutched your brow just then, you put about a pound of dust on it. Your hands are probably grubby."

Ginger inspected them. "They are!"

"Why not make a really good job of it and have a wash?"

"Thanks awfully."

"The towel is on your right."

"Thanks awfully."

"And I've a clothes brush in my bag."

"Thanks awfully."

Splashing followed, like a sea-lion taking a dip.

"Now then," said Sally, "why were you hiding from Mrs. Meecher?"

A careworn, almost hunted look came into Ginger's face. "I say, you know, that woman is rather by way of being one of the lads, what! I mean to say, she's got a nasty way with her. Scares *me*! Word was brought to me that she was on the prowl so it seemed to me a judicious move to take cover till she sort of blew over. If she'd found me, she'd have made me take that dog of hers for a walk."

"Toto?"

"Toto. You know," said Ginger, with a strong sense of injury, "no dog's got a right to be a dog like that. I don't suppose there's anyone keener on dogs than I am, but a thing like a woolly rat!" He shuddered slightly. "Well, one hates to be seen about with it in the public streets."

"Why couldn't you have refused in a firm but gentlemanly manner to take Toto out?"

"Ah! There you rather touch the spot. You see the fact of the matter is, I'm a bit behind with the rent, and that makes it rather hard to take what you might call a firm stand."

"But how can you be behind with the rent? I only left here the Saturday before last and you weren't in the place then. You can't have been here more than a week?"

"I've been here just a week. That's the week I'm behind with."

"But why? You were a millionaire when I left you at Roville."

"Well, the fact of the matter is, I went back to the tables that night and lost a goodish bit of what I 'd won. And, somehow or another, when I got to America, the stuff seemed to slip away."

"What made you come to America at all?" said Sally, asking the question, which, she felt, any sensible person would have asked at the opening of the conversation.

One of his familiar blushes raced over Ginger's face. "Oh, I thought I would. Land of Opportunity, you know."

"Have you managed to find any of the opportunities yet?"

"Well, I have got a job of sorts. I'm a waiter at a rummy little place on Second Avenue. The salary isn't big, but I'd have wangled enough out of it to pay last week's ren only they docked me a goodish bit for breakin plates and what not. The fact is, I'm making rather a hash of it."

"Oh, Ginger! You oughtn't to be a waiter!"

"That's what the boss seems to think."

"I mean, you ought to be doing something ever so much better than that."

"But what? You've no notion how well all these blighters here seem to be able to get along without my help. I've tramped all over the place, offering my services, but they all say

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"Oh, hullo!" he said.

# Canada's Next Premier?

## *By* "SCRUTATOR"



W. L. Mackenzie King. Liberal leader, dressed for a walking tour — armed with a book on political economy — a boyish, pleasing-looking potential premier.

AS CANADA labors in the throes of an election, and the air is hideous with clash and clamor of conflict, much is heard of principles, platforms and leaders. A Babel of voices perplex and confuse with charges and counter charges of political jobbery and corruption; of vicious machines and political bosses; of shameless patronage systems and perilous policies; and leaders of parties are execrated as traitors by opponents and extolled as saviours by friends.

What is there behind this rhetorical mist of partisan denunciation and applause? What manner of man is Meighen, depicted as cold, unsympathetic, Prussian-like by some, as wise, generous, benevolent by others? Is Mackenzie King statesman or pretender, the tool of political masters or a "Blake" in disguise? Is Crerar a "Red" or the puppet of "Reds," window-dressing for Wood, of Alberta, or the Prophet of a new order?

In a word, assuming that either Meighen, King or Crerar is triumphant in this election, what manner of Prime Minister will govern Canada after December 6?

Mr. Meighen—to begin an answer with the present Premier—owes his political pre-eminence mainly to three things: to courage, industry and eloquence. He entered the House of Commons in 1908 utterly without promise. His party, out of office for twelve years, was still groping in the wilderness; he came from a province where Toryism was dying and where Liberalism was on the wing; he was a briefless, obscure lawyer. To most men such obstacles would have prohibited success. To Arthur Meighen, ambitious, audacious, tireless, they were but incentives to greater effort. Soon Parliament was to realize that a new force was within it.

Meighen's first important speech assured his political fortune. A feeble Opposition attack upon the Ministry had disastrously collapsed. Pilloried by the brilliant debaters who sat around Sir Wilfrid, the once militant party of Macdonald were cowed, beaten, chastened. Demoralized, enfeebled, they lacked almost the instinct of retaliation. Suddenly, from among this dreary host of the rout ed, a young man, a back-bencher, almost unknown to the House, took the floor. Aggressive, defiant, sure of himself, and with a tone and temper that at once arrested attention, he delivered a speech of biting insolence and invective. It was not a great speech, nor eloquent. But it acted upon the depressed ranks like a tonic. "All is not lost—the unconquerable will and study of revenge." They were a party yet. They sat up, they laughed, they pounded their desks, they cheered. A leader was calling them back from flight. A new star was emerging from the gloom. And Arthur Meighen, still in his early thirties, sat down with his political fortune made.

From that day onward Mr. Meighen became the spearhead of Opposition attacks. He had not only the eye for big occasions and the courage to rise to them: he had the instinct for the big foe. He was the hunter of great game. "Don't waste your powder and shot on small animals," said Disraeli, and he hung on to the flank of Peel. "Go for the lion," was Randolph Churchill's maxim, and he gave Gladstone no rest. Mr. Meighen's eye, ranging over the Government's benches, saw one figure worth fighting, and he leaped at that figure with concentrated passion. Sir Wilfrid was at the pinnacle of his powers. Incomparable as a parliamentary orator, a strategist of consummate skill, and with a compact, loyal and fighting party behind him, it required courage to break a lance with him, but Mr. Meighen never hesitated. The greater the antagonist the greater the victory. And

"We roared 'Hurrah!' and so
"The little *Rerenge* ran on right into the heart of the foe"..

ran on and lashed itself to the great San Philip of Quebec, and emerged from the "battle-smoke, if not victorious at least with the tribute of the "Old Chief" that he was "among the most brilliant minds that Canadian Conservatism has produced."

### His Early Prowess

AFTER 1911, when his party had reached the Promised Land, youth and geography kept Meighen out of the Ministry. But nothing could stay his march toward the summit of political fame. In a party led by a cabinet of dullards he became a refuge in times of stress. When Mr. Pugsley became a Canadian Parnell and held up naval legislation, Meighen beat him with closure. When Mr. Bennett and Mr. Nickle shook the Government with assaults upon its C.N.R. legislation, Meighen was put up to reply. When the Opposition launched its determined attack upon the Lynch-Staunton-Gutelius report, his was the principal defence. He became, indeed, a special pleader, a defender of forlorn hopes. No cause was too desperate for him to defend, no problem too complicated for him to explain. With Butler's Hudibras—

"He could distinguish and divide
"A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
"On either which he would dispute,
"Confute, change hands, and still confute."



Premier Arthur Meighen cannot be "snapped" in an unconventional pose. His chief amusement seems to be public-speaking.

It was but inevitable that such service should be recognized; and after 1914, Mr. Meighen's career became a procession of dazzling advances, culminating at the highest goal.

Today, broader in outlook, mellowed slightly, and with a year of the Premiership behind him, he stands as a salient personality upon the Canadian and Imperial stage. His is incomparably the most powerful intellect in the House of Commons—not the finest, nor the most spacious, nor the most attractive, but the most effective. It has not the spaciousness nor the breadth of the mind of Mr. Fielding, none of the attractiveness nor the moral elevation of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is hard and dry, lacks color and emotion; but it has weight, keenness, power. It is a piece of faultless mechanism. It functions with the exactness of mathematics, with the precision and the certainty of a machine-like force.

If the object of controversy is to clear up obscure points, he is undoubtedly the most powerful debater of his time. But he is no orator. He creates confidence and carries conviction, but he does not inspire men with passions. It has been written of Mr. Asquith that his eloquence "assured victory, but denied adventure." And so with Mr. Meighen. He is not a rhetorician. Cautious, analytical, practical, he scorns the oratory of exhortation: lacks a sense of humor; refuses to adjective minor questions into a Thermopylae and never puts imagery before fact. Yet despite his fidelity to logic he is not without beauty in expression. The gift of style is his, acquired by ardent study of the Masters of English literature. And while there are neither pomp nor purple patches in his passages, there is a fine diction and a compelling lucidity and simplicity. It is the eloquence of the newer school.

### Potent to Persuade

MR. MEIGHEN is handicapped by the apparent chill of his spirit. It gives him a sense of remoteness and hardness which those who know him best know to be unjust to the real man. Behind that exterior of frigidity there are the shy virtues of geniality and even tenderness, and in personal contact you are impressed not merely by his clear grasp of affairs, but by his kindliness, his courtesy and consideration. Nor is he the Puritan, the stern unbending Calvinist that his earnestness suggests. But a popular figure he is not, perhaps does not seek to be. He comes to the front, not by his power to please, but by his power to persuade; his appeal is to the sense and never to the touch.

If it be asked what are his convictions and passions, the answer is not hard. A moderate Conservative, it has been written of him, and not without truth, that he has the outlook of a Roosevelt with something of the temper of a Wilson. In international affairs, as his attitude at the Imperial Conference plainly showed, he is a Liberal in his tendencies. A democrat of the democrats, he is progressive, but would safeguard his advances with caution. He does not believe that economic and political laws are unchangeable, that vested rights are sacred things and all else in the State subsidiary. But he believes that progress, whether political or economic, should be orderly and evolutionary, achieved by sane, constitutional methods. In a word, he is a Liberal-Conservative.

If twenty-five of his most intimate friends were asked to name his chief defect, twenty-four of them would reply that it was his inability to judge of men. For in this, unquestionably, lies the outstanding disability of Mr. Meighen. Acute in his perception of events, unerring in his mastery of facts, there is something curious about his propensity to misread men. It is a considerable handicap, and both Mr. Meighen and his party have felt its effects. It was responsible, for example, for the retention in the cabinet of men whose disloyalty to the Ministry and its policies was notorious; it surrounded the Premier with advisers who were frequently schemers or self-seekers; and it promoted shallow carcerists at the expense of useful men. There were in the late cabinet at least two men who were disloyal to Meighen. Their hostility was obvious, but although it was one of the scandals of Ottawa, within the knowledge of most every-

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T. A. Crerar, dubbed by J. K. Munro "the hired man's hero," leader of the Farmers' party. On the left he is ready for a swim with his friend Chipman, editor of the Grain Growers' Guide; on the right he is sawing some planks for his political platform.

# The Yellow Streak

## *By* VALENTINE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

*WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR—Mary Trevert, charming, young, aristocratic, to secure a comfortable income for her mother, agrees to marry Hartley Parrish, a soulless millionaire, though she loves Robin Greve, a promising young barrister. Parrish is killed by a mysterious pistol-shot in his library just after Greve parted with Mary during a quarrel. Circumstantial evidence would seem to prove that Greve was in the library at the moment Parrish met his death, and it is subsequently discovered that Parrish had made provision in his will that all his property was to pass to Mary in event of his demise. Inspector-Detective Manderton, who personally takes up the case, finally tells Mary he is satisfied that Parrish shot himself, but hints that Greve's presence in the library had something to do with driving him to the act. Jeekes, a shifty-eyed, nervous chief secretary for the dead man, discloses to Mary that Parrish kept a mysterious woman in France. Greve, continually shadowed by detectives, starts to work on a dim theory of his own, based on mysterious blue envelopes Parrish received through the mails periodically. Later disclosures indicate that two shots were fired, one of them from Parrish's pistol, equipped with a silencer; the other from a gun in the hands of his unknown murderer. Mary goes to Holland to investigate.*

LIFE is like a kaleidoscope, that ingenious toy which was the delight of the Victorian nursery. Like the glass fragments in its slide different in colour and shape, men's lives lie about without seeming connection; then Fate gives the instrument a shake and behold! the fragments slide into position and form an intricate mosaic.

Mark how Fate proceeded on the wet and raw Sunday evening when Bruce Wright, at the instance of Mr. Manderton, quitted Robin Greve's chambers in the Temple, leaving his friend and the detective alone together. To tell the truth, Bruce Wright was in no mood for facing the provincial gloom of a wet Sunday evening in London, nor did he find alluring the prospect of a suburban supper-party at the quiet house where he lived with his widowed mother and sisters in South Kensington. So in an irresolute, unsettled frame of mind, he let himself drift down the Strand unable to bring himself to go home or indeed, to form any plan.

He crossed Trafalgar Square, a nocturne in yellow and black—lights reflected yellow in pavements shining dark with wet,—and by and by found himself in Pall Mall. Here it was that Fate took a hand. At this moment it administered a preliminary jog to the kaleidoscope and brought the fragment labelled Bruce Wright into immediate proximity with the piece entitled Albert Edward Jeekes.

As Bruce Wright came along Pall Mall he saw Mr. Jeekes standing on the steps of his club. The little secretary appeared to be lost in thought, his chin thrust down on the crutch handle of the umbrella he clutched to himself. So absorbed was he in his meditations that he did not observe Bruce Wright stop and regard him. It was not until our young man had touched him on the arm that he looked up with a start.

"God bless my soul!" he exclaimed, "if it isn't young Wright!"

NOW the sight of Jeekes had put a great idea into the head of our young friend. He had been more chagrined than he had let it appear to Robin Greve at his failure to recover the missing letter from the library at Harkings. To obtain the letter—or at any rate a copy of it—from Jeekes and to hand it to Robin Greve would, thought Bruce, restore his prestige as an amateur detective, at any rate in his own eyes. Moreover, a chat with Jeekes over the whole affair seemed a Heaven-sent exit from the impasse of boredom into which he had drifted this wet Sunday evening.

"How are you, Mr. Jeekes?" said Bruce, briskly. Mr. Jeekes was the form of address always accorded to the principal secretary in the Hartley Parrish establishment and Bruce resumed it instinctively). "I was anxious to see you. I called in at the club this afternoon. Did you get my message?"

The little secretary blinked at him through his pince-nez.

"There have been so many messages about this shocking affair that really I forget "

He sighed heavily.

"Couldn't I come in and have a yarn now?"

Bruce spoke cajolingly. But Mr. Jeekes wrinkled his brow fussily.

There was so much to do; he had had a long day; if Wright would excuse him.....

"As a matter of fact," explained Bruce with an eye on his man, "I wanted to see you particularly about a letter ..."

"Some other time.. to-morrow....."

"Written on dark blue paper....you know, one of those letters H.P. made all the fuss about."

Mr. Jeekes took his pince-nez from his nose, gave the glasses a hasty rub with his pocket-handkerchief and replaced them. He slanted a long narrow look at the young man.

Then, "What letter do you mean?" he asked composedly.

"A letter which lay on H.P.'s desk in the library at Harkings when they found the body...."

"There *was* a letter there then...?"

"Haven't *you* got it?"

Jeekes shook his head.

"Come inside for a minute and tell me about this," he said.

He led Bruce into the vast smoking room of the club. They took seats in a distant corner near the blazing fire. The room was practically deserted.

NOW Mr. Jeekes' excessive carefulness about money had been a long-standing joke amongst his assistants when Bruce Wright had belonged to Hartley Parrish's secretarial staff. Thrift had become with him more than a habit. It was a positive obsession. It revealed itself in such petty meannesses as a perpetual cadging for matches or small change and a careful abstention from any offer of hospitality. Never in the whole course of his service had Bruce Wright heard of Mr. Jeekes taking anybody out to lunch or extending any of the usual hospitalities of life. He was not a little surprised, therefore, to hear Jeekes ask him what he would take.

Bruce said he would take some coffee.

"Have a liqueur? Have a cigar?" said Jeekes, turning to Bruce from the somnolent waiter who had answered the bell.

There was a strange eagerness, a sort of overdone cordiality, in the invitation which contrasted so strongly with the secretary's habits that Bruce felt dimly suspicious. He suddenly formed the idea that Mr. Jeekes wanted to pump him. He refused the liqueur but accepted a cigar. Jeekes waited until they had been served and the waiter had withdrawn silently into the dim vastness of the great room before he spoke.

"Now then, young Wright," he said, "what's this about a letter? Tell me from the beginning...."

Bruce told him of the letter from Elias van der Spyck and Co. which Robin had seen upon the desk in the library at Harkings, of his (Bruce's) journey down to Harkings that afternoon and of his failure to find the letter.

"But why do you assume that I've got it?"

There was an air of forced joviality about Mr. Jeekes as he put the question which did not in the least, as he undoubtedly intended it should, disguise his eagerness. On the contrary it lent his rather undistinguished features an expression of cunning which can only be described as knavish. Bruce Wright who, as will already have been seen, was a young man with all his wits about him, did not fail to remark it. The result was that he hastily revised an intention half-formed in his mind of taking Jeekes a little way into his confidence regarding Robin Greve's doubts and suspicions about Hartley Parrish's death.

But he answered the secretary's question readily enough.

"Because Miss Trevert told me you went to the library immediately you arrived at Harkings last night. I consequently assumed that you must have taken away the letter seen by Robin Greve....."

Mr. Jeekes drew in his breath with a sucking sound. It was a little trick of his when about to speak.

"So you saw Miss Trevert at Harkings, eh?"

Bruce laughed.

"I did," he said, "we had quite a dramatic meeting, too—it was like a scene from a film!"

AND with a little good-humored exaggeration, he gave Mr. Jeekes a description of his encounter with Mary. And lest it should seem that young Wright was allowing Mr. Jeekes to pump him, it should be stated that Bruce was well aware of one of the secretary's most notable characteristics, a common failing, be it remarked, of the small-minded, and that was an overpowering suspicion of anything resembling a leading question. In order, therefore, to gain his confidence, he willingly satisfied the other's curiosity regarding his visit to Harkings, hoping thereby to extract some information as to the whereabouts of the letter on the slatey-blue paper.

"There was no letter of this description on the desk you say when you and Miss Trevert looked?" asked Jeekes when Bruce had finished his story.

"Nothing but circulars and bills," Bruce replied.

Mr. Jeekes leaned forward and drank off his coffee with a swift movement. Then he said carelessly:

"From what you tell me Miss Trevert would have been perhaps a minute alone in the room without your seeing her?"

Bruce agreed with a nod.

Adjusting his pince-nez on his nose the secretary rose to his feet.

"Very glad to have seen you again, Wright," he said thrusting out a limp hand, "must run off now—mass of



When, twenty minutes later, Mr. Jeekes emerged from the Trunk call telephone box in the Club vestibule, his mouth was drooping at the corners and his hands trembled curiously.

work to get through. . ."

Then Bruce risked his leading question.

"If you haven't got this letter," he observed, "what has become of it? Obviously the police are not likely to have taken it because they know nothing of its significance. . . ."

"Quite, quite," answered Mr. Jeekes absently but without replying to the young man's question.

"But it *does* exist," broke in Bruce quickly. "Mr. Greve saw it and read it himself. . . ."

Mr. Jeekes laughed drily. "Don't you forget, young Wright," he said jerking his chin towards the youngster in a confidential sort of way, "don't you forget that Mr. Greve is anxious to find a plausible motive for Mr. Parrish's suicide. People are talking, you understand! That's all I've got to say! Just you think it over. . . ."

Bruce Wright bristled up hotly at that. "I don't see you have any reason to try and impugn Greve's motive for wishing to get at the bottom of this mysterious affair. . . ."

Mr. Jeekes affected to be engrossed in the manicuring of his nails. Very intently he rubbed the nails of one hand against the palm of the other. "No mystery!" he said decisively with a shake of the head. "No mystery whatsoever about it, young Wright except what the amateur detectives will try and make it out to be. Or has Mr. Greve discovered a mystery already?"

THE question came out artfully. But in the quick glance which accompanied it, there was an intent watchfulness which startled Bruce accustomed as he was to the mild and unemotional ways of the little secretary.

"Not that I know of," said Bruce. "Greve is only puzzled like all of us that H.P. should have done a thing like this!"

Mr. Jeekes was perfectly impassive again. "The nerves, young Wright! The nerves!" he said impressively. "Harley Street, not Mr. Greve, will supply the motive to this sad affair, believe me!"

With that he accompanied the young man to the door of the club and from the vestibule watched him sally forth into the rain of Pall Mall.

Then Mr. Jeekes turned to the hall porter.

"Please get me Stevenish one-three-seven," he said, "it's a trunk call. Don't let them put you off with 'No reply.' It's Harkings and they are expecting me to ring them. I shall be in the writing-room."

When twenty minutes later Mr. Jeekes emerged from the Trunk Call telephone box in the club vestibule, his mouth was drooping at the corners and his hands trembled curiously. He went back to the writing-room and returned with a yellow telegram form. "Send a boy down to Charing Cross with that at once, please," he said to the night porter.

FATE which had brought Bruce Wright face to face with Mr. Jeekes gave the kaleidoscope another jerk that night. As Bruce Wright entered the Tube Station at Dover Street to go home to South Kensington, it occurred to him that he would ring up Robin Greve at his chambers in the Temple and give him an outline of his (Bruce's) talk with Jeekes. Bruce went to the public call-box in the station but the rhythmic 'Zoom-er! Zoom-er! Zoom-er!' which announces that a number is engaged was all the satisfaction he got. The prospect of waiting about the draughty station exit did not appeal to him so he decided to go home and telephone Robin, as originally arranged, in the morning.



He opened the door, then stood back for the girl to pass in before him.

Just about the time that he made this resolve Robin in his rooms in the Temple was hanging up the receiver of his telephone with a dazed expression in his eyes. Mr. Manderton had rung him up with a piece of intelligence which fairly bewildered him. It bewildered Mr. Manderton also, as the detective was frank enough to acknowledge.

Mary Trevert had gone to Rotterdam for a few days in company with her cousin, Major Euan MacTavish. Mr. Manderton had received this astonishing information by telephone from Harkings a few minutes before.

"There's only one thing for it, Manderton," Robin had said, "I'll have to go after her. . . ."

"The very thing I was about to suggest myself, Mr. Greve. And with the investigation in its present stage I don't really feel justified in going off on a wild goose chase myself. There are several important enquiries going forward now notably as to where Mr. Parrish bought his pistol. But we certainly ought to find out what takes Miss Trevert careering off to Rotterdam in this way. . . .'

"It seems almost incredible," Robin had said, "but it looks to me as though Miss Trevert must have found out something about the letter. . . ."

"Or found it herself. . . ."

"By Jove! She was in the library when Bruce Wright was there. This settles it, Manderton. I must go!"

"Then," said the detective, "I'm going to entrust you with that slotted sheet of paper again. For I have an idea, Mr. Greve, that you may get a glimpse of that letter before I do. I'll send a messenger round with it at once."

THEN a difficulty arose. Manderton had not got the girl's address. They had no address at Harkings. Nor did he know what train Miss Trevert had taken. She might have gone by the 9 p.m. that night. Had Mr. Greve got a passport? Yes, Robin had a passport but it was not visé for Holland. That meant he could not leave until the following evening. Then Robin had a 'brain wave.'

"There's an air service to Rotterdam," he exclaimed. "It doesn't leave till noon. That will leave me time to get my passport stamped at the Dutch Consulate, to catch the air mail and be in Rotterdam by tea time!"

Air travel is so comfortably regulated at the present day that Robin Greve, looking back at his trip by air from Croydon Aerodrome to the big landing-ground outside Rotterdam, acknowleged that he had more excitement in his efforts to stir a lethargic Dutch passport official in London into action so as to enable him to catch the air mail, than in the smooth and uneventful voyage across the Channel. He reached Rotterdam on a dull and muggy afternoon and lost no time in depositing his bag at the Grand Hotel. An enquiry at the office there satisfied him that Mary Trevert had not registered her name in the hotel book. Then he set out in a taxi upon a dreary round of the principal hotels.

But Fate which loves to make a sport of lovers played him a scurvy trick. In the course of his search it brought Robin to that very hotel towards which, at the self-same moment, Mary Trevert was driving from the station. By the time she arrived Robin was gone and, with despair in his heart, had started on a tour of the second-class hotels checking them by the Baedeker he had bought in the Strand that morning. It was eight o'clock by the time he had finished. He had drawn a blank.

AS HE sat at breakfast the next morning, enjoying the admirable Dutch coffee, he reviewed the situation very calmly but very thoroughly. He told himself that he had no indication as to Mary Trevert's business in Rotterdam save the supposition that she had found the van der Spyck letter and had come to Rotterdam to investigate the matter for herself. He realised that the hypothesis was thin for, in the first place, Mary could have no inkling as to the hidden significance of the document, and, in the second place, she was undoubtedly under the impression that Hartley Parrish was driven to suicide by his—Robin's—threats. . . . . "

But, in the absence of any other apparent explanation of the girl's extraordinary decision to come to Rotterdam, Robin decided he would accept the theory that she had come about the van der Spyck letter. Where would her investigations lead her? To the offices of Elias van der Spyck & Co. to be sure!

The telephone directory showed that the offices were situated in the Oranien-Straat, about ten minutes' walk from the hotel, in the business quarter of the city round the Bourse. Robin glanced at the clock. It was twenty minutes to ten.

A brisk walk of about ten minutes through the roaring streets of the city brought him to a big open square from which, he had been instructed, the Oranien-Straat turned off. He was just passing a large and important-looking post-office, when a man came hastily through the swing-door and stopped irresolutely on the pavement in front, glancing to right and left as a man does who is looking for a cab. At the sight of him Robin could scarcely suppress an expression of amazement.

It was Mr. Jeekes.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### The Man With the Yellow Face.

IN a narrow, drowsy side-street at Rotterdam, bisected by a somnolent canal, stood flush with the red brick sidewalk a small clean house. Wire blinds affixed to the windows of its ground and first floors gave it a curious blinking air as though its eyes were only half open. To

the neat green front door was affixed a large brass plate inscribed with the single name: "SCHULZ."

A large woman in a pink print dress with a white cloth bound about her head was vigorously polishing the plate as, on the morning following her departure from London, Mary Trevert, Dulkinghorn's letter of introduction in her pocket, arrived in front of the residence of Mr. William Schulz.

Mary Trevert approached the woman.

"Schulz?" she asked.

"*Nicht da*," replied the woman without looking up from her rubbing.

"Has he gone out?" asked Mary in English.

"*Verstehe nicht*!" mumbled the woman.

But she put down her cleaning rag and breathing heavily mustered the girl with a leisurely stare.

Mary repeated the question in German whereupon the woman brightened up considerably.

The *Herr* was not at home. The *Herr* had gone out. On business, *jawohl*. To the bank, perhaps. But the *Herr* would be back in time for *Mittagessen* at noon. There was beer soup followed by *Rindfleisch*.....

Mary hesitated an instant. She was wondering whether she should leave her letter of introduction. She decided she would leave it. So she wrote on her card; "Anxious to see you as soon as possible," and the name of her hotel and gave it, with the letter, to the woman. "Please see that Herr Schulz gets that directly he comes in," she said. "It is important!"

"*Gut, gut*!" said the woman, wiping her hands on her apron. She took the card and letter and Mary, thanking her, set off to go back to her hotel.

About twenty yards from Mr. Schulz's house a narrow alley ran off. As Mary turned to regain the little footbridge across the canal to return to the noisy street which would take her back to the hotel she caught sight of a man disappearing down this alley.

SHE only had a glimpse of him but it was sufficient to startle her considerably. She had seemed to recognise the features of Mr. Albert Edward Jeekes.

"What an extraordinary thing!" Mary said to herself. "It *can't* be Mr. Jeekes. But if it is not, it is someone strikingly like him!"

She had not been back more than half an hour when a waiter came in to the lounge where she was sitting.

"Miss Trevert?" he said. "Zey ask for you at ze delephone!"

He took her to a cabin under the main staircase.

"This is Miss Trevert speaking!" said Mary.

"I am speaking for Mr. Schulz," a man's voice answered—rather a nasal voice with a shade of foreign inflexion—"he has had your letter. He is very sorry he has been detained in the country but would be very glad if you would lunch with him to-day at his country-house."

"I shall be very pleased," the girl replied. "Is it far?"

"Only just outside Rotterdam," the voice responded. "Mr. Schulz will send the car to the hotel to pick you up at 11.45. The driver will ask for you. Is that all right?"

"Certainly," said Mary. "Please thank Mr. Schulz and tell him I will expect the car at a quarter to twelve!"

Punctually at the appointed hour an open touring car drove up to the hotel. Mary was waiting at the entrance. The driver was a young Dutchman in a blue serge suit. He jumped out and helped her into the car, then got back into the driving-seat and drove away.

A run of about twenty minutes through trim suburbs brought them out on a long straight road, paved with bricks and lined with poplars. They followed the road for a bit, then branched off down a side turning which led to a black gate. It bore the name "Villa Bergendal" in white letters. The gate opened into a short drive fringed by thick laurel bushes which presently brought them in view of an ugly square red-brick house.

The car drew up at a creeper-hung porch paved in red tiles. The chauffeur helped Mary to alight and pushing open a glass door, ushered the girl into a square, comfortably furnished hall. Some handsome Oriental rugs were spread about; trophies of native weapons hung on the walls and there were some fine specimens of old Dutch chests and blue Delft ware.

THE chauffeur led the way across the hall to a door at the far end. As Mary followed him something bright lying on one of the chests caught her eye. It was a vivid brown travelling ulster and on it lay a brown tweed cap.

Mary Trevert was no fool. She was, on the contrary, a remarkably quick-witted young person. The sight of that rather "loud" overcoat instantly recalled the stranger so strikingly resembling Mr. Jeekes who had disappeared down the lane as she was coming away from Mr. Schulz's house. Mr. Jeekes *was* in Rotterdam then and had, of course, been sent by her mother to look after her. What a fool she had been, to allow Euan MacTavish to persuade her to tell her mother of her plans!

Mary suddenly felt very angry. With a heightened color she followed the chauffeur and passed through the door he held open for her. She found herself in a small, pleasant room with a bright note of color in the royal blue carpet and window curtains. A log fire burned cheerfully in the fireplace before which a large red leather Chesterfield was drawn up. On the walls hung some good old Dutch prints and there were a couple of bookcases containing books which, by their bindings at least, seemed old and valuable.

At the farther end of the room was another door across which a curtain of royal blue was drawn. Mary had scarcely entered the room when this door opened and a man appeared.

HE WAS carefully dressed in a well-cut suit of some dark material and wore a handsome pearl pin in his black tie. He was a dark, sallow type of man, his skin yellowed as though from long residence in the tropics. A small black moustache, carefully trained outwards from the lips, disclosed as he smiled a greeting at his visitor, a line of broken yellow teeth. His hair, which was grizzled at the temples, was black and oily and brushed right back off the forehead. With his coarse black hair, his sallow skin and his small beady eyes, rather like a snake's, there was something decidedly un-English about him. As Mary Trevert looked at him, somewhat taken aback by his sudden appearance, she became conscious of a vague feeling of mistrust welling up within her.

The man closed the door behind him and advanced into the room, his hand extended. Mary took it. It was dank and cold to the touch.

"A thousand apologies, my dear Miss Trevert," he said in a soft, silky voice, a trifle nasal, with a touch of Continental inflexion, "for asking you to come out here to see me. The fact is I had an important business conference here this morning and I have a second one this afternoon. It was materially impossible for me to come into Rotterdam.....But I am forgetting my manners. Let me introduce myself. I am Mr. Schulz...."

Mary Trevert looked at him thoughtfully. Was this the friend of Ernest Dulkinghorn, the man of confidence to whom he had recommended her? A feeling of great uneasiness came over her. She listened. The house was absolutely still.

She fought down a sudden sensation of panic that made her want to scream, to bolt from the room into the fresh air, anywhere away from those snake eyes, that soft voice, that clammy hand. She collected her thoughts, remembered that Jeekes must be somewhere in the house as his outdoor things were in the hall. The recollection reminded her of her determination to tolerate no interference from Jeekes or her mother.

So she merely answered: "It was no trouble to come," and waited for the man to speak again.

He pulled forward the Chesterfield and made her sit down beside him. "I had the letter of introduction," he said, "and I want you to know that my services are entirely at your disposal. Now what can I do for you?"

He looked at the girl intently—rather anxiously, she thought.

"That was explained in the letter," she answered meeting his gaze unflinchingly.

"Yes, yes, of course, I know. I meant in what way do you propose to make use of my .....my local knowledge?"

"I will tell you that, Mr. Schulz," Mary Trevert said in a measured voice, "when you tell me what you think of the mission which has brought me here. ...."

The snake's eyes narrowed a little. "For a young lady to have come out alone to Holland on a mission of this description speaks volumes for your pluck and self-reliance, Miss Trevert.."

"I asked you what you thought of my mission to Holland, Mr. Schulz," Mary interposed coldly.

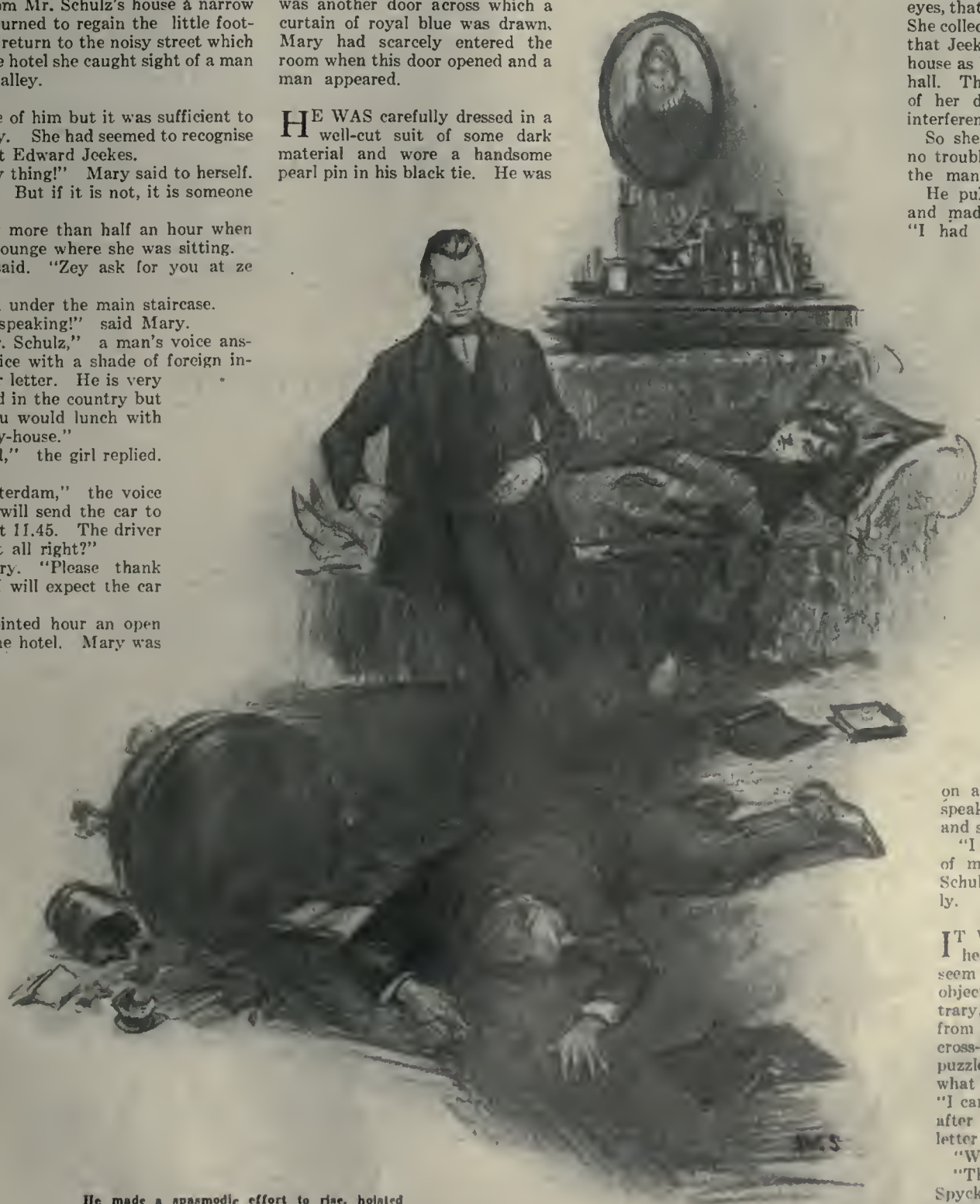
IT WAS beginning to dawn on her that Mr. Schulz did not seem to know anything about the object of her visit but, on the contrary, was seeking to elicit this from her by a process of adroit cross-examination. She was rather puzzled, therefore, but also somewhat relieved when he said: "I can give you my opinion better after you have shown me the letter ."

"What letter?" said the girl.

"The letter from Elias van der Spyck and Company, to be sure," retorted the other quickly.

Mary dipped her hand into her

*Continued on page 33*



He made a spasmodic effort to rise, hoisted himself to his knees, swayed and collapsed full length on the flor where he lay motionless

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Germany's Business "Kaiser"

*Stinnes, Black-bearded Genius, Amassed Fortune During and After War*

DR. HERMAN BRINCKMEYER

HUGO STINNES is the commercial demi-god of Germany. He is the most powerful driving force in the whole of defeated and distracted Germany. In his book on the Teutonic genius, reviewed in the New York *Times*, Dr. Herman Brinckmeyer tells how the grandfather of Hugo, Matthias Stinnes, settled on the Rhine in the early part of the last century. He was a money-maker as was the father of Hugo, Matthias Stinnes the Second, but it remained for Hugo to become a world figure in the field of finance.

Hugo Stinnes was born on Feb. 22, 1870. He lost no time in showing what manner of man he was. After a commercial course at Coblenz and some grounding in the essentials of the mining industry, he entered the Stinnes firm at the age of nineteen. Two years were sufficient to make him feel too cramped at his desk there. He began to cast about for an opening better suited to his capacity, and, two years later, had so far progressed that he founded his own firm, the first of the many that have since borne the name of Hugo Stinnes. In addition he made an arrangement with the original Stinnes firm whereby the mining branches of its activities were placed in his hands.

From that time on there was no stopping young Hugo. He leaped from one enterprise to another, from small combinations to far-flung mergers, until his name began to ring through his native Rhineland.

"It is remarkable," writes his biographer, "how the traits and leanings of old Matthias Stinnes have reappeared in his grandson. In him we find the same restless spirit, the same daring, the same talent for combination and construction; but these powers find their application on an infinitely greater scale. Never in the economic history of Germany was the time so propitious as today for a constructive economic genius."

In the '90s there came to Germany an era of widespread business amalgamation. That was "meat" for Hugo Stinnes. He found himself. Still a young man, he rapidly rose to commanding importance, as more and more firms and groups of firms combined into "Kartells" and other German forms of amalgamation, analogous, though not identical, with American "trusts."

At the outbreak of the war Hugo Stinnes found still greater opportunity. One branch of his activities will not commend him to approval outside his native land; it was he who was foremost in the utilization, for the benefit of Germany, of the industries of violated Belgium. In addition, he developed to bewildering complexity the ramifications of his interests in other directions. He bought shares in ocean steamship companies, among them the Hamburg-American and Norddeutscher Lloyd, and also acquired an interest in the Woermann Line and the German East African line, plying, before the allied blockade, to African ports, as well as in several big export concerns. In 1917, while the war was still in full swing, and not a ship flying the German flag could venture out of a German port without imminent risk of being blown to pieces before she was out of sight of land, he founded the "Hugo Stinnes Company for Ocean Navigation and Overseas Trade" in which both he and his son, Hugo, of the fourth generation of this family of big business men, are still exceedingly active.

When the war closed, Stinnes had worked so zealously and ably that his fellow-countrymen suddenly realized that he was the biggest thing in sight. It was a case of "Stinnes first and the rest nowhere." The period since the armistice has seen him rise to even dizzier heights.

"He looks like a worker," writes his biographer. "He might go about in the clothes of a foreman or miner. It would not be at all surprising to find him thus clad in a coal mine. In fact, he looks like a wandering lump of coal.

"He has a compact body, upon which is set a big head. His hair is close-cropped, black; his face large and pale, his beard black as coal, his nose bent, his eyes deepset. 'An Assyrian King'—that is what a German paper recently dubbed him.

"His manner is absolutely without pose—straightforward, heavy, firm. He walks with a slight stoop, shuffling along like a seafarer. His clothes and habits are simple."

A French correspondent who saw him at Spa wrote of him:

"With his pale face, his rather tired eyes and his modest garments, he has the appearance rather of the secretary of some labor organization than of the German Rockefeller."

Will he still rise? Will he plunge to earth suddenly like the tail of a rocket? Should the Allies encourage him? Should they crush him? Is he the hope of the future! Is he the devil incarnate? Those are some of the questions that are bandied about in Germany and everywhere today. Meanwhile, Hugo Stinnes goes on his way—pondering, scheming, merging, amassing millions.

## Lodge Explains Einstein Theory

*Man and His Earth Will Turn to Ether, According to Relativity Theory*

SIR OLIVER LODGE

"WE LIVE in a full-blooded universe, containing intelligence and emotion and will. What the influence of life and mind may be, in modifying still further the laws of physics, some of us are only beginning to suspect." So writes Sir Oliver Lodge in the *Fortnightly Review*, discussing Professor Einstein's modern method for studying the universe and the parts the suns and planets, including our own sun and earth, play in the march of time toward dissolution and eternity.

What is the riddle of the ether? Will we and our earth and all material things in the universe eventually dissolve into ether? Are we gradually being "etherized"—becoming less earthy and more ethereal? Neither Sir Oliver Lodge nor Professor Einstein, whose theory the former discusses, touch on that definite point, but they lead right up to it. Sir Oliver says that all moving bodies gradually exhaust themselves through the light and electrical properties they throw off, the effect of these thrown off charges on other moving bodies in the universe being what is scientifically known as "relativity." No moving thing in the whole universe may change its position without setting up an effect in other moving bodies in the universe. Ether, which conducts the sound-waves in wireless telegraphy, is the carrying agent of these influences which produce the effect called relativity.

Space outside the air envelopes of the world is now considered to be ether. There is no such thing in the whole universe as "nothingness"—the kind of space we formerly conceived lay beyond the borders of the air-jacket of our earth. Sir Oliver points out that, contrary to former conceptions, the planets and suns and other moving bodies are not spinning about in empty space isolated from one another. They are one and all really moving through *something* which affects them and which they affect. That *something* is the substance more apparent in outer space and known as ether.

What keeps all the heavenly bodies moving? What drives the earth around its orbit and keeps it spinning so that we have night and day? Sir Oliver and Einstein introduce the theory of relativity in explanation. There is an "outside force" that makes the universe move and keeps our earth spinning. Says Sir Oliver: "There is a tendency to abolish the idea of 'force,' and to replace gravitation by a modified geometry—as if the earth sailed along, not so much obedient to all the forces acting on it as it is free of any compulsion whatever. But I contend that to ignore or deny or supersede the gravitational stress, merely because we do not understand the particular configuration of the ether which is responsible for it and which renders it possible, is to blind our eyes dangerously to dynamic reality." Such an attitude, he contends, is on a par with "resting satisfied with a mere geometrical specification of the motion as if it were a peculiarity of space." Moreover: "To deny gravitation and ether forces, and yet retain the apparently simpler and more obvious pressure forces due to contact of matter, leads to absurdity."

What then is force? Sir Oliver makes it clear that there are two influences that keep moving bodies in motion. One is this mysterious "force" and the other is "acceleration." "Force," he explains, "is essentially a human conception derived from our muscular sense, and, psychologically, is as basic as motion, and more directly apprehended than matter." Acceleration, on the other hand, is not a random diversion of empty space, he insists. Acceleration is always the result of pressure exerted upon one unit in the universe by other units—or, as Sir Oliver puts it, "by the circumambient medium."

The original text of Sir Oliver's interpretation of the Einstein theory makes very slow reading for the layman, for the reason that it is couched pretty much in the vocabulary of the scientist, and scientific terms have definite applications all their own. He points out that to geometrize physics—that is, to bring the science of measuring magnitudes to bear on the phenomena of matter—is certain to complicate it. Once an operation becomes complicated it becomes worse than useless; it is better discarded, for it resolves itself into an obstruction. In regard to ether he continues: "The new facts can be accepted, and the relativity equations can be used, but a physical explanation can still be looked for, and our knowledge of the universe will not be complete until it is found. We cannot be forever satisfied with a blindfold mathematical method of arriving at results. We can utilize the clues so given, and admire the ingenuity which has provided them, but that is not the end—it is only the beginning. The explanation (of the forces mentioned) is still to seek; and when we really know the properties of ether we shall perceive why it is that things happen as they do."

Progress necessarily, in the scientific angle of view, is toward dissolution—and, apparently, in Sir Oliver's viewpoint, toward the etherization of all matter. So, therefore, when he speaks of "the inertia of an electric charge being liable to *increase* if the charge were in rapid motion'

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he means that all bodies in motion are gradually throwing off or dissipating the forces that animate them and hold them together. Our progress then must be toward a final transformation into ether, and "this increase of inertia due to motion must apply to all matter, if matter is electrically constituted. And," continues Sir Oliver, "all material inertia is self-inductively explained by the electrical theory of matter. Not ultimately: it is thrown one step back and is relegated to the fundamental properties of an ether."

Scientists can no longer profitably take into consideration a relation between two celestial bodies alone. To be accurate, they must in future take into account the influence of a third element on both of them, and that is the substance through which they are moving—ether. That is where the much discussed thing called "relativity" comes in. Geometry is no longer considered sufficient to make accurate scientific calculations. In fact, Sir Oliver at one point almost characterizes geometry as a menace to future observations; it was all right for use so far, but with the knowledge now acquired, relativity will carry on much more effectively. He concludes:—

"The simple principle of relativity, so far mainly referred to, deals with the ether of space on the assumption that it remains uniform and unaffected, and therefore negligible; and that the masses of matter in it, though they may perturb it electromagnetically, have not modified its properties in any other way.

"But we know that that is not strictly true; it is found observationally that each piece of matter attracts every other. Consequently we perceive that all bodies must somehow modify the structure of the medium in which they exist, and that this modification must extend in all directions, diminishing as the inverse distance, to practical or real infinity.

"The generalised Einstein equations afford a consistent scheme, and enable us to calculate the refined results which are consequently to be expected. The modified calculations have been intensely interesting; and, as Larmor has said, the verifications of them, both by the planet Mercury and by the deviation of starlight near the sun, were really what was necessary to justify such a formulation and show that the modification required was not limited to express distance defined on a piece of matter, like Michelson and Morley's stone or wood block, but was equally related also to the depths of space between the worlds.

"Fortunately this is not the end; and I anticipate that before long there will be a revolt in favor of more physical conceptions and greater simplicity of expression. For there is probably no need to strain after such ingenuity, and express everything in this complicated fashion; there is no compulsion to merge everything in higher geometry. The wonder is that it can be done. Many are at work on the task; their skill is amazing. But, after all, what are really modified are only our measures of things; and the minute peculiarities now detected in our measuring operations may yet be expressed, physically and naturally enough, in terms of the medium in which they occur.

"Finally, I must repeat, it is unwise to load the new discoveries with an implication that the historical principles of geometry have broken down or been detected as untrue. Those modes of special representation remain as they were, applicable to the free conception of empty space. But space is not empty, it is full of a medium with definite properties, to which observed discrepancies can be referred; and it also contains centres of force—the atoms of matter—which modify the properties of the medium in their neighbourhood. Hence when we make physical observations we must adapt ourselves to actual circumstances, and be cautious about applying abstract principles to correlate our observation of concrete things. The universe contains much which at first sight we did wisely to ignore, or we should have been overwhelmed with complexity; but now the time has come when some more of these complications can fruitfully be taken notice of. Accuracy of observation has been so much improved that outstanding minutiae are beginning to have a barely perceptible, yet fundamental and instructive, effect."

# Life Rafts for Aeroplanes

*Huge Parachute Designed to Take Care of Cabinful of Passengers*

MAJOR T. ORDE LEES, A.F.C., O.B.E.

JUST AS ocean-going and lake-going vessels must carry life-preservers for the protection of their passengers in case of wreck, so it is necessary for air-craft to carry parachutes in which their passengers may descend to earth safely when something happens the aeroplane or dirigible. Major T. Orde Lees, A.F.C., O.B.E., tells us in an article in *Popular Science Monthly* that statistics issued by the British air ministry regarding commercial flying in England since the signing of the armistice show that in the last two years aircraft carried 106,712 passengers more than a million and a half miles in sixty-two thousand flights. There were only forty-eight accidents, and of those twenty resulted in no injury to the personnel. In the other twenty-eight crashes eleven passengers were killed and seventeen injured. The history of commercial flying in United States is almost equally encouraging; 225,000 passengers were carried for a total of six million miles with only eighty-eight accidents. Major Orde Lees points out:—

"Nevertheless, no one may fly year in and year out without courting death, unless he has the aerial equivalent of the marine life-preserver, which is a correctly designed parachute.

"Now the problem of providing adequate parachutes for airplanes is not so easily solved as may appear at first blush to one who has never traveled by air. The ordinary balloon parachute is of little use on an airplane. The balloon moves along slowly, blown by the wind; it may be all but stationary. It is no difficult matter to step off. On the other hand, an airplane moves along at express-train speed. Indeed it may be traveling at the rate of one hundred and twenty or one hundred and fifty miles an hour, particularly in one of those swift sickening drops that follow when a gasoline-tank catches fire and wings crumple in flames. When the balloonist drops with his parachute, he is free from the basket in an instant; but the man who attempts to leap from an airplane with a balloon parachute may court death. When he jumps over-board he has all the motion of the machine; he may be swept back, with the result that his parachute may foul the rear stabilizing surfaces. It is because parachute-dropping from airplanes is so utterly different from parachute-dropping from balloons that pilots prefer to take the chance of flying without life-preservers of any kind.

"But the airplane-parachute problem has at last been satisfactorily solved. I myself have made seventy-three drops from airplanes with a parachute invented by E. R. Calthrop, and called, fittingly enough, the *Guardian Angel*. No more risk is involved in leaping from a fast airplane with a properly designed and constructed parachute than in jumping into the water with an ordinary cork jacket.

"Yet an airplane passenger, even with death staring him in the face, will hesitate before he takes the plunge that means salvation. Mr. Calthrop believes that the necessity of making up one's mind involves greater will-power than the ordinary passenger can call forth, especially if that passenger be a woman or child. Hence he came to the conclusion that in a machine carrying many persons, the decision to drop should be left to the pilot or captain. He has invented a great parachute by which the cabin and all within it slowly floats to the ground.

"This parachute must be of enormous dimensions. At the critical moment the pilot pulls a lever. The next instant the huge parachute jerks away the entire cabin with its precious human freight.

"The great parachute itself is folded into a small compartment in the rear of the cabin and above it. It is apparent that the cabin must slip away easily from the machine. Hence it is drawn over rearwardly inclined ramps or rails; in some cases it may be rocked off on its rear upper end.

"It would be difficult to release the cabin by means of the large parachute alone. Hence, Mr. Calthrop depends on small auxiliary parachutes. First, a small pilot parachute opens. This extracts an intermediate parachute. The intermediate parachute in turn pulls out the great *Guardian Angel*.

"There is nothing new in this use of auxiliary parachutes. The principle has been successfully applied over and over again."

# Where Men Go to Forget

*Seekers of Exotic Adventure in South Sea Islands Usually Disappointed*

CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

LURED by the description of fiction writers, men and women too, of many types seek out the South Sea Islands in search of what they dream to be a modern paradise. How they are disillusioned when they reach the Polynesian group is told of in "South Sea Moonshine," an article appearing in *Atlantic Monthly* by Charles Bernard Nordhoff. There are some few, however, who go there and get just what they want:—

" 'Why did I come to Tahiti?' said one of the latter, 'that's simple—I wanted to live in a place where I could have a drink without breaking the law, I reckon I'm a good American, but I like to be let alone. The French are great fellows to mind their own business; I found that out during the war. Yes, I was there.'

"Here was one accounted for. A few moments later, on the same verandah, another man told his story in eight words, pregnant as they were brief. There was an Englishman with us. He had been in India, and was showing us his collection of photographs of that land. While the pictures were passed about, I noticed an elderly American, of morrose and corpulent mien, sitting at some distance from the rest of the company and taking no part in the conversation, though he uttered from time to time a series of nasal sounds vaguely suggestive of French and correctly interpreted by the native girl to mean: 'One rum-punch.' In time we came to the inevitable picture of the Taj Mahal; and while we gazed at it, marvelling anew, the tourist spoke of the vast expense of raising such a monument. When he had finished the man who wanted to be let alone was the first to speak.

" 'Just think of that guy,' he remarked, 'spending ten million dollars to bury his wife!'

"Musing on the ancient and costly bit of sentiment, we sat for a moment in silence—a silence broken by a sepulchral voice.

" 'I'd give more than that to bury mine!'

"It was the orderer of rum-punches who spoke, addressing the company for the first and last time. He said it without a shadow of humor—so earnestly, so convincingly, that several seconds elapsed before any of us smiled. He had placed himself."

There is another class of adventurers who go to the South Sea Islands for whom disappointment more often than not awaits. They are those who dream of slumberous ease in a palm-thatched hut, where traditional dusky maidens, of surpassing loveliness and charm, ply the fan or bring choice repasts to their common lord and master. Sometimes, however, the author adds, such dreams are not baseless:—

"Only last year, a boat's crew from a shipwrecked vessel managed to reach Rapa Iti, a lonely southern outlier of Polynesia, visited by a chance schooner at intervals of a year or two. The men of Rapa, brought up from infancy to the ways of the sea, are in demand as sailors, and the result is that on the islands the females outnumber the males in a proportion said to be seven to one. When, after many months, a vessel arrived at Rapa to rescue the stranded mariners, the work of rescue had to be carried on almost violently; for the least popular member of the boat's crew was provided with half-a-dozen brown ladies, who hovered about anxiously, not even permitting their lord so simple a task as raising the food to his own lips. The parting was a melancholy one; the girls stood weeping on the beach, while the sailors protested that they had no desire whatsoever to leave the island—far from it, they asked nothing better than to be left undisturbed in the enjoyment of a life they found full of charm. But Rapa Iti is one island out of many score, and he who seeks to eat of the lotus in that distant sea will be reminded of the Kingdom of Heaven, the Camel, and the Needle's Eye."

The witch-doctor, once a power in the islands, is rapidly losing his grip on the people, though superstition is still in evidence among the natives:—

"The modern exorcists, to whom my host alluded, are descendants of the heathen *Faatere*, employed in the old days by friends of the demon-ridden, to drive out the evil spirit, invoked by a sorcerer. European witnesses of the agony and death of those upon whom the destroying spirits preyed were forced to confess that powers beyond their comprehension were at work. Even the hard-headed missionaries admitted this. One of the most distinguished of them, writing of Tahiti nearly a century ago, observed: 'It is not necessary now to inquire whether satanic agency affects the bodies of men. We know this was the fact at the time our Saviour appeared on earth. Many of the natives of these islands are firmly persuaded that, while they were idolaters, their bodies were subject to most excruciating sufferings from the direct operation of satanic power.....and.....some of the early missionaries are disposed to think this was the fact."

# Ruth's "Scientific" Hitting

*Scientists Discover Machine to Record Home Run King's Prowess*

HUGH S. FULLERTON

ALBERT JOHANSON, M.A., and Joseph Holmes, M.A., of the research laboratory of Columbia university's psychological department, in all probability never saw Babe Ruth, champion "swatter" on the big league diamonds, hit a baseball, and likely neither of them know or care if his batting average is .007 or .450, but they are themselves .500 per cent. hitters in the psychology game. Recently after he had finished a game the great home-run hitter was led away to their scientific lair, where the professors figuratively took him apart, watched the wheels go round; analysed his brain, his eye, his ear, his muscles; studied how these worked in harmony, reassembled him and announced the exact reasons for his supremacy as a batter and a ball player. Says Hugh S. Fullerton, writing in *Popular Science Monthly* on the results of these tests:—

"Baseball employs scores of scouts to explore the country and discover baseball talent. These scouts are known as 'ivory hunters,' and if baseball club owners take the hint from the Ruth experiments, they can organize a clinic, submit candidates to the comprehensive tests undergone by Ruth, and discover whether or not other Ruths exist.

"The scientific ivory hunters of Col

# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

**Labor Savers**—Still, about the best device to save steps in the kitchen is a hired cook—Kitchener *Record.*

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**One Viewpoint**—If Ireland wants a King of her own, why not send her William Lyon Mackenzie.—London *Free Press.*

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**A Change of Routing**—The burglars who used to enter houses via the porch route have taken to cellars.—Peterboro *Examiner.*

* * * *

**There Seems to be a Kick in This**—A snake six feet one inch long was killed on a Toronto lawn. Naughty, naughty. Was it killed in the daytime, or by moonshine?—Ottawa *Journal.*

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**Wisdom Teeth Come Late**—There used to be some optimists in this town who invested in Russian rubles and German marks in the belief that they would soon go to par.—Hamilton *Herald.*

* * * *

**Her Lucky Chance**—A girl born on the Cunard liner Algeria in mid-ocean a few days ago was named after the steamer. Lucky thing for her she wasn't born on the Rotterdam.—Border Cities *Star.*

**Well, Why Not?**—Russian royalties are now getting their titles tin-plated by way of the United States.—Manitoba *Free Press.*

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**Provident Aleck**—King Alexander denies that he proposes to abdicate. Aleck knows a good winter job as well as the next man.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**The 'Tiser Cynic**—Many a young thing who is being gallantly courted has no idea that her duke has holes in his socks as big as his fist.—London *Advertiser.*

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**Great Days**—This village is having a stir in the direction of a boom. Preparations are being made for the laying of a new cement sidewalk.—Gore Bay *Recorder.*

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**Perhaps You've Noticed This**—"Statesmen," says Sir William Orpen, the British artist, "are poor sitters." The impulse to rush out and cackle has probably something to do with it.—Milverton *Sun.*

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**Also Where is the Fun in it**—Ford wants the judges of the United States to be paid $75,000 a year, so that, like Caesar's wife, they can be "above suspicion." Honesty comes high.—London *Free Press.*

**Not So Many Now**—It takes nine tailors to make a man a pauper.—Brandon *Sun.*

* * * *

**Too Bad! Too Bad!**—Another centenarian is dead. They don't seem to be a long-lived race.—Saskatoon *Star.*

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**Tough on the Meek**—When the meek inherit the earth it will be so much in debt that it won't be worth having.—Toronto *Star.*

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**Other Uses**—People who buy anthracite coal understand why slate is no longer commonly used as a roofing material.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**One of Those Puzzlers**—What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to own two pairs of trousers, both with suspenders?—Border Cities *Star.*

* * * *

**It Would Seem So**—The Yankees have come to a pretty pass if they can't advocate Americanism without wearing a nightgown and a mask.—Kitchener *Record.*

* * * *

**The Revealing Hour**—Every married woman has days when, for no particular reason, she thinks her husband the lowest form of animal life.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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umbia University discovered that the secret of Babe Ruth's batting, reduced to non-scientific terms, is that his eyes and ears function more rapidly than those of other players; that his brain records sensations more quickly and transmits its orders to the muscles much faster than does that of the average man. The tests proved that the co-ordination of eye, brain, nerve system, and muscle is practically perfect, and that the reason he did not acquire his great batting power before the sudden burst at the beginning of the baseball season of 1920 was because, prior to that time, pitching and studying batters disturbed his almost perfect co-ordination.

The tests revealed the fact that Ruth is 90 per cent efficient compared with a human average of 60 per cent.

That his eyes are about 12 per cent faster than those of the average man.

That his ears function at least 10 per cent faster than those of the ordinary man. That his nerves are steadier than those of 499 out of 500 persons.

That in intelligence, as demonstrated by quickness and accuracy of understanding, he is approximately 10 per cent above normal.

# Toby, M. P.'s Diary

*Items of Interest Recorded by Veteran Parliamentarian Twenty Years Ago*

SIR HENRY LUCY

TOBY, M.P., is the *nom-de-plume* of a prominent British journalist, Sir Henry Lucy, well-known as the recorder of doings in Parliament for many years past. In the *Cornhill* he is giving some extracts from his diary for the year 1902. Here are one or two typical items:—

*January* 25. 1902—I hear of a case that curiously illustrates one of the bypaths of the Statute Book. A gentleman, well known in London Society, reaching home after attending a first night at one of the theatres, discovered that his watch had been picked from his pocket. He communicated with Scotland Yard, and, nothing coming of its intervention, resolved to take the matter into his own hands. He inserted an advertisement in a widely circulated London newspaper, recording the loss of his watch, offering a reward for its recovery, adding "no questions will be asked."

Pleased at his own astuteness, he confidently awaited response, and in due time received one, but not from the quarter expected. The communication, dated from a well-known Club, drew the advertiser's attention to the fact that by the terms of its proposal he had been guilty of compounding a felony; the Statute provided that its penal clauses might be put in operation at the instance of the common informer, who was to be rewarded with payment of $50. The writer admitted that he was "the common informer," and suggested that payment of $50 down would save the advertiser much trouble and expense in the Law Courts.

There was no use kicking against the pricks. The advertiser, taking legal advice, found the common informer's position was impregnable, and paid the fine. Nor was this all. The enterprising student of the advertising columns made a similar communication to the proprietor of the newspaper in which the notice had been published, pointing out that he was equally liable, and demanding a second $50. This is not yet forthcoming, but the conclusion of the matter is inevitable.

*January* 28. Passing up St. James's Street this morning, I saw a pretty sight. It was nearing eleven o'clock, the hour at which the guard is relieved. A company of the Guards lined the approach to St. James's Palace. Across the courtyard walked two children, a boy and girl, each accompanied by a nurse. The boy, some eight years old, was dressed in blue garibaldi shirt and white flannel trousers—a simple dress that set off his straight, lithe, active figure. At sight of the children advancing the stalwart Guards, most of them wearing medals testifying presence at far grimmer scenes, presented arms. The little boy, leaving his nurse, advanced, and drawing himself up to his full height, saluted and passed on through the Palace Gateway.

He was little Prince Edward (to-day the popular Prince of Wales), eldest son of the Heir to the Throne. The girl, his sister, was Princess Mary.

# Youth's False Standards

*Our Age Is a Jazz-exploited One, An Orgy of Spending*

MARY ROBERTS RHINEHART

WE ARE spending our money and our energy too recklessly, says Mary Roberts Rhinehart in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* Women are to blame for the orgy of spending. Youth has a false standard of values. The auto has done away with the chaperon, and our age is a jazz-exploited one. Disintegrating influences are at work on our homes. This writer concludes:

"What we do not seem to recognize is that, having largely let go ourselves, we are permitting our young to be exploited for the commercial benefit of divers acquisitive individuals here and abroad, who can do with us what they cannot do in Europe, rely on our indulgence—or indifference—to our children to lead them to folly and extravagance, that their exploiters may gain.

"These panderers always find particularly lucrative the exploitation of sex. And youth reacts quickly to their appeal. It is full of the joy of life, it is slavishly imitative, and if it is not erotic it is and should normally be sex-inquisitive.

"It is perhaps this easy credit of ours which has developed us into a nation of lavish spenders. The charge account has more victims to its credit than any disease. A comparatively recent development, it falls into line with our over-playing, overdressing and under-responsibility, with our general relaxation of vigilance.

"In the main, both thrift and extravagance are a matter of the women of a country. They are the spenders. The average man will go a long way for comfort, but no distance at all for luxury—especially for luxury which he must pay for by his own money.

"But the real burden of our present day lavish extravagance falls on a certain type of woman. Luxury appeals to the beauty-loving, beauty-craving feminine mind.

"Thus it may be said that men first let go the faith and ideals of their forefathers, and that women are leading the present era of extravagance. Just what chance we are leaving to the new generation it would be hard to say. For extravagance is not hanging one's walls with brocade; it is buying anything we cannot properly afford. If we hand down neither faith, tradition, nor thrift, we leave little indeed.

"All over America we find our young people innocently thinking in automobile terms of money. 'Only four thousand dollars 'dad' said his son. 'It's dirt cheap.'

"New tires at fifty to a hundred dollars, garage bills of large amount, and a dollar, once so important, becomes a trifle not to be considered. The girl of the family wanders in, pulling off her driving gloves, and mentions casually that she has had a 'blow-out' and needs a couple of 'spares.'

"We have established a new unit of expenditure, and with it have come not only new standards of living but new habits of thought. We still quarrel, from habit, with a rise in the price of milk, but we submit resignedly to the prices for gasoline, tires and oil.

"The automobile has radically changed much more than our ideas of money value. It has profoundly altered our social life. With it went the chaperon, the last check we kept on our youngsters, and with the departure of the chaperon came an opportunity never hoped for by the individuals who profit by exploiting our youth, came the road house, the jazz band, the hotel and restaurant dances; came the unrestricted association of the sexes, with less damage, however, than might have been expected; came the new fashions, not so bad in themselves, but amounting to a passion for fashion which is reckless and wrong; came all the panderers—to preach their insidious doctrine that life is brief and youth is fleeting, and to swell their bank accounts at the cost of the family savings.

"The war had little or nothing to do with it. The war provided a spiritual hour for the nations, from which they came out either better or indifferent, but certainly not the worse. There were let loose inevitable forces—of prosperity, of a reckless optimism, of the liberation of women from old-time tasks, of the abandonment of faiths and ideals, with no new ones to substitute as yet; inventions and machinery, easy credit, and a growing and dangerous doctrine that work is an unpleasant necessity and not a privilege—inevitable forces, claiming their new victims in the name of freedom. But this freedom was really irresponsibility and the search for pleasure, and its victims were the young."

# The Yellow Streak

*Continued from page 29*

black fox muff. Then she hesitated. She could not rid herself of the suspicion that this man with the sallow face and the yellow fangs was not to be trusted. She withdrew her hand.

"This is a very delicate matter, Mr. Schulz," she said. "Our appointment was made by telephone and I think therefore I should ask you to show me Mr. Dulkinghorn's letter of introduction before I go any further, so that I may feel quite sure in my mind that I am dealing with one in whom I know Mr. Dulkinghorn to have every confidence...."

Mr. Schulz's yellow face went a shade yellower. "You are a guest in my house, Miss Trevert," he said with offended dignity, "I scarcely expected you to impugn my good faith. Surely my word is sufficient...."

He turned his back on her and took a couple of paces into the room in apparent vexation. Then he returned and stood at the back of the Chesterfield behind her. His feet made no sound on the thick carpet but some vague instinct made Mary Trevert turn her head. She saw him standing there, twisting his hands nervously behind his back.

"Surely my word is sufficient...." he repeated.

"In business," said Mary boldly, "one cannot be too careful."

Mr. Schulz shrugged his shoulders.

"Since you insist," he remarked. "But I think it is scarcely fair on our friend Dulkinghorn. The letter is in the safe in my office next door. If you will come along I will get it out and show it to you."

HE SPOKE unconcernedly but stiffly as though to emphasise the slight put upon his dignity. One hand thrust jauntily in his jacket pocket, he stepped across the carpet to the door with the blue curtain. He opened it, then stood back for the girl to pass in before him.

"After you!" he said.

He had placed himself so close to the doorway that the black fox about her neck brushed his face as she passed. Suddenly a warm, sickly whiff of some sweet-smelling odor came to her. She stopped on the instant, irresolute, alarmed. Then a dank hand was clapped on her face, covering nostrils and mouth with a soft cloth reeking with a horrible cloying drug. An arm with muscles like steel was passed round her waist and held her in a vice-like grip against which she struggled in vain. She felt her senses slipping, slipping.....

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Two's Company and....

ON THE pavement opposite the post-office stood one of those high pillars which are commonly used in Continental cities for the display of theatre and concert advertisements. Robin instantly stepped behind it. It was not that he wished to avoid being seen by Jeekes as much as that he had not decided in his mind what course he had best pursue. From behind the cover of the pillar he mustered his man.

The little secretary looked strange and unfamiliar in a sporting sort of traveling ulster of a tawny brown hue and a cap of the same stuff. But there was no mistaking the watery eyes, the sharp nose, the thin features. He had obviously not seen Robin. His whole attention was riveted on the street. He kept peering nervously to right and left as though expecting someone.

Suddenly he stepped forward quickly to the curb. Then Robin saw an open car detach itself from the press of traffic in the square and driven very fast, approach the post-office. It was a large car with a grey body; a sallow man wearing a black felt hat sat at the wheel. The car drew up at the curb and halted within a few feet of the advertisement pillar. Robin backed hastily round it to escape observation.

"It's all right," Robin heard the man in the car say in English, "I telephoned the girl and she's coming. What a piece of luck, eh?"

Robin heard the click of the car door as it swung open.

"....Better get along out there at once," he heard the man in the car say, "I'm sending Jan in the car for her at.."

Then Robin stepped out unexpectedly from behind his pillar and cannoned into Mr. Jeekes who was just entering the car. "Good morning," said Robin with easy assurance, "I'm delighted to hear that you've found Miss Trevert, Jeekes, for, to tell you the truth, I was feeling somewhat uneasy about her....."

The secretary's face was a study. The surprise of seeing Robin, who had dropped, it seemed to him, out of the clouds into the city of Rotterdam, deprived him of speech for an instant. He blinked his eyes, looked this way and that and finally with a sort of blind gesture readjusted his pince-nez and glared at the intruder.

THEN, without a word, he got into the car. But Robin, with a firm hand, stayed the door which Jeekes would have closed behind him.

"Excuse me," Robin remarked decidedly, "but I'm coming with you if your friend,"—at this he looked at the man in the driving-seat,—"has no objection...."

Mr. Jeekes cast a frightened glance at the sallow man.

The latter said impatiently: "We're wasting time, Jeekes. Who is this gentleman?"

"This is Mr. Greve," said the little secretary hurriedly, "a friend of Mr. Parrish and Miss Trevert. He was staying in the house at the time of the tragedy. He has, I understand, taken a prominent part in the investigations as to the motive of our poor friend's sad end...."

Mr. Jeekes looked to Robin as he said this as though for confirmation. The man at the driving-wheel turned and gave the little secretary a quick glance. Then he mustered Robin with a slow, insolent stare. He had a yellow face and small black eyes, quick and full of intelligence. Then he bowed.

"My name is Victor," he said. "The sad news about Mr. Parrish was a great shock to me. I met him several times in London. Were you anxious to see Miss.. er....Trevert? She has come to Rotterdam (so my friend Jeekes tells me) to look into certain important business transactions which the late Mr. Parrish had in hand at the time of his death. Did I understand you to say that you were uneasy about this lady? Is there any mystery about her journey?...."

For the moment Robin felt somewhat abashed. The question was rather a poser. Was there, in effect, any mystery about Mary's trip to Rotterdam accompanied by her cousin? She had acquainted her people at Harkings with her plans. What if, after all, everything was open and above board and she had merely come to Rotterdam on business? It seemed difficult to believe? Surely in such a case the solicitor, Bardy, would have been the more suitable emissary....

"You'll forgive us, I'm sure," the yellow-faced man remarked suavely, "but we're in a great hurry. Would you mind closing that door?...."

ROBIN closed the door. But he got into the car first.

"It happens," he said, "that I am particularly anxious to see Miss Trevert. As I gather you are going to meet her I feel sure you won't mind my accompanying you...."

The yellow-faced man turned with an easy smile.

"Sorry," he said, "but we are having a meeting with Miss Trevert on private business and I'm afraid we cannot take you along. Jeekes here, however, could take a message to Miss Trevert and if she *wanted* to see you....."

He broke off significantly and smiled slily at the secretary. Robin felt himself flush. So Jeekes had been telling tales out of school to Mr. Victor had he? The young man squared his jaw. That settled it. He would stay.

"I promise not to butt in on your private business," he replied, "but I simply must see Miss Trevert before I go back to London. So if you don't mind, I think I'll come along...."

The yellow-faced man glanced at his wrist watch.

"I can't prevent you," he exclaimed. Then he rapped out something in Dutch to Jeekes. The secretary leaned forward to catch the remark. The yellow-faced man threw in the clutch.

"Goed!" (good) answered Jeekes in the same language and resumed his seat as the car glided smoothly away from the curb into the traffic of the busy square.

They threaded their way through the streets in silence.

THE car had put on speed as they left the more crowded streets and emerged into the suburbs. Now they were running over a broad straight main road lined with poplars. Robin wondered whither they were bound. He was about to put the question to the secretary when the man Victor turned his head and said over his shoulder:

"Nu!"

At the same moment the speed of the car sensibly diminished.

Jeekes put his arm across the young man at his side.

"That door," he said, touching his sleeve, "doesn't seem to be properly shut. Would you mind...."

Robin pushed the door with his hand. "It seems all right," he said.

"Permit me...."

The secretary stretched across and pulled back the latch, releasing the door. It swung out.

"Now close it," said Mr. Jeekes.

The door was flapping to and fro with the swaying of the car over the rough road and Robin had to half rise in order to comply with the request. He was leaning forward steadying himself with one hand grasping the back of the driving-seat when he received a tremendous shove in the back. At the same moment the car seemed to leap forward. He made a desperate effort to regain his balance, failed and was whirled out head foremost on the side of the road.

Fortunately for himself he fell soft. The road ran here through a little wood of young oak and beech which came right down to the edge of the *chaussee*. The ground was deep in withered leaves which, with the rain and the water draining from the road's high camber, were soft and soggy. He sat up, his mouth full of mud, and his hair full of wet leaves, and felt himself carefully over. He contemplated rather ruefully a long rent in the left leg of his trousers just across the knee.

"Jeekes!" he murmured, "he pushed me out! The dirty dog!"

The *chaussee* was absolutely empty. About a hundred yards from where he stood in the direction in which the car had been traveling the road made a sharp bend to the right thus curtailing his view. Robin did not hesitate. Not waiting to retrieve his hat or even to wipe the mud from his face he started off at a brisk run along the road in the direction in which the car had disappeared. He had not gone far before he found that his heavy overcoat was seriously impeding him. He stripped it off and folding it, hid it beneath a bush just inside the plantation. Then he ran on again.

As he walked he scrutinised the roadway for any track of a car. But on the hard brick *pave* wheels left no mark. The first side road he came to was likewise paved in brick. In grave perplexity Robin came to a halt.

Then his eye fell upon a puddle. It lay on the edge of the footpath bordering the *chaussee* about five yards beyond the turning. The soft mud which skirted it showed the punched out pattern of a studded tyre! The car had not taken this side road at any rate. It had probably pulled over on to the footpath to pass the manure cart which Robin had met. He pushed on again valiantly.

Another hundred yards brought him to a second side road. There was no *pave* here but a soft sandy surface. And it bore clearly imprinted in the mud the fresh tracks of a car as it had turned off the road.

Breaking into a run Robin followed the track down the turning. It led him to a black gate, beyond which was a twisting gravel drive fringed with high laurels. And the gravel showed the same tyre marks as the road.

He vaulted the gate lightly and ran up the drive. He was revolving in his head what his next move should be. Should he walk boldly into the house and confront Jeekes and his rascally looking companion or should he first spy out the ground and try and ascertain whether Mary had arrived? He decided on the latter course.

ACCORDINGLY, when an unexpected turn of the drive brought him in view of a white porch, he left the avenue and took cover behind the laurel bushes. Walking softly on the wet grass and keeping well down behind the laurels, he went forward parallel with the drive. It ran into a clean courtyard with a coach-house or garage on one side and a small green door, seemingly a side entrance into the house, on the other.

There was no one in the courtyard and the house seemed perfectly quiet. From his post of observation behind the laurels, Robin observed that a tall window beside the green door commanded the view across the courtyard.

The window was open a few inches at the top. From within the sound of voices reached him. Jeekes was speaking. Robin recognised his rather grating voice at once.

"....no more violence," he was saying, "first Greve and now the girl. I don't like your methods, Victor...."

Very cautiously Robin dropped on one knee and shuffled forward in this position until his eyes were on a level with the window-sill. He found himself looking into a narrow room, well lighted by a second window at the further end. It was apparently an office for there was a high desk running down the centre and a large safe occupied a prominent place against the wall.

Jeekes and the man Victor stood chatting at the desk. The yellow-faced man was grinning sardonically.

"Parrish don't like your methods, I'll be bound," he retorted. "Don't you worry about the little lady, Jeekes! Bless your heart, I won't hurt her unless.."

The loud throbbing of a car at the front of the house made Robin duck his head hastily. Crawling along until he came level with the porch he peeped through.

Mary Trevert was just entering the house.

*To be Continued*

# They're All Good Men

*Continued from page 22*

AS TO the national problems, as they appear based on our own direct touch with public opinion; on the public utterances; on the press comments which we have been following closely.

Primarily they indicate, so far no outstanding national issue. There is a waiting for something to break. In the meantime the public is trying to see its way clear of the deluge of conflicting oratory, campaign literature, of editorials and advertising—much misleading, some absolutely false,—such as this country never experienced. The trend of opinion seems to favor the Liberal party, and, of the leaders Mr. Meighen is the most popular personality.

But if party policies are vague and confusing, there are some things on which a very definite public opinion seems to prevail from coast to coast. These are: that the voters want the best leaders; that they want more economy and therefore less taxation; that they want aggressive policies for building up the country and extending its markets for agricultural and other products. Audiences puzzle the old-time spellbinders. There is little response to flag waving or other old tricks; but the speakers are listened to attentive-



ly and are undoubtedly doing some deep thinking; which is a very good indication.

### Light on the Rail Muddle

THE politicians, not the public are worrying about the tariff. Recent United States policy has reunited all wavering Canadians on protection but the politicisns have failed to catch this drift. Some interests are pushing the railway question into prominence, but the disgusted public seem satisfied that nothing better can be done than what Mr. Meighen has done in placing Sir Joseph Flavelle in charge of the re-organization of the system and of the financing. It is a tremendous burden for us to carry but when we compare present Canadian conditions with the days of American over-built railroading there is no need for pessimism. Canadian railroads are in a better position than were American railroads at a corresponding period. Based on American experience and given a Flavelle or C.P.R. type of good management in the railways and in the national government the seven hundred or more millions capital which Sir Joseph thinks is worthless will some day be worth par.

### Our Leaders

AS TO THE leaders. It would be hard to find three men so much alike in character. In integrity and conscientious devotion to Canada there is nothing lacking. Each has a good history. Each works earnestly, seriously. Each leads a lonely, studious, hard-working life. Each has few intimates. These are characteristics of successful men. King and Meighen looked forward to a political career. Crerar is surprised to find himself in it and is still asking whether some mistake has been made.

But Meighen is far more energetic, resourceful and quick-witted. These with his law training and experience in petty politics have given him very great platform and other advantages. I know of no other Conservative who could have made so good a fight. But we should not judge men by what they say—particularly when they are getting their bearings as these three are—but by what they have done over a period of years. Crerar and King have the better records of accomplishment. In this respect they are away above the average of men in public life. Unfortunately men of this type are almost invariably poor speakers and have little personal appeal to the popular fancy. Hoover the most respected international figure is one of the poorest public speakers I ever heard. This is why we are so often taken in by the pleasing faker. This is not to suggest there is anything of the faker about Meighen. There is not. Indeed I can think of no public man, at the moment, who has shown so much honest courage in dangerous situations when it would have been easier to side-step.

Based on their records as administrators, Crerar easily stands first and King second while Meighen has yet to prove his capacity as a great executive. During his short career as Prime Minister he has played party politics most successfully but his constructive statesmanship has so far been disappointing. The exigencies of the situation, the precarious state of his Party may explain that. His outstanding act was the appointment of Sir Joseph Flavelle to take charge of the railway problem. Flavelle is one of two or three of the ablest men we have. If this is suggestive of his policy in the handling of our other big questions the nation's affairs may be as safely entrusted to him as to Crerar or King.

The chief point Mr. Meighen's critics make is his association with big business. How little they know! If he had as much experience in big business as in petty politics he would be a much more capable Premier. He would have learned first that big businesses are built on hard work and better service. Watered stocks and profiteering are the exception not the practice. He has not given us a broad business government and he has had a freer hand than President Harding. He would have learned next that big business men's profits are not used, as his taxation policy indicates, and as Hon. Beniah Bowman, Ontario Farm-Progressive, asserts, in luxurious living. He would therefore not be able to say, as he is saying, that Canadian business men are so much more heavily taxed than in England or the United States, that Canadian capitalists would save money by moving to these countries. I would suggest that before he again appeals to the unthinking masses with this talk he consider how the taxes he thus extorts from the hard-working classes are used. Successful business men are the most economical and least wasteful in their personal spendings; they use their money to extend and to maintain operations in productive work, buying more from other producers, giving more employment. Test this for yourself. Much of the taxes go into unproductive government channels; often wasteful in keeping two or three men in one man's job, as shown by our own efficiency experts, on unnecessary public building, docks and various fads. Mr. Crerar, who charges him, is himself one of the biggest of the big business men.

### King's War Record Critics

HON. MR. KING is chiefly criticised for not seizing a rifle when the war came and taking the first boat for France. I have recently checked up the prominent speakers who are making this charge. One is a prominent Conservative leader four years younger than Mr. King. Not one of them has a war record. It cannot be suggested that I had any sympathy with slackers, particularly among the higher ups. I was abused for using my papers to advocate a bigger army and conscription, and criticising certain British Army methods, particularly the absence of trained executives on fighting staffs. Many of the important positions were occupied by untrained men who got them by family or political influence. Men who took the arduous staff college course—and they were the pick of the army—were kept on routine work. Many of them threw up the army before the war on this account. A Canadian who had served with marked distinction in the South African war as a youngster—was a leader in one of its outstanding episodes—had just finished his staff course in 1914. He was one of its most able men. I was horrified to see his name among the officers killed in the front lines as a captain in his regiment in the first engagement of the war. A staff officer told me that in a place he might have occupied was a non-military friend of a Cabinet Minister. Influence put Sir John Seely—a down and out Cabinet Minister, professional politician, a brave, it is true, but amateur soldier—in the command of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade over the heads of such experienced professional soldiers and Miliary College graduates as Perry, Sir Archibald Macdonell, General Emslie and many others. Canada was not free of it. Influence sent scores of men, important in their way at home but military misfits in France, who constantly worried the senior officers by their creditable desire to serve in the trenches when they could have given greater service elsewhere. This is where Mr. King ex-Cabinet Minister, would have, in all probability found himself. These experiences were constantly repeated all through the war. For many of the blunders and loss of life this incompetent staff work was shown to be responsible.

So rotten had been the Asquith Government's handling of the war that in 1915 if the Germans had pressed the attack the shortage of British and Canadian machine guns and of artillery munitions was so serious that authorities tell me we could not have withstood them. We had only two or three shells per gun per day. It was not British but Canadian and United States manufacturers who first relieved the situation; who first got their labor lined up for big production. British labor was not producing. The study and promotion of better understanding between employer and employe had been Mr. King's specialty. Mr. King worked to promote U.S. war production. He was one of the most valuable men in that field on this side. I have a strong prejudice against any eligible man who side stepped military service—and there are many thousands of them—but common-sense compels me to admit that Mr. King was far more useful combating enemy propaganda to keep back vital war supplies here than messing up a minor staff job overseas. Many men in England who did far less service were highly rewarded with hereditary and other honors.

I do not believe we ever had a Government with the capacity to give us as practical administration as any one of these three would if given autocratic control. Surprise has been expressed that we and other business men show friendliness to a farmer administration. The reason is that there is more common-sense in the head of one good farmer like Drury than a whole cabinet of the old line petty politicians selected not for their ability but their pull, their religion, their language, or locality. If it came to class government I would prefer farmers. Drury with a weak following is giving Ontario the best administration it ever had. But unfortunately it is becoming apparent that if Crerar has a majority following, he may be a figurehead, directed by faddists, not the autocrat we need.

### The Policies

HERE let us leave the men and take up their policies and see how far they meet your wishes. We cannot go much on official platforms. You, who have been on the inside at party conventions, know how platforms are built. Conventions are not representative. They are usually packed by cheap ward heelers, claqueurs and cliques with single-track minds. Policies—with which the leaders have no sympathy—are inserted to keep these excitable fellows quiet. At the recent Ontario Conservative convention the canny leaders took fright and adjourned before the agitators could commit them to planks that might embarrass them or Meighen. I am told that Crerar when he recently met his Committee and took real national leadership, ruthlessly ordered the scrapping of a great part of these punk policies. But punk followers are busy preaching from the old texts and many new ones. Here comes the real danger. To third parties or Progressives you will always find flocking the mental misfits, faddists with their weird, impractical theories. Magnetic, convincing speakers, they sway audiences of otherwise sane men. The late Hon. Mr. Tarte told me that the mesmeric Bourassa could make socialists out of capitalistic Montreal Tories—they would attend his meetings to scoff and remain to pray. Mr. Meighen was right. The Bolshevists are all in but not of the Farmers' Party. If they mislead and outnumber the sane farmers as they have done in the western states, Crerar's control will pass and we will enter upon a most dangerous era.

Mr. Meighen has no platform to embarrass him and Mr. King—driven to it by the Premier's platform dexterity—is perhaps the only man in his own party so conscientious as to pay any attention to that of the Liberals. Therefore we may dismiss platforms in figuring what the leaders may do and form our conclusions in policies, on past records and current comments.

The Liberals got a splendid start. Mr. King and his associates had large, attentive audiences. He showed that every family in Canada had to pay over $300 a year to keep up the national Government before they had anything for themselves; that Mr. Meighen had refused to make economies. in fact had greatly increased their burdens. He gave details which could not be controverted. He got little applause but the intensive thoughtful silence which prevailed showed that his story had sunk deep and the results were decidedly unfavorable to the Government and its candidates. Unfortunately, as the campaign developed, he dragged in so many silly petty side issues that he began to lose the respect of the growing army of adherents, flocking to his support.

Hon. Mr. Meighen was quick to see the rising discontent with his Government—a discontent for which he was not responsible. Two courses were open. To camouflage or meet the issue frankly. He chose the former which he has so often worked successfully in Parliament where quick action was needed to save a situation. But he has yet to learn that it will not work on a nation with time to think. Sir John occasionally worked it on the House but never tried it on the country. One of his most brilliant efforts was in the North-West Rebellion. His French supporters sympathizing with the rebels were threatening to join the Liberals. He introduced an outrageous Franchise Bill under which Liberals would lose votes. He had no intention of passing it but the opposition kept the House in session night and day to prevent its going through and he did not give in until the Liberal members were too wearied to think, let alone talk about the Government's responsibility for the '85 troubles. All they wanted was home and rest. Mr. Meighen has concentrated on the tariff and has told the manufacturers they must pay his campaign expenses. But they see no emergency and are not responding as of yore. Many of them in fact are supporting the Liberal Party particularly in Quebec—but this is another story which is best written after Election Day.

Mr. Crerar has followed Mr. King's original plan of national economies, without being drawn much into many trifling side issues. On the tariff he has made a more popular appeal. He has said what a lot of us protectionists say and feel. That protection is helpful but we want our own machinery and raw material free. He asks that for the farmers; He says that the whole country is dissatisfied with some iniquitous things said and done in the name of or under a protective tariff. He asks for the elimination of combines, price agreements, extortionate terms, excessive profits and unfair stock watering—all of which are the basic complaints and policies laid down in great detail by the Hon. Mr. Drury as the Farmers' policy four years ago but for which some manufacturers or those who speak for them and not the tariff are responsible.

### Imperial Tariffs our Best Policy

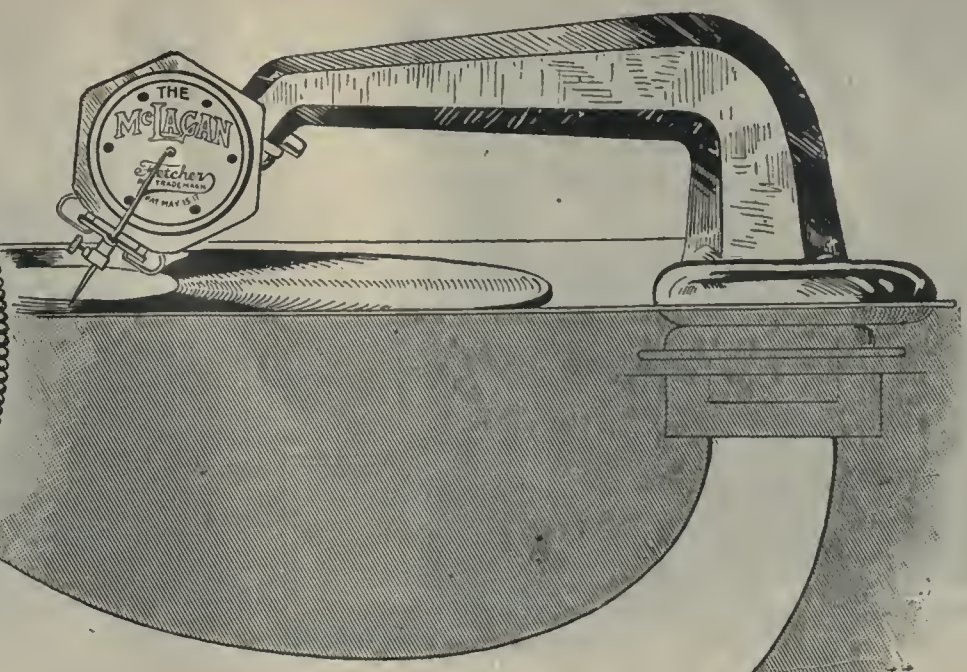
ON HOW thoroughly have these campaigns—was tefulness in national affairs and dissatisfaction with tariff administration not the tariff itself—been absorbed by the voters will depend the fate of the Government. Mr. Meighen has not only ignored these campaigns but showed his disdain by refusing to reduce national expenses when urged to do so by his own officials and he has been disappointingly silent and inactive on constructive policies, like settlers, industries and the extension of trade to meet the new conditions brought upon us by U.S. tariff legislation. In this connection it appears to me he has neglected an unusual opportunity. I have before me some recent U.S. foreign trade returns. Picking out their exports to the Old Country and the numerous British possessions as far as they give them in details, I find we buy well over forty per cent. The United Kingdom is first, Canada second and Germany a very poor third. We had built up a very large trade with the U.S. neglecting other markets in doing so. They now tell us in effect they do not want our farm and some other products. There is a great slump here and in consequence we have to take great losses and start afresh to build up new markets as we have had to do so often in the past. We have no complaint to make. The U.S. Congress is doing what it thinks best to protect its own people from our cheaper lands and raw material and to discourage so many of its splendid farmers moving over here. That condition can only be met by buying less from the U.S. and buying and selling more elsewhere chiefly within the Empire. A much higher general tariff and a much lower Empire tariff where it would not injure existing investments and trade treaties with European and trans-Pacific nations, would be the best policy for building Canada today and, as I read public opinion, would also be the most popular with all classes. In 1897 Laurier and Chamberlain discussed this development. They went to the extent of considering the closing of and paying for certain Canadian industries—woollens being one of them—in exchange for a preference on Canadian grains.

### Sir Lomer Gouin's Rise

BUT suppose no party comes back strong enough to control. A union of groups and discarding of present leaders is then likely. For some time there have been preparations for such a possibility. The big man in this situation is Sir Lomer Gouin, ex-Premier of Quebec. His critics say that he has waxed rich but admit his province prospered greatly under his economical and practical administration. He now belongs to the realm of big business; and he is so able that important industries are constantly seeking to secure his presence on their directorates. Therefore, his critics say he would be impossible. After all is this not exactly the ability and experience we need to-day—a man who can put our fearfully muddled national affairs on a business basis and lay down plans for our future development for great prosperity for Canada as a




*There is a purity in her singing which is quite indescribable.*
*Queen Victoria's Diary,*
*1846*




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Not only does it cause the gums to recede, the teeth to decay and loosen; but infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed about the teeth seep into the system and cause many of the ailments of middle age.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. So, watch your gums. If you are rheumatic or anaemic—if you are nervous and depressed, *visit your dentist for tooth and gum inspection.* Pyorrhea may have been long established in your mouth.

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Visit your dentist regularly and start using Forhan's For the Gums today.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices will not do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

**How to Use Forhan's**

***Use it twice daily, year in and year out.*** Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down.* Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in Canada and the United States. If your druggist cannot supply you, send price to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

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whole as he would for a great industry? This is a Conservative-French-Liberal combine which Mr. Meighen had been trying to effect to the consternation of the French minority who remained steadfast to the Conservative Party. But all Liberals in Quebec may not follow Sir Lomer. For a possible Farm-Liberal combine Hon. Mr. Rowell's friends at the Toronto *Star* are laying foundations by assiduously spreading propaganda for his leadership but they fear a spontaneous demand for Mr. Drury. Then there might be a combination of Lapointe Liberals and Crerar Progressives with another good man as Premier whose name is at present being held in reserve.

### How to Vote

What are the deductions in this complicated situation? There are times when other things being equal sentiment or prejudice may direct our vote, but this is not one of them. It seems to me that common-sense and our own selfish interests suggest that we support only the man or woman who has a record of high character, courage, energy, sanity, ability. I would judge the latter by what he has accomplished in life and not be led astray by his capacity to talk or by the new theories he advocates. I would put a successful farmer in the same class as a successful business or professional man. We have undoubtedly too many small professional men in Parliament. They are a handicap in public life. They are coming out in great numbers in this campaign. On the other hand there are among them some of our best men like, for example, Hon. Mr. Stewart, the new Minister of Railways, a lawyer who has identified himself in a big way with the industries of his home town.

In the scores of well meant but untried theories are many worth-while, many that some day will come but the big thing for us to-day is getting started once more on the road to prosperity. The immediate outlook is discouraging. The prosperity we hope for is nowhere in sight. Governments cannot bring it. Only hard work, greater production and lower prices can. But a willingness to work hard is no use if there is little or no work; no experts to direct our work; no one to buy what we produce; and high taxation and other living costs absorbing a great share of our income. But a Government and Parliament made up of our soundest, most progressive men and women would be the greatest step to start us on the road to prosperity. It is up to us now to work for and vote for the man or woman with a decent record.

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# Whose Bride Was Mary?

*Continued from page 17*

He turned slightly and strained his eyes over the sea of muddled faces—to the door. He would smile at Boyd—and Boyd would understand. They were twins and twins always understood.

The organ pealed out. The door opened.

In walked the bride.

He turned to the man at his side. He must try to make *him* understand—but the cold, steely eyes of the best man only rested on him appraisingly for a second, while he nodded his head, as if in approval of what he observed.

Yes, he could yell out—or sham a faint—but what a sensation!!!

No, there must be some other way. He had walked into the trap; now he must extricate himself with dignity. A little more acting and it would be over.

Married by "proxy"—why not? No one would ever know.

Boyd would thank him for saving the situation—take the bride, and the secret would be their's alone.

There was a movement near him. He felt rather than saw her presence by his side.

The minister's eyes over his spectacles looked gravely into his. "Wilt thou—Boyd Anderson—have this woman—Mary Strong—"

The arched eye-brows above the serious eyes grew dim. Everything went blurry again. What an age he lived through. Would the man's voice never cease?

At last it came his turn. What was he saying?....."I—Boyd Anderson—(but he wasn't Boyd, he was Lloyd)—take thee—Mary Strong—to be my wedded wife—to have and to hold—for better—for worse—"

On and on—and on—would the thing never end——?

It was over—her hand stole through his arm.

They were walking—walking then—. Great Heavens, what next!!!!

THEY entered the vestry—everyone was smiling—

When in through the door walked the ghost of Boyd, the first-born, right up to the groom, on whose arm the happy bride still leant. In a moment the inspiration came.

"Why Lloyd," said Lloyd, grasping the ghost's hand. "In time for the finish." He even grinned. This was the grand climax, and, he must carry the day.

The bride turned to the register. The white-haired old preacher beside her, smiled on benignly.

Lloyd grasped the first-born's arm and drew him aside.

"I've saved you, old man. Spunk up, no one will know the difference. You are Boyd—I am Lloyd. What else could I do? No harm's done. I saved you Boyd—she's yours—we're twins—as much alike as two peas—can't tell us apart. Come, walk to the window with me, then turn about—sign the register. She'll take your arm and never know the difference. You are the groom—I only helped you out of a hole. Come on—grin. For God's sake play up—they're waiting."

Boyd, still more like a ghost than a man, stood bewildered. What else was there for him to do? It was all surely a terrible nightmare.

As he turned from the window, Mary advanced toward him, smiling. The sight of her cheered him—started the blood circulating again through his benumbed body.

She took his arm—looked up at him and spoke. "You're so white, what's the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, dear," he whispered, smiling—or trying to.

"It's your turn to sign," she said then softly whispered: "your brother is exactly like you, isn't he? No one could possibly tell you apart; only, he looks sick, or just tired, perhaps."

Boyd nodded. Gradually he became more confident. It was Fate—he had to accept it. Nothing would be gained by making a fuss—perhaps all might be lost.

In this spirit he got through the balance of the ceremony, feeling considerably re-assured when, later on, at the reception, he overheard Lloyd explaining to a group of interested listeners just how it happened that he, Lloyd, was late, and laughingly related the experience on the road-side, Boyd's flight into town, and the assistance that came for him later—hoping all the time that luck would be with him, in describing fairly accurately, what he thought must have been Boyd's experience after he left him.

Later on, Boyd had the presence of mind to mention to Lloyd the fact that he got the car to spark before long, and came into town on his own steam.

"Glad to know it," said Lloyd, "and trust me to make out such an easy story that no one will ever think another thing about it. Have a good time. She's yours—I'm you—and you're me—all the same—and when you come back we'll have a long talk about it."

Certainly there was no chance for explanations. Barely time to change before the rush to the train—the good-byes—confetti over everything. Then the quiet hour, when he and his bride were at last alone.

His bride—?

No—she was Lloyd's bride.—What nonsense—not a bit of it, she was *his,* and he wasn't going to worry about that.

Like a dash of cold water in the face it came, later, with Mary in his arms—her head on his shoulder, and her hand in his when she whispered: "Never did you look so manly and masterful dear, as when you stood waiting for me. There



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See how they glisten when the film-coats go.

Mark how each use increases Nature's teeth-protecting forces.

You will quickly realize that this method means a new era in teeth cleaning.

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# For Ten Nights

## And ten days---these delightful effects

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It is used by careful people nearly all the world over. Authorities advise it. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

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### To combat film on teeth

One object is to fight the film on teeth---that viscous coat you feel. Film is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Some escapes the tooth brush, some resists it. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. So nearly everyone has suffered from some film attack.

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Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. That is why so many teeth fail to glisten as they should.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That is why decay starts in so many well-brushed teeth.

Film breeds millions of germs. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. That disease, as a result, has become alarming in extent.

### Very few people escape

Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

So dental science long has sought a way to fight that film. That research has discovered two effective methods. Ample tests have proved them. Nearly all the world over now those methods are accepted and employed.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent---a scientific tooth paste, based on modern knowledge. With Pepsodent, one may apply those film combatants several times a day.

### What else must be done

Science also finds that we should daily bring some aids to Nature.

The saliva contains a starch digestant, designed to digest starch deposits. Otherwise they may gum the teeth, ferment there and form acid.

The saliva contains alkalis, designed to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. But, with modern diet, both these forces are generally too weak.

Authorities have decided that the tooth paste should increase them. So Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant and multiplies the alkalis. It does this in a natural way with every application.

Thus Pepsodent fights film-coats, starch and acids as no other way has done. To people all about you it has brought a new conception of what clean teeth mean.



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This means for one thing new beauty and new charm. Dingy film-coats are removed, teeth are left highly polished. What your mirror shows you in a week will be a revelation.

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was an air about you I never noticed before—something I can't describe—rather distinctive—not like anybody else—not even your brother. You look so alike. No one could tell the difference, but I can feel it. And I just discovered it in you today—a little of something grand I've always wanted you to have, and it came today."

Happily, her head was snuggled on his shoulder, so that she could not notice the pain that registered itself in his eyes. He forced himself to speak; "It came with the ceremony, dear—and pray God, it may stay, whatever it is."

"It's a thing of the spirit," she told him softly.

What was it Lloyd had that he had not—that subtle something that could only be felt? Would that it might be his, too, so that this new beautiful adoration of hers, would always remain for him.

Then the next day she mentioned it again: "You're tired, aren't you dear? It's an awful flurry—a church wedding, isn't it? You'll feel better when we get to the sea and rest."

Could he get "it" at the sea—that spirit she counted so much on his having? This thought obsessed him continually.

Another time—the first that she had referred to his tardiness—"If you had not come, wouldn't it have been terrible? People would have thought it intentional—my heart would be broken." Then, so sweetly that his heart ached: "but you did come in time—a little late, of course—but you got there didn't you? I was a bit mad, I must confess, but when I saw you, I forgot to be cross any longer—and we're married now, aren't we?"

He loved her and she was his—because she loved him.

It was love that bound hearts together—a ceremony here or there, did not matter anyway—or did it?

He was thankful to Lloyd for what he had done—or was he?

Was Lloyd married to Mary—or was he?

Lloyd didn't want her—didn't love her—and he did.

His—Boyd's name—was on the register, on the marriage license. What did the ceremony in between matter. Not a row of figs—or, did it?

Was he married, or was he not?

If he was, all was well—but if he was not, had he any right to have Mary? Was Lloyd really and truly married to her just on account of the ceremony—was she Lloyd's instead of his?

HE WORRIED himself sick. "I'll have to go home dear," he told Mary, his spirit, all his thoughts a stupid muddle from trying to solve the riddle. Was it right for him to live with Mary? Was he committing a terrible sin? His old-fashioned, provincial, small-town conscience gave him no rest.

Was he a black sinner, or a real husband? It had to be settled—if it wasn't he would surely go crazy.

So they went home, after three days' stay at the sea—and life, instead of being sunshine and love, was clouded and sad. Nothing had ever bothered him very much before, but this worry ate his heart out.

Mary wrote home that Boyd was sick—had taken sick on the train and she didn't know what was the matter. He didn't eat, he didn't sleep. She had never seen him look so before, and it worried her. "He seemed fevered all the time," she added in her letter.

They stayed with his mother for the first week, till Boyd hoped to be well enough to go to their own new home. His mother was worried about him, and wanted to try her hand at nursing him.

Poor Mary cried often. Boyd's continual depression of spirit made her feel miserable. On the other hand, she was at a loss to know what ailed herself. She was always lonesome—Why should she be so? Had she not Boyd—and didn't she love him?

But he was *not* the same—something *had changed him.*

Had marriage with her made him sad—was there really anything unlucky about a "late" wedding?

"I just want to see Lloyd," Boyd told his mother. "He'll make me better."

And the fond mother's heart told her that they were twins—each part of the other. Meeting after so many years had spiritually re-united them again, as they had been, when tiny children together—one never happy without the other. And Boyd allowed her to think so.

To Lloyd he told the truth: "I have no peace day or night. Is Mary mine—or is she yours? Is it wrong for me to live with her, or is it right? If I don't settle this question I shall lose my mind."

Lloyd made light of the whole affair. "There is certainly nothing to worry about, as I see it. I did the only thing possible to avert a scene. No one would have believed me to be other than you, no matter what I might have affirmed to the contrary. Quick action saved the whole situation from becoming burlesque or tragic. Certainly, if I had not taken things in hand, and acted your part—when I did—half the women would have been hysterical. Mother was almost beside herself with worry about Mary, and what people would think—one did not need two eyes to see that. Here, perk up old man, I'll have to leave in a couple of days and let you two enjoy yourselves. Don't be so tender-hearted—God isn't going to punish you for living with Mary when you love each other—whether you are married or not."

"Oh, I say," cried Boyd, "that's too much for me—I haven't sunk that far morally yet."

Lloyd colored up. "Well, when you get down to brass tacks, what makes marriage decent anyway? Is it love or a ceremony?"

"Love *and* the ceremony," emphasized Boyd. "We're getting so confoundedly broad-minded today, that we're leaving responsibility out of the question entirely. We don't just love for ourselves and today, do we? Aren't there others and tomorrow to think of?"

"Small-town puritanism—narrow-mindedness," discounted Lloyd. "I'm simply looking at things sensibly—from the right angle. However, if it is impossible to convince you of that I'm at a loss to know how to help unless you can change your thought in regard to it. Evil is to him that evil thinketh, you know old top. Get your mind right about it and you'll not worry."

"That's just what I can't do—my conscience is small-town calibre if you like—not as elastic as some, I grant you. Now, if I had your mind and conscience I'd not worry. But, having my own, I feel miserable; and no amount of talking or argument will give me the peace I must experience, before I can go on living with Mary—and be happy with her—as God only knows I want to."

BOYD'S distress was genuine—his misery pathetic. "Can't I be married to her some way, Lloyd? Can nothing be done about it? Are you married to her?"

"Guess I am," his brother granted. "Look here Boyd—if you don't cheer up I'll take her from you."

Boyd's eyes flashed. "Would you play a dirty trick like that?"

"Don't be insulting," flared his twin. "Haven't I a right to her—if I'm married to her? Besides—I've taken quite a fancy to Mary. You are making her so miserable she'd welcome a happy husband for a change."

Poor Boyd was white. "You're joking—surely—" huskily.

"Well," replied Lloyd, "coming down to brass tacks again—if marriage means ceremony, she's mine—and I'm the only one who has a right to her."

"But I love her—and she loves me—and that does not apply to either of you, besides—you would never tell her. That would be worse than this. We can't undo what has been done—that's impossible, but can't we do something more?"

"You take Mary and make her happy," Lloyd advised, "or I'll try my hand at it—she'd never know the difference anyway."

That set Boyd thinking harder than ever. He was now afraid of Lloyd.

What if Lloyd should make love to Mary? He had deceived her once—might he not try it again? And with that subtle something—that spiritual distinction that had so attracted her the day she married him, thinking he was Boyd—might Lloyd not further attract her now? That thought roused him to action.

He must shake off this depression, and attend to Mary or he might lose her. Like a blow it had brought all his numbed faculties alert.

That day, Mary thought he seemed better. He acted more like his old self, jolly and care-free. He deceived everyone but himself. With the night, it all came back again—the doubts and the worry. He had achieved no permanent

peace—no victory over his own inward misgivings. The next morning, he told Lloyd that it was no good—something had to be done, and done quickly.

Then Lloyd had an inspiration. "Leave it to me," he urged. "Keep cool—and all will yet be well."

This was all very vague and uncertain, but it let in a ray of hope.

Followed days—and it added to Boyd's distress of mind—when Lloyd spent much of his time with Mary. They went on long walks together—stole out on the lawn in the evening—and it was quite evident there was some secret between them.

Boyd thought he would lose his mind. At times he saw all red—could have strangled his brother. But that small-town uprightness, regard for the laws of God and man, saved him.

"Give me some rope," Lloyd demanded in that cool way of his when questioned by Boyd. "Can't you trust your twin? Though I do believe that love joins hearts in marriage, more than ceremony, I am not a cur anyway, didn't I marry her?"

This last, accompanied by a smile and a wink, only worried poor Boyd more than ever. Lloyd was enjoying himself. He found Mary good company—so good,—that he sometimes wished that instead of twins, there had been only one, and he that one.

Mary was happy again. The little time she spent with Boyd was used in trying to cheer him up, but her new-found bliss only made him yearn for her more than ever.

"Do you love me, Mary?" he asked for the thirtieth time one day. "

"Silly—you know I do."

"Lloyd isn't turning your head is he?"

"What if he is? It's my heart that counts, and that's yours Boyd," she whispered; close to him.

AT LAST, Lloyd took pity on him. "Mary and I", he said, "have arranged a little party for tonight, and also a surprise. I have discovered that Mary has quite a bit of dramatic ability, and I determined to make use of it to give you back your peace of mind, Boyd. I played the part of Sir Hugh in a comedy entitled "Fools" last winter for our club—and—listen—raise your head old man, and cheer up, your soul will soon be freed from its shackles. There is a mock marriage ceremony in it—more or less interesting—especially the lines which lead up to it. I've written to a chum of mine just graduated, and last month ordained into his first charge. Mother thinks he's passing through and stopping off a day with us. He's promised to keep it secret—as long as he lives—so that's sealed. Mary and I will play the little scene—just to entertain you all—and before the ceremony, you'll take my place. My friend, who will wear ordinary clothes, and leave his 'Reverence' at home—has promised to do the real thing, instead of the mock. Result—you will be Mary's, and Mary yours—forever."

It sounded well, but needed explanation.

That was easy, and Lloyd determined nothing should happen to hinder the carrying out of this happy idea of his.

Such a simple solution to the whole matter. And nothing did. While the guests laughed and enjoyed the little comedy, Mary was married to Boyd. She had now two husbands—but, of course was unaware of it. The truth was kept secret from her and what she did not know, did not oppress her.

Lloyd went back to the city, wondering a bit whether he was married or not—but what did it matter anyway?

However, he determined that if he ever married again, his second wife should never hear about his first.

Boyd was happy—radiantly so—Mary was now his according to God's holy ordinance.

"Mary," he whispered, as she lay in his arms—all his own, "Pray that we may never have twins"—(but cross my heart, they did).

# Canada's Next Premier

*Continued from page 26*

body, the Prime Minister remained blissfully ignorant. The conspirators, instead of being administered their just deserts, were trusted, advanced, even eulogized.

Yet taken by and all, Mr. Meighen has not brought and will never bring discredit upon his office. As Premier he is not inferior to a great lineage. He does not at present catch the imagination of the people as Sir John Macdonald caught it; nor does he inspire the reverence and affection that was Laurier's. But he commands in a rare degree the confidence of his party, and his talents, marked to the point of brilliance, have won universal admiration. If he is triumphant on December 6, the destinies of the nation will be entrusted to steady hands.

### MR. MACKENZIE KING

MR. MACKENZIE KING shares with William Jennings Bryan the distinction of achieving a party leadership by the force of a single speech.

It is at the National Liberal Convention of 1919. The old leader, victor of a thousand fights, is no more, and Liberalism, its ranks decimated by the politics of war, is met to choose a successor. For more than three hours, and far into the night, the Convention has listened to the turgid orations of aspirants for the honor. It has heard the veteran Fielding, returned to the fold and the choice of the older heads. It has sat patiently through George P. Graham's depressing tale of how in the dark days of 1917, he stood by the "Old Chief." It has submitted to the hoary witticisms of D. D. Mackenzie, the party's temporary, but would-be permanent, head. It is weary, silent, depressed.

Then comes Mr. King. Younger in years and in party service than his rivals, he is the "dark horse" of the Convention. True he was "with Laurier" in '17, which endears him to Quebec, but youth and inexperience weigh against him; everything is in the lap of his appeal. One moving passage, one touch of the right chord, and the great prize may be his. One failure, one faltering step, and all may be lost. And so the delegates sit in critical silence as the young orator launches into his speech. Pale, nervous, as if overwhelmed by the occasion, he begins in hesitating, halting style, and for a time awakens no response. But as he catches the spirit of his subject he becomes more eloquent, more passionate, more master of his crowd. Skilfully, and with well-rounded periods that tell of the midnight oil, he marshals the old war-cries of Liberalism, vehemently he summons the ancient shibboleths that have stirred the party in the past; and the old militant spirit is aroused.

It is not a great speech, nor convincing. It is not an appeal to the mind. But there is about it something of the exhortation of the revivalist, something of the elemental appeal to prejudice and passion, something which, at the psychological moment, stampedes the crowd; its success is abundantly assured. And then comes the climax, the triumph of the night. At the back of the platform hangs a great life-size portrait of Laurier. Mr. King, at the crest of his peroration, suddenly wheels, and with finger pointed upwards to the picture of the departed chieftain, dramatically concludes:

"And so, my fellow-Liberals, thinking of him now that he is gone; thinking of the place he has left in the memory, not only of his friends and of his country, but of the world, well may we say of him, as Tennyson said of the Duke of Wellington, —here was a man

> Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
> Nor paltered with Eternal God for power;
> Who let the turbid streams of rumor flow
> Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
> Whose life was work, whose language rife
> With rugged maxims hewn from life."

The Convention goes wild with acclaim. Men and women leap upon their chairs in frenzied cheers, Nova Scotia, with its love of the old oratory, breaks into tumultuous applause; Quebec, thrilled by the tribute to Laurier, cries out "here is


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1. Any person residing outside of Weston, Ont. who is not an employee, or relative of any employee of The Mayer Company may submit an answer. It costs nothing to try.

2. All answers must be mailed by December 31.

3. Answers should be written on one side of the paper only and numbered 1, 2, 3, etc. Write your full name and address on each page in the upper right hand corner. If you desire to write anything else, use a separate sheet.

4. Only words found in the English dictionary will be counted. Do not use obsolete words. Use either the singular or plural but where the plural is used the singular cannot be counted, and vice versa.

5. Words of the same spelling can be used only once, even though used to designate different objects. An object can be named only once. However, any part of the object may also be named.

6. Do not use compound words, or any word formed by the combination of two or more complete English words, where each word in itself is a separate object.

7. The answer having the nearest correct list of names of visible objects shown in the picture that begin with the letter "C" will be awarded first prize, etc. Neatness, style, or handwriting have no bearing upon deciding the winners.

8. Candidates may co-operate in answering the puzzle but only one prize will be awarded to any one household; nor will prizes be awarded to more than one of any group outside of the family where two or more have been working together.

9. In event of ties, the full amount of the prize will be paid each trying contestant.

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Start in now and see how many "C" words you can find. All join in—father, mother, sister, brother. It is exciting, interesting and highly educational. You'll enjoy the pastime and if your answer to the picture puzzle is awarded first prize by the judges you will win $20. However, by purchasing one of our Pencraft Pens you will be eligible for the big cash prizes.

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our man." Mr. King takes his seat with the mantle of Laurier assured.

### Premier King? Who Knows?

IF YOU examine that speech today you will find the structure faulty, the eloquence thin and vapid. It depended for its success on the circumstances in which it was delivered—the spirit of a party still smarting under defeat and eager to avenge its vanished chieftain. But it would be a mistake to attribute Mr. King's success to chance. He did the right thing for the occasion because he knew what the right thing was and had the nerve to do it. He would have emerged sooner or later in any case in some other career, for he has, beyond question, combinations of qualities which are assured of success. True, his leadership of the Opposition has been challenged. It is said that he lacks personal magnetism; that he is faulty in judgment and tactics; that he fails to inspire loyalty from his followers; that his eyes are so fastened on the horizon he is blind to the ground before his feet. But such things have been said about other leaders before.

They were said of Laurier before '96; they were said of Borden before 1911 In 1907-8-9 Sir Robert Borden barely held on to his leadership. His party mistrusted and openly scoffed at him. They said he was weak, inefficient and timid; they secretly planned his defeat. Yet Sir Robert remained to triumph, live long enough to witness those who sought to encompass his downfall hail him as the new Macdonald and crave favors from his hands. In politics, as in other spheres, nothing succeeds like success. Mr. King may live to attest to that adage.

It is not that he lacks grave defects. He would he a better leader, for example, if he could occasionally forget his own career. Mr. King dwells in a house of mirrors. Wherever he has turned he has met the dazzling vision of himself. Varsity, whence he was graduated, was but the setting for one magical figure, Parliament the stage for one inimitable actor, the Rockefeller Foundation but the background for a saviour who strode the industrial stage.

G. K. Chesterton is author of the jolly maxim that a man should be able to laugh at himself, poke fun at himself, enjoy his own absurdity. It is, he holds, an excellent test of mental health. Man is a tragi-comedian. He should see himself the quaint "forked radish" that he is, fantastic as well as wonderful. He should see his mind ready to do battle and die, if need be, for an idea, but equally ready to get into a passion because his egg is boiled too hard. He should, in a word, see himself not as a hero, but as a man of strange virtues and stranger follies, a figure to move him to alternate admiration and laughter. Mr. King has never laughed at himself. He has only admired. And from this immense seriousness, this absence of the faculty of wholesome self-ridicule and self-criticism issue most of those mistakes which promote his unpopularity.

### No Open Door for the Press

THE exaggerated sense of one's own place in the scheme of things involves depreciation of the place of others. Mr. King has steadily underrated the ability of the men behind him. He has kept young and promising men like Euler, of Waterloo, in the background while he himself monopolized the spotlight. He has declined to see or to take counsel with the brightest of his party. His door is seldom open to even the Liberal press. Schism, discontent, absence of loyalty are an inevitable result.

Yet coupled with this exalted view of himself Mr. King has energy and industry and equipment for political work. No party leader of our time, indeed, has had better or fuller training for parliamentary life. His early education took him through Universities of Toronto and Chicago, he studied political economy at Harvard, where he won a travelling fellowship for Europe; he took economics under famous masters in Britain, France, Germany and Switzerland; he has lived at the famous Hull House Social Settlement in Chicago and at the equally celebrated Passmore Edward Settlement in London; served successively as deputy-minister and as minister of labor; was a member of the Laurier cabinet, and dealt with industrial problems for the Rockefeller Foundation.

The results of the latter phase of his industrial activity are revealed in his book, "Industry and Humanity." It is not a great book, nor original. It blazes no new trail, unfolds no new discovery, offers no new plan; yet it shows a mind more elevated than is usual in the politics of our day.

### Efficient, not Brilliant

IN THE House of Commons, Mr. King is efficient, but not brilliant. His mind is less acute and nimble than Mr. Meighen's. "I sail from headland to headland," said Bright, "while Gladstone navigates every creek and inlet." And so it is with the Prime Minister and Mr. King. Mr. Meighen will analyse and dissect an argument with remorseless logic. He will quote fractions and decimals until his foes retire in dismay. He wants details, illustrations, facts. Mr. King hates details and mixes facts. Instead of grappling with realities, he talks of the "larger liberty", of the "new freedom" and of abstract principles that have served for Liberalism since the days of the Manchester School.

His intellect is bold, rather than subtle, masculine rather than meticulous. His eyes range over great horizons and see the landscape in the large. His weapon is not the rapier, but the hammer of Thor. He is elemental and not "precious," If Mr. King had not been a politician he would have made a great revivalist. His qualities as a statesman have yet to be proved; his friends do not seriously doubt them. But his qualities as a preacher are indisputable. He is, before all else, the gospeller of political righteousness. His appeal is always to the national conscience. In all of his orations there is the unmistakable smack of the pulpit.

Of his future, it is not easy to speak. For the present he is the leader of his party, but if the Liberal barque should come into port on December 6 will he remain in command? There are those who hold that his mental processes are too elementary for the practical engineering work of politics; that there will be need for more acute, more scientific minds to plan the structure of the future. We shall see.

---

### MR. T. A. CRERAR.

A PLAIN unvarnished man, large of frame and soft of voice, hesitating in opinion, honest and unimaginative, loyal in friendship, fond of fun and devilment, but with a deep religious strain—such is Mr. T. A. Crerar, who guides the Agrarian storm.

It is these homely qualities that make Mr. Crerar so pleasant a figure to dwell upon. In politics, as in other spheres, character is of more consequence than intellect. And it is, unhappily, more rare. It is certainly more rare on front benches. It is the agile, subtle, often the intriguing mind that arrives there, the mind that uses public causes as instruments of personal advancement, that directs its course, not by fixed stars but by the weather vane, and drops a principle as lightly as the mariner drops ballast from the hold.

Now Mr. Crerar has never dropped anything that he believed in, nor adopted anything that he did not believe in. He is, taken in the gross, an entirely honest man, whose thoughts "lie clear as pebbles in a brook." He does not try to deceive either himself or the public, and his motives are as transparent as his utterances. The scope of his mind is limited it is true. It is a bucolic, unimaginative mind. But within its scope, it is singularly sincere and public-spirited. It is motived not by personal considerations of his own class, but by real devotion to his country, to this conception—however wrong it may be—of justice and duty, to his sense of what is right.

Perhaps there are incidents which qualify this view. There is, for example, his well-known refusal to make a pronouncement in Parliament last year either for or against the eight-hour day; a bit of seeming opportunism which injured him with farmer and laborer alike. There is his recently developed tendency to "hedge" on the tariff.

Yet one must pardon much to an election campaign. It was Mr. Roosevelt, I think, who said that there were three occasions in men's lives when they were incapable of telling the truth. The first was after a golf game; the second after a fishing trip and the third during an election. And so perhaps Mr. Crerar's venial sins may be pardoned to a great temptation. It is in the gross, not in comparison with perfection, but in con-




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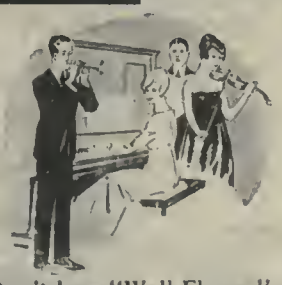
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trast with other leaders and other men, that he must be judged.

### A Much Misunderstood Man

NO MAN of his time has been more misunderstood. We are told, for example, he is a visionary and a radical, that he is a fanatic who believes in class, that he is a socialist, preaching a dangerous revolution and seeking to tear up cherished institutions under the guise and in the name of reform. There could be no greater caricature of the real man. For Mr. Crerar is not a revolutionist. He is not a revolutionist to the extent that Joseph Chamberlain was when he burst into the smug Victorian parlor and smashed its idols. His radicalism is not half so fierce as was the radicalism of Mr. Lloyd George when, to the cry "the Land! the Land!" he preached his blazing crusade against the Dukes. Compared with Mr. Robert Smillie, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and other leaders of Radicalism in England today, he is obscurantist in reactionary views.

The truth is that Mr. Crerar is a moderate Liberal of the old-fashioned British school. True, his economic views, as well as the platform of his party, show traces of thinking that incline more toward collectivism and state socialism than toward the individualism of the Liberal school, but these are but the influences of his party and of his times. In all essentials, as well as in most of his policies and in his speeches, it is the old English Liberal note that is uppermost, the old Manchester doctrines, "peace, retrenchment, reform."

If Mr. Crerar had his way in Canada today, it is not the Agrarian party, but a sanctified Liberal party, that he would lead. He does not believe in the domination of a class. He knows that triumph will be denied to a class-conscious group. But for the moment he is powerless to stay the western tide. His present task—how he fulfills it the coming months will tell—is to manipulate the storm, to give it purpose and direction. When he left the Union Ministry in 1919, it was not to promote a Farmers' Party. His real purpose, the ideal which he cherished, was the rejuvenation of the old Liberal party under new leadership and with new ideals.

But it was too late. The uprising in the West, which Mr. Fielding and Sir Wilfrid Laurier had foreseen ten years before, had gained too much momentum; the official Liberalism of Ottawa was in eclipse on the plains; and Mr. Crerar, much against his desires, had to shun the Liberal convention. But his views have not changed. Today, as much as ever, he believes in Liberal principles, in the transformation of the Agrarian uprising into a Liberal party, regenerated and penitent and freed of the many evils that dimmed it in the past. In office, Mr. Crerar would be a moderate. There is much, perhaps, that he would change, but there would be no revolution. He would prune the tree: he would never tear it up by the roots.

### Meighen's Opposite

IN Parliament Mr. Crerar is anything but formidable. His temperament is as remote from that of Mr. Meighen as one temperament can be from another. Nature made him an amiable gentleman, naturally considerate of the feelings of others, entirely without venom, overly anxious not to stoop below a certain level of "good form" and decorum. Mr. Meighen's mind is as swift as cavalry. He will pierce a foeman's armor with the rapidity of lightning and he will dispute a point to the last ditch.

"He'd undertake to prove by force
"Of argument, a man's no horse."

Mr. Crerar's intellectual equipment is less sharp. His mind is clear and honest, but it is slow and elemental, and his voice entirely lacks that sharp, incisive quality that makes Mr. Meighen's verbal thrusts stab like a stiletto.

It is in his private life, in his association with his friends, that Mr. Crerar is seen at his best. He has none of the stern, unbending puritanism that one instinctively associates with radicals. He loves good living. It was said of the late Keir Hardie that he hated the palace because he remembered the pit. Mr. Crerar does not hate the Rideau Club because he remembers the farm. He likes luxury and comfort, enjoys a good dinner, smokes a thick black cigar, and is fussy about his clothes.

His winsome ways are perhaps his great-

est asset. In the Press Gallery, where he often drops in for a chat, his friends are legion, and he is never happier than when, leaving the Commons behind him, he romps off with his journalistic friend, the incorrigibly iconoclastic J. K. Munro, for a round of the Rivermead links.

Mr. Crerar's success, in fact is comforting to the plain man, for it is the success of his own russet-coated virtues. It is the success of one like himself—of a plain man without a touch of genius, almost without a touch of brilliancy, but with many of the qualities of the average man in perfect equilibrium.

Mr. Crerar is not without culture, loves painting, tells a good story, enjoys a good book. But he is essentially the ordinary man, his mind full of daylight, the range of his thought limited by the daylight vision, his instinct for justice sound, his spirit strong for the things he deems best for his country and his race. He is not one of those who bring new light into the thought of men or add to the sum of human effort. He is the type of the practical man who does his task honestly, firmly, and good-humoredly. He will never shine in an office that demands rare qualities. He will succeed in a task that demands common qualities in a rare degree.

## Mostly Sally

*Continued from page 25*

they'll try to carry on as they are."

Sally reflected. "I know."

"What?"

"I'll make Fillmore give you a job. I wonder I didn't think of it before."

"Fillmore?"

"My brother. Yes, he'll be able to use you."

"What as?"

Sally considered. "As a—as a—oh as his right-hand man."

"Does he want a right-hand man?"

"Sure to. He's a young fellow trying to get along. Sure to want a right-hand-man."

" 'M, yes," said Ginger reflectively. "Oh course, I've never been a right-hand man, you know."

"Oh, you'd pick it up. I'll take you round to him now. He's staying at the Astor."

"There's just one thing," said Ginger.

"What's that?"

"I might make a hash of it."

"Heavens, Ginger! There must be something in this world that you wouldn't make a hash of. Don't stand arguing any longer. Are you dry? And clean? Very well, then. Let's be off."

"Right ho."

*To be Continued*

## Policing the Prairies

*Continued from page 15*

and cattle to Sun river, some two hundred miles to the south.

Busy as the police were in trying to build some shelter for their horses and themselves, Colonel MacLeod lost no time striking a body blow at the liquor traffic. Hearing from an Indian named Three Bulls that a colored man was doing business in fire water about 50 miles away, MacLeod sent Inspector Crozier and ten men, accompanied by the inimitable interpreter Jerry Potts, to gather in the outfit. Two days afterwards Crozier returned bringing in the colored gentleman and four others with some wagon loads of whiskey, a small arsenal of rifles and revolvers as well as many bales of buffalo robes which the whiskey-sellers had taken from the poor Indians in exchange for the drink that was so fatal to these children of the wild. The whiskey was poured out in the snow, the robes were confiscated for the good of the country and the culprits given the option of a fine or jail. This process revealed the headquarters of the traffic, for a sporting man, rejoicing in the sobriquet of "Wavey" came up from Fort Benton in Montana and paid the fines of the white men. There was an extra charge against the colored man whose name was Bond, and as "Wavey" would not intervene Mr. Bond had to go to jail. MacLeod would stand no nonsense. On one occasion a gentleman from the same country as Bond who was sent to jail without option





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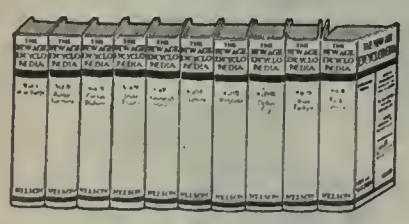


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and who had in his own locality contracted the habit of talking back to judges said to Colonel MacLeod, "When I get out of here, if you put me in, I will make them wires to Washington hum." "Let them hum," said the colonel. "In the meantime you go to jail and if you say more you may have your sentence doubled."

The dishonest extortioners on the prairie could do nothing to either frighten or flatter or tamper with men like Colonel MacLeod and his red-coated patrols. Hence we read the sequel in the Colonel's report in December 1874. "I am happy to be able to report *the complete stoppage of the whiskey trade throughout the whole of this section of the country*, and that the drunken riots which in former years were almost a daily occurrence are now entirely at an end; in fact a more peaceable community than this, with a very large number of Indians camped along the river, could not be found anywhere. Every one unites in saying how wonderful the change is. People never lock their doors at night and have no fear of anything being stolen which is left lying about outside; whereas just before our arrival, gates and doors were all fastened at night and nothing could be left out of one's sight."

### Gains Confidence of Savages

COLONEL MACLEOD felt that the first business of the police was to thus protect the Indians who were the wards of the nation and so it was that he had struck a decisive blow at the drink traffic which was bidding fair to exterminate these children of the plains. Once that was done, the Colonel set himself to get into touch with the various native tribes which from the earliest days of the explorers and fur-traders had been looked upon as the most warlike and dangerous.

Accordingly we find MacLeod reporting before the end of 1874 that he had interviewed the chiefs of the practically confederated tribes of the Bloods, Piegans and Blackfeet. He found them very intelligent men and he described in some detail the stately ceremony with which these chiefs had conducted themselves in these interviews.

At these early interviews the chiefs gave unstinted praise to the police before whose coming there had been constant trouble.

In some respects perhaps the most notable event in the spring of 1875 was the sending of Inspector Walsh with "B" division to the Cypress hills country where a fort was built and named after this active and venturous Inspector. Years afterwards when the first Canadian railway had crossed the continent away to the north and conditions were entirely changed after treaties had been made with the Indians and reserves allotted to them, Fort Walsh was abandoned and dismantled, as it had served its purpose. A peaceful ranch now occupies the site. Other posts were established about this period, such as Fort Calgary, Fort Saskatchewan, Battleford, Carlton in what is now Northern Saskatchewan, Qu'Appelle in Saskatchewan and Swan river, an early post, Shoal Lake and Beautiful Plains in the northern section of Manitoba. All of these had their influence on the progress of the west but none had in the pathfinding days the halo of romance that centered around Fort Walsh.

Sometimes later a fort projected by Colonel MacLeod to be erected somewhere midway between Fort MacLeod and the Red Deer River was built by "F" troop of the Mounted Police. It was erected near the Bow River and for a time was known as Fort Brisebois after the officer commanding the division at the time. The name got into orders once or twice but without authority and Colonel MacLeod put an end to any controversy over it by calling it "Calgarry" after his birthplace in Scotland. Our Western mania for shortening names led to the cutting out of a letter and leaving the name in its present form. But the present city of Calgary with its great buildings and its distinctive place within sight of the Rockies has a definite background of early police history which has done much to shape her destiny.

In the '70's changes were taking place in the system of government in the North-West Territories that had pronounced influence on the future of the country in ways closely associated with police history. Heretofore the vast territory over which the Police had oversight had been governed from Manitoba by the Lieut. Governor of that province, assisted by a small body of men called the north west council. In 1876, the Hon. David Laird was appointed Lieut-Governor with a small council to assist him consisting of Colonel MacLeod of the police and Mathew Ryan and Hugh Richardson, stipendiary magistrates. Ryan was a man of considerable literary power and Richardson became prominent as one of the trial judges in the case of Riel and the other rebel leaders some years later. David Laird was a Prince Edward Islander of great stature and gentlemanly bearing.

### The Magic of the Scarlet Coat

THE IMPRESSIVE scarlet uniform of the police somehow came to be recognised by the Indians as a sign royal of friendship. Once when Inspector Walsh with several men was riding into a camp of American Indians who had crossed to this side in the wintertime, with his dark blue overcoat lightly buttoned and the men in their great coats, the Indians, thinking they were United States cavalry, met them with levelled rifles and angry faces. Walsh was not the kind of man to halt for that and probably would have paid the penalty for his devotion to duty, had not one of the troopers, catching the situation, thrown his overcoat open and disclosed the scarlet tunic. In a flash the Indians lowered their rifles—they recognised their friends.

The earliest Indian treaty in what is now western Canada was made by Lord Selkirk, whom the Salteaux Indians in the Red river country called "The Silver Chief" because for sterling gifts he obtained from the Indians for his colonists a strip of land extending back as far as one could see a white horse on the prairie on a clear day. That was a primitive method of measurement and depended somewhat on the individual's power of vision.

The year 1876 witnessed the retirement of Colonel French from the commissionership of the mounted police. Colonel French, who retains to this day a warm interest in the police, was succeeded in the commissionership by Colonel James Farquharson MacLeod. It was a tribute to MacLeod's work that he was appointed also to aid Governor Laird in the delicate task of making the treaty with the most difficult tribes in the Northwest to handle. Treaties had been made with the Indians who had been most in contact with civilization in the more easterly districts of the Lake of the Woods; Lake Winnipeg and the Qu'Appelle lakes, but the most imposing spectacles and the most difficult situation began to arise when the governors, flanked by the brilliant scarlet of the mounted police, came to the farther northwest where the Indians retained much of their native dignity and barbaric splendor.

This point was eached when Commissioners Governor Morris, Hon. W. J. Christie and the Hon. James McKay came to Fort Carlton to negotiate with Mistawasis, the great chief of the Crees and his friend Ahtukahcoop. An interesting preface to this treaty was a threat made by a rascally Indian, Chief Beardy of Duck Lake, who said that he would not allow the commissioners to cross the south branch of the Saskatchewan river to come to Carlton. This information was imparted by Lawrence Clark, Hudson's Bay factor at Carlton, to Inspector James Walker who had arrived from Battleford with fifty mounted police the day before that on which the commissioners were to arrive. Walker, now Colonel Walker of Calgary, a man of commanding stature and strong determination, at once decided to take a hand in the proceedings and swung out with his troop, in the small hours of next morning and hit the trail for Batoche. On the way he overtook the band of Indians with Chief Beardy. Walker paid no attention to them but simply passed them and continued on the way. These Indians rarely indicate surprise but this was the surprise of their lives and they showed it in spite of themselves. They evidently did not calculate on the presence of the force in that part of the world and to have these stalwart red-coated riders come up from the unexpected direction was too much even for their impassiveness. When Walker met the commissioners farther on, he told Governor Morris of the situation

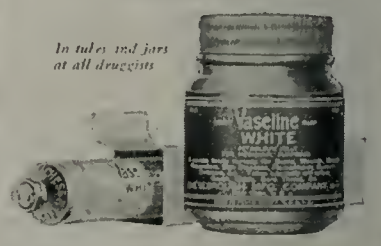
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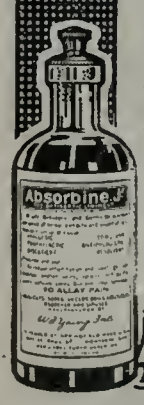





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# The Thumb Print

*Continued from page 13*

"There he is at last, the old reprobate!" Owen cried, springing from bed. Then in a tone of disgust he said, "Somebody wants you, Lilah. I guess you're invited to Government House."

"Who could want me," Delilah complained, as she crawled lazily from comfort.

"P'raps it's Mr. Stella," Owen opined maliciously.

Then Delilah's soft voice called into the phone. "Hello! Yes, yes, Mrs. Owen. Zeb—that you, Zeb?"

Stewart watched Delilah's face wax into intensity as she listened for a full half-minute.

"Hold the line, Zeb," she commanded. "If they cut you off ring up again immediately." She turned to Owen: "Stewart, that's Zeb on the phone at some place near the stables trying to get Andrews, and can't, so called me."

"What's wrong?"

"He says somebody has got Yellow Tail out night-riding him, and he wants you to get Andrews and come down at once. What shall I tell him?"

OWEN scratched his head perplexedly. "Let me speak to him. That ol' nigger's just had a nightmare, that's all; he's full of bootleg whisky, I guess."

Then Stewart brought Zeb to a close-up on the wire, and wound up by saying, "All right, Zeb, you wait there by the corner gate, and if I can't get the ol' man I'll be there: keep tab on them."

Owen called up the patriarch's room. "That ol' cuss is still out night-hawkin'," he growled as he hung up.

As Owen hustled into a heavy tweed suit he continued: "Who the devil could be night-ridin' Yellow Tail?"

"Who, Tootie—why, of course it's the crook gang you're in with. Hank is doing the night-riding himself."

"How'll they get anything out of that?" He was now lacing his boots.

"It's simple. They get your ten thousand in the morning, but don't bet it; they want to make sure that the horse can't win, then they're ten thousand ahead. Hank doesn't know but that Andrews will put a jockey on Yellow Tail's back and tell him to win."

"Gad, you're right, girl—that's the idea!" Stewart had slipped a thirty-two caliber Smith and Wesson into his pocket.

"Better leave that here, Stewart," Delilah said. "You don't need to take a chance of killing a man now that you know what they're doing."

"Girl, I've toted a gun in the West where it's jus' like a piece of jewelry, it's as safe with me as a slice of cheese. It's jus' in case three or four of 'em pile on top your hubby an' spoil his pretty face. See, —jus' a bluff, that's all. I can lick the three that were in that room to-night; the baby, Charter P., the washed-out gambler, and Hank the slow. Now I'm all set," and Stewart slipped into an overcoat. "I'll go along to Jack's room to make sure, then I'll take a taxi to the course. With a strong tip to the chauffeur I can make that in fifteen minutes. If old Jack calls up jus' tell him what's doin'."

He turned his handsome face, now alight with excitement, to Delilah, and she, thawing from her usual indifference, gave him a warm kiss.

"Momma love Pappa?" and Stewart laughed.

"Perhaps. But don't get into trouble, boy."

"Please may I take one swipe at a crook if I get a chance?" Then he was gone.

Owen asked at the office for Andrews, but the night-clerk hadn't seen the old man about.

As Owen stepped into a taxi he said to the chauffeur: "Full speed ahead, buddy, for the gate at the corner of the Grapevine Course; that gate that lets into the stables on the west side—get me?"

And as the rubber tires drew a hissing song of speed from the asphalt Stewart spoke through the open window: "A five dollar tip, buddy, for speed, an' any fine is on me."

THE car lurched forward at this suggestion, as if automatically it knew. It was a powerful hotel Packard, and the chauffeur was a sport. There was little traffic at that midnight hour, and as the black thing thrust through the night, men, late-outers, turned on the sidewalk to mutter, "A stolen car—auto bandits—I wonder who got it!"

Owen was exhilarated. The wind crackling through the open window cackled a battle refrain; his blood tingled.

"Good boy," he rasped against the pushing wind; "go to it, kid—step on the gas!"

As the car swirled around a swinging turn sixty yards from the gate of attainment, Owen clutched the driver by the shoulder, crying, "Stop here, buddy!"

The brakes screeched, and with a sigh, as if exhausted by the mad run, the motor hushed.

"Wait here," Owen commanded, as he flung through the open door and ran to the gates, beyond which loomed the ghostly white-washed stables, looking like sleeping ghosts in the black pall of the cloudy night.

As Owen checked his rapid run at the gate the figure of Zeb, his black face indiscernible in the night gloom, stepped forward from beside a big white wooden post.

"Dat you, Mistah Owen?" Zeb queried in a hoarse whisper; "where Mistah Andrews—didn't you get de boss?"

"No, Zeb, he was out," Owen answered in a voice raised just above a whisper. "Tell me what's trumps—have you been havin' a dream?"

"No, sah, no sah;" the darkey expostulated: "I been 'way down de Kingston Road seein' 'bout buyin' some chickens from a man's got some fightin' birds, an' when I'm comin' back on de suhbuhban cah—Good Lawd, sah! I see a boy ridin' a hoss, an' nachally I look right smaht see what 'tis, 'cause it ain't no time foh hosses to be out ob bed. I cahn see him 'cause ob de headlight ob de cah, an' jes 's we cotch up I see dat ol' blon' brush ob Yellah Tail peepin' out f'om behin' a sheet dey 've got roun' him. Dey've got a hood an' eberyt'ing on him, but dey cahn't hide dat tail. You see, boss, dey been night-ridin' ob him ovah to de uddah track, an' was dryin' him out by walkin' him back dat long roun'd 'bout way home."

"Who was it, Zeb?"

"I dunno, boss, it wa'n't no collud boy in de saddle. He got his cap pulled down, but I see his white jaw."

"See the men?"

"I jest see one man; he come slippin' in t'rough de gate aftah I get heah."

"Was it Hank?"

"Oh Lawd! I don' know, boss. I'm scahed to get too close, an' it's mighty dahk. Den de boy bring de hoss in t'rough dat gate 'bout quahtah houh ago, 'cause he's walkin' him slow. I'm on de fas' cah, so I get time to phone up. De two ob dem is in de stall now, if dey ain't gone."

"Come on then, Zeb," Stewart said, "I'll find out who it is, an' I guess he'll remember. I guess I know who 'tis."

IT HAD flashed on Owen that Hank's story of going to the picture show was all a bluff, that he had come down there to night-ride the horse, and it was all a clever plan put up by the crooked Conway to get Stewart's money.

Owen drew off his overcoat, saying, "Grab this, Zeb; I'm going into action."

He slipped the pistol from his hip into his coat pocket. "Now lead the way, Zeb," he said, "go slow ands oft. When you come to the stall just whisper which one it is."

"It's mighty dahk, boss."

A turn to the right through a gate in a board fence, and down toward the first row of stabling that was the border of the grounds, Zeb led.

Suddenly he halted, and put his hand on Stewart's arm. Standing perfectly still they heard a sharp metallic click as if a key had turned the bolt of a padlock. Then there was a curious swish, swish, swish; as though a coarse broom brushed against earth.

Zeb raised his short figure until his thick lips were flat against Owen's ear, and whispered, "Dey've closed de doah, an' one ob dem is brushin' out de foot-tracks wid de broom."

The gloom was intense, deeper still beneath the covered way that ran the full length of the stables.

There was the muffled sound of soft-





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spoken words, the swish, swish ceased; and Owen knew that whoever it was would move away in another second. He rushed, as though plunging on the center line. It was the only way, give them no time to draw a gun, or to set themselves.

The stall was perhaps twenty feet away, and the men at the door heard him coming, heard the mad charge of rushing feet on gravel.

As he sprang beneath the roofed passageway, Owen's left shoulder smashed against a post indiscernible in the gloom. As he swung half about he crashed into the figure of a man and struck a sweep-arm blow, his fist landing on the corner of the other man's forehead, practically smashing Owen's thumb joint.

At that instant something soft, like an eight ounce glove, landed on Owen's jugular, and he went down, fighting against unconsciousness like a drowning man. He felt sleepy, he groped for the thing he was trying to do. He pulled his legs up, but they rocked idly like flippant groggy posts. Something or somebody was tugging at his collar; fingers that felt nice were rubbing his temples. Why, yes, of course, it was Zeb, waking him—time to get up!

The dream broke suddenly, and he struggled groggily to his feet, the pain in his thumb helping him back to understanding. He drew a hand across his forehead; it was clammy, cold with wet perspiration.

"T'ank de Lawd, boss, yuh all right. Lawd! I to'ught dey'd killed yuh."

"I know. I suppose they've gone, Zeb?"

"On de run, boss. De big fellah, w'en I grabbed him by de coat, give me a kick, an' I guess I got broke shin. O Lawd! he's got a kick like a mule, dat fellah. De otha' fellow jes' landed on you' neck wid de stable broom—dat's what hit yuh. It's a mighty heavy one made outa willah."

"You didn't see who it was, Zeb?"

"No, boss; de action was too mighty fas', an' it too blame dahk."

"Is the stall locked?"

"It suah am."

"Well, I guess we'd better get back. I've done the best I could. All the harm's done now that can be done."

ON THE way to the gate Owen said:

"Zeb, don't say a word about this."

"All right, boss; Zeb can keep his mout' shut."

"Don't you speak about it to Hank."

"P'raps Hank don' need nobody to tell him 'bout it, Boss."

"If you keep your mouth shut there'll be fifty dollars bet for you on a winner to-morrow. D'you get that, boy?"

"Zeb'll be dere wit' de shut mout', boss."

Owen picked up his coat and just as he had started toward his taxi there was the spit-spit, crack,crack, ghur-r-r-rh! of an automobile being started up in a vacant lot over across Queen St.

With a yell to his chauffeur of "Get her started, boy!" Owen broke into a run.

He flung into the auto crying, "Get after that car that's jus' swingin' on to Queen—Twenty-five dollars if you catch it. I want that duck."

The car lurched, dipped out of the hollow of the earth-road, took the turn almost on two wheels, and as they struck the asphalt of Queen St., there was the roar of the cut-off, and far ahead, like a twin star of Mars, glowered the red lights of the fleeing car in front.

Stewart sat with his head thrust forward through the open window, encouraging the mad driver of the mad machine.

"We're goin' fifty," the chauffeur panted.

"Hit her up."

"She's at her limit," the chauffeur replied.

Like cicadae the rubber tires were singing a song of speed on the hard roadbed. Once the car swerved clear to the illegal side, as something with a headlight thrust itself out of a side street, missing death and destruction by a foot.

Stewart laughed. "That Johnnie's hair 'll be white in the mornin'."

"If he got the number I'll be in court," the chauffeur responded.

"Got nothin'. He thinks he's missed a comet by a hair-breadth. Hit her up, 'buddy, you're gainin'."

"He's goin' some. Does he know we're after him?"

"Shouldn't wonder. I broke one thumb on his coco, an' I want to have one more punch at him. Step on the gas, buddy."

"S-s-s limit!" the chauffeur gasped.

"You're gettin' him—you're gettin' him!"

The two gleaming red eyes in front were growing larger. Now, as the car flashed beneath an electric lamp, they could make out its shape, it, too, was a powerful machine.

"Some race, bud," Owen commented; "but you're ridin' Man o War—you'll win in a walk. Slip the grease."

Between flat open spaces they raced in the night gloom, the grass, the shrubs, and little orchards swooning by like clouds of fog. Buildings swept by racing the other way like toys blown in a strong wind. Their horn honked a continuous warning.

Now the car in front was coming back to them; half-a-mile and they would win.

SUDDENLY the breaks screeched, and Owen's broad shoulders hit the window frame, and but for its holding grasp he would have shot through the wind shield. There was a despairing cry of "Hell!" from the chauffeur, for across the street in front of them two tapering fingers, white with black bands, twenty feet long, had deliberately slipped down from above to meet in a blocking of the way; there was the ding-dong clamor of a bell, and the puff, puff, puff! of a ponderous freight engine—they were at the level crossing of the G.T.R.

"My God!" Owen moaned, as he sank back on to the cushioned seat; "blocked!"

Then in majesty, like a huge centipede, the freight train dribbled over the crossing, a gigantic rebuke to the petty impetuosity of the eager Owen.

"Oh, heavens!" Stewart growled. "If I had my pyjamas here I'd go to bed. The other end of that train hasn't left the Union Station yet!"

But at last, possibly a ten minutes of at last, the red caboose, on its screeching wheels, had passed, a pushing engine at its heels puffing a derisive chuckle. Then the attenuated arms of restraint climbed slowly skyward, and the chauffeur asked, "What now, sir?"

"Let's get out an' push this car home, buddy—I don't give a hang what happens."

At the hotel Owen handed the chauffeur a bill; "Here's five for the try goin' down, an' another five for the try comin' up. You're some jockey, take it from me; we got pinched off, that's all. Charge the fare to my room."

Of the porter he asked, "Did two fellows come in here in the last fifteen minutes; a little round-faced dude, an' a long-faced cuss that looks like a parson, p'raps one of em with his eye in a sling—come in a car?"

"No, sir," the porter answered; "nobody's come in a car for near an hour."

Owen went up to Jack Andrews' room and rapped on the door. At the third tattoo of his knuckles a heavy voice queried sleepily, "Who's that?"

"It's me, Uncle. I got to see you for a minute."

THE door was unlocked, and as Owen entered, the old man crawled back into bed expostulating querulously: "If you want comp'ny son, why don't you go out to the woods an' hunt up an owl?"

"Where's the switch?"

"Don't turn on that dang glare, son. I ain't been in bed long, an' I got to get up at five."

"Sure; there's plenty of light comin' in through the window from the street lamps," Owen agreed.

Then sitting on the edge of the bed he told of his Aladdin-like trip.

When he had finished the patriarch lay silent for a couple of minutes turning the thing over in his mind—there was so much of it.

"I kinder half suspected that cuss, Hank, would do some dirt," Andrews growled presently. "You see, son, the way we divided that money won over Yellow Tail the last time—you needin' so much to prop up the mine—I couldn't afford to give him a big stake such as he was lookin' for. I give him two thousan', which was purty good for a feller was chewin' shoe leather for the las' two years; but he beefed about it, an' I been kinder watchin' him."

"Well, he aims to get even to-morrow, evidently, Uncle."

"Kinder looks like it, son. But now he's killed the goose; he's made it a sure thing for Red Devil. All we got to do is go the limit on the bay; there ain't



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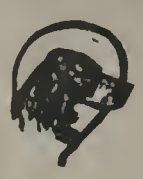
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nothin' to worry 'bout. I guess Hank was feared I might switch, an' win that race with Yellow Tail, then, you see, you'd want the winning's of the ten thousan' they were to get out of you, so Conway put him up to make it a sure thing Yellow Tail'd get beat."

"That's the dope, Uncle; it's a clear case of highway robber—; they weren't even givin' me a gamblin' chance. Say, if Hank has got an eye in the mornin' ask him how he came by it."

"You plugged him, eh?"

"I sure did, Dad. An' I've got a thumb that'll be in a sling in the mornin'. I put a thumb-print on him that'll be good evidence if there's any row over it. I'd like to soak the pair of crooks, Charter P. an' Conway, jus' after the same fashion. How'll I fix 'em, Uncle?"

"You can't do nothin—they ain't wuth it. It don't pay to waste time gettin' even with cheap skates like that."

"Shall I call 'em down—blow the gaff in the mornin'?"

"Sure not: don't say nothin'; don't let on you know what's doin'. I guess from what you say they ain't got no money; they was jus' after your ten thousan'. I guess Conway was jus' stringin' Hank; they wouldn't 've give him a bean outer that; they'd jus' keep it, an' tell him that if he opened his mouth they'd spill the beans 'bout double-cross work. He's purty dang stupid, Hank is; he don't talk none, an' that's all he's got."

"What'll I do when they come to me 'bout bettin' the ten thousan', Uncle?"

THE patriarch turned this over in his mind for a few seconds. "You'd bes' have a roll of a few thousan's in your pocket; when it comes to a show-down flash it, an' say you're ready to go on with the deal; ask 'em to put up their five or ten thousan' apiece, then you'll go together an' bet it."

Owen chuckled. "I get you, Uncle; I get you. That'll settle it."

"Yes sir," the patriarch affirmed; "when I go down to the course in the mornin' I'll stay down. There's an idee galivantin' up an' down my nut that there's some right smart 'vangilizin' work to be done to-morrer if we're to come out on top, son. Nex' to gettin' a good hawse in the pink of condition there's nothin' so entertainin' as standin' a bunch of crooks on their heads, to say nothin' of bankin' a fair amount of jack over said transaction."

"You're all to the mustard, uncle."

"I was jus' thinkin', " the patriarch continued, "that if it wasn't outside of bankin' hours if I could take down in my pocket 'bout two thousan' dollars, that when that race was over we'd be kinder shakin' hands."

"I got more 'n that in the office safe," Owen declared; "I'll get it if you say the word."

"The reason is," the old man explained, "that I'll be hittin' the trail afore sunrise, an' I'll be toler'ble busy till the time of that race."

"I'll be back in a minute," Owen declared.

In five minutes Owen was back in the old man's room with the money.

"That's 'bout all, son," Andrews said as he put the sheaf of bills under his pillow; "you jus' tend to 'em crooks in the mornin', not lettin' 'em know nothin', an' I'll do my bes' with the hawses. Don't bet a dollar till I say shoot. I'll see you jus' afore the race."

Of course the moving midnight episode had to be rehearsed again to Delilah, and some arnica rubbed well into the thumb joint followed by a bandage, Delilah wondrously tender over it. She had not gone to sleep.

Owen took her face in his hands and kissed her on the eyes, saying with a little apologetic grin: "Say, girl, looks 's if you cared what happened the old man, eh?"

"Don't be silly, Tootie." she admonished.

"I guess I ain't got nothin' on you at that," and he patted her cheek.

As Owen ate his breakfast next morning he could see at intervals the cherub face of Charter P. Thomas at the door of the dining room.

"The vultures 're hoverin' close, girl," he confided to Delilah; "Charter P. is gettin' anxious to finger the coin. He's goin' to see it, an' that's as far 's he'll get."

"Don't let it out of your hands for a second, Tootie, or it'll vanish."





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When Owen came out to the rotunda Charter P. and Conway were discussing the quality of their cigarettes. They were as casual, as seemingly disinterested, as John Silver sharpening a knife to slit a throat.

It was Charter P. who said; "That party, Hank, has been keeping the phone hot this morning wanting to know what about it. He isn't going to win unless the money's bet."

"I've got an idea," Conway interposed, "that he means to win that race anyway, but naturally he wants to land something worth while," and the gambler winked at Thomas.

"But that's guessing," Charter P. objected; "we don't know that and we might burn up good money. But if he got five thousand bet for him it'll be a certainty. If we're going to do it we've got to get it off to New York right away, then get Hank up here, and show him a copy of the telegram that the money's on. What about you, Stewart?"

"I'll play the hand out," Stewart declared. "I got to wait till the bank's open."

"Good stuff, Stewart," and Charter P. patted him on the back. "You come up to my room at ten-fifteen, and we'll cinch this play. It'll net us a hundred thousand; we'll singe the books."

AT TEN-FIFTEEN the door of Thomas's room was swung wide in answer to Owen's tap, by the obsequious Charter P, and he was waved to a chair at the center table like the prodigal being installed at the feast of veal.

On the table lay a pad of telegraph forms; a pen stood ready in an ink bottle. To Owen it was something like a scaffold with a dangling noose waiting for its victim, and he reflected grimly that if he hadn't known all about the plant, if he had been a rich stranger, how smoothly the thing would have been put over. It was an elucidation of items he had read in the newspapers of wire-tappers fleecing usually sane men out of large sums.

As a *hors d'ouevre* Charter P. wrote out a telegram:

"Joe Urder
1437 1-2 Broadway
New York.
Bet thirty thousand on Yellow Tail fourth race Grapevine Course, Toronto."

He signed it with a flourish and pushed it over to Conway for his signature. Then he held the telegram up to Owen, asking, "How's that?"

Owen grinned—he couldn't help it, it was so rich.

He pulled a huge roll of bills from his pocket, as he did so covertly watching the gray hawk eyes of Conway. He had anticipated just what he saw there—an evil glitter of cupidity. Stewart Owen, the easy mark, was enjoying himself.

Charter P. bubbled over. "The long-green talks, Stewart," he cried; "what part of a million is there?"

"My share of the bet. And, boys, we-'re playin' for table stakes." Owen put the money on the table, his hand flat on top of it.

"What—what d'you mean, Stewart?" Charter P's voice was a gulp, a gasp.

"Just the usual, Charter P., no markers. You two gentlemen uncover your ten thousand each and we'll bet it right here in good old Toronto. Ab Alden'll take it an' lay it off in Buffalo an' Chicago; he's as good as the wheat."

"But my money's in New York," Thomas objected.

"Where's the money, Charter P., for that draft on New York you put through yesterday?"

"It hasn't come yet, Stewart."

"Yes— it has; you collected yesterday afternoon, not fifty-one hundred dollars, as you told me, but just one hundred bucks."

The rosy flush departed from Charter P's face leaving it a sickly yellow. He sagged back in his chair like an apple dumpling that had collapsed. At a snarling oath from Conway, Owen turned a pair of fierce black eyes on the gambler, and asked, "What's that?"

"Just this," sneered Conway, "you-'re calling Charter P. as if he were crooking you, and I don't like it!"

"Well, Mister Three-card-man, you had better let it rest at that," and Owen shoved the roll of bills back into his hip pocket.

"What d'you mean by that?" Conway drawled, not a twitch to his cold, merciless face

"I mean," and Owen leisurely drew himself to his feet, "that if you two are on the level an' cough up your share of this bet, I'll play the hand out with you. But if you say one word I don't like I'll twist your damn scrawny neck. That's plain, isn't it? That's where I stand—I stand pat."

CONWAY was a cold-blooded gambler; he had nerves of steel; he didn't know how to be afraid; but he had a keen intellect. He knew that strong sinewy hand of the man who was built like a prize fighter would take him by the throat and shake him like a rat; he knew it. There was a gun slung under his armpit, but this was no place for gun-play. It wasn't worth it.

Charter P. broke the tension. "Look here, Stewart," he expostulated, "don't let's get excited about it. We haven't got the money here, but we've got it in New York. This is a sure thing. Chip in. We'll bet the money there—"

But Owen interrupted. "All right, Charter P., you bet your money there, but I'll act for myself in this matter; I can keep my end clean if I'm my own agent."

Owen put on his hat, took a step toward the door, then turned, and his white teeth showing in an amused smile said: "Charter P., it's six years since you knew me, isn't it?"

"It's all of that, Stewart."

"Well, Charter P., I've growed up an' you've growed down. I've quit bunkin' my friends; you take the tip from me an' do the same."

Down at the track that afternoon up to the time of the third race Owen had failed to locate the Man from the Desert. Of course Andrews had said that he would be busy rearranging the involved criss-cross of Hank's entanglement, but Owen had swallowed this statement with a grain of salt; it couldn't possibly take every minute of the several hours to do the business; it was mystifying. He knew that Andrews was an eccentric, a misanthropic individual who took streaks of aloofness. At all times he was a man who took little interest in a race he hadn't a horse in. To him racing was a matter of brick laying, years of it had dimmed the glamour. He loved horses but he had no time for any equine fondling, mental or physical, except for the individuals in his own barn. Of course Andrews would be on hand before the fourth race in which Red Devil and Yellow Tail started, he had said he would.

"I haven't seen the old cuss," Stewart confided to Delilah as he came back to the club lawn from a pilgrimage to the paddock; "if he was a chap that hit the bottle I'd say he'd found a cache of the strong stuff and was in the hay."

"Don't worry, Tootie," Delilah advised. "Andrews is always on the job, he isn't a fusser, the old gent is wise; he expects you to bet on Red Devil, and he generally waits until he is sure everything is all right."

"Sure thing, girl. Old Jack will be there with the advice, and I'm goin' to level two thousan' on Red Devil because—well, you know why."

"That is, if Andrews tells you to—he said not to bet till he told you, didn't he?"

Owen pulled out his watch. "It's ten minutes to four now," he explaimed irritably, "and the horses go to the post at four. I think I'll go out to the paddock an' see if I can find the old man—I don't want to miss this bet."

"I wouldn't do that, Tootie," Delilah objected: "you might miss Andrews in the crowd. He knows we sit here on the lawn, and if everything is all right he'll come to you and tell you what to bet on."

"What to bet on!" Owen sneered; "it's Red Devil an' nothin' else now the other horse was night-ridden. If I didn't know the old man so well I'd be suspicious he was givin' me the wrong stear, keepin' me off the horse. Or the old cuss may've hooked up with some other owner an' they're makin' a boat-race of it with Red Devil jus' out for an airin'. He borrowed two thousand of me last night—what'd he do that for?"

"Tootie, the only time to worry over a man doing wrong is after he's done it, then you know what you're talking about. If I was to worry over everything funny you do I'd have a sweet life, wouldn't I. Besides, if you don't bet you can't lose."


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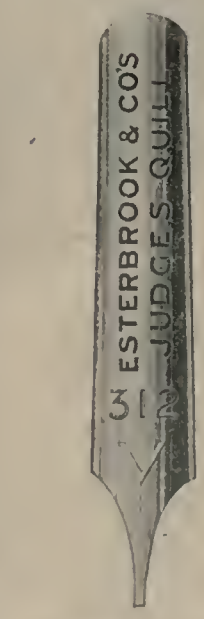
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ALL impatience, agitated by the gambler eagerness, Owen sat with hi eyes glued on the little gate that led from the paddock to the club lawn.

"There goes the bugle!" he cried, as a little man standing at the gate raised a silver cornet to his lips and tooted the order for the jocks to mount their horses.

A steady stream of men poured from the paddock and hurried across the lawn toward the bett ng machines, but among them Owen failed to discern the somber gray-whiskered Man from the Desert. He couldn't down the feeling of unrest, of suspicion; he was so in the dark, and any minute the iron betting machines might clang their rapacious mouths shut, and he would be closed out. His midnight ride, his struggle at the stables, the unpleasant taste in his mouth that a friend he had benefited had tried to rob him—all these things would be for nothing; and why? Would it be another case of a friend throwing him down? He knew that Andrews had a code of morals written on the reverse side of a silver dollar.

"Hello! there he comes!" Owen cried at last.

Delilah giggled, for the Man from the Desert, always somber and grotesque, was wearing a pair of big yellow goggles, and as he strode solemnly toward them he was like an itinerant gargoyle.

Owen sprang to his feet only to smother the eager query with a gasp of disgust, for the eight horses were slipping through the gate of the paddock to the course; he would probably be shut out with his bet. The leisurely stroll of the patriarch was damnable.

Owen grasped Andrews by the arm when he finally drifted close, asking, "Quick what is it?"

" 'Tain't no place for you to bet, son," the old man drawled. "You're too late, anyway."

"I know damn well I am, Uncle—waitin' for you."

"That's right, Mr. Owen; I told you to wait. I had to kinder stick clost to 'em two stalls till the hawses went out. When you've got a cuss like Hank double-crossin' you you can't afford to take an eye off what's doin'."

"But, hang it, Uncle, I don't understand; I'm gettin' the worst of it some way or other."

"Well, Mr. Owen, we'll jus' talk it over after the race, an' I'll explain. I want to watch these hawses run. It's a kind of game to me playin' my wits agin Hank's, an' I want to see how it comes out."

"Yes, Stewart," Delilah interposed. "we won't have any heart throbs this time because we haven't anything on. Let's just enjoy the race."

There was the clang of a huge brass gong at the starter's stand, the thrusting rush of thoroughbreds, an indistinguishable roar from the stand; and now the galloping steeds were pounding the course on their way for the bitter struggle of a mile that tried heart, and courage, and sinew, and wind.

"Red Devil didn't get none the best of the start," the patriarch commented, swinging his glasses to cover the thoroughbreds as they swirled round the first turn. "It ain't too bad—it ain't too bad, though. An' Kelly has swung him in against the rail, nice an' tidy, nice an ' tidy, boy! Lord Jim's in front, but that don't mean nothin'; he can't stay a mile."

Owen had swung his glasses up; he lowered them for a second to say: "Holy Moses! look at that yellow skate go by his horses!"

For across the track on the back stretch a gold-colored horse, his blond tail switching irritably showing that spurs were stinging his flanks, was running by the trailers, and before they had reached the lower turn was lapped on Red Devil who was now third.

There had been so much double-crossing, so much interwoven deviltry, that Owen's mind was immersed in misgiving. He voiced it: "That dang yellow thing with the peroxided switch'll win it, Uncle." he muttered in a subdued voice. "There ain't nothin' the matter with him except speed."

"The finish of the mile is right here in front of us, not over on the back stretch, son an' 'em two boys Kelly an' Soren. is right where I like to see 'em—clost together. I kinder whispered both of 'e to act like Christians to each other." the patriarch answered. "An' Kelly's jus' loafin', he's jus' lettin' Red Devil




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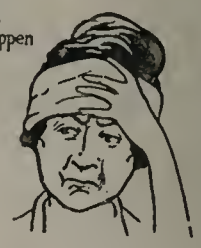
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keep handy for an openin' for his run home."

But even as the patriarch drooled, the blond tail showed closer and closer to the leaders.

"The ol' man's just kiddin' himself," Owen growled inwardly; aloud he said, "Uncle, I believe Hank has put it over the bunch of us."

"Hank ain't put over nothin'," Andrews snarled; " 'em two boys knows what they're doin', but Hank don't. 'Em boys is sittin' their hawses, an' I bet Kelly's tellin' Soren a funny story.. Kelly ain't worryin' Red Devil none, an' the hawse knows it."

In a sudden comprehension, a revelation, Owen grasped Delilah's arm with a tenseness that hurt; for at the turn into the stretch the brown mare, Miss Swift, showed a length in front of Red Devil, at whose girth nodded the golden head and blond topknot of Yellow Tail—and Yellow Tail was next the rail.

TO OWEN it was a shoo-in for Miss Swift. His blood surged hot. Andrews could have put him on to the good thing, but it was probably a case of keeping the odds long; Andrews and the owner of Miss Swift would be on, and nobody else except a few piking bettors.

Suddenly the right arm of Miss Swift's jockey rose and fell three times. And now the bay and the chestnut were seen to edge in between the brown mare and the rail. They were gaining.

"The boy on Miss Swift has gone to the bat; she's done for!" Andrews commented drily.

Now the bay, Red Devil, was level with the mare; but still at his girth rose and fell the blond topknot of Yellow Tail.

Owen's formulated theory shattered, he watched the struggle with a mind that floated. He felt that in the brain that nestled in the gray-thatched skull beside him was the solution of the race—that there it was already won and lost.

And the old man beside him was the most composed individual of all the twenty thousand that watched the steeds. he had ceased to comment; he stood like a grim something that Rodin had chiselled from marble, his face turned toward that long home stretch that was like a lane of destiny claiming the eyes of all the thousands in the stand.

Half up the stretch the duel, three cornered, was fought. Then there were but two, the chestnut and the bay. And a hundred yards from the finish, just beyond the betting machines the blond topped head of Yellow Tail nodded in front, and foot by foot he came away to flash past the Judges' Stand a length in front.

Owen's mind was a chaos. "What—why—how?" just words, galloped through his half-numbed brain. Had the shoo-in of Miss Swift gone wrong?

He turned to the patriarch, who, lowering his glasses, had dropped the yellow goggles over his eyes, saying; "I guess Hank dished us all, Uncle. He must've doped that horse so that he forgot all about his night-ride. All the satisfaction I get out of it is that I handed him a good healthy black eye."

The patriarch, shoving the goggles up on his forehead turned a pair of eyes full upon Owen, one of them set in a beautiful blueish-black aureola.

"You—you, Uncle?" Owen stammered aghast.

"Yes, son. It was me you handed the black eye to las' night; it's me as carries your thumb print."

"It was you—you—that night-rode—Yellow Tail?"

"Nobody night-rode Yellow Tail, son. Me an' Kelly jus' took him out for a leetle walk, an' left the mud in his hoofs, an' rubbed a leetle soap into his hair to make him look 's he'd sweated, so's to make Hank think he'd been night-rode. I knowed Hank could get half-a-dozen fellers in this town to put a thousan' on the hawse if they knowed he had a good thing. An' I knowed he'd do it after the way he worked with 'em crooks. You see, son, I went up to their room las' night as you lef' word for me to do, an' heard Hank's voice through the transom afore I had time to knock; then I guess I listened more'n a feller oughter do, an' jus' shot away to stop his leetle game. It kinder leaked out there was somethin' wrong with the hawse to-day, an' that's why he started at five to one. I bet the two thousan' I borrered from you on him, which said winnin's we'll split fifty-fifty."


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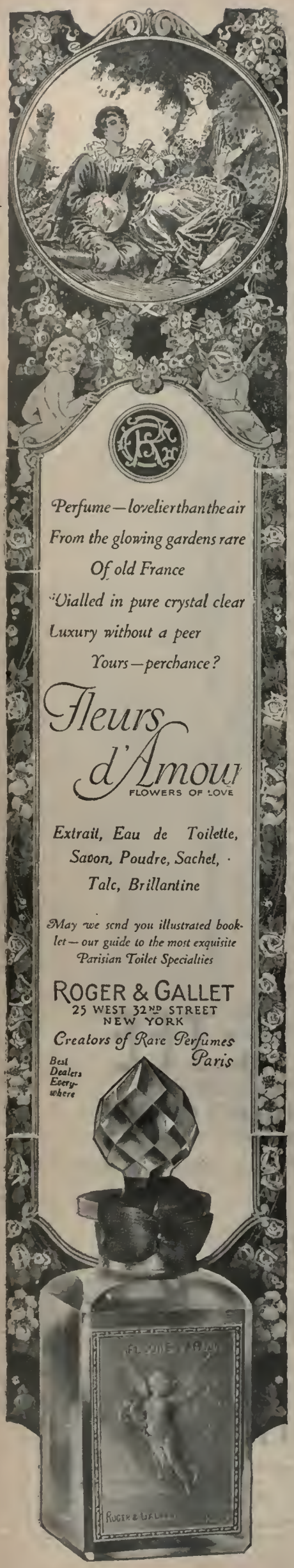
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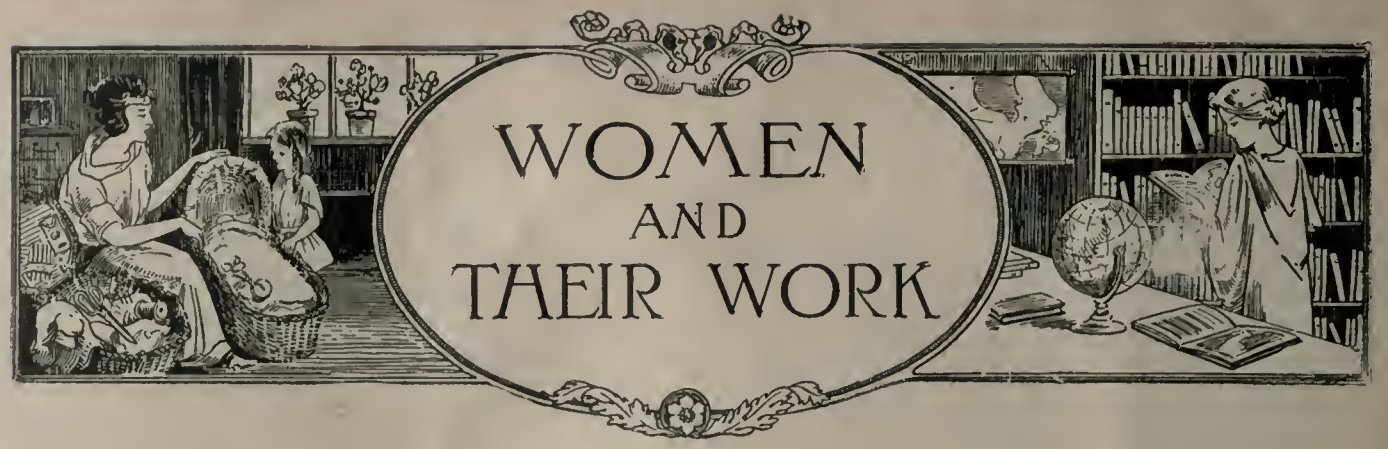
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# Food Facts You Should Know

By WILLIAM FLEMING FRENCH

*Article VII in Our Food Series*

THE other day, a letter was received from one of our readers who wanted to know just what I meant by "acidosis" and "vitamines," while still another desired to be informed as to the difference between sterilization and pasteurization. A housewife in Ontario is curious to know why I recommend broiled foods and in the next paragraph advise against the use of fried foods.

From Manitoba comes an appeal for a description and list of anti-scorbutic foods, while a lawyer in Montreal wants to know if there is such a thing as pre-assimilated foods as well as predigested foods.

"What part do enzymes play in the digestive processes of an infant?" demands a reader from the West Coast.

These letters, together with others received, convince us that the average reader of MACLEAN'S is vitally interested in the subject of food and nutrition, and these letters make plain to me that readers intend to gain a thorough knowledge of the principles of nutrition, even at the cost of having to ask just what I mean by some of the phrases and words used.

It so happens that the use of certain technical terms is absolutely necessary in describing and explaining the action of food within the human body. So I will devote the space in this issue to an explanation of such terms. I suggest that this be considered a sort of glossary to be used in connection with the food articles that follow.

Now, to answer the first correspondent, who wants to know what is meant by the terms "acidosis" and "vitamines." Acidosis, briefly, is a condition existing when the system is over-supplied with acid.

In nutrition this is the result of one of two things; the eating of an unbalanced ration in which acid-forming foods predominate or the inability of the system properly to metabolize fat, or both. The failure of the body to properly metabolize fats causes an accumulation of substances more or less irritating and at times toxic (poisonous) in character in the blood.

### Death from Acidosis

ACIDOSIS is dangerous, because it is a condition that increases and intensifies with each passing month. In self-protection the system marshals its defensive forces, the alkalies of the body, to fight this ravager that travels through the blood. In its defense it draws upon all available alkalies, in extreme cases even robbing the bones themselves. Calcium is the great neutralizer of these acids or poisons and is brought into play quickly by the system. It is drawn from the bones and in the advanced stages of acidosis the joints swell, bones are ruined and the system finally robbed of its calcium. Death is not uncommon through some complication of acidosis.

Inasmuch as acidosis is caused by the inability of the system to metabolize an excess of acid-forming foods the remedy is not difficult. First comes the reduction of acid-forming foods in the diet—of fats, carbohydrates and proteins. Next foods of a base or alkali-forming nature are fed. The foods rich in minera salts are base-forming foods. Milk, fruits (the acid juices of fruit turning in the body to alkali base) fresh vegetables and whole cereals, such as whole wheat, whole corn, whole barley, natural brown rice and other grains from which the bran has not been removed.

Great volumes might be written on the causes and effects of acidosis, and the medical libraries present almost unlimited writings on this subject—with its hundred variances and complications, but for our use the bare outline sketched above should be sufficient.

In explaining the term "acidosis" I have been compelled to use the expression "metabolize" which, no doubt, is unfamiliar to many of our readers. The process of metabolizing is that of turning food into living animals. After the food has been digested, broken into its various nutritive elements, and assimilated, those elements having been transformed into a form possible to be absorbed by the system, the net result is turned, or rebuilt, into body material, into tissues, blood, hair and bones. That process is known as metabolism, the act itself being to metabolize.

Thus we see that the turning of food into living animals requires four distinct processes: eating, digestion, assimilation and metabolism.

"Vitamines" is the other word that bothered the reader referred to. And well it might—for the vitamine is the mystery of the food world. The adjectives used to describe these almost unknown elements are limitless. "Mysterious," "marvelous," "all-powerful," "elusive" " indescribable" are some of the modest titles given the vitamine.

### Boosting the Vitamine

THE vitamine just now is a hobby. It is receiving too much publicity. It is a little over-advertised. No one questions its importance in nutrition—but we are led to believe by some that it is the cure-all of divine power.

Up to the present time the scientists have not been able to isolate it, to put it under the microscope. Nobody knows what a vitamine looks like or of just what it is composed. Hence the mystery, and mystery lends flavor and romance. In the past one has been safe in romancing on the power and possibilities of the vitamine. That however, is past. We know several things about this mysterious element that the food experts and scientists of a few years ago never dreamed. Ten years ago the vitamine was ninety per cent mystery and ten per cent known.

Today the percentages are reversed. We know what the vitamine does and where to find it. And we know, too, what it won't do. Also we know what will kill it and what will neutralize its efforts.

The vitamine is important and interesting—interesting enough to justify a complete article in a latter issue. It is fascinating because of the research that has been conducted on it, if for no other reason.

And now as to what it is. The nearest definition seems to be that it is an "accessory food substance vital to proper nutrition." That does not mean a great deal to the average reader—but it is the best science has to offer up to the present time. We know that vitamines are found in vegetable as well as in animal life—we know that they are in some way closely allied with the mineral salts—as foods rich in mineral salts are usually rich in vitamines also. We know that they are found in natural foods—in foods that have not been treated or "refined" or "predigested" or "degerminized" or "demineralized."

### Four Little Vitamines?

WE HAVE learned that there are three vitamines—and that there may be a fourth. The three with which we are familiar are Vitamine fat soluble "A", Vitamine water soluble "B" and Vitamine water soluble "C". In an article on vitamines I will tell where each vitamine is found and just what it does. Until this article appears you may be sure of receiving an ample supply of these accessory food substances by drinking freely of whole milk, by eating plenty of fresh vegetables and fruit and by using for cereals whole grains instead of those that have been robbed of their nutritive value by special patented processes.

But I find a question from one reader that requires reference to the subject of the vitamine. This subscriber wants a description and list of anti-scorbutic foods.

Anti-scorbutic foods are those which contain the qualities which prevent and cure scurvy. Scurvy is a constitutional disease due to a disturbance of the nutrition. It is also known as a food deficiency disease, as it results when foods deficient in some nutritive element compose the diet.

While carbohydrates, fats and proteins are the principal divisions into which foods are classed there are two other elements necessary to proper nutrition. They are the mineral salts and the vitamines, the latter being so closely related to the former that we have not yet been able to isolate them.

The anti-scorbutic properties of food lie in the mineral salts and vitamines—vitamine water soluble "C" possessing the anti-scorbutic qualities.

The anti-scorbutic foods are milk, fresh fruits and fresh vegetables. The specific foods richest in anti-scorbutic qualities are milk, oranges, lemons and tomatoes. Other fresh vegetables, such as potatoes, cabbage, beans and carrots are also valuable in preventing and curing scurvy. Lime juice, of course, is one of the oldest remedies for this disease and because the British Government passed a law compelling all sailing vessels to carry a certain amount of lime juice to protect their crews from scorbutic diseases these ships became known as "lime-juicers."

There are other food deficiency diseases besides acidosis and scurvy. Rickets and beri-beri are especially dangerous.

### Vitamines and Rickets

RICKETS is a disease that attacks infants, developing usually between the ages of six and eighteen months. To quote from Proudfit: The exact cause of this disease is still unknown, but it is much more common in artificially fed infants than those receiving breast milk. This may be due to the fact that the mineral salts, like the other constituents, are combined in the mother's milk in measures which meet the needs of the baby more

efficiently than is the case in cow's milk. The metabolism of the phosphorus and calcium in rickets in interfered with, and the bones of babies suffering from this disease show a diminished amount of calcium and phosphorous and an increased amount of water. As the disease progresses the bones bend into deformities, owing to the lack of calcium, which gives rigidity and permanence to the "skeleton."

Here again we see the relationship between the mineral salts and the vitamines, for we learn that vitamine fat soluble "A" possesses the anti-rachitic, or anti-ricket, quality. The foods rich in this vitamine, and therefore the anti-rachitic foods. are cream, butter, yolks of eggs, cabbages, germinated grains, Cod Liver oil, spinach and the organs of animals, such as the heart, liver, kidney and brains.

Beri-beri is another food deficiency disease; one that has claimed hundreds of thousands of victims among the Japanese and the natives of the South Sea Islands and Central America. Here again is an example of what a diet deficient in mineral salts will do.

Vitamine water soluble "B" is the anti-neuritic or anti-beri-beri vitamine. It is found in Yeast, Milk. Eggs, Whole Grains, Fruits, particularly oranges and in fresh vegetables, particularly cabbage, spinach and carrots.

"What part do enzymes play in the digestive processes of an infant?" is another question that was asked this department. and this introduces still another technical usage.

"Enzymes."—These are chemical secretions within the human system whose work is to facilitate the chemical action through which food must go to be utilized by the body. There are a dozen different enzymes within the body located in several different parts of the system and each has its own work to do. The enzyme that is most familiar to us is the Ptyalin, found in the saliva in our mouths. Maltase is an enzyme found in the intestines and pepsin is one found in the stomach. The Adenase is found in the liver and the Oxidase in the lungs. Some enzymes are found in more than one organ of the body.

### A Useful Glossary

A KNOWLEDGE of the difference between broiling and frying will answer the query of the woman in Ontario.

**Broiling** is to cook by direct contact with the heat, without the use of any other agent. A steak exposed to the direct heat of live coals or flame is broiled.

**Frying** is cooking by bringing into contact with a heat conducting agent, such as a frying pan, wherein the use of a frying agent such as lard or other fat is required to keep the food from burning.

**Deep Frying** is nothing but broiling a food in fat. It is wrong to feed children fried foods as the fat which is soaked into such foods delays digestion and is otherwise undesirable for children.

**Pre-Digested Foods** are foods in which one process of digestion has supposedly been accomplished. One of the first processes of digestion is to release the starch contained in a food. By certain methods of heating food this is accomplished commercially and the food is then known as pre-digested.

There can be no such thing as pre-assimilated foods,as that is an action which must take place within the system itself.

**Auto-Intoxication** is a type of poisoning caused by the system absorbing the toxin (poisons) of decomposed foods. When food is not properly digested or expelled it decomposes and sends poisons through the body, which affect the liver, the intestines, the blood, the brain and finally the heart.

**Base-Forming Foods**, are foods which burn to an end product in which alkalies predominate—foods that furnish the alkalies necessary to neutralize and control the acids within the body.

**Bile** is a secretion held by the liver and liberated to split the separate fats. Without the aid of bile the human system could not digest fats.

**Biliousness** is merely a warning issued by the liver that it is being overworked and cannot supply enough bile to properly digest the fats that are passed on to it. It is the liver that makes the various poisonous elements that find their way into the system or occur within the system harmless, and when this organ is overworked the first warning that it is unable to carry on its purifying work is often issued in the form of biliousness.

**Calorie**—Unit of measurement used to measure the amount of heat, therefore energy, created by the burning of food within the human body. Actually a calorie represents the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of 1 kilogram of pure water 1 degree centigrade, or about four pounds of water two degrees Fahrenheit. The calorie is used only to measure the fuel requirement of the human body and cannot measure all its nutritive requirements. Generally speaking, it measures the amount of food taken.

**Balanced Ration** is a combination of foods that supply all the chemical elements in the proportion required to properly nourish the human body.

**Carbohydrates** are elements composed of carbon, oxygen and hydrogen and furnish heat, therefore energy, to the human body. Sugar is pure carbohydrate. Starch turnes to carbohydrate within the system. According to the immediate needs of the body the various carbohydrates divide themselves under two principal heads: glycogen and glucose. Carbohydrates are stored in the liver and tissues in the form of glycogen and circulate in the blood in the form of glucose. The carbohydrate stored in the liver as glycogen is transformed into glucose to be passed out in the blood and used by the body for the creating of energy and heat.

**Laxative Foods** are foods that have the tendency to move the bowels. Foods that are too highly concentrated or contain too small a proportion of waste, or roughage, induce constipation, or the delaying of the movement of the bowels. Therefore coarse foods, such as breads made of whole grains (without the bran removed) greens and the like are laxative. Orange juice, prunes and figs cooked with senna leaves and thoroughly strained are all valuable agents to promote free bowel movement. Fresh fruit and stewed fruit is desirable.

**Malnutrition** is the term used to express improper nutrition. Starvation is a condition brought about by a lack of sufficient food, but malnutrition may be occasioned by the lack of enough food or by the eating of too much food or the eating of unbalanced rations or by the eating of deficient foods. It may also be brought about by the inability of the system to utilize proper foods when given it.

### Diet Definitions

DIET The diet is the supply of food planned for any individual.

**Liquid Diet** consists of milk, nutrient and other palatable beverages, broths and thin gruels.

**Light or Semi-Solid Diet** is composed of thick or cream soups, eggs, toast, cereals, custards, jellies, ice cream, vegetable purees and later broiled birds, chicken, lamb chops and rare beefsteak.

**Mixed Diet** is the diet used in normal conditions and for persons of ordinary digestive powers.

**Special Diet** is a diet designed to meet a certain, definite need. It may be for an invalid, to combat a disease or to increase a certain type of nutriment.

**Milk Diet** is a diet in which milk is the sole article, whether it appear in the form of raw milk, junket, peptonized milk, albumenized milk or how it be prepared.

**Carbohydrate Free Diet** is one from which all starches and sugars are eliminated.

**Salt Free Diets** are those from which sodium chloride (salt) is as far as possible excluded.

**Emaciation Diets** are those containing a high percentage of fat-forming foods, such as milk, cream, eggs, cereals, potatoes, sugars, olive oil, etc.

**Obesity Diet** is a diet from which the foods suggested for emaciation diets are excluded. It is a diet where all rich foods, such as pies, pastries, candies, ice cream, and foods rich in starch are eliminated and wherein fish, shell fish, green foods, fruits and other foods of low fat content predominate.

**Mineral Salts**, also known as ash in foods, are the eight chemicals not entering into the composition of fats, carbohydrates and proteins and take part in the functions of the body in at least three different ways: giving rigidity and comparative permanence to the skeleton; acting as active agents in the making of active tissues; supplying the fluids of the body the elements necessary to give elasticity to the muscles and sensibility to the nerves, supplying the material





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*AUTHOR-ARTIST*

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for the acidity or alkalinity of the digestive juices and other secretions and controlling the chemical actions of the body by maintaining the neutrality of the fluids of the body.

Pasteurization is a process that must not be confused with that of sterilization. Pasteurization is obtained at a low temperature, 150 degrees Fahrenheit being sufficient, whereas sterilization must involve a sufficient degree of heat to create steam. Milk is pasteurized at 140 degrees F. for about twenty minutes. At this temperature there is no change in the taste, odor, or color of milk, and no noteworthy changes in its chemical composition. The ferments and bactericidal action are unaffected while the bacterial toxins or poisons and the non-spore-bearing micro-organisms are destroyed. The bacillus of typhoid, diphtheria, tuberculosis and dysentry, as of other diseases, are destroyed at 140 degrees F. while the ferments are not seriously affected.

In sterilizing at a temperature of 212 or more all life is killed, and the chemical composition of the milk is affected. We pasteurize food to destroy harmful germs that may be present within it, whereas we sterilize it to destroy all life and also to preserve it, to stop natural chemical action.

This must not be taken to mean that it is wrong to boil milk, but merely to differentiate between pasteurization and sterilization. As a matter of fact we do advise the boiling of raw milk when you are not absolutely certain of its purity. More about this later, however.

After reading these few definitions of the most common terms used in common dietetics we believe our readers will experience no trouble in understanding these articles.

## Policing the Prairies

*Continued from page 46*

and then, wheeling his men, formed a scarlet escort around the carriage. When they met Beardy he was in a repentant mood and shook hands with the governor. But this disorderly chief would only sign the treaty in his own camp. Not long afterwards Inspector Walker with two constables had to go to Duck Lake and face this same chief and a band of his insolent warriors and prevent them from looting a store at that point. Still later the incorrigible Beardy took to the warpath with the rebels, Riel and Gabriel Dumont.

### A Picturesque Drama on The Plains

THE TREATY, known generally as number 6, was duly made at Carlton by Governor Morris and the other Commissioners. Those present who had not been accustomed to the plains witnessed a spectacle of wild splendor, as preceding the treaty, over a thousand Indians brilliantly and fantastically painted, chanting weird songs, firing rifles, exhibiting marvellous horsemanship, beating drums and giving strange yells, advanced in a semicircle near to the Commissioner's tent. All this was preparatory to the famous dance of the stem, where the chiefs, councillors and medicine men seated themselves on buffalo robes and a beautifully decorated pipe with a long stem was produced. This was carried around the semicircle, then raised towards the heavens and the stem pointed in turn north, south, east and west. With more stately motion the Indians moved towards the council tent where they were met by the commissioners who took the pipe and one after the other stroked it gently to indicate that they reciprocated the peaceful approach of the Indians.

Soon after these treaties, the headquarters of the mounted police were moved from Swan river, which had never been satisfactory, to Fort MacLeod where they arrived on October 22nd. Across the international boundary line might be heard the roar of fighting between the Sioux Indians and the United States soldiery. The Indians there vehemently declared that they had been for years robbed by swindling government agents and driven off their land by unscrupulous gold-hunters and lawless speculators. And as in many other cases, soldiers who were themselves innocent of these things had to be called on to fight the Indians who had grown savage under a sense of wrong and who savage-like had taken revenge by killing whenever they could. That very year, only a few months before the headquarters of the police were moved to Fort MacLeod, occurred the tragedy of the "Custer Massacre" when that gallant soldier and his no less gallant men, attempting the impossible, were wiped out completely by superior numbers of Sioux under the redoubtable chiefs, Sitting Bull and Spotted Eagle. "The Long Hair" as General Custer was called by the Indians, who always admired his dash and courage, fought desperately to the end and was said to be the last man to fall. Only the arrival later of General Terry, with whom Custer was to have co-operated, prevented still greater disaster to the balance of the American forces.

All this had its effect on our side of the border. It made our Indians, Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans and others restless and it became known that the Sioux on the south of the line were making overtures to the Indians on the Canadian side either to go over and fight the Americans or to join with the Indians in the United States to drive all the whites out of the country on both sides. Inspector Denny who did much valuable work in those early days, who made an arrest in a Blackfoot camp, reported in August of 1876 that he had been consulted by the Blackfeet council and told of the efforts made by the Sioux to get the Indians on this side with them. However, the Blackfeet remained loyal mainly because they had learned to trust the mounted police. But shortly afterwards, matters were complicated by bands of Sioux crossing over the line into Canadian territory. The Canadian government being fully aware of all these events took special steps at once to make treaties with the warlike tribes which inhabited that vast area from the North Saskatchewan river towards the boundary line. For this purpose the commissioners appointed were Governor David Laird and Colonel MacLeod of the mounted police.

Accordingly, on September 19, 1877, at the Blackfeet crossing of the Bow river less than a hundred miles from Fort MacLeod, the chiefs of the Blackfeet, Blood, Piegan, Stony and Sarcee tribes and some 5000 of their men, women and children met to hear the "Great Mother's" chiefs, and there the treaty was signed.

### The Peace River Treaty

ONE MORE great treaty had still to be made and though it is anticipating a date twenty years after the famous number seven treaty, we record it here before closing the chapter of treaties with the Indians of the northwest. A vast region away northward from Edmonton known generally as the Athabasca, Peace river and Mackenzie river regions had so far not been brought under treaty conditions. This was mainly due to the fact that settlement had not been making its way into that region. It was considered the home of the fur-trader and the hunter more than the farmer or the stock-raiser. But the investigation brought about by the senate committee at Ottawa on the motion and under the leadership of Senator (Sir John) Schultz, had called so much attention to the great agricultural possibilities of the country that, despite the total absence of railways, settlers were percolating slowly into that great northern area. When the gold-rush to the Klondike began midway in the nineties and some of this rush was either going through the Peace river country to the Yukon or scattering down the northern rivers, it became necessary in the view of the mounted police, who made recommendations to the Government, to make a treaty as early as possible in order to prevent trouble. Accordingly the Hon. Clifford Sifton, then superintendent-general of Indian affairs in the Laurier government, began arrangements in 1898 which led to the appointment of a commission and the making of treaty number eight in 1899. Hon. David Laird, the man who had, as governor of the territories, made the famous treaties with the Indians of the plains twenty years before was called to head the new Commission and make this final treaty with the Crees, Beavers, Chippewyans and other Indians of the far North.

Thus did these nation-building police set their seal to the great treaties which provided for the future of the Indian tribes and at the same time extinguished the title of the tribes in order to open up a new empire for higher civilization.

# How My Wife and I Turn Spare Hours at Home Into Dollars

The remarkable way in which Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Monaghan solved their extra money problem. Every wife, self-supporting girl and father of a family can now use spare time to make money at home---in the same way they did.

By P. J. MONAGHAN

THE years 1916 and '17 were lean years for the working man in our part of the country, especially if he happened to be the sole support of a large family.

I had seen a hand-knitting machine advertised, and I thought that if I could get one I could help the Red Cross by knitting socks, and at the same time use the machine to increase my small salary and keep the wolf from the door.

With this idea in mind, I found the address of the Auto Knitter Hosiery Company in our local paper and finally sent for an Auto Knitter.

When the machine arrived my wife and I turned to the instruction book, and therein found the answer to all our questions. I was soon able to make splendid socks. I became more and more delighted with myself and the machine.

## How I Started Making Money

I now volunteered to knit socks for the soldiers. The St. John's Ambulance Society furnished me with yarn. I knit several pairs of plain socks and was complimented on my work. I felt very gratified for I was requested to knit more and was to receive 20 cents a pair for the work.

I began to make and sell socks to private customers as well as knitting for the Ambulance Society. In a comparatively short time I had my machine paid for. I was now making $15.00 a week in my spare time. My wife was able to buy clothing and shoes for herself and the children.

This story would be incomplete and convey a very wrong idea if I did not make it plain that I could not have accomplished all I have without the valuable help of my better half, Mrs. Monaghan.

## $125 Earned in Spare Time

In about eighteen months from the time I started knitting I had a surplus bank account of $125.00.

Our house at this time consisted of a two roomed shack on a rented lot. I decided now to buy a lot on which to move my shack. I selected a beautiful locality and arranged easy terms of payment, the price being $475.00—$100 cash and the balance $10.00 a month. I kept on using the Auto Knitter steadily in my spare time to add to my income, and in less than a year my property was paid for.

When the overseas demand for socks declined, I noticed that the quality of wool socks sold in the local stores was very inferior. I saw that there would be a good demand for a better article, and I knew I could supply it with my Auto Knitter.

So I bought some of the best wool in the city, manufactured it into socks and exhibited my goods to James Ramsey, Ltd. (one of the largest departmental stores in our city.)

They gave me a trial order for three dozen pairs. Within a few hours after delivery I had a telephone call from the hosiery department of Ramsey's store, asking me to bring them fifty dozen pairs more! It wasn't possible for me to do this, but the James Ramsey Company took all I could supply them up to the year 1919.

## Turned Poverty Into Independence

1920 was my banner year. I now, of course, had a little capital. Also I knew the demand for a good article. I purchased the best yarn obtainable, getting a substantial discount on a quantity purchase. I worked all summer, knitting this on the Auto Knitter in my spare time, but sold none until October, 1920.



Mr. P. J. Monaghan





*This is the Monaghans' new home which the Auto Knitter helped to make possible.*

Then I advertised my goods, also stating that I would make socks to order. Many people brought their own wool. I had to work hard to fill all the orders, even with the supply I had on hand. People from all over the city, including the Mayor and the Attorney-General of the Province, came to purchase my socks. My advertising brought in orders from Calgary, Red Deer, Wetaskinwin, and Fort Saskatchewan.

After all the thousands of pairs of socks we have made, our Auto Knitter is as good as the day we received it, and it has never cost one cent for repairs.

## Made New Home Possible

Last February we purchased a beautiful nine room house, as shown in the photograph, and had it moved to our lot. In our new house we arranged a work room where we can use the Auto Knitter. This house and lot, which is a real home, is now worth about five thousand dollars. What part the Auto Knitter has played in this splendid evolution it is difficult to figure precisely, as separate accounts were not kept.

This much I can vouch for, however. During the months of October, November and December, 1920, my bank account increased $700.00, and many days my wife took in $45.00 for socks sold. Of course, this was covering the previous summer's work.

The Auto Knitter was kept going every spare moment I had. I verily believe that if we had not had it, we would have had to appeal to the Sunshine Society or other charitable organization for help when times were the hardest with us. I am also sure that, but for the Auto Knitter, we should be tenants of a two-roomed shack on a rented lot.

The man or woman who is ambitious, and wishes to improve his or her circumstances, can in no way employ their spare time better than in knitting socks on an Auto Knitter, either under the company's Work Contract or for their own local trade. It will bring comfort and even luxury to the home and be the means of bringing joy and happiness to the family.

P. J. Monaghan, Alberta

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Monaghan, whose experience with the Auto Knitter you have just read, have been very enterprising and energetic in using their machine to advance themselves and improve their circumstances. Mr. Monaghan was fortunate in being able to find a good local market for all the socks he could turn out, so he preferred not to take advantage of the Work Contract we sign with every purchaser of an Auto Knitter.

## A Market for Every Salable Sock Guaranteed

This contract obligates us to accept and pay for every pair of socks sent us by an Auto Knitter owner—when made according to our standard directions. Hundreds and hundreds of Auto Knitter workers take advantage of this guaranteed market, and send us their entire output without trying to sell socks to local customers—although they are in no way bound to do so.

They simply send us the socks they knit and we send them back checks in payment for their work. at a guaranteed, fixed rate per pair. We also replace each time the amount of yarn used in the socks received.

You can work for us as much or as little as you please—but for every shipment of socks, small or large, you receive your pay check promptly.

The Auto Knitter comes to you with a sock already started in it, a supply of yarn, and a complete instruction book that makes everything plain, as Mr. Monaghan has stated in his letter above.

## Write Today for Our Liberal Offer

If you can use extra money—and most women can in these times—you will want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to Mrs. Monaghan's home and thousands of others all over Canada, England, and the United States. Send right away for the company's free literature and read the experiences of some of the thousands of other Auto Knitter workers. Find out about the pleasant and profitable money making occupation waiting for you—Auto Knitting. Find out what substantial amounts even a small number of your spare hours will earn for you. Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you do not need to know how to knit.

Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are possible for you. The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 211, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Canada.

. . . . . .

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.

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Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 cents postage to cover cost of mailing literature, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

*Name*.....

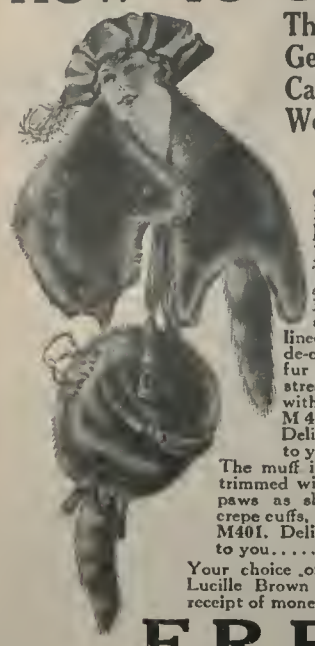
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# Maybe Adam Laughed at These



To a hen, said Henry Ward Beecher,
"My dear, you're a beautiful creature."
Said the hen, "Then I beg
"You'll accept of an egg,"
And thus did the Hen reward Beecher.—*Mail and Empire.*

---

**They Agreed**—Visitor, in early morning, after week-end, to chauffeur—"Don't let me miss my train."

Chauffeur—"No danger, sir. The Mistress said if I did, it'd cost me my job."—*London Opinion.*

---

**A Stayer**—First Little Girl: "Do you know what we've got upstairs? A new baby-brother."

Second Little Girl: "Really? Is he going to stay?"

F. L. G.: "I guess so. He's got his things off."

---

**Use for Putty**—Bacon: "They gave us something to eat in the Chinese restaurant to-day that looked for all the world like putty."

Egbert: "It probably was putty. Putty is often used to fill up 'chinks,' you know."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

---

**The Superfluous Woman**—"And how do you like your new mamma?" was asked the small boy whose father had married again.

"She's not bad," he replied guardedly, "but—er—she makes a beastly difference in my pocket-money."—*Town Topics (London)*

---

**Just Made Over**—After Mr. Brown had raked his yard he took the accumulated rubbish into the street to burn. A number of neighbors' children came flocking about the bonfire, among them a little girl whom Mr. Brown did not remember having seen before. Wishing, with his usual kindliness, to make the stranger feel at ease, he beamed upon her and said, heartily:

"Hello! Isn't this a new face?"

A deep red suffused her freckles. "No," she stammered. "It ain't new. It's just been washed."—*Harper's Magazine.*

---

**Beginner's Luck**—An ardent angler took a friend fishing. The friend knew nothing about the gentle art, but was set up with all the necessary tackle, and a nice, comfortable seat on the bank.

The experienced hand started fishing a few yards higher up the stream.

Presently the novice said: "How much do those red things cost?"

"I suppose you mean the float?" said the angler. "That costs only about twopence."

"Well, I owe you twopence," said the novice. "The one you lent me has sunk."—*Tit-Bits (London)*

---

**Who Told You That?**—The church was in urgent need of repair, and Sandy McNab, a very popular member, had been invited to collect subscriptions for the purpose.

One day the minister met Sandy walking irresolutely along the road. The good man at once guessed the cause. "Sandy," he said earnestly, "I'm sorry to see ye in this state."

"Ah, weel, it's for the good o' the cause," replied the delinquent happily. "Ye see, meenister, it's a' through these subscreeptions. I've been doun the glen col'ectin' fun's, an' at every hoose they made me hae a wee drappie."

"Every house? But—but surely, Sandy, there are some of the kirk members who are teetotallers?"

"Aye, there are: but I wrote tae those."—*Quex.*




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OF
# The FORESTS

By ARTHUR HEMING
*AUTHOR-ARTIST*

A CANADIAN MASTERPIECE

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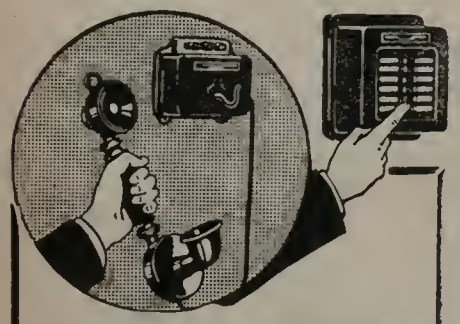
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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## BUSINESS REVIVAL WILL START IN 1922

### Leading Merchandising Authority Forecasts the Trend of Business Events. Sees Good Business for Many Lines Next Year

AN EVER-PRESENT question wherever business conditions are under discussion, "Has the turn come yet?" An interesting viewpoint, and one that has behind it a good deal of study, was presented to a group of business men in Montreal this past month by Roger W. Babson, head of Babson's Statistical Organization. He declared that "considering all industries and all sections in Canada and the United States we have not yet turned the corner." This turn, he thought, would take place sometime in 1922.

He made it clear that he did not believe any hard and fast answer could be given to the question "How will business be in 1922?" That must depend on the business itself, for he laid down the theory that "the industry that was the first to be hit will be the first to recover, and the industry that was the last to be hit will be the last to recover." He would allow a little leeway in carrying out this theory and went so far as to present a list of the chief industries and listed them in order, declaring that the rule he had laid down would be followed almost literally. This list marked in the order in which he would place it follows:

1, silk; 2, food products; 3, leather, shoes; 4, wool and cotton; 5, clothing; 6, slaughtering, meat products; 7, paper; 8, building materials; 9, railway equipment; 10, iron and steel; 11, automobiles; 12, coal, oil and shipping.

#### Business Revival Will Start in 1922

NOT only in regard to different commodities does the rule of "first and last" apply, but to sections and to various types of the business community, and even to nations. Dealing with the United States, the speaker held that as New England was the first to be hit it would be the first to recover, and so far as California was concerned it hadn't been hit yet, and the Pacific coast would be the last to recover.

Moreover, the wholesaler and the manufacturer were the first to be hit and would be the first to recover. They had taken their losses, they had kept their books properly and would have a fairly good year in 1922. "Unfortunately," he added, "the retailer was not hit as early, and many will have something to learn before good business comes back to them. In wholesale lines 25 per cent. of goods are back to pre-war prices, and another 25 per cent within 20 per cent. of pre-war prices. When it comes to the retailer this does not hold true."

Dealing with nations Mr. Babson held that the theory was equally applicable. Germany and Austria, after committing a crime upon civilization had found their credits undermined, and France had erected a barrier against these countries, commonly known as exchange, but France had suffered from Germany as a result. England had erected a similar barrier against France and it too had suffered, and Canada had erected a barrier against England. The United States had erected a barrier against Canadian credit, and said that they would take Canadian money only at a discount. They had piled up the bulk of the gold in the world but could not eat it or drink it nor build houses with it, and found that they must go to Germany for goods and let Germany have credit, and so the vicious circle was formed.

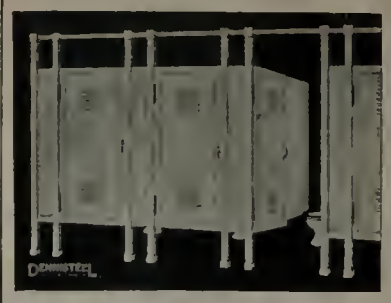
#### Cannot Prosper Alone

"WHATEVER our prejudices may be, God so made the world that one nation cannot prosper without all nations prospering. The United States can get back to prosperity, today, not by hoarding its gold, but letting the rest of the world have it. The United States should buy all the raw materials it can from Canada and encourage Canada to buy as few manufactured goods from the States as possible."

Following this out the speaker declared that silk, food products and leather goods, including boots and shoes should have a good business in 1922, while woolens and cottons would show an improvement. The clothing business would receive an impetus this winter if the weather was keen. He was not bullish "on paper, and rather bearish on building materials, railroad equipment, or iron and steel, motors and oils," He applied this attitude to the stock market as well as to the industrial conditions, and held that what was hit first would be the first to recover. Consequently, railroads that had been booted about for the past five or ten years, and coppers would be the first to recover, but oils, and shipping, motors, steels and equipment stocks had either not suffered much yet, or had been late in receiving the blow, and were not yet "purchases" insofar as investment funds were concerned.

#### Cycles in Business

MR. BABSON developed the "cycle" idea in dealing with the general conditions of business, giving definite locations to prosperity and depression, to high and low bond prices, and commodity prices, and to employment and unemployment. He even considered as a serious and influential factor in determining business conditions the question of honesty

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Executive Offices, Toronto, Canada

December 1st, 1921.

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Our Multigraph is, in a sense, the victim of its own effectiveness. The idea of printing a whole letter at once through a ribbon with typewriter type, was a big idea, and met a genuine need. Business adopted the idea and the machine so cordially and completely that the word "Multigraph" has now been spread over a lot of things it was never intended to cover.

I'd like to tell you why we can't accept the nomination. The standards of appearance for business correspondence are set by the typewriter. Until the standards are changed, the best letters will be those produced by printing from type through a ribbon.

That is exactly the Multigraph process, faster than typewriting because it prints a whole letter at once, but otherwise typewriting pure and simple. And the Multigraph, shown below, is the first and only successful device that produces letters that way.

Whether you call your use of the mails advertising or selling makes little difference to me. But I do want to urge you to make sure that your "Multigraph-ed" letters are made on a Multigraph. Because in both advertising and selling your best foot is the one to put forward. Compare a real Multigraph-ed letter with one that isn't so real, and you'll get it.

Why do you suppose we print the coupon at the bottom of this advertisement?

Yours truly,

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- ☐ Send me the booklet, "How to Sell In a Buyers' Market."
- ☐ Send me the booklet, "Blazing the Trail—The Right Way to Make a Start in Advertising.
- ☐ Send me information about the Multigraph.
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*Western Canada Agents*
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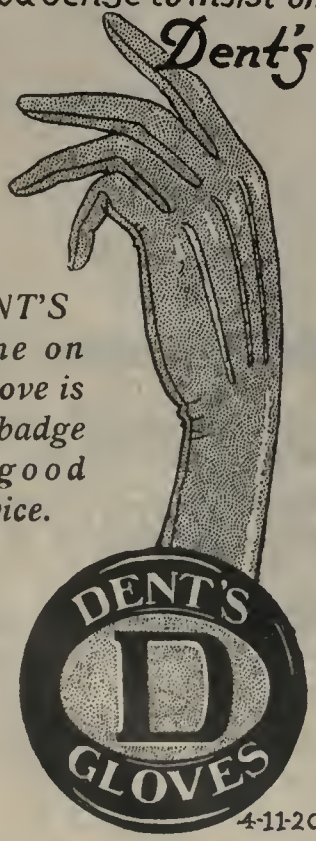
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*Humped hook holds keys safely*



*It's good taste and good sense to insist on* **Dent's**



*The DENT'S dome on a glove is the badge of good service.*

DENT'S D GLOVES

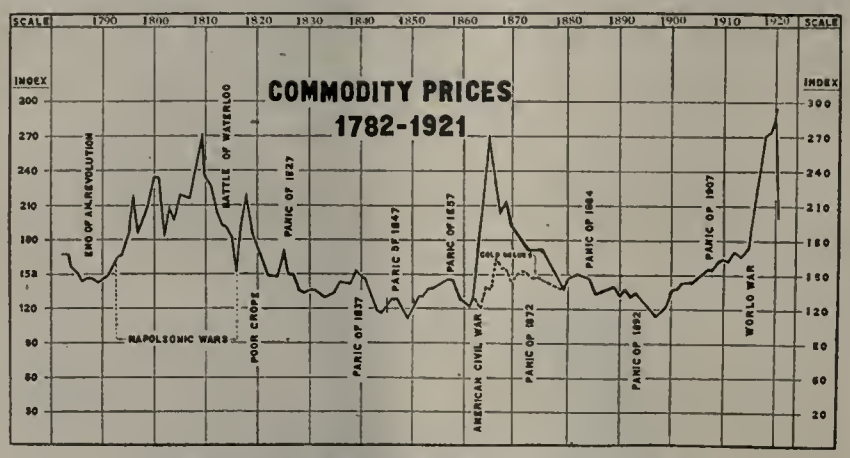
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**Dent's Gloves—Kid, Cape, Wool and Fabrics are sold everywhere.**


or dishonesty in business, and the attitude of the individual workmen or groups of employees in regard to efficiency or inefficiency. Whether one agrees with him in detail or not it will be of interest to study out the cycle that he has drawn up, taking the two groups under each number as co-related or co-existing conditions occurring together probably more than resulting the one from the other. This he aptly termed the "industrial clock," with its twelve "hands" in the following order:

1. Peak of prosperity—Large profits.
2. Inefficiency—Declining bond prices.
3. Dishonesty—Declining stock prices.
4. Crime wave—Declining commodity prices.
5. Lack of confidence—General unemployment.
6. Breaking up of homes—Decline in real estate prices.
7. Increasing thrift—Lower money rates.
8. General efficiency—Increasing bond prices.
9. Honesty and Low Prices—Increasing stock prices.
10. Religious Interest—Increasing commodity prices.
11. Activity in all lines—General employment.
12. Prosperity—Increasing money rates.

FOLLOWING out his theory of the existence and operation of immutable laws and the futility of artificial expedients to change conditions, Mr. Babson went on to decry unemployment conferences that were taking place and urged his hearers not to be fooled by them. Unemployment conferences could have no influence on out-going tides and unemployment conferences would not get men jobs. Men could not monkey with the multiplication table any more than with the ten commandments. "Monkeying with either means a delay in the final cure." If men would go to work determined to give an honest return for the dollars they were paid that would bring a cure, and there would never be one till honesty was substituted for dishonesty, industry for indolence, efficiency for inefficiency, and righteousness for unrighteousness.




COMMODITY PRICES TO GO BELOW 1913-1914 LEVEL.

**This chart published by courtesy of Babson's Statistical Organization, was used by Mr. N. Babson to illustrate his theory of a recurrence every fifty years or so of high and low prices. From this he argues that commodity prices will keep following steadily with the exception of a few brief ups and downs, for the next twenty years and bring the level to that of around 1893.**

### Securities on Instalment Plan

FROM time to time articles have appeared in this department dealing with the advantages to small investors of getting in touch with investment houses that are willing to handle comparitively small payments regularly month by month, to cover purchases of high-grade securities. Now that general market conditions would seem to indicate that the pronounced downward movement, that was almost universal, is almost at an end, investors should consider the installment plan of buying securities. The choice of a reliable house, which would carry with it a fairly sane judgment as reliable securities is probably the most important initial step to be taken. For, the moment the investor is seen to be willing to go into the investment field in an active manner again, there will spring up all manner of fake offerings to lure him away from the conservative field. This installment buying is related to what is known as "buying on margin" only insofar as it requires a small portion of the purchase price of the security. In the case of marginal buying, however, the purchaser is liable to be called upon for further payments if there should be a sudden decline in the market price of the security. This sudden call frequently is not only unexpected—for every marginal buyer naturally thinks he is at the bottom of a good rise—but it finds him unprepared to meet the demand, and a temporary slump in the market price of the security may result therefore in his being wiped out and losing practically all of his original deposit. On the other hand the cardinal point of installment buying is that the investment house assumes the risk of a temporary decline in the market quotation, and the purchaser is not called on to advance anything more than is called for by his agreement made at the time the payment of the first installment. The very fact that the investment house agrees to protect the purchaser and to stand the risk of these temporary slumps makes them all the more cautious in accepting the purchase of a security that is not fairly sound, and proof against acute fluctuations that are the common lot of the more speculative securities. This in itself is one of the strongest safeguards provided for the installment investor.

### The Plan Grows in Favor

THAT more attention is likely to be given in future to the instalment buyer was indicated at a recent convention of the Investment Bankers Association of America. One of the speakers, in suggesting a means for investment houses being in close touch with successful business men with large sums of money periodically in their hands for investment, thought the only way to do was to get in touch with them when they were "young fellows struggling along on low salaries, unable now to buy more than one $100 bond a year and not likely to do that unless they can do so on a monthly payment basis." These men, he held, were spending their nights, not at the movies or on the streets, but in the quiet of little hall bedrooms or at night schools, studying and preparing themselves for big things ahe d. He added. "Many of these boys and young men will some day be the heads of great corporations, presidents of banks, railroad officials, influential lawyers, capitalists and statesmen, and therefore large buyers of bonds." Many of these now, in the absence of careful guidance, were ignorantly buying worthless stocks, not only ruining their own chances for success, but depriving the world of the fruits of their potential genius.

### Speculation in the German Mark, a Wild Gamble

THOSE who did not accept the warning against the purchase of German marks that has appeared on several occasions in the past few months in this department, would find little consolation in the announcement that has appeared several times lately that the mark had reached a "new low level." At the time the first warning was given against a campaign that was being carried on in various parts of Canada and the United States in favor of the amassing of a big fortune by buying the German marks or the Austrian kroner, the mark was selling around .5 .35 cents as compared with a little over 23 cents the normal price. Since that time the mark has fallen steadily until it is far below one-half of one cent, or little more than 2 per cent. of its normal value. Nor will this confidence be increased by the knowledge that in a single week of November, 1,800,000,000 new marks were issued making a total for the month of some 3,500,000,000, while the low value to which it had fallen brought the equivalent of Germany's annual reparations payment to 200,000,000,000 marks.

When the German mark will start coming back, or how long it will take to approach normal, whether 25, 50 or 100 years, no one living knows. What is certain is that tens of thousands of purchasers of German marks, and very many purchasers of German bonds, during the past few months have been so alarmed at the rapidity of the fall in the mark, in the face of assurances that it was going to start right back on the way to normal again, that they have sacrificed their original purchases at heavy losses. It should be clear then that no matter how much we can agree with the theory that the mark will some time come back to its normal currency value, any dealing in it now is one of the wildest gambles that was ever placed before the Canadian investor.

## ANSWERS TO QUERIES

**Question**—Would you advise me about The Fulton Northern Steel and Iron Company?—J. M. W., Tate, Sask.

**Answer**—In response to our enquiries regarding the Fulton Steel & Iron Company we have received the following information.

"In a letter received from the Northern Steel & Iron Company, they stated that, to their knowledge, there is no Fulton Steel & Iron Co. We assume therefore that your inquiry had reference to the Northern Steel & Iron Co. This company stated that there had been no material change in their affairs since the date of their last report. They reported that during the past year they had not attempted to operate their foundries?"

**Question**—Would you kindly let me know your opinion of Chemical Products, Ltd., of Trenton, Ont?—W. J. R., London, Ont.

**Answer**—Chemical Products, Limited, has not yet seriously entered upon the production stage, and therefore, we have no guide as to its possible earning power. The company is in charge of capable management, and if industrial conditions were normal there should be a wide demand for its products. The stock has possibilities, but it is unquestionably speculative. If you are able and willing to assume an element of chance you will doubtless find that this security offers attractions.

**Question**—Would you please advise me if it would be possible to raise a loan on a policy in the Dominion Life Assurance Company of fifteen hundred dollars? How much could I raise on it?—C. E. W., Kinistino, Sask.

**Answer**—A policy-holder is permitted to borrow on his policy from his company after the third premium is paid. You neglected to state the kind of a policy you hold, and for this reason we have no means of estimating the amount you could borrow. This information is usually distinctly set forth on the policy. You could obtain complete information on this point, and arrange for a loan through the Treasurer of the Dominion Life Assurance Company, Kitchener, Ontario.

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to Canadian industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine.*

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DECEMBER 1, 1921

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VOLUME XXXIV
NUMBER TWENTY-ONE

# STEPHEN INTERVIEWS LEACOCK

## The Art of Being Interviewed in England, Canada and the United States

*By* STEPHEN LEACOCK

YESTERDAY morning I was interviewed by the London press eighteen times. I am not saying this in any spirit of elation or boastfulness. I am simply stating it as a fact—interviewed eighteen times—by sixteen men and four women.

But as I feel that the results of these interviews were not all that I could have wished I think it well to make some public explanation of what happened. The truth is that we do this thing so differently over in Canada, that I was for the time being entirely thrown off my bearings. The questions that I had every right to expect after many years of Canadian and American interviews, entirely failed to appear.

I pass over the fact that being interviewed for five hours is a fatiguing process. I lay no claim to exemption for that. But to that no doubt was due the singular discrepancies as to my physical appearance which I detect in London papers. The young man who interviewed me immediately after breakfast describes me as "a brisk energetic man, still on the right side of forty, with energy in every movement." The lady who wrote me up at 11.30 reported that my hair was turning grey and that there was "a peculiar weariness" in my manner. And at the end the boy who took me over at a quarter to two said: "The old gentleman sank wearily upon a chair in the hotel lounge. His hair is almost white."

### An "Extinct Volcano?"

THE trouble is that I had not understood that London reporters are supposed to look at a man's personal appearance. In Canada we never bother with that. We simply describe him as a "dynamo." For some reason or other it always pleases everybody to be called a "dynamo," and the readers, with us at least, like to read about people who are "dynamos" and hardly care for anything else. In the case of very old men we sometimes call them "battlehorses" or "extinct volcanoes" but beyond these three classes we hardly venture on description. So I was misled. I had expected that the reporter would say, "As soon as Mr. Leacock came across the floor we felt we were in the presence of a 'dynamo' (or an 'extinct battlehorse' as the case may be)." Otherwise I would have kept up those energetic movements all morning. But they fatigue me and I did not think them necessary. But I let that pass. The more serious trouble was with the questions put to me by the reporters. Over in our chief centres of population we use another set altogether. I am thinking here especially of the kind of interview that I have given out in Youngstown, Ohio, and Okotoks, Alberta, and Peterborough, Ontario. In all these places—for example in Okotoks, Alberta—the reporter asks as his first question, "What is your impression of Okotoks?" In London they don't. They seem indifferent to the fate of their city. Perhaps it is only English pride. For all I know they may have been burning to know this just as the Okotoks, Alberta, people are and were too proud to ask. In any case I will insert here the answer which I had already written out in my pocket (one copy for each paper, the way we do it in Okotoks) and which reads:

"London strikes me as emphatically a city with a future. Standing as she does in the heart of a rich agricultural district with railroad connection in all directions and resting as she must on a bed of coal and oil, I prophesy that she will one day be a great city."

The advantage of this is that it enables the reporter to get just the right kind of heading: **PROPHESIES BRIGHT FUTURE FOR LONDON.** Had that been used my name would have stood higher here than it does to-day; unless the London people are very different from the people in Okotoks, which I doubt. As it is they don't know whether their future is bright or is dark as mud. But it's not my fault. The reporters never asked me.

### Pails, Buckets and Soaps

IF THAT first question had been handled properly it would have led up by an easy and pleasant transition to question two, which always runs:

"Have you seen our factories?"

To which the answer is:—

"I have. I was taken out early this morning by a group of your citizens (whom I cannot thank enough) in a Ford car to look at your pail and bucket works. At eleven-thirty I was taken out by a second group in what was apparently the same car to see your soap works. I understand that you are the second nailmaking centre east of the Rockies and I am amazed and appalled.

"This afternoon I am to be taken out to see your wonderful system of disposing of sewerage, a thing which has fascinated me from childhood."

Now I am not offering any criticism of the London system of interviewing but one sees at once how easy and friendly for all concerned this Okotoks method is; how much better it works than the London method of asking questions about literature and art, and difficult things of that sort. I am sure that there must be soap works and perhaps a pail factory here in London. But in three days no one has ever offered to take me to them. As for the sewerage—oh, well, I suppose, we are more hospitable in Canada. Let it go at that. I had my answer all written and ready saying: "I understand that London is the second greatest hop-consuming, the fourth hog-killing and the first egg-absorbing centre in the world."

### Okotoks and London Women

BUT what I deplore still more, and I think with reason, is the total omission of the familiar interrogation: "What is your impression of our women?" That's where our reporter over on the other side hits the nail every time. That is the point at which we always nudge him in the ribs and buy him a cigar and at which youth and age join in a sly jest together. Here again the sub-heading comes in so nicely: **THINKS OKOTOKS WOMEN CHARMING.** And they are. They are everywhere. But I hate to think that I had to keep my impressions of London women unused in my pocket, while a young man asked me whether I thought modern literature owed more to observation and less to inspiration than some other kind of literature.

Now that's exactly the kind of question, the last one, that the London reporters seem to harp on. They seem hipped about literature; and their questions are too difficult. One asked me yesterday whether the American drama was structurally inferior to the French. I don't call that fair. I told him I didn't know; that I used to know the answer to it when I was at college but that I had forgotten it and that anyway I am too well off now to need to remember it.

I don't want to speak in anger But I say it frankly, the atmosphere of these young men is not healthy and I don't want to see them any more. If there is any young reporter of the kind that we have at home in Montreal or Toledo or Calgary, Alberta, I will welcome him at my hotel. If he will take me out in a Ford car and show me a factory and tell me how many cubic feet of water go down the Thames in an hour, I shall be glad of his society and he and I will together make up the kind of copy that people of his class and mine can read.

But if any young man comes along here to ask about the structure of the modern drama he had better go on to the British Museum.




Professor Leacock has applied for membership in the S. P. C. H.—the "H" for Humorists—after being interviewed eighteen times in one morning in England, where he is now lecturing. Mr. Jefferys makes it look as if his application should be rushed.

# REAL DAYS OF DERRING DO

## By R. G. MacBETH

FOR some ten stirring and formative years, the mounted police had been riding their gallant steeds over the virgin sod of the untracked prairie before the iron horses, crossing the Red river, hit the steel trail for the mountains and the western sea.

The Indians saw in the advent of the railway the coming disappearance of big game from the plains which would pass into the possession of the settler. More than once the Indians would have blocked the way of the railway builders or swooped down in the night and torn up the rails but for the restraining presence of authority. And besides all these, there were some amongst the huge gangs of navvies and general trackmakers who had alien tastes and lawless habits.

For the settlers who made the continuance of the railway possible the mounted policeman was a sort of guardian angel, and the well-known painting by Paul Wickson which hangs in the premier's office at Ottawa shows how the patrol went about asking the homesteader if he had any complaints. Only those perhaps who have lived on these far-sundered homesteads know how much this meant to these lonely men and their isolated families.

Fighting prairie fires, when the mad battalions of flame wheeled with the gale and charged at the humble dwelling or the precious hay or wheat-stacks of the settlers, was the willingly-assumed duty of many a scarlet rider of the plains.

Constable Conradi, while on patrol one fall day when the dry grass was inflammable as tinder, asked a settler if there was any homesteader living in the direction where a fire was rushing. The settler replied that there was a man named Young, his wife and children living out that way, but it would be impossible to reach them through the fiery wall that was so plainly visible.

"Impossible or not," cried the constable, "I am going to try." Putting spurs to his horse he was soon lost to sight in the rolling smoke.

The horse was so badly burned that he had to be shot but Conradi saved the family.

He found Mr Young, the settler, almost exhausted. Together they fought the fierce flames, and, when hope of saving the home was gone, the constable, plunging through the fire, found Mrs. Young and the children standing in the water of a slough. He saw that they would be suffocated when the fire encircled it; so he plunged in and carried the children to the burnt ground, the mother following.

From the settler's grateful letter to headquarters I make this extract:—"His pluck and endurance I cannot praise too highly, fighting till he was nearly suffocated, his hat burned off his head, hair singed and vest on fire. My wife and family owe their lives to him and I feel with them we shall never be able to repay him for his brave conduct."

Eastern contractors and workmen on the railway who had not been used to seeing war-paint were somewhat alarmed when a band of Indians would swoop down with the air of people who owned the earth and in all such cases the police were quickly called by wire or otherwise. Superintendent Shurteliffe tells of a rather odd case in which an Indian chief with the appropriate name of "Front Man" stopped a railway contractor from getting out ties and caused the whole outfit to leave the bush in panic. Shurteliffe, a capable officer, immediately sent for "Front Man" and told him how dangerous a thing it was to interfere with the progress of work authorised by Canada. "Front Man" realised that he had rushed in where he had no business and on his promising Shurteliffe that he would behave himself, the contractor and his men went back to their peaceable but very important tie business.

### The Taming of Mr. Pie-a-Pot

THEN there was the case of Pie-a-Pot, who, from the earliest days of treaty-making, was crochety and rather defiantly opposed to the incoming of anybody or anything that would interfere with his nomadic habits and general inclinations to please himself. He showed a disagreeable tendency to leave his reserve and wander with his camp-following and general entourage, much to the discomfort of others who were not hankering for his presence. One day this chief took it into his head that he would wander out on to the right of way being mapped out for the Canadian Pacific railway and by spreading his camp across it put a damper on the enterprise. He succeeded up to a certain point.

The engineers worked up to his camp and politely asked him to move, but he laughed at them enjoying their discomfiture, while his braves circled around with their ponies, keeping up a rifle fire to indicate what they could do to the engineers in case of emergency. Of course, the engineers were glad to retire as gracefully as possible; but they wired the lieutenant governor that they were at a standstill.

The governor sent word to police headquarters, whence a telegram went to the nearest police post: "Trouble on railway. Tell Indians to move on."

There were only two men there, a sergeant and a constable. They rode off at once, and when they arrived at the camp of the Indians and delivered the order, Pie-a-Pot and his headmen, who had not been much in contact with the police, only laughed, while the braves performed their usual firearm feats and the squaws jeered. Then the sergeant indicated, by showing his watch, that he would give fifteen minutes for them to start moving. At this, the braves, on signal, circled closer, backed their ponies against the troop-horses and made every effort to get the police to start trouble, the idea being to force them to take the offensive and be wiped out. But the police were never to be drawn that way. In this case the two scarlet-coated men sat coolly on their horses which stood at the door of Pie-a-Pot's tent. When the time was up, the sergeant throwing the lines to the constable, sprang off his horse, leaped past the surly chief, entered the tepee and kicked out the centre-pole, thus bringing the wigwam down nearly on the head of the defiant Indian.

Without waiting, the sergeant moved to the next tent and repeated the operation with great precision and then said to the chief and his men, "Now move—and move quick!"

The chief was very angry, but he was no fool, and so in a very short time he and his whole outfit were on the trek to their reserve. The engineers went on with the transcontinental, and the two plucky athletes in scarlet and gold, whose names were not even given out, rode back to their post, having made one more unadvertised contribution from the police to the making of the West.

### How Sam Steele Held a Bridge

THE BEAVER, in the mountains, while the Canadian Pacific was under construction, was, for the time being, a terminus where all manner of lawless, desperate and disorderly characters gathered to prey upon the navvies, many of whom were foreigners and a good many of whom were just as reckless and offensive as could well be imagined. To keep these rough men in order—and there were several hundreds of them mostly armed—there were only eight mounted police, but they were under the leadership of the redoubtable Superintendent Sam. B. Steele who had as his non-commissioned assistant, Sergeant Fury, a short, heavy set, bull-dog type of a man whom I remember well, quiet, determined and undemonstrative, but who could while keeping cool at the same time be everything his name suggested if occasion required. When the strike was starting Steele did not interfere, but warned the strikers that they must keep the peace and not commit any acts of violence or he would punish them to the full extent of the law. When the strike did start, Steele was in bed with mountain fever and Sergeant Fury had only six men. One of them, Constable Kerr, who had gone for a bottle of medicine for the Inspector, found on his way back a riotous crowd with a desperate character, well-known to the police, inciting the mob to violence and especially to an attack on the barracks. Kerr, who was not a man to stand nonsense, promptly arrested the man, but a score of men overpowered him and released the prisoner.

Sergeant Fury at once reported to Steele, who said,



The Mountie adapts his clothing to the particular brand of climate he has to face in his outdoor work. But the type of man in the clothing is pretty much the same from ocean to ocean—six feet in his cock-feet, or pretty close to it, clean-limbed and clear-eyed. He is taught to be tolerant and to use firearms only as a last resource. It is only in the motion pictures that the Mounties nowadays use up much ammunition. Their chief pride is in landing a prisoner in a man's fight—if there has to be a fight.

*The above article includes several selections from the forthcoming book of Rev. R. G. MacBeth, entitled "Policing the Plains."*

"It will never do to let the gang think they can play with us." Then Fury and another man tried to make the arrest without resorting to using weapons, but in a little while returned with their uniforms torn, to report that once again the rioters had taken the prisoner from them by force. Steele said, "This is too bad. Go back armed and shoot any man who interferes with the arrests." He started off again with Constables Fane, Craig and Walters, while the other four constables with their Winchesters stood ready to guard the barracks which were slated for attack by the mob. Johnston, a magistrate, was there to read the Riot act if necessary.

In a few minutes there was a shot. Steele got up and went to the window. Craig and Walters were dragging the prisoner across the bridge, the desperado fighting like a demon and a woman of the crowd was following them with cries and curses. Fury and Fane were in the rear trying to hold back the gang of some three hundred men. Steele called on Johnston to come with him to read the Riot act and then rushed out, got a rifle from one of the guard, and ignoring his fevered condition ran across the bridge covering the crowd with the rifle and saying he would shoot the first man who dared to cross.

In the meantime the desperate prisoner was struggling fiercely with the men who had him, but when on the bridge Walters raised his powerful fist and struck him over the temple and with Craig trailed him like a rag into the barracks. As the woman passed screaming "You red-coated devil," Steele shouted "Take her along too." Then Johnston read the Riot act and Steele made a straight statement that the police, though few, would not flinch, and that if he saw more than twelve rioters together he would open fire and mow them down. The eight mounted police stood under Sergeant Fury with magazines charged, ready to act when ordered.

The riot collapsed right there; the ring-leaders were sentenced next day and there was no more trouble. The roughs at the Beaver had tried the game of rioting with the wrong men.



Some of the exciting things a Mountie and his mount must learn to do. The training for the Canadian mounted force, while differing from that of cavalry in matter of red tape and ancient military discipline, is nevertheless severe. One thing the "rookie" must learn to do before he can qualify as a rider of the plains—and that is to ride.

### The Second Riel Rebellion

SOME years ago a well-known Senator told me that he was at a dinner party in Sir John Macdonald's house in Ottawa when a telegram was delivered to the premier at the table. He read it and put it under his plate. Nothing could be gained by throwing that bombshell in the midst of his guests. But in a few minutes as the friends were saying goodnight, Sir John came to the door with the senator and said, "Mac, there's the very mischief to pay in the northwest." The wire had communicated the news of the Duck Lake fight by which the rebellion under that mad egoist Louis Riel was publicly staged in its opening act. And the senator told me, he recalled for all the years that followed, the look on the premier's face as one of pained surprise and unexpected shock.

The outbreak of rebellion was a surprise to western residents only in the sense that the resort to arms was considered unlikely. But everyone knew something of the discontent. The Mounted Police saw it coming to a head and Superintendent Crozier who was in command at Fort Carlton on the North Saskatchewan had reported in July 1884, some eight months before the outbreak, that Riel had been brought from Montana to champion the "rights" of the half-breeds. The causes of the discontent were not far to seek. Many of the half-breeds on the South Saskatchewan were the same who had taken part in Riel's first rebellion on the Red river fifteen years before. They were not people of a settled temperament.

Gagnon was quite right when he stated later that the main cause of the discontent amongst the half-breeds was the introduction by the government of the rectangular survey of land on the prairie. Under this system settlers had to hold their farms in square blocks of 160 acres or more, and in consequence such settlers would be necessarily some distance apart. This was not to the mind of the half-breeds who were more given to social gatherings than to agriculture, and who preferred the old survey that they knew on the Red river and the Assiniboine, where their holdings were in narrow strips fronting on the river and running two miles back. To introduce this on the prairie, the government contended, would lead to confusion and so it was easy for the agitator to stir up discontent amongst these inflammable people, who had always been accustomed to the freedom of the plains. It was easy for the orator to say that the government was trying to break up their old social customs, and when such a statement was followed up by saying that their patents, giving them title to land, were being long delayed and that possibly they would never be granted at all, a live coal had fallen on material as combustible as the dry grass on the prairie.



What does the horse see? Possibly it's a reservation Indian headman arrayed in blanket cloths of flaming colorings Soloman never dreamed of in all his glory.

Riel down at Batoche on the South Saskatchewan refusing to acknowledge the authority of either church or state, looked on himself as a sort of Divinely-ordained leader. Rattle-brained as he was, he possessed elements of strength and magnetism that secured him a large following in a short time, and assuming the name of "Louis 'David' Riel, Exovede," he took the aggressive by plundering a number of stores, arresting the Indian agent and others and sending a flamboyant message to Superintendent Crozier to come with his men and surrender to the rebel chief. Crozier, who had done splendid service at Wood Mountain, Cypress Hills and elsewhere, was not the kind of man to surrender, but with the hope that he might avert trouble and incidentally give the government time to mobilize the long-delayed reinforcements, he offered personally to meet Riel and discuss the whole matter with him. Riel however would not venture out, so Crozier sent Thomas McKay, a well-known Prince Albert man and native of the country, to see him at his headquarters. When McKay reached Riel's council-room at Batoche he found things at white heat. Riel told him excitedly that there was to be a war of extermination during which the "two curses"—the government and the Hudson's Bay Company—as well as all who sympathised with them, were to be driven out of the country.

"You don't know what we are after" shouted Riel to McKay, "we want blood, blood—it's blood we want."

McKay had a cool head and so sparred for time, till the rebel sobered down somewhat and then McKay left and returned to Carlton where he reported to Crozier. Next day in answer to a request from Riel, McKay and Mitchell, a merchant of Duck Lake, with Crozier's consent, met two of Riel's men, Nolin and Maxime Lepine—a brother of Riel's adjutant in the Red River revolt—who demanded again the surrender of Fort Carlton. This, of course, was refused, and in a few days rebellion was rampant with this man, half-knave, half-madman, at its head.

### Civil War Breaks Loose

THE first clash came on March 26, 1885, when Crozier sent out a small detachment of police with a few civilian volunteers from Prince Albert, under the general direction of that experienced and fearless frontiersman, Thomas McKay, above named, to bring in to Fort Carlton some government stores from Mitchell's trading place above mentioned. This little detachment of some twenty all told were met when near Duck Lake by that mischievous Indian, Chief Beardy, with his warriors and Riel's fighting lieutenant, a famous half-breed plainsman, Gabriel Dumont. This rebel force was estimated by Duck Lake residents at between 300 and 400 men, all well arm-

*Continued on page 61*

# THE USURPER

*By* ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

ILLUSTRATED BY FERGUS KYLE

ABOVE the dim forest horizon an angry gash of crimson stood like a snarl in the pale gold woof of sunset. The brackish lakes freed of ice rested grey and lifeless, awaiting the coaxing, clarifying touch of sun and breeze. The promise of life, whispered by the warm all-nights rain, was yet to be fulfilled. The wilderness had stirred in sleep; no more. Spring had kissed the open spaces, but glowering Winter still held beneath his icey lock the world of denser shadows.

Throughout the enshrouded fastness ran the eternal requiem of giant pines which from the beginning of time had sighed this same soft song of loneliness.

It was a veritable world of pines, sweeping, step-like, from the wide valley upward and out to where the height of land brushed an irregular line against the eastern sky, a world of blue gloom, resinous scents and never-dying whispers.

WITH the quick passing of day and the sudden closing of northern light, an animal detached itself from the massed shadows, and, tufted ears lifted enquiringly, pale eyes gleaming like green fires, moved soundlessly into the open glade which sloped to the lake. Its head was round and cat-like; a coarse, heavy ruff of drab-white hair along its cheeks gave it a grotesque and ferocious appearance.

Its color was tawny-grey, deepening to brown along the short back which sloped downward from high hind-quarters to strong neck. The legs were disproportionately long and heavy, ending in big padded feet. But despite its ungainly appearance, the animal walked with a certain grace and sureness. There was in its movements a feline suppleness, a perfect poise and a ripple of muscle beneath grey hide which belied ts seeming clumsiness.

In fact, the big tom-lynx who had just emerged from the dense grove was nothing more than a cat, in habits and temperament, if not so much in looks; a wild one, to be sure, and five times larger than pussy, but just as comfort-loving and as fond of companionship as is purring Tabby who sleeps before your grate.

Too, like Tabby, he was a relentless stalker, a merciless killer. He possessed all of the domesticated cat's suspiciousness and curiosity.

Curiosity had led him into the glade now; suspicion had brought the snarl to his lips and the twitch to his short stubby tail. As his pale eyes probed his surroundings, a low hiss escaped his lifted lips. There was something here he could not understand. He was doubtful of this spot which was new to him It was no part of the limited roaming-range which was his by right of might. Loneliness had led him here, this and the hope that he might find the mate who for some reason had hidden herself away from him. Upon him was the hunger which comes with the lifting of winter skies and the melting of winter snows.

For perhaps five minutes he stood immovable, then gradually the lashing stub grew still. He was satisfied that he was alone—and safe. With a single bound he crossed to the further side of the glade, and raising himself against the trunk of a pine, scratched with sharp, curved claws a long jagged challenge in its pitchy bark. Lower down against the tree's roots he left a challenge of a different nature which might catch the scent of one of his kind and sex providing its eyes did not discover the other.

Then suddenly, with the temperamentality of his breed, he seemed to forget his loneliness and unreasoning anger against any other grey male skulker of the pine woods. Throwing himself on the soft snow, he rolled over and over, finally resting on his back, fore-feet pawing the air. He sat up at length and proceeded to wash his face by brushing his paw across it in a downward stroke from eyes to chin. This accomplished to his satisfaction, he curled his fore-paws beneath his breast and rested his chin upon them, purring hoarsely the while.

One not well-versed in the big cat's habits might have thought that he was resting, contented after feeding and play. Not so. When he rested it was in the fork of a sheltering tree, never on the ground. This was simply



The door swung open and a man's voice called commandingly, "Back, Bess, back!"

his method of notifying all other tom-lynxes of the pines that he had taken possession of a new hunting territory and would henceforth hold it inviolate by the ancient law of tooth and claw.

The darkness had deepened so that his form had melted with the shadows, and only his wide eyes gleamed like stars through the gloom to show that he was still there, when he stirred erect and with taut muscles moved down toward the lake.

FROM its ice-encrusted shore had come a little splash which his quick ears had heard. He was not now hungry, having just feasted on a hare, which he had captured; nevertheless he never failed to respond when food called to him thus.

Warily, silently, he passed down to the lake's margin. Just beyond the honeycombed ice, a slight ripple disturbed the water. As he waited, a muskrat climbed out on the ice and with clumsy, rolling gait came straight towards him. In all likelihood it would have been Mr. Muskrat's last journey landward, had not something quite unforeseen happened just at the moment when the lynx had gathered his muscles to spring. As his claws bit the frozen snow, there came from up in the pine gloom a long, wavering, almost human cry.

Swiftly the big lynx pivoted, and with a growl sprang away up the incline toward the sound.

As he crept watchfully into the glade, another tom-lynx sprang from a tree straight upon him. There was a scurry of spitting growls and cries like the fighting snarls of two tom-cats one hundred times intensified; then came a rending, ripping sound followed by a wild cry of pain which was quickly hushed.

The lynx who had found the other's challenge on the pine, and had answered it, had paid the penalty of his indiscretion, just as other cats had paid it who had contested supremacy with that scarred old warrior. The smaller animal had fought tactfully and valiantly. His had been all the advantage, but as he sprang, the usurper had thrown himself on the snow and with fierce, ripping strokes of his hind feet had inflicted terrible punishment upon his aggressor, who, fleeing in terror, left dark blotches on the snow. These the grey conqueror ignored completely, as, after licking his wound, he passed, head low, tail lashing, into the spicy tangle of his new kingdom.

ACROSS the little lake, deep in a roomy fissure of rock, the runaway mate of the big lynx lay curled, peacefully purring and nursing two tiny striped atoms of life who sniffed and raised round heads with blind eyes occasionally for a caress of her rough tongue. Maternal instinct to protect the kittens yet unborn had warned her to steal from her mate one night as full-fed, he slept soundly, and hide herself away so cunningly that he could never find her. And, as though nature had tunnelled this nest for her special use, she had taken up her abode in the rock burrow, and had one stormy dawn given birth to her babies.

It is very doubtful, as she nursed her kittens, if she gave so much as a thought to the lonely mate she had left behind; or if so, it is unlikely that it was a kind one. For now he was no longer her mate but her enemy. He would, without compunction, kill her kittens if he found them, and she knew it. So much the Great Something which whispers counsel to all wild things had told her. She had travelled a long way through silent, frozen forest and across ice-locked lakes to find a refuge such as was hers. She did not dread leaving her kittens alone in this safe retreat while she ventured forth in quest of needful food. They were, she felt, perfectly safe.

With the passing of the late winter day, the mother lynx stirred from sleep, roughly washed the sniffing, sleeping little ones, and crept out into the falling shadows. Along a stream where a black ribbon of water ran soundlessly between rain-etched walls of ice, she surprised a young fisher who had hopefully ventured to the stream in search of spawning pike. With one sweep of her armed paw she killed and impaled him, then throwing him free from her claws, disdainfully sniffed him and went on her way. Providing she was unsuccessful in killing grouse or rabbit, she would return and feed upon the fisher. But, being a cat, her taste was somewhat fastidious. She preferred plump, sweet birds or rabbits to these tough-hided animals, although she never failed to kill the latter on principle.

Deep into the pine gloom she passed on soundless feet, pausing now and then beside decayed stub or frozen fern-clump to listen for scratch or squeak of mice. As she rounded a big tree, a grouse thundered up almost from under her feet. With a snarl she leaped high, striking up and out with curved claws. Her aim was true. Another moment and she moved off, stiff-legged, into the shadows, the fluttering bird in her jaws.

At the foot of a wind-thrown pine in a tiny, open pocket of the evergreens, she paused and, short tail lashing, let her cold sure-reading eyes sweep her surroundings. As though satisfied that the spot offered it but small protection, she set the badly injured grouse free. Immediately the bird scuttled for cover. But before it reached the sheltering pine top, the she-cat was upon it again. She carried it back to the foot of the tree and again set it at liberty. Half a dozen times she repeated this performance, each time allowing the injured grouse to almost reach safety before pouncing upon it, then finally, as though tiring of the cruel sport or remembering that she had a little family to nourish, she tossed it in the air, caught it as it fell and killed it with one quick snap of her sharp teeth.

Quickly, cleanly, she devoured the bird, then went on

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her way homeward, pausing every now and again to pounce upon a bunch of dead, rustling fern, or strike playfully at the moving shadows. As she crept up through the stunted spruce that lined the lake, her keen nose and keener eyes detected the presence of a rabbit. The animal was feeding beneath the low sweeping branches of one of the trees. Belly low to earth, she crept upon it, capturing it before it was even aware of her presence. The rabbit gave a frightened squeak and struggled vainly to free itself from her vise-like grip. Then it grew still and, eyes staring and heart palpitating wildly, hung limp, feigning death.

It was not the lynx's intention to kill the animal outright. She would carry it to the den and there torture it to her heart's content: the maternal instinct to carry live food to her kittens was stirring within her, although as yet those little blind morsels demanded nothing more than the nourishing milk she provided.

But an all-wise Destiny which presides over the hunted things of the tangle had ordained otherwise than that the mother lynx should that night end the life of the little grey lover of the night runs. As she emerged from the thicket to seek the rocky path of her cleft, from across the lake came the unmistakable wail of two male lynxes in combat. The sudden sound seemed to electrify her, freeze her into terrified inaction. With a fierce snarl her red mouth opened; her whiskered lips drew back from long curved fangs. The rabbit, half dead with fear, fell to the snow, where for a brief moment it lay quivering. Then, like a grey streak, it shot for cover.

The lynx let it go. It is doubtful if she so much as gave it a thought. Her whole attention was centred on what was taking place in that cone-scented sweep of forest across the lake. Intuitively she knew that one of the combatants was the mate from whom she had so much to fear. Already he might have discovered in the cleft the striped kittens who now claimed all her affection.

All the fury of her nature awoke at the thought of danger to her young. With a growl she leaped the brook whose black, listless current had even during the past hour widened between its honeycombed walls, and sped upward toward her den.

She found her kittens safe, awake and mewing hungrily. With a hoarse "purret", she lay down beside them and with soft paws gathered them to her.

HAD the big, grey usurper of the valley pines guessed that just across that little spruce-hedged lake the mate for whom his wild heart longed lay in hiding, he would have sought her out, and patiently waiting her absence from the den, entered its sacred portals and slain the tiny kittens which were the cause of her desertion of him. These once out of the way, she would, he knew, turn to him again. But he did not guess it, and although he prowled the pine gloom night after night hoping to read in the damp spring breeze that mysterious summons which would guide him to her, his waiting was unrewarded. He killed relentlessly now, stalking untiringly, glorying in the spring-in and the kill. In his heart was sullen anger and defiance of all things alive.

There were others of his breed and sex in the pine woods; so much he knew from long claw-wounds on the trees and the yellow stain on snow and ice bannocks. It would have suited him well to have engaged any one of them in bloody combat; but for some reason—perhaps because he was their superior in size—they refused to accept the yowling challenge he often voiced when the soft spring stars sprayed the roof of his new realm. So, day by day, as spring advanced, his morbid anger grew until at length he forgot the caution which was his by heredity, and entered the forbidden world.

The forbidden world, which lay a long night's journey from the valley of great pines, swept westward from a wide champing river, treeless, colorless, a barren waste studded with second-growth spruce, tamaracks and drab stumps which marked the graves of man-slain monarchs. Ever from the time strange, two-legged creatures, who walked upright, brought the great trees crashing to earth and sent their shorn trunks bound and flashing down the swift river, this spot had been avoided by the animals of the forest. They feared the jarring sounds of the timber cutters, the strange smells which spelt menace to their safety. Then, as suddenly as they had come, the strange animals vanished. No longer was heard the crash of falling trees, the ring of biting axes. Upon the man-violated region rested the silence of the solitude.

But the spot held dangers still, for into the shorn, stumpy waste two others of the strange bipeds had come. They had built themselves a beaver-like home from the trunks of pines and like furtive shadows went about silently. And not content with holding to the sweep others of their kind had made desolate, they usurped the tangled world of the wild things.

Along the streams of the forest the big tom-lynx had found evidences of the trapper's encroachment; muskrats who had suicided by drowning themselves in their runways after being caught in steel traps; minks and fishers held fast in glittering steel shackles and feigning death in their pitiful helplessness, after the manner of all wood-born creatures. More than once, too, he had come unexpectedly upon one of his own kind, swinging with distorted face and glassy eyes at the end of a noose suspended from a sprung sapling.

At such times an uncontrollable anger swept him, making him forget for a brief space the deadly fear that froze his veins, and all but overwhelming his caution. He hated these creatures who were taking toll of his fellows; his short brown lip curled back from curved fangs at the slightest sign of their coming and going in the leafy realm of the food-seekers.

It was this murderous hatred that held him to the edge of the forest when safety, he knew, lay far within the spicy gloom of the pines. His big, sprawling paw marks—half as large again as those of other lynx—were to be found on the clay shores of streams where traps lay cleverly concealed, or marking a curve in the snow about the snares and dead-falls. He had learned that a rabbit huddled mute, or a partridge standing rigid were things to avoid. They meant a trap. Tender bits of meat which sometimes his hungry nose located on the snow-crust were left untouched by him. Neither trap, snare or poisoned bait would ever claim him. He held close to the clearing, the forbidden world of dangers.

And then suddenly one winter night he fled from the spot, deadly terror driving him; nor did he pause until he was far, far into the protecting heart of the forest.

He was crossing a frozen stream which emptied its spring waters into the noisy river, a dim illusive shape in the drab-dusk, when, without warning, one of the trappers stepped from a clump of firs directly in front of him. Like tempered springs his muscles sprang to action, throwing him backward in a half somersault. As he leaped for the shelter of the trees, a thin arrow of fire streaked the gloom. Behind him sounded a sharp whining report like the splitting of thick ice in spring, and something seared the bunched muscles of his left foreleg like the rip of a sharp thorn.



He was doubtful of this spot, which was new to him. There was something here he could not understand.

Since that almost fatal twilight until now, he had held to the thick timber, stalking, a grey, relentless killer, through shadows which matched his coat, and throughout the days, full fed and contented, basking in the crotch of sun-steeped tree.

BUT now, propelled by the urge of consuming anger, green eyes lit by the baleful fire of hate, he covered the space between his wooded sanctuary and the forbidden world and on the brambled verge which marked its boundary, looked out across the stumpy desolation, sheeted and cold in the light of a full moon.

At his feet a tiny trout stream gurgled and sang. He crept forward, and, lowering his head, lapped a drink from the ice-cold water; then gathering his forepaws beneath his breast he rested. The spring night deepened. The moon sailed high above the clearing; far up, a flock of geese drifted a honking shadow between it and the world below.

The night was nearly spent when at length the big lynx arose and leaping the stream, crept stiff-legged and belly low to earth toward the distant blot on the moonlight which marked the trapper's cabin.

Inside that cabin, two men, weary after a long day's tramp along their trap-line, slept securely; outside, in a pole enclosure, a flock of mallard ducks, hatched from eggs gathered by the trappers from neighbouring swamps, slept with green beads beneath their wings. They were to be sent to a duck preserve far distant, to be used as decoys. The trappers were to receive five dollars a pair for them.

A little apart from the enclosure, in a section of hollow buttonwood, a female beagle hound dosed fitfully, while close against her, wrapped in the heavy slumber of puppyhood, cuddled four reddish-brown atoms of life.

Suddenly, upon the still air arose the frenzied quacking of the ducks; and with a throaty growl, the little beagle hound leaped erect. As she dashed toward the enclosure, a light flashed from the cabin window.

The door swung open, and a man's voice called commandingly, "Back, Bess, back!"

But the game little dog had caught sight of the grey marauder, as the big lynx leaped the pole fence, a big drake in his jaws; hers was the courage of faultless strain backed by the fearlessness of hallowed motherhood. The presence of this tufted-eared killer meant danger to her puppies. Unheeding her master's command, she dashed forward to intercept the lynx, who was bounding toward a willow-hedged ditch which led to the forest-brook. Half way across the moonlit open, the lynx threw the slain drake from him and pivoted swiftly at bay.

He might easily have out-distanced the slow-running beagle, and without difficulty found safety in the ditch thicket. But this did not fit his catship's scheme of things. He intended to kill that long-bodied, short-legged thing who had so relentlessly tracked his kindred to tree and hole, then lead those two-legged creatures, whom he no longer feared, away from the cabin, and, doubling back, crush the lives of the puppies in the buttonwood. He had already taken deadly toll of the ducks.

So now he crouched, long claws biting the black loam for the spring and stroke which would still the fluted voice of his hated pursuer forever.

But suddenly, when almost within springing distance, the hound checked her lope and, with forepaws braced, slid to a stand. It was not the beagle's nature to pursue, save when the quarry fled before her. Jaws open and bob tail furiously lashing, the lynx crouched for a brief moment, then, as though realizing that he must now be the aggressor, contracted his muscles for the spring. At the same moment the whining crash of a high-power rifle rent the stillness, and, as something hot tore across his neck, he became conscious that his two-legged enemies were swiftly approaching across the clearing.

With a hissing snarl, he somersaulted sideways, and sprang into the thicket. For the second time in his life he had felt the burning smart of the trapper's soft-nosed bullet: for the second time he was experiencing the strength-robbing terror. And, as before, it sent him a cringing, fleeing thing from this world of hidden dangers into the dim, protecting heart of his solitude.

"BY GAR, dat Lucifee was beeg lak panther; he was for keel dat leetle bitch fer sure, ef dat bullet you sen' after heem didn' give heem close call an' change hees min', I guess."

In the early dawn the trappers stood ruefully surveying the devastation the tom-lynx had wrought among their prized mallards.

The speaker, a slender, swarthy-faced man, bent and patted the brown side of the little

hound. She rubbed her nose against him affectionately.

"I'm guessin' no Lucifee is ever goin' to fool this ol' gal into close grips," spoke his companion, a tall, stoop-shouldered man, some years the Frenchman's senior. "She's wise enough to keep outen' claw reach of any cat. She thought he was after her pups; that's why she went plumb crazy, I'm thinkin'."

The hound turned soft, brown eyes on her master, and with a low whine, trotted off to her puppies.

"Sacré!" swore the Frenchman, "to t'ink dat beeg feller sneak in here an' right under our very eye raise so mooch of hell. What you make of dat, Jim, eh?"

The other man shook his head. "That big tom's mate-hungry, Joe," he explained. "He's as daffy and dangerous as a bull moose in the ruttin' season. Likely his mate has a nest of kittens hid somewheres. He'd kill 'em quick, if he could find 'em, but he'd kill anythin' jest as quick that tried to molest 'em. There's no use tryin' to understan' wild cats, an' I'm tellin' you this Lucifee is no ordinary one. He sneaked in here to get us and ours jest cause we've been after him an' his. That's all there is to it 'cept that fer a start he's made pretty fair headway."

The Frenchman had thrown the dead ducks in a pile and stood frowningly surveying them.

"Tonight he will come back some more, yes? He will no get away again— heem."

"He won't come back tonight," said the other man, "nor ever again, most like. My bullet nicked him bad. I found ha'r an' blood this side of the ditch scrubs. That Lucifee's miles away by now."

"You mean he's got de bad scare, an' will stay where it is safe, eh?"

"He'll stay away, but not because he's scared, Joe. That old tom is about due to meet his mate, I'm thinkin'. Spring's pretty well on, an' she'll be weanin' her kittens about now. She'll be sendin' him an invite to come an' behold his fambily, soon. That's all there is to it. He'll be as sof' an' purry as a bridegroom then. You needin' worry about him comin' back very soon."

"But maybee he will come later, you t'ink?" the younger trapper asked hopefully.

"Wall, yes. Likely when the kits have growed big enough to be able to wanter stalk trouble, we'll have the hull pa'cel of 'em back on us. It all de-pends."

The grizzled trapper had gleaned his knowledge of the wild things through long experience with the forest which shaped their lives. He knew that the habits and temperament of one male lynx might vary greatly from the habits and temperament of another, but in all of them he had found the paternal instinct to rule and guard mate and young—a paramount quality not to be lightly ignored.

To him those cold-eyed, grotesque-shaped skulkers of the tangle were negligent quantities during the summer, autumn and early winter seasons of the year, but forces to be coped with when spring set her warm wet lips to the cold face of the solitude. Moody, taciturn and maddened by mate-hunger they were in the spring season more likely to seek encounter than avoid it. The fearless coming of this big cat to the very door of their cabin, his wanton destruction of the penned mallards, his clever ruse to draw the little hound within sweep of his death dealing claws, were undeniable proof of this.

He bent now and closely scrutinized one of the great pawmarks the lynx had left on the soft loam about the pen. When he arose his eyes had narrowed. "A giant Lucifee, that," he said grimly, "and all devil from tip to tuft." He reached for the rifle that leaned against the pen.

"You go get heem, eh?" asked the Frenchman eagerly.

The other shook his head. "I'd like to, Joe," he said regretfully, "but there's the Huckleberry line to be looked after. Besides, we gotta get our rat-traps set along the creek. The ice is runnin' free now. Plenty work to do, fer sure."

The Frenchman sighed. "Dat's so, Jim. I'll go get de breakfas', me. By Gosh," as his glance fell on the pile of slain ducks, "to t'ink dat dam' Lucifee in two short minute' keel fer us twenty good dollar."

THROUGH the pale-green meshes of creeping vines golden arrows of sunlight stole to waken the dew-drenched glades to shimmering life, and probe the curved shoots of baby plants in search of soft-tinted bud.

From the dense pines, with the light of morning, the she-lynx crept into the open, a fluttering grouse held loosely between her jaws.

Seen in the light of day, she was a beautiful animal, graceful in spite of short, slender body and long, heavy legs. The round, perfectly poised head closely resembled that of a domestic cat, save for the up-standing tufts on the ears. Her coat was of a deeper grey than the tom-lynx, darkening to almost brown along the spine.

This morning, the pale, glowing eyes had deepened to a limpid amber. She crossed the glade with the sure, smooth stride of a warrior queen and entered the timber sloping to the lake.

Fifteen minutes later, she appeared on the top of the rock on the lake's far shore. At the entrance of her den she stood still. Lowering the fluttering bird to the rock, she placed a paw upon it, and gave a soft "purrit." Almost immediately, from the opening in the rock two striped kittens came clumsily bounding toward her.

Apparently, the kittens had been expecting her. They scrambled up on the table of rock, mewing hungrily, and at once pounced upon the imprisoned grouse. As they fought each other and tore with little sharp teeth at the bird, the mother licked each striped body with her rough tongue; then she proceeded to make her own toilet by brushing her face and eyes with saliva-dampened paw.

Her task finished, she stretched herself, exposing two rows of salt-white teeth in a huge yawn; then snatching the torn grouse from the kittens, she carried it into the den, her complaining family following at her heels.

Once in the safety of her retreat, she allowed the kittens re-possession of their meal, and stretching out, belly down on the rocky floor, fell almost instantly to sleep. The kittens, their breakfast over, curled up side-by-side. As the morning advanced the kittens stirred restlessly. One of them sat up with a plaintive mew and, creeping across to its mother, nosed her coaxingly. With a sweep of her paw, she sent him sprawling. Meekly the chastised one rejoined his brother and curled up to slumber again.

The mother lynx was weaning her kittens; the tenderness and solicitude which had marked her treatment of them when they were drawing nourishment from her breasts were gone from her; she had become a stern and forbidding mother, harsh, quick to punish misdemeanour. When she washed them now, which was many times a day, she held them firmly, stilling complaints with sharp cuffs and throwing them roughly aside when her work was finished to her "particular" satisfaction.

It was perhaps natural that the kittens should copy their mother's manner. Sometimes they, too, growled and spat and lashed their stubby tails, and the diminishing light of love and pride in the mother's amber eyes would glow up anew when they battled fiercely over the food she brought in to them.

It was early twilight when the mother arose, and with a command, which was half a growl, half a purr, to the kittens playing on the floor, slipped from the den into the forest.

On all sides of her stretched inviting trails along which was food for the taking, but she was not thinking of food as she passed down the rocky plateau and sought the reedy shore of the lake. Once again she was going into the blue gloom of the pine forest through which she had fled when the deep snow bound it in white death.

All that day the kittens in the den went hungry. Darkness cloaked the forest when at length the mother lynx crept into the fissure and threw a maimed rabbit down before the famished young ones. Immediately they pounced upon it tooth and nail. Their meal over, she washed their sniffing noses and sleepy eyes with rough tongue and stretched herself, belly to earth, beside them.

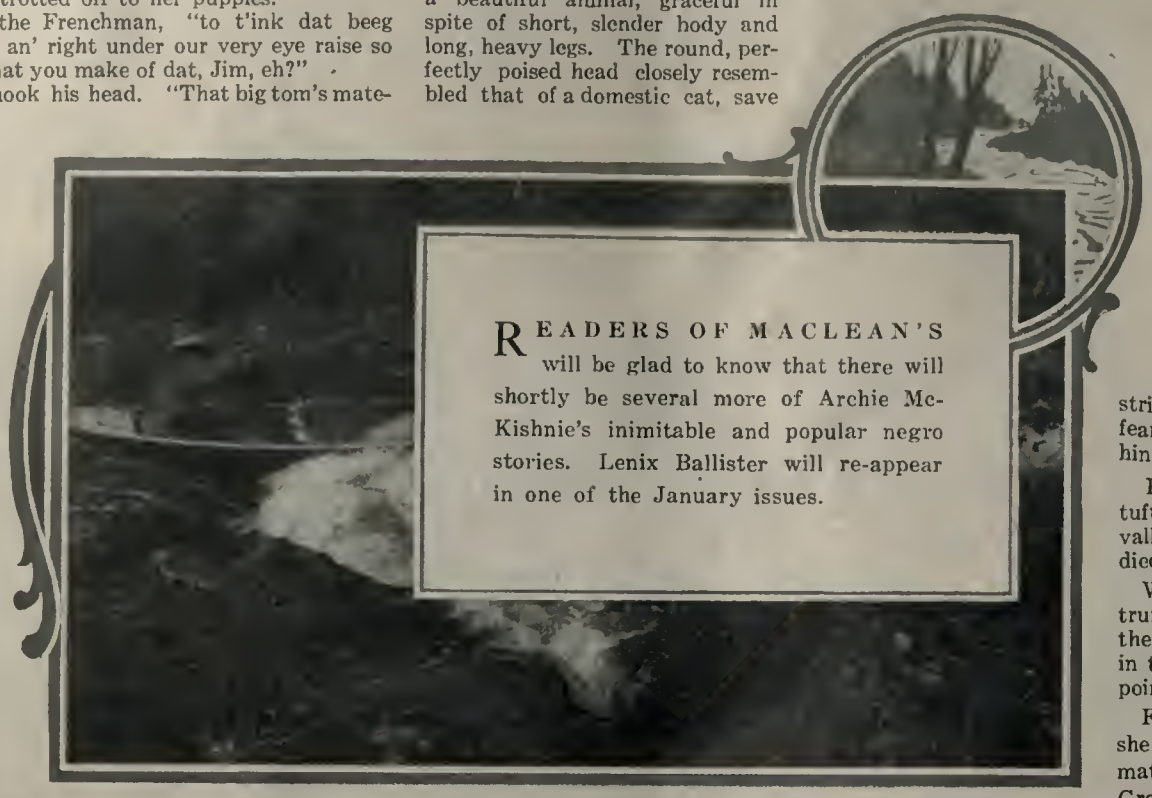
When at last sleep claimed them, she arose stealthily and stole from the den into the dewy, scented night. She went swiftly down the rocks and entered the spruce thicket which hedged the lake. Again she was going into the pine woods, but by a different route than she had that morning taken.

Skirting the shore like a grey shadow, pausing only long enough to snatch from a startled mink a spawning fish he had captured from the reedy shallows, and which she devoured with the appetite of an epicure, she entered the pine timber from the lake's far end. Her whole demeanour now was marked by a strange, intent eagerness. Her movements were quick, nervous. Her gait was no longer the long, smooth stride of the stalker, but the jerky lope of a cat who fears pursuit and would leave no tell-tale track behind it.

Reaching the edge of the pines, she crouched, tufted ears laid back and tail lashing, as from the valley pines a long plaintive cry wavered up and died on the night.

With a single bound the she-lynx leaped to the trunk of a dead tree lodged in another ten feet above the earth. From this she sprang to another, and in this manner made her way, unseen, toward the point from which the cry had come.

Fifteen minutes later, from a frowzy tree-top, she gazed down with wide, amber eyes upon the mate whom she had so heartlessly deserted when the Great Guardian had whispered "go."



READERS OF MACLEAN'S will be glad to know that there will shortly be several more of Archie McKishnie's inimitable and popular negro stories. Lenix Ballister will re-appear in one of the January issues.

FOLLOWING his brazen intrusion into their realm, and his almost fatal encounter with the trappers of the forbidden world, the big tom-lynx had held to the densest of the thickets of the pine forest. The spirit of destructiveness, the bitter hatred of all things alive which had driven him hence, had in a measure abated. He still longed to slay, and did; the desire to subdue and rend still swayed him, but no longer was he the mad and unreasoning thing that had sought out and challenged the trappers of the clearing.

Nature, that strange, soothing mother who points the way for her children to follow, had taken him in hand, and was making him almost a safe animal for the mate who had left him to meet again.

As the spring nights grew softer, he took less to stalking indefatigably from dusk till dawn, sometimes resting for long periods in tree-crotch or jam. Often, too, when the moonlight sprayed softly the greening carpet of forest glade, he played with the shifting, pencil-like shadows on the moss, or with kittenish antics rolled upon the sward.

But the great loneliness did not for a moment leave him. With advancing spring, the longing for his mate grew upon him more and more. Every night he sought for her, penetrating the darkest recesses of the valley, probing the blue gloom of cone-tipped groves and spearlike thickets of baby cedars, searching hopefully for some token of her presence, the while he snarled his challenge or left long, ragged slashes on the trees as token of his contempt for all other tom-lynxes of the shagland.

Tonight he made his way through the pines toward the lake, and, as he crossed a white pocket of moonlight between two shadowy groves of trees, he paused suddenly, stiffening to tense watchfulness.

Slowly his round head lifted and the brown lip curled back from his fangs. But instead of a challenge to battle, he gave a low, rumbling purr of joy. At last he had found the token for which he had been seeking so diligently.

He bounded further into the moonlight, eyes like points of green fire searching his surroundings. He knew that his mate was no longer there. But that she had been there, and recently, he was sure. There in the moon-sprayed open he called to her; a call intensely pleading that she seek with him again the joy-trails which stretched numberless through a shagland of plenty. But no answering call came to him. At the foot of a tall, frowzy-headed pine he lay down, and, with fore-paws beneath his breast, waited.

The white splash had vanished from the glade when suddenly he found her beside him. With a low, throaty cry, he bounded up and toward her. But she was away, a darting, illusive shadow among the shadows.

TOWARD morning the kittens were awakened by the rough caress of the mother. Food lay before them. While they fought and feasted, she slipped out of the den, and away. All the following day she was absent

*Continued on page 64*

# Northward the Course of Empire

THE COLONIZATION and development of Northern Canada, along the lines of our growth in Western Canada, would not be possible if the North were the sort of place we have always supposed it to be. There we have the key to the vast possibilities of the future inhabited North. It never was that kind of place. Stefansson has convinced the Canadian Government of this. He will try to convince MACLEAN'S readers of the falseness of the views of the Man-in-the-Street, in his next article, entitled: "The North That Never Was."

*By* VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

MAN, as an animal, is indeed a tropical animal. But man, as distinguished from animals, is not at his best in the tropics, or very near them. His fight upward in civilization has coincided in part at least with his march northward, over the earth into a cooler, clearer, more bracing air.

For the last few centuries, and especially in Canada and the United States, our attention has been centred upon the proposition that "Westward the course of empire takes its way." Indisputably it has taken a westerly course during the last few centuries. But it is equally indisputable and more significant (because it rests upon broader natural causes) that northward the course of civilization has been taking its way not only through the long period of written history and of tradition, but also through that far longer period, the records of which are the skeletons of the forerunners of men and of near-men, and of men indubitable who developed a civilization through milleniums of crude stone tools and polished stone and copper and bronze and iron, down to Egypt and China as our histories show them.

There are but two commonly held theories of the origin of man. Each places the spot of origin in or near the tropics, the one because the skeletons of the anthropoids or preanthropoids from which they call man descended have been found chiefly in the tropics, and the other because tradition says the Garden of Eden was in tropical lands. With many divergences, both fundamental and superficial, the two theories agree on the geographic origin of man.

Man as an animal is not only tropical in origin but is also by the nature of his body unfit to flourish in any other sort of climate. Even those who assert he was once hairy refrain from contending that he had fur. Hairy as he was he would have shivered in Italy and could not have prospered at all in the winter climate of Manitoba or of Russia. Nor would the most thoroughgoing advocate of a meat diet pretend he could flourish through hunting until after the invention of weapons and traps. He must have lived in a country not too cold for an unclad, furless animal where vegetables and fruits could be found at all times of year to constitute either the main diet or at least the bridges over necessary gaps in the meat supply.

### Northward March Begins

THEN came the inventions of fire and clothing for combating the cold, and of weapons for killing the grass-eating animals upon which man could subsist though he could not directly upon the grass. With these inventions commenced the northward march of civilization, and we do not yet know how far north it will continue. At least that contention can be made though it has to be made in the face of an overwhelming public opinion to the effect that the northward limit has already been reached.

Men at every period of history have been generally of the opinion that the ultimate limit of the northward spread of civilization had then at length been reached.

It is a reasonable assumption, deduced from what we know of later history, that even the thoughtful men of Memphis and of Babylon failed to see potentialities for much beyond barbarism in the Greece and Italy of their time. We know as a matter of recorded opinion that the Greeks and Romans not only considered the people to the north of them to be inferior, but believed that that inferiority must continue largely because of a supposed hostile climate of the lands to the north. Tacitus probably knew as much as any of his contemporaries about the lands beyond the Alps and was merely voicing the general opinion of his time and countrymen when he said that nobody could conceive that any one, unless forced by the atern necessity of war, would willingly leave the fertile shores of Africa or the plains of Italy for the country north of the Alps, where the climate is as disagreeable as the soil is sterile. This was undoubtedly a truism of his time; but it is a fact of our time that many people live in Paris and other parts of France by choice.

Draper tells us in his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," that in the Middle Ages the stables of the Moors in Spain were better than the palaces of the kings of England, and we know that the Moors of that time were as certain with regard to Britain as Tacitus had been in his day with reference to France that the foggy chilly climate was inimical to the high development, and that nothing much was to be expected of such a country and its people. Now the burden of proof is upon any one who denies that Britain has for a century been the foremost land of the earth.

The undervaluation of the North by the Romans and the Moors is not difficult to explain. With them and in every other period of history it has rested on one ground, and does so to-day with us. Their civilization and ours had a common southern origin. The lands of the south have been the lands of known history and their problems have been well understood. At any given time a portion of Egypt or of Babylonia may have been a desert, but the Romans and Moors and we have always understood how deserts may be irrigated and that such problems are not insoluble. But the problems of the North have never been understood, for they are not of the past but of the future.



VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

We do not know what they are and even when we learn what they are the solution is yet to be devised.

IT IS human nature that we undervalue the distant and exaggerate the difficulties of the unknown. My friend Professor Ellaworth Huntington of Yale, once sent out a letter of inquiry to about a hundred university professors in various lands, asking them to give their opinion (among other things) on the degree of civilization of the people of Iceland. The classification was to be on the basis of ten groups, the people of the highest civilization being in group No. 1 and those of the darkest savagery in group No. 10. The Scandinavian and German professors put Iceland in group No. 1, the American professors put it in group 2, 3, or 4, South Americans put it in groups 6 or 8, and the learned men of China and Japan put it in group No. 10. The classification, accordingly, depended not on any inherent quality in Iceland itself but on its geographic, historical, and cultural distance from the native countries of the learned men who rendered judgment.

To the peoples of the center of civilization the unsettled North has been more or less remote geographically and almost infinitely remote from a cultural and historical point of view, for the information about it was mostly misinformation and its history and problems lay in the future.

On the basis of distance and misinformation the North has always been supposed to be dreadful and devoid of resources. These judgments have always been wrong and this we could prove by dozens of further instances although we shall adduce only two or three.

In 1763 a great struggle had just ended in Europe, that is known on the American side as the "French and Indian War," and the plenipotentiaries of France and England had met to adjudicate a peace somewhat as the representatives of the Powers met recently for a similar purpose.

They haggled over the division of spoils, notably over the political control of certain territories which they strove to acquire or retain with an eagerness proportionate to their idea of the present and future commercial value of these lands. In many ways these hagglings resembled the recent ones in Paris, although France and Britain were then opponents and are now allies, and although the specific considerations were different. The greatest commodity of the modern world is oil and we are concerned with the oil lands; sugar was not in 1763 a correspondingly important commodity, but its future significance was realized by commercial leaders and the sugar lands were among the chief bones of contention.

But a few realized the coming importance of sugar and so the peace conference of 1763 kept haggling about the sugar lands.

### Canada vs Guadaloupe

THE British, feeling that they were in a position to do so, asked among other things that the French turn over to them the island of Guadaloupe. To this the French replied in substance that they disliked extremely to give up Guadaloupe as it was an island containing sugar plantations of such great value to the citizens of France, and suggested they would much prefer to surrender Canada. To this the British replied that while Canada was larger than Guadaloupe, it was not good for much. There were, of course, some furs, and there were codfish on the Newfoundland Banks, but on the whole it was not a very valuable piece of property, and they much preferred Guadaloupe. After a prolonged deadlock Benjamin Franklin suggested through a pamphlet that while Guadaloupe was more valuable than Canada, it was a distant island, while Canada was contiguous territory, and if we allowed the power of France to develop at our very door there would be continual friction. Eventually the British accepted Canada, apparently for political reasons rather than economic. And now not one out of three of the readers of this article can find Guadaloupe without looking it up in the index of an encyclopedia.

In 1867 in the United States a great war had come to a close. During that war the side which eventually triumphed had not been supported so consistently by any great European power as by Russia. The country was grateful to Russia and it became necessary to translate that gratitude into substantial terms. To put it in modern parlance, they wanted to "slip some coin" to Russia as a reward for kindness received, and as they could not very well send a box of gold for a present, they carried out what was for that time an extremely large but otherwise quite ordinary political transaction by purchasing Alaska for $7,200,000. It may have been that Secretary Seward and a few others realized that the money was not an actual gift and that Alaska had a great future, although if that was so, Seward must have been a good deal wiser in his generation than Benjamin Franklin had been with reference to Canada in an earlier one. However that be, the Republican Party and Secretary Seward were attacked in the next presidential campaign for having spent several millions of public money for a lump of ice.

*Continued on page 50*

# THE LADIES' CHAIN

*By* ALAN SULLIVAN

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

THE evening meal at the Woollman Home always seemed to Miss Daggett, the matron, something more than the mere partaking of food. Down the middle of a large, cheerful room stretched a long, snowy table at which old-fashioned women sat in old-fashioned chairs, and addressed themselves to tea, jam and buttered toast with the varying appetites to be found in an assembly whose ages ran from seventy-four to eighty-eight. On Miss Daggett's right was Mrs. Phipps and then Jane Martin; on her left Mrs. Pettigrew and Sarah Dobson, and for the rest of it a dwindling row of wrinkled faces, all eloquent in their own particular way.

Supper, which in summer was at seven o'clock, was mutually recognised as a function in which all differences and disputes of the day must be set aside—for the present at any rate—and the spirit of forbearance cultivated over the remnants of Martha Woollman's original-hand-painted china. There was generally a breeze at dusk, that whispered through the branches of the great friendly tree just outside like a softened requiem over these bent gray heads. It is a question whether any of them paid any attention to it except Miss Daggett, but to her it always came bringing a tender and communicable message of hope and comfort. This evening, however, there was that in her mind that dispossessed everything else. At a pause in the cackle of dry voices she began to speak.

"I have a very interesting piece of news for you," she said impressively, "and I only got it this afternoon. The committee is sending us another guest."

Mrs. Phipps put down her cup. "What's she like?"

"I haven't seen her yet; but from all I hear you'll find her a very interesting addition to our number, and," she added mysteriously, "I'd sooner you discovered the rest for yourselves. Miss Merivale is only seventy."

A sudden and intense curiosity throbbed in twenty aged breasts. Miss Merivale would be the baby of the Woollman Home. Why should a woman who was only seventy take refuge here?

"I know it isn't necessary for me to ask you all to be very kind to her," went on Miss Daggett's good-natured and rather heavy voice, "because you know it's difficult to begin amongst twenty strangers, but I think she's going to brighten up the home a good deal. Her professional name is Madame Marilla."

"What!" croaked Jane Martin.

Miss Daggett glanced smiling down the long table. "I'm not going to tell you another word more. Mrs. Pettigrew, will you have some tea?"

BUT the teapot had lost its attraction Twenty old heads were nodding to each other while twenty old voices engaged in a cackling chatter. Jane Martin, in the back of her mind, was casting serious doubt on the moral standard of any woman who called herself by any such foreign sounding name as Marilla. Mrs. Pettigrew wondered if perhaps she came from the tropics where her own thoughts had so recently been straying. Mrs. Phipps was asking herself whether her leadership amongst the occupants of the Woollman Home was at last in peril. And in the middle of all this, Miss Daggett, noting contentedly that she had sown unexpected seeds in dry ground slipped off almost unobserved.

At four o'clock on the next afternoon, a semi-circle of white-haired women sitting in yellow wicker chairs under wide-spreading green branches, regarded with acute attention the newcomer's first public appearance. Miss Merivale was coming across the lawn with Miss Daggett. She had a small and neatly-formed figure, an oval face and rather pointed features, a large tulle hat—soft and black; a trim black silk dress. Shiny kid shoes encased a pair of tiny feet. She wore white kid gloves and carried a bag made from a section of an embroidered Mandarin coat. The semi-circle gazed at her with a profound and seemingly awe-struck interest.

The matron made a round of formal introductions while one and all were conscious of the quick scrutiny of a pair of bright eyes. Then Miss Daggett disappeared, and the click of needles recommenced—but only spasmodically. Mrs. Phipps knew that she should do the honors, but something held her guiltily silent.

The stranger indulged in another swift glance, and bent on the group a little communicable smile. "It's all just as I thought it would be; it's all changed—and yet it hasn't changed a bit."

Mrs. Pettigrew looked up, and, daring greatly, made the first offering: "Do you mean that you've seen this place before, Miss—Miss Marilla?"

"Merivale, please," nodded the newcomer. "I've done with Marilla now, worse luck. Yes, I saw it fifteen years ago."

"None of us were here then," hazarded Mrs. Phipps, who was beginning to feel more at ease.

Miss Merivale hesitated an instant, realizing that twenty old women had finished forever with the Woollman Home since last she saw it.

"When I finished my professional work," she



Mrs. Phipps stared in the glass, her aged eyes glistening softly. It was forty years since she had her hair done.

said reminiscently, "I thought it would be wise to provide for the future while I had the means to do so, and visited the home with one of the committee. It seemed so bright and cheerful that I asked to be allowed to deposit enough money to enable me to come here and live later on. So here I am."

The click of needles died away Mrs. Pettigrew felt a little jealous of a woman—especially an unmarried woman—who had kept such a grip on her own affairs; while Jane Martin wondered if it would have been possible for her to have done something of the same sort. But Miss Merivale admitted to being some kind of a professional, and round the semi-circle spread a thickening doubt as to her claims to respectability.

It was Mrs. Phipps who made the plunge. "And what was your profession, if one may inquire?" she asked with elephantine playfulness.

MISS MERIVALE crossed her feet, displaying a good deal more ankle than was usually to be seen in the precincts of the Woollman Home. They were beautiful ankles and wonderful little feet, trim, strong and shapely. Their owner surveyed them contentedly before she spoke: nor did she seem to notice that all round the group there was a tucking away of less attractive extremities.

"I taught dancing for nearly thirty years, and I danced a little every day myself for all that time."

Mrs. Pettigrew put on her spectacles and took in every detail of the neat figure. It startled her to realise how daintily old ladies dressed nowadays. The Mandarin bag, the white gloves, the tulle hat—all testified that the world of fashion for advanced ages had moved on, and past the Woollman Home. It made her regretful and, in a queer way, just a little ambitious.

"I taught deportment too," went on the thin, clear voice. "You can't dance without deportment. The first thing my girls and boys had to learn was how to enter a room, for to begin with they sometimes preferred the window. I taught them how to bow and wear white gloves and hold their handkerchiefs against the young ladies dresses when dancing. When the new steps came in, I thought they were simply indecent compared to the schottische and minuet and lancers and Sir Roger. Don't you agree with me?"

They agreed unanimously, with covert glances at the speaker's feet and ankles. Memory was at work in a dozen gray heads. Strains of half-forgotten music sifted down from the green branches, and through the gathering fog of oblivion a multitude of young and smiling faces were peering. Not often were the thoughts of this aged circle carried so far back. It was like searching through a disused storeroom and opening old trunks in which one found lavender-scented frocks and silk slippers, scribbled programs and countless reminders of the days of the minuets.

Then you stopped teaching some time ago?" said Jane Martin.

"Yes—and I've been traveling ever since. I wanted to see the world before I settled down."

This was doubly interesting, and several tongues became loosened. A woman who had taught dancing and seen the world must without doubt have a dramatic and perhaps slightly improper past—but, if so, they were inclined to be forgiving. Scanning Miss Merivale's face, they recognised that it must formerly have been beautiful. and were all at once conscious of how much more she knew than themselves. Jane Martin silently hoped she would talk about her love affairs before she perceived the conversational restrictions of the Woollman Home. A little later the bell rang for supper, and as Mrs. Phipps crossed the lawn she lagged behind the rest and made a furtive step or two from the third figure of the Lancers.

MISS MERIVALE lay awake a long time in her cubicle that night. Already it had been transformed into a dainty little chamber, very different from the others, and so far as her quarters were concerned she was well content. The question that really moved in her mind was whether her seventy years were not, after all, too young for the Woollman Home. At this age she felt much more restless than she anticipated and she had discovered in her new surroundings a certain drabness that seemed, at first, unchangeable. It was no fault of the Home, she admitted that, and she could not decide whether it would be kinder to attempt to move her new companions to at least a semblance of youthfulness, or to let herself be swallowed up in the unchanging round of their humdrum lives. And she didn't fancy the latter at all.

Next day it rained and there was no semi-circle under the big tree. In the middle of the afternoon, came a tap at Miss Merivale's door, and Mrs. Phipps entered with a hesitancy that sat curiously on her large soft body. She settled in the spare chair, and pressed her thick fingers together.

"I—I wanted to speak to you a moment in private," she said in a throaty whisper.

Miss Merivale's brows went up, but she was heartily glad of a visitor. "Yes? I'm very glad to see you."

Mrs. Phipps laid a hand on her bony skull. "I hope it won't put you out, but it's about your hair."

Miss Merivale sat up stiffly. "Don't you like it?"

"Like it!" was the desponding answer. "I just love it! And what I want to ask, if it isn't a liberty, is whether you can do mine in the same way?" She finished a little breathlessly, with memories of days when the thick blue-black tresses—the glory of the girl Anne Phipps—hung a yard below her strong young shoulders.

Miss Merivale gulped. What seed had *she* sown in this dry ground? Then she nodded quickly with a twinkle in her bright gray eyes, and got very busy. In a few minutes the uncompromising outline of the bony skull had disappeared, and over the broad forehead a cluster of silver curls drooped low, melting in soft luxurious waves on either side. She stepped back, and, with frank criticism, regarded the effect, while Mrs. Phipps remained as though carved in stone.

"I'll do it better next time, but that certainly does you more justice. You must have had beautiful hair—in fact it's beautiful yet."

Mrs. Phipps stared in the glass, her aged eyes glistening softly. It was forty years since she had had her hair done, and the light touch of those skilful fingers had reached her heart. Memories, countless and tender, had been stirred into life. She backed into the hall, her lips trembling, and smiling her thanks with an unwonted moisture on her sallow cheeks. At the top of the stairs she encountered Mrs. Pettigrew.

Ten minutes later came another knock at Miss Merivale's door, but this time a very faint one, and Mrs. Pettigrew stood, overwhelmed with bashfulness, her lips parted and a worldless petition on her waxen features. She met Miss Merivale's whimsical look, and her gaze wandered to the dressing table. There ensued a little silence, finally broken by a faint chuckle.

"Would you like yours done too?" asked the magician.

Mrs. Pettigrew nodded speechlessly, and, closing her eyes, sank into a chair. It was perhaps fortunate that she could not notice Miss Merivale's expression as the

latter set to work on the straggling fringe. Presently she heaved a sigh of content.

"Nothing like this has ever happened before at the Home. Did you think we were dreadful frumps?"

"No, I didn't think about it at all." She picked up the end of a scanty lock, regarding it dubiously: "I'm afraid I don't know quite what to do with your hair."

"Couldn't you do it like Mrs. Phipps?"

"There isn't just enough for that." She paused, then added encouragingly, "I might make you a prettier cap."

MRS. PETTIGREW sighed, then brightened: "That would be a lot better than nothing."

She watched the nimble fingers and sent quick inquisitive glances at the small, capable face. "Your coming is going to make a deal of difference here, because we've never had anyone just like you. We all stopped some time ago having anything to do with things outside, but you've kept right hold. We're pretty hard put to it to find anything to talk about, and the result is we do a lot of romancing—me like the rest of them. But there won't be any romancing in front of you, because you *know*; so you'll have to do most of the talking for a while."

The magician bit her lip. "I'm sure I'd believe anything you said, Mrs. Pettigrew."

"You can—now," replied the other woman, in a flood of candor, "but you wouldn't have a month ago when I told the others about my brother being boiled and eaten by the savages of Australia—when he was living in Brixton. I'm saying all this so that when you notice there isn't much conversation you'll know why."

Miss Merivale laughed, but her face was a little weary. "I'm sure there's plenty to talk about. How do you like this?"

On Mrs. Pettigrew's thin fringe she set a dainty cap of pointed lace and soft net, to which—greatly daring—she had added a few purple velvet pansies filched from her own workbag. The old woman put her head on one side, scanning her image with complete approval.

"It's beautiful," she said "and thanks ever so much; but I'm almost sorry I let you do it."

"Why?"

"Everyone in the place will want one like it, and you'll be all tired out."

The magician continued to smile, but her lips tightened a little. "Oh, no, I won't." she answered composedly.

So it came about that in something less than a week Miss Merivale was, undisputedly, the leading occupant of the Woollman Home, and, though not aspiring to any such giddy eminence, she accepted it without question, feeling more and more assured that it could not last long. One by one the aged guests approached her with hesitating suggestions for their own beautification. By the end of the second week all those who were short of hair had become the proud possessors of caps, and all the caps were different. Miss Daggett's remnant bag was ransacked by ambitious fingers, its product reappearing in forms diverse and grotesque, and a glance down the long table at mealtime revealed a dwindling perspective of venerable coquetry.

But during this period Miss Merivale had made a disconcerting discovery. She was not nearly as old as she thought she was. For the first time in many years it had not been necessary to do anything for herself, and she now felt unaccountably skittish. She shrank from assuming the combined office of hairdresser and milliner in chief to the Woollman Home. The burden of age seemed to be hung round her neck, and she knew that ere long it would pull her down to the drab level of this unchanging environment. She had never found it possible to live with her relations, being too restless, assertive and independent; and, fifteen years ago, had impulsively chosen the Woollman Home as the only alternative. But the slow process of age was, in her case, deceptive, and left her still mistress of unreckoned years. She was in the curious position of having a time balance yet to be expended.

In consequence of Miss Merivale's growing revolt, as well as her entire ignorance of the limitations of age, on one fine afternoon, when Miss Daggett was conveniently out shopping, a circle of venerable women formed with much cackling on the lawn behind the Home. They were dressed in their best, with particular attention to stockings and shoes. The latest style in hair-dressing and caps might have been observed, and one half their number wore handkerchiefs tied on the left arm. In the middle stood Miss Merivale, her head up, her flat bosom distended, and brandishing a small, white baton—the emblem of old-time authority. Just outside the circle sat Mrs. Phipps, her face strangely distorted, breathing convulsively against a jew's harp.

The spirit of gaiety was not, however, omnipotent. Under the friendly tree, and aloof from their chattering companions sat a little group whose hearts were proof against this siren call. Such vagaries might perhaps be in order, but they were undoubtedly undignified. It is possible that Mrs. Jadwin, for instance, would have given anything to be able to dance, hut knew better than to depend on her brittle bones, and so screened her frailty behind a stiff expression of disapproval. Mrs. Bostwell, on the other hand, was frankly critical, while Susan Duck, who never agreed with anyone, stared at the proceedings, her mouth wide open. Miss Merivale's dance had its wallflowers, nor did they vary discernibly from the standard and recognised species.

Came a moment of hesitation on the lawn—then the baton went up. Mrs. Phipps' fat forefinger began to twiddle, her excitement being such that it struck her nose as often as it did the harp, while her laboring lungs evoked weird and phantom sounds. The circle subdivided itself into twos and fours. Miss Merivale's eyes sparkled as her aged guests advanced and retreated over the green turf with fluttering caps and dishevelled white hair. Where were rheumatism and stiff joints? Where was the punishment of the years today? Who talked of monotony in the Woollman Home? What single soul felt neglected or forgotten—except the wall-flowers?

Faster waved the baton, more gustily expanded Mrs. Phipps' billowy breast, quicker and quicker the maze of dancing feet that threaded as though by magic the alluring steps of the lancers. Here was Jane Martin prancing like a wayward colt, because, forsooth, she was a boy. There was Mrs. Pettigrew, swaying into low courtesies and picking up the edge of her skirt with delicate fingers. Observe Mrs. Jodberry, that tall angular form, ploughing her way with devastating effect through the ladies' chain in the last figure. What wonder that Mrs. Jadwin's eyes protruded, and Susan Duck repeated "scandalous! scandalous!" the musician gave one last helpless gasp and laid her hands on a heaving waist.

"I'M DONE!" she whispered, "I'm done!" Her fatigue was infectious. The lancers dissolved.

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Her fatigue was infectious. The lancers dissolved. Sixteen drooping forms . . . . turned thankfully to wicker chairs into which they subsided with sixteen sighs of utter weariness.

# IS ALL PRAYER ANSWERED?

*By* MARSHALL P. TALLING

WHEN Tennyson, almost quoting Shakespeare, tells us that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," we suppose him to teach that its power transcends the range of human tracing. This, of course, is true, and must remain true so long as finite beings are the channels of God's infinite power; but the truth has a meaning vastly wider. Life is crammed with prayer to an extent but little conceived. Most of our praying may be crudely imperfect, yet no sphere of life is free from the pull of its hope, the call of its unutterable need, or the benefts of its practical operation.

Christians are not alone in prayer. All religion is saturated with it. The savage in his wilds, and the savant at the top of the world's intelligence, both feel beyond the reach of their knowledge for mysterious help. The most religious, and the least religious, find themselves looking for the larger Life which will satisfy their unfulfilled aspirations.

Childhood everywhere is seen to be full of the heart's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed. Much of its wondrous quest may be addressed to a parent—the only deity a child at first knows; but if he be caught young and his thought directed to the Invisible Father; with instant intuition he grasps the reality and prays with implicit faith. By common observation, too, the prayers of children often impress their parents and change the spiritual atmosphere of the home.

Take the case of Lottie X, a child of seven years of age. Out on the lawn one evening she had been provokingly disobedient until her mother's indignation flamed into the decisive command, "Go immediately to the nursery and I shall punish you." Catching from the mother's demeanor some sense of the enormity of her offence, Lottie raced to the house and passing through the drawing room where she supposed herself to be alone, she dropped on her knees at a chair and exclaimed, "O God, if you want to help a little girl, now is your chance!" Then she hurried away to the place of punishment. It so happened however, that her aunt behind the curtains had overheard the little one's strange pleading, and going to the mother reported her evident distress. Needless to say that prayer, though not conventional in form, modified the mother's conduct. Its cry was heard and answered, and in two lives it wrought influences memorably divine.

When little Reginald R. prayed, "O God, bless my father, for he is the Lord's Day Act," he showed a child's sense of his father's responsibility, and was himself in the very act of spiritual culture—which is the first purpose of prayer.

### Prayer an Attitude of Mind

BUT adults, the best and the oldest of them, are merely children not yet grown up—in the All-Father's greater household. Even the irreligious, though they strive to suppress the instinct of prayer, nevertheless feel the craving of their better being—the soul's search for the satisfaction of its nature.

A friend of mine once said to me, "I don't pray myself, and I won't teach my children to pray." Yet afterwards when called to his distant home by the critical illness of a daughter and delayed at a railroad junction by broken train connections, he repeatedly exclaimed. "I do hope that child will live!" The whole attitude of the man as well as his wish displayed the elements of prayerful anguish. He knew his daughter had a father; but for him the universe was Fatherless.

So-called atheists are ever men unsatisfied. They pray unconsciously in a homeless atmosphere, wishing there were a diviner universe than ours. That diviner universe, which all intelligent beings seek, the Creator is now, as he long has been, in the process of producing. And in His Most difficult task—the creation of perfect personality He needs the assistance of the best and the communion of all.

Until the perfect state arrives men will be hungry, comprehensively hungry, with an inexpressible agony of desire; and that irrepressible cry is elemental prayer.

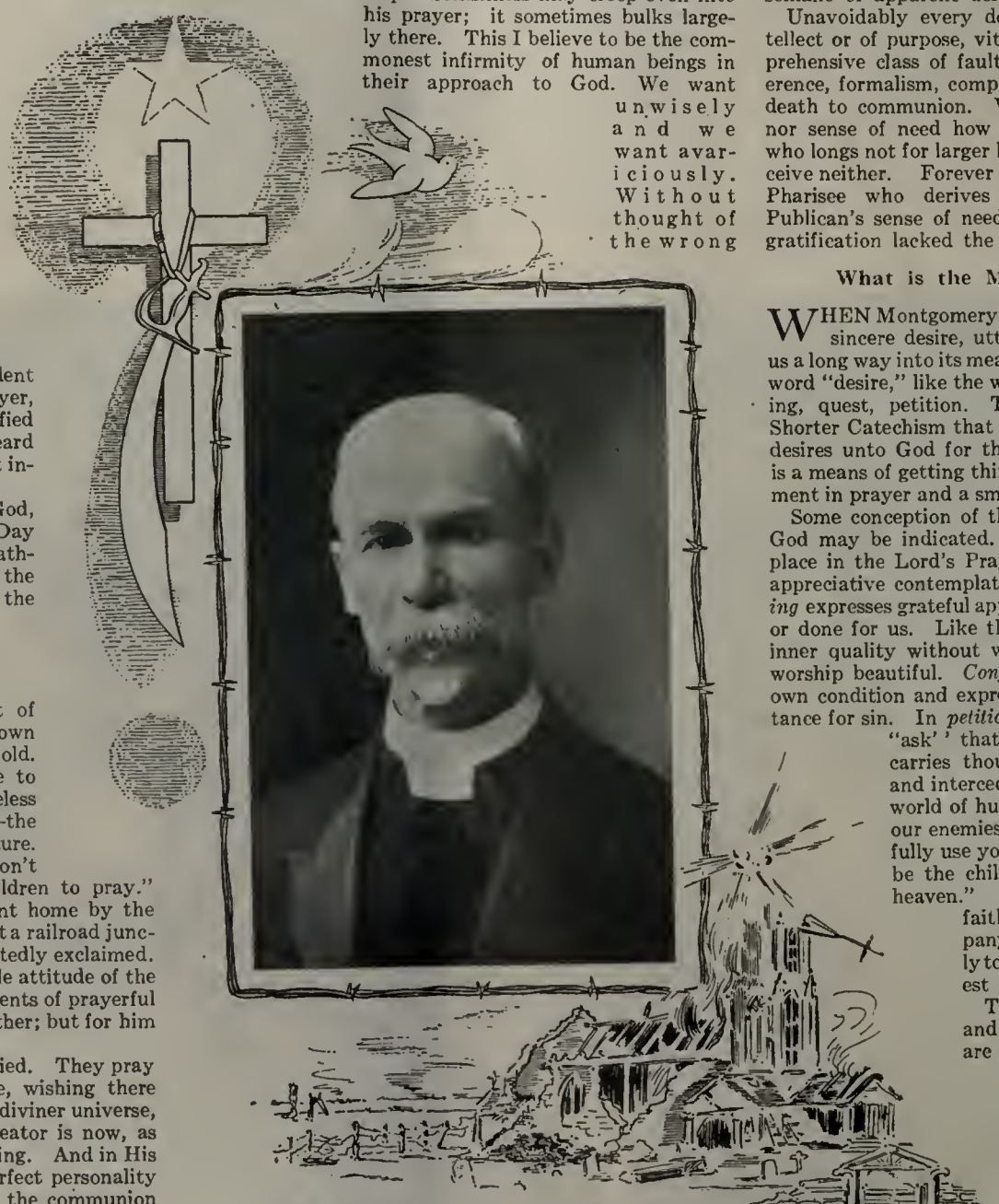
Never before in the history of humanity stood so multitudinous a body of wrathful men and women—like Jesus before the Pharisees—raining indignation upon earth's rank injustice. But wherever there lives divine indignation there is intimate contact with God. Such feeling is a fine element in spiritual development. Without communion with God it could neither exist nor find execution. Prayer means business—God's business and ours. We are associated with Him in a common undertaking—the supremest purpose of the universe—the shaping of that far off divine event to which the whole creation moves.

Human ideals are born and their fires fed by the Author and Maker of things. Prayer helps to keep the powers of personality in gear with the Infinite. "It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." Communion has its working importance chiefly as it makes man the channel and agent of His power.

Until the mystery of God; of Life; of Destiny are read completely, no one can measure the influence of man's communion with God. Hence, forever, the subject of prayer holds fascination, not merely for the religious devotee, but for any man whensoever he thinks on these things. And every man in his serious moments finds himself face to face with—God. From this problem there is no escape, yet its solution is hindered by human immaturity, misconceptions, and defects.

### Personality Colors Man's Prayer.

DELIBERATELY or inadvertently, consciously or off guard, all men pray, but all prayers are not equally worthy. Pathetically man's defects can mar his very worship. Selfishness may creep even into his prayer; it sometimes bulks largely there. This I believe to be the commonest infirmity of human beings in their approach to God. We want unwisely and we want avariciously. Without thought of the wrong or the incongruity of the case, we ask *GOD* to help us in our devious designs. As though the Fount of Justice would conspire to further our self-seeking! Attempts to get the start of a fellow mortal at the Throne of Righteousness reveal a mistaken conception of God and of the purpose of prayer.



REV. MARSHALL P. TALLING, B.A, Ph.D.

**Is a Presbyterian minister who during his lifetime has made a specialty of the study of prayer. He is the author of several books on the subject, one of which ran into seven editions, being published in United States and the British Isles as well as Canada. He was born in Bowmanville in 1857, and since his retirement from the pulpit has devoted his time to literary pursuits in connection with church work. His accompanying analytical article goes to the very fundamentals of human yearning for light and betterment.**

Emerson says, "Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious."

As there is no room for selfishness in prayer, neither is there room for littleness, nor even for narrowness. Whoever composed the familiar lampoon:—

"God bless me and my wife,
My son John and his wife,
Us four and no more,"

exposed one type of smallness to the point of ludicrous absurdity. Whitman touches the idea at a better angle when he exclaims, "By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms."

When I was at the University, a fellow student, G—— W——, now a distinguished lawyer in Toronto, swung into the class room one day with the greeting, "Hello, M.P., did you give the Almighty any advice this morning?"

Not so flippant either was his jibe. He put the finger of intelligent insight on a lesson all must learn. Prayer is not information, instruction, nor advice imparted to the Deity. There is no need for that. "Your heavenly Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him." Prayer has a profounder purpose; namely the discovery of our *real* need, and preparation to accept divinely, perhaps dazzling success, or perchance the Gethsemane of apparent defeat.

Unavoidably every defect whatsoever, whether of intellect or of purpose, vitiates prayer, but one other comprehensive class of faults deserves mention. All indifference, formalism, complacency or self-satisfaction works death to communion. Where there is neither aspiration nor sense of need how can there be vital prayer? He who longs not for larger life nor improving quality will receive neither. Forever it is the Publican rather than the Pharisee who derives blessing. Why? Because the Publican's sense of need was real. The Pharisee's self-gratification lacked the fundamental element of prayer.

### What is the Meaning of Prayer?

WHEN Montgomery tells us that "prayer is the heart's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed," he takes us a long way into its meaning—but not far enough. The word "desire," like the word "prayer" itself, implies seeking, quest, petition. To say in the language of the Shorter Catechism that "Prayer is an offering up of our desires unto God for things...." suggests that prayer is a means of getting things. But *petition* is only one element in prayer and a small part of its compass.

Some conception of the range of our communion with God may be indicated. *Adoration*, which occupies first place in the Lord's Prayer, is worshipful reverence—the appreciative contemplation of what God *is*. *Thanksgiving* expresses grateful appreciation of what God has given or done for us. Like the odor of the rose, it reveals an inner quality without which no life can be divine; no worship beautiful. *Confession* turns thought upon one's own condition and expresses contrition for wrong, repentance for sin. In *petition* we make known our wants and "ask" that we may receive. *Intercession* carries thought and sympathy beyond self and intercedes on behalf of others—the great world of humanity, including our friends and our enemies. "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." Self-dedication, like love and faith and reverence, should accompany all prayer. It commits one wholly to God and binds him to the finest fidelity.

These different types of thought and feeling which we have mentioned are known as the "parts" of prayer. It helps a worshipper to hold them in the fingers of memory, like a mental rosary, so that there shall be order in his praying, and omission of no essential quality.

Prayer it will be seen, though often uttered in speech, is not a matter of words; it is inner experience which makes it what it is. No one can pass through a crisis in life without discovering that words are helpless, language lame and limited in the expression of feeling. Our pro-

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# Little Theatre of the Hills—Canada

*"WE FEEL that we have reached that point in our history where we may look for a Canadian Literature to record Canadian achievements: and it is in that faith that we have built this theatre for the giving of Canadian plays by Canadian actors. We hope that it will be used by the young actor as a training-ground for his abilities, and by the young poet as a testing-ground for his work; for the service of beauty and for a true expression of the Canadian spirit."*



View From Naramata Theatre.

*TO THE left is quoted the little note which appeared on the programme, November 3, 1920, when Premier Meighen opened the Little Theatre at Naramata, in the Okanagan Valley. What a wonderful vista from its foyer!*

*In this article Agnes Laut draws an analogy between the Little Theatre's place in Canada's literary life and the new status of our Dominion in the sisterhood of nations. Sound, economic thinking will be equally as valuable as a proper religious and artistic training, she says.*

## National Consciousness May Even Help to Pay Our Bills

*By* AGNES C. LAUT

I AM not going to describe here the Little Theatre, itself, as much as what it symbolizes in Canada's national life. It has already been described, by another writer, in *MacLean's*. It is built above a large packing and fruit storage house. It has the aroma of the orchards coming up through the floor; but it also has the seating capacity, the foyer, the drop curtains, the stage effects, the colored light of any of the little theatres in the world; and on one side of the entrance are the waving pines and spruce; and on the other, the deep thicket of the tensely green orchards. The Little Theatre is not an amateur effort. Its builder is a successful playwright; and to his beautiful bungalow in the hills come during the holidays of summer heat in the cities, the leading actors and actresses of the continent. Amateurs can try their hand; but professionals will also be there to try out plays embodying the Canadian spirit.

And the Little Theatre does not stand in a town. It is out on the hills like a Temple, such as the Greeks would have dedicated to their national spirit.

"We have reached the point in our history where we may look for a Canadian literature to record Canadian achievement....in that faith, we have built this theatre for the giving of Canadian plays by Canadian actors.... We hope that it will be used as a training ground and a testing ground.....we have great pleasure in offering it for the service of beauty and for a true expression of *the Canadian spirit*."

Please note those last two words—the Canadian spirit, a new spirit on the chaotic face of the churning water out of which is emerging a New Canada.

Picture a long narrow lake, blue as the Mediterranean or the Gulf of Mexico, lying between two long chains of rugged opal gray mountains with the primrose tints of rainbow slants, before and after the sun is at its zenith! Imagine an atmosphere as soft as Italy's, or Florida's, as clear as Denver's. On the terraced hill sides are orchards and gardens—orchards and gardens countless with little bungalow villas and red and green tiled roofs breaking the sweep of tense green!

No, these are not the olive groves of Italy, nor the almond ranches of California, though they might be either. The steamer coughs and chugs into the wharf, and tourists in khaki and Englishmen in white flannels and Americans in promiscuous dress come to greet new-comers in pleasure launches, or canoes, or motor boats, on horse back, in big touring cars. Girls in bloomers, girls in riding togs, girls in white middies and tennis skirts and shoes, ride along the mountain trail bare-headed, racing to meet the steamers.

### Our Wonderful B. C. Scenery

AS I have said, it isn't in Italy and it isn't in California, though if it were in either, more Canadians would make pilgrimages to see this little theatre built in the amphitheatre of our own British Columbia, which most of us ten years ago used to regard as about 3,000 miles away from anywhere; and right in the heart of this valley is the little Theatre in the Hills, dedicated to the Canadian spirit and built on faith in that Canadian spirit.

Premier Meighen must have been conscious of that new Canadian National Spirit; or he would not have given the address at the opening of the little Theatre last year.

What is that National Spirit?

I can no more articulate it than Canada can articulate it. It is just a-borning. It is like a beautiful vision coming up on the face of troubled waters. It is like a man, who has found his soul in the terrible crucifixion of the War; and now hope and light and love are dawning in a new and resurrected life.

Canada found her national soul in the War, though she is yet hardly conscious of it. It was after the Civil War that the United States took its great jump forward as a world power. To American shores came from forty to fifty million people. Settlers poured across the Mississippi founding a great trans-Mississippi and inter-Montane empire.

And Canada is at the very same place to-day; and if the birth pangs be severe and the morning of better times seems ages in dawning, we have but to remember the United States passed the same place we are passing to-day. We should keep engraved on our hearts and our foreheads and the palms of our hands Laurier's prophetic phrase—"The Twentieth Century is Canada's;" and we should line up to it.

I don't know when the sense of the new national consciousness being abroad in Canada first dawned on me.

I think it was when everybody settled down quietly after it was all over and asked—What was it for? Why did God permit it? What was Destiny doing with us? Where's Canada at, as a result of this—"*this*" being memories, which people didn't permit themselves to dwell on, for fear of their hearts breaking.

I need tell only two or three episodes to illustrate what I mean and what that Little Theatre in the Hills symbolizes. I was motoring with an officer of the Soldier's Settlement Board in August of 1920. We were recalling friends of former Winnipeg days, who did not return. He stopped his car. He sat thinking. Then he began very slowly to think out loud as nearly as I can recall it in words to this effect:

"Why should we have been saved when they were taken! They were better men than we are. The flower of the race, the bravest and best were taken. Why were we saved? What have we to do? We know now the lands we fought to save would hardly make a back yard, or kitchen garden, to one of Canada's provinces. Yet we have fewer people in an Empire the size of Russia than those nations have in a few cities. What has held us back? What stalls us? We haven't thought this all out yet; but—you bet—your—sweet—life—the returned fellows are thinking it out hard—and the old parties are going to hear from us in a twelve months and they will find out that the old tom-toms will never again rally the clans."

### What the Old Parties Heard

IN 1921 I met this same young officer again at one of my lectures. "Oh, by the way," he asked, "do you remember our talk? I said the old parties would hear from us. Well—they did! They put up their old party candidates on the old party platforms with the old party tom-toms beating the War Drums! The old parties had funds. We had none. We put up a blind soldier and we licked them out of their boots. Rallying cry? We hadn't any except 100 per cent. Canadianism!"

That for one testimony as to the new spirit abroad in Canada.

This for another.

I got on a Canadian National train early one morning. The conductor sat down beside me. (The day before I had travelled on a freight caboose and the freight conductor and his two brakesmen, who treated me to a dinner of spaghetti, said almost the same thing in different words).

"I didn't hear your lecture last night. I didn't get in. in time; but I've heard the men all along the line jangling and wrangling about what you said. I understand you are preaching the evangel of dedication to Canadian nationalism. That's right—that's right! Everybody agrees with that! What sets men disputing is the line up of facts you gave as to why we haven't developed faster. We're rich as a nation. We're strong and virile and clean. We're older than the United States as you say; and we have the population of only one State, or one American city. I don't wonder you ask us why; and I think your answer is right—*We have lacked national unity and we haven't dedicated ourselves to the job of creating a great nation.*

"I agree with you the time is ripe for us to be up and doing. The fulfilment of time foretold in the Scripture has come for the Power of the North to arise; but did you ever atop to think why God, or Destiny—which never errs—has permitted us to lag in our pace? If you are right—and I think you are, from what the great scientists in the Navy say—we are going into an era of Land Power. Did it ever occur to you, God or Destiny may have reserved this land for the future Great Britain? Ever think of the similarity of our case to the Holy Land? There was one of the richest lands in the ancient world, and it lay fallow, over run by wild half savages and barbarians; the sport of Desert winds, till the time was ripe

for God to send the Children of Israel there, where the religion of the world was conceived and cradled? Ever think God might have some such design for Canada in a Greater Britain Over Seas?"

And up at Strathmore, where they were opening a beautiful memorial hall to the G.W.V's I heard the chairman say—"It wasn't so much a question of *who* won the war. It was *what Canada was going to do with the peace.*"

Or it was up in the American Colony at Rosetown. "I'll tell you what I think is the matter," said an ex-American, who had taken out his papers as a Canadian. "You call me an American. My next door neighbor calls himself a Scotchman. My neighbor across the way refers to England as 'home.' Now I'll be hanged if we are living in Canada, *Canada is Home, and We're every Mother's Son of us Canadians; and we ought to be* 100 *per cent Canadians and not refer to anywhere else as home.*"

"No, Madam, I am not a Barr Colonist," said a Scotch tongue to me up at Lloydminister. "I came in with the Barr people, but if twenty years' successful farming here doesn't entitle me to be called a good Canadian, I don't know what does."

### Where Home Is

AND it was down on the Delia-Youngstown section. A young Englishman was motoring me to the next lecture point. "I'll tell you what gives so many Englishmen a grouch here at first," he explained. "They and their ancestors have lived the same type of life in England for four hundred years. They come out here. It's like pulling up roots. They keep referring to England as 'back home.' They are home sick to go 'back home.' Well they scrape enough money together to go 'back home,' and they find they miss something. They are smothered. They miss the quick, free pace; so back they come to Canada. After that, Canada is Home. My father and mother both went through that; and now they are contented here."

In Winnipeg, a Governor-General asked the different races to be segregated in different rooms so he could address them in their own languages; and many little Poles refused to herd with the other little Poles because they would not acknowledge they were anything but Canadian; and when the little Russians were asked what they were, each shouted back—"I am Canadian;" and so did the little Galicians.

This is what I mean when I say there is a new spirit abroad in Canada; that a vision is forming on the face of troubled waters; that the dawn of a new day is brooding over the most momentous era in Canada's history; and it is to this New Canadian Spirit and to faith in that spirit the Little Theatre in the Hills above the beautiful Okanagan Lakes is dedicated.

But in the course of some seventy lectures before Chautauqua audiences in the Western Provinces and some dozen addresses before other audiences, when I tried to point out that what had held Canada's progress back was lack of national consciousness, natural status, national unity—in aim, action and destiny—I was invariably met by the come-back, "Well, how is that going to help us to pay our bills?"

The sincerest comment I received was from a little woman in Saskatchewan, whose family I know, and whose family history I know. They came West away back in the late eighties. They lived in a sodded-up, tar-papered shanty. What they couldn't pay cash for, they did without. I know one year in their lives when there was neither sugar in the sugar bowl, nor tea in the tea pot, and they didn't see one coin to rub against another coin for ten months, and her mother had done without a new hat for eight years. As my esteemed friend of the old North West days, Colonel George Ham, once remarked when I asked him why in the early days when you could have bought the town site of Calgary for 5c, we didn't buy it up, "because we didn't have 5c;" her family knew the days of no coin, of crops frosted one year and droughted out the next year, and then when the big crops did come, of prices dropping to 48c, which didn't pay the costs; but they held on.

Through good repute and evil repute, they held on and carried on and went over the top. They own several thousand acres of the best wheat land in Saskatchewan to-day. They have a country house and a town house and spend every winter in California, whence they come and go in their own limousine. And it was her observation of progress in the United States that brought her to the same conviction driven in on myself—that Canada richer, older, larger than the United States, an Empire in resources, age and area, is not living up to the status of an empire, nor living up to the progress of an Empire.

WHY does one country's progress go in floodtides of prosperity; no matter how deep the trough of a temporary depression like the Civil War, or the recent Great War, up she comes and on she goes in a sweep forward to national destiny, irresistible and unstopping as the floodtides of the sea? And why does the other country's progress go in fits and starts and stalls? Why does one country—as it were—drift into backwater, or hit rocks; while the other country no matter what or where backwater and—rocks, keeps forging ahead.

Here is what she said; and the question had more meat in it than all the hot-air whooping of conscientious objections to facts. "Yes, I know these are facts—it's true—I see it every winter when I go South. I acknowledge we have never played the game as a nation. We have lacked national unity in our aims and acts; but what I want the country to get is encouragement. Just please tell me this and we'll jump at it. Tell all Canada; and Canada will jump at it. Talk of progress—it will be an aeroplane compared to an ox cart. How will national consciousness, national status, national unity, Canadian patriotism to Canada as a whole, not East for East, and West for West, how will what you call unity of aim, action and destiny pay our bills?"

In other words—How will national vision materialize into verity?

How can ideals be made into reals?

How can we build our ideals into reality?

You can't get a man to whoop for patriotism if the wolf of want periodically gnaws at his vitals.

A family may love Canada to madness; but they can't stay in Canada unless they can comfortably feed every hungry mouth in the family.

We have lost not only 800,000 U. S. settlers, but in fifty years we have lost to the United States two and a half times as many Canadians.

Why?

No use dodging facts!

The inescapable answer—mouths and stomachs to be filled.

In its last analysis economic pressure is behind racial migration.

People sometimes talk as though economics were sordid, as though economics and religion were different and antagonistic, one for Mondays, the other for Sundays. They are not. They are one and the same thing, founded on the Eternal laws of God, which is the reason the best leaders to-day consider that sound ecomonic thinking will have as much to do in saving the world from a smash to civilization as sound religious thinking and living.



The Little Theatre at Naramata, B.C., opened a year ago and described in MACLEAN'S in the issue of Jan. 1., 1921.

Now come back to how national consciousness, national unity, Canadian patriotism, 100 per cent Canadianism, unity of aims, action, destiny, the dedication of one's soul to Almighty God that Canada must be made a great Nation —*will pay our bills.*

### Dour Facts We Must Face

WE ARE going to use facts for bullets, and not whistle in the dark, or whoop.

Fact first—the Canadian West is having very, very hard sledding this year.

It is not having any harder sledding than the American West, if that is any consolation; but what we are dealing with is the Canadian West, not the American West, how to extricate ourselves from our own slough of despond, not to gloat over the fact that our neighbor is also in a slough of despond, though misery does love company and is prone to hope for the very worst for the other fellow.

*En passant*, however, it is worth while making clear that "the American tariff is not a slap in Canada's face, a kick at a friendly ally," as some of the party barkers would imply. When Exchange fell with a fearful slump last year and again in July and August of 1921, orders from Europe for American wool, cotton, beef were cancelled in a panic. Europe could not afford to pay $4.86 for $3.60 worth of these farm products. Wool growers of the South found their wool stored in Boston unsaleable "eating its head off" in interest and storage charges.

Cotton ditto, only in the case of cotton, the broker's bank, who had acted as forwarding agent was the hardest hit—so hard hit he began to call credits in on the farmers, till the Federal Reserve Banks told him to let up and go easy, though not before enough banks in the cotton and sugar belt of Louisiana had collapsed to give the shivers to other banks and demonstrate the futility of calling credits, where there was no cash to call.

Sugar ditto! Beef ditto! Farm prices avalanched down. Farm produce backed up on the farmers' hands unsaleable at any price. Some of it was so heavily mortgaged, the farmers did not dare sell it till the prices reverted to a level that would pay at least the debt.

A howl went to high Heaven with a unanimity from the Western American farmer, that put the fear of God and agriculture in the heart of Congress. Result—the tariff, "not as a slap at a friendly neighbor," but as a makeshift to quiet that howl till real remedies could be found in better exchange, or a chance of shorter crops this year, which would effect an absorption of the unsold 1920 surplus.

The boll weevil has sent up the price of cotton; and the drought will yet send the price of wheat kiting before the spring of 1922; but how permanent the makeshift tariff will be no one can tell. The boomerang is reacting now. It may work its own cure, of which I shall write later.

Meanwhile in Canada—the West is having very hard sledding this year.

It is having hard sledding from causes, which no man could have foretold.

First, the United States tariff took the bottom out of the cattle market.

Second, exchange took the bottom out of the demands for farm produce.

Third, high freight rates took the edge off profit on all shipments.

Fourth, crops in 1920 went in at high wage and cost levels. Prices slumped to almost pre-war levels.

### Cattle? $100 Becomes $3.

LAST came the weather. Now the weather alone without these other causes would not have knocked prosperity flat; but the combination knocked prosperity insensible. Cattle worth $100 in May, 1921 were selling at $30 in July and at $3 in August. Look at those figures—will you? Do you know what it costs to winter a cow? In feed alone more than $30, with hay at its lowest. "Yes," says your paper theorist, "but western cattle rustle for their feed." But supposing there isn't any feed?

All of which leads up to the little woman's remark—"Heaven give us encouragement! How in the world is a sense of national consciousness, of national unity, of 100 per cent Canadian patriotism, of unity of aim, action and destiny going to help us to pay our bills?"

Higher prices, of course—for what we really have, high grade, low grade, and no grade at all—would turn the trick; but the Government can't peg wheat prices and pay them out of an empty treasury without increasing taxes; and the word "taxes" brings a groan like a pipe organ when the boy stops pumping.

Higher prices will undoubtedly come when the present glutted markets are cleared and the world wakens to the fact that the world is fearfully short of wheat this year; and empty stomachs in Europe will have to pay *any* price for wheat, though the owners of the empty stomachs have to go short on clothing and fuel to buy food, or die. But these higher prices which are inevitable as death and taxes within a year, don't help the farmer *now*. He has to sell to pay labor, binder twine, implements, the winter's fuel, the children's warm clothing; and even if he waited, there is peril in the wait. Wheat is going out to Europe in larger quantities this year than last, and exchange is coming slowly to normal, which will enable Europe to buy more

*Continued on page 58*

# The Case of Jean Louis

By MAURICE LEBLANC

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

*THESE eight adventures were told to me in the old days by Arsene Lupin, as though they had happened to a friend of his named Prince Renine. As for me, considering the way in which they were conducted, the actions, the behavior and the very character of the hero, I find it very difficult not to identify the two friends as one and the same person. Arsene Lupin is gifted with a powerful imagination and is quite capable of attributing to himself adventures which are not his at all and of disowning those which are really his. The reader will judge for himself.—M. L.*



When they reached the window next to the front-door they could both see and hear two old ladies shrieking at the tops of their voices.

MONSIEUR," continued the young girl, addressing Serge Renine, "it was while I was spending the Easter holidays at Nice with my father that I made the acquaintance of Jean Louis d'Imbleval...."

Renine interrupted her:

"Excuse me, mademoiselle, but just now you spoke of this young man as Jean Louis Vaurois."

"That's his name also," she said.

"Has he two names then?"

"I don't know.... I don't know anything about it," she said, with some embarrassment, "and that is why by Hortense's advice, I came to ask for your help."

This conversation was taking place in Renine's flat on the Boulevard Haussmann, to which Hortense had brought her friend Genevieve Aymard, a slender, pretty little creature with a face overshadowed by an expression of the greatest melancholy.

"Renine will be successful, take my word for it, Genevieve. You will, Renine, won't you?"

"Please tell me the rest of the story, mademoiselle," he said.

Genevieve continued: "I was already engaged at the time to a man whom I loathe and detest. My father was trying to force me to marry him, and is still trying to do so. Jean Louis and I felt the keenest sympathy for each other, a sympathy that soon developed into a profound and passionate affection which, I can assure you, was equally sincere on both sides. On my return to Paris, Jean Louis, who lives in the country with his mother and his aunt, took rooms in our part of the town and, as I am allowed to go out by myself, we used to see each other daily. I need not tell you that we were engaged to be married. I told my father so. And this is what he said: 'I don't particularly like the fellow. But, whether it's he or another, what I want is that you should get married. So let him come and ask for your hand. If not, you must do as I say.' In the middle of June, Jean Louis went home to arrange matters with his mother and aunt. I received some passionate letters; and then just these few words:

"THERE are too many obstacles in the way of our happiness. I give up. I am mad with despair. I love you more than ever. Goodbye and forgive me.'

"Since then, I have received nothing: no reply to my letters and telegrams."

"Perhaps he has fallen in love with somebody else?" asked Renine. "Or there may be some old connection which he is unable to shake off."

Genevieve shook her head: "Monsieur, believe me, if our engagement had been broken off for an ordinary reason, I should not have allowed Hortense to trouble you. There's a mystery in Jean Louis' life, or rather an endless number of mysteries which hamper and pursue him. I never saw such distress in a human face; and, from the first moment of our meeting, I was conscious in him of a grief and melancholy which have always persisted—even at times when he was giving himself to our love with the greatest confidence."

"But your impression must have been confirmed by minor details, by things which happened to strike you as peculiar?"

"I don't quite know what to say."

"Those two names, for instance?"

"Yes, there was certainly that."

"By what name did he introduce himself to you?"

"Jean Louis d'Imbleval."

## THE THIRD OF "The Eight Strokes of the Clock"

"But Jean Louis Vaurois?"

"That's what my father calls him."

"Why?"

"Because that was how he was introduced to my father, at Nice, by a gentleman who knew him. Besides, he carried visiting cards which describe him under either name."

"Have you never questioned him on this point?"

"Yes, I have, twice. The first time, he said that his aunt's name was Vaurois and his mother's d'Imbleval."

"And the second time?"

"He told me the contrary: he spoke of his mother as Vaurois and of his aunt as d'Imbleval. I pointed this out. He colored up and I thought it better not to question him any further."

"Does he live far from Paris?"

"Right down in Brittany: at the Manoir d'Elseven, five miles from Carhaix."

"Are you quite certain that he loves you, mademoiselle?"

"I am certain of it and I know too that he represents all my life and all my happiness. He alone can save me. If he can't, then I shall be married in a week's time to a man whom I hate. I have promised my father; and the banns have been published."

"We shall leave for Carhaix, Madame Daniel and I, this evening," said Renine.

That evening he and Hortense took the train for Brittany. They reached Carhaix at ten o'clock in the morning; and, after lunch, at half past twelve o'clock they stepped into a car borrowed from a leading resident of the district.

"YOU'RE looking a little pale, my dear," said Renine, with a laugh, as they alighted by the gate of the garden at Elseven.

"I'm very fond of Genevieve," she said. "She's the only friend I have. And I'm feeling frightened."

He called her attention to the fact that the central gate was flanked by two wickets bearing the names of Madame d'Imbleval and Madame Vaurois respectively. Each of these wickets opened on a narrow path which ran among the shrubberies of box and aucuba to the left and right of the main avenue. The avenue itself led to an old manor-house, long, low and picturesque, but provided with two clumsily-built, ugly wings each in a different style of architecture and each forming the destination of one of the side-paths. Madame d'Imbleval evidently lived on the left and Madame Vaurois on the right.

Hortense and Renine listened. Shrill, hasty voices were disputing inside the house. The sound came through one of the windows of the ground-floor, which was level with the garden and covered throughout its length with red creepers and white roses.

"We can't go any farther," said Hortense. "It would be indiscreet."

"All the more reason," whispered Renine. "Look here: if we walk straight ahead, we shan't be seen by the people who are quarrelling."

The sounds of conflict were by no means abating; and, when they reached the window next to the front-door, through the roses and creepers they could both see and hear two old ladies shrieking at the tops of their voices and shaking their fists at each other.

The women were standing in the foreground, in a large dining-room where the table was not yet cleared; and at the farther side of the table sat a young man, doubtless Jean Louis himself smoking his pipe and reading a newspaper, without appearing to trouble about the two old harridans.

One of these, a thin tall woman, was wearing a purple silk dress; and her hair was dressed in a mass of curls much too yellow for the ravaged face around which they tumbled. The other, who was still thinner, but quite short, was bustling round the room in a cotton dressing-gown and displayed a red, painted face blazing with anger:

"A baggage, that's what you are!" she yelped. "The wickedest woman in the world and a thief into the bargain!"

"I, a thief!" screamed the other.

"What about that business with the ducks at ten francs apiece: don't you call that thieving?"

"Hold your tongue, you low creature! Who stole the fifty-franc note from my dressing-table? Lord, that I should have to live with such a wretch!"

The other started with fury at the outrage and, addressing the young man, cried:

"Jean, are you going to sit there and let me be insulted by your hussy of a d'Imbleval?"

And the tall one retorted furiously:

"Hussy! Do you hear that, Louis? Look at her, your Vaurois! She's got the airs of a superannuated barmaid! Make her stop, can't you?"

Suddenly Jean Louis banged his fist upon the table, making the plates and dishes jump, and shouted:

"Be quiet both of you, you old lunatics!"

They turned upon him at once and loaded him with abuse:

"Coward!... Hypocrite!... Liar! A pretty sort of son you are!.... You son of a slut and not much better yourself!...."

THE insults rained down upon him. He stopped his ears with his fingers and writhed as he sat at table like a man who has lost all patience and has need to restrain himself lest he should fall upon his enemy.

Renine whispered:

"Now's the time to go in."

"In among all those infuriated people?" protested Hortense.

"Exactly. We shall see them better with their masks off."

And, with a determined step, he walked to the door.

opened it and entered the room, followed by Hortense.

His advent gave rise to a feeling of stupefaction. The two women stopped yelling, but were still scarlet in the face and trembling with rage. Jean Louis, who was very pale, stood up.

Profiting by the general confusion, Renine said, briskly:

"Allow me to introduce myself. I am Prince Renine. This is Madame Daniel. We are friends of Mlle. Genevieve Aymard and we have come in her name. I have a letter from her addressed to you, monsieur."

Jean Louis, already disconcerted by the newcomers' arrival, lost countenance entirely on hearing the name of Genevieve. Without quite knowing what he was saying and with the intention of responding to Renine's courteous behaviour, he tried in his turn to introduce the two ladies and let fall the astounding words:

"My mother, Madame d'Imbleval: my mother, Madame Vaurois."

FOR some time no one spoke. Renine bowed. Hortense did not know with whom she should first shake hands, with Madame d'Imbleval, the mother, or with Madame Vaurois, the mother. But what happened was that Madame d'Imbleval and Madame Vaurois both at the same time attempted to snatch the letter which Renine was holding out to Jean Louis, while both at the same time mumbled:

"Mlle. Aymard!....She has had the coolness....she has had the audacity....!"

Then Jean Louis, recovering his self-possession, laid hold of his mother d'Imbleval and pushed her out of the room by a door on the left and next of his mother Vaurois and pushed her out of the room by a door on the right. Then, returning to his two visitors, he opened the envelope and read, in an undertone:

"I am to be married in a week, Jean Louis. Come to my rescue, I beseech you. My friend Hortense and Prince Renine will help you to overcome the obstacles that baffle you. Trust them. I love you.

GENEVIEVE."

He was a rather dull-looking young man, whose very swarthy, lean and bony face certainly bore the expression of melancholy and distress described by Genevieve. Indeed, the marks of suffering were visible in all his harassed features, as well as is his sad and anxious eyes.

"Take my word for it, monsieur," declared Renine, "that it is in your best interests to confide in us. We are Genevieve Aymard's friends. Do not hesitate to speak."

"I can hardly hesitate," he said, "after what you have just heard. This is the life I lead, monsieur. I will tell you the whole secret, so that you may tell it to Genevieve. She will then understand why I have not gone back to her....and why I have not the right to do so."

HE PUSHED a chair forward for Hortense. The two men sat down, and, without any need of further persuasion, rather as though he himself felt a certain relief in unburdening himself, he said.

"You must not be surprised, monsieur, if I tell my story with a certain flippancy, for, as a matter of fact, it is a frankly comical story and cannot fail to make you laugh. Fate often amuses itself by playing these imbecile tricks, these monstrous farces which seem as though they must have been invented by the brain of a madman or a drunkard. Judge for yourself. Twenty-seven years ago, the Manoir d'Elseven, which at that consisted only of the main building, was occupied by an old doctor who, to increase his modest means, used to receive one or two paying guests. In this way, Madame d'Imbleval spent the summer here one year and Madame Vaurois the following summer. Now these two ladies did not know each other. One of them was married to a Breton captain of a merchant-vessel and the other to a commercial traveller from the Vendee. It so happened that they lost their husbands at the same time, at a period when each of them was expecting a baby. And, as they both lived in the country, at places some distance from any town, they wrote to the old doctor that they intended to come to his house for their confinement....He agreed. They arrived almost on the same day, in the autumn. Two small bedrooms were prepared for them behind the room in which we are sitting. The doctor had engaged a nurse, who slept in this very room. Everything was perfectly satisfactory. The ladies were getting on together splendidly. They were determined that their children should be boys and had chosen the names of Jean and Louis respectively.

"One evening the doctor was called out to a case and drove off in his gig with the man-servant, saying that he would not be back till next day. In her master's absence, a little girl who served as maid-of-all-work ran out to keep company with her sweetheart. These accidents destiny turned to account with diabolical malignity. At about midnight, Madame d'Imbleval was seized with the first pains. The nurse, Mlle. Boussignol, had had some training as a midwife and did not lose her head. But, an hour later, Madame Vaurois' turn came; and the tragedy, or I might rather say the tragi-comedy, was enacted amid the screams and moans of the two patients and the bewildered agitation of the nurse running from one to the other, bewailing her fate, opening the window to call out for the doctor or falling on her knees to implore the aid of Providence....Madame Vaurois was the first to bring a son into the world. Mlle. Boussignol hurriedly carried him in here, washed and tended him and laid him in the cradle prepared for him ....But Madame d'Imbleval was screaming with pain; and the nurse had to attend to her while the new-born child was yelling like a stuck pig and the terrified mother, unable to stir from her bed, fainted ....Add to this all the wretchedness of darkness and disorder, the only lamp, without any oil, for the servant had neglected to fill it, the candles burning out, the moaning of the wind, the screeching of the owls, and you will understand that Mlle. Boussignol was scared out of her wits.

"However, at five o'clock in the morning, after many tragic incidents, she came in here with the d'Imbleval baby, likewise a boy, washed and tended him, laid him in his cradle and went off to help Madame Vaurois, who had come to herself and was crying out, while Madame d'Imbleval had fainted in her turn. And, when Mlle. Boussignol, having settled the two mothers, but half-crazed with fatigue, her brain, in a whirl, returned to the new-born children, she realized with horror that she had wrapped them in similar binders, thrust their feet into similar woolen socks and laid them both, side by side, *in the same cradle*, so that it was impossible to tell Louis d'Imbleval from Jean Vaurois!....To make matters worse, when she lifted one of them out of the cradle, she found that his hands were cold as ice and that he had ceased to breathe He was dead. What was his name and what the survivor's?....

"Three hours later, the doctor found the two women in a condition of frenzied delirium, while the nurse was dragging herself from one bed to the other, entreating the two mothers to forgive her. She held me out first to one, then to the other, to receive their caresses—for I was the surviving child—and they first kissed me and then pushed me away; for, after all, who was I? The son of the widowed Madame d'Imbleval and the late merchant-captain or the son of the widowed Madame Vaurois and the late commercial traveller? There was not a clue by which they could tell. The doctor begged each of the two mothers to sacrifice her rights, at least from the legal point of view, so that I might be called either Louis d'Imbleval or Jean Vaurois. They refused absolutely. 'Why Jean Vaurois, if he's a d'Imbleval?' protested the one. 'Why Louis d'Imbleval, if he's a Vaurois?' retorted the other. And I was registered under the name of Jean Louis, the son of an unknown father and mother."

PRINCE RENINE had listened in silence. But Hortense, as the story approached its conclusion, had given way to a hilarity which she could no longer restrain and suddenly, in spite of all her efforts, she burst into a fit of the wildest laughter:

"Forgive me," she said, her eyes filled with tears, "do forgive me; it's too much for my nerves...."

"Don't apologize, madame," said the young man, gently, in a voice free from resentment. "I warned you that my story was laughable; I, better than any one, know how absurd, how nonsensical it is. Yes, the whole thing is perfectly grotesque. But believe me when I tell you that it was no fun in reality. It seems a humorous situation and it remains humorous by the force of circumstances; but it is also horrible. You can see that for yourself, can't you? The two mothers, neither of whom was certain of being a mother, but neither of whom was certain that she was not one, both clung to Jean Louis. He might be a stranger; on the other hand, he might be their own flesh and blood. They loved him to excess and fought for him furiously. And, above all, they both came to hate each other with a deadly hatred. Differing completely in charatcer and education and obliged to live together because neither was willing to forego the advantage of her possible maternity, they lived the life of irreconcilable enemies who can never lay their weapons aside....I grew up in the midst of this hatred and had it instilled into me by both of them. When my childish heart, hungering for affection, inclined me to one of them, the other would seek to inspire me with loathing and contempt for her. In this manor-house, which they bought on the old doctor's death and to which they added the two wings, I was their involuntary torturer and their daily victim. Tormented as a child, and, as a young man, leading the most hideous of lives, I doubt if any one on earth ever suffered more than I did."

"You ought to have left them!" exclaimed Hortense, who had stopped laughing.

"One can't leave one's mother; and one of those two women was my mother. And a woman can't abandon her son; and each of them was entitled to believe that I was her son. We were all three chained together like convicts, with chains of sorrow, compassion, doubt and also of hope that the truth might one day become apparent. And there was no escaping it. I tried often enough....but in vain. The broken bonds became tied again. Only this summer, under the stimulus of my love for Genevieve, I tried to free myself and did my utmost to persuade the two women whom I call mother. And then....and then! I was up against their complaints, their immediate hatred of the wife, of the stranger, whom I was proposing to force upon them....I gave way. What sort of life would Genevieve have had here, between Madame d'Imbleval and Madame Vaurois? I had no right to victimize her."

JEAN LOUIS, who had been gradually becoming excited, uttered these last words in a firm voice, as though he would have wished his conduct to be ascribed to conscientious motives and a sense of duty. In reality, as Renine and Hortense clearly saw, his was an unusually weak nature, incapable of reacting against a ridiculous position from which he had suffered ever since he was a child and which he had come to look upon as final and irremediable.

He sat down to a writing-table and quickly wrote a letter which he handed to Renine.

"Would you be kind enough to give this note to Mlle. Aymard and beg her once more to forgive me?"

Renine did not move and, when the other pressed the letter upon him, he took it and tore it up.

"What does this mean?" asked the young man.

"It means that I will not charge myself with any message."

"Why?"

"Because you are coming with us."

*"THIS is the funniest yarn I have ever written," Arthur Stringer wrote the Editor of MACLEAN'S, in forwarding his fact-masterpiece entitled "The Author and the Cow-Catcher," which will greet you in the leading position of the December 15th issue. This article describes the mental and physical reactions when a prominent and plump writer finally is persuaded to ride on a cow-catcher through the roughest of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Stringer's article is accompanied by some extraordinary, typical pictures from the brush of H. Weston Taylor. You who read it may expect to have the tears roll down your cheeks. Honestly!*



"Whose son is this gentleman

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"I?" the young man replied in amazement, looking up.

"Yes. You will see Mlle. Aymard to-morrow, and ask for her hand in marriage."

Jean Louis looked at Renine with a rather disdainful air, as though he were thinking: "Here's a man who has not understood a word of what I've been explaining to him."

But Hortense went up to Renine: "Why do you say that?"

"Because it will be as I say."

"But you must have your reasons?"

"Only one; but it will be enough, provided this gentleman is so kind as to help me in my inquiries."

"Enquiries? With what object?" asked the young man.

"With the object of proving that your story is not quite accurate."

Jean Louis took umbrage at this: "I must ask you to believe, monsieur, that I have not said a word which is not the exact truth."

"I expressed myself badly," said Renine, with great kindliness. "Certainly you have not said a word that does not agree with what you believe to be the exact truth. But the truth is not, cannot be, what you believe it to be."

The young man folded his arms: "In any case, monsieur, it seems likely that I should know the truth better than you do."

"Why better? What happened on that tragic night can obviously be known to you only at second-hand. You have no proofs. Neither have Madame d'Imbleval and Madame Vaurois."

"No proofs of what?" exclaimed Jean Louis, losing patience.

"No proofs of the confusion that took place."

"What' Why, it's an absolute certainty! The two children were laid in the same cradle, with no marks to distinguish one from the other; and the nurse was unable to tell. . ."

"At least, that's her version of it," interrupted Renine.

"What's that? Her version? But you're accusing the woman."

"I'm accusing her of nothing."

"Yes you are; you're accusing her of lying. And why should she lie? She had no interest in doing so; and her tears and despair are so much evidence of her good faith. For, after all, the two mothers were there. . . . they saw the woman weeping. . . . they questioned her. . . . And then, I repeat, what interest had she. . . .?"

JEAN LOUIS was greatly excited.

Close beside him, Madame d'Imbleval and Madame Vaurois, who had no doubt been listening behind the doors and who had stealthily entered the room, stood stammering, in amazement: "No, no. . . . it's impossible. . . . We've questioned her over and over again. Why should she tell a lie?. . It is impossible. I can never believe—"

"Speak, monsieur, speak," Jean Louis enjoined. "Explain yourself. Give your reasons for trying to cast doubt upon an absolute truth!"

"Because that truth is inadmissible," declared Renine, raising his voice and growing excited in turn to the point of punctuating his remarks by thumping the table. "No, things don't happen like that. No, fate does not display those refinements of cruelty, and chance is not added to chance with such reckless extravagance! It was already an unprecedented chance that, on the very night on which the doctor, his man-servant and his maid were out of the house, the two ladies should be seized with labor-pains at the same hour and should bring two sons into the world at the same time. Don't let us add a still more exceptional event! Enough of the uncanny! Enough of lamps that go out and candles that refuse to burn! No and again no, it is not admissible that a midwife should become confused in the essential details of her trade. However bewildered she may be by the unforeseen nature of the circumstances, a remnant of instinct is still on the alert, so that there is a place prepared for each child and each is kept distinct from the other. The first child is here, the second is the e. Even if they are lying side by side, one is on the left and the other on the right. Even if they are wrapped in the same kind of binders, some little detail differs, a trifle which is recorded by the memory and which is inevitably recalled to the mind without any need of reflection. Confusion? I refuse to believe in it. Impossible to tell one from the other? It isn't true. In the world of fiction, yes, one can imagine all sorts of fantastic accidents and heap contradiction on contradiction. But, in the world of reality, at the very heart of reality, there is always a fixed point, a solid nucleus, about which the facts group themselves in accordance with a logical order. I therefore declare most positively that Nurse Boussignol could not have mixed up the two children."

ALL THIS he said decisively, as though he had been present during the night in question; and so great was his power of persuasion that from the very first he shook the certainty of those who for more than a quarter of a century had never doubted.

The two women and their son pressed round him and questioned him with breathless anxiety: "Then you think that she may know. . . . that she may be able to tell us. . .?"

He corrected himself: "I don't say yes and I don't say no. All I say is that there was something in her behaviour during those hours that does not tally with her statements and with reality. All the vast and intolerable mystery that has weighed down upon you three arises not from a momentary lack of attention but from something of which we do not know, but of which she does. That is what I maintain; and that is what happened."

Jean Louis said, in a husky voice: "She is alive. . . . She lives at Carhaix. . . . We can send for her. . . at once."

Hortense at once proposed: "Would you like me to go for her? I will take the motor and bring her back with me. Where does she live?"

"In the middle of the town, at a little draper's shop. The chauffeur will show you. Mlle. Boussignol; everybody knows her. . . ."

"And, whatever you do," added Renine. "don't warn her in any way. If she's uneasy, so much the better. But don't let her know what we want with her."

Twenty minutes passed in absolute silence. Renine paced the room, in which the fine old furniture, the handsome tapestries, the well-bound books and pretty knick-knacks denoted a love of art and a seeking after style in Jean Louis. This room was really his. In the adjoining apartments on either side, through the open doors, Renine was able to note the bad taste of the two mothers.

He went up to Jean Louis and, in a low voice, asked. "Are they well off?"

"Yes."

"And you?"

"They settled the manor-house upon me, with all the land around it, which makes me quite independent."

"Have they any relations?"

"Sisters, both of them."

"With whom they could go to live?"

"Yes; and they have sometimes thought of doing so. But there can't be any question of that. Once more, I assure you. . . ."

MEANTIME the car had returned. The two women jumped up hurriedly, ready to speak.

"Leave it to me," said Renine, "and don't be surprised by anything that I say. It's not a matter of asking her questions but of frightening her, of flurrying her. . . . The sudden attack," he added between his teeth.

The car drove round the lawn and drew up outside the windows. Hortense sprang out and helped an old woman to alight, dressed in a fluted linen cap, a black velvet bodice and a heavy gathered skirt.

The old woman entered in a great state of alarm. She had a pointed face, like a weasel's, with a prominent mouth full of protruding teeth.

"What's the matter, Madame d'Imbleval!" she asked, timidly stepping into the room from which the doctor had once driven her. "Good day to you, Madame Vaurois."

The ladies did not reply.

Renine came forward and said, sternly: "Mlle. Boussignol, I have been sent by the Paris police to throw light upon a tragedy which took place here twenty-seven years ago. I have just secured evidence that you have distorted the truth and that, as the result of your false declarations, the birth-certificate of one of the children born in the course of that night is inaccurate. Now false declarations in matters of birth-certificates are misdemeanors punishable by law. I shall therefore be obliged to take you to Paris to be interrogated. . . . unless you are prepared here and now to confess everything that might repair the consequences of your offence."

The old maid was shaking in every limb. Her teeth were chattering. She was evidently incapable of opposing the least resistance to Renine.

"Are you ready to confess everything?" he asked.

"Yes," she panted.

"Without delay? I have to catch a train. The business must be settled immediately. If you show the least hesitation, I take you with me. Have you made up your mind to speak?"

"Yes."

He pointed to Jean Louis: "Whose son is this gentleman? Madame d'Imbleval's?"

"No."

"Madame Vaurois', therefore?"

"No."

A stupefied silence welcomed the two replies.

"Explain yourself," Renine commanded, looking at his watch.

Then Madame Boussignol fell on her knees and said, in so low and dull a voice that they had to bend over her in order to catch the sense of what she was mumbling:

"Some one came in the evening . a gentleman with a new-born baby, wrapped in blankets, which he wanted the doctor to look after. As the doctor wasn't there, he waited all night and it was he who did it all."

*Continued on page 48*



Madame d'Imbleval's?"



Bennings Sprang Up With a Hoarse Cry

# The Efficiency Christmas

*By* Zoe Beckley *and* Joseph Collomb

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

ON IMPATIENT men like Bennings, cashier for the Glenn Office Supplies Corporation, Nemesis delights to work through trifles. In this case it began with a pencil grown too short. He had been furiously working with it, his speed up so to say, when the cramp in his fingers distracted him.

Formerly, under the regime of "Pop" Glenn and up to his sudden death two weeks before, Bennings would have reached out in the midst of his figuring, taken any one of a dozen ready pencils before him and gone on working. Now, under the newly-formed Corporation headed by Jasper Glenn, "Pop's" heir and nephew, Bennings would have to present the stub of his old pencil at the supply department before he received a new one. The same applied to nubbins of erasers, pad-backs, typewriter-ribbons and other hitherto unconsidered trifles.

The change from "Pop's" friendly personal reign to the efficiency system introduced by Jasper Glenn had settled on Bennings' mind and spirits like gathering clouds. Now it threatened to affect his work. He slapped the pencil down on his desk in annoyance, and the breaking point was an added jab to his nerves.

Then an idea struck him, born of sarcasm and irritation. The two pencils allotted to him at a time had been used up to about three inches each. With his penknife he made four short stubs of them: These he solemnly presented at the window of the supply department and pronounced a ceremonious "Thank you" to the clerk for the four new pencils received. It sharpened the tang of the joke a little that the man who supervised the supply clerk should be looking on at the moment.

With a sardonic smile at his booty of two extra pencils, Bennings again bored into his work, only to be again interrupted.

"Mr. Glenn wants to see you at once," a messenger said.

Bennings put away his work. He had not yet come into close contact with Jasper Glenn. "Pop" Glenn, who had built up the business from a tiny stationery store, used to go among his employees like one of themselves. The new chief was a being apart. When he summoned an employee to his private office in work hours it was for some important, or disagreeable reason.

BENNINGS' knock on the president's door brought a sharp summons. Jasper Glenn speared Bennings with a look as he entered. His eyes, quick and gray, swept over him as though looking for expected physical defects. Glenn was still a youngish man, but hard with the quality of an efficiency machine. He flipped four short pencil-stubs together—Bennings had noticed them on his desk at once—and demanded:

"How many pencils do these represent?"

"Two." Bennings had to take hold of himself strongly. "And I worked the supply department for four. I'm sorry."

Glenn fixed his eyes upon the cashier's, scenting insubordination.

"And the meaning of this peculation—is what?" he snapped, leaning forward impatiently for the reply.

Bennings turned red and pale.

"To save my time and yours." He spoke under severe control. He had a wife and child to consider. "It breaks up my work every time the two pencils allotted to me get used up and I have to take them to the supply department." He choked down something he was about to say of the word "peculation."

"Mr. Bennings...." Glenn was clearly touched on the raw, "we have highly-paid supervisors to decide on ways of saving time. All we demand of you is that you obey orders."

Bennings bowed stiffly and hoped the interview was at an end. But Glenn picked up a catalogue card and asked.

"You have been cashier here for a year and eight months?"

"Yes."

"And you are not yet bonded?"

Bennings flushed.

"No."

Glenn made a memorandum on a pad.

"You may return to your work," he said without another look at Bennings.

Back at his desk Bennings took out his work. But a hot anger would not let him concentrate. His indignation was less at Glenn than at the circumstances that deterred him from answering back as his nerves clamored to do.

Under "Pop" Glenn he had been able to rent a five-room bungalow in Glenn Park, a suburb "Pop" had developed, and with his wife's wise management there had been slowly accumulating in the local bank the money which would some day send their boy Len to college. Then, two years before, when Len was five, an epidemic swept over the land. Its malignant wings touched the child, leaving his arms partly paralyzed. He could run and play simple games. But it was more than Bennings could bear to see him standing on the fringe of a boys' baseball game, hands in pockets, looking on with wistful eyes. Their patiently accumulated savings went rapidly for a costly electrical treatment that brought slow progress to the boy but consumed their last cent of reserve. The treatments went on and the Bennings got into debt. But "Pop" who liked Bennings, learned of the matter and ordered that thereafter all bills for the treatment were to be sent to him. That left still the debt to be paid. By close economy in household expenses—and Alice was clever at it; by going without practically every little luxury dear to a woman's heart she made his salary yield weekly a tiny surplus. With frequent "overtime," for which "Pop" paid liberally and with the bonuses and salary increases he distributed at Christmas, Bennings would have been clear of the debt in a year or less. But now that a railroad disaster had taken the kindly old man there was every reason in the world why Bennings' hot resentment against the new regime and Jasper Glenn did not dare express itself.

HE WAS still angry from the interview, though his mind and fingers had resumed work, when his assistant, Sutton, came in with a paper in his hand and a smile on his lips. Sutton had not thrived under "Pop", partly because he had intrigued so cleverly to rise. "Pop" had an aversion to employes who courted him.

"Something the chief just sent me,"" said Sutton, laying the slip down for Bennings to read.

It was a memorandum from Jasper Glenn, promoting Sutton to cashier, making him a co-ordinate with Bennings.

"Congratulations," the latter said, resuming his work. Sutton's campaigns for promotion were usually based on slyly advanced claims that Benning's work was no more important than his own.

"That's as good as a turkey," Sutton laughed. "You know, don't you, that the firm's not giving turkeys this year?"

Bennings paused pencil in air. "No," he said shortly. The news was a cruel touch. Tomorrow, Thanksgiving Day, would be another reminder that the generous days of "Pop" Glenn were over. Alice and little Len had discussed that "turk" already in an orgy of anticipation as to its stuffing. Alice would have to be told in time. At noon, therefore, Bennings took up the telephone and called a number.

"Business call?" came the operator's soprano.

"No," said Bennings in an irritated tone, "Why?"

"None but business calls allowed on house phones hereafter," said the girl; and Bennings slammed down the receiver.

At lunch hour he telephoned Alice from a drugstore and told her about the turkey. "But I'll buy one in the city and bring it out," he said a little doubtfully.

"Oh, no, don't, dear," she put in quickly. They're much too high this year. I'll—I'll get something at Simmons'."

Bennings hesitated. He didn't want to tell her it was for appearance' sake he wanted to get a turkey in town and take it out with him on the 6.10 express. On the 6.10 were his fellow workers from the office, his neighbours at Glenn Park, acquaintances and friends made in the years of travel between the pretty suburb and the great city. He knew their little successes and their defeats, their touches of prosperity and their losses and sorrows—and they knew his. Most of them would be on the 6.10 that

day, taking home turkeys for Thanksgiving. They would know what Bennings' empty hands meant, and he couldn't bear their understanding, their feeling sorry for him, and the implication of failure their pity would mean.

"All right, dear," he said after a pause. "By the way, I may be late for the 6.10, so don't you and Len bother to meet me."

"I'll keep dinner warm," said Alice cheerily. But underneath, and quite clear to Benning's ear, was a note of worry that cut to his heart.

He walked about the streets till it was time for the 6.50 local. All the commuting world was hurrying home with armfuls of holiday parcels. But it was not his home world and he was glad to see no familiar face.

He was barely seated in the train, however, than he heard familiar voices. Just his luck to have been seen.

"Hello, Bennings, what kept you? I've been marketing." Sutton's voice, a little bragging, cut across Bennings' nerves like a rasp. He saw in Sutton's arms a large expertly-trussed turkey, several appetizing-looking parcels and a musical hoop for his boy. Haskell, who worked in the same department with them, was with Sutton, also bearing festive bundles—Haskell, who used to speak spitefully of Bennings as " 'Pop's' little blue-eyed Willie."

"Errands kept me," Bennings said shortly.

"Highway robbery, the prices they charge," said Sutton comfortably, indicating the opulent bird, as the two sat down with Bennings'. "But I wouldn't deprive my little establishment of their Thanksgiving excitement for a good deal. Luckily I've something to be thankful for this year. Young Jasper's a keen business man from head to toe nail. Knows values, that boy does, whether in pencils or people, hey, Bob?" he asked Haskell.

"Well—I'm waiting for him to recognize my value," Haskell grunted.

"Chirk up, old hoss!" laughed Sutton. "They can't keep a good man down, and young Jasper doesn't want to either!"

The local was only half an hour slower than the 6.10 but Bennings thought it would never arrive. Deliberately or not, Sutton and Haskell rendered raw every living nerve in him. He was thankful not to have to face his family at the station.

He was appalled therefore, when the train pulled into the station at Glenn Park, to see his little son Len on the platform. He was looking out eagerly for his father his hands as always, in his pockets, with a brave casualness. The sight of his boy in the midst of other boys always brought a poignant emotion to Bennings. He hurried to him now, put an arm about his shoulder and led him off.

"What brought you down to the station, Major?" he asked. "I phoned mother not to have you bother meeting me."

Len rubbed his cheek against the hand on his shoulder.

"Thought I'd help bring home the things—if you had any," he murmured.

Alice had not had the heart, then, to tell him . . .

"YOO-HOO! Oh, Len! Look-ud!" Sutton's son Freddy called.

Len turned. Freddy was galloping up to them, the heavy turkey over his shoulder, and trundling the hoop which tinkled as it rolled.

"My father got promoted," he bragged. "And lookud the turk! Bet he weighs a ton! Here, Len, you c'n roll the hoop far's my garden if you wanna." Of course Freddy was unconscious of his cruelty, and Len was a plucky child. But Bennings knew what his silence meant.

He caught the eye of the town's one hack-driver who drew up his rig at the signal. He lifted Len to the seat.

"Thank Freddy, Major," he said, "and tell him you haven't time tonight to roll the hoop—you've got to go to the Emporium with your dad to buy a turkey—and an Indian suit."

It was only when Len had faltered out these things to the now envious Freddy that Bennings saw on his boy's face at the same time with a radiant smile, the glint of tears.

When they got home half an hour later with the turkey, and Len, clad in his Indian suit essayed a warwhoop, Alice was about to ask questions. A warning look over Len's head stopped her in time. It was not till Len was asleep and they were alone in the living room that Bennings told her of the day's doings. He told the story with a quiet bitterness, picking up small objects from the table as he spoke, and throwing them down again with a little fling. He told it with a repression which made his wife more uneasy than had even the evening's serious outbreak of spending. But when he had finished she put her arm about him and led him across the room to the opposite wall. There, on the frame of the door, about four feet from the floor, were some horizontal pencil-marks. The highest mark was three inches above the rest. Alice pointed it out triumphantly, her eyes wide and beautiful.

"He reached up to this today," she said. "Three inches in two weeks is better progress than anything he's done so far! He'll do it for you tomorrow, when he's rested. Harry——" she smoothed out the tight lines about his mouth, "is'nt that better to think about than anything else that happened today?"

Bennings kissed the hand at his lips. But the anger did not leave his eyes.

"It is," he said heavily. "And Len's going on with these treatments, no matter what it costs me. He's going to swim and play ball and do handsprings if I have to. . . ." He drew in his breath sharply and closed his fists till the knuckles went white. "If Sutton," he went on grimly, "is the kind of man Glenn wants and I'm the kind he doesn't, I'll either become a Sutton—or get out. If I can, I'll get out. If not—well, we'll see!" Some ugly visitant from the jungle of the repressed in the man's nature showed in his face for an instant. Then, repenting—"Now let's forget it honey."

But Alice could not forget it. She thought of the fleeting look in his eyes as she lay awake most of the long night, and wondered how much the rash, impetuous young fellow she had married with her eyes open had been tamed by eight years of marriage and responsibility—if at all.

II

BENNINGS came to work on Monday morning determined "to be a Sutton," a "good" employee who took care that his goodness did not remain unknown in the right quarter. But his first attempt at it brought forth in him without warning such a violent revulsion of feeling that, had Jasper Glenn been in the building at the time, there would have been an outbreak.

Then he began a dogged search for work elsewhere. He came to the city an hour earlier every morning and went through the "Help Wanted" advertisements down to the most forlorn hope. But the economic aftermath of the great war was sweeping the world and what few chances offered meant even less money than at Glenn's. Bennings dared not consider them. There was the debt to pay back, and after that there were Len's treatments to be resumed the moment the loan was cancelled. For the time being, the treatments would have to stop.

When the outward search for escape proved hopeless, Bennings turned within himself. Over and over he covered the ground, back and forth, with the pathetic repetition of the newly-caged wild thing. Bars everywhere. But he was becoming too saturnine to mind the trifles with which Nemesis had been amusing itself.

Whereupon, one morning, three weeks before Christmas, a clerk brought him what he saw at once was a bill for Len's treatments. It covered the period of three months, up to "Pop's" death, and came to $450. It had evidently not reached the old man in time and had been referred to Jasper Glenn for payment. It bore in pencil the comment which the clerk could see,

" ?. . . . . J.G."

The bill was an obligation contracted by "Pop." Bennings could make out a case in court; or he could perhaps move Jasper Glenn to pay without a lawsuit. So far as his pride permitted him, he could with equal ease prostrate himself on the Persian rug at Jasper Glenn's feet.

"Some mistake," he grinned at the clerk, and put the bill away in his wallet.

IT HAD been the practice under "Pop" at this time of year for the staff to submit memorandums showing why bonuses and increases in salary should be given them at Christmas. As no instructions came to the contrary, the employees of the Glenn Office Supplies Corporation did the same this year. For indications as to the outcome, they watched Jasper Glenn in the infrequent glimpses they caught of him. The outlook did not seem promising. Besides the man's curtness there seemed to have been added of late a greater aloofness, an effect of distrust. At the same time, little as he came in contact with them, he gave the impression of keeping closer watch over them than ever. Which was actually the case.

For some days there had been coming to him reports of a puzzling leak in funds somewhere in his organization. The sums were not large, ranging from $25 to $50 at a time. As yet the accountants could not tell the total; nor had they traced the source of trouble. The system of accounting under "Pop" had placed much trust in the employes, and there were openings through which a clever thief could steal small sums for some time before discovery.

Jasper Glenn responded exactly as he had when an enemy threatened his country. He went to war. The enemy in this case had invaded his private property. Glenn lost no time; indeed there was no time to lose. Christmas was only a few days off; and the three-day holiday might give the thief, should he choose to escape them, just that much start. It looked as though that were indeed his plan. For the sums taken were now growing larger; and there was reason to believe they would reach a climax on the day before Christmas.

Glenn was hot on the trail of the embezzler. His determination was to give no quarter, to make an example of him. The thief was striking at the heart of his cardinal principle "Dividends and Discipline." In addition, his Christmas threatened to be shadowed by a vague sense of

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Bennings returned an hour later, his arms full of Christmas bundles. "Some resplendence there!" Sutton exclaimed, his eyes greedy. "But say, Bennings, the boss sent for you while you were out. Better see him at once."



# MOSTLY SALLY

*By* Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. W. JEFFERYS

GINGER took a step toward the door, then paused, rigid, with one leg in the air, as though some spell had been cast upon him. From the passage outside there had sounded a shrill yapping. Ginger looked at Sally. Then he looked—longingly—at the bed.

"Don't be such a coward," said Sally severely.

"Yes, but—"

"How much do you owe Mrs. Meecher?"

"Round about twelve dollars, I think, it is."

"I'll pay her."

Ginger flushed awkwardly. "No, I'm hanged if you will! I mean," he stammered. "it's frightfully good of you and all that, and I can't tell you how grateful I am, but honestly I couldn't—"

Sally did not press the point. She liked him the better for a rugged independence which in the days of his impecuniousness brother Fillmore had never dreamed of exhibiting.

"Very well," she said. "Have it your own way. Proud. That's me all over, Mabel, Ginger!" she broke off sharply. "Pull yourself together. Where is your manly spirit? I'd be ashamed to be such a coward."

"Awfully sorry, but, honestly, that woolly dog—"

"Never mind the dog. I'll see you through."

THEY passed on down the stairs and Ginger, pausing on the sidewalk drew a long breath.

"You know, you're wonderful!" he said, regarding Sally with unconcealed admiration.

Sally accepted the compliment composedly. "Now we'll go and hunt up Fillmore." he said. "But there's no need to hurry, of course, really. We'll go for a walk first, and then call at the Astor and make him give us lunch. I want to hear all about you. I've heard something already. I met your cousin Mr. Carmyle. He was on the train coming from Detroit. Did you know he was in America?"

"No. I've—er—rather lost touch with the Family."

"So I gathered from Mr. Carmyle. And I feel hideously responsible. It was all through me that all this has happened."

"Oh, no."

"Of course it was. Ginger tell me, what *did* happen? I'm dying to know. Mr. Carmyle said you insulted your uncle Ronald."

"Donald. Yes, we did have a bit of a scrap, as a matter of fact. He made me go out to dinner with him and we—er—sort of disagreed. To start with, he wanted me to apologize to old Scrymgeour, and I rather gave it a miss."

"Noble fellow!"

"Scrymgeour?"

"No, silly! *You*!"

"Oh, ah!" Ginger blushed. "And then there was all that about the soup, you know."

"How do you mean 'all about the soup'? What about the soup? What soup?"

"Well, things sort of hotted up a bit when the soup arrived."

"I don't understand."

"I mean, the trouble seemed to start as it were, when the waited had finished ladling out the mulligatawny. Thick soup, you know."

"I know mulligatawny is a thick soup. Yes?"

"Well, my old uncle—I'm not blaming him, don't you know; more his misfortune than his fault; I can see that now—but he's got a heavy mustache. Like a walrus, rather. And he's a bit apt to inhale the stuff through it. And I—well, I asked him not to. It was just a suggestion, you know. We cut up fairly rough, and by the time the fish came round we were more or less down on the mat chewing holes in one another. My fault probably. I wasn't feeling particularly well-disposed toward the family that night. I'd just had a talk with Bruce—my cousin, you know—in Piccadilly, and that had rather got the wind up me—Bruce always seems to get on my nerves a bit somehow—and Uncle Donald asking me to dinner and all that. . . . . By the way, did you get the books?'

"What books?"

"Bruce said he wanted to send you some books. That was why I gave him your address."

Sally stared. "He never sent me any books."

"Well, he said he was going to, and I had to tell him where to send them."

Sally walked on, a little thoughtfully. She was not a vain girl, but it was impossible not to perceive in the light of this fresh evidence that Mr. Carmyle had made a journey of three thousand miles with the sole object of renewing his acquaintance with her.

"Go on telling me about your uncle," she said.

"Well, there's not much more to tell. I'd happened to get that wireless of yours just before I started out to dinner with him, and I was more or less feeling that I wasn't going to stand any rot from the family. I'd got to the fish course, hadn't I? Well, we managed to get through that somehow, but we didn't survive the fillet steak. One thing seemed to lead up to another, and the show sort of bust up. He called me a good many things, and I got a bit fed, and finally I told him I hadn't any more use for the Family and was going to start out on my own. And—well, I did, don't you know. And here I am."

"We'll go to the Astor now," she said. "and I'll introduce you to Fillmore. He's a theatrical manager, and he's sure to have something for you."

"It's awfully good of you to bother about me."

"Ginger," said Sally. "I regard you as a grandson. Hail that cab, will you?"

X

IT SEEMED to Sally in the weeks that followed her reunion with Ginger Kemp that a sort of Golden Age had set in. On all the frontiers of her little kingdom there was peace and prosperity, and she woke each morning in a world so neatly smoothed and ironed out that the most captious pessimist could hardly have found anything in it to criticize.

True, Gerald was still a thousand miles away. Going to Chicago to superintend the opening of "The Primrose Way"—for Fillmore had acceeded to his friend Ike's suggestion in the matter of producing it first in Chicago—he had been called in by a distracted manager to revise the work of a brother dramatist whose comedy was in difficulties at one of the theatres in that city and this meant that he would have to remain on the spot for some time to come. It was disappointing, for Sally had been looking forward to having him back in New York in a few days, but she refused to allow herself to be depressed. Life as a whole was much too satisfactory for that. Life, indeed, in every other respect seemed almost perfect. Fillmore was going strong; Ginger was off her conscience; she had found an apartment; her new hat suited her, and "The Primrose Way" was a tremendous success.

Of all these satisfactory happenings, the most satisfactory to Sally's thinking was the fact that the problem of Ginger's future had been solved. Ginger had entered the service of the Fillmore Nicholas Theatrical Enterprises, Ltd. (Managing Director, Fillmore Nicholas)—Fillmore would have made the title longer, only that was all that would go on the brassplate—and was to be found daily in the outer office, his duties consisting, it seemed mainly in reading the evening papers. What exactly he was, even Ginger hardly knew. Sometimes he felt like the man at the wheel; sometimes like a glorified office boy, and not so very glorified at that. For the most part he had to prevent the mob rushing in and getting at Fillmore, who sat in semi-regal state in the inner office pondering great schemes.

BUT, though there might be an occasional passing uncertainty in Ginger's mind as to just what he was suposed to be doing in exchange for the fifty dollars he drew every Friday, there was nothing uncertain about his gratitude to Sally for having pulled the strings and enabled him to do it. He tried to thank her every time they met, and nowadays they were meeting frequently, for Ginger was helping her to furnish her new apartment. In this task he spared no efforts. He said that it kept him in condition.

"And what I mean to say is," said Ginger, pausing in the act of carrying a massive easy-chair to the third spot which Sally had selected in the last ten minutes, "if I didn't sweat about a bit and help you after the way you got me that job—"

"Ginger, desist!" said Sally.

"Yes, but honestly—"

"If you don't stop it, I'll make you move that chair into the next room."

Sally sat down in the armchair and stretched herself. Watching Ginger work had given her a vicarious fatigue. The apartment was small, but it was undeniably a haven. She looked about her and could see no flaw in it—except—she had a sudden sense of something missing.'

"Hullo!" she said. 'Where's that photograph of me? I'm sure I put it on the mantelpiece yesterday."

His exertions seemed to have brought the blood to Ginger's face. He was a rich red. He inspected the mantelpiece narrowly. "No. No photograph here."

"I know there isn't. But it was there yesterday. Or was it! I know I meant to put it there. Perhaps I forgot. It's the most beautiful thing you ever saw. not a bit like me, but what of that? They touch 'em up in the dark room. you know. I value it because it looks the way I should like to look if I could."

"I've never had a beautiful photograph taken of myself," said Ginger, solemnly, with gentle regret.

"Cheer up!"

"Oh, I don't *mind*. I only mentioned ——"

"GINGER," said Sally, "Pardon my interrupting your remarks, which I know are valuable, but this chair is—not—right. It ought to be where it was at the beginning. Could you give your imitation of a pack mule just once more? And after that I'll make you some tea. *If* there's any tea—or milk—or cups."

"There are cups all right. I know because I smashed two the day before yesterday. I'll nip round the corner for some milk, shall I?"

"Yes, please nip. All this hard work has taken it out of me, terribly."

Over the tea table Sally became inquisitive. "What can't understand about this job of yours, Ginger—which, as you are just about to observe, I was noble enough to secure for you—is the amount of leisure that seems to go with it. How is it that you are able to spend your valuable time—Fillmore's valuable time, rather—juggling with my furniture every day?"

"Oh, I can usually get off."

"But oughtn't you to be at your post doing—whatever it is you do? What *do* you do?"

WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR—*Sally Nicholas, engaged to Gerald Foster, struggling playwright, falls heir to a fortune on her twenty-first birthday. She goes abroad where she meets an English youth named Lancelot (Ginger) Kemp and his cousin Bruce Carmyle, who follow her back to New York when she returns to see Gerald's play get its first run at Detroit, Mich. Sally is so disgusted with the inefficient manner in which the show is being managed she buys it out and makes her brother Fillmore manager. She finds Ginger hiding at her boarding-house, broke. She decides to get him a job as an assistant to Fillmore.*



"Gerald Foster is the man I am engaged to marry!"

Ginger sipped his tea thoughtfully and gave his mind to the question.

"Well, I sort of mess about, you know." He pondered. "I interview divers blighters and tell 'em your brother is out and take their names and addresses and oh, all that sort of thing."

"Does Fillmore consult you much?"

"He lets me read some of the plays that are sent in. Awful tosh, most of them. Sometimes he sends me off to a vaudeville house of an evening."

"As a treat?"

"To see some special act, you know. To report on it. In case he might want to use it for this revue of his."

"Which revue?"

"Didn't you know he was going to put on a revue? Oh, rather. A whacking big affair. Going to cut out the Follies and all that sort of thing."

"But—my goodness!" Sally was alarmed. It was just like Fillmore, she felt, to go branching out into these expensive schemes when he ought to be moving warily and trying to consolidate the small success he had had. All his life he had thought in millions where the prudent man would have been content with hundreds. An inexhaustible fount of optimism bubbled eternally within him. "That is rather ambitious," she said.

"Yes. Ambitious sort of cove, your brother. Quite the Napoleon."

"I shall have to talk to him," said Sally decidedly. She was annoyed with Fillmore.

"Of course," argued Ginger, "there's money in revues. Over in London fellows make pots out of them."

Sally shook her head. "It won't do," she said. "And I'll tell you another thing that won't do. That arm chair. Of *course* it ought to be over by the window. You can see that yourself, can't you?"

"Absolutely!" said Ginger, patiently preparing for action once more.

SALLY'S anxiety with regard to her ebullient brother was not lessened by the receipt shortly afterward of a telegram from Miss Winch in Chicago.

"Have you been feeding Fillmore meat?" the telegram ran; and, while Sally could not have claimed that she completely understood it, there was a sinister suggestion about the message which decided her to wait no longer before making investigations. She tore herself away from the joys of furnishing and went round to the headquarters of the Fillmore Nicholas Theatrical Enterprises, Ltd. (Managing Director, Fillmore Nicholas), without delay.

Ginger, she discovered on arrival, was absent from his customary post, his place in the outer office being taken by a lad of tender years and pimply exterior, who thawed and cast off a proud reserve on hearing Sally's name, and told her to walk right in. Sally walked right in and found Fillmore with his feet on an untidy desk, studying what appeared to be costume designs.

"Ah, Sally!" he said in the distrait, tired voice which speaks of vast preoccupations Prosperity was still putting in its silent, deadly work on the Hope of the American Theatre. What, even at as late an epoch as the return from Detroit, had been merely a smooth fullness around the angle of the jaw was now frankly and without disguise a double chin. He was wearing a new waistcoat, and it was unbuttoned. "I am rather busy," he went on. "Always glad to see you, but I am rather busy. I have a hundred things to attend to."

"Well, attend to me. That'll only make a hundred and one. Fill, what's all this I hear about a revue?"

Fillmore looked as like a small boy caught in the act of stealing jam as it is possible for a great theatrical manager to look. He had been wondering in his darker moments what Sally would say about that project when she heard of it, and he had hoped that she would not hear of it until all the preparations were so complete that interference would be impossible. He was extremely fond of Sally, but there was, he knew, a lamentable vein of caution in her make-up which might lead her to criticize. And how can your man of affairs carry on if women are buzzing around criticizing all the time? He picked up a pen and put it down; buttoned his waistcoat and unbuttoned it, and scratched his ear with one of the costume designs.

"Oh, yes, the revue!"

"It's no good saying 'Oh, yes'! You know perfectly well it's a crazy idea."

"Really....these business matters....this interference—"

"I have no wish, Fill, to run your affairs for you, but that money of mine does make me a sort of partner, I suppose, and I think I have a right to raise a loud yell of agony when I see you risking it on a—"

"Pardon me," said Fillmore loftily, looking happier. "Let me explain. Women never understand business matters. Your money is tied up exclusively in 'The Primrose Way', which, as you know, is a tremendous success. You have nothing whatever to worry about as regards any new production I may make."

"I'm not worrying about the money. I'm worrying about you."

A tolerant smiled played about the lower slopes of Fillmore's face.

"Don't be alarmed about *me*. I'm all right."

"You aren't all right. You've no business, when you've only just started as a manager, to be rushing into an enormous production like this. You can't afford it."

"My dear child, as I said before, women cannot understand these things. A man in my position can always command money for a new venture."




"I will not be tied and hampered!"

"Do you mean to say you have found somebody silly enough to put up money?"

"Certainly. I don't know that there is any secret about it. Your friend Mr. Carmyle has taken an interest in some of my forthcoming productions."

"What!"

SALLY had been disturbed before, but she was aghast now. This was something she had never anticipated. Bruce Carmyle seemed to be creeping into her life like an advancing tide. There appeared to be no eluding him. Wherever she turned, there he was, and she could do nothing but rage impotently. The situation was becoming impossible.

Fillmore misinterpreted the note of dismay in her voice.

"It's quite all right," he assured her. "He's a very rich man. Large private means besides his big income. Even if anything goes wrong—"

"It isn't that. It's—"

The hopelessness of explaining to Fillmore stopped Sally. And while, she was chaffing at this new complication which had come to upset the orderly course of her life there was an outburst of voices in the other office. Ginger's understudy seemed to be endeavoring to convince somebody that the Big Chief was engaged and not to be intruded upon. In this he was unsuccessful for the door opened tempestuously and Miss Winch sailed in.

"Fillmore, you poor nut," said Miss Winch, for, though she might wrap up her meaning somewhat obscurely in her telegraphic communications, when it came to the spoken word she was directness itself—"stop sticking straws in your hair and listen to me. You're dippy!"

The last time Sally had seen Fillmore's fiancé, she had been impressed by her imperturbable calm. Miss Winch in Detroit had seemed a girl whom nothing could ruffle. That she had lapsed now from this serene placidity struck Sally as ominous. Slightly though she knew her, she felt that it could be no ordinary happening that had so animated her sister-in-law-to-be.

"Ah! Here you are!" said Fillmore. He had started to his feet indignantly at the opening of the door, like a lion bearded in its den, but calm had returned when he saw who the intruder was.

"Yes, here I am!" Miss Winch dropped despairingly into a swivel chair and endeavored to restore herself with a stick of chewing gum. "Fillmore, darling, you're the sweetest thing on earth and I love you, but on present form you could just walk straight into Bloomingdale's and they'd give you the royal suite."

"My dear girl—"

"What do *you* think?" demanded Miss Winch turning to Sally.

"I've just been telling him," said Sally, welcoming this ally. "I think it's absurd at this stage of things for him to put on an enormous revue...."

"Revue?" Miss Winch stopped in the act of gnawing her gum. "What revue?" She flung up her arms. "I shall have to swallow this gum," she said. "You can't chew with your head going round. Are you putting on a revue *too*?"

FILLMORE was buttoning and unbuttoning his waistcoat. He had a hounded look. "Certainly, certainly," he replied in a tone of some feverishness. "I wish you girls would leave me to manage—"

"Dippy!" said Miss Winch once more. "Telegraphic address, Teapot, Matteawan." She swiveled round to Sally again. "Say, listen! This boy must be stopped. We must form a gang in his best interests and get him put away. What do you think he proposes doing? I'll give you three guesses. Oh, what's the use? You'd never hit it. This poor wandering lad has got it all fixed up to star me—*me*—in a new show!"

Fillmore removed a hand from his waistcoat buttons and waved it protestingly.

"I have used my own judgment—"

"Yes, *sir*!" proceeded Miss Winch, riding over the interruption. "That's what he's planning to spring on an unsuspicious public. I'm sitting peacefully in my room at the hotel in Chicago, pronging a few cents' worth of scrambled eggs and reading the morning paper, when the telephone rings. Gentleman below would like to see me. Oh, ask him to wait. Business of flinging on a few clothes. Down stairs in elevator. Bright sunrise effects in lobby."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"The gentleman had a head of red hair which had to be seen to be believed," explained Miss Winch. "Lit up the lobby. Management had switched off all the electrics for sake of economy. An Englishman he was. Nice fellow. Named Kemp."

"Oh, is Ginger in Chicago?" said Sally. "I wondered why he wasn't on his little chair in the outer office."

"I sent Kemp to Chicago," said Fillmore, "to have a look at the show. It is my policy. If I am unable to pay periodical visits myself, to send a representative."

"Save it for the long winter evenings," advised Miss Winch cutting in on this statement of managerial tactics. "Mr. Kemp may have been there to look at the show, but his chief reason for coming was to tell me to beat it back to New York to enter into my kingdom. Fillmore wanted me on the spot, he told me, so that I could sit around in this office here, interviewing my supporting company. Me! Can you or can you not," inquired Miss Winch frankly, "tie it?"

"Well—" Sally hesitated.

"Don't say it! I know it just as well as you do. It's all too sad for words."

"You persist in underestimating your abilities, Gladys," said Fillmore reproachfully. "I have had a certain amount of experience in theatrical matters. I have seen a good deal of acting—and I assure you that—"

MISS WINCH rose swiftly from her seat, kissed Fillmore energetically, and sat down again. She produced another stick of chewing gum, then shook her head and replaced it in her bag.

"You're a darling old thing to talk that way," she said, "and I hate to wake you out of your daydreams, but, honestly, Fillmore, dear, do just step out of the padded cell for one moment and listen to reason. I know exactly what has been passing in your poor disordered bean. You took Elsa Doland out of a minor part and made her a star overnight. She goes to Chicago, and the critics and everybody else rave about her. As a matter of fact," she said to Sally with enthusiasm, for hers was an honest and a generous nature, "you can't realize, not having seen her play there, what an amazing hit she has made. She really is a sensation. Everybody says she's going to be the biggest thing on record. Very well, then. What does Fillmore do? The poor fish claps his hand to his forehead and cries: 'Gadzooks! An idea! I've done it before, I'll do it again. I'm the fellow who can make a star out of anything.' Easy! Easy! And he picks on *me*!"

"My dear girl—"

"No, the flaw in the scheme is this. Elsa is a genius, and if he hadn't made her a star somebody else would have done. But little Gladys? That's something else again."

*Continued on page 52*

# PIPES OVER THE WATER

*By* FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES A. MACLELLAN

OLD Angus McLeod paused on the little, swaying bridge that knit the green before his door to the swelling meadow land on the farther side of the river. Always he stayed his slow feet there for he loved the steady flow of the water that ran, amber-clear, over the flat, brown stones beneath, almost like the burn that raced noisily down the steep hillside at home.

It was because of this that he had set his house there—in the green "ride" between the cedars, for the good soil lay on the other side, sloping up from the river through the pleasant pasture-lands to the town that bore Ian Fraser's name:

Ian Fraser, who had set his house in the midst of the fairest meadows, a good half-century ago, who had sown field and garden and prospered exceedingly, till the scattered hamlet had grown to a sturdy town about his house, a goodly dwelling now, of wood and stone.

For he was a rich man, and Angus McLeod was poor, poor and old, even beyond his years, that had passed long since the three-score and ten.

But of the enmity between these two, I cannot say; there are but a few to remember the story of that long-ago quarrel, and yet, so fierce was it that the flame of it burned on through fifty years.

Angus, the elder of the two by a little, came first from the old land and, as I have said, because of the sounding of the golden water, and a certain moor madness in his veins, built his house there, as like as might be to the low-roofed croft at home, with hanging eaves, and a broad door to open on the green, and a deep-latticed window that looked down the steep bank to the river.

Inside, the rooms were dim enough, but the hearth was wide, and before it he stood a great settle that he had made, where one might sit at evening, shut in from the dark to the welcome of the fire.

AND, having built his house, he waited for the friend that he loved above all other men to bring to him the woman who was to be his wife.

Now, I do not know what words Ian Fraser said to her on that long, long journey across the sea—I do not, for that matter, know what mystic message the pure knight Lancelot whispered in the ear of Arthur's Queen as they rode through blossoming England that long-ago Maytide—but Ian Fraser was a man among men, head and shoulders above his fellows, and I cannot fathom the heart of a woman.

There are those still in the town who remember their coming, Elspeth and Ian, wedded man and wife, and how Angus McLeod from that day spoke no word to the man that had been his friend, the woman that had been his love.

And in the end, as it chanced, it mattered but little for though Ian prospered and his lands and his gold increased his wife grew ever wearier and more weary still, till she went out from his house at last to the Quiet Acre under the pine trees: Elspeth first, and then Elspeth's son, and it seemed in a little while, her son's son, till now there was but wee Elspeth left.

Wee Elspeth was fatherless and motherless, and as like as a portrait to the other Elspeth into whose desolate home she brought again, after the many years, laughter and love and merriment.

Old Angus saw her, a June day on the bridge, and knew her for whom she was by the gold in the brown of her eyes, 'fore all the world like the gold in the shadows of the river, and in the sleeping eyes of the first Elspeth.

He went his way to the low house on the green, and turned to see her following him, flying across the bridge like a little gold-crested bird so swiftly and lightly she ran, tiny arms outspread.



From the great settle by the fire.....Elspeth, listening, heard the curlews crying over the moors.

RED FHEARGUS rose from his place by the door-sill, and went to meet her; Red Fheargus who had never yet harmed man nor beast and yet of whom the village folk were all afraid, perhaps because of his great age, and the wisdom in his topaz eyes.

But Elspeth was not afraid; she came flying on across the bridge and up the green, to clasp his great head, and bury her fingers in the red-gold mane.

"I love you, I love you," Wee Elspeth cried, and kissed the smooth bronze of his forehead above his eyes.

So, since to love Red Fheargus was to love his master, Elspeth and Old Angus became friends, Angus and Elspeth and Red Fheargus, a strange and lonely trio among all the villagers.

They did not bid her come to the little low house in the cedars, and indeed, Ian Fraser again and again forbade her going, but yet, in spite—or perhaps because of that—she came the more.

They had many a good walk together, the three, under the cedars in the murky gloom, and across what Elspeth called the "Shaking Bridge," and so, by the little path that the feet of many pilgrims had worn in the covert, to that place of the pine trees where the other Elspeth lay.

Strange tales, he told her, Angus McLeod, of the Kelpie that slept in the pool beneath the bridge, and of the Twelve Weavers that trod the hills at nightfall, of Mary the Mother he told her, and of quiet-browed St Bride, and the flying white birds of Angus Og.

And Red Fheargus walked between them, very grave, with Elspeth's hand on his head.

But sometimes, and Elspeth thought this best of all, Angus would take his pipes and play to her, treading slowly up and down the length of his narrow room. There would be the rhythmic treading of his feet, and above it the thin, high call of the pipes.

From the great settle by the fire, that might have been of peat so ruddy were the lights and shadows of it, Elspeth would listen—and listening, hear the call of the north-blood in her veins, hear the curlews crying over the moors, and the bees in the heather.

Before the snow fell, Angus walked on the green in the evenings and, at his word, the little people came out to dance in the summer dusk, and the village folk, hearing that far music, would say: "It is but Old Angus with his pipes,"—only Elspeth and he heard the fall of tiny feet on the moon-lit grass.

BUT when she had gone home he played another song, the sound of it lifted above the quiet voice of the river, through the starry night, up the long meadows to die away in the dark of the pine trees.

"Ye'll not be coming when it's winter," Old Angus warned her as the green year waned but Elspeth came, like a scarlet-crested bird now, hooded and cloaked, flying across the snow.

There were tracks under the cedars in the early mornings, tracks of little wild creatures that took alms of Angus McLeod, and footprints, zigzag across the meadows, footprints of tiny, running feet. Or sometimes a feathery shape on the snow, where she lay prone, "making angels" waving her arms solemnly to and fro above her head,—Red Fheargus would crouch close by the little winged shadow, guarding it after she had gone.

"I think my grandad is very old, older than you, Angus," she said once;

"Nay, that he is not, by three years and more," Old Angus told her,

"His eyes are old," Elspeth said gravely. "Your eyes are young, Angus, your eyes and Red Fheargus'."

"There is no anger in our eyes," Angus said. "The hatred is ever upon us for those whom we have wronged, and there is naught that so ages a man."

Elspeth looked at him a little sadly.

"He tells me not to come," she said.

"And when the river is in flood ye must not come," Angus told her sternly.

"But," Elspeth asked him, "what is flood?"

So he told her of the wrath of the river god in the spring, of the golden water lashed to white foam, of the mighty branches borne past and the great green mounds of ice, and how the thunder of it sounded through his window and broke his sleep.

"It is the Winter god fleeing before the Spring," he said.

"I should like to stand on the shaking bridge and see him go by," Elspeth cried, clasping her hands.

"Nay, that you must not do," he warned her, "for, in his anger, he has sometimes broken my bridge into a hundred pieces, and carried them away."

"Then," said Wee Elspeth, "I should follow him, and find him where he hides."

"In the very heart of the earth he keeps his hiding place," Angus said, "in the caves of the forgotten kings and the journey is too far for you, because you are young, and too far for Fheargus and me, because we are old."

"But could I not just come and stand on the shaking bridge?" Elspeth urged. "He would not be angry with me."

"He is angry with all that love the Spring, this great God of Winter," Angus said. "Ye must bide away when he is abroad, mind, ye must bide away until I tell ye his anger is spent."

"How shall I know?" Elspeth asked, and looked wistfully across the ice-bound river, beneath which the Spring she knew lay sleeping, awaiting her hour of victory.

Old Angus thought.

"I shall hang a strip of crimson from the cedar, the tallest cedar, and then ye must not come," he said at last.

SO, EARLY on the morning that the ice broke, the bit of scarlet cloth fluttered warningly from the tallest

*Continued on page 47*

# THE YELLOW STREAK

## By VALENTINE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

CHAPTER XXIV.

AS THE girl collapsed, the yellow-faced man, with an adroit movement, whisked the handkerchief off her face and crammed it into his pocket. Then, while he supported her with one arm, with the other he thrust at the door to close it. Without paying further attention to it he turned, and, bending down, lifted the girl without an effort off her feet and carried her across the room to the Chesterfield, upon which he laid her at full length. Then he seized her muff which dangled from her neck by a thin platinum chain.

Suddenly he heard the door behind him creak. In a flash he remembered that he had not heard the click of the lock as he had thrust the door to. He was springing erect when a firm hand gripped him by the back of the collar and pulled him away from the couch. He staggered back, striving to regain his balance, but then a savage shove flung him head foremost into the fireplace. He fell with a crash among the fire-irons. But he was on his feet again in an instant.

He saw a tall, athletic-looking young man standing at the couch. He had a remarkably square jaw; his eyes were shining and he breathed heavily. He wore a blue serge suit which was heavily besmeared with white plaster and the trousers were rent across one knee.

Straight at his throat sprang the yellow-faced man.

Something struck him half-way. The young man had waited composedly for his coming but as his assailant advanced, had shot out his left hand. There was a sharp crack and the yellow-faced man, reeling, dropped face downwards on the carpet without a sound. In his fall his foot caught a small table on which a vase of chrysanthemums stood and the whole thing went over with a loud crash. He made a spasmodic effort to rise, hoisted himself on to his knees, swayed again and then collapsed full length on the floor where he lay motionless.

The sound of the fall seemed to awaken the girl. She stirred uneasily once or twice.

"What.....what is it?" she muttered and was still again.

Bending down, the young man gathered her up in his arms and bore her out through the door with the blue curtain, through a plainly furnished sort of office with high desks and stools and out by a side door into a paved yard. There an open car was standing. The fresh air seemed to revive the girl further. As the young man laid her on the seat she struggled up into a sitting position and passed her hand across her forehead.

"What is the matter with me?" she said in a dazed voice, "I feel so ill!"

Then catching sight of the young man as he peered into her face she exclaimed: "Robin!"

"Thank God you're all right, Mary," said Robin. "We've got not a moment to lose We must get away from here quick!"

HE WAS at the front cranking up the car. But the engine, chilled by the cold air, refused to start. As he was straining at the handle a man dashed suddenly into the yard by the office door.

It was Jeekes. The little secretary was a changed man. He till wore his pincenez. But his mild air had utterly forsaken him. His face was livid, the eyes bulged horribly from his head, and his whole body was trembling with emotion. In his hand he held an automatic pistol.

He came so fast that he was at the car and had covered Robin with his weapon before the other had seen him.

Mr. Jeekes left Robin no time to act. He called out in a voice that rang like a pistol shot: "Hands up, Mr. Smartie! Quick, d'you hear? Put 'em up, damn you!"

Slowly, defiantly, the young man raised his arms above his head.

Mr. Jeekes stood close to the driver's seat, having prudently put the car between himself and Robin. As he stood there, his automatic levelled at the young man, a remarkable thing happened. A black, soft surface suddenly fell over his face and was pulled back with a brisk tug. Mary Trevert, standing up in the back seat of the car had flung her fur over the secretary's head from behind and caught him in a noose. Before Mr. Jeekes could disentangle himself Robin was at his throat and had borne him to the ground The pistol was knocked skilfully from his hand and fell clattering on the flags. Robin pounced down on it. Then for the first time he smiled, a sunny smile that lit up his blue eyes.

"Bravo, Mary!" he said. "That was an idea! Now then, Jeekes," he ordered, "crank up that car And

*WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR—Mary Trevert agrees to marry Hartley Parrish, a soulless millionaire, though she loves Robin Greve, a young barrister. Parrish is killed by a pistol-shot in his library just after Greve parted with Mary during a quarrel. Circumstantial evidence seems to prove that Greve was in the library when Parrish met his death, and it is discovered that Parrish had made provision in his will that all his property was to pass to Mary in event of his demise. Inspector-Detective Manderton, who personally takes up the case, finally tells Mary he is satisfied that Parrish shot himself, but hints that Greve's presence in the library had something to do with driving him to the act. Jeekes, a shifty-eyed, nervous chief secretary for the dead man, discloses to Mary that Parrish kept a mysterious woman in France. Greve, continually shadowed by detectives, starts to work on a dim theory of his own, based on mysterious blue envelopes Parrish received through the mails periodically. Later disclosures indicate that two shots were fired, one of them from Parrish's pistol, equipped with a silencer, the other from a gun in the hands of the unknown murderer. Mary goes to Holland to investigate certain clues and there she is lured by forgeries to a chateau in the country and drugged. Greve arrives just in time to see Mary enter the house of the yellow-faced man.*



"Gentlemen," said Herr Schulz as they prepared to go, "I know my Mr. Victor Marbran. You should all be armed."

he quick about it! Get on now! We want to be off!"

The little secretary was a lamentable sight. He was bleeding from a cut on the forehead, his clothes were covered with dust and his glasses had been broken in his fall. Peering helplessly about him, he walked to the bonnet of the car and sullenly grasped the handle. The smile had left Robin's face and Mary noticed that he looked several times anxiously at the office door.

And then suddenly the engine hit. Handing the pistol to the girl Robin warned her to keep the secretary covered and leaping into the driving-seat turned the car into the avenue which curved round the house.

MR JEEKES made no further show of fight. He remained standing in the centre of the courtyard, a ludicrous, rather pathetic figure. As the tires of the car gritted on the gravel of the drive, the office door was flung open and the yellow-faced man ran out, brandishing a big revolver.

"Stop!" he shouted and levelled his weapon. The car seemed to leap forward and took the sharp turn on two wheels just as the man fired. The bullet struck the wall of the house and sent up a shower of plaster. Before he could fire again the car was round the house and out of sight. But as the car whizzed round the turn an instant before the yellow-faced man fired the girl heard a sharp cry from Jeekes:

"Don't, Victor.....!"

The rest of the sentence was lost in the roar of the engine as the car raced away down the drive.

They left the avenue in a splutter of wet gravel. The gate stood open. They wheeled furiously into the side-road and regained the *chaussee*. As yet there was no sign of pursuit. The car rocked dangerously over the broken *pave* so Robin, after a glance behind, steadied her down to an easier pace. Mary, looking very pale and ill, was lying back on the back seat with her eyes closed.

They ran easily into Rotterdam, as, with a terrific jangle of tunes played jerkily on the chimes, the clocks were striking two. Robin slowed down as they approached the centre of the city.

"Where are you staying, Mary?" he asked.

He had to repeat the question several times before she gave him the address. Robin left Mary and the car in charge of the boy and went to the office and asked to see the manager. He had decided upon the story he must tell.

"Miss Trevert," he said when the manager, a blonde and suave Swiss had presented himself, "has been to the dentist and has been rather upset by the gas. Would you get one of the maids to help her up to her room and in the meantime telephone for a doctor. If there is an English doctor in Rotterdam, I should prefer to have him!"

The manager clicked in sympathy He despatched a lady typist and a chambermaid to help Mary out of the car.

"For a doctor," he said, "it ees fortunate. We 'ave an English doctor staying in ze hotel now—a sheep's doctor. He is in ze lounge. Eef you come *herein*."

THE "sheep's doctor" proved to be a doctor off one of the big liners, a clean-shaven, red-faced, hearty sort of person who readily volunteered his services. As Robin was about to follow him into the lift the manager stopped him.

"Zere was a shentelman called to see Mees Trevert," he said, "two or three time 'e been 'ere....a Sherman shentleman. ' E leave 'er a note....will you take it?"

Greatly puzzled Robin Greve balanced in his hands the letter which the manager produced from a pigeon-hole. Then he tor open the envelope.

"Dear Miss Trevert," he read, "I was extremely sorry to miss you this morning. Directly I received your message I called at your hotel but, though I have been back twice, I have not found you in. Circumstances have arisen which make it imperative that I should see you as soon as possible. This is most urgent. I will come back at four o'clock as I cannot get away before. Do not leave the hotel *on any pretext* until you have seen me and Dulkinghorn's letter as identification. You are in *grave danger*."

The note was signed "W. Schulz."

"H'm," was Robin's comment. "He writes like an Englishman anyway."

He ascertained the number of Mary Trevert's room and went up to her floor in the lift. He waited in the corridor outside the room for the doctor to emerge and lit a cigarette to while away the time. It was not until he had nearly finished his second cigarette that the doctor appeared.

The doctor hesitated on seeing Robin. Then he stepped close up to him. Robin noticed that his red face was more flushed than usual and his eyes were troubled.

"What's this cock-and-bull story about gas you've put up to the manager?" he said bluntly in a low voice. "The girl's been doped with chloroform as well you know.



"Oh, Robin," the girl broke in, "don't leave me alone. I'd much rather come with you."

You'll be good enough to come downstairs to the manager with me...."

Robin took out his note-case and produced a card.

"That's my name," he said, "you'll see that I'm a barrister....."

"Well?" said the doctor in a non-committal voice after he had read the card.

"I'm not surprised to hear you say that Miss Trevert had been doped," Robin remarked. "I found her here in a house on the outskirts of Rotterdam in the hands of two men, one of whom is believed to be implicated in a mysterious case of suspected murder in England. Through the part he played this morning he has probably run his head in to the noose. But he'll have it out again if we delay an instant. I told the manager that yarn about the dentist to avoid enquiries and waste of time. I have here a note from some man I don't know, addressed to Miss Trevert warning her of a grave danger threatening her. It corroborates to some extent what I have told you. Here—read it for yourself!"

He handed the doctor the note signed "W. Schulz."

The doctor read it through carefully.

"What I would propose to you," said Robin, "is that we two should go off at once to this Herr Schulz and find out exactly what he knows. Then we can decide what action there is to be taken. ...."

He paused for the doctor's reply. The latter searched Robin's face with a glance.

"I'm your man," he said shortly. "And, by the way, my name's Collingwood—Robert Collingwood."

"There's a car downstairs," said Robin, "and a guide to show us the way. Shall we go?"

FIVE MINUTES later under the newsboy's expert guidance, the car drew up in front of the small clean house with the neat green door bearing the name of "Schulz." Leaving the boy to mind the car they rang the bell. The door was opened by the fat woman in the pink print dress.

Robin gave the woman his card. On it he had written, "About Miss Trevert." Speaking in German the woman bade them roughly to bide where they were and departed after closing the front door in their faces. She did not keep them waiting long, however, for in about a minute she returned. Herr Schulz would receive the gentlemen she said.

Up a narrow staircase, furnished in plain oil-cloth with brass stairrods, they went to a landing on the first floor. Here the woman motioned them back and bending her head in a listening attitude, knocked firmly on the door.

"*Herein*!" cried a guttural German voice.

A man was sitting at a mahogany roll-top desk as they entered. The air in the room was thick with the fumes of the cheap Dutch cigar he was smoking. He was a sturdily built fellow with blonde hair shaven so close to the skull that at a distance he seemed to be bald.

At the sound of their entrance he rose and faced them. When he stood erect the sturdiness of his build became accentuated and they saw he was a man of medium height but so muscular that he looked much shorter. A pair of large tortoise-shell spectacles straddled the big beak-like nose and he wore a heavyish blonde moustache with its points trained upwards and outwards rather after the fashion made famous in the Fatherland by William Hohenzollern. In his ill-cut suit of cheap-looking blue serge which he wore with a pea-green tie, Robin thought he looked altogether a typical specimen of the German of the non-commissioned officer class.

"You ask for me?" he said in deep guttural accents, looking at Robin. "I am Herr Schulz!"

The German's manner was cold and formal and Robin felt a little dashed.

"My name is Greve," he began rather hurriedly, "I understand you received a visit to-day from a young English lady, a Miss Trevert...."

The German let his eyes travel slowly from Robin to the doctor and back again. He did not offer them a chair and all three remained standing.

"Ye—es and what if I did?"

Robin felt his temper rising. "You wrote a note to Miss Trevert at her hotel warning her that she was in danger. I want to know why you warned her. What led you to suppose that she was threatened?"

Herr Schulz made a little gesture of the hand. "Wass I not right to warn her?"

"Indeed you were," Robin asserted with conviction. "She was spirited away and drugged...."

The German started. A rowning pucker appeared just above the bridge of his big spectacles and he raised his head quickly.

"Certainly," said Robin. "This gentleman with me is a doctor....Dr. Robert Collingwood, of the Red Lion Line. He has examined Miss Trevert and can corroborate my statement."

"By Gad!" exclaimed Herr Schulz—and this time his English was faultless and fluent—"shut that door behind you, Mr. Greve, and shoot the bolt—that's it just below the knob! Sit down, sit down and while I mix you a drink, you shall tell me about this!"

## CHAPTER XXV

### The Reading of The Riddle

IN UTTERING those words Herr Schulz seemed suddenly to become loose-limbed and easy. His plethoric rigidity of manner vanished and, though he spoke with a brisk air of authority, there was a jovial ring in his voice which instantly inspired confidence. With the change, the illusion supported by his appalling clothes was broken and he looked like a man dressed up for charades.

"Are you—English?" asked Robin in astonishment.

"Only in this room," was the dry reply, "and don't you or your friend, the doctor here, forget it. You'll both take whisky? Three fingers will do you good, Mr. Greve, for I see you've had a roughish time this morning. Say when!"

He spurted a siphon into three glasses.

"Before we go any farther," he went on, "perhaps I had better identify myself—to save any further misunderstandings, don't you know? Do either of you gentlemen happen to know a party called Dulkinghorn? You may have heard of him, Mr. Greve, for I can see you have been in the army...."

"Not Ernest Dulkinghorn of the war office?" asked Robin.

"The identical party!"

"I never met him," said Robin. "But I was at the War Office for a bit before I was demobilised and I heard fellows speak of him. Counter-espionage, isn't he?"

"That's right," nodded Herr Schulz. "You can read his letter to me introducing Miss Trevert."

He handed a sheet of paper to Robin. "Dear Schulz," it ran, "Victor Marbran's push appear to be connected with Hartley Parrish who has just met his death under suspicious circumstances. You will have read about it in the English papers. Miss Trevert was engaged to H.P. and has a letter from Elias van der Spyck and Company which she found on Parrish's desk after his death. I should say that the Marbran-Parrish connection would repay investigation. Yours, E. Dulkinghorn.

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"P.S. The letter is, of course, in conventional code.

"P.P.S. Don't frighten the life out of the Trevert girl, you unsympathetic brute!"

Robin read the letter through to the end.

"Then Mary Trevert has this letter from Rotterdam which we have been hunting for," he cried. "Have you seen it?"

Herr Schulz shook his head.

"Miss Trevert called here this morning," he said. "when I was out. She gave her letter to Frau Wirth, my housekeeper, with her card and address. Frau Wirth was cleaning the plate on the front door and a moment after Miss Trevert had gone a feller appeared and said he was a friend of Miss Trevert who had made a mistake and left the wrong letter. My housekeeper is well trained and wouldn't give the letter up. But she made the fatal mistake of telling the feller exactly what he wanted to know and that was whom the letter was addressed to. 'The letter is addressed to Herr Schulz,' said this excellent woman, 'and if there's any mistake he will find it out when he opens it.' And with that she told him to clear out. Which, having got all he wanted, he was glad enough to do."

"What was this chap like?" asked Robin.

The big man shrugged his shoulders.

"I can teach my servants discretion," he replied whimsically, "but I can't teach 'em to use their eyes. Frau Wirth could remember nothing about this feller except that he wasn't tall and wore a brown overcoat....."

"Jeekes," cried Robin, slapping his thigh. "He must have been actually coming away from your place when I met him....."

"And who," asked the big man, reflectively contemplating the amber fluid in his glass, "who is Jeekes?"

In reply Robin told him the story of Hartley Parrish's death, his growing certainty the mysterious letters on slatey-blue paper and Jeekes' endeavour to burke the investigations by throwing on Robin the auspicion of having driven Parrish to suicide by threats. He told of his chance meeting with Jeekes in Rotterdam that morning, his adventure at the Villa Bergendal, his finding and rescue of Mary Trevert and their escape.

HERR SCHULZ listened attentively and without interruption until Robin had reached the end of his story.

"There's one thing you haven't explained," he said, "and that's how Miss Trevert came to walk into the hands of these precious ruffians....."

"There, perhaps, I can help you," said the doctor from behind one of Herr Schulz's rank cigars. "I have it from

*Continued on Page 55*

# Some People Who Get My Goat

*By* FREDERICK NIVEN

EVERY now and then Canada is visited by strangers who tell it what they conceive to be wrong with it. It may therefore not be out of place to write a little about what is at times wrong with that kind of visitor. The entente may be strengthened thereby; certainly it will be if those who may feel that the cap fits them take my little lecture (which I am moved to make because of a liking for Canadians) as well as Canadians take their little lectures and homilies—which they are moved to make because of a sense of superiority.

Last Fall it was a bunch of ladies from the Old Country who gave Canadians the opportunity to exercise self-control. They hurried through the land and admonished its inhabitants upon such matters as eating too much butter. It was, they informed the people here, a sign of selfishness to eat two pats of butter at a meal when in other lands there were those who could only procure one. That kind of lecturing must be very easy. It reminds me of Dr. Johnson's view of the work of "Ossian" Macpherson—that anyone could go on with it *ad infinitum* who could "abandon himself to it." Right in the one city of London there are people who are eating dinners of many courses while others are not. And so far as butter is concerned, to become trivial for a moment in response to the trivial, and talk of so small a thing as a pat of butter an inch square and an eighth of an inch thick, or thin: most Old Country people have not been long in Canada before they find themselves eating considerably more butter than in their former home, their systems desiring it. Diet is a matter of climate. Apropos of this zest for censoriousness, and stone-throwing with forgetfulness of the adage regarding glass-houses, might be quoted the vizier's words to the sick king in Bokhara:

"..... all the world round,
If a man cares to have it so,
Things which may vex him can be found."

### Some Can't Be Suffered Gladly

ALL lecturing visitors from the Old Country are not as bonhomous and genially helpful as Mr. Hugh Walpole, nor as far from the world of "little gnat-like buzzings" as the large Chesterton. This article is not to those who come with good gifts and open minds but to those who look for something to be very seriously indignant and very self-complacently instructive over, and to whom any trifle will serve. Their lectures may give them a sense of superiority, but they remain none the less foolish, paltry. Most of the objections to Canada, and the Canadian life, that are voiced by such visitors, and by the more insular order of immigrants, are so trifling, paltry. They are tiny, like mosquitoes and mosquito bites. Yet a cloud of insistent mosquitoes has been known eventually to ruffle the spirit even of the patient and long-suffering.

During the last twelve months I have seen much of Old Country people in Canada. Some of these I have found it impossible to "suffer gladly." What their proportion is to the others I don't know. The trouble is that such persons obtrude. They object even to the way Canadians have their hair cut. I have heard them. Their tone suggests that that "hair cut" puts the Canadian beyond the pale, out of society, and excommunicated from the church teas. One has to keep calm listening to a sequence of their little adverse comparisons, and consider that their objections are really tributes for these objections are almost all about trifling matters. There seems to be nothing wrong in a big way in Canada at all for them!

They object to the Canadian pronunciation of certain words, when the Canadian version is often merely what it was among the educated in England a few generations ago, surviving here unchanged. But not all those who censure such occasional linguistic differences are students of philology. Their specialty is not philology, but an unshakeable belief in their rightness. Their attitude is that what they do, think, or say is right, and all else wrong, instead of that they may possibly be only different. What are called the "upper classes" in England are really, in the mass, very much like the "lower classes".

The similarity, I admit, is less marked in their own country than abroad. Abroad it is clear. Those who would



British Columbia will soon rival many more populous countries in the number of authors and magazine writers it possesses. Notable among its literary residents is Frederick Niven, whose photo appears above. He has produced a number of works of fiction, including "A Tale That Is Told," "The Lady At The Crossing," and a number of short stories. Mr. Niven gained early fame as an English war correspondent and novelist.

be of the "lower classes" at home say, with a laugh of derision: "O how fonny! We never do it that way atome." The people of the "upper classes", those to whom no virtue or attainment is excellent unless it be associated with Eton or Harrow (or, by a concession, Rugby, Fettes, or Loretto), or Oxford or Cambridge Universities (or, by a concession, Glasgow, Edinburgh or Dublin Universities) say: "Don't you find a great deal he-ah very amusing?"

As a rule the Canadian accepts the spirit indicated in such speeches very well indeed. He or she maintains courtesy and hospitality, and considers: "We must not judge all English folks by this specimen; and, after all, what we find galling in them is petty." It is petty. To the sympathetic observer some of these immigrants and visitors seem devilishly paltry as well as humanly petty. They "get my goat" before they get the Canadian's goat! We are all often trivial, but there are different kinds of triviality. There is the pleasure in such little things—trivialities—as a ripple on the lake; a wind wave running in the woods, whipping the trees over like stacks of fishing-rods; evanescent, exquisite trivialities of the weather and the seasons, the marking on a little butterfly's wings. Into this land too many people are coming who dote upon the curate instead of with wonder, and no gush, admiring God.

### Why the Invidious Distinction?

THE Scots, the Irish and the Welsh seem, by and large more liked here than, by and large, the Englishman. In a generalising fashion the Canadian has learnt that he must be prepared for argumentation and flat contradiction, even without proof, for their own sake, in the Scot. He has learnt that he may be disappointed in an Irishman. There are too few Welshmen for him to generalise regarding that race. Of the Englishman he has learnt to say, when irked by him: "It may only be his manner. Get to know him, and he's maybe not so bad. I've met some fine Englishmen!" But looking on I do not feel as tolerant as the Canadian toward some examples of the baser sort of arrivals from the Old Land, those to whom what is different is wrong, or ridiculous, on sight. At other times I tell myself that it is nonsense—this belief in the existence of outstanding national characteristics; and that there are just human beings, good, bad and indifferent everywhere—and that our views on the differences of nations are compound of prejudice, accident, personality, mood and probably faulty empiricism. But I am not settled on that score.

"One is so dreadfully out of it here," said an Englishman in Nelson to me.

"In what way?" I asked.

"Every way," said he. "They have no intellectual life. One never sees the journals that keep one in touch here."

"*Spectator?*" I suggested, for fun.

"Well, yes," said he.

"*Nation, Athenaeum?*" I suggested, enquiringly.

"Well——yes," said he.

"*John Bull?*" I said——puckishly perhaps.

"Ah! *John Bull!*" said he. "I haven't seen it for years."

"They are all in the public library every week, except *John Bull*," I said.

"Re'lly!" he exclaimed. "I wouldn't have thought it possible that a little one-eyed bush place like this possessed a public library. How astonishing!"

What would you do with them? Yet some slight explanation for his astonishment may be found in the consideration that hardly in his native country, where he came by his standard, would a town of half as many inhabitants again as Nelson be found possessing a public library where those possibly desirous to "keep in touch" could do so. Of course he did not go to the library, discovery of the existence of which, through his bland assumption of its non-existence, had thus surprised, him, either to keep in touch with the intellectual life through these journals, or through the American ones, such as *The Atlantic* and the *North American Review*, lying on the tables there regularly. That speech was just his "swank."

### Best Cure? Go Home!

THE best cure for such people is for them to go home to the Old Country. They are then able to institute comparison afresh, and often (perhaps generally—I know no method of obtaining the statistics of this point) return to Canada realising where is their happier land. When they come back the Canadian finds it less necessary to make constant excuses for them; they are less of a strain upon his powers of tolerance, his "broad-gauge" outlook which, if we can generalise on races (though I doubt, despite all this article, if we can!)seems to be his chief characteristic, with charming hospitality for a close second place.

And it is pleasant to consider—here's an anti-climax—that the grandparents of the native-born were Old Country folks.

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

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## What Does Japan Want?

*Definite Answers Candidly Supplied by University Professor.*

YOSHI S. KUNO

IN a recent brochure from the pen of Yoshi S. Kuno, a Japanese professor in the University of California, there is placed before the reader, very succintly, exactly "What Japan Wants".

Professor Kuno admits that Japan has not entirely lived up to the Gentlemen's Agreement which she made with the U. S., by which laborers and Picture Brides are not permitted to enter California. These agreements he says have been circumvented in various ways. Japanese women are actually laborers, although technically perhaps not classed as such, and should not be admitted. Also, the Picture Bride legislation has been circumvented by Japanese who procure round trip tickets to California and return with their brides.

What Japan wants on the continent of America is not the union of two races, or political equality until the Japanese are qualified for it, but equal treatment in the United States and Canada, with all other nations.

Japan cannot insist that her citizens be allowed to enter the United States and Canada contrary to present agreements, nor does she ask for the rescinding of these agreements: but for those born on this continent and for those who are rightfully resident here, Professor Kuno claims there should be perfect equality of treatment. He suggests that Japan should reconcile her law of expatriation with the more general international legal practice on this subject.

A renewal of the Anglo-Japanese alliance while failing to confer a single benefit on the contracting powers, he believes would be fraught with positive harm. Disturbance between English-speaking peoples might be created on the one hand, while on the other the unfriendly feeling between China and Japan would doubtless be enhanced. Mr. Kuno hopes that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance will be "laid in an honorable grave at the Disarmament Conference at Washington".

Equal treatment for Japanese in non-contiguous territory of the United States—Hawaii, for example—is desired by Japan. Regarding Yap, Japan desires to administer this under the mandate but should be willing to cede the cable line, in which the United States has a special interest, because it runs to the Philippines, to the United States. Japan has no desire to annex the Philippines, should the United States give these islands their independence. Japan desires to extend the "Open Door" policy to the Pacific.

In China, Japan strongly favors the "Open Door" policy and wants China and Siberia as a source for her raw materials. Japan wants to retain all her concessions in their commercial and industrial aspects only, and separate them from military and political influence.

Japan really wants a united China, strong politically, financially and industrially. She does not want this because she has any particular love for China, but for her own benefits. She wants some united government with which she can deal with satisfaction.

If war should come between the United States it would come rather with regard to some situation in the Orient itself, rather than because of any trouble arising out of the Japanese question in the United States. Japan looks upon Siberia as a logical sphere of influence.

Regarding the Washington Conference it is possible that the Japanese delegates may summarily withdraw from the Conference in case something detrimental to the interests of Japan in the Far East is done.

Regarding China and Japan: Kuno says that these nations are becoming more and more estranged and at any time there may be open conflict.

Kuno concludes his book as follows:

"Consequently, because of this bent toward alliance, should Japan be disregarded by the leading nations and left entirely to herself without friends or allies, it would not be surprising if she should come to some understanding with the Soviet Government of Russia on the Siberian question. Later, Germany might be approached. From the present trend of things it may sound illogical and improbable that a strong alliance might be formed by Japan, Russia, and Germany. However should this become an accomplished fact, such alliance would be one of the most formidable known in history. Then weaker nations, such as Poland and China, would fall an easy prey, and a second world war might be staged. From this point of view, the peace of the world pivots upon a proper recognition by the United States and other great powers of the position to which Japan has attained in world affairs."

## Would Humorist's Diet Do You?

*Don Marquis, the Paragrapher, and E. W. Howe, Philosopher, Write on Reducing*

DON MARQUIS and E. W. HOWE

A HUMORIST and a philosopher—both well-known as prolific and entertaining writers, tried reducing—independently of each other, however, Don Marquis, whose story "The Iliad of the Oyster" appeared in *MACLEAN'S* a few months ago, says:

"I was scared into it, or I never would have tried it. My blood pressure looked like Babe Ruth's batting average, and my latitude was beginning to exceed my longitude.

"When I got up to give a lady a seat in the subway, whoever happened to be with her always sat down, too.

"I said to Grantland Rice, 'I wish you would give me a little preliminary advice: Grant; I'm thinking of taking up golf in a serious way.'

"And Grant looked at me, and said, with an allusion to my rotundity, 'Why don't you join the Holy Rollers?'

"These things, of course, hurt my vanity—and a fat man weighing two hundred and fifty pounds has more vanity than two slim men weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds each."

This is what they told him he must eat—and he did!

BREAKFAST:
- One orange or raw apple, or one dish of prunes.
- One cup of kaffee-hag, with a small lump of sugar and no cream.
- One piece of wheat bread, toasted; or two pieces of bran bread.
- One egg, if neither meat nor egg is taken at luncheon.

LUNCHEON:
- Lettuce without oil dressing or mayonnaise.
- Spinach, as much as you like.
- One piece of wheat bread, or two pieces of bran bread.
- Uncooked fruit; one apple or one pear.
- One egg, if none has been eaten for breakfast.

DINNER:
- Two tablespoonfuls of any two vegetables such as peas, carrots, turnips, tomatoes, asparagus. No rice, no potatoes, no hominy grits.
- One slice of wheat bread or two slices of bran bread.
- Spinach or lettuce.
- One slice of lean beef or mutton, four inches square and a quarter of an inch thick.
- If an egg has not been taken either for breakfast, or luncheon, an egg or a bit more meat or another slice of bread may be taken for dinner.

E. W. Howe, philosopher, decided:

"If you cut down your food consumption you begin to burn your own fat. It is a simple method and requires no drugs and no hunger whatsoever. By following the appended dietary you will have all you want to eat, and you will eliminate the things that produce fat.

You may take: FISH.—Fresh fish, boiled, broiled, or baked. MEATS.—Lean beef, mutton or lamb, chicken, game, lean ham. EGGS.—Boiled or poached on toast. BREADS.—Stale bread, dry toast or crusts sparingly. But two slices of whole-wheat bread at each meal is sufficient. VEGETABLES.—Spinach, lettuce, celery, cresses, asparagus, cauliflower, onions, white cabbage, tomatoes, olives, turnips. DESSERTS.—Ripe fruit, only acid varieties preferable. No cured or dried fruits. No berries. Avoid sweets in general. DRINKS.—Tea or coffee without milk, cream, or sugar; one glass of pure water, sipped at the end of the meal. Butter-milk. If you cannot take tea or coffee plain, cut your supply of cream and sugar to two teaspoonfuls of the former and one lump of the latter to each cup.

You must not take: Soups, salmon, bluefish, eels, salt fish, pork, veal, sausage, made dishes, fats, potatoes, macaroni, oatmeal, hominy, spices, rice, beets, carrots, parsnips, puddings, pies, pastry, cakes, sugars, sweets, milk, cream, malt or spiritous liquors, beers, wines."

Marquis reduced nearly forty pounds; Howe fifty-eight. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow you diet!

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# "Just Be a Boy Again"

*This is the Advice to Fagged Business Men, of University Physical Director.*

DR. J. V. BARTON

SOME very useful advice to business men on how best to regain their youthful vim and snap is given by Doctor J. B. Barton, physical director University of Toronto, in an article in *Business Methods*. Dr. Barton holds that many business men ignore the claims of health. Sooner or later the strain of business worry will commence to tell on such men, unless they set out deliberately to maintain their health by exercise, by recreation and by proper dieting. These are the suggestions he makes for so doing:—

"Health is the greatest asset to a business man. Is it not worth a few minutes consideration every day?

"The average business man, I realize, dislikes the idea of using dumbells, swinging clubs and performing set exercises. These, to a great extent, are unnecessary, unless special gymnasium work is undertaken. Three minutes of exercise each morning before breakfast will put a man in splendid condition for the day's work.

"This article is intended to be of practical assistance to busy men and will not contain absurd proposals impossible of fulfillment by the average business man. To begin, I will outline a series of short exercises which, although simple and easily performed, will be found to be of the greatest value to any man who consistently follows them. This is the program:

"When retiring at night, place a few biscuits and a small glass of grape juice etc. beside the bed. In the morning, take this small quantity of food, immediately upon rising. Jog one hundred steps slowly—stationary run. This first exercise is valuable as a tonic for the lungs and helps materially to slow down too rapid heart action.

"The second exercise is for the purpose of strengthening the abdominal muscles. I cannot stress too strongly the value of well-developed abdominal muscles. Lie on the back and raise the legs slowly, with knees straight to almost a right angle, without raising the hips from the floor. Repeat six to eight times. Follow this exercise by jogging 75 steps, slowly.

"Rolling the shoulders upwards and backwards and throwing out the chest constitutes the third exercise. Repeat this eight times.

"The fourth exercise I suggest is the 'Liver Squeeze.' It consists in bending from side to side, from eight to twelve times as far as possible with knees straight and shoulders back. This stimulates the flow of bile which is a natural purgative and antiseptic. Constipation is the bane of civilization, as a constipated person is practically in a poisoned condition at all times.

"The final exercise consists in lying on the back with the feet under the bed and raising the trunk slowly from the floor to a sitting posture. Repeat eight times. In two or three weeks, this exercise can be performed without the aid of the bed.

"A jog of fifty steps completes the morning's programme.

"There has been the greatest disagreement within recent years as to the advisability of taking a cold shower in the morning. The question is still being debated and there is a marked lack of unanimity on the point. I have found in my experience, that only one man in four can safely stand the shock of the cold shower or tub. Every one, it must be admitted, feels better immediately after the cold bath. If, however, an hour or two afterwards, there is a feeling of lassitude and weakness, then the bath is doing harm. Warm water ankle deep in the tub permits a cold shower or douche to be taken without shock. These few inches of warm water prevent the escape of too much animal heat.

"Health efficiency, however, is not only secured through exercise. Proper recreation is a big factor in keeping fit. These few minutes' exercise should make a man so keen that he would be able to finish most of his work in the morning and have at least three afternoons a week for golf. For the average man who cannot leave the office in the afternoons, then a short round in the evening and a few hours on the links on Saturday and Sunday will prove of the greatest benefit.

"After all, it is the complete forgetfulness of business that gives renewed vigor. Some of the world's greatest men can get so interested in the little white ball that they can forget for the moment all the cares and worries of the daily grind. The walking in the open air is of course the real exercise in golf.

"One does not have to go to a sanitorium to diet. Nor does one need to be sick before paying close attention to proper eating. Diet is a simple matter and need not entail too great sacrifices. A little care in eating will pay hig dividends in added efficiency.

"For breakfast, the ordinary business man should eat cereal, an egg, toast, coffee and marmalade. This will satisfy him till the lunch hour. The day he goes golfing, he should take a substantial meal—beef, vegetables, etc. On other days, however, fruit, bread and milk are all that is necessary. After an afternoon of golfing, the business man should sit down and read or rest for half an hour before dinner. A tired body requires a short time for recuperation before even digestion is asked to work.

"Besides exercising and dieting, the busy executive must take into consideration his need for holidays. The advisability of an annual vacation in this twentieth century is apparent. In past years men adhered closely to business, day in and day out, year in and year out. The boast of the successful business man in the old days was 'I have not taken a holiday for thirty years.' The successful man of to-day makes no such boast. He takes an annual vacation with what result? The average business years of the life of the business man have been prolonged some seven years within the past few decades.

"The business man who refuses to take a holiday is practising poor economy in the matter of physical well-being.

"I can cite numerous instances, with names of prominent business men whose lives have been preserved to the business world by the simple matter of a regular vacation—men, hopes for whose health had been abandoned, and, in some instances, for whom papers of commitment to an asylum had been signed by the court. These men were preserved, I say, by a sensible vacation. Close application to business, without vacation periods, is responsible for the prevalence of that dread disease, neurasthenia.

"Country life offers the most recreation and rest from business. Not the country life where the farmer makes a specialty of entertaining city boarders. This latter, with its unlimited supply of canned meats, vegetables and even canned milk, is scarcely the ideal spot to secure an entire change of life; but a country home where the best they have is not sent to market but used on the table.

"Many suggestions are promiscuously thrown out by health advisers as to what to do during vacation. What not to do seems to be more in order. In the first place, don't take your business with you. Don't take those papers along that you think you could work out better whilst lying around on the long summer day. You must remember that your mind is to have a complete change or rest, and that for the time being you are simply an animal, that is, you are to eat, sleep and exercise.

"Make this resolution and so arrange matters that your resolution may not be easily broken. It may be well, therefore, to avoid the place where there are six meals a day and the telegraph station is just across the street. Select in preference a quiet place with about two mails a week, and a few miles from a telegraph station. Leave your address behind, of course, but you are only to be reached in the event of some special emergency.

"Relaxation is the supreme requisite for the maximum benefit from a vacation. To secure it, you must be a boy again. If every man were to make this his motto, he would come back rejuvenated—a youth in body and mind.

"If you are fond of swimming, find the 'swimming hole' or the place where the 'bunch' of boys go. Do not, however stay in quite as long as you did when you were a boy. The length of time you should remain depends on how you feel an hour or two later. If not depressed, you may remain for a longer period next time, or even go in twice a day.

"There should be some routine for the day. You ask, did the boy ever think about routine? I mean there should be some degree of regularity in your very carelessness. The rising should be early. If you wish to sleep, do some of it about the middle of the day and retire early. Dancing and visiting until the midnight hour and sleeping in late in the morning may be reconciled with the idea of the careless life, but the best time of the day is being wasted.

"Get up early, eat a cracker and take a drink of grape juice. Then take a short swim, a walk through the woods or an hour's fishing. You come back ready and eager for breakfast. The cracker and grape juice 'stay' the stomach, fit you for the hour's exercise and in no way interfere with the enjoyment of your breakfast. After breakfast, it would be well to sit around for half an hour, then a couple of hours for a walk, tennis, golf or an hour's boating. Perhaps a swim would suit you better. Take half an hour's rest before dinner.

"After dinner, an hour's rest or even a doze will prove acceptable and beneficial. Then indulge in a fishing expedition—although the fish do not bite so well in the afternoon—a game of ball if you are one of the younger men, or watch a game if you are one of the older men.

"The majority of men on a holiday will smoke more cigars or tobacco in one day than they do usually in a week. I am not criticizing tobacco, but I wish to say that tobacco was never found in the text books under the heading of tonics. It is a depressant pure and simple. The good of your holiday is lessened by this over-indulgence. The whole motor function is depressed, the stomach becomes irritable and the heart reflects the condition of the stomach. Remember then that although your vacation would not be a vacation to you without your pipe or cigar, over-indulgence may be the means of spoiling it entirely.

"I have purposely avoided the 'diet' question. From my observations, a man leading the animal life can eat almost anything.

"After all, the key note, as I said before, is to live the 'boy life' over again. Eat heartily as does the boy, but move around as he does also."

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# Some Men Cannot Be Mixed

*It Is Therefore Wisdom to Keep "Non-Affinities" Apart.*

THOMAS DREIER

IF YOU instinctively dislike a man, keep away from him; have the least dealings possible with him. That is the only way to avoid an "explosion," argues Thomas Dreier, writing for *Forbes*. Individuals who are not "chemical affinities," according to Mr. Dreier, should avoid one another's company. And using the chemical analogy as an illustration, he has some advice for executives who have large numbers of different types of men working with them:—

"One of the most interesting problems for a man to consider is that of what constitutes a good executive. I find upon analysis that the success or failure of any institution is a matter which is dependent wholly upon the man or men with executive power. To make my point clear, let us take, for example, an institution that is controlled by one individual. If that institution succeeds greatly the man responsible will be the executive. If it fails miserably the one responsible will be the executive.

"An executive is like a chemist. The chemist has a laboratory stocked with the seventy-eight elementary chemicals. With that stock he can make absolutely every substance needed in his daily life, if he possesses the necessary knowledge properly to combine the elements.

"But I used the expression, 'unite properly.'

"The chemist can, by uniting certain chemicals, produce an explosion that will blow him and his laboratory into 'steen million pieces and make the matter of holding an inquest entirely unnecessary.

"Whose fault was it that the explosion occurred?

"It was the fault of the chemist—the executive of the laboratory. The chemical elements were good. All things are good when in their pure state or when properly united.

"And it seems to me that the great executive is a great chemist. Let us suppose that in his institution there are seventy-eight individuals. But they are not alike. They have different temperaments. They have had different training. Under these conditions it is quite a problem to get these seventy-eight different individuals to work together in harmony. But that is a problem which the executive must solve successfully if he would build up a business institution that will stand out as a conspicuous success.

"The problem is simplified by the certainty that among these seventy-eight there are many who are affinities; that is, they are folks who will work together harmoniously. They do not explode when united.

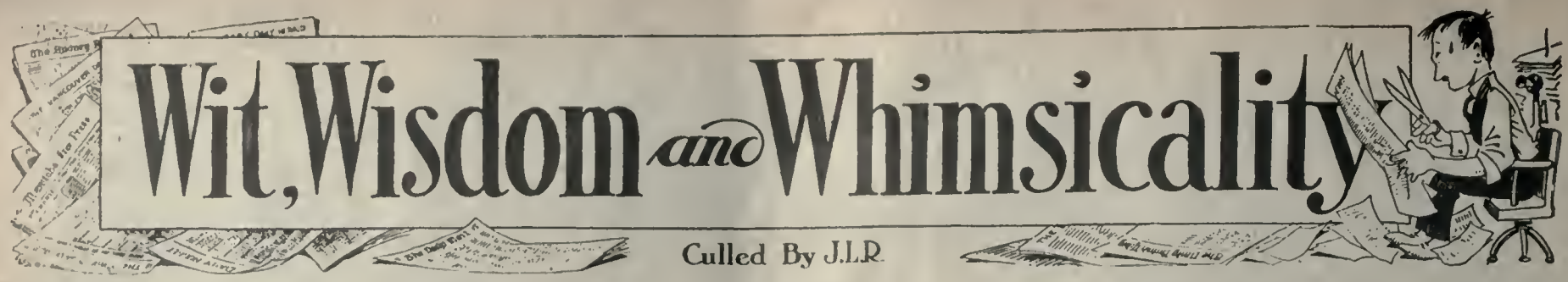
"The executive who is wise will not work contrary to nature. His prejudiced judgment—oftentimes mistakenly called love for certain individuals or human chemicals—often prompts him improperly to unite two individuals that are naturally antagonistic. When an explosion occurs, who is to blame? Is it fair to the chemicals to treat them that way merely because the chemist has the power?

"The great executive is able to project before him a picture of his institution and the positions in which human beings are required to make that institution a service-rendering machine. Not only that, but he is able to determine what kind of an individual each position requires. Then he goes into his laboratory and selects his helpers. He selects them solely on their merits as human chemicals to produce certain results in certain definite positions. He doesn't choose any individual solely because he likes him personally and without regard to his fitness for the position he is to fill. He recognizes that it is impossible to secure seventy-eight individuals who will render efficient service in their several positions, and who will at the same time love one another personally.

"Of course, it is a glorious thing when an executive can secure a large number of workers who love one another and delight to be together. But it never happens. It never will happen. The thing to do is to recognize the truth about human chemicals, and when this truth is recognized the executive will make it his business to see that those who are antagonistic are kept apart. He makes a special effort to keep those human chemicals from meeting which are likely to cause an explosion. He most certainly does not spend any time in trying to make them mix. When an executive does consciously produce such a mixture he has no license to damn the chemicals if he finds his eyebrows and hair singed off.

"Of course, it often happens that human chemicals which will not unite properly may be brought together without ill results. Oil and water may be poured into the same bottle and no trouble will result. But you can't make them mix. They draw apart. Shake oil and water together as much as you please, and see what happens after the bottle has remained unshaken for a few moments! The oil is on top, separated from the water. Yet the two seem to exist harmoniously.

"But did you ever fill a bottle with gunpowder and attempt to mix fire with ?"



# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

**All Hers**—A woman's idea of a home is a collection of closets.—Kingston British *Whig.*

* * * *

**Stodgy But True**—Scrapping warships is better than warships scrapping.—Toronto *Globe.*

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**Looks True**—Judged by recent local happenings, it's a long lane that has no hold-up man.—Toronto *Telegram.*

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**Still Under Suspicion**—An old lady hearing some say the mails were very irregular, said: "It was so in my young days, no trustin' any of 'em."—Kingston *Standard.*

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**What Shall We Do With the Sun?**—When the sun doesn't shine a woman has the b'ues, and when it does she worries for fear it will fade her carpets.—Hamilton *Herald.*

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**Wear Your Spats, Still Have Them**—Some people wear their spats around their ankles, but others—mostly married folks—have theirs with their meals.—Border Cities *Star.*

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**Slippery**—Who remembers the old-fashioned hair sofa? Modern davenport lovers don't know anything about the difficulties of maintaining propinquity.—Cobalt *Nugget.*

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**Sensitive About it**—A writer says there are not enough homes for the feeble-minded. We are short of homes, it is true; but why be insulting about it?—Kitchener *Record.*

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**And the Last Shall Be First**—A writer enumerates five states which do not regulate in any way the hours in which women may work. But he forgot about a sixth—the married state.—Quebec *Telegraph.*

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**Oh, Obviously**—"Skirts," says the woman's page, "will be from eight to eleven inches this winter, depending upon the wearer."

Measuring from where? But perhaps that depends upon the wearer, too.—Saskatoon *Star.*

**Daughter's Choice**—When the family must choose between beefsteak and silk stockings for daughter, it has bean soup for dinner—Manitoba *Free Press.*

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**Youth**—The kid who will walk several miles to go into the swimming hole, is scarcely able to walk upstairs to take a Saturday night bath.—Vancouver *Province.*

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**A Brain Bulger**—We cannot understand why we're all so equal that we charge the 100-pounder no more than the 200-pounder when we carry him in the passenger car. Via freight it's different.—Prince Albert *Herald.*

## TRIBUNE TRUMPS
from
## The Winnipeg Tribune

**Not Much Evidence**—"Sheep glands may develop brain power in human beings," says a headline. They have not done much along that line in sheep.

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**The Heathen Chinee is**—?—In China talkative women are divorced. And still we send missionaries to China.

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**Good Old Vitamine**—This new yeast eating fad saves a fellow a lot of embarrassment and self-consciousness when he buys a cake from the grocer.

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**And the Brains First**—Not merely are non-skid tires desirable for automobiles, but non-skid brains are necessary for the drivers.

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**Wouldn't Waste It Anyway**—Another good reason for junking battleships is that we've no longer anything to christen them with.

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**Dark Moments**—There comes a time in the life of every man when he wishes somebody would steal his car and get safely away with it.

**But, oh! the Difference**—A man must make his way in the world, while a woman merely has hers.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**Watch Your Step**—One-half the world doesn't know which way to jump when the other half flivs.—Kingston *British Whig.*

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**Courage or Expediency**—The man who apologizes never has to explain how he happened to get a black eye.—Calgary *Herald.*

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**Subdued Socrates**—Some men know more than their wives and wisely keep it strictly to themselves.—Brockville *Recorder and Times.*

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**Good Old Discretion**—He who fights and runs away may not have to pay a fine for disturbing the peace.—Peterboro *Examiner.*

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**More Than Decorative**—Also we reckon that legs were considered useful before they came to be regarded as ornamental.—Kingston *Standard.*

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**Mostly Justifiable**—The fact that poets are born and not made is construed by some editors as another argument in favor of birth control.—Sherbrooke *Record.*

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**Changing Standards**—There was a time when you won the world's respect by going to church but now you buy an eight-cylinder car.—Kitchener *Record.*

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**Vagaries of Sight**—The strange part of it is that a motorist can see a bent nail twenty yards ahead but can't see a pedestrian until he hits the radiator.—Sherbrooke *Record.*

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**The Days that Are No More**—Seems like good old times to meet a man, now and then, again, with egg on his vest, says the Detroit News. But you get the same sensation by visiting a second-hand store and buying a moustache cup and looking at it now and again.—Saskatoon *Star*

# Does Too Much Sunlight Kill?

*Alberta's Light Waves Over-Stimulate People, Declares Physician.*

CHARLES H. HUESTIS, M. A., D. D.

ANCIENT idolators were not far wrong in one theory at least when they conceived that the Sun, the fiery master of our universe, was the source of all life. To-day, leading scientists are making fresh and startling discoveries as to the effect of the sun's rays on animal and vegetable life. Even living bodies in great ocean depths, where no light can penetrate, are dependent on the transmuted light of day—the refraction from the two colors of life—red and green.

Up to now sunlight has been held up as a cure-all for most of man's diseases. "Get out in the open!" the doctors ordered, "fresh air and sunlight are what you need to build up your run-down system." Beneficent rays of the sun were also supposed to destroy certain disease germs, notably those which afflict tubercular patients.

Now, we are told by some scientists, all of a sudden, so to speak, that too much exposure to the sun's rays is dangerous, deadly, and would, if persisted in, in time exterminate the white-skinned races of the earth. This train of thought seems to have been started lately to a large extent by a Canadian, Chas. H. Huestis, M.A., D.D., of Red Deer, Alta. At any rate, several articles by other writers on this subject followed in the wake of a paper by him on "The Effect of Sunlight Upon White Men, With Special Reference to the Canadian West," which appeared in the *Hospital World.* Dr. Huestis takes the ground that only the dusky-skinned can exist for generation after generation in tropical countries, insisting that this is not a result of the intense heat, but of the destructive effect of the sun's light waves. He makes the startling addenda, that, in his opinion, the intense and continuous sunlight of Alberta, Canada, is just as injurious in this respect as that of the tropics. He proceeds:—

"As we study the distribution of the races of mankind upon the face of the earth, one fact stands out prominently, namely, that nature has provided that the skin of mankind is dark or light in proportion to the sunniness or cloudiness respectively of the land which is his true habitat. The degree of heat seems to be immaterial, for we find that both Arctic natives and those of the tropics are equally dark complexioned, the former for protection from the reflected sun glare, the latter from its direct rays. Only in cloudy lands do we find white men at home. This fact may be formulated into a law of whiteness, namely, *'The whiteness of a people is in proportion to the cloudiness of the skies under which they live.'* Cloudy and foggy lands are, and have ever been inhabited by big blondes; sunny lands by little, dark men. Compare the big yellow Swede with the little dark Italian. Think of the immense amount of virile force and intelligence which has come from the fogs of Ireland and the north of Scotland to aid Britain in the conquests of war and peace.

"It would seem that we shall have to revise our old ideas as to the unvarying benefits of sunlight, at least for white folks. In the earliest days our ancestors followed instinct more than we do now—and were more robust—they avoided the sunlight and spent as much time as possible in the shade. And this is the case to-day with people of little culture; in spite of the doctors they persist in darkening their homes. A great deal of the eye trouble which is becoming prevalent among children is due to too great exposure to sunlight. The instinct of the mother is to put her baby for his morning nap in a quiet darkened room until some doctor gives orders that the veranda or the door step is the place. Then you have a child stimulated to an activity and development far too rapid, and later on anemia and arrested development.

"The custom too of placing hospitals so that every room possible is flooded with light is not good therapeutics, as it seems to the writer, and many a patient would make more rapid convalescence if shielded from the irritating rays of the sun. Were it not for autohypnotic suggestion the recovery would be more retarded still. The patient has been made to believe that 'sun baths' are the great thing, and 'belief' helps, as the Christian Scientists have proved. But the truth would seem to be that while sunlight should be permitted to bathe every sick room for some time during the day, provision should be made by means of Venetian or other blinds or shutters for shutting it off most of the time. Fresh air is imperative and should be provided by forced ventilation."

AMERICANIS is the name he gives the new disease alleged to be caused by too much sunlight. It is not hard work, he argues, that breaks down people who live in western Canada and western United States—it is nerve exhaustion due to over-stimulation by sunlight. He asserts that statistics prove that the mortality of blonde people in such climates has been greater than that of the dark-complexioned. Then he makes this bold, positive statement:—

"Personally I have come to the conclusion that white men will not be able to permanently colonize the west of Canada outside British Columbia, west of the mountains. In two or three generations they will have learned their lesson. The only extenuating fact is the marvellous productivity of this country which will make it possible to get out after having made 'our pile'."

Still, the author believes the menace of too much sunlight may be successfully combatted by the people of the west indulging in more relaxation. They should "take a noon-day siesta, keep their houses darkened, protect their windows with dark green blinds and shutters and wear underclothing of a color that will offset the evil effects of light waves." Outer garments of a light color might be used, he declares, with underclothing either black or yellow! No doubt all this would at least add to the picturesque life of the west, if nothing else. Warm instead of cold baths should be taken to avoid over-stimulation, and Dr. Huestis quite cheerfully advocates "light draughts of alcoholic drinks as a




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***The easy Fels-Naptha way to get clothes clean***

Wet the clothes. Soap with Fels-Naptha, roll up, soak half an hour in lukewarm water. The naptha loosens the dirt. Only a little rubbing is needed. Douse clothes through the soapy water to flush the dirt away. Rinse thoroughly.

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Think of all the people who owe their clear, fine-textured complexions and soft, lustrous hair to their habit of using Ivory Soap for toilet, daily bath and shampoo.

Think of all the housekeepers whose hands are white and comely because they use Ivory Soap for washing dishes and for cleaning.

Think how much of the clothing in almost every family is laundered safely and inexpensively with Ivory Soap.

Then you will realize how fortunate it is that there is at least one soap that has every one of the seven qualities necessary for complete efficiency, safety and satisfaction in any and all uses. Abundant lather, quick rinsing, purity, mildness, whiteness, fragrance and "it floats" — these seven essentials combine to make Ivory the ideal soap.

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help." Lastly, he writes, it is doubtful if persons of extremely light complexion should attempt to live in the west. To be a true inhabitant of Alberta "the fashionable complexion" should be that of a Cree or Stoney Indian.

"LENS," a writer in *The New Statesman*, while noting the same phenomsna in countries where the sunlight is trong and continuous, does not take any such pessimistic view of the fate of white races exposed thereto. Pigmentation of the skin, this latter author declares, will, in good time, adapt itself to the intensity of light waves.

In other words, our succeeding generations in this country may develop a copper hue of skin such as our predecessors, the Indians, had:—

"The evidence of the lakes and the mountains in Switzerland, however, shows that blondes are by no means incapable of developing pigment without freckles. Here, on the Lake of Geneva, you may see heads of hair so blonde as to look almost white, and light blue eyes, going with skins which have tanned an even hue, deeper than copper. We must assume, therefore, that the incapacity of the blonde Scot, as a rule, to tan properly under the sun is not a necessary condition of his skin. Very probably, where the sun really shines and goes on shining, as here, he would cease to freckle and would tan like the fair-haired, blue-eyed, copper-skinned blondes, who here attract the speculation of the eye and the mind. The question arises, can a copper-skinned person be a blonde? Or when we talk of nature or heredity as determining certain characters, are we not always assuming certain conditions of nurture or environment? Polar explorers record that, after prolonged absence of sunlight, all the eyes of their men are blue. The brown pigment can be developed only in the presence of light. Are such brown-eyed men really blue-eyed, as these copper-colored swimmers are fair-skinned? And, finally, how sure are we that persistent exposure to intense sunlight, after some generations, may not transform the racial colour of the skin — I will not say at birth, for the new-born negro skin, not yet exposed to light, though descended from parents whose skins have been so exposed, is scarcely black? A few years ago, such a question, at least in England, though not in France or America, would have been thought heretical, but recent advances in experimental evolution make it impossible to dismiss the neo-Lamarckians with a gesture, or with the remark that no conceivable mechanism exists for such a process as they postulate.

"We note in passing that this power of the skin, whilst it doubtless indicates a nervous response to light and enables us to guess how light may thus affect the whole body through the nervous system, also indicates that the blood must be protected from excessive radiations. The presence of pigment affords this protection, and thus we have a very simple explanation of the general fact that the density of skin pigmentation in mankind between the Poles and the Equator is in direct proportion to the intensity of the radiations to which we are exposed."

# How the Movies Trick Us

*Action Is Reversed in Thrillers to Provide Audiences Sensations.*

HOMER CROY

ONE OF the most tiresome jobs around a motion picture establishment, states Homer Croy in *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, is the making of a "thriller." There is only one big moment in such a picture for the actors, he adds, and that is when the cook yells "dinner." "Close-ups" made of the hero when he is supposed to be under stress of great emotions really provide moments for the star that are about as delightful as those experienced in a dentist's chair. His head, as a matter of fact, is held in place by guides, the camera grinds within a foot or so of his nose and he makes faces supposed to depict love, disappointment, wrath, deep thought or any old thing the scenario demands of him. That is why, no doubt, so-called emotional work on the screen is usually tiresome and ridiculous to a beholder of intelligence. It's all mechanics costing so much a foot to make. Croy tells us: "The making of a good wreck picture takes hours. It used to be that we could throw a dummy in front of a train and the audience shook half the way home, but now they have got on to the fact that the person who picks himself up after the caboose has gone on by isn't the same as went under the cowcatcher. To get away with it now we have to do it more carefully. And no longer can the villain tie a dummy on the track and call it a picture. Now there must be some excuse for the person to be run over. The favorite way is to have him in an automobile and then bring on the train. It used to be that we could just stand an automobile on the track, back the engine away and then reverse the film, but not to-day. Audiences are too suspicious. You've got to give them something more than a film taken in reverse. Now the automobile has to be taken out on the track and the scene slowly worked out. The car must show that it is upset. So it is turned up on its wheels and held in place by a wire that the camera won't record; then the engine is brought up and the big "flop" scene is made. The cowcatcher is run up under the car and then the wire is cut and the automobile takes a tumble. Real characters are in the scene and not dummies. Audiences have got so they can spot dummies a mile off. Slowly, painfully the scene is made and then at the proper place it is 'cut' in the picture. The picture will then show the racer coming down the road at a mile a minute, while the train is showing some speed itself. The train is stopped, the car is brought up to the train and then rapidly backed away This part of the film is taken in reverse so that when it is shown the racing car will seem to be approaching the train, when as a matter of fact it is going in the other direction. When the picture is projected it shows the racing car coming madly down the road; it approaches the train and then cut to the slowly prepared scene where the car was balanced on a wire. Then the next scene shows the train speeding on and the car a mangled heap—not the same car, of course, but anyway wonderfully and thrillingly mangled.

"The hard part has been to put over the 'reverse action' — that is, where the car runs backward and then when projected on the screen in its natural sequence it seems to be moving forward. That is what gets them. Hardly a person in the audience ever suspects how it is done. It is used all the time, as when a person comes along and jumps up on a balcony. The principle, that is. The comedian walks around looking up at the balcony and then getting a pair of window weights, gives a great heave and lands on the balcony—and the audience gasps. That is where we get them. It is one of the simplest things around a studio and something that gets them every time. It's all in the camera. The man gets up on the balcony and the photographer puts his hand over the lens and runs through a couple of feet of film without anything on it. Then the man leaps off and the camera shows him sailing through the air. Now the first picture that shows when it is projected on the screen is the one where he lands and so he seems to be going up instead of coming down. It's simple but it's a puzzler and no one who has never worked around a studio would ever get on to it.

"Another thing that puzzles an audience is how things are made to go so fast. In a comedy picture a bruised and battered Ford may be made to go around a lamppost, backward, at forty miles an hour, when most people know that this is not within the keeping of everyday experience. If the car should climb the post they might not give it another thought but for it to go around and around backward with the dust flying, then that is something else. It all comes from the fact that the slower a thing is taken on the film, the faster it seems to be going when brought to the screen. Instead of using twenty feet of film to show a car

# Your skin needs two different creams at different times

*For daytime and evening use, every normal skin needs a dry cream to protect, to freshen, and to hold the powder—and at night a rich, oil cream to keep the skin thoroughly cleansed and supple*

*These two creams are totally different and answer different demands of the skin. The results they accomplish are separate and distinct. Used regularly, these two creams make steadily for a lovelier skin.*



*For the nightly cleansing, only Pond's Cold Cream, the cream made with oil, will do.*



*In the daytime, use Pond's Vanishing Cream, the dry cream made without oil to protect your skin against wind and dust.*

## *For daytime use—the cream that will not reappear in a shine*

A ***TIRED looking skin*** adds years to a woman's age. To freshen the skin instantly, use the cream made without oil. You can put it on just before you go out, for there is nothing in it which could reappear in a shine.

Take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and smooth it lightly in with an upward motion. Your skin relaxes as the cool, refreshing cream works in. The dullness, the flat, unbecoming tones disappear—your complexion takes on a new freshness and transparency.

***When you powder,*** do it to last. The perpetual powdering that most women do is so unnecessary. Here is the satisfactory way to make powder stay on. First smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—this cream disappears entirely, softening the skin as it goes. Now powder. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—and it will stay on two or three times as long as usual. Your skin has been prepared for it.

This cream is so delicate that it can be kept on all day without clogging the pores, and there is not a drop of oil in it which could reappear and make your face shiny.

Furthermore, this protective cream, skin specialists tell us, prevents the tiny grains of powder from working their way into your pores and enlarging them.

## *At night, the cleansing cream made with oil*

***Cleanse your skin thoroughly every night*** if you wish it to retain its clearness and freshness. Only a cream made with oil can really cleanse the skin of the dust and dirt that bore too deep for ordinary washing to reach. At night, after washing your face with the soap you have found best suited to it, smooth Pond's Cold Cream into the pores. It contains just enough oil to work well into the pores and cleanse them thoroughly. Then wipe the cream gently off. You will be shocked at the amount of dirt this cleansing removes from your skin. When this dirt is allowed to remain in the pores, the skin becomes dull and blemishes and blackheads appear.

***To stimulate the play of blood*** beneath your skin that keeps it looking young, slap the face very gently, very persistently, with finger tips dipped generously into Pond's Cold Cream. This acts as a tonic to a dull or sluggish skin. Pond's Cold Cream is so soft that it cannot stretch the finest pores as it works into them. This oil cream rouses and stimulates the skin—notice the way it responds to this toning up.

## *Start using these creams today*

Both these creams are too delicate in texture to clog the pores and they will not encourage the growth of hair. They come in convenient sizes in both jars and tubes at 50 cents each. Get them at any drug or department store. If you desire samples first, take advantage of the offer below. The Pond's Extract Company, Toronto, Canada.

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Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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making a circuit of a lamp-post, suppose it is done on six feet of film. At sight of somebody getting that much speed out of the old 'bus, half the audience breaks down and sobs openly and the rest go home with a far-away look in their eyes. But it has come about simply by running the car around the post at the normal rate of backing speed and then taking it with the trick crank. When it is run off it would make Ralph De Palma look as if he were out wheeling the baby.

"That is the way practically all the naval battles are fought—at the studio under the Cooper-Hewitts. That way you can get a much better picture than if you had a camera on the flagship. Most of the fighting is done with the ships out of sight of each other, miles apart, so that the camera can show nothing but an almost uninterrupted view of the blue sky. So the records of both the British and German admiralty offices were studied and miniature ships were made and sailed on an eight-foot ocean. The ships were an exact duplicate of the big ones in every way, and the maneouvers they went through were accurately reproduced—only you could stand and jump over the whole holocaust. Inch by inch the ships were moved along the same formation as they went through in the big battle, while off stage short-focus cameras ground away. When the pictures appear the ships will look as big as the originals—all due to the short focus."

# John Storm Was Everywhere

*Hall Caine Tells How Namesakes of Brain-child Haunted Him*

SIR HALL CAINE

SIR HALL CAINE has been telling us about his early experiences as a writer, of how it was many times "Greek meet Greek" with him financially in the early days of his struggle for a name, especially when there was a wife and family to be provided for out of his meagre earnings from his pen. He sold his first novels for less than modern fiction writers get for short stories of a few thousand words—and was glad to take the money. One of his most popular early works was accepted by a Scotch publisher with many misgivings about the chance he was taking in printing the work of an obscure writing man. In the second of a series he has been writing for the *New York Times Book Review and Magazine*, Caine tells of some of the humorous incidents of his career as a novelist:—

"Like many of my fellow-novelists, I have got into trouble at various times about the names of my imaginary characters at the hands of persons who have borne the same names in real life and assumed that I accused them of the same conduct. One of my characters committed manslaughter, and his namesake in life wrote to say I had published a wicked and scandalous libel; another ran away from his wife, and his namesake told me my statement was a lie, for he was living with her still; the mother of a young woman named Mary O'Neill threatened me with an action for damages if I did not withdraw something I had said about her daughter; and a lady who had been jilted by somebody named Victor Stowell said I should earn her undying gratitude if I would hang him in my very next number. But my besetting difficulty about names has been something more serious, and it may be interesting as illustrating the action of the subconscious mind.

"Thinking the name a novelist gives to a character is by much the most important single thing he can say about her, I have sometimes spent weeks in selecting one. When writing one of my early books I made a list of several scores of Christian and surnames before I lit upon a combination which seemed to suit my chief character. At length I found the name I wanted, and believed I had made it. But ten years after my book was first published, when my hero's name had become a little famous, I returned to a place in which I spent a portion of my early boyhood, and there, to my amazement, I saw the name I thought I had created written up on a spot where I must have seen and read it a hundred times.

"Later I had a more striking experience. Being about to write a story in which a young clergyman was to make the experiment of trying to live the life of Christ in the nineteenth century, I was for a long time at a loss for a name that should be proper to his fanatical, volcanic and tempestuous nature. During the period of my perplexity I went to Whitby, and there, on a tombstone in the churchyard at the top of the cliff, I saw the words:

" 'Sacred to the memory of John Storm, etc.'

"John Storm! What a find! The name, which I had never seen before, seemed to fit my hero like a glove. On returning home, a friend from Venice called upon me, and, hearing where I had been, he said:

" 'I always remember Whitby by a name I saw there.'

" 'Was it John Storm?' I asked.

" 'It was,' " he answered

A month or two afterward, going to America and Canada on a copyright errand, I visited President Cleveland at his home on Buzzard's Bay. He asked what my next book was to be about and I told him, saying I thought I had found the name for my hero.

" 'What name is it?' asked the President.

" 'One you can never have heard before—John Storm,' I replied.

" 'If you'll walk through the little graveyard outside the gate of Grey Gables (the name of the President's house) you'll find it on a dozen tombstones,' said Cleveland.

A few weeks later I was at Hamilton, Ontario, on my copyright errand, and the mayor of the town sent to say that he would like to present me to his council. It was snowing heavily that day, and, the hall of the hotel being full of people who were sheltering from the weather, a young man stepped out to make a way for me through the crowd. In thanking him for his courtesy something prompted me to ask his name.

" 'John Storm,' he answered.

Destiny seemed now to have decided my hero's name for me, and I was sure that no other name would do. On returning home I wrote my story; it was published; my hero's name caught on (as well it might, for surely it is one of the great names of the world) and with the first earnings of my book I bought a farm which lies at the opposite side of the valley from my house in the Isle of Man. On the first Sunday morning after it became mine I went out for a walk on it, never having done so to my knowledge before. Near the farthest fringe of the farm I came upon an old church, long shut up, and, striding through the rank grass of the churchyard about it, I came, to my astonishment, upon a stone which was inscribed:

" 'Sacred to the memory of John Storm of this parish.'

"A few days later, in the streets of our Manx capital, I met the high bailiff of the town, a very old gentleman, and he said:

" 'Did you know when you wrote your book that a man named John Storm used to live in your parish?'

I answered no, not then, and that I had only just heard of it.

" 'Would you like to know where his house was?'

" 'Where?'

" 'He died in the village of Crosby, but he lived for a long time in a house that stood on the site now occupied by your own gate-lodge.'

"I have shared with nearly all my fellow-novelists, living and dead, the chastening influence of adverse criticism without having Fielding's robust indifference to the 'judgment of the judges who are unable to give proof of their commissions.' Some of my experiences in this connection have seemed tragical enough at the time of their occurrence, but others have certainly been amusing. One of my novels was by accident reviewed twice within a few weeks in *Truth*. The first review said, as nearly as I can remember:

" 'No competent critic can doubt that this is a good and even a great story.'

"The other ran:

" 'Nobody but a fool would call this story even a moderately good one.'

"It was not difficult to get inside the guard of that attack, so I wrote to a rival paper, merely quoting the two articles and asking:

" 'Who is the *fool* on Truth?'

"Afterward I heard that Labouchere himself was one of my two critics, and that he did not enjoy being chaffed on the subject.

"When 'The Christian' was published it provoked a good deal of discussion among the clergy, and many of them (including Dean Farrar, Dr. Joseph Parker, Dr. Clifford and clergymen of equal distinction in America and Scandinavia) preached on it, but though much that was said from the pulpit was on a high level of seriousness, the only clerical comment I can now recall is the opening passage of the sermon by a former rector of St. Martin's in the Fields:

" 'I have read this novel carefully in the hope of finding out who is intended to be the Christian, and I have come to the conclusion that the only Christian in the book is the dog.'. My hero had a bloodhound.

"It is nearly forty years (August 1881) since my life as a novelist began.

"Since then I have written twelve novels, a poor output in point of number, but then I have written each of them at least twice and some (one way or other) three, four and even five times. The truth is that though I began, as I believe, with the natural aptitude of the story-teller, I have found story-telling very hard work indeed.

"All through my literary life I have received offers of assistance from persons who have believed that I have only to write the stories of their own lives to produce the most startling impressions. These offers have come from all sources ranging from the monastery to the kitchen. Never, except once, have I found them of any value, and not rarely when they have not been pathetically ridiculous, they have been dangerous and sometimes savoring of blackmail. When I was in Chicago, twenty years ago, a stranger wrote to suggest that for a thousand dollars he would sell me a volume of press cuttings about the anarchist rsing in that city. I declined the press cuttings without seeing them, but when a few years later I wrote a book which dealt with a socialist rising in Rome I was sued in a Chicago court for a thousand dollars on the ground that I had stolen my subject. Judgment was given against me and I was told that the next time I set foot in Chicago I should be liable to distraint or even arrest.

"In common with most of my fellow-novelists who have taken their work seriously, I have suffered the pangs that come of seeing what small beer some people take story-telling to be, in spite of all the pains we spend on it. I rarely see the annual report of a municipal library, with its tabulated statement of 'fiction' and 'serious literature,' without feeling, as Spurgeon says he felt at a mayoral banquet when he and his Nonconformist brethren came in at the tail of a toast to 'the clergy of the Church of England and the representatives of other denominations,' and a pale young curate rose to respond. But whatever the popular appraisement of fiction as an art, the novelist has his compensations. He is paid in two kinds—in the means of livelihood and in the number of hearts he is permitted to reach and touch. As one who has been paid in both kinds, I know which has been the dearer to me."

# When Sir Edward Grey Wept

*Ambassador Page Tells How Leading Statesman Acted on War's Announcement.*

BURTON J. HENDRICK

I SHALL never forget Sir Edward Grey's telling me of the ultimatum while he wept; nor the poor German ambassador who lost his high game— almost a demented man; nor the King as he declaimed at me for half an hour and threw up his hands and said: 'My God, Mr. Page, what else could we do?' Nor the Austrian ambassador wringing his hands and weeping and crying out: 'My dear colleague, my dear colleague'."

In those swift, nervous words is pictured the tragic hour in England when war with the central powers became inevitable on August 4th, 1914. It is from a letter from Walter H. Page, then ambassador for United States in Great Britain, to President Woodrow Wilson in the third chapter of the "Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," compiled by Burton J. Hendrick, and now appearing serially in *World's Work*. (New York)

Mr. Page opened his letter to the president: "God save us! What a week it has been!" The whole series of letters at that period reflects the super-tense pertubration of that period. "Upon my word," Mr. Page writes further on, "if one could forget the awful tragedy, all this experience would be worth a lifetime of commonplace. One surprise follows another so rapidly that one loses all the sense of time."

Mr. Page aptly pictured scenes in London—returned travellers from Paris who reported indescribable confusion—people everywhere unable to obtain beds and fighting for seats in railway carriages—crazy men and women weeping, imploring, cursing and demanding. "God knows," he remarks, "it was bedlam turned loose. I have been called the man of a great genius for emergency by some, by others a damn fool, by others every epithet between the extremes. Men shook English banknotes in my face and demanded United States money and swore our government and its agents ought to all be shot."

Mr. Page tells of his visit to Count Lichnowsky, the German ambassador, the following afternoon:—"He came down in his pyjamas—a crazy man. I feared he might literally go mad. He is of the anti-war party and he had done his best and utterly failed. This interview was one of the most pathetic experiences of my life. The poor man had not slept for several nights. Then came the crowds of frightened Germans, afraid that they would be arrested. They besieged the German Embassy and our Embassy. I put one of our naval officers in the German Embassy, put the United States on the door to protect it and we began business there, too. Our naval officer has moved in—sleeps there."

He paints a wonderful picture of Sir Edward Grey at that memorable meeting on August 4th, when he uttered the words: "England would forever be contemptible if it should sit by and see this treaty violated. The American ambassador came away, he writes "with a sort of stunned sense of the impending ruin of half the world."

Of Sir Edward Grey's demeanor at that meeting he writes:—

"Sir Edward, a tall and worn and rather pallid figure, was standing against the mantelpiece. Overwrought the Foreign Secretary may have been, after the racking week which had just passed, but there was nothing flurried or excited in his manner; his whole bearing was calm and dignified, his speech was quiet and restrained, he uttered not one bitter word against Germany, but his measured accents had a sureness, a conviction of the justice of his course, that went home in almost deadly fashion. He sat in a characteristic pose, his elbows resting on the sides of his chair, his hands folded and placed beneath his chin, the whole body leaning forward eagerly and his eyes searching those of his American friend. The British Foreign Secretary was a handsome and an inspiring figure. He was a man of large, but of well knit, robust, and slender frame, wiry and even athletic; he had a large head, surmounted with dark brown hair, slightly touched with gray; a finely cut, somewhat rugged and bronzed face, suggestive of that out-of-door life in which he had always found his greatest pleasure: light blue eyes that shone with straightforwardness and that on this occasion were somewhat pensive with anxiety; thin, ascetic lips that could smile in the most confidential manner or close tightly with grimness and fixed purpose. He was a man who was at the same time shy and determined, elusive and definite, but at the same time if there was one note in his bearing that predominated all other, it was a solemn and quiet sincerity. He seemed utterly without guile and magnificently simple.




**Cutex Traveling Set, $1.50**
*Contains Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Pink Paste Polish, Cake Polish, nail file, emery boards and orange stick.*

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Before you make up your Christmas list, look at these Cutex sets. Note how distinctive they are—in their dress of black and rose! Each one done up for the holidays in a special Christmas wrapper! Any woman would welcome one as an accessory to her dressing table. See how handily they are arranged—the file, the orange stick, the emery board in a little separate compartment; the Cuticle Remover, the Nail White, the Polishes—each in the nicest possible container.

Everybody feels them to be a real blessing, these sets—they make it so easy to care for one's nails!

In ten minutes with the Cutex preparations, you can transform your hands. Your first Cutex manicure will seem like a miracle to you. However ragged you may have made the cuticle by cutting, just one application of the Cuticle Remover will leave the nail rim smooth and even—and entirely free from the soreness that cutting so often leaves behind. You will be delighted also with the really professional touch of grooming that the Cutex Polishes give to your nails.

Don't let another day pass without looking at the Cutex Sets. Get one and see for yourself how delightfully it works. Last year more than 22,000 women bought them. Each article in the sets can be had separately for 35c.

At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England. Northam Warren, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



### *Sets in four sizes*

Cutex Sets come in four sizes. The smallest at 60c. is called "The Compact." In it are trial size packages of Cuticle Remover, Nail White and Paste and Powder Polishes, with nail file, emery board and steel file—all complete.

The next size at $1.50, is called the "Traveling Set" because it is so ideally suited to the toilet case; but it is just as convenient for the dressing table. It contains the Cutex preparations in full sizes, with larger size file, orange stick and emery board.

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**Compact Set, 60c.**
*All the chief manicuring necessities in small packages.*

**Traveling Set, $1.50**
*All the chief manicuring necessities in full sized packages.*



**Boudoir Set, $3.00**
*Everything for the most immaculate care of the hands.*

**De Luxe Set, $5.00**
*The last word in luxuriousness for manicuring.*

# CUTEX Manicure Sets

# Big Pay Makes Big Men

*Such Is the Assertion of A. C. Fuller, Brush Manufacturer, Ex-Nova Scotian.*

THANE WILSON

AMONG the almost numberless boys born and raised on Canadian farms who have made good in professional and commercial walks of life there are few more interesting personages than Alfred C. Fuller, proprietor of a brush manufacturing plant in Boston, Mass., that grew in a space of less than two decades from a one-man plant run by himself in the basement of his married sister' home, to a concern that to-day has one hundred and thirty-five branch offices and two thousand four hundred salesmen in the field. What was the secret of Fuller's success? In an interview with Thane Wilson, of the *American Magazine*, Mr Fuller placed his finger on it this way:

"The magic instrument of all this was nothing but a tiny four line advertisement in a national magazine.....It was similar to those which I had been running with indifferent results in the newspapers; simply a brief description of my product and the offer of the liberal commission to sales people.....This was the start of a steady stream averaging ten or fifteen letters a day. Within a year I was doing more business in one month than I had previously done in twelve."

One of the other contributing elements that brought success, he says, was making it worth while for other people to think for him. Fuller left his home on the farm near Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, when he was eighteen years of age. He was anything but a success at the beginning of things. He was discharged from three jobs in rapid succession, proving himself a failure as a street car conductor, as an hostler and as a driver of a delivery wagon. He even discovered after he had his brush factory started that he was'nt much of a success as salesman. What he did discover to his advantage, however, was that he knew how to find and retain the services of other men who could do the work he was less capable of performing. This is the manner in which he says he retained his men and stimulated them to greater and more effective work:—

"I have three principles for dealing with the men who are helping me run the business: First I give them enough salary to meet ordinary living expenditures: second, I give them in bonus form a generous share of the increased production of their department or of the business as a whole; third, I leave them alone. Whatever weaknesses I may have, I'm not swell-headed. I figure that every man I put in charge of a department can handle that department; perhaps better than I could. So I let him handle it. This keeps me 'unloaded' and I can think and plan for the business as a whole.

"Not only by pay, but by increased prestige, I encourage my folks to think for me. I promote men who pass their ideas along. I give greater responsibilities to executives who excel in team work. Nearly all the distinctive features of this business to-day have been contributed by those who were working with me.

"I welcome all suggestions from all sources. I listen gravely, even when I know they are impracticable, or when I have thought of the same thing a hundred times before. The man who instantly 'squashes' an idea, because he knows it is trifling or ill-advised, is sapping the mental initiative of the employee who makes it.

"I believe there are three reasons why men fail to make the most of themselves: They do the wrong thing without profiting by their mistakes; or they attempt the right thing, but fail to finish it or they do nothing at all .... In so far as is humanly possible, we have tried here to eliminate all three causes of failure.

"Men whom increased power and pay make unmanageable have decided elements of weakness, anyway. It's worth the cost of the organization to find out if there is anyone in it who can be spoiled that easily."

# Gold Production and Business

*Value of Gold to Civilization Not Generally Realized*

FLOYD W. PARSONS

A WORD of explanation is necessary in connection with this article from the *World's Work* as to why the Canadian five dollar bill will still buy as much as the five dollar gold piece in Canada, while if we wish to use it in the United States it is subject to a considerable discount. This is owing to the fact that while the Canadian Government have not abandoned the gold standard, that is to say, they have not in so many words declared their inability to pay gold for any notes which may be presented, they have prohibited the exportation of gold. To the Canadian, therefore, gold is worth no more than paper seeing that he is forbidden to export it, which is the only means by which he can buy more with it than with paper money.

Mr. Parsons deals chiefly with the reduced production of gold in the United States but that portion of his article which shows the relation between that production and industry will prove of general interest. He says in part:

"A five-dollar bill costs less than a penny to manufacture, but it will purchase as much sugar or bread or meat as a five-dollar gold piece. Out West I always get angry when I buy a two-dollar necktie, give the clerk a ten-dollar bill and get eight silver dollars in change. The heavy money is not only unhandy, but it takes the crease out of my trousers carrying it around. In New York I don't want any one to give me a twenty-dollar gold piece if they can give me a bill of the same denomination instead. In other words, I want currency instead of the hard cash, because the paper money is light, convenient to carry, and buys just as much.

"But why am I willing to place such faith in paper money?. The reason is that the bills carry the promise of the United States Government to hand me their face value in gold on demand. As long as I know I can go to the mint and get twenty dollars' worth of gold for a twenty-dollar bill, I don't want the metal. However, if I thought I couldn't get the precious yellow metal for the bill on demand, I wouldn't be willing to sell twenty dollars' worth of my labor or goods for a twenty-dollar bill. It's the material value back of paper money that determines its worth. The paper currency of a nation fluctuates in value largely in proportion to the nation's ability to redeem its bills in gold.

"Not one person in ten comprehends the value of gold to civilization. If another nation appears to be gaining control of the world's production of oil, we become alarmed and quickly point out the danger to our future prosperity. But when we are losing in the race for gold, we accept defeat as a matter of course.

"Let us get into our heads that gold is important—as important as iron, or oil or coal or wheat, so long as civilization continues on a gold standard for money. We hear a lot about foreign exchange; the gold supplies of nations seriously affect their rates of exchange and determine their purchasing power. The credit of a government is important; the gold reserve of any country fixes its credit. The value of the dollar bill in a man's pocket is a matter of much consequence to him; the amount of gold coin and bullion in a nation's treasury determines the worth of the bill. It is true, therefore, that gold is about as important as what we eat or wear, although its usefulness is not so apparent.

"During the last few years practically everything has risen in price except gold, and as a result gold-mining generally has ceased to be profitable and production has been curtailed. For a decade, the world's paper currency has increased at a far more rapid rate than has the total supply of gold. Economists recognize that it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the business of the world to continue its normal expansion if at the same time there is a substantial decrease in the rate of gold production. Each year large quantities of gold are removed from the monetary reserves and are used in industry. Additional gold is lost through abrasion in handling and through being hidden and forgotten or accidentally lost.

"During 1919, the total gold sold and the coin destroyed for use in manufactures and the arts here in the United States had a value of $80,337,600. This means that America is not only producing no gold at present for monetary purposes, but is actually consuming more than twenty million dollars' worth of gold in excess of the country's total annual production.

"In order thoroughly to understand the situation it is necessary that a few fundamental facts be borne in mind. Here in the United States there is a statute which specifies that the standard dollar of the country shall contain 23.22 grains of fine gold. Now there are 480 grains in an ounce of gold so that if we divide this latter number by the grains of gold in a dollar the quotient obtained is 20.67 dollars, the price of one ounce of gold. This is practically the only law that fixes the price of gold, but it is as definite and rigid in its action as if the government had laid down a permanent and unchanging price. Because of the high prices for commodities, the gold ounce, the only source of income to the gold producer, had an average purchasing power during the last five years of $13.85.

"As a result, the United States gold production dropped from $101,035,000 in 1915 to $49,509,000 in 1920. In 1915, the United States produced 21.5 per cent. of the world's total gold output, and the British Empire 63.7 per cent. Last year the United States produced about 12 per cent. of the total, while the British output was in excess of 73 per cent. of the world's entire production.

"Most of the British gold is produced in South Africa, and in July, 1919, the British Government inaugurated a plan of paying an exchange premium as high as 50 per cent. to the gold producers of that region. As a partial result of this action, gold-mining in the Transvaal was stimulated materially. In 1914 the British production was only three times that of the United States, while to-day it is six times as great."

# One's Meat Another's Poison

*Truth of Old Adage Is Proved By Scientific Tests.*

G. HOUSTON GOUDISS

FREAK appetities are no longer considered such in the eyes of Science. The fact that strawberries immensely agree with one individual while they bring out a disagreeable rash on others, and that some people cannot eat eggs or shellfish without being distressed or made ill has its origin in the peculiar chemical physical characteristics of the individual, we are told by C. Houston Goudiss, writing under the caption of "Foods that Don't Like Us," in the *People's Home Journal*. Mr. Goudiss besides consulting scientific and medical men made some personal investigations of metabolism:—

"The process by which food and drink are transmuted into bodily force is called metabolism. This is the name given to a marvelous chemical process carried out through the activity of countless cells which know how to eliminate unusable portions of our daily diet and to lay hold on the usable, converting them into blood, bone, muscle, and other organic substances. Beyond certain knowledge of the transformation thus wrought, the chemistry of the human body is as yet a field unexplored.

"We do know, however, that milk and potatoes are wholesome and that eggs constitute a most valuable food. We know contact with poison ivy commonly causes a rash that is distressing and even dangerous. Yet some persons can touch this plant with impunity. Others cannot drink milk or eat potatoes or eggs without becoming seriously ill.

"Such persons are said to have an idiosyncrasy toward the food which poisons them. No one knows how to cure such conditions, though recent interesting experiments give hope that this problem may yet be solved.

"Food idiosyncrasies sometimes are taken lightly or scoffed at. I know a college professor who couldn't drink milk. His friends laughed and said it was 'just a notion.' He claimed it was an antipathy that had existed since childhood, and he could not be induced to touch milk. Then he grew friendly with a doctor who was very fond of milk. Summer and winter, there always was a pitcher of iced milk on the doctor's table.

"One hot day, the professor drank a glass offered him at luncheon, because he was ashamed to confess his 'notion.' To his surprise, no bad effects followed, and he actually grew fond of the cold beverage. After several months he decided the antipathy had been overcome, and one night in his room drank a glass of milk at ordinary temperature. He became violently ill, and was prostrated. He called a physician for the first time, told him he had taken no milk in years except the iced draught at the doctor's table.

"They discussed the case and planned to start with iced milk and try it a little warmer every day. But the experiment failed. The professor could easily assimilate cold milk, but could not digest it otherwise.

"Babies a few weeks old do not have 'notions' yet many cases are recorded of infants who could not digest mother's or cow's milk or any food made with milk. Such unfortunates literally starve to death amidst plenty, because no food will take the place of milk, as a growth-promoter in very young children.

"Eggs sometimes poison children as well as grown-ups. Johns Hopkins Hospital reports a child unable to take one teaspoonful of a mixture composed of a pint of water plus one drop of egg-white. A mixture of a quart of water with a drop of egg-white had no serious effects. In this instance a cure was effected by beginning with the mixture that produced no harm and gradually increasing the amount of egg-white. Eggs sometimes produce swellings and serious irritations of the skin. not unlike eczema. The celebrated naturalist, John Burroughs, banished them from his diet when he turned seventy. They had poisoned him for years, and his health improved as soon as he stopped eating them. Egg sufferers complain of sore throat, abdominal pain and vomiting. In some cases the application of even a small amount of egg white may irritate the skin.

"Tomatoes are another of the two-faced foods. Not infrequently they cause swelling of the joints, mouth ulcers and skin troubles. So common is the first-mentioned complaint that certain ailments are known to physicians as 'tomato joints.' Even potatoes are poison to some people. A doctor, who for years suffered from neuralgia, found complete relief when he stopped eating them. To prove this was not mere fancy, he resumed potatoes partaking of them in small quantities so as to accustom his system to them. But even after eating the smallest amount the neuralgia returned. Then he cut them out for good.

"Even the proverbial oatmeal porridge is sometimes an enemy, the case of a boy of fourteen whose face would swell every time he partook of it, being quoted by a reputable physician. Within twenty minutes after eating the porridge the skin of the boy's face would begin to swell, and in a short time would be so badly swollen that his eyes would close. Rice and honey, two admirable foods, cause unexpected and distressing symptoms in some people, and especially remarkable is the fact of the uniformity with which effects are produced in the same person. Coffee taken with cream sometimes disagrees, when either taken alone are perfectly



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By V. K. CASSADY, B.S., M.S., Chief Chemist

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digestible. An English authority reports the case of a woman patient who, throughout her life, was unable to drink coffee, of which she was very fond, without bringing on an attack of diarrhoea. Such idiosyncrasies are sometimes hereditary and may affect members of the same family. They are entirely independent of ordinary dyspeptic conditions, and may occur in persons who otherwise are able to digest any and all kinds of foods.

"Scientists no longer treat such antipathies as 'notions'. Instead of dismissing them they are trying to get at the facts. They want to know what lies back of these frequent refusals of the stomach to accept foods commonly welcomed.

"Sometimes children are born with an antipathy toward certain foods. To force them to eat these not only is unwise, but dangerous.

"An idiosyncrasy is a constitutional peculiarity or a condition of cell protoplasm that can lead to most serious trouble. Therefore likes and dislikes in food are worthy of consideration.

"Such an array of incidents as I have given, prove conclusively that humanity is very individual, and that each one differs as much in reaction to physical and chemical stimuli as he differs in face and character."

# It's Harmless!

WILLIAM CROWDER

MOST of us who remember the thrills we got out of that portion of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea" which described a combat between a man and a devil-fish or octopus will suffer a mild shock to our illusions at the emphatic announcement of scientists and naturalists that the octopi or species of cephalopods described in journalistic tales has really an inherent dread of man and will instantly flee at his approach. Indeed, so timid is the much maligned devil-fish that naturalists experience great difficulty in getting close enough to him in his native haunts to study him. At least these are some of the things we are told by William Crowder in his article, "The Truth About the Devil-Fish," appearing in the *Scientific American*.

This scientific writer says that it is infrequent that octopi have been found with tentacles measuring over ten feet long, and even when those large specimens were caught they showed no disposition to fight but invariably made a frantic struggle for liberty. Although they are possessed of great strength and are armed with a powerful weapon in the form of a sharp, parrot-like beak, they appear to be unconscious of their power, and, Mr. Crowder affirms, seem never to attempt using it even in defence when man is the aggressor. He continues:—

"The octopus is one of the most timid of animals and will retreat when a human being comes near it. It can be observed in its natural habitat, however, if one is cautious in approaching it; for, in common with most wild creatures, they recognize as inimical only moving objects. The difference between an octopus and a squid may be stated tersely by saying that the former has eight long tentacles and a short body, while the latter has ten short tentacles and a long body. It is partly due to these relatively long arms, however, that the octopus gets its unsavory reputation; for without a doubt these long writhing organs make it the most hideous and gruesome of all creatures. It lies secreted in rocky crevises awaiting its unwary prey. When some unlucky fish or crustacean passes near, the lurking monster throws out its tentacles with astonishing rapidity; and when once the suckers, which line the inner surface of the arms have touched the victim, there is no escape. It is carried to the mouth where it is despatched at once by a bite through the back.

"The hard and stony stare of cephalipods doubtless has also much to do with the general impression of horror which attaches to one's sight of these creatures. The visual organs of no other animal have the ghoulish expression that is in the eyes of the devil-fish. This weirdness is further accentuated by the writhing and tortuous movement of the animal's body as it crawls from place to place; for, unlike the squid, it seldom swims about in its travels."

# Prince and King of Spoofers!

*U. S. Movie Photographer Vividly Imagines Encounter With Royalty*

TRACEY MATHEWSON

A NEW light on our democratic Prince of Wales is thrown by Tracey Mathewson, motion picture photographer and American, in an article which appears in a recent issue of the San Francisco *Chronicle*—but whether it has any elements of truth in it readers of *MacLean's* will be left to judge. Mathewson first came into contact with the Prince—so this veracious narrative avers—during his tour of Canada.

Mathewson was there because it was essential to have motion pictures taken of the tour and he knew how to take them. He seems to have had marked discernment in the pursuit of his business; so much, in fact that he attracted the attention of the prince. His discernment, however, of what your Englishman calls a "spoof" was not, possibly, in such good working order. Some time afterwards he was in London. The S. F. *Chronicle* editor was guileless enough to—presumably—pay real money for an alleged account of Mathewson's next encounter with royalty. Here's what Baron Munchausen, Jr.—alias Tracy Mathewson, says happened:

"I was strolling along Piccadilly a couple of days following my arrival when I met Gilbert Nigel, a government official who had been one of the Prince's equerries on his Canadian trip. After we had talked for a few minutes he asked me:

" 'Does the prince, know you're in town?'

"I thought that this was merely an eruption of British humor.

" 'No,' I answered. 'The prince has been remarkably unenthusiastic about my presence in London.'

" I thought no more about it until the next day at noon, when I found a note at the Piccadilly Hotel, where I was staying, directing me to call Regent 1414. I'll never forget that number. I had the girl "put me through," as we London bloods say, and was surprised to get my number in less than five minutes. It usually takes fifteen in London.

" 'What place is this?' I asked.

" 'St. James Palace,' came the answer.

" 'Well, is there anybody there wants to talk to Tracy Mathewson?'

"There was a long silence. After a while a man's voice was heard.

"It was Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince of Wales's private secretary.

" 'The Prince,' he said, 'would like to see you tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'clock if it's convenient. But don't bring your camera. No cinema man has ever been inside the palace.'

"At 5 o'clock the next day I was outside the walls of the palace wondering where, the front gate was. One of the porters soldiers, guards, gendarmes or whatever they were called, stepped up and wanted to know my business.

" 'That's all right, buddy,' I said, 'I've got a date with the prince.'

"He immediately stepped back and I walked up a flight of steps and rang the nearest bell. The door flew open and there stood my old friend—I forget what his name is—who was the prince's chief attendant and cocktail shaker in Canada. He was all dressed up like a taxi starter at the Hotel Biltmore, but I recognized him and held out my hand. He looked all around nervously, but not seeing anybody grabbed my hand and shook it heartily.

Then Mr. Mathewson proceeds to tell in the same breezy vein of his meeting with the prince. The prince, Mr. Mathewson seems to have taken it for granted, was overjoyed at meeting the motion picture photographer from United States once again. Feeling good himself, Mr. Mathewson suggested that the prince should make another visit to United States Incidentally he mentioned in an off-hand way, he had "a little house down in Atlanta, Ga., and he would be glad to have the prince pay him a visit there."

" 'Why, I wouldn't think of going to the States without calling on you,' the prince replied.

But that wasn't all. The prince not only told him to drop around any old day he liked at St. James palace and take pictures till he was tired, but actually picked him out at Epsom Downs and insisted on him taking a picture of Princess Mary, and Mr. Mathewson proceeds with his story:—

"After I snapped this one plate, he came over and started talking about the races. I was still thinking about the bum picture I had just made and nervously pulled a stick of chewing gum out of my pocket. When I realized what I was doing I tried to stuff it back, but the prince had seen it.

" 'Give it to me if you don't want it,' he said laughing. He took the stick, unwrapped it and stuck it in his mouth.

" 'With this chewing wax in my mouth," said the Prince, 'I feel like a 'regular guy.' "

The prince likely got a lot of fun out of the whole thing, but it's long odds he never dreamed of a compliment like this coming from the moving picture man's pen when the latter got back to the States:—

"All in all the prince has as much personality and as fine an intelligence as any man I ever met. I say that without regard to his position. If he were Bill Smith's son, I, or anybody else, would say the same thing. They say he gets his character from his mother. As I was talking to him, I noticed her picture hung on the wall, just over his shoulder. The likeness was striking.

" 'When are you coming back to England?' he asked when I had made everything I could see that looked like a picture.

" 'I expect to get back next year some time,' I told him.

" 'Well, drop in and see me whenever you're in London.' "

# Logic—A Story, Not Fiction

*In a Few Words Paris Socialist Daily Riddles the Armament Policy*

ARKADY-AVERCHENKO

SELDOM has the ridiculous aspect of the armament question's "vicious circle." been more simply and more illuminatingly depicted than in the following modern fable, reproduced from Paris Official Socialist daily, L'Humanite. It is from the pen of Arkady Averchenko.

"One day a gentleman presented himself at the War Office of a country whose name matters very little.

" 'Take me to the Air-Service Headquarters,' he said. 'I have important information..'

"The stranger was forthwith conducted to a general, to whom he addressed himself.

" 'I have an invention that will turn upside-down the whole art of war, and I am looking for a chance to sell it. My invention is a kind of armored airship that can fly a whole week, carry a regiment, and all this in spite of the worst kind of storms. Would you like to buy it?'

"Thereupon, drawing a voluminous packet of papers from his pocket, he spread out before the general a quantity of plans and sketches. After some time spent in a careful scrutiny, the general said:—

" 'It is all just as you say. For how much will you sell your invention?'

" 'A million.'

" 'Well,' said the general, 'that isn't too much. If you develop anything of interest later on, be sure to come and see me.'

" 'I have already developed something

else of interest,' said the stranger.

" 'And what is that?'

" 'Here. I have constructed a cannon which can bring down the armored airship in a few minutes.'

" 'But this is a little too much,' said the general, frowning. 'First you invented a marvelous airship and now you think out a way to blow it to bits.'

" 'There is nothing strange about that,' said the visitor calmly. 'You know as well as I do that the technique of war is constantly being perfected. My armored airship is a terrible arm, and so, of course, I had to invent some means of defense.'

" 'Still, I wish someone else had made it,' said the general.

" 'Good heavens!' said the stranger. " 'As if that mattered! Would you like me to go out, change my clothes and my name, and come back in a few minutes, as if you were seeing me for the first time? If your heart is set on it, I'll do you the favor.'

"Not being a fool, the general realized that he had said something foolish.

" 'Then there's nothing for us to do but to buy your cannon, if we don't want you to sell it to anybody else. How much?'

" 'A million.'

" 'All right. But you're a terrible fellow to invent such arms.'

" 'Yes, yes, this cannon is a terrific weapon. But all the same—' The inventor looked at the general and said maliciously, 'What would you say if I confided a little secret to you? I've discovered a new kind of armor to protect the armored airship against shells—an armor so powerful that shells won't make the least dent in it.'

" 'Do you want to drive me crazy?' yelled the general. 'This is dishonest!'

"At these words the inventor frowned.

" 'I do not deal dishonestly,' he said. 'What right have you to talk like that? What fault have you to find with my armored airship? It is perfect. And my cannon? It is beyond reproach. In what have I deceived you?'

" 'You ought to have told me about the second armor first of all.'

" 'Wait a minute, wait a minute,' said the inventor thoughtfully. 'The art of war develops only by degrees. Great inventions are made only very slowly.'

"After these words there was a silence. The general was thinking profoundly.

" 'How much?' he asked.

" 'A million.'

" 'Agreed.'

"The stranger rose, shook the general by the hand, and got ready to go.

" 'Wait a minute,' said the latter. 'You're quite sure of yourself—that is you're sure of the invincibility of your armor?'

" 'Absolutely certain,' replied the man.

" 'Well then, we can sleep quietly.'

" 'Of course. That is, provided nobody inverts a shell whose penetrative force exceeds the resistance of my armor.'

" 'What! Do you think anybody can find a shell like that?'

" 'Not a doubt of it.'

" 'But when?'

" 'Oh, it's found already.'

" 'By whom?'

" 'By me.'

" 'Ah, I see your game at last. Once that shell is sold, you'll tell me you have found a new kind of armor.'

" 'No doubt.'

" 'Go to the devil, you and your armor. You've got me in a trap that I don't know how to get out of. You want to exploit my department, ruin my country. No, no, my dear sir, I've had enough. Curse you and all your inventions!'

"Then the unknown inventor, who until now had remained quite calm, turned on him with a threatening eye and a contemptuous lip.

" 'If you had a little more wit, my dear sir, you would have realized that I am Logic in person. But you are so stupid that you can't understand that the result is the same, whether your country is ruined in a hundred years, ten years, or ten minutes.

" 'The human race has pleaded with you, but you failed to understand it, and you showed it the door. You haven't the courage to face ruin at a single stroke.'

"With these words the stranger hastily left the War Office of the country whose name matters very little."

# Device Shouts Sixty Miles

*Swedish Invention Synchronizes Conversation and Photography*

W. BAYARD HALE

AN INVENTION that synchronizes dialogue with the movements of the shadow characters on the screen of moving pictures has long been sought for. There have been attempts to use the phonograph in such a capacity, but they failed dismally. Now comes a Swedish inventor with a camera that, according to correspondents of the *London Times*, actually photographs actions and sounds simultaneously, and, in reproduction on the screen, synchronizes all conversation and other sounds, occurring during the taking of the picture, with the play of the shadows on the screen. Almost at the same date as Sven Aison Bergland's invention was announced, a British inventor, H. Grindell-Matthews, produced a camera with similar possibilities, except that the British camera has this advantage: whereas Bergland has to employ two cameras and two projectors there is little alteration from the ordinary apparatus used in the movie theatres throughout the land, the addition of an adapter being the only essential difference in the case of the British machine.

Scientific professors state that "it is quite possible to make a film which will speak by means of light rays," and, they add, "the idea is not new."

W. Bayard Hale, writing for the *Times*, describes an exhibition of the "talking pictures" given at Brevik, ten miles from Stockholm:—

"The achievement which we witnessed was no mere refinement of technique, no mere improvement of methods already invoked by other inventors—it accomplished itself through the employment of a novel instrument, by a daring invasion of the palpitation regions wherein sights and sounds strive to reach the senses of man. It was not a needle of skilfully compounded metals tracing the scratches that had been made by another cunning needle on a disc or a cylinder—it was not that which rendered this amazing echo. It was a pencil of light that had pictured the sounds, and a needle of light that gave them back. Or, rather, to speak with literal accuracy, there was no needle about it—what we heard was, literally, a photograph of Montelius's lecture. Up to now, we have only seen photographs; in the future we shall hear them. The new invention simultaneously films scenes and sounds. It transforms the vibrations of the voice into light-waves, these into electrical impulses, which, subtly controlled and utilized with great skill, render again to the ear, the original sounds in their every *nuance*.

"The film-photophone operator sets up in the neighborhood of his actors a double camera. Its two reels revolve on a common shaft. The record of one camera is the ordinary cinematograph; in this story we have no more to do with it, because its accomplishment is familiar to everybody. The second camera is the new wonder-worker. What is the secret of its magic? I am permitted to tell, as the processes are now perfected and patented. Public demonstrations are soon to be given, but this is the first published account of the invention.

"The eye of the second camera is not directed towards the actor, but gazes into a ray of light—a ray agitated by the actor's voice. How is the ray agitated? Across the end of a little horn, like a telephone receiver (which, in fact, it is), stretches a delicate diaphragm of rock crystals. Upon the silvery back of this diaphragm falls a slender shaft of light from an electric bulb. The shaft of light impinges on the diaphragm at an angle. It is reflected into the camera, which it enters through a narrow upright slit. So long as the reflector is at rest the ray of light will be reflected at a single constant angle, corresponding to the angle of its incidence. But if the reflector be agitated the ray will be reflected at constantly changing angles. Just as a schoolboy, with a bit of looking glass in his hand, writes words on the wall with the reflected sunlight, so the diaphragm, as it vibrates to the voice, writes with the light-ray which it reflects, writes on the celluloid film as it moves through the camera —writes curves corresponding to the sound-waves which are agitating it. Were the diaphragm at rest the reflected ray would photograph itself as a straight band of white along the bottom of the moving film. But as the reflecter vibrates the straight band becomes a silhouette of waves, of varied contour. This is the photograph of the spoken words.

"But how reconvert at will this phonophotograph, into sound? How re-transmogrify these *pictured* vibrations into *resonant* vibrations? There is a substance, an element, known as selenium, which possesses the curious property of resisting the passage of electricity in proportion to the degree of light in which it is bathed. The photophone invokes the aid of this mineral. In an amalgam with other substances which render possible practical utilization of its curious property, selenium is made the controlling feature of a device in the nature of a light-electric-cell, which augments or diminishes its own resistance to an electric current in accurate response to the strength of the light that falls upon it. It is upon this selenium cell, not upon a screen, that the film of the voice is projected. The cell is incorporated in an electric current, leading (eventually, not quite yet) to a telephone transmitter. As the current passes through it this cell controls and modifies its strength to an exquisite degree as there falls upon it the flicker of the lights and shadows of the sound-film. The electric current, as it emerges from the selenium cell, is vibrating in precise correspondence with the vibrations of the light-waves, and with the sound-waves of which they are the reproduction.

"But this current is weak; it would not operate the speaking diaphragm of a telephone. Very well, it will be fortified by 'audiones'—high-vacuum amplifiers. Thus amplified, if desired, up to several thousand times its original strength, the current—now freighted with the enriched vibrations of the voice—is conducted to the horn of a loud-speaking telephone, and delivered—a reproduction, instantly recognized, of the utterance of the original speaker, delivered too, in absolute synchronism with the simultaneous picture. The synchronism is perfect because it is automatic; the picture-film and the sound-film were made on, and are projected from reels turning on the same shaft and on celluloid controlled by identical perforations.

"As I conclude this article word comes to me of new and enormous possibilities of amplification which suggest the possibility of lighthouses which shout their names over 60 miles of sea—to mention a single one of a hundred revolutionary possibilities which attend upon this great advance in the photography and magnified projection of sound."



# Scouting for Operatic Stars

*Italian Director Tells of Novel Finding of Chaliapin in Russia*

GATTI-CASAZZA

GREAT artists are more often brought to the surface from the sea of obscurity by discerning fellow-men of wealth and influence, perhaps, than by pure dint of their own efforts. In the *New York Times Book Review and Magazine*, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, director of the Scala theatre at Milan, tells how the celebrated Russian singer and interpretative artist, Theodore Chaliapin, was first discovered and later projected on his career as a star of grand opera. Gatti-Casazza was anxious for the revival of *Mefistofele*, but Arrigo Boito, vice-president of the council under which Gatti-Casazza worked, was dubious, because, as he expressed it, there were no "devils in Italy" who were good enough to present it. Bassos of exceptional merit were not to be found, and when it was suggested by Giulio Ricordi that Boito rewrite the part of *Mefistofele* for a baritone, suggesting that there were baritones with real personality, such as Scotti, who could do very well with it, Boito exploded: "*Mefistofele* is a poor old wreck who could not stand a surgical operation. Why ruin him? Let us let him alone in perfect idleness. I, who am the only interested party, am not complaining."

But Gatti-Casazza was determined to have his pet revival. Then one day he had a caller in the person of a Russian count, an inspector of Imperial Russian theatres. Gatti-Casazza tells the story of the unearthing of Chaliapin as follows:

"The count was brought in, and turned out to be a gracious and intelligent gentleman, who desired only that I should show him the Scala, which he did not know. I agreed at once, and while we were walking around the stage an idea suddenly came to me, and I asked him: 'Is it true that in your theatres you have bassos of great ability?'

" 'We have some fine voices,' he replied. 'which have very low notes, D and C, but these, for the most part, are in the choruses. Of artist bassos of exceptional capacity there are none.'

" 'So,' I said, 'you have no superior artist for *Mefistofele*, *Beltramo* and *Gaspare*.'

" 'Oh, yes,' replied the count. 'We have an interpretative artist of great ability, a real personality, but without an exceptional voice, and he is exactly suited to these rôles.'

" 'Has he ever sung the *Mefistofele* of Boito?'

" 'No, but he could sing it magnificently.'

" 'In Italian?'

" 'Surely, he speaks Italian, and is married to an Italian artist, a Milan woman.'

" 'What is his name!'

" 'Theodore Chaliapin.'

" 'Is he young?'

" 'Very young.'

" 'Did he ever sing outside of Russia?'

" 'No.'

" 'He might come to the Scala during Lent, when your theatres are closed?'

" 'I think so. If you wish, my dear director, write out an offer in a telegram to Chaliapin, and I will sign it.'

"The telegram was sent off to Moscow offering ten performances and asking what compensation he would demand.

"The telegram having been sent, I communicated again with Boito, who, much to my surprise this time, showed himself satisfied.

" 'I have heard some talk about this Chaliapin,' he said, 'and very favorable. I have an idea that this Scythian barbarian will do very well.'

"Three or four days later the telegram in reply was received. Chaliapin agreed to the proposition and asked 1,000 lire

a performance. If we accepted, he would come himself to Milan to sign the contract and to meet Boito and the rest of us.

"About a month after receiving our favorable reply he arrived at Milan. What a fine young fellow he was—tall, vigorous, strong and wholesome in appearance! What simplicity and joyousness of temperament! Every one at the Scala took a liking to him."

But new unexpected difficulties arose in the preliminary rehearsals of the opera that almost made Gatti-Casazza give way to despair. In the first place, he was subjected to rounds of abuse for overlooking native talent and usurping its place with an obscure Russian singer. "Gatti-Casazza, the director of the Scala, is an ass," people said. "Let him go back to Ferrari." Worse still, some traveled ones who had been in Russia declared that Gatti-Casazza had been duped with a spurious protagonist. Chaliapin had no voice, they said, and was only an old chorus man who had achieved a certain notoriety through his facility in makeup. As if to give weight to this suspicion, Chaliapin at the rehearsals merely hummed his parts. All the other parts were as strong as they could be made. Faust was played by Caruso, Marguerite by Emma Carelli, Elena by Amelia Pinto, and artists for the minor roles were all of proved worth.

Everything depended on Chaliapin—and he so far had given no indication he could more than hum his lines. Boito and Toscanini openly expressed grave fears. "Perhaps we could wait awhile on this *Mefistofele*" they suggesed with deep sighs to Gatti-Casazza. But the latter though himself genuinely alarmed would not allow them to see that his confidence was shaken in his "barbarian find."

The next day Gatti-Casazza himself went to the rehearsal giving instructions that Chaliapin should be asked by Toscanini to sing out with full voice. The noted Italian theatrical director tells what happened then:

"Chaliapin replied, with equal good humor: 'Certainly, *Maestro*, I shall sing out gladly; I have not done so hitherto, thinking that in chamber rehearsal you do as we in Russia not letting the voice out.'

"Then he sang with his natural voice, smooth, expressive, with beautiful timbre, and with just the right volume, producing the very best impression on every one. Toscanini was reassured, and gradually exhibited his satisfaction. At the end he said:

" 'My dear Chaliapin, you have everything to turn out an excellent *Mefistofele*. We shall work together, and we shall arrive at something out of the ordinary.'

"From my corner I mentally thanked all the saints of the church, orthodox and unorthodox, and I felt a weight lifted from my chest equivalent to several thousand tons.

"Chaliapin studied and prepared his role with that attention and diligence that characterize that rare company of artists who look after everything, think of everything, with perfect conscience. His *Mefistofele* turned out a new thing, without precedent, breaking all the traditions. His make-up and costume have since been copied by everyone; but above all was his great authority, a mobility of countenance, a richness of expression and incredible acting. In a word it was one of those few occasions when the much-abused word 'creation' could be applied with perfect justice. So it was that Boito said: 'My dear Gatti, wasn't I right when I insisted on a real *Mefistofele*?. Only now do I realize that I never had, up to this time, any but poor devils.'

"To say that Chaliapin won a success at the premiere is to put it mildly. He won the battle to such a degree that the public, which had come to the theatre full of diffidence, and even prejudice against him, finished by driving out of the theatre some disturbers who dared attempt to hiss.

"The premiere and relative triumph of *Mefistofele* at the Scala marked the point of departure for the brilliant international career that Chaliapin was to follow."

# Trotzky and Recognition

*United States Business Men Have No Faith in Russian Integrity Under the Soviet*

New York *Herald.*

TROTZKY has addressed a long letter to the readers of the New York Herald in which he makes an effort to create the impression among Americans that the United States Government has withheld the recognition and the aid that the Soviet Government has sought, and that American business men have refused to do business with the Soviet Government because of the failure of the Revolutionists to win their favor.

The New York Herald replies editorially "As far as trade between American citizens and those for whom Trotzky speaks is concerned, Trotzky unquestionably knows that there is no legal bar to private enterprise in dealings with Russia, and if Russia cannot get Americans to do business with its people or their Government, it is because American business men, reading the record Russia has made, have no faith in Russian integrity under the Soviet regime.

"The Government of the United States has repeatedly and officially made it clear as words can make a fact that it cannot enter into political relations with the Soviet Government because the Soviet Government is a Government which does not and will not keep its word, a Government to which a treaty is a mere scrap of paper, a Government without honor or responsibility, a Government with which a bargain cannot be undertaken because it has proclaimed in words and demonstrated in deeds that its policy is built on lines and its practices are founded on premeditated deceit.

"If it were necessary to refute in detail the assumption of Trotzky that a hypocritical aversion to violence has been at the bottom of the refusal of the Government of the United States to shake hands with the Soviet Government, even casual examination of history would furnish the necessary evidence.

"The United States has never denied the right of revolution. It has frequently given recognition to Governments which were created through revolutions, though in some cases these revolutions were marked by grave cruelties which deserved the sternest reprobation.

"Moreover, the Government of the United States has frequently maintained relations with other nations no matter how shocking to the moral sense was the treatment of the nationals of these nations by their own governments. This is well illustrated in the case of Turkey, whose persecution of the Armenians aroused the highest indignation among American citizens, but did not lead to the severance of diplomatic intercourse between Washington and Turkey.

"That Trotzky is ignorant of the historic facts we do not believe, that he is deliberately seeking to obscure the situation to obtain some partisan benefit within Russia is probable. Unless he is far less competent than his record indicates him to be, he knows as well as anybody else knows that not detestation of the red terror and its methods, not the futile efforts the Soviet Government has made to overthrow the Government of the United States, but the utter and irremediable turpitude and perfidy of the Soviet Government and its masters, among whom he holds place, in all relations which rest on good faith and rectitude, account for the correct and laudable declination of Washington to enter into political relations with the men in power in Moscow and Petrograd."

# Wild Animals Enjoy Acting

*They Are Not Beaten By Motion Picture Trainers, Says Observer*

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT

DUMB animals actually enjoy performing before the motion picture camera, declares Helen Christine Bennett, in an article in *Collier's*, written after she had spent six months in the studios in Los Angeles, California. Furthermore, she emphatically denies that the animals used in pictures have to be cruelly beaten in order to make them play their parts. This is what she learned about "Snooky", the famous performing chimpanzee of the Chester comedies:—

"Snooky was born in captivity, of a father and mother who were trained actors, Napoleon, now dead, and Sally, still living. Snooky is six years old and as full of mischief as any three-year-old human. He likes to smoke a cigarette, drink out of a bottle, upset anything, tear anything to pieces, race, scamper about, climb on anything handy; and he needs little training to do any of these things. He is not nearly as intelligent as the screen shows him to be, for on the screen Snooky apparently *thinks up* all the mischief he does, while in reality he merely does the mischief planned for him by a director.

"Like most chimps, Snooky is very fond of children and likes to play with them. Not long ago the Chester Comedies produced a picture which used a number of children. Snooky enjoyed himself to the limit and so did the youngsters. But in playing with one ten-year-old girl, Snooky reverted to forest tactics and bit her. Mr. Rounan promptly gave Snooky a whipping. Snooky took the whipping without resentment, although he is estimated to have the strength of three full-grown men.

"Usually young chimps are reckoned as 'safe' animals for actors to work with. But never are they entirely safe. Mike and Mary, two intelligent chimps who worked at the Selig studios, and appear both in serials and in the Selig-Rork comedies, are known as 'safe' animals and have always been so with babies and children. Mary delights in dressing and undressing babies and handles them with tender care.

"Chimpanzees rank as the most intelligent animals in motion pictures. Orang-outangs are not as intelligent and are much more dangerous. Their period of usefulness is shorter. As one trainer expressed it:

" 'When an orang-outang gets to be about seven or eight, he goes mad and can't develop any more. Something seems to get the matter with his brain. Chimps last longer. But they are all better young.'

"That is true of every animal in the acting game. Even dogs and horses hold to the adage; you can't teach them new tricks when they are old. And the motion picture game is a succession of new things.

"This is how 'trick' animal sets are done:

"Take one of the favorite comedy scenes, one that is used again and again. A man crawls into a hollow log and is followed by a lion or a tiger.

"The log is shown jumping into the air as if a tremendous struggle was going on within. After a time the man crawls out dragging a dead lion. In the making of a picture, the man crawled into the log and out again. At some other time a lion crawled into the log, lured by the scent of a piece of meat placed at the other end. The dead lion was a stuffed skin; lions are too valuable to be killed for a picture.

"The lion was bribed, not beaten, to do his work. When you see a jungle picture in which a lion jumps from a rock or cliff to get a man, that lion is jumping after meat bait placed before him.

"When a lion has to appear to kill a sleeping man, a stuffed effigy is laid over some meat.

"All trainers agree that getting a lion or a tiger to act in the pictures is a very nice matter. Lions and tigers have a magnificent indifference to anything save their own affairs. But one useful habit of a lion is that he will always seek an outlet. In many scenes all he has to do is to appear and prowl about; so he is carried to the set in a shifting box, released, and left to find the outlet, which is so arranged that it guides him back to another shifting box. When a number of lions are used in a jungle scene, the set is often completely surrounded by runways, all leading to and from the set to temporary pens. The lions will trot through the runways on the set, and off again, and produce the effect of roving through a jungle. If an old, crabbed lion is thus released, he may be made to stop and roar by waving a bright colored cloth at him. A motion-picture audience can "hear" a roar only from jaws far apart; a mere grumble or snarl will not suffice. But old lions are not used much; just a few of them are kept to tear up dummies and roar.

"But no matter how good the animal, the actor on the set with him is never out of danger. When large numbers of lions and tigers are used on a set with actors, armed men keep watch. But the lion can beat the shot, and sometimes does.

"A young elephant is as playful as a kitten. It is a far nicer pet than a kitten, for it is more careful of injury to its playfellows. Anna May, a ten-year-old elephant much used in the pictures, will lie down over a baby taking the tenderest care not to hurt it. Anna May is young and frisky, and loves to have a scene where she squirts water over people. Her training consists in showing her once or twice what is expected of her. After that she goes at it with a vim."

# Athletes' Prime—26?

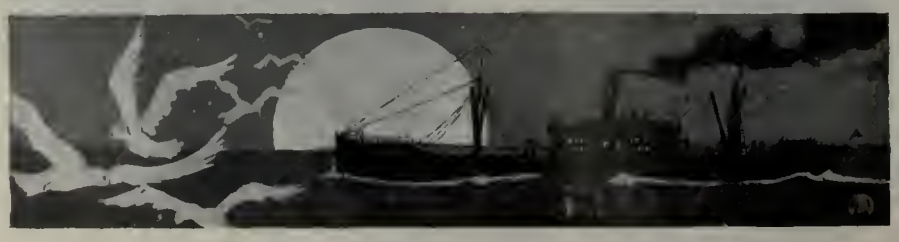
*Several of the World's Leading Athletic Records Made in Mid Twenties*

GRANTLAND RICE

DOES man reach the maximum of physical prowess at the age of twenty-six years? Grantland Rice has written an article, "What is the Winning Age in Sport?" for *Vanity Fair* in which he seems to have produced conclusive proof that he does. Youth, he points out, is inclined to be excitable, nervous and high strung. It is likely to break under strain. On the other hand, age—and by age he explains he means anything beyond thirty-five and forty has the judgment and the mental advantages under good control; but, being inclined to tire more rapidly, lacks the physical requirements to gain the snow-capped peaks. He goes on to name a formidable list of athletes who won their laurels at the age of twenty-six:—

Ty Cobb, the Detroit baseball star, at twenty-two was leading the game, and at thirty-five was still hammering loudly at the portals of base-hit fame. But in the year 1911, when he was twenty-six years old, he batted 420, breaking all existing records for runs scored and base-hits made for any year in the annals of baseball. Christy Mathewson had his finest year in 1905 when he was twenty-six. Babe Ruth was a prodigious youngster while he was hovering around twenty-one, but real fame came to him at twenty-six, when he set a home run record that left old-timers dizzy.

In golf, Chick Evans had all the style






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and dash to his game at sixteen that any champion could expect to have, but it was in 1916, when he was knocking at the door of his twenty-sixth year, that he found himself in possession of the needed physical and mental attributes to win both the Open and the Amateur titles, a feat never before or since accomplished in the history of American golf. Evans at twenty-six, Mr. Rice points out, had all the dash and confidence of youth, mixed with the skill and experience of older men. The author admits that Walter J. Travis did not reach his top form at golf until he was forty, but he points out that Travis never started golf till he was thirty-five. John Ball, greatest of all the golf veterans today, won both the Open and Amateur championships of Great Britain at the age of twenty-six.

In tennis, Mr. Rice goes on to point out, Bill Tilden, won both British and American titles last year which was the twenty-sixth anniversary of his birth; though he admits that Vincent Richards is a tennis prodigy, and has been for several years, though not yet twenty.

Dempsey as a prize-fighter defeated Carpentier in his own twenty-sixth year, showing much superior form over that which he displayed when he knocked out Willard four years earlier. Similarly, Jim Thorpe, the noted Indian, reached the zenith of his football greatness shortly after he passed his twenty-sixth milestone. Schultz, Michigan's famous centre in grid-iron history, was twenty-five when he put over his finest performances.

Mr. Rice admits, however, that it is possible that at forty one can have such unusual skill, coolness and control of the nervous and muscular system that speed and agility are not needed. "The major leagues," he continues, "are full of crafty old veterans in the box who, without enough speed to break the cuticle of a custard pie, can still baffle most of the finest batsmen."

# What Will Amuse a Youngster?

*English Elementary School Inspector Analyses Children's Interest and Humor.*

DR. J. D. KIMMINS

DR. KIMMINS, chief inspector of elementary schools in the London, Eng., district, once sought to analyse the sense of humor in school children, says the *London Daily Mail*. On his first request for funny stories and jokes he was overwhelmed with 10,000 specimens. That cured him of the desire for the rest of his natural life.

But the doctor has by no means lost his interest in the inclinations of children and the reading matter best adapted to their changing sense of humor from 8 years up. He says:—

"At 8, girls regard boys as the best examples of stupidity, but the compliment is not returned. At 9 comes one of the big changes, and the most popular of all stories is the jumper story—mother is knitting, the cat swallows the ball of wool rolling on the floor, and soon afterward has kittens, all of which are born with jumpers.

"At 10, funny books. It was a child of 10 who was told to write a story bringing in the phrase 'bitter end.' He wrote, 'Our dog ran after our cat and bit her end.'

"At 12, humor nearly vanishes. A joke [illegible] e popular must be at some one else's expense. A favorite story is that of the old woman whose parrot used to say, 'I wish the old lady were dead.' and so was sent to the rector's house to companion his more religious bird, who at once replied to his visitor's sentence with 'We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord.'

"Girls recover their humor at 13, boys not till 14 or 15, but the latter enjoy 'scores' or smart answers. 'When Lloyd George was at your age he was top of the form,' said a teacher, to which the boy replied, 'When he was your age he was prime minister.'

"From 14 to 15 the standard of humor steadily improves. The lecturer gave many incidents of children's misunderstanding of the point. It is the sort of misunderstanding which caused an author's child to write in the beginning of a Bible she gave to her mother the words 'With the author's compliments.' "

Dr. Kimmins told two tales of mocked inspectors. One who was a fat inspector called out a brilliant little girl and asked her name, "Mary," she replied. "That is funny," said the inspector, "as I have a little Mary at home." On which an irreverent boy whispered audibly to his neighbor: "Anyone can see that."

Another inspector wrote upon a blackboard, "Do not throw matches about; remember the Fire of London." As he left he heard a small boy say: "Don't spit: remember the Flood."

# The Efficiency Christmas

*Continued from page 25*

something unsatisfactory in the working of his efficiency system. He could not lay his finger on the cause. The execution was strictly according to theory. Yet the product somehow missed the perfection of an ideal.

On the morning before Christmas the pay envelopes were distributed to give the employees a chance to do shopping during the lunch hour. When Sutton opened his, he did a little soft-shoe jig.

"I've got a bonus," he caroled. "I tell you it means a heap coming from Jasper this lean year?"

"I've got one too," said Haskell. "It won't buy me a Rolls-Royce. But I suppose it's better than a slap in the eye with a burnt stick. How about you, Bennings?" he added with a sidelong look not devoid of malice.

Bennings had not intended to open his envelope under their eyes but he did not dare decline the challenge in Haskell's tone.

He found his usual salary and a note: "In view of the fact that your responsibilities have been considerably lessened by reorganization, the president regrets he must deny your application for increase in salary at this time."

Bennings looked up. "I'm going shopping," he grinned, and put on his hat and coat.

"What, now?" Sutton cried. "Why, it's only quarter to eleven! You sure must have got a love letter from the boss!"

Bennings nodded, a little sneer on his lips, as he left.

He returned an hour later, his arms full of Christmas bundles. Their amorphous forms were gaily clad in holly paper, ribbon and colored seals. Wisps of gold and silver tinsel showed from one bag. The label of a costly confectioner was on a big box. A burlap covered bundle bulged like the sack of Santa Claus himself.

"Some resplendence there!" Sutton exclaimed, his eyes greedy. "But say, Bennings, the boss sent for you while you were out. Better go see him at once."

Bennings put down his things. "Did he say I am to go to his office?" he asked quickly.

"No, but of course he expects you."

Bennings put away the packages under his desk. "He'll send for me again if he wants me," he said.

BUT instead of sending, Jasper Glenn came himself. It was during lunch hour, and he had waited till he was sure Bennings would be out. The special auditors had made speed in their hunt which had narrowed down to the cashier's department and one other. One by one, Glenn had called the suspected men before him on some pretext, but to none did he




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"What should she do? Should she buy the annuity, she inquires, or could she find a fairly safe investment yielding 8 per cent for fifteen or twenty years, such for instance as second mortgage bonds or hotel debentures?

"The problem was submitted to four investment officers, and their replies are published below." . . . .

Beginning of an article in the FINANCIAL POST, November 18 issue.

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intimate the real reason. At the suggestion of the auditors he asked questions so conceived that the guilty man would, without knowing it, accelerate the hunt for himself. All but Bennings had been interviewed. When Glenn learned the cashier had been out of the building during business hours his first impulse was to order him to report at once. Instead, he decided to pay a personal visit to Bennings' desk when the man was at lunch.

He waited till he thought the last lingerer had left the accounting department. Then he went down to Bennings' cage. He was surprised to see him still there. He was busy wrapping up a parcel.

Glenn saw the gaily-dressed Christmas packages under the desk. In bulk and appearance they promised an opulent celebration. But what interested him even more was the glimpse he caught of the package Bennings was tying. It was his gray mohair working coat. Glenn entered the cage so quietly that Bennings whisked about and looked a startled inquiry.

"'Morning," Glenn said drily, "I wanted to see you."

Bennings continued tying a neat double bow in the string. His face was averted.

"What about?" he asked stiffly.

"I see you've packed up your work coat," Glenn said. "Thinking of leaving us?"

Bennings gave the bundle a little finishing slap and turned to Glenn. "Yes," he said deliberately, his face paling.

Glenn nodded. "Ah. May I ask when"?

Bennings put on his hat and coat. "Today."

Like an accusing finger, Glenn shot out, "*Why* are you leaving?"

"I don't have to tell you *why* I'm leaving." The cashier drew on his gloves slowly as he spoke, trying to control his voice. "But I'll take great pleasure in doing so. I am leaving because I don't like you, your ideas, your corporation. Where your uncle had a heart you keep a cash-box. Where he had imagination you have a miser's passion. Where he made people glad to work for him you make it a punishment. You've got the nature of a cheese-paring little shopkeeper. You are so grasping that it would give any man pleasure to see you lose every damn cent you've got. You're a corporation, all right, without a soul; and anyone who treats you as though you had one is a fool. Your religion is, every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost, eh? Well, don't blame anyone for taking a leaf out of your bible. And as far as I'm concerned, I don't care how fast you go to hell!"

He turned to leave, Glenn following his movements like a hawk. "Going for good?" he asked.

Bennings laughed. "Set your heart at rest. I'm coming back to work till train time," he said going to the door.

Glenn made no effort to stop him. "That's right, Bennings, enjoy yourself while you can," he said. "I know the thrill it gives a man to tell his boss to go to hell. It's a luxury, but if you can afford it I guess I can."

When the cashier had gone down in the elevator, Glenn bent down and, scooping up the Christmas parcels under Bennings' desk, spread them on a table. Stripping their Christmas finery, he examined the contents, his brows knitted. For some time he stood looking at them. Then with even more care he packed them up again and putting them back under the desk returned to his office. From there he telephoned a private detective agency to send a man over at once.

The detective arrived soon after. Glenn explained the situation. Then he gave the man certain minute directions as to what he wanted done.

III

AT CLOSING-TIME, in the general leave - taking and well - wishing throughout the offices, Bennings was inconspicuous. He told no one of his interview with Glenn, nor that he had resigned. Gathering up his Christmas parcels, he left the first minute he was officially free. He walked in a detour to the station as though anxious to escape notice. But on the crowded 6.10 express, the train that brought Christmas from the great city to more than a score of towns and villages on the railroad line, Bennings seemed another man.

With his parcels disposed upon his lap and between his knees, he looked as gay with the coming holiday as anyone else on the train. He sat as usual with Sutton and Haskell, who too had their laps full of Christmas. The fourth man in the group, apparently absorbed in his newspaper, was a stranger.

Bennings chatted constantly, in high humor. But there was a caustic strain in his comments when he spoke of the Glenn Office Supplies Corporation.

"Why the lemon flavor in your remarks?" Haskell asked with a sidelong look. "Did you draw a blank for your bonus?"

"Does this look like it?" Bennings asked, nodding at his packages. "The citron is for Jasper Glenn's methods. They're about as fool-proof as he thinks Pop's methods were. But my Christmas goose is hanging high. I've had him specially grown on a farm at Baronville. Eleven pounds of him? I think I'll need the 6.45 all to myself and the goose. Here's Baronville now, so I'll have to leave you boys. A Merry Christmas to both of you!" With a jaunty nod of farewell, he took up his packages and maneuvered his way out of the car.

The stranger got off also.

Bennings' face lost its gaiety as soon as he thought himself alone. Working through the crowd at the station, he struck off across the tracks as though for a short cut. A water-tank and a high pile of cinders cut him off from the view of those on the platform.

At the foot of the cinder-pile he threw down several of the richest-looking of his packages. Scooping out a cave in the cinders, he pressed them into it and covered them until there was not a vestige of the bundles to be seen. Then he boarded a trolley for Glenn Park.

When Len heard his father's step on the gravel path he ran out to meet him. He was dressed in his Indian costume and skipping with excitement. But when the lamplight fell on the few packages his father carried, he checked himself with a little cry.

Slowly he took his father's arm and rubbed his cheek against it with a muttered, "'Lo, Dad."

"Hello, son," Bennings responded heavily, and kissed Alice who met him at the door. Len tugged at him.

"But, Dad—Mr. Sutton told us at the station that you were up to your chin with presents, and that you got off at Baronville to get a goose you'd ordered special for us. Where is everything?"

"Len!" Alice reproached him. "You know father's brought all he could!"

Len, ashamed and depressed, squeezed his father's arm. He seemed ready to cry but with an effort he smiled up at him. Alice taking from her husband the two bags he had brought, gave them to Len to carry into the sitting-room.

The room was brave with light and make-shift gaiety. The tree, a small one, was on a little stand near the window, the street side the most gaily decorated. Home-fashioned ornaments, gallant cardboard soldiers, chains of colored paper such as Alice used to make in the kindergarten when a teacher, demanded to be admired like a child in its party dress. It would have taken a woman's shrewd eye to guess the contriving Alice had done. With the tinsel Bennings had brought and the dozen oranges, which comprised his other package, the tree reached its climax.

The dinner was a masterpiece of economy and skill. Garnished with sprigs of parsley, trimmed with Christmas greens and shining with an immaculateness her own hands had wrought at tub and ironing board, the table looked a festival. Among the plates there wandered a little herd of pigs made of potatoes, big and tiny, with match-sticks for legs, bits of clove for eyes and raisin-stems for tails.

Len rocked with laughter at the personal remarks Alice made about each separate pig, and ran as train-bearer every time she entered from the kitchen with a new dish, all carried in after the manner of a boar's head.

Bennings achieved a degree of gaiety that gave his wife moments of uneasiness. His face was too animated and too pale. His movements had not the repose of a man home on holiday. Occasionally when he thought she was not looking, Alice even caught an expression on his face that shocked her. But Len was none the wiser. He too was playing a little part, shouting down with laughter the occasional plaint he felt rising.

When he had hung up his stocking and been kissed to bed, his mother stayed at his side a moment.....The tired woman

knew that before her lay some ordeal—she knew not what—slowly she went down to the living-room where her husband sat before their little fire. Drawing up a chair beside him, she said:

"Now tell me."

SHE saw a nerve in his cheek quiver. His fingers were tightly clasping and unclasping, and he looked at them instead of at her.

"I've quit the job," he said.

The firelight was on her face and did not reveal the quick ebb and flow of color. No sound escaped her to betray the sick shock she felt at his words. But a woman reacts first to the immediate, personal, possessive thing. Disastrous as the announcement was, it was not as immediate a thing to her as the fear and pain she sensed in him. Instinctively she reached out and enclosed him in the protective shelter of her arms. A flock of invisible creatures of prey—the vision of economic terrors—circled and swooped about them. As though these were trying to separate her from her man, she pressed him the harder to her.

"All right, Harry," she said slowly, "if you've quit you've quit. I know you've done your very best. If worst comes to worst, we still have our limbs and our health. We can do anything that's necessary. I should still be worth something in a kindergarten—"

"Harry!" She seized his face in her hands, startled at the look in it. So a man looks who sees the complete wreck of hopes and plans, pride and courage.

"My Christmas present to you and Len!" he laughed brokenly. Then feverishly his mood changed. "We'll have to pull up stakes, honey. I'm not going to stay penned—in poverty."

Vaguely Alice had been aware of a knocking on the outer door. Now the insistence of it broke in on them.

"Who can it be?" she whispered. "Don't get up—I'll go."

Going to the street door she opened it. The man who stood there she had never seen before. "Sorry to disturb you, Madam," he said. "but I have something for Mr. Bennings."

He handed her a large envelope.

"Won't you come in?" she said, wondering.

"Thanks—I think I'll wait out here." His glance went out to an automobile standing in front of the house.

Alice took the envelope into the living room. Bennings raised a haggard face from his hands. "Something for you, dear," she said, "I don't know from whom."

"Please read it." Bennings' voice was lifeless.

Alice tore open the envelope, glanced at the signature and read:

"It has come to my notice that sums aggregating $3,500. have been embezzled from the Glenn Office Supplies Corporation. Things pointed in your direction. I have had special audits made and a detective put on your trail—"

Bennings sprang up with a hoarse cry. Alice pressed a clenched hand to her lips to keep from crying out. She forced herself to go on.

"—I have looked thoroughly into your private affairs. I even opened your Christmas parcels while you were out to lunch. I engaged a detective to follow you home. He saw you leave some bundles in the cinder-pile at the Baronville station. He opened them after you had left and found, as I had found at the office, that they contained nothing but waste paper.

"Bennings, I may be as you called me a 'cheeseparing little shopkeeper.' It is true I hate waste. But I am not so bad as to be indifferent to what I have done to your Christmas. I have made you, a self-respecting, hard-working man, resort to a pathetic pretence of prosperity before your neighbors—a prosperity to which you are thoroughly entitled.

"If I have done you grave injustice—and I have—the fault is partly yours. You antagonized me at the outset by ridiculing my efficiency system. The fact that you were not altogether wrong did not make me feel the more kindly toward you. So that when the scoundrel who stole the money doctored the accounts to throw suspicion upon you I was only too ready to believe.

"As to the bill for your child's treatment, if you had condescended a word of explanation that my uncle had contracted to pay it, I should not have sent it to you. As it is, I have arranged for the continuance of this treatment until the boy is completely cured.

"Come, Bennings, I want my Christmas as much as you want yours. Don't be the ghost at my table. Accept my offer of peace. If you don't I shall have to appeal to your wife. Merry Christmas—to all of us! Jasper Glenn."

THE Benningses stared at each other, Alice through misted eyes, her lips quivering. He felt strengthless and shaken to the heart. But he caught his wife to him and kissed her breathless....

The tramp of heavy feet between the walk and the porch drew them out into the hallway. Piled there were pyramids of bundles, swathed shapes of great toys, a giant goose, fat market-baskets crammed to bursting—the excessive gifts of a contrite rich man.

When the men had gone—the Benningses insisted on bringing in the presents themselves—Alice, still dazed, picked up the letter to read it again. Then she saw she had overlooked something on the inside page.

"P.S. I have fired Haskell.

"P.P.S. If you have nothing better to do tomorrow afternoon, come up to the house and let us have a talk.

J. G."

## Pipes Over the Water

*Continued from page 28*

cedar, but Elspeth, poised longingly on the farther bank, laughed out suddenly to see the rushing waters, and raced acoss the quivering bridge to his side.

Then Old Angus spoke no word to her, but his eyes were very stern; he and Red Fheargus led her back with never a word, and left her on the farther bank. Sadly she watched them go back across the bridge her lips trembling at the hurt of their anger. She had tried to hide her shamed face in the red warmth of Fheargus's neck but even Fheargus would have none of her.

They watched her, these two that loved her, trailing slow feet up the slope; once she turned to wave a doubtful little hand, but they would not answer her, and she went over the brow of the hill, scarlet wings drooping, in the long pale light of the spring evening.

The next dusk she came back, lured by the sound of the river, gathered now to a mighty torrent in the fullness of its strength.

The snow still lay in patches, under the cedar, but the shadow of her "angel" was gone from the open place, and the trees of the pine wood were thin dark swords against the wild, yellow sky.

Angus McLeod walked in the bit of garden turned from the river. His pipes sang the call of the little dancing folk. Above them he heard the wind, and the voice of many waters, and one voice remembered from long-ago springs, but he did not hear Wee Elspeth calling: "Angus, Angus McLeod.'

Only Red Fheargus heard.

Elspeth came half way across; the frail bridge shook and swayed, even at the touch of her light feet, bracing its frail strength again and again to meet the rush of the towering green crests. "Angus," she shouted, "Angus," and clung, terrified, exultant, to the rail.

A great log went by, another and another, writhing and twisting in the water; Elspeth watched, because on just such a day he might come, the angry river god, and, from the shore, Red Fheargus watched also.

Here, surely, he must be, on this huge, thundering ship of ice, rainbow-colored, or here, on this mighty tree, up-rooted by


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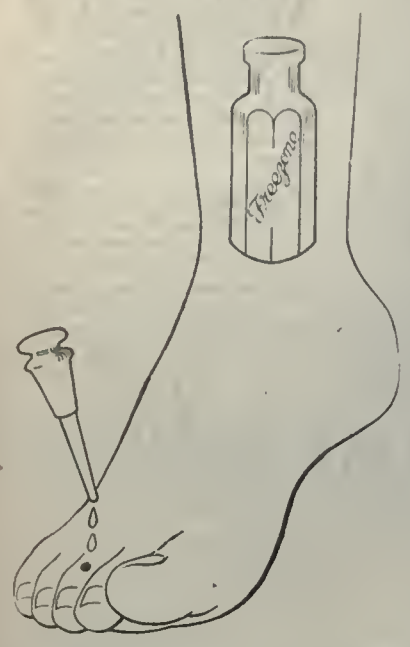
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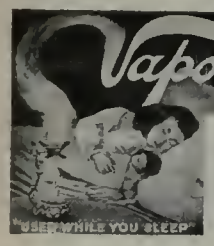
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the force of the water, hurtling down at her from its far away quiet bank.

As the bridge gave, Red Fheargus sprang.

* * * * *

DOWN below the village, where the waters spent themselves a little in a wider place, they brought the two little bodies ashore. Even in their sleep, Fheargus held her, his head still lifted as he had fought the wrath of the waters that were too strong for his old strength.

There were tender hands enough to bear Wee Elspeth back to her home, left desolate for her sake, but only Angus McLeod, (oh, his hands were tender, too,) to make a resting place for Red Fheargus.

And Angus was old, very old, and broken and lonely, to seek for him the best that remained.

"I would lay him beside her, in the Acre on the Hill," he said to the minister, but that man of God looked at him with stern eyes.

"Take heed how you speak lightly of the hallowed ground, Angus McLeod," he said. "You that have turned your face from the House of God these fifty years and more, mind how you make your peace with Him, lest you yourself should fall short of resting there; Man, has the evil one complete hold on ye, that ye would lay the body of a beast among the dust of the righteous?"

"Greater love hath no man than this," said Angus McLeod.

But he carried Red Fheargus back to the river again, to the rude boat that served him at flood-tide, and there Ian Fraser awaited his coming.

"The minister is a hard man, Angus," he said, slowly.

"Aye," said Angus McLeod.

Ian came near to him, and laid his hand upon Red Fheargus: "Will ye lay the lad by Wee Elspeth's place, Angus?" he asked. For a space, they looked at one another, and the anger was clean gone from the eyes of the man that had wronged Angus McLeod.

And in the eyes of Angus, there had been no anger at all, since that day when the other Elspeth had gone beyond such little love as theirs.

They went up the hill in the spring darkness, very slowly, and now one bore the burden of Red Fheargus, and now the other, but of the two, Ian Fraser, for all his great stature, was the more spent and weary.

And when the task was done, and the greening turf smooth in its place again, Elspeth at the feet of Elspeth, and Red Fheargus at her feet again, they went out together from the shadow of the pines, and so across the calming waters to the low door of Angus McLeod's house. On the threshold, he stayed.

"Will ye come in with me, Ian," he said, and took his right hand, and his left, and drew him within the door, and to the settle before the fire, where the flames burned purple and red, as a fire of peat might burn.

AND his arm was laid in the old way across the bowed shoulders of Ian Fraser, so that the years folded back as a curtain, and the later loves were forgot, and the long parting,—only they minded the hills at home, and a man's love for his friend.

"Eh, Brother, Brother," said Angus McLeod.

So Ian Fraser sat by the gleaming shadows of the fire, and times he saw Elspeth, and Elspeth, and Red Fheargus, with them among the heather, but most he saw himself, and Angus, Angus and himself.

But Angus McLeod set wide the little window, and took his pipes, and trod, slowly, up and down, up and down, the length of his narrow room, the far calling of them lifted above the voice of the waters, above the faint wind in the dark.

The call of them lifted where the voice of the river was not, to the quiet folk on the hillside, to another hillside, to the open moors.

---

# The Case of Jean Louis

*Continued from page 23*

"Did what?" asked Renine. "What did he do? What happened?"

"Well, what happened was that it was not one child but the two of them that died: Madame d'Imbleval's and Madame Vaurois' too, both in convulsions. Then the gentleman, seeing this, said, 'This shows me where my duty lies. I must seize this opportunity of making sure that my own boy shall be happy and well cared for. Put him in the place of one of the dead children.' He offered me a big sum of money, saying that this one payment would save him the expense of providing for his child every month; and I accepted. Only, I did not know in whose place to put him and whether to say that the boy was Louis d'Imbleval or Jean Vaurois. The gentleman thought a moment and said neither. Then he explained to me what I was to do and what I was to say after he had gone. And, while I was dressing his boy in vest and binders the same as one of the dead children, he wrapped the other in the blankets he had brought with him and went out into the night."

Mlle. Boussignol bent her head and wept. After a moment, Renine said: "Your deposition agrees with the result of my investigations."

"Can I go?"

"Yes."

"And is it over, as far as I'm concerned? They won't be talking about this all over the district?"

"No. Oh, just one more question: do you know the man's name?"

"No. He didn't tell me his name."

"Have you ever seen him since?"

"Never."

"Have you anything more to say?"

"No."

"Are you prepared to sign the written text of your confession?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I shall send for you in a week or two. Till then, not a word to anybody."

HE SAW her to the door and closed it after her. When he returned, Jean Louis was between the two old ladies and all three were holding hands. The bond of hatred and wretchedness which had bound them had suddenly snapped; and this rupture, without requiring them to reflect upon the matter, filled them with a gentle tranquillity of which they were hardly conscious, but which made them serious and thoughtful.

"Let's rush things," said Renine to Hortense. "This is the decisive moment of the battle. We must get Jean Louis on board."

Hortense seemed preoccupied. She whispered: "Why did you let the woman go? Were you satisfied with her statement?"

"I don't need to be satisfied. She told us what happened. What more do you want?"

"Nothing....I don't know...."

"We'll talk about it later, my dear. For the moment, I repeat, we must get Jean Louis on board. And immediately. Otherwise...."

He turned to the young man: "You agree with me, don't you, that, things being as they are, it is best for you and Madame Vaurois and Madame d'Imbleval to separate for a time? That will enable you all to see matters more clearly and to decide in perfect freedom what is to be done. Come with us, monsieur. The most pressing thing is to save Genevieve Aymard, your *fiancee*."

Jean Louis stood perplexed and undecided.

Renine turned to the two women: "That is your opinion too, I am sure, ladies?"

They nodded.

"You see, monsieur," he said to Jean Louis, "we are all agreed. In great crises, there is nothing like separation.... a few days' respite. Quickly now, monsieur."

And, without giving him time to hesitate, he drove him towards his bedroom to pack up.

Half an hour later, Jean Louis left the manor-house with his new friends.

"AND he won't go back until he's married," said Renine to Hortense, as they were waiting at Carhaix station, to which the car had taken them, while Jean Louis was attending to his luggage, "Everything's for the best. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes. Genevieve will be glad," she replied, absently.

When they had taken their seats in the train, Renine and she repaired to the dining-car.

Renine, who had asked Hortense several questons to which she had replied only in monosyllables, protested: "What's the matter with you, my child? You look worried!"

"I? Not at all!"

"Yes, yes, I know you. Now, no secrets, no mysteries!"

She smiled: "Well, since you insist on knowing if I am satisfied, I am bound to admit that of course I am. as regards my friend Genevieve, but that, in another respect—from the point of view of the adventure—I have an uncomfortable sort of feeling...."

"To speak frankly, I haven't 'staggered' you this time?"

"Not very much."

"I seem to you to have played a secondary part. For, after all, what have I done? We arrived. We listened to Jean Louis' tale of woe. I had a midwife fetched. And that was all."

"Exactly. I want to know if that *was* all; and I'm not quite sure. To tell you the truth, our other adventures left behind them an impression which was how shall I put it?—more definite, clearer."

"And this one strikes you as obscure?"

"Obscure, yes, and incomplete."

"But in what way?"

"I don't know. Perhaps it has something to do with that woman's confession. Yes, very likely that is it. It was all so unexpected and so short."

"Well, of course, I cut it short, as you could readily imagine!" said Renine, laughing. "We didn't want too many explanations."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if she had given her explanations with too much detail, we should have ended by doubting what she was telling us."

"By doubting it?"

"Well, hang it all, the story is a trifle far-fetched! That fellow arriving at night with a live baby in his pocket, and going away with a dead one; the thing hardly holds water. But you see, my dear, I hadn't much time to coach the unfortunate woman in her part."

Hortense stared at him in amazement "What on earth do you mean?"

"Well, you know how dull-witted these country-women are. And she and I had no time to spare. So we worked out a little scene in a hurry. and she really didn't act it so badly. It was all in the right key: terror, *tremolo*, tears...."

"Is it possible?" murmured Hortense. "Is it possible? You had seen her beforehand."

"I had to, of course."

"But when?"

"THIS morning, when we arrived. While you were titivating yourself at the hotel at Carhaix, I was running round to see what information I could pick up. As you may imagine, everybody in the district knows the d'Imbleval-Vourois story. I was at once directed to the former midwife, Mlle. Boussignol. With Mlle. Boussignol it did not take long. Three minutes to settle a new version of what had happened and ten thousand francs to induce her to repeat that....more or less credible....version to the people at the manor-house."

"A quite incredible version!"

"Not so bad as all that, my child, seeing that you believed it....and the others too. And that was the essential thing. What I had to do was to demolish at one blow a truth which had been twenty-seven years in existence and which was all the more firmly established because it was founded on actual facts. That was why I went for it with all my might and attacked it by sheer force of eloquence. Impossible to identify the children? I deny it. Inevitable confusion? It's not true. 'You're all three,' I say, 'the victim of something which I don't know but which it is your duty to clear up!' 'That's easily done,' says Jean Louis, whose conviction is at once shaken. 'Let's send for Mlle. Boussignol.' 'Right! Let's send for her.' Whereupon Mlle. Boussignol arrives and mumbles out the little speech I have taught her. Sensation! General stupefaction.... of which I take advantage to carry off our young man!"

Hortense shook her head: "But they'll

get over it, all three of them, on thinking!"

"Never! Never! They will have their doubts, perhaps. But they will never consent to feel certain! They will never agree to think! Use your imagination! Here are three people whom I have rescued from the hell in which they have been floundering for a quarter of a century. Do you think they're going back to it? Here are three people who, from weakness or a false sense of duty, had not the courage to escape. Do you think they won't cling like grim death to the liberty which I'm giving them? Nonsense! Why, they would have swallowed a hoax twice as difficult to digest as that which Mlle. Boussignol dished up for them! After all, my version was no more absurd than the truth... On the contrary. And they swallowed it whole! Look at this: before we left, I heard Madame d'Imbleval and Madame Vaurois speak of an immediate removal. They are already becoming quite affectionate at the thought of seeing the last of each other."

"But what about Jean Louis?"

"JEAN LOUIS? Why, he was fed up with his two mothers! By Jingo, one can't do with two mothers in a lifetime! What a situation! And when one has the luck to be able to choose between having two mothers or none at all, why, bless me, one doesn't hesitate! And, besides, Jean Louis is in love with Genevieve." He laughed. "And he loves her well enough, I hope and trust, not to inflict two mothers-in-law upon her! Come, you may be easy in your mind. Your friend's happiness is assured; and that is all you asked for. All that matters is the object which we achieve and not the more or less peculiar nature of the methods which we employ. And, if some adventures are wound up and some mysteries elucidated by looking for and finding cigarette-ends, or incendiary water-bottles and blazing hat-boxes as on our last expedition, others call for psychology and for purely psychological solutions. I have spoken, And I charge you to be silent."

"Silent?"

"Yes, there's a man and woman sitting behind us who seem to be saying something uncommonly interesting."

"But they're talking in whispers."

"Just so. When people talk in whispers, it's always about something shady."

He lit a cigarette and sat back in his chair. Hortense listened, but in vain. As for him, he was emitting little slow puffs of smoke.

Fifteen minutes later, the train stopped and the man and woman got out.

"Pity," said Renine, "that I don't know their names or where they're going. But I know where to find them. My dear, we have a new adventure before us."

Hortense protested: "Oh, no, please, not yet!....Give me a little rest!....And oughtn't we to think of Genevieve?"

He seemed greatly surprised:

"Why, all that's over and done with! Do you mean to say you want to waste any more time over that old story? Well, I for my part confess that I've lost all interest in the man with the two mammas."

And this was said in such a comical tone and with such diverting sincerity that Hortense was once more seized with a fit of giggling. Laughter alone was abl to relax her exasperated nerves and to distract her from so many contradictory emotions.

# Is All Prayer Answered?

*Continued from page 18*

foundest prayers transcend all envoicement. They live as speechless anguish, unutterable feeling, mute adoration, Behind tongue and lips throbs the spiritual tide which flows from the finite soul to its Creator.

One step yet further must be taken before we can see the full significance of prayer or perceive the method of its working. The best phrase for the experience we are describing is "Communion with God." We have tried to indicate its range of thought and varied wealth of feeling on the *Human* side. But the all-important truth to discern is that communion is not one-sided. It is an intercommunion in which man's part represents but one side and much less than half of the experience.

Our side is finite, meager, intermittent; an imperfect response to God's ceaseless working within us. Nor is this true of prophets only; it holds true in the case of every individual young or old, barbarian or civilized, saint or sinner. How comes it that a savage conceives the presence of the invisible? How comes man to feel that his conduct is subject to Invisible Authority! Whence the feeling of obligation? Or the heroic assumption of duty? These qualities are worked into human experience by our Creator through the operation of Intuition and Conscience —God's Voices in the individual....This for a beginning! It is a further experience and far higher where man comes under the conviction of sin; and a still further advance when he undergoes regeneration or spiritual birth.

### Receptivity An Object of Prayer.

TO DESCRIBE prayer as *intercommunion* with God adds nothing to the prevalent term "communion" except emphasis. Nevertheless such emphasis has working value, inasmuch as the most important function of the experience is the receptivity of the communicant. What we say to God has consequence because the very effort to express aspiration tends to formulate and intensify it, but practical benefit accrues through our capacity to receive of His infinite fullness. Moreover, it is in the act of acceptance that we exercise faith. And proverbially by faith "worlds" are made, mountains removed, and "all things" become possible. Read the honor roll of the Hebrews and note that these heroes, "through *faith* subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the power of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong...."

First among the principles of science is docility. Man, listening, learns the secret of nature, and so avails himself of its power. Not otherwise can it be in the spiritual realm. Man, submitting himself to his Creator, avails himself of God's illimitable resources. Thus have arisen prophets and heroes, saints and martyrs. Humanity is made of divine stuff, but it needs to be brought up to its divinity.

We shall never understand our communion with God until we perceive that *need* is a fundamental fact of human experience; and that man was intended for intercourse by being created a hunger-point in the universe—a conscious centre of continuous need. His very existence is want, and it can persist only as it is satisfied. By constituting man needful and responsive, God made communion an essential principle of his being. It may wound his vanity, and it must deepen his piety, to realize that by nature he is the personification of need, the embodiment of hunger. Yet this fact gives him his place in the universe, and constitutes his means to happiness and power. "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst" —always blessed and blessed in proportion to their hunger, "for they shall be filled."

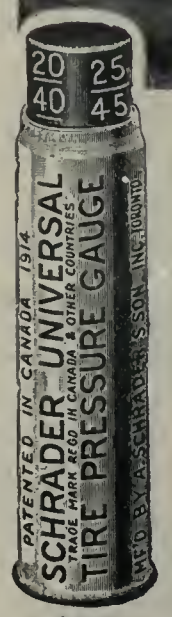
The facts of the case are as clear as God; and God is no more mysterious than Life. Man is a force among forces; created to be a god over them. Hence the place and potency of intercourse with Him. Intelligent deeds, like worthy desire, are essential to successful communion. Prayer can be rounded to perfection only as it is endorsed by conduct and made fruitful by effort. In essence, therefore, prayer is a comprehensive type of life; a living more or less broadly and deeply in God, in Truth, in Reality.

### Marvellous Answers to Prayer.

FATHOMLESS the depths of the universe! Mysterious its spiritual forces! Into these realms prayer carries us with implications as astonishing as their results are practically demonstrable. Past are the ages of miracles, we sometimes are told, yet so long as finite being confront Infinite reality miracles will continue. Those who see them believe. Those who merely hear about them may doubt. Experience is requisite to faith. Certain-








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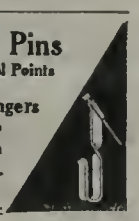
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ty in a matter of this kind can, of course, come only of experience.

For example, when I came to Toronto to attend the normal school, I had funds sufficient to carry me little more than a year, but I wanted to matriculate and then take an arts course at the university. This apparently impossible proposition I made a subject of intense prayer. One day, as from the blue, came my answer. Mr. William Scott, then principal of the model school and almost a stranger, sent for me to know if I would accept a tutorship. That position led to others so that I was enabled to remain there throughout my arts and theological courses. To me that was a direct answer to prayer.

My room-mate at Knox college, Jonathan Goforth, now so celebrated as a missionary, had many experiences of direct answers. I remember one testing trial of his faith. He was living "by faith," i.e., without salary, though he did much city missionary work. No one knew he was out of funds. His privation he endured for a long period until his clothes became too shabby for the work he was attempting. At last it was borne in upon his mind that full *faith* required him to order a suit and *trust* for funds to meet the bill. This settled he started down town to see a tailor. On his way he met Mr. Berkinshaw, of Berkinshaw and Gain, who invited him to call at their store and accept a suit with his compliments. He did so feeling that the event was a straight response to faith and prayer.

But miracles of prayer are best seen, not in individual cases, which are common in all prayerful lives, but rather in those enduring institutions which have originated in faith and are supported by prayer. Many stand to-day solidly in the open, an amazement to the world.

Abram was seventy-five years of age before his faith moved him to action. Moses spent forty years under Egyptian culture and forty more in wilderness meditation before he saw the Burning Bush and fared forth on the mission to which God assigned him.

Our age is big with miracles of prayer. One of the youngest of these Institutions was originated by a Canadian a quarter of a century ago. It supports a force of more than a thousand workers to its Missionary enterprise, and last year raised in response to prayer the sum of $650,000. To Dr. A. B. Simpson, at one time pastor of Knox church, Hamilton, "The Christian and Missionary Alliance" owes its inception; as do also the Bible Training institutes through which workers are provided for the far-away fields. This prosperous organization follows largely the lines of the older and yet more powerful work of "The China Inland Mission," founded in 1865 by Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, and now supporting over three thousand laborers in China.

### Sustained by Faith and Prayer

WITHOUT money these movements were started as works of faith. Funds are called for through prayer. Neither founder, missionary, evangelist, teacher, physician or other worker receives or is promised a stated salary. All go forth in trust to live by prayer. During the long years of these movements they have so lived; and though at times laborers have known trying circumstances never has the growth of the missions ceased.

Deeper yet go the roots and wider the branches of this wondrous tree of faith. As A. B. Simpson learned of J. Hudson Taylor, so Taylor learned from George Muller, and Muller in turn from August H. Franck.

### Unanswered Prayer

MUCH of what is known as unanswered prayer holds place in the heart of the unfathomable and unseen. Because we are immature our capacity exceeds the range of our reason and the measure of our desire. Whence it comes that God's way takes us into realms unthought of. Our prayers seem to us "unanswered" because God's fulfilment makes us different from what we ever expected to be and does for us what we had not asked. Yet both results exceed the blessings besought in our prayer. Man's sublimest faith has ever been transcended by God's fulfilment. Abraham and Moses died unsatisfied. But was it possible for the faith of either Abraham or Moses, of St. Paul, or of William Booth, to equal the standing fulfilment of their prayers? Life's realities exceed the scope of human vision. Of every man who prays as Jesus did, I believe it may be written, "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."

To an entirely different plane we descend when we consider rejected requests. Most unfortunate confusion inevitably results from the identification of "prayer" with petition. The never-dying query, "Is all prayer answered?" causes many earnest people real perplexity. As a friend of mine once said, "If prayers are not *answered* what is the good of praying?' His mental tangle occurred because his question carried thought clear past adoration, thanksgiving, confession, etc., the very elements essential to vital communion. The direction of such inquiry misses the mark. What should be seen is that all sincere prayer is profitable. Consequently if we alter the query and ask, "Are all petitions granted?" the correct answer is as clear as day. Jesus himself answered it: "If ye being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" Granting the good, shall He not refuse the unwholesome and reject both the improper and the unjust?

"The Power above who makes mankind his care,
May bless us most when he rejects our prayer."

### Teaching Children to Pray

MOST important of all training, and the widest field for its exercise, is the realm of childhood. For a child prayer is as natural as desire; as spontaneous as wishing. Children overflow with a curiosity and intensity of eagerness to know, to understand; to imitate others, and to take possession of everything they can reach. What they require chiefly is direction in their quest, instruction as to the proper expression of their mental and spiritual energy.

Children are imaginative and original; the spontaneity of their wonder and curiosity being part of life's capital; and as divine as other faculties which we would not injure for worlds. Think not that in regard to prayer alone is destruction wrought; it is systematically done to the crippling of imagination and the death of originality. To the never-ending questions and tireless "Why? Why? Why?" of the child we turn deaf ears or positive reproof, not thinking that our business as parents and teachers is to keep alive imagination's flame and the Divine dower of originality. While it is rising normally we exercise little patience. When it has subsided, or is quenched, we call on "educators" to stimulate its fires, and lament that our children seem to have lost all their eagerness for truth; their interest in the unknown. Life can be *life* only as it is inspired, but the mind of a child, from its earliest appearing, flames with inspiration. God gives it to us ready-dowered for our training. Pathetic beyond tears are the ashes where might have flamed Art, Music, Poetry, Invention, Religion! No flat Sahara represents desolation like that of a desert mind! Genius requires stimulation. Childhood is fertile of things infinite, but its life must be fostered and fed.

Some years ago I made somewhat extensive inquiry as to the kind of training in prayer which is given to little ones in the home, and was surprised to find how many parents are content with teaching their children a few forms of prayer, such as the Lord's Prayer; the Twenty-Third psalm; and verses of the type of, "Now I lay me down to sleep." These were memorized and repeated on retiring, or both night and morning. In many homes, I am led to believe, that is the limit of the training in this holy office. So much is good—so good that we commend it. What is lacking however constitutes the chief element of prayer. Read prayers and "said" prayers tend to become formal. What counts in the forming of life and the building of character is that the child shall be taught to feel that he has full liberty to *pray for himself in his own way* and ought to do so.

Let children have free course in their talks with God, and not too much criticism. The chief thing is to start the stream of their originality flowing; its growth will lead to joyous development of their noblest powers, giving to life a refinement and power not to be obtained by any other means.

My plea is for the children, with their promise and incalculable possibilities. Not every child can become a genius, author, poet, or inventor; but every child has capacity for prayer, and prayer more than any other discipline tends to the upbuilding and empowerment of personality. Daily it brings men under an inspiring and refining influence; quenching evil desire and giving to men the charm of piety and the beauty of holiness.

BEDSIDE prayer under a mother's leading; domestic prayer under a father's voice; may become one of the most sacred and constraining memories of youth, and one of the most potent examples of manhood. Such prayer is a tree of life which bears fruit to many generations.

Forms of prayer are good for a beginning; it is the beyond experience wherein lies power. Said Dwight L. Moody: "I would rather be able to pray like Joshua, than to preach like the Angel Gabriel." But Joshuas and Daniels, George Mullers, and Hudson Taylors are not made by repeating memorized prayers; they came to their power by *praying*.

Everybody should have a Holy of Holies within himself, a sanctuary whither he can retreat for self examination and communion with God. Like the experience of Moses on the Mount, such intercourse proves that all spiritual communion is transforming. Weakness is changed to power, feebleness to might, perplexity to peace, indecision to resolute faith, and best of all, life is quickened to Life by Divine infusion.

## Northward the Course of Empire

*Continued from page 15*

It was not till about 1900, when gold was discovered in Alaska, that politicians began to "point with pride" to Seward on the score of his purchase and I believe it was Franklin K. Lane (perhaps because he was born in Canada and had therefore a better understanding of the potentialities of the North) who first among cabinet officials had a vision of Alaska's coming greatness.

When first it began to dawn on the United States that Alaska was of value it was her mineral resources they saw. This again is a common historical phenomenon. When Columbus sailed west from Spain he was ostensibly in search of a short route to the Indies. He probably did not expect to find America. At least the popular view was that he had been searching for Asia and when he returned his was one of the many exploring expeditions that have been called failures because they discovered something quite different from that which had been expected. By way of making the best of the unfortunate fact that America blocked the direct sea route to China, those who went there, unless they were searching for a fountain of youth, were commonly looking for gold and precious stones. None of them were looking for the potato although its unheralded discovery has proved of greater value to the world than all the gold dug out of the two continents. So it was and will be with Alaska—the first things to be looked for were precious metals and furs, but the greatest things to come out of it will not be those originally looked for.

### Value of Alaska

ALASKA had its turn as a gold seeker's paradise, and since 1900 has been much in men's minds on that score. Later it was realized that in portions fairly accessible from the Pacific there were huge deposits of copper more valuable than the gold, and coal mines of no less promise, and unless the present industrial trend is altered, the forests are likely to become more valuable than either.

In 1918, the last year for which we have the complete returns, there were many resources of Alaska under cultivation of which the fisheries were only one. Of the fisheries the salmon were only a part, of the salmon the sockeye variety was only one; and of the sockeye caught only a

part was canned. Yet the part that was canned was sold for twenty-three million dollars, giving in one year a return more than three times of the original purchase price of Alaska.

This is merely the beginning of our realization of the accidental or vaguely designed wisdom of Seward's folly, for the salmon, valuable as they are, will soon be far exceeded in value by other food products of Alaska. Seattle, one of the biggest American cities, is already being supplied by the market gardens of Alaska. And the estimates of the U.S. Department of Agriculture are that within fifteen years the output of Alaskan reindeer meat at present prices per pound will be worth from forty-five to sixty million dollars a year.

More than two centuries ago the Dutch discovered Spitsbergen, the south tip of which is about 300 miles farther north than the north tip of Alaska (a fact that must, however, be interpreted in the light of the unsymmetrical nature of the polar regions). Whale and seal oil were of far greater commercial importance then than now, and this group of islands soon became an important focus of the whale "fishery." All of it was claimed by Great Britain and all was claimed by Holland, and other countries made various claims, but as a matter of fact most of the country was for a long time controlled by the British and a small part by the Dutch. Later these "fisheries" declined in value and disappeared when Standard Oil became the light of the world. No British or other sailors made any regular visits for years; and Gladstone, as Prime Minister of Great Britain, formally renounced any claims that Britain might have had, saying and apparently believing that the islands could only be a bill of expense if possession were maintained. Some years later the Hamburg-American Line and other steamship lines cultivated Spitsbergen as one of the interesting outposts of the tourist trade, exploiting that most commonplace-looking of marvels, the "mid-night sun," which no one can tell from any other sun by anything but refrence to a watch carrying local mean time.

About the beginning of our century there were in Sweden some men of foresight who proposed in the Parliament that Sweden should take possession of Spitsbergen. This proposal was promptly turned down on the ground that Sweden had no elaims to Spitsbergen and did not want to have, as the country was not worth claiming.

### Spitsbergen's Coal

SEVERAL countries simultaneously awoke to the realization of the value of Spitsbergen. Holland began to claim it because she had discovered it, Great Britain because she had for a long time held possession of it, and Russia and the Scandinavian countries because they had explored it and had other possessions not so very many hundreds of miles away from it. Even the Germans claimed it. Each country was a dog in the manger so far as all the other countries were concerned, and anarchy was a consequence. Though huge commercial enterprises were being undertaken, there was on the islands no police officer or judge or any vestige of recognized government, and no way of legally obtaining title to any property.

In 1913 on a visit to England I met one of the large coal mine owners of Wales, who told me that it was already then clearly foreseen by himself and all the other coal men whom he knew that Spitsbergen was soon to become one of the chief competitors, if not the chief competitor, of Wales in the coal markets of the world.

The representations of the various commercial concerns finally led to an international convention of the countries involved. This convention had met in Norway and was in session when it was suddenly and automatically dissolved by the conflagration of the World War. Later certain American capitalists, doubtless partly because they failed to secure support from their government, sold their holding to the Norwegians, and Great Britain and Norway remained the two countries most vitally interested.

Now comes a chapter in the story of Spitsbergen that is humorous or tragic or pathetic according to one's attitude toward the statesmen and industrial pioneers of Britain. In the spring of 1920 the newspapers carried an announcement






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"The Best Christmas Present of All!"
See Page 70.


that the British had surrendered to Norway their political claims to Spitsbergen. I was in New York when this news was published and was interviewed on the subject by some enterprising reporters. As it seemed to me clear Britain had a stronger claim to the islands than any other nation, and certainly a much stronger one than Norway, I gave it as my opinion that there must be behind the transaction some secret political bargain possibly made at a time of war stress and uncertainty, and that Norway was being rewarded now by Britain for having kept her agreement. Knowing the large investment of English and Scotch capital in the Spitsbergen coal mines I did not conceive it possible that English diplomats had now succeeded in doing in the case of Norway what they had failed in 1763 to do with France, when they tried to give away (or refuse to receive) Canada.

Soon after the publication of this interview I went to England and found that so far as my friends knew who were interested in the Spitsbergen mines, the unbelievable was true. Their statements may have been colored by the heat of their feelings, but they told me that the substance of the story was this: The Norwegians had said to the British diplomats at Paris that if Britain didn't mind very much they would like please to he given Spitsbergen. To this the British had replied in substance that they didn't see why anybody wanted those isolated, frozen islands, but if anybody did want them badly enough to ask for them they didn't see why they shouldn't have them.

If this be a true statement, these British diplomats can at least quote an excellent precedent from Tacitus for their opinions about Spitsbergen—they were repeating about Spitsbergen what he would have said about Britain nearly two thousand years earlier.

### Were Diplomats Ignorant?

BUT if the diplomats at Paris happened to he ignorant about Spitsbergen. the press and public in the British Isles were not, and there arose a storm of protest. I still have a feeling that my own guess may have been right—that there was with Norway some secret British diplomatic bargain to which the politicians have not owned. But the coal men I talked with laid it all to pure ignorance. When taxed with their blunder, the diplomats had been able to reply only that the Norwegians had agreed to respect the property rights of British subjects and that capital already invested there was guaranteed fair treatment. But, these disgruntled business men, said, that is not the same as owning the islands.

For Spitsbergen itself and for the world as a whole it may be just as well that Norway should be the overlord, but I have not yet talked with any Britishers who take that detached view. And certainly not the stockholders of the Spitsbergen companies. One company is said to be capitalized at twenty five million dollars and the aggregate of the British companies is said to be more than fifty millions. These figures are not to be relied on except as meaning that British interests in these very remote northern enterprises were large and would presumably soon have become larger.

Meantime the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain tells us that in 1918 in spite of the extraordinary difficulties due to the unsettled condition of Europe (and not to the climate or latitude of Spitsbergen) one hundred thousand tons of coal were exported. The Journal also says that the Admiralty of Great Britain has published a table of the comparative steam values of various kinds of coal, which places that of Spitsbergen higher than the best Welsh coal. It says further that while the rich iron ore of Spitsbergen is at present being exported to smelters in Great Britain this is but a transient phenomenon, for in the course of a few years local smelters are certain to be built. Spitsbergen and Birmingham, Alabama, are the only two known places in the world where a large quantity of easily accessible hard coal is found in close proximity to large quantities of easily accessible iron ore of high grade.

It has always been easy for people of that type of mind known as "practical," "sound," and "conservative," to prove that lands as yet of no value can not possibly ever be of value. In striking contrast to this type of mind is that of the born explorer, who must above all things be a man of imagination. Henry Hudson, the second navigator to reach those islands, noted in his journal in the year 1607 that he had no doubt Spitsbergen "would be profitable to whoever should adventure it."

### What of Hudson's Bay Route?

CHIEF of the arguments against the value of Spitsbergen fifteen years ago was that it was located in an arctic sea which, although it could be navigated at certain seasons, could not be profitably navigated because interrupted navigation was said to be never profitable. This same argument is at present being advanced most convincingly against the feasibility of the Hudson's Bay route which the Canadian Government is developing as a means of contact between the prairie provinces and Europe, by way of Hudson Straits. Although the argument sounds convincing when pronounced with conviction, actual trial has failed to confirm it. I have talked with an able mining engineer in Spitsbergen, who has told me that he believes coal can be so cheaply mined and transferred from Spitsbergen to Europe that Spitsbergen will drive Newcastle and Wales out of the continental coal markets north of their latitude, which means among others those of the White Sea and the Murman Coast and the northern half of the Scandinavian countries.

"All very interesting," the critics may say, "but it is a long lane that has no turning. Tacitus was wrong when he said people would never by choice live as far north as France; the Moors of the middle ages were short-sighted when they undervalued the possibilities of Britain: it is strange that as astute a man as Franklin thought a small tropic isle like Guadaloupe commercially more valuable than Canada; Seward was wise in buying Alaska and Gladstone a simpleton to want to renounce Spitsbergen. But surely there must be somewhere the limit to Northward progress. Have we not come to that limit now?"

We have not come to the northward limit of progress. There was many a pause but no stop to the westward course of empire until we came to the place where East is West. In that sense only is there a northward limit to progress. Corner lots in Rome were precious when the banks of the Thames had no value; the products of Canada were little beyond furs and fish when the British and French agreed in preferring Guadaloupe. There is no northern boundary beyond which productive enterprise cannot go till North meets North on the opposite shores of the Arctic Ocean as East has met West on the Pacific.

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# Mostly Sally

*Continued from page 27*

She turned to Sally. "You've seen me in action, and let me tell you you've seen me at my best. Give me a maid's part, with a tray to carry on in Act One and a couple of 'Yes, madam's,' in Act Two, and I'm *there*! Margaret Anglin hasn't anything on me when it comes to saying 'Yes, madam,' and I'm willing to back myself for gold, notes, or lima beans against Sarah Bernhardt as a tray carrier. But there I finish. That lets me out. And anybody who thinks otherwise is going to lose a lot of money. Between ourselves, the only thing I can do really well is to cook—"

"My dear Gladys!" cried Fillmore, revolted.

"I'm a heaven-born cook, and I don't mind notifying the world to that effect. I can cook a chicken casserole so that you would leave home and mother for it. Also, my English pork pies! One of these days I'll take an afternoon off and assemble one for you. You'd be surprised! But acting—no. I can't do it and I don't want to do it. I only went on the stage for fun, and my idea of fun isn't to plow through a star part with all the critics waving their axes in the front row, and me knowing all the time that it's taking money out of Fillmore's bank roll that ought to be going toward buying the little home with stationary washtubs.... Well, that's that, Fillmore, old darling. I thought I'd just mention it."

Sally could not help being sorry for Fillmore. He was sitting with his chin on his hands, staring moodily before him. Napoleon at Elba. It was plain that this project of taking Miss Winch by the scruff of the neck and hurling her to the heights had been very near his heart.

"If that is how you feel," he said in a stricken voice, "there is nothing more to say."

"Oh, yes, there is. We will now talk about this revue of yours. It's off!"

FILLMORE bounded to his feet. He thumped the desk with a well-nourished fist. A man can stand just so much.

"It is not off! Great heavens! It's too much! I will not put up with this interference with my business concerns. I will not be tied and hampered. Here am I, a man of broad vision and.... and.. broad vision....I form my plans....my plans....I form them....I shape my schemes....and what happens? A horde of girls flock into my private office while I am endeav ring to concentrate....and concentrate....I won't stand it! Where's my hat? I ll you once and for all I won't stand t. Advice, yes. Interference no. I....I....I—and kindly remember that!"

The door closed with a bang. A fainter detonation announced the whirlwind passage through the outer office. Footsteps died away down the corridor.

Sally looked at Miss Winch, stunned. A roused and militant Fillmore was new to hear.

Miss Winch took out the stick of chewing gum again and unwrapped it. "Isn't he cute!" she said. "I hope he doesn't get the soft kind," she murmured, chewing reflectively.

"The soft kind?"

"He'll be back soon with a box of candy," explained Miss Winch, "and he will get that sloshy, creamy sort, though I keep telling him I like the other. Well, one thing's certain. Fillmore's got it up his nose! He's beginning to hop about and sing in the sunlight. It's going to be hard work to get that boy down to earth again." Miss Winch heaved a gentle sigh. "I *should* like him to have enough left in the old stocking to pay the first year's rent when the wedding bells ring out." She bit meditatively on her chewing gum. "Not," she said, "that it matters. I'd be just as happy in two rooms and a kitchenette, so long as Fillmore was there. You've no notion how dippy I am about him." Her freckled face glowed. "He grows on me like a darned drug. And the funny thing is that I keep right on admiring him, though I can see all the while that he's the most perfect chump. He *is* a chump, you know. That's what I love about him. That and the way his ears wiggle when he gets excited. Chumps always make the best husbands. When you marry, Sally, grab a chump. Tap his forehead first, and if it rings solid don't hesitate. All the unhappy marriages come from the husband having brains. What good are brains to a man? They only unsettle him." She broke off and scrutinized Sally closely. "Say what do you do with your skin?"

She spoke with a solemn earnestness which made Sally laugh.

"What do I do with my skin? I just carry it around with me."

"Well," said Miss Winch enviously, "I wish I could train my darned fool of a complexion to get that way. Freckles are the devil. When I was eight, I had the finest collection in the Middle West and I've been adding to them right along. Some folks say lemon juice'll cure 'em. Don't you believe it! It just encourages 'em. Mine lap up all I give 'em and ask for more. There's only one way of getting rid of freckles, and that is to saw the head off at the neck."

"But why do you want to get rid of them?"

"Why? Because a sensitive girl, anxious to retain her future husband's love, doesn't enjoy going about looking like something out of a dime museum."

"How absurd! Fillmore worships freckles."

"Did he tell you so?" asked Miss Winch eagerly.

"Not in so many words but you can see it in his eye."

"Well, he certainly asked me to marry him, knowing all about them, I will say that. And, what's more, I don't think feminine loveliness means much to Fillmore, or he'd never have picked on me. Still, it is calculated to give a girl a jar, you must admit, when she picks up a magazine and reads an advertisement of a face cream beginning: 'Your husband is growing cold to you. Can you blame him? Have you really *tried* to cure those unsightly blemishes?' —meaning what I've got. Still, I haven't noticed Fillmore growing cold to me, so maybe it's all right".....

IT WAS a subdued Sally who received Ginger when he called at her apartment a few days later on his return from Chicago. It seemed to her, thinking over the recent scene, that matters were even worse than she had feared. This absurd revue, which she had looked on as a mere isolated outbreak of foolishness, was, it would appear, only a specimen of the sort of thing her misguided brother proposed to do, a sample selected at random from a wholesale lot of frantic schemes. Fillmore, there was no longer any room for doubt, was preparing to express his great soul on a vast scale. Even if she could dissuade him from this particular rash act, it would only be a matter of minutes before he thought up something else equally devastating.

And she could not dissuade him; humilating thought. She had grown so accustomed through the year to being the dominating mind that this revolt from her authority made her feel helpless and inadequate Her self-confidence was shaken.

And Bruce Carmyle was financing him.. It was illogical, but Sally could not help feeling that when—she had not the optimism to say "if"—he lost his money, she would somehow be under an obligation to him, as if the disaster had been her fault. She disliked with a whole-hearted intensity the thought of being under an obligation to Mr. Carmyle.

Ginger said he had looked in to inspect the furniture, on the chance that Sally might want it shifted again, but Sally had no criticism to make on that subject. Weightier matters occupied her mind. She sat Ginger down in the armchair and started to pour out her troubles. It soothed her to talk to him. In a world which had somehow become chaotic again after an all too brief period of peace, he was solid and consoling.

"I shouldn't worry," observed Ginger with Winch-like calm, when she had finished drawing for him the picture of a Fillmore rampant against a background of expensive revues.

Sally nearly shook him. "It's all very well to tell me not to worry," she said. "How can I help worrying? Fillmore's simply a baby, and he's just playing the fool. He has lost his head completely. And I can't stop him! That is the awful part of it. I used to be able to look him in the eye, and he would wag his tail and crawl back into his basket but now I seem to have no influence at all over him. He just snorts and goes on running round in circles, breathing fire."

Ginger did not abandon his attempt to indicate the silver lining. "I think you're making too much of all this, you know. I mean to say, it's quite likely he's found some mug—what I mean is, it's just possible that your brother isn't standing the racket himself. Perhaps some rich Johnny has breezed along with a pot of money. It often happens like that, you know. You read in the paper that some manager or other is putting on some show or other. when really the chap who's actually supplying the pieces of eight is some anonymous lad in the background."

"That is just what has happened, and it makes it worse than ever. Fillmore tells me that your cousin, Mr. Carmyle, is providing the money."

THIS did interest Ginger. He sat up with a jerk. "Oh, I say!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Sally, still agitated but pleased that she had at last shaken him out of his trying attitude of detachment.

Ginger was scowling. "That's a bit off," he observed.

"I think so too."

"I don't like that."

"Nor do I."

"Do you know what I think?" said Ginger, ever a man of plain speech and a reckless plunger into delicate subjects. "The blighter's in love with you."

Sally flushed. After examining the evidence before her, she had reached the same conclusion in the privacy of her thoughts, but it embarrassed her to hear the thing put into bald words.

"I know Bruce," continued Ginger, "and, believe me, he isn't the sort of cove to take any kind of a flutter without a jolly good motive. Of course he's got tons of money. His old guv'nor was the Carmyle of Carmyle, Brent & Co.—coal mines up in Wales, and all that sort of thing—and I suppose he must have left Bruce something like half a million. No need for the fellow to have worked at all if he hadn't wanted to. As far as having the stuff goes, he's in a position to have all the shows he wants to. But the point is, it's right out of his line. He doesn't do that sort of thing. Not a drop of sporting blood in the chap! Why, I've known him sick the whole d—— Family onto me just because it got noised about that I'd dropped a couple of quid on the Grand National. If he's really brought himself to the point of shelling out on a risky proposition like a show, it means something, take my word for it. And I don't see what else it can mean except—Well, I mean to say, *is* it likely that he's doing it simply to make your brother look on him as a good egg and a pal and all that sort of thing?"

"No, it's not," agreed Sally. "But don't let 's talk about it any more. Tell me all about your trip to Chicago."

"All right. But, returning to this binge for a moment, I don't see how it matters to you one way or the other. You're engaged to another Johnnie, and when Bruce rolls up and says 'What about it?' you've simply to tell him that the shot isn't on the board and will he kindly melt away. Then you hand him his hat and out he goes."

Sally gave a troubled laugh. "You think that's simple, do you? I suppose you imagine that a girl enjoys that sort of interview? Oh, what's the use of talking about it? It's horrible, and no amount of arguing will make it anything else. Do let's change the subject. How did you like Chicago?"

"Oh, all right. Rather a grubby sort of place."

"So I've always heard. But you ought not to mind that, being a Londoner."

"Oh, I didn't mind it. As a matter of fact, I had rather a good time. Saw one or two shows, you know. Got in on my face as your brother's representative, which was all to the good. By the way, it's rummy how you run into people when you move about, isn't it?"

"You talk as if you had been dashing about the streets with your eyes shut. Did you meet somebody you knew?"

"Chap I hadn't seen for years. Was at school with him, as a matter of fact. Fellow named Foster. But I expect you know him too, don't you? By name, at any rate. He wrote your brother's show."

SALLY'S heart jumped. "Oh! Did you meet Gerald—Foster?"

"Ran into him one night at the theatre."

"And you were really at school with him?"

"Yes. He was in the footer team with me my last year."

"Was he a scrum half too?" asked Sally dimpling.

Ginger looked shocked. "You don't have two scrum halves in a team," he said pained at this ignorance on a vital matter. "The scrum half is the half who works the scrum and—"

"Yes, you told me that at Roville. What was Gerald—Mr. Foster, then? A six and seven-eighths, or something?"

"He was a wing three," said Ginger with a gravity befitting his theme. "Rather fast, with a fairly decent swerve. But he would *not* learn to give the reverse pass inside to his center."

"Ghastly!" said Sally.

"If," said Ginger earnestly, "a wing's bottled up by his wing and the back, the only thing he *can* do, if he doesn't want to be bundled into touch, is to give the reverse pass."

"I know," said Sally. "If I've thought that once, I've thought it a hundred times. How nice it must have been


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for you, meeting again. I suppose you had a l sorts of things to talk about?"

Ginger shook his head. "Not such a frightful lot. We were never very thick. You see, this chap Foster was by way of being a bit of a worm."

"What!"

"A thick," explained Ginger. "A rotter. He was pretty generally barred at school. Personally, I never had any use for him at all."

Sally stiffened. She had liked Ginger up to that moment, and later on, no doubt, she would resume her liking for him, but in the immediate instant which followed these words she found herself regarding him with a stormy hostility. How dare he sit there saying things like that about Gerald?

Ginger who was lighting a cigarette without a care in the world, proceeded to develop his theme.

"It's a rummy thing about school. Generally, f a fellow's good at games—in the cricket team or the footer team and so forth—he can hardly help being fairly popular. But this blighter Foster—nobody seemed very keen on him. Of course he had a few of his own pals, but most of the chaps rather gave him a miss. It may have been because he was a bit sidey—had rather an edge on him, you know. Personally, the reason I barred him was because he wasn't straight. You didn't notice it if you weren't thrown a goodish bit with him, of course, but he and I were in the same house and—"

SALLY managed to control her voice though it shook a little. "I ought to tell you," she said, and her tone would have warned him had he been less occupied, "that Mr. Foster is a great friend of mine."

But Ginger was intent on the lighting of his cigarette, a delicate operation with the breeze blowing in through the open window. His head was bent, and he had formed his hands into a protective framework which half hid his face. "If you take my tip," he mumbled, "you'll drop him. He's a wrong 'un."

He spoke with the absent-minded drawl of preoccupation, and Sally could keep the conflagration under no longer. She was aflame from head to foot.

"It may interest you to know," she said, shooting the words out like bullets from between clenched teeth, "that Gerald Foster is the man I am engaged to marry."

Ginger's head came slowly up from his cupped hands. Amazement was in his eyes, and a sort of horror. The cigarette hung limply from his mouth. He did not speak, but sat looking at her, dazed. Then the match burned his fingers, and he dropped it with a start. The sharp sting of it seemed to wake him. He blinked.

"You're joking," he said feebly. There was a note of wistfulness in his voice. "It isn't true?"

Sally kicked the leg of her chair irritably. She read insolent disapproval into the words. He was daring to criticize!.....

"Of course it's true!"

"But—" A look of hopeless misery came into Ginger's pleasant face. He hesitated. Then, with the air of a man bracing himself to a dreadful but unavoidable ordeal, he went on. He spoke gruffly, and his eyes, which had been fixed on Sally's wandered down to the match on the carpet. It was still glowing and mechanically he put a foot on it.

"Foster's married," he said shortly. "He was married the day before I left Chicago."....

IT SEEMED to Ginger that in the silence which followed, brooding over the room like a living presence, even the noises in the street had ceased, as though what he had said had been a spell, cutting Sally and himself off from the outer world. Only the little clock on the mantelpiece ticked—ticked—ticked, like a heart beating fast. He stared straight before him, conscious of a strange rigidity. He felt incapable of movement, as he had sometimes felt in nightmares, and not for all the wealth of America, could he have raised his eyes just then to Sally's face. He could see her hand. It had tightened on the arm of her chair. The knuckles were white.

He was blaming himself bitterly now for his calfish clumsiness in blurting out the news so abruptly. And yet curious-







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ly, in his remorse there was something of elation. Never before had he felt so near to her. It was as though a barrier that had been between them had fallen.

Something moved. It was Sally's hand slowly relaxing. The fingers loosed their grip, tightened again, then, as if reluctantly, relaxed once more. The blood flowed back.

"Your cigarette's out."

Ginger started violently. Her voice, coming suddenly out of the silence, had struck him like a low. "Oh, thanks."

He forced himself to light another match. It sputtered noisily in the stillness. He blew it out, and the uncanny quiet fell again.

Ginger drew at his cigarette mechanically. For an instant he had seen Sally's face, white-cheeked and bright-eyed the chin tilted like a flag flying over a stricken field. His mood changed. All his emotions, had crystallized into a dull, futile rage, a helpless fury directed at a man a thousand miles away.

Sally spoke again. Her voice sounded small and far off, an odd flatness in it. "Married?"

Ginger threw his cigarette out of the window. He was shocked to find that he was smoking. Nothing could have been further from his intention than to smoke. He nodded. "Whom has he married?"

Ginger coughed. Something was sticking in his throat, and speech was difficult. "A girl called Donald."

"Oh, Elsa Doland?"

"Yes."

"Elsa Doland." Sally drummed with her fingers on the arm of her chair. "Oh, Elsa Doland?"

There was silence again. The little clock ticked fussily on the mantelpiece. Out in the street automobile horns were blowing. From somewhere in the distance came faintly the rumble of an elevated train. Familiar sounds, but they came to Sally now with a curious unreal sense of novelty. She felt as though she had been projected into another world where everything was new and strange and horrible—everything except Ginger. About him, in the mere sight of him, there was something known and heartening.

SUDDENLY she became aware that she was feeling that Ginger was behaving extremely well. She seemed to have been taken out of herself and to be regarding the scene from outside, regarding it coolly and critically; and it was plain to her that Ginger in this upheaval of all things, was bearing himself perfectly. He had attempted no banal words of sympathy. He had said nothing, and he was not looking at her. And Sally felt that sympathy just now would be torture and that she could not have borne to be looked at.

Ginger was wonderful. In that curious, detached spirit that had come upon her, she examined him impartially and gratitude welled up from the very depths of her. There he sat, saying nothing and doing nothing, as if he knew that all she needed, the only thing that could keep her sane in this world of nightmare, was the sight of that dear flaming head of his that made her feel that the world had not slipped away from her altogether.

Ginger did not move. The room had grown almost dark now. A spear of light from a street lamp shone in through the window.

Sally got up abruptly. Slowly, gradually, inch by inch, the great suffocating cloud which had been crushing her had lifted. She felt alive again. Her black hour had gone, and she was back in the world of living things once more. She was afire with a fierce, tearing pain that tormented her almost beyond endurance, but dimly she sensed the fact that she had passed through something that was worse than pain and, with Ginger's stolid presence to aid her, had passed triumphantly.

"Go and have dinner, Ginger," she said. "You must be starving."

Ginger came to life like a courtier in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. He shook himself and rose stiffly from his chair. "Oh—no." he said. "Not a bit, really."

Sally switched on the light and set him blinking. She could bear to be looked at now. "Go and dine." she said. "Dine lavishly and luxuriously. You've certainly earned it." Her voice faltered for a moment. She held out her hand. "Ginger," she said shakily, "I—Ginger, you're a pal."

When he had gone Sally sat down and began to cry. Then she dried her eyes in a businesslike manner.

"There, Miss Nicholas," she said. "you couldn't have done that an hour ago. We will now boil you an egg for your dinner and see how that suits you!"

*(To be Continued)*

# The Yellow Streak

*Continued from page 31*

Miss Trevert herself. Someone impersonating you Mr.—er—ahem—Schulz—telephoned her this morning, after she had left her letter of introduction here, asking her to come out to lunch at your country-house. She suspected nothing and went off in the car they sent for her.."

"By George!" said the big man thoughtfully, "I suspected some game of this kind when I heard of the attempt to get at that letter of introduction. If I only could have got hold of Marbran this morning...."

"Marbran!" said Robin, thoughtfully. "When I read Dulkinghorn's letter just now I thought I had heard that name before. Of course—Victor Marbran! That was it! I remember now! He knew Hartley Parrish in the old days. Parrish once said that Marbran would do him an injury if he could. Who is Marbran?"

"Victor Marbran," replied the big man, "is Elias van der Spyck and Co., a firm which made millions in the war by trading with the enemy. In every neutral country there were, of course, firms which specialised in importing contraband for the use of the Germans, but van der Spyck and Co. brought the evasion of the blockade to a fine art. They covered up their tracks, however, with such consummate art that we could never bring anything home to them. In fact, it was only after the armistice that we began to learn something of the immense scope of their operations. There was a master brain behind them. But it was never discovered. It strikes me, however, that we are on the right track at last....

"I wonder what this van der Spyck letter of Miss Trevert's contained that made Victor Marbran and the secretary chap so desperately anxious to get hold of it. For you understand don't you?" he said briskly turning to Robin, "that they were after that and that alone. And they risked penal servitude in this country to get it...."

Robin nodded. "To save their necks in another," he said.

"I have the letter here," mildly remarked the doctor from his corner of the room. "Miss Trevert gave it to me!"

HE PRODUCED a white envelope and drew from it a folded square of slatey-blue paper. In great excitement Robin sprang forward.

"You're a downy bird, Doctor, I must say," he remarked, "fancy keeping it up your sleeve all this time!"

He eagerly took the letter, spread it out on the table and read it through whilst Herr Schulz looked over his shoulder.

"Code, eh?" commented the big man shaking his head humourously, "if it beats Dulkinghorn, it beats me!"

From his note-case Robin now drew a folded square of paper identical in colour with the letter spread out before them.

"I found this on the carpet beside Parrish's body," he said. "Look, it's exactly the same paper...."

Behind the tortoise-shell spectacles the big man's eyes narrowed down to pinpoints as he caught sight of the sheet which Robin unfolded and its series of slits.

"Aha!" he cried—and his voice rang out clear through the room—"the grill eh? Well, well, to think of that!"

He took the slotted sheet of paper from Robin's hands and laid it over the letter so that it exactly covered it, edge to edge and corner to corner. In this way the greater part, of the typewriting in the letter was covered over and only the words ap-


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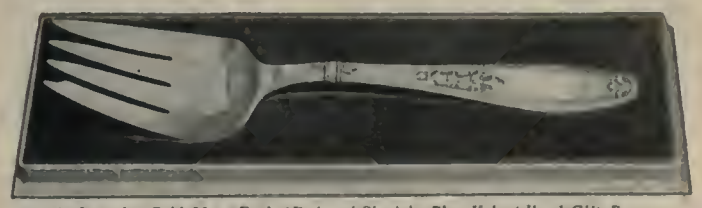
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pearing in the slots could be read. And thus it was that Robin Greve, Herr Schulz and Dr. Collingwood, leaning shoulder to shoulder, read the message that came to Hartley Parrish in the library at Harkings.....

" 'The last.....warning,' " Robin read out, " 'if you don't.....settle.... by Nov. 27.....you....die.....!"

He looked up. "Last Saturday," he said, "was the 27th, the day that Parrish died...."

"The grill," remarked the big man authoritatively, "is one of the oldest dodges known to the Secret Service. It renders a conventional code absolutely undecipherable as long as it is skilfully worded as it is in this case. You send your conventional code by one route, your key by another. I make no doubt that this was the way in which van der Spyck & Co. transacted their business with Hartley Parrish. They simply posted their conventional code letters through the post in the ordinary way, confident that there was nothing in them to catch the eye of the censor's department. The key might be sent in half a dozen different ways—by hand, concealed in a newspaper, in a parcel...."

"So this," said Robin, pointing at the letter. "was what caused Hartley Parrish to make his will. It would lead one to suppose that it was what induced him to commit suicide were not the presumption so strong that he was murdered. But who killed him? Was it Jeekes or Marbran?"

Herr Schulz pitched his cigar stump into an ash tray.

"That," he said, "is the question which I am going to ask you gentlemen to help me answer. You will realise that legally we have not a leg to stand on. We are in a foreign country where, without first getting a warrant from London we can take no steps whatever to run these fellows in. To get the Dutch police to move against these gentry in the matter of the assault upon Miss Trevert would waste valuable time. And we have to move quickly,—before these two lads can get away. I therefore propose that we start this instant for the Villa Bergendal and try, if we are not too late, to force Marbran or Jeekes or both of them to a confession. That done we can hold them if possible until we can get the Dutch police to apprehend them at the instance of Miss Trevert. Then we can communicate with the English police. It's all quite illegal of course! You have a car, I think Mr. Greve. You will come with us, Dr. Collingwood? Good! Then let us start at once!"

ROBIN intervened with a proposal that they should call en route at his hotel to see if there were any telegrams for him.

"Manderton knows I am in Rotterdam", he explained, "and he promised to wire me the latest developments in the enquiry he is conducting....."

"Miss Trevert should be fully recovered by this," put in the doctor, "apart from a little sickness she is really none the worse for her disagreeable experience. If there was anything you wanted to ask her...."

"There is," said Robin promptly. "Her reply to one question," he explained turning to Herr Schulz, "will give us the certainty that Parrish was murdered and did not commit suicide. It will not delay us more than five minutes to stop at her hotel in passing. We will then call in at my place. We should be at the Villa within half an hour from now...."

"Gentlemen," said Herr Schulz as they prepared to go. "I know my Mr. Victor Marbran. You should all be armed."

Robin produced the pistol he had taken from Jeekes. Herr Schulz slipped a Browning pistol into the breast pocket of his jacket and producing a long-barreled service revolver, gave it to the doctor.

"There are three of them I gather, counting the chauffeur," commented the big man pulling on his overcoat, "so we shall be equally matched...."

Darkness had fallen upon Rotterdam and the lights from the houses made yellow streaks in the water of the canal as the car, piloted by Robin, drove the party to Mary Trevert's hotel. They found the girl, pale and anxious, in the lounge.

"Well, now," cried the doctor breezily, "and how are you feeling? Did you take my advice and have some tea?"

"What has happened?" asked the girl. "I have been so anxious about you ...."




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Her words were addressed to the doctor but she looked at Robin.

"Mary," said Robin, "we are very near the truth now. But there is one thing you can tell us. It is very important. When you heard the shot in the library at Harkings did you notice any other sound—before or after?...."

"There was a sort of sharp cry and a thud....."

"I know. But was there anything else? Do try and remember. It's so important!"

The girl was silent for a moment. Then she said slowly:

"Yes, there was now I come to think of it. Just as I tried the door—it was locked, you know—there was a sort of hiss, harsh, and rather loud, from the room...."

"A sort of hiss, eh? Something like a sneeze?"

"Yes. Only louder and..and..harsher!"

"Now answer me carefully! Was this before or after the shot?"

"Oh, before! Just as I was rattling the door handle. The shot broke in upon it...."

ROBIN turned to Herr Schulz who stood with a grave face by his side.

"The silencer, you see, Sir!" he said Then to Mary he added:

"Mary, we are going off now. But we will be back within the hour and...."

"Oh, Robin," the girl broke in, "don't leave me alone. I don't feel safe in this place after this morning. I'd much rather come with you...."

"Mary, it's quite impossible," Robin began.

But the girl had turned to a table and taken from it her hat and fur.

"I don't care," she exclaimed wilfully, "I'm coming anyhow. I refuse to be left behind!"

She smiled at Herr Schulz as she spoke and that gentleman's rather grim face relaxed as he looked at her.

"I'm not sure I wouldn't say the same!" he remarked.

The upshot of it was that, despite Robin's objections, Mary Trevert accompanied the party. She sat on the back seat, rather flushed and excited, between Herr Schulz and the doctor, while Robin took the wheel again. A few minutes drive took them to the big hotel where Robin had booked a room. They all waited in the car whilst he went to the office.

He was back in a minute, an open telegram in his hand.

"I believe I've got in my pocket," he cried, "the actual weapon with which Hartley Parrish was killed!"

And he read from the telegram:

"Mastertons gunsmith sold last July pair of Browning automatics identical with that found on Parrish to Jeekes who paid with Parrishs cheque."

The message was signed "Manderton."

AT THAT moment a man wearing a black bowler that and a heavy frieze overcoat came hurrying out of the hotel.

"Mr. Greve!" he cried as Robin, who was back in the driving seat, was releasing the brake.

"Did you have the wire from the Yard saying I was coming?" he asked. "Probably I beat the telegraph, though. I came by air!"

Then he tipped his hat respectfully at Herr Schulz.

"This is Detective Inspector Manderton of Scotland Yard, Sir," said Robin.

The big man beamed a smile of friendly recognition.

"Mr. Manderton and I are old friends," he said. "How are you Manderton? I didn't expect you to recognise me in these duds....."

"I'd know you anywhere, Sir," said the detective with unwonted cordiality.

"Have you got your warrant, Manderton?" asked Herr Schulz.

"Aye, I have, Sir," replied the detective, "and I've a colleague from the Dutch police who's going along with me to effect the arrest....."

"Jeekes, eh?"

"That's the party, Sir, charged with wilful murder. ..This is Commissary Boomjes, of the Rotterdam Criminal Investigation Department!"

A tall man with a short black beard had approached the car. It was decided that the whole party should proceed to the Villa Bergendal immediately. Manderton sat next to Robin and the Dutch police officer perched himself on the footboard.

"And where did you pick *him* up, I'd like to know?" whispered Manderton in Robin's ear with a backward jerk of the head as they glided through the brightly lit streets.

"D'you mean the doctor?" asked Robin.

"No, your other friend!"

"Miss Trevert had a letter to him. Something in the Secret Service isn't he!?"

Mr. Manderton snorted.

" 'Something in the Secret Service' " he repeated disdainfully. "Well, I should say he was. If you want to know, Mr. Greve, he's the head!"

### The Figure in the Doorway

THE rain was coming down in torrents and the night was black as pitch when, leaving the lights of Rotterdam behind, the car swung out on to the main road leading to the Villa Bergendal. Thanks to a powerful headlight Robin was able to get a good turn of speed out of her as soon as they were clear of the city. As they slowed down at the gate in the side road Herr Schulz tapped him on the shoulder.

"Better leave the car here and put the lights out," he counselled. "And Miss Trevert should stay if the doctor here would remain to look after her...."

"You think there'll be a scrap?" whispered the doctor.

"With a man like Marbran," returned the Chief "you never know what may happen...."

"Zere will be no faight," commented the Dutch police officer in lugubrious accents, "my vriends, ve are too laite...."

But the Chief insisted that Mary should stay behind and the doctor agreed to act as her escort. Then in single file the party proceeded up the drive, Robin in front, then the Dutchman, after him the Chief and Mr. Manderton in the rear.

They walked on the grass edging the avenue. On the wet turf their feet made no sound. When they came in view of the house they saw it was in darkness. No light shone in any window and the only sound to be heard was the melancholy patter of the rain drops on the laurel bushes. When they saw the porch bulking black before them they left the grass and stepped gently across the drive, the gravel crunching softly beneath their feet. Robin led the way boldly under the porch and laid a hand on the door knob. The door opened easily and the next moment the four men were in the hall.

As Robin moved to the wall to find the electric light switch, a torch was silently thrust into his hand.

"Better have this, Sir," whispered Manderton. "I have my finger on the switch now but we'd best wait to put the light up until we know where they are. Where do we go first?"

"Into the sitting-room," Robin returned. Switching the torch on and off only as he required it he crept silently over the heavy carpet to the door of the room in which that morning he had come upon Mary. Manderton remained at the switch in the hall while the other two men followed Robin through the door.

The room was in darkness. It struck chill; for the fire had gone out. The beam of the torch flitting from wall to wall showed the room to be empty.

"I don't believe there's a soul in the house," whispered the Chief to Robin.

"Ve are too laite; I have said it!" muttered the Dutchman.

"There is another room leading out of this," replied Robin turning the torch on to the blue curtain covering the door leading into the office. "We'll have a look in there and then try upstairs. Manderton will give us warning if anybody comes down...."

SO SAYING he drew the curtain aside and pushed open the door. Instantly a gush of cold air blew the curtain back in his face. Before he could disentangle himself the door slammed to with a crash that shook the house.

"That's done it!" muttered the Chief.

The three men stood and listened. They heard the dripping of the rain, the soughing of the wind but no sound of human kind came to their ears.

"The place is empty," whispered the Chief. "They've cleared....."

"It is too laite; I have said it." The Dutchman spoke in a hoarse bass.

"We'll go in here anyway," answered Robin lifting up the curtain again. "They may have heard us and be hiding...."

*To be Concluded*


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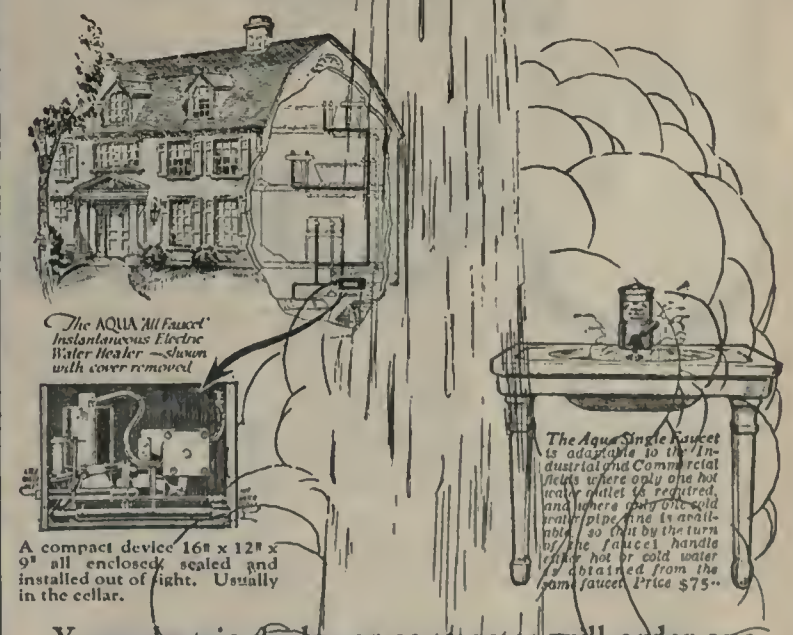
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# Little Theatre of the Hills—Canada

*Continued from page 20*

freely; but what if some of these fool nations in Europe took another plunge in War? What if more strikes tied up British shipping? What if miners' strikes shut down more industrial plants in Europe? Exchange would take another awful wallop down; and the price *might* go *down* instead of *up*.

Bankers, farmers, manufacturers, not one can afford to take the chance of lower prices. They have to let go when the pressure for collections comes against them.

### Lower Labor Costs Would Help

OF COURSE, lower labor costs would help; but labor won't go down till the cost of living goes down more; so there you are in the frantic circle of a whirlpool that threatens to engulf, or the back water that threatens to stall progress, which ever metaphor you prefer.

But, suppose there were a high-priced market accessible now.

Canada would jump for it, wouldn't she?

Well, there is such a market right now; and Canada does not get it because she is not acting as a nation commercially. She is acting as a sales agent to the brokers of other nations, who get the big profits, which she needs. That is—she follows the old rut—exports to England or the United States; and they re-export to these high-priced markets; and the ghastly joke of it is—in many cases, these re-export brokers often do not export from the U.S. ports the grain they buy from Canada. They divert it straight from Canadian ports to the high priced market; and the rate per bushel is from five cents to eight cents shipside in Canada to shipside in the high priced market.

Take Mexico as a case! Mexico has "revoluted" herself out of food for ten years. So has the most of Central America and tropical America. On account of the torrential rains in the tropics, Central America can never raise enough grain for her own needs, nor enough butter, nor enough potatoes; and owing to "revolutions" and "revolutions", she is pretty nearly destitute of cattle and horses which are a drug on the Canadian market.

When the price of wheat broke on the Canadian market in 1920, wheat was selling in Mexico at $7 a bushel. When I said this in a Chautauqua lecture, a man at the back of the audience grunted his dissent in accents loud and contemptuous, which isn't a particularly convicing argument against a fact; but it was a perfectly sincere grunt, which is something. I afterwards learned his contempt arose from the fact that "wheat was not selling now in Mexico at $7." Very well, let us take the facts now in September of 1921! I could not get the *now* facts for him when I was in Alberta, but I wrote for them to Mexico the very day I reached New York; and here they are!

### A Wonderful Mexican Market

LET them seep into that national consciousness!

At the present moment, Mexico is importing millions of dollars worth of food a month. Those, who can't afford to pay the high prices, will eat one meal a day, or crawl away and die gradually of malnutrition.

The average price being paid for wheat in Mexico right now—November, 1921—is $25 for a sack of 161 kilos of two and one fifth pounds to the kilo, or 357 pounds, which is about six bushels, not quite; which is in our currency more than four dollars a bushel; and it costs six to ten cents a bushel ocean freight to land wheat from a Canadian port to a Mexican port, with ocean freighters tied up idle for cargo cutting those official rates secretly to get freight. Corn is selling in Mexico at $18 per 100 pounds. I saw potatoes in Alberta and British Columbia, which could not be sold at seventeen cents a bushel. Potatoes are selling in Mexico—imported—at ten to eleven cents a pound, which as I take it is $5 to $6 a bushel. On the West Coast of Central America, grain—corn and wheat—are selling at $1 our currency for fourteen pounds, which as I make it is $4 to $5 a bushel. And Mexico needs at least five bushels a head of grain to keep her 15,000,000 people alive. There is a possible sale in one country alone of 75,000,000 bushels, which at even $3 net would equal $225,000,000, leaving $1 to cover rail freights, ocean freights, commission. Wake up Vancouver, a shipping port, and wake up Prince Rupert! Rub your eyes!

And Mexico is only one country of tropical America.

*Why docsn't Canada get in on these high priced markets?*

*Because she is not acting as a nation commercially but as the tag-tail to other nations commercially.* If she had her own legations, she would have her own fiscal agents, who would arrange these sales, see that the buyer could pay the freight, (not the seller,) see that the buyer honored the sight draft attached, and if he didn't divert the shipment to another buyer.

Food going into Mexico at the present time is duty free.

Please look at these figures and con them over! That is where the National Unity business comes in as a prosperity booster and not as a boomerang.

I could give similar scales of prices right down the line through South America till you come to Argentina, which produces much the same things as Canada in a reversed season.

Or take cattle which actually sold in Alberta at $3. Cattle have literally been cleared out of Mexico. A decade ago, they literally came out of Mexico in tens of thousands. Never again will the big horns come across the Rio Grande to be pastured and "topped" on the corn of the Middle West before going to market. Mexico has only a comparatively small number of milk cows near a few cities left. You can sell scrubs in Mexico from $200 up; and the freight and feed in transit could not possibly absorb the difference between $3 and $200.

Let these facts, too, seep into this national status business!

### Can't Feed on Ideals.

AS I said before ideals to be workable must be translated into reals; and if these ideals could be made into reals, they would spell a lot of factors into national consciousness that would translate hard times into good times, and an exodus into a genesis, and hopelessness with bitter resentment into realization and content.

Or take another set of figures. These, too, were challenged both in British Columbia and Alberta. One lumber merchant, I think it was in Hardisty or some point near there, was so offended that he said unless I could prove my figures he would never again support Chautauqua. I told him the minute I reached the East I would send him the definite figures on my bills to date, now, right now, not in War time. Here they are!

When I was in British Columbia and Alberta from May to July, lumber mills were shut down. There was no demand for building—which, by the way, there would have been if we hadn't lost those 800,000 American settlers and were not still losing them. Unemployment had become such a menace that Canada was shutting off immigrants at the very period in England's history when this country should get some five to six million unemployed and overtaxed people from England.

Lumber prices had slumped from $38 per thousand to $12 and $10 and $22; and as it costs about $11 a thousand to produce, it isn't hard to see why the mills had to shut down. They couldn't go on in the face of no demand and not go stone broke. During my absence, both on my farm and in a suburban town where I live when I am home—which is seldom—I had some repairs, roofers, siding, matched flooring for steps etc. Here is the exact scale of prices paid for B.C. lumber in the Eastern States.

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aug. | | | | | | | |
| 27 | 5 2x12. 14 Spc. 140 ft. $90 | $12 | 60 | | | | |
| | 22 1¼x4. 12 No. 1 Fir Flg. 110 ft. $128 | 13 | 75 | | | | |
| | 2 1x8. 16 No. 2 Base 21 ft. $150 | 3 | 15 | $29 | 50 | | |
| Sep | | | | | | | |
| 7 | 2 2x10. 18 Fir, 80 ft. $75 | 4 | 50 | | | | |
| | 2 1x8. 16 No. 2 Base, 21 ft. $150 | 3 | 15 | | | | |
| | 6 1¼x4 12 No. 1 Fir Flg. 30 ft. $125 | 3 | 75 | 11 | 40 | | |
| | | | | $40 | 90 | | |

Now I don't know what the freight is just now; but I do know no freights account for the difference between $22 and

$150 a thousand. And in this very period, it is estimated that 500,000 people had to move out of New York City, which is typical of a dozen other big Eastern centres, because the cost of material was so high, people could not afford to build.

Yet when I advocated fiscal agents, the very banks, which could no longer finance the mills of the Canadian West to go on operating, raised the conscientious objections that such fiscal agents, competent business men, might cost Canada $400,000 a year. That argument is to laugh! It is only an excuse for our own lagging prosperity.

The first thing Hoover did when he took hold in Washington was to grab a staff of war experts, who knew the foreign markets, and send them direct to every foreign market in the world to learn how to get orders for American producers and to finance these orders in readiness for the day, when the foreign nations would be able to buy Which is one reason I predict the Fordney Tariff will not endure. Nations cannot buy unless they sell.

Why don't we do the same?

Echo answers *why* and so should the voters.

Need I answer these questions—How will national consciousness, national unity pay our bills?

## The Ladies' Chain

*Continued from page 17*

Sixteen drooping forms, over which age had suddenly descended like a cloak, turned thankfully to sixteen wicker chairs into which they subsided with sixteen sighs of utter weariness. Their caps were over their ears in rakish abandonment, their hair was loose to the winds of heaven, their hearts were thumping irregularly. Miss Merivale, who was as fresh as paint, surveyed them with a touch of anxiety. She seemed oblivious of the cold glances of the wall-flowers.

"I hope it hasn't been too much for you."

"No," said Mrs. Jodberry jerkily "but its quite enough."

The mistress of ceremonies nodded. "Perhaps the lancers are a little too—" she hesitated "—too active; and we might try the minuet next time?"

"Don't you know any sitting down games?" gasped Jane Martin.

Any reply was cut short by the appearance of the matron half way across the lawn. She came up and sent a questioning look around the group. Her face seemed a little disturbed.

"What's the matter with everybody? You all sit as though you were tired out, except Miss Merivale."

"We are," said Mrs. Pettigrew and closed her eyes.

"And no wonder," sounded the tart voice of Susan Duck.

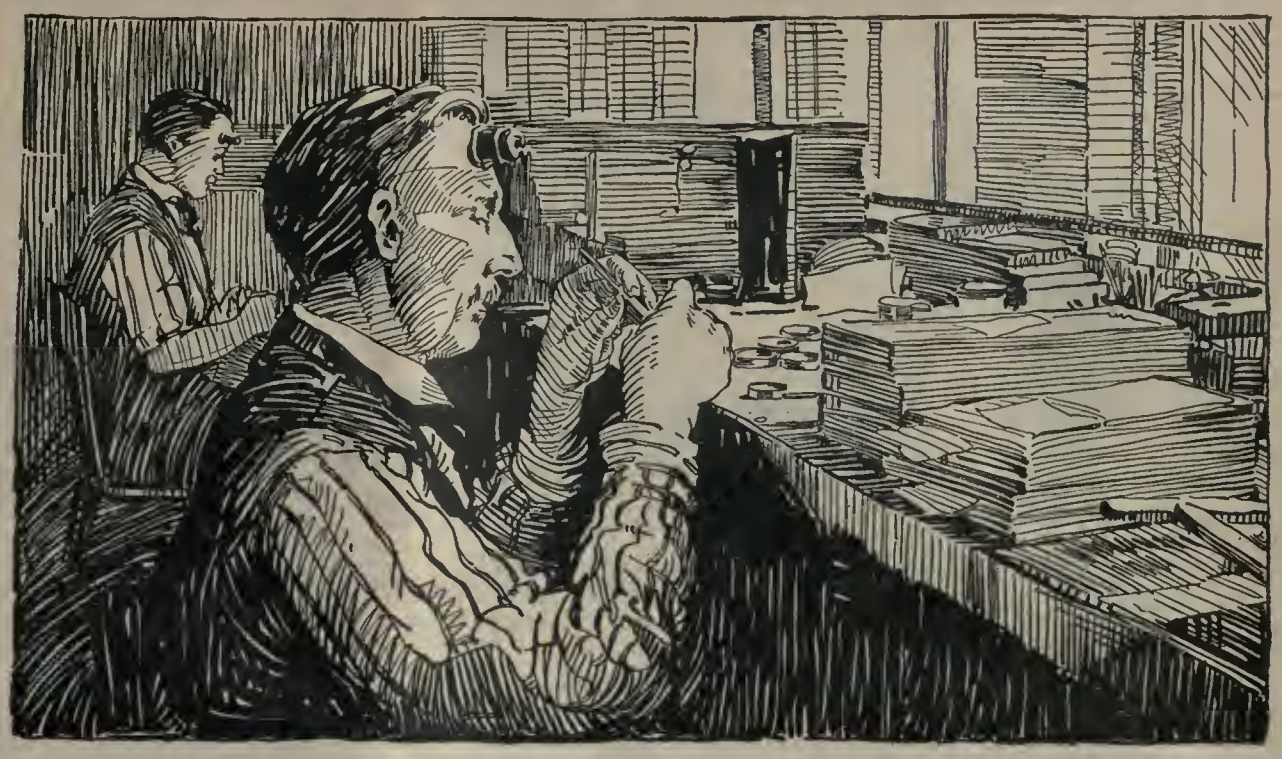
Miss Daggett glanced at her curiously. She would never have taken for wall-flowers the three who were clustered in superior isolation, but she knew enough of their uncertain tempers to be distinctly solicitous about the others. So, realising that there are some things best left alone, and quite sure that the whole story would be retailed to her in private by successive cracked voices within the next twenty-four hours, Miss Daggett only murmured something about rest after exercise, and moved away. Whereupon Mrs. Phipps turned to Susan Duck.

"Didn't get very far that time, did you?"

"And since you can't dance yourself," put in Jane Martin, whose breath was returning, "you might just as well leave alone them that can."

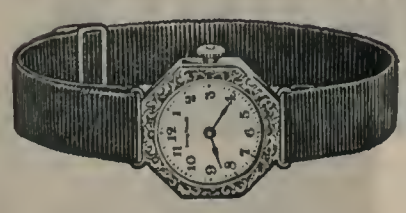
The younger set, warned by sensations to which they had long been strangers, went to bed early that night; but it was a notable fact that only half a figure of the lancers turned out for breakfast next morning. Miss Merivale's eyes roved guiltily down the table, while Miss Daggett's face was expressionless. The latter had heard the story half a dozen times during the previous evening, and was forced to smile when the three wall-flowers sailed into the room enveloped in a great righteousness, followed closely by Jane Martin who held herself stiffly erect but walked with obvious difficulty. The matron, having a method of her own, said not a word at the time. Two days later however, she manoeuvred Miss Merivale into the private office. She had a delicate job on hand.

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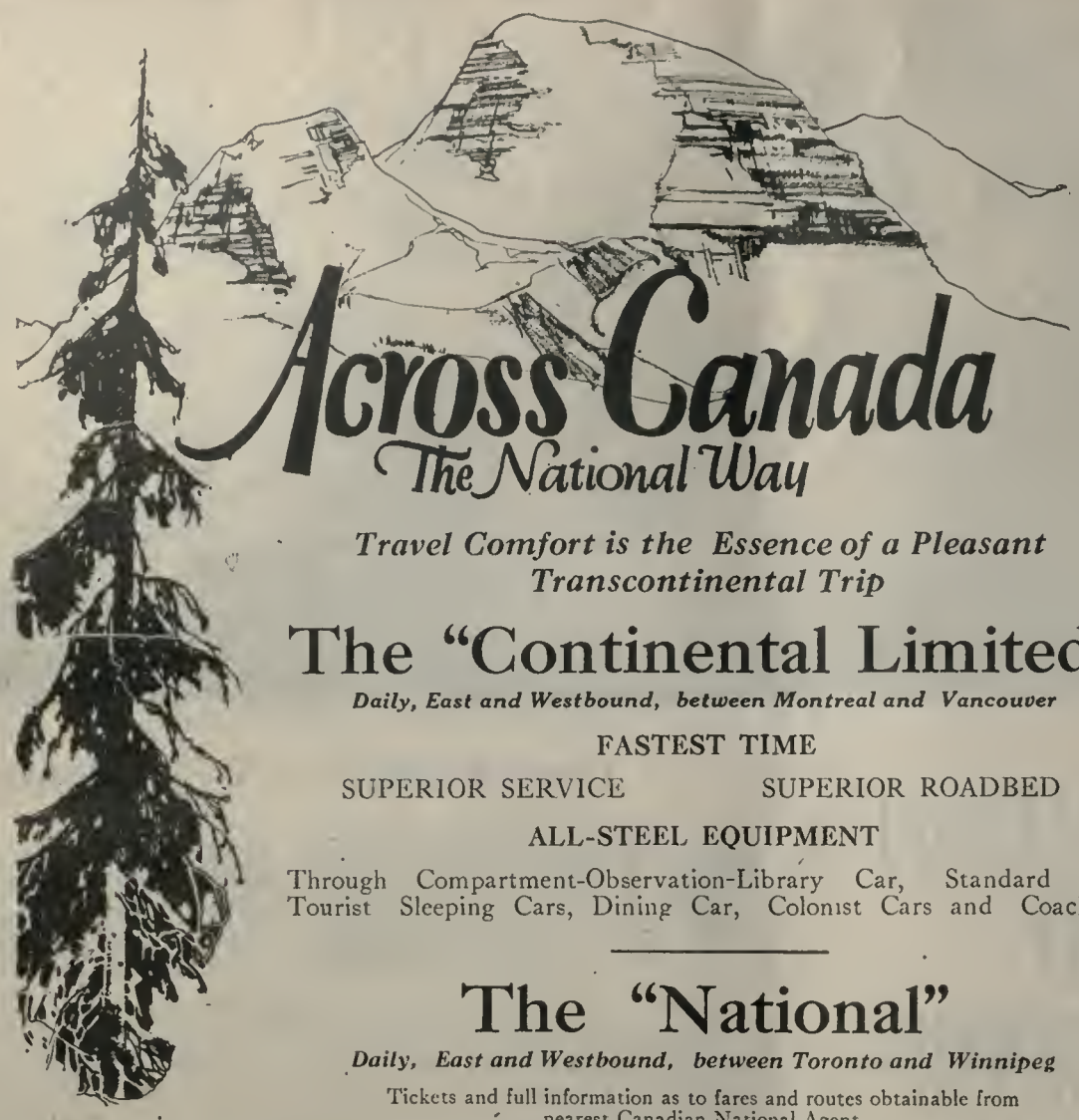
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arrived, so tell me just how you like it all," she said diplomatically.

MISS MERIVALE sat, her head a little on one side, a faint smile on her pointed features.

"It's just as I expected to find it," she answered evasively.

"I have been a little afraid you might have been disappointed. We're so much out of the world compared to the life you led up to a fortnight ago. But I must say," added the matron, "you look better already for the rest."

Miss Merivale would have given anything to say that she felt so much better that she was ready to leave at once, but she only nodded whimsically and remained silent till Miss Daggett regarded her with growing doubt—and began again.

"I hope you don't feel at all held down or cooped up," she said chaotically—and was sorry the minute she said it.

A slow curve rested on Miss Merivale's lips. "But why should you ask me that? Everyone is very kind and the Home is so comfortable."

"Its only because you—you seem so much younger than the rest and of course you *are* younger. There are so many things you can still do that they can't."

"They can dance—and much better than I expected," said the little woman thoughtfully.

Miss Daggett drew a long breath. "My dear," she put in hastily, "that's one thing I meant to speak about. It was charming of you to take so much trouble, but I really don't think they're up to that form of amusement. Couldn't you teach them some sitting down games?"

Miss Merivale shook her head. "I always stood up to play."

"Then you're very fortunate, but you see they can't. We had to carry ten breakfasts upstairs this morning, and Mrs. Pettigrew could hardly sit up to eat. She hasn't been down since the night before last."

The little woman smiled. "I know; I've just seen her; but she isn't angry with me. None of them are."

"If they were I wouldn't be anxious. Your caps and hair-dressing are delightful, but the danger is that your friends here will go just as far as you say."

Miss Merivale made a gesture. "The real trouble is that I'm not old enough yet. I saw it myself before I'd been here a day."

She stood up as though to end the interview, a straight, little figure full of a certain tough agility: "I know you think that too, dear Miss Daggett, but you needn't say so unless you want to. The Home is splendid, and you're just splendid too, and I'm really a little sorry that I'm too young for it, but I'm rather glad as well—and I'm sure you'll understand, and it won't be necessary to explain anything to the others will it, except that I'm called away on very important business."

Miss Daggett was completely bewildered. "You don't mean that you want to go, do you? And what about that money?"

"Yes, I'm going. I'll be back in five—no seven years, and take the money's worth then. I have some more put away that will serve in the meantime."

"But what in the world will you do for seven years?" stammered the matron.

Miss Merivale picked up the edge of her skirt, and made a sweeping courtesy. "Travel," she smiled.

SHE slipped off a day later as mysteriously as she came, and Miss Daggett found it so impossible to explain her going that finally the attempt was abandoned. Susan Duck and Mrs. Jadwin were firmly convinced that it was a case of ignominious dismissal, while Mrs. Bostwell was inclined to the opinion that Miss Merivale's morals had been found questionable. But to the faithful sixteen who, guided by a small white baton, had threaded the mazes of a memorable set of lancers, the memory of her was like that of a brilliant meteor that flashed for an unforgettable moment through the sober skies of evening.

It was on the third day after her departure that Mrs. Pettigrew wandered into the cubicle of Mrs. Phipps, bearing in her hand a lace cap decorated with purple velvet pansies. The occupant of the cubicle was in front of her mirror plastering a mass of thick white hair down on her bony skull. Mrs. Pettigrew gazed at her with silent comprehension.

"I was just wondering what to do with this," she said.

# Real Days of Derring Do

*Continued from page 11*

ed, though the full force did not appear then on the field. A "confab" took place, Beardy and Dumont being very insolent, and endeavoring evidently to get Crozier's men to begin hostilities so that the rebels might wipe them out. But McKay though boldly standing his ground, would not be drawn, and, after a somewhat stormy interview, retired to Carlton, daring the rebels to follow.

In the meantime the commissioner, Col. A. G. Irvine, a careful and conscientious officer, who had succeeded MacLeod in command of the police in 1880, wired from Regina to Ottawa and got orders to take all available men, less than 100 and proceed to Prince Albert as that whole section of country was exposed to the utmost danger.

Irvine made a record march through slush and snow, and outwitted Riel's forces at South Saskatchewan by going through their zone. He and his men arrived at Prince Albert with horses so used up by the spring roads that a day had to be taken to get them in shape to go further. He had received word from Carlton that there was no immediate likelihood of trouble, but he lost no time in pressing on to that point, reaching there in the afternoon of March 26, only to find that Crozier had gone out that day to Duck Lake with his handful of police and civilian volunteers and had just returned after experiencing a reverse.

At that time and later in his formal report, Irvine expressed keen regret that Crozier, knowing the commissioner to be within fifty miles with reinforcements, had not waited. But Crozier had been true to the police record of not counting odds when duty seemed clear. And so when his first small detachment under Thomas McKay had come back the superintendent doubtless felt that unless he acted at once, the rebels would say that the police could be bluffed and would thus be able to call to the cause of the revolt hundreds of half-breeds and Indians who would take courage from the apparent apathy or weakness of the government forces. Besides this it became known later that the volunteers from Prince Albert were anxious to settle with the rebels, as their own homes were menaced by the uprising.

So the Duck Lake fight took place between Crozier, Inspector Howe, nephew of the famous Hon. Joe Howe, with Surgeon Iller and fifty three men of the mounted police aided by forty-one civilian volunteers from Prince Albert, under Captains Moore and Morton, a total of 99 on the one side against Gabriel Dumont, Chief Beardy and a force of nearly four hundred half-breeds and Indians on the other. The rebels first used a flag of truce and under cover of conference partially outflanked the police and volunteers on the one side, while the rest of their forces were well concealed under cover of log buildings and brush. The thing was too unequal, and the loyalists after fighting in the open with the utmost coolness and courage, against a practically hidden enemy, gathered up their nine dead and five wounded and retired in good order to Carlton.

The loss of the rebels who concealed their dead, was not known, but Gabriel Dumont was wounded by a bullet which plowed along his head and felled him to the ground. A few years later Roger Goulet, a famous loyalist French half-breed land-surveyor in Winnipeg, who was on the commission to inquire into the question of half-breed rights said to me, "The Duck Lake fight was worth while; because Gabriel Dumont's wound, which I saw later when he took off his hat to make an affidavit, cooled his ardor to such an extent that he was timid for the rest of the campaign. Otherwise the rebellion might have lasted much longer."

Goulet's theory possibly accounts for the fact that Dumont, whose judgment was for a night attack on Middleton's camp at Fish Creek, gave up the idea rather swiftly when Riel did not seem to see its advisability.

When Colonel Irvine reached Carlton as related and found out how things stood, the immediate thing to settle was as to whether he should hold that post or not. This was not hard to decide. Carlton was simply a Hudson's Bay post without population, while Prince Albert was the largest white community in the whole region. The people there must be protected as a first duty, and it was only fair to the Prince Albert volunteers, who had left their homes and had come so splendidly to the aid of the little body of police, that the latter in turn should not leave those homes exposed to the barbarities of the rebels now intoxicated by a certain success. Accordingly, Fort Carlton was abandoned. It took fire from a hospital mattress and an over-heated stove, just as the police were leaving, and burned to the ground. Irvine and his men, with their wounded, arrived in due course at Prince Albert which they found full of refugees from surrounding homesteads as well as the town. Most of these refugees were huddled in the church there, which they had surrounded with a wall of cord-wood in dread of attack. The women and children were wild with apprehension of possibly falling into the hands of Beardy's tribe. And there was a band of Sioux to the north that it was feared might at any moment assert their traditional love of the warpath.

The Duck Lake fight with its balance in favor of the rebels encouraged Big Bear up near Fort Pitt to rebel and do all the damage he could, starting in with the massacre of nine white men, government agents, etc., on the reserve, and the imprisonment of the rest, including the Hudson's Bay factor and his family, who gave themselves up to the Indians at Fort Pitt. It stirred up the powerful Cree element under Poundmaker at Battleford, where depredations were committed and where the white people, barricaded behind stockades, suffered seige and the imminent danger of famine and attack for many weeks. It sent its echoes down into the south-west part of the territories, where the warlike Blackfeet confederacy had its centre. At each of these points, as at Prince Albert, the few mounted police that were on duty became a tower of strength.

### Ottawa Sends Reinforcements

WHEN the rebellion started with the fight at Duck Lake the government despatched General Middleton from Ottawa to the west. The plan of campaign outlined had three objectives. General Middleton was to attack Riel at Batoche where the rebel headquarters were, Colonel Otter was to march from Swift Current to the relief of Battleford where Poundmaker's band was in arms, and General Strange, a veteran of many years service, was to mobilize at Calgary whatever forces he could muster and go northward into the Big Bear country to relieve the Edmonton district, settle with Big Bear and release the prisoners he had taken at Frog Lake and Fort Pitt, Middleton, a good soldier and a brave man personally, was in the supreme command of all the forces in the field, including the police, and it is not too much to say that he asserted that fact very strongly all through the campaign, partly because of natural disposition and partly because he under-estimated the value of the "raw soldiers" of Canada as he called them in a famous despatch

Hence it was that General Middleton never intimated in any way to Colonel Irvine that he or any of his men should leave Prince Albert and come to the seat of war at Batoche. On the contrary, Majors Bedson and Macdowell who made their way to Prince Albert from Middleton's camp by way of Carrot river told Irvine that the general wished the police to stay where they were and look out for the scattered half-breeds. Then one day when things had quieted around Prince Albert, Irvine made a reconnaisance in force to the south as far as Scott's, some fourteen miles out. He was met by one of Middleton's scouts with a message to return to Prince Albert.

That the above represents General Middleton's general attitude is further attested by the fact that when Riel's stronghold fell and Middleton was on his way by Prince Albert to close the campaign by proceeding against Chiefs Poundmaker and Big Bear, he declined Irvine's offer to escort him with his trained plainsmen who knew the country and the Indians at first-hand. Irvine offered to take his men, carrying their own rations, and go a day ahead of the general, or to go on the







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other side of the river. But he was flatly refused. Yet orders came back to Irvine a few hours later to go to Carlton, which he did, arriving there before Middleton, and sending out scouting parties in search of Big Bear's band that had been scattered by Strange's column. It was not long before one of these police scouting parties had captured Big Bear with some others and landed them in the jail at Prince Albert. And it is rather interesting to recall that it was big Tom Hourie, a police interpreter, accompanied by two police scouts, Armstrong and Diehl, who captured Riel and took him into Middleton's tent at Batoche.

I have gone ahead of the history in mentioning the capture of Big Bear, the pursuit of whom is the record of General Strange's column which as already noted, mobilized at Calgary. In addition to the 65th rifles of Montreal, the Winnipeg light infantry, with whom I served, and some irregular scouts under Majors Hattin and Osborne, we had two mounted police detachments—one from the mountains under Inspector Sam. B. Steele and the other from Fort MacLeod under Inspector A. Bowen Perry, the present able commissioner of the force. Both these officers coming at that time under the command of General Strange in the militia, were given the militia rank of Major. Steele enlisted a number of men, mostly ex-mounted policemen, as scouts; his whole corps, thus augmented being generally called Steele's scouts. Perry, who was selected by Superintendent Cotton on account of special fitness, brought with him a nine-pounder gun, which did unique service in demoralizing and scattering Big Bear's murderous and pillaging band, to whose outrages we have already referred. These two police detachments became the tentacles of our column and the mainspring of its ultimate success.

### How Perry Conquered a Freshet

THE news from the north coming to us at Calgary, indicated that the whole country north of the Red Deer river to Edmonton and beyond was full of rath e surly and hostile Indians, who would rise at any moment if they thought there were any chances of success. Hence General Strange, a thorough-going soldier greatly beloved by all of us, determined to push on to Edmonton with all speed, accompanied by Steele.

We of the Winnipeg light infantry waited a few days till Perry could reach us from MacLeod and then we also started north under his guidance. We forded the Bow river, but when we got to the Red Deer we found it flooded by the spring freshets into what our Adjutant Constantine, who later did such splendid service with the mounted police, called, in warning the men, "a wide swift-flowing and treacherous stream." Strange had crossed before the river rose, but how we were to get over was a problem.

Our chances of getting on to the north looked slim. It was well that Perry, whose service with the royal engineers meant something, was along in command of the column. He decided to throw a rope across with the little skiff which was the only thing in sight and then construct and cross by a swinging raft. The raft was constructed under his direction and his own detachment of police with the gun and ammunition and harness put on board. Of course he went himself as he never asked his men to go anywhere without him.

Things went fairly well till they were near the other side, when the rope, made out of the picketing lines of the horses, broke by binding round the tree from which it was being paid out, and the raft began to go down the raging current. At the risk of their lives, Perry and Constable Diamond, grasping another rope, plunged into the torrent and managed to reach the shore and fasten it to a tree. But the current was too strong and this rope also gave way. The boat went down a mile or so and being caught in an eddy was beached and the stuff on board dragged up a steep cut bank. Then Perry commandeered lumber from a primitive saw-mill down the river and built a ferry on which in a day or two the rest of us crossed.

In the meantime, while we were in the hostile Indian country, Perry had accomplished the difficult task of crossing the 65th regiment in the little skiff, taking a whole dark night to do it. He kept our regiment on the south side till the ferry


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was built. He thus had both sides guarded against any attack.

Once over the river we made a quick march one hundred miles to Edmonton, where General Strange paid a high compliment publicly to Major Perry for the splendid way in which he had overcome obstacles and got our relief column through in such good time. The people of Edmonton gave us a hearty welcome, as their position in the midst of a big Indian country was very serious for a time.

### On the Trail of Big Bear

BIG Bear with the prisoners was now treking away to the north and it was our business to overtake him. The infantry went down the river while the mounted men went by trail near the river bank or our clumsy open flatboats might have come under ambuscaded fire. Forced marching from Fort Victoria by Frog lake to Fort Pitt brought us to the scene of Big Bear's atrocities and we saw from the Sun-dance lodge, the mutilated body of Constable Cowan and the charred remains of the nine white people who had been massacred at Frog Lake reserve. Fort Pitt was burning, but we saved two buildings.

Big Bear and his marauding band in large force had kept up their retreat and vanished; but whether it was on the north side of the river or the south side that they would effect a junction with Poundmaker could only be ascertained by scouting parties. Accordingly, General Strange at this point detailed Major Perry and seventeen men of his detachment to cross the river to the south side and move towards Battleford. It was not an enviable duty, and as the men crossed the river in the darkness and started their ride through a region that was supposed to be infested with hundreds on the warpath, it looked rather like a last patrol. After a hard ride they made Battleford to find that Poundmaker had surrendered, Middleton having just then arrived. Perry reported to Middleton that he was certain Big Bear must be on the north side. He arranged for a steamer to go up with supplies, which we needed very badly, and got on the steamer to return with his men. When part way back, he got word that we were engaged with Big Bear; and so he landed his men and sent the steamer back to Battleford for reinforcements.

After one of the most severe and risky rides of the campaign, Perry and his men rejoined us to find that his gunners, under Sergeant O'Connor, and the 9-pounder had made fine gun practice, and been mainly instrumental in demoralizing the forces of Big Bear, with whom we had been in contact for two hot days. General Strange was much pleased with the way in which Major Perry had carried out the difficult reconnaisance with a handful of men.

Meanwhile after our fight with Big Bear and his flight from Frenchman's Butte where he had a strong and well fortified position, Major Steele with his mounted detachment had made a rush to Loon Lake, where, in a rattling encounter during which Sergeant Fury was severely wounded, he completed the defeat of Big Bear. Two days or so afterwards, our scouts crossed Cold Lake in birch canoes and secured the release of the remaining prisoners of Big Bear, the others having come into our lines after the fight at French man's Butte, where, Constable McRae though wounded, refused to leave the field till he had exhausted his ammunition.

Preceding the surrender of Poundmaker, at Battleford, the fight at Cut Knife Hill occurred. Colonel Otter had made a swift march from Swift Current to Battleford and relieved the beleaguered garrison and civilians there. With Otter came Superintendents W. M. Herchmer and Neale with a few mounted police. And when Otter decided to go out and attack Poundmaker, these with the few who had been at Battleford and those who had come from Fort Pitt under Inspector Dickens, made up seventy five police who set out on that errand with Otter and some two hundred of his infantry and artillery.

Just why Otter went out has never been very clear except that he possibly wished to punish the band of Indians and prevent a possible junction of Poundmaker and Big Bear. Anyway, the police were under his command and they went in obedience to orders, as was their fashion. And the police, being the advance guard to Cut-Knife and both the advance and rear guard on the return as well as in the hottest part of the fight for seven hours, where they behaved with great gallantry, lost heavily in killed and wounded in proportion to their numbers. It is not any reflection on the gallantry of the other corps who were totally unused to Indian warfare, to say that it was the masterly tactics of the police which extricated the column from the ravine after Colonel Otter saw that it was not advisable to continue the conflict against the large force of Indians who had every advantage in position.

A few days after this, Poundmaker, who was a splendid-looking Indian, and who had given the order to cease fire, when Otter was retiring, came in and surrendered to General Middleton. It was still a few days before Big Bear was captured as already related, and the rebellion was practically over.

### The Stampede to Yukon

WHEN in 1894 the first rumors of a probable rush into the Yukon gold region came to the outside, the Dominion government felt that to prevent lawlessness, as well as to protect the interests of Canada in respect to the area within her boundary, the famous corps, that had policed all the western frontiers shou'd be represented immediately in the gold regions of the far north. It was vitally important that a man should be sent in as officer commanding who would be specially fitted for such an unprecedented and extraordinary task. That man was found in the person of Inspector Charles Constantine, and he took with him as his picked men. Inspector D. A. E. Strickland, Assistant Surgeon A. E. Wells, Staff-Sergt. Brown and twenty non-commissioned officers and constables. They left for their distant field of action in the month of June.

It was in the hot weather that Strickland and his picked men went up the Yukon. They encountered that extreme enervating heat of the far north in midsummer, not to mention those terrible pests known as the black fly and the deer fly. They had much work ahead of them. They cut down trees. trimmed them into dove-tailed logs and floated them by water to the site of Fort Constantine. They rushed up the building before the extremely cold weather set in. The men who stayed with Constantine cleared the ground of moss and brush with great effort. The muskey moss there varied from one to three feet in depth. Below it was ice, so that the report says the men worked most of the time up to their knees in water.

There was a time when it was generally believed that most of the gold-bearing creeks in the Yukon were on the United States side of the line, but a survey made under direction of the police revealed the opposite to be the case and Constantine notified the miners on Miller, Glacier and other creeks that they were on Canadian territory, subject to British law and amenable to the regulations governing mining fees. Constantine's modesty and determination are illustrated in one quiet paragraph in which he says—"A few miners denied Canada's jurisdiction and right to collect fees on the ground that there was a possibility of error in the survey. However, I went up to Miller and Glacier Creeks and all dues were paid without any trouble except that of a hard trip; but, as all trips in this Country are of that nature, it was part of the bargain. On Glacier Creek, a number of miners undertook to run matters in accordance with their own ideas of justice and set themselves up as the law of the land. The trouble ended, however, by the Canadian law being carried out."

Constantine was clearly serving notice on all and sundry that the mounted police were on hand to live up to their reputation of seeing justice done and playing no favorites.

Then he speaks in 1896 of new discoveries which began to cause the mad rush from all parts of the world as the news percolated through to the outside: "In August of this year a rich discovery of coarse gravel was made by one George Carmack on Bonanza Creek, a tributary to the Klondike. His prospect showed $3.00 to the pan." Not bad picking for George, who became wealthy. But George's shovel and pick and pan, clattering as he worked, awakened echoes at far distances and the wild stampede of all kinds of people, prominently the adventurous and the get-rich-quick class, began with a vengeance.

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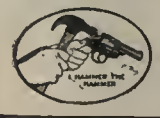
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# The Usurper

*Continued from page 14*

from home. At dusk she returned with more food, and immediately departed.

Days and nights followed in which the kittens, fast growing into sturdy, rough-playing youngsters, saw but little of the mother. This did not bother them, so long as their daily sustenance was provided. As spring gave way to summer and a canopy of rustling green grew up between the golden light above and the flower-starred floor of the forest, they took to basking on the warm rock entrance of their home. listening there, with all their inquisitive cat-natures alive, to the calling voices of furred and feathered wood-denizens.

One day as they lay sprawled in the sun. they saw their mother emerge from the spruce thicket on the shore of the lake. Eagerly they bounded up and away to meet her, as lately they had been allowed to do. But suddenly they paused, all the animosity of their kind for a stranger in their bearing. Out from the thicket, behind their mother, had stalked a ferocious-looking strange lynx.

Pivoting quickly, spitting and snarling in real terror, the kittens scooted for the shelter of the den. Reaching the opening, they literally hurled themselves into the fissure and lay growling, hearts beating wildly. All the rest of that day they huddled low, side by side, fearful of what might happen. However, their fears were groundless. In the early night the mother returned with food, as had become her custom, tarrying only long enough to inspect her young—who now attended to their own toilet—and with sure eyes note if any part of them had been slighted. Woe betide them. if she found that it had. It meant a cuff on tufted, sensitive ear, perhaps more.

There came a night of soft moon.

It may have been an extra sense which told the mother lynx that the time had come when she could no longer hope to curb that growing desire which had gripped her young to creep the dim aisles and seek for themselves that which tempted them. On this white night she led them forth to give them the first of the many lessons they had yet to learn.

As they passed from the spruce grove into the valley pines, the kittens close behind their mother, the big lynx which had so frightened them on that morning when they had seen him with their mother, came out of the shadows and stood before them. His pale, cold eyes rested on the kittens indifferently. Oddly, their fear of him was gone; they sensed in him protection and mastery.

The mother lynx threw herself on her back and gave a low "purrit." The kittens sprang upon her and the three played in a splash of moonlight while the father lynx looked on amazed. One of the kittens, detaching himself from the mother, moved toward him; but the big lynx backed away, hissing.

After the kitten had rejoined mother and brother, he came forward and stood close beside his family. He half raised a heavy paw as though to join in the fun, then changing his mind, apparently, lowered it and sat down on his haunches. When at last the game was over, he reached down and gingerly sniffed of the kittens. Then he gave a command, and the four passed on into the forest.

During the many splendid night hunts which followed this, their first, the kittens came to know and understand the big tom-lynx better. They copied his methods, learning that strict obedience to his orders meant food, while the slightest disobedience meant severe chastisement. To them, in time, he became the most wonderful thing in the world—not excepting their mother. The latter was sometimes freakish, taciturn, cruel. Often the father's interference saved the wilful young from scratch or cutting fang; there were times even when he threatened his wife; just exactly what he threatened her with they were never able to learn, for although he often scolded, he never so much as touched the mate of his choice.

Sometimes, too, he allowed them to pounce upon him in play and interfere with his after-dinner nap, although he refused sternly to be drawn into their games. At other times he led them to patches of spicy catnip, in which they would roll until intoxicated and scarcely able to stagger along.

There were nights, as the summer grew late, when the big tom's strength and fighting prowess stood the kittens in good stead. They learned that all animals have their enemies— and that the larger and stronger did not hesitate to attack the smaller and weaker. But every day they were growing in size, strength and wisdom. If they continued to imbibe the lore of their teacher, they would some day be able to take care of themselves.

Summer passed and autumn stole upon the pine forest. A great hush gripped the solitude and held it motionless. Up the step-like heights reaching to the hardwoods eastward, the tom-lynx led his family, and one dawn the young looked upon a strange, new world, a world canopied by soft colors of ochre, gold and crimson, and steeped in a shimmering haze of sun-mist.

The days shortened, darkened. Low-hanging clouds sifted snow. The coats of the young lynxes had lost their soft stripes and were grey now like those of the parents. As winter deepened, the father and mother left the young more to their own devices. Now when the four hunted together, it was after big game only.

One night when the snow lay deep, and the lakes were dead in the clutch of ice, the big tom-lynx led his mate from the hardwood hunting ground, back to the spicy gloom of the valley pines. He had done his part. He had trained and disciplined his young, protected them as long as they needed protection, and had led them to the upland range wrested by himself from inferior ones of his breed. This range was theirs if they could hold it. He and his mate would hold to the pines. She would leave him later, he knew; but he would find her again. Meanwhile, the whitened aisles of his domain were his. And the trails of the tangle were calling, calling.

IT WAS nearing the end of a fruitful winter season that Jim Hawley, the older of the two upland trappers, returning at dusk from making his line of traps, found unmistakable evidence that the big tom-lynx had come back once more to the forbidden world. Deeply imprinted in the soft snow were the animal's tracks. They led from the forest across the stumpy open to the forks of a stream. Here, the trapper found the mangled carcass of a fisher. The animal had been torn from the trap which held it prisoner and its beautiful fur destroyed by the slashing claws of the Usurper and cast to the four winds as though in challenge to his enemies.

That night while he and the Frenchman, LeBuc, ate their supper, he was silent and thoughtful. The younger trapper was happy. It had been a splendid season, so far; the finest catch they had ever made. And spring was opening auspiciously. There would be an excellent harvest of muskrat and mink. Besides, had they not received word but yesterday that the Struthers Hunting Club would pay fifty dollars each for the four Beagle puppies now being tenderly suckled by the little mother in the buttonwood gum.

So LeBuc sang happily, as he cleared the supper table and placed juicy meat-scraps in the earthen bowl for little Bess.

While he was out feeding the dog, Hawley unscrewed the fore sight from his Winchester and replaced it with one of ivory.

LeBuc returning, found him just completing his task. "Sacre," he exclaimed, "You go for shoot by moonlight, yes?"

Hawley smiled grimly. "That ol' he Lucifee is on the war-path again," he informed his partner. "This time he's not goin' to get away."

"Ba Gosh! What you tink of dat, now?" the Frenchman cried. "Two tam already, you burn dat lynx wit bullet, an' still he come back some more. He one beeg devil, fer sure."

"He's a cat, Joe. That's why he ain't forgettin', I reckon," said Hawley. "A bear or a wolf would stay away. But a lynx....." He shrugged and proceeded to fill the magazine of his rifle with soft-nosed cartridges.

"This time it ain't goin' to be any clean drill, either. I've got to mushroom that ol' boy. An ordinary soft-nose don't seem to stop him any, at all."

LeBuc nodded. "You tink he come pretty soon, eh?"

"He's waitin', Joe," Hawley returned. "It may be tonight, and it may not. One thing's sure, though: he'll come."

"I guess we take Bess an' de pup in here, eh, Jim?"

"No. If we did that, he wouldn't come, likely. And I want to have it out once and for all with that killer. If we don't get him, he'll be raisin' hell with our catches, just like he did with that fisher. I have an idea this full moon will bring him. You go to bed an' I'll watch first part of the night."

EVEN as he spoke, from the button-wood kennel came the startled cry of the mother beagle.

Hawley leaped to his feet.

"That's him now, Joe. Get your rifle quick!" he cried.

He leaped outside, pumping a cartridge into the firing chamber of his rifle as he ran.

At the mouth of the kennel he saw a writhing mass; heard the shrill snarls of the big lynx mingling with the hoarser ones of the mother beagle, who was fighting gamely for the lives of her puppies.

The trapper dared not risk a shot for fear of hitting the dog or puppies. He did the only thing left to do. Clubbing his rifle, he charged straight for attacker and attacked.

As he struck with all his strength at that round swiftly darting head, with its tufted ears, the Lynx wheeled and leaped straight for him. It is doubtful if the big cat realized that the thing which had come upon him was human. Perhaps it sensed only that in the man was a menace to be met by craft and fighting-tactics.

Luckily, Hawley's foot slipped on the snow and he stumbled just as the animal launched itself toward him. As it was the trapper did not wholly escape the stroke of those killing claws. Along his right shoulder he felt a burning pain. As he stood up groggily, he heard the spitting stutter of LeBuc's rifle, saw the Usurper leaping across the snow-clad upland toward the sumachs of the dry creek-bed. LeBuc was shooting wild.

A full moon was rising above the shaggy border of the lowland. Hawley lifted his rifle, lowering it until the ivory bead caught the crotch of the back sight and held to the centre of that luminous disc. The big lynx would have to pass that point in order to make cover. It was a long shot, two hundred and fifty yards. Perhaps, with luck....

A dark blot touched the moon. Hawley's heavy rifle spat flame shattering the stillness with its whining roar.

From the edge of the sumachs came a snarl which died in a smothered wail.

The Frenchman's voice came to Hawley as from a long distance. "Got heem, by gar."

Hawley sat down weakly on the edge of the kennel. He could feel the blood trickling from the wound in his shoulder. He laid a hand on the torn, uplifted head of the little hound. She whimpered and lowering her muzzle, tenderly licked the faces of two dead, mangled puppies.

The trapper lifted the two who had escaped and tucking the little mother beneath his arm, staggered up to the cabin.

He was bathing the beagle's wounds when LeBuc opened the door.

He raised his eyes questionally.

LeBuc nodded. "Right froo de head Jim," he said. "Ba Gosh she was wan fine shot."

"You didn't bring him in, Joe?"

The Frenchman shook his head and pointed to the little dog, who was watching them with pensive eyes.

Hawley laughed. "You thought Bess would sorter like to find that old cat herself, eh? Well, I guess you was right. Wanter go get him, girl?" he asked, turning to the hound.

She whined and ran to the door.

Hawley opened it, and she sprang outside eagerly.

Standing in the doorway, they watched her lope the snowy highlands to the edge of the sumachs, heard her give the long mellow note of victory as she found the thing she sought.

"By gar!" cried LeBuc. "Dat leetle Bess tink she did et all, Jim."

Hawley smiled. "That's what we want her to think, eh, Joe?"

The Frenchman nodded. "Sure. Didn't she lose two baby? She can tink whatever she dam' lak, dat leetle dog."





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IN planning your Christmas dinner this year why not try the ever welcome Plum pudding made in the new, up-to-date way? It is so delicious and dainty and makes such a perfect ending to the usual hearty Christmas dinner. It may be made the day before and no more attention given to it until serving time. I am giving the recipe here and if you try it I am sure every member of your family will feel like extending me a vote of thanks for telling you about it.

Then, too, it would not be a real Christmas unless you had some good, pure, wholesome, inexpensive, home-made candy—the kind you can make with Knox Sparkling Gelatine. This may be served with your dinner or put up attractively in boxes for gifts. I can give only one recipe here but others will be found in my booklets and special candy recipe slip.



### KNOX PLUM PUDDING

1 Envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¾ cup cold water. ½ cup dates
1 cup sugar ¼ cup sliced citron
½ teaspoonful vanilla ¼ cup chopped nuts
2 tablespoons lemon juice ½ cup currants
1 cup seeded raisins ½ cup figs
1 cup milk Pinch of salt
1 cup coffee

Soften gelatine in cold water ten minutes. Cover raisins and other fruit with 1½ cups water and cook until thick, then add the lemon juice. Put milk in double boiler, add melted chocolate and when scalding point is reached add softened gelatine and sugar and stir until dissolved. Add coffee and salt, remove from fire and when mixture thickens add vanilla, cooked fruit and nut meats. Turn into large or individual molds first dipped in cold water, and chill. Serve with whipped cream or any plum pudding sauce, and decorate with holly.

### ST. NICHOLAS CANDY

2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1½ cups boiling water 1 cup cold water
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Add boiling water. When dissolved add sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon. To the other part add one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors such as lemon, orange, peppermint, wintergreen, etc., and different colors, adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

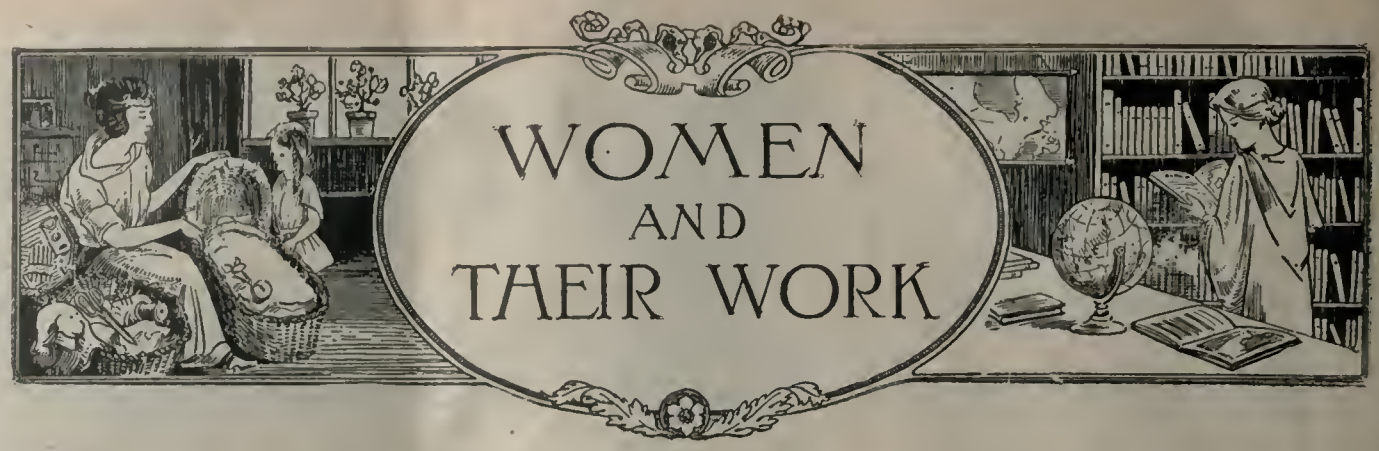
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# Age and Occupation Determin Food Needs

By WILLIAM FLEMING FRENCH

*Article VIII in Our Food Series*

"WHAT should Henry eat?" is a query not at all unlike "How old is Ann?" In both instances the answer depends, largely, upon that particular individual's age. The Henry of three, for example, should thrive on a diet vastly different from that required by the Henry of thirty-three.

Also it depends upon what Henry does—for the man that spends a quiet day at a desk needs considerably less food than the man engaged in heavy manual labor.

Henry's size and weight have a good deal to do with what should be put before Henry at meal times.

All these factors should be taken into consideration in planning and preparing Henry's meals and in order to do this intelligently a knowledge of foods and their values is necessary.

In view of this it is not unreasonable to say that there are few housewives in all Canada who have not, at one time or another been puzzled by the problem of what to prepare for the family's dinner—whether that family be large or small.

Naturally, the larger the family the greater the problem—and so it is not strange that some of our readers should wish to have appear in these columns, as soon as humanly possible, a correct diet list and full information for adults or children of certain definite ages.

"What should I feed my boy of four?" "Please prepare a diet list that I can use for my girl just entering high school"; "My husband is underweight, what foods should I give him?" "How much food should a boy of eighteen, doing outside physical work have per day?" and a score of other such questions asked us by readers in all parts of the Dominion are answered by the lists and table that follow.

The first fact every mother must realize is that the child's nutritional requirements are decidedly different from those of the adult. Here, surely, is a clear illustration of the truth of the old adage: "One man's food is another man's poison."; for foods that nourish the adult will raise havoc in the stomach of the child. Children need a different type and kind of nourishment than does the adult as their requirements for certain nutritive elements are many times greater than those of their elders. A meal that is perfectly balanced for the grownup can be lacking in many of the things the child needs most vitally.

No; it is not safe to reason that the child needs the same food as the adult—only less of it. The adult can thrive on the child's food but the child cannot obtain sufficient nourishment from the foods commonly consumed by grown-ups.

### Children Require Special Foods

CHILDREN must have their own foods, prepared and cooked especially for them. Children require definite kinds of foods, served at definite periods in definite amounts. How much food a child should receive depends not only upon his age and size, but upon his environment, activities and physical condition as well.

Because of the exacting food requirements of the small child a certain period of his life has been called the "dangerous age." The "dangerous age" is the age at which the foundation is laid for healthy manhood and womanhood—or for dragging years of ill-health and failure, of misery and complaint. Do you know that there is such an age?

And did you know that within the narrow span of its few years are crowded your children's chances for health and happiness?

Such is the case!

"Let me superintend the feeding of a child during the seven years of early childhood," claims a famous nutrition expert, "and the future years will take care of themselves."

This is another way of saying that the nutritional habits formed during the years of from four to ten are the ones that build or destroy the constitution of the child. Experience, resulting from the study of thousands of children proves that the child who has reached the age of ten years with good food habits has developed a power of resistance capable of conquering almost any trouble or disease that might assail him. And, which is equally important, his appetite has been attuned to the foods that are good for him, thus leaving him less susceptible to the lure of the indigestible and unnourishing.

Consequently it is generally believed, and with sufficient reason, too, that the child that is properly nourished during the "dangerous age" has slight chances of becoming mal-nourished in later years. This does not mean that the child who has safely passed the ten-year mark cannot jump the nutritional track and store up a lot of future trouble through his stomach, but that the temptation to eat undesirable foods is reduced to a minimum and the ability to utilize such foods increased.

Therefore the best insurance against mal-nutrition and guarantee of good, sound bodies and bright minds for your children is found in the formation of sensible habits during the "dangerous age;" during the years of from four to ten.

### Simplest Foods Usually Best

SURELY, with the marvelous food resources of Canada, it should not be difficult for the housewife in even the most remote district to select the right foods for her children. Remember, always, that the simplest foods are generally the best, and that the good, old fashioned plain foods of our own childhood are as valuable today as they were then.

For children of from four to six the diet should be simple; consisting of milk, cereals, well-baked bread, dry rather than soggy, soups and stews, easily digested vegetables including tomatoes, with baked and mashed potatoes given preference, egg and the white meat of chicken, plenty of fresh and stewed fruits and custard and gelatine puddings.

The table that follows shows us that the child of this age should receive approximately fifteen hundred calories of food value per day. Knowing the kinds of food to be fed and the amount required simplifies the problem of menu making for children. Consider the following, prepared for children of five years.

| Breakfast | Calories |
|---|---|
| Oatmeal with milk and one teaspoon sugar | 150 |
| 1 glass of milk | 150 |
| Total 300 calories | |
| 10.30 a.m. 1 slice whole wheat bread, buttered | 125 |
| **Dinner** | |
| Beef broth with vermicelli, spaghetti or macaroni, 1 cup | 225 |
| Minced broiled tenderloin steak, 2 oz | 150 |
| Butter baked potato, small | 125 |
| 1 glass whole milk | 150 |
| Total 650 calories | |
| **Supper** | |
| Bread and milk, one small bowl | 150 |
| Apple sauce, two tablespoons | 100 |
| Cookies, 1 small | 75 |
| Total 325 calories | |
| Total for entire day | 400 calories |

The above is a maximum for a healthy child of five and should be reduced according to the child's age, size, activity and general health. For the child of four, for instance, 1250 calories prove sufficient unless he is undernourished, and needs an extra quantity of nourishment. However, the child's appetite is an excellent barometer to tell how much he should be fed,—if he is in normal physical condition.

In a following issue *MacLean's* will run a table showing how much of each food is required to fournish 100 calories of food value, and by referring to this table any housewife can determine the correct amont of fo d to be served any member of her family.

It will be observed from the schedule of food requirements contained in this article that we have given the food requirements of all the family both by age and by weight.

Food requirements of the human body, measured by calories, according to age. The term "day" means a 24-hour period.

| | Years inclusive | Calories |
|---|---|---|
| Children | 1-2 | 1000-1200 |
| Children | 2-5 | 1200-1500 |
| Children | 6-9 | 1400-2000 |
| Girls | 10-13 | 1800-2400 |
| Boys | 10-13 | 2300-3000 |
| Girls | 14-17 | 2200-2600 |
| Boys | 14-17 | 2800-4000 |

After the age of seventeen is reached the quantity of f od value required depends largely upon the occupation. We find that approximately 2500 calories a day is sufficient for a man whose duties hold him at a desk all day long, whereas moderately active work, such as carpentry or painting requires about 3300 calories. Physical labor, such as performed by the farmhand consumed enough energy and fuel to demand a supply of about four thousand calories per day. Heavy outdoor labor, such as that done by the lumberman, draws heaviest of all upon the food, requiring no less than 5000 calories of food value per day.

ACCURATE and painstaking tests have shown just how we use up our supply of body fuel. A carpenter, weighing approximately 155 pounds, expended his stored energy as follows.

| | |
|---|---|
| 8 hours sleep at 65 calories per hour | 520 |
| 2 hours light exercise at 170 calories | 340 |
| 8 hours carpenter work at 240 calories | 1920 |
| 6 hours sitting at rest at 100 calories | 600 |
| Total Food requirement for the day | 3380 |

It will be noticed that the food require-

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# Instant Beauty for Everyone Says That Famous Actress Viola Dana Who Tells What To Do

## JUST MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST




New York—"I am often asked how I keep my complexion so fresh looking," says Miss Viola Dana, the Screen Classic Star, in a recent interview. "It's a simple process for anyone to have a smooth, velvety, rosy-white complexion and unwrinkled skin if they will devote just a little time in caring for it. Cleanliness is absolutely neccssary in developing a clear healthy skin. For this purpose use a good cleansing cream (Liska Cold Cream I have found to be the best), follow this by bathing the face with warm water, then rinse with cold water, dry thoroughly and apply Derwillo, a simple toilet preparation which can be obtained at any up-to-date drug or department store." This marvellous preparation instantly beautifies the complexion and its continued use makes the results permanent. You can form no idea what a wonderful effect it has upon the skin until you try it. Here is the best way to test it. Put it on one side of your face, then look in your mirror and note the surprising change. You will need no further argument to convince you that there is nothing like it for beautifying purposes. The instant results it gives is the reason for its popularity with actresses and those who realize the value of a rosy-white, smooth, clean complexion. It takes but little of your time compared to the splendid results it gives, and the fact that it is used and endorsed by leading beauty specialists speaks volumes for its efficacy. Derwillo is especially recommended for dark, sallow skin, tan, shiny nose, blackheads, coarse pores, freckles and numerous other facial blemishes. Many use it in preference to face powders or all other beautifiers as it is more life-like in appearance. Perspiration does not affect it, therefore it stays on better, does not rub off on clothing and its use cannot be detected. It is guaranteed absolutely harmless on the most delicate skin and will not stimulate or produce a growth of hair. Now that short sleeves are in vogue you will want beautiful hands and arms; there is nothing like Derwillo for this purpose. Over five hundred thousand girls and women are using it and they are just as enthusiastic over it as Miss Dana. It is rapidly becoming a regular fad and if you wish to have a complexion which will attract favorable comment everywhere, just give Derwillo a trial and you are sure to be delighted with it. Do not accept substitutes, then you will not be disappointed, as there is nothing "just as good," "better," or "just like it."

NOTE—Here is a fair, honest proposition by druggists and department stores everywhere. Get a bottle of Derwillo from any toilet counter, give it a trial for a few days and if you don't like it bring it back and get your money. Could anything be fairer? It is sold in your city by all up-to-date druggists and department stores.

ments of children are proportionately much greater than those of the adult, and that the younger the children the greater their food requirements. This is shown plainly by the schedule below, which shows the food requirements per pound of body weight.

| | Calories per pound |
|---|---|
| Under 1 year of age | 45 |
| 1-2 years | 45-40 |
| 2-5 years | 40-36 |
| 6-9 | 36-32 |
| 10-13 | 34-27 |
| 14-17 | 30-22 |
| 18-25 | 25-18 |

It will be noticed that the child of one year requires twice as much food per body pound as does the youth of seventeen and that the child of ten requires twice as much as the adult of twenty-five.

This is due to two factors—first the intense activity of the child and, second, the need of building material with which to grow. The adult has reached his full growth and therefore needs only such food as will keep him supplied with energy and heat and furnish the materials for keeping his tissues and blood in healthy condition. He does not need to continue building extra bone, tissue, muscle and all the other parts of the body that respond to growth. And because he does not need the building materials required by the growing child his diet need not be so wealthy in them.

All children are active—but not all adults are active. The nervous and physical energy expended by a boy of twelve is perhaps ten times as great as that spent by the office worker. Nature makes children play vigorously in order to burn up through the expenditure of energy the foods from which she draws the building material for the building of their bodies.

The man of forty, the officer worker, for example, is not growing and does not need to burn up so much food. Consequently he does not have as much waste to eliminate and therefore does not require so much work on the part of his blood.

Just enough nourishment to keep the boilers going and to keep his tissues in repair is all he requires. As a result he can do nicely on as little as fifteen calories per pound per day—or on one fifth the nutritional requirement of the year old child.

Without going into scientific details I want to point out that the children need foods rich in mineral salts, especially foods rich in calcium. Calcium is the chemical element that gives rigidity, strength and permanence to the bones. There must be a generous supply of calcium in the diet of the growing child. That is why milk, the food intended by nature for the young is so rich in this quality. Fresh vegetables and fruits are also rich in this element and are accordingly listed in the child's diet.

In the article on the Balanced Ration appearing in our September 15th issue, you will find a list of the foods to be fed children of various ages, together with sample menus and diet charts. These give also the amount of calories of each food to be fed.

AND it might be well to remind you here that while we measure the quantity of foods to be fed by calories we must bear in mind that the calorie is a unit of measurement only and that it can measure only the energy and heat producing qualities of a food. For example, one ounce of food may contain 200 calories of fuel value while one ounce of another food contains only 100 calories—and still the ounce of the second food might be much richer in real food value. To illustrate, an ounce of pure olive oil contains 250 calories of heat whereas an ounce of boiled whole wheat contains only 105 calories, but olive oil contains nothing but fat and would be disastrous as the backbone of a diet, whereas the wheat contains thirteen per cent. protein, two per cent. fat and approximately seventy-five per cent. carbohydrates, with enough mineral salts to safeguard the child's health.

Sufficient caloric value is not enough—the food must be balanced. It is for that reason that orange juice, tomatoes, spinach and other foods of practically no caloric value are essential to a well balanced diet.

The foods that the adult can eat are, of course, legion. Only he must bear in mind that it is as essential for him to have enough mineral salt as it is for the child—and that he can no more exist without the aid of vitamines than he can without air or water.

His digestive organs are stronger than the child's and they can stand more abuse—but irregular hours of eating, excess fats, excess sugars and starches or excess proteins can undermine his health and break down his powers of resistance.

Fried foods should never be given children as they retard digestion, and they are not especially helpful to the adult either, but they are not harmful to him and can be digested. Broiled foods should be given the preference, however.

The adult can safely take rich pastries and pies—not because they are especially agreeable to his digestive organs but because he will not let them prevent him from eating plain, healthy foods. The child that is given rich pastries, pies and sweets eats them to the exclusion of other foods. Besides, the child's stomach is not equipped to handle them.

The adult can safely take coffee—not because it is good for him, but because when used with moderation the fully developed system can throw off its effects.

The adult, as a rule, seldom drinks milk—but he partakes of this wonder food in other forms, knowingly and unknowingly. He consumes it as cheese, as ice cream, in custards, in cream soups, as whipped cream and in a myriad of other ways—and it is well he does, for that, together with fresh fruit and fresh vegetables, furnishes the qualities that combat the poisons he takes into his system with the excess of other foods that he eats.

So, actually, the problem of what to serve the adult is more a question of quantity, provided we keep always in mind that fresh vegetables, fresh fruits and milk in some form should be in his diet every day.

# THE LITTLE UKRAINE IN THE CANADIAN WEST

## What Canada Is Doing to Assimilate Its Citizens From Across the Sea

By CHARLOTTE GORDON

IN ALBERTA there are about 330 one-roomed Ukrainian schools and twenty-five two-roomed schools, and of the teachers employed as instructors there are about forty who are Ukrainians; the balance are out and out Canadians.

This great work of Canadianization is in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. W. Scouten, and under their training the people are realising their common citizenship for their children are Canadians brought up in Canadian schools, trained by Canadian teachers with the Canadian ideals and viewpoint.

The Ukrainian territory extends from Radway Centre in the north to Lamonte in the south and to Smoky Lake in the east, and has a population of about 50,000 Ukrainians. This homestead is not more than thirteen years old and the land has all been homesteaded by industrious farmers who usually have about thirty-five acres of land cleared, with an average of six or seven horses and twenty head of cattle. Nearly every farmer has his second house of plastered log with shingled roof and cosy verandah—quite Canadian in appearance, except for the painting. The common color used for painting their houses is a vivid blue and this gives a decided foreign touch to the settlement.

Mr. and Mrs. Scouten have charge of the school at Martin's Centre, five miles from Radway Centre, and their school accommodates about fifty-five pupils, all of whom are Ukrainians. The people in this community are Greek Catholics and have a good church and school-room at Martin's Centre. The women keep to their native dress of voluminous skirts

aprons and head shawls. All girls more than fourteen years old wear hats. The boys and men are thoroughly Canadian in their attire.

The Ukrainians have no hospitals or special means of taking care of the sick, and the Lamonte Hospital serves the district and is greatly appreciated by them. Mrs. Scouten tells of one Ukrainian who paid $700 for an operation for his wife. Asked how he paid it, he stated: "I give paper to Bank, they give me money"; which meant that he mortgaged his farm.

### Want Canadianized Wives

The Ukrainians are very anxious to have their boys and girls educated. The young men realize that the girls must have a chance and want Canadianized girls for their wives—but, sadly enough it must be admitted—the older men are not interested in advantages for their daughters.

Mrs. Scouten tells many interesting stories of her efforts to educate these new Canadians—not only in book lore but in various elements of potential citizenship. On the 24th of May she taught them to "hip, hip, hooray!" and to sing "Oh, Canada", "The Maple Leaf" and "God Save the King". Even the tiny tots who know only Ukrainian try to sing our national airs and all the work is correlated—the songs provide suggestions for the teaching of English, for writing, for patriotic talks, for discussion. The song that gave the greatest pleasure to the young foreigners was: "There Were Three Crows Sat on a Tree. Caw, caw, caw". As there are many crows in the district and the children know them well there is a true appreciation of this song. Mrs. Scouten declares it is both interesting and amusing to hear them lustily singing "Caw, caw, caw."

Teaching the game of "Pussy Wants a Corner" was also very entertaining. "Pussy" was a new word, but when Mrs. Scouten said "Mew", they at once understood and fairly shouted "keet, keet" meaning "cat".

They greatly appreciate every-day action and the game, "The Mulberry Bush," which includes an imitation of sowing the grain, milking the cow, washing the clothes etc., was something they readily understood. Mrs. Scouten is teaching them all Canadian games and they are merry-hearted children, just as full of fun after they get used to it as Canadian children of their own age.

Their eagerness to become Canadianized is almost pathetic. The scholars of this school were nearly all born in Canada and after Mrs. Scouten taught them the word "Canadian" they would say: "No Ukrainian, but *Canadian*", and would shout "Canadian" Rah! for Mrs. Schooler.

They call Mr. Scouten "Professor", the German word being common in Europe; while Mrs. Scouten is known as "Mrs. Schooler." When Mr. and Mrs. Scouten arrived at the school first, the children had on the board "John Roberts, Schooler"—the name of the former teacher was John Roberts and the connection followed.

The library has been a great source of interest. The difficulty is not to induce the children to read but to procure enough books to keep them supplied with good reading matter.

A steady campaign for providing Canadian schools with Canadian atmosphere in non-English settlements is showing good results. In attendance at the University at Alberta there were last year thirty Ukrainians and six others had recently graduated.

F. S. Carr, Supervisor of Schools among the new Canadians, says that many of his teachers prefer to instruct among the "new Canadians" because of the fine results shown by the scholars. Thus the work is being promoted along the best lines and a strong factor is the universal language—the language of the human heart which soon leads to mutual understanding.



**Ukrainian boys and girls in Western Canada. Their eagerness to become Canadian is almost pathetic. That they are achieving their object is evidenced by the fact that there were 30 of these boys at the University of Alberta last year.**





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G. J. DESBARATS,
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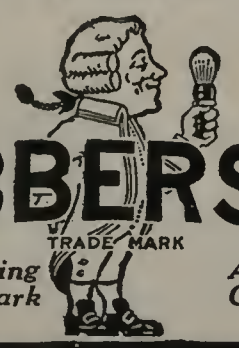
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## Maybe Adam Laughed at These



A Regular Customer—"I think I'll have some fish."

"Pardon, Monsieur, the fish is not well to-day."—*Life.*

---

Appropriate—Tenderfoot— "Why is your little brother named Bill?"

First Class Scout—"Because he was born on the first of the month."—*Tit Bits.*

---

Botany for Beginners—"This plant," said the caretaker, whose hobby was botany, "belongs to the begonia family."

"I see," said the lady who was looking over the flat. "How kind of you to look after it when they're away."—*The Sunday Express.*

---

The Imitator—The Boss—"What do you mean by such language? Are you the manager here or am I?"

Jones—"I know I'm not the manager."

The Boss—"Very well, then if you're not the manager, why do you talk like a blamed idiot?"—*The Stenographer.*

---

Thoughtlessness Checked—"Out after hours again, hey?" said the father.

"Only ten minutes late," replied his son.

"Well, go at once to your room, sir, lock yourself in and bring me the key. This *thoughtlessness* must be checked."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

---

The Virtues—"You seem to be very fond of jazz music," said a man to another in the lounge of a fashionable hotel now given over to dancing.

"Yes, I like it best of all," was the reply. "You don't have to put on formal attire when you listen to it, nobody asks you who wrote it, and you don't have to pretend you understand it."—*Windsor.*

---

His Forte—We saw this on a street car the other day:

A gentleman, tired of looking at the underwear ads. on the opposite wall, opened a grip and began looking for something. First, he took out a vest, then a pair of socks, then a newspaper, and after that a comb and brush. Not yet satisfied, he pawed over a couple of shirts and some other articles, finally bringing forth a magazine—the one he wanted.

The name of it was "System!"—Boston *Transcript.*

---

Always Supplied—The son of a well-known physician loves to "play doctor."

The little fellow makes the rounds of neighboring houses, inquiring as to the health of the inmates. Usually he has with him an assortment of dolls—his "patients" in lieu of larger ones.

Recently he called at a home and asked, "Anybody sick here?"

He was answered in the negative.

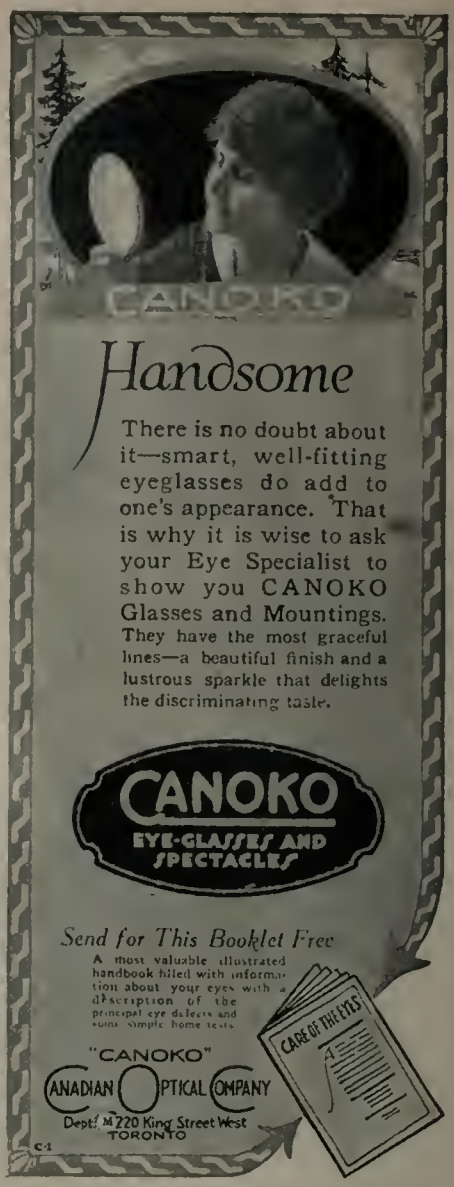
"Oh, well," he said with professional nonchalance, producing two of his dolls, "guess I'll leave a couple of babies, anyway!"—*Harpers Magazine.*

---

Identified—Mose Potts was an old colored ditch digger on the farm of a well-known Virginia planter. One morning, after having been at work only a few hours, he was seen approaching the farmhouse with a peculiar limp and an unusual rapidity.

"What's the matter, Mose?" asked his employer.

"It's dis way, boss," he groaned. "Ah see de biggest turtle Ah ever did see wigglin' his haid in de mud, and Ah took de spade and cracked him on he haid, and, boss, Ah done cut off mah big toe."—*American Legion Weekly.*




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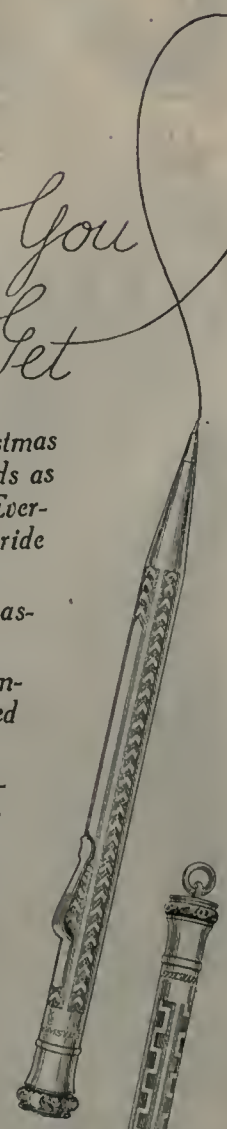
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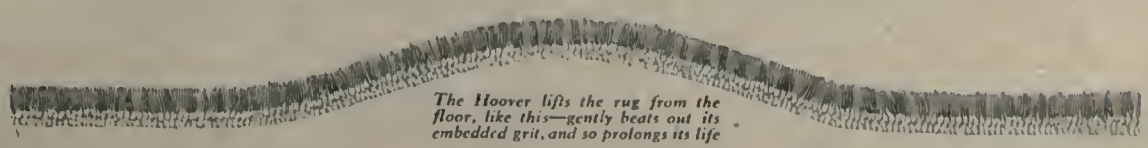

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# BUSINESS & INVESTMENTS

## Advance in Victory Bonds Presages Brisker Business

THE MOST significant feature for investors during the past fortnight or so has been the sharp advance in the prices of Victory bonds, and many other Government and municipal issues. It is quite true that the advance of several points in a few days of Victories such as the 37's and 33's was followed by a recession in price to some extent, but this was only the ordinary reaction that invariably is the experience of securities when the market advance is too swift. It is not a good time for rapid upward movements in any line of activity, financial or commercial.

As these bonds are our barometer to a great extent of investment values, and will continue to be so as our premier investment, the result has been viewed with much favor in financial circles. There is no doubt that the decline in prices of these bonds was a keen disappointment to the holders, especially where they were not accustomed to bonds as an investment. Government control of the price, while it stabilized the market to some extent, undoubtedly injured the prices of these bonds in the end by refusing them the free play in price levels from time to time. Now that a rise has taken place in a free market the holders are assured that this is a legitimate case of an improvement in their securities. Opinion in bond circles appears to agree that the limit of the upward swing has not been reached, and that in the next six months or so much higher levels should be seen. Indeed it would not be surprising to find the 37's, 34's and 33's touching once more their former record height.

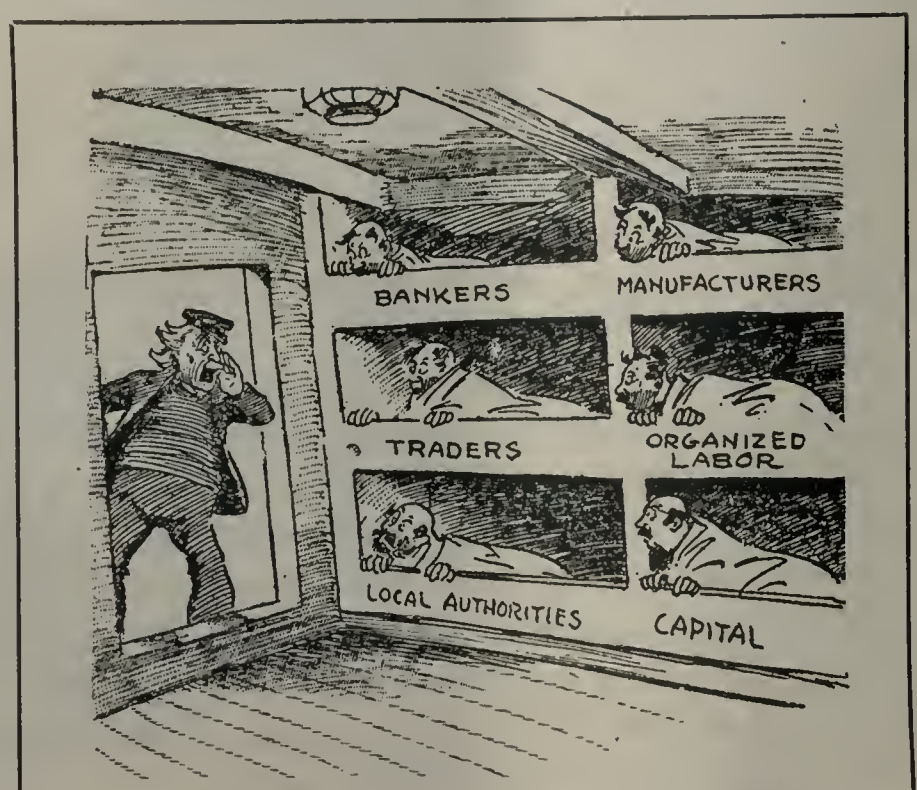
The table given above will indicate readily the real appreciation that has come to these bonds since the low point of the present year was reached, in some cases the gain being over $6 for a $100 bond.

(How Victories have risen)

| Bond Issue | Low 1921 | Yield | Current price | Yield |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1922 | 97.25 | 7.50 | 99.60 | 5.90 |
| 1923 | 95 | 7.70 | 99.25 | 5.90 |
| 1924* | 94 | 7.45 | 98.25 | 5.90 |
| 1927 | 95.50 | 6.35 | 100.00 | 5.50 |
| 1933 | 95.12 | 6.05 | 101.10 | 5.37 |
| 1934* | 92 | 6.40 | 98.10 | 5.70 |
| 1937 | 97.50 | 5.75 | 103.00 | 5.20 |

* Taxable.

Co-incident with the rise of these bonds has been the corresponding fall in the yield. At the low of the year they gave a return as high as 7 1-2 per cent., but the stand was taken here that this drop would be only temporary, and that as soon as the general rate of interest began to decline there would be a response in Victory bonds in a rise in the price. At the prices quoted at the time of writing there is not a single one that gives a yield of even six per cent. This is as it should be. This first class investment should gradually increase its price until the yield at that price is not more than five per cent. That is the tendency, for late in November not only did provincial issues advance until the yield at the higher price was below six per cent., but municipals started doing the same, and a town in Western Ontario was able to borrow on its own debentures for less than six per cent. Now the time has come when municipalities will try out issues bearing 5 1-2 per cent. interest.



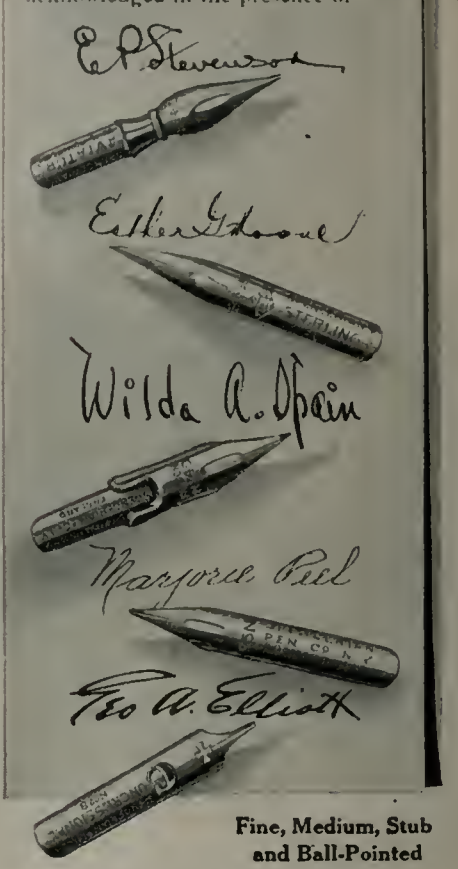

—The Mail (Birmingham).

ALL HANDS ON DECK! Captain Lloyd George: "Now, me lads! Shake a leg, shake a leg!"

### Bond Market Acts First

THE drop in interest rates is a very favorable development for the holders of securities. For some years now, where they held securities with a fixed interest or dividend rate, they have seen the price gradually drop in order that the yield might conform to the increasing rate of interest. In such cases they were placed in a position where a forced sale of their securities would have meant a ser-

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ious loss: now the upward trend has begun, and the legitimate securities should steadily appreciate in value. The bond market acts first; then the stock market follows. This is a natural development. When business conditions are uncertain, there is a natural turning to the safest of the bonds and away from those preferred and common stocks, and even industrial bonds, where the guarantee of payment of interest or dividend is dependent on the earnings of an industry. The rise in bond prices anticipates an improvement in business conditions in advance of the rise in stock market securities such as preferred and common stocks, but as certain as one comes, the other is on the way. That is why there is a growing feeling of confidence that those stock market securities that are fairly certain now of maintaining their dividends, and those that have been able to complete the liquidation in prices and inventories, should soon begin the upward move. This in the end will reach the peak of excess at last, and start down again as before— much after the manner of the Ferris wheel. That is why it would seem unwise to dispose of industrial securities at this time after they have been held for so long through the downward cycle.

### Getting After Frauds

"BLUE SKY" legislation, as it is termed, is the subject of inquiry now by both the Dominion and Ontario Governments, and is likely to be taken up by all the provinces. There is a feeling that further protection should be given to investors than is now provided by the various governments who issue the charters and permit many concerns to offer securities that will not bear inspection. The chief difficulty, it is recognized, in a government granting any kind of certificate to a new concern is that this is too often made use of to impress the prospective investor with the idea that the certificate is a guarantee that the venture itself is sound, and many even run away with the idea that earnings and dividends or interest payments are also a part of the official guarantee. In the limited sense in which governments carry on investigations at present their very connection with it in the granting of the charter has been made to appear as a recognition of the soundness of the enterprise by unscrupulous salesmen and promoters. Stock Exchange men after discussing the proposals of one province late in November expressed some doubt as to the advisability of some of the plans presented, and favored rather some legislation that would make it easier to punish fraud, and recompense the investor for losses through fraudulent conduct, either in connection with the sale of securities or the subsequent operation of the company whose securities had been purchased.

### Better Times Coming Soon

WITH the bond and stock markets showing steady improvement the public in general is eagerly scanning the business horizon for some manifestation of a similar nature. Such vigilance has been rewarded by evidence of betterment in a number of lines, but whether of a permanent or merely seasonal character has not yet been determined. Outwardly the business situation is irregular and uncertain, but a careful inspection of underlying basic conditions supplies the basis for hope that a definite period of better times industrially, economically and socially is not far removed.

As long as retailers and wholesalers were loaded up with large stocks of goods there was little prospect of any broad activity industrially, or any relief for the unemployment situation. Retailers would not buy in quantity and this condition created depression all down the line. A broad survey of retail conditions throughout the country, recently conducted, reveals conclusively the fact that retail stocks are now away down; that in many cases they are below normal, and that prices for the most part have been adjusted to correspond with replacement costs with provision of course for a margin of profit. There is a general scarcity of goods throughout the country. The stocks of wholesalers and retailers have been reduced, and there is scarcely a manufacturer in the country today, who has finished goods on hand which will supply prospective demand for more than a few weeks. The manufacturer has been curtailing production for so many months now, that accumulated stocks have been radically depleted. Further evidence of the paucity of stocks is supplied by the fact that "rush" orders are coming in with more and more frequency. There is still a feeling of nervousness and uncertainty, however, which restrains buying ahead on a large scale. There is an improvement even here in a number of lines, particularly the boot and shoe trade. Recent developments have proven conclusively that those industries which first undertook the task of adjustment in order to meet the public demand for goods at lower price scales are the first to benefit in the moderate revival that has so far materialized.

### Farmers Not Buying

A BROAD potential market in this country is, however, suffering from weakened buying power. The farmers have been forced to accept prices for their goods far out of line of the general price level and have not the disposition, nor in many cases, especially in the West, the ability to buy on a large scale. It is probable that buying in this section will not extend beyond mere necessities for some time as yet.

A downward revision in freight rates is an encouraging factor of the present situation. The farmer and the manufacturer as well as the consumer should profit by this reduction in carrying charges. The railroads should benefit as well in a larger volume of business. Operating costs are still relatively high, however, and it is a matter of doubt whether business can be handled at a profit under the new rates. It is generally realized, that before further adjustments can be made costs must come down, and in this connection labor will have to share the burden.

An authority on the building situation, speaking before a public gathering in Toronto recently, made the interesting statement that more homes had been built or were in course of construction in Canada this year, than ever before. In view of the apparent depression in the building trade, which conclusion is substantiated by the record of building returns for the year, this statement is encouraging. The speaker went on further to say however, that industrial building was very much depressed, the totals for the year being less than one-fourth of the volume for 1920. This situation is explained, not only by the high costs of construction which have prevailed throughout the year, although there has been an extensive down ward revision in later months, but by the depression in industry, and the fact that the need for additional factory or warehouse accommodation did not exist. The building totals would represent therefore a great many relatively small construction contracts. Despite the fact that a large number of homes were built there is still an acute shortage in this country of approximately 165,000 homes, and a much larger building program must be undertaken before the supply overtakes the demand.

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### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

*Question—I would like to ask your opinion of second mortgage investments in Toronto at the present time.—H. P. H., Toronto.*

Answer—Many careful investors have successfully placed their money in second mortgages and made very satisfactory profits but everything depends on the individual investment. A second mortgage is, of course, subject to a first mort-


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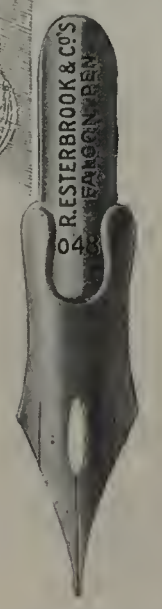
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# Esterbrook PENS


gage and the equity lies between the amount of this first mortgage and the market value of the property. If the property should fail to return sufficient revenue to meet the interest on both mortgages the first mortgagee naturally has first claim. Likewise should the value of the property decline the holder of the second mortgage is in a position where his claim must be subject to the first mortgage. For the most part second mortgages have been discounted by individuals at high rates of interest. Competent authorities in the mortgage field believe that this business might be conducted on a narrower basis by a well-organized company. Here again, however, practically everything would depend upon the management and the ability of those in charge to select mortgages which would return a good margin of profit with a minimum of risk.

*Question—What do you think of the proposition of making money in foreign currency, that is to say in buying German or Polish marks or Russian roubles?—J. R. K., Spring Lake, Alta.*

Answer—We would certainly advise you against gambling in exchange with any expectation of making anything like the profit indicated in this circular. There are perhaps investments to be made in exchange at the present levels which will show profits—perhaps big profits—but the fact remains that few of those who have thus far speculated in these investments have made money. If an investment of $5.00 may possibly bring you a return of $1,000 it is safe to say that the chances are something like two hundred to one (or more) against this ever being the case. Despite the fact that German marks are to-day worth one third to one half a cent opinion seems to be in financial circles that they are as likely to go lower as higher in the immediate future.

*Question—I would like your advice regarding the purchase of shares in the Mortgage, Discount and Finance Ltd.—C. E. D., Quebec.*

Answer—The R.T. Scott Co., was first introduced into Canada about a year ago as the fiscal agents of the Mortgage, Discount and Finance Co. As sales agents we understand that this Company has had considerable success, and there is apparently nothing that can be criticized in their financial arrangements with the mortgage company. We are informed that under the terms of the contract, the Scott Co., is allowed a commission of fifteen per cent on sales, a rate which cannot be regarded as excessive. This company acts in the capacity of selling agents only, and its own stock has not been offered for sale.

In the Mortgage, Discount & Finance Co., the security of the investor will depend mainly upon the efficiency of the management. The business of discounting second mortgages is more or less hazardous, but with conservative management there should be a reasonable prospect of success, but on the common stock an early dividend can hardly be anticipated.

R. T. Scott has had some years experience in salesmanship and as an organizer of salesmen. His experience was largely gained with the H. V. Greens Co., of Boston, and he is evidently putting selling methods into practice in Canada which he learned in that school. He has the faculty of instilling enthusiasm into his selling force, and he strongly favors selling tactics of a highly aggressive nature. The securities he offers to the public should be judged on their merits alone, however, rather than by "high pressure" methods employed by the salesman.

*Question—Please give me your opinion of the Dyrob Steel Corporation. Also is there any market for Davidson Consolidated (Gold) shares?—M. R. H., Toronto.*

Answer—We would not advise the purchase of additional stock of the Dyrob Steel Limited. The company has not made any particular headway since its incorporation a year ago. A recent fire which wiped out the Orillia plant, has been a set back, although it is understood that the property was fully covered by insurance.

Davidson Consolidated is listed on the Standard Mining Exchange. It is comparatively inactive, however, although there was one transaction a few days ago, in which 1000 shares changed hands at 20. The company has been subject to several financing arrangements, and a good deal of money has been spent on development work. There is a diversity of opinion among capable engineers as to whether the mine will ever produce the money that has been expended. The stock is highly speculative, but in the disposition of your holdings we believe that you will be well advised to be guided by your need for funds.

*Question—Please let me have your opinion of The De Forest Wireless Telegraph Company.—A. E. B., Conquest, Sask.*

Answer—We presume that you are referring to the De Forest Radio Telephone & Telegraph Company, as we can find no record of the company you mention. The De Forest Radio Company was incorporated in the state of Delaware in the year, 1913, as successor to the Radio Telephone Company of N.J. The company is capitalized at $2,500,000 authorized, and with $1,328,387 outstanding of par value $10. A dividend of $1.45 per share was paid June 17, 1917; 85 cents per share in January, 1919, and none since. According to the income account for the year ending December 1st, 1920, gross profit from sales amounted to $131,687 and royalties and other income, $16,592. Total expenses amounted to $102,726, leaving net income from operations at $45,553.

Through an arrangement made with the Marconi Company, and the Moorhead Laboratories in June, 1919, the Audition bulb, the use of which in the United States was tied up, became available to the public. The licenses granted to the three companies under the De Forest patent, as well as two other concerns resulted in substantial royalties being paid the De Forest Company.

*Question—I would be pleased if you could give me a little information regarding the Western Life Assurance Company, with head office at Winnipeg. I bought five shares of their stock in 1916 and am now asked for another $10 per share, and they tell me that if this is not paid I am liable to lose my shares. How should I proceed?—J. C., Crows Nest, B. C.*

Answer—The Western Life Insurance Company is one of the newer and smaller companies. It holds a Dominion charter, and its business is steadily growing. The company faces the usual problems of the young insurance company, and it is improbable that it will be in a position to pay dividends for some time. The procedure adopted by the company in this instance is not unusual. You will have to determine for yourself whether you are content to wait indefinitely for returns or jeopardize your present holdings by neglecting to pay up the demanded instalment of $10.00 per share.

*Question—I would like to get your opinion of The Eastern Canada Air Lines—S. P. A. D., New Glasgow, N.S.*

Answer—We regret that we are not in a position to give any definite information with regard to the Eastern Canada Air Lines, Limited. Mr. L. E. B. Stevens, 43 Westminster Apartments, Morris St., Halifax appears in the directory as the President of the International Aero Corporation Limited, but our correspondent at Halifax, has not been able to get in touch with him.

The venture is, of course, in an untried field and cannot be regarded as other than a long chance speculation. Commercial aviation is as yet in a very uncertain stage.

We would suggest that you write to Mr. C. W. Montgomery, broker, of Truro, N.S., who was at one time interested in the company and who might be able to give you some information as to its standing.

*Answers will be given freely to subscribers to MacLean's Magazine in regard to Canadian industrial investments (if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed) by addressing Financial Editor, MacLean's Magazine.*

DECEMBER 15, 1921

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# MACLEAN'S

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VOLUME XXXIV.
NUMBER TWENTY-TWO

# CAUGHT BY THE COW-CATCHER

*By* ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATIONS (FROM LIFE) BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

I'M NOT as young as I once was. That sad truth came home to me at Winnipeg, after the Canadian Club dinner where I tried to tell five hundred comfortably fed westerners how little I really knew about the Permanence of the Poetic Instinct.

"It's dreadful, simply dreadful!" said the Thin Lady who came dolorously up to me when it was all over. There were actual tears in her eyes. She looked so wretched, indeed, that I was almost ready to forgive her for trying to make me that way.

"What's so dreadful?" I asked, preparing for the worst.

"I remember you at 'Varsity," said the Thin Lady, wiping her eyes, "and it's dreadful—*what you've lost!*"

"But really, you know, I've gained," I contended, resenting the commiserative air with which she still inspected me.

"Yes, that's *it*," she cried with both a quick note of triumph and a truly feminine lack of consistency. "You've *gained*. You've—you've got solid. You look worldly. You're no longer *spirituel*. It's gone, gone, gone, all that first fine careless rapture of youth!"

I drew a deep breath and tried to tell the lady that I was sorry, but that Time quite often does these scurvy tricks to us, provided our organs are sound and our consciences are clear, as we crawl along towards fifty. I acknowledged that I was a bit heavier of frame than in those far-off undergraduate days when I smoked too much and wore a lean and hungry look and was eventually sent west to keep from going into a decline. But I protested that for all my avoirdupois I still strove to keep in touch with the affairs of the spirit, still did absurdly visionary things, still, somewhere at the core of the unwieldly hulk which she so naively lamented, tried to keep alive some tiny spark of the once divine fire.



"To what?" I demanded, inspecting him with a startled eye.

### Loop-The-Loop Age Passed

BUT, without knowing it, she had let the cat out of the bag. I was no longer "the promising young author" of the provincial reviewer. I was a middle-aged man, a solid citizen with every promise of settling down into an arm-chair old age, a person who would probably prefer a comfortable Chesterfield and a copy of Bryce's "Commonwealth" to the perils of looping the loop in a Sopwith bi-plane.

For that reason, from the very first, the entire matter impressed me as rather unnecessary, as rather absurd. It smacked a trifle too openly of saffron journalism. It carried the taint of holding human life altogether too cheap. And it eventually impressed as an editorial presuming on privileges which was not to be lightly condoned.

It began just as we were pulling out of Kenora, blithely bound for the Coast. And it descended on me like Sinn Fein confetti on an Orange parade. The Very Managing Editor, who was accompanying me to that Coast, or, rather, I should say, who was conducting me thither, came into the dining-car where I was quietly ensconced before a modest but nourishing luncheon of white-fish. He came with a sheet of yellow paper in his hand and a broad smile of triumph on his bespectacled face.

"*We've got it!*" he proclaimed with the air of Archimedes immediately after the bath-tub incident.

"Got what?" I asked as I began to transfer the slab of buttered white-fish from its platter to my plate.

"The official permit," he mysteriously exulted as he took possession of the chair opposite me. And this Editor Man, I must stop to explain, was not like other editor men I had known. My earlier idea of an editor was that of a sullen if slightly obese individual who sat in a swivel-chair in a singularly inaccessible office, casually irradiating rejection-slips and indolently blue-pencilling the plums out of a hard-working author's product. But this Editor Man was different. He obviously didn't believe in the old-fashioned Marianna-in-the-Moated-Grange way of conducting a magazine. He performed his editing remarkably like a wolverine acquiring its repasts. When he wanted copy, he went out and captured it. Or rather he pounced on it like the Great Horned Owl, rejecting later what he eventually could not assimilate. He patrolled Canada very much as a policeman patrols a suburban beat, unearthing the modest violets of the ink-well and persuading them to do things which they apparently had nursed no earthly intention of doing.

But I never suspected, as I viewed that glowing eye and that triumphantly-flourished yellow telegram, that I was about to be induced to essay something hitherto quite foreign to my wishes and contrary to my inclinations.

"What official permit?" I asked, with an increasingly disagreeable feeling just below the midriff.

"The order from the C. P. R. head-office allowing you to ride the cow-catcher," was the blandly exultant reply.

"To what?" I demanded, inspecting him with a startled eye.

"To ride out on the cow-catcher," he airily asserted, "while we're going through the Rockies."

"I fail to recall expressing any particular desire to ride on that particular part of a train," I said with dignity.

"I know you didn't, but Great Scott, man, can't you see the story in it?" demanded my Very Managing Editor. "It's never been done. It's something new. It's the sort of thing that brings you up short. 'Canadian Poet Goes Through the Rockies on Cow-Catcher'—how's that for a story to put on the A. P. wires? How's that for publicity? That ought to fetch them."

"But I'm not hungering for that sort of publicity," I attempted to point out. "I'm a retiring and quiet-living man of letters. And if I haven't always succeeded in shunning the sensational, I have at least tried to do so. I'm a poet. And I've a lot of poetry to write yet. What you seem to want is a professional bridge-jumper!"

"But you're not getting my view-point," argued that impatient manager of men. "It's the chance of a lifetime. It's a chance any man of imagination ought to jump at." I *had* jumped at it, all right, but not quite in the manner he meant.

"These are very comfortable cars," I remarked as I stopped the waiter from taking away my white-fish.

"Think of the brand new thrill you'll get out of an experience like that!" pursued the obdurate one.

"*If* I survive," I amended.

"It'll be a great story," he remarked, apparently not hearing me. "And it'a mighty decent of those Montreal officials to stretch a point and send on this permit."

"How do you mean stretch a point?" I asked, catching a straw as drowning men will.

"It's not exactly Hoyle, you know, to carry passengers on cow-catchers—not exactly legal."

"Precisely!" I interpolated. "And I believe in ht



I, at least, was able to get some sleep.

sanctity of the Law. I hold that every man ought"——

"Oh, that'll be fixed all right," explained the over-amiable executioner confronting me. "All you'll have to do is sign the different releases."

"What releases?" I demanded.

### My Cogitation Not Too Cheery

EVEN the humble hobo, I remembered, never resorted to the cow-catcher as a medium of transportation. *He* invariably preferred the comparative safety of riding the rods or perching himself protectively amidship on the bumpers.

"You'll have to sign papers releasing the company from all liability in case of accident, of course. But that's merely a matter of form, merely nominal. The thing's settled, as far as we're concerned. And you're going to have the experience of a life-time. Something you'll never forget!"

"I fancy not!" I acquiesced. I even smiled rather wanly. But I didn't finish my luncheon. The diner seemed hot and stuffy, and I wanted to be alone. I was glad to escape to the observation-car (the remotest point I remembered, from the cow-catcher contrivance at the front end) and there I sat thinking of my wasted life.

I remembered how muddled up I'd left my papers at home and how I'd overlooked paying my insurance premium and neglected helping my friends and neighbors as I might have helped them. I remembered how I had three different books on the way, three great books, which now might never be completed. I thought of my family and wondered if they would miss me. I got to thinking about despatcher's mistakes, such as Frank Packard loves to write of, and just how often it is the East-bound Overland Limited crashes head-on into the West-Bound Transcontinental Flier.

I recalled having seen such things on the screen, having seen them with depressing regularity. There was a motion-picture girl, I remembered, named Phillips, who was always leaping on or off flying trains, with a villain close behind her. My respect for that girl went up several notches. But they'd probably taken her in her infancy, as I'm told they do with Swedish tumblers, and from the time of her earliest youth trained her in her train work. But with me it was different. A lot of good money had been wasted on my education. They'd even sent me to Oxford—and now it was all to end in making a costly product like that into a human bumper-rail, a sort of collision mat, out on the end of an eleven-coach express! I speculated as to the percentage of derailments and "head-ons" and wash-outs which occurred on even a well-managed road like the C.P.R. I pondered as to why cow-catchers were ever invented and just why they were called cow-catchers, since they obviously repulsed more than they entrapped the wandering bovine. I found myself secretly approving of the European habit of eliminating all such appurtenances from locomotives.

I thought over many other things. But about me, all the time, I felt Destiny weaving her silken threads, strand by strand, very much as the warrior spider wraps up the helpless blue-bottle.

II

IT WAS at Regina that I was once more sufficiently master of myself to inspect the gallows from which I was to swing. On a blithe spring morning when, I suppose, the sunlight was bright enough to other people and the thin prairie air must have impressed them as a good deal like Sparkling Burgundy, I indulged in my first detailed and face-to-face inspection of an actual cow-catcher. There was laughter and gaiety all about me, on that long, sun-washed depot-platform, with light hearted tourists mailing picture postcards and Indians selling polished steer-horns (for buffalo) and the bright-clad members of the Royal Mounted doing their best to live up to the motion-picture traditions of their force. But I was not myself. I felt *distrait* and depressed in spirits. So, after solemnly dropping my mail in the blood red box on the station-front, I looked about to make sure I was alone and unobserved. Then, like a thief in the night, I sidled furtively westward, creeping away towards the head of the long train resting like a winded deer-hound after her coursing across the open prairie. I edged rather guiltily along the panting locomotive and drew up with a fine parade of indifferency close beside that ridiculous iron hog-snout of a thing known as a Cow-Catcher.

It impressed me as a very precarious shelf on which to deposit, however temporarily, a precious human life. It was as unfitted for such purposes, I could see, as was the sloping green-iced eyebrow of a glacier. It was expressly designed, I discovered, not for holding you on, but for throwing you off, And I abandoned my earlier intention of seating myself, in an experimental sort of way, on this particular cow-catcher while the propelling machinery behind it was comfortably at rest. For I was distressed to find, not only that its metalled top shelf was inhospitably narrow and crowded with bolt-heads, but that it was also closely showered with cinders and well-powdered with dust, deep-bedded in engine-oil. So I merely stood staring at it, as mausoleum stock-holders stare at the high-priced shelf where later they are to repose.

### All Kinds of Cow-Catchers

THREE quarters of the way across the continent, in fact, I fell into the habit of surreptitiously inspecting cow-catchers, very much as men who are about to be married inspect the home-life of their friends. And I found, to my surprise, that practically no two cow-catchers were alike. They had their idiosyncracies of structure and contour, a good deal as human noses have. Some were heavy and short, some were high and narrow, some were pitted and bumpy. As we left the level prairie behind us and entered the Mountain Division and crept closer and closer to the fateful Rockies, I even began to encounter cow-catchers encumbered with heavy steel chains and a substantial banded pole called a "bunter". These were for use, I was casually informed, in case of rock slides, which were not infrequent in the mountains, especially in the Spring. And this, I morosely remembered, was Spring-time. Then there were snow-slides, when a township or two of snow went down a mountain-side, careless of the pin-scratch of a railway-line infinitesimally indenting its downward course. From the pressure of its own weight, I was told, this snow packed itself into a fairly good imitation of marble. The "sheds", of course protected a good deal of the right-of-way. But occasionally the locomotive had to buck those macadamized drifts about the same as a foot-baller bucking the line. And sometimes it was merely mud, mud set free by the warming sun, gooey mud which the cow-catcher rooted through like a clipper's bow through a fog-bank. Sometimes, too, a bridge went out, and the rail-ends were left hanging over empty air, with——But in every case the picture was a dispiriting one, something it were better for the imagination not to dwell on.

Then I made still another discovery. I found that the Mountain Division was stippled with tunnels and trestles and canyon-cuts and hair-pin and horse-shoe curves with side-drops where you could look down a sheer three thousand feet. And this led me to pondering why my cow-catcher riding couldn't have been done on the nice open prairie, where the travelling was all open and aboveboard, and you could see for a good five miles exactly what was in front of you. Then, still later, in talking with a fireman who had just come out of the hospital after jumping (where a bridge had been burned out), I gleaned the cheering fact that quite often, in the mountain runs, they went slap-bang into a bear.

### A Cow-Catcher by Any Other Name

THAT gave me a great deal to think over. I had been talking too much, I saw, about the passing of the frontier, about the final conquering of the wilderness. And I had been placing too implicit a faith, I also saw, in the significance of names. I had at first thought of a cow-catcher as bumping into nothing more ominous than a cow. But that catcher, in the wildness of mountain regions such as this, might just as well be called a grizzly-catcher. And from what I understood of the grizzly and his ways, he actively resented being interfered with by man and his machineries. He would prove anything but a desirable travelling companion, after being scooped up by a V-shaped bar of iron and plastered at your side against a hot locomotive-end. There was every promise, in fact, that he would take out his resentment on the expostulating stranger whose perch he was so unceremoniously appropriating.

I even essayed a still further investigation of cow-catchers, so-called, at this new thought, and found that a passenger seated thereon was quite out of sight of the locomotive-driver reclining on padded side-cushions up in his funk-hole of a cab. So there'd be no chance to signal or call for help. You'd be out there alone in your No-Man's Land of claw and fang and fore-paws, with a fair field and no favor, as the old saying goes. You and your recently humiliated grizzly would be there in a little world of your own, arguing the matter out to a finish, without any interfering outsiders.

I began to lose weight on that trip. I lost weight so perceptibly that the Thin Lady back in Winnipeg would surely have viewed me with less open disapproval. I became abstracted and self-immured and impervious to the merriment about me. I found no beauty in the Foot-Hills and

saw no humor in even the airiest of George Ham's anecdotes. I couldn't smile over the story of that Press Association special which hove-to, in the heat of last August, directly below the S.....Mineral Springs, when one hundred and forty-eight thirsty scribes and editors and advertising-men, having climbed the long hill and drunk deep of the potent waters, no longer nursed a shred of suspicion as to the efficacy of those springs, since for two seismic days they stood side-tracked and a carefully planned itinerary stood shattered. What were mineral springs, after all, compared to being mangled on a cinder-strewn gridiron? What was being held up with a tummy-ache for forty-six hours compared to being hurtled through the air far out on the unprotected end of an express-train, like a rabbit hanging limp in the teeth of a running hound?

And from my new-formed habit of studying engines I found that even when crawling out of a yard their under-shot front jaw wobbled perilously from side to side and pounded over frogs and seemed altogether undecided as to whether they ought to jump the tracks or keep on until they bowled over a grizzly or two. And it seemed a lonely place, out there in front with a hot boiler and a bank of coal-fire between you and the rest of that carefree train. It was the place which, if anything hit, would most unmistakably be hit first. It made a man feel like a butterfly on the radiator of a race-motor, or a red ant on an anvil. I began to see that railway trains, in this speed-mad land of ours, travelled at far too great a speed. I began to sympathize with the St. Catharines City Fathers who, when the old Great Western was first built and they essayed their initial ride on a bench-lined flat-car and the engine attained the unparalleled speed of fourteen miles an hour, as a single man removed themselves from the aforesaid flat-car and landed in a sand-pile.

I was warned that I ought to wear fur, as the mountain air when going forty miles an hour would cut through to the bone. I was further advised to take a bottle of "hootch" along with me, to be resorted to before the cold took the gripping-power out of my fingers and let me fall a waif by the wayside. I was also secretly tipped off to carry an automatic in my overcoat pocket, to clear the track of bull-moose as we went. And I was finally and solemnly led to one side and advised to wear a trunk-strap about my waist, like a city window-cleaner, so that I could hitch it over something and keep from falling under the wheels, in case of vertigo.

### I Fall to Brooding

IT SO cheered me up, in fact, that I got to dreaming about sailing through aeons and aeons of starless space a-straddle a red-hot planet which the time-table in my pale-green toga clearly showed was to collide with Wernicke's Comet. And still again I'd remember how I'd left my papers unsorted at home and how I'd promised to help Gibbon get the Canadian Authors' Association on its feet and how few there were, after all, to uphold the dignity of our national literature. Then I'd fall to brooding again over those three unfinished books of mine—and I'd recall how now I'd be judged only by the callow efforts of my unfulfilled youth. But hour by chilling hour my Managing Editor would converse blithely on just what would be the wildest part of the Rockies for the ride. He'd re-enumerate how my description, when the battle was over, ought to be well-balanced but dithyrambic, clearly outlined but unmistakably climactic, something like the Victor Hugo scene on the ship with the emancipated cannon, or a Nellie McClung speech on the Suppression of The Woman Voter. He even suggested getting a hand-car out in front and procuring a movie of me, of *Me*, registering careless defiance of the aerial perils of the peaks.

But I demurred. Sadly and firmly I said: No. I was not worthy of it.

"They did that with D'Annunzio," my captor reminded me. "With D'Annunzio up in his Caproni."

"But I'm not D'Annunzio," I sapiently observed, having my suspicions as to what that camera would register, once it caught me huddled up against a grimy steam-chest with terror in my heart and a cinder in my eye. So I held my peace. I held my peace and grew thinner and sadder, and waited for the Zero Hour to come.

### III

AND then it was, as usual, the Unexpected that happened. Just when the fire of hope burned lowest and I'd written a carefully-worded letter which I assumed they'd find on my body, my Very Managing Editor confronted me for a second time with a yellow sheet in his hand.

"It's an outrage," he averred, sinking despondently into the car-seat.

"What's wrong?" I asked, hoping against hope that perhaps we'd all been called East by some timely catastrophe.

"The operating department won't stand for it," he lamented.

"For what?" I inquired, trying not to look too optimistic.

"For that cow-catcher stuff."

"And why won't they?" I demanded, with a fine show of indignation.

"They say they can't take chances."

I had to smile at that, to smile quietly but knowingly.

"But I thought you intimated there weren't any?" I gently reminded him.

"They're nominal, purely nominal. But this divisional superintendent says he lost one of his best engineers in a slide last week, and"——

"Then the whole thing's off," I said with a great sigh of disappointment—at least I tried to make it look like disappointment.

"I suppose so," he acknowledged.

"That doesn't seem fair," I protested, squaring my jaw as the movie-men do in all such cases.

And I left him there to brood over his disappointment. I left him to go through to the diner, where I ordered and ate what impressed me as the most satisfactory meal of the entire trip. I even began to see a strange new beauty in the Rockies about me and found an invigorating nip in the air which had hitherto escaped me and remembered that it would be very pleasant to see Victoria once more in early Spring, with the pansies all in bloom and the Empire gardens a riot of tangled color. There was an uplift about this western country, I told myself, which keys a man up to the higher things, keeps him on his toes, quickens his pulse-beat, turns his thoughts to the happy future. And I fell asleep that night with the rhythmic *clickety-click* of the rail-ends pulsing pleasantly up through my carpeted compartment flooring, thinking what a sane and comfortable place a first-class C.P.R. sleeper can be for a passenger to ride in I'm short, I was perfectly happy once more.

### IV

I TOOK a new lease of life on the Pacific side of the triangle up the Coast. It seemed not only a very beautiful trip, with those placid inland waterways of hooker-green so magically tinting to mauve and heliotrope and the snow-clad mountains a vivid claret in the light of the setting sun, but it seemed something thrown in, something taken away and unexpectedly returned. I didn't even object to starting East again on a nine-car G.T.P. "Fish Special" carrying iced halibut out of Prince Rupert to the New England States. This, of course, was the Very Managing Editor's great idea. We rode in the train-crew's caboose, and had to supply our own grub. Our Editor, of course, managed that. He may have been a war-hero, but, I noticed to my secret satisfaction, he didn't eat like a hero. For he ordered for our quartette, I found, as our three-day commissariat on that "Fish Special," eleven dollars' worth of chicken sandwiches, white meat only, ten pounds of hard-center chocolates, one box of fudge, a bag of gum-drops, six large bottles of soda-pop, twelve double boxes of cork-tipped cigarettes, and five pounds of cloying and squashy-looking bulk-dates which had seen better days. Where or how he ever disinterred so much saccharinity out of the virile West is one of the enduring mysteries of the trip.

But I proffered no criticism. I was still alive, still sound in body and whole of limb. I didn't mind the icy taciturnity of the train-crews who stumbled over our dunnage and looked dispirited over our soda-pop. I didn't mind sleeping on pine boards with a suit-case for a pillow, and deferring morning ablutions until we came to a water tank. There were, of course, the usual number of mud-slides for that time of year. But these didn't greatly bother me. I luxuriated in the deep-seated satisfaction of riding at the tail-end of a train instead of out in front of it. I even enjoyed the majesty of the mountains by day and the beauty of the *Aurora Borealis* hovering over Alaska by night. I enjoyed sitting up in the cupola watching the rocking tops of the nine refrigerator-cars weaving about the hill-cuts and the precipice-edges, getting an occasional glimpse of a far-off moose and a scampering black bear and of valley homesteads....And then my poor little toy-balloon of satisfaction went up in a puff of smoke.

*Continued on page 48*




"It's dreadful what you've lost," lamented the thin lady. (Left to right, Mr. Taylor has depicted the editor of MacLean's, Hopkins Moorehouse, the Thin Lady, Arthur Stringer, Prof. W. T. Allison, J. Murray Gibbon, George Ham, W. V. Chambers and H. Weston Taylor.



"Oh, Jerry, what a beauty!" she cried.

# THE GIFT GLORIOUS

*By* NORMA PHILLIPS
ILLUSTRATED BY MARY ESSEX

"OH, OH! Freddy kissed Marion, Freddy kissed Marion!"

The refrain, taken up by one, after a moment of hushed surprise following Freddy's bold move, inspired the crowd of youngsters to song' and in a moment the holly-decked room with its undoing sprig of mistletoe rang with the story of Freddy's temerity.

"Sh!" hissed Freddy, regarding fearfully the signs of storm which were gathering in Marion's face, and the tears which threatened to overflow her eyes. "Sh, and I'll tell you something."

Ten children, cheeks aglow and eyes agleam with the light of mischief, crowded around the author of the commotion and the tearful recipient of the caress and waited breathlessly for what was to come.

"I'm the oldest of the crowd, aren't I?" asked Freddy the nine-year-old with supreme confidence in his unshakeable position.

"Well, what if you are?" asked the truculent voice of Angus, Marion's true knight in many a back-yard combat.

"What I meant was for you fellows to keep quiet and not show what kids you are by making such a fuss over a little thing," explained Freddy. "Come closer."

The children crowded nearer.

"It's only big fellows and men that kiss girls," swaggered Freddy, "and this is what I'm going to tell you. You know when we were playing Hide and Seek a while ago?"

"Yes," came the answering chorus.

"Well, I was *It*," went on Freddy, lowering his voice to a mysterious awe-inspiring whisper, "and when I came into this room—softly you know—I saw Uncle Jerry kissing Aunt Ruth under the mistletoe, just like I kissed Marion."

FREDDY put his small hands into his minute pockets and essayed a careless whistle which ended in ignominious failure and brought Angus' narrow shoulders into a straight line. With studied indifference Angus, the red-headed terror of the neighborhood, stood looking contemplatively at the innocent spray of green leaves and white berries above his head, and whistled, in harmonious contrast to Freddy's flat notes, a few bars of "Pack Up Your Troubles" survivor of those myriad war-time marching songs.

"What is everyone so quiet for?" asked a gay voice in the doorway and the parted portières gave view of a white-clad, girlish figure with laughing blue eyes and a mass of fluffy, red-gold hair atop her head.

"Just listening to Angus whistle," said Freddy hastily passing the palm to his rival.

"Freddy kissed Marion!" piped up a small voice, and Marion promptly burst into tears. With a flash of white skirts the girl in the doorway was across the room, and kneeling down had drawn the sobbing child within the circle of her arms.

"Never mind, honey, don't cry," she crooned "every one kisses everyone else on Christmas Eve, and her smile took in the entire circle of abashed little faces.

AGAIN the heavy curtains parted and unnoticed by the group in the centre of the room, the tall figure of Jerry Palmer stood and gazed wistfully at the children and at the golden-haired girl with the sobbing tot in her arms. For a few moments a close observer might have noticed that the usually firm lips quivered, and that the gay light in his brown eyes dimmed, but it was gone so quickly that one could scarcely have been sure.

"What is the matter here—somebody hurt?" he enquired, crossing the room and bending over the girl on the floor with the little Marion in her arms.

"No dear, Marion's feelings were a bit hurt, but we're all fixed up now, aren't we?" and she included all the children in her smiling question.

There was a general assent followed by cries of "What are we going to do now?"—"Let's play Blind Man's Buff"—"I'd like to play Farmer in his Den"—"Oh no, Hide the Thimble."

"Now, Marion, I have a new game to suggest, shall we play it?" asked the man.

"Yes, yes—let's play the new game!" chorused the children and arranging them on the soft, rug-covered floor the man sitting beside his wife with little Marion nestling close to him, began:

"Once upon a time, long, long ago, there came to earth, hidden in the heart of a rose, a beautiful fairy in search of a magical wand which had been stolen from the Palace of the Queen of the Fairies. As soon as the rose opened up, the Queen of the Fairies, far away in her Palace, caused a drop of dew to fall on the fairy in the rose's heart and change her into a beautiful butterfly with silver wings, marked with blue and rose; and no sooner was she a butterfly than the fairy started off in search of the wand.

"She searched through all the gardens in the world and didn't find it. Then she searched for it in all the forests and woods, and in the spray from fountains, and on the shores of lakes, but she couldn't find the wand. Finally the poor butterfly-fairy grew very weary, and her beautiful wings began to get tattered at the edges and her blue and rose markings to fade, so that the other butterflies who hadn't been on a long journey and who didn't know the tired, ragged butterfly was really a fairy, grew scornful and laughed among themselves at the faded wings. This made the fairy feel very badly, so badly that one day when a King Billy butterfly said to a black Morning Cloak: 'What a shabby beggar the Silver Beauty has become!' the poor fairy wept bitterly, and flying in at an open window lighted upon the foot of a small white cot where a pale-faced little girl was sleeping."

WITH wide-eyed interest the children drank in the story, faces flushed by the dancing flames of the log fire, rosy lips parted.

"Just a minute after the butterfly had alighted on the bed, the little girl opened her eyes and saw the butterfly, and a glad smile brightened her face. The butterfly flew nearer and came to rest on the little girl's hand and she laughed. 'Oh, you're such a beauty,' she cried. 'I've watched hundreds of butterflies out of my window, but I never saw one so beautiful as you before.'

"The butterfly felt ever so much happier, and under the

wondering eyes of the little girl, the faded blue became bright again, and the rose color glowed on the silver wings, and the tattered edges were rounded out into scallops again and became whole. Then the fairy butterfly knew that the stolen wand was somewhere near, changed, by the bad fairy who had stolen it, into an object of ugliness. So the fairy lighted upon the dingy curtains, but nothing happened. And it lighted upon a medicine bottle and nothing happened; and it lighted on the single shabby boot beneath the cot, and nothing happened. And it lighted upon the unbeautiful drab dress hanging over the chair and nothing happened. And it lighted upon the rough wooden crutch leaning against the bed, and—the crutch became a golden wand topped with a crystal star."

Each child drew a long sigh of contentment and relaxed slightly the tense interest preceding the finding of the wand.

"Uncle Jerry," breathed little Marion, "what happened then?"

He smiled and continued:

"Then the butterfly vanished and in its place stood a beautiful fairy who said to the frightened little girl, 'Don't be afraid dear, I shall not harm you, but I have found the wand of the Queen and will grant any wish you make.' Then the little girl's eyes grew big and round—just like yours, Betty—and she said: 'Oh gracious, if you are really a fairy, and I know you are, and can wish on that beautiful wand, do please wish that my leg will walk, for now that my crutch is gone I don't know what I shall do——Oh Oh! Oh!' For beneath the covers her leg had twitched suddenly, and she knew that it was all better, for it hadn't moved or felt anything for months—ever since the bad fairy had caused her accident so that he could change the wand into a crutch to help the poor little girl."

"And then, Uncle Jerry—"

"And then the fairy laughed, and while she was still laughing she spread her silver wings, marked in blue and rose, and flew out of the window and away, until she was just part of the sunshine."

"Oh dear, is that all?" asked Angus.

"No," said Uncle Jerry in a whisper, "I have the wand!"

WONDERMENT and awe—almost disbellef shone in every one of the dozen faces within the dancing lights of the flames. Uncle Jerry nodded vigorously and so did Aunt Ruth.

"Show us," whispered little Marion, but both the big people shook their heads very decidedly.

"How many of you wrote letters to Santa Claus?" asked the man.

"I did—and I—me too." came the answer from twelve throats.

"Well then, think hard of the first thing on your list, and—watch the door," he said softly.

Twelve pairs of eyes were rivetted on the doorway, and twelve pairs of hands sought for the hands of the ones nearest them, and clung tightly. There was a squeaking sound in the hall as if something was being moved along the floor. Then from either side of the doorway, the curtains were pulled back by unseen hands, and in the opening, the dark pyramid silhouetted against the light from the hall, stood a mammoth Christmas tree, hung with tinsel-strung popcorn, and drooping with its weight of mysterious shaped parcels.

For a moment only the glow from the fire and the light from the hall illuminated the tree, and then suddenly it gleamed with row upon row of tiny multi-colored electric lights, which danced and beckoned merrily amid the dark green of the pine needles.

"Oh, Oh, the tree, the Christmas tree, what a lovely one," came the excited cries of the children as they scrambled to their feet and crowded around the base of the fruitful tree.

"Oh, Uncle Jerry, I just love you," exclaimed little Marion, leaving the tree to hurl herself against her adopted Uncle, and lifting sweet lips for a kiss.

With a quick indrawn breath, the tall man stooped and swept the child into his arms, holding her close to him, his face with its suddenly wet eyes hidden among her curls.

THE woman in the white gown saw with a clutch at her heart, but she turned away with a strange light in her eyes, and joined the youngsters where they pranced around the tree.

"Now for the gifts," she said gaily. "Come, Jerry, you help me."

So putting Marion down, Jerry Palmer entered into the game again. As he lifted the gifts, cutting them from the tree one by one, until instead of parcels there only hung a fringe of scarlet ribbon among the branches, shout after shout of joyful surprise came from the children. To each had been given the most desired gift—tho one which had headed the list on the letter to Sana.

"How did you know?"

"Who told you?"

"I know how Uncle Jerry and Aunt Ruth knew—the good fairy told them!" sang out Marion, and the man and woman nodded gravely as the wondering child eyes met theirs in question, wandering again to the tree.

Then there was a bedlam. Each must see the other's gift and marvel at it. There was a set of tools for Harold, and a duplicate for Jim; a toboggan for Freddie and its mate for John; a velocipede for Angus, and a real brass bugle for Philip. Marion received a leather doll carriage with a collapsible top, long the dream of her life; Betty mothered a baby doll in long clothes; Edith crooned over a long haired flannel-robed doll in a wicker bassinette. Phyllis, the delicate child of the party, paraded around in quilted blue silk dressing gown, and stuck her blue slippered feet out for everybody's attention, while Dorothy and Marjory eyed in silent joy the tiny sewing machines which were to make so many garments for their large families of dolls.

Sandwiches and milk, angel cake and ice cream, were served, and then with their gifts in their arms, a bag of nuts and candies dangling from their wrists, the kiddies crowded around Jerry and Ruth Palmer, crying their thanks, their love, and their "Merry Christmasses," until one by one they disappeared through the open door into the bright frostiness of the night, and the Palmers, slow-footed and reluctant, returned to the deserted silent living room.

THE gay tree was pitifully bare now, though still gay, but the room was in a happy disorder of hastily-flung wrapping paper, discarded labels and knotted and cut bits of bright ribbon. A close observer would have found grimy little finger marks on the enamel of the doorway and crumbs of bread and cake in the deep pile of the costly rugs.

But to the two in the doorway of the room which for so short a time had echoed and rung with children's voices, it was not the disorder nor the soil nor the crumbs that mattered. It was the silence and the emptiness.

Without a word the man stepped into the room and held out his arms, and with a little cry his wife went into them and was close held there, although to neither did any words come. The man was the first to recover.

"Suppose we turn the lights off and sit in the firelight for a while, dear," he suggested, and Ruth went to the switch and plunged the room into a place of cosiness and nearness, of soft dancing shadows and ruddy glow.

"That's better, isn't it?" said Jerry, piling up cushions in Ruth's corner of the chesterfield.

They sat down, very close to each other, and for a few moments the crackling of the fire, or the sudden spit of the ignited pine gum with its accompanying burst of yellow flame, were the only sounds to be heard in the room.

"I don't know why we do this every year," said the man presently. "it only makes things harder, I'm afraid, to have the kiddies here year after year and watch their joy and happiness—I think it makes Teddy seem—I can hardly explain it. When the others are here I can pretend that he'a just run out of the room for something, and that I shall see him again in a moment; but when they have all gone and it is so silent and so—oh lacking—then I miss the little fellow more than ever."

*Continued on page 49*



As if controlled by a common thought Jerry and Ruth turned to look at the place where a chip of veneer was gone from the piano.

# OUR NORTH THAT NEVER WAS

IN THIS second article Mr. Stefansson removes several popular misconceptions of the North. His third article will be constructive and he will proceed to demonstrate that Northern Canada and Alaska, because they are vast grasslands, are already beginning to be what they must by nature eventually become—the greatest meat producing sections of the world. The argument is clinched by showing what the United States Government has already done in Alaska and the Hudson's Bay Company in Canada.

*By* VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

IF THE average Canadian, American or European university graduate has ten ideas about the North, nine of them are wrong. So far as the victims of Canadian and American education are concerned, I know from experience. As to the Europeans, I judge them by their books and conversation.

I was born of British parents in Manitoba but my parents moved to the United States when I was only a year old and I have been through the regular mill of American education—common school, high school, and university to the Bachelor of Arts degree at the State University of Iowa. I then had three years of post-graduate study at Harvard, held a scholarship and two fellowships there, and even became an instructor in a minor capacity. It is, therefore, reasonable to suppose that during the period of my formal and informal education, I absorbed the same general type of misinformation as does the average American. When I went North and became an explorer I found that nine out of ten of my ideas about the polar regions were wrong, and from that I infer that if you are an honor graduate of some university you are probably in as bad a case. Though the university be Canadian, you are not necessarily better off.

When I was a student at Harvard, there was preaching just across the way from us Samuel McChord Crothers. It was a delight to listen to him, whether in church or in the lecture room, and from that delight I passed to the equal joy of reading his essays and books. The reading of one of these essays may not have been exactly a turning point in my life, but it certainly was an event. The essay was on the advisability of founding a university of unlearning. Wherever I have gone since, but especially in the polar regions, the opening of each new vista has brought a further endorsement of the general wisdom of that proposal.

Doctor Crothers said that every "civilized" land is filled with schools and colleges engaged in teaching us things that are not so and that it would be a highly desirable thing if there would be established in each country at least one well-known institution where you might go and unlearn a few of them. This he proposed to call in each country the National University of Polite Unlearning.

### History Will Repeat in Canada

FOR many years it has been a large part of my activities to say in lectures and writings and conversation that the Far North, both in the western and eastern hemispheres, is destined to be colonized in the same general way as were the Western prairies of Canada half a century ago by the same type of people, and with a resulting civilization not fundamentally dissimilar. This assertion is met in the minds of readers or listeners by small armies of objections. The things you think you know about the North arise in a body to declare that the contention is absurd. On such occasions I think of myself as a professor in Doctor Crothers' University of Unlearning. With the initial advantage of knowing what the reader or listener thinks he knows about the North, (for I knew those things myself once and believed them until I went North and found they were not true) I proceed as follows to demolish his misknowledge.

1. Nearly if not quite the most fundamental wrong idea about the North is that the North Pole is the coldest place in the northern hemisphere, and that the polar regions are far colder in winter than any countries that are now inhabited by the average kind of civilized European or American. Let us see if that belief is as nearly true as it is nearly universal.

Besides minor considerations, there are three main factors that determine what the possible minimum temperature of any place may be. These are latitude, altitude and distance from the ocean. We see at once that the North Pole has in a high degree only one of these three qualifications for being extremely cold. Certainly it is at a high latitude. But the North Pole does not lie high above sea level, for it is located in an ocean which Admiral Peary, at the time he visited it, found to be more than twelve thousand feet deep. And if it is not above sea level neither is it far away from the ocean, for it lies in the ocean. Possessing only one of the three main qualifications for being extremely cold, it naturally is never extremely cold. Those who theorize about it generally agree that the minimum temperature there seldom if ever drops below sixty below zero, Fahrenheit. However, that is a matter of theory. No one has as yet spent an entire year at the North Pole. It need not be more than a year or two, and in my opinion it will not be more than a decade or two, until somebody goes to the North Pole, stays there a year and brings back to us a coherent account of how cold or warm it is there from day to day for twelve months. The main handicap in an attempt of this sort would be the mobile nature of the fractured floating ice that covers the vicinity of the Pole. It seems probable that after being formed in the part of the ocean that lies between the North Pole and Alaska, the ice masses drift across the polar area at the rate of perhaps half a mile per day. They are bound for the Atlantic; their destination is the ocean to the north of Iceland and Norway, where they meet the Gulf stream, are melted, and disappear. Any one who made his camp at the North Pole would learn through astronomical observations after a few weeks that he was no longer at home and would have to pick up his bed and walk back to the North Pole. Apart from that, living there a year would be easier than some polar achievements that are already history.




STEFANSSON TAKES ISSUE WITH ATLAS MAKERS. Above is a black and white reproduction from J. G. Bartholomew's colored industrial chart of North America, showing the developed and potential areas of Canada from the map-maker's standpoint. Stefansson contends and produces proof that vast areas in what is known as the far north of Canada are potential live stock and agricultural assets awaiting development. He points out that map-makers and other authorities never go in advance of pioneer endeavor. As an illustration of this very fact, maps and descriptions given of Canada's great wheat-producing prairies at one time designated them as huge deserts, unfit for anything but hunting and cattle-grazing. The difference between the explorer and the map-maker is that the former visualizes the future from present-day indications, while the latter takes cognizance only of that which has been actually demonstrated.

### Our Record of Cold

IF THE actual minimum temperature of the North Pole is a matter of theory, we are in no doubt about the temperatures of the north coast of Canada or Alaska. For more than twenty years in the case of Canada and about forty in the case of the United States there have been weather bureau observatories on the north coast of North America. I have spent in the polar regions ten winters and thirteen summers myself and during most of that time I have carried reliable thermometers, so that I could say from my own experience how cold it is up there in winter, but I prefer to quote the records of the Canadian and American weather bureaus. I have written both of them and asked them to give me the lowest temperature ever recorded in the Canadian station, Herschel Island on the north coast of Canada near the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and the American station near Point Barrow, at the north tip of Alaska, about 300 miles north of the arctic circle. The replies in both cases were identical: "We have never recorded anything lower than 54 degrees F. below zero."

The other day I was reading over a report of the meteorological observations of my arctic expedition of 1913-18, made by the second-in-command, Dr. R. M. Anderson. He says, "The lowest temperature of the winter was 46 degrees below zero," or about like Saranac Lake, New York State, which is a winter resort. Temperatures as low as 50 degrees below zero are rare on the north coast of North America and there are many winters when 45 degrees or 46 degrees below is the lowest record.

After asking the United States weather bureau for the lowest record applicable to the north coast of Alaska, I inquired for the lowest temperature ever recorded in some settled portion of the United States in some average American community. They replied that in a small town near Havre, Montana, they had registered 68 degrees below zero. Almost as low temperatures have been recorded in Havre itself, and Havre is a typical town of three or four thousand inhabitants, with stores and shops, with schools and little children going to school, with churches and people going to church at a temperature fourteen degrees lower than it ever has been known to be on the north coast of North America and about ten degrees lower than it probably ever is at the North Pole. And Havre is not by any means the only place in Montana where the minimum cold is lower than on the north coast of North America.

### Colder in Dakota Than at Pole

I LIVED for fifteen years in Pembina County at the northeast corner of north Dakota, and as a small boy I used to go two and a half miles to the little red schoolhouse at a temperature as low as I have ever seen in my journeys along the coastline or over the moving sea ice in the polar regions. All the other little boys and girls did likewise and none of us realized that we were heroes doing it. Since then, much better dressed and outfitted and in every way better able to take care of myself I have done the same thing as a polar explorer, and have been counted a hero for doing it. At my birth-place in Manitoba the minimum Government record is 55 degrees below zero, one degree lower than the minimum for the north coast of North America. Accordingly, if you happen to be living in Manitoba or Dakota or Montana and want to become a polar explorer, about all you have to do for a proper outfit when you start north is to leave at home a few of your clothes.

Coming back to the principle enunciated above, we see that we have always known that Montana ought to be colder than the North Pole for of the three factors which determine extreme winter cold, latitude, altitude, and distance from the sea, the North Pole has only latitude while Montana is reasonably far north, is reasonably high above sea level, even in the towns where people live and is far away from any ocean. The combination, accordingly, produces extremely low temperatures in winter.

A moments thought will show, however, that on the basis of these factors the coldest point in the northern hemisphere cannot be in North America, for the same

*Continued on page 45*



# The Tell-tale Film

By MAURICE LE BLANC

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

THE FOURTH OF

## *"The Eight Strokes of the Clock"*

**These eight adventures were told me in the old days by Arsene Lupin, as if they had happened to a friend of his, Prince Renine. —M. L.**

"DO LOOK at the man who's playing the butler," said Serge Rènine. "What is there particular about him?" asked Hortense.

They were sitting in the balcony at a picture-palace, to which Hortense had asked to be taken so that she might see on the screen the daughter of a lady, now dead, who used to give her piano-lessons. Rose Andrêe, a lovely girl with lissome movements and a smiling face was that evening figuring in a new film, *The Happy Princess*, which she lit up with her high spirits and her warm, glowing beauty.

Rènine made no direct reply, but, during a pause in the performance, continued:

"I sometimes console myself for an indifferent film by watching the subordinate characters. It seems to me that those poor devils, who are made to rehearse certain scores ten or twenty times over— must often be thinking of other things than their parts at the time of the final exposure. And it's great fun noting those little moments of distraction which reveal something of their temperament, of their instinct self. As, for instance, in the case of that butler: look!"

The screen now showed a luxuriously served table. The Happy Princess sat at the head, surrounded by all her suitors. Half-a-dozen footmen moved about the room, under the orders of the butler, a big fellow with a dull coarse face, a common appearance and a pair of enormous eyebrows which met across his forehead in a single line.

"He looks a brute," said Hortense, "but what do you see in him that's peculiar?"

"Just note how he gazes at the princess and tell me if he doesn't stare at her oftener than he ought to."

"I really haven't noticed anything, so far," said Hortense.

"Why, of course he does!" Serge Rènine declared. "It is quite obvious that in actual life he entertains for Rose Andrêe personal feelings which are quite out of place in a nameless servant. It is possible that, in real life, no one has any idea of such a thing; but, on the screen, when he is not watching himself, or when he thinks that the actors at rehearsal cannot see him, his secret escapes him. Look...."

THE man was standing still. It was the end of dinner. The princess was drinking a glass of champagne and he was gloating over her with his glittering eyes half-hidden behind their heavy lids.

Twice again they surprised in his face those strange expressions to which Rènine ascribed an emotional meaning which Hortense refused to see:

"It's just his way of looking at people," she said.

The first part of the film ended. There were two parts, divided by an *entracte*. The notice on the programme stated that "a year had elapsed and that the Happy Princess was living in a pretty Norman cottage, all hung with creepers, together with her husband, a poor musician."

The princess was still happy as was evident on the screen, still as attractive as ever and still besieged by the greatest variety of suitors. Nobles and commoners, peasants and financiers, men of all kinds fell swooning at her feet; and prominent among them was a sort of boorish solitary, a shaggy, half-wild woodcutter, whom she met whenever she went out for a walk. Armed with his axe, a formidable, crafty being, he prowled around the cottage; and the spectators felt with a sense of dismay that a peril was hanging over the Happy Princess' head.

"Look at that!" whispered Rènine. "Do you realize who the man of the woods is?"

"No."

"Simply the butler. The same actor is doubling the two parts."

In fact, notwithstanding the new figure which he cut, the butler's movements and postures were apparent under the heavy gait and rounded shoulders of the woodcutter, even as under the unkempt beard and long, thick hair, the once clean-shaven face was visible with the cruel expression and the bushy line of the eyebrows.

The princess, in the background, was seen to emerge from the thatched cottage. The man hid himself behind a clump of trees. From time to time, the screen displayed, on an enormously enlarged scale, his fiercely rolling eyes or his murderous hands with their huge thumbs.

"The man frightens me," said Hortense. "He is really terrifying."

"Because he's acting on his own account," said Rènine. "You must understand that in the space of three or four months that appears to separate the dates at which the two films were made, his passion has made progress; and to him it is not the princess who is coming but Rose Andrêe."

THE man crouched low. The victim approached, gaily and unsuspectingly. She passed, heard a sound, stopped and looked about her with a smiling air which became attentive, then uneasy, and then more and more anxious. The woodcutter had pushed aside the branches and was coming through the copse.

They were now standing face to face. He opened his arms as though to seize her. She tried to scream, to call out for help; but the arms closed around her before she could offer the slightest resistance. Then he threw her over his shoulder and began to run.

"Are you satisfied?" whispered Rènine. "Do you think that this fourth-rate actor would have had all that strength and energy if it had been any other woman than Rose Andrêe?"

Meanwhile the woodcutter was crossing the skirt of a forest and plunging through great trees and masses of rocks. After setting the princess down, he cleared the entrance to a cave which the daylight entered by a slanting crevice.

A succession of views displayed the husband's despair, the search and the discovery of some small branches which had been broken by the princess and which showed the path that had been taken. Then came the final scene, with the terrible struggle between the man and the woman when the woman, vanquished and exhausted, is flung to the ground, the sudden arrival of the husband and the shot that puts an end to the brute's life.....

**Hortense and Renine stood rooted to the spot. They had recognized the butler. His cheeks and chin were shaved. . . .**

"WELL," said Rènine, when they had left the picture-palace—and he spoke with a certain gravity—"I maintain that the daughter of your old piano-teacher has been in danger ever since the day when that last scene was filmed. I maintain that this scene represents not so much an assault by the man of the woods on the Happy Princess as a violent and frantic attack by an actor on the woman he desires. Certainly it all happened within the bounds prescribed by the part and nobody saw anything in it—nobody except perhaps Rose Andrêe herself—but I, for my part, have detected flashes of passion which leave not a doubt in my mind, I have seen glances that betrayed the wish and even the intention to commit murder. I have seen clenched hands, ready to strangle, in short, a score of details which prove to me that, at that time, the man's instinct was urging him to kill the woman who could never be his."

"And it all amounts to what?"

"We must protect Rose Andrêe if she is still in danger and if it is not too late."

"And to do this?"

"We must get hold of further information."

"From whom?"

"From the World's Cinema Company, which made the film. I will go to them tomorrow morning. Will you wait for me in your flat about lunch-time?"

At heart, Hortense was still sceptical. All these manifestations of passion, of which she denied neither the ardour nor the ferocity, seemed to her to be the rational behavior of a good actor. She had seen nothing of the terrible tragedy which Rènine contended that he had divined; and she wondered whether he was not erring through an excess of imagination.

"Well," she asked, next day, not without a touch of irony, "how far have you got? Have you made a good bag? Anything mysterious? Anything thrilling?"

"Pretty good."

"Oh, really? And your so-called lover...."

"Is one Dalbrèque, originally a scene-painter, who played the butler in the first part of the film and the man of the woods in the second and was so much appreciated that they engaged him for a new film. Consequently, he has been acting lately. He was acting near Paris. But, on the morning of Friday the 18th of September, he broke into the garage of the World's Cinema Company and made off with a magnificent car and forty thousand francs in money. Information was lodged with the police; and on the Sunday the car was found a little way outside Dreux. And up to now the enquiry has revealed two things, which will appear in the papers tomorrow; first, Dalbrèque is alleged to have committed a murder which created a great stir last year, the murder of Bourguet, the jeweller; secondly, on the day after his two robberies, Dalbrèque was driving through Le Havre in a motor-car with two men who helped him to carry off, in broad daylight and in a crowd-

ed street, a lady whose identity has not been discovered."

"Rose Andrêe?" asked Hortense, uneasily.

"I have just been to Rose Andrêe's: the World's Cinema Company gave me her address. Rose Andrêe spent this summer travelling and then stayed for a fortnight in the Seine-inférieure, where she has a small place of her own, the actual cottage in *The Happy Princess*. On receiving an invitation from America to do a film there, she came back to Paris, registered her luggage at the Gare Saint-Lazare and left on Friday the 18th of September, intending to sleep at Le Havre and take Saturday's boat."

"Friday the 18th," muttered Hortense, "the same day on which that man...."

"And it was on the Saturday that a woman was carried off by him at Le Havre. I looked in at the Compagnie Transatlantique and a brief investigation showed that Rose Andrêe had booked a cabin but that the cabin remained unoccupied. The passenger did not turn up."

"This is frightful. She has been carried off. You were right."

"I fear so."

"What have you decided to do?"

"Adolphe, my chauffeur, is outside, with the car. Let us go to Le Havre. Up to the present Rose Andrêe's disappearance does not seem to have become known. Before it does and before the police identify the woman carried off by Dalbrèque with the woman who did not turn up to claim her cabin, we will get on Rose Andrêe's track."

THERE was not much said on the journey. At four o'clock Hortense and Rènine reached Rouen. But here Rènine changed his road.

"Adolphe, go on and take the left bank of the Seine."

He unfolded a motoring-map on his knees and, tracing the route with his finger, showed Hortense that, if you draw a line from Le Havre, or rather from Quillebeuf, where the road crosses the Seine, to Dreux, where the stolen car was found, this line passes through Routot, a market-town lying west of the forest of Brotonne:

"Now it was in the forest of Brotonne," he continued, "according to what I heard, that the second part of *The Happy Princess* was filmed. And the question that arises is this: having got hold of Rose Andrêe, would it not occur to Dalbrèque, when passing near the forest on the Saturday night, to hide his prey there, while his two accomplices went on to Dreux and from there returned to Paris? The cave was quite near. Was he not bound to go to it? How should he do otherwise? Wasn't it while running to this cave, a few months ago, that he held in his arms, against his breast, within reach of his lips, the woman he loved and whom he has now conquered? By every rule of fate and logic, the adventure is being repeated all over again....but this time in reality. Rose Andrêe is a captive. There is no hope of rescue. The forest is vast and lonely. That night, or on one of the following nights, Rose Andrêe must surrender . or die."

Hortense gave a shudder:

"We shall be too late. Besides, you don't suppose that he's keeping her a prisoner?"

"Certainly not. The place I have in mind is at a cross-roads, and is not a safe retreat. But we may discover some clue or other."

THE shades of night were falling from the tall trees when they entered the ancient forest of Brotonne, full of Roman remains and mediaeval relics. Renine knew the forest well and remembered that near a famous oak, known as the Wine-cask, there was a cave which must be the cave of the Happy Princess. He found it easily, switched on his electric torch, rummaged in the dark corners and brought Hortense back to the entrance:

"There's nothing inside," he said, "but here is the evidence which I was looking for. Dalbrèque was obsessed by the recollection of the film, but so was Rose Andrêe. The Happy Princess had broken off the tops of the branches on the way through the forest. Rose Andrêe has managed to break off some to the right of this opening, in the hope that she would be discovered as on the first occasion."

"Yes," said Hortense, "it's a proof that she has been here; but the proof is three weeks old. Since that time....."

"Since that time, she is either dead and buried under a heap of leaves or else alive in some hole even lonelier than this."

"If so, where is he?"

Rènine pricked up his ears. Repeated blows of the axe were sounding from some distance, no doubt coming from a part of the forest not far off, that was being cleared.



She stopped short in front of him. Renine bowed, gave his name and introduced his companion.

"He?" said Rènine, "I wonder whether he may not have continued to behave under the influence of the film and whether the man of the woods in *The Happy Princess* has not quite naturally resumed his calling. For how is the man to live, to obtain his food, without attracting attention? He will have found a job."

"We can't make sure of that."

"We might, by questioning the woodcutters whom we can hear."

The car took them by a forest-road to another cross-roads where they entered on foot a track which was deeply rutted by wagon-wheels. The sound of axes ceased. After walking for a quarter of an hour, they met a dozen men who, having finished work for the day, were returning to the villages, near by.

"Will this path take us to Routot?" asked Rènine, in order to open a conversation with them.

"No, you're turning your backs on it," said one of the men, gruffly.

And he went on, accompanied by his mates.

Hortense and Rènine stood rooted to the spot. They had recognized the butler. His cheeks and chin were shaved, but his upper lip was covered by a black moustache, evidently dyed. The eye-brows no longer met and were reduced to normal dimensions.

Thus, in less than twenty hours, acting on the vague hints supplied by the bearing of a film-actor, Serge Rènine had touched the very heart of the tragedy by means of purely psychological arguments.

"Rose Andrêe is alive," he said. "Otherwise Dalbrèque would have left the country. The poor thing must be imprisoned and bound up; and he takes her some food at night."

"We will save her, won't we?"

"Certainly, by keeping a watch on him and, if necessary, but in the last resort, compelling him by force to give up his secret."

THEY followed the woodcutter at a distance and, on the pretext that the car needed overhauling, engaged rooms in the principal inn at Routot.

Attached to the inn was a small café from which they were separated by the entrance to the yard and above which were two rooms, reached by a wooden outer staircase, at one side. Dalbrèque occupied one of these rooms and Rènine took the other for the use of his chauffeur.

Next morning he learnt from Adolphe that Dalbrèque, on the previous evening, after all the lights were out, had carried down a bicycle from his room and mounted it and had not returned until shortly before sunrise.

The bicycle tracks led Rènine to the uninhabited Château des Landes, five miles from the village. They disappeared in a rocky path which ran beside the park down to the Seine, opposite the Jumièges peninsula.

Next night, he took up his position there. At eleven o'clock, Dalbrèque climbed a bank, scrambled over a wire fence, hid his bicycle under the branches and moved away. It seemed impossible to follow him in the pitchy darkness on a mossy soil that muffled the sound of footsteps. Rènine did not make the attempt; but, at daybreak, he came with his chauffeur and hunted through the park all the morning. Though the park, which covered the side of a hill and was bounded below by the river, was not very large, he found no clue which gave him any reason to suppose that Rose Andrêe was imprisoned there.

He therefore went back to the village, with the firm intention of taking action that evening and employing force:

"This state of things cannot go on," he said to Hortense. "I must rescue Rose Andrêe at all costs and save her from that ruffian's clutches. He must be made to speak. He must. Otherwise there's a danger that we may be too late."

That day was Sunday; and Dalbrèque did not go to work. He did not leave his room except for lunch and went upstairs again immediately afterwards. But at three o'clock Rènine and Hortense, who were keeping a watch on him from the inn, saw him come down the wooden staircase, with his bicycle on his shoulder. Leaning it against the bottom step, he inflated the tires and fastened to the handle-bar a rather bulky object wrapped in a newspaper.

"By Jove!" muttered Rènine.

"What's the matter?"

In front of the café was a small terrace bordered on the right and left by spindle-trees planted in boxes, which were connected by a paling. Behind the shrubs, sitting on a bank but stooping forward so that they could see Dalbrèque through the branches, were four men.

"Police!" said Rènine. "What bad luck! If those fellows take a hand, they will spoil everything."

"Why? On the contrary, I should have thought "

"Yes, they will. They will put Dalbrèque out of the way....and then? Will that give us Rose Andrêe?"

DALBREQUE had finished his preparations. Just as he was mounting his bicycle, the detectives rose in a body, ready to make a dash for him. But Dalbrèque, though quite unconscious of their presence, changed his mind and went back to his room as though he had forgotten something.

"Now's the time!" said Rènine. "I'm going to risk it. But it's a difficult situation and I've no great hopes."

He went out into the yard and, at the moment when the detectives were not looking, ran up the staircase, as was only natural if he wished to give an order to his chauffeur. But he had no sooner reached the rustic balcony at the back of the house, which gave admission to the two bedrooms, than he stopped. Dalbrèque's door was open. Renine walked in.

Dalbrèque stepped back, at once assuming the defensive:

"What do you want? Who said you could....?"

"Silence!" whispered Rènine, with an imperious gesture. "It's all up with you!"

"What are you talking about?" growled the man, angrily.

"Lean out of your window. There are four men below on the watch for you to leave, four detectives."

Dalbrèque leant over the terrace and muttered an oath:

"On the watch for me?" he said, turning round. "What do I care?"

"They have a warrant."

He folded his arms:

"Shut up your piffle! A warrant! What's that to me?"

"Listen," said Rènine, "and let us waste no time.

It's urgent. Your name's Dalbrèque, or, at least, that's the name under which you acted in *The Happy Princess* and under which the police are looking for you as being the murderer of Bourguet the jeweller, the man who stole a motor-car and forty thousand francs from the World's Cinema Company and the man who abducted a woman at Le Havre. All this is known and proved—and here's the upshot. Four men down-stairs. Myself here, my chauffeur in the next room. You're done for. Do you want me to save you?"

Dalbrèque gave his adversary a long look:

"Who are you?"

"A friend of Rose Andrêe's," said Rènine.

The other started and. to some extent dropping his mask retorted:

"What are your conditions?"

"Rose Andrêe, whom you have abducted and tormented, is dying in some hole or corner. Where is she?"

A STRANGE thing occurred and impressed Rènine. Dalbrèque's face, usually so common, was lit up by a smile that made it almost attractive. But this was only a flashing vision: the man immediately resumed his hard and impassive expression.

"And suppose I refuse to speak?" he said.

"So much the worse for you. It means your arrest."

"I dare say; but it means the death of Rose Andrêe. Who will release her?"

"You. You will speak now, or in half an hour, or two hours hence at the latest. You will never have the heart to keep silent and let her die."

Dalbrèque shrugged his shoulders. Then, raising his hand, he said:

"I swear on my life that, if they arrest me, not a word will leave my lips."

"What then?"

"Then save me. We will meet this evening at the entrance to the Parc desLandes and say what we have to say."

"Why not at once?"

"I have spoken."

"Will you be there?"

"I shall be there."

Rènine reflected. There was something in all this that he failed to grasp. In any case, the frightful danger that threatened Rose Andrêe dominated the whole situation; and Rènine was not the man to despise this threat and to persist out of vanity in a perilous course. Rose Andrêe's life came before everything.

He struck several blows on the wall of the next bedroom and called his chauffeur.

"Adolphe, is the car ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Set her going and pull her up in front of the terrace outside the café, right against the boxes so as to block the exit. As for you," he continued, addressing Dalbrèque, "you're to jump on your machine and, instead of making off along the road, cross the yard. At the end of the yard is a passage leading into a lane. There you will be free. But no hesitation and no blundering.... else you'll get yourself nabbed. Good luck to you."

He waited till the car was drawn up in accordance with his instructions and, when he reached it, he began to question his chauffeur, in order to attract the detectives' attention.

ONE of them however, having cast a glance through the spindle-trees, caught sight of Dalbrèque just as he reached the bottom of the staircase. He gave the alarm and darted forward, followed by his comrades, but had to run round the car and bumpedinto the chauffeur, which gave Dalbrèque time to mount his bicycle and cross the yard unimpeded. He thus had some seconds' start. Unfortunately for him, as he was about to enter the passage at the back, a troop of boys and girls appeared, returning from vespers. On hearing the shouts of the detectives, they spread their arms in front of the fugitive, who gave two or three lurches and ended by falling.

Cries of triumph were raised:

"Lay hold of him! Stop him!" roared the detectives as they rushed forward.

Rènine, seeing that the game was up, ran after the others and called out:

"Stop him!"

He came up with them just as Dalbrèque, after regaining his feet, knocked one of the policemen down and levelled his revolver. Rènine snatched it out of his hands. But the two other detectives, startled, had also produced their weapons. They fired. Dalbrèque, hit in the leg and the chest, pitched forward and fell.

"Thank you, sir," said the inspector to Rènine, introducing himself. "We owe a lot to you."

"It seems to me that you've done for the fellow," said Rènine. "Who is he?"

"One Dalbrèque, a scoundrel for whom we are looking."

Rènine was beside himself. Hortense had joined him by this time; and he growled:

"The silly fools! Now they've killed him!"

"Oh, it isn't possible!"

"We shall see. But whether he's dead or alive, it's death to Rose Andrêe. How are we to trace her? And what chance have we of finding the place—some inaccessible retreat—where the poor thing is dying of misery and starvation?"

The detectives and peasants had moved away, bearing Dalbrèque with them on an improvised stretcher. Rènine, who had at first followed them, in order to find out what was going to happen, changed his mind and was now standing with his eyes fixed on the ground. The fall of the bicycle had unfastened the parcel which Dalbrèque had tied to the handle-bars; and the newspaper had burst, revealing its contents, a tin saucepan, rusty, dented, battered and useless.

"What's the meaning of this?" he muttered. "What was the idea?...."

He picked it up and examined it. Then gave a grin and a click of the tongue and chuckled, slowly:

"Don't move an eyelash, my dear. Let all these people clear off. All this is no business of ours is it? The troubles of police don't concern us. We are two motorists travelling for our pleasure and collecting old saucepans if we feel so inclined."

He called his chauffeur:

"Adolphe, take us to the Parc des Landes by a roundabout road."

Half an hour later they reached the sunken track and began to scramble down it on foot besides the wooded slopes. The Seine which was very low at this time of day, was lapping against a little jetty near which lay a worm-eaten, mouldering boat, full of puddles of water.



Dalbreque looked out of the window and muttered an oath. "On the watch for me?" he said, turning round.

RENINE stepped into the boat and at once began to bale out the puddles with his saucepan. He then drew the boat alongside the jetty, helped Hortense in and used the one oar which he shipped in a gap in the stern to work her into midstream:

"I believe I'm there!" he said, with a laugh. "The worst that can happen to us is to get our feet wet, for our craft leaks a trifle. But have'nt we a saucepan? Oh, blessings on that useful utensil! Almost as soon as I set eyes upon it, I remembered that people use those articles to bale out the bottoms of leaky boats. Why, there was bound to be a boat in the Landes woods! How was it I never thought of that? But of course Dalbrèque made use of her to cross the Seine! And, as she made water. he brought a saucepan."

"Then Rose Andrêe....?" asked Hortense.

"Is a prisoner on the other bank, on the Jumiages peninsula. You can see the famous abbey from here."

They ran aground on a beach of big pebbles covered with slime.

A towpath followed the deserted bank. Another path led away from it. They chose the second, and passing between orchards enclosed by hedges, came to a landscape that seemed strangely familiar to them. Where had they seen that pool before, with the willows hanging over it? And where had they seen that abandoned hovel?

Suddenly both of them stopped with one accord:

"Oh!" said Hortense. "I can hardly believe my eyes!"

Opposite them was the white gate of a large orchard, at the back of which, among the groups of old, gnarled apple-trees, appeared a cottage with blue shutters, the cottage of the Happy Princess.

"Of course!" cried Rènine. "And I ought to have known it, considering that the film showed both this cottage and the forest close by. And isn't everything happening exactly as in *The Happy Princess*? Isn't Dalbrèque dominated by the memory of it? The house, which is certainly the one in which Rose Andrêe spent the summer was empty. He shut her up there."

"But the house, you told me, was in the Seine-inférieur."

"Well, so are we! To the left of the river, the Eure and the forest of Brotonne; to the right, the Seine-inférieure. But between them is the obstacle of the river. which is why I did'nt connect the two. A hundred and fifty yards of water form a more effective division than dozens of miles."

The gate was locked. They got through the hedge a little lower down and walked towards the house, which was screened on one side by an old wall shaggy with ivy.

"It seems as if there was somebody there," said Hortense. "Did'nt I hear the sound of a window?"

"Listen."

SOME one struck a few chords of a piano. Then a voice arose, a woman's voice softly and solemnly singing a ballad that thrilled with unrestrained passion. The woman's whole soul seemed to breathe itself into the melodious notes.

They walked on. The well concealed them from view, but they saw a sitting-room furnished wth bright wall-paper and a blue Roman carpet. The throbbing voice ceased. The piano ended with a last chord; and the singer rose and appeared at the window.

"Rose Andrêe!" whispered Hortense.

"Well!" said Rènine, admitting his astonishment. "This is the last thing that I expected! Rose Andrêe! Rose Andrêe at liberty! And singing Massenet in the sitting room of her cottage!"

"What does it all mean? Do you understand?"

"Yes, but it has taken me long enough! But how could we have guessed....?"

Although they had never seen her except on the screen, they had not the least doubt that this was she. It was really Rose Andrêe, or rather, the Happy Princess, whom they had admired a few days before, amidst the furniture of that very sitting-room or on the threshold of that very cottage. She was wearing the same dress; her hair was done in the same way; she had on the same bangles and necklaces as in *The Happy Princess* and her lovely face, with its rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, bore the same look of joy and serenity.

Some sound must have caught her

*Continued on page 44*

# SENTENCE OF DEATH: The Doctor's Story

*By* "Sapper" H. C. McNEILE

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

ON A certain day in the year of grace 1921, there came into being a Special and Very Select Club. There was no entrance fee and no subcription which is where it differe from All Other Clubs. Its membership was limited to five: The Actor, the Barrister, the Doctor, the Ordinary Man and the Writer. Each in his own particular trade had achieved what the World calls fame except the Ordinary Man who was only Ordinary. The only rule of the Club was that, on certain nights to be mutually agreed on, the member whose turn it was should give to the remaining members an Exceedingly Good Dinner, after which he should tell them a Story connected with his own Trade, that should be of sufficient interest to keep them awake.

The only penalty of the Club was that if the Story was not of sufficient interest to keep the audience awake, the Offending Member should pay the sum of Ten Pounds to a Deserving Charity.

No rule was deemed necessary as to the quality of the Dinner: the Members had elected themselves with discretion.

And thus it came to the turn of the Doctor.....

"SOONER or later," began the Doctor, settling himself comfortably in his chair, "it comes to most of us. Sooner or later a man or a woman comes to consult us on what they imagine to be some trifling malady, and when we make our examination we find that it isn't trifling. And occasionally we find that not only is the matter not trifling, but that —well, you all have seen Collier's picture 'The Sentence of Death'. It's a thing incidentally which requires careful thought—just how much you will tell. Different people take things different ways, and where it might be your duty to tell one man the half truth—to another it might be just as much your duty to lie. But, broadly speaking, I personally have always maintained that unless the circumstances are quite exceptional, it is a Doctor's duty to tell a patient the truth however unpleasant it might be. What would a man say if his lawyer or his stockbroker lied to him?

"Which brings me to the opening of my story. It was in the May before the war that a man came into my consulting room—a man whom I will call Jack Digby. I motioned him to a chair on the other side of my desk, so placed that the light from the window fell on his face. I put him down as a man of about three and thirty, who was used to an out-door life. His face was bronzed, his hands were sunburned—and the whole way he carried himself, the set of his shoulders, the swing of his arms as he had walked across the room indicated the athlete in good condition. In fact he was an unusual type to find in a Harley street consulting room,—and I told him so, by way of opening the conversation.

"He grinned: a very pleasant cheery grin and put his hat on the floor.

" 'Just a matter of form, Doctor,' he said, leaning back in his chair and crossing his legs. 'I'm thinking of entering for the matrimonial stakes, and before saddling up I thought I 'd just get you to certify me sound in wind and limb.'

"NOW he spoke very easily and naturally, but something—I don't quite know what—made me look at him a little more closely. The study of human nature is a vital necessity if the study of human ailments is to be successful—and one gets plenty of opportunity for it if one is a consulting physician. And I suddenly wondered if it was 'just a matter of form' in his mind. The ordinary, young healthy man doesn't usually take the trouble to be overhauled by a Doctor, just because he is going to get married.

"However at that stage of the proceedings my thoughts were my own, and I answered him in the same vein. And while he was taking off his coat and shirt, we talked casually on various topics. Then I started my examination. And within half-a-minute I knew that something was very, very wrong.



"'Is it absolutely hopeless?'" she asked. "And her voice was steady."

" 'I would like you to take off your vest, please, Mr. Digby,' I said, and for a moment he stared at me in silence. I was watching him quietly, and it was then I knew that my first surmise was correct. In his eyes there was a look of dreadful fear.

"He stripped his vest off and I continued my examination. And after I'd finished I walked over to my desk.

" 'You can put on your clothes again,' I said gravely. I swung round as I felt his hand like a vice on my shoulder

" 'What is it?' he muttered. 'Tell me.'

" 'It was not altogether a matter of form with you, was it, Mr. Digby,' I answered. 'Put on your clothes: I want to ask you a few questions.'

" 'Damn it, man,' he cried. 'I can't wait. What have you found?'

" 'I would like to have another opinion before telling you.' I was fencing for time—but he was insistent.

" 'You can have another opinion—you can have fifty other opinions,' he cried, still gripping me by the shoulder—'but I want to know what you think *now*. Can I marry?'

" 'You cannot,' I said gravely, and his hand fell to his side. Then he slowly walked across the room, and stood with his back to me staring out of the window. After a while he picked up his clothes and started to dress.

"I said nothing until he had finished: with a man of his type talking is a mistake. It was not until he again sat down in the chair opposite me that I broke the silence.

" 'You asked me a specific question, Mr. Digby', I said quietly, 'and I answered as a man of your type would like to be answered. But I now want to modify my reply slightly. And I will put it this way: If I had a daughter, I would not allow a man whose heart was in the condition that yours is, to marry her. It would not be fair to her: it would certainly not be fair to any possible children.'

"He nodded gravely—though he didn't speak.

" 'You feared something of this sort when you came to me?' I asked.

" 'My mother died of it,' he answered quietly. 'And once or twice lately, after exercise, I've had an agonising twinge of pain.' And then under his breath he added, 'Thank God! she doesn't know.'

" 'But I would like another opinion' I continued. 'There are men as you know who are entirely heart specialists—and I will give you the address of one.'

" 'Confirmation of the death-sentence,' he laughed grimly. 'No saddling up for me—eh, Doctor?'

" 'Not as you are at present, Mr. Digby.' I was writing the address of the biggest heart man on a piece of paper—though I felt it was useless. It didn't require an expert to diagnose this trouble.

"'Is there any chance of getting better?' he cried eagerly, and I stopped writing and looked at him. There was hope—a dawning hope in his eyes—and for a moment I hesitated.

"MY OWN opinion was that there was no chance: that he might with care and luck live for two or three years—perhaps more—but that he might equally well drop dead at any moment It was enough—that momentary hesitation: the eager look in his eyes faded, and he sat back wearily in his chair.

" 'Don't bother,' he said slowly, 'I see how it is.'

" 'No, you don't, Mr. Digby,' I answered. 'You see how I think it is. Which is an altogether different matter. There is always a chance.'

" 'That's juggling with words,' he said, with a twisted little smile. 'The great point is that I'm not in a position to ask this girl to marry me.'

"He glanced at the slip of paper I handed to him—then he rose.

" 'I would like you to go and see him,' I said quietly. 'You see I feel the gravity of what I've had to tell you this morning very much. And in fairness to myself as well as to you, my dear fellow, I'd like you to go to Sir John.'

"For a few seconds he stood there facing me—then he grinned as he had done at the beginning of the interview.

" 'All right, Doctor,' he cried. 'I'll go. And Sir John shall drive the nail right in.'

" 'I'm sorry,' I said. 'Infernally sorry. You've taken it, if I may say so, like a damned brave man.'

"He turned away abruptly. 'What the deuce is the good of whining,' he cried. 'If it's the same as in my mother's case, the end will be very abrupt!'

"The next moment he was gone—a man under sentence of death. And the pitiful tragedy of it hit one like a blow. He was so essentially the type of man who should have married some charming girl and had children. He was just a first-class specimen of the sporting Englishman—but....." The Doctor paused and looked at the Soldier. "The type that makes a first-class squadron-leader," and the Soldier nodded.

"It was in the afternoon," continued the Doctor after a while, "that Sir John Longworth rang me up. Digby had been to him, and the result was as I expected. Two years or possibly two days, and as for marriage—out of the question entirely. He had merely confirmed my own diagnosis of the case—and there, for a time, the matter rested. In the stress of work, Jack Digby passed from my mind—until Fate decreed that we should meet again in what were to prove most dramatic circumstances.

"It was two months later—about the beginning of July—that I decided to take a short holiday. I couldn't really spare the time, but I knew that I ought to take one. So I ran down for a long week-end to stop with some people

I knew fairly well in Dorsetshire. They had just taken a big house a few miles from Weymouth—and I will call them the Maitlands. There were Mr. and Mrs. Maitland—and a son Tom up at the Varsity and a daughter—Sybil. When I arrived I found they had a bit of a house-party,—perhaps a dozen in all—and after tea the girl, whom I'd met once or twice before, took me round the place.

"SHE was a charming girl—very, very pretty, of about twenty-two or three, and we chattered on aimlessly as we strolled through the gardens.

" 'You're quite a big party,' I laughed. 'And I thought I was coming for a quiet week-end.'

" 'We've got two or three more arriving to-night,' she said. 'At least I think so. One of them is a most elusive person....' She was staring straight in front of her as she spoke, and for the moment she seemed to have forgotten my existence.

" 'Male or female—the elusive one?' I asked lightly.

" 'A man,' she answered abruptly, and changed the conversation.

"But being an old and wary bird, I read into her harmless remark a somewhat deeper significance than was perhaps justified. And it struck me very forcibly that if I were the man, I would not be elusive under the circumstances. She surely was most amazingly pretty....."

"With great deductive ability," murmured the Actor, as the Doctor paused to refill his pipe, "we place the elusive man as Jack Digby."

"You go to blazes," laughed the teller of the story. "I haven't got to that yet. Of course you're quite right—it was. Though when I found it out a little later, it came as a complete surprise to me. I'd almost forgotten his existence.

"It was her father who first mentioned his name. I was having a sherry and bitters with him in his study, before going up to dress for dinner, and the conversation turned on the girl. I think I said how extraordinarily pretty I thought she was, and remarked that I supposed somebody would soon be walking off with her.

"Joe Maitland's face clouded a little.

" 'As a matter of fact,' he said, 'both her mother and I have been expecting it for some time. A most charming man—and Sybil is in love with him, I'm sure. We all thought that he was in love with her' —and then he exploded—'damn it—it isn't a question of thinking: I know he's in love with her. And for some extraordinary reason he won't tell her so. He's kept away from her for the last two months—after having lived in her pocket. And he's not the type that monkeys round, and makes a girl fond of him for no reason. He's coming here to-night and....."

"MY HOST, still frowning slightly, lit a cigarette. So this was the elusive man evidently, I thought, putting down my glass. It was no business of mine—and then suddenly I stood very still as I heard him speak again.

" 'Jack Digby is as white as they're made,' he was saying, but I didn't hear any more. Luckily my back was towards him, so he couldn't see my face. Jack Digby! Poor devil! With Sybil Maitland the girl in his mind, the blow I'd given him must have been even crueller than I'd thought. And what a strange coincidence that I should be going to meet him again under such circumstances. Maitland was still rambling on, but I was paying no attention to him. I could, of course, say nothing unless Digby gave me permission: but it struck me that if I told him that not only was his silence being completely misconstrued, but that it was making the girl unhappy, he might allow me to tell her father the truth. After all the truth was far better. there was nothing to be ashamed of in having a rotten heart....

"And it was just as I had made up my mind to see Digby that night, that the door opened and Tom, the boy, came in. I hadn't seen him since he was quite a child, and the first thing that struck me about him was that he was almost as good-looking as his sister. He'd got the same eyes—the same coloring: but....There was the devil of a but. Whereas his sister gave one the impression of being utterly frank and fearless, the boy struck me immediately as being the very reverse.. That he was the apple of his mother's eye, I knew—but that signifies nothing. Thank God! mothers are made that way. And as I stood watching him talking to his father, I recalled certain vague rumours that I'd heard recently and had paid scant attention to at the time. Rumours of wild extravagance up at Oxford—debts well into the four figures....They came back to my mind—those idle bits of gossip, and they assumed a definite significance, as I studied the boy's face. It was weak—utterly weak: he gave one the impression of having no mental or moral stamina whatever.

"He poured himself out a glass of sherry, and his hand wasn't quite steady: which is a bad sign in a boy of under twenty-one. And he was a little frightened of his father—which is bad in a boy of any age, when the father is a man like Joe Maitland. And that wasn't all either. There was something more—something much bigger on his mind: I was sure of it. There was fear in his heart; you could see it lurking round his eyes—round his mouth. I glanced at Joe, but he seemed quite oblivious of it—and then I left them and went up to dress for dinner. I remember wondering as I turned into my room whether the boy had got into another scrape—then I dismissed him from my mind. Jack Digby was more interesting.

"I met him in the hall as I came down—and he gave a sudden start of astonishment.

" 'Why, Doctor,' he said quietly, as we shook hands, 'this is a surprise. I'd no idea you were to be here.'

" 'Nor I that you were coming,' I answered, 'until Mr. Maitland happened to mention it a little while ago.'

" 'You haven't said anything to him, have you?' he cried anxiously.

" 'My dear fellow,' I said, 'you ought to know that Doctors don't.' He muttered an apology, and I went on. 'You know, Digby, I can't help thinking that you're making a mistake in not telling the truth.'

"HE SHOOK his head vigorously. 'I'm sure I'm not,' he answered. 'The mistake I've made has been in coming here at all. I haven't seen her since the day—when you told me. And I oughtn't to have come now.

*Continued on page 42*



"And then there fell one of those silences that can be felt. She was staring at Jack Digby; staring at him with a great amazement dawning on her face . . . staring . . ."

# THE HOUSE OF INNISFAIL

*By* C. W. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. J. DINSMORE

"DO *you* believe in ghosts, Mr. Vincent?" Of all the people who sat in the semi-circle of intimate friends round the fire at the country house party, the one least likely to be superstitious or to accept what could not be proved with legal precision was Vincent. Middle-aged, shrewdly keen, he sat puffing silently at his briar while others related, this Christmas Eve, their hair-raising experiences. Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle had been summoned to give expert backing to the ghost-believers, and both had been spurned by the materialists. Vincent was the only person who had not contributed to the spooky discussion. Then the question was flung across the hearth at him. One expected prompt disavowal from the good-naturedly satirical lawyer, but moments elapsed before he replied.

"I never have seen a ghost," he said presently.

Something in the reply drew attention.

"Then you *do* believe in them?" asked an enthusiastic ghost-up-holder, who had been giving recollections of her former incarnations which frank unbelievers brutally declared were due to the retributive qualities of dinners she had eaten.

"I never have seen a ghost," repeated Vincent. "Whether I have heard or felt one—absurd as the latter may seem—I cannot be quite certain about."

"Oo—oo—oo—ooh!"

It was only little Bettie Pringle expressing her agitated emotions but in the eerie stillness it sounded rather ghostly.

"Don't do that, Bettie," said a shivering, plump lady. "It makes me feel all creepy. Hadn't we better turn on the lights."

Indignant protests greeted the suggestion from wall-flowers in the grim unseen, and the plump lady subsided into the depths of her chair after a scared peep into the shadows behind her.

"Oh, Mr. Vincent, you must tell us about it," urged our hostess, and her request was echoed by others of the party.

And so Vincent sat there in the gloom, pipe in fingers, and told the story of another Christmas Eve.

I SAW Innisfail for the first time in the dusk of a December afternoon. Its owner, Gordon Merchiston, was driving me from the railway station, a dozen miles from Innisfail—his home—and suddenly, at a sharp turn of the snow-piled road, I saw the ancient house, one of the oldest in the Eastern Townships of Quebec province.

It lay on the upper shore of a white-sheeted lake—massive, frowning, remote, as seen in the intervals of the gauntly-stark trees that belted it about, and against the whiteness of the hillside. More like frontier fortress than home it seemed, built of stone that age and weather had darkened, and it looked across the level sheet of the lake to the far hills with a dogged, indomitable aggressiveness—challenge and guarded reserve in its eyes.

THERE it had stood a full century and a half, since the day when the first Canadian Merchiston, who had fought under Wolfe at Quebec, had passed within its newly-built walls and made it the abiding place of his line.

And for these hundred and fifty years Merchistons had lived in it, father and son—son and son's son—six generations reaching to the time of my friend and client, Gordon Merchiston.

There had been Merchiston soldiers and sailors among its men, for there had ever been fighting quality in the blood, and whenever the flag of England streamed in the sky in face of foe there had come the tingle in the blood of the breed that pulsed ringingly as note of bugle's summons.

They came of a moss-trooping family of Border Scots, a tall lean breed, some—in the course of the generations—quaintly sedate, others spectacular rakes, none money-makers; the only replenishing of the family fortune coming from an occasional introduction of an heiress by marriage. Of the great landed estate, but the house and a hundred or so acres were left when Gordon succeeded his father.

When he invited me to Innisfail for Christmas he frankly told me that he had little to offer in way of entertainment—it would be bachelor hospitality to bachelor guest—and that there was business of urgency he desired to discuss with me. I knew that matters had not been going well with him financially.

Driving from the station Merchiston told me the general situation. It was not in his kind to hold back in the pioneer mining ventures he had entered, and he had plunged head-under, taking with him all he owned, mortgaging his property to the limit, and payment of the note for twenty-five thousand had been demanded. He did not know where he could raise even twenty-five hundred.

"And so," he ended the dismal recital, "you have the story. I guess I am just about at the end of my tether."

It was at this moment that the house of Innisfail came into view and I caught Gordon's glance as he silently regarded it. It was the look of one who is parting with the thing most precious in life to him.

"And so," he repeated, more to himself than to me, "Innisfail and the Merchistons part at last—and forever."

The ensuing silence lasted until we reached the house and were walking from the stables to the iron-studded front door, then, standing on the terrace, Gordon paused to point out the mining property on the far hill's upper slopes that had compassed his ruin. The trees had been shorn away and one could see against the whiteness the dark gashes where men and machinery had burrowed for wealth. In the distance the gashes shaped themselves as a huge black octopus that, with long, feeling tentacles, was crawling down the snowy slopes to clutch and devour this ancient house.

I HAD never been in Innisfail before, and if its massive exterior had impressed, its interior fascinated—the spacious hall, panelled and ceiled in inky-black oak, its walls ornamented with weapons, armor, trophies of the chase—the dining room in which dinner was laid for the two of us immediately after our arrival, an apartment furnished with sombrely solid magnificence. But most of all the library, to which we withdrew after dinner, struck the intimate note of the wonderful home that Innisfail was. It was spacious, yet not too much so for cosy comfort. Upon the wide, handsomely-tiled hearth a great fire burned; against the walls stood elaborately-carved cases filled with books—tall folios, calf-bound tomes of an earlier day, specimens of elegant bindings, together with vol-



We stood all three, in the gallery, regarding each other in the most pregnant silence I have known . . .

umes that were, obviously, the productions of a more modern press; between and above the cases were fine prints, mostly sporting sketches and engravings; guns and fishing rods on racks; statuary; and all the interesting and valuable odds and ends that men of leisured wealth and taste gather from all over the world in the course of generation.s

I commented upon the charm of the house and Merchiston took me over it on a tour of inspection.

"What a place to own! What a place to lose!" I inwardly reflected.

I had no conception of the size of the place until we went over it—suites of apartments, bedrooms, boudoirs, parlors, drawing-rooms, each elaborately furnished, suggesting the different periods of the house's life, some of the appointments solidly plain, others delicately elegant, their furniture, even to my inexperienced eye, the work of no ordinary Canadian craftsman—silken hangings and coverlets, rare rugs and carpets, inlaid tables, great mirrored wardrobes, ornaments in cunningly wrought silver and jade. In one suite I noted suggestions of the tropics, corals and great delicately-hued shells, and, on the walls, water-color sketches of tropical scenes; I commented upon them.

"Relics of the West Indian phase of the family history," explained Merchiston. "One might say that this is the cupboard in which reposes the family skeleton."

"The family skeleton?" I repeated inquiringly.

"Yes—and, at this distance, I am quite proud of him," he grinned. "We're Scotch, as you know, but half English from the time when the Stuarts ascended the throne of England. Some of us took to seafaring, in the navy, privateering on our own hook, and—well, as you know, the line between privateering and piracy was a rather thin one at times, and one Merchiston found it convenient to forget that there was a line at all. He is the real black sheep of the bunch—no neutral tones, but the real inky stuff. If tales are true, as they doubtless are, he flew the Jolly Roger in the Caribbean—Hispaniola, Porto Bello, and many another spot bordering West Indian waters knew him to their sorrow. Later he linked up with Henry Morgan, was with him on the great buccaneer's famous adventure up the Chagres River and descent upon Panama. By all rights he should have ended his career suspended from the gate of London Docks, but, like Morgan, he managed to make his peace with the Merrie Monarch, who could always see the point of a joke, and, with his chief, who was made Governor of Jamaica, ended his days in the atmosphere of great respectability and some affluence in the West Indies.



We were just in time to escape a horseman who came galloping round the corner at top speed

"What became of the treasure looted from Panama and other cities no one ever knew positively; that Morgan and one or two of his leaders fleeced their associates is matter of history, and, as the tale goes, my worthy forbear was in on the skinning, Morgan and he being hand in glove.

"There probably was truth in this because there arose a quarrel about this time that had results so persistent that a feud emerged from them that for some time was quite lively. Another notorious ruffian, who was also high in the counsels of Morgan and one of his active lieutenants, was a Dutchman named Ruysdael; when the three abandoned the rank and file and for prudential reasons turned to comparatively virtuous lives, they were supposed to share the plunder between them; however Ruysdael was euchred out of his share; Morgan was a Welshman and Merchiston a Scot, and what Dutchman ever lived who could hold his own with Taffy and Sandy in league? Ruysdael and Merchiston had been friends, and had married sisters, but between them sprang up a furious and deadly quarrel, over these same spoils, a quarrel that is a kind of crimson thread in the Merchiston fabric.

"THE Merchiston ruffian died, in 1721, his only son having predeceased him though he left a young male heir who grew up to be the old boy who was with Wolfe at Quebec. He appears to have been a rare bird in the family aviary, so much so that he left the reputation of a thrifty tightwad; he must have been well-heeled, since he built this place and lived in something like style, making frequent trips to England. A Merchiston never had much money until this chap and his grandfather came across it, and the explanation is that when the old ruffian went to his reward the grandson came into a hoarded pile, bringing it with him when he left the Indies and decided to establish himself in England's new possession—Canada. Perhaps the desire to get outside the range of the Ruysdael feud had something to do with the shift, for the Dutchman's descendants still remained in Jamaica, and if tales be true the feud did not die out with the originators of it."

"What is supposed to have come of the treasure?" I asked.

"If you knew the intimate history of the Merchistons you would never need to ask what became of money that got into their hands," laughed Gordon. "The weakness of the breed has been in finger-grip, where their own purses were concerned; money was made to spend, and they did their best to see that it fulfilled its mission. If they had it, they blew it in. There are indications that they really did have it. In the picture gallery here are portraits of the early Canadian Merchiston women, and they are decked in much jewelled magnificence; you shall see them presently.

"That is one suggestion regarding the treasure's existence. The second is that in the family history and traditions are tales of efforts being made by Ruysdaels to gain possession of this mysterious treasure; down in the village the old folk tell of some mysterious 'black rider' that is supposed to be a sort of Merchiston bogey; he appears from time to time and his appearance always portends trouble. Among the habitant folk legends of mystery and tragedy live long; they are handed down from father to son and told over and over again on winter evenings around the stove. They will tell you of 'The Dutchman,' the lean black rider who gallops at a furious pace through the drive here and down the lake road skirting the village every Christmas Eve. There is not one of them who would walk the road this night for a king's ransom. The first time he appeared, so the legends say, was in 1798, then he came to the house, interviewed the Merchiston who was the son of the founder of the house; there was some furious quarrel and after the rider left, galloping down the drive and past the village at full speed, Merchiston was found in the library with a sword thrust through his heart. There had been a fight, for my ancestor had died sword in hand. Since that time the Dutchman has reappeared frequently, so the tales run, but not in ghostly fashion as the results testify; several times the house has been raided by someone who has been no common burglar, for while valuables lying about have not been touched, floors have been torn up in places and wall panellings smashed in. Of course you could not make the villagers believe that the havoc wrought was done by other than ghostly agency."



Pirates . . . orgies . . . fleeing men . . . shrieking women . . .

"Have these, things happened in your time?" I asked

"No," laughed Gordon, "I've sat up at all hours thinking that the ghostly or material enemy might take a notion to visit me, and I have walked the drive and road every Christmas Eve, I think, since I was more than a slip of a lad, but no Dutchman or ghostly rider have I ever seen, and as for damages to the house by raiders, the place has been as free of superstitious suggestion or burglarious adventure as the cottage of the village constable."

"Why do the villagers call him the Dutchman?" I asked

"The killing was attributed to the Ruysdael feud of which something seems to have been known; you know how it is—servants, doctors, supposedly confidential advisers, some of them leaky; no doubt there was quite a fuss at the time of the killing, and something of the family history oozed out; then the man was seen racing away, and with this to build upon the superstitious part of the tradition soon established itself. The Merchiston who was killed had married a Frenchwoman of fine family, and had a child who became my great-grandfather. She was killed two or three years later, being thrown from her horse in the drive, and of course the superstition mongers laid that to the dark rider, though there was nothing to connect the two; this, however, there is in the family annals—the day after her death the house was broken into, and great damage done by the undiscovered raiders. It is suggested that if there was hidden treasure it was then looted since from that time there has been no trace of any such jewels as the wife of the slain Merchiston owned when the portrait of her that hangs in the gallery was painted, being in the family possession.

"FROM her time forward the Merchiston women have no more jewelled adornment than an average farmer's wife would own. Come into the gallery and I will show the portraits to you; you must see Denise Merchiston—she is the Frenchwoman who was killed by the fall from her horse. She herself is the rare jewel among my possessions—a wonderful woman she must have been, rarely beautiful, strangely consoling. I have always been head over ears in love with her—fancy one being in love with one's great-great-grandmother! You will understand, however, when you see her. I've spent hours upon hours, when things have not been going well with me and the old house, there in the gallery before her picture, looking at her and talking with her.

"She has the most wonderful eyes; they actually change their expression queerly; sometimes they are keen and piercing, at others merry with laughter; like the sea they are never twice the same, but always wise and true and strangely comforting. Then she always seems to be on the verge of saying something of great importance to me. She was very young when she died, little more than a girl—I like to think of her as the woman whose blood runs in my veins, who never became old, never lost her beauty, whose charm never failed; because of this she seems alive and really as young to me today as at the close of the eighteenth century when the picture was painted. Come, I will show her to you."

Through corridors and passages Gordon led me until we came to the gallery. So crowded were the walls with pictures that there did not seem room for another canvas. From one to another we passed, Gordon now and again

giving me some historical detail regarding this or that one, until we came to a tall canvas upon which was the full-length picture of a very gracious woman.

There was no need to tell me, after my host's description, that this was Madame Denise Merchiston. I am no expert judge of portrait painting, but I knew that this was the picture of a noble woman, painted by an artist of consummate skill. She stood there before us in entrancing youthful beauty and dignified young matronliness, looking down upon the man in whom she lived again and my humble self. She was gowned after the somewhat extravagant fashion of the ladies of the Court of Marie Antoinette, but it became her brilliance exquisitely. On her long, white, shapely fingers were magnificently gemmed rings; about her neck flashed a necklace of diamonds from which hung a wondrous pendant—a great ruby of glorious glowing color framed in a circlet of fine diamonds; upon her fair hair was a jewelled tiara, its gold intricately and marvellously fashioned so that it became fit ornament for so exquisite a head.

But it was not the grace of her figure, the charming dignity of her pose, the splendor of her dress, or the brilliance of her jewels that attracted me; it was the sheer loveliness of the face that fascinated. She was infinitely sweet, tender, womanly.

SHE seemed to regard me rather than I her—was I worthy? Could I be trusted? Then, as Gordon had told me, there seemed to be a change in the glance of her eyes, and a strange, satisfied warmth crept over me—the look was kindly, friendly, and I felt that I had this rare woman's approval. It was as if she had graciously extended to me her hand and given me the name of friend. Merchiston's laughing words roused me.

"You, too, have fallen under her spell," he said, thrusting his hand within my arm as if another link bound us together. "Do you wonder that I am proud of my lovely Denise?" Then he paused for some moments, regarding her. "Whatever goes down in the wreck, she will remain with me—even if I have to steal her. I bear the name she gave her boy—Gordon—and that seems to bring me still closer to her."

There was little to interest one in the other Merchistons, but this I did note—that on no other of the women, coming after her, were there these marvellous jewels; contrasted with her the later Merchiston women looked like sober doves or barnyard fowl compared with a Bird of Paradise.

We were turning away to descend the stairs to the hall when another picture caught my eye; it was a rather crudely painted canvas on which two men in naval costume of a byegone time were depicted standing on the deck of a ship; I paused before it.

"I had almost forgotten," said Merchiston, "that is rather a curiosity with more than cursory interest. Those two men are the buccaneers—Merchiston and Ruysdael—painted in their reformed days, before the quarrel."

The men were uniformed alike, tight-fitting breeches, long coats cut away to narrow tails, with big buttons on them that looked like queer gold coins, elaborate vests and high, most respectable stocks about their throats.

There was no mistaking the Merchiston, sandy-haired, ample-shouldered, tall; there was something in him, coarsened ruffian as he looked, of Gordon at my side—a man of grit and power—the game, battling strain unchastened, with its cruelty in his eyes and on his lips—a stark fighting man to whom life was a game, death an unusual adventure, and withal a keenly shrewd man whom none would defy or thwart with impunity.

The man at his side was tall and lean, with high cheek bones, hawk beak and eyes, thin lips that were a straight line across the face—dark, ruthless, more primitive than Merchiston and lacking the other's intellectual power. One could picture him boarding some hapless merchantman, the lust of killing in him, fighting like a demon possessed, furious and pitiless.

And the man looked the part of the free-booter to perfection. It seemed to my imaginative mind that he was fixedly staring across the dimness of the gallery toward the splendid Denise who faced him and met his glance with a high defiance that made him seem still more threatening and saturnine.

AS WE descended the stairs Martin, Gordon's manservant, came into the hall with word that the delayed mail-driver had just arrived at the post-office with his load of Christmas mail—there was no boy round to send along with the Innisfail post-bag, so the post-mistress had telephoned, would Mr. Merchiston call for it.

"All right, I'll see about it," replied Gordon. Then, as Martin withdrew, he grinned at me. "Usually it is a much-competed for job, with the quarter tip it brings, but not tonight—Christmas Eve, with chances of meeting the Black Rider on the road. Will you come along with me? It would be more than a pity to miss the Dutchman."

The night was inky black. Though the trees lining the drive were bare of leaves they seemed to increase the thick darkness. Gordon linked his arm in mine that he might guide me. The wind was rising blusteringly—now whining like a peevish, complaining woman, then gustily storming as in her fitful rage.

"A suitable night for the Dutchman," laughed Merchiston as we ploughed through the deep snow.

We presently passed the unoccupied cottage at the drive's end and reached the main road that here ran through a belt of trees in twisting fashion; the darkness was Egyptian. Merchiston began to talk of his mortgage troubles, and it occurred to me for the first time to enquire who his creditor was; possibility of negotiation with the mortgagee was in my mind.

"I don't know," he answered to my surprise. "The man who advanced the money to me is our local notary,

## Enter The Golden Year

ONLY *a few short years ago the Christmas season brought with it more of grief than gladness. It was a time of absent faces and of aching hearts. And if those bitter days still remain with us as an unavailing regret there is mingled with them a heartening sense of obligation bravely born and the hallowed memory of a high achievement. But to-day we are entering on a golden year, a year when men's hearts have been turned to pity and unselfishness and justice. Such ends must come hardly, but we see the dawning in the eager effort to minister to the sick and suffering and the afflicted; in the end of that bitter red strife in Ireland, and in the presence of those sober statesmen at Washington, gathered together that men may learn war no more. Surely this Christmas season should find us with glad hearts for no other Christmas has borne to us such a full measure of the Christmas spirit as has come this golden year.*

who dabbles in this kind of business. It is trust money of some kind that he handles, but the mortgage stands in his name, and, with the note, is in custody of the Bank in Albertville. Some trick, I suppose, to dodge tax payment in the States—it is American money, I understand. Anyway, I have to deal with the notary and the bank."

"And you've discussed the matter of extension?"

"Of course," he replied. "And both say they are helpless in the face of positive insistence by their principals or principal, and I believe them, for Champlain, the notary, is a decent sort of chap, while the bank has no interest in the matter either way. "Odd that American investors should take up such a loan and for such an amount on what is practically house property." I suggested.

"But Innisfail is not a mere house," he answered, a bit touched.

"Of course," I agreed. "But the wonder is that a Yank should be interested, or, if interested, should keep himself in the background. I'd have expected to see him poking round in order to see just what was the surety for his money."

"No doubt he is satisfied to take careful old Champlain's assurance; the old boy would be sure to crack up Innisfail, and....." Then he suddenly dragged me out of the beaten track into the heaped snow by the roadside; the jerk was so sudden that I half sprawled in the snow; but we were just in time to escape a horseman who came gallopingr ound the corner at top speed. Gordon roared a crisp uncomplimentary observation after the fellow, but the only response he got was a blow in the face from the hard snow cast back by the feet of the horse.

"The drunken lout," snapped Merchiston, as we waded back into the road. "Some Frenchman with enough gin in him to make him heedless of his neck and the necks of other people."

We got the mail at the little office, the post-mistress being politely apologetic because we had been troubled to come down for it.

"But it is Christmas Eve," she added, leaving us to interpret the remark as we would.

"Scared of the Rider," laughed Gordon, then suddenly he became grave.

When we were outside he was silent for a while, then broke into speech.

"It was a coincidence, wasn't it?" he said abruptly. "If one of the villagers had been on the road and seen that flying horseman nothing in the world would ever have persuaded him that it wasn't the Dutchman abroad."

MARTIN met us in the hall, a black frown on his strong old face.

"There is a——gentleman to see you, Mr. Merchiston," he said. "He is up in the gallery."

"In the gallery!" Gordon exclaimed. "Who is he?"

"I don't know him from the devil," replied the privileged and peppery old fellow. "Walked up as if he owned the place, without heeding what I said. You may be sure I followed and watched him."

"Easy, Martin," Gordon rebuked mildly. "We'll go and have a look at him, come on, Jim," the latter to me.

So we went up to the gallery to see the free-and-easy visitor. The man was standing, back to us, regarding the portrait of Madame Denise Merchiston—it was testimony to his artistic taste. He was tall and lean, and his black hair reached at the back to his collar. If he heard us he gave no immediate sign of it, turning only when Gordon addressed him.

When he did face round it was with a look of searching deliberateness; he was the coolest fellow I ever saw; he did not speak, neither did we, but we stood, all three, two facing one, regarding each other in the most pregnant silence I have ever known. The man's appearance was impressive; the long black hair, parted in the middle, framed a sallow, drawn face that seemed neither old nor young; the cheek bones were high and prominent, the nose and eyes hawk-like, the lips a thin firm line across the face.

It was the least human face I have ever seen, coldly ruthless with never a suggestion of kindliness or friendliness in it. Then I turned my glance, almost involuntarily, to look at the Dutchman on the wall; half wondering if he had stepped from the canvas to the floor, for there stood his counterpart in figure and visage. The man spoke first.

"I've been looking over your pictures," he said to Merchiston. "That's good work." He pointed to Madame Denise.

"It is generally regarded so," replied Merchiston. "But my man did not have your card."

"No, it was unnecessary," the visitor replied coolly, moving toward the buccaneer's picture and examining it closely.

"That's a Merchiston," he observed pointing to the sandy buccaneer. "Who's the other?" There was a cunning leer suggested in his glance at Gordon.

"We call him the Dutchman," replied the master of the house.

"Ah!" said our visitor, then briskly changed his manner. "I heard from Champlain that the note has not been paid on due demand. The money loaned—twenty-five thousand—was my money, and I want it; the note was payable on demand, and you have defaulted. Do you mean to pay your debt?"

The fiery blood rushed into Merchiston's face, but he restrained himself.

"I asked Champlain to enquire about an extension—" he began, but the other cut him off sharply.

"Not a day. Tomorrow is a holiday; if some arrangement for payment is not made the following day steps will be taken to enforce my lien. I make myself clear?"

Already the man was on his way to the stairs. He descended the steps looking about him with a domineering, possessive air that was insufferable. I expected Merchiston to burst forth in his furious wrath, but he held his tongue, speaking no word. He opened the door with a slight bow and ushered the man out, closing the door after him. A few moments later we heard the sound of a galloping horse outside on the gravelled terrace. Martin was near-by, looking agitated.

"Was the fellow riding?" Gordon asked.

"He was riding," Martin answered grimly, "the black hellion!"

Merchiston and I passed into the library; Gordon dropped into a chair and packed a pipe meditatively.

Suddenly he looked across at me. "We didn't get his name after all," he said, and I nodded.

IT WAS not the cheeriest Christmas Eve I had ever spent, though Gordon did his gallant best to liven things up. A deeper gloom seemed to have settled down upon the place since the black visitor had come and gone, and yet it was not a lonely gloom. To me, in the silences, the house this night seemed peopled by the spirits of the dead.

Gordon and I seemed, with Martin and his wife, like the late-lingerers at the graveside of a splendid past. The snow was now beating on the windows; in the great chimney the winds roared. And so the evening wore on. I spoke to Gordon of letters I had to write and he rose from his chair and knocked the ashes from a cold pipe.

*Continued on page 57*

# MOSTLY SALLY

*By* Pelham Grenville Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. JEFFERYS

IF GINGER KEMP had been asked to enumerate his good qualities, it is not probable that he would have drawn up a very lengthy list. He might have started by claiming for himself the virtue of meaning well, but after that he would have had to chew the pencil in prolonged meditation. And, even if he could eventually have added one or two further items to the catalogue, tact and delicacy of feeling would not have been among them.

Yet by staying away from Sally during the next few days he showed considerable delicacy. It was not easy to stay away from her, but he forced himself to do so. He argued from his own tastes, and was strongly of the opinion that in times of travail solitude was what the sufferer most desired. In his time he too had had what he would have described as nasty jars, and on these occasions all he had asked was to be allowed to sit and think things over and fight his battle out by himself.

By Saturday, however, he had come to the conclusion that some form of action might now be taken. Saturday was rather a good day for picking up the threads again. He had not to go to the office, and, what was still more to the point, he had just drawn his week's salary. Mrs. Meecher had deftly taken a certain amount of this off him, but enough remained to enable him to attempt consolation on a fairly princely scale. There presented itself to him, as a judicious move, the idea of hiring a car and taking Sally out to dinner at one of the road houses he had heard about up the Boston Post Road. He examined the scheme. The more he looked at it, the better it seemed.

He was helped to this decision by the extraordinary perfection of the weather. The weather of late had been a revelation to Ginger. It was his first experience of America's Indian summer, and it had quite overcome him. As he stood on the roof of Mrs. Meecher's establishment on the Saturday morning, thrilled by the velvet wonder of the sunshine, it seemed to him that the only possible way of passing such a day was to take Sally for a ride in an open car.

The Maison Meecher was a lofty building on one of the side streets at the lower end of the avenue. From its roof, after you had worked your way through the groves of washing which hung limply from the clothesline, you could see many things of interest. To the left lay Washington Square, full of somnolent Italians and roller-skating children; to the right was a spectacle which never failed to intrigue Ginger—the smokestacks of a Cunard liner moving slowly down the river, sticking up over the housetops as if the boat was traveling down Ninth Avenue.

To-day there were four of these funnels, causing Ginger to deduce the Mauretania. As the boat on which he had come over from England, the Mauretania had a sentimental interest for him. He stood watching her stately progress till the higher buildings further downtown shut her from his sight; then picked his way through the washing and went down to his room to get his hat. A quarter of an hour later he was in the hallway of Sally's apartment house, gazing with ill-concealed disgust at the serge-clad back of his cousin Mr. Carmyle, who was engaged in conversation with a gentleman in overalls.

NO CARE-FREE prospector, singing his way through the Mohave Desert and suddenly finding himself confronted by a rattlesnake, could have experienced so abrupt a change of mood as did Ginger at this revolting spectacle. Even in their native Piccadilly it had been unpleasant to run into Mr. Carmyle. To find him here now was nothing short of nauseating. Only one thing could have brought him to this place. Obviously he must have come to see Sally, and with a sudden sinking of the heart Ginger remembered the shiny, expensive automobile which he had seen waiting at the door. He, it was clear, was not the only person to whom the idea had occurred of taking Sally for a drive on this golden day.

He was still standing there when Mr. Carmyle swung round with a frown on his dark face which seemed to say that he had not found the janitor's conversation entertaining. The sight of Ginger plainly did nothing to lighten his gloom.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Hullo!" said Ginger.

Uncomfortable silence followed these civilities.

"Have you come to see Miss Nicholas?"

"Why, yes."

*WHAT'S HAPPENED SO FAR — Sally Nicholas, engaged to Gerald Foster, playwright, falls heir to a fortune on her twenty-first birthday. Abroad, she meets an English youth named Lancelot (Ginger) Kemp and his cousin Bruce Carmyle, who follow her back to New York when she returns to see Gerald's play get its first run at Detroit, Mich. Sally is so disgusted with the inefficient manner in which the show is being managed she buys it out and makes her brother Fillmore manager. She finds Ginger hiding at her boarding-house, broke, and gets him a job as an assistant to Fillmore. Meanwhile, Bruce Carmyle enlists Fillmore's partnership in a gigantic revue, much to Sally's alarm. Ginger returns to town, casually mentions to Sally that he met an old schoolmate in Chicago, named Foster, who was married just before he left the Windy City, Foster being none other than Sally's fiance, the playwright.*

"She isn't here," said Mr. Carmyle, and the fact that he had found someone to share the bad news seemed to cheer him a little.

"Not here!"

"No. Apparently—" Bruce Carmyle's scowl betrayed that resentment which a well-balanced man cannot but feel at the unreasonableness of others. "Apparently, for some extraordinary reason, she has taken it into her head to dash over to England."

Ginger followed his cousin out into the sunshine in a sort of dream. Bruce Carmyle was addressing the driver of the expensive automobile: "I find I shall not want the car. You can take it back to the garage."

The chauffeur, a moody man, opened one half-closed eye and spat cautiously. It was the way Rockefeller would have spat when approaching the crisis of some delicate financial negotiation.




Sally meets "the family" at Monk's Crofton.

"You'll have to pay just the same," he observed, opening his other eye to lend emphasis to the words.

"Of course I shall pay," snapped Mr. Carmyle irritably. "How much is it?"

Money passed. The car rolled off.

"Gone to England?" said Ginger dizzily.

"Yes, gone to England."

"But why?"

"How the devil do I know why?" Bruce Carmyle would have found his best friend trying at this moment. Gaping Ginger gave him almost a physical pain. "All I know is what the janitor told me; that she sailed on the Mauretania this morning."

THE tragic irony of this overcame Ginger. That he should have stood on the roof, calmly watching the boat down the river!.....

He nodded absently to Mr. Carmyle and walked off. He had no further remarks to make. The warmth had gone out of the sunshine and all interest had departed from his life. He felt dull, listless, at a loose end. Not even the thought that his cousin, a careful man with his money, had had to pay a day's hire for a car which he could not use brought him any balm. He loafed aimlessly about the streets. He wandered into the park and out again. The park bored him. The streets bored him. The whole city bored him. A city without Sally in it was a drab, futile city, and nothing that the sun could do to brighten it could make it otherwise.

Night came at last, and with it a letter. It was the first even passably pleasant thing that had happened to Ginger in the whole of his dreary and unprofitable day, for the envelope bore the crest of the good ship, Mauretania. He snatched it covetously from the letter rack and bore it upstairs to his room.

Very few of the rooms at Mrs. Meecher's boarding house struck any note of luxury. Mrs. Meecher was not one of your fashionable interior decorators. She considered that when she had added a morris chair to the essentials which make up a bedroom she had gone as far in the direction of pomp as any guest at seven and a half per could expect her to go. As a rule, the severity of his surroundings afflicted Ginger with a touch of gloom when he went to bed, but to-night, such is the magic of a letter from the right person, he was uplifted and almost gay. There are moments when even illuminated texts over the washstand cannot wholly quell us.

There was nothing of haste and much of ceremony in Ginger's method of approaching the perusal of his correspondence. He bore himself after the manner of a small boy in the presence of unexpected ice cream, gloating for a while before embarking on the treat, anxious to make it last out. His first move was to feel in the breast pocket of his coat and produce the photograph which he had feloniously removed from her apartment. At this he looked long and earnestly before propping it up within easy reach against his basin, to be handy if required, as it would be, for purposes of reference. He then took off his coat, collar and shoes, filled and lit a pipe, placed pouch and matches on the arm of the morris chair and drew the chair up so that he could sit with his feet on the bed. Having maneuvered himself into a position of ease, he lit his pipe again and took up the letter. He looked at the crest, the handwriting of the address, and the postmark. He weighed it in his hand. It was a bulky letter.

He took Sally's photograph from the washstand and scrutinized it once more. Then he lit his pipe again, and finally, wriggling himself into the chair, opened the envelope.

"*Ginger, dear.*"

Having read so far, Ginger found it necessary to take up the photograph and study it with an even greater intentness than before. He gazed at it for many minutes, then laid it down and lit his pipe again. Then he went on with the letter.

"GINGER DEAR: I'm afraid this address is going to give you rather a shock, and I'm feeling very guilty. I'm running away, and I haven't even stopped to say good-bye. I can't help it. I know it's weak and cowardly, but I simply can't help it. I stood it for a day or two, and then I saw that it was no good. (Thank you for leaving me alone and not coming round to see me. Nobody else but you would have done that; but, then, no-

ever has been or ever could be so understanding as you.)"

Ginger found himself compelled at this point to look at the photograph again.

"There was too much in New York to remind me. That's the worst of being happy in a place. When things go wrong you find there are too many ghosts about. I just couldn't stand it. I tried it, but I couldn't. I'm going away to get cured—if I can. Mr. Faucitt is over in England, and when I went down to Mrs. Meecher's for my letters I found one from him. His brother is dead you know, and he has inherited, of all things, a fashionable dressmaking place in Regent Street! His brother was Laurette et Cie. I suppose he will sell the business later on, but just at present the poor old dear is apparently quite bewildered, and that doesn't seem to have occurred to him. He kept saying in his letter how much he wished I was with him, to help him, and I was tempted and ran. Anything to get away from the ghosts and have something to do. I don't suppose I shall feel much better in England, but at least every corner won't have associations. Don't ever be happy anywhere, Ginger. It's too big a risk, much too big a risk.



"Ginger dear" . . . .

"There was a letter from Elsa Doland too. Bubbling over with affection. We have always been tremendous friends. Of course she never knew anything about my being engaged to Gerald. I lent Fillmore the money to buy that piece which gave Elsa her first big chance, and so she's very grateful. She says if ever she gets the opportunity of doing me a good turn.—.... Aren't things muddled!

"And there was a letter from Gerald. I was expecting one, of course, but....what would you have done, Ginger? Would you have read it? I sat with it in front of me for an hour, I should think, just looking at the envelope, and then....You see what was the use? I could guess exactly the sort of thing that would be in it, and reading it would only have hurt a lot more. The thing was done, so why bother about explanations? What good are explanations, anyway? They don't help. They don't do anything....I burned it, Ginger. The last letter I shall ever get from him. I made a bonfire on the bathroom floor, and it smoldered and went brown and then flared a little, and every now and then I lit another match and kept it burning, and at last it was just black ashes and a stain on the tiles. Just a mess!

"GINGER, burn this letter too. I'm pouring out all the poison to you, hoping it will make me feel better. You don't mind, do you? But I know you don't. If ever anybody had a real pal.....

"It's a dreadful thing, fascination, Ginger. It grips you and you are helpless. One can be so sensible and reasonable about other people's love affairs. When I was working at that dance place I told you about, there was a girl who fell in love with the most awful little beast. He had a mean mouth and shiny black hair brushed straight back and anybody would have seen what he was. But this girl wouldn't listen to a word. I talked to her by the hour. It makes me smile now when I think how sensible and level-headed I was. But she wouldn't listen. In some mysterious way this was the man she wanted, and of course, everything happened that one knew would happen.

"If only one could manage one's own life as well as one can manage other people's! If all this wretched thing of mine had happened to some other girl, how beautifully I could have proved that it was the best thing that could have happened, and that a man who could behave as Gerald has done wasn't worth worrying about. I can just hear myself. But, you see, whatever he has done, Gerald is still Gerald, and Sally is still Sally, and, however much I argue, I can't get away from that. All I can do is to come howling to my red-headed pal, when I know just as well as he does that a girl of any spirit would be dignified and keep her troubles to herself and be much too proud to let anyone know that she was hurt.

"Proud! That's the real trouble, Ginger. My pride has been battered, and chopped up and broken into as many pieces as you broke Mr. Scrymgeour's stick! What pitiful creatures we are. Girls, I mean. At least I suppose a good many girls are like me. If Gerald had died and I had lost him that way, I know quite well I shouldn't be feeling as I do now. I should have been broken-hearted, but it wouldn't have been the same. It's my pride that is hurt. I have always been a bossy, cocksure little creature, swaggering about the world like an English sparrow, and now I'm paying for it. Oh, Ginger, I'm paying for it! I wonder if running away is going to do me any good at all. Perhaps if Mr. Faucitt has some real hard work for me to do—

"Of course, I know exactly how all this has come about. Elsa's pretty and attractive, but the point is that she is a success, and as a success she appeals to Gerald's weakest side. He worships success. She is going to have a marvelous career, and she can help Gerald on in his. He can write plays for her to star in. What have I to offer against that? Yes, I know it's groveling and contemptible of me to say that, Ginger. I ought to be above it, oughtn't I—talking as if I were something for some prize? But I haven't any pride left. Oh, well?

"There! I've poured it all out, and I really do feel a little better just for the moment. It won't last, of course, but even a minute is something. Ginger, dear, I shan't see you for ever so long, even if we ever do meet again, but you'll try to remember that I'm thinking of you a whole lot, won't you? I feel responsible for you. You're my baby! You've got started now, and you're going to stick to it. Please, please, *please* don't 'make a hash of it'! Goodby. I never did find that photograph of me that we were looking for that afternoon in the apartment, or I would send it to you. Then you could have kept it on your mantelpiece, and whenever you felt inclined to make a hash of anything I would have caught your eye sternly, and you would have pulled up.

"Good-by, Ginger. I shall have to stop now. The mail is just closing.

"Always your pal, wherever I am,

SALLY."

Ginger laid the letter down, and a little sound escaped him that was half a sigh, half an oath. He was wondering whether even now some desirable end might not be achieved by going to Chicago and breaking Gerald Foster's neck. Abandoning this scheme as impracticable, he relit his pipe and again read the letter.



Then he went on with the letter.

XIII

Laurette Et Cie.
Regent Street
London W., England

Jan. 21

"Dear Ginger: I am feeling better. As it is three months since I last wrote you, no doubt you will say to yourself that I would be a poor, weak-minded creature if I wasn't. I suppose one ought to be able to get over anything in three months. Unfortunately, I'm afraid I haven't quite succeeded in doing that, but at least I have managed to get my troubles stowed away in the cellar and I'm not dragging them out and looking at them all the time. That's something, isn't it?

"I ought to give you all my impressions of London, I suppose, but I've grown so used to the place that I don't think I have any now. I seem to have been here years and years.

"You will see by the address that Mr. Faucitt has not yet sold his inheritance. He expects to do so very soon, he tells me—there is a rich-looking man with whiskers and a keen eye whom he is always lunching with, and I think big deals are in progress. Poor dear, he is crazy to get away into the country and settle down and grow ducks and things. London has disappointed him. It is not the place it used to be. Until quite lately, when he grew resigned, he used to wander about in a disconsolate sort of way, trying to locate the landmarks of his youth. (He has not been in England for nearly thirty years!) The trouble is, it seems, that about once in every thirty years a sort of craze for change comes over London and they paint a shop front red instead of blue, and that upsets the returned exile dreadfully. Mr. Faucitt feels like Rip Van Winkle. His first shock was when he found that the Empire was a theatre now instead of a music hall. Then he was told that another music hall, the Tivoli, had been pulled down altogether. And when on top of that he went to look at the baker's shop in Rupert Street, over which he had had lodgings in the eighties, and discovered that it had been turned into a dressmaker's, he grew very melancholy, and only cheered up a little when a lovely magenta fog came on and showed him that some things were still going along as in the good old days.

"I am kept quite busy at Laurette et Cie,. thank goodness. (Not being a French scholar like you—do you remember Jules?—I thought at first that Cie was the name of the junior partner and looked forward to meeting him. 'Miss Nicholas, shake hands with Mr. Cie, one of your greatest admirers.') I hold down the female equivalent of your job at the Fillmore Nicholas Theatrical Enterprise Ltd.—that is to say, I'm an intermediary between the public and the staff of Laurette and Cie. When the aristocratic ladies come in I say 'Chawming weather, moddom!' (which is usually a black lie), and pass them on to the staff, who do the actual work. I never wish to leave the job. I would stay here for years, but Mr. Faucitt is determined to sell. I don't know if you are like that, but every other Englishman I've ever met seems to have an ambition to own a house and lot in Loamshire or Hants or Salop or somewhere. Their one object in life is to make some money and 'buy back the old place'—which was sold, of course, at the end of Act One to pay the heir's gambling debts.

"Mr. Faucitt, when he was a small boy, used to live in a little village in Gloucestershire, near a place called Cirencester—at least it isn't: it's called Cissister, which I bet you didn't know— and after forgetting all about it for fifty years he has suddenly been bitten by the desire to end his days there, surrounded by pigs and chickens. He took me down to see the place the other day. Oh, Ginger, this English country! Why any of you ever live in towns I can't think. Old, old gray stone houses with yellow haystacks and lovely squelchy muddy lanes and great fat trees and blue hills in the distance. The peace of it! If ever I sell my soul, I shall insist on the devil giving me at least forty years in some English country place in exchange.

"Perhaps you will think from all this that I am too much occupied to remember your existence. Just to show how interested I am in you, let me tell you that, when I was reading the paper a week ago, I happened to see the headline 'International Match.' It didn't seem to mean anything at first, and then I suddenly recollected. This

*Continued on page 42*

# THE YELLOW STREAK

*By* VALENTINE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

HE OPENED the door, steadying it with his foot. The curtain flapped wildly round them as they crossed the threshold. The broad white beam of the electric torch swung from window to desk, from desk to safe.

"The door over there is open," exclaimed the Chief, "that's the way they've gone."

Suddenly he clutched Robin's arm.

"Steady," he whispered, "look there....in the doorway....there's somebody moving.... quick, the torch!"

The light flashed across the room, blazed for an instant on a window-pane, then picked out a man's form swaying in the doorway. He had his back to the room and was rocking gently to and fro with the wind which they felt cold on their faces.

"It's only a coat and trousers hanging in the door...." began Robin.

Then, with a suddenness which pained the eyes, the room was flooded with light. The Dutch detective stepped from the electric light switch and moved to the open door.

"Too laite!" he cried, shaking his head, "have I not tell you?"

Suspended by a strip of coloured stuff, the body of Mr. Jeekes dangled from the cross-beam of the door.

The corpse oscillated in the breeze, silhouetted against an oblong of black sky, turning this way and that, loose, unnatural, horrible, and as the body, twisting gently, faced the room, it gave a glimpse of starting eyes, swollen, empurpled features, protruding tongue.

Without the least trace of emotion the black-bearded detective picked up a rush-bottom chair and gathering up the corpse by its collar hoisted it up without an effort so that the feet rested on the chair. Then, producing a clasp knife, he mounted the chair and with a vigorous slash, cut the coloured strip which had been fastened to a staple projecting from the brickwork above the door on the outside of the house.

HE caught the body in his arms and laid it face upwards on the matting which covered the floor. He busied himself for an instant at the neck, then rose with a twisted strip of coloured material in his hand.

"His braces," he remarked, "very common. The stool what he has stood upon and knocked avay she lies outsaide! My vriends, ve are too laite!"

The doctor, fetched in haste by Manderton, examined the body. The man had been dead, he said, for several hours. Mary remained in the hall with Manderton while Robin and the Dutch detective went over to the house. There was no trace either of Marbran or of the chauffeur. In the two bedrooms which showed signs of occupation the beds had been made up but the wardrobes were empty.

"Marbran's made a bolt for it," said Robin coming into the office where he had left the Chief, "and taken everything with him...."

"I gathered as much," answered that astute gentleman pointing at the fireplace. A pile of charred paper filled the grate. "There's nothing here and I think we can wipe Mr. Victor Marbran off the slate. I doubt if we shall see him again. At any rate we can leave him to the tender mercies of our black-bearded friend here. As for us I don't really see that there is anything more to detain us here...."

"But," remarked Robin, looking at the still figure on the floor, the face now mercifully covered by the doctor's white handkerchief, "surely this is a confession of guilt. Has he left nothing behind in writing? No account of the crime?"

"Not a thing," responded the Chief, "and I've been through every drawer. Even the safe is open....and empty!"

"But how does it happen, then," asked Robin, "that Marbran has legged it while Jeekes here...."

"Marbran left him in the lurch," the Chief broke in decisively. "I think that's clear. While you were upstairs with our Dutch friend I went through the dead man's pockets He had no money, Greve, except a few coppers and a little Dutch change. He had not even got a return ticket to London. Which makes me think that Master Jeekes had left old England for good...."

"ANOTHER thing that puzzles me," remarked Robin, "is how Jeekes knew that Miss Trevert had a letter to you, Sir? Or, for a matter of that, how he knew that she had gone to Rotterdam at all?"

"That's not hard to answer," said Mr. Manderton, who had just entered the room. "On Sunday night Jeekes rang up Harkings from his club and asked to speak to Miss Trevert. Bude told him she had gone away. Jeekes then asked to speak to Sir Horace Trevert who told him that his sister had gone to Rotterdam. Jeekes takes the first available train in the morning, recognises Miss Trevert on the way across and tags her to her hotel in Rotterdam. The next morning he follows her again, shadows her to Sir.....to this gentleman's rooms and there, as we know contrived by a trick to see to whom she had a letter."

"But why did he not attempt to get the letter away from her as soon as she arrived? Miss Trevert never suspected Jeekes. She might have shown him the letter if he'd asked her for it...."

The detective shook his head sagely.

"Jeekes was pretty 'cute," he said. "Before letting the girl know he was in Rotterdam he wanted to find out what she wanted here and whom she knew. Remember, he had no means of knowing if the girl suspected him or not....."

"So he devised this trick of impersonating Mr. Schulz on the telephone, eh?"

"Bah!" broke in the Chief, "I bet that was Marbran's idea. Look at Jeekes' face and tell me if you see in it any feature indicating the bold ingenious will to try a bluff like that. I never knew this fellow here. But I know Marbran, a resolute, undaunted type. You can take it from me, Marbran directed—Jeekes merely carried out instructions. What do you say, Manderton?"

But the detective had retired into his shell again.

"If you will come to Harkings with me the day after to-morrow, Sir, I shall hope to show you exactly how Mr. Parrish met his death.."



"I'm as poor as ever I was," she said, "for Hartley Parrish's money is not for me...."

"No, no, Manderton," responded the Chief, "I can't leave here for a bit. There are bigger murderers than Jeekes at liberty in Holland to-day...."

The detective slapped his thigh.

"I'd have laid a shade of odds," he cried merrily, "that you were watching the gentleman at Amerongen, Sir....."

"Tut, tut, Manderton," said the Chief raising his hand to silence the other, "you run on too fast, my friend! I wish," he went on, changing the subject. "I could be with you at Harkings to-morrow to witness your reconstruction of the crime, Manderton. You'll go, I suppose, Greve?"

"I certainly shall," answered the barrister. "I have had some experience of criminals but I must say I never saw one less endowed with criminal characteristics than little Jeekes. A strange character!....."

The Chief laughed sardonically.

"Anyway," he remarked, "he had a dam good notion of the end that befitted him....."

It was a still, starry night. The Flushing boat stood out of harbour on a calm sea. The arc lamps threw a gleam on the deserted moles and glinted in the oily swell lapping the quays. From the fast receding quayside the rasping of a winch echoed noisily across the silent water. On the upper deck of the mail-boat Robin Greve and Mary Trevert stood side by side at the rail. They had the deck to themselves. Above their heads on the bridge the captain stood immobile, a square black figure, the helmsman at his elbow. Otherwise, the man and girl were alone.

Thus they had stood ever since the mail-boat had cast off from the quay. Robin had made some banal attempt at conversation, urging (but without much sincerity) that, after her experiences of the day, the girl should go to her cabin and rest. But Mary Trevert had merely shaken her head impatiently, without speaking.

Presently he put his arm through hers. He felt against his wrist the warm softness of her travelling coat and it seemed to him that, though the girl made no sign, some slight answering pressure met his touch. So they leaned upon the rail for a space watching the water fall hissing from the vessel's sides as the steamer, jarring and quivering, met the long steady roll from the open sea.

Then Mary Trevert spoke.

"Robin," she said gently, "I owe you an apology.."

Robin Greve looked at her quickly. But Mary had her eyes fixed seaward in contemplation of a distant light that flared and died with persistent regularity.

"My dear," he answered, "I've only myself to blame. When you told me you were going to marry Hartley Parrish, I should have known that you had your reasons and that those reasons were good. I should have held my tongue.."

This time the girl stole a glance at him. But now he was gazing away to the horizon where the light came and went.

"All this misunderstanding between us," he went on, "came about because of what I said in the billiard-room that afternoon.."

The girl shook her head resolutely.

"No," she answered, "it was my fault. I'm a proud devil, Robin, and what you said about Hartley and....and....other women, Robin, hurt and....and made me angry. No, no, don't apologise again. You and I are old enough friends, my dear, to tell one another the truth. You made me angry because what you said was true. I *was* selling myself, selling myself with my eyes open, too, and you've got a perfect right never to speak to me again....."

SHE did not finish the sentence but broke off. Her voice died away quaveringly. Robin took her hand in his. "Dear," he said, "don't cry! It's over and done with now....."

Mary shook herself with an angry gesture.

"What's the good of telling me not to cry?" she protested tearfully. "I've disgraced myself in my own eyes as well as in yours. If *you* can't forget what I was ready to do, *I* never shall....."

Very gently the young man turned the girl towards him.

"I'm not such a prig as all that," he said. "We all make mistakes. You know I understand the position you were in. Parrish is dead. I shall forget the rest...."

Slowly the girl withdrew her hands from his grasp.

"Yes," she said wearily, "you will find it easy to forget!"

She drew her fur closer about her neck and turned her back on the sea.

"I must go down," she said. And waited for the man to stand aside. He did not move and their eyes met. Suddenly, like a child, she buried her face in her arm flung out across his chest. She began to sob bitterly.

"That afternoon....in the billiard-room....." she sobbed, "you will forget....that....too. I suppose.."

Robin took her face in his hands, a hot, tear-stained face, and detached it from the sheltering arm.

"My dear," he said, "I shall have to try and forget it. But I know I shan't succeed. To the end of my life I shall remember the kiss you gave me. But we are farther apart than ever now!"

There was a great sadness in his voice. It arrested the girl's attention as he dropped his hands and turned back to the rail.

"Why?" she said in a low voice without looking up.

"Because," replied the young man steadily, "you're

rich now, Mary... and, of course, it makes a difference . ."

The girl looked up quickly.

"Will men *ever* understand women?" she cried, a new note in her voice. She stepped forward and putting her two hands on the young man's shoulders, swung him round to face her.

"I'm as poor as ever I was," she said, "for Hartley Parrish's money is not for me...."

"Mary!" exclaimed the young man joyfully.

"Robin Greve," cried the girl, "do you mean to tell me you'd stand there thinking I'd accept money made like that....."

BUT now she was in his arms. With a little fluttering sigh she yielded to his kiss.

"Oh, the man on the bridge!...." she murmured with her woman s instinct for the conventions.

"Come behind the boat then!" commanded Robin. And in the shadow of a weather-stained davit he kissed her again.

"So you'll wait for me after all, Mary?"

"No," retorted the girl, girmly. "We'll read the Riot Act to Mother and you must marry me at once!"

The wind blew cold from the North Sea. It rattled in the rigging, flapped the ensign standing out stiffly at the stern and whirled the black smoke from the steamer's funnels out into a dark aerial wake as far as the eye could reach. With a gentle rhythmic motion the vessel rose and fell while the stars began to pale and faint grey shadows appeared in the eastern sky. Still the man and the girl stood by the swaying lifeboat and talked the things that lovers say. Step by step they went over their thoughts for one another in each successive phase of the dark tragedy through which they had passed.

"And that van der Spyck letter," asked Robin, "how did you get hold of it? I've been wanting to ask you that ever since this afternoon...."

"I found it in the library," replied the girl, "on the desk. It had got tucked away between two letter trays—one fits into the other, you know."

"I wondered how Jeekes had come to miss it," said Robin. "But when was this?" he added.

"On Sunday afternoon."

"But what were you doing in the library?"

The girl became a little embarrassed.

"I knew Mr. Manderton was suspicious of you. I heard him telephoning instructions to London to have you watched. So I thought I'd go to the library to see if I could find anything which would show what they had against you exactly. And I found this letter Then I noticed someone hiding behind the curtains and, as I had the letter in my hand, I hid it in my dress. When I discovered that Bruce Wright was after it too, I pretended I had found nothing...."

"But, darling why?"

"I wanted to make sure for myself why you had sent Bruce Wright, for I guessed he had come from you, to look for this letter. So I thought I'd go to Rotterdam to investigate...."

Robin laughed affectionately.

"Surely it would have been simpler to have given the letter to the police...."

Mary gave him a look of indignant surprise.

"But it might have incriminated you!" she exclaimed.

At that Robin kissed her again.

"Will men *ever* understand women?" he asked looking into her tranquil grey eyes.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### An Interruption from Beyond

SUDDEN frost had laid an icy finger on the gardens of Harkings. The smooth green lawns were all dappled with white and wore a pinched and chilly look save under the big and solemn firs, where the ground, warmed by its canopy of branches and coverlet of cones, had thawed in dark patches. The gravel walks were firm and dry; and in the Rosary the bare skeleton of the pergolas stood out in clear-cut silhouette against a white and woolly sky.

Overnight the frost had come. It had taken even the birds by surprise. They hopped forlornly about the paths as though wondering where they would get their breakfast. Robin Greve, idly watching them from the library window, found himself contrasting the cheerful winter landscape with the depressing conditions of the previous day. In wind and rain the master of Harkings had been laid to rest in the quiet little churchyard of Stevenish. The ceremony had been arranged in haste, as soon as the coroner's jury had viewed the body. Robin Greve, that morning arrived from Rotterdam, Bude and Mr. Bardy, the solicitor, had been the only mourners. As Robin looked out upon the wintry scene, his mind reverted to the hurried funeral with its depressing accompaniment of gleaming umbrellas, mud from the freshly turned clay and dripping trees.

Beneath the window of the library, its shattered pane now replaced, a cluster of starlings whistled gaily, darting bright-eyed glances, full of anticipation, at the closed window.

"*He* used to give them crumbs every morning after breakfast," said Mary. "See, Robin, how they are looking up! It seems a shame to disappoint them...."

As though relieved to be quit of his dark thoughts Robin, with a glad smile, turned to the girl. Dipping his hand into his pocket, he produced a hunk of bread and put it in her hand.

"You think of everything!" she said smiling back at him prettily.

He pushed up the window and she crumbled the bread for the birds. He rested one hand on her shoulder.

"*He* thought of everything, too," was his comment, "even down to the birds. It's extraordinary! No detail was too small for him!....."

"He *was* remarkable, Robin," answered the girl soberly, "there was something magnetic about his personality that made people like him. Even now that he is dead, even in spite of what we know, I can feel his attraction still. And the whole house is impregnated with his personality. Particularly this room. Don't you feel it? I don't mind being here with you, Robin, but I shouldn't like to be here alone. I was dreadfully frightened on Sunday evening when I came here. And when I saw the curtains move....oh! I thought my heart would stop beating! Dear, I'm glad we are giving this place up. I don't feel that I could ever be happy here....even with you!"

"Poor devil!" said Robin. And then again he said: "Poor devil!"

"It was terrible.....to die like that!" replied Mary.

"It was terrible for him to lose *you*!" answered the young man. She gave his hand a little, tender squeeze but relinquished it quickly as the door opened.

MR. MANDERTON was there, broad-shouldered and burly. Behind came Dr. Romain with a purple nose and eyes watering with the cold, Horace Trevert in plain clothes, Mr. Bardy, the solicitor, plump, middle-aged and prim, with a broad, smooth-shaven face and an eye-glass on a black silk riband. In the background loomed the large form of Inspector Humphries, ruddy of cheek as of hair. Lady Margaret did not appear.

Mr. Manderton slapped his bowler hat briskly on a side-table and with a little bow to Mary walked to the desk.

"Now," said Mr. Manderton with a long shrewd look that comprehended the company, individually and collectively, and the entire room, "if Inspector Humphries will kindly close the door, we will reconstruct the crime in the light of the evidence we have collected."

He turned round to the desk and pulled back the chair.. Hartley Parrish's empty chair.

"It is just on five o'clock on Saturday evening, November 27," he began, "and growing dark outside. Mr. Parrish is sitting here," he tapped the chair, "with all the lights in the room turned off except this one on the desk."

Here he put a large hand on the reading-lamp.

"The assumption that Mr. Parrish spent the afternoon as he had spent the morning, over papers in connection with the business of Hornaway's in which he was interested is not correct. Mr. Archer, one of Mr. Parrish's secretaries, who brought down a number of papers and letters for Mr. Parrish to sign in the morning, states that as far as Hornaway's or any other office business was concerned, Mr. Parrish was through with it by lunch. This is corroborated by the fact that no business papers of this description with the exception of one, which I am coming to directly, were found on the desk here after Mr. Parrish's death. Nor were there any traces of burnt paper in or about the fire. These two facts were established by my colleague, Inspector Humphries."

At this everybody turned and looked at the Inspector, who blushed until the tint of his hair positively paled by comparison with that of his face.

"What Mr. Archer *did* leave with Mr. Parrish, however," Mr. Manderton resumed, looking round the group and emphasising the "did," "was his will and this letter..." he held up a typewritten sheet of slatey-blue paper, "which, a straightforward business communication in appearance, was in reality a threat against his life. It was with these two documents that Mr. Parrish spent the last few hours before he was found dead in this room. A few odd papers found lying on the desk have nothing to do with the case and may therefore be dismissed."

MR. MANDERTON paused and then with the deliberation which distinguished his every movement, walked round the desk to the window.

"The fire in this room," he said, turning and facing his audience, "was smoking. The butler will testify to this and state that Mr. Parrish complained about it to him with the result that the sweep was ordered for Monday morning. Owing to the smoke in the room Mr. Parrish opened the window. His finger-prints were on the inside of the window-frame and a small fragment of white paint was still adhering to one of his finger-nails.

"The window, then, was open, as it is now. Mr. Parrish sat at his desk, read through his will and wrote a letter to Miss Trevert informing her that, under the will, she was left sole legatee. This letter, with the will, was found on the desk after Mr. Parrish's death. Presumably in view of the threat against his life contained in this letter,"—the detective held up the slatey-blue paper,—"Mr. Parrish had either in his pocket or, as I am more inclined to think, lying on the desk in front of him, his Browning automatic pistol. This pistol was fitted with a Maxim silencer, an invention for suppressing the report of a fire-arm, which was sent to Mr. Parrish by a friend in America some years ago and which he kept permanently attached to the weapon."

Mr. Manderton came to an impressive full stop and glanced round his circle of listeners. He gave his explanations easily and fluently but in a plain matter of fact tone such as a police constable employs in the witness-box. He had marshalled his facts well and his measured advance towards his *denouement* was not without its effect on his audience. Dr. Romain, nursing his knee on a leather settee, Horace Trevert, a tall slim figure eagerly watching the detective from his perch on the arm of the Chesterfield, and Robin and Mary, standing, very close together, behind the empty chair at the desk—each and every one was listeping with rapt attention. Inspector Humphries, propping his big bulk uneasily against the wall near the door, was the only one who appeared to be oblivious of the strain.

The detective walked round the desk and seated himself in the chair. "Mr Parrish is seated at the desk here," he resumed, "when his attention is directed to the window."

AND here Mr. Manderton raised his head and looked out towards the frost-strewn gardens.

"Maybe he hears a step, more probably he sees a face staring at him out of the dark. Very much to his surprise he recognises Jeekes, his principal private secretary—I say to his surprise because he must have believed Jeekes, who had the week-end free, to be in London, And at that, perhaps because he thinks he has made a mistake—in any case to make sure—he gets up...."

The detective suited the action to the word. He pushed back the chair and rose to his feet. They saw he held a large automatic pistol in his hand.

"He has had this threatening letter, remember, so he takes his pistol with him. And he reaches the window.."

The detective was at the window now, his back to the room.

"He speaks to Jeekes, angrily, maybe—the butler heard the sound of loud voices—they have words. And then....!"

**OH, DEMOS, WHERE IS THY STING?**—In next issue, January 1, there will be a J. K. Munro article—caustic, informative, pungent. What do you think "J.K." will have to say now—with Mackenzie King—premier? Mr. Munro "doped" the results fairly accurately, you'll note, if you remember the November 15 issue—he wrote: "King should be first under the wire and Crerar a good second, with Meighen driving hard to escape the distance flag." Confidentially, we don't mind saying that Crerar is quite as "good" a second as "J.K." anticipated!

There came a knock at the library door. It was not a loud knock but resounded loud and clear through the library.

"Who is that? What is it?" rapped out Dr. Romain irritably.

"Don't let anyone disturb us, Inspector!" called out Horace Trevert to Inspector Humphries who had opened the door.

Bude's face appeared in the doorway. He had a short altercation with the Inspector who resolutely interposed his massive form between the butler and the room.

"What is it, Bude!" asked Robin going to the door.

"It's a letter for Miss Trevert, sir!" said Bude.

"Well, leave it in the hall. Miss Trevert can't be disturbed at present...."

"But.....but, sir," the butler protested. Then Robin noticed that he was trembling with excitement and that his features were all distraught.

"What's the matter with you, Bude?" Robin demanded. Humphries had stood on one side and Robin now faced the butler.

"It's a letter from.... that Jeekes!" faltered Bude holding out a salver. "I know his writing, sir!"

"For Miss Trevert?"

Robin gathered up the plain white envelope. It bore a Dutch stamp. The postmark was Rotterdam. He gave the letter to Mary. It was bulky and heavy.

"For you," he said and stood beside her while she broke the seal. By this time they had all gathered round her.

The envelope fluttered to the floor. Mary was unfolding a wad of sheets of writing paper folded once across. She glanced at the topmost sheet, then handed the bundle to Robin.

"It's a confession!" she said.

From beyond the grave the little secretary had spoken and spoiled Mr. Manderton's *denouement*.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### The Death of Hartley Parrish

"FOR Miss Trevert." Thus, in Jeekes' round and flowing commercial hand, the document began:

"Last Statement of Albert Edward Jeekes, made at Rotterdam, this twenty-first Day of January, in the Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and....."

Mr. Bardy, the solicitor, to whom, by common consent, the reading of the confession had been entrusted, raised his eyebrows, thereby letting his eyeglass fall, and looked round at the company.

" 'Pon my soul," he remarked, "for a man about to take his own life, our friend seems to have been the coolest customer imaginable. Look at it! Written in a firm hand and almost without an erasure. Very remarkable! Very remarkable indeed!....."

"Hm!" grunted Mr. Manderton, "not so uncommon as you suppose, Mr. Bardy, Sir. Hendriks, the Palmers Green poisoner, typed out his confession on cream inlaid paper before dosing himself. But let's hear what the gentleman has to tell us....."

This was the last digression. Thenceforth Mr. Bardy read out the confession to the end without interruption.

"For Miss Trevert.

"Madam.

"I slew but I am not a murderer; I killed but without deliberation.

"Victor Marbran has gone and left me to meet a shameful death. But I cannot face the scaffold. As men go I do not believe I am a coward and I am not afraid to die. But the inexorable deliberation of justice appals me. When I have written what I have to write I shall be a hangman to myself. My pistol they have taken away.

"Victor Marbran has abandoned me. He had prepared everything for his flight. Even if the law can indict him as the virtual murderer of Hartley Parrish, the law will never lay hands on him. Victor Marbran neglects no detail. He will never be caught. But from the Great Unknown for which I shall presently set out, I shall stretch forth my hand and see that here or there, he does not escape the punishment he merits for bringing down shame and disgrace upon me.....



"Steady," he whispered, "look there . . . in the doorway . . . there's somebody moving . . . quick, the torch!"

"Just now he bade me stay in the office and finish burning the papers in his desk. He promised he would take me with him to a secure hiding-place which he had made ready for some such emergency as this. I believed him and, unsuspecting, stayed. And now he has slipped away. He is gone and the house is empty. I cannot follow him even did I know where he had gone. I have only a very little money left and I am tired. Very tired. I feel I cannot support the hue-and-cry they will raise. Everything is still about me. The quiet of the country is very soothing. To die like this, with darkness falling and no sound but the rustling rain is the better way.....

"Hartley Parrish was the man behind the great syndicate which systematically ran the British blockade of Germany in the war. He financed Marbran and the international riff-raff of profiteers with whom Marbran worked. Parrish supplied the funds, often the goods as well—at any rate until they tightened up the blockade—while Marbran and the rest of the bunch in neutral countries did the trading with the enemy.

"Parrish was a deep one. I say nothing against him. He was a kind employer to me and I played him false for which I have been bitterly punished. To have swindled Victor Marbran—I count it as nothing against him for that heartless, cruel man is deserving of no pity.....

"Parrish was the heart and soul, brains and muscle of the syndicate. He lurked far in the background. Any and every trail which might possibly lead back to him was carefully effaced. He was secure as long as Marbran and one or two other big men in the business kept faith with him. Now and then, when the British Intelligence were too hot on the trail, Parrish and Marbran would give away one of the small fry belonging to the organization and thus stave off suspicion. They could do this in complete safety for, so perfect was their organization, that the small fry only knew the small fry in the shallows and never the big fish in the deep.....

"But Hartley Parrish was in Marbran's hands. They stood or fell together. Parrish knew this. But he was a born gambler and insanely self-confident. He took a chance with Marbran. It cost him his life.

"All payments were made to Parrish. He was treasurer and banker of the syndicate. Money came in by all sorts of devious routes, sometimes from as far afield as South or Central America. Parrish distributed the profits. Everything was in his hands.

"By the time the armistice came the game had got too hot. All the big fish except Marbran had cleared out with their pile. But Marbran, like Parrish, was a gambler. He stuck it out and stayed on.

"Parrish played fair until the war was over. The armistice, of course, put an end to the business.

"But some months after the armistice a sum of $150,000 was paid to Parrish through a Spanish bank in settlement, Marbran told me, for petrol indirectly delivered to the German Admiralty. Par-

*Continued on page 50*

# REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary, and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

## Common Sense Business Magic

*Cutting Out Frills Won Industrial Battle—Public Alone Determines Values*

GEORGE F. JOHNSON

EVERY business everywhere has been wrestling with the problem of how to liquidate and get back to the healthy volume of profitable costs, says *System* magazine in prefacing an article by George F. Johnson, president of the Endicott Johnson Corporation, on "What I've Learned About Business Since 1920."

The Endicott Johnson Corporation makes shoes for workingmen. They thought they were giving full value for the retail price that was charged per pair and they believed they had their business down to a system where they were making shoes as cheaply as they could be made. But in April, 1921, they found that something drastic had to be done if the wheels were to be kept turning in their factories. They had nothing ahead in the way of future business and they were "in the air" with a large stock of raw materials and finished shoes. The basic trouble was that there were no orders ahead. In brief, the situation which Mr. Johnson pictures could be summarized as follows: No orders at all ahead on books; surplus earnings off eighty per cent.; employees working only part time; stocks of finished product piling up; large inventories not being worked off with sufficient rapidity.

By wasting no time in taking steps to remedy matters they turned that dull situation into this prosperous order of things: All the orders that could be filled; new buildings necessary to take care of increased volume of business; inventories readjusted, dividends paid and surplus accumulating; employees all working overtime.

Just how did they do it?

It reads like magic, but there was no magic about it, according to Mr. Johnson.

Usually the first place factory cuts are made is in wages. The Endicott Johnson people made that the last step, as it was one of their chief ambitions to maintain wages as high as warranted. "Cutting wages," observes Mr. Johnson, "is the easy road—to nowhere. For the result is the worker's feeling that he has been treated unfairly—which makes him sufficiently inefficient to undo the possible savings on the cost of production. We would not reduce wages faster than living costs. We have succeeded in reducing them less than the living cost."

They cut their inventory. They had always kept their inventory at the market price of leather and the reasonable cost of the finished product with the cheaper leather. They cut and hardly had they cut before another cut was necessary. They kept cutting their inventory for eighteen months and it was not until April, 1921, that "they touched bottom and the bell rang."

To bring that about Mr. Johnson states, they lopped off every expense that did not directly result in production. They dropped their recreation department, quit paying employees for vacation periods and ceased publication of their employees' magazine. Cutting out all these frills saved them the pretty penny of $3,000,000 a year. All of these expenses had been paid for out of the cost of production and amounted to a "pretty penny" per shoe, and when they had to curtail production on account of lack of orders, naturally the cost added to each pair of shoes turned out was increased.

Mr. Johnson makes some interesting comparisons between day workers and piece-workers:—

"I am going to say frankly: I believe, today, the average day workers receive more than they earn. Equally frankly, I must say that the piece workers earn what they receive. I don't blame the day workers, and I don't give too much credit to the piece workers. It is the system which is at fault. The piece worker would be equally indifferent, and equally reckless and wasteful, if he were put to work by the day. The day worker would be equally anxious and energetic, if he were put to work by the piece. And so it is the system."

Regarding executives, he is of the opinion that where an executive can manage his own affairs and finds time to do outside work, he is glad to see him do so; but first his own house must be in order. Therefore, when the pinch came the company insisted that their executives should stick rather closely to the company's business.

Mr. Johnson, in concluding, says that what they did is not the least peculiar to their business. The fact that they had great factories and many employees only made the problem more complex than that of a man in a smaller business. The same fundamental principles affect all businesses great or small, the problem being to give the public an article which the public thinks is right in quality and price. "It is the public alone that determines values," says Mr. Johnson, "and that is so obviously the truth that it can be too easily forgotten." His firm can now face the future with a great deal more confidence:—

"This year that is closing now has been a tough one. Some are still finding it far from tender. Looking backward, the transition seems so easy when compared with what it might have been. And it is fine to think that the worst is behind instead of ahead. The troubles of some men in business may not be over. I am inclined to think that such men may find the reason for their continued troubles by looking into the mirror."

## Indian Revolt Would Fail

*Says German Authority, Who Is No Lover of England*

G. BUETZ

SOMETIMES it is highly interesting to learn what our enemies think of us and where they find our weak points. So it is that the premise by G. Buetz, writing for the *Deutsche Politik*, the German Nationalist Weekly, that no present revolution in India against British rule can succeed is rather reassuring, for this particular German author, a well-known writer on Eastern affairs, has at times betrayed his pro-native sympathies, due no doubt to the wish that still lurks in the Prussian that someone or something would come along and properly "strafe" England.

In the first place, says Buetz, Britain thought she could make a permanent proletariat of the Indian nation "by discouraging artificially popular education and taxing the people heavily." He proceeds:

"India had more public schools before the English conquered the country than it has to-day, and after one hundred and fifty years of British rule, 90 per cent of the males and 99 per cent of the females are unable to read and write. Taxation is so burdensome that from thirty to forty million of the population are under nourished. India is forced to pay for its own government, including the salaries of its English rulers and administrators, and the staff of the India Office in London. It must also support the British Army in India and finance all military campaigns conducted in the interests of India. It must pay the pensions of all officials and officers, military or civilian, who have been employed in India. Since the revenues have been inadequate for these purposes, the country has borrowed money in England at a high rate of interest. Hitherto the country has not been able to increase its revenues. The country's income is derived from exports. For years the people have made every effort to increase the value of those exports, by shipping them in the form of manufactured goods instead of cheap raw materials. England, however, wishes to sell its manufactures in India and to buy cheap raw materials from that country. Consequently, its government artificially discourages factories there. The public revenues are raised largely by a tax on land. That tax supplies 40 per cent of the public income and reaches 50 per cent of the net product of the cultivator. Since agricultural produce is very cheap, the Indian peasant has been impoverished by this system. It has resulted in a famine whenever there is a crop failure. Such famines occur frequently.

"So long as India was exclusively an agricultural country, this artificial holding down of the masses involved no dangers. But the moment India began to have an industrial proletariat, the situation changed. That condition has at length arrived. During the war, England was compelled by necessity to promote Indian manufactures in order to satisfy its own militay needs. Cut off by hostilities from the merchandise of the other great industrial nations, and inadequately supplied with merchandise from England, India was forced to also manufacture for its own consumption. Since the country's population is in round numbers 300,000,000, this meant the erection of large establishments. During the latter years of the war, local factories produced half the cotton goods consumed in the country. Industrial cities sprang up to become seed-beds of revolutionary agitation. Before the war India had less than 2,000,000 factory operatives; today it has in the neighborhood of 10,000,000.

"But the effect of this transformation is still greater than these figures would suggest. As in all countries in which manufactured industries have been recently established, the operatives spent but part of their time in the factories. They were constantly moving back and forth between these establishments and their country homes. Thus, the working people carry

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their revolutionary ideas to the peasantry, where they have spread like wildfire among 32,000,000 rural laborers. The latter are among the most oppressed and impoverished of all working classes. Next to them come the oppressed peasantry. The result has been to sow the seeds of discontent and revolt far and wide among the common people. These include 50,000,000 Indian peasants who live constantly near the starvation level.

"The revolutionary agitation among these masses is radical to the last degree; its purpose is to expel the British rulers by an armed insurrection. A group of nationalist extremists is at its head. These leaders are drawn from the impecunious section of the native middle classes—students, native officials, and brain workers, whose incomes as a rule are extremely meagre. While the primary object of these men is to liberate India from English rule, they have knit up this movement with the strictly economic struggle of the proletariat, so as to utilize the discontent prevalent among the exploited and under-nourished masses as a weapon in their own propaganda of revolt.

"While it is obvious, therefore, that India has amply sufficient cause for trying to expel by force its British Masters it does not necessarily follow that their enterprise has any prospect of success. Let us now take up that question.

"An armed insurrection cannot succeed unless there is perfect unity of command; and this seems quite impossible at present. India has been divided within itself for ages by differences of religion, language, and political ideals. Several tongues of entirely different derivation are spoken within its boundaries. Since there is no such thing as a real public-school system, English cannot be used as a common tongue, because a vast majority of the natives do not know that language. It will be an extraordinarily difficult task to create a single national consciousness among so many distinct tribes and races."

He concludes:—"Beyond question England's situation in India is not a rosy one. We may expect the ferment which has been in progress there, without interruption, since 1911 to find a vent in serious disorders. But there is little hope that the 'India for the Indians' campaign will succeed. The men best equipped to lead such a campaign have profited too much from the present government to kill the cow they milk. It will be a remarkable success for the present movement if the reforms already promised are eventually secured."

# Can Pearls Make You Forget?

*Extraordinary Properties for Precious Stones Claimed by Dealer*

LONDON *Daily Mail*

AN EXPERT dealer in pearls in Paris declares that the wearing of pearls causes forgetfulness, which frequently results in the loss of the pearls. He says he himself had an experience of this temporary loss of memory while carrying pearls and now always encloses them in a lead-lined case. He explains this effect arising from wearing pearls by saying that a fluid passes from the pearls to the wearer.

That story strikes one as "drawing a very long bow" indeed, but about the same date as it was published, an authority on the subject of gems, writing for the London *Daily Mail* under the name of "A Dealer in Precious Stones," relates a lot of remarkable things about precious stones, and adds that other dealers of experience will back him up in his assertion that certain precious stones are susceptible to diseases and deterioration. Not only that, but he speaks of "gem doctors" whose business it is to revivify stones that have lost their lustre. Larger supplies of radium salts, used as a curative agent for diseased gems would mean much to the jewelry trade, this writer says, for the layman has but little idea of the millions that are lost owing to the constant deterioration of the most precious gems. He tells what happens to some of them:—

"Most people are aware that pearls are very apt to go 'sick' and lose their lustre, and some know that the cause of the opal's ill reputation is the fact that these stones so often crack, or else shrink and drop out of their settings. What the public at large does not know is that practically *all gems* with the one exception of the diamond are liable to go wrong.

"The action of light on the coloring matter of any colored gem produces a slow but sure deterioration. The semi-precious stones, such as the garnet and the topaz, change rapidly, the garnet growing lighter and losing its rich hue, while the topaz goes dull, losing the brightness and beauty of a newly cut gem.

"The Brazilian topaz, which is of a bright yellow, becomes reddish. Heat affects its color seriously—even a very moderate degree of heat.

"The ruby and sapphire do not change so rapidly, yet both, by degrees, lose their original brilliance and, consequently, their value. A ruby kept for two years in a shop window was found to be very perceptibly lighter in color than another, cut at the same time, which had been kept in a case.

"All jewelers know of certain recipes for doctoring sick gems, and in the East, especially, there are many trade secrets of the kind. Yellow diamonds, for instance, can be made beautifully white.

"But the cure is not lasting. Although even experts may be temporarily deceived, the stone soon reverts, and in a few weeks or months is as bad as ever."

# Detected by Typing Flaws

*Up-to-date Sleuths Prove How Even Typewritten Letters Vary*

FRED C. KELLY

THE impression made on paper by no two typewriting machines is exactly alike—not even in the case of machines brand new from the same factory and of the same design and make. All this is because no typewriting machine is entirely free from defects. From the day that a machine goes into use it begins to deteriorate slightly, losing the perfect alignment of the keys, and various letters gradually become worn and scarred. Typewriter letters are not flat, but slightly concave; hence if a letter is not in perfect alignment it does not print evenly.

Now the above mechanical defects continue, and gradually grow worse, Fred C. Kelly relates in an article in the *American Magazine*, until they furnish a combination of individual marks that establish the identity of the machine, just as various moles and scars and imperfect features might establish the identity of a person.

It is a combination of these effects that the author says makes it really easier to trace an anonymous letter or document to its source if it is written on a typewriter instead of in ordinary script. There are other little tell-tale marks that distinguish the work of one make of machine from another. There is a difference in the style of letters on the various makes of typewriters, and these type designs are changed by the makers from time to time, even on the same makes of machines. But the thing that most people do not know is that the date on which these type changes take place is a matter of record. It is possible to learn from such records just when the type that wrote the letter now lying on your desk first came into use. The author of this interesting article continues:—"Several manufacturers of typewriters make it a rule to change from time to time at least one letter slightly, for purposes of identification; but most changes are made in the regular routine improvements of machines. The change may be only in the length of the tail on the Q, or the curve of an S, and be scarcely visible to the naked eye. But under the microscope, and in enlarged photographs, the difference is evident."

He cites the case where the validity of a will was questioned in the courts, where it was not difficult to make a good guess as to the person who had perpetrated a forgery in the document, there being only one man who would gain under the will if the faked part of the document were accepted:

"Not long ago the settlement of a suit over a contested will hung on the length of the cross on a typewritten 't'. One man received almost two hundred thousand dollars less than he expected, because the little cross line lacked a microscopic one hundredth of an inch.

"The document was shown to a famous handwriting expert who during many years had been making a thorough study of the problem of identifying typewriting. Within a few minutes he was able to declare that part of the will was not genuine, and that the phrases in dispute had been written in after the author of the will was dead. The document was dated 1907, but the disputed phrases had been written with a typewriter that was not on the market until years later.

"Having a certain man under suspicion, the expert examined three or four typewriting machines in that man's office. He quickly satisfied himself that the spurious section of the questioned will had been filled in on a certain one of these machines. The next step was to determine exactly when the work had been done. And it was possible to ascertain this, with scientific precision, almost to the day!

"The office contained various records that had been written on the typewriter that was being examined. Scores of these records were arranged in the order of their dates and studied.

"The object was simply to find a sheet on which the type imperfections exactly tallied with those in the forged part of the will. As the office sheets were dated, the approximate date of the alterations could thus be established."

But it is not only through the machines used that identification of typewriting may be traced. The work of no two persons on a typewriter is exactly alike, continues Mr. Kelly.

"A man's typewriting is almost as personal, strange to say, as his penmanship. But to discern such characteristics is a severe test for the average person's powers of observation. The identifier of documents is successful not alone because he has a big store of technical knowledge about writing, but because he knows human nature and has cultivated the art of observation.

"An expert once declared, after a two-minute examination, that a certain anonymous letter had been penned by an Englishman, who was also an accountant. A further investigation proved that this was correct. How did he reach his conclusions? Simply by noting the periods. He observed that the periods were invariably well above the line—about as far above the line as half the height of the letters. In England the decimal point and the period are not placed in the same position. The period is placed on the line, but the decimal above the line. English accountants sometimes fall into the habit of making the decimal point answer both purposes. The specialist had observed this and tucked it away until the information might be useful. Combined with a few other characteristics of English writing it gave the clue."

# Autographs Worth $500,000

*King of All Autograph Collectors Dwells in a Castle in Graz*

LUDWIG BARTH

THE King of all autograph hunters lives in Graz, Styria, in the person of Ludwig Barth, according to *Living Age*. His is no ordinary book, for in it are nineteen hundred autographs of the most famous personages of the modern world, and four hundred pictures, every one with associations that put it almost beyond price. In it, too, are the results of seventeen years of ceaseless labor and the expenditure of seventy thousand (pre-war) francs.

Other autograph collectors are satisfied to obtain their prizes by letter. Not so Herr Barth, who has secured all but two or three of his nineteen hundred by personal interviews.

"You deserve the Nobel prize!" exclaimed the King of Denmark, as he turned the pages of the book.

"Sire, I prefer your autograph," replied Herr Barth. The King reached for his pen.

The Mikado of Japan, the Shah of Persia, ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II, ex-President Wilson, Emperor Francis Joseph, King Edward VII, Queen Mary, and King George have all inscribed the pages of the book; and artists and scientists whose distinction equals or surpasses that of rulers of nations are there as well: Ernst Haeckel, Puccini, Grieg, Israels, Rodin, Defregger, Solomon J. Solomons.

This book of autographs is an international rendezvous, and the memoirs of its maker, if they are ever written, will be a contribution both to history and to literature; for Herr Barth has met well-nigh all the makers of the modern world. Chatting quietly with the visitor who bends above the wonderful pages of his treasure, the old collector tells in a talk of ten minutes what King Edward said to him at Marienbad, King George in Buckingham Palace, Pius X in the Vatican, Sarah Bernhardt in Paris, and Queen Mary just after her coronation. Musicians add a few bars of music above their names, famous painters draw sketches. In the book is the last sketch that Hodler made before his death, while the autographs of Dreyfus, his accusers, and his defenders, give way to the makers of modern history. Kitchener is there, and Mackensen, and Hindenburg, who, Herr Barth thinks allows himself to be too much feted by his admiring fellow citizens.

He pauses reverently above the page where the Emperor Francis Joseph wrote "Viribus Unitis," and then turns the page to where another signature stands, with a date just before the signing of the Treaty of Versailles—"Woodrow Wilson."

Clemenceau's signature is not among the nineteen hundred and there is an interesting reason for its absence. Before he signed, the Frenchman was idly turning the pages when he came upon a bold signature—"Wilhelm II." He leaped from his chair, he even rushed to a window and opened it to let in the fresh air, and has ever since firmly refused to sign his name in the same book.

"I wanted it photographed first," says Herr Barth of his book as he tells why he refused an offer of $500,000 from Pierpont Morgan. "If I had to part with my treasure, then I felt that the whole world must share it. Morgan would not consent. So I was content to remain poor and keep my ideals. Of course, though that was a fancy price, the intrinsic value has increased immensely since then.

"I had some trouble with the Kaiser, too, at an historic time—the date is the week of the Morocco crisis. A telegram from the Emperor Francis Joseph, telling him he had been proud to sign among such company, induced him at last. Queen Mary of England gave me hers a day after her coronation; I found King Edward and King George both charming and genial in a totally different way. The Prince of Monaco insisted on using the last page: 'Rien ne va plus.' Is there not something pathetic about this portrait which the Empress Eugenié gave me as an aged woman? Her picture—at the age of seventeen.

"I and the book were invited by Gabrielle Deslys in Paris. It was a brilliant gathering. She took me aside and with her usual business acumen offered me seven thousand francs for the privilege of putting her autograph among the immortals. I refused; told her that my illustrious ones worked with brain and hand, not with their feet. She took it good-temperedly."

# Wit, Wisdom and Whimsicality

Culled By J.L.R.

**Seasoned**—These days when you kiss some girls they taste like the back room of a paint and kalsomine shop.—Orillia *Packet*.

* * * *

**Here's One to Worry Over**—If law is the will of the people why such universal use of this word "enforcement?"—Peterboro *Examiner*.

* * * *

**Sound Advice**—When you feel that your matrimonial venture is a failure keep still and go ahead and eat breakfast.—Kitchener *Record*.

* * * *

**Nor Any Drop to Drink**—Three and one-third percent. of the area of Canada is water. Seems like more to many people.—Kitchener *Record*.

* * * *

**Not Too Democratic—or Not Too Safe**—Even though the world is now safe for democracy, it isn't a good idea to sass a traffic cop.—Kitchener *Record*.

* * * *

**If You Doubt This—Try It**—A statesman needs perfect poise. He can't get up on his ear and keep his ear on the ground.—Sherbrooke, Que. *Beacon*.

* * * *

**Suggestion Barred**—If there is any corrective value in suggestion, it might be well to place perpendicular steel bars on the windshields.—Nelson B.C. *News*.

* * * *

**Profitable But Inexpedient**—"Make Money at Home" is the appeal of one advertiser. We know one chap who did, and he got ten years in the pen for it.—London *Advertiser*.

* * * *

**They Seem Safe Now**—As the days pass, it becomes increasingly evident that somebody rescued prices as they were going down for the last time.—Kingston *British Whig*.

* * * *

**The Capital Need**—Chicago doctors say sheep glands as a diet improve the mentality. But what many Ottawa men want is some new dope that will make hair grow over the mentality they've got.—Ottawa *Journal*.

* * * *

**Sensitive Souls**—Going home on a street car the other night (crowded as usual) the conductor found a passenger with his eyes closed, and, wanting his ticket, told him to "Wake up!" "I wasn't asleep," replied weary Willie, "but I hate to see women standing."—Toronto *Telegram*.

**Alpha & Omega**—Brief history of man: Married, harried, buried.—Kingston *British Whig*.

* * * *

**The Need of the Hour**—Why doesn't some person find a way to vulcanize pants and make them as good as new. Surely the noblest garments of man are of as great importance as automobile tires.—Kingston *Standard*.

* * * *

**A Deep Suggestion**—"Intimation has been made by "the Swiss Federal Government:...that Karl will not "be allowed to return to Switzerland.....St. Helena, "therefore, or some other island in British possession "*surmounted* by hundreds of miles of sea, will quite possibly "be chosen; and the last chance of a Hapsburg restora-"tion will be thus eliminated."—Toronto *Globe*.

### THOUGHTS FROM THE SASKATOON "STAR"

**Getting Their Deserts**—Parliament hears all bills read three times. Serves 'em right.

* * * *

**The Question of the Hour**—If skirts are lengthened, how are you gonna recognise your friends?

* * * *

**A Real Job**—It has been decided that English will be the official language at the Washington disarmament conference.

Which means that both the French and American delegates will have to bring along interpreters.

* * * *

The fact that squirrels at Fort William stored away 200 golf balls is said to presage a hard winter.

It certainly does—for the squirrels.

* * * *

**Try This on Your Ostermoor**—A diplomat is a cnap who, when he arrives home at 4 a.m., gets into bed backwards so that if friend wife wakes he can say he is just getting up.

* * * *

**Different Today**—What used to be known in drinking circles as a "chaser" is now referred to among the knowing as an antidote. The main difference is that formerly a slight delay in ministering the chaser didn't make much difference.

**Lofty Anatomy**—Though hogs are low pork chops are still being cut off high hogs.—Cobalt *Nugget*.

* * * *

**Flawless If Fragrant**—The breath of suspicion never attaches to a girl whose breath smells of onions.—Nelson B. C. *News*.

* * * *

**Less Subject to Change**—Beauty is only skin deep, but a sweet disposition extends all the way through.—Hamilton *Herald*.

* * * *

**Verbum Sap**—There is no sense in keeping a pistol about the house. Why put temptation in the wife's way?—Kingston *British Whig*.

* * * *

**Perhaps There Isn't Any**—How do detectives spend their time when not engaged at the business of being baffled?—Sherbrooke *Record*.

* * * *

**Civilized—But Safety First**—As the world grows more and more civilized, we keep right on improving padlocks.—Toronto *Telegram*.

* * * *

**More Secluded**—Our idea that woman's place is in the home is based on some of the bathing suits we have seen this summer.—Sydney *Record*.

* * * *

**Going to Heel**—When a man says he wishes to consult his wife about it, he means that he wishes to get his wife's instructions.—Peterboro *Examiner*.

* * * *

**Work This One Out for Yourself**—What would a woman do with her hands if a mouse and a bat got in the room at the same time?—Cobalt *Nugget*.

* * * *

**The Necessary Type**—If a small boy thinks nasty things are funny, don't be discouraged. He may become a director of movie comedies.—Kitchener *Record*.

* * * *

**Boy—A Paper!**—A man's curiosity never rivals that of a woman until someone casually remarks that his name appeared in yesterday's paper.—Quebec *Telegraph*.

* * * *

**She Knew His Failing**—"Gotta make a call tonight," we said, grabbing our hat.

"Very well, dear," remarked Friend Wife, "but don't call unless you have the cards."—Border Cities *Star*.

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# Detects Hidden Minerals

## *Divining Rod to Show Prospector Where to Find Earth's Wealth*

E. F. CONE

AN INVENTION, which, he says, bids fair to revolutionize mineral prospecting, is told of in *Scientific American*, by E. F. Cone. He declares that some of the developments are positively startling:—

"In December of last year Herman A. Holz, of New York, gave the preliminary details of a new German invention which was described as the old divining rod rendered efficient for the detection of minerals, metals and even crude oil. Mr. Holz, a dealer of the highest standing in scientific instruments of precision, stated that wonderful progress had been made in Europe in the last four or five years, in the utilization of atomic forces; that processes and practical means had been developed to a high state of perfection for definitely locating solid, liquid and gaseous deposits in the earth without boring or prospecting, and even for accurately determining the position, depth, width and thickness of each deposit and for differentiating between the various materials forming the deposit.

"The invention has been developed by a German engineer of high standing, who for many years was chief engineer of a prominent boring and drilling company. Mr. Holz personally visited Germany a year ago to investigate and study the invention and the tests to which it had been subjected. He himself located with the apparatus an extensive lead-zinc-silver field in Germany and thoroughly checked all phases of the device.

"The principle on which the new instrument is designed is described by Mr. Holz as follows: All materials of mineral origin seem to give off certain emanations, different for each element. The difference probably lies in the speed of the electrons given off, and has some certain relation to the atomic weight of the elements. These variations, carefully studied by the inventor, permit him to differentiate clearly between the various materials forming a deposit, by synchronization of the apparatus to the waves of different form. Thus if the apparatus is adjusted for lead, it is actuated only by lead; if set for oil, it is acted upon only by oil. The apparatus can be adjusted for practically all useful materials found in the earth, such as all ores, salts, coal, sulphur, asbestos, oil, natural gas, etc. There are several very remarkable features of this process—remarkable, of course, only because so very little is known about the atomic forces utilized.

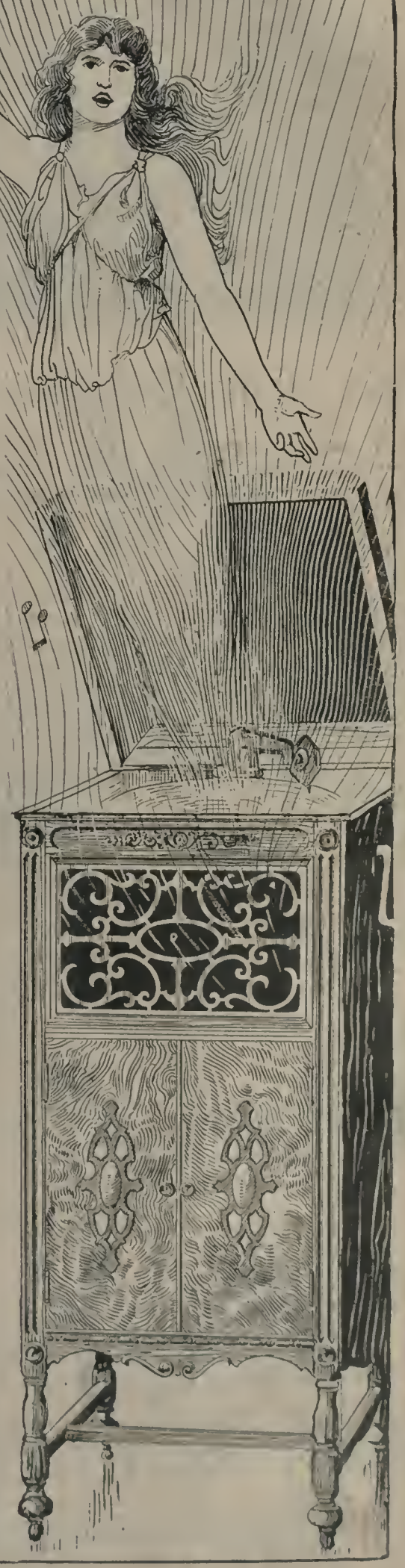
"Mr. Holz says:—'The strength of the atomic forces which act on the apparatus is often surprisingly large. We seem to possess not the slightest idea of the magnitude of some of the forces which are present on earth and which have not yet been explored in this country. I feel certain that systematic research work along these lines would clear up some of the great mysteries with which we are still confronted—the mysteries of electricity, of magnetism, of life. I have reasons to believe that the divining rod, used for over a thousand years and in some cases undoubtedly with success, is acted upon by a few of the rays which are utilized completely and systematically in the highly developed apparatus.'

"Since the announcement of this remarkable invention, developments have been rapid and startling. Through the efforts of Mr. Holz and his acquaintance with the inventor as well as because of his standing among scientific men, arrangements were made with influential interests in New York for the coming to this country of the inventor for the purpose of thoroughly demonstrating and testing his apparatus. Accordingly early this year the inventor, Philip Scherumly, of Frankfurt am Main, Germany, arrived in the United States and, under the direction of one or two skilled mining engineers, set about his work of proving the claims made for his new device or practical divining rod.

"The first test was made among the iron ore fields of the Lake Superior region. Here, through ice and snow several feet thick, the 'polarizator,' as the new invention is called, located new ore fields said to be worth many thousands of dollars according to the reports of the engineers. The next trial was in the Pittsburgh district where new pockets of natural gas were looked for. There also, it is reported, the explorations were 100 per cent satisfactory. The last trial was in the oil fields of the southern part of the country. There also it is claimed a 100 per cent record was made in the location of new oil pockets or fields.

"The definite result of these trials was the incorporation of a new company to use exclusively in the United States the new instrument, and the payment to the inventor of a large sum for the concession. The large economic value of this invention is self-evident; if the expectations of its promoters are realized, it will revolutionize mining methods and reduce the speculative phase of prospecting to a minimum. It should be added that in the operation of this new invention, cartridges of the material sought are placed in the device; the mechanism then synchronizes the emanations, exchange reciprocally, and locates the definite confines of the material in the earth."

# The Embodied Spirit of Music



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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

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*Use it twice daily, year in and year out.* Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down.* Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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# Some Short Cuts Don't Pay

*Do Your Present Job Better Than It Has Ever Been Done Before*

SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE story of James S. Alexander, who worked conscientiously and intelligently for twenty-two years for the National Bank of Commerce, New York, without rising higher than chief clerk, but advanced within the four following years to the position of president, is told in the *American Magazine* by Samuel Crowther. Several interesting points in Mr. Alexander's career, which should be interesting and useful to every Canadian business man, are brought out in Mr. Crowther's interview. Mr. Alexander had not even a high school education, but had to go to work at thirteen in a small village general store. At nineteen he felt that no real advance could be made in this village, even though he had gone into a bank at sixteen, and seemed to be progressing satisfactorily, and he wrote letters to various New York bank cashiers. One letter ultimately landed him a job. Mr. Alexander says:

"The best chance locally—the only one I could see, in fact—was in the bank; and in three years I managed to get a job there. I was then sixteen. I wanted a better place, but I reasoned that the bank would at least take me out of the store rut.

"I am quite sure that I did not then know what a real rut was. No one can know that at sixteen. Most of us have the idea, when we are young, that doing the same thing, day in and day out, is being in a rut. I learned differently later, when I discovered that being in a rut does not depend on what one is doing. It applies only when one *does not know where one is going*—or when there is *no place to go.* One may go through many years of daily work, in which each day differs very little from the next; one *has* to go through a certain number of such years in most established lines of business.

"What I now call working in a rut is working without the possibility of advancement in the course of time, if one's merit warrants it; or, what amounts to the same thing, working where the seniority rule obtains. A rut, to my mind, has nothing at all to do with the kind of work.

"For example, the little bank job soon developed into a rut. Within three years I was the assistant to the cashier. I might reasonably expect to become cashier—when he died. That I would ever be president was unlikely, for at that time country bank presidents were mostly chosen from the principal business men or lawyer stockholders. It did not seem possible to go much further, and so I began again to think of New York."

The first job at which the Bank of Commerce put Alexander was not a mighty one. It was almost the lowest inside task. Those were the days before conservative institutions had adopted typewriters or even letter-press copybooks. All of the letters that went out were written by hand, and the more important ones were copied by hand into a big letter book.

He struck many things that he did not understand; and before long he was reading every book on banking and credit he could lay his hands on. The letters intensely interested him; and the officers would have been somewhat surprised if they had been told that a junior clerk knew more about the bank's letter-writing than any other man in the bank!

The further he got into banking the better he liked it. While still on the letter, he had extended his reading from domestic commercial banking into national and international banking. He got up at five every morning in order to be first at the bank, and he was usually the last to leave. He ate, lived, and slept banking.

It might have been expected that this intense application would shortly have brought a reward. It did not. The seniority rule was in force to a large extent, and whether Alexander knew his work or just knew the motions made no difference in his position. He kept on, however, both because he liked the work and because he felt perfectly certain that sometime his work would count.

For nearly fifteen years he kept on, getting only moderate annual increases of salary and slight advancements in title.

In 1899, fifteen years after his entry, he got his first real title and authority. He was appointed assistant cashier, and chief clerk. As chief clerk, he had the practical management of the bank in his charge—he was the man who had to see that things got done. He had been seeing *how* things were done for years and he very quickly mastered his new duties. Within a little time he was clearing house for bank information; and the senior officers, without realizing it, depended largely upon his knowledge of affairs.

In 1907 he had been working twenty-two years in the bank and still was earning less than five thousand dollars a year. The way ahead seemed slower than he liked. At this point the American Express Company offered him the office of treasurer. He hesitated—he did not want to leave the bank. But finally he accepted

Then the bank found out how much they really had depended on him, and in nine months they got him back again, this time as a vice-president. In three years he was president.

This, it will be noted, is a record of slow steady progression. Having started early, Mr. Alexander was only forty-six when he became president, in spite of the fact that he had, except for the nine months' absence, been twenty-six years with the bank.

"It is best for a man to make *an early start,*" said Mr. Alexander; "for although it may have been temporarily forgotten during the past few years, sound banking and sound business are not the result of chance, and no amount of natural ability will take the place of an all-round experience. The difficulties of many new corporations are not the result of incapacity but of inexperience.

"The opportunity for advancement, for the application of special knowledge, grows greater every day. When I became president of this bank we had roughly one officer to each thirty-eight clerks; now we have one officer to about each thirty clerks. That is an enormous enlargement of opportunity within eleven years. Just think of the odds!

"On the other hand, the larger organizations do make it more difficult for a good man to have his merit discovered. There is no doubt about that. The initial difficulty every ambitious young man must overcome is to make his presence felt—to make an impression upon those higher up, to stand out from the rank and file. Institutions are now so large that it is extremely difficult for executives to keep sufficiently close to members of the force to be able to spot unusual talent and to give it full opportunity. So one of the things the young man has to think about is to attract the right kind of attention to himself.

"One hears of many schemes and short cuts, but I never have known any that were worth while. I am sure there is no magical method of attracting attention overnight The only way is the good, old-fashioned way of doing the job at hand better than it has ever been done before, and studying industriously, so as to qualify for duties which require thorough training and clear thinking.

"I cannot too greatly emphasize the necessity for mastery. That is not an old-fashioned idea. We need more knowledge every day. The successful man of to-day has to have more absolute knowledge than he ever before needed. It is perfectly impossible to know too much or to have too much experience. The rule-of-thumb days have passed.

"And also have passed the days—if there were such days—when clean living was not also a necessity. I mean clean living throughout—both on the physical side and on the mental side of one's life. They are essential to sound character.

"Summing up the large qualities that I have seen through the years as making for success, they are not new. But then there is also nothing new about success! The qualities I think necessary for attaining great success are initiative and imagination, combined with industry, patience, and correctness in deportment and in habits of mind, as well as full appreciation of the importance of the duties being performed."

# Birth-Controllers Attacked

*There Is a Menace in These "False Prophets," Says Canadian in England*

ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER

MEN like H. G. Wells, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins and others of their beliefs about birth control are "men gone mad with learning," in the opinion of Arthur Beverley Baxter, a Canadian author now living in England, who has frequently contributed to MacLean's. Mr. Baxter's article, appearing in the London Sunday *Express* is quite a furious attack on the would-be birth-controllers of England. He writes in this sarcastic vein:—

"Truly, a new era has dawned in the history of these islands. The stupidity of our fore-fathers that produced an empire is to be replaced by the intensive wisdom of a group of authors, spiritualists, and well-intentioned women. The careless habit of uncontrolled child-birth that gave the world a Shakespeare or a Cromwell, shall be regulated by medical knowledge. A good-for-nothing, like the father of Charles Dickens, shall be shown how not to have children because he cannot afford to educate them. The stars that gather at the birth of genius shall be made to shine or disappear at the command of the birth controllers. Life itself shall or shall no come into being according to human leg islation.

"Chanticleer summoning the sunrise shows no more vanity than this."

No man, whether he be author, or clergyman, or physician, can foretell what tasks are ahead of us, sagely insists Mr. Baxter. It is a cruel age, he regrets; an age of irreverence and intellectual vivisection. It is an age that now produces men and women who intend to supply all who still need it with the full knowledge of sound physiological methods of control. But Mr. Baxter already discerns a reaction setting in among the people of Britain against this sort of thing. The very people who at first applauded are now beginning to recognize the menace of the "false prophets" at large in the literary world.

"By all means," concludes this Canadian author, "let us raise the average of life. Let us wage a crusade against disease and poverty and ignorance—but do not let us make the creation or prevent ion o human life a matter for pamphleteers."

# Why Franco-British Friction?

*Frenchman Blames English Egoism—Germany Pays France With "Promises"*

RAYMOND RECOULY

IS THERE really any great danger of a breaking up of the friendly relationships of Britain and France? Raymond Recouly, writing for *Le Revue de France*, the Paris literary and political semi-monthly, says that the problem demands the attention of both countries concerned. If these relations should become strained or lead to a permanent estrangement, the outlook for Europe and the world in general, already none too assuring, would become darker.

How does it happen that the Franco-British friendship, so strong during their comradeship on the field of battle, has now become chilled? Why has this happened? What events have led to it? These are questions first asked by the French journalist.

He lays the cause of it partially at the door of the Englishman's egoism and his penchant for following the plane of the least resistance in concluding a bargain. At the time of the peace negotiation, M. Recouly says, Lloyd George openly displayed these habits and traditions of his race, when he is reported to have said: "After all, it is not my business to look out for the interests of France." The interests of England, on the other hand, he guarded most effectively, complains the French writer. He goes on to give an illustration in the apt analogous manner of the Gallic journalist:—

"President Wilson had hardly hurled his fourteen points like a pontifical message at the world, when the English, as if by instinct, announced their reservations and published their claims. Their demands were very simple; the destruction of the German fleet; the seizure of the German colonies and of the German merchant marine; and the preservation of British supremacy at sea. They put their cards on the table. One of these fourteen points—the one which dealt with the freedom of the seas—seemed contrary to their interests; so they declared their acceptance of it only in so far as it could be harmonized with these.

"Nothing prevented us Frenchmen from doing likewise. Following the English example, we could have made our reservations in regard to Mr. Wilson's formula, and should have done so. We might well have urged our own claims, which were very simple, and at the same time very just. There was no need of concealing or dissimulating them. What we needed first and above all was *security*. Just as England had almost the whole German fleet delivered into her hands, we should have insisted on the immediate and practically complete disarmament of Germany, ncluding the destruction and handing over of all cannon and virtually all machine-guns and rifles.

"England is protected by her fleet and by the ocean. We are protected by nothing. A united Germany of sixty million people, standing alongside a country of thirty-eight millions, remains a continuing source of danger for the latter. We accordingly needed a *military frontier*, that is, the Rhine; and in default of annexing the Rhineland (which no one here desired) the complete neutralization of that territory.

"Our second interest, quite as important, concerns the reparations. Our devastated provinces should have been restored immediately. We should have claimed unequivocal rights of priority, and demanded the guaranty of our allies for this restoration."

M. Recouly emphasizes the circumstance that "England has been paid with *real things*; the German colonies and the German ships. We, for our part, have had little more than *promises*."

Those are some of the things that France is smarting about. She feels she has been slighted by the great British democracy who was her first and most patient, dogged ally during the war. Just what does France want Britain to do for her and by her? Judging by M. Recouly's article—and M. Recouly as foreign affairs editor of *Figaro* and close personal friend of M. Pichon, minister of foreign affairs at the time of peace negotiations, no doubt has the inside information—the determination which France has in her mind and heart and which she intends in no wise to relinquish is: That if Germany does not at least pay for the damage she has wrought, France must force her to pay or perish herself. "Rather than have recourse to arms," writes M. Recouly, "let us seek some way of making Germany pay. We will not and can not cancel what is due us. *On this point we cannot possibly yield.*"

He advocates that France must play her part with firmness to hold the place of supremacy in the affairs of Europe which she has earned by her integrity and her feats at arms. He urges that she must "gather round her all the young states which have been born or greatly increased in size as a consequence of the common victory—Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Roumania, Jugoslavia—and she must strengthen her relations with Belgium," and, "fortified by these friendships," she shall be able to "treat with England on an equal basis.....and have every chance of coming to an understanding with her."

"For", concludes M. Recouly with a certain bitterness," England greatly respects the strong."


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# What Spirits Do Mediums See?

*While in Trance, Do They See Images Created by Others' Minds?*

JAMES DOUGLAS

THAT spiritualist mediums, while under hypnotic trance, produced by others or by auto-suggestion, see with the mysterious mind's eye the images created and projected by other minds round-about them, and that they *do not* in such cases see bonafide spirits, is ably contended by James Douglas in the London *Sunday Express*. Mr. Douglas has been making a first-hand investigation in the strange new religion, spiritualism, which has taken such a terrific grip on England since the war and which has drawn under its banners some of the subtlest and most fascinating minds of the age. Here is one of the methods by which he proved to his own satisfaction that mediums while in a clairvoyant trance see the images projected from the minds of others and not spirits as they and their adherents staunchly, and no doubt with sincerity, contend:—

"A high authority in spiritualism advised me to consult a certain famous medium by way of introduction to the deeper mysteries of the cult. I called at her abode and made an appointment.

" 'Have you an introduction?' I was asked. I mentioned the name of my friend. 'What is your name?' Taken by surprise, I replied, 'Mr. X.,' and at the same time I inwardly resolved to give a certain Christian name, 'Y.,' if I were asked. I was not asked to state my Christian name, but when I saw the medium she asked me if my Christian name was 'Y'. This may have been a coincidence, but it was a curious one. If it was a case of thought-reading, it was subtle, for I had only thought of the name 'Y' for a second on the previous day!

"The medium was a quiet, middle-aged woman. After she had greeted me she made an excuse to leave the room, and I sat for some ten minutes wondering at the delay. When she returned she explained her absence quite reasonably. Then she talked for twenty minutes about —herself. She poured out intimate confidences that took me aback, but I did not interrupt her, for I guessed that she was creating an atmosphere. Indeed, she told me frankly that she was talking to me about irrelevant matters in order to prepare my mind. Until I had ceased to think actively she could see nothing.

"She then put her hand on her forehead, closed her eyes, and spoke in a dreamy voice. 'The aura round you today,' she said, 'instead of being like a halo, is shaped like a crescent or a rainbow. Its color is a very beautiful yellow —a daffodil yellow with the light in it. There is pink and green in it, like a great bundle of apple blossom. There are many little lights, scintillating through the crescent or rainbow, and, when they come close to you, you absorb them. They are spirit lights.

"'On your right side there is an opalescent mist. The bright opal color is trying to get through the mist. It comes in like a wave, a tide, and sometimes it washes over you. Under the rainbow the spirit people are building up.'

"Then, quite suddenly, she described with extreme accuracy the physical characteristics of several persons known to me, some of them alive, and some not alive. She sketched very vividly not only their features, their height, their build, the colour of their hair and eyes, but she also gave a realistic account of their mannerisms and eccentricities. The effect upon my mind was similar to that produced by a moving picture. She threw images or portraits in rapid succession upon the screen of my imagination. I recognised each image or portrait, and I felt that she was drawing and coloring it in the way I myself might have drawn and colored it, if I were trying to call up a mental image or portrait of each person.

"But I noted one significant and suggestive characteristic which ran through the whole series of character sketches. The medium mixed up the living and the dead. She spoke of living persons as if they were dead. It was very interesting to see her words hovering over a very delicate and tenuous aspect of character, or over a very subtle facial expression, and finally getting the shade or nuance quite accurately. *At the same time she was evidently unable to distinguish between the living and the dead.*

"In one case she analysed correctly the mental attitude of a living person towards the problem of death, but she spoke of the person in the past tense, and assumed that the person was dead. In another case she confused serious illness with death. I think she was sincere and honest in her belief that she was able to see the spirits of the dead around me, but the fact that she mixed up the living with the dead suggests to me a simple explanation of her astonishing powers. She saw and sensed my own mental images and portraits objectively in the form of apparent beings. In order to see and sense the thought-pictures in my mind or in my memory it was necessary for my mental processes to be suspended, or at least quiescent. Indeed, she told me she could see nothing if I tried to help her. She dug down, as it were, into my subconscious mind.

"One of her statements was startling. She told me that a certain date associated with a certain event was very near. 'It may not be to-day,' she said, 'but it will be in a very few days.' In point of fact, it was two days later. She described the event very minutely. The details she outlined were not consciously in my mind at the time, and her description of them seemed to come out of dusty chambers in my memory. I am certain that she possesses supernormal powers, and that these powers eable her to state facts that are not within her own knowledge. It is fair to say that she believes her knowledge comes from the spirits. At the same time, she admits that some part is played by the mind of the visitor.

"Her most astounding feat was connected with a dog. She saw the spirit of the dog, described him, and correctly gave his rather unusual name. She assured me that there are dogs in the other world. 'Many people,' she said, 'would not be happy there without their dogs.' The fact that she saw my dog coupled with the fact that she mixed up the living with the dead, seems to strengthen the telepathic hypothesis. That is to say, the medium in a self-induced hypnotic trance sees the images in my mind, and honestly mistakes these images for the spirits of the dead. She sees my dog, name, coat, size, temper, and all. Seeing it, she classes its image with the other images, and regards it as a spirit-dog.

"I may be wrong in this theory. But at least it is a good, working hypothesis, and it does not imply that the medium is dishonest. That there is a mysterious psychic force or energy I am disposed to believe. That is as far as I can go at the present stage of this inquiry. The whole mystical drama of spiritualism may be played in the living consciousness without any contact with discarnate beings. There is the mystery of my medium in a nutshell. It is the hardest riddle in the world, and it may be that further investigation may lead me to modify my theory. I freely admit that I am only on the threshold of my theme."

# Dishwashing and Divorce

*Today's Wife Requires Usually Something Apart From Household Routine*

ENA PEMBERTON

THE INTIMATE relationship between household drudgery—as exemplified by dishwashing—and divorce, is "explained" by Ena Pemberton in the New York *Times Book Review and Magazine*. She says—frequently and with a homely expressiveness which bears every evidence of honesty—that:

"No one will be likely to dispute the fact that divorce belongs on the list of present-day problems of readjustment. But why dishwashing? Because I am quite convinced that many of the petty quarrels and bitter silences between young and not so young married people of to-day—the quarrels and silences that often lead to the divorce court or worse—are not the result of infidelity or brutality or jealously, but of dishwashing. Or, to be accurate, what dishwashing is a symbol of —housework.

"Take for instance, a man of the college type between 20 and 30 years of age, in business without 'pull' or independent income. At the present time he cannot as a rule expect a salary of more than two thousand-odd dollars a year. Very likely during and just after the war he got twice as much, but the chances are that such a salary was the result of war inflation in both business and the service, and he probably either lost the job in the subsequent depression or had his salary materially reduced. In the majority of cases he is at present getting the lower and, after all, the more normal salary. With prices as they are, two thousand odd dollars is not enough to live on—not if you keep a maid in the kitchen, anyway. But the dishes must be washed, so the wife will either have to do the work of the missing maid herself or a way be found to make the income large enough to pay for one.

"In the face of this alternative, the first impulse of a high-spirited woman with an active brain will probably be to go out and earn the maid, especially if she has earned money in business before. Even though she suppresses the impulse, it is there just the same. She knows that almost any kind of a job will bring in twelve or fourteen dollars a week and that reasonably competent maids are willing, and even anxious to come for that, now that the scarcity of work has forced them to come to earth again. The thought dances before her during her lonely day, tantalizing and goading her to make use of her earning capacity as a business woman and get away from the stupefying monotony of housework, which never changes and never even seems to progress.

"If she has the care of a baby in addition to the housework, it means that she never has a carefree moment, never gets any real rest.

"Even without the child the dishwashing remains. Just now any kind of a job is being so fiercely hunted by so many people that she may be driven back upon her housework by the sheer impossibility of getting anything else to do. But suppose this obstacle removed and the job forthcoming—another obstacle frequently looms up then in the solid form of the husband. People have a comfortable way of assuming that nowadays no one hangs on to the old prejudice against business women. But put the concrete question of his own wife's becoming a business woman up to the average 1921 husband, and he will probably register either horror or humiliation, and exclaim, in an outraged tone, 'I don't want my wife to work!' Why not, if she prefers working on the outside to doing the housework? The plain fact is, she must either work in the house or out of it. Work in an office is surely not as menial as cooking and cleaning. Does he not really mean 'I don't want the world to know that my wife works,' or is it that he does not want her to work for another man?

"I guess my own husband will have to come into this. I was going to try to keep him out, but I'm getting too 'het up' to stand the strain of the third person any longer. Anyhow, he belongs in this, because he is one of the men who are making two thousand-odd dollars a year, and I am one of the women—young, good-looking and used to attention—who go to make up this class of restless modern wives.

"Even such unnatural creatures can have a mother's unwillingness to leave her baby for any length of time to the care of a maid. My reason tells me that I could put on the job a reliable woman—one I have known for a long time—who is more experienced than I in baby managing. But I know that, if I went to work in an office, all my business dealings would be broken into by horrid visions of my child swallowing safety pins and other unwise pastimes. So the escape from housework by way of the business world is barred for me. I have to accept the other alternative.

"Much as I hate housework, I think I could accept it with decent cheerfulness if it were not for the exasperating attitude of so many people toward the thing. Still, in this year of grace they assume that a woman is a fine womanly woman if she likes to scrub her kitchen floor, and necessarily hard and unwomanly if she prefers working with her head and paying someone else to scrub the floor. Often I meet an unspoken, reproachful condemnation because I do not like cooking and cleaning and gazing at the four walls of my rooms. Why should I like it? I have always before mixed with and had the companionship of intelligent people, in business and out of it. Why should I be expected to like solitary manual labor? 'Housework isn't manual labor,' some answer, indignantly. What is it, then? What is more manual than cooking and cleaning? After a few weeks even an attempt at enthusiasm cannot prevent these things from becoming mechanical. I might as well be hideous and a hundred, for all I do during the day. Other people do not like to drop in if they think they will find you working, so most of the day I am alone, except for my baby, who tries as hard as she can, but who at eight months is hardly a mental companion. Where are the food and exercise for my brain? I cannot commune with dishes.

"Oh, those dishes! You don't know how I hate them. I feel as if I simply could not face getting up from dinner tonight, freshly dressed (not yet having reached the stage of greeting my husband in an apron) filled with a longing for people and laughter and conversation—light, frivolous things, yes, but young things—getting up and going back into the kitchen to wash the grease out of the pots and pans. I think some of the grease must get into my soul through my pores. At any rate, I feel an intense desire to scrub out my soul with sandsoap.

"According to a woman who lives next door to us—one of those women who

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The germs that breed there.

The dingy coat which film forms on the teeth.

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once were wives—I ought to be ashamed of not settling down into a placid contentment. Perhaps I would really be happier if I could do as she does, except everything that comes with a forlorn stupidity. Following the same line of argument, a tadpole would be happier still. But I do not want to be a tadpole. 'Of course,' she minced to me the other day in what was meant to be a biting tone, 'I am old-fashioned, but in my day a wife used to feel that she owed some duty to her husband.'

"I felt like answering, 'Dear madam, I daresay you were considered a model, dutiful housewife back in the last century. But the old-fashioned woman of your type would not satisfy the average modern young man at all, and your contemporary of another type—the old-fashioned girl we find in such books as 'The Crisis'—was just as pleasure-loving and had more servants than a woman in the same social position nowadays. True, you would stay at home quite contentedly, sewing or cooking or fainting, or whatever the old-fashioned wife was supposed to do. But how long do you think your demure charms would hold out against the modern girl, full of life and with a 'wicked shimmy'? The modern man likes to think that he would like a sweet, staid, old-fashioned wife. It gives him a pleasant, righteous feeling. But, except at meal times, would he not really be bored to death with one? Certainly before marriage he showed no such preference.

"If you failed to give the pep and companionship that a modern man demands of his wife, if you simpered coyly, 'Oh, I just can't understand that business talk,' when he told you of some business upset, you would be falling short of modern requirements for a successful wife, even if you gave him a good dinner and darned his socks properly. No, dear madam, you would not satisfy my husband at all. The noise of the elevated does not harmonize with 'In the Gloaming, Oh, My Darling.'

"In the second place, it does not necessarily follow that because a woman does not like housework she does, as the phrase is, not 'love her home.' Would you say that a successful editor could not like his work without liking to file papers, or expect an office manager to prefer the janitor's job?

"The most maddening of all masculine phrases is this. 'I don't see that there's much to do around a house, anywhere's much to do around a house, anyhow.' It makes you want to pull his hair and bite. If I got credit for working hard—and I know that in business I never worked as hard as I do now—I might have some incentive to grin and bear it cheerfully. But to use up all my energy and time and the best years of my youth in the kind of work I hate, and then to have the person it is done for say he cannot see that there is much to do, would take the heart out of anything but a cow.

"And yet I really love my husband, and we have unforgettable sweet moments together. One of the reasons I hate housework is that I am afraid of losing these sweet moments. I am not the type of woman whose charm is accentuated by a background of dirty dishes. I think it is only these sordid, ridiculous bickerings against that background that keep many marriages from being very happy. Perhaps it is the fault of the times—fitting old-fashioned fancies to new-fashioned facts, and it may all straighten out in a few years. But meanwhile, what?"

# Men and Machines Needed

*Modern Inventions Will Kill Men Wholesale, But Machines Not Yet Determining Factor*

GENERAL von KUHL

WHICH promises to be most important in the next war—men or materials? That is the question asked in the lead of an article on "The New French Army," written by General von Kuhl for the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. He goes on to say that modern inventions for killing men quickly and in large numbers at a time have greatly changed the tactics in preparing for war either of an offensive or defensive nature but the machine alone is not yet the determining factor. "Both men and machines," is France's answer to this problem.

France has decided to maintain a two-years' active service training for the present, but after 1922 to reduce the length of service to eighteen months. However, says von Kuhl, this will not necessarily reduce the war strength of the army. That depends on the number of recruits received each year and the number of trained soldiers who may be mobilized in time of war. France has decided to adopt the eighteen-months' period of service, subject to certain qualifications: the number of re-enlistments in excess of the soldiers undergoing training shall be raised from 50,000 to 100,000, and the number of black soldiers shall be raised from 200,000 to 300,000.

While the peace strength of the French army immediately before the war wa 883,500 and after the war 840,000 it wil be reduced in the present year, after the two years' period of service goes into effect, to about 670,000 men including native troops. In 1923 the army, on a peace footing, including reenlistments, would fall to 450,000 men were it not for the large increase in native troops.

As a matter of fact, continues von Kuhl, there will not be a reduction on a war footing equivalent to that made on a peace footing. The French are making important changes; notably in the reduction of infantry and cavalry, a great increase in artillery and engineers and a tremendous addition to airplane and tank services. The number of artillery regiments has been increased from seventy-five in 1914 to eighty-four under the new plan. When the war broke out France had ten aviation sections and four airship sections. She proposes to keep up in the future eighty sections of observation airplanes, one hundred sections of battle planes and nineteen sections of airships.

On the other hand, at the beginning of the year thirty-one infantry regiments had been disbanded, and only seventy-two regiments were at full strength. One cavalry addition has likewise been abandoned.

# Wilson Didn't Mind His Face

*Woodrow Wilson's Ex-Secretary Reveals Former President's Intimate Opinions*

JOSEPH P. TUMULTY

SOME intimate sidelights on the personal life of Woodrow Wilson are thrown by Joseph Tumulty, the ex-president's former secretary, in one of a series of articles appearing in the New York *Times*. It is difficult for the general public to learn what famous men really think of themselves, and of their looks, but in these "snap-shots" something usually hidden can be discerned. Mr. Tumulty writes:

"There is no one who wishes to feel the camaraderie of life, 'the familiar touch', more than Woodrow Wilson, but it seems that it cannot be so, and the knowledge that it could not saddened him from the outset of his public career.

"I remember a meeting between us at the Governor's cottage at Sea Girt, N.J., a few hours after the news of his nomination for the Presidency had reached us from Baltimore in 1912. In this little talk, he endeavored in an intimate way to analyze himself for my benefit. 'You know, Tumulty,' he said, 'there are two natures combined in me that every day fight for supremacy and control. On th

one side, there is the Irish in me, quick, generous, impulsive, passionate, anxious always to help and to sympathize with those in distress.' As he continued his description of himself his voice took on an Irish brogue, 'and like the Irishman at the Donnybrook Fair, always willin' to raise me shillalah and to hit any head which stands firninst me. Then, on the other side,' he said 'there is the Scotch—canny, tenacious, cold and, perhaps a little exclusive. I tell you, my dear friend, that when these two fellows get to quarreling among themselves, it is hard to act as umpire between them.'

"He often spoke to me in the frankest way of his personal appearance; how he looked and appeared, and of the 'old Scotch face,' as he called it, which gave him the appearance of what Caesar called 'a lean and hungry look.' Speaking at the annual banquet of the Motion-Picture Board of Trade, he discussed his personal appearance in this way.

"I have sometimes been very much chagrined in seeing myself in a motion picture. I have wondered if I really was that kind of a 'guy.' The extraordinary rapidity with which I walked, for example, the instantaneous and apparently automatic nature of my motion, the way in which I produced uncommon grimaces and altogether the extraordinary exhibition I made of myself sends me to bed very unhappy. And I often think to myself that, although all the world is a stage and men and women but actors upon it, after all the external appearances of things are very superficial indeed.

"He knew that his facial expression gave one the impressoin that he was a cold and canny Scot. In repose one would get that impression, but when that old Scotch face took on a winning smile, it was most gracious and appealing. One of his favorite limericks was:

" 'For beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far.
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it.
It's the people in front that I jar.'

"Behind the cold exterior, and beneath the 'gleam of the waters' there was a warm, generous heart. I have often thought of the character discussed by Israel Zangwill in his book, 'The Mantle of Elijah.' These lines, in my opinion, draw a perfect picture of Woodrow Wilson as I knew him.

"Woodrow Wilson is not a showy fighter, but he is a tenacious and a courageous one.

"A little story came to me at the White House, illustrating alike the calmness and the fighting quality of Woodrow Wilson. The incident happened while he was a student at the University of Virginia. It appears that some of the University boys went to a circus and had got into a fight with the circus men and had been sadly worsted. They called a meeting at 'Wash Hall,' as they termed it. Many of the boys made ringing speeches, denouncing the brutality and unfairness of the circus people and there was much excitement. It was then moved that all the boys present should proceed to the circus and give proper battle, to vindicate the honor of the college. Just before the motion was put, a slim, black-haired solemn youth arose from his seat in the rear of the hall, and walking up the aisle, requested a hearing. He stated that perhaps he was being forward, because he was a 'first year' man, in asking to be heard, that he felt that the action of the circus men deserved the severest condemnation; that it was a natural impulse to want to punish cowardly acts and to 'clean up' the show; but that it was lawlessness they were about to engage in; that it would bring disgrace on the college, as well as on the State and the Southland; more than this, many of the showmen would be armed with clubs, knives and pistols, and if the boys did go some of them might not come back alive and others might be maimed or crippled for life. He then paused, but resuming, said: 'However, if my views do not meet with your approval; if you decide to go as a body, or if a single man wants to go to fight, I shall ask to go with him.'

"Was not his attitude in this incident characteristic of his dealing with Germany? He was patient with Germany and stood unmoved under the bitterest criticism and ridicule; but when he found that patience was no longer a virtue, he went into the war in the most ruthless way and punished Germany for her attempt to control the high seas."


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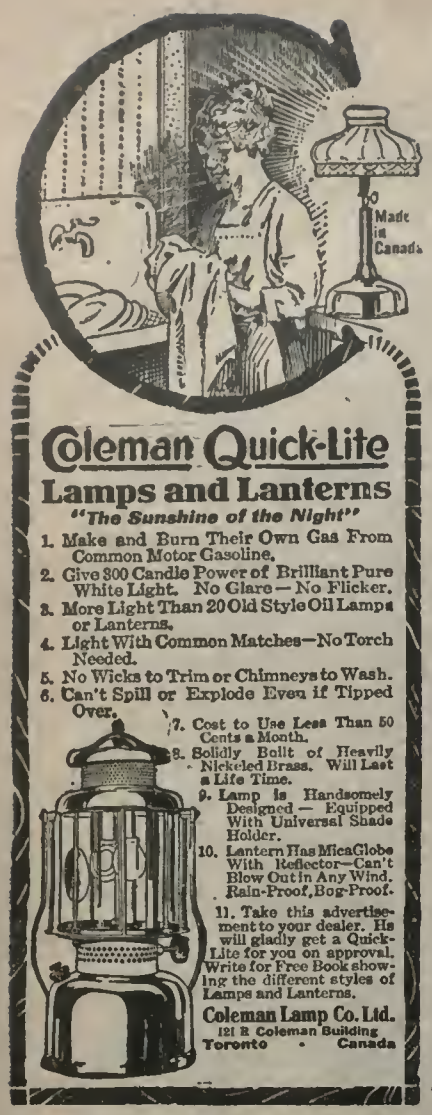
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# League of Nations on Mars

*Various Races There Had to Unite for Their Common Protection*

IVAN L. SMITH

FOR ALL that their planet has been conceded the god of war for centuries, scientific research indicates that one Earth man could, in a hand-to-hand combat, toss a small army of Martians out of his path like so many animated broomsticks or break them in two with his bare hands. Ivan L. Smith, a scientific writer, in an article in *Science and Invention*, says the Martians are fragile of form with very skinny legs and arms, their planet having reached a state where muscle is no longer much needed. Intellectually, however, they may be much further advanced than we are.

Professor Percival Lowell, after a long study of Mars, was among the first scientists to concede that the red planet was inhabited. His theory was attacked viciously as all new theories are when concrete proof is difficult to produce. Prof. Lowell, whose death occurred a short time ago, made his deductions from two angles: First he proved by analogy that life on Mars was *possible*; then he detailed the evidence that life *actually existed* there. Mr. Smith, who has been a close student of Professor Lowell's theories, cautiously describes the Martians as follows:—

"Any attempt to ascribe particular characteristics, mental or physical, to the Martians would be futile. We can only guess from what we see of conditions prevailing on the planet, what form their bodies and intellects have assumed to meet these conditions. Mars is, from the standpoint of development, older than the Earth; and we may well expect its inhabitants to be proportionately advanced. Their lungs are probably vastly larger than our own, because of the rarefied atmosphere; the lessened gravitational attraction would render limbs far less bulky to be sufficient to support an equal weight compared with conditions on the Earth. Their knowledge of engineering and mathematics must at least equal ours, to enable them to conceive and execute a project as stupendous as the irrigation of an entire planet. The comprehensiveness of the canal system shows that its construction was in nowise hindered by division of the planet into small commonwealths. They have evidently learned to act as a unit and national boundaries must be unknown.

"A study of Mars should arouse in us more than a mere academic interest. Planets have their life cycles, just as plants, animals, nations and races have. The Earth is now in the period of early maturity, when all the necessities of life are to be found in abundance. Old age is inevitable. Shrinkage, loss of internal heat, thinning of the atmosphere, and gradual disappearance of water are in store for our earthly abode, just as certainly as that they are an accomplished fact on Mars. It is not folly to prophesy the coming of a time when the races of the Earth, laying aside their petty differences and quarrels, will be compelled to fight as a united world for the precious dwindling drops of water which postpone the day of their extinction. In this state we find the Martians—to this state must we also come."

The division of day and night, of the seasons of the year and the temperature of Mars in comparison with earth conditions, as outlined by Mr. Smith are very interesting:—

"Our terrestrial day is 23 hours 56 minutes in length. Study of a prominent landmass on Mars showed that the planet required 24 hours 37 minutes 22.1 seconds to complete one axial revolution, and this figure consequently has been generally accepted as the measure of the length of the Martian day. The close similarity of the Martian day to our own is at once apparent. Furthermore, a comparison of the inclination of their respective axes to the planes of their orbits (Mars 25 degrees, Earth 23 degrees 24') shows another striking similarity. As the axial tilt governs the difference in the length of summer and winter days, it will be seen that the Martian day and night resemble our own strikingly in length, both from day to day and from season to season.

"The greater distance from the Sun and the consequent lengthening of its orbit have given Mars a year differing from the terrestrial year. The Martian year consists of 687 days, practically twice as many as our own, but when we consider some of the outermost planets, whose years equal many Earth-years, this difference becomes of slight importance.

"Since seasonal features are determined by the axial inclination and the length of the year, it will be seen that the Martian season resembles our own closely, except in the matter of length. Winter and summer appear alternately in the northern and southern hemispheres, just as we find them doing on Earth, and the torrid, temperate and frigid zones have nearly the same comparative width. Lowell has determined the division of the year into seasons to be as follows: Spring 199 days, summer 183 days, autumn 147 days, and winter 158 days. The lengths, as will be seen, differ from that of the seasons we know, but the proportions are about the same."

# Menace of the Press Agent

*Remarkable, Insidious "Penetration" of News Columns, by Clever Propagandists*

ROSCOE E. BROWN

THE day of the old-time, honest-to-goodness newspaper reporter is coming back, declares Roscoe C. E. Brown in an article, "The Menace to Journalism," written for *The North American Review*. The "menace" that Mr. Brown has reference to is the paid press agent used by corporations and wealthy individuals to write up their activities for the press, coloring them, of course, to suit the best interests of the concern employing them. Twenty-five years ago, this writer states, the press agent was known to newspaper men as the genial distributor of circus tickets—and that was where he got his start. Brilliant writers were employed by the big shows on the road to "take care of their free readers." Which is to say that these men made their "copy" so interesting that city editors were glad to print it for nothing. But the circus did considerable paid advertising as well.

To-day, points out this writer, the press agent belongs to a numerous, well recognized and well paid profession. He sends out great reams of stuff—and "stuff" is what seasoned editors call it—stories about people and concerns who are willing to pay him well in order to "get into the papers." His only equipment consists of a facile pen and the knowledge of how to fool the newspapers so that they will print for nothing what really should be advertising paid for at so much a line. The pity of it is that the press agent commands a much higher salary than most newspapers could afford to pay the average good reporter, and the result has been that the ranks of the daily press writers have been drained of some of their best men through the higher prizes that are offered for less strenuous effort in the field of "free publicity." The inevitable result was the decay of reporting in its more dfficult, and, for public purposes, most important aspects, the growth of a race of mere retailers of ready-made intelligence, and the turning of the newspapers more and more to distribution, less of news than of what somebody wishes to be considered as news.

The war gave a great impetus to propaganda, when surrender to it was considered by the newspapers, many of them with depleted news-staffs owing to the enlistments, as a form of patriotic service. Later, semi-official propaganda claimed the place of official military propaganda used during the war, and the press-agents began to get in their good work. Their schemes for getting valuable space in the newspapers of United States and Canada are legion. Mr. Brown says that the scope of this work on the part of the "free puff" writer ranges from extensive publicity for enterprises, good, bad and indifferent—from an Interchurch World Movement to the "creation of a personality for a non-entity with political or social ambitions." He continues: "The legitimate advertising men have found themselves more than once about to close a large contract when a press agent stepped in and persuaded the would-be advertiser that for a small sum advertising could be dressed up as news and circulated free to the limit of his desires."

Here is a sample of one such story circulated among the newspapers for free insertion which was cold-bloodedly written for the purpose of advertising: A few months ago readers everywhere all over this continent were devouring the thrilling story of the flight of a Turkish heiress from Constantinople. It filled columns of news-space in American and Canadian newspapers, many of them dressed up with illustrations. Mr. Brown says that it was nothing more or less than the work of the press-agent again. He was getting hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of advertising free for a motion picture actress. One big manufacturing company, he alleges, made the boast after an annual show that they had secured "more than twenty thousand dollars worth of free publicity in the news-columns of the New York and Chicago newspapers." "When a publicity agent undertakes to raise a $10,000 charity fund on a $2,500 commission," insists Mr. Brown, "and does it with the aid of $26,000 worth of free reading matter, the newspapers may well ask themselves who are really supporting the philanthropies." Here is a copy of the tail-end of a letter sent broadcast by one particular publicity agent who was acting in the interests of concerns all over the country:

"Call up the city editor of your best paper, and the one most likely to use the article, and tell him to send a reporter around to your office, that you have a newspaper story for him. Don't tell him what the story is about, but simply request that the reporter call and see you. When the reporter does come tell him that to save him the trouble you have written the story out yourself. Then hand him the enclosed interview.

"He will be glad to get it in this shape, and will doubtless use it in about the same manner in which it is written. This will advertise our movement wonderfully in your territory and should prove of great assistance to us."

Following the war some enterprising newspaper took a census of the number of press agents "riding the newspapers" and found there were one thousand two hundred of them, all commanding fine salaries. Their principal claim to business was that they could get for nothing in the newspapers what would otherwise have to be paid for at so much a line. The number of these writers has since vastly increased.

Mr. Brown does not hesitate to call this species of press agent a parasite, but he blames the newspapers, who, he says, become the prey of organized outside news-distributing agencies because they do not employ enough of first-class reporters to gather it first-hand for them.

He makes the very sensible conclusion that this condition must not be laid at the door of a "mysterious system" or of a malevolent, super-intelligent group of men with a common purpose seeking to control the press. The simple fact is that all movements dependent on mass sentiment must be organized, and propaganda is as old as society. What is occurring merely proves that the world in general has discovered the great genie of modern times who can bring power and wealth is Publicity—and the world in general is always interested in getting something for nothing or less than it costs to produce. That is why the press agent flourishes.

But Mr. Brown says editors are growing weary of the propagandist and his works. His elimination from the news columns of the press will mean that a more efficient type of newspaper reporter must be employed to gather and write at first hand articles that are now supplied ready for the printer and even "dressed up" for use in the newspapers by the press agent.

# Pulling Caesar's Teeth

*Remarkable Finds of Surgical Implements Show Ancients' Knowledge of Surgery*

P. BEAUFOY

"SURGICAL instruments are first mentioned by the celebrated healer, Hippocrates, born in the year 460 B.C., a period associated with the famous names of Aristophanes and Socrates. Hippocrates founded a school of medicine and wrote a number of small treatises containing rare wisdom," says P. Beaufoy, writing for *Chambers' Journal*. "Among the instruments which he mentions we find trephines, needles, tooth-forceps, and bone-elevators. So far as one is able to gather from the brief descriptions of these, they were, as regards shape, very much on the same lines as our own appliances.

"The majority of the surgical instruments which excavations have revealed to us are made of bronze. This does not imply, however, that steel and iron instruments were unknown to the surgeons of the early ages. We have the authority of various writers to prove that steel and iron were frequently used, but the greater durability of bronze has been the means of causing the latter to endure, whilst the former perished beneath the touch of time.

"In the year 1854 a highly interesting discovery was made during some excavations in the city of Rheims. A party of workmen came across a large wooden box containing several scalpel-handles, a small drill, five hooks, some probes, a pair of forceps, and a mortar and a seal. The seal proclaimed that these instruments had been the property of an oculist of a very remote period—probably considerably before the Christian era. This would seem to prove that even such delicate operations as those connected with the eye were not unknown to our early forefathers.

"Of late years one of the most important finds of surgical instruments of the Greek and Roman times was made at Baden, in the remains of a Roman military hospital. The date cannot be ascertained with any accuracy, but there is a possibility that it might be fixed about the period of Julius Casesar. This find revealed a wonderfully preserved catheter, also some fine probes and some peculiarly shaped ear-scoops. We may gather from the last mentioned that operations on the ear were not unknown. A large case of cauterising instruments was also revealed. In this connection it may be pointed out that the early exponents of surgery, like the surgeons of the Middle Ages, had a positive passion for cauterisation, believing its efficacy to be almost unbounded.

"What the unfortunate patient must have suffered in the absence of any semblance of anaesthesia, either local or general, one would perhaps not care to contemplate. It is probable that many preferred to suffer their ailments rather than undergo an operation, and one could hardly condemn them for such a preference.

"A very valuable collection of instruments, dating back to the remotest period of Greek surgery, was unearthed at Cologne. Here were discovered a surgical chisel, somewhat roughly shaped, and an instrument bearing a marked resemblance to a modern pestle.

"The surgical knife of those days consisted of a blade of steel with a handle of bronze. The lance was apparently identical with our own."

# Is Beauty Really a Handicap?

*Noted Englishwoman Says Pulchritude Frequently Should Be Pitied*

London *Daily Mail*

IN REAL life beauty is not an asset, but a handicap, contends a well-known Englishwoman writing in the London *Daily Mail*. She says:

"In my salad days I once complained to a man of my acquaintance how unfair was the popular notion that plain women make better wives and mothers, housekeepers and cooks, than their beautiful sisters.

"He was—in some respects—an intelligent young man and a great admirer of beauty, but he looked at me with round eyes, and said in a shocked voice. 'Well, they do, don't they?'

"*The fact is, of course, that in real life beauty is not an asset, but a handicap*, and the beautiful woman has the least possible chance of attaining happiness, or sucess, or both.

"And this is because what most people like is the mediocre. In real life there is a passion for mediocrity in heroines, heroines neither ravishingly beautiful nor marvellously ugly, and it is usually pushful plainness or doll-like prettiness that flops on the few beds of roses that life has to offer.

"The plain man who wants a wife prefers a pretty woman. The beautiful woman is too conspicuous, too unusual, to be quite comfortable, and for some obscure reason he is also afraid that he wouldn't get good dinners and healthy children, if he married her.

"The doctor, the office manager, the school inspector, all suspect her of being 'fluffy' — she cannot possibly want to be efficient at her job; all she wants is marriage and a status. So she does, poor girl, and so do most women, but the plain and the merely pretty ones who depend for their 'effect' upon frocks and frills are likely to give more thought to the idea and less to their work than she does.

"Artists are popularly supposed to admire beauty. They may do so, privately, but they do not paint it—it is considered *outre* nowadays; they want a 'paintable' (which may mean hideous) model, *not* a beautiful one.

"All these startling discrepancies between fiction and fact are best explained by history.

"History—which is real life with a vengeance—shows the wisdom of this widespread fear and avoidance of the beautiful woman, and is full of instances where beauty was linked with tragedy.

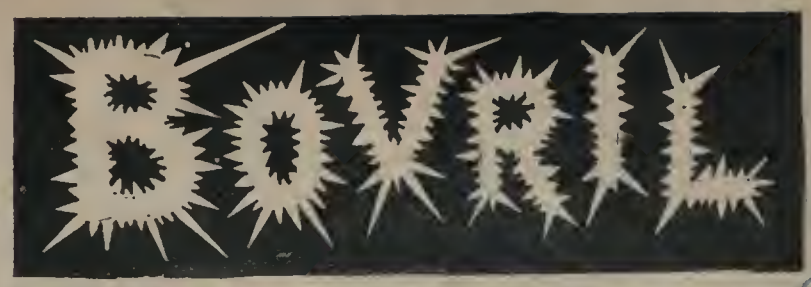
"The beautiful Mary Queen of Scots was, with her plain cousin Elizabeth, a candidate for the throne of England, but it was Mary who—literally—lost her head.

"Ann Boleyn, Jane Shore, Fair Rosamund—and Marie Hamilton were all unfortunate enough to engage by their beauty the attentions of kings and were in consequence beheaded, burnt to death, stabbed, and hanged respectively. Had they been plain or just pretty they might have lived in happy obscurity.

"Altogether, beauty in history and legend treads a thorny path indeed; and dealings with a beautiful woman are still apt to take one out of the beaten tracks of life, and along a thorny path too. No wonder then, that the average man avoids arresting beauty like the plague; naturally enough, he does not want tragedy; he wants a quiet life.

"After all, civilization—which plays for the safety of the greater number of ordinary people—depends for its very existence upon a quiet life; and the average man is the backbone of civilized society.

"But while admitting that beauty is dangerous, do not let us therefore treat it as a vice in the woman who has to earn her own living. In the name of all that is sincere, let us admit that the beautiful woman may—according to her character and temperament—make as good a mother, or cook, or shorthand-typist, as a plain one, but that on the whole we personally do not like beauty, and that it frightens us—except in fiction or safely framed in gilt in the National Gallery."


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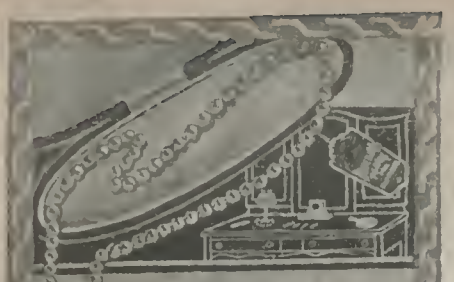
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The true story of the real Sea Wolf, who died recently, will be told—with a wealth of anecdotal material—in the January 1 MacLean's, in a fascinating article from the pen of Noel Robinson


# Mostly Sally

*Continued from page 26*

was the thing you had once been a snip for! So I went down to a place called Twickenham where this football game was to be, to see the sort of thing you used to do before I took charge of you and made you a respectable right-hand man. There was an enormous crowd there, and I was nearly squeezed to death, but I bore it for your sake. I found out that the English team were the ones wearing white shirts, and that the ones in red were the Welsh. I said to the man next me, after he had finished yelling himself black in the face: 'Could you kindly inform me which is the English scrum half?' And just at that moment the player came quite near where I was, and about a dozen assassins in red hurled themselves violently on top of a meek-looking little fellow who had just fallen on the ball. Ginger, you are well out of it! *That* was the scrum half, and I gathered that that sort of thing was a mere commonplace in his existence. Stopping a rush, it is called, and he is expected to do it all the time. The idea of you ever going in for such brutal sports!

"As I was taking a ride down Piccadilly the other day on top of a bus, I saw somebody walking along who seemed familiar. It was Mr. Carmyle. So he's back in England again. He didn't see me thank goodness. I don't want to meet anybody just at present who reminds me of New York.

"Thanks for telling me all the news, but please don't do it again. It makes me remember and I don't want to. It's this way, Ginger. Let me write to you, because it really does relieve me, but don't answer my letters. Do you mind? I'm sure you'll understand.

"So Fillmore and Gladys Winch are married! From what I have seen of her, it's the best thing that has ever happened to Brother F. She is a splendid girl. I must write to him....."

Laurette et Cie.
March 12. London

"DEAR GINGER: I saw in a Sunday paper last week that 'The Primrose Way' had been produced in New York and was a great success. Well, I'm very glad. But I don't think the papers ought to print things like that. It's unsettling.

"Mr. Faucitt has sold the business and retired to the country, and I am rather at a loose end....."

Monk's Crofton
(Whatever that means)
Much Middleford
Salop
(Slang for Shropshire)
April 18 England

"DEAR GINGER: What's the use? What *is* the use? I do all I can to get right away from New York, and New York comes after me and tracks me down to my hiding place. A week or so ago, as I was walking down the Strand in an aimless sort of way, out there came right on top of me—who do you think? Fillmore, arm in arm with Mr. Carmyle! I couldn't dodge. In the first place, Mr. Carmyle had seen me; in the second place, it is a day's journey to dodge dear Fillmore now. I blushed for him, Ginger! Right there in the Strand I blushed for him. In my worst dreams I had never pictured him so enormous. Upon what meat doth this our Fillmore feed that he is grown so great? Poor Gladys! When she looks at him she must feel like a bigamist.

"Apparently Fillmore is still full of big schemes, for he talked airily about buying all sorts of English plays. He has come over, as I suppose you know, to arrange about putting on 'The Primrose Way' over here.

"WELL, it's no use worrying, I suppose. Let's change the subject. Do you know Monk's Crofton? Probably you don't, as I seem to remember hearing something said about it being a recent purchase. Mr. Carmyle bought it from some lord or other who had been losing money on the Stock Exchange.

"By the way, it's going to be a delicate business getting this letter through to you, rather like carrying the dispatches through the enemy's lines in a Civil War play. You're supposed to put your letters on the table in the hall, and someone collects them in the afternoon and takes them down to the village on a bicycle. But, if I do that, some aunt or uncle is bound to see it, and I shall be an object of loathing, for it is no light matter, my lad, to be caught having correspondence with a human Jimpson weed like you. It would blast me socially. At least so I gather from the way they behaved when your name came up at dinner last night. Somebody mentioned you, and the most awful roasting party broke loose, Uncle Donald acting as cheer leader.

"I said feebly that I had met you and had found you part human, and there was an awful silence till they all started at the same time to show me where I was wrong and how cruelly my girlish inexperience had deceived me. A young and innocent half-portion like me, it appears, is absolutely incapable of suspecting the true infamy of the dregs of society. You aren't fit to speak to the likes of me, being at the kindest estimate little more than a blot on the human race. I tell you this in case you may imagine you're popular with the Family. You're not.

"So I shall have to exercise a good deal of snaky craft in smuggling this letter through. I'll take it down to the village myself if I can sneak away. But it's going to be pretty difficult, because for some reason I seem to be a center of attraction. Except when I take refuge in my room, hardly a moment passes without an aunt or an uncle popping out and having a cozy talk with me. It sometimes seems as though they were weighing me in the balance. Well, let 'em weigh!

"Time to dress for dinner now. Good-by. Yours, in the balance, Sally.

"P. S.—You were perfectly right about your uncle Donald's mustache. But I don't agree with you that it is more his misfortune than his fault. I think he does it on purpose."

(Just for the moment)
Monk's Crofton
Much Middleford
Salop
April 20 England

"DEAR GINGER: Leaving here today. In disgrace. Hard, cold looks from the Family. Strained silences. Uncle Donald far from chummy. You can guess what has happened. I might have seen it coming. I can see now that it was in the air all along.

"Fillmore knows nothing about it. He left just before it happened. I shall see him very soon, for I have decided to come back and stop running away from things any longer. It's cowardly to skulk about over here. Besides, I'm feeling so much better that I believe I can face the ghosts. Anyway, I'm going to try. See you almost as soon as you get this.

"I shall mail this in London, and I suppose it will come over by the same boat as me. It's hardly worth writing, really, of course, but I have sneaked up to my room to wait till the motor arrives to take me to the station and it's something to do. I can hear muffled voices. The Family talking me over, probably. Saying they never really liked me all along. Oh, well!

"Yours, moving in an orderly manner to the exit,"

"Sally."

*(To be Continued)*



# Sentence of Death

*Continued from page 21*

It's the last—I swear that. I couldn't help it: I had to see her once again. I'm going to Africa in August—big game shooting..'

"I stared at him gravely, and after a while he went on.

" 'No one knows better than you,' he said gravely, 'my chances of returning. And when I don't come back—she'll forget me!' I saw his hands clench at his side. 'But if I tell her now—why she'll want me to stop in England—to specialists—to eke life out to the full two or three years It'll be Hell—Hell. Hell, for both of us. Every day she'll be wondering if she is going to hear I'm dead: it'll ruin her life. Whereas Africa, if she doesn't know about my heart—will be sudden. You see, Doctor, she is the only one to be considered—the only one.'

"I drew a deep breath: truly Joe Maitland had been right. This man was white clean through. And then he gave a little choking gasp, and turning round I saw the girl coming towards us across the hall.

" 'I didn't know you'd come, old man,' I heard her say—and then I moved away and left them. It was one of those occasions when you say it's the smoke that has got into your eyes—and you lie.

"They sat next one another at dinner, opposite me—and I'm afraid my partner must have thought I was a little wanting in intellect. They were such a perfectly ideal couple: and I noticed old Joe Maitland watching them every now and then. But gradually as the meal progressed a puzzled look began to creep into the girl's eyes, and once she bit her lip suddenly and turned abruptly to the man on her other side. It was then that Digby looked across the table at me, and in that moment I realised that he was right. For him to remain in England would be impossible for both of them: the end quick and sudden in an African jungle—if he ever got as far—was the only way out.

" 'My God! Doctor,' he said, as he came round and sat down next me after the ladies had gone—'I knew I was a fool to come—but I didn't think it was going to be as bad as this.'

" 'When are you going to start?' I asked.

" 'As soon as I can get things fixed up at home here, and make some sort of arrangements for carriers and people the other end. One must act, I suppose even though it's the last appearance.' He gave a mirthless laugh. 'I've always wanted to go South from Khartoum. I wonder how far I'll get." Then he began to drum on the table with his fingers. 'And what I wonder still more,' he went on slowly, 'is how in Heaven's name I'll get through this evening. You see though I didn't actually propose in so many words before I came to see you—I'd—I'd let things drift to such a position that a proposal was hardly necessary. That's the devil of it....She knows I worship the ground she walks on—"

" 'How long are you going to stop here' I asked.

" 'I accepted for the week-end,' he said abruptly. 'I shall go first thing to-morrow. I can't stand it....'

"AT THAT we left it, and I didn't speak to him again until the thing occurred which even now—though seven years have slipped by—is as clearly imprinted on my brain as if it had happened last night. For sheer quixoticism it's hard to beat: the tragedy of it lay in the fact that the quixoticism failed with the only person who counted.

" 'I couldn't sleep very well that night, and at about two I switched on my light with the idea of reading. I was just reaching for a hook, when I heard the sound of voices from a room just opposite. I listened a moment: then I got up and went to the door. For the voices were excited and angry: something unusual was evidently happening. For a moment or two I hesitated: then I slipped on a dressing-gown and looked out. Across the passage the door of a room was open, and through it the light was streaming out. And then I heard Joe Maitland speak, and his words literally rooted me to the ground with amazement.

" 'So, Mr. Digby, you're just a common damned thief. The gentleman crook—what? The amateur cracksman. That's

what they call them on the stage, I believe. Sounds better....But I prefer the more homely name of thief.'

"It was then that I appeared in the door and Maitland swung round.

" 'Oh! it's you, is it, Tranton.' He had a revolver in his hand, and he lowered it when he saw who it was. 'A pretty tableau isn't it....It appears that second edition of—what was the gentleman's name—Raffles, wasn't it, has been honoring me with his presence. Unfortunately Tom and I both happened to hear him.'

"But I was paying no attention to what he was saying: my eyes were fixed on Digby and—Tom. Digby, with a quiet smile on his face, and his hands in his pockets, was standing beside an open safe. He was still in evening clothes, and once he glanced my way. Then he looked back again at his host—and I looked at Tom. He was in his dressing-gown, and he was shivering as if he had the ague. He was standing close to his father, and a little behind him—and Joe Maitland was too engrossed with Digby to notice the condition he was in.

" 'Can you advance any reason, Mr. Digby,' he demanded 'why I shouldn't call up the local police?'

"Digby shrugged his shoulders, and though he still smiled his eyes grew a little strained.

" 'None whatever, Mr. Maitland,' he answered gravely. 'Your son caught me fair and square.'

"And it seemed to me that Tom made an effort to speak, though no words came from his lips.

" 'You damned scoundrel,' cried Maitland. 'You come to my house—you make love to my daughter—and then you abuse my hospitality by trying to steal my wife's jewelry. It beats me how I could have been so taken in by any man. Have you no shame—none?'

"It was at that moment that the girl came in....I saw Digby catch his breath and lean against the wall for support: then he straightened up and faced his host again. Just once had he glanced at her, with her glorious hair falling over her shoulders and a startled look of wonder in her great eyes. Then resolutely he looked away.

" 'What's happened, Daddy?' she whispered. 'I heard your voice, and....'

" 'This has happened, my dear,' said Maitland grimly. 'We have been privileged to discover Mr. Digby's method of earning a livelihood.' He pointed to the open safe. 'He apparently ingratiates himself with people for the express purpose of stealing their valuables. In other words —a common thief.'

" 'I don't believe it,' she flashed out imperiously. 'Jack—a thief. How can you say such a thing?'

" 'Then may I ask what he was doing when your brother discovered him by the open safe. Besides he admits it himself.'

" 'Jack!' the cry seemed to come from the very depths of her soul. 'Say it's a lie: say it's untrue.'

"For one second he hesitated: then he spoke quite steadily though he didn't look at her.

" 'I am afraid, Miss Maitland—that I can't say it's untrue.'

"And then there fell one of those silences that can be felt. She was staring at Jack Digby: staring at him with a great amazement dawning on her face. And after awhile she spoke.

" 'Jack,' she whispered. 'Look at me.'

HE RAISED his eyes and looked at her and a little pulse was beating just above his jaw. Then after what seemed an interminable time she gave a little laugh that was half-a-sob and turned away.

" 'I see,' she said below her breath. 'I see.'

"But what it was she saw, I didn't at the moment realise." It was to be made clear a little later.

The Doctor paused and threw a log on the fire; and then he leaned back in his chair so that his face was in the shadow.

"Yes: I found out later what she thought," he went on after a while, "and for the first and probably the last time in my life I was guilty of a breach of professional confidence. It was about half an hour later that I went round to Jack Digby's room. Maitland, after thinking it over—and it is possible that I had something to do with his decision—had dismissed the idea of sending for the police. Digby was to clear out by the first train next morning, and was never to make an attempt to communicate with the girl again. And Jack Digby had bowed in silence and gone to his own room. He wouldn't look at me as he passed: I think he knew that he hadn't deceived me. Heavens—when I recall the scene now, it seems incredible that he'd deceived anybody.....

"I went back to bed—but I couldn't sleep. The vile unfairness of the whole thing was haunting me: the rotten hand Fate had dealt the boy made me curse with a feeling of hopeless impotence. And after a while I could stand it no longer. I slipped on a dressing-gown and went to his room.

"He was sitting by the open window when I went in—still in his evening clothes, and he looked round with a start as I entered. His face was drawn and grey, and—well there are times when a man's tears need not be accounted to him for shame....

" 'My dear chap,' I said, before he could speak, 'is it worth while?'

" 'I don't understand what you mean, Doctor,' he said slowly.

" 'Oh! yes, you do,' I answered. 'You deceived Mr. Maitland all right—you didn't deceive me. It was Tom who opened the safe—not you....'

" For a moment I thought he was going to deny it: then he gave a little mirthless laugh.

" 'Perfectly correct,' he said. 'As you say it was Tom who opened the safe. I caught him absolutely in the act.....And then Mr. Maitland came....'

"But—good God!' I cried, 'what an unutterable young waster he must be to let you shoulder the blame.'

"Digby faced me steadily. 'I made him: you see, I saw it was the chance I had been looking for....'

" 'You mean you told him about your heart?'

" 'No,' he answered quietly. 'But I told him I was entangled with another woman, and that the best way of saving his sister's feelings, was to let her think..'

"And then the boy broke down utterly, and once again did I rave futilely against Fate. Is there anything in the world so utterly damnable as standing by, watching a tragedy, when one is impotent to help?

"With his hands on my shoulders, he stood there facing me, and he made me swear I wouldn't tell the girl.

" 'She must never know, Doctor.... I've done it for her. She must never know...'

"AND even as he spoke the words died away on his lips and he stood motionless staring past me at the door. Without looking round I knew what had happened: I could smell the faint scent she used.

" 'What have you done for me, Jack—and why must I never know?'

"She came steadily up to him, and his hands fell to his side.

" 'Why, you've been crying, dear," she said. 'What's the matter?'

"True to his purpose he started some fantastic story about sorrow at having been found out—but she cut him short.

" 'Don't lie, Jack—not now,' she whispered. 'I know it wasn't you who opened the safe. I know it was Tom. Anyone who wasn't blind could see that. But what I want to know is why you said you did it....'

"It was then that I made up my mind.

" 'I'm going to tell her, Digby—whether you like it or not,' and she looked at me quickly. He didn't say anything: things had got beyond him. And very briefly I told her the truth about his heart...."

For a moment or two the Doctor puffed at his pipe in silence: then he bent forward so that the firelight shone on his greying hair.

"She listened to me in absolute silence, and when I'd finished she just turned round to him, and held out both her arms.

" 'Thank God! I know, my darling,' she whispered. 'I thought it was because you'd got fond of another woman....I thought——oh! Heaven knows what I thought....But now....Oh! you stupid boy: you stupid, wonderful boy....'

"I went to the window and looked out, and I think at that moment I would willingly have paid any price in this world or the next to have been able truthfully to give Jack Digby a clean bill of health. But those things don't happen—not in real life.

"It must have been five minutes later that I found the girl at my side.


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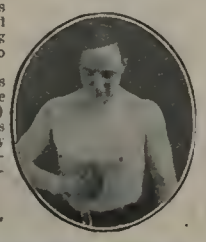
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"'Is it absolutely hopeless?' she asked, and her voice was steady.

" 'Humanly speaking,' I answered, 'it is absolutely hopeless.'

" 'How long?' and she put her hand on my arm.

" 'Two days: two months; at the utmost—two years,' I said gravely.

" 'And why shouldn't I look after him for those two years?' she demanded fiercely.

" 'I'm thinking of a possible child.' I said quietly, and she began to tremble a little.

" 'That's ridiculous,' she cried. 'Quite ridiculous. I shall tell Father the whole truth in the morning....'

"Poor child!" The Doctor was carefully cleaning out the bowl of his pipe. "In the morning, Jack Digby had gone—leaving behind him a note for her. She showed it to me—later in the day: I suppose she felt that I was a kind of ally.

" 'The Doctor is right, my darling, it ran. 'It's just Fate: and there's not much use kicking. I'm glad though that you know the truth: it helps—Don't tell your Father: let him think what he likes. There's no good causing more misery. Goodbye, dear. God bless you....' "

THE Doctor paused, and for a while there was silence. "Is that all?" said the Ordinary Man a little gruffly.

"Very nearly," answered the Doctor. "I had been right when I said two months—only the cause of death was not what I—or anyone else at the time—could have anticipated. How he got across the water so soon I don't know....But he did: in a cavalry regiment. And he stopped one—somewhere up Ypres way. Joe Maitland told me. Was glad that he'd made good....." The Doctor laughed shortly.

"And the girl?" asked the Soldier.

"Has not got over it yet," said the Doctor. "But she will. Youth can—thank God: though they never believe it at the time."

"And did she ever hear from him again?" demanded the Barrister.

"Once: from France. Written just before—the end. She didn't show me *that* one.....Pass the whiskey, Actorman. Talking makes one's throat infernally dry."

# The Tell-tale Film

*Continued from page 19*

ear, for she leant over towards a clump of shrubs beside the cottage and whispered into the silent garden:

"Georges....Georges....Is that you, my darling?"

Receiving no reply, she drew herself up and stood smiling at the happy thought that seemed to flood her being.

But a door opened at the back of the room, and an old peasant woman entered with a tray laden with bread, butter and milk:

"Here, Rose, my pretty one, I've brought you your supper. Milk fresh from the cow...."

And, putting down the tray, she continued:

"Aren't you afraid, Rose, of the chill of the night air? Perhaps you're expecting your sweetheart?"

"I haven't a sweetheart, my dear old Catherine."

"What next?" said the old woman, laughing. "Only this morning there were footprints under the window that didn't look at all proper!"

"A burglar's footprints perhaps, Catherine."

"Well, I don't say they weren't, Rose dear, especially as in your calling you have a lot of people round you whom it's well to be careful of. For instance, your friend Dalbrèque, eh? Nice goings on his are! You saw the paper yesterday. A fellow who has robbed and murdered people and carried off a woman at Le Havre!...."

HORTENSE and Rènine would have much liked to know what Rose Andrèe thought of the revelations, but she had turned her back to them and was sitting at her supper; and the window was now closed, so that they could neither hear her reply nor see the expression of her features.

They waited for a moment. Hortense was listening with an anxious face. But Renine began to laugh.

"Very funny, really funny! And such an unexpected ending! And we who were hunting for her in some cave or damp cellar, a horrible tomb where the poor thing was dying of hunger! It's a fact, she knew the terrors of that first night of captivity; and I maintain that, on that first night, she was flung, half-dead, into the cave! Only, there you are: the next morning she was alive! One night was enough to tame the little rogue and to make Dalbrèque as handsome as Prince Charming in her eyes! For see the difference. On the films or in novels, the Happy Princesses resist or commit suicide. But in real life....oh, woman, woman!"

"Yes," said Hortense, "but the man she loves is almost certainly dead."

"And a good thing too! It would be the best solution. What would be the outcome of this criminal love for a thief and murderer?"

A few minutes passed. Then, amid the peaceful silence of the waning day, mingled with the first shadows of the twilight, they again heard the grating of the window, which was cautiously opened. Rose Andrèe leant over the garden and waited, with her eyes turned to the wall, as though she saw something there.

Presently, Rénine shook the ivy-branches.

"Ah!" she said. "This time I know you're there! Yes, the ivy's moving. Georges, Georges, darling, why do you keep me waiting? Catherine has gone. I am all alone...."

She had knelt down and was distractedly stretching out her shapely arms covered with bangles which clashed with a metallic sound:

"Georges!....Georges!...."

Her every movement, the thrill of her voice, her whole being expressed desire and love. Hortense, deeply touched, could not help saying:

"How the poor thing loves him! If she but knew...."

"Ah!" cried the girl. "You've spoken. You're there, and you want me to come to you, don't you? Here I am, Georges!"..

She climbed over the window-ledge and began to run, while Rènine went round the well and advanced to meet her.

SHE stopped short in front of him and stood choking at the sight of this man and woman whom she did not know and who were stepping out of the very shadow from which her beloved appeared to her each night.

Rènine, bowed, gave his name and introduced his companion:

"Madame Hortense Daniel, a pupil and friend of your mother's."

Still motionless with stupefaction, her features drawn, she stammered:

"You know who I am?....And you were there just now?....You heard what I was saying?...."

Rènine without hesitating or pausing in his speech, said:

"You are Rose Andrèe, the Happy Princess. We saw you on the films the other evening; and circumstances led us to set out in search of you....to Le Havre, where you were abducted on the day when you were to have left for America, and to the forest of Brotonne, where you were imprisoned."

She protested eagerly, with a forced laugh:

"What is all this? I have not been to Le Havre. I came straight here. Abducted? Imprisoned? What nonsense!"

"Yes, imprisoned, in the same cave as the Happy Princess; and you broke off some branches to the right of the cave."

"But how absurd! Who would have abducted me? I have no enemy."

"There is a man in love with you: the one whom you were expecting just now."

"Yes, my lover," she said, proudly. "Have I not the right to receive whom I like?"

"You have the right; you are a free agent. But the man who comes to see you every evening is wanted by the police. His name is Georges Dalbrèque. He killed Bourguet the jeweller."

The accusation made her start with indignation and she exclaimed:

"It's a lie! An infamous fabrication of the newspapers! Georges was in Paris on the night of the murder. He can prove it."

"He stole a motor car and forty thousand francs in notes."

She retorted vehemently:

"The motor-car was taken back by his friends and the notes will be restored. He never touched them. My leaving for America had made him lose his head."

"Very well. I am quite willing to believe everything that you say. But the police may show less faith in these statements and less indulgence."

She became suddenly uneasy and faltered:

"The police....There's nothing to fear from them....They won't know...."

"Where to find him? I succeeded, at all events. He's working as a woodcutter, in the forest of Brotonne."

"Yes, but....you....that was an accident....whereas the police...."

THE words left her lips with the greatest difficulty. Her voice was trembling. And suddenly she rushed at Rènine, stammering:

"He is arrested?....I am sure of it!.... And you have come to tell me....Arrested! Wounded! Dead perhaps?....Oh, please, please!...."

She had no strength left. All her pride, all the certainty of her great love gave way to an immense despair and she sobbed out:

"No, he's not dead, is he? No, I feel that he's not dead. Oh, sir, how unjust it all is! He's the gentlest man, the best that ever lived. He has changed my whole life. Everything is different since I began to love him. And I love him so! I love him! I want to go to him. Take me to him. I want them to arrest me too. I love him.. I could not live without him.."

An impulse of sympathy made Hortense put her arms around the girl's neck and say, warmly:

"Yes, come. He is not dead, I am sure, only wounded; and Prince Rènine will save him. You will, won't you, Rènine? ....Come. Make up a story for your servant: say that you're going somewhere by train and that she is not to tell anybody. Be quick. Put on a wrap. We will save him, I swear we will."

Rose Andrèe went indoors and returned almost at once, disguised beyond recognition in a long cloak and a veil that shrouded her face; and they all took the road back to Routet. At the inn, Rose Andrèe passed as a friend whom they had been to fetch in the neighbourhood and were taking to Paris with them. Rènine ran out to make enquiries and came back to the two women.

"It's all right. Dalbrèque is alive. They have put him to bed in a private room at the mayor's offices. He has a broken leg and a rather high temperature; but all the same they expect to move him to Rouen tomorrow and they have telephoned there for a motor-car."

"And then?" asked Rose Andrèe, anxiously.

Rènine smiled:

"Why, then we shall leave at daybreak. We shall take up our positions in a sunken road, rifle in hand, attack the motor-coach and carry off Georges!"

"Oh don't laugh!" she said, plaintively. "I am so unhappy!"

But the adventure seemed to amuse Rènine; and, when he was alone with Hortense, he exclaimed:

"You see what comes of preferring dishonour to death! But hang it all, who could have expected this? It isn't a bit the way in which things happen in the pictures! Once the man of the woods had carried off his victim and considering that for three weeks there was no one to defend her, how could we imagine—we who had been proceeding all along under the influence of the pictures—that in the space of a few hours the victim would become a princess in love? Confound that Georges! I now understand the sly, humorous look which I surprised on his mobile features! He remembered, Georges did, and he didn't care a hang for me! Oh, he tricked me nicely! And you, my dear, he tricked you too! And it was all the influence of the film. They show us, at the cinema, a brute beast, a sort of long-haired, ape-faced savage. What can a man like that be in real life? A brute, inevitably, don't you agree? Well, he's nothing of the kind: he's a Don Juan! The humbug!"

"You will save him, won't you?" said Hortense, in a beseeching tone.

"Are you very anxious that I should?"

"Very."

"In that case, promise to give me your hand to kiss."

"You can have both hands, Rènine, and gladly."

THE night was uneventful. Rènine had given orders for the two ladies to be waked at an early hour. When they came down, the motor was leaving the yard and pulling up in front of the inn. It was raining; and Adolphe, the chauffeur, had fixed up the long, low hood and packed the luggage inside.

Rènine called for his bill. They all three took a cup of coffee. But, just as they were leaving the room, one of the inspector's men came rushing in:

"Have you seen him?" he asked. "Isn't he here?"

The inspector himself arrived at a run, greatly excited:

"The prisoner has escaped! He ran back through the inn! He can't be far away!"

A dozen rustics appeared like a whirlwind. They ransacked the lofts, the stables, the sheds. They scattered over the neighbourhood. But the search led to no discovery.

"Oh, hang it all!" said Rènine, who had taken part in the hunt. "How can it have happened?"

"How do I know?" spluttered the inspector in despair. "I left my three men watching in the room. I found them this morning fast asleep, stupefied by some narcotic which had been mixed with their wine! And the Dalbrèque bird had flown."

"Which way?"

"Through the window. There were evidently accomplices, with ropes and a ladder. And, as Dalbrèque had a broken leg, they carried him off on the stretcher itself."

"They left no traces?"

"No traces of footsteps, true. The rain has messed everything up. But they went through the yard, because the stretcher's there."

"You'll find him, Mr. Inspector, there's no doubt of that. In any case, you may be sure that you won't have any trouble over the affair. I shall be in Paris this evening and shall go straight to the prefecture, where I have influential friends."

RENINE went back to the two women in the coffee-room and Hortense at once said:

"It was you who carried him off, wasn't it? Please put Rose Andrèe's mind at rest. She is so terrified!"

He gave Rose Andrèe his arm and led her to the car. She was staggering and very pale; and she said, in a faint voice:

"Are we going? And he: is he safe? Won't they catch him again?"

Looking deep into her eyes, he said:

"Swear to me, Rose Andrèe, that in two months, when he is well and when I have proved his innocence, swear that you will go away with him to America."

"I swear."

"And that, once there, you will marry him."

"I swear."

He spoke a few words in her ear.

"Ah!" she said. "May Heaven bless you for it!"

Hortense took her seat in front, with Rènine, who sat at the wheel. The inspector, hat in hand, fussed around the car until it moved off.

They drove through the forest, crossed the Seine at La Mailleraie and struck into the Havre-Rouen road.

"Take off your glove and give me your hand to kiss," Rènine ordered. "You promised that you would."

"Oh!" said Hortense. "But it was to be when Dalbrèque was saved."

"He is saved."

"Not yet. The police are after him. They may catch him again. He will not be really saved until he is with Rose Andrèe."

"He is with Rose Andrèe," he declared.

"What do you mean?"

"Turn round."

She did so.

IN THE shadow of the hood, right at the back, behind the chauffeur, Rose Andrèe was kneeling beside a man lying on the seat.

"Oh," stammered Hortense, "it's incredible! Then it was you who hid him last night? And he was there, in front of the inn, when the inspector was seeing us off?"

"Lord, yes! He was there, under the cushions and rugs!"

"It's incredible!" she repeated, utterly bewildered. "It's incredible! How were you able to manage it all?"

"I wanted to kiss your hand," he said.

She removed her glove, as he bade her, and raised her hand to his lips.

The car was speeding between the peaceful Seine and the white cliffs that bordered it. They sat silent for a long while. Then he said:

"I had a talk with Dalbrèque last night. He's a fine fellow and is ready to do anything for Rose Andrèe. He's right. A man must do anything for the woman he loves. He must devote himself to her, offer her all that is beautiful in this world: joy and happiness.....and, if she should be bored, stirring adventures to distract her, to excite her and to make her smile.. or even weep."

Hortense shivered; and her eyes were not quite free from tears. For the first time he was alluding to the sentimental adventure that bound them by a tie which as yet was frail, but which became stronger and more enduring with each of the ventures on which they entered together, pursuing them feverishly and anxiously to their close. Already she felt powerless and uneasy with this extraordinary man, who subjected events to his will and seemed to play with the destinies of those whom he fought or protected. He filled her with dread and at the same time he attracted her. She thought of him sometimes as her master, sometimes as an enemy against whom she must defend herself, but oftenest as a perturbing friend, full of charm and fascination.

# Our North That Never Was

*Continued from page 16*

factors have a higher value on the larger continent of Eurasia. Accordingly, we find the cold pole of the northern hemisphere in Siberia, north of the city of Yakutsk, where, by figures published by the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, the temperature goes down to 92 degrees below zero in winter. Other sources equally respectable give the minimum temperature at 96 degrees below zero. And this is a settled community. In the province of Yakutsk they do not cultivate tropical fruits nor, indeed, wheat or indian corn, but they do have oats and barley and rye and garden products, and the people are the blond type of European, very much like the rest of us in complexion and characteristics, although showing possibly just now an increasing percentage of Bolshevism.

2. A complement of the idea that the North is dreadfully cold in winter is the notion that it is also cold through the entire summer. It is possible to maintain that the winters are dreadfully cold, but only by agreeing that the winters of Manitoba and Ontario, and Minnesota and Montana are also dreadfully cold. But no one can even glance at the Weather Bureau records for summer temperatures in polar regions and maintain that in any sense of the English language the summers there are cold.

It is true that, other things being equal, it gets colder the farther you go north. But other things are never equal. The mountain ranges divert the air currents and deprive them of heat and moisture; the oceans also affect their temperature and humidity. Some places in the tropics are cool because they are high; others are cool because they are near an ocean. The like, or rather the reverse, is true of the polar regions. Akeley is commonly warm enough in Africa but he complains of the cold nights in the desert and on Mount Kenia: Peary was commonly cool enough in the Arctic but he complains of the summer heat of north Greenland (in his "Northward Over the Great Ice"). Their complainta are no mere matters of psychology, for the thermometer cannot be suspected of temperament and yet it

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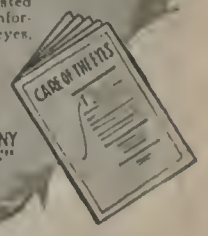
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"An inquiry has been received from a woman with $10,000 of 1937 Victory bonds which represents practically her entire capital, and the interest from which comprises a very large proportion of her income. At the outset it may be explained that she has no dependents and is therefore not interested in leaving her capital untouched at her death. At the same time she is just past middle age and to begin to use part of her capital for expenditures would be too serious a matter to be dismissed. She can purchase a Dominion Government annuity of $822 beginning at once and continuing until death for $10,000.

"What should she do? Should she buy the annuity, she inquires, or could she find a fairly safe investment yielding 8 per cent for fifteen or twenty years, such for instance as second mortgage bonds or hotel debentures?

"The problem was submitted to four investment officers, and their replies are published below." . . . .

Beginning of an article in the FINANCIAL POST, November 18 issue.

## Would you be interested in the answers?
## Have you some money you want to invest?

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| | |
|---|---|
| Sell $5,000 1937's at $101.40 | $5,070.00 |
| Buy $5,000 1934's at $96.70 | $4,835.00 |
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bears them out. It is all according to meteorological laws that are no more remarkable than other laws of nature.

Climate may be classified in various ways. One of them is to make a division between continental and insular climates. The ocean is a great stabilizing influence. In the south it acts generally as a refrigerator and in the north as a radiator. Even the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico are colder than the surface of the land in Texas in summer, and accordingly the sea breezes keep Galveston and Corpus Christi reasonably cool. I was told at Fort Bragg, on the west coast of California, last summer that since the town was built the temperature there has never risen above 85 degrees in the shade, for the ocean breezes are continually blowing across it. But fifty miles inland beyond a range of mountains they frequently have a temperature of 110 degrees in the shade. Remembering that this is true of Texas and California, we are prepared to hear that the coastlines of the polar regions are never warm in summer. Then five miles from the ocean at Point Barrow the temperature probably seldom if ever rises above 75 degrees in the shade, which is ten degrees colder than the similar record for Fort Bragg, California, both places being at sea level and near the sea. But fifty miles inland in California gives you a temperature of 110 degrees in the shade and a hundred miles inland in Alaska will give a temperature approaching 100 degrees in the shade. I inquired from the American Weather Bureau last fall as to the highest temperature ever recorded under ordinary weather bureau regulations by their observatory at Fort Yukon in Alaska, four miles north of the arctic circle. They replied that the highest temperature at that particular place was 100 degrees in the shade. New York City and Montreal are both places recognized as frequently uncomfortably hot in summer. Yet either of them is likely to be cooler on a given July day than is Fort Yukon in the Arctic.

Anyone can find out from the Weather Bureau that the temperature in Alaska north of the arctic circle has been known to rise to 100 degrees in the shade and any one can find out by writing to the officers of the Episcopal Church of the United States just how it feels in Alaska when the temperature is 100 degrees in the shade. The summer of 1921 I was at Yuma, Arizona, when the temperature was 111 degrees in the shade and nobody seemed to be suffering. In Montreal or New York it is common to see streams of perspiration on people's faces, but in Yuma the air is so dry that the perspiration is evaporated as fast as the mechanism of the skin pours it out. In Chicago at 93 degrees in the shade I heard much complaining and believe there was a deal of actual suffering.

### 97 In Shade In Yukon

THE climate which is intolerable in Chicago at 93 degrees is the same kind of steaming heat you have at Fort Yukon, Alaska. The summer of 1918 I was convalescent from typhoid at St. Stephen's Hospital of the Episcopal Church at Fort Yukon. That summer the temperature did not go to 100 degrees but it did go to 97 degrees. The hospital is a three-story building and on that day most of us moved out of the upper two stories into the cellar, and I remember particularly that Archdeacon Hudson Stuck and I not only slept in the cellar but as near to the cool and damp cellar floor as we possibly could.

In Canada, our arctic weather bureau stations are as yet either on the sea-coast or in the Mackenzie valley. The coast stations are cool in summer for the reasons given above; the Mackenzie stations are never as hot as the stations equally far north on the Yukon in Alaska. This may be because the Yukon flows generally west but the Mackenzie north. This trend makes the Mackenzie valley a trough through which cool sea breezes blow persistently. Ninety degrees in the shade seems no commoner in the arctic Mackenzie basin than 100 degrees at the same latitude in Alaska. Thus it chances that it is seldom hotter on a corresponding July day at Fort Good Hope near the arctic circle than it is in Toronto.

I have just consulted a new edition of a widely-used American school geography and have found the statement that "north of the arctic circle it is always cold." Either the author is unfamiliar with the Weather Bureau records or else he has a peculiar idea of the meaning of ordinary English words.

3. After considering the minimum temperatures of winter and the maximum temperatures of summer, we come next to a consideration of the length of the seasons. It is true, generally speaking, that the farther north you go in the northern hemisphere the longer the winter and the shorter the summer. However, this has far less of a "practical" meaning than is commonly supposed. A Sicilian may think that a winter of three months' length is intolerable and if he insists that it is intolerable you can't very well argue with him, but you can at least prove to him that numerous prosperous people live in a climate where there are three months of winter. There are those who are used to three months of winter who insist that six months of winter would be intolerable, but you can similarly show them that there are prosperous cities (such as Winnipeg, for instance) where you have wintry weather nearly half the year. But in Winnipeg you will in turn meet people who say that while five or six months of winter is no serious handicap to economic development, nine months of winter would be insuperable and intolerable. The argument is of the same nature and in its essence no more tenable than that of the Sicilian who thinks that even the shortest winter is unbearable.

It will be said that you cannot raise wheat or corn where the winter is nine months long. That is true, but this does not necessarily form a serious argument against the value of the North. You cannot raise cotton in Iowa, but you can raise corn; you cannot raise corn profitably in most parts of Manitoba, but it is one of the greatest wheat countries in the world; and you cannot raise wheat profitably on the arctic circle, but you can find something to take the place of the wheat. What that something is, we shall leave to be specifically answered in a later chapter. The general objection must, however, be answered at this point, if only partially and tentatively. This can best be done by suggesting a new version and a new application of an idea similar to the one Tennyson had when he said "Better twenty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." I shall not contend here, although I may later on, that the climate of the North is such as to make life delightful but shall for the moment consider a lower form of life, that of the plant kingdom.

A botanist (I hope the reader will not mind my not hunting up his name, for the war is recent and he was a German) some decades ago laid down the general principle that the growth of plants depends not on the number of months of suitable climate but rather upon the number of hours of sunlight. It can be shown mathematically that the total number of hours of sunlight in a year (if we disregard cloudiness) is least at the equator and becomes greater (because of refraction) as you go north. Undoubtedly temperature has an effect upon rapidity of growth but still sunlight as light rather than as heat seems to be the main factor. This explains the rhapsodies of the ordinary tourist who comes back from the Yukon and the Mackenzie with stories which the stay-at-home does not believe, but which are nevertheless true, about the wonderful size and marvelously rapid growth of the ordinary garden flowers when they are planted under the midnight sun.

### Where Plant Growth is Magical

NOT being a botanist I do not vouch for the statement, which I believe to be true, that plants not only stop growing during the hours of darkness but also are sluggish in resuming their growth when the first beams of the morning sun strike them. It is something like starting a motor car that has been allowed to get cold. In midsummer a plant has thirteen growing hours out of the twenty-four in Texas, fourteen or fifteen in Manitoba, twenty up on Great Slave Lake, and twenty-four hours on Great Bear Lake. Another way of stating it is that in the south the plants work single shift and in the north double shift. A plant in northern Canada, therefore, has almost as much growing time in one month as it has in two months in the southern United States. The northern summer when

measured by plant opportunities for growth is much longer than it may seem to be when you glance carelessly at the calendar.

And even by the calendar the northern summer is longer than most people imagine. On the Coppermine River north of Great Bear Lake, about fifty miles north of the arctic circle, I remember one period of three weeks when there was not a cloud in the sky, the sun beat down upon us the twenty-four hours through, and the heat rose to the vicinity of 90 degrees in the shade every afternoon without dropping lower than 70 degrees or perhaps 60 degrees at night. Those three weeks were certainly equal in opportunity for plant growth to six weeks of Texas, and they were by no means the whole summer. The mosquitoes came out early in May and we did not cease being tormented by sandflies until in September. The mosquitoes did come out at the earliest spring, but the summer lasted beyond the sandflies, and the lakes did not freeze over until late in October. Then it is to be remembered that grass does not ordinarily spend all the summer in growing. Most plants, especially those of a semi-arid climate, grow for only a few weeks and then ripen and turn yellow. From the point of view of grazing animals they may be nourishing and valuable the whole year though they grow for only a few weeks or perhaps months. It is obvious, then, that the northern summer is amply long enough for the development of the wild forage plants, and so it is. This is the consideration which shows that the North is one of the greatest potential grazing areas of the world, but that is a point we can develop fully only a little farther on in this argument.

4. That the ground in the polar regions is always covered with snow, whether winter or summer, is another of the widely-spread wrong notions. Before going further we must realize that there are two ways of looking at this question. If I meet a Mexican and ask him, "Is there always snow in Mexico?" he can answer me either yes or no and defend either answer. If he says yes, he is thinking about the mountain tops; if he says no, he is thinking about the vast average of his country.

Even in the tropics there is permanent snow on the mountain tops if the mountains are high, and even in the remotest arctic regions the snow all disappears from the land in summer, unless it is very high land. Take, for instance, the north coast of Alaska. There is a range of mountains commonly considered a branch of the system of the Rockies which runs about straight east from Cape Lisburne, toward the mouth of the Mackenzie River, leaving to the north a triangular coastal plain with a total area a little more than that of England and Scotland put together. This is a real prairie. In winter it is thinly snow-covered and the grass in most places can be seen sticking up through it. In summer it is green with grass and golden with flowers and there is never a speck of snow. The mountains to the south of this coastal prairie rise from low land and look as high as the British Columbia Rockies although their actual altitude is less than six thousand feet. In this range you may find some small snowbank in a deep ravine or in the lee of a hill that faces north, but nothing large enough to justify in ordinary usage the name of glacier. You cross this first range of mountains and come to a second one nine or ten thousand feet high. This altitude is great enough and here we do have permanent glaciers, although probably none nearly as large as those found in southern British Columbia, the B.C. glaciers being larger not merely because of greater altitude but also because of much heavier precipitation.

### Case of Poetic Accuracy

WE LEARN from the school books a great deal about the iciness of Greenland, and if we did not learn it from the school books we should learn it from the hymn books. "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand." But the hymn book is more correct and more careful in its statement than the ordinary geography, for the geography says that Greenland is icy and lets it go at that, but the hymn book specifies "From Greenland's icy mountains," and that is exactly correct.

The mountains of Greenland are icy and





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Greenland is mostly icy because it is mostly mountainous. It is a mass of high mountains in a region of heavy precipitation. Just to the east is the Gulf Stream and from the warm waters of the Gulf Stream there continually rise clouds of vapor that are carried to the west and condensed into snow against the mountain tops, somewhat as we have a nearly perpetual snowfall upon the high slopes and tops of the Cascade Mountains in Washington or British Columbia. We have in fact as well as in the hymn books Greenland's icy mountains.

But the Greenland mountains are icy not primarily because they are northerly, but rather because the precipitation upon them is heavy and because they are high. Admiral Peary proved this about thirty years ago. Somewhat north of the middle of Greenland he climbed into the interior and found, as everybody expected, that Greenland there as well as farther south is covered with inland ice. He travelled north and the season was summer. He was going toward the region which is popularly supposed to be coldest and iciest, but he tells us that when he came nearly to the north tip of the land the ice disappeared. He found before him large stretches of prairie land, green with grass and golden with flowers, with bumblebees and butterflies and birds and herds of grazing animals. Peary was near the north coast of the most northerly land in the world, but because it was lowland it was free of snow in summer.

Since then the north of Greenland has been further explored and we know now that the only part of Greenland where there are extensive areas of snow-free land in summer is the northern part. It is the most northerly possible land, so far as we yet know, and that emphasizes the generalization which I shall repeat, for it is important and admits of no exceptions: *Any land, even in the tropics, is permanently covered with snow if it is very high, and no land, even in the polar regions, is covered with snow unless it is high.*

Generally speaking, an altitude of five thousand feet in the Arctic is not enough for perpetual snow where the sun can shine, but ten thousand feet is enough. If a glacier is found at a level less than five thousand feet above the sea, it is either ice sliding down from a higher mountain nearby or else the region is one of heavier precipitation than the average of arctic lands. There is a great deal more snow at the ten thousand foot level in the State of Washington or the province of British Columbia than you have at that level in northern Alaska or the northern Yukon. This is because of difference in precipitation.

5. A corollary of the idea that the North is covered with snow even in summer is the one that the North is a region of heavy snowfall. This is far from being true. If you take a map of North America and place your pencil near the southwestern corner of Alaska on the coast of Bering Straits, you may draw a line east, along the south coast some fifty miles inland. When you come east to British Columbia your line turns south, still keeping fifty or a hundred miles inland. When you come near the international boundary your line will run east following the boundary between the United States and Canada roughly. This is the line of heaviest snowfall. South of that line, generally speaking, you have less and less snow and north of it you also have less and less snow.

By the figures of the United States Weather Bureau, snowfall in winter in St. Louis, Missouri, or in Richmond, Virginia, is three or four times as great as for the north coast of Alaska, while we believe that the snowfall in Toronto or the Highlands of Scotland is ten times as great as on the north tip of Greenland or on the northerly islands discovered by my expeditlon of 1913-18. In the north polar regions there is, to begin with, very little snow on the ground at the end of winter. We have already said that in some parts of the polar regions the temperature is 100 degrees in the shade in the summer. It would have to be a very peculiar kind of snow if a little of it more or less covering the ground in winter would last far into the spring. Of course it does not last long but disappears like magic. For three or four or five months, according to just where you are, you have green prairies and flowery meadows that are a delight to the eye and would be delightful to every sense but for the unbelievable plague of insects—mosquitoes, sandflies, horseflies, and the like. These will prove a drawback next in seriousness to the wall of ignorance that surrounds the northern lands. China's wall of masonry was never a very efficient barrier. A wall of misinformation is more effective and more difficult to tear down.

*(Article 3 will appear in issue of Jan. 1)*

# Caught by the Cow-catcher

*Continued from page 13*

IT WENT up when the Managerial Editor climbed into the caboose, at Pitman I think it was, and announced with a coarse shout of triumph that this time he'd got 'em. I didn't altogether like his tone. Yet it wasn't until I caught sight of the tell-tale yellow telegram in his hand that I could be reasonably sure he wasn't referring to hives or fleas or measles or something like that. But my heart sank, the next moment, when I beheld that familiar Wellington-after Waterloo gleam in his eye.

"The Canadian National people are sending that permit," he proclaimed, like a returning-officer announcing a big sweep in Ward Eleven.

"A permit for what?" I asked, merely to fence for time.

"For you to ride the cow-catcher," was the fateful message that came to me. "We'll get the releases for you to sign up at the next stop. Isn't that fine?"

"Yep, it's fine," I echoed, a trifle thinly.

"And that'll still get you into the roughest section of this mountain going," exulted my friend the enemy.

"Great!" I admitted, with sickly fervor. But I was experiencing a sensation suspiciously like that which had come to me when I first stepped into the cold-storage room of the halibut plant at Rupert. I felt that I needed weather-strips about the end of my pant-legs. I felt that my nether extremities were encased in chop-pedice and my oxfords were made of gla-c ier-shavings. After all these days, after all these care-free hours, I was still being hounded by that grisly black-iron hand. I was still being pursued by that ominous Cow-Catcher.



That mephitine musteloid carnivore, commonly known as the Canadian pole-cat..... defied the train—and me!

"No danger of those official permits going astray?" I offhandedly suggested.

"They're up ahead, waiting for us," announced my happy-eyed tormentor.

"Superb!" I managed to say, with all that was left of my composure. For I knew that the die had been cast. I could see that there was no respectable way of wriggling out of the thing. So I set about to prepare myself for the worst. I went out on the back platform of the caboose and communed with my soul. I gazed up at the sky and the eternal peaks about me, very much as the man in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" must have done. And what was left of our dessicated dates and our soda-pop and our gum-drops were as ashes in my mouth that day at dinner. It was a matter of supreme indifference to me that the last of our tenuous chicken-sandwiches had long since disappeared. Such things, after all, are trivial before the solemn ordeals of life.

V

THE worst feature of all our earthly ordeals, I have found, is in the anticipation. Especially is this true with the man of imagination. And authors, of course, are supposed to have imagination. For, once I was perched up on that cow-catcher with Weston Taylor's duffel-bag for a seat-pad and with the Managing Editor's old army ulster buttoned over my chamois-lined great-coat (and an unexpected supply of rather mussed soft-center chocolates in the outside pocket on my right where I felt a revolver ought to repose) I found myself much more comfortable than I had expected to be.

I didn't feel like a matador posted on the horns of a charging Andalusian bull I didn't feel a bit like a rabbit gripped in the jaws of a running hound. We snaked along comfortably enough, for the first hundred yards, and then we started to get up speed. I had an odd impression, not of being carried, but of being projected into space. I had also an odd feeling of isolation and defencelessness. I felt like a hostage sent ahead to insure the safety of all those behind me. And for that reason, I suppose. I became personally and rather pointedly interested in the condition of the road-bed over which I was careening. I kept a morbid eye on every curve that unfolded itself. I inspected every culvert and appraised every trestle and authenticated every signal-post. And I wondered if the engineer on the black iron monster that separated us had his mind on his job that day. But there was no dust; there were no cinders. Our engine, I had been at considerable pains to determine, was an oil-burner, calling for one hundred and twenty gallons to the car, drinking up exactly 26,130 gallons on her run from Prince George to McBride. I began to experience a happy sense of cool, clear mountain air flowing over me like an opal river. I still winced a trifle, it's true, as the pilot wheels pounded over a switch-point and my little steel portico shook like a water-spaniel's head at a momentary unevenness in the road bed.

I was always glad, in fact, when we got past those switches, for I knew then we weren't going to sidestep carelessly into the long string of gravel empties against which Little Me would have to be the buffer-beam, when the smash came. There was, it is true, an exceptional amount of jigging and jogging on the part of the rodded iron shelf supporting me. But there were no rock-slides and no wash-outs, no cinnamon bears and grizzlies and not even a wandering cow to claim proprietorship over her usurped catcher. I even began to enjoy the experience, to be proud of my courage. This, I told myself, was a new way to drink up speed. It was like taking it neat, without dilution and without a chaser. One could here feel the sting of the raw liquor. Then I thought about Icarus, and just how I'd phrase some of my more emotional descriptive paragraphs. And I even pictured the crew and the passengers shaking hands with me, when it was all over, and crowding round and asking what my sensations were..... ....

### No crowd, Alack! At Finish

BUT there was no hand-shaking, no crowding round, when it was all over. This was due to a small and insignificant thing which I first espied a good half-mile ahead of me as the train straightened out and we went thundering down a slope of unwavering right-of-way. It was a small thing which I first took to be a black squirrel, as it played about the tie-ends and skipped with its bushy black tail from one side of the rail to the other. But that was before I detected the stripe of white going down its narrow arched back. I still had several hundred yards of breathing space, in that clear mountain air, after my small animal, little bigger than a man's hand on the horizon, had been definitely recognized. Yet he began to loom large in my thoughts. For I had seen him often enough about the wood-lots and the rail-fences of my native county, though I had been led to believe he usually preferred the murk of midnight to the

bright light of day for his wanderings. I had long since learned not to interfere with him, not to defy him and not to make friends with him.

He still seemed trivial enough as we bore down on him. He struck me as singularly insignificant to the eye, compared with the charging black mogul so raucously invading his demesne. But he was, I knew, quite otherwise to the nose. I hoped, for a forlorn moment or two of false optimism, that he would waken to a sane and reasonable appreciation of his physical inferiority and seek safety in flight. But timidity was not one of his traits. My heart sank as I saw him stand erect and defiant. I could sniff the impending catastrophe. I knew what was coming, knew it as well as though it were already upon me. And still we thundered on, pounding down grade at forty good miles an hour. We swept on, awakening the immemorial peaks as we went, a hundred thousand tons of steel against a tiny furred body little bigger than a kitten's.

But to the end that diminutive animal held his own. He waited, fortified by the knowledge of his own venom. Then, at last, he hurled his malodorous defiance at the black-bodied Juggernaut sweeping over him.....And at the helpless author squatting back on its cow-catcher.... And at the army coat worn by this author, which the rightful owner shortly afterwards dropped discreetly down a canyon-side. For we had, alas, collided with that mephitine musteloid carnivore commonly known as the Canadian polecat.

And the rest, as Hamlet said, is silence.

# The Gift Glorious

*Continued from page 15*

Ruth Palmer raised her hands and drew her husband's head down to her shoulder holding it closely there, as if the feel of it would bring back the soft pressure of that other, tiny head, which she had nestled there for two such perfect years.

"We thought, when we first knew that he was coming," Jerry went on huskily, "that he was going to be such a tie. Don't you remember how during those first few months we gadded so much, because we thought it was the last chance we would have—just you and I."

"Yes, dear, I remember," said Ruth softly, "and you were so afraid and not quite happy about it, and I was so worried for fear you would feel left out, when baby came."

The man took up the reminiscence again.

"And then you so nearly died and I wouldn't look at Teddy until they told me you were going to live, and then—then do you remember when I came in to you that first time, and saw you, so white and still and—glorified, with Teddy, a wee, squirming red morsel, beside you?"

"Yes, I remember dear," repeated Ruth, and she reached up and again drew his head down to her.

"That first Christmas he was just eleven months old, and I can see now the little rogue with that piece of milk chocolate which you popped into his mouth. He didn't care for anything after that but things wrapped in silver paper—remember? And he tried to get them all in his mouth," she laughed shakily.

"That was four years ago," said Jerry, and the silence fell again. Both were reliving that second real Christmas, when Teddy was a mischievous mite of twenty-three months, toddling his way into all the forbidden places, prattling tongue never at rest. Both were picturing him as he sat in his crib, his bulgy stockings no bulgier than his brown eyes, his face rosy with sleep, his golden hair upstanding, kewpie-like on his round little head. There had been the wonder of the Santa Claus filled stocking, followed soon by the greater wonder of the great Christmas tree, and Teddy had grown uproarious, noisy, ecstatic.

THEY remembered how he had struggled to mount his kiddy-car and had stubbornly refused to be helped, maintaining his independence with a grim: "Teddy can, Teddy can," while a determined little hand had waved off the proffered assistance. And Teddy did, and ran into the piano, and as if controlled by a common thought, Jerry and Ruth turned to look at the place where a chip of veneer was gone from the piano.

Then had come a sudden clutching at the heart, a need to be strong for each other and for Teddy, and after the grim two 'days' fight for life, they had lost, and the kiddy-car and the rocking horse had been put away, the tiny garments packed into a sweet-scented drawer, the wee leather shoes, soft with continued sucking, trotted around no more, for Teddy was gone.

At first they had just clung together, stunned by the suddenness and the magnitude of their loss. There had come days of giving in to the loneliness and re-living the first agony of renunciation but gradually life forged new ties of friendship, and though they missed Teddy no less, they talked more of the future and less of past days. For a time Ruth talked happily of the other babies to come, so happily and confidently that Jerry had not the courage to tell her what the doctor had said after Teddy's birth, but after a while Ruth stopped planning and Jerry knew that he would have no need to tell her.

EACH Christmas they invited Ruth's nephew and Jerry's niece, little Freddy and Marion, and the children about the neighborhood to a Christmas-eve party and celebrated Christmas as they would have done had Teddy been there, with games and gifts and holly and the great overladen tree.

"Next Christmas dear,"—began Ruth.

"Next Christmas," interrupted Jerry firmly, "there's going to be a theatre party for you and me, sweetheart, we're going to live in the present after this, not the past. Here's a seal to that vow—" and kissing her he lifted her hand and slipped a beautiful diamond-set ring on her finger.

"Oh, Jerry, what a beauty!" she cried, "I can't ever thank you enough for it."

She watched, fascinated, the flash of the stone in the fire-light, and when she turned her face towards him again it was flushed with happiness and wet with tears, and her eyes were shining with a wonderful, new light.

"Why, Ruth," he exclaimed, "I never thought that you'd be so pleased; I don't know when I've seen you look like this before."

She was laughing in the firelight—"I've a gift for you too, dear, I've had it for quite a while, and I have hardly been able to keep it for tonight."

"Where is it, may I have it now?" said Jerry, grinning his pleased surprise.

"Yes," she whispered, "only you'll have to revoke the vow you made just now."

He looked at her, puzzled, but she was still laughing.

"Bring me the box from under the bed in our room—and mind you don't peek," she commanded.

He was back in a minute, the big box under his arm.

" 'Tisn't very heavy," he complained, putting it down beside her and cutting the string which tied it. He opened the box and turned back the paper, and at what lay exposed to his eyes he stiffened, and every muscle grew taut.

"Ruth!" he cried, striding towards her.

She came to meet him, glory in her eyes and a smile upon her lips.

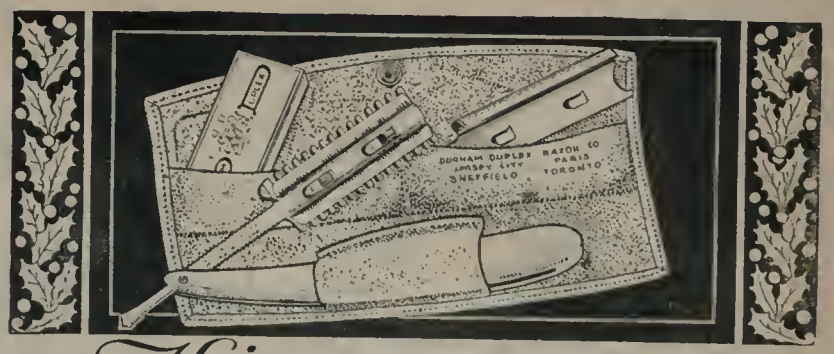
"Ruth girl," he said again, and led her to the box which held a filmy pile of fine white, fashioned into miniature garments.

"Maybe we won't live in the past now, dear heart, so much as in the future," she said tremulously.

"Another baby, Ruth—a baby to laugh and cry, and play with and work for?" he whispered. "Oh, my darling, then next Christmas—"

"There'll be no theatre party, dear, but a tiny stocking to fill, please God—Oh Jerry, it will be a real Christmas again!"

With reverent hands they lifted the tiny garments into which she had sewn so much hope and happiness and love. The fire had burned low when they had put the last down, and its glowing embers illumined but faintly the perfect happiness which shone in the faces of the man and woman who sat hand in hand within the circle of its warmth silent but with singing hearts.

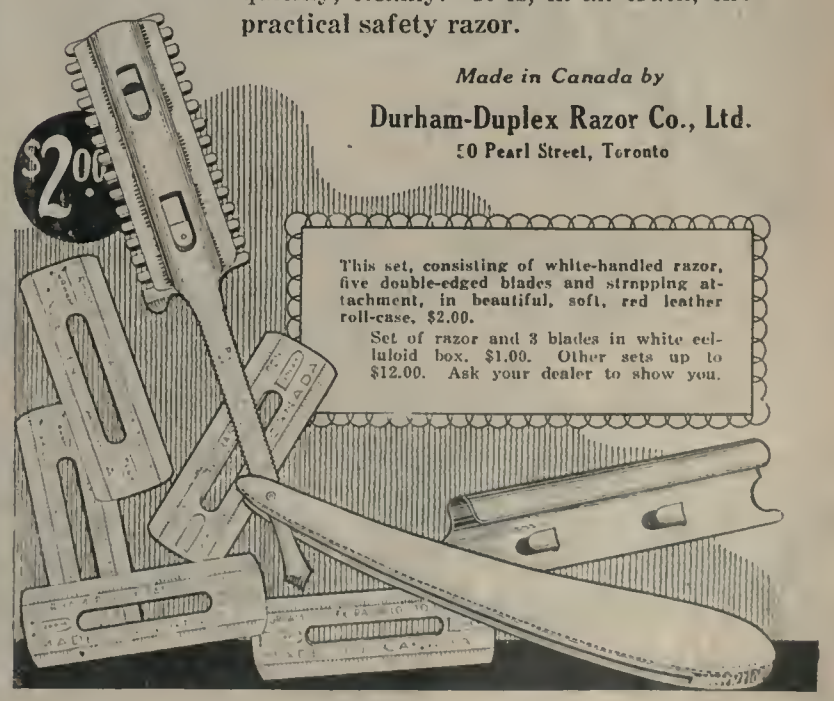
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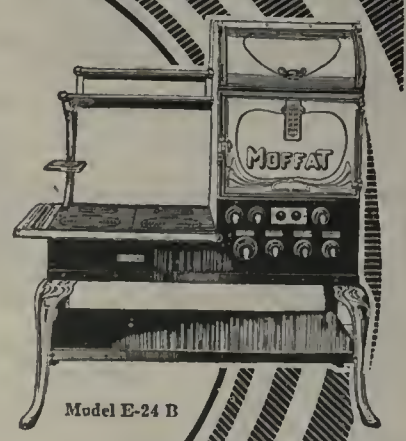
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# The Yellow Streak

*Continued from page 29*

rish pouched the lot. Not a penny did Marbran get.

"Parrish and Marbran were old friends. They were young men together on the Rand goldfields in the early days. In fact, I believe they went out to South Africa together as penniless London lads. But Marbran hated Parrish, though Parrish had, I believe, been his benefactor in many ways. Marbran was fiercely envious of the other because he realised that starting with an equal chance, Parrish had left him far behind. Everything that Parrish touched prospered while Marbran was in perpetual financial straits. He was Parrish's equal in courage but not in judgment.

"Parrish calculated that Marbran would not dare to denounce him. He had always taken the lead in their schemes and he affected to disregard Marbran altogether. So he left the latter's letters unanswered and laughed at his threats. He was quite sure that Marbran would never risk losing his pile by giving Parrish away for they were, of course, both British subjects and both in it together...

"Marbran always distrusted Parrish and long before the breach came, he picked on me to act the spy on my employer. I, too, was born a gambler but, like Marbran, I lacked the lucky touch which made Parrish a millionaire. Speculation proved my ruin. I have often thanked my God on my bended knees, as I shall do again to-night before I pass over—that my insane folly has ruined no one but myself.....

"Already, when Hartley Parrish engaged me, I was up to the neck in speculation. Up to that time, however, I had managed to keep my head above water, but the large salary on which Parrish started me, dazzled me. I tried a flutter in oil on a much larger scale than anything I had hitherto attempted with the result that one day I found myself with a debt of £900 to meet and no assets to meet it with. And I was two hundred pounds in debt to Hartley Parrish's petty cash account which I kept.

"It was Victor Marbran who came to my rescue. Parrish had sent me over to Rotterdam to fetch some papers from Marbran. At this time I knew nothing of Parrish's blockade-running business. Parrish never took me into his confidence about it and the whole of the correspondence went direct to him through a number of secret channels with which I only gradually became acquainted behind his back.

"I had met Marbran several times in London and also at Rotterdam. It had struck me that he had formed a liking for me. On this particular visit to Rotterdam Marbran took me out to dinner and encouraged me to speak about myself. He was very sympathetic and this, coupled with the wine I had taken, led me to open my heart to him. Without giving myself away I let him understand that I was in considerable financial difficulties which I set down to the high cost of living as the result of the war.

"Without a word of warning Marbran pulled out his cheque book.

"'How much do you want?' he asked 'to put you straight?'

"Nine hundred pounds, I told him.

"He wrote the cheque at once there at the table. He would advance me the money, he said, and put me down for shares in a business in which he was interested. It was a safe thing and profits were very high. I could repay him at my leisure.

"In this way I became a shareholder in Parrish's blockade-running syndicate. The return I was to make was to spy on my employer and to report to Marbran the letters which Parrish received and the names of the people whom he interviewed.

"Of course, Marbran did not propose this plan at once. When I took leave of him that night, I remember, I all but broke down at the thought of his unsolicited generosity. I have had a hard life, Miss Trevert, and his seeming kindness broke me all up. But I might have known

.....

"I cashed Marbran's cheque and put back the £200 I had taken from the petty cash account. But I went on speculating. You see, I did not believe Marbran's story about the shares he said he would

put me down for. I thought it was a charitable tale to spare my feelings. So I plunged once more in the confident hope of recovering enough to repay my debt to Marbran.

"A month later Marbran sent me a cheque for £100. He said it was the balance of £1,500 due to me as profits on my shares less the £900 I owed him £500 for my shares. But my speculations had by this time gone wrong again and I was heartily glad presently to receive a further cheque for £200 from Marbran. From that time on I got from Marbran sums varying between £150 and £500 a month.

"When Marbran made me his shameful offer, I rejected it with indignation. But I was fast in the trap. Marbran explained to me in great detail and with the utmost candour the working of the Parrish syndicate. He let me know very plainly that I was as deeply implicated as Parrish and he. I was a shareholder: I had received and was receiving my share of the profits. In my distress and shame I threatened to expose the pair of them. Had I known the source of his money, I told him, I should never have accepted it. At that Marbran laughed contemptuously.

"'You tell that yarn to the police,' he sneered, 'and hear what they say!'

"And then I realised that I was in the net.

"I made no excuses for myself. I shall make none to the Great Judge before whom in a little while I shall appear. I had not the moral force to resist Marbran, I did his bidding; I continued to take his money and I held my peace.

"And then came the breach between Parrish and Marbran. I was the cause of it. But for me, his trusty spy, Marbran would have known nothing of this payment of £150,000 which Parrish received from Spain and this tragedy would not have happened.

"God forgive me. . . .

"Marbran appealed to Parrish in vain. What he wrote I never knew for shortly after, Parrish quietly and without any explanation took the confidential work out of my hands. I believe he suspected then who Marbran's spy was. But he said nothing to me of his suspicions at that time. . . . . .

"Finally Marbran came to London. It was on Tuesday of last week. I had been up in Sheffield on business and on my return I found Marbran waiting for me at my rooms.

"He was like a man possessed. Never before have I witnessed such an outburst of ungovernable rage. Parrish, it appears, had declined to see him. He swore that Parrish should not get the better of him if he had to kill him first. I can see Marbran now as he sat on my bed, his livid face distorted with fury.

" 'I'll give him a last chance,' he cried, 'and then, by God, let our smart Alec look out!'

"This sort of talk frightened me. I knew Marbran meant mischief. He was a bad man to cross. I was desperately afraid he would waylay Parrish and bring down disaster on the three of us. I did my utmost to put the idea of violence out of his mind. I begged him to content himself with trying to frighten Parrish into paying up before trying other means.

"My suggestion seemed to awaken some old memory in Marbran's mind.

"'By Gad, Jeekes,' he said, after a moment's thought, 'you've given me an idea. Parrish has a yellow streak. He's scared of a gun. I saw it once, years ago, in a roughhouse we got into at Krugersdorp on the Rand. Damn it, I know how to bring the yellow dog to heel and I'll tell you how we'll do it . . . . . '

"He then unfolded his plan. He would send Parrish a last demand for a settlement threatening him with death if he did not pay up. The warning would reach Parrish on the following Saturday. Marbran would contrive that he should receive it by the first post. As soon as possible thereafter I was to go to Parrish boldly and demand his answer.

"'And you'll take a gun,' Marbran said peering at me with his cunning little eyes, 'and you'll show it. And if at the sight of it you don't get the brass, then I don't know my old pal Mister Hartley Parrish Esquire!'

"The proposal appalled me. I knew nothing of Hartley Parrish's 'yellow streak'. I knew him only as a hard and resolute man, swift in decision and ruthless in action. Whatever happened, I argued, Parrish would discharge me and there was every prospect of his handing me over to the police as well.

"Marbran was deaf to my reasoning. I had nothing to fear, he protested. Parrish would collapse at the first sign of force. And as for my losing my job, Marbran would find me another and a better one in his office at Rotterdam.

"Still I held out. The chance of losing my position, even of being sent to gaol, daunted me less, I think, than the admission to Parrish of the blankly ungrateful rôle I had played towards him. In the end I told Marbran to do his dirty work himself.

"But I spoke without conviction. I realised that Marbran held me in a cleft stick and that he realised it too. He wasted no further time in argument. I knew what I had to do, he said, and I would do it. Otherwise. . . . . .

"He left me in an agony of mental stress. At that time, I swear to Heaven, Miss Trevert, I was determined to let Marbran do his worst rather than lend myself to this odious blackmailing trick, my own suggestion, as I bitterly remembered. But for the rest of the week his parting threat rang in my ears. Unless he heard by the following Sunday that I had confronted Parrish and 'called his bluff,' as he put it, the British police should have word not only of Parrish's activities in trading with the enemy but of mine as well.

"It was no idle threat. Parrish and Marbran had put men away before. I could give you the names. . . . . .

"It is quite dark now. It must be an hour since Greve took you away. Soon he will be back with the police to arrest me and I must have finished by then, finished the story, finished with life. . . . . .

"Last week I worked at Parrish's city office. I told you how he kept me off his confidential work. On Saturday morning I went round to the house in St. James' Square to see whether Marbran had really sent his warning. Archer, my colleague, who was acting as confidential secretary in my stead, was there. Parrish was at Harkings, he told me. Archer was going down by car that morning with his mail. It included two 'blue letters' which Archer would, according to orders, hand to Parrish unopened.

"These 'blue letters', as we secretaries used to call them, written on a striking blueish paper, were the means by which all communications passed between Parrish and Marbran on the syndicate's business. They were drafted in conventional code and came to Parrish from all parts of Europe and in all kinds of ways. No one saw them except himself. By his strict injunctions, they were to be opened only by himself in person.

"When Archer told me that two 'blue letters' had come, I knew that Marbran had kept his word. Though my mind was not made up, instinct told me I was going to play my part. . . .

"I could not face the shame of exposure. I was brought up in a decent English home. To stand in the dock charged with prolonging the sufferings of our soldiers and sailors in order to make money was a prospect I could not even contemplate.

"I thought it all out that Saturday morning as I stood at the dressing table in my bedroom by the open drawer in which my automatic pistol lay. It was one given me by Parrish some years before at a time when he thought we might be going on a trip to Roumania. . . . . .

"I slipped the pistol in my pocket. I felt like a man in a dream. I believe I went down to Harkings by train but I have no clear recollection of the journey. I seemed to come to my senses only when I found myself standing on the high bank of the rosary at Harkings looking down upon the library window.

"Outside in the gardens it was nearly dark but from the window fell a stream of subdued light. The curtains had not been drawn and the window was open at the bottom. Parrish sat at the desk. Only the desk-lamp was lit so that his face was in shadow but his two hands, stretched out on the blotter in front of him, lay in a pool of light and I caught the gleam of his gold signet ring.

"He was not writing or working. He seemed to be thinking. I watched him in a fascinated sort of way. I had never seen him sit thus idly at his desk before. .

"My brain worked quite lucidly now. As I looked at him I suddenly realised that I had a golden opportunity for speaking to him unobserved. The gardens were absolutely deserted; the library


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*Read "The best Christmas Present of All" on page 56.*

wing was very still. If he were a man to be frightened into submission, my sudden appearance following upon the receipt of the threatening letter, would be likely to help in achieving this result.

"I walked softly down the steps to the window. I stood close up to the sill.

" 'Mr. Parrish,' I said, 'Victor Marbran has sent me for his answer.'

"In a flash he was on his feet.

" 'Who's there?' he cried out in alarm.

"His voice shook and I could see his hand tremble in the lamplight as he clutched at the desk. Then I knew that he was badly frightened and the discovery gave me courage.

" 'Are you going to settle with Marbran or are you not?' I said.

"At that he peered forward. All of a sudden his manner changed.

" 'What in hell does this mean, Jeekes?'

"His voice quavered no longer. It was hard and menacing.

"But I had burnt my boats behind me now.

" 'It means,' I answered boldly, 'that you've got to pay up. And you've got to pay up now!'

"In a couple of quick strides he was round the desk and coming at me as I stood with my chest pressing against the window sill. His hands were thrust in his jacket pockets. His face was red with anger.

" 'You dawggon dirty little rathole spy;' he spat the words at me in a low threatening voice, 'I guessed that low down skunk Marbran had been getting at some of my people!'

"His voice rose in a sudden gust of passion.

" 'You rotten little worm! You'd try and bounce me, would you? You've come to the wrong shop for that, Mr. Spying Jeekes . . . .'

"His manner was incredibly insulting. So was the utter contempt with which he looked at me. This man who had trembled with fear at the unknown recovered his self-control on finding that the menace came from the menial, the hireling, he despised. I felt the blood rush in a hot flood to my head. I lost all self-control. I screamed aloud at him.

" 'There's no bounce about it this time! If you don't pay up, you know what to expect!'

"I had been holding my pistol out of his sight below the window-ledge but on this I swung it up and levelled it at him.

"He sprang back a pace, the color fading on the instant from his face, his mouth twisted awry in a horrid paroxysm of fear. Even in that subdued light I could see that his cheeks were as white as paper.

"But then in a flash his right hand went up. I saw the pistol he held, but before I could make a movement there was a loud raucous hiss of air and a bullet whistled past my ear into the darkness of the gardens. How he missed me at that range I don't know, but, seeing me standing there, he came at me again with the pistol in his hand. . . . . .

"And then you, Miss Trevert, cried out 'Hartley' and rattled the handle of the door. Your cry merged in a deafening report. Parrish, who was quite close to me, and advancing, stopped, with a little startled exclamation, his eyes reproachful, full of surprise. He stood there and swayed, looking at me all the time, then crashed backwards on the floor. And I found myself staring at the smoking pistol in my hand. . . . . .

"It was your scream that brought me to my senses. My mind cleared instantly. I knew I must act quickly. The house would be alarmed directly and before that happened, I must be clear of the grounds. Yet I knew that before I went I must do something to make myself safe. . . . .

"I stood at the window staring down at the dead man. His eyes were terrible. Like a suicide he looked, I thought. And then it flashed across my mind that only one shot had been heard and that our pistols were identical and fired the same ammunition. The silencer! The silencer could save me. With that removed, the suicide theory might pass muster:— at any rate it would delay other investigations and give me a start. . . . . .

"In a matter of a second or two I believe I thought of everything. I did not overlook the danger of leaving finger-prints or foot-marks about. I had not taken off my gloves and my boots were perfectly dry. In climbing into the

room I was most careful to see that I did not mark the window-sill or scratch the paintwork.....

"I stood beside the body and I caught the dead man's hand. It was fat and soft and still warm. The touch of it made me reel with horror. I turned my face away from his so as not to see his eyes again....

"I got the silencer. Parrish had shown it to me and I knew how to detach it....

"I went back through the window as carefully as I had come in. And I pushed the window down. Parrish would have done that, I thought, if he had meant to commit suicide. And then my nerve went. The window frightened me. The blank glass with the silent room beyond; it reminded me of Parrish's sightless gaze. I turned and ran.....

"I did not mean to kill. As there is a God in....."

On that unfinished sentence the confession ended.

Mr. Bardy put the bundle of manuscript down on the desk and, dropping his eyeglass from his eye, caught it deftly and began to polish it vigorously with his pocket handkerchief. As no one spoke he said:

"That's all. It ends there!"

He looked round the circle of earnest faces. Then Horace Trevert crossed to the desk.

"Robin," he said and held out his hand, "I want to apologize. I....we.. behaved very badly...."

Robin grasped the boy's hand.

"Not a word about that, Horace, old boy," he said. "Besides, Mary is putting all that right, you know!"

"She told me," replied Horace, "and Robin, I'm tremendously glad!"

"Mr. Greve!"

Robin turned to find Mr. Manderton, large and impressive, at his elbow.

"Might I have a word with you?"

Robin followed the detective across the room to the window.

Mr. Manderton seemed a trifle embarrassed.

"Er, Mr. Greve," he said, clearing his throat rather nervously, "I should like to, er, offer you my congratulations on the remarkably accurate view you took of this case. I should have been able to prove to you, I believe, but for this curious interruption, that your view and mine practically coincided. It has been a pleasure to work with you, sir!"

He cast a hasty glance over his shoulder at the other occupants of the room who were gathered round the desk.

"I'm not a society man, Mr. Greve," he added, "and I have a lot of work on my hands regarding the case. So I think I'll run off now...."

He broke off, gave Robin a large hand and, looking neither to right nor to left, made a hurried exit from the room, taking Inspector Humphries with him.

"Now that we are just among ourselves,"—the solicitor was speaking—"I think I may seize the opportunity of saying a word about Mr. Parrish's will. Miss Trevert, as you know, is made principal legatee, but I understand from her that she does not propose to accept the inheritance. I will not comment on this decision of hers which does her moral sense, at any rate, infinite credit but I should observe that Mr. Parrish has left directions for the payment of an allowance—I may say, a most handsome allowance—to Lady Margaret Trevert during her ladyship's lifetime. This is a provision over which Miss Trevert's decision, of course, can have no influence. I would only remark that, according to Mr. Parrish's instructions, this allowance will be paid from the dividends on a percentage of his holdings in Hornaway's under the new scheme. I have not yet had an opportunity of looking further into Mr. Parrish's affairs in the light of the information which Mr. Greve obtained in Rotterdam but I have reason to believe that he kept his interest in Hornaway's and his ahem! other activities entirely separate. If this can be definitely established to my own satisfaction and to yours, my dear Miss Trevert, I see no reason why you should not modify your decision at least in respect of Mr. Parrish's interest in Hornaway's."

Mary Trevert looked at Robin and then at the solicitor.

"No!" she said, "not a penny as far as I am concerned. With Mother the case is different. I told her last night of my decision in the matter. She disapproves of it. That is why she is not here to-day. But my mind is made up."

Mr. Bardy adjusted his eyeglass in his eye and gazed at the girl. His face wore an expression of pain mingled with compassion.

"I will see Lady Margaret after lunch," he said rather stiffly.

Then the door opened and Bude appeared.

"Luncheon is served, Miss!"

He stood there, a portly, dignified figure in sober black, solemn of visage, sonorous of voice, a living example of the triumph of established tradition over the most savage buffetings of Fate. His enunciation was, if anything, more mellow, his demeanor more pontifical than of yore.

Bude was once more in the service of a County Family.

*The End.*

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# Unmarried at Forty! Why?

*By* MEREDITH HOPE

IT BEGAN, when Jones' wife rang me up to ask me to dine, and meet her old school friend, from some forsaken hole in the country. I tell you candidly that I accepted without hesitation, because of my suburban lots I proposed to sell to Jones.

"So glad!" chirped Jones' wife, who never knows when to quit, "you will like Ruth; she's such a dear, though of course," apologetically, "she's not very young!" If she had said: "She's not very sane;" or, "she's not very decent!" she would have used the same tone.

I didn't think much of it at the time, as I was cudgeling my brains how to get away from the 'phone, without being positively rude; but on the subway I recalled it, and placed Jones' wife's "friend of her youth" at stern, uncompromising, buxom middle age.

It was about ten minutes past the dinner hour when I arrived, hating the possibility of the half-concealed black looks of an annoyed hostess, or worse, giggling assurances of pardon. There would be no graceful compromise with Jones' wife.

Wild shouts of laughter from the hall above surprised me agreeably.

"That's Ruth playing with the children," gushed Jones' wife. "Poor dear! It's such a tragedy, Mr. Vance, when a woman lives her life alone, without understanding children! It's such a disappointment to me that Ruth has never married; but, then,"—simpering,—"I suppose all women are not equally attractive to men!" No doubt, evidently, about the efficacy of *her* charms! Lord help poor Jones!

"She seems to understand the ways of *your* children fairly well, madam," I snapped, and then the door opened and Ruth of-the-slim-figure-and-happy-face walked in.

I'm not much of a hand at describing frocks; but a white scrimpy affair, with patches of blue, made Jones' wife look like an overgrown caricature of her daughter at a school closing, while the soft, dark clinging thing on Ruth, seemed to make her throat whiter, her eyes younger, and recalled to me the slender white flowers you find in the woods, sheathed in close dark petals.

"We want Ruth to have a real good time", chirped our sweet hostess. "Now that she's escaped from sleepy Wigan! We are going to cheer you up dear, and show you the bright side of life!"

Ruth seemed rather bewildered at the benevolence of the all-embracing smile and her genuine rollicking laugh was good to hear.

"Why, I'm going to enjoy every minute in your city, dear, but so I do in Wigan. Life is life, you know, Marion, in Wigan as well as in this big city of yours, though there's so much less of it. And I never was blue for a minute in all my life, so you won't have much to do to 'cheer me up', will you!"

Certainly the happy face proved it.

"Well, you ought to know, dear, after living so many, *many* years there; poor Ruth!"

"Now Marion, I refuse to be called Methuselah the very first night of my holiday! don't believe her, Mr. Vance," and out rang that jolly peal again, that made the incessant hee-hawing of Jones' wife *more* than ever like a badly oiled lawn-mower.

"No, not *Methuselah*, dear, but don't be afraid, I won't embarrass you by counting back too far!"

"The subject of ages used to be a tabooed one," I interfered, noticing a flush rising in the sensitive face opposite me.

By some fool arrangement, at the theatre later, Jones talked continually to his guest leaving me to the ignorant cackle of his wife.

"So glad you seem to like Ruth, Mr. Vance! She used to be quite popular when she was young, but of course one cannot expect that to last forever!"

"Miss Harrington has not come to the time yet when her attractions could not gain popularity, "I retorted.

"Why, my dear Mr. Vance, Ruth is my greatest friend, but that does not make me forget that she is forty years old!"

I sat back in my chair, that I might the better study a face, keen with a live interest in all that came her way, radiant with happiness, and the joy of living, and quite unconscious of being a failure in the game of life — unmarried and forty! Horrible!

General facts are made up of individual cases—"No, Miss Harrington, I did not speak"—and I will find out why a charming Ruth, and a thousand like her—have chosen this fate. I am often obliged to find out facts about the women I put in my novels in a round-about way, and in the case of Ruth I was quite successful.

Life in a small country town where the boys are hurried off to the cities, when they are mere school-boys, leaving a population of women and married men— visits to the city, where rounds of theatres, shopping, and sight-seeing provided a "grand, glorious, time"! And the fact that she has not even *met* any men is scarcely noticed; one lover, at a time when she was taken up with her mother's illness, and sent him gently away. The lover was Jones, and he had not enough horse sense to wait his chance!

The years slipped by, and here she was with the developed body and mind of a woman, and the happy heart of a child, scarcely realizing the impertinent pity of Jones' wife.

I shall not sell these lots to Jones. He has troubles enough.

BILLY HASTINGS, a mere youngster in our firm, but likeable enough, pestered the life out of me to turn up some night and have a smoke, so out of self-preservation I named a day.

"Where are your diggings, Billy?" I asked.

"Diggings! By Jove, old chap, didn't I tell you I have a couple of sisters keeping house for me? Got sick of rooms, so after the Dad died I jolly well saw that I would have a bit of the domestic! Anne keeps the house, and—my word! she's some cook! Wyn—well Wyn takes singing lessons and has a good time! Thought I had told you old chap!"

This put altogether a different phase on the coming smoke, but I was in for it now, all right. Wyn. to whom I was first presented, with her sunny hair and bright coloring, was a replica of Billy, and about two years younger—twenty perhaps.

"Where's Anne? Oh, you Anne! By Jove, Wyn, I thought you were going to make her quit that sewing and come down!" shouted Billy, the autocrat.

But when Anne appeared with her clear pale skin, and her unfathomable eyes, I could not flatter myself there was half the interest in her grave greeting of m as in the question that rapidly followed.

"Got the tickets, Billy?"

"By George, yes, and left them in the office, after all. It's the Tennis Club Dance, old chap. I thought I'd do a bit of the social stunt myself, and show Wyn the sights. Get ready your glad rags, old girl, and I'll do you proud!"

I looked at radiant Wyn, her blue eyes laughing at Life and the world before her. I looked at Anne—eyes of night, teeming with the mystery of past experiences. Anne's words were of little account. You always watched instead the story of her dark eyes.

"You must introduce Rehan to Miss Hastings, Bill,—you'll like him," I said, turning to Anne, and picturing the delight of Rehan's artistic temperament in the mystery of these unfathomable eyes.

"Anne! Good gracious, *Anne* isn't going to the dance," cried Wyn, "yet I remember long ago, dear, how stunning you used to look, when I watched you dress for a ball! I thought you were like a queen, when I was a child, Anne!"

"*Anne*! By Jove, *what* a lark!" chuckled the Man of the House, smoking furiously, "eh, old girl? Fancy you going to a dance now!"

There was sweet reminiscence in the rather wistful smile, and a little tremble in the voice, as Anne bent over Wyn, lolling in the Morris chair, and dropped a kiss on her sunny hair.

"Yes, indeed, dearie, I had my good times long ago, and I'm quite determined that this little sister is going to have them too. Come on, sweetheart, till I try your dress. Excuse us, Mr. Vance; the Belle of the Ball must have her raiment ready!"

"Sisters always lived in a city? Bill!" I drawled, as he stuck his feet on the mantle and filled his pipe anew.

"By Jove, no; that's Anne on her old mare!" pointing to the portrait of a pretty southern home, amid lime trees, and a girl on horse-back in the fore.

"Scarcely remember the old place myself, as Dad moved away soon after Wyn was born. Often stayed at Ashcroft's place though, three miles away. Great old sport—Ashcroft—rides like a Cossack, stud of thoroughbreds—and rich as the mischief."

"School pal of yours?"

"By Jove, no. Ashcroft must be forty-five; never could understand why he took such a shine to me. Used to be sweet on Anne,—closest of pals when I was a kid. Once I was up an apple tree and they came over and sat on the grass below. I kept mum because I meant to pelt them with apples. Then I heard Anne's voice all broken, saying, 'Is this terrible obstacle going to ruin both our lives?' And he said: 'I'm going to try your father once more, and see if nothing can be done, dearest.' Next day I saw him come out of the library white as paper, and he never even saw me, but marched straight off home. Anne went away for six months to study music in Chicago,—and she never seemed so jolly after that."

"A lover's quarrel?" I insinuated.

"No, not that, for he writes to her once every year. He's always wanting me down at his place, and sometimes after dinner when we're smoking, he stares at me out of his great, black, melancholy eyes, as if I were a thousand miles away,

and if I say: 'Hope you'll know me next time, old chap,' he braces up and says: 'Sometimes you're a bit like your sister, Billy.'

"He lives alone, you said," I probed.

"By Jove, yes, they've had hard luck. His father and his brother died in the Asylum, and his younger sister jumped from a high window in Paris and was killed. All touched, by Jove, but himself!"

So the ghastly grip of hereditary taint had mocked the young love in the heart of Anne!

"Good job women get over these things," I suggested.

"Don't know about that"—Billy's young eyes grew very serious—"Two chaps in Chicago were after her, but she never looked at them, and stays here, cooking our dinner and sewing frocks for Wyn, instead of driving her own automobile with one of them."

"She takes her trouble placidly," I speculated.

"Well, I don't want to blab, old man, but there are times I wish I were older, and could help Anne. She's a real good sort, and is always nagging me to take Wyn out, but last time I came back from Ashcrofts, and told them about the old place, I woke up in the night with a rotten toothache, and heard low, half-strangled sobs from her room that made me feel like a helpless fool. Did not even know how to let her know I was sorry. Poor old Anne!"

Billy's untouched youth was vaguely anxious to sympathize with a heart bruised and battered by tragedy!

The door flung open, and Anne laughingly dragged in a pretty vision of fluffy blue.

"I just had to let you see what a darling she is, Bill. Won't she be the sweetest Belle of the Ball, Mr. Vance?"

Curiously I watched eyes that had wept hot tears of baffled desire, now glowing with unselfish love.

Go your way, Anne, with your heart of unmated, unsatisfied love. The world calls you old maid, but you are living a life of romance, unknown to a thousand married women.

AS A RULE, I send one of our juniors to Brock's when we have dealings with him, but, as a certain matter seemed slightly intricate, I decided to go myself. Brock has a distinctly disagreeable influence over me—short, stout and successful, his blatant prosperity seems to hit me straight between the eyes.

I required information on a certain point, and he rang his bell—a silver statue of Liberty—and drew my attention to his luxurious Turkish rug, by dropping an ash from his imported cigar.

"Tell—no, *ask*—Miss Sterns to come here a minute; and don't come into my office again with mud on your shoe, boy!"

As the miscreant shuffled out of the door with vain attempts to hide the offending boots, my dislike of Brock increased one degree. In the middle of a tiresome tale of his odious limousine, the door was quietly opened, and Miss Sterns walked in.

"Aha! Miss Sterns, good morning! Mr. Vance, Miss Sterns! The papers of the Riddel affair of last June! Yes, certainly, bring them in." Involuntarily I jumped to my feet to open the door.

"Haw-Haw!" chuckled Brock. "So it works with you too. I thought I'd see how it worked on you!"

"What do you mean?" I snapped at him.

"Why, she's my mascot. Doesn't she give a tone to the place—same as if a royal duchess spent her mornings keeping my papers in order, eh? She's an aristocrat, she is, and trust Tony Brock to see it the first minute she applied for the post.

"You'll be worth your pay, my girl,' I said to myself, 'even if you don't know A from Z—just to give a kind of air to the place.' But say, Vance, what is it that does it, eh? She isn't a beauty, but there's something about that little girl—and good Lord! she's no kid either, can't be far from forty—that when she's takin' a letter for me or doin' any blamed thing, I feel as if I should have a book of etiquette round, to see I was keepin' up to the style—knew you'd jump up and open that door—they all do!"

Brock was right—there was an air of high breeding about Miss Sterns with her slight figure—almost like a child's and the wavy hair, partly gray, crowning a brehead much too high for beauty. mething about her seemed to suggest her correct place would be at the foot of a table covered with silver and glass, with portraits of uniformed ancestors behind her.

Ten minutes or so was sufficient for the information, and a soft southern accent, with its inimitable drawl, wished us "Good Morning," and she was gone.

I had completely forgotten the incident till, perhaps a couple of weeks later, I left the subway and stepped out on the street to find the rain fairly teeming, and sputtering up from the pavement in a most uncomfortable fashion. I impatiently opened the umbrella I had carried about for two weeks, and caught it in the dress of a passerby.

I am not noted for my patience, and gave the thing a sharp tug which ripped off a long piece of lace. I waited for an angry protest, but it did not come. Instead, the slight figure turned, and I saw a face, familiar yet strange. Before she had begun to speak, however, I placed Miss Sterns.

"Pardon me, Miss Sterns! When Mr. Brock introduced me to you in the office, he didn't expect I was going to be such a vandal! Will you allow me to take you under the protection of my umbrella to wherever you want to go?"

Just as we rounded her corner, a gust of wind shrieked behind us, turned my umbrella clear outside in, and carried it into a muddy pool. Miss Sterns' invitation to come up and borrow another was so sincerely and pleasantly given, that I accepted it as a matter of course.

"Well, Virginia, you are *so* late! Are you nearly drenched? Come and have some hot tea at once!" The voice was high pitched and old, but it had the same southern drawl as Virginia's.

So I was ushered into the tiny drawing-room, filled with bits of past elegance, even to the Chippendale tea table, and the little white-haired lady presiding. The manner in which she extended her hand to me must be identical with the manner of the Queen of England welcoming her guests to Buckingham Palace.

Not having been there, I only presume.

"Come and sit down, Mr. Lance, and give me an account of yourself!" commanded she, scrutinizing me keenly with her sharp old eyes.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Sterns, Vance is my name, not Lance." I volunteered, but the old lady interrupted, and I quickly found her guests were intended to be appreciative listeners—not talkers. As Miss Sterns had slipped out of the room I patiently subsided.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Lance, oh, beg pardon, Vance.

"I wonder if you belong to the Rances of Carolina? No? Well, then there were Lances of Raleigh. No, not that family either. Ah, then I'm afraid I don't know your family, Mr. Lance—oh, pardon me, Mr. Vance. You see, since I agreed to leave our beautiful home in the South and come with Virginia to New York, I miss our set exceedingly. One really cannot expect to find the same kind of people in a town filled with Trade, as one knew in the south!

"My daughter? Oh, yes, I suppose Virginia does miss her friends but then she was not accustomed to much society, Mr. Vance, because her dear father, who was always *so* devoted to me, lost all his money soon after she left school. Oh, yes, he died too. So Virginia, who never had the instincts I possess, insisted that we should come to this town to live."

"Miss Sterns did not care for the south?"

"Oh well, I suppose I cannot say that. Virginia always protested that she loved it, and, yes, I suppose she did, but I can assure you, Mr. 'Lance, it took quite a month to gain my permission to go down to this *horrible* office where she goes every day. *So* unlike the Sterns'! It breaks my heart to think of my daughter as one of that horrible rabble in the subway every day,—and where she goes for lunch! Why, I simply begged her not to give me the details. If she insists on going to an office, why I yield, but I *must* be spared details!"

"Miss Sterns must find New York very unsociable after the South," I speculated.

"I would be glad if Miss Sterns would find New York a little less sociable," snapped the old lady, waving her delicate, ringed hands.

"I can assure you, Mr. Lance, it is most distressing to me to find that three different gentlemen who have called on Virginia at various times, were of no social standing, and did not even show embarrassment in acknowledging that their fathers were in Trade, at the *present day* and in this very city!"

"Horrible!" I managed to ejaculate.

"More than that, Mr. Lance,"—the old lady grew confidential—"I can assure you two of them had the audacity to ask my daughter's hand in marriage!"

"The gentlemen at least showed taste," I muttered *sotto voce*!

"Of course I immediately showed Virginia that unless she could meet men of equal aristocratic ancestry with herself, I could not *think* of allowing an alliance with Trade!"

"Aristocratic ancestry is not very common down town in New York, Madam," I interrupted.

"So Virginia said, but I tell her I have conceded *one* point, in allowing her to go down town and work, and I have allowed it for a long time, but she must be content with that, and not require me to receive in my home men of no Family, and *in Trade*!"

The entrance of the "lady-who-must-be-exclusive," and who did not possess the "Sterns Spirit,' closed the subject.

Virginia, barred from the society of her southern equals, forbidden the society of her fellow workers! Virginia, living to work for a selfish self-centered old woman! Virginia in her compulsory exclusiveness, has worked away her youth, and gracefully dedicates her life to her selfish mother. Poor Virginia! Forty and unmarried!

## The House of Innisfail

*Continued from page 22*

"I'm rotten company, old man," he said rather sadly. "It was a brutal shame to drag you from the homes of living folk to a graveyard like this. I'll leave you to your letters and get to bed."

I walked upstairs with him, going to my room to fetch my portfolio, and he went off to bed. On my way down, passing through the gallery, I lingered again before the picture of the winsome woman on the tall canvas.

Her eyes seemed to shine with an even brighter light, the sweet, parted lips had greeting upon them; one could fancy she was about to speak some word that would chase the gloom from the great house.

Again in the library, I laid the portfolio on the table, and turned to the fire, all inclination to write gone. I piled fresh logs on the fire, then lay back in the low, deep-cushioned chair and gave myself up to the fascination of place and hour. Beginning with thought of the dark problem of Merchiston's affairs, my mind traversed the remoter past—the history of the House, Denise Merchiston, the dark rider, the lurid deeds of the buccaneers.

In the half-doze I was away in the Caribbean, sailing on sunlit seas that had the vivid tints of gold and blood; I saw dark, evil-visaged men, belted about with crimson sashes, kerchiefs of brilliant hues twisted across their brows, hairy chests brown and bared, dripping cutlasses in hands, daggers and pistols thrust into belts—lust, cruelty, murder in their eyes.

Then all this changed, and I saw the smiling woman, Denise Merchiston, and ever was on her lips the unspoken word, and in her eyes the assurance of protectiveness. She stood as the conquering spirit of good over against the evil that menaced the ancient house of Innisfail.

WHAT roused me I did not immediately realise, but I awakened with a start, listening with every nerve tense: the fire was dying down; a profound stillness rested upon the house, broken by the sound of the tall grandfather clock in the hall striking, slowly and solemnly—One! Two! Three! until twelve had sounded. Christmas morning had come.

And then, in a lull of the wind, I heard the footsteps on the floor of the gallery above, slow and measured; now it was


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on the stairs and I counted the footfalls. They did not sound like the quick, decisive ones of Merchiston. Now they sounded from the hall—they were approaching the half-open door of the room in which I now stood facing the door. At this very moment the great lamp over the table began to burn low, its oil probably exhausted; then came a gust of icy wind and the flickering flame went out. And nearer and nearer came the steps, slowly, stealthily—as they seemed—hesitantly. Papers on the table fluttered mysteriously; a tiny flame spurted up on the hearth, and the door was pushed slowly and creakingly open but I saw no one enter, but I fancied I heard—no, I did hear—the soft swish and rustle as of a woman's silken dress. There was a presence in the room of which I was as acutely conscious as if I could see the figure of a tall gracious woman—the figure of Denise Merchiston —; it moved toward me and then seemed to pause. Then there was the step again and Gordon Merchiston entered the room, very slowly.

He was clad in pyjamas, as though just risen from bed, and his feet were bare; his eyes were open but he did not see me; then he spoke in a far-away voice.

"Yes, Denise, I am coming, but it is dark—dark," he said. "You must guide me—yes, I can see better now," and slowly he crossed the floor, halting near me but unconscious of my presence. Then he moved toward the farther side of the hearth and stopped there.

"Yes—yes," he said, placing his hands on the upper part of the thick marble pillar that was one of the twin supports of the broad marble mantel over the hearth; the ornamentation was an elaborately carved, grotesque face, gargoyle-fashioned. Merchiston gripped each side of the head by the projecting ears and tugged and tugged again, apparently putting forth all his great strength. For minutes he wrestled with his grinning adversary, at last abandoning the unsuccessful struggle in manifest dejection.

He turned away, retraced his steps—pat—pat—pat across the room.

I heard him walk down the hall, ascend the stairs, cross the gallery and enter his bedroom; then all was still again in the great house.

The fire by this time was almost extinct, so I struck several matches and examined the head of the pillar. In the darkness I, too, tugged as Merchiston had done, and as fruitlessly. Then I left the room and walked up the staircase. There was a single lamp burning dimly in the gallery and in its light I paused before the picture of the smiling woman. She looked down upon me as one who has accomplished a great task; then I turned to regard the Dutchman and in the dimness his black scowl was more grim than ever.

They were to me the Spirit of Good and the Spirit of Evil, the one victorious, the other vanquished, and, as I regarded them, again came the chime of the Christmas bells.

I slept little the rest of the night.

MERCHISTON was in the dining room when I entered it in the morning, and though he gave me cheery welcome I noticed about his eyes the suggestion of unusual tiredness.

"One would think, from the look of you, Gordon, that you had been having a real Christmas Eve celebration," I remarked.

He paused reflectively before making any reply. "And so I had," he answered, "in dreams."

"Unpleasant ones?"

"No, the waking was the unpleasant part," he said. "I dreamed of fortune and waked to.....life as it is. I dreamed Denise came to my room and called 'Gordon! Gordon!' She was real to me as you are, and she bade me not to be troubled, that I should not lose Innisfail, that Christmas should be a day of redemption from bondage. And she led me to the library where she bade me tear open some place in the wall. See!" and he showed me his fingers with the nails torn and broken." Then he paused as if trying hard to link up the details of his dream.

"I remember!" he said suddenly, "Come, I'll show you," and he led me into the library. "Here it was," he said, touching the gargoyle.

"Yes, I saw you." I told him.

"You saw me?" he rejoined in astonishment.

"Yes, you were sleep-walking in the library, and had a wrestling match with the gargoyle there. It was that made havoc of your fingers."

"And Denise?" he asked incredulously. "She was with me."

"I do not doubt it."

"You saw her?" he demanded eagerly.

"No, but I heard her—felt her presence."

"We are both mad together," he replied dazedly.

"Mad or sane," I replied. "We are going to tear that grinning face wide open." I bent to examine the head and found that it was metal, cunningly simulating the marble in appearance, and clamped cleverly to the pillar. "Have you a short steel bar?"

He fetched one, and, placing its end at the back of a projecting ear, lever-like, we both tugged; the result was ludicrous; the thing yielded as if a spring had been touched and we sprawled on the floor. We sprang to our feet and saw that the middle section of the pillar was hollow and gave upon a recess some four or five feet wide and perhaps as many deep. And within were several small wooden boxes. It was the work of a few minutes to have them out upon the table, and opened.

Before us lay the Merchiston treasure—the wondrous jewels that had adorned Denise Merchiston, magnificently gemmed rings, tiaras, necklaces of precious stones—diamonds and rubies, emeralds and sapphires, some of great barbaric splendor, others set in elegantly fashioned gold ornaments—; there was one box packed with long rouleaux of Georgian golden guineas, and another filled with queer, thick gold coins that were of Spanish minting. And so we unpacked and piled them up until the table was a-glitter with them—veritably a king's ransom lay there on the table. And in one of the boxes was a letter; it was written in fine delicate penmanship, the ink faded with age; the date of it was 1800. And we read it together; it ran something like this:

"Thrice since the slaying of my husband by the breed of the Dutchman has this house been ravaged by its deadly enemy. Only by great good fortune was the treasure saved from the Dark Rider. My life may be short or long, but I am ever fearful, so I have decided to lay the treasure in the secret hiding-place of the Merchistons. Since my beloved husband is gone I shall never wear my jewels again.

"My baby, Gordon, is young, and I have none whom I can trust. So here I hide the treasure, that it may be preserved from our enemies. When my son is old enough to guard it, he shall know the hiding place. If I die before that time I will leave the treasure in the keeping of God. Whether the spirits of the dead may return to the places they have loved on earth I do not know, but if they may come back for good I shall again come to this dear house of Innisfail, to see its prosperity if my Divine Lord so wills, or to aid it in adversity if such befall it. So here I leave the treasure, with the humble prayer that the light of God may ever shine upon this house, and His blessing be the portion of its sons and daughters. Denise Merchiston.

"This Eve of Christmas, in the year of Our Blessed Lord and Redeemer, 1800."

I ACCOMPANIED Gordon to the office of Champlain the notary a few days later. We had a certified cheque, to the little man's great amazement, and, I am sure, his great delight, and then and there we lifted the burden from the House of Innisfail. The business ended and hands shaken all round, we turned to go, but at the door I turned.

"Now our business is ended may we know the name of the real lender of this money?" I asked.

Champlain thought a moment or so, as if debating a matter of professional etiquette, then he heaved a great sigh of relief.

"I think so," he replied. "He is a man who has business connections in New York, and the island of Jamaica. He calls himself Risdale, which is, I understand, a modernization of Ruysdael."

"The breed of the Dutchman!" exclaimed Gordon.

And there the House of Innisfail still stands, the home of the Merchistons, strong sons and fair daughters of Quebec, and the Dark Rider is seen no more. The Dutchman is but a story told about habitant stoves on winter nights when the cold is bitter and the wind whines at the windows.





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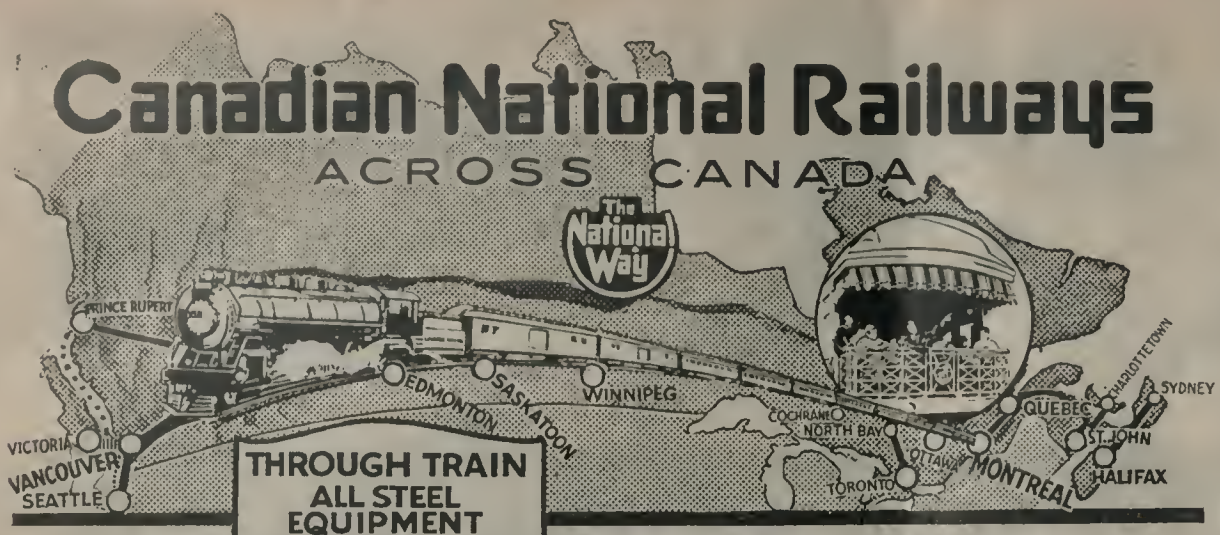
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# Maybe Adam Laughed at These



**Discriminative**—"Do you play golf on the Sabbath?"

"No, sir; I prefer to play when the links aren't crowded."—*Judge.*

**Not His Name**—Wife—"Darling! Darling!"

Husband—"Yes, my dear?"

Wife—"Don't be silly, Charles, I was calling Toodles!"—London *Mail.*

**Why In Scotland?**—This bit of irony, sarcasm or something appears in the form of a sign on a Scottish golf course: "Members will refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."—Boston *Transcript.*

**Coloring the Evidence**—A colored brother makes this explanation of an alibi: "A alibi is provin' you was at prayer meetin' where you wasn't in order to show dat you wasn't at the crap game whar you wuz."—*Arkansas Thomas 'Cat.*

**Costly**—"I don't think," said the bride, "that I'll make a cake by the recipe that Mrs. Jenkins gave me. It will be too expensive. The eggs alone will cost too much."

"Why," asked her husband, "how many does it want?"

"Eighteen—the yolks of nine and the whites of nine."—*Windsor.*

**Dog Needed**—An irate fan, who had watched the home team go down to defeat, stopped the umpire as he was leaving the park.

"Where's your dog?" he demanded.

"Dog?" ejaculated his umps. "I have no dog."

"Well, you're the first blind man I ever saw who didn't have a dog," returned the disgruntled one.—*American Legion Weekly.*

**Out Where the Wheat Begins**—The night cashier overheard a peculiar conversation in Beaver Crossing the other day. A farmer was in a store buying some groceries.

"Want any flour?" asked the grocer.

"No, flour's too high. I can git along without it."

After a while the grocer said: "Sold your wheat, Bill?"

"Nope; I'm going to hang onto mine; they ain't payin' nothing for it yet."—Vancouver *Province.*

**Putting One Over**—The minister's little daughter was never forgetful of her formal prayers and had been allowed the privilege of adding any original remarks that she saw fit. One night in the very late fall, at the close of her prayer, she added:

"And dear Lord, please send the beautiful snow to keep the little flowers warm through the winter." Climbing into bed, she confided: "That's the time I fooled Him. I want the snow so I can go sliding with my new sled!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

**Unlimited Pity**—Little six-year-old Louise had been busy for a week entertaining two little cousins, George and Mary Ellen, aged five and seven years respectively. The last day of their visit had been particularly trying for Louise; she had been forced to see her favorite playthings thrown roughly about and ill-treated and had been obliged to let her cousins have their own way constantly. That night as she was being put to bed she said:

"Mother, will George and Mary Ellen go to heaven when they die?"

"Certainly, dear. Why do you ask that?"

"Well," with a deep sigh, "I pity the Lord."—*Exchange*

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